

Creation is : now

Approaching C. P. Seibt

With C. P. Seibt you can come well out of the conversation before it correctly began. Ask him for a resume: "I cannot contribute to your expectations." Full stop.

With C. P. Seibt, you can come well into the conversation. And he will always tell stories, short ones, long ones, stories like soft secrets of your own feelings or, more exactly: your hope for these feelings, stories as well, blowing on the solarplexus of your sentimentality, that take you the breath, so very that you try the breathing only hesitantly again, stories with which you begin to question you even so, that you finally in your own characteristic answers arrive, stories of the laughter of two traveler, underway on an ice floe, naturally to south.

If you ask him "Since when do you paint?"

"I cannot really remember me."

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"As much as I know, I always painted. But I stopped in my seventh year."

"?"

"And with 21 I started again. With seven influenced me a teacher with a key alliance, with twenty-one another one with a burning old projector, showing me pictures, pictures, pictures. At the next day, I got myself color and painted."

Today he is 65 and stopped never in between.

"Did you have examples?"

"Everyone."

"All?"

"Yes, all painters, whose work I saw."

"Which development was that? How do you come to your painting?"

"Through learning, learning by doing, long, again and again. Suddenly then this imperative point comes: all the wonderful pictures previously to overcome, respectful and decided. You must leave then, to your own horizon, all previous knowledge, abilities, this homeland. There is no more choice. You must contribute through your eyes, your visibility, your attitude to existence, at least your characteristic accent to this endless language."

If Seibt on his many trips is confronted with something that he not yet saw he sketches that patient and precisely, if necessary hundredfold – until "that my cipher is, my sign, my inner attitude of awareness". For each technology that interested him, he sought himself a master, a stonlithographer in the Odenwald forest, a calligrapher in Kyoto, a falsifier in Belgium, who told him the painting secrets of Rembrandt and others. He developed his own technologies, working with the elements, with fire, earth, water, wind.

During a TV-interview in California he was asked: "Mister Seibt, why do you paint?"

"Because the color exists."

Those sentences one hears otherwise only of mountainclimbers. On unfit question, Seibt answers with very short stories. His answers become longer, if he is astonished over the question: "Why do you believe, the art is at the end?" His answer was an essay, published in a large European newspaper, that costs the editor of the feuilleton almost the chair. (" Not the art is at the end, but the reality")

Seibt was born 1935 in Breslau.

"And then?"

"Then the front of the war came. With nine years and six month, my childhood ended."

"And then?"

"Then began something else."

"?"

"I learned to survive."

"But what do you experience there?"

Whistle. Go on.

Seibt tells on the story of the woman with the three fur coats, under which she almost collapsed in the snow drive, two of them she smashed to the snow, her heavy suitcase too, whistling.

Almost the same story would suit on him. He accepts and carries no titles.

"Approval is for an artist naturally desirable, but more dangerous than any rejection. He confuses easily the applause for his work with the idea that he himself had arrived. And sits down. And repeats, hoping on

the repeated applause. Adaptation is the soft suicide for an artist."

Almost not noticed of the public, through a friend, of about 300 pieces of his work have been sold into the US via "fuzzy Polaroid's", to "comfortable prices" But: all of it disappeared in livingrooms, offices, secured cellars: "that was not suitable." Seibt let the fur coats felled. The diskette with all address was sometime no longer readable. Point. Whistle. But according to American strategies he directly sought the three "fitting" Galleries in Europe.

"And then?"

"Then I got three answers."

"?"

"First: If you were important for us, we would come to you. Secondly: We already have all artists we need.

Third: You must unconditionally to America with your work."

Painter. Manager. Mentor.

He brought his work instead of in galleries and museums at the places where persons work. What "naturally" was not that he suspended some pictures as decorations. He installed art into all work - and conference rooms, elevators, entrances, on the roofs and even on the parking lot. That media: "... under the title> Art & Commerce> the artist, manager, mentor, philosopher and painter from Switzerland changed this company with his magician stick. This man has more than a pretty art to offer, the individual contact with ones own life..."

The artist, manager , mentor, philosopher and painter C. P. Seibt out of Switzerland? "That are just labels, cliches. Somehow we must incorporate the other." But exactly that does not Seibt allows to do with himself.

Artist he is. A view into his studio suffices. You go through a door and are arrived on an autonomous continent.

The interview of a European business-magazine with him was titled with one word: >Prospero<. Of the little circle of really powerful personalities of the business, he is asked to come "...if the problem needs genius to solve it", one, who Seibts advice owes its largest successes, how he says. Seibt, on that addressed, quotes Machiavellian after which the wisdom of an advice would never be the wisdom of the counselor, but rather the sovereign.

Manager he is, since some years also with a virtual company, that he evoked. Mentor he is for topshots, who travel also far ways for on, two days with him. Mentor he is also in the Internet. "#1" the URL is named laconic. Philosopher is he if philosophers are such, who seek to love the wisdom and to find connections. Researcher and scientist he is; to be sure one that shakes the tree so that an apple falls or better immediately the tree itself. Seibt established the > Nomadic Academy <. It happens everywhere, where instead of teaching and learning an intensive process works, invented by him: TeachLearning.

Change

"And how works all this together?"

"Well. Actually I make always that: change."

Again a story in a nut shell.

"And what drives you there?"

He looks at you, into both eyes, very exactly: "I am not agree with the world how it is. Creation is now. I am not driven, I drive nothing. I form."

A video of Jürg Schönenberger has a sequence, observing him on the island of Paros, installing filigrane installations over a coast strip, middle in a violent wind. There they stand there, days, perhaps weeks and change itself permanently. Tourists and island people go past or move like through Prosperos park or destroy, what disturbs them on that. Seibt looks it. Exactly. And whistles.

