



Taking a Slice of Life

Creating perfection part of daily routine for top Toronto plastic surgeon

He may be a sculptor with a scalpel, a sorcerer who restores youth, a god who defies gravity, a wizard who banishes wrinkles, a magical mathematician who subtracts years from faces (and fat from thighs), but Trevor Mason Born, like all men, puts his pants on in the morning one leg at a time.

Of course, they are Hugo Boss or Armani pants, followed by Prada shoes.

Elegant haberdashery becomes a man who has a publicist and spends most of his days making beautiful and wealthy women even more beautiful – and only a little less wealthy.

A day in the life of this high-profile plastic surgeon begins in his midtown condo. Born, 36, shares his life with a former show dog called, coincidentally, Hugo, a Rhodesian ridgeback.

Walking Hugo in the morning leads to Starbucks and a double long espresso macchiato. Then it's home for breakfast: Liberty yogurt, "8 per cent, not 2 per cent or light," an apple and protein.

On a recent Thursday, instead of going to day care, Hugo accompanies his master to work. The two, both perfectly groomed, hop into a 2001 black BMW 540 – no vanity plates – and head to the office minutes away on Avenue Rd.

The low-rise building with street level shops looks like any nondescript office block. The Centre for Aesthetic Surgery has no sign, no neon lights flashing "Get Fixed Up Here." The only confirmation that this is a place to get fixed up is a brass plaque beside the door.

The rear façade is more imposing. It boasts columns and a garage with gates that open to limos and lesser vehicles to hide patients from the world.

This morning, Born stops by to discharge a patient on whom he performed a tummy tuck the previous day, "with a little bit of suction." The third-floor bedroom, one of two for patients who are kept overnight, is more luxurious than most upscale hotel rooms. But just down the hall is the surgical suite – cold, sterile, pitiless, glinting with possibility and risk.

Pronouncing his patient fit to leave, albeit bruised and sore, Born flies down four

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PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST: Dr. Trevor Born will demonstrate Botox injection tomorrow at 3 p.m. at the Canadian Cosmetic Enhancement and Anti-aging Show at the Metro Convention Centre

In defiance of nature

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flights of stairs (he never takes the elevator up or down) and, with Hugo akimbo, takes off for Toronto East General. He does major surgery there that's covered by OHIP, including breast reductions.

Today, he spends about two hours in the out-patient department and sees about 20 patients: referrals, follow-ups and minor surgeries, for which he is paid OHIP fees. He recites the litany of woes he sees at the hospital: "hand fractures, cut tendons, cut nerves, facial fractures, burns, infections, skin cancers, diabetic feet."

This day, he removes tiny shards of glass from a man's thumb. And no, you don't want to know how they got into the thumb in the first place.

While the doctor tends to the wounded and the diseased at the hospital, Jeannine tends to the ladies on the phone at the office.

At 9:30 a.m., she responds in singsong tones to a call: "Sure, when does she want to come in? ... Artecoll? Sure...Unfortunately, he's at the hospital. I could get you in at noon."

Artecoll is one of several "injectables," including a patients own fat, that Born uses to smooth, fill, plump re-shape.

Jeannine, a spiffy blonde, explains about the woman on the phone. "She's bringing in a friend to hand-hold who's never had injections before. The ladies often come in together. They're all abuzz about these injectables, because there's no downtime. That's the beauty of injections.

"It's not exactly a Tupperware party, but they can come in and have fun together and then go for lunch."

As befits ladies who lunch, Born's suite on the second floor is more Medici than medical. Like the rest of the center's interior (your basic Venetian palazzo) it oozes splendour. Panelled, upholstered, adorned and gilded, it's a setting for renaissance.

Patients arrive before Born is finished at the hospital. A woman is upstairs with sutures ready to be removed. Two women are in the waiting room. One is a gorgeous, rangy, wholesome early thirty something. "I had liposuction several years ago," she says. "Best thing I ever did." She's here for a follow-up check-up on her breast surgery – uplift and augmentation about a year after giving birth.

Born later explains that most of the breast surgery he performs is on women in their 20s and 30s who want their breasts returned to the shape they were before pregnancy and childbirth – or made better than ever. This woman is also wondering about "preventative Botox" to temporarily paralyze muscles and prevent wrinkles. "I know I do this a lot," she says, scrunching up here eyes and forehead. "My fear is becoming a junkie."

At 9:55, a woman who's about 50 arrives

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CUSHY CLINIC: Panelled walls and parquet flooring greet patients at Dr. Trevor born's clinic. However, behind the door on the right is the operating room.

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looking really, really awful. Jeannine wants to hide her in a treatment room, also plush and with a cream coloured leather recliner for the patient.

But the woman, darkly bruised on the bottom half of her face and not so good either on the top with puffy eyes, hair crudely fastened back from her forehead and no make-up, declines. "You know what?" she says, defiantly. "Let them see what's going to happen."

Then a handsome woman in her early 60s enters with her husband. Both are expensively outfitted. It's not clear why she's here.

Born calls Jeannine from his car so he'll know what to expect. "All your ladies are here," she chirps.

At the office, he changes into clogs and hits the treatment rooms.

First, there's the seven-day post-op mastopexy on the thirty something. Born checks the wounds and the position of the implants. "I place the implants high under the muscle," he explains, "and apply pressure to push them down." The patient also wears a band or strap fastened tight around her chest to push the implants down. The cost to return her breast to pre-pregnancy pertness: \$8,025.

Next, there's the 50-year-old who looks so awful. She's also one week post-op. "I did an open brow lift, upper lids, microfat injections under the eyes, augmentation of cheekbones and dermabrasion around the jaw," says Born. "It looks great." The cost: approximately \$12,000.

The woman in her early 60s is here for injections round her mouth – Botox to ease vertical lines on her upper lip and Perlane to add volume and smooth the nasolabial folds. The cost: about \$1,300. The effect will last for four to six months. The woman previously



UNDER THE KNIFE: Dr. Trevor Born wields his magic in the operating theatre. Breast work can cost \$8,000; major work on the face, \$12,000.

had a chin implant and the muscles have overcompensated, Born explains, indication Botox. "It's a good little drug," he adds.

There are a couple more patients' waiting for injectables, and another post-op breast augmentation, this one tricky because the breasts started off asymmetrical. "We corrected for that," he says, "and I may still need to make an adjustment."

Finally, at noon, he sees a two-week post-op liposuction: "upper and lower back, flans, abdomen." It was, he says, "a sizable suction through small incisions." The cost: about \$6,000.

Normally, on a Thursday afternoon, he'd

run upstairs to the surgical suite to cut, augment, lift, implant, suction, abrade and stitch.

Then, it's off to the gym for cardio and weight training or spin class. In summer, he'd sail or windsurf. Dinner may be a meal at Scaramouch, Truffles or Amber or a strip steak he grills, with a salad.

Around midnight, Trevor Mason Born gets under a down duvet in a king-size bed with Roots jersey sheets and with Hugo on the floor beside him. Perhaps Dr. Born will Dream – not, like many men, of the perfect woman who can make him happy but rather of many, many, many imperfect women whom he can make happier.

KEITH BEATY / TORONTO STAR