

Black Teeth

The comma key, missing on my keyboard, feels like when you have a tooth missing in your mouth and your tongue brushes over it on its way towards another tooth.

you can imagine, interestingly sensual.

19 Sept 2006

Left

The smell of the country wafts in with a cool breeze that spells autumn, despite the lush greenery and the bright activity of the evening – stars shining through the branches as she pulls her sheets off the line. Those aren't all stars. Some of them are airplanes flying into one of three massive airports surrounding her. And that isn't the sound of a breeze picking up tall oaks lining the road in front of her large wooden house, it is a heavy cargo train that has just begun to squeal as it rides the rails around a long arc into the nearby station.

A sigh and a tear slips down her cheek, squeezed tightly away as she pulls the sheets in closer, nearly ripping down the haphazardly strung clothes line in the tiny back garden. Tromping through the long dull kitchen only to hang them again inside. A heavy rain had fallen earlier and despite the following sunshine, the sunset had crept closer than she remembered the last time these hung out to dry.

STRIATIONS IN THE PIG AND FIDDLE

NEAR THE RIVER AVON One FINE SPRING DAY
IN THE TOWN OF BATH In the TwoThousandth AND Sixth
COUNTY OF SOMERSET YEAR OF OUR LORD,
 The MONTH OF APRIL
 On the 14th DAY.

By way of our incidental architectures, a term which I will shortly debate the accuracy of, we are directed towards a specific understanding of the spaces that we encounter on a daily basis. The lines on the sidewalk, the ticks of the clock, the number of biscuits in the packet, grains of sugar in the packet and so on: in entering a room, or any space for that matter, we are encouraged by these 'incidentals' to consider our surroundings in a specific way. We are asked by our surroundings, rather than told - that we are to consider these elements in the given manner or we shall perhaps become confused and need to ask questions which will make obvious our in perhaps 'inappropriate' placement in that particular, dare I use the term, 'environment'. I am debating the term 'incidental' here because it is - yes - incidental as we consider it on the basis of 'everyone', but the people or persons who originated this term carefully calculated these ideas, divisions in order that they would be accepted or even believed, by those who were to encounter them in their daily 'everyday-ness'.

Consider this page for example. I am writing using Microsoft Word, a multi billion dollar company that has decided how we ought to organize our writings, spell our words and generally use our own language. But it is acceptable, and often required to use such a formatted program to make using our language accessible to a larger body of 'us's'. you know what I mean when I say 'us's' I think, but Microsoft doesn't want it to be ok. You can either 'add' or 'change' or my favourite, 'ignore', and 'ignore all'. Ok, my little typing girl, so you are a daft cow, but I the BRILLIANT COMPUTER with for now, 'ignore' your idiocy and allow it to 'pass', but next time - sort yourself out, alright? I feel I've wronged the grammatical structure of my language - something I've used, on and off unsuccessfully since I learned it by making things up and being corrected my mumsy and dadsy years ago as a tiny tot.

Let us talk architecture here momentarily, and turn in our minds perhaps why these incidental architectures are or are not actually 'architectures' per se. yes, architecture is something we build with. It is also something that is used simply to divide places and spaces and therefore, a fence is equally as architectural as a courthouse building, yes? By these definitions, yes. Each serves the same function, each considers physics in order to stand up and each can and is considered an ugly eye sore if completed incorrectly. One, demands your attention and causes you

on your position in society, are we talking about a white picket fence here or a Georgian style apartment block? Why not both? See, we are as much controlled and directed by the lines on the road as we are the bricks in a building – if they are placed in accordance with a system we have come to recognize as ‘appropriate’. This is an important point. Before it became a popular tradition to build houses in the ‘A’ frame style in the hills of North-east Iowa, (after the Swiss and Scandinavian mountain building methods) were they considered ‘eye sores’ dotting the pine soaked hills of the Upper Iowa River valley?

The years between 1989 and 2003 considered legwarmers, pinned skinny jeans and loud flashy prints to be intolerable, ugly and to make bodies look much less than desirable. However, by some strike of a lightning bolt, suddenly ‘bangarang’ the generation finds they tried so hard to be grown up that they missed their lives in the 80s (maybe now they drink too much and it makes them remember, who knows), these clothing styles have again hit the mainstream, causing young men and women every where to repeat the mistakes of their earlier generations. Now, I’ll be positive, at least they are going for a generation where woman began to feel comfortable with their bodies and skin and take confident steps towards independence, unlike some fashion revivals where the ‘silent Victorian lady’ is homage’d or the perky chested

receptionist with a pencil skirt, plain pumps and a prim buttoned top click down the sidewalks blushing and fluttered in rhythm to the men who are wishing there is a sex kitten hidden underneath that 'nice girl' uniform. The mental architecture created by magazines such as Vogue, Red Book and Cosmopolitan - which sits in my bag next to me, informing me how to apply my 'leg makeup' properly, then next best thing to actually being outside (a strange revival of the Victorians yet again, akin to painting the seam of hosiery on the back of ones legs to give the impression of money when times were skin after the crash of the stock market).

As our shiny bronze legged individual, dressed to the nines with hound's-tooth pumps and red plastic bangles, walking down the pavement, taking care not to step on any cracks dare she breaks her mothers back, she crossed the zebra markings on the road, the cars slowing to a stop of a crawl at the flash of the little green man which corresponds with their little red circle, she strolls through an archway at the side of the pavement, heels clicking in time to the Hi-Fi pumping out of her nano sized iPod. She stops.

The park is so carefully manicured that not even the direction of the mowed grass can give her advice on where to turn. There are no lights, no paved walks, no bins, no trees or flowers. The park is surrounded by a very tall,

flowerless hedgerow. In a situation such as this, interrupting a severely 'suggestively' organized urban community, what is a girl to do?

Have you ever watched any one walk into a canteen or a café of sorts where there are options on every side and they can't seem to decide where to go, there is nothing directing them - they sway and wander left and dodge right, considering and declining possibilities as quickly as they come along.