

Masato KOBAYASHI Interview

at his Tomonoura studio

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There is a door over there.

And then...To me, painting starts from here.

Well, I can't see it right now, but it's like a run-up.

From there, I start painting in my studio.

I can see it when I'm painting, you know.

But I am also thinking about painting when I can't see it.

While I'm thinking 'bout painting, you know, things are coming in.

The sky, the sea, the green....

I think things get mixed up between those moments.

And then, I feel like "Let's do this," and I go at it.

And then, I do it.

I kinda wanna delay the whole process of making because it's still developing.

If you decide the form too soon, you will be limited by it.

I usually put it aside, well put it somewhere else before it becomes something I don't want it to be!

After I work on it from a lot of different perspectives, I can finish it easily in the end.

Right. It's still moving.

Well, after all, I wanna make it as I am alive!

Living is, well...It's nothing once you make something.

Even for flowers or anything..

Once you make something, that's it.

I think it would be great if you could make everything right when you make something.

What I'm saying here is that my utopia is, beauty is...well, let's see, if I simply say this etymologically correct, art is to create something beautiful or to do something beautiful. "Making or expression of what is beautiful."

When you say making or doing something that is beautiful, it always contains some shitty things too.

There's a fine line between shit & beautiful things. So... how can I say this?

I think a utopian world is so beautiful but it's just slightly different from a shitty awful thing.

What I've been doing today is pretty much the same thing to me.

I just want to make a beautiful thing, but, at the same time, well, it also contains vulgar, dirty and abject shit inside.

My painting world is right on the border, and simultaneously expanding the realm of painting that I have been doing up to this point.

And so, there is a house for the family of painting planet, and there are paintings of an apple, the sky, a nude or a star whatever, both on the wall and the floor. And they are being hung, well they are actually being placed on the floor. This house of painting family is in my head and, you know, I'm just visualizing those paintings in the house.

Well so, what I'm saying is, the painting planet family's house or hut is on the border between the beautiful and the abject, and there is a horse in the open plain.

Right. I want to make a beautiful thing.

But in the middle of making it, like it just happened today, I whisper in my head as if I

would cast a spell, “Make it worse, make it worse.” Something like that, I think that’s more accurate if I have to verbalize it.

After all, beauty is, well something like that, definitely unreachable once you establish your own way of making it.

It just goes away.

You see I wanna stick with my own way of making it too as far as it’s going well.

Actually I don’t wanna change it. But if I don’t, I know I can’t get what I want.

So, I intentionally delay the process, but it’s hard.

There’s a definitely a fine line between the beautiful and the abject.

I feel like the same goes for living life.

[FIN]