



128 pages
adhesive binding with dispersion



KERBER

Your dream is dead.

Georg Óskar Giannakoudakis

“Your Dream is Dead” by Eva Morawietz
"梦想死亡" ^[7]

Paintings
油画 ^[13]

Poems by Georg Óskar Giannakoudakis
诗选 ^[21—131]

Works on Paper
纸上作品 ^[101]

Inbox
图录 ^[133]

Pearlier Days by Kristian Skylstad
浑浊的日子 ^[139]

Biography ^[146]
Colophon ^[148]

“Your Dream is Dead”

Dark, repressed, yet humorous and playful – these are some of the characteristics that come to mind when looking at Georg Óskar’s work. At a first glance, his paintings radiate a sense of innocence and silly cartoonish fun, while, at a second look, they are incredibly sarcastic and disturbing: Donald Duck (i.e. “Donald Junk”) with a needle in his arm, Superman with his pants down, a freakish Mickey yelling “Scheisse” – one immediately recognises the heroes of one’s childhood in their main features. Their dress and colours mostly match the original as well, but then their behaviour is disturbingly off.

A large part of Óskar’s world is filled with repressed alcoholics, drug addicts, and orgiastic characters. They are tragic, often sad figures representing an uncontrolled, dark side of the human condition. His scenes lay bare unfulfilled dreams, peculiar wishes, and unspeakable emotional chaos. While popular cartoon figures generally express the ambivalences of the human mind – Donald, Mickey, Batman, Superman etc. have never been carefree! – Óskar’s characters take a step further into the dark deep ends of existence. Topics like addiction, suicide, tribalism, and even racism are prominent across his work. Bizarre anonymous figures in a Ku-Klux-Klan hoodie-look pop up constantly, engaged in orgiastic activities or as creepy voyeurs in the background (“The Bathers”, 2017). These costumed characters, paired with the crooked counterparts of Disney’s favourite cartoon-protagonists, appear as metaphorical figures, reflecting a kaleidoscope of all possible human shallows.

Óskar’s portraits of friends and family figures are much less grim, yet also endowed with an ambivalent fiendish humour. They give clues into his perception and personal observations of daily life in his native country Iceland or his recent home Berlin. According to Óskar, his paintings stem from an urge for self-expression, exploring the boundaries and the thin balance be-



Round Twelve, 2020
34 x 24 cm, Pencil on paper



Mikki The Clown, 2020
30 x 24 cm, Pastel on paper

tween good and evil, contentment and longing, self-containment and loss of control. In this sense, his work is to be regarded as an inner dialogue, a visual diary of both personal thoughts and non-personal subject matter.

Óskar's drawings and paintings are thematically rooted in an eclectic mix of references to both popular culture and the "high" canon of art history — classical themes such as *The Bathers* or *The Dance* ("Mikki Matisse", 2019) reoccur in his work and are transformed within Óskar's typically sinister and humorous aesthetic language. He regards himself as a "painterly painter", who has found inspiration in the classics of Expressionist figurative painting, but also in the work of Icelandic artists, such as Jóhannes Sveinsson Kjarval, whose murky palette he seems to have adopted, or the abstract painter Jón Óskar, who occasionally uses elements of popular culture as well.

Accordingly, Óskar's characters and scenes border on the abstract, always leaving lots of room to the imagination and never depicting a linear story. In the characteristic Expressionist manner, his working process is intuitive, swift, and often violent. The work "Confusion, then death" (2020) was created with several layers of spray paint, acrylic, and oil, which were destroyed and then applied again and again until, as Óskar says, "Mikki finally felt right". The continuous laborious process of creation and destruction mirrors his quest for clarity of mind. Óskar then often uses the titles of his paintings as additional thematic layers that give hints to interpretation. His almost compulsive attraction to the dark sides of life and his work towards self-consciousness are reflected in his poetry as well. Occasionally, he writes on his pieces directly in order to capture certain feelings or to ask questions that offer further food for thought.

The following pages comprise selected works and poetry from the past years since Óskar moved from Iceland to Bergen to Berlin, which have added multiple layers to both his personal experience and his art. In the profane, the dark, and the obscene lies much of Óskar's search for self-awareness and reflection. In this subject matter, he takes the viewer to familiar places, all the while projecting an uplifting humour and spirit that shows an appreciation — and celebration — of life, despite all dying dreams and scary unfamiliar encounters.

"梦想死亡"

乔治·奥斯卡作品给人的第一印象，无非就是黑暗、压抑，但同时也很幽默、有趣。乍一看，他的作品彰显出一种天真、愚蠢的卡通趣味。仔细看，就能感受到奥斯卡的黑暗和歇斯底里：唐老鸭的手臂上扎着一根吸毒用的注射器，超人的裤子拉下来了，发疯的米奇老鼠大叫“他妈的”——这些标识性的形象都以我们童年的动漫为原型，打扮和颜色也基本没变，但它们的行为举止却变得像一场噩梦了。

奥斯卡的世界里充斥着被压抑的酒鬼、瘾君子 and 放荡不羁的形象。他们往往是悲哀的人物，代表着人类一种混乱的阴暗面。而场景则展现了未实现的梦想、奇特的愿望和难以言表的情感发泄。他用经典的卡通形象来表达人类矛盾的思想——唐老鸭、米老鼠、蝙蝠侠、超人等等，当然他们本来就不是无忧无虑的！奥斯卡笔下的角色更深一层地进入了人生的黑暗面。毒瘾、自杀、部落主义、甚至种族主义等主题在他的作品中都很常见。穿着三K党般连帽衫的奇怪人物经常出现，寻欢作乐或者从背景中偷窥，令人毛骨悚然（《沐浴者》，2017年）。这些穿着奇装异服的人物，再加上那些迪斯尼动漫人物的恶搞版，在隐喻层面就反映出了万千世象和人生百态。

奥斯卡的朋友和家人的画像虽然不那么冷酷，但也充满了矛盾、尖锐的幽默感，以个人眼光注视着老家冰岛或最近居住的柏林的日常生活。奥斯卡说，他的绘画源于一种自我表达的冲动，探索善与恶、满足与渴望、自我封闭与失控之间的界限和微妙的平衡。在这个意义上，他的作品可被视为一种内心的对话，一种个人思想而非个人题材的视觉日记。

从主题上讲，奥斯卡 (Oskar) 绘画的出发点既有通俗流行文化，也有艺术史上经典大作的典故，例如塞尚的《沐浴者》或马蒂斯的《舞蹈》(艺术家的“—Mikki马蒂斯”，2019)，反复出现的典故以奥斯卡典型的阴郁、幽默的审美语言呈现。他认为自己是“热爱各种绘画的画家”，他在表现主义具象绘画的经典作品中得到了启发，同时似乎采用了冰岛画家乔纳尼斯·斯文森·贾瓦尔 (Jóhannes Sveinsson Kjarval) 的色调，还从抽象画家琼斯卡 (Jón Óskar) 的作品获得了灵感，后者偶尔也会使用流行文化的元素。

奥斯卡的人物和场景都在抽象的边缘地带，给观者留着巨大的想象空间，从不采用线性的叙事方式。他的创作过程也很表现主义派，直观、迅速，而且常常是暴力的。这幅作品《困惑，然后死亡》(2020)是用喷漆、丙烯颜料和调和油经过几层叠加创作完成的，这些颜料涂层被刮掉，然后反复涂抹，直到如奥斯卡所说“这个Mikki，终于感觉踏实了”。一轮又一轮的创作和破坏，这种创造过程反映了他对思路清晰的追求。奥斯卡经常用作品的名字给观者诠释出更多

