

ATTILA KOVÁCS

OIL PAINTINGS FROM 2018 TO 2024

PORTFOLIO



This was an unfortunate game

Oil on fiberboard
80 × 60 cm · 2024

Artist's Prose

Sand in the wheel
hopes in the trash
Every die has been rounded
It was the last game behind my back.



My family...

Oil on fiberboard
60 × 80 cm · 2024

Artist's Prose

The sparkle of joy in the children's eyes,
their sincere smile,
the woman in love beside me.
This was my family,
when all four of us were together
and this is how we loved each other.


Azt mondták bőrtönben fogsz megrohadni
En csak az én bőrtönömben megrohadni
Mert a testem a lelkem legszebb bőrtöne
Végigvisz egy ötaten hogy aztán egy bussucsak
és elhagyjuk egymás
Egy felkelő napja
(naplopója)
1986 - 2822

Day of the rebel

Oil on fiberboard
68 × 52 cm · 2024

Artist's Prose

They said: "you will rot in prison!"
Me, only in my prison.
Because my body is the most beautiful prison of my soul.
It takes me through life, then a goodbye kiss and we leave each other.



Spin with me

Oil on fiberboard
60 × 80 cm · 2024

Artist's Prose

...and if all this is just a moment,
then pull out the nails from the cross
and spin, spin...
Spin with me!



Did you lose something?

Oil on canvas
44 × 83 cm · 2024

Artist's Prose

In every moment you lose something and constantly strive for perfection. Disappearing things, feelings drive further searches.


VII
7
6
4
2
3
5
5
6
4
1
2
3
1

And that's that!

Oil on fiberboard
60 × 80 cm · 2024

Artist's Prose

Let's dig down to the deepest cellar of things.
So that nothing remains without a frame.
Because if we're tired of the boringly running clouds,
Then that's the end of the game, the prelude to the endgame,
When artificial genius will stand before us.


Termékenyítő víz
Att

Fertilizing water

Oil on fiberboard
60 × 80 cm · 2024

Artist's Prose

Water to earth, sun to everything,
and we too are drops in fertilization.



Bomb (reconsidered)

Oil on fiberboard
80 × 60 cm · 2024

Artist's Prose

Orgasm in my brain.
Bomb explosion in a brain fold.
My orgasm in a female body.
Explosion in the pleasure space.
From fantasy it escapes.
With force, wildly destroys and creates...


Egy végből a kezdet Att

From an ending, a beginning

Oil on fiberboard
40 × 60 cm · 2024



Possibilities of an exit

Oil on fiberboard
80 × 60 cm · 2024

Artist's Prose

Up is a path, down is a path,
Behind me many exits.
Skipped doors, closed windows.
Now I sit like a needle in a haystack.
Searching for the thread in my gray brain.
My illusion locked in a shed.
In limited matter.



Behind the shapes

Oil on canvas
60 × 90 cm · 2024

Artist's Prose

In the irregularity of the universe's chaos, bodies conform to each other, forming their own system, which leads to further irregularity.
The systematic movement of shapes creates time.
If the movement of all particles in the universe stopped,
here would be no more time.



The tree of my life

Oil on canvas stretched on cardboard
60 × 80 cm · 2024

Artist's Prose

I thought with my branches I would reach the sky.
The clouds calmed my soul with rain.
I never saw the distant mountains.
The birds chirped what it might be like.
I didn't send love messages.
The sun wrote my green leaves.
The wind told about the whole world.
The moon just laughed from the top branch.
Once the center of the world was mine.
And in me will be the end.



...then everything comes to light

Oil on canvas stretched on cardboard
50 × 60 cm · 2024

Artist's Prose

There are things you cannot express in any way,
There are things you would never want to tell anyone,
But then everything else comes to light.



Don't just enjoy, prepare for space

Oil on canvas stretched on cardboard
60 × 80 cm · 2024

Artist's Prose

The woman runs lovingly toward him.
In her left hand her discarded clothes (a discarded dress and a naked female body always means selfless devotion)
in her right hand the flame of love.
At least if only the two of them were there, the attractor and the attracted (back and forth).
But the woman is already watching the gifts kept under the hat, because feelings are invisible (or visible),
but sometimes the inner great bell rings.
Many burning waters end in cold adventure.
For me a love, for him/her just a pity-pleasure.
And so it was.
And the dick-hat is already set for experience-sowing.
He looks at us. Someone among us told him/her
"Enough of this. Don't just enjoy, prepare for space. Ice on our necks, frost on our bellies."
Because good weather is always faster,
by the time you realize, you've already missed it.



