

**Erwin Redl**  
*Whiteout*

**Mad. Sq. Art 2017**

Erwin Redl

*Whiteout*

**November 16, 2017–March 25, 2018**

Madison Square Park

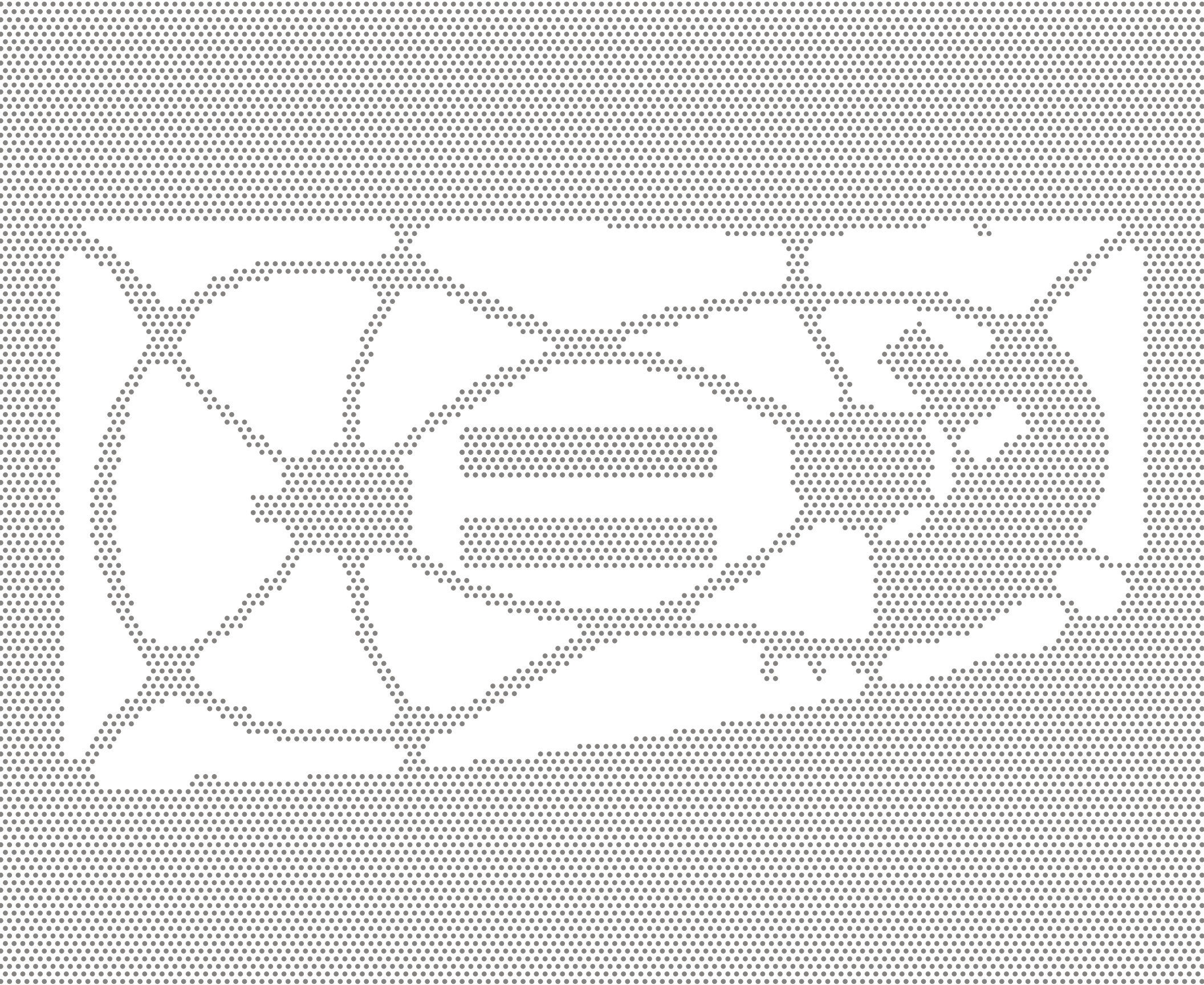
New York

**Presented by**

Madison Square Park Conservancy



**Erwin Redl**  
*Whiteout*





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Fig. 2



# Introduction

As an MFA student in computer art at the School of Visual Arts in New York City where he came on a Fulbright in the mid-1990s, Erwin Redl ultimately decided that the visual and psychological insularity of the computer screen was limiting. Redl (Austrian, born 1963, lives and works in Ohio and New York) wanted to push the ideas that he'd pursued on the flat screen into the physicality of the world. He wanted to transfer the light that glowed from each individual's screen into collective space. By 2002, Redl's *Matrix VI* lit the face of the uptown Whitney Museum of American Art's Marcel Breuer building with red and blue LEDs for the Biennial. In 2010, he installed a monumental project, *Fetch*, across the east facade of architect Peter Eisenman's Wexner Center for the Arts at Ohio State University in Columbus. Because those two monumental projects clung to the faces of two buildings, they relied on the facade and the architectural scale to sustain the works of art. These two stunning illuminated works, for which Redl is possibly best known, closely relate to his first days in New York when the flat plane of the screen initially inspired him.

Perhaps Redl's work in Madison Square Park, *Whiteout*, is the ultimate departure from an architectural construct, a freeing from the built environment as it relies on hundreds of LED lights to beckon the viewer. Redl has conceived this public art work—nine hundred illuminated orbs suspended from a cable system supported by steel poles—on the Park's central Oval Lawn, a space that in spring and summer is regularly open for use by people. But in the late fall and winter, the Oval is closed to public traffic for the lawn to lie dormant, to rest. Redl knew that this was an opportunity for his work, and chose to site *Whiteout* on the football-field-size expanse. It was the possibility of realizing light-based work in three dimensions—not tethered to a building, not competing with extant infrastructure, not serving as the entryway to an institution's front hall—that was compelling.

Redl had considered other ideas. One proposal to the Conservancy circumnavigated the historic fountain in the southern end of the Park and the reflecting pool in the north with an orbital whirlwind of suspended colored lights. Another brought an outsize plus-sign of light to the Oval Lawn. Finally, the primacy of a system of cables and steel poles erected as a grid in recognition of the Manhattan street plan was the optimal formal construct for *Whiteout*. It won't be lost on visitors to the Park that while Redl's two parallel rectangular fields of white lights span the central greensward, the geometry of this project perfectly opposes the organic Park pathways established in 1870 by landscape designer and horticulturalist Ignaz Anton Pilat, a colleague of Frederick Law Olmsted.

Yet Redl's initial gambit of a geometric diagram of cables and poles to support hundreds of dangling illuminated orbs is finally belied by the undulating animated pattern he has superimposed onto that grid. The dance of white LEDs is sequenced from north to south and back, from east to west, from darkness into light. It is mesmerizing choreography where visitors line the pathways of the Park, slow the frenetic pace of the New York City gait, and linger as the seductive patterns of white sequencing beckon.

The use of white in modern and contemporary sculpture is notable. Louise Nevelson, Charles Ray, David Smith, and Cy Twombly all created work in white, often as a unifying formal element, sometimes because of its blankness. Redl's choice of pairing white with light is particularly resonant for associations with possibility, spirituality, openness. *Whiteout* is already accessible to interpretation by visitors. Some have called it "trippy," others "cinematic." Some link it to an optimistic gesture necessitated by a dark period in American political life. There are also seasonal associations with nature, and a fervent desire to view *Whiteout* when snow has blanketed the Oval Lawn. The optical phenomenon of disorientation

in nature due to a consuming dust or snow storm is what Redl linked to the all-over course of a computerized program that animates the spheres.

Other influences have informed Redl's work. The 1960s California Light and Space movement, including work by Larry Bell, Robert Irwin, and James Turrell has been significant to Redl. His Madison Square Park project summons the legacy of Minimalism, the 1960s and 1970s movement that brought an aesthetic asceticism to works of art. And the steel poles may refer to *The Lightning Field*, Walter De Maria's important 1977 Land Art work in the remote desert of New Mexico. But Redl has layered light and technology onto the sparseness of such a seminal piece. He is renewing and updating the tradition of Land Art, where artists like De Maria, Nancy Holt, Robert Smithson, and others pioneered the movement of art out into the landscape of the vast American West. Of course, Madison Square Park claims nothing like the expanses of those endless western spaces. But on the Oval Lawn, Redl has transformed an urban landscape into a work of art. He does so with a series of twelve-foot-high poles installed in a grid pattern and with the system of cabling. Redl says that Earthworks and Land Art are inspirations to him, as are simple yarn drawings in space by the Minimalist conceptual artist Fred Sandback.

