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Filing date: **11/20/2022**

IN THE UNITED STATES PATENT AND TRADEMARK OFFICE  
BEFORE THE TRADEMARK TRIAL AND APPEAL BOARD

Proceeding no.	91267229
Party	Plaintiff Advance Magazine Publishers Inc.
Correspondence address	JORDAN A LAVINE FLASTER GREENBERG PC 1835 MARKET STREET SUITE 1050 PHILADELPHIA, PA 19103 UNITED STATES Primary email: jordan.lavine@flastergreenberg.com Secondary email(s): krishna.jani@flastergreenberg.com, linda.ladzenski@flastergreenberg.com 215-279-9389
Submission	Plaintiff's Notice of Reliance
Filer's name	Jordan LaVine
Filer's email	jordan.lavine@flastergreenberg.com
Signature	/Jordan LaVine/
Date	11/20/2022
Attachments	Opposer Seventh Notice of Reliance - 1 of 2 - 11.20.22.pdf(5578301 bytes ) Opposer Seventh Notice of Reliance - 2 of 2 - 11.20.22.pdf(5959921 bytes )

**IN THE UNITED STATES PATENT AND TRADEMARK OFFICE  
BEFORE THE TRADEMARK TRIAL AND APPEAL BOARD**

Advance Magazine Publishers, Inc.,	:	
Opposer,	:	
	:	
v.	:	Opposition No. 91267229
	:	Application Serial No. 90094604
	:	Mark: THE SELF PUBLICATION
Nitashia Johnson,	:	
Applicant.	:	

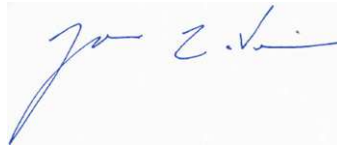
**OPPOSER’S SEVENTH NOTICE OF RELIANCE**

Pursuant to 37 C.F.R. §2.122(e), Opposer Advance Magazine Publishers, Inc. hereby gives notice of its reliance upon the attached printouts of articles from the LexisNexis database. The 11 articles are representative articles published in *The Los Angeles Times* from June 15, 2003 to December 11, 2018 in which Opposer’s **SELF** trademarks appear.

These articles are relevant to this opposition because they demonstrate that in the period of time before the filing of Applicant’s application, Opposer’s **SELF** trademark has appeared in a large number of articles referring to Opposer and its products in a wide range of news and media outlets, including some of the most widely read U.S. newspapers and periodicals; *i.e.*, newspapers and periodicals that are read by the general public of the United States. These articles indicate that in the period of time before the filing of Applicant’s application, public exposure to Opposer’s **SELF** trademarks is widespread, that Opposer is a recognized leader in the fields of self-care and health, particularly in the areas of fitness, food, love, lectures and events featuring fitness, wellness, politics and culture, organizing and hosting of events for cultural purposes, arranging and conducting educational conferences, organizing exhibitions for educational purposes in the field of finances, investments, fitness, health, wellness, mind and body, and that Opposer’s mark would have been familiar and well known to readers of those publications.

Pursuant to 37 C.F.R. §2.122 (g), Opposer submits that these materials are relevant to the following issues in this case: (1) Opposer’s strength and ownership of its trademarks; (2) the similarity in appearance between Opposer’s marks and Applicant’s “THE SELF PUBLICATION” mark; (3) the similarity of the goods and services offered under Opposer’s marks and Applicant’s “THE SELF PUBLICATION” mark; (4) the fame of Opposer’s “SELF” mark; (5) the similarity of trade channels between the goods offered under Applicant’s mark and the goods/services offered under Opposer’s marks; (6) the similarity of customers for both parties with respect to the goods and services offered under their respective marks; (7) the likelihood that Applicant’s mark will cause confusion with Opposer’s marks; and (8) the likelihood that Applicant’s mark will dilute Opposer’s famous marks.

Respectfully submitted,



Dated: November 20, 2022

Jordan A. LaVine  
Eric R. Clendening  
Krishna A. Jani  
FLASTER/GREENBERG P.C.  
One Tower Bridge  
100 Front Street, Suite 100  
Conshohocken, PA 19428  
Tel: (215) 279-9389  
*ATTORNEYS FOR OPPOSER*

**IN THE UNITED STATES PATENT AND TRADEMARK OFFICE  
BEFORE THE TRADEMARK TRIAL AND APPEAL BOARD**

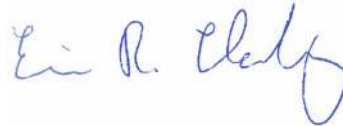
Advance Magazine Publishers, Inc.,	:	
Opposer,	:	
	:	
v.	:	Opposition No. 91267229
	:	Application Serial No. 90094604
	:	Mark: THE SELF PUBLICATION
Nitashia Johnson,	:	
Applicant.	:	

**Certificate of Service**

I hereby certify that the Seventh Notice of Reliance of Opposer Advance Magazine Publishers, Inc. is being served by email on Applicant's counsel on November 20, 2022, at the following e-mail addresses:

Laura L. Chapman, Esq.  
Sheppard Mullin Richter & Hampton LLP  
4 Embarcadero Center 17<sup>th</sup> Floor  
San Francisco, CA 94111  
UNITED STATES  
lchapman@sheppardmullin.com, rludson@sheppardmullin.com,  
ipdocketingtm@sheppardmullin.com, shikim@sheppardmullin.com,  
laipdocketing@sheppardmullin.com, CWestmoreland@sheppardmullin.com

Sincerely,



Eric Clendening

**User Name:** krishna.Jani@flastergreenberg.com

**Date and Time:** Thursday, November 17, 2022 11:31:00 PM EST

**Job Number:** 184355637

## Documents (11)

1. [{ OUT AND ABOUT } SHOPPING PINK FOR THE CURE](#)

**Client/Matter:** A1092.A1092.0051

**Search Terms:** (SELF and Magazine) and "SELF Magazine"

**Search Type:** Terms and Connectors

**Narrowed by:**

**Content Type**  
News

**Narrowed by**  
Sources: Los Angeles Times; Timeline: Nov 01, 2002 to Nov 17, 2022; Content Type: News

2. [MY TURN Know thy enemy: sugar](#)

**Client/Matter:** A1092.A1092.0051

**Search Terms:** (SELF and Magazine) and "SELF Magazine"

**Search Type:** Terms and Connectors

**Narrowed by:**

**Content Type**  
News

**Narrowed by**  
Sources: Los Angeles Times; Timeline: Nov 01, 2002 to Nov 17, 2022; Content Type: News

3. [SUNDANCE FILM FESTIVAL Picking up loads of loot on a swag safari](#)

**Client/Matter:** A1092.A1092.0051

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4. [STEVE HARVEY / ONLY IN L.A. It's a tough job, but someone has to drive the freeway pace car](#)

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**Narrowed by**  
Sources: Los Angeles Times; Timeline: Nov 01, 2002 to Nov 17, 2022; Content Type: News

5. [Grab that pastry Low-carb stores are struggling. Atkins dieters are mocked in ads. Has the protein craze run its course?](#)

**Client/Matter:** A1092.A1092.0051

**Search Terms:** (SELF and Magazine) and "SELF Magazine"

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News

**Narrowed by**  
Sources: Los Angeles Times; Timeline: Nov 01, 2002 to Nov 17, 2022; Content Type: News

6. [BUZZ CLUBS](#)

**Client/Matter:** A1092.A1092.0051

**Search Terms:** (SELF and Magazine) and "SELF Magazine"

**Search Type:** Terms and Connectors

**Narrowed by:**

**Content Type**  
News

**Narrowed by**  
Sources: Los Angeles Times; Timeline: Nov 01, 2002 to Nov 17, 2022; Content Type: News

7. [Distractions at the gym can be a mixed bag The beat that keeps you going is masking your mind-body connection, experts say, and that's not always a good thing.](#)

**Client/Matter:** A1092.A1092.0051

**Search Terms:** (SELF and Magazine) and "SELF Magazine"

**Search Type:** Terms and Connectors

**Narrowed by:**

**Content Type**  
News

**Narrowed by**  
Sources: Los Angeles Times; Timeline: Nov 01, 2002 to Nov 17, 2022; Content Type: News

8. [FASHION Lingerie tones up](#)

**Client/Matter:** A1092.A1092.0051

**Search Terms:** (SELF and Magazine) and "SELF Magazine"

**Search Type:** Terms and Connectors

**Narrowed by:**

**Content Type**  
News

**Narrowed by**  
Sources: Los Angeles Times; Timeline: Nov 01, 2002 to Nov 17, 2022; Content Type: News

9. [QUICK TAKES Actress reveals second surgery](#)

**Client/Matter:** A1092.A1092.0051

**Search Terms:** (SELF and Magazine) and "SELF Magazine"

**Search Type:** Terms and Connectors

**Narrowed by:**

**Content Type**  
News

**Narrowed by**  
Sources: Los Angeles Times; Timeline: Nov 01, 2002 to Nov 17, 2022; Content Type: News

10. [Style & Culture STYLE Gadget gone global With surfer girls and guys recruited as models, Cindy Kauanui sold the world on the sun-kissed beach look.](#)

**Client/Matter:** A1092.A1092.0051

**Search Terms:** (SELF and Magazine) and "SELF Magazine"

**Search Type:** Terms and Connectors

**Narrowed by:**

**Content Type**

News

**Narrowed by**

Sources: Los Angeles Times; Timeline: Nov 01, 2002 to Nov 17, 2022; Content Type: News

11. [Cover Story The Sweet Smell of Excess Aromatherapy Candles. Aromatherapy Spas. Aromatherapy Dish Soap. L.A.'s in the Middle of a Scent Revolution, But Is the "Ancient Art" at Its Core Simply the Art of Marketing?](#)

**Client/Matter:** A1092.A1092.0051

**Search Terms:** (SELF and Magazine) and "SELF Magazine"

**Search Type:** Terms and Connectors

**Narrowed by:**

**Content Type**

News

**Narrowed by**

Sources: Los Angeles Times; Timeline: Nov 01, 2002 to Nov 17, 2022; Content Type: News

## { OUT AND ABOUT }; SHOPPING; PINK FOR THE CURE

Los Angeles Times

October 4, 2009 Sunday

Home Edition

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**Section:** IMAGE; Features Desk; Part P; Part P; Pg. 4

**Length:** 435 words

**Byline:** Whitney Friedlander

### **Body**

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Happy National Breast Cancer Awareness Month!

