



192 Crave

B The vision.

M The loss.

C The pain.

A The loss.

B The gain.

M The loss.

C The light.

B If you died it would be like my bones had been removed.
No one would know why, but I would collapse.

C If I could be free of you,

B If I could be free,

M No that's not it,

A No not at all,

B That is not what I meant at all.

A []

C The vision.

M The light.

C The pain.

A The light.

M The gain.

B The light.

C The loss.

B A circle is the only geometric shape defined by its centre.
No chicken and egg about it, the centre came first, the
circumference follows. The earth, by definition, has a
centre. And only the fool that knows it can go wherever
he pleases, knowing the centre will hold him down, stop
him flying out of orbit. But when your sense of centre

shifts, comes whizzing to the surface, the balance has gone. The balance has gone. The balance my baby has gone.

- C** When she left –
- B** The spine of my life is broken.
- A** Why is light given to one in misery
- C** Bring her back.
- A** And life to the bitter in soul
- B** []
- M** I am here.
- A** Like a deep summer shadow.
- C** I love her []
- B** I'm through.
- M** Move on.
- C** Why did I not die []
- M** Come forth from the womb
- B** And expire
- A** Move in shadows, once in a fog.
- M** Pain is a shadow.
- A** The shadow of my lie.
- C** Red rock of ages
- B** You're not a bad person, you just think too much.
- C** Let me hide myself.
- M** Can you
- C** Would you
- B** Will you

a circle is the only shape defined by its centre

25 04 2026

09 05 2026

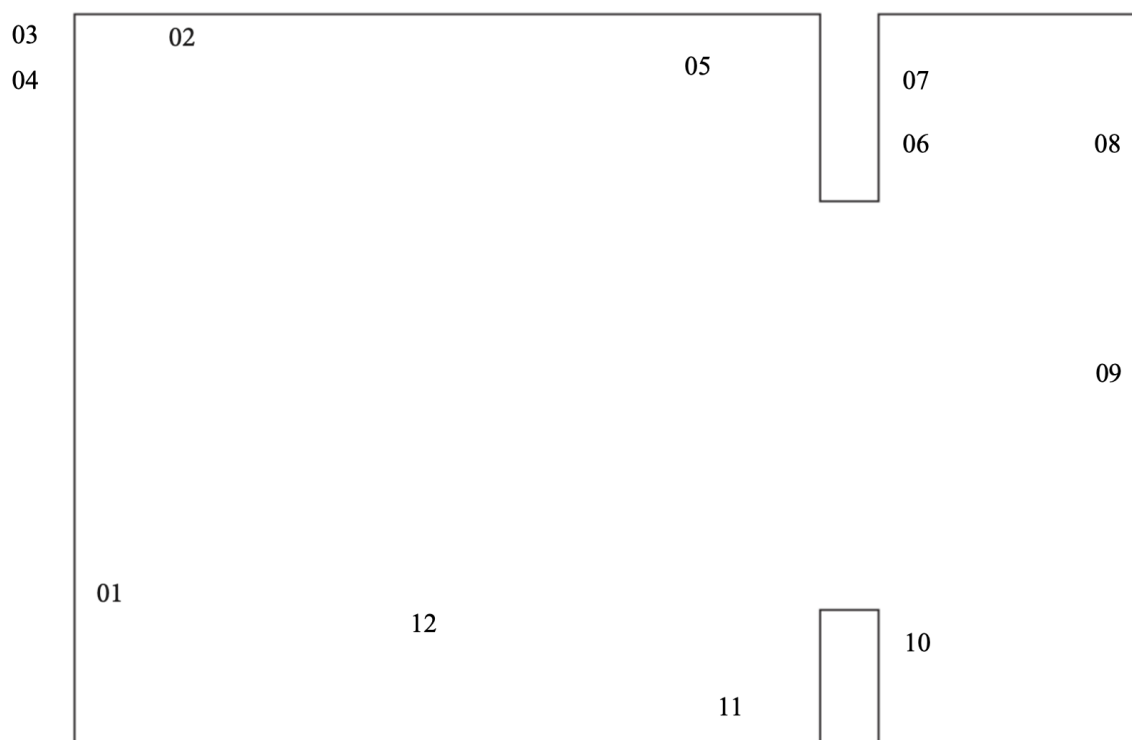
Clemente Ciarrocca

Martin Rovan

Listening Session, 45 min

25 04 2026 8pm

curated by Lena Pfäffli, Clara & Julia von Schantz



Clemente Ciarrocca

01 *A(XXII)i*, 2026
vellum, masking tape, c-print on fuji
crystal archive, graphite-galvanized 2219
aluminium alloy
80 x 60 cm