*Whiteout* can be viewed from the pathways and arteries of the Park and from the higher floors of surrounding buildings. The experiences are visually different. From the ground plane, visitors feel how their body moves in space to perceive or view light, how people are physically drawn to light, how the work is a beacon across space. From the aerial view, the movement of the public is in dialogue with the orbs, swaying opportunistically and through kinetic force with the wind and with the virtual movement of the LEDs. Both vantage points bring a unique perspective to the project.

Following its display in Madison Square Park, *Whiteout* will travel to the Oklahoma Contemporary in Oklahoma City. Our thanks to Jennifer Scanlan, Curatorial and Exhibitions Director, and her colleagues for bringing the project to new audiences.

Like all of Madison Square Park's exhibitions, *Whiteout* could not have been realized without the extraordinary support and counsel of Madison Square Park Conservancy's Board of Trustees, including Board Chair Sheila Davidson. Our Art Committee, chaired by Ron Pizzuti, is a group of indispensable advisors who share their guidance, generosity, and wisdom. We are grateful to Christopher Ward of Thornton Tomasetti, who worked closely with the artist and the Conservancy. Our colleagues at UAP—Danielle Draudt, Emily Johnson, Christopher Testa, Jamie Perrow, and Brant Underwood—were astute collaborators. Julia Friedman, Curatorial Manager, attends to every project with excellence. Tom Reidy, Senior Project Manager, brings wisdom and expertise to the process. Thank you to Chris Buchakjian at the Redl studio and to writer, academic, and journalist Lawrence Weschler for his dazzling insight on *Whiteout* in this volume.



Fig. 3





## Artist's Statement

The project *Whiteout* is part of my recent series of works investigating emergence, the way complex systems and patterns arise out of a multiplicity of simple interactions. As with all of my installations, the most important parameter is site specificity. In the case of Madison Square Park, I utilize the wind as the dominant ephemeral force that shapes the dynamism of the kinetic installation.

Fig. 5



The uniform layout of the installation evokes the whiteout phenomenon. In nature, a whiteout is a formidable blizzard where visibility is severely compromised by falling snow.

The focus of the installation is to combine large numbers of small, uniform spheres into a larger gestalt that redefines the notion of the objects themselves. The emptiness between the spheres is equally important as the objects themselves. The ephemeral tension arising in this spatial expanse translates directly into a strong corporeal sensation that engages the viewers.

The installation balances several superficial contradictions. Matter and light, inertia and motion, natural and virtual—*Whiteout* emerges as a hybrid landscape made of contrapuntal elements and investigates the boundaries of art in the public realm. The solid matter of the spheres functions simultaneously as a light source. The inherently inert spherical objects are animated as pendulums susceptible to the wind in the park. The natural movement of hundreds of spheres in the wind is juxtaposed with the programmed movement of the light patterns. A plethora of parameters constantly changing—the natural light, the city lights, the strong aural component of the urban core, the leaves turning colors, snow, rain, fog, the waving branches of the trees—all of them become a canvas in flux for an artwork in motion.

Layers of time simultaneously ticking.  
Motion on top of motion.  
Patterns within patterns.  
Perception perceived.

**Erwin Redl**

Fig. 6



Fig. 7



Fig. 8



## Erwin Redl in Madison Square Park

To hear Erwin Redl tell it—or to have heard him tell it, anyway, the first day I happened to meet him, early this past November, a week or so after Halloween, as he and his team began laying in the various survey and grid pegs mapping out what was to become the armature of his latest outdoor on-site installation, which he had taken to calling “Whiteout”—vectors from virtually his entire life seemed to be converging upon the vast central oval greensward there in Madison Square Park, in the shadow of midtown Manhattan’s Flatiron Building.

Between exacting measurements and careful squint-eyed confirmations, Redl, a handsome, wiry man of average height and an engaging if somewhat indefinable mittel-European manner, with a close-cropped squarish head accented by glasses, proceeded to tell me how, though he has been based in mittel-America for many years now, Ohio to be precise, he actually hails from Austria. “Vienna?” I asked. “My grandfather came from Vienna.” No, he corrected me, with seemingly well-trod forbearance: he’d been born (in 1963) in the little village of Gföhl, about sixty miles northwest of Vienna. (I subsequently looked the place up, and it hardly makes the map at all, though it is nestled at around the midpoint of the triangle formed by Vienna, Linz, and Brno, Slovakia, respectively.) “A little village deep in the countryside,” Redl explained. “North of the Danube, so the area has an altogether different geological character than the Alpine region. Very hilly, granitic. More like upstate New York. And very densely forested, still.”

And had that affected his take on the world, the fact that he grew up there and not, say, in Vienna? “Very much so,” he insisted, as he now traipsed out another measurement, with me scrambling along in tow. After double-checking, he leaned down to hammer in a sort of tent peg topped by an orange ribbon. “To begin with, I spent most of my youth out in nature. I mean, we’d come home from school, do our little homework, grab our bikes, and just go hurtling into the surrounding forests.” He spread his arms wide, taking in the park. “So I feel very at home among trees: the woods

were my original playground!” After pausing, he continued, “And such an upbringing gives one a very different sense of time as well: one becomes sensitized to the slow cycles of nature, and more specifically, the distinctly cyclical nature of time itself. And all that even more so in that we were Catholics in a very Catholic part of the country, and the Church, too, was steeped in slow time and long cycles: there’s Lent and then Easter and then harvest, every year the same.”

What had his parents done? “My father was a carpenter, he had a little furniture and cabinetry factory. And I grew up helping out in that workshop, building things. Before I could walk or talk, they tell me, I was building things. And as it happens, my father’s main client was the Church: pews, benches, confessionals, altars. We would travel from village to village, I’d go along with him and pitch in, stretching out the tape as one did in those days, calling out the numbers and watching my father as he then rendered the measurements onto his architectural sketches. And in that way, I was gaining a great affinity for structure, too, from early on. Not just time but also space.



Fig. 9



Fig. 10

And specifically, a sense of *sacred* space, a sense of space and place that tied back almost two thousand years—there’s no denying it: that, too, seeped into my sense of things, and even after the religion as such ceased to matter so much to me, that sense of the sacredness of space and structure, whether in buildings or in nature, and in particular in parks” (which, come to think of it, constitute a sort of cross between buildings and nature—nature embedded amongst buildings) “has persisted in me.” (Funny, I said: my relatively lapsed Viennese Jewish grandfather used to always speak approvingly of religion as a *tying back*, from the Latin, *re-ligare*, as in ligament.) Redl nodded his concurrence and leaned over to hammer in another stick post and then tie on its little orange flag.

And what of his education? “At fourteen,” Redl recounted, “I was sent off to a boarding high school closer to Vienna, a polytechnic. There were two tracks at that point in the Austrian educational system, the language/humanities one and the other, the so-called polytechnic, which is the one I took, with more emphasis on math and geometry and sciences, and in my case, a further emphasis on what was slated to be my eventual trade: furniture making. We had wood shop there at school, and I remember how we were trained in tongue-and-groove construction, which is to say without any nails or screws or glue, all very satisfying.”

We ambled back to the temporary tented shed along the northern edge of the greensward that was serving as the project’s Mission Control: a makeshift table, a few chairs, plastic milk boxes full of equipment piled off to the side. “Meanwhile, though,” Redl continued, “I was increasingly being drawn to music. All Austrian bourgeois children are encouraged to take up an instrument of some sort, and mine was the classical guitar, with which I was becoming increasingly engaged—that and its various rock ‘n’ roll band sidelights. I wanted to pursue that further, but my father was opposed, insisting there was no livelihood to be had in music. We had our fights over that. Finally, he said that if I just finished my furniture studies, I could do whatever I wanted after that. Which is how I came to find myself at the music academy in Vienna, where indeed it was all about structure again, only this time across time rather than space.” (Indeed, I interjected, for, as my composer grandfather always used to say, the key thing in music was form, which he defined in terms “architectonic,” which is to say the sequential exposition of material in a formful manner—with widenings, narrowings, sidebars, joinings, buttressings, and so forth—but across time rather than space. Yes, yes, exactly, Redl chimed in, what had I said my grandfather’s name was? I hadn’t, I replied, but it was Toch, Ernst Toch, a leading figure in the Weimar-era Neue Sachlichkeit modernist movement in Berlin, and subsequently, in exile, a film composer in Hollywood. But the thing of it was, I continued, for him it all had to be organic as well, the *architectonic-organic*, he would say, and a good model for that, he’d go on, could be the way sap rises and courses through and presently helps to shape a tree. Redl reached for a sheet of paper and jotted down my grandfather’s name.)

