

# Artun Arasli

## *Kunstenarsbijdrage*

### Personalia

Artun Arasli studeerde aan de afdeling Beeld & Taal (2011) van de Gerrit Rietveld Academie en won met zijn eindexamenwerk (2011) de GRA Award in de categorie beeldende kunst. Eerder dit jaar nam Arasli deel aan het project 'The Memories are Present' van Het Stedelijk Museum Bureau Amsterdam.

I want things to happen slowly. I want to be best friends with a clean cut diamond.

But this is impossible, because you are my best friend and there is no such thing as two best friends. I want you to die a slow and painful death, like a basketball that has been run over by a car.

We live in the same house. At our house you are always practicing magic. You look funny in your magic outfit. You think it's so interesting that things come out of your pockets and hats.

I know what magic is all about, okay? I say

They say abracadabra but they mean, look at this domesticated rabbit die.

Here is a mini self-portrait: here is me looking at you doing magic in the kitchen and thinking:

this is so fucking stupid and clapping sarcastically. This makes you cry and makes me feel soft

like rabbit fur.

Whenever you cry, my mother once said,

go and stare at running water. She said the water cries on your behalf.

I tell you to take out a pen and a post-it, and I want you to note this down. I want you to fold the post-it in half so that the sticky part is sticking to the paper part, and so the post-it unarms itself in your pocket. Your magician pockets are deep and dirty but you are sweet and small.

One day everybody will feel like a tissue washed in the pockets of a trench coat. Crumbled and white is not what I mean. Wrinkled and small is not what I mean.

Weak and heartbroken might be; there is no time.

There is an urgency to this instead: If my soul would ever feel weak and heartbroken, and perhaps a bit empty, I'm sure somewhere there would be a soul station where I could go to fill it up again.

If there would be such soul stations, the shopping list on our fridge would have a radical priority order: On top of my shopping list would be noodles and coffee, for instance, whereas life, would be on the top of your list.

You would go every month to the life shop and get yourself a life. And my secret list, which is not on the fridge but under my pillow,

would have as number two:

make diamond friends.

Keira Knightley is ridiculous but she exists. I cannot be your friend anymore, because you are not a diamond and you think Keira Knightley is not that bad.

Trust me, I tried. I saw a magic show last year, just to understand you better as a person. Here is what happened:

The magician asked me to close my eyes. He said, imagine a horse.

I imagined a killer whale because I could. My killer whale was swimming in the ocean eating horses.

I know what's inside you, the magician said. Inside you is fear.

Inside me, motherfucker,

are organs, floating freely in fluid, I corrected him. Two of everything: two lungs, two kidneys, two hearts. And here are my two hands, I said,

and tried to fist him in the mouth. He teleported into the television and lied on a couch with Keira Knightley and fed her grapes. I was so amazed. I stood up and started clapping. When I took my hat off in amazement

I became a rabbit that comes out of a hat. People in the television start clapping sarcastically. I fell on the ground like rabbits do sometimes.

The magician fed Keira Knightley the handkerchief that was coming out of his sleeve eternally, but sadly he didn't saw her in half.

The handkerchief was patronizing but it kept changing colour and kept me entertained. This was pretty much the entire magic show.

I came back from the show frustrated and maybe

slightly outraged.

You were cheerful and you said let's drink pepsi and I said okay but we didn't move. Your room was sad and cold. Your face was funny. I looked at my hands. Every time I tried, I miscounted my fingers. In panic,

I wanted to call everyone on my phone list like a crazy person and ask if they have found my missing fingers.

Then you confessed that you secretly entered my room and found my secret to do list and you made my fingers disappear

while I wasn't looking. You said abracadabra and threw a cape on me

but, because of my missing fingers I was lighter and I could run faster; so I escaped you, looking back and laughing,

yelling SUCKER

yelling I hate you, I will never come back

and I ran into a wall and

immediately fell asleep.

In my sleep we were best friends because

you were a gigantic, glowing diamond dressed in summer clothes.

We went with flowers in our hands to Keira Knightley's house, but not to visit Keira Knightley.

p.118. 1 Artun Arasli, *You Punch a Hole In The Subterranean*, 2011.

p.119. 2 Artun Arasli, *I AM HUNGRY*, 2011.



