

N
O
T
E
S

O
N

F
A
L
L
I
N
G

H
O
F
F

R
Y
A
N

M
A
N
N

Ryan Hoffmann

Notes on Falling







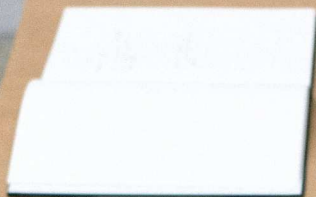


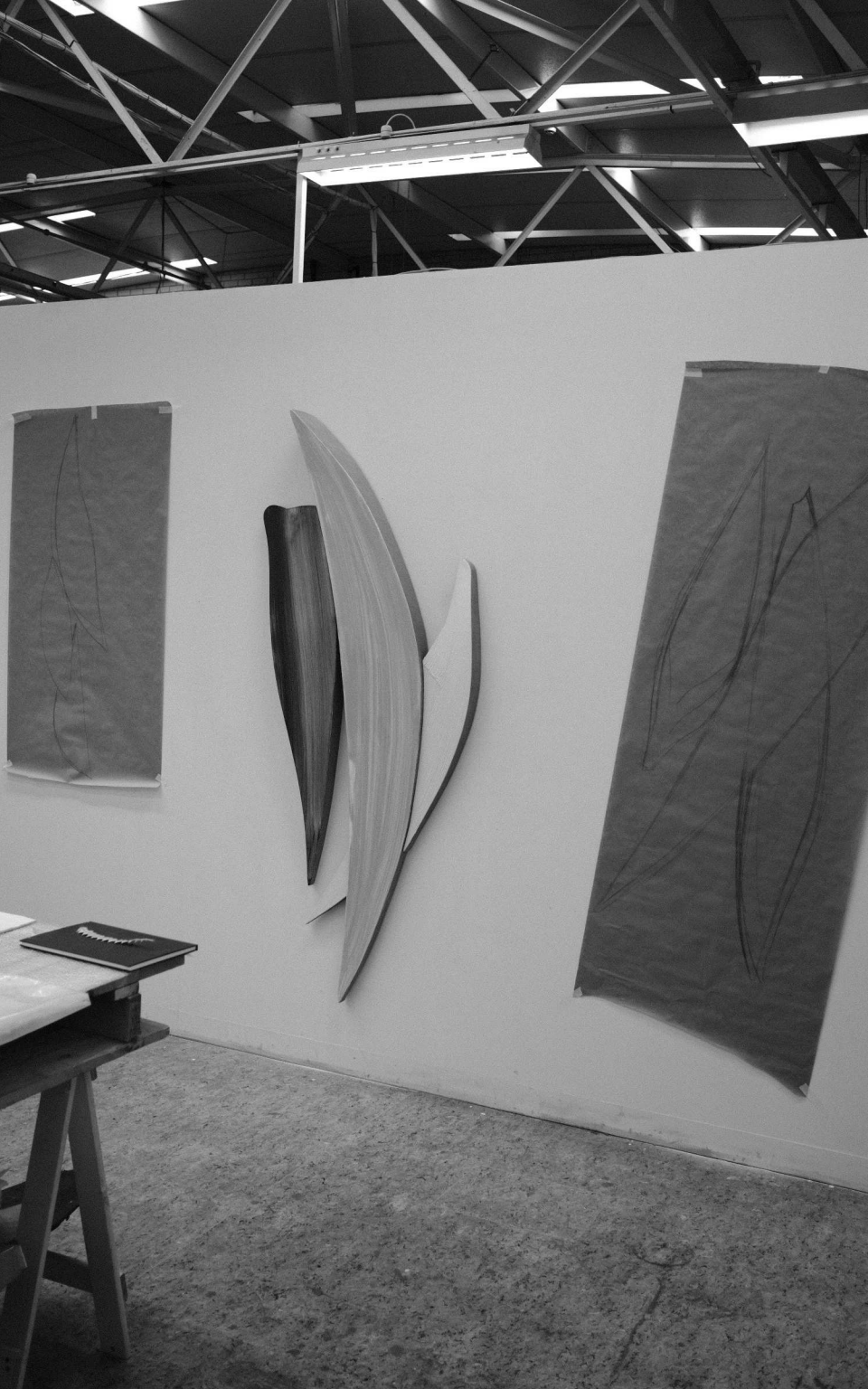
**** A selection of notes recorded between 2019-2021, with falling in mind. Memories and observations from my childhood, moving overseas, hiking, moving back to Australia and working from the studio.*

