

PRADA CANDY L'EAU
Candy from A to Z

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L'EAU

**“The world is
wide, wide, wide, and
I am young, young, young,
and we’re all going
to live forever!”**

Elaine Dundy, *The Dud Avocado*

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A

AMOUR



In the beginning there was only chaos, darkness and the abyss. Earth, the air and heaven did not exist. And Candy was but a perfect idea in someone's mind and desire. But night laid an egg in the darkness, and from this sprang forth the graceful love, Eros. Eros, with his glittering golden wings. Eros, swift as the whirlwinds of the storm. Eros, who mated in the abyss with chaos, and would become the Greek god of love. A love as sweet and sensual on the tongue as Candy.

Well, that's the story that the Greeks told, and one that our irresistible heroine Candy loves to imagine. She often shuts her eyes and pictures the wings; sees the chaos and the glory in her mind's eye. Without really provoking it, or indeed attracting it, Candy can cause the most *beautiful* chaos. For to love Candy is to flirt with chaos. Despite her insouciance, all around her is anxiety, anguish and the need for *amour*. Men have been known to fight over her, fall out over her, fall foul of her. But Candy's a lover not a fighter; she'd sooner love colours, cakes and kisses than go in search of love

in all the wrong places. But then again, what's the right place?

What is perfect love? Can it be equated? Rated? Who counts this stuff? Aren't the wrong places sometimes those that are most exquisitely perfect? When Candy was a little girl, her daddy told her, "Don't play with fire and you'll never get burned." But as Candy now knows, if you don't touch the flame you'll never find out. For Candy, passion is fire and love is liberty. The ultimate freedom. The greatest excuse to indulge.

Candy has always liked lots of everything: from sweetshops to sweethearts. There are those that say an insatiable appetite will lead to excess, but as William Blake so succinctly pointed out, "The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom." In Candy's case, that palace is one big, wise pleasure dome. And to know Candy's love is to experience the most delicious form of greed. Because if love is a pie, Candy wants an extra slice. If love is a drink, Candy's ordering doubles. And if love is a song, Candy's playing the extended remix.

The ancients had a whole multitude of different words for what the French call *l'amour*, and from Eros came *l'amour érotique*, which is perhaps the sweetest *amour* of all. Of course, the French word *amour* comes from the latin *amare*, 'to love'. Thanks to the Romans, when Candy learnt Latin at school she began with love. *Amo, amas, amat*, she'd recite, practising her verbs as if preparing for love itself. But why study love, asks Candy. Why not simply practise it, making mistakes aplenty along the way. Every scholar has studied love, yet so few have ever known its endless pleasures. Freud once wrote, "The great question that has never been answered is: what does a woman want?" Well guess what Mr. Freud: Candy knows the answer. But some things are far too precious to share. And sometimes the visceral knows what the cerebral cannot understand.

The French intellectual Georges Bataille explains in his book *Eroticism* that life is random, ephemeral, fleeting – and so the sight of our beloved offers us our only sense of completeness.

We want to become one with them, which of course makes some souls retreat, fearing such feelings to be impossible. A kind of madness. Untenable. But Candy just laughs at such denial. She understands this to be futile. “You can’t reason with the madness of love,” she thinks, shaking her head, and purchasing a four-figure flight ticket in order to spend a day in the company of a lover. As all *Parisiennes* know, we can only live according to the terms of our passions. Since Candy is as sweet and compulsive as sugar, she is naturally drawn to this sweetness at the heart of the human experience. These overwhelming sensations of desire and addiction and excess that promise you a life of absolute pleasure and passion.

In Candy’s mind, there’s nothing you shouldn’t do for love – physically, emotionally, even legally. Everything is justified because love existed before the law. Love is the law. Steal a car to drive to your lover. Run a marathon to be by their side. But have boys sit patiently while you get your nails done. It’ll be worth it. It always is.

In classical literature, it is passionate love, above all else, that leads to joy, sorrow, life, death and madness – but a most delicious kind of madness. It is described by the Greeks as *theia mania* – a divine madness, or a madness from the gods. Eros, or his Latin counterpart Cupid, would throw darts that arrived at a lover’s eyes, piercing his heart, overwhelming him with desire and longing – a love sickness. Sometimes the sublime beauty of a woman is too much for the man, who is then led to ravage her, such as Actaeon who caught sight of the naked body of Artemis, the huntress. This uncontrollable passion was described as a divine curse. Of course, when men today first catch sight of Candy, such divine madness turns out not to be just a problem of the ancients – it is in fact a most contemporary affliction.

B

BENZOIN

Benzoin is as delicious as it is fascinating. An ingredient for hearts and heads alike. Sweet without being too sugary; rich without ever being repellent. Not only is its aroma enchanting, so is its story of procurement. In its natural form, benzoin is a thick, sticky liquid found in the bark of the handsome, tropical styrax tree, the highest quality of which grows deep in the forests of Laos, Southeast Asia. Found in Prada Candy L'Eau in a massive 10% concentration (most fragrances settle for 2-3%), the organic compound is sweetly addictive and sensual, with warm, balsamy notes evoking delicately vanilla-scented honey.

Benzoin is extracted using a traditional tapping technique which has been passed down through generations; performed with care and precision over a period of months. When incisions are made in the trunk of the tree (usually seven years or older), it exudes a dark balsamic liquid (known as 'tears') which solidifies after a four-month period of exposure to air and sunlight. The result is a reddish-brown gum which is later sifted and graded.

The name benzoin derives from the Italian interpretation of the Arabic word *luban jawi* meaning ‘frankincense from Java’, since it was brought from Indonesia. The Catalan traders, who bought *luban jawi* from their Moorish counterparts, modified the word by changing ‘a’ to ‘e’ and omitting the *lu* from *benjawi*. Italians further changed it into *benjuì*, and in Latin it became ultimately known as *benzoë*; later ‘benzoin’ and occasionally ‘Friar’s balsam’ – a nod to its religious use.

The aromatic qualities of benzoin have been explored since the Antiquity. As well as a noble ingredient in fine fragrance, benzoin is also used for church incense in Russia and some other Orthodox Christian societies. Papyrus records indicate that it was ground into powder and mixed with other substances such as pine, juniper, galbanum, cypress and labdanum into incense, and often made into cones that were placed on the heads of Egyptian dancers. Interestingly, the ancient Greeks and Romans did not appear to use benzoin as a medicine, reserving its use predominantly for incense

purposes. In England, its use was first recorded between the 15th and 16th centuries when it was brought over by spice traders and used in powdered form to make dry perfumes, one of which was worn by Queen Elizabeth I.

The raw material contains medicinal properties and has been traditionally used as an antiseptic and an astringent. Indigenous societies from Java to India used it regularly for such reasons. Benzoin is also celebrated for its calming qualities, intended to bring comfort to all those who come into contact with it. Austrian biochemist Madame Maury neatly summed up the comforting action benzoin has on the emotional system when she noted: “This essence creates a kind of euphoria; it interposes a padded zone between us and events.”

C

CARAMEL

When it comes to confectionery conundrums, there is only one: caramel or chocolate? But, as any gourmand will tell you, deciding which one is a rather straightforward, black-and-white kind of affair.

The connoisseur, the cultured, the champion of all things delicious, joyfully feminine and sweetly addictive will always opt for caramel. And it's no coincidence that the velvety caramel notes within Prada Candy L'Eau play such an appealing, up-front-and-centre role.

Take its name for starters, one that derives from the Latin *cannamellis*, meaning 'sugar cane'. The modern term is a voluptuous three-part arrangement that makes for a seductive sound. *Car-a-mel... Car-aaa-mellll...*

The delectable sweet has a rich and flamboyant history: some believing Arabs in 1000 AD were its originators, creating *karat al milh* or 'sweet balls of salt'; others preferring to stand by tales of 17th century American women blending caramelised water and sugar to create rich Candy confections.

Provenance aside, when confronted with the sight, the smell, and the taste of oozing caramel, the experience verges on the erotic. Indeed, what makes caramel so utterly desirable is its got-it-flaunt-it femininity and, let's just say it, sexiness. Western confectioners have long used sensual warm colours and voluptuous bunnies to market their gooey, sticky wares, tapping into caramel's indulgent pleasures.

Like all the best things in life, caramel is a nonsense, visceral pleasure – a handful of ingredients combined with care and attention.

The preparation process is itself one of wonderment – you can actually watch the chemical reaction take place, as your ingredients (sugar, syrup, milk, butter, vanilla...) turn from a milky white colour into thick, liquid gold. What's more, the slight burning of the milk solids and sugar under these conditions produces a delightfully syrupy and heady aroma that is often likened to Candy floss – once experienced, never forgotten. Unsurprisingly, caramel's place in the world of fragrance

– both female and occasionally male – is one associated with sweet pleasures and suave base tones full of vanilla and balsamic. The overall olfactory sensation is one of childhood memories; warmth, happiness and sugary indulgence.

Consider its appearance: caramel is comfortable with its distinctive, rich, butter-like tone. Its texture and consistency are part of its winning appeal – carefully blended and hardened in a smooth state that is prime for pleasurable consumption. It's the delicacy of a sophisticated consumer – one who will appreciate its simplicity. And then there's the distinctive flavour as the sweet enters one's mouth; taste and smell combine to achieve a heightened sense of consumption. Because caramel is a joy for the senses: the aroma as the satisfying chewing begins; the sweet dissolving and melting like no other. The warm lingering in the throat that remains. Like no other ingredient, caramel perfectly captures the essence that is Candy – deep, rich, sweet, syrupy and sensual. If pleasure had a smell, this would be it.

D

DREAMS



Candy is a dreamer. Some mornings she wakes up in a blur of beautiful images. At other times, the picture from her dreams remains crystal clear throughout the day. She has recently been having a number of dreams that have lingered in her mind, like beautiful memories of something that hasn't quite happened yet...

The first dream finds Candy on the shore of a beautiful island – happily shipwrecked perhaps, since she doesn't quite know how she arrived there. Tropical fruit trees are swaying in a gentle breeze. Candy begins to walk and comes across a small, hidden lake behind the trees. She sits down to bathe her feet in the cool water, and when she looks in to see her own reflection, an oyster appears. She tries to look inside it but, finding it won't give, she must prise it open with her teeth. Out comes a pearl of pure gold. Candy wakes up from the dream and has to blink because everything she sees around her is gold.

The second dream is in an opulent European casino. Candy plays all night because the chips are

endless, and she keeps on winning and winning and winning. A man with deep brown, penetrating eyes asks her how she keeps winning. He wants to know her secret. He promises not to tell anyone. Candy finds herself whispering in his ear that the secret lies in knowing which numbers are the most beautiful of all.

