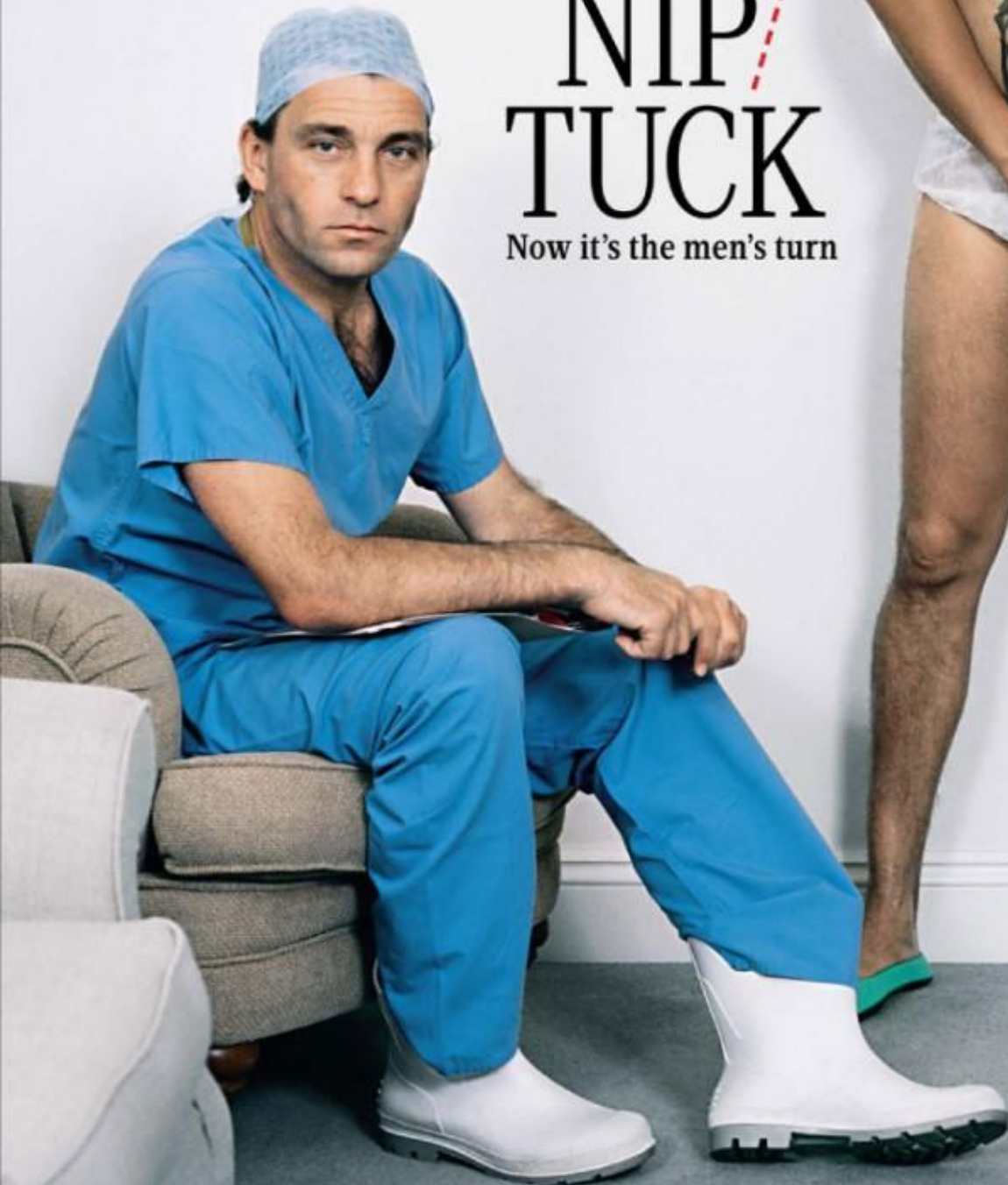


The Sunday Times Magazine

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NIP/ TUCK

Now it's the men's turn



How good is McGuinness? From the IRA to the presidential trail **Boho hobos** Train-jumping across America

