

Yet to Be Read or Seen : Margherita Raso

May 10 - June 7, 2025

I lost my phone halfway through a vacation. How would I capture this universe of experience with only the camera in my mind? I couldn't savor the ferociousness of the wind in this other hemisphere or clench the interaction between myself and a stranger in the tight palms of my hands. It was cinematic *mono no aware* (物の哀れ): brief, luminous, and gone. I am aware impermanence is enduring and I accept it.

A room emptied of bodies, yet filled with presence. A spatial composition that bathes us in a choreography of breath, tone, and silence. How does knowledge, instruction, and emotion move not only through words but through cadence, resonance, and air?

No whistling in the theatre, they say. It is reserved only for technicians who once used it as code to gesture directions to stagehands. It is a meditation on communication beyond language. Here, the whistle is the protagonist in this dramaturgy (*Eight Types of Whistle*, 2023). Vibrational walls rise and fall with each passing tenor. There is gentle melancholy in the realization that each note points towards a site of inevitable absence. This night won't last forever. The show must go on, but it will come to an end, at least in the form that we know it.

*Yoru ni kuchibue wo fuku to hebi ga deru* (夜に口笛を吹くと蛇が出る) — if you whistle at night, a snake will appear. In the east, superstition also warns against whistling, as it is believed to invite spirits, thieves, or danger after dark. Sound produced from the body has long been entangled with the unseen and the unspoken. It is liminal: intimate yet uncontainable, familiar yet capable of bringing on forces of misfortune or malicious activities beyond our control. Confusion amongst performers on set or an accidental call to wandering ghosts—just as the whistle begins and vanishes with breath, so too does life and memory. And yet, through repetition and layering, we collect. This accumulation of texture is not linear or didactic; rather, it illustrates that knowledge can be carried not

Yet to Be Read or Seen : Margherita Raso

May 10 - June 7, 2025

only in what can be read or seen in lexicon or objects, but in ephemeral marks of whispers, cues, and calls that reverberate long after they fade. A sonic trace that signifies something larger than itself.

What is this space between timbre, the ma (間), or the intervals that give rhythm its meaning? Pauses or clearings are not empty but charged. They allow us to resist fixation. But how do you spell these articulations? What is the textual rendering of the sound of pursed lips to create turbulence (pucker) or pushing air between the roof of your mouth and tongue (palatal)? How about when you insert fingers into your aural cavity to shape the opening (wolf)? Is this a whistle to be found or a whistle to speak or a whistle to enchant? Dispersed in the cityscape (*Rehearsal #1–8*, 2023), these fragments become the scattered elements of a score, or a partially remembered song, demanding translation and interpretation. Torn and removed, they eventually yield to fugitive calm.

We are reminded that connection is not solely about clarity or dominance but about attention and vulnerability. The fleeting moments of modulation that pass between bodies, materials, and time. By listening to what is yet to be read or seen, we acknowledge the weight of even the smallest signal.

All the gigabytes could not hold this transience.

— Jessica Kwok