

DANIEL DANKH

Buenos Aires - Argentina

English:

Daniel Dankh I am self-taught, a little poet, a little amateur photographer, but above all, a painter ... I was born in Villa Ballester in the early hours of July 19, 1959, on a day when rain was pouring down over the city. As a child I liked to draw. Around 10 years old I enjoyed making airplanes, cars and rockets, and monsters and things that go on and populate the childhood of children, which make them fly and terrified at the same time, and that attract the curious brains, like flies, looking perching on many surfaces. I was attracted to "old stones" of ancient buildings, temples to the gods, and the desert and jungle devour when man turns his back on his past ... At 12 he bought a book about great discoveries of archeology, and I fell in love Egypt. Years later, in 1992, I began a series of paintings about the culture of the Nile and turned the dream of getting there when September 1st, 1993 off the plane, kiss my beloved soil, and repeated the words of someone ... " mother, I'm home. " At the same time, I asked my surrealist vein other reasons, and was developing a painting without focus on any subject; paint what brings the soul without knowing its origin. It is the series on my website call "Gallery of Mysteries."

Sometimes the creative process can start from an isolated image which then results in a more complex scene. Other times (and here the Great Magic) there is no process for the entire scene jumps to consciously and cork from a bottle: which is not its source, whether internal or external; not what is the connection, but it's like something to move without being seen and leave the card hidden up his sleeve. Pinto and stories largely unknown to ; let it flow to the inner river and I see surprises me with every tide. Pinto and do not pose immediate questions or answers effort that elusive know. I just painting like someone walking along a path taking in the changing landscape, as it becomes part of the ...

And so some times and very slowly begin to turn on some lights, darkness recedes steps and each story is born begins to whisper, and my inner ears capture the barely audible words my heart retains too.

I'm feeling that birth as a child groping their world to recognize and also feels that there is much more beyond it ... it

is exciting to discover certain very sunken into one that awaited my hand bring to light things.

once represented on the canvas and breathe their own air. They live ... and you spend hours watching as they grow, look like our little sleep in his crib to ensure that breathes ... And so is taking shape a new act of magic, because each felt work that I end it is.

I feel that a work is a product channeled through one. Where it comes from and whys beyond my knowledge. Each painting is a message that often hides his hand decoder. - "Do not tell me I'm doing I do not want to know." - Said federico Fellini.

- "Jump off the cliff and made the wings during the fall" - said Ray Bradbury (whom I consider my spiritual father). No wonder. Catch the Gift of God, honor, and bring to light the Mysteries who want to manifest. It

is very lonely work of the artist. One is alone against the fabric (which is for me a bulwark against chaos) in an invisible and lost room in the middle of a monstrous city in a vast geography of a continent on a tiny planet surrounded by the madness of infinite space. ..

despite this reality, I feel that the value of each of my tiny paintings is huge, they are like parts of an armor that protects me from what I do not know, while that give meaning and a significance to my life ... and I'm like an insect proud and happy that roams the suburbs of God ...