


Thong Underwear

A woman with long brown hair is walking away from the camera on a dark carpeted surface at night. She is wearing a bright pink, short-sleeved, cropped top with a knot at the waist, a white, short, flared skirt, and a black thong. She is also wearing high-heeled shoes. In the background, there are blurred figures of people and photographers with cameras, suggesting a red carpet event.

It felt perverted at first, wrong to always be looking. But there it was: underwear becoming outerwear, whale tails breaching low-rise waistlines, licorice-thin whips of fabric surfacing and plunging. So we looked. And kept looking. And we wrote operatic rap songs about them (well, at least Sisqó did). And we felt so grateful to be living in a time when covering up meant hardly covering up anything at all.—HOWIE KAHN