

The Business of Style: Does Anyone Get Excited About Fashion Anymore?



Are there any fashion fiends whose toes tingle when they see a real model on the cover of a magazine? Do any of you rush out to see the new Givenchy bag in person, or eat edamame and hot lemon water just so you can squeeze into a Balmain mini?

Have you ever heard the name of a new designer and thank God you have the iPhone so you can look it up and potentially buy something just so you are ahead of the trend pack? Does anyone get excited about fashion anymore?

I ask this after my week of 18 hour days. Which started when my incomparable Design Director and dear friend, Markus Ketty and I set out to create the images of our next “Introducing” design feature. While hair and makeup was being completed the clouds started to roll in, and there was a minute rain delay. No worries, MK and I bided our time talking about vintage Leger, the first Versus ads and the shoes we were going to put with the single-shoulder one piece. Genieveve, who has one of the biggest money-making faces around (and left straight for the Roxy campaign after we had our way with her) stopped her trail mix eating and boyfriend texting to ask about fashion, what to look for, what to keep from shoots, which designers she should want to walk for etc.

There are those that do their job, and those that love their job. Then there are those that love fashion. These are very different categories. Women work a 14 hour day and still have time to blog on-line about the secret boutique in the West Village that still has vintage Halston. Men put an extra spring in their step when someone notices that their shirt is indeed Thomas Pink and not Brooks Brothers. And yet others watch the award shows every season, not for the films, but for the dresses, and have what Babs wore in 1969 committed to perfect memory.

Where did you go? Why can I not find you?

I am inspired by my friends. Paulina who when he saw May's Vogue couldn't wait to write a letter to the editor stating praise at the model packed issue. Alex who scours the globe for new designers I can feature, not as her job, but just because she loves to. Ivana Nohel who knows more about fashion history than most professors. Gracie who I have seen with my own eyes replicate the Bjork swan costume as well as the Grindhouse Rose McGowen legless number to such perfection she should head up Fox's wardrobe department. RG who swears he has the best collection of men's staples around and will easily give you fitting advice between closing financial deals and John, fair John, who has a Façonable chemise that he covets so loyally that he would pay out of pocket to put them back into production. The chemise is really just a pull-over, but he romanticizes it so perfectly that we just let him have his moment.

But I am starting to think that I have collected my little clique because they are the only people as passionate about fashion as I am. Where did the rest of you go?

In the past six months I have been watching brands scrape by. We have all read the newspaper and sales numbers look grim. Our ears are saturated with “how to save this” and “re-market yourself by doing that.” Where is the purity? The general art of the fashion industry? Why can't we talk about how happy we are to have more style outlets than ever before? Our grandmothers did not have virtual closets, and yet they seemed to figure out ways to get dressed in the morning Depression and all!

I am concerned that our grand-children are going to be sitting on land-fills of Zara, with-out anything to show from our history.

So tell me what you love, what you will never toss out of your closet. What will you wait-list for no matter what? Who do you think is the best new designer around? Where is your favorite place to shop... even to dream? If Audrey can do it through the windows of Tiffany's so can we.

E-mail me on Facebook, tell me something happy, no more knock-off crisis, no more "stocks are down" just cool, sleek fashion fabulous-ness!

And if Jen Marden's face, when I unveiled a skull patterned Swarovski crystal clutch by Joann Huth at our store opening last Thursday is any indication that style lovers are still out there then let me know you still exist, because after 18 hour days in three different cities on six different flights, I spent my spare time last night, talking Wimbledon hats and researching ascot options, because there is no break from fashion!



(Genieveve of Mc@mm in Agnes Valentine; Lynn showing Jen Marden skull bag by Joann Huth)

- Lynn Furge