

そして、あなたの視点

アネケ・ヒーマン&クミ・ヒロイ
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2021年1月16日(土) ↓ 4月18日(日)

Anneke Hymmen & Kumi Hiroi, Tokuko Ushioda, Mari Katayama, Maiko Haruki, Mayumi Hosokura, and Your Perspectives

SHISEIDOGALLERY

SHISEIDOGALLERY

ごあいさつ

2020年、私たちの住む世界は見えぬ脅威によりその様相を変えました。先が見えないという、誰にも等しく訪れた新しい境界線。それを人類は英知、連帯、そして想像力をもって超えていこうとしています。

正解のない問いに対し、ある視点を提示することが美の意味と考え、資生堂ギャラリーではこれからも、時代の息吹としての現代アーティストの活動を紹介することを続けます。世界の見え方の多様性を提示し、よりよい未来とはどんなものかを社会に問い続けていきたいと考えています。

広告をモチーフに別の視点から再構築するアネケ・ヒーマン&クミ・ヒロイ、撮影された本の佇まいから背景や関係性を提示する潮田登久子、手縫いのオブジェを身につけたセルフポートレイトを起点に幅広い制作活動を展開する片山真理、「見る」という行為をインスタレーションで問う春木麻衣子、いくつもの「かつて当たり前であったはず」の境界を再提示する細倉真弓、共通するテーマは「境界」です。それぞれのアーティストが捉え、真摯に向き合っている「境界」はどのようなもののでしょうか。作風のみならずキャリアもライフステージも多様なアーティストの視点を通して見る世界は、私たちが見ている世界とは違っているかもしれません。もしかしたら、似ているかもしれません。

タイトルの「そして、あなたの視点」には、本展が、鑑賞者へ問いを投げかけ、それぞれの気づきや考えを深める機会になればという思いを込めています。

資生堂ギャラリーは1919年の創設以来、常に時代を切り拓く新しい表現の紹介に努めてきました。継続的に女性アーティストを支援してきたことも特徴のひとつです。資生堂は、よりよい世界の実現を目指すうえで、アートは世界と関わる大きな接点と考え、ダイバーシティ&インクルージョン、サステナビリティとともに重要な企業活動として取り組みを続けています。本展会期中の3月8日には国際女性デー International Women’s Day を迎えることから、本展を通じて多角的にダイバーシティを捉える機会を創出できればという思いから開催に至りました。

本展実現に向けてご協力いただいた多くの関係各位に、改めて御礼申し上げます。

2021年9月
株式会社 資生堂
社会価値創造本部 アート&ヘリテージ室

Foreword

In 2020, the world we live in was transformed by an invisible threat. A new boundary in the form of uncertainty about the future descended upon us all, leaving humanity striving to overcome this uncertainty with wisdom, solidarity, and imagination.

At the Shiseido Gallery we believe the meaning of beauty lies in offering perspectives on questions with no right answers, and to that end we are proud to showcase the activities of contemporary artists in their capacity as the lifeblood of each era. By presenting diverse ways of seeing the world, we continue to challenge society to offer visions of a better future.