的内涵或是暗示。他的诗歌也彰显着对人生黑暗面的痴迷，以及对自我意识的追求。有时，他直接在自己的作品上附加诗句，以捕捉某些及时感受或提出耐人寻味的问题。

画册《your dream is dead》收录了他过去几年的重要作品和诗歌，这些作品为他的个人经历和艺术创作增添了许多层次。在《世俗》、《黑暗》和《淫褻》中，奥斯卡多多少少是在寻找自我意识和反思。围绕着这些主题，尽管有垂死的梦想和可怕的遭遇，他仍将观众带到熟悉的地方，同时投射出令人振奋的幽默和精神，展现出对人生的欣赏和内心的欢庆。





[14]

Broken Boat, 2019
170 x 195 cm, oil on linen



[15]

Future Sun, 2020
40 x 30 cm, oil on linen



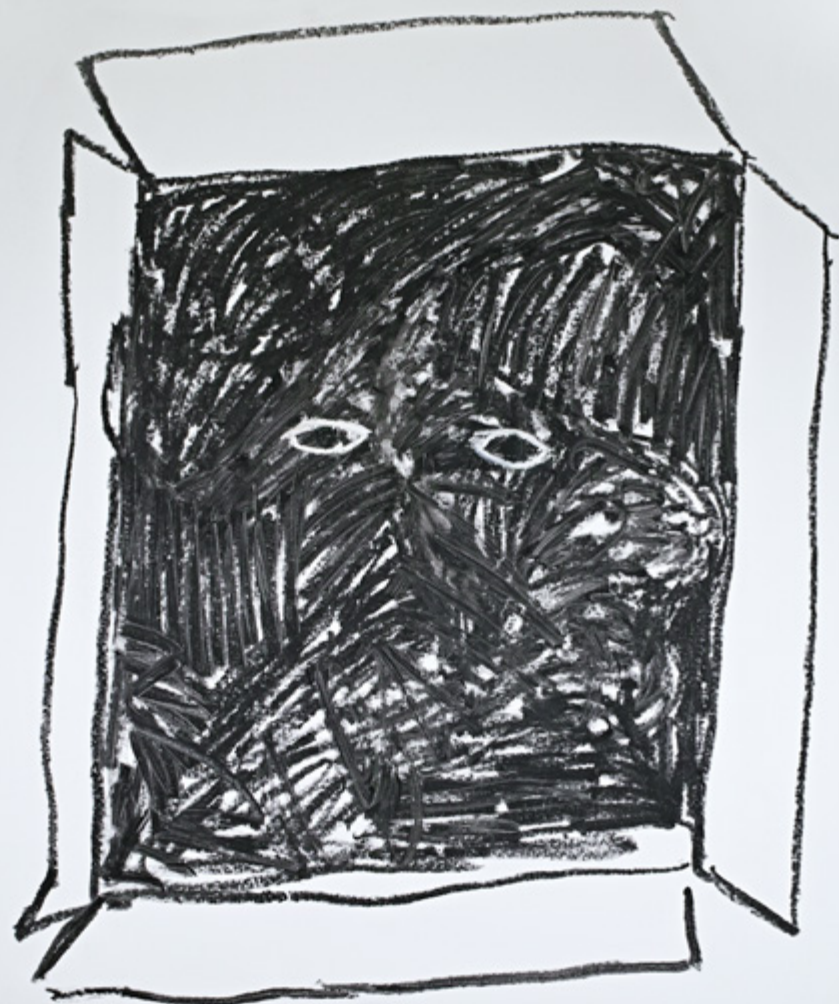
[16]

I Had a Good Home but I Left, 2019
190 x 150 cm, oil on linen



[17]

Friends Forever, 2019
165 x 126 cm, oil on linen



I WILL STAY in
this Box forever
I LIKE it here

[18]

Box Forever, 2019
190 x 150 cm, oil stick on canvas



[19]

Yummi in my Tummy, 2019
160 x 125 cm, oil on linen



Mikki Matisse, 2019
190 x 170 cm, oil and acrylic on canvas

Dream I once dreamed of.

I remember it well,
dream I once dreamed of
Looking up into the sky, ~~looking~~
far away.

Just like when you see the stars,
it flashes, white, silver on black surface,
between the stars in the space between
became an eruption,
volcano in the milky way
an entire galaxy had been scattered,
somewhere in space
was seen in real time..
incredibly real...

Outer space overtook me.
inverted, my thoughts too.
The dance continued,
all night
We left to small town to die,
everyone was going somewhere to do the same.
The sky had turned purple with a blue vein
constellations trapped in the sky...
It was dreamy and beautiful.
Kind of magical...

Hver er ég,

Hvar er ég

Festival

Við litum uppí himininn, það var festival ég men það vel
stolið frá draum mig eitt sinn óreyndi,
dans, fólk dansaði,
mér var litið uppí himininn aftur , í fjarlægð langt í burtu
alveg eins og þegar maður sér stjörnur, það blíkkar
það er hvítt , silfurlitað, svart í kring með svá bjarna,
milli þeirra stjarna, varð sprenging, með miklum krafti
heilt galaxy hafði spláðrast einhverstaður í geimnum,
sást í reuntíma.

Ótrúlega reunverulegt.

Geimnum hvolfði yfir mig á ógnerhraða,
dansinn hélt áfram,

alla nóttina,

ég fór í lítinn ba til að deyja.

allir voru að fara eitthvað,

himininn varð orðin fjóluþífr, með blárra sleikju

stjörnuhröp föst á himninum eða inni svartholi,

draunkent og fallegt varð það.





Stuck Between Two Palm Trees with the
Moon Over my Head, 2019
120 x 70 cm, oil on linen

How Could Nietzsche be so Deep in so
Shallow World , 2019
80 x 120 cm, oil on linen





Untitled Girl, 2019
120 x 80 cm, oil on linen

Souvenirs of Yesterday, 2019
130 x 120 cm, oil on canvas

[28]



Waking Up on a Pretty Day, 2019
60 x 50 cm, oil on linen

[29]



[30]

Pippi, 2019
60 x 50 cm, oil on linen



[31]

