

Psychogeography &

ROMA

A Fake Travelogue
by Amy K. Conradson



On the plane to Rome there are offered pizza twists, for a taste of Rome. ROMA. There is an apple. The apple has something inside of it. The apple was purchased outside the Sistine Chapel, which I have just been reading about in a travel guide on ROMA from the Oxfam bookshop in Aberystwyth. I got it there when I was looking for maps of Rome. Instead now I have a collection of cultural stickers from the travel guide of that as yet unknown place, some of which you can find throughout this log-book (if u plz).

The stickerz were bought on the inspiration of a nice day out, one day of many adventures.

There is an adventure to ROMA. 'It was a brave man, even so, who finally set to work on the map with a scalpel' says Simon Sadler of Guy Debord – leader of both the Lettrist International (LI) and Situationist International (SI) – and to whom this log-book will not be, particularly, an ode.¹ Sadler is describing Debord's artistic methods in collage. He says Debord makes 'the city imagined as a psychogeographic sea, pushing and pulling the sensitive [typo sensible] soul along its eddies and currents' (Sadler, p. 83). Isn't that nice.

At the moment I am obsessed with shells. I imagine they might come up in this log-book called 'ROMA'. I hope that will be okay. From the plane, it's possible to see patches of *land*. In the Oxfam bookshop Aberystwyth guide-book (ripped up), helicopter-view photographs of

¹ Simon Sadler, *The Situationist City* (Cambridge: MIT Press, 1998), p. 83. The text here is pink because I am currently colour-coding 'secondary sources' while trying to draft the 1st chapter of my PhD (the 1st chapter is on psychogeography in the 1950s / early 60s). Further references 'Sadler' followed by page number.

various monuments seem like hijack-gold. It's hard to get in a helicopter to take photos when in Rome, I imagine. Usually I like to shun other peoples' pictures, however, & sabotage my own.

Guy Debord made maps all dissected up. He drew arrows from place-to-place on his personal whims. Sadler says, 'the strengths and durations of the psychogeographic slopes were suggested by the weight, shape and patterning of the arrows on the maps' (Sadler, p. 90). You can see one of the maps he is talking about here:

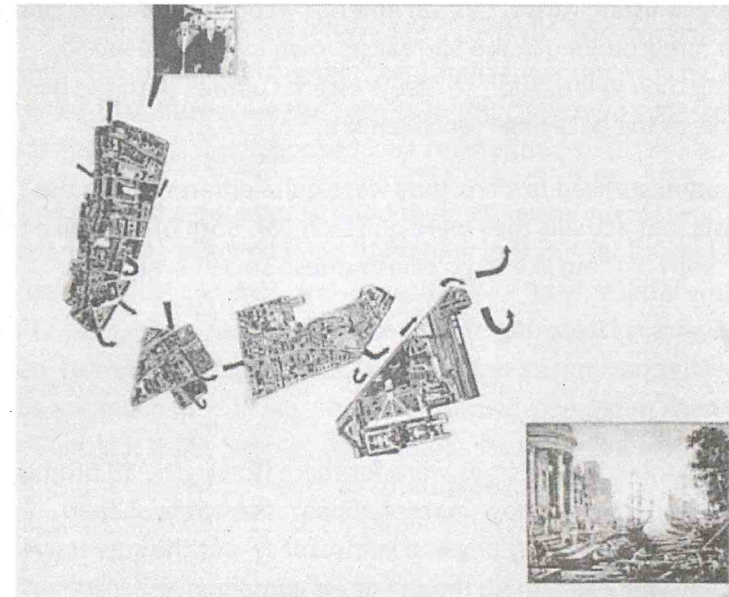


Fig.1.4 Guy Debord, *Axis of Exploration and Failure in the Search for a Situationist "Great Passage,"* 1957.

Don't they have a particular gravity to them? I wonder where on earth the fish-tank images are from! I don't think Guy Debord tells us tht. For a place to [S]tamp itself on ur mind, and for ur mind to [S]tamp itself on a place. I used three stamps this morning. It is the day after my dad's 60th birthday. It is 26th February 2023, and it is a Sunday.

In yet another book on the Situationists and the city, Tom McDonough describes Ivan Chtcheglov's *even earlier* work of map-ish collage than the knife-work-by-collage of Debord (incidentally, Debord wrapped his book *Mémoires* – containing further knife-work-by-collage – in sandpaper as further nod to violence and hostility to neighbouring shelf-books and beyond). McDonough says, 'Even earlier, Chtcheglov had made a suggestive map of Paris by pasting bits of a world map over the plan of the city's Métro. The cut-out segments of the map – the northwest coast of North America, Hudson's Bay, Greenland, China, Afghanistan, Africa, Central America – correspond quite closely to those foregrounded in the Surrealists' own map of the world, overlaying their valorisation of non-Western cultures onto the postwar *metropole* of the decaying French empire.'²

The Situationists liked to think they were quite different from the Surrealists, but actually they were quite similar. Both of them like to collage. Both of them like to go smash smash smash 2 'culture'.

McDonough says Debord's maps 'produce an idiosyncratic plan of the city, one that privileges psychology as much as topography' (McDonough, p. x).

When McDonough says 'cities were for them [the LI, the SI] profoundly historical landscapes, whose current appearances were shaped – as geological strata underlay physical landscapes – but the successive events that time has buried, though never completely effaced' (McDonough City, p. x), I made a note of this in my Rome preparatory document because I imagined such a statement would be relevant to any investigation of this 'palimpsestic' city

² Tom McDonough, *The Situationists and the City* (London: Verso, 2009), p. x. The footnote page number to McDonough's *The Situationists and the City* are 'x' because I have so far just been able to use a Google Books version in preview, which was quite generous but does not give you any page numbers, sadly. I sometimes use 'x' for missings.

'Throughout the years prior to the founding of the S.I. [its abrv. varies], an important strain in their writings reflected a desire to rediscover and reconnect with that history, and specifically with the revolutionary legacy of the city in its most radical guises. Recollections of the Terror of 1848 and of the Commune appeared again and again as antidotes to the closed perspectives of their own day' (McDonough, p. x).

There are secrets in the city. These secrets can be untapped with tap-shoes, or any old shod feet that walk the streets. So-called 'psychogeographers' go on something called a *dérive*, sometimes, which is – sometimes – also referred to as a 'drift'. Tom McDonough says this: 'The secrets held within the urban landscape, which *dérive* attempted to unlock, were the secrets to this city's own supersession' (McDonough, p. x). It is supposed to be resistant.

As I read about the Situationists and their city-experiments, and reflections on the affected mind 'therein', I look out for Italian links, because I am going to Italy, and – specifically – Italy's capital which is ROMA. I learn of names such as Giuseppe Ungaretti, Giuseppe Pinot-Gallizio, Nunzio van Guglielmi, but it's hard to look them up because there's not much time in life. I hear about some of them more than others. Pinot-Gallizio is quite famous, for example. He made 'industrial paintings' that were then worn as couture down the cat-walk street-runways, in a kind of bad fashion show. What A Dream (I mean it).

Also, 'In this sense Isou's poetry and Lettrist theory are both close to the philosophical and poetic method which Giuseppe Ungaretti, whom Isou had met in Rome on his way to Paris, had given to the inter-war movement in Italy which was called "*ermetismo*". The central tenet of this group, [page break] often criticised for their obscurity and aestheticism, was that language commands the dignity of hard-won truth, that indeed language is all that stands between mankind and chaos. In the earlier catastrophe of the First World War, Ungaretti

himself had defined revolution as a movement "which necessarily had to start from the use of words"³.

ermetismo – th, gosh, it's hard to focus because the Jet2.com staff keep making *many announcements*.

Lavendar, lemon, and vanilla. Her voice, ouch.

Isou, by the way, was the head of the Lettrist movement before Debord took them over and then changed them into the Situationists. There's always a right rough-and-tumble between leaders, it seems. Guy Debord killed himself in 1994.

'Not only does the watch *look* good but [xyz]'.

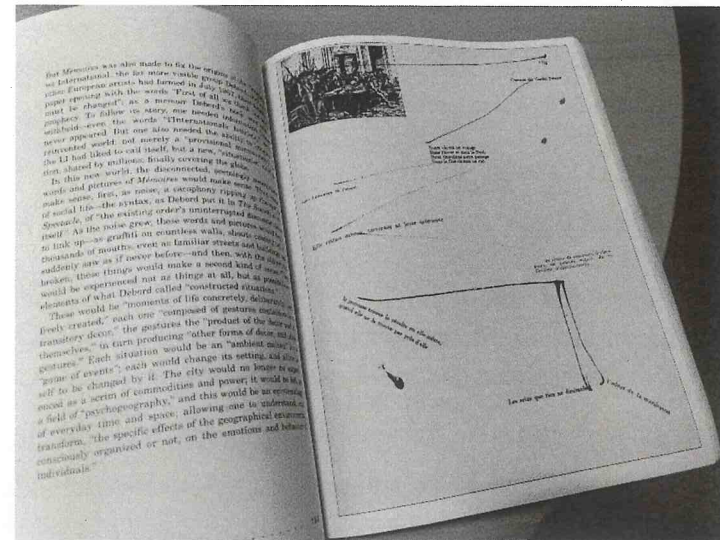
'Thank you and happy shopping'.

It's Andrew Hussey now who's talking about the Situationists and their city-based practices, and ROMA in particular. He continues: 'In the same way the vocabulary and methodology of Isou's theory, the polarities, the diagrams, the destruction of the image and the word all aim at reinventing or reigniting the poetic function which Ungaretti terms "la parola abusata" ("the deliberate misuse of the word"). Isou's system of Letterism, like "ermetismo", opposes not only th rationalism of Western thought, which has culminated in the Jewish apocalypse of the Second World War, but also seeks to shatter the conceptual language of rational thinking such as embodied in the project of the Enlightenment' (Hussey, pp. 41-2).

'WATCH YOUR ARMS AND LEGS! WATCH YOUR ARMS AND LEGS!'.

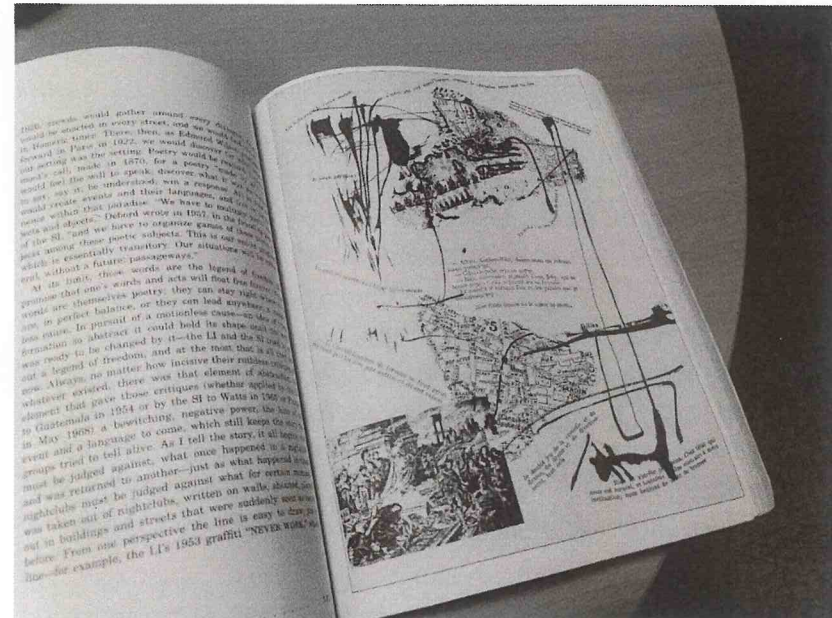
Here's another work in maps by Debord:

³ Andrew Hussey, *The Game of War: The Life and Death of Guy Debord* (London: Pimlico, 2002), pp. 41-2. Frthr references say 'Hussey' then there are page numbers.



(Sadler, p. x)

And here's another:



(Sadler, p. x)

Andrew Hussey also gives news about somebody called Ralph Rumney who married the 1st wife of Guy Debord. Rumney was ousted from the Situationist International because he was 2 much of a threat 4 Debord. He went out with Peggy Guggenheim's daughter, can you believe. They were all quite well-connected. Rumney made a 'psychogeographical report' of Venice. I think it was quite good but Debord didn't like it (because it was quite good, probably). Well, such is life. Some people are dominating. Hussey tells us about this from page 128 in his large biography of Debord which is disliked by many ex-SI members. But he is friends w Ralph Rumney. What a scenario, and/or scene.

'Debord was also v jealous and saw Rumney as a rival' (Hussey, p. 128).

People go to Italy, for example **ROMA**, and wish to seek meaning of something. Who cares. Hopefully somebody.

Hussey calls Rumney a 'playboy artist' (Hussey, p. 128). Rumney was somehow friends with William Burroughs, even if he wasn't friends with Guy Debord. They liked to use substances together, and muse.

In the pub last night, I looked up on *Lit Hub . com* drinking haunts of 'writers' in 'cities'.⁴ One of them talked about Keats and Rome, of course. I can't remember the name of the café. In the film *Roman Holiday*, the character played by Audrey Hepburn recites from Keats's words, and the character who rescues her when she's drunk on a stone bench in the city – what is his name! – remarks on her 'well-read'-edness. She is a princess, in secret. *Elvira the Dragon Princess*. Pegeen Guggenheim's momma knew Beckett and Joyce and Duchamp, and she was married to Max Ernst! History is remarkable! Hussey describes Max Ernst as 'one of the great art patrons of the twentieth century' (Hussey, p. 129). I imagine there has been lots of patronage in the city of Rome, some of it 'secular' and some of it 'religious'.

⁴ Emily Temple, 'A Visual Tour of 35 Literary Bars and Cafes from Around the World: Drink Where Your Favourite Writers Once Drank', *LIT HUB*, 9 Feb, 2018 <<https://lithub.com/a-visual-tour-of-35-literary-bars-and-cafes-from-around-the-world/>>.

Apparently Debord wanted a patron & was jealous of those who had 1.

On my Instagram account recently I have been making records of shell-sightings, as well as architectural sightings, that *r* the landscape or in it.

You can sit on the sofas in the Wynnstay Machynlleth and *consider*.

Machiavelli's *The Prince*, Castiglione's *The Book of the Courtier*; Guy Debord liked them *both*. And the Bible, which he considered the Pope to keep always by his bed (of course, he did).

Before I boarded the plane to **ROMA** there was a *message-in-a-WhatsApp-group* notifying everyone of the news that bodies have been found on the coasts of South Italy. Again. F f s.

