Jutta Koether’s art, like her writing, is sustained by constant shifts through media, fractional translations, and severed connections. In the following contribution, she not only reads the body as a medium, she also addresses painting as a body – headless, empty one moment and overfull the next: the characters in her text pour out their subjectivities into art, paintings, mass-media imagery, while the latter, taking on a subjectivity of their own, fill up with interpretations. Spin the art world’s wheel of fortune, and much more than visual production appears.

Jutta Koethers Kunstpraxis lebt wie ihr Schreiben von ständigen Mediatisierungen, gebrochenen Übersetzungen und gekappten Verbindungen.

Im folgenden liest sie nicht nur den Körper als Medium, sondern die Malerei als Körper – kopflös, leer, dann wieder übervoll: Die Personen in ihrem Text entleeren ihre Subjektivitäten in Kunst, Gemälde, massenmedialen Bildern; diese, wiederum subjektiviert, füllen sich mit Interpretation an. Einmal am Glücksrad der Kunst gedreht, zirkuliert nicht nur die Bildproduktion.
“You are nobody 'til somebody loves you …” (Frank Sinatra)  
“Each thought should be considered a gesture” (Pierre Klossowski on Nietzsche)

1. Formula Won Balthus

Lewis Hamilton in a Mercedes ad after winning a race; a sacrificial someone. Like the Man at the Bar under the grids, a whiff of metallic seductive as well as menacing Matter. A memory of B’s. The Mountain at the Met, with Walking Stick, Wands, Bad Magic, Demonic Option, a muted one, Post Theatre of Cruelty. The Wheel of Fortune is getting in motion. Body being measured, conforming, de-forming its environment. Fragility effects. A menacing effect. A twisted welcome painting. A calling card.

“A room full of paintings,” a third development, after "Champrovent” and “Maquis,” these paintings interface as “Fortune,” in the company of “lightfall” illuminations to enhance the visitors steps into stoical collapse, aloof enjoyment barely wrapped in some.

Inside a sleepwalker’s timezone from another place/suspended in metallic air.

Suspended time barely holding up his own body while the other one is seen dreaming. “As if they come about on their own,” says Lucian Freud on how paintings want to arrive in an artist’s life. And they do. Porous Perforation, in contrast to other framings. Emblem-ished. A fantastical merger of the beholder and the painted thing.

Viewer becoming subject to the power of the picture’s gaze.

190 x 250 cm

2. Caterham Kobayashi Crash Balthus St. Firmin

From the Medieval wing of the Met, where a sculpture with a headless man is standing, but held in his hands is the Man’s head. The generic man you could know from the lenticular postcard or from the first painting’s sleeping fellow.

Here though he is beyond dreaming or contemplation. He might be near death. Following the story of another martyr, St. Denis … who, having been decapitated … still kept carrying his head around, delivering a sermon, attempting to export consciousness and remnants staying an erect column body in the middle of a crashing race car, on the side—

There is an almost centered “Bruised Grid” target, shield, and kind of spinning wheel itself. Commanding those breaking wheels around it. All is held together by thoughts and gestures, metallics and reds. All is received by a pair of female legs with red slippers after a drawing by Balthus, one of those that has been recycled many times in itself. No way to determine what is in what is exterior around here. Tough touches. Recall and reconfigure. Life with decapitation. Life as a hermit crab. As JP said recently: Hard shell, double shell, crab shell, exit sideways with studio as protection. Soft body down inside, thinking. Human existence waiting world disorder. Connect the rising tear in the surface of representation with the gaze.

220 x 170 cm, oil on canvas, 2015.

3. Unternehmen Holding A380 Turners Chelsea Palette Piero della Francesca

A Grounded Airplane, morphing into a creaturely
body. Painted while, in real time, a violent crash took place. Without having been anticipated in such ways. With palette eyes, grounded, trying to make a different communication possible. Gestures between the "bruised grid" palettes. That need to find some empathetic alliance.