There is a Hole in the Sky, 2019
60 x 50 cm, oil on linen

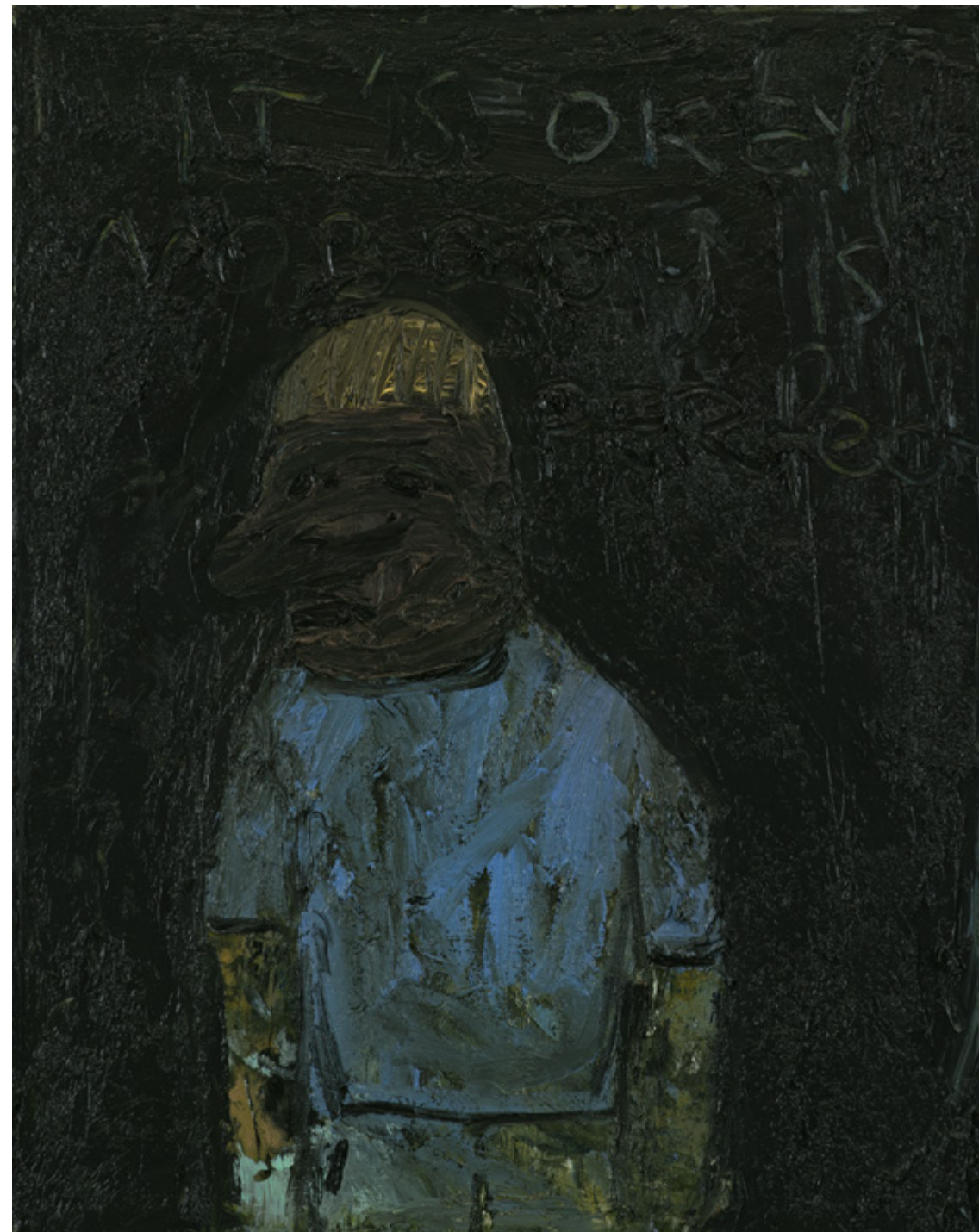




Dream

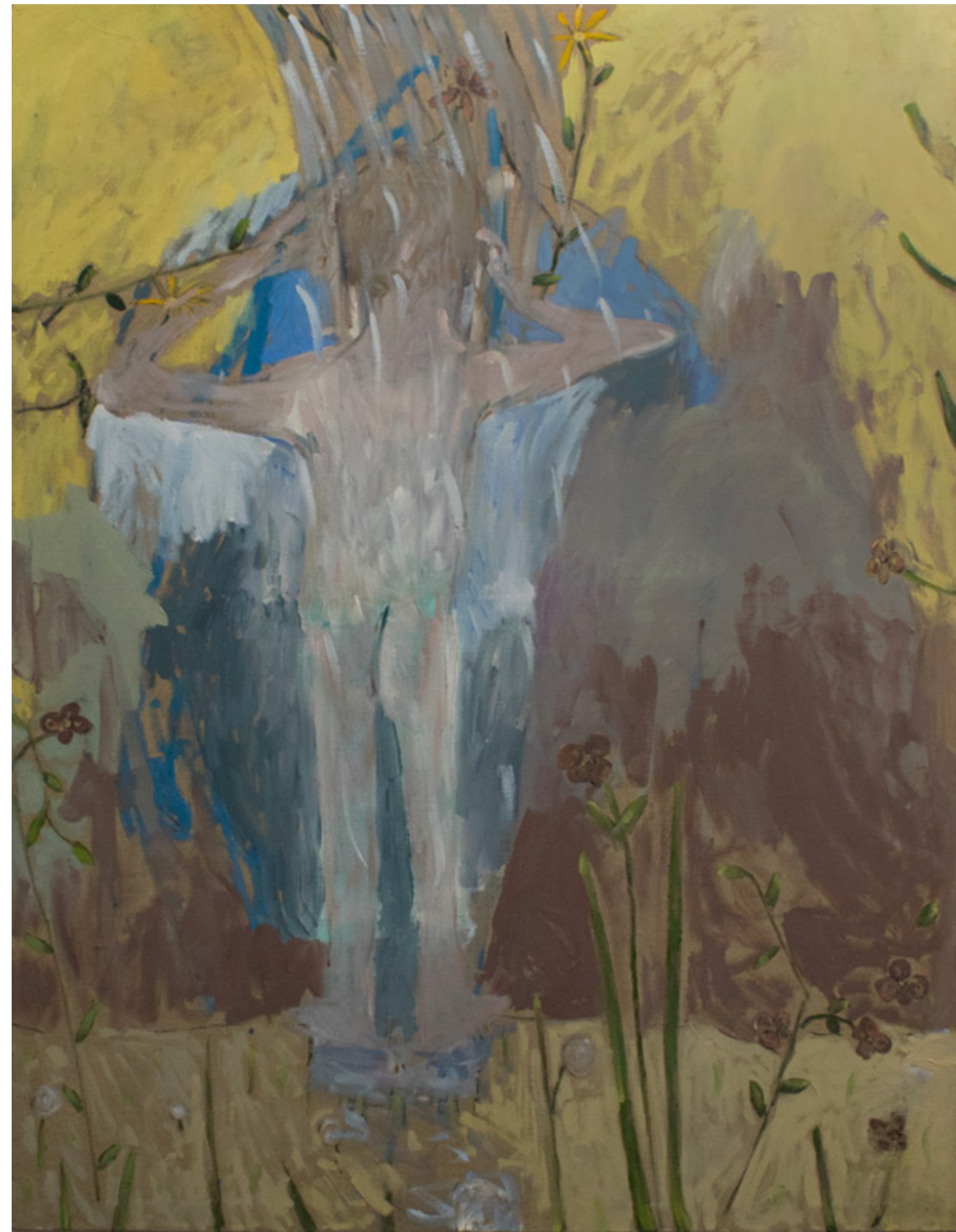
I dream,
I dream again,
something new,
~~something~~ the same,
~~another~~ dream
then another dream,
I think it is about...
the dream I was just dreaming.
I fall asleep,
litterly falling,
in my dreams,
lost in life,
waking up, and falling back to sleep...
again and again,
non stop,
seems forever
this dream.
Another dream,
about a dream,
I dreamed
when I was dreaming
again,
then again,
and again
nonstop and forever,
falling and sleeping
and dreaming into the day
who becomes night
again and again
~~and~~ and forever.

18.01.20





[38]



ADHD, 2019
45 x 32cm, oil on canvas

Summer Nights, 2019
165 x 126 cm, oil on linen

[39]



Under the Shower with Some Carrots and
Some Flowers, 2019
60 x 50 cm, oil, spray and oil pastel on linen

