



# IMPERMANENCE NOTHING IS LOST

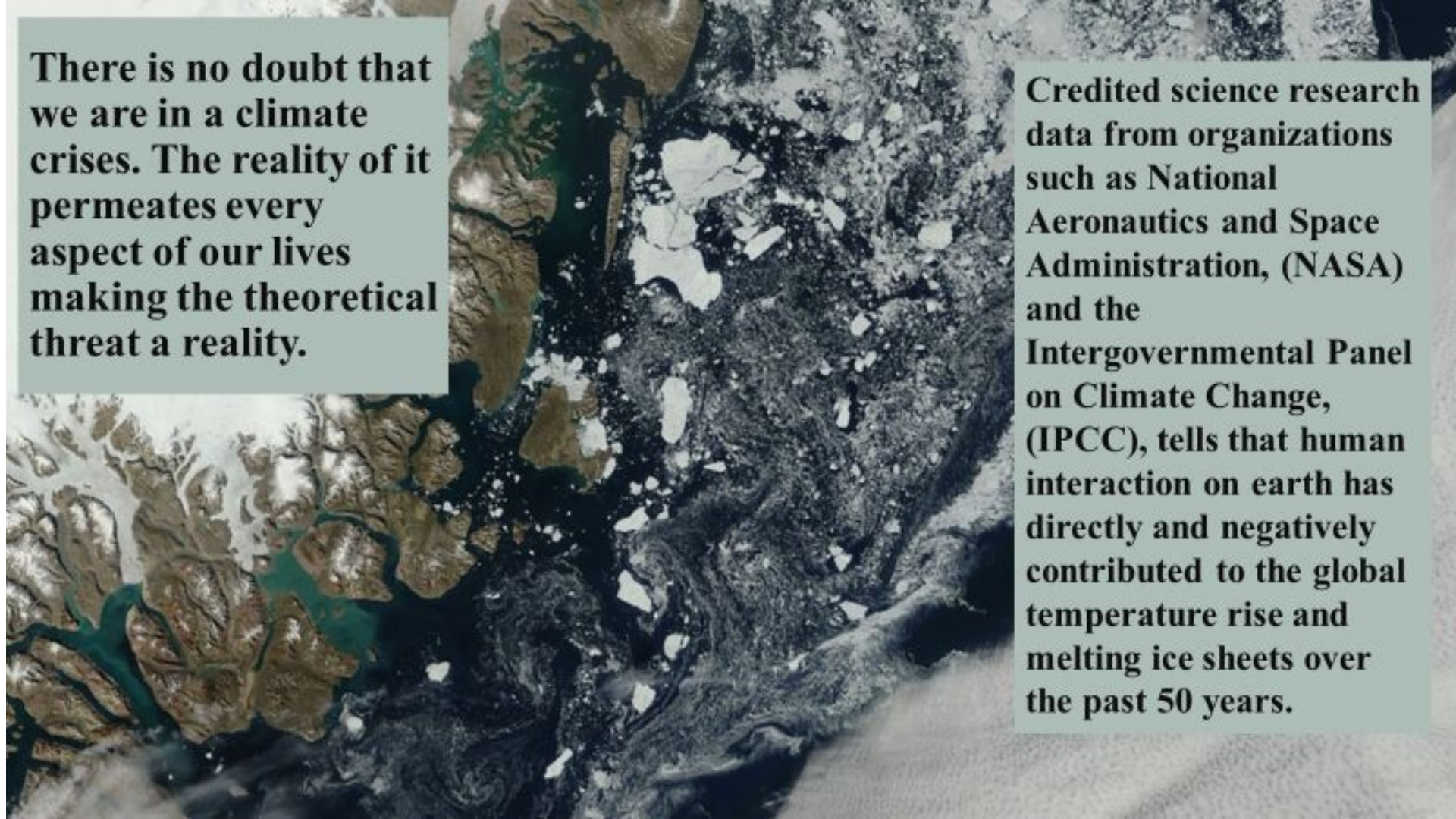
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2011344

FIN 250

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An aerial photograph of a glacier system. A dark, winding stream of meltwater flows through a network of brown, rocky terrain on the left side of the image. The glacier itself is a mix of dark grey and black ice, with numerous white and light grey patches of snow or ice debris scattered across its surface. The overall scene depicts a natural, albeit potentially melting, glacial environment.

