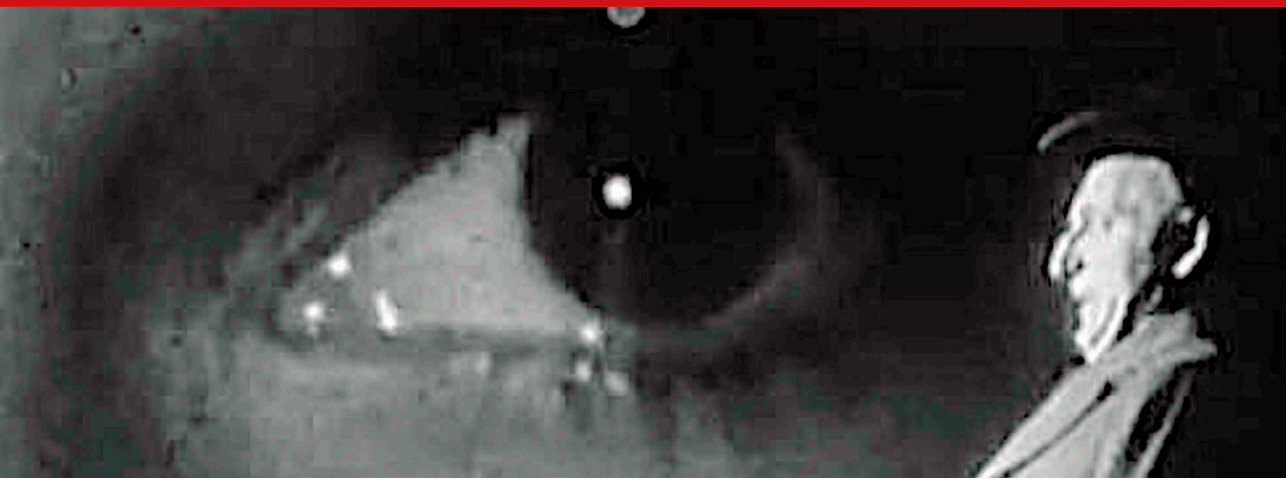
IL CORPO 8/25

“... un agglomerato di eterogenei”



eterotopie LA **ZONA** foucault benjamin

utero UR-ZONA poema digitale di **3C**+*MLoy AI Simulator*

quando New York puzzava

i piers di NYC e la **ZONA** etnografia di rovine gay

Rimbaud a Manhattan flâneur nella **ZONA**

con *david wojnarowicz* l’anus solaire di Verlaine

lo **stalker** di Tarkowski e la **ZONA**

massimo canevacci sulle **INTERZONE** a Roma

l’amour fou di dio

un delirio paranoico-critico di enrico pozzi

LIBRI DA LEGGERE LIBRI DA NON LEGGERE

paranoia e folie à plusieurs - incontro al Castello di Rocca Sinibalda

rivista IL CORPO, marzo 2025 ISSN: 2279-929X © **ilcorpoedizioni**

LA ZONA /4 SESSO

….thirty-five, fifty, a hundred all-but-strangers hugely ordered, highly social, attentive, silent, and grounded in a certain care, if not community. At those times, within those van-walled alleys, now between the trucks, now in the back of open loaders, cock passed from mouth to mouth to hand to ass to mouth without ever breaking contact with other flesh for more than seconds.…It was engrossing; it was exhausting; it was reassuring; and it was very human.

S. R. Delaney, *The motion of light in water: Sex and science fiction writing in the East Village*, 1957-1965. New York,1988, pp. 129-130

There were so many people packed into the truck. You couldn't tell who or what you were touching. With the door closed it was completely dark and very hot. Leather felt like skin and skin like leather. It was fantastic. You children who did not know that time know nothing. My boyfriend and I walked down the street chained together and no one turned a head. You can't do that now. We were into everything then. Many times in the trucks, I was so drugged I didn't know if I was fucking a man or a dog. Down there, now, it is so sad. I can't go down there anymore. Everything has gone.