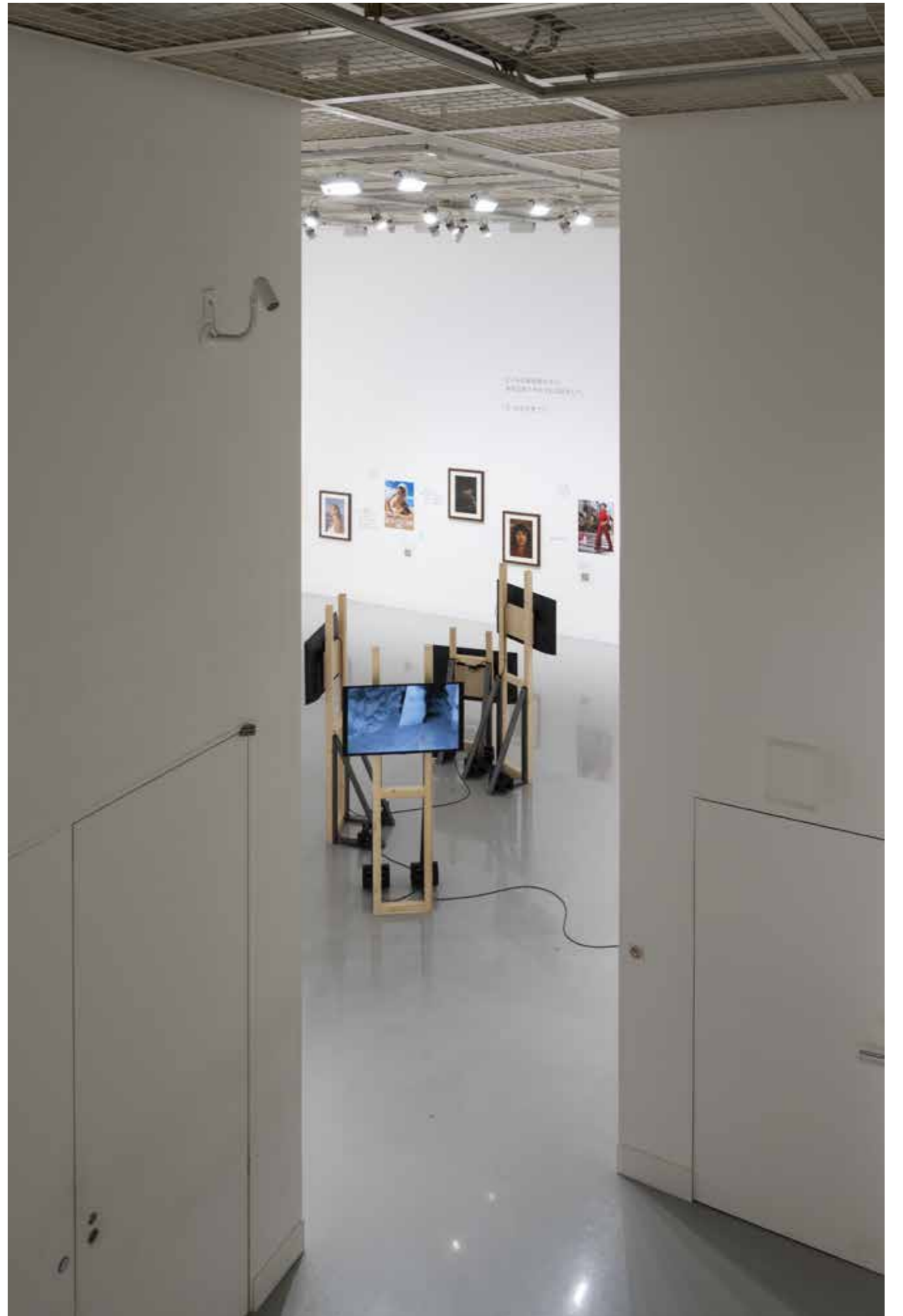
This exhibition featured four female artists and one artist unit whose respective work revolves around photographic expression: Anneke Hymmen & Kumi Hiroi, who take advertising motifs and reconstruct them from different perspectives; Tokuko Ushioda, who photographs books and endeavors to extrapolate the backgrounds, relationships and so on of those books from their distinctive auras; Mari Katayama, who has developed a diverse practice starting from self-portraits with hand-sewn objects; Maiko Haruki, who questions the act of “seeing” through her installations; and Mayumi Hosokura, who re-presents boundaries once taken for granted. The common theme for the exhibition was “boundaries.” Yet what are the “boundaries” perceived by these artists? The world seen by artists with different styles and careers, at different life stages, may be different to the world we see, or conversely, quite similar.

The key phrase “and your perspectives” in the title encompassed the hope that the exhibition would encourage spectators to explore their own awareness and thoughts to a deeper level.

Since its founding in 1919, the Shiseido Gallery has aspired to offer artistic expression that opens up perspectives in each era. The Gallery has also been distinguished down the decades by its ongoing support for female artists. Shiseido sees art as a major point of contact with the world in order to make a better world. The Shiseido Gallery continues to be a vital part of Shiseido’s corporate activities, alongside diversity, inclusion, and sustainability. “Anneke Hymmen & Kumi Hiroi, Tokuko Ushioda, Mari Katayama, Maiko Haruki, Mayumi Hosokura, and Your Perspectives” also coincided with International Women’s Day on March 8, and as such provided an opportunity to ponder the issue of diversity from multiple angles.

We thank once again all those who contributed to the realization of the exhibition and its documentation.

September 2021
Art & Heritage Department, Social Value Creation Division,
Shiseido Co., Ltd.





