

THE PARIS FOLLIES

BY HIMALI SINGH SOIN



“No theme requires more pure logic than love.” —Alain Badiou, *What is Love*.

At the Georgia Fee Writers Residency this spring in Paris, Himali Singh Soin will utilize the romantic clichés of Paris to excavate its less probable, scientific desires. From 18th century follies in Parc Monceau and Bois de Vincennes to 20th century follies in Le Parc de la Villette to modern buildings like Le Grand Arch to Gargoyles and mere street side ornaments, her lines will be made of hypercubes, topologies, tangles and tautologies. When Haussmann planned Paris, center quadrants giving way to five radiating boulevards, he did not foresee that it would be a city full of stars, lingering long after their time. In Paris, city of light, the particle swerves into the wave, sine-like and full of signifiers. In Paris, city of love, Himali speculates on whether its most magical romance might be found in its most foolish mathematics.



Proust's first surge of involuntary memory was with a madeleine.

The second was when he lost his step on a cobbled street.

On this day, the 1st of April, a fool's day, I post my first note from Paris, city of beautiful foolishness.

Paris, *La Ville Lumiere*, meaning city of light, meaning photons traveling at us at a finite speed, meaning what we see in the present is already in a not-so-distant past.

Named in light of its boulevards of gas lamps and its role in the Enlightenment, the Paris of science and reason coexists with its Romantic inclinations. Its architectural symmetries are varied, from functional to completely frivolous. The city of light and the city of love are created for each other. The Paris of Voltaire is also the Paris of Proust.

Architectural follies are visual structures that serve no purpose beyond ornamentation. They are created for sheer delight, madness, displacement.

In sport, when the score is 0, we say "Love," because Love is for nothing, Love itself is a folly. In his chapter on the love letter in *A Lover's Discourse*, Barthes differentiates between a correspondence and a letter. A correspondence, mathematically, is one in which the writer tries to make a point, have a function. But, he says, "for the lover the letter has no tactical value: it is purely expressive—at most, flattering (but here flattery is not a matter of self-interest, merely the language of devotion); what I engage in with the other is a relation, not a correspondence: the relation brings together two images. You are everywhere, your image is total, in various ways."

I will follow architectural follies and address their particular desires in a trail of 20 love letters, one for each arrondissement of the city.

I will Google translate these letters, so that they jumble in the possibly chance-like, algorithmic chaos of love itself, and post them here. But before that, they will be left at a site of another folly, on street corners, on park benches and beneath doors, for strangers to chance upon, read, throw out or make wild declarations of their feelings.

I will use a carbonless lab notebook that makes copies of these letters as I write them, dismissing the uniqueness of the letter, the distinction of love, relegating it to any other passer-by extravagance, an indulgence, a folly. I will not wait for an answer. "The other's image changes, [in this case, a piece of stoic architecture], and becomes *other*."

The tone of the letters will straddle this very line between it and me, reason and un-reason, between knowing and not-knowing, grasping at this city full of light even as the light grasps at us.

The reason behind every reason might be to be, finally, without reason.



In Le Marais with the laughter that only a bookshelf in another language permits





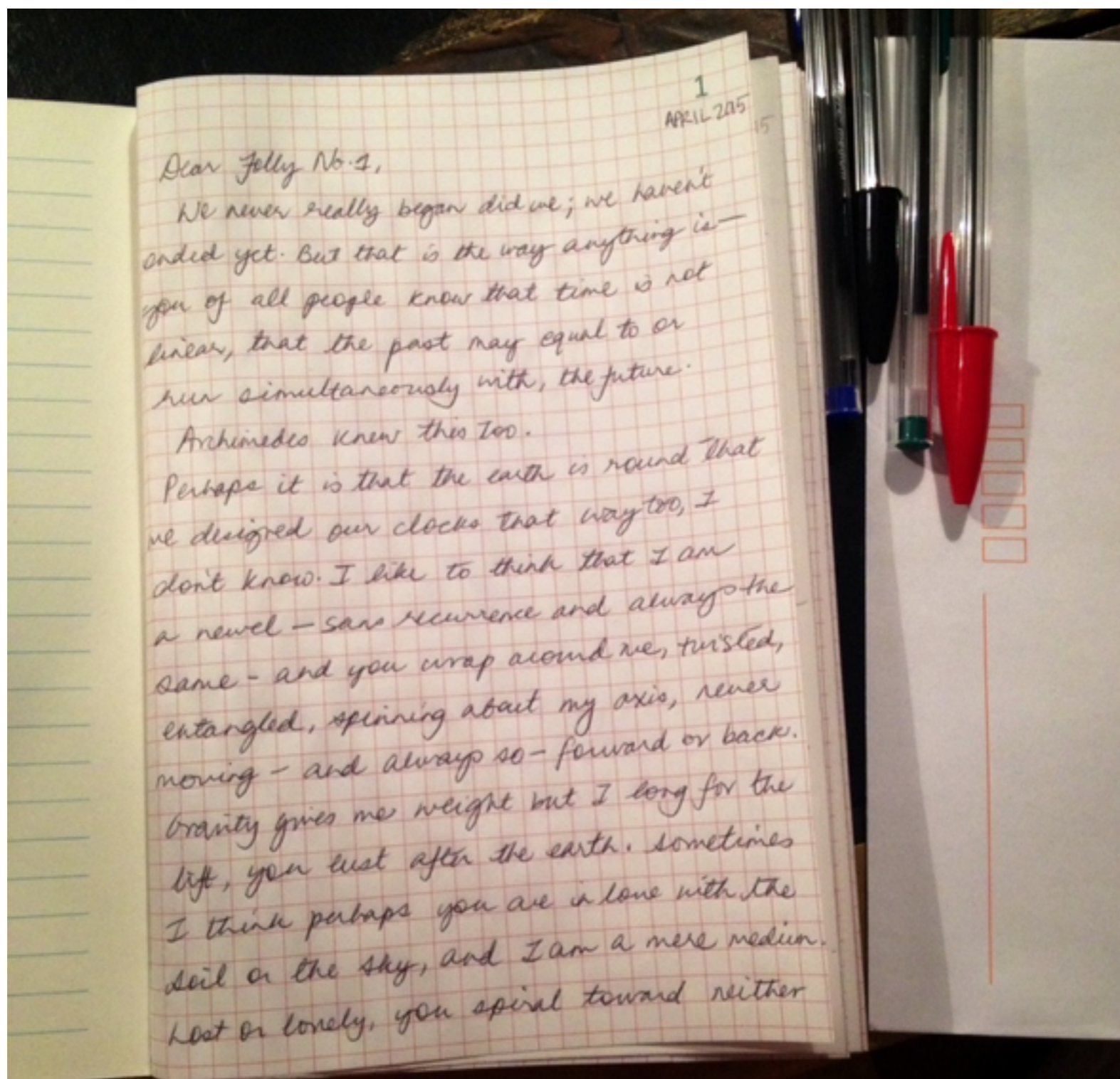
Folly No. 1: One of architect Bernard Tschumi's 35 follies in Parc de la Villette

