

# Los Angeles

MAGAZINE

## Mine Are Just Right

By Sarah Maizes  
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I have great boobs. Seriously, they're fantastic. They're round, they're perky, and—get this—they're real.

After more than 40 years of walking upright, nursing three children, and indulging a short summer phase of bralessness in the '80s (my excuse: it was Fire Island), I can say my breasts have held up brilliantly. The fact that they are two oases of sumptuous beauty perched triumphantly, if inexplicably, on the broad, war-torn desert landscape that is the rest of my body is beside the point. My boobs are a gift. Or at least they would be if I lived anywhere other than Los Angeles.

When people get a gander at my astonishingly youthful cleavage, they ask me, “Are those real?”

“Yes. They’re real.”

“Really?”

“Yes, really,” I say, as irritated as a natural blond would be by their skepticism.

All I want is to exercise my constitutional right to boob pride: the right to proudly (and tastefully) display my décolletage for others to admire, the right to wear plunging necklines without being judged for a procedure I’ve never had. And maybe, just maybe, get a *little* envy from my peers. That would be nice. I like envy. But no.

There seems to be some unwritten rule in L.A. that once you've closed up "baby-making" shop, you need to put everything right back where your husband found it. If you don't, you're just irresponsible. Or you're a hippie. Either way, you're not welcome at Katsuya.

It's not that I'm against plastic surgery. I'm not. It's not that I think I'm above it, either. I have no doubt that if I walked into a plastic surgeon's office inquiring about a tummy tuck that they would suggest something a bit more "aggressive"—perhaps something along the lines of an abdominal short sheeting.

But I don't want it. Don't get me wrong—it sounds nice and all—the medication, the bed rest, the free chicken dinner. Still this body has been good to me. I'm grateful for everything it's done and everything it's given me. The least I can do is respect it and allow it to age however it sees fit. Of course, I realize this means one day I'll wake up and be completely deflated. And I'll mourn.

