

NEW WORKS
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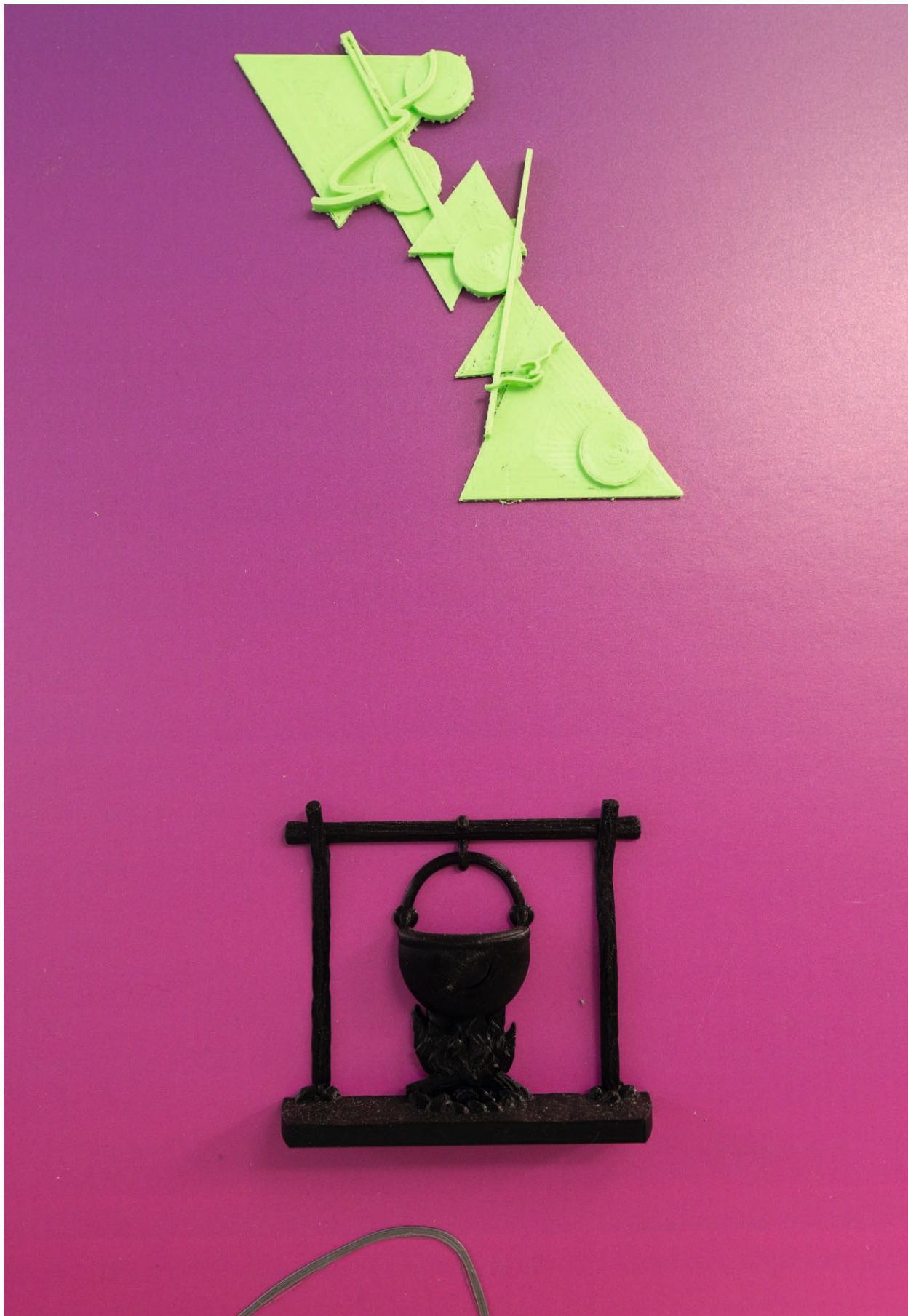
NEW WORKS by Daniel Kiss

