



## DEAR DR HARTMAN

### *The Fat Vac*

Hello patients,

We live in exciting times for women. Times of change in unexpected quarters. At Melbourne airport recently I noticed new signs outside the Mothers' Room.

Instead of the usual international symbol for mother and child (stick figure in skirt with baby in swaddling clothes) there are now two adult figures. One is in a skirt and one is in pants. (Of course, whether this change in symbols actually influences who goes into the room to change the nappies is quite another matter.)

This airport observation illustrates the fascinating minutiae of social change in the wake of the second wave of feminism. However, when we examine the intimate psychosexual domain of human sexuality, I'm afraid this wave turns out to be a bit of a dumper. And the majority of sexual surfers who've been washed up onto the beach are persons of the female gender.

Quite simply, my clinics are constantly besieged by desperate bands of plump feminists who've been trying 'to love their bodies' since the early 70s. It's been a long, hard struggle. One patient covered her home in paintings by Reubens and then stood in front of the mirror and called herself 'cuddly', 'curvaceous' and 'voluptuous'.

Another patient simply put up a picture of Jenny Craig and threw darts at it for over a decade. Another was jailed for conspiracy to bomb Weight Watchers HQ.

All these strategies have failed. My clinics are now full of ageing activists in size 16 clothes who are screaming "I'm not voluptuous, I'm fat! As soon as the object of my desire sees my buttocks, they don't want to touch me!"

The particular portion of the anatomy identified as the passion killer varies from patient to patient, but the basic message is the same.

"Patients," I always say, "identify a market, deliver the service." So I've installed a small operating theatre in each of my clinics called a Body Modification Unit and I've pioneered a new procedure. It's called a Subcutaneous Cellulite Suction Removal System, but I prefer to call it the 'Fat Vac'.

Now, it's come to my attention (via a surreptitious peep at your revealing readership survey form) that quite a few readers of this magazine are not as trim around the hips as they could be. I won't cause

humiliation by naming you. You know who you are.

Don't worry. Just pop along to one of my clinics and we'll slit you open from knee to hip and just suck it all out. The beauty of this procedure is that you can eat as much as you like after the operation. You'll never put weight on your hips again, because we've removed that part of your body. It's so simple, it's frightening.

By the way, don't believe any of this nonsense about facelifts that you read in women's magazines. All this business about not being able to smile after the 'op'.

Nothing could be further from the truth. In fact, an over-enthusiastic surgeon who nips and tucks just a little too much behind the ears, can leave a patient smiling for the rest of their life.

But I ask you, in an ugly world, is that a problem? Someone who's always got a smile on their face is a joy to have around.

*Send your problems to Dr  
Hartman's secretary, Julie  
McCrossin, c/- ALR.*

