

EVENT HORIZON

MAD.

SQ.

ART.

ANTONY GORMLEY

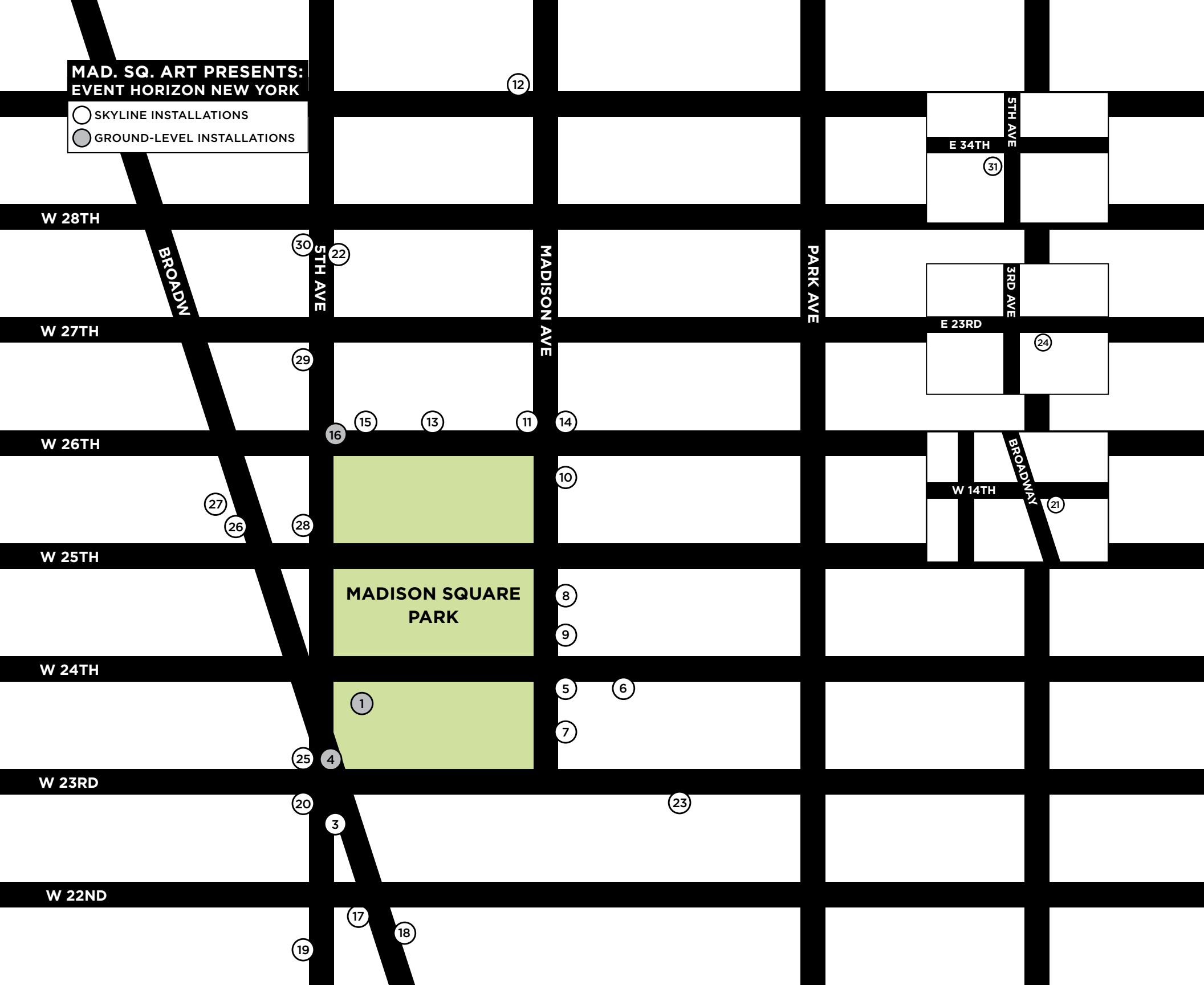
MAD.
SQ.
ART 2010.
ANTONY GORMLEY
EVENT HORIZON



March 26 to August 15, 2010
Madison Square Park
Presented by the Madison Square Park Conservancy
in cooperation with the City of New York.

**MAD. SQ. ART PRESENTS:
EVENT HORIZON NEW YORK**

- SKYLINE INSTALLATIONS
- GROUND-LEVEL INSTALLATIONS







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FORWARD

There are no two identical experiences of Antony Gormley's *Event Horizon* exhibition in the streets and skyline of New York City. His installation—an inhabitation, really—unfolds bit by bit, with the turn of each new corner, the sway of a tree branch, and the momentary glimmer of reflected sunlight revealing ever more of these silent sentries watching stoically over our city, emanating out from Madison Square Park across what seems like an indefinite swath of an amazing urban landscape. There is no forgetting the moment in which you first encounter one, be it standing right in front of you or perched high above—that particular mix of awe and wonderment, excitement and discovery that is both universal and yet unique to each of us.

Event Horizon has made an impression on millions, from seasoned New Yorkers unaccustomed to looking skyward in contemplation, to visitors from far and wide for whom Antony's sculptures have served as ambassadors to a cityscape of architectural marvels and historical intrigue. Colm Toibin's poignant short story in this catalogue, "The Horizon and the Morning Air," brilliantly conveys the profundity of experiencing *Event Horizon* through the eyes of a world-weary traveler, while the voices of real New Yorkers—from architects, scholars and entrepreneurs to building superintendents and sanitation workers—illustrate the reach of Antony's accomplishment and the



impact Event Horizon has had on those of us with the good fortune to share this city with Antony's artwork.

Event Horizon was made possible by the Board of Trustees of the Madison Square Park Conservancy and our esteemed committee of Mad. Sq. Art advisors, whose expertise has guided our young public art program down innumerable exciting paths. *Event Horizon* was organized in cooperation with the City of New York, and we are grateful to the many City agencies that worked with the Conservancy to realize this exhibition. The staff of Sean Kelly Gallery and the Antony Gormley Studio were steadfast in their support every step of the way, and special thanks is due to our extraordinary roster of exhibition partners, sponsors and donors; this accomplishment is a credit to their hard work, generosity and passion for public art.

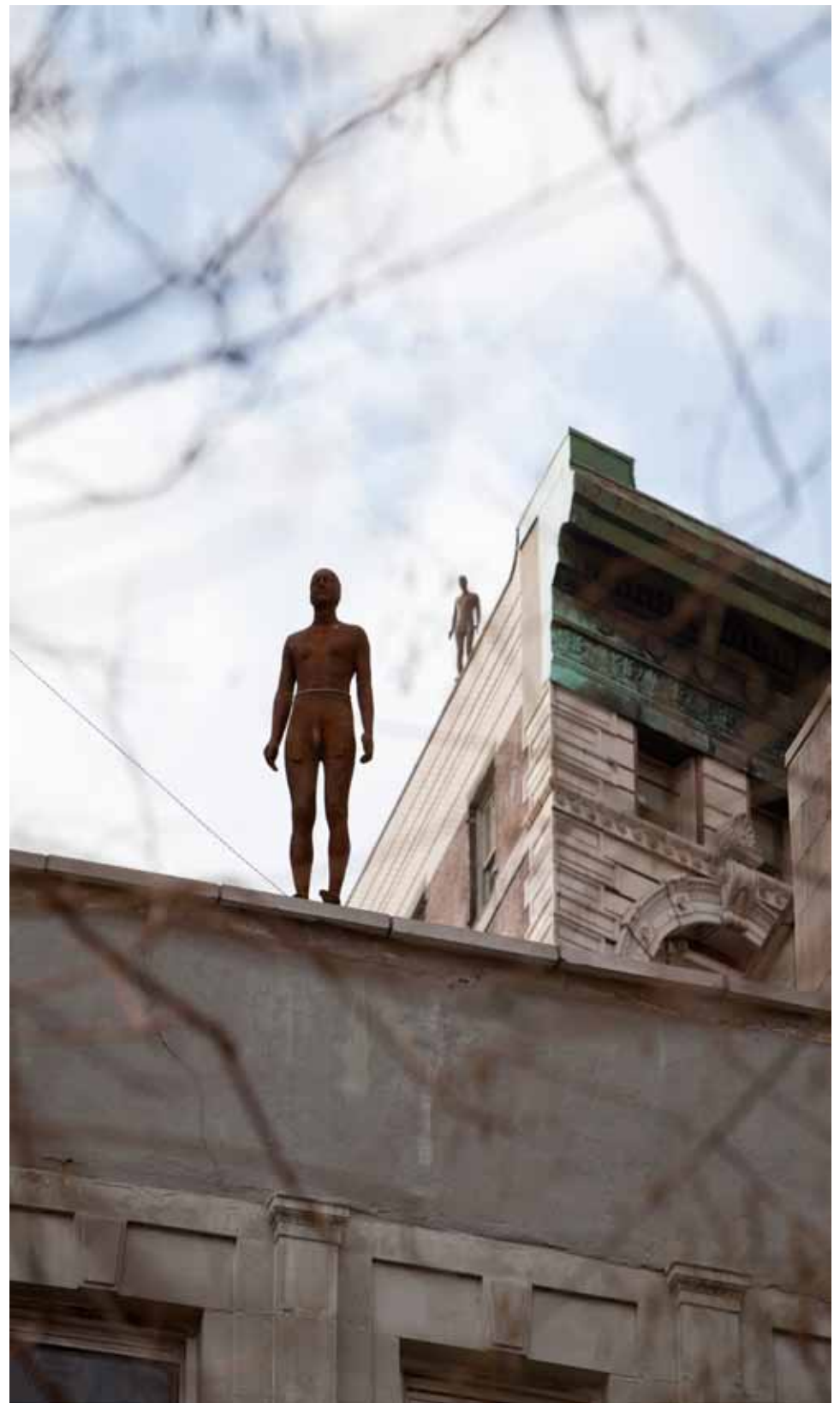
I have often remarked that Antony is a man of such singular talent and ambition that his dreams simply cannot be contained within our 6.2 acre park. His vision and drive have taken us—quite literally—to awe-inspiring heights, and the triumph of *Event Horizon* has left an indelible impression on this incomparable city.

