





vizi privati

a pamphlet by Real Madrid
with Dafne Boggeri

Real Madrid is an artist duo founded 2015 in Geneva. They use local codes to question coping strategies around diseases and stigmas.

An interest in miscommunication led to a name that makes it problematic to spread and track images of their work on any search engine. By re-appropriating the name from the highly lucrative football franchise, RM brands itself as a marketable counterfeit commodity.

Dafne Boggeri is a multidisciplinary artist based in Milan. Since 2013 she has been curating the non-profit artist-led platform SPRINT—Independent Publishers and Artists' Books Salon. Her research investigates the margin and the discard of authority, function and relationship dynamics, in a constant oblique trajectory of gaze and analysis.

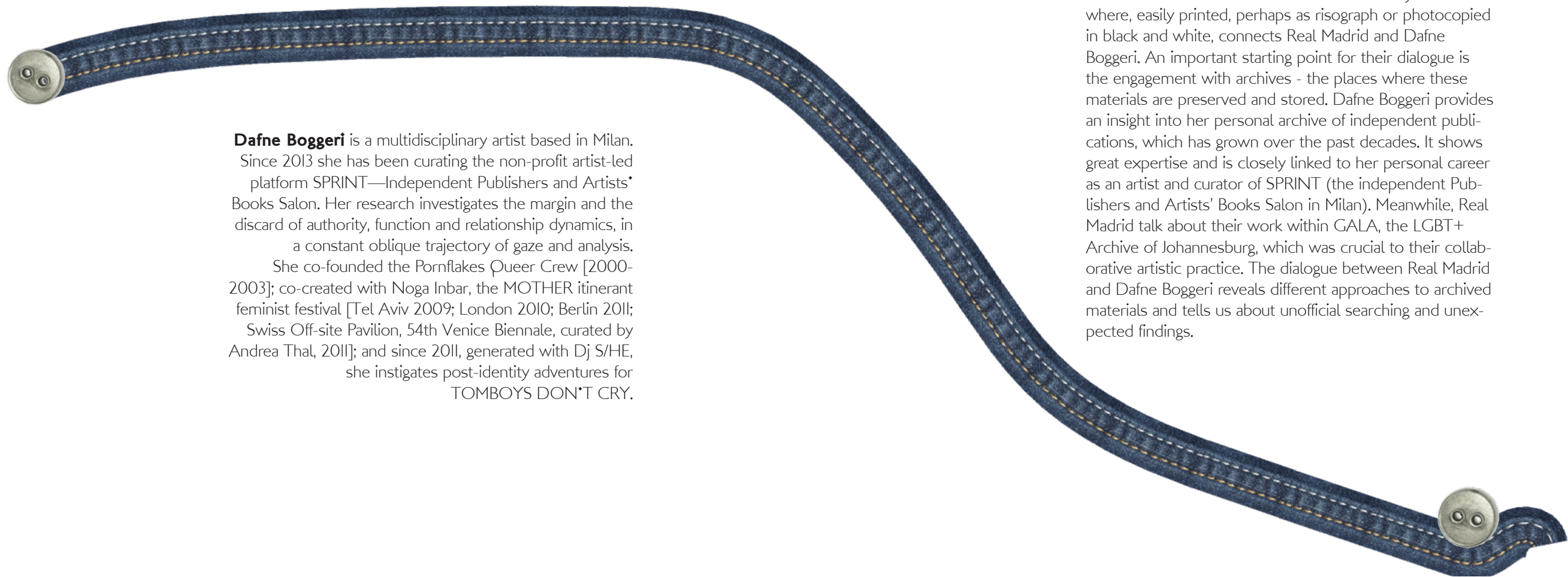
She co-founded the Pornflakes Queer Crew [2000-2003]; co-created with Noga Inbar, the MOTHER itinerant feminist festival [Tel Aviv 2009; London 2010; Berlin 2011; Swiss Off-site Pavilion, 54th Venice Biennale, curated by Andrea Thal, 2011]; and since 2011, generated with Dj S/HE, she instigates post-identity adventures for TOMBOYS DON'T CRY.

Foreword

Gioia dal Molin

The artist collective Real Madrid is spending ten months in Rome as part of Istituto Svizzero's residency programme Roma Calling. This written conversation with artist Dafne Boggeri has been developed as a project for their Venerdi Pomeriggio, a format that gives the resident artists and researchers of the IS the opportunity to present their work or research in a public setting. Within the context of the pandemic and the lockdown, Real Madrid decided to turn their Venerdi Pomeriggio into a private conversation with Dafne and publish an open-source pamphlet.

An interest in magazines, zines or other materials created in the environment of the LGBT+ scene in Italy and elsewhere, easily printed, perhaps as risograph or photocopied in black and white, connects Real Madrid and Dafne Boggeri. An important starting point for their dialogue is the engagement with archives - the places where these materials are preserved and stored. Dafne Boggeri provides an insight into her personal archive of independent publications, which has grown over the past decades. It shows great expertise and is closely linked to her personal career as an artist and curator of SPRINT (the independent Publishers and Artists' Books Salon in Milan). Meanwhile, Real Madrid talk about their work within GALA, the LGBT+ Archive of Johannesburg, which was crucial to their collaborative artistic practice. The dialogue between Real Madrid and Dafne Boggeri reveals different approaches to archived materials and tells us about unofficial searching and unexpected findings.



Roma - Milano June 2020



RM Shortly before the lockdown, Barbara Casavecchia came to visit our studio. The conversation swiftly turned towards the activism scene centred in Milan in the 2000s, specifically about the printed material of the LGBT+ communities at the time. Our interest in such scene was one of the many reasons we applied for a residency at the Swiss Institute here in Rome. Speaking with Barbara, your name came up almost immediately. We already knew you on account of Pornflakes, Mother and SPRINT ... but she was the first person to mention your personal collection of independent publications and zines. At first we wanted to invite you to Rome for an open discussion, hoping you would introduce some of the jewels from your archive. Because of the Covid pandemic, we had to change our plans and turn this meeting into a remote conversation which actually allows for a slower pace, leaving more time to find the most suitable images. Although the act of archiving and collecting is not clearly visible in our work - as our collection habits are more like a messy gathering of found memorabilia and anecdotal printed matter that often becomes a starting point of our work - this world of independent self-publishing has a very charged emotional influence on our research.

Knowing you from a distance, we thought it would be a good idea to exchange experiences: would you like to start by introducing us to your archive?

DB I had difficulties in reading and writing. As a child I managed to pretend I could for a while, then at a certain point the gap became overwhelmingly visible and 'self-produced publishing' immediately became a spontaneous approach that assisted me in my studies. Scruffy notebooks

with contents organised magazine-like, articles embellished with collages and drawings ...while simulating my own editorial staff made up of imaginary friends. The provincial world before the internet was a very particular adventure, in which the kinetic act of browsing through pages literally took you to other worlds, which you overlooked through the perimeter of the page... that is when I started collecting magazine clippings, loose pages and entire issues. I was suspicious of books initially, as I associated them with conflicted family dynamics, it took me a long time before I got closer to them and now I have no more room to store them...

All this collected material implies a boundless declaration of love for printed matter, be they labels, stickers, plastic bags, a ticket for a local train from '84, flyers, or the original 1915 edition of Djuna Barnes's 'The Book of Repulsive Women', a self-produced screen-printed book [on which I am also working on a piece]. In this personal and not very orthodox collection, some loose thematic stand out, represented by a large amount of 'distilled' material in order to allow a cohabitation in a domestic space that I would call 'acrobatic'. The more or less mainstream magazines [either whole or in pieces] of the first phase, were later joined by projects about the self-production scene, initially linked to hip-hop culture [in the mid-'90s I was a spray train writer and I contributed to the graphics of 'Alleanza Latina', produced by Sid, in a basement near Via Prè in Genoa]. Then, in a moment at the 'edge of the internet', I undertook a more experimental queer research and gradually increased the number of books that explored this thematic...

From 1997 to 2017 I also worked for the artistic department of a large publishing house in Milan: being immersed in the vision and in the contradictions of such an intricate system allowed me to accomplish the big leap into publishing: from photocopying to the rotary press and vice versa...

RM Does the independent publication format represent a more accessible and easier way to approach this multiverse, rather than officially published books, which you found "suspicious"?

We think of production as a filter. In this case it is provid-



ed by informal aesthetics and dictated by the photocopier and the clipping, putting stories on an extremely physical level made of multiple open doors, inside which the text has an additional level of information in its being image. Printing zines, although not improvised, is less solemn and academic, and on paper its structure becomes much more similar to the flow of thoughts. Images and words mix and can no longer be distinguished: one can't understand where their source is but remains a sense of logical coherence.

At the turn of the millennium the internet came along, overtaking private homes en masse. It was something completely new, perhaps it was in a way the digital evolution of photocopies and collages; they still share some codes. We have the feeling that approaching printed matter today generates a different mechanism than the one they used to trigger, but perhaps we were born too close to the "edge of the internet". We recently discovered that when we were younger we both used to produce small journals or pamphlets: perhaps meticulously crafted in the hope of seducing some classmates ;_:_ ...they sometimes imitated the column-based structure of newspapers, included drawings and comics and provided random information about the school or imaginary tales. Today there is a clear nostalgic component connected to printed stuff we would like to get rid of most of the times without success... Would you like to show us some pieces you are particularly attached to?

DB Books, in my case, initially represented a symbol of conflict with the concept of hierarchy, including language. Even before learning to read I was aware of being lesbian, and the unconscious intuition that none of the speaking voices in those books could partially be mine. Fortunately it did not turn out to be true, there was a lot of the Beat Generation, but somehow it shaped me around the complexity of how we confront things. For example, what I did not receive from literature in the first phase of my life, I received them from listening to music, in a language that I did not understand literally but that returned an instinctive and primordial communication...

But, returning to the characteristics of book/magazine formats, you described the feeling very well: books were

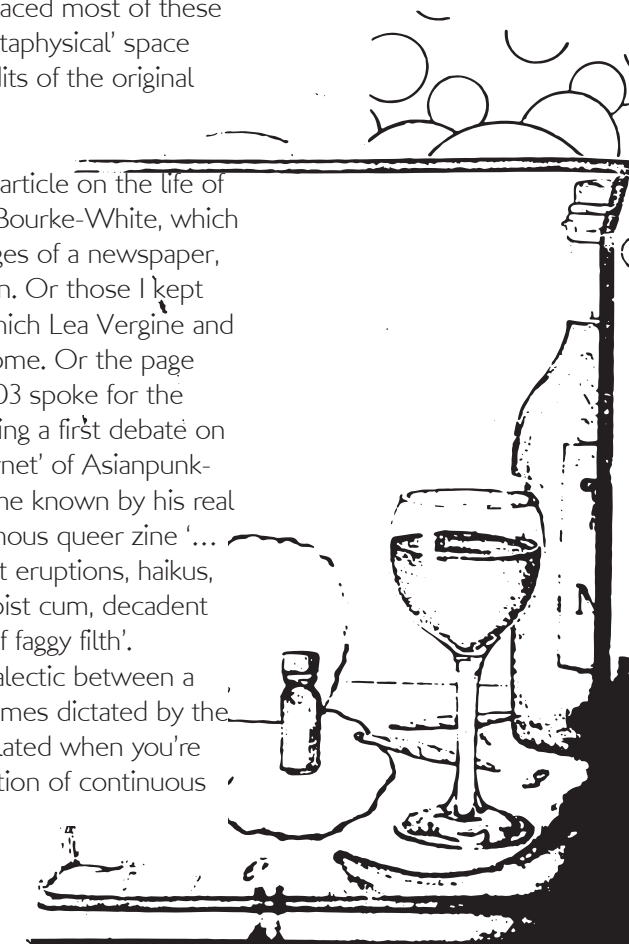
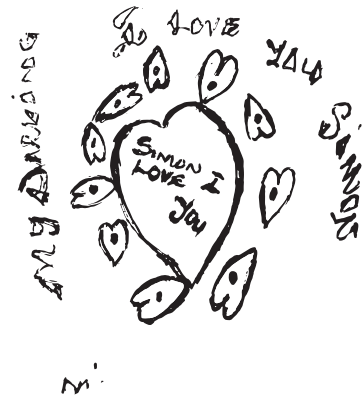
loaded with a 'solemnity' which implied being browsed through with the cleanest hands, without any thought of tearing out pages or underlining passages... Whereas the informal ductility of magazines and their ephemeral lives won me over immediately; equally in the case of more or less mainstream prints which covered a specific area, so as for the independent and self-produced ones. Nowadays, the latter, tend increasingly to become 'objects' as well as content and they end up being at the mercy of relocations or simply too worn out to keep them...