「やめが自虐感だろう、
おはね?それとも口紅なし?」
「とらでとらう?」



赤い情熱、
プライド、
ボシテップ、
距離、健康、強さ。



「どっちが自信感だろう。
赤の口紅？それとも口紅なし？」
「どっちだと思う？」

赤、情熱、
プライド、
ポジティブ、
前進、健康、強さ



赤、情熱、
プライド、
ポジティブ、
前進、健康、強さ



赤、情熱、
プライド、
ポジティブ、
前進、健康、強さ



赤、情熱、
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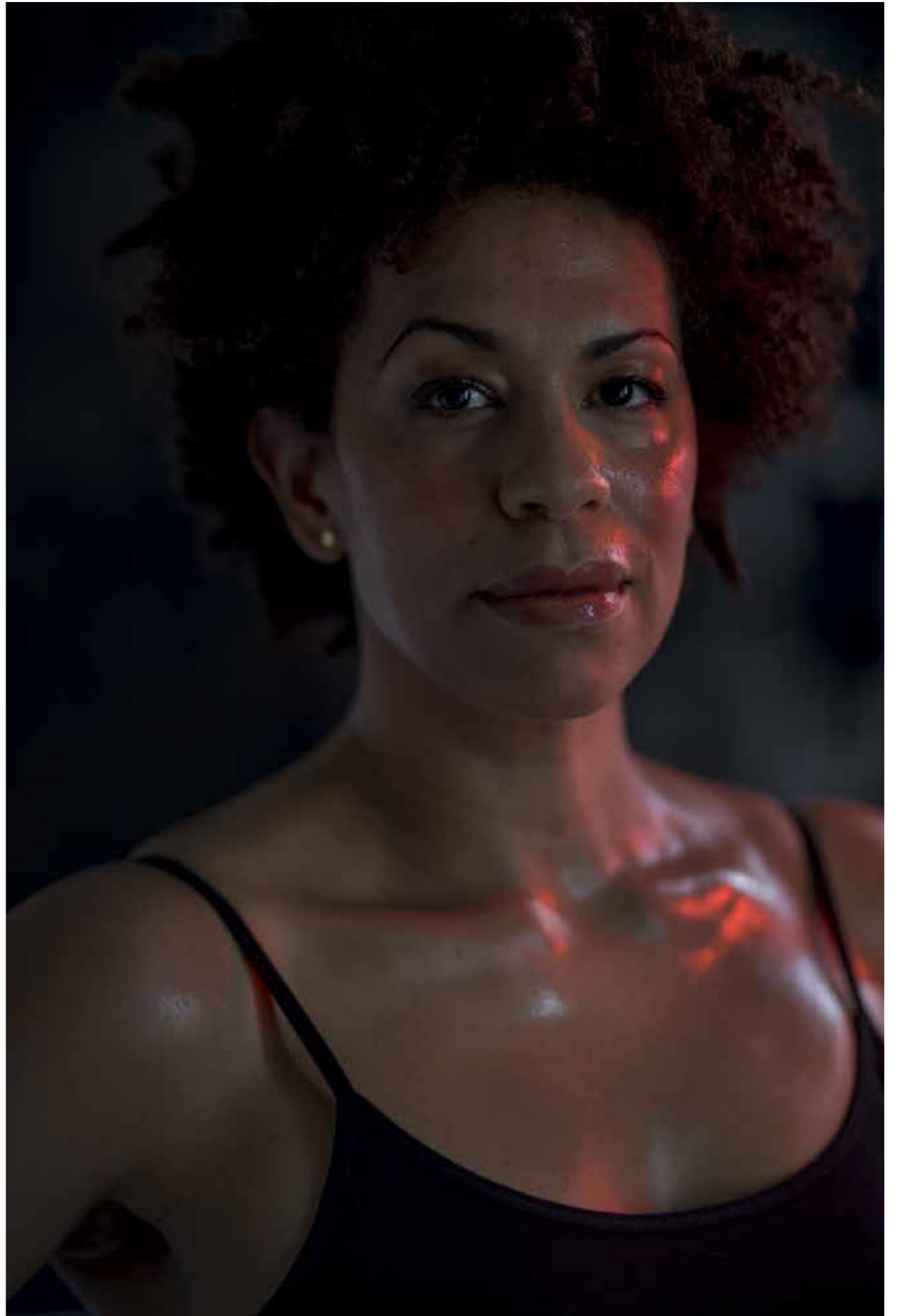
赤、情熱、
プライド、
ポジティブ、
前進、健康、強さ



赤、情熱、
プライド、
ポジティブ、
前進、健康、強さ



赤、情熱、
プライド、
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前進、健康、強さ



Anneke Hymmen & Kumi Hiroi, *Remodeling: Shiseido Gallery edition*, 2020, 52.5x35 cm, C print ©Anneke Hymmen & Kumi Hiroi

右半分
大竹昭子

大竹昭子と大竹しのぶの共演。大竹昭子は右半分、大竹しのぶは左半分。

その写真との再会は偶然だった。久しぶりに実家を訪ね、ほとんど物置と化した自室の勉強机を整理しようと抽出しを引^{ひき}抜き、何がはらりと落ちた気配に視線を落とすと、思いもしない顔が床からこちらを見上げていた。三十年以上前に会った、思い出すこともほとんどなくなった顔だった。

名前はそう、シンシア、略してシンディーだ。彼女に惹かれたのはまず声だった。腹に響くほど厚みのある、深海に降りていくように神秘的な声だった。そして、親しくなっ^てからはあの肌^に吸い付くような吸引力。からだ全体に見えない吸盤が付いているように皮膚のエネルギーが強く、彼女と抱き合っていると自分が別の生き物になっていくような高揚を覚えた。

日本の企業がニューヨークのロックフェラーセンターを買収したとか、ゴッホの「ひまわり」を落札したとか、派手な話題がマスコミを賑わせていたバブルの絶頂期だった。シンディーは昼間は英会話学校で教え、夜は外国人のたまり場になっているカラオケパブで働いていた。当時の東京は、英語圏の外国人にとって短期間に荒稼ぎができる場所だったのである。

