

A woman in traditional Turkish folk costume stands on a ship's deck, leaning on a wooden railing. She wears a dark, patterned jacket over a yellow top, a long black skirt with yellow vertical stripes and floral embroidery, and a headscarf with a colorful floral band. She is smiling and looking towards the camera. The background shows a body of water and a distant cityscape under a clear blue sky.

Cruising the Erotic City

The reader

***Using our bodies and imaginations, we will find
ways to queer erotic potentials, reclaim desires
within the urban landscape and produce
transformative mappings of lust.***

Athens Subsumption

***Cruising the Erotic City Workshop * / Coming together of ppl unknown
@1st Port Pier 15062019 , Thessaloniki Queer Arts Festival 2019***

Practicalities
Reader
Preparations and Conditions

The walk

***Silent yet communicative, inspect the attitude
of other-s
Re-embrace your gaze.***

The room

***Watch.
Share.
Listen.
Read.
Navigate yourself in the city of other-s***

The city

***Collect.
Leave Traces.
Intervene.
Do you want to be found ?***

The walk

All communication senses are encouraged.

Take mental notes.

If you find yourself in any uncomfortable moment talk to us.

This is a safe space cruising the city.

The room

Respectful to each other's volume and space,

relocate power dynamics;

collectively decide

on exploring love-and-intentionality.

The city

Document in any way you feel appropriate.

Photograph and record other ppl ethically.

Leave tangible and intangible traces behind.

Erotic encounters are all around.

**“He whom loves touches not
walks in darkness.”**

— Plato, *The Symposium*, 385-370 BC

AN ARMY OF LOVERS CANNOT LOSE

Being queer means leading a different sort of life.

It's not about the mainstream, profit-margins, patriotism,
patriarchy or being assimilated.

It's not about executive directors, privilege and elitism.

It's about being on the margins, defining ourselves; it's about
gender-fuck and secrets, what's beneath the belt and deep inside
the heart; it's about the night. Being queer is "grass roots"
because we know that everyone of us,

every body, every cunt, every heart and ass and dick is a world of
pleasure waiting to be explored. Everyone of us
is a world of infinite possibility. We are an army because we have
to be.[...] Remember there is so, so little time.

And I want to be a lover of each and every one of you.

Next year, we march naked.

— Queer Nation's, *Queers Read This!*, New York Pride 1990

Without time and energy of your own, love is the conduit through which
you extract the time and energy of others. You then start to take the
shape of that loving conduit. But you have also become a professional
lover—or a diabolically good flirt.

— Brian Quan Wood, *Is it love?*, e-flux journal#53, 2014

Q u e e r n e s s i s n o t yet here. Queerness is an ideality. Put another way, we are not yet queer. We may never touch queerness, but we can feel it as the warm illumination of a horizon imbued with potentiality. We have never been queer, yet queerness exists for us as an ideality that can be distilled from the past and used to imagine a future. The future is queerness's domain. Queerness is a structuring and educated mode of desiring that allows us to see and feel beyond the quagmire of the present. The here and now is a prison house. We must strive, in the face of the here and now's totalizing rendering of reality, to think and feel a then and there. Some will say that all we have are the pleasures of this moment, but we must never settle for that minimal transport; we must dream and enact new and better pleasures, other ways of being in the world, and ultimately new worlds. Queerness is a longing that propels us onward, beyond romances of the negative and toiling in the present. Queerness is that thing that lets us feel that this world is not enough, that indeed something is missing. Often, we can glimpse the worlds proposed and promised by queerness in the realm of the aesthetic. The aesthetic, especially the queer aesthetic, frequently contains blueprints and schemata of a forward-dawning futurity. Both the ornamental and the quotidian can contain a map of the utopia that is queerness. Turning to the aesthetic in the case of queerness is nothing like an escape from the social realm, insofar as queer aesthetics map future social relations. Queerness is also a performative because it is not simply a being but a doing for and toward the future. Queerness is essentially about the rejection of a here and now and an insistence on potentiality or concrete possibility for another world.

— Jose Esteban Munoz, *Cruising Utopia: The Then and There of Queer Futurity*, 2009

**“A map of the world that does not include utopia
is not worth glancing at.”**

— Oscar Wilde, 1891

“Love is a travel. All travelers whether they want or not are changed. No one can travel into love and remain the same.”