It sometimes happens that these past or current publications contain illuminating articles which then become difficult to source because of a 'short memory effect', unless perhaps by means of exceptional archives...

For this reason up to the 'edge of the internet' it was useful for me to keep not only certain selected copies, but also pages in folders and cut-outs pasted into big notebooks in order to map those areas of interest. All this fuelled through more or less organised insights, texts, images and signs that I randomly found in the various magazines I browsed. With the internet I then replaced most of these folders with digital ones, taking up 'metaphysical' space carrying a higher risk of losing the credits of the original version, which is a real shame.

I am thinking, for example, of a recent article on the life of the American photographer Margaret Bourke-White, which I tore without permission from the pages of a newspaper, while I was, pre-Covid, in a bar in Milan. Or those I kept from a 2009 weekly supplement in which Lea Vergine and Enzo Mari presented their Milanese home. Or the page from an English magazine which in 2003 spoke for the radicality of some subcultures, containing a first debate on the work at the 'edge of the post-internet' of Asianpunk-boy [a Canadian artist who later became known by his real name: Terence Koh] and his homonymous queer zine '... an infusion of gentle surfaces, dissident eruptions, haikus, mapped pictures, dirty illustrations, moist cum, decadent artificial words, love and all manners of faggy filth'.

But I believe there can be a healthy dialectic between a digital copy and a physical one, sometimes dictated by the fact that content is often better assimilated when you're offline, without the anxiety and distraction of continuous updates.





I'm sending you some photos that document part of the archive in its various forms. There are pieces of screen printed paper and cardboard which I came across by chance mainly in street markets, as well as advertising cards and tickets to some suburban discos of the '80s. PVC stickers that are often the very emanation of editorial projects or signs of an important meeting, for example the one with photographer Camilla Candida Donzella: a friend with whom I share a passion for independent publishing, or the meeting with the performance group Barokthegreat [Sonia Brunelli and Leila Gharib], whose 'Palestra Espressiva' experience led to a cycle of zines measuring the language of the body with that of words and translation, in its own way 'written' into choreography. Or also with the Viennese collective SOYBOT specialised in screen and Risograph printing. There are some pages from the architecture section, for instance a 'post-writing' article in which the American artist

ESPO explains his particular style which appropriates the anti-graffiti technique to produce graffiti, with a surprising abstract minimalist and 'mimetic' effect; and also the retrospective on the London magazine Archigram which from '61 to '70 experimented with radical and utopian solutions in antithesis to Modernism [Dazed & Confused]; or even an extract from an article on the visionary buildings designed by Enzo Venturini and on Buckminster Fuller's incredible project in Parco Sempione for the Milan Triennale of '54-'57 [Casa Vogue]. Material from my notebooks of the early '00s, with images and texts pasted in as 'flows'. Some of the editions which I am most attached to, a bit because they have been discovered at the 'edge of the internet', bring with themselves a vivid feeling of effort and surprise in having tracked them down, also because of the topicality of the queer transfeminism issues they deal with.

On the definition of various types of publications: zines - with an isbn code? - magazines - with hard covers and no advertisements? - books - with advertising or without binding? - a very long debate could be opened. After 'Boys Don't Cry' by Frank Ocean [2016] and 'Rihanna Zine' [2020] all categories have definitely collapsed often due to the use of a language which is instrumental to marketing... - and if you want to we can talk about it over a "grolla" one day :)

FUORI!, 1972, [IT]: during a party in the early '00s I found myself wandering in the Calusca City Light bookstore [also home to the Primo Moroni Archive] which was still open, inside C.S.O.A [occupied self managed social centre] Cox 18 in Milan. On a shelf I noticed this very rare issue of the monthly magazine Liberazione Sessuale del Fronte Unitario Omosessuale Rivoluzionario Italiano, with articles by, among

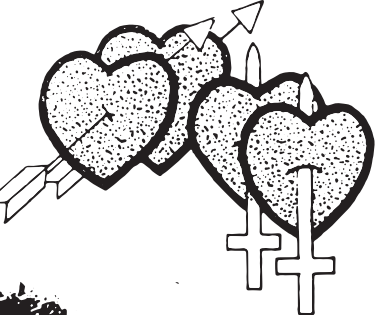




others, Mario Mieli, Mariasilvia Spolato and Angelo Pazzana. I thought I was hallucinating, I could not believe I was touching an original document from a period of which I still knew too little but which I understood to be essential for everything we were trying to do as Pornflakes queer crew and later as TOMBOYS DON'T CRY, a platform for women of any gender and non-binary creatures. Once I opened the issue, I noticed a couple of pages printed on slightly different paper and with a less editorial appearance. Only after a second look I discovered that it was the '77 supplement to the publication 'Dalle Cantine... Frocie', an editorial project curated by Corrado Levi with the students of the Department of Architecture of the Milan Politecnico, which at the time was being occupied. The posters were also distributed as a 'pirate' supplement in other independent magazines. The two folded posters printed in a purple/fuchsia colour are still an example of how irony and the skilful combination of sacred and profane elements can create an object which is not yet identified and not yet fully contemporary today: totally surprising and somehow already in an unconscious dialogue with international attitudes and research. Like David Wojnarowicz, the artist/musician [3 Teens Kill 4] who Corrado would later meet in New York in the early '80s and who he will invite to take part in the 'Il Cangiante' exhibition he curated at PAC in Milan in 1986.

After, I discovered that all 32 issues of 'FUORI!', published between '72 and 82, were collected in the Primo Moroni Archive, with which I later collaborated for the 'IF I CAN'T ARCHIVE I DON'T WANT TO BE PART OF YOUR REVOLUTION'; a research workshop I curated for the Academy of Brera [2018/19], as part of the Seminar 'Sexuality Policies and Visual Cultures' curated by Barbara Casavecchia, Lucrezia Cippitelli, Simone Frangi, Raffaella Pulejo; and for the Risograph workshop within SPRINT.

Kitty Magik 04, 2000 [US]: self-produced zine by Marisa 'Magik' which collected information on the Riot Girl movement that began in America in the '90s, reactivating a fourth feminist wave through the 'voice' of punk groups like Bikini Kill, L7, Babes in Toyland, Bratmobile, as well as key figures including the musician/writer Toby Vail and singer Kathleen Hanna [who after Bikini Kill founded



eldom among them. Rodge:
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the alter-pop group Le Tigre], with Johanna Fateman and artist Sadie Benning, later replaced by JD Samson. It is an analogue copy/paste publication that perfectly represents the DIY tradition that characterized the '90s and early '00s, with reviews of concerts, groups and streams of self-awareness in pursuit of alliances to share zigzag paths...



KUTT magazine, 2002 [Amsterdam]:
Saturday afternoon ritual: going to visit Claudia 'Book' who worked in the Babele gay bookshop of Milan in Via San Nicola. I remember that upon entering, on the far right there was a large table on which the A5 zines were placed. Usually among the most interesting and experimental there was 'BUTT' magazine, printed on its distinctive pink paper, but that day a strange creature appeared alongside the latest

issue in pink: 'KUTT Dyke Zine'. Born from a collaboration with 'BUTT', 'KUTT' was its female equivalent curated by Jessica Gysel. It contained original interviews with unconventional creatures like Eileen Myles, and visual contributions from artists, with a graphic style that shadowed its older 'sister' bringing together unexpected coordinates of collisions: from historical feminism to the riot electronic scene. After three issues, 'KUTT's desire for independence became too strong and Jessica decided to open a new path with 'Girls Like Us' ...

Speed Demon, 2000, 2004, 2005, 2008 [Milan]: During my time with the Pornflakes queer crew [2000- 2003], I got to know Flavio Magnani, who from 1990 to 2008 produced the only Italian zine focusing on queer music [specifically punk and indie] with professional interviews and editing in a visual style that kept all of the abrasive freshness of the analogue punk layout [thanks to Ango's 'the Meek Dead' memorable work!]. The Speed Demon collection is a very rare witness of a

niche scene fuelled by the passion and drive of a few people who were determined to tell stories and experiences often short-lived, but which attested the energy and vision of a generation.

Queeruption 2003 [Berlin]: a tiny booklet of introduction to the programme and survival for the 8 days of meetings of radical queer realities from all over the world in Berlin, between 19 and 26 March. Queeruption was a self-managed event which, from 1998 to 2017, was held in a different city every year. In 2003 I had the opportunity to be part of the German edition as a DJ with the queer group Pornflakes [founded in Milan in 2000 with Tina, Ango, Elisa, Satia, Sally Cellophane and Marcorso]. The event occupied a former military radio signals base in Kesselberg, in the middle of a forest east of Berlin. The A5 publication, photocopied in b/w, was an essential tool for regulating the coexistence of all the people arriving from all over the world, motivating everyone to contribute to the creation of a safe space in such a special environment.

Today from that experience remains a vivid urgency for the queer attitude not to refrain from questioning power dynamics in a way that Jose Esteban Muñoz perfectly described: 'we may never touch queerness, but we can feel it as the warm illumination of a horizon imbued with potentiality.'

Clit Rocket 03, 2004 [Rome]: produced by Veruska Outlaw, mostly written in English. It is one of the few examples of queer riot girl self-production in Italy. Veruska and Giulia Vallicelli [Porcx Mx Donnx, Vida Loca rec., Compulsive Archive] have always been an important point of reference, in an area where it was complicated to find resources that talked about other possible ways and worlds. The zine is printed with that special 'opaque' reflection effect of black toner, the one that if soaked in trichloroethylene could transfer and fix photocopied images on paper or even onto cotton, to make editions of very improvised t-shirts [laser toners unfortunately don't work]...

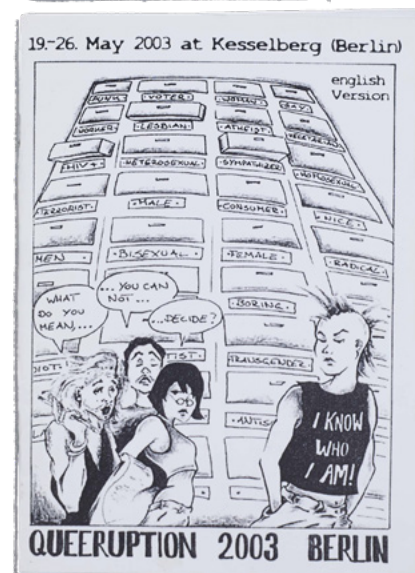
Giggle in The Dark, 2005 [Montreal]: this is a meta-zine, a perfect expression of the 'edge of the internet', created by the Canadian group Lesbians On Ecstasy, who made it available for download from their website so that anyone

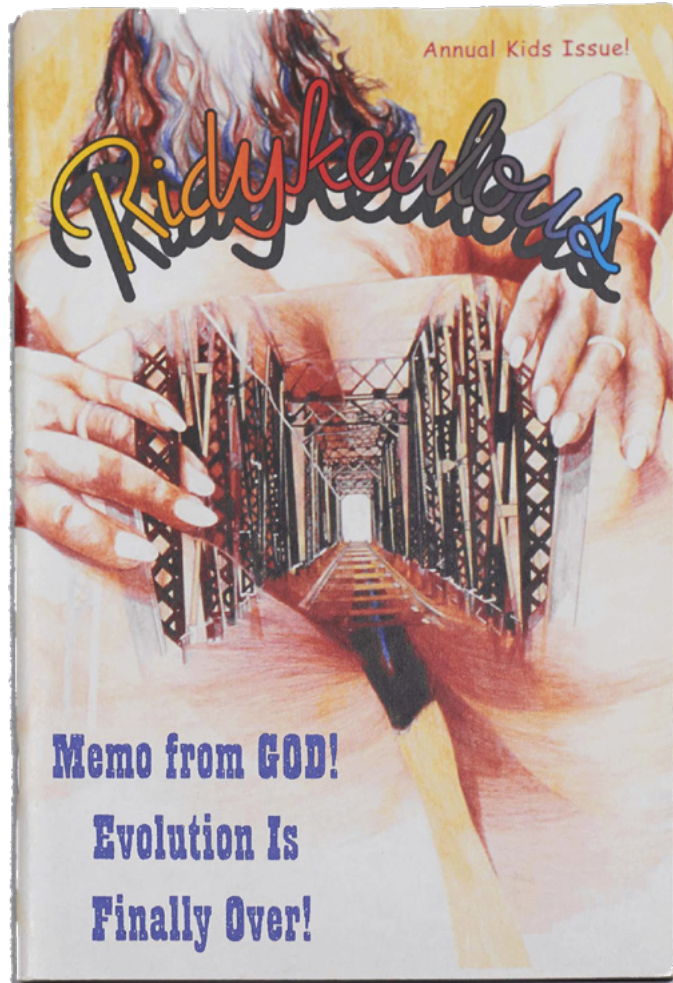
could print it. It's a booklet accompanying the release of the group's remix compilation of the same name and which gathered contributions from the musicians they collaborated with [Tracy and the Plastics, Kids On TV, Katastrophe...] in a very authentic and spontaneous way.

