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In the sleepy village of commuters the Others have always been everywhere else. If an uncomfortable moment occurs within the village—a late delivery of the newspapers, or a car broken down blocking the green hedged lane, then it is invariably the work of 'some one from outside', a person with no name. It just is inconceivable that one of the villagers could or would operate outside of the norm. The unwritten rules are administered by scowl and sanction, a type of behaviour modification programme that all the villagers subscribe to. To keep all neat, and all clean, and all green. Proper.

When the new people moved into the grandest house on the green the villagers expected certain things from them. It was the first weekend in June. An agreed bare minimum of civility would be for the new occupants to continue to allow the cake stalls from the annual fete to be stationed on their front verge. It had been done for years and years and was absolutely expected.

When Virginia knocked on the door of the grand house she had the air of established comfort about her. This was her job. To remind people of the date of the fete, and tell the new people how many stalls would be erected. Oh yes and the times—of course, being new they wouldn't know about that. The fete is held from 1.30 to 5pm every year on the second Sunday in June. She would say it with the fullstop implicit in her delivery.

'Door, darling!', came the call from an upstairs window back into the house. 'Darling's' footsteps slowly echoed down the hallway towards Virginia. The door opened to reveal the vast hallway with half a dozen boxes in various unpacked states.

'Hello?' enquired 'Darling'.

'Hello.' said Virginia enthusiastically, 'I'm Ginnie, welcome to our village...' She surprised herself by offering her family name and not her formal name to the stranger at the door.

'And?' asked 'Darling'.

Ginnie really wanted her name back now.

'Virginia Green' she said trying to recover, 'I am one of your neighbours, well, we all are really. We all like to think of ourselves as a village of neighbours. A little community. So just popping in to say hello, and welcome, and fill you in on a few things...' her voiced trailed as 'Darling' spun on her heel and called into the house.

'Honey! You'd better come down here. We've got neighbourhood watch at the door!'

'Darling' was quite scathing in her tone and this surprised Virginia. She sucked back into herself and then drew her long body upwards and slightly outwards at the shoulders in readiness for 'Honey'.

'Honey' came along the grand Edwardian hallway in a long green swishing skirt. She was smiling. And looking towards Virginia in a friendly way. 'Hmm I guess she is compensating for 'Darling' thought Virginia.

'Hello' said 'Honey' brushing her hair from her cheek with the back of her hand before offering it towards Virginia.

'How kind of you to visit'.

'That's more like it', thought Virginia as she replied. 'Hello, I'm Ginnie and I'm your neighbour'.

'Lovely', said 'Honey'. 'Well, what can you tell me about this charming wee place?'

Virginia took the opening and gushed forth with names of people near by, the days that the shop had decent croissants, what day the recycling was collected, when the bus came by on its way to the next town. She loved her village and all its details were filed carefully in her heart. Virginia was a passionate villager.

'Darling's' abrupt step backwards and turn on heel caused Virginia to stumble and take a little breath. Just enough for 'Honey' to break in with an 'aah' and 'ummm'.

'And most importantly,' Ginnie continued, 'you will be having the cake stalls next weekend! Isn't that fantastic? The whole village will be gathered over there on the green and they will come by and say hello when they stop at the cake stalls just here on your verge. Isn't that a wonderful way to get to be part of the village and be one of us? You are so lucky!' Ginnie was leaning forwards and her hands were making circular movements to show how big the cakes would be and how 'simply marvelous' the whole situation was.

'Honey' broke in more definitely now.

'Oh dear' she said, 'that will be most inconvenient for us, it's just not what we had planned for next weekend.'

Ginnie pulled herself back, 'Oh? Why ever not? It's really a lovely day, it would be a shame if you're not here.'

'Well it's not that...' hesitated 'Honey'.

'Never mind, we will just put the stalls up as usual, only six this year, and sadly by the time you get back you won't even notice we were there...' said Ginnie.

'No' said 'Honey'. 'That's true, we won't notice you were there...because we are using the verge ourselves that weekend.'

A long pause from Virginia—this is very unexpected and completely out of order. 'What do you mean?'

'It's our anniversary and we always have people.' 'Honey' was just warming to her topic and started moving her hands in a circular motion imitating Virginia but using the sign to indicate the vast numbers of people, 'and all the bikie chicks will park their Harley Davidsons on the verge! It's all arranged. It's so fantastic to have the space so close to the house. We can see the bikes and watch the chicks rev up and strut their stuff. It's really a wonderful sight.'

'Honey' was leaning slightly towards Virginia, her skirt made a crumpling sound as she leant closer and in a slightly conspiratorial tone she deepened her voice and said 'Anyway we love them. So shiny, and clean, and that fabulous...throaty...roar as they take off around the green.'

*Adapted for performance by Barbara Campbell from a story by Helen Idle.*