Vomit: a perfume of perfection

By Patrick Dowd

Recent memory, as far back as it can reach, has afforded us with ethereal fragrances emanating from certain types of liquid that are, according to their marketers’ assertions, essential to the proper hygienic code of the civilized man and woman. These liquids go by a variety of individual names, too many to mention here, but in general they are most frequently referred to by such titles as: perfume, cologne, eau de toilette, and after shave. The use of these products is undoubtedly widespread. Witness the size of companies that generate them, the air time such products receive, or simply the presence of their scent on a given individual at virtually any social gathering in first world societies. The practical application of this product is to mask one’s own smell, or at the very least to enhance it by external, artificial means. This usage becomes interesting when we consider the essential role phenomenes-the natural smells the body emits on a perpetual basis-play in dictating who is attracted to whom. If the natural smells the body emits are, for the most part, void of the romantic mishaps that, at best, embarrass us and, at worst, destroy us and cause our already tenuous grip on sexuality and love to slip, pulling us into an abyss of loneliness. Perhaps too much faith is being placed in a simple bottle of scented water, but still the opportunities for optimism presents itself, and, cleaving to our inherent nature as humans, we try to imagine and hope for the best.

Vomit is not on the market yet, nor is it clear as to when it will be if in fact it is ever invented. However, there is a substitute that might work just as well to achieve the results which Vomit seeks to engender. At a time when passion and ardor are thrown around like a piece of fruit during a Kimball food fight, (Dear God, why are there so few edible engagements in our dining hall?) perhaps a new term might benefit all if it were tossed into the fray: self-displacement. Simply put, this principle asks nothing more of its possessors than to think of the other person first- to walk around in their shoes for a little while before asking what they feel?

For a moment, imagine a world in which Vomit inhabited the void of the romantic mishaps that, at best, embarrass us and, at worst, destroy us and cause our already tenuous grip on sexuality and love to slip, pulling us into an abyss of loneliness. Perhaps too much faith is being placed in a simple bottle of scented water, but still the opportunities for optimism presents itself, and, cleaving to our inherent nature as humans, we try to imagine and hope for the best.

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