
The Aftershave Revolution

BY ROBERT LUHN

FORGET YOUR BRUT, your Chaz. The '90s belong to the man with a rekindled sense of self, the man who knows his roots but isn't rooted in them.

It's clear that only the smartly scented will survive — and excel. American culture is in pitched battle with those who would have men "use warm water . . . and Zest . . . daily" (American Journal of Prosthetic Thurification, May 1985). For the discriminating shopper, we suggest one of the following from the New Masters Collection of aftershaves from M. Lumière:

Jamais Frappé

IN FRENCH, "Never Slapped!" For the young man experiencing the ripeness of life full-tilt; eager, yet unsure; reaching out, yet holding back. In short, the scent for those just starting to squeeze the Fruits of Knowledge. In 20-ml or 40-ml hip-holster flacon.

Simply . . . Englebert

THE MAN. The music. The bandana. Now captured in a tuck-sized atomizer that packs the brusque wallop of Naugahyde and Velcro. One blast of *Simply . . . Englebert* and you'll never

fumble for a hotel key again or worry about receding chest hair. What's new, Pussycat? Hey, it's you!

Eau de Lombardie

A TOUGH, man's cologne with the kick of a linebacker's boot. *Eau de Lombardie* will knock her senseless with mucho macho. Body-block that special someone and go for the long bomb — at close range — with *Eau de Lombardie*. In Rope-a-Dope and simulated rawhide dispenser.

Capitulate!

FROM the Halls of Montezuma to the shores of Fort Dix, give in to the scent that conquered both the 17th Airborne and the Llanos vaqueros! In .45- and .50-caliber *pour le bain* jerricans.

Besame Mucho

IT'S OLD HAT — but hey, so are you! A let-it-all-hang-out nose thumper that doesn't pull its punches. Hypoallergenic and chemically corrected to summon last week's Havana or last night's Heineken. Say it loud, say it with *Besame Mucho*, but say it, for God's sake.

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