“Well, meanwhile at the Academy,” Redl resumed, “I myself was growing more drawn to contemporary trends in composing, and electronic music in particular—Stockhausen, Reich, but especially John Cage—and starting to try my own hand at that. In those days we were still working with found and synthesized sounds, which we would lay in on audiotape, physical tape which we would then physically cut, with scissors, laying out the strips in long parallel lines, hanging from a horizontal bar in ordered ranks, which could get to look like an Agnes Martin painting, very striking in and of itself; and then we would mix and match those, playing the results on reel-to-reel machines, cutting and joining and layering some more—all this by way of very structured, albeit highly abstract ways of proceeding. Snippets of tape standing in for snippets of time, which we could in turn see playing out on our various monitors, and I myself became more and more fascinated by those visual representations, and the ways in which squeezing or stretching those in turn generated fresh sounds, and vice versa. The ways, too, in which it was all a question of wavelengths, of frequencies—how at one wave scale you generated sound, but at another you could generate light and color. These were the years in which the personal computers were beginning to become available, so I was at the same time learning to code, all the while teaching classical guitar on the side in order to finance my various passions.”

Redl moved to the United States in the summer of 1993 under a Fulbright grant to study computer art at the School of Visual Arts in New York City (emerging with an MFA two years later). He never returned to Austria for any particular length of time thereafter. (Between 1993 and 2007, he was based in New York City, transplanting himself to Bowling Green, Ohio, in December 2007, initially on account of a relationship with a woman who taught in the music department at the university there. Since 2015, though, he has maintained a second studio in Long Island City and divides his time among Ohio, New York, and various far-flung installation sites.)

It was at SVA that Redl developed a fascination with the so-called Land artists, masters like Robert Smithson, Michael Heizer, Walter De Maria, and James Turrell, who’d undertaken massive, sometimes almost Herculean projects, in some of the most remote stretches of nature,



Fig. 11



Fig. 12

usually windswept desertscapes out West. In addition, he came under the thrall of several of the so-called Light and Space artists, mostly Californians grouped around the likes of such older masters as Robert Irwin, Douglas Wheeler, Larry Bell, and again James Turrell, who tended to pitch their practice in the phenomenology and sheer marvel of perception itself. But whereas these artists, almost all of whom derived from a generation or two prior, had primarily worked long-term with the specifics of extended single sites (Walter De Maria's *Lightning Field*, Heizer's *City* [Fig. 12], or Turrell's *Roden Crater* [Fig. 13]) or reveled in the marvels of natural outdoor light or carefully calibrated unitary effects of artificial light projections at individual sites (Turrell's or Wheeler's rooms; Irwin's wildly various site-conditioned installations), Redl, for his part, had become entranced, as we have seen, with the possibilities afforded by ever more dazzling digital operations and cutting-edge LED deployments, "getting at similar themes," as he says, "to those of those older guys—the character of experience itself, the capacity for perceiving how we ourselves perceive—but more often by way of all these remarkable new technologies.

"And all of that, of course, feeds into this." He stretched out his arms, taking in the splay of tent pegs divvying up the entire oval, tree-girdled lawn. "Now, of course, in the meantime, since my original college days, there've been considerable advances, and a good deal of miniaturization. You no longer need all those cumbersome computers and oscilloscopes. In fact, for this project, when we finally have the whole thing mounted and running, come back and you'll see, the brains of the entire program are going to be housed in this little gizmo here." He reached into a side pocket and pulled out a little plastic orange box, about the size of a tape measure. "Once programmed, this will be running the whole thing."

.

I had to be heading on, but we made a date for a few days hence, and Redl returned to his labors. In the event, I was a few hours late for our next appointment and the team had decamped, but the pegs were all in now and some were already beginning to be replaced by tall steel poles, four long rows of them, two rows to each side, running the north-south length of the oval, as playful squirrels chased each other in frisky scampering pairs, slaloming up and down the lanes.

.

By the time I returned, a few days later, virtually the entire armature had been laid in: the rows of steel poles had been joined at their tips by perpendicular east-west steel cables,



Fig. 13

one set to the east and another to the west, and from those steel cables the team had suspended virtually invisible thin wires, stretched down to pendulum-like little golf-ball-size lightbulbs (white-capped atop and transparent below), ten per lateral cable, approximately nine hundred in all, evenly spaced, spread in a compounding array like a flat notional carpet, hovering about twelve inches off the ground, casting their white glow earthward.

“Though look again,” Redl advised me when I found him at the far south end of the oval, double-checking some of the measurements. “The carpet, as you call it, isn’t a flat plane at all. See how the lawn slopes imperceptibly downward to both sides, east and west, probably for reasons of drainage or some such. In fact, there’s a fairly pronounced convexity: the far edges of the oval are eighteen inches lower than the central spine. These are the sorts of specific conditions every fresh site affords, and one has to respond. In this instance, for example, I had to decide whether to insist on the sheer flatness of the plane, or rather to subtly bend the carpet of lights, such that they conformed to the curvature of the ground below. If I’d done the former, there would have been an oddly unsettling effect, especially for the viewers of the piece out there on the paved paths surrounding the oval, as if one were looking up a skirt. And actually, I prefer it this way: the slope is so subtle you hardly notice it, but the curve enforces a soft and pleasing tension. Still, in order to achieve such a slope, you’ll notice that the hanging plumb lines have each had to be recalibrated so that all the bulbs are suspended precisely the same height above their specific patch of ground.”

We started walking up the empty central alley, back to the makeshift Mission Control tent, one long matrix of lights to our lateral left, the other to our right, and as one even east-west row of lights after the next went coursing by, uncannily straight diagonals suddenly started likewise popping up momentarily to our forward left and right and just as quickly disappearing (the sort of magical thing that regularly happens when you drive by a well-laid fruit tree orchard). The ground, for its part, seemed oddly greener than it had the other day: had they done something to effect that transformation as well? “No,” Redl laughed. “I had the same thought when we came out here this morning, but look again. Last night we had the first cold snap of the season, the temperature plunged



Fig. 14



below freezing, and as a result, the ginkgoes must have all shed their still-green leaves simultaneously. Talk about a carpet! But again, these are the sorts of things one can't possibly predict and that always render these projects so exciting."

On the table under the tent, Redl's laptop was hooked up to the diminutive boxy orange "brain," which he was in the process of programming. "You see how it is now out there," he said, pointing: "All the lights on. But with a flick of a switch"—his hand raced over the laptop keyboard—"I can turn them all off"—and off they all went. "Now, for instance, I can turn on only the northern half of the lights on the long array over here to the right, and only the southern half over there to the left"—just so—"and I can even get those blocks of lights moving, as it were, in opposite directions." And indeed, the individual rows of lights obediently started turning themselves on and off to effect precisely such an illusion: rectangles of light briskly marching in opposite directions. "I can even fade the on-off switches so they are not quite so abrupt, yes, I think

Fig. 15



that's nicer." The blocks of lights now seemed to slide more gracefully up and down the park in obverse syncopation. "Or. . ." He turned off all the lights, and tapped in a few further commands. "I can vary the effect." He pushed a last key and the lights turned on again, only this time in staggered rows: three east-west rows turned on to the west while turned off to the east, then three rows turned off to the west while on to the east, in a repeating zebra pattern. He pushed a few more keys and the rows took off, this time heading the same direction on both sides until, a few more key-punches, and the ones to the left reversed direction. "You get the idea: I'll be here late tonight and probably all day tomorrow programming other sorts of ideas. It's the same each time out with these light pieces of mine: each time it's like a brand-new instrument. First I have to design the thing, then to build it, then to tune it, and then to compose on it, and finally to really play it.

