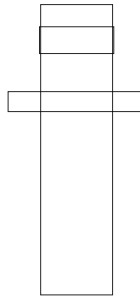


clemente ciarrocca



Until This I Mean This

opening May 11 2024, 1—6pm

reading June 23 2024, 3pm

Obelus
Forster Strasse 49
10999 Berlin DE

Saturdays 4–6pm and by appointment
all inquiries: obelus.obelus.obelus@gmail.com

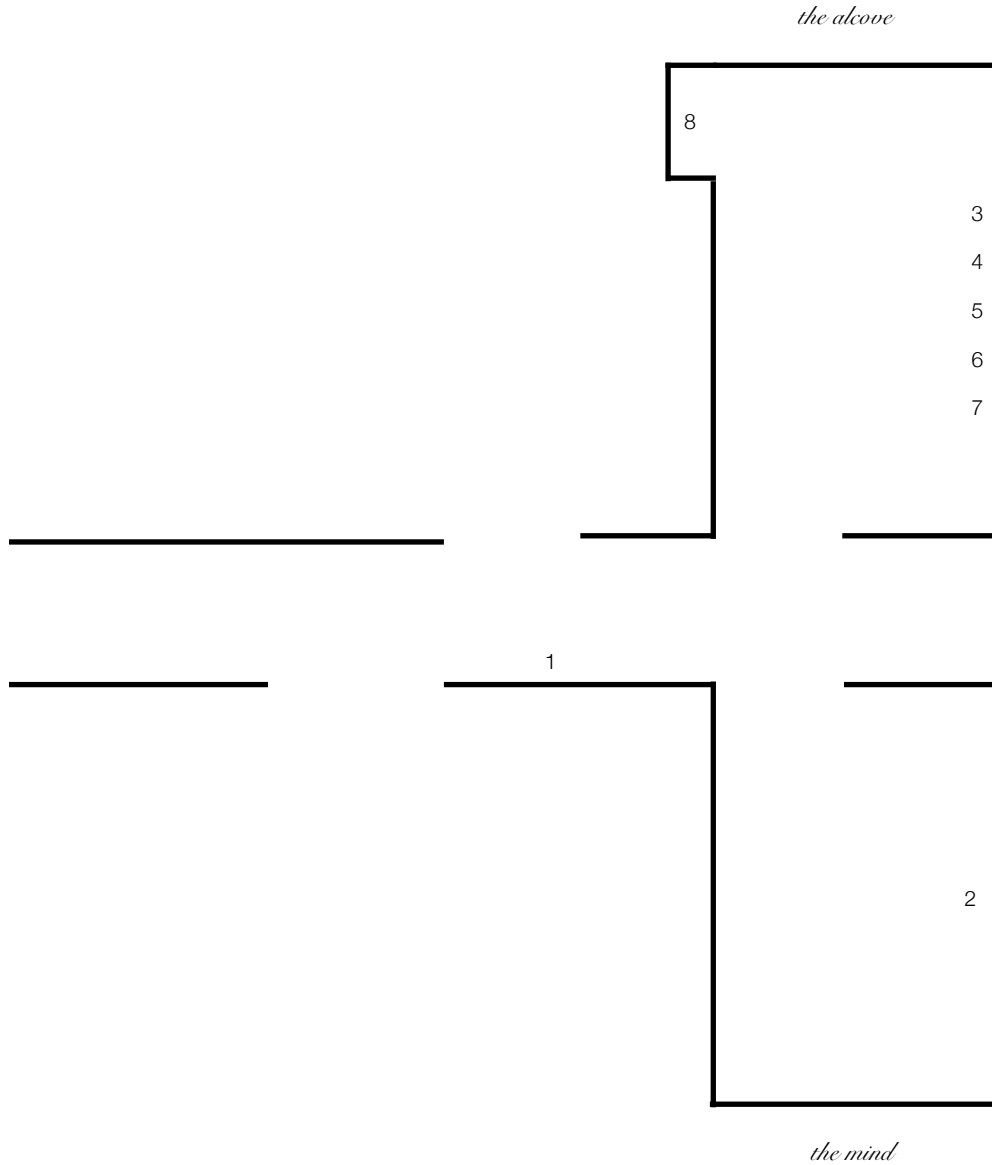
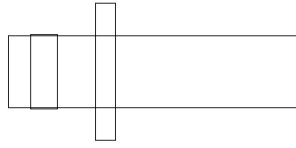
‡

Until This I Mean This is essentially a collection of ornaments. Functioning as edges, doodles, sketches, traces of a journey of flight—or perhaps, of landing—five drawings decorate the main exhibition space, fashioned as a lovers bedroom (*un'alcova* in Italian). The intimacy of pillow feathers has expanded to take over the entire floor. Above the bedpost, light comes in through a window stained with film stills extracted from footage of a mouth pronouncing the word 'Loss'. Mysterious clusters of words ornate and block the electrical outlets on the walls.

