

the beauty closet

When she's not fantasizing about a night at the mall, beauty editor **Jean Godfrey-June** obsesses over how things smell.

Strawberry, for me, has been stuck forever in the fake-syrupy-sick scent of the lip gloss that eventually disappeared into the grime of my seventh-grade backpack. The fragrance resurfaced (shudder) from time to time, as I strolled past certain mall shops in the '90s. While I love actual strawberries, what generally passes for strawberry scent smells more toxic than

the popcorn "topping" aroma that pervades other corners of the aforementioned malls.*

I initially resisted smelling this scent, for fear of sugary overload. But the truth is, it smells like a sliced strawberry—fresh and bright, *not* with sugar on top. You literally can't stop spritzing it on yourself—because it's so pretty and the exact opposite of overpowering.

***I have an elaborate mall fantasy**—perhaps not so surprising for an editor at a shopping magazine, but you be the judge: You shop wildly, maybe see a movie,



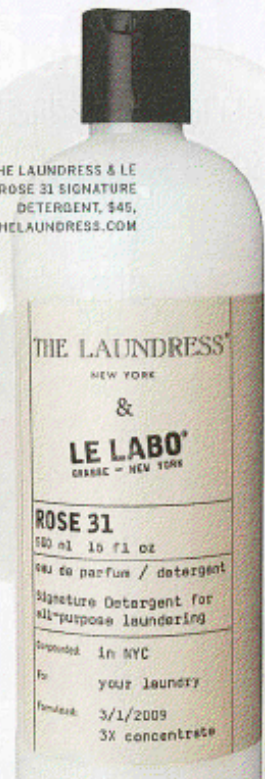
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shop some more. Then you sit "outside" (meaning in the main slipstream of the mall, as the throngs surge past you) at, say, a Chili's, where you enjoy an alarmingly trans-fat-intensive dinner, overflowing with margaritas. Dazed, you stumble to a balcony set into the mall ceiling, where, ski-condo-like, blandly decorated bedrooms overlook the disaffected teens and bustling consumption below. Like *Night at the Museum*, but at the mall. The next morning, after a fat Cinnabon and a Starbucks, you're on your way.

The name of this scrub makes it seem even more on the too-sweet tip than the above item, but: Not only is it ultra-moisturizing, gently exfoliating, and subtly, perfectly scented (again, actual strawberry, not doll-perfume strawberry), it's totally green. No parabens, phthalates, mineral oil, anything. Which is remarkable because most eco-ish scrubs smell like—herbs. Or leaves. Or patchouli. Certainly nothing so frivolous as strawberry. It's especially delightful to a crunchy person with an elaborate mall fantasy, but even if you are neither of those things, it's really good.



THE LAUNDRESS & LE LABO ROSE 31 SIGNATURE DETERGENT, \$45, THELAUNDRESS.COM



The industry term for fragranced items like lotion, body wash, etc., is "ancillaries." I always wish for an ever-expanding world of ancillaries, because all I want is for ordinary things to be imbued with strange glamour. You know, YSL pot holders, Lanvin snow tires. At last, clearly the all-time winner in the Luxe Ancillary category: laundry detergent from Le Labo. It comes in their super-bestselling Rose 31 scent. It's incredibly effective and eco, a collaboration with the brilliant The Laundress. Though only the faintest bit remains on clothes (or sheets) after you wash them, that faint bit is enough to drive you crazy with love for the person wearing them.

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