

WHAT IS BEAUTY BUT AN ILLUSION?

By Diann & Sylvester Walleck



Do you recall the Norman Rockwell illustration of the pig-tailed, freckled faced, disheveled little girl with a black-eye sitting in front of the principal's office with a very pleased look on her face? Most respond when viewing this image with "aw, isn't she cute?" when she obviously is a mess! Why do we sometimes choose to appreciate that which lacks aesthetic appeal? Perhaps that's a query for a philosopher.

But now to apply this thought to the carnival world, consider please the recent purchase we made of a large Imperial Rose (or Lustre Rose, if you prefer) fruit bowl. Our first reaction was "how ugly"! I then picked it up and realized a sizable weight had just been suspended from my hand. And the overall dimensions were of massive proportions.

All these negatives—why was I even considering this obese, gangly, gargantuan piece of glass?

It did have mostly gold iridescence, which, according to Mr. Imperial, Roy Hieger, is a plus. Also, we didn't discover an IG mark anywhere. Still, unlike the Rockwell girl, the fruit bowl would illicit few positive comments from any dedicated collector.

Except,—oh yeah, did I tell you that in bright light its color is blood red? Now that's an illusion of beauty that I can enjoy!

