Editorial:

Two Short Sweet Stories about Pink

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A STUDENT WAS accepted into a school of architecture and commenced with the resolute determination to never draw a building. When it became obvious that this might be hard, or at least that it wasn't much of a challenge to anyone at all, the decision was modified to equally stubborn effect: every conception henceforth would be pink.

PINK? JUST TO BE IMPOSSIBLE!

She asked: "Why pink?"
Rashly, absurdly, or obviously enough: "Why not?"

PINK? ONLY BECAUSE IT WAS POSSIBLE.

Epilogue

Pink?

Pink!

It seems that it's always questionable whether it's ever imperative, but there must be something to it: something important or simply impetuous. And even if pink is never imperative it's often a statement, whether it's interpreted as being surprising, revolting, soothing, gender-specific, ambiguous, natural or synthetic. As both the colour of flesh which takes nine months to form and of a quick'n'dirty, one-command fix to an otherwise banal computer rendering, pink must have both gravitas and groove. It offers itself up sweetly or sickly as an architectural application, the red-white blend of which can be metered and mixed to taste or distaste.

So to speak: we're often in it; when behind the proper viewing screen (the famed rosy lenses) we see through it, and they say it's a formidable landscape. Pink has found its way into our lexicon and the lingo is architecturally tied up describing placement and places and conceptual spaces. What core mythical connection explains this commonplace slang? Maybe pinkness itself once bore a bit of architecture: centuries ago when Bikaner rose rosy out of Rajasthan or a few decades back when structural definition came in the translucent plastic guise of a dental retainer. Alternatively, there could be patently pink kinds of architecture characterized by feelings, aesthetics, assemblies and attitudes. And ultra-rosily-speaking: in the right environment, pink describes an ultimately transcendent space . . . we are tickled until we are it.