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What She Said

→ There's this woman. Let's call her Amy. In fact, let's give her an accent: Aimée. It's not that she's French; she's just affected. And her affectations take many forms: She smokes cigarillos, she drops the *n* from *Vuitton*, and she doesn't own a bra. Well, technically she owns one, but God knows the last time she put it on.

Aimée and women like her are a new phenomenon. Sure, they wore bras for the better part of their lives without incident or injury, but over the past few years they started wearing them less and less until—*poof!*—their bras went the way of network medical dramas and curling irons. Somehow, somewhere, bras became uncool.

Yes, there's also something almost sweet and nostalgic about self-governing breasts. Think of Ali MacGraw circa *Love Story* or Jerry Hall circa Mick Jagger. In fact, think of the entire 1970s—bras ceased to exist for several presidential administrations.

But that's not what's going on here. Today, going braless is a fashion statement, not a political one. No one is suggesting that anyone go out and burn anything. If those bouncing breasts are saying anything, they're saying that they're more enlightened, more artsy, and perhaps a click more sophisticated than the breasts on the woman next to them that are neatly, practically, possibly even repressedly (it is too a word) tucked into a padded B cup.

So here's what's going to happen: Very soon, you will go to a cocktail

party or a gallery opening; or if you live in New York, Los Angeles, or Austin, you may simply happen to leave your apartment one day. And when you do, you will see that breasts—and the nipples that top them—are closer to the viewing public than they've ever been. And now that winter is gone, unencumbered breasts will be in full bloom. There they are, staring straight ahead from under a wife-beater. Or over there, swinging themselves silly beneath a silky off-the-shoulder dress. Or right next to you, bobbing inside a low-buttoned blouse. They go with everything—cotton, silk, solids, prints, you name it—except for possibly mesh or eyelet (look it up). And even that's debatable. Just ask Lena Dunham.

So congratulations—you picked a great era to be a horny straight dude. But with all these nearly naked breasts around, you're going to need to know how to deal with yourself. Here's how to play it.

1. Look. Not only can you look, you should. Spend a good second or two there. Trust us, any woman who intentionally left her undergarments at home would be disappointed if you didn't check out her rack a little. Great, done; now move on. Immediately.

2. But do not react. It doesn't matter if you're a 15-year-old from Salt Lake City or Warren Beatty, pretend you've seen it all before and that you're completely unfazed. Maybe even bored. Oh, are those your tits in my face? I saw a hundred just like them on my way here. Even better: Yawn.

3. Pause and consider the bearer of the breasts. It's not just single girls doing this. She could be married. (Check for a ring.) Or maybe she's your best friend's girlfriend. (You saw, he knows you saw, and you're both too cool to care, remember?) But if the coast appears to be clear, then...

4. Say something smart. A woman without a bra likes to think she's in her own Jean-Luc Godard film. Don't ruin her fantasy by asking her if she saw a Bad Lip Reading of *The Hunger Games* on YouTube. Now, finally...

5. Check out her hair. If she pulls her hair in front of her shoulders, blocking the view, it means you're freaking her out and you need to leave. But if she tosses her hair down her back and stands up a little straighter? Go ahead and smile. You just might get to find out if she skipped her underwear, too.—DANIELLE PERGAMENT

Invasion of the Street Nipples

Congrats, men: 2013 is the year bras went out of style. Only thing is, all those unbridled breasts present a host of new rules and social dilemmas to navigate. Here's how to do it without being a perv—or a prude