ビザが切れて帰国が迫ってくると、彼女についてロンドンに行くことを考えた。大学の最終学年だったが、卒業してすぐに就職するなんてつまらない、まずは日本の外を見てみることだ、と息巻いていた。そんな青臭い発想ができたのも日本の経済力のせいだったと、いまになって悟るのだが。

一緒について行くというアイデアを、シンディーは喜んでくれるはずだ。少しも疑わずにそう思い込み、勇んで口にすると、彼女の態度がにわか^にに転じた。冷ややかになり、「忙しい」というセリフが増え、ある日いきなり目の前から消えてしまったのである。当時は何がなんだかわからず、吸着板からふいに落下するあのプラスチック製の吸盤になったように、呆然自失の態に陥った。気に障るようなことをしたのだろうかと考えたが、何ひとつ思いつくことはなく、巷に掃いて捨てるほど転がっているつかの間の関係だったと認めるまでにしばらくかかるほど、大きなショックを受けた。

この写真はモデルクラブのプロモーション用に撮ったもので、たくさんプリントしたからあげるとくれた一枚だったと思う。右の眉が上がっている。そう、彼女はよくこういう表情をした。右肩を斜め前に突き出して、肩の先でこちらの顎をしゃくり上げるようにして見つめる。アナタはもっとやれる、力を出し惜しみしちゃだめよ。度々そう言われた。惜しんでいるつもりはなく、ただどのように出していかかわからないだけだったが、いままさに錨を揚げて人生に出航するような堂々とした態度でそう言われると、暗示にかけられたように自分のなかに潜んでいるものがむっくりと起き上がるのを感じた。狂いのない矢のようなその挑発を受けて立つ能力は当時の自分になかったとしても、スリルだけはかき立てられたのである。

写真を見ているうちに、どこかにひっかかりを感じた。垂直にしたり斜めにしたりしたあげくに、掌を顔の真ん中に置いて右半分を隠してみた。掌を起こして何度もおなじことを繰り返すうちに、その正体が見えてきた。顔の印象が右と左で異なっていた。右側に現れている人物とは別の人間が、左半分に潜んでいた。

一緒だった頃に、同じことを感じた瞬間があったのを思い出した。彼女の仕事が終わるのを待って会い、軽く食事をしてバーに寄ったが、なにかの理由で彼女の左側に自分が座ることになった。当時は電車のシートに座るときも、バーのカウンターに並ぶときも、カウチに座ってビデオを見るときも、ベッドに横になるときも、彼女の右側に来るのが常だった。生まれつき右耳の聴力が弱いため、相手がだれであれ、よく聞こえるほうの左耳を向ける習慣が身についていたのである。逆の位置に座ってみると、彼女の横顔がいつもとちがって見えた。こんな顔だっただろうか、どこかで知らない女性と入れ替わってしまったのではないか、と一瞬そんな不安が兆したことに自分で驚いた。顔には疲れた表情が浮かび、言葉も少なく、スコッチを二三度口にすると黙り込み、とりつく島がなくて一杯だけで店を出たのだったが、そのときの奇妙な感覚が、写真の左半分の顔を凝視しているうちにまざまざとよみがえってきたのである。

あの頃、まったく意識しなかったシンディーのもうひとつの本質が、その左側の顔に隠れているような気がした。たしかに彼女は気さくで、人好きのする、陽気な人物だったが、底抜けのお人よしというのとはちがった。深みのある声と同質の成熟した眼が備わっていて、判断するときは容赦がなかった。理性のまさった冷徹とも言える表情が、左半分の顔をぜんたいに広げたなかに浮かび上がってきた。あの頃の自分は浮かれ気味で、退屈なほど無邪気で、当時の日本そのものだった。スイーツだけど齒ごたえのない、ディナーのあとに出てくるアイスクリームの器にちょこんとのった、あのウエハースのような薄っぺらな添え物に、彼女が飽きたのも思えば当然のことだった。右半分だけを見て崇拜していたのだ、と三十年以上前の写真が耳打ちしてくる。写真はまったく変わらず、自分のほうが変わったのだった。

The Right Half
Akiko Otake
Transrated by Polly Barton

Coming across her photograph was a total coincidence. Paying a visit to my parents' house for the first time in ages, I was clearing the desk in my old room, which now functioned more or less as a storage cupboard. As I opened up a drawer of the desk, I noticed something flutter down, and then there was her face staring up at me from the floor – the last face I'd expected to see there. A face I had last seen 30 years ago, which I scarcely brought to mind any more.

Her name was Cynthia, or Cindy for short. It was her voice that had first drawn me to her. It had to it a richness that echoed in the belly, a mysterious quality like travelling down to the bottom of the ocean. And then, after we got to know one another, there was the magnetism of her skin. Yes, her skin had a forceful energy to it, as if there were invisible suction pads all over her body. Embracing her, I experienced the exultation of transforming into a different kind of creature entirely. Back then, it was the very height of Japan’s bubble era, and the media was kept on its toes by news of Japanese firms buying up the Rockefeller Center in New York, or Van Gogh’s Sunflowers painting at auction. Cindy taught English at a language school in the day, and worked at a karaoke bar at night, where non-Japanese people from the area would congregate. At that time, Tokyo was a place where people from English-speaking nations could make a killing in a short time.

