

to kiss  
on a  
battlefield

act 1

/

texts

clemente  
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**To Kiss on a Battlefield / Act 1 / Texts**

First Edition, 2023

Revised Digital Edition, Fall 2024

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This publication serves three-way: as an obscure manual, as site of a clumsy poetics of utter entanglement, and as an illustrative compendium to the exhibition and aftermath of *To Kiss on a Battlefield, Act 1*, which was installed and performed between March 18th and April 16th, 2023 at California Institute of the Arts in Santa Clarita, CA, USA.

By uncovering the project's methodologies, dynamics and implications, this publication outlines concepts working intermittently as beat and cover to the flow of *the kiss*, the project's informal aftermath.

/

My deepest gratitude and devotion go to all that have made *To Kiss* possible. In particular, *To Kiss, Act 1* moves in+as+through the overflowing, invaluable collaboration and contributions of artists and performers Kayla Dobbs and Aviana Glover; blushes and is honored at the daring documentary brilliance and dedication of artists Yun Gi Ahn and Logan Wolfe; grew in conversation, in friendship, in love and through various forms of artistic and intellectual encounters and contaminations with Gloria Galvez, Myour Gape, Boz Deseo Garden, Aviana Glover, Herry Kim, Michael Ned Holte, AK Jenkins, Wes Larios, Steven Lam, Poodle Moran, Lena Martin, MPA, Stella Felice, Isabel Riedling, Logan Wolfe, Julie Tolentino.

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images edited from originals by Yun Gi Ahn, Logan Wolfe, Clemente Ciarrocca  
pictured performers Kayla Dobbs, Aviana Glover, Clemente Ciarrocca  
design by Clemente Ciarrocca  
texts by Clemente Ciarrocca

/

First published by the artist in June, 2023  
in the spread of Los Angeles, CA

/

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[[

Whose toll am I?

I think too much —  
each morning the Minotauromachy

*(Natalie Diaz)*



to kiss on a battlefield

act 1

**intro**

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**intro**

*How can something be made (or make itself) by unclaiming capture?*

*How can something, rather than formally assuming a typical relation-ship to its own idea, radically unclaim that connection to work solely as a sacrificial, oblique return system, as a channel upstreaming to its very pulse?*

*How can something enable something other with the constancy of a life that isn't death?*

*How can something just be bankside to a river/field, to a stream that is continuous, and continuously opening?*

[note to self, March 14th, 2023]

Rooting in such paradoxical questioning to eventually develop as a material, performative and theoretical methodology, *To Kiss on a Battlefield* revolves on creating and iterating ground. Offering a place to be and nothing to see, the result is a cut running through exhibitional dynamics and the violent assumptions that embed the very acts of seeing and identifying. In *Act I*, these are both exacerbated and neutralized to acknowledge, expose, and relegate trauma (traced back to its Greek root, meaning 'wound') as the defining paradigm of contemporary life and thought—an exposure and a relegation that allow for an informal imagination of kissing as an inverse, alternative paradigm.

The project's backbone is entrusted to an open, indeterminate material: *The Spread*. Both a process and a custom-assembled, semi-liquid solution mirroring the chemical composition of human sweat but with a heavy sodium imbalance, *The Spread* is created by deriving sweat's main chemicals from pharmaceutical supplements, which are crushed into powder and stirred by hand into hot water, pre-mixed with sea salt crystals. A small amount of isopropyl alcohol helps dissolve the powders along with most of the salt crystals, as well as the sebum and other trace components of sweat derived from the stirrer's hand, already sweaty from crushing the pills. The result is poured on the gallery floor and over the objects populating the show, slowly stabilizing as an odorous slurry, unevenly crystallizing as it dries, covering all surfaces and all crevices, obfuscating their image, turning them into a ground.





W H O K N O W S N O T H O W T O H I D E

K N O W S N O T H O W T O L O V E <sup>[1]</sup>



**method/inscription**

[ working in a state  
[ of lack

working in a state ]  
of longing ]

[ working  
[ in a state of convulsion

working ]  
in a state of grace ]







[5]



[6]

to kiss on a battlefield /

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**method/inscription**

Make ground. A ground is created by refusing capture or form, establishing a gesture whose taking-of-shape is precisely a state of continual abandonment of a shape we, the subjects, may recognize. A ground seeks no relationship to an idea or identity, while at the same time becoming a place to be, implicating all senses, tilting your stand. The act of creation here does not result in something to be claimed, but rather something to be perpetually in the process of forming and unforming.

✱

Make sweat. The ground is a liquid solution that mirrors the major chemicals present in human sweat. Pharmaceutical supplements are crushed into powder and dissolved by hand in hot water together with sea salt crystals. The stirrer's hands, already sweaty from crushing the supplements, contribute trace components of sebum. This mixture is poured, and exposed to air, it begins to crystallize as it dries.

The solution is intentionally unbalanced, with sodium comprising 6000 parts to approximately 1. This imbalance references the historical and material uses of salt—once currency, once a weapon of environmental destruction, and a preservative that delays decay. The salt imbalance turns the solution into something that holds contradictory powers: growth and suppression, preservation and erosion. As it dries, the crystallized solution reflects this tension.

