

5 2 ° 3 3 ' 2 6 . 1 " N  
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R Y A N  
H O F F M A N N





Late afternoon, with the sun bowing low in the sky, the heavy orange radiance of the last light flooded horizontally into the building, but the world of the interior, where the lights were off, was already half sunk in darkness.

(p.5)

Suah, B. (2020). *Untold Night and Day*. Translated by D, Smith. Korea: Jaemgua Mouem.

Plaka, Milos, Greece. (The stray cats hang around while we have sun dried octopus for dinner.)

7:38 pm 02/06/2019



According to Dionysius, the Divine Darkness appears dark only because it is so dazzlingly bright - a paradox I have attempted to understand by looking directly at the sun and noticing the dark spot that flowers at its center. But as compelling as this paradox, or this experiment may be, I am not as interested in it as I am in the fact that in Christian iconography, this "dazzling darkness" appears with startling regularity as blue.

(p.64)

Nelson, M. (2009). *Bluets*. 10th anniversary edition. Seattle/New York: Wave Books.

Ilha Margarida, Budapest, Hungary. (Traffic on the water is unusual. There was a boat accident the day before.)

6:35 pm 07/06/2019



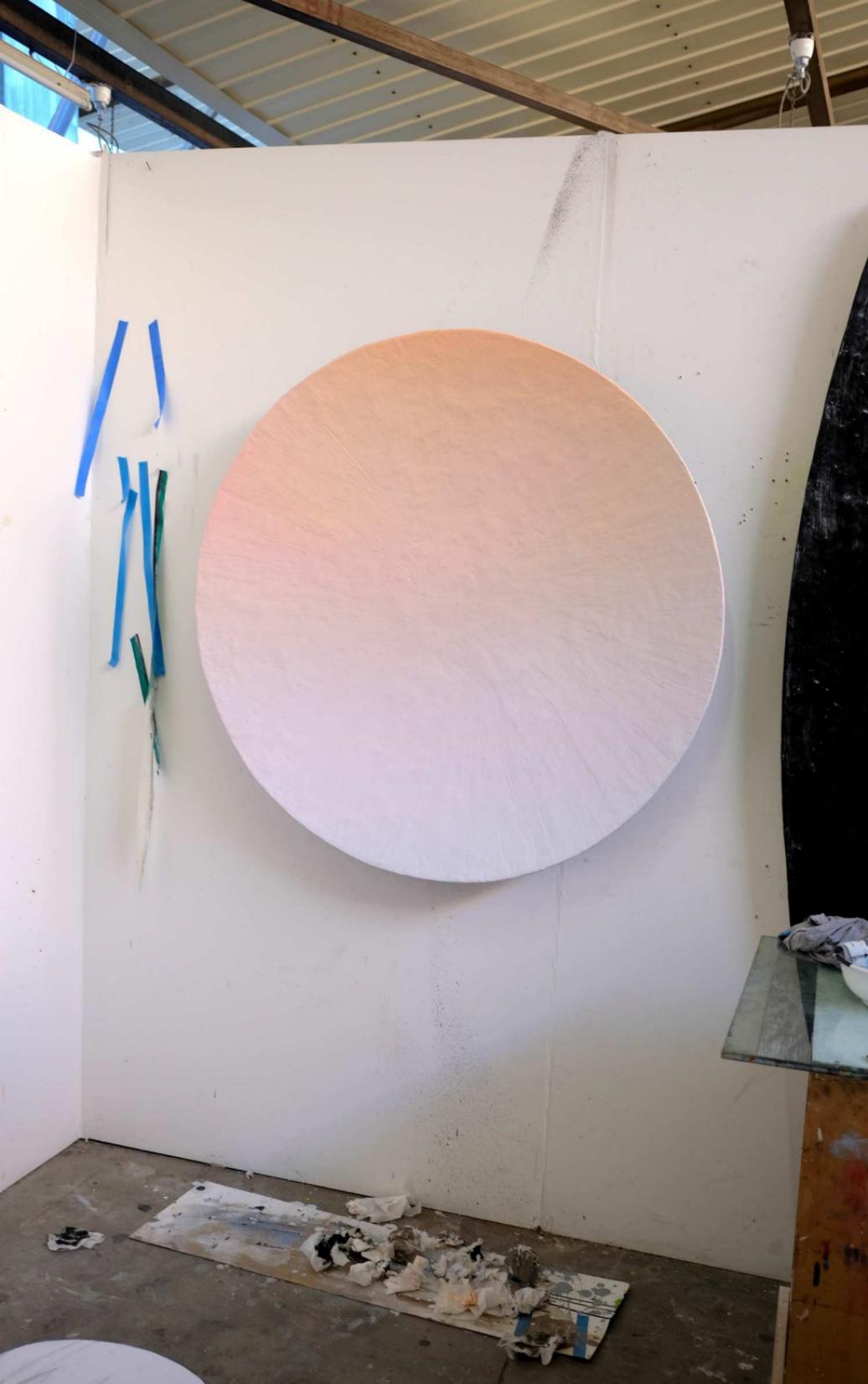
He'd probably stand all rigid, like he was balancing a teacup full of fire on his head, and past him I would see our living room and the window we used to smoke out of when we were younger and still in love and everything still seemed possible so we could destroy our lungs a little, we could hold fire in our fingers, dare our bodies, and past the window the light and the sky would say it might soon rain. But it hadn't yet.

