

Little Blue Outtakes

Every version of the Little Blue sees certain sentences or entries taken out. We hate to admit it, but it's because the people who pay (whether advertisers or, God willing, the local government), are touchy. Luckily we haven't had too much interest in the text, mainly because Italians don't tend to read...sorry, don't tend to read English. Here are some of the better entries and why they were cut.

2nd edition - Feb 2003

Lago Trasimeno – “Overrated” is the best word. My Italian friend Mirko, who lives on the lake at Passignano, told me that he's been a lifeguard there for years but never been in the water. If you're dead set on going to the lake, arrive at the dirty little *stazione* in Passignano, dodge cars as you walk down to the jetty in town, and pay €5.30 for a return ticket to the Isola Maggiore. It's a twenty-minute ferry ride to the island, but check the schedule for the next boat back because there's not much to do. Skip lunch there (two low-quality, expensive restaurants); bring a picnic and go to the only thing worth seeing, which is admittedly cool. It's an abandoned villa on the far side of the island from the jetty, where an old lady sort of leads tours of the eerie old house and its chapel, courtyard, and scary billiard room. *[We decided later we were a little harsh on the lake – thousands of sun-burned Dutch people every year can't be wrong.]*

Foligno - Mainly a railroad stop for those who are getting on the main line for Rome, Foligno doesn't have much to recommend it, unless there's an onion festival there. Spend your time elsewhere. *[Given, I'd never actually been to Foligno, so this wasn't such a fair entry. Suffice it to say that the editor of the more recent editions, Gian Marco Tosti (a native of Foligno), didn't like this entry so much.]*

Ristorante/Pizzeria Lo Scalino - This place is about halfway down Via Oberdan from Piazza Matteotti, on the left as you make a sharp left in the stairs. It's the only place I'll *dis*recommend. Twice I was there and twice the owner was rude. First he told my friend Nikos that he didn't know how to eat because Nikos had asked for *parmigiano* with his *spaghetti all'arrabiata*. Then on my second visit he came up to my party and asked us to leave because other people were waiting – typical in the U.S., downright *maleducato* here in Italy. If you want mediocre food with a side of condescension, don't miss it. *[This was cut because we were afraid of lawsuits and because we needed the space for positive reviews.]*

Atena Service - This apartment-finding service is a two minute walk from the U. for Foreigners (down Via del Bulagaio, near the end on the left). They find you a room fit to your specifications but for a steep fee, usually one month's rent. I've also heard lots of stories about Athena, most of them centering on the theme “rude,” “overpriced rip-off,” etc. *[This was cut because the University For Foreigners, which distributes our book, had a very close relationship with Atena. In newer editions we are more subtle, though still damning.]*

3rd edition - Nov 2004

The Old Cobbler – He's a little old man that often wears a cap and a blue smock and walks slowly with a cane. He often sits on his front step at the corner of Via Roschetto and Via del Lupo, or behind the statue of the pope on the steps of the *duomo*. He's a retired cobbler (I keep meaning to have him fix my vineyard boots) and will teach you a bit of *dialetto perugino* if you ask him nicely. He was the one who told me the quote about the steps being the “*spiaggia di Perugia*.” *[This was cut because we think The Old Cobbler has died, unfortunately.]*

Chinese Places – Like kinds of umbrellas, there are lots of them but they're all pretty much the same. I've sort of settled on the place at Via Pinturicchio 49, “La Grande Muraglia.” When they hear my voice they respond with that great Chinese accent, “Rei vuore risotto arra cantonese e una porzione di invortini?” Prices

are reasonable and there's a student menu, which is □6.50 (Although you can't order it Saturday, Sundays, or holidays). You can call in your order at (075) 572.3938 and then go pick it up. [*Not so culturally sensitive.*]

4th edition - Feb 2005

Of course, you're in Italy: hours will change, pubs will close and prices will go. We do our best to update the guide with current prices. Please note that various museums, galleries and so on may have shorter opening hours during winter or may close completely when the caretaker's daughter is getting married. If something is not open when you visit, it will probably be open again soon. The exception is premises that are closed for restoration, which will re-open in your next lifetime. [*This was from the introduction of the edition for which the City of Perugia gave us a little bit of money. They went bonkers about the line about the caretaker's daughter, and ever since then it's been pretty cool between us and the City. Italians have a hard time with the reality of their chaotic life, sometimes.*]

Rights & Student Representatives - Student rights ... what a quaint concept. A list of current student representatives and their contact details is in the glass display case near the ground floor noticeboards at Gallenga. [*We "modified" this after the Uni started distributing our book.*]

