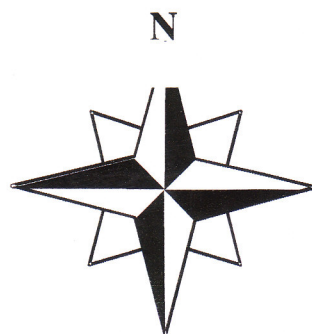


# CIAO CIAO ITALY

I can remember quite well my favourite journey to London. It was one of the best and most memorable experiences that I ever had in all my life. I decided to come from Italy after having been sacked by my employer. at that time I was working in a big supermarket as a shop assistant and I was quite astonished to lose my job because it was a very good period for the whole Italian economy. Anyway I was the second lucky person to leave the place and I was in a kind of situation like ' You have money in your bank account, you have a lot of spare time'. In my bedroom I realised that my destiny was only travelling, travelling, travelling, that means: 'Nick, c'mon, what are you doing in your city?'

**My city. Love and hate. Drinking all night, eating too much. Dreaming of flying away. To look for what? Just to look for. To have the capacity, to compare myself, to put some effort in. What? Something new. Always. That's the point. I want more and more. Ambition. Yes, it is. I wanted to put my soul in a eagle's body. Go and go. Don't stop.**



Two days later I discovered, in a club, a hitch-hiking travel agency's telephone number. I called them straight away asking for London.

Idea of movement, of moving my body in a different space, in a different air. Think about the freshness of changing and infinite landscape I watch . I dream. I may find myself in a beautiful place. Is gone. Look. Something else is coming. Something new. Absolutely something.



After one week I was sitting in the back of a Fiat Tipo. I can remember the driver: he was a thirtyish electronic engineer who liked American country-pop music, some bands such as Nazareth and Dire Straits and he was a good fan of Queen as well. For the entire trip we were listening to his powerful sound system and my mind was connecting the music with the landscape.\*\*\*\*\*

Pixies. Of. Rock. And. Roll. The key is turned on.\*\*\*\*\*

#####The car live again. Let's go. Yeah. Darkness and silence.\*\*\*\*\*

#####The surround is quietly moving. I see the motorway in front of me.\*\*\*\*\*

#####It is long. Fucking amazing long. It's an electric distorted guitar . \*\*\*\*\*

#####It follows the wild voice of adventure. Chaotic syncopated rhythm of a drum in the engine.

Tu tum. Tu tu tu tum.

The top of White Mountain was cloaked in snow like milk in the woman's breast. A strong sensation of comfort came over me. The driver seemed to me totally ipnotized by reflected sunlight.

-hey, man I think I'm flying

**-oh, please, keep your car on the road!**

-don't worry too much, man ❖ ☰ ♂ ♀ ♁ ♂ ◆◆ ⚡ ⚡ ❖ ❖ □ ◆ ♃ □ ◆ ☒ ◆ ☒ □ □ ☒ ♃ ☒ ☒ □

He put on a track. We sang 'We are the champion, my friend'.

He was a kind of person that you can find sending a C.V. like:

"A trustworthy, reliable 'n' social individual with a controlled madness inside looking for uncontrolled pleasures of life". It made me feel fuckin'cool in my little seat of his car.

In the middle of France we had a long break eating filled baguettes accompanied with the strongest beer that I have ever drunk before, the 'Biere du Demon'.

After dark we arrived at the harbour, but we didn't want to wait until morning so we tried to park on the ferry boat. The security staff came to us asking for our tickets : "No problem guys", answered my driver showing two vouchers. On the boat we celebrated that moment drinking again. "No more continent for a while", I was saying to him.

We arrived at Dover early in the morning. We tried to look for a B&B, but it was August and there was a Carnival in London. We slept in a big carpark, in front of an enormous supermarket.

After my first English breakfast (eggs, bacon, beans, toast, orange juice and white coffee) we arrived in Oxford Street and I was excited to see how many different races were walking down that street.

**Step 1- Going in OxS, have a stroll, watch out shops, pop off and music behaviour. Primal Scream uber alles, nice to meet you, what's your name? Nico, and you, are you Bobby Gillespie? How many pints can we drink together? No, thanks, 'other day 'other time. Got your sign, Bob. Oh, God, too crowded for nothing. Boom boom, sensorial iperstimulation which comes from. It is big OxS? Yes, just a little line on the world.**

My friend brought me to the main door of a youth hostel that I checked out on my map of London. I was so lucky to find an Italian receptionist there! She gave me some ideas to find a job and advice for all the procedures that I needed (National Insurance Number, Bank account) to become a citizen of London.

Well, leaving Italy to meet an Italian is gorgeous. I felt like a skateboard on the pavement, that's the point. Yeah, I like this picture. Micro and macro. It is a struggle. I say powerful. I wouldn't mind to have a relationship. In fact I've got.... Arriving in here and feeling insecure. Speaking Italian and feeling safer. Going out and hearing a female laughing and your poetry will come out.

City centre, day centre. Difficult to find a place to sit. People are talking animatedly. A big Irish man is reading The Independent. Two white-haired men with charts are handling a very thoughtful game, but the smog is in between me and this humanity.

Free advice for ev'rybody. We need computers. The activities room is not really practicable for printing, editing, typing, dreaming and flying.

I screamed to Chris, but his newspaper. Trouble for cigarettes. I believe in love. And in tobacco. It loves me. Gorgeous Paul is activating people to write. Big queue now.

Collecting food, comida in Portuguese. I'm starting to wonder myself. Stop.

I could do whatever I want. Strong sensation of doing nothing. Fog, Jesus, pretty smoke came from a lovely mouth, well-shaped'n' good-looking one.

I like mine. Big story smoking with the reader. He apparently doesn't care about me, about the ambient. Big trick. We argued first about having a desk-top publisher for "The" magazine. Smoking dark'n'fresh rolled tobacco. Strong one, before lunch. I found a round, old, brown, piece of something in my pocket. It is lying next to the paper. Where did Paul go? Time to move. See ya, Chris. Have a good reading. Thanks for tab, and all this sort of things. Hallo, Paul, I've just done some instinctive s t r e a m of COncsciousNE ss writing. Nice to see your easygoing left handwriting. The wordprocessor is waiting to be used. Knock Knock on limbo's door. Fried frozen potatoes collected by a blond woman in glasses are ready to be cooked in vegetable oil liquid stuff.

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