

# Illustration

CARLOS GIGENA SEEBER  
(ARGENTINE PLASTIC CONTEMPORARY ARTIST)

Carlos Gigena Seeber rescues the subject. In his art he achieves the merging of all entities that make up the cosmos with the presence of consciousness. The structure of the universe is inserted into the permanent deconstruction constantly modeling the physical laws that rule us. In that quantum behavior of alternative order and chaos and of systems that reach the equilibrium to die and generate new opportunities away from him, the artist incorporates man. That **Being** thrown into existence with the greatest consciousness of nature. Both sides do not seem to correspond to the same observation unit. But **human-being** in order to overcome his Being thrown to death, must inevitably bestow his existence with an imagination that supports an effort of presence above concepts of death and time that despair him. Eros and survival- simply belonging to his being- albeit ruling his instinctive behavior, were not any longer the sole constituents of thought when man centralized in reasoning. Seeber explores this concept to integrate his work where consciousness- the subject- is present in the deconstructive process of cosmos, showing in the same space: chaos/order, art/ existence, figure/metaphysics. That is his aim, to work on what **human -being** from the earliest times tried to provide to his presence: harmony and beauty, perceptions that constitute the abstraction of his imagination, in a different reality that allows him to overcome his existential fatigue. Carlos Gigena's search becomes a refuge for the subject in this postmodern world, where subjectivism is dead. Then his art deviates from the instrumental reason, heritage of power, to incorporate into space-time the word, the feelings, diversity. And this becomes a breath of air since one cannot speak of circumstances without subject and of subject without considering the historical process that contains him. Thus, his work comprises the tale of his chronicle, the objects that appear and disappear in continuity, as occurs in each entity of nature with its own time. His paintings are limpid, dynamic, they report a tiny present in the existential dance they suggest, but they allow the subject time to breathe, his own **Being**, who thus heads with the technique as a tool towards a spiritual state, desirable and necessary.



"Transformations 5"  
Acrylic on canvas, (90 x 90 cm.)

## THE QUESTION OF BEING WAS AN OBSESSION FOR THE GREEKS, BEYOND A CERTAIN METAPHYSICAL TEMPTATION.

The Greeks reached such a limit with reason and to such sensitivity with existential angst that they inevitably needed to revolutionize their thinking amid the waters of the Mediterranean, under the sun's warmth and translucence with the infinite shades of red of its sunsets. They did not go beyond the mystical. They agreed to share the beauty of the landscape and of reason with the ignorance that extended to the sacred. They did not venture into a wild chain of progress. Each step of rationality should be accompanied by aesthetics. Reason, feeling and instinct were mixed by them in a proportion that did not interfere with Nemesis, goddess of vengeance.

They lived honoring leisure; away from the haste that today unnaturally bursts in cities governed solely by technical reason. In the Greeks the whole



"Transformations 6"  
Acrylic on canvas, (89 x 88 cm.)

cosmos was a natural balance that should not be torn by conquests unless they included thinking. They did not boast of the voracity of progress, thus, they never formed an empire. They submitted to the peril of opening to aesthetics.

After them the world divorced from beauty and feeling. It submitted to warriors, barbarians, to those that in the cult of beauty saw human weakness. Power was made to honor conquerors, to those who triumphed by force to push the limits and defeat beauty and aesthetics. They were not afraid to employ the ignorance and fragility they conceived from aesthetics in the social process of democracy. The world was built on the weakness of a society enslaved outside the concept of beauty. No longer did man defend himself. The Greek civilization was an unavoidable extension, with harmony and beauty offered to a man who failed to detach from the animal. What followed was the bad consciousness of man bent on destroying nature's harmony. After them, the victorious made a society as close as possible to their own destruction.

Not fortuitously had the Greek foreseen tragedy. The rebellion was greater than their beauty in order to prophesy what would ensue in man: the usual crisis in which he moves with his rational-instinctive violence, hiding the feeling of beauty with the sole pur-

pose of power, of survival, of dominance. Thus Greece remained behind us, perhaps with a more refined man than in later centuries.

Man, now builds modern cities with the same temper of the Barbarians, away from what is natural and from balance, trampling with reason his true existential ignorance. History was written with power and glory. Victory and desire were honored. Harmony between man and nature was despised, so was mystery as the limit. The sacred became power; not the border of reason. This is an exhausted world. There is no time to look at oneself: merely to run after crumbling conquests.

Greece was a thought open to the breadth of knowledge. It ranged from the existential to the sacred finally to reach politics with a harmony that would not alter its contemplation. They never explained everything, they knew their limits. That did not preserve them from the omnipotence of those watching their movements with hunters' eyes. Heraclitus had prophesied continual change. The balance was not to exceed the limits where ignorance would reign and to respect the natural inability to go beyond rational possibility. To abide to justice led Socrates to submit to social condemnation. By laying down his life he taught us that man by having this consciousness must constitute a moral act. Since Alexander we have loved conquerors. Valued triumph over failure, power over pain.

The tragedy invented by the Greeks had the tenor of a prophecy that over the centuries became the normal pattern of life. Today the tragedy that befalls us is not drama; it travels along the streets of big cities which have turned into a natural setting with millions of players acting on the obligation imposed by human society through power. The script is random and circumstantial in a scene in which all move at the same time without knowing of others as if they were not themselves part of it. Pericles at the end of that Golden Age of Greece had already presaged: "I warned long ago of the risk engendered by democracy".

*Carlos Gigena Seeber leaves us a thoughtful work. The question he wields is not: where the history built by man leads, but where biological existence with man as a project leads. Here lies the true human meaning with his life, in which at no time could **human-being** rise with his relative, albeit sufficient, consciousness to impose the spirit above egoism. Does the **Being** possess a final aim or is it just a sequence towards a goal (beyond) as incomprehensible as it is yet his origin?*

**Jorge C. Trainini**