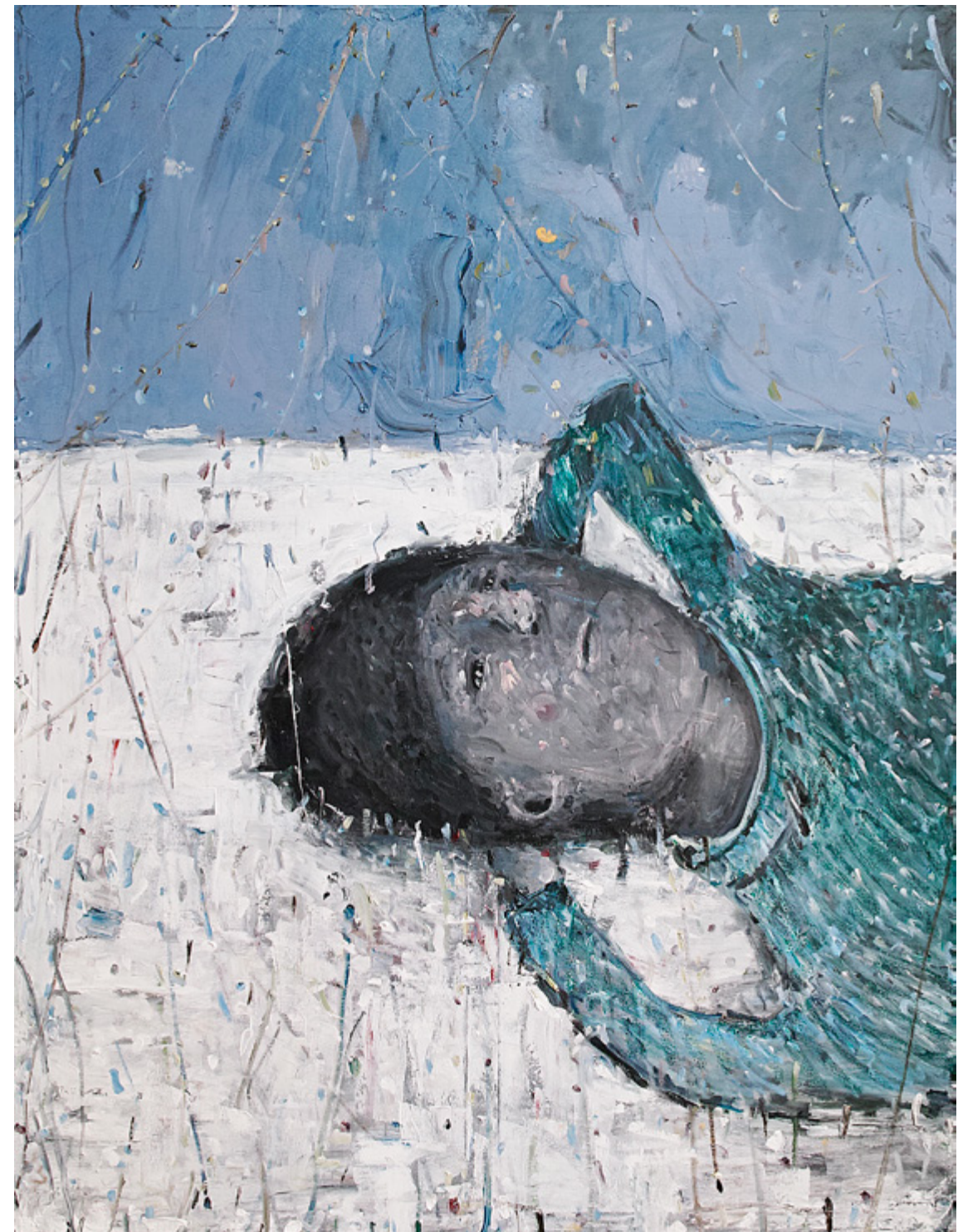


That's a Beautiful Cat, I Like Him He is Very
Relaxed, 2019
120 x 80 cm, oil on canvas



[42]

I Always Wanted to Fly so I Did
260 x 200 cm, oil, acrylic, spray on linen



[43]

New Planet, 2019
165 x 126 cm, oil on canvas



[44]

Flowers, Poppies and Other Plants, 2019
250 x 200 cm, oil on linen



[45]

Feeling Like a Brand New Person, 2019
220 x 195 cm, oil on linen



[46]

Fallen Soldier, 2020
190 x 155 cm, oil on canvas



[47]

Depressed but Kind of Happy, 2020
50 x 40 cm, oil on linen



[48]

Happiness You are Dead to Me, 2020
140 x 120 cm, oil on linen



[49]

Donald Junk, 2020
190 x 150 cm, oil and acrylic on canvas



[50]

Angle in Disguise, 2018
90 x 80 cm, oil on canvas



[51]

I Missed You so Much, 2019
190 x 180 cm, oil on linen



Slightly Unhappy Constantly, 2020
60 x 50 cm, acrylic on linen

I wrote a letter the other day
about a headache I have been with the last few days...
My last letter...
Dedicated to the headache,
I have been waking up with now,
few days in a row...

In the letter,
which is yellowish and rather thin,
no specific paper,
other than what it stands.

Word about my mind to you
words that do not lie,
words of my words,
words that have dwindled in your ~~absence~~ absence,
words I have written,
from morning to noon.

Thinking of the headache,
which I have been carrying with for few days,
possibly longer,
words about our first meeting...
and the last...

Words about the sky
and how blue he is and why,
words about the grass,
that pales when the autumn comes,
words about the summer,
and how the sun shines,
on the surface
of my memories of you,
words of melted ice,
frozen between the trees.

These are the words I have written,
about the black color...
That was once white.





[56]

Piano Concerto No. 21, 2020
170 x 140 cm, oil, acrylic and spray on canvas



[57]

Schubert, 2020
190 x 180 cm, oil on canvas



[58]

Confusion then Death, 2020
190 x 180 cm, oil, acrylic and spray on linen



[59]

Numb, 2019
185 x 140 cm, oil on linen



[60]

Conversation Over Cup of Tea, 2020
150 x 200 cm, oil, oilstick and acrylic on canvas



[61]

Your Dream is Dead, 2019
190 x 180 cm, oil on linen



[62]

The Mosh Pit, 2017
180 x 165 cm, oil and acrylic on linen



[63]

All Messed Up, 2018
63 x 50 cm, oil and acrylic on canvas



[64]

Untitled Everything, 2019
70 x 120 cm, oil on canvas



[65]

The Bathers, 2017
195 x 170 cm, oil, acrylic and
spray on canvas



Untitled, 2020
170 x 200 cm, oil, acrylic, spray
on unprimed canvas

I can relate, ~~to~~ ~~the~~
sometimes...

11.01.20



[69]

Foreigner Abroad, 2018
150 x 145 cm, oil and oil stick on canvas



[70] Wanda, 2019
165 x 125 cm, oil on canvas



[71] Safari, 2018
90 x 80 cm, oil on canvas



[72]

I am Sorry Waldo, 2017
50 x 50 cm, oil and acrylic on canvas



[73]

An Old Melody, 2017
50 x 50 cm, oil and acrylic on canvas



[74]

Hi My Name is Superman, 2018
100 x 85 cm, acrylic on canvas



[75]

Warm and Fuzzy Feelings, 2018
90 x 80 cm, oil and acrylic on canvas



[76]

Warm Bed on a Cold Morning
(self portrait), 2017
80 x 80 cm, oil on canvas



[77]

Heiti Potturinn, 2017
60 x 50 cm, acrylic on mdf



[78]

The Other Side of the Sky, 2019
170 x 195 cm, oil on linen



[79]

Palm Tree at Night, 2018
85 x 85 cm, oil and acrylic on canvas



[80]

Four Friends, 2013
 170 x 200 cm, oil and acrylic on canvas



[81]

Óli og Sörli, 2013
 200 x 200 cm, oil and acrylic on canvas



[82]

Simple Pleasures, 2017
170 x 210 cm, oil on linen



[83]

The Day the Horse Realized He Was a Hippo, 2014
100 x 90 cm, oil on canvas



The Resurrection of the Vulpes Vulpes, 2013
190 x 160 cm, acrylic on canvas

Oh beautiful Iceland, the progressive culture of the fry sauce.
Oh beautiful Iceland, vegan burgers, the diet of the atheist.

Oh my president, the man of the people, walks through the congress
in rainbow socks.
Oh beautiful Iceland, your- Mountain-ash is 100% interest
and short times loans.

Oh beautiful Iceland, where rapist shop in Bonus supermarket.
Oh beautiful Iceland, everybody ~~to the~~ to þjóðin.
Oh beautiful Iceland, summer has arrived but no sunshine.

Oh, beautiful Iceland, everybody with ADHD and fibromyalgia syndrome.

~~Oh beautiful Iceland, everybody with ADHD and fibromyalgia syndrome.~~
Oh beautiful Iceland, milk is good.

Oh beautiful Iceland, ~~men~~ manned by handball moms and drunks.

Oh beautiful Iceland, ~~men~~ attending in jeans at the
congress is a revolt.

Oh beautiful Iceland, beating in a pot with wooden ladle is called courage.
Oh beautiful Iceland, Secret Solstice and the neighbours complain.

Oh beautiful Iceland, soy coffee with fried moss.

Oh beautiful Iceland, funeral for teenagers.

Oh beautiful Iceland, don't light a cigarette with candle,
our sailors will die.

