

Ariel Hayes

RE: Yusuke Asai and Mahatma Gandhi

Dirt is an underappreciated thing. It is built on, grown in, removed and applied, crushed and compacted; it sustains us—it is literally the ground on which we stand and the means by which we eat. Dirt is from whence we came, and it is where we will all go, prince or pauper. Dirt, mud, dust—the words don't bring beauty or majesty or anything good to mind for most, but Yusuke Asai proves that they should. It is amazing that the intricacy and interconnectedness of the Earth and life within it can be so astutely captured by a mural of mud. Stand back, and Asai's piece is an almost indiscernible pattern of brown hues; one only has to squint a little for lines to blur, and for the beauty of the art to be all that is clear. It is like looking at a bustling city, or watching creatures convene around a waterhole. It is far too much to take in all at once. Move in closer, and individual creatures begin to appear, each fantastically unique, with their own personality and story. I am reminded of the universe; it is impossible to see every creature, every face, or hear every story, but they all exist, and eventually eyes will find each one. Yusuke Asai is the God and creator of this little universe, and it is amazing to behold.