(p.227-228)

Lacey, C. (2014). *Nobody is Ever Missing*. Great Britain: Granta Books.

Shönbrunn, Vienna, Austria. (Looking through a chain fence walking back to the apartment.)

7 pm 16/06/2019



Like the rainbow

After the rain

Joy will reveal itself

After sorrow

(p.89)

Kaur, R. (2017). *The Sun and Her Flowers*. USA: Andrews McMeel Publishing.

Vltava, Prague, Czech Republic. (This is the city where things fall apart.)

6:30 pm 17/06/2019



We like it here closer to the sky, here amidst the debris of human desire we look towards the dissolving sun fizzing in effervescent sky,

(p.9)

Başkan, E. (2019). *A Portrait of Alice as a Young Man*. Melbourne: Vre books.

Friedrichshain, Berlin, Germany. (Our first night in Berlin.) 9:58 pm 21/06/2019



Their faces in the darkness garish with electric light. The heat and the noise and electric light in the darkness produced an atmosphere of unvarying excitement, like a wave continually breaking.

(p.182)

Cusk, R. (2014). *Outline*. London: Faber and Faber Limited

Kreuzberg, Berlin, Germany. (Out till sunup with a couple we met at a bar.)

About 2 am, date unknown.



At that time I felt as if every night I, too, were gazing out  
a porthole at a moon made of ice.

(p.76)

Murakami, H. (2017). *Men Without Women*. Translated by P,  
Gabriel, and T, Goosen. Japan: Harvill Secker.

Darsena del Naviglio, Milan, Italy. (His dogs name, Fiume,  
means river in Italian.)

9:34 pm 12/07/2019



Jeanne has drawn the curtains; the light, grown green, has filled the room like water. Jeanne listens to the noises of the hotel - lift moving up along its cables, doors slamming, groundswell of a vacuum cleaner.

(p.4)

Leger, N. (2019). *The Collection*. Translated by L, Francis.  
London: Granta Publications

Malcesine, Lake Garda, Italy. (Water snakes swim in circles near the rock jump.)

2:50 pm 15/07/2019



Come summer, my reluctance kicks in. It's as if the sheer persistence of a July day--the sun's glare, its flecked appraisal of pavement and trees, those bonus evening hours--solicits from me an essential need to withdraw.  
(p.179)

Chew-Bose, D. (2017). *Too Much and Not the Mood*. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux.

Calle Seconda de la Fava, Venice, Italy. (A yacht named "Playpen" awaits its occupants to return from the Biennale. We drink apéritifs in the alley. We are here to see the Tuyman's show.) 7:35 pm 21/07/2019



A black cloud continued to loom over Dichtersruhe, as black as the ink poured over hundreds of thousands of pages that no one would ever read.

(p.78)

Maurensig, P. (2018). *A Devil comes to Town*. Translated by A, Milan Appel. New York/London/Amsterdam: World Editions.

Sacré-Cœur, Paris, France. (Artificial light glows on the faces of people drinking on the hill side, Sacré-Cœur is behind us.)

10:10 pm 29/08/2019





5 2 ° 3 3 ' 2 6 . 1 " N  
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R Y A N  
H O F F M A N N

*First edition*

*Designed by Ryan Hoffmann*

*All works: 116 x 116 x 18 cm*

*Moulded oil paint, acrylic polymer, CSM, timber, aluminium and stainless steel.*

Eliza, Lillian, Zoe, Unfallkrankenhaus Berlin, RPA, Cathy, Simon, Tom, Mum, Rod and everyone else who supported me during this body of work, thank you.

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