Debbie Landau
President
Madison Square Park Conservancy



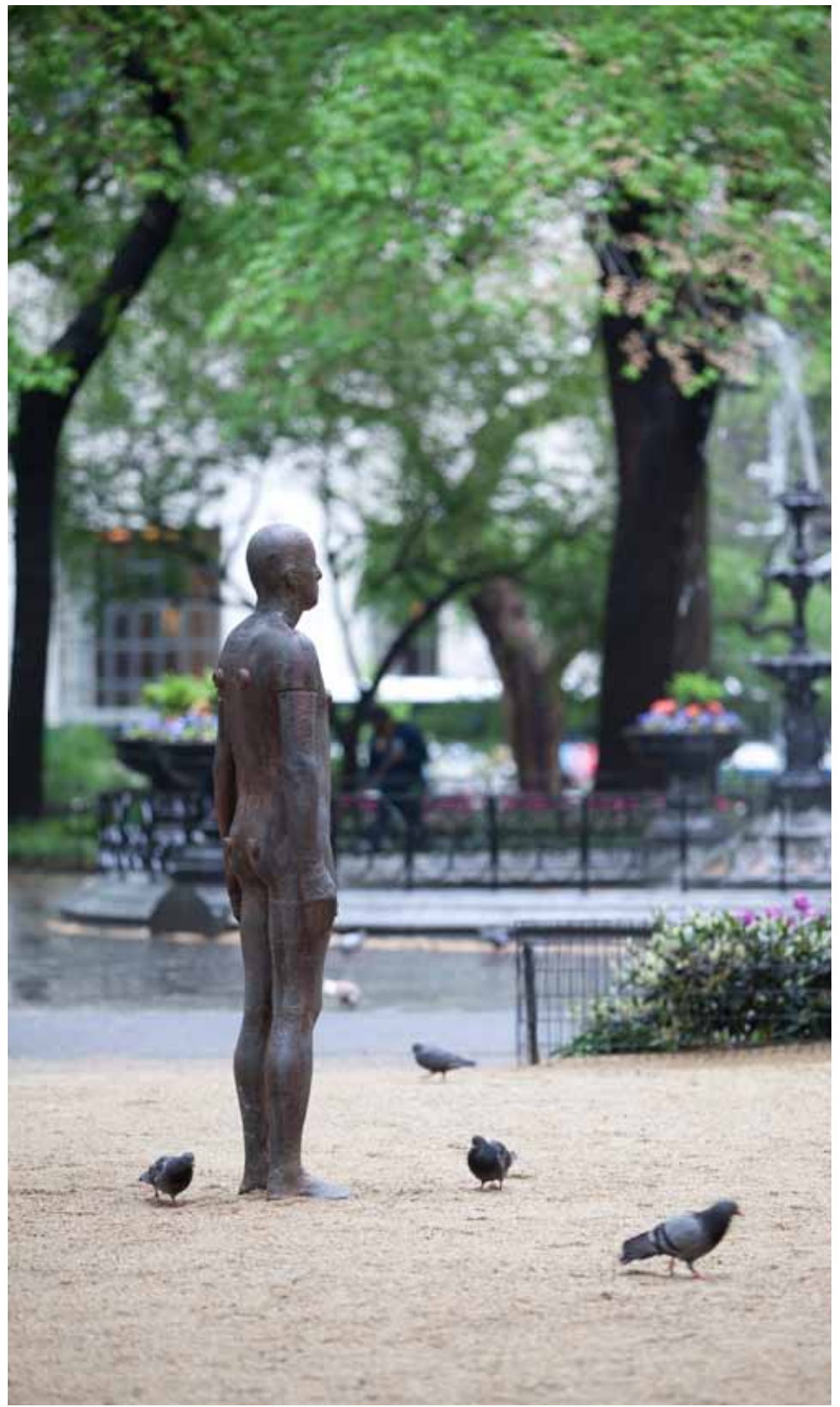


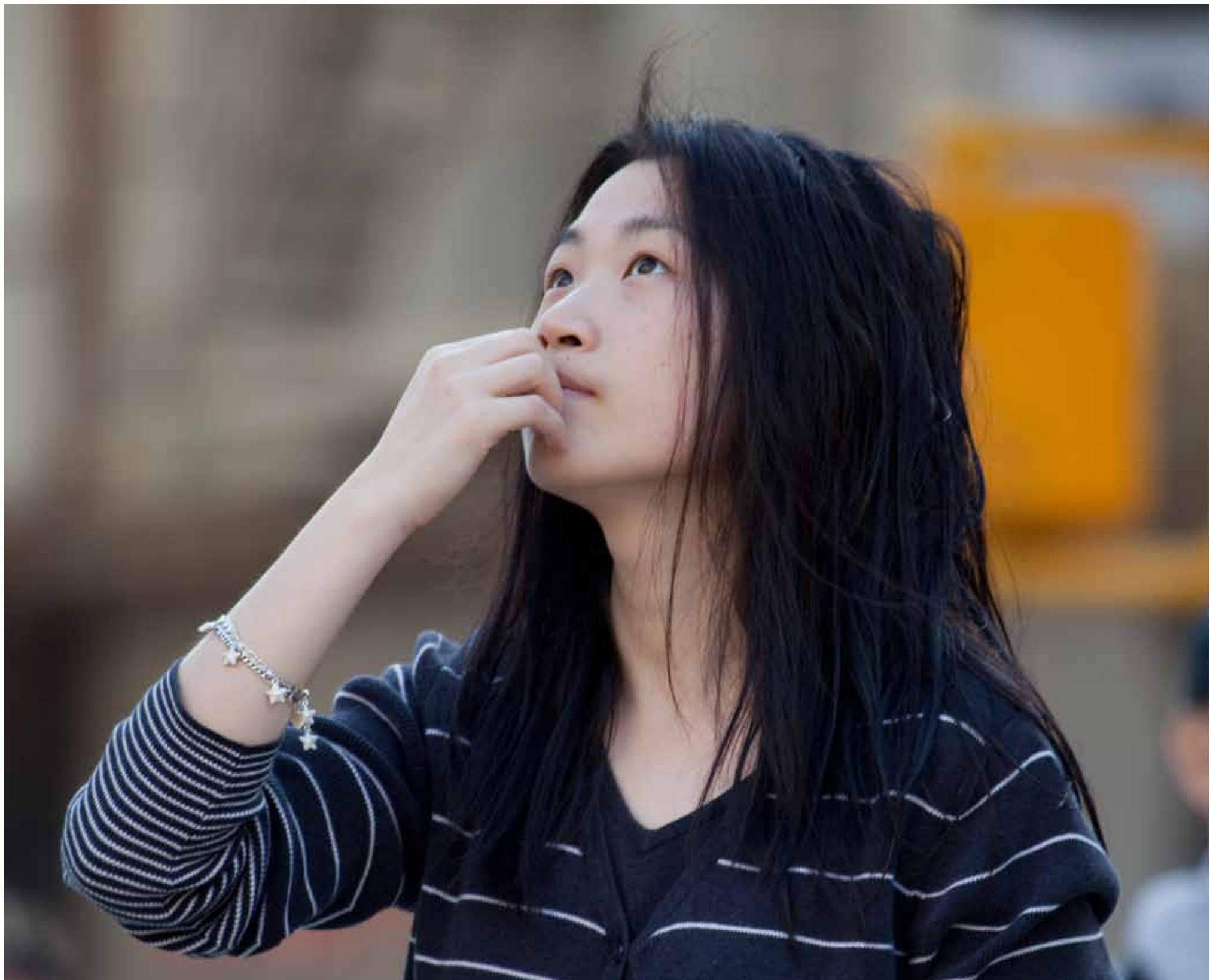












THE HORIZON AND THE MORNING AIR

BY COLM TOIBIN

As we grew older my brother came to know how bad I was at certain things, and the knowledge puzzled him, appalled him and gave him reasons sometimes to be cruel. Once, when I asked him for advice, he turned and said that that the problem I had outlined was not the problem, that I was the problem, and that therefore the problem could not be solved. Maybe we were driving then, or I was driving. He disliked my driving but in those last years of his life my eyes worked at night, worked perfectly, and his did not.

But it felt as though we were walking and he had suddenly begun to move faster and I could not keep up with him as he strode along. And what I sensed then, strangely, was his affection for me as much as any cruelty or rejection. His moving ahead of me and his dismissal of me were ways of showing that he was, all the time, on my side; they were his way of saying that he would do anything to help me to catch up except make clear what his intention was.

We were the twins who were chalk and cheese: he was quick, I was slow; he was sharp-witted, I was in constant danger of missing the point. He could do maths and languages, he could read and spell from an early age; I was hopeless, regularly on the verge of being put into the B-class. He had a quick temper; I did not. I could write well, but only if the subject interested me; he could write well about anything. Later, he excelled at a number of other things,

and was good also at friendship and making women like him and want him. Even though his marriage was a disaster, once he divorced her, he remained friendly with the woman he married and her family. I was a plodder, but I managed, and it meant that I became good at friendship too, and a good teacher, once I qualified, and maybe even a good and conscientious school principal.

I was gay and he was straight, but that, after a while, hardly mattered and never once, when he had realised the difference, did he make any reference to my sexuality except to wonder at the freedom it gave me and to suggest his envy at the idea that it was easier for gay people to be alone. Straight people, he said, had no such luck. More important maybe was that the fact that he dealt with our mother on the issue and made sure that she made no trouble.

He must have known early that his cancer would, or could, come back, and maybe that is why he did not marry again. But maybe there were other reasons why he did not commit himself a second time. But there were always women, including other men's wives, around, and they learned not to be jealous of each other. When it was clear that he was dying, that the cancer had spread, I asked him if he wanted me to return the favour he had done me and go to my mother with the difficult news, but he said no, wait and see, things could go on longer than we think, and he was right. She died before he did; she paved the way for him. It was as though her dying was a way of allowing him the freedom to go too. Or maybe her dying was her way to avoid being alive when he died.

In those last years, he had bad days, bad weekends, times when he barely answered

the phone, when the treatment or the drugs or something new which had arisen would make him lie flat on the floor at home for hours staring at the ceiling. He knew that he should be in hospital, but he knew also that they would keep him longer than they needed to each time. I would travel with him once he finally decided that he could not stay at home alone any longer, I would pack his bag for him, help him to the car, wait outside his room in the hospital if they had a room ready while he prepared for bed, or I would insist that they get him a room, or at least a bed, that he was an urgent case, that he did not have long to go.

It did not occur to me to ask him about a will; I presumed that he divided what he owned between his first wife and the women who cared for him most. And that would have been the right thing to do. It was the time in Ireland when the price of houses was rising almost day by day. My mother's house lay empty; she had left it to us; we had not sold it. We hardly knew what to do with it, and there were, in any case, other things to think about then as he declined and needed hospice care.

Now I discovered that my brother had left no will and that, in his divorce agreement he had given his wife no rights at all to his estate. This meant that I owned my mother's house and my brother's house at a time when I did not need them. I had my own house, and the thought of having to clear those houses out and become responsible for their maintenance or disposal preoccupied me more than the idea of how much money they were worth.

And there were pressing matters at work to consider. The teachers' unions had negotiated a deal with the government which meant that anyone who reached the age of fifty-five and

had thirty years service could retire on full pension. I remember reading about it, but I did not realise then that they would all go. At first I thought it was my fault, the way I ran the school, but soon I came to see that most teachers at fifty-five had had enough. They wanted long, empty days to themselves. Tending gardens, or walking the dog, or growing old listening to the radio. I hated them coming to me one by one, their tone almost triumphant, to let me know that they would be availing of the new scheme and asking me to arrange the paperwork.

It did not strike me that I too was fifty-five and that I could avail of the scheme and that my pension would be higher than theirs. I lived in some dream that I was permanently in my mid-thirties. It was only when I read one day that the price of houses was artificially high and that every property bubble known to history had burst that I decided I would sell the two houses. I found an estate agent. Before he came I took from both houses anything I wanted to keep. Once he valued the houses, I arranged with the help of the agent for cleaners and skips. People walked through those houses with looks both hard and fearful on their faces, people who were unaware of who had lived in them and how they had died. Even the agent was surprised when the bids began to come in and at the price both houses achieved. I calculated that, even when I had paid estate duty on both houses and even if I did not invest the money at all, I could live very comfortably for forty more years using just the capital.

And it was then I realised that I would retire. It was as though I had known it from day one and only now had the courage to think it. As soon as I thought it, I quickly phoned the Department of Education and let them know and then found

the form and I filled it in and signed it. I told no one that I had done so. The following June I would walk out of the school a free man.

I did not allow myself to be frightened. I was alone. I had put a lot of my life into my work and into the lives of my friends. I had not, however, had a boyfriend for years. I had no idea what I was going to do. Nonetheless, I found the years ahead - the emptiness and the solitude, or just the time to be spent - interesting, as if it were a novel half-read or a movie on which I had pressed pause and was now ready to resume watching.

When finally friends and colleagues found out and asked me what I would do now, I shrugged and smiled. With my pension and the money from the houses I could do what I liked. My only problem was that I liked very little. I liked being quiet and being left alone, I liked books maybe and having a car that did not break down. I liked being busy. I liked order, or maybe I liked keeping disorder at bay.

As the time came to leave my job, I should perhaps have come to regret the decision, but I did not. I grew brave. I looked at the teachers and the staff-room, I looked at the pupils as they assembled in the corridor and I regretted only that I had spent years worrying about them all. On the appointed day, I cleared my desk and left at lunchtime before there could be any fuss. I went home.

• • •

It was later that summer I found myself in London for the first time in years. I knew I could go back to Dublin at any time, but I knew also as soon as I established a small routine in the mornings in the streets around the apartment I had rented in Primrose Hill, that I would not. I had some old friends in the city, or on the

outskirts rather, and I made contact with them and we met and I knew we would meet again. And there were two friends of my brother's, both women, who had come to Dublin to see him as he was dying in the hospice, and strangely it was with them I felt the greatest bond, and for them I felt the most affection. I knew that I would meet them often, and that made me more secure than anything. Maybe I had come to this vast city to strengthen my bond with my dead twin through his friends, or loosen it, or maybe come to know what the bond was, what it had meant, or what his death and his dying had done to me or understand what it had done to him.

They knew I was his twin. I reminded them of him, I suppose, as a smell might remind you of a taste. I remained his shadow, even more so now that he was dead; his death had been a sort of completion of him. And perhaps that is why I needed their company, those two friends of his, one of whom had been his lover for some years, so that I could live still in the protection of that shadow, so I could remain incomplete, could maintain my alibi as the lesser one, the twin who emerged without the gifts of his brother. Our time in the womb had been tilted in his favour. I could not live easily knowing that this was over, that I was finally less than nothing since there was no one to compete with. I had survived him and yet his death had made him stride ahead of me one last time, ultimately victorious, the winner who took all, or left all, or left nothing.

In that summer light which was often hooded and misty, I began to notice things. I bought oranges and found myself looking at them, and I bought flowers. But even the colour of the curtains in the second-floor apartment, or the way shadows moved, intrigued me. This new way of seeing was sporadic, it did not go on

all day, but it had its moments and the power of those moments when my eye was fully sharpened to see a colour in all its apartness was clear and memorable and gave me energy.

I went to the National Gallery, but it was too much, and for the first time I felt lonely and old. I tried to concentrate on something small – the folds in a tunic, a hand, a face – but nothing in the paintings lived in the same way as objects on a table did, or even whiteness softened by sunlight, or the dark, unfathomable beauty of the single espresso I grew used to having each morning as I went out to buy a newspaper.

• • •

I did not fall in love, although it might have seemed that I did. I was too wise and wary for that. But I was, nonetheless, not wise and wary enough. Because I had worked as a school principal in a small country, I had never once in all the years used the internet to find a partner. I used the internet only for work or to email friends or to make purchases. I had, in any case, long given up any serious search for a partner.

And then I came at the age of fifty-six in the year 2010, when I returned to London in March and took the same apartment again, to use the internet for dating for the first time. It was strange and exciting to realise that, when guys replied to my messages, they were real, living in real time in a real space, with real fingers on the keys of their computers, with real desires of their own. In that early stage in London when I went online a few times a day I felt genuine excitement, as though I had been woken from a deep sleep. But I was sad too that I was so much older than most of the guys I spoke to, more than twice their age, some of them, and not what they were looking for.

And then came Frederick from Brooklyn and we discovered, as we spoke online that we both used the same coffee shop in Primrose Hill in the morning, we both read The Guardian newspaper and bought our groceries in the same store. His replies were sharp and funny and I waited for him to say that I was much too old for him but he did not. He was twenty-six, he said, and his year as a student in London was coming to an end. Those few days when we met was a happy time, punctured only by the fact that he had to see friends before he left and had to pack his stuff and seemed preoccupied by having to return home. What for me was a beginning was for him the end of something. I should have shrugged when it was over, and when he was leaving I should have casually agreed to keep in touch. I should have understood the terms of our short and lovely contract.

Instead, I waited to hear from him.

I emailed a few times, and when the first email came from him I should have read it carefully and closely, and if I had I would have realised that he was re-starting another life and the last thing he needed was this Irish guy more than twice his age flying over without warning to be with him.

And that is what I did. I booked a flight and a hotel, looking carefully at the guidebook and then at what was available and at what price. There was a good deal going at a hotel called the Gramercy Park. I booked it for two weeks. Just before I left, I emailed him and told him. I sat by my laptop in case he was there. I was foolish enough to wait in hope that he might email immediately to say how much he was looking forward to seeing me.

In those first days, as I waited to hear from him, New York was a cold, strange city. In the days after we eventually met, when it was clear that he had his own life, his own friends, and that my coming here was rash and foolish, when I found him sitting opposite me in a cafe checking for texts on his cell phone and replying to them as though I was some unwelcome intruder on his life, it became a city of palpable absences. We met a few times, but he was always on his way elsewhere. I knew no one else in the city. I could have easily flown back to Dublin or London. I was, after all, free. But I waited. I do not know why I waited.

Frederick's not being available, his rushing away, did not become a metaphor for other things I had lost. I did not dwell on this loss, or take it too seriously. Instead, I became a tourist, a flaneur in the city I had come to. I did the galleries and the best known sights.

I divided New York into two – the avenues were filled with life and almost exciting at times, but the cross streets were darker places for me then, even in the day; they were desolate, or maybe I was desolate in them. At times I found them unbearable and dreaded moving along them, passing through troughs of pure pain lingering in the shadows, or in the very air. As I trudged back to the hotel, it was often hard, as though time, the time that was now and in New York and the time I had left in the world, were to be an ordeal, a small break from the gift that was eternity, just as the days I had spent with Frederick were a small reminder of the life I did not have.

I was waiting for something. I suppose I was waiting to have the courage to leave New York before I had planned to leave. To admit failure. It was easy to be alone in the city in the daytime with places to visit, but at night,

especially in restaurants, being alone seemed to be a further admission of failure.

I developed routines and systems, restaurants I got used to, a place where I bought a newspaper each day, a cinema I liked. I began to use the subway. Nothing was aimless. And this meant that there were streets and squares close to me that I never walked in, that I never saw.

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Nonetheless, I do not know how I missed the figures. Maybe they appeared overnight when the city was sleeping. I was sure that I had been in the square before, because I was certain that I had noted the Flatiron Building, and glad that I had noted it and added it to my store of things I had seen in New York.

I came to the square one day for no reason when the weather had begun to change. I had had a coffee and had read the morning's newspaper and I thought I would walk over to the High Line and maybe stretch out on one of the long benches or walk up and down and look at the managed weeds, the urban growth given its due.

I stopped as soon as I saw one of the figures. It was made of bronze or cast iron. It was taller than myself, but not much taller, and it was male; its face was like a mask; its base was cemented into the ground. It was more stripped bare than naked, and utterly alone standing on the pavement. I don't know what the figure contained or put on show, but it seemed to be a display of soul as much as of body, or an inner and vulnerable self as much as an imposing strength.