Ó fagra Ísland,
 hin framsækna menning kókkeilsósunar,
 veegan burgers , matameði trúleysingjanna,
 Ó forseti minn, meður alþýðang,
 fangur um þingið í regnbogasokkum og netabol,
 Ó fagra Ísland, regniviður þinn er
 100% vextingakeimtislaus, *Ó fagra Ísland*
 að fara í bókus og ~~matameði~~ *Ó fagra Ísland*
~~matameði~~ og ~~listanönnu~~ *Ó fagra Ísland*
 Ó fagra Ísland fróttu tími alheimsins,
 krútt ~~matameði~~ *Ó fagra Ísland*
~~matameði~~ *Ó fagra Ísland*
~~matameði~~
 að ~~matameði~~ *Ó fagra Ísland*
 Ó fagra Ísland, sukarið er komið en engin sól.
 Ó fagra Ísland, allir með add og veifjagilt.
~~matameði~~
~~matameði~~
 Ó fagra Ísland, hér drökka allir mjólk eins og afþéddir kálfar.
 Ó fagra Ísland, borgum listanönnu en enginn fær greitt.
 Ó fagra Ísland, sannað af vanboltanönnu og ~~matameði~~ *Ó fagra Ísland*
 Ó fagra Ísland, ~~matameði~~ *Ó fagra Ísland*
 Að berja á pott þangað til tré sleifinn drötnar er uppreisn.
 Ó fagra Ísland, secret solstice og nágrannar kvarta.
 Ó fagra Ísland, soja kaffi með steiktur moka.
~~matameði~~
 Ó fagra Ísland, jarðafarir unglings.
 Ó fagra Ísland, skki kvefja á sígarettu með kert, egðmannirnir okkar
 deyja.





[88]

Man and His Hole, 2018
120 x 80 cm, oil and acrylic on canvas



[89]

The Day Today, 2019
135 x 130 cm, Oil on linen



[90]

The Trip to Trinidad, 2014
100 x 90 cm, oil on canvas



[91]

Untitled Boat Piece, 2014
120 x 120 cm, oil on canvas



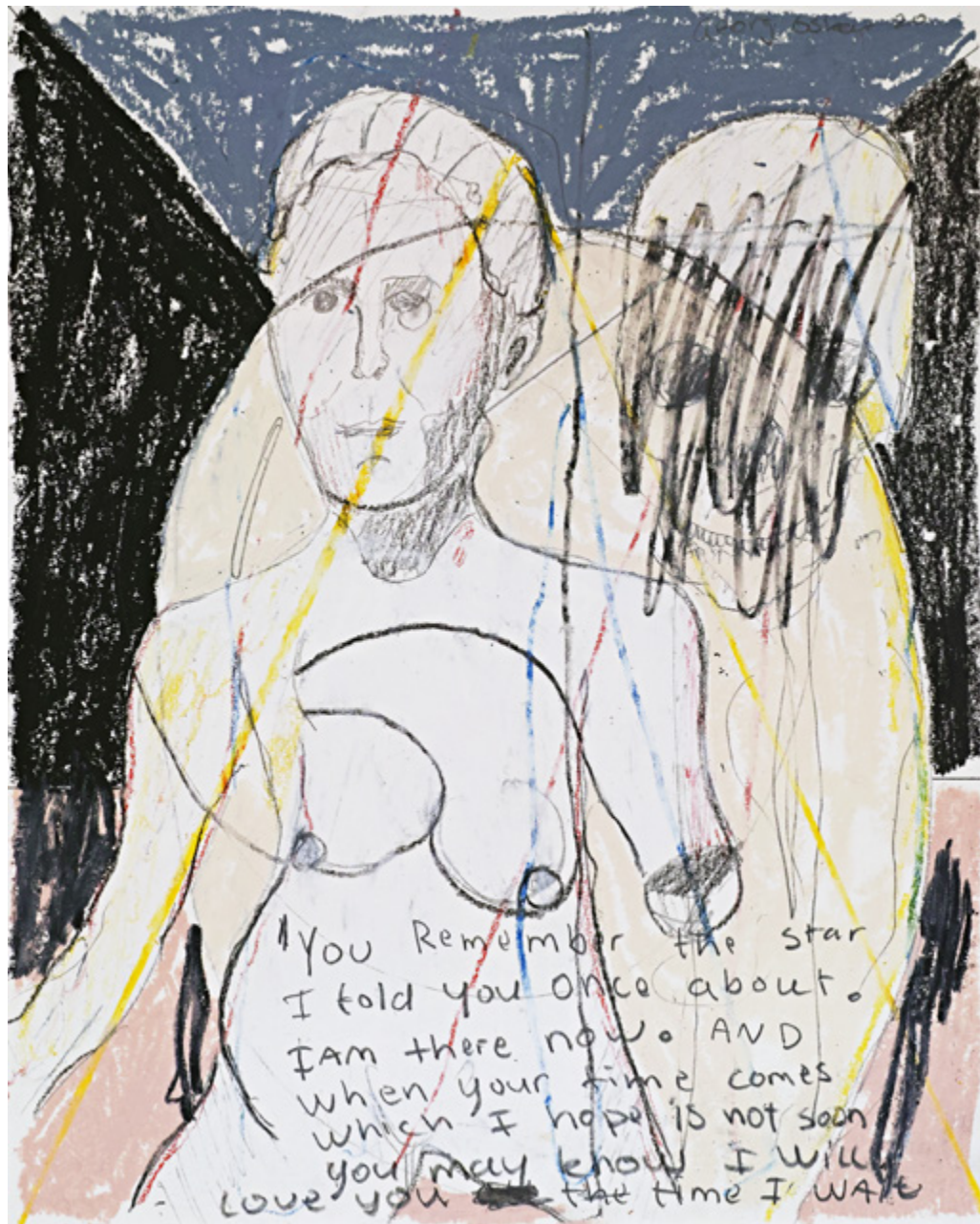




Mountain tops

I came across something the other day
it was strange, kind of odd
it was shiny, blue pearl, ~~something~~
I noticed I had fallen, but not until I had
both taken the fall and lay there for a while,
gray mountain tops ,
with out the cherry on top...
With out anything on top,
just mountain tops...
The clouds where just above my eyes,
not above the mountain tops...
you know.. like in life.
The blue pearl, on the other hand,
walked towards me and offer its hand,
I stood up...
We talked , we walked , laughed
it was very romantic, I felt in love
with a pearl,
which was blue, shiny, and very intelligent..
These days, me and my pearl,
walking and talking,
came to and end
with cherries on the mountain tops.





[102]

Untitled, 2020
30 x 24 cm, oil pastel on paper



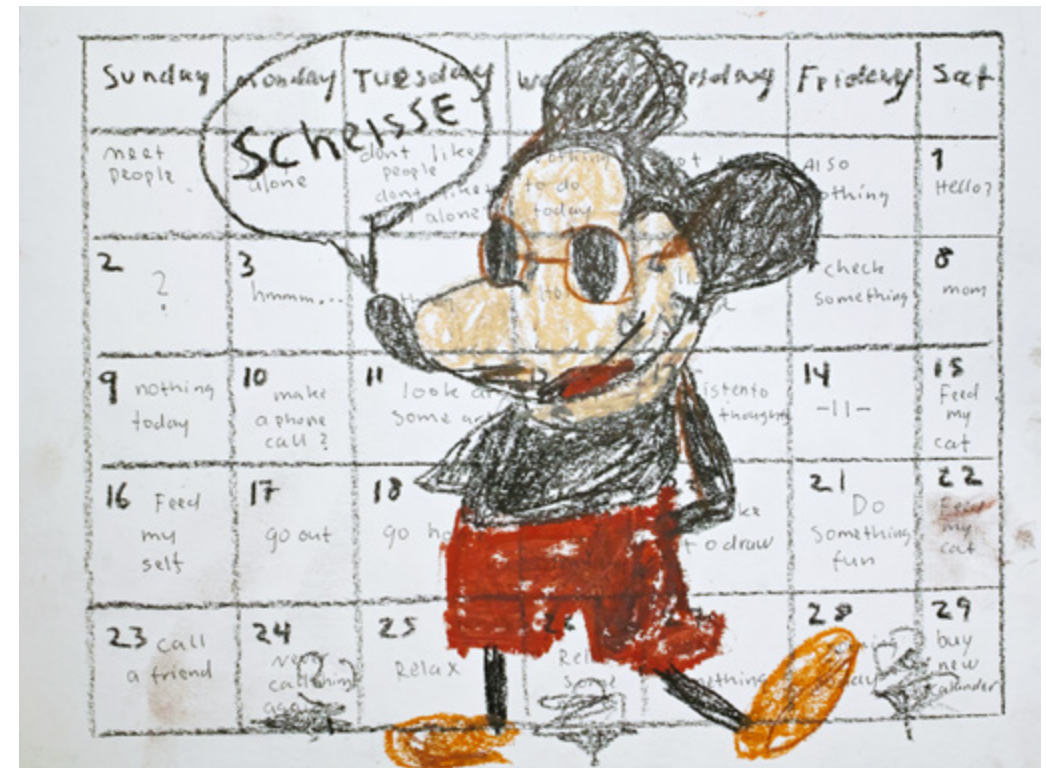
[103]

