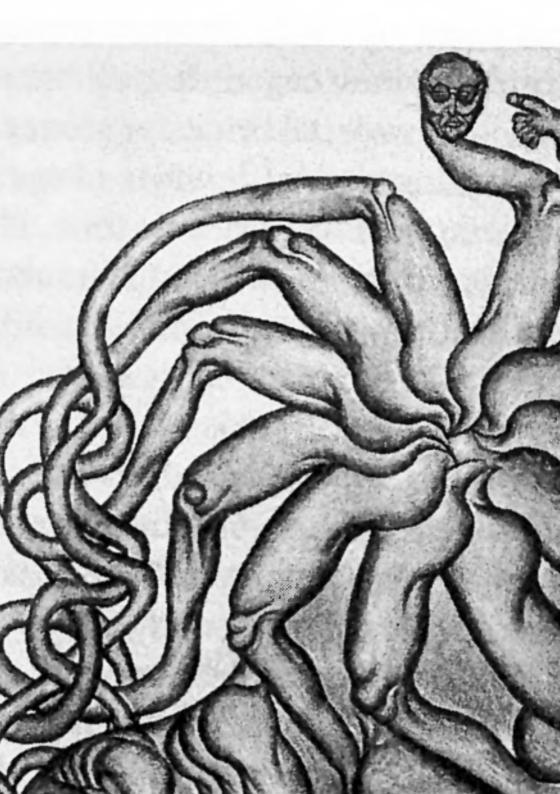
Yuksel Arslan, a Turkish Surrealist

Yuksel Arslan,

born in 1933 of a working-class family of modest craftsmen, developed a ribald sense of the absurd that he at first expressed in calligraphic compositions on paper, refraining from the use of any of an artist's traditional pigments, inks or other media. Except for the paper on which he drew or painted, all his media were manufactured by himself: powdered bricks or stones of various colors and earths too, all mixed with white of egg or other solvents, sometimes even human saliva or urine. His themes, in some of his earliest works that I saw in Istanbul, were often derived from inscriptions in traditional Arabic script on the old tombs of the former Ottoman capital's many cemeteries, or from contemporary graffiti observed on the walls of the city's poorer neighborhoods. One of the characteristics of Arslan's work is his refusal to refer to it as painting. Because he never uses any traditional pigments, he calls his works Artures rather than Peintures. His exceptional gift for the absurd science of Pataphysics (so sorely neglected by Heads of States who prefer Physics and the manufacturing of nuclear weapons) is revealed in a few of the illustrated books that Arslan has published in recent years either in Turkey or in Paris. These include an extraordinary series of thirty illustrations to Das Kapital, which may well have made the corpse of Marx spin like a top in its distant London grave. Arslan published privately, in Paris, in 1991, La création de "L'Homme", a series of illustrations of his meditation on the theme of all known forms of human neurosis and psychosis. The illustrations are followed by an appendix consisting of a bibliography of several hundred works published in French on the neuroses and psychoses that Arslan has drawn. It is significant that Arslan's closest friend in Paris is the great cartoonist Topor, whose truly Surrealist works never cease to reveal the dangerously insane nature of the socalled "best of all possible worlds" in which we find ourselves.





fluences of A

NARRENBOEK,

"Taimerais traverser le monde
l'ogalement. Je l'ai traverse,
m'a falla plier