Girls Like Us, 2005-on going [Amsterdam]: the project was born as a development of the process begun with 'KUTT' magazine by Jessica Gysel. In 2005 the edition began in a vaguely A5 format and then expanded into an enlarged version. As in the case of 'KUTT', 'Girls Like Us' succeeded immediately in creating a feeling of community, including a transgenerational one.

In this sense, the magazine continues to be very sensitive and receptive to all the urgencies that exist in an intersectional and inclusive dimension, where the lesbian community, of any kind, embraces several forms of being and feeling... Over the years I got to know Jessica, whom I worked with on various projects, also through TOM-BOYS DON'T CRY for 'Mothers & Daughters', a queer transfeminist collective which from 2018, in Brussels, has been organising a summer programme of talks, screenings, parties and workshops.

Little Joe, 2011 [London]: this was the first zine focusing on queer cinema which I ever heard of. Started in 2010 by Sam Ashby, it undertook an editorial experience based on the research and rediscovery of lesser-known stories, managing to achieve a skilful balance at the aesthetic/conceptual level between classic camp aspects and innovative forms, such as the decision to print each issue in Risograph technique, which mixes the effect of screen printing with the practicality of photocopying, in only two colors. 'Little Joe' came to end with the publication of the 5th issue in 2015, but somehow, I think, it contributed more or less directly to fuelling many other projects such as the 'Dirty Looks' platform, that conducts a similar research to 'Little Joe's' between NY and LA, but which also started in 2011 with a physical community of audiences and screenings in niche cinemas and then added publishing to its activities.





Ridykeulous, 2006 [New York]: a feminist queer project created by Nicole Eisenman and A.L. Steiner that so far has created only one, though memorable, issue, so uncategorizable that it is almost legendary...

The very explicit cover design, combined with such an ironic title, were the ingredients that immediately caught my attention. Inside is a delirious sequence of content that does not invite you to any date but rather slaps your retina making you lose consciousness and leaving you with a single question: 'where am I?' Among the long list of contributors is also the poet Eileen Myles who keeps 'returning' in this conversation like a mantra...

Kaiserin 02, 2007 - a magazine for boys with problem [Paris]: French gay zine with a 'post-BUTT' artistic/urbanistic approach. From 2006 to 2012 it built up nine volumes and five special editions with an incredible density of visual and textual content, embodying the 'composed' graphic language which is specific to that period.

They Shoot Homos Don't They? 2005, 2008 [Melbourne]: a gay magazine published by Shannon Michael Cane that in its 5 issues addressed aspects of the community, also from the little-explored 'post-HIV' perspective both in the mainstream and in the independent sphere. [2003-2008]



LTTR, 2002-2007 [New York] was a publishing project conceived by the genderqueer feminist artists Ginger Brooks Takahashi, K8 Hardy and Emily Roysdon. I discovered this on the web and I was immediately struck by the cover image of the first issue, a work by Emily Roysdon: a tribute to the artist David Wojnarowicz and to his series of black and white photographs in which, in various places in New York in the '70s, he had some friends posing wearing paper masks with the features of the French homosexual poet Arthur Rimbaud. On the cover of LTTR is portrayed, seen from above, a female body in an autoerotic pose with a dildo and a mask, similar to that of Rimbaud, but with the features of David. At the time I didn't know Wojnarowicz's work—the critic/curator Sonia Campagnola introduced it to me later—and I had never been to NY, but that image generated a deep desire to get in touch with that group of artists who had created an 'informal' zine with a different format and medium each issue, without any pre-established hierarchies between texts, drawings and photos, in a radical communal dimension.

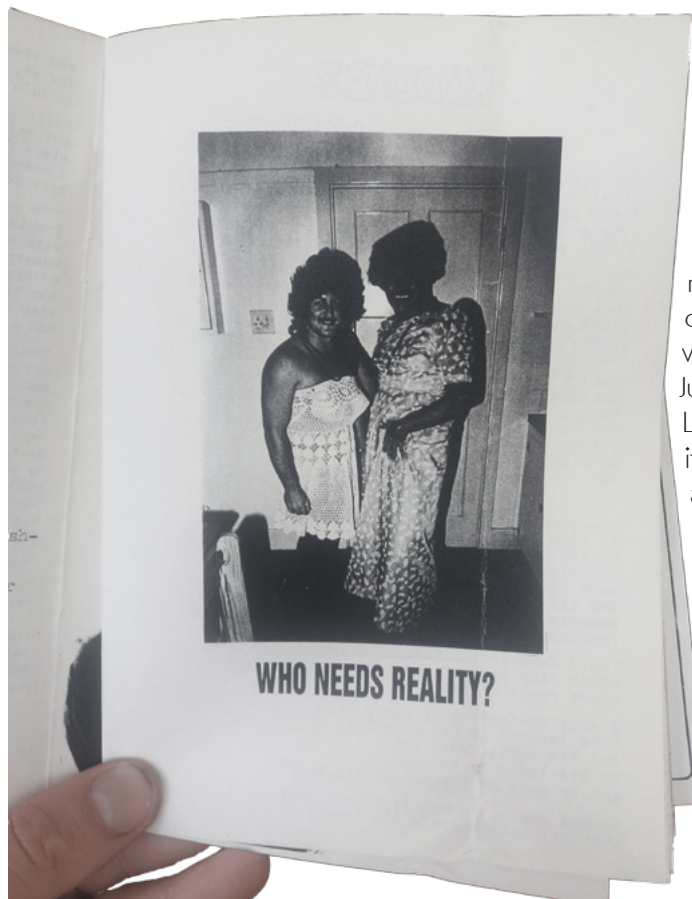
LTTR also displayed sets of content created by means of open calls. I don't remember how many times I applied unsuccessfully, but after a sizeable number of rejections I finally found a way to contribute with the video 'fat/soft/normal/skinny' to the review entitled THE DEAD, THE ABSENT AND FICTITIOUS [2006, Mix Festival, NY; 2007, Outfest, LA; 2007 Documenta 12, Kassel]. This led to other experiences: as a result in 2007 I introduced some people related to the group to a very special space in LA, the Silver Platter bar. A place I had discovered during the months of residence at the Mountain School [curated by Piero Golia and Eric Wesley], tracking down marginal LGBTQAIXYZ realities. At the time, the place was mostly frequented by the Latinx trans community, but shortly afterwards, the same people I took there that evening to celebrate the conclusion of a transition, made it a part of a new 'accelerated' artistic scene—immersed in contradictions and euphoria...

A READER – a visual archive, 2006-2009 [Amsterdam]: series of 3 posters, A0, made by Stefanie Seibold. The artist attached to the wall of her studio a selection of various materials, from newspaper clippings, photocopied books, postcards and invitations, occupying the same portion of

wall every time. This composition was photographed on a 1:1 scale in three different phases. It contained a rigorous combination of elements alternating references between gender and identity, on how stereotypes of feminine and masculine emerge in mass communication and how a queer feeling can derail these shores to open new horizons... The idea of literally replicating part of Stefanie's studio, frozen in those photographs with an in-depth captioning of the sources on the back of each one; make it a powerful means of investigating the 'norm'. The three posters were launched in 2006 at the symposium Feminist legacies and potentials in contemporary art practice [Utrecht] and have been included in various venues such as: City Women Festival [Ljubljana]; IF I CAN'T DANCE, De Appel [Amsterdam]; re.act.feminism., Akademie der Künste [Berlin] ; MOTHER festival [Tel Aviv]. The material I have collected is mostly European and American, and unfortunately it is not very diverse geographically. I would be glad to know something more about your experience in the Johannesburg LGBTQAIXYZ archive, on what led you there and the contents you discovered...



topic in our talks was the imaginary bedroom of a fictitious teenager. That made-up room had its hidden corners, contained secret documents and pictures, hidden childish things of which adolescents are a little ashamed of, and furniture edges on which they had rubbed their genitals, at first accidentally, then intentionally. In this made-up place the occupant of the room seemed to have just left: the seat was still warm, the smell of sleep still impregnated the pillow and we, sort of apprehensive parents, came in searching for an explanation. This space seemed to us as the extension of the inner imagination not only of an individual, but of a social riot. We discovered GALA while we were captivated by this non-existent place: we got so passionate about it because of the particular way in which the archive was born. Part of the GALA archive consists of what since 2013 has been called the Cooper-Sparks Queer Community Library, the contents of which were secretly collected and stored in the closet of a member of the local LGBTQ+ community of Johannesburg. We imagined this constant symbolic movement of a community that regains possession of its own places, including the very private closet in which it was held hostage... this closet itself became a place where a theory of resistance begun to gather and make itself visible.

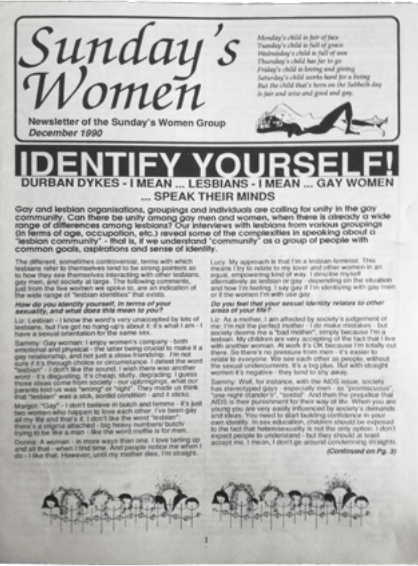
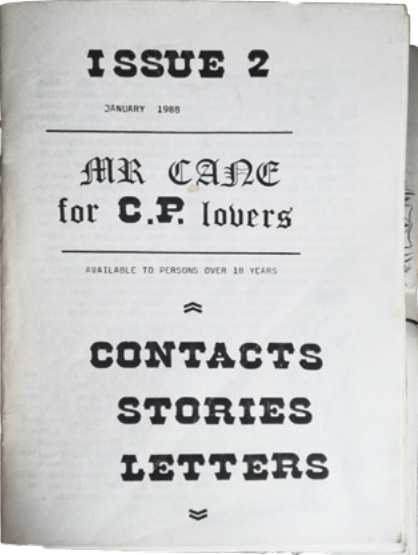


RM We bumped into GALA a bit by chance. It was around 2015 and we were looking for a book called Tommy boys, lesbian men and Ancestral Wives [Ruth Morgan and Saskia Wierenga, 2005]. Through a couple of links and two reckless clicks we reached the archive's website. Just to introduce it: GALA is an LGBTQ+ archive in Johannesburg, it is also a point of reference and a guardian for several other African archives located in nearby countries where non-normativity is riskier [e.g. GALZ, Gays and Lesbians of Zimbabwe]. Real Madrid was a fairly recent thing back then, and we were probably trying to shape our collective trip. A recurrent

Certain things evolved fairly quick and, since it was established 25 years ago, the archive has collected and preserved a great deal of objects, flyers, books, photographs, poems, t-shirts and banners that were until then scattered in cellars and drawers of community members who initially did not know what to do with them, but who fortunately felt their historical value. Thanks to its history, to its struggles and conquests [e.g. the South African constitution prohibits discrimination against LGBT+ people as of 1994] GALA soon became a point of reference and a place of safekeeping of material held by other LGBT+ centres in Africa which are often less official or even illegal. Today GALA is [quoting its manifesto] ‘a catalyst for the production, preservation and dissemination of historical, cultural and contemporary knowledge of LGBTIQ people’. Nowadays the archive houses any type of item produced by and for the community, and includes the Cooper-Sparks library, largely made up of publications and newsletters made by local and international organisations since the early ‘90s.

A couple of years later we managed to obtain the necessary funds to visit the archive now located in a room of the Wits University building. We stayed in Johannesburg for about a month, selecting and examining contents but leaving ourselves room to focus on the unexpected. We decided to go through the archive following an emotional method, pulling threads from various sides and trailing intriguing details in what initially seemed like a random methodology. Above all, the history of the community we were coming closer to appeared in its full complexity, often based on neighbourhood negotiations, places and printed matter structured after racial segregation.

