



📍 **Meanwhile Back in Gotham** Michèle Noach, Artoonist

Tripping through the scalding attrition of Leicester Square yesterday, an inner voice had one question over and over. Was that pale blue dream true? How to remember?

Gazing in disbelief at the colossus of the Arctic, the kilometres of zinc white ice struck through with inexplicable cobalt and black. Semi-mythical narwhal swanking past in the ultramarine death pool our tiny boat floats upon. Climbing an ice-cap hued like the air, trying to remember to stay on earth, to not walk into the sky. Skinny polar bears appearing to greet self-sacrificing reindeer with a mimed peck on the cheek (did we really see that?). The Northern Lights peeling back the routine of night with a Haight-Ashbury display of sulky luminescence that seemed to mark out the exact dome of the sky; the top of it all is here, it said.

How to square these things with what is now?

The unavoidable spillover from what the oceanographers were busy observing with their 'scopes and graphs and screens and vials. These fragments of the real world, slivers that explain the real world, are also

filtering through to how the whole is calibrated, understood and recalled.

This was no mini-break. The violent spirit of this voyage demands attention. The High Arctic is a gifted child that needs particular love and is neglected at our peril. Like a monster that needs feeding or a vital garden, our last garden, that needs tending. I am amazed at the strength of my desire to return, despite the ambiguous beauty of this hostile Eden.

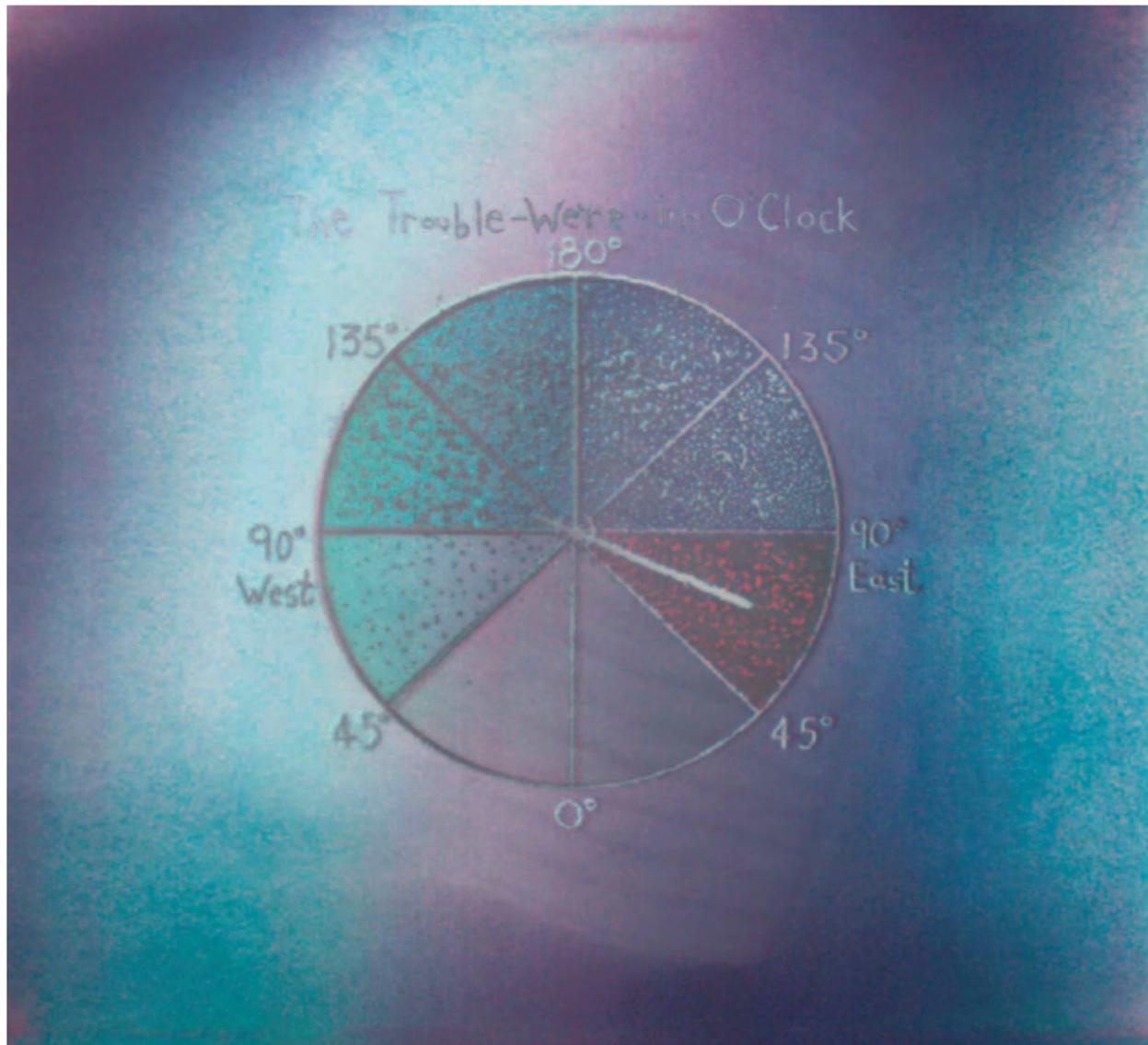
It was a journey to another world without the galling necessity of death. The desolation and absoluteness of the 80th parallel and its neighbourhood wrestles with everything we carry around in our choice-drowned heads. Its pared-down world of clicking ice and sharp air, its spectral animals and light games, these are True. To hell with Real.

