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## YOU'VE GOT THE LOOK

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Life unfolds like a phantasmal TV commercial:

FANTASY SEQUENCE. SLOW-MO. You enter the party, looking fabulous. Your fabulous friends gather round and rave about how fabulous you are.

"Girl, you look fierce!"

"Did you whiten your teeth?"

"She's in love!"

And blah-blah, etc... amidst a barrage of additional gibberish commentary, when all you actually did was pour yourself into your skinny jeans.

In the world of woman, every mamacita's most highly prized possession is that one perfect pair of skinny jeans: sculpted by Da Vinci, contoured by

Koons, denim from heaven that transforms you into a rock star. Skinny jeans selfishly demand all attention; beckoning and inspiring, they elicit passion. For femmes like I (*stacked in the back*), it's almost impossible to find great-fitting blue jeans: they always gape at the waist and the high-rises feel just God-awful. But there are occasional exceptions.

Upon my first encounter with NYDJ Jeans and their so-called 'tummy-tucking' action, I am understandably dubious. They get the sidelong glance at best. "Not Your Daughter's Jeans" quoth the label... mayhaps not the most glam, methinks. Readeth the wry sticky inside: "NYDJ cannot be held responsible for any positive consequences due to your fabulous appearance when wearing the Tummy Tuck Jean."

As I dig on their theosophy, I commit to taking Jeans out for girly whirl, test-strut promenade and behold their impact on the world.

I behold Jeans before I don them. I regard them in the mirror, observing my reflection. Jeans are fibrously stretchy and surprisingly soft, snugly and pliant... flexible enough from the get-go to feel like a pair of old lovelorn denims. I am intrigued. Snug as a bug in a rug and 'aint nothin' jiggling where it 'aint a'supposed 'ta be. Me likey so far.

I slide it to the left into the glorious spring morning, el sexi city day. Breezy petals rain down upon me, rocking the SJP vibe, moseying across East 73rd Street, 'baw-chica-bow-bow' insatiably ricocheting the brain. I none-too-subtly rubberneck for reactions (to Jeans, of course), on the lookout.

Okay, that was something, over there... that was definitely a look. We have attained official lookage. Would Uncle Jackie (Mason, of course) call it a leer or a look? Was it a look, or a leer? It's hard to tell.

I resume my disco sashay to the Park, checking my reflection constantly in passing glass, trying to assess Jeans, to analyze them. In addition to the tummy tuck, I believe I detect a tad of lipo action around the thigh arena. Me likey, moto bene even more!