

In the summer of 2018 during the middle of the unceasing blazing heat, we have received a cardboard box from Aki Kondo which was full of her works on paper. As we unwrapped the thin paper off of the artworks, we realized that they were full of the various sadness and happiness that she had gone through over the past half year and also her hope toward the future.

ShugoArts has made a spontaneous decision to hold this exhibition to praise the foundation of the artist Aki Kondo who never loses her love for the world, indomitable courage toward reality and determination to move forward.

How many artists can assert that their ways of painting are their ways of life? Kondo always held her paintbrush and stood up in her own way when she witnessed the tragedies of the 2011 Tohoku earthquake and tsunami, as well as when she came to Tokyo and struggled to achieve her ideal way of being an artist while dealing with loneliness, and when she lost her important things. By acquiring new expressions that we cannot think of she overcame her difficulties. We are pleased to present this exhibition for those who have met Aki Kondo and will meet her through her works.

Aki Kondo got married in February, 2018 and conceived her child in Shondoshima. Two weeks later, her beloved husband Yuki Inoue passed away unexpectedly in South India. She went back to her hometown Sapporo to prepare for her baby's arrival and she gave birth to a healthy baby boy in late August.

I am waiting.

The event happened that day, the moment coming down suddenly from nowhere.

I was certainly there. I smelled it and heard the sound.

There was the flavor too. I felt, met, and the memories were born.

I am waiting.

I am imagining tomorrow, thinking of these things and those things, waiting for a glimpse of tomorrow that I forget soon, pops like a bubble and comes right back again.

Even though it would not be like that, the unknown memory inside my imagination that appears every day.

I am waiting.

Waiting with my paint brush in hand.

Waiting for all the memories of the past and future to come down and be born.

Looking at the accumulating paintings

Just like I remember the memory I almost forgot

I really was waiting for today.

Just wanted to feel the present moment I live with my memory even just for a bit.

The present moment that is between the past and future is the shortest yet strongest.

The past and future are also my today.

I memorize the present I grabbed, trying not to let it go away.

Aki Kondo, August 2018

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