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**Creative Non-Fiction**  
**Style is Everywhere**  
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The brown boots sit atop the heater for half of each day. The cold snow seeps through organic bamboo, wool felt and cotton socks. Anytime the boots come inside the person wearing the boots gets warm. As the snow begins to melt, it leaks through the boots further. Thus, the boots sit opened on the white water heater. Hopefully they maintain their shape. Hopefully those boots are made for walking.

The images of the room become distinct only through time. The paintings of flowers upon each wall are simply abstract perspectives from a young woman in despair. With each stroke she painted her thoughts and memories, the way that I lay out my thoughts now through my own art, my own screen. This computer has become a metaphor for art.

All the white space is filled in her paintings. It's her way of expressing that no moment is entirely silent. And my walls are no different, my stories, the same. The more empty, dead, white and vacant space, the less likely fulfillment can exist.

If no moment is silent, then things cannot be ignored. It's like the loud comedic writer that doesn't write with the best style, or most original thoughts, but goes for the punch line, the funny joke, the easy quick jabbed thrill. Is my writing like this? Do I try to go for the easiest way to amuse my audience, or do I make them work... Are they even pretty good readers? Do the readers ask themselves important questions when they read my thoughts? Or do they chuckle at my lack of knowledge or expertise?

If writing is truly an art, if this screen has become a new way to express thoughts and delve deeper into the rich meanings of life, then are these boots really made for walking? Can these fingers make art in pixel form?

The table cloth is filled with flowers, the apartment furnished with all things reused and recycled. Gifts from old friends and boyfriends, decorations from dumpster dives and divorced relationships create stories behind each tangible object. The drawers that hold thousands of thongs once belonged to a lawyer and his wife, who left him because he didn't pass his bar exam. He was always at the other bar avoiding the reality of difficult reality that law school and his wife had proposed.

The carpet belonged to an aunt, who gave it to her brother, who gave it to his ex-wife, who gave it to me. So many tragedies create the warmth of the floor in the room. Like a cavern of untold secrets and treasures, the star on the door shares stories of old friendships and gifts given on blustery blizzarding days.

The boxes of beers of winter and poetry sit in cut out forms hiding white spaces between the doors and the poster of music. A young Joey shared Jimi Hendrix's music with me once and gave the poster in remembrance of better years (before Jimi died of his creative juices, the gifts of his madness). A leaf from the fall of the trees outside the house, picked up by new-love-novelties sits in the candle holder.

When the bears of beans became big, the businesses began building many different bunches... I bought the peace bear. Tie-dyed with love in some sweat shop somewhere probably by children in China. It was made with cotton grown on some mono-cropped farm. Such a hypocritical bear of beans promoting bigger and better things than what it portrays with its peace sign stitching.

There are living beings here, two musicians, a concert and a politician. They live in a world of water separate from my air but yet a part of my ecosystem. Daisy May, a golden diva of wonder spends most of her time with Johann Sebastian Bach, a black boggle-eyed fish that always peers towards the movement outside the tiny tank. The snail reminds me of a slower time where people move on their own – a music festival of bonnaroo and bands and booze and buds. And there's always good, loyal, noble, honest Abe. Linking him to the others is hard, their castle has created a dichotomy of ideas that don't blend and mesh - different entities experiencing the same habitat.

But all these ideas lead back to the creative presentation of information. The destination of this, to another station of telecommunication at a desk in a pile of several other stories, a new method of discombobulation in the era of too much stuff through one screen. It is things such as these that make creativity lack and conform and contrast the status quo.

Isn't a writer meant to defy what the status quo may be? A voice, a style, all must come from filling up the empty space. But filling up negative space is always a gift, and must be done in a way that the monotony is not mocked. Every writer starts the same way, with her pen, paper and thoughts. Filling up dead space could be maddening. Two thousand words in these blank pages are supposed to represent months' worth of thought-provoking. Can it be given justice, or is it extrapolated at that length? When does one determine the right number of words, or sentences? Are artists told to use a certain number of paint colors, or size of brush? Is true artistic ability limited? Does art need boundaries?

Maybe as one learns, the creativity is restricted and later used "correctly." And maybe the message that is conveyed does depend on form and genre. To tell someone about the depth of feelings of love or lust, an essay or article may seem unsuitable. To fill the dead space of apartment walls with tar may not make sense. There are restrictions that are logical. But these genres are inhibiting for those with the gift of creativity.

So what is the purpose of filling the space if someone says how it should be done? All of the ideas become bottled up or projected in a specific direction. What if the purpose of creativity is to defy those norms? How can one learn to be creative in school? Can we teach how to fill up the dead space of the world or must it just simply be done? A truly blank slate is how art must be created it seems.