✱

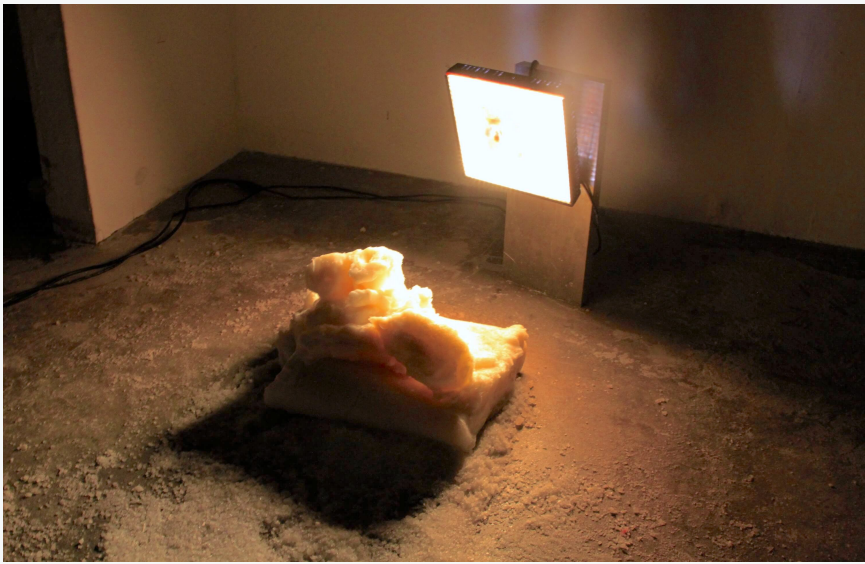
Pour the sweat solution across the surface of the gallery's floors and the objects already laid on the floor. Spread it with your hands and feet. Cover everything, wet everything. A slurry is formed—odorous, receptive, all-embracing, turning everything into ground. An additive material, sucking in dust, debris, and dirt, integrating these into its crystallization, opacizing.

The solidity of this ground is not final. Its spreading is iterative: the crystals, once dried, can be scraped off, collected, re-dissolved, and spread again. Each iteration carries forward with it the debris of those who have walked upon it or laid with it, incorporating them into the material without allowing them to claim it. It holds continuity without being the same, devoid of an identity.

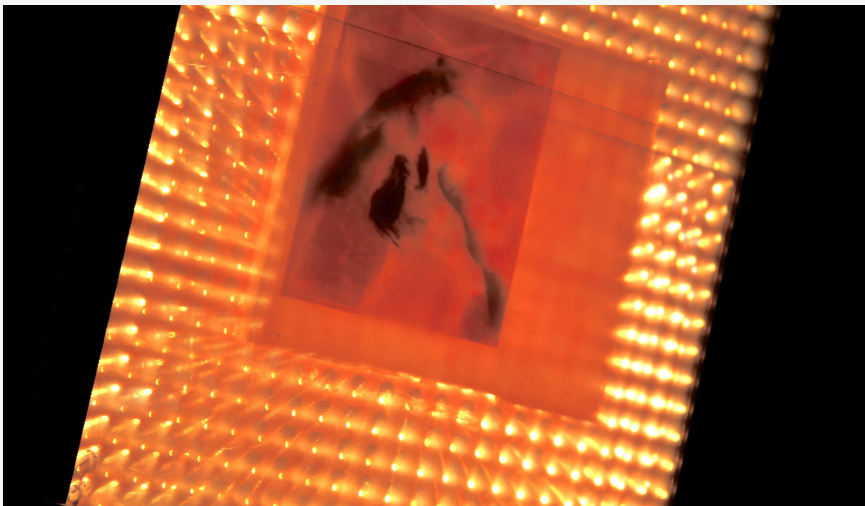
[7]







[8]



[9]

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**method/inscription [cont.]**

In the farthest corner of the space, the main light source is a cinematic panel designed for close-up, soft portraiture. This light rises vertically from a metal slab, almost absurd in its presence, both irreverent and somewhat courageous (so daring is rising in a periphery). In this corner, chunks of wax rest on a larger chunk shaped like a pillow, the smaller chunks having been chopped off its edges. The smaller chunks appear to be resting on their main body, content to sunbathe, one perhaps even playfully trying to climb on top of the pile and get a better view of the setting sun.

✱

The spreading of the sweat seems to begin here, right by the wax chunks, where the crystals are thicker and more intact. This area marks the origin point—a site to which one may return. The viewer approaches these chunks, marked by finger traces, wondering whether they may touch them before venturing back into the darker parts of the space.

Like the sweat crystals, the chunks are not bound by solidity. Their form, though currently solid, can be undone. They can be re-melted, re-molded into a pillow, and re-chunked. In this, they share the iterative nature of the spread—a materiality that resists finality, forever capable of being remerged, severed and reassembled.

✱

The light rises, sets and rises again every forty minutes, according to a pattern tied to the March equinox, which happens to fall two days before the opening. This gives the space its own day-night cycle. As the light brightens, rather than illuminating it faintly radiates across the sweat spread, casting its glow across the chunks. As it dims, the space is gradually left in near-total darkness, transitioning into night. The ground's features, already blurred, become nearly invisible in the dark.

