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Fashion Show

Von **steven lee beeber**

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Defying F. Scott Fitzgerald's famous dictum that there are no second acts in American lives, Barack Obama was recently inaugurated into his second term. Yet if the coverage of that event is any indication, in politics, even when there's an Act II, it's more about the costumes than the plot. That's right, with America teetering on the edge, our media spent the vast majority of its time discussing not what Obama had planned for the future, but rather what his wife had chosen to wear.

In case you missed it, our First Lady went with an inexpensive, albeit tasteful, J.Crew ensemble, something she apparently thought appropriate for a party where many could barely afford to cloth themselves.

Oh, how the papers groaned and moaned and lamented the lack of pomp and circumstance. They yearned for the days when Queen, er, First Lady, Nancy Reagan, wore designer gowns even as her husband advised his subjects, um, citizens to think of ketchup as a vegetable.

Who knows, perhaps the media was onto something. The way to move ahead in the future might be to concentrate less on substance than style. Like those lords and ladies going down on the Titanic, we might as well put on our tuxes. After all, we don't have long to use them.

With that in mind, here's an alternative media event, one in which we see how the other half lives in this most vibrant of seasons – ladies and gentlemen, I present to you the Spring Fling Fashion Show of the People.

First down the catwalk is John Q. Public, adorned in a sandwich-board jacket. See how it allows him to both cover his chilled chest and advertise his willingness to work for food?

And just behind him is Trixie Working Girl, in high heels and leopard-skin pants, supplementing her Wal-Mart salary by projecting a lean, mean intensity that attracts the gentlemen callers to open their wallets. Julia Roberts in Pretty Woman never had it so good as this moonlighting princess selling her product made in America – her ass.

Following down the runway now please feast your eyes upon the children of John and Trixie, the adorable Cindy Joe and Bobby Lee. Like Honey Boo Boo of TV fame, they are ready to put on a costume that brings a smile to our lips, their muumuu smocks and triple extra large tops hiding both their stretch marks and the scars soon to mar them. Jonathan Swift's modest proposal was never so fully realized as the recent suggestion by our

Republican presidential candidate that the truly hard up harvest their organs for cash. Yes, less is more this fashion season in America. And nothing's more fascinating than less interest in substance and more in style. So keep your eyes peeled for the next phase of the Obama presidency, the third act in which we get to see who his wife is wearing for the trip down the drain.