When the expiry date on Cindy’s visa was drawing near and the time for her to return home approaching, I thought about going with her to London. It was my final year of university, but I felt that getting a job straight after graduating was boring, and so I said to myself that the important thing was first to glimpse life outside of Japan. I realize now that my ability to entertain naïve impulses with such ease was testament to Japan’s state of prosperity.

I was sure that Cindy would welcome the idea of me accompanying her—so convinced was I, in fact, that it never once occurred to me to think otherwise. Yet when I confidently informed her of my plans, her behaviour immediately altered. Her attitude grew cooler, she began to tell me more frequently that she was busy, and one day, she vanished from me entirely.

At the time, I had no idea what was going on. Like a plastic suction pad that had suddenly come unstuck, I felt totally at a loss. I wondered if I'd done something to offend her, but I couldn't think of one single thing it might have been. I was in such shock that it took me a good while to admit to myself that it had just been a fleeting relationship, of the kind that were ten-a-penny around me.

The photograph was a promotional shot from her modelling agency. I could keep it, she’d said as she gave it to me, because she’d had a bunch of them printed. In it, her right eyebrow was raised. This was an expression that she often made. She would jut out her right shoulder at a slant and look at me over it, her chin slightly cocked. ‘You should go further, you mustn’ t hold yourself back like that’—I remember her saying those words to me on several occasions. I had no awareness of holding myself back, as such—I just didn’t know how to let myself out. Yet when she would say such things to me with that bold directness of hers, which suggested she could at any moment yank up her anchor and set sail on the seas of life, I felt something deep within me rising up, as if in response. If I didn’ t have any of the kinds of abilities that could be awakened by a provocation like that, unfaltering as the straightest arrow, her words did at least generate in me a kind of thrill.

Now, staring at the photograph, I felt something niggling at me. I tried turning it so it was straight, tilting it at an angle, and then, eventually, put my palm over her face, concealing the right side. After repeatedly lifting up my palm up, then replacing it, I realized what the issue was. The left and the right-hand sides of her face gave a quite different impression. There, concealed in the left half, was a different person to the one who appeared in the right.

It came to me that back when we were together, there had been a moment when I'd had a similar feeling. I'd gone to meet her after work, and after having a quick dinner together, we'd popped into a bar, where for some reason I sat to the left of her. At that time, whether we were on the train, alongside one another at a bar counter, sitting on the sofa watching videos, or lying together in bed, I was always positioned to her right. I was hard of hearing in my right ear, and so whomever I was with, I was accustomed to positioning myself so that my better ear was closer to the person I was speaking to. In the bar, sitting on the other side of her to usual, I noticed that her profile looked different. Was this really how she looked? Had she not swapped places with another woman I didn’ t know? The burst of anxiety that surfaced in at that moment took me by surprise. Cindy wore a tired expression that day, and didn’ t speak much, just took two or three sips of her scotch and then fell into silence. With our conversation at a standstill, we’d left the bar after one drink, but now, gazing down at the left side of her face in the photograph, the strange sensation I'd felt on that occasion returned to me.

It struck me that, concealed in the left side of her face was the essence of a Cindy whose existence I'd been totally unaware of back then. There was no doubting that she was a friendly, sociable, cheerful person, but that didn't mean she was a pushover. Her way of seeing things was as a mature as her rich voice, and when she'd made up her mind about something, she showed no mercy. The left half of her face took on an expression best described as a kind of rational cool-headedness. Back then, I had my head in the clouds, and the extent of my naivety was somewhat tedious. In fact, I was much like Japan itself in those days: sweet, but with no real bite, like the flimsy-thin wafers you’d find perched on top of the ice-cream served after dinner. It was really no wonder that she got bored of me. Now, the photograph from thirty years past whispered in my ear: I had been looking only at the right side of her face, and worshipping only that half. The photograph itself remained as it had always been—it was me who had changed.



Anneke Hymmen & Kumi Hiroi, *Remodeling: Shiseido Gallery edition*, 2020, 52.5x35 cm, C print ©Anneke Hymmen & Kumi Hiroi

まぶたの裏側
大竹昭子

その日、海辺からもどると簡単な朝食をとり、すぐに画室に入った。下塗りしてあったキャンバスをイーゼルに立て、薄く溶いた茶色の絵の具を細筆につけた。額からはじめて、眼窩のくぼみ、尖った鼻先、口元、と進んで、顎先から耳に向かって一気に線を引き上げ、首のラインを描いた。そのラインに平行してもう一本引くと、顔の輪郭が定まった。