In the third dream, Candy is walking down a street in Paris. A crowd of young Japanese tourists starts taking pictures of her because they love her style. They grow increasingly desperate to snap every angle of her innate sense of chic. At first she blushes and lets them, but then the flashbulbs are everywhere, dazzling her, so she turns and runs down a little alleyway that only she knows about until she has run right out of Paris. She runs and runs until she reaches the sea.

In the fourth dream, Candy is the owner of an extraordinary caramel factory. If Willy Wonka's place were hijacked by Candy and transformed into the most sensual, luxurious confectioners in the world, this would be it. It's a mind-blowing

place, where Candy dreams are made. Warm caramel oozes out of huge melting pots. Hypnotic production lines offer up endless supplies of elegantly packaged cubes, their wrappers glistening in the light. The dream is so incredibly vivid that Candy can smell and taste the sweetness.

And in the final, but most recurring dream, Candy finds herself in a vintage car race. Only she and one other driver remain in the race, and it's neck and neck. Night has fallen and they have arrived deep in the Sahara Desert. They both pull up at a petrol station that appears like a mirage, shimmering in front of them. Forgetting about the race, they step out of their cars to discover that the petrol station is staffed by waiters in formal attire, offering not gas but perfect champagne cocktails. A band starts to play a gentle waltz. Candy and her racing rival take a sip of each other's cocktails and begin to dance.

E

EAU

“**W**ater is the driving force of all nature,” declared Leonardo Da Vinci. “Eau My God!” declare perfume blogs the world over. As we all know: water is the most wonderful thing. Those who aren’t convinced should ask themselves the vital question, “Who ever spent more than one fun day in the desert?”

And for any woman, there is no real life without eau de toilette. Fresh and delightfully vibrant, it has adorned and been adored by women for centuries. Originally intended as a body splash to help refresh a lady in the morning, Cleopatra soon understood its seductive qualities when she took to wearing an early, primitive version of it to get her wicked way with Mark Antony on the banks of the Berdan River. Wilhelmina of the Netherlands would empty an entire champagne bottle of eau de toilette into her daily baths, even using diluted versions of the stuff as mouthwash.

Eau de toilette, commonly referred to as ‘aromatic waters’, contains around 1-6% perfume concentrates, roughly 60-80% alcohol dispersant,

and the rest of the composition is glorious water. In comparison to eau de parfum, which can contain up to 7-15% perfume concentrates, it is a far lighter and fresher proposition. This is revealed in the following two fragrance compositions: the eau de parfum Prada Candy and the eau de toilette Prada Candy L'Eau.

Prada Candy Eau de Parfum:

Caramel	0.80%
Musks	35%
Benzoin	12.90%

Prada Candy L'Eau:

Caramel	0.40%
White Musks	18%
Benzoin	9%
Lemon	1.8%
Mandarin	1.8%
Sweet Pea Bouquet	32%

Eau de toilette as we now know it dates back to the 14th century when Queen Elizabeth of Hungary created a fragrant oil mixture using alcohol that slowly evaporated on her skin, leaving its enchanting, perfumed trace. Legend has it that when 70-year-old Queen Elizabeth started wearing the fragrant elixir, her poor health was magically reversed to such an extent that the King of Poland became enraptured and promptly proposed to her. The fact that eau de toilette acts as a skin toner suggests this may have played a part in the King's decision. The ensuing years saw eau de toilette adopted for more dramatic uses such as driving away everything from evil spirits to the bubonic plague. Had television advertising existed at the time, one suspects their fragrance campaigns would have looked altogether different to those we've since become accustomed to.

F

FRAGRANCE



When Aristotle defined our five senses he left smell – the faculty of perceiving odours and scents – until the end of his study. The grandfather of modern science saved the very best till last. The sense of smell (or olfaction) is our most primitive sense and happens to be located in the same part of our brain that affects emotions, memory and creativity. It seems ludicrous then that a woman would go through life without the company of a fragrance.

But to simply dismiss fragrance as a primal trigger, or a fast track to our emotions, is reductive; this reveals only a fraction of its powers. Because fragrance is as mysterious as life itself, its rapport with our souls is both understood and yet utterly unfathomable. Impalpable yet present, transient yet lingering, harmless yet quite possibly fatal... Fragrance escapes all definition. It's both an object of desire and a master of seduction. You'd think fragrance's very purpose was to provoke unrest, that it was created to intensify our taste for paradox and deceit.

To be or appear to be? That is the question with fragrance. Because when inhabited by fragrance, you can be yourself *and* someone else. Without anyone being the wiser. The sweet olfactory message is one of eternal mystery and charm. Why choose one fragrance and not another? In fact, does the wearer even choose the fragrance or does the fragrance choose the wearer? And why choose it in the first place? Is it to enhance one's allure or to heighten one's personality? Or maybe its role in our lives is to hide all traces of oneself?

When it comes to the trickery of allure, fragrance is a most cunning magician. But where does this most exquisite of powers come from? Is it from deep within the imagination of its creator? Those master perfumers who perfect the art of composition, and who elevate aroma to the sublime like an artist does with colour. Is it the heady *mélange* of plants, flowers and rare ingredients that comes together to create something other-worldly? Of course, it is all of these things. But something else beyond. Because any exceptional fragrance owes

its strength, singularity, magic and beauty to the extraordinary power of evocation.

When one is seduced or caught off guard by a fragrance, it immediately takes mythical proportions. Moments are heightened, one's presence can be transformed to the sublime, and one's sensuality becomes intensified. Like an emotional elixir, the instant one takes in the fragrance, it literally 'impresses' upon our senses, triggering a surge of sensations and memories.

Our scent tells a story... and reinvents stories. The potency of olfactory memory can be unravelled in the greatest detail. Odour possesses the power to reflect both past and present. The moment fragrant molecules – known as the 'form' – playfully jostle with our olfactory receptor neurons, they instantly stir up images, pleasurable instances, concerns and feelings of love that we've experienced in the past – in other times and places. It's all there, composed in our memories, a 'heritage of fragrant emotions' that our favourite scents can resuscitate, as if by magic, deliciously and unexpectedly.

The ‘olfactory stimulus’ effect of fragrance on our subconscious has been analysed scientifically by many a celebrated researcher. Marcel Proust was one of the first to explore olfactory flashbacks, with what he referred to as “the vast structure of recollection.” For him, something as innocuous as a sugary madeleine cake was capable of triggering countless childhood memories: “Immediately the old grey house on the street, where her room was, rose up like a stage set... and the entire town, with its people and houses, gardens, church and surroundings, taking shape and solidity, sprang into being from my cup of tea.” But the power of fragrance does not simply impact our memory – it can also have a direct effect on our consciousness. Even on our sexuality.

The olfactive light – the scent receptor – is, via the olfactory nerve, in direct contact with the middle section of the brain, known as the limbic brain: the very heart of our memories, our emotionalism and our feelings. Even the most subtle and delicate scent might therefore induce a sense of well-being

and stimulate immediate pleasure on our mood and state of mind. While a dark aroma, luxuriant and narcotic, can conjure erotic powers. A simple olfactive memory can even go as far as inducing a genuine sexual climax, generating an erotic obsession tantamount to fetishism. Neurophysiologists have noticed that the fascination provoked by certain olfactory notes is similar to the “condition required for orgasm.” This could explain our addiction to the scents with which we have an affinity, those that we use as an extension of our characters, as a sumptuous showcase or a protective shell, leaving a mist of sensuality in our wake.

But even these discoveries do not fully resolve the spellbinding effects of fragrance on the human soul. And for as much as we are indebted to scientific research and technological advances to help us understand the inner workings of our own emotions, shouldn’t we perhaps simply accept that part of the magic of fragrance remains beyond our comprehension. It is, after all, one of life’s sweetest mysteries.

G

GEOMETRIC



All by itself, geometry can sound a little intimidating, like something taught in class while Candy was busy plotting a life less ordinary in her dreams. Geometry is for men in lab coats and spectacles, in bunkers in deepest Switzerland. But wait. The geometric patterns that adorn the inside packaging of Prada Candy L'Eau are as sensuous and curvaceous and feminine as Candy's wildest dreams. Their graceful motifs reflect the elegant semi-dome of the bottle pump to create a visual ensemble that evokes fanfares and cocktail bars and exquisite tastes in all things fine. It's because these geometric shapes belong to the aesthetic world of Art Deco.

There is something sweetly innocent about Art Deco, a giddy optimism, a celebration of the now rather than the past, a conviction that things were (and still are) on the up. And there happens to be flesh and nudity in its aesthetic, with dancing girls frolicking in flimsy gauze. All of a sudden those Swiss gentlemen in lab coats have gotten all hot and flustered, their spectacles have steamed up.

Art Deco sprang up in the 1910s, blossomed beautifully in the 1920s, got sinewy and streamlined to survive the cold winds of the Depression in the 1930s, and packed up and left the building before the Second World War reared its ugly head. But in its short, glamorous life its influence was felt in design, fashion, film, photography, product design and transport. There were Art Deco fragrance bottles and steam trains, factories and flapper dresses, cocktail bars, hotel interiors and skyscrapers. New York's beaming Chrysler building remains the movement's thrusting totem.

It took the flowery, folksy-crafty, tree-hugging mysticism of Art Nouveau and added order and rationale. It became a byword for modernity, but one that had moved on from the sometimes cold, hard functionality of Modernism. This was a scene born out of fun and elegance rather than austerity and self-sacrificing. This was for people who knew how to live a little.

In many ways, Art Deco picked and mixed the useful bits of the early 20th century avant-garde

art and design movements – from Fauvism, Cubism, Futurism, De Stijl, the Bauhaus, Constructivism, the Secession and the Wiener Werkstätte; from Vienna and Berlin but principally from Paris, the glittering, global creative hub of the day. It borrowed their use of block colour and strong shapes, but more importantly the use of abstract geometry and pattern, which they smoothed and played with, repeated and in many senses prettified.

And in countries like France, artists were so taken with what was happening in the design world that they decided to get in on the action. In Paris, Sonia Delaunay worked bold colour and geometrics into fashion and textiles.

Art Deco announced itself as an international design force at the 1925 exhibition *Exposition Internationale des Arts Décoratifs et Industriels Modernes* in Paris. 16 million visitors piled in to see thousands of *objets*. The exhibition had a nakedly commercial impulse: to promote French style and craftsmanship around the world and define Paris as the luxury goods mother lode.