Some of the documents left us with the impression that we were handling very personal material: these were almost exclusively papers from the ‘80s and ‘90s, for the most part made of xerox copies. This material spoke directly or indirectly of apartheid and intersectionality: letters from rural areas expressing fear of being gay or denial of AIDS, which always seemed to be targeting a different social group. Only whites according to blacks, or only the poor according to the rich, or only Americans, or only homos. Yet South Africa was for a long time the country with



the highest rate of HIV positives, the majority of whom were heterosexuals. We are giving you a lot of ‘peripheral’ or contextual information as our experience at GALA didn’t sought any specific center even after returning to Europe. It was an experience that took time to find its place in our work. Initially, we had a draft plan to visually re-enact some of the historical structures of the archive in order to put together a work [in a more or less shared sense of the term]... then this intention changed, partly because we really needed to do nothing concrete with that material. We needed time and this conversation—two years after the the trip—is probably one of the first opportunities for us to gain a clearer understanding of those intentions. Actually in one single case we published some excerpts of that material at the Centre d’art Contemporain in Geneva in September 2018. We exhibited, together with an inflatable and a wallpaper in an installation titled ‘MyDoom’, four anonymised xerox copies of letters of apology sent by customers of the Dungeon—an LGBT+ club of the ‘80s and ‘90s in Johannesburg. These had been sent by customers after getting over their hangovers and feeling ashamed for their behaviour during one of the evenings spent at the club. In these concise letters you can sense the fear of being expelled from such meeting places, so important for that minority, as if they were revealing the importance of belonging to a community through their requests for forgiveness, each time concluding with ‘I hope you will let me in again.’

To mention some of the independent publications we came across at GALA, we could name Sunday’s Women, a lesbian publication based in Durban, made from stapled A3 xerox copies folded in half. Or a b/w zine, about A5 format, called ‘Mr. Cane for C.P. lovers’, a collection of drawings like those from a colouring book. It was specialised in spanking and submission, and the drawings represented scenes of whipping and corporal punishment.

The publication that gave us the most insight on that historical context was Glowletter. It was the LGBT+ association GLOW’s newsletter, one of the most significant in Johannesburg. The acronym GLOW stands for Gay and Lesbian Organization of the Witwatersrand and

it was formed in 1988 by a group of black gay and lesbian activists like Beverly Palesa Ditsie, and the president Simon Nkoli. Nkoli later died in prison in 1998 after being jailed for a protest, becoming a crucial figure in the intersectional fight against apartheid and homo-transphobia. Beverly and Simon were both well-known to their local community: they co-organised in 1990 the first Johannesburg Pride, and every month they published and sent out Glowletter to members and to other associations in the South African provinces, but also in neighbouring countries. Thanks to this capillarity, several of the readers' letters now collected by GALA come from nearby countries like Mozambique or Botswana; giving a glimpse of the impact of their activism.

In the boxes containing GLOW's material, we found some of the most emotionally charged documents: those were indeed the letters sent by readers to other members through the newsletter, using it as a tool of communication among each other [approaching the 'edge of the internet?']. In the texts of those letters, most of them written in English, a few in Afrikaans or Zulu, others in different local languages, were declarations of love, marriage proposals, intimate stories about secret crushes, tales of diseases, heart wrenching poems, and confessions... and questions about sexuality, affection and society.

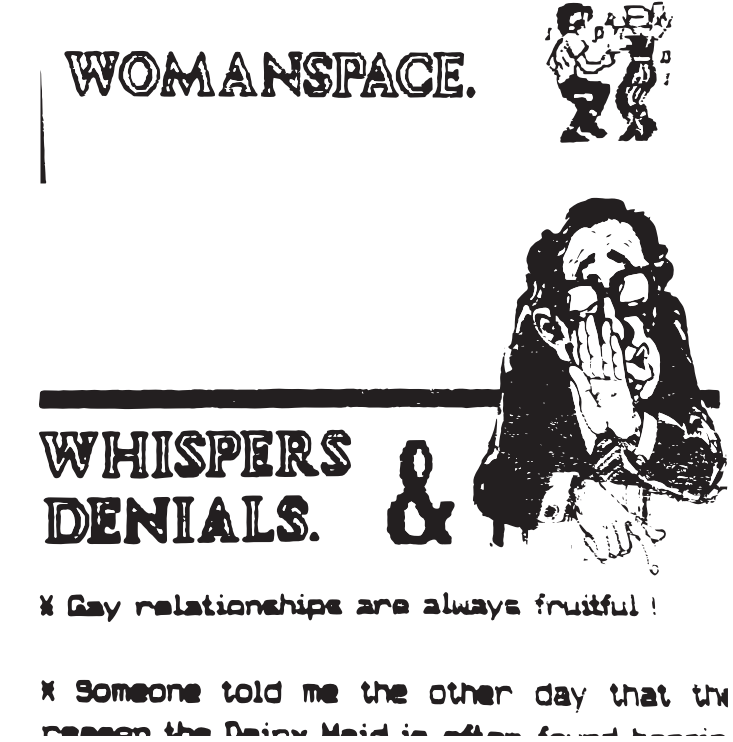
Glowletter disseminated news and any kind of information from/to the LGBT+ community, it publicly answered letters and guided 'lost souls' in their attempts to explore and assert their sexual identity. It was a creased almost A3 size paper, slightly larger perhaps, with a neat layout disseminated with comic strips and illustrated cartoons cypypasted from American LGBT+ press. These drawings often threw a more humorous glance towards social and individual dramas afflicting many people, towards segregation and fear of HIV.

We later connected these comic strips to other American zines which became key for us because of their specific focus on sexually transmitted diseases, a recurring theme in our work. We were fascinated by the way they dealt with the topics of death and decay in a non-self-pitying manner, violently rejecting any victimhood. Examples are Infected Faggot Perspectives, and our beloved Diseased



Pariah News. DPN was a zine from San Francisco made by and for gay people living with and dying of AIDS, whose mascot was the oncomouse. Eleven issues were published until 1993, with a macabre and irreverent slant that re-took control of their sick status [e.g. issues 5 and 6 contain a central page with a nude photo of the model's CD4 count among other body measurements]. Their dark and humorous coping mechanism sparked our piece of a dismembered kiosk built for the installation 'It's my party and I'll die if I want to' later shown at Migros Museum in Zurich in 2019, for the exhibition United by AIDS curated by Raphael Gyga.

DB When you talk about a macabre and humorous mood, I think that Ridyekeulous might be a good example of desecrating and unsettling content. A similar vibe is also to be found in some pages of Speed Demon, like the ones with G.B. Jones' BDSM illustrations, with their style inspired by Tom of Finland but in a lesbian punk key with less sculptural proportions and lines, placing itself in some way in a dialogue with 'acid' comics such as Tank Girl [Jamie Hewlett, Alan Martin, 1988] or Skin [Peter Milligan, Brendan McCarty, 1990].



RM Finally, we would like to ask about your practice of archiving: how do you keep the collection? Why do you think it is important to save and store some material? Does it make any sense to ask you how it relates to your artistic practice... or should it instead be considered as an essential part of it? On our side, what we have spoken of so far has been of great help in order to attain a clearer reading of this methodology of ours, initially almost indecipherable, and that we often use in our being hunter-gatherers of printed material... It is a process that usually repeats itself within the more research-y side of our work. It seems as if you don't follow a merely academic method either when you approach certain archival materials... What seems to guide you, and maybe what guides us as well, sounds more like certain unspoken rules of fetishism we seem to regularly apply when spotting the sexiest publications, the most rousing texts, the hottest cutouts...



How can you tell the difference between a dead PWA and a living HIVer? You may assume that this is an easy task, but a friend of mine recently came across two checklists designed to help those who are confused by such issues. It was printed in a manual for "caregivers" of PWAs, written from a "deathbeddy" (i.e., "let me share the spiritual charge of your death and/or terminal 'healing' by hugging you while you slowly expire") perspective.

The first check-list offers "signs and symptoms of approaching death." It warns: "Not all these symptoms will appear at the same time and some or all may never appear." Be that as it may, here are some of the listed indicators:

- ▶ Increased sleeping during the day, difficult to arouse.
- ▶ Confusion about time and place and identity of close and familiar people. (Both of these sound like Ronald Reagan to me.)
- ▶ Death rattle. (Never a good sign.)

Those of you who fail to correctly interpret the helpful hints listed above can try the next checklist for "Signs of Death."

- ▶ No breathing.
- ▶ No heartbeat.
- ▶ Loss of control of bowel and bladder.
- ▶ No response to shaking or shouting.

I have some misgivings about that last item, "no response to shaking or shouting," as it conjures up uncomfortable images of the slightly inept caregiver slapping a PWA corpse while yelling "Yo, dude! Are you alive or what? Yo! Therefore, I would like to propose some additions to the "Signs of Death" checklist, in the hope that these subtle clues can clinch the question without resorting to raised voices or agitating dying HIVers.



RAPIDLY DEVOURING CORPSES. The presence of large scavenger birds (e.g., crows, vultures, bald eagles) nibbling on your ex-lover's body generally indicates death. In the future, when housekeeping for terminal HIVers, avoid leaving unscreened windows open.

PERSISTENT MORTUARY SALES PITCHES. Repeated calls from funeral services vendors may be premature, but you might as well check. They often have better access to hospital records than you do. Remember that—at least in California—special surcharges for handling HIVer corpses have been ruled illegal.

ABRUPT CESSATION OF SARCASM. If your caregiver no longer makes nasty comments when you perform Louise Hay-style affirmations over him with your crystal, it may be

some of these kept carefully and become our most cherished possessions.

This collage method we applied diving into GALA has perhaps a thing in common with the notebook collection you talked about earlier: while in Johannesburg, and even after it, we tried to put together a patchwork of information apparently without following a clear rule but instead following another flow.

DB Looking at your work, I was mostly intrigued that there was no immediate relationship between the outcome of the trip to South Africa and the experience the access to the GALA archive left you. I found this seemingly 'unproductive' swerve very heartening, as if I felt the breath of a voice was warming up, a space

and a time conquered that I also consider part of a certain radicality, out of a sprint towards a result at any cost...

Then there is the great personal curiosity in reconstructing the 'riddle' that caused this suspension, that I would define as delicate, in view of the attentive and thoughtful gaze you have on the material and the features of that encounter—which I imagine projected you into a familiar but also unknown imagery... I think one of the great potentials of the archive is also the possibility that you can decide not to 'activate' the material and the inner baggage that it gives you, at least not consciously. It seems to me a great privilege to be able to have these possibilities. It would be useful if in Italy some channels would be developed to tap the value of all this material, which often slips between gaps in institutional frameworks...

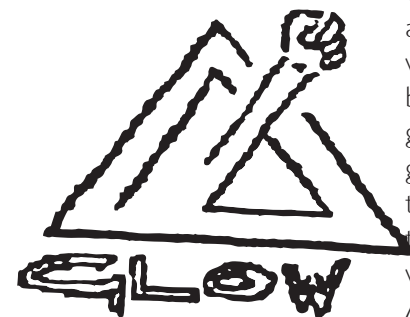
Mine is a messy, non-premeditated archive, born by chance, that I would define as elastic in its vision and in the way it is managed. Sometimes I wonder if it is me who finds a zine/item or whether it is the zine/item that finds

me ...a bit like me leading a dog on a leash [by the way, I have the highest esteem for leashes in the BDSM setting]. I would continue to ask myself: which of us is leading the other? [It's so clear I'm more of a cat...]. In this unintended direction, I realised that for me memory, even when short-term, is linked to objects and matter in the form of material publications. Both to refer to a specific experience and to move away from it, in a kind of serenity that their 'architecture', perimeter and layout, gives me. Beyond the possibility of constructing a 'circularity' between the object and the spur of desire which, in my case, is constantly mediated by a series of leaps, barriers and constructive efforts that mark its 'real' need and conquer, in a constant physical mediation, a place where it can be preserved.

Concerning books, I tear them up when I read them, I can't help but 'chewing them'. One of the latest things I read was Don Quixote by Kathy Acker [ed.ita ShaKe, 1999], the book has now 'exploded'. In this sort of reading I put a dot in the margin marking the most crucial passages, to establish a kind of intuitive constellation which I can sift through easily at any time for further research. Every time I add a dot, I feel guilty towards the book and its integrity, but with a mind 'mashed' by pre-sprays and by post-internet this is the most functional way I have to make reading effective over time and not just at skin level...