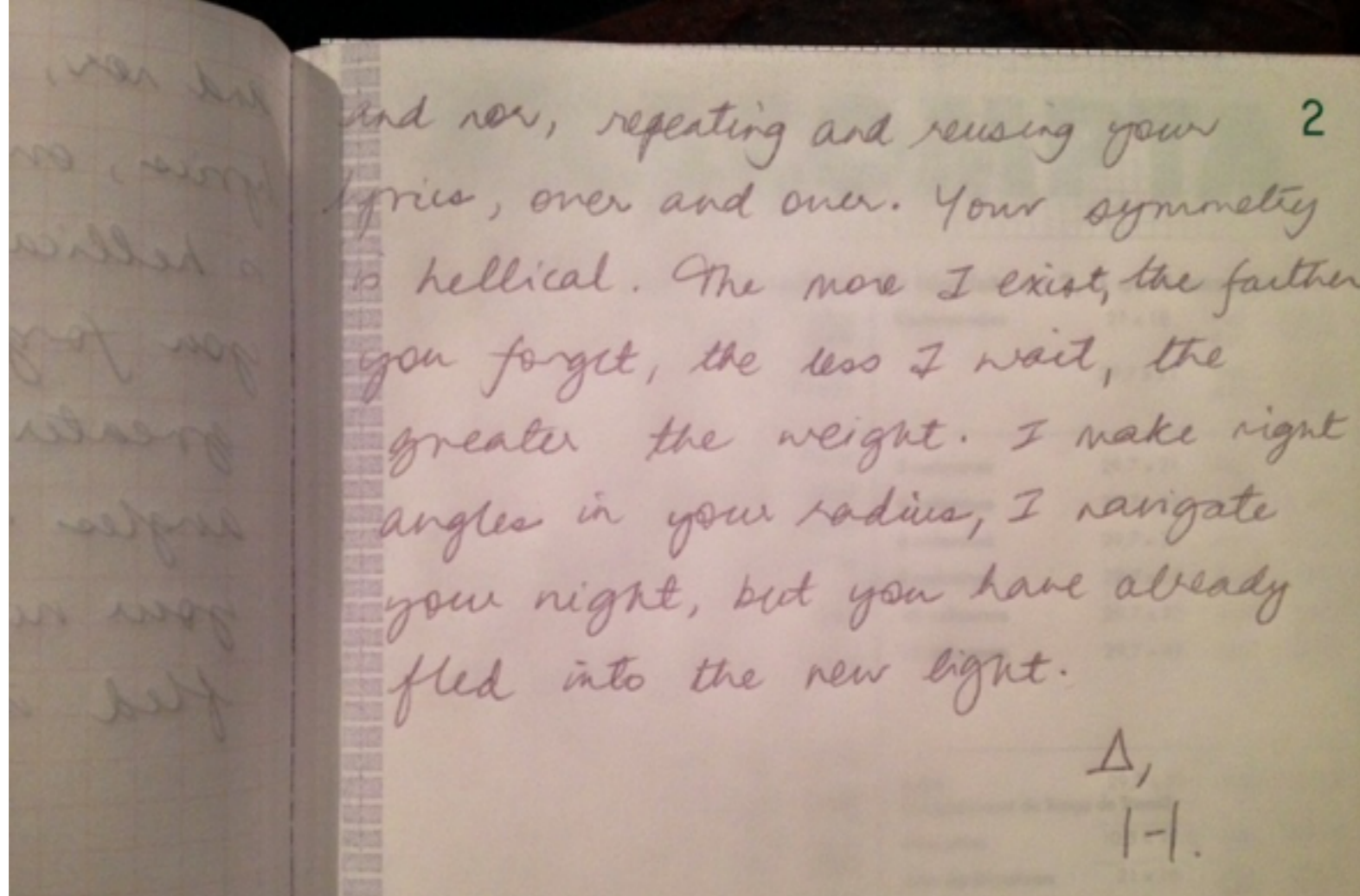
Dear Folly No. 1,

We never really began did we; we haven't ended yet. But that is the way anything is—you of all people know that time is not linear, that the past may equal to, or run simultaneously with, the future. Archimedes knew this too. Perhaps it is that the earth is round that we designed our clocks that way too, I don't know. I like to think that I am a newel—sans recurrence and always the same—and you wrap around me, twisted, entangled, spinning about my axis, never moving—and always so—forward or back. Gravity gives me weight but I long for the lift, you lust after the earth. Sometimes I think perhaps you are in love with the soil or the sky, and I am a mere medium. Lost or lonely, you spiral toward neither and nor, repeating and reusing your lyrics, over and over. Your symmetry is hellical. The more I exist, the farther you forget, the less I wait, the greater the weight. I make right angles in your radius, I navigate your night, but you have already fled into the new light.

Δ,

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Cher Folly n° 1,

Nous ne avons jamais vraiment commencé que nous avons fait; nous ne avons pas encore terminé. Mais ce est la façon dont tout est-vous de toutes les personnes savent que le temps ne est pas linéaire, que le passé peut être égal, ou fonctionner simultanément avec, l'avenir. Archimède savait trop. Peut-être ce est que la terre est ronde que nous avons conçu nos horloges de cette façon aussi, je ne sais pas. Je aime à penser que je suis que newel-sans récidence et toujours le même et vous enroulez autour de moi, tordu, empêtré, la filature de mon axe, jamais en mouvement et toujours si-avant ou en arrière. Gravity me donne du poids, mais je ai longtemps pour l'ascenseur, vous convoiter la terre. Parfois, je pense que peut-être vous êtes en amour avec le sol ou le ciel, et je suis un simple moyen. Perdu ou solitaire, vous spirale vers ni ET ni, en répétant et en réutilisant vos paroles, encore et encore. Votre symétrie est hellical. Le plus que je existe, plus vous oublier, moins je, attends plus le poids. Je fais angle droit dans votre rayon, je navigue votre soirée, mais vous avez déjà fui dans la nouvelle lumière.

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Letter to Folly No. 1 left in Place des Vosges



Folly No. 2: "Love" locks hang off every bridge in Paris, as if they could secure the wind between us and the water, or even more purposelessly, love itself.

2 April 2015

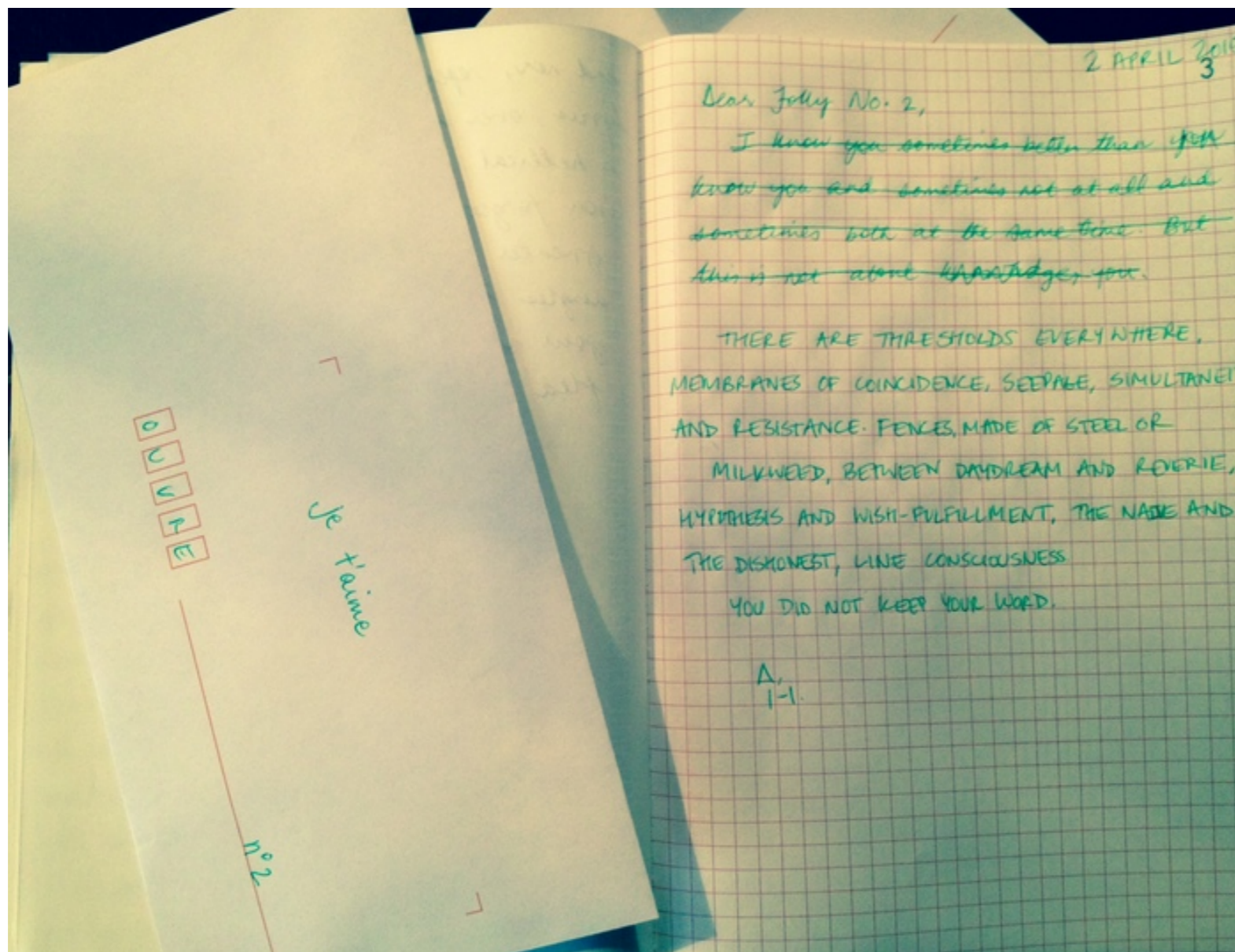
Dear Folly No. 2,

~~I know you sometimes better than you know you and sometimes not at all and sometimes both at the same time. But this is not about knowledge you.~~

There are thresholds everywhere. Membranes of coincidence, seepage, simultaneity and resistance. Fences, made of steel or milkweed, between daydream and reverie, hypothesis and wish-fulfillment, the naive and the dishonest, line consciousness. You did not keep your word.

Δ,

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Cher Folly n° 2,

Je vous connais parfois mieux que vous vous connaissez et parfois pas du tout et parfois les deux en même temps. Mais ce ne est pas sur la connaissance.

Il y'a des seuils partout. Membranes de coïncidence, l'infiltration, la simultanéité et la résistance. Clôtures, en acier ou en asclépias, entre rêverie et à la rêverie, les hypothèses et accomplissement de désir, le naïf et la conscience de ligne malhonnête. Vous ne avez pas tenu votre parole.

Δ,

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Letter to Folly No. 2 left at 31 Boulevard Henri.

The barmaid finds it, reads it, leaves it at one of the tables in the bar and it is passed on in this way, through the night.



