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So, why have you never heard of Andras Csaszar? The answer relates to the underlying dynamic of cultural proliferation and the avalanche in recent decades of art, music, literature, video, and other forms of creative expression. In a world of ever increasing cultural opportunities—a world in which over a million young artists spew forth from a plethora of art schools around the world each year—it is harder than ever for any individual painter to matter much.

In short, Csaszar has had the bum luck of being a great painter when such a figure doesn't command the attention, respect, and awe it once did. At least in North America, the age of the painter as culture hero has largely passed. To his credit, Andras Csaszar does not seem particularly perturbed by the situation. "I'm a painter because I love the lifestyle and as long as I have that, I'll keep painting," he once told me under the hum of a broken neon sign in Budapest in 2008. "I feel that's all I can do." Csaszar shys away from the gimmicky rhetoric that consumes most young artists hoping to make a name for themselves by smearing feces on baby strollers. Andras Csaszar's most recent landscape paintings beckon the viewer to take solace in their aesthetic bliss; retreating from the supposed accuracy of the photograph in favour of a more authentic shifting representation that is both soft and resilient. His portraits rap at the windowpane of mimesis lightly enough to be heard, but never enough to be dismissed as superfluous.