

This here

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You are never supposed to write or say “this here” when referring to anything. No one will have any trouble comprehending your intention, yet still it should never be said or written. Using “this” already implies spatial proximity, so the use of “here” is redundant, and therefore grammatically incorrect. Although one could imagine “this here” as a productive mode of putting emphasis on a particular “this” and the fact that it is “here”, an allowance through which the wrong and mistaken are potentially generative, it is nevertheless a misuse of the communicative framework our provided language requires. Some examples:

This here large sheet of photo paper was pushed beyond its intended chemical parameters for generating an image. It has been thoroughly scorched at such a high temperature that it melted the silver within. Its intended purpose having been violated, **this here** charred rectangle of abstraction now aggressively proposes alternative considerations into how it functions as an object in space, as well as an image produced through photographic means. Shape, depth and color developed into unexpected and gnarly attributes, record of its own violent formation.

This here stacked arrangement of tubular objects and solid color forms seems to be simulating a painting. Yet its curvy structure belies any singular consideration. Image collapses into structure, while structure envelopes image. Roles are subtly destabilized as expected hierarchically positioned elements move in and out of one another. **This here** painting proclaims its autonomy as such, and yet appears part from a larger, invisible whole; a fragment looking to reconnect.

This here object on the wall is round and sharp, collapsing and gathering, rising and falling. Perhaps it was shaped by a box, and a basketball, and maybe another smaller box. Surfaces contain discordant images, tones, marks, symbols; some of which seem to have happened here, while others were removed from elsewhere and placed. **This here** thing is a shell, but it is also a frame — conflating that which contains with that which is contained. We move in and out and through, accumulating gestures that deliver themselves along the way.

This here small hole extrudes itself as a steel pipe, extending itself into an adjusted length and shape away from me, and returning with a second small hole. As I move linearly across the room I occupy, these small holes and their pipe become a perceptual fulcrum, presenting image after image of the space that surrounds. Physically approaching it, my eyes meet the holes, amplifying **this here** distinction between the room I am in, and the room it is in. When my feet finally share its placement on the floor above, it dictates how I gauge my current physical and temporal presence.

Regards,