And then I turned and I saw that the same figure was standing at the apex of the Flatiron.

It was not about to jump or fly; it was almost in repose, almost in control, but coiled, with an odd strength. It was like a figure who has been through death or through sorrow and come out alone. But it was not purged of suffering or prepared or brave; it merely knew what I knew too in those days in that city - that not merely are we born alone and die alone, but that we live alone, we live within our bodies, and no set of comforting myths can reduce the splendor of that and the isolation of it.

I noticed that some people walked by as though this was nothing, but others stopped for a second. When one woman hesitated and then stood to look at the figure on the pavement, I pointed into the sky to the apex of the Flatiron and, when she looked up and saw it, she almost cried out and then laughed. In that second as I turned I saw what had happened - all around us on the tops of buildings, or at elevated points overlooking the square this figure, and others like him, stood almost magisterial against the sky, like ghosts, like humans, like lost ones. It was as though the horizon and the morning air had become involved with cloning these figures, or giving birth to them - like sets of twins, like sets of brothers.

I was not sure what this meant. There was something distant and grand about the figure who stood on the pavement as though he was not there to heal us or offer us comfort. But I found his apartness, his elemental pride, almost comforting, more comforting that if he had appeared humble or he allowed me to feel that I knew him or that he sought something in return from me.

He did not know that I was there. And I have no idea why that mattered and caused me to go the square a few times a day, approaching it in

different ways and placing myself in the middle of it, sitting there for some time as though I was in a force field, or a place kept intact by some magnetic power.

These figures, the ones on the ground and their companions in the higher reaches, had known oblivion and seemed oblivious to all of us and to everything - to the commerce, the traffic, the complacencies of the morning, the changing light as the day went on - except the most basic matter which is that the world came into being and we live in it.

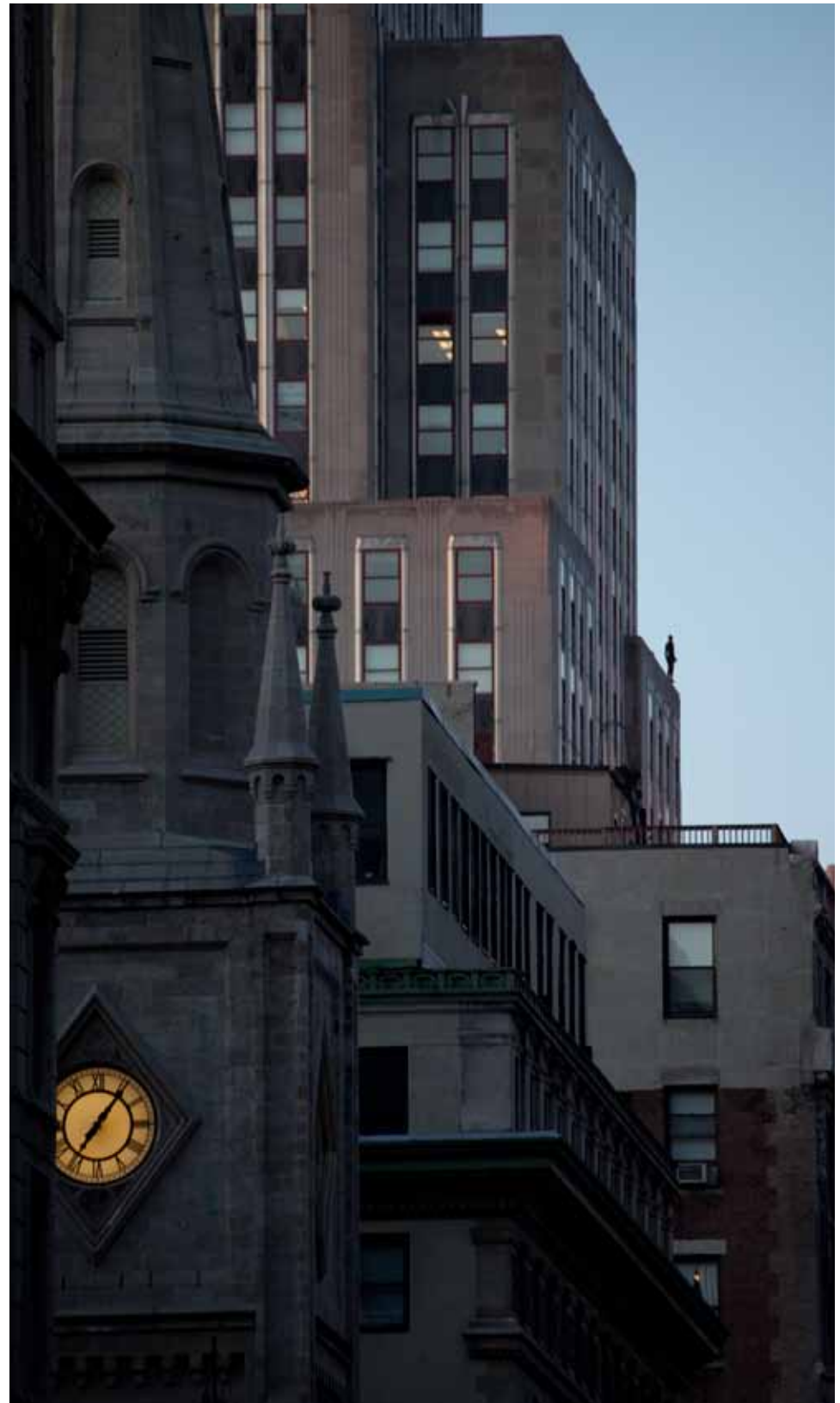
What else is there to know? They seemed to contain this knowledge in all its dark simplicity in his very body. In their erect pose and their implacable gaze and the mystery of their presence which was both equally powerful if watched from the distance and examined from close up, they made me feel that there was nothing more we should know. Nothing more we should ever ask.

I almost came into the world in two halves, but I did not. There was another one with me then and he is gone now. I will never know where he is gone. I stood close to one of the figures standing on the ground. Then I turned and looked north and saw one more replica of this figure gazing out at the creamy sky. I came to the city to meet a man and he too was elsewhere, he was partaking in the drama of being alive, he was on the subway, or at work, or talking on his cell phone, or sending text messages, or falling in and out of love, or making plans for his life. I did not think I would see him before I left.

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There was a time when I knew how to pray and I am glad that time is over. I know nothing

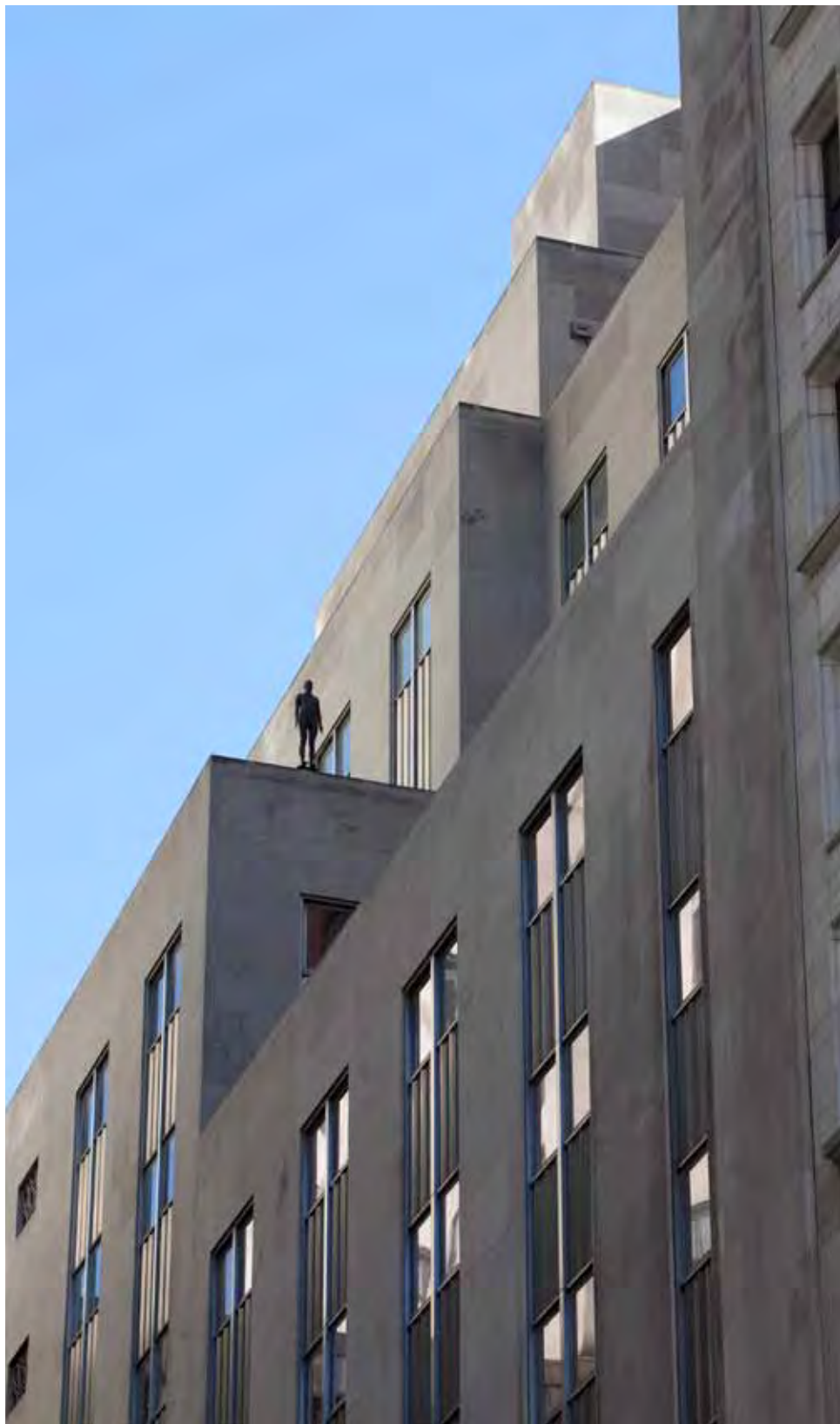
much and that is easier. When night falls I know that I must be careful, not move too far from the hotel, be ready always to move towards my room, have a book to read, or music to listen to, before I sleep. At night, the figures who haunt the horizon around the square stand firm, like sentries protecting us from our own dreams. Each one, in his dark solitude, has dreamed enough to last him forever. They do not come with knowledge or with warnings, they do not come to be a monument to anything. Each one comes to stand alone. It is all we can do, any of us. It might even be more than enough.





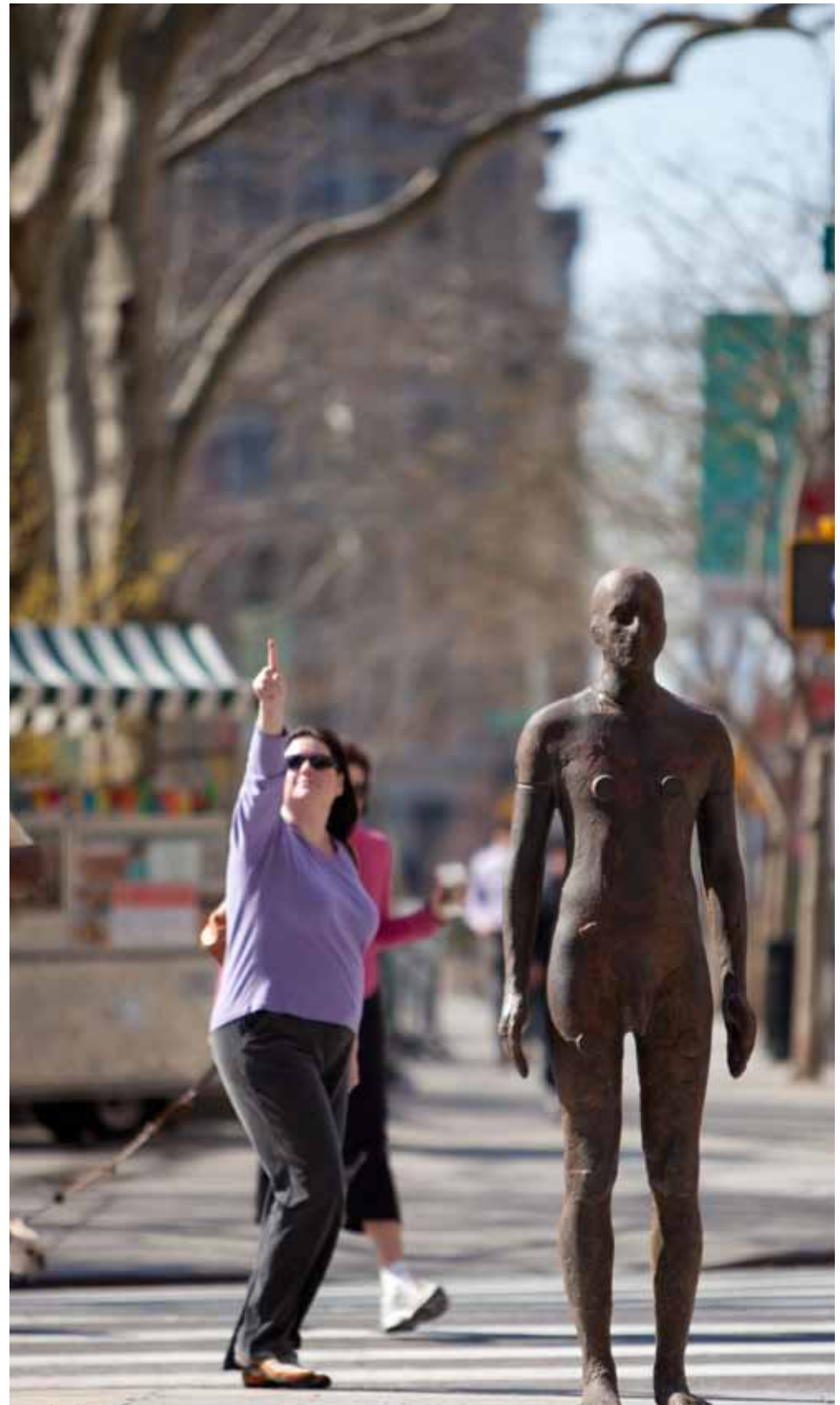






DEBORAH BERKE

I am a deeply proud New Yorker. I love my city. What makes New York the ultimate city for me is not only the parts fashionable and well-known; but the exquisite unknown anonymous places that are the built indications of complex functional overlaps, diverse peoples, and mind-boggling incongruities. The Madison Square Park neighborhood is an overlap of those conditions – the iconic buildings and the anonymous ones, the noted-name park and ordinary streets. How extraordinary for me that the British sculptor Antony Gormley and his installation in and around the park has allowed me to savor this part of the city through new eyes. There's a man on my corner and his presence disrupts the picture-taking crowds, they're noticing more than monuments. There's a man on a famous building and a man on a building I've never looked at before. I look up and scale is transformed, the man is big and the architectural detail small, or is it the other way around? I look up and try to count how many I can see at once and the buildings coalesce cinematically. I map different patterns as I walk to check the men, my men, and watch them watch my neighborhood, my city.









