

# LMW NEWS

Spring, 1980

Lore Maria Wiener

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Such a deale of  
skimble-skamble  
stuff!  
W. Shakespeare

March may have come in  
like a lamb this year,  
but at LMW it's been roaring  
ever since (well into April).  
Silken Dalliance, our spring  
show, was launched on the  
sixth of March in Vancouver's  
Robson Square Theatre, and  
sailed to the Victoria Golf Club  
on the eighteenth. A television  
interview on Barton & Co.  
(Channel 6) followed, and then  
another on the Vancouver Show  
(Channel 13). It was enough to  
make our collective head spin!

Are you  
happy?  
It's the only  
way to be,  
kid.  
Yes, be  
happy,  
it's a good  
nice way to be.

But  
not too happy-  
happy, kid, don't  
be too double-up  
doggone happy.

It's the  
doubled-up dog-  
gone happy-happy  
people . . .  
bust hard . . . they  
do bust hard . . .  
when they bust.

Be  
happy, kid,  
go to it,  
but not too  
doggone happy.


Carl Sandburg



BOULEVARDIER, above, is a snatch of sliphorn jazz in chartreuse checks on off-white. It is also a bit of a breakthrough. How many centuries has it taken us to learn that a bold lapel does not require a collar?

Are you ready now? Have I dismissed myself? May I fire from the hip? Brothers, each at your window, we are the style of so much passion, we are the order of style, we are pure style called to delight a fold of the sky.

Leonard Cohen, Parasites of Heaven

A photograph of two women standing side-by-side, modeling dresses. The woman on the left is wearing a dark, belted, two-piece dress with a wide, light-colored belt. The woman on the right is wearing a similar two-piece dress with a plaid pattern and a wide, light-colored belt. Both women have their hands on their hips and are looking towards the camera. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

RONDELEE's high notes come from contrast facings. This two-piece dress in fine, very light Swiss wool, is \$485.

A one-piece cousin, CONTRA, is \$395. Colours in both are azure, navy, and tobacco, each with magenta facings.

A vibration of lines, checks, and colours woven in French wool is the essence of PURE STYLE. One combination is predominantly fuchsia; another, sunburst yellow; a third, bright blue. \$590.



Whenas in silks my Julia goes  
Then, then (methinks) how sweetly flows  
That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see  
That brave vibration each way free  
Oh, how that glittering taketh me!

Robert Herrick, "Upon Julia's Clothes"



Its a silken season at LMW, with an abundance of styles that owe their existence to Bombyx mori: THE DIFFERENCE, a silk suit; LA PLUIE, a new silk raincoat and SPLASH, a matching skirt; SONNET, a melodious blouse and skirt in striped light silk, the FLING dress and FLING pants and blouse in Valentine red for parties; a reversible COIN dress in silk satin; and a flutter of French chiffons, WANTON, TRYST, and DALLIANCE. We at LMW believe that hand-rolled hems in silk chiffon are too beautiful to be a thing of the past.

We are all Adam's children, but silk makes the difference. Thomas Fuller



LMW FOUND ITSELF UNDER THE SCRUTINY OF television cameras this spring. Although pleased to be the subject of so much interest, we found the experience curious and occasionally disquieting. The world-picture presented by television juxtaposes such incongruous elements! One sees this most clearly when one is in that picture. On John Barton's show, for example, Lore Maria Wiener was interviewed in the company of a fisherman and three delegates from Victoria's Marineland, one of whom was a sea lion. Such a fivesome would never find themselves chatting outside the looking-glass world of television. (It was too much for the sea lion, who started charging around the studio biting the cameramen. This episode was naturally 'edited out.')

There, the incongruity was simply amusing, but on the Vancouver Show it became somewhat disturbing. The program opened with performance footage of the Boom Town Rats, a New Wave pop group. There was a quick cut to a news item about a Palestinian attack on Israeli children-- pools of blood underneath a crib. Then back to the Boom Town Rats, followed by Mohammed Ali's struggles with excess weight, and a young man's trek across Canada carrying a cross. Then came models wearing LMW's, and a tightly-edited interview with our designer.

The melange was scarcely digestible. Our natural reactions to these wildly diverse scenes got all mixed up, interfering with one another. After a while it all seemed the same. Our strained critical faculties threatened to switch off; our more delicate feelings went into hiding. Later we wondered why the people in charge of programming arrange their material that way. Could it be that viewers in a state of emotional and aesthetic befuddlement are most susceptible to the advertising that is the life-blood of the medium?

Television--a 'news program' at least--purports to represent the real world. But what appears on the screen is often at several removes from the reality that stood before the cameras. This was brought home to us after the in-studio taping of our fashion show. By the time it was aired, it had undergone an amazing metamorphosis. Our piano player, who had been filmed on stage with the models, had disappeared, together with his music. The girls, who originally moved to the accompaniment of Bob Murphy's sophisticated blues improvisations, were seen to be following a rather boisterous rock tune, which was dubbed in.

The poetry which was the theme of our show was gone too. Whatever this had become, it was no longer Silken Dalliance, and as we turned off the set, we felt vaguely threatened by the ease with which that box had changed the appearance of things. For fashion shows, of course, it doesn't matter much; but for world events it does. The potential to misinform is the same.

For further reading, LMW recommends Jerry Mander's Four Arguments for the Elimination of Television (Wm. Morrow, 1978).