

MW NEWS

Christmas 1976

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2033 W. 41

Suit Yourself

IN ARISTOCRATIC VELVET

Deftly
tailored
and
intelligently
cut, these suits
are the first of
a line we intend
to have made here
to our specifications
and under our direct
control and supervision.



A limited number of suits may be ordered by December 10, for Christmas delivery. They come in black, navy, grey, green, brown, and other colours as available. The price is \$400 for jacket, vest, and pants.

THE ANATOMY OF AN SUIT

Its hallmark, you will see, is careful attention to detail.



Perky lapel.....

The velvet vest
has a pure silk satin
back. Ties (as on a
man's vest) nip the waist.....

Dyed-to-match
buttons from
Switzerland.....

....Rope shoulder
gives a
narrow
profile.

.....The
surgeon's
cuff: the
buttonholes
are real.
The sleeve
may be
opened at
the
bottom
and
flipped
back--
the better to
display the
cuff of a

splendid LMW blouse!

You Will Find Pretty Dresses

May we suggest pale
blue printed pure
silk crepe georgette?
With lettuce-edged
neckline, sleeves and
hem, bias-cut?

Or can we tempt you
with something
V-necked, in cozy
thin wool jersey,
with slightly belled
sleeves and flared
skirt?

Or would you
reconsider the
pleasure of a
black dress?
In lacy mohair?

Tempted?



Under The

MW

Silky
cowl-necked
tops

abalone FISH
on a
silk cord

MW blouses
in comfortable
cotton
or
caressing
silk.

MW loden jackets
for being outdoors in style.
Red, green, brown

Vouillamoz pants
for unparalleled fit.
In corduroy or wool.

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Christmas Tree

Christmas
with Mozart!
(Loden coats
from Salzburg)

Lacy V-necked
mohair cardigans.

Handsome pullovers
in plain wool.

Variegated agate rings

Do NOT
open
till
Xmas

MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT THE MALIG-
nant influence of commerce on Christmas. Much
less has been written about the influence of
Christmas on the quality of commercial life.
In one pithy phrase: it drives us crazy.

This is a sad thing. We, like others,
long for the Christmas spirit to touch, and
dissolve, the coin-mail which armours our hearts.
We wish for an annual measure of that soul's
generosity which even brief withdrawal from
the ubiquitous struggle for self-aggrandizement
can give. A clock's tick of inner peace.
Perhaps it would happen if we closed on the
15th and took off for a snowbound hamlet in
Oberösterreich. But the suggestion provokes
derisive laughter; after all, we are in business.
It is beyond the power of any mere corporate
entity to change the fact that the buying activity
of millions peaks in the first days of winter.
Those unsympathetic to business forget that
for us, Christmas is inescapable.

Derangement seeps through our back rooms
like laughing gas. Reason has been pretty much
beyond us throughout November. Few decisions
are based on the methodical ordering of premisses.
They are spawned by discussions like this:

"We dismissed the saleslady by letter."

"That's rather impersonal. So who'll
sell on Mondays?"

"I can't talk all the time; a letter is
cleaner. We'll ask the new girl to start Monday."

"But she's full-time. We can't afford her
until the new year."

"We can, because we'll put her in the work-
shop"

"We don't need anybody there."

"We do, because we'll take Tillie out and use
her to sell on Mondays."

"Why not let the new girl sell? That was the
arrangement."

"You said we can't afford it! Do you want
me to do that selling? I can't talk all the time."

Days of manic elation, days of bleak exhaus-
tion, days of cataclysmic doom, revolve in kaleido-
scopic response to the vagaries of the market and
our own strained biorhythms. Yet I know there is
a time, not too far off, when the mood will level
out--an evening when we will all sit in dim light,
sipping something cool or warm, gazing past the
still-wrapped parcels, out to the furthest visible
point. What we have done will then seem all right--
some good things, some bad, but nothing extreme--
neither heaven nor hell to the well-balanced.
Reflecting on our silly season we will resolve,
whatever happens, not to get that way next year.
It is not necessary. It is not worth it. We
will be aloof, and calm. And through that modicum
of self-deception we will be able to begin next
year in sanity and good cheer. Merry Christmas.