

The Business of Style: Don't Mess with the PR Girl



In one of the first Sex and the City episodes ever filmed, a short-haired, red-lipped Carrie Bradshaw somehow disses and in turn insults the hostess at NYC's hottest restaurant Balthazar.

I can do one better.

Once upon a time, a Creative Director was phoned personally to attend a Fashion Industry only event. She obliged, but when she got to the door with the list girls (interns from a PR agency) her name was not only "Not on the List" but she was told to wait by the garbage dumpsters until they sorted it out.

Being unamused and concerned for her silk charmeuse which holds stench better than a hockey gym bag, she started to pace and wander to see if there was anyone else who would recognize her face. After 10 minutes and no resolution, said creative director turned to her friend and said,

"This is ridiculous! Who is running this show?"

To which replied the small older woman with a clip board,

"I am," and with a pull of the rope she was in.

But the event was horrible so needless to say it didn't get the best of reviews.

Jump to a year and a half later, Mercedes Benz Swim 2010. The same editor receives invites to every show. She waits in lines weaving around the Raleigh Pool deck in the sweltering heat just to bring the public the newest trend in bikini bonanza. She gets to the front of the line, proudly announces her name and is handed... yes a Standing Room Only ticket.

Okay, one show no big deal.

Day Two: The Creative Director is mingling at a NOVEL Communications big industry soiree sipping on Grey Goose Pear and meeting executives from fashion finance companies. Call time gets close and she is rushed to the tents in a brand new bright yellow Aston Martin convertible, wind in her hair, paparazzi close behind. The girl at the door hands her, her front row seat assignment, yet as she enters the tent, ticket in hand, that same PR woman, clipboard in hand, pulls the ticket and shoo shoos her to the risers.

Day Three: We'll just make this simple. Arrives at the tents, starts to open her mouth to even speak her name... handed standing room only.

Now there is a grudge and there is power, and the two play in fashion like double-dutch on the playground.

So the Creative Director had to get to the bottom of the problem. During a rare but much needed Diet Coke break, she found the PR woman out front.

"Do you remember me?" she asked as she introduced herself.

"How could I forget? Are you actually enjoying the show this time? We thought we'd put you further away so you couldn't see the details you seem to fixate on review after review." She said with a smile.

And with that acknowledgement the feud was over. The Creative Director sat front and center for the rest of the week.

Don't mess with the PR girl.

-Lynn Furge