



## Hedging the Manscape

FOR MEN OF THE 21ST CENTURY, APPARENTLY THE HAIR TODAY, IS GONE TOMORROW.

THE ONCE POPULAR NOTION THAT A MAN'S BODY HAIR EQUALS HIS virility is how your father ran game. Now it's all about getting manscaped; and it takes a virile man indeed.

Advanced grooming regimens that started with simple facials have spawned a cottage industry that includes manicures, eyebrow sculpting, and hair removal from nose-to-toes, even in the area that isn't legal to punch. I propose below-the-belt pruning shall henceforth be known as the "Daniel-San," because men are subjecting themselves to complete wax on-wax off treatments.

"Every day I have a man come in who wants to be 'cleaned up,'" says Phoenix, AZ-based aesthetician D'Lisa Shayn Ledgewood. "The trend is defi-

nately: the sleeker the better," she says. Ledgewood, who works out of the Suddenly Slimmer Spa, says that about ten percent of her clients are men, but the clientele is growing rapidly and pays nicely. Costs for typical sessions are \$45 for a chest wax, \$75 for the Daniel-San, and \$200 for the ultimate two-hour hairless experience, the "Blame it on Rio" package.

And just what is the appeal of the clean, close-shaven veneer? Beyond the inherent sensuality of looking like Piglet, Ledgewood says it brings out muscular definition and shows off tattoos, and makes one other object in the mirror appear bigger than it actually is.

"It's funny, I don't think I've had any gay men," says Nikki Bustos, an aesthetician at the Salon 119 Day Spa in Palm Springs, CA who estimates a third of her 200 clients are male. "I do quite a few older men from the numerous clothes-optional resorts around here though," she adds.

Dirk Diggler aside, it's amazing that men have discarded their pilose personas for hair removal via waxing, which is legalized torture. Just ask 40-Year-Virgin Steve Carell or any woman in her thirties. "Men refuse to believe how painful it is," says Ledgewood, "they hold their breath, cuss, and sweat profusely, one even called me a sadist." And yet, some men want more. It takes a set of brass brains not to listen to a self-described fiery 5'2" redhead when she says – with your naked body in her capable hands – that although a full waxing may get some men aroused, "after the first rip, they aren't anymore."

Bustos uses a "no scream crème" that apparently helps, but some depraved gentlemen find the Daniel-San stimulating. "One perv actually came in because he liked pain," says Bustos, "he really got into it." She actually swore off male clientele for awhile, until she was talked back into it.

The Spaldeen approach isn't just for the big time, jet-set, Club Monaco crowd either; it's found in the hipster hamlet of Billings, Montana. My own father, a local long-time pediatrician, noticed more of an Olympic swimmer bent to the fellas getting their annual high school football physicals last fall. "A few of the young men were shaved ... completely," he says. I guess it's the dawn of a new, sleek-looking, but painful day for all men.

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