Wait, what? The Breast Cancer Research Foundation says that 192,370 new cases of invasive breast cancer are expected in women in the United States by New Year's, and yet we should be in good spirits during October, when organizations struggle to raise awareness and funds to battle the disease?

Well, yes. Otherwise, the cancer wins. "[Women] should be celebrated as people work together to end this thing," says "Dollhouse's" Eliza Dushku, who hosted the eighth annual Fashion for the Cure runway event, sponsored by the Los Angeles County Affiliate of Susan G. Komen for the Cure in late September.

The event served as a lead-in of sorts to the 25th annual National Breast Cancer Awareness Month, which began Oct. 1. For the rest of the month, organizations dedicated to helping prevent and cure the disease will be going all out to raise awareness and funds. You're not imagining it if you feel surrounded by pink.

The annual observance was started in part by the American Academy of Family Physicians, pharmaceutical company AstraZeneca's HealthCare Foundation and nonprofit CancerCare Inc. Nonprofit Susan G. Komen for the Cure linked breast cancer awareness to the color pink in 1982, when the first Komen Race for the Cure logo design was an abstract female runner outlined with a pink ribbon. The idea really took off in 1992 when, while working on *Self magazine's* second Breast Cancer Awareness Month issue, editor in chief Alexandra Penney created a ribbon and worked with cosmetics companies such as Estee Lauder to distribute them in New York City stores.

Over the years, all kinds of companies and products have jumped on the bandwagon, and this year you can buy anything from the mundane (a Swiffer) to the sublime (a Van Cleef & Arpels pendant) in pink, with part of the proceeds going to fight the disease.

But does buying pink really make a difference? To get an idea of the month's impact, consider that the nonprofit support organization Living Beyond Breast Cancer earned a third of its annual budget through last October's events and product promotions.

So this is a month when you can do good just by looking good. Buy any of the numerous beauty products, clothing and accessories whose proceeds are earmarked for a breast cancer organization and you're putting your shopping dollars to work.

Go ahead and argue that it's a gimmick or marketing strategy, but Dushku points out that every little bit of support helps.

For a list of some of the "pink" products you might add to your shopping list, go to [latimes.com/pink](http://latimes.com/pink).



{ OUT AND ABOUT }; SHOPPING; PINK FOR THE CURE

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[whitney.friedlander@latimes.com](mailto:whitney.friedlander@latimes.com)

## Graphic

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PHOTO: POLO RALPH LAUREN: Its Pink Pony line raises money for care. PHOTOGRAPHER:Ralph Lauren  
PHOTO: GHD: Each \$255 Pink Limited Edition box sale provides \$15 to charity. PHOTOGRAPHER:ghd

**Load-Date:** October 4, 2009

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End of Document

## **MY TURN; Know thy enemy: sugar**

Los Angeles Times

October 5, 2009 Monday

Home Edition

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**Section:** HEALTH; Features Desk; Part E; Pg. 6

**Length:** 449 words

**Byline:** Kathy Price-Robinson

### **Body**

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One afternoon in 1978, when I was 24, I lay down in my apartment and decided to "face reality." It's a term I had just read in a **Self magazine**, and I decided to give it a shot.

Here was my reality: I weighed 275 pounds, ate everything in sight, watched TV all day and all night, smoked cigarettes and other things, drank alcohol to excess and had a loop of negative thoughts, feelings and memories working through my brain and body.

After the reality check, I decided I had two choices: end it all right there, or get up off the bed and figure out what was wrong with me.

Slowly, over the years -- through therapy, support groups, making amends, helping others and seeking spirituality -- I untangled the morass of negativity that had nearly destroyed me, and I have gone on to live a happy, sober and relatively thin life.

I am a rare species: a compulsive overeater who is not on medications, has not had gastric bypass or other surgery, and has not gained the weight back.

My secret? There is no secret. It's hard work, a lifelong commitment to health.

But here's something I figured out that I wish Oprah-of-the-ever-changing-weight would figure out: I cannot eat sugar and I cannot eat most carbohydrates.

Just as consuming even a tiny amount of alcohol sets an alcoholic up for a bender, consuming sugar and starches sets people like me up for a binge. An alcoholic will never be able to consume alcohol. It's a physical sickness coupled with a mental obsession. Likewise, I will never be able to eat sugar. This is what many dieters I know can't accept, and I watch with sorrow as they fall off the wagon again and again.

I liken me eating sugar to me getting in the boxing ring with Mike Tyson. I haven't got a chance. There is good news, though. It starts with the understanding that for a sugar addict, when you eat sugar, you crave more. But when you abstain completely from sugar, the craving goes away within a few weeks, and it stays away -- unless you pick up again, and then the bone-crushing obsession is back in charge.

Here's what I wish I could tell Oprah: Just because you reach a goal weight and look and feel gorgeous, that doesn't mean you can start eating like a normal person. You are probably not a normal person. Your body probably does not react like a normal person's to sugar and starches (and maybe not salt and fat either).

MY TURN; Know thy enemy: sugar

If people with 50 or 100 or more pounds to lose would understand the seriousness of their condition, I think it would be liberating, not depressing.

You can keep getting in the ring with Mike Tyson and you can keep getting knocked down. Or you can stop getting in the ring.

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Kathy Price-Robinson is a freelance writer in New Orleans.

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[kathyprice@aol.com](mailto:kathyprice@aol.com)

**Load-Date:** October 5, 2009

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End of Document

## **SUNDANCE FILM FESTIVAL; Picking up loads of loot on a swag safari**

Los Angeles Times

January 27, 2006 Friday

Home Edition

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**Section:** CALENDAR; Calendar Desk; Part E; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1138 words

**Byline:** Chris Lee, Special to The Times

**Dateline:** PARK CITY, Utah

### **Body**

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Unless you've been to Sundance, you're probably blissfully unaware that the real action at this indie festival has almost nothing to do with the movies.

The passive act of watching a film in a darkened auditorium can't be called "action" (in any noncinematic sense of the word). And while closed-door bargaining sessions certainly result in big-ticket acquisitions -- such as Fox Searchlight's purchase of "Little Miss Sunshine" for a record \$10.5 million -- they usually take place in condominiums, tucked away from public view.

There is no shortage of boisterous open-bar parties. But for the kind of kinetic hustle and flow that has come to characterize Sundance, swag suites are where the action -- and most of the celebrities -- can be found.

Sealed With A Gift. Stuff We Acquired Gratis. Stuff We All Get. The pursuit of swag -- as promotional gifts with some vague, synergistic branding tie-in to a media event have come to be known -- is a full-contact sport in Sundance. "I'm going on a swag hunt" is the refrain you hear again and again. Or as a headline in Park City's Park Record put it this week, "Main Street looks like a 'trade show.'"

Swag lounges throughout town fete the famous, offering them spa treatments, designer booze and valuable goodies. Done correctly, almost any next-big-thing filmmaker, D-list celeb or one of their savvy hangers-on could easily pull in tens of thousands of dollars of luxury merchandise over the festival's 10-day span.

To get to the truth of the underground Sundance economy, an intrepid Times reporter -- a nobody among somebodies -- boldly attempted to discover how much swag one could collect in six hours spread out over two days. The yield: more than two dozen products and services with a monetary value of \$11,326.89. At the conclusion of the experiment, everything was given to charity (or in some cases, eaten or drunk).

The hunt begins

First stop: the Philips Simplicity Lounge. Earlier this week, Chazz Palminteri, who appears in "A Guide to Recognizing Your Saints," in competition here, browsed among various baby monitors, flat-screen TVs and home defibrillator kits -- yes, the paddle contraption used to jump-start a faltering heart is "branding" at Sundance.

The swag bag included a Norelco Bodygroom -- that is, a "manscaping" razor that effectively denuded a kiwi fruit during a demonstration -- worth about \$28, a Shoqbox portable MP3/WMA player/FM radio (\$129.99) and an Aurelle LED candle (\$19.95).

## SUNDANCE FILM FESTIVAL; Picking up loads of loot on a swag safari

Up the street, the *Self Magazine* Ultimate Luxury Lounge & Spa offered a baroque array of conspicuous consumables.

Podfitness.com, a new company selling downloadable exercise regimens from celebrity workout gurus, handed out a three-month subscription (value: \$59.85). Pink, a subsidiary line of Victoria's Secret, threw in a pair of Bling PJ Lounger sweatpants with the brand's logo emblazoned across the derriere (\$68). And Kroll Vodka served chilled cocktails (value: \$16 each). Several publicists noted that Terrence Howard, a festival jury member, had been photographed as he downed one such drink at 10:30 a.m. (The actor also received a wireless PDA device from a company named after a fruit. It will go unnamed here after a publicist declined to aid a reporter's investigation.)

Further down the hall, up-and-coming active-wear company Five Four proffered a zippered sweatshirt (\$86), So La Vie Skin/Hair System parceled out two bottles of hair/body wash (\$30 each) -- a fave swag item for Jennifer Aniston, the publicist said -- and nearby, Blue Marlin offered a Negro Leagues replica baseball cap (\$35) and a T-shirt with the logo "Vito Corleone Loan Services" (\$35). Aaron Eckhart, who appears in the festival entry "Thank You for Smoking," had collected one earlier.

According to Nekeda Newell Hall, director of entertainment marketing for Diesel Footwear, the upside of hosting a swag suite is that such gift-giving circumvents the need to advertise.

