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We would like to share a small number of fragments from Ko Murobushi's diary and notes he wrote during his workshops on teaching, impression for students, and so on.
We hope you will enjoy.

Ko Murobushi Archive

1993 Wien Tanz Wochen

26 July, Monday – Day 1

Butoh 1: During the careful warm-up, 1.5 hours passed.

Butoh 2: The students' bodies were already warmed up, so we immediately moved on to “walking”.

Explanation of balance through “water”.

The next phase is:

Transforming the walking body itself into “water”.

It is necessary to hide or erase human expressivity.

This is not done through form.

How can we give form “water”?

However, it is (it is possible).

The liquidity, fluidity, and clarity of water.

Let's assume that the water has stopped trembling and become still.

In that stillness, it becomes this balance.

Next, we must carry that balance forward.

In the process of carrying it, we must realize stillness within the movement itself.

The “body”, which carries the “stillness of water”,

is it approaching the water, or is it approaching stillness?

Concentration on the act of carrying itself allows the body to capture the stillness of water, the “surface of water.”

At that moment, you will directly sense how our body with no physical defects — with arms, legs, and head — is in fact excessive.

If you do not sense this, if you do not feel lost, then nothing will begin.

If you do not have the longing for transformation, then even the slightest opportunity for transformation will not bring any chance.

This is nothing but lazy sensibility.

“For concentration, one needs delicate, capillary-like nerves—or so it seems.”

In fact, the neural network is already spread throughout our entire body, so what we need to do is rather send signals “that do not reach it.” “It is because students don't know what signals to send or how to send them that they appear lazy.”

What is necessary for the continuity of this fragile and fleeting “concentration” — which is done instantly and leaks out just as quickly — is the elimination of the dormant neurons and the strength and speed that can reach all the way to the very tips of the nerves.

What is needed is a certain roughness, wildness, and speed to seize the moment in that instant.

“And then, with astonishing speed and sensitivity, the moment feeds back into the brain's core and becomes awareness.”

That simultaneity! The challenge of time itself. The transgression of timelessness against time.

In this sense of transgression, this concentration is violent.

However, this transition from timelessness to timelessness happens at the boundary, at the edge of time.

It continuously touches the edge and the boundary.

The tips of our toes, the soles of our feet sliding on the floor,
and the entire body, the surface of the skin that has turned into tension and energy,
touch the boundary of time, for example, the edge of the voice I emit.

As it is like a sensual game, always on the edge, touching the extension through another extension.

Then, time is able to transform into another time.

This intersection of time, this work of touching and cutting through boundaries to bring about other extensions, is the other form of life we call Butoh.

Finally, this fragile image of the "surface of the water" will be transcribed to the entire body, to the whole surface of our being.

Then, this surface of the water reflects, for example, the moonlight.

For example, it shines with the summer sunlight.

For example, it relaxes with the cool breeze.

For example, The surface of the water contemplates its own bottom layer.

For example, the water thinks deeply about itself. It contemplates itself.

At that moment, does this thought sink or float?

At that moment, does this thought sink? does this thought float? At that moment, where is that think can contemplates?

And that thought will sway.

As the bottom of the water is always swaying for thinking about the water...

But that distance is filled with water.

And it is crossed by unexpected outside intrusions.

For example, by light, by the passing of fish, by floating seaweed, or the bubbles formed by the breathing of shells... and so on.

Memo: Various forms of being "desperate"

It is always and already fragile, here and there
and weak, ephemeral.

(However), before we decide or will to see that fragile figure,
the "will = power" itself lives the moment a priori,
and repeats death and rebirth with each passing instant.

Therefore, the power already lives in the fragility of its own collapse, disappearance, and decay.

Various forms of being “desperate”?! I say desperation,
but that, first and foremost, is, at the beginning,
the very essence of our life.
Next, in the fleeting moments of breath,
at the moment of inhalation and exhalation,
in the Ahn (the ebb and flow) of that “breath,”
we are living and dying in the exchange and correspondence with the
territories of beings other than ourselves.

Inter-course

If this is called “traffic,”
then that is traffic.

That circulation or chain
is mechanical.
It is sad precisely because it is mechanical.
It is its mechanism/organism and its system is too ephemeral.
And at the same time, it is always fresh.
What is this “something” that feels this?
Who is this “something”?
It is probably not personality.
It is something anonymous, no one, no longer even a personality.

It is terminal.
It is that moment when each becomes an incident of the other, right here, right now.
A surprising time, a surprising place.
I am encountering this in a place where I am no longer even in my own heart.
An extraordinary time.
An extraordinary place.

At that moment, there, I, I, I, I,
become a life, an existence, another moment, another place,
which is still I.
I am living in the extraordinary time.
Deviating from my village, my town, my land,
I am veering toward a no-place,
a place that is not a place but still a place,
an extraordinary place.
And yet, still maintaining “I,”
who is it?
Who?
It is nameless name...

1996 ImPulsTanz

7 February, Wednesday, Workshop: Day 3

I slept in late, but went down at 1 p.m. to buy bread. Vienna is experiencing a cold wave. I took the city tram to Tanz Hotel.

Workshop II

Yesterday, before reaching the “horse” [before getting to the horse exercise], we worked on variations of the toe steps.

The knees are the most important for suppressing the sound when landing after a jump, but it is essential to learn the distinction between using the toes and standing on the ball of the foot.

In other words, we need to refine the possibility of landing to a finer level.

Pressing the tips of the toes on what the toes touch is actually two separate actions:

(one is the act of touching with the toes, and the other is applying pressure with the toes.)

First, we practice stepping, kicking with the toes, and tapping the toes flamenco-style, (then), we focus on erasing the sound of the foot.

By doing this (exercise),

you will become aware of how to control the unconscious power you exert when the toes or the pads of the feet touch the floor.

(You will recognize how to consciously control what you had been doing unconsciously.)

At the same time, the work of the knees and the foot sound is also important.

Then, we give the shape of the “horse.”

Kicks of the front and back legs, stepping, sharply tapping the floor.

Next, the scene of “the horse in the dream.”

On Christmas night, in a child’s dream, a white horse comes as a Christmas present.

With the quiet, soft snowfall,

the frozen form of the white horse steps in silent sound,

the silent bells ring,

and the white horse, within the white, invades the child's dream.

Finally, we finish with eight jumps.

...That was the scenario. Martins, Bertl's secretary, was touched.