Picture from the business pages of a new German newspaper business section in the fall of 2014. A business nobody can deal with. Huge airplane, no infrastructure for it. Lost player. About to be sent out again. Or not: "... because their goal isn't to improve on what has been done before — but to totally re-imagine it." Thus concludes a recent commercial with air-to-air footage of the new A 380 in evening light, with the actress Nicole Kidman in a beige-on-beige pose looking like a Balthusian creature-girl 2.0 inside an airplane suite that poses for a luxury apartment. That would be another painting yet to emerge as it did from the Les Beaux Jours or "The Room." Signal gestures trying to catch each other in mental mid-air.

Double painting, each panel 220 cm x 170 cm, with small Fontana slit.

4. Tate London, BP Ad Bacon Piero della Francesca, Balthus

Figure, doubling, melting, sitting, handbag grid. Bodies entering and leaving. As do different formats negotiating with each other. As diptych with Central figure split, a not fully visible Bacon triptych, that is filling up, "held" by porcelain lioness paws and Balthus's drawing after Courbet's Origin of the World. There are balloon-apple-balls emotions rolling from each wing pouring sth into the middle where a man-woman is attending.

Creature del parto. Feet are planted on the floor, the right in front of the left as if like her ancient counterparts she is confronting her destiny. Paintings must be accepted like cats: as beautiful and alluring yet elusive and ultimately incomprehensible ... to force the sensibility and the mind to undergo a kind of organic alteration.


Not with memory. Consider the contemporary ways of reception yet mirror back what you see. Painting body conduit. Aimless flows of interpretation, attendants. The strangeness of attending to the world. Painting as human medium.

Painting is double drag. World oozing out of and disappearing into the slit between paintings.

Double painting, each panel 220 x 170 cm, with margin (tuned to the grid leg in the painting).
5. HMTQ/DCMG 1

Sovereign Women in Painting Up date.
Queen Elizabeth II and Angelina Jolie in room
1844 at Buckingham Palace from image circulating,
October 10, 2014, a Honorary Damehood is given
to this non-British subject. A very high honor for
a youngish person.

Communication occurs, sovereign women
and the possibility of encountering and exposing
a connection, a touch. Becoming witness to that
strange moment of tenderness. At the time I'm
finishing these notes, I know that one of my first
paintings from the "Sovereign Women in Paint-
ing" community, a portrait of/after Maria Callas
performing, is going out on an auction in a few
days. Flaming and Melting, Transparent, Fluid, yet
erect as column. Threaded paintings. Porous, air
brocade woven wheeling tearing memories of art
and violence. Remember "Ma Jolie" arriving first
in synthetic cubism 1912 ...

Humanitarian and Actress all rolled in one
Queen/Dame Sphere. A possibility of being
touched across powersystems and ages. At that
moment they were 88 and 39 years old.

6. HMTQ/DCMG 2

Transitions, US/European connections, similar to
above yet a larger stage/landscape is laid out here
... integrated bruised grids: post pain, post desire.
Competing, holding secrets, posing, playing for
keeps, oozing titles and fortunes. Intercontinent-
ally. Axis and support systems within the decor
as well as the bodies.

A new signature ... enable dream practice.

Feeling the powder room a power room a
communication bath. So to speak. Each painting
looking for an experimental interpreter.

And there is touch! We don't know if this
painting is happening before or after the play.
Before we open the curtain or after the fall.
Wheeling through Grace and horror of Suspended
Time. Work focus on women's destiny and her
place in universe.

Double painting each panel 220 x 170 cm with a
slit, matching the size of one square bruised grid
element, one inch.

All paintings: oil on canvas, 2015.
7. Brooklyn Boogie

"bruised grid" paintings, each 12 x 12 inches, 14 oil on canvas, as a 21 acrylic on canvas mix, which can appear in various formations. As they often do in Instructional red drawings. And in a recent lenticular postcard.


Means of correcting data of appearances, emotions.

