

# MW NEWS

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## CHRISTMAS HEIRLOOM





# RUFFLING IT



The ruffled blouse is Byron, an uncompromising aristocrat, shown here with two of his ladies.

On the left, Byron ruffles with a regal skirt--an LMW wrap-around skirt in pure silk taffeta. Skirt, \$195; black, navy, chocolate. Escort, \$135; off-white, champagne, white, silver grey.

On the right, ruffling with Spanish nobility.

Braid is the finishing touch on this winter's LMW velvet suit. Its name is Castille. It is made to be accompanied by classic guitar and roses. \$480.



COVER: A unique, magnificent, antique Chinese ceremonial apron, redesigned by us to be worn now. Each of its four panels is an embroidered dream--an idealization of birds, flowers, hills and water in gold and silver thread. The figures gleam like treasure against vertical bars of lapis lazuli blue and a background of bright red--the Chinese colour of happiness. The overall effect is, indeed, one of joy.

With it is another happy thing--a pleated blouse called Lightning (Electricity cut short) which we consider an excellent Western complement to the Oriental look. It comes in white, champagne, marine, and crimson. \$190.

(ANTI-STAR II) THE WORST OF IT IS  
what the star-cult does to its devotees.

Let's begin with the stars themselves. While stardom lasts, it brings wealth, power, and above all status. The sort of status no one should have--fawning adulation. In those stars with less integrity, it creates conceit--an arrogant assumption of infallibility. This may spell disaster for the star's work, or whatever he is a star for, only widening the gap between what he is and how he is treated.

There is also the trouble stars must have in establishing normal human relationships. If everyone you meet wants your signature, your shirt, or your small-talk as a holy relic, you are unlikely to get much in return. Except dollars. Designers have made fortunes recently selling their initials.

The dollars count for something. I feel less concern for the stars than for the rest.

To be a non-star who believes in stars is essentially uncomfortable. Stardom can come only to a few; yet the wish for stardom infects, to some extent, nearly everyone. Here again the star-religion suffers by comparison to the worship of more abstract deities. Only madmen wish to be God; more sober theists, aware of that impossibility, are content to be human. The star-myth says we can be demi-gods. For those who hope, there is anguish; for those who have given up, a lingering sense of failure.

The wonder is that anything as bad for people as star-worship should thrive as it does. I suspect the answer lies in the fact that it is worship, and that its objects are ones in which people somehow find it possible to believe. We want to believe that someone or something is wonderful. (It's as though, in order to strive for an ideal, we need the encouragement of knowing that someone has already achieved it.) This deep yearning is hampered by the dominant metaphysic of the industrialized world in 1977, which is materialistic. A great many (perhaps a majority) find it impossible to believe in beings who are the sum of all perfections--but who lack bodies. Stars have bodies; so we can believe in them.

Despite this inspirational function of stardom, it is a pernicious institution. The idea of the demi-god--of mortal perfection--always tends to corrupt. The ideals become tainted by the realities which are supposed to embody them. So, let's bring the stars back to earth.



# The Cheek of Night



Essential to the Renaissance idea of good living was splendour--unabashed colour, sparkle, decoration of the body, celebration of the self. The twentieth century rebirth of that idea is Capulet--a coat in dazzling Siamese silk, with a detachable ruffle to frame the face or cinch around the waist as a demi-bustle. A marriage of old and new, splendour and flexibility and simple pleasure. \$675.