The style here has a purpose – a pondering of the dead space and why we fill it, or how we fill it, how everywhere around us dead space is constantly being filled. My scrapbooks, my walls, my windows, dresser, even coffee tables have to be individualized. My style here is attempting to be unique, different from every other piece of creative non-fiction. There are so many combinations of words that I could put together to convey something as ambiguous as my style. Twenty-six letters in the alphabet can create so many words and then the order of words can create so many sentences, then paragraphs, then pages. It's like Chomsky's colorless green ideas sleep furiously. It can be entirely logical and illogical at the exact same moment. If one were to write to another about their love in an article, it could work. It just depends on how they do it. It's style, voice, an inherent choice.

Often it is like the hornbeam trees that sit outside the windows above the hill which I sometimes lay under with unexpected lovers in summer. We fill the air with meaning where none before existed. Perpetually the artists fill the space that holds nothing, that conveys no meaning.

Now when I write I always ask myself what style it's in, why I'm using it, who I'm trying to appease with my words. I wish I weren't writing for anyone, ever, or everyone all the time. It's like all the bandanas and scarves that are laying as table cloths and wall decorations all around the apartment are each individual works of art that collectively create, with the rest of the artwork, my overall home and habitat. One is purple, pink, grey designs. Another alternates between light and dark blues in the forms of different sized flowers. Another has a scene of trees and mountains with cerulean and maize interwoven between grey and brown clouds. All such different and distinct images and textures, but all are considered scarves. Each poem, essay, article is the same. All are writing, a genre, even a specific area of genre. But each is uniquely inherently entirely different.

In my mind my pillows represent patchworks of purple pastimes, pink perpetual pain, and plastic people. This is the expedition of style throughout this most un-peaceful era. The street installations of closet hangers that hold skirts upon dresses and shirts all express a different attitude each day. Socks, scene it, sigg bottles, cigarettes all pile near doors, discombobulated discoveries of days past. Similar to the old poet in me, the new writer in me, the young discoverer of deceiving words.

All of these things are deceiving. A room of water with messages like, "MONEY FOR HUMAN NEEDS NOT FOR WAR." A cartoon mocking the similarities of George DUBYAH Bush and Hitler, and global warming information anytime the internal waterfalls are released. Of course, the room of water is always one of adventure, new experiences. Bathroom bliss.

Yet other people have different expressions. James, Josh, and their jesting cats put almost nothing on the walls. Bottles of whisky, rum, and Welch's 100% grape juice protrude from the kitchen. There are at least 26, wait, 32 cans of empty coca-cola and store brand cherry-vanilla Dr. M. It speaks a different style, one less direct or purposeful but a mishap of items, junk, put together in the most accessible way. It is simply practicality but no aesthetic value is held by the makers of the home. The music maker is locked up in a black leather case, not used or expressed. The windows don't let in enough light to see, but the day shines brightly behind closed shades. All white, all space, all vacant.

It's no wonder that it's uncomfortable where there is no expression. Artistic endeavors are particularly important to ponder in apartments. The best blank slate is the first blank slate where nothing has predisposed ideas of beauty or wealth. Doughnuts drizzle frozen frosting on big plates next to a nuking machine and endless supplies of once-trees, what they now call a combination towels and paper. The wooden chairs and hand-me-down couches create a semblance of a circle in the room - a community to share thoughts and ideas with neighbors and friends.

Piles of pillows, loads of lighters, and seventeen empty milk gallons sit next to the water faucet between the wall and the cold box for food. There are empty cups of corporate consumerism: Starbucks, McDonalds, Pepsi, and some random campus eatery that says they are green friendly but all their food travels thousands of miles to get to the "green" dining room. That's sure a lot of fuel isn't it? But that's

the style around these parts. Everybody wants to be the same, eat the same, wear the same things, read the same books and watch the same shows. If it's all the same, where is the style? The outfit that sets a person apart is like the extensive comma usages that I never use but some people do and the readers are never unaware of the author's voice. You can hear them pausing, each and every, moment. It's like romance novels, that are all the same story but in different places each time. Yet they sell so well.

We've danced around the thought, the notion of style every moment of our lives. We've battled the vacant open spaces and replaced monotonous colors. We've discovered the art of making each blank screen, canvas, and paper into something greater and more expressive. But our styles aren't remotely the same. We each bring a new perspective to the meaning of our symbolic thoughts. The moment I put my fingers to the plastic keyboard, I become a maker of my style. Just this last paragraph say's we've at the beginning of the first three sentences. Three sentences in this paragraph use commas. Past tense. The route I am taking already has distinguishing traits. Style is what I've been using to try and show in this that it exists.

These boots are cold, on my damp feet near the window. The guitar hasn't been played but peas and chickens float in soupy noodles. The space appears to be full now.

We should keep moving - these boots are surely made for walking the long distance to the discovery of their own beat.