

Etude I: Stranger Things

Cart 360 - Fall 2018

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Object I

I am terribly near-sighted. My eyesight began to fail around the age of eight, when suddenly, I could no longer make out what the teacher was writing on the white-board. I was promptly sent to the eye doctor and fitted with a pair of glasses of my choice. Although the model has changed, I have worn glasses ever since and rarely take them off. For this reason, my glasses slowly became part of my face; while I do not see them, nor notice them most of the time, they are one of my defining facial features. They have become such a defining trait that I often draw myself in comic form as nothing but a head with a mop of hair and a pair of glasses.

For a technology that is so vital to so many, glasses are unimaginably frail. Lenses scratch under any pressure, metals bend and rust, and plastics snap. They are clunky, annoying, and unintuitive as soon as you go attempt to rest your head against anything. But for most, glasses extend their functionality and delve into the aesthetic. Choices of style, colour, weight, and shape are nearly endless. At one point in my life, this meant picking a vibrant and bold style, and more recently, it meant making them as invisible as possible. My glasses, simply put, are now meaningful to me because they afford me my vision.



Object 2

A long-distance friendship embodied within a handmade object.

A couple of years ago, my childhood friend and long-time neighbour moved away to Toronto to pursue a career in pottery. Before she left, she gifted me a clay mug painted by her favourite colour (black). Her small gesture went a long way, and it became the only cup I drink out of at home over time. Her mug has become something I prioritize, as well as something I protect and monopolize.

Not only do we place an added value onto the handmade and the one of a kind, the amount of labour and materials involved tend to increase its value as well. It is only amplified when the item is created by someone we cherish. I realize that I have defined my mug's importance based on the emotional value attached to it. There is an unspoken, immaterial link that makes me think of her whenever I use it.



Object 3

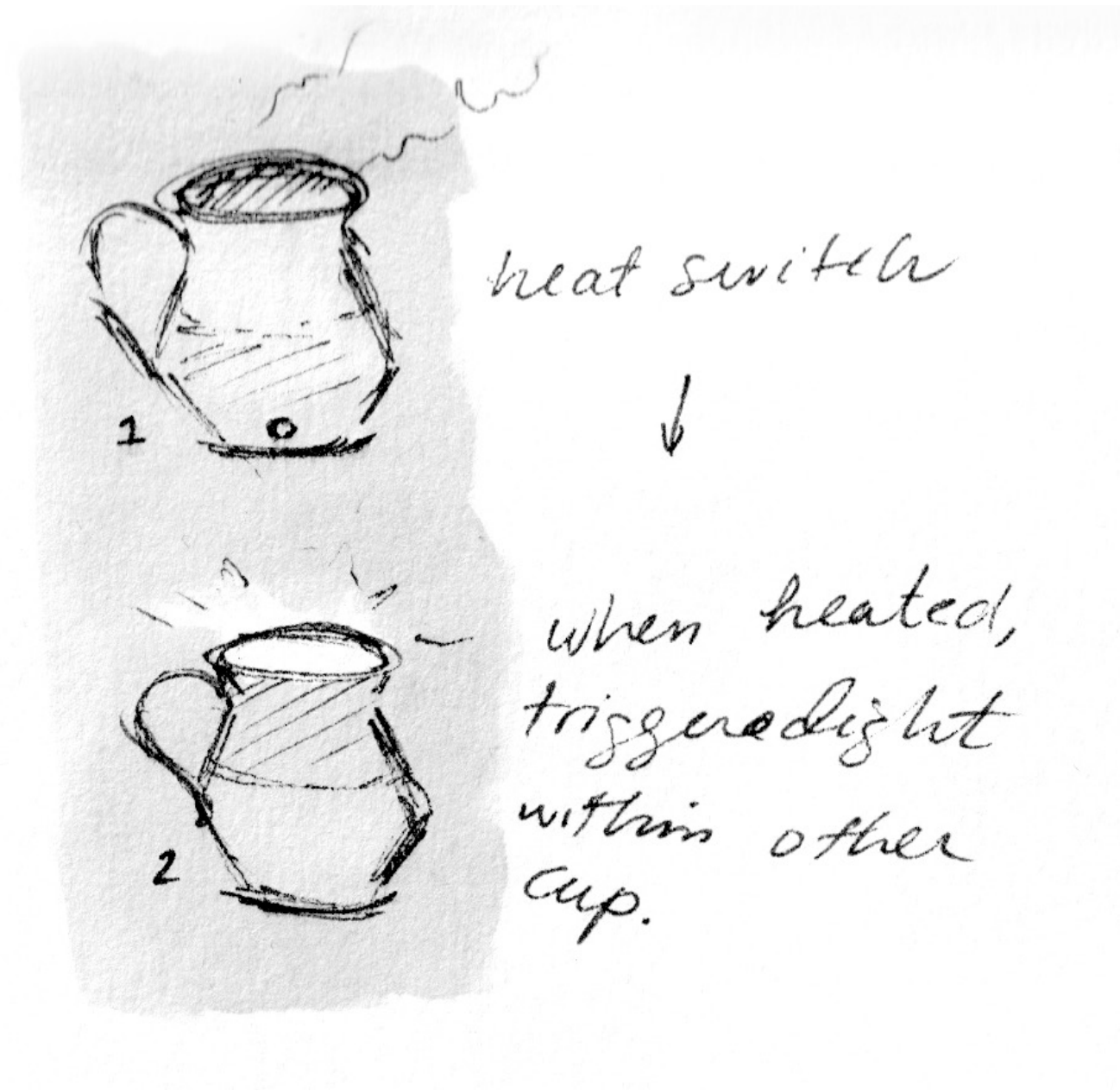
I own a variety of multiliners that I often use for school, work, and for personal art. I have gone through many iterations of these pens over the years, but have pretty much always owned at least one complete set. That is to say, the pen pictured on the right is not the particular object that is meaningful to me, nor is its brand, but rather the idea of owning a quality set of pens.