And Art Deco, at this stage at least, was unashamedly luxurious. It made use of exotic materials: jade and lacquered woods from Asia; ebony, ivory and sharkskin from Africa. This exoticism went further. Egyptomania swept Europe following the discovery of Tutankhamen's tomb. But Art Deco designers also appropriated and reworked the repeated patterns and colour of African textiles. And they couldn't get enough of dancing girls and naughty naked 'natives'. Such exoticism made an icon of Josephine Baker who shocked and charmed Paris in equal measure in the mid-1920s. Meanwhile, the interiors of Paris' rich and fashionable were filled with African masks, tribal trophies, shiny bits of *chinoiserie* and Japanese lacquer work as well as Picassos and Modiglianis (still the standard interior mix of bohemians everywhere). This celebration of the exotic found its high point in the International Colonial Exhibition, held in Paris in 1931. In many ways though, this was the beginning of the end for Art Deco's first act. This Paris-centric Art Deco gave way to a new, more muscular

American Art Deco as the lavish 1920s gave way to the more austere 1930s. The handcrafted luxurious materials went out of favour to be replaced by the machine-made, by Bakelite and aluminium. Art Deco now went thoroughly mainstream, the stuff of movie sets, steam trains and cigarette lighters. Inevitably, such mass appeal meant that its days were numbered. And the young and fashionable moved on. Except that we keep going back. There was too much that was elegant and plain exquisite about the best of Art Deco to simply dismiss and forget. And that sense of optimism and fresh modernity never looks dusty or tired. It's as uplifting and graceful as ever within the world of Prada Candy L'Eau. Take a closer look at the way the bottle's perfect straight lines transform into exquisite feminine forms as they envelop the curvaceous pump. Open up the packaging once again to reveal those dainty geometric patterns. They shimmer and dance, as if to remind Candy of times gone by and future times to come when our creative impulses spell out a simple manifesto: JOY.

H

**HAPPY
BIRTHDAY**



Candy loves a birthday. Especially her own. Candy cannot understand those foolish folks who don't enjoy celebrating their birthdays. She's a firm believer that one's birthday is the most fantastical, unforgettable affair on the calendar. The perfect excuse to dress up, break into song at wildly inappropriate times of the day, to excitedly rip open wrapping paper, to kiss and be kissed, and to celebrate the gift of Candy to the world. Candy loves to love and loves to be loved: it's a contagious condition that always strikes on birthday days. 364 days is obviously far too long for Candy to wait for her next birthday, so she's made a pact with herself that every day should be a birthday day.

One dark day, some cynical soul pointed out to Candy that if every day was a birthday day, she'd soon get bored and shift her attention to another day. "Oh really?" said Candy, dismissing this notion as a big bag of nonsense. "You really believe that, do you?" she added, incredulous and with a mischievous smile appearing upon her face. "Yes, I do," replied the cynic. "You'd tire of presents, and

party dresses, and champagne, and..." The cynic paused, waiting to deliver the killer blow: "Candy, I believe you'd tire of being happy." Candy was stunned into a rare moment of silence. She looked shocked. Saddened even. And then she majestically shouted out at the top of her voice... "I believe that happy girls are the prettiest girls!" She continued, energised by the sense of release: "I believe that laughing is the best calorie burner. Which is just as well, because I believe cake is the stuff dreams are made of! I believe in kissing, kissing a lot! I believe that balloons contain all the vitality of life itself. I believe that tomorrow will be another birthday and I believe in miracles." The cynic was silenced. "And I believe in PINK," added Candy, before turning on her heels and diving straight into the deep end of another sensational birthday.

Ever since that fateful day, Candy's life has been one big birthday. A life of fizz and cake and party dresses. There was that birthday when she woke up blinded by the light of a million presents, all wrapped in the shiniest gift paper, piled up on the

floor, on her bed, all around her. Or the birthday when she received a big box of butterflies who, as she prised open the dusty lid, all fluttered away, spreading Candy to the world. Then there was the birthday when Candy spent a night at the opera in a beautiful private box where nobody else could see in. Or the show at the vaudeville theatre where she watched a magician saw a mystery lady in half.

For the perfect birthday, Candy doesn't need much. Pink balloons with Candy love hearts inside. Birthday cake made from the wildest berries and sweetest caramel. A ticket to a white ball held in Vienna, in another era altogether. A papyrus scroll from ancient Egypt, containing a magic spell that only Candy can use. All of the above, once again, tomorrow, and every day thereafter. Please.

Nature dictates that trees produce rings as traces of the annual passing of time; ladies of a certain age gain an extra line or two on their faces. And Candy collects memories of all the best birthdays she's ever had. But her favourite birthday is always the next one. And the one after that.

I

INDESCRIBABLE



Candy is often told that words don't do her justice. That she cannot be categorized. That she is simply indescribable. But as Candy loves a challenge, she'll challenge that.

Intriguing	Iconic
Irresistible	Insatiable
Imaginative	Impatient
Insouciant	Interesting
Impulsive	Inventive
Impressive	Infinite
Incandescent	Irrational
Incredible	Intuitive
Independent	Illustrious
Instinctive	Insightful
Influential	Incalculable
Inimitable	and...
Inspiring	I love Candy
Intelligent	
Intense	
Immeasurable	
Immaculate	

J

JOIE DE VIVRE

Candy has been diagnosed with a serious case of joie de vivre, a condition that engulfs one's whole being. There is no straightforward treatment for it, no therapy to be prescribed. Nothing you can do for her, Doctor. And yet Candy wouldn't want it any other way. The 'joy of living', as the term roughly translates, can mean a joy in anything that a person might engage in – conversation, eating, intimacy, the spontaneous slamming of doors. This joy carries such energy, such buoyancy, that it transcends the fleeting sensations of happiness that we're all fortunate enough to experience from time to time. No, joie de vivre is an entirely different beast – a full-time occupation in which life is seen through a euphoric, carefree lens. Some label her condition a philosophy of life.

Les bons viveurs, of whom Candy is one, practise their joy as a daily pursuit. They take the time to enjoy, rather than wasting one's time on guilt. Indeed, the French provenance of the saying is no mere coincidence, for it is the French who luxuriate in the pleasures of life in such a guilt-free

manner that their joie de vivre can appear unsettling to others less fortunate. Mark Twain once wrote in his travel journals, “France has neither winter nor summer nor morals – apart from these drawbacks it is a fine country. The objects of which Paris folks are fond include literature, art, medicine and adultery.”

Flaubert is one of the earliest to have utilised the term *joie de vivre*, in his first full-length novel, *Éducation sentimentale*, in 1869. The hero and protagonist exclaims that a great sensation of care-free confidence suddenly landed upon him as if it had fallen from the sky – a joie de vivre like he had never known. The writer Zola continued the theme, with joie de vivre proliferating in his works of the 1870s and 80s. But, in reality, its spirit pervades French literature from long before: take, for example, the acclaimed Renaissance essayist Montaigne, and how persuasively he wrote about the visceral joys of eating ripe, luscious melons.

Without knowing it, all these rich literary expressions of joie de vivre inhabit Candy’s every

thought, every move. It’s said that the best wines are those that have soaked up hints of flavour from ingredients growing miles beyond the vineyard. Similarly, Candy seems to have soaked up the vintage spirit of France’s *bons viveurs*, their delight in life being wonderfully contagious. But being a XXIst Century Girl, Candy’s updated the condition. She believes in a life lived in the here and now, in the moment of passion – all passions!

And so to Candy’s joys:

- She loves staring into the eyes of a special someone for as long as she can – before exploding into fits of giggles.
- She keenly practises standing barefoot in a stream, letting the freezing cold water run over her feet.
- Wearing huge sunglasses on a brisk winter’s day.
- Old money, new shoes.
- Taking a cocktail into the bath. Actually, no, having one brought to her.
- Candy has been known, on her travels, to ride the

Chrysler Building elevator to the very top of the world, blowing the clouds a kiss when the attendant turns his back.

- When the moment is so good, Candy pleads for time to stop; she’s been known to throw watches in the river, and telephones into the sea.
- She dances, she eats, she adores her femininity and her powers.
- Candy loves leaving a party at dawn, the daylight outside, the morning sun kissing her and her kissing it back. At the start of the previous night she’d put on her highest dancing heels before she’d put on any of her clothes. And now she’s taken them all off again.
- Oh yes, Candy’s got a lifelong case of joie de vivre. May she never be cured.

K

KARAOKE



As any day (or night) for Candy is full of unexpected twists and turns, she can never be certain when she'll next find herself commandeering the stage, microphone in hand, emphasizing her radiant onscreen beauty, and with an audience awaiting her captivating performance. As any Girl Guide will advise you: be prepared. With this in mind, Candy generously suggests any one of the following musical homages to, well, her.

Bow Wow Wow – *I Want Candy*

Dolly Parton – *Hard Candy Christmas*

The Velvet Underground – *Candy Says*

Sammy Davis Jr. – *The Candy Man*

Cameo – *Candy*

The Cars – *Candy-O*

Madonna – *Candy Perfume Girl*

Led Zeppelin – *Candy Store Rock*

Bruce Springsteen – *Candy's Room*

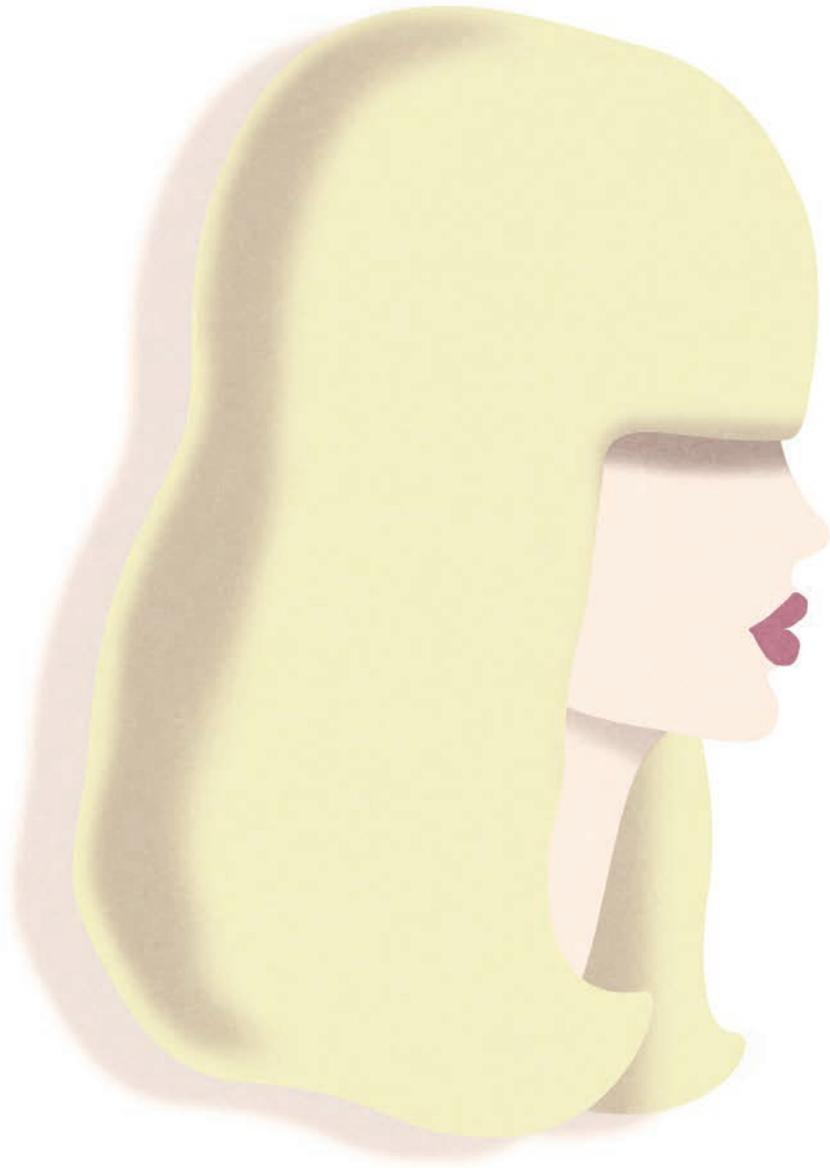
Jesus and Mary Chain – *Some Candy Talking*

