

Breaking down the Jersey situation

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For Amusement

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The situation is grim: “Jersey Shore” is no more ... at least no more new episodes until next season. How are faithful “Jersey Shore” watchers supposed to nurture their inner guido/guidette without Snookie, Vinny, Pauly D., J-WOWW, Ronnie, Sammi Sweetheart and The Situation guiding them every Thursday night?

Anyone serious about fist-pumping knows that “Jersey Shore” is not just a show, it’s a way of life, and that way of life must be maintained during the off-season. There are four things one must groom in order to stay in top “Jersey Shore” shape: The Hair, The Clothes, The Bod, and, most importantly, The Lifestyle.

THE HAIR

Guidos: As demonstrated by YouTube sensation “My New Haircut” and confirmed by the handsome fellows of “Jersey Shore,” there is only one haircut good enough for these Italian studs: The gel spike. Whoever said this style is reserved for 1990’s boy bands was dead wrong, because guidos rock this look every single day.

It takes roughly six gallons of hair gel, four hours of styling and an insufferable ego to keep those spikes in peak condition, but every guido knows it is well worth it. Nothing makes the ladies swoon like a shiny halo of jet-black spikes.

Guidettes: Guidettes can never get their hair to be dark enough, long enough, straight enough, or shiny enough. Frequent trips to the hair salon for a dye job keep a guidette’s mane blacker than Bill O’Reilly’s soul, and these trips are not complete without grooming the guidette’s hair extensions.

An intense straightening regimen leaves the guidette’s locks sleek and shiny—so shiny, in fact, that the black tresses serve as reflectors, preventing the guidette from ever being hit by an oncoming vehicle ... which really wouldn’t be that big of a loss, to be honest ...

Then, of course, there’s the poof. As far as the poof goes, it can never be too big, too tall, or use too much product. A poof is truly successful if it is larger than the guidette’s heavily made-up face, so make that a goal when aiming for this “Jersey Shore” hair-do-not-ever-do-this-if-you-want-to-be-taken-seriously.

THE CLOTHES

Guidos: There are two things to remember when it comes to guido fashion.

The first: The tighter the better. It doesn’t matter if he’s wearing an Ed Hardy shirt, a ribbed tank top, or a poncho—if his muscles are not being suffocated, it isn’t tight enough. His gold and silver crucifix chains won’t look nearly as stunning if his pecs aren’t making an appearance beneath the strained fabric of a too-small graphic tee.

The second thing to remember when it comes to guido fashion: Let the clothes do the talking while the guido just stands around and looks good—really, really good. The too-tight shirt says, “look! I’m wearing a too-tight shirt! CHECK OUT MY CALVES!” The sand-blasted fashion jeans clearly say, “look! I’m wearing sand-blasted fashion jeans! CHECK OUT MY ABS!”

The bleach-white tennis shoes just scream, “look! I’m wearing bleach-white tennis shoes! CHECK OUT MY MASSIVE BICEPS!”

Guidettes: Is that a shirt? No, it’s a dress. Are those Hannah Montana shorts meant for 6-year-olds? Not anymore! Is this denim miniskirt too long? Yup, cut off three inches. Should I buy these four-inch heels? Absolutely not—six-inch minimum!

The dress code for guidettes is simple: Everything can be skankier. Undershirts become regular shirts. Distressed jeans become scraps of denim somehow fashioned together to stay put on one’s body. Hoop earrings become extremely skanky hoop earrings.

Sidnote: Metallic hues, animal prints, glitter, spandex and sequins are always in for guidettes, no matter how trashy these trends may seem to the rest of the world.

THE BOD

Guidos: A real guido has biceps so big he can’t put his arms down all the way, and his elbows are permanently crooked from all the flexing. Not to mention his hands are balled into fists at all times, ready for a fist-pumping outbreak at any moment.

A guido is sure not to over-tat himself—too much body art might take away from those bulging muscles, perfectly waxed chest, beautifully manscaped eyebrows, or finely veneered teeth.

However, a nice tattoo praising his Ma, himself or Mother Italy is a must.

Guidettes: A guidette’s beauty doesn’t come from her face—it comes from everything below the face. Achieving the perfect guidette form is hard enough, but keeping that form is the real test: Manicures, pedicures, massages, waxings, hair treatments, skin peels ... All necessary to remain guidette-licious.

Luckily, guidettes have no real aspirations in life to focus on, so their energy can be spent fine-tuning their physical appearance. It doesn’t matter if they opt for a curvy guidette look like Snookie, the jock guidette persona like J-WOWW, or the girl-next-door guidette profile like Sammi Sweetheart, guidette bods all have one thing in common: Their milkshake brings all the boys to the yard. Like, alllllll the boys to the yard. Or in this case, to the shore.

THE LIFESTYLE

Guidos: Guidos spend their time in two places: The gym and the club. When they aren’t working out in preparation for the club, they’re at the club bragging about their workout regimen to the finest guidette they can find.

Their every meal consists of protein powder, protein bars, and muscle milk. Once in a while they’ll have Ma’s famous lasagna with that protein supplement, but other than that, they’re juiceheads—and proud of it. As *The Situation* demonstrates, if you’ve got it, flaunt it.

A true guido finds a new girl every night, even if he has a girlfriend. Guidos are suave, macho, and irresistible. All they have to do is lay on that thick guido accent, talk about themselves for six hours, and BAM: They have a new female companion.

Guidettes: Unlike their male counterparts, guidettes don’t work out. They wake up at noon, then lay out for three hours while drinking Ra Ra Juice and gossiping about that stupid girl who tried to hook up with Ronnie last night.

After soaking up some rays, they hit the tanning salon. Once they’ve had enough incandescence, they get a nice spray-on tan, and the afternoon finally concludes with a visit to the hair stylist to touch up those roots—they’re looking a little light.

Once their hair is back to its blacker-than-tar natural color, guidettes have a dinner of Ra Ra juice and pickles (the only things these Italian divas eat), throw that up, and then proceed to prep themselves for whatever shoreline club they'll be terrorizing that night.

And this is just the start. Achieving the true essence of guido-ism is a lifelong struggle. Thank God "Jersey Shore" will probably last another seventeen seasons ... at least. Then there will be the spin-offs, like "Are You Smarter Than A Guidette?," "Who Wants to be a Guido?," "For the Love of Pauly D." and, of course, "Sex and The Shore."



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