Untitled, 2020
30 x 24 cm, oil pastel on paper



[104]

Untitled, 2020
30 x 24 cm, oil pastel on paper



[105]

Mikki's Calander, 2020
30 x 24 cm, oil pastel on paper



[106]

No Super no Cry, 2019
40 x 30 cm, oil pastel on paper



[107]

Super Cool, 2019
40 x 30 cm, oil pastel on paper



[108]

Very Good Friends, 2020
30 x 24 cm, oil pastel on paper



[109]

Bubble man, 2020
30 x 24 cm, oil pastel on paper



[110]

Super Nice Sunset, 2019
40 x 30 cm, oil pastel on paper



[111]

Adam and the Apple Tree, 2020
30 x 24 cm, oil pastel on paper



[112]

Snooze You Loose, 2020
30 x 24 cm, oil pastel on paper



[113]

That's Amazing, Wow!, 2020
30 x 24 cm, oil pastel on paper



[114]

Big Man Covering My Moon, 2020
30 x 24 cm, oil pastel on paper



[115]

Gucci and Dolce, 2020
30 x 24 cm, oil pastel on paper



one day

Waiting for you to come,
wanting you to leave
only...
If you come back,
not sure when you do,
but one day would be good.

~~_____~~
~~_____~~
~~_____~~
~~_____~~
~~_____~~

18.01.20



[119]

Mikki Matisse, 2018
30 x 24 cm, oil and acrylic on paper



[120]

I Like You, 2018
30 x 24 cm, oil pastel on paper



[121]

MMmmmm, 2018
30 x 24 cm, oil pastel on paper





[124]

Absolut Climax, 2018
29,7 x 21 cm, oil pastel on paper



[125]

Untitled Girl, 2019
30 x 24 cm, oil pastel on paper



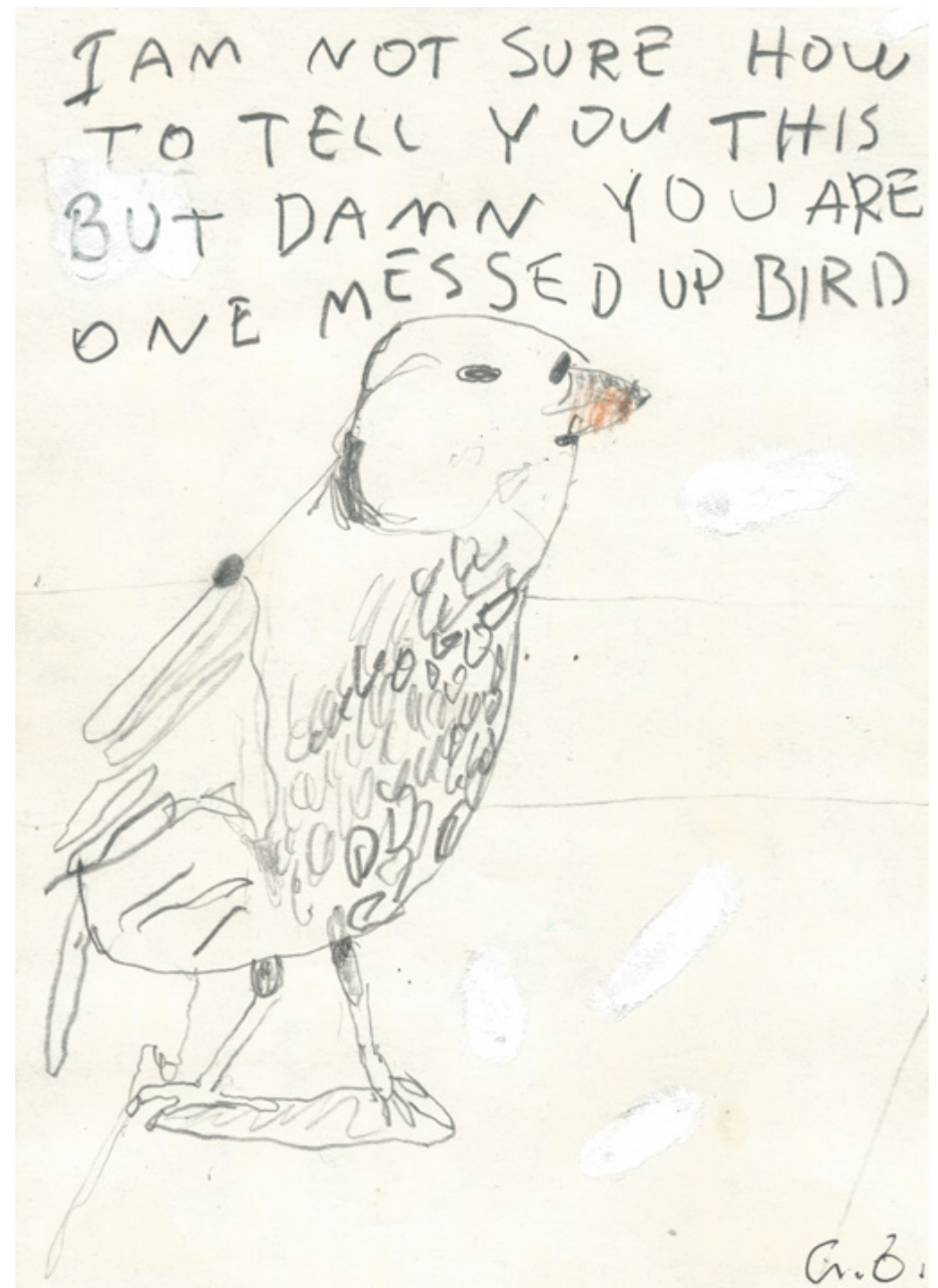
[126]

Study for the Mosh Pit, 2017
20,5 x 15 cm, Aquarelle on paper



[127]

Study for the Bathers, 2017
20,5 x 15 cm, Aquarelle on paper



Plenty of Nothing is Plenty for Me, 2019
18 x 28 cm, pencil on Vellum paper

Inbox 2, 2019 (next page)
18 x 28 cm, pencil, sketchbook and print
mounted on Vellum paper

Án titils

Térlö vann niður,
vanga minn...
Ég fangaði það,
og grét því eftur.

~~Térlö vann niður,~~

~~vanga minn...~~

~~Ég fangaði það,~~

~~og grét því eftur.~~

Tear ran down
my cheek

I swallow it
and wept it again.

PLENTY
OF
NOTHING

IS
PLENTY
FOR
ME

From Saturday night
until Monday morning,
I wonder, why the
sand is more light
when it's dry and
dark when it's wet.