**There is no doubt that we are in a climate crises. The reality of it permeates every aspect of our lives making the theoretical threat a reality.**

**Credited science research data from organizations such as National Aeronautics and Space Administration, (NASA) and the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change, (IPCC), tells that human interaction on earth has directly and negatively contributed to the global temperature rise and melting ice sheets over the past 50 years.**



**Melting Glaciers; Ice Brakes; Global Warming. Impending Doom!**

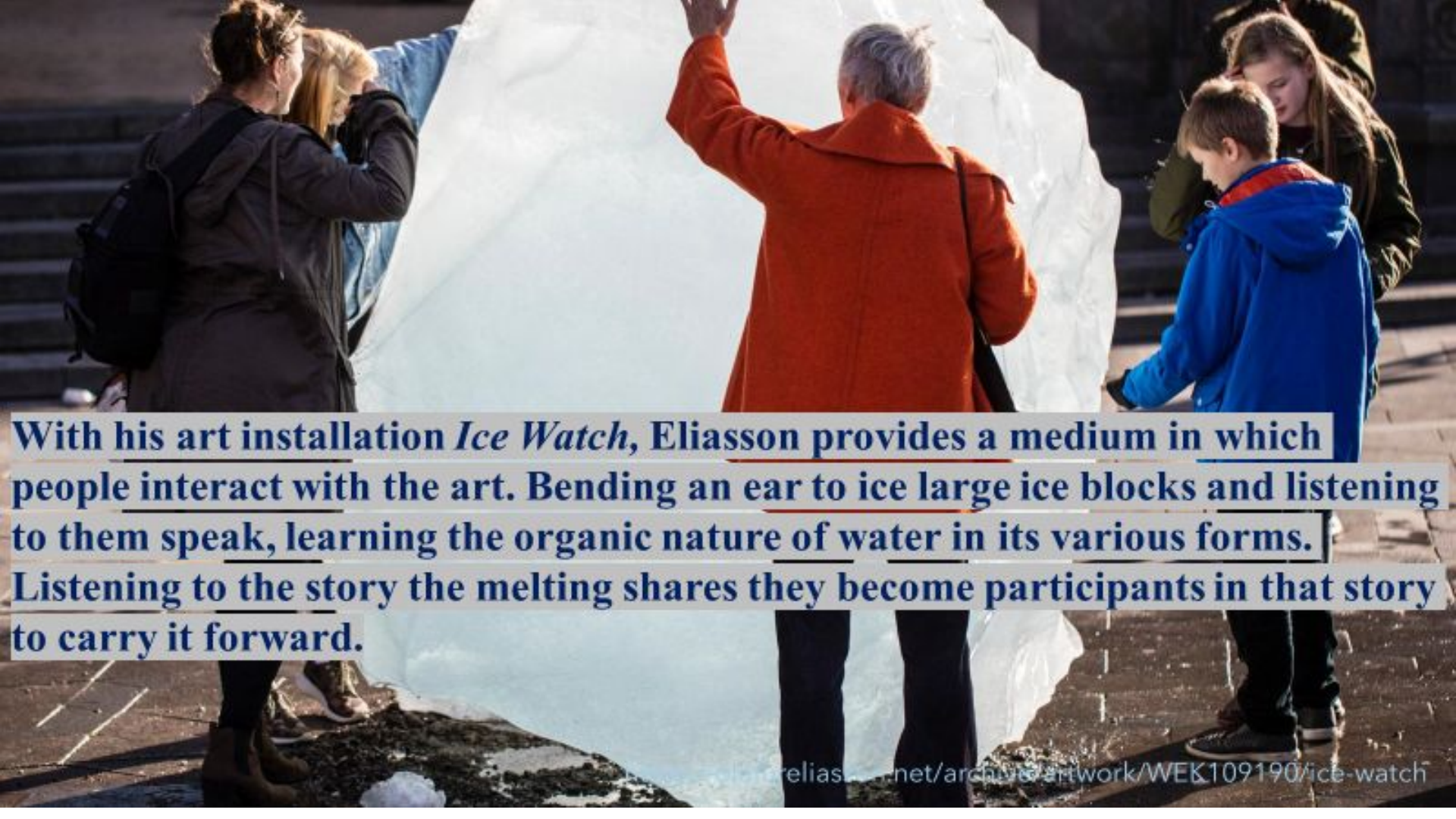
**The reality that if we humans as a collective do not intervene, enacting positive solutions to stay the threat of global extinction, engulfs the human psyche with catatonic reflex. Often solutions can be found in the Creative Processes of thought.**





