

Mea, precious angel



Provocations toward a Modularity of the Abyss

Clemente Ciarrocca

*Mea, Precious Angel:
Provocations toward a Modularity of the Abyss*

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for no one

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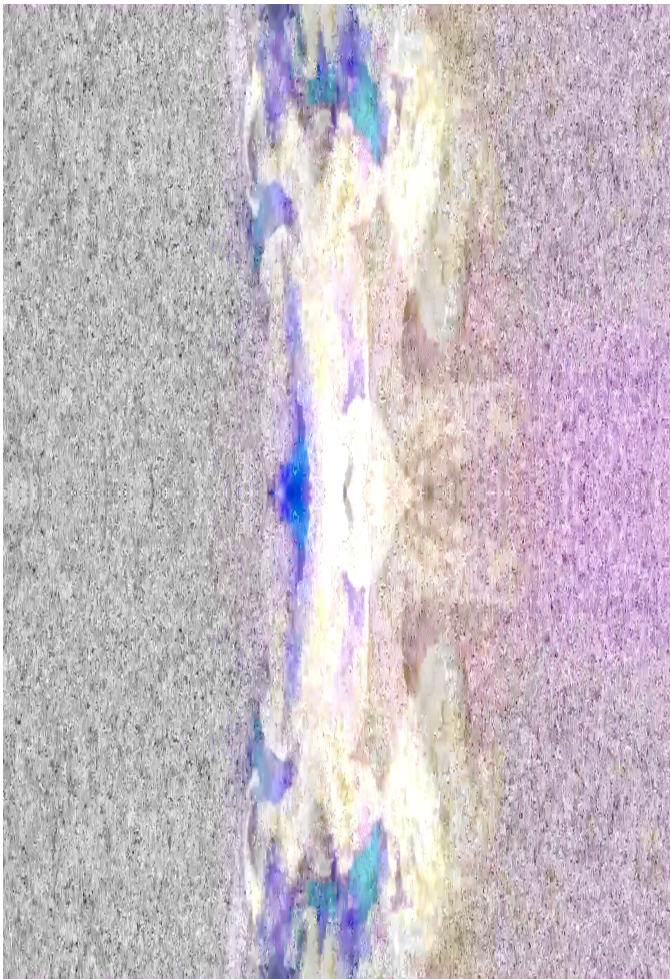
Companion text to *Until This I Mean This* at Obelus, Berlin

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1. EROTIC

Four walls, a floor, a ceiling: any other room. A large light-emitting diodes display covers the entirety of the back wall, glowing in a very dim, dark grey. A high stool in front of the display. Outside, the open, unseen and unknown, comes through the room as a pervasive tone, a sort of hum-buzz. Low. Something subtle, something one easily makes acquaintance with, or quickly learns to ignore. Something which, to an attentive ear, might sound as ever so slightly rising...

Enters MEA DOW, the angel. Confident, cool, a vague hint of boredom, somewhat elsewhere, triangle of sadness relaxed, a bunch of creased xeroxed papers in hands, the lines

*I want her green life In a green hour
I can't stop Green vein in her throat green
wing in my mouth green thorn in my eye
Green moving green, moving¹*

looping in mind. Two venous black wings, the spine darker, plumage, fangs and skin the pale of hostia, of cartilage, of sperm, darkening with time, genitals already darker, always darker, MEA is – Leviathan, headless body of the people, MEA is – Hiptoucher, struggling with you until dawn.

MEA sits on the stool, back to the display. A few dozens of seconds of silence and stillness follow. Then behind the angel snaps into motion an impossible, simultaneous overlay of all collisions in past and present wars: all moments of engagement, all hits, all entrance and exit wounds, all explosions, all made-contacts, both private and public, it all begins to play, unfolding in sequential clusters. Keeping still, strikingly framed by this audiovisual hell, lightly bent over its papers MEA scrolls through its text calmly.

A wide audience of passers-by comes and goes in front of the angel. Interested, some stop and sit, but soon begin to frolic in the grass of the room, either with each other or against each other, coming in and out of attention to what surrounds them. Some are more attentive than others.