10,000 Maniacs – *Candy Everybody Wants*

New Edition – *Candy Girl*

L

LÉA
SEYDOUX



Léa Seydoux has cinema in the blood. She's the most dazzling member of France's great film industry dynasty. She is the beautiful, young star of French film, with a sensuality, poise and attitude that makes her onscreen presence so captivating. And yet, unlike most of her French counterparts, Léa Seydoux has effortlessly made the leap from Parisian *auteur* cinema to the biggest of Hollywood blockbusters. And back again. What better way to reveal a few of Miss Seydoux's thoughts, tastes and memories than to present her with our cinematic questionnaire.

The very first film image you remember seeing that sticks in your mind.

Seeing Arletty in Marcel Carné's film *Les Enfants du Paradis*.

The film (or scene) that scared you most as a child.

Watching Jean-Jacques Beineix's film *Betty Blue* when I was about eight years old. I didn't really understand what was going on but I remember

finding it extremely violent. When you're eight those images really stick in your mind.

The film your parents never wanted you to see.

They never really stopped me from seeing anything. If it was on a screen it was worth watching.

The film you've watched the most times (at the cinema or on television).

Jean Cocteau's version of *Beauty and the Beast*.

The remake you'd want to make.

Remakes shouldn't always be made, but if I had to choose one it would be *Beauty and the Beast*.

The soundtrack you can't get out of your head.

Neil Young singing *Hey Hey, My My (Into the Black)* in Dennis Hopper's film *Out of the Blue*.

The film, scene or character that never fails to make you laugh.

Woody Allen in *Love and Death*, [laughing] just thinking about him in that film makes me laugh.

A film in which you'd like to live.

Eric Rohmer's *Six contes moraux*, because everything is so charming and graceful.

The ultimate filmmaker in your opinion.

Charlie Chaplin. A master filmmaker with a child-like side that I adore.

The actor you would have liked to have been.

Leonardo di Caprio: *très beau, très chic, très intense*. The most interesting actor of my generation.

A quote from a film that you know off by heart.

From Godard's *À bout de souffle*: "Si vous n'aimez pas la mer, si vous n'aimez pas la montagne, si vous n'aimez pas la ville... allez-vous faire foutre!"

A dream you've had that could become a scene in a film.

All my dreams could become film scenes, that's why they're dreams.

A book that should be adapted into a film.

L'Étranger by Albert Camus.

The monster or baddie that you feel closest to.

King Kong. I've always found his sensitive side very appealing.

The last film you saw at a cinema. Who were you with?

I saw Otto Preminger's *Laura*, by myself. I often go to the movies alone.

What you hate most about going to the cinema (onscreen or in the cinema itself).

I hate clichés. There's still so much to do in film, so why resort to the obvious?

If cinema were to disappear, what would be its epitaph?

"La vie c'est du cinéma."

Your favourite parting shot in a film.

The closing scene in Truffaut's film *La Femme d'à côté*: *"ni avec toi, ni sans toi..."*

M

MUSK

Musks have never been so chic. Long gone are the alpha male, sexual connotations of eras past. Thanks to modern perfumery, musks are now considered a clean, sophisticated and versatile element, ubiquitous in both men's and women's fragrances. It would be no exaggeration to suggest that there is hardly a fragrance today that does not contain at least one musk component. The term 'musk' (or 'musky') in perfumery refers not only to specific ingredients, but also to the abstraction of the complex odours of natural musk, which range from balmy, sweet and powdery to fig-like, 'animalic', leathery, spicy and woody. Nowadays, though, musks are increasingly classified as a class of aromatic substances created through organic synthesis. The first synthetic molecules with a musky smell were discovered in 1888 by Albert Baur as he was researching explosives and stumbled across the attractive scent. New molecules are still being created today, thanks to continued research; their scents develop clean, fresh, skin notes (commonly labelled 'white musks' as a means of

distinguishing the term from animal musks), and they can also be reminiscent of blackberry, ambrette and ambergris.

As a classic base note, musk's olfactory talents include the ability to refine, balance, fix and accentuate a composition. It forms the pedestal upon which the entire composition rests and gives a fragrance solidity and depth. White musks boast warm, pleasurable tones for smooth, sweeter scents. In Prada Candy L'Eau, it's the silky, powdery texture of the white musks that adds sensuality to the fragrance.

Unsurprisingly, the white musks we know today are light years from their original guise, but to deny one's history is to misunderstand one's present. The name musk derives from the Sanskrit word *muská*, meaning that most masculine of words, 'testicle'. The name was originally given to a substance with a penetrating odour obtained from a gland of the male Asian musk deer (it took the lives of 140 deer to produce a kilo of musk). The use of musk as a powerful fragrance can be traced

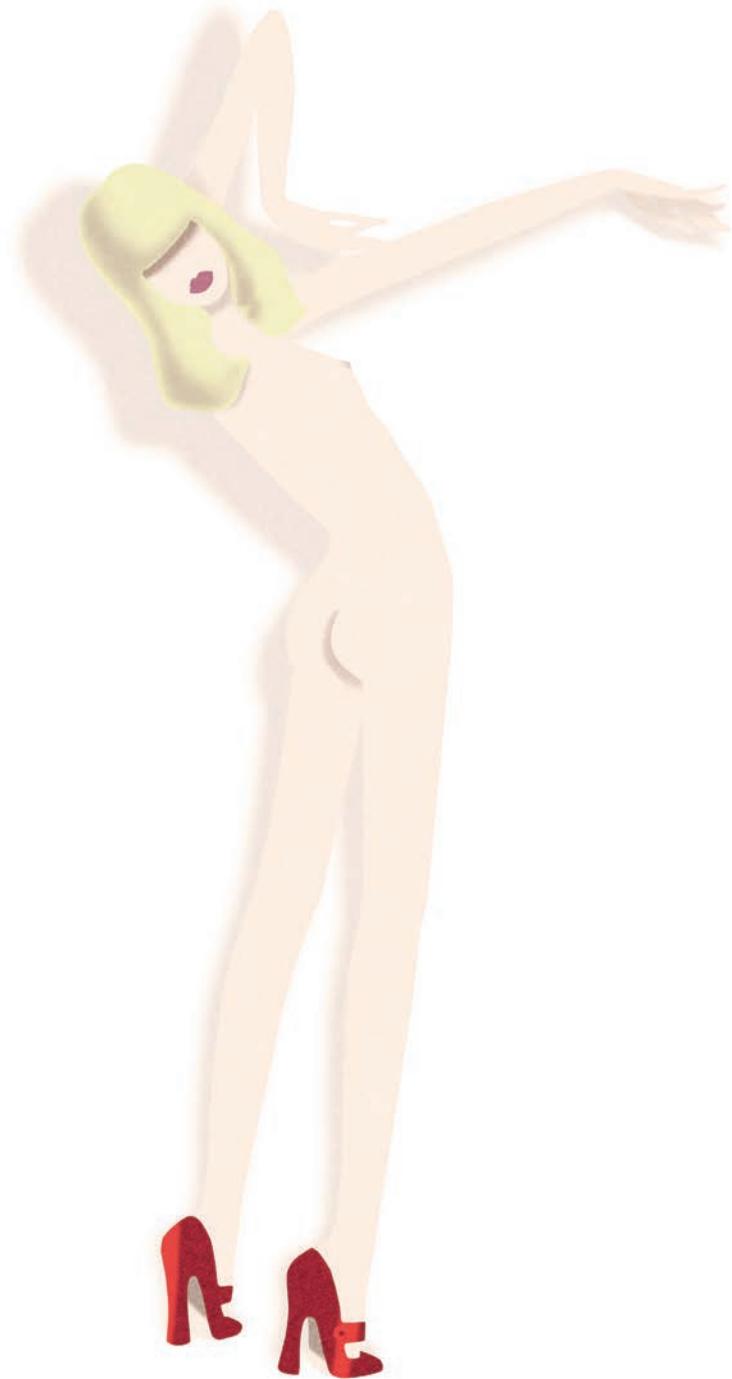
back to ancient times. Ancient Muslim mosques were said to have been built with musk mixed into the mortar – as the sun shone on the building, it would have been filled with the beautiful scent. Egyptian musk, a type of musk containing patchouli, was worn by the last Pharaoh of Ancient Egypt, Cleopatra, and is believed to have played a fundamental, animalistic role in her seduction of Mark Antony.

The common character that links both ancient (natural) and contemporary (white) musks is the depth and tenacity of their scent. After Napoleon came to power, Josephine's extraordinary penchant for wearing fragrance took on entirely new dimensions. She was particularly partial to musk, and she used so much that sixty years after her death the scent still lingered in her boudoir.

Although the white musks in Prada Candy L'Eau don't match up to the olfactory hedonism of history's first ladies, they remain the tenacious base note in this most modern of compositions, unveiling elegance and sophistication.

N

NUDE



In 2002, scientists at Johns Hopkins University in Maryland, USA, announced that, after years of measuring light from 200,000 galaxies, they had discovered the colour of all the light in the universe. The colour was rapidly named ‘cosmic latte’, but Candy knows this is just another label for her favourite colour – nude.

For Prada, nude has provided a variety of different meanings and tones. From its use as a non-colour (incorporated into clothes you wear without thinking about their colour), through to medical associations and the colour of Band-Aids, through to the fresh sensuality one now links with Prada Candy L’Eau.

Wearing clothes in the colour of ‘nude’ can be a state of mind as well as a practical way of wearing undergarments so they don’t show up. There is a delicious paradox, after all, in wearing clothes that are virtually the colour of not wearing anything at all. And the word nude itself is ever so slightly coy; it’s a little suggestive, and hints of what is hidden.

