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The seasons pass, fashions come and go, novelties make their bow, like a flash in the pan, then yield their place to others. It is all a great merry-go-round which will always be kept moving by the eternal feminine.

The disappointing winter we have just passed through takes with it fashions that we hardly had time to try out, leaving us only regrets, but there remains the eternal feminine fever, its insatiable curiosity, to give new life to all that seemed to be going to sleep.

A novelty arrives, a rumour is heard, the hunt is on and in a few days all is exhausted until the arrival of new stocks ordered post-haste. But suddenly the market is saturated again, copies begin to be made and then, all at once, the inevitable boredom descends putting an end to a reign that was too short and making way for a newer idea. Oh, how few are the ideas that know how to grow old.

Thus it is that for months already our fashions have been riding an adaptation, running after it, going crazy about it and then tiring of it. The creators strain their ingenuity, take inspiration from every source, get fired with enthusiasm and then have it dwindle away. Woman remains above it all. Dare one talk of whims...? Brazil is made up of so many different trends — but also of certain traditions sufficiently well-rooted to prevent a development toward more normal and more modern courses of fashion.

The latest French and American magazines are greeted with enthusiasm. They are ransacked, dissected, but it is seldom that the adaptation of their ideas is respected. Simplicity, the perfection of all arts, seldom finds in this climate the admiration it deserves. It is thus that exaggeration takes up again what it believes to be its rights and, from then on, we are off on an orgy of trimmings, embroidery, trinkets and accessories which

make us lose sight of the original idea, but nevertheless have the strength to compel recognition.

It must be said however that this lack of stability and this pursuit of adornment are only felt during the winter season. The Brazilian woman is not made to live in a cold climate. Now, we are just emerging from a particularly hard winter, the like of which has not been experienced in Brazil for many years. Already the days are growing longer, bringing with them a warmer sun. Very soon there will be a great liberation. The fatigue of a season that lasted too long, confining woman to a silhouette which was not for her, contrasts all at once with the enthusiasm which makes her try or take again, in all their possible variations, the only clothes suitable for women made for the sun.

It only needs two consecutive days of sunshine and an intuition which comes from one knows not where, for everything to change its appearance immediately. The streets, the beaches, the shop-windows are as if touched by a magic wand. Arms and shoulders are bared again, décolletés plunge daringly low and waists are seen to be tinier than ever.

Now we have six months of happiness ahead of us, of smiles and care-free gaiety which Phoebus alone is capable of giving.

It is the period when woman no longer hesitates. She knows what she wants, what suits her, where she is going and what she is.

In this vast field, imagination has free play. Joy and freedom from care allow all audacities. It is the season of variety, of well-being and it seems,

because it is unrestrained, of eternal youth.

It is then that Swiss textiles take on their real supremacy, without however having abandoned the market during the winter season when their presence is more rare. A few figured silks, imported in too small quantities make us regret their scarcity in contrast to the warm season when we see the possibilities of imports maintained and even appreciably increased. Let us be grateful for this state of affairs, for each of us has clearly understood and recognised to what extent the presence of Swiss textiles is a prime necessity in the tropics.

*Fred Schlatter.*

