

THE



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My Brazilian bottom
And the doctor who gave it to me **Times 2**

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four for Froome
in France **Sport, pages 60-61**

Oxford in fake awards farce

Ukrainian businessmen exploit university to make millions from made-up honours

Billy Kenber Investigations Reporter

The University of Oxford's academic reputation is being exploited by Ukrainian businessmen selling millions of pounds worth of fake awards and honours, *The Times* can reveal.

The Europe Business Assembly (EBA) advertises itself as an Oxford institution to sell made-up prizes such as "The International Socrates Award" and "The Queen Victoria Commemorative Award" for up to £9,300 a time.

Former staff say that they were encouraged to approach developing countries, sending mass emails and cold-calling foreign businesses and academics with claims that they had

been nominated for an award. Anyone who expressed interest was told that they had to pay several thousand pounds to meet the company's administrative costs and for a five-year licence to "use the award brand ... for public relations and marketing purposes".

One former EBA employee said: "We were asked to focus on areas where people would buy. The Middle East, eastern Europe and Russia ... where the idea that money buys you credentials is still there."

Another ex-employee said: "What's £8,000 for a certificate? £8,000 is not a lot to have Oxford on your wall."

The business, which is run by a father and son from offices in Ukraine and

central Oxford, has given out thousands of awards since 2000 and is likely to have made millions of pounds.

The company seeks to trade on the reputation of the University of Oxford. It uses photographs of Oxford colleges in its advertising, copies the university's typeface in its logo and claims to offer those attending events access to "exclusive Oxford University lectures".

Awards are bestowed by John Netting, a former lecturer at Oxford Brookes University, which is a separate institution. He is thought to have become the company's frontman and director-general after he taught Ivan Savvov, son of its founder, Anton.

The EBA also sells membership of

organisations called the Academic Union and the International Club of Leaders and charges authors for articles included in a self-published journal, the *Socrates Almanac*, which includes material lifted from the internet.

Awards are given at ceremonies held at hired venues including the Oxford town hall, the Institute of Directors in London and other locations in Europe.

In an apparent effort to bolster its reputation, the EBA has paid figures including the former trade minister Lord Jones of Birmingham and the scientist Baroness Greenfield to speak at its events. It also cites a "patent" number as apparent evidence that the awards are legitimate. The number

corresponds to an expired trademark for a trophy design featuring a blue hand and the words "Best enterprises of Europe prize". The ceremonies borrow from British state pageantry with a red carpet, trumpeters, a man in a yeoman warder's costume and a formal procession with the Union Jack.

The EBA hosts conferences under the title "Summit of Leaders" and the "Club of the Rectors of Europe", and even claims its own knight's order, with a code of honour. It has a crest and award recipients are draped with chains or academic-style robes. They are presented with a trophy and a certificate with a wax seal. Former staff **Continued on page 6, col 1**



Anya Shrubsole, the England medium-pacer, celebrating at Lord's yesterday after her five wickets in 19 balls sealed a thrilling victory against India in the World Cup final

Anything they can't do: England women win World Cup

Josh Burrows

England won the women's cricket World Cup yesterday at Lord's in a final as tense as any match witnessed at the famous old ground.

Anya Shrubsole, a medium-pacer from Somerset, took five wickets in 19 balls at the death to snatch the trophy from India's grasp after the touring side had reached 191 for three, needing only 38 runs to win with 44 balls left to score them.

Shrubsole's match-winning spell

made her the first women's cricketer to take a five-wicket haul in a World Cup final and secured victory by nine runs with eight balls remaining.

The victory is England's fourth in a World Cup, after similar successes in 1973, 1993 and 2009. Their counterparts in the men's team have yet to win the equivalent competition after 11 attempts.

Only two days earlier Shrubsole's father, Ian, had tweeted a photograph of his daughter leaning over the advertising hoardings at the ground as a little

girl 17 years ago. The caption read: "What a place! I'd like to play here ... for England ... in a World Cup final."

