

MEETING THE MAN

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John Galliano is THE designer for Christian Dior. I got a call from his secretary to set up an appointment with him in mid May around 5:30. I held my excitement & mentioned we closed at 5:30, would it be possible to come earlier? No, came the answer. He was booked solid and it was then or nothing. Of course, I would have made an appt. at midnight if necessary, and stupid I am not. "We'd love to see him at 5:30" I said to the secretary.

The day finally arrived and a few minutes past 5:30, a party of 3 comes in. John was easily recognizable even though he was wearing a hat. I gave them a short tour of the store...walking past the tassels, past the vintage military trims, past the vintage flower wall heading towards what I knew was the reason for their visit; the Vintage Metal Fabrics! Galliano can buy anything from anywhere in the world, however I knew he could not get fabrics like this. Nowhere in the entire world are there the styles, quantities or varieties that Tinsel Trading has.

The oohing & aahing was music to my ears. I felt proud & yet humbled by the intensity of the occasion. From then on they got to work, choosing fabrics & trims.

In between it all John & I charmed & entertained each other. He was funny with a good sense of humor and an easy going nature. Many fabrics & trims were selected and we were going to ship everything to them in France. We said our goodbyes & he promised to come back again.



That night I had dreams of grandeur. Imagine, my fabrics a major part of Galliano's Paris runway show. "John, where did you get those amazing fabrics from" the press would ask him. He would answer "All I will say is they are from a wonderful store in N.Y." Well in my book, that would be enough to start a stampede to our door. Every designer who doesn't know about us already would have their staff working overtime to try & find out who it is.

My day dream wasn't over yet. I also envisioned a Fed Ex. Envelope arriving with my invitation for the fashion show. I would wear one of his designs (which is funny itself...I have worn a dress only twice in 35 years!) and be seated in the front w/the A list. Dreams are meant to be BIG, that's why they are dreams!!

An unfortunate footnote to this story: we got his order prepared and shipped it DHL as per their instructions. DHL lost the package & when they finally found & delivered it, 3 weeks after we sent it, the runway show had already happened! My dream had exploded and all I kept thinking was that John would never step foot in Tinsel Trading again.