

## Oskar's Closet

*No Wind Can Blow Us Down*

Yossi Milo Gallery

525 W. 25th St., New York, NY 10001

October 25, 2007 - November 24, 2007

Made up of awkwardly scribbled pen and ink marks, Oskar Korsár's drawings build a seductively compulsive labyrinth of a young man's psyche, both touching and comic in its sincerity.



His loves and insecurities, the skeletons in his closet, seem to spill off the page as the thin, nerdy girls who populate his fantasies and fairy tales embody an awkward tenderness that falls somewhere between fetishistic and empathic.

The second thoughts and corrections in the drawings- pieces of paper glued here and there- bring an awkward humility to the finished work, echoing that of Korsár's boney heroines. It could be just another outsider ruse, but it doesn't feel like it: his references –Gauguin, Popeye, Tupac- make it clear he's having good boyish fun and not just trying to play dumb. He's smart, simple and nutty and that honesty makes you glad to be invited into his fairy tale closet.

Keith Miller



(\*Images, from top to bottom: *Luggage (The new beginning at the end.)*, 2007, ink on paper, Copyright Oskar Korsár, Courtesy Yossi Milo Gallery, New York. Oskar Korsár, *Holiday at the Graveyard*, 2007, ink on paper, Copyright Oskar Korsár, Courtesy Yossi Milo Gallery, New York; Yossi Milo Gallery, *No Wind Can Blow Us Down*, 2007, ink on paper, Copyright Oskar Korsár, Courtesy Yossi Milo Gallery, New York.)

