

YOUR. . .



IS BLOCKING MY VIEW

By

Ronald Micci

WHY I LIKE IT: *Fiction Editor JOEY CRUSE writes...*

Ronald Micci's, "Your Bra is Blocking My View," is all the fun (see, also, "My Redacted Life," in Issue #13) in its quixotic and ironic take on the essay.

Slammers, funbags, chesticles, jugs, tatas, bazoombas, breasticles, jubblies, knockers, rack, dongles, hooters... Google offers many synonyms for breasts...and our author(s) here has/have offered us a manifesto on boobs.

There is such a palatable sense of satire that exists within the bones of, "Your Bra is Blocking my View," that you can smile just as easily at its pedantic irreverence as you can at knowing why some jokes are pretty damn funny...because they're true. This story has made me chuckle so much that I may just even start to ramble.

I'll start with something that I have always loved since I read Johnathan Swift. I don't care who Stephen Le Pair is, but he seems like a guy who can run away with a conversation after you quietly sit down at a bar by yourself. Micci has created one hell of a voice within our frame of authorship and it is such a well-used sense of style here that the story becomes more humorous for it – like Ignatius Reilly on a rant about the social power cycle of yabbos.

Micci has again produced a work here that is irreverent and charming, ludicrous yet clinging to the conversation, a doddering fool but for the kernels of lucidity.

I'm going to get one more in.

Titties.

Five Stars.

QUALITY QUOTABLE (for the love of language...)

Let us harken to biblical times, and work our way forward. It may be true that nowhere in the Old Testament is it remarked that Eve was wearing a bra when the serpent whispered in her ear, and she managed to coax Adam into eating the forbidden fruit. But culled from the records of Maidenform Bra archives, there is mention of a delivery to the Garden of Eden. The cup size has been discreetly omitted. Did the serpent philosophically look upon the proverbial cup as half empty or half full? We shall never know. It is safe, however, to assume Eve's bra did not obscure Adam's view.

Your Bra Is Blocking My View

by Stephen Le Pair

It's always the same, if you ask me. And you didn't, but I'm telling you anyway. Uplift bra. Size estimate: 38 double-D. Trajectory 90 degrees. Sight lines, blocked. Again. Two somethings obscuring my view. Giant promontories. Some nerve. When I was born, my mother's bosoms smothered my innocent face, damn near choked me to death. "Coochie-coo," she said. "Help – please?" I retorted, gasping for my life. "Suck 'em or else," she bellowed. Gulp-gulp.

Try sitting through a movie at your local cineplex. Two somethings blocking the view. Nobody told me Clark Gable had tits. Nobody told him either.

Women think men are chauvinist brutes. But men don't mess with your sight lines. They don't have jugs that scream "look at me, you schlubs!" Face it, feminists – your tits are the bullies on the beach. The sand-kickers. And we men are tired of getting it in the face.

So it's D-Day. Or Double-D. Normandy, baby. We're unloading the troop ships and coming after you. Better fire up those titties 'cause it's gonna be a hell of a scrap. Pardon me, lady, step aside - your bra is blocking my view.

A sage philosopher once opined that a woman's breasts are her pride and joy, indeed that her very ego is somehow linked to the size of her jugs. While many a happy newborn has suckled at his or her mother's bosoms, let's face it, has anyone ever asked those newborns if they were really happy or just sucking away because mommy coerced them into it. "Start sucking, kiddo, or mommy will use the broom handle on you!"

Imagine the wonderment of taking your first breath, gazing out upon a vast and miraculous new life, new vistas, a new world, and instead getting two monster fleshy jugs smacked in your face, obscuring everything. A taste, forgive the pun, of things to come?

Perhaps the old expression "too big for your britches" should be replaced with "too big for mommy's trailer hitch," if you catch my drift.

40-21-35. No, those aren't the landing coordinates of Skull Island or Pearl Harbor, those are the size and shape of Jayne Mansfield's rather provocative breasts. Bra size 36D. Naturally, there are jugs and there are jugs. If Jayne had rung my doorbell and thrust those suckers in my face, somehow I don't believe I would have protested. But let's face it, Jayne was one of a kind. The rest of you can stuff your falsies with old rags and Kleenex till the cows come home, and though you may obscure our view, you can't fool us. You'll never be Jayne. And Jayne, we grant you a special exemption. Instead of 1A, you rate a 4F – and the F isn't for failure, it's for fabulous (times four). But I digress.

The fact is, men are tired of getting knocked around – by knockers. "Oh, he pinched me!" "He breathed heavily in my face." "He glanced at me the wrong way." "He wouldn't promote me because I was flat-chested." All the while, those swinging knockers keep thwacking us in the face.

