



A I R

R Y A N

H O F F M A N N





A

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Coming up for

Clearing the

Taking some

Off the

Up in the

Into thin



Air is the space between things. It is the v

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Located between the visible and the tangible. Filling the space between the earth and the sky, carrying invisible, coded signals. Everything and nothing. Around us and of us.



Air can be thick and salty and hot and fresh and clear and heavy. Warm, vapour-visible, polluted, insistent or still. Oppressive, soupy, crisp, breezy, quick. Hot and getting hotter. We trust it is there, suspending disbelief because we are told from the beginning that it is. Air is psychological, it is mass consensus, it is scientifically proven and we believe in it like religion. It is composed of elements and compounds, it is healthy, it is life, but to a fish it is poison. We recycle it as we inhale and exhale; parts attach themselves within us and what we expel is less than the intake. Suffocating, isn't it?



Air is a refusal of space. A quantifiable assemblage of particles. The density of water and the anti-matter of a vacuum keep it at bay, otherwise this world is wall-to-wall with air. There is no such thing as emptiness; the 'empty' is full as air balloons to fill the available space. Everything that appears void is full of this conglomerate of gases: nitrogen, oxygen, argon, carbon dioxide. Minimalism is an illusion.



Objects cut through air, thrusting into the void, a parabola carved out from a wall and into space. Air is held within, around an object. The object takes up space to create awareness of it. Without obstacles there is no openness: a sense of space is relative, only perceived in relation to a lack of it. Carefully, shapes are formed from an aggregate of materials of varying density, tone and adhesion, hardening to shape and reflect the air. To contain it, exclude it, place boundaries on it, reconfigure it. And yet air is in them still, these shapes that shape the air. Air moves through invisible gaps and weaknesses, an externalisation of internal processes as our bellows pump in and out in unceasing rhythm.

-Rebecca Gallo



















RH245





RH247





RH250



14



RH244



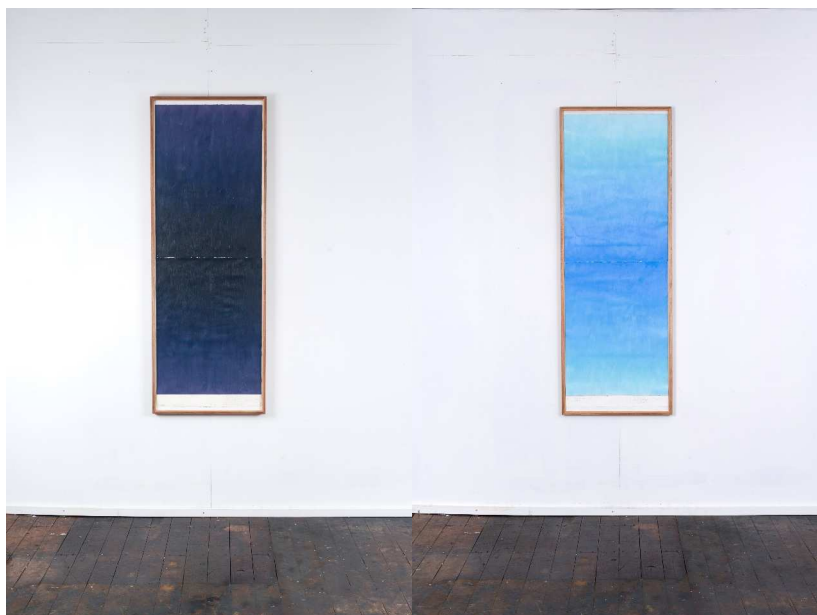


RH252





RH262 RH263



LIST OF WORKS

Moulded oil paint, synthetic polymer, gypsum, CSM, marble dust, wax,
Tasmanian oak, marine ply and aluminium 145 x 145 x 25 cm, 2016

- RH 242 Balmain (1544 090615)*
- RH 243 Shinjuku, Japan (1157 120216)*
- RH 244 Marrickville (2020 010216)*
- RH 245 Downtown, LA (2317 280212)*
- RH 246 Lovedale, NSW (2208 291216) Excluded*
- RH 247 Whale Beach (1923 140215)*
- RH 248 Landing in Sydney (0643 200216)*
- RH 249 Grand Canyon, Tusayan AZ (1818 240212)*
- RH 250 NYC, USA (1822 170212)*
- RH 251 Pokolbin, NSW (1718 250616)*
- RH 252 Mt Titlis, Switzerland (1930 290114)*

Moulded oil paint, synthetic polymer, gypsum, CSM, marble dust, wax,
Tasmanian oak, marine ply and aluminium 106 x 106 x 13 cm, 2017

- RH 253 Mt Titlis, Switzerland (1930 290114) p.11*
- RH 254 Shinjuku, Japan (1157 120216) p.4*
- RH 255 Hakone Mountain, Japan (1747 170216)*
- RH 256 Elkington Park, Balmain (2031 11 01 17)*
- RH 257 Grand Canyon, Tusayan AZ (1802 240212)*
- RH 258 Lovedale, NSW (2208 291216)*
- RH 259 Port Jackson, Sydney (1759 140916)*
- RH 260 Kinning Park, Scotland (1742 110214)*

Oil paint, synthetic polymer, marble dust, wax, cotton rag paper, Tasmanian
oak, Museum glass 161 x 58 x 4 cm, 2017

- RH 261 Shinjuku, Japan (1157 120216)*
- RH 262 Elkington Park, Balmain (2031 11 01 17)*
- RH 263 Mt Titlis, Switzerland (1930 290114)*
- RH 264 Downtown, LA (2317 28021216)*

A I R

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First edition of 125
Designed by Ryan Hoffmann
Essay by Rebecca Gallo
Images by Peter Morgan

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Eliza, Max, Dan, David, Gillian, Rebecca, Adam, Hayley,
James, Muhamad and everyone else who supported me
during this show. Thankyou.

Liverpool Street Gallery

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