# ICE WATCH

**Olafur Eliasson stresses the importance of informing people with knowledge alone is not enough. For him, artwork is the quintessential vehicle in which society and individuals can experience a truth through the senses and be empowered with what they learn.**



**With his art installation *Ice Watch*, Eliasson provides a medium in which people interact with the art. Bending an ear to ice large ice blocks and listening to them speak, learning the organic nature of water in its various forms. Listening to the story the melting shares they become participants in that story to carry it forward.**



**Empowering people with the ability to actively engage.**

**Olafur Eliasson initiates at the grassroots level positive and impactful change.**

<https://olafureliasson.net/archive/artwork/WEK109190/ice-watch>



## *The Presence of Absence*

Nothing is lost from things that pass. There is knowledge transferred through memories, strengths absorbed through the passing and life manifested in the turning. In his sculptural work *The Presence of Absence*, Eliasson traces the transformation of melting ice and the memory of what was.



**“To form this work, Eliasson used ice from the Greenland ice sheet, formed over millions of years by layer upon layer of highly compressed snow, and placed it in a wooden casing at his studio. Concrete was poured into the casing and the ice was left to melt away over a period of about a month. The melting glacier produced sounds like miniature explosions as it carved out voids within the cube, puncturing in the concrete walls and leaving only the memory of the ice within the artwork.”**



<https://olafureliasson.net/archive/artwork/WEK110377/the-presence-of-absence-nuup-kangerlua-24-september-2015-1#slideshow>



# My creative Process

Like Eliasson I have, in my creative journey explored the space between the space within the ethereal where transition and transformation occurs.

The negative space that is charged and dynamic.  
The presence of absence.

I journaled the experiences of my first set of drawings. Within slides 9- 15 is a poem I have composed of this journey laid over top the images the poem speaks of.

From this exercise I was able to render my final composition.