A piece of wax, poured from the chunked material, was melted and layered over the light source, creating a square film across its central section. This layer encases an image—a blur of blue hands, crossing and touching, engaged with an indistinct dark object. The image, though visible, resists clarity, as though moving or trembling. The object remains undefined.

✱

A dim, artificial safety light hangs by the entrance to the spread. Surreal in its artificiality and arbitrariness, it is so dim it barely lights itself, yet provides a visible point—a false sense of safety, an illusion of something to see.







[11]



[12]

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**method/inscription [cont.]**

In the faint glow of the space, two additional chunks rest on the floor: one, a child; the other, a heart. The first sits by a corner, resting its head on crossed arms over a bent knee, rising slightly, forming a higher embankment to the spread; while the heart remains low, unfixed, mobile, moved around the space by the artist and visitors.

Why a heart? Why a child? Informally we learn the pimple was cut down from an aluminum block to the same measurements of the artist's heart; we learn the artist saw himself as a child in a dream, their genitals shaped like a human mouth spurting a crystal-like formation, like a chrysalis. Here the artist may have chunked himself—fragmented, disoriented, his body divided between observing and becoming part of the spread.

✱



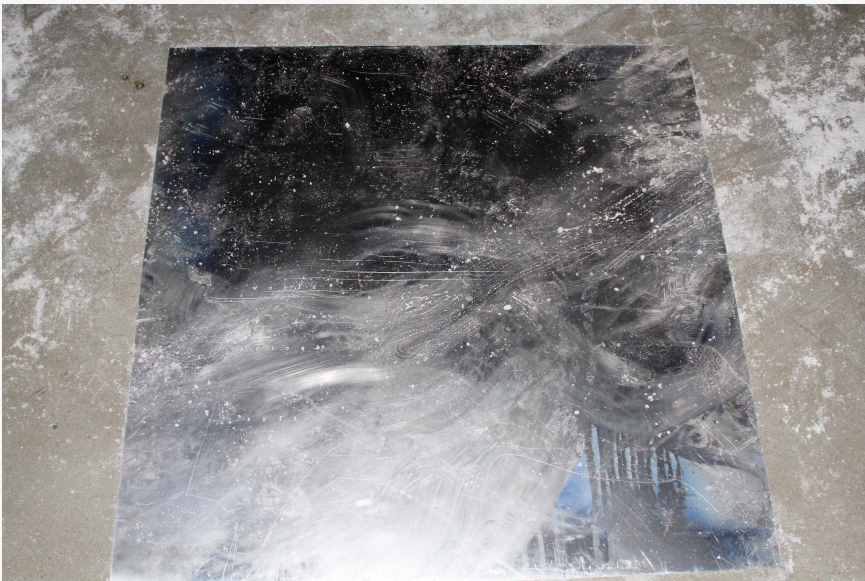
[13]







[14]



[15]

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**method/inscription [cont.]**

Six engraved plates lie on the floor. Obliquely lit by the sun, they could be grave-markers, or again, just sunbathers. Their engraved words grow increasingly illegible as the sweat spread crystallizes and grows opaque. Visitors step on them, bringing more slurry over them, willing or accidental participants in the erasure of the engravings. Words are gradually obscured, once easily visible and readable:

*Where does the difference between rise increase growth and invasion lie  
Only where it spread are you able to walk*

*You are in the minefield again.  
Someone who is dead now whispers to you:  
this is where you can learn to dance.<sup>1</sup>*

*My love  
Are you listening  
You are my community  
Do you want  
me To love me  
to kill me*

*in this  
world can  
radical be  
soft*

*And that  
doesn't mean  
It necessarily is  
that peace*

*Skylines  
Cosmogonies  
Ridiculous  
Circularity*

but these are slowly erased underfoot, the plates losing their shape and identity through the accumulation of traces left by others.

✱

<sup>1</sup> adapted from a poem by Ocean Vuong









[17]

to kiss on a battlefield /  
act 1 /  
**method/inscription [cont.]**

A seventh plate does not lay but leans against the side wall, barely grazed by the light. It is kept from sliding by a plaque engraved with the word "clearing," and it faces an indistinct black box. The inscription on the plate reads:

*I died  
to kiss  
on a battlefield and I  
died  
to kiss  
on a battlefield*

✱

A continuous sound of breath-ins and breath-outs emanates from the dark box, in conversation with the leaning plate which refracts the sound back towards the box and into the space. This rhythmic breathing composes the soundscape of the spread. Again in conversation, one learns this is a recording of the artist lying breathing in bed while silently recollecting memories and imagining the future.

a d i e d  
n d  
d i e t o  
i e d k i s s  
t o  
i s s o n  
o n  
a t t l e f t o l d  
a  
b a t t l e  
r i e l d







[19]

to kiss on a battlefield /

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**method/inscription [cont.]**

One of the two doors of the entrance to the space is taken off its hinges and replaced by a double curtain, threaded with labyrinthine motifs, hanging from a bar adorned with flame-like wax edges. Sto step into the space, visitors must move the the labyrinth aside. Once inside, they find themselves immediately walking over the sweat spread, its crystals already crunching underfoot.