Then there are all those publications which are more visual and artistic in their appearance. Coming back to a BDSM dynamic applied to publishing [in which B could also stand for Book?], I keep their copies in the sealed cellophane wrapping, their potential is enough for me. I know they are there and not opening them is a game of strength: you win or I win. This is what happened for example with SEX by Madonna [1992]. I bought it as a teenager, with photographs by Steven Meisel and texts by Glenn O'Brien that give voice to the character of Mistress Dita. I remember that it took me an entire grape-picking season to be able to afford that book ...or the monograph on Valie Export's work, with a fire-red fabric hardcover, precious gift from Artfucker...

All this material is literally an instrument sometimes surfacing directly and visibly in my work, as was the case for the series 'Passaggi' [2005-on going] where I presented a selection of niche publications placed in correspondence with a scan of the same edition held by a hand wearing



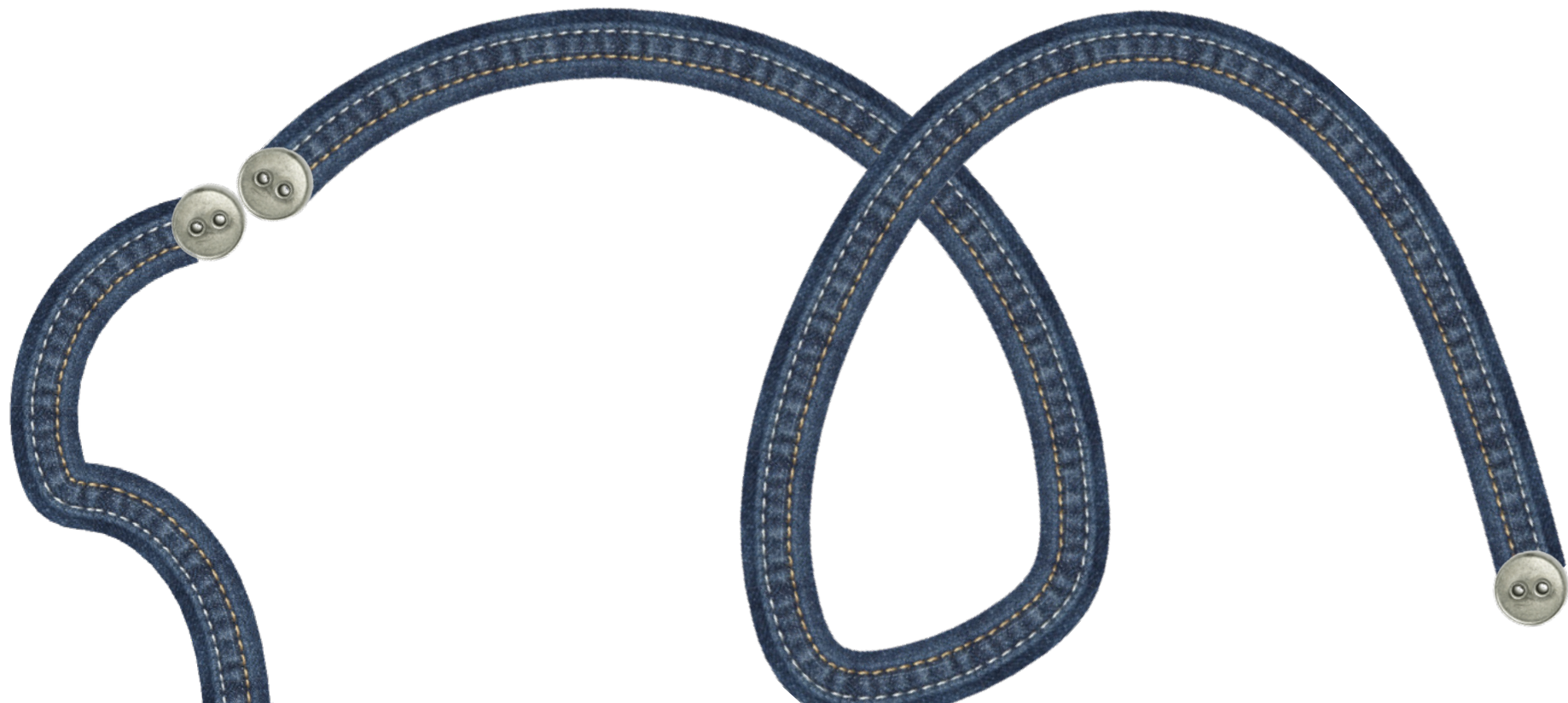
represents a step

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the archivist's traditional white glove. The public can freely consult the titles and once they have finished reading, they can reposition them matching the image, in a perfect overlap of reality and representation. This work begun in 2005 for an exhibition curated by Roberto Pinto at Palazzo della Ragione in Milan. The installation was inside a kiosk of ancient books located right next to the entrance to the historical building, one of those slender metal structures that hold, squeezed into them, mostly books about classical art. During the opening reception the kiosk's owner was generous enough to let himself be surrounded by a crowd unhinged from the mixture of photocopied queer zines freely available for the first time in Milan, alongside valuable books on Leonardo, Michelangelo or Artemisia... When the work was presented in Trento at Galleria Civica [2006] someone stole a valuable issue of the zine 'KUTT'. That theft, the result of which hopefully will deny the act [embracing Jean Genet's vision], was such a surprise that it is now part of the caption of the work itself 'Passaggi', with theft...

5



Cowgirl by Karolina Bång

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Gala Archive Johannesburg
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MY REVOLUTION by EILEEN MYLES

She was my first. Fairly light hair on a warm young mound. Later I knew this poet from Boston, and he lived in a loft in Chinatown with a girl who made art. Their life seemed perfect. And she was number two -- I got her. She was like a welder or something, though she was small. Not tiny, but slight. Not really skinny, but normal looking, beautiful. She was a little beaky, but with beautiful breasts. We started pal-ing around. She admired my straight leg jeans and Chinese shoes, immediately she got the same. When I think of our friendship we are walking in the rain, getting the toes of our shoes wet in puddles. After they broke up she quietly called and wanted to hang out. I couldn't believe that I was soon taking her pants down on my bed. She liked to drink booze. I remember her smiling face looking down into a glass with about an inch of whiskey. She wore glasses. She took them off and she was hot. Clits were all different. Hers was larger. All rubbery, more like porn. I had seen a pussy like hers before but not so close. It was like a lip going vertical. I mean, if you had your head right there. It was kind of a lippy trail, actually this is not her clit, it's her labia I'm describing, what I used to describe as a little girl my gum. Outer gum. Hers was a very uncomplicated female and large a red road to a small swollen button. I kept thinking I can't believe she feels this way about me. She came over to do this. I put my two fingers on the spot and rubbed. I have always been an unpredictable masturbator, spending hours for naught. Getting huge, and then having to go out in pain. Then I'll touch myself for a second in a public toilet (New York Public Library, always great) and the walls of the world cave in. So I was just kind of scrubbing away, moving her jelly part, not the button itself the way it hangs, it wiggling sits. She groaned. It was a teeny way she sounded when she looked at art, but this was a deeper older oh. She was a woman. One by one the women I knew who seemed to be girls, or men, or just strangers -- when all their muscles tensed then released, and they said oh it was like the deepest voice they had. Like the secret room behind all the other apartments now connected to mine. This oh, I didn't think of it then, but I think of it now, all the guy poet's fake ohs. Next to this one so female and true. Is that what man wants to do. Oh Brazil. O New York. O Poetry! Just let me come like her. She got mad. You can stop. I mean I sort of knew, but I wasn't sure. Between women if you're having sex, you've got to be sure. And slowly that's where you live. Who wouldn't give up being in a whole lot of shitty poetry magazines for this. Chris had rough black hair on her crotch. It got rougher when she drank all the time. I began to think of her pussy as an animal. We tended its coat. I was always willing to have sex with her, but I liked it better when she was pretty and clean. One woman was told by a lover that she had a fat cooch. It was true -- her outer lips were pillowy and fat. Full. Her inner lips were regulation healthy and her clit -- it was a small red little spud. It was however guardian of one of the most avid pussies I've ever known. Not the biggest, but damn the most willing, most sporting. I fucked her once for ten hours straight. She puked and she wanted to continue. I would never be allowed to sleep. I was hallucinating. I used this hand, then that. Fingers individually, in groups and my whole fucking hand, again and again. I used my dick. It was a nice fat boy, rather featureless which at the time seemed correct, a white guy who appeared out of the fly of my overalls, I was being a farmer boy and when she felt it wagging between my legs as I bent over her in front of a fire, her eyes lit up. Thanks to the fire she was able to see this glory. She told me that she landed in a hospital once because she had urged her boyfriend to fuck her while she was hanging out a 23rd story window of a huge apartment building in Manhattan. Apparently this high intensity fucking caused some kind of lump in the walls of her vagina and she wound up in the hospital where she learned something or other that was sad. Probably that her mother was dying. But there she was in there for fucking. I mean that's pretty good. There was a small woman who had a lacy looking pussy that she hated. There was like this frottage over her clit. Instead of a hood it had a large mantilla. She wasn't the kind of woman who could laugh at her puss. It made her sick what she considered her irregularity, the wave of skin that dangled between her legs. I would have told her it was pretty if she let me. It was unique. She was not a girl even slightly about letting, allowing suffering anything at all. She had levels of protection like the shaft of an elevator. She was way up there somehow, unknown but looking down like a little girl incredibly mean who could issue commands. After her orgasms, screaming ugh. Then I met a woman who described her clit as a monster. There is nearly no woman who regards her pussy as normal. I remember seeing a pussy I recognized on the back

outside cover of an art magazine. It was like it was supposed to be a big secret whose pussy it was. I mean they didn't say her name underneath though they did give you the name of the photographer which was kind of a hint. But then everyone said oh yeah, you saw the picture of blank's pussy, like everyone was really in on it. But I recognized the pussy. I actually knew her tits better than her pussy, because her tits were that kind that are indented, the tip of the nipple goes in, not out. Which is incredibly common, or else coincidentally I had two such breasts (or girlfriends) back to back which made me think it must be common. The first one I did look odd to me. I can't imagine what straight women do, going through life only being looked at by men and doctors. At some point you always have to have a frank conversation about the tits or the puss, or the ass. If you live with her you have it day in and day out. Maybe men do this too. The girl I described as extraordinarily hungry -- she in fact regarded her puss with the same enthusiastic love as any other part of her, perhaps that was her oddity (to me). Her pussy was no more special than her fingertips or cheek. Sexually she was entirely alive, so neither liked nor disliked her clit, it was her. It was the whole rest of the world she had a problem with, so it was great she had this gift, her wonderful successful body. The woman who regarded hers as monstrous nonetheless is entirely addicted to hers. I was too. The tiny shelf of skin I slipped my tongue and finger alongside of, its like the backside of a rubber duck. And so I knew my sweet toy's edges in the dark quietly going to sleep with ducky in mind. The hood of it was slick, so she had a small cap between her legs a bullet of pleasure and power. Even after she had one of her outrageous sunset orgasms which she details while still basking in its immense succulent corona slowly with an utterly generous and female smile on her face, a satisfied smile and kind, she urges me to put my finger on her secret fingertip and feel the blood pump as the pleasure is ebbing away. She's always ready for a nap and then to go again. She's always just finding it. Every time we fuck she forgets that it's ever been that great before. Her eyes are closed and she proclaims that never, never before has she experienced anything to even remotely approach what that felt like. Does sex ever feel like this for a man. Does his tree

change and spout. Does his system get up, does he go. I once was laying in bed with her and she got me off just by touching and I am still sinking backwards in that picture, a morning in which I lie in bed looking out the window at a passing train. It was raining, the world was totally green and the train made its racket felt deep in my bones.





G.B. Jones, "Tribute to Felicien Rops #1", 2005, pencil on paper, cm20,5x30



SALVIMEX

Hip Hop messicano col cuore in mano e hanno realizzato un disco anche bello nel suo genere. Si sono esibiti in vari festival queer, ma ci tengono a dire che:
"siamo una hip-hop band, non una queer band"
"siamo una hip-hop band, non una queer band"
"siamo una hip-hop band, non una queer band"
Vabbé, la musica prima di tutto: noi però ci siamo interessati a loro proprio per il secondo aspetto...



Speed Demon - La scena queer hip hop è ormai una realtà negli Stati Uniti, molti latinos ne fanno parte, però sono pochi i gruppi che decidono di esprimersi nella propria lingua madre. Cosa vi ha spinto a farlo?
Drastiko - Sono un musicista che propone musica hip hop/rap, non musica gay, oltretutto farlo nella lingua con cui sono cresciuto mi viene più facile come scrittura, espressione e trasmissione delle emozioni. Il mio gruppo, Salvimex, è un gruppo hip hop!

