

THE INDUSTRY  
PRESENTS

# Hopsotch

# FOREWORD - A YEAR LATER

## BY ALEX ROSS

The Industry's *Hopscotch* was one of the more complex operatic enterprises to have been attempted since Wagner staged *The Ring of the Nibelung* over four days in 1876. Audiences rode around Los Angeles in a fleet of limousines, witnessing scenes that unfold both inside the vehicles and at designated sites, from the Bradbury Building to Elysian Park, from Chinatown to the concrete embankments of the L. A. River. Three simultaneous routes crisscrossed the east side of the city. Six composers, six librettists, and a production team of nearly a hundred worked to realize the project. It was a combination of road trip, architecture tour, mini-festival of contemporary music, and waking dream, adding up to a joyously new sensation.

The title was borrowed from Julio Cortázar's magic-realist novel of 1963, which invites the reader to navigate the text in nonlinear fashion. Likewise, the opera's itineraries jump around in time, and, because of an intricate system of staggered departure points each group of limo passengers experienced it in a different way. The story is simple enough, though, that it's not hard to piece together what's happening at any given point. *Hopscotch* is a modern fable, one with overtones of the myth of Orpheus and Eurydice, though with genders reversed. Lucha, a member of an L.A. puppet troupe, meets and marries a motorcycle-riding scientist named Jameson, who loses himself in esoteric researches and disappears. Lucha hallucinates an encounter with him in the underworld, and attempts, without success, to bring him back. Unlike Orpheus, she overcomes her grief and finds happiness with a fellow performer, named Orlando.

As with many site-specific works, *Hopscotch* gained from happenstance meetings of the staged action with the life of the city around it. At the Bradbury, tourists who had been admitted to the building's ground floor gazed up at the cryptic doings on the landings above, filming the ensemble on their mobile phones. Customers at Burgerlords, in Chinatown, attempted to digest what they are seeing as they nibbled on their fries. In a scene in Hollenbeck Park, a young woman just married, in a flamboyant purple dress, wandered into the background, seeming, at first glance, to be an extra. Sometimes, though, a bystander turned out to be a player in the drama: in the same scene, a man at an ice-cream truck became a percussionist.

You always ended up back in the car, gazing through tinted glass. There, *Hopscotch* took on a more melancholy, alienated tone, as the music issuing from a singer became the soundtrack to whatever you glimpsed through the window: gasping joggers, barking businesspeople, homeless people pushing grocery carts, pediatricians and mortuaries, gleaming boutiques and abandoned lots, a toilet inexplicably shattered on the side of the road. By design, you felt a sense of distance and unease as you moved around the city in vehicles associated with fame and wealth. Getting in and out, you became the object of other people's gawking, until they realized you were not famous.

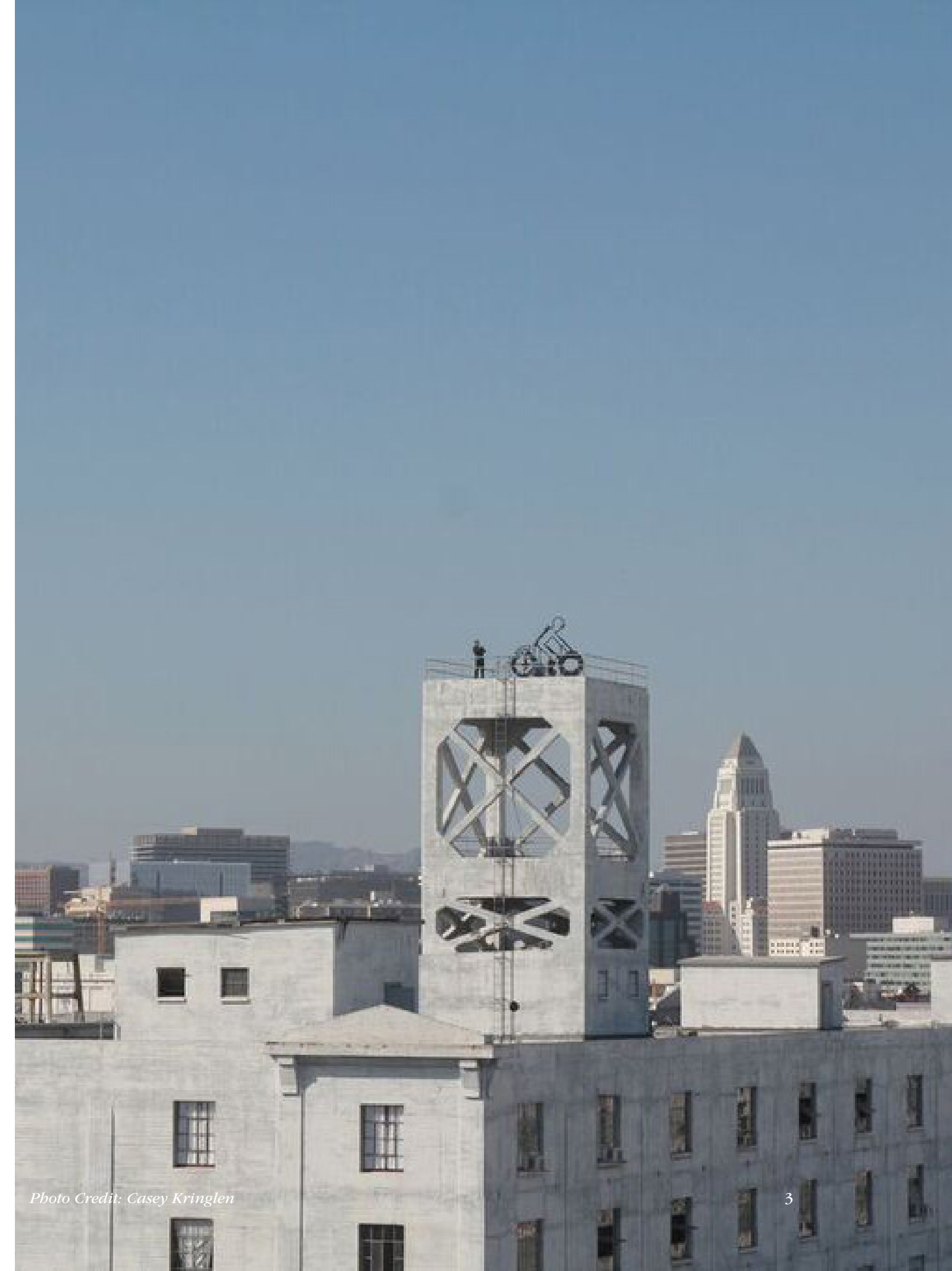
"This piece is basically in love with L.A., but we didn't want it be all rainbows and Disneyland," says Yuval Sharon, the director and mastermind of *Hopscotch*. "We don't want to hide the darkness of the city, the way people can, yes, disappear. And we want to include a sense of the isolation of driving—the emotional distance it can create. The plot aside, the piece is really a story about life in cars. What we've done is remove the sense of a destination—the tunnel vision that takes hold when you're trying to get somewhere. That completely transforms your experience of the street. All these new perceptions flood your system."

