



No Wind Can Blow Us Down, 2007, ink on paper.

Within the work of Oskar Korsár, is a peculiar immediacy and directness. Regardless of iconography a tender greeting beckons. Here the viewer isn't a fourth wall and what is visible is not a trace of something that has been, but something which has become. Each character seems keenly aware of being seen; for me always, even if only for an instant, this mutual recognition is a moment of joy. Korsár's works want to see the viewer smile, otherwise, it is like they have not been seen at all.

Directness - They make sure you know that they are there for you.  
 Immediacy - The works manifest themselves in front of you, they urge your spirit to enjoy their sincere presence. The manifestation of their perceived mood is one that compels my spirit to be moved and invites me to smile at the personages.

Early in his career, he would still have used a lyrical title to instigate this feeling in me: a picture of a lonely, gloomy girl contemplating her reflection in the waters carries the title *More Than 70% of the Earth is a Mirror*. But most of Korsár's titles now are purely descriptive, *Hyena With Ladyhat*, for an example. Here my smile is created simply by following the drawing itself - Here, when I first see the image of the predator holding a hat in his fangs, it suddenly becomes a picture about the absence of humans. All this, and all else, plays on my immediate awareness; all of his drawings suggest the possible ambiguities of his style.

Once Korsár made an astonishing digital collage confronting anteaters with cubes of concrete. The work kept me in a long, mesmerized contemplation, seeing the animal without anthropocentrism, and the idea of life without ideas of animalism.

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But still, as always in Korsár's work, fun, instant fun, is the gateway into this train of thought. Of course, this is the way contemporary art as such wants to present itself. However, Korsár's version of it is particular; it opens its palms generously sharing, whilst conveying a sense of a discovery.

Behind each work there is immediacy in the characters and subjects. Drawn meticulously, Korsár's works are restless; there is a striving in the creativity itself, a sense of unrest. I recognize this too in Korsár's sensibility for his materials: it never turns into fetishism, only quickly immersing into it and then taking off to connect it to common references. Sometimes the lines of his drawings are charged with the violence as seen in George Gross, or the surface of his sculptures may have a tortured look reminding me of the textures of Alberto Giacometti. It's a rapid oscillation between focus and playfulness. Hence, the artist creates links between art history, pop culture and everyday life, meanwhile simultaneously subverting these references.

Sometimes looking at Korsár's work is like listening to a child who wants to make a funny rhyme, but half way it grows tired of it and, instead, decides to say something much more surprising, leaving the rhyme behind. An installation of sculptures by Korsár's emulate the flatness seen in Classical Egyptian art: achieved by means of a central vanishing point and strict frontality, he transforms the gallery space into a flat, pictorial experience. But then, as if Korsár grew tired of his own idea, he adds a sculpture that demands to be viewed from all angles independently. I am forced to recognise the first idea (flatness), and then to be immediately forced to disregard it; I enter the installation, in a way, against its will. Two ideas are always better than one, at least if you are restless enough to join their play.

So why this striving then? Why can't Korsár draw a slender girl without making it look like she became fed up with herself to such extent, that she became closer to Kingdom Plantae than to the world of humans, or without making her befriending wolves?

Being human is too boring and difficult. 'Who wants to be human all the time?' asked Kathy Acker. However, in my opinion, it is not her urban restlessness that plagues Korsár. He is searching for something else. His quest is different. The first time I saw his sculpture, *Eve on the Way Out of Paradise*, the question struck me; 'Why still be human when we are no longer in paradise?' I find this question both to be at the heart of Korsár's art, and extremely distressing at the same time. If we do not behave humanly, there is no reason not to believe we are in paradise. Outside of paradise, the human life is just wasted mainly on insignificant, boring and meaningless tasks, performed under constant suffering. The worst of it all, that this suffering never ends; it is perpetual and ever present in our everyday lives and actions. We're struggling in vain.

Another sculpture depicts the figure of a young man, his arms covered with watches, standing in the midpoint of the earth. This body represents point zero: mine, in the middle of space and time, to which everything is measured and tailored to.



But there is only now, there is no before or after, or more than one - like in case of the watches – and there are no more places or spaces left to go to, because they are all the same. This is our world outside of paradise. Pure disorientation, because there is no real need to go anywhere, nothing new under the sun. No need to remain human.

One can always find reasons, such as religion and politics, to relieve oneself from this agony. But not here, not now. And Oskar Korsár does not have the time to wait for the relief. If it is not instantaneous, then it is not a solution. Let's be something else than human!

Korsár's work is a catalogue of proposals. His female characters are themselves immersed in the action of drawing. This contact with the world makes their hands grow, just like their feet, their eyes perceiving only as little as their bodies need. The extremities of their limbs seem to evolve into roots, growing further into the darkness, while their faces are searching for the light of the sun. Cosmic forces and the kingdom of natural wonders, remnants of dead animals and plants encounter each other in their thin bodies. Bodies so thin, they almost resemble spirits. They carry their hats in their mouth as a farewell to humanity. They become half angels, half airplanes.

It is possible to transcend the limitations of humanity by quite simple means, and to translate an image to a real experience. *The Drunken Hercules* by Rubens depicts the demi-god in a state of mind known to man. His body is heavy, full of joy and deprived of a master. It's the divine sensation of freedom under the influence of alcohol. Freedom, heaviness, fun and lack of physical control – you don't need more than that to construct a herculean moment of vitality.

I think this was the idea behind Korsár's wrestling performance. He let people in the audience wrestle him for three minutes at a time. Before the bout, a young girl played rococo and Irish dance music on the flute. The intensity of the fight was absolutely overwhelming, due to good fighting spirit, and their lack of wrestling experience: there were no tactics, no rules; it was now or never in every attack. Bizarrely enough, it was accompanied by the famous bassline from *Seinfeld*, performed by a bass player. This was indeed an odd spectacle, until the wrestlers were completely exhausted. At that point, when they lay on the mat after the bout, it was like seeing sleeping satyrs or a couple of drunken Hercules. It was larger than life, as we humans know it.

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