

I paint the throng of people based on the scenes of my everyday life and the images I see on the Internet or in magazines.

Each one of us is always a part of the crowd when in a queue, square or even at an intersection where people come and go.

Occasionally, I myself as an “individual” here am absorbed into a crowd and gradually become transmuted into a flatted “figure” as my own inherent elements such as the voice, habit and expression are reduced and diminished completely.

I feel that we are after all the existence going back and forth between such “individual” and indefinable “someone” who lost one’s own individuality.

The surrounding scenery is also the same. While whiffling and swaying on its own, it loosens everything, and things become blurry.

I therefore apply each brush stroke to realize the “figure” as a vague existence so it soaks into canvas as if the moon shines silently without its will and the clump of trees rustle in the wind and stand still.

The “figure” painted as if permeating the surface of canvas is faceless and calmly queues up in a throng with blurred silhouette, and it eventually is to come back as an “individual” close at hand of each viewer.

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