# HOPSCOTCH TRACKLIST

Music by Veronika Krausas, Marc Lowenstein, Andrew McIntosh, Andrew Norman, Ellen Reid, and David Rosenboom.

Additional music improvised by gnarwhallaby.

1. *"To Find the Center"*  
(Excerpt - Recorded live at the Central Hub),  
**Chapter 36** (Norman)
2. **Chapters 1-3**
3. *"Lucha's Quinceañera Song"*,  
**Chapter 4** (Rosenboom)
4. **Chapters 5-7**
5. *"Jameson and Lucha in the Park"*, **Chapter 8**  
(Lowenstein)
6. *"Never the End"*, **Chapter 9**  
(McIntosh)
7. **Chapter 10**
8. *"Floats the Roving Nebula"*,  
**Chapter 11** (Reid)
9. **Chapters 12-14**
10. *"Is All Time Simultaneous?"*  
(Excerpt), **Chapter 15** (Krausas)
11. **Chapters 16-20**
12. *"Despair"*, **Chapter 22** (Reid)
13. **Chapter 23**
14. *"Strange the Way"*, **Chapter 24**  
(McIntosh)
15. *"Looking Backward"*,  
(Recorded live at the Bradbury Building)  
**Chapter 25** (Krausas)
16. *"Hades"*, **Chapter 26**  
(Rosenboom)
17. **Chapters 27-30**
18. *"Lucha and Orfeo"*,  
(Recorded live at the Million Dollar Theater)  
**Chapter 31** (Lowenstein)
19. **Chapters 32-35**
20. *To Find the Center"*  
(Excerpt - Recorded live at the Central Hub),  
**Chapter 36** (Norman)



# LISTENING TO *HOPSCOTCH*

The live performances of *Hopscotch* in 2015 took place inside 24 cars and at various sites throughout Los Angeles along three different routes. The chapters were intentionally presented out of order, without the conventional narrative arc that accompanies many operas. Each moment in the characters' lives was shaped by a different composer and writer, performed by a different ensemble, and responding to a specific street or site. The jump from one moment to the other, with the accompanying mystery and disorientation, was one of the central narrative strategies of the work.

This recording - which alternates between live and studio recordings, and between brief excerpts and full scenes - offers a new way to experience *Hopscotch*: with a sense of totality and a “beginning-middle-end” dramaturgy that was never part of the original intention of the work. We hope this document offers listeners a sense of the range and scope of the work as a whole, as well as the individual contributions from six of Los Angeles's most innovative composers.

For audience members who experienced the work live, we hope this record will fill in the missing pieces. For those who didn't experience the work live, and in the spirit of Julio Cortazar's novel that inspired this work, we suggest using the following playlists or shuffling all the tracks to get a sense of what *Hopscotch* felt like.

# PLAYLIST SUGGESTIONS

**Red Route**

Track 3 *(Chapter 4)*  
Track 5 *(Chapter 8)*  
Track 14 *(Chapter 24)*  
Track 20 *(Chapter 36)*

**Yellow Route**

Track 12 *(Chapter 22)*  
Track 15 *(Chapter 25)*  
Track 18 *(Chapter 31)*  
Track 20 *(Chapter 36)*

**Green Route**

Track 6 *(Chapter 9)*  
Track 8 *(Chapter 11)*  
Track 10 *(Chapter 15)*  
Track 16 *(Chapter 26)*  
Track 20 *(Chapter 36)*

**By Composer**

Veronika Krausas  
Track 10 *(Chapter 15)*  
Track 15 *(Chapter 25)*

Marc Lowenstein  
Track 5 *(Chapter 8)*  
Track 18 *(Chapter 31)*

Andrew McIntosh  
Track 6 *(Chapter 9)*  
Track 14 *(Chapter 24)*

Ellen Reid  
Track 8 *(Chapter 11)*  
Track 12 *(Chapter 22)*

David Rosenboom  
Track 3 *(Chapter 4)*  
Track 16 *(Chapter 26)*

Andrew Norman  
Track 1 *(Chapter 36)*  
Track 20 *(Chapter 36)*

**By Librettist**

Tom Jacobson  
Track 10 *(Chapter 25)*  
Track 15 *(Chapter 25)*  
Track 18 *(Chapter 31)*

Mandy Kahn  
Track 8 *(Chapter 11)*  
Track 12 *(Chapter 22)*

Sarah LaBrie  
Track 6 *(Chapter 9)*  
Track 14 *(Chapter 24)*

Janine Salinas Schoenberg  
Track 3 *(Chapter 4)*

Jane Stephens Rosenthal  
Track 1 *(Chapter 36)*  
Track 20 *(Chapter 36)*

Erin Young  
Track 5 *(Chapter 8)*  
Track 16 *(Chapter 26)*

**Just the Story**

Track 2  
Track 4  
Track 7  
Track 9  
Track 11  
Track 13  
Track 17  
Track 19

**Just the Music**

Track 1  
Track 3  
Track 5  
Track 6  
Track 8  
Track 10  
Track 12  
Track 14  
Track 15  
Track 16  
Track 18  
Track 20



# ABOUT THE PRODUCTION

The Industry's *Hopscotch* began with the question: What if the car became a tool to transform our view of the city? The resulting world-premiere opera was a series of interlocking chapters, experienced in cars zig-zagging throughout Los Angeles, with action unfolding both inside the car and on the streets. Audiences experienced the work in both the intimacy of a car, where artists and audiences shared a confined space and at iconic sites in downtown Los Angeles; or at the Central Hub, a temporary space where all the journeys were live-streamed to create a dizzying panorama of life in the city. Collaboratively created with six composers and six writers and featuring over 100 artists, *Hopscotch* told an original story exploring themes of time, memory, and perception.

At the end of each performance day, all 24 cars converged at the Central Hub in a climactic finale, where the isolation of the individual cars dissolved into an ecstatic vision of community in Los Angeles.

