



## LOVE IS A TRAVELLER

The first time I met Jutta I was holding flowers. She was in Hong Kong to perform at an event that we host with Artists Space every March, and had just come from visiting the gallery. I had peonies in hand for Honus, whose collection we were viewing. To my relief, Jutta gave me a thumbs up when we met. She had liked the gallery and was delighted by the collection of plants in the office. I was amazed by her radiance and presence. We exchanged brief words next to a Picabia in Honus's space, surrounded by red velvet curtains. None of us knew what would emerge from this speculative connection between Hong Kong and New York that we were in the midst of inventing together — are still, in fact, in the process of inventing. But for now, Jutta was heading out to get some fresh air and sunlight; a salve for the jet lag.

A few nights later, Jay acted as projectionist for Jutta's performance. A fitting role, since it was Jay who helped orchestrate this meeting of worlds, this intertwining of disparate temporalities and spaces. The two of them chose to project onto a raw concrete wall whose unprimed surface was interrupted by two bricked up windows. Images of Jutta's paintings illuminated a third space between them, opening a view where there was none. To the audience's surprise, she played a clip from Otto Preminger's 1954 musical, *River of No Return*. Sitting on top of an upright piano, a celluloid siren (Marilyn Monroe) with stars on her shoes and red swirls on her golden dress, sang a mystical love song whilst Jutta knelt on the floor, coaxing dense clusters of sound from her electronic keyboard. We watched the gradual bloom of her performance with the desirous regard of cowboys in Preminger's saloon or collectors at the fair, hearts attentive to the tender dissonance between seeming and being.

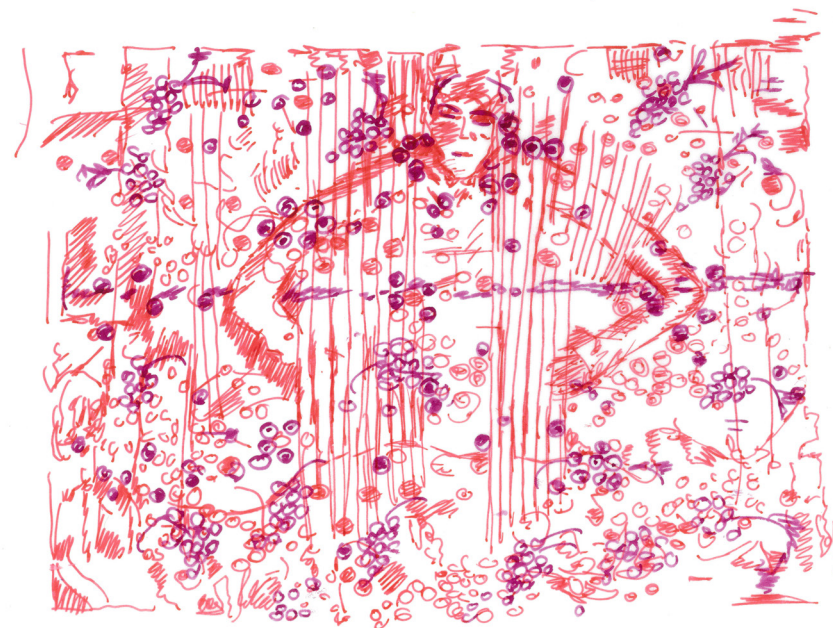
Jutta called her performance "Analogue Drive", also the title of a painting from her 2023 show with Cecily Brown, and her liner notes to the 2024 reissue of Tom Verlaine's 1992 instrumental record *Warm and Cool*. I imagined it as the name of a road which one can only travel on by night — a secret

highway of the spirit. These days, we think of a drive mostly as a self-sufficient storage device, a passive container which we fill with material from the outside. In pre-digital times, a drive was a physical mechanism which transformed energy into movement in order to call forth meaning from our piles of tapes and disks. A drive channeled intention into motion and from there into feeling, forming an expressive circuit. To recall is always an act of desire, a searching through and between worlds.