Discreetly, absentmindedly, now the angel pulls a small remote from under a feather, aiming it at the corner of the room, pressing a button; then swiftly aims it at the opposite corner, pressing the button again. Fugees' *The Score* and Eliane Radigue's *Kyema* begin to play almost at once one over the other, mixing palliatively and somewhat clearly with the massive war overlay. Delighted, MEA keeps on reading, tapping the beat on its thigh with its long fangs.

Rising, MEA clears its throat and begins to speak, addressing the frolicking crowd, its voice suddenly the loudest source of sound in the room and yet balanced, paced, deeply soothing.

MEA DOW

... to speak to you like the man I am. Jetting off incisions, these erections labelled as *mine*. To come inside you, lean in further, tell you I love you. And to finally say it, again, say it softly, say it slowly

MEADOW (cont.)

take each word apart long for it savor the line keeping me fixed to
your eyes trust it and say it and say it to never have to say it again:

*I have been fearing the depth of feeling too much to examine the
possibility of it within myself.²*

Perhaps though... it was something else than fear. Closer to
ignorance. A most common kind of ignorance. Repression made
habit(at). A sad numbness. “Having fun”. Never mind. I look now
into the depths of feeling. Give in to that fear. For she opened a
chasm within Me and there is nothing else left to do, for Me, than
dive through the height feeling really is.

And I will make this dive graceful. I will make it plentiful. I will have
it multiple. Con-fused, *un tuffo affusolato*, extra, entranced, unattended
and unreviewed. I will make this dive unreproducible, so it may not
stay intact—may two not be able to make of it the same thing.

Here on the edge, it may be useful to remind ourselves that
essentially, a dive of this kind can’t be but de-structive, forcefully
unstable. A dive of this kind is *antelytical*: at once other from and
necessary for, vestibular to analysis. De-erecting, one could say, the
gait de-articulative. This collapses heights, tears structures apart, acts
in ways that—rest assured—will never feel appropriate, ‘apt to’,
‘worthy of’, least of all rightful or entitled. Breaking allowance, not
quite OK, so unlit, it’ll feel at worst (best) infuriating, at best (worst)
pathetic (*the way a horizon bends*³). Yet what formally is an action of
deconstruction of the bodies I carry within my body is, concretely, an
action of bringing close, of pressing, of collapsing all these bodies
together [*caresses its ribs*] I am that body... so it is somewhat like
hugging, tightly hugging, squeezing, as opposed to capturing. An
action of building unsustainable pressure, and merging. A call of
haptical nature⁴. A way to stay in my hold, despite my own
fantasies⁵. A remnant, that really is a fall: deepening into the abyss:
a fast one, blurring things in speed. By no means this dive is
analytical, explanatory, satisfactory... And I have nothing else to say.

MEA DOW (cont.)

For now, this is what I can say. It's another nomenclature for the time being. *Let me too be plain with you*⁶.

[reopens its eyes] What's inside this chasm?

Here, in this fear, Lorde poured the erotic. Feeling matter. The crude, full matter you and I are made of. The matter which in the act of making is not (un)done, and never dismantled. A power residing within each of us, the erotic is life force flowing through us and making us experience freedom and power through moments of deep, full feel. Something endlessly resourceful, a source immune to epistemic closure, the trait and resource of our most profound, deepest intuition. The erotic is fullness which cannot be grasped through or encapsulated into a controlling, curbing knowledge, but one which can be felt, lived, trusted, reminded, acknowledged, reclaimed, given space to, let grow, let rise. It is the quietness that characterizes our constancy. It is not the earths we walk on but the one we walk with, this texture, the tissue joining rivers and hillsides to our tendons. A female soil of boundless power that remains, always, unexpressed and unrecognized, thus truly powerful. It is fullness, the excellence of feeling that set my standard as well as yours, a creative force and a *jenseit* that maintains the power of freeing oneself from overly order. It is the pleasure and power of generation.⁷

Perhaps essentially, and in one word, what is erotic for Lorde is radical(ly) sharing⁸. Living *with* the other: living up to the excellency of shared life, like a tree of many, flourishing branches. The erotic is the oscillation we produce when I am you and you are me and we thrive, leaving the lonely geometry of the point, our dance drawing the endless tracks filling a plane. Being with-in touch and grounded onto this plane, recognizing it, cultivating it, dwelling in it, Lorde explains, empowers us with a resource, activates us with a measure. She articulates this measure to be the dimension of our deepest and most liberat-ed/ing sense of self, a pleasure allowing us to spring from chaos⁹. A dimension starkly opposed to the ex-terminating

MEA DOW (cont.)

violence born of any principle-driven, masculine order, tasking itself with controlling this chaos and managing only to turn it into death, specifically by curbing, humiliating and de-eroticizing (or over-eroticizing) life-activity¹⁰.

