

## **International Theatre Institute ITI**

### **World Organization for the Performing Arts**

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### **Kazuo Ohno 1998**

A Message to The Universe.

On the verge of death one revisits the joyful moments of a lifetime. One's eyes are opened wide-gazing into the palm, seeing death, life, joy and sorrow with a sense of tranquillity.

The daily studying of the soul, is this the beginning of the journey?

I sit bewildered in the playground of the dead. Here I wish to dance and dance and dance and dance, the life of the wild grass.

I see the wild grass, I am the wild grass, and I become one with the universe. That metamorphosis is the cosmology and the study of the soul. In the abundance of nature I see the foundation of dance. Is this because my soul wants to physically touch the truth?

When my mother was dying I caressed her hair all night long without being able to speak one word of comfort. Afterwards, I realized that I was not taking care of her, but she was taking care of me. The palms of my mother's hands are precious wild grass for me. I wish to dance the dance of wild grass to the utmost of my heart.