Workshop III

Today, two of the men were absent, which threw off the rhythm a bit.

We worked on the movement of 8, continuing the steps from yesterday.

The differentiation between the tips of the toes and the heels creates an infinity symbol, which connects with hips while walking.

If you press down on your toes,

you’ll get closer to Michael's moonwalk.

If you slow down your speed thoroughly,

it will become a Butoh-style moonwalk.

If you widen the stance, it will approach Afro (dance) as well, expanding the possibilities. However, since the students were not quite understanding this, I stopped after the pause.

After the pause [we worked on] walking.

Walking like a sandman or snowman sliding across sand or snow,
and then, the shape starts to melt

Desperate shadow is realized with the extended hands to catch the melting and falling apart shape.

From here, the improvisation of retrieving the shadow begins.

When I suggested moving into free improvisation,
they said they preferred the task to be framed as a scene, so
I had them all become the stain on the “wall.”

The material of the wall, the material of the stain.

The space where the stain emerges is filled with molecules.

As if threading through the air, the material of the stain floats
and swims through the stain in the air,

and the shapes of the stain transform in various ways.

This transformation itself is the improvisational change.

The “improvised transformation” reveals the origin and foundation of each dancer.

I can observe and examine it.

Then, the air of molecules becomes denser and denser.

Amid the clash of molecules, the free space for transformation is taken away.

The molecules that emerge from the stain are further required to take the robbed shape, the shape of the stain.

When molecules lose their position and movement to other molecules,
how does the improvised transformation evolve further?

Human bodies in crowded trains create suffocating shapes as they brush against each other. Their own shapes rub against and caress the boundaries, yet they continue to feel the contact more intensely.

Thus, the inside and outside—

close the usual traffic where the inside penetrates the outside and the outside penetrates the inside.

A closed form is demanded.

When pain and pleasure are led to an extreme point,
it means that once the contact becomes concentrated,
movement is sealed off and directed towards the point of energy's condensation.

When the fluid becomes solid,
the skin, like a stain,

is fixed as a continuous surface without front or back, ∞
and is stretched, pressed.

Then, if we take the pressed form as a mold,
where does the skin end or get severed?

The form, like a swimming stain,
from where to where—where and where—
did it create the exchange between the outside and the inside?
That flow, that traffic, that intercourse,
when and where will it be cut off, like a cross-section?
The “boundary” surface is the theme here.

Thin, extremely thinned distance
Distance—which will never lose the “boundary” from the beginning to the end,
which cannot be lost, something like “power-line”
is continuing.

Instinct – Nature = Will = Power

The potential encounter between animals and minerals, from stain to wrinkles, from wrinkles
to their rigidity and petrification.

Then, towards their collapse and naturalization—where can they naturalize?

In the air, which is a graveyard.

Or it may return, leaping, to the desert.

All forms will eventually dissolve into the abstraction of death.

What collapses and is robbed of its form will also be connected, linked, to death, which is the
continuity, the infinite, and will lose its form.

(Variation of resistance and catastrophe. Continuous transformation)

Skin

Inside exists outside,

and inside and outside are intertwined.

Soft or rough,

a plateau of differences, where layers of power are stacked up,

creating strange landscapes, strange topographies. Continuous changes, transformations.

We are already, always, the archetype of the matrix of the infinite universe.

HINAGATA

That is my “mummy.”

Fingernails and hair grow,

and one day, they stop their natural growth.

While the form remains,

the power collapses and loses the boundary's resistance,

assimilating with something else.

If it is assimilated, absorbed,

it becomes formless, merging into death—

the formless death.

Our form is “ephemeral”.

It is only a single route, a single pathway of power, gradually leading toward death.

There are endless transformations of form, like stains and wrinkles,

but in the end, isn't (our identity) just a passing moment of death?

However, death approaches us like a brilliant light, the appearance of life itself.
Death visits us.

For example, the vital, fateful encounter between a man and a woman—
such is mutual illumination.

Each trembles their skin, their stains, their wrinkles,
to the extreme in sensuality,
enticing and trembling.

For instance, isn't love the visceral, exposed form,
like the shining, slippery scales of a snake,
during copulation?

The desire for death manifests itself in life, in our vessels, our skin,
definitely, crucially.

That is the fragile season of transformation—

“From winter to spring.”

Our lives are governed by their rawness
and so we deny this control.

The method of transcending horror with horror, of transcending by artificial will,
is also a natural resistance.

Perhaps everything can be understood through continuity and discontinuity, like Bataille
wrote.

Every form is a form of resistance.

The resistance to the formless power, the disease of immunity, the self-defense,
forms a defensive embankment,
creating undulating shapes at the boundary.

In the process of identity trying to exclude difference,
an instantaneous, one-time explosive force is baked into the process.

This is the resistance of power, the “incident,” the “crisis.”

Tolerance = intolerance.

Somewhere between tolerance / intolerance,
compromise = non-compromise,
a struggle = a game,
present tense = singularity.

Thus—

a fleeting, ephemeral, sensual form
is seared into being.

A burning,
that opens toward eternity.

It is forced, coerced.

Because, without it, our lives can only reach the peak of their power,
their brilliance,
through death.

Through the “peak,”

or through the “decline,”
through the “mountain pass.”

2005 Tours

Running → What does it mean to become a dance—not to run beautifully or fast,
but to *become dance*?

Falling

Crawling → Crawling on all fours

Shaking → Trembling

Transforming everything into *dance*.

Walking

© What at stake running in dance

is not speed or beauty,
but the bridging toward gravity.

What is a “dead body”?

All incapacity

The relaxation of the power of authority, the *pouvoir*

All competence lies between

the extremes of relaxation and tension...

and the segmentation of power in the *between-ness*...

There is nothing to teach.

If there is nothing to teach, what should I do?

Only the mummy and the beast.

Only the vertical and the fall.

From one extreme to the other.

Dizziness.

To have dizziness is

to be a standing “dead body.”

Brass plates on the extremes,

Mercury—volatile, liquid—on the extremes. Brass plates at one pole,

Mercury- volatile, liquid - at the other end of pole

Experience in time,

to self-critique, trans-extase.

Dizziness and petrification

is to lose the footing, the ordinary balance = life.

What does it mean to lose the foot?

If that is dance,

Can we walk while losing one’s footing?

What is the fetal form?
Cut off from the “origin”.
Neither hands nor feet are yet mine.
Not knowing how to use them.