SD - Esprimersi in madrelingua è una scelta molto radicale e ammirevole, anche se potrebbe essere un limite per farsi comprendere da un pubblico più vasto (nonostante lo spagnolo sia una delle lingue più parlate al mondo). Cosa ne pensate?
D - Non penso alle limitazioni, la cosa più importante è esprimere me stesso e i miei pensieri. Las expresiones musicales son universales (in spagnolo nel testo - ndr).
SD - Salvimex simboleggia l'incontro fra due culture, quella messicana e quella salvadoregna. Come è nata questa fusione?
D - Mi è sempre piaciuta l'idea di lavorare in gruppo perché penso che le idee e le emozioni siano potenti; una persona ha sempre bisogno di una controparte con cui vivere ed esprimersi, perciò due culture che lavorano insieme danno bei risultati... a un party è meglio avere sia tacos che pupusas piuttosto che uno solo dei due!

SD - Come è vista una band hip hop omosessuale nell'ambito di una scena come quella ispanica, che spesso può dare l'impressione di essere molto machista e omofoba?
D - Ribadisco che Salvimex è un gruppo hip hop e questa è la cosa più importante, a prescindere dal nostro orientamento sessuale... chi se ne frega dei macho e degli omofobi.
SD - Inoltre, i paesi di lingua spagnola sono generalmente segnati dalla religione cattolica, così come in Italia. Come sentite l'influenza della chiesa cattolica riguardo al vostro essere omosessuali?
D - Bè, ah, ah... mi considero una persona trisessuale e non sono cattolico, per me le chiese sono dei bei musei.





F - Dik Fagazine è un nome molto esplicito. Volevate rendere subito chiaro a chi fosse rivolta la pubblicazione?

K - Più che altro è uno scherzo. Non lo trovi divertente?

F - La vostra pubblicazione si rivolge principalmente a un pubblico maschile. Anche nel quotidiano la scena gay e quella lesbica sono separate?

K - Sì, penso di sì. La mia rivista è di uomini più che di gay. C'è qualcosa di più antitetico del significato che le lesbiche danno alla femminilità e quello che i gay danno alla mascolinità? Penso che sia rischioso mettere insieme le due cose.

F - In Dik Fagazine l'immagine riveste un aspetto fondamentale. Come scegliete le fotografie da pubblicare e i servizi fotografici vengono realizzati appositamente?

K - Gran parte dei materiali sono realizzati apposta per Dik - fa parte del concetto - per creare un bell'oggetto di carta con dentro alcune grandi immagini; non soltanto una rivista che può apparire su internet oppure come un giornale regolare che butti via appena hai finito di leggerlo. Questo è il rispetto che cerchiamo di portare nei confronti di ciò che Dik Fagazine contiene. Mettiamo un sacco di attenzione e cura nella qualità e nel carattere unico dei lavori che ci vengono sottoposti. Inoltre, i materiali devono adattarsi ed esprimere il concetto generale della rivista. Questo è davvero il problema più grosso. A volte ci ritroviamo con una bella immagine che però non si adatta al resto e dobbiamo lasciarla fuori per non rovinare il concetto generale.

F - Siete distribuiti in molte parti del mondo. Curi personalmente la distribuzione o ti appoggi a un distributore?

K - Molte persone ci stanno aiutando con la distribuzione in tutto il mondo. Sono nostri amici oppure amici di amici. Naturalmente, facciamo del nostro meglio per conoscere di

persona i nostri partner, siano essi librerie o gallerie d'arte. Alcuni ci capita di incontrarli in occasioni professionali, altri sono più anonimi. In generale, migliori sono le relazioni, più belli e gioiosi ne risultano il nostro lavoro e le nostre vite. Ed è questo che in fondo conta, no?

F - Con le vendite riuscite a coprire le spese o dovete affidarvi ad altre forme di autofinanziamento?

K - In generale, si tratta di una mia iniziativa artistica privata. Gran parte dei costi legati alla stampa vengono coperti dal denaro che guadagno con i miei dipinti.

F - Ormai avete pubblicato 5 numeri. Che feedback vi arriva dai vostri lettori e quali sono le motivazioni che vi spingono a continuare?

K - Continuiamo a cercare e a imparare giorno dopo giorno. Adesso sappiamo molto più chiaramente cosa non vogliamo assolutamente pubblicare nella nostra rivista. Durante questi due anni di vita di Dik - in primavera abbiamo festeggiato il nostro secondo anniversario - ci siamo sforzati molto per dare una forma alla rivista, una specie di visione lungimirante. Siamo annoiati della formula da "fanzine porno amatoriale" che sembra argomento di molte riviste. Perciò, stiamo cercando di creare per noi una nuova direzione. Ciò che troviamo affascinante oggi è l'aspetto sociologico della gente vera in ambienti diversi. Quando incontriamo gente da tutto il mondo, ci convinciamo sempre di più che i gay vogliano esplorare qualcosa oltre la sola sessualità. Spesso sono una grossa fonte di ispirazione per noi.

DIK FAGAZINE



F - Secondo la tua esperienza, quanto una fanzine diventa strumento per entrare in contatto con nuove realtà e persone?

K - E' una gran cosa! In ogni città che visitiamo per promuovere la rivista, trovare i materiali o altro, dovunque incontriamo persone nuove che ci aiutano e sono davvero interessate in ciò che facciamo, creative e dalla mentalità aperta. Questa "cultura delle riviste" unisce le persone, crea legami tra gli artisti, possono nascere nuove collaborazioni. Ciò che è davvero fantastico è la spontaneità.



F - Quali pensi siano le riviste/fanzine che maggiormente ti hanno influenzato/inspirato?

K - Amo ciò che è nato da Interview di Andy Warhol, cioè persone, personalità, interviste. Mi piace leggere conversazioni interessanti, guardare immagini uniche. Mi piace quando le illustrazioni riescono a essere entrambe le cose; sia supplemento al testo che opera d'arte di per sé. Mi piacciono proprio le riviste che sono oggetti d'arte, un concetto vero e proprio. Adoro toccarle.

F - Vi pubblicizzate vicendevolmente con Kaiserin magazine. Pensate di avere un'attitudine comune?

K - Penso che le nostre due pubblicazioni siano diverse tra loro, ma è bello sostenersi a vicenda in differenti campi della creatività. Ovviamente in alcuni casi dobbiamo lottare per rubarci i lettori. Il mondo globale è così piccolo.

F - Il forte cattolicesimo della vostra nazione (come della nostra) quanto è d'ostacolo per i diritti degli omosessuali?

K - E' una domanda difficile. La Chiesa spesso guarda ai gay soltanto per quanto riguarda la sessualità, che è trattata come un peccato. Io penso che il cattolicesimo conservatore non si sia ancora confrontato con quello che è il diritto umano, personale, di avere un'identità. Che all'interno della chiesa ci sono persone bisognose di realizzare se stesse senza per questo rinunciare alla fede. Che ci sono persone che vogliono fondere le proprie emozioni personali con la religione senza per questo auto-punirsi. Il problema è che la chiesa cattolica non vuole vederle sebbene ci siano delle interpretazioni di questo tipo, per esempio nella chiesa protestante. Il cattolicesimo dovrebbe imparare ad accostarsi all'umanità e ai profondi, elementari, bisogni umani.

F - Oltre a questa tua attitudine culturale, ne esiste anche una più politica?

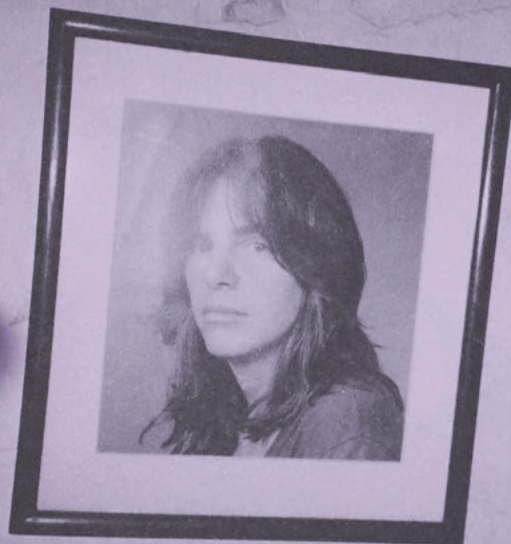
K - Nella Polonia d'oggi, l'argomento omosessuale è diventato un tema politico. Fin dall'inizio abbiamo cercato di stare lontani da questa logica di conflitto. L'arte e l'identità dovrebbe rifuggire le correnti politiche perché sono molto più comuni, universali. Dovrebbero unire la gente, far sì che essa condivida le proprie esperienze e i differenti significati. La politica è molto più miope e strumentale. Non vogliamo diventare strumento di alcuna ideologia.

intervista: flavio

introduzione + traduzione: magou



www.myspace.com/dikfagazine



SWEET AND MELANCHOLIC AN INTERVIEW WITH EILEEN MYLES

Interview by Melissa Brown
Portrait by Robert Mapplethorpe by Sico Carlier

Eileen Myles is a poet. Whatever she writes, it always has a sweet and melancholic tone. We wish she'd written more. Our favourite Eileen book is *Chelsea Girls*. In the book she reminds us of girlfriends we wish we'd had but never met, the cool older sister we wanted to be, almost a fictional creature missing her chance to make out with Robert Mapplethorpe and Patti Smith because she was too wasted. In 2000 she released *Cool For You* talking to us in the same dreamy voice and we thought it was time for a chat.

Melissa: When I saw you read, you talked about going on tour and thinking about it in terms of getting laid. Do people approach you in that way?

Eileen: Yeah, I guess so, I guess so. That's how I met my girlfriend. She came up to me at a reading. I guess everybody meets people at work. It's just that my work is more public than some people's, and it carries a description. Particularly in the situation of being a writer, if you use information about your own life. I'm always meeting people who seemingly know more about me than I know about them, so it's a weird thing. But, obviously, if you don't like people, if you don't want to be in the world in that way, who would do it? You know, nobody's kicking

and screaming their way up to the microphone. So, obviously, I love it.

What have you been up to recently?

I spent most of the winter in Provincetown, some alone, some with my girlfriend. Dogs were the major drama. She has an entirely sweet weirdly aggressive dog so our dogs had never met in the nine months we'd been dating. Rosie's a strong defender so we figured they'd kill each other. But we had to stop putting it off so we hired a dog trainer the morning before we left New York and he agreed, her dog has a problem and he gave us a few tips and tricks but mainly said try muzzles. We got these black cotton muzzles and they had one muzzle fight which looked like cartoon dogs trying to kill each other, but mostly they just looked pissed and humi-

Sto mangiando un hot dog in un fast food del Lower East Side di New York, quando noto un cliente che, entrato nel locale, s'infila nella cabina telefonica, sulla parete di fronte ai videogiochi, e scompare. La scena si ripete più volte: sono una decina gli avventori che vengono letteralmente fagocitati dalla cabina. Il cameriere che spazza per terra non sembra fare attenzione alla cosa, ma la curiosità di sapere dove sono finiti si fa ormai irresistibile. Lascio l'hot dog e apro la porta a soffietto della cabina. Dentro, c'è un telefono bianco e un cartello: «Please Don't Tell: pick up the phone and wait for the operator». Alzo la cornetta e dall'altro capo del filo una donna chiede se ho una prenotazione. Dico di no, ma in realtà vorrei chiedere per che cosa. La voce, suadente, risponde che c'è solo un posto disponibile al bancone, il bar non ammette clienti in piedi. Accetto. Una serratura scatta e una porta fino a quel momento segreta mi introduce in una sala con luci soffuse, arredi anni Trenta, trofei di caccia alle pareti: eccomi nel mondo degli speakeasy, i locali ispirati all'epoca del proibizionismo che stanno spopolando nella Grande Mela. Tutti questi bar sono nascosti alla vista dei comuni mortali: senza insegne, né cartelli. Per accedervi occorre chiamare un numero di telefono che cambia di continuo o, più semplicemente, presentarsi con qualcuno che c'è già stato. Ad accrescere il fascino della situazione contribuiscono molto anche l'esclusività dei posti e i precisi richiami al periodo in cui gli Stati Uniti misero al bando gli alcolici, spingendone i consumatori nella clandestinità: ingresso nascosto, ambienti che si sviluppano in sotterranei, bevande servite in tazze da tè, camerieri vestiti in redingote bianca. «È un modo per far sentire le persone importanti. Ed è un'ottima occasione per recuperare la tradizione dei buoni cocktail, preparati unicamente con ingredienti di prima scelta», dice **John Pomeroy, barman dell'Hideout (266 Adelphi st.)**, speakeasy nascosto dietro le saracinesche di una ex autofficina, a Brooklyn. Fra