*Photo Credit: Casey Kringlen*



# PERFORMANCE PRODUCTION CREDITS

## ARTISTIC TEAM

Produced by The Industry

Concept and Direction by  
Yuval Sharon

Music by  
Veronika Krausas, Marc Lowenstein  
Andrew McIntosh, Andrew Norman  
Ellen Reid, David Rosenboom

Additional Music by  
Phillip King, Odeya Nini,  
Lewis Pesacov, Michelle Shocked

Libretto by  
Tom Jacobson, Mandy Kahn  
Sarah LaBrie, Jane Stephens  
Rosenthal, Janine Salinas  
Schoenberg, Erin Young

Production Designer  
Jason H. Thompson

Costume Designer  
Ann Closs-Farley, Kate Bergh

Choreographer  
Danielle Agami, Artistic Director,  
Ate9 dANCE cOMPANY

Dramaturg  
Josh Raab

## PRODUCTION TEAM

Executive Producer  
Elizabeth Cline

Props Designer  
Mark Kanieff

Props Adviser  
Nina Caussa

Production Manager  
Ash Nichols

Production Stage Manager  
Vivian Martinez

Associate Producer  
Rachel Scandling

Lead AV Tech  
Edward Carlson

Assistant to Lead AV Tech  
Danielle Kaufman

Red Route AV Tech  
Joe Ventress

Red Route Wardrobe Supervisor  
Alyssa Gonzalez

Yellow Route AV Tech  
Keith Towstego

Green Route AV Tech  
Cheryl Smith

Green Route Wardrobe Supervisor  
Shelby Saelens

Technology Coordinator  
Kristy Jo Winkler

Audio Advisor  
Brett Jarvis

Assistant Director  
Casey Kringlen

Stage Managers  
Vivian Martinez, Amanda Novoa  
Rita Santos

Assistant Stage Managers  
Michael Atkins, Ericka Bailey  
Julia Colbert, Lawrencina Colding  
Alysia Cruz, Zachary Davidson,  
Ellen Den Herder, Paige Dovolis  
Judy Elle, Rebecca Engelhardt, Anna  
Engelsman, Nidia Flores, Napoleon  
Gladney, Mary Haughie, Nicole  
Jones, Marissa Kristy, Meredith Kitz,  
Abigail Lyons, Madeleine Maloy,  
Laura Marcin, Natalie Marrero,  
Katherine Paez, Anabel Romero,  
Marla Schulz

Central Hub Manager  
Kira Qwan

Central Hub House Manager  
Simonne Gabrielle

Consultant/Translator  
Guillermo Aviles-Rodriguez

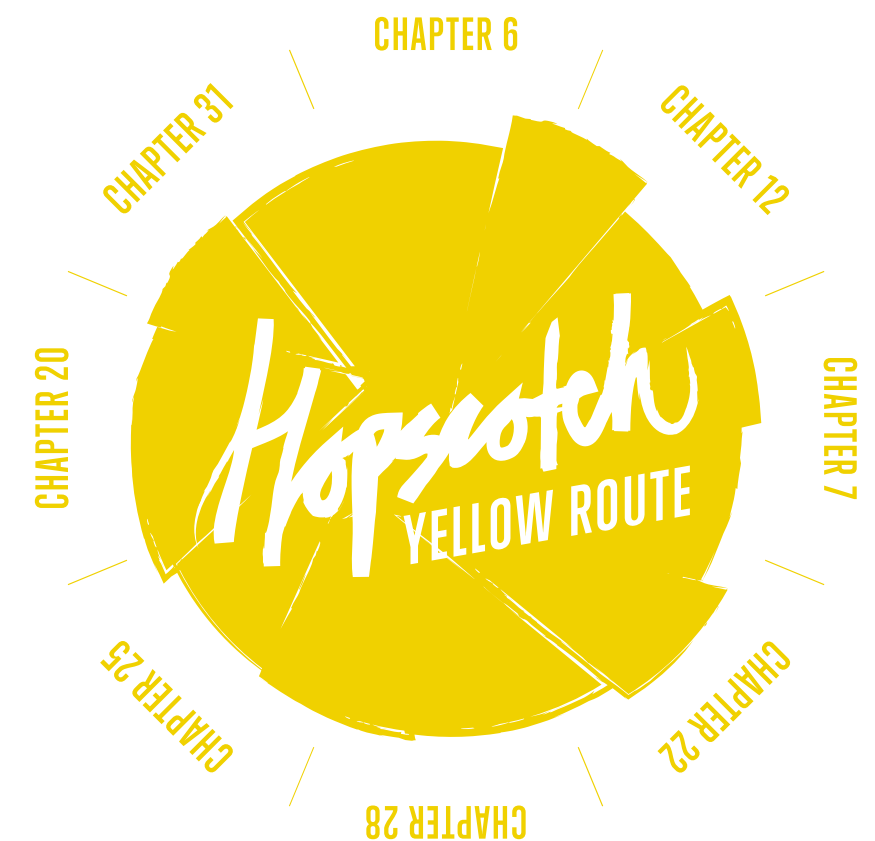
# HOW IT WORKED

The piece is divided into three distinct geographic routes: the Red, Yellow, and Green route. Each route features 8 chapters, a mixture of car rides and visits to undisclosed sites, lasting approximately ten minutes each.

Inspired by Julio Cortazar's novel *Rayuela (Hopscotch)*, the opera was experienced in a non-chronological order. Four audience members at a time started at various locations throughout Los Angeles and traveled to unknown destinations. Artists were assigned to one chapter and repeated it throughout the performance day, while the audience continually changed cars. It took 8 rotations to experience a full route, but the sequence depended on the

direction the audience moved through the route. The narrative was designed to be open enough to allow audiences to move in and out of the story, with the chapter number as the guide for what came before or after.

Ten animations were created to offer the basic points of the narrative to all audiences. They can be viewed in the digital art scrapbook for *Hopscotch* - [www.hopscotchopera.com](http://www.hopscotchopera.com) - which also offers you the chance to recreate the routes in the performance sequence.





# A DIALOGUE IN PLACE OF A DIRECTOR'S NOTE.

**YUVAL SHARON, FOUNDER & ARTISTIC DIRECTOR OF THE INDUSTRY, *HOPSCOTCH* DIRECTOR**

**JOSH RAAB, *HOPSCOTCH* DRAMATURG**

**Josh Raab:** If we were talking driver to driver at a stoplight, how would you explain *Hopscotch*?

**Yuval Sharon:** My stoplight pitch would be “an opera in 24 cars,” but of course, if that’s all there was to it, who would care? Opera is about layering—music, image, text, experience. And that’s where *Hopscotch* is most operatic: it’s a project with many layers that intersect each other, offering each audience member a highly personal experience, their own combination of elements unlike anyone else’s.

**JSR:** But you still consider this an opera?

**YS:** For lack of a better word, yes, but more and more, I’ve been considering this project as a web.

**JSR:** What kind of web?

**YS:** A web of voices, a web of ideas, a web of associations, of streets, of neighborhoods...I’m sure there are many more, so I should probably just keep to “a web.”

**JSR:** So as the spider spinning this web, how would you say it’s different from a traditional opera?

**YS:** Well, there are a lot of obvious answers to that question, but the most important difference for me is our emphasis on collaborative creation. Even in a lot of contemporary opera, there is still the single voice that matters most: the composer. I’m not saying the composer’s role is overestimated, but I think the most exciting aspect of opera is its possibility for plurality, the multiplicity of viewpoints, a diversity of independent but interlocking expressions. Layering. It’s the artistic principle I’ve been pursuing in all of these projects for The Industry, and in this piece more than any other. There is no single author of *Hopscotch*.

**JSR:** So no single composer driving the story and music?

**YS:** Right—six distinct musical voices and six writers working independently but with an eye toward the larger project.

