
VOGUE
SPRING
FASHION WEEK GETS REAL
BREAKING DOWN THE BEST LOOKS
THE SEASON THAT CHANGED EVERYTHING
Cult Gaia, Bottega Veneta, & More
JONATHAN ANDERSON
STEPS INTO A NEW ROLE AT DIOR

VOGUE

Spring 2026



A.W.A.K.E Mode Fall 2026 Ready-to-Wear

Photo: Courtesy of A.W.A.K.E. Mode

A.W.A.K.E.

For fall, Natalia Alaverdian fused two seemingly unrelated currents: the specific period at the cusp of the '90s when power dressing began to give way to minimalism, and equestrian style.

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Photographer: Alasdair McLellan.
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VOGUE

Spring 2026



AFEW
Fall 2026
Ready-to-
Wear
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Rahul Mishra



August
Barron
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The Season That Changed Everything

Best Looks From the Season. From New York to Paris, Fall 2026 gave us some of the most memorable runway moments in recent years. Cult Gaia made its historic NYFW debut, Harris Reed brought feathered maximalism to Claridge's, and Bottega Veneta stopped Milan with candy-colored shearling coats. These are the looks defining the season — pieces already destined for mood boards, magazine covers, and conversations that outlast the week.

It began, as it always does, with New York. But this season felt different from the first day. There was electricity in the cold February air, a collective sense that something seismic was happening inside those tents, those converted warehouses, those borrowed ballrooms. Fashion Month Fall/Winter 2026 would go down as one of the most consequential in recent memory, a season overrun with debuts and sophomore statements, with houses redefining themselves and independent designers proving that the era of the singular creative vision is far from dead. The industry had spent the better part of two years reshuffling its creative director deck, and now, finally, those bets were being called. The table was set. Everyone was watching.

The biggest conversation starter in New York — and arguably of the entire month — was Cult Gaia. Founder and creative director Jasmin Larian Hekmat had spent fourteen years building her Los Angeles-based label into a global force without ever staging an official New York Fashion Week presentation. Beyoncé's youngest daughter Rumi Carter had worn the brand on tour. Selena Gomez, Hailey Bieber, Meghan Markle, and Jennifer Lopez had all been photographed in it. The Ark Bag had gone viral so many times it practically had its own Wikipedia page. And yet Cult Gaia had never needed a runway. That changed on February 15th, when Hekmat made her CFDA calendar debut and proved, definitively, that she had been ready for this moment for years.

The collection, titled Shirzan — Farsi for "lioness" — drew its emotional core from the designer's Persian roots and the formidable women who shaped her understanding of beauty as a form of power. The show opened with a recording of Hekmat's grandmother performing a song by the iconic Iranian vocalist Marzieh, immediately establishing an intimate, autobiographical tone that hushed the entire room. This was not the Cult Gaia the world knew from its bamboo Ark Bag and vacation-ready dresses. This was something deeper, something ceremonial. Standout designs included suiting featuring the brand's signature calla lily motif, skirts and dresses with a hand-painted tile-like finish, and sculpted gowns with engineered pleats that moved like architecture brought to life.

The chainmail lion bag anchored the cultural thesis, nodding to Iranian symbolism of protection and sovereignty while moving between armor and adornment. An avocado-green wool topcoat reinvigorated a wardrobe staple through precise color selection, while boxy black leather jackets and plush faux-fur coats extended the brand's utility well beyond its beach-bound origins. The show also marked Hekmat's formal entry into menswear, with olive plissé pajama sets and double-breasted suits erupting with three-dimensional floral appliqués. The front row included Pete Davidson, Becky G, Lukas Gage, Avantika Vandanapu, and Maitreyi Ramakrishnan — a guest list that told its own story about who Cult Gaia's audience is becoming and how far the brand has traveled from its flower-crown beginnings. The closing look was a sculptural white bridal gown with ruched, futuristic hourglass construction: a reminder that delight, even when incongruous, remains central to the Cult Gaia proposition. Backstage afterward, Hekmat was luminous, already talking about returning next season. The runway had found her, and she had risen to meet it completely.

