

August 07, 2023

Paradise Park, La La (London pt. 2)

by Amy Grandvoinet

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Dear friends,

From the British Library, via our final BL exit-break, in all the red stones, I approach Paradise Park in fresh rain-spots what a dream. Paradise Park, it will be for you and it will be for me.

Lilac from Heron's Flight brushes my shoulder, a throb of joy. They play basket-ball, in a green pen. They play basket-ball, they play basket-ball. They play basket-ball on the sea-shore. I am visiting now friend S. A sweet pairing of 'Llundain' visits, after J. Spanish cocktails and Spanish snacks await at the table. The room is wooden, and

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and the hat is green. S has a beautiful head, and so does J, and so does E, and so does H. All the lettered people have beautiful heads. And sometimes, the lettered heads wear hats. We sit on cushioned outdoor furniture in this waning summer, we do it anyway. Small football enthusiasts are our neighbours.

Paradise Park has a zig-zag path and going along it will get you to Islington Central Library, via squish-pastry breakfasts. Auspicious ooze. At Islington Central Library on Holloway Road, there are arches, and there are lamps. To Insta-DM over tables. The carpet dizzies, Diet Coke scours the mind, picked back up again by cube-pastries of sugar-time, sprinkled green. To update itineraries at circular tables. Kind pings of phone messages. Delightful young poets say all sorts of things. A drink after 5.30pm, mm hmm, yhh yhh. Passing not Angel but the next, we find S's friend M and will soon be joined by G.

A gallery has 5 whole stories. At the Estorick Collection of Modern Italian Art which opened in the London Borough of Islington in 1998, a painting is a mirror, and a painting is a box of chocolates. Hands protrude from heads, and there are Rebellious Angels happy together in their rooms and landscapes. There are gardens in frames. Little *jardins* in frames. Shells are like vases, no vases like shells, and there are shells, not just vases, in the some of the frames. As well as the gardens, there are shells in the frames. Outside, everything becomes newly enchanted. An almost-black cat runs across our path, but its socks are pale-blue. At the Estorick Collection of Modern Italian Art which opened at 39A Canonbury Square with the postcode N1 2AN in 1998, if you purchase postcards of Giorgio di Chirico's paintings of party-ring biscuits and forget them, a man will run out to you with exquisite grace and return them to you (thank you, graceful man). At night, I have been sleeping next to manifestos.

Buildings by the Canonbury Tavern, which has no room, are curved like G. Klimt's utopian boxes. Opposite the Hope & Anchor, which welcomes you and gives you small plates, is a empty curved building of juke-box dust. J and S have joined S & M & G & I, and we crow-bar the best seat in town, hooray.

In the mornings, there are Morning Goats. The Morning Goats have an elaborate theorisation, which is not for this tiny-letter. Some Morning Goats live at a terra-cotta farm in Paradise Park, with pond-moss and lilypads. Bunnies are named one by one, as Mottle & Cherish & Paris & Panda & another whose name is hiding currently. As well as Morning Goats, there are Night Lambs. Jesus holds a Night Lamb at The Lamb, which sells cockles and contains a miniature model of itself. On the trees toward Caledonian Road, a different road to Holloway Road, there are festive signs that read 'Jesus' with palm-tree backgrounds stuck to trees with orange tinsel. S and I are thrilled, and drink coffee in a scooter workshop which is not the aesthetic we desire. Walking past warehouses, we dream of therapeutic/corrective sea cruises for the mistaken and for the sick.

S and I fake-/faux-/artificial- *dérive*, and truly get stuck on a path to a playground, but simply jump over a wall and then go through a yellow gate. And we dream for the small model trash-house. Heart imagos are everywhere, and are special. Often red, you can find them on the iconographic embellishments adorning the Catholic Church

Frogs ribbit in Derek Jarman's *The Tempest*. Derek Jarman's *The Tempest* is another story. Tableaux. To revel in identical or almost-identical birthdays. Blossom and confetti falls from the skies. Pringles pop in the tongue-chamber. Eyes bat on the balcony, and words come, and words go, and the feet are actually on the ground.

When the time comes, fueled by Spider rolls, we will play 1. 'La Isla Bonita' followed by 2. 'Like a Prayer' at a co-curated dj-set for the new Paradise Park Lounge Bar (coming soon, plz?). Just you wait and see. We make wishes. A Eurostar crashes by. I thank you for opportunities to cut finger-nails, it is important to me. There was once a maroon train station on York Road. A website offering 'Marx Walks' is advertised somewhere. The IWA wants to establish 'Radical Reading Rooms' across the whole of Wales. I can't wait to see you.

With very best wishes,
Amy Grandvoinet x