The encounter
Between the experience of zero, of emptiness,
and the experience itself!
Exoticism—the maldistribution.

Dance and self-critique
The encounter with the self = the other.
The encounter with madness.
Fear exists within.
Violence exists within.
Discrimination exists within.
Coming from the outside inside.

25 November, Thursday: Lesson from 2pm to 4pm

Is dance something that is created and then danced?
Most of it is boring.
Most of it gets defeated by the action.
Isn't the point of dance to not do the action?

Escaping into the arts—singing, escaping into entertainment,
escaping into the drama of relationships,
or breaking through the limits with physical movements,
just changing the environment or setting.

What turns a boring movement into something interesting?
It is the *empty* soul
that breathes “soul” into the boring movements.

2005 ImPulsTanz

The second week

The will to dance is
Voluntariness, potentiality,
Potential power,
Positivity,

Elevation, the irreplaceable.

Where and when do they appear?

What will they move?

What is the power of dance?

An adjusted event,

Contemplated and incorporated,

It becomes like a group.

The body that has lost the encounter or the event

Cannot move people.

Nostalgia.

It is necessary to rescue the happiness and fortune of being with dance,

But How?

The dance festival

started like this, and

It offers the audience dubious dances that follow the forms of dance.

August 1st, holiday rest

Regarding the task of the WS,

Do thoroughly teach the beast.

About 8, too.

While thinking like this, dawn has come.

Not the WS to dance, but

The WS not to dance.

What was dance?

It was surprise and “discovery.”

It is the “speechlessness”,

The self being the other.

For example, the first time I saw the pure blue sea,
It was like being thrown to the horizon.
It was equivalent to the atomic bomb.
It is the extreme north of possibilities, the limit of the possible times,
As going to the extreme.
That is, if we pursue what Bataille means by ecstasy,
By probing what inner experience is,
We will encounter not Butoh, but “Butoh-ness.”

Just one step before
At the edge of religious-mystical experience.

What is just one step before
The illusion of rescue or salvation that activates it.

The form of supplication

August 3rd, Tuesday

The hot summer has returned.

“Give Peace a Chance” was released in 1969. Hare Krishna is Lennon in a sense, when he was captivated by Indian Master X, when he was in coexistence with the hippie movement. I find this coexistence with hippies a bit unsettling, but I feel the courage and sadness of a person heading towards political speech.

How we evaluate this song will answer how we think about the hippie culture or counterculture (should we translate it like this?), so it is risky, but

We are not elites, we are pop.

As for myself, as I may have written somewhere before,

I dislike the herd.

There is no such thing as a “de-society” that isn't responsible for society,

But I chose another kind of isolated fight, different from the deviation of the hippies and the resistance of the Red Army and the new left.

If I oppose the community, but

It is not an anti-community,

Could it be another community,

The inexpressible community?

Not sharing the fantasy = the impossibility of it,

Sharing that impossibility,

The sharing of the impossibility of fantasy.

That is

The ethics of the “Outside”

The thought of the outside.

“Dance” is something that exists outside.

Dancing is a very weak thing.

Does dancing have any power?

Hare Krishna dances.

The tarantula dances.

Eejanaika dances madly too.

It invites us into collective enthusiasm and

Brings us a communal experience from the outside.

Isn't it a trance,

The festival?

Revolution demands

The affirmation of madness,

The affirmation of violence,

It fantasizes the erasure of difference.

Transcendence, not identification,
But by affirming the difference, bringing it to equality—
This is the affirmation of the ideal, the non-discriminatory difference.

August 4, Wednesday, very hot.

Why do we fall?

Because “falling” is “dancing.”

What kind of dance is it?

A dance of disconnection.

Screaming fall?

In the moments when your legs, hands, arms, vision and hearing are severed?

Standing still, doing nothing,

By self-reflecting and introspecting,

Wait for the motif, the encounters from within,

Be patient.

It is a dance called

Patience.

And wait for the turn-jump,

While making the “turn-jump” wait,

Abandon, trust, and let it go!

Patience becomes critical,

And turns into risk and fragility,

And becomes dance.

The rule for improvisation:

If each other gets within 5 meters, it means 10 meters.

Get closer and move apart, responding to each other, stealing from each other,

feeling the “distance.”

Feeling the “attraction” between each other.

For example, if A runs,

The balance of distance collapses.

To respond to this, the question is,

The reaction of “non-reaction.”

Because there is “patience.”

What kind of rule is applied?

Jump or fall down?

Within 3 meters,

You can feel each other's breath and twitching.

Can you feel the soles of each other's thin feet?

Sounds can be stolen from each other; they can communicate,

The sound and the voice.

August 5, Wednesday, Day 4

(Note) * In the darkness of the cave,

When there is nobody who tells you who you are inside darkness,
Who are you?

Knowledge is powerless.

You have to form yourself

As if everything was as if it is the first time you exist.

From the tip of your little finger to the top of your head,

As if you appeared there for the first time.

I saw the absolute blue sea for the first time.

Silent, turning blue.

Then what will begin?

Config 1 is being no one.

Config 2 is being desperate.

What is urgently necessary is

Our own life, but

No one can save it.

Just stand desperately.

Config 3 is that you must return to crisis,

Again and again, to the crisis.

For that,

Cut it the moment you feel stable.

Then force yourself to return

To the initial urgency.

Config 4 is to transcend the “known body.”

You don’t transcend yourself

If you just raise your legs normally or extend your arms.

You cannot encounter your dangerous self.

It must be something ultra-absolute.

Config 5 is to contemplate what “ultra-absolute” means

And erase that contemplation.

What you intended,

And the things with apparent intention,

Are neither cute

Nor cool.

Why?

Because intention is already known.

August 6, the morning of the last day

Same as yesterday, I got up before 9am. I moved the computer aside .

Why am I irritated with the slowness of the tram in Vienna?

It is strange that there is a “destination.”

I know I immediately take a taxi even in Tokyo.

It is too soon. I want to be there,

But it is not allowed.

“The course of the journey” is always “transit.”

My dance is the same.

It is from process to process, with no starting point, no ending.

There is no origin or root.

It is caught in the “sky-dream.”

A little explanation about it is necessary?

Regarding something like “experience,”

Even if it is a moving experience,

There must be folded within it the nonsense that cannot be treated by words, and coincidence.

