



Illustration

JOSÉ DANIEL SEILICOVICH
(CONTEMPORARY ARGENTINE PLASTIC ARTIST)

CONVERSATIONS IN THE ART GALLERY (III)

Evening of diaphanous and even sky in Buenos Aires, in the narrow light blue scrap that the walls allow stalking upward. It needs to direct the gaze to the accuracy of a sextant to be in the zenith with the infinite in this walled city. As if its fortification was raised deprived of the legitimacy of natal lineage, when the conqueror initialed it at its baptism, crossing over the wide and flat land with the sword. Today, the greens are omitted or concealed to the offering of delirium gray moving through the streets. Just a few narrow passages, almost clandestine, seem to correspond to that intimate and secretive foundation. You enter them in the belief that old and tired trees were erected in zealous custodians of the site, crammed with memories. Those who try to dismiss the men who carry cumulative bodies of chronics.

- I love Buenos Aires. All my inspiration comes from its geographies. The shrill voice of Seilicovich became even sharper with the excitement of the memories forever in his long walks through the streets. Then he added almost in secret *...it is a feeling that part from my childhood.*

Outside, despite the hot and dry summer, the large window of the gallery offered all the topography of a gray view of the former site of Recoleta citizen of the old city. I glimpsed this contradiction between the polychromies of its paintings and the image that I treasure as an inhabitant of Buenos Aires since my birth. Maybe my thoughts have seemed sudden, but it was visceral: *-Your colour is provocative, bright, shiny, before this grayish city!*

- It is true, it is what I try to give to it. A cheerful countenance through the palette.

- To people or to the cobweb of its streets?

Daniel surprised me with his response *- To the space. People interferes less in my work, I seek out places where I can find me.*

Now I could go deeper with greater certainty in his work. *- I understand that the human in your work is in the mobility that you give to the figurative. The buildings are the matrixes that vibrate to the beat of its inhabitants and exuberant colour that your paintings acquire, actually it is the means to reach them.*

- Perhaps, you project onto this analysis a scenario that is in my subconscious as in all people of the city, different from the reality around us. You interpret that city dwellers are latent in the colour and mobility I give to the works.

- Buenos Aires grew up behind the lion-coloured river. The city was acquiring the trace with its neighborhoods and stories that tended to legends. A sensitive interweaving chiseled in its form an identity flowing from its own spectra. In this creative sadness, amalgam of immigrants and hopes, the tango became the language of the people. So its own musical profile emerging from the streets that distilled stigmata of economic depression and unemployment. Its streets were gray when it became city. It dragged a human condition. This city no longer exists ... - the disruption of the artist rose tinted of romanticism ...

...This city no longer exists but certainly never lost the mist of the river that invaded it from the suburbs.

- He could not make from its colour. The nostalgia of the abulic animal is still perceived, but there were changes in the stillness that preceded it. Even it has little to do with your adolescence. And the artists perceived it. The rhythmic suburb became syncopated in tango. The plastic is no longer reveals the city as we see it, but like we feel through its occupants. The colour on the figure. Utopia instead of its chronicle. You, to draw from the immobility to the geography of the city with the drawing, you are reporting to the inhabitant that he lost the identity he had before. Now people are anonymous, suggested spots, and they are no longer detailed. They go too fast. They are short in their transcendence and their passing. The city changes more slowly than its inhabitants. Poetry says: "Buenos Aires has no soles or port / it lives in ghosts of stone and bone / and changes in the sunset the celestial bodies of the sky/ by dark tunnels of infinite mirrors ... / ... thereby a procession of people and memories / walk its streets without looking at the sky. "

BUENOS AIRES WAS A COMMON BACKYARD TO MIX DREAMS

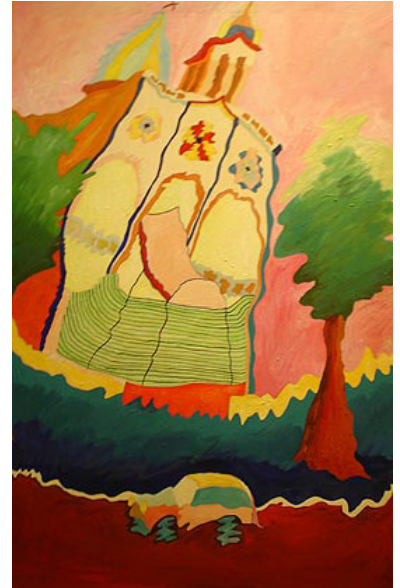
The old cities feel their true stories have become legends and the reality that underlies in the past



"Iglesia de Itatí"
Oil on canvas, 80 × 100 cm



"Sinagoga"
Oil on canvas, 60 × 90 cm



"Iglesia Rumana"
Oil on canvas, 60 × 90 cm

is the imagination of the present. The heroic act, which sustained the most clear emotion, losing the transmission of its feeling and sensitivity that sailed through the veins of its actors, ends up being a mute skeleton, a cool image that does not match the reality. Life becomes the past of these cities in a ghostly representation that walks through its streets at the mercy of any reform of truthful happened chronicle.

Even in the streets of Buenos Aires with stories that forget the meaning and treasure stones, it is perceived in the silence the peltate fragrance of eternity. That is where the arched branches with their vacuum steps dimly reveal the time in a slight wave. At their peaks, the breeze of the wind usually sings, to slip through the giant winged ropes hanging from the trunks. They bring old stories of sailors of the river that the city hid and then was forgetting. Its fragrance of unsalted port, in despite of not corroding the wood and bones, it only scatters in its step the accrued dream of many immigrants to the comedown from the ships. Ghosts leave innocent existence of man in his attempt of illusionist forever failed.

There were times when the precursive 'orillero' tango, a mixture of candomble, habanera, milonga and Andalusian tango, invaded the suburbs incorporating emotional letters describing the streets, suburbs and love, attracting as an apse the consolations for the Great Economic Depression that carried men to migrate from the countryside to the city.

Life spreads a thousand ways. It does so it can. Same time, working without limit. It changes to return, dying to be born. It spreads to stay. But time is always more, is everywhere. All it can and gets older. Its ruthlessness seems perfidy. Actually it assumes

the complementarity to make and destroy. Maybe, someday, when it defeats all forms, it no longer has meaning, because the uniformity of space without diversity will do it useless. But time is always more. When it ceases there will not be way that any god can understand what happens.

In Daniel Seilicovich the time of the adolescent vision of the city acquires the lucidity to pass in the present. The frantic of its occupants leads him to the pendulum of drawing and in his imagination colour brings closer to him the breath of acacia village that was born of the courtyards, where the sky became an epic outbreak of yesterday and mystery: through the leaves of trees tidied to curved branches toward zinc and wood terraces. We kept thinking about the identity of things that childhood offered, too far from the beings that run and cross without ever returning to come across. They did not have time to devote to themselves, but act as unsatisfied puppet. In this city people suffer from pause to understand their smallness. they can not even lean out into the river or to the heavens to compare their size. Water hides behind its backs and the infinity lies peltate between stones and menhires-buildings where life is consumed. The own glow that emanates from its existential rumble hides the white fires that return to cosmos today and to the past at the same time. And that points to the future in the same direction from where the dead lights arrive. This pious blindness of men of Buenos Aires hinders the astonishment of insignificance that distills to look upward.

Jorge C. Trainini