

Image People Aaron C Carter, Magni Moss

6.6.26
- 4.7.26

sculptures, clockwise from left

Aaron C Carter
Down into the body down into a cell
2026
borosilicate glass, copper, brass,
steel, rubber, oxide, epoxy, resin,
plant matter, silicone, silk, dye and
sand
200 x 48 cm

Aaron C Carter
Glowing form of a self in circles
2026
Evacuated tube, copper, steel,
rubber, silicone, bamboo
210 x 14 cm

Aaron C Carter
Harlequin hare carrier bag
2026
evacuated tube, copper, steel,
rubber, resin, plant matter
300 x 8 cm

Aaron C Carter
Interlude plant
2026,
copper, sputtering, oxide
176 x 7 cm

Aaron C Carter
Prairie heart bolt
2026,
evacuated tube, steel, rubber,
plastic, silicone, silk, dye
300 x 8 cm

Aaron C Carter
Roundel
2026,
borosilicate glass, steel, epoxy,
rubber
174 x 8 cm

Aaron C Carter
Votive for an another ear
2026
borosilicate glass, steel, bamboo,
rubber, thermo plastic, silicone, sand,
hessian, dye
280 x 60 cm

Aaron C Carter
Waxen telling to what's underwater
2026
beeswax, glass, copper, brass,
enamel, aluminium, plastic, epoxy
124 x 50 cm

Aaron C Carter
Sputtering getter
2026
evacuated tube, silicone, steel
300 x 8 cm

Aaron C Carter
Larynx
2026
borosilicate glass, copper, steel, rub-
ber, pvc, silicone, silk, hessian, dye
202 x 30 cm

Aaron C Carter
Paisley loner helix
2026
borosilicate glass, copper, steel, rub-
ber, plastic, silicone, resin,
gauze, carpet
204 x 12 cm

Aaron C Carter
Quiet sun for a love bird
2026
borosilicate glass, steel, bamboo,
beeswax, shells, hessian, silk, dye
300 x 6 cm

paintings, clockwise from left

Magni Moss
Lung Lung
2026
oil on canvas
35.5 x 30.5 cm

Magni Moss
Kierkegaard
2026
oil on canvas
35.5 x 30.5 cm

Magni Moss
Vågarna
2026
Oil on canvas, aluminum artist frame.
200 x 240 cm

Magni Moss
Holy Cat
2026
oil on canvas, timber artist frame
37 x 43 cm

Magni Moss
Turn Return
2026
oil on canvas, timber artist frame
36 x 43 cm

Magni Moss
Mien Island
2026
oil and acrylic on canvas,
30.5 x 35.5 cm

Magni Moss
Resenären Jag
2026
oil on canvas
36 x 43 cm

Magni Moss
Ängarna
2026
oil on canvas, aluminium artist frame,
189 x 164 cm

image people

evening aaron and magni,

thanks for arranging the visit to the studio. i stopped by the pub on the way to see you both, having 30 minutes to spare and the evening post-work hunger to remind myself that art rumbles beneath the contractual day. while you arrange child drop-offs and such, i read john weiners over one beer. he says '*winter comes on like a bride*' as i sit in its entrance. and so does your show. our non-deciduous-anti-autumnal-early-winter rolls in heavier and darker with the turning nights. this is waring season, where misty mornings come down like curtains to the quickly shifted eel season. in this poem, wieners speaks to the feelings we absorb memory-like at these time-tempered jolts. what does a season reveal? he says '*be a poet to handle it*' which of course means be an *artist* to handle *life*. embrace the changes as potentialities etc. knowing well that poetry manifests as painting or sculpture sometimes, in its shared pursuit to provoke, ponder and pull at memory's washed scenes; cinemateque of seasons and their trials and lessons. these fragments get all summed and tinkered with in the exhibition, much like they do within the day itself, with all it's counted tasks and jobs that splinter and charge our output accordingly. i'm interested more than anything to see how you both *handle* it. often the busy space between this *handling* becomes more illuminating than the work itself, as the poem/artwork is unavoidably in direct conversation (and at times combat) with this business of living and working and stabilising. the exhibition seems to agree, that this competition is what proves again and again the value of the practice and its circled doubts and joys. the curious dissatisfaction and continual modifications. what is clear is the artworks have taken time, arguably your whole life. each new showing such as this one at animal house becomes a whole summation of previous truths and stubbornness. the moment has been right so many times, we say the work is *done* and then it is right and wrong and right again. call the works a kind of translation of your own held and partial memories, which we see in seasonal earth colours and worn, wet, dried, bent and blasted textures; explorations and avenues to new memories and projections appear at every degree as i walked through the room like a forest. small and gigantic worlds across the corner through the glass trees and on toward the promise of orange. they sing to the endurance of slow, repeated and re-worked trials of paintbrush or hand. even non-art doing. the sculptures seem to advocate a meandering, even a warping of fabrication's pedagogy altogether. meticulously crafted and happenstance at equal measure and balanced collaborators to the big grand image of the room. solar water beams shoot the ceiling and speak of seasonal depression and artmaking its saviour. the promise of heat, the machines that get us there. the show feels, at least for me today between the rain and

