



Diary Of A Mad Fashionista

The Comings And Goings Of A Truly Chic New Yorker, Accompanied by Bucky The Wonderdog. Plus Tips on Fashion and Crimes Against Couture.

Tuesday, April 29, 2008

The Manhattan Vintage Show vs. The Recession

Dahlings –

I am still an exhausted *shell* of a woman after **the Manhattan Vintage Show**. Who knew that work could be so much...well, *work??*

Hours on my feet being my *fabulous* self, turning on my **thousand-watt smile** to the eager buyers, keeping my breasts *inside* my dress (an ill-advised wardrobe choice on Friday made that a bit of an *ongoing problem*; rest assured that Saturday I wore a 1939 peplum print dress with an uncharacteristically **high** neckline!). In any event I did not wear my usual high heels but instead opted for ballet flats. Not so flattering but practical.

The **Matinee New York** booth *swarmed* with the common and not so common folk. An Italian designer bought a number of dresses from my personal collection. Many customers were astounded to find that plus-size vintage women's' clothing even *existed!* As the saying goes, I made a killing.

One theme throughout the show was that there was *far* less business than in past shows. One seller told me he had actually made 90% less than at the previous show! I am *firmly* convinced it is the recession; the first things to go are the luxurious necessities. That is so foolish; I'd much rather have **Balenciaga** than a **working gas stove**.

I have observed earlier in this blog-thing that at **the Manhattan Vintage Show**, although many

of the dealers are *large-sized* women, they do *not* wear vintage clothing, nor do they sell it. This year there was another booth devoted to plus-size vintage. *Gracious* soul that I am, I am firmly of the mind that a rising tide lifts *all* boats.

My partner, **Sheri Lane**, knows many, *many* people in the **film industry**, and they were delighted to find a source for plus-size vintage. I also saw my dear friends **Lynn Yaeger**, who wore what to all intents and purposes was a grey jacket over an open upside-down umbrella; **Hamish Bowles**, resplendent in green suit and bow tie; and I bonded with **Tziporah Salamon**, the “star” of the Manhattan Show, who had two *brehtaking* exhibits of her personal wardrobe.



Ms. Salamon dressed in clothes that defy description; suffice to say the words “stylish” and “unique” fall *far* short. You can visit her website at <http://www.tziporahsalamon.com/>. Her male assistant also wore wonderful things; I never did find out his name, but I shall never forget his **cinnabar purse**.

Several *marvelous* fellow sellers were at the show, including the ever-delightful **Miss Kitty of The Cats Pajamas Vintage** and **Barbara Kennedy** and her *handsome* husband.

Now I *must* lie down. Even though it's been several days, I am still *wrung out*, barely able to lift a croissant to my plump red lips.

Before I sign off, many thanks to **Matinee New York, Lola, Stephanie Schroeder** (the best publicist a woman could want), **Patricia, Lynn, Vivienne** of **Born Too Late Vintage** (<http://www.borntoolatevintage.com/>) who provided some lovely things, and to **David Ornstein**, organizer of the show. I don't usually thank people, but as **Ms. Salamon** would say, "It's a *mitzvah*."

Ciao,

Elisa & Bucky the Wonderdog

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