Internet - Free internet on the fourth floor of Gallenga. You need to get there early in the morning and make a booking, maximum one hour per day. Some keyboards are so old they don't even have an @ symbol for email! Oddly the internet room is often closed for half-days here and there, definitely not for technical upgrades. [*Ditto.*]

Drink's House - The great little jazz pub where I was a waiter, then bartender, then manager and where I learned to love Paolo Conte and make mojitos, is now a pizzeria. Look under "Pizza e Musica" in the Filling Your Belly section (but notice when you go in that there is still the old Drink's House logo just inside the door on the right; it is on the World Heritage List of Misplaced Apostrophe's). [*No one remembers Drink's House, so we cut this section. Only nostalgia had kept it in until then.*]

Mastro Gigi the Mime - I used to have The Old Cobbler in this spot, but I haven't seen him in a while and while I hope the best (i.e. that he's alive and on vacation in Bermuda), for now I will put in Gigi. Gigi was miming the day I asked him for an interview and because I had to go to press, I couldn't wait for another day. Anyway, he's often in Corso Vannucci with different costumes on and requests that you through him a coin if you enjoy his *spettacolo*. He uses white face makeup quite often and while he doesn't seem to care about adults, he puts an extra-special effort into entertaining kids (he makes balloon animals, too). We remember him for his costume at the outbreak of the current Iraq War: a soldier with a peace. Gigi frequents the Papaia Bar in Via dei Priori and once break-danced in the pub I used to manage. [*Gigi comes in and out of Perugia, but lately is out too much to have a spot in the guide.*]

Sidis - Run by occasionally friendly Chinese people, Sidis has saved my butt before when all the other stores have been closed (holidays and Sundays), though don't count on it. From Piazza Matteotti, descend on Via G. Alessi (i.e. to the left as you face Coop) but bear left as Via Cartolari breaks off. Go about fifty metres until the street opens up into a small piazza. Immediately turn left into the door. They also have a great selection of Chinese groceries, and two cute little boys (Weh and Mimi) who smile even if their parents don't. [*The Chinese people moved to Sardegna to start a Sidis there.*]

Osteria del Tempo Perso - This *osteria* is cosy to the limit, even making us think it's a shame Dom's parents didn't produce a foldable version of him. It's also delightfully anonymous. No flashy illuminated sign, no scalper's menu touting daily specials, no badly-written flyers thrust into your hand outside the University. Yet if you really want wholesome, olden-days-style food in a warm environment at prices even students can afford, there's probably no better place in Perugia. Where is it? Out of respect for the Lost Time's low-key profile, we can't say. Rest assured though, if you manage to find it you will have deserved it and you will be

made most welcome. Godspeed. *[We decided to put the Osteria in because it's great for us to go there, and we're afraid that if we didn't help a bit, they might close someday and we'd be sorry we'd kept it secret.]*

Buses - City buses are generally reliable and relatively cheap. You get seventy minutes of riding, so if you have only a quick errand, try to get back on before it expires (the time is stamped on it). You can also use the "Zimouras manoeuvre," which is to wait until just before the first stop (after you board the bus) to punch the ticket, because if the controllers aren't on already when you board, they can't get on until the first stop. Riding black (i.e. without a ticket) is chancy and will net you a hefty fine (on the order of €32) if you're caught, so don't risk it. One *biglietto* (ticket) or *corsa semplice* costs €1.80. If you forget, go immediately to the driver – it will cost you €1.50 on board. A ten-ride ticket (*biglietto da dieci corse*) is slightly discounted (€7.20) and twenty rides (*venti corse*) are even cheaper (€14.00), so get one if you'll be in town for a while. There are also monthly passes (€35), three-month passes (€78) and an annual pass valid from September 1 (€255). *[We cut this because the whole "Zimouras manoeuvre" is impossible: the bus drivers lock the ticket machines when they see the controllers getting on.]*

Calcio - Currently whipping meagre opposition in SerieB, Perugia shuffles up and down the major divisions but other nearby cities such as Siena, Florence (Fiorentina) and Rome (Roma and Lazio) have good clubs if you really must see the big league. SerieA and UEFA interclub matches are shown live in many cafès and bars: Downtown, Buskers, Shamrock, Bar Portasole and so on. It's dif. cult to go far without bumping into yet another joint that has a telly in the corner with an impassioned crowd gathered around to cast slurs upon the parentage of the referee. Soccer is deeply ingrained in the Italian male psyche. If you feel up to coping with the sky-high testosterone levels, it's a fascinating experience to be part of. *[We had to change this entry because Perugia is doing horribly in Serie C, after going bankrupt.]*