Folly No. 3: Empty frames in a courtyard off Rue de Turenne

3 April 2015

Dear Folly No. 3,

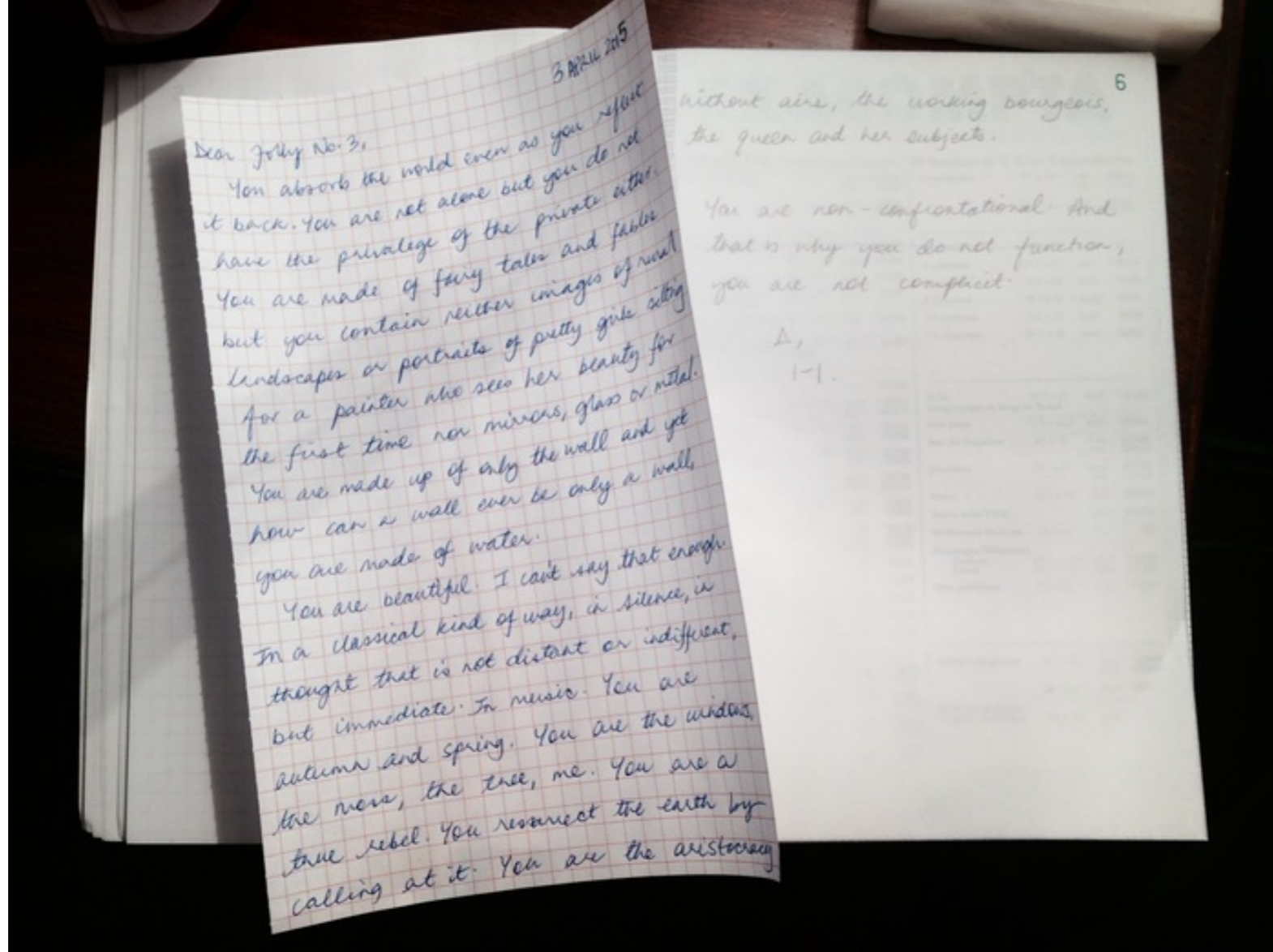
You absorb the world even as you reflect it back. You are not alone but you do not have the privilege of the private either. You are made of fairy tales and fables but you contain neither images of rural landscapes or portraits of pretty girls sitting for a painter who sees her beauty for the first time nor mirrors, glass or metal. You are made up of only the wall and yet how can a wall ever be only a wall, you are made of water.

You are beautiful. I can't say that enough. In a classical kind of way, in silence, in thought that is not distant or indifferent, but immediate. In music. You are autumn and spring simultaneously. You are the windows, the moss, the tree, me. You are a true rebel. You resurrect the earth by calling at it. You are the aristocracy without airs, the working bourgeois, the queen and her subjects.

You are non-confrontational. And that is why you do not function, you are not complicit.

Δ,

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Cher Folly n° 3,

Vous absorbez le monde alors même que vous la renvoyez. Vous n'êtes pas seul, mais vous ne avez pas le privilège du privé soit. Vous êtes fait de contes de fées et des fables mais vous ne contiennent ni images de paysages ou portraits de jolies filles assises pour un peintre qui voit sa beauté pour la première fois, ni miroirs, verre ou en métal rurales. Vous êtes constitué de seulement le mur et encore comment un mur peut jamais être seulement un mur, vous êtes fait de l'eau.

Tu est magnifique. Je ne peux pas dire que suffisant. Dans un genre classique de la façon dont, dans le silence, dans la pensée qui ne est pas lointain ou indifférent, mais immédiate. Dans la musique. Vous êtes automne et au printemps simultanément. Vous êtes les fenêtres, la mousse, l'arbre, moi. Vous êtes un vrai rebelle. Vous ressuscitez la terre en appelant à elle. Vous êtes l'aristocratie sans airs, les bourgeois de travail, la reine et ses sujets.

Vous êtes non conflictuelle. Et ce est pourquoi vous ne fonctionnent pas, vous n'êtes pas complices.

Δ,

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Folly No. 4: The Temple of Love at Bois de Vincennes, 1865

4 April 2015

Dear Folly No. 4,

Your structure is about feeling, but made *without* feeling. Held up by fragile, tentacular columns of sand eroded by water, uninviting even to termites, your own stanchions are resilient. The circumference of your dome is equal to its center. Your velocity, the only invariant with which you co-exist, is orthogonal to your centripetal force. I circuit round your middle, verge of your radius, lip line round rim, at the brink of circumspection, helm of every horizon. I cannot really enter even after I have entered. My only ablution here is air. You are solitary but without self. This was not my neoclassical fantasy.

I mean, you're beautiful. I can't say that enough. In a purposefully timeless kind of way, in music. Like if Kate Bush sang about protomodernist novel inside you. In an orange bubble, vocal chords lost in some monolithic echo of soprano and suppressed silence.

Your love also runs orthogonal to your tempo. Some might believe it's eternal, but I know that is not so.

Δ,

|-|.

Dear Jolly No 4,

4 APRIL 2015

Your structure is about feeling, but made without feeling. Held up by fragile, tentacular columns of sand eroded by water, uninviting even to termites, your own stanchions are resilient. The circumference of your dome is equal to its center. Your velocity, the only invariant with which you co-exist, is orthogonal to your centripetal force. I circuit round your middle, verge on your radius, lip line round vein, at the brink of circumplexion, helm of easy horizon. I cannot really enter even after I have entered. My only ablation here is air. You are solitary but without self. This was not my neo-classical fantasy.

I mean, you're beautiful. I can't say that enough. In a purposefully timeless kind of way, in music. Like of Kate Bush

sang about postmodernist novels inside you. In an orange bubble, vocal chords lost in some nondescript echo of soprano and suppressed silence.

Your love also runs orthogonal to your tempo. Some might believe it's eternal, but I know that is not so.

A,
H

88
"Humble just a
sounding up
"Groping!"

Cher Folly n ° 4,

Votre structure est à propos de sentiment, mais faite sans sentiment. Tenu par fragiles, colonnes tentaculaires de sable érodé par l'eau, peu attirante, même aux termites, vos propres chandeliers sont élastique. La circonférence de votre dôme est égal à son centre. Votre vitesse, le seul invariant avec lequel vous coexistent, est orthogonale à votre force centripète. Je circuit autour de votre milieu, point de votre rayon, la ligne de lèvres rim rond, au bord de la circonspection, tête de tous les horizons. Je ne peux pas vraiment entrer même après que je suis entré. Mon seul ablutions ici est l'air. Vous êtes solitaire, mais sans auto. Ce ne était pas mon fantasme néoclassique.

Je veux dire, tu es belle. Je ne peux pas dire que suffisant. Dans une sorte délibérément intemporelle de passage, dans la musique. Comme si Kate Bush chanson sur proto roman moderniste intérieur de vous. Dans une bulle d'orange, cordes vocales perdus dans quelque écho monolithique de soprano et supprimées silence.

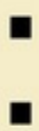
Votre amour gère également orthogonale à votre tempo. Certains pourraient croire que ce est éternel, mais je sais que ce ne est pas ainsi.

Δ,

| - |.



Letter to Folly No. 4 left at Buffon's gazebo, a folly at the Jardin des Plantes. (I left the letter in the gazebo and watched the beginning of its travels: the garbage man picked it up and had second thoughts about throwing it away. He passed it along to a group of teenagers who then proceeded to translate it into French, with a commentary. They then neatly folded the letter back into an envelope and left it for others to read...)



Folly No. 5: Broken Clocks, All over Paris

Dear Folly No. 5,

5 April 2015

Perhaps it is that the earth is round that we designed our clocks that way too, I don't know. There's something about making a grid in a circle that is comforting, like you can be a point on a line and still view the whole line, but the circle is always curving away, no matter how I hang the clock, 12 'o' clock north, 3 'o' clock north, the seconds hand, then the minute, the hour, keeps on ticking onward. Not forward necessarily: sometimes I imagine turning all the clocks everywhere back; will time repeat itself? Or does it work the other way round: that because our clocks move in the same pattern over and over that we form habit?

Anyway, here, where we are, the clocks don't work. You are always eternally young and infinitely old, you are not the seasons, the shadow, the water. You do not tell time. You drink Rosé in the morning and prove theorems in color and boil eggs for centuries and think satellites are real stars and believe me when I say Nature made language.

The continents are still drifting apart, but with you I no longer live 4 hours ahead. I live in time without time without dates or distances.

Time, when stopped, broken, becomes continuous, without beginning or end, like a rock or the whole sky.

This is an indefinite interval.

Δ,

|-|.

Dear Jolly No. 5, 5 APRIL 2019
Perhaps it is that the earth is round
that we designed our clocks that way
too, I don't know. There's something about
making a grid in a circle that is
comforting, like you can be a point
on a line and still view the whole
line, but the circle is always curving
away, no matter how I hang the
clock, 12 'o'clock north, 3 'o'clock
north, the seconds hand, then the minute,
the hour, keeps on ticking onward.
Not forward necessarily; sometimes
I imagine turning all the clocks
everywhere back; will time repeat itself?
Or does it work the other way round:
that because our clocks move ⁱⁿ the same
pattern over and over that we form
habit? Anyway, here, where we are,
the clocks don't work. You are always

eternally young and infinitely old, 10
you are not the seasons, the shadow,
the water. You do not tell time.
You didn't rise in the morning and
prove theorems in color and boil eggs
for centuries and think satellites are
stars and believe me when I say
Native made language.
The continents are still drifting
apart, but with you I no longer live
4 hour ahead. I live in time without
time without dates or distances.
Time, when stopped, broken, becomes
continuous, without beginning or end,
like a rock or the whole sky.
This is an indefinite interval.