**JSR:** Would you say the piece still coalesces into a whole?

**YS:** It will become a singular experience for each audience member individually: they will piece together the work in a way completely unlike anyone else who experiences the project. I have been particularly interested to explore how to make the audience a co-author of a performance.

**JSR:** Some have described *Hopscotch* as a celebration of car culture—would you agree with that characterization?

**YS:** *Hopscotch* isn’t celebrating car culture, but we’re not denigrating it either. The project began as an exploration of how cars alter our perception of our city and ourselves. Cars can make L.A. feel so lonely, but they also offer freedom and possibility. My relationship to L.A.’s car culture changes everyday, depending on the quality of light, or the dramas and comedies of my life. Or whatever song is playing on the radio.

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**JSR:** When people talk about the future of Los Angeles and urban planning in general, our reliance on cars and neglect of the public transit system are points of contention.

**YS:** That's true – but no one can deny how much this city's identity, past and present, is linked to cars. And that leads us to explore the notion of a personal identity, past and present. I want to invite the audience into a fluid space where the identities of three fictional characters—Lucha, Jameson, and Orlando—the identity of the city, and their own identity as a spectator all co-exist. Where do they influence each other? Where do they overlap? Where do they get stuck in traffic? Where are the roads closed?

**JSR:** How are you going to create that fluid state for the audience?

**YS:** By constant disruption and disorientation; the audience is intentionally not in the driver's seat for this experience. Being a passenger makes you look at the city with completely different eyes. And by eliminating a sense of destination – we will explore how that affects your sense of the journey.

**JSR:** I imagine it would feel like a half-dream state, sub-liminal even.

**YS:** Sometimes. And that's how I experience driving, as a space that is “in between” – between Points A and B, between dreaming and consciousness, memory and the present, fantasy and reality. I'd even go so far as to say that the experience of driving most resembles the experience of listening to music.

**JSR:** How do you mean?

**YS:** When I listen to a live performance, I'm participating in a dialogue between the music in that present moment and a whole field of simultaneous thoughts and feelings. The performance compels me by commanding the moment, but its richness comes from how the live experience interconnects with the memory of the last time I heard that piece, or my associations with that particular instrument's sound, or what happens when my assumptions are unexpectedly disrupted. I'm in the experience and outside it at the same time with a fluidity that can occasionally become a metaphysical experience.

**JSR:** And if done right we may look at art and through art simultaneously.

**YS:** That's right.

**JSR:** And that's like driving?

**YS:** In the best conditions, yes. Because you are aware of your physical surroundings, moving through them calmly, while millions of sensory impressions whizz past you, unconsciously and consciously triggering emotions, memories, ideas. My best thinking happens in the car.

**JSR:** But shouldn't the goal of a live performance be total immersion in the music, or in the character, or in the drama? It sounds like you want the audience to ignore the show and sort of daydream?

**YS:** Not necessarily, but an air-tight immersion isn't exactly an ideal for me either. Immersion is seductive, but it's also dangerous. It's asking the audience to fully identify with an illusionistic realm. You put the audience in a trance like a hypnotist – ultimately a pretty passive experience. It happens to you. I want to encourage a more active awareness. I don't want the audience to lose themselves; I want them to emerge from the experience more themselves than before.

**JSR:** But there is something fundamentally immersive about *Hopscotch*, isn't there? In fact, all of The Industry's productions have been labeled "immersive" by some critics.

**YS:** The space we're trying to create is highly unstable and unpredictable for the audience, and sometimes it should submerge you in the environment of the drama. But usually, before long, something will disrupt your experience and force you to find your footing all over again. That's certainly something I was after in *Crescent City* and *Invisible Cities*, and *Hopscotch* is building off of what I learned creating those two pieces.

**JSR:** That reminds me, for parallelism, why isn't it called *Hopscotch City*?

**YS:** We probably should have. Damn, too late.

**JSR:** I suppose the non-linear experience of the narrative builds in a certain amount of disruption to limit your immersion?

**YS:** Definitely, and that is a crucial reason for the narrative jump as you move from car to car. All the chapters line up – but the mental activity of trying to link up how one chapter connects to the one you just experienced is going to be a major part of the audience's participation.

**JSR:** Did the writers create the story with this sort of audience experience in mind?

**YS:** A non-linear experience of a narrative was important for me from the very first meeting. So we created a quite simple story where every chapter is a point of entry, or a port of departure.

**JSR:** Will it be confusing for the audience that the three central characters are played by so many different singers?

**YS:** It's one of the rules of this game, I think, and hopefully one that the audience accepts as a condition. Like in Todd Haynes' film *I'm Not There*, where Bob Dylan is played by four actors of different genders, ages, and ethnic backgrounds. You simply accept that they are all the same person. In *Hopscotch*, I hope the sum of all the chapters form the composite of a single character's identity. In this way, the "everyday people" of *Hopscotch*—Lucha, Jameson, and Orlando—all become much larger in scope.

**JSR:** Is there a message for you here, personally?

**YS:** If I stated one, I would be reducing the project for anyone reading this. So I'm going to avoid the question...but I will say that I've been happy to see how the piece has become about navigating change. Lucha, Jameson, and Orlando are all confronted with a world that never stands still. Lucha in particular—much like our experience in the passenger seat of a series of cars—is in a constantly unsettled state, unsure where life is taking her, and how the present moment relates to the one just before or after. But we see how change—loss, trauma, and unexpected second chances—becomes the trial that leads her to a state of enlightenment, a state she always had within her. Only at the end of her life is she able to understand how each chapter forms a complete image.

**JSR:** If there were one moment when the audience experiences the whole image, the whole Lucha, when would that be?

**YS:** That would be The Central Hub: the possibility of simultaneity. A circle where there is no differentiation between past, present, and future. Separate neighborhoods become one fluid landscape. And the mysterious logic that escapes you from chapter to chapter becomes completely legible, supernaturally, when you can see them all happening at the same. In a city so infamously without a center, I think creating aspirational centers is crucial. My hope that everything connects is what the Hub expresses.

**JSR:** Beyond aesthetics and overflowing into real life, is that what you believe? That everything connects?

**YS:** It's what I'd like to believe. I think that's why I set up these impossible challenges: to manifest proof of that.

**JSR:** Thinking of this project as a web, it seems to me that there is a pretty wide network of influences at play here.

**YS:** There definitely is. Among the most important: the experience of driving in Los Angeles. Guy Debord's concept of the *dérive*. The film *Holy Motors*. Joseph Campbell, Carl Jung, and their obsession with mandalas. Henry Jenkins and the notion of transmedia as a new experience of narrative. Personal heartbreak. Stockhausen's *Helicopter String Quartet*. Georges Perec. And of course, Julio Cortázar.