Revelations of our characters

Oil on fiberboard
54 × 80 cm · 2023

Artist's Prose

We received the body, the character. We can start the journey.
Then I am filled with joy if we take the longest steps on the hamster wheel, to try to defeat Sisyphus.
And then sad is the last arrival, with sweet, bitter memory warehouse in our heads.



The angle man

Oil on canvas
40 × 50 cm · 2023

Artist's Prose

I am sad and angular, I don't feel the spheres.
My wings were broken.
The melodies flew away.
The angel of joy left me.
Now I'm just a thorn.
The Angle Man.


SIRON Att.

I cry

Oil on fiberboard
53 × 83 cm · 2023

Artist's Prose

And the time comes when your soul squeezes your body
to wring out the tiny drops of pain from it.



(a numb) Self-portrait

Oil on fiberboard
60 × 80 cm · 2023

Artist's Prose

A long road from the insensitive to the sensual.
Now back to the insensitive.
This is what I feel as I mix the colors.
The color of war with the color of peace,
The color of hate with the color of love,
The color of love with the color of nihil,
sensitivity with cruelty,
friendship with insensitivity,
and this is what I became.



Don Quixote and Sisyphus’ last project

Oil on canvas
60 × 90 cm · 2023

Artist's Prose

So many unsuccessful victories and so many successful defeats...
All so you give your hand.
Together we try to catch up with the light and rest in infinity.
And even if we sense that our desires will never be fulfilled,
Fighting for them is a wonderful feeling.



In private...

Oil on canvas stretched on cardboard
60 × 80 cm · 2023

Artist's Prose

Viruses, bacteria, parasites.
Come all, dance on the nerves.
This is a pleasure quiz selector.
The grayest of grays, a phantasmagoria of colorful gems.
The pleasure of my pain is your joy.



Time presses

Oil on canvas stretched on cardboard
60 × 80 cm · 2023

Artist's Prose

Particles slowly come together.
Water brings to life.
Intelligence develops in the living.
Intelligence leaves the living.
And everything spins again.
Time presses me.
I rot here after being gifted my first white shirt.
And before they put the last one on me.



Lovemaking with eye contact

Oil on canvas
70 × 50 cm · 2022

Artist's Prose

Time stopped, space froze, there is no body,
the mirrors merged.
The eyes, the nerves, the game of the moment

This is sight robbery, sight lovemaking.
Then you never see it again....



I see everything

Oil on fiberboard
83 × 53 cm · 2022


VIR AG

Flower

Oil on fiberboard
37 × 57 cm · 2022



Prostitute as a gift

Oil on fiberboard
60 × 84 cm · 2022

Artist's Prose

What happiness, that we possess the most beautiful feelings and then voluptuously plunder them...



Have a good day!

Oil on fiberboard
52 × 83 cm · 2021

Artist's Prose

If you stand here, then you won the race of sperm.
I hope you will also be good at snail racing, because then you can be the pearl of masters,
or the pleasure of masters, or the master of pleasures.
And if you make good decisions, you will climb the rickety stairs of life,
Because now I dreamed that a goblin winked at me,
When I wake up, I hope it brings luck...



Here I rest

Oil on fiberboard
50 × 89 cm · 2020

Artist's Prose

I don't breathe the air, my blood doesn't flow,
my nerves don't feel, my engine doesn't beat...
I lie here, but I'm nowhere anymore.



Storm in my mind

Oil on fiberboard
75 × 53 cm · 2020

Katarzis II

Catharsis II

Oil on fiberboard
51 × 82 cm · 2019

Artist's Prose

The whole world is within you,
"set it free..."
And if your fantasy mixes with a little madness, wonderful things can be born.
Because time runs away, the body crumbles,
"Only infinite emptiness remains."


Att
A démon orchideája (és 1 elektromos virág)

The demon's orchid (and an electric flower)

Oil on canvas
69 × 101 cm · 2018



Crucified

Oil on fiberboard
51 × 81 cm · 2018

Artist's Prose

I open the window,
But I don't see the future,
I open the door,
But there is no path before me.
I open my brain in the network only network remains.
And the devil keeps winking at me.



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