

## Apple in the Dark

30 Orchard St, Gallery 1 & 2 ▪ Feb 26 - Apr 3, 2022

Justine Neuberger, Willa Cosinuke, Hilary Devaney, Omari Douglin, Francesca Facciola, Sara Gernsbacher, Kady Grant, Ramiro Hernandez, Eli Hill, Katharina Höglinger, Kelsey Isaacs, Katarina Janečková Walshe, Kurt Kauper, Sara Knowland, Dani Leder, Elmi Mata, Erick Medel, Catherine Mulligan, Dominic Musa, Janice Nowinski, Sara Rahmanian, Dasha Shishkin, Helen Verhoeven, Shanna Waddell, Barbara Wesolowska, David Takeshi Yoshida, Joe Speier



What do you want more than anything?

I want to know everything.

More than anything?

Yes.

How do you seek?

In the early morning, I watch the world rise. In the afternoon I squint against the sun to measure. As the twilight comes, I reflect.  
And at night? I rest.  
With your eyes closed? Yes.  
You close your eyes against the darkness that allows them to open the widest? What can I see in darkness that I can not see in daylight?  
Glow. Show me.  
Listen. Where are you?  
Shhhhh... What is that? Touching me.  
Yes, what is it? Fibers, a web, I'm covered in—  
Hair? Something's forming. A reflection. It glows.  
From behind your eyes Comes heat. Like sunlight off of a mirror.  
The warmth of a cheek Touching mine, yes.  
Soft Like a bird.  
Grab it. By its petals.  
Open wider.

—Toniann Fernandez

*Apple in the Dark* explores a notion of the body as boundless proliferation of a self-defined form, focusing on artists who propose an alternative modality for figuration, explore the abstract qualities of the figure, or otherwise distort, exaggerate or interrupt the figure to tell a non-objective truth. Here, “emotional figuration” or diffuse evocation of form emphasizes an intuitive sense of the body over the symbolic reality of the figure. A brush stroke becomes a tangle of hair that brings the neck into focus. The body's shadow is the body. In this less objective approach, the line between subject and environment is blurred. The body hides in plain sight, integral to the environment, and the environment becomes the interior space that is a thin container for the miasma of thoughts and feelings that give rise to the self.