I had a look on the website 'Vice' (...) about ROMA and *they* said (at <https://www.vice.com/en/article/m7vn9v/tiber-river-rome-photos>) – under the title of 'Photos of Rome's Hidden Side Along the Tiber River: Away from the holiday crowds and tourist sights, many of Rome's residents struggle to fit in their city, by Leonardo Bianchi' – 'Rome is a lot of different cities all packed in one. There's its imposing and prestigious side, populated by swarms of tourists and busy officials on their important jobs; and then there's its hidden side that only emerges in fleeting moments, last year [etc.]'. The article was written on 26th May last year (26/5/22), *exactly* 9 months before this very day.

Further, there is a club called **Toy RoOm Rome** according to Google, and it has 1.9 stars according to Google. Poodles.

There was a so-called 'Hot Autumn' in Italy in 1969, which I learned from either Sadler, McDonough, or Hussey, who knows.

Do you know the collage artist 'Hannah Höch'? My friend told me about her once. Do you know the artist 'Seana Gavin'? She makes mushrooms and coral and sea-life collages, and they are *loveli*.

In a recent book reviewing opinions of the Situationist International, Fabrice Flahutez says this: **Debord's films 'employ the practice of reusing existing materials just as the Surrealists had once reused found objects to produce highly poetic collages' & 'contain[...] a strong bibliographical element [...] which gives them a certain melancholic dimension'.⁵**

Hannah Hoch, ***The Magnolia is so beautiful at this time.***

Sometimes I make notes on the 'Messenger' function of 'Facebook'. 'Messenger' has its very own App! I use it. Recently, some:

E--- bank vault art Rome art everywhere Vatican asks me
if I'm going on a trip when I buy an old Rome guide
from Oxfam after E- [...].
Rome Rome many years (/tears) have fallen here I've
been driving you look the other way
At the Trevi Fountain
Sanguetti is the last of the two SI with Debord p. 272
Final conference is in Venice p. 254 1969

I also made some notes there while I was watching the film *Roman Holiday*. Those notes say:

'legal and illegal misadventures' says Film4 intro

Enter

Sun 22:59

You sent

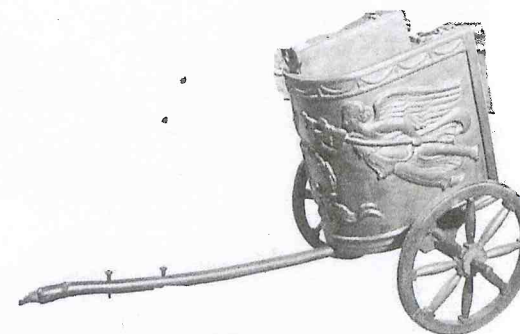
Boring dancing / obligations she escapes into the city
like Alice in Wonderland

Enter

You sent

⁵ Fabrice Flahutez, '3. Lettrism' in *The Situationist International: A Critical Handbook* ed. by Alastair Hemmens and Gabriel Zacarias (London: Pluto Press, 2020), pp. 43-50.

Roman chariot.



Via a pizzeria van

Enter

Sun 23:26

You sent

She immediately gets drunk going into the city

Enter

You sent

**Says she lives in the Coliseum to G. Peck who comes
across her passed out on a stone bench**

Enter

Mon 00:07

You sent

**She's given money to go and have fun in the city, an eel
at a market**

Enter

You sent

Market workers speak in Italian

Gregory Peck! That was it!

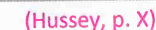
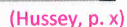
There's another later note that says:

References to Roman Holiday, artichokes

Leaping through YouTube to mine Britain's turgid cultural references to the Italian capital, I found Greg Wallace. He talks at some length about the delicacies made of artichokes in ROMA. When we arrive in ROMA we will all dine out together. When I visited the website of the restaurant that we will all dine out at, this is the first thing that arose:



If you want to find out more about the Situationists' 'Italian Section', you can read very closely at this tiny text here: **1** –



Situationist International ANTHOLOGY

REVISED AND EXPANDED EDITION
Edited and translated by Ken Knabb

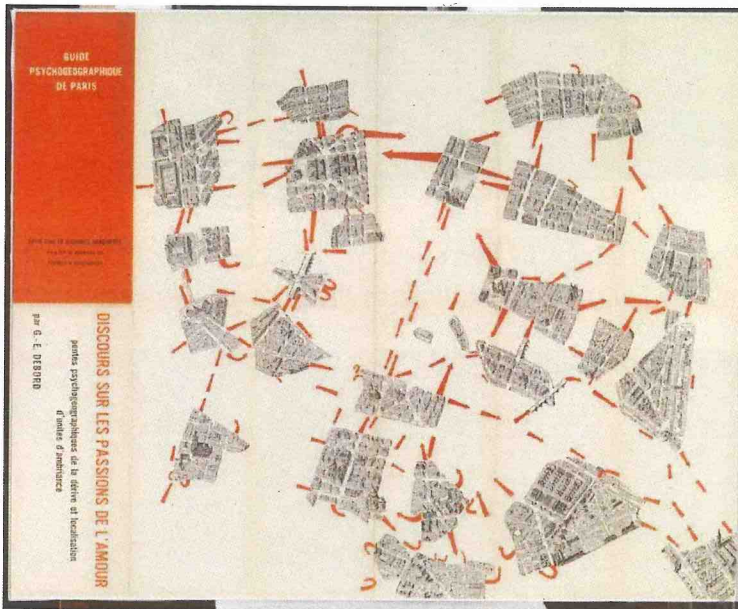
BUREAU OF PUBLIC RECORDS
www.buofpublicrecords.org

ISBN 0-911-110-10-0

528

(I scanned it in at the University of Aberystwyth's Work Station which is located at the Train Station in Aberystwyth and provides a fine service for the university students – and staff, no doubt – at all manner of levels. They have a printer with scanning faculties, you'll be pleased to know, and a number of vending machines (variably reliable)).

Knabb's book is covered with Guy Debord's psychogeographic maps of Paris, aforementioned. Alastair Hemmens, who has worked with Fabrice Flahutez, sent me this image as a jpeg.doc via email when I was confused about what Guy Debord's psychogeographic maps were:



Isn't it a pretty map? With all of its map-fragments and arrows rouge?

In my application to go on this trip to ROMA, I wrote about X. Sorry that's lazy – I should just say now. I wrote about *OH WE'RE LANDING*.

I initially wanted to call this log-book something to do with roaming Rome, etc., but then other people started saying it and it felt too gross and I had to take the arrogant route and STOP that idea –

ROMA.

There really were a number of artichokes.

Please fill out this [form](#) and let us know what your preferences are.

Arriving in ROMA, one is met with the promise of 'The Careport'. Why I oughtta.....



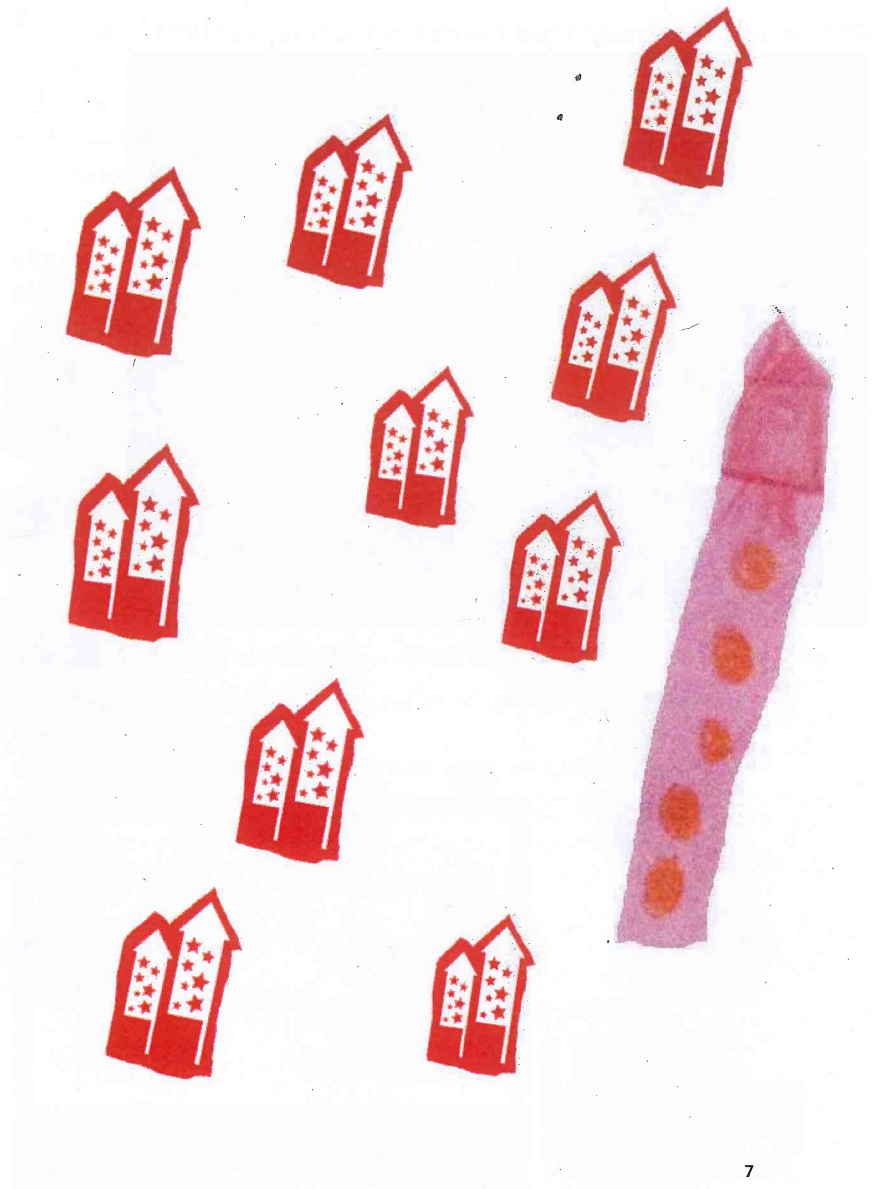
Mrs Ungermeyer,

RestrictedJet2.com
Friendly low fares**Carried in
Cabin Baggage ONLY****Carried on
your person ONLY****Carried in Hold Baggage ONLY****Forbidden for Carriage**

are forbidden from carriage in all circumstances.

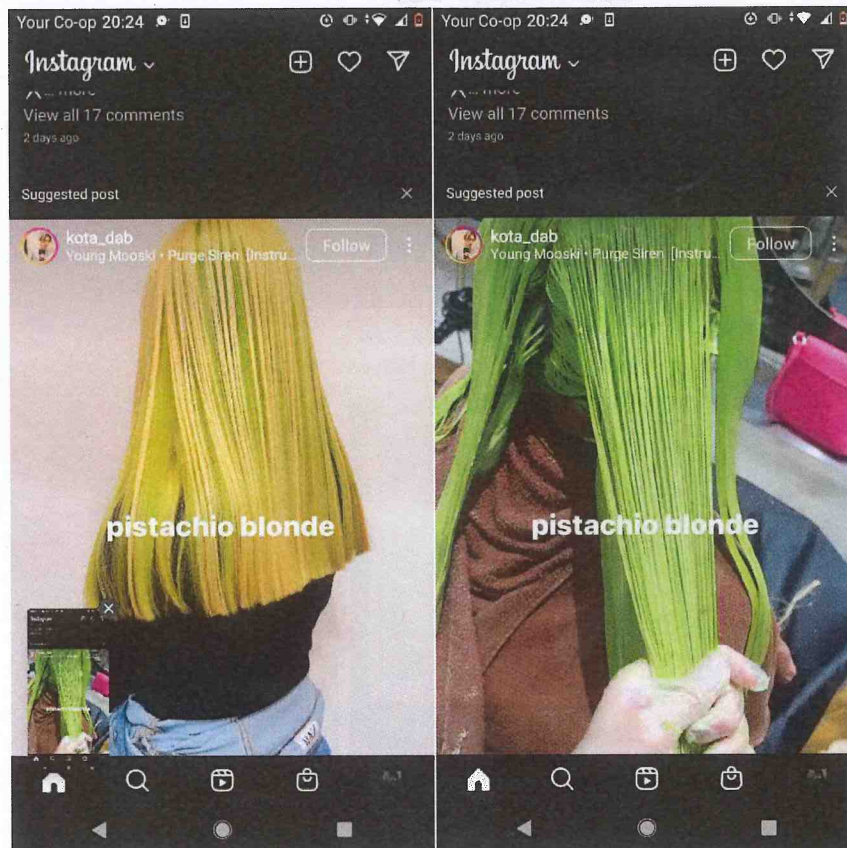
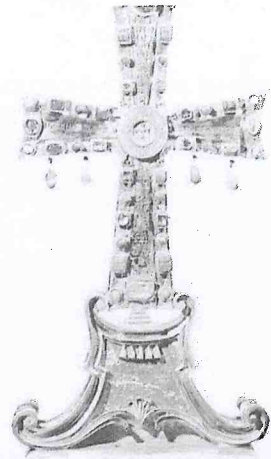
Watt-hour rating

6



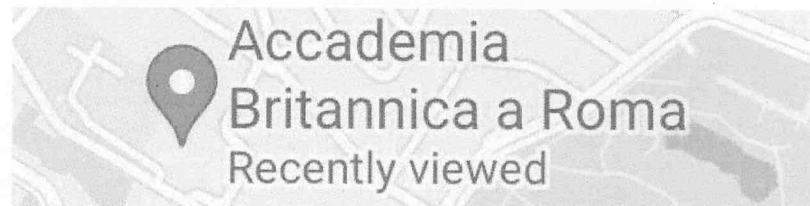
7

⁶ Jet2.com Friendly low fares, 'Restricted' (2023).⁷ Ibid.



There is a document that describes the state of Rome today, sorry no Italy. It says: that the Country Overall Risk Rating is 'Low 2.00'. In terms of 'Security' it is truly '2.00'. In terms of 'Environmental' it is truly '2.00'. In terms of 'Infrastructural' it is 'Low – Moderate', actually, which is '2.50'. In terms of 'Political' it is 'Low' but '2.25'. And as a 'Medical' location it can be considered '2.25', also. Aberystwyth University makes an assessment of these risks before they send any of their staff out into the world, for example on A Grand Tour of Italy (**ROMA**). The report also informs u that there is a population of 60,802,085 and that the currency is EURO. You will also like to know that the time zone is UTC+1, and that there are mostly Christians about. Plug types are C, F, and L, and the 'Drinking Water' is 'Safe to Drink'. There are zero 'Significant Dates (2020)' that we are informed are happening between 26th February and 3rd March 2023. If you need to change the '0' on a phone number you will need to put '+39'. Further, the government type is a Parliamentary Republic, and, crucially, ethnicities lie thus – Italian, w small clusters of German-, French-, and Slovene-Italins in the North, and Albanian- and Greek-Italians in the South. All of this information is relayed to readers via what's known as a 'Fact Box'. Depending on your work, however, you may need to consider a Rabies

jab. Be ware of opportunistic theft, and Settle Small Bills with Ca\$h. Carry your mobile phone with sufficient battery life. Be aware of 'jostling'. Be aware of loiterers. Do not get into arguments. Avoid looking at strangers. There is illegal trade. Avoid high-crime / dim light.



