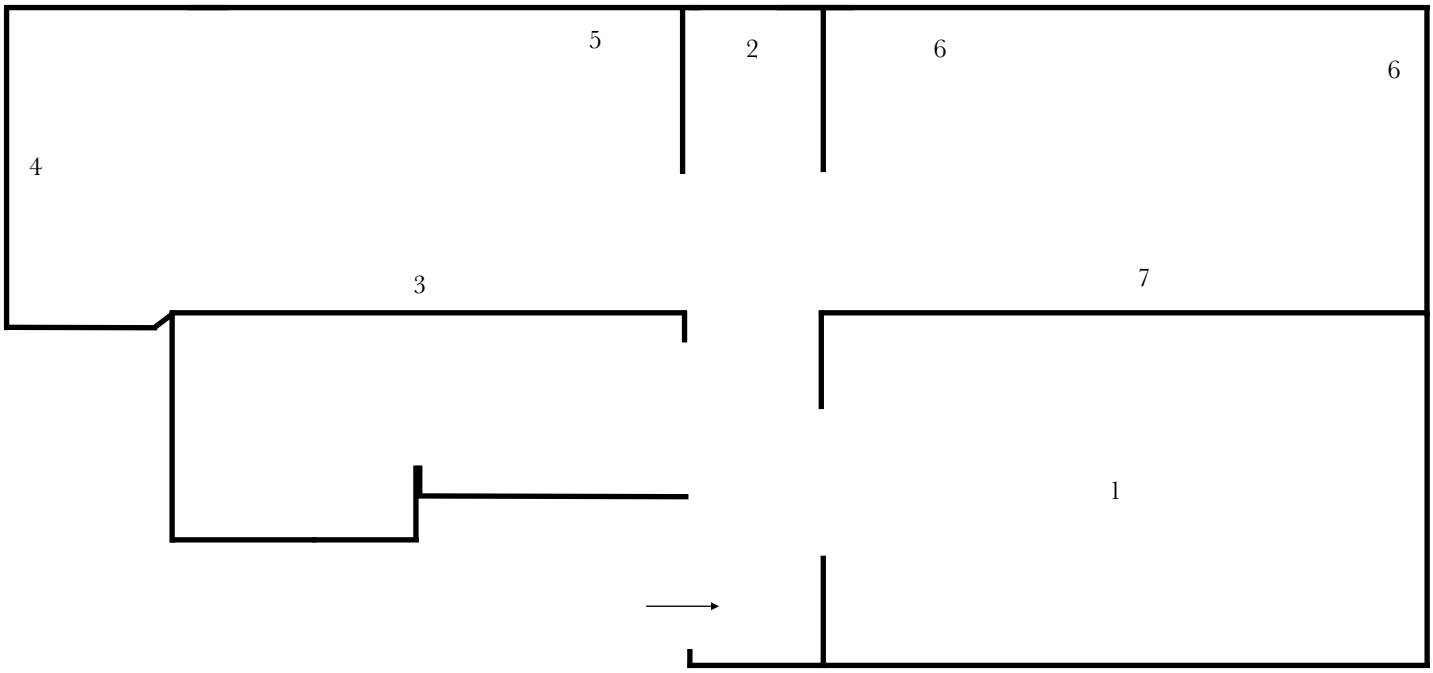
011668 Alicja Brzeska Clemente Ciarrocca Emma de Warren Till Hunger Kira Protsenko

Then I know I have not lived, That depends entirely on the sieve,
Do you think this number is random, Maybe, Thank god, It's a feeling

opening 8 October 2026, 7—9pm
open Saturdays 3-6pm and by appointment

Obelus 1
49 Forster Str
10999 Berlin



[1] Clemente Ciarrocca ***Untitled*** 2026 mixed media dimensions unavailable
[2] 011668 ***No Ordinary Love*** 2025 single channel video, 3m34s
[3] Emma de Warren ***Bring forth, sleep safe*** 2026 oil and acrylics on canvas 160 x 190 cm
[4] Till Hunger ***We're Rubble*** 2026 slideshow on framed E-Ink display, 109-166 years 33x28cm
[5] Kira Protsenko ***Point of encounter*** 2026 pyrography 30 x 40 cm
[6] Kira Protsenko ***The toll of one's own integrity (Fragments 1-4)*** 2026 pyrography 45 x 72 cm e.
[7] Alicja Brzeska ***negotiating intimacy*** 2026 metal chain, c-print, metal frame 200 x 170 cm

Then I know I have not lived presents six emerging practices that span across a wide variety of media and methodologies: from photography and painting to world building, video, pyrography and installation, binding them together by the bare gesture of adjacency. The show is accompanied by a text of the same title authored collectively by the artists according to a similarly adjoining logic. This *cadavre exquis* took its cue from the Surrealist game André Breton dated to around 1925, in which players composed a sentence or a drawing on folded paper, each blind to what the others had contributed. In the case of our text, the blindness pertains to the motives and origin of words that are however left more or less plainly on view for others. What we do not know is where others have come from. Perhaps we do not know where we ourselves have come from, either.

