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Thin mannequins need to be fed



PAUL KNOECHEL

“Having models that uphold an unhealthy image is one thing because at the very least, they can always be said simply to be exceptions to the general population. But there’s a dangerous precedent set when you take what should be a standard to the average and portray that as something with *exposed ribs*.”

Here’s a brain teaser for you: what has decades of fighting unhealthy body images in the media gotten us? Reasonably proportioned models? Maybe a decrease in eating disorders among the youth? Or perhaps simply a greater sensitivity in the fashion industry to the fact that size two is only used by a fraction of a fraction of the greater populace?

Or, perhaps we’re living in a society where I can’t walk through the mall without seeing the ribs on a mannequin in a lingerie store.

That’s right: ribs on a mannequin. This has got to be a new low—or at least contending for bottom three—in this seemingly go-nowhere issue of the modern era.

This takes grotesque to a whole new level, and should come as a serious jab in the ribs to anyone who happens to see it. What does it say about how sad and shallow our culture has become when you can’t go to the mall without being repulsed by what looks like a malnourished refugee immortalized in plaster wearing a purple lace bra?

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at the very least, they can always be said simply to be exceptions to the general population. But there’s a dangerous precedent set when you take what should be a standard to the average and portray that as something with *exposed ribs*.

I’m going to go out on a limb and say that showcasing three prominent ribs directly underneath each breast is not something that many women can do without a significant stretch.

Of course, this is hardly news. Barbie has been perpetuating an ideal of beauty for generations, despite the fact that she’s grossly disproportioned: her giraffe-like neck is twice as long as the average woman’s, to cite one of many such examples. Even the size of the biceps on a GI Joe are past the point where they could ever be attained by the general male populace—“GI Joe Extreme” boasts biceps larger than his waist.

But a mannequin is something that is intended to be clothed and dressed with items that actual people could wear. You can’t buy adult-sized Barbie dresses, but you’re supposed to buy whatever a mannequin is wearing, and

you’re supposed to compare yourself next to one.

I’m just praying for the day when this disgusting trend towards being skinnier and skinnier will finally begin to regress. I’m sick and tired of industry standards moving further and further away from Marilyn Monroe’s healthy measurements. I’m frustrated beyond words when I see America Ferrera’s beauty perverted on the cover of *Glamour* by free-reigning air brushes. What should really be happening is for what’s considered stylish to gravitate back towards the median, and to start defining beauty on a personal level again.

In an ideal society, that store would either be boycotted until these flagrant hyperbolic representations of human health were taken down—or at the very least, until some public anger was incited. Instead, a little four-year-old is going to walk by that mannequin later today and, seeing nothing to contradict that image for the rest of her adolescence, cry herself to sleep at 14 because she still doesn’t look how she thinks she’s supposed to.

THE BURLAP SACK

Walking through SUB at noon, I have to wade through the sea of people and try to avoid getting hit by some idiot swinging their knapsack onto their shoulders.

It’s busy, noisy, and crowded, so the average intelligent person would surmise that SUB doesn’t need more annoyances. Yet, more irritations constantly creep into the building.

Vendors pawing crap are pretty

much everywhere: near the east doors, across from the Bookstore, and in the space between the info booth and the exit to the Butterdome.

Whether these parasites are selling hair products, jewellery, or purses, they make SUB look like a flea market, not a building belonging to an academic institution.

Legitimate tables (belonging to groups that are *actually* part of the University) are getting drowned out by the presence of the SUB Sidewalk Sale.

It’s bad enough that we can’t even sit on the can without having an ad staring us in the face, but it’s even worse when

we leave the bathrooms and are immediately barraged by vendors hawking their crap.

I would love someone to direct me to the nearest burlap sack vendor so I can take the SUB salesmen and give them a lovely beating. I’ll even throw in some extra beats as interest—at reasonable student rates, of course.

MARIA KOTOVYCH

The Burlap Sack is a semi-regular feature where a person or group who needs to be put in a sack and beaten is ridiculed in print. No sack beatings are actually administered.



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