I hear a sound, I am
not sure who wrote

Soon comes a day
~~that~~ ^{that} will be slightly
different. I look ~~at~~
at you like I never
seen ~~you~~ you before
But have ~~known~~ known
you for so long.

Pearlier Days

The Poet is a kinsman in the clouds

Who scoffs at archers, loves a stormy day;

But on the ground, among the hooting crowds,

He cannot walk, his wings are in the way

— Baudelaire

Sometimes I feel sad. It's true. I really do. Sometimes when I feel sad I'll look at a sad image and the sadness will fade. Sometimes the sadness stays. I do suspect the sadness that comes always stays. I simply changes form and sadness finds a hideaway. Somewhere it hides. Sneaking around in the subway of the mind, begging for mercy, trying to adapt to contentment, happiness, ecstasy and pride. Sometimes sadness puts on a happy face. Then sadness is not seen as sadness but the sadness inside others will recognize the inauthenticity of the smile, the jokes, the laughs. All the mimicry the sadness attempts to instill on the other mind, which he can't access except through the exchange of all emotions, honesty the gateway for them all. So we hide our eyes and show our teeth in a happy smile. I've been to nations where they giggle when they're nervous, I've been to nations where they laugh when they're afraid. These were areas of the world where sadness is not camouflaged by other emotions. They had no material for the happy cloak available in these areas of the world. So they laughed, but within them, they carried fear and nervous anguish that was not sad.

The other day I realized I have not been completely honest one second of my adult life. Not conclusively honest. Moments of honesty has appeared, but I soon learned that this honesty was better covered by dishonesty, because my honesty was not appealing. It made me bland, like I almost disappeared into a mist of ordinary ordinariness. I became like a mist made out of only mist, no poisonous gas inside the mist, nor any smoke inside the mist. The mist was just mist. And the mist was me. This made me feel less, both within, and as a living, breathing entity in the world. I even smelled of mist at one point in time. Mist has no smell. I don't think it has a smell. It might have one, but that would only be the reflection of the surroundings that is caught



White Flowers at the Funeral, 2020
60 x 70 cm, oil on canvas

up in the mist. To feel like mist is to sneak in and sneak out, from dreams to reality, from room to room, space to space, slithering like mist. With no trace and no impact. I don't feel like mist these days. Sometimes I do find the world absurd. Like it's swallowing me, not physically, but spiritually. My spirit is dragged out of my mouth into this hole where everything is upside down, inverted, discolored, weird. Then I just breathe slowly. Sometimes when I breathe slowly like this because the world is too absurd I wish that I could make something right there and then. To somehow create something out of the applesauce I'm in.

At some point I started enjoying ugly music. I also enjoyed creating meaningless drawings while I listened to this music. Somehow it comforted me, because inside I felt ugly and sometimes even that life had no meaning. I don't think I was totally wrong. Life might have no meaning at all. It might be meaningless. And the only way to find meaning is to accept meaninglessness and fill it with something like hope. I don't trust hope. I think hope is very much a word we use when we're not able to hide our sadness with happiness, unconcealed by a smile. I think hope is dishonest. I do feel it's a waste of time. So I don't want to say anything more about hope. But the drawings I made were not ugly, they were bad, really bad. And I knew that this was my pure authentic output, that anything else I would do would be a cover up for the badness and sadness of my mind. I would cover it up with complicated thoughts, which I was able to express through delicate sentences, a little bit like I'm doing now. I would cover up the badness and sadness. Throw away the obnoxious ball pen drawings, the sad poems, turn off the ugly music before anyone else would come into the room. And then I would become mist or something more akin to fog. In silence.

Sometimes you have experiences that you would like to be without. They define you in a way that is hard to accept. They stay with you and return eternally seemingly. You feel like if you could remove these errors from your lifeline you would be safer. You would be able to be completely pure. Instead you look closer at these errors. You refine them. Maturity has forced you to confront the ugliness of your life. As you fill canvas after canvas, void after void, with erroneous content suddenly an eerie feeling of ease enters the space behind your eyes. All the

bad drawings, dishonesty, ugly music, sad feelings and false hope evaporates. Through the mud of anguish you sense a pure force slowly revealing itself through the cracks of the canvas which is your life. For the first time in your life you have the choice between naivety and cynicism. Between pearl and mica. You choose neither. You choose the choice.

I stand on the pier looking into the water. The orange light from the sunset is hitting the dark blue waves of the sea. The wind is giving me goosebumps. I'm afraid of the water and I dread the wind. The orange light and the deep blue waves reflecting this light amplifies the dread inside. This dread is a sandwich of sadness reflected in the goosebumps, the wind, the waves, the beauty of the world striking the ugliness of me. It's telling me; you are warped, you don't belong here, you are not one entity in the whole of many. I take a step, my toes hits the water, then the water cloaks my whole being. The waves and me are one. The goosebumps exchanged with shivers which dances with the waves. No wind. The mist I was has evaporated and become flesh in water urging for wind and air. I can see myself walking up the ladder to the pier preparing myself for another dive. I underneath the water emptying my nausea into the sea. All your dreams are over now, my mind tells me, and somehow I find hope in that thought.

The angel asks the ghost of the child what she liked the best in life. The child says: pajamas.

浑浊的日子

诗人啊就好像这位云中之君，
出没于暴风雨，敢把弓手笑看；
一旦落地，就被嘘声围得紧紧，
长羽大翼，反而使它步履艰难。

——波德莱尔《信天翁》

有时我感到悲伤,这是真的。我真的这么觉得。当我感到悲伤时,我会看着悲伤的画面,悲伤就会消失……有些时候,悲伤会停留在那儿一段时间,使我怀疑悲伤会永远停留……我会让自己换一种状态,让悲伤找到一个藏身之处,让它在某个角落隐藏,让它在头脑中一个更隐蔽的地方乞求怜悯,让它在心灵的地铁里闲逛,努力蜕变成知足,幸福,狂喜和骄傲。有时悲伤会带着幸福的表情,但是它会被他人内心的悲伤从微笑中识别出来,那些笑话、笑声是不真实的。所有的悲伤都试图以某种方式得到对方的回应,但它只能通过情感的交换才能进入对方,因为真诚才是所有情感的门户。我们因此而遮住了眼睛,露出看似幸福的微笑……我去过一些地方,那里的人在紧张的时候会发出咯咯的笑声,还有一些国家的人在害怕时会大笑的国家,这些文明中是没有其他情绪可以用来掩饰悲伤的,人们没有办法带上快乐的假面具。他们笑着内心却充满了恐惧和紧张痛苦,而这并非悲伤。

有一天,我意识到我成年后从来没有完全诚实过,没有彻底地诚实过。当真诚的时刻到来时,我发现真诚很快被不诚实掩盖,因为我的真诚没有足够的吸引力。它使我显得平庸乏味,就像我被笼罩在平凡的薄雾中。我变成了稀薄的、虚无的雾,没有任何成分。这稀薄的感觉使我无论是内在的,还是作为一个活生生的实体都感到虚无。某一时刻我似乎闻到了雾的味道,雾本身是没有气味的。但它也许是有味道的,那气味或许是被困在雾中的环境的反射。感觉那雾能偷偷地在梦境与现实之间溜进溜出,从一个房间到另一个房间,从一个空间到另一个空间,像雾一样滑行、弥散。没有痕迹,也对真实的世界没有任何影响。有时候我真的觉得这个世界很荒谬。就像它在吞噬我,不是肉体上,而是精神上的吞噬。我的灵魂从我的嘴里被拽出,进入这个洞里,所有的东西都是颠倒的、倒立的、褪色的、怪异的。我慢慢地呼吸,有时候,当我像这样缓慢地呼吸,体验着这种荒谬,我希望我能立即创做些什么,拿我这种模糊不清的,稀粥般的状态来做点什么…