"But it's likewise always the same: The point is, I am not interested in making objects, I am interested in revealing and reveling in systems and processes. When I lecture, I sometimes cite the work I first encountered in school that has perhaps proved the biggest influence on my own work: Nam June Paik's *TV Buddha*. He created several iterations of the piece, but they all consist of a seated Buddha sculpture gazing at a TV monitor above which a video camera trains its gaze back upon the Buddha's face, such that the image on the monitor's screen, the object of the Buddha's serene contemplation, is his own face. Here, I'll show you." Redl returned to his laptop, sat down before it and switched screens, Googling up "Paik 'TV Buddha' [Fig. 15] Images," and zeroing in on a specific photograph from the proffered array, with the seated Buddha to the left and the monitor and mounted camera to the right, the Buddha's face indeed on the monitor.

It was a momentarily funny effect, the Buddha looking intently into his monitor, and perpendicularly, Redl for his own part looking deep into his own laptop screen. North South East West. Om.

"But the point is"—Redl roused himself from his brief reverie—"and this is what Paik taught me, *it's not about the objects*. The Buddha by itself is nothing, as is the monitor. It's the *interaction* between them that makes the piece. Without that interaction, the entire piece evaporates."



Fig. 16

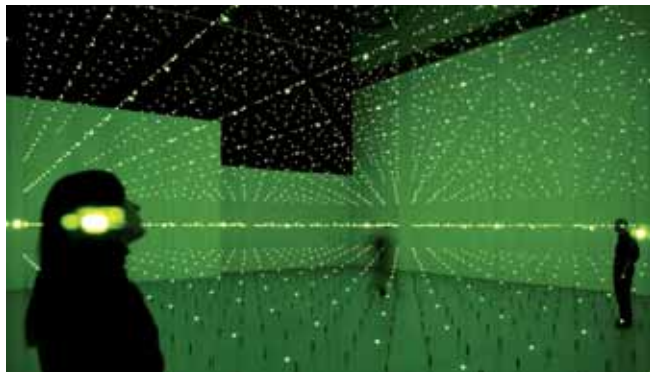


Fig. 17

I asked Redl if he could show me some of his own earlier pieces, and he typed in the coordinates of his quite well-tended website ([www.paramedia.net](http://www.paramedia.net)). There were darkened rooms in which the visitor was invited to sit on the floor, Buddha-like, gazing on a grid of tiny red pixels evenly widespread across the facing wall (*Fade—Munich*, 2004; Fig. 16); other such rooms in which tiny green LEDs somehow promulgated the uncanny effect of green dots hovering all about the space, suspended in dark midair (*Matrix II*, 2000/2005; Fig. 17). There were installations combining visual and audio effects, in which lights seemed to race all about the perimeter of a gallery space, the faster the speed, the higher the accompanying pitch, and then back down again, and back up (*Speed Shift*, 2007; Fig. 18). There were enlarged variations on those early old digital clock faces, two vertical rectangles side by side, each bisected by a horizontal slash, only in this instance the sides were made up of narrow planks of wood projected

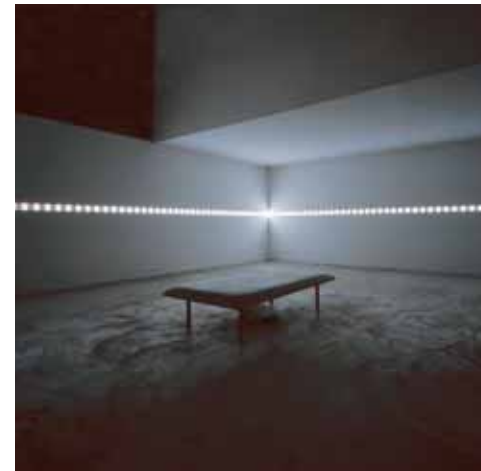


Fig. 18



Fig. 19

out from the wall with changing-colored LED bands embedded behind the planks casting their lush hues onto the wall behind (*Reflections*, 2016; Fig. 19). There were tall darkened spaces from the ceilings of which Redl had suspended fast-slicing pendulums with light cones at their bottom tips casting fast-moving widening and narrowing elliptical puddles of light across their floors, and any tarrying visitors, in otherwise hushed silence (*Silent Swing*, 2015; Fig. 20), except, that is, in the case of one iteration of the effect, in Montforthaus, Austria, where the sounds of a live performance of the Baroque composer Heinrich Biber's "Rosary Sonatas" were being piped in from a neighboring cathedral (also 2015). There was an entire city—Spartanburg, South Carolina—where, thanks to a winning proposal to the Public Art Challenge



Fig. 20

fund of Bloomberg Philanthropies, Redl was brought in to help marshal the citizenry into inspired acts of collaborative public witness and pleasure (2016).

But two of the most immediately pertinent prior instances, at least in terms of the current project there in Madison Square Park, had occurred nearer Redl's home digs back in Ohio. In one, back in 2013, Redl had activated the hitherto invisible energy encased within an enclosed outdoor oval glass pavilion at the heart of the Toledo Museum of Art by suspending a grid of more than 350 hand-blown glass spheres, half filled with a red liquid, a bit over a foot above the pavilion's floor. Subtly affected by the mild breezes wafting about the enclosed pavilion, the glass balls bobbed and wove, their interior red liquid sloshing from side to side, the entire hushed spectacle observed from behind the infinitely reflecting glass walls by the passing museum visitors within (*Floating in Silence*; Fig. 21). In the other, one of Redl's most ambitious efforts to date, the artist attempted to overmaster the idiosyncratic exterior of architect Peter Eisenman's museum design at the Wexner Center for the Arts, at Ohio State University in Columbus, a long projecting sequence of empty cubes shooting diagonally upward into space, by channeling a sort of composite of Albers, Flavin, and Muybridge, inserting one separate variously colored LED light-tube into each of the cubes, each tube angled slightly differently, so that when the sequence of bulbs went off one after the next, especially late at night, the entire hypnotic installation justified its title, *Fetch* (2010; Fig. 22) as in the tumbling stick after which a dog might be sent chasing.

