The Editor’s New Clothes

“About the time that my fifteenth edition of the September issue was due for release, an up-and-coming designer contacted me about her work. Having heard about her from a colleague, I pushed back my meeting with Marc Jacobs and invited her to meet with me.

Dana entered my office in the true fashion of a struggling designer. She wore all black from head to toe, but I suppose if you can’t find a color that suits you, black is the way to go. Her hair was messy, but not too messy. She wore only a modest silver band around her left ring finger. A mousy girl in stilettos followed in her wake. I had seen it all too often.

If I sighed, I recovered with a smile or a smirk and rose to meet her and the girl who I assumed was her assistant.

‘I’m Dana, and this is my business partner, Taylor.’ They both shook my hand, firmly.

I sat and kicked my polished Chanel booties on top of my desk.

‘What can I help you with?’

Taylor handed me a portfolio of textile samples and drawings. To my surprise, the portfolio was not only extensive but stunning. Floor-length gowns of satin with tulle details were laid out on pages next to minimalist business attire.

‘We’re a brand that wants to be in every aspect of one’s life,’ Taylor mused.

‘But only for people that can afford it,’ Dana added.

I was hooked and set up another appointment to interview the duo immediately. I wanted their work in the September issue. They were going to be big. The next high fashion line.

Over the next few months, their brand was received with raving reviews. Even the hardest critics were head over Manolos for the girls’ work. Louis Le Fou was gifted a beautiful ostrich-leather bag from Dana in recognition of his review in Entertainment Weekly. Kim Kardashian posted a picture of her growing collection of Dana and Taylor’s designs on Instagram.

So, when the time came for the girl’s to release their Fall line, they sought me out again.
‘Instead of an article, we were thinking that you could wear our pieces to the Coco Gala at the Met.’ Dana was dressed in bright pastels, and she exuded a confidence I hadn’t seen when we first met.

I sat, thinking for a moment. I didn’t normally wear new brands, and I promoted only the classics. However, the success of Dana and Taylor was unarguably one of the best in my time as an editor. Finally, I conceded.

‘Great,’ Dana allowed herself a stretched smile; it seemed strange the way it was partially hidden behind her Givenchy shades.”

“The night of the Gala, Dana and Taylor knocked on my door. They rolled in a single clothes rack with a single hanger protruding from a garment bag. Taylor was visibly nervous. They unzipped the bag, slowly, making a show of the ordeal, but, to me, it was like how one may open a body bag. A black sheath dress emerged.

It was nothing stunning, but the girls insisted that it was special. They had brought a pair of pink kitten heels to wear with it.

‘What makes it so special?’ I asked.

‘What doesn’t make it special? Everyone was demanding to have the first of the new line, and here it is. Only you are special enough to wear our new designs.’ Taylor said as she pulled the open zipper up my bare back.

‘Besides, people would kill to be in your spot. This is your way of telling the world that only people as incredibly fashionable as you can wear our designs.’ Dana’s sunglasses once again hid her eyes.

I shrugged and glanced at myself in the mirror. It looked okay, but the girls encouragement gave me the confidence I needed. I was one of the most fashionable people in the world, if not the most.

When I arrived at the Coco Gala, I was met with the flashing of a hundred cameras. It was something I was used to. However, wearing Dana and Taylor’s dress was like a fairytale, and I was Cinderella. Everyone wanted to see what I was wearing. Reporters scrambled to be able to interview me.
‘I’ve heard that this is the newest design from Dana and Taylor. How does it feel to wear such a special piece?’ I could only blush.”

“When I returned from the event, I hung the dress in my closet. It had been a lovely night, but the morning was much different.

While having my coffee, I turned on the TV to see an image of myself: a picture taken of me as I walked down the red carpet into the Met. In the picture, the black dress was recognizable, but in the flash of the hundreds of cameras, it had become transparent in the artificial light. It was a thin veil covering my body. To make matters worse, I had neglected to wear any lingerie. The dress had been tight, so I opted to “go commando” as the reporters on the TV said. I was on display for the world.

Sitting in my living room, I could feel the heat rising to my cheeks. I picked up my phone and dialed Dana. There wasn’t an answer. I tried Taylor. Nothing. No one at the office would answer either, and I never heard from the two of them again. I’ve tried to find them, but they had me fooled.

The preceding weeks were the most embarrassing of my life. The headlines were scathing. EDITOR GIVES SNEAK PEAK OF HER ISSUE. THE EDITOR’S NEW CLOTHES TOO REVEALING CRITICS SAY. EDITOR FIRED FROM FASHION INDUSTRY.

After that, not one person in the industry wanted to hear my opinion. I couldn’t find a job anywhere. I’ve been trying, but I haven’t been lucky. Like I said, no one trusts my opinion anymore.”

The Editor sat back in her chair, pleased with herself. She was in an office facing a large desk. And behind the desk, was a young woman in a chair. Her back had been to the Editor as she recalled her story, but now the young woman turned around to face the Editor. Sunglasses hid her eyes.

“Dana?”