

Don't Make Too Much Noise

Program Notes

Don't Make Too Much Noise is a collection of five musical soundscapes that explore the often unspoken experiences of a Chinese childhood. Step into a world where the most unexpected emerges from the quietest of moments.

Sisterhood of the Kerbside Recycling

Abandoned amongst garbage in a restaurant alleyway, the screams of a newborn baby girl pierce the darkness. Drawn by the sound, a humble garbage collector discovers the small bundle. In time, she will join one of twelve other daughters, living together in the deserted temples on the outskirts of Jinhua. Cast aside, unlike their male counterparts, they are the enigmatic sisterhood of the kerbside recycling.

Bipolarity of Dim Sum

Around the table, friendly chatter mixes with the steam rising from the baskets of fresh dim sum. Soft smiles, gentle nudges, and warm conversation float through the organised chaos of carts. “Have another”, one aunty urges, pushing siu mai towards her. “You’re too thin”, coos another. Har gow, san choi bao, cha siu. As the teapot empties, so does the pretence. “Oh... going for thirds?”, followed by a snigger. Within seconds, the table becomes a battleground and she’s caught in the assault. Smiles and friendly gestures are no longer what they seem.

Feather Duster Slapstick

It’s game over for this poor boy! He’s not even sure what he did wrong, but he’s about to face a wrath like no other. What follows is a wild, Mario Kart-style chase. Close behind him is a woman with fury in her eyes, on the brink of an aneurysm. She’s brandishing her weapon of choice: a fluffy pink feather duster with a razor-thin bamboo handle. The hallway twists and turns like the bends of Rainbow Road. It’s all fun and games until she catches up. In a blur, the world spins like he’s been hit with a red shell. But only for a moment—he’s back on his feet, running faster than ever!

Sliced Fruit Therapy

For Asian parents, the slicing of fruit is a generational ritual—a silent symbol of love and care that supersedes the spoken word. What is hailed as the sixth new love language is maybe just avoidance, or at best, a distorted form of communication. But sooner or later, they will have to do what they should have done at the start, and just talk.

Liberation of the Umbrella Army

In the streets of Hong Kong, he was one amongst thousands—a sea of yellow umbrellas once fighting through clouds of tear gas. Now, as he gazes out across the city from his window, he remembered how it had all erupted years ago, only to be swallowed by silence. A utopian thought flickers in his mind, piercing the fog of his memories— a vision of liberation.