It is impossible to fully know one event.

If the world exists by interpreting it as possible,

Is it possible to go beyond the interpretation?

That is, feeling the process and becoming the process

During the journey.

2006 CNDC Angers

September 14, Thursday

About the betrayal of the spontaneity of dance — becoming an event,

The moment when dance is completed as a dance technique.

To be sincere to the energy, the positive energy,

Which emerges for the first time.

That is an essential, essential repetition,

Which is nameless, anonymous, something that has never been named.

To give concrete methods and form is technique,

And that is the fake, betrayed revolution, which is repeated through the form.

Tasks and themes should be given

As the minimal conditions for the arrival of the event,

As the situation.

However, then, what is dance?

And what is “Butoh”?

When I was watching a film, suddenly a scene of a group flamenco dance appeared.

What is this frivolousness?

If dance is safely contained within dance — within technique, form, and tradition — it becomes “stupid”,

Because dance easily loses its “distance” and “critique” (though this is its ambivalent, natural essence).

Dance is not a supplement.

It is not merely a performative effect.

The pure bodies of the dancers are easily sacrificed and made to serve.

If you claim this is the “don,” the gift without exchange, wait a moment.

(Weren’t these things done with gratitude?) It’s like Kierkegaard!

The “sacredness” of dance is

Being as close as possible to the “outside” of God.

“Approaching religion to the maximum, and then abolishing it” — not belonging, not being able to belong.

Gratuitousness is

The “gift,” the don.

In French, gratuit means gratuitous, but in Japanese it means “free.”

= Gratuitous = unworking = unpaid.

Not relying, not expecting.

Is there deviation, or abolition of something “essential,” “irresponsible,” that comes from responsibility?

There is absolute “affirmation” of lonely self-righteousness.

This is what Derrida tries to rescue!

Isn't it the gratuitousness of justice, of the rule of exchange,

That cannot be absorbed into the ethics of capital, law, and the nation?

Every law and right must first undergo deconstruction!

That is,

Every word, every “oui,” every “yes,” must be repeated, tested,

And said again anew...

They must be “screened through the certification,” meaning

They must be “screened” through critics, the words of others. That's the paradox.

September 15, Friday

Morning, 10:00-12:30. What to do on Day 3?

Exercise of “Izumekko” from the Tohoku region.

(In that era, in the north of Japan, farmers would put their children in the basket while they worked in the field. People called children in this situation “Izumekko.”)

Scabs

The moment we stand up and realize our face is incomplete

The time until it melts

The movement generated by the loss of right and left perception in the shoulders and knees.

What is the “walk of the condemned prisoner”?

Is “death” not a memory?

What is it to focus on “nothingness”?

What is it to “hide” or “suppress” the breath?

“Possession and being possessed”

The theme is “the act of being possessed by” — being possessed by the dog, the incarnation of the self, possession by the devil.

It’s about “contamination and transfer” — a magical and superstitious process.

Exercises:

20 minutes of dancing using only the breath

10 minutes with only the left hand free

A dance-like movement

Animality

Simply falling down

Can we contaminate each other through this?

Students improvisation.

There is no pre-assigned meaning in the materials we use (tables, cords, trash arranged together).

The body moves without reason or meaning, and naturally, fresh encounters emerge. Everything will be given motion as a process.

Everyone is trying too hard. It connects to the desire to express.

Not doing, or not being able to do.

The “right to impossibility” or “impotence” — the lack of affirmation of death.

Why is there such a desire to live?

Why do we seek another life or “other” lives while we are alive?

Could this be the transformation of essence?

Essence constantly transforms, and therefore, is expression based on essence even necessary?

“Simply be there, as transformation.”

What is the meaning of “a body that stands still”?

↓

The Will to Life and Power:

The “will to life” and the “will to power” are related to “conatus” — the drive to transform and change.

Everyone is polite.

Not interesting.

There is no surprising other language.

Surprise does not come from surprising others.

Surprise comes from being astonished by our own continuous transformation.

What is “wonder”? It is the terror and the wonder of my body abandoning me forsaking me, abandoning me as though it is renewing its relationship with me.

Or its contrary.

What if I abandon my relationship to myself — that is, abandon “other self”?

The fear and anxiety of losing the relationship to others, the relationship to the self.

Could this be the source of dance? Is it connected to death?

Becoming a “passage”: → become “passage” ourselves?

What does it mean to lose yourself and become a “passage”?

A “one-way path” with no return point: is this madness?

“Being in between” — a double, split, multi-layered genesis.

Losing the self=other means an “innocent genesis” — a life-desire that continually transforms.

Moving beyond the generating reason, transcending transcendence itself, to fall outside the rationality of existence.

Madness:

Is “madness” the edge where you look back at your own state of madness?

Is there a way to transmute time itself through the act of dance?

-Continue waiting still, or wait for the cutting off of waiting.

-The repetition of actions (like hitting) should transcend repetition and transform into a revolutionary dance, turning quantity into quality.

-Inconvenience: for example, suffocation or not being able to use one hand, impotence, idiot. Through impotence, there is a chance to save the power of regeneration.

From that incapacity, also through death, there is a chance to rescue the power of regeneration itself.

Trembling:

-Why don't we keep trembling until it's truly impossible?

Trembling continuously is dance itself.

If the dance stops before it begins, it is an incomplete dance.

-L's left hand

-J's tongue

-H's non-standing legs

-C's will for transformation and fragments

S's convulsions and the beauty of trembling hands

J's relationship with his dog, possession and split, fusion and separation

T's constant instability and willingness to be thrown into uncertain situations, speed, and will.

If the will to perform is seen, it's over.

If the performance is seen, it ends.

-Dance is an event where it must not be seen.

Performance is not useful; it is a pure exhaustion and waste.

In exchange for profit or utility, it is always and already a gratuitous gift, a donation (le don gratuite).

“From being seen to showing”:

Showing and the spectacle attached to it.

Seeing and the spectacle attached to it.

Pleasure in these relations can hide and trap us in a narcissistic state.

Floating to the surface, the interface between the deep sadness of separation and the intensity of time. Isn't this experiential transformation, the conatus, the becoming of essence, carrying death within?

What is death?

Is it possible to dance a death?

Death is not the body nor the imitation of the body.

Death as an event is not about going toward the body, but exists in the sphere of meaning, untouched by the physical world.

