THE BEAUTY CLOSET

The beauty-editor corps has enlarged exponentially with the blogosphere. If you call us all together at once, the mob-scene aspect is a little staggering. There we all were, at the far-West Side studio it seemed to take up almost an entire city block of the artist Hunt Slseen. Whitewashed old room after whitewashed old room was crammed with paintings (10 deep in places), Oriental rugs, wild furniture from seemingly every period.

Mr. Slseen also loves birds and has many—it seemed like upwards of 20 or 30 of them, in every size, including several toucans the size (and temperament) of robust toddlers. The birds—inside and outside of their cages—were all at one end of a large central gallery; and they were agitated, screaming at the top of their lungs. The biggest among them loomed and hopped and bobbed in a way that was either dismayingly cute or terrifyingly menacing.

L’Oréal was introducing a new mascara; executives stepped up to speak at the microphone about its many attributes, but the birds drowned out anything anyone tried to say. People shouted, sobbed and cleared their throats to no avail—but the birds triumphed, utterly and completely.

There was nothing to do but take home the mascara and try it. And, best freakin’ mascara ever. It’s super-black and curves your lashes upward perfectly, the butterfly-wing lash shape gets into the corners like nothing else and somehow, it leaves not a clump. Triumph!

This cream is blue—fully, actually blue, as in, you will really have to rub it in so as not to be left with blue skin. It’s made from the indigo plant, which, it turns out, is hugely anti-inflammatory—for centuries, Japanese samurai wore indigo-dyed cotton clothes beneath their armor so as to heal wounds more quickly (in Japan, the color indigo is called samurai blue). The people at Tatcha have made a number of creams (face, hand, body) with indigo, but this one is the most concentrated; not only is it antiaging, it treats skin irritations, small and large, often overnight. Everyone needs a jar in the medicine cabinet. It works, it’s totally natural and it could not be more glamorous.

“Note to world: Please, someone, start a line of lingerie/T-shirts/long underwear/sheets called samurai Blue that’s all-indigo, all-the-time.”

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