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2401 BANK STREET OTTAWA CANADA K1V 8R9
T.613.746.0690 1.800.388.3298 F.613.746.4996
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MAMORU TSUKADA

TEXTS

■ *WORK OF MAMORU TSUKADA*

Kentaro Ichihara/ Art Critic, 2007 (Translated by Andrew Edsall)

No matter which of Tsukada's works you see, I'm sure that you'll be feel dizzy. Why am I sure that you'll feel this way? We must take a closer introspection...

He possesses a superior range of skills that allow him to reach his target. As a competent artist, certainly, the sharp lines of sight must have a target. When he exercises his photographic skills, it is like bullets are fired from his fingers and the camera. It is because his works express a target that stands out clearly. These bullets pass through the numerous layers of foreground and middle ground, only to finally open a hole in the viewers' central field of view. While engaged, viewers cannot comprehend that learning about the flaws of their diluted reality will terrify them. The blind that are featured in his photographs show the reality, of which they can't make sense. By

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the time they realize it – it is too late. We are already trapped by his images. His photographs look as if they convey the reality but same time; they derive it immediately from his objects.

The infinitely repeating world that exists within the images pulls views into a deep abyss. However, the photographs also possess a strange sense that denotes the presence of a mysterious feeling of joy that coexists with a feeling of unease. I felt dizzy when I contemplated the photographs – as if I were being sucked into a bottomless marsh – and viewers will positively feel this way too. After further reflection, I have come to realize that in Tsukada's work, among the infinite foregrounds and backgrounds; there is a metaphoric meaning in these expressions. What, however, is the metaphor being contemplated? In his case, it was making the leap from the realm of the known to the unknown. The symbols of these metaphors are temporarily separated from the actual political world. While the exact whereabouts has not been determined, however, the scenes depicted are unrealistic – yet not fictitious. They are an imperfect form of reality that hasn't been experience. The intention behind his creations is to carve a history by returning to a new real world. These works are an adventure where the destination is undetermined.

Perhaps photographs cannot be considered an appropriate expression of metaphor; the realistic and concrete characteristics of photography make it more suitable as a media for documentaries. In spite of this, however, something should be said about the metaphoric effect that leaps out of the masks and chaos as anti-photography – the motifs of Tsukada's photographs. Delving from the unknown immediately into nothingness, the beginning and ending

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arise from the masks and confusion to function as a revolving door of dramatically alternating drama of reality and fiction. He doesn't distinguish between reality and fiction. Therefore, his expressions are neither real nor surreal. With everything positioned around it, this nothingness is not emptiness, oppositely, it is a synonym for hope.

Tsukada quoted from Immanuel Kant's Critique of Judgement (1790), which stated, "...we are compelled to look out beyond our sensible representations..." More important than anything else, Tsukada understands this to mean that opportunities to express transcendent, and to which support as aesthetics. For him, the most important thing is his transcendentalism. However, this transcendence is not absolute. This nothingness exists temporarily as a point of fiction to establish beauty. We fly along with Tsukada, aiming for a point of fiction, with aesthetics. The distinction is there, and that is what hit us from behind, so that we feel dizzy.

■ ***DREAMS OF DREAMS***

Kentaro Ichihira/ Art Critic, Tokyo 2007

This text is from the exhibition catalog 'Ritual' (2007).

Imagine that while sleeping you had a dream, and for whatever reason you tried to escape from that dream. However, when you wake up, you immediately fall back into the dream. You are aware that you are in a dream and you decide to use this knowledge as a

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spring board to escape from dream back to reality. At the very instant that you wake up your fall once again into the dream world. The dream world that you have returned to is not so very different from the real world. Despite this, why do you believe that where you are is not reality, but a dream? It is because this “reality” is somehow slightly distorted. This is the signal that reaches out strongly to you that this is no reality but in fact a dream.

The photographs of Mamoru Tsukada incorporate a structure that, like a revolving door, involves an interchange between dream and reality. The world that he depicts is a dream, but the components of his dreams are composed from elements of reality and this makes us recall some familiar aspects in our life. Even though, we feel it is an event in unmitigated dream world. The main reason that we are seeing things in this way is that the way in which Tsukada creates an expressive structure that folds the two worlds – reality and dreaming – into one. The two conflicting states of dreaming and waking up are seamlessly and mutually interwoven in the images that Tsukada creates. For us who do not notice the transition, we experience an endless loop from dreaming to reality and from to dreaming, as if on a Moebius loop.

How ever, what Tsukada is seeking is not for the viewer to enjoy such an acrobatic performance. The aim of his creation is to realize an image that is completely new to the world, a world nestled between the two diametrically opposed vectors of dreaming and waking. Such an image does not depict the dream nor the reality at the end of the loop, instead it is a pure image that points to the nebulous region outside the two. That is the interchange of a dream that was thought

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to be reality and dreaming sucks under the real world which is enveloped by the outer edges of each work. When that happens, the reality in which we live becomes transfigured in a dream world from which there is no waking – namely death, the ultimate exit, and the one which everyone can experience, but no –one can talk about. The works of Tsukada highlight that reality is really the kind of dream and the supplier of boundless energy for this is the chaos that underlines all dreams. Tsukada express this reality to us in a concentrated manner.