

WHAT I BOUGHT THIS MONTH TOP GEAR FOR CYCLING

As I was cycling the other night I was bellowed at by an angry driver. I quickly checked that my lights were on – yup – and mouthed a retaliatory “What’s your problem?” Now I can’t be certain, but I think he shouted back something along the lines of “stupid top”. If drivers are provoked to the point of shouting by your sartorial choices, you begin to suspect that you may have made a serious error. I remembered what I was wearing. My brand-new, ultra-safe Adidas cycling jacket. It is made entirely of Scotchlyte. It could not be more reflective. It makes my torso look like a holographic projection from the future. Or as if I’m trying to re-enact the road to Damascus with passing motorists. I would have thought they’d be thankful of this two-wheeled beacon, but apparently not. I’m going to continue wearing the jacket though. Surely you can’t be too visible, too safe. And besides, I think it looks great.

To be fair, cycling attire is very tricky. I use my bike a lot and am still struggling to find the optimum outfit. When I arrive at my destination, I don’t really want to look like I’m “dressed for cycling”. The helmet is,

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of course, a necessary evil. I resisted for a while but have now settled upon a white shell which, as my friend Tom rightly observed, gives me the look of a man about to be shot out of a cannon.

Legwear is a bit of a nightmare. There are two key rules. First, too tight doesn’t work. I tried cycling in a pair of very skinny jeans and the blood stopped flowing beneath the knee. Secondly, an oil patch on the inner calf is a really bad look. I know this because I’ve cultivated it on a few pairs of light-coloured trousers. If you roll the right leg it looks OK, but not if you forget to unroll when you get off the bike. I’ve realised too late that I’ve been sporting a one-up one-down that should be reserved for swaggering 15-year-olds in jogging bottoms.

I refuse to wear a luminous ankle clip, so it’s lucky for me that summer’s here, making it a question of shorts. I’ve just crafted myself a lovely pair, making the best of a wildly misjudged trouser purchase. I’ve been embracing pale pastel jeans for a while now, but what possessed me to buy a pair of vivid lemon-yellow chinos is anyone’s guess. But a few snips and some turn-ups later, and I’ve got some statement shorts (and they are short). Blue bike, yellow shorts. Beautiful.

See you out on the roads. Although you’ll almost certainly see me first. *Polly Vernon returns next week*



506 shorts
£32.50, Levi’s



Bern Watts helmet
£44.99, Evans



Acne cotton trousers
£88, Matches



Polo Ralph Lauren hoodie
£95, my-wardrobe.com



Skinny shorts
£99, Oliver Spencer

THE LINE-UP TAUPE AND BLACK

From left **Shirt** £59, and **bag** £65, both Cos (cosstores.com) **Skirt** £285, Acne (brownsfashion.com) **Clogs** £190, Kurt Geiger (kurtgeiger.com)

T-shirt £65, Acne (brownsfashion.com) **Trousers** £69, American Apparel (americanapparel.co.uk) **Suede belt** £230, YSL (matchesfashion.com) **Leather bag** £129, Cos (cosstores.com) **Clogs** £190, Kurt Geiger (kurtgeiger.com)

Jumper £35, Oasis (01865 881 986) **Shorts** £65, Whistles (whistles.co.uk) **Necklace** £160, Martin Margiela (oki-ni.com) **Purse** £20, Urban Outfitters (urbanoutfitters.co.uk) **Wedges** £80, Topshop (topshop.com)

Top £150, RM by Roland Mouret (brownsfashion.com) **Necklace** £175, Hannah Warner (seftonfashion.com) **Skirt** £52, American Apparel (americanapparel.co.uk) **Ring** £140, Aamaya by Priyanka at Trilogy (trilogystores.co.uk) **Clogs** £190, Kurt Geiger (kurtgeiger.com)

Cutout vest £49, Cos (cosstores.com) **Trousers** £35, Gap (0800 427 789) **Shoes** £85, Topshop (topshop.com)



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CELEBRITY STYLE DIANA VICKERS

She was the one with the face-hands on last year’s *X Factor*, and now she’s a pop star. This is how it works.



If you look carefully, you’ll witness a rare sighting of the lip-glossed maw of ambition hovering like a warning over Vickers’s shoulder.



Higher, higher! Push me, Cheryl Cole-soz-Tweedy! Push me until I can’t feel my limbs! Push me until I’m too old for this, and then push me higher still!



Truly the only option for these scorching days and humid nights – a dress made of the sea.



“Seriously, an iconic image? And it was just, like, someone with an itchy arse?”



Stardom can hit you at odd times, but usually it doesn’t. Usually it hits you on a well-lit stage in Weston-super-Mare, with the roar of teens at your feet and the smell of canned alcopops rising.

By **EVA WISEMAN**

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