

here comes a time closet when buying needs to be baldivesting. Mary Moore, the daugh-British sculptor

An avid collector of cool vintage in every woman's clothes for nearly 40 years, Mary Moore mines her rock-'n'-roll anced out by a little past—and her own personal closets—to fill a London shop with ter of the great the treasures of a lifetime.

Henry Moore, is doing that on a grand scale: So vast is her wardrobe that she has opened a store in London's Notting Hill to sell it. "I've been collecting vintage since the mid-sixties, before it even existed as a term," she says. The tiny shop, covered in scarlet wallpaper printed with hallucinogenically outsize flowers, reads like the vivid autobiography of an authentic rock chick. "I didn't keep the Biba, frilly dollyrocker fashion things from the sixties," she says. "I was more into the alternative West Coast way. I was at Haight Ashbury, where I couldn't help but go shopping for wonderful things from the twenties, thirties, and forties in the flea market."

Photographing bands for International Times and hanging with the Stones at Altamont, Moore traveled in the coolest circles but, unlike most others, managed to hang on to her souvenirs, probably because of the passionate attachment to clothes she'd felt since childhood. Her love affair with color and print goes back to glamorous Italian fifties circle-skirted

dresses she first saw on visits to Carrara, where her father went to buy marble. "Coming out of drab England and seeing all those women in wonderful colors! All that fed into what I love," she says. "And the older I got, the more acquisitive I became." The clothes run from twenties velvet cloaks to princess-line seventies gowns. But how does she feel to see her memories go? "Oh, it's great!" she says, laughing. "After 40 years, there's a lot I can't wear with any seemliness. And I feel such zest seeing them walk out into a whole new adventure in 2005."-SARAH MOWER view >134

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