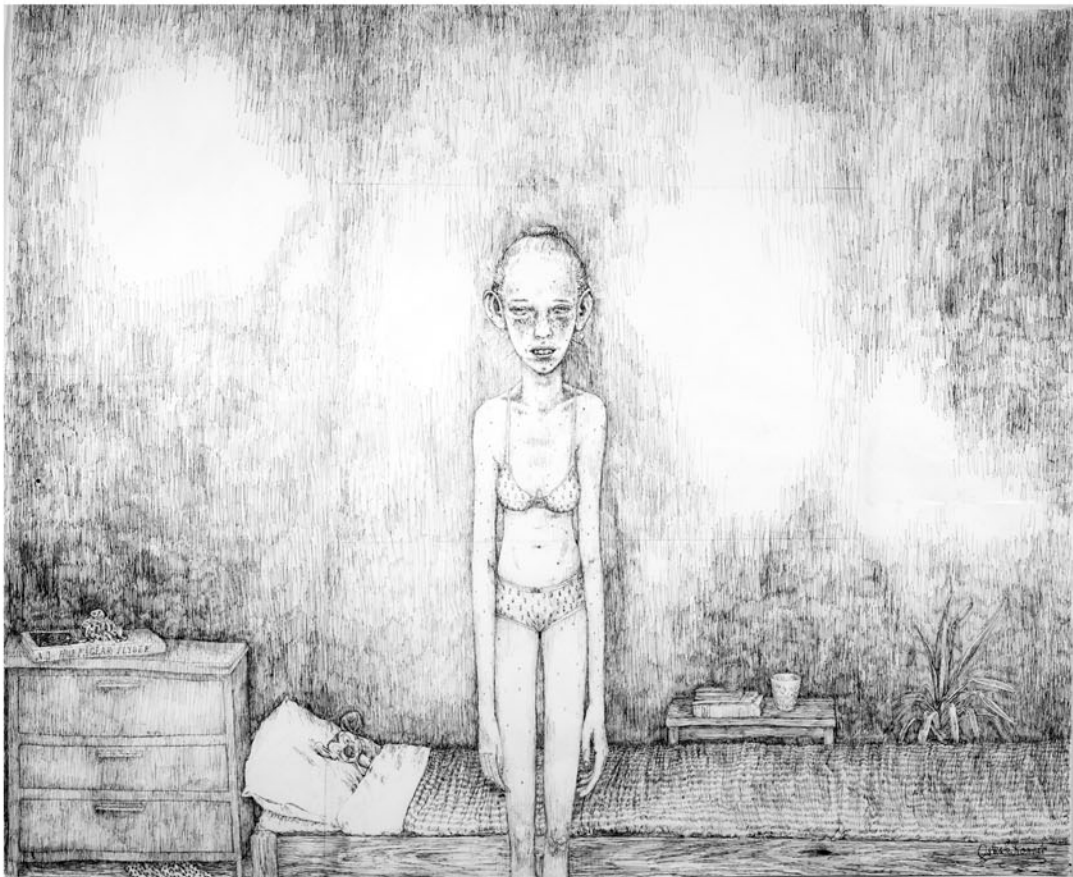
## New York Magazine Arts & Events

10/26/07

Art Candy

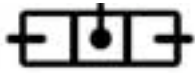
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### Swedish Artist Oskar Korsár Draws Picture of Awkward Woman in Underwear



Oskar Korsár's *Long Day's Journey into Night* (2007).  
Image courtesy of the artist and the Yossi Milo Gallery, New York.

Swedish artist Oskar Korsár's Stateside debut consists of large-scale ink drawings of what Korsár calls "100-year-old adolescents." Sure, these ladies may seem to have old souls, but beholding their lanky limbs, gawky posture, oversize ears, freckles and/or pimples, and general look of bewilderment reminds us of something else — our own childhood. Sigh. Korsár's show is up at Yossi Milo through December 15. —*Rachel Wolff*



**MOMENTUM**

## Oskar Korsár (S)



**Oskar Korsár:** *Small time crooks*, 2003, tegning.  
Courtesy: ALP galleri Peter Bergman, Stockholm

Oskar Korsár began as a graffiti artist but works now with line drawings and illustration. His debut work was a comic album, or picture novel, *Never Ending Summer* (2001), which was also his graduation piece from the University College of Arts Crafts and Design in Stockholm. The critic Jessica Kempe has said of this book:

*[The figures] are not empty headed. Their bonces are bloated with unspoken knowledge and pent-up determination. To help them these head-and-foot figures have excessively long, wiry arms and legs that obediently serve them in a thousand ways while their thoughts are somewhere else, out in a world where the clouds assume the shapes of computer-generated polygons, where the toilet seat borrows its sharp contours from the critical realism of the Weimar Republic, and the perspective imitates the panning effects of the cinema. But the mental condition of these girls does not stay put inside their colossal heads. Their disturbing insights seep out and transform grass stalks into nails, the sea into soot and a chronically depressed friend into a skeleton.*

In the drawings exhibited here, Korsár shows us people engaged in what are often utterly mundane activities – getting dressed, washing up, taking a walk. But far from evoking a sense of everyday security, these pictures are full of unrest. People and objects tend to merge into their surroundings – it is as if each element of the picture infects everything else, creating tangles of dashes and lines that combine to form bold compositions. The figures that emerge from these lines are lonely and introverted; where there are several, they tend to face away from rather than towards each other. For all their visual noise these pictures are infused with ponderous silence. It is as if each depicted individual is his or her own isolated world; they might harmonise with the wallpaper but not with other people.

The pictures also teem with visual references, and we sense that we are in the company of Edvard Munch and the early expressionists. Several of the figures have traits we recognise from the art of Egon Schiele or Oskar Kokoschka, and many of the interiors reel with van Gogh-like distortions and spatial disturbances. Munch's presence is clearly felt in *Kyssten* (The kiss) and *By the Sea*, especially in their pervasive melancholy. Many of the pictures also draw on the memento mori tradition, with "Death and the Maiden" being a frequently recurring motif.

Perhaps the most important reference in Korsár's drawings is the comic strip and the slacker drawings of contemporary art, yet despite all their conscious or unconscious references, they are quite unlike anything one has seen before.

Ika Kaminka