For one, drawing comes to me more naturally than writing. I sketch when conceptualizing, then use words to provide further context. Oftentimes, descriptions overlap and intertwine, adopted as illustrated elements within the sketch. These pens are a mass-produced, well-known artist tool, and many people I know also own them. Yet, although identical, one must not dare lose or mix them up. Each person is very territorial over their pens, like the glitter gel pen that one kid had in elementary school. Unlike glitter pens, their designs are always simple and sleek, with a strong and durable casing. Their contents, on the other hand, are very temporary, drying out or exploding mid-flight.



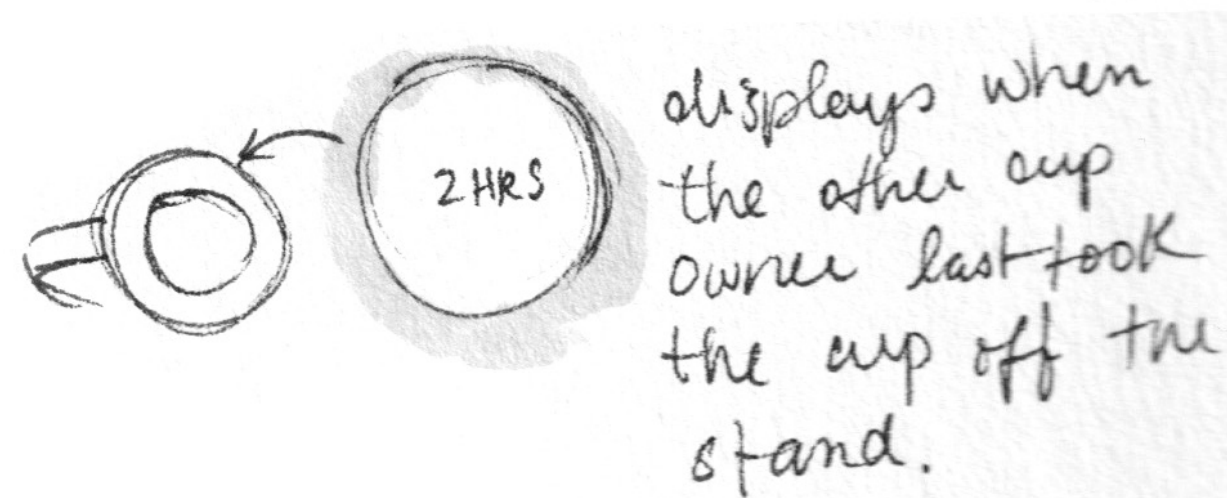
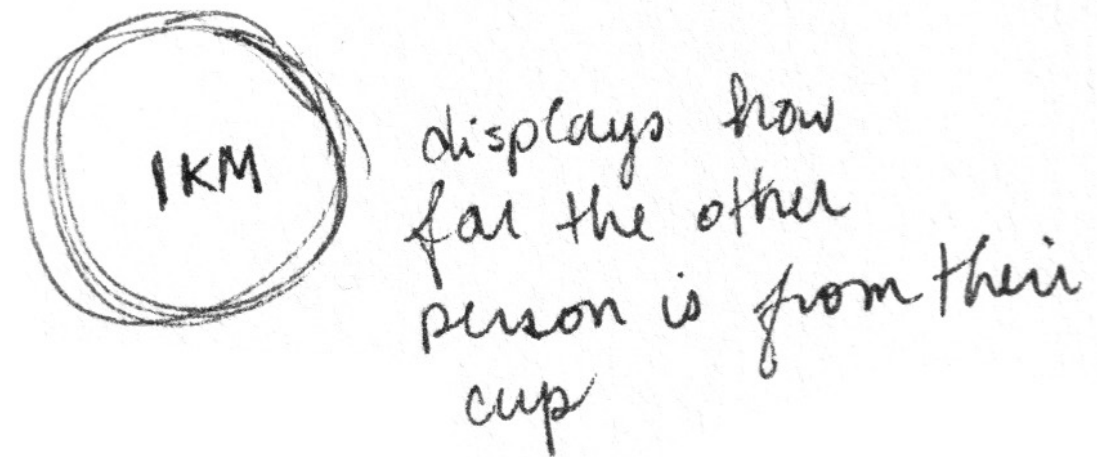
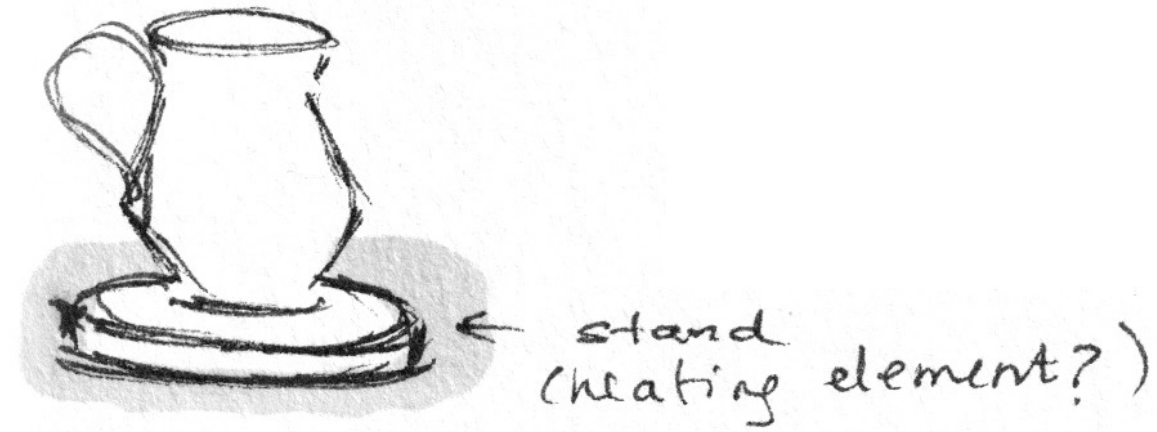
Switches