From New York, the circus moved to London, and London delivered one of the season's most theatrical moments in Harris Reed. Held at the storied Claridge's hotel in Mayfair, Reed's Fall 2026 show drew an audience that included Lily Collins, Nicky Hilton Rothschild, Heartstopper star Joe Locke, and Loki headliner Gugu Mbatha-Raw. The collection opened with a procession of four brides — magenta, cerulean, seafoam, and rose — gliding through the dimly lit ballroom, their veils trailing like stained-glass shadows passing through water. This was the debut of Reed's Fluid Bridal line, a quartet of silhouettes that redefines the wedding archetype through fantasy, fluidity, and unapologetic spectacle. A delicate Chantilly lace gown recreated the custom look Reed had crafted for Camille Charrière's 2021 wedding, while a duchess satin mermaid dress put a bridal twist on his signature silhouette. A cowl-necked shirt paired with flared trousers loosely referenced Reed's own wedding attire from his 2024 nuptials, a piece of autobiography woven seamlessly into the theatrics.

After the bridal opening, Reed delivered what he called his personal take on maximalism. Sculptural necklines extended halfway up the face, and sprays of feathers jutted an arm's span from the body, but the fall collection also brought more approachable takes on his aesthetic — among them a tailored suit that shaped and skimmed in all the right places and revealed a laced-up back, and a surprisingly simple long bias-cut slip-dress. He also showed, for the first time, that range for a designer today isn't about cycling through of-the-moment inspirations or chasing a broader customer base. It's about depth. It's about building a universe with its own internal logic, its own weather, its own light. Reed is building a world, not a wardrobe, and Multifarious marked a confident, exhilarating step into that future.

Milan followed London, and the show everyone talked about for days — for weeks, really — was Bottega Veneta. Louise Trotter, Brit-



CULT GAIA
Golden hour dressing at its finest — warm tones, fluid lines, and that unmistakable Cult Gaia glow.



HARRIS REED
Fall 2026. Feathers and drama at Claridge's — Reed's signature maximalism in full flight.
Photo by Vogue Runway

ish-born and now fully embedded in Milan after taking over the house from Matthieu Blazy, presented her second collection at the brand's headquarters in Palazzo San Fedele on February 28th, describing her inspiration as the "brutalism and sensuality" of Milan, where she has spent the past year learning to see the city underneath the city. She sent 80 models hurtling across a lipstick red carpet at breakneck speed, making silken threads, recycled fiberglass, fil coupé, fuzzy knits, and hand-tinted shearling bounce, flick, and flutter with every step. The variety of textures alone was staggering enough to constitute a full education in fabric innovation.

The collection opened in cold blacks and grays with broad-shouldered suiting that functioned almost as armor — imposing, architectural, unmistakably feminine in its construction — before transforming, midway through, into something else entirely. Oversized shearling coats in candy colors stole the show: butter yellow, cobalt, coral, hot pink, and the occasional animal print, all worn with coordinating hats that gave the finale the feeling of a party that had broken out unexpectedly inside an art museum. A shearling coat brushed to a fox-fur gloss made a tender nod to Margot Tenenbaum. A wild fiberglass black-and-white coat felt suited for Cruella de Vil, finally free from her obsession. Some of the fiberglass garments evoked Nick Cave's famous Soundsuits — those colorful, synthetic-hair costumes the artist dons as a symbol of protection and vulnerability — transplanted now into the language of Italian luxury. One curly swing coat was composed of more than 2,000 individual shearling elements. Daisy Edgar-Jones, Lauryn Hill, and Julianne Moore sat front row and seemed genuinely moved. Coats had become the new status symbol, fully eclipsing the It bag as the season's defining object of desire.

Paris closed the month, and Paris, as always, carried the weight of history on its perfectly tailored shoulders. The opening night belonged to Saint Laurent, and Anthony Vaccarello — marking his tenth anniversary as creative director — staged one of the most precisely argued and emotionally resonant shows of his entire tenure. The setting was a modernist glass apartment positioned directly in front of the Eiffel Tower, its 20,000 twinkling lights visible through the transparent walls like a painting that kept breathing. Kate Moss and Michelle Pfeiffer occupied the front row. Bella Hadid walked the runway. The collection was anchored in a reimagined Le Smoking, the iconic tuxedo that Yves Saint Laurent first introduced in 1966 as a global symbol of power and gender dismantling — a garment so radical that only one sold in its first season, and so enduring that it appeared in every collection until Saint Laurent retired in 2002. Vaccarello's 2026 version was harder, more 1980s Wall Street in its posture, with strongly defined shoulders that narrowed dramatically into floor-grazing trousers. Fourteen models opened the show wearing the look, one hand stuffed nonchalantly into a pocket, the other hanging free, easy, unbothered.



