

Checkpoint

Jacqueline Feldman

While at Can Serrat, I worked on final edits for a work of reportage, *Precarious Lease*. Because this book, to be published in October, has been underway for many years, the edits have involved nearly endless fact checking. To cope, I learned from my artist friends here and, in the shade-cooled Bodega, created a series of motivational posters. They read, "I learn so much, there's never any waste" and "No moment, the final one included, should be privileged." It was educative to lavish the resources of this residency—the beauty of our surroundings, the support of this environment—on late, not early, stages of a project.

Precarious Lease: The Paris Document ("A story of utopia and precarity, bohemia and mutual aid, and a landmark in the literature of fact")

There is a stretch of the Paris border where the city ends as if in a cliff. The natural slope of the land is visible in the hill of a park. Around it, accommodation for the rectilinear has been made, and buildings sit flat, the streets terraced. On the descent you pass the Métro Pré-Saint-Gervais, obscure stop of a circle line. You cross the Boulevard Sérurier, one of twenty-two bending along the city's perimeter and named for Napoleonic marshals. There are tramlines, their wires taut as if to cut, and the Périphérique highway, the city's ring road throwing light. From there the suburbs fall away to the northeast, the land below them sinking. This view serves to dignify the area's desultory pizza parlors, its bar, and its other bar, the one for placing bets.