"What kind of a project is > One property in one summer ?"

"I go there, would live a week with the persons there, after that I am alone, two to three months and would work. Then I go." Exactly that he means, does. He leaves behind all what he created. No photos, no documentation, no work index. Seibt do not stylize his trace, he clean it in the outside – except in his work themselves. (He signs his work only on desire.)

"Within all this names, expressionism, minimal, neos and so further – how it is called what you do?"

"Trans-Real."

And to this we find eloquent traces.

"And again begin it: TransReale art, inviting to other realities of created presence's"

TransReal is: the heir of all yesterdays be newly taken in the realities of today, sketching possible presence's in the tomorrow. TransReal means: Take the entire current of the power out of this time, of the persons, with all artifacts, archetypes, rituals and symbols, ciphers, hopes and anxieties. Be aware of it in

the conditions of this moment, this very short and at the same time endless reality in the change. Create, that the creation now! happens. Create inviting realities which invite to other presence's. And then, perhaps, someone accepts one of this invitations and makes it to her or his individual presence.

TransReal: the power of the invitation to the direct sensual experience, out of which first and excluding new thinking is possible and can be thought new. Inexorably living designs, not country cards, but rather reports out of other landscapes that change itself already in the first desired seeing. The littlest in the largest and reversed: the magic cipher in the morphing dance of mutating rooms, times, networks; at the same time the endless change of the reality as humble gesture of the excessively creating in the smock out of indigo, passion and Gnostic fury. Not the global village, but rather a globe of fluently-instabil-balanced relations, woven out of the consciousness of the wanderers in their homes of the moment, surrounded by humming Icons in their magic evening tents, cybernetic cottages, electronic honeycombs and mutating flight castles.

There is no cultural garbage, but rather humus. There is no style, raced to the sign in the market, but rather the nomadic attitude in the change. There is no faint, but rather beauty. There is no absolute judgment, but rather floating ones. There is no magic of the security, but rather the security of the magic. There is no end, but rather the trusted Uroboros that is differently, because we begin to see it differently: endlessly many and manifold beginnings.

There, suddenly, is nothing at the end, the art begins again. No window opens itself to the well known world, but rather gates to realities. No country card named theory must explain a new, exciting landscape, because it vibrates in vital energy, old, trustable, risky seductive ciphers that creates oceans of possibilities, out of strange times, that bear all presence's rooms of pulsating rhythms of scarcely tolerable beauty, drumming the dance in the cave of Lascaux – the festival begins: art.

Art is underway; always."

Underway. Always.

This "underway" appears under development of his work over the years, in many different sequences, that he himself sees like "bow in a spiral", or "bearing, that I find again – as the same and yet another".

> Message out of the house of the customs officer <, picture-objects, cause through rooms, times and light. The apparently almost empty pictures are changing with the daylight permanently, multi-levels, multi-empty, multi-dimensional, rooms open itself, win meaning in the perceiving person.

Underway mediate also Seibts cheerful and at the same time exactly telling trip pictures and sketches out of cities, distant cultivation's, of tropical islands, out of the Aegean Sea and always in between of continents of the collective unconscious.

„Do you have no anxiety, of being not able to return from this?" asked him an analyst. Seibt marveled over the question and sketched her a model, that incidentally sample manner revised: "Imagine, that unconscious would be like a water planet – only sea. You immerse and find something. There, where your attention is, emerges your actual reality. Then you leave very naturally again and make something with your capture. There is nothing to thread you. A part of this sea are you and reversed." The therapist acquired a picture that she was just yet able to bear.

For years he works consistently on two large projects. > 28 Horizons< becomes a installation with the dimensions of two tennis courts, with portrait-icons, interviews and multimedia-biographies of 28 people.

>The new nomads< becomes an invitation as a process through strange eyes, just in order to go as a different person.

„How can I imagine that?"

The story of the humanity: an hour.

"If you take the previous time of the mankind, that are approximate five million years. This five million on the measure of a hour, were we 59 minutes and 52 seconds underway. Always. In the last 8 seconds, we tried the settled way of life. And now we are again underway, also if we live still in houses. We are emotional underway, socially, rational, in science our fashion, cultivation, information, the global network. And we are economically underway anyway. We are not the old nomads of earlier. But almost all our experience come from the 59 minutes and 52 seconds, our survival-strategies, our wishes, hopes and dreams, our power, our great stories. We are movement beings. And now we live that again increasingly. And need yet at the same time security, stability, identity. The methods and guarantees of the short settled period function no longer. But we actually know and can master the nomadic way, if we remember." Seibt does more to remember than on that. He developed simple tools for that, effective methods that be multiply transferred.

And for sure: If you would ask him "Did you create social sculptures as art or so?" he would look directly into your eyes.

Invitation

"And what the art, your art can contribute?"

"Invite. Inviting into the present to perceive like it is, perceive that we no longer look through the screen of selfpatterned windows in the walls of our routines of precipitating the life, but rather the many realities of today.

"The many realities. That have Seibts pictures experienced, objects, installation to be sure. This reality do not meet you non-binding, not confirming, but rather inviting: cool apollininc fields, old trustable sensual ciphers, sudden rhythms of dionysic dances, unsentimental mourning and just as cheerful understanding, answer on question, that one like scarcely to place himself in between, humorous plots that let laugh differently, delayed.

With C. P. Seibt, you can come well into conversation. With his work you fall into the conversation with yourself:" ...this man has more than a pretty art to offer, the individual contact with your own life..."