

Kyushu-Ha, on the other hand, dreamed of the heroes' spectacular dramatic space. Uichi Oyama poured oil on a tower of gold and silver lacquered objects he had built and set it on fire. He threw bottles of liquor into the fire and rolled around on the beach, playing the role of a representative of the dramatic celebration. Hidesuke Obata's ritual was an even denser, darker ritual. At first, Obata, the priest, lay with three tied white chickens, wrapped all around him in a rope belt. Eventually, the sacrificial chickens are stabbed in the brain on a blank canvas, staining the screen with blood, and are executed. In the unexpected silence induced by this sudden objectification, the chicken was painted jet black.

In response to this meaningful ritual, Kanji Itoi, who appeared in the play through a different route than we did, transformed this contrived play into something meaningless with a more precise and maniacal touch. He left us and went upstairs by himself.

There was a tremendous noise, the ceiling shook, and when he came downstairs again, he was carrying an old trunk in his hand. Itoi bleached his gum and opened the lid of the trunk. With a solemn gesture, he took out a bonbon jar, an album, and a paper box of Snow Brand skim milk one after another, and handed them to the rest of us. The objects were covered with pornography. The pornography beckoned to us. It was no wonder that we placed the object in our hands in another window that we had begun to open. It was that solemn, nonsensical touch that the Dadaists had once displayed. It was similar to the gesture that Tatsumi Hijikata sometimes made to us. Kazakura, Kosugi, and Tone, who were supposed to have been exposed to Hijikata's stimuli from the other side at the time, seemed to have begun looking at the landscape of objects from the opposite window, as I mentioned earlier. They had too many slightly different bodies to make the process of turning their own bodies into objects dramatic. It was not a world that was consummated in a blaze of glory, as many of the Kyushu-Ha artists had shown, but rather a world in which the rage of the act led to the objectification of the body, which seemed to rise and fall away. Takumi Kazakura burned his own skin with a red-hot grilled eel at a national dinner party, thereby driving his own body far away. He looked closely at his own body in the flask.

Around dawn, I happened to see a man on the beach. Junnosuke Miyazaki's work slipped into the everyday, tinted it, cracked it, and turned it upside down. In addition, I remember it as even more impressive than the many happenings and retouchals that still had to be enclosed. Miyazaki, a young man who tended to be quiet and reserved in the rough and tumble of Kyushu-Ha, paid little attention to the mayhem in the venue that night, silently holding a magnificent hole all night long. According to Sakurai's record at the time, the tide

went out around 7:00 p.m., just as the meeting was about to begin. The widening beach, the seawater gushing out from the bottom of the hole, and the changes in the shoreline that filled Miyazaki's height and gradually receded, isolated his actions in a strange phase. He did not make any declarations, did not need an audience, did not need cooperation or solidarity, but was absorbed in this solitary work. And it was eroded as the tide rose after midnight.

In the end, it reduced his night's labor to nothing. The labor reminded me of Cheval, the postman, the cart-carrier who built his own grand dream palace by carrying stones every day on his way home. It was a more gratuitous and barren task than that. In Miyazaki, there was not even a dream hole, but the work and the act of holding the shovel itself.