家から歩いて二十分ほどの浜には、朝起きてすぐに出かけた。いつものように肩にカメラを提げていた。潮の引きはじめた砂浜に立ち、ファインダーを眼に当ててカメラを前後左右に動かし、興味をそそるものを探した。よく見て、憶えて、描くことを自分に課している。見たものを憶えるには望遠レンズを使う。手でつかめたり、近づくとその距離をからだが感知できるような状況のもとで想像力を働かせるのは、自分にはむずかしい。ふだん物を見るときの距離と関係性を壊して、日常が断たれたところに浮かび上がるイメージを描きたいのだ。それには百ミリの望遠レンズが有効で、ファインダーに眼が接したとたん、距離が消えて別の視覚世界に引き込まれる。そのときにシャッターは切らないのかとよく訊かれるが、それはしない。写真に写せばカメラを通した眼の記録になってしまう。描きたいのはレンズを通して立ち上がり、自分の身を離れて醸されていく世界なのだ。

フレームのなかに、海に向かって立っている女性のバストアップの姿が映し出された。かき上げたロングヘアが背中に垂れ、顎は少し上げ気味で、まぶたは閉じている。その顔にレンズを据えたまま、額から順に、鼻、口元、顎、と輪郭をたどっていった。首は結構な長さがあり、肩から斜め前に飛び出すように付いていて、そのデフォルメされた彫刻のようなフォルムに惹かれた。

ランチを挟んで五時間ほど夢中で描くと、ガソリンが切れたように、はたと手が止まった。キャンバスには薄茶色と黄土色とベージュ色が塗り重ねられていた。最初に描いた輪郭線を繰り返し修正するうちに地と図がまじりあい、人が描かれているとすぐにはわからないほど、全体がひとつに溶け込んでいった。人物を説明するのではなく、実態を浮かび上がらせたかった。ではその実態とはなにかと問われても、かたちを超えたものとしか答えられない。かたちを超えたその人の在り方をとらえるなんて、言葉の意味としてはつながらないが、その矛盾こそが自分が絵において実践したいことなのだと信じていた。

夜は隣町の友人の家に夕食に招かれていた。日本から知り合いが泊まりにくるそうで、メニューはたぶんスシだろうとのことだった。スシには惹かれたが、億劫に思う気持ちもあった。彼女のイメージから抜け出ると、今日の成果が眼から流れ落ちてしまいそうで、まだ浸っていたいという気持ちが強かった。それでも出かけることにしたのは、前回の誘いを急な用事で断っていたので、二度もそれをするのはためられた。

だが、今回も誘いを断っていても結果に変わりはなかった。車で向かう途中で事故を起こし、この身が友人宅に着くことはなかったのだから。あとで警察に説明されたところによれば、橋を渡って右に曲がるところを、かなり手前でカーブを切り、橋の欄干に激突したらしい。意識がもどったときはまだそのことを知らず、顔の上のほうに見慣れない天井が浮かび上がのを見て、自分はいったいどこにいるのだろうと思ったものである。

頭のとっぺんからつま先まで、さまざまな装置を使って全身がくまなく調べられたが、異常は発見されなかった。いったい何が起きたゆえにあのような事故に至ったのか、医者にも説明がつかなかった。打ったところが多少痛むくらいで、目立った故障がないことにも驚かれ、もう入院の必要はないと、四日目には解放された。

自宅にもどるとすぐに画室に入り、イーゼルの前に立った。描きかけの絵が視界に飛び込んできた。まちがいない。あの人だ。意識が回復したときに、最初にやってきたナースだった。三角に開いたユニフォームの襟から突き出した長い首が眼に留まり、どこかで会ったことがあるように感じた。二度目に彼女が自分のところにまわってきたときはそれが確信に変わり、本人に尋ねてみた。金曜日の早朝に　××　海岸にいませんでしたか？　と。彼女は長い首をちょっと傾げてから、それはありえません、と答えた。その日は夜勤明けで熟睡していて、起きたのは午後二時を過ぎていましたから。

彼女は思い違いをしているのだろうか。いや、そうではない。海岸に立っていたあの日の眼の表情を思い出せばわかる。あれは熟睡の最中にベッドを抜け出し、まぶたの裏に映っているものを見つめつづけている人の眼だった。その眼の旅に自分も連れて行かれ、いまようやくこうして、ここにもどってきたのだ。その考えが揺るぎないものになると、からだの底から力が湧いてきて、すぐさま上着を脱ぎ捨て、絵筆を握り、その手を慎重にキャンバスの上におろした。

Behind the Eyelids
Akiko Otake
Transrated by Polly Barton

That day, after returning from the beach, I ate a quick breakfast and then entered my studio right away. I set the primed canvas onto the easel, and dipped a fine brush into brown paint that I’d thinned down considerably. Beginning with the forehead, I moved the brush in one fluid line, tracing the hollow of the eye socket, the pointed tip of the nose, the mouth, then lifting from the chin up to the ear before drawing in the curve of the neck. With the addition of one more line running in parallel, the outline of the head was established.

