Editor's note

Gareth James invited Koether to participate and contribute work in the course of organizing the group exhibition, "Painters Without Paintings and Paintings Without Painters," 2005. Koether brought the single, hand-painted canvas *Orchard (New York, Channleing Pontoise* (2005) and this written piece. Koether was incorporating re-paintings within her polymathic painting-based production during this period. The line breaks in this piece are Koether's.

Orchard, 2005

Jutta Koether

Making of Orchard, a painting.[1]
What this is: A work based on an approach to a painting by Paul Cezanne.
Orchard (Cote St. Denis at Pontoise/ Cote des Boeufs) 26 x 22 inches, oil on linen). It was painted in 1877 and exhibited first alongside a painting by Pisarro of the same location.
In the summer of 2005, I saw this painting at MOMA. I returned to it several times. It became my Rosetta Stone for finding out more and getting deeper into the history of painting desires and how my own painting desires might or might not relate to this past and how to redefine painting practice after a post-studio existence into a new unstudio studio painting. My interested got twisted and drawn into this painting, because it talks about transitions and modulations. All that would become the late Cezanne is laid out. I saw that there
was both happening in the painting, layering as well as a kind of contrasting. Methods contradicting each other. Discord endured. Irritating but also delirious oscillation. Things taking apart and putting them together. Melted in some velvet air. All that. Anyway, I revisited the show for a last time with a young a curious friend.[2] We looked again at his Orchard painting, talked about it, and suddenly I knew I wanted to find out how it would feel to paint a painting like this.

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[1] "Making of Orchard" was this painting, with a text to accompany it in exhibition. I was the member at Orchard who received the written piece Orchard 2005 and took it to the Kinko's on Houston Street for copying. Koether asked me to have her text printed on a colored card stock paper of the kind available at the time at Kinko's; she said to select a warm gray. With this stroke, the writing's materiality is made manifest, which includes too the technologies of reproduction, that moment's current stationary and hobby store craft culture (and we realize how particular that paper, that gray really are, in production and circulation and then discontinued).

[2] I never did learn during our exchanges who the person Koether places in her MoMA viewing story was.

When I heard about the show at Orchard, this became a pressing matter! To stretch one's own métier, to stretch one's own thinking way beyond into some unruly and limitless objectivity perhaps. Attempting the journey at least. In paint. I imposed myself on Gareth James, tell him about this and wanting to paint the Orchard painting.
Now here it is.[3]
De-identification happened. It's exploring a principle. Remaking a landscape.
In our time, now 2005 it became Bloody Orchard. Cutting in some flesh. A new color. At post-nature. An unbearable, yet gloriously glowing body.
What stays the same: The small black door right in the middle of the lower half. In most places Cezanne used black as equal to all colors, but not so in Orchard. The black patch stuck in the painting causes an irritation, perception increased toward raptness.
The black as well as the reds and pinks and colors of the flesh have been colors of use for me for a number of years. You must change your life! They want to tell me that…so that's when
I'll pick them up.
To feel the presences of all the interrelated things…

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[3] "What this is." "Now here it is." Voiced as if for *you*, viewer-reader. Koether's making as if art itself were a moving body-performer, includes the audience and the total situation. What is the spectator's relation to the painting and this written text on a wall at Orchard?