✱









[21]



[22]

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**method/inscription [cont.]**

The breathing intensifies as more visitors enter, accompanied by two performers. The performers are not announced. They can be distinguished only when they crouch down on the sweat spread, lying still with their eyes closed, unmoving. There is no stage, no direction. No information is given about the performance. No acknowledgement is made. No start is given. No coordinates are provided. It is not for you. Not even for your benefit.

✱

The performers remain on the ground for a full night and day cycle. As the light in the space has fully dimmed again and a second night begins, they start to crawl. They follow and retrace the lines of the ground, searching for each other without ever raising their heads. Just as the ground is pressed under the audience's feet, they are pressed under the audience's eyes—an audience that needs to see, that cannot resist using flashes, exposing the performers to a violent light, always quickly re-absorbed into the darkness. The performers are safe; the blur always awaits them. Another silence envelops them, as though the ground itself holds its breath. Another silence envelops them, as though the ground itself were holding its breath, and in that silence, they can really listen, they are able to look for each other.

✱

On the fourth cycle, as day draws to an end and night approaches, the performers are close, and know they are. They sense it—hear it—until finally, as night falls, they look up, and reach for one another. They touch, and pressing against each other, they raise each other from the ground. In the dark rise touching they call the other out of each other toward themselves, / *from the ground my pupil*

*gaping I see*

*viewers standing separately in semicircular formation around them looking at them intensely looking at*

*nothing who are a clear*

*continuous*

*darker region /*

*leaving no mark but a memory*

*opening*

*humming*

*abandoning*

*and kissing / Unseen, the performers kiss in the dark.*

✱

As a new dawn begins, they release, and run out of the space.

✱

I was the third

lost

begging to enter the material world



[23]



**aftermath**

to kiss on a battlefield /

act 1 /

**aftermath**

I am working in a state of convulsion

+

In the formality  
of my trauma I confess

+

What is trauma  
if trauma is wound  
What is a future  
if collective trauma is contemporary

Imagine kissing  
From a wound a cut taking away a carve splitting dividing separating imagine kissing,  
that pull, that rise so touching we call to the other out of themselves toward ourselves we  
leave no mark but a memory a hum Opening abandoning

+

I confess in the absurd versatility of the need I inflict  
In the humbleness of this solitude  
Wounded cut taken away carved split divided isolated and I keep imagining that kiss  
rising touching I call you out of yourself toward ourselves leaving no mark but a memory  
a hum opening into the nearness of an afternoon on that lush and dark ground still humid and  
everyone collected into their wide mansion glorious pride of their race and everyone ate but  
me and you the two of us starve under a seed a dripping seed which happens to be in  
flower do we even notice do we even notice pulled by the current pulled by the current we  
just wanting go back to the river

+

I confess your exploitation, I confess your deployment, I confess your relegation.

+

*To Kiss* exploits and deploys, relegates those who sight, those who close their weak eye and  
look through the red-dotted scope, the seizing formation of audience, spectators, veillers. From  
*explicare*, 'unfold' (with a sense of detachment); from *déployer* (of military use since 1786),  
from *displicare* and late *deplicare*, 'unfold or explain' (with a sense of accompaniment); and  
from *relegatus*, past participle of *relegare*, 'remove, dismiss, banish, put aside', from *re-*  
'back' + *legare* 'send as a deputy, send with a commission' (which is possibly literally 'engage  
by contract' and related to *lex* genitive *legis*). *To Kiss* exploits and deploys, relegates anyone  
who is not ground,





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act 1 /

**aftermath [cont.]**

anyone who does not rise with ground, abandoning form.

Those who move the labyrinth aside enter a field, a space of sensorial slur, a space that could be pictured as a four-sided band, holding them oscillatingly within a double ontology, like strings held by a band composed of their own flesh. Like wheat stems it holds and inflects them on a continuous line, has them spread up afterwards, their ears finally out. In a field prone to meaning-making with no hope of a halt, no resolution available, no stopping, nothing to hold on to other than their own perspective, in the constant temptation to raise sight across the impossibility to generate vision. Alone, it is ecstatic; in mass, it is alienating. Forced by habit and desire to hold flashes gun-like, to see, if not to not be seen. In mass it is extractive, wounding. Formation's trauma. Splitting, separating, making space for that kiss

+

In this trauma, in this impact, and in the informality of its aftermath, *To Kiss* flows aside, imagining an alternative, de-formed paradigm: the paradigm of a kiss, of its improvised, continuing kiss, of an informal imagination, a continuous imagination, a kiss in no form, no image for it, precisely the point

*To Kiss* flows aside, imagining a social interaction assuming the model of a kiss      *What does it seem like to you?*

*It seems like a dance to me*      continuously aware of the other in the softest, most radical of touches, the most unnecessary of actions, location of assembly and shared collapse of our senses, merge, impossible de-stitution of a wet place, which, you know, to be fluid, to taste, where boundaries do not stand but lay, a path, of thresholds, and so much more, continuously, through their depths, and how different from these wounds

+

*To Kiss* forms. Beginning with a question, foundational, eventually blurring into focus. On March 14th, 2023, about to begin the spread, I write:

*How can something be made (or make itself) by unclaiming capture?*

*How can something, rather than formally assuming a typical relation-ship to its own idea, radically unclaim that connection to work solely as a sacrificial, oblique return system, as a channel upstreaming to its very pulse?*

*How can something enable something other with the constancy of a life that isn't death? How can something just be bankside to a river/field, to a stream that is continuous, and continuously opening? The perverse, "particular kind of failure" of this spread being to purpose, bring close, represent/reproduce, place 'continuity' in such field — to model, provide imagery.*

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**aftermath [cont.]**

An attempt, a model for this particular kind of failure: presenting release—thus holding the real of reality—its abandonment—conscripted within a very own, specific type of capture; holding itself shut/near.

