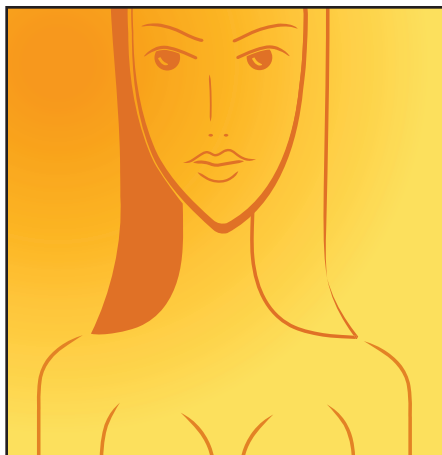


A Little Dab'll Do Ya

Many of my male friends find Rachael Ray's throaty voice sexy. However, I found her vocals coupled with her ebullience rather grating on her Food Network show and am happy to report that she's kicked that shtick down a notch on her daily talk show. Still, this is not about Rachael Ray or speech patterns. It is about one morning segment I happened to catch a couple weeks ago.

I was in my robe, thumbing through Oprah Magazine while celebrity guest RuPaul, out of drag, was hawking his book "Workin' It: RuPaul's Guide to Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Style." A few select women in the audience were sharing their beauty woes, like thin eyelashes, and I was only half-listening. That was until audience member Allison, wearing a wide, plunging neckline, took a seat on stage and admitted she hadn't been blessed *up there*. Ru – if I may call him Ru – to the rescue! First, he swirled some glittery powder on a brush, knocked off the excess, then dabbed a vertical "stem" between Allison's breasts before drawing up the brush to create a martini-glass shape in the same spot as Superman's "S." And that's how, RuPaul said, you can "make a bosom."

I was riveted. And so were all the other women in robes, pink robes, sitting in the



waiting room at a local women's health center on "Diagnostic Day," which is different from "Screening Day." Every one of us had come for a routine mammogram sometime during the previous week and been called back for further study. I'd already been marked, paddled and scanned – and was waiting to hear if I needed further exploration. A biopsy, an oncologist, surgery? An update of my will? Though I tend to catastrophize (I made up that word), I'm sure most of the women there were contemplating similar but perhaps not so dire scenarios this autumn morning, only days before the arrival of October, which marks 25 years of Breast Cancer Awareness Month. According to one government statistic, 12.7 percent of women will be diagnosed with breast cancer. On this day, it appears I remain in the 87.3 percent. "See you next year," the technician said, handing me a pamphlet on how to perform self-exams, which I vowed yet again to be more diligent, or vigilant, about – especially overhearing, while wiggling back into my clothes behind the curtain, the tech say to one of the women still waiting: "The radiologist wants to speak with you."

Meanwhile, Allison was back in her seat at "The Rachael Ray Show," sporting her new sparkling cleavage and marveling at how easy it is to make a bosom. **dt**