## **Narrative**

It's a mistake to think a love of clothes is merely a preoccupation with fashion, or even with beauty. It is a question of narrative, and I dress in the same spirit in which I write - with language, metaphor, and sleight of hand. Say I must persuade a doctor to give me a course of treatment; I might tell in my clothing the story of a woman who matches a GP's intelligence, but will submit to their expertise - a woman courageously tired, though with no indication of poor mental health. I'd choose then a pair of brogues, and my handmade Bonfield coat in pale brown wool, the neck unbuttoned to show the frill of a cream silk blouse; a single ring possibly. though nothing flashy (one must be alert to the balances of power). A mature woman, this: something sensible in those shoes, something charming in that frilled collar, though possibly there's mischief in that ring with its silver skull: the appointment goes well, though I cannot say whether it is because I have signalled my virtues with my clothing, or because I think I have.

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