A sacrificial, embodied type of search

Visioning within sight, from sight, a-sight. Madness. Loss (through an “aesthetic disruption of the game.”) Kneeling, crawling loosing beyond compromise and releasing to reach that silence —: start humming \_\_\_\_\_

in the absence of an image. Ultimately

In a form of beauty

+

What does a constancy of embattlement imply?

What does the all-pervasive, passive, minute-iterated daily adoption of a corporate-militaristic techne implicate in the way we relate?

On March 27th I write:

*To Kiss is a formal challenge to representation, waging for the continuous.*

*It holds shape as a ground of intensities identified materially in gestures and objects, spread and emergence. It explores artworks (“chunks”) as tensors, or resilient, sacrificial potentials (and temptations) for meaning-making. It poses form open: performatively, with no beginning and no end, with reversibility and iterability, in a kiss that continues; and materially, identifying an open material, the ground, a whole locale beyond mediation. It pours sweat, a testimony of movement (a neutral) and waits for it, lets it crystallize (a neutralizer). It brings close, holds close, merges and disperses the opaque continuity of 62 hours of my own breathing providing the soundscape to the exhibition, a mute breathing through memories and future imagings.*

*To Kiss exposes and relegates exhibitional veillance and perversions that concretely represent the embattlement of everyday life, perpetrated by remoteness, cemented by an ever more digital era. Through exposure, it critiques a thoroughly warfared life, the impending remoteness that marks our hours, the hegemony of speed, of efficiency, of a universal, perpetrated, passively necessary martiality, the permanent, seamless, binary stakes of individuation over obliteration, the helplessly, (dis)armingly remote hold of our image within scopes.*

*To Kiss is in the growth of the break that relegates such warfare. Barrels aimed at its fugitive ground, firing aside the vital assembly of its slowness, of*





to kiss on a battlefield /

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**aftermath [cont.]**

*its blur, rising in absence, continuously, in the imagination of that long, humming kiss,  
which leaves no mark, remaining unseen in happening too close to our eyes (it knows  
visibility is against its best interests), remaining reminded, keeping discharging,*

+

In ‘critique through exposure’ what is critiqued by the work is in the work, handled intact. What is critiqued is held here in its entirety, real, un-analyzed and un-articulated. An equivalence between the work and its pestilence taken on, an evocation delivered. An assimilation takes place. The work manifests what it critiques: it sacrifices itself (or better, its face, the locus of recognition) to relegate what it critiques — this is its day, its light. Embodying its illness, the work scapegoats. And some goats can survive in the brightest of deserts. There is an impending remoteness between the ground and the visitor. There is an impending remoteness between visitors and meaning. There is an impending remoteness between me and you.

Creating a ground from which form can be and is abandoned relegates this circuit of distance. And nothing further should or could be said

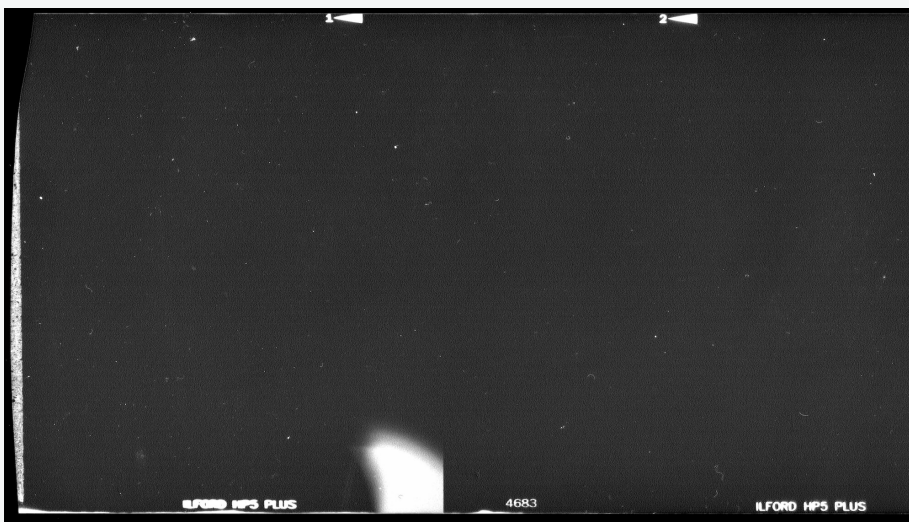
+

*To Kiss* lives in the informality of its aftermath. No formalization respects its continuity. No Word, no image, no words, no articulation, no dissection can be an exhaustive or a dependable resource to seize the events, the truths it carries. Until the next spread, *To Kiss* operates only as a conceptual and theoretical space from where to continue.