angular wind, like a gift of hopeful turns toward enduring the poetry of art making. it says: be a poet to handle it. to choose again at least today here in this room to proclaim this occupation we adopt as *image people*. privately of course, to receive the blessings we get in finding the new perspective, and publicly to wish to offer the same opportunity for the viewer. terrible word. the person. the friend. the fellow *imager*. the objects both guide and offset the walk down the hallway towards the big brown coldness of magni's painting. the clouds got us talking about leaving home and returning home and thinking of home and fearing home's weather and finding new weather and thinking on home again. the heavy browns tease these feelings out like scenes, out and forward and in reverse all at the same time. the colours look down the barrel of incoming winter and say *be a poet*. indeed this show itself feels strung up not just by pipe and wheat and wire, but by this very dedication to the poet life: the strapped-iness toward the psychedelic potential of flowing deeper and practiced or blindly and diagonal into one's curiosities. what is felt is the practice for you both is a church of activity, which provides this continuous discovering. it brings forward new images over and over. the works feel confident but slow. paced and curious, fearful and hopeful. drawing here is sculpture and sculpture here is painting and all art perhaps as a reach back and reach forward to memory.

when i arrived aaron, we spoke quickly about how you'd come across my work, from amy and maybe madee too and we walked past amy's studio and i'm writing about those glass beads of hers right now and to get a peak unannounced felt wonderful to know friends were close more so in a way of the continued dialogue of living together in this city at least for now. the kind of immediate archiving we are always doing in a way at least that's what the chance of an exhibition gives perhaps but to know we network in the micelium nature of local *image people* really grounds the whole task at hand to write for you. and of course of course, we realise quickly that indeed we have both lived at different times in the clumsy little house on ryan street that so many of our peers whizzed through during art school and such. and you remember the rock in the yard but i couldn't even tell you honestly that i remember the rock distinctly. i could say i remember people and small objects and occasionally unusable but beautiful plates. i remember garden fennel known abundant, soil balanced through varied skills and its multidisciplinary activations. trials and such like winter. dying seeds or dry to no water to flood to dry again. the flow from that sink, in the back studio whose three walls we have both called home, flowed like almond milk; tactile and chlorinated by rain and old tubing to milkward copper. in many ways i've lived within these sculptures themselves and by association i've lived the life of the paintings too. we share a venn diagram history of *image people* in our life and in this house: superstars and artists who live cheque to cheque to die for materiality and the perfect asymmetry.

they all lived here in these sculptures too. sex workers and poets and
dusters and gossips and jugglers lived here. my girlfriend slept in the
pantry for months. my girlfriend and i spent a winter in the bamboo
blinded wall to which the wind controlled the mood and the temper.
the droop of the artificial wall into *how does the body feel?* i have
lived in this sculpture. i've watched water drip down the sides of the
water pipe, shared the daylight with the drying grains, held my breath
to the purple mushrooms at the base of the shower, laid half asleep to
distant tambourine of visitors in the sun room. like the work, always
collecting, always counting and correcting and moulding.

on the walk home i stroll through the lake's quick pulse and stop on
the bridge to admire through sculptures the current hurling cinema
towards me! magni's paintings in the gaps. earth's mechanics playing
in the dark foliage. further en route home to my boyfriend's house, a
woman misses the tram and says to her kids, who are cold from the
wind, 'how far is the next tram?' and this quickly resolves to 'let's
keep moving' and the young small people zoom whiskfully from
alarm to joy at the thought of a detour. and so coldness leaves this
reality as stagnant and dark and oppositional and quickly becomes
lighter blues and browns and soft city grey and fuzzed movement
further into the huge painting of discovery otherwise called one day.

be a poet to handle it, the children say.

blessings,

daniel