

Okahau Still

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Vita:

- 1996 - geboren in Mariánské Lázně (CZ)
- 2016 - Abitur, Gymnasium Christian Ertnestinum, Bayreuth
- 2016 - 2017 Otto-Friedrich Universität, Bamberg
- 2017 - Akademie der Bildenden Künste, Nürnberg

Ausstellungen:

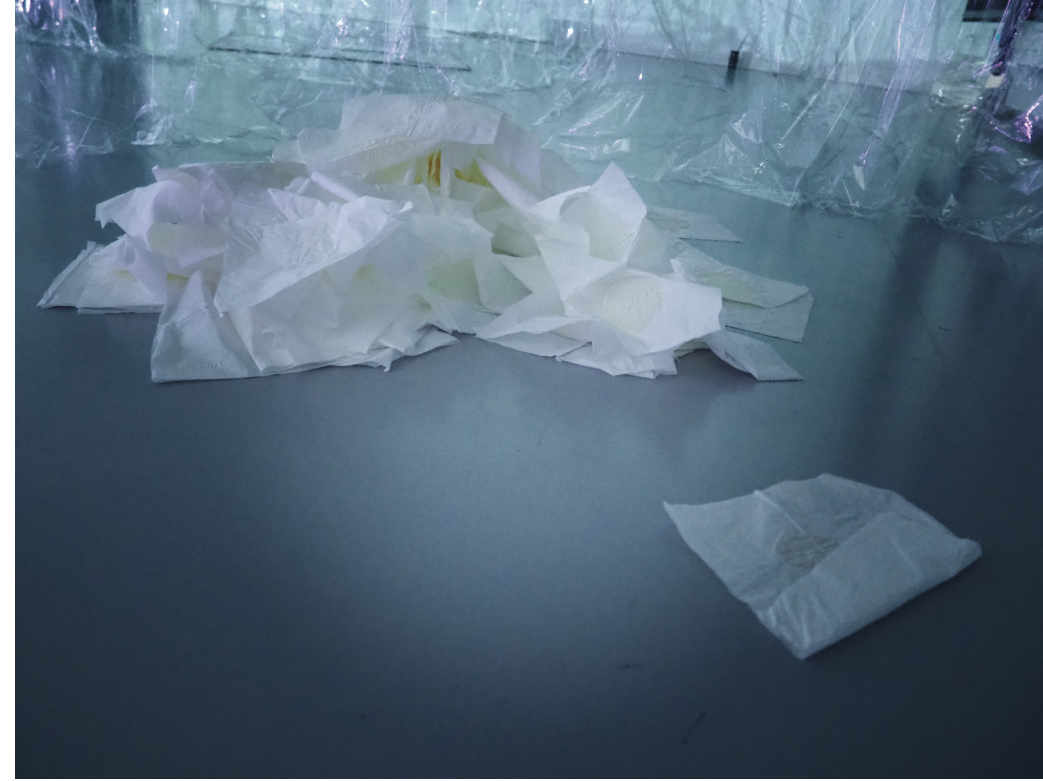
- 2013 - Chebské Dvorky (Gruppenausstellung)
- 2016 - Mein Inneres, Äußeres und Inspiration, Bayreuth
- 2018 - 22 Candles, Performing Entities Symposium, AdBK Nürnberg
Miloš, Tanz-Rapid, Tafelhalle, Nürnberg
Jahresausstellung, AdBK Nürnberg
Dipol, THUNDERDOME, Akademie Galerie auf AEG, Nürnberg
- 2019 - Liminale, Z-Bau, Nürnberg

Giorgio

Rauminstallation, Videoprojektion, Sound, versch. Objekte, 8/6/3m, 2018

Pay me, Giorgio Vasari...

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Dipol

Performance mit Hannah Gottsmann, 50 Minuten, 2018





ANIMAL

Video, 4:25 Minuten, 2018



It's raining and it's a warm summer night.
I wake up in the middle of the night. My eyes are wide open.
I roll over in the bed to him. I look at him. I slightly touch his shoulder.
He's asleep. I look through the window and see the sky full of stars.
I go outside and light up a cigarette. I take a hit and walk slowly to the railing and lean onto it.
I look at him and take another hit. I tilt my head backwards and watch the stars.
The smoke comes out of my mouth slowly towards the sky.