+

“when does the war end [ ]

when can I say your name and have it mean only your name [ ]”



[26]



[27]



**materials**

to kiss on a battlefield /

act 1 /

**materials**

<b>synthesized sweat</b> [water (1:1)*, calcium (1:1)*, magnesium (1:1)*, potassium (1:1)*, sodium (~6000:1)*, copper, iron, nickel, zinc, glycoproteins, urea, lactic acid, sebum, isopropyl (in unknown proportions)] {*=proportion to average concentration in human sweat}	♣ ♣	<b>1X1 low-profile dmx-modulated led litepanel</b>
	♣	<b>microcrystalline wax</b>
	♣	<b>light</b>
<b>aluminum</b> [alloy 6061]	♣	<b>paraffin wax</b>
<b>61h43m sound recording</b>	♣ ♣	<b>cellulose</b> [hardwood fiber paper; vellum]
<b>memory</b>	♣	
	♣	<b>oxygen</b>
<b>26x7x13" black poplar plywood speaker</b>	♣ ♣	<b>debris</b>
<b>polylactic acid</b>	♣ ♣	<b>dust</b>
<b>touch</b>	♣	
	♣	
	♣	
	♣	





**resources/playlist**

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act 1 /

**resources/playlist**

Natalie Diaz, <i>Postcolonial Love Poem</i>   <i>I, Minotaur</i> [published in <i>Postcolonial Love Poem</i> , Natalie Diaz, Graywolf Press, 2020]	RR R	black midi, <i>bmbmbm</i> [from <i>Schlagenheim</i> by black midi, Rough Trade Records, 2019]
Jonathan Crary, <i>Scorched Earth</i> [Verso, 2022]	R R	<b>turning, opening, clearing, letting</b> [in reference to the terminology of the late thinking of Martin Heidegger as outlined in John Krummel, <i>Spatiality in the Later Heidegger: Turning — Clearing</i> — <i>Letting</i> , published in EXISTENTIA Journal of Philosophy, Vol XVI, Fasc. 5-6, 2006]
Fred Moten, <i>Blue Vespers</i>   <i>Black and Blue on White</i>   <i>Cornered, Taken, Made to Leave</i>   <i>Remind</i> [published in <i>Black and Blur</i> , Fred Moten, Duke University Press, 2017]	RR RR	<b>nautical dawn in Los Angeles</b>
Jean-Francois Lyotard, <i>Libidinal Economy</i> [Indiana University Press, 1993]	R R R	<b>the soundwork of Eliane Radigue</b>  <b>Como La Flor w/ Jazmin</b> [ww.nts.live, May 2017—present]
<b>the work of Pierre Huyghe</b>  David Robbins, <i>Warm Science Fiction</i> [published in <i>Pierre Huyghe: Le Château de Turing</i> , le presses du réel, 2003]	RR R R	Denise F. da Silva, <i>On Difference Without Separability</i> [published in the catalogue of <i>Incerteza Viva — 32nd</i> <i>Bienal de São Paulo</i> , Fundação Bienal de São Paulo, 2016]
<b>the poetry of Ocean Vuong</b>  <b>the work of David Hammons</b>	R R R	Saidiya Hartman, <i>The Plot of Her Undoing</i> [Feminist Art Coalition, 2020]
<b>SUBLIMATION SPIDER</b> [from <i>Who's That Girl?</i> w/ Leyla Pillai, www.nts.live, aired on March 2nd, 2020]	R R R	<b>the bright darkness of the Van Norman Reservoir as you drive up/down the 5</b>
Liu Cixin, <i>Death's End</i> [Tor Books, 2016]	R	Jean-Luc Nancy, <i>We Are Sense</i> [published in <i>Being</i> <i>Singular Plural</i> , Jean-Luc Nancy, SUP Meridian Series, 2000]
Károly Kerényi, <i>The Primordial Child</i> <i>in Primordial Times</i> [published in <i>The Science of Mythology</i> , K. Kerényi and C.J. Jung, Routledge, 2002]	R R	<b>Gian Lorenzo Bernini's graceful gesture for Sleeping Hermaphrodite</b>
The Motels, <i>Total Control</i> [from <i>Motels</i> by The Motels, Capitol Records, 1979]	R R	Jean-Luc Nancy, <i>The Birth to Presence</i> [published in <i>The Birth to Presence</i> , Jean-Luc Nancy, SUP Meridian Series, 1994]
Roy Davis Jr., <i>Gabriel</i> [XL Recordings, 1996]	R R R R R R	Chopin's <i>Nocturnes, No. 5-19</i>