Δ,

H.

Cher Folly n° 5,

le 5 Avril 2015

Peut-être ce est que la terre est ronde que nous avons conçu nos horloges de cette façon aussi, je ne sais pas. Il ya quelque chose en faisant une grille dans un cercle qui est réconfortant, comme vous pouvez être un point sur une ligne et voir encore toute la ligne, mais le cercle est toujours courbant loin, peu importe comment je accroche l'horloge, 12 'o' clock au nord, 3 'o' clock nord, l'aiguille des secondes, puis les minutes, l'heure, avance à grands pas en avant. Pas nécessairement en avant: parfois je imagine tourner toutes les horloges partout dos; sera le temps se répète? Ou ça marche dans l'autre sens, parce que nos horloges se déplacent dans le même schéma encore et que nous formons habitude?

Quoi qu'il en soit, ici, où nous sommes, les horloges ne fonctionnent pas. Vous êtes toujours éternellement jeune et infiniment vieux, vous n'êtes pas les saisons, l'ombre, l'eau. Vous ne dites pas le temps. Vous buvez Rosé le matin et prouver des théorèmes de couleur et faites bouillir les oeufs pendant des siècles et que les satellites sont de véritables étoiles et croyez-moi quand je dis Nature fait la langue.

Les continents sont toujours à la dérive en dehors, mais avec vous, je ne vivent plus quatre heures d'avance. Je habite dans le temps sans temps, sans dates ou des distances.

Temps, à l'arrêt, cassé, devient continu, sans commencement ni fin, comme un rocher ou tout le ciel.

Ce est un intervalle indéterminée.

Δ,

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Letter to Folly No. 5 left at the Egyptian pyramid at Parc Monceau, picked up by two little children and responsibly dumped in the trash.



Folly No. 6: A bicycle wheel protruding from the corner of a building

Dear Folly No. 6,

17 April 2015

That which is round is not necessarily whole.

Δ,

|-|.

Dear Folly No. 6,

17 APRIL 2015

That which is round is not
necessarily whole.

Δ ,

| - |.

Cher Folly n° 6,

17 Avril 2015

Ce qui est ronde ne est pas nécessairement ensemble.

Δ ,

| - |.



Letter to Folly No. 6 left at the foot of the pillars, disappears after an hour



Folly No. 7: A Roman colonnade built in 1778 at Parc Monceau, along with the Egyptian pyramid, in order to, as its architect Carmontelle put it, "put together into one garden all times and all places."

Dear Folly No. 7,

18 April 2015

What happened here? What epics were performed, how many villains killed in your amphitheater? Your half-eaten pillars flicker in the stagnant reflection of the algae-veneered pond that lies in the wake of your history.

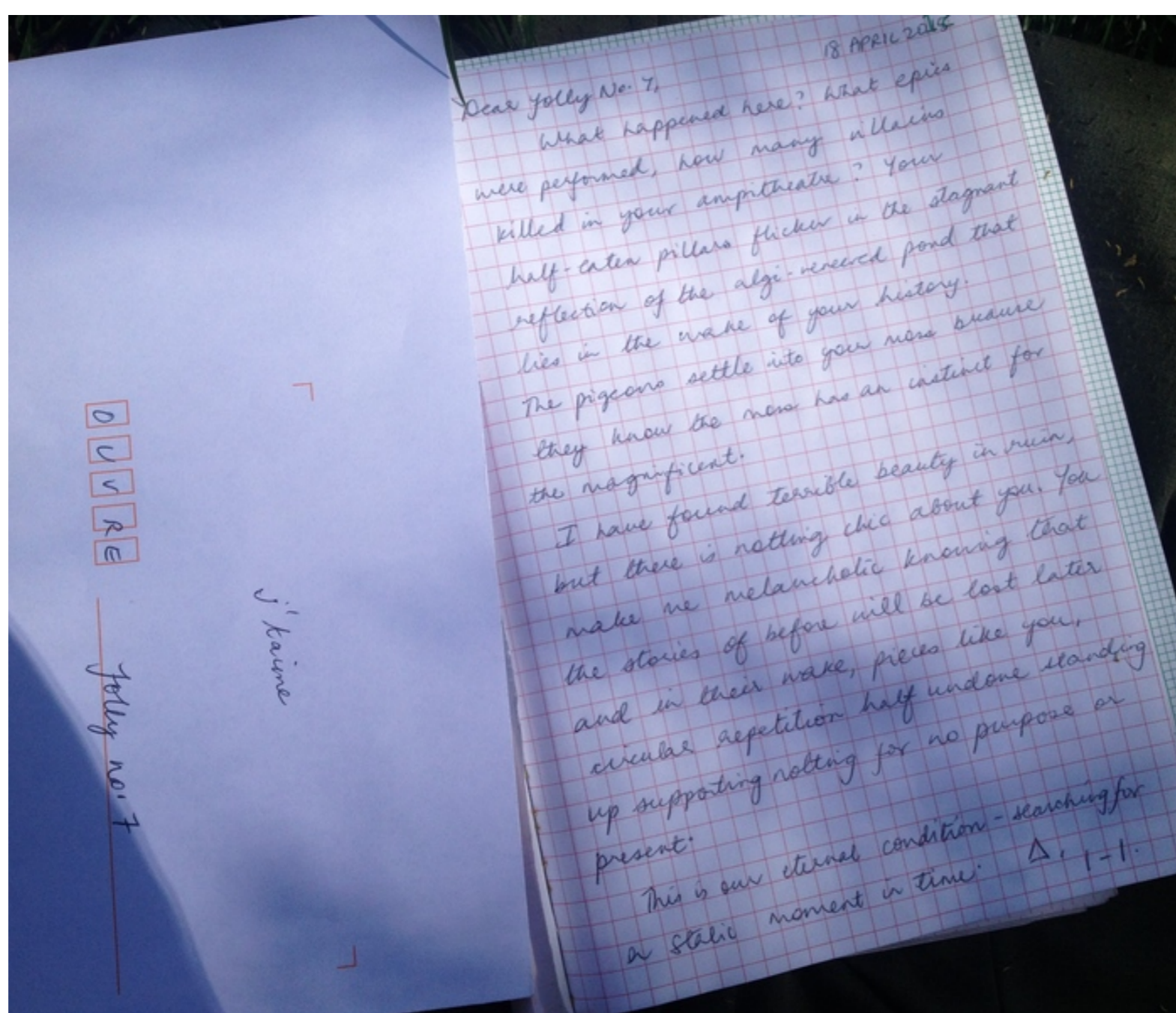
The pigeons settle into your moss because they know the moss has an instinct for the magnificent.

I have found terrible beauty in ruin, but there is nothing chic about you. You make me melancholic knowing that the stories of before will be lost later and in their wake, pieces like you, circular repetition half undone standing up supporting nothing for no purpose or present.

This is our eternal condition - searching for a static moment in time.

Δ,

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Cher Folly n° 7,

18 Avril 2015

Qu'est-il arrivé ici? Que épopées ont été effectuées, combien méchants tué dans votre amphithéâtre? Vos piliers de moitié mangé scintillent dans la réflexion stagnante de l'étang d'algues-plaqué qui se trouve dans le sillage de votre histoire.

Les pigeons se installent dans votre mousse parce qu'ils savent la mousse a un instinct pour le magnifique.

Je ai trouvé terrible beauté en ruine, mais il n'y a rien chic, sur vous. Vous me faites mélancolique sachant que les histoires de devant seront perdus plus tard et dans leur sillage, des morceaux comme vous, la répétition circulaire moitié Undone debout soutenant rien pour aucun but ou présente.

Ce est notre condition éternelle - la recherche d'un moment statique dans le temps.

Δ,

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Letter to Folly No. 7 left at the base of the bicycle protruding from a building, photographed incessantly by two women repeatedly exclaiming, "how kind". I returned hours later to find it gone (and not visibly in the garbage).



(after) Huet, Nicolas the Younger, The Labyrinth from the Jardin des Plantes Paris, Oil on Canvas, Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, France.

Via Wikigallery.



Folly No. 8: Gloriette de Buffon, 1786, the oldest metal structure in Paris, built in the centre of a labyrinth in the memory of naturalist Daubenton, and a commonplace for lovers and their orgies, intellectuals and their clandestine cults.