After going one better and lifting the trophy, Shrubsole said: "It was just an amazing game from start to finish, and I think it's a very fitting final for what's been a brilliant World Cup ... It's a dream, and a dream you never think is going to come true."

Women have not always been made to feel welcome at Lord's — female members were permitted to

enter the pavilion only in 1999 — but in front of more than 26,000 paying spectators yesterday there was a sense that women's cricket had come of age.

This year's tournament is the first in which every match has been televised and with India reaching the final, the viewing figures were expected to be in excess of 250 million. It was also the first tournament at which all the teams included professional, centrally contracted players.

One of the great games, pages 66-68

No pledge on student debt, says Corbyn

Lucy Fisher

Senior Political Correspondent

Jeremy Corbyn denied yesterday that he had promised to wipe out student debt as a Tory minister accused him of "shamelessly abandoning" a pre-election position.

The Labour leader said in the week before Britons headed to the polls last month that he would "deal with" the issue of existing tuition-fee debt amassed by students and graduates.

He admitted yesterday that he had been unaware of the size of the student debt when he made those remarks and insisted that the comments had not amounted to a pledge.

The party has said that while its manifesto set out concrete plans to scrap tuition fees for all future university students, a policy that experts predict would cost about £11.2 billion, cancelling student debt was never a firm or costed pledge. Angela Rayner, the shadow education secretary, said last week that wiping out all student debt would cost about £100 billion.

Mr Corbyn said yesterday of existing student debt: "We never said we would completely abolish it because we were unaware of the size at that time. John McDonnell has established a working party to look at this policy and we will be making a statement on it in the near future."

Looking back at the comments he made in an interview with the *NME* before the election, Mr Corbyn told *The Andrew Marr Show* on BBC One: "I pointed out there was a massive overhanging debt that many people dealt with. I recognised it was a huge burden, I did not make a commitment **Continued on page 2, col 3**

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July 24 2017



The doctor who gives
women a Brazilian bottom

times2

Parents, if we want to know how your kids did at school, we'll ask Hilary Rose



GETTY IMAGES

In all the years I spent being educated, a futile exercise if ever there were one, I must have sat hundreds of exams. After every single one I came out, shrugged and told my mother I'd waffled and had probably failed.

Whenever the subject wasn't history or a language, I usually had. I came bottom of the class in every maths exam I sat, acquired O levels of stunning mediocrity and only came into my own in the sixth form, possibly because the end was finally in sight. However, my exam results and term reports were largely between me and my parents. So what on earth is possessing these parents who are posting them on social media?

What misconceived bragging is this? There's an epidemic of mental ill-health among young people, and the stresses and competitiveness of social media are thought to play a part. Schoolchildren are said to be more heavily burdened by exams than they were in my day, and more worried about their performance. I'm not entirely convinced by that — the testing regime has always been tough, or at least it was at my school, and sitting exams has always been stressful. I suspect that the levels of stress depend on the school, the child and the parents, not the exams, and a dodgy report is not the end of the world. Either way, showing off is only going to up the ante, and in a bad way.

But then parenting for some people seems to be about just that: showing off. I'm thinking of the enormous sense of entitlement radiating off some parents as their children terrorise pedestrians on their scooters. I'm thinking of the woman I saw on the Tube recently who told a commuter to give up his seat for her son, who was probably about seven or eight. He declined, and quite right too. Why on earth should he?

And I'm thinking mainly of those nauseating round-robin Christmas cards that some people send. What's that about? Do you honestly think I care that little Thomas, whom I have not met, has passed his grade 4 trumpet? Am I bothered that your



pride in Lizzie is boundless after she got a first in medicine at Oxford? Surely the people who are interested in Thomas and Lizzie already know because you have a relationship with them; you socialise, you talk, you ask after their children. It seems safe to assume that the people who don't already know aren't interested, and that applies to exam results too.