**in the atmosphere remains**  
[Beside Representation in XXI World]

*essai in 23 points*

*companion text to the opening of*  
To Kiss on a Battlefield, Act 1

*March 23rd, 2023*  
*7pm PST*  
*California Institute of the Arts*  
*Valencia, CA*

to kiss on a battlefield /  
act 1 /  
**in the atmosphere remains**

1. In the atmosphere remains the indulgence, insistent, alive. In the atmosphere remains a sense of freedom untamed. A long Idyll to the sun of our rooms, to every sun in every room of the periphery where we move and focus. Where we move to *focus*, or *point of convergence*, originally meaning *heart*, *fire-place* (and figuratively, *home*, *family*), and of unknown origin.  
A practice in between, of anchoring onto that point and of elevation into its atmosphere, where it remains:
2. bank. Beside. Intention for objects to hold the river's flow, to support the field.  
Elucidation: MG is an artist, hangs in The Center, and makes *Objects*, gorgeous, pulling products, wrapped in sexing films, filaments or crystals, and shiny, with a history, and gooey, objects of sense and objects of thought. *Objects* perhaps not intended and yet terminated in strengthening, tightening, capturing Identity.  
In and through these objects a certain continuity could instead be rooted, spread, and held close. A continuity formed out of its own notion of gesture: of its pulse, of its wave. The gestures of a continuity hidden by and distilled into MG's captive dance with MG's objects, their assembled talks, look, trans[n]actional potential, what keeps firing.
3. Good, doG, what if now, all of a sudden these objects finally unclaimed, and released.  
What if they released their capture. What if they were letting, to hold. What if they did not belong to the world of capture, but to the world of rest. (Guard our doors in this abstract night.)  
What if they were means of approach and stand-by, an other language, departing from the Object and only from the Object of Obscure Desire, whose idioms overcome language to support the continuity they hold. This continuity is where we stand, warmed over by the river's waves. A ground beyond claims. The Object is not the object of our intentions.
4. [...] "[T]hereby forming a 'black domain' which no one will attack as its inhabitants cannot affect the space outside", the object solely a vertex, a turn, a pleasure principle, our dead. Through it nothing can attack the space outside of it, its relational space, a space simply undefined and yet (or precisely) a place, to re-turn from. To bounce back into our locale, squatting on this membrane. As if the object was a bankside to an undefined, constantly defining stream. The gestural formulas:  
(What) abstracts (you)  
(What) gives (you) pleasure  
(What) is violence  
(What) is energy  
[...]  
And I pledge love to your utterance.

[30]





to kiss on a battlefield /

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**in the atmosphere remains [cont.]**

5. They remain in the warm hold of an erotics grounding pleasure as commencement, the rising, and death in its abstraction. Principles in *flight of* their marks, in the rising of their surfaces. In their turgidity. In *flight from* (so Hold) an image, a pattern, the assumed, a fixation discarding the mark as inert, dead. Ever (re)forming.
6. A focus springs in answer to the problem of truth in representation. *Object*, either stillborn or a maternal death, no one able to care. How do we grow our family?
7. truth. Everseeking truth: unfixed, the conditions for something to hold and be held, lived by, believed. The truth of any point is in the continuity it allows or not allows. Any point must pledge to be a vertex, to turn. True representation is letting, is non-addressing, de-touching, sacrificial, of the rise. The under-skin, vessels blowing oxygen through our gestures' tissues, repeatedly, (in perception, for) the object their pumping rhythm. This is contentless, the work of sacrifice, the pointing at: continue. This lives the social mind. This is resources, a manner. Not mind to die, can/do you/we
8. as the plot resumes in dominion, as its undoing keeps in stealth
9. doing continuously begins with a fall out of love with representation, the that this tempting dominion. With grasping — with one, trembling hand — dominion only as possible, the other hand an actual formal abandonment. Doing begins with the relegation of dominion. With the nonchalant feeding of our own ribboned shit to the beast, which we tied in its own chains. With the conception and abduction of its beauty. With the graceful dabble of a release.
10. Our refusal, their refuse. To revolt, to denounce, to strike, to threaten: to format their refuse wherever we don't also refuse their How's. We remain seduced by their softmost technologies... at the center, on the pedestals, on the front-cover, behind the vitrines, on the billboards, in the new(s), through their scripts, inside their pockets, endlessly and hopelessly in love with king Dom. So we become the refuse of a system that claims policies towards abolition, boosts queerness winning at the Grammys, advertises 'Black Entrepreneurship' on ATM screens. Shrinking resources of renaissance, widening scissors, and the widest, most persistently pervasive slavery remaining the only secret, hidden in plain sight. To represent your unrepresented within this set is but a glorious burial, the seal of loss.

To keep the gold, leave brass on the pedestal. To discharge in their vitrines. To release. The running relegation of the circuit ends its expansion.  
Grace. An origin is that end

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**in the atmosphere remains [cont.]**

11. How to return the reality of a woman, a mother diagnosed with cancer, three kids to care of, begging on the exit ramp of the highway that takes us places
12. How to undo our chains
13. in the difference between invasion and rise, increase, growth
14. In the atmosphere remains the indulgence insistent, alive. In the atmosphere remains a sense of freedom untamed. A long Idyll to the sun of our rooms, to every sun in every room of the periphery where we move and focus.
15. Scapegoat. One of a pair of kid goats that is released into the wilderness, taking with it all sins and impurities of the community, while the other is sacrificed. Which of the two goats goes to the wild?  
  
