

galerie adrian bondy

221 rue Saint Jacques 75005 Paris

Dan Hayon

9x9x33

June 5-30, 2018



Exhibition

Tuesday - Saturday
3pm - 7:30pm

Opening

Thursday June 7
6pm - 10pm

06 85 93 41 92
www.mindseye.fr

RER Luxembourg
Bus 21, 27, 38, 82, 83, 84, 85, 89, 91

My photos are quantum particles.

Those which were made fifty years ago were, at the same time, taken yesterday.

Those which were taken in Romania were, at the same time, made in other countries.

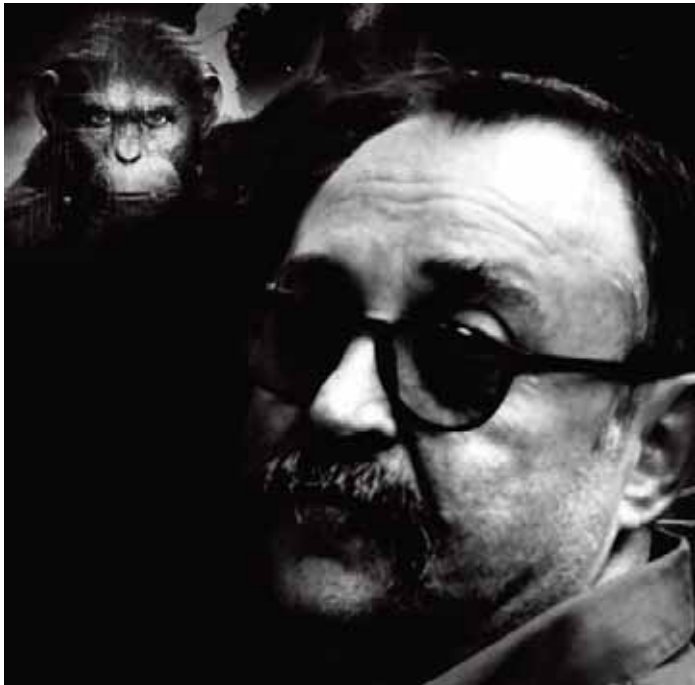
They belong to me but, at the same time, are no longer mine.

They are small but, at the same time, larger than their frames.

And me, then, who am I?

I am a poor-sighted observer who is constantly searching, in a dark room, for Schrödinger's black cat, whilst other photographers have already found her.

D.H.



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Born in 1947 in Bucharest, Dan Hayon left Romania in 1972 after studying at the Academy of Fine Arts. He has lived in Paris since 1992.

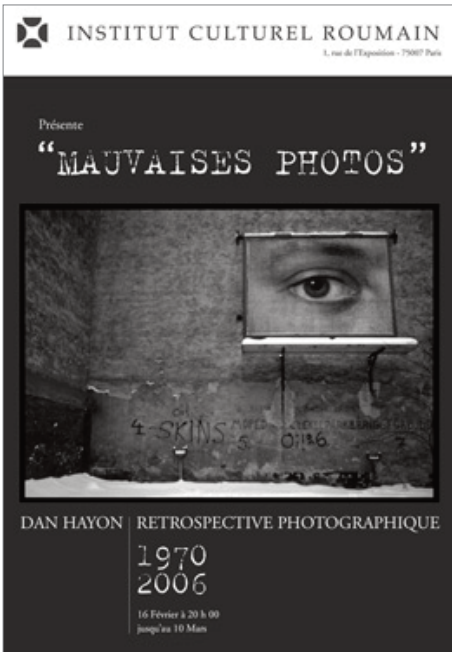
From time to time, he exhibits his photos in the U.K., in France and in Romania.

In 2006, the Romanian Cultural Institute in Paris held a retrospective exhibition of his work.

In 2009, a second retrospective was organised in Romania under the auspices of the Institut Français in Bucharest.

Many of his photos are held in private collections.

Several magazines have published interviews with him.



Retrospective Paris 2006



Stroud, U.K. 2007



Retrospective Bucharest 2009



Waiting for Hayon.

And for what do we wait?

Perhaps for the light of reason to coruscate from the crepuscular universe of his singular imagination. Or perhaps for a message of immutable verity to rise from the chiaroscuro depths of his private world.

But we can all call on pretty words and let them swirl upwards like scented smoke. We will wait in vain if we think that the place occupied by these pictures will open to us through the use of words.

Keep, as you look at them, a sense of repeated musical lines in your mind. Hayon himself would admit, if he had a tendency to admitting anything, to having a fondness for serial music. Listen to one theme, look at one picture, it draws you to it or repels you.

If it repels you then walk away. If not then listen to that theme played again, look at another image. The second repeat confirms your interest, draws you closer. You begin to wonder at the third or fourth repeat if your interest will hold. As the theme builds layer upon layer in your mind, as the image unfolds time and again in your eye, you find yourself hypnotised and transported.

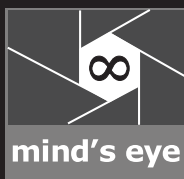
The individual works here are exquisite, the repeated form of their making gives them a symphonic quality which, if you give yourself up to it, will indeed transport you to a world of Hayon's making.

The odd thing, though, is that once in that world you very soon recognise it as one you know very well but simply don't notice as much as you could. It doesn't matter if you see the images with eyes used to looking out at Romanian Streets, Parisian Streets or English Streets. We see the same familiar things. It doesn't matter that the images appear in books or on screen or in galleries. We see the same familiar things.

Perhaps, it is Hayon who waits, tongue-in-cheek, as the British would have it, for the rest of us to get the jokes, and the laughs, and the tears, as he plays kiss and tell with the objects he passes each serial day and which his lascivious eye falls in love with.

Fred Chance

Co-Director – PhotoStroud Festival, UK.



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Contact

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Vélib : St.Jacques - Gay Lussac
Autolib': in front of the gallery

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