

PALAS®

Taiyo to Ame no Melody, Trevor Shimizu, Maureen Gallace and Kazuyuki Takezaki, 7th February – 28th March 2026

MISAKO & ROSEN gallery presents the group exhibition Taiyo to Ame no Melody (Melody of Sun and Rain), featuring artists Trevor Shimizu, Maureen Gallace and Kazuyuki Takezaki, at PALAS, Sydney.

In June of 2024, Jiro passed away.

Twenty years ago I was standing in Yvon Lambert's old gallery space on 25th Street looking at a room of works by Kazuyuki Takezaki. Back then he was making small mixed-media paintings featuring large swathes of blank space punctuated by odd scribbles and gestures, rendered faintly in pencil or pen with occasional touches of colour. I remember the lighting in the gallery being dimmer than usual because there was a big Tatsuo Miyajima installation of flashing digital numbers the next room over. The shadows heightened the incidentalness of Takezaki's works. The critic Manami Fujimori happened to be there too and we exchanged observations. I said something about the works being like haiku. Of course I wouldn't have made a straight comparison to haiku. I probably said "dirty haiku" or "chopped up haiku" or "stretched out haiku." I was trying to express the way the works captured fleeting impressions of sensory events without resolving them into a coherent structure. With their almost stuck together feel, these loose collections of fragments pushed back against regimes of framing and signification, or how we impose order on things.

Excerpt of text by Andrew Maerke (2024)

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Jiro was the informal name used by friends and family to refer to the artist and one-time gallerist, Kazuyuki Takezaki. Jiro's passing nearly coincided with the closing of his first exhibition in New York – with gallery 47 Canal – and with his finishing the renovation of his new studio in the city of Marugame. More than a year and a half has passed since his death, yet this fact remains alien.

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Everything appears to be so innocuous, innocuous as a poem by Elizabeth Bishop, which is to say not at all. Her painting's subject matter is almost mundane: awkward little houses (are they really houses? – many things about her structures are hard to discern) in lush countryside, near the beach, situated in rural, unreal Connecticut. Of course, they're not houses near beaches or Connecticut but paint painted to look as such. That seems obvious but perhaps isn't. Gallace asks each time: 'can I paint, for example, a house?'. And perhaps she can't – can't paint the house (which is the impossible). The house – one of the earliest things a child may draw – isn't it kind of stupid to try to paint it? What would it mean to paint one again and again, mesmerised by the failure to convey all that 'house' might convey? Can one paint the present, or is knowledge only historical? Perhaps the reality Gallace has known no longer exists except as she paints it into existence. House house house no house no house no house. Only the indolent consider the same the same. Proust cautions, 'there is no great difference between the memory of a dream and the memory of a reality'. What is the real really? How is it remembered?

Excerpt of text by Bruce Hainley (1999)

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It would not be an exaggeration to say that Jiro's own gallery inspired an entire generation of gallery staff and artists to open their own spaces. TAKEFLOOR was extraordinary insofar as it existed in the tiniest of apartments: it served as gallery or studio by day and living space by night. Futons were folded behind makeshift walls; exhibition opening parties uncomfortably filled the space with three people, the rest of the group snaking down a long stairwell, taking turns to enter and see the show; collectors and curators visited off-hours; DIY was possible – necessary, even.

There was some parallel with our own lifestyle, Misako and I living in a tiny Ikebukuro apartment, both working for galleries and living on a shoestring. I remember getting annoyed with them both – Misako and Jiro – when, over dinners on the floor of our home, the two would compete with stories demonstrating which of us was less well off, our struggles worn as a badge of honour.

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My previous show included works about farting. This one is a return to my interest in classic painting traditions, colour, scale, the domestic interests of painters like Bonnard, Courbet, and Van Gogh. I spent previous years making jokes. It was often an arduous process, a lot of pre-preparation. The new work is more straightforward and carefree. In some ways there's a dumbing down of the process. A dumbing down of fart jokes is a funny idea. The first few landscapes were often painted from memory or hybrids of various landscapes. Many of my most recent paintings are what I would call en plein aire – delayed. They're depictions of landscapes around the Hudson River, Westchester County, and Connecticut.

-Trevor Shimizu (2021)

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Now, nearly 20 years later, MISAKO & ROSEN persists as a labour of love, running on the spirit of collaboration and community that was embodied in the practice of our friend and artist. We're honoured to have an opportunity to extend this network of mutual support to Sydney.

– Jeffrey Rosen, January 2026