

FUYAMA

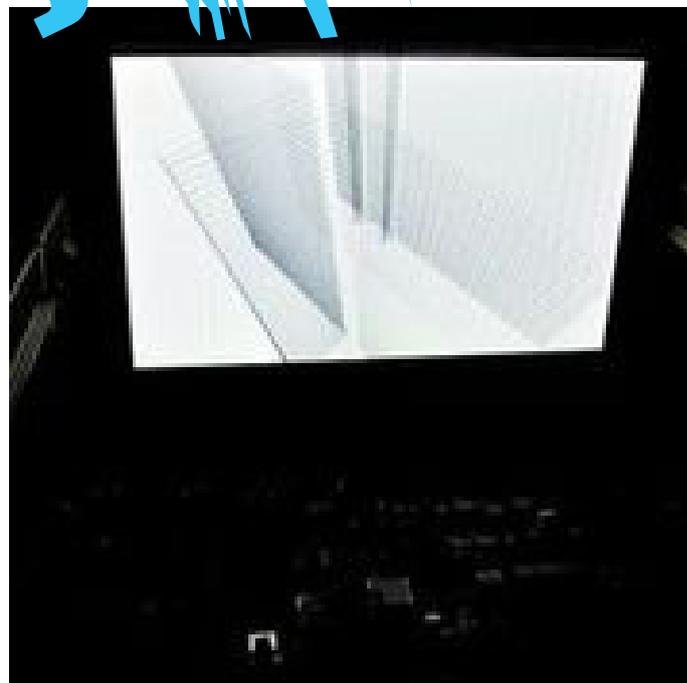
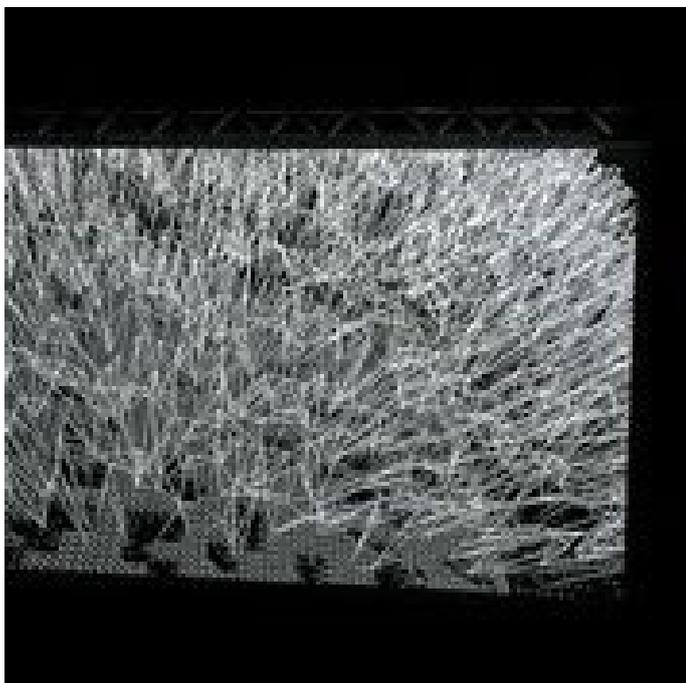
Briedi Jayne McCrostie

I was first introduced to the work of Yousuke Fuyama online, I scanned the internet, it was something completely new I had no prejudice because I had never encountered this style of art before. I was fascinated, but I wasn't sure how to react. When his performance finished I didn't know, and now still I feel completely perplexed by its memory.

I sat through the performance away from my friends with two sixteen year old students. They were both giddy with excitement I imagined they had previously been exposed to very little performance art. I looked forward to examining their reactions. When Yousuke took his place at the side of the room his work instantly

saturated the space. It was violent, almost an assault on the senses. To me there was no sense or dialogue to the work but there didn't need to be. It started as abruptly as it finished, and you didn't have to understand what was happening to appreciate it. To me it exposed a space between what is and what will be, an entirely unexplored territory. White

light attacked the darkness while the noise screamed from somewhere I had never known. Although one could not exist without the other, I quickly trained myself to switch focus between the audio and visual. It was my first exposure to this world and my body reacted almost defensively. While I tried to keep up with what was evolving my eyes were continually



drawn to Yousuke's work space where I could catch a momentary glimpse of his face as it was suddenly illuminated by the energy of the work. It was distracting to see him work, his face is strong and I have never seen someone so intensely involved like that. It was obvious that while physically present he had instinctively entered this universe that he had

created. I started to relax as a second set started this one more of a live interaction. From his small station Yousuke created sound by manipulating the light dancing between small objects. The work was almost comical and well received by the curious audience who like me seemed pleased to see the master reveal just a

glimpse of the magic. The work felt slower and easier to comprehend, but no less impressive. At no point did I start to feel desensitized, and then it stopped. Silence occurred momentarily, but it came just as foreign as the noise it had followed. My entire body continued to buzz. Yousuke bowed humbly and thanked the audience. Instantly the au-

dience responded and my brain was finally able to place a familiar sound. I sat back and looked around, I noticed my friends but I wasn't ready to say anything. I looked at the teenage boys, I knew no more than them.'`

