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When I first looked at the white canvas I said to her: "I won't be a painter".

The white canvas is already a painting. For better or worse, it already fulfills the necessary conditions of painting. It is a painting.

So, you have to create "painting" on a painting, because that's where "painting" is. If all a painter is meant to do is "paint paintings" in the sense between quotation marks, I am not suited to this vocation. You see my point?

She brought out a book: "Art of the 20th Century", and began to turn the pages. There were works after works of what I could see as the end of the potential of "painting" that would be reached if one proceeded to paint on that white canvas I saw today. There were works, each with their own shining moment of life. In the second half of the book I saw no "painting":

"You know you can make it better."

"The white canvas?"

"No, painting."

What is a painting made of? Paint and canvas and wood.

That's fine. The thing is its structure! Or, the way it is created.

It's up so you can only create half of it.

What would happen if you took it apart at once? Then, start working on them all together to make them one. Without passing over the white canvas.

Would it be possible for me to create a painting while stretching the canvas at the same time?

When the canvas is finally stretched, then will be a complete painting without the quotation marks. Would such a thing be possible?