

Dance New Air 2020->21 『 n o w h e r e 』

Subtitles / Subtext Transcription text

This work has Subtext and Japanese subtitles, but there are some parts without subtitles (Subtext only). Unlike general audio guides, subtexts talks about the situation and feelings from the author's point of view. The Subtext part is transcribed and written in blue, so if you prefer to read the contents of subtext, please use this material.

Subtitles/Subtext

- Subtext : (Color : Blue)
- Performance: Ema YUASA (Ema)
- Performance: Mariko KAKIZAKI (Mariko)
- Music, Environmental sound : (Color : Orange)

♪ Nostalgic slow music ♪

01:33

A planetarium machine MEGASTER suspended from the ceiling is creating millions of stars.

Those stars are projected on the wall, on the floor, and even on the skin of

the audience members and they're filling the space.

Stars of various sizes are moving slowly.

It feels like we don't even know where we are.

It's like floating in the air, in space ...

Fragments of the videos of my dressing room and Mariko's dressing room randomly appear and disappear on the wall.

They go back and forth between the universe and reality.

We're alone in our room...

...warming up, checking makeup, watering flowers etcetera.

It's 7 o'clock.

Time to start.

I face the camera in my dressing room and start talking to the audience.

03:33

Ema

Thank you everyone for coming here today.

Before we start, there's one thing I would like to do together with you.

I think you have a mobile in your bag or pocket.

Could you make sure that it's turned off?

I just bought a new mobile yesterday,

...and I'm not sure how to turn it off...

Oops...

I think it's off now.

When it rings during the performance, it could be embarrassing.

I want all of us to avoid that.

Is it okay now?

Well, it's 27th of December already. We all had hard times this year.

But very soon the year is coming to an end.

When I was in the Netherlands, it was summer but now it's already cold.

On my way to the theatre today, I saw piles of fallen leaves from ginkgo trees.

Some leaves were broken into tiny small pieces like particles.

They were scattered on the black pavement.

It was so beautiful as it looked just like a starry night.

Speaking of stars...

The other day, I went to a beach with my friends to see stars.

The sky was filled with stars and we even managed to see some shooting stars.

We were casually chatting about this and that gazing at the stars.

But then we started talking about the cycle of life.

When we die, we'll turn into ashes and the smoke will reach the moon.

Then it'll turn into raindrops and fall back onto the Earth.

Trees and plants will be nourished by the rain and produce grains.

And humans eat them.

They become a sperm inside a man's body.

And eventually, it will meet an egg inside a woman's body.

Then a new life will be born.

When I think like this,

I thought that perhaps I existed in this world in a different form a long time ago.
And I will exist again in the future.

I happen to be in this body now...

...and gazing at the stars with you...

I simply couldn't stop thinking.

I asked my friend, 'What do you think?'

Then she answered,

'Well... Stars are beautiful and perhaps that's all we should think about just now'.

And there came a moment of realisation.

Yes, perhaps that's how we appreciate 'now' living in the moment...

07:27

Those are the videos of my dance improvisation I took during self-isolation in my room from spring to summer in the Netherlands.

Projection images switch from the dressing room to my room in the Netherlands.

Ema

In all of them, I'm in the same room.

But depending on the weather, the air, temperature or the angles of the sunlight...

...they look slightly different.

I remember being influenced by such differences.

I leave the dressing room and walk to the stage as I talk.

Ema

And of course, it's me, all of them.

But depending on the dream I had at night, food I ate or news I read...

...music I listened to and the condition of the body,
the way I thought about things were different.

I could exist in those particular forms at those particular moments,
in that particular space.

And in a sense, they're different from 'what I am' now.

Every single movement was organic and born in these moments.

Those emotions and movements I created back then...

...will never be able to be reproduced.

♪Piano with Orchestra music♪

09:22

One of the videos is projected filling the back wall.

I start dancing in front of it tracing the same movements.

Dancing with myself in spring...

I remember the sensation of caressing the floor.

And the breaths.

I still remember the texture of the air.

And I try to trace the movements exactly only to find that I'm a little off.

I still remember how happy I was back then.

But I can not feel the same way anymore.

This time was very dear to me.
Tracing the dance from back then,
I feel that I want to meet her.
I want to go back and be her again.
The "me" at that time? -
The "me" who is in the video -
who remains in the video

13:30

On 29th of March, snow fell on cherry blossoms in full bloom.
On 7th of April, Tokyo declared a state of emergency.
On 26th of April, I went back to the Netherlands.
An empty airplane
Unusually hot days
Canals and bicycles
Having a walk around the neighbourhood and market
People without masks
Windmills
Days I don't have to dance
Many boats packed with people coming and going
Beautiful sky
My friends
Social distance
Rustling leaves
Vivid flowers
The sea
Sandy beach
Horizon

Wind

The moon...

14:11

With the image of the thunder, blackout.

Fragments of words appear gradually looking like stars.

Those words slowly fill the entire space.

14:29

Ema

March 6th

2020

transient X

something

ephemeral

memory

moment

body

emotions

shape

beauty

light

music

joy

pain

temperature

relationship

trust

doubt

affair

promise

love

existence

life

now

The sound of the waves

16:31

Ema

However hard we try, nobody can stop the time.