**Impermanence**

**Nothing**

**Is**

**Lost**

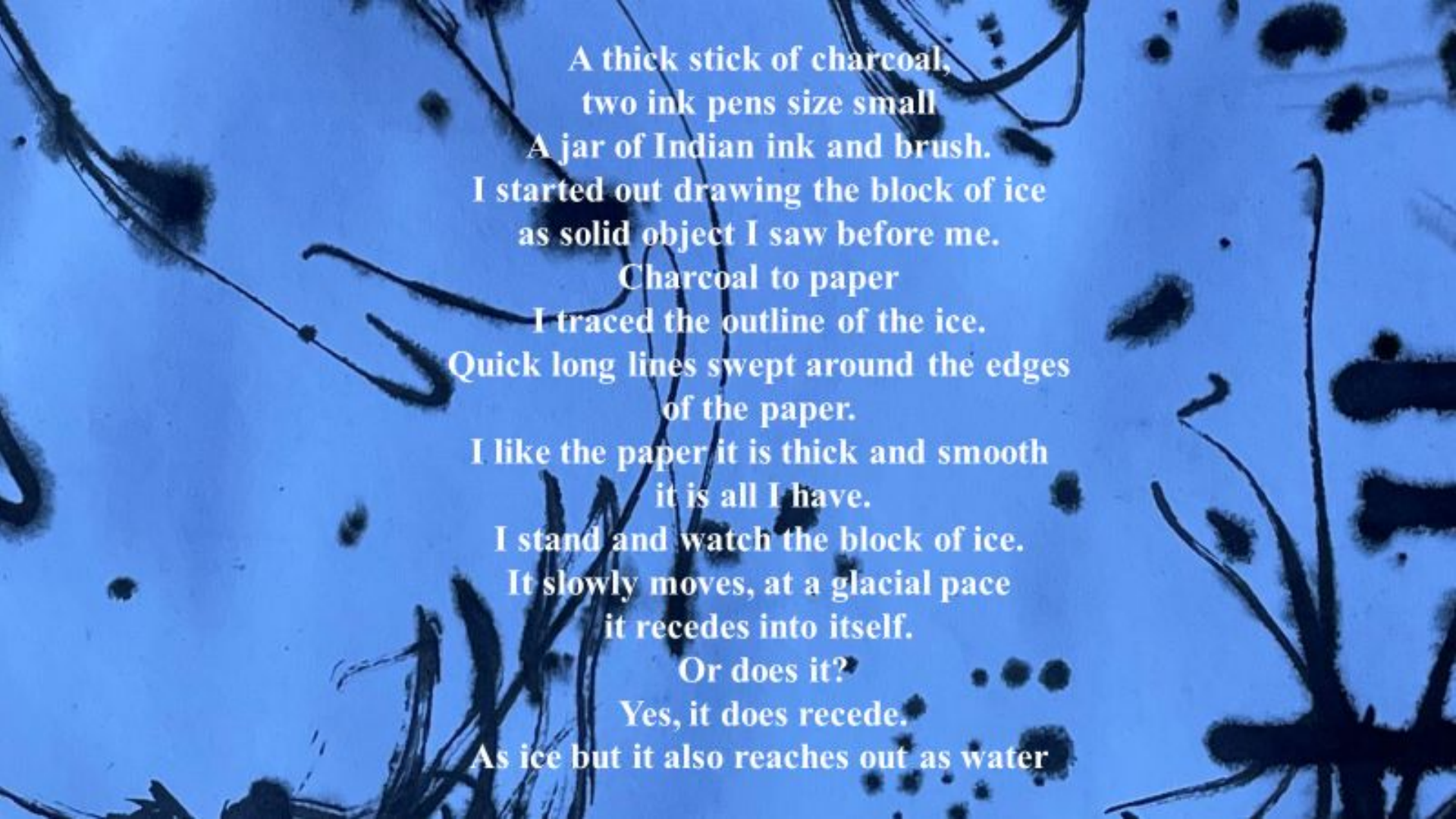




I needed to get away  
but as far as I could go was to get out.  
I couldn't stay in my room with its  
corner's  
energies hanging spilling through the thin  
openings of spider webs  
like clouds weeping through nets.

