

# *Créateur de Nuages*

*The Laboratory of the Impossible*

*By Arslohgo*



*Arslohgo. "Créateur de Nuages," digital transformation. 5940 x 4200 Pixels. CMYK, 300 dpi*

The title speaks French — and that is no accident. *Créateur de nuages*, maker of clouds, sounds like a profession that ought not to exist, and like a role humanity arrogates to itself without ever truly being able to fill it. Arslohgo deliberately positions this work beyond the familiar German-English linguistic axis of his lohgorhythmic methodology — the French introduces an additional layer of distance, an elegance of the absurd, that fits the image precisely.

What we see is an abandoned room. The walls carry the peeling teal of a forgotten institutional aesthetic — a school? A hospital? A laboratory building from the postwar era? The floor is cracked, marked with dark stains, as if something had happened here that no one documented. Through the multi-pane casement window falls diffuse, barely tangible light that illuminates less than it atmospherically charges the space. A table and chair stand as sparse props of an abandoned experiment in the middle ground.

### *And Then: The Beakers*

Three glass laboratory beakers, arranged with the care of a scientist or a magician — the difference, the work implies, is smaller than we think. Inside each glass, a piece of sky is imprisoned. The largest vessel, enthroned in the upper right of the image, preserves a dark cumulonimbus storm, towering and menacing, as if a storm front had been miniaturized before it could discharge. The middle glass displays a more dramatic formation — cloud masses in motion, carrying the leaden gray glow of a breaking squall. The third, in the foreground, contains the warmest content: a golden evening red, stratocumuli lit by the setting sun — the light of the last hour, preserved.

The compositional logic is as precise as it is poetic: the three containers form a diagonal sequence running from upper right to lower left across the image — a movement from thunderstorm through squall to dusk, an emotional weather progression, a kind of meteorological archive of feeling.

### *The Conceptual Core*

The conceptual core is the confrontation of two orders: outside, beyond the window, real sky presumably still exists — but it is pale gray, flat, inaccessible. Inside, on the laboratory table, the tamed sky fragments glow with an intensity the outside world can no longer muster. The *créateur de nuages* has distilled the most beautiful and locked it away. Is this preservation or deprivation?

Here Arslohgo works with a motif that has been widely occupied — from Magritte to contemporary conceptual art — that of the surreal enclosure of the infinite within the finite. But he transforms it through the specific context of abandonment. This room is not a studio, not a sterile research laboratory. It has been given up. And yet the glasses

still stand there. The maker is gone, but his creations persist, carrying sky within them, with no one to look at them — until now.

### *Color and Composition*

The color design of the entire work is masterfully calibrated. The dominant teal of the walls is cold enough for distance, warm enough for melancholy. It corresponds with the cool steel of the clouds in the upper glasses and contrasts with the warm amber in the lowest vessel — the only place in the image where warmth seems permitted. The transparency of the glasses plays a decisive role: you can see straight through them; they are not impenetrable containers but permeable boundaries. The sky wants out. Or it wants to be looked at.

The sky photograph Arslough deploys here was actually taken in Dinard, Brittany — part of the project *Motifs nuageux particuliers – Rétrospective Dinard 25* and thus embedded within the expansive SKY series, which explores the theme of sky on three distinct levels: visual, written, and sonic. The work is therefore at once a standalone piece and a chapter in an ongoing series, a snapshot and a conceptual document. The clouds held captive in these glass vessels have a specific origin — they are not generic atmospheric stock imagery, but site-bound meteorological events, mapped and archived.

### *Coda*

*Créateur de nuages* is a work about the paradox at the heart of every artistic act: grasping the ungraspable, holding fast to the fleeting, giving material form to the atmospheric. And it is a quiet monument to the futility of that endeavor — for even when you contain clouds, they remain clouds. They answer to no maker. They are only borrowed.

Medium: Digital Composition