

BELLEVILLE 75019

Monday, 11th of September 2017.

2:06pm

I don't know this place very well. Doesn't look like the Paris I've seen so far. No fancy buildings, no fancy people. Restaurants. Chinese, Vietnamese, Greek, Egyptian, Lebanese, Nepalese, Thai, Turkish, French. French restaurant? Aren't we already in France, why is it called 'French restaurant'? Why isn't it just called 'restaurant'? Would people not understand? Why wouldn't they, it's just the word 'restaurant', not that hard. Or is it? Maybe people wouldn't understand because it's too simple. We usually tend to go for the complicated road and not the simple one. Why? Do our minds keep asking for more explanation? More detail? Why can't things just be simple. Like the chair on my right. 1 purpose. 1 color. Simple. The street is not crowded. 2 people passed me on my left and 2 people are walking towards us. We're walking up a hill. Not so common in Paris. Everyone is walking together. Walk straight, turn right. Wow.

-Not something you would see downtown, right? she says.

Anne. My teacher. She's talking about a house on our right, with 1 garden. More of a jungle I would say. 6 trees, 2 the size of the house

and 2 small ones. 1 is leaning against the flowers. They look dead. Probably because it's been raining so much. White, green, light pink.

Also, dirt, a lot of it. A lot of dead leaves. A garden that's not taken care of, a jungle. Beautiful disaster.

We passed it, now, there is another garden. This time it's way bigger.

You can see all of Paris. Well, most of it. Centre George Pompidou, never knew it was actually that tall. Eiffel Tower. Obviously. It's raining. A little. I should probably take my umbrella out but I don't want to carry it in my hand. Plus, it's stuffed deep inside my bag.

Look up. Grey. I'm not taking the umbrella out. I can drift away now. 1 leaf. Trying to stop it from flying away with my foot. But why? Just let it, let your mind be.

Not possible.

My mind is always seeking for an order. As if it was trying to tell me to pay attention to everything that is around me. I didn't realize the size of the George Pompidou center. I missed a dimension concerning that, I cannot miss something else.

83 steps forward, turn left, 256 steps, turn left, 127 steps, turn right, cross the street, walk, 40 steps. 1 blue door caught my eye. Blue. Doesn't blend in with Paris. This place is not the Paris I know.

3 Rue Jean-Baptiste Dumay. Who is that? I know Jean-Baptiste Dumas but not Dumay, never heard of him. 1 trash can. It's green. Why is it such a vibrant color? Not a suitable color for trash cans, and there are so many. 5 more on this street. It's probably the day the garbage gets picked up. 1 more trash can, black. The trash can color.

The color it should be. Why do I give my attention to all these colors? Why would one care about color?

I am used to remembering with color. I wish I could associate colors with numbers. But I can't. It wouldn't feel natural. I tried to. I can't. But I associate colors with Paris. Grey. Mustard yellow. Blue. White. Repetitive.

So many things to look at, I have to give myself a limit to work within.

Perfectionism, it's a disease.

Walking. Straight, turn left, walk more, turn right, walk even more. Turn left again. Right. Purpose? Just drifting. Can I?

So far, 16 trash bins. 20 bicycles, 12 bicycle signs, 6 arrows and 1 pigeon. Just 1. Did I forget to give more attention to the pigeons? Probably. I hate pigeons. Flying rats, that's what they are. Plus, the pigeon was not grey and white, it was a neutral brown, like soft brick colored and white. Still suits the colors of Paris.

There is 1 house, with its garden door and walls made of brick. "Hotel particulier" they call them in French. A hotel of your own. With pigeons. I hate them.

1 piece of bread on the floor. I haven't seen any bakeries anywhere. Unusual. There are so many where I live. Maybe the lady sitting on the balcony up there threw it. She looks sad. Smoking. Most of the French people I know smoke. I don't know why but I always connect it with the mood of Paris. Melancholic. Grey. Most of the time. Just like today. Repetitive.

3 more bins, 1 bicycle, 1 more, 4 more on the right. 4 arrows on the pavement. 3 more bicycle signs. Still no pigeons.

3 Rue Des Solitaires. Looks like it, only 1 person. 1 man, sitting on his bike, looking at his phone. Black jacket, black pants, black phone. White bicycle. 1 pigeon. Arrival point.

2:42pm