Switches

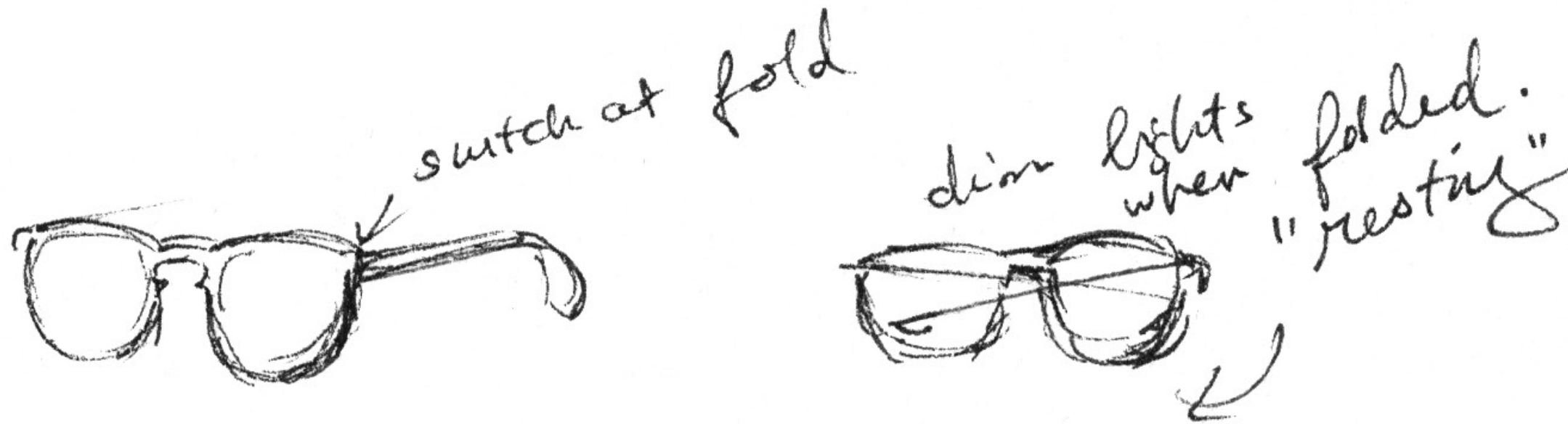


Long-distance cups: sharing a moment despite being so far away.

Switches



Switches



Storyboard

Storyboard



A pressure sensor and mini display screen are embedded into the bottom of the mug. When the mug is filled with water, the pressure sensor switches on, and the display screen lights up. When the user looks into the cup, they can watch an underwater-inspired scene.