02 *B(XXV/VI)i*, 2026
polyester film, vellum, pigment print on
cotton rag, pigment print on polyester
film, vellum, cotton rag
67 x 21 cm

03 *Self-portrait with Doubt*, 2026
masking tape, graphite, pigment print on
cellulose
40 x 30 cm (framed)

04 *Self-portrait with Hope (Icarus)*,
2026
grip seal bag, polyethylene, graphite,
linseed oil, pigment print on cotton rag
29,7 x 21 cm (framed)

05 *A-XXIII/i*, 2026
c-prints on fuji crystal archive
15 x 15 cm

06 *Horizon*, 2026
vulcanized rubber, thorn
29,7 x 21 cm

07 *C(XIV)vi*, 2026
polyethylene, masking tape, c-print on
fuji crystal archive
40 x 50 cm

08 *M(XXIII)**, 2026
two pigment prints on cellulose, sound
59 x 98 x 20 cm

09 *A(XXIV)vi-0*, 2026
graphite-galvanized 2219 aluminium
alloy
30 x 40 cm (framed)

10 *C(XXX)*, 2026
lead glass
10 x 10 x 2.5 cm

11 *C(+)*, 2026
c-print on fuji crystal archive
21 x 29,7 cm

12 *C(XXI)i*, 2026
laminated plywood, synthetic lace, sili-
cone, document sleeve pigment
print on cellulose, c-print on fuji crystal
archive
dimensions variable

a circle is the only shape defined by its centre

25 04 2026

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a circle is the only shape defined by its centre is a fragmented excerpt from *Crave*, the last complete work written by playwright Sarah Kane in 1998. There is no doubt, she writes: *the centre came first, the circumference follows, and only the fool that knows it can go wherever he pleases, knowing the centre will hold him down, stop him flying out of orbit*.^{*} But what if one's sense of centre vanishes, if one loses the capacity to find reference points at all? What happens to logic when vertigo sets in?

The exhibition by Clemente Ciarrocca and listening session by Martin Rován investigate this condition, the potential held within imbalance. The works explore scenes that are left empty, unstable, and unresolved, assemblages and sonic compositions held at a tipping point, abandoned spaces where traces hint at actions that seem to have only just been taking place. You seem to have missed them. The only thing to hold on to are material and sonic relics that show traces of past actions, pedestalled and framed like objects deserving or pretending a certain devotion. A gun shot? A stare? A prayer?

Through his work, artist and filmmaker Clemente Ciarrocca crafts narratives that push the present collective experience of overstimulation and overwhelm to an extreme. The works at affair unfold as a play with an undefined number of scenes: images of outdoor and intimate spaces, layered, blurred, found objects, draped, scratched, folded, materializing the feelings his stories inhabit. Something archival, a longing for something to hold onto — and at the same time a spontaneous, lingering desire to elude.

Who holds you down? Who is stopping you from flying out of orbit?

Over Easter 2026, the Artemis II crew became the first humans to travel to the Moon since 1972, flying around it without landing. On 6 April, the Orion capsule reached a point on its trajectory where the gravitational forces of Earth and Moon held each other in balance. For a brief moment, neither pulling harder than the other, the capsule held between two forces until this threshold was crossed and the lunar pull exceeded the Earth's. "We will see you on the other side," the crew said, and for 40 minutes radio contact broke off on the far side of the Moon.

Who holds you down? Who is stopping you from flying out of orbit?

What does it sound like when a gravitational centre shifts? Artist Martin Rován questions these threshold spaces in his sound works. In what he calls emotional cybernetic music, he traces the relationships between systems, whether financial, technological, or affective, mapping the points where human emotion and abstract infrastructure meet. In his mixes, fragments are layered, never resolved. A composition that knows no centre.

Who holds you down? Who is stopping you from flying out of orbit?

The works in *a circle* have neither beginning nor end. Both bodies of work share this rhythm: abstraction and layering that suddenly sharpens into something you can hold, then releases again. A detail, a texture, a feeling with edges. The ground falls away, then returns. While Clemente Ciarrocca's installations show and interrogate uncomfortable, precarious yet longing settings, Martin Rován's listening session opens a speculative space from within them, working from Clemente's textual material and offering the possibility of thinking through their sonic realm. Disorientation becomes a condition that is inhabited. And now?

The balance has gone. The balance my baby has gone.^{*}

^{*}From Sarah Kane, *Crave*, 1998

Clemente Ciarrocca is an artist and theorist based in Berlin. His multidisciplinary practice explores the relationship between intimacy and discourse.

Martin Rován is an artist based in Vienna. His work examines how abstract systems—especially financial and cybernetic—materialize in branding, objects, architecture, and sound. With Lukas Kienzl, he runs Dead Mall Research, an online project space for speculative forms of music.