



ANOTHER 1000 CHAIRS





TEA-SHIRT-BENCH





HORIZON IS NOT NECESSARILY EVEN





THIS IS A WARDROBE





ONE THOUSAND BULBS DOESN'T TURN CRESCENT INTO MOON

BAM HINGED TO BOO



In 2012 I had 3 months residency at ekwc to produce a series of hollow porcelain objects to explode them by dynamite, one of the main intention was to liberate myself from the role of the maker and emancipate the thought/the spark/the urge from turning it into visual and physical appearance. While the ekwc technician was explaining to me the complicity of modelling, casting, drying and firing processes of porcelain in regards to my models, I had noticed that applying a thought into object was never my intention, rather sensing the behaviour of the thought and the medium that would convey it. In other words I have the urgency to inhabit the behaviour of a concept rather applying its grids. The actual challenge is how to perform outside of the 'predestined' of boxes and grids.

During the 2-weeks residency program at old coffee farm in Sao Paulo, I did several pieces of 'rural' furniture and light objects. On the first piece (unfinished wardrobe) I have applied my knowledge of woodworking on bamboo due to the system that one create/enslave by and the limited time (I got ill for couple of days). I hadn't sufficient time to sense the potential, behaviour and performance of bamboo; therefore my proposals were limited to what I knew, my aspiration to learn from bamboo didn't fulfilled. Nevertheless the construction of the wardrobe relied on the tension that was created among bamboo sticks, walls and ceiling. I had minimized joining device to 4 plastic band seals, I wished to use the bamboo to make the self-joints.

HORIZON IS NOT NECESSARILY EVEN I have seduced existing hook and bulb holder in the dining room to waltz with me. A long thin bamboo stick have snaked in the hook, then a wide small stick was called to carry other 3 sticks to balance all in one, when all of a sudden A4 paper has flew in a slit was there in wait – covering half of the moon.

Since February 2008, I was released from the role of the maker, I stepped back from the actual process of making any work, I get to be an objective viewer of the process. Since then I just obeying the thought urgency, the flow of feelings each affecting the next, form and meaning given by intuition, a trance in the corresponding elements.

I have reworked 2 benches into 'comfortable' extensional chairs; **ANOTHER 1000 CHAIRS** performing the characters of the leftover timber pieces that collected from a nearby wood workshop, and other one **TEA-SHIRT-BENCH** I revived a donated broken chair, turning the legs into a back of the chair where yarn tied around the two poles with intention to lap the sitter comfortably.

During the brutal severe siege (Oil for Food) that set by the civilised world against Iraqi people from 1990 to 2003, even pencils were restricted to import to Iraq with allegation of double usage, in nuclear weapon? Iraqis had urged to set a culture of adaptation (ترهيم), modifying/adapting spare parts form a machine to another and so forth, which is similar to Gambiarra: a Brazilian expression, it basically means to use improvised methods/solutions to solve a problem, with any available material.

I was astonished by a reworked broken plastic chair, which I saw at the back yard of the Bus Station of São José do Barreiro, Brazil. The broken leg was replace by cub limber fixed on horizontal tree trunk. It is far more interesting in terms of aesthetic and functionality than the Tree-trunk bench by Jurgen Bey. It seems that ordinary people perform far more intelligently and imaginarily than professional practitioners.

ONE THOUSAND BULBS DOESN'T TURN CRESCENT INTO MOON 10 bulbs have hidden themselves in a second-hand projector in wait to turn a night in old coffee farm to daylight.

BAM HINGED TO BOO cramming a bamboo bar to hold 3 bamboo pieces inserted in to hinge a door wing to line privacy in common space.