



Megan Hepburn

Cracher Dans La Soupe

Images by Megan Hepburn of
Cracher Dans La Soupe Parfum

Perfume responses by S F Ho,
Erica Holt, and Kaylin Pearce



Cream Crush

Before I moved back, I used to dream of what I was missing. I would visit for the summer months, and in those months I would not bathe for days, trying to wear the salt of the ocean, dirt, sweat, sunscreen, sand, body odour, and layers that build up from swimming, with intent, as though maybe I could bring all of these things into me and carry them with me through winter. You can't exactly smell warmth, but I could feel the late-day heat coming off this scent, the way it comes off my body or the body of another at the end of the day.

There is a tree that blooms in January. It arrives in the desert of winter and is unexpected and abrupt in the absence of any other floral waves. I stand beneath the tree and feel the way it feels when you put your hair in the water and it dances and you become seaweed. The flowers are a bit ugly.

– Kaylin Pearce

The Emperor

It is not known with any precision how scent actually operates, only that, as our memory fades, so does our ability to smell. If to look at something is to either identify or dismiss, to smell something is, reflexively, always to locate. It is an activity of both inherent and incessant searching.

The Emperor conjures a fresh green, an earthy yellow, and a powdery pink – chartreuse, dandelion, hollyhock. Recognizing that *Emperor* is a variety of tulip, am I in fact recollecting the way thick tulip foliage steadily emerges from the ground in the spring, or the way the same leaves decompose in the murky water of a vase? Suggestion can be incredibly persuasive. The work of recollecting itself tends to provoke a certain discomfort. Like the top note of a fragrance, a perception, frustratingly, might just vanish before we manage to identify or luxuriate in it.

Hepburn's method of composing and presenting fragrances similarly resembles her approach to painting. Saturated colours emerge from an abyss, floating to the surface as traces, the very materials of memory. In the same way that clouds illuminated by city lights can be seen drifting in and out of a night sky, might scent, too, be like light? Does it ebb and flow, or is it cyclical? Can it ever be constant? Scents are known to be fleeting – fading away to reveal whatever lies beneath. We are poised to detect scent like we might detect a dead star: like a distant, fading memory we are desperate to articulate.

– *Erica Holt*





Sunnannu

huffing permanent marker thick mysore muff temple memory
touch ground hands reach to heaven today call not to spirits
above today all around + below (veil lifts, a pantheistic riot unholy
chocolate guaiac viscera smeared over raisins, plums, currants,
orange peel wrinkle under sun)

followed by flowers as flesh husky white rind spicy twigs prick
from verdant rhododendron hedge trimmed via weed whacker
soil dead + alive spiced earth ripe butthole to the edge of rot it is
midsummer you are lost in the woods the sweaty sun never sets
you can sleep where you like trees radiate pheromones they are
trying to sex you in a forest web so profoundly conscious their
bark is red red grass weeds drying in hot pollen meadow sprawl in
baking bacterial humus burn bugs under magnifying glass zipper
sounds surround hummer bite reddish bumps type o attraction

a childhood of scraped knees and dog poop caked to running
shoes my pee smells like apple juice sawdust collects in corners an
abandoned construction site nibble lengths of two-by-four sniff the
blade of a circular saw guileless mysteries cut deep trauma ripped

dear diary, a smell hidden under my bed watch scabs heal and
paint dry juicy fat dry

just a little sweet

—SFHo



Cracher Dans La Soupe Parfum *Sunnannu* 2018 Courtesy of the artist