Fig. 21

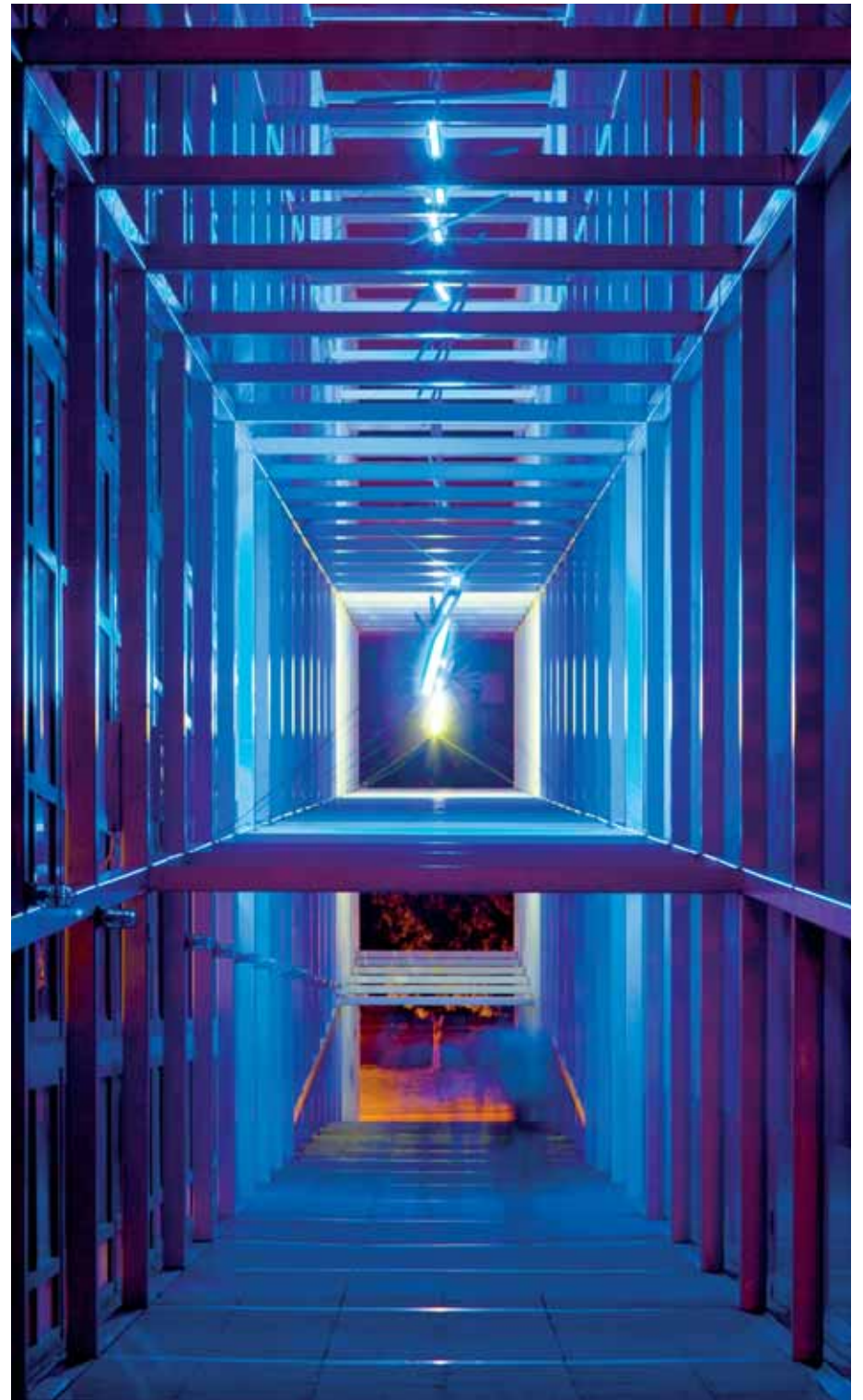


Fig. 22

“Originally, I’d proposed an even more gargantuan version of that Wexner piece for here at Madison Square Park,” Redl now averred, “with two upside-down catenary curves launching out diagonally, perpendicularly, from tall temporary towers at each corner of the park and converging near the center of the oval before arcing back up toward the other corner, with the seemingly tumbling light shafts mounted within the catenary cage likewise converging there on the middle of the oval and then racing past” (Fig. 23). (Talk about playing fetch in a park.) “That one was deemed a bit too megalomaniacal, as were two variations on the theme, the same effect marshaled at ground level with little upside-down-U-shaped bridges rising up and over the various transverse walking paths, or else two self-contained circular carousels of tumbling light shafts independently mounted on stilts at opposite ends of the park. Eventually, though, I came back down to earth, as it were, and recalling that Toledo piece, I proposed the carpet of lights you see taking shape right now, though with the Wexner twist of allowing the hive of lights to play out all sorts of on-off temporal variations.” Redl paused for a moment, tinkering with his laptop and revving up the nine hundred individual lightbulbs once again, getting set for his evening of further programming, before muttering, “Such that this version is my honest attempt at humbleness”—at which point he broke into a broad smile—“albeit on my own slightly somewhat off-humble scale.”

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*Whiteout*’s brisk Opening Night, November 16, wasn’t especially humble—the light grids were pumping out their ornate visual patterns with proud and vivid authority—

Fig. 23

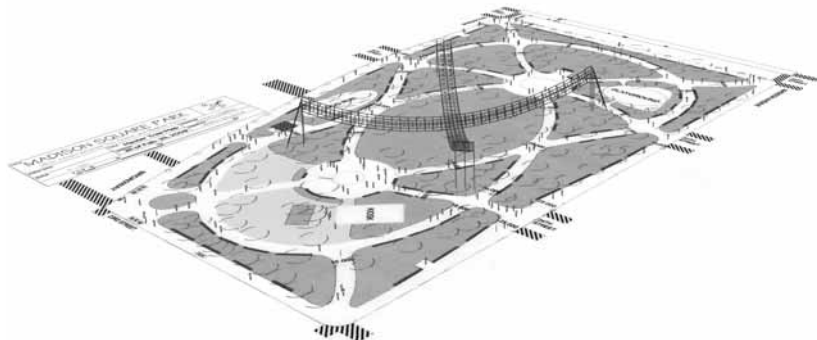


Fig. 24

but it was definitely *gemütlich* (another of my Viennese grandfather’s favorite words, and an *echt*-Viennese one at that). The good folks at the Park Conservancy had lain in an ample supply of warm mulled wine, and the guests were ambling about, gloved hands round steaming aromatic cups, taking it all in. As was I.

Indeed, this was the first time I’d been able to gaze upon the installation at night, and the effect was magical. For one thing, while the individual lights were sparkling, I noticed that the rows of bulbs cast veritable bands of light, uninterrupted, upon the ground, which in turn moved in tight formation as the digital program played out its clever variations. Furthermore, the diagonal rows



Fig. 25

mysteriously seemed to stutter-stagger in their own secret formations, aslant the wider program. Waves of light bands sashed and slammed in vivid silent counterpoint, broadening, narrowing, hurrying, tarrying, in splendidly orchestrated sequences.

A visual object, it occurred to me, that your eyes could listen to.

(“Wait till you see them in the snow in a few weeks,” Redl whispered to me at one point, “the moving puddles of light reflecting back onto the bare tree limbs and into the sky.”)

But perhaps the most intriguing effect occurred during intervals when all the lights were on, and if you happened

to be on the north end of the oval, gazing south, as I was at one such point, you’d notice how the long rows of lightbulbs were hardly maintaining anything remotely resembling ruler straightness. Rather, every wisp of a breeze seemed to unsettle the alignments, individual bulbs falling out of line to the left or the right and swaying, tentatively, almost achingly. I was reminded of French cineaste Robert Bresson’s sage advice to “translate the invisible wind by the water it sculpts in passing.”

A few minutes later I caught up with Redl, surrounded by well-wishers, several of whom seemed to have flown in from Austria. After a while I peeled him away to congratulate him personally: the piece seemed to be being very well received, and he too seemed pleased. A bit exhausted but pleased.

What about the swaying lightbulbs, I asked him, though. Did they bother him?

“Absolutely not,” he replied. “If you’ll recall, that sway, that dance within the dance, was the whole point of the original Toledo piece: to register such otherwise invisible forces. It’s funny: earlier today a journalist was asking me a variation on that query, wondering whether, if I had my choice,



