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Maybe having watched so many of Arunanondchai's videos at once and over and over again, I have begun to at least momentarily acquire an Arunanondchai-esque frame of mind, his way of perceiving things and the world. That is, everything is connected to each other, and echoes each other. Everything is essentially a mirror image of other things and of itself, a metaphor aptly offered by the recurrent appearance of his twin brother in his activities throughout the videos. And in that sense, everything is in a cycle, both being itself and being on its way to becoming something else that is no better or no worse than itself. In one of the letters Arunanondchai addressed to Chantri, a fictional character in the first and the third videos of the trilogy *Painting with history* in a room filled with men with funny names, Arunanondchai formed his narratives by way of such letters he wrote: *My father called me last night. He wanted to talk about love, but I was busy. A telling line! It brought home to me the realization that the*

younger generation is simply too busy to listen to and take heed of what the older generation has to say, until they themselves eventually grow old one day. By articulating these words, Arunanondchai, busy being young at the moment, is well aware of such a prospect and has no illusions about the eternity of youth. We are our own parents and grandparents eventually, and they are us. This very moment is just a temporary state of existence before it becomes the next moment, just as being young is only a momentary state of being before one stops being young.



Korakrit Arunanondchai (Thai, b. 1986) is an artist who lives and works in New York. He is represented by Carlos/Ishikawa, London, and C L E A R I N G, New York. His exhibition *Forest Of My Dead Cells* is currently on view at the 032c Vitrine, Berlin.

A catalogue documenting Arunanondchai's recent exhibition at Museion, Bozen, and his film trilogy *Painting with History in a Room Full of People with Funny Names* will be published this fall by KALEIDOSCOPE and Museion. The text published here is an excerpt from Carol Yinghua Lu's essay featured in the book.

All images courtesy of the artist; Carlos/Ishikawa, London; and C L E A R I N G, New York.