'I absolutely refuse to leave until we are able to take back with us something in the nature of a chart'
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, 'The Lost World'



📍 **Overwhelmometer** Lenticular, 2004 / 80°05N, 19°05E

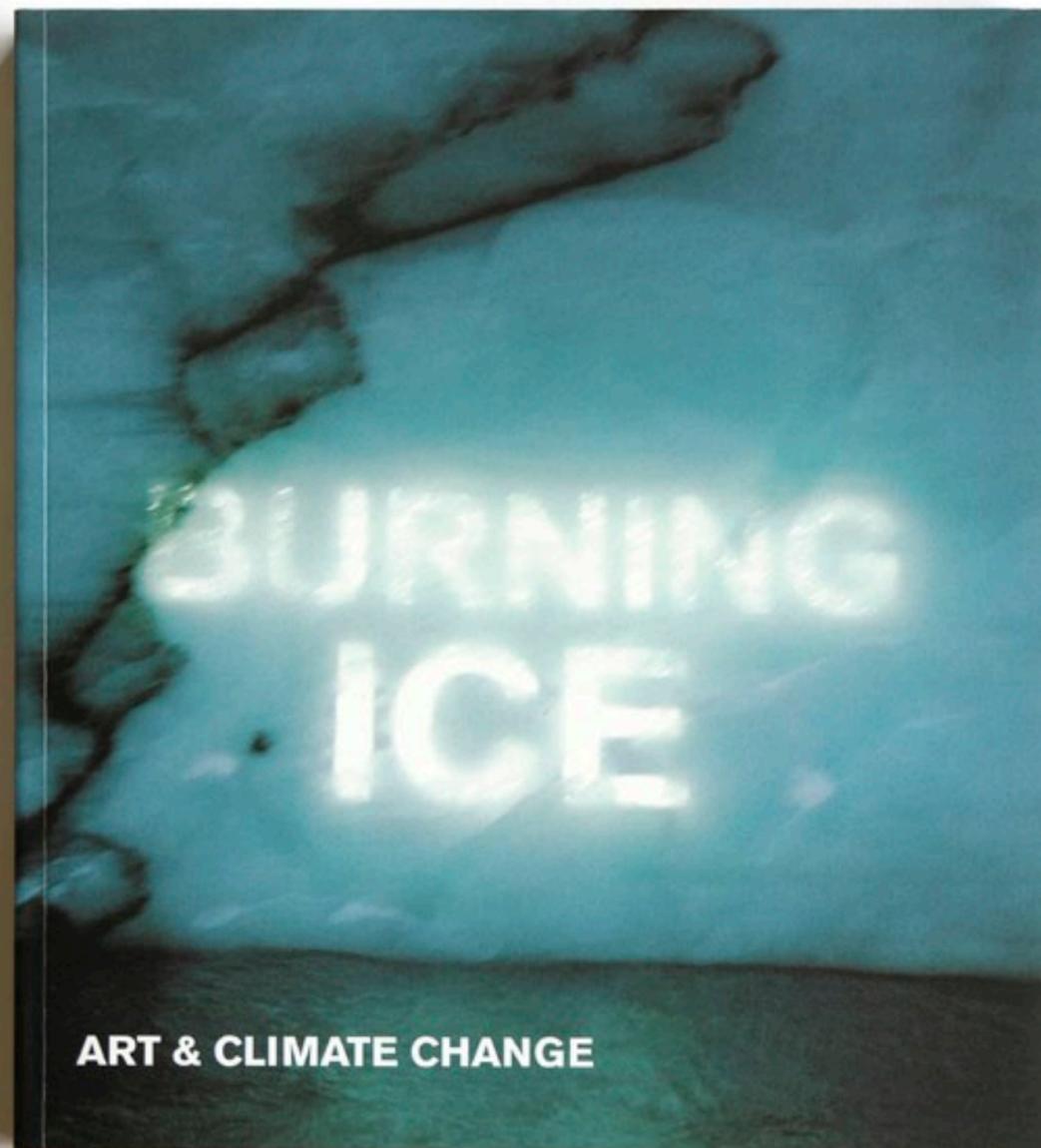
'THESE FRAGMENTS OF THE REAL WORLD, SLIVERS THAT EXPLAIN THE REAL WORLD, ARE ALSO FILTERING THROUGH TO HOW THE WHOLE IS CALIBRATED, UNDERSTOOD AND RECALLED!'



⊕ The Trouble-We're-In-O'Clock Lenticular, 2004 / 78°65N, 21°05E



⊕ Contextascope Lenticular, 2004 / 79°65N, 21°10E



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