

COSMETIC COMPANY BUYS EISENHOWER COLLEGE

Much of this material is taken
from the November 1983 issue
of "Cosmetics and Toiletries".

Prettying our bodies, we mask
the poor times. The paint
is for the mirror, that pert two-
dimensional mock-up of a self
already uplifted. Then the blues
slough away, love comes, one
of several rises - well, why not
luxuriate and embellish?
The investment committee's
report
on the beauty care industry,
recession-
proof, smelled good. Approved.
They hired away the Vice-
President
for Finance of Colgate-Palmolive,
three vets fresh out of Cornell,
a covey of formulators and
perfumers
who mixed their first fragrance
chords
at Helene Curtis. Eisenhower
College came cheaply - the
science
labs, gym and kitchen, empty
three years, now watched
incubators,
the limited color wheels of lip
glosses and pomades, burbling
pumps, centrifuges and magnetic
stirrers. White coat heaven.

The new lab head read poetry
which taught him, he said, we
must
imitate nature. "How near," here
he
shuffled his technical meeting

notes, "how near my ladies',
our customers', longed-for purple
nails, polish flake- and chip-
proof, how near those nails did
resemble the pier pilings to which
the marine mussel Mytilus
edilus adheres!" Out of a million
years good habit it oozes, ever
so effortlessly, a protein with Ala-
Lys-
Pro-Ser-Tyr-Hyp-Hyp-Thr-
DOPA-Lys sequences, stuttered
seventy-five times (a reading loop
or lapse in the genetic code?) in
this
polyphenolic protein. To bind,
bind,
never to release in its salty life-
time. The mussels' secret is
nearly
out, we only need fiddle
with the sequence a touch, then
engineer our own private reserve
E. coli strains to pour out
freight car lots. The under-
coating of the century is on its
way.

One of the rehired buildings-
and-grounds people brought us
Aunt Brenda's recipe for rashes,
poison ivy, the rolling, falling kid
itches of summers. She would
cook
up some oatmeal and spread
it on the skin. Marketing pointed
out that drugstores do not like
to sell old oatmeal, and so
our formulators, sequestered
in their converted kitchen until
our patent position is secure, boil
up steamy steel vats of oatmeal,
admix our secret ingredient,
hops.
Homogenized, press-sieved, our
colloidal, anti-itching oatmeal

extract waits in plastic jars for its trade name. Testing is underway, but we don't expect any trouble from the FDA.

Good things fall to the prepared mind. By some German donor's whim the Eisenhower College gym was rich in steam baths. The new Deodorant Division though big: Heated intact oxen discharged sweat in a steady outpour for a while, then fell into pulsed patterns with five minute periodicities synchronized animal to animal. And I had to clean the floor after them. Next door, in the erstwhile shower stalls, isolated perfused horse skin studies taught us that adrenalin induced sweating. So rare that one gets large animal models for antiperspirants.

The No. 1 depilatory spot is shared by Neet and Nair, but we propose to pull past them in this bushy market. Our lotion contains calcium hydroxide, calcium thioglycolate, sodium silicate, mineral oil and an activated alumina silicone product. If only we could find a replacement for two ingredients we could label it as "all natural." Hypo-allergenic, no offensive odor, it smoothes away unwanted hair in 5-10 minutes. Coarser hair may take a bit longer. Our desperate customers are advised not to use it around the eyes, inside nose or ears, or in peri-

anal and genital areas. But legs, arms, underarms, face, even bikini line will do.

Long lines of empty sinks, tiled floors; the toilet stalls had to be ripped up but the scene was right for field tests of our ultra-high foam dentrifice. A heavy-bodied astringent product, whipped-cream texture, sweeps up and entraps food particles, gum-line debris, bacteria. Lines of volunteers gargle, then brush their teeth a canonical three minutes, in harmonies of swishing punctuated by timer beeps and the forced expulsion of water froths. By afternoon they shape tentative claims that the clocks cheat them, slow to the side of eternity. They lean with one hand on the sink, snatch reflections of their neighbors. The consensus is for coconut flavor, but something, something must be added to discourage such wanton swallowing.

It took some disinfection, but the gym lockers proved ideal for raising adult female and castrated male hamsters. A banner hung from the roof: "Acne is the bane." Before the females got testy, into the pinna of both groups we injected subcutaneously Epidermal Growth Factor. The number of cells per sebaceous gland increased. The effect

was fortunately localized
to the treated ear and was
equally induced by the injection
of testosterone into that organ.
The hamster keeper's wife
reported weird bedroom games,
but we must do what
we can for the teenage boy.

"The art of expressing emotions"

"That lush, silken feel. Rich
dense foam."

"Viscosity does it all"

"We came up with a pair of
nonionics
that are really sweethearts"

"Proteins with personal appeal"

"Winning scents"

"A gel with an outstanding
rheology"

"The essential oils and extracts of
flowers,
leaves, roots, wood and musks:

"...mix, blend, emulsify,
moisturize, add emolliency,
lubricate, bind, release."