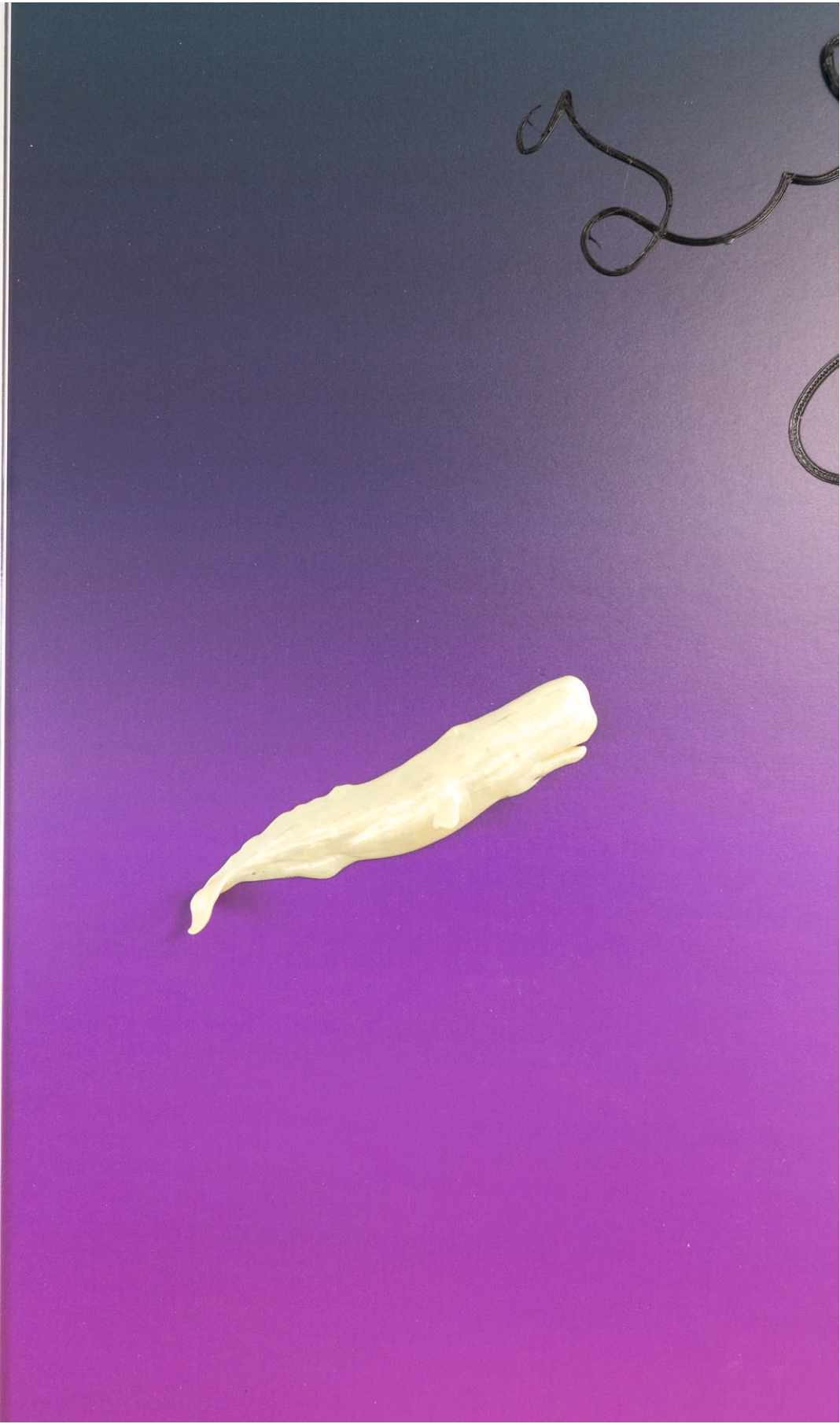
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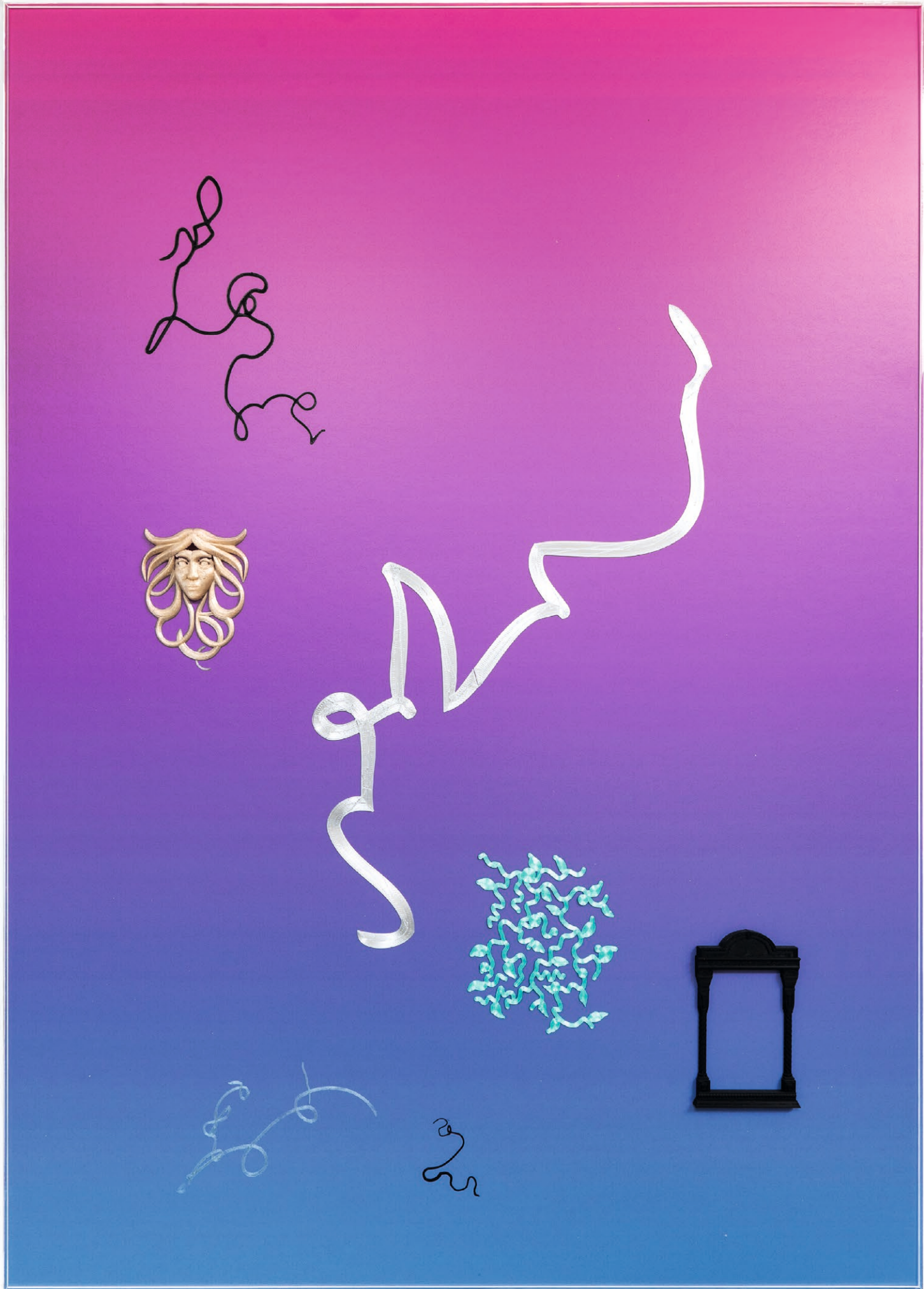


