



THE FASHION STATEMENTS

Are diamonds *really* a girl's best friend? I don't think so, at least not by themselves. *Dahhhhhling*...It's the clothes, of course! You live and die by fashion; those glittering rocks are *only* accessories to a fabulous ensemble. I daydream about being the next Vivienne Tam or Donna Karan. I'd even think about a sex change to be within a sole's throw of Ralph Lauren. (Ha! Ha! Did you get my fashionable pun?) The beauty of it all, the beauty of *beauty*...I wanna be a part of it: The New York Fashion Scene.

This is my passion, to be a great designer of haute couture...To set the forward trends, to see my exquisite designs flaunted on stage at the Oscars, to stroke glossy ad slicks of my fabulous creations in Vogue for Sak's Fifth Avenue. I fantasize of parading onto the platform, after staging a vibrant, grand catwalk in Bryant Park, where the who's who of the fashion world will strut *my* stuff. I will hear the cacophony of applause; the camera flashes popping off will blind me. I see Nicole Kidman, Gwyneth P, even Elton John, in the front tiers ordering my creations. Hell, I'd even feel accomplished if Kelly Osborne were in the audience.

Someday, in a moment's notice, I will be jetting off to Gianni Versace's Miami Beach house, the fashion world's answer to the playboy mansion. Or I will be requested from a desperate publicist to design the gown for Julia Robert's third shotgun wedding (and I ask discreetly...would it be an insult to chose a smooth *beige* sateen weave?)

I read the front page bylines of the Fashion Times...."With about 50 catwalk shows and several presentations planned during this next 5-day period, Fashion Week continues to be the test tube of New York fashion..." If you can make it here, you'll make it anywhere; it's up to me.... It's a mad, mad, mad, *mod* world.

1. A dream of fashion, now you awake,
And start your quest to overtake,
The gurus of design, do you dare,
Create blouses, suits or underwear?

You lead off to a playful repose,
A time before you designed clothes.
West you end on Montague,
And 'tween Pierrepont, a Manhattan view.

You sit in a fenced ground full of wonder,
And watch the kids play and flounder,
You see a toy of blue, yellow, green, and red,
The shape reminds you of spools of thread.

You think out loud and do exclaim!
Mark my *words*, I will seek fame.
Fashion Week is starting here,
Clues I find begin my career.
I have a show to orchestrate,
Hilfiger and Klein, just you wait!

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2. Quickly, return back without hesitation,
Next to a church, have a divine revelation.
Finding favor and the Fashion **Court's** acclaim,
The N or R to Manhattan transports you towards fame.
Your upcoming cat walk will not distress,
For a store on Broadway *fabricates* the success.

At a Venice waterway, disembark the train here,
And south, travel towards tulle, chintz and cashmere.
No farther past Walker, an iced-tea cocktail gives sign,
In your bag is a sample that may help you quite fine.

Taffeta, brocade, and organza you glean,
As well as muslin, knits, and satin gabardine,
But your dynamic cotton print is so avant-garde,
At the cutting station you go ask for a yard.

3. Go back to the last station and brimming with passion,
You will become the next **Princess** of Fashion,
Go north one stop, exit on a dream and a prayer,
Walk down this station's street, envisioning what your models will wear.

Two wests, go and find, one is your direction,
The other is from a broad street's intersection.
Zebra stripes, black and white, are all that you see,
In a minute, you will be in your glory.

A girl's world, quite intense,
Boutique items fill you with confidence.
Perfect accoutrements, you must net,
Maybe a necklace, No! A bracelet!

Your vision is brilliant, really quite stunning,
Inside your head, a tune is now humming.
You want to ask the cashier for advice,
And singing your request will more than suffice.

(Your song lyrics are on the next page)

To the tune of Gloria Gaynor's "I Will Survive"

At first I was afraid, I was petrified,
Kept thinking I could never be like Calvin Klein.
But then I spent so many nights,
Thinking of halters and sarongs,
And I grew strong...
And so I'm back with silk and lace,
Just strut and walk around with a smug look upon my face,
I should have changed my new design,
I should have chose taffetta and tweed,
If I'd've known for just one second Donna Karan would copy me!

Go on now, walk down the stage,
Just turn around now, cause your outfits don't engage.
Weren't you the one who tried to destroy me with your line?
Did I crumble...
Did you think I would lay down and resign?
Oh no, not I, I will design!
Oh, as long as I know how to sew, I know I'll stay alive,
I've got all my life to live and all my designs to give,
I will survive. Hey! Hey!

It took all the strength I had not to fall apart,
Kept trying hard to mend the hemlines of my broken start.
And I spent so many nights,
Just feeling sorry for myself, I used to cry!
But now I hold my head up high!

And you see me designing something new,
I'm not that silly little assistant still admiring you,
And so you feel like stopping by,
And expect me to be nice,
Now I'm saving all my clothes for someone who's gonna pay the price.

I will survive! Hey! Hey!

4. Retrace your steps west to find the **way**,
North and audition **broads** for your fashion display.
Take the F or V to a square of our first president,
Exit the train here, of this I am adamant.
Walk uptown on sixth and left on an Ave,
Which makes you **green** with the fame you could have.

