



point is a death. The atmosphere is sustained also by the white Japanese masks that some characters wear and the slow, graceful Noh-like movements the cast employs.

Of course, on a practical front, the use of masks also allows actors to better play their numerous roles. With just seven people, there are times when actors morph from character to character without missing a beat (and very convincingly too). But masks are also mysterious – so obviously representative that it makes it easier to suspend your disbelief on the supernatural elements in the play.

The one thing I struggled with was to find my bearings after getting lost. Distracted by the points of light traveling across the darkened stage during a segment on a lost Russian astronaut, I didn't hear what was being said. Since then, I had no idea what was happening every time the astronaut scene appeared. (But I admit this to be entirely my fault, unless I am to blame the play for being too visually appealing.)

Nevertheless, the play still makes sense without that scene, since it's essentially a number of independent stories that intersect. The ending scene in particular, which is the resolution to the death that begins the play, is particularly memorable in the way it drags out a family meal of white rice. Gently and slowly, the audience is brought to its bittersweet ending, leaving you feeling empty. You might not have partaken of that rice, but you still leave with some food for thought: What significance does food take on in your life?