Synchron, Mixed Media, 125x95 cm, 2021

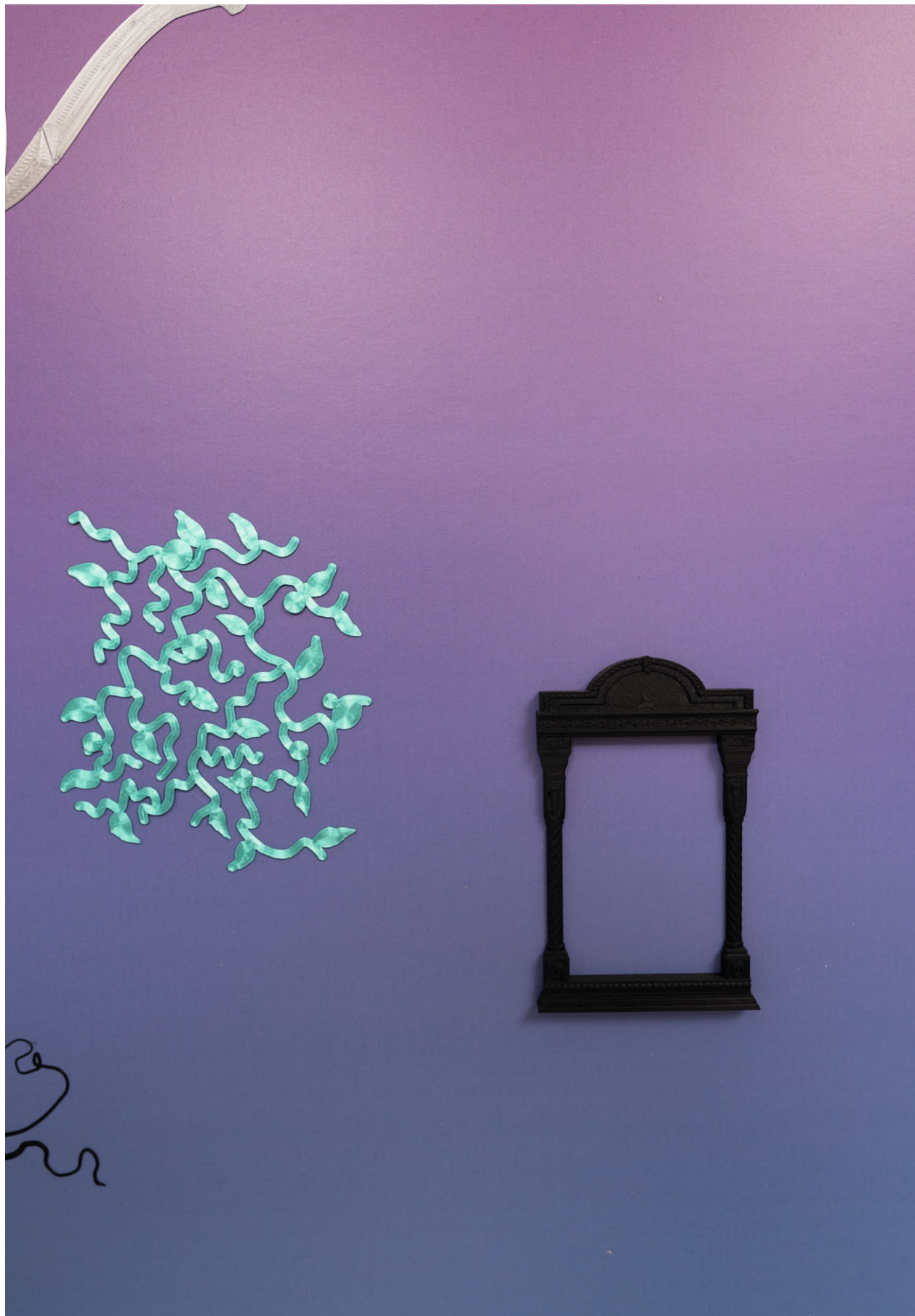




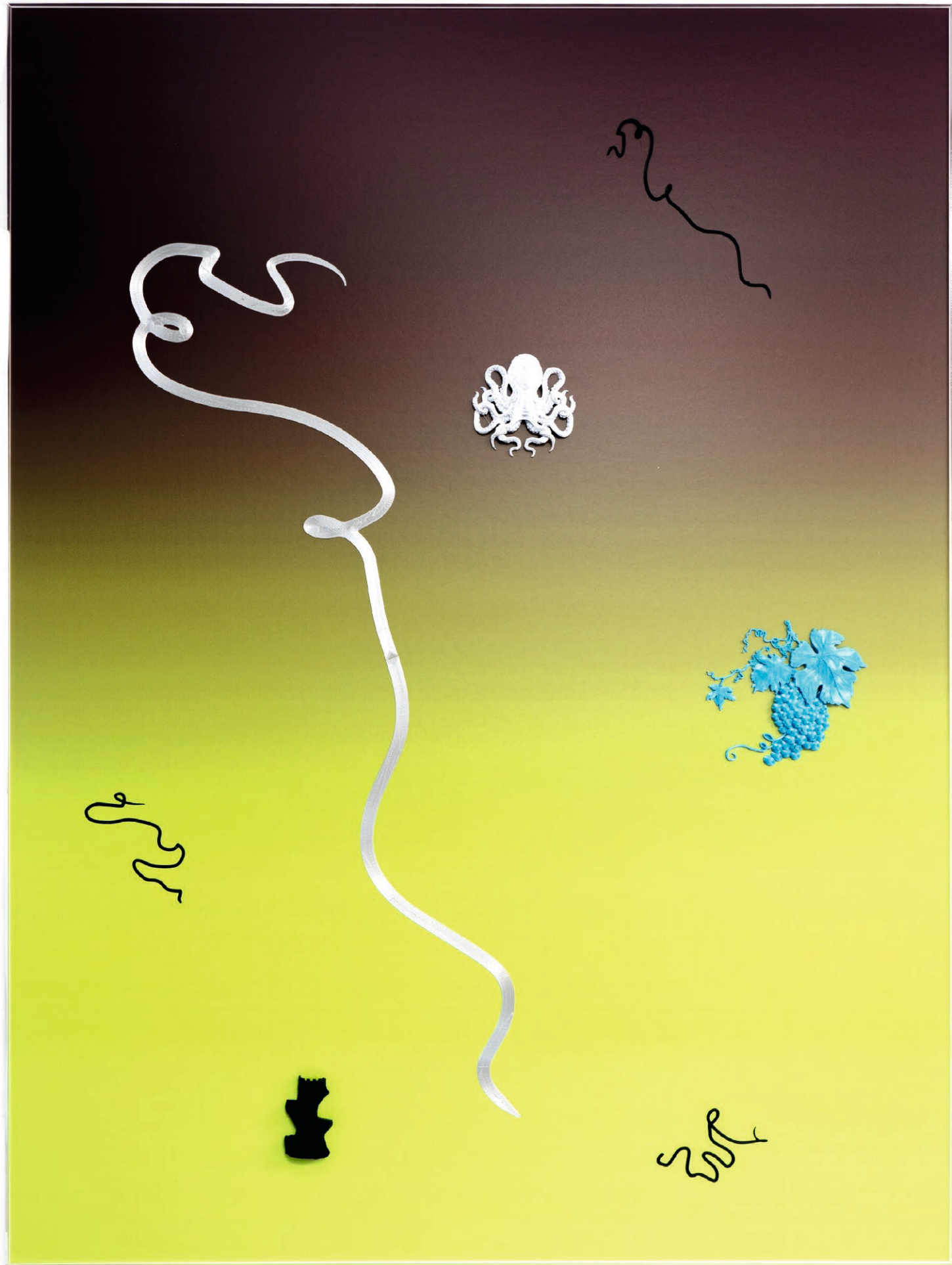




Das Tor, Mixed Media, 125x95 cm, 2021



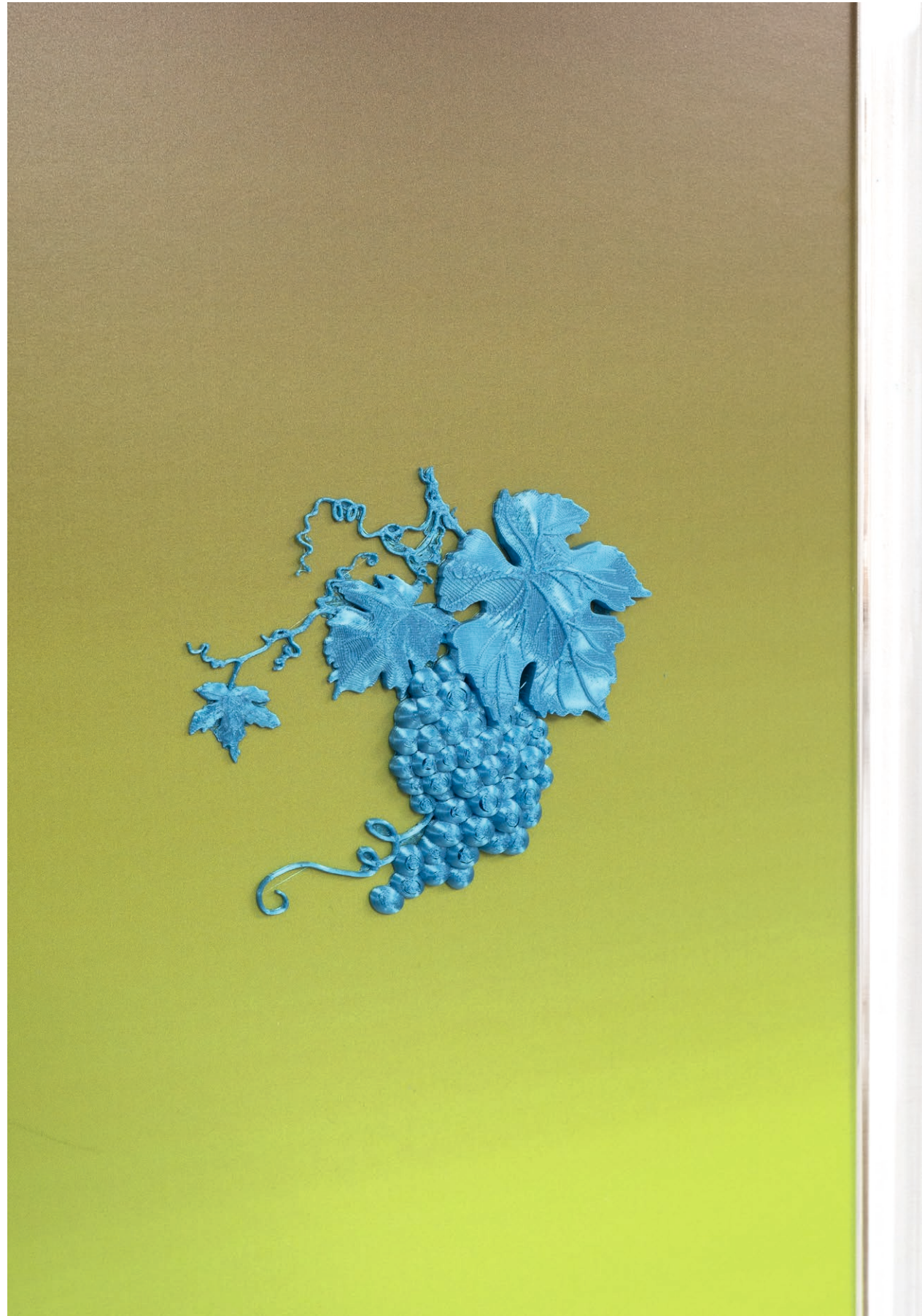


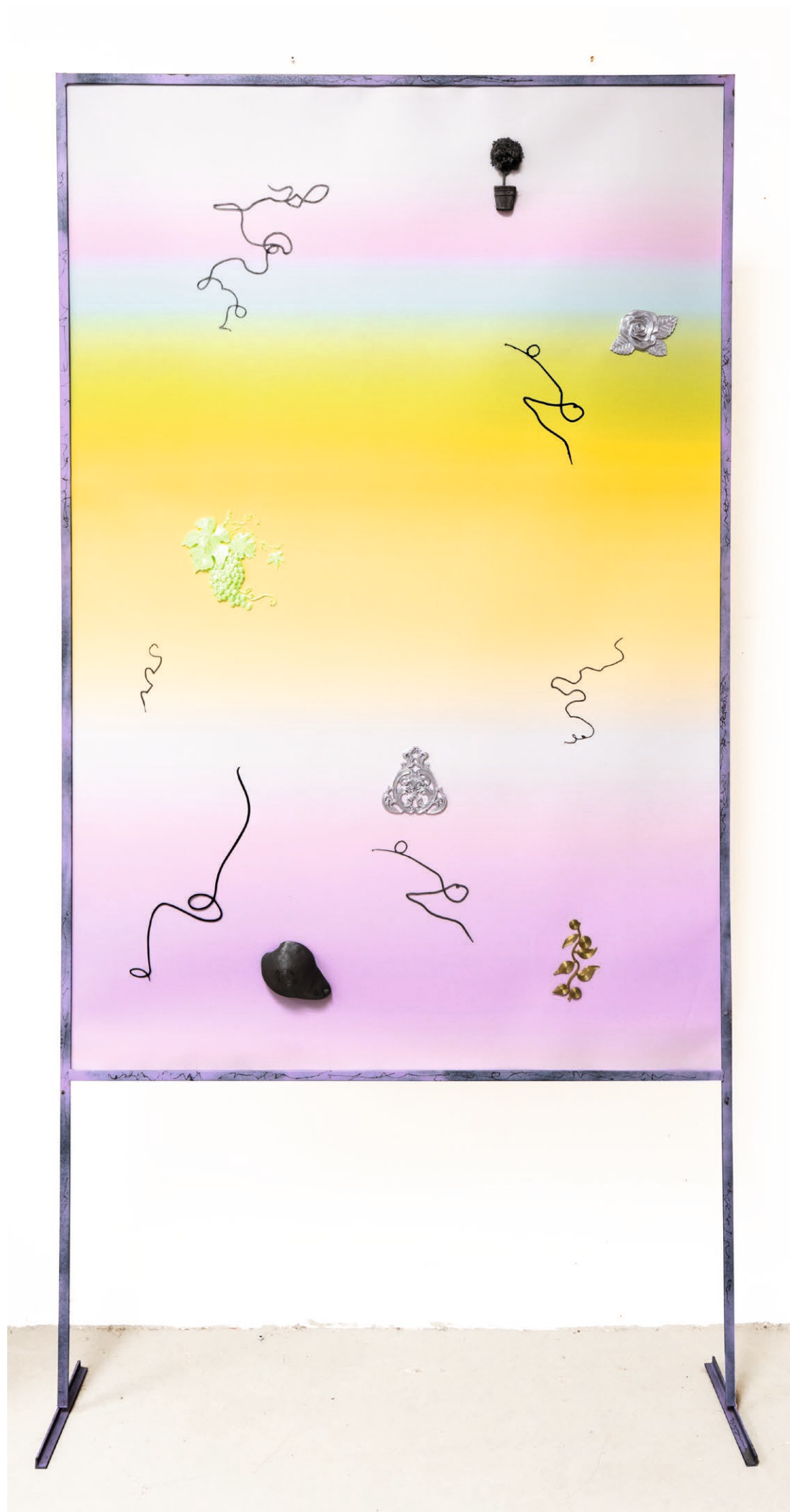


Der Turm, Mixed Media, 125x95 cm, 2021



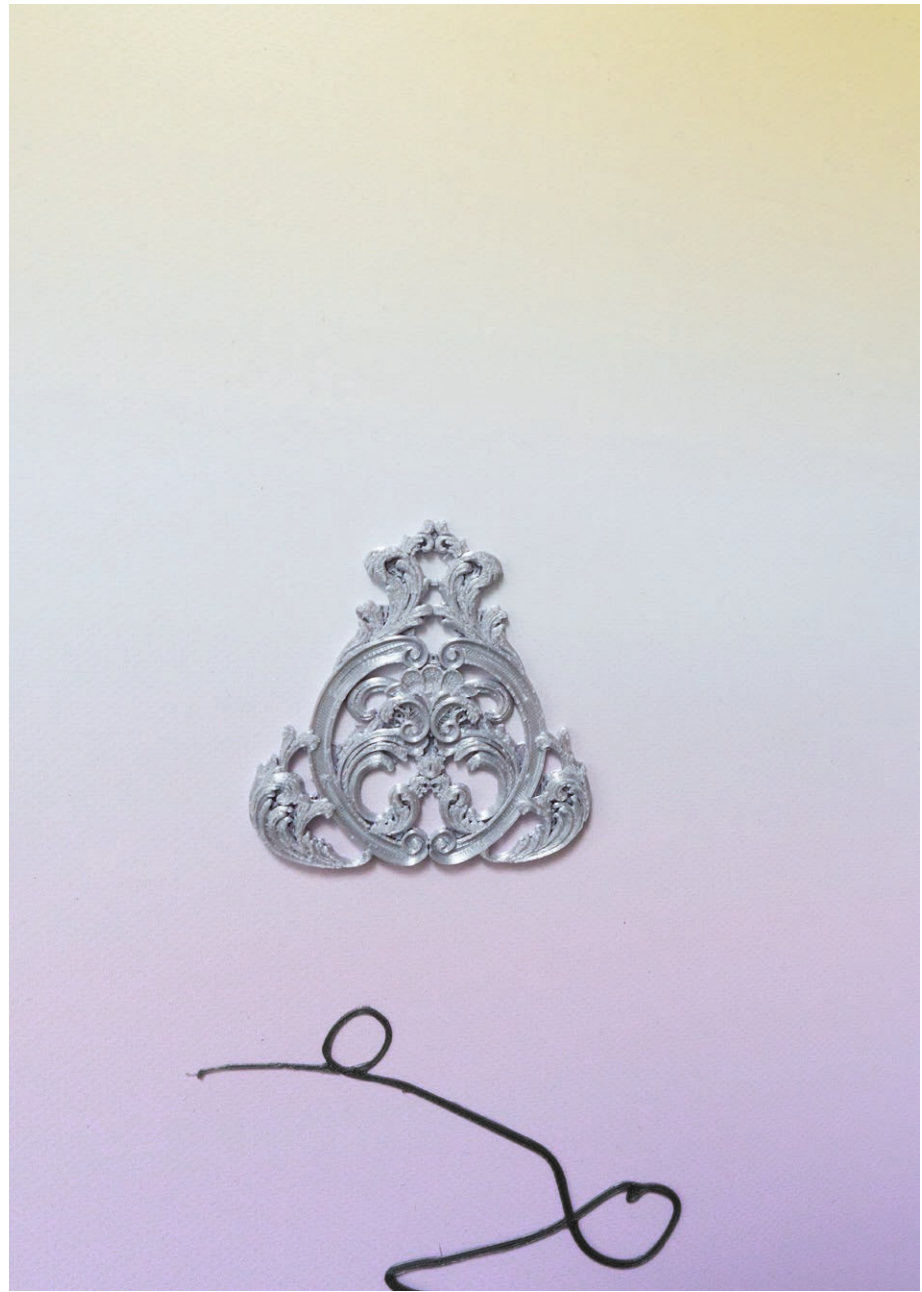


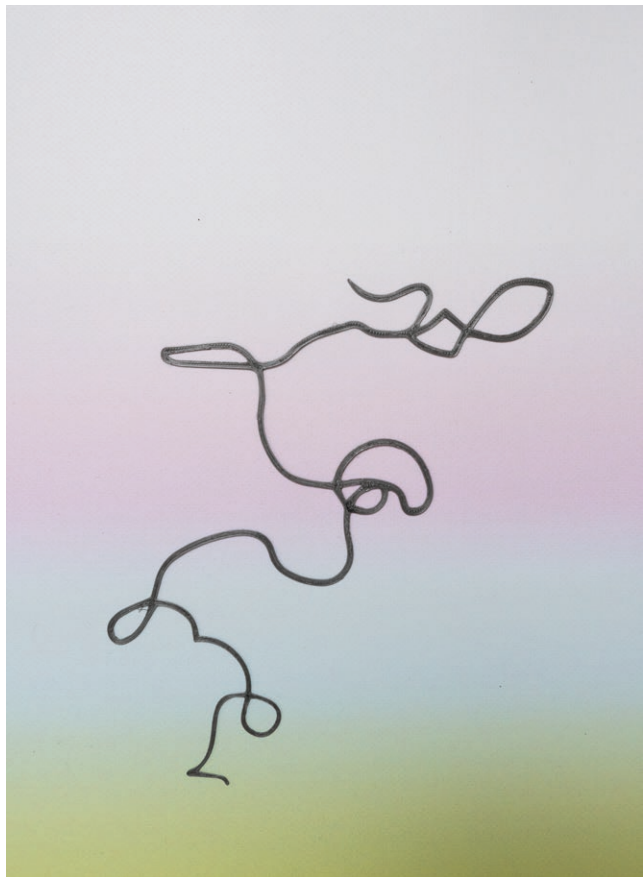


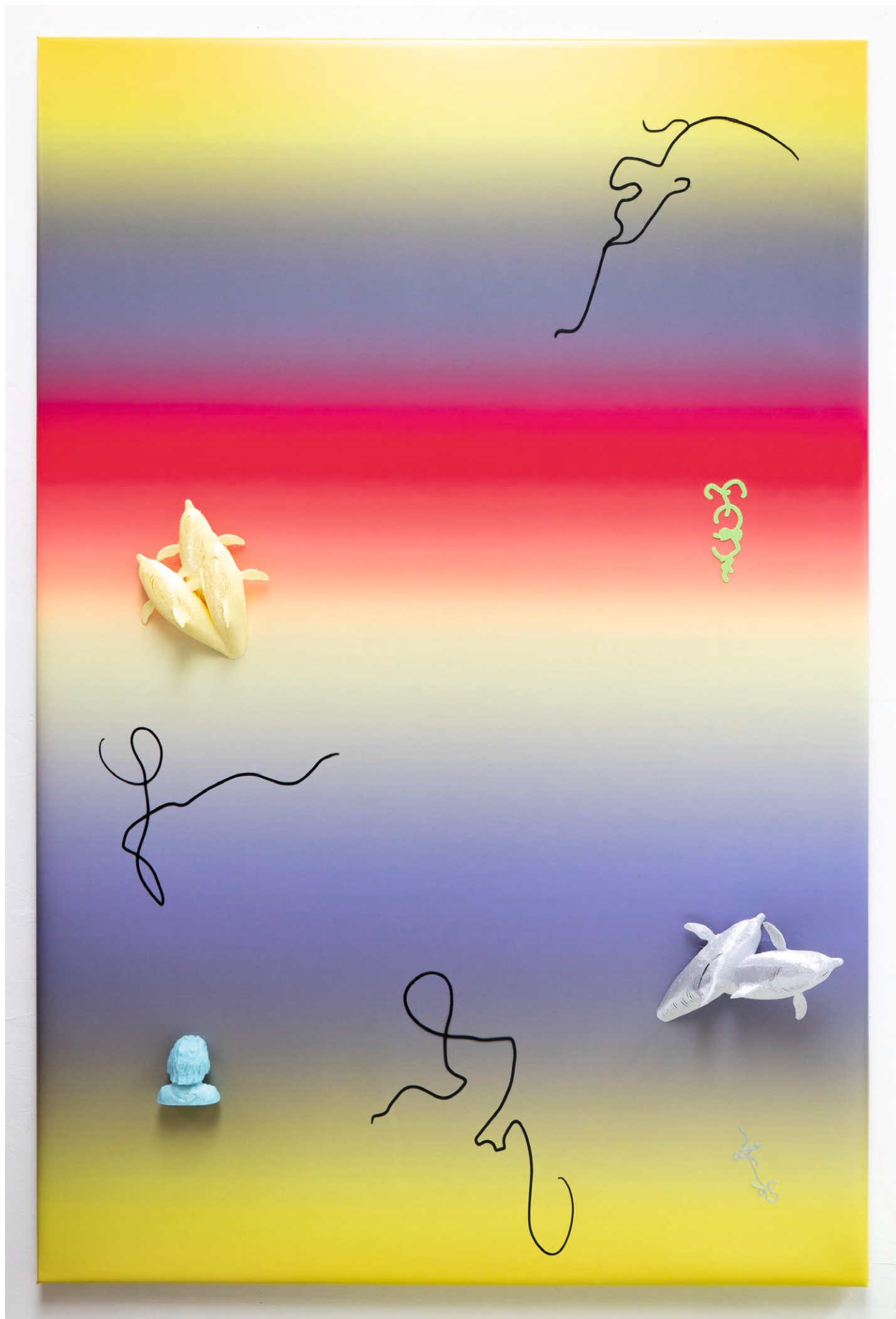


Ernte, Mixed Media, 200x 100x 25 cm, 2021









Delfin Traum, Mixed Media, 500x 100cm, 2021

Kissing through a screen seemed inadequate at a time, where roaming the streets of dust and glitter was the norm.

It was a time of sprinting across a crowded square in order to reach the sanction of one's home and the safety zone that was a well-established internet connection in the late 90s.

