de*sig*ners

While

we never

made it

our sole

mission

to expose

all those mystifying names behind the labels, it's the fashion designers who've been the mainstays of Fashion Television, and at the heart and soul of it all. And while some may beg to differ, in our eyes, the cream of the crop were always true artists. Their crystal-clear vision, inspired aesthetic, passion for perfection, desire to communicate and downright tenacity all made the world a more beautiful place, and provided fascinating fodder for us to explore.

Sometimes, these designers would be unlikely characters. Who could nave guessed, the first time we net Marc Jacobs, in 1986 at a oronto garment factory—an dorable, personable kid with hair lown to his elbows, eager to show us his small collection of knitwear that this bright designer would be neralded by *Vogue* 14 years later as The Prince of Cool? Jacobs went on to not only rule the runways of New York and conquer Paris with his work for Louis Vuitton, he also helped define our sensibility of what makes fashion truly modern.

Also in 1986, I had the privilege of interviewing Gianni Versace at his new palazzo in the centre of Milan. The crew and I were charmed to discover this gentle, soft-spoken man exuding such a quiet and casual elegance—so far from the from the Versace boutique earlier in the day to wear for the interview. and Versace complimented me on how it looked. He asked where I got it, and I told him I'd borrowed it from his shop. "Did you meet my sister Donatella there? She does all the accessories, sunglasses, shows, She's really fantastic. You must too," he said proudly. It was clear Versace adored his younger sister and was eager to promote her. When he was murdered in 1997 and Donatella took over the House, I knew it was exactly what he would have wanted.

Most monumentally, we had the opportunity not only to meet so many legends at the height of their careers, but also witness their grand, sentimental exits. In 2001, six months before Yves Saint Laurent announced his retirement and

staged a grand swan-song retrospective of his work, I attended YSL's last full couture collection at the Intercontinental Hotel in Paris. "I'm afraid Yves Saint Laurent is the last one to think about elegant women," Pierre Bergé, the designer's long-time business partner and former lover, told me. "Now things are different... Life has changed. Maybe in a way, it's more modern, and easier... I don't want to argue with that. Everybody has a right to design clothes the way they feel. But for Saint Laurent, who loves and respects women and their bodies, it's very difficult to understand the feel of today."

Bergé went on to explain that creativity, not marketing, always came first for Saint Laurent. And because of that, he was at odds with the way the fashion world now functioned. At the end of that show, Saint Laurent hinted at his impending departure. He told me, "The work is very, very hard for me now. I'm beginning to be old, and I must think about retirement." I was saddened to think of the inevitability of losing this brilliant gentle giant from the very arena he'd helped define.

But perhaps the most poignant and memorable departure from this elaborate world of fashion was staged by the inimitable Valentino July, 2007—just three months before he announced his retirement After the official opening of his retrospective exhibition in Rome. Valentino and his long-time partner Giancarlo Giammetti pulled out all the stops and hosted a surreal outdoor dinner party at the historic Temple of Venus, on a mammoth terrazzo facing the Colosseum. Eight hundred guests were treated to a sumptuous buffet and countless glasses of champagne. Just past midnight, beautiful aerial artists clad in flowing Valentino gowns sailed through the night sky to the strains of opera, the performance culminating in a seemingly endless display of fireworks. This was overthe-top beauty at its spectacular best, a dream only Valentino could have masterminded. The scene left many of us speechless, yet reminded us all why we stay in a business that at times can seem so tough, heartless and shallow.—Jeanne

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