"Our culture is driven by celebrity. Who's wearing what?" she explained from her station at the Fred Segal lounge. "When we come to celebrities on their turf, that's effective brand exposure. What we can accomplish in three or four days here would normally take three or four months."

And with that, she handed out a pair of Pony City Wings Low sneakers (\$75).

Across the room, the Frederick's of Hollywood booth gave away lacy unmentionables in crayon colors: two Brazilian Lace Cami & Boy Short sets (in black and blue, \$34 each), and two Modal Chemises (\$28 each) and three pairs of Cameron Lace Boy Shorts (\$6 each).

A publicist who asked not to be named for fear of running afoul of her boss explained one of the unwritten secrets of the swag suite. If the swag hunter is told that "inventory is running low" and the product will be shipped to them later, that should be translated as: "You are not famous enough, so don't hold your breath waiting for freebies."

No such brushoff at the booth for Timberland -- a rugged outdoor brand whose presence at Sundance was one of the few that made sense amid 5-foot-high snowdrifts. A publicist there offered a pair of Kelson waterproof "Chukka" boots (\$120) and a pair of men's Yellow Boot gloves (\$40), adding that Robert Downey Jr. (who also appears in "A Guide to Recognizing Your Saints") had recently walked off with a Timberland parka.

Further up Main Street, Sundance's main tributary, the Loft, sponsored by T-Mobile, Klipsch and Hudson Fine Tailored Jeans, pulsed with electronic dance music. "American Pie's" Shannon Elizabeth perused a rack filled with designer denim while 'N Sync's Lance Bass looked on (it was not immediately clear what either of them had to do with independent film or Sundance). Hudson's director of new market developing happily parted with a pair of men's 220-D jeans (\$150) and a pair of women's 170-SD jeans (\$200).

Companies scramble to find open retail space to set up gift lounges at key locations and then must hire transportation and product display services. "There was a lot of competition to get up here," said Hudson President Peter Kim. "And expensive. Minimum cost is \$50,000 to secure the right spot."

Around 5 p.m., most swag suites shut down for the day. It was back at the Philips lounge, where press credentials were being handed out for other Sundance-related events, where a reporter scored perhaps the single most valuable piece of swag booty at the festival.

Inside a white faux-lacquered box the size of a large TV remote, a poker chip from the soon-to-open W Las Vegas Hotel, Casino and Residences with a face value of \$10,000 lay in a velvet cushion.

\$10,000?!

SUNDANCE FILM FESTIVAL; Picking up loads of loot on a swag safari

Turns out the chip was redeemable only as a discount on the purchase of a \$475,000 W condominium, the publicist explained apologetically.

The only consolation was to open a \$45 box of Godiva chocolates from the *Self magazine* luxury suite and indulge.

## Graphic

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PHOTO: WITH BAGS IN HAND: Actor David Krumholtz is seen outside the Ugg suite on Main Street in Park City, Utah. PHOTOGRAPHER: Al Seib Los Angeles Times

**Load-Date:** January 27, 2006

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End of Document

## **STEVE HARVEY / ONLY IN L.A.; It's a tough job, but someone has to drive the freeway pace car**

Los Angeles Times

December 2, 2007 Sunday

Home Edition

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**Section:** CALIFORNIA; Metro Desk; Part B; Pg. 6

**Length:** 488 words

**Byline:** STEVE HARVEY

### **Body**

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The instructors aren't the only funny folks at the California Comedy Traffic Schools. One attendee recounted how she was pulled over by a California Highway Patrol officer for going 80-plus on the freeway. She explained to the officer that she was "just going with the flow of traffic." The officer pointed out that no one was near her. "Well," she responded, "someone has to set the flow."

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#### Mystery o' the Day

My ex-colleague Rich Roberts spotted a punctuation mark in China that was trying to make some sort of dramatic point (see photo). It doesn't seem to go with the flow.

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#### It's the price tags, stupid!

In a suburb of Sacramento, Steve Durgin of Woodland Hills saw a store that seemed to be saying its prices were ridiculous. I'll leave you to judge whether they were high or low. The idea of a merchant questioning his or her own intelligence brought to mind a furniture store that George Bethell found in Garden Grove several years ago (see photos). And old-timers will recall that Figueroa Street car dealer Earl "Madman" Muntz used to say of his coupes: "I'd give them away, but my wife won't let me. She says I'm crazy."

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#### Word imperfect

In Canoga Park, Richard Shontz snapped an aerospace sign that should be grounded because of defective spelling (see photo).

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#### We're No. 100!

When it comes to a place where women can be happy, ***Self magazine*** ranks L.A.-Long Beach last among 100 areas in the nation. Long Beach Press-Telegram columnist Tim Grobaty noticed that Bakersfield, Stockton-Lodi, Riverside, San Bernardino and Gary, Ind., among others, were all rated more frolicsome. Criteria included the

STEVE HARVEY / ONLY IN L.A.; It's a tough job, but someone has to drive the freeway pace car

number of depression patients, suicide rates and opinions of healthcare professionals. (My opinion: Never trust a survey that doesn't use the input of bartenders and taxi drivers.)

Anyway, Grobaty was so upset that he penned "The Long Beach Blues."

All together now:

I'm stuck with the Long Beach blues

For a year or maybe two

If things don't look up by then

Might have to move to San Berdoo.

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Now for a guy with a case of the Santa Monica blues . . .

A worker at an auto parts store had locked up for the night and was waiting inside for his ride when a man demanded that he open up and sell him a product called Fix-a-Flat. The worker refused, whereupon "the man launched a violent assault on the door," the Santa Monica Mirror reported. The angry fellow forced the door open, at which point the worker called police and the invader fled. Officers arrested him a block away. He hadn't gone very far, what with that flat tire and all.

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Miscellany

One of the many effects of global warming that we should be aware of, points out Will Rogers of Burbank, is how some sayings are becoming outdated. For instance: "It'll be a cold day in hell when. . . ."

--

Steve Harvey can be reached at (800) LATIMES, Ext. 77083, by fax at (213) 237-4712, by mail at Metro, L.A. Times, 202 W. 1st St., L.A. 90012, and by e-mail at [steve.harvey@latimes.com](mailto:steve.harvey@latimes.com)

## Graphic

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PHOTO: Whatever it is, it must be exciting, in a nonverbal sort of way. PHOTOGRAPHER:Rich Roberts PHOTO: Stupidly high or stupidly low? Only investigative shoppers will know for sure. PHOTOGRAPHER:Steve Durgin PHOTO: At least it's catchier than Two Dummies With Low **Self**-Esteem Selling Furniture. PHOTOGRAPHER:George Bethell PHOTO: Rocketdyne finds a new way to ask the immortal question: Y. PHOTOGRAPHER:Richard Shontz

**Load-Date:** December 2, 2007



## **Grab that pastry; Low-carb stores are struggling. Atkins dieters are mocked in ads. Has the protein craze run its course?**

Los Angeles Times

August 25, 2004 Wednesday

Home Edition

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**Section:** FOOD; Features Desk; Part F; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1221 words

**Byline:** Regina Schrambling, Special to The Times

### **Body**

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Up until about a month ago, Whist in Santa Monica offered what any reader of bestseller lists would assume to be the ultimate temptation in carbohydrate-crazed times: a high-protein tasting menu. For \$65, South Beach followers and Atkins adherents could start with a Caprese salad, move on to Alaskan halibut followed by a grilled steak, then finish off with the cheese du jour. Dread potatoes and rice and sugar were never mentioned.

Today that menu is not to be had at Whist, in the Hotel Viceroy, according to General Manager Vincent Piro. Despite the Trebbiano balsamico, the three sea salts and all the farmers market flourishes, the heirloom tomatoes and pea tendrils and cremini mushrooms, patrons out for a self-indulgent meal just didn't bite.

And therein hangs a tale to gladden the heart of anyone who believes the most grating word in the English language is one with four letters: carb. The only thing more annoying is it making it plural and modifying it with "low" or "counting." Carb is trend-speak for sugar and starch, and it has been outshouting good sense in restaurants, fast-food chains, supermarket aisles and certainly on bestseller lists for longer than anyone who survived the fat-free frenzy that coincided with the expansion of American waistlines would have expected.

These days carb is sounding more like a whisper. South Beach and Atkins diet manuals may still sell like soy-powder hotcakes, but the vital signs are increasingly pointing toward a backlash against all protein, all the time.

Bucking the tide of low-carb beers and vodkas, Anheuser-Busch is running snide commercials mocking "Mr. Carb Fanatic," a character many of us know far too well. Lagunitas Brewing Company in Petaluma recently issued a special release of XS: "extra-special, high-carb, anti-Atkins, fat-free beer." Valentino's, a pizzeria in Long Beach, is hung with a banner reading "Carbo Load Special ... Spaghetti or Ravioli Plus Garlic Bread \$5.99" to attract pizza lovers who know it's nothing without the crust. In New York City, subway cars have been festooned with Grand Marnier ads asking: "Isn't there more to talk about than how many carbs you had today?" Citibank has banners up on streetlights in Manhattan touting the city's plethora of pizza joints and asking: "Low carbs? Fuhgeddaboutit."

Personally, I know more than my share of serial dieters, and I can't remember the last time anyone at my table, at home or in a restaurant, even mentioned the four-letter word. Bread, pasta and potatoes vanish from plates as quickly as salmon and beef. As one friend who has been on and off the Zone and every permutation of the protein diet since says: "My feeling about low-carb is that it's good for people who want to get fast results, but eventually everyone falls off the wagon. It's like everything else about America: It can't be sustained."

On Monday, investment advisor Gabriel Wisdom held forth on Marketplace on public radio on the surest sign a trend may have peaked: Stocks in companies hustling low-carbohydrate products are "showing a weakening pattern" while those selling breads and other Atkins-indicted foods have "started to show strength." Panera Bread, a

Grab that pastry; Low-carb stores are struggling. Atkins dieters are mocked in ads. Has the protein craze run its course?

prime example he cited, had a 31% increase in revenue in the second quarter of this year with a product line that could not be more carbohydrate-heavy. Coca-Cola's new C2 and Pepsi's Edge, by contrast, are low-carbohydrate drinks that are either "slow builders or closer to dead on arrival," he said.

