

The laments of a 'cute' girl

For all those of my ilk, there are three words we dread to hear. No, it isn't the over hyped 'I love you'. It's only, 'You're so cute'. Not hot, not sexy — just 'cute', rues SAVIA RAJAGOPAL-SHAH

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Picture this. You meet the guy of your dreams. You've outdone yourself and are convinced you look like the hottest 'thing' on stilettos. And you're all set for a wonderful night out. You exchange pleasantries and you're enjoying a perfectly sensual evening when those words drop out of nowhere. 'You're SO cute'. Hello?!?!? I look dropdead-gorgeous (or so I led myself to believe!) and all he can come up with is 'you're CUTE?'

I look at the divas around me and wonder... What am I doing wrong? Is it my clothes or my hair or am I just not hottie material? I decided to look into the matter and asked around. Most men I know agree that I'm cute. And they insist it's a compliment. I'm not so sure. When I think bombshell, I think Brooke Burke or Angelina Jolie. Meg Ryan pales in comparison. It's an evaluation based purely on physical attributes which has nothing to do with talent or inner beauty and all those profound qualities (for all the politically correct individuals!). I'm talking pure eye candy value here. I want to know what's so special about these women. And what's so wrong with me? I know a number of women who struggle with their cuteness. Who wants to be called cute after all? Most friends I know complain of the c-word catching them off-guard. "Sure, it's nice to be cute. But not everyday! It's depressing sometimes," whined my perfectly attractive friend, empathising with others who face a similar fate.

But there's hope. Many 'cute' women have had drastic transformations from the girl-next-door to the sultry siren. I, of course, don't know any. But celebrities like Christina Ricci or Lindsay Lohan supposedly qualify as those who've made the ultimate crossover from 'cute' to sexy.

Not for me, those joys of transformation. I am doomed to suffer the 'cutie-pie' condition that seems to have no respite in store for me. Even though I have made varied attempts to dissociate myself from the tag. I have tried the sleek-smart-professional look. You know the drill — smart jacket, sexy (at least I thought so) blouses and those towering heels, with pout in tow. Please God, let me be sexy today — just one day! I prayed. Invalid request, He deemed. The first who met me said, 'You look so CUTE!' Such are the tyrannies of life. And so, the cute ones like me, live in a virtual cauldron of denial and meek surrender. No matter how hard I try, or what I do, I can never be the seductress. There you have it. One meandering story later, that pretty much leads to nothing. I am still just cute.

