

Wax artistic

A Colorado salon adds a heavy dose of style as it takes away unwanted hair

Making small talk with a stranger while lying half-naked on a table as they rip hair from a rather private region is awkward at best. What's there to talk about? The weather? The economy?

"I generally loosen clients up with simple questions and then they start unloading from there," says Jen Eichhorn, owner of the Screamin Peach in Fort Collins, Colo. "They just kind of open up and pour their hearts out."

The Screamin Peach is a waxing salon. No pedicures. No manicures. No massages. Just waxing. Arms, legs, eyebrows, areas below the belt—you name it, they wax it.

"I didn't start my business because I wanted to get rich," Eichhorn says about her studio, which she opened in 2006. "I wanted to open something everyone would feel comfortable going to."

Most salons are very frilly and Little Bo Peep—low lights, faux waterfalls, lots of pink, an overwhelming infusion of flowers and incense and a perky staff. The Screamin Peach is Bo Peep's nemesis—and a lot more fun. It looks like a tattoo parlor but feels like a New York boutique. The furniture is funky, and eccentric works from local artists hang on the walls.

The waiting room is essentially a shopping area full of handbags, jewelry, lingerie, hats and sexy items like Black Betty Noir ("color for hair down there").



SCREAMIN SUCCESS
JEN EICHORN AND
HER INDIE SALON