

Forms Unknown Made (2012) – Ahmad Osnei Peii

The two previous catalogues of my former exhibitions are entitled, “Form Unknown Made”. Again, the catalogue of the present show I name it identically. I have purposely kept the title for as long as I work at the trend that I have been pursuing, since 1966, in the making of my art. Then as a choice I studied at the school I came across that suited my temperament and belief, as there are physical and intellectual involvement practiced in the class.

In the class we did welding and soldering besides drawing and designing. The school is characterized by using industrial materials such as glass, sheet metal, plastic, concrete, and primary colours: red, yellow and blue. With the materials we model, assemble, make mould and cast or fabricate by welding or riveting. Hence we make nonrepresentational, often geometric or organic objects. The school is known as Constructivism.

My work has so far generated from cubical to spherical and lately modular and trihedral structures. The development can begin any way at random. I would not know what will my next style be like (note that this is not a fixed personal style, like thumbprint or signature) – rather a genre that should be mobile and dynamic. For our source for growth seems infinite as if one embarks on the open of uncharted path leading to the wilderness, unlike that one that, I fear, will end up at dead-end street circling around and around then stuck in boredom and decay.

As a finalist at a presentation for a monumental project, I proposed a maquette. A CEO asked why the piece does not...he raised his hand and slightly wiggled his palm – signifying a flower or something. Yes, undecorated I thought. In another occasion, having admiringly wondered at the model, a prominent investor, had to do with the project, inquired: “What’s the meaning?” We purposely make no functional thing nor figurative statue, say, of a cow, a bike, a general or holy man. Neither do we intend to make abstract sculpture wherein meaning or symbol is made hidden that prone to subjective and fanciful interpretations. As such there is

no meaning in our work in inherited sense. If there is meaning, whatever, it should be visually gestalt. A discursive statement, however, imparts best in prose or essay, as, we think, it is the proper medium, rather than hidden in mismatch mean in plastic art. For that reason we would rather call our work “Three-Dimensional Art” rather than sculpture.

The visualization may look oddly contented, unsentimental, clear and easy, yet pulls no punches. Like tones arranged in music or dance performed in movement, we work likewise on the materials to achieve aesthetic in the composition of visual elements such as space, mass, void, line, square, circle, light, dark, etc. bound in unity, order, rhythm, symmetry, asymmetry, balance and proportion, defined in space in cubical, trihedral or spherical shape. Being spherically 3-D the work embodies numerous visual displays as observed from all pointed of view as one moves around it – vibrant, kinetic and often kaleidoscopic.

There are, as choice, definitely myriad ways of doing things. Instinctively we tend, however, to see things put in its place. In the morning the sun for sure unfailingly rises, and the moon solemnly retreats, while birds chirp rejoicing. Such is the common order of the day that, except brute, a child or an Innuits would intuitively grasps the gestalt.

A critic wrote that my work has not a trace of Indonesian flavour. I feel that a birth-land at heart is one thing and an outlook in the world is another. Thanks to the sobriety of the artists then in Moscow and later in Bauhaus clashed with the decadence of their own culture that subsequently Constructivism in modern art surfaced. Islam, however, has long preceded modestly the practice of nonrepresentational geometric patterns in its arts – the universal nonfigurative measured art.

Despite his naivety, my 4 year old son frolicked in, and identified, all my work as his. “These are all my works, too, bapak (father),” claimed my playful son. There is an innate sense of humour and fairness, I think, in him as well as goodness and order – a reflected attribute from on high. Like the mighty light of the sun reflects on the turbid tiny moon.

Ahmad Osni Peii

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