Nude, from the Latin *nudus*, means ‘bare’, and refers to anything without its expected covering: a table without its cloth, a landscape without its trees, a contract without its legal essentials. Or human beings without so much as a fig leaf.

British art historian Kenneth Clark described the difference between nudity and nakedness in his book, *The Nude*. “To be naked is to be deprived of our clothes, and the word implies some of the embarrassment most of us feel in that condition.” But “nude” is different. “The vague image it projects into the mind is not of a huddled and defenceless body, but of a balanced, prosperous, and confident body: the body re-formed.”

We know that the colour of skin pulls the eye. We know it in life, and we know it too in art. Renaissance artists learned quickly that they could paint whatever sensual scenes they liked, if they added references to classical mythology. And their patrons loved it. Even cardinals could have nude paintings in their homes, if there was a Biblical story attached.

In the 18th century artists like the French court painter François Boucher were still playing with those ideas. Boucher particularly liked the theme of Jupiter taking over the body of Diana in order to seduce her handmaiden Callisto, and at least six versions survive. The theme allowed him to indulge in painting wide, sensual expanses of luxuriant female flesh, the pale, rosy colour of nude a satisfying optical contrast with the green vegetation.

In 1976 the artist Bridget Riley, known for the curious visual effects she creates through stripes, experimented with her own version of flesh colours. Close up, *Cartoon for Clepsydra* looks like a series of regular wavy lines in green, blue, orange and nude. Yet from further away it looks like lightly tanned human skin. It is a nude colour in art that almost seems to breathe.

The colour had its champion in the form of the socialite and interior decorator, Elsie de Wolfe, one of Candy’s most admired heroines, who famously arrived at a fancy dress party in 1927 at the age of 62 performing handstands. She loved nude

colours, and wore them all the time, encouraging tens of thousands of American women to emulate her. Once, upon seeing the Parthenon in Greece for the first time, she exclaimed with joy that: “it’s beige: my colour!”

The marbles of the ancient world were ‘nude’ in more than one way. As well as portraying figures that were at least partly unclothed, and as well as being a stony shade of the colour that could be termed ‘nude’, these statues have also been denuded of their original covering, which was paint. Until time stripped them bare, the limbs and torsos of classical nudes were originally painted in flesh pigments so realistic that today’s hyperrealistic sculptors, including the Australian Ron Mueck and the American John de Andrea, would have felt quite at home.

We do not know exactly how the Greeks and Romans mixed their flesh tones, but we do have recipes for how the Renaissance masters created their sensual colours of skin.

Mix “the handsomest and lightest sinoper [expensive red ochre]” with “white made from very

white lime,” wrote the 14th century colour maker Cennino Cennini. He said the best binder for pigments used to paint the flesh of young people is the “yolk of a town hen’s egg because they are whiter”, while portraits of older people should be tempered with pinker yolk from country hens.

In 2009, researchers at the University of British Columbia published a study comparing the cognitive effects of red and blue on 600 volunteers, discovering that red was best for memory and blue for imagination. They used as their control a ‘neutral’ colour: a pale nude. Their assumption was that looking at neutral colours gives us a neutral experience, that nothing happens.

How wrong they were! What if neutral colours like Prada nude have a cognitive effect on humans too? What if the experience of seeing the colour of 200,000 galaxies actually does something for our eyes? And our psyches? And perhaps even for the simplicity of our souls?



OUI



Candy loves to say *oui*. It's her favourite word. Eskimos have a hundred different ways of saying snow, and Candy has a million different *oui*. One for every occasion. *Oui*, I would like that extra slice of cake. *Oui*, you are being a frightful bore. *Oui*, of course, I know how to fly this plane.

From the Latin *hoc ille*, literally meaning 'this is it', *oui* remains the most universal expression of positivity. It can express delight, surprise, affirmation, longing, understanding, passion, and so much more besides. Of course, when Candy says *oui*, it's always said in capitals and followed by an exclamation mark. *OUI!* Like she's living in a big and bright Roy Lichtenstein painting. Like she really means it.

Oui's lazy, younger sibling *ouais* derives from an Indo-European form of surprise, but has since seeped its way into the French spoken language. But Candy thinks there's no alternative to a crisp, vibrant *OUI!* And she knows how to say *OUI!* in every language too. Well, at least in every language

she's had to use in order to get what she wants. Why would one ever say *NON*? To turn something down is to lose out. To lose out is to lose. Candy's a winner.

**Candy's ten positively
best uses of the word *OUI*!**

1. Say *OUI!* to all offers of assistance, including the opening of doors, the carrying of bulky luggage, the repairing of one's motor engine. However, politely decline offers of alcoholic drinks from strangers. Unless, of course, said drinks are exceptionally well prepared cocktails, which as Candy knows, are a welcome proposition from even the dullest of individuals.

2. Say *OUI!* to that overexcited friend calling at 3 a.m. to invite you on an impulsive, two-day trip to an island whose name you neither know nor can pronounce. After all, in just two days, tomorrow will be yesterday.

3. Say, "*OUI!* Of course, I've read that book" or "watched that film." Polite conversation at dinner parties suffers considerably from honesty. Discreet use of Wikipedia on one's smartphone is, in these exceptional circumstances, encouraged.

4. Say *OUI!* to anything that will further expand one's knowledge. Learning about unexpected subjects/books/films etc. is one of Candy's favourite pastimes and to be encouraged (see previous use).

5. Say *OUI!* to everybody who asks to photograph you in the street: these people believe you to be beautiful, or famous, or both.

6. Say *OUI!* to the offer of tasting rare, exotic and potentially terrifying foods. When Christopher Columbus brought the pineapple back from Guadeloupe to Queen Isabella of Spain in 1493, no one in Europe had ever seen anything quite like it. Imagine if she'd have balked and had the luscious fruit returned to its rightful owners.

7. Say *OUI!* to a date with a possible love interest. Who knows, in a couple of years' time he may be on one knee, pleading you to say the big *OUI!*

8. Say *OUI!* to one in every colour, shape and size. A girl can never have enough.

9. Say *OUI!* to more Candy.

10. Say, "*OUI! S'IL VOUS PLAÎT!*" when chatting to the Queen.

P

PARTY



“**H**istory begins after midnight.” So declared the eminent American historian Arthur Schlesinger, commenting on Truman Capote’s legendary Black and White Ball. He was right, of course. The 1966 party at New York’s Plaza Hotel, (ostensibly to celebrate the publication of Capote’s magnum opus, *In Cold Blood*) was nothing short of an historical event. The fact that it’s there in the history books – alongside wars, peace treaties, royal weddings and the Great Plague – says something for an evening that basically entailed guests dining, dancing and drinking 450 bottles of Taittinger – a quiet night in for many of today’s super-rich. Capote, of course, used the function as the flamboyant backdrop for some heavyweight social manoeuvring, but its place in history is rightly secured thanks to the host getting the all-important details so devastatingly right.

Candy, too, understands the details. Candy loves a party. She loves attending them, but above all, she loves hosting them. Being of a scholarly nature, Candy has amassed an encyclopaedic

knowledge of the best parties in history. After all, one can only be deemed an expert once the homework is completed. Candy can tell you all about the lavish, eight-hour dinners thrown by the Romans; she's a seasoned raconteur of the festive *picadillos* of Louis XIV, Henry VIII and the dandies of the Belle Époque; and she's studied the minutiae of the opulent *bal masqué* in St. Petersburg's Winter Palace, hosted by Czar Nicholas and Alexandra during the Russian Revolution.

But as anyone will tell you, all work and no play makes Candy a dull girl. With this in mind, expect to see Candy at the pick of the season's soirées, cocktails and *bals masqués*. Expect to see her dressed just-so: two parts glamour, one part elegance, a twist of sexiness and not a whiff of ostentation. Candy knows how to make an entrance. And she knows when to leave the party, too. These things cannot be taught, they just are. Learn from the best, knowledge is sexy.

How to throw a Candy party

Invitation

Candy usually decides to throw a party on the same day. In this instance, invitation by text or tweet is *de rigueur*. She has occasionally been known to send delicate handwritten invites – in this instance, to RSVP is both good-mannered and essential. If, in either case, you haven't received an invitation it is, quite simply, because you haven't been invited.

Location

Paris is the best place for a party. *Hôtels particuliers*, ballrooms, outdoor terraces, private gardens, embassies, cabarets, the *bars de nuit* of Pigalle, caves, orangeries, ice-skating rinks, swimming pools... Paris caters for every taste and occasion.

Dress code

Black, with a shock of nude. And that's just the male guests. Alternatively, Candy's been known to

throw *fêtes déguisées*, informing each guest of an entirely different theme.

Guest of Honour

Candy, of course. This is not New York: throwing a party in one's own honour is perfectly acceptable. Candy loves to be the centre of attention.

The Numbers

Jay Gatsby, certainly no stranger to the wonders of festivities, said, "I like big parties. They're so intimate. At small parties there isn't any privacy." Candy wholeheartedly agrees with Mr. Gatsby. A party with anything less than 250 guests should be discouraged, or relegated to another form of social gathering – a dinner, a gathering, a cocktail, a *soirée*, a *tête-à-tête*.

The Guests

Candy believes strongly in the festive democracy that made Studio 54 and Le Palace such convivial places in their time. Guests of all ages and social

backgrounds should be invited providing they understand the importance of enjoying oneself and, above all, the concept of beauty. As Candy says: "When you're young and beautiful, life is, well, kind of beautiful." This can apply to 17-year-olds and seventy-somethings alike.

In short, the mix should be a *tableau vivant* of all that's good and grand in the world (with a hint of bad thrown in for good measure).

Food and Beverages

- A champagne fountain. Always.
- A concise but unexpected selection of cocktails; the talented mixologist will know how to expand people's tastes without sending them into annoyingly quirky territory. The use of basil leaves is a must.
- A mysterious punch with a mysterious name. Fruit based. With a kick like a mule.
- Food. Entirely secondary to the proceedings. One doesn't go to a restaurant for its jukebox – Candy's parties are not a catering facility. Nonetheless,

Candy has been known to prepare glass bowls filled with Candy of all shapes and sizes and colours and tastes.

Music and Dancing

Variety is the spice of life. Request everything from twenties jazz to filthy R'n'B. Don't be afraid to play the obvious. This is a party, not a music lecture.

Candy makes sure that half her guests should be brilliant conversationalists, the other half fantastic dancers. When it comes to dancing the rule is there is no rule. Candy doesn't expect her guests all to speak the same language, so why expect them to all dance the same. From the Argentine tango to the zydeco, via the polka and pole dance, all styles and disciplines are welcome.

The Aftermath

The best thank you note to a party invitation is a party invitation.