So, to all the parents posting about George's string of A stars and revelling in the headmaster's praise, stop. Think again. Think of the poor kids who are in tears because they have come bottom of the class in maths, again, or the ones who think that mediocre GCSE results are going to blight their lives. They won't, but they don't know that yet. The judgment of the wider world can wait.

I can out-tat the Queen

I always hoped that getting older would bring self-knowledge. Alas, it seems mainly to have brought self-delusion, and never more so than when it comes to buying souvenirs on holiday.

These are always, without exception, a bad idea, as the large pink plaster pineapple I inexplicably acquired on a recent holiday will attest. The pointless mother-of-pearl box was similarly unwise, as was the inflatable beach-ball-cum-globe, the small wooden tortoise and the big lump of imitation coral, which I thought would look lovely in the bathroom, but serves only to remind me of a magical holiday with a man who turned out to be vile.

So I'm intrigued by a new exhibition at Buckingham Palace of the souvenirs that HM has been given on her travels. Bags of salt from the British Virgin Islands might conceivably be useful back home. A painted ostrich egg from Namibia and a 13th-century gold breastplate from Panama? Not so much. Still, I bet she's pretty jealous of my plaster pineapple.

Kevin Maher is away

A good egg even after a month

Having been told by Philip Kingsley, the hair guru, that I should be eating vast quantities of protein for the sake of my straggly locks, I account for about half of all the eggs eaten in this country, starting with a raw one in my breakfast smoothie.

However, I'm entirely unmoved by

the revelation that the egg in my lunchtime supermarket sandwich might have been cooked a month ago. Boiled in bulk in factories, then pasteurised, they apparently last for weeks.

I imagine the people who recoil in disgust are the same people whose slavish devotion to use-by dates results

in more than seven million tonnes of edible food being thrown away every year.

Why do people trust a label more than their common sense? Of course supermarkets are going to err hugely on the side of caution. But if something smells OK and is cooked properly, it's probably fine. Even when it's a month-old egg.

An hourglass

The Brazilian butt lift is all the rage among women looking for the 'golden ratio'. Hannah Betts meets its leading practitioner — and one happy client

I am sitting in a Times conference room, gently prodding the posterior of 25-year-old Christina Pereira, a woman who qualifies for Constance Bennett's remark about Marilyn Monroe: "Now there's a broad with a future behind her." Firm yet springy, tightly packed yet bouncily yielding — never before have I understood the allure of the female backside, but here it is in all its plushly pert perfection.

"And if I walk you can actually see the projection. It's lovely," cries Pereira, a French translator, fluent in four languages, yet whose arse tends to do the talking for her. She's right: it's thrilling. "Like jello on springs," I say with a sigh, coming over all *Some Like It Hot*. "Are you sure it's OK that I'm touching it?" I ask. "Of course," trills Pereira. "I get so many girls asking." I give it one more ecstatic cupping, then desist: a crowd is starting to gather on the other side of the window.

The Pygmalion behind this Galatea is the king of the rear, Dr Foued Hamza, a French cosmetic surgeon who has been practising in Britain since 2009. Hamza, a dashing 53, is a leading light in the Brazilian butt lift, an innovative technique in which fat cells are removed from the waist by liposuction, then injected into the bottom to achieve staggeringly bootylicious results. He developed this "sculpting" technique ten years ago while operating on transsexuals seeking hourglass proportions, but now works largely with curve-seeking women.

Each buttock can be injected with between 500 and 1,500cc of fat, depending on the patient's size and skin elasticity. Pereira received the minimum, but nipping in her waist, plus naturally large hips, created her va-va-voom proportions. Sculpting of this sort would not be achievable with diet and exercise. "Impossible," says Hamza. "You can't tell the brain to put the fat here and lose it here."

