

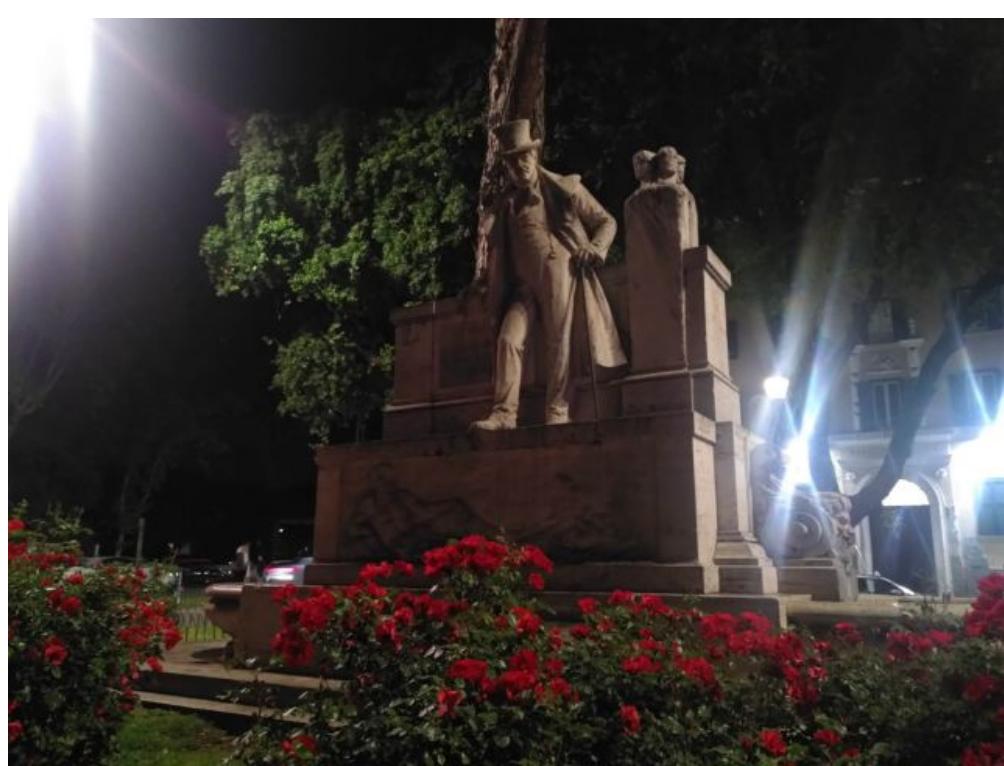
June 01, 2023

Roma pt. 2

by Amy Grandvoinet

Thursday 1st June 2023

Dear friends,



A recent 2nd time to the historic city of ROMA was a treat after the 1st, an SWW-DTP2 funded school trip to the British School at Rome earlier this year where each attendee had to produce an art-work for the final occasion: an exhibition. My entry was titled 'ROMA', a c.80 page A5 mock log-book with an image of a scarlet felt nativity-apple on its front that my mom and dad had once gifted me from the Vatican City. The image was meant to symbolise the suppos'd ever-latent threat of 'Eve' in the presence of what I imagined would be a place full of the Virgin Mary (& child). I later changed the title of 'ROMA' - in pencil - to 'Psychogeography & ROMA: A Fake Travelogue' to try to make it more clear (the word ROMA still stayed big tho in red Times New Roman font with a pink highlight). Not that it had or has a wide audience to have to make sense to, of course.

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The Lettrist and Situationist Internationals - led by their rightful messiah G. E. Debord to whom this TinyLetter is dedicated - developed an avant-garde intellectualism I've recently been attempting to study for a PhD (help). They did not like tourists. It can be difficult to position oneself as a traveller beyond this identity, however. Maybe what the Lettrists and Situationists were looking for was the kind of outsider-interaction with new spaces considered 'respectful' and not 'thicko'. Not sure. Anyway, an intriguing matter to ponder, imho. I hadn't been on proper-holiday for a very long time. I found it very nice. What is the meaning of 'holiday'? One can feel one is on holiday without crossing any borders; what difference does the crossing of any border make? Not to neglect the absolutely huge gravity and consequence of borders. I can cross them with relative ease and that is an unspeakable 'p'-word. Big up to border-resistance/reform work, of course.

A number of observations of note occurred on the extremely nice 2nd trip of ROMA, and these are merely some of them as souvenir-trinkets: sparkli chandeliers in Keats's Memorial House formed by his very own frozen tears, a type of bed shaped like a boat which is referred to as a Letto A Barca, multiple folded hand-written letters displayed behind glass with variably-eroded wax-stamps evoking question of the existence of Letter Museums, a 'Hall of Colossus' which reminds of the pleasures of the naming of spaces for example the 'House of Virtue', an information board declaring the word 'Colonnacchi' which means dilapidated Colonnade, the coining of the word 'Funcchi', the arches of Giorgio Chirico, hot babies, the triumphant existence of an 'obscene dialect sonnets' poet named G. G. Belli who wears a necktie (pictured at top)*.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever. A number of lustful manifestos by the troublesome Futurists made for heavy reading. Thankfully there is much sweetness in the days as we zoned, baby.

Yours most sincerely,
Amy Grandvoinet

*You can find some of G. G. Belli's delightful biggy poems in the small traditional-looking tome *POEMS OF ROME* made by that Everyman's Library which they will sell to you at Termini Train Station and Bus Mega-Stop, slightly to the East of the city.