Suicide is not self-destruction, but the reconstruction of self. Where there is suicide, there must be the reconstruction of the human. To die before becoming the dead is self-revival and immortality of the body. The incapacity of thought leads to the greatest power of the body. — Takao Egawa

September 19, Tuesday, 10:00 AM to 12:30 PM

We started with a warm-up and, for some reason, ended up focusing on Nijinsky.

Since the students seemed to enjoy it, we kept going.

Doing Nijinsky's movements involves the repetition of shifting the axis. This leads to exploring speed and stillness, as well as the idea of form through cuts, or cuts creating forms.

-I had the students face each other in pairs, making eye contact, and then try out Nijinsky's poses together.

After the break, I introduced some African-inspired hip movements. However, most of the students struggled with it. It's important to dance with just the hips, focusing solely on that part of the body.

September 21, Thursday

Panic, Crisis, Death

De-dance

The deviation of dance—

Is it found in American postmodern dance?

Is there a distancing and desexualization from drama and sentiment?

Dance, fear, panic, and crisis—

What is the human crisis?

In Hijikata's concept of the “body standing on the crisis” and “rebellion of the body,”

Did he use dance as a deviation from the crisis-zero point, using this deviation in dance as a form of therapy for deviation?

Could we use Artaud's Corps-sans-organs (Body Without Organs) in the same way, treating it as a therapy or anti-therapy?

If you think too much about dance in an idealistic or imaginative way, you will end up unable to dance.

So, one must stop thinking and aim to incapacitate thought.

From there, align with the body.

Stand with the body.

Save the movement.

September 22, Friday

Deviation / Dévier

Impotence, inability, the body as a ruin

The dog, cat, and bird as a ruin

Puissance — power, strength, authority, control

Power in mathematics, rights, the earth (thickness of mineral layers), the puissance of a river

En — potential

Impuissance / Inutile — uselessness, inability

Impossible

Every time, puissance is in opposition to impuissance!

Impuissance, powerlessness, weakness, sexual impotence,

Going outside, deviating

Trying to deviate outside of dance

Is it possible to step with the feet of a ghost?

Gas

Fluid

Walking with melting feet

Becoming

Becoming something is impossible

“Impossibility” is a bridge to the other

Or is it a ghost?

Power is killed, and one becomes impotent

Straying “between” this world and the afterworld

Something homeless

Playful, nomadic

Is it synonymous with wandering?

Exiled beings drifting toward amalgamation, mix, and fusion

Déraciné

Walking ten steps with ghostly feet, then falling down

Body as a ruin

Ruine — destruction, collapse, god, cat, bird, fish

Ruiner — collapse (destruction) of a bug

The damaged, losing, and melting living body

Always “death”

The “small death” continues

Breathing repeatedly

Remaining still for five minutes — the collapse continues

Even Rodin's figures can sit

↓

Ruin — becoming completely white

Volatilizing, falling apart

Connecting to the beast

Then the beast grows wings, claws scratch fingers and feet

Then the wings appear
The neck speaks
The mouth distorts
Hunger sets in
Becoming the mouth of fire

Material — non-material

Voice
Breath
Steam, air currents
Ghost body
Deviating — going outside
Becoming senseless — toward death
Walking ten steps with ghostly feet, then falling down
Wings grow from something like stone
One-winged flight toward the sky
The sacrifice of Icarus — trembling and death
Falling, crashing, collapsing
Swimming with a body that cannot swim

Impuissance

Death

What does it mean to create through impuissance?
Isn't it about creating nothing, being unable to create?

-Making a dance of collapse
-Falling with the feet of a ghost
-Trembling and death

- Stillness / Movement
- Deviating from dance to the outside of dance
- Impuissance — the death of power
- Beasts howling
- Born from stone — death

In the afternoon, we attempted “Baby is in the Box”

It didn’t go well (it wasn’t successful)

Then we worked on “The Corpses of Pompeii”

Petrification

We demonstrated and continued for 30 minutes. The session ended.

September 26, Tuesday

What is Butoh-like?

The will to transform and

The freedom [that exists?] within transformation and continuous change.

Dance, critique of existing dance.

Otherness, exteriority, the outsider, madness — existing between the material and immaterial.

It becomes interesting when you deviate from dance, disarticulate, and break free from it.

That's all it is.

Radical? Hybridity? Mixing?

Developing all of dance in the simple act of standing — all of dance.

September 27, Wednesday, Morning

Is there a problem of imagination, too?

Intellectual and spontaneous

Spontaneity is connected to particularity, to potential and potentiality,

And linked to the universal, which is the singular eternity.

Again and again, I feel the repetition of the same thing.

Such consistency.

Die and live

live with Dieing

Die and live anywhere and anytime.

I am crushed by myself / another version of myself.

Collapse for 10 minutes.

Revival for 10 minutes.

It is between shape and shapelessness.

Self-portrait / all the notes for improvisation.

It means that walk of the dead, isn't it? That is the walk of the dead,

Since the formless form walks horizontally, there is nothing.

It is "trans" "super"

Impuissance/Puissance

The Möbius of

Death — Life.

October 12, Thursday, 10:00am - 12:30pm

Our last class was attended by about 100 students of lycée, around 14 years old.

We showed them a little bit of the transformation of the 8.

Afterward, we all mingled with our lunch boxes on the stage.

Afternoon session (3pm to 5pm):

Presentation of solos

Along with Emmanuelle, the CNDC staff provided their feedback and engaged in discussion.

The students also spoke up. Everyone was surprised and delighted with the results, noting that "the effect of Butoh" had appeared.

2012 Seoul

July 8, Sunday

I thought about the limits of dance.

Words, the act of writing, are exposed to various rivalries and competitions, becoming subjects of critique and evaluation.

And if this deviates from fair evaluation, if it is dismissed...

Then I have been working within the narrower, more specialized genre of dance.

For me, mixing my dance with other genres or pushing my dance outward to make it known was unnecessary, superfluous.

Dance should destroy the genre of dance itself.

The manifestation of un working lies in not dancing.

A dance that does nothing.

It is as far and as close as possible to dancing, a boundary of dance.

The tension between the possibility of dancing and the impossibility of dancing.

It is dance. It is to dance with touching a boundary of dance as far as possible and as close as possible to dancing, and with touching impossibility of can dance or cannot dance a boundary of dance.

And so my dance approaches closely

The question posed by the initial will of Butoh, born in Japan.