Even the clearest pieces of memories are...

...destined to be blurred before we know it.

We keep seeing off to 'now' that would never come back.

Dipping my hand in the sea,

I noticed that I was clinging to a memory.

I think it's ok

I'm fine now

I let you go—

17:44

The video of me dancing alone in a large park.

Ema

That day, it was windy and cold...

...like a typical Dutch day

But it was sunny...

...the light was beautiful...

...and the clouds were moving fast.

I visited there alone many times to see the sun sinking down into the ocean.

It was after being confined in my room for such a long time,
that I went to this vast open space.

Somehow I didn't know how to dance.

But I started moving like a child, like nobody was watching.

Then slowly, little by little...

...it came back to me...

♪Piano music♪

19:33

I start tracing the movements in the video projected behind me again.

There were the deep blue sky at dusk and dark green grass.

Sometimes, birds flew over my head.

20:35

The projection behind me gets blurred.

21:12

I stop tracing the movement of me in the past.

I try to dance as I am now.

21:58

Even then, sometimes we're in sync.

But in the end, my-past-self slowly fades away.

22:39

I finished dancing and I lie down.

In the projection behind, my-past-self is still dancing. She's struggling.

It's not like that... How was that? Just before I could do it...

It's almost there... But it's not quite yet...

It's not exactly there yet... Why I am always different?

Why it's always different? Why I can not do the way I want?

Maybe I do it again... in different way...

Do I wanna do it? yes ...no yes? no...No... I'm not sure...

I think... I think I was... I think I wanted to do it before but now...

I'm lazy and not motivated... I'm tired and it's painful...

Anyway Why am I doing this? To whom? There is nobody here...

It's so cold, it's getting dark... Do I really wanna dance?

That's why I came here... Just before I was having fun... But now...

Why I can not keep it? Why I am always losing it?

It's almost there... But it's not quite there yet.

It's not like that... How was that? Just before I could do it...

h o w ..

h o w c a n .. I ...

h o w c a n I e x p r e s s ..

t h i s ..

c o m p l i c a t e d ..

e m o t i o n s

w i t h w o r d s .. .

w i t h ... m o v e m e n t s .. .

w h a t ..

w h a t i s t h e .. .

r i g h t w o r d

w h a t i s t h e .. .

r i g h t m o v e m e n t

I t r y

I g i v e u p

I t r y a g a i n

I f u c k i t

... I t r y a g a i n

♪Aggressive Music: "We Are the Massacre" by world's end girlfriend♪

25:56

I face my-past-self again and try to dance with her.

But then the image disappears.

I am left alone, in this bright white space.

I start dancing aggressively...

...as if to reach for the afterglow of myself in the past.

27:14

When I want to tell something,
the moment I want to tell
you disappeared or I've changed
There're so many things untold.
Sometimes those feelings inside me become
untamable... ...and they explode.

29:20

In total darkness...
The cells of my body become those small particles of light...
They break through my skin...
...and slowly returns to the space, to the starry sky that reappeared.

Mariko

Those emotions piled up in my body...
When and how do they find their way out?

Mariko appears on the stage in darkness and she starts talking.

I had a chance to dance with children the other day.
I asked them to try various movements that would provoke different
emotions.

I asked them to walk backwards saying, 'I'm scared!'.
I asked them to stamp the floor saying, 'No no!'

I asked them to scream:

(Ema screams)

...and run around the room.

30:53

I become an emotion itself and follow what Mariko says.

Mariko

We were taught to be patient, not to be selfish.

but Actually

we may need a place where different emotions can be accepted as it is and not rejected.

When I'm dancing, there are moments where emotions well up.

It's not when I'm trying to express an emotion.

It's when there's tension in my muscles and when I'm nervous and trembling...

...or when I explore the collapsing movements in slow motion for example...

I'm purely researching the movements.

But sometimes I touch the emotions.

While moving as an emotion itself,

I touch Mariko's right hand unexpectedly.

We hold our breaths and freeze for a moment.

32:59

Slowly, I move away from her and start moving again.

Mariko

By putting thoughts into words, they move away from us.

Perhaps, by putting emotions into movements, they're released from us.

I am now released. I move further away from Mariko and disappear.

Mariko sees me off. She is now left alone on stage.

33:38

Videos of Mariko's room appear on the back wall.

Mariko

Those are the videos I took of myself dancing in different places between March and June.

This one for example...

I'm dancing to the endroll of a film after watching it.

On that day...

I went to a studio for the first time in many months.

And those ones in white pajamas...

It's me dancing as soon as I wake up only because I was asked to do it by my friend.

When I'm dancing in my room, it feels like I'm in a different room.

There's the laundry on the floor

and PC left open in front of me,

but somehow I'm not bothered by them.

I felt as if my room became a simple box...

...a quiet space with lights coming through the window...

At that time, those ones needed to dance.
They needed to feel the music, feel the body.
They needed the time to shake the emotions.

They needed time to dance.

