

Beige – Words as a Form of Jewellery

Beige...

Beige...

Beige...

Is it even...

a colour?

a feeling?

Neither maybe...

A massless substance...

An unending expanse

I open the sketch book

I am greeted by a vast unrelenting blank domain...

of beige

Here,
beige is pre-action

Here,
beige is pre-thought

Here,
beige is not human

Fill this space quickly

Drawings, words,
scribbles

Anything...

Fill it with anything..

But its blankness

its aggressive,

assertive...

openness ...

is surely an act of passive
aggressiveness?

It is Beige

It will remain Beige for now.

~~Procrastination.~~
~~Procrastination.~~
~~Procrastination.~~
~~Procrastination.~~
~~Procrastination.~~
~~Procrastination.~~
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My thoughts turn to beige

I am desperate for colour

When Timothy Leary pushed the counter cultural experimentation
of American LSD taking...

Dreams were sold in vivid shades of purple and lime.

Vast intricate colour shifts and forms...

waves and pulses of pink and turquoise...

Nobody dreams in Beige...

Nobody hallucinates in beige...

After every vibrant decade of colour and youthful optimism,

we are followed by one defined by hues less powerful;

the avocado and beige of the 70's wiping clean the 60's

The noughties placating the 90's

...Of '69

Dr Thompson spoke of the tide of optimism breaking and flowing
back

One images vast torrents of blue and green

Receding to reveal nothing but desert,

dirt and sand

An unending plain...

of beige.

It leaves one feeling peculiar...

Thoughts scrambled...

Five weeks of isolation...

I am not sure...

I am not sure I feel...

feel normal...

Walls are closing in

walls...

...off white

Beige...

Beige...

Beige...

...Rental Beige

The worst of colours...
Rental Beige

No,
It is not a colour

It is the inside of care homes and hospitals.

The cheapest biggest tin of paint.

The knockoff, cheapskate, no-frills Landlord's favourite.

Thoughtless in its application.

The white skirting struggling to hold back the seeping overflows.

Thoughtlessly
and poorly applied...

Beige...

Off ...

Off white

Not clean...

Not vibrant...

Beige...

It is unique,

for a colour at least,

in being both warm and cool

This I consider to be a sinister move

Always keeping on good
terms with both sides...

...

Hedging your bets...

Pulling back from certainty
and definition

Weeks of thinking...

Weeks of thinking; beige...

It is everywhere...

disappointingly...

it is there...

in my reflection.

The stained taint of my teeth...

Beige

Staring back from the silver surface.

Beige.

The eyes that glare back

Tired.

Bulging.

Beige.

The folds of ageing flesh

In turns pinkish, bland...

Beige.

Perhaps...

this is no coincidence?

Maybe...

beige is the ultimate reflection of the human
condition.

It could be that Beige is the pull back from ideas of progress.

This could be a positive?

Where the follies of religion and humanism are drawn back to the
beginning

An automatic reset button

(Of sorts)

But

This would counter act its association with piety

It is said to hold theological qualities...

Perhaps my aversion to beige lies in tandem with my aversion to
religion

Beige rooms leave me unsettled in a similar way to churches

All the visuals screaming...

"YOU should not be here."

Yet...

here,

Sitting pen and paper at top this cheap desk

Undemeath plastic laminate is pretending to be wood

Instead it can only be described as looking like the matter (?)
substance you find inside frozen cheap potatoes foods ...

...

...

...

fuck

...

I can hear the water drops hitting the pane of glass

Looking up,

the rain hits the window

Water will be a relief to the grass and the plants

The sun has left them parched and dying.

Yellowing...

Leaves turned beige.

It strikes me that beige is the onset of the end of life

Beige is not conservative at all.

It does want to conserve,

It's mission is to drive away

But...

Beige is just a colour?

Aye...

But

No...

Beige is titan of metaphors...

Beige as conservatism

Beige as suburban

Beige as purgatory

All metaphors

But there is also literalness

Beige is the colour of illness, of pus and mucus

Beige is the suburban malady

I can hear the suburbanites outside

the noise of the commuters leaving their houses.

It is...

Beige.

And inside,
the magnolia reminds me of health wards.

Bad Food.

Beige.

Sporting clothes for the school pick up.

Nike? Check...

Beige

An S.U.V on town streets.

Beige

Tutting, judging, tedious side looks...

Beige

Suburban life... Green ... yet Beige.

Beige.

Washing over me in great waves of mediocrity.

Beige.

Drowning in its lack of ...

something...

anything

Beige...

Beige?

Bleurgh.

...

I feel like Withnail

...

"I think I have been in here too long. I feel unusual. I think we should go outside."