

Gummy boobs

Dr. Kruger didn't even bother asking for my bra-size. Instead, he wanted to see me topless right away. I have to admit I prefer men who hit on me in a slightly more subtle way. So, Dr. Kruger didn't make himself popular with me. However, Dr. Kruger was not hitting on me. I was just sitting opposite from him in his office. I felt like I was in limbo, but I was just in the middle of a consultation for a potential boob job. So Dr. Kruger's carnal lust was totally legitimate. I reluctantly took off my sweater and then my bra. After all, there are much more humiliating moments in a woman's life, e.g. a gynaecologist's appointment.

He gave me a suspicious look and asked: "Why do you want a breast enhancement?" Well, that's a very good question. Why do women want to have silicon implanted in their body? Why put up with the pain and the health risks and the cost for all of this? This is exactly what I was trying to understand. However, I could not possibly tell Dr. Kruger that I was a writer of the Bernd magazine and that I was doing undercover research right in front of him. Considering the embarrassing bra-less situation, I should actually say "uncovered research".

I got the idea for the article when I listened to a – well, let's call it „interesting and unusual“- radio advertisement: „Would you like to give something really special to your husband this Christmas? A present that he's going to enjoy again and again, every time he unwraps it?" It was the clinic Sanssouci reminding the female audience of the possibility of breast implants. Just in time for Christmas. How very sweet of them.

Now, I was sitting topless opposite from a cosmetic surgeon who certified my breasts as a „generous B“ and was surprised why I absolutely wanted to turn them into a C. I acted as though I was stubborn and said that I simply wanted to have them bigger. He accepted this. He let me feel a silicon implant and I was trying to imagine it becoming a part of my body. While doing so, I listened to him describe the surgery to me.

Breast enhancement is nothing but a routine intervention nowadays. A woman can practically just drop by at the clinic, have her breasts cut open starting at the nipples and have silicon implanted. According to Dr. Kruger, the silicon has exactly the same consistency as gummy bears. One pays 5200 Euros in cash or by check. Then they operate. And after a one-day stay in the clinic, one's back home again.

My chronic asthma wouldn't be a problem either. Dr. Kruger explained to me: "Our anaesthesiologists will give you a puffer that can puff air better than you can." Well, that's great. If only the quacks at the university hospital had known this! They used local anaesthesia in an emergency surgery because they considered general anaesthesia too much of a risk. Thank goodness, clinic Sanssouci knows better.

The surgery didn't sound as good any more when I read through the information Dr. Kruger handed over to me. The following risks were mentioned: Asymmetries, numbness, haematoma, wound infections, no guarantee for success, massive bleeding, lung embolism, thrombosis. Of course, surgery always has risks. But aren't the risks more acceptable when the surgery is medically necessary? Should I risk massive bleeding, thrombosis and lung embolism only to turn my B into a C?

However, this is not all. The body may have an allergic reaction to the silicon implants and starts to grow huge thick scar tissue around them. This becomes so hard that one could accidentally knock out the man one's going to have sex with. Self-defence for women made easy! Of course, one wouldn't have to carry around the concrete breasts forever but can have the silicon implants replaced with surgery. Another 5200 Euros. Oh, and of course, the gummy bear implants do not last forever. One should replace them every ten years. 5200 Euros every ten years.

But who's going to think of money only when it's about making oneself happy and self-confident? The big question is: Does silicon contain self-confidence? Or had one better

search for it in a wonder-bra? May it even be possible that one of my male friends was right when he told me his opinion on the subject: “What’s natural is beautiful. A woman’s breasts are primarily intended for breastfeeding but not as PLAY-DOH for a man.” Well, let’s overlook his semantics. He’s an engineer and does not know better.

I put on my bra and my sweater as well, of course and said good bye to Dr. Kruger. At the Berlin Zoo station, I bought two bags of gummy bears for 3 Euros and squeezed them into my bra. I saved 5197 Euros and had a fat-free snack on hand whenever I got the munchies. Perfect!

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