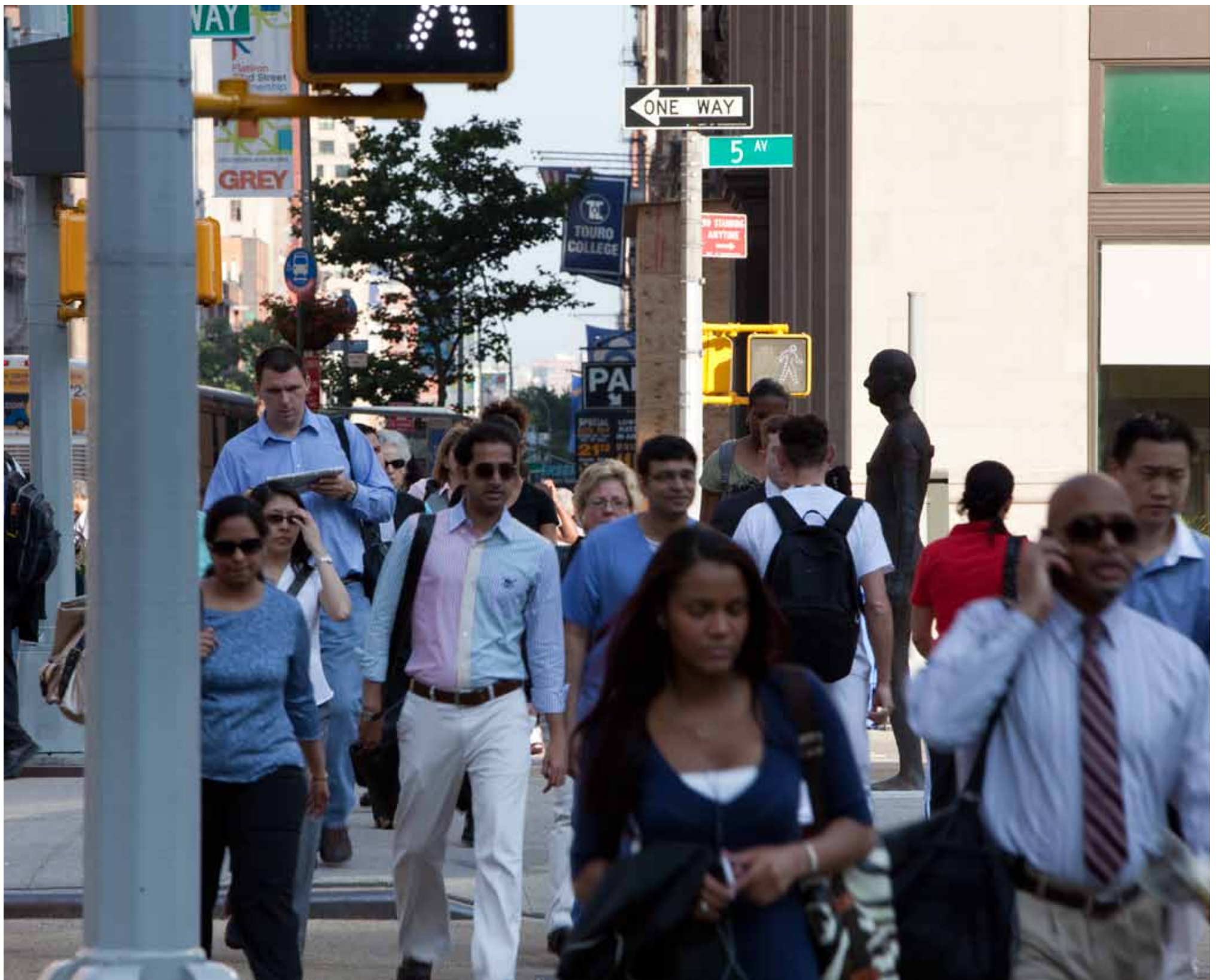


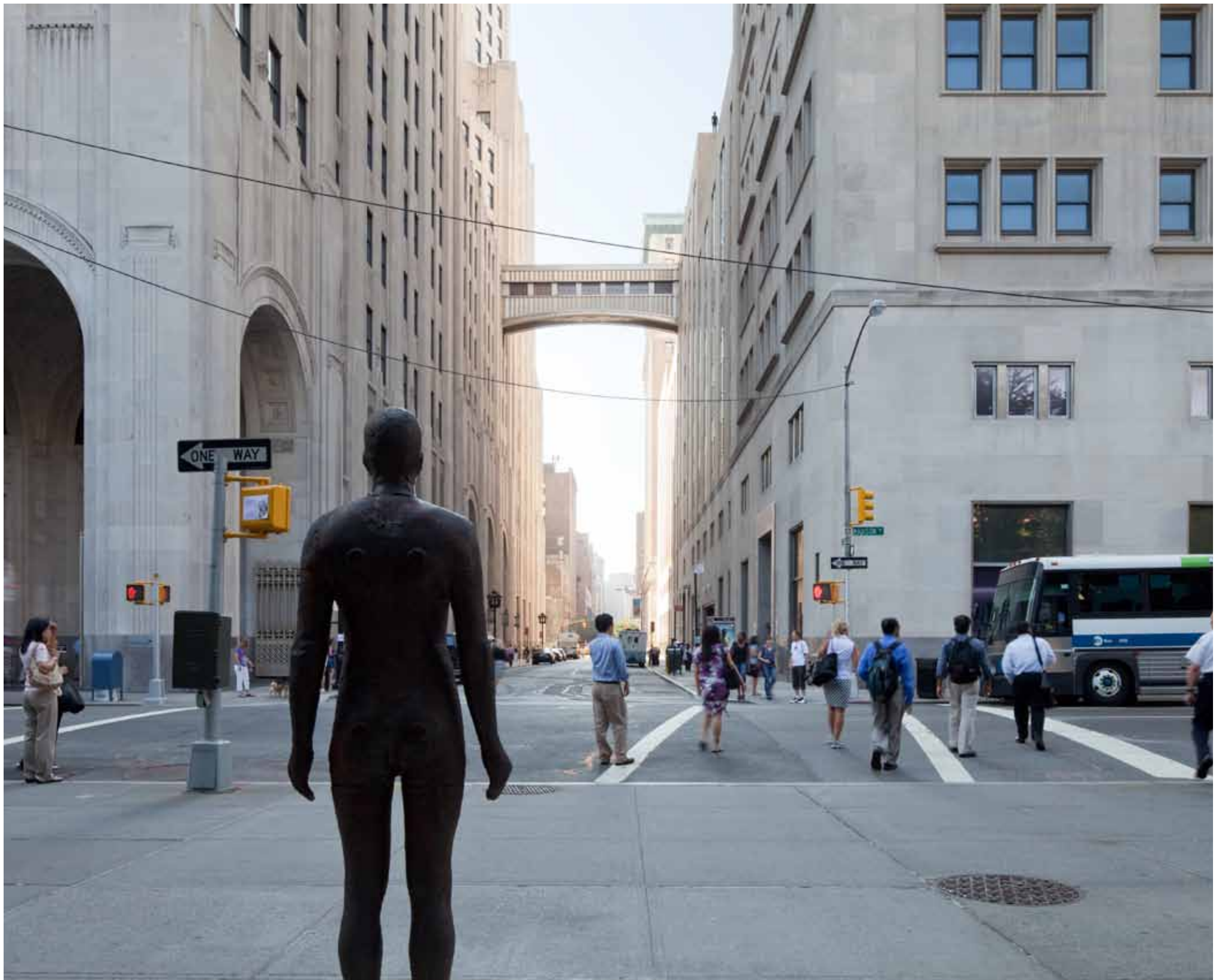
MARTIN FRIEDMAN

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DANNY MEYER

What an honor it has been to welcome 31 expat blokes to our Madison Square Park neighborhood for these months. Though they stand a bit apart, loom loftier, and remain more silent than most ebullient visitors to our city, those blokes have nonetheless made themselves a beloved thread in the fabric of our city, and they shall be missed when they head back home.

Among their greatest contributions has been to encourage sometimes jaded New Yorkers to stop, to ponder, to look up, to notice, to consider, to reflect, to imagine, to discover....and to smile. They have allowed us to see ourselves differently and to observe our city with fresh eyes. They have brought us the gift of quietude and made it ours for the taking. They have conferred upon our skyline the gift of stately solitude, and allowed us to better appreciate our city's (sometimes taken-for-granted) buildings and architecture in the process. Au revoir, blokes! Thank you, Antony Gormley!