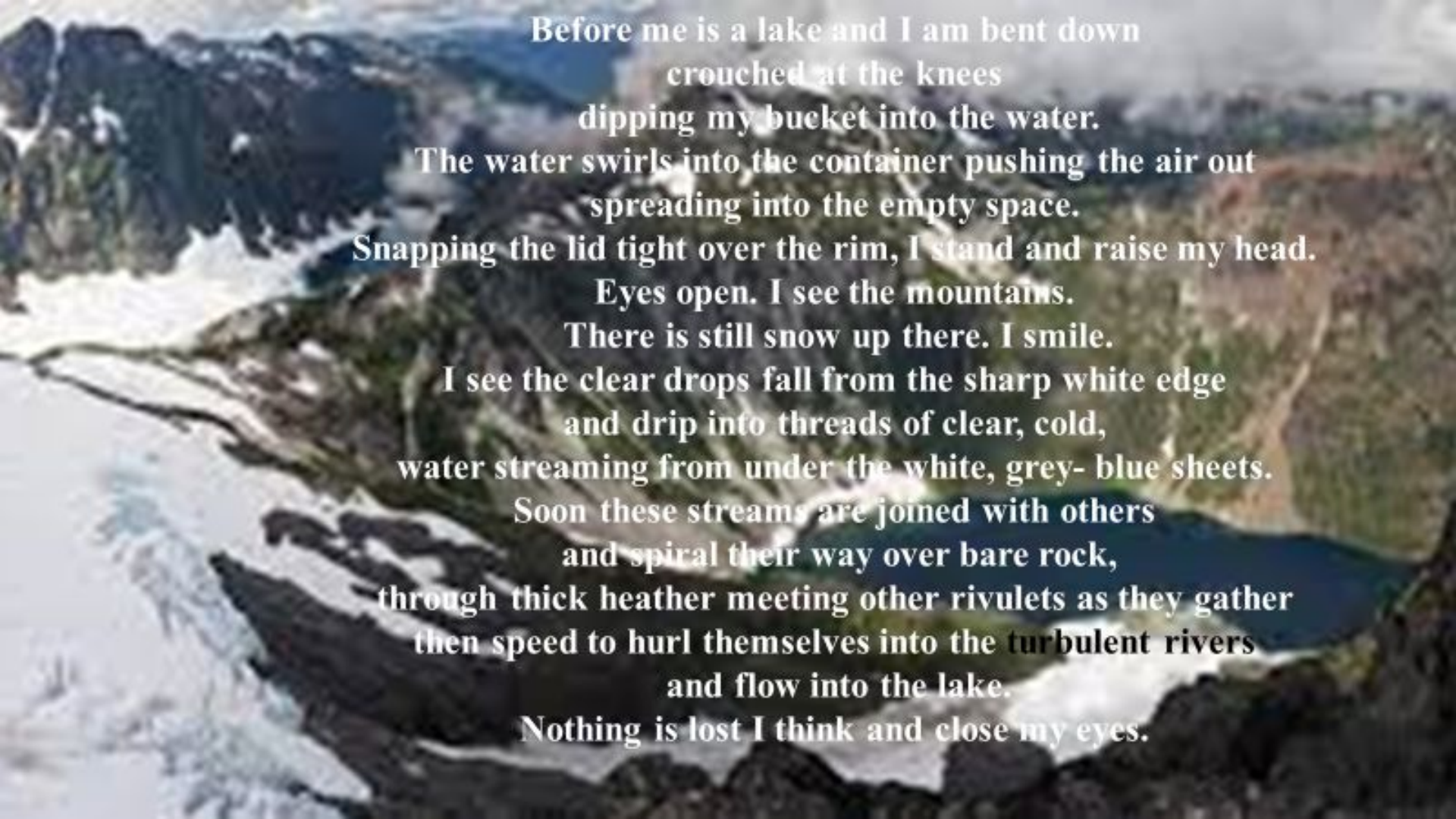
Outside a deep breath then more  
in and out  
a soft breeze still warm  
but cool enough to calm the breath.

I set up my space  
table outside the kitchen  
I set to work.



A thick stick of charcoal,  
two ink pens size small  
A jar of Indian ink and brush.  
I started out drawing the block of ice  
as solid object I saw before me.  
Charcoal to paper  
I traced the outline of the ice.  
Quick long lines swept around the edges  
of the paper.  
I like the paper it is thick and smooth  
it is all I have.  
I stand and watch the block of ice.  
It slowly moves, at a glacial pace  
it recedes into itself.  
Or does it?  
Yes, it does recede.  
As ice but it also reaches out as water



An aerial photograph of a mountainous landscape. The terrain is rugged, with dark, rocky outcrops and patches of snow. Numerous streams and rivulets are visible, originating from the snow-covered slopes and flowing down towards a central lake. The water in the streams appears clear and cold. The overall scene is serene and natural.