And you want to wander. Disappear of your own will into the desert.
16. Form. To be in what keeps giving, what keeps surviving, resilient, the adamant, and flee contingency. Units of time, space, absence: to fill each and spread, enlarge, by filling. Provide a system of return, like breathing. To radicalize what is implicit in every practice.
17. Object-based. A single piece, like a moment, and returning.  
A unity, an other home. The line of the cycle of a wave form. Where the curve rises from. The point of origin, the beginning that allows you to say: I am back.  
This object does not need to represent or contain. It needs to be bank, allowing things to bounce back and hum. It needs to be *rich*. A curvy chunk.  
Approach, a single piece, with care a plurality, and more richness, touched
18. In the atmosphere  
There is no stopping
19. Utopia? Elegance? Financial independence? Desireful thinking?
20. The pledge of love.  
Love is silence, letting the emergence. Love is its observance. Love is that hold. Love is coming second.
21. To continue, to work. Must continue by making, and try making, and through making, evidence occurs, specifics begin, and the continuous locale clears. Acquires weight.
22. This is not to uproar and not to upturn, not to become.
23. This is not capture, but a band, a trampoline, a projection, a beam. Steady,





[‡] J. F. Lyotard, epigraph to *Libidinal Economy*

[img. 1] performance still, with performers Clemente Ciarrocca and Aviana Glover, image edited from original documentation with flash by Yun Gi Ahn

[img. 2] performance still, with performer Kayla Dobbs, image edited from original documentation with flash by Yun Gi Ahn

[img. 3] installation detail, image edited from original documentation with flash by Clemente Ciarrocca

[img. 4] installation detail, image edited from original documentation with flash by Clemente Ciarrocca

[img. 5] installation view, image edited from original documentation with flash by Clemente Ciarrocca

[img. 6] installation detail, image edited from original documentation with flash by Clemente Ciarrocca

[img. 7] installation detail, image edited from original documentation with flash by Clemente Ciarrocca

[img. 8] installation details, *The Sun*, 2023, aluminum, low-light led panel, polymer filter, wax, cellulose, 18x8x45cm, and *Chunks*, 2023, microcrystalline wax, 43x28x20cm, image edited from original documentation without flash by Clemente Ciarrocca

[img. 9] installation detail, detail of *The Sun*, 2023, image edited from original documentation with flash by Clemente Ciarrocca

[img. 10] installation detail, image edited from original documentation without flash by Clemente Ciarrocca

[img. 11] installation detail, *Chunk (Child)*, 2023, polylactic acid print, 22x22x40cm (diametral measurements), designed in collaboration with Herry Kim, image edited from original documentation with flash by Clemente Ciarrocca

[img. 12] installation detail, *Chunk (Heart)*, 2023, aluminum (alloy 6061), 9.7x11.4cm (diametrical measurements), image edited from original documentation without flash by Clemente Ciarrocca

[img. 13] installation detail, *Chunk (Heart)*, 2023, aluminum 6061, 9.7x11.4cm (diametrical measurements), image edited from original documentation without flash by Clemente Ciarrocca

[img. 14] installation detail, *Where does the difference between rise increase growth and invasion lie / Only where it spread are you able to walk*, 2023, cnc-engraved aluminum 6061 plate, 76x121cm, image edited from original documentation with flash by Clemente Ciarrocca

[img. 15] installation detail, *in this / world can / radical be / soft*, 2023, cnc-engraved aluminum 6061 plate, 128x128cm, image edited from original documentation with flash by Clemente Ciarrocca

[img. 16] installation detail, *Where does the difference between rise increase growth and invasion lie / Only where it spread are you able to walk*, 2023, cnc-engraved aluminum 6061 plate, 76x121cm, image edited from original documentation with flash by Clemente Ciarrocca

[img. 17] installation detail, image edited from original documentation with flash by Clemente Ciarrocca

[img. 18] installation detail, *I died to kiss on a battlefield and I died to kiss on a battlefield*, 2023, cnc-engraved aluminum 6061 plate, 86x131cm, image edited from original documentation with flash by Clemente Ciarrocca

[img. 19] entrance to the gallery

[img. 20] entrance to the gallery, detail

[img. 21] performance still, with performer Kayla Dobbs, image edited from original documentation without flash by Logan Wolfe

[img. 22] performance still, with performer Kayla Dobbs, image edited from original documentation without flash by Logan Wolfe

[img. 23] performance still, with performer Aviana Glover, image edited from original documentation with flash by Yun Gi Ahn

[img. 24] performance still, with performer Clemente Ciarrocca, image edited from original documentation with flash by Yun Gi Ahn

[img. 25] performance still, with performer Aviana Glover, image edited from original documentation with flash by Yun Gi Ahn

[img. 26] performance still (*the kiss*), with performer Kayla Dobbs, image edited from original documentation without flash by Logan Wolfe

[img. 27] performance still, with performer Aviana Glover, image edited from original documentation with flash by Yun Gi Ahn

[img. 28] performance still, with performer Kayla Dobbs, image edited from original documentation with flash by Yun Gi Ahn

[img. 29] holding *Chunk (Heart)*

[img. 30] holding *Chunk (Heart)*

[img. 31] holding *Chunk (Heart)*

Through the night I swing the sickle of my wonders,  
a harvest-work—of touch and worry.

*(Natalie Diaz)*

to kiss  
on a  
battlefield

act 1

/

texts

clemente  
ciarrocca