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## Breast friends: love what's in your cups 🍷

Titz 'n' Glitz fundraiser coming up next week



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I have to admit; I frequently have boobs on my mind. It's a common joke used by male comedians that if they had breasts, they would never leave the house.

It's a good thing that earning a living prohibits me from never leaving the house because I do have a close connection with my breasts. I look at them every night before I go to bed, marvel at them as I lie in the bath, and then I greet them warmly again in the morning. I'm pretty happy to have breasts.

It's a tough call to determine who is more obsessed with breasts; men or women? Breasts are a symbol of fertility and they define our femininity. As women, we know they wield power over men. We obsess with making them look as voluptuous and beautiful as possible with a variety of tools across the board, ranging from surgery to push-up bras to even duct tape. Not only are we trying to impress men, but as women we're even trying to impress each other.

I recently watched a program that profiled women who had elected to get breast augmentation. I was nauseated for days after the program. It profiled a set of young, teenage twin sisters. They each held part-time bartending jobs and their primary goal in life was to make the cover of *Playboy*. They also interviewed the hormonally-charged boyfriends about their thoughts on the upcoming surgery. Distracted by the camera hopefully not capturing their ill-timed erections, they barely managed to articulate the words, "Yeah, cool."

Initially I sat back and judged what I felt were misplaced priorities in life, and I blamed it on a lack of self-confidence their parents overlooked instilling in them. Their breasts were beautiful and perfectly proportioned C-Cups. I thought about all the women in the world who had conquered breast cancer, but had lost a breast or two along the way. It seemed so frivolous and wrong for these young women to be allowed to go under the knife for such shallow reasons.

However, since that show aired I have mulled it over quite a bit, and I have since realized that encouraging all women to embrace the beauty of breasts means being non-judgmental about the ways we each choose to do that. Although I still think doctors should use more discretion before operating on 19-year-old women, it is a free world.

For myself, the most important and non-judgmental way I choose to celebrate the beauty of boobies is by attending Titz 'n' Glitz every year. It is a powerful, women-only fundraiser that helps raise money for survivors that require financial assistance in their battle for life.

With an expected attendance of 800 to 1,000 women, that's anywhere from 1,600 to 2,000 knockers that will be decorated, painted, and glitized up to the hilt. To join the women of Titz 'n' Glitz on Nov. 1 at the Marriot Harbourfront Hotel on the Halifax waterfront, e-mail your name, address, and phone number of tickets to [tngtickets@hotmail.com](mailto:tngtickets@hotmail.com). It's an evening of camaraderie and compassion in cups of all sizes!

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