



Dress, €95, and fan, €97, Jean Cronin Vintage The Loft Market, Dublin 2. Gloves, €58, and shoes, €58, After Sybil Blackrock, Co. Louth

Headdress, €178, and beaded cream top, €45, Shotsy , Dublin 2. Pearls, €28 per strand, black beaded purse, €110, and shoes, €58, After Sybil , Blackrock, Co. Louth. Black lace panel skirt, €25, Vertigo Vintage , Dublin 8



Cape, €45, and dress, €80, Granny's Attic Newry, Co. Down. Pearls, €28, After Sybil , Blackrock, Co. Louth. Gloves, €58, Jean Cronin Vintage , The Loft Market, Dublin 2. Bag, €42, Shotsy , Dublin 2

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Model ELLIE CONNOLLY @ Assets
Male Model NATHAN JOHNSON

ROARING BACK INTO THE TWENTIES

The Great Gatsby movie premieres next month and fashion's all a flap!

by Grace Cahill

WHEN F. Scott Fitzgerald published *The Great Gatsby* in 1925, he could not have imagined that his protagonist, the spoilt and enigmatic Daisy Buchanan would inspire fashion trends for decades to come. The book defines the aesthetic of the Roaring Twenties, the ground-breaking period in fashion where designers such as Coco Chanel freed women from the restrictive corset and let their clothes hang looser. World War I was over, America was entering the Jazz Age and a new type of woman appeared. She bobbed her hair, smoked and drank — and wore her hemlines shorter. The Flapper, as she was called, loved dancing, fun and frivolity — but was never to be underestimated. Even today, designers still look for contemporary ways to reinvent the Twenties flapper look, personified by actresses and 'It' girls of the time Clara Bow and Mary Pickford. From the pretty cloche hat and classic dropped waist to the feathered turban and fringe-tassel trim, clothes in the Twenties were decadent, romantic, loose and elegant. After the influential Art Deco Paris Exhibition in 1925, a more daring, even shorter hemline was given freer rein. Designers were inspired by the bold lines and vivid colour that defined the Art Deco mood and these elements were combined with pleated headbands, sequins and full-sleeved dresses that now stopped above the knee. The new sartorial freedom meant that women could move — and dance to Jazz — with greater ease. The cloche, often sequined and embellished, remained a staple during the decade. The chic bobs women wore underneath were crafted into finger waves or parted to the centre in the classic Eton crop, epitomised by French dancer and singer Josephine Baker. Baz Luhrmann's film adaptation of *The Great Gatsby*, starring Carey Mulligan and Leonardo DiCaprio, opens the Cannes Film Festival on May 15 and designers everywhere have gotten in on the vintage act. Both Alberta Ferretti and Versace served up a dazzling mixture of sequins, cocktail dresses and flapper-style dresses in their S/S13 shows. The High Street has followed suit — but the best place to find Twenties' clothing is a vintage store. Perseverance and a proper root around is sure to turn up an authentic gem.

THE Vintage Fashion & Décor Fair takes place this Sunday in the Burlington Hotel, Dublin. Tickets €10. See vintageireland.eu



Dress, €110, Jean Cronin Vintage The Loft Market, Dublin 2. Tights €14, Legslope.ie. Shoes, €58, After Sybil Blackrock, Co. Louth



Wedding dress, €80, Shotsy, Dublin 2. headband, €20, Breathnach Designs, Kilkenny



Keeping it together

Kate Kerrigan

ONCE a high-flying magazine editor in Dublin, living the classic, harried executive lifestyle, Kate Kerrigan swapped it all to be a full-time novelist and live in her idyll — the fishing village of Killala, Co. Mayo. But rather than being a sleepy existence, it's been anything but for the 40-something mother of Leo, 11, and Tom, three (oh, and there's the artist husband Niall, too). It's chaos, as she explains every week in her hilarious and touching column...

WE ARE selling the campervan. Yes, my navy blue Cath Kidston throw-cushion haven is for sale. My pride and joy, my 'freedom'. It even has its own cuckoo clock (the walls are lined in beige stuff which you can literally stick anything to as long as it has a Velcro tab on it).

My husband may have wanted to check the engine but it was the Velcro compatibility that sold it to me. Of course, being a cute bits'n'bobs junkie, there are Tombliboo characters from *In The Garden* sitting side by side with a 'Greetings from Knock' plaque.

Being campervan season, within a few hours of putting the ad up online, we had people driving from Dublin to Mayo to kick its tyres. 'Why are you selling it?' they all ask.

'I love it too much,' I say. It's not a sales pitch — it's true. Here's the problem: I have a large house and rambling garden, right on the sea. It's a gorgeous scenic set-up. I don't need a campervan because I do not need to go anywhere.

The problem is, it is my set-up, my view, my life — and last year I just had this overwhelming craving to escape it. A few weeks ago, I was in our garden mooching about with the boys and I thought two things.

Firstly, my garden is in a horrible state because I did not spend one day in it last year as I was, basically, living in the campervan from May to September. Secondly, my lovely gardener PJ Dooher and his lads will come and make my garden all perfect for the summer and it will be a complete waste of money because I won't see it if I am off in my campervan for three months.

THEN I thought — why? Why am I obsessed with having a campervan? Camping is not an easy holiday option when you are me because I do not camp with the spirit of an adventurous freedom-seeker.

I park fairly close to where I live, then I basically build myself another home.

Even if we are just out for a picnic I feel compelled to re-create a whole domestic set-up with cushions and crockery and bunting and battery-fed paper lanterns.

Friends would come on picnics to the local beach with me and say, 'Goodness, this is lovely,' but really I'd say they were probably thinking: 'She's having a breakdown. Why is she frying sausages on our local beach when she lives five minutes away and has a perfectly lovely view of the same sea?'

'The kids love it,' I say, 'It's for the kids.'

But, actually, that's not true. The campervan is mine.

It is my miniature haven where I can pretend I don't have a house to clean, or a garden that needs attention or a whole eco-system of bills and responsibilities.

The campervan allows me to live in the 'now' where I can pretend that there is nothing else: everything I am responsible for is contained in this small vehicle.

I really have to foster freedom in my own life so that I don't feel the need to escape from it all the time

Which is great for one, maybe two weeks a year and maybe every other weekend away if you've outgrown your urban home.

But not three months. Unless you are a retired German which, sadly, I am not.

My campervan represented freedom for me but now it is time for me to look at what it was I was seeking freedom from: my life. The

Who knew?

Roald Dahl bought a traditional horse-drawn wagon in the Sixties which he used as a playhouse for his children and, later, a writing room

property tax, all the grinding money worries, the small every day challenges of long-term marriage, the fear and guilt parenthood throws up every day, worrying about the kids' future, worrying about the next oil fill — the camper made me forget all that.

I got into the van and left it all behind me, but you know what? I've realised that, actually, I can't forget all that stuff because it's my life. And if my life is something that I feel I need to escape from, then that's not a good thing.

What I need to do, surely, is to foster a greater feeling of freedom in my own life so

that I don't feel the need to escape it all the time.

I feel trapped in my own life, not just because I can't afford it, but also because I feel I don't deserve it. I live in a beautiful place and share a lovely home with three gorgeous men.

If I can learn to appreciate my own life fully instead of trying to find ways to invent a new one — there lies real freedom.

KATE KERRIGAN'S new novel *Land Of Dreams* is out now