I'm walking down the street on that evening. There are bars everywhere, filled with people laughing and talking. I'm alone and just walking around. I'm not smiling.
Then I see you, standing at the end of the street. It's like looking into the mirror.

We are holding hands, smiling and talking.
We are riding rollercoaster, eating cotton candy, taking pictures in photoboots.
I'm introducing you to my friends and you me to yours.
We walk on a beach, we ride a cabrio with sunglasses on.

I look at you through the window. You are still sleeping. I turn around and look towards the city lights.
I smoke my cigarette and close my eyes.

There are glasses slowly falling. Empty bottles of wine being smashed onto the ground.
You are yelling and I'm too. I'm crying. You are packing your stuff and leaving.
I slowly slide down to the ground and hold my face in tears.

I'm standing on the balcony and looking towards the bed. It's empty. I take the last hit of the cigarette and put it out. I slowly go back to bed and lay down.

I'm walking through the streets alone, I'm riding a rollercoaster, I'm eating cotton candy. I'm taking photos in photoboots. I'm with my friends.
I'm walking on a beach and riding a cabrio wearing sunglasses.

I'm laying in my bed alone and watching the stars through the window.

I close my eyes.

Holz

Video, 10 Minuten, 2018



MILOŠ

Performance, 13 Minuten, Tafelhalle Nürnberg, 2018



Frigide Emanzen

Nationalstolz

Polka

Škoda lásky

Fotze

Nutten

Putin



ARTHUR

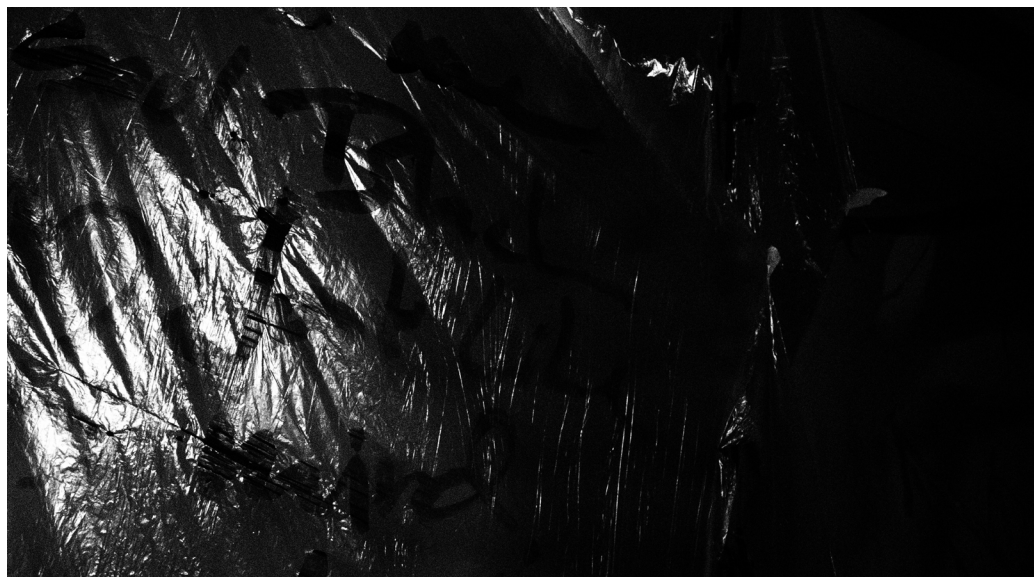
Rauminstallation, Folien, Flaschen, Videoprojektion, Sound, 8/6/3m, 2018

Who is Arthur?
Who is me?
Who am I?
Am I Arthur?
How the fuck should I know?



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Arthur reminds me
of an angel.
Of a fallen one.
Of an angel, who was
too bad for heaven
and too good for hell.
He was both,
an angel and a demon.

otakar skala

Once Arthur asked me:
„Are you aware of yourself, being yourself?”.
I answered, : „No, are you?”.
He said, : „No.”.



