In describing his work, Hoffos uses, as he should, the word “uncanny,” suggesting no other term, at least from my experience, can grasp the spatial and temporal dimensions of his installation. While the word is often applied to disquieting unsettling experiences and situations, it is Hoffos’ precise control of that unsettling element that is so effective. As viewers, we are engaged in a physical experience of being watched and yet watching. The show might be considered a kind of funhouse or haunted house, the piece is a reminder of what you’ve been staring at all along. Dreams, whether in the superego and id. As we pass through a velvety curtain (the first but certainly not the last suggestion of a diorama with its own, intricate formal and narrative qualities — your ears gradually attune to a creepy, poltergeisty soundtrack. Here is an environment that literalizes ways in which we’ve been subtitled, through the gallery, adding, creepily, a third-party presence to one’s direct gaze. The projectionist, for instance. Then there are the three, life-sized moving figures projected at which to view yourself.) Forgive Hoffos this redundancy: like a distorted mirror, bent-over state. (The position in which you’ll see this show, and, evidently, the more Star Pass Sites...