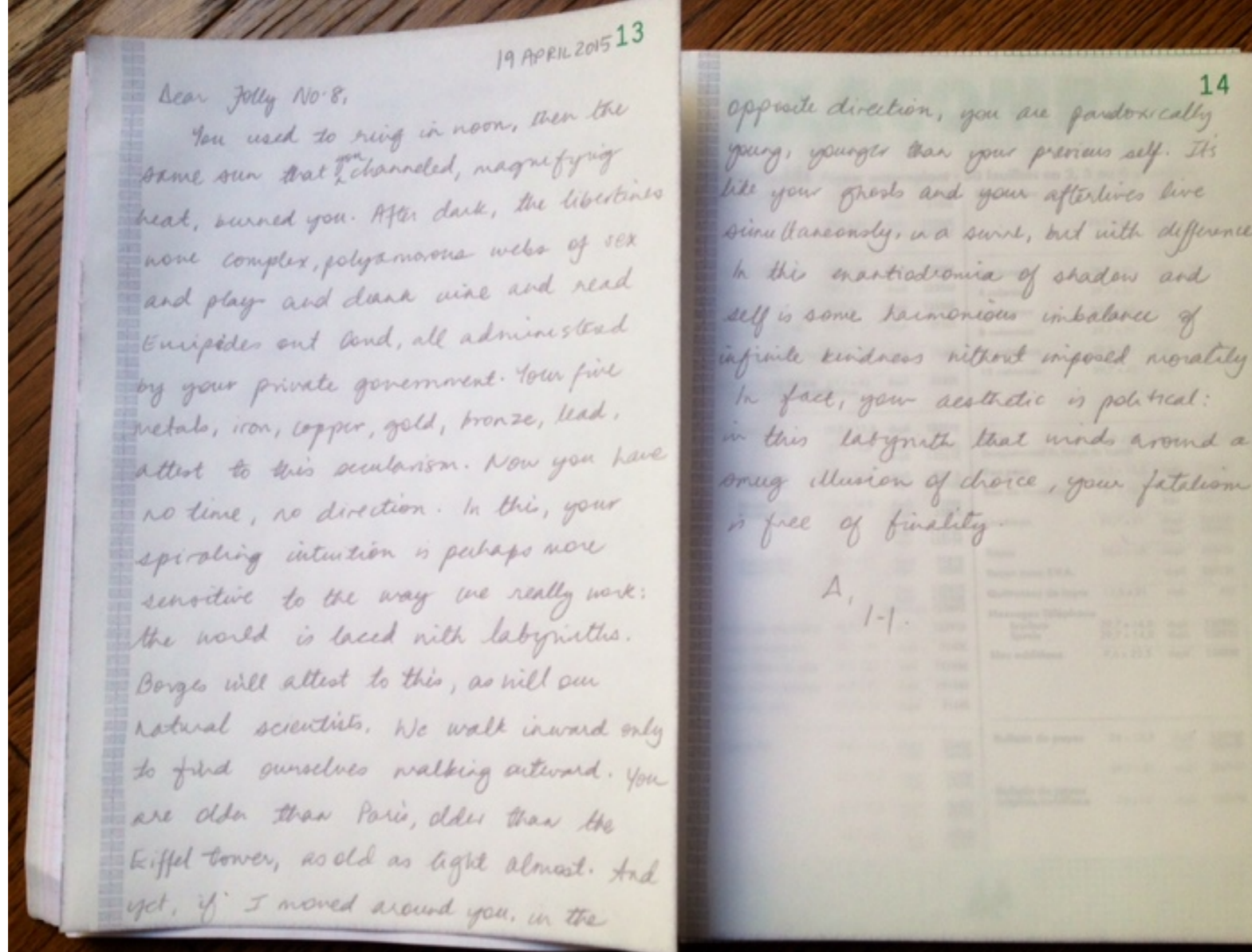
Dear Folly No. 8,

19 April 2015

You used to ring in noon, then the same sun that you channeled, magnifying heat, burned you. After dark, the libertines wove complex polyamorous webs of sex and play and drank wine and read Euripides out loud, all administered by your private government. Your five metals, iron, copper, gold, bronze, lead attest to this secularism. Now you have no time, no direction. In this, your spiraling intuition is perhaps more sensitive to the way we really work: the world is laced with labyrinths. Borges will attest to this, as will our natural scientists. We walk inward only to find ourselves walking outward. You are older than Paris, older than the Eiffel tower, as old as light almost. And yet, if I moved around you in the opposite direction, you are paradoxically young, younger than your previous self. It's like your ghosts and your afterlives live simultaneously, in a swirl, but with difference. In this enantiodromia of shadow and self is some harmonious imbalance of infinite kindness without imposed morality. In fact, your aesthetic is political: in this labyrinth that winds around a smug illusion of choice, your fatalism is free of finality.

Δ,

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Cher Folly n° 8,

19 Avril 2015

Vous avez utilisé pour sonner le midi, puis le même soleil que vous canalisé, grossissant la chaleur, vous brûlé. À la nuit tombée, les libertins tissaient toiles polyamoureux complexes du sexe et de jouer et buvaient du vin et de lire à haute voix Euripide, tous administrés par votre gouvernement privé. Votre cinq métaux, fer, cuivre, or, bronze, plomb témoignent de cette laïcité. Maintenant, vous ne avez pas le temps, pas de direction. En cela, votre intuition spirale est peut-être plus sensibles à la façon dont nous travaillons vraiment: le monde est truffé de labyrinthes. Borges se en témoigner, de même que nos spécialistes des sciences naturelles. Nous marchons vers l'intérieur que de nous trouver en marchant vers l'extérieur. Vous êtes âgé de Paris, plus que la tour Eiffel, aussi vieux que la lumière presque. Et pourtant, si je ai déménagé autour de vous dans la direction opposée, vous êtes jeune, paradoxalement, plus jeune que votre auto précédente. Ce est comme vos fantômes et vos vies posthumes vivent simultanément, dans un tourbillon, mais avec la différence. Dans ce énantiométrie d'ombre et de soi-même est un certain déséquilibre harmonieux de la bonté infinie sans moralité imposée. En fait, votre esthétique est politique: dans ce labyrinthe qui serpente autour d'une illusion béate de choix, votre fatalisme est libre de finalité.

Δ,

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Letter to Folly No. 8 left at a staple artwork on the corner of a street, read by passersby.



Folly No. 9: Space Invader and the likes, untouched by the council, dot the edges of street signs.

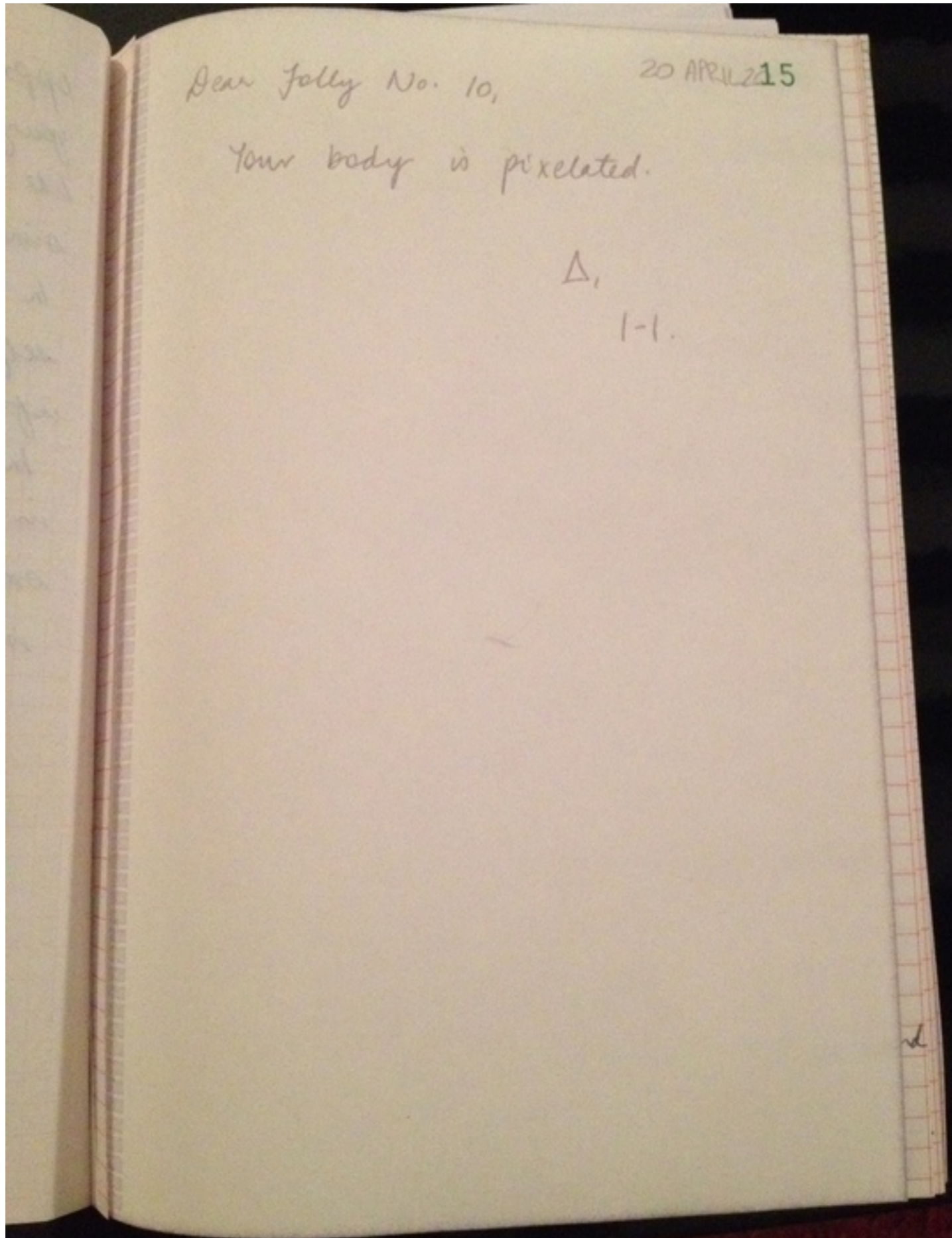
Dear Folly No. 9,

20 April 2015

Your body is pixelated.

