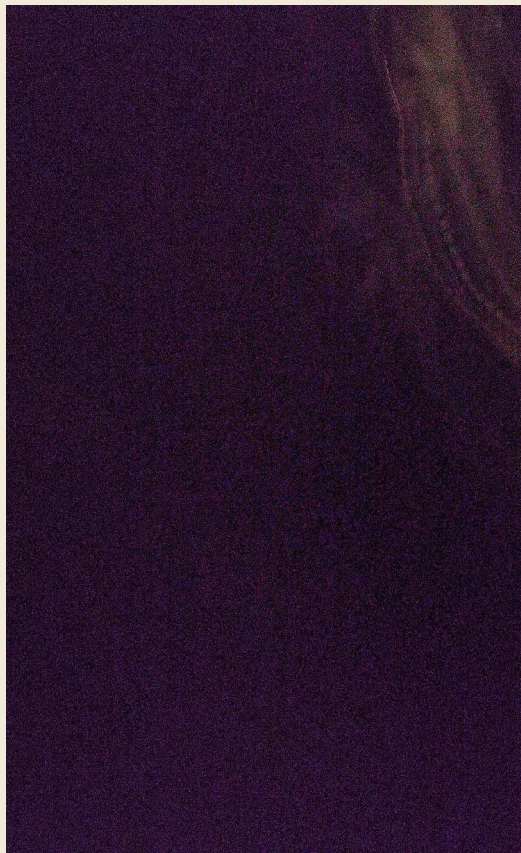


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FIRE EXIT  
5

FIRE SAFETY DOOR  
DO NOT OBSTRUCT  
DO NOT KEEP OPEN





-----  
She tells me with a soft voice

“Lay down.

Close your eyes.

Take three deep breaths.”

I do as I am instructed.

<<<<<<...))))))))))))))<<<<<<...))))))))))))))<<<<<<...))))))))))))))

“Imagine a happy place, where are you? Imagine it with as much detail as possible, see if...”

I imagine myself ripped in two, a shadow and a small creature. We travel together, everything is black and white. We take a slower approach to things than I usually do in my waking life (if you call it that), looking for what was missed previously.

There are some places and spaces we find that are worth returning to, and we do.

A beach shrouded by cliff; a white deer crosses the path as we arrive. Later the sun drops below the horizon cutting itself in two, the energy turns the black and white landscape to grey; the in-between. Everything is fluid. Later that evening, the moon’s glow ripples on the water, people are dancing in the light, the living energy is palpable. We have a lantern; it stops the grey turning back into black and white. The next morning, we find a small white flower growing in the sand, its beauty haunts us forever.

Together we wade through the grey sludge. A constant inquisition. Illuminating life, desire, happiness, pain... Time spent with loved ones, alone... Remembering, mark making, storytelling, looking.

Happy doing so!









1. Image from the 4th of September: this person means something, I will not think about this person, I will not talk about this person. Northcote, 5:58 pm, 04/09/2021.

2. The wrinkles are the most beautiful part, information from the past. I looked at my hands today like they are not my own. Later, as I read, I drag my finger across the page. I feel it not feeling, nerve damage from a few years ago. The park next to my apartment, 6:12 pm, 22/09/2021.

3. She tells me, "In a past life you were an animal that got injured". (Location missing), 8:29 pm, 18/11/2021.

4. Located somewhere in the middle of a thick book of tattoos is an image; how to dig your own grave. Brunswick, 9:03 pm, 01/12/2021.

5. As we arrive, a white deer crosses the road. Moon Dancing. Point Addis Beach, 9:54 pm, 31/12/2021.

6. Moon light through the clouds above a ceremonial bonfire. A shamaness dances around the fire lighting sage and doing breathing exercises. We camp on the beach; I have been crying in my sleep. Point Addis Beach, 3:00 am, 01/01/2022.

7. Make a painting of a monster, a happy place and one intuitively with colour. Take the monster, rip it up, dance through the pieces and put them in the freezer. Rye, 10:55 am, 22/01/2022.

8. Learning emotional regulation

Haptic feedback on/off

On!

We have been friends for so long, it's nice to finally share who I am with you. Elwood, 7:50 pm, 22/01/2022.

9. To look is to find. Mount Martha, 3:25 pm, 04/02/2022.

10. "Don't hesitate!", my mum tells me on the phone. I take a wrong turn. I am looking up a hill directly into the golden light. Point Cook, 7:45 pm,  
25/02/2022.