Sweethearts, you think Jayne Mansfield gave a holy hell when someone grabbed her butt and squeezed it like fresh melons? She probably squealed with delight, and inwardly begged "more, more." She knew what she had, and she wanted YOU to know. Don't sample the merchandise? Are you kidding. Floor samples all around. Because Jayne knew something that today's libbers seem to forget – being a woman is to BE a woman, and not a whimpering, oversensitive, overreacting hard-ass ambulance chaser. To have a sense of divine feminine self, God forbid a sense of cheek and good humor. "He tried to steal a kiss." Omigod, a first-degree felony. He was HUMAN. So I'll thrust out my knobs, block your view, damn near force them down your throat, and NOT expect some sort of reaction.

(Sidebar: It has been said that it took a giant winch to lift Jayne Mansfield and her mighty mammaries and load her aboard the Queen Mary. That when she leaned across the starboard bow, the damn ship nearly capsized. That her breasts contained enough milk to sustain the entire second fleet of the U.S.

Navy. Mind you, these are merely rumors, no doubt spawned by sailors too long at sea.)

Okay, I know what you're thinking – it's quality, not size or quantity, that counts. Since I've never met a woman with more than two breasts, except for the occasional space alien (watch for the sequel to this essay, *Your Three-Eyed Bras Are Blocking My View*, aka the nascent #MeThree movement), sorry to report but size does become the vital consideration. I mean, breasts are not butterfly specimens.

But before you dub me Scrooge McDugs, allow me to proceed with my thesis.

Yes, like some tank battalion against a horde of onrushing Prussians in a fight to the death, your breasts steamroll forward, obliterating all in their path. The Prussians scream and flee. But lacking an escape route or hideaway, they take the full brunt of your force. Score one for the mammaries, take pity on the vanquished. "Zee breasts, zay ver humongous, mein Fuhrer." But we get ahead of ourselves (or more aptly, abreast).

Let us harken to biblical times, and work our way forward. It may be true that nowhere in the Old Testament is it remarked that Eve was wearing a bra when the serpent whispered in her ear, and she managed to coax Adam into eating the forbidden fruit. But culled from the records of Maidenform Bra archives, there is mention of a delivery to the Garden of Eden. The cup size has been discreetly omitted. Did the serpent philosophically look upon the proverbial cup as half empty or half full? We shall never know. It is safe, however, to assume Eve's bra did not obscure Adam's view.

Or imagine Cleopatra in all of her majesty drifting down the Nile on her barge, fanned by her slaves with ostrich feathers, the oarsmen desperately pleading she shift to one side that they might have an easier view.

Ta-ta -- of the water, not what you're thinking. The asp, the asp! Cue the asp! You asped for it. But even the asp was at a loss, swallowed as he was between two giant fleshy appendages, to hit the target.

Among the ancient Greeks, the Amazon women, a group of mythical warriors, were considered bitter enemies. Hippolyta, a big sucker and queen of the Amazon warriors, had a mean reputation. She kicked sand in the face of the likes of Hercules, Theseus and Achilles.

It's not nice to kick sand in the face of Hercules, I know from personal experience. He no longer invites me to dinner parties.

So here is Hippolyta, giant breastplate and all, perhaps two giant breastplates, an outsized woman with a bad temper, thrusting out her you-know-whats, probably flailing with sword and shield, goading the mighty Hercules into combat. Yes Hercules, king of the MGTOWs (Men Going Their Own Way) if ever there was one.

Agreed upon -- best two out of three falls with a fifteen minute time limit.

A flurry of pawing weak lefts from Hercules who, despite his formidable physical prowess, was bred to act the gentleman. But look out, here comes a thunderous right from Hippolyta. Thud! Omigod, he never saw it coming. Guess why? Yup, queen-sized boulders were blocking his view.

Perhaps I exaggerate the boulders, as mere mortals will, and I profess no exact knowledge of the brassiere sizes of Amazon warriors, so you'll have to take this on faith. But I betcha with or without the aid of special 3D glasses, well, two something or others stood out in bas-relief. Baaaaa humbug!

As Hippolyta stood over the downed warrior glowering at him, her face barely visible behind two Himalayan-sized peaks, he weakly protested: "Two against one," for which Zeus, rest assured, shall never forgive him.