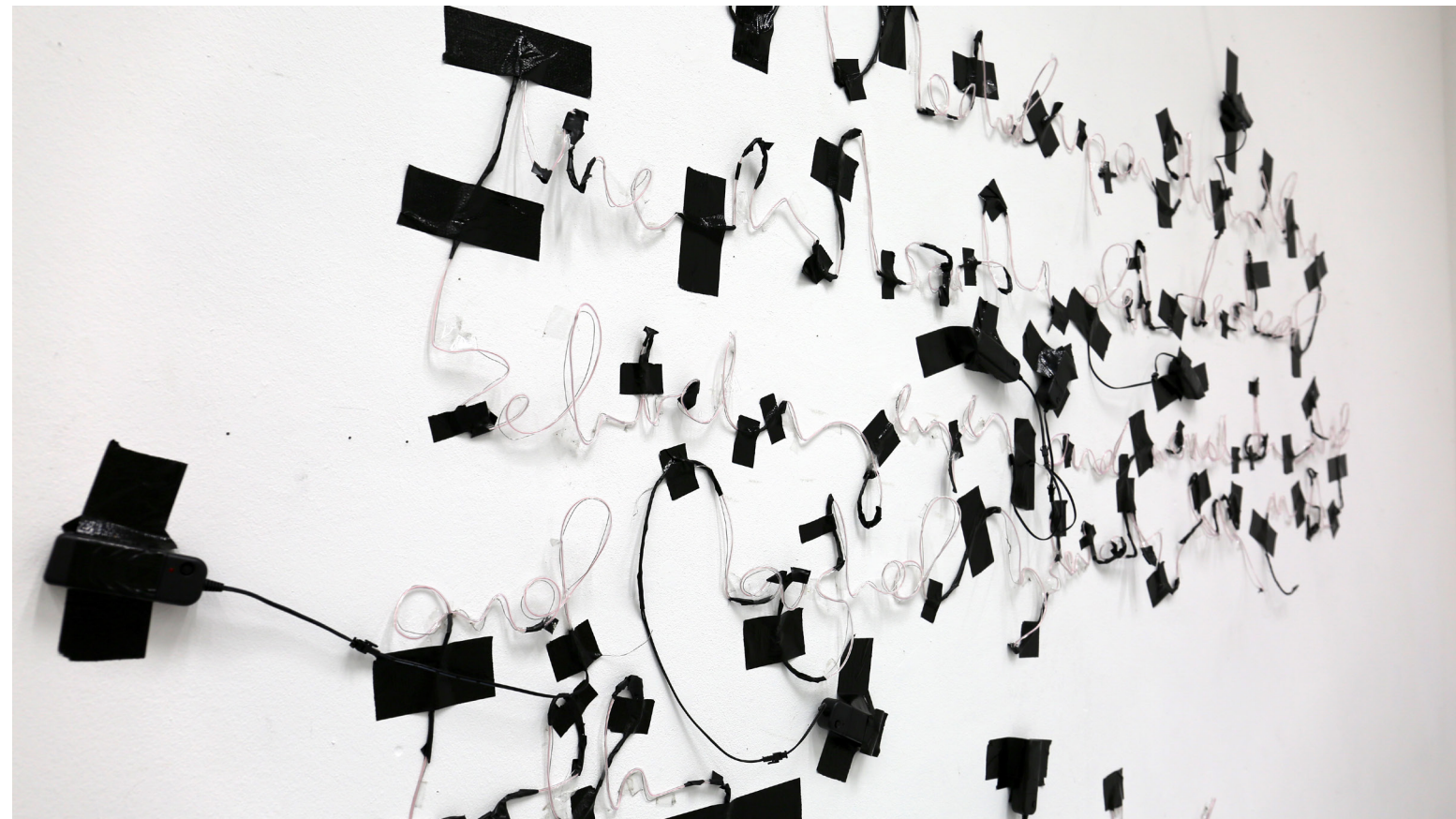
NEON

Neon-schnur, Draht, Klebeband, ca 3/3m und 3/1.5m, 2018

And as I looked upon the world we
live in, I saw the devil. He stood
behind my eyes and waved. He smiled
and laughed hysterically, telling me the
truth.

...

Later on, I smoked a cigarette and
drank a bottle of red wine and
he was gone, together with the truth.