Sorry,
Mi dispiace

Salt,
Il sale

And,
E.

Racket music in the plane, a Jet2.com airline. I thought it was just Ryan Air or British Airways or Lufthansa. How wrong, in this day & age.

N--, when we flew you gave me a boiled sweet. Then you gripped a hand *extremely* tightly. Were u frightened? Well, your rituals of well-being worked on me. *Non-na*. 'I bet you don't have a grandma as [ran out of time to catch the subtitles]'. As *le peuple* leave the train sorry plane, they have to call an engineer to open the door. At the airport, there is a picture of a fountain and the declaration of a concept called 'The Careport' – what 'the heck' does that mean? Some people won't go on this trip because they are against flying. Yes. The fountain is shell-ish, of course. In the taxi, a silver crucifix w 5 aqua-marine bears sorry beads lol (tears?) swings frm the mirror of the taxi- (limo dreams) man. 'Do you want to go on the moving pavement?'. As we ebb into **ROMA**, there is many a pylon. The BSR will have soap in the shape of green leaves. In CRAFT (that's in Aberystwyth) you can buy second-hand hairbrushes from the dressing-tables-of-grandmothers. Isn't that special? Anyway, many a pylon, *Ode to Pylon of the Month*, dear K--- (not Keats). An *ode* to you. <https://www.pylonofthemonth.org/>. His

indicators click, his satnav loops *just* Spaghetti Junction, right !!!! But ♥. Little rain-spots on car windscreen like little rosary beads, aqua m. Music of taxi also racket (won't repeat what's there, as w plane). But we saw him in South Idn once, coming out a newsagents. BWrivoli041, 7 fake CLOCK-chimes, 7 real CLOCK-chimes, an SPQR tally of III.

There is an ashtray in this room. The room is **Room 207**. It is a very pleasant room and I hope everybody in the world is happy.

Thank God, Ivor Cutler is back on my head, punching away with bare torso, from darkness'n'glitter. Thank u, Ivor. He's a God. He's our God.

The soap of Doves.

Fragonard

It is a research institute. You give pages
Saint Clement, near the Sea 'Please rise' –
Up up up up up,
* *Dwn dwn dwn dwn dwn,*
Different layers, different times. It's true !
To have been usually, having been to parties,
To have been to *m* useums in *g* ardens,
To have been to w ater-lilies on c urtains,
* To walk up steps, to appreciate Piazza Navona anyway,
to remark upon the fountains of Bernini,
All around Rome are fountains and water-fountains
BAROQUE. SHOPS;
3 coins in the Fountain of Trevi dolci dolci rubble vita,
* Nani Moretti, for a film to be 'gorgeous', 'Gorge Climbs';
Via del Corso ('shopping'), biggest & strictest Stores only,
* plz ,

When ur walking around & ur hungry there r pizza squares,
 * In ur favoured clothes and with foxes & ice-cream, *
 A runway *HANDBAG* in purpoll glitta, *
 * The Madonna, here again,
 Rlly cheap & delicious. Amphora,
 7 hills, 4 stars *,

Gilt water-lily,
 Roman(Tick) spice, * *
 * Leopard and she-wolf,
 A twin, an enemy, & Mary's codes,
 Virgins *and* chastity *and* *
 Stray cats, bomba, corneli;
 * Cherub, Cherubin, To Cherish.⁸



The Holy water stoup is supported by gigantic cherubs (1725).

⁸ Reid Bramblett, *Top 10 ROMA (actually says Rome)* (London: DK Eyewitness, 2019).



My mom n dad told me to go to

[continue in arch, final line 'They gave me tht

Apple]. It's a bit like going to Buckingham Palace.

All on foot. Running round the city. Colliseum on a ring-road; coffee on Piazza Navona. *Three coins in the fountain*, Vatican, Sp. Sts. Used to be An Intercontinental Hotel there but it's gone now. Apple bought outside of the Vatican buildings (' St Peter's Square (?) ' in front of Vatican buildings), ol d chariot racetrack, big oblong; 'the traffic in Rome in mad', th e collissieum arrives on the screen of Fellini's ROMA, Sist ine - Pepino, - Chapel, Basillisca, 'I've only been the once', rabid TOURISTS, the Business Trip, to 'have preferred Florence'. Th right restaurants with the right contacts, ofc. the River Tiber, old aquaducts. 'We walked a lot, didn't we'. Dining whilst looking d ownwards. Davinci sommink. 'Rome was very trendy in then Lo ndon took over in the 60s. Who said that? I can't remember, rlly.

People are very kind.

<https://lithub.com/a-visual-tour-of-35-literary-bars-and-cafes-from-around-the-world/>

Travel + Leisure



George Terezakis

Antico Caffé Greco, Rome, Italy

Address: Via dei Condotti, 86, 00187 Roma RM, Italy

Literary Pedigree: Famous for serving coffee to a slew of artists, philosophers, and other luminaries, the literary of which included: **Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, Lord Byron, Percy and Mary Shelley, John Keats, Nikolai Gogol, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Mark Twain, Hans Christian Andersen, and Stendhal.**

Gosh.

On our way to the British School at Rome, we had seen Lizzo.

Grotesque horse-monsters vulgate from fountains. Horses like snakes. Hoses like snakes. To want to haunt, for all of them. Revenge is a great attraction. I have left the park Borghese. There is a certain disposition of these kinds of ppl (lol, I'm not remotely talking about 'the Italians'). I like them a *lot*. The parrots, pistacchio; the courts, pistacchio. Pop.



A Psychogeography of Tennis Courts

In *Practice Makes Perfect*, Rosa-Johan Uddoh wryts a psychogeography of Tennis. She is talking about Serena Williams *and* Venus Williams, & the racial politics of the Tennis Court, particularly for 'women'.



There is a Tennis Court right outside of my window at the BSR, which has colonialist links with the past's urban planning puppet masters.

In Aberystwyth, there is a set of Tennis Courts for the people to play in. The gardens nearby look *just* like they belong to Margaret Thatcher.

During the French Revolution, the Tennis Court played an important part in the drawing up of a(nother) (doomed) Revolutionary Agenda.

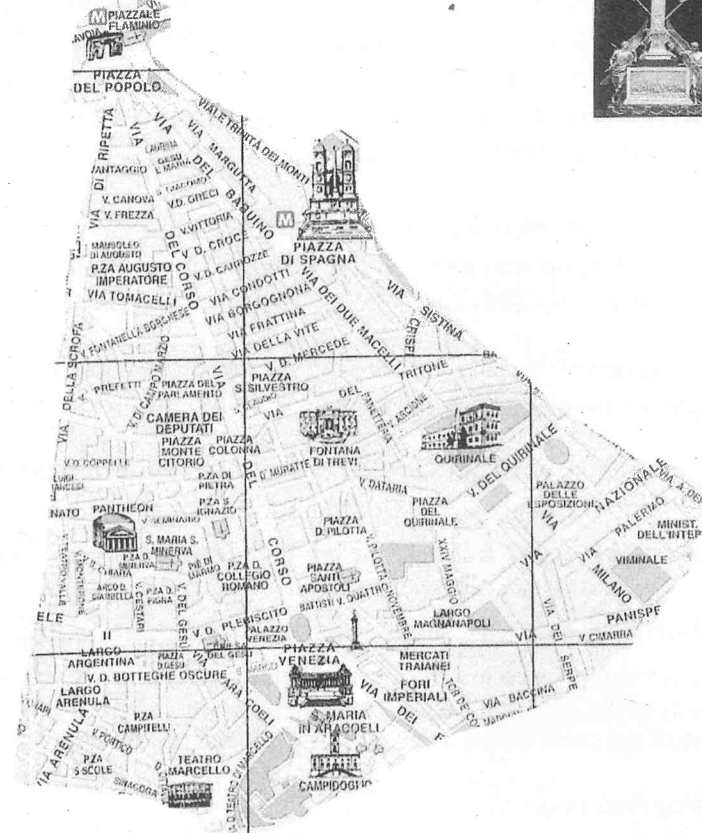
'I left my parents' living room in Croydon, and embarked on my own career as a Black woman attending white elite institutions, just like the Williams sisters. I spent some time working in an architecture studio, becoming a Black woman drawing window details for white professionals to look out of. And as I re-entered education, I surrounded myself with neoclassical architecture – grand façades, big steps – the environment that, in this country, is curiously mandatory for those entering academia. I became a caryatid, Greek column, passive stone woman, outside the Crypt gallery, supporting the heavy stone portico'.¹⁰ Th BSR looks like that.

An SPQR drain.

Grand Tour

Why is there such an aversion to tours? Does anybody else feel this? It was a fine tour. And not all tours are the same. However, the BSR has 'some 'interesting history' (interesting wording) with the colonialists, e.g. Lutyens and his big-hat-looking constructions in Delhi. You can find out more about Lutyens by reading his Wikipedia page.

¹⁰ Rosa-Johan Uddoh, *Practice Makes Perfect* (London: Book Works, 2022), pp. 45-6. Rosa-Johan Uddoh's book is bright pink and the section after this one and some others talks all about the Black Madonna.



Caravaggio, Caravaggio, Caravaggio, Bernini. Did u know the BSR have been based here for over 100 years? The Glamour of a Centenary. Seagulls, a discarded hotel-slipper, A Bone! A Cuttlefish! A local millionaire is known to live nearby in one of the large nearby houses. Plaza Flaminio is the nearest Metro station. Later, they'll give me a

huge plate of food that I can't eat and didn't request when I sit briefly for a *bière* (truly kind). They r xtrmly nice & friendly (-seeming).

Walking 'round the city (lol), I rip a map from that old **ROMA** guide from Aberystwyth's Oxfam bookshop that makes the stickers on these pages. It is fun to rip it out. I rip it out at the Gates of Rome. Rip rip rip, scratch scratch scratch – what does this mean, what does that? Some people are just *addicted* to maps! Are you?

There is talk of pilgrims and gaffa-tape. An **8**-pointed star and **7** mountains no hills no wait and only six. *Tumult*. To somersault. 'You can do the whole city-walls-circuit in one day'. Just one!

There are stamps on the city as there are stamps on post-cartes. Send the city somewhere else, god dammit.

Three roads leading out from THE GATES are described as a trident's fork. And Rome is a lasagne. The God Neptune quite enjoys his dinner. *The first real (live) utterance of 'palimpsest'*. his dinner.

Everything is shell-ish I cannot catch it all. There's a t-shirt at the moment in the big Tesco in Aber with Pokémon on it and it's so nice.

'All the stuff we can't afford as academics'. Compared to what?

Bell Ringing (bell-ringing);
Knit pearl knit pearl knit (k1p1k1p1);
 Pearl.

Somebody finds a potato to photograph with **ROMA**'s most fascist buildings ('pretty fascist'). You can *almost* buy potato *puppies* in Aber!

Conversely, relatedly, there are Philanthropy Nightmares.

What is a 'traditional urban mound'?

A six star hotel. City Sight-seeing **ROMA**. Legoland Windsor.

And just like there are different ways of doing tours there are different ways of doing selfies.

Self-sticks, sticks of rock. The rock from Rome would say **ROMA** in it. Innit?

These aren't the original columns who cares.

To be adrift in the city. I don't really have any questions.

To be a photographer, for want of photo-avoidance (No Permission).

A 'native speaker' tells me a politician walks by. It's good info.

N.b., TABAC / souvenirs.

Arancini, sigh. To eat arancini in other places. To be elsewhere.

There was tiramisu.

The dolphins r 'particularly evil' here bt in Aberystwyth they r *so nice*.

At the sea-scenes *here*, the dolphins are *snarling*.

They pop up quite a bit in Roman iconography did u know *that*?

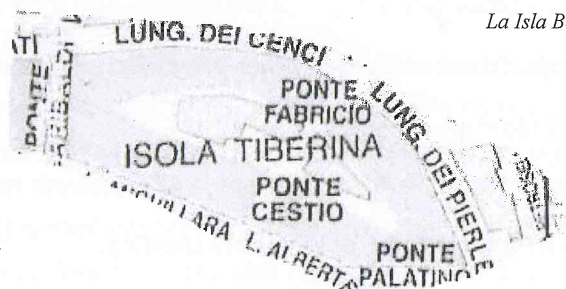
The **Basillica** (which one) is dedicated to Neptune?

Then I – '*palimpsest*' *count 2!* – remembered the nicest city tour. . . . This part of the city flooded everywhere sorry every year. SILT everywhere. Flood lines. 'Adorable use of finger iconography'. The word 'iconography'. How to READ A CITY, UGH. Unsaid, phewph.

A bridal bow, a nun collection, shrines, and plenty of confetti, more. Dog-collar pimp popes, Cat-Sanctuary Kitsch. Cats asleep in fascist ruins. Is *this* eligible for 'Ruin Lust'? I don't think it is. But is it?

To be 'female' in a city and to pay attention to cats. Clio 5 to 7, thank you A. Varda. Gosh, and more. Via Florida. 'Swimming with Dolphins'. Bar Amore. Sussing out th tat-shops. 'Fellini walks so she could run' re L. McGuire Imao. How is H. Duff doing these days? That's th real *Question*.

A delightful baby turtle fountain, *EVERYTHING IS UNDERWATER*, & we're now at the river. A man sleeps beautifully underneath the arch of the Ponte Mazzini no Ponte Sisto no Ponte Fabricio river-bridge. By th Tiger sorry Tig sorry no Tiber island. The island is basically Notre-Dame. It's an ancient Roman bridge and seagulls fly under it. It is a city of *right* animals, Fellini was soooo *right*! A real big cormorant *f l o a t s* past! There isn't the time to care enough, though. Can there ever be?



La Isla Bonita.

What does it mean for there to be a 'cool use of [...] urbanism'?

To discuss FAITH. Tbc. Nuns. Saints. Mary. **Marys.** **Maries.**

I will not photograph the home of the man. The clock chimes 12 noon & the accordion starts to play. Those Fake Flags, the ones that look like they're flying. I am reminded – not unpleasantly – of the Disney version of *The Little Mermaid* I'm afraid, which was my favourite. Magic castles, holocaust museum.