♪Uplifting song Music: “Earth Odyssey” by Asaf Avidan♪

35:37

The video of Mariko dancing in her pajamas is projected on the wall.
Mariko begins to dance the same movements in front of the projection.

♪Wake up from your sleep, take a deep breath

♪And let it all out (Over and over again)

♪Tear away your dreams by the seams

♪And throw them about (Over and over again)

♪Fall back to your corner, it's over

♪The game was rigged from the start

♪Hold your body, embrace it, and taste it

♪As it's falling apart

♪Something out of nothing

♪Still amounts to nothing at all

♪Oh no, you're not that strong

♪Something out of nothing

♪Still amounts to nothing at all

♪Let's run and run and run and run

♪Get down from your feet, take a seat
♪And watch it go by (Over and over again)
♪Spend away your years through your fears
♪And let it all fly (Over and over again)

♪Something out of nothing
♪Still amounts to nothing at all
♪Oh no, you're not that strong
♪Something out of nothing
♪Still amounts to nothing at all
♪Let's run and run and run and run

♪Emancipated and sedated, can't you tell?
♪Dilapidated, consecrated to the art of singing
♪Nah-nah-nah-nah
♪the world is spinning under
♪Nah-nah-nah-nah
♪And everybody's singing to their graves
♪Nah-nah-nah-nah
♪And the world keeps spinning on and on and on
♪Nah-nah-nah-nah
♪We're all racing to the point of no return
♪Nah-nah-nah-nah
♪Keep singing like there's no tomorrow

Mariko is breathing heavily

ha- ha- ha- ha- ha-
haa-- - -

40:04

After the dance, Mariko sits down.

In complete darkness, fragments of words appear again like stars.

Those shiny words fill the entire space.

Mariko

2020

7th July

Wow-

surprise

shock

shaking fingers

change

transform

body

form

rib cage

weights

heaviness

anxiety

confusion

home

landing

dream

missing

dance

music

shows

excitements

passions

movements

heartbeat

shape

love

silence

hope

and now

Birds are singing

Mariko's humming voice and some footsteps

42:26

In a forest. Afternoon sunlight is shining through the leaves.

The camera looks up at the tall trees, that are bright orange.

Mariko

In spring...

I moved to a new house.

43:09

The video of Mariko walking in the park, where several stone pillars are.

Mariko

Near the house...

...there's a big natural park.

I sometimes go for a walk.

It was an autumn day.

Red and yellow leaves were rustling with the breeze.

Leaves on the ground also made sound as I stepped onto them.

I felt the world was changing every moment.

Beautiful things always come from the world.

The world outside of me.

And this body is also a world that is closest to me.

This beloved dancing body...

This moment I touch the brilliance of the world...

♪Happy music♪

44:52

Mariko starts dancing,

tracing the movements of the video in the warm orange light.

She dances happily just like the title of the song, 'My Heart Will Stop in Joy'.

46:10

Mariko in the video gets blurred.

Mariko is not trying to trace her-past-self,

But she does the same movement as her heart leads...

47:32

Mariko finishes dancing. She feels tired and she lies down on the floor.

rapid heartbeats of a fetus

47:47

Mariko in the video becomes big on the back wall.

Gradually, her dance becomes more aggressive as if she's struggling.

48:13

All of sudden, Mariko in the video stops dancing.

Slowly, Mariko puts her right hand to her chest to feel her own heartbeats.

Mariko's heartbeats

48:48

She puts her left hand to her belly to feel the heartbeats of the fetus.

Two heartbeats overlap with each other

Mariko

life...

a life within a life

a heart

two hearts

sharing the same air

you...

you changed me

bones

organs

blood

you changed me

50:46

Mariko stands up slowly and faces herself in the video.

Mariko

we

used to

float

together

once

as a particle

Slowly turn to face us and stare straight at the audience

Mariko

now

here

in this body

till the time

we go back to

where we came from

I'm waiting for you—

♪Calming beautiful music♪

52:21

Mariko sees her-past-self dancing in the projection moving further and further away from her until she eventually disappears.

52:54

There's nobody in the forest on the screen now.

Mariko starts searching for the particles in the air.

53:53

She takes one particle on her hand.

She puts it on her body

as it is her fond memory.

And she tastes it.

When it disappears...

...she finds another one...

...and makes it a part of herself.

55:03

The forest slowly disappears and starry space reappears slowly.

Like those memories from our past...

...the vague image of the forest comes back every now and then.

She goes back and forth between the universe and the real world.

56:04

But just like all the memories fade away...

...the forest fades away too.

Now Mariko is immersed in the world of stars. She keeps dancing.

57:28

She stops dancing and walks on the Milky Way.

Gradually, she stoops,

her legs get heavy and then slowly she stops walking.

At times even stars can be blinding.

She collapses from her knees.

She crawls on the floor filled with stars.

Her body assimilates with the stars.

She stands up and looks at the world of stars.

59:49

'What do you think?'

'Well... Stars are beautiful and perhaps that's all we should think about just now.'

(giggles) 'I see. That's true.'

(breathes in)

(breathes out) Haa..

01:04:07

THE END