Before me is a lake and I am bent down  
crouched at the knees  
dipping my bucket into the water.  
The water swirls into the container pushing the air out  
spreading into the empty space.  
Snapping the lid tight over the rim, I stand and raise my head.  
Eyes open. I see the mountains.  
There is still snow up there. I smile.  
I see the clear drops fall from the sharp white edge  
and drip into threads of clear, cold,  
water streaming from under the white, grey- blue sheets.  
Soon these streams are joined with others  
and spiral their way over bare rock,  
through thick heather meeting other rivulets as they gather  
then speed to hurl themselves into the turbulent rivers  
and flow into the lake.  
Nothing is lost I think and close my eyes.





I pick up the deformed block and walk into the  
sun.

It is cold on my hands.

Soon discomfort takes over.

I find a stick and return to drawing.

Dipping the twig into the Indian ink

I draw again

the form of the transforming ice.

Next sheet.

I run to get a larger wider paintbrush

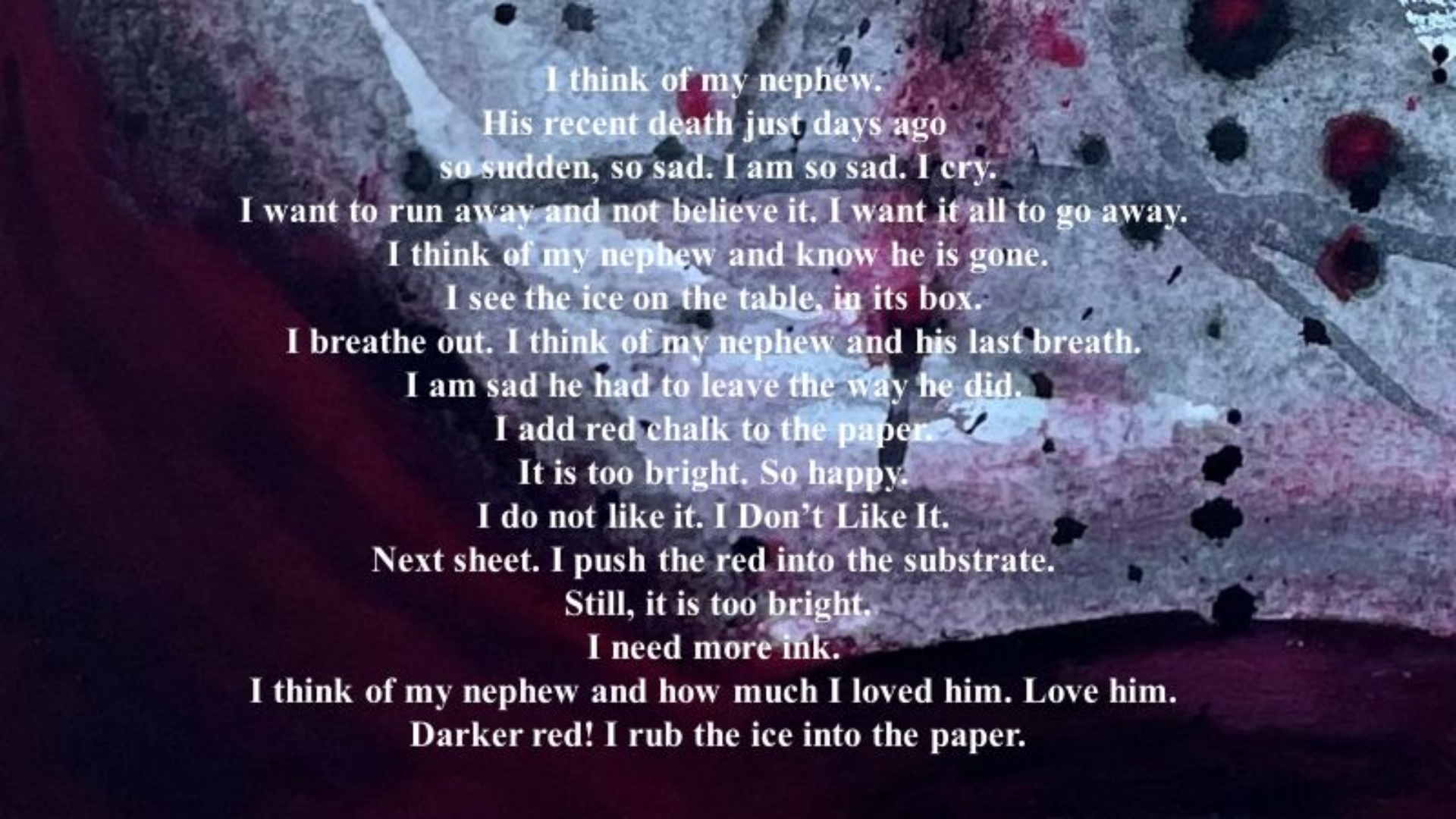
and dip it into the expanding puddle.

