



# Olafur Eliasson is a genius. Not an Ikea kitchen hutch.

Long esteemed in the art world, Danish-Icelandic artist Olafur Eliasson had his pop Genesis moment—Let there be light!—in 2003, when he replicated the sun at the Tate Modern in London. Two million visitors lazed beneath his assembled lamps and mirrors to marvel and even protest. (One group, using bodies as letters, spelled out “Fuck

Bush” on the floor.) Since then, Eliasson, 40, has only built on that following. This summer he’s a marquee draw with a trifecta of happenings: a midcareer monograph from Taschen, a survey at New York’s MoMA and PS1, and a multimillion-dollar public-art project in which he’ll install four enormous waterfalls in the

waterways around New York City. He’s a transformer of space. With Eliasson’s work, you *experience* rather than merely view. It’s like you’re 16 again, sky-high for the *Dark Side of the Moon* laser show, but it’s so much better now because you’re sober, freshly aware that the scope of what art is unfolds and expands around you.—HOWIE KAHN