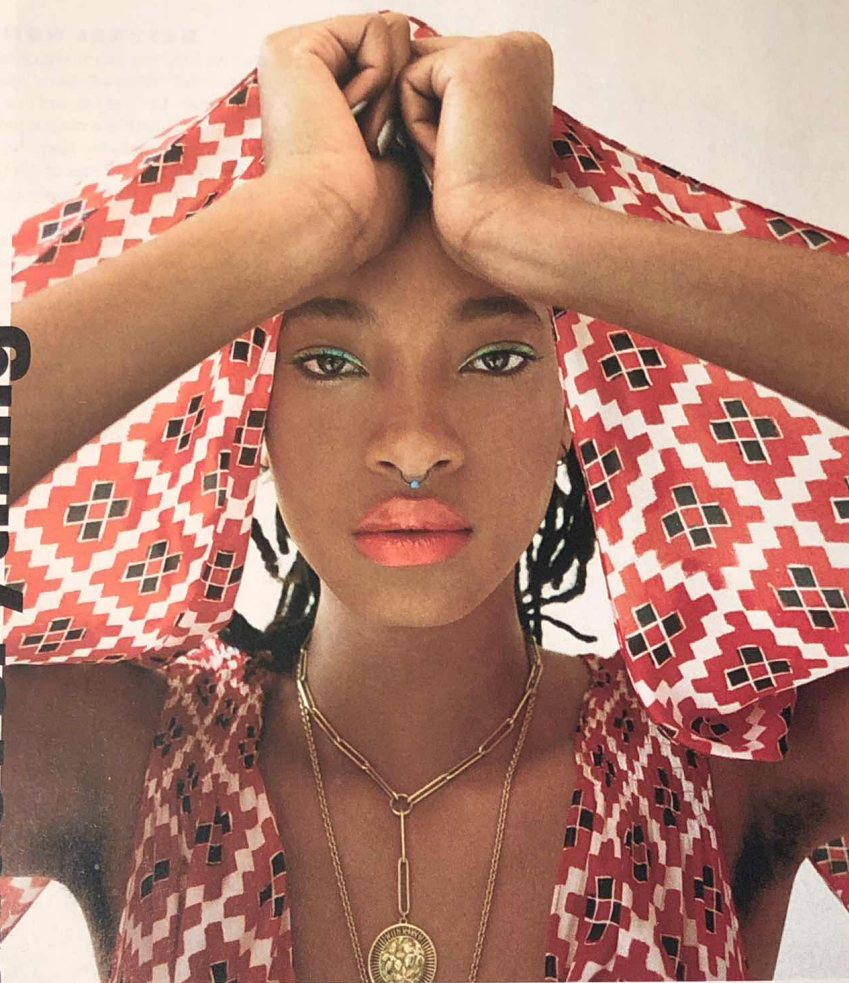


scent everything



A deep-soaked smell is a quality I associate with places—a house where something is cooking slowly, the shower fog post-roommates. And it's a quality I want to replicate all the time. I want to be the mobile human equivalent of a rosemary bush or a bakery, exuding a wall of scent. When a friend audibly double-sniffs during a hug just after I've sprayed Carlen Men of Blame, my heart glows. When another inhales and says, "You smell amazing!" after a long workday...I'll let you know; it hasn't happened yet.

Scent curation is a project that involves looking at a throw pillow in my life and wondering: Could you maybe smell amazing? After purchasing a grassy, androgynous cologne that refused to suit me but is so incredible that I couldn't part with it (Mondo Mondo Cowboy), I began to spray it on my bed when I needed to lie down in rampant luxury, probably to text. It creates a whole atmosphere: You're not just texting; you're basking. In a fit of synesthesia envy, I sprayed a bookmark with a sample of Rose Perfection de Robert Piguet I found in a drawer. The pages sopped it up; it lasted for weeks, almost. Whenever I opened up to my place, the instant honey-like waft cut down the adjustment time between my regular old life and exciting literary escape. Perfume: What a fast-acting way to cut to the thrills.

Until it fades. There are endless clingy strategies to develop, though. You can try to perfume your wrists above where any hand-washing suds could infringe. Or you might get into the promising world of hair perfumes and keep semi-rigorous track of how long the vetiver in a Noto oil lasts when softly rubbed into your hair's dry, wispy ends. You slowly determine what lasts the longest, but we're all still in a reapplication reality. A permanent state of rosemary-bush-level lush abundance would be wonderful, but maintenance is always in the future. In the meantime: Rub your palms over any lavender stalks you pass; take the scent cards from boutiques and put them in your wallet. Gathering up scents and carrying them with you is one of the best ways to enjoy the world. (Also, always put lemon peels in the disposal last.)

And don't forget to fragrance-hotbox your car. When I moved to Los Angeles, I immediately fell in love with a used convertible with an unfortunate vinegary lurk. To kick it out, I bought an Aura Cacia car diffuser and an obscene variety of essential oils (Aesop's Béatrice is an earth angel and savior). I let passenger friends pick their scents, and they always pick lemongrass.

Being well scented all the time is not easy. But it's in coaxing something lovely and elegant to hang around longer than it intended that you get the most creative. It is, I promise, a very worthwhile pastime. —MAGGIE LANGE

WE MEAN EVERYTHING

Every nook, cranny, and shelf deserves a smell of its own.



Your Desk

Soohyang's wax tablets have a very short throw, which makes them perfectly suited for expense-report ambience.



Your Clothes

A very chic drifter told an *Allure* editor that she slips a Diptyque rose-scented drawer sheet into her winter-clothes storage.



Your Kisses

Kilian's fragranced lipsticks are infused with the indelible (but not overpowering) mixture of vanilla and neroli.



Your Car

A blend of sandalwood, cinnamon, and clove from Japanese atelier fragrance brand RetaW can soothe your morning gridlock.