Δ,

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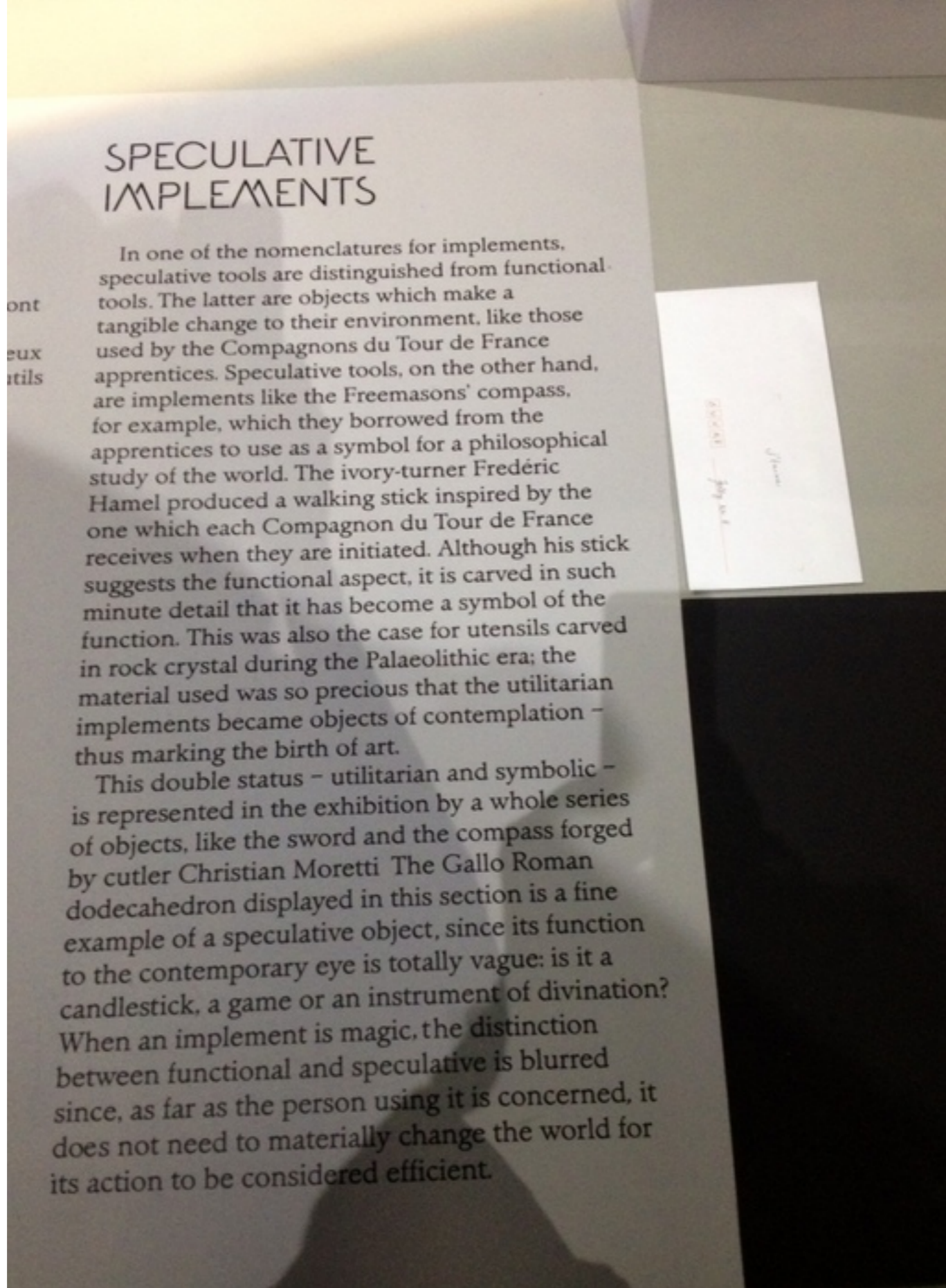
Cher Folly n° 9,

20 Avril 2015

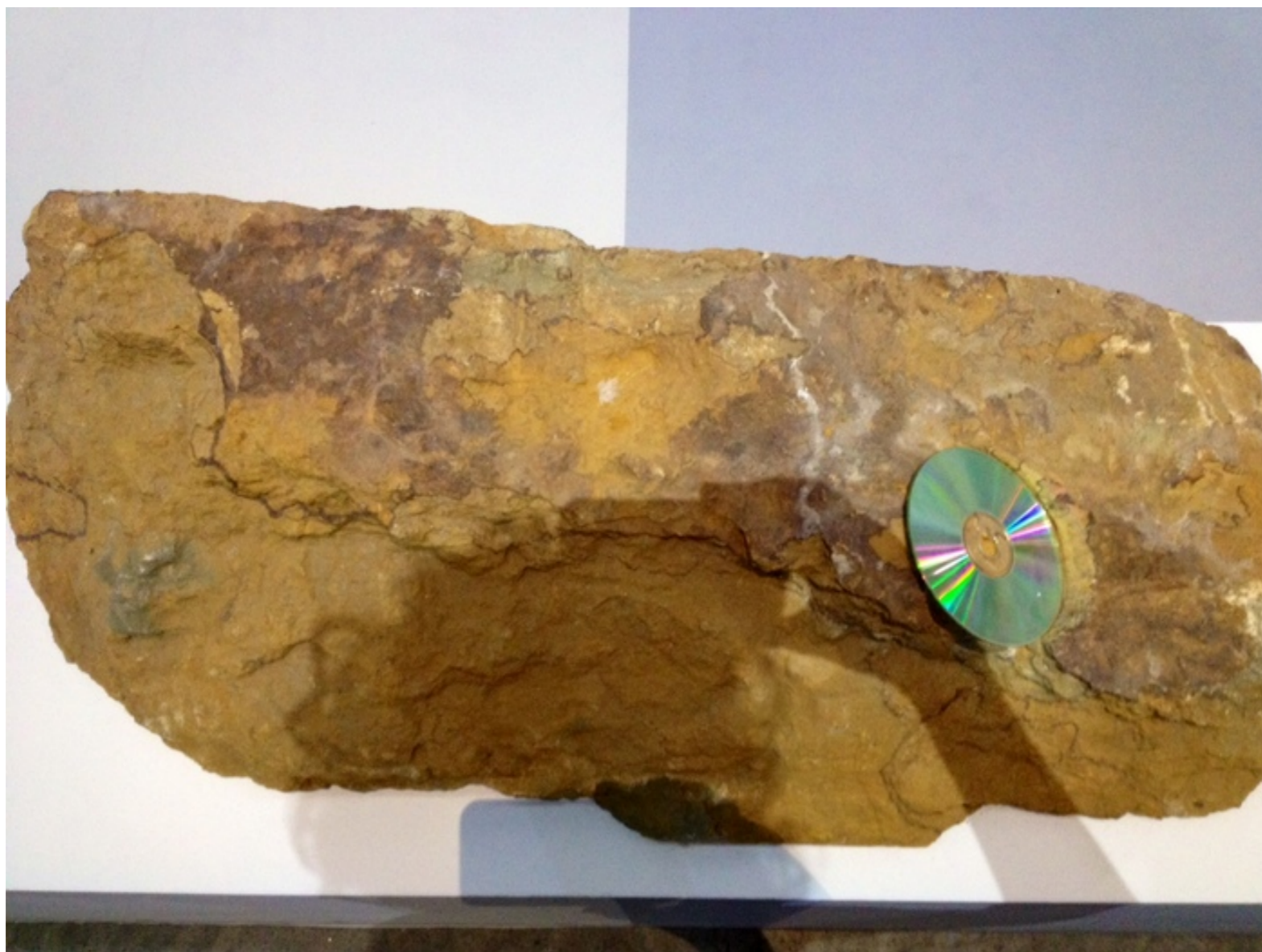
Votre corps est pixelisé.

Δ,

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Letter to Folly No. 9, left at the wall text of the exhibition *L'Usage Des Formes* at the Palais de Tokyo, a collection of technical instruments without function. I was too terrified of the guards to wait to see its fate.



Folly 10: an object from the exhibition by Marie Lund, *The Beginning of Happening*, 2011.



Letter to Folly No. 10 at the trees by the Seine, underneath the bridges weighed down by locks, inscribed with lovers initials.

Dear Folly No. 10,

21 April 2015

You are not a folly. You are speculative, irrational, idolatry, anthropomorphic, funny. You're the guy at the bar who begins, "what did zero say to infinity?". You read everything backwards, upside down. Your mom is wow. You were a cesarean. You do not like paragraphs.

You like:

1. Ladders
2. Plastic shower curtains
3. Red light bulbs
4. Skinny black jeans
5. Signing your name with your initial
6. Balloons
7. Reading about the sky
8. Listening to things that can't be heard
9. Pale Ale
10. Children. Trolley fulls.
11. Only one kind of girl:
 - a. Petite
 - b. Books. She's read them all.
 - c. She likes math
 - d. She likes hip hop
 - e. She likes streams
 - f. She doesn't like papaya
 - g. She likes orange
 - h. She gets H.
 - i. She likes metaphor jokes.
 - j. She is far away.
 - k. She let's you hold the door for her:
 - I. Only when you're at a bar
 - II. When you've answered the riddle
 - III. The answer is "nice belt"
 - IV. You've laughed
 - V. You want to say nothing and kiss
 - VI. You wait
 - VII. You don't kiss. You go home and lie awake till you have to get up again.

Δ,

|-|.

You are not a folly. You are speculative, irrational, idolatry, anthropomorphic, funny. You're the guy at the bar who begins, "what did you say to infinity?". You read everything backwards, upside down. Your mom is wow. You were a cesarean. You do not like paragraphs.

You like:

1. Ladders
2. Plastic shower curtains
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4. Shiny black jeans
5. Signing your name with your initial
6. Balloons
7. Reading about the sky
8. Listening to things that can't be heard
9. Pale Ale
10. Children. Trolley-falls.

11. Only one kind of girl:

17

- a. Petite
 - b. Books. She's read them all.
 - c. She likes math
 - d. She likes hip hop
 - e. She likes streams
 - f. She doesn't like papaya
 - g. She likes orange
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- I. Only when you're at a bar
 - II. when you've answered the riddle
 - III. The answer is "nice belt"
 - IV. You've laughed
 - V. You want to say hello and kiss
 - VI. You want
 - VII. You don't kiss. You go home and lie awake till you have to get up again.
- A. 1-1

Vous n'êtes pas une folie. Vous êtes spéculative, irrationnel, l'idolâtrie, anthropomorphe, drôle. Vous êtes le gars au bar qui commence, "qu'est-ce que dire de zéro à l'infini?". Vous avez lu tout à l'envers, la tête en bas. Votre maman est wow. Vous étiez une césarienne. Vous ne aimez pas les paragraphes.

