



Dear **FASHION GRANNY**,

I had my Colors done years ago and I have stuck by my Chart for too long! I've really never felt like the Season chosen for me. I'm older now and, I swear, wiser, and I want my Golden Years to be my best! I finally got that this life is not a trial run!

What's a great style for an old dame to metamorphosize into?

Signed, Sleepless in Savannah

Dear Sleepless,

That “Season” and “My Colors” stuff makes me nuts!

A new you in the cocoon? Afraid you might turn into Betty Davis in “What ever happened to Baby Jane?” or Charo? “Who am I?” Is this what I’m hearing?

In advance, let FASHIONGRANNY roll out the red carpet and issue a rousing Welcome! You have my full permission to break on through to the other side, and your question is easily answered. Same advice I received, and it worked. Start with wearing only black and white everything and watch what happens! Your Colors will appear and so will your wings. Here’s my story, maybe it will help:

Confessions of a Fashion Kool-Aid Drinker!

In the late ‘60’s, early 70’s, there was a new rage. I had my personal Color Chart done; it was the thing to do. This high priced analysis would result, as I was told and sold, in my “Colors”, my perfect vibe, my balance, the colors that were best suited to me, the colors that would make me successful in all I did!.

The revelation alone was hyped not only to bring the best out in me; it was to take the guesswork out of dressing. No more “putting my outfits together.” This real time-saver would put the kibosh on my fashion creativity. Going forward, my “newly vibed” self would be able to get on with things that must be more important!

I was morphed into a “Season,” and mine was Winter, my least favorite! These “Colors” were also to be immediately transposed to my household in paint, curtains and carpet color, for an extra zap of whatever! I used to love a zap of whatever!

Winter! Just my luck I got winter! Gray, lifeless, cold, dismal, leafless winter! It was like a bad shell game and I'd lifted the cup off of the bad pea. I mean, out of four choices, three of them awesome, one of them not, I pick not?

I was told to my ear in a "top secret," hushed tone by my Personal Coach to avoid all other seasons at any cost for karma's sake! What does that mean? I thought of Margaret Hamilton, The Wicked Witch in the Wizard of Oz, and how she shriveled up when water was thrown on her. Would that happen to me, if I went AWOL to some other season?

I envisioned being an unbalanced wallflower, no longer the popular wonder woman my "Colors" had caused me to be! My mind spun out of control! Here comes the vertigo! Are you kidding me? I had drunk yet another version of the Fashion Kool-Aid!

Reading your question and reminiscing about the way things used to be, I get a knot in my brain, a remnant of what was once a daily fashion experience. Someone else was dictating the expression of who I am.

What I subscribed to, way back when, had me wearing grays, *bad grays*, bad blues and black, black, black, against my better judgment.

I knew when my lot was cast I wasn't a Winter, never had been a Winter, and if I ever found myself a Winter, could I make that decision please? Why didn't I speak up?

Things seemed so absurdly out of order, but it was the absurdity that set me free!

My experience of shopping at a fine retailer and overhearing the near knock-down drag-out

argument between a saleswoman and her client was one clue. The client was insisting loudly, over and over again," No! No! Take that back! I'm a Summer! I'm a Summer! Here's my Color Chart!" She then pounded a little pamphlet into the palm of the retail specialist's hand. This little booklet held the secret of the shoppers success; the colors of her "Season," which included personalized fabric swatches, touchy, feely, all the wrong-colors-for-her color chart fabric swatches!

Not a moment later, the sales woman hurriedly carried the clothes out of the dressing room, head hung low, having been blind-sided by yet another Fashion Kool-Aid drinker! She had brought adequate and becoming fashions to the buyer, in a selection of clothing and colors thought out by an expert. The woman bought nothing, as the saleslady "just doesn't understand I'm a Summer!"

I swear this trend had to have started in crazy California, my home state. Trust me, I know these things, and that is why I moved to the Lowcountry! Even if we did not start the trend we were thinking about starting it!

Well, I'm free now! "Those aren't my colors! I'm a Winter!" will never pass my lips again! I'm free to put stripes with my dots and fur on my sox! I won't, however, as I will take my own fashion advice: "Never wear bows, zippers or fur on sox after 60."

I'm free to explore fashion, to show my personality by dressing to fit my vision. Not nobody else's. Mine! I know that I feel great and my vibe and look are better than when I thought I had to pay for them!

I've done what you're doing, Sleepless. It wasn't easy, but it was necessary. I'm living my vision! You're so very right; this is not a trial run!

Keep me posted!

FG

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