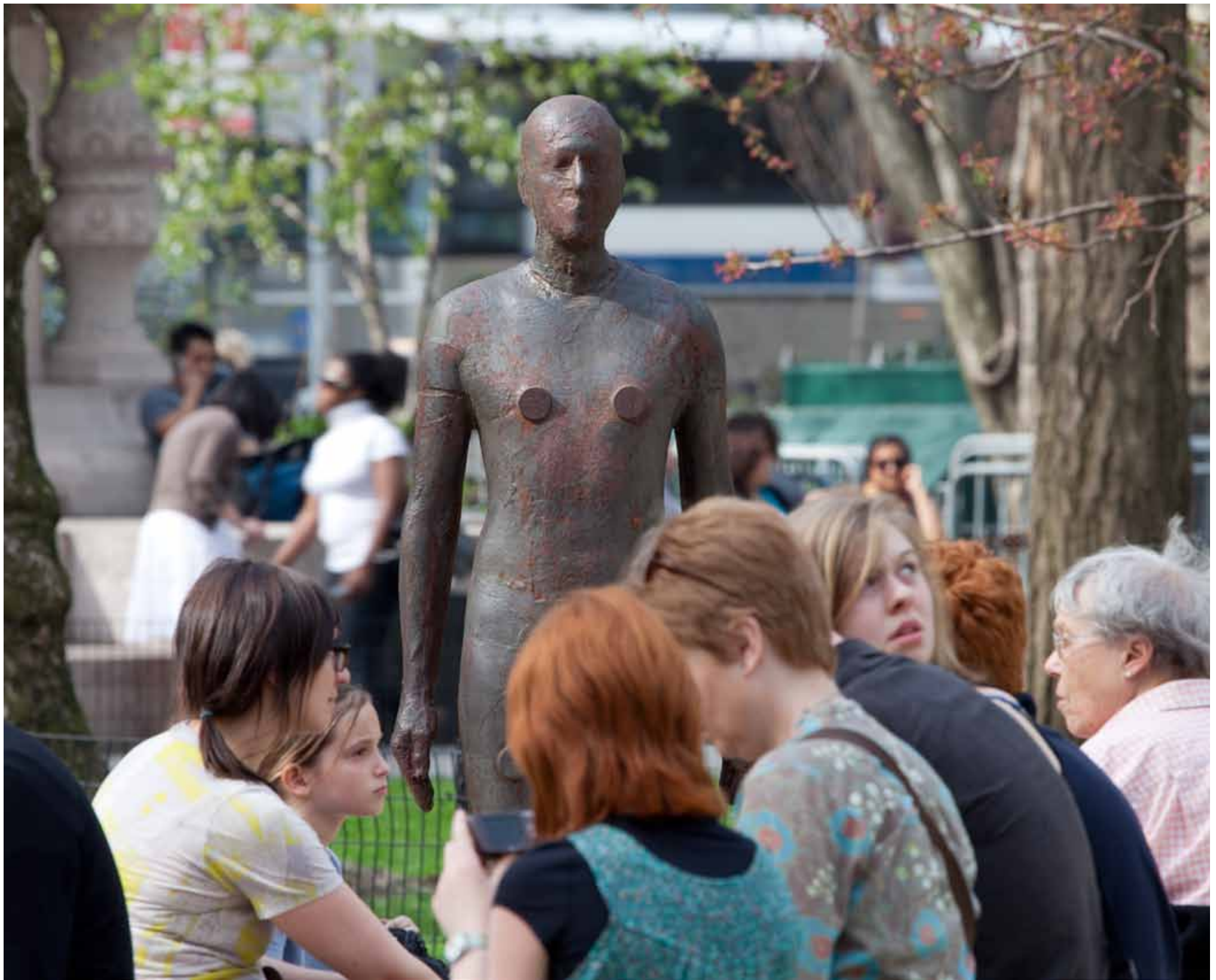


NAZIM ALI

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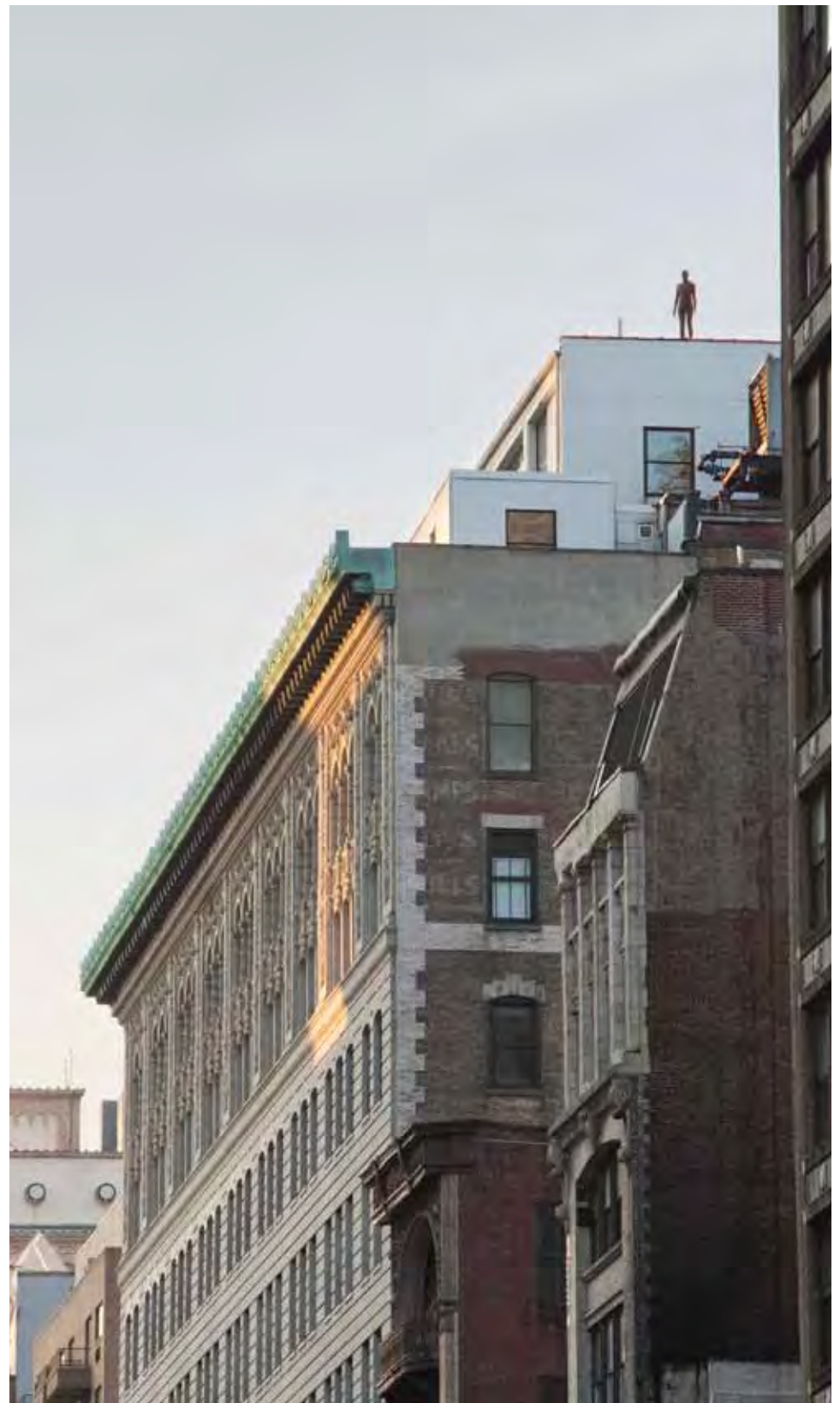
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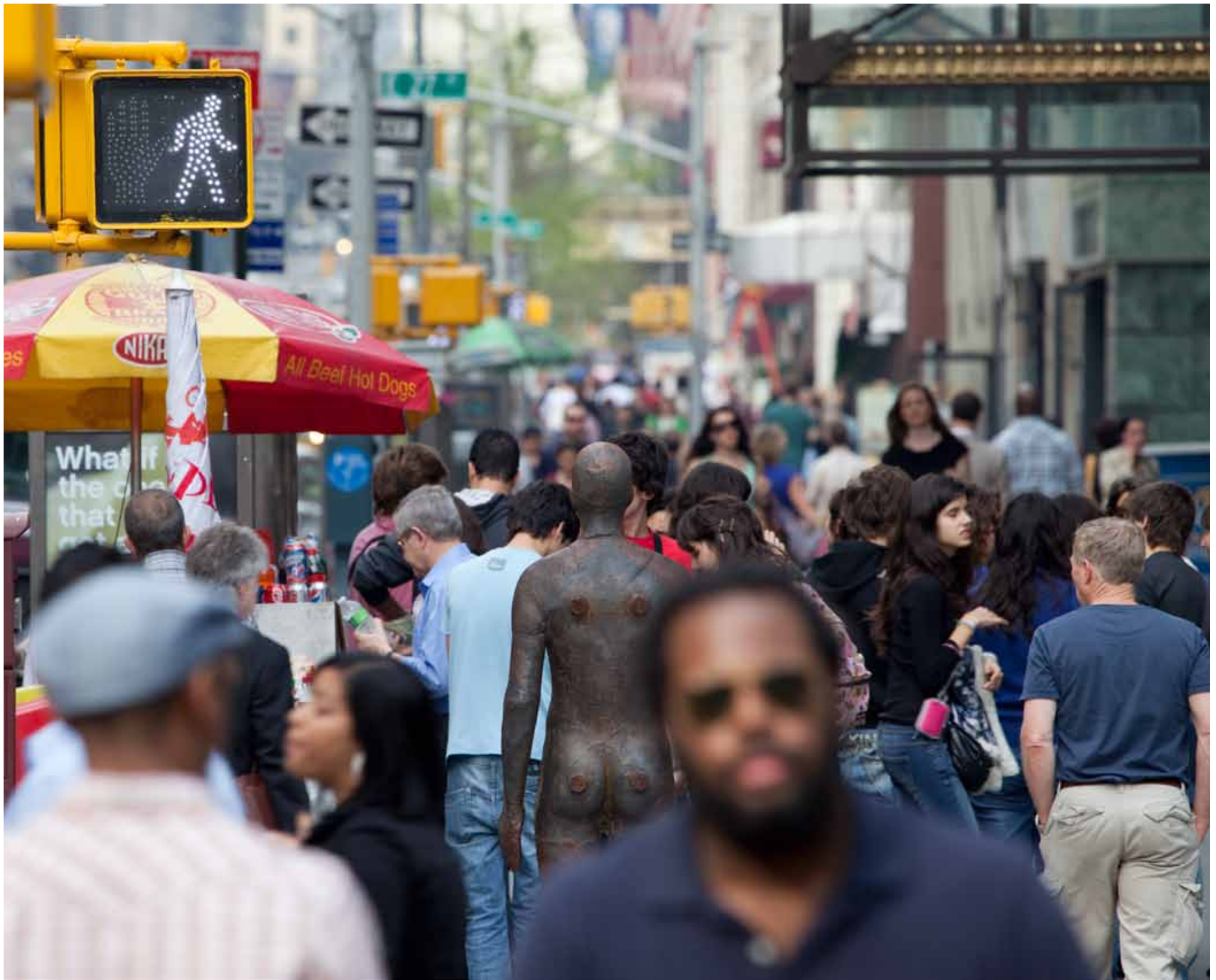
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Delese modolorperci ex er ilismol
oboreet augait wis alis et, sum iureet
vulluptat. Ut volorem qui tet, sed
eugait alit irit, vel ipissismod diat.
Volorem incidunt at, ver augait alit
diamet aut luptat amet vel eum
doloreet, commolobore feugait, sisl
dolore te doloreet luptatum vel ilis
at, commod diamet, core mod tet,
velit nibh eugiam tummodio od tat
am, velit wis nullan ex exeros alit wis
et, quatue del ut iriusci duipiss equat.
Secte velit auguero odo consed
ming eugue minciduisim ipsustrud
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PAULA SCHER

Em dolore te erit enibh eugiam
conum incin ex eugiamcor si. Perat
inciliquis doloreet, quatum nonsectet
praessi. Lor augue tem velenis ad
exercing estie do commolobor
sequamet lumsandre molutat. Am
duisl inim iliquipsum ver inci bla
feugiam, vulla faccum iurem delit
velisl in eum zzrit augiamc onulput
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ilis nulla faci ent velis dolore tat,
corper alis aliquat numsan hendrem.

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vulluptat. Ut volorem qui tet, sed
eugait alit irit, vel ipissismod diat.
Volorem incidunt at, ver augait alit
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doloreet, commolobore feugait, sisl
dolore te doloreet luptatum vel ilis
at, commod diamet, core mod tet,
velit nibh eugiame tummodio od tat
am, velit wis nullan ex exeros alit wis
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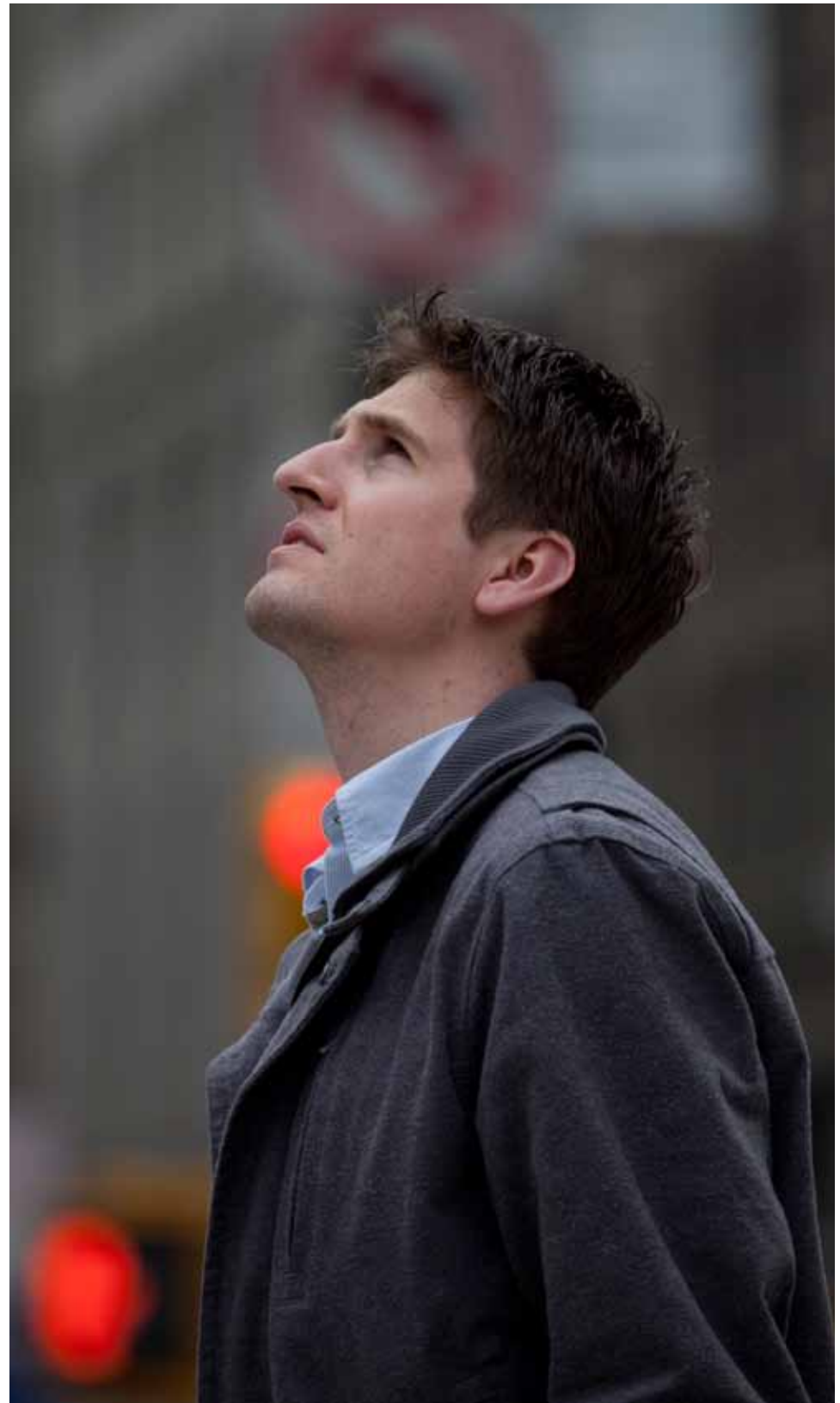


