

# Illustration

**DANIEL SEILICOVICH**  
(CONTEMPORARY ARGENTINE ARTIST)

The work of Daniel Seilicovich leads to explore what is seen and also what is absent. What the artist stops representing in his composition is the silence glimpsed beyond it, in a harmony of what he detailed with the brush. In those urban landscapes of expressionist breath slips an accentuated lyricism that manifests itself in all his creation. What is not observed comes from this abstraction of the painter upon the self. There is strangeness in these city landscapes, in movement, vigorous and exultant, empty of beings. And this position leads to the drama of the absence of the self before his creations, seeding Seilicovich's work with a metaphysical dilemma. The author leads us to the memory of that paragraph written by Orlando Pierri when he said: *"Since art could detach from exclusive reason, it has a large field of development: the irrational."* These words warn of the undeniable relationship between art and unconsciousness, on the edge where we ask ourselves about the validity of existence itself, a reproach at whose abyss we have all leant at some point. In that moment when beings are surprised to be alive and where to assume a free existence is to live as if they had not been born, as if birth were denied in a probable previous choice. The advantage of non-existence is stated in Seilicovich's hidden message, similar to Samuel Beckett's (1906-1989) when his character says: *"I regret having been born."*

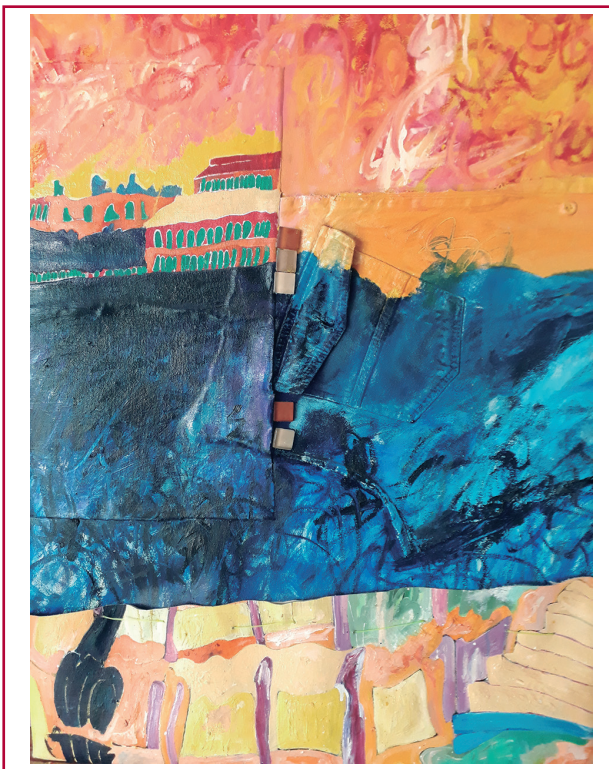
Consciousness has authenticity, not only because there is a death destination from which it acquires knowledge, but also because at birth it cannot fall back. Man despairs against destiny. It is impossible to retreat from being even if he intimately craves for it. The impulse to stay alive gives him flight despite his supported fate. Man to imagine himself calls his reality pessimism.

Man would like, during all the existence to try to exonerate this reality and to get drunk with existential placidity to free himself from its pressure. However, by coining a consciousness he cherished the fear of "not-being", but he cannot consider himself a victim but a person capable of bribing this natural order, only because he always had within his reach the solution to stop being. What powerful impulse is superior to this anguish of being? It is his extreme conviction of weakness and failure. He was always in a trap. Inserted in the worldliness with which he corrupts his dignity and with the consolation of multiple alienations. He is so condemned that denying is as foolish as affirming the dramatic existential condition and the nothingness that can await him.

The vital truth is absent from the philosophy and the



**Figure 1.** "The Arch of the Church"  
Technique: Oil/MDF board, 64 x 50 cm, 2019



**Figure 1.** "The House"  
Oil/Canvas, 90 x 110 cm, 2019

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world. Accepting life under these conditions is too intense. It is better to give up real consciousness and submit to neutral fantasy. From taking this road so often it seemed to man that this was the only truth. The thinkers who did not adhere became "cursed". The world accepts the deficiencies it produces in order to tolerate itself; it also knows that to interrogate the universe and nothingness for its existence, is frustration, clumsiness.

We cannot accept being nihilistic or pessimistic, but merely just ignorant of our condition. We are persecuted by indecision that is why we throw ourselves into worldliness, into its game of power. A cruel gift has been bestowed upon us: *the instinctive being*. Metaphysics makes us breathe until the last breath of life, waiting for life to be a dream that must dawn. A cursed dream. To the point that it sometimes loves despair because it frees it from fulfilling the available worldliness and the impulse to existence.

We occupy the existential void that exists within us since we realize after a short walk in life the anguish which accompanies us. We assume that the earth is an immense gallows and the cosmos a cemetery that travels in time. Nothing is objective. And this represents a challenge to all thought, which causes us to transform subjectivity into a slip, and objectivity into an aporia. Who could come out of himself and observe his judgment from outside?

Progress with technique has given man a promise to which he resorts, but there is no material possession that mitigates his tragedy. There is no compensation for his existential drama with knowledge. Nor with faith. Both

are approximations of man that hit each other. They represent a gesture of consolation. We do not understand the meaning of this earthly stay! An overwhelming existential exile that does not belong to us. To have been unaware of this trap of consciousness! Through it, man commits all the sins together until he fills the world with terror. What was the use of culture but to further abhor our experience of life! Here at this point I wonder if man could hold himself without passion and if this perseverance to remain is in our primitive brain or is an alienation of consciousness.

As long as we have to deal with a body with this consciousness, our current situation of suspicion, selfishness and envy of our neighbor will not yield. We are condemned to reach the non-being to nourish some hope of being. What a will to exist that of the whole universe! What an impulse it gives us to love hope and tolerate the agony to stay alive by denying the inevitable non-being!

The being flees from Daniel Seilicovich's human landscapes where there is melancholy and vigor. In that event of moving away from the progress of his own creation we imagine him walking in a circle so as not to approach anyone and exclaim:

*I escape from the graveyard / they call existence / I walk in a stone outfit / trying to be ignored / that I carry a heart / with which the gods play / to turn me into stone.*

*I escape ... I escape ... / I escape ... / for now from being a man / tomorrow from being a stone.*

**Jorge C. Trainini**