

TOM TURTLE

on

WOMEN'S CLOTHING



Note to new readers: this is the continuation of [an old humor column](#).

Heigh-ho, 'tis I, Tom Turtle, back from a long swim in the ocean. I thought I could excrete all my salty opinions into the surrounding waters, but I find it is not so. No matter how long I paddle and paddle, I still arrive back on shore refilled with smart and stylish observations.

Take note that title above is Tom Turtle *on* Women's clothing, not Tom Turtle *in* Women's Clothing. Not that I mind being in women's clothing, I just like them to still be in it, too. It is more fun that way.

As we know, it is **A VERY STRANGE TIME TO BE ALIVE**. When I swam out to sea, I thought the strangeness had peaked, but when I returned to the beach I couldn't help but notice it had continued to accelerate while I was away. I was apprised of this very quickly, as I pulled myself up to a beach umbrella and ordered a piña colada from the cabana boy. At the umbrella next to me were two fairly normal looking guys, and they were just within earshot. Here is what I overheard:

Dude 1: Dude, I decided I am definitely springing for the sex-change.

Dude 2: Say what? Aren't those kind of expensive?

Dude 1: Dude, they pay for themselves in like the first two years. Just think what I will save on clothes.

Dude 2: Say what?

Dude 1: After the operation, I will only need to buy some tights and a sports-bra. As a lady, I can wear that anywhere.

Dude 2: Oh, you know that's true. My girlfriend no longer buys dresses, skirts, pants, underwear, coats, or any of that other old garbage. She just has tights, maybe skin-tight yoga pants, and various kinds of sports-bra thingies—you know, sleeveless, skin-tight, and cropped to show the belly. I wish I could get away with that.

Dude 1: Dude, I am *so* with you there. And if it drops below 10 degrees, you just add a wool cap and some UGGs.

As I listened to this, I thought, “They can't be serious. Only one woman in a thousand can get away

with that ensemble, and she tends to be 15 years old and weigh 90 pounds”.



[Fashion hint: if you are older than this girl or weigh more than her, you will look bad in this. She wears it well, but until we all become nudists she should never wear it outside her bedroom.]

But as I made it back to civilization, I saw how serious they were. Every female of every age was wearing tights and a sports-bra, no matter where she was, no matter what she weighed, no matter how hot or cold it was. She could be 80 years old and visiting the White House in mid-winter: still she knew the perfect outfit was tights and a sports-bra.



[Salty comment: three very attractive women, but even the best of the three (the one in purple) would look better in something else. It's not that she looks bad. She couldn't look bad if you dressed her in three cheese crates.

It's that she looks desperate and confused. And what's with that handbag? Oh my god.]

But while *every* female was so attired, no male was. I saw not one male wearing tights. Even the skinniest gayest gays weren't wearing tights. Pencil-leg pants way too tight in the ass, yes; tights, no. In fact, the standard het-male attire had continued to balloon and sag to astonishing degrees, so that while the females appeared to be trying to be all-leg, the males were trying to be no-leg. When I had swum out to sea, men's waistlines had already dropped below their balls. But even that wasn't enough: now the waistline was dropping below the knees. It looked to me like men had basically dropped their pants to their ankles and were shuffling around dragging their beltloops behind them. To cover the privates and buttocks in this situation required a lengthening of the shirts. Either that or the creation of a whole new middle section, like an ant or other sad insect. Yes, the new male had become a segmented creature of three distinct sections, the pants running from floor to mid-calf, say, and the shirt running from shoulder to waist. In between was a newly created section previously unknown to the human body, one that had to be covered in novel ways. These novel ways included a rattling conglomeration of chains, multiple belts, overlapping boxers, cellphones, holsters, sheaths, cigarette lighters, Skoal cans, canteens, fanny packs, ipods, and wireless toasters.

But back to the Betties. While the Barneys had been glomming all things onto them like a giant shuffling magnet, the Betties had been streamlining down to the barest essentials, shedding themselves of all excess weight and outline. They had been so successful in this streamlining that the only way they could further streamline is by trading in the tights for a can of spraypaint.



[Question: if Elle Fanning looks bad in an outfit, do you really think you are going to look good in it?]

Some of my male readers will be saying, “Turtle-dude, cork your beak! You don't want to embarrass the Betties into reversing this right-alicious trend.” But again, the trend is only right-alicious in the

rarest of occasions. The rest of the time it looks like the symptom of some psychosis or the sign of a deathwish via frostbite of the torso.



[Fashion tip: tattoos do not help sell the look. You might think they would draw attention away from problem areas, but no, they just act as another problem area. Tattoos also do not make you warmer. You cannot wear them in lieu of sleeves. Fashion tip 2: a buzz-cut and black corset also does not help sell the look.]

A few years ago this phenomenon was limited to places like Walmart, but it has since swept the country. It has swum upstream from the poorest venues to the richest, and now its most perfect expression is found not at Walmart, but at Whole Foods or the Country Club. Whole Foods in summer is now just one stiff wind away from being a nudists' retreat. The only consolation is that the men at Whole Foods are each still wearing enough clothing for three people, so that in an emergency all available skin could be covered from a bee or mosquito invasion.

You would think the driving range at the golf course would be the most backwards place on Earth, style-wise, and for the Barneys it still is. But the Betties know that no matter where they find themselves, tights and a sports-bra are now *de rigueur*. The only thing I haven't seen yet is UGGs with cleats.



[Fashion tip: does Paulina Gretzky have a great bod?* Yes. Does she usually dress like a slut? Yes. Does she exude the intelligence of a carved pumpkin? Yes. Do I want to see her naked? Yes. Do I want to see her naked on my golf course? Not really. There is a time and a place for everything.]

And this puts the joke in high focus. You see, I am not against nudism. We turtles are natural nudists, and when in the ocean no one wears clothes. But it has to look strange to a rational being when the ladies are near-nudists while the guys are grunge-Puritans. It isn't a question of nudity or modesty or shame, it is a question of mass psychology.

One wonders how Freud would read this. What does it say about contemporary sexuality and gender roles? Is the legless straight man a good sign? Do the pants around the ankles bode well? It is doubtful. Not even all the appliances he has glommed onto his mid-section speak well for his attempt at re-empowerment.

And what of the Betties? Has the streamlining made them more agile or more able to dodge the brutal headwind? Again, one has doubts. They seem just as battered and buffeted by the swirling elements as ever before, if not moreso. Displaying the goodies in the window has not led to more and better dates, for instance, but to fewer and worse. Even Paulina Gretzky hasn't been able to flaunt herself into a good relationship, only managing to land coke-head skirt-chaser Dustin Johnson, a man whose pumpkin makes hers look full. Yes, Johnson has money and game, but Tiger had more of both and wasn't able to buy or swing himself into a decent relationship or life.

How could that be?

I cannot tell you that. All I can say is that where I come from, in the depths of the blue-green sea, the shop-keepers know that no matter how beguiling your window display is, it can have no effect through a dirty window or a fog-bound day. Shoppers shuffling by with their pants at their ankles, dragging a midsection of contraptions, haven't time or inclination to study a window display: they are too busy trying to avoid tripping over a crack in the sidewalk or falling into an open manhole.

In a pile
Upon a log
Over the water
Third from the bottom
Secreting my own hard shell
Tom Turtle

To read more from Tom Turtle, [go here](#).

*Do you know how Paulina stays thin? She starves herself and smokes cigarettes, which means she will stay beautiful well into old age—which she will reach at about age 27. The head is the first to go, and hers is already going.