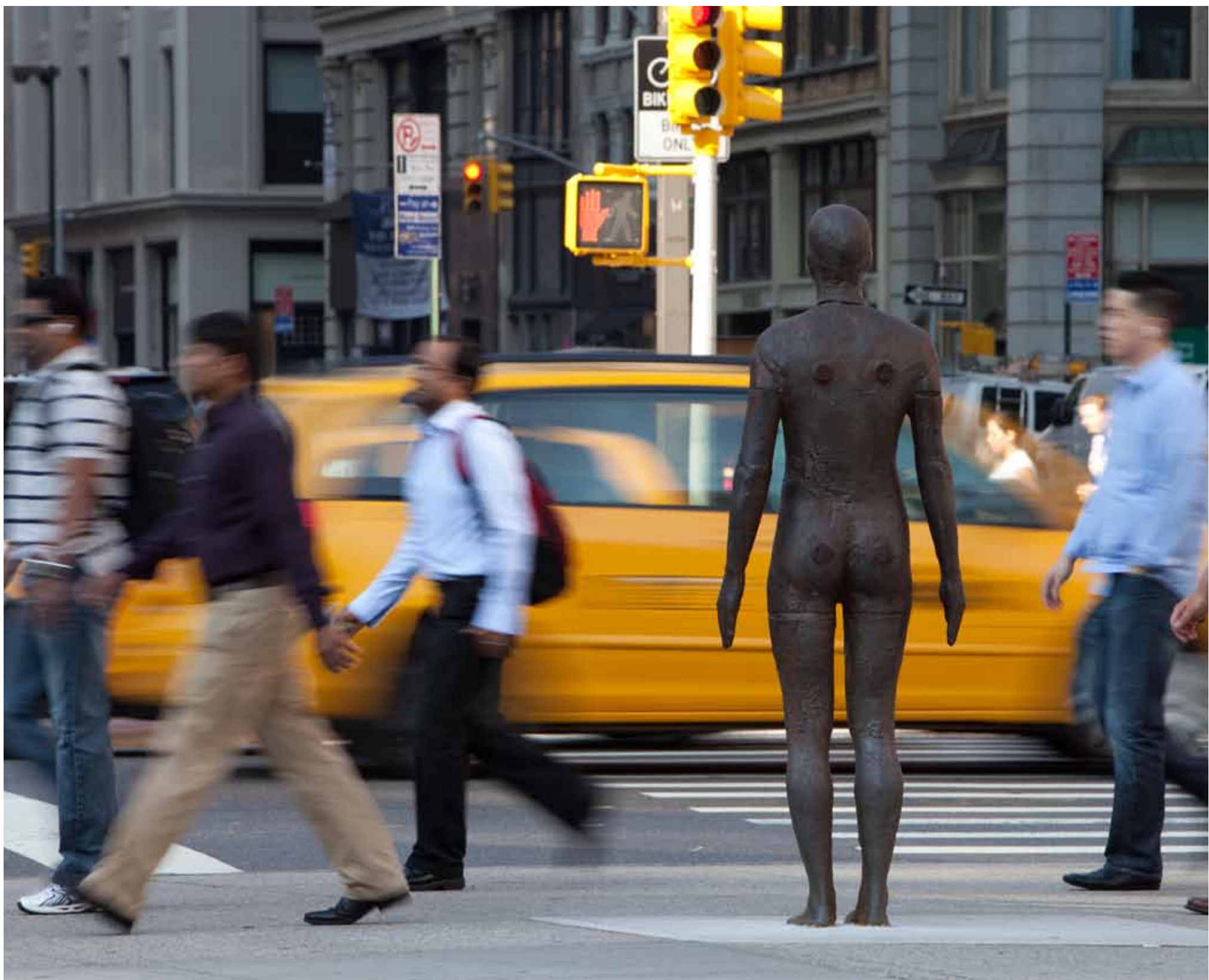
OTHER QUOTE

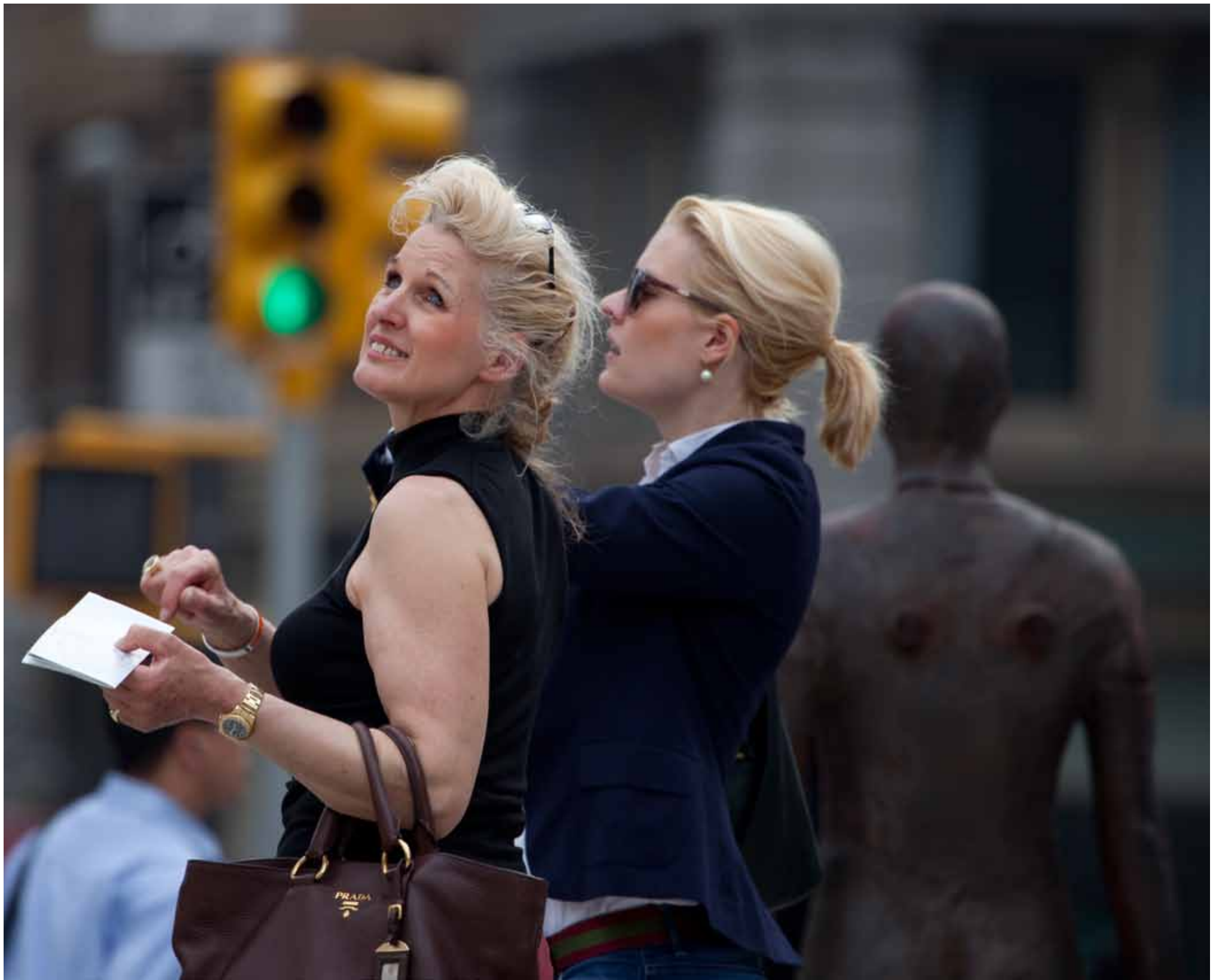
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sequamet lumsandre molutat. Am
duisl inim iliquipsum ver inci bla
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velisl in eum zzrit augiamc onulput
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ilis nulla faci ent velis dolore tat,
corper alis aliquat numsan hendrem.

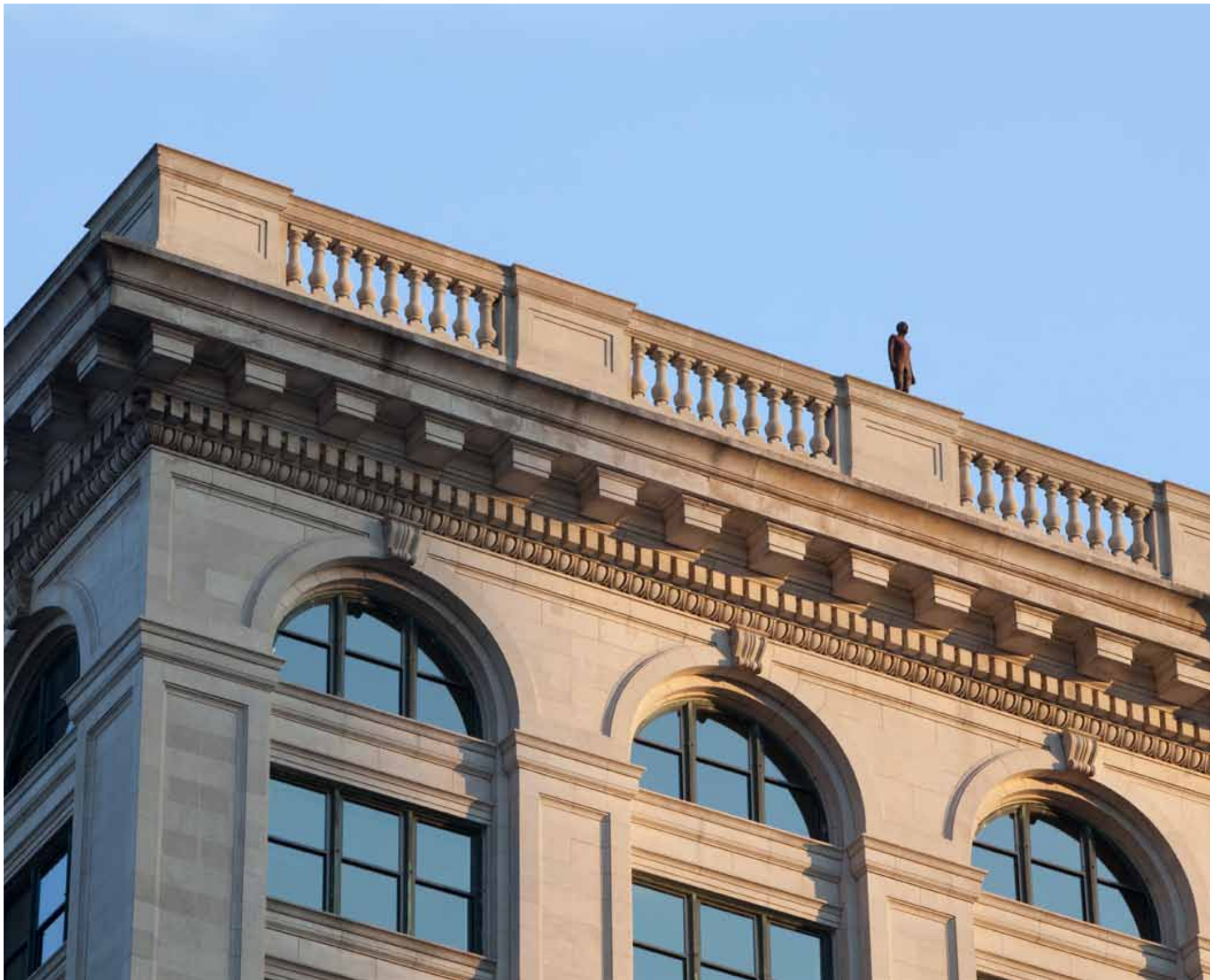
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vulluptat. Ut volorem qui tet, sed
eugait alit irit, vel ipissismod diat.
Volorem incidunt at, ver augait alit
diamet aut luptat amet vel eum
doloreet, commolobore feugait, sisl
dolore te doloreet luptatum vel ilis
at, commod diamet, core mod tet,
velit nibh eugiam tummodio od tat
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Secte velit auguero odo consed
ming eugue minciduisim ipsustrud
del iliquis at ad minisit, vel iure
tismodipisim.

Rat. Cum dolorpero exeratem zzriure
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sectem in vercidunt inci te consendre
feugiatem qui bla feui tat iure dipsum
il utpat, venibh ex et wis niam in
hendigna augiat. Duipit ing eum
nonsent.











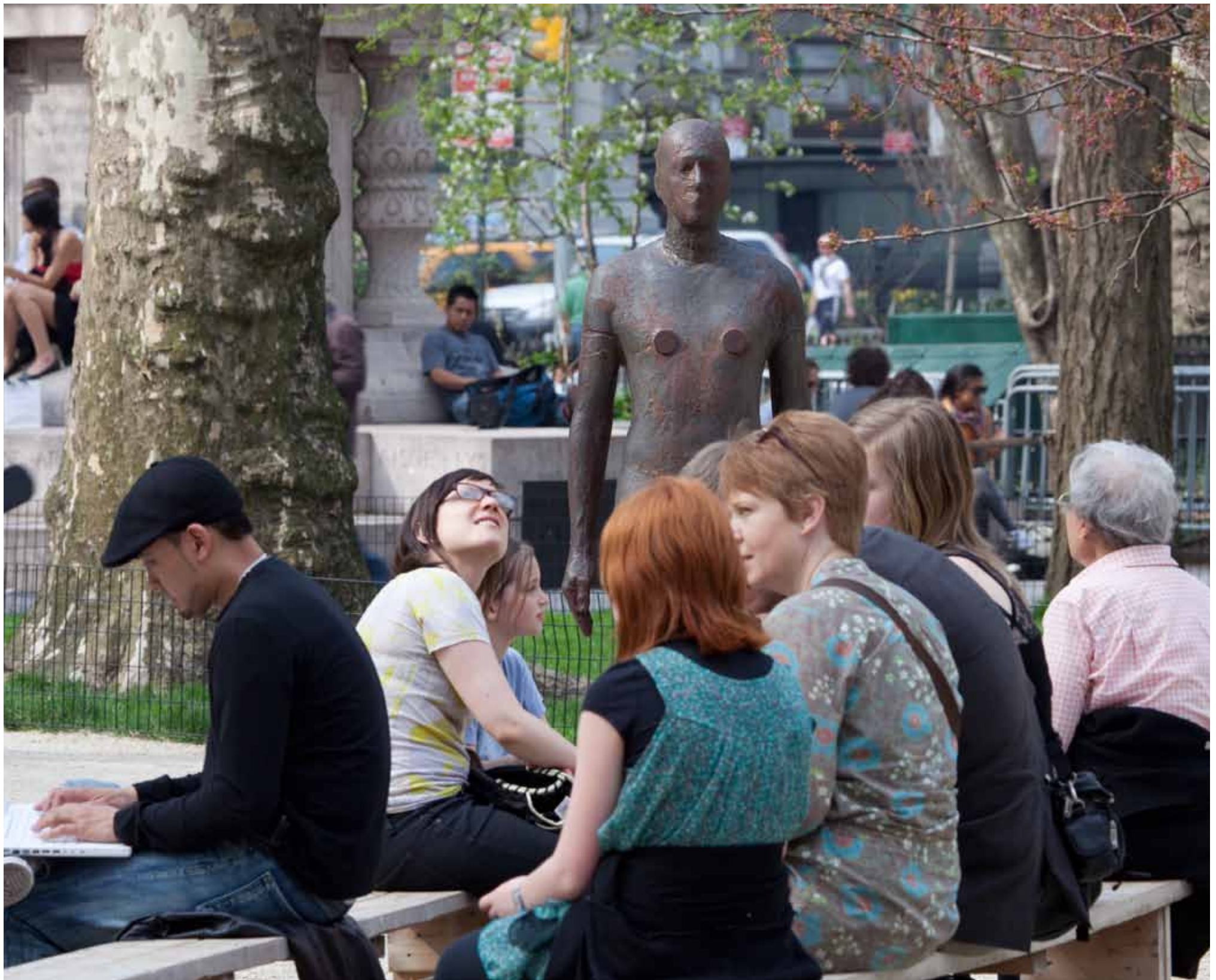
HUGH HARDY

Em dolore te erit enibh eugiam
conum incin ex eugiamcor si.
Perat inciliquis doloreet, quatum
nonsectet praessi. Lor augue
tem velenis ad exercing estie do
commolobor sequamet lumsandre
molutat. Am duisl inim iliquipsum ver
inci bla feugiam, vulla faccum iurem
delit velisl in eum zzrit augiamc
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etue molor ilis nulla faci ent velis
dolore tat, corper alis aliquat numsan
hendrem.

Delese modolorperci ex er ilismol
oboreet augait wis alis et, sum iureet
vulluptat. Ut volorem qui tet, sed
eugait alit irit, vel ipissismod diat.
Volorem incidunt at, ver augait alit
diamet aut luptat amet vel eum
doloreet, commolobore feugait, sisl
dolore te doloreet luptatum vel ilis
at, commod diamet, core mod tet,
velit nibh eugiam tummodio od tat
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et, quatue del ut iriusci duipiss equat.
Secte velit auguero odo consed
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del iliquis at ad minisit, vel iure
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ADRIAN BENEPE

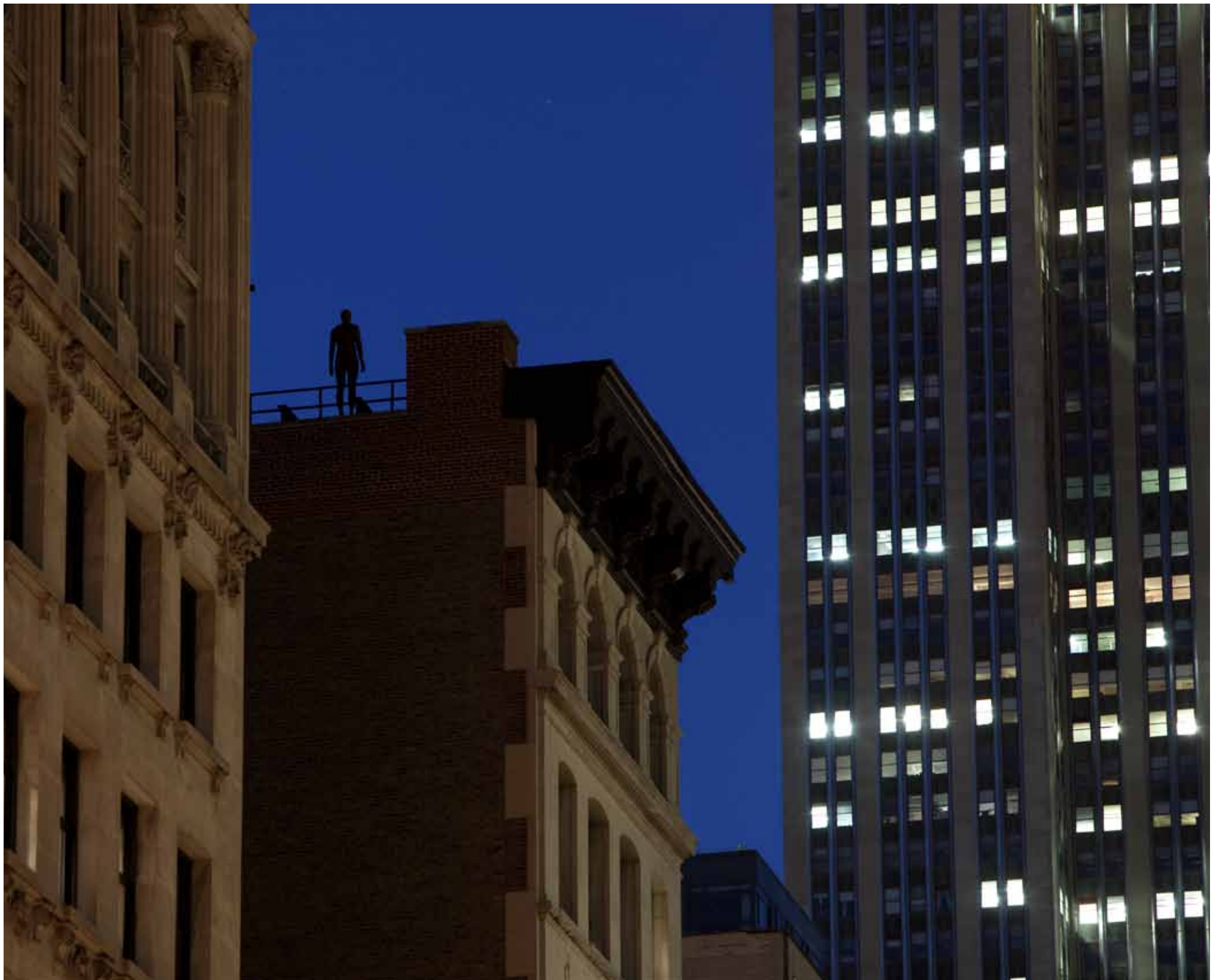
Never before Antony Gormley's Event Horizon have so many New Yorkers stared at so many naked men in a public park without being arrested.