Sophia Loren used to live in this house ! It has some v. fascist histories which I cannot remember right now. I could have sent an email, or looked it up, but I didn't.

Somebody drops *loads!* of Pokémon cards. Theatre Marcellus. The Fee-et-ah. Oh, N--. If only we were together, we'd have so much fun. I throw 3 coins into the Trevi Fountain and think of u, truly. Prayers.

To keep a 'sense of self', My Pen Fades.

Sofia Loren used to live here, truly! At the Theatre Marcellus. Mental. It's a fascist estate. A bell tower. Is there gentrification in **ROMA**? *Roof-top Garden Lust* – the only Next Concept, surely. Shooting stars above a shop-front. **Spolia**, new word. An un-emailed 'Word of the Day'. The Most Intense City, says she. Beneath the Capitoline Hill – hey those Grand Tour Men spoke of that in their tomes! Hey! – a daunting steep flight to climb a hill sorry no a church. Mezzanines. 'The Wedding Cake', *another* fascist architectural construction. Riddled. Also known as 'The Type-writer'. What a confusion of symbols, don't u think?

Somebody stayed home, sick, at least. Let us call her Lizzie.

It happens a few times, for better or for worse (probably mixed).

A---, I have bought you a post-carte of the Trevi Fountain; <3.

He doesn't know who that **Owen Hatherley** is, a woman dangles delicacies in her mouth. Cherubs, finally. Fake flowers round a 'beauty shop'. Pizza shop perfume shop, tabac tabac tabac *kiosk*! A gelateria with foliage *full* of fairy lights Leigh Hunt would love it. Love.

Big army vans. Big palm trees. The Spanish Steps are where Keats *dies*. Keats Shelley Memorial House. BSR 'work closely with them' they are proud to say, in their *charmingly* self-mockingly expat empire. There's a big shell over the entrance, actually. Whaddy know. & it seems this is, as it happens, where the Careport advert is from. Whaddy know.

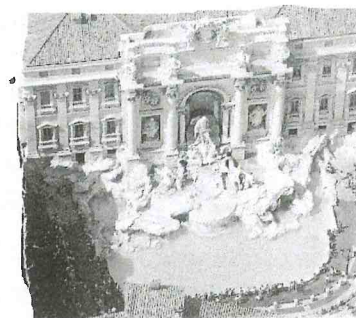
DEDICATED TO THE TWO POETS AND THEIR ADMIRERS IN AMERICA AND BRITAIN

Yikes. Photos on the steps, is it Montmartre? Apple. Apply?! Oranges, oranges, Those Hot Oranges on that Horrible Holiday. It's normal! – 'Welcome', I'm told. Oranges, oranges. Oranges oranges oranges.

Rooftop gardens. In the *real* stars. Botany tongue-twisters. 'You can basically see the whole loop that we've done'. Discarded jacket in brnz. Latin Jacket, I like that place better. Even better now, return to sendr.

A Giant Dovecot. He does not know what it is, and that is exciting. He does not know who **Owen Hatherley** is. I mean, who must? The Giant Dovecot is by the Carousel, which is by the vending van (non-automated) selling snacks and beverages of many kinds. Casa del Lago, damn that Trump. The pleasure-boating lake is like Las Vegas. U agree. People are having a nice old end-of-the-world time. Daisies.

Daisy, Daisy,
Give me your answer, do –
I'm *half* crazy, o for the <3 of u
It won't be a stylish marriage
(I cannot afford a carriage)
But you'll look sweet
Upon the seat of a bicycle
Made 4 two.



Ivor is my helmet. In the bar at the closest Metro I buy a ½-pint (as usual) and am offered bread-sticks and peanuts and tiny squares of pizza which I have to turn down bc I am racing back to the BSR. It's €2.

A Place. Floral mattresses are all over the pavements, though. 3 coins in the Trevi Fountain, yes. I clambered up the wrong exit and acted fast. They are a 1€, 1€, and a 10€. 12€, Twelve Chimes. I attach all sorts meaning to them. Twelve being a number. The fountain water is sooo turquoise. I got glam post-cards from a Closed Kiosk. Isn't *that* xciting? I went shopping. There's just 3 things to get now. All of them r Prayers.

'Life continues to flow despite the monuments'. To have subjectivity regardless of what's happening around you (in a way).

A snowball of fascism; the building of bigger & bigger. **STOP!**

What is 'worthy'? Why is *medieval* **ROMA** not on our programme, u ask? &, *plz*, not 'Unravelling Rome' (but maybe 'Unravelling Roma').



Your recorder echoes those arches, *Lamento de Tristano*. Maybe that's not right but maybe u get me. It's so nice when you do not have to make sacrifices. What a lucky thing. And, to play from little wells. Sacred soundtracks to 'an exhibition', and exhibition of LIFE. Lol. If you'd like to learn more of the Situationists, you

can read some of their earlier & most silly works here:

Introduction to a Critique of Urban Geography

Of all the affairs we participate in, with or without interest, the groping quest for a new way of life is the only thing that remains really exciting. Aesthetic and other disciplines have proved glaringly inadequate in this regard and merit the greatest indifference. We should therefore delineate some provisional terrains of observation, including the observation of certain processes of chance and predictability in the streets.

The word *psychogeography*, suggested by an illiterate Kabyle as a general term for the phenomena a few of us were investigating around the summer of 1953, is not too inappropriate. It is not inconsistent with the materialist perspective that sees life and thought as conditioned by objective nature. Geography, for example, deals with the determinant action of general natural forces, such as soil composition or climatic conditions, on the economic structures of a society, and thus on the corresponding conception that such a society can have of the world. Psychogeography sets for itself the study of the precise laws and specific effects of the geographical environment, whether consciously organized or not, on the emotions and behavior of individuals. The charmingly vague adjective *psychogeographical* can be applied to the findings arrived at by this type of investigation, to their influence on human feelings, and more generally to any situation or conduct that seems to reflect the same spirit of discovery.

It has long been said that the desert is monotheistic. Is it illogical or devoid of interest to observe that the district in Paris between Place de la Contrescarpe and Rue de l'Arbalète conduces rather to atheism, to oblivion and to the disorientation of habitual reflexes?

Historical conditions determine what is considered "useful." Baron Haussmann's urban renewal of Paris under the Second Empire, for example, was motivated by the desire to open up broad thoroughfares enabling the rapid circulation of troops and the use of artillery against insurrections. But from any standpoint other than that of facilitating police control, Haussmann's Paris is a city built by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. Present-day urbanism's main problem is ensuring the smooth circulation of a rapidly increasing number of motor vehicles. A future urbanism may well apply itself to no less utilitarian projects, but in the rather different context of psychogeographical possibilities.

The present abundance of private automobiles is one of the most astonishing successes of the constant propaganda by which capitalist production persuades the masses that car ownership is one of the privileges our society reserves for its most privileged members. But anarchical progress often ends up contradicting itself, as when we savor the spectacle of a police chief issuing a filmed appeal urging Parisian car owners to use public transportation.

We know with what blind fury so many unprivileged people are ready to defend their mediocre advantages. Such pathetic illusions of privilege are linked to a general idea of happiness prevalent among the bourgeoisie and maintained by a system of publicity that includes Malraux's aesthetics as well as Coca-Cola ads—an idea of happiness whose crisis must be provoked on every occasion by every means.

The first of these means is undoubtedly the systematic provocative dissemination of a host of proposals aimed at turning the whole of life into an exciting game, combined with the constant depreciation of all current diversions (to the extent, of course, that these latter cannot be detoured to serve in constructions of more interesting ambiances). The greatest difficulty in such an undertaking is to convey through these apparently extravagant proposals a sufficient degree of *serious seduction*. To accomplish this we can envisage an adroit use of currently popular means of communication. But a disruptive sort of abstention, or demonstrations designed to radically frustrate the fans of these means of communication, can also promote at little expense an atmosphere of uneasiness extremely favorable for the introduction of a few new conceptions of pleasure.

The idea that the creation of a chosen emotional situation depends only on the thorough understanding and calculated application of a certain number of concrete techniques inspired this somewhat tongue-in-cheek "Psychogeographical Game of the Week," published in *Potlatch* #1:

In accordance with what you are seeking, choose a country, a large or small city, a busy or quiet street. Build a house. Furnish it. Use decorations and surroundings to the best advantage. Choose the season and the time of day. Bring together the most suitable people, with appropriate records and drinks. The lighting and the conversation should obviously be suited to the occasion, as should be the weather or your memories. If there has been no error in your calculations, the result should prove satisfying.

We need to flood the market—even if for the moment merely the intellectual market—with a mass of desires whose fulfillment is not beyond the capacity of humanity's present means of action on the material world, but only beyond the capacity of the old social organization. It is thus not without political interest to publicly counterpose such desires to the elementary desires that are endlessly rehearsed by the film industry and in psychological novels like those of that old hack Mauriac. (As Marx explained to poor Proudhon, "In a society based on *poverty*, the *poorest* products are inevitably consumed by the greatest number.")*

The revolutionary transformation of the world, of all aspects of the world, will confirm all the dreams of abundance.

The sudden change of ambience in a street within the space of a few meters; the evident division of a city into zones of distinct psychic atmospheres; the path of least resistance that is automatically followed in aimless strolls (and which has no relation to the physical contour of the terrain); the appealing or repelling character of certain places—these phenomena all seem to be neglected. In any case they are never envisaged as depending on causes that can be uncovered by careful analysis and turned to account. People are quite aware that some neighborhoods are gloomy and others pleasant. But they generally simply assume that elegant streets cause a feeling of satisfaction and that poor streets are depressing, and let it go at that. In fact, the variety of possible combinations of ambiances, analogous to the blending of pure chemicals in an infinite number of mixtures, gives rise to feelings as differentiated and complex as any other form of spectacle can evoke. The slightest demystified investigation reveals that the qualitatively or quantitatively different influences of diverse urban decors cannot be determined solely on the basis of the historical period or architectural style, much less on the basis of housing conditions.

The research that we are thus led to undertake on the arrangement of the elements of the urban setting, in close relation with the sensations they provoke, entails bold hypotheses that must be constantly corrected in the light of experience, by critique and self-critique.

Certain of De Chirico's paintings, which were clearly inspired by architecturally originated sensations, exert in turn an effect on their

objective base to the point of transforming it: they tend themselves to become blueprints or models. Disquieting neighborhoods of arcades could one day carry on and fulfill the allure of these works.

I scarcely know of anything but those two harbors at dusk painted by Claude Lorrain*—which are in the Louvre and which juxtapose extremely dissimilar urban ambiances—that can rival in beauty the Paris Metro maps. I am not, of course, talking about mere physical beauty—the new beauty can only be a beauty of situation—but simply about the particularly moving presentation, in both cases, of a *sum of possibilities*.

Along with various more difficult means of intervention, a renovated cartography seems appropriate for immediate utilization.

The production of psychogeographical maps, or even the introduction of alterations such as more or less arbitrarily transposing maps of two different regions, can contribute to clarifying certain wanderings that express not subordination to randomness but total *insubordination* to habitual influences (influences generally categorized as tourism, that popular drug as repugnant as sports or buying on credit).

A friend recently told me that he had just wandered through the Harz region of Germany while blindly following the directions of a map of London. This sort of game is obviously only a feeble beginning in comparison to the complete creation of architecture and urbanism that will someday be within the power of everyone. Meanwhile we can distinguish several stages of partial, less difficult projects, beginning with the mere displacement of elements of decoration from the locations where we are used to seeing them.

For example, in the preceding issue of this journal Marcel Mariën proposed that when global resources have ceased to be squandered on the irrational enterprises that are imposed on us today, all the equestrian statues of all the cities of the world be assembled in a single desert. This would offer to the passersby—the future belongs to them—the spectacle of an artificial cavalry charge which could even be dedicated to the memory of the greatest massacrers of history, from Tamerlane to Ridgway. It would also respond to one of the main demands of the present generation: educative value.

In fact, nothing really new can be expected until the masses in action awaken to the conditions that are imposed on them in all domains of life, and to the practical means of changing them.

"The imaginary is that which tends to become real," wrote an author whose name, on account of his notorious intellectual degradation, I have since forgotten. * The involuntary restrictiveness of such a statement could serve as a touchstone exposing various farcical literary

revolutions: That which tends to remain unreal is empty babble.

Life, for which we are responsible, presents powerful motives for discouragement and innumerable more or less vulgar diversions and compensations. A year doesn't go by when people we loved haven't succumbed, for lack of having clearly grasped the present possibilities, to some glaring capitulation. But the enemy camp objectively condemns people to imbecility and already numbers millions of imbeciles; the addition of a few more makes no difference.

The primary moral deficiency remains indulgence, in all its forms.

GUY DEBORD
1955*

Proposals for Rationally Improving the City of Paris

The Lettrists present at the September 26 meeting jointly proposed the following solutions to the various urbanistic problems that came up in discussion. They stress that no constructive action was considered, since they all agreed that the most urgent task is to clear the ground.

The subways should be opened at night after the trains have stopped running. The corridors and platforms should be poorly lit, with dim lights flickering on and off intermittently.

The rooftops of Paris should be opened to pedestrian traffic by modifying fire-escape ladders and by constructing bridges where necessary. Public gardens should remain open at night, unlit. (In a few cases, a steady dim illumination might be justified on psychogeographical grounds.)

Street lamps should all be equipped with switches so that people can adjust the lighting as they wish.

With regard to churches, four different solutions were proposed, all of which were considered defensible until appropriate *experimentation* can be undertaken, which should quickly demonstrate which is the best.

G.-E. Debord argued for the total destruction of religious buildings of all denominations, leaving no trace and using the sites for other purposes.

Gil J Wolman proposed that churches be left standing but stripped of all religious content. They should be treated as ordinary buildings and children should be allowed to play in them.

Michèle Bernstein suggested that churches be partially demolished, so that the remaining ruins give no hint of their original function (the Tour Jacques on Boulevard de Sébastopol being an unintentional example). The ideal solution would be to raze churches to the ground and then build ruins in their place. The first method was proposed purely for reasons of economy.

Lastly, Jacques Fillon favored the idea of transforming churches into *houses of horror* (maintaining their current ambience while accentuating their terrifying effects).

Everyone agreed that aesthetic objections should be rejected, that admirers of the portals of Chartres should be silenced. Beauty, *when it is not a promise of happiness*, must be destroyed. And what could be more repugnant representations of unhappiness than such monuments to everything in the world that remains to be overcome, to the numerous aspects of life that remain inhuman?