Discoes - There's only one in the city center, Domus (off Piazza Morlacchi across from the theater), open from eleven-ish until four or five. Despite what you read on flyers around town - "free entry until 2am" - entry to Domus is always free. Getting out again is the problem. If you haven't bought a drink there they'll sting you for a cover charge. So the game is played by purchasing a drink and the bar attendant giving you an exit pass which gets you past the dragoon guards at the door. The only alternative is to stay until closing, at which time everyone is turfed out exit pass or no. Domus suffers from lack of space but is popular because it's open late and does at least have a dance floor with dizzy-whizzy coloured lights. If you like dancing in a shoebox, go ahead. Another dance hall close to town is Velvet Fashion Cafe at Viale Roma 20, open We-Sa. The name should be warning enough. Yeah, you know the type of joint, lots of giant video screens dwarfing a crush of overdressed people who stand around sipping garishly-coloured cocktails that taste like embalming fluid. Other discos are all outside the city and usually have free transport there and back. Look for the PR guys in front of the Uni for Foreigners or in Corso Vannucci at night, though they usually seem more interested in chatting with each other about their hair or enormous sunglasses than giving you a flyer. If you are unflyered, hang around Gallenga Building at midnight and you'll see the buses. Note that the big discos have hefty cover charges for males, especially on weekends. *[We modified this after the discos called us for ads.]*

6th edition - July 2005

Wouter and Jumbo - Wouter is the scraggly, sandy-blondhaired Dutch bard who roams the world playing his guitar with his sorrowful and slightly smelly dog, Jumbo (who likes to sleep in the guitar case). He's a fixture in Corso Vannucci, Kandinsky, and the Cafè Turreno and has the special permission of the mayor to play his guitar in the city streets. He hopes to start recording seriously soon. He speaks nine languages but Jumbo only understands commands in French (drop a coin if you take a picture, please). *[Sadly, Jumbo died and a heartbroken Wouter left Perugia.]*

Città di Castello – The City of the Castle was an ancient Umbrian center that somehow escaped being subdued by the Etruscans, then became a Roman town with the name Tifernum Tiberinum. Pliny the Younger even mentioned it in his epistles. With the Fall of the Roman Empire the city was besieged and sacked by the Longobards, who then renamed it Castrum Felicitatis, or “The Castle of Happiness.” Although they were briefly a free comune around 1100 A.D., the inhabitants were then alternately subdued by the Church, Perugia, or Florence. It was an important commercial center during the Low Middle Ages, even getting the attention of the wily Florentine merchants. At the end of the 1200s the Vitelli family, with its business contacts and riches, pulled off a hostile takeover. Later the Pietramala family and in the 13000s that of the Guelfucci. In 1422 it was subdued (again) by Braccio Fortebraccio (Arm Strongarm, the Perugian Lord), but later was up for grabs again between the families Tarlati, Giustini, and Fucci. But the Vitelli family got the power back and turned the city into a Lordship. Under the leadership of this family the city was beautified with splendid palaces and works of art. Città di Castello became a strategic node between various artistic tendencies, so much so that it became architecturally a corner of Tuscany in Umbrian territory. Its palaces and residences clearly reflected the architecture of Florence. In the era between the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries many of the most important artists of the peninsula were commissioned to do artwork in the city: from Raffaello to Luca Signorelli, from Vasari to Parmagianino, from Gentile da Fabriano to Rosso Fiorentino. After a brief dominion of the Duke Valentino (Cesare Borgia, remember?), who had Vitellozzo Vitelli murdered, the city gradually lost its influence and fell definitively under the dominion of the Papal States, even though the Vitelli family still had their hands on the rudder. The city became a backwater because of the Papal taxes and difficulty of the means of communication and went into decline until liberation on 11 September 1860 with the arrival of the Piedmontese troops.

Here we find great works of Renaissance art as well as modern art: that of the famous artist Alberto Burri (1915-1995), an Italian artist who, together with Lucio Fontana, gave the largest Italian contribution to the international artistic panorama of the post-war period. His artistic research spanned painting and sculpture, with the single scope of plumbing the expressive qualities of the material. All this allows him to occupy the *primo piano* in the art trend that is defined as “informal.” Among the palaces rich in works of art there are the Palazzo Albizzini and the ex Tabacco Drying House, among the Italian places famous for modern art there is the Pinacoteca Comunale, which is in the Palazzo Vitelli alla Cannoniera. The family Vitelli had it constructed between 1521-1532 and it's the most important regional museum, after the National Gallery of Umbria (Perugia). There are masterpieces of artists such as Maestro da Castello, Luca Signorelli, Raffaello, Andrea and Giovanni della Robbia, Ghiberti, Ghirlandaio, Raffaellino del Colle, Pomarancio, Santi di Tito and others. Leaving the museums for a stroll through the streets of the city we come to Piazza Gabriotti, the monumental center which reflects the contrast of temporal and papal power with the Cathedral (begun during the Renaissance and finished in 1540) and the Palazzo dei Priori, or Town Hall, built between 1322 and 1338. Walking down Corso Vittorio Emanuele, the most important street of the city, we reach Piazza Matteotti, the heart of the city, intersection of roads that run to the four gates of the city. The piazza “above”, as its called by the inhabitants, framed by fifteenth century palaces, is dominated by the Palazzo del Podestà, whose façade was built by Nicola Barbioni (1687). Then there's the Palazzo Bondi-Mancini, which at one time hosted a rich art gallery, the Palazzo Vitelli all'Abbondanza, one of the five constructed by the Vitelli family, as well as the Palazzo Bufalini, attributed to Vignola and begun in 1572. *[This was sent to us by the city of Città di Castello to translate and insert after they took an ad. It is a wonderful example of how Italians can't write interesting texts for guidebooks.]*