BOTTEGA VENETA
Fall 2026
Ready to Wear

BOTTEGA VENETA

Bottega Veneta Fall 2026. Louise Trotter's candy-pink shearling coat stopped Milan cold — a glorious riot of texture and color that made outerwear the undisputed star of this season.

But the Smoking was only half the story. The other half was lace — sheer, silicone-coated lace hardened into cardigan-like jackets and tailored pencil skirts, lace slipdresses in offbeat color combinations of burnt sienna, teal, and French blue that felt immediately and unmistakably Saint Laurent. It was a study in contrasts that revealed the designer's ultimate strength: a version of sexy that is sophisticated, never contrived, and endlessly sought-after. Drop-waist fur coats arrived mid-collection with thunderous volume, their 1980s references unambiguous and entirely welcome. Sculptural golden dove earrings — oversized, defiant, drawn from a motif Yves himself borrowed from Georges Braque's lithographs — adorned every neck. Pat McGrath led the beauty direction with smoky eyes and dark lips. The whole effect was what Vaccarello called "nocturnal elegance," his best phrase yet for the particular mood he has been perfecting across a decade at this house.

Elsewhere in Paris, Jonathan Anderson's sophomore collection for Christian Dior and Matthieu Blazy's long-awaited debut for Chanel dominated conversation in equal measure. Blazy, who had transformed Bottega Veneta before leaving, now transformed the Grand Palais into a vibrant construction site, sending the internet into the kind of collective frenzy that only the biggest moments generate. Anderson walked Dior models through an outdoor park setting, a show critics called quietly radical and quietly perfect. Miu Miu built a grass runway and filled it with a celebrity cast that included K-pop star Yeonjun, Chloë Sevigny, Gillian Anderson, and the legendary Kristen McMenamy, each one chosen because Miuccia Prada wanted to speak about the smallness of human bodies against the vastness of the world. Alessandro Michele transported Valentino entirely to Rome as a grand and theatrical homage to the maison's origins. Mugler's new creative director Miguel Castro Freitas made his debut with explicitly seductive tailoring that reminded the industry why the house matters. And Haider Ackermann's second Tom Ford collection brought back a provocative, daring sensuality that had fashion people talking long after Paris went dark and quiet.

If there was one overarching lesson from Fashion Month Fall/Winter 2026, it was this: the coat had returned as the singular statement piece of the season, outerwear functioning simultaneously as conversation, armor, and art object. From Bottega Veneta's fiberglass explosions in candy colors to the drop-waist furs at Saint Laurent, from Harris Reed's feather-fringed spectaculars on the Claridge's runway to the enveloping shearlings moving through Celine and Dries Van Noten, the season kept insisting — gently, then loudly, then unmistakably — on the power of that final garment you pull on before you face the world. The public face. The shield and the invitation both. It was a season of debuts that delivered on every promise, of houses finding new voices without losing their souls, of independent designers who reminded the establishment that the most exciting fashion often happens outside the biggest budgets.

JONATHAN ANDRSON TAKES ON

DIOR

The boy from Magherafelt who took over one of the world's most well known fashion houses.

Jonathan William Anderson was born in 1984 in Magherafelt, a small town in County Londonderry, Northern Ireland. His father Willie was a professional rugby player who represented Ireland on the international stage. His mother Heather was a secondary school English teacher. It was not the most obvious origin story for a man who would one day become the creative director of Christian Dior — one of the most storied and financially colossal fashion houses on the planet — but Anderson has never been interested in obvious trajectories. His story is one of the most genuinely unlikely and genuinely earned in all of contemporary fashion, a career built on instinct, intellectual restlessness, and a refusal to stay still long enough to become comfortable.

