

Artist Statement

Oh, my God. Time to make a confession.

My life is such a mess. Full of confusion. To other people, it looks much better than it actually is. Believe me.

I question myself from morning to night, 365(366) days. Non-stop.

*“What should I eat?” “Did I say the right thing to her?” “Was I supposed to laugh?”
“Why did he say that to me?” “Why does she like me?” “Am I wasting my time?”
“Am I making the most of my life?” “Am I the right person for him?” “Should I have
ordered cappuccino instead of café latte?” “Did time have a beginning?”
“Should I call my mum tonight?” “Am I happy?” “What is happiness?” “Should I wear a
bra today?” “What is real?” “Do I want to be here?” “What is he doing there?” “\$6 for
lunch set, is it good value or not?” “Do I love him?” “Am I getting fat?” “Should I tell her
that she looks awful in that dress?” “Am I depressed?” “Do I know what I am doing?”
“Am I sure of what I am sure of?” And at this very moment, I am questioning myself
“Am I writing all the shit in my artist statement?”*

Some of those questions just come and go. Some remain in my head for a long time. Once in a while I get sick. I diagnose myself, and my conclusion is always the same. **I suffer from a serious kind of constipation caused by questions piled up in my mind.** And I prescribe myself a medicine called “making art” which works a bit like a laxative. (Thank God, the results don’t stink!!)

I sometimes wish I had more “cool” reasons to paint such as, “I paint because I want to change the world!” type of motivation. But that’s not really me...(at least at this moment no.) I simply have very personal and selfish reason to paint. I just want to stay mentally healthy.

July 2004
motoko uda