FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Exhibition: **SCOTT LYALL**
REDS

Location: **88 Eldridge Street, New York, NY 10002**

Dates: **November 6 – December 23, 2026**

Reception: **Friday, November 6, 6 – 8pm**

There may be light of different wavelengths independent of observers
(such as infrared), but there is no color without observers.

– Stephen E. Palmer

Miguel Abreu Gallery is pleased to announce the opening, on Friday, November 6, of Scott Lyall's *REDS*, his seventh one-person exhibition at the gallery. The show is comprised of what appear as six monochrome inkjet paintings along with four small glass works.

Neither math nor feeling—these twin limits introduce a tension that has animated much of Lyall's work. How, in a time when technical images are linked to so many new anxieties, can artworks pass through the void of zero to escape a Charybdis of applied mathematics (a domain underpinning advanced computing that seems to require no human context) and a Scylla of immediate emotional triggering (a domain of aggressively designed techniques that control our identities and social impulses)? The answer might lie with an action-image whose subject is engaged in a permanent struggle to maintain the antinomies between these poles: neither strict algorithmic action, say, nor a wishful return to expressive picturing. Between these options, there could still be room to conceive and deploy a painting analog. *REDS* are intended to test this subject.

Lyall started with a virtual textile. This was a woven 3D model in the vector space of a wireframe object. As in a Jacquard loom, the warp was drawn as a wave passing over and beneath the weft. This projected a tactile thickness, but the thread-like lines were themselves divided into points laid out to position pixels. Next, a palette of pixel values was built with the help from an AI prompt. The artist directed the machine to sample 'areas in any image in the world that are red, or that somebody perceived as red.' This introduced the broadest possible search through the stock of training images. The reds were nominal colors, here: vermillion, crimson, rose, or burgundy. The AI sought to distinguish pixels without the guidance of primitive geometries that 'see' by isolating segmentations. So, in another step, the set of reds was extended by a vagueness parameter. The nominal reds were interpolated to obtain just fewer than a million differences—between the reds themselves, but also between these reds and adjacent colors that, perhaps as oranges, purples, or browns were no longer reds at all. True, this produced some color differences that had no real perceivable correlates. But vagueness added a mathematical reality to what might otherwise be called a '/cloud/,' the signifier used by Hubert Damisch to suggest an excess over rational form. Finally, the palette was vigorously shuffled and the pixels were assigned to the textile's threads, ultimately manifesting as spots of ink, with the fabric surfacing via layered passes. Color and textile are proposed as, literally, arising in the same pictorial material.

The viewer's movements bend into the event, becoming one more variation in a distributed field of perception
The painting does not wait for the viewer to arrive; it generates the viewer as a temporary node within its field, a

position produced rather than merely occupied. To look is not to see the painting from the outside but to be briefly instantiated within its logic. Feeling, math, feeling, math.[1]

So, what are *REDS*? What kind of textiles? First, they are woven to uphold the seeable. Then, in the last instance, we arrive at something like a vast chromatic commons. Between, *REDS* are bloodbaths, heated passions, heartfelt sentiments, and priestly wardrobes. They are poppies, lipstick, flags and jerseys, apples, dragon boats, Christmas tree ornaments. *REDS* are paintings: the sublime placenta that appeared so often in Ab Ex fantasies; or the anxious flare-ups in Rothko's studio. They are sunsets, logos, tapestries, mosaics, La Scala's curtains, and May Day posters. They are just as intense as they might seem bland. They are $[x/R(x)] + \delta(x)$, precisely.

Concurrently, Miguel Abreu Gallery, in collaboration with Greene, is pleased to announce *Scott Lyall*. The show is comprised of works from the artist's *Talent*, *EVe*, and *Nanofoil* series.

Scott Lyall (b. 1964, Toronto) lives and works in Toronto and New York. He earned an MFA from the California Institute of the Arts (1993). Solo and two-person exhibitions include SculptureCenter, New York (2007); The Power Plant, Toronto (2008); Miguel Abreu Gallery, New York (2023, 2019, 2015, 2013, 2010, 2006); Susan Hobbs Gallery, Toronto (2025, 2022, 2018, 2014, 2010, 2006, 2004, 2001), Greene Naftali, New York (2011, 1997–98, 1996); and Campoli Presti, London and Paris (2017, 2014, 2011, 2008). Notable group exhibitions include A Serene Look upon the World, *Mendes Wood DM, Brussels (2026);* The Living End: Painting and Other Technologies, *MCA Chicago (2024);* The Painter's New Tools, *Nahmad Contemporary, New York (2022);* The Poet-Engineers, *Miguel Abreu Gallery (2022);* Ballistic Poetry, *Hermès Foundation, Brussels (2016);* Anti-Establishment, *CCS Bard, Annandale-on-Hudson, NY (2012);* The Montreal Biennial *(2011);* Double Yolk *(with Rachel Harrison), Galerie Christian Nagel, Antwerp (2011);* New York to London and Back: The Medium of Contingency, *Thomas Dane Gallery, London (2011);* Collatéral, *Le Confort Moderne, Poitiers (2009)*; The Lining of Forgetting, *Austin Museum of Art, TX, and Weatherspoon Art Museum, Greensboro, NC (2008); and* SITE Santa Fe, *7th International Biennial (2008). Lyall's work is held in the collections of the Walker Art Center, Minneapolis; the Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo; the National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa; the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York; the Pinault Collection; and the Museum of Modern and Contemporary Art of Trento and Rovereto, Italy.*

[1] Brendan Flanagan, "Neither Math nor Feelings" (Toronto: Susan Hobbs Gallery, 2025).