Q

QUESTIONNAIRE



The so-called ‘Proust Questionnaire’ is one that primarily concerns itself with revealing the many facets – hopes, fears, aspirations... – of one’s personality. The questionnaire was popularised by the French writer Marcel Proust, who first undertook the task of answering it in 1850. He believed that people must know and understand themselves before they could know or understand others. In this instance, Candy delights in asking herself the questions.

Where would you like to live?

Where I am now of course... Paris. She who tires of Paris, tires of life. And strife.

Which historical figure do you identify with?

Cleopatra, Queen of the Nile. She knew how to make an entrance.

Your favourite occupation?

Being Candy – it’s full-time, but the perks are sensational.

Which living person(s) do you most admire?

Those with a bit of fire in their bellies.

What is your greatest fear?

That I never get to fly to the moon at least once in my lifetime.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?

Wanting to spend the rest of my life everywhere, with everyone, one-to-one, always, forever, now. But, tell me Doctor, is that so deplorable?

The quality you most admire in a man?

Being a man. With a side order of passion.

The quality you most admire in a woman?

Being admirably feminine.

On what occasion do you lie?

When the lie won't result in someone getting hurt. But maybe that's a lie right there.

What do you dislike about your appearance?

Look me straight in the eyes and tell me what is there not to like.

If you could change one thing about yourself what would it be?

If it's not broken, don't try to fix it.

If you died and came back as a person or thing what do you think it would be?

I'd rather linger as a fragrance.

What is the lowest depth of misery?

Losing one's zest for life.

What is your most treasured possession?

Everything and nothing.

What is your favourite colour?

Nude, *naturellement*.

Who are your heroes in real life?

Those who want it all. And a little bit more. Just for starters.

What is it that you most dislike?

Sleep without dreams.

How would you like to die?

Who wants to go and die?

What natural gift would you like to possess?

I'd love to travel through time.

What is your present state of mind?

Answering that question would be like opening Pandora's box. Or Candy's box.

What is your motto?

"The world is wide, wide, wide, and I am young, young, young, and we're all going to live forever!"

R

RECIPE

One of Candy's greatest pleasures is tasting the finer things in life. If *joie de vivre* were a cake, Candy always has a big slice with a cherry on top. With a name like Candy it's hardly surprising she's got a sweet tooth. And she has a particularly soft spot for the kind of rich delicacies that require multiple ingredients, nothing less than double cream, and are generally presented over several layers.

Nonetheless, if Candy had to single out the perfect example of all the flavours, colours and fillings she loves, all packed under one sweet succulent roof, it would be double-white-chocolate-cherry-vanilla-almond-cream cake. The recipe has been in Candy's family for centuries, handed down from generation to generation with the understanding that its secret formula be preserved and cherished. Candy has as much respect for the recipe as she does for true love itself. But rather like good jokes and double beds, some things are simply best when shared. With this in mind, ladies and gentleman, let Candy reveal her magical recipe.

Double-White-Chocolate- Cherry-Vanilla-Almond-Cream Cake

Serves 3 (providing the first and biggest slice is always Candy's)

Preparation time: 30 mins

Cooking time: 60 mins

Enjoyment time: a lifetime and beyond

Ingredients

- Two 200g bars of finest Swiss white chocolate
- Two handfuls of the freshest, juiciest cherries
- One handful of sliced almonds, lightly roasted
- The tiny seeds from six fresh vanilla pods
- 400g caster sugar
- 300ml milk
- 150ml double cream
- 4 egg whites – beaten to within an inch of their lives
- 375g plain flour
- 100g self-raising flour
- 2 tablespoons baking powder
- 1 tablespoon baking soda
- A pinch of Mediterranean sea salt

Preparation method

1. Preheat oven to 180 degrees C°/gas mark 4.
2. Wash hands, slip into a pretty dress, killer heels and apply fragrance liberally. As Candy's *parisienne* grandmother told her: "Baking the perfect cake is an act of seduction. Dress for the occasion."
3. Put all the cake ingredients – flour, sugar, baking powder, baking soda, egg whites and salt – into a food processor and hit the on button until you have a smooth and light sponge mixture. You'll know it's ready when it resembles the finest Egyptian velvet.
4. Divide the mixture into four equal parts, teasing each one into separate baking tins. Much of the cake's magic and mystery lies in its delicate multi-layered sponge. Each layer represents one of the four seasons, one of the four quarters of the moon, one of the four chambers of your heart, one of the

four lovers you're perhaps currently juggling. Place the four tins in the oven and bake for precisely 22 minutes.

5. Place the chocolate, milk, cream, almonds, vanilla seeds and a handful of cherries into a very large bowl, paying particular attention not to leave anything out.

6. You are now going to create the creamiest, smoothest, sweetest, pinkest icing ever known to womankind. The type that defies the rules of cookery books and *chefs pâtissiers* among Paris' finest kitchens. For this you will require two handheld whisks, healthy forearms, and 18 minutes *sans* distractions (the time it takes to listen to Side A of Jacques Dutronc's *Et Moi, Et Moi, Et Moi* album).

7. The whisking is done in very slow anticlockwise movements, paying particular attention to fold the mixture onto itself. And back again. Like a voluptuous being coming to life. The only way to truly

gauge its quality is to undertake regular taste controls, using one's own fingertips and tongue. On completion, if your icing is as smooth and delectable as Candy's, then you will have the key cake ingredient. You will be celebrated and remembered, you will enter the upper echelons of *la haute société du gâteau*. You will be able to steal the heart of anyone you so desire.

8. Remove the four sponge cakes from the oven. They should be golden brown and as light and airy as shooting stars.

9. Now slowly and evenly spread the icing cream between each sponge layer until your base, two middle layers and top come together to create *pâtisserie* paradise.

10. Use the remaining creamy icing to cover the entire cake, making a light outer shell upon which you can place the last of the juicy cherries (*sans* stones, of course) and apply your decorative flair.

Add ribbons, candles, sparklers, fireworks, dynamite, as the occasion requires.

Anything, or indeed nothing, will do.

P.S. Note from Candy: “Ha! There remains one final preparatory act that will guarantee your cake absolute beauty and perfection. But did you really think I was going to just hand over the entire secret recipe? The one my great-great-great grandmother invented on a cold winter’s night many years ago. Never! Not in a million years.

S

**SWEET
PEA**

“Flowers are simply tarts; prostitutes for the bees,” exclaims the wonderfully camp character Uncle Monty in the film *Withnail and I*. Not so the sweet pea, the inspiration for the Oriental bouquet at the heart of Prada Candy L’Eau. She is a most delightful and subtle flower; elegant, graceful and fragrant – attributes that any self-respecting female species could hope for. Although she possesses less of the immediate bravado of the rose or the sunflower, the sweet pea understands that less is more; that hidden depths of beauty are the most intriguing and endearing. That’s not to say the sweet pea is a shy, retiring type. She’s certainly no wallflower (in fact, she’s a climber, her delicate leaflets and tendril twining around whatever she comes into contact with). The quintessence of the spring flower, she blooms annually and in the most glorious fashion.

Sweet pea’s ruffled blooms look like little butterflies all aflutter. Her petals – small and delicate, with a soft frill – are a subtle combination of colour and luminosity, like a beautiful young woman

blushing. To experience her palette – one of the widest colour ranges in the plant kingdom, taking in rose, orange, violet to blue and purest white – is to step into the radiant pastel shades of a French Impressionist painting. And not only does she look and smell good, Miss Sweet Pea also provides wondrous edible treats – succulent fruit peas.

Sweet pea actually derives her name from her fragrance and not her taste. From the Greek word *lathyros* for pea or pulse, and the Latin word *odoratus* meaning fragrant. It was supposedly the English Romantic poet John Keats who first used her common name ‘sweet pea’ in his 1817 poem *I Stood Tip-Toe Upon a Little Hill*.

*Here are sweet peas, on tip-toe for a flight:
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.*

An ode to nature's delicacies, Keats' verse is as beautiful in its simplicity as the sweet pea in question.

For an understated, delicate flower, she has an illustrious history. Her origins can be traced back to the 17th century when sweet peas were grown in abundance in the fields of Sicily. She wasn't the beauty we are now familiar with: she was a mean-looking thing compared to the modern cultivars, with probably one, two or three blooms at most, small and on a modest, slender stem, and of maroon colour with bluish-purple wings. However, she had one outstanding feature, a captivating fragrance – a blend of honey and orange blossom, with an intensity that varied from one cultivar to another. The fact that she is also fondly referred to by her admirers as the ‘musky pea’ underlines further facets of her unique fragrance – subtly peppered and rose notes.

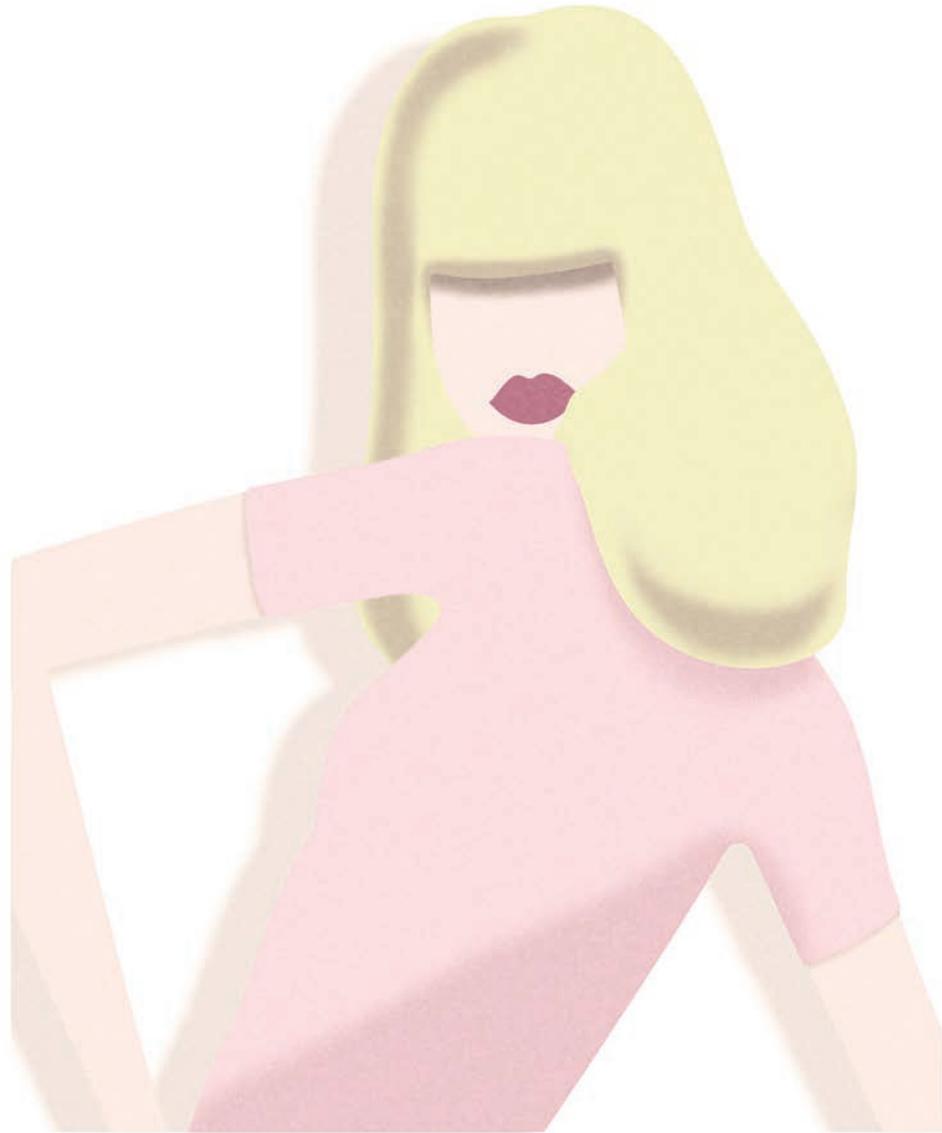
From 1699, Sicilian monk, Franciscus Cupani, sent his pea-shaped seeds to England. However, the sweet pea's potential went unnoticed until the 1800s when Scottish nurseryman Henry Eckford crossbred and developed for 30 years the original flower into the ornamental and sweetly scented