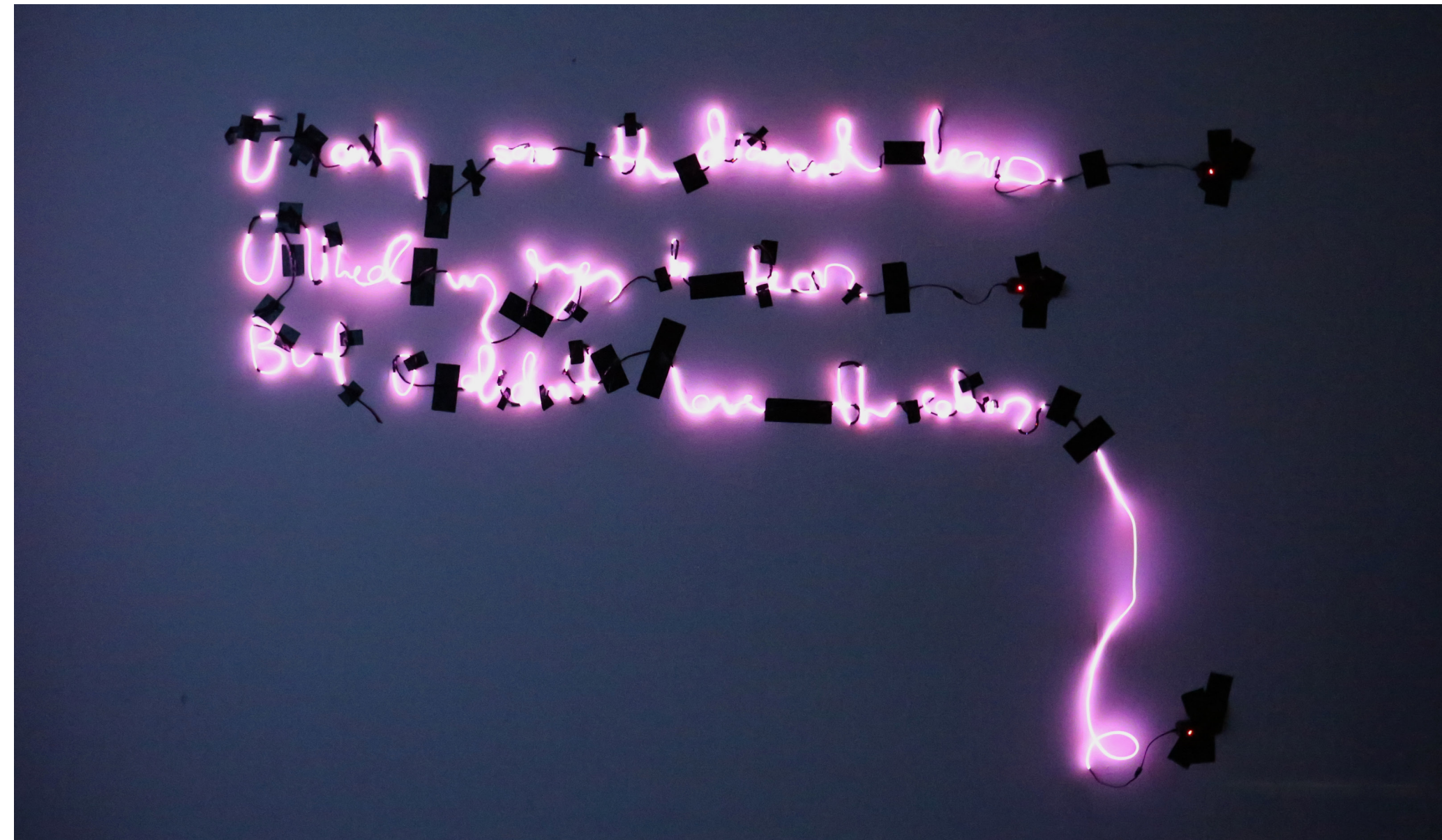
