

LOVE MANIFESTO

By Jakub Jan Ceglarz

Our domestic life and the law of our Homes do not resemble your Homes. We love each other without love. They do not have the sacramental character. Faggots are the great immoralists.

Jean Genet, *Our Lady of the Flowers*, 1943

My dear old Faggots.

This is for y'all and you alone. It has been several years since we last spoke, yet it seems we never stopped talking to begin with. My body trembles by a mere thought of potentially seeing y'all.

Last winter was tough here in Birmingham. As per usual the weather played tricks on me. Somehow, without me noticing, I turned cold; lifeless and with it I became a bit of a dick to people. You see, my dear old Faggot, it is very hard to be kind to one another, especially when one was given death by another's hand.

When I first found out that I might see you all; and please do forget my French, I got a semi. My cock that usually rests, wrapped in the cotton of my briefs, woke up. It tightened my trousers and made me very embarrassed. You see, my dear old Faggots, at that time I was on a public bus (I believe it was route 47, but I might be mistaken), and I was sitting next to an older muslin woman who had her shopping resting on her knees.

Very quickly I started to panic! I wanted to spare other passengers the atrocity of my erection! Yet I couldn't help it, thinking about you gave me feeling of overwhelming sensual pleasure – my dick got hard – visibly hard.

But that's enough small talk. I am writing – maybe thinking – as –writing here to share some thoughts with you. Let us focus on love; or rather on some aspects of it.

I have this strange idea that once you see me, once you gaze upon my (well, meh...) statue you will love me. Despise my faults and shortcomings. Only love, so much love.

I, of course will love you all back, with my skin, with my brain and with my throbbing cock. Engulfed in love we will foster a bond, bringing us closer and closer together. For some passer-by's; who don't know us, we will appear almost as we were the same thing. When my arm moves, your arm will move in the same manner. We will inhabit this sameness – this wonderful life!

In any case: let us dream it as a kind of sumptuous, generous portable fire! this home, this banquet! And when necessary, let it leap from our brains, and desires, and pleasures and wants so as to become some kind of permanent structure, some kind of perimeter, ready and able to hide, contain, reframe that fire, that ice, that wind, that drought, that crazy kind of nourishment! (Perhaps this is what Lyotard meant when he so quietly wrote: "Who knows not how to hide, knows not how to love.")

Housing-as-hiding-as-home: mutant knowledge, shape shifting to fit the needs of its inhabitants.

Johnny Golding, "INTERVENTIONS (it's a wonderful life)" in *HOUSING*, ed. Lieven De Boeck, (Maastricht: Jan van Eyck Academie, 2003)

Except for Tuesdays – on Tuesdays I must work.

This is still not the beginning of this manifesto, nor this is the end. I wanted to start with the number 1 – to mark some sort of beginning, but 10 seems to be more reasonable.

8. Crisco Method.

In the absence of connection one must develop a sensual attachment to things. The first thing must not be human; or rather, it must not be a person. One must learn to wear it, have it on their body, despite their heaviness or their shape.

The skin-to-surface contact is essential in knowing – as – being in love with things.

This is a Crisco method! Crisco – a semi solid, white, fluffy version of vegetable oil – it has both sexual and gastronomic purposes - it creates a slippery surface that knows no friction.

It allows us to get out of parallel lines of thought and create a new form of bodily contact where contact shouldn't or couldn't be possible to begin with. This contact is only possible because of slippery surface made by Crisco and the special sense of spatiality within the Catacombs.

Vast quantities of Crisco were essential to Catacombs experience. Crisco was a lube of choice. Nothing ever removed the pervasive layer of Crisco that coated every surface. (...) Crisco greased the asshole. It greased whole bodies. It greased the walls. It greased the way for smooth and easy contact.

In sex, we use it for the sake of fisting. Crisco covers hands, ass cheeks and ass holes! It covers knees, sheets, walls and beds. It creates a common surface that aims only to make and sustain contact for extreme pleasure. It allows for the shiest of muscle in the human body to open-up, and become an organ of pleasure.

I say we need Crisco to love, to challenge the bodies as 'are' and to create a new pleasure monsters. My dear old Faggots, my dear old monsters. We must wear each other. Those gestures, which allow for this contact to occur, are embodiments of love, of care, of renegotiating, re-doing a body. Crisco allows us to slip into sense. Into space of wanting, needing love. It opens new black holes – new spatialities, new timings and a new matter.