Almost immediately after getting up that morning I’d set out for the beach, which lay about twenty minutes’ walk away from my house. As always, my camera hung from my neck. Standing on the strip of sand from which the morning tide had began to recede, I raised the finder to my eye and began moving the camera back and forth, side to side, in search of something that piqued my interest. The task I set myself is to look carefully, to remember, and then to paint what I see. I use a telephoto lens in order to better remember whatever I look at. I find it hard to get my imagination working by taking things in hand, or moving close enough towards them that I can physically sense their distance. Rather, I like to quash the usual sense of distance, the standard relationship we have with objects when looking at them, and to generate instead an image that appears somewhere severed from an everyday context. For that purpose, I find a 100mm telephoto lens works well. As soon as my eye meets the finder, the distance vanishes, and I’m drawn inside a different way of seeing. Do you actually press the shutter? I’m often asked, and my answer is no. Commit the scene to a photograph and it becomes a memory of the eyes, filtered through the camera. What I want to paint is rather the world that materializes on the other side of the lens, set apart from my physical being.

In the frame that morning was a woman facing out to sea, shown from the chest up. Her long hair, pushed up from her forehead,hung down her back; her chin was slightly raised, and her eyes were closed. Keeping the lens trained on her face, I used my eyes to trace the contours of her forehead, her nose, her mouth, her chin. Her neck was impressively long, and seemed to burst forward diagonally from her shoulders. There was something about her sculptural form, its proportions slightly exaggerated, which I found myself drawn to.

In the studio, I worked for five hours in a state of absorption, breaking only for lunch, and then my hand came suddenly to a halt, as if I’d run out of gas. The canvas before me was layered with light browns, ochres, and beiges. As I’d repeatedly gone over the outlines, the figure I was depicting had blended with its background—to such an extent, in fact, that one couldn’t tell any more that the canvas depicted a person. I didn’t want to explain the woman, but rather to bring into focus her true essence. So what was that true essence, then? The only reply I could have given to such a question would was that it was something that transcended form. ‘Trying to capture a person’s true way of being which transcended form’—putting it into those words, it made little sense, but it was exactly that paradox that I wanted to enact in my artwork.

I’d been invited for dinner that evening at the house of a friend who lived in the next town along. An acquaintance of theirs from Japan was coming to stay, and the friend had announced the intention to make sushi. The idea of sushi appealed, but part of me was resistant. I wanted to remain immersed in the woman’s image for longer. It seemed that if I pulled myself away, then what I had achieved today would slip away from my eyes. Yet I decided to go to my friend’s regardless. I’d cancelled our last meeting after something sudden had come up, and I felt reluctant to do so again.

As it turned out, I may as well have cancelled. On the drive to my friend’s house I had a car accident, and never made it there. According to the police’s explanation afterwards, I’d turned too soon coming right off the bridge, and smashed into the railing. When I regained consciousness, I had no memory of the incident at all. Staring up at the unfamiliar ceiling floating above me, I wondered where on earth I was.

My body was exhaustively examined using all kinds of devices, from the top of my head down to my toes, but the doctors could find nothing out of the ordinary. They had no explanation of why I might have caused an accident of that kind. The parts of myself I’d hit upon collision were a little sore, but that was the extent of my injuries, and I was amazed to discover that I had no visible wounds. On the fourth day I was told there was no need for me to stay any longer, and discharged.

Reaching home, I headed straight into my studio, and came to a stop in front of my easel. The sight of the painting I’d begun that day leapt out at me. There was no doubting it. It was the same person—the first nurse who’d come to see me after I’d regained consciousness. As my eyes had fallen on the long neck protruding from the triangular collar of her uniform, I’d been taken by the feeling that I’d met her somewhere before. The second time she came to my bedside, that sense became a conviction, and so I asked her. “Were you on ----- beach early Friday morning?” She cocked that long neck of hers, and then answered, ‘No, that couldn’t have been me. I was on the night-shift, and fell asleep immediately after. I woke up after 2pm.’ Maybe her memory was mistaken, I thought. But no, that wasn’t it. Recalling the way her closed eyes looked that morning on the beach, I suddenly understood. They were the eyes of a person who had climbed out of bed in the middle of sleep— a person watching whatever images flicked across the underside of her eyelids. I had been taken along on those eyes’ voyage, and finally, now, I had returned. As this idea moved into the realm of certainty, I felt the strength brimming up in me. I threw off my coat, picked up my brush, and carefully lowered it onto the canvas.





春木 麻衣子
Maiko HARUKI





Maiko Haruki, *I never know that I know 01*, 2020, 30.5×25.4 cm, C print ©Maiko Haruki Courtesy of TARO NASU



Maiko Haruki, *I never know that I know 04*, 2020, 30.5×25.4 cm, C print ©Maiko Haruki Courtesy of TARO NASU



A framed document or text piece mounted on the left wall.







