

The 'New' Hollywood

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OCTOBER \$3.00

HOW HOLLYWOOD WOULD
DRESS...IF IT HAD TASTE

John Travolta Throws His Weight Around

By Tom Junod

Made Men
Who Make
Movies
Abel Ferrara's
Thug Life
Will Michael
Eisner Eat
Hollywood?
Tarantino's
Early Years



THE UNITED STATES AFTER RECONSTRUCTION

It's no shocker that the nation's Pacific region (including Hollywood) charted more plastic-surgery operations than did any other area last year. Or that the most popular flesh-altering procedure in this great nation was liposuction, followed closely by eyelid surgery, breast augmentation and rhinoplasty. But if you slice the data (compiled by the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons) another way, a patchwork of regional body-reshaping preferences is revealed. Highlighted here are the procedures for which each region got its highest share of the national total.



Mom and Dad—and not, as I had originally suspected, the work of Messrs. Ben & Jerry—but they can also be banished from my sides forever. Sold, I take off my shirt and ask Fodor to confirm the obvious: “Me. Male model. What do I need?”

Closing the door to prevent maternal intrusion, he takes a close look and tells me that I’m in pretty good shape: “I wouldn’t do much. For professional modeling, however, I might do minimal suction on the hip roll and a little off the neck. Maybe some on the stomach, but I’d probably have you try dieting first.”

Translation: I am a fat pig. But I am an introspective fat pig. I reflect upon the extended implications of my quest for the perfect “Best Actor” body. By merely considering my plastic-surgery options, I have become an accomplice in the mainstream acceptance of new technologies that will allow the complete and total manipulation of our bodies. Sculpting of the fat, flesh and bone will finally give way to potentially irresponsible genetic artistry, allowing us to bequeath not just the beach house and the treasury bonds to our children, but a broad chest and a solid chin as well. Today, a quick tummy tuck; tomorrow, the unimaginable consequences of eugenic engineering! Heavy. Now, about my hair...

MISSION ANALYSIS COST: liposuction of waist, \$1,500 per side; liposuction of neck, \$1,000; stomach, \$15 savings per month on strict no-Twinkie diet. **DOCTOR'S PREFERRED SURGERY SOUND TRACKS:** “Nothing loud or fast.” **RECOVERY TIME:** four days. (After one month, 80 percent of the results will be visible; final results may not be evident for six months.)

Mission Phase 3: **HAIR**

Dr. Garth Fisher of Beverly Hills is the sole practitioner in the United States of the Microvascular Scalp Flap procedure—a hair-replacement technique that the 37-year-old doctor has personally undergone.

After I explain my newly discovered desire to attain the look of a “sensitive, Hugh Grant-type leading man,” Fisher offers a detailed explanation of the Microvascular technique. As with the more traditional Juri Flap, an area of skin from a non-follically challenged side of the head is carved out and flipped over to the area above the forehead. The result is a permanent version of the standard comb-over that doesn’t require an ounce of Aqua Net. Unlike the Juri Flap, which gives you hair that grows straight back, the

Microvascular technique entails removing the whole flap and attaching it to the other side of the head. The result: hair that grows forward. Fisher attempts to illustrate by leaning over and saying, “Go ahead, touch my hair.” Somehow, I manage to resist.

“So you would recommend this procedure?” I inquire.

“This is the Rolls-Royce of hair surgery,” he replies. “No vulnerability in swimming or in bed!”

“So this is the thing for me?” I ask desperately.

“Sometimes it’s hard to mix quality with patience,” he answers cryptically. “You *could* do plugs, but that would ruin your chance for the flap. I suggest waiting,” he says.

Aaah. I see. I have too much hair. A week ago, this news would have sent me close to climax, but now I feel a small dose of disappointment. I crave the knife. What is going on here? Is it possible that I have become a cosmetic-surgery junkie long before a single scalpel has even been unsheathed? I begin to panic. Fortunately, Fisher distracts me from my frenzy with a casual mention of some of his other clients.

“Oh yeah, I’ve done a lot of Playmates and ‘industry’ girls,” he says, referring, of course, to those industrial workers known as porn stars. “You should see our breast book,” his assistant Bonnie adds.

Despite the fact that I am thoroughly stimulated by the prospect of examining this document for “research” purposes, I feel that the doctor is a bit disappointed by my response. He comments on the recent popularity of penile implants. I thank the doctor for his time.

MISSION ANALYSIS COST: Microvascular Scalp Flap (when, and if, I lose enough hair), \$20,000. **DOCTOR'S PREFERRED SURGERY SOUND TRACKS:** Kenny G, the Eagles. **RECOVERY TIME:** four days.

Mission Phase 4: **IMPLANTS**

For the final phase of my journey, I intend to venture into the wild frontier of plastic surgery—a place where most surgeons dare not tread: male body implants. It is with this thought in mind that I enter the Beverly Hills office of Dr. Adrien Aiache.

The surgeon performs the full complement of cosmetic procedures, but it is for his pioneering work in the field of calf implants that he says he has gained an international reputation.