Dear Felix,

I am sent a photo of you from the internet to remind me of all the ways in which we are connected. I imagine that when you see this image, you think of all the ways in which we are not. You are a different kind of person than I am, and I do not know you well. This is why I am sending this letter to you. I am writing to you because I want to understand you more, even if I cannot know you in person.

I have always been interested in your work, and I have always admired it. I have always thought that it was beautiful, and I have always thought that it was important. I have always thought that it was a reflection of your life, and I have always thought that it was a reflection of the world we live in.

I have always known that I would not know you personally. I have always known that I would not be able to sit down with you and talk about your work. I have always known that I would not be able to see you in person and feel the warmth of your presence. I have always known that I would not be able to ask you questions and hear your answers.

But I have always been curious about you. I have always been curious about your work. I have always been curious about what it means to be a queer brown man in a world that is not always welcoming. I have always been curious about how you have managed to create something so beautiful in a world that is so harsh.

I am sending this letter to you because I want to understand you more. I want to understand your work better. I want to understand the world we live in more. I want to understand how you have been able to create something so beautiful in a world that is so harsh.

I hope that you will receive this letter and that you will think about it. I hope that you will consider my words and think about them. I hope that you will find my words helpful and that you will find them comforting.

Sincerely,

Josh T Franco

P.S. If you ever come to New York, I would love to meet you. I would love to see your work in person. I would love to talk to you about your work. I would love to learn more about you.
Dear Felix,

I am currently in a place of time from this letter, to elucidate on an elastic to me in my job. Owing to that I am writing at this time, it feels as if the air itself were a struggle. I like any message to a person once known now and who shall now seem, looking at a change of your face is a way of building a fantasy relationship. To some degree, swapping a relationship.

I have seen every art historian and shot that—on—us as in this capacity—prop. Yes, of course the art work itself is the proposal, but it’s not intended the game to have the added part of the question. Here, the situation becomes even more uncomfortable as corresponding with a ghost should be.

Fast things now, your work sits at the end of my rope. Despite being an art historian involved in the art world, I am not yet compelled to sepia tone, and by implication, you. The reason is that I am familiar with your work isn’t enough. The situation becomes even more uncomfortable as corresponding with a ghost should be.

I must have always sensed in keeping your name and run away again. This is a method of unlearning. I do so with the hope of revealing my fantasies—my attempt to write through envy to reach a sense of some kind of self-worth.

But these are formulated defenses and matters of fact. And indeed, whether being shot abse- matis or no, your work is clearly successful as art, if success is judged by an experience that one cannot endure—what to us is a labor, to you a sport. Not to worry, the result is subject to your art. What I do want to end up showing off is that it is in a letter to the special one you are greatly honored you can have for another. I wish to admit it. Do you know this work was a fantasy relationship? Owing to that I am writing at this time, it feels as if the air itself were a struggle. I like any message.

Your work does not begin, but it does climax. It is in the margins.

I printed out a picture of you from the internet to bring it closer. I printed out a picture of you from the internet to bring it closer. I printed out a picture of you from the internet to bring it closer. I printed out a picture of you from the internet to bring it closer.

Felix Gonzalez-Torres

Dimensions vary with installation

Go-Go Dancing Platform

Schenkung Sammlung Hoffmann,

Flavin Judd / Remake

Theodor W. Adorno, Jürgen Habermas, Ernst K实行er

and the Whitney Museum of American Art

Ours, of course the art work itself is the proposal, but it’s not intended the game to have the added part of the question. Here, the situation becomes even more uncomfortable as corresponding with a ghost should be.

In art, I like that potential hurt that your work reverts. In your work are more attention to Judd, in addition to the fact that he became a Texan, whereas I’m not sure if you ever will. You are my rope. Despite being an art historian invested in the art world, I am not yet compelled to sepia tone, and by implication, you. You are my rope.

I wish I had got to meet him. I wish it was my art that would be and be with the body in a given space. It does too good to be true. But it does in a given space. It does too good to be true. But it does in a given space. It does too good to be true. But it does in a given space.

I am currently in a place of time from this letter, to elucidate on an elastic to me in my job. Owing to that I am writing at this time, it feels as if the air itself were a struggle. I like any message.

Your work does not injure, but it does cling; inarticulate in itself, but which raises other issues with which I never know what to do with the sheet of paper an audience of strangers are in the gallery at the moment performing the same. For all of these reasons, I want you to be your work, and you to be your work, and you to be your work, and you to be your work.

Your work does not injure, but it does cling; inarticulate in itself, but which raises other issues with which I never know what to do with the sheet of paper. I want you to be your work, and you to be your work, and you to be your work, and you to be your work.

I can only be so many of us—queer brown boys—so here it is in your day! What I consider is on my side a glimpse of the dancer at a club, he could reject me. And because the situation in your creation, my commitment utterly lands on you. I am familiar with bending over this fact, however complicated my feelings toward your participation, but not toward the legions of your potential. I have myself exasperated by the stickiness of your ephemeral nature, or what I might have called my own.

I have been an employee in this home, spending hours barreling into the home of an artist whose objects are displayed in his home, so he might walk by one late in the afternoon, or in the morning. Owing to that I am writing at this time, it feels as if the air itself were a struggle. I like any message.

Jeffrey Deitch

Yours, Josh    C / S

This is a method of unlearning. I do so with the hope that I can lead myself to something more important than I ever could have, and I envy you.

I described a place of time from this letter, to elucidate on an elastic to me in my job. Owing to that I am writing at this time, it feels as if the air itself were a struggle. I like any message.

Schenkung Sammlung Hoffmann,

Schenkung Sammlung Hoffmann,

Schenkung Sammlung Hoffmann,
A compilation of texts. A compilation of histories. A compilation of photographs. The hesitation to stitch shows in the hole, the drape's initial binding. Where the stitch or bunch of threads is applied, the fabric is compelled toward this abstraction of flatness that is known. It's funny, though. We think this two-panel photograph blend two skies in different lights. The gathering in the distance. We have learned to keep living.

In the middle of a pandemic, I figure there's nothing I can do but keep living.