Small moments to remind me of my place in the natural environment and in time.

1. Experiencing falling as idea and action: Leaving the Berlin studio, one of those stairways in Berlin that get full light for an hour a day. The cold cement, my butt, my wrist. I fall. After picking myself up from the stairs, I realised I was interested in falling, thinking about it and re-framing my view of it.
2. I am in a place in my life where new goals replaced the old/accomplished. The new, more elusive and unattainable. I am in search of a new framework for what I am doing.

3. Exactly what I wanted to find was already mine.
4. Thinking about falling. What it means to fall; fall in and out of love, fall down, falling leaves, waterfalls, falling asleep, falling stars, falling apart, falling from a bike, falling from grace, from the truth... Cycles of impermanence.
5. Like a waterfall breaking open at the bottom. The first works have the bottom cut from a rectangle. I wanted the paint, to paint the painting; falling paint. Layers of paint are put on, then removed. What can be seen is residual.
6. After a while I could see what you saw.
7. A piece of timber in the corner of the studio, about the length of my arm. Rough sawn on one side which formed an arc from end to end. The other sides smooth and straight. A leaf.
8. Beginnings always hide themselves in endings.
9. Growing up, I climbed lots of trees in the forest behind our house. I thought a fall was met with a sudden stop, and this was the whole fall. I have become more interested in the tail end of falling. Accepting that it was natural and necessary. Giving in to the metaphoric falling I was experiencing and focusing on the slow rise back to a place where I might fall again.
10. You end up chasing the thing that chases you.









11. Stoicism was a language I learnt from my fathers, I used it for many years without realising I needed to learn new languages and look for other trees to fall from.

12. Circumstance changed America into Berlin. When walking the streets, I realised I was running.

13. A beautiful woman waits with me at the lights, together and separate. She lights a cigarette, exhales, I breathe a cloud of smoke. I think of her breath in my lungs -Prenzlauerburg, Berlin.

14. In Greece, falling to my knees with all of my luggage on my back. We laughed about it, but secretly I was worried about its symbolism. I am supposed to be the strong one who doesn't fall.

15. People either walk in a straight line or drift when they walk. The leaves under our feet get picked up into a whirlwind, it dances in the same direction as us.

16. That might be the way you live your life, but it almost got me killed. (Live moderately paced, die moderately old).

17. I am thinking about Sydney. My old boss owns a 1973 Combi. Willie Nelson singing Kristofferson was stuck in the cassette player, the radio didn't work. I used to sit in silence; pretty soon I became a Willie Nelson fan.

18. I know I made so many mistakes, most of the time I refused to change.

19. Two sets of tears fall to a pool on my chest. The tears pool around shaved hairs on my tattooed skin. I couldn't tell how much there was until the air began to cool the liquid. A smooth glistening face moves away.
20. The green in your eyes, reflects the green in me.
21. If you quit now it's going to haunt you the rest of your life.
22. I look to the right past a teenagers elbow, a woman looks into the reflection of night glass, listening to music and enjoying a chocolate. I look to the left, through the group of teenagers, a man stares at me.
23. Through a lengthy process intertwined with lots of help, many lies and emotional changes, I gave in to coming back to Australia. After having hand surgery, I moved to Melbourne. I am still looking for something not found.
24. No matter how dark the storm gets overhead, they say someone is watching from the calm at the edge.
25. Everything is so strenuous, so exhausting on the heart and the soul...then I stick my head out the window like a dog, life seems so simple here.
26. Charred leaves from the summer bushfires spiral down across the road. The smoke blows across the Tasman Sea. The leaves usually supply the air we breathe but our lungs fill with an unwanted breath.
27. The flowers drink the water.









