

The Good Girl's Guide to Humungous Tits

By Kimberly Ann Connor

“Some people think having large breasts makes a woman stupid. Actually, it's quite the opposite: A woman having large breasts makes men stupid.”

Rita Rudner

The Beginning

“I could not handle being a woman; I would stay home all day and play with my breasts.”

–Steve Martin.

I was about eighteen and I was with my older sister Sarah. I can't remember where we were, but we were doing what we do best, wandering about, talking about whatever came to mind. Suddenly, I was struck with a very important thought.

“They really need to focus on developing the perfect breast implant.” I

exclaimed. Sarah gave me a level stare.

“No seriously Sar. Imagine if they could make breast implants indestructible and completely safe. That would be awesome you know, if they somehow found a material that wouldn’t break down.” I paused for a response. When no response immediately came, I went on. “If they, ‘the big They’, could just determine an implant material our bodies consistently would respond well to… I think it’s pretty clear silicone isn’t the golden ticket right? It would save a lot of woman a lot of suffering and pain, you know? They just have got to get on that, for sure.”

Sarah maintained her level stare, “Maybe ‘the big They’ should keep working on cancer Kim, whaddaya say?”

With a quick nod, I shut my silly mouth.

According to the American Society for Aesthetic Plastic Surgery 307,180 breast augmentation procedures were performed in 2011. 307,180 women whom you might know, 307,180 women who you probably don’t know, 307,180 pre-ops, elective surgeries and recoveries and 307,180 stories to tell. 307,180 lives that are being lead hopefully right this moment somewhere on the face of this planet. 307,180 women said ‘yes’ to breast augmentation in 2011.

It could have been 307,181 if I had said 'yes.' 307,182 if we both said 'yes.' 307,183 if my mom said 'yes.' 307,184 if my grandma said 'yes.' 307,185 if my boss said 'yes,' 307,186 if my doctor said 'yes' and just around about 307,187 if my librarian said 'yes.' The number would rise if my mail lady said 'yes' and my personal trainer said 'yes' and my massage therapist said yes to breast augmentation. The choice is there for countless women across the world and across the world millions of women have made their decision, "Yup. I am getting breast implants gosh darn it."

Ladies, (and men as well but for clarity and continuities sake I'll focus on the gals) we can and we might and we do say 'yes' to fake breasts as women of the modern world. To me, at the forefront of the 'to augment or not to augment' debate is a query that endlessly begs to be answered. If and when we choose to say 'yes' to breast augmentation and all it entails, what exactly are we saying 'yes' to? What exactly am I signing up for by signing my name on the consent form's dotted line? Likewise, if we ultimately choose to say no to our breast augmentation option, what exactly is it that we might be forever denying ourselves?

Do you have any sisters? How would you feel if your sister told you she was getting breast implants? Think about it. How would you respond? What would your gut reaction be in that moment?

I have sisters. How would I feel if my sister told me she was getting her breasts done? Well, I guess I don't quite know. So, what if my mother told me? Or if my best friend broke the news? Truth is. I do not know how I would respond. I do not know what my gut reaction would be exactly. All I can truly know and offer as insight, is that I myself, I am 100% completely obsessed with breasts. Completely and utterly obsessed and that is all I can know for certain. Oh and to be more specific. My obsession, affection, the seemingly gravitational pull I experience is towards fake breasts and fake breasts exclusively. Real breasts, oddly and disturbingly enough, often need not apply to my aesthetic addiction.

I cannot pinpoint the moment for you when I became so enthusiastic about fake breasts. What I do know is that at age 18 I was already asking friends if they had the number for the doctor of the friend of a friend of a friend that got her boobs done.

I am all too well aware that years after my 18th birthday has come and gone I still have to consciously stop myself from thinking about boobs. Because, I tell you, I happen to think about boobs a lot. I look for them everywhere I go like a lecherous thirteen year old boy. Scan the crowds for boobs. I feverishly pour through magazines looking for the good sets of boobs. I talk about my boobs, I talk about other people's boobs and I talk to people about talking to people about other people's boobs any chance that I can get.

I've gone on hundreds if not hundreds of hundreds of random boob themed websites. I attempted to translate the websites of cutting edge plastic surgeons in Peru. At this highly scientific, borderline spiritual level of boob observation and research I can tell you almost anything you want to know regarding the different types of breast implants currently available in Canada and the United States of America. Currently, saline, silicone and cohesive gel implants are available in North America, for the record.

