

inevitable nature
of nothingness

Inevitable Nature of Nothingness

Arslohgo. Digital image composition. 4200 x 5940 pixels. CMYK, 1200 ppi

Artist's Concept Statement

To think about life, one must think about death — for neither can be conceived without the other. And only in the complementarity of these two concepts can we begin to grasp what life truly means to the individual.

The person who fears death will, whenever possible, avoid thinking about it. Beyond that, he constructs comforting fictions — an immortal soul, an afterlife — to put his own mind at ease. And yet he is (once again) deceiving himself. Here I follow Sartre and adopt his terminology: death does not open new paths; it is the complete annihilation of all possibility. It is a néantisation — a “noughting,” a nullification — that lies entirely outside of human freedom. With death comes a radical alienation: the person becomes a thing. A double alienation, in fact, for he persists only in the memory of others — if at all, and for how long?

What remains, if not nothingness?

“Inevitable nature of nothingness” is the expression of my thoughts on death.

The Work as Philosophical Act

There are works you look at. And there are works that look back at you. Inevitable Nature of Nothingness by Arslougho belongs to the second category — in a way that is barely perceptible at first, but grows in intensity the longer you stay with it.

The large-format work (4200 × 5940 pixels, CMYK, 1200 ppi — a piece clearly conceived for print, for physical presence) shows, at first glance: nothing. Or almost nothing. A near-total field of black, threaded through with barely visible dark-green shadings that seem to dissolve into the void like organic forms — perhaps branches, perhaps vessels, perhaps smoke. In the lower third of the image, slightly off-center, a delicate, matte inscription reads:

inevitable nature
of nothingness

Not centered. Not loud. Almost apologetic.

Seeing as Effort — Form as Concept

The compositional decision to surrender nearly everything to black is not a gesture of laziness but a rigorously consistent conceptual stance. Seeing itself becomes an act of effort: the viewer must strain to perceive anything at all. The inscription is barely legible. The organic forms — if they are there — resist direct observation. The work refuses to accommodate.

This already encodes the first philosophical thesis Arslohgo translates into image: whoever refuses to see death will not see it. The person who — as the accompanying text puts it — avoids the thought of death and constructs comforting fictions, looks at this work and sees: a dark surface. Nothing more. The work leaves him in his self-deception.

But whoever stays, whoever keeps looking, whoever lets their eyes adjust — begins to sense something. Something that cannot be named, yet makes itself felt.

Néantisation as Compositional Principle

Arslohgo draws explicitly on Sartre, and you can feel it. The concept of néantisation — the annihilation, the erasure of all possibility — is enacted formally within the image. Color is annihilated. Form is annihilated. Depth is annihilated. What remains is the substrate: the canvas, the paper, the blackness of nothingness.

And yet: the work exists. It has a physical dimension, a surface, a materiality. Here lies the dialectical tension that sustains it: Nothingness is not an absolute void — it is a condition that follows being. The organic forms one can barely make out are not living, growing structures. They are remnants. Traces. Shadows of something that may once have been.

Death, Arslohgo writes in the accompanying text, means radical alienation: the person becomes a thing. And that is precisely what the work enacts: it reifies existence. It grants it no dignity, no monumentality, no transcendence. It grants it black.

The Text as Final Remnant

The placement of the words inevitable nature of nothingness is decisive. They do not stand triumphantly at the center, nor explanatorily at the margin — they sit slightly off, slightly lost, as if by chance. As though they were a thought not yet fully gone. A last formulation, before it too is swallowed by the black.

This is the second death Arslough speaks of: the disappearance from the memory of others. The inscription within the image is memory itself — fleeting, barely legible, close to oblivion. It is not an epitaph but an imprint. Not a monument but a trace.

Conclusion: A Work More Honest Than We Are

Inevitable Nature of Nothingness is not a comforting work. It is not beautiful in any conventional sense, not inviting, not accessible. It is a work that refuses to lie — and finds its extraordinary strength precisely in that refusal.

In an art world that too often oscillates between spectacular surface and murky conceptualism, Arslough achieves something rare: a complete congruence of form and content. The work is what it speaks about. It shows nothingness by drawing close to nothingness. It speaks about forgetting by refusing legibility. It thinks about death by leaving the viewer nowhere to look away.

What remains when we look away?

The black remains. And the quiet, nearly vanished inscription. And the question Arslough poses — one that each of us must answer alone.

Medium: Digital Composition