



Comme des Garçons, "Kyoto"

If artificial flavors could ripen and mature like the fruits they imitate, then Kyoto is still too FD&C Green No. 3. Like a raspberry Warhead, It gets better over time, but you don't feel any more virtuous for being patient.



Kenzo, "Ca Sent Beau"

Woodsy, fiery, sage essence in Japanese style. A frayed kimono. A grandma in a frayed kimono, smoking and playing sudoku.

A department store lobby, where no one is seen but a woman playing Vivaldi on a grand piano. Quickly but calmly, department store clerks stockpile every possible object for sale in the center. A match is lit. The clerks bow their heads as if praying while the lobby fills with smoke. Ah, all possible smells together at last, says the pianist while coughing.

This scent was made in 1988, but really 1889 is not out of the picture. Another classic time warp/fuck: grandma remembers her non-sexual winter honeymoon that lasted 1000 years. Or maybe the honeymoon starts tomorrow, trapped in a snowglobe filled with gasoline.



Corso Como, "10 Corso Como"

Strong with an initial bite of spicy sandalwood and powder. Not my grandma, but someone else's grandma has dusted this all over her closet. A dried rose from a past prom gets thrown into a potpourri jar.



Diptyque, "Philosykos"

Almost edible. Sweet soft translucent plastic erasers, the collectible kind. Coconut infused almond milk suspended in a waxy balm. Creamy, but brightened by vegetation, slightly grassy. Not gassy though because I remembered to take Lactaid. And I'm feeling less guilty because it's froyo.

Nina described this as the scent of a babysitter. (It does kind of smell like drugstore sunblock or body splash, but in a good way). Louis simply said, "vegetable."



Comme des Garçons, "Avignon"

A smooth wooden sphere polished by frequent handling. Everyone wants to hold it because its dense construction makes it a pleasing weight. Each touch buffs the patina to an even more lustrous gloss. Millions have been here before. An ancient enigma, the sphere seems to hold all the world's unknowable secrets. Yet from a certain angle, reflected in the sphere's glassy shine is a vignette from my childhood: watching Totoro for the first time in my aunt's wood-paneled basement.



Comme des Garçons, "Hinoki" (Opinion 1)

How do I describe my favorite fragrance? The clarity that the aroma of cedar inspires in a heady sauna. It's a hamster's dance: lightfooted yet measured choreography performed on woody substrate. When Alan wears it, he draws out the peppercorn and sweeter notes. For me it's distinctly celery. It's as strong as a pink Himalayan rock salt lamp turned on during the day. Think of its potential in the evening.



Comme des Garçons, "Hinoki" (Opinion 2)

In the dark, dark woods¹, there was a dark, dark hot tub². And in the dark, dark hot tub, there was a dark, dark white (looks gray) lily³. And near the dark, dark white (looks gray) lily, there was a dark, dark lilypad. And on the dark, dark lilypad, there was a dark, dark blob of SPF 50 sunscreen⁴. And swimming through the dark, dark, blob of SPF 50 sunscreen, there was a dark, dark ladybug. And on top of the dark, dark ladybug is a bright, bright flashlight. My friend holds the light as I rescue the ladybug from the blob. It flies away into the wooded night.

¹ Scandinavian cedars or Japanese cypress. Or, pine-sol with a citrus infusion.

² Or, a natural hot spring bubbling from the earth's molten core.

³ Everything is black and white in the moonlight, even lilies.

⁴ Good protection, or a pleasant surprise on a low ozone day.

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