Now you begin your runway debut,
But none of your models strut on cue,
One trips into the audience and falls on a lap,
Amid jeers and howls, a broken shoe strap.
Another comes drunk and spins off track,
Her toosh in the air, she shows off her crack.

A dismal display of your creative genius,
This catwalk may have made you famous,
You offered the **world** a stunning design,
Unfortunately, on **video**, it seemed less divine.

5. What went wrong? You frown and cry,
What a debacle! How hard I try!
So long Fashion Week fame, just let it go,
And search for solace in comfort you know.

North on Seventh, to the 14th street stop,
Take the 1,2,3 uptown to a Time Square backdrop.
Exit the train but *don't* leave the station,
Now board the 7 to a grand central destination.

Above ground you will locate a market so sweet,
In the Eastside terminal, find your mind-numbing treat,
For centuries women have used these as a drug,
In your mood, you could eat a whole box and not shrug.

A purple spring flower shows you the way,
Ask at the counter, behind the savory display,
Is a fitting replica from your video's conclusion,
Devour and anesthetize your former illusion.

6. A sense of hope, you may survive,
Fashionable dreams begin to revitalize.
What would cinch my newfound fervor?
But a special treat from a welcomed observer.

Michelle, ma belle, I will go to her now,
Re-enter the station and ride the 4,5,6 uptown.
Off at 59th street and east on the same rue,
Two blocks south when you reach Fifth Avenue.

Another womanly indulgence, you feel inspired,
A Prescriptives, of sort, is fanning your fire.
TAKE OFF YOUR HATS, though purses and sunglasses, the escalator
isn't far,
You are subtle and smart, don't need security ajar.
A *Good man* is she, yes, down below,
The basement counter will make you aglow.

You ask at the booth, "I need some guidance,
Your provided service is beyond excellence."
Michelle is kind and then bids you adieu,
The silver cylinder will be worth the walk-through.

On the corners of Fifth is a snapshot to behold,
Four carats they were known as, when the boutiques did unfold.
Now it's down to three, but still you ponder,
Grab a pic of the team, with each jewel's window wonder.
If you all wear the clue, your bonus will double,
Come on, be silly, it's not too much trouble.

7. Head East to the B, F of 57th Street,
Or grab a taxi, it's up to your feet.
If subway you take, Lexington Ave is your stop,
If cab, say "Lexington and 63rd" for an easy drop off.

No more wallowing, get the creative juices to flow,
What better way than with a drink, don't you know.
Those cocktail napkins you remember quite fine,
Your best creations, drunken sketches of design.

On 63rd Street, the beverages are stiff; the service sublime,
Between Lexington and Third, find a "Library" of kind.
The hotel's name reminds you of a famous street,
In L.A. where clothes shopping is chic and upbeat.

Into the bar and order a drink if you wish,
But wander back to the left, rather coyish.
A small bookcase to find, here is the list:
Jane Eyre, Huck Finn, and Oliver Twist.
These famous novels are fake, simply just a ploy,
But open them up to find your ensuing joy.

8. Now again time to dream and ponder,
Amid trees and grass, God's greatest wonder.
A favorite place New Yorkers go for nature,
No better spot to create new haute-couture.

Five blocks north is the 68th street station,
Take the 6 to 77th street, your next destination.
West to 5th Ave, also known as Museum mile,
Forgetting the past, continue north and you smile.

Above the 79th Street Transverse is a path you should go,
To fill in the blanks of your next fashion show,
Veer right past the playground, down through Greywacke's arch,
Another right behind here you continue to march.

Up steps you'll see a perfect queen's obelisque,
The thoughts of Egyptians shouldn't confuse in the least,
Most locals call it the needle, it's perfect to inspire,
It reaches the sky and around the base you admire,
The translated hieroglyphs directly behind the Met,
Complete the puzzle and your next clue to net.

9. A walk through the park is refreshing, yet calm,
East you do stroll, survey the Great Lawn.
A castle to your left, baseball fields to your right,
Down past the theatre playing Shakespeare each night.

Your goal is to reach the 81st street station,
Take the A,C,B, D downtown without hesitation,
Off at Columbus Circle, transfer to the 1,2,9,
South to Times Square, exit and make a beeline,
Down Fashion Avenue, you travel three blocks,
See a large button, an info kiosk.

You are in your element, the District of Design,
What better way could New York City enshrine,
The glory of this career, it feels like you'll make it,
See a statue in bronze for all designers to benefit.

Under your feet are great creators of class,
Calvin Klein, Ralph Lauren, and Billy Blass.
You take it all in, this last stop of yours,
And revel in fashion, as your dream now soars.
It's time to head on and sketch your new show,
What a fantastic day, home is now where you'll go.

10. At the end of the day, it seems like a long walk,
But go North to get home and discuss your catwalk,
With friends that you love and people you admire,
What better way to relax and become more inspired.
To Times Square station, take the 1,2,3 South,
Believe me, it's the fastest, please don't bad-mouth!

Get off at the next stop, and soon you will know,
There's no need to exit, please stay below.
Go toward a place where people escalate,
And a liberal turn you must now navigate.
A person you meet will seal your next fate,
Remember, however, **don't** be fashionably late!

Whew! What a run, the day was intense,
But now full of energy and creative confidence.
You will be a designer of fashion, the famous you scorn,
Watch out for me! Chaus, Ken Cole, and Lizzy Claiborne!