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Darling You Look Marvellous!

But then, Botox injections and a glass of Champagne will do that



CARLO ALLEGRI/NATIONAL POST

Marlen Cowpland and an unidentified man holding her dog, Bunny, yuk it up at Dr. Trevor Born's Champagne and Botox party.

I've never been to a Christmas party with so many guests with such smooth skin. Then again, I've never been invited to a Christmas party at a cosmetic surgeon's office, either. But when the invite arrived for a Champagne and Botox Christmas cocktail party Wednesday night, it was too good to resist.

"If you're interested in a Botox treatment, please let us know beforehand because it must be ordered ahead of time," read the invitation.

I'm 28, a little too young, I think, to start injecting bacteria into my face to get rid of my non-existent wrinkles, thanks very much. But, I'm not too young to drink a glass of Champagne.

There is a white stretch limo parked out front of the office of Dr. Trevor Born, the host of the party, on Avenue Road. "What is Marlen Cowpland here or something? I joke to a few partygoers out front smoking cigarettes. (I think I heard smoking cause's wrinkles.)

"How did you know?" they responded.

Ironically, with so many guests (most of them patients of Born) trying not to have leathery faces, you've never seen so many

people wearing leather pants.

Never mind that. Inside there are cheese plates, grapes and biscotti on the table, and a bartender serving Champagne with mango and orange juice. There are a few Canadian "celebrities" milling about, some who whisked in and out quickly. So I'm not sure if Denise Donlon of Sony Music or interior designer and TV host Kimberly Seldon received the treatment or not.

In the waiting room, a smooth skinned woman wearing leather pants is sitting on the couch with Cowpland's famous pink dog on her lap.

"Mommy is getting Botox," she croons to the dog, named Bunny. "Mommy is getting Botox, you cute little thing. She'll be right back. Yes she will. Yes she will."

I'm not sure what Born and Cowpland were doing in his office for 15 minutes, but it wasn't Botox. Later in the evening, Cowpland was heard saying "Needles scare me. I'm paranoid of needles." And when I ask the doctor if Cowpland got Botox, he responds, "Not by me she didn't."

Thank God, though, Cowpland brought Bunny, which was, along with free Botox, the star attraction of the evening. The dog was

passed around by guests like a Stanley Cup would be by boys in a sports bar.

"So does your dog do any tricks?" I ask, trying to shake the image of her breast-plate evening gown out of my mind. Tonight she wears a red micro-mini-skirt and red heels.

"No," she laughs. "Her trick is being pink."

Cowpland is, no matter what you want to say about her, an extremely friendly and fun woman.

The pink die comes off her dog with one wash, she tells me.

"Well, I've had my dog for two years," I tell her, "and I haven't washed him once."

"Oh, Bunny gets washed every other week," she laughs.

This, I guess, is what you talk about at a Botox and Champagne party.

One guest, Gerogina McCormick, who works at Salon Jie, where born gets his hair cut, allows me to watch her get her treatment.

Born, 36, is a handsome man wearing a Hugo Boss suit and Prada shoes. Even the male photographer with me was stunned by how handsome he was.

"Have you ever gotten Botox?" I ask him.

"Yes I have."

Then I ask him how many times, but he mishears me and thinks I've asked when the most recent time was.

"In the last six months. Can you tell?" he asks.

Of course I can tell. No one has skin - no one who hasn't gotten Botox - that smooth. I want to call him Ken, as in Ken Doll, but it's his party and that would be rude.

He looks at Georgina's face and comes to the conclusion she doesn't really need anything done. "But it's up to you. A treatment would lift your eyebrows a millimeter or so, to give you bigger looking eyes."

Georgina decides to do a Botox treatment anyway, because she trusts him and, hey, what the hell, it's a \$700 treatment she doesn't have to pay for.

I have to turn my head. Born sticks four needles in her forehead. There's no pain. The procedure lasts five minutes, which is why Botox is also known as the "lunchtime facelift."

Born did 12 Botox treatments during the party. So, in fact, it probably was the most expensive party ever thrown in Toronto. Jeanne Beker, who attended the party and has frequented Born's office, says. "What can I say? This is a pretty surreal party. But injecting your face with poison is now just part