



Depth Perception™

Commentary from Design For Ministry™
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Boredom does not breed style 30 November 2004

In complete boredom on a recent trip, I looked at my first men's fashion magazines in more than a decade. Five minutes in, I remembered why I don't read them. I plodded on, though, forcing myself to look for useful information to help me dress in a crisper, less rumped manner.

It was a wasted effort. The literature is not devoted to helping me improve. Instead it is dedicated to tearing me apart. Apparently I am too short, too squarely built, and have just enough hair loss to ever love myself again. I don't use the right cosmetics. My deodorant is not expensive enough. My car is over a year old. My blazers have more than one button, and (gasp!) some of my trousers have pleats and cuffs. I committed professional suicide somewhere in my past and just don't know I'm dead yet.

My wife and daughter tell me that women's fashion magazines are worse. No dimension of being a woman remains unscathed. Fail to measure up to the ever-shifting criteria and you are dismissed as living in utter abysma.

Regular consumption of this type of literature leaves us in a state of fixed dissatisfaction. We become more materialistic, more shallow in our values and our relationships, more consumptive, and less able to lead a financially sustainable life.

In our fevered state, we seem to be going after even more savage ways of talking about fashion. Witness the fad of television shows that critique the fashions and interior designs of wardrobes and homes of friends and neighbors. No longer do I tear myself down by consuming this type of media. Now I start to tear apart friends, family and strangers.

At the end of my foray into these magazines I

determined to resume my fast from fashion. My money is better off helping an orphan make it to adulthood, rather than trying to achieve an ever-shifting and dissatisfying standard.

Care to join me?

"No dimension of being a woman remains unscathed."

– mark l. vincent