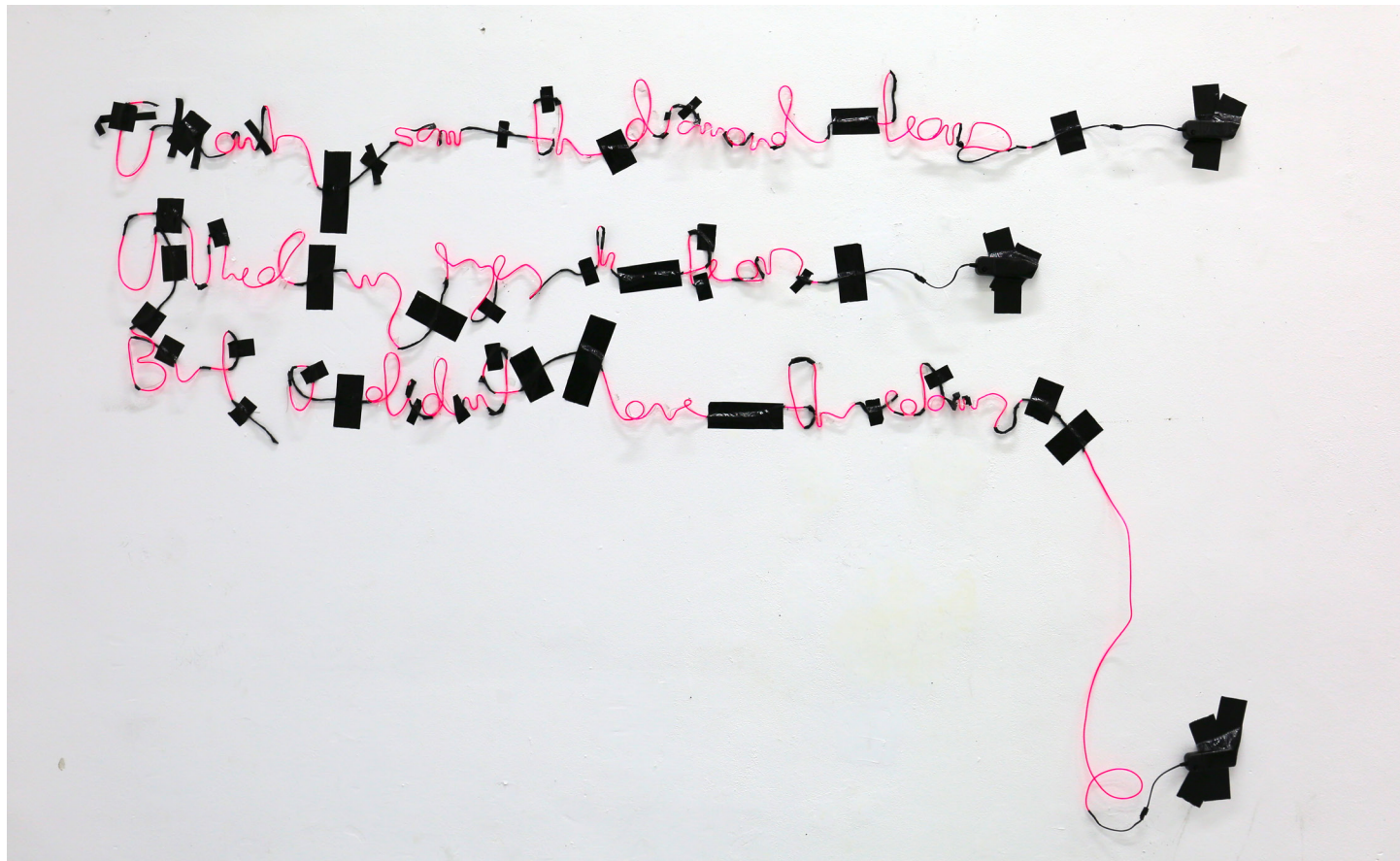


