

November 20, 2023

Patches

by Amy Grandvoinet

Monday 20th November 2023



Dear friends,

Suddenly, arriving in London felt like a village. Previously, coming out of Euston Station and going to cross Euston Road seemed epic and big. Now, it was like a street and all small, and quiet. Parochial. Brown leaves munched across flag-stones. All the different materials of London. Somebody stands in a long coat outside of the Bartlett Library where you can meet David Harvey for the first time, and finally find your way to Mark Fisher.

You needed a code to get into 23-26 Gordon Square. An apple with a note in the communal kitchens.

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contentious judgements.

On the table next door, somebody talks bitterly about their parents.

Soft sheets of pink gauze stroke your heart & eye-lids. You can learn about cults of beauty at the Wellcome Collection until April '24.

There is a cobbled street with a dark venue, selling trinkets for Palestine.

Through the square marked 'X', tears unexplainable and miniature pastrie-folds.

Layers of placards. Bites on the street. You give lollipop. Britney Spears effect, train taken to Park Road.

Where you were staying, an invitation to Pizza Express and the LSE Women's Library and also a bowl and gammy crumbs, owwch. Utopia tableware showroom revealed; mysteries solved, and absolved too. Envelopes return in your type-*face*. Icing & triple arcadias. Helen Mirren in blue in Issue 22 of *best* magazine from June '23. Downstairs: song toast.

O, Birkbeck. O, Rada. You can buy them in black, cerise, purple, *or* orange.

All of the train times. A statue of Winston Churchill and gate-spokes and 2012's eventual crush.

No excuses! A light white cake, covered colour-fruit. Watermelons. Two stones. Feel it.

Imagine if you had to pay to go to sleep.

On page 41 Iain Sinclair plants three artichoke crowns.

To be the 'lyfe and soul of the party'.

Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday happy birthday happy birthday to you. Rolling, baby. Fairy-lights and la Manche and those 'suspicious' boats right . . . , Banksy perspex in Calais. Serge Gainsbourg, Jane Birkin, in Calais. Colour full yourself in.

Steps, books, legs.

Legs, books, steps.

A number of people say the same thing.

You can queue up for £5 food at the Friends House. Forget about the black mould, honey. Let's celebrate at the lamp-posts.

Courtyards for writing cards. Poems like books of sweets. Everybody is Meeting Up.

eyes like seas.

London is calm. No more bowling. Phew.

Best wishes,
Amy 'Grandvoinet' x