flower we know today. Eckford's version retained the lovely scent of the original, while greatly enhancing its ornamental value with larger petals. Her sensation in the late 1800s – involving sweet pea societies and sweet pea show gardens – means that she is often considered the floral emblem for Edwardian England, or The Queen of the Annuals, as she was known at the time. At the heart of Prada Candy L'Eau's olfactory experience, its radiant, floral presence brings lightness, femininity and fresh thoughts of spring.

Unsurprisingly, sweet pea has now become an English language term of endearment for something or someone pretty and elegant. Indeed, there's something altogether more endearing in calling one's significant other 'sweet pea' as opposed to, say, 'honey bun' or 'cutie pie'. In fact, in more recent years, it's not uncommon to hear the term sweet pea used to describe the most intimate and sensuous part of a woman's body, so named because of its resemblance to a sweet pea blossom. What *would* Uncle Monty think?

T

**THE
PARISIENNE**



“If there were no *Parisiennes*, life wouldn’t be worth living,” said Friedrich Engels in the 1800s. The German socialist philosopher certainly knew a thing or two: he had a forest of facial hair and was Karl Marx’s best friend. There are, thankfully, many Parisian women alive and well today. 50% of whom have emigrated to further shores and written successful books with titles like *How to Be a Parisienne*, *The Je Ne Sais Quoi Diet*, and *Marie-Laure: A Life in Cigarettes*. Alas, what the readers of these great tomes don’t understand, but what Candy secretly knows, is that such things cannot be taught.

Candy knows, for example, that no amount of teaching can cultivate a pout that says, “Don’t even think of it,” and “Take me, I’m yours,” all at the same time. Ok, you could probably study Anna Karina, frame by frame, perfecting said pout in *Bande à part*, but Candy guarantees that you’ll not acquire the sexy, contrary attitude that goes with it. In fact, you’ll probably end up looking like a botoxed belle of Bel Air or a past-her-sell-by-date Madame of the night. *Non, non, non*, sighs Candy. *Pas possible*.

Candy's inherent grace and elegance remind her that getting a hairstyle *à la Parisienne* is not an exact science. It's a secret formula. An encoded description that was once scribbled down by Brigitte Bardot's personal *coiffeur* Fifi, before he hid it in an underground vault and swallowed the key. It's said that the contents of the note contain the precise reading on the coiffed-to-messy-ometer that can produce exquisite results. Badly judged readings are a common misdemeanour; look no further than the assembled crowd at an international fashion show. The collective *Parisiennes* are the ones with the perfect, just-so sexy hair. The look that says, "I've been attended to by my lover and my *coiffeur*. Quite possibly at the same time." The Americans are extraordinarily well coiffed, perhaps too much so. British girls, on the other hand, adopt a hirsute appearance that, at best, says, "dragged through a bush," but in reality screams, "hungover." *Pas chic du tout*. The Italians are maybe too... Italian.

On the subject of over-indulgence, Candy knows where a *Parisienne* should channel her priorities.

Drinking? *Surtout pas!* Besides a couple of *coupees* of mood-enhancing champagne, the *Parisienne* never drinks to excess. Behind the *laissez-faire* nonchalance of the Gallic female lies a woman of poise and intent. For her, sex and seduction are part of a repertoire that ensures success and social standing. It is important that men adore her. They won't if she's a dishevelled mess, heels in hand, slurring Edith Piaf's *Non, je ne regrette rien*. As any self-respecting Parisian *couturier* will tell you, "Elegance is refusal." But that's not to say that one should categorically abstain from a spot of *amour interdit*. The whole notion of freedom is deeply inscribed in the Parisian psyche. Marrying and then misbehaving can be interpreted as being free. If a woman is in love, anything is excusable. No one will condemn her; in fact, Parisian society is more likely to condemn a love unfulfilled.

But do not confuse love with romance. As Candy often says, Romanticism is good for art. For literature. For *le cinéma d'auteur*. People read Proust, or Marivaux, and assume Paris is the most romantic

city in the world. But Romanticism is a fantasy that has no place in real life. *Parisiennes* don't fall for it: they know when to move on to the next conquest. Jeanne Moreau, one of Paris' most accomplished actresses, has left a trail of well-known loves behind along the way. It must have taken a certain something to woo and then discard directors such as Louis Malle, William Friedkin and François Truffaut. Indeed, Candy knows the importance of being one step ahead of the game. Of making sure one is never truly read and understood, so as never to become predictable.

Of course, there is a Latin and Celtic duality at play within the *Parisienne*. One side is warm and inviting, the other distant and unattainable. *Parisiennes* embrace not just this duality, but also the fatality of life, because they know that it's the only way to truly live. They know that life is fleeting, and that pleasure is immediate and for the taking. They don't care if what they do will make them loved by some and loathed by others. They certainly don't expect to be understood by men. Because what the

Parisienne does, she does out of her own desires. She is, to the core, an *individualiste invétérée* (stubborn individualist), and there's little point trying to change her. "Why would you?" says Candy.

Candy's preferred Parisiennes

- The irresistible chic of Catherine Deneuve in *La Chamade*.
- The sensual pout of Anna Karina as she dances in *Bande à part*.
- The insouciance of Françoise Sagan driving her Jaguar barefoot.
- The discreet charm of Delphine Seyrig in *Baisers volés*.
- The wisdom of Simone de Beauvoir, who understood life, yet loved Sartre with wild abandon.

U

UNPREDICTABLE



Candy has always loved playing games. Card games, board games, poker, bridge, Monopoly... games of risk, deception and speculation. The higher the stakes, the bigger the thrill. Some bright spark once claimed that luck was preparation meets opportunity. But Candy knows better. Luck is a beautiful royal flush and sweeping the entire table's chips into your handbag. Candy loves to win, which is just as well because she's an expert in winning. She loves nothing more than to challenge an unsuspecting poker or bridge aficionado. All faux-naivety and first time luck, Candy then proceeds to wipe the board clean, again and again and again. Leaving her poor (always male) opponent speechless. Then penniless.

Candy's winning streak lies in her unpredictability. No one knows what she's going to do next, and even if you did, Candy's already one step ahead. She always is. It's what makes her so damned captivating. One long winter night in the country, Candy decided she must have her own game. She called it Unpredictable, because people

always seem to call her that. As in, “Candy, you’re just so unpredictable.” She takes this as a compliment of the very highest order. As the great actor Christopher Walken once said, “Sexy has to do with not knowing what’s coming next. It’s unpredictability.”

Unpredictable. A Card Game.

Requirements

One pack of cards, ideally those of elegant design. Three or four players, all of whom should be cunning in nature and sharp of wit. A table laid with a crisp white cotton tablecloth. Lemon drop Martinis for all.

To play

Candy deals the cards. Always. Bets are placed. Players take it in turns to place their top card on the table. Just before each player turns over their card, they must say a number or rank of a card out loud. Announcing this in a foreign language gets the

player added gravitas, but no financial gain. Each player tries to predict what the next card will *not* be. Players are not allowed to repeat the same number, or say what the previous person has said. Other than that, it’s entirely up to the players to use their skill and dexterity to outwit the laws of probability. If a player calls out a card number and the card they turn over matches, they are out of the game.

The aim

To be the first player to get rid of all of one’s cards without predicting any of them.

Joker

Candy has been known to modify the rules mid-game, spontaneously adding wildly imaginative new stipulations such as the introduction of blindfolds, the sticking of cards to body parts, and the use of miniature murderous weapons courtesy of Cluedo. Unpredictable by name, unpredictable by nature.

V

VOLUPTUOUS



Once upon a time there was a dashing young prince, sitting in a bar, unable to do much beyond admire Candy. His eyes twinkling with mischief and champagne, he told her that once God had made everyone else from wet clay, he must have carved Candy with an ice cream scoop. And Candy just smiled, while waggling a reprimanding finger in his direction. Of course, in France, to be voluptuous doesn't only suggest a body poured deliciously into a dress.

The French word *volupté* also refers to a life bursting with sensory pleasures – the satisfaction of one's desires. The epicurean delight of eating, tasting, lingering on flavour. The earthly pleasures of touch and smell. Feeling silk, or a dash of fur, or marble, between the fingers. The joys of skin rubbing against skin. Looking with eyes wide open, drinking in the view of all that surrounds. Sounds that flood the ears with melody.

All of these sensations are voluptuous. All of these sensations are Candy. She tried to study ancient Egypt for a time, but her senses demanded

something more immediate, more visceral (although, as one fellow student whispered to his colleague, Candy's body is a language that many scholars would like to decipher).

Free of the shackles of formal education, Candy set out to teach herself the meaning of pleasure. It's since become her life's work – a voluptuous voyage of discovery. One radiant morning in Rio, Candy asked the master of Modernism, Oscar Niemeyer, what inspired the sensual, curvaceous buildings he'd been designing all his life. The 104-year-old architect delicately took her by the hand, led her over to the vast window in his office that overlooks Copacabana beach and said one word: "This." Candy and Oscar looked down below at the golden sand bursting with female bodies so shapely you'd think they'd been picked from a fruit tree.