R. Sember, *In the Shadow of the Object. Sexual Memory in the AIDS Epidemic*, space & culture, 6, n. 3, agosto 2003, pp. 214-234

... sex was everywhere for us, and everything we wanted to venture: golden showers and water sports, cocksucking and rimming, fucking and fist fucking. Now . . . alongside the dismal toll of death, what many of us have lost is a culture of sexual possibility: back rooms, tea rooms, bookstores, movie houses, and baths; the trucks, the pier, the ramble, the dunes…

D. Crimp, *Mourning and militancy*, October, 51, 3-18

SESSO 4/ LA ZONA

…..Cruising time is sustained time. Nobody cruises rapidly. Hope and desire enable you to put up with the extended time. Cruising is gauging each other's fantasies, building up hopes, crushing hopes and trying not to seem crushed. Sometimes I think the drive to go back is because one is never satisfied. I don't think it's just a matter of having fun. I feel there is a real seeking. Maybe it's a desire for the people, the place, the sequence to be permanent. Maybe it's a desire to transcend a need for the place at all, a desire to be a part of the place and not just transient.

R. Sember, *In the Shadow...., cit.*, p. 226

"If Westway 12 is ever built," continued my friend, "and the shoreline made pretty by city planners–when the city is totally renovated, when gays have restored all the tenements, garden restaurants have sprouted on the Lower East Side, and the meatpacking district is given over entirely to boutiques and cardshops–then we'll build an island in New York Harbor composed entirely of rotting piers, blocks of collapsed walls, and litter strewn lots. Ruins become decor, nostalgia for the mud. We all want to escape; you escaped to the city. Would you have ended up in ruins had you not been gay?"

A. Holleran, *Nostalgia for the mud*. In M. Denneny, C. Ortleb, & T. Steele (Eds.), The Christopher Street reader (pp. 67-70). New York, 1983

Seeing the pale flesh of the frescoes come to life: the smooth turn of hands over bodies, the taut lines of limbs and mouths, the intensity of the energy bringing others down the halls where guided by little or no sounds they pass silently over the charred floors. They appear out of nowhere and line the walls like figurines before firing squads or figures in a breadline in old times pressed into history. Stopping for a moment, I thought of the eternal sleep of statues, of marble eyes and lips. (pp. 22-23)

D. Wojnarowicz, *Loosing Form in Darkness*, in *Close to the knives: A memoir of disintegration.* New York, 1991, pp. 22-23

LA ZONA /4 SESSO

Forgotten Sex

John Ashbery

They tore down the old movie palaces,
Ripped up streetcar tracks, widened avenues.
Lampposts, curbs with their trees vanished.
They knew, who came after,
A story of departing hands and affairs, that mostly
Went untold, unless someone who was there once
Visited the old neighborhood, and then
They would tell about it, the space
Of an afternoon, how it happened in the afternoon
So that no record, no print of it could exist
For the steep times to come. And sure enough,
Even as the story ended its shadow vanished,
A twice-told tale not to be told again
Unless children one day dig up the past, in the attic
Or under brush in the back yard: "What's this?"
And you have to tell them, will have to tell them then
That the enormous nature of things had a face
Once and feet like any human being, and one day
Broke out of the shell that had always been,
Changed its answers to lies, youthful ambition
To a quirk of the past, a fancy, of some
Antiquarian concern that this damaged day can never
Countenance if we want to live past the rope
Of noon, reach the bald summits by late afternoon.
Surely we are protected, surely someone thinks of us
Often enough to keep the stain from setting, surely
All of us are alike and know each other from earliest
Childhood, for better or for worse: surely we eat
Breakfast each day, and shit, and put the kettle on the stove
With much changing of the subject, much twisting the original
Premise back to the nature of the actual itch
Engulfing us, now. And when we come back

SESSO 4/ LA ZONA

From an outing expect to find the furniture magically
Rearranged to accommodate revised, smaller projects
No one bothers to question, except polite Puss-in-Boots with what
Is in effect a new premise: “Try this one, the dust
Shows less on these rather sad colors; the time
To get started and gain time, however brief, over the neighbors
Quarreling into sunset, once you’ve convinced them you’re
Not playing and therefore not cheating. When the princess
Comes to see you on some perfectly plausible pretext, you’ll know
The underground stream that has never stood still is the surface
And the theater for all that is to come. Too bad the revisions
Will never be adopted, but how lucky for you, now,
The change of face. Good times follow bad.”
And the locket is still on the chain on a throat.
The askers, the doers, fall into silent confusion
As it comes time to stand up like a sheet of metal
In the blast of sunrise. I will do this, I can do no more.
I cannot think on the edge of a platform.
But the abandonment by love is a de facto sign
Of something else coming along,
Something similar in its measuredness:
Sweetness of things late, a memory for particulars
As lively as though they happened still. As indeed
They do sometimes, though like the transparent bricks
In a particular dream, they cannot always be seen.

Da *April Galleons,* New York, 1987