Lorde's erotic points to a *satisfaction* that manifests as the diametral opposite (thus, importantly, still operating on the same plane) to the dispossession perpetrated by an order whose imperative can be no other than the perpetuation of itself, an imperative erecting its own in sharp antagonism to the vital, rupturous, non-reproductive (as far as ever-generating) and ungraspable life-force that is the erotic. Lorde calls for use of erotic power, for its summoning, for it to guide us along the quest to break the oppressive, murderous order that ties someone's life to another's death. I am interested in this call. I am interested in that breakage, and in the hint, or rather evidence, of a life taken to feeling, and eventually, to an ecstatic fullness. A life where the erotic thrives, grows and frees, unsuppressed and rampant. Lorde also calls out the ways in which the order is aware of such power-full potential and in fact resorts to factoring in the erotic within its ranks as a form of control and ab-use. This is the 'erotic' in its maimed, exploited form, actually a completely hollowed notion, flipped around and deployed openly in the field of everyday's war, especially as a mean of vilification of femaleness. (Pornography is the legion here for Lorde, leading the plunder¹¹.) In other words, the erotic has slowly been relegated across and by history to the realm of sexuality, or, at most, to the realm of a 'refined', researched, aestheticized sexuality. I am not going to rehearse here any part of the massive de-articulative feast already carried out on the matter by archangel Michel, which you may want to read straight from the source¹². Nor am I going to say too much on the erotics of asexuality, one whose potential to halt the plunder is lost to one more Self-assuming, identificatory and erective ontology, its (self-)affirmativity just another fantasy of flight. At any rate, it has become clear that if we witnessed this atrophic ascent—i.e. the recourse to some set of equations to articulate the relationship between the sexual and the

MEA DOW (cont.)

erotic, this happened in service of (the fear not to) control—or better, in order for something to be controlled, a force, one that by definition is disrupting, and thus dangerous in the eyes of whatever is already erected, of whatever cannot exist outside of a self-affirmative ontology of survival, of whatever needs to keep identifying in order to continue to exist: whatever institution, whatever notion, whatever identity, whatever future, whatever name, whatever individual. By talking of the erotic today, we still most likely seem (or at least are read) to invoke+evoke a hazy galaxy with sex as its massive, central black hole. And yet what we actually should talk about is a boundless force, and the fear it ignites.

Again I give in, to its throb, to this tissue, to the depths of feeling,
I look into that fear [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

to attempt another type of flight: a fall.

[REDACTED] \ to feel the erotic as seeded in proximity more than satisfaction, in something other and beyond self, in rampancy over measure.

To push here... I abandon the Logic of the Living, take one extra step, unworried about closure, enclosure or conclusion, interested only in fullness and exhaustion. I commit to the intuitiveness of flight dynamics without really worrying about landing. This is of the dive, into that fear. (No one needs to pass this for publishing anyway.)

Oh let me

Be unafraid at this rampancy

When Lorde says that “giving in to the fear of feeling and working to capacity is a luxury only the unintentional can afford”¹³, what else does being unintentional imply for those who intentionally have grown, intentionally have learnt to live, perfectly felt an intentional

MEA DOW (cont.)

satisfaction, and known glory (however miserable)? What is to be unintentional *then*?

Which is to say: what is for Self to be unintentional?

Rather than resolved, absolved, consoled, can abandonment be carried to maturity?

Can abandonment rise?

*Elohai, Elohai, na redfeni...*¹⁴

Whatever and wherever I may end, here's a crucial point for now, the crux, a temporary pivot to center my plane, my own Wittgensteinian ladder, and the first of the plagues: the erotic is larger than life, and especially, larger than sex. The erotic is indeed much closer to *falling asleep beside [each other] barely touching for two years. Love is whatever kept us fed. And this is how we knew we belonged to it.*¹⁵