A year later, I had the pleasure of sitting with Jutta at a dinner in New York where she was one of the honourees. Instead of a traditional speech, she performed Rainer Maria Rilke's poem, *Woman in Love*. I was struck by the love in Rilke's poem, by how uncategorizable it was. When I mentioned this to Jutta, she told me the story of the love between Rilke and Lou Andreas-Salomé, how after a brief affair their love extended beyond their separation into a territory that defied definition. Then we spoke about Rumi and the disappearance of his lover, a loss that was the source of all his poetry. Two different kinds of love, one shaped by distance the other by absence, both boundless and transformative.

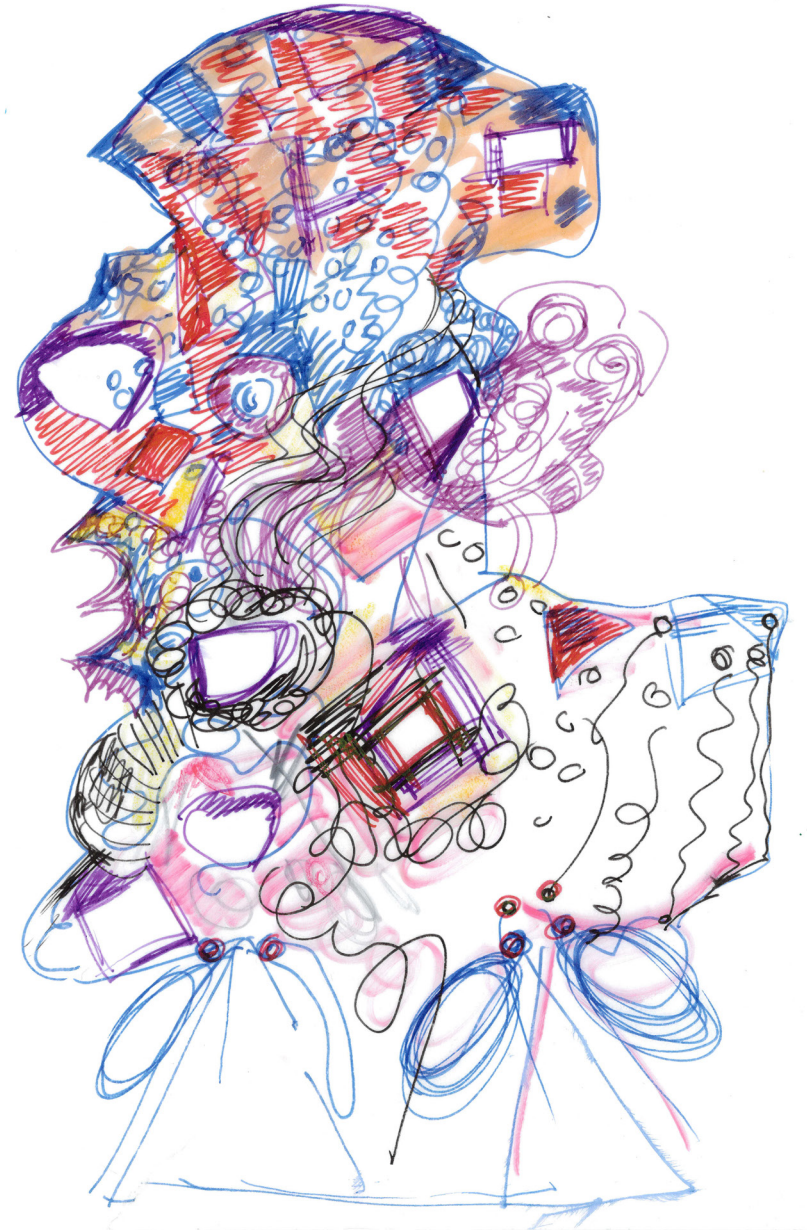
Thinking back, there was an expansiveness to Jutta's performance that night in Hong Kong two years ago, like a window open to life's ceaseless motion. It gave me the impression that she had recently been transformed by a cosmic experience of love via loss. This exhibition arrives two years later, in the wake of *Analogue Drive*, and marks the beginning of a profoundly new phase in her sustained and multi-faceted painting practice, which has been, since the beginning, a form of travel.