Tu aimes:

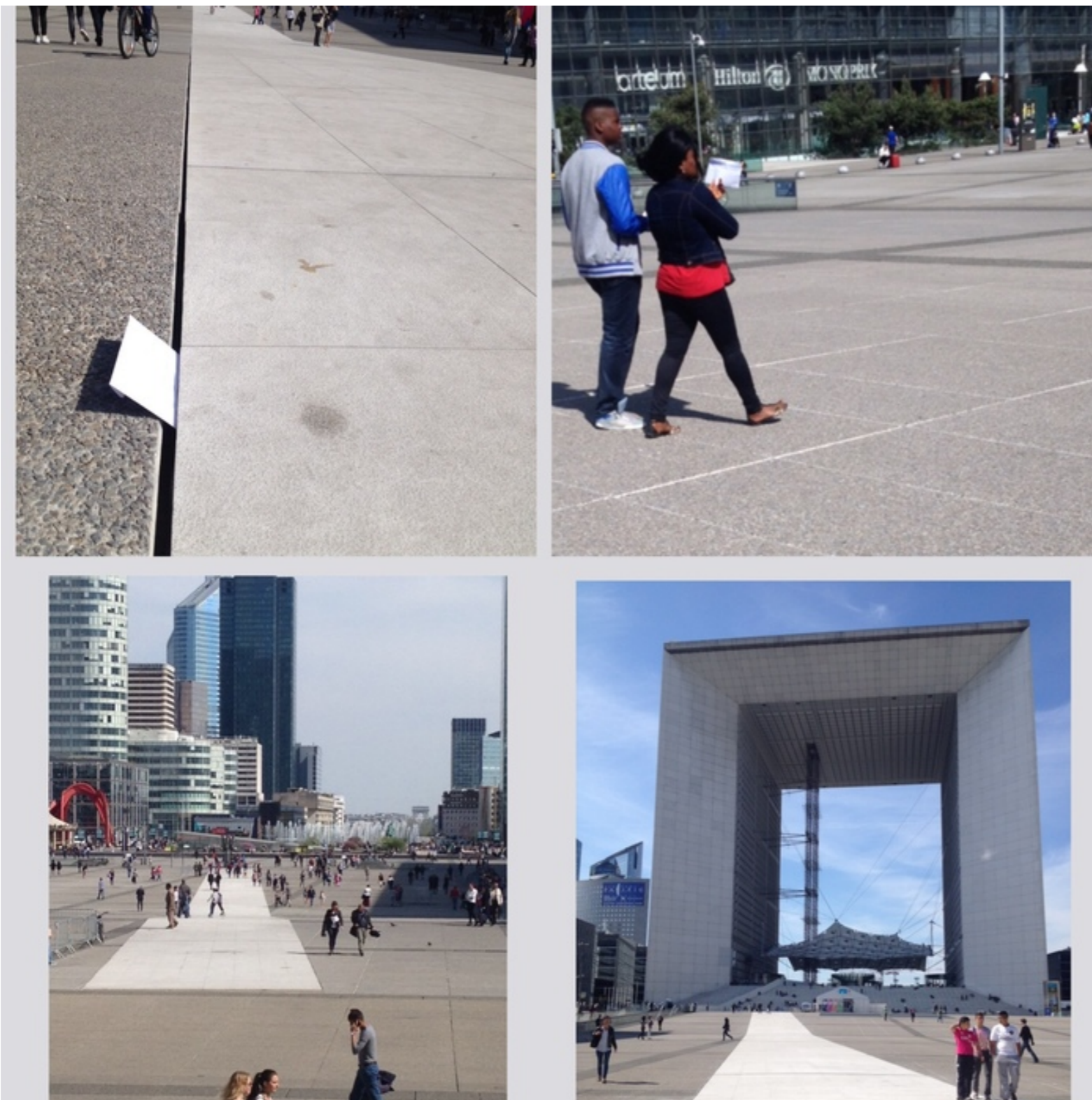
1. Échelles
2. Rideaux de douche en plastique
3. Ampoules rouges
4. Jean noir skinny
5. Signature de votre nom avec votre initiale
6. Ballons
7. Lire sur le ciel
8. Écoute de choses qui ne peuvent être entendues
9. Ale Pale
10. Enfants. fulls chariot.
11. Un seul genre de fille:
 - a. Petite.
 - b. Livres. Elle les lire tous.
 - c. Elle aime les mathématiques
 - d. Elle aime le hip hop
 - e. Elle aime flux si.
 - f. Elle ne aime pas la papaye
 - g. Elle aime h orange.
 - h. Elle obtient H.
 - i. Elle aime les blagues de métaphore.
 - j. Elle est loin.
 - k. Elle nous allons vous détenez la porte pour elle:
 - I. Seulement quand vous êtes dans un bar
 - II. Lorsque vous avez répondu à l'énigme
 - III. La réponse est «belle ceinture"
 - IV. Vous avez ri
 - V. Vous voulez rien et baiser
 - VI dire. Vous attendez
 - VII. Vous ne embrasse pas. Vous rentrez chez vous et rester éveillé jusqu'à ce que vous avez à se relever.

Δ,

| - |.



Folly 11: Egyptian Pyramid at Parc Monceau, 1778



Letter to Folly No. 11 left at the distance between the Grande Arch and the Arc de Triomphe,
picked up by a couple and taken with.

Dear Folly No. 11,

22 April 2015

Someone asked me if I'd written to you about infidelity yet. Page 18 fell out, I haven't written to anybody else. But if it's because the world is comprised of fractals that we see patterns everywhere, then of course we cannot love only once with one.

I suppose I haven't written about infidelity because I don't quite believe in it—love triangles have existed since the beginning of time and you—the epic tower of Eiffel—ancient Egypt—are testament to this. Even modernity hasn't altered the shape in which we write stories.

Besides, the world of capital is comprised of pyramids: giant triangles made up of triangles, steel and built to absorb every shock. It is the world without argument, the break in the dialectic, the third man apotheosis postulated by the man of pyramids himself - Aristotle.

But this break in duality also means an infinite recurrence of the "third", a world in which two entities do not exist outside the third—thought—that activates them. In our identical, reproductive, ego-centric view of the three, the triangle is both a symbol of positivism and balance.

I have been with somebody else, I won't apologize for that. It has built a tension in me - some non-linear integral equation with the ability to channel all counter-balancing wind forces, I stole that from wikipedia. You trust me less, I suspect, (because of wikipedia or because of the cheat?) but here I am, bound by your lattice, promising that the third man we should really worry about is the distance. That taut area between military desire and humanitarianism, between the 19th century and the 21st, between your music and mine.

How the air passed through your wrought iron arms, how you stand infinitely light and solid, lurid in repetition, beating on and on, with the same measure, knowing better than all of us that it is not a matter of time, but space.

Also, your throat looked beautiful in the postcard with your photograph on it. You looked far away though, like a cliché.

Δ,

|-|.

Jltaine

O U V R E

Jolly no. 11

Dear Jolly no. 6

25 APRIL 2019

Someone asked me if I'd written to you about infidelity yet. Page 18 fell out, I haven't written to anybody else. But if it means the world is comprised of parties that we see patterns everywhere, then of course it cannot love only one with one. I suppose I haven't written about infidelity because I don't quite believe in it - love triangles have created since the beginning of time and you - ~~the beginning of time~~ - are testament to this. Even modernity hasn't altered the slope in which we write stories.

Consider the world of capital a complex of pyramids - great triangles made of of triangle, steel and built to absorb every shock. It is the world without

argument, the break in the ²⁰ ~~triangle~~, the third man apathetic, precalculated by the man of pyramids himself - Aristotle.

But this break in duality also means an infinite recurrence of the "third", a world in which two entities do not exist outside the third - thought - that activates them in our idealized, reproductive, ego-centric view of the three, the triangle is such a symbol of position and balance.

I have seen with somebody else, I won't apologise for that. It has built a tension in me - some non-linear integral spirit with the ability to channel all desires - balancing mind force I stole but from Wikipedia. You trust me less, I suspect, because of Wikipedia or because of the fact

but then I am bound by your ²¹ ~~idea~~, knowing that the third man we should really worry about is the distance. That land area between military desire and human tension, between the 19th century and the 21st between your arms and mine.

How the air games through you brought you arms, no you stand infinitely light and solid, kind in repetition, beating on and on, with the same measure, knowing better than all of us that it is not a matter of time, but space.

Now, you three looked beautiful in the portrait and your photographs of it. You looked far away though, like a child.

A +1.

Quelqu'un m'a demandé si je avais encore écrit de vous sur l'infidélité. Page 18 est tombé, je ne ai pas écrit à personne d'autre. Mais si ce est parce que le monde est composé de fractales que nous voyons partout des motifs, alors bien sûr nous ne pouvons pas aimer une seule fois avec un.

Je suppose que je nai pas écrit au sujet de l'infidélité parce que je ne crois assez en elle-triangles amoureux ont existé depuis le début des temps et vous-la tour Eiffel-épique de l'Egypte ancienne-témoignent de cela. Même la modernité n'a pas modifié la forme dans laquelle nous écrivons des histoires.

En outre, le monde du capital est composé de pyramides: triangles géants constitués de triangles, de l'acier et construits pour absorber tous les chocs. Ce est le monde sans argument, la rupture dans la dialectique, le troisième homme apothéose postulé par l'homme lui-même de pyramides - Aristotele.