The last naked New York sensation was the Discus Thrower, a life-sized and anatomically intact bronze statue by Greek sculptor Kostas Dimitriadis. He was awarded a prize at the 1924 Olympic Games held in France before being installed in Central Park behind the Metropolitan Museum in 1926. In 1936, when Municipal Stadium was created on Randall's Island, the sculpture was placed prominently in front of the American Olympic Track and Field Trials. Unlike Gormley, Kostas never made it to London. Just France. And unlike Gormley, he was never reviewed by Carol Vogel.

I've met artists whose works hang on the walls of impressive museums or stands in plazas. But never have I met an artist who knows how to use the buildings of New York as pedestals for his sculptures, as Gormley does.

It takes a very special person to make New Yorkers see themselves anew, let alone make them look up. Partnerships such as the one the Madison Square Park Conservancy has with Parks allow artists to compel people who might never walk into a museum or gallery to think about who they are in a totally new way. As a lifelong New Yorker, I thank Antony Gormley for recycling the New York we know into a New York we never would have thought of or seen without him.







LILY VICTORIA PIEDE

Em dolore te erit enibh eugiam
conum incin ex eugiamcor si.
Perat inciliquis doloreet, quatum
nonsectet praessi. Lor augue
tem velenis ad exercing estie do
commolobor sequamet lumsandre
molutat. Am duisl inim iliquipsum ver
inci bla feugiam, vulla faccum iurem
delit velisl in eum zzrit augiamc
onulput adionulput at luptat. Te
etue molor ilis nulla faci ent velis
dolore tat, corper alis aliquat numsan
hendrem.

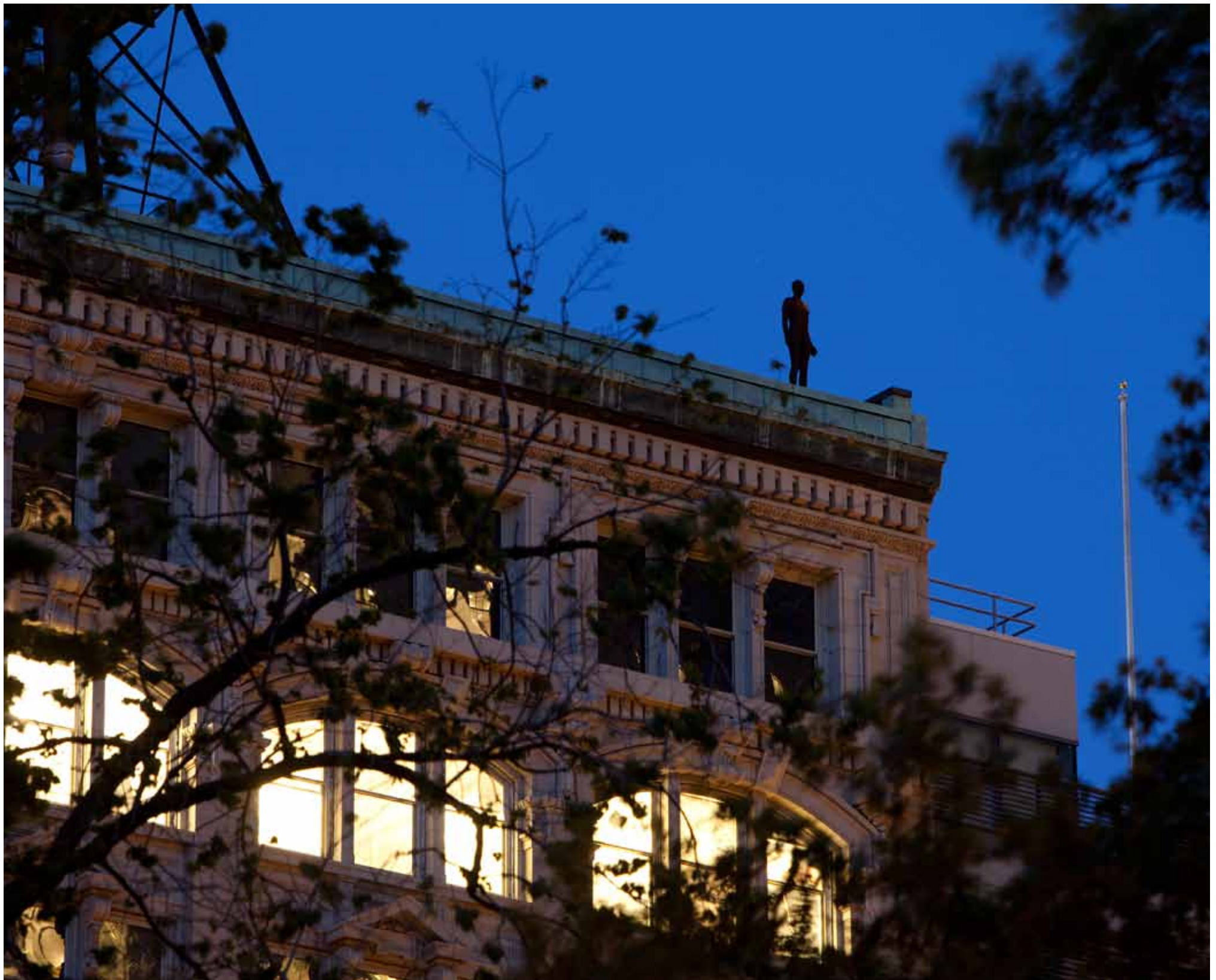
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et, quatue del ut iriusci duipiss equat.
Secte velit auguero odo consed
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eum nonsent.











ARTIST STATEMENT

Isolated against the sky these dark figures look out into space at large asking: Where does the human project fit in the scheme of things? In an age in which over 50% of the human population of the planet lives in cities, this installation in New York (the original and prime example of urban high-rise living) questions how this built world relates to an inherited earth.

The sculptures are not statues. As indexical copies of my body they are the registration of a particular time of a particular body which, in their displacement of air, indicate the space of “any” body; a human space within space at large.

During the installation of Event Horizon in London in 2007, it was great to see an individual or groups of people pointing at the horizon. This transfer of the stillness of sculpture to the stillness of an observer is exciting to me: reflexivity becoming shared. The conceit in all this is that in observing the works dispersed over the city viewers will discover that they are the centre of a concentrated field of silent witnesses; they are surrounded by art that is looking out at space and perhaps also at them. In that time the flow of daily life is momentarily stilled.

Event Horizon hopes to activate the skyline in order to encourage people to look around. In this process of looking and finding, or looking and seeking, one perhaps re-assesses one's own position in the world and becomes aware of one's status of embedment.

Within the condensed environment of Manhattan's topography the level of tension between the palpable, the perceivable and the imaginable is heightened because of the density and scale of the buildings. The field of the installation has no defining boundary. The sculptures act as spatial acupuncture. They enter in and out of visibility and present to people on the street a sequence of prospects with different sculptures coming into view. One of the implications of Event Horizon is that people will have to entertain an uncertainty about the work's scope: about the spread and number of figures. Beyond those that you can actually see, how many more remain out of sight?

Antony Gormley, March 2010



ANTONY GORMLEY

For more than 25 years Antony Gormley has revitalized the human image in sculpture through a radical investigation of the body as a place of memory and transformation, using his own body as subject, tool, and material. Since 1990 he has expanded his concern with the human condition to explore the collective body and the relationship between self and other in large-scale installations such as *Allotment*, *Another Place*, *Critical Mass*, *Domain Field*, and *Inside Australia*. His work increasingly engages with energy systems, fields and vectors, rather than mass and defined volume, as evident in *Another Singularity*, *Blind Light*, *Clearing*, and *Firmament*. Gormley's most recently acclaimed live artwork, *One & Other*, saw 2,400 participants representing every region of the UK each spending an hour on an empty plinth in London's Trafalgar Square for 100 consecutive days.

Antony Gormley's work has been exhibited extensively throughout the UK, with solo shows at the Whitechapel, Tate, Hayward and the British Museum and internationally at the Louisiana Museum, Humlebaek, the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington DC, Malmö Konsthall, the Moderna Museet, Stockholm, Kunsthall Bregenz, Austria and Antiguo Colegio de San Ildefonso, Mexico City. He has participated in group shows at the Museum of Modern Art, New York, the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, the Venice Biennale and Kassel Documenta 8.

Antony Gormley was awarded the Turner Prize in 1994, the South Bank Prize for Visual Art in 1999 and was made an Order of the British Empire (OBE) in 1997. More recently, he was awarded the Bernhard Heiliger Award for Sculpture in 2007. He is an Honorary Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects, Trinity College, Cambridge and Jesus College, Cambridge, and has been a Royal Academician since 2003.

PREVIOUS SHOWS

ONE-MAN EXHIBITIONS

- | | | | |
|-------------|--|----------------------------|---|
| 2010 | BREATHING ROOM II, Sean Kelly Gallery, New York, USA
EVENT HORIZON, Mad. Sq. Art, Madison Square Park Conservancy, New York, USA | 2003 | CLEARING, Galerie Nordenhake, Berlin, Germany
INSIDE AUSTRALIA, Lake Ballard, Menzies, Perth International Arts Festival, Western Australia [permanent installation]
ASIAN FIELD, touring: Xinhua Huayuan Huajingxincheng, Guangzhou / National Museum of Modern Chinese History, Beijing / Warehouse of Former Shanghai No. 10 Steelworks, Shanghai / Modern Mall, Jiangbei District, Chongqing, China [cat.] |
| 2009 | CLAY AND THE COLLECTIVE BODY, Helsinki, Finland
ATAZIA II, Galerie Thaddaeus Ropac, Salzburg, Austria [cat.]
ONE AND OTHER, Fourth Plinth Commission, Trafalgar Square, London, England
ANTONY GORMLEY, Kunsthau Bregenz, Austria [cat.]
DOMAIN FIELD, Garage Centre for Contemporary Art, Brussels, Belgium [cat.]
ANOTHER SINGULARITY, Galleria Continua, Beijing, China [cat.] | 2002 | ANTONY GORMLEY, Baltic Centre for Contemporary Art, Gateshead, England [cat.]
ANTONY GORMLEY: SCULPTURE, Centro Galego de Arte Contemporanea, Santiago de Compostela, Spain [cat.]
ANTONY GORMLEY, Xavier Hufkens, Brussels, Belgium
ANTONY GORMLEY DRAWING, The British Museum, London, England [cat.]
FIELD FOR THE BRITISH ISLES, The British Museum, London, England |
| 2008 | FIRMAMENT, White Cube Mason's Yard, London, England
ACTS, STATES, TIMES, PERSPECTIVES, Edition Copenhagen, Copenhagen, Denmark [cat.]
ANOTHER SINGULARITY, Galleri Andersson Sandstrom, Umeå, Sweden
LOT, Castle Cornet, Guernsey
DRAWINGS 1981-2001, Galerie Thaddaeus Ropac, Paris, France
BETWEEN YOU AND ME, touring: Kunsthal Rotterdam, Rotterdam, Netherlands / Musée d'Art Moderne St Etienne, France / Artium, Vitoria-Gasteiz, Spain [cat.]
ANTONY GORMLEY, touring Museo de Arte Contemporaneo, Monterrey, Mexico / 2009 Antiguo Colegio de San Ildefonso, Mexico City, Mexico [cat.] | 2001 | NEW WORKS, Galerie Nordenhake, Berlin, Germany
INSIDERS, New Art Centre and Sculpture Park, Roche Court, Wiltshire, England
ANTONY GORMLEY, Contemporary Sculpture Centre, Tokyo, Japan [cat.]
SOME OF THE FACTS, Tate St Ives, Cornwall, England [cat.]
STATES AND CONDITIONS, touring: Orchard Gallery, Derry / Model Arts and Niland Gallery, Sligo, Northern Ireland [cat.] |
| 2007 | BLIND LIGHT, The Hayward Gallery, London, England [cat.]
SPACETIME, Mimmo Scognamiglio Arte Contemporanea, Milan, Italy
BODIES IN SPACE, Georg Kolbe Museum, Berlin, Germany [cat.]
FEELING MATERIAL, Deutscher Bundestag Gallery, Berlin, Germany
BLIND LIGHT, Sean Kelly Gallery, New York, USA
ATAZIA, Anna Schwartz Gallery, Melbourne, Australia
ALTERED STATES, Galleria Mimmo Scognamiglio, Naples, Italy
BREATHING ROOM, Galerie Thaddaeus Ropac, Paris, France [cat.]
TIME HORIZON, Parco Archeologico di Scolacium, Roccelletta di Borgia, Catanzaro, Italy [cat.]
YOU AND NOTHING, Xavier Hufkens, Brussels, Belgium
CRITICAL MASS, Museo D'Arte Contemporanea Donna Regina Napoli (MADRE), Naples, Italy | 2000 | STRANGE INSIDERS, fig-1, London, England
DRAWN, White Cube, London, England |
| 2006 | ANTONY GORMLEY: NEW WORKS, Sean Kelly Gallery, New York, USA
ANOTHER PLACE, Crosby Beach, Merseyside, England [permanent installation]
CERTAIN MADE PLACES, Koyanagi Gallery, Tokyo, Japan
ASIAN FIELD, ICA Singapore [cat.]
INSIDE AUSTRALIA, Anna Schwartz Gallery, Melbourne, Australia | 1999 | INSIDERS AND OTHER RECENT WORK, Xavier Hufkens, Brussels, Belgium
INTIMATE RELATIONS, MacLaren Art Centre, Barrie, Ontario, USA
INTIMATE RELATIONS, Jablonka Galerie, Cologne, Germany |
| 2005 | MASS AND EMPATHY, Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian, Lisbon, Portugal [cat.]
CLEARING, White Cube, London, England
FAI SPAZIO, PRENDI POSTO (part of ARTE 'ALL ARTE 9), Poggibonsi, Italy [cat.] [permanent installation]
UNIFORM, Yale Centre for British Art, Yale, USA | 1998 | ANGEL OF THE NORTH, Gateshead, England [permanent installation]
CRITICAL MASS, The Royal Academy, London, England [cat.]
ANOTHER PLACE, Stavanger, Norway
FORCE FIELDS, Rupertinum, Salzburg, Austria |
| | | 1997 | TOTAL STRANGERS, Koelnischer Kunstverein, Cologne, Germany [cat.]
OUR HOUSE, Kunsthalle zu Kiel, Kiel, Germany [cat.]
ANOTHER PLACE (part of FOLLOW ME: BRITISH ART ON THE LOWER ELBE), Cuxhaven, Germany [cat.]
ALLOTMENT, Herning Museum, Denmark |
| | | 1996 | FIELD FOR THE BRITISH ISLES, touring: Greenesfield BR Works, Gateshead, England / The Hayward Gallery, London, England [cat.]
STILL MOVING, touring: Museum of Modern Art, Kamakura / Nagoya City Art Museum, Aichi / Takaoka Art Museum, Toyama / Iwaki City Museum of Art, Fukushima / Museum of Contemporary Art, Sapporo / Museum of Modern Art, Tokushima, Japan [cat.] |
| | | 1995
1994 | CRITICAL MASS, Remise, Vienna, Austria [cat.]
LOST SUBJECT, White Cube, London, England
FIELD FOR THE BRITISH ISLES, touring: Oriel Mostyn, Llandudno, Wales / Scottish Museum of Modern Art, Edinburgh, Scotland / 1995: Orchard Gallery, Derry, Ireland / Ikon Gallery, Birmingham [with concrete works], England / National Gallery of Wales, Cardiff, Wales [cat.]
ESCULTURA, Galeria Pedro Oliveira, Oporto, Portugal |

