

March 5 (Wed) – April 6 (Sun) 2025
 Weekdays: 11:00 – 19:00 Sundays and holidays: 11:00 – 18:00
 Closed Mondays (including national holidays falling on Monday)
 Organized by Shiseido Company, Limited
 Supported by: IKEN ART-CHAR Mfg. Co., Takumi Imura, Kosuke Yamagishi

不寝の夜 ねずのよる
 Sleepless Nights

大東 忍
 Shinobu Daito

"shiseido art egg" is an open-call program in which Shiseido supports emerging artists whose creations stimulate the senses and offer different and diverse values, expanding the possibilities for new kinds of beauty, the opportunity to showcase their work in solo exhibitions. Since the program was launched in 2006 a total of 51 artists / artist units have presented their work in this manner, and gone on to grow their presence on the art scene.

Walking through unfamiliar deserted communities and residential streets, performing the Bon-odori dance that doubles as an ancestral offering, Shinobu Daito discerns the lingering aura of these places and explores traces of human activity and presence left on the landscape. For this exhibition she links charcoal drawings, video, and photographs in relaxed fashion to portray, in a monochrome space drained of all color, a tale of a landscape, spun over time. Tune ears and body into this story as you experience it for hints of where we are now, and where we are heading.

Sleepless Nights

Left behind on dreary landscapes passed, are traces of our endeavors and those of the dead, lurking there, always awake.

Hazily I read those vestiges and try somehow to speak of them, without giving them names.

One could describe this as a kind of memorial; me performing a rite for the landscape's repose.

The exhibition title "Sleepless Nights" has its origin in the custom of the vigil following a death, in which candles are burned throughout the night to light the deceased's path to the other side.

As if moving to and from between here and a place that is not here, mourners draw close to a line usually beyond reach.

It is at nighttime that the to-and-fro travel in such spaces occurs.

At night all is wreathed in shadows and rendered anonymous; shapes ambiguous, and the presence of things thus sensed intuitively.

If we listen out, place our bodies on alert, the many traces and premonitions harbored by the night shadows begin to speak to us as voices.

While we sleep, the "nights" never do. They linger, and tell their stories.

With "sleepless nights" as their bridge, they range across the landscape.

Shinobu Daito

Shinobu Daito

1993 Born in Aichi
 2019 MFA, Aichi University of Arts

Career highlights to date

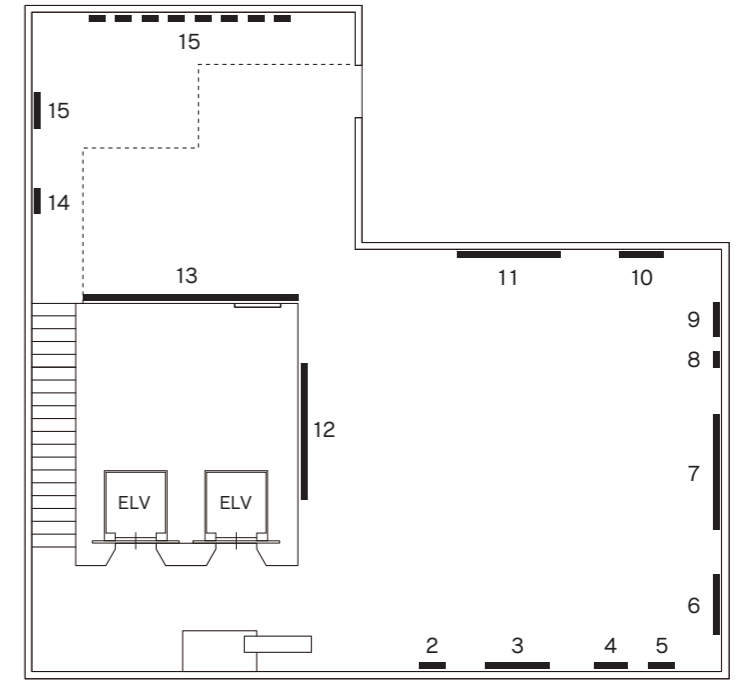
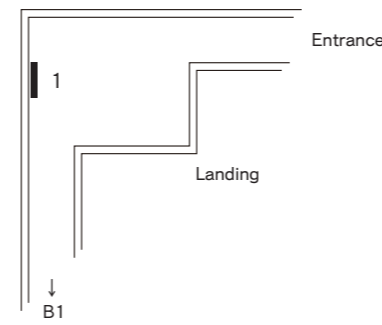
2024 "From a Bush to Another," YEBISU ART LABO, Aichi
 VOCA, "The Vision of Contemporary Art," The Ueno Royal Museum, Tokyo

2023 TOKAS-Emerging 2023: "Stomped and Beaten Paths," Tokyo Arts and Space, Hongo, Tokyo

Website : <https://daitoshinobu.wixsite.com/shinobu-daito>



Artist Website



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Sleepless Nights

2025
 Charcoal on canvas

Walking/dancing in the landscape, I place my body on alert, and beat a path across the landscape. By painting pictures through such practice, I make offerings to the landscape.

Danced clumsily is the bon-odori, dance for the repose of the dead. My body, grown more sensitized as I immerse myself in the dance, is gradually liberated from language, drawing minutely closer to the side of the landscape, and occasionally connecting with it. The sight of this, which from the side could be deemed dubious, manifests as an agent of transformation for the landscape.

Winter came, and all around was covered in snow. Bright snowy nights of reflected light extinguish even the shadows. Yet the snow piling up makes the contours of every boundary we have trodden out equally ambiguous and hides the names we have given. As if in response we beat a new path across the now uniform landscape, once again making the way clear.

Revealed by the nighttime landscape of shadows, and the landscape of light that is snow, are the boundaries we have marked out with our feet.

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Becoming a Lighthouse, for Example

2025
 Video 45'35"

Flashing traffic signals, the pinprick points of radio masts, and the lights of private homes that come on as dawn approaches.

From afar, the piercing blaze of a streetlight seems to pulse faintly, organically. Into that landscape I plunge my light-emitting body, painting another point of light, and become a lighthouse.

We use light in the all-night vigils and O-bon rituals of death, festivals, and everyday life. Lighting illuminates the goings-on in a place, serves as a signpost for anyone heading there, and is also a path in its own right across place and time.

Cloaked in lights, my body is integrated in the rhythm of the landscape. I have added as song lyrics, the lines of a poem I wrote to that rhythm. I ponder the place of this body becoming part of the landscape.

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Landscape Seen by Lighthouse

2025
 Charcoal on charcoal paper

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Lighting Prayers

2025
 Inkjet print



Website



Instagram



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