The wonderful Matisse oil painting *Luxe, calme et volupté* depicts naked women bathing their generous curves beside the Mediterranean Sea in a glory of red and yellow light. They lie, or sit, or stand, all thighs and breasts and an effortless shared

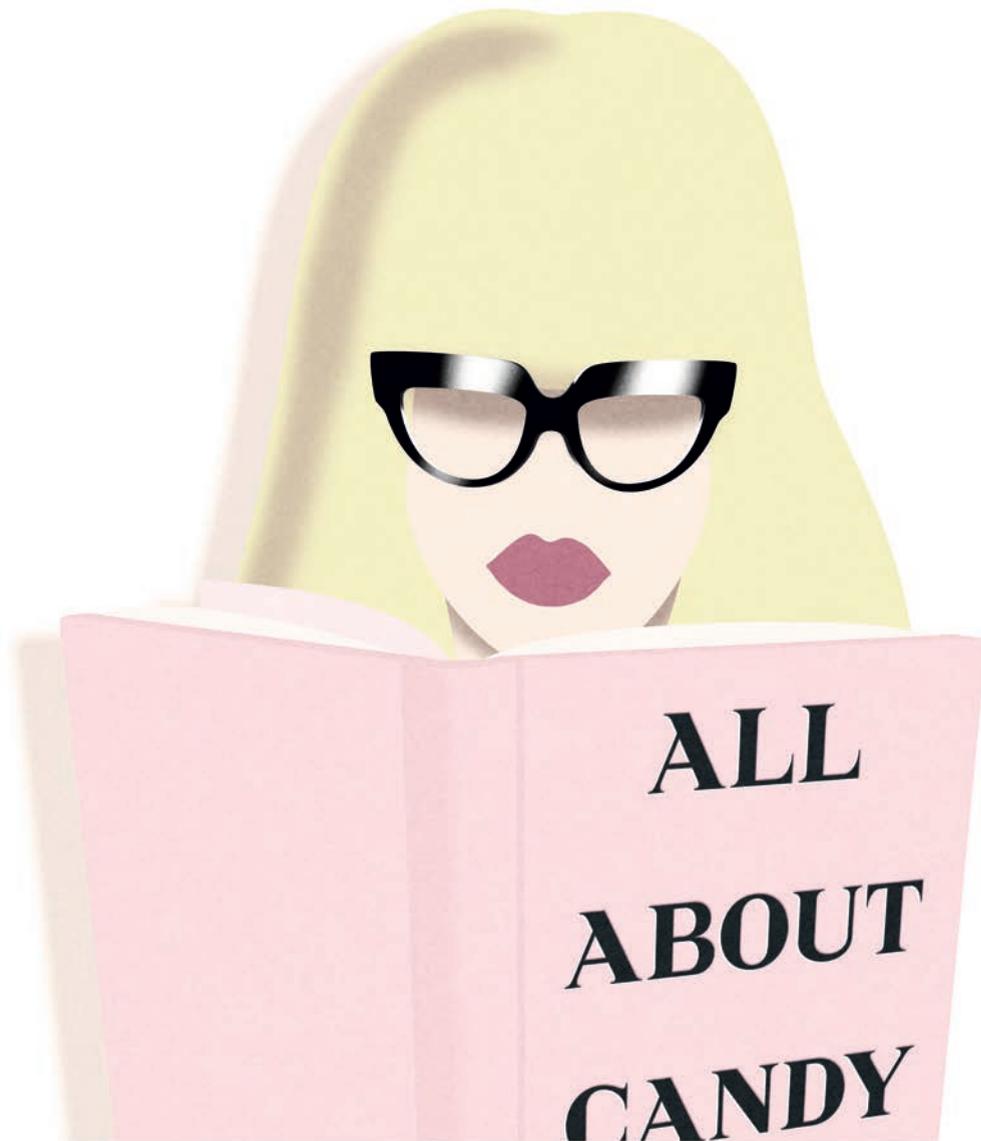
intimacy. Of course, Matisse borrowed the title from a line in a poem by Baudelaire, who knew more than a little about life in pursuit of pleasure: "*Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté / Luxe, calme et volupté,*" he wrote in *Les Fleurs du Mal*. "There, all is order and beauty / Luxury, peace and pleasure."

Peace is a wonderful thing, but perhaps of even greater concern to Candy are pleasure and luxury, while she is young and hungry for the taste of life. And of course, as a truly voluptuous woman, she strictly adheres to the sound advice of the great Mae West: "Cultivate your curves – they may be dangerous but they'll never be avoided. I didn't discover curves – I only uncovered them."

Some women hold themselves in so tightly they can't smell the blossom, can't taste the *gâteau*. They appear to be saving themselves for some impossible future that never comes. Not Candy. Like a truly self-assured *mademoiselle*, she knows exactly when a plum is ready to eat; when the flesh of a cherry is at its sweetest. And so she eats, and tastes the good stuff. It would be rude not to.

W W

**WHO,
WHAT,
WHERE,
WHEN
AND
WHY?**



What happens when two different men fall in love with you within the space of three hours? And those two men happen to be best friends.

Why does popcorn always taste best when you're watching a western?

When can you kiss a complete stranger right smack on the lips and get away with it?

Where is the best place to find horseshoes, wishing wells and four-leaf clovers? Preferably all at the same time.

What's the difference between a sea and an ocean? Naked and nude? Saying, "I love you," and "I'm in love with you"?

Why take the stairs when you can take the elevator? But then again, why take the elevator when you can fly?

When is the appropriate time to announce to your lover that, well, you know... your jokes aren't funny anymore?

Why wait an entire year for birthday cake when it only takes 55 minutes on a light-medium heat to bake?

Who is the best person to turn to when you cannot decide?

Why are there only seven wonders of the world?

When is it too late to leave the party?

Why does my hair always look great on the day I'm supposed to be getting it cut?

Who are you trying to kid when you say you don't love me?

Who can teach me to tango?

Why frown when you can smile? Why giggle when you can laugh? Why laugh when you can howl and shriek?

What's the biggest star in the sky? And why can't we call it Candy?

X

**XXIST
CENTURY
GIRL**

**The Ten Commandments for
the XXIst Century Girl**

I

Thou shalt always aim to do everything spectacularly well. Otherwise it's unbearable. What's the worst thing that can happen? Thou shalt fail. Do that spectacularly as well.

II

Thou shalt never be scared to share one's passions and dreams. Thou shalt not confuse this with sharing the contents of one's breakfast on one's blog.

III

Thou shalt always expect others to behave better than oneself. Thou shalt keep one's perpetual disappointment to oneself.

IV

Thou shalt always recover from a broken heart.
Thou shalt also always recover from a broken nail/

broken heel. But thou shalt not cry over something that won't cry over thou.

V

Thou shalt never worry about one's age. Though thou shalt ask oneself that same question in twenty years' time.

VI

Thou shalt, no matter what the occasion, always remain graceful and elegant and glamorous and chic and fabulous and on-trend. Thou shalt always remain knowledgeable of current adjectives used in fashion publications.

VII

Thou shalt never tire of learning. Knowledge is sexy. Science is best served in killer heels.

VIII

Thou shalt embrace the unexpected. Thou shalt always have one's passport on oneself in preparation

for spontaneous invitations to fabulous impromptu weekend breaks.

IX

Thou shalt always dream big – one only has one life, and one only has one permissible instance when thou shalt always aim for a size XXL.

X

Thou shalt occasionally deviate from the Ten Commandments.

Y

YOURS, CANDY



Paris, May 3rd

Dear Julius and Gene,

How much longer can we possibly all be so happy together?

Some women say that all men are children. Well, at least children are innocent! I'm trapped between a car crash and a tornado! Julius, you've got the brains of a scientist, but the intelligence of a gorilla! Gene, you're every girl's dream, but a woman's worst nightmare!

If I hadn't met the two of you within three hours of each other, I'd simply be in love! Instead, I want to book you both on a third-class, one-way ticket to South America!

Yours,

Candy

Z

ZEST

Zest is a wonderful word. But then again, aren't most words beginning with z? Zealous, zany, zap... They have pizzazz; a zippy energy. It's like the alphabet was saving the best for last. Zest originates from the French word *zeste*, used in the late 15th century to describe the acidic peel of oranges and lemons. These days, the word zest has an uplifting double meaning: one meaning corresponds to all things pertaining to citrus fruit; the other describes a feeling of great enthusiasm and energy. Spirited enjoyment and euphoria.

Let us turn our attention to the citrus fruit family. They're a diverse and intriguing clan, rich in heritage, noble without being stuffy, the kind of dynasty you'd want to be a part of. Beyond grapefruits, oranges, limes, kumquats, tangelos and minneolas are a vast array of hybrids and cultivars, not to mention the dozens of exotic citrus cousins from the Far East. But we're going to focus on those two most vibrant citrus family members – the lemon and the mandarin whose combined presence in Prada Candy L'Eau brings the fragrance alive with

a kick and a spark and, indeed, zest. Native to Asia, both are now found growing in abundance in Sicilian fields, their delicious citrus aroma delighting the lucky folk whose days are spent picking them. They are arguably the most aesthetic of fruits, with perfectly formed shapes and a fantastical texture that glistens in the light. How many other fruits could look as elegant as a bowl of fresh lemons, or mandarins, with their delicate green leaves still intact. They're a picture of health and vitality. The citrus fruits are the perfect, sophisticated partner – in both gastronomic and olfactory matters – adding a sexy kick to the ingredients with which they come into contact. Imagine a gin and tonic without its slice of lemon? That's like a question of life and death, without the life.

The radiant lemon was originally from East India and was brought to Europe by the crusaders in the 10th century. Lemon essence is produced by taking the zest of almost ripe fruit and employing a process of cold press extraction – 1200 lemons are required to produce a kilo of essence.

Long considered a purifier and antidote in Europe and an aphrodisiac in Southeast Asia, the lemon is said to contain magical properties, which may explain why its essential oils have been known to combat everything from bee stings to scurvy. And when you consider its enviable vitamin C content, you start to understand why the lemon is such a healthy devil.

It's all this zest and effervescence that makes the lemon such a colourful feature in many *eaux fraîches*, men's colognes and floral notes. It's no wonder the colourful top notes in Prada Candy L'Eau are an explosion of joy and lightness.

And if the lemon is a touch too sharp for some, what better natural sweetener than the mandarin to create total harmony. Unsurprisingly, its origins are anchored in China. The name derives from its skin colour, the same as the robes worn by the mandarins, upstanding bureaucrats in Imperial China. Ever since, during Chinese New Year, mandarins are considered a traditional symbol of abundance and good fortune. As for the

mandarin's olfactory flair, it brings fresh, tangy notes to Oriental fragrances, and is commonly known to stimulate imagination and creativity and combat depression. What's not to like?

With inherent positivity and lightness, it's hardly surprising the natural zest of citrus fruits has now found itself a byword for uplifting energy. And it's no coincidence that these zestful notes so typify Candy's own *joie de vivre*. One thing's for sure, she certainly has a zest for life.

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