MY ICELAND — A DIFFERENT COSMOS

Stones upon stones, islands of black rock — rugged, mysterious, shades from deepest black to the palest grey, volcanic and pitted, rock palaces facing the sea... a striking contrast to our cultivated, built-up world.

Horses stood before me, eyes reflecting sky and sea, their manes wild. Above them, vast cloudscapes in ever-changing colours — braids of woven clouds, nature's own artworks. Waterfalls, surging masses wrapping black rock ships in the sea; storms that nearly knocked me off my feet.

People, warm and open, listened to me, looked with curiosity at my unusual photographs or at the peculiar finds displayed on my studio table.

The colours of the land, the animals, the sky, the clouds... all of it, a different cosmos.

Doris Conrads
Studied at the Academy of Fine Arts, Frankfurt (Städelschule), until 2022 lecturer at Philipps University Marburg, now working as a freelance painter.

More at **www.dorisconrads.de**

IN THE CLOUDS
Í SKÝJUNUM

DORIS CONRADS

BAER ART CENTER | Hofsos | Iceland
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Clouds — the brushstrokes of the sky
John Constable (1776—1837)