Moreover, because there is no new fat production after puberty (fat cells can increase in size by 1,000 times, but do not increase in number), once you redistribute these cells, even if you put on weight, your figure will retain its hourglass. Pereira has piled on 6kg — or "one big chicken and a half" — in the three years since her procedure, yet her proportions remain the same: a

73cm "snatched" waist, her hips at their natural 106cm and her buttocks lofty with their coveted "projection", in the manner of some minxish baboon.

Her £6,500 procedure may have taken only an hour to perform, yet recovery required two months of no sitting for fear of "decompression". Hamza recommends a mere three weeks, but Pereira is "an extremist. I paid nearly £7,000 — I'm going to make sure this fat survives. I worried it might go like Play-Doh. You cannot diet because you need to feed the fat." The only side-effect is an occasional "hot bottom", which feels only right because it undoubtedly is.

Once upon a time — that time being my girlhood — we knew where we stood in regard to backsides. Some eras eschewed them altogether: the 1920s, the 1960s and the waif-crazed 1990s. Some, in the style of *The Fast Show's* Arabella Weir, fretted: "Does my bum look big in this?" The rest of us merely ignored our rears, perching on them from time to time, but generally assuming that less was more.

However, over the past few years we have been knocked sideways by the rise of the super-arse. One minute the rump was the great neglected area of aesthetic angst, the next minute women are dying from injecting more junk into their trunk — in less than a year two women died at the same Florida clinic while undergoing Brazilian butt-lift surgery.

A colleague who once starved herself into skeletal submission complains about being a "badoo" (check Urban Dictionary), while squatting up a storm and sporting padded pants. This summer's hot beauty buy is the mellifluous Brazilian Bum Bum Cream, £44 a pop, the caffeine content of which promises to raise the *Titanic* (backside).

Kim "that's a novel way to serve champagne" Kardashian must certainly take some responsibility, as must the preponderance of fellow Photoshop-inspired figures. "I'm not trying to be like her because she's a bit — you know," says Pereira.

We do. Yet patients come to Hamza wielding Instagram images. "It's social media," he says. "Everybody wants to look like someone else. My patients bring photographs and ask, 'Is this possible?'" Porn too must surely have played its part, propelling us from a starved, catwalk ideal to wanting to



figure? That'll be £6,500

COVER AND BELOW: SARAH CRESSWELL FOR THE TIMES



be present; there must be a well-placed inferior gluteal crease (that is, a youthfully short rather than agedly long arse); the inner gluteal fold must have “45-degree take-off” or a downward left-to-right slope; and the buttocks must be plumply contoured.

He ensures that his patients aren't dysmorphics by seeing them two or three times before starting work. Yet couldn't our culture be said to be suffering from a collective dysmorphia? Certainly, Pereira's steely determination has taken other forms. “I was starving myself from 14 until 22,” she blithely admits. “I didn't touch a burger in ten years — fries, rice, bread, nothing. I became so sick, so skinny. My boyfriend used to shout at me, ‘You look too skinny because you are bones.’ I think I am very strong-minded.”

She shows me a picture of her pre-operative figure at 20. She looks lovely, with an enviable shape. “I already had some people saying I had a nice body. I was slim, but my waist was not defined. I was never fat, but I had big hips. I knew if my waist were smaller I could look proportioned. So for three years I was researching and thinking, ‘What body do I want?’ Because I knew surgery was a good way to achieve your goals.”

Like many of Hamza's patients, she had never heard of the “golden

“**The only side-effect is an occasional ‘hot bottom’**

ratio”, but, boy is she a fan today, despite finding it difficult to find clothes. She fizzles with excitement over the social-media attention she receives for her “orange in a bottle figure”, with its pert “projection” and “snatched” waist. “Instagram loves me. I must be in so many Snapchats.”