**JSR:** But the opera is not based on the novel *Rayuela* (*Hopscotch*).

**YS:** No, it is not. Partially because the Cortázar estate said no to us...but more importantly, the novel's story did not fit the constellation of car rides that I had already developed as the mechanism of this project. It's very hard to imagine how we would have brought some of Cortázar's scenes or characters to life in a way that would be compelling to the audience. I also couldn't quite figure out why Cortázar's destitute characters would be in a car in the first place... His narrative only really works in novel form, or anti-novel, as Cortázar called it—it's impossible to imagine it as a film or an opera. Still, the formal non-linearity of potential paths the reader could take through the novel definitely inspired this experience.

**JSR:** Is there anything you miss about the Cortázar?

**YS:** I was missing the idea of a source material that could serve as a repository of images and actions we could draw from freely – a broader context that the audience could engage with if they became inspired by the production. Drawing from a finished novel would have also allowed the experiences in the cars to be more poetic, evocative, mysterious, because there was a hulking text where the curious spectator could find potential answers. So to replace that, I realized we needed independent animated chapters to offer narrative thrust for those that desired it.

**JSR:** How do the animations fit into the story and the experience of *Hopscotch*?

**YS:** It depends completely on what kind of spectator you are: someone that prefers the abstract or someone that needs to have the full story. If you prefer to live in the abstract, you might never want to watch the animations, as they may rob you of the singular and mysterious experience you have in the cars. On the other hand, if you really feel like you need to have a full understanding to enjoy it, you should definitely watch the animations before you go on one of the routes. The animations exist as an extension of the world of the piece: in significant ways they unify the narrative of *Hopscotch*, but that doesn't necessarily make them essential.

**JSR:** What kind of spectator do you prefer?

**YS:** I prefer a curious audience member.

**JSR:** And which of the two is the curious audience member?

**YS:** Potentially both. Potentially neither. A curious spectator seeks to discover rather than be told what to look for, and she is aggravated when all the connections are already drawn for her by a too-clever creator.



**JSR:** So she's probably more at home in the abstract?

**YS:** Not necessarily, although she is definitely not afraid of the abstract. It amazes me when audiences can be irritated, even terrified, of abstract expression without concrete meaning. A curious spectator embraces the unknown because he knows there is no truer avenue towards ideas, feelings, and images that will expand his sense of the world.

**JSR:** In *Crescent City* and *Invisible Cities*, the audience also had to choose how they experienced the work, without much help from you. Isn't that a director's job – to direct our gaze, our experience?

**YS:** The director has many jobs, but "directing the gaze of the audience" shouldn't be one of them, in my opinion. It stems from an old-fashioned assumption that theater should share classical painting's focus on a fixed perspective, or the ultra-controlled visual frame of film. "Directing the gaze" in a live theatrical space infantilizes the audience and reduces their perception. I want my audience to be free. Cultivating that freedom in yourself while viewing theater could mean that your experience of the world expands when you leave the theater. I think it's only in this way that theater can act as a tool of instruction.

**JSR:** So the audience has a choice of how they experience the piece: as a full-narrative or as stand-alone fragments of a larger, maybe unknowable, whole.

**YS:** That's right.

**JSR:** And is the totality really unknowable?

**YS:** Yes, because we can't find Chapter 21. It went missing.

**JSR:** Maybe it's under the couch.

**YS:** It isn't, I looked twice.

**JSR:** So why is chapter 21 even there?

**YS:** It's like the missing piece of Bartlebooth's final puzzle in Perec's novel, *Life: A User's Manual*: human work, like human knowledge or perspective, can never be complete.

**JSR:** I thought you said the Central Hub offers completion?

**YS:** Temporarily and highly artificially, yes – this is an opera, after all! We're not enacting a unity we can never really possess; we're creating an artificial union, a vision of hope that a center really exists somewhere – and most likely, if anywhere, within ourselves. Because after the finale, the experience ends, and we are left confronting what this all means in relation to our independent experience of everyday life.

**JSR:** All these unique aspects considered, and forgive me for putting it bluntly, how is this still an opera?

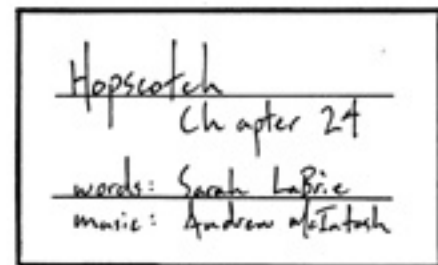
**YS:** Because the way I've been describing *Hopscotch* throughout this conversation, as a multi-layered web in service of a coordinated moment in time, is exactly what opera is. Opera demands an army of artists to excel their own perceived limitations in service of a momentary glimmer, the brief flash of a perfect connection. It's 99% logistical preparation for the 1% of a moment that is ideally a peak experience for performer and audience member alike.

**JSR:** And then it's over?

**YS:** For sure. The music stops, dies away, but it is hopefully internalized in some way within the spectator. The brief moment of transcendence you hope to achieve can never be sustained – but it will hopefully become a new benchmark you aspire to re-capture or, ideally, surpass the next time around.

# COMPOSING *HOPSCOTCH*

BY MARC LOWENSTEIN,  
MUSIC DIRECTOR OF THE INDUSTRY



Opera at its best is intimate spectacle.

Intimate, because it can resonate deeply and uniquely, because it can connect us and each other to inner emotions. Spectacle, because it was born to connect many previously separate forms of artistic expressivity together, because it grew out of an impulse for more. The operatic simultaneity of intimate and grand expression can be breathtaking. Addictive. Outlandish. Piercing.

And music – music is particularly suited to driving this combination. Its roots are uniquely intimate, beyond words, and wherever communities and rituals grew larger and more spectacular, music was there at the center of things. So in opera we tend to be guided in our experience by the composer of the music, the one who limns the dramatic time with sound and whose voice is usually considered the primary one that other artists add to.

A handwritten musical score for a scene from the opera Hopscotch. The score is written on three staves: Voice, Horn, and Viola. The Voice staff has lyrics: "where does it come from? This sense that all we have to do is step out of our lives and a". The Horn staff has a section marked "Horn = f" and "repeat 3 times". The Viola staff has a section marked "Viola = f" and "repeat 3 times". The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like "mf" and "mp". There are also time signatures and tempo markings like "J=90" and "J=100".

In *Hopscotch*, though, music has been curiously liberated from having to be in the driver's seat, and composing it has been a much different experience for all of us. This is mostly because the opera itself is conceived as discrete scenes and locations and media. The musical continuity demanded by more traditional styles of opera would seem to actively work against the aesthetic of the production, the locations, and the journeys between those spaces.

This is why it seems so right to have six different primary composers and still more additional guest composers. And it is why it seems so in keeping with the narrative for each of us to evoke quite different styles even within our own three or four scenes. From evocations of experimental music to musical theater to improvisations to folk traditions to large scale quotations of Monteverdi to installation music, from the intimacy of a single performer in a car with you to the grandness of using the entire city as a stage – as the opera *hopscotches* through our city, so does the music, always on a road, evoking different scenes, cultures, and sounds. A thousand paths.

