

Breasticulous Notrealius: one woman's hope for Papal understanding.
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We all know that Pope John Paul II was prone to getting stressed about various matters that most of us wouldn't bat an eyelid over. Women priests, gay marriages and reality TV were all no-nos with His Holiness. Personally, I stopped believing in Jesus around the same time I gave up on Santa, but like so many lapsed Catholics it still bugs me when the Pope calls me a sinner. My sins really aren't all that spectacular – I have no desire to join the priesthood, no gay women have popped the question recently, so I'm pretty safe there, and I reckon Gretel Killeen is going to hell for sure. But I am guilty of one contravention that our previous Pontiff particularly singled out in his *Humanae Vitae*: namely foiling God's Mysterious Populating Intent by my use of the contraceptive pill. Sadly for me, it looks like Benedict XVI is set to continue down John Paul II's pill-bashing path. But I'm sorry to say that no matter how guilty I feel, no matter if my immortal soul is forfeit, no matter if I am condemned to burn forever in the fiery pit, still I won't stop taking my little pink helpers. Why? Because the pill makes my boobs bigger.

Many women reading this will know exactly what I am talking about: the ability of the hormones in some brands of contraceptive pill to bring about a form of bodily enhancement, a fulsomeness of the breast region that my adolescent diets, chest exercises and solemn prayers were unable to produce. Yes, I am one of many women masquerading as a borderline B cup who, if it were not for the pill, would instead be seeking out bras on the 'teeny starter' clothes rack.

For those not familiar with these things, the pill comes under many brand names. Friendly female names are de rigueur in the world of contraceptive pharmaceuticals and my 'special friend' is called Yasmin. She has an older sister known as Brenda, who apparently brings about even more prodigious chestal growth. Unfortunately Brenda enlarges the bottom as well as the breast, so is best avoided by one such as me who has no complaints about the Seated Endowment. There's nothing new about pharmaceuticals that turn out to have 'fortunate' side-effects. Consider Rogaine, which was first developed as a blood pressure medication. Look at how much follicular enhancement it has now brought to the opposite sex. And what about Viagra, a product which started its life as a heart medication, but now fights the good fight against the flaccid phalluses of the world. If men can be so brazen in their creative use of pharmaceuticals, why can't women? When will the drug companies tap into this growing market with a special 'breast enhancement-plus' version of the pill, say a 'Bouncy Bertha', or 'Generous Gina'? And why stop at breasts? What about Mary, who banishes the waist line and improves deportment? Or 'Camilla', who widens the passage? Or even the unfortunately named Candida, who cleanses and tones the ladies most precious attribute?

This then, is my message to the new Pope. For me, and I suspect for many women, it's not a fear of motherhood that keeps me on the pill – it is the hope that one day the word 'B' instead of 'A' will be spoken in reverent tones by the ladies at the Myer Bra Fitting counter. The question then, that Benedict must ask himself, is this: is God really against bigger breasts? To His New Holiness I say: does Our Lord really want to deny me my chance to empathise with the watermelon, instead of the plum? What tenet of Christian Doctrine says that I shouldn't share in the outrage of my sisters by

having men talk to my chest? Why would a God of Love wish to take away my best excuse for not jogging, other than in-built laziness?

As yet there has been no talk of a 'Notrealius Breasticulus' Cyclical. And this is as it should be. After all, so much of the Catholic cannon idolizes the figure of the mother, and what greater sign could there be of my mother-like qualities than my milk storage capacity? I'm hoping that this might get me off the hook, guilty-wise and grant me a get-out-of-hell-free-card. Perhaps I can finally find absolution in the knowledge that if there is a God, he might think twice about punishing me for halting his greatest mystery, when all I was really after was decent set of norgs?