I spread the cool liquid over the white surface

dip the twig into the ink and draw

again, the re-forming shape.





I think of my nephew.  
His recent death just days ago  
so sudden, so sad. I am so sad. I cry.  
I want to run away and not believe it. I want it all to go away.  
I think of my nephew and know he is gone.  
I see the ice on the table, in its box.  
I breathe out. I think of my nephew and his last breath.  
I am sad he had to leave the way he did.  
I add red chalk to the paper.  
It is too bright. So happy.  
I do not like it. I Don't Like It.  
Next sheet. I push the red into the substrate.  
Still, it is too bright.  
I need more ink.  
I think of my nephew and how much I loved him. Love him.  
Darker red! I rub the ice into the paper.





He is gone!  
The colours bleed  
into each other  
as they flow in the wake  
of the ice  
when I push and pull it  
about.

I don't want him gone!  
Still, it is too bright!  
The red is too bright, too  
pink, too sweet. I am not  
feeling bright. I am sad!  
Why is it so happy?






Artist at work.  
Drawing with an ice block  
moving the colour across  
the paper.



Impermanence, Indian ink and stick, red chalk pastel and ice block on card stock, 24" x 36"





Though I like these two drawings they are not my final piece .  
While drawing them I noticed small bubbles, perfectly round in patches here and there throughout the block of ice as well as slivers of white stabbing through the thickness of it. As it sat out on the table, my muse as I drew it spoke to me in pops and cracks and quit drips.  
I put these drawings away and began anew.



## **Nothing is lost: Starting over**

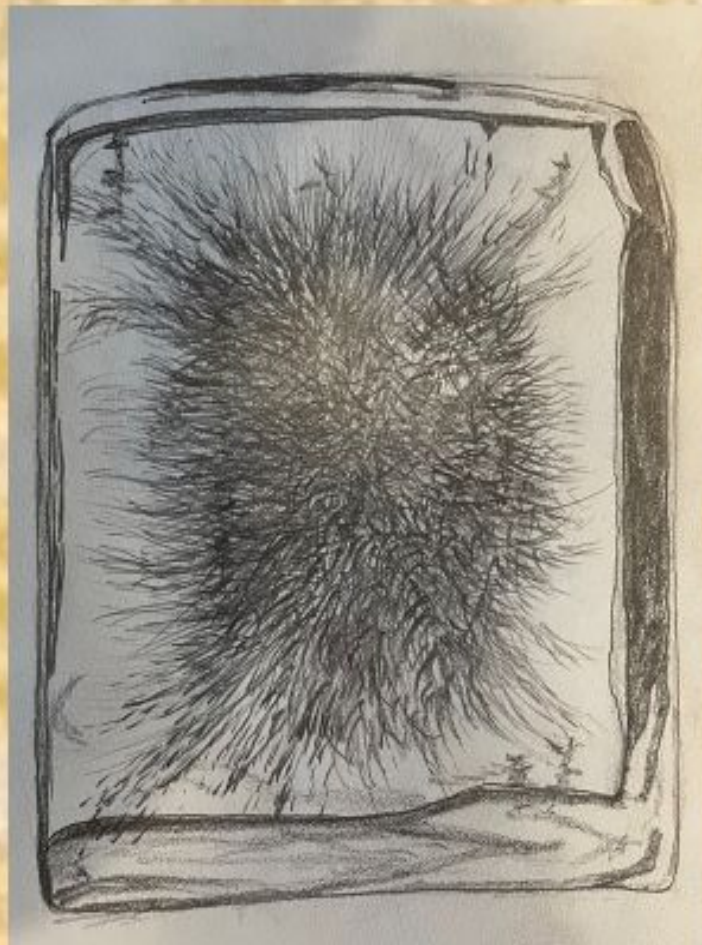
This time with a refrozen block of ice  
I notice that there is a heart held thick at its  
center. It branches out in arteries to the  
block's edges.