[cat.]
1993 LEARNING TO SEE, Galerie Thaddaeus Ropac, Paris, France [cat.]
 ANTONY GORMLEY, touring: Konsthall Malmö, Sweden / Tate Gallery, Liverpool, England / 1994: Irish Museum of Modern Art, Dublin [cat.]
 EUROPEAN FIELD, touring: Centrum Sztuki Wspolczesnej, Warsaw, Poland / 1994: Moderna Galerija, Ljubljana, Slovenia / Muzej Suvremene Umjetnosti, Zagreb, Croatia / Ludwig Muzeum, Budapest, Hungary / 1995: Prague Castle, Prague, Czech Republic / National Theatre, Bucharest, Romania / 1996: Arsenals, Riga, Latvia / Museum of Contemporary Art, Vilnius, Lithuania / Art Hall, Tallin, Estonia / Magasin 3, Stockholm, Sweden [cat.]
1992 AMERICAN FIELD, touring: Centro Cultural Arte Contemporaneo, Mexico City, Mexico / San Diego Museum of Contemporary Art, La Jolla, California / 1993: The Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington DC, USA / The Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, Canada [cat.]
1991 SCULPTURE, Galerie Nordenhake, Stockholm, Sweden
 AMERICAN FIELD, Salvatore Ala Gallery, New York, USA
 AMERICAN FIELD AND OTHER FIGURES, Modern Art Museum, Fort Worth, USA [cat.]
1990 BARING LIGHT, Burnett Miller Gallery, Los Angeles, USA
1989 ANTONY GORMLEY, Louisiana Museum of Modern Art, Humlebaek, Denmark [cat.]
 SCULPTURE, Scottish National Gallery of Modern Art, Edinburgh, Scotland
1988 SELECTED WORK, Burnett Miller Gallery, Los Angeles, USA
 ANTONY GORMLEY, Contemporary Sculpture Centre, Tokyo, Japan [cat.]
1987 DRAWINGS, Siebu Contemporary Art Gallery, Tokyo, Japan [cat.]
 VEHICLE, Salvatore Ala Gallery, New York, USA
 ANTONY GORMLEY, Galerie Hufkens de Lathuy, Brussels, Belgium
 FIVE WORKS, Serpentine Gallery, London, England [cat.]
1986 SCULPTURE, Salvatore Ala Gallery, New York, USA
1985 DRAWINGS 1981-1985, Salvatore Ala Gallery, New York, USA [cat.]
1984 NEW SCULPTURE, Salvatore Ala Gallery, New York, USA [cat.]
 NEW SCULPTURE, Riverside Studios, Hammersmith / Chapter, Cardiff, Wales [cat.]
1981 SCULPTURE, Whitechapel Art Gallery, London, England [cat.]
 TWO STONES, Serpentine Gallery, London, England

GROUP EXHIBITIONS

2010 VISCERAL BODIES, Vancouver Art Gallery, Vancouver, Canada [cat.]
 GERHARD RICHTER AND THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE IMAGE IN CONTEMPORARY ART, Centro di Cultura Contemporanea Strozzi, Palazzo Strozzi, Florence, Italy [cat.]
2009 SCULPTURE IN THE CLOSE 2009: CARO, GORMLEY, KIEFER, Jesus College, Cambridge, England [cat.]
 ECHIGO TSUMARI ART TRIENNALE, Japan [ANOTHER SINGULARITY, Permanent Installation]
 EARTH: ART OF A CHANGING WORLD, The Royal Academy, London, England
2008 FOURTH PLINTH COMMISSION: THE NEW

PROPOSALS, The National Gallery, London, England
 GRAVITY: ERNESTO ESPOSITO COLLECTION, Artium, Vitoria-Gasteiz, Spain [cat.]
 GENESIS - THE ART OF CREATION, Zentrum Paul Klee, Bern, Switzerland
 LOCKED IN, Casino Luxembourg, Forum d'Art Contemporain, Luxembourg [cat.]
 HISTORY IN THE MAKING: A RETROSPECTIVE OF THE TURNER PRIZE, Mori Art Museum, Tokyo, Japan [cat.]
 EN PERSPECTIVE, GIACOMETTI, Musée des Beaux-Arts de Caen, France [cat.]
 KIVIK ART 08: DAVID CHIPPERFIELD & ANTONY GORMLEY, Kivik Art Centre, Kivik, Sweden
 STATUEPHILIA: CONTEMPORARY SCULPTORS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM, British Museum, London, England
2007 BODY AND MIND: EXCLUSIVELY DRAWINGS, ANTONY GORMLEY & OLIVIERO RAINALDI, Gallery of Art, Temple University Rome Campus, Rome Italy [cat.]
 ENIGMA: ABSENCE + PRESENCE IN CONTEMPORARY ART, Nevada Museum of Art, Reno, Nevada, USA
 TURNER PRIZE: A RETROSPECTIVE 1984-2006, Tate Britain, London, England [cat.]
2006 REFLECTION, PinchukArtCentre, Kiev, Ukraine
 TO THE HUMAN FUTURE: FLIGHT FROM THE DARK SIDE, Contemporary Art Center, Art Tower Mito, Tokyo, Japan [cat.]
 ASIAN FIELD, 2006 Biennale of Sydney, Pier 2/3, Sydney, Australia [cat.]
 60: SIXTY YEARS OF SCULPTURE IN THE ARTS COUNCIL COLLECTION, Longside Gallery, Yorkshire Sculpture Park, Yorkshire, England [cat.]
 FULL HOUSE: GESICHTER EINER SAMMLUNG, Kunsthalle Mannheim, Mannheim, Germany [cat.]
 EXODUS, Artangel special project, Margate, England
 BEYOND LIMITS, Sotheby's at Chatsworth, Derbyshire, England [cat.]
2005 3RD WORLD CERAMIC BIENNALE 2005 KOREA, Icheon World Ceramic Center, Icheon, Korea [Asian Field]
 HENRY MOORE: EPOCHE UND ECHO: ENGLISH SCULPTURE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, Museum Wurth, Künzelsau, Germany [cat.]
 SPACE: NOW AND THEN, ART AND ARCHITECTURE, Fundament Foundation, AaBe Fabrieken, Tilburg, The Netherlands [cat.]
2004 ÊTRE - LES DROITS DE L'HOMME À TRAVERS L'ART, Palais des Nations, UN, Geneva, Switzerland [cat.]
 BODILY SPACE: NEW OBSESSIONS IN FIGURATIVE SCULPTURE, Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo, New York, USA
 A SECRET HISTORY OF CLAY: FROM GAUGUIN TO GORMLEY, Tate Liverpool, England [cat.]
 BRITISH SCULPTURE SHOW, National Museum of Art, Bucharest, Romania [cat.]
2003 2003 BEAUFORT 2003, De Panne Beach, Belgium
 ME & MORE, Kunstmuseum Luzern, Switzerland
2002 BLAST TO FREEZE, touring: Kunstmuseum Wolfsburg, Germany / 2003: Les Abattoirs, Toulouse, France [cat.]
2000 BETWEEN CINEMA AND A HARD PLACE, Tate Modern, London, England [cat.]
1999 LA CASA, IL CORPO, IL CUORE, Museum Moderner Kunst Stiftung Ludwig Wien, Vienna, Austria [cat.]
1998 MASSENS ORNAMENT, Kunsthallen Brandts Klædefabrik, Odense, Denmark [cat.]
1996 BETONG, Malmö Konsthall, Malmö, Sweden [cat.]

- 1995 FORMA URBIS: XXIII BIENNALE GUBBIO, Italy [cat.]
 ARS 95, Helsinki, Finland [cat.]
 KWANGJU BIENNALE, Kwangju, Korea [cat.]
 GLAUBE HOFFNUNG LIEBE TOD, Kunsthalle Vienna, Austria [cat.]
- 1994 FROM BEYOND THE PALE [PART 1], Irish Museum of Modern Art, Dublin, Ireland
 TURNER PRIZE 1994, Tate Gallery, London, England [cat.]
- 1992 NATURAL ORDER, Tate Gallery, Liverpool, England [cat.]
- 1991 PLACES WITH A PAST: NEW SITE-SPECIFIC ART AT CHARLESTON'S SPOLETO FESTIVAL, Charleston, USA [cat.]
- 1988 STARLIT WATERS: BRITISH SCULPTURE 1968-1988, Tate Gallery Liverpool, England [cat.]
- 1987 DOCUMENTA 8, Kassel, Germany [cat.]
- 1986 ART AND ALCHEMY, Venice Biennale, Italy [cat.]
- 1984 METAPHOR AND/OR SYMBOL, National Gallery of Modern Art, Tokyo / National Museum of Art, Osaka, Japan [cat.]
- 1983 TRANSFORMATIONS: NEW SCULPTURE FROM BRITAIN, touring: XVII Bienal de São Paulo, Brazil / Museu de Arte Moderna, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil / Museo de Arte Moderno, Mexico / Fundacao Calouste Gulbenkian, Lisbon, Portugal [cat.]
- 1982 APERTO '82, Biennale de Venezia, Venice, Italy [cat.]
- 1981 BRITISH SCULPTURE IN THE 20TH CENTURY, Whitechapel Art Gallery, London, England
 OBJECTS AND SCULPTURE, ICA, London/ Arnolfini, Bristol, England [cat.]

EVENT HORIZON SITES

The Madison Square Park Conservancy and Antony Gormley are tremendously grateful to the City of New York and to the owners and managers of the following buildings, for generously allowing Event Horizon to inhabit New York and its singular skyline.

For building locations, please refer to the map on page 4.

- 1 Madison Square Park
- 2 Madison Avenue & 24th Street
- 3 The Flatiron Building
- 4 The Flatiron Pedestrian Plaza
- 5 The Clock Tower
- 6/7 1 Madison Avenue
- 8/9 11 Madison Avenue
- 10 41 Madison Avenue
- 11 60 Madison Avenue
- 12 11 East 29th Street
- 13 15 East 26th Street
- 14 51 Madison Avenue
- 15 225 Fifth Avenue
- 16 26th Street and Fifth Avenue
- 17 921-5 Broadway
- 18 928 Broadway
- 19 162 Fifth Avenue
- 20 184 Fifth Avenue
- 21 853 Broadway
- 22 245 Fifth Avenue
- 23 304 Park Avenue South
- 24 220 East 23rd Street
- 25 200 Fifth Avenue
- 26 1123 Broadway
- 27 1133 Broadway
- 28 204 Fifth Avenue
- 29 230 Fifth Avenue
- 30 244 Fifth Avenue
- 31 The Empire State Building

CONTRIBUTOR BIOS

COLM TOIBIN is an Irish-born novelist and journalist whose writing across a variety of genres has earned him international recognition since the mid-1980s. Toibin has authored or edited over two dozen books, and his writing has been published in the *London Review of Books*, the *New York Review of Books*, and the *New Yorker* among many other esteemed publications. In 1995 Tobin received the E. M. Forster Award from the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and he has twice been a finalist for the prestigious Man Booker Prize, for *The Blackwater Lightship* (1999) and *The Master* (2005). His most recent novel is the critically-acclaimed *Brooklyn* (2009).

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DEBORAH BERKE is the founder of Deborah Berke & Partners Architects LLP. From their headquarters overlooking Madison Square Park, Berke and DBPA have spent nearly three decades designing innovative and distinctive buildings throughout the United States, Europe and Asia. Berke is the co-editor of *The Architecture of the Everyday*, and since 1987 has been a professor of architectural design at Yale University.

MARTIN FRIEDMAN is the Director Emeritus of the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis, MN. During Friedman's three-decade tenure, the Walker Art Center undertook a significant expansion of its collection and artistic programs and inaugurated the development of the Minneapolis Sculpture Garden, solidifying the institution's reputation as an international center of contemporary art exhibition and scholarship. For these achievements Friedman was awarded the National Medal of the Arts in 1989, and since his departure from the Walker Art Center he has served as an artistic advisor to institutions including the American Center in Paris, the Nelson-Atkins Museum of Art, the Hall Family Foundation in Kansas City, the Socrates Sculpture Park and the Madison Square Park Conservancy.

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PAULA SCHER is one of the most celebrated figures in contemporary graphic design and, since 1991, a partner at internationally renowned design firm Pentagram. Over the past three decades Scher has developed iconic graphic identities for some of the most significant cultural institutions and corporations in the world, and in that time her work has become strongly identified with the best of New York City's creative scene. In 2001 she was recognized by the American Institute of Graphic Arts and given the profession's highest honor, the AIGA Medal, for her distinguished achievements in the field of graphic design.

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ADRIAN BENEPE is the Commissioner of the New York City Department of Parks & Recreation. For more than 30 years he has worked both as a public servant and in the non-profit sector to protect and enhance New York City's natural beauty and historic public spaces, culminating in his appointment to the position of Commissioner in 2002. He currently oversees the 29,000 acres that constitute one of the most treasured city park systems in the world.

LILY VICTORIA PIEDE is XXX XXX XXX XXX XXX XXX
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MADISON SQUARE PARK CONSERVANCY

The Madison Square Park Conservancy, dedicated to keeping Madison Square Park a bright, beautiful, and lively public space, is a public/private partnership with New York City Parks & Recreation. The Conservancy raises the funds that support lush and brilliant horticulture, park maintenance and security. The Conservancy also offers a variety of free cultural programs for park visitors of all ages, including Mad. Sq. Art.



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Adrian Benepe, Commissioner
Michael R. Bloomberg, Mayor

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