Fast forward to a kinder, gentler time, when a breast was just a breast. Or two. Yes, the 1950s, a decade that brought us exploits to bedazzle the eye and ear. Widescreen exploits such as the wonderful world of Cinerama. A true women's libber, Lowell Thomas never dared question the mountain peaks that blocked his pioneering three-camera cockpit view (unh-unh, don't go there) as he swept majestically above the mighty peaks and valleys of Earth. And I ask you, whose heart and cup sizes didn't swell with pride at the sight of vast, expansive wheat fields blazing across the screen to the uplifting, heroic voices of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir singing This Is My Country? Who didn't go wide-eyed in wonder at the waterskiing beauties in the Florida Everglades, flying along in living color, kicking up spray, clad in skimpy bikinis? Far as I could tell, they weren't blocking anyone's view, and their skis were welcome to splash water in my sexist face any old time. Some views are worth the occasional sacrifice.

Indeed, this was the heyday of such publications as National Geographic magazine. Is there a red-blooded man among us who has forgotten hiding copies of daddy's and mommy's National Geographic under the covers at night, not because he cared to sample Thor Heyerdahl's exciting exploits in a reed-boat or examine ancient Mayan ruins, but because here was his chance to

ogle the bra-less wonders of the semi-naked native women who roamed the villages of sub-Saharan Africa or Papua New Guinea. Their bras were certainly not blocking his view.

Alright, alright, I know what you skeptical libbers are thinking, hot flames of rage spewing from your ears. I can read your minds, I'm not a fool. "Grow a pair," that's what you're thinking. "Stop kvetching and complaining over spilt milk." (I know, I know, but I couldn't resist.)

You may have a point – er, make that two. But consider, your pair is larger than ours. And maybe, just maybe, I'm old-fashioned or nitpicking or tired of the bully on the beach kicking sand in my face. Maybe it's these new bifocals I'm wearing, or cataracts or something, but I raise my right hand and solemnly swear on a stack of sacred Cinerama IMAX bibles -- ladies, life is a double-feature, meaning it takes two of just about everything to tango (read propagate), and unless we put down our billy clubs and get our wires uncrossed and start to make love not war, you are destined to feel that hand on your shoulder from the row behind you in the cinema, and

the voice that gently goes with it: “Excuse me, Brunhilde, I don’t know how to put this to you delicately, but – well – your bra is blocking my view.”

Hey, his words, not mine.

AUTHOR’S NOTE: *Where to begin, as I dodge the Woke brickbats? It just struck me on a basic level that all of us were going overboard on this so-called #MeToo battle of the sexes.*

As an example, I worked for a number of years in a print production department that was run by a woman, and it would never have occurred to any of us – many in the department were women – to even contemplate harassment or any such thing.

In fact, a number of us used to hug each other and everyone was good-natured

and got along famously. When the news headlines exploded with accusations of sexual molestation in the workplace, no doubt some justified, I found it mystifying.

Now, I wasn’t working in the boardrooms of these companies, but I could hear the siren sounds (no pun intended) of the ambulance-chasing lawyers, which ginned up the whole situation and created a kind of mass hysteria. I sensed an overreaction on everyone’s part. When I concocted this piece I wanted to introduce a little humor and old-fashioned sanity into the conversation. How dare he? The very nerve! I hadn’t been really contemplating writing something satirical along these lines and then the title just sprung into my head, and I was off to the races. Hey, I’d like to think that if Jayne Mansfield were alive she’d actually be flattered and get quite a chuckle out of this. I hope your readers take it in the spirit in which it was intended. But just in case, I’ll wear my chainmail armor to bed tonight.

AUTHOR BIO: Look no further than the free Booksie website to sample a myriad of Ron Micci's plays, novels, essays, poems and screenplays.

His plays have been presented at First Stage in Hollywood as well as in New York at the Producers Club, Theatre-Studio, Kraine Theater, in conjunction with the Turnip Theatre Company's 15-Minute Play Festival and the New York International Independent Film & Video Festival.

His parody Thebes Like Us was a finalist in the 1996 Strawberry One-Act Festival.

Later that year, the Riant Theatre staged his gender-bending parody of the Old South, The Lady Gentian Violet, described as The Crying Game meets Gone with the Wind.

Moonlight's Little Madness, aka All the Wolves You Were, a Victorian werewolf farce, was a finalist in the Enchanted Players' First Annual Play Contest for New York and New Jersey Playwrights and was staged at Boonton's Darress Theater. It has also been adapted into a screenplay.

His plays have also been presented in Lawrenceville, NJ, Canton, OH, Michigan and Connecticut.

They are also available on Amazon in Kindle and paperback format, along with his novels and screenplays, and as ebooks on numerous websites. Two of his one-act plays have been published by Brooklyn/Heuer Publishers.

A former magazine editor, advertising proofreader and pharmaceutical copy editor, he is a passionate flutist (or flautist, who doesn't flout it, er, flaunt it), and has never sung backup for the Shirelles. Honest.