"There are signs of cracks that could possibly lead to collapse," Wisdom said in an a telephone interview, during which he just happened to mention that at age 54, he is still at his high school weight despite (or thanks to) never indulging in low-carb mania.

Wisdom is in the investment prognostication business, but other analysts, as well as food company officials, have been noticing signs of carbohydrate burnout for some time. NPD Group in Port Washington, N.Y., tracked carbohydrate consumption last spring and found that "virtually none of the 11,000 people we studied were cutting carbs to the degree that low-carb diets recommend." Of those who professed to be on the diets, only one in four was actually reducing carbohydrates significantly, it said in a release in April.

(The USDA is apparently still struggling over a revision of the food pyramid put into effect during the low-fat crusade in the 1990s, when carb had one more letter: O, before -loading. For now, though, one recommendation holds on government websites: six to 11 servings of bread, cereal, rice and pasta daily.)

The fad has peaked

Kellogg's chief executive, Carlos Gutierrez, was widely quoted as admitting just a month ago that he thought the low-carb fad had peaked, even as the company's website was promoting Keebler "carb sensible" cookies. Brad Saltzman, who started what he hoped would be a national chain of low-carbohydrate Pure Foods stores, had to put on the brakes after opening exactly two, in Beverly Hills and Santa Monica, and both are struggling even after switching to less restrictive stock on their shelves, according to Forbes.com.

But hope springs eternal, as Rodale Press' sales of 7.5 million copies of "The South Beach Diet" indicate. Weight Watchers announced this week that it has tweaked its diet program to try to lure back members seduced away by the low-carbohydrate regimen. (Which is a bit like a wife shaving her head to try to win over the husband who left her for a man.) Instead of just advising members to count "points" for foods, the organization is now offering an option lumping foods into an unlimited-consumption category more akin to South Beach rules: yes to flank steak and unsweetened applesauce; no to white rice and fruit yogurt.

One benefit that could emerge from the carbohydrate whiplash is the idea that the diet of the future may be no diet at all. *Self magazine*, in the August issue, has a feature headlined "Done With Dieting," illustrated with the ultimate South Beach blasphemy: a woman eating a doughnut. A doughnut thickly frosted and covered with sprinkles, to boot.

The thrust of the diary-like piece is that eating what you want rather than lusting after what you "shouldn't" have might be the secret to permanently thin thighs in 30 days.

Even far-from-edgy Good Housekeeping has a neon cover line on the August issue that reads: "Always Hungry? The 'Eat More, Lose Big' diet." The text with it would have Dr. Atkins rolling in his grave and nutritionists cheering: rather than eat 23 M&M's, opt for 2 1/4 cups of fresh strawberries. Bulk makes light. (The "perfect burger" billboarded on the same cover, incidentally, came with not just a bun but a thick slice of sweet onion.)

And a book coming out this winter from Knopf by Mireille Guiliano, titled "French Women Don't Get Fat," could be the one to put protein and starch and sugar back in their proper place. It starts out as a bit of a standard-issue diet manual, complete with quick-loss formula (eat only boiled leeks, which are a diuretic, with their cooking water, for the first 48 hours), but evolves into an ode to what anyone who loves food and likes to see her feet too already knows. Diets by definition have to end. Eating for pleasure is a lifetime investment, bread and all. Learn to do it thoughtfully and you'll never need a special menu.

Grab that pastry; Low-carb stores are struggling. Atkins dieters are mocked in ads. Has the protein craze run its course?

## Graphic

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PHOTO: DECLARATION: The August issue of ***Self magazine*** asserts freedom from carbohydrate counting.  
PHOTO: REMEMBER PASTA? Valentino's in Long Beach apparently isn't worried about turning off Atkins dieters.  
PHOTOGRAPHER: Luis Sinco Los Angeles Times

**Load-Date:** August 25, 2004

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End of Document

## **BUZZ CLUBS - Correction Appended**

Los Angeles Times

July 20, 2006 Thursday

Home Edition

### **Correction Appended**

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**Section:** CALENDAR WEEKEND; Calendar Desk; Part E; Pg. 15

**Length:** 476 words

**Byline:** Heidi Siegmund Cuda

### **Body**

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#### Hef and Holly's in Santa Monica

You haven't lived until you've seen Hef arrive. While loitering outside Holly's West, a posh new Santa Monica nightclub, I spotted the bunny bus. The white stretch limo with Playboy's insignia on the side rolled up around 11 p.m. on Friday, and out they came, one by one. Bodacious blond uber-vixens and a token brunet, each striking poses for the ever-present paparazzi. The last to exit was Hugh Hefner himself, sporting a big grin as he gathered his bevy of babes for another photo op before waltzing inside. And by the way, Holly's West, the sister nightclub to Holly's in Hollywood, has the sexiest cocktail servers on the Westside. Decked out in tiny bustiers, frilly panties, thigh-high stockings and garter belts, the dolls looked like they were auditioning for Hef's crew. The club is owned by veteran scenester Rick Calamaro and partners, and their next two ventures include transforming the Ivy at the Shore in Santa Monica into a Tengu (their successful Westwood sushi lounge) and opening Holly's O.C. in Newport Beach.

#### Deux's a crowd in Hollywood

Heath Ledger and Michelle Williams not only hit Holly's West on Saturday night, but the duo were among the scenesters to make it to the grand opening of Les Deux Cafe the night before. The sweet new nightclub at the former French restaurant on Las Palmas is packing heat. Promoters Josh Richman and Hartwell hosted Friday's gala, which also attracted the Hilton sisters, Joaquin Phoenix and Lindsay Lohan. On Saturday night, Danny Masterson and Laura Prepon hung out in a VIP booth with pals. The club's distinguishing feature is its top-level fireplace room, which includes French-style balconies overlooking the action.... While waltzing down Hollywood Boulevard later that night, I bumped into scenester Johnny Knoxville, who bought us a round at the Burgundy Room. The ratty Cahuenga Boulevard watering hole is still the best punk bar in town.... Downtown's swanky Broadway Bar celebrates its first anniversary tonight with an intoxicating party.

#### Chalk him up

as a swinger

Popped into the Satanic Swinger's Lounge on Thursday, a weekly affair hosted by DJ Lee at Saints & Sinners in Culver City, and just missed Nicolas Cage. The actor is a fan of the naughty/nice bar (and apparently a generous tipper).... And just when you thought Social Hollywood couldn't get any swankier, look for the grand opening of Boulevard3 in August. The free-flowing nightclub is also located at the former Hollywood Athletic Club.... Stars are flocking to the Polaroid Beach House this summer. On Saturday afternoon, model-actress Molly Sims is celebrating

## BUZZ CLUBS - Correction Appended

her recent ***Self magazine*** cover at the Malibu venue. Polaroid, located at a beachfront estate, is hosting parties through August. And we hear that the Beach House swag runs as deep as a starlet's fake tan lines.

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-- Heidi Siegmund Cuda

## Correction

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Santa Monica restaurant: An item in the Buzz Clubs column in Thursday's Calendar Weekend reported that Rick Calamaro and partners planned to transform the Ivy at the Shore restaurant into a Tengu sushi eatery. In fact, Tengu's planned August opening will be at the former Ivy location. A year ago, Ivy at the Shore moved from 1541 Ocean Ave. to 1535 Ocean Ave.

**Correction-Date:** July 22, 2006

## Graphic

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PHOTO: PLAYBOY: Hugh Hefner doesn't go solo to Holly's West. PHOTOGRAPHER: Stephen Shugerman Getty Images PHOTO: HOT: Les Deux Cafe attracts Joaquin Phoenix. PHOTOGRAPHER: Kevin Winter Getty Images

**Load-Date:** July 22, 2006

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End of Document

## ***Distractions at the gym can be a mixed bag; The beat that keeps you going is masking your mind-body connection, experts say, and that's not always a good thing.***

Los Angeles Times

January 28, 2007 Sunday

Bulldog Edition

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**Section:** CALIFORNIA; Metro; National Desk; Part B; Pg. 2

**Length:** 554 words

**Byline:** Associated Press Writer

### **Body**

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Jennifer Unruh can run a mile in two songs.

"I've got it figured out," said Unruh, who moves to the beat of Van Halen and The Fray on her iPod. "Usually, every song lasts about four minutes. I run a mile in a little over eight. So if I can get through two songs, I know I'm a mile through my run."

Gyms are jammed with people like Unruh -- the guy on the treadmill watching ESPN, the aerobics class bouncing to "Hollaback Girl," the spinner reading *Self magazine*. Words, images and especially songs can provide inspiration for exercisers, as well as a distraction from tedium and discomfort.

Unruh, director of wellness support at the YMCA of Metropolitan Atlanta, uses her songs-per-mile mind games as a way to keep engaged.

But are those distractions good or bad for exercisers? Researchers say it cuts both ways. Yes, a dose of video or audio can inspire better workouts. But distractions can also hurt performance. In a way, music can add some static to the mind-body connection.

Since the dawn of the Walkman, headphones have been as important as sneakers to many exercisers. Jacqueline Wojtusik, a fashion designer who lives near Albany, N.Y., and wears headphones for her regular workouts, listens to disco, '80s dance, electronic -- anything as long as it has a fast beat.

"If it has a higher beat per minute," she said, "then I tend to stay with that beat."

Science is on her side. In a 2005 study, British researchers put 18 undergraduates on stationary bicycles to pedal either to silence or to "popular electronic dance music." Participants worked about 13% harder to the up-tempo music compared to silence. One researcher, Sam Carr, suggested in an e-mail interview that music competes with exercisers' awareness of how hard they're breathing, or how much their legs ache.

Psychologists sometimes use the phrase "dissociation effect" to describe distractions like music and TV, and they have found it can have other benefits.

