

allure

THE BEAUTY EXPERT

NOVEMBER 2004

PERFECT SKIN

FLICKER, BY AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR

The first disposable razor marketed specifically to women (in 1971), Flicker had five separate blades and a central wheel that rotated to change them. And it came housed in an ambiguous plastic circle that conjured up the new era of sexual freedom. "It looked like a birth control pill case!" says Beverly Hills dermatologist Debra A. Luftman. "It was definitely a hip thing to have." Alas,

using Flicker could turn into a bit of hair-removal Russian roulette, thanks to its single blades. "I had a friend whose skin got caught—she got a big gash in her leg," Luftman says. "It makes me think of that show *My Friend Flicker*—let me tell you, Flicker was no friend," says New York City dermatologist Cheryl A. Thellman-Karcher. "Blood was shed in the name of beauty."

for Spots,
problems

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AAPRI APRICOT FACIAL SCRUB, BY AAPRI COSMETICS

Ah, if only one could simply scrub one's adolescent skin troubles away! Squeeze this white tube and out came a wholesome-looking brown paste containing ground apricot kernels—and, inexplicably, walnut shells. More natural-seeming than the Buf-Puf, even the "gentle" version of Aapri proved scratchy for most complexions. Thanks in part to misadventures with Aapri, Luftman now situates herself firmly in the "anti-scrub" school of dermatology. "It was apricot, so I thought it was clean and fresh and 'natural,'" she says regretfully. "Pores were a big issue for me, and I hoped it would clean them out, but I got very red and irritated. I thought the redder, the better. I was probably breaking capillaries and tearing up my skin." Aapri is hard to find stateside these days, but its spirit lives on (minus the walnut shells) in St. Ives Invigorating Apricot Scrub.

DESIGNER IMPOSTERS, BY PARFUMS DE COEUR

Why get involved with Obsession when you can Confess? Why mess with Opium when there's Ninja? And why shell out megabucks for Giorgio, the "money" fragrance of the Reagan-Dynasty years, when you can have...Primo! (Delighted exclamation point theirs.) The low-rent version of high-end fragrances, reminiscent of feminine deodorant spray in both scent and container, struck a subversive chord during the big corporate perfume launches of the 1980s. "I loved Giorgio Beverly Hills—it was the 'in' thing, and all the popular girls at school had it," says manicurist Kimberly Kimble. "But what I remember most was when they came out with 'If you love Giorgio, you'll love...'—she pauses—"...what was that again?" Apparently, Primo! wasn't quite numero uno. ♦

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