

Der Strandkorb auf Englisch

The images are beautiful; despite everything, they are beautiful enough to die for.

The Beach Chair

Painters are poets.

Travel makes me think of avoidance.

Only the rich can travel.

Or those caught in a catastrophe.

There is nothing in between.

Perhaps a few intermediary figures: the pirate, the vagabond, the hitchhiker.

The hippie, the one who meditates.

Barefoot, wearing I don't know what—

Men are hunters. Every day travel.

Women are gatherers.

Don't worry. Invent a story.

I am an Old Master!!!!

Story, story, story—the soup is full of leeks.

In her painting, Jutta Köther assumes the role of the receiver rather than the sender.

Concrete receivers of the world.

Stories, Ancient Egypt, constellations.

They have installed beach chairs in front of St. Gertrud's Protestant Church. I am sitting in one of them because I had to clear out my studio.

Inside, there is a small fold-out wooden table where you can place your drink.

I don't need to lock my bicycle.

The church protects it,
because it is a church, and nobody steals anything here.

Hamburg. Kunsthalle. Travellers.

Inside hangs Caspar David Friedrich's painting.

The one by C. D. F.

THE TRAVELLER

Rabbit-skin glue on canvas.

Oil on canvas.

Diarrhoea and rabbit-skin glue on canvas.

Death and life on canvas.

I turn right into the sculpture vault of the Kunsthalle. I have never been here before, although I have visited the Kunsthalle many times.

In the cafeteria there is a tall glass display case, positioned almost at the centre among the café tables. Inside it stands the **PICASSO OWL**, the same owl that appears on the exhibition posters. It is probably made of plaster, or perhaps clay that has been painted. No matter where you sit to drink your coffee, you can see the owl. It is remarkably close to the people. Self-referential. It is very, very, very beautiful. It is so modest.

Behind the owl hangs a painting:

oil on primed canvas,

OF a corner of the cafeteria of the Hamburger Kunsthalle,

hanging in that very same corner of the cafeteria of the Hamburger Kunsthalle.

Self-referential.

Next comes an exhibition of ancient coins.

After walking through several rooms filled with coins, I suddenly enter a room in which I see nothing at first, until I notice Marcel Duchamp's *Bottle Rack* hanging high in the far left corner, surprisingly close to the ceiling.

It almost seems as though it is meant to receive as little attention as possible, as though one is supposed to overlook it.

I had to clear out my studio, so I go to Planten un Blomen Park, because I have made sculptures that are about Planten un Blomen Park.

The structure of the park is artificial, which is better than if someone had tried to let it grow wild within boundaries—that would have been more tragic.

I wipe out the paintbrush I have been using. I wipe it clean in the grass, intoxicating the grass with the turpentine I have been painting with.

I wrote **Purity** on a painting I made in the park.

Now I am destroying the environment.

I paint over the word with blue and then regret it.

So I paint it back in white, but now the white is different from before.

I think of Botticelli's *Venus*, and of the fact that I usually wake up full of worry. This morning I called in sick to work. I wasn't ill; I was exhausted from tying threads and ideas into nothingness.

This is about the relations between things.

This is about female agency.

The relations between things.

Agency.

Balance.

Emotions.

How close are they to one another?

What effects can objects have upon one another?

How much agency is taken away?

Female agency.

Planten un Blomen Park.

What relationship do things have to one another here?

Are there consequences?

At what point does an effect on the outside world come to an end?

Flowerpots and plants.

Baskets and spears.

I am a female artist, my agency is long and hard like a stick.

I am a female artist, my emotions are deep and round and matter always.

Words and writing on canvas.

Words are also their script.

I brought this sculpture into Planten un Blomen Park and photographed it.

It is female architecture in Planten un Blomen Park.

I wrote the words

SEX

REVOLUTION

on a canvas,

and photographed it.

Words are ALSO their script.

I imagine that it wouldn't matter which word was written there, because words are also their script.

PERSONALITY

Within these shared, imposed conditions, the urge grows to take control of our immediate experience.

To avoid the catastrophe.

And to slaughter the piggy bank.

Words on canvas, staging themselves as characters.

To avoid the catastrophe by naming a subject whose body has already left the frame.

It is now my responsibility how much of it I allow into my mind.

Only script.

No word.

No figure.

No drama.

A form can become a surface for the projection of individual meanings while preserving its physical presence—a reminder of the vulnerable condition shared by every exposed or objectified body.

By asking the viewer to acknowledge the existence of the objects, we ask them to enter into a relationship with them, as though they were figures assuming different positions within a scene because they differ in surface and form. Yet they do more than invite the projection of human and social qualities onto them: they also address interaction, relation, and every conceivable emotional state. They construct a theatrical, perhaps ironic, setting—a stage presence that questions itself while confronting an audience, a viewer, a hierarchy.

Thomas Mann's novel about the ageing writer Gustav von Aschenbach, who fears death, travels to Venice, and attempts to ignore his own mortality.

To avoid the catastrophe.

In the stinking gondola.

Gustav von Aschenbach travels across the stinking water in the stinking gondola until he reaches the beach. There, for one last time, his longing for beauty rises within him, and he becomes obsessed with an eleven- or thirteen-year-old boy. A helpless try to rise and to preserve.

It is hot. He is wearing a striped suit. He is sitting in a beach chair.

The images are beautiful. Despite everything, they are beautiful enough to die for.

All we know is that everything will change.

That is why we have to love one another.

The End