As a child, Anderson loved performance. He dreamed of becoming an actor, and at eighteen he left Northern Ireland for New York to pursue that dream, studying at the Studio Theatre. Costume design pulled him sideways, and he eventually enrolled at the London College of Fashion, graduating in 2005 with a degree in menswear. He then worked as a visual merchandiser at Prada under Manuela Pavesi, a woman he would later describe as the only reason he entered fashion at all. When Pavesi died in 2015, Anderson wrote publicly about her loss with a tenderness that said everything about how formative those early years had been. After Prada came the launch of his own label, JW Anderson, in 2008 — first menswear, then womenswear in 2010. The label made its debut at London Fashion Week and immediately attracted the industry's attention for its idiosyncratic, boundary-dissolving take on gender in clothing.

In 2013, two things happened that would define the next chapter of his career. Donatella Versace appointed him creative director of Versus Versace, and LVMH took a minority stake in JW Anderson and named Anderson creative director of Loewe, the Spanish leather goods house that had existed since 1846 and had grown somewhat quiet in the years before his arrival. He was twenty-nine years old. What followed over the next eleven years was one of the most remarkable brand transformations in the recent history of luxury fashion. Anderson took a house that most people associated purely with leather goods and made it into the industry's most consistently surprising and artistically ambitious label. He introduced the Puzzle bag in 2015, a geometric origami-inspired construction that became one of the most recognized and coveted accessories of the decade. He launched the Loewe Craft Prize, funneling the brand's financial weight behind unsung artisans and makers. He staged shows that referenced Minecraft, pixelated reality, and the surrealist tradition with equal fluency. Under his leadership, Loewe's revenues quadrupled, reaching roughly one billion dollars by 2024. In 2015, he became the first individual in the history of the British Fashion Awards to win both Menswear and Womenswear Designer of the Year in the same year — a record that still stands.

When Maria Grazia Chiuri departed Dior in early 2025 after nearly a decade in the role, the industry speculated widely about her successor. Anderson's name circulated almost immediately, and in May 2025, LVMH



made it official: he was appointed creative director of women's, men's, and haute couture at Christian Dior, becoming the first single designer to oversee all three divisions of the house since Christian Dior himself. The appointment was historically significant. Dior is not simply a fashion house. It is one of the founding pillars of postwar haute couture, the place where the New Look was born in 1947 and where the course of Western fashion was permanently altered. The weight of that history is not lost on Anderson. He has spoken openly about the pressure of entering a house with such an established and adored identity, and about the particular challenge of being enough of himself while honoring something so much larger than any individual designer.

His debut womenswear collection for Dior arrived at Paris Fashion Week in October 2025 for the Spring/Summer 2026 season, and it was received with the kind of industry excitement that is genuinely rare. Anderson's Dior already felt different from what had come before — more whimsical, more sculpturally daring, more willing to allow a sense of play to move through what is traditionally a house of supreme formality. Peplum silhouettes appeared, reimagining Christian Dior's foundational New Look for a contemporary body and eye. The house codes were present and honored, but held lightly, as if Anderson wanted to make clear from the very first look that this was a conversation with history, not a capitulation to it.

By the time he arrived in Paris for Fall/Winter 2026, the anticipation had only grown. What Anderson delivered in the Tuileries Garden on March 1st was, by nearly universal critical consensus, one of the most fully imagined and emotionally coherent fashion shows of the entire season. The invitation alone announced the scale of his ambition: guests opened a box to find a miniature replica of the classic Sénat chair — the same metal garden chairs that have furnished the Tuileries, the Luxembourg Gardens, and the Palais-Royal for more than a century. It was the perfect object. Intimate and Parisian, democratic and quietly beautiful, a piece of city furniture that belongs to everyone. The gesture immediately set the collection's emotional register: this was a show about the particular pleasure of dressing well to be in public, about the old Parisian ritual of the promenade, about the joy of being seen in a beautiful place.