Mais cette rupture dans la dualité, ce est aussi une récurrence infinie de la «troisième», un monde dans lequel deux entités ne existent pas en dehors de la troisième pensé que les active. Dans notre vue identique, la reproduction, égocentrique des trois, le triangle est à la fois un symbole de positivisme et de l'équilibre.

Je ai été avec quelqu'un d'autre, je ne vais pas me en excuse. Il a construit une tension en moi - une certaine équation intégrale non-linéaire avec la capacité de canaliser toutes les forces du vent de contre-équilibre, je ai volé que de wikipedia. Tu me fais confiance moins, je le soupçonne, (en raison de wikipedia ou en raison de la triche?), Mais je suis ici, lié par votre réseau, promettant que le troisième homme que nous devrions vraiment inquiéter est la distance. Cette zone tendue entre le désir militaire et humanitaire, entre le 19e siècle et le 21e, entre votre musique et la mienne.

Comment l'air traversé vos bras fer forgé, la façon dont vous vous tenez infiniment léger et solide, sinistre dans la répétition, battant ainsi de suite, avec la même mesure, connaissant mieux que nous tous que ce ne est pas une question de temps, mais l'espace.

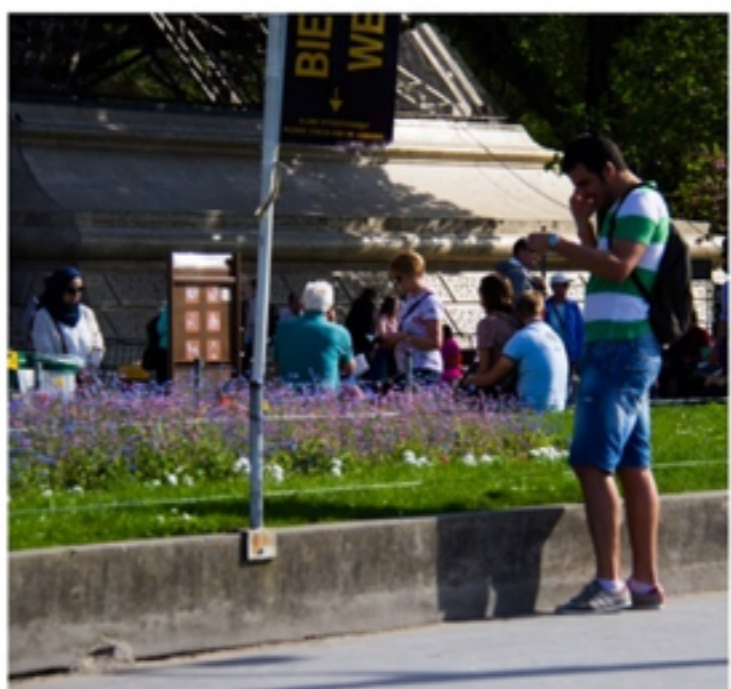
En outre, votre gorge était belle dans la carte postale avec votre photo sur elle. Vous avez cherché bien loin, comme un cliché.

Δ,

| - |.



Folly No. 12: The Eiffel Tower



Letter to Folly No. 12 left at the foot of the Eiffel Tower, read and swapped by the rare, observant tourist.

Dear Folly No. 12,

23 April 2015

Today marks one dozen letters to you. I suppose it does not matter if you do not respond, as long as you're feeling the feels.

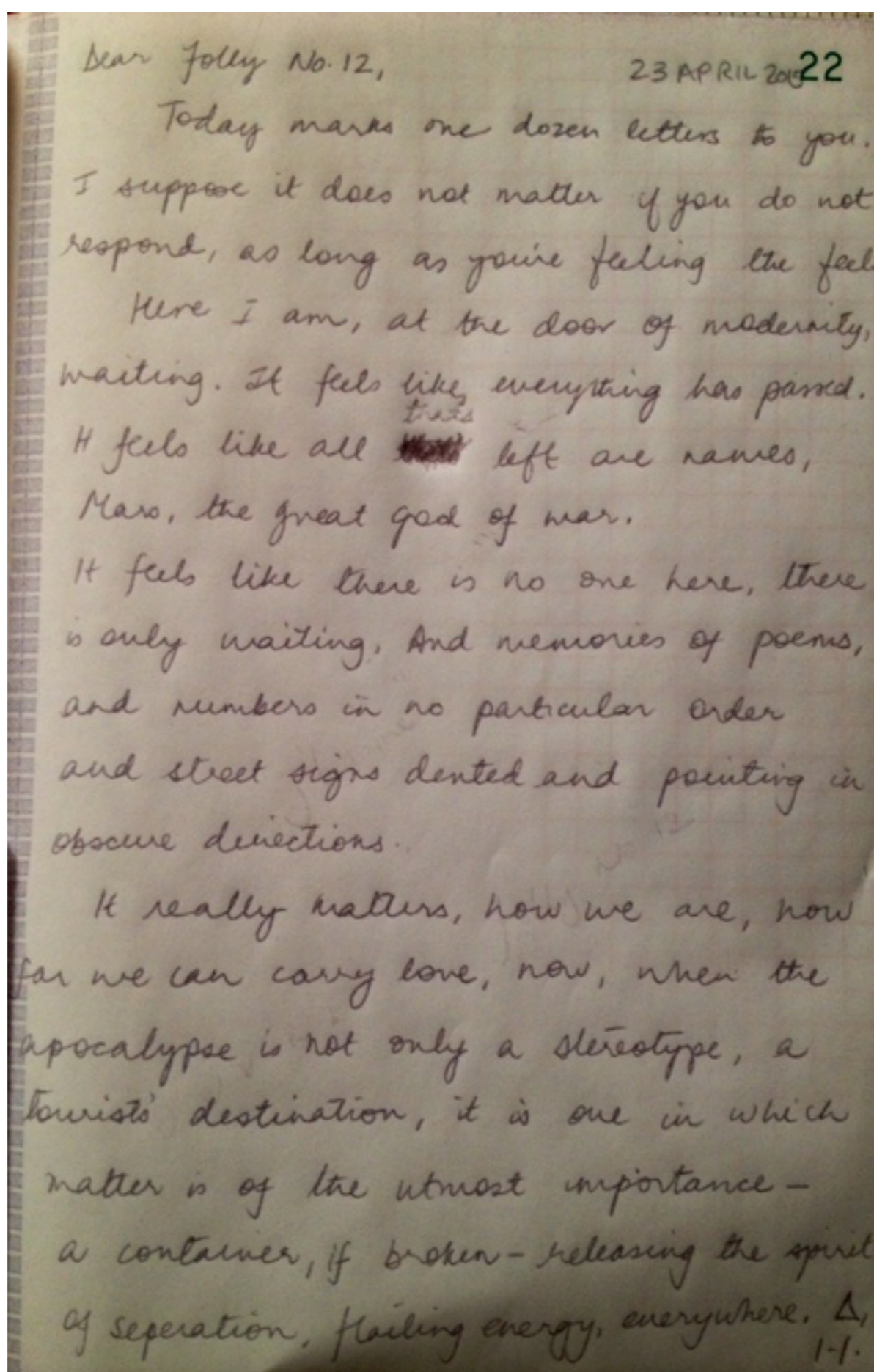
Here I am, at the door of modernity, waiting. It feels like everything has passed. It feels like all that's left are names, Mars, the great god of war.

It feels like there is no one here, there is only waiting. And memories of poems, and numbers in no particular order and street signs dented and pointing in obscure directions.

It really matters, how we are, how far we can carry love, now, when the apocalypse is not only a stereotype, a tourist's destination, it is one in which matter is of the utmost importance—a container, if broken—releasing the spirit of separation, flailing energy, everywhere.

Δ,

|-|.



Dear Folly No. 12, 23 APRIL 2015²²

Today marks one dozen letters to you.
I suppose it does not matter if you do not respond, as long as you're feeling the feels.

Here I am, at the door of modernity, waiting. It feels like everything has passed.
It feels like all ~~that~~^{these} left are names, Mars, the great god of war.

It feels like there is no one here, there is only waiting, And memories of poems, and numbers in no particular order and street signs dented and pointing in obscure directions.

It really matters, how we are, how far we can carry love, now, when the apocalypse is not only a stereotype, a tourist's destination, it is one in which matter is of the utmost importance—a container, if broken—releasing the spirit of separation, flailing energy, everywhere. Δ,
|-|.

Cher Folly n° 12,

23 Avril 2015

Aujourd'hui marque une douzaine de lettres de vous. Je suppose que ce ne est pas grave si vous ne répondez pas, aussi longtemps que vous vous sentez les ressent.

Ici, je suis, à la porte de la modernité, en attendant. Il se sent comme tout a passé. Il se sent comme tout ce qui reste sont des noms, Mars, le grand dieu de la guerre.

Il se sent comme il n'y a personne ici, il ne attend. Et les souvenirs de poèmes, et des numéros sans ordre et de la rue des signes particuliers bosselés et pointant dans des directions obscures.

Ce qui compte vraiment, comment nous sommes, dans quelle mesure nous pouvons mener à l'amour, maintenant, quand l'apocalypse ne est pas seulement un stéréotype, une destination touristique, ce est celui dans lequel la matière est de l'importance-un récipient plus grand, libérant rompu si le esprit de séparation, agitant l'énergie, partout.

Δ,

| - |.

—Himali Singh Soin

Himali Singh Soin writes looking out of Euclid's window. In her text objects, she invents cosmologies to wormhole our way out of our own morphologies, multiverses in which time has and is of no consequence. Here, the world is ontological without us in it. Her poems have been published in anthologies and hung in various spaces around the world. She is currently on The Charles Wallace India Trust fellowship, completing an MFA in Fine Art at Goldsmiths in London. Other activities involve exploring the world on planes, trains, camels, elephants, boats, dinosaur spines and spaceships.

Posted by Himali Singh Soin on 3/31/15

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