

## SOAP, PERFUMERY AND COSMETICS OCTOBER COLUMN

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### **The new dawn 1999 continued**

Bored with the current millennium it was decided that a peak into the next millennium would be more fun.

Society had changed remarkably since 1999, the whole work ethic was based on exchanging time for goods and services, which was monitored and calculated by the computer. The value of the work was based on stress both mental and physical. Many chose to work from home, others preferred to travel to work periodically.

The computer and I talked of hydroponics and medicine, of prevention rather than cure, of understanding and working with our environment rather than working against it. We discussed the growing of raw materials rather than the plundering of them, we spoke of social values and the return of society to older traditional neighbour values.

The move towards a family culture, with whole generations of a single family living under the same roof, with collective responsibility for that family's welfare has reduced the need for duplicating 'white goods'. The family is now a business, a tribe of relatives who eat together, live together and have fun together by sharing most of the facilities. The respect for age and wisdom has returned to society, despite all the science and fantastic electronic wizardry, a few comforting words of advice from an older relative still counts for more. I was amazed by the knowledge that each family could accumulate on subjects such as childcare, finance, home-maintenance, history, medicine and law as a result of this staying together.

The idea of working for one employer for months or years on end has totally disappeared, work is done on a short-term contractual basis, with the entire populations' skills held on a central data base. Many people work for themselves as specialists or as part of a service industry.

As an example, a woman arrived from the family next door, who was a Psychic Perfumer. First she interrogated the Mediscan unit that had initially made my evaluation, then began asking a battery of very personal questions. A unit was unpacked that bombarded my nose with a whole series of essential oils, and she measured my response to these stimuli using a series of sensors, which she had placed on my head. Jasmine, Chamomile, Grapefruit, Lime, Lemon, Lavender and a plethora of others that I could not recognise were paraded through my olfactory system.

She made some notes and was joined by a Cultural Colourist (her sister) who was carrying a box and a computer tablet. She flashed colours of different shades and hue in front of me. After much questioning, consultation with her colleague, and tapping on the tablet, she announced that she had designed my body crest. This design stylised my family, my occupation and my status in society (which if you recall was one up from a hamster). It also took into account my mood of the day, but I felt so distressed at the continual prodding and interrogation, that I could hope for nothing better than a funereal and sombre rendition. I certainly did not anticipate the inclusion of go-faster stripes in my design.

From the box came bottles of dye in every colour imaginable. Like a Maori, she decorated my body with intricate patterns and colours, made of Henna Red, Grapeskin Purple, Beetroot Mauve, Chlorophyll Green, Turmeric Yellow, Carrot Orange, Hibiscus Blue, and Crocus Yellow. The treatment did not end with the body and a full facial makeover followed using coloured ochres and purified minerals. In deep shock, I asked what on earth was going on. It transpired that the male of the species had reverted to its natural origins, and like the peacock and pheasant, had returned to more colourful displays to attract a mate.

The Psychic Perfumer returned with a series of fragrances and essential oils, which she loaded into the Cleansomatic Hygiene System. She explained that the right fragrance would always be prescribed each day (based on the Medi-Analyser results). Almost at once the air was filled with an array of ever-changing fragrances to stimulate my psyche.

Food, medicine, cosmetics and toiletries all come under a single “Health and Welfare” department. All products must be fully evaluated and tested, before they are allowed to be used by the consumer. The borderline between protection, prevention and cure had been merged into a category called ‘dermatological products’. Some products are hand-crafted by licensed herbalists and cosmetologists and tailored to the specific needs of the client.

Diet, psychological well-being, stress management, physical fitness are all part of everyday life. Fresh fruit, vegetables and herbs are grown by nearly every family and are also given as gifts or swapped. Society has regressed since the year 2000 to some of the older global values. Technology is used to enhance and prolong life, not to make a tasteless television dinner. Our industry lives on, the cleansing, perfuming and decoration of the human form is still seen as a pleasurable experience and is thriving in ways unimaginable today.

I thought about staying on, and though I enjoyed the principles of this new society I realised that I preferred my own era with its privacy and places of retreat. I want to see the evaluation of traditional plant remedies unfold their secrets like the blossom in spring, and like the sparrows in my roof I want to see the young fly the nest and fend for themselves. I want to feel (and/or look) awful once in a while, otherwise how else do you know and appreciate when you are having a

An apparatus resembling a gum shield was inserted into my mouth, which was connected to a series of wires and tubes

really wonderful day?