

Casey Kaplan is pleased to announce our first summer group exhibition in the new gallery on 27th street. The title "*I am attracted none the less...*" introduces the unexplainable phenomena that lies at the heart of the exhibition – the notion that there is a visceral, transcendental connection that is experienced with certain images and objects. Possibly, a reason why many of us find ourselves so attracted to art.

In a humble effort to explore this power of transference and the respective ability to extend or impart this energy given materiality, process, and evocation, works were chosen by artists Ketuta Alexi-Meskhishvili, N. Dash, Jay DeFeo, Jason Dodge, Haris Epaminonda, Eloise Hawser, Dwyer Kilcollin, Nancy Lupo, Jean-Luc Moulène, David Nilson, Anna-Bella Papp, Diego Perrone, Hugh Scott-Douglas, and Phillip Zach to convey a shared tactile pull. What resulted were diverse media that possess familiar forms – of our bodies, the objects that we surround ourselves with, the landscapes of this world – yet in other respects are strange and alien. The mediation or translation across media by the artists is registered through process, material and experience, without being overt or requiring a clear connection to each of their unique lives. The works do not embrace spectacle nor do they convey easily identifiable moments in time.

Maybe for a moment, time is suspended.

The hands of the clock from the city hall in Le Havre, France have fallen from their place in the sky and lie side by side on the gallery floor. A street lamp is eternally on and a skeletal form hangs from the wall, which we know within the present, but seems to have been unearthed from Pompeii. Waterfalls position themselves in space on pause as if to defy gravity. 250 years pass before the light from Spica, the 14th brightest binary star we can see in the night sky, reaches our eyes. The earth beneath our feet is displaced to the wall and into various other forms. Koi fish find a pond within a cheek, a father from the future was standing here, and a woman stares out at us, but we are not connected somehow.

We see into a black void. The floor undulates. Is that the moon?

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