The term digital entered the field of discourse and its use became even more widespread following the rapid evolution of high-speed internet connections and user-friendly interfaces dating roughly from the mid 2000s to the early 2010s.

It attempts to mount together a disproportionate amount of complicated and often labyrinthic new parameters that come in the fore when one wonders about the evolution of form, the transgressions of content and the fluidity of the screen in the age of increasing internet interference with the heritage of conventional virtuality.

Screens are not a strong enough barrier to hold back medusas and dolphins tend to break them apart, they seem feeble in the quest of containing the powers of the recent past. 12 hours of machine labour is the equivalent of 5 second of love amongst the humanoids of this world.

The digital dares to demand its rightful place in the cosmos of tridimensionality and takes a leap of faith to achieve its goals and dreams. Whilst standing in front of the works and sneakily smirking behind a mask of content and

proper German punctu

ation, all of the blue Rainbows burst

out of nowhere and fill the

room with their coldness, starry nights under the moon, wettest of hugs inside a makeshift swimming pool by the seaside; all these images cripple in front of my eyes as

the next caller swiftly take his turn.

An old looking desktop, from those that were firstly introduced in the market as a personal computer, is sounding raspier with the minute as he slowly turns around from his corner to face me.

Blue striped fax-machines come out of retirement and start chanting what feels like an alluring trap just to get me to their side and make me push their buttons one last time. Before they face the truth about recycling electronics after their usability reaches a certain historical value, they yearn for human contact.