Fig. 26

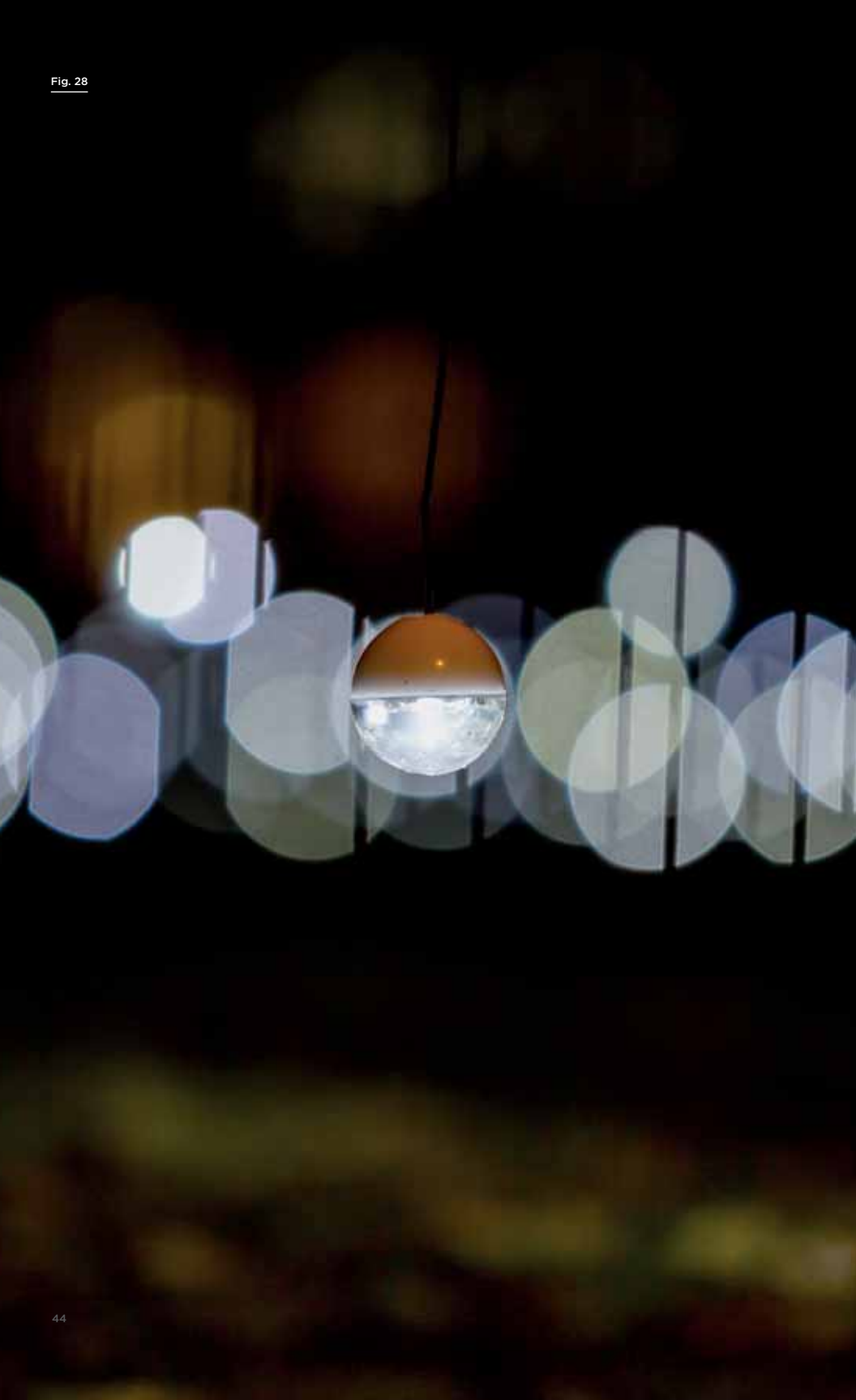


I'd prefer a good stiff grid or this swaying variation. And I answered emphatically the latter. I then brought up the counterexample of so called food porn, those incredibly worked-over photos of supposedly sumptuous repasts, which I find even visually inedible." That in turn reminded me, as I now told him, of a wonderful old essay of Rebecca Solnit's where she had likened the images in Sierra Club calendars to those in *Playboy* calendars, deeming the subtexts in both cases to be identical: Go away, pathetic onlooker, get lost, you are not worthy of such perfection. "Exactly," Redl responded. "After one's taken every effort to render the grid to perfection, you want things to start sliding away, moving about on their own, unexpectedly, imperfectly. That means they're alive!"

A few moments later, I'd broken free of the milling crowd, making my way to the far south curve of the oval, where I stood for a while, warming my hands around another cup of mulled wine, gazing out over the entire piece—the varying banks of lights had run through another of their programs and the interval had returned: the two swaths of lights stretching up into the distance, individual bulbs swaying slightly, quivering, amidst the towering columnar trees. And suddenly it came to me, what the whole installation really reminded me of: the long central nave of a cathedral, with its rows of side pews stretching out to either side, the heads of the seated parishioners, hushed and nodding.

**Lawrence Weschler**

*Writer, academic, and journalist*



## Erwin Redl

### WORK IN EXHIBITION

*Whiteout*, 2017

Steel, animated white LEDs,  
stainless-steel cable,  
and low-voltage insulated wire

Two sections:

each 12 x 40 x 180;

overall: 12 x 110 x 180 feet

Collection of the artist. © Erwin Redl

### BIOGRAPHY

Born in 1963, Gföhl, Austria

Lives and works in Ohio and New York City

### EDUCATION

**1995** Master of Fine Arts in Computer Art  
School of Visual Arts, New York City

**1991** Diploma in Electronic Music  
Music Academy, Vienna

**1990** Bachelor of Arts in Composition  
Music Academy, Vienna

### Artist Acknowledgments

I want to thank the incredible team at Madison Square Park Conservancy for their sustained support and unwavering trust in my vision throughout the three-year production process. The installation would not have been possible without UAP's efficient production capabilities and creative engineering. I am grateful to be able to work with my dedicated studio team at Paramedia, especially my lead engineer, Jason Karas, and lead rigger, Chris Buchakjian. I also would like to thank Lawrence Weschler for his wonderful contribution to the catalogue and for the many exceptionally inspiring conversations we had.

## Selected Solo Exhibitions

- |             |  |             |  |
|-------------|--|-------------|--|
| <b>2017</b> | Madison Square Park, New York City   | <b>2001</b> | Florence Lynch Gallery, New York City  |
| <b>2016</b> | Halsey Institute of Contemporary Art, Charleston, South Carolina   | <b>2000</b> | Galerie Stadtpark, Krems, Austria  |
| <b>2015</b> | Arthur Roger Gallery, New Orleans<br>Solway Gallery, Cincinnati  | <b>1999</b> | New Jersey City University Gallery, Jersey City, New Jersey<br>444, Apex Art C.P., New York City |
| <b>2014</b> | Bitforms Gallery, New York City<br>Wood Street Galleries, Pittsburgh   | <b>1998</b> | Austrian Cultural Institute, New York City   |
| <b>2013</b> | Toledo Museum of Art – Glass Pavilion, Toledo, Ohio  | <b>1995</b> | Blau-Gelbe Galerie, Vienna   |
| <b>2011</b> | <i>Fragile Dwellings</i> , set design for dance performance<br>by BODYTRAFFIC, Los Angeles<br><br>Galerie Göttlicher, Krems-Stein, Austria | <b>1989</b> | <i>Walztanz 60</i> , Kunsthalle Krems, Krems, Austria  |
| <b>2010</b> | Wexner Center for the Arts, Columbus<br><br>Bowling Green State University, Ohio<br><br>ACE Gallery, Beverly Hills                         |             |  |
| <b>2009</b> | Robert and Elaine Stein Galleries, Wright State University, Dayton, Ohio<br><br>Galereya Dzyga, Lviv, Ukraine                              |             |  |
| <b>2008</b> | Huret and Spector Gallery, Emerson College, Boston<br><br>Museum of Contemporary Art, San Diego  |             |  |
| <b>2007</b> | ACE Gallery, Beverly Hills<br><br>Sara Roney Gallery, Paddington, Australia  |             |  |
| <b>2006</b> | Museum of Contemporary Art, Denver<br><br>Conduit Gallery, Dallas  |             |  |
| <b>2005</b> | Plug-in Institute of Contemporary Art, Winnipeg, Canada<br><br>Anthony Grant Gallery, New York City<br><br>Conduit Gallery, Dallas         |             |  |
| <b>2004</b> | Häusler Contemporary, Munich<br><br>LILLE 2004—Capitale Européenne de la Culture, Lille, France  |             |  |
| <b>2003</b> | Chinati Foundation, Marfa, Texas   |             |  |
| <b>2002</b> | Riva Gallery, New York City<br><br>Austrian Cultural Forum New York, New York City   |             |  |



Fig. 29



## Permanent Installations

- 2019** Metro Crenshaw / LAX Corridor, Crenshaw / Expo Station, Los Angeles
- Multimedia Sculpture Park, Tazlar, Turkey
- 2018** Central Subway Union Square / Market Street Station, San Francisco
- Reflections—Random*, Bloomberg L.P., 731 Lexington Avenue, New York City
- 2017** Tampa International Airport, Tampa, Florida
- Lane Avenue Gardens, Ohio State University, Columbus
- 2016** Center for Chemical and Forensic Sciences, University of Rhode Island, Kingston
- Seeing Spartanburg in a New Light*, Spartanburg, South Carolina
- 2015** Neuroscience Engineering Collaboration Building, Wright State University, Dayton, Ohio
- Van der Donck Park, Yonkers, New York
- Contemporary Arts Center, Cincinnati
- 2014** New York City Police Academy
- 2013** Borusan Museum, Istanbul
- 2012** Interstate 77 Underpass, Charlotte, North Carolina
- 2011** ZIP and VIBE Residential Towers, Liberty Village, Toronto, Canada
- 2009** *Matrix XVII*, Centennial Towers, San Francisco
- 2006** *Flow*, Shirlington Branch Library, Arlington, Virginia
- Speed Shift*, Skinker Station, St. Louis
- Nocturnal Flow*, University of Washington, Seattle
- 2003** *Matrix V*, 125 Maiden Lane, New York City