Train stations should be left as they are. Their rather poignant ugliness contributes to the feeling of transience that makes these buildings mildly attractive. Gil J Wolman proposed removing or scrambling all information regarding departures (destinations, timetables, etc.) in order to facilitate *dérives*. After a lively debate, those opposing this motion retracted their objections and it was wholeheartedly approved. It was also agreed that background noise in the stations should be intensified by broadcasting recordings from many other stations, as well as from certain harbors.

Cemeteries should be eliminated. All corpses and related memorials should be totally destroyed, leaving no ashes and no remains. (It should be noted that these hideous remnants of an alienated past constitute a subliminal reactionary propaganda. Is it possible to see a cemetery and not be reminded of Mauriac, Gide or Edgar Faure?)

Museums should be abolished and their masterpieces distributed to bars (Philippe de Champaigne's works in the Arab cafés of Rue Xavier-Privas; David's *Sacre* in the Tonneau on Rue Montagne-Geneviève).

Everyone should have free access to the prisons. They should be available as tourist destinations, with no distinction between visitors and inmates. (To spice things up, monthly lotteries might be held to see which visitor would win a real prison sentence. This would cater to those imbeciles who feel an imperative need to undergo uninteresting risks: spelunkers, for example, and everyone else whose *craving for play* is satisfied by such paltry pseudogames.)

Buildings whose ugliness cannot be put to any good use (such as the Petit or Grand Palais) should make way for other constructions. Statues that no longer have any meaning, and whose possible aesthetic

refurbishings would inevitably be condemned by history, should be removed. Their usefulness could be extended during their final years by changing the inscriptions on their pedestals, either in a political sense (*The Tiger Named Clemenceau* on the Champs Élysées) or for purposes of disorientation (*Dialectical Homage to Fever and Quinine* at the intersection of Boulevard Michel and Rue Comte, or *The Great Depths* in the cathedral plaza on the Île de la Cité).

In order to put an end to the cretinizing influence of current street names, names of city councilors, heroes of the Resistance, all the Émiles and Édouards (55 Paris streets), all the Bugeauds and Gal-lifets,* and in general all obscene names (Rue de l'Évangile) should be obliterated.

In this regard, the appeal launched in *Potlatch* #9 for ignoring the word "saint" in place names is more pertinent than ever.

LETTRIST INTERNATIONAL
October 1955*

11

There were cats in the fascist city-remnants and here are *our* cats, fyi:



¹¹ Ken Knabb ed. & trans., *Situationist International Anthology: Revised and Expanded Edition* (Berkeley: Bureau of Public Secrets, 2006), pp. 8-15.



The Grandest Tour Possible

The birds sing they aren't quite t-----s but they're nice.

It smells of a beautifully sweet breakfast.

In psychogeography you're just meant to let yourself be taken.

Lonely Planet Fast Talk Italian *bread-and-espressos-at-a bar-&-people*.

Citrus fruit trees (oranges, lemon, apricot, mango, peach iced-tea).

Roses like bells from a thorny stem, shaking water furiously.

'RUIN LUST' (Three English Ruins, advert on BSR notice board).

Little square metal magnets ,mm, for clever ideas.

Curtains and log-books everywhere, & the talk of Proustian foods.

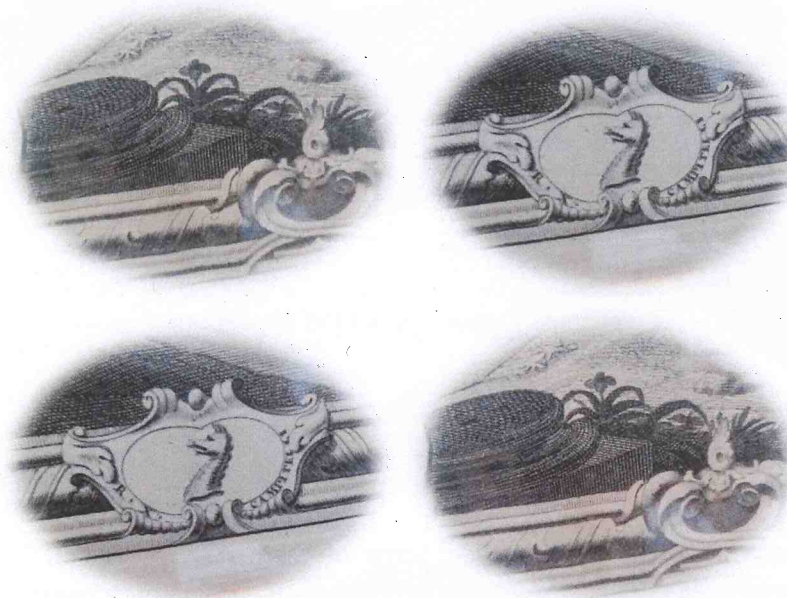
There's a bird nest in th courtyard and birds screech in the trees there.

'Jake Hakewill (1778-1848) was an English architect, best known for his illustrated publications. In 1816 he left Dover to begin his Grand Tour in Italy and during his travels he made 318 drawings which are part of the BSR's Library collection. On his return he wrote *A Picturesque Tour of Italy*, from drawings made in 1816-1817, that was published by John Murray in 1820 and was illustrated with 64 commissioned engravings that were made from his drawings'. SPQR tally IIII. She just said shell.

Chapters on LIONS, SPQR SPQR (yap yap). Printer curiosity, o, th HRH Princess Alexandra, th Sainsbury Lecture Theatre genrouly supprtd by

'Edward Wright (-d.1750) - Wright's itinerary followed that of many other English travelers of the time. His journey started with crossing the English Channel. He travelled across France via Paris and Marseilles & reached Italy by ship, with Genoa the first city he visited in Italy. He then traversed Italy to the Adriatic side, reaching Venice & travelling along the coast b4 returning to the Tyrrhenian side & going up along th left side of th Italian BOOT. On day 162 of this trip is scheduled a car-boot sale visitation'.

We look at 'The Collection' of th BSR in th 'Seminar Room'. Evrything is all laid out for us and we do not have to wear gloves. Evry1 is Quite Shocked. On th big map of ROMA outside th room, there's a series of icons round the illustrated frame-edge. For e.g., a Flower, a Seahorse:



Th session lasts a fair while but there is far 2 much 2 look at. We will soon be given a (Grandest) Tour (Possible) of 'The Library' which will present yet more material that will be far too much to look at. This chimes with a reference to somebody called Dorothea in the book called *Middlemarch* which is mentioned more than once in this trip.



We look at the books together. Some of them have very nicely coloured page-edges, for example here maybe the inside of a cowrie shell (left), and (above), maybe a pleasing juxtaposition of bright red and blue-turquoise of desirable occurrence.

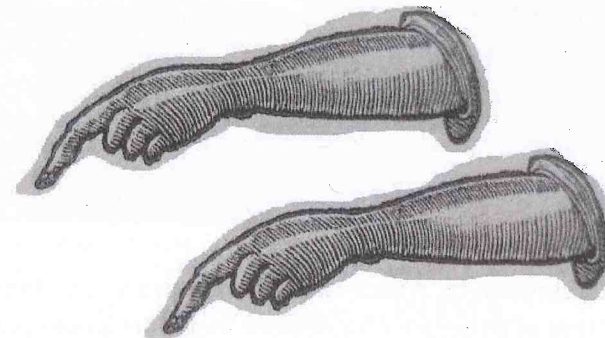
'The Materiality of X'. 'The Materiality of X'.
'Materiality in X'. 'Materiality in X'.

⁹ Marina Herlop – Topic, 'Pripyat', YouTube, 3 May, 2022
<<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zp2GPNRoHvQ>>.

You do not have to wear gloves and everybody is Quite Shocked. You do not have to wear these gloves:



, and you do not have to wear these gloves:



It's a lot quieter to pen-write than type, but ppl can still see u righting (but they can't see *what* u write). Find out how to print the logbook + if you can scan, 4 stickerz, also. Send them art to say thank u, there's a wall in the dining-room. 'Grand Tour a ROMA'? Plz see, for example, <https://amagictoybox123.blogspot.com/p/toys-in-places.html>. The exhibitn will be in a 'White Cube'. When ppl r so smiley and seem like they're

totally *HIGH*, but actually it's just nice and not weird. It's so nice when ppl r just Having a Fun Time. There r experiments, tho talk of **IMPACT**. Does this highly silly diary cut A Mustard? 'The walls are clean slate for us'. Some people here usually teach elsewhere. Many ppl are on artist residencies, & 'It is a properly interdisciplinary place'. At the Warburg Institute a number of moons ago, we ate Torte della Nonna, & drank prosecco. Nonna Marijuana, Bong Appetit! Bon Appetito! The clanking of forks (somewhere else). There are about 20 residencies, funded opz for the Most Eligible Post-Docs. Some of them have been here since @ least last Autumn. At which point the leaves would b different.

We're told we're in 'footballer's wives part of Rome, quite interesting anthropologically'. What's meant by a 'Footballer's Wife'? I like the footballer's wife aesthetic think I'm gonna aim more 4 it. Secret ceiling

Please use the outside workspaces, incl. garden, terrace, tennis court, Christ. Tennis Court Massacres. Tennis courts are interesting and I can see 1 from outside my window. My room is Room 34 at the BSR itself. Talk of **OUTREACH**. Talk of colonialism. A notion of patronage. A notion of tea at 4pm. Bell will Ring. Other places where bells have rung 4 such numbers...hmm. A Excellent Library. *There isa Huge fire-placE in heRE.*

Somebody put their Knitting dwn while Sitting on some steps. Knitters, Sitters. F-----, let's cut & stick together I <3 plz hurry, u r genius <3.

The power of talons. Those **BIG SHELLS** in the Art School at the University of Aberystwyth. A Nice Time, (with More Steps). Prompts, props, some kind of structure / framework. How is this ever possible? The infamous *kunstkammer*. Keats as considered a chav! Riffs, blips, sessions, jump jump, & – a Love Letter. Someone lived here in 2006 when 'Italy' 'won' 'the' 'world' 'cup'. Historic muscscapes of Rome, *nice*. Dementia, *forget-me-nots*. Aesthetics of the Italian right, more.

It is a fine collection. Is any of it gold-plated, or sandpaper-bound?

The table is covered in books creamy-shelly-coloured liked Pa's picture. They are shellish prints. There is printing methods of engraving and early photography. Pistachio crema, shell-ish c'roissants. E. g. :



Rome, because it's your main subject in Rome.

ROMA, because it's your main subject in **ROMA**.

Victorian vision tricks, with wooden-eye tools. A wooden face. Pascal and Beckett, best-friends with wooden faces in a wooden drawer.

When I was deleting pictures to make more room on my phona, I found this ceramic seahorse soap-dish my sister made-a. Is it not *beautiful*. A- --!



What do you think? I think it could not be a n y better, prsnly..

- Anyway she is wearing beautifully sickly-lilac pink nail varnish. Crispy leaf pages. Crispy leaf crisps. Tiger prawns. Tiger gamberi. There are archways and perfect squares everywhere. Those rounded plastic (black) door-handles that have a lot of gumption.

You can browse the collection.

'Would you like us to where gloves?'

The lady is beautiful grey, like the lithographs. It is virtual – this immaculate Collection – too. She will be my first 1st guide to the scanner life here. Beautiful gold. Humanism. Baroque vs Byzantine.

'The Town Mosaic'.

'The Town C ----'.

'No modern fascist Rome?', a fine *Q*.

For sculptures to come out of the ground. To get rid of those associated with memories ('*inazia memoria*'?). To get rid of those associated with fascism. Elegant & functional wood-panelled floor. Tennis court out the window, truly.

– I told u how long we got. All the time in the wor-ld. I got a thing for yo-u. U got a thing 4 me. I got my mind made up. U goat my heart uno. I got a thing 4 u. U got a thing, for ! , _ . –

Miniature tiger-stripes make the etch'd sky. I could only look on one side of the room bc there was so much stuff. I spent all of my time looking at the Huge Tomes of the Pompous on their Italian Tours. O wait maybe that's unfair. Well, it is a world of nuance. A book on the

shelf in the library is called *The Aesthetics of Marble*. There is a big stool *IN* the fire-place. Scanner in the Library, Soprano in the Choir.

'Enjoy the Library. Enjoy **ROMA**', she says, kindly.



There is no ashtray in this room.

The room is **Room 34**. It is a very pleasant room and I hope everybody in the world is happy.

At the corner of Via Antonio Gramsci

*Madonna
& Bambino*



When I went for a walk there were police on the streets and valentine's gifts also.

A beautiful shrine to Madonna and her child, full of rosaries. At the corner of Via Antonio Gramsci.

A silver cornucopia, many rosarie, many flowers, candle, roses. Pot plants, even.

I located two cafés a post box and a stationary shop on walk one and used the plastic and metallica recycling bin and saw some footballers and their wives.

There were sand-coloured doves.

ACAB everywhere, ofc. Bio fascist.

A white Crescent moon with a face in it.

Race in it was the typo. Running race in the moon.

I went to sit on a bench in a dusty looking small park opposite the BSR. The bench was in a pavement-y plaza the shape of a star.

Miley Cyrus was singing about empowered selves in the stationary shop / TABAC.

A text arrived saying my new 'backpack' is out for delivery.

There is pink blossom in sight and I'll search for more flowers in Glasgow.

I walked a different way out of the plaza and there was a host of silver foil stars on the floor !

A chopped down chopped up tree looked like bones.

Her Body & Other Parties The Emperor's Babe

Dark wood tiger record from c17/8th, gosh.

An unfortunate marriage to a scholar, to **ROMA** on a honeymoon.

FELLINI, **ROMA** 'A roma! / On to Rome!', '(woman singing)' on the subtitles, mm, 'This fascist shit' eh eh eh eh laughing, 'You are a great artist', 'Our humble webbed-foot friends', to save Rome from an enemy, blackboards, crucifixes, 'I will not tolerate disorder! [...] Little Savages!', 'Silently, Orderly', 'In orderly silence', that she-wolf, one of the four basilicas of Rome. Slides of Rome, for the children to see and clap at. Temples. Spirituality, spirituality in Rome, 'Bring me that goddam soup!', 'Don't listen to your Godless father, he's dombled'. A plant a-top a radio. The prospect of peace. 'Don't shove'. 'Follow me'. 'Excuse us'. '(film music)', '(Sobbing). No! Have Mercy!'. Eye make-up. Romantic, sweeping, music. Tears in the cinema. Tears in the Club. '(Embrace)', 'imperial motherland', 'the revolutionary hymn', Children as cheese on bread, Streets, crowds, dust, soldiers, 'Hotel Roma!', The city, in fountains. Black-hatted men, black-hatted skies. Thank u, O, the wish 4 Normal People, '(singing and whistling)', Gah gah gah child in helmet hits things with sword. A leopard print leopard skin on a wall. Spaghetti, ('baby crying'). A Florentine dining room, ('children giggling'). Puppies. Bravo bravo.

