

# Tops off to talking about breasts

**WARNING:** *The following article contains harsh language that may be considered offensive by some readers.*

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I have a weakness for fine underwear. As unfortunate as this may seem, it is not as costly and unconscionable as my pathetic penchant for nice brassieres.

I say pathetic for two reasons. For one, the constant and insatiable desire to possess more and more of these useful, albeit frivolous, fashion items is the direct result of misogynist propaganda that infiltrates every media image which, in turn, is part of the huge conspiracy conducted to enslave women by forcing them to spend an inordinate proportion of their hard-earned-60-percent-of-what-men-make to achieve an artificial, impossible, male-projected fantasy ideal. That, my friends, is pathetic.

Also, the whole process of procurement is degrading. Lingerie salesladies (and I do mean *ladies*) are cruel.

So why do I subject myself to this abuse? Variety, I say. I like to choose how I want to display my breasts, for whom and when. Sometimes I like my breasts to be comfortable, sometimes I want them to look nice. Sometimes I want them to be part of my sexuality, sometimes I don't.

And this is apparently where the problem lies. According to the cops, my breasts are sexual **all the time**. Weird, I say, because they aren't sexual all the time.

"You want something that will slim you down, lift you up and bring you out. Up and perky!" she says, trying to cop a feel.

The thing is, sexual or not, the lingerie saleslady holds a great deal of power in her hot little hands.

Why are breasts so powerful? Why are there more nouns and adjectives devoted to these two mounds of flesh on a woman's body than there are names for different kinds of cheese? Why did one woman's choice to bare her breasts to the wind on a hot summer's day last year create a bigger media cufuffel than other, clearly more important, feminist issues?

I was fortunate enough to be part of the joyous festivities in both Guelph and Waterloo on the weekend anniversary of Gwen Jacob's arrest. In these two small Ontario cities, breasts are one hot topic. Hotter than Melrose Place. Hotter than Drew Barrymore naked in a field. Hotter than all four members of Moxy Fruvous skewered over a slow-roasting flamepit beyond the gates of hell.

The Guelph uprising went above and below the call of feminism. Men, scumpigs emerging from the dark underbelly of society, and precious few women joined hands in the sacred name of nakedness. Revolting against the strong arm of the law, these kindly folk took time from their busy lives to, as one man so eloquently put it, "see some hooters."

In Waterloo the rally was larger but no less perverted. The issue, which I think had something to do with unjust laws regarding a woman's right to take off her shirt when and where she sees fit got lost between the Handycams and some weasel sporting a t-shirt that said "More than a mouthful is a waste." I suppose he was protecting women's rights to have small breasts -- thanks, asshole.

In spite of the copious coverage the media devoted to this whole tit affair, there is a huge gaping void where critical analysis could have been. Unfortunately, rally organizers fell into the abyss of boneheadedness as well.

To be fair, for many women I met it was their first demonstration. They were schmoozled and bamboozled by the paparazzi into thinking that their voices could be heard above the pornographic din. However, with one step back they might have realized that, like, maybe they should have made a connection between sexual assault and the

criminalization and sexualization of the female breast? They could have made links between the very tangible injustice of Gwen Jacobs conviction and other more pressing, less *visible* issues.



It's what you call a double-edged sword. We want to have complete and absolute control over our own bodies, but we also want laws that will protect us. So we create laws in the hopes that they will strengthen our power in the courtroom. But these laws are then used against us on the streets.

The OPP's Project Pornography, for example, should target the straight male sickness that is everywhere *and* dangerous to women. Instead, they have chosen to charge Glad Day Bookshop for selling a lesbian magazine with relatively benign photos of women fucking each other.

Why wasn't the perverted use of our obscenity laws addressed by those championing the right for Gwen Jacob to take off her shirt?

This lack of connection between issues is (Yikes. If this is third wave feminism then I ain't goin' to no beach).

Scumpigs and possessed lingerie salesladies aside, I think it is good that people are talking about breasts. ■