The set itself was breathtaking. Constructed around one of the Tuileries' great fountains, the green-walled garden space was decorated with water lilies floating across the surface of the basin. The effect was dreamlike. Guests sat on a platform suspended over the pond like frogs perched on a giant lily pad — a piece of staging that managed to be both magnificent and playful simultaneously. The collection's inspiration drew loosely from the famous water lily paintings of Claude Monet, though Anderson did not translate the paintings literally. Instead, the mood seeped through everything: the soft botanical references, the gently blooming shapes, the palette of mossy greens and blush pinks and the occasional flash of cobalt. The first three looks all featured tiered tutus with trains of their own, each paired with a peplum button-up that recalled Dior's archival Bar jacket by way of Anderson's own restless imagination. Dramatic oversized ruffles mimicked flower petals opening. Two chiffon evening dresses — one blush pink, one white — resembled lily heads waiting to bloom. Occasionally additional layered fabric was added around the hips, giving certain looks an almost froggy silhouette, particularly in the mossy green

NEW HEIGHTS
Jonathan has taken Dior to new heights, taking inspiration from nature.
Photo by Vogue Runway

CHRISTIAN DIOR
Fall 2026
Ready to Wear
Photo by Vogue Runway



CHRISTIAN DIOR
Fall 2026
Ready to Wear
Photo by Vogue Runway

"I always think of pleasure gardens — or even in Britain you have this idea of the promenade — people used to dress up to go somewhere."

combinations that became the collection's most immediately recognizable and widely shared images online.

Then there were the accessories, which elevated the show from great to legendary. Shoe design director Nina Christen, working in close collaboration with Anderson, created a series of heels that will be remembered as some of the most distinctive footwear to appear on a Paris runway in years. The standout style was a green satin sandal embellished with sculpted three-dimensional water lily flowers, one of which rested on a lily pad base that echoed the floating blooms in the nearby fountain. Christen even altered the toe outline to curve gently, mimicking the rounded edge of a lily pad itself. The effect was surreal and entirely coherent at the same time, the kind of design that feels both inevitable and impossible until the moment it exists. Additional floral sandals appeared in cobalt blue, streaked metallic, and polka-dot pumps adorned with dainty bows, every pair a full commitment to the garden universe Anderson had constructed. The bags were equally talked about. A frog-shaped clutch in green velvet with gold hardware went viral within minutes of the show ending, circulating across fashion feeds and into the broader cultural conversation with a speed that spoke to how perfectly judged the object was — whimsical enough to be shareable, beautiful enough to be genuinely desirable. Peanut-shaped bags in sparkly finishes appeared alongside classic Dior silhouettes updated with flower embroidery, and water lily brooches and earrings carried the botanical language into jewellery with a delicacy that balanced the collection's more theatrical moments.

Front row guests included Alexa Chung, Anya Taylor-Joy, Jisoo, Willow Smith, and Priyanka Chopra. The cultural reach of the room was staggering, and the collection gave them something genuinely worth talking about. What made the show linger in people's minds was its sense of total cohesion. The invitation, the garden setting, the floral garments, the lily pad shoes, the frog bag, the Monet references, the Parisian promenade as organizing idea: it all belonged to the same universe, imagined from beginning to end by a designer who knows exactly what he believes fashion is for.

