

In the hotel room I was changing into my work pants to get ready for a performance in the square of 's-Hertogenbosch. The work pants are Japanese, with a matching shirt, so I expected to look pretty cool. But the drawstring that holds the pants up broke.

I had to wear my dress pants instead, and the performance involved much physical exertion. When dressed completely inappropriately in linen pants and a Japanese work shirt, I arrived at the square, I found that most of my material had been stolen. But there was some wood and I had carried my tools (which had been my father's tools). Some people ran home and got nails and screws. I think people enjoy watching work. To do simple, honest carpentry work in the middle of a public square could, I thought, be interesting. I use no electric tools, only old-style saws, augers, hammers, etc.. My back is quite bad. I have trouble moving. Someone said that it looked like I was making my own coffin, I was in such bad shape because of my back. It started raining soon after I started working. One tries to mentally prepare for such possibilities, so I remained calm. When a friend came and stood by me with an umbrella, I was a little bothered, yet the rain was cold and I did not tell him to leave. My idea was to work and not talk. After a while the rain stopped, and I had finished something that looked like a raft on wheels.

By secret pre-arrangement with my gallerist from Amsterdam, the idea was that I would drag the contraption around the square by a rope until the gallerist would offer to buy it. After a suitable amount of haggling, wherein I would constantly try to lower the price, she would finally buy it, and end the performance. But the gallerist forgot her lines. After a long time, I took over her part and finally sold it to her.

Anet had spent much time making a very large clay pot. When she baked it it broke, and she had to make do, singing inside a broken pot. Roi Vaara said that his own piece just did not work at all, but I don't know; I missed it because I was trying to fix my pants.

Jimmy Durham, Berlin 2004