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It would be easy to relate literary references like extracts from Italo Calvino or Paul Auster to Mako Ishizuka's works, because of the storytelling qualities, which inhabits the artist's minimalist expressions. It would rather be better to step out on the street and become her: a cosmopolitan and flâneur – a slowly observing subject rather than a speeding pedestrian with a fixed goal in sight. In touch with real spaces of urbanity, elements of design, and architecture in the shape of streets and blocks, Mako Ishizuka's works presents new narratives in photography, drawing, and frottage. They form a cosmos of personal and public spaces, where Ishizuka's parallel narratives creates a palimpsest, a physical and psychological overwriting looking at the distances of our conception of reality.

The map is an aid for establishing a geographical order. It summarises the city landscape, graphically reduced and translated according to a scale into the reality, which then appears. Everything becomes subordinates to a system of coordinates that facilitates identification of the world as we wish to conceive it. Indexes of streets and buildings line up elements of addresses in a democratic alphabetic order using streets, squares, parks, and buildings. Named after people of historical importance, events or descriptive phenomena, they sum up society's heroic, traumatic or banal identities – what is worth remembering, what must not be forgotten, other paraphernalia. Anything to enable a citizen to find its way, geographically as well as socially and historically.

Mako Ishizuka's works exhibited at Gallery Naïve disrupts an established natural order. *A bird's view of the world. In Paris.* emanates from a city map, an area in Paris's eighth arrondissement where a large part of the world is gathered within the radius of a few blocks. Rue de Vivienne turns into St-Petersbourg with Rue de Constantinople connecting through Place de L'Europe according to the city planners of Paris's pan-geographic order. Ishizuka removes in her cut outs, by using methods of paper tracing, the map's construction of meanings and secured functions. In a backlash movement the map is drawn again, backwards. Unknown, white spots replace

named streets and block systems. From the conquests we thought of as safe markers, unknown territories are developing and expanding our experience to something closely resembling amnesia.

In a sequence from the film *My Own Private Idaho* by Gus van Sant from 1991, poster boys on the porn magazines at the local twenty-four hour corner store suddenly come to life and start comparing and telling each other their life stories. Such longing for dead object to start living and communicate with its surroundings is at least as old as Pygmalion. *xxx (solitary act on Rue d'Amsterdam in Paris on 25 June 2007)* is a slideshow installation where one can follow Ishizuka's route along the same street. But it is no longer Paris she sees around her – it's Amsterdam through different paths of associations appearing in her memory, suddenly appearing in cracks of the asphalt and mirrored in the reflections of the shop windows. A closed door releases the memory of another closed door; it becomes an entrance to a surreal experience, a time warp against the unexpected. In the city that inspired Walter Benjamin to write *The Arcades Project*, the promenade on Rue d'Amsterdam becomes a stretch of road through time and space to another place. Enticed by the scents from a food stand with exotic dishes, or by an exact tone of colour it spreads like a Realm of the Senses over the existing landscape. Above all, the works points out the possibility to loose directions, at the same time finding your way back home again. But how? Your legs and your mind brought you there.

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