Mari Katayama, *shadow puppet #002*, 2016, 30.5x22.9 cm, C print ©Mari Katayama. Courtesy of Akio Nagasawa Gallery



Mari Katayama, *shadow puppet #014*, 2016, 133x100 cm, C print ©Mari Katayama. Courtesy of Akio Nagasawa Gallery



Mari Katayama, *Renaiss Hall #004*, 2016, 22.1×29.5 cm, C print ©Mari Katayama. Courtesy of Akio Nagasawa Gallery



Mari Katayama, *Renaiss Hall #003*, 2016, 22.1×29.5 cm, C print ©Mari Katayama. Courtesy of Akio Nagasawa Gallery

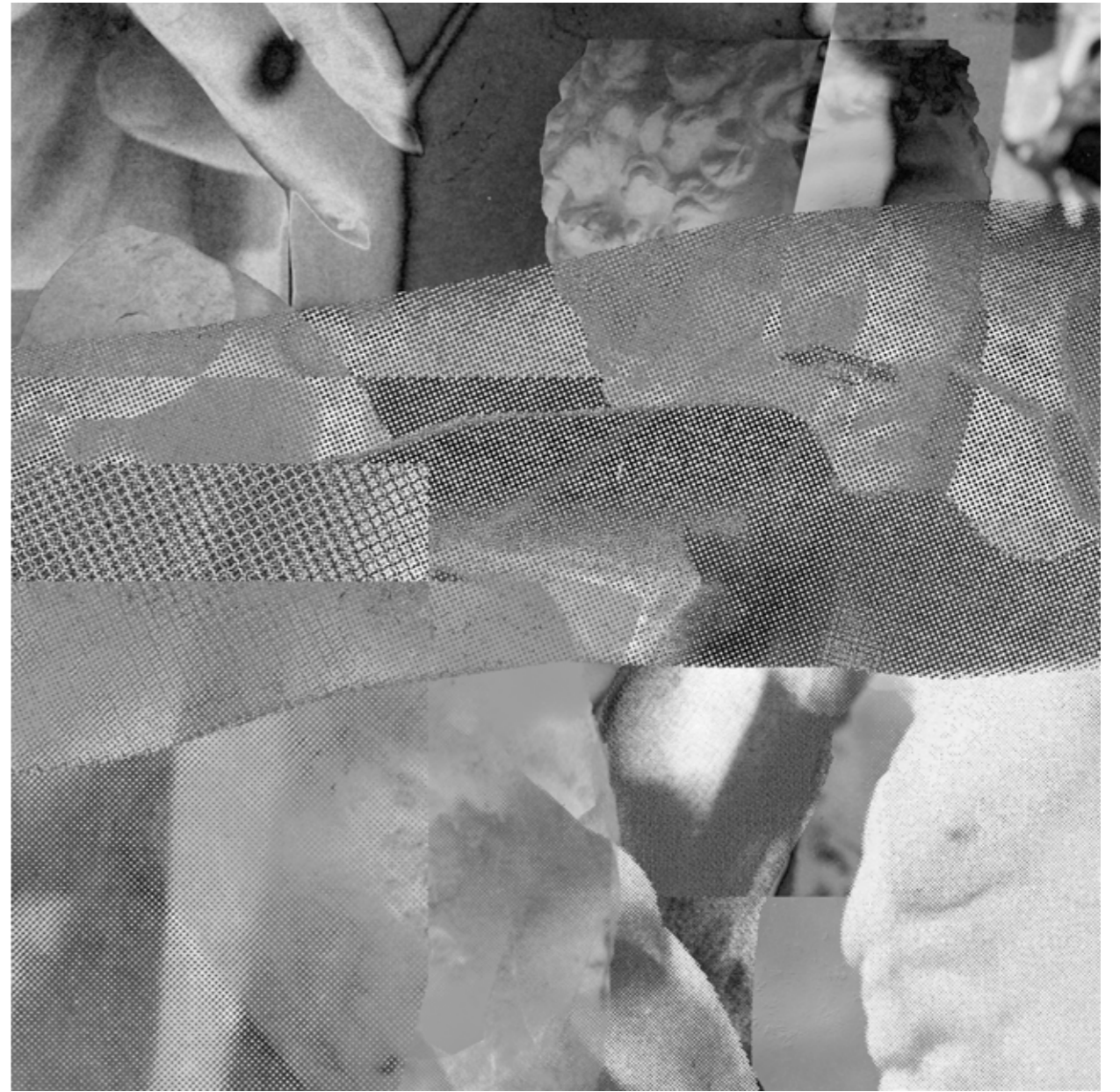


細倉 真弓
Mayumi HOSOKURA





Mayumi Hosokura, *NEW SKIN #37-1*, 2019, 40x40 cm, Archival inkjet print ©Mayumi Hosokura



Mayumi Hosokura, *NEW SKIN #59-9*, 2019, 40x40 cm, Archival inkjet print ©Mayumi Hosokura





潮田 登久子
Tokuko USHIODA





Tokuko Ushioda, *BIBLIOTHECA*, 2020, 40.64x50.8 cm, Gelatin silver print ©Tokuko Ushioda, Courtesy of PGI



Tokuko Ushioda, *BIBLIOTHECA*, 2008, 40.64x50.8 cm, Gelatin silver print ©Tokuko Ushioda, Courtesy of PGI