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Ů only saw the diamonds tears.
Ů liked my eyes in tears.
But ů didn't love the colours. -----



22 CANDLES

Performance, 12 Minuten, 2017

I slowly write directions with black color onto my body in 3 different languages.
When the process approaches the end, I will blow out all the candles.



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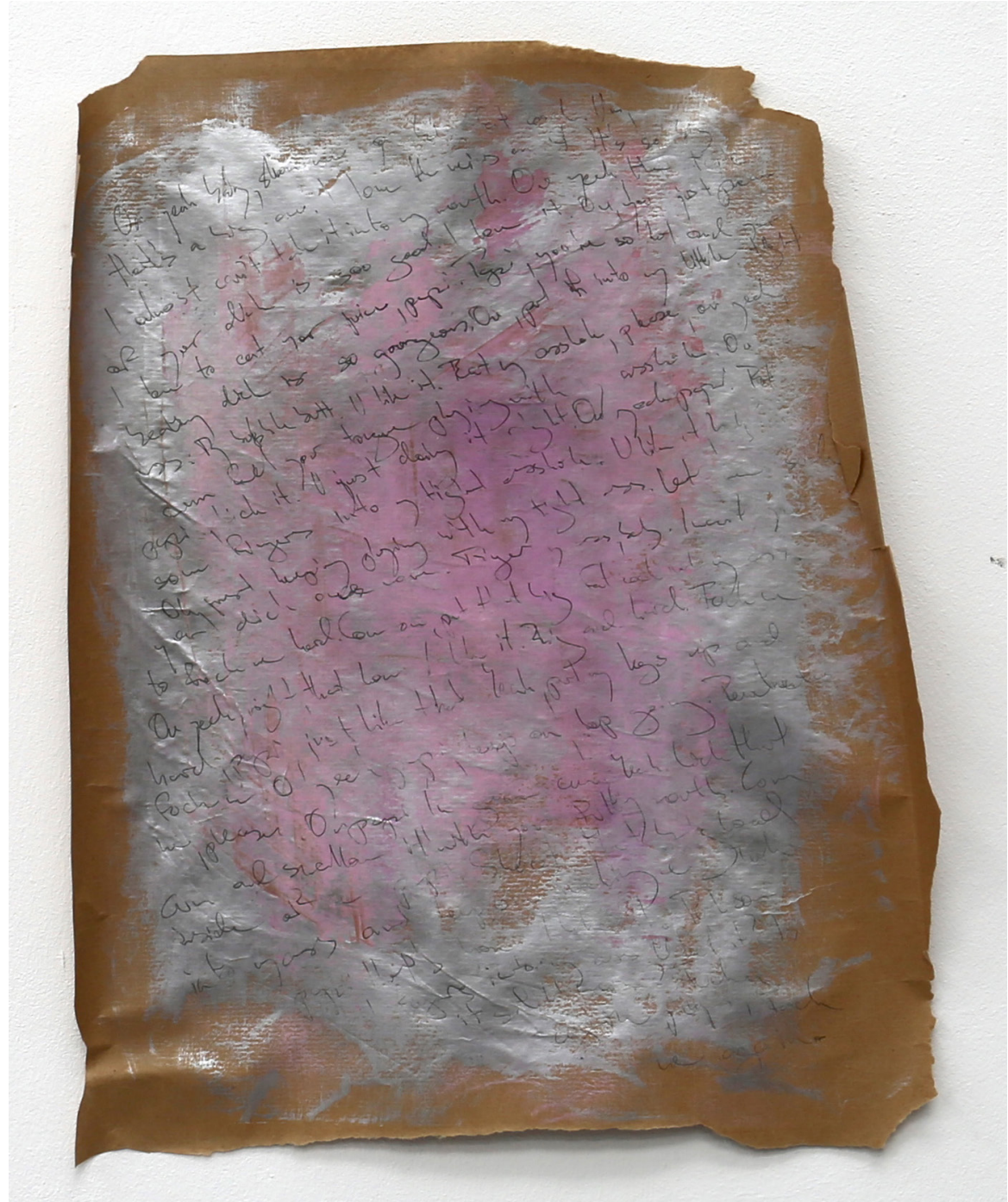
PAINTINGS

I looked at myself and thought about it.
I thought about it a lot.
Every night I sat there with a bottle of wine and drew and painted myself.
But I never got the real portrait of myself.
The more I tried, the more I just ripped off a piece of paper,
the more I thought the true portrait would come to my mind.
But it never did.
It never will.

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All the lovers
Acryl und Kohle auf Papier
50/75cm

Bitch, lying on a bed
Acryl, Tusche, Vaseline und Kohle auf Papier
90/100cm

Autoportrait
Acryl, Tusche, Vaseline und Kohle auf Papier
50/70cm

In between
Acryl, Kohle und Vaseline auf Papier
50/70cm

Lovetext
Acryl und Stift auf Papier
50/55cm

Artist at Work II
Acryl auf Papier
100/100cm

Melodrama
Acryl, Tusche, Blattgold und Stift auf Papier
90/100cm

All the shit...
Acryl, Kohle, Tusche und Pigment auf Papier
50/70cm

All the lovers RELOADED
Acryl und Tusche auf Papier
55/60cm

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