

As for those who imitate a Bip, no "one" is in a student. They know how I have established the foundation. And they learn that a MIME is an acrobat, a poet, a musician who takes a rhythm in a soul, and silence is not the world of death. Silence is breathing, thinking. It is breathing. Do you understand breathe thinking? It is pushing out, thinking to the exterior, and making it visible to the eye of the heart. And it is not made very easily. A student with immature technology visualizes a movie in the head. If it carries on like this, although they themselves can see it in their head, nothing is visible to other people. The art of MIME makes that invisible thing visible, and giving concreteness. It is like the figure that leans on a mantelpiece, and the figure which is walking in the wind, and everyone can see everything and not themselves. Exactly, you can see other people without seeing yourself, I can say that in other words the art of MIME reveals the essence of a humane joys-and-sorrows play.

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