

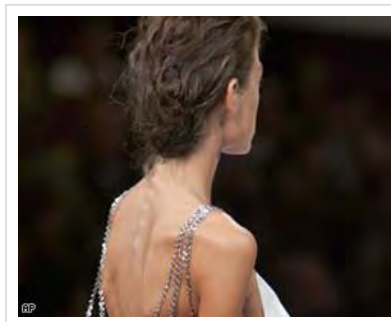


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because i type faster than i pen.

Thursday, May 8, 2008

clothes horses, yes. clothes hangers, no more.



A week-and-a-half ago, I had oral surgery. Groggy from the IV drip, I blurrily scanned my post-op directions as my dude prepared to drive us two-and-a-half farm-filled hours back to Mammoth from Carson City. (See, we have a hospital here, and a dentist or two, and a robust physical therapy clinic where

you can rehab every broken piece of your park-beaten kneecap, but you're sort of out of luck if you need glasses, or braces, or your gums sawed open in the name of periodontics.) Apparently, I was to stick to a strict diet of smoothies, soup, and protein shakes for the next week, so as not to disturb the very delicate nature of my fresh wound.

It didn't sound so bad, really. I ate two pints of ice cream in three days, and the boy made sure I was flush with chocolate pudding in my time of need. But nearly two weeks later, I'm pretty much over watching my friends chew pizza while I slurp down yet another Cup 'O Noodles. It's tough to stay full when solid food is out of the question, and achieving a respectable caloric intake has been challenging. That said, I hopped on the scale the other day and noticed I'd lost about three pounds. Which is not okay for someone who likes to run around outside, and lift heavy things in sets of 10, and train (however motivationally challenged at present) to race her first triathlon.

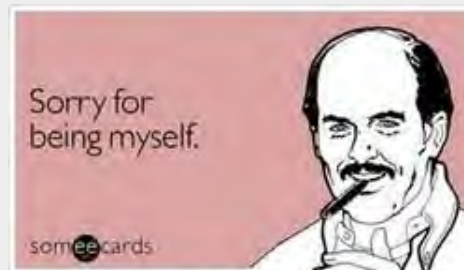
Coincidentally, this thing popped up in the news the other day: ["French adopt bill that would make it illegal to promote extreme thinness."](#)

Basically, just about all media -- including such venerable publications as *Vogue* (and *French Vogue*) -- could be fined up to \$50k if a judge determines the models therein look like they need a hamburger or five. Proponents regard this as an admirable step forward in the fight against eating disorders, while opponents (such as the president of the French Federation of Couture) argue that the definition of "too skinny" is too

this about sums it up.



he's the one.



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vague. I think there's truth in both statements, and I find it interesting to see proposed law that attempts to control perception, no matter how well intentioned. No, I don't enjoy watching skeletons on stilts prance down runways, and fashion magazines send me into flights of rage whenever I am careless enough to try to read them. But still...

Personally, I'm happy that my career involves interacting with women who actually want to gain muscle mass, and who equate being rail-thin with being too weak to slide rails. Kelly Clark lives here in Mammoth, and I'm stoked that when I bump into her at the gym, I know she's there so she can boost higher above the lip, and not to obsessively erase whatever crosses hers.

The question is whether or not it's okay to legislate one's appearance. Thoughts? Opinions? Musings? Put 'em in the comments box. I'm off to envy my girlfriends' plates full of sushi over a bowl of miso.



Labels: [calories: it's the law](#), [eat a fucking hamburger already](#), [i'm too sexy for this blog](#), [skeletor: vogue is french for "you're fat AND poor"](#), [whining about oral surgery](#)



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