A steady reappearance of ribbons, garland implicit, a psycho magical tableaux for players. A decor. An out of control chess gaming archaism and metrics, seeing, listening: "I understand of how to paint a Red." (Cézanne)

"Der rote Stoff scheint unter der weißen Farbschicht zu pulsieren, die Welt ist nicht mehr im Bild, das Bild ist die Welt ... Es ist das Bild eines Moments, aber zugleich der Abdruck unzähliger Momente, die in seine Form eingehen, die Spur des Menschen in der Zeit." (A. Kilb on Rembrandt).

The painter as transporteur, of threading thought into gestures, touches. I is as if the Figure is engaged in a broader movement originating the material structure around it. From what Deleuze termed "the Field."

Organizer of visual experience like apples/balls, metallic marks, use of color red.

In relation to this you will find pennies on the ground both 1 cent coins from Europe and US picking up money: a micro-contemplation. Fortune. Notes like a Circle song. Perhaps being ready now to move out from room into field, the back into another room back to hermit crab life?

8. Man Medallion Botticelli Stettheimer

Mocking a new global market campaign ... one's own branding devices. The bit-coin, as the color red, as the bruised grid, as the "new crust" things
that are getting quite clumsy here ... opaque, not easily connectable inherent resistances/failures outside of "Geschäftigkeit" multi morbid halos flying around with non-contemporary paintings and equally non-contemporary "payments." So this ends with another desire: longing for a joint visit to the ... many, many visits in the quiet zone of the Gemäldegalerie Berlin, a most cherished site at this moment, my inner Arezzo: a conclusion. The fateful wheel as a zodiac wheel and the Four Seasons all rolling in one, and bringing me back to Poussin "Helios and Phaeton."

Medallions, rotation, magnifying lenses, torture wheels or in Altdorfer's St. Catherine paintings Phaeton's fateful move to use Helio’s sun wheels. Fate of women, Madame Cézanne called drastically "La Boule," but nevertheless proudly presenting her red dress multiple times. So Cézanne had to say it: "I do know how to paint a Red" there it comes about, his fate tightly connected, by painting her throughout many years, painting as endless variations and explorations of the tough touch.

Notes
1. Having devoted the "sacraments" to the general theme of the life of virtue and wisdom, which might shield mankind from the wayward workings of Fortune, the artist observed that he would now like to devise another series of works treating the general theme of the tricks Fortune may play upon unsuspecting humanity, and especially upon those men who had chosen to lead an active life, subject to the whims of both nature and society ... Although this desire never resulted in a series of closely related pictures comparable to the sacraments, the broad theme outlined in Poussin's letter forms the subject of many of his landscapes of 1648–51 (in R. Verdi on Poussin and the Tricks of Fortune).

"... the outlines of the seductive smile of the sphinx. Intensity, excitation, tonality: such is thought, independent of what if expresses or could express; and its applications in turn arouses other intensities, other excitations, other tonalities. From then on, Nietzsche wanted to exercise his thought from the viewpoint of the emotional capacity and no longer the conceptual capacity; at the limit where knowledge offers itself as a resource for acting, no longer for the peace of the understanding but at the mercy of the alluring forces of chaos. What overcame these centrifugal forces in order to communicate them, were themselves communicated one day at Sils-Maria, in form of a movement around something whose approach remained forever forbidden, as in accordance with a secret accord or liaison. First, the ring, then the wheel of Fortune and finally the Circulus Vitosus Deus, so many figures what in themselves presupposes a center, a focus, a void, perhaps even a God which inspires the circular movement, and is expressed in it, yet which is kept at a distance. The centrifugal forces never flee the center for ever, but approach it a new only in order to retreat from it again.

Such are the vehement oscillations that overwhelm an individual as long as she seeks only her own centre and cannot see the circle of which she herself is a part. For if these oscillations overwhelm her, it is because each corresponds to an individuality other than the one she believes herself to be, from the point of view of the unfindable centre. As a result an identity is essentially fortuitous ..." (excerpted/altered from Pierre Klossowski on Nietzsche)