从某个时候开始,我开始欣赏难听的、通俗的音乐。我喜欢一边听着这些音乐一边画一些毫无意义的画。这使我感到安慰,因为内心深处我觉得所谓丑

陋和生活本身都没有什么意义。我并不认为我完全错了,生活可能根本就毫无意义的。而找到意义的唯一方法就是接受无意义,也许应该用希望之类的东西去填充它,但我也相信希望。我认为,当我们无法用幸福掩饰自己的悲伤时,希望只不过就是我们要用的一个词儿,不必用微笑来掩盖了。“希望”这个东西是不诚实的。我确实觉得这是浪费时间,所以我不想再讲希望了。我画的画并不难看,但是它们看起来很糟糕。我知道这是我真实的创作成果,我所做的任何其他的事情都是为了掩盖我内心的邪恶和悲伤。我会用复杂的思想去掩盖它们,用精致的句子来表达这些思想,有点像我现在所做的。我要在其他人进入房间之前关掉这难听的音乐,掩盖住我的罪恶和悲伤,扔掉讨厌的圆珠笔画,悲伤的诗歌。然后默默的变成了薄雾或者类似于薄雾的东西。

有时候你会有一些你不想要的经历,它们以一种难以接受的方式定义你,它们捆绑着你。假如能从你的生命线上删除这些错误的经历你会更安全,你就能完全纯净。但如果你不能删除它们,你就得仔细研究这些错误,并且完善它们。成熟迫使你直面生活的丑陋。当你填满一张又一张画布,一抹又一抹空白时,一种怪异的安逸感突然进入你的眼底。所有糟糕的绘画、不诚实、丑陋的音乐、悲伤的感情和虚假的希望都忽然之间蒸发了。在痛苦的泥沼中,你感觉到一种纯粹的力量慢慢地从画布的缝隙间显露出来,画布忽然之间就成了你的生命。你人生中第一次在天真和玩世不恭之间做出选择。在珍珠和云母之间无从选择,你选择了这种选择的时刻。

我站在栈桥上望着水。夕阳的橙色光芒照射在深蓝色的海浪上。风吹得我起了鸡皮疙瘩。我害怕这水,也害怕这风。橙色的光和深蓝色的水波放大了我内心的恐惧。恐惧是一种悲伤的三明治,它投射出鸡皮疙瘩,这风和海浪,世界的美丽使我的丑陋相形见绌。它告诉我; 你被扭曲了,你不属于这里,你不是众多实体中的一个。我向前走了一步,我的脚趾碰到了海水,然后水把我整个人都淹没了。海浪和我融为一体。鸡皮疙瘩交换着颤抖,随着波浪跳舞。没有风了。曾经的薄雾也已经蒸发了,变成了海水中的肉身,在催促着风和空气进入。我能看到自己爬上梯子,爬回栈桥上准备再次潜入水中,我在水下把我的憎恶排入大海。我的意识告诉我,所有的梦想现在都结束了,不知怎么的,我找到了希望。

天使问孩子的鬼魂,在人世间的生活中她最喜欢的是什么。孩子说: 睡衣。

Georg Óskar Giannakoudakis
Born in 1985, Akureyri, Iceland.

EDUCATION

2014-2016
MFA, Bergen Academy of Art
and Design, Bergen, Norway

2007-2009
Diploma, Akureyri School of
Visual Art, Akureyri, Iceland

2007-2008
Lahti Polytechnic of Fine Arts,
Lahti, Finland

SELECTED SOLO EXHIBITIONS

2020
Your dream is dead, Noplace, Oslo,
Norway

Plenty of nothing, Migrant Bird
Space, Berlin, Germany
(Duo show with Yafei Qi)

2019
Untitled Everything, Richard Koh
Fine Arts, Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia
I felt bad, but I feel a little bit better
now, Abject Gallery, Newcastle,
England

2018
The living room at home, Alpýðu-
húsið á Siglufirði, Iceland
Notes from underground, EXCAVO
Fine Arts at Central Studios, London,
Canada

2017
Jón Óskar & Georg Óskar, Tveir
Hrafnar Gallery, Reykjavík, Iceland
Appetite for midnight, Tveir Hrafnar
Gallery, Reykjavík, Iceland
Be-Four, Akureyri Art Museum,
Iceland

2016
Dallas City, Berg Culture House,
Dalvík, Iceland

2015
Lust for life, SÍM, Reykjavík, Iceland

2014
Mjólkurbúðin, Akureyri, Iceland

2013
Reykjavík Art Gallerý, Reykjavík,
Iceland
Salur Myndlistafélagsins, Akureyri,
Iceland

2010

Debussy, Populus Tremula,
Akureyri, Iceland

GROUP EXHIBITIONS

2019
Ouverture, Altro Mondo Creative
Space, Manila, Philippines

2018
Contemporary Chaos, Vestfossen
Museum, Norway
Akureyri Art Museum. Akureyri,
Iceland
Gallery Tsjalling, Groningen,
Netherlands

2017
Accessing the memory, I: Project
Space, Beijing, China

2016
HEX, Bergen Kunsthalle, Bergen,
Norway

GRANT

2020
Myndlistasjóður, Reykjavík, Iceland
Muggur traveling grant, Reykjavík
Iceland

2016
Grant for newly graduated artist,
Arts council Norway

Your dream is dead
Georg Óskar Giannakoudakis

This catalogue is published on occasion
of the exhibition »Plenty of nothing«
at Migrant Bird Space Berlin, September–
November 2020

Editor
Lu Mei

Authors
Dr. Eva Morawietz
Kristian Skylstad

Design
Mao Siyu

Translations
Lu Mei
William White

Repro
Kristian Skylstad

Project management
Kerber Verlag
Lydia Fuchs

Production
Kerber Verlag
Jens Bartneck

Printed and published by
Kerber Verlag
Windelsbleicher Str. 166–170
33659 Bielefeld
Germany
+49 521 950 08 10
+49 521 950 08 88 (F)
info@kerberverlag.com
kerberverlag.com

Migrant Bird Space
Koppenplatz 5
10115 Berlin, Germany
www.migrantbirdspace.com

Kerber publications are distributed
worldwide:

ACC Art Books
Sandy Lane
Old Martlesham
Woodbridge, IP12 4SD
UK
+44 1394 38 99 50
+44 1394 38 99 99 (F)
accartbooks.com

Artbook | D.A.P.
75 Broad Street, Suite 630
New York, NY 10004
USA
+1 212 627 19 99
+1 212 627 94 84 (F)
artbook.com

AVA Distribution / Scheidegger
Obere Bahnhofstr. 10A
8910 Affoltern am Albis
Switzerland
+41 44 762 42 41
+41 44 762 42 49 (F)
avainfo@ava.ch

KNV Zeitfracht
Distribution
kerber-verlag@knv-zeitfracht.de

The Deutsche Nationalbibliothek lists this
publication in the Deutsche Nationalbiblio-
grafie: dnb.de.

© 2020 Kerber Verlag, Bielefeld/Berlin,
Migrant Birds Art Management GmbH,
Georg Óskar Giannakoudakis and authors

All rights reserved. No part of this publication
may be reproduced, translated, or stored
in a retrieval system or transmitted in any
form or by any means, electronic, mechanical,
photocopying, recording, or otherwise,
without the prior permission of the publisher
in writing.

ISBN 978-3-7356-0743-0

www.kerberverlag.com

Printed in Germany

Georg Oskar's painting is marked by its playfulness, unflinching honesty and use of metaphor. As a seasoned observer of his unrestrained, often grotesque creative style, we could rate him as a more down-to-earth painter than his peers. A radically original structure governs his painting, poetry and musical output, three idioms which he fuses to imbue his canvas with an entirely new sense of mass and physicality.

Georg Oskar 的画作呈现了包括戏谑的、直率的、隐喻的多种显著的关于生活题材的风格特征。基于对这类相对自由的、怪诞的创作特征之持续观察，他的绘画在同辈作品中显得更为素朴。从他在绘画、诗歌以及音乐表达中都可见到一种激进的新颖结构，而这三种艺术语言的综合更体现了一种绘画全新的质量与形体。