Reminded again of my nephew I began to  
realize the absence and the forms within.

My nephew is not lost I did not put him  
down and forget him somewhere.

He is in transition like the ice slips into  
water and water transpires to breath which  
exhales warm in the breeze and drops  
again, cool, contained life.

**Nothing Is Lost: There Is Hope**





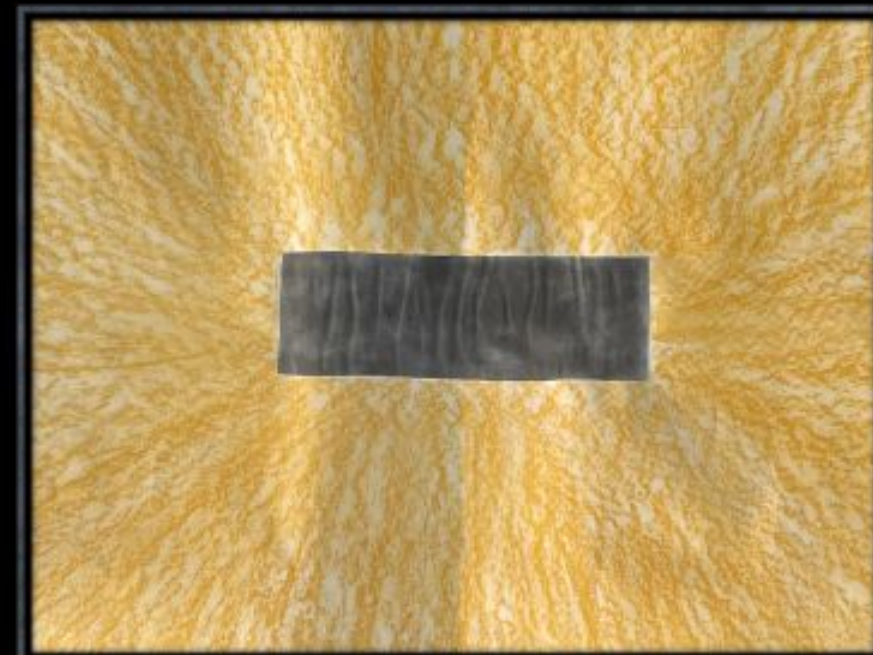
This first drawing exercise was very therapeutic for me. I thank you all for bearing with me as I journey through the process of my nephew passing.

In my final piece *Nothing is Lost*, I explore the space where energies of existence vacillate between life and death. Where nothing is lost from things that pass because there is knowledge and strength transferred through the alteration of states.

Again, I worked outside. With yellow pastel chalk powdered graphite and a paintbrush, scissors ruler pencil and tape I set to work on my final piece.







Nothing is Lost, powdered graphite, pastel chalk on paper, 24 x36

The center block, rectangle shape, in each drawing is exactly a 1/3 measurement of the drawing itself and are exactly in the middle of the paper. I cut them from separate pieces of paper and glued them to the center of each drawing. I knew the glue of acrylic medium would buckle the paper. It was an effect I was going for, unfortunately it sent waves through the entire piece. Though the complete picture may be rippled, I look at it as a **Beautiful Oops**, another step in the journey of impermanence. A juxtaposition of the energies within. I first blocked off the rectangle center areas on each then pulled a yellow chalk pastel from the center to the edges. I used a small 1/2" paintbrush to apply the graphite on the darker rectangle and over the yellow chalk on the one drawing.

Thank you



## Work Cited

<https://olafureliasson.net/archive/artwork/WEK110377/the-presence-of-absence-nuup-kangerlua-24-september-2015-1#slideshow>

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