I can explain in detail how you make the possible incisions for breast augmentation. Inframammary insertion incision is where the incision is placed directly below the breast; periareolar incision would involve an incision placed along the areolar border. An incision that is placed in the armpit and dissection tunnels medially is known as a transaxillary incision. Transumbilical is a much less common technique where an incision is placed in the navel and dissection tunnels superiorly. You have to watch Dr. 90210 for that circus. Rare and really something to see I promise.

Transabdominoplasty incising is even less common but quite similar to transumbilical incising where the implants are tunneled up from the abdomen into bluntly dissected pockets while a patient is simultaneously undergoing an abdominoplasty procedure. You know.

I can list all the (many) potential side effects of breast implants. I can give you a rundown regarding each of my friends who have had their boobs

done. I can tell you exactly when they had their operation, how many cc's the implants are holding, saline or silicone, how they were inserted and any complications they may have experienced since taking the plant plunge.

And all this friends, is because I just think about boobs a lot.

Hence, this book. I am hoping that perhaps by writing all this down in the Good Girls Guide and having the opportunity to stare at my ramblings, I may finally crack the nut around my consuming obsession with big, round, warm, perfect breasts. I know for sure I am not the only lady who has lived with this type of boobie fascination. Quite painfully obviously I'm not the only one in fact. Breast surgeries have been attempted for hundreds of years on countless women. Since the disastrous and sometimes fatal results of paraffin injections in 1889 to the subsequent trial and error with ground rubber, ox cartilage, glass balls, wool, ivory, polyethylene chips in the early to mid 1900's. To today's smooth, imperfect saline and silicone implants of today. I am yet another of the innumerable woman drawn to the flame of enhanced physical perfection. Just another one right here who has grown to love and desire the look of cosmetically enlarged breasts but bottom line, I finally want to know exactly why. I want to know the meaning behind the constant wanting I have been feeling and struggling with. The constant searching for answers while the gripping fantasy weaves alongside the potentially horrifying reality. I want to know what I will gain if I choose breast

implants and I want to know the price I will pay for those gains by making that choice. If I can somehow clarify my motives and clarify my risks maybe I can finally be free. I can powerfully, confidently and finally make the decision.

Yes or no.

Yes. I do want breast implants. Come what may, the three of us will face the world together. Or perhaps it's a no? Perhaps I am definitively satisfied with what God gave me? I will choose peace of mind over pieces of sweater candy. I am so tired of asking myself the question. I am so hungry for the answer. I am completely and truly sick of thinking, searching and obsessing over breast implants.

I grew up in the country with my amazing hippy real estate agent mother, my hero of a hockey player father and two wonderful sisters.

Sarah, is my older sister and Emily, is my younger sister. We were never in pageants or told to lose weight nor were we in serious dance classes. I mean sure, Emily and I did stuff our gymnastic leotards with socks whilst dancing around in our living room but every pretty much every 5 year old does that correct? I spent no time in the Deep South in my teenage years nor was I teased mercilessly in elementary school. Well, I was certainly teased but not quite mercilessly. They were merciful. I was always a touch of

a strange child and I may or may not have have worn gold metallic vests, cut my hair like Ringo Starr and repeatedly attempted to convince my classmates I was a witch through grades 2–5. I grew up in a smallish, unassuming, Ontario town on a smallish, unassuming corn farm. No one in my entire family has ever had breast implants.

My mom has rather moderately sized, pretty breasts but I have never heard her mention them much at all, except for how firm they are. My sisters both have fairly modest breasts as well and don't seem to dwell all that much on them. Familial pressure is all but completely ruled out I would say. I don't know why I am obsessed with breast implants. It doesn't make much sense to me at all.

It is a very frightening thought when self analyzing that perhaps you are not as smart as you think you are. I mean, dumb people are presumably unaware that they are dumb or they wouldn't say such dumb things all the time right? So when I say I think I am a very bright young lady I realize I can't be completely, objectively sure. But regardless even of IQ, I think I live a full life. A life filled with things I do believe are interesting and that I sure do love to do. I am a country singer, a songwriter and I'm not at all shabby on the guitar. I run a successful laser and medical aesthetic training academy in downtown Toronto. I have always had boyfriends who didn't want me to

have plastic surgery unanimously. I have high self esteem; high self worth and I can communicate well in social situations. I can stand and speak and sing in front of large crowds with confidence and minimal terror. I wasn't sexually or psychically abused thank you God. I like to draw abstracts and paint them and discuss potential zombie attacks and zombie attack plans of action. I was on student council and I did musical theatre and have a big, healthy ego. I think I am very pretty and I really truly do like how my natural boobs look and feel. I have a great, nourishing and appropriately complicated relationship with my darling family. I have traveled and seen many magical things. I like to take risks but I respect my boundaries and avoid reckless endangerment 9 times out of 10.