Dr. James Annesi, a health psychologist who works at the same Atlanta YMCA as Unruh, found that novice exercisers given a choice of TV or music were more apt to stick with an exercise program than those told to focus

Distractions at the gym can be a mixed bag; The beat that keeps you going is masking your mind-body connection, experts say, and that's not always a good thing.

only on their exertions or people limited to one type of media. If the gyms look like media centers, that's fine by Annesi, as long as it encourages people to exercise.

"The more dissociation the better, the more we can distance the people from their discomfort," he said.

Still, athletes digging deep for peak performance would do well to ditch the headphones and focus on their bodies. Studies have shown that the more distracted the athlete, the slower the times, said Ohio University psychology professor Benjamin Ogles.

"If you want to maintain a high level of intensity, you pretty much have to focus on your body," he said.

This is related to the belief that noisy gadgets interfere with the intensely focused mental state many athletes refer to as "flow." For instance, visitors to the Kripalu Center for Yoga & Health in Stockbridge, Mass., are encouraged to leave the headphones behind. Jennifer Young, director of healthy living programs, said she wants to keep visitors' mind-body connections strong.

"Don't tune out and turn off," Young said, "because then there's that underlying signal, 'Oh, working out is something I don't want to do. I'm escaping it by doing this.' "

**Load-Date:** January 28, 2007

## **FASHION; Lingerie tones up**

Los Angeles Times

March 15, 2015 Sunday

Home Edition

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**Section:** IMAGE; Features Desk; Part P; Part P; Pg. 6

**Length:** 816 words

**Byline:** Alene Dawson

### **Body**

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Lingerie shopping can pose many challenges. Not the least of these is dealing with items that come in the shade called "nude."

Go shopping for lingerie that renders itself invisible under a sheer blouse, stockings to show off your natural hue or shoes that seamlessly elongate your legs and one thing becomes clear, fast: Everybody's "nude" is different. Even Crayola, which changed the name of its "flesh" crayon to "peach" back in 1962, figured that out -- long before the word "diversity" was in heavy rotation.

Ade Hassan, a 30-year-old British former private-equity senior associate, is on a quest to redefine nude in fashion. Her company Nubian Skin launched in October, offering lingerie and hosiery in a range of skin tones from Cafe au Lait to Berry. The resulting buzz -- on social media, in magazines, even among Hollywood elite -- has astounded her.

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What is your own experience with so-called nude lingerie and clothing?

It's been incredibly frustrating, hence me starting Nubian Skin. As a woman with a darker skin tone, you see things on the catwalk, or you just have a white T-shirt or a sheer blouse you want to wear, and it was basically impossible to find something that lets you pull off that look. A lot of times, people think fashion is quite trivial, but it's a way people express themselves. And so not being able to have something as simple as wearing hosiery that's my skin color can be incredibly frustrating.

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Was there a tipping point? It's a big decision to be part of the solution by starting your own company.

I've always wanted to be an entrepreneur and I love fashion. I remember the day pretty clearly ... I was getting increasingly frustrated about not being able to find hosiery and I thought, "Actually, hang on a minute, this is what I need to do. I know if I have this problem, countless other women have the exact same problem" ... mainstream brands were not catering to us.

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Many ethnicities can have darker skin. Do your products suit all deeper skin tones?



FASHION; Lingerie tones up

Absolutely. We've got people ordering with Latin American and Asian backgrounds. Actually, the other day I got an email from a woman and it said, "I've got blond hair and blue eyes and I'm a sun worshiper." She couldn't find hosiery dark enough for a nude look so she ordered our colors and said she'll be ordering more.

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How did you decide on the product colors?

It took us about a year to finalize those colors. I started by going to makeup counters. I found as many brands as I could that had a decent offering for women of color. I went around with a Pantone [color] swatch and basically asked them, "What are your four most popular colors?" and matched the recurring colors to Pantone's. I sent that off to the factory, got the first samples back and they were terrible. So, I was like, "Right, that's not going to work." At one point, I literally took pots of foundation to the manufacturers to replicate.

It was a process in saying, "OK, I actually need a little bit more yellow in that, more red in that," and having so many of my incredibly patient friends try things on over and over and over again.

You're never going to match everybody's skin tone exactly but you can find something that disappears under sheer clothing and is a beautiful, complementary color.

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Is the big challenge marketing, letting women know Nubian Skin is there?

Yes. It was such a blessing the amount of press attention we received prior to launch ... I put up some images on the Instagram page and people just loved it.

The different communities of color, whether it's the black community, the Asian community, the Latino community, they blogged, tweeted, reposted and it just went viral.

It was unbelievable, and I think that's what made a lot of other publications realize we were around.

So, I'm just so grateful to every single person who basically got us on the map just by spreading the word on social media.

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Even actresses Thandie Newton and Kerry Washington tweeted about your company, yes?

Oh my God. It was unreal. There'd been an article in *Self magazine* and I go on Twitter and I'm looking down the Twitter feed, and Kerry Washington had retweeted the article and said, "Awesome."

I freaked out, and our Instagram followers just exploded. Then Thandie Newton [tweeted about us], and Beverley Knight. It's been amazing.

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What is your largest market?

I love the U.S. It's currently our largest market. Right now we're only selling online [nubianskin.com]. Our biggest state is California, followed by New York. It's just amazing to me to see the support we're getting from the U.S.

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On a different note, why do thigh-highs sometimes not stay up?

FASHION; Lingerie tones up

I have been in that situation.... A lot of things affect that. Moisturizer affects the [adhesive] stickiness. Get the right size. Also, if you put them in a washing machine and dryer at high heat instead of hand-washing them, you're asking for trouble.

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[image@latimes.com](mailto:image@latimes.com)

## Graphic

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PHOTO: NUBIAN SKIN features lingerie and hosiery in a variety of skin tones, from Cafe au Lait to Berry.  
PHOTOGRAPHER:Nubian Skin

**Load-Date:** March 15, 2015

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## **QUICK TAKES; Actress reveals second surgery**

Los Angeles Times

December 11, 2018 Tuesday

Home Edition

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**Section:** CALENDAR; Entertainment Desk; Part E; Pg. 2

**Length:** 76 words

**Byline:** Nardine Saad

### **Body**

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"Modern Family" star Sarah Hyland underwent dialysis last year and had to have a second kidney transplant after her body rejected her first, she revealed Monday in an interview with **Self magazine**, where she opened up about her tumultuous medical journey.

Hyland was born with kidney dysplasia, which causes the organs to grow debilitating cysts. Her father was the donor of her kidney transplant in 2012. Her younger brother is the second donor.

-- Nardine Saad

**Load-Date:** December 11, 2018

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End of Document

***Style & Culture; STYLE ; Gidget gone global; With surfer girls and guys recruited as models, Cindy Kauanui sold the world on the sun-kissed beach look.***

Los Angeles Times

August 27, 2006 Sunday

Home Edition

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**Section:** SUNDAY CALENDAR; Calendar Desk; Part E; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1817 words

**Byline:** Booth Moore, Times Staff Writer

**Dateline:** La Jolla

## **Body**

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IT was October 2002 in Paris, a Chanel runway show like any other with \$3,000 boucle suits and \$1,000 quilted handbags -- until the finale, when a model tottered out in spectator stilettos and a knit swim dress, carrying a logo surfboard under one arm.

At that moment, high fashion officially caught the wave of surfer style, and it hasn't let go since.

You'd think the person who identified this look and exported it to the world would have a corner office on Madison Avenue. But Cindy Kauanui works above a surf shop in La Jolla, where her modeling agency has grown from a West Coast pipsqueak into a national trendsetter.

Jet Set is the source for the clean-faced, sun-kissed and surf-toned ocean goddesses who work with elite photographers such as Bruce Weber and Dewey Nicks, appear in ad campaigns for high fashion designers such as Roberto Cavalli and Versace, and popular brands including Roxy and Guess. Jet Set is about as far away from the New York fashion establishment as it gets, and so are its models. No chain-smoking waifs from powerhouse agencies such as Ford, Elite and IMG. Jet Set's models are muscled and weathered by sun and sea.

Kauanui knows the look when she sees it -- at the beach, the mall, even the local Denny's. When she finds it, she signs the person on the spot. There was the blond tornado running circles around her mother at Pottery Barn who became the cotton-top toddler in a straw hat in the Ralph Lauren Kids ads. The unknown blond surfer girl with bow lips who followed in the footsteps of Anna Nicole Smith and Paris Hilton, becoming the sultry Guess model. And the surfer from Kauai with an unusual combination of Hawaiian, Japanese and English heritage, who went on to star in the film "Blue Crush."

For 13 years Kauanui's vision of Southern California beauty has been smiling back from billboards, glossy **magazine** pages, TV and movie screens, selling everything from bikinis to Barbie dolls around the world.

\*

'A great eye for people'

WITH big wave murals and a surfboard for a conference table, Jet Set feels more like a beach clubhouse than an international player in the image-making game. Sure, there are hundreds of toothy head shots on the walls, but

Style & Culture; STYLE ; Gidget gone global; With surfer girls and guys recruited as models, Cindy Kauanui sold the world on the sun-kissed beach look.

there are also plenty of surf stickers. There's a waiting room where Kauanui takes Polaroids of prospective models, but it's designed to look like the hull of a ship, with a life preserver.

Not that Kauanui has ever needed one in this business where women are still referred to as girls.

"She was the first one to connect beach culture to the fashion world," says photographer Bruce Weber, who has been working with Jet Set models from the beginning.

"She's found me wonderful girls and guys, people other agencies wouldn't have taken because they were too far out, a guy who had an Afro bleached out from the sun, or a girl who's a surfer, not a model. She has a great eye for people."

Kauanui made her first big discovery, Lelani Bishop, in 1989 before she even had an agency. She wasn't even in the fashion business at the time, just out surfing on the North Shore of Kauai.