## Selected Group Exhibitions

- 2016** *Into the Ether: Contemporary Light Artists*, Dayton Art Institute, Dayton, Ohio
- 2015** *Spatial Illumination—9 Lights in 9 Rooms*, Daelim Museum, Seoul
- Nahe Ferne (Close Farness)*, State Museum of Lower Austria, St. Pölten
- 2014** *Alles Papier! (All Paper!)*, Häusler Contemporary, Munich
- International Triennial of Media Art*, National Art Museum of China, Beijing
- Simply Drawn: Gifts to the Columbus Museum from the Collection of Wynn Kramarsky*, Columbus Museum, Columbus, Georgia
- 2013** *Zibi Bilyk (Pyrmont) and Erwin Redl (Cracks)*, Sara Roney Gallery at Depot Gallery II, Waterloo, Sydney, Australia
- 2012** *Notations: Contemporary Drawing as Idea and Process*, Mildred Lane Kemper Art Museum at Washington University, St. Louis
- 2010** *Behind the Light*, Nathan Bernstein Gallery, New York City
- Material Evidence: Phenomenology of Matter*, Beach Museum of Art, Kansas State University, Manhattan, Kansas
- DigitalLife*, Macro Future, Rome
- 2009** *Nuit Blanche*, Toronto
- 2008** *Sensory Overload*, Milwaukee Art Museum, Milwaukee
- 2007** *Vom Funken zum Pixel (From Flash to Pixel)*, Martin-Gropius-Bau, Berlin
- 2006** *Spektrum Farbe (The Color Spectrum)*, State Museum of Lower Austria, St. Pölten
- From Flash to Pixel*, Zendai Museum of Modern Art, Shanghai
- Switching Worlds: Desires and Identities*, Austrian Cultural Forum New York, New York City
- 2005** *Lichtkunst aus Kunstlicht (Light Art from Artificial Light)*, ZKM, Karlsruhe, Germany
- Postmediale Konditionen (Postmedia Conditions)*, Neue Galerie, Graz, Austria

	<i>Ecstasy: In and About Altered States</i> , The Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles	<b>1998</b>	<i>Modular Composite</i> , Central Fine Arts, New York City
	<i>Lights on Tampa</i> , Tampa, Florida		<i>Open Salvo</i> , White Box Gallery, New York City
<b>2004</b>	<i>Exit</i> , Creteil, Paris		<i>Wish You Luck</i> , P.S.1 Contemporary Art Center, Queens
	<i>Borderline</i> , Maubeuge, France	<b>1997</b>	<i>ISEA 97</i> , Art Institute of Chicago, Chicago
<b>2003</b>	<i>What the Whitney Don't Know</i> , TAG, Brooklyn, New York		<i>Mac Classic—The Immaculate Machine</i> , Postmasters Gallery, New York City
	<i>In the Gloaming</i> , The Fields Sculpture Park, Ghent, New York		<i>Fragments in Time</i> , Clementine Gallery, New York City
<b>2002</b>	<i>Signal to Noise</i> , Location One, New York City	<b>1996</b>	<i>Balance Akte 96 (Balancing Acts 96)</i> , State Museum of Lower Austria, Vienna
	<i>E-motion</i> , POST Gallery, Los Angeles		<i>Password: Ferdydurke</i> , Postmasters Gallery, New York City
	<i>Res Magazine Party</i> , EyeBeam Atelier, New York City		<i>Out of the Dark</i> , Elga Wimmer Gallery, New York City
	<i>Special Effects</i> , Daejeon Municipal Museum of Art, Daejeon, South Korea		3rd New York Int. Video & New Media Festival, New York City
	<i>Graphic</i> , Curt Marcus Gallery, New York City		<i>Can You Digit?</i> , Postmasters Gallery, New York City
	<i>Whitney Biennial 2002</i> , Whitney Museum of American Art, New York City	<b>1995</b>	<i>Digital Salon</i> , Visual Arts Museum, New York City
	<i>The Magic of Light</i> , Hudson River Museum, Yonkers, New York		<i>Power!</i> , Visual Arts Gallery, New York City
<b>2001</b>	<i>LICHT 2001 (LIGHT 2001)</i> , Krems, Austria		<i>Bit.Movie '95</i> , Riccione, Italy
	<i>Liminal</i> , The Space @ Media Triangle, New York City	<b>1994</b>	<i>Cyber Queer</i> , Anthology Film Archives, New York City
	<i>Creative Time—Massless Medium</i> , Brooklyn Anchorage, Brooklyn, New York		<i>Who's Got the Body?</i> , School of Visual Arts, New York City
	<i>Camera, Lights, Action!</i> , Connecticut College, New London, Connecticut		<i>Performance Zone</i> , The Field's Performing Arts Festival, New York City
<b>2000</b>	Essl Museum, Vienna/Klosterneuburg	<b>1993</b>	<i>Zur Zeit</i> , Kunsthalle Krems, Krems, Austria
<b>1999</b>	<i>Another Planet</i> , Central Fine Arts, New York City	<b>1992</b>	<i>Time Based Bar</i> , Academy of Fine Arts, Vienna
	<i>Utopía/Distopía</i> , Ex Teresa Arte Actual, Mexico City	<b>1991</b>	<i>Ars Electronica 91</i> , Linz, Austria
	<i>Fairy-tales</i> , Center for Metamedia, Plasy, Czech Republic		<i>Deutsch-Cesko</i> , Palace Metro Gallery, Prague
	<i>Punto Ciego (Blind Spot)</i> , Art & Idea, Mexico City		

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**Fig. 1**  
*Whiteout, 2017*  
Steel, animated white LEDs, stainless-steel cable, and low-voltage insulated wire  
Two sections: each 12 x 40 x 180; overall: 12 x 110 x 180 feet  
Collection of the artist

**Photo**  
Moorehart  
Photography



**Fig. 2**  
*Whiteout, 2017*  
Steel, animated white LEDs, stainless-steel cable, and low-voltage insulated wire  
Two sections: each 12 x 40 x 180; overall: 12 x 110 x 180 feet  
Collection of the artist

**Photo**  
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**Fig. 7**  
*Whiteout, 2017*  
Steel, animated white LEDs, stainless-steel cable, and low-voltage insulated wire  
Two sections: each 12 x 40 x 180; overall: 12 x 110 x 180 feet  
Collection of the artist

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**Fig. 8**  
*Whiteout, 2017*  
Steel, animated white LEDs, stainless-steel cable, and low-voltage insulated wire  
Two sections: each 12 x 40 x 180; overall: 12 x 110 x 180 feet  
Collection of the artist

**Photo**  
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**Fig. 3**  
Visitors view  
*Whiteout, 2017*  
Steel, animated white LEDs, stainless-steel cable, and low-voltage insulated wire  
Two sections: each 12 x 40 x 180; overall: 12 x 110 x 180 feet  
Collection of the artist

**Photo**  
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Photography,  
courtesy UAP



**Fig. 4**  
*Whiteout, 2017*  
Steel, animated white LEDs, stainless-steel cable, and low-voltage insulated wire  
Two sections: each 12 x 40 x 180; overall: 12 x 110 x 180 feet  
Collection of the artist

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**Fig. 9**  
*Whiteout, 2017*  
Steel, animated white LEDs, stainless-steel cable, and low-voltage insulated wire  
Two sections: each 12 x 40 x 180; overall: 12 x 110 x 180 feet  
Collection of the artist

**Photo**  
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**Fig. 10**  
*Whiteout, 2017*  
Steel, animated white LEDs, stainless-steel cable, and low-voltage insulated wire  
Two sections: each 12 x 40 x 180; overall: 12 x 110 x 180 feet  
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courtesy UAP



**Fig. 5**  
*Whiteout, 2017*  
Steel, animated white LEDs, stainless-steel cable, and low-voltage insulated wire  
Two sections: each 12 x 40 x 180; overall: 12 x 110 x 180 feet  
Collection of the artist

**Photo**  
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Photography



**Fig. 6**  
*Whiteout, 2017*  
Steel, animated white LEDs, stainless-steel cable, and low-voltage insulated wire  
Two sections: each 12 x 40 x 180; overall: 12 x 110 x 180 feet  
Collection of the artist

**Photo**  
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**Fig. 11**  
*Whiteout, 2017*  
Steel, animated white LEDs, stainless-steel cable, and low-voltage insulated wire  
Two sections: each 12 x 40 x 180; overall: 12 x 110 x 180 feet  
Collection of the artist

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Photography,  
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**Fig. 12**  
Michael Heizer  
(American, b. 1944)  
Complex One of *City*,  
1972-74  
©Triple Aught  
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**Photo**  
Mary T Converse,  
courtesy Gagosian  
Gallery



