

Jutta Koether - Dianas, NYC

4th and 5th of April 1992

Now it is April time the Real Thing has started, yesterday in the Waterbar-event. My painting is not finished yet, but part of the finishing process is the people who will come and show an interest in that doing.

There is a process going on and glowing on. I am not sure if I should make people really inform about all that what I am doing. There is no sense in advertising myself and the work, I cannot handle it, it would always be awkward compared to those strategies all the artists use here. all those talking in, making our self interesting techniques. I do not want to be a person casting an outlaw-character either. Of course I am an alien person here. So there is a difference already. I do not want or wish to establish myself in New York as an New Yorker. No full assimilation to that American Way of being an artist. There is an adaptation of certain speech-patterns, certain habits I just picked them up, but no I will not be able to develop those.

Into the real thing. That's why I chose to present those lecture parts in my reading in the Waterbar. But there were certain formal mistakes I made, noticed that during the thing itself already. It was not loud, not determining enough. It has to be louder and read with more passion, with more speech-technique. And I should have climbed on this desk to sit there like one of those figures in the painting. Almost like giving birth to those old parts of German Idealism again or shitting them out in a grande way. That was all too casual.

So far my self-critique of the day, but on the other hand it made me rethink the situation and made me able to see and to decide that I should try to do another one, and if there is no possibility for that, then make a tape with that speech and the soundtrack in the background. And intersperse it with some of my own statements (not only Hegel and Hoelderlin), and those statements in between the philosophical and the lyrical, and about painting. Direct approach. I really should have made my kneeling visible, kneeling while working on the painting, kneeling while reading.

Sometimes it is hard not to talk to people about all that. But I do not feel like going to them, and convincing them of anything. My work is not a gimmick. At least Tom when seeing my "advertisement", that artists page in the real thing sheet-collection laughed his head off... That is at least a sign of that somebody got the funny edge of the project... after all those events in the waterbar, perfect for me that bar with just water... I went to a bar in Prince Street with Fareed, Regina, Colin, Mark, and Christopher. We talked about the elections, and the Americans (the men in that round) brought up all those stories about the candidates, the history of presidential candidates and it was like a cross-race through the Reagan Area till now. And besides also discussing that poor TV appearance of Jeff Koons on the Dennis Miller show last week we did not talk about art or artists at all, the real things were different late night.

Took the subway home, reading my Hoelderlin book, wearing my old brown Parka, with the little German flag on the left arm and, which was given to me by my mother and watching all those people, sitting there. During the weekends it is a different crowd. There are still the poor ones, but they look mostly more alive.

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The subway though is always slightly tense. Even when you-
after a while staying in this city tend to forget about that, it
is within. There seems no escape from that tension.

In the afternoon though I had -just by chance, seeing that
copied announcement in the streets- walked into a school on 25th
street, where a community -type fair was going on. Fleamarket
inside, with all that junk, knock-knack, cakes and lots of
kids and old ladies. Mostly women. A tiny old lady tried to
talk me into buying a screaming pair of orange linen pants,
but they were to beig. We did the tray-on in the bathrooms,
which were completely filthy at that point. another sort of fat
older lady, a friend of the other one, came up to me, and finding
out that I was a European, insisted in my judgement about where
just from the looks of her, I would place here in Europe.
I guessed "dutch" and luckily I was right. The other part was from
Alsace, but then it turns out, that this is 100 years ago.
They are so obsessed with their ancestors, those heritages
from somewhere else. That ceaving for a past...seems like every
nation, every race has a problem with its past. There is not
a single one without a strain, a problem, a weirdness. inbuild.
I am amazed by that curiosity, that endless weih to find out,
but that again coupled with blindness, when it comes to the
history of other people. Wham bham thank you m mam!... and above
all the statue of liberty. Walked also on 14th street through all
those trash-shops seeing that heartwiththe silhouette of n
skyline of N.Y. and a little handicapped boat, that is to
supposed to w shift from left to right when juggling that thing.
But it barely works. and then againsa antohing seems to work, ~~and~~

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A wonderfully bursting time, open. to all excitements,
while so much is so fucked up here. But during those kind of days
I forget about all non-existing deep freidnships and feelings.
Nothing matters, nothin. So, what does that meand. Are zou
free? Is it that what it means...It is only that our.
THE collected materials so far doenst sho not straight
concept yet. But the plan is in the making. The inside
job will be the insertion of a painting, in this springtime
in New York, in one room on 9th street, and it will be stealing
a aay the idea of a revival revision or whatever they want to
do it re=materialise pthe imprtance of painting in this city.
I take the real difference. I do the one One.
Yes Sir. Yes Ladies. that ' s it.

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a. Plath

7th of April 1992 - Tuesday

the painting takes more shape , mor color
Added another pair of legs to the orgy.G

Green and red still dominatnt . Need mor
alzarin. To add that pinish shiny look.
Head full of fumes. What an archaic acti
vity.

Don't know if all that is "right or wrong

which maynot be important. I know though
that I weill continue doing it .

This typewriter is the most irritat-
ting thing and I cannot write on it
for much h longer....zou should not
let get yourself so distracted...
what? The report of the day. ..as
floows...gwent to the slave cemetery
which is going to be the fundament for
a huge new building, dwon Broaedway
between Duande and Reade Street. KatariMa
told me to have a look there. Not mau
people aound, while on Broadway it
was full lunchbreak-chaos. Then to Pat
she had her lunchbreak in the gallery .
I did not stay long. The streets are
so attractive these days. That summer...
feeling already. The notion that somethi
ng isgoing to arrive , will happen. It
is for sure the best time of the year.

The girl from Hamburg came to visit me.
Her work is a conceptual strolling abou
twon. I might wvisit her some day in
her studio. At the moment I do not feel
like connecting to too many people
just a week of non-socialness is alright

8th of April 92

Short report from today's work:
Painting in Progress. Mainly that. A beautiful day. No music around. Studio visit at student's studio (Luiz). It is interesting to watch how at ease he is in equally handling and shifting between computergraphical and painterly works. Although I have my doubts about how his unbroken belief in art as a spiritual output and self-archaeology as he calls it himself can lead into a new definite form of art.. Then back to my own work. Soon it will be time for some big very big brushstrokes to trap and hold that exploding piece of a thing on the ground. Decided, that if I will not have finished it, then I will not show it to anybody, but invite people to come to the house, enter into that lobby with the artworks of Mrs. Beth Perrone, and the little room with the artworks of her late husband's patients, and just add one or two of the small works of mine to that crooked weird display, and speak about the project down there. Let people see that. And This part of my mental environment is as true to the work, and its condition partially as the room upstairs. The little lobby, that ex-waiting room was the first thing I noticed in this building and the impression which led me to take this room up here. One thing leads to another, oh yes. Meanwhile I will read that excerpt of Zizek's Hegel interpretation of the visitors, or hand it out.

Diedrich called me today. It came as quite a shocking news, that in Schleswig Holstein and Hessen the Neo-Nazi Parties, the Republikaner and the DVU won so many percentages of the votes. It is more than disgusting. I hate going back. It will be pretty tense in the future.
Scheisse.