

We all have them- *Objects of Desire*. This is the time of year when we add them to our wish list... *just in case*...I have had a Verdura Cuff with a gemstone Maltese Cross on mine for years. Every year I add it to my list, not that I expect to receive it, but they say that you attract what you think about, so I'm always thinking....

A pair of white ceramic cuff bracelets with gold interiors and colorful gemstone mosaics. The bracelets are shown open, revealing the gold-colored inner lining. The exterior of each cuff is decorated with a mosaic of various colored gemstones, including green, purple, yellow, and red, set in a gold-colored metal frame. The bracelets are displayed on a white reflective surface.

A pair of Verdura Cuffs

You can't discuss *Objects of Desire* without the word passion. For without passion, these objects would become just "stuff". Classic *Objects of Desire* such as the Hope Diamond, the Golden Fleece, and the Holy Grail, are examples of objects over which wars were fought, lives were lost and the stories of their pursuits have been woven into our cultural myths. They are the great stories of heros' quests.

Today in the 21st century, our idea of *Objects of Desire* has changed. We are now used to instant gratification, mass availability and the "next new thing". You may not have to go on a hero's quest, go to war, or weave your stories into myths to obtain your heart's desire. However, on Black Friday, you may have to set your alarm for the wee hours of the morning in order to score that "My Peek-a-Boo Elmo" for your kids.

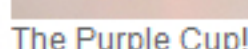
My first childhood recollection of an *Object of Desire* was *The Purple Cup*. Since my father had summers off, my family spent most of those childhood summers at our grandparent's beach house at the Jersey Shore. While my Dad was moonlighting delivering milk and being chased by dogs, we girls were catching crabs off the dock, doing our summer reading and running from the "Mosquito Man" who drove by nightly spraying DDT for mosquito control. It was a perfectly idyllic summer.

That was during the week. On the weekends, our grandparents, our aunt and uncle and their three children arrived. In those years, my cousin Scott was the only male grandchild and because of that "special" status garnered extra privileges and dispensations the rest of us children did not. Special bedtimes, extra ice cream, picking his favorite seat at the table and (cherry on top), he was awarded 1st dibs on *The Purple Cup*.

The cup wasn't special by any means. It was one of a set of generic metal ice tea tumblers that came in pairs of gold/red/blue/purple. However, somehow *The Purple Cup* lost its mate and because of it's singularity, it became something special, something desired, and the desire to obtain it spread like a case of the measles. *The Purple Cup* became an obsession.

To keep the peace, during the week, we girls were on a family rotation that allowed us to each take turns using the cup. When our cousins arrived, out went the rotation, and it was every kid for him/herself. Usually the battle over the cup was between my "take no prisoners" sister and our boy cousin, but day by day, that cup became, more shiny, more beautiful.....*more purple*.

Before long, we all wanted *The Purple Cup*. Come 5:30 every night, there was a pack of kids wrestling on the kitchen floor like puppies fighting over a chewy toy. You might wonder why our parents didn't intercede. I often wondered about that, but I later realized that at that time of day, the adults were well into their cocktail hour outside and were either deaf or turned a deaf ear as we kids screamed, scratched and clawed. It was a daily blood bath.



The Purple Cup became more and more desirable as the summer wore on. It is a perfect example on a micro-cosmic scale of how *Objects of Desire* come about. In this case, it was its scarcity that made it special. It certainly wasn't its intrinsic beauty. My sister to this day, swears it was really about kicking my cousin's butt, but I like to think that the lowly metal ice tea tumbler was elevated for a short while at least to an *Object of Desire*.

Years later, my grandparent's house was sold and my mother came across *The Cup*. She presented it to my sister that year for her birthday. To my family it was a symbol of the quest. We had won the battle and had the spoils to prove it!

It's a silly story really, but we have all been there in some way shape or form - wrestling, conniving and lusting after some material thing, bound and determined that our *Object of Desire* will one day be ours.

By the way, in your travels to find perfect holiday gift for everyone on your list, if you happen to come across a purple ice tea tumbler vintage 1950, please let me know. I can think of a few people that might be interested....Happy Holiday Hunting (and may the best man win!)

Delsy.

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