"There were two girls on their towels on the shoreline and a big wave got them," she says. "They had to get up and shake their towels off and I noticed her." Kauanui took Polaroids, sent them to Weber, and next thing she knew, Bishop had nabbed Banana Republic and Tommy Hilfiger campaigns.

She noticed Guess model Tori Praver in an Outside magazine photo spread of local Hawaiian surfers last year.

"I saw pictures of her with wet hair, and she was so Jet Set. So I flew to Maui, met her family and took a lot of Polaroids," she says. "I drove them up to Paul Marciano in L.A., and that was it. She's not Twiggy. But for me, she was perfect. And she brought a new look to Guess."

Then there is Filly Gaines, the 5-foot 10-inch, athletic-looking blond she signed two years ago. "I found her at a hair salon," Kauanui says. "I had to ask the stylist to run after her because I had foil in my hair. Her name is perfect because she's just like a thoroughbred."

Jet Set represents more than 300 adults and 300 kids, including teenagers, children and infants as young as 2 weeks old, who help bring the illusion of the beach lifestyle to magazines and high-profile advertising campaigns. At Top 10 agencies in New York, such as IMG and Ford, annual revenue can exceed \$50 million. Kauanui expects Jet Set's 2006 revenue to be in the \$5-million range. But her models earn as much as their New York counterparts - \$2,500 and up per day for catalog work and \$5,000 to \$10,000 a day for advertising. And her athlete clients can make as much as \$25,000 for personal appearances, she says.

"In an era when many fashion models are thin, edgy and a bit removed from the reality of the average reader, Cindy has been a major player in bringing back natural beauty," says Sara Foley-Anderson, model bookings director at Self magazine.

"If you go to agencies in L.A. or New York, more fashion-centered agencies, they tend to have glamorous types," says Tom Adler, an art director who has worked with Quiksilver, Ralph Lauren and other brands. But at Jet Set, "the girls are all down to earth and sweet but hip. They all have that same quality, which is something Cindy picks out."

And that could used to describe Kauanui herself. Her style is the antithesis of the hard-charging head of a successful agency. Easygoing and casual, in that Hawaiian kind of way, she hugs after the first meeting and is so friendly with employees and models, she feels more like a cool mom than a boss. But don't let that fool you. She's also aggressive, analytical and competitive, and will do things like call producer Brian Grazer directly and insist he meet one of her models (which is how Sanoe Lake got cast in "Blue Crush").

The Jet Set girl is often hapa, the Hawaiian word used to mean half or part Asian. "None of my girls look alike," Kauanui says. "It's easy for clients to shop here because we have all colors. The world is a melting pot of color, and we like to show that. We are not making clones who all have the same haircut."

The only thing she is a tyrant about is weight, but not in the way most agency heads are.

Style & Culture; STYLE ; Gidget gone global; With surfer girls and guys recruited as models, Cindy Kauanui sold the world on the sun-kissed beach look.

"She will drop a girl if she loses too much weight, or put her on hold," says model Lake. "If a girl has no muscle, she may photograph well, but she doesn't look good."

Kauanui has brought athletes into the equation too, such as world-class surfer Matt Beacham and triathlete Lokelani McMichael, helping to convert their look into magazine, advertising and movie careers. And the agency is on the verge of becoming a brand in itself. Last year, Kauanui launched a surf-oriented teen clothing line in Japan, called Jetty, which she hopes to bring to the U.S. ("In Japan, Jet Set models are larger than life," she said.) There have been talks about a TV series and model search. And then there's the Wiki Wacky juice bar opening on Kauai next year, the first of what Kauanui hopes will become a chain.

But mostly, it's about finding new faces.

Right now, she's pinning her hopes on Donna Feldman, an Israeli with "an Angelina Jolie-like quality," hypnotic eyes and a long mane of brown hair who signed with Jet Set last year. The 24-year-old model-actress who lives in Calabasas is spending the summer filming the upcoming TV show "Fashion House Secrets" with Bo Derek.

"Jet Set has a very laid-back and relaxed style so they're not into models trying too hard or dressing up too much," Feldman said in an e-mail. "Personally, they have not given me any other tip than to always be myself and people will love me."

"I don't see them telling a model she needs to be a size 2 to make it in the industry," said Feldman, who was previously represented by an agency in Los Angeles where she felt she didn't get enough personal attention.

\*

#### Island beginnings

KAUANUI'S first experience in the modeling industry was in the early 1980s at age 19, when she worked as a desk clerk at an agency in Honolulu. Before long, she was modeling herself, in advertising campaigns for Coca-Cola (with Bill Cosby), Florida Orange Juice and Rainbow Jeans of Canada.

In 1985, she and a friend opened a production company, Showlites Unlimited, on Kauai. They helped fashion photographers such as Weber and Gilles Bensimon when they came to shoot on the island, and coordinated permits for film crews.

They had just wrapped "Jurassic Park" when Hurricane Iniki struck. The storm wiped out everything. Afterward, Hawaiian Airlines offered free flights for residents to evacuate, and Kauanui left with one suitcase and three young sons, headed for San Diego.

Although she has a sister in the area, it wasn't easy. "I was living off credit cards, paying one with another."

So she applied for one of the low-interest loans the Small Business Administration was offering to hurricane victims, submitting a proposal for a modeling agency. She called it Jet Set because, she said, "I thought of myself more as a scout than an agent. I thought I would find great people and send them to New York."

She began scouting for the industry's preferred waif look. She found runway talent and traveled with her models to fashion weeks around the world. At the same time, she was discovering something very different in San Diego -- what she calls "the PCH look." She found an Argentine named Axel Alstad at the local Denny's and sent pictures of him to Weber. "He booked him for a Versace ad. So this guy's first job was with Christy Turlington."

Then, in 1995, while backstage at a Roberto Cavalli show in Milan, Kauanui had a vision.

"All the girls were so thin, over 50% were struggling with eating disorders. I decided I didn't want to go to work and promote this anymore," she said. "I wanted to create the surfermodel instead of the supermodel."

Style & Culture; STYLE ; Gidget gone global; With surfer girls and guys recruited as models, Cindy Kauanui sold the world on the sun-kissed beach look.

The concept was a new one. "I was made fun of by everyone in the industry. Nobody had any idea that surfing was going to be so big." But her timing couldn't have been better. Just as she was walking the floor at the Action Sports Retail trade show to find clients, surf wear labels such as Quiksilver and Billabong began exploding beyond their niche to become some of the biggest sportswear brands in the world. And Kauanui became the go-to person to match beauty to the brands.

"It still gives me a kick. Here's a lifestyle I have loved since I was a little girl, and never once did I think it could go mainstream," she said. "We created something and now you see models on the runways in Paris carrying surfboards."

On a typical day, Jet Set's booking agents field dozens of calls from casting and art directors. It's still not uncommon for Kauanui to wield the Polaroid herself. On a recent afternoon, model Sydney Wheeler, 22, stops by to pose for quick photos for a Japanese client, stripping to her bikini in the middle of the office. At the moment, Wheeler is just a gorgeous student at the Art Institute of San Diego.

Next month, who knows?

## Graphic

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PHOTO: GOLDEN GIRL: Sophie Leddick, a Jet Set teen model, completes the beach vibe in a PacSun ad. PHOTOGRAPHER: PacSun PHOTO: MODEL MOGUL: Cindy Kauanui, founder of Jet Set modeling agency, grew up in Kauai and made her first discovery before she even had a business, while surfing on the island's North Shore. Her company is now a national trendsetter. PHOTOGRAPHER: Mark Boster Los Angeles Times PHOTO: AND SO DOES SHE: Tori Praver, from Maui, was a surfer when Kauanui signed her to Jet Set. PHOTOGRAPHER: Kymberly Marciano PHOTO: SHE'S GOT THE LOOK: Jet Set's Mackenzie Foy was discovered while running around a Pottery Barn. PHOTOGRAPHER: Claus Wickrath

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**Cover Story; The Sweet Smell of Excess; Aromatherapy Candles.  
Aromatherapy Spas. Aromatherapy Dish Soap. L.A.'s in the Middle of a  
Scent Revolution, But Is the "Ancient Art" at Its Core Simply the Art of  
Marketing?**

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**Byline:** Nelson Handel, Nelson Handel is a freelance writer based in Los Angeles.

## **Body**

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I lie face down on a massage table. Below, accessible to my nose through the table's face hole, is a cloth saturated in aromatic oil. The smell is overwhelming. Acupuncture needles protrude from, among other places, the top of my head. Piano music plays. I'm sweating slightly and have a mild case of the spins.

I'm in this generic-looking Westside medical office to relieve the throbbing pain in my lower back. Before the session began, my aromatherapist/acupuncturist and I discussed the healing powers of odors. She believes that scents can help heal, and has saturated the cloth below me with hemp oil. Its scent reminds me of headier days. She reassures me that this essential oil form is quite legal, yet gently soporific. "Some people say they haven't been this relaxed since the '60s," she says. Then she applies invigorating peppermint oil to my neck.

I leave smelling as if I've smoked too much pot and then downed too many LifeSavers trying to hide it. I'm terrified by what to say if pulled over by Santa Monica's finest. I feel more relaxed, I suppose, and my backache has eased somewhat, though I can't say if that's from the acupuncture, the aromatherapy, or a side effect of lying face down in a comfortable position listening to George Winston for half an hour. I can say that the hemp oil has given me a huge appetite, and the proximity of a deli across the street makes me very happy.

Perhaps that's the problem with aromatherapy. At times, its benefits are indistinguishable from the joy of a corned beef sandwich and a dill pickle.

My curiosity about aromatherapy began a week earlier, when my wife urged me to a sink filled with dirty dishes. It was the soap: Palmolive Aromatherapy Liquid Soap, Anti-Stress. "Enriched with the essences of Lavender and Ylang Ylang," the label said, it will not only soften hands while you do dishes, but its "soothing and relaxing scent" promised "a whole new sensation in dishwashing."