“A word from our sponsors...” - The City of Perugia and the Region of Umbria have played a fundamental role in the financing of this project and asked for some space to put some of their information. We thank them for their help and for the following interesting text. *[We stuck this in after we had to put in some boring-as-hell text. Subtle?]*

Informagiovani – Via Idalia 1 - 06122 Perugia, Tel. (075) 572.0646 – 572.8724 Fax
(075) 572.8174, Email: informagiovani@comune.perugia.it, www.comune.perugia.it/informagiovani.

The City of Perugia's Informagiovani office is a center for information and communication which concerns mainly, though not exclusively, young people. The office's goal is to furnish information and means to help young people make the best choices regarding their future. The free access, as well as the free

consultation of bulletin boards and printed material, the possibility to ask questions to clearly identifiable and non-threatening employees: these are the principal features that determine the welcoming ambience of the center during the hours of opening to the public. The information given is comprehensive in all sectors relevant to youth: work, study, free time, vacations and volunteering. Most of the informational and orientational activities are focused on the search for employment opportunities and the best path with which to reach them. The means used, other than the printed materials at the center, is the Internet and specifically our site, www.comune.perugia.it/informagiovani where one can find information on the topics we cover at the center. [The Region of Umbria and City of Perugia made contributions for the printing of the guide in exchange for a few pages. We had to print with their printer, who did a horrible job. Oh well, at least the text was scintillating.]

7th edition - Nov 2005

University Secretariat - Across the intersection go into Piazza Gallenga and down the staircase on the right side of the foyer to the Secretariat. Not bizarre, simply useless. [An entry in a section called "A Tour of The Bizarre and The Useless."]

Pisciatoio - With your back to Gallenga, go around the corner to your left and then along Via Fabretti. Take the second right and go eleven steps up Via Lupatelli. Against the wall you should see a traditional pisciatoio (public urinal), one of the few left in central Perugia. Unless you were born without a sense of smell it's probably best to keep a safe distance. [These were both entries in the original version of Alan's Bizarre and Useless Tour...guess why we had to cut them.]

The Narducci Case - Those who have seen the movie "Hannibal", set in Florence, might know that it's loosely based on the true story of a serial killer who claimed many victims over a number of years (if you ever see a t-shirt with PACCIANI and the number 16 on the back, let's just say he wasn't a soccer player). Pacciani is believed to have been part of a cult group that procured people for bizarre sex and occult rituals during the 1980's. The group possibly included a number of high-profile society figures - hence the difficulty in investigating the case - and a mild-mannered gastroenterologist from the Montelucente hospital in Perugia, Francesco Narducci. Supposedly fascinated with group sex and mutilating prostitutes, Narducci's obsessive behaviour got to the stage where it was beginning to worry even other members of the sect. They were afraid his recklessness would lead to the group being exposed. In early October 1985, Narducci failed to report for work as usual. Several days later, his body was found in Lake Trasimeno. Supposition has it that the cult leaders ordered a mafia hit on Narducci. Family members deny that Narducci was involved in the sect and that he suicided. A subsequent exhumation and re-autopsy of the lake body suggest that it may not be Narducci at all and he might 'simply' have disappeared. Investigation into the Narducci case continues to the present day, with all the salacious details regularly served up in the local press. This kind of case is often referred to as giallo (yellow) for the fact that pulp fiction murder mysteries were traditionally printed with yellow covers. Please don't stay tuned for The Little Yellow ... [Probably the most interesting thing we ever had to cut...The editors, Luca and Gian Marco, explained that the amsons ran Perugia and we'd be eaten alive by them, literally. We argued for an hour or so and had to give in. They even cut the photo!]



[And here's one last cut, the photo of Mauro that Alan got one day - perfect!]