Importantly, though, none of this disparateness would work as well unless all of our composers had been together and in on the process from the very beginning with the writers and the producers and the director. Even though the scenes might sound different from one another, we shared a rootedness in the story, and we understood that the jumbled order of Lucha's life makes kaleidoscopic writing appropriate. We could glimpse all of Lucha's adventures, the thousand paths, leading to one great road – an equanimity in a swirling, seemingly unordered mosaic of sound and words and movement and art. And we as composers hope that that mosaic of sound becomes necessary to the presentation of the story. Having one composer in the driver's seat would defeat the purpose.


Finally, the logistical necessity of restricting each scene to ten minutes has been, like most musical restrictions, liberating. It has enabled each of us to playfully change the perception of the passage of time. It has helped us in clearly shaping the form of each scene, while knowing how that form fits into the larger narrative and context.

And that last issue is probably the most difficult, unique challenge in composing opera. Seeing local musical styles and forms in larger dramatic contexts, understanding how that affects the musical language, and fitting that back into the larger narrative is certainly not a new concern. It is why we don't remember Haydn's thirty or so operas. It is why neither Beethoven nor Debussy nor Berlioz could write a decent, truly assured musical drama. It is related to why, on the other hand, Puccini could write such wonderful operas yet such diffident concert music, and it is even related to why no matter what Verdi or Rossini wrote, it all sounds like opera.

It is also why it is pretty unprecedented for so many composers to collaborate on writing an effective opera. The delicacy of the enterprise makes it extremely difficult to share the compositional voice without fatally fracturing the aesthetic. But the mosaic we *Hopscotch* composers seek is exactly well-suited to and necessitated by this project. We aim to expand on, and make new what is, after all, a traditional path – the search for different, individual artistic meaning that might link us intimately. The impulse for more.

Handwritten musical score for a scene from *Hopscotch*. The score includes vocal lines for Voice and Horn in F, and instrumental lines for Violin I, Violin II, and Trombones. The vocal line features lyrics: "we go a-bout our lives in-side our bo-". The instrumental lines include various musical notations such as dynamics (f, mf, sim.), articulation (accents), and performance instructions like "Tromp" and "Tromp/Tromp3". The score is written on multiple staves with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C).

# THE JOURNEY FROM TO



by Elizabeth Cline,  
Executive Director of The Industry

*Hopscotch* is full of metaphors for human existence and experience. It all begins with the name, the *hopscotch* game itself, with each hop as a step in a life path. The way in which this opera is experienced and the language itself also lends itself to the metaphor. Life proceeds as a journey to an unknown destination, via a route, experienced chapter by chapter, from point A to B. For the creative team, the key to unlocking *Hopscotch* was often as simple as figuring out how to get from point A to point B. It was an expression invoked as we discussed every aspect of the project: from the narrative, to the production, and to the experience.

Often we find in literature that the journey is the schema for being human. Homer's *Odyssey*, Joyce's *Ulysses*, Kerouac's *On the Road*, Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* are just a few of the great stories of life as a journey. As we move from A to B, we accumulate knowledge and experience that forms our identity. These layers of identity are shed or morphed as we locate more A's and B's to move to. How we find these points and our relationship to them is what shapes the humans we are from moment to moment.

A non-linear narrative such as *Hopscotch* touches on this idea of identity construction. Episodic chapters highlight moments of a life, particularly Lucha's life. If we are constantly changing, we are never the same person we were a moment ago, let alone years ago. Are you the twenty-two-year-old version of yourself, a young puppeteer just starting out? Or are you the forty-two-year-old version of yourself, a fully-formed artist, respected in your community? *Hopscotch* asks us to consider chapters in our lives that in the moment might feel unremarkable, yet in hindsight are so significant, full of meaning. Maybe it's the little red notebook that you receive as a gift.

Jameson's and Lucha's career paths are significant to this meta-narrative. In his scientific search from stars to the human brain, Jameson considers quantum and theoretical physics. And Lucha as a puppeteer explores the uncanniness of human emotion and action. Both are trying to make sense of the world by way of explanation and artistic expression, respectively. Both quietly affirm that we are not the center of the universe, by revealing multiple dimensions of matter and emotions. They both create many A's and B's to consider.



From perambulations of the mind to the body - this show actually moves. Leading up to rehearsals, the production team focused on how to get an audience from A to B twenty-four times, clockwise and counterclockwise three times a day for four weeks. Because the show is so complex, process (logistics and systems through discussing, writing, testing, iterating, problem-solving, testing to find the final presentation) accounted for 80% of the work as a whole. The stages went something like this: the creative team discovered how a narrative would function within the mechanics of the show; the production team found the system for assembling the necessary elements and people for the show; then the operations of the routes; and finally the audience experience.

In many ways, the development of *Hopscotch* is in clear view for the audience, not hidden away behind the proscenium, because it is integral to the experience of the whole work. Therefore, the process itself had to be intensely creative. In some cases, an elegant solution to a production challenge became an epiphany in the story. How, for example, does Jameson's red notebook disappear?

The form and content for the show are intrinsically tied together. However the operations of *Hopscotch* are not the actual work. The process is in service of a collaborative artwork, with artists, a production team, and an audience, made in real-time response to a city. Creating each chapter of *Hopscotch* was always a discovery and always theoretical until we stepped out into the city to test an instrument, a voice, a site, a street, a vehicle, a material, a new technology. As for the narrative, in some instances explaining how a character or prop appears or disappears needed to be worked and reworked in real time with the writers and production team. In this way our process began to interpret and express themes of the work.

Beyond metaphors and themes, there is a metaphorical distance in making any artwork. The distance from creator to audience is another A to B. This is the journey the audience makes in order to experience the work, and in that journey, you bring whatever you carry with you, which could be anything—knowledge, experience, interpretations.

In *Hopscotch*, we are asking you to move throughout time and space while on that metaphorical journey. Naturally, it will become very personal. There are too many factors out of our control as the drama of the living city unfolds around our story. What an audience member puts together in his or her version of *Hopscotch*, we will never know. Our hope in creating this journey is that each of you will make it your very own.

# DRIVE

BY DAVID ULIN

That night, it was Third Street, a street I liked because its name was a number, which made it feel familiar to me. Familiar, ha, macadam stretched to the horizon in a long line, pavement pocked and broken, grayed and indistinct. The Third Street at home was narrow, hemmed by four- and five-story walkups, and I had never traveled it by car. Difference between one place and another, New York and Los Angeles, past and present, feet on pavement or pedal to the floor.

That night, I was bound for Hollywood, or maybe it was Silverlake, I can't remember now. I was with a friend, another Easterner in exile, with whom I shared a sense of place as both landscape and backdrop, like the scrim of an animation cel. In Manhattan, I'd learned not to pay (too much) attention, just get on a subway or start walking, until, after a while, I would arrive. At most, I had to look for traffic, but that was only when I was crossing, which I largely did against the lights. Los Angeles, it was different, both more and less consuming, and not only because I didn't know it well. No, it was the driving, which was not my native language; this meant everything existed for me — had to — in a state of translation, leaving me adrift in the city, required to map a route, to steer. I didn't know the gird, its

intricacies, which meant I could only think in broad strokes, boulevard to boulevard, lack of nuance revealing me as the outsider I was. What I said was this: I like to watch the neighborhoods change, Fairfax to Hancock Park to Koreatown. But those were just names to me, I had no idea then that Los Angeles was a city of neighborhoods, nor that this was not inimical to its sprawl.