Technological evolutions are bound to remain a matter of the so-called, or better selfdescribed, hard sciences, the minute the poet puts the phone down, the second the voice of truth and phantasy messes with the mirror of the ghosts of the past.

This body of works by Daniel Kiss consists of digital paintings printed on gradient

colourful paper, mounted either directly on the wall or on free standing metal frames,

with a distinct colour scheme of pastel blues, greens, pinks and reds. On top of the printed paper, or store-bought plastic canvas, a small selection of figurative elements is printed on a 3D printer and fixated on the flat surface.

The motives are particularly poignant and narrative, implying some associative connection or common historical frame of reference.

A conceptual interest in the physics of the digital form and theintermedia possibilities of painting after broadband internet is evident. The matter of perspectivism is valued as a confrontation; one between the printed background, that was centuries implied the illusion of a powerful space and the also printed figures adorning it, bound to a long tradition of figures entering a phantastical spatiality.

In that way a Phantasma, haunting of a past, a state of reflection concerning the matters of the cyberspace is visible through the membrane of the pixelated mirror. Each individual element of the work has been created within the framework of a digital reality, is conditioned to the ecology of the internet. Both abstract and figurative, used in this context as clear form-relating attributes as they have long lost their adherent representational powers, are designed and sketched out using a vector program.

They are visualized either on a laptop, or an iPad, and printed out on simple paper and with the use of two 3D printers. The form they took, the symbolic they play with, the recent memories of a world shaped and ordered by screensavers and Windows 99 is laid bare. Daniel's images remember what it meant having to wait half an hour for a jpeg to load on the family computer, they are conditioned by their nostalgia whilst reflecting on the uncharted histories of console games, mortal combat and screen savers from the late 90s. Vaporwave memories, hauntology of treepie dreams and the heritage of the lost generation of the internet dare to make their appearance through the other side of the screen and jump into our faces.

In a broader sense these works are as much about the problematic of facing history and trauma, as much about the lost sensation of poetry and distortion. If a haunting makes its way into Daniel's short kept, accurate and poignant memory games, it has to be one with a friendly ghost; one worth getting to know.

I pick up my tangled smile and go on with my day.

Three missed calls already.

A boy across the street smiles back.

Haris Giannouras