"What's this?" I asked.

"It's new," she said. "Just use it."

My wife knows that nothing soothes or relaxes me when it comes to kitchen chores; they're just another irritant in a world full of postmodern aggravations. But the soap caught me. The Colgate-Palmolive company wants me to believe that a dish soap will reduce stress. It has spent millions of dollars to develop and market that idea, and no doubt expects to earn hundreds of millions back. With trepidation, I sudsed.



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As the floral scent mixed with the smell of greasy fish plates, I began to wonder about the aromatherapy products that now surround us--aromatherapy candles, aromatherapy hand lotion, aromatherapy dish soap, aromatherapy air fresheners. During the past year, major manufacturers such as Procter & Gamble and Colgate-Palmolive have begun flooding supermarket and drugstore shelves with products based on this once-obscure naturopathic health practice. How did this happen? When did odors become good for you? What does aromatherapy actually mean? Why are we buying this stuff?

I smelled a rat, and set out to find some answers. The search led me from the fringes of the holistic health movement through cutting-edge medical research labs to the corporations that sell aromatherapy products. The journey revealed an unexpected confluence of social and demographic trends that may say as much about American consumers and their eagerness for salvation as it says about how badly American aromatherapy stinks.

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Terry Molnar, executive director of the Sense of Smell Institute in New York City, the research arm of the fragrance industry, says that long-haul truckers and airport traffic controllers sometimes use the smell of peppermint oil to stay awake. This frightens me. If the people piloting large vehicles at great speed feel drowsy, I want them on amphetamines, not Altoids.

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Most people believe aromatherapy has something to do with "essential oils"--the oleaginous distillate of flowers, plants and herbs. These concentrated and usually aromatic oils are associated with a folkloric tradition of medicinal healing. You often hear the phrase "the ancient art of aromatherapy," which gives the whole weird science the sound of legitimacy. Earnest proponents refer to ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs, various medieval tracts, Indian Ayurvedic texts and a certain biblical passage that has Moses stewing up sacramental oil as proof that essential oils were used medicinally in ancient times.

Others point to aromatherapy's roots in miasmatic theory, the idea that foul odors cause disease. From this tradition, which held sway over much of Western Europe through the late 19th century, we get things such as malaria ("bad air" disease). But scientists trashed miasmatic theory when they discovered microorganisms and their effects on health.

While essential oils clearly have been around a long time, no one actually referred to their medicinal use as aromatherapy before 1928. That year, following a lab explosion, French chemist Rene-Maurice Gattefosse plunged his burned hand into a vat of lavender oil. Noticing how well it healed, he wrote a book, "Aromatherapie," published in 1937, and coined the term. After a temporary flowering of interest, the practice fell dormant until revived briefly in the early 1960s. It wafted around Europe but never roused American interest. The big bloom in the U.S. happened about a dozen years ago, when a number of factors combined to create a fertile field for the sense of smell.

What has followed in the past decade is a canon of aromatherapy literature claiming that essential oils can be used as everything from an anti-inflammatory to an aphrodisiac, and to treat a wide range of diseases and conditions from simple stress to hypertension to hormonal irregularities.

\*

When visiting an aromatherapist, I wonder, should one wear deodorant?

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Aromatherapy first took root in America in the early 1990s with people such as Angela Melia, a longtime holistic healer from Point Dume in Malibu. Essential oils seemed to her a natural adjunct to her practice in reflexology and body work. Melia uses essential oils as responsibly as any holistic healer can, and is careful not to make any medical claims even though she is convinced that they have healing effects. "I know it sounds strange," she says,

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"but I feel that in the connection between the energy of the body and the energy of the plants, something holy takes place."

She begins our aromatherapy session with my feet, using reflexology to correctly identify my aching lower back (still not healed after the acupuncture treatment). From her kit of a hundred little brown bottles, she blends oils in her cupped hand and massages them into various parts of my body. Her work is incredibly focused, not the sort of whole-body rubdown you get at a day spa. By the session's end, I feel like Ray Bradbury's Illustrated Man, except instead of sporting tattoos, each part of my body tells a different olfactory tale--my feet smell of mint and ginger; my back, of pungent wild sage; my chest, a breezy pine and cypress forest; and my head, a bouquet of red roses and lotus blossoms. The cornucopia of smells makes identifying the subtleties of each impossible, but Melia explains that the systemic absorption of the oils, through my nose and also through my skin, provides the therapeutic effect. "You may try to separate it," she tells me, "but your body puts it all together."

Like any sort of intense, personalized healing treatment, this is aromatherapy at its most effective. The point where the personal care and massage leaves off and the properties of the oils begin seems almost irrelevant. Heaven knows, my feet have never smelled better. But my back feels better too, and I'm happy as a pismo clam.

Aromatherapists almost always use essential oils as an adjunct to more traditional types of therapy such as massage or acupuncture. It's almost impossible to find someone who treats exclusively by olfaction, which makes it difficult to assess aromatherapy's true benefits. Yet Melia's work clearly has integrity. From an aromatherapy viewpoint, it is the stone in the pond, if you will, from which concentric rings ripple all the way out to Palmolive's Aromatherapy Anti-Stress dish soap. Its maker wants consumers to believe that sniffing \$1.69 dish soap will ease you as much as a \$90 hour with Angela Melia.

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At Aroma Spa & Sports, a gym in Koreatown, nothing actually smells. Except sweat, of course. "It's a mistranslation from the Korean," the receptionist tells me. Studies show that Korean Americans--whose cuisine is noted for its plentiful use of garlic--have the most acute sense of smell. Better than whites, better than African Americans, and better than Japanese, in descending order.

\*

Smell is fuzzy logic. science recognizes about 10,000 different scents and considers about 1,000 of them primary odors. The rest are combinations, like musical chords. No two people perceive odor the same way; the range of what is considered normal sensitivity is vast. Age, race, gender and other variables can all play a role.

Smell is the only truly effective sense, meaning you judge whether you like or dislike a smell before you identify it. This happens occasionally with other senses, such as when you hear fingernails scratching a chalkboard. But it always happens with odors. Doctors suggest that this is a vestige of evolution. In the wild, scent serves as an early sign of danger. Our long-range sensors--scent and hearing--remain "on" when we sleep.

Based on this, aromatherapy advocates commonly claim that smell is the most primary sense, that somehow odors go directly to your brain and are hard-wired to your emotions. As attractive as this idea is, it's just not true. Although odors do enter the body through a tunnel in the face, they do not ride a bullet train to the brain. The chemosensory receptors in your nose catch odor molecules and destroy them. The olfactory nerve translates the energy released from that destruction into a coded signal that travels to your brain for processing. Both odors and emotions decode in the brain's limbic system, but their proximity is irrelevant. Nothing in the brain is very far apart.

Every other sense functions the same way.

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Scentco, a Georgia company, recently introduced a scent additive for paint called Paint Pourri. Applied to walls, it will scent a room for as long as a year. The company markets this experience as "A-Room-a-Therapy." The thought

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isn't new. In the Middle Ages, Moors added frankincense to the mortar used to build their mosques, reputedly rendering them fragrant for as long as 100 years. A thought strikes me: Writing about scent is like trying to smell architecture.

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"How do you describe sex?" asks John Steele rhetorically. "you can't. If you haven't done it, you haven't done it. Smell is the same."

Steele is an aromatic consultant and fragrance designer who has lectured worldwide on aromatherapy. He did his doctoral research in anthropology and archeology at UC Berkeley, and he runs a small business selling high-quality essential oils. We're sitting in the living room of his 1960s ranch home in Sherman Oaks, discussing sensorial anthropology, the study of societies based on the relative importance they assign to different senses.

"We're a smell-impooverished culture," he says. "Western culture is 70% visually dominant. Ancient cultures were more orally dominant, more tactilely dominant and especially more smell dominant, until this aromatherapy renaissance."

But why smell, and why now? "The deepest sense of smell is intuitive," he says. "You'll use a phrase--'I smell a rat,' or 'Something smells fishy'--when something looks OK but doesn't feel OK. You're using 'smell' as a substitute for 'feel.' On a spiritual and psychological level, that's what people are cottoning on to. We're literally following our noses."

Like many of the people involved in holistic aromatherapy, Steele treads the line between the pragmatic and the spiritual: grounded and insightful one moment, vaguely metaphysical the next. As we talk, he treats me to successive snifters of fragrant floral waters called hydrosols. "This is the next aromatherapy," he says, adding a few drops from a small bottle labeled Jasmine Sambac to some spring water in a wine glass. Hydrosols are the water residue of the essential-oils distillation process. "The magic is in the trace elements," he says. "The soul part of a plant happens in parts per billion."

I sip gingerly. The bouquet is huge, the taste pleasantly sweet; it's surprisingly thirst quenching, and it gives me an enormous head rush. Soul? Histamine reaction? I don't know. But it's a lovely beverage and I get a little giggly drinking it. I buy a bottle.

"Aromatherapy is a misnomer in some sense," he adds. "True aromatherapy is dermal application, respiratory reception and oral ingestion. But it's come to be, 'Oh, aromatherapy? We have scented candles.' Everyone plays fast and loose with the term. True therapeutic use is different than putting in some oil so you can say, 'This is aromatherapy.'"

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Every year, about 80 people pay Jim Llewellyn an average of \$1,700 to arrange vacations to smelly places. Llewellyn, who has a degree in applied chemistry, is co-founder of Aroma Tours, an Australia-based travel company that packages trips to flower fields and essential oils distilleries the world over. "Nature has its wisdom, you know?" he says. "And I can see evidence of that on the molecular level." He begins to detail the symmetries in botanical organic chemistry, then he veers into something far less tangible. "The spirit of the plant is in the place it was grown," he says. "When I'm standing in a field of lavender in Provence, the sound of the bees, the smell, the sun, it's just so.... The plants absorb the joie de vivre in Provence. How can that not be in the oil?"