PEC BOOSTER

Take love-handle fat.
Insert here

MOOB ALERT

Below the red line,
vacuum time

**GET ME A
SIX-PACK**

Sculpt artistically
along black lines

**GUT
BUSTER**

Suck it out for
washboard finish

NEVER
MIND THE
BOTOX



Ripped

Man's cosmetic pursuit of perfection

Wayne Rooney's had his hair done. Gordon Ramsay's done his chin. Now the rest of us are tinkering with what God gave us. Matt Rudd examines the rise of male cosmetic surgery. Photographs: Zed Nelson

Half an hour ago, I ate a prawn sandwich. This was a mistake. I'm standing in an operating theatre at the Spire Bushey Hospital near Watford watching a 25-year-old driving instructor have his nose remodelled. I thought I would be fine. I've

watched *The Exorcist* and the birth of my two children. But as Jag Chana, a renowned cosmetic surgeon, puts a very long syringe up the man's admittedly quite large nose, the prawns begin to rise. One of the nurses looks over and smiles

sympathetically. An orderly offers me a chair. I spend the next few minutes studying the opposite wall, my feet and the bright halogen lights on the ceiling.

When my stomach settles, I look back at the action. It has become decidedly ➡

more graphic. Mr Chana has scraped away the nose hair and is now slicing the base of the nostrils from the driving instructor's face. He then uses an alar retractor — a surgical meat hook — to hoik the nose skin up towards the forehead. Underneath, we see the nose itself, a lipstick-red cartilage tip reminiscent, I'm sorry to say, of an excited dog's penis. Without even pausing for a mop of the brow, Mr Chana sets about it, slicing away bits of cartilage and dropping them into a petri dish. Every now and again, the sous-surgeon pulls the nostrils back over the nose so they can check the shape.

Forty minutes in, the scalpel is deep inside, cutting away part of the septum. This is sliced into strips that will be used to bolster parts of the nose that need it. And I'm actually quite fine now. Here we are in the eye of the storm and I've got used to the idea that the driving-instructor-from-Watford's nose is up around his forehead. I start humming along to Tina Turner's Simply the Best, which has kicked in on Mr Chana's iPod. Another hour and this will all be over. I'll be out in the fresh air. I may go for a nice walk.

Then they start on the bone. With what the medical establishment calls an osteotome set, but you and I shall call a toffee hammer and chisel, they start tapping away. Mr Chana holds the chisel, the other chap does the hammering. A nurse, who is rinsing what look like toe-nail clippings but are in fact nose

the bone, sanding away with Black & Decker vigour. James, our unknowingly heroic patient, rocks back and forth with the pressure. The anaesthetist checks his monitors and stifles a yawn.

Finally it is over. We all look at the results. Beautiful. The straightest snout this side of Rome in less than two hours. And I haven't eaten a prawn sandwich since.

Why? Why would a man do this to himself? Why would a man pay more than £4,000 to subject himself to a process not even the most medieval of torturers could have dreamt up? And not just a man. Lots of men. James is not unique. Last year, according to figures from the

we're on the verge of the next and most extreme step, one that until now only actors, Premiership footballers and image-obsessed world leaders would dare to take. We're following Wayne Rooney, Gordon Ramsay, Mickey Rourke and, allegedly, Vladimir Putin into a world of surgical enhancement.

The industry claims this year will be the biggest yet for blokes, despite the tough economic climate. Men, conditioned by a spike in celebrity cosmetic outings in the media, are ready to go under the knife.

"I don't need to get it done," said James a few days before the operation. "But I'm kind of insecure. My nose is slightly larger than

Less is more: James, a driving instructor from Watford, before, after and (bottom far right) during the surgical procedure to remodel his nose



'I have the money. You've only got one life. You may as well make the most of it by looking as good as you can'

clippings, turns and tells me to listen. At first, it all sounds the same, but then I notice every third or fourth tap is softer, squelchier than the other flinty ones.

"That's the bone breaking," she says, educationally.

I count about 50 taps and 15 breaks. Tap, tap, crunch, tap, tap, crunch. At last, the nose has broken pretty much free from the rest of the face. Next, Mr Chana grabs it and starts wrestling the bends out of it with his thumb and index finger. It is alarmingly untechnical. Then we get to the unpleasant bit. A diamond rasp, a long metal stick with a grater on the end, goes up, right up, between the skin and

British Association of Aesthetic Plastic Surgeons, 993 men had nose jobs, up 13.2% on the year before. A further 741 had breast reductions, or "moob jobs", up by nearly a third. There have been double-digit increases in brow lifts and neck lifts. There are queues for eyelid surgery. You can even have a scrotal lift (to correct that old-age droop). Overall, there was a 7% increase in surgical procedures on men, outstripping women at 5%.