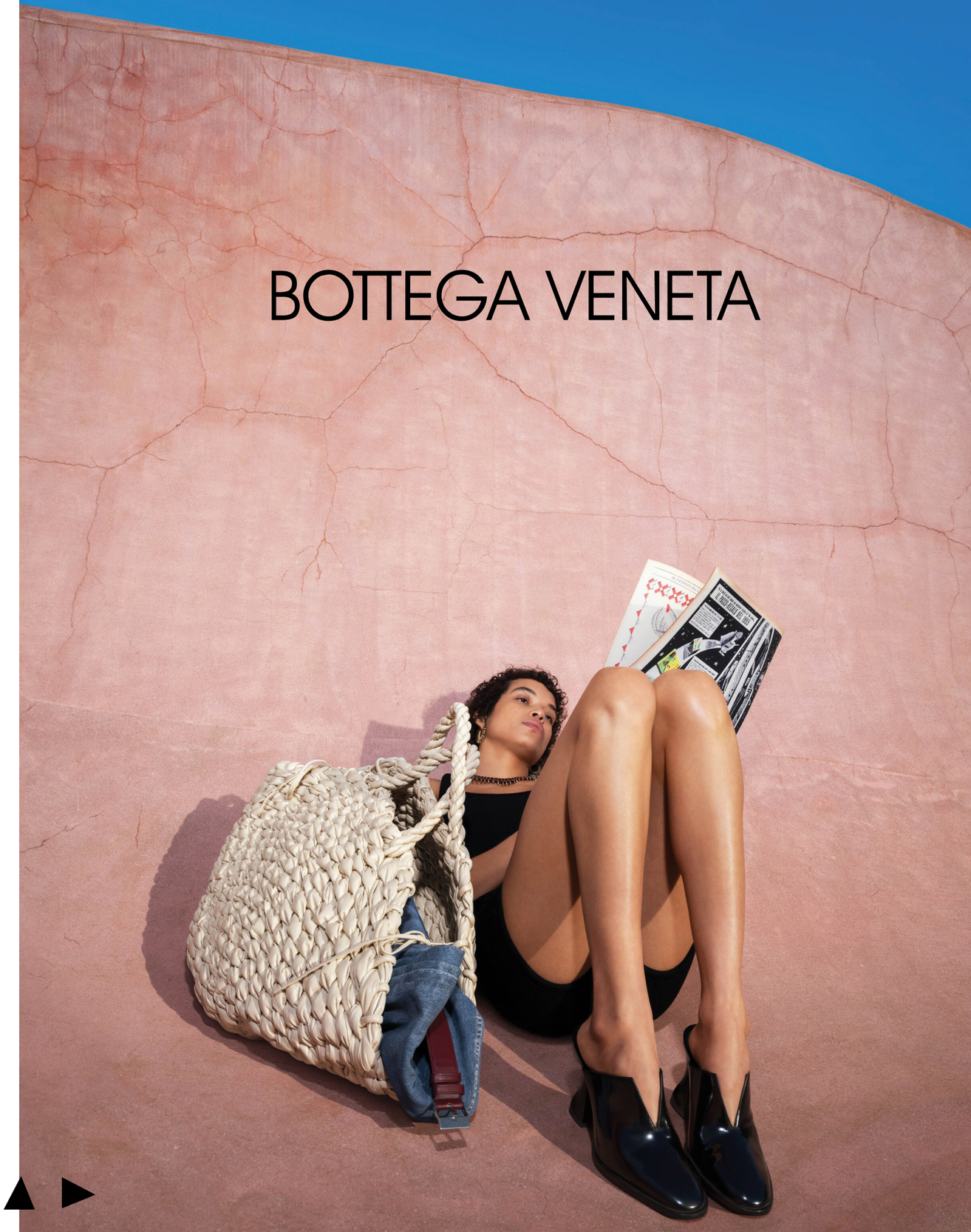
The petal skirt that appeared mid-collection — layers of stiffened silk fanning outward from the waist in graduated tiers, mimicking flower petals caught in full bloom — was perhaps the single piece most likely to enter the permanent vocabulary of the house. It had the quality the greatest Dior garments have always had: it looked inevitable in retrospect, as if it had always existed and the designer had simply been the one to locate it. That sense of discovery — of a garment that feels both new and ancient — is the rarest thing in fashion, and Anderson delivered it with apparent ease.

What Anderson has brought to Dior is a particular philosophy about what fashion is fundamentally for. He kept returning in interviews to the idea of dressing to go outside — of the park walk as an occasion, of treating the everyday public ritual of moving through a city as worthy of real care and real beauty. It is a deeply humanist position, and a somewhat radical one at a house historically associated with the grandeur of private salons. Anderson wants Dior to belong to the street as much as to the atelier, to the woman walking through the Tuileries on a Tuesday afternoon as much as to the one attending a state dinner. That democratizing impulse, held in tension with the house's commitment to extraordinary craftsmanship, is what gives his Dior its distinctive and thrilling energy.

It is still early days. Anderson has said himself that the first year is always the hardest, that finding a rhythm takes time, that inheriting an institution with this kind of cultural gravity requires patience and a willingness to adjust as you go. But if these first two collections are any indication, Dior under Jonathan Anderson is heading somewhere genuinely exciting — somewhere that honors the house's incomparable past while refusing to be imprisoned by it. The garden show in the Tuileries felt like a beginning, not an arrival. A designer settling into his territory, learning what it means to dream at this particular scale. The fashion world is watching. What it has seen so far has been, in the most precise sense of the word, extraordinary.



CELINE




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