

101 Spring Street
Judd Foundation
October 22 – December 18, 2021

inbetweenness

Exhibition Checklist

Felix Gonzalez-Torres

"Untitled" (Loverboy), 1989

Sheer blue fabric and hanging device

Dimensions vary with installation

Courtesy of the Estate of Felix Gonzalez-Torres
and the Felix Gonzalez-Torres Foundation

Felix Gonzalez-Torres

"Untitled", 1991–1993

Billboard

Dimensions vary with installation

Two parts

Schenkung Sammlung Hoffmann,
Staatliche Kunstsammlungen Dresden and Tate

Curated by Flavin Judd

Thank you to Andrea Rosen, Andrew Kachel,
and the Felix Gonzalez-Torres Foundation.

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It's a pretty blue and it's a color you might want to wake up to. Blue is a color you go through. It's an invitation and also a beckoning and a magical feeling of constant morning. Cause if you keep losing consciousness which is not so great after all you can have your mornings back again and again. A blue window is something pretty you might make instead of despair. I read in an interview with Carl George that Felix liked working with a blue that was the same color as one of Ross's hospital gowns. Ross Laycock was the lover Felix Gonzalez-Torres lost to AIDS in 1991. So it's easy to imagine Felix bringing Ross some beautiful pajamas. Baby we need you to wear pretty pajamas like you'd say to the lover you were cuddling who was spending plenty of time in bed. I once inherited a pair of silky shimmery pajamas my friend had been given by his older lover who liked him to look hot in bed on trips and probably at home too. They were striped white with an excellent royal blue. The two had broken up so the pajamas were now too weird for him to put on. I wore them for years until they were frayed and beyond repair but I suspect I'm lying and I think I probably lost them somewhere. In the laundry, the laundry was stolen or left or in a rush leaving a room somewhere. When color migrates to a window it's a dream. Ross keeps waking up. A window feels like a permanent place. In my small house I grew up in my mother's downstairs bedroom was where you slept when you got sick. You sat in the giant parent bed like a little god and hallucinated the ceiling ornament into various genitals and the windows were the best there were several because floods of light came in from the yard and the curtains gossamer like this were waving slightly in the breeze. It was like a movie. It was happening. My bedroom wasn't pretty so this was the real deal. The hallucinatory home of dreams and illness and even sexiness all at once. I like how Felix's curtains are bunched on the floor like socks or toys, stuffed animals. It's vernacular and cozy. It's my sick dream and it's a Disney dream and it's a forever morning where your lover is sick in pretty blue pajamas and you put that in a gallery you want to show it to the world how the light goes and the color goes and lover boy is there forever alive you want to cry in this dream.

Carl also mentioned, I think it was Carl that Felix told him that many of the birds he photographed were vultures. Are they vultures? I don't know. It's funny, though. We think this two-panel installation of ominous sky is ominous cause it's grey but vultures I learned when I first went west are hopeful. They are hopeful in Florida too where Felix Gonzalez-Torres saw them. Vultures mean spring whirling up there, and someone's dead, juicy things are frozen in the ice that were dead for a while for months are revealed to the birds who are entirely living stretching their wings up there, living their awesome lives in the sky, going ahead.