I think I am relatively well balanced. I realize that personality and accomplishment is what really counts above all. I think I realize when I am being shallow or fickle most of the time. My breast fetish is the kink in my relatively wholesome armor it seems. And you want the bizarre truth of it all?

It's really not that easy being the good girl who wants breast implants.

I do not think I am alone. I think there are plenty of good girls just like me contemplating the breasts they would like to have while knowing full well they wouldn't be tortured or robbed by living a life with the breasts they've got.

Good girls like me contemplating breast augmentation and wondering, “Is it worth it?”

I do not want to read another book written by a plastic surgeon telling me how satisfying, reliable and reasonable breast implants are. I do not want to read another book by conservative feminists spewing on about how you are certainly killing yourself and damaging all those around you if you are stupid enough to put those foreign cancer sacks inside your body temple. Yes, I have read countless books along those two, distinct lines. I have heard them out, taken them in and yet I have been unable come to a conclusion after closing their countless covers. Finally, I have no need for those books anymore. I yearn for information that can explain to me how implants affect people’s lives. I need answers that will clarify to me why I have so completely bought into the esthetic of fake breasts. I want the reasons why a healthy, intelligent, talented young girl like me still thinks getting implants will change things around me for the better. Why do I feel I am missing something? Why do I feel choosing implants is not an option for a lady like me? Why do I feel I can’t not, not get implants?

Is it the attention I am craving? Am I punishing myself for some unfulfilled societal expectation? Am I enhancing myself for the bigger and better?

This is how it is inside my head. And I haven’t even narrowed down a single doctor.

It's ridiculous. Fucking ridiculous. I do not know why I participate so fully. Perhaps there is a Higher Self within me who can see into the future? Perhaps we have no will power at all and my Higher Self has seen my life already completed? Perhaps my anxiety around the consuming issue is just my Higher Self waxing poetic about why it never wanted breast implants to begin with though I ultimately have no choice? I will inevitably get implants down the line because it has been deemed so already, unbeknownst to me by the unchangeable hands of fate. This is how it is inside my fucking head. I have to consciously stop myself. 'Who is it that you think you are for wanting implants if you can so resent and harshly judge those who actually do get implants?' Gah. I want relief.

Now, as we continue on this beautiful boobie journey you must remember one thing. I have been fascinated by breast augmentation ever since I knew the procedure existed. Long before I was living any sort of lifestyle that you might call high risk or influential toward cosmetic surgery, I was interested in breast augmentation. There is no chicken or egg question posed in regards to why I love augmented boobs. The answer and source of my questing is not simply due to the highly augmented breast population I have subsequently chosen to spend my time with. I may want implants because I worked at strip clubs? But I wanted them far before strip clubs.

I may want implants because I worked at a cosmetic surgery clinic?

But I wanted implants long before I worked at a cosmetic surgery clinic.

It was my obsession that leads me to those professions. Not the other way around.

The Cathouse Exotic Show Lounge

At one point, congruently, I was working at Shoppers Drug Mart as a cosmetician, LA Weight Loss as a weight loss counselor and The Cathouse Exotic Show Lounge as a server all at the very same time.

Hey, I never said I wasn't vain... or hard working for that matter.

Shoppers Drug mart I hated. I love make up but I don't LOOOOOOOOVE make up. I think putting peoples make up on is a touch off-putting.

It was long hours, hard floors and florescent lights.

I also hated LA Weight Loss. I didn't agree with nutritional philosophy.

Couldn't stand the constant excuses from unhappy middle aged folk and certainly couldn't live off embarrassingly the low pay.

But. I. Loved. The. Cathouse. Exotic. Show. Lounge. I was just shy of twenty years old. Full of energy, full of zest I had just moved recently I had moved to Vancouver, Canada. There I was taking on the city alone, just another

UBC psychology student from Ontario, obsessed with fake breasts. The job at the Cathouse fit me like a well oiled glove.