That night, we meant to turn left on Vermont or Western, head north from Third. My friend was in the passenger seat and we were talking, about what I don't recall. Could it have been our dislocation, the realization that we did not know, in any real way, where we were? Could we have been superimposing memories and images onto the template of this city, imagining it as that other city we had left? Certainly, it wouldn't have been the first time; I spent my early years in Los Angeles trying to reconfigure it as if by act of will. Downtown glittered in the distance like a hologram of the city in which I wished I lived. It was not our destination — it was never our destination — and yet I couldn't help but feel its pull. Irresistable? Let's say instead that it represented some sort of promise, the illusion of concision, of a kind of order, a way to lose and find myself again.

That night, we didn't look out of the windows. That night, I drove as if in a fugue. From Koreatown through Westlake to the western fringes of downtown, although these are designations I am making now, as I recall them, as I retrace our passage. It was only when we reached the 110, where Third Street splits and sweeps across the freeway, that we noticed where we were. Um, my friend said. Or: Oh, shit. Or maybe he never spoke. The moment is as ethereal to me as Los Angeles, on a night we had forgotten to turn. Did we laugh? Of course, we laughed. Perhaps we were laughing all along. This elusive city, so impenetrable to us, as if its surfaces were little more than mirage. Mirage? Yes, no, not really; it was solid enough, I suppose, although I could not, then, feel its density, its weight. Only those streets, indistinguishable (or so it felt to me), through which I traveled, never turning, as one neighborhood bled into the next and then the next, although I could not read them, and our destination, whatever it was, remained forever in the distance, like the vanishing point of a future we did not understand how to reach.

***HOPSCOTCH***  
**SYNOPSIS**  
**AND CREDITS**



# 1. "TO FIND THE CENTER" (EXCERPT), CHAPTER 36

(Recorded Live at the Central Hub)

Photo Credit: Casey Kringlen



## 2. CHAPTERS 1-3

### SYNOPSIS:

On the vast roads that connect Los Angeles, Lucha's car smashes into Jameson's motorcycle. Although Jameson is not hurt, Lucha is so shaken by the accident that she can barely speak. At first furious at what appears to be Lucha's carelessness, Jameson takes pity on her and tells her that everything will be alright. While trying to find a pen and paper to write down her insurance information, Lucha gives Jameson a postcard for her upcoming puppet performance: *Orpheus Triumphant*, a new interpretation of the Orpheus myth she is creating with her creative partner Orlando. As she leaves the scene of the accident, she remembers how her parents died in a car accident on the day of her quinceañera, leaving her in the care of her grandfather, the first one to move to Los Angeles from Mexico. But the trauma of her childhood loss still haunts her, especially when she hears the quinceañera song play on the radio.

### CREDITS:

#### Chapter 1

Music improvised by gnarwhallaby  
Text: Jane Stephens Rosenthal  
Voice-over: John Schneider

#### Chapter 3

Music improvised by gnarwhallaby  
Text: Jane Stephens Rosenthal  
Voice-over: Susanna Guzman

**Chapter 2** (Recorded live in a Boyle Heights parking lot)

Music: Philip King

Text: Jane Stephens Rosenthal

Lucha: Jane Stephens Rosenthal

Jameson: Jason Winfield

Harp: Phillip King





### 3. “LUCHA’S QUINCEAÑERA SONG” CHAPTER 4

#### LUCHA

When *abuela* turned fifteen  
She learned to cook and clean.  
Her *tias* taught her how  
To be a wife, to be a mother  
To be a woman.  
She sewed her own lace dress  
And hid pieces of her hair  
Inside the tapestry  
She wove for him.  
And when they married  
On that shore  
In beautiful Veracruz  
The pale moonlight shined bright  
Upon them dancing.  
And she sang,  
*Porque ahora soy mujer.*  
*Porque ahora soy mujer.*

My mother turned fifteen  
At a protest for migrant rights.  
And on that very street  
Beneath a bridge,  
She met my father  
Standing proud on that front line.  
Her parents traveled many miles  
In the trunk of a car  
To reach this world.  
In his eyes she saw the moon

In her smile he saw the sun.  
It was the future they  
had been dreaming of.  
So they danced that night  
Beneath a full moon sky.  
And in her white dress she sang,  
*Porque ahora soy mujer.*  
*Porque ahora soy mujer.*

Now here I am  
About to be fifteen,  
In a yellow dress  
I chose for me.  
My *abuela* has taught me how  
To be a wife, to be a mother.  
*Mi mama* has shown me  
How to fight.  
And on these very streets  
They gave me  
So full of color  
And bursting with life  
I have learned  
To be a woman.  
To be an artist.  
So tonight,  
as I leave that child behind,  
I will celebrate my re-birth  
in a room transformed  
with ribbons and lights



Photo Credit: Casey Kringlen

Into a starry sky.  
And I will sing,  
*Porque ahora soy mujer.*  
*Porque ahora soy mujer.*

**CREDITS:**

Music: David Rosenboom  
Text: Janine Salinas Schoenberg  
Mexican String Ensemble Arrangement  
by Jerónimo Rajchenberg

Young Lucha: Natasha Sanchez  
Guitar and Requinto Jarocho:  
Jerónimo Rajchenberg  
Guitarra Quinta Colorada:  
Alfredo López  
Guitarrón Mexicano: Russell Kennedy

Tracking/Mixing Engineer: John Baffa

Recorded at The Dizzy Gillespie  
Digital Recording Studio in The Herb  
Alpert School of Music at  
California Institute of the Arts

Mixed at TV Tray Studios

Supported in part by the Richard  
Seaver Distinguished Chair in Music,  
California Institute of the Arts



# 4. CHAPTERS 5-7

## SYNOPSIS:

As Jameson leaves the scene of the accident, he remembers a near-death experience of hitting a deer while driving on a snowy New England road. That experience made him reclusive and introspective but fascinated by the workings of the universe. Jameson moved to Los Angeles to work with the Jet Propulsion Lab on further scientific research.

With only a postcard to find Lucha, Jameson barges in on Lucha's rehearsal with Orlando for *Orpheus Triumphant*. Shocked to see Jameson again, Lucha nevertheless accepts his invitation for a drink.