11. Cinnamon bark wine reading  
Lip-gloss print dotted nervously around the rim  
Deep smooth voice navigates the conversation  
I am remembering something about the sun's red disk you missed. Studio roof,  
6:06 pm, 04/04/2022.

12. Things I have learnt: EQ is more important than IQ. 6 months is a long time, it also goes fast. Doubt destroys. I thought it was all black and white but it's grey and fluid. There is no end point, it's messy, sometimes it's okay to leave someone on "read" for eternity. Peach. Point Addis Lookout, 6:18 pm,  
16/04/2022.

13. Moon shimmer. Point Addis Lookout, 6:20 pm, 16/04/2022.

14. I am laying here, stars above, the waves are crashing. Just me and the natural sounds. Eventually everything fades out; it's just me and my fucking tinnitus! My eyes relax, my vision pixelates, I can see layers of space. I lose sight of my life and civilisation. The feeling of beauty and abyss wash over. Surf Coast Walk, Anglesea VIC, 9:56 pm, 24/04/2022.

15. The echo of a moment; one that keeps touching your back once it has ended. Torquay, Evening, 30/04/2022.

16. Mountain crawling in the early hours. Waurin Ponds, 7:16 am, 22/05/2022.

17. A quiet house

18. Storm...Storm...Storm... When I see you next, I will introduce myself, it will be the first time we have met.

19. A lantern to stop everything turning back to black and white.



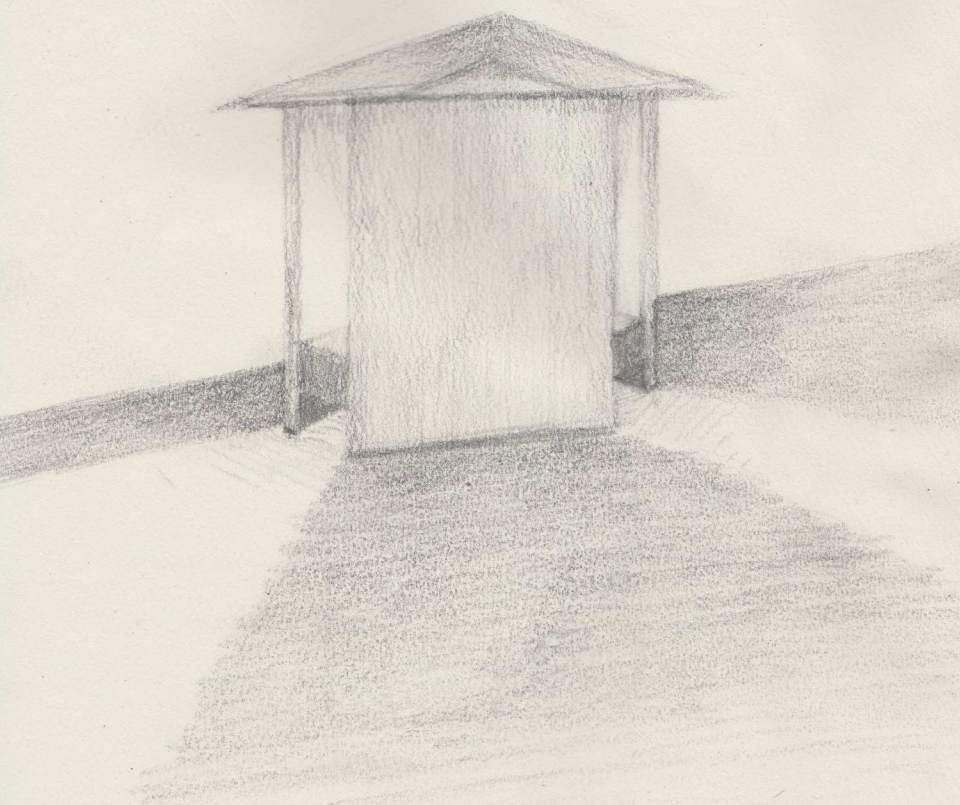












A quiet house





























First edition

Cover: Accidental image captured walking around home at night.

Images and writing: Ryan Hoffmann

Editing: Manon Mikolaitis

Exhibition: Sophie Gannon Gallery

Thank you to everyone in my life that made this show possible. You helped me through a trying time, I am thankful for all of the support and grateful to be making.

I respectfully acknowledge the Wurundjeri Woi-Wurrung People of the Kulin Nation, who are the Traditional Owners of the land on which I live and work. I pay my respects to their Elders past, present, and emerging.

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