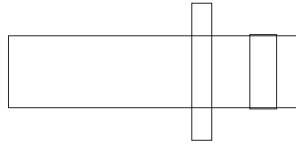
Mea, Precious Angel: Provocations toward a Modularity of the Abyss, the companion text to the show, is the journey *Until This I Mean This* refers to. An experiment in falling disguised as an attempt to fly, *Mea* draws on the notion of the erotic articulated by Audre Lorde in her seminal 1978 speech *Uses of the Erotic* to eventually develop into a psychotic presentation-speech introducing 'the limic': a further, undefining feeling of deep erotism. Limic logic, we learn, is a kind of devotion to the lush, rampant space—the limit—flourishing between two whose individuation and identification are suspended. In the narrative, identification and identity are understood in connection to their shared Latin root, *idem*, meaning 'sameness', standing in contrast to the unbridled diversity of experience. The text weaves together a tapestry of references from academic sources to poetry and literature, eventually linking the logic of the limit to 'the alcove', tracing back objectification to the intimate, (I)ndividual realm of daily life. *Mea's* conclusion is unforgiving: that dimension whereby the unknown is casted into nothingness—the abyss, is modular, meaning, essentially a-semantic: it originates within a subjectual intimacy antecedent to and more profound than discursive categories such as gender, race, sexuality, religion, or economic class. The text playfully experiments with a contemporary reimagination of the "pasquinata tragica" form, a public and provocative mode of institutional critique original of early medieval Rome.

‡

Thank you Julius, Emma, Sophie, Pietro, Olukoye, Tessa, for your trust and for your love



- 1 **Epigraph (I'm Just a Dim Feather on a Huge Wing)**, 2024, iridescent vinyl, archival laser print on bamboo paper, cellulose, 14.8 x 20,5 cm
- 2 **Untitled**, 2024, ultra high definition single channel video, duration variable (current runtime: 37m)
- 3 **The Alcove (Learn Warmth in a Country of Flames)**, 2024, laser print on vinyl, archival laser print on embossed bamboo paper, alizarin powder, silk, 40 x 50 cm
- 4 **The Alcove (Learn Rise in a Country of Ruin)**, 2024, laser prints on vinyl, embossed bamboo paper, silk, 40 x 50 cm
- 5 **Untitled (List, After Dana Ward)**, 2024, archival laser print on cellulose, 29.7 x 42 cm
- 6 **The Alcove (Learn Sowing on Scorched Earth)**, 2024, laser prints on vinyl, silk, 40 x 50
- 7 **The Alcove (Break Heaven)**, 2024, laser printed vinyl, archival laser print on embossed bamboo paper, alizarin powder, silk, 40 x 50 cm
- 8 **Loss**, 2024, 24 laser prints on vinyl, window, 118 x 217 cm



‡

23.06.24 indicatively 3:30pm

We shed, as in,
(of a tree or other plant) allowed (leaves or fruit) to fall to the ground,
(of a reptile, insect, etc.) allowed (skin or shell) to come off, to be replaced by another one that has grown underneath,
(of a mammal) lost (hair) as a result of moulting, disease, or age,
took off (clothes),
we had the property of repelling (water or a similar substance),
we discarded (something undesirable, superfluous, or outdated),
we casted or gave off (light),
accidentally allowed (something) to fall off or spill,
we eliminated part of an (electrical) power load by disconnecting circuits. We looked you in the eyes, we shed further, you looked us in the eyes, we shed further. Cammisa & Steven read to us from *The Sluts*. Felix from his *Sex Shop Dispatch*. Jakob from his notes on *longing, yearning, craving*. Eliana, Lotta & Johanna read to us from Kathy Acker's *Demonology*. I read from Mea's words. We whispered secrets to each other, loved underneath, so that we may not miss each other.