## CREDITS:

### Chapter 5

Music improvised by gnarwhallaby

Text: Sarah LaBrie

Voice-over: Enver Gjokaj

### Chapter 6 (Recorded live in the Second Street Tunnel)

Music: Andrew Norman

Percussion: Ray McNamera/MB Gordy

Voice-over: Enver Gjokaj

### Chapter 7 (Recorded live in the Arts District)

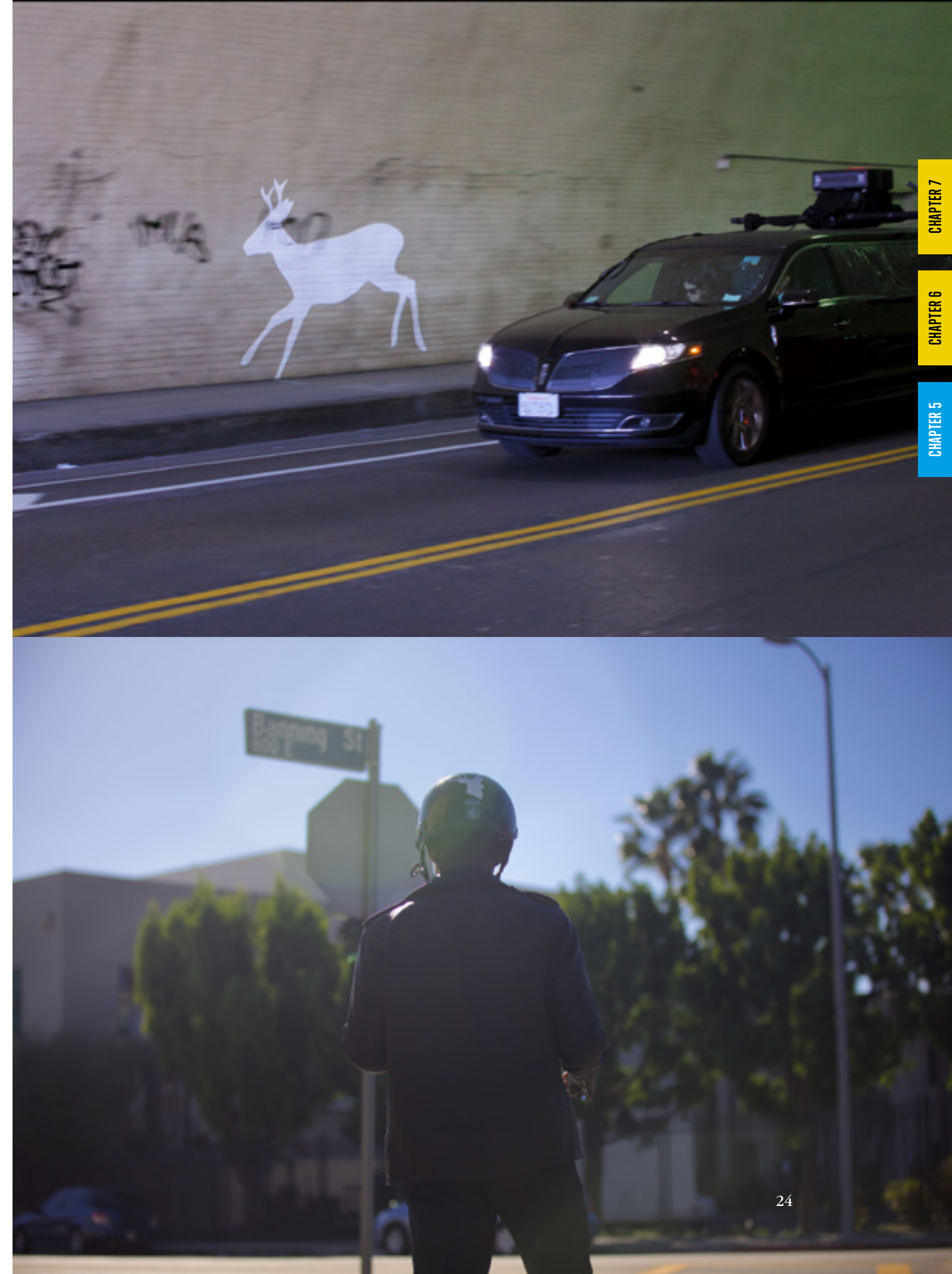
Music: Odeya Nini

Text: Jane Stephens Rosenthal

Lucha: Odeya Nini

Orlando: Max Torandell

Jameson: Jameson Cherilus



# 5. “JAMESON AND LUCHA IN THE PARK” CHAPTER 8

*(Jameson and Lucha stroll through Hollenbeck Park, where musicians are playing and singing.)*

**Jameson:**

When was the last time I let myself dream? Staring at the stars and skies,  
searching for what I'd never find, Is this what I missed? This city, this park,  
this girl, This lightness of my heart?

**Jameson & Lucha:**

This man, this girl...

**Roller Skater:**

“A thousand streets lead to one great path, and no gate blocks your way.”

**Lucha:**

When was the last time I let myself dream? Lost in fabric and wood, creating  
people without life, Is this what I missed? This city, this park, this man, this  
lightness of my heart?

**Both:**

This man, this girl...

**Jameson:**

Look, do you see the reflections beneath the bridge? Did you know the light  
is refracting off the water at light speed, and we see the reflected ripples  
at the same time we see the water moving - unlike the stars. Some of those  
reflections are thousands of years old. The twinkling stars are the oldest  
things we'll ever witness.

**Lucha:**

It's beautiful. It reminds of the way a person's eyes glow when they see  
someone they love. That look, that adoration, that's the most ancient emotion  
you'll ever witness.

It starts in your shaking hands

Until you see the hesitant way he touches your arm

Then it shoots to your heart

And it seeps into your mind

Where it becomes a tireless weed

**Jameson:**

It starts from your middle

Until you see the timid way she holds her hands

Then it courses through your veins

It ends up at your core

Where it sends up cryptic signals

Like radio waves speaking against what you know.

**Lucha:**

Growing with the thoughts about a life of you with him.

I know what this is,

But I can't stop thinking about the holding, touching, just being.

That I could leave my loneliness behind.

**Jameson:**

I know what this is,

But I can't help the way it makes everything I know seem obsolete.

That I could forget everything for this feeling.



**Both:**  
 Let me dream. Let me linger.  
 Let me dream. Let me linger.  
 This man...This girl...

**Roller Skater:**  
 “A thousand streets ...”

**CREDITS:**

Music: Marc Lowenstein

Text: Erin Young

Lucha: Sarah Beaty

Jameson: Victor Mazzone

Rollerskater: Stephanie Williams

Saxophone: Logan Hone

Tuba: Stefan Kac

Cajon: Linnea Sablosky

Accordion: Isaac Schankler

Percussion: TJ Troy

Sound Engineer: Wesley Seidman

Special thank you to the Roy & Patricia Disney

Family Foundation

*Photo Credit: Casey Kringlen*







*Photo Credit: Casey Kringlen*

## 6. “NEVER THE END” CHAPTER 9

### **LUCHA**

We are an explosion  
Every intersection an eruption  
Nothing ever lost  
But happening all the time  
in every possible permutation

### **JAMESON**

Heat traveling along neurons  
The way light travels between