**Fig. 13**  
James Turrell  
(American, b. 1943)  
*Roden Crater Project*  
Image: view from the southwest, 2003

Collection of the artist  
© James Turrell

**Photo**  
Florian Holzherr



**Fig. 14**  
*Whiteout*, 2017  
Steel, animated white LEDs, stainless-steel cable, and low-voltage insulated wire  
Two sections: each 12 x 40 x 180; overall: 12 x 110 x 180 feet  
Collection of the artist

**Photo**  
Moorehart  
Photography



**Fig. 19**  
*Reflections*  
Reredos Lippke  
Residence, 2016  
Light installation with 36 programmed RGB LED bars  
96 x 36 x 2 inches  
Collection of Ira and Andrea Lippke

**Photo**  
Ira Lippke



**Fig. 20**  
*Silent Swing*, 2015  
Kinetic light installation with two pendulums, two programmed RGB LED light fixtures, and microprocessor  
34 x 70 x 82 feet  
Montforthaus, Feldkirch, Austria  
Collection of the artist

**Photo**  
Lisa Mathis



**Fig. 15**  
Nam June Paik (Korean-born American, 1932–2006)  
*TV Buddha*, 1976  
Television monitor, video camera, painted wooden Buddha, tripod, and plinth  
Installation dimensions variable: Buddha: 75 x 36 x 36; TV monitor: 32 x 32 x 32 centimeters  
Art Gallery of New South Wales, gift of the John Kaldor Family Collection 2011. Donated through the Australian Government's Cultural Gifts Program.  
© Nam June Paik Estate.  
342.2011.a–f

**Photo**  
Jenni Carter, AGNSW



**Fig. 16**  
*Fade—Munich*, 2004  
Light installation with programmed red LEDs  
9 x 19 feet  
Häusler  
Contemporary, Munich  
Collection of the artist

**Photo**  
Florian Holzherr



**Fig. 21**  
*Floating in Silence*, 2013  
Kinetic installation with 381 blown glass spheres with red liquid suspended on stainless-steel wires  
13 x 13 x 37 feet  
Toledo Museum of Art, Ohio  
Collection of the artist



**Fig. 22**  
Installation view of *Fetch*, 2010  
In *Six Solos*, Wexner Center for the Arts, Ohio State University, Columbus  
Light Installation with 98 programmed RGB LED lights in acrylic tubes  
65 x 12 x 517 feet  
Collection of the artist



**Fig. 23**  
*Touchdown*, 2015  
Proposal for Madison Square Park  
Digital rendering  
Collection of the artist



**Fig. 24**  
*Whiteout*, 2017  
Steel, animated white LEDs, stainless-steel cable, and low-voltage insulated wire  
Two sections: each 12 x 40 x 180; overall: 12 x 110 x 180 feet  
Collection of the artist

**Photo**  
Moorehart  
Photography, courtesy UAP



**Fig. 17**  
Installation view of *Matrix II*, 2000/2005  
In *Ecstasy: In and About Altered States*, The Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles  
Green LED lights, single LED wire strand, hanging mechanism, and weights | 20 x 52 x 84 feet  
Collection Museum of Contemporary Art San Diego  
Museum purchase with funds from the International Collectors and the Annenberg Foundation, 2007.16

**Photo**  
Ira Lippke



**Fig. 18**  
*Speed Shift*, 2007  
Light installation with programmed white LEDs and sound  
10 x 22 x 22 feet  
ACE Gallery, Beverly Hills  
Collection of the artist

**Photo**  
ACE Gallery



**Fig. 25**  
*Whiteout*, 2017  
Steel, animated white LEDs, stainless-steel cable, and low-voltage insulated wire  
Two sections: each 12 x 40 x 180; overall: 12 x 110 x 180 feet  
Collection of the artist

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Moorehart  
Photography,  
courtesy UAP



**Fig. 26**  
*Whiteout*, 2017  
Steel, animated white LEDs, stainless-steel cable, and low-voltage insulated wire  
Two sections: each 12 x 40 x 180; overall: 12 x 110 x 180 feet  
Collection of the artist

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**Fig. 27**  
*Whiteout*, 2017  
Steel, animated white LEDs, stainless-steel cable, and low-voltage insulated wire  
Two sections: each 12 x 40 x 180; overall: 12 x 110 x 180 feet  
Collection of the artist

**Photo**  
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Photography



**Fig. 28**  
*Whiteout*, 2017  
Steel, animated white LEDs, stainless-steel cable, and low-voltage insulated wire  
Two sections: each 12 x 40 x 180; overall: 12 x 110 x 180 feet  
Collection of the artist

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Moorehart  
Photography,  
courtesy UAP



**Fig. 29**  
*Whiteout*, 2017  
Steel, animated white LEDs, stainless-steel cable, and low-voltage insulated wire  
Two sections: each 12 x 40 x 180; overall: 12 x 110 x 180 feet  
Collection of the artist

**Photo**  
Moorehart  
Photography



**Fig. 30**  
*Whiteout*, 2017  
Steel, animated white LEDs, stainless-steel cable, and low-voltage insulated wire  
Two sections: each 12 x 40 x 180; overall: 12 x 110 x 180 feet  
Collection of the artist

**Photo**  
Ira Lippke



# Previous Mad. Sq. Art Exhibitions

<b>2017</b>	Josiah McElheny <i>Prismatic Park</i>	<b>2007</b>	Bill Fontana <i>Panoramic Echoes</i> Roxy Paine <i>Conjoined, Defunct, Erratic</i> William Wegman <i>Around the Park</i>
<b>2016</b>	Martin Puryear <i>Big Bling</i>	<b>2006</b>	Ursula von Rydingsvard <i>Bowl with Fins, Czara z Babelkami, Damski Czepek, Ted's Desert Reigns</i>
<b>2015</b>	Teresita Fernández <i>Fata Morgana</i> Paula Hayes <i>Gazing Globes</i>	<b>2005</b>	Jene Highstein <i>Eleven Works</i> Sol LeWitt <i>Circle with Towers, Curved Wall with Towers</i>
<b>2014</b>	Tony Cragg <i>Walks of Life</i> Rachel Feinstein <i>Folly</i> Iván Navarro <i>This Land Is Your Land</i>	<b>2004</b>	Mark di Suvero <i>Aesop's Fables, Double Tetrahedron, Beyond</i>
<b>2013</b>	Giuseppe Penone <i>Ideas of Stone (Idee di pietra)</i> Orly Genger <i>Red, Yellow and Blue</i> Sandra Gibson and Luis Recoder <i>Topsy-Turvy: A Camera Obscura Installation</i>	<b>2003</b>	Wim Delvoye <i>Gothic</i>
<b>2012</b>	Leo Villareal <i>BUCKYBALL</i> Charles Long <i>Pet Sounds</i>	<b>2002</b>	Dan Graham <i>Bisected Triangle, Interior Curve</i> Mark Dion <i>Urban Wildlife Observation Unit</i> Dalziel + Scullion <i>Voyager</i>
<b>2011</b>	Jacco Olivier <i>Stumble, Hide, Rabbit Hole, Bird, Deer, Home</i> Alison Saar <i>Feallan and Fallow</i> Jaume Plensa <i>Echo</i> Kota Ezawa <i>City of Nature</i>	<b>2001</b>	Navin Rawanchaikul / ♥ <i>Taxi</i> Teresita Fernández <i>Bamboo Cinema</i> Tobias Rehberger <i>Tsutsumu N.Y.</i>
<b>2010</b>	Jim Campbell <i>Scattered Light</i> Antony Gormley <i>Event Horizon</i> Ernie Gehr <i>Surveillance</i>	<b>2000</b>	Tony Oursler <i>The Influence Machine</i>
<b>2009</b>	Shannon Plumb <i>The Park</i> Jessica Stockholder <i>Flooded Chambers Maid</i> Mel Kendrick <i>Markers</i> Bill Beirne <i>Madison Square Trapezoids, with Performances by the Vigilant Groundsman</i>		From 2000 to 2003, exhibitions were presented by the Public Art Fund on behalf of the Campaign for the New Madison Square Park.
<b>2008</b>	Olia Lialina & Dragan Espenschied <i>Online Newspapers: New York Edition</i> Richard Deacon <i>Assembly</i> Tadashi Kawamata <i>Tree Huts</i> Rafael Lozano-Hemmer <i>Pulse Park</i>		



