

SUSANNE BISOVSKY - PHILOSOPHY

WIENER CHIC or "*Irgendwas gibt's überall!*"

The work of SUSANNE BISOVSKY is characterised by consistent redevelopment of a "Viennese fashion" featuring numerous ruptures. The salon culture of department stores and bespoke tailors including Zwieback, Stone&Blyth, Adlmüller, Höchsmann and Adele List on the one hand, and details of the world of the "slower sister of fashion" (1879 - quote from Friedrich Theodor Vischer, a.k.a. Deutobold Symbolizetti Allegoriowitsch Mystifizinsky) of rural communities on the other are just two of the starting-points of Susanne Bisovsky's international haute couture and fashion for the Wiener Dame, international Wienerin and Wiener Mädl. The fashion designer's Viennese salon has the effect of a car wash and an airlock at once. Suzy Menkes, who visited the salon, quotes Susanne Bisovsky in an article in the New York Times: "Nothing is less modern than the modish high point of an age."

CALL TO ACTION!

SUSANNE BISOVSKY SEARCHES FOR THE "SCHÖNE WIENERIN"

They are independent, of a wilful manner, carefree, go by the name of Poldi, perhaps, may possibly be unstable, are only apparently on leave from the shadowy empire, dance in flesh-coloured jerseys, know Nandl the chocolate girl, are excessively happy to be a housewife or frozen to death on Kahlenberg, were a notable Phryne, value geniuses more highly than bank managers, love extravagant merchants' fashions and sensational gowns, the rustling of froufrou, are wrapped in a cloud of rumours and scandals, know the "Buch einer Schwachsinnigen", view dressing smartly as a national virtue, are of seemingly childlike innocence and Madonna-like purity, unrestrained and obstinate. They love desire over sin; their colours are Blauhair, Ecarleté and Isabell. They promenade in tail fashion, coiffured with towering bouffant hairstyles, entrap completely stultified fall guys, and protect the pallor of their transparent, slightly rosy-tinged complexions with tortoiseshell fans. They dance ponderously, carouse with philosophers, view the leg as a completely forbidden institution, have themselves sewn into a costume, and slurp drinks of desire and luxury. They are tidy when they walk through Vienna (and not styled), and their age is completely irrelevant. So if you are between 18 and 98 years of age, and continue to celebrate 14 March 1848 to this day, or actually today, if you have an inkling of what Wiener Chic could be, and if Drecoll, Bohlinger and Francine say something to you (or even if not), then you're a first-choice Wienerin, and quite probably a superb woman, with glances that look as if they were cut from agate and a beauté from the Brillantengrund, where chic and shame flourish.