—Shams-i-Tabrīzī, as attributed on Elif Şafak’s 40 rules of love, 2014

Kisses and compliments cost nothing and mean everything, like the phrase “sweet nothings” to describe lovers’ whispers to each other. It is not through the “nothing” but the “sweet” that semiotics becomes material when plucking the strings of the heart. Love abounds on information networks—like a home, every inbox is a cacophony of emotions, of simple pleasures, seething frustrations, of unconditional support and permanent disavowals, of silent treatments and gushing confessions.

— Hugh Ryan, *When Brooklyn was queer: A History*, 2019

“As we know, love needs re-inventing.”

— Arthur Rimbaud, *A season in hell, Hallucinations 1*, 1873

Love concerns all walks of life and identities. Love in its many forms and vastness has the potential to change everything: the way we see, who we are, how we behave, and what we believe.

Love expands our sensitivity and awareness of ourselves and our surroundings. Love knows that the “other” is also oneself. Infused with love, boundaries shift, creating oneness and connection, a wholeness that has the means to manifest things greater than yourself.

It is about uttering a word,
the effects of which, in existence, can be almost infinite.
That is also, the desire driving a poem.
The simplest words become charged with an intensity,
that is almost intolerable.
To make a declaration of love is to move on
from the event-encounter,
to embark on a construction of truth.
The chance nature of the encounter
morphs into the assumption of a beginning.
And often, what starts there lasts so long, is so charged
with novelty and experience of the world,
that in retrospect it doesn't seem at all
random and contingent, as it appeared initially,
but almost a necessity.
That is how chance is curbed:
the absolute contingency of the encounter with
someone I didn't know, finally takes on
the appearance of destiny. The declaration of love,
marks the transition from chance to destiny,
and that's why, it is so perilous and so burdened
with a kind of horrifying stage fright. Moreover,
the declaration of love isn't necessarily a one-off;
it can be protracted, diffuse, confused, entangled,
stated and re-stated, and even destined to be
re-stated, yet again.

—Alain Badiou, *In praise of love*, 2009

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Subvert Dominant Narratives

Use Intentionality

Search the Eros

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Develop Tools on how to Cruise together

Share them, as commons

Expand in this city

Expand in other cities

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A sequence of encounters
reclaimed from the commodified version of love

Queer the place, reveal erotic potential

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Write love letters, Read them loud.

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Share experience
#eroticcity #cruisetogether

Keep in touch
mail: subsumption@tutanota.com fb: @Athens Subsumption

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Preparations

Notes

Interactions

Boundaries

Preparations

Locations of Eros

Reclaimed potential

Love Traces

What is Erotic about your city?

"the walking streets and small plazas, the rocks jutting out of the city scape, the hidden groves around the acropolis," M.J.B.

"The so called "motos" which is the promenade by the sea front of Limasol. Development has ruined it a bit but the memories have keep it alive." M.I.

"Last day of August. The air thick of humid night. Empty streets. Voices climbing down from buildings, mingling with thick yellow haze under street lights." A.W.

"My city is not stereotypically romantic as many people think. My city is erotic for me because of my subjective point of view, my experiences in it and everything romantic I have lived in this city until now. My city has many flaws, but I admire them, as I have admired the flaws of the people I have loved. My city is romantic to me because of the power of memory. Every corner, street and park, is a memory with people that I have loved and walked with them all around the city. I believe that many people perceive Thessaloniki as an erotic city because it is a vivid city; while you are walking around the city centre you smell all the aromas from the bakeries, the cafes, the perfumes; you hear the conversation of people talking loud on the streets, fighting, making jokes, flirting. Thus my city is erotic from both subjective and objective points of view. My city is melancholic because of all the memories, and melancholia and nostalgia are the most elegant and romantic feelings, and they characterise the vibe and identity of my city." G.D.

"On first sight, not a lot. But perhaps, eroticism can be found there. In getting soaked in the rain, embracing its ugliness, finding its hidden places of beauty, of love, of sex." S.B.

"I hope to find it with you" S.V.

"How people in Thessaloniki respond to other people's gaze. There is a kind of flirtation in people's eye to eye contact." C.V.

"Berlin is erotic in the way it flows with little sense of time, urgency, or direction; rather stagnant in its presentation of endless possibilities, despite the inevitability of imminent change. It's both exciting and secure." E.H.

"The erotic lies under the many layers of grey, in hot tarmac, is to be found at night in a club smelling a stranger's sweat, while strolling through a park. Eroticism happens when people are drawn to each other, and there are so many unlikely spots where that happens in Berlin." L.B.

"Everything" V.

"Laying on the sand of the beach" C.

"The grunge and the desperation to escape it into tiny flats and on fire escapes; the furtive eye contact on the subway and the brushing of hands on crowded sidewalks." S.S.

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