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Wer spricht nach wem

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When I am inside I look out and see a world that doesn't match. This lack of identity is exactly what produces an image. I reach out, use my hands and touch something. A simple triad pops up; inside, outside, hand. Something is compared between what is inside and what is outside, but it's difficult to name the ground of the comparison. I see through reality, I see the insides, I see what the surgeon sees.

There is something inside me, replete with a structure and events, that hits a threshold, my flesh. Beyond this is something else that has its own threshold and I think also has its own insides. When an image comes out I cannot tell if it originated from the outside and was captured, or if it's generated and expelled.

The boundaries of what's outside seem to be exactly as unreliable as my own. I can tell from what occurs within me that there is a divergence between my own perception and the perception of others. The triad starts to fall apart, I have two hands and ten fingers, I have 206 bones. I am the city I live in, the games it plays with me are the ages of my day. I haven't been able to adapt to the world of machines, it isn't bearable for me, this is where painting comes from.

There is nothing persuasive about the building I'm in, I see through the bank, I see its insides, I see its assets, I see its liabilities. I see through Alexanderplatz, I see through the Bahnhof. I see through time, I see in history, I see contingency. I no longer know if I believe in the invisible reality behind the appearance of things. I look at my hand, I don't know what fate is, what is a healthy world?

– Calum Lockey