For Shanie Tomassini, this world is amorphous. She looks at a *thing*. She looks at a space. They are interchangeable. She conceives of them as elastic, ever-morphing ongoing events.

It brings to mind the science lesson, that every single *thing* that was ever on Earth, still is. That *thing* may have been moved or turned into something else—ore smelted into steel—oil turned into plastic—but it is all still here. The only exceptions are the satellites that orbit our planet, the detritus we left on the Moon and the airplanes that loop up into the atmosphere, always to come back down again, safely or not. Either way, it’s all still here.

That is the way I imagine Shanie imagining *things*, the *things* around us. Those lacy arcs of airplanes entering and exiting the lower stratosphere morph materiality in much the way Shanie’s objects do,

We share this spacial arena when reducing *thingness* to its elemental essence. She transforms her blobs of clay into milled Styrofoam replicas, each skinned with a crispy shell of concrete, only to play host to a manufactured ecosystem atop that surface: one of erosion and cultured organisms. Shanie manufactures a circle of materiality made miniature, made maximal, made visible.

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