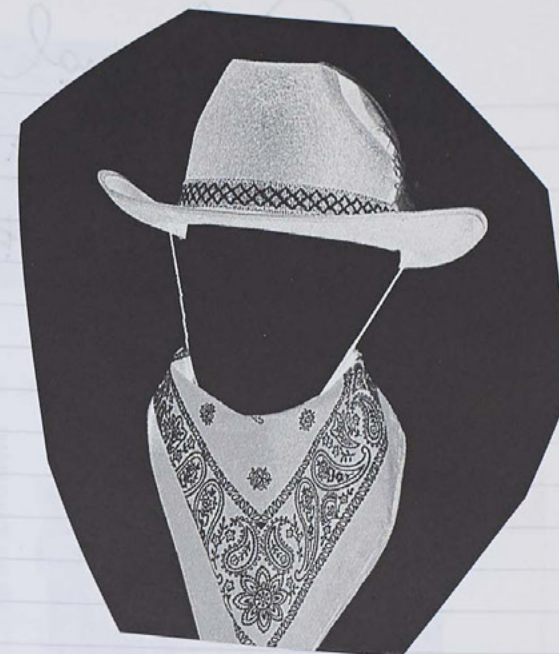
by Nicola Scevola
Niente insegne, né cartelli. Ma ingressi segreti e passaparola. Riaprono a New York e in Europa gli speakeasy. Il proibizionismo però non c'entra più. Oggi la clandestinità difende la qualità

il 1919 e il 1933, durante il proibizionismo, i cocktail erano le bevande d'elezione negli speakeasy. Contrabbandati dall'estero o prodotti artigianalmente, i liquori in quegli anni erano scadenti e per questo i baristi tendevano a mescolarli con altri ingredienti. «È importante ricordare i nostri errori per non ripeterli», dice Pomeroy. «La gente allora moriva avvelenata dai distillati tossici che circolavano clandestinamente». Per celebrare la tradizione del cocktail, la maggior parte dei moderni speakeasy di New York prepara i drink con una cura particolare, garantendo al cliente un'esperienza ben diversa da quella di un normale aperitivo. Per questo, entrare in uno speakeasy e chiedere una birra o un bicchiere di vino può costare all'avventore una occhiataccia del barista. Al **Please Don't Tell (www.pdtnyc.com)**, il barman Don Lee, vestito con eleganza impeccabile, prepara i cocktail modellando il ghiaccio con una macchina d'ottone che scioglie i blocchi in grosse palle

perfettamente rotonde. E decora alcuni drink con una spuma di albume su cui spruzza poi sapori come l'assenzio o il bitter, tracciando le iniziali del nome del locale. Al **Raines Law (48 W, 17th st.)**, nascosto sotto un albergo e concepito come il salotto di una casa dei tempi del Grande Gatsby, alcuni ingredienti per i drink sono coltivati direttamente nel giardino sul retro del locale, così da averli, sempre freschi, a portata di mano. «Oltre all'atmosfera particolare creata dagli arredi, vogliamo offrire un'esperienza unica anche negli alcolici che serviamo», dice Delphine Muriot, architetto che ha progettato il locale recuperando pezzi originali dell'epoca da antiquari e rigattieri. Per accentuare ulteriormente il gusto rétro-chic, ogni tavolo del Raines Law è provvisto di un campanello per chiamare il cameriere e di tendaggi semitrasparenti che trasformano ogni ambiente in un privé. «Il nostro pubblico vuole sfuggire dai locali alla portata di tutti. Per questo non facciamo pubblicità e ci affidiamo unicamente al passaparola», dice Muriot. Il primo a dare il via alla tendenza nella Grande Mela è stato **Milk & Honey (www.milkhny.com)**, speakeasy aperto nel retro di un'ex sartoria da Sasha Petraske, il guru dei locali newyorkesi. Se non si ha l'indirizzo esatto, è impossibile notare quello che ancora molti a New York considerano solo una leggenda metropolitana. Fuori infatti c'è una porta di ferro grigio e una vetrina sprangata con la scritta «Tailor and Alterations». Individuare l'ingresso però non basta. Occorre anche prenotare inviando un sms a un numero che cambia di frequente. Nella piccola sala, illuminata solo da candelette, vige un'etichetta ferrea: non si ammettono clienti in piedi, non è gradito l'uso di cellulare, gli uomini sono pregati di togliersi il cappello e di non presentarsi a donne che non conoscono. Contrariamente ad altri speakeasy, qui non esiste una carta dei cocktail. Becky, elegante bartender d'origini cinesi, si limita a elencare gli ingredienti freschi del giorno. Chiede quali sono i sapori preferiti e poi propone le possibili varianti alcoliche sul tema. «Vogliamo creare una atmosfera intima e raffinata per dare ai clienti l'occasione di gustare il proprio drink in modo diverso», sottolinea. Pur essendo una moda tipicamente newyorkese, il richiamo degli speakeasy si è esteso oltreoceano, e versioni dei ritrovi semi-clandestini cominciano ad apparire anche nelle capitali europee. A Londra per esempio c'è **Barts (www.barts-london.com)**, un club nascosto nei chioschi di **Sloane avenue** dove si suona musica della Jazz Age e si possono acquistare - e fumare - sigari pregiati. Mentre a Parigi, tre cuochi hanno aperto il ristorante **Le Clandestin (www.myspace.com/leclandestindepatis)**, ritrovo itinerante per buongustai che si riuniscono in gallerie d'arte, case private o vecchi laboratori. Ognuno deve portare con sé vetovaglie proprie e rigorosamente d'epoca. Fino all'ultimo non si sa chi sarà il proprio vicino di tavola e, ovviamente, è vietato rivelare l'identità dei cuochi. Anche il Vecchio Continente, dunque, non sfugge al fascino del passaparola e della ricerca di luoghi accessibili solo a gruppi d'iniziati. Il fenomeno, però, non si riduce solo alla voglia di sentirsi parte per una sera di un jet set esclusivo. «Faticare per trovare l'ingresso o il numero per prenotare fa parte del gioco e dà un senso di realizzazione al cliente che lo ha trovato», fa notare Pomeroy, dal suo bar travestito da autorimessa. «E la clandestinità aiuta anche a mantenere quella qualità che si ottiene solo evitando la massificazione». N.S. (hanno collaborato Sophie Djerlal e Margherita Laera)



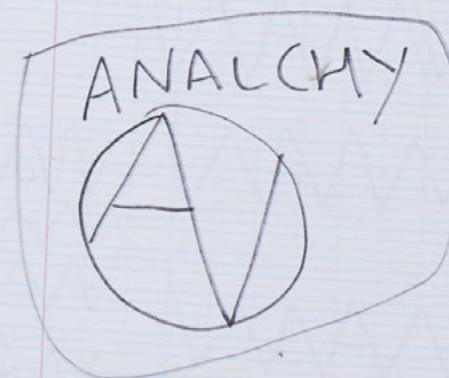
Figura 4. La bocca di un serpente velenoso.



ANALCHY



ANALCHIA



InJoke

Let's face it, letties and moffies: heterosexuals are here to stay. We have heterosexual mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, cousins, friends, comrades, ex-lovers (more's the pity). So here's a guide to enable you to recognise your straight acquaintances for what they are...

the beginner's guide to

HETEROSEXUALS

and how to survive them

Paul

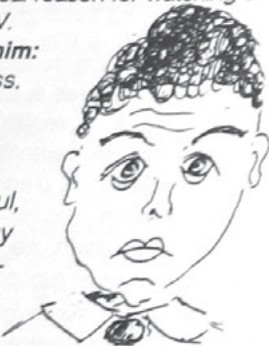
Paul's chief occupations in life consist of watching soccer and imagining that all the girls like cud-dling up to his revolting beer paunch and being kissed (in greeting, of course) by his revolting moustache...he likes busty girls with nothing between their ears and his cock between their legs. He calls gay males or any other males who do not share his love for beer and bonking "those stoopit moffies". He is sometimes so vociferous in his attacks on moffies that you begin to wonder about his real reason for watching sweaty muscular men on TV.

How to cope with him: Avoid him. It's his loss.

Cheryl

Cheryl is married to Paul, which could explain why she hasn't had an orgasm in 50 years. This is quite strange considering she doesn't admit to being over 39 years old. All her frustrated sexual energies are channeled into polishing the ornaments in the lounge and arranging flowers for the weddings of her friends' children. Each wedding is an excuse to put further pressure on her own children to get married. When friends suggest why her children are still single, she responds: "Oh no, I'm just totally against that. It's just...well, unnatural!"

How to cope with her: Go round to her house for a flower-arranging lesson, and teach her to masturbate.



Thandisizwe

He's been through the ranks of COSAS, AZASM, AZASO, SANSCO, SASCO and a million other acronyms during his life of Struggle — hence he is anxious to protect his political territory from Dangerous Divergent Forces. "Comrade, you are hijacking our struggle" is his inevitable response when you try to put lesbian and gay rights on your organisation's agenda. (Once he actually said "my struggle", though when challenged he said this was a slip of the tongue.) Or else he'll tell you: "We have not yet reached consensus that women/gays/lesbians are oppressed, and there is not time to debate this issue."

How to cope with him: Say: "We have not yet reached consensus that straight men are oppressed." Or else don't say anything, just pass round a pamphlet entitled "Lesbian and Gay Liberation and National Democratic Struggle" (though he'll then probably call you a Trotskyite).



VINE

InJoke

Gladys

(affectionately known as "Ma")

A respected, feared and revered member of the community, Gladys's proudest moment was when Albertina Sisulu accidentally trod on her toe on the way to the Union Buildings in 1956. Nowadays her hero is Winnie Mandela, in spite of subsequent events. If Winnie forms a new political party, Gladys could find herself with divided loyalties for the first time in her long life. Her favorite saying is, naturally, "Homosex is not in black culture". If you tell her you're gay, the inevitable response is "When you have been to the mountain you will be cured of this perversion," or if you're a lesbian "When you find a husband you will be cured of this perversion". She has also been known to dispatch offenders to a friendly sangoma.

How to cope with her:

Try "Winnie Mandela is not in black culture". Or else "Nelson left Winnie for another man", or "Winnie left Nelson for another woman." Then run.



Denise

"Come, Jesus, sweet Jesus...oh, Jesus, yes, Lord, come... Amen, Amen". All Denise thinks about is the Second Coming — this woman's faith is multi-orgasmic — just a pity about her sex life. She engages one in long discussions about St. Paul and Christian fellowship, but despises everyone, including other Christians and particularly Catholics. There is a special place in Hell for homosexuals, of course. And women must submit to their Husbands... **How to cope with her:** Tell her that you live by the biblical injunction "O, come all ye faithful." Or remind her about the disciple that Jesus loved.



Judy

"I'm a dedicated feminist, aren't I, Brad?" Judy lays her head on Brad's chest and looks up at him appealingly. Brad grunts. "Some of my best friends are gay, but I haven't seen much of them lately because they upset Brad quite a lot. Lesbians... well, it's such an ugly word, why can't they call themselves gay women? And somehow... you know ... I'm not prejudiced, I'm a feminist so I understand that women have the right to make choices... but I have the right to make choices too, and I simply choose not to spend time with them."

How to deal with her: If you're the academic type you could give her piles of books on lesbian feminism (though it's unlikely that she'll read them). If you're a woman you could get her drunk and seduce her; if you're a man you could try seducing Brad (sies). Or else wait until she and Brad are ready to slip off home together, then shake your head and say: "Sleeping with the enemy AGAIN, Judy."



Wahied

"There are four types of people whom Allah is angry with when the sun rises and the sun sets", as Wahied is fond of saying. Gays, lesbians and transvestites fall among them.

Perhaps one day Wahied will realise to his horror that the fourth type wasn't animal-lovers after all, but right-wing fundamentalists like himself.

How to deal with him: Ask him why the Ayatullah wears a dress.



LESBIANS AND AIDS

What does AIDS have to do with lesbians? This is a question which a lesbian could be forgiven for asking. Very few lesbians are known to have developed AIDS and, generally speaking, lesbians are considered to be at low risk for contracting sexually transmitted diseases (STD'S) and this includes AIDS.

AIDS does affect lesbians, personally and politically in a number of ways. They may have friends who are HIV positive (infected with HIV, the virus that causes AIDS) or work with people with AIDS. It may affect the way they interact with gay men if they are ill-informed about AIDS. Lesbians are also affected by the strengthening of homophobia and anti-lesbianism which the portrayal of AIDS by the media, has led to. Finally, lesbians are involved because, like other women, they can get AIDS.

WHO IS AT RISK?

