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"Mirror Labyrinth NY," by the Danish artist Jeppe Hein, is part of "Please Touch the Art," an exhibition at Brooklyn Bridge Park featuring 18 sculptures designed for public interaction.

## Frolicking With Art in the Wild Green Yonder

With the outdoor art season upon us, two inviting and entertaining exhibitions in different New York parks opened last weekend. Organized by the nonprofit Creative Time, "Drifting in

**KEN JOHNSON**  
**ART REVIEW**

Daylight: Art in Central Park," in the north end of the park, presents mostly ephemeral projects by eight artists. Works by the Danish artist Jeppe Hein are at Brooklyn Bridge Park in a display of interactive sculptures called "Please Touch the Art," organized by the Public Art Fund, another nonprofit. Neither show is going to rock anyone's world, but both entail spending time in nice places.

People venturing out with small children should choose Mr. Hein's three-part show. When I visited on a hot day last week, dozens of kids and some adults were gleefully getting drenched by "Appearing Rooms." Water spouts up unpredictably from a slightly raised square of metal grating, creating temporary wet walls along this work's perimeter and interior axes. More youngsters were capering in and out of the perceptually confounding "Mirror Labyrinth NY," which consists of mirror-surfaced planks of stainless steel in varying heights planted in the grass in a spiral formation.



the Brooklyn Museum), with two companions in tow. As a group we moved on to find one of the eight works making up David Levine's project "Private Moment." Each piece has actors performing a brief scene from a movie featuring episodes in Central Park, including "Marathon Man" and "Bullets Over Broadway." We followed two performers skillfully re-enacting the roles played by Gene Hackman and Angelica Huston in the 2001 film "The Royal Tenenbaums." They strolled around the same pond as in the movie and discussed Royal's failings as a husband and father. It was transporting.

Ms. Pasternak then led us into the North Woods, where we hoped to see a dance piece by Lauri Stallings & Glo called "And All Directions, I Come to You." Dancers were supposed to be cavorting there like forest fairies, but they were nowhere in sight, so we continued on to the Great Hill to attend a rousing 15-minute show of song, spoken-word poetry and dance called "Black Joy in the Hour of Chaos," by Marc Bamuthi Joseph. Outfitted like guerrilla insurgents in bright-red sleeveless hoodies and green camo pants, Mr. Joseph and his troupe performed on and around a big, circular tarp bearing a design of red, green and black concentric circles pointedly resembling a target. Near the

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The third element is a set of 16 more or less absurdist, shocking-orange variations on the park bench. One is in the form of a figure-eight; another rises steeply in the middle. The benches are spread out from just below the Brooklyn Bridge southward along the East River to Pier 6. Most are partly functional, so tired grown-ups can sit while their young charges clamber.

As for the Central Park show, be forewarned: It will take at least a couple of hours to find and appreciate every one of its dispersed works. You'll need a map, available at the park's Charles A. Dana Discovery Center inside the park, at 110th Street, near Fifth Avenue. Check the weather forecast, and wear comfortable shoes.

By far the most moving piece here is Ragnar Kjartansson's "S.S. Hangover." In a square-sailed boat resembling a Viking ship, a formally attired brass sextet plays a beautiful composition as the vessel slowly motors around Duck Island in the Harlem Meer. It's dreamy, funny and somehow heartbreaking.

Overlooking Harlem Meer, Karyn Olivier's "Here and Now/Glacier, Shard, Rock" is more didactic than fan-



**Jeppe Hein: Please Touch the Art**  
Above, "Modified Social Bench NY #6." Mr. Hein's variation on the park bench; left, "Appearing Rooms," an interactive fountain, both at Brooklyn Bridge Park.

the Conservatory Garden is Spencer Finch's "Sunset (Central Park)," a truck equipped with solar panels providing energy for making ice cream in pastel, sunset colors. Cones are free, but I can't attest to the taste because the day I visited there hadn't been enough sunlight to power the freezing machinery.

Walking south and up a steep hill, I arrived at Alicia Framis's "Cartas al Cielo." It's a round, shiny, stainless-steel sphere with a slot into which visitors may insert postcards (provided by an attendant) on which they're supposed to write messages to "no earthly address," as the show's brochure puts it.

At the site of Ms. Framis's piece I encountered Anne Pasternak, Creative Time's director (newly named to lead

conclusion, the performers raised their arms in gestures of surrender commemorating black men who have been killed by the police in recent months. Then, using wooden poles, they raised the tarp to form a big tent, a puzzlingly ambiguous symbol: Was it a headquarters for a cadre of militant separatists or an invitation for all to enter and join a war against racism?

On my way out of the park, I spotted one of three sculptures by Nina Katchadourian called "The Lamppost Weavers." They are fanciful bird nests made of sneakers, soccer balls and other materials hanging from lampposts high overhead. The Central Park Conservancy's website's brief description notes "Birds will not be able to enter," which, I guess, is to ward off protests by animal rights activists. What the birds think about that, who knows?

"Drifting in Daylight: Art in Central Park" runs Fridays and Saturdays through June 20 in the north end of the Central Park; [creativetime.org](http://creativetime.org). "Jeppe Hein: Please Touch the Art" continues through April 17 at Brooklyn Bridge Park; [publicartfund.org](http://publicartfund.org).

tastic. A temporary, billboardlike structure, it has lenticular panels revealing three photographic images, depending on your viewing direction. The pictures represent disparate historical eras:

rocks and grass of today's park landscape; blue glacial ice from the geological past; and a broken piece of blue-and-white pottery from colonial times.

Parked at the 106th Street entrance to



**Drifting in Daylight** From left, Mickey Solis and Caroline Hewitt in "Private Moment"; a brass band in Ragnar Kjartansson's "S.S. Hangover"; and Karyn Olivier's "Here and Now/Glacier, Shard, Rock," in Central Park.