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Surroundings and Work of Sentiment
11 September – 17 October 2026

The buildings go up and we go down, the city is the enemy of those who really need it. In the future is it either further out, horizontal, find somewhere to hide, or up, on top, underneath and beside everyone else.

These images are made immediately and without technology, but what is an image if not a mediation and how can an image possibly be distinct from a concept. How would you know that you see something without thinking that you're seeing it. The image is not the opposite of pure thought.

We have no natural weapons so we have to invent them, our helplessness is our greatest gift. The figure in the mirror, caught by the artist and restrained between four corners, maybe another type of jail. A harmony of difference in unity and well structured states begin with strict laws and become great through them. But what's the point of thinking without looking. To shed thin skin and flay yourself like Michelangelo. The perfect agreement of parts, light, floating, hardly discernible features. The adventure of being alone. Here I have been, and there I was.

Motifs:

Bones, ground plans, ammonite, wire, an early modern military structure, the sidewalk, doors, a construction site, hands, legs, faces.

— Calum Lockey