The people of the BSR are pretty kl. Some of them are 'artists in residence'. They laugh with sophistication and casuality _at the same time_. I admire their poise. Hi if you're reading this.

Scenes of ppl eating outdoors from many plates. 'These snails are too full of mint'. 'I'll show you how to eat them. It's an art.' She is

sumptuous. They eat snails in a sensuous manner. 'Sing along with me!' 'Give what you can!'. 'Give it to me. It's a work of art'. Food with a big eye on it, and stray dogs. The ringing of bells. Clock bells. And _then_, the bells from around the necks of dear Sheep. Circling the city like one of Saturn's rings. 'Pray for snow', '(fans chant)'. '(Yelling abuse in Italian)'. It's raining in **ROMA**, ('musical klaxon'), '(inaudible under rain and traffic)'. 'Don't move. Smile'. Pepino. Pepe. Pepi. 'all you see are filthy hippies', 'concerning the eternal problems faced by modern day society'. The working world, factories. 'A person should be true to his own nature'. 'Lunch time!', 'the old music hall'. Theatres. Hands. Bolero(style) music. A cactus. The magic cacti.... ouch. 'I'm so sick of you & Proust', '(show biz music)', '(oompah music)', '(singing frivolous song in Italian)'. A trumpet, a saxophone (<3). Blowing raspberries. I am sorry, '(blows raspberry tunelessly)', '(women scream)'. 'Please rise'. 'Lights out!'. MAMMOTH STREET (pneumatic drill). A HUGE tusk! Road works. Hard hats, 'the subsoil here has 8 layers'. Democriy as complex as subsoil. The Madonna, here again. Skellybones. Hippies do populate the space. They reach out like crucifixes and enjoy the fountain-water and sun-light. They kiss, '(laughter)'. To 'act like animals'. 'Who's got the balls?'. 'Let's go, baby! Let's move!'. 2 b called Angelina. 'Everybody out. You better go home.' A feather duster. The presence of veils. The presence of stages. The Theatre. 'My dear princess', 'as we say in Rome'. Your father was a good man, please.

Ladies & gentlemen, *plz* b seated. Praise b.

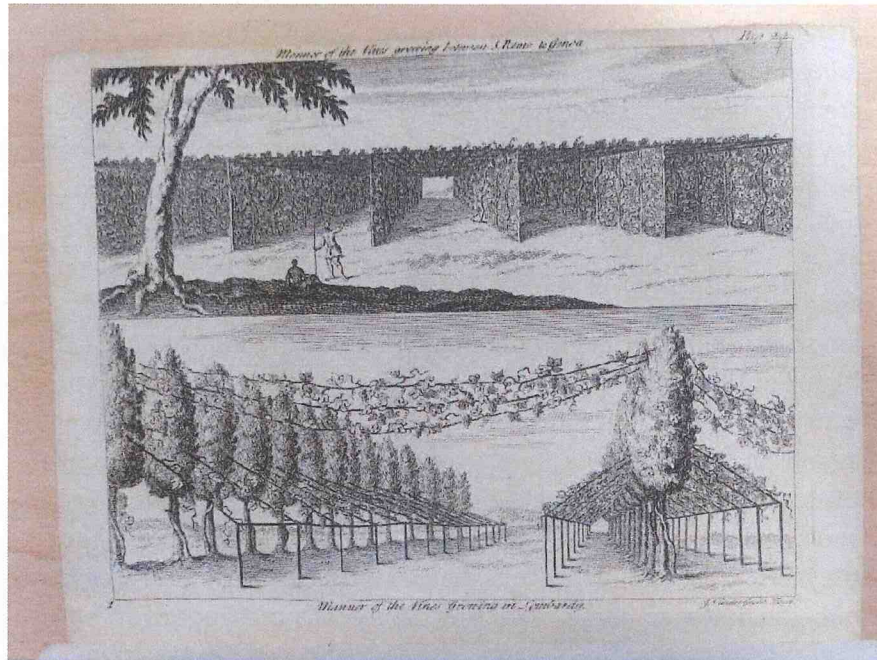


There is a ghost in Fellini's work:

To know the Pope. Doves fly on heads on a Catholic runway. Roller-blading now. Way 2 move. Trotting, running, saluting, celebrate! 'We now present our exhibition', which the fashion-show opens. **Organs** play, beautifully, and ominously. The two cannot be separated.

The Pope's big face. 'Well, to the end'. The clearing of protests.

Q: Did Guy Debord Like This Film? Probably. He liked to drink wine with the last of the Situationists, which was he and 'an Italian'. Here is a vineyard in Italy but it is not in Rome. It is from the BSR's 'Collection'.



There is sometimes a comparison between PhD projects and going on Mastermind. What. ♥♥♥ it is okay ♥♥♥. I eat a huge Apple.

A Mourning Walk in the Gardens Borghese

There is a coast in Aberystwyth and there are not water-meadows. In the Garden Borghese . . .

Pistachio green the colour of parrots in the gardens.

Simply everyone knows about them.

They turn off the 7am alarm-bells for the sleeping footballers and their wives... As you or I walk, you can hear blossom all over the floor. A napkin the shade of pistachio, there are many Fascist Villas, *It's True*.

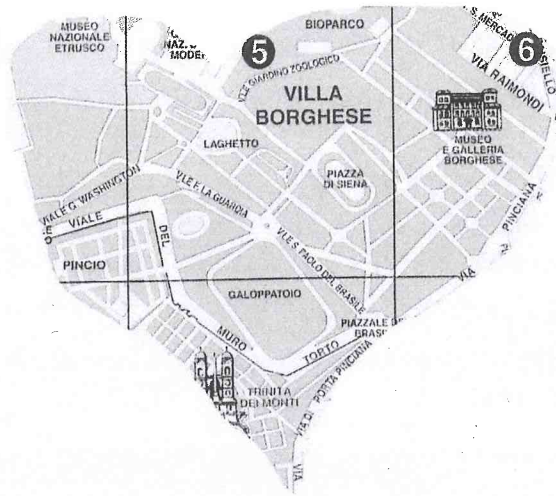
Small leopard-print black and white cat runs out in front of me then oh no there's a missing cat, also.

Ivor is with me, praise be to you H-----, praise be to you M--.

Some kinda brick wall through a wooden ship on approaching the Gardens Borghese. I do not go to the Borghese Galleria but some1 else does as it is a beautiful sight to hear their words on it. 'Next Time'.

A number of shrines. To see ppl on Adventure Friday.





There go the parrots. Confetti on the ground and, of course, the map – or garden ‘*itself*’ – is in the shape of a heart because this is **ROMA**. There go the parrots. SPQR okay I’m stopping now. A ‘Globe Theatre’. **ROMA** cultura. Well, Shakespeare *was* Italian (as well as blind). I’m not doing the switch-map thing I’ve got a real aversion to it. But actually using the map is so nice. What a sweet surprise (for me personally).

Kiosks, a turn at (at) a round-a-bout. The blossom is pink. A tent in the park. Two men hug. Parco dei Daini, like the Chess Park in *Paris*.

I leave past the Zoo and there are some things in yellow by a Giraffe sign for a zoom. There is a zoo o zoo typo or autoggggggcorrected to zoom anyway there’s a Zoo in Angela Carter’s early horror-tale called *Shadow Dance*. Today on the **tours** I will try not to take snaps. Such a thrill crossing roads in other countries death seems far more tangible. And somebody else said it too so it must be write.

There were also green parrots rumoured from Sunningdale escape, do u remember that ? Apparently it happened in San Francisco also!

To lose a bearing. There are as may parrots as starlings, actually.

It is 20:32 on the Last Day of February 2023.

There’s six postcards I have written. In my room, the Piazza Navona:



My favourite place is the Flaminio Metro place and the nearby Piazza del Popolo, for a number of reasons.



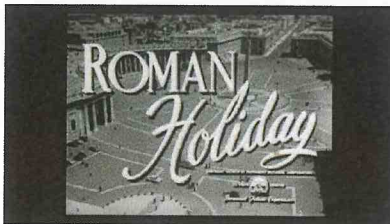
*The Circus of
Angel Musicians
by Melozzo da Forlì.*

Enter

You sent We had been so excited to visit the House of Lorca.
I look at these pleasing wall-shapes with 1 more snooze.
The fireplace in this room is those marbles outside.



While watching *Roman Holiday*, a number of 'screen-shots' include:



12

¹² Box of Broadcasts, *Roman Holiday* (1953), Box of Broadcasts, 17 Aug, 2015
<<https://learningonscreen.ac.uk/ondemand/index.php/prog/0000E100?bcast=116265181>>.f

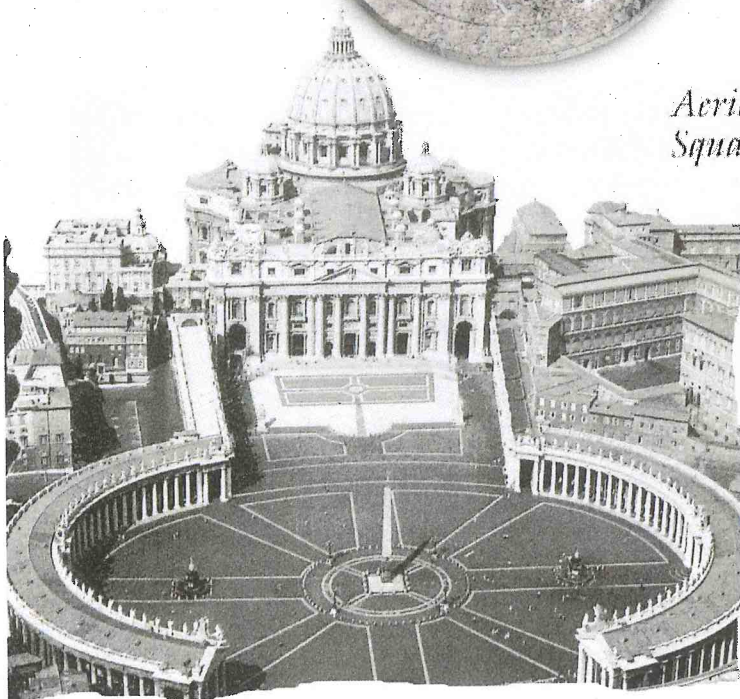
Hammer & sickle grafts, quite right. Whilst we are apart, I like to think of you in the manner of this sentiment:



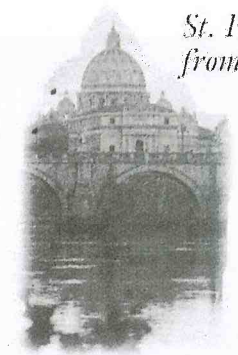
The city is made of marble. How exhausting is that?! Marble might look like this, for example (the BSR steps r made of it in th problematic mode Rose-Johan speaks of in *Practice Makes Perfect*, previously discussed):



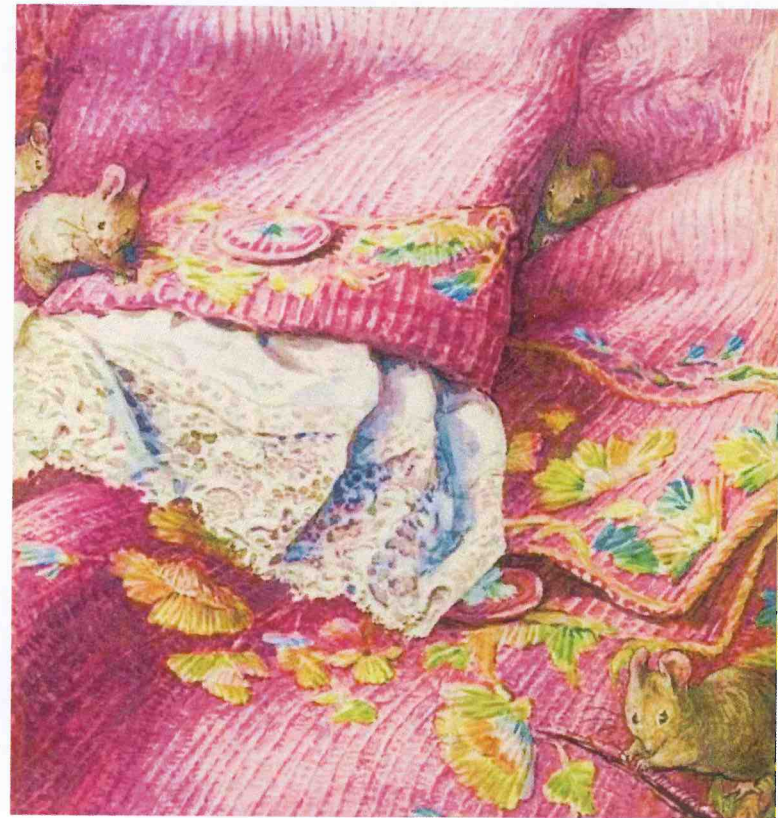
€



Aerial view of St. Peter's Square and Basilica.



St. Peter's dome seen from the Tiber.



To find pink clothes, that mice make. The Balustrade. When u look up from the blossom-floor sometimes there are flowers in the trees.