28. The weather is crisp, the light is cool and bright. I stop to smell the neighbours rose garden - Hope street.

29. Tom often shares music with me, he pointed out a trend, hardcore singers lyricise needing to feel something. Once you hear it you notice it more and more.

30. A note about being enough: I was on a date, we were talking about being enough. I asked if she had someone in her life telling her she was enough. I realised later I couldn't think of the person in my life doing that, I need to start saying it to myself. Months later at the bar we went to, I found a note on the bathroom wall "are you enough?"

31. Sitting here on the roof, leaves falling, waiting for the sun to crack the clouds. Looking at the rusted corrugated iron back alley. Thinking of the neighbour filming us during lock down.
Waiting for change.

32. I hear my mind say, I'm doing fine, my life is a walk through the pines.

33. I am riding my motorbike out of the city. The highway cold always becomes hard to handle in Autumn. Disassociating. I generally follow my head; I know the direction. Sometimes I get lost, so I follow my heart. It feels like it should be there and most of the time it is. Whenever there is a stop, I warm my hands on the engine.

34. I keep hearing people say, it's funny how time slips away.



35. The water falling over the cliff, the liquid atomised. A fine mist clouds the base. This mist forms small waterfalls on my glasses. The waterfall continues.

36. I bought a maple tree to remind me to live with the seasons and stop living in one I constructed for myself.

37. I needed to let all of these imprints fall from me. ***I think I was laying at the foot of my bed. My imprint in the covers. Thinking of the ones that shape me.

38. I can hear the forest breathe; the wind rushing through the trees up the valley, minutes before the wind hits us.

39. When I was a boy, I had dreams where I could fly with my arms spread out. When I was in Greece, my dreams were of snakes.

40. Eat, because you will be eaten.

41. ***Maybe located towards the end*** This all changed for good that afternoon in the park. The trees leaves few. The culmination and effect of me not dealing with this earlier. We hold each other's hands and drink Gin and Tonics. I mentioned that it looks like she has just had a face mask, her skin is dewy and reflective. I realise it is from her breath underneath her mask. I noticed that the sun looks beautiful through the almost bare trees. Small plumes of flowers are coming out of the grey branches during this spring sun set in Eddy Gardens. I suggest I walk her home. As I walk back to my motorbike, it starts drizzling.

42. Cool rain, kiss me.

43. I'm Sorry, my vision was partially obscured.

To be continued...

Returning to the gardens to finish organising the notes felt right. The place where the last few notes were recorded.

Much consideration went into the order and brevity of these notes. The allegorical nature of the notes provide an entry point to the paintings, the titles of which are derived from these notes. Although the notes and paintings exist side by side, it is intended that they compliment each other. The falling motif informed the notes as well as the form, shape and colour of the abstract paintings.

Although originally imagined with a longer format including greater explanation, each attempt at anything other than the current final collection, became convoluted and emotionally stressful.

Abstract painting has the potential to provide a transcendental or emotional experience, this allows me to reflect on, and process these notes from my life.

The beauty of falling is the ever changing, the constant learning, the cracks and breaks. The cycle itself; the negative with the positive. I don't want to stop falling.













First edition

Design, photography and writing: Ryan Hoffmann

Eliza, Tom, Mum, Dad, Rod, Tara, Adam, James, Sophie, Edwin, Zoe, Frankie and everyone else who supported me during this body of work, thank you.

© 2021 Ryan Hoffmann Studio

All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the written permission of Ryan Hoffmann Studio.