The exact number of lesbians who have AIDS is not known, as women are not classified according to their sexual preference, in the available statistical data. A small number of AIDS in women identified as lesbian have been reported in the USA - these are due to IV drug use or the result of blood transfusions. Although lesbians are seen to be at low risk of being infected with HIV, they should not see themselves as immune to the disease. Looking at the question "who is at risk?" raises the issues of "what is a lesbian?" This goes beyond the scope of this paper and it is not the intention of the author to dismiss it.

Some lesbians have sex with men who may be at risk. Some, who now are exclusively having sex with women may previously have had sex with men. Some may have received blood transfusions before blood and blood products were tested. Some lesbians may be prostitutes who have had sex with male clients without using condoms. Some lesbians are parents either as a result of artificial insemination or through sexual intercourse with men. Lesbians, too, are sexually abused and raped.

The bottom line is - a lesbian is at risk of HIV infection if she participates in risky sexual behaviour:

- unsafe sex with men at risk sometime over the last 8-10 years
- have received blood transfusions or blood products prior to 1985
- have received semen of an infected man during artificial insemination
- is a IV drug user and shares needles and other equipment
- have had unsafe sex with women who are infected with HIV

are those which allow blood, (including menstrual blood) or vaginal secretions coming into contact with your mouth, rectum, vagina or any break in the skin through which the virus might gain access to the blood stream.

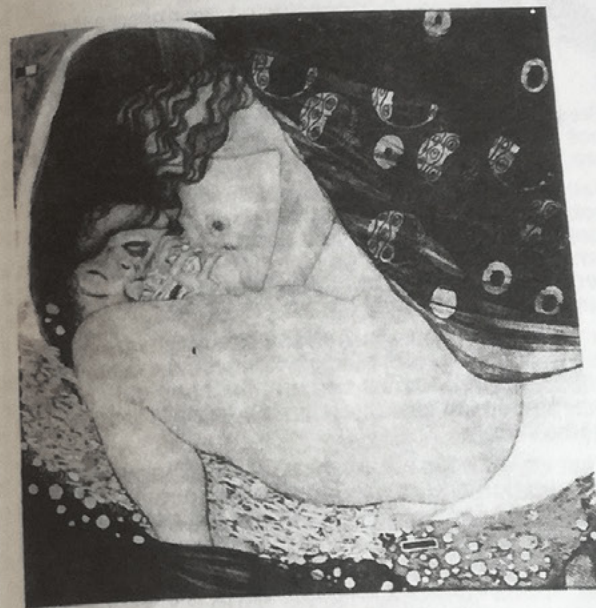
SAFE SEX BETWEEN WOMEN

- hugging or massaging each other
- touching your own genitals (masturbation)
- kissing, provided neither partner has open cuts or sores on the mouth, lips or tongue
- rubbing breasts together
- rubbing bodies together
- body kissing
- sharing sexual fantasies
- using vibrators, or other sex toys, provided that they are not shared, and are cleaned and dried thoroughly between each partner's use
- rubbing genitals on a partner's UNBROKEN skin carries little or no risk of infection
- hand or finger-to-genital contact if there are no cuts or open sores on your hands. This includes activities such as "mutual masturbation" and vaginal or anal "penetration" with fingers. If the woman is menstruating there is an increased risk. Fingernails can cause tiny tears and care should be taken. If you have cuts, scratches or sores on your fingers or hands you should use a latex condom, gloves or finger cot (available at chemists and some other stores).
- caressing and fondling each other
- touching a woman's breasts and nipples
- bathing/showering together
- touching your own genitals at the same time as your lover touches hers
- sucking on the nipples of a woman (provided she is not lactating (breastfeeding or otherwise secreting)



COMING OUT

poems from our readers



gay encounter

Gay Encounter

Two eyes meet across a room,
Love came closer...

I saw you only once,
But each day I am blessed

By holding the inner beauty of which

woman

Woman

I want to possess you
in your fullness,
in your soft roundness and pregnancy.
My lips are moist for your breasts,
my tongue tastes your sweet curves.
I want to give you my body,
its full length, its everything.

I want to lie with you, touching
hair and bellies and hair again,
with my fingers feeling your skin
and the taut shyness of your virgin
nipples.


I want to explore your mouth with mine,
melt into you and consume you.

I want to be entwined with you,
leg on leg and arm about arm,
lips on lips and eyes reflecting eyes.
I want to kiss your warm beingness
and feel firm flesh to be sure
that you are not just fantasy.
I want to make love to you.

remembering

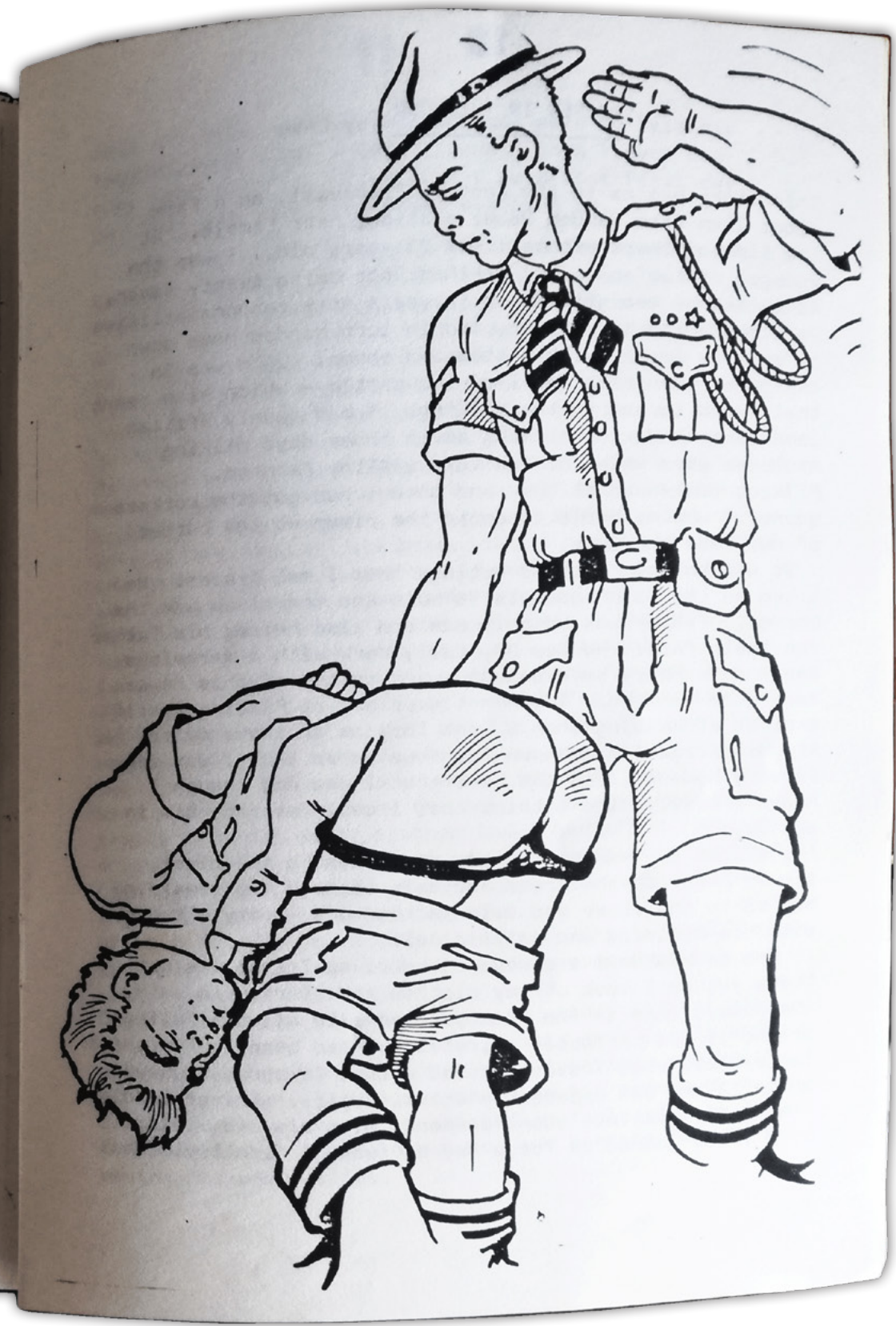
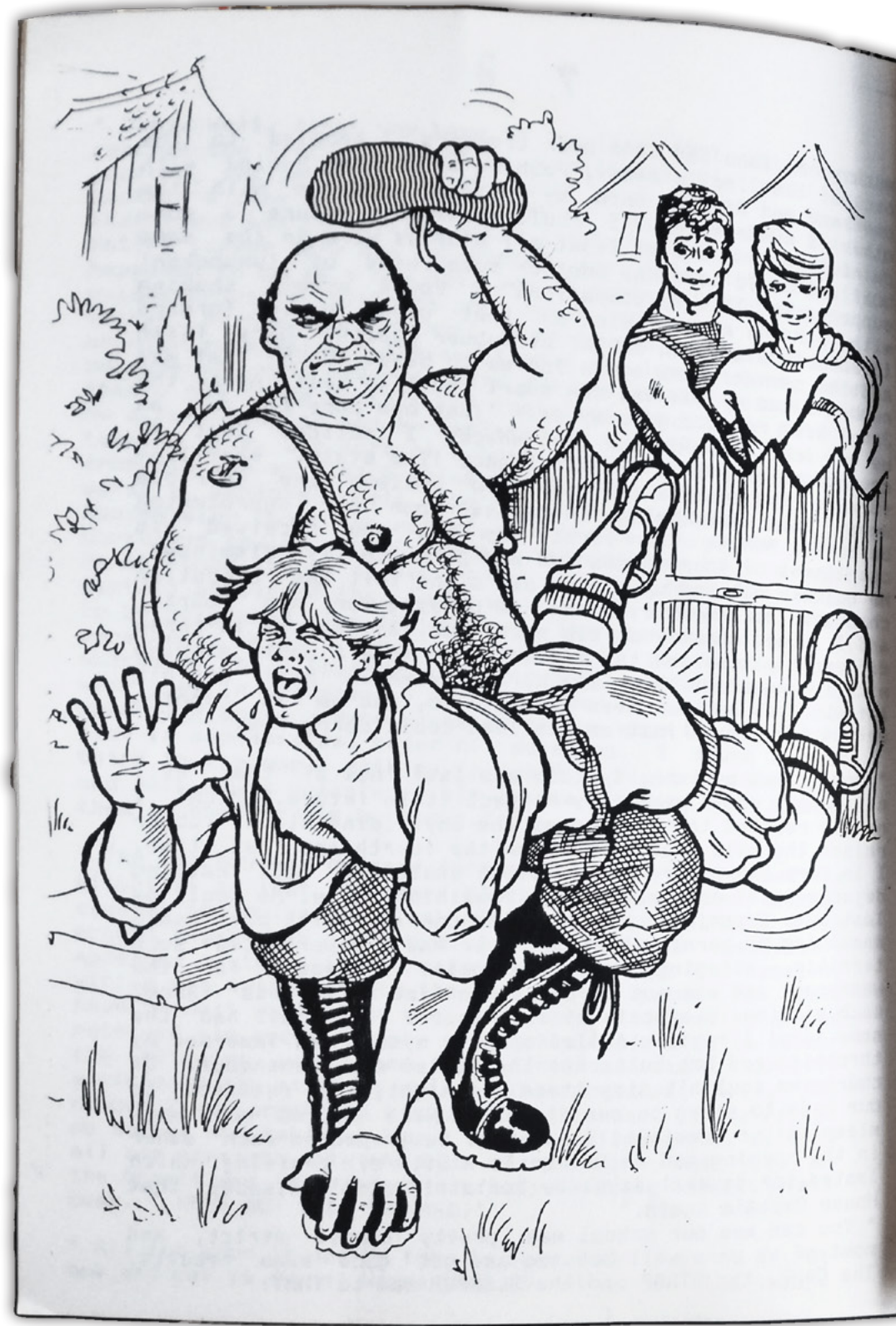
Thoughts fly through my webbed brain...
pain,
insane..
no exaggeration..
no place to cling
moss flows down a slippery slope...
I've been dumped.
I cling desperately onto memories and
eagerly let go the bars,
the tears, the cold unfeeling stares, the
bitchy remarks.
Lying hopelessly naked, stripped of
dignity.
Tears flow down the eroded cheeks
as I stare at the stone before me.





Age: 30
Height: 5'10"
Weight: 150 lbs.
CD4 Count: 40
Medications: ddC,
Dapsone[®], Zovirax[®],
Ketoconazole[®]

K E V I N B R Y S O N



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