Morning Briefing: Ascot
millionaire's nanny 'sacked
after tearing wrist making
lobster dinner' Inbox



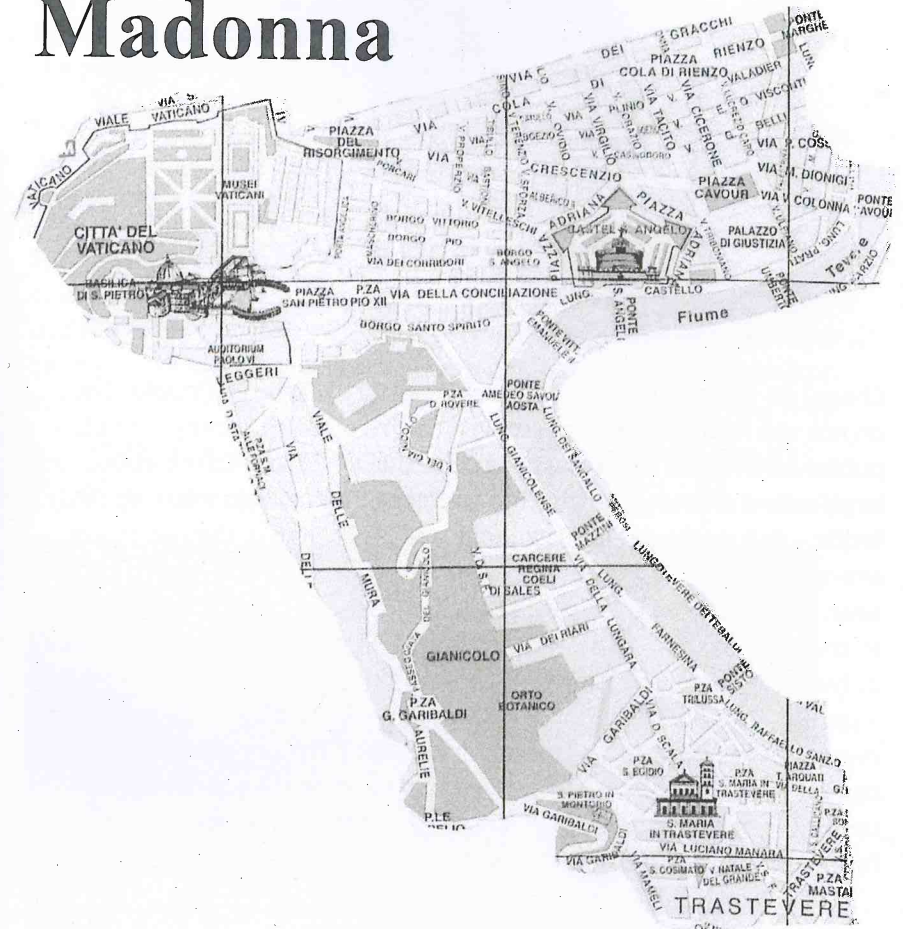
Thank u, J---

Isn't it funny to make selfies? Here is one of me in the Best Western
Hotel Rivoli. I used to take sooooooooooooo many selfies before! Every1
did! B4 selfies were a thing doesn't that make it kl? How times change!

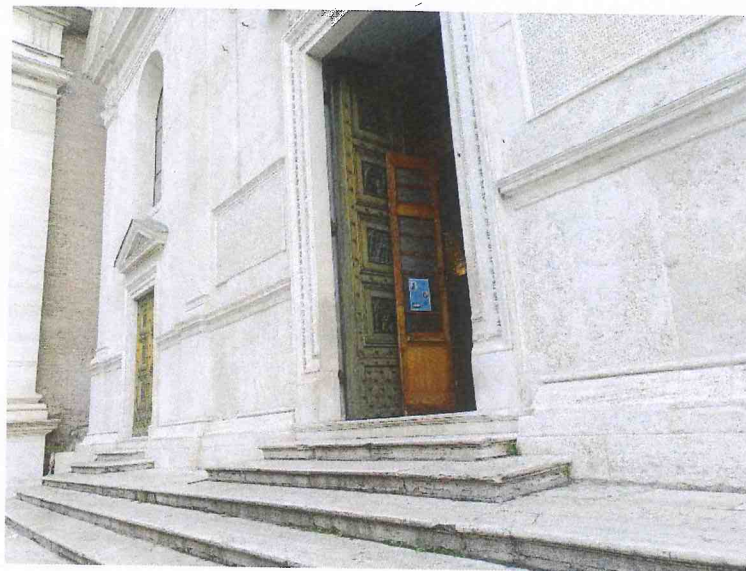


ROMA

Madonna



* * * * *



Chapel on the left, Basilica Parrocchiale Santa Maria del Popolo. They do not sell figurines. In Rosa-Johan Uddoh's *Practice Makes Perfect*, published by Book Works last year, the Black Maria is talked about to a large extent. We were advised to go back to actually go into – to step inside – this particular basilica; I did, and let me tell u they were not selling any Madonna figurines. Before going back to this Basilica, I had been to none other than the Vatican City 'itself'. Here, I had wanted to cry (weirdly). I had also wanted to purchase two Virgin Marys – a set of two Madonna figurines – for myself and my sister, as a joke and also a spiritual *ex voto*. However, even with levels of irony, I could not bring myself to do it. However, I do want the Mary. The conclusion of the story is that I will have to return at least as far as the tourist borders tomorrow to 'get' something of these items. It has caused a reasonable furore in my head today. But that's okay; they're Important Mattaz.

Anyway these are the 1st 'religious' buildings we've been in. How *plznt* is it to go into religious buildings?! We should think ourselves lucky.

If anybody really wanted to, you can go into this church. But they don't sell anything, unlike a number of other ones. You should know this.

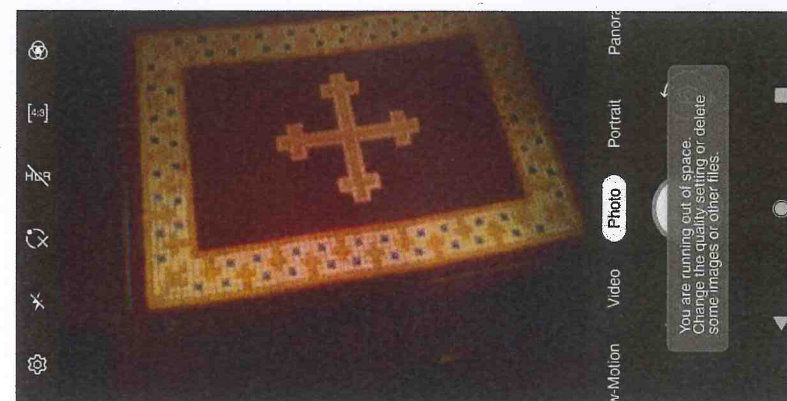
Nobody knows the pink top I'm wearing is from the market @ Flaminio, gleaned yesterday, and that gives me a heinous thrill. Is it okay.

There is speak of mothers & daughters & supermakers. Supermarkets, sorry. I learn a new phrase. I see ppl in the hood and say 'ciao'. 'Ciao Bella'. I try to get wifi to send u a picture of a cactus octopus to mark the passing of the last day of February which is a day of churches.

Rosa-Johan lists a number of Black Madonnas and gives their various provenances across pages 52 to 64 of her Book Works book *Practice Makes Perfect*. Be sure to look them up; it's worth it! You're worth it!

If we have to pray, we should be comfy about it. You can find these stools in Levington Church. If u *were* to b knealing for prayer, u might use this square cushion. It can be found in the Church of Saint Peter's, Levington in Suffolk. Anyway the whole thing is a game of gladiator. We are given a take on these matters. Why are things the way they are? **Gossip** about Roman families. Why are things the way they are?

Gossip about Roman families. Why are things the way they are?



There is Church that Cures for Free. It has that symbol of the cross with the extra cross that is in Laura Grace Ford's zine-publication (glossied by Verso) named *Savage Messiah*.¹³ Madonna & Child *again*. The Virgin Mary. *Memento mori*. Guild of the Shoemaker or Shoe, for example. A little electric bus advertising VITAMINA C. We all need it. We really do.

At *Galleria Espala* there is Mathematic Grandeur. They want to imprss. At the corner of Via di Ripetta (where I'll later down a Apérol spritz – Campari soda elswhr l8r – & sadly turn down another offer of lavacious [wrong word, but] snacks), you can see 3 churches at once in **ROMA**, and this is, therefore, one of his favourite spots. Why shouldn't it be?

I am told I am a love and am very pleased. I return the wording. Thnku.

A TOWER with a funny 'tiny Madonna' on it. A-monkey-stole-this-baby-



myth. , doves.

Delete "02 - Bach, J S - Concerto for 2 Violins in D minor, BWV 1043 - II. Largo ma non tanto.mp3"?

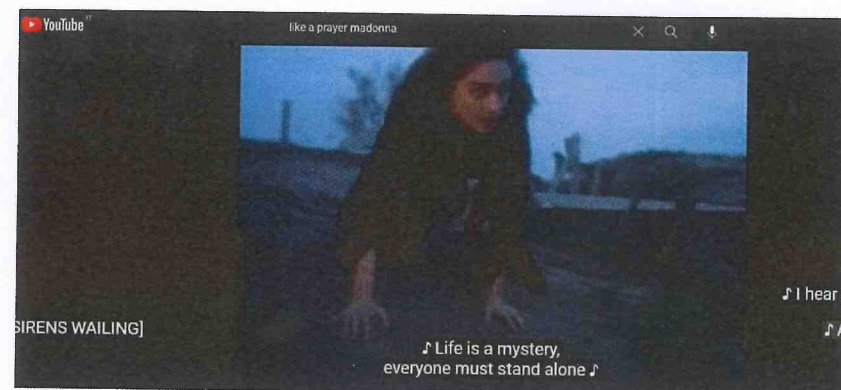
CANCEL OK

To speak of dessert-wine. Thank God, yes, I do remember. We are back at Piazza Navona after last night's Blackness and Balloons of Roses. Phewph. Everything feels better in the daylight, doesn't it? I beg 2 differ @ this refrain. @ talk of hats, Ivor punches. And @ Museo di Roma where there's no time f bookshops, a conversation in chocolate.

¹³ Laura Grace Ford, *Savage Messiah* (London: Verso, 2014), p. X. I can't remember which page it is on and don't have a copy with me in **ROMA**.

They sell little Lily-of-the-Valley scent-oil in the hardware shop up from Via Antonio Gramsci. *Roma medievale: Il volt perduto delta citá*. He walks a lot. Not at a desk, but on the street (lol); this was Debord's fame. I nvr actually understood the religious significance of Lily-of-the-Valley by the way but now I think I do can that go on the **IMPACT** form?

Poor u, L. McGuire. As he speaks of perspective illusions at *Galleria Espala*, a woman sweeps the stones in the square. Hmm. What's preferable. Citrus fruits, a sign of wealth, more bitter the better, doesn't matter to eat them. To be **inedible**. 'To signify the vanity of **Earthly Endeavours**'. Little cinqfoile, like alpine strawebries on the path (/step). Rain, wash. A watering hose (not can). Water snake. Water snake. Snake. Apple. Do you know the conversation Paradise? Paradiso? Of Eve, maybe Adam, the snake, the apple? At a fancy dress party in Paris c. 2015, we went as these characters, fun.



Hats, to lose and to find them. The devastation of loss. The significance of a grief-statement. Anyway. Ivor punches. Your little pile of leaves. A money plant. 'There's One Night Where They Do Everything', he says.

It's raining (stars, clouds) thank *God* for these shooz. Shoes. Choux.

We're having lunch out maybe u can remedy encouragement of the Vatican little waves fear in this architectural students, is there? Does a 'communal' living situation ever work? Mannerism, Renaissance, Baroque. **The Garden of Monsters.** The *familia*.

To live in a kitchen, to live in a *cellar*. Via del *Corso*! That's it!
To have aristocratic mannerisms. A collar. A topography of collars.

Collections in Italy stay within the House. ***The House of Virtue.***
The rain's made these pages crumpled, how nice. The rain, the tears.
Pepper, when you died I cried onto the 'Cat' pages of the encyclopedia.

The rattle of motorbikes. Where I bought the gifts, music boomed quiet from a house where Real People Live. Artemesia Gentillesi. To boast genealogies. 'She crafted her own legacy'. 'The Madonna wants me to be a painter'. Can't remember her name. Plantillo Brichi. She already came from a family of artists, of course. To be ur own manager. Like a manager of a football team. You're both. They would find their jobs by courting cardinals & other important ppl. Fuck. She was also an architect. To be an artist and murderess. *Discretion*.

An incredibl balcony, your place in Old Paris w whiskey & a mom and Oscar Wilde's sofa. A man, a violin, something about Paris. **ROMA.**

One of the buildings of the French Academy. Here's the French Embassy, C---! There is no time to go in, whether to go down-down-down-down, or up-up-up-up. Can we go back? Plz?! An 'excellent library'. Frescoes, wooden ceilings, I'd say try & vizit but it's very hard. 'Next time'. Most the schools are part of the embassies. A new world.

'It really divides people. People either hate it, or like it'. A tiny baby fluffy poodle. C---, my love, let's come back here. I'll drink an Aperol Spritz 4 u. Seagull in a **ROMA** fountain. Rubbish collection. But that's boring. More importantly, there are momos nearby, and u just so happened to seek Chinese dumplings. Isn't that funny. A Chinese

translator app I spoke into @ a hardware store to communicate. A real first. A lady with little clasps of lavender. 2 wear a hood with fur. Shells shells shells. The columns are cut down like trees which are cut down like bones. Nepotism, nephews, neptune, the Pope. 'Gamblrz'; there r many types of gambling, as many types selfies, as many types tours.

Did you know 'nephew' sometimes means illegitimate son? And, there is such a thing as 'The Personal Nun'. What an aspiration.

'I'm really bad with architects' names, but [...]'. True Joy.

After coffee & chocolate biscotti or actually they are just biscuits we stop at a place where satirical poems are spoken of. To air gripes. Over coffee was spoken the Charmingness of Aberystwyth. Quite right, sigh. I'm neglecting my emails. I told her the filters are biodegradable.

Pigeons fly over head. That small phone+music video I made at the Duomo in Florence, lol. I liked it at the time. A---, we sat in the square wasn't that so f***ing nice?



'To the tune of [X]',

2 be 'finally crossing the river'. What's 'the fanciest way', they ponder. Nice. At least I think that's what I overheard. To overhear eye-rolls. Big pink diamond earrings. Pink hair. Pink cuffs. A good hat. To walk and talk of the **Grand Tour**. I ask thm abt so-called 'psychogeography'.

2 be doing the Grand Tour, that's said !! 'I ♥ *The Society of the Spectacle*' – No irony (I think). If u don't faint because of the ruins lol; to respond in the correct way to the ruins, lol. 'And that emotional reaction is based on some kind of level of knowledge' – 'yeah exactly'. The politics of the B . S . R . There is a certain way you're meant to respond to things (not there necessarily, but). c17/18th expectations in the **Grand Tour**. 'I promised *memento mori*', and here ! Tiny birds (house martin? house sparrows?) go into a *wall* ! A

bird head is poking out of the *wall* ! 1 is in, 1 is out, they r together. Together in **ROMA**. A Deliveroo box is a shell:

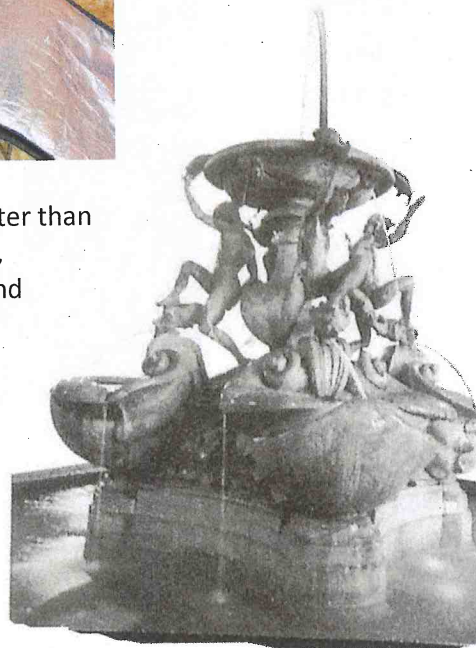


These shoes r xtrmly comfy far better than the last & the Exact Right Size, and, incidentally, the Exact Same Size and the Exact Same

People huddle over their pizza like sparrows. Together in **Roma,**

*

*



*The Fountain
the Tortoises.*

Do u remember

€

€

€

€

€



Roma,

Two people kiss. Another Cormorant!