Twenty years ago, it was all so straightforward. We splashed on some hair gel, gave the mirror a Fonzie thumbs-up and went out. Ten years ago, we started moisturising. That was where it all started going wrong. Now,

average and it's got a bump on it as well, which makes it look worse. My ex-girlfriend once said that when God was handing out noses, I wasn't at the front of the queue. I was cool with it but, you know..."

Not quite cool enough to live with it. James has been single since the start of the year. After a four-year relationship, the girlfriend has gone and this has spurred him to take action. "It's really to do with women," he admits. "I want to improve my chances. The personality is far more important, but having a good nose is another tick in the box."

But this is quite drastic, isn't it?
"Not really. You read more and more about cosmetic surgery for men. I have the money. You've only got one life, you may as well make the most of it by looking as good as you can."

On a dazzling spring morning, while everyone else is getting to work, I find myself standing in a room at the Queen Anne Street Medical Centre just off Harley Street, watching a man in white surgical boots draw all over another man in paper pants. This is the place

PREVIOUS PAGES AND THIS PAGE: LEFT AND BOTTOM RIGHT: TED NELSON FOR THE SUNDAY TIMES MAGAZINE; TOP RIGHT: BEN FLEISHER



A good look? The paparazzi impresario Darryn Lyons flaunts his cosmetically enhanced abdominals on *Celebrity Big Brother*

"the next generation of body sculpting," Vaser stands for Vibration Amplification of Sound Energy at Resonance. It is a gentler form of old-school liposuction, using ultrasound to loosen fat before it is sucked out. It's still surgery though, and a fully sculpted torso costs upwards of £12,000. Given that Matt is not exactly in poor condition, is this necessary?

"It's a couple of days of discomfort, that's all," he argues. "I don't think it's any more extreme than having a personal trainer three times a week. In fact, in the long run, it probably works out cheaper. I have a demanding job. I don't have hours and hours

where Wayne Rooney spent £30,000 having a hair transplant, a fact he admitted to the world in the matter-of-fact tweet: "Just to confirm... I have had a hair transplant. I was going bald at 25 why not. I'm delighted with the result."

Rooney's "work" made headlines because men very rarely admit to being bothered enough about their looks to have cosmetic surgery. Several glossy mags claimed his frank admission would break down this last cosmetic taboo, which sounded ridiculous at the time, but several surgeons tell me there has been a noticeable Rooney "Why not?" effect.

The man with today's Why Not? philosophy is Matt, a 39-year-old former model who now manages a top club in central London. He sees a personal trainer twice a week. He goes to the gym a lot. For a man on the brink of a middle-aged landmark, he's in irritatingly good shape. He's much more Clooney than Rooney. Still, he's not entirely happy. For 10 years, he's been

'You can't just turn someone who is overweight into a Greek god. You have to have the muscles in the first place'

trying to get a six-pack the conventional way. Despite the thousands of ab crunches and sit-ups, he can't get those last few Men's Health contours. "I started too late," he tells me, looking down with dismay at his very, very slight tummy.

"No problem," says Grant Hamlet, one of the first doctors in Britain to offer the mouthful (or stomachful) that is Vaser Hi-Def LipoSculpture. "We just need to do a bit here, a bit here, maybe a bit here and here." Described in Dr Hamlet's sales brochure as

to sit in the gym. This just gives me the head start. It gets me to where I want to be with my body, and then it's up to me to maintain it."

Once again, we have women partly to blame for this. Matt has endured comments about his "love handles". What sort of women would be so picky? "Women who can be," he says.

Dr Hamlet insists it isn't cheating. "You have to have the muscles in the first place," he says. "All I do is take away the fat that is hiding them. But you can't just turn someone who is massively overweight into a Greek god." ➡➡





Or you can try but, as anyone unfortunate enough to have watched Darryn Lyons strutting his new contoured physique around this summer's *Celebrity Big Brother* house will verify, it doesn't always work. "No, the only other way to get a six-pack is to starve yourself, take diuretics, spend your life in the gym and then get photoshopped."

