



Who's a pretty boy, then?
Richard Dennen's
flatmate Willa Keswick
paints his toenails

Man in the mirror

What is that vibrating noise!" That was my flatmate Willa Keswick bursting into my bathroom one morning.

Now, her bursting into my bathroom isn't out of the ordinary. In fact, we often get ready together in the morning. I think that, as we'd been rock 'n' rolling at Proud Galleries the night before, she was jumping to conclusions. This time, fortunately, there was nothing for me to be too embarrassed about – but as I brought my **Clarisonic Cleansing Brush** away from my face and endeavoured to remove the cleanser from my eyes, I did encounter some moments of self-doubt. While I've had a love affair with the Clarisonic ever since reading about its near-miraculous qualities in a post-New Year newspaper on the train down from Scotland – it uses sonic technology to clean and soften one's skin – this brush is not without its pitfalls. It may be the secret to luminous skin, but it can also cause house-party controversy: I once made the fatal mistake of leaving it out in a bathroom while on a Tuscan sojourn at Cetinale last winter.

Facials, fat-busting and fillers: Richard Dennen comes out of the bathroom cabinet to share his vanity flair

Dave Hanbury found it. And produced it after dinner and used it in a party trick I can't think about. I had to order a new brush. But, whatever – it's got sonic technology, so doesn't that make it the morning cleansing routine's answer to Concorde? I like to think so.

I explained all this to Willa (she's always been jealous of my skin), who then persuaded me to get her a brush-with-the-sonic-boom of her own and also accused me of being vain and narcissistic and shallow, which I thought quite unfair, considering most of the stuff in my bathroom ends up in hers. 'I loathe narcissism but I approve of vanity,' I retorted, quoting Diana Vreeland. Willa went back to her room. It's totally acceptable, I thought, to be as vain or not as one pleases as a man in London in 2010. It's fine just to splash your face with water followed by a spray of Lynx Africa. On the other hand, it's also OK if you want to keep

your bathroom scattered with lotions and potions and the paraphernalia of beauty. 'Of course men are vain and love themselves,' said Oscar Humphries, who, as the biggest metrosexual I know, I have on speed-dial for just such a question. 'We have to remember that men spend a great deal of their adult lives having sex with themselves – it's bound to have some sort of effect.' After *Tatler* came to the flat and shot us for this feature, I decided to keep the make-up on. My cheekbones looked so good. But I promptly bumped into Nicky Haslam, who said: 'How much foundation are you wearing?'

So maybe Willa was right. To back up her argument, she pointed at the **Imedeen** pills strewn around my bathroom. Imedeen, I've discovered, could be the secret of eternal youth, and its pithily dubbed man.age.ment anti-ageing formula is a collagen-boosting supplement stuffed full of fish proteins, zinc and antioxidants. She also accused me of regularly standing her up for lunch in favour of having my face or body pummelled to a pulp. I thought about it. It is true that **the Refinery** (tel: 020 7409 2001), opposite Claridge's, is my spiritual >