Then on the limit of Dance my dance comes very close to the question posted by the initial will of “Butoh”, born in Japan.

Perhaps I believe that the outside of dance can only exist inside dance itself.

Just as Hijikata once said.

The outside of dance is a void that only exists inside the confines of dance.

The outside of literature is a void that is carved into literature itself.

(...)

Dance has already blocked words as an experience of aphasia

That's why dance draws closer to music. However—
Why did Hijikata say, “ Use a purgative to rhythm...”?
It was to descend into the “darkness” of the body.
There is no simpler method than trembling with rhythm.
Why is it too simple?

Because rhythm and melody are another language.
If you say A, and A's legs then move— isn't that too easy, too primitive a bodily response?
Thus, in dancing, one steps over the primacy of rhythm, performing a faux pas.
In doing so, the “outside” of the primitive body emerges.
Wasn't that the “body”?
What strays is the savage, wild body.
What is the body?
It is the act of undoing dance, which has become a regulated language,
And returning to the primitive body.
Then, where does the body go?
How can we liberate the anarchy of the body
From the body that is forced into commerce like exchangeable currency,
From the body locked away as a tool for communication?
But that is not a battle between forces or a site of war.
What remains is death caused by real terrorism.

If that is the goal, then fine.
But that's not the case.
The body is a desperate
Atopic utopia.
“no-place.”
“impersonal”
An instant outside of time,

A body that can live,
A body that repeats death.
That is the immortal body.

Because you saw it.
My dead body, more intense and painful than a dead body.

Drinking beer on the bed in Seoul, July 8, 2012.

July 10, Tuesday, Day 2

What is the body of an “event” or “incident”?

About the balance that of four feet and beast between toes and heel.

-Rigidity and spasms, and the relaxed body.

-A weakened body, weakness.

-Fluidity, melting fish, a melting body.

-Hans Bellmer – jointed dolls and perversion.

-The beast of breath, dancing only with breath and voice.

-Falling down, rolling.

-Falling.

-Inaction = doing nothing.

*“Instant” = probably madness.

-The “Outside” of time = eternity.

“The impossible body” comes from Izumekko,

From mummies,

From Pompeii bodies.

What is an instant?

It is the experience of madness or death,

Time outside of time, between moments of time.

Can one learn about their own madness,

About death?

Hasn't our body, in truth, lived through the accumulation
of innumerable experiences, madness, and deaths?

I cannot endure the idea that dance is something safe "for society."

Dance is a prayer.

But not a formal prayer.

It is something that cannot be achieved through prayer.

Walking is more precious,

A more difficult thing.

To fall—how do you fall?

Not as an act or mise-en-scène.

What do you show, or what do you want to see?

If performance equals dance,

Then it is merely dance.

Why is that bad if it is just dance?

Just dance?

There is no gap in balance, but balance = imbalance, there is gap..

That is the instant of madness! !

2012 ImPulsTanz

July 16, Monday, 5:30–8:00 PM, Day 1

I slept until 4:00. Took a taxi to Arsenal.

“There were 40 students, which is too many. I think the number will go down, but I told Rio and Ajda that it was too much.”

Took a taxi home, bought pizza, and drank beer.

July 20, Friday

Yesterday, during the workshop, there was heavy rain, followed by lightning.

Immediately, I had my students enact “thunder.”

The struck body and its trace

were repeatedly struck and struck,

and then collapsed, crumbling.

“I told my students that bodily weakness and inaction themselves can be a form of resistance to social power.”

Why is dance criticism necessary?

The body of dance, confined within the system and the genre,

has already been boxed in as “art in the theater.”

How is it possible to make dance outside of itself?

How is it possible to dance without dancing?

How can a dance be created with the impossible body, the weakened body?

I returned home by tram, cooked the meat from the fridge, but the Wi-Fi wasn't working.

I had been worrying about the Wi-Fi connection even in my dreams, so I decided to take my PC to Arsenal.

July 21, Saturday

Even though it was the last day of the first week of the workshop, there were still 30 participants.

We did the usual warm-up.

I taught the 8 again.

Marionette too.

Drunk Pinocchio.

Before I knew it, Karl came in and watched us.

He said, “Come and join our ImPuls party tonight,” but...

After the workshop, we had beers with the students.

I went back by taxi.

It was raining. Since it was cold, I avoided the party and tried Netgear in my room...

Connection!

July 23, Monday

The second week of the workshop runs from 9:30 AM to 12:30 PM.

Why don't we say “the methodology of death”?

Why isn't dance a technique of dying?

Just like shooting a target in *kyudo* or *kendo* (Japanese martial Arts) is a technique of killing, it's about targeting the life and death of another.

Why don't we refer to it as the method of death?

What about the “nothingness” that I avoided discussing in the interview?

Dance is the method of death.

Doesn't the training of the *yamabushi* (Mountain Monk) play a role here?

The “mountain” is the tomb.

Entering the mountain meant dying.

Coming out of the mountain meant being born.

In other words, it was a technique of “rebirth.”

Similarly, shouldn't I say that my dance is “reincarnation”?

It's the same as the goal of *kyudo* or *kendo*: targeting another's life and death, using the technique of killing.

And so, I must directly address the “nothingness” I avoided in the interview. I must engage with Nishida's philosophy of the “absolute contradiction of self-identity.”

It started with DEAD1, then DEAD2, and now DEAD3 continues.

For my solo, it would be sufficient to methodically list DEAD1 through DEAD4, DEAD5.

The choreography they've seen from me includes several of these death methodologies.

Let's say that DEAD is the technique of "reincarnation."

Transformation is the methodology of self-transmutation.

It is necessarily a methodology of death.

I die inside myself.

Someone different,

another version of me, emerges.

"Becoming" – devenir – is exactly that: the methodology.

I must reread Matsuura's "Poetry is the experience of form"

.

I must revisit Mallarmé and Hölderlin.

What is form?

It is to be at the edge.

It is to exist in the instant, to step outside time.

Since it is impossible,

it is the manifestation of the impossible.

It is the experience of death.

2014 Tokyo

February 17, Monday — *School of the moment*

Day 1, at Geinokadensha 6:30–9:30 PM

What I thought in the taxi on my way home was that it would be better to explain and talk more, focusing on my philosophy.

But the technique should be practiced at least a little for now.

So the priority is to "see their movements" while keeping the explanation brief.

To be specific, why is the "cockroach shock" important?