The doctor, by the way, has had himself Vasered. Hamlet has done his pecs, his arms

and his abdominal muscles. Judging from his before and after photos, he has transformed himself from a typically lumpy man in the street to an improbably ripped thirtysomething. Later, in a strange Hollywood moment, he will introduce me to the colleague who "did all my ex-girlfriends' breasts", to which we will all laugh heartily. But, for now, it's time for Matt's sculpting session.

With Nip/Tuck swagger and Shakira playing on the MacBook Pro, Dr Hamlet makes an incision below each of Matt's nipples and another two in the abdominal area. He then fits four plastic valves through which the various pumps, sprayers and suckers can be inserted, and pumps almost five litres of saline solution under Matt's abdominal skin with metal cannulas.

"I call this the champagne effect," he says, pushing down on Matt's bloated stomach. Saline solution spurts out of the valves. I haven't drunk champagne since.

Stage two involves sawing around under the skin with 2ft-long metal ultrasound prods. It's quite vigorous. You see the shape of the prod skewering up into the flesh all over Matt's lower torso. It reminds me of the early stages of the John Hurt scene in *Alien*, and I feel certain it must be doing an awful lot of damage.

Smooth operator: Matt Rudd demonstrates the effect of the 'protox' treatment – good for getting rid of wrinkles, bad for self-expression

'I'd like to look less stressed and tired,' I say.
'I want to project calm and confidence so that I can be successful'

"It's very low-impact," says Dr Hamlet. "The frequency of the ultrasound means we just disturb the fat. You need much higher frequencies to break down the wall and nerve cells." On the laptop, Ricky Martin is now singing *Livin' la Vida Loca*. I wonder if he's had any work done. Of course not. He must just work out a lot.

Stage three – vacuum time. To the sound of the last few seconds of a bath emptying, the suction hose takes out the mix of saline and broken-down fat cells. It is a see-through hose that makes surgical sense but isn't ideal for squeamish spectators. A luminous orange fluid sputters down the tube and into a canister by the side of the operating table. When that is full, an overflow pipe connects to another canister. That fills too. There are four in total, a Willy Wonka soda fountain doing *Irn-Bru* floats. There is some curdling and, after a while, the yellow fat that Matt could never quite dislodge in the gym separates satisfyingly from the bloodied saline. Better out than in.

Debloated, the abdominal muscles are now clearly visible. Even before the op is over, Matt has what every man thinks every woman wants every man to have. It's taken 90 minutes. He is now ripped. How long will it

last? Hamlet says he has only ever done one "retouch" and that was 10 years on... he says it's much easier to keep the six-pack than to get it in the first place. I leave him to fine-tune the pectorals, the biceps and the deltoids – he claims he has an artistic

eye, so it will take another couple of hours. Nevertheless, when I phone later that day, Matt has gone home. Four hours of pumping, sawing and sucking around under the skin – and it is still an outpatient procedure.

There are few reasons to go to Reading, but one of them now appears to be the chance to improve your prospects as a high-flying city slicker. On a roundabout near the town centre, you will find Dr Bob Khanna (Dr BK for short), an immaculately groomed cosmetic and reconstructive dentist who is now offering "protox" to an increasingly long list of Berkshire pin-stripes. "Protox," if you weren't up on your cosmetic fads, is Botox for professionals.

"I've got barristers and bankers on my books," says Dr BK. "They want the poker face in the courtroom and the boardroom. They can't look stressed or worried."

There are no toffee hammers or meat hooks in Dr BK's arsenal. There is no operating theatre or anaesthetist either. He just has his dentist's chair and →



Hirsutes you, sir: Wayne Rooney's £30,000 hair transplant has boosted demand for manly enhancement according to surgeons



some needles. I visit his practice, which looks more like a five-star spa than anything overtly medical, on a Wednesday lunchtime and he asks me what I'm after.

"I'd like to look less stressed and less tired," I say, channelling my inner venture capitalist. "I want to project calm and confidence so that I can be rich and successful."

"No problem," he says. "Do you want the full Simon Cowell?"

"I don't want to be that successful."