J(f)K to HK, non-stop.









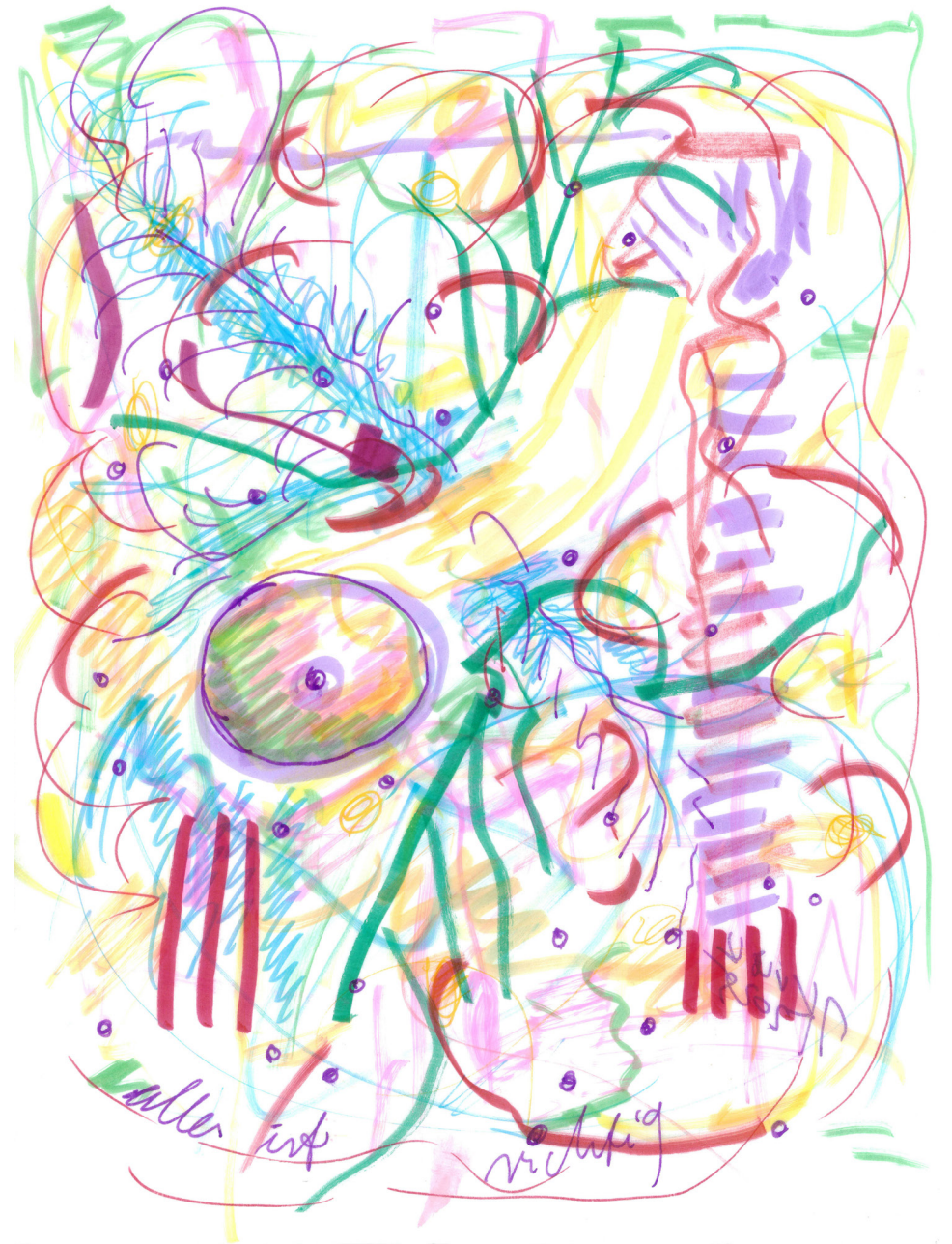
















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