

Influencers sit at the front of the show, elbow to elbow with editors, this shift occurred mid decade slightly before influence had been produced as its own category and when they were still called bloggers. If you are not an influencer, you are fucking dead, and you dont know that you are dead yet, but what difference would knowing make. When Immendorf calls out comrade with his hand about his little red book, who could have pictured these women, these women with their legs extending towards you. Death is everywhere and like anything else in painting, it's a matter of perspective. In this show we have an orderly line of taste makers, arranged by personal capacity to power, and before them spills the mass.

Their bodies might twist and contort, skin melding to fabric and their colours; green, brown, peach, blood, seeping into the weave, but their faces stay true, facing the camera. And why wouldn't they, none of these womens are cowards, they have to live like any of us, in the city. In the city the camera is a gun, how many times do you shoot yourself a day? How many times do you walk down the street? How many times do you wish you were a girl?

To be a director is to be in charge and also to be alone, if you don't have distance from your actors then things get messy, back in the 1950's they called this paying the price. In 'Switchboard City' Carla-Luisa Reuter organises her story board, and the girls act as she asks them to, perfectly demure in leather boots. After all this aggression though perhaps we can permit ourselves some sympathy, that the paintings might, either through charm or manipulation, be in control of us. And what does that leave for next season, what's on the moodboard; suspicion, museums and supermarkets, hands and fingers, kissing and thinking about kissing, America, New York, LA, Germany, airports, leaving forever and never coming back.

– Calum Lockey