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Essential oils, the basis of aromatherapy, are composed of terpenes, alcohols, esters, ethers, phenols and other substances. These same chemicals form the basis of synthetic scents. Aromatherapists point to each oil's unique formula when they assert medicinal claims, claiming nature's balance provides healing properties.

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Scientists generally believe that this is a bunch of malarkey. "We've studied the effects of oils versus synthetic scents," says neurologist and olfactory researcher Alan Hirsch of the Smell & Taste Treatment and Research Foundation in Chicago. "It makes no difference at all. The physiological effects, on an EEG, for example, are exactly the same."

But can science duplicate the "soul" or "spirit" of a plant?

"Even if the plant had a soul," replies Hirsch, "if it had an effect, we should be able to measure it. Otherwise you're talking religion, not science." He adds: "The only true aromatherapy is smelling salts."

Science has two ways of thinking about the medicinal effects of odors. The first is the lock-and-key theory, which suggests that fragrance acts like a specific neurotransmitter. If lock-and-key thinking governed aromatherapy, specific odors would have specific effects. Lavender would relax, for example, and citrus would stimulate. Like smelling salts, these effects would be identical for everyone.

Unfortunately, that's not how it works.

Louis Monti probably knows as much as anyone about the pharmacological possibilities of smell. As the vice president of research at Pherin Pharmaceuticals in Mountain View, Calif., he develops drugs using the lock-and-key theory and would like nothing better than to find out the claims for aromatherapy are true. But he says he has tested whether essential oils can cause physiological changes in those who smell them, and he has found no such lock-and-key effect. In fact, he found no effect at all.

"I'm skeptical of the claims," he says. "Effects on pregnancy and hypertension, anti-inflammatory and aphrodisiac effects? These are well-defined fields. People die from hypertension; it's a serious issue. If the claims were true, a lot more science would be going on."

The other way to look at the effects of odors is through the General Affective Theory, which holds that if you like a smell, it makes you happy, and when you're happy, you do almost everything better. Science has shown that happy people learn better, sleep better, feel less pain, heal more quickly and get sick less often. Unfortunately, the happiness principle undercuts Western medicine's definition of therapy as the treatment of underlying diseases. A "Star Wars" movie might make you happy, as Hirsch noted in a 2001 article, but no one is claiming to be a "Lucasterapist." There's also the problem that a smell liked by one person might be repulsive to another. Thus it becomes impossible to claim that a specific oil has any universal benefits; lavender may relax me, but if it reminds you of your flatulent grandmother, you're not likely to experience the same effect.

But all the science in the world hasn't slowed aromatherapy's continuing march into our bathrooms and kitchens. Perhaps other forces are at play?

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Bad smells make people tense, angry and aggressive. Studies show this. Students asked to give their friends electric shocks of varying intensity uniformly increased the charge when in the presence of foul odors. Another study showed that the number of motor vehicle accidents in Los Angeles increases when malodorous air pollution is high, indicating that people drive more aggressively in a polluted environment. Also, the smell of secondhand smoke has been demonstrated to exacerbate aggressive behavior in nonsmokers.

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Charting aromatherapy's journey from obscure naturopathic practice to a fixture in your supermarket aisle reveals a lot about how ideas resonate through a culture and how commercial interests exploit those ideas for profit.

The story begins at the close of World War II. Returning GIs rushed to suburbia with their new families in tow. The American consumer products industry blossomed, promising better living through chemistry. To create products with added value and consumer appeal, it turned to the scent and flavor industry, which proceeded to stink up

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everything from Lemon Fresh Joy to TV dinners. "Scent always played a special role in consumer products, a halo effect," says Kari Arienti, senior perfumer for consumer products at Givaudan, a Swiss-based multinational powerhouse in the fragrance and flavor industry. "Scent signaled that the product was working, that it was cleaning your house, making your hair shiny, or nurturing your skin."

In 1977, aromatherapist Robert Tisserand began to write and edit aromatherapy books in the U.S., including a translation of Gattefosse's "Aromatherapie." No one paid much attention, despite our burgeoning alternative lifestyle movement. Then, in 1988, the psychology of scent in America began to change. Aging baby boomers facing their mortality began trying to live a "healthier" lifestyle. The health food and health products industries expanded dramatically, and "all-natural" products moved into the mainstream. People started taking greater control of their health decisions, motivated perhaps by the rising influence of HMOs. More and more, Americans embraced alternative "feel-good" therapies as an adjunct to institutionalized medicine. High-end spas and holistic healers began incorporating essential oils into their treatments and calling it aromatherapy.

As boomers spent more time "cocooning," they began searching for ways to make their homes contribute to an overall sense of health and well-being. A number of small companies, such as Los Angeles-based California Baby (baby products) and Irvine-based Aroma Naturals (candles) arose to meet that growing demand, creating a niche market in specialty products that are scented with essential oils. "When we started making candles in 1991," says Aroma Naturals president Tina Rocca-Lundstrom, "there was nothing without synthetic scent. We set out to make an all-natural product that contributed to health and well-being."

Aromatherapy products found their way onto the shelves of health-food markets, into the menus of spa treatments and into the consciousness of the average American consumer.

One other social change occurred in the early 1990s, perhaps affecting the largest single change on American olfaction. "Cigarettes," suggests neurologist Hirsh. "The elimination of indoor smoking changed us. With the environment free of it, we could concentrate on other ambient odors." Suddenly, American noses woke up.

But the biggest force pushing aromatherapy into the mainstream was the fragrance industry itself. "About 15 years ago," says perfumer Arienti, "we started testing fragrance for mood associations. We started associating scent with a state of being."

Aromatherapy alternately intrigued and terrified the fragrance industry. It immediately saw the potential upside to selling aroma as a health benefit, but it worried that making such claims might cross the federal Food and Drug Administration line from cosmetics to drugs. The industry couldn't risk having shampoo regulated like a drug, so, through its nonprofit entity, the Sense of Smell Institute, the fragrance folks created a new term--Aroma-Chology.

"Aroma-Chology," says institute executive director Molnar, "is the study of the transitory psychological effects of scent."

"Transitory psychological effects" means mood. Under the banner of Aroma-Chology, the institute began funding studies setting out to prove scientifically that --ready?--good smells can make you happy. Avery Gilbert, a sensory psychologist, summed it up in a 1991 article in ***SELF magazine***. "Until now," he said, "we wanted only to create beautiful perfumes; now we know fragrances have meaning beyond beauty."

Aroma-Chology is the industry's attempt to separate itself from the folkloric tradition of medical aromatherapy but still capitalize on the association. In the language of advertising, Aroma-Chology "resonates harmoniously" with the vague consumer perception that odors can heal you. Before Aroma-Chology, they could make something smell lemony-fresh, but they couldn't claim any benefits from doing so.

In 1997, Coty successfully launched The Healing Garden, the first mass-produced essential oils-driven product line, and attributed its affective properties to Aroma-Chology. In 2002, Procter & Gamble, the largest brand manufacturer in the world, released Ohm by Olay, a line of Aroma-Chology skin-care products that promises "a holistic and fragrant cleansing experience" and "provides women with total experiential well-being."

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In the past dozen years, America's psychological relationship to scent has been turned inside out. Thanks to Aroma-Chology, P&G can put well-being in a bottle and come out smelling like a rose. But--surprise!--later studies showed that consumers assumed Aroma-chology and aromatherapy are the same thing, so the distinction is pointless. Hence, Palmolive Aromatherapy Liquid Soap.

Who cares what it's called, you might say. At least they're delivering healthy, natural products, right? Well, not exactly. All-natural products are expensive to manufacture well, and that effectively makes them too expensive for the supermarket and drugstore consumers that these corporate giants want to reach. So these companies make inexpensive, artificially scented synthetic products and then add a smidgeon of essential oil. Manufacturers address this with coy explanations, such as "we combine nature with science." But the truth is, most aromatherapy products are --like so-called "fragrance-free" products, which can contain synthetic materials with an odor to mask the chemical smell--are not what they seem.

So, American aromatherapy is not all natural, it's not truly therapeutic, it's not based exclusively on essential oils, and it's not healthier for you. It just stinks. Should anyone buy this stuff? "My advice for consumers?" says Arienti. "Do the Toucan Sam, dude, follow your nose. If you like it, if it makes you go yum, then buy it. Isn't that the whole idea?"

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When the Santa Ana winds of February blow warm and gentle, Jasminum polyanthum--winter jasmine--blooms its pale white blossoms, filling the late evening and early morning air with its intoxicating scent. At moments like these, Los Angeles seems unbearably light, as if the city were floating above the uncertain earth. There's magic in that smell, and promise, and wonder, a strange transformative silence that whispers to all who hear its faint calling that anything is possible. Anything.

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I ask Jerry Rice, senior advertising production manager at Procter & Gamble, "Off the record, is aromatherapy real or bull?"

"On the record," he replies, "the perception is the reality. If the consumer believes that aromatherapy is adding benefit to their life, then it has worth. We go by psychographics even more than by demographics."

I can't quite take him seriously. "So will we be seeing aromatherapy for pets?" I ask.

He doesn't pause. "If it has perceived value," he says "we'll be first."

There you have it. It no longer matters whether there are any medical, spiritual or psychological benefits to aromatherapy; it only matters that you believe there are. The argument is moot, as are the protestations of the scientists and skeptics. In some strange, postmodern way, this innocent fiction has echoed back on itself, over and over, until the myth has become the truth. In just over a decade, aromatherapy has passed from folkloric notion to nationally accepted idea, now worth hundreds of millions of dollars. And growing.

If you ignore the medical claims of aromatherapy and only focus on the psychological, spiritual ones, its co-option by the consumer products industry makes even better sense. Spirituality in a bottle is the perfect marriage of metaphysics and capitalism. Now you can buy a product that gives you religion while you do dishes. What could be more American than that?

## Graphic

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(COVER) Something Smells / The dubious claims and weird science of L.A.'s aromatherapy boom.  
PHOTOGRAPHER: Micheal Kelley

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