And I assure you that all eyes turn. I spot her in the *Times* lobby at a single glance, where she has just escaped the pursuit of a camera-phone-brandishing school trip. “Sometimes I don't know what to do. Everyone is stopping me in the street. It's crazy. Sometimes I want to go outside and just be happy and have no one look at me.” Pereira is at pains to convey that she is not “trashy”, “tacky”, “bad” or a “hoe” (her words), but a private individual with an extremely public arse.

She is harassed “between three and eight times a day”: kerb-crawled, propositioned, grabbed, even punched. “I didn't know it would be so hard. Sometimes it's flattering, but I get also a lot of hate, especially from women.”

Still, she professes to have no regrets. She does sometimes wonder if the trend will vanish in a few years, but reckons she can style it out. She ponders what effect having a baby will have on her hourglass, but plans to keep Hamza on speed-dial. “I just look the way I should look. When I watch myself I am thinking, ‘I look better than I thought I would.’ I thank him all the time.”

be so many hyperbolically sexualised Jessica Rabbits.

In 2014 inquiries about bottom enhancing to the healthcare comparison website Whatclinic.com increased by 170 per cent; 88 per cent of them were from women. This interest is largely from girls aged 18-24, at 49 per cent, with 36 per cent from those aged 25-35. Hamza-style augmentation via fat transfer is increasingly more popular than implants.

Not all of Hamza's patients want an extreme, Brazilian-style hoick, with some merely aiming at being less straight-up-and-down. However, the young tend to be desirous of the “golden ratio”, the 0.7 waist-to-hip ratio (WHR), where the waist circumference is 70 per cent of the circumference of the hips and buttocks, identified as being universally appealing by the evolutionary psychologist Dr Devendra Singh. Singh argued that this Coca-Cola bottle

shape reflects fecundity, genetic fitness, overall health and even superior brain function. And what is suggestive of good reproductive stock we tend to find beautiful, meaning the hourglass triggers an instant phwoar factor in our caveman brains.

Monroe, Sophia Loren and the *Venus de Milo* boasted WHRs of about 0.7. “And I've got it too,” chirps Pereira. Hamza cites evidence that our eyes are increasingly drawn to ratios of ever-greater extremes (0.6 to 0.67), while the natural hourglass shows signs of dying out; only 0.8 per cent of women lay claim to it. Hamza maintains that it was always a myth — corseting apart — because women require good fat reserves to spawn.

In a paper delivered last year to the British Association of Aesthetic Plastic Surgeons, Hamza discusses his formula for the perfect posterior on the basis of 120 case studies collected over a couple of years. The WHR must

Christina Pereira, 25. Left: Kim Kardashian, who made the posterior popular on social media

The lowdown Designer lattes



Good weekend?

Not bad. Found a new hobby. What about you?

Hit the shops! Check out the new arm candy.

OMG, I love it. Is that the...

Gucci bag? Yep. Want to try it?

Yes! Well, no. Sort of. Actually, can I borrow it to take an Instagram snap?

Of my bag?

Yes.

That seems weird. It being mine.

It's not just going to be of the bag. It will be the bag and my coffee.

That's not less weird. Why would you want to take a photo of my bag with your coffee?

Because my coffee is also Gucci.

You can buy coffee at Gucci? I suppose they are Italian...

No, no. It's my regular Starbucks. But I have the Gucci label embossed on my foam with chocolate sprinkles. That I did myself. With the stencil I made at the weekend.

What possessed you?

Well I found this Instagram account.

Here we go.

Called @coffeenclothes. They take pictures of designer handbags, with matching lattes. Want to see?

Not really. So you're not the only loon who does this?

No — and if it's an Insta-trend, it's legitimate behaviour.

Fashion froth, more like.

Ha ha.

Go on then. What other designer lattes can you get?

Oh, anything really. Burberry, Givenchy, Louis Vuitton, Chanel...

And they have the matching bags?

They do.

Lucky them.

So... can I borrow your bag? So I can do my own snap? Please?

I still really don't see the point. Especially now.

Why?

Your froth has evaporated.

Hannah Rogers