3. Faggot Matter.

Small drop of your sweat hits my lips. It is warm and salty. My tongue licks it off. It looks like you all are enjoying yourselves. I wear white sporty pair of socks, and a black jockstrap. You all wear nothing. I think one of you wanted to wear a leather harness but you all struggled with putting it on, and so it was left it in the drawer. The fairy lights flicker outside of the rhythm of the loud techno music playing in the background. One of you puts a porno on (It stars François Sagat my favourite actor) to create an atmosphere that supports comfort and sex. I wonder if I did the dishes, someone breaks a popper under my nose – I get dizzy and hot.

There is just too much of everything. It all requires attention, knowledge and practice. It all require bodies, multiple bodies at once. This is an experience of excess – of too-much-ness. A Faggot Matter is composed out of things in their excess. It is when a multiple becomes a mass. It is when a mass cannot return to being a multiple. I do not mean many individual things that can sustain their individuality despite excess they are experiencing. Rather, I mean a multiplicity that has a matter only in the practice of things and their excess.

For if being exists nowhere outside of, least of all priori to, its articulations, then to be is to be at the limit, to be nothing but a certain 'be-ing at the limit'.

William Haver, "Queer Research; or, how to practice invention to the brink of illegibility" in *The Eight Technologies of Otherness*, ed. Sue Golding, (London, New York: Routledge, 1997)

I can't say 'WHEN'. More is needed. More and Now.

I imagine a multiplicity that is not layered. Its hierarches are removed, and instead it stretches infinitely. It has bumps and bruises, it folds and tears apart, yet at the same time it moulds into a something like a matter.

What matters is its own quality. This quality is simple – it cannot return to the previous state – it exists only in the event of now. Yet it has a certain type of 'before'; before that is mattering too and at the same time.

The Faggot Matter is when in too-much-ness a matter is mattering by mattering of matters.

7. Palimpsestuousness.

I love you, yet for the sake of my perversities I also love another. Palimpsestuousness. Once, I said that word to a deaf person (starts mouthing palimpsestuousness).

I have a secret to happiness and to achieving Love. I send you a dick pic. Wait – will do it again, the angle made it look weird and post-human. The dick, my dear old Faggots is a good place to start a conversation. Dick. 180 cm tall. 72 kg heavy. Hairy. With few tattoos. Looking for a middle-eastern type who knows how to fuck. On Prep.

The palimpsest is a layered thing. It has a past – and the present all merged into one sheet of paper. The studies of it focused mostly on separating the layers and revealing the hidden text from underneath. No one loves or cares for the text on top. Only bottom matters here. I love them both. I am versatile like that.

The two texts have a physical connection and an identity in common. They are, for me, in-separable and un-reveal-able. It is because of that, that they are un-readable. One needs an ability to double-take them at the same time, in their as-is-matter. This will provide us with a new system, a new constellation of sorts that removes wants and needs and leaves us with nothing to say. Diffracted – infinitely sustained in pleasure.

Not a singular event that happens in space and time; rather, it is a dynamism that is integral to spacetime mattering. Diffractions are untimely. Time is out of joint; it is diffracted, broken apart in different directions, non- contemporaneous with itself. Each moment is an infinite multiplicity. 'Now' is not an infinitesimal slice but an infinitely rich condensed node in a changing field diffracted across space-time in its ongoing iterative repatterning.

Without knowledge that is based on confession/revealing of secrets, we are left only with practice and pleasure. Doing as-is matter. Making as-is matter. Fucking as-is matter.

Without secrets to reveal, without confession one needs to find another form of hiding. We need nooks of comfort where a deviant pause changes the matter in the experience of spatiotemporality. The Catacombs, Caves, Darkrooms, Second Bedrooms, Dancefloors, Bathrooms, Homes, Galleries, Streets, Parks, Cars, Bookstores and Forests. All of them private and public at the same time. Composed of and with a difference in mind. Heterotopias of *ars*. *Ars Erotica*.

Each of those darkroom spatialities (...) work off the collapse of the past and the future into an immediate intensity that draws together, and indeed swallows up, subject, object, anything in between or in its path; swallowed all up into a black-hole cogito, a black-hole cogito dot of a "being-there", right here, right now.

Johnny Golding, "After the Dark Room: Ana-materialism and the Sensuous Fractalities of Speed and Light (or does the image still speak a thousand words?)" in *On the Verge of Photography*, ed. Daniel Rubinstein, Johnny Golding, Andy Fisher, (Birmingham: ARTicle Press, 2013)

My dear old Faggots, it has been too long since we saw each other. Your shape, your voice, your touch and smell are all but a cosy memory tucked in the nook of my brain. I want you to know, through sex, through chem, through crazy mess of excess that I do love you.

When I see you again it will be great. But till then let us hear it again:

Crisco Method – a way of sliding into togetherness.

Faggot Matter – an excess of a things that disorientate.

Palimpsestuousness – a non-layered, non-confessional multiplicity of spatiotemporality.