



What is beauty?

„Hence beauty is not share-able and gives us the impression of total harmony one cannot describe it with a row of words.“ – Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Delight, multiple delight is jumping you right now in the Lauren-Graham-universe. Apparently the star is exploded; a supernova of wonderful extent has been created, brighter, more beaming than ever before.

We are children of the sun who are happy again. The sad faces are brightening up again, the valley of Gilmore-tears is left behind.

It is talked about her “unbelievable beauty” about her “stunning look” and it is assumed Lauren could have been bred in a laboratory, she seems that stunning.

Of course I had to prove this theory and sent pictures of her to people who haven't been captured in the “principle of the absolute beauty of Graham”.

The opinions were all the same: Sure, quite nice!

What?

Excuse me?

Ok, I'll remove my “glasses of Lauren-delight” for a moment and will ask the question: When is “beautiful” beautiful? And what is beautiful? And how do you become beautiful?

To answer this question and with that maybe discovering the source of the beauty of Lauren I first bring on some study material.

Last week I read a column about beauty and the female author painfully hit the mark: researches prove beautiful people have easier lives. They are accepted more easily and reach their aims easier.

Well, who doesn't remember the “beauty of the class” who could talk as much as she wanted and would be politely asked to talk quieter. We were only harshly told to be quiet.

The same at the door of a disco. The “beauty of the class” always passed the security, she could have been dressed in a sack and rain boots, maybe even a sou'wester on her head and a fake beard, she'd get in everywhere. We primed hour after hour and had to spend the time in the movie theater again after receiving a disapproving head shake.



It's unfair, it's scandalous but it's true. And truth, as is known, can't be denied.

But the personal qualities... Don't fool yourself, the personal qualities don't form a pretty cleavage or nice legs. The personal qualities fill the nice outward appearance with wit but who doesn't prefer opening a nicely wrapped gift? One with a bow and pretty paper, sparkling and colorful. Simple packaging paper is ripped off carelessly.

Because of that: No bawling and clattering of teeth, if you look like just woken up it's your fault. Who expects other people to accept the burglar-look has to cope with them turning to more pleasant sights. Why stare at an open surgery when able to enjoy the landscape with trees and flowers?

For beauty is hard work! Not all "beautiful" people have the perfect measurements, eyes perfectly placed in relation to chin and nose; have the perfect relation of legs to torso, the right bends or the well-formed back that flows into a gorgeous bottom. Only a tiny number has that all. That is God-given beauty. But unfortunately also a fashion-related topic. What was pretty 100 years ago sets off red alert today.

No, beauty is work, is abdication and humbleness and lots of cheating. I don't want to start on plastic surgery and botox again. You know my opinion about that.

But finally back on topic: Lauren, who frankly told Jay Leno about her short getaway to a spa. Because Ms Graham agonized. And paid a lot of money for it! Little food, much sports. Also called dieting. Scene of the happenings: a deluxe spa for bored wives or completely stressed business-women who have to be slimmed down in very little time.

The one who carefully looks at the pictures of the premiere of "Evan Almighty" (don't we all?) can see: the perfect brown legs wear body make-up, professionally applied. The showing-off was conclusive: well-done hair, dress perfectly white, hands manicured, face harmonious. No pimple disturbs the visual appearance, eye brows well twitched, slender lines expanding the eyes.

But that alone doesn't do the trick. Naomi Campbell or Kate Moss for example. They are known as beautiful women, really beautiful women. I however find them little appealing. Maybe because I never heard one kind word from them.

Score! That's it!

The secret of true beauty!



So, beauty does have to do something with substance. Lauren jokes about herself that a panic attack interrupted her beauty craze and a chicken sandwich with mayonnaise had to redress her inner balance. This is charming and supremely human. Here the dots of visual appearance and humor connect and our brain is filled with a languorous feeling of “Oh, that’s one adorable person.”

When she enthusiastically tells about her 5-year-old godson humanity and sympathy go down hand in hand along the fan boulevard.

“I’m so glad to be a fan of such a person” was written in a forum. Exactly, the perfect mixture with beauty and soul, this coziness of soul is what makes “true beauty” in our eyes-

Perhaps only we are able to recognize, the laboratory having done its job very well, this human being is beautiful, just beautiful because she is the way she is!

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