

Generations

Boomers versus Alphas in clothing must-haves

A recent article on www.topixoffbeat.com, which is a favorite website of mine because of its unusual topics, recently featured a “roast” of baby-boomer dressing and how strange and out-of-date some boomer styles were in today’s chic fashion world.

Since my main concern these days as far as fashion is comfort, I wanted to see how my daily wardrobe would fare when rated by Alpha fashionistas (*Forbes* labeled the newest generation as the Alpha generation, covering the years 2010 to 2025).

True to form, I’ve got most of the archaic clothing hanging in my closet or tucked in dresser drawers. However, I take exception with some of the comments on the list, which no doubt was put together by a bunch of skinny youngsters who think thongs and lowrider jeans go together nicely.

We boomers pride

ourselves on comfort and none of these items will ever leave my closet no matter how many lists they make. The fact that the Alphas have used the term “dorky” in almost all of



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their entries also prompts me to suggest that they invest in a good thesaurus and eliminate some descriptive dorky comments.

Anyway, the first slap on the wrist was khaki capri pants for us women, which were also referred to in past generations as pedal pushers and clamdiggers. I love capri pants all year round, even in the winter, so it must be a cool-ankle thing that keeps me in them even in January.

Housecoats were next with the comment: “Did you know you can still buy these? I thought these

went away when middle-class women entered the workforce.” Well, yes, as a matter of fact I did know they were still around, because I have many housecoats with zippers and snaps and in both heavy and light fabrics, and I’m still in the workforce. It was either a housecoat or sweats at the end of a tough day and the housecoat on a hook was easier to locate than searching the dirty clothes hamper for an old pair of sweats.

Elastic-waist pants, shorts, capris, etc., were next. Frankly, I haven’t seen a zipper on my pants in decades. I’m the kind of person who would have put Talon zippers out of business long ago since comfort always wins.

Socks with sandals was another no-no, but I don’t believe I have ever crossed over in this dangerous territory, so I will have to side with the Alphas on this one.

Transitions lenses were

categorized as super dorky, but I love mine (except I must remember the next time I enter a dark movie theater, it’s best to remove them or I’ll fall up the stairs like I did the last time).

Crocs (not the reptile, the shoe) were high on the list, and this is one I’ll have to give to the Alphas because I don’t think I’d have the courage to wear them.

Diamonds made the list, and I’m still trying to figure out why. Apparently, the Alphas think they are archaic and cubic zircons are more in today. I’m not disturbed about that because I don’t have any real diamonds except for a couple of chips in a ring, but I wouldn’t turn down a diamond if offered to me.

Stirrup pants are another fashion no-no on the list and I’d have to agree with the Alphas also on this one. I never wore them even when they first came out (although the author

did admit that they were good for horseback-riding boots).

Apparently, those baby-butt-soft, feminine sweater sets of a matching shell and button-down cardigan are out, too, but the illustrated picture was the set done in baby pink, and I loved it.

Zippered velour robes and muumuus made the list, but caftans managed to squeak through; I’ve got all three in my wardrobe.

No doubt most Alphas don’t live in cold climates, because flannel nightgowns made their list, as did those adorable holiday sweaters that all of us have and wear once a year so the grandkids can enjoy.

Pristine white sneakers and plain white Keds were on the list — apparently “newness” is passé. This is further proved by the fact that jeans today have to contain at least three or four rips in them to look cool. Each rip boosts the price by a couple of dol-

lars.

And apparently cleavage is in today because the Playtex 18-hour bra made the archaic list, most likely replaced with the totally uncomfortable, wired, pushup model.

Embroidered denim or corduroy jumpers are also out, and I was OK on those as denim isn’t my favorite fabric, except perhaps in jackets.

The Alphas claim that a chenille sweater looks like a decorative throw pillow, but I happen to love them.

There were more, but I’ll end this with the Alpha assault on blouses with pin tucks on the front. Frankly, I have a couple and wonder if there are any little-old-lady boomers out there who don’t have one.

We all don’t dress like Cher, you know.

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