As one enters the exhibition space, the work of 011668 immediately appears on view at the end of the corridor. The American interdisciplinary artist has fostering a worlding practice that treats industrial forces and their resonances within personhood as a modern pantheon, channelling both into a creation myth for the digital age. In the video *No Ordinary Love*, sage is burned and its smoke blown over a Toyota 2010 Corolla S left running beside a water stream sided by concrete in Los Angeles, while the Sade song of the title plays. An engine is tended as a household god might be. Do the 3 circles composing the Toyota logo not represent the evolution of the christian trinity? The harmony between humans, machines, and the earth? Didn't ancient gods use to love and curse, indict crusades and concede indulgences? Isn't the tech we use to drive cars and surf the internet the same exact weaponry used to destroy entire communities?

Moving into the first room, Clemente Ciarrocca (b. 1994, Rome; lives and works in Berlin) examines the intimate in relation to the social constructs it both organizes and is organized by, chiefly property and subjectivity. The artist activates the room through the basic charting operation of driving into the ground a series of fence posts purchased at the local home improvement store, while leaving out the fence itself. As the posts cut through the space while still allowing passage, a mechanism of enclosure, appropriation and identification (*this* is *mine*!) is reduced to a series of pivotal points — or special moments, to adopt a more intimate lingo. The first two posts stand as far apart as the artist's outstretched arms, his body supplying and dissolving into scale; each following interval is then derived by golden ratio as to imitate perspectival recession: the row essentially becomes an image, appearing to close in on a point it will never reach. On the wall delimiting what would be the 'outside,' were the fence to be mounted on the posts, provocatively hangs a diagram modeling the relationship lying at the heart of what we call civil society: the bond between liberty and property. On the 'inside,' a source of light, an unknown object, perhaps a lamp wrapped in bedsheets, floats in a black frame.

Further along the corridor, a second room opens before a large painting by Emma de Warren (b. 1999, Reims; lives and works in Berlin), whose floral and flame-like patterns both ornate and organize the canvas, directing our gaze, intertwining across the plane until a figure surfaces among them. In *Bring forth, sleep safe*, painted from a photograph, her brother stands between panels of grey ornaments and bands, rays of pink, a gun held at his side. He looks straight out, the gun lowered yet still facing upward, the barrel delightfully rendered, geometrical and nocturnal like a letter. Is he moving forward, or is he retreating? The title promises protection; the gun immediately suggests a threat, or, perhaps more subtly, what protection can cost. Returned to the viewer, the first of whom is naturally the artist herself, the gaze leaves the matter with us.

Occupying the same room, the contribution of Till Hunger (b. 1992, Dresden; lives and works in Berlin) is a durational piece whose constitution as image is bound to the orbit of a celestial body: a near-Earth asteroid with a 1 in 1,750 chance of hitting Earth by 2300. *We're Rubble* stores more than three hundred motifs on the e-ink device on display, each image a piece of found footage the artist loosely associates with the notion and history of civilization, including industrial machines, parties, architectures, toys, chemical formulas, manipulated until the ink takes on the appearance of a fossil trace or rubble. On the days of the asteroid's closest and farthest approaches to Earth, the motif on display is erased and a new image takes its place, each remaining on view for between 38 and 338 days, depending on the orbital relationship between the two bodies. The current image, a pig in its stall, will give way in December to the second one, then a third, and a fourth, and so on, for a maximum of 166 years.

Across the corridor, the notions of protection, safety and its costs return in the work of Alicja Brzeska (b. 1999, Warsaw; lives and works in Zurich), who draws a metal chain in the outline of a shield hanging from the wall. Beside it, a photograph exposed without glass shows a classical statue of a woman covering her breasts and womb with her hands. A pose art history calls *venus pudica*, this is a gesture traditionally associated with modesty that actively draws the eye to what it conceals, typical of the nude as opposed to the naked. Guarding a bare, vulnerable space and hanging authoritatively over the viewer, the shield is at once a symbol and a warning, an idea and a proposition. Shelter turns into the confinement that allows for the creation of secrets and longings, giving form to a desires for safety as well as to the nostalgia that clings to a time before we were seen; a time that, naturally, never was.

In a complete reversal of method, Kira Protsenko exposes instead her material to direct damage, creating images through an essentially subtractive operation: burning. Working between Kyiv and Rome, Protsenko has developed a practice based on pyrography that extends into image making, archival photography and writing, drawing on wooden panels with flames, blurring the notions of body and language: a burn becomes shading, the char is a line, and the wood gives up part of itself to carry it all. Some panels maintain traces of pigment, their scorched forms emerging under pale pastel colors, in a somewhat ambiguous nod to the historical and intricate relation between painting, preservation and value. Where the shield holds the world at a distance yet precisely in so doing creates an inescapable forcefield of attraction, these panels withhold the wound that comes of unconditional contact, reminding at least some of us of the "the impossibility of remaining untouched" as one threads through life. Disintegration, controlled if only loosely, becomes a way of opening form to possibility.