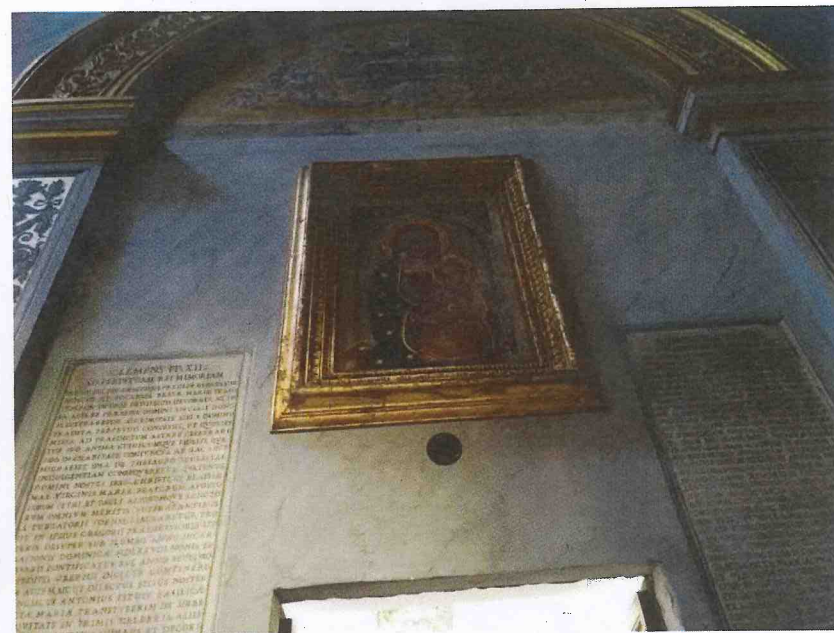
And more duvets. People beg, no1 gives (until later). We've crossed the river and somebody is digging tarmac to lay – chop chop with their good spade. A *détourned* virgin in the style of 'street art'. There is no time for bookshops, nor pizza, nor further arancini. SPQR now appears in shells. A Madonna and Child lie atop a HUGE CLOCK. The Basilica at the Piazza de Maria in Trastevere is one of the oldest churches in the whole of the city, we're told. It's a 'little gem', and we're going in. Candles, candles, beautiful candles and by zant tine gold. 'Beautiful female saints'. 1 in my bag. 2 in my bag. I did actually get them in the end, from the Star Garden (do u know the one I mean?). Near it, anyway. What joy these Virgin Mary figurines will bring, surely. 'Osmosis' between secular and religious architecture. To use the word osmosis. Hermits. Confession boxes. Silver hearts with Red Ribbons (to tie up sentences, for example). The bells ring; it is half-past 12. I ask & the silver hearts with Red Ribbons are *ex votos*. You also get them in all the parts of the body u want to be healed – incl. hands 'yes of course'.



Creation of Eve.

I do light a candle for Sandi. In a nearby image, Christ is born. He has lots of favourites and things he 'loves'. Under the candle-grates, there is loads of blue wax dripped down, all glittery & gluey. To like th skulls. *A dove on the ceiling*, in golden sun-rays. The dove's head bows, ah (Sunflower). Crowns, windows, intarsia marbelle). & some1 does give.

To gain a reputation for choosing good snacks. Vestal flame, vestal virgin. Campari soda. A prize-winning architect is joining us in the walk & he is joining *everybody* for dinner. Choir muzak plays in the distance, toucans cry, and, finally, here is the Madonna & Child:



There is a starry and shelly blue ceiling and we disperse.

Past daisies, it is 2.30pm and is raining dalmatians. To ask a monk.



Lecture

Everyone has total sunstroke from tiredness but there is an evening lecture. It is given by Níall McLaughlin. He is very composed and nice and shabby, and an award-winning architect did u know that. He talks About Time, and I think About X. Chair as column. Back in Aberystwyth, happy Saint David's Day & all of the flowers are yellow. *One* of us made it to the rooftops at least. Until. Pastoral Scenes. The *Architect Speaks*. And points w a pointer. Very beautiful medieval barns. Like there are different tours, there are different architects, as there are different selfies, as there are different gamblers. A large barn-like building with sacred connotations. To draw w your child. Drawings, *Orkney*. Does Owen Hatherley Know This Guy, or, more to the point, does *this* guy Know Owen Hatherley? Dark Buckfast, & thread or wool. Buckfast, the making of good thoughts. * * *. Flowers of a Ravine. Construction that functions like blood. To trouble about Paradise. *Flowers* equalling (=) transience and time. Talks of Magdalene and Bartlett, and a 'famous diarist'. The concept of The Famous Diarist. 'STRUCTURE LUST'? To draw to remember. To draw together. Poems, drawings, buildings, maps, (etc). The social thru the continuing presence of architecture. An ancient pink alarm-clock that didn't work as a timer, lol. A programme on Radio 4, And how nice not to hear about . . . **ROMA**.



Rosa-Johan Uddoh's *Practice Makes Perfect* published by Book Works in the brightest pink measures 14cm (w) x 20cm (h). Not sure abt (d).



Uddoh talks about 'Nativity', and also says: *'I'm walking along the coast of the Ceredigion, the sea is on my right and there are cliffs of beautiful red slate to my left. The waves are crashing in a satisfying way and I'm walking along the pebbled beach [...], which is surrounded by an arched trellis of pink flowers'* (Uddoh, pp. 128-9). Mmmmmm.



Little Italy

4.6 ★★★★★ (439) ⓘ

Italian restaurant · ££

Closed · Opens 5pm Thu

🔍 Type here to search



Epilogue

Audrey Hepburn sits on a bench. She speaks of John Keats. Today, somebody is writing about Visionary Flowers. The bells strike midnight and I will go home tomorrow. What an adventure it's been, gosh.

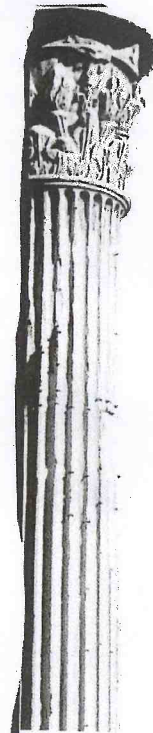
In the Keats-Shelley Memorial House in ROMA, Italy, there is a portrait of Leigh Hunt. I. Cutler believes in bugs just as much as L. Hunt does. To be at John Keats's death bed. It is a house full of books, who knows when each of them arrived there. It's a small bed, and the 17-minute video tells you small meals were made in the small fire to tend to sick Keats in his last few days by A. Hepburn's steps (which of her haircuts did you prefer, by the way?). Like gambling, and tours, and selfies, and urban planners, 'POSTHUMOUS REPUTATIONS' are not all alike.

The video, tho, tells us that 'intensity becomes posterity'. Discuss.

I am leaving the Keats-Shelley Memorial House after Not Very Long & then – ah! – *shells*. I seek shells having not seen *I* the first ebb round, but, 'sure enough', here's one right here – none other than Milton's hair in a '*Scallop shell reliquary*' (plz see back of tome), belonging to none other than L. Hunt, and he divided it around between other none-other-thans, no doubt. The weird picture on th back of this book is tht scallop. I hope u like it. It isn't the same insides as the apple, but I think it is somewhat related.

The soap smelled like shells in there, and I'm not just saying that. That kind of fragrant chalky thing. As I leave the Keats-Shelley Memorial House, somebody by the Spanish Steps (or 'Staircase' somebody adorably says) says this: 'We're probably going to get shot here'. Who do they think they are when in ROMA?

At the Piazza Popolo, people whisper & giggl into the corners near beautiful shell fountains. I ate some excellent pizza. Adieu.



Bibliography

Box of Broadcasts, *Roman Holiday* (1953), *Box of Broadcasts*, 17 Aug, 2015
<<https://learningonscreen.ac.uk/ondemand/index.php/prog/0000E100?bcast=116265181>>

Reid Bramblett, *Top 10 ROMA (actually says Rome)* (London: DK Eyewitness, 2019)

Drum Cussac Group Limited, *Country Travel Advice Report: Italy* (Who knows: A GARDAWORLD COMPANY, 2023)

Laura Grace Ford, *Savage Messiah* (London: Verso, 2014),

Jake Hakewill, X *Jet2.com Friendly low fares, 'Restricted'* (2023)

Marina Herlop – Topic, 'Pripyat', YouTube, 3 May, 2022
<<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zp2GPNRoHvQ>>

Ken Knabb ed. & trans., *Situationist International Anthology: Revised and Expanded Edition* (Berkeley: Bureau of Public Secrets, 2006),

Madonna, 'Madonna – Like A Prayer (Official Video)', YouTube, 27 Oct, 2009 <<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=79fzeNUqQbQ>>
Tom McDonough, *The Situationists and the City* (London: Verso, 2009)

Simon Sadler, *The Situationist City* (Cambridge: MIT Press, 1998)

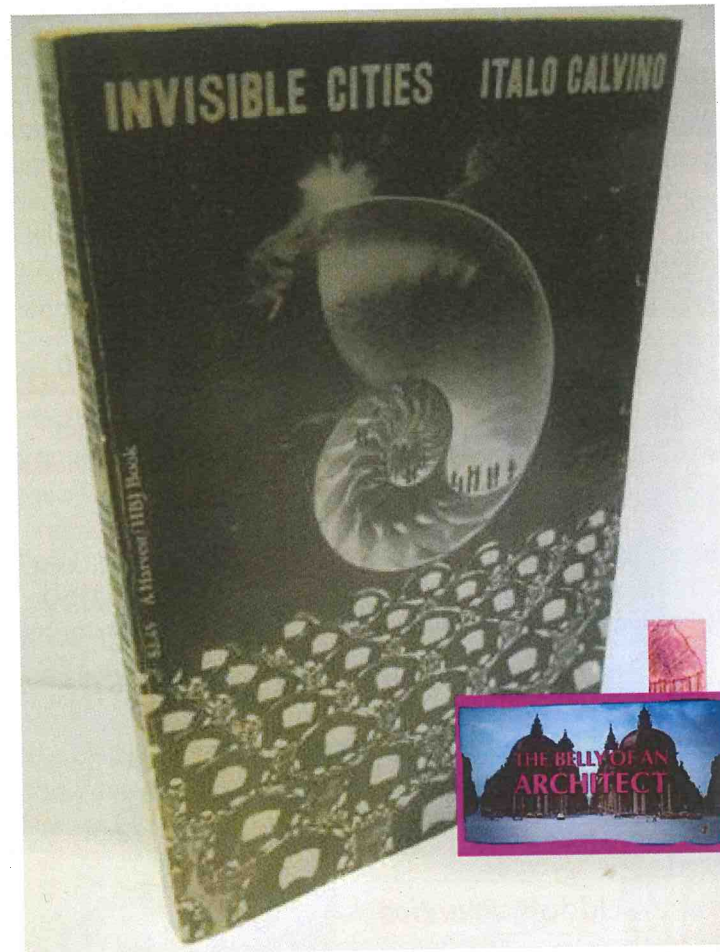
Emily Temple, 'A Visual Tour of 35 Literary Bars and Cafes from Around the World: Drink Where Your Favourite Writers Once Drank', *LIT HUB*, 9 Feb, 2018 <<https://lithub.com/a-visual-tour-of-35-literary-bars-and-cafes-from-around-the-world/>>

Rosa-Johan Uddoh, *Practice Makes Perfect* (London: Book Works, 2022)

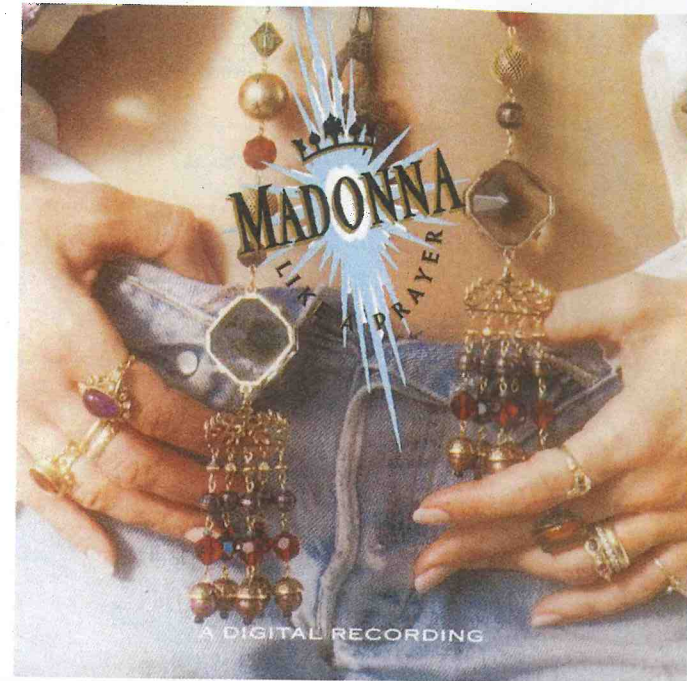
Edward Wright, X ,



Addendums



The 1st edn. of Italo Calvino's *Invisible Cities* was like this, I discover, with a big old shell on a monotone cover. It costs big £ on eBay. I use up the last of a 'Waterstones Gift Card' frm **momma 2** purchase a new version, trans. by William Weaver. Somebody talks of Calvino at the BSR, and he is mentioned in *Savage Messiah*, as well as many other places ofc.



You can order Madonna's *Immaculate Conception* from hmv.com, .





Thanku: With colossal thanks to the British School @ Rome 4 a v. gd time w/c 27 February at their abode, to v. v. gr8 Grand Tour co-trippers, to the dtp and universities 4 organising our trip, to all my friends and family, & – to the people(etc.) of ROMA .