You need to observe the "surprise."

You need to observe the changes and transformations in your own body through movement

and sensation.

(...)

The night has come. Sleeping is abandoning myself, letting myself rest.

Isn't it a simulacrum of 0?

Making the power rest in a state of apparent death? It is as if dying.

Why do we wake up?

The sun rises and our power revives.

You need to sleep well.

For revival, the perfect revival of power requires enough "listlessness" of the power.

For enough "I," I strip myself away for a while.

I make myself "no one."

I make myself "nothing."

I strip myself.

I leave myself in the darkness of the night.

Then I snore as if I were a child in my mother's arms... or

Like an embryo still in the womb.

Still, I breathe an unnamed breath.

It is living as if "I" were dead.

So, if I want to stop being "I," if I

Want to die, if I think of dying, it's easy.

Just sleep. Then

Continue sleeping, even if the morning comes and the sun rises.

If my power gets charged and I try to return again,

I can kill my power. Killing power then I can continue to sleep with ephemeral breath as if unknown "me", as if an embryo.

In the moment, what the breath of embryo is asking...

Death?

It's still just the beginning

The weakness of the power? The abandonment of the power?

It might be simple peace,
But things can't settle like this.
By filling myself with energy and living with vitality,

And standing up to the battle of the power,
Without it, nothing can have the meaning of being born in this world.
Then "vitality" is nourished and secured within me.
Then there is no peaceful anymore
The start of days tossed by the stormy sea... the beginning of the consumption and waste of power.
I have to eat.
I have to defecate. Be careful... This is life.
I get hungry. I eat. I want to go to bed earlier. I have to get up early tomorrow too.
After defecating, I begin my work. Defecating, dressing up, then I have to leave.
By the way, what is "Butoh"?
I don't think it's irrelevant, so at least, before I ask about their career in today's self-introduction, everyone talks as if it's about Butoh... What kind of workshop will "Ko Murobushi, Butoh dancer" hold on Butoh? I can choose to answer or not to answer.

Butoh is "a desperately standing dead body."
Why should the "dead body" dance?
Is the "dead body" already dancing?

I opened my notebook, and what I intended to write first today was about "ability/disability."
"The perspective of the sick" would also work.
"The weekend body" would also work.
About power, about its downfall.
About the void = nothingness of the power of an existence that is no one.
About death, about the transformation into a dead body.
0 is realized through the "instant."
Introducing 1 and 0 into the count of breath.
(That's all for tonight.)

February 20th, Thursday. Day 4.

Starting from the breath and axis in the warm-up.

At the point where the axis collapses or melts down to the floor (though there is no actual floor), continue breathing in and out, maintaining the breath.

Then, (although I haven't named it), we tried the posture similar to the "weakened body" Lying on the floor and attempting to communicate the breath, the dying breath, to the whole body. This is also a process of communication between the breath, which flows outside the body, and the force that tries to pull external power back inside the body.

Here too, it is a never-ending spiral, a repetition of the cycle.

But that's not the case! The axis at a standing position collapse toward zero. The position of the back in an S-shape. Since the students who participated for the first time today were doing it poorly, I emphasized that the zero position, in a sense, connects to the "impotent hips"—the weak, useless back connected to sex. I then emphasized the back of an elderly woman and the protruding chin, as in the posture of a sushi bar.

This is the position of impotence. Is it possible to walk in this position? It is possible, but dangerous. It is a position balancing on the edge of a crisis. Take a step forward. The contact of the toes with the ground, connecting all five toes. The transition of balance from the arch of the foot to the heel. The shifting of the center of gravity is the ongoing repetition of a body "standing in crisis."

Then, the impotent body weakens. It lowers its own body onto its "tombstone." The "tombstone" enters into a dialogue with the body, merging with it... This is the stillness of the breath. However, within this stillness of the breath, there is an explosion of movement. Simultaneously with suffocation, there is a transition toward breaking movement. Transformation, mutation, and alteration follow. The speed of mutation and transformation increases! To the point of ultra-speed!! (This part was excellent; the ensemble of 10 students was remarkable.)

Since it is ultra-speed, it immediately return to ultra-slow. What happens at this ultra-speed point? The same zero, the repetition of zero degree, will appear. However, clearly, it will explode with reversed strength, the intensity of muscle which is completely opposite to the weakened body—old, relaxed, and fatigued muscles. That is, the 8-count breath. The transformation and mutation in the 8-count lead to the transformation of a powerless body, a body in incapacity. I wanted to invoke the animal power, the primal force, The outside force that humanity has left behind and forgotten...

We take a pause to explain the explosion...

We took a pause after explanation about explosion

I explained about the embryo, the turning inwards of the power and folding it.

The contraction toward a condensed point of force! The more the force is condensed, the more it will seek to break through to the “outside” if the inside is closed off. I wanted to work with the “mad body,” but after returning from the break, my body became.... I started to work about “the body stepping on thin ice.” I forgot how I took and decided the position of stepping on thin ice... but it is certain that it is about concentration, precariousness and the body. becoming crisis as “thin ice.”

The issue of “Feeling.”

The Problem of “Expression”.

Today, I gave a speech about them, referencing Kazuo Ohno, Tatsumi Hijikata, the Emperor, and Mishima... Why must we “resist” the theory of expression = feeling, which says “being true” to one’s feelings? Because such ideas are castrated and used by “power,” Forced toward death and collected into the tragic-comedy of feelings, becoming the content of the story.”

“Distance.” Feelings are not a “state.”

“Distance” is the changing and transforming “state.”

That state is “innocence,”

the eternal return of “difference.”

Did I give a speech like that?

2014 Colombia

March 18, Tuesday. Memo from the flight

What is the reason why I don't dance?

To reach the useless, the void.

The useless, the uncorking is "death."

About "death" – outside the time of the instant.

What does the walking breath communicate with?

The "eternal return" – becoming is

The circulation of the same = difference, as the instant.

Death is infinite, the apparent form of the infinite.

That is life, which is "finite."

About me

My birth

I live with the sparkle—and darkness—of the instant,

the event of being abandoned by the death of the one who is not yet me.

I live together with that which is not myself,

the impersonal, the nameless,

the one who is "no one."

I live with someone who is not me, impersonal, no one, the nameless.

March 19, Wednesday. Day 3.

9 am. Went to the old town for a preview.

The rooftop of the fortress overlooking the sea.