When I first hatched the idea of working in a strip club I couldn't believe I hadn't thought of it far, far sooner. The sheer concept of working so close to all those large, soft, undulating boobs, just waiting to be analyzed, got me so excited I could barely stop my hands from shaking as I vamped my resume. I walked into The Cathouse's purple foyer at two in the afternoon on a sunny day absolutely terrified and completely hell bent on being one of The Cathouse family. Standing on the sunny sidewalk of busy Granville Street avoiding stranger's sideways glances I had to talk myself into opening the gaudy brass doors. In one moment I transformed from a well adjusted, nondescript sidewalk walker to tacky strip club cocktail waitress wannabe. Gwyn was the first person I met. Gwyn walked towards me through the main bar on the blurry red carpet and purple orgy of a carpet. He smiled and he shook my hand. And from that hand shake on, I was never afraid in The Cathouse ever again.

Gwyn and I quickly became extremely close friends. There was rarely a shift that didn't begin with a solid hour in Starbucks shooting the shit over a hot cocoa with Gwyn or Gwynifred as I like to call him. Gwynifred was the

general manager of The Cathouse and he completely changed my tune about dudes who work in strip clubs.

Gwynifred appreciated the money they provided him but he hated the strip clubs. He hated what women had to do that stripped and hated the men who loved what the women had to do in strip clubs. He hated the vicious personal politics and the rainbow glitter and the incessant cock rock blaring from the DJ booth. Above all, he loathed and abhorred fake breasts. But. He let me talk about fake breasts, all the time in fact. Gwynifred was very patient, very good and kind and we got along just swimmingly. So many evenings spent together in Starbucks, Gwyn shaking his head in mocked, authentic disapproval as I would ramble on about tits over my steamy, frothy cocoa.

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I loved my job with all of my tender, young heart. I would come to the Cathouse as early as I possibly could without drawing staff suspicion to how much I completely adored being there. I would start getting ready for work an hour and a half early because I liked to look my best. Times when I would have awesome plans come up I would tell the friend who was executing the awesome plans that I would just call work and beg and plead for the shift

off. Then I would never, ever call Gwyn. Because there was nowhere I wanted to be more than at The Cathouse. It was the best plan I had ever made up until that life spot and it was heaven.

If the dancers had known how much staring I got in on their breasts during my stint serving drinks at the club, I would have certainly gotten my ass kicked. My job priority sequence went as follows...

3. Customer service and sales quotas.
2. Ensure cash in fanny pack doesn't billow out of fanny pack in turn, being lost forever.
1. Observe the boobs and determine their origin. Godly or Doctorly.

I was in paradise. I was like a bird watcher at the ornithology convention feeding exhibit. There were boobs to analyze on the center stage. "Ahhhhh, yes there we go, large but natural. Could potentially use a lift I hate to say. Nice size, good shape and I dig the color of her nipples."

Boobs on the side stage, "FAKE!! Good size on her small frame. Probably no more than 300cc to 350cc's, I'd say, most likely saline implants in terms of how they are bouncing so minimally. I should talk to her and get her doctors name. I am not crazy about her boobs but I do want to hear if she would do it again. I want to know if she feels her life has been improved by

having breast implants . What was her worst pain on a scale of one to ten? Does she feel she has betrayed a part of herself by going through elective surgery? I want to know whether or not she thinks God minds? Well, why would He mind really? Why, He may potentially not mind at all, not one bit?"

There were abruptly breasts on all sides of me , breasts , upon breasts , upon breasts . Pair the boobs on display on stage with all the girls strutting around hustling to get private dances . Combo that with the hookers filling the bathroom stalls on rainy nights , boob central , it was boob watching Mecca and I loved it all so , so much .

Until I discovered The Cathouse , my inclination towards fake jugs was always only a consistently nagging , peripheral theme in my life . As much as I loved breast implants and wanted to be near them , there simply were not that many ladies I knew in my neighborhood that had them . There was my one friend Pamela who had gotten her breasts done . I stumbled on this gem of knowledge after an idle compliment I gave regarding the nice size of her melons . "Oh , thanks ." She said coyly . "Actually , I had them done two years ago ." I was perked like a cat thrown in the bathtub ! My questions spilled all over her and I hung on her every word . I scrambled for each scrap of information that would bring me closer to her big , gorgeous boobs .

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