

GALERIE JENNIFER FLAY

for Michelle Reyes — for information

FELIX GONZALEZ-TORRES
November 10th - December 23rd 2000

The Galerie Jennifer Flay is proud to announce an important exhibition of works by Felix Gonzalez-Torres. This exhibition will present works from private collections in France.

The exhibition is intended as a tribute to the remarkable oeuvre of this artist who passed away in January 1996 from the consequences of an AIDS related illness, but also to the clairvoyance and dedication of a small number of French private collectors who, individually and without concertation, recognized the strength and specificity of his work, both its both intimate and universal connotations, in the very early years.

From "Untitled" (Ischia) 1986, (shown publicly in France for the first time), to "Untitled" (9 Days of Bloodwork - Steady Decline and False Hope) 1993, and "Untitled" (Last Light) 1993, or the eloquent and moving "Untitled" (Sand) 1993/94, these works retrace the successive phases of the work of Felix Gonzalez-Torres, who is considered today as one of the most important artists of the late twentieth century.

The story of the Felix Gonzalez-Torres and that of the Galerie Jennifer Flay are deeply intertwined. From his first participation in the group exhibition "Not Quiet" (1992) for which he proposed the title, and "Just what is it that makes today's home so different, so appealing?" (1993), to "Travel 2" (1993), and "Passage à l'Acte" (1996) a permanent and ongoing dialogue enriched the life and work of the gallery, and brought an irreplaceable and luminous voice to those who knew the artist.

Felix Gonzalez-Torres had an unconditional love for Paris, as these extracts from his personal correspondence after the close of the exhibition "Travel 2" demonstrate:

"Paris was never a city, but a magic kingdom somewhere above the clouds, somewhere else, in some books, in some movies, somewhere among the poetry and the prose of Marguerite Duras, Gertrude Stein, and Oscar Wilde. Somewhere else. Paris was never a city, but a dance, a tender white hotel bed, a long walk, lights, and the fear of never returning...

Once more Paris made me grow. I hope one day I will be able to pay back my luck, my infinite luck, my love for that city of light, of good friends, of unique restaurants, of soft hotel beds... The show is now over, but the dialogue, the voice continues. I hope the voice was meaningful and constructive.

This is all we are left with: a few things; that in this life we tried to obtain a degree of sense, if at least symbolically..."

Jane Jensen