Form, for example, the palm tree,

It grows and grows.

The form dies and lives.

Dies and lives, and withers again.

It grows in the withered land.

The repetition of death and revival.

Circulation – eternal return.

The moment of death that Circulation – eternal return.

Moment as death, that Circulate and return eternal.

The form leans toward life.

The life leans toward form.

After the 8,

We did the bird and the Animal.

Scream get mad, and die.

Becoming the “thing” material, the “object” as the dead body.

Becoming the material.

Becoming the object.

“Impossibility = inability”

Why is it a new expression ?...

To dance the weakened body

Cutting off the desire to express

Is to escape to another path

By breaking the cycle of life = power.

Or trying to maintain the isolated place that belongs to neither death nor life.

Edge

The dangerous dance on the border.

Touching death while not dying

Touching life while not dancing

Not being forced to dance.

But forced to dance.

Dancing the dance that does not dance.

April 4, Friday

I would like to talk about experience.

“Dance is an experience.”

For the dancing body of the dancer,

And for the body and senses of the audience watching the dance,

Experience hold a unique intensity as a one-time, singular event.

“Event”—incident, affair, event, happening.

For example, a murder case.

That is “surprise.”

What is “surprise?”

It’s the experience of losing oneself.

To lose oneself.

To be dazed, stunned.

In other words:

“I lost my consciousness.”

“I lost myself.”

“I lost own identity.”

“I lost my words.”

“I lost my language.”

It makes me crazy, mad.

It makes me blind.

It takes something away from a person.

It takes words from me.

In that moment, that moment is an instant event—an incident, so

Surprise is synonymous with the instant.

And what are these moments?

“Pure Darkness Light.”

The space between time and hour-

“Midnight = Zero Hour, which is noon.”

Nietzsche-

And Mallarmé.

In yesterday's workshop, I spoke about the title of Piazzolla's album, *Tango Zero Hour*.

At the moment of zero hour,

All values like "truth," "goodness," "beauty" will be

Exposed as "worthless"

After all, it's zero.

The "moment" is one in which not even the value of one peso exists.

However, if we return to Nietzsche, it is precisely there! At the limit of nihilism, where becoming's innocence, the purity of will and power, and the most dangerous return of force exist.

This is the eternal return.

Complete freedom, then, is a surrender to the moment.

To live by dying.

Isn't that living a new life while dying?

You must not see any image, story, style, or decoration in what is called Butoh dance.

For example, when we speak of "death and rebirth,"

It would be a complete misunderstanding and misinterpretation to assume that repeating and imitating symbolic rites referenced by anthropology could lead to the innocence of the moment.

What is called Butoh,

It is dead.

And the newly arising power has no name yet.

People are captivated by the nameless, unknown force's manifestation.

Surprise=events arrive

What comes is the meeting and session of the nameless powers of n.n.

I wrote this as a draft.

Tomorrow is the lecture. I am not sure whether I can explain enough with my English skill.

Date unknown

From today's lecture:

I believe that Hijikata's decision to dance the "dead body" brought a revolution to dance.

And if the innovation of ballet and dance in the 20th century began with Nijinsky's "Faun" and Isadora's barefoot performance, they went on a path of madness by touching the madness of the gods.

Nijinski wrote "I am Tolstoy's bird, a Japanese, an Arab... and God." If his madness led him to explore the transformation into a "corpse," he might have lived a continuous experiment between madness and sanity. He could have avoided falling into the path of madness alone.

April 10, Thursday.

On mysticism.

Did you touch the mystic?

Were you somehow seduced by something mystical and immersed in dance?

What you must show through your dance is
a body utterly detached
from all mysticism,
from the madness of dance,
and from dance itself—
a body isolated and solitary.

Indeed, dance has the power to connect your body to madness.

So, you must stand, resisting the power that tries to steal your body away into the collective body of madness.

Yes, touching madness,

At the boundary between madness and sanity.

Yes, this is the time of madness.

It is the time outside of Chronos,

the time of Aion,

the eternal "now;"

By touching that outside again and again,

You must dance while standing and shaking in the split, the "crack" between sanity and madness.

You must dance while shaking while standing and as if straddling in the split, the “crack” between sanity and madness. (sorry direct..)

This would be a crystallization of forces,
completely opposed to surrendering oneself to transcendence
through drunkenness, ecstasy, and self-loss.

It is about maintaining a dangerous balance, standing between two opposing forces.
You must be in the zero hour of the moment, the time of generation, the power of Aion!

You must cut off thought, not continue thinking.
And you must think with cutting and possibility of thinking.

At that moment, what will that power crystallize into?

What is the “Crystal of Power”?

Unbalance, resistance, wandering...

Confusion, and the madness of the awakened.

To Young Choreographers

Dance will not become interesting even if it is well composed and combined. On the contrary, even a poorly structured dance, if there is power in the dancer's body, can become engaging and interesting.

The charm of dance lies in the power of transformation. Transformation on the edge is infinitely close to the pleasure of death. We dance and go mad. Dance divides the self, and within the cracks, destruction, and intoxicating power, we encounter the rhythm of the body, of darkness. That is the origin of creation. J-L. Nancy writes: “La danse qui a atteint un extrême est au sommet... puis jetée dans un état de frénésie (le mot frénésie évoque la folie, l'agitation, l'extase, l'abandon, etc.). Dans l'état de frénésie, le corps peut simultanément toucher sa limite la plus intime... Le corps, comme complet et intégré, est déconstruit et peut toucher l'état où sa propriété est dépouillée. Ce corps danse dans un état de convulsion, et dans cette convulsion, la danse éclate au-delà de la danse elle-même. La danse, pour ainsi dire, est dépouillée de la danse dans son ultime mouvement de sauvagerie.” Oxford Academic - *The Frenzied Dance of Art and Violence*
Corpus II: Writings on Sexuality

Dance is standing at the “zero degree” of expression's death = the body. It is a ceaseless present, an instantaneous event. To expose the body to the “here and now,” at the moving boundary, is an incident and an “experiment.” The solo body will be split into “multiple different words and bodies,” and it will become an adventure of the “still nameless, impersonal body.”

Beyond expression, it is the ceaseless innovation and living a new, different life. At that moment, my body is no longer one. When we dance, my body lives through countless positions, in numerous “critic and clinic.”

Ko Murobushi (From the note to *the Yokohama Dance Collection 20 years 2015*)

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