



## Come Swishing

By Lila Das Gupta

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Following on from the success of my clothes swap at home, I was invited to a far swankier event at the Groucho Club last night. I got an invitation from the 'sustainability' PR company ['Futerra'](#) to attend an evening of ['Swishing'](#). Sounds rather naughty.



**A trio of happy ladies 'Swishing' at the Groucho**

In fact this was a brilliant idea to get 100 women together to swap their clothes with complete strangers, have a few glasses of wine and a bloody good time in the process. This is recycling at its most glam.

Clothes-swaps have been around for a while but Solitaire Townsend, one of the founders of Futerra has given the whole thing an environmental twist: " Now you can save the world without having to wear s\*\*t clothes" she declared.

She laid out the ground rules: "No scratching, spitting or biting," then opened the 'Swish' - a swarm of fashion-hungry locusts then descended on the rails.

Rosie Boycott was there, flicking through the hangers like the headmistress of a prep school inspecting the girls' uniforms.

Of course I would have come away with more had I been a fashionista size 8-10, but for me the great pleasure lay in helping others to discover new things.

I'd invited my single-parent friend Elena along who doesn't often get treats. After she'd chosen a couple of outfits we set ourselves up as Trinny and Susannah in the changing rooms.

A lovely lady called Lizzie was eying up a vintage raspberry coloured dress - a challenging shade at the best of times. 'No, no, no' we butted in, 'you've got lovely blue eyes, what you need is something that highlights that colour.'

Before long we'd railroaded her into taking her shirt off and trying on a patterned dress with Sophia Loren frills at the front. She had to admit it did wonders for her boobs.

Next we fixed her up in a floaty silk number that would have been equally at home at a BBQ as it would at Glyndebourne.

The last frock - a sultry, black satin Rita Hayworth dress, took her breath away. The shrinking violet hadn't quite realised what a glamour puss she could be. Add diamante bracelet and handsome man in dinner jacket and she could have walked off the set of a James Bond movie.

What did I end up with? An understated red, raw silk Jaeger jacket with Nehru collars, perfect to throw over jeans or for summer parties.

If you want to hold your own ['Swishing' party](#) you can download some invitations from the website.

Judging by the number of broken hangers that lay tossed on the floor afterwards, you might also think of booking a rugby referee as well.