

I was born in a town called Kawanakajima in Nagano prefecture, and I spent 18 years in that town.

“Kawanakajima”, as the name in Japanese indicates, is situated between the two rivers, Shinano River and Sai River. Surrounded by mountains and rivers, the region is richly endowed with nature. In summer it is filled with a sweet scent from the fields full of pink peach trees, and ears of rice gleam in the light of beautiful sunset in autumn.

I have grown up with the blessing of the beautiful scenery of that town. Although I live in Tokyo now, long-forgotten scenery unexpectedly makes an appearance in back with nostalgia every now and then.

The scenery I paint is consistently anonymous one. A wealth of green and nature lap over in many layers, and blue wind blows through above. That sort of common scenery simply grabs me by the collar. What I intend to paint is not a certain something but something deposited in myself already, and it never takes on definite shape or the form of particular place. As the dream often can be more real than the reality, I might be seeking to metamorphose into something, hide out somewhere, find the place where I can be myself though once lost, and land back at that place with the march of time at the end. I feel that I can go back to my abundant memory only by curtailing the details and applying only a few kinds of colors.

If the expression is to make sure who I am, I would like to return to the place full of memory that have slowly made up myself by taking over the smidgen of colors and shape repeatedly.

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