It takes about four minutes for him to inject my forehead 16 times. After watching James have his nose peeled off and Matt have his nipples champagned, I can't pretend the £400 treatment was particularly painful, but it is still an astonishing thing that normal blokes are now following abnormal celebrities down this smooth and unblemished road. Botox, after all, is made from a toxin produced by the bacterium *clostridium botulinum*. It produces the toxin that brings us, no points for guessing, botulism, a potentially fatal disease. Unbelievably nasty things have been done to monkeys with it. And when scientists first considered the toxin for medical purposes, it was for the treatment of extremely crossed eyes, uncontrolled blinking and achalasia, a spasm of the lower esophageal sphincter, no less. Is it really the sort of thing perfectly healthy men should be injecting into their face? Or in these times of white-collar unemployment, is it the only way to keep your feet under the desk?

Five days after my protoxing, I was not noticeably richer but I had lost most of the ability to express myself with my forehead. My worry lines had gone but so had my trademark parent's raised eyebrow. The children are running amok. Tell me I've won the lottery. Nothing. Tell me my wife's sleeping with the TV repairman. I'd hardly bat an eyelid. The upper part of my face couldn't give a monkey's. So the



lower half of my face has begun over-compensating. I have become a nose wrinkler, a cheek sucker, a gurner. Maybe I should have had the full Simon Cowell.

It will take six months to wear off and for my forehead to recover from the paralysis. If you stick with it, you do it every four months. That's £100 a month or a gold-level gym membership. Or growing old gracefully with some cash in your pocket.

A week later, I'm having lunch with a friend who works for a foreign stockbroking firm. Once he's finished moaning about the bond market, I ask him if he notices anything different about me. He looks blank. I point to my forehead and then I realise that

It is an astonishing thing that normal blokes are following abnormal celebrities down this smooth and unblemished road

he's looking blank for a reason. "I've been doing that for four years," he says with an inevitably calm expression on his face. "My boss has done it. His boss has done it. Some of the youngsters on the floor are doing it. You've got to look like you're on your game, haven't you?"

Not all the men resorting to knives and needles are doing it because of work or women. Simon, a jovial 62-year-old, is retired. You'd think he's at an age where he no longer has to worry about his looks. He can let the barbed comments from the opposite sex wash over him and he no longer has a career to be sacked from if he looks too stressed or tired.

He can grow old gracefully. But he's not having "protox" and he isn't, thank goodness, letting Hamlet fashion him a six-pack. He's having a chest reduction. He's getting rid of his moobs.

So I'm back at Spire Bushey, back in Mr Chana's operating theatre, my prawn-based Room 101. "When you're working, you don't have much time to sit next to

a swimming pool, do you?" Simon told me before he went under. "Now I'm retired, I'll be doing a lot more sunbathing. And I don't want to feel self-conscious about my chest." He had seen the magazine articles about male plastic surgery as well. He felt it was worth the money. So here we are. Iodine on the chest. Scalpel slicing into skin. Machines beeping. Nurses ready to offer me a chair. And then the anaesthetist steps forward and says: "Stop, he's gone very hypertensive."

A few seconds later, I am ushered out with Mr Chana while the anaesthetist attempts to stabilise Simon. After 10 minutes, Mr Chana is called back in. I contemplate life in the doctor's canteen until the surgeon returns.

"We can't proceed," he says, calmly.

Simon has had an allergic reaction to one of the drugs he has been administered. He will be fine, thank goodness, because that would have been a very ridiculous way to shuffle off this mortal coil. But when he wakes up expecting a new physique, he will be

disappointed. The moobs will be with him for a few weeks more.

Matt, on the other hand, has already adjusted to life with the perfect six-pack. Months after, the bruising has gone, he is delighted with the results, just in time for his 40th birthday. Midlife crisis averted. Even though the torso-sculpting costs between £12,000 and £15,000, Dr Hamlet is now doing two of these a week.

James is also very happy with his new, smaller nose. It still needs a few more weeks for the swelling to completely dissipate but he already feels more confident. He will be trying his luck on the Watford singles scene imminently. So I ask him if he's had a chance to show the ex-girlfriend yet.

"I sent her some of the pictures on Facebook. She wrote back to say it was good but I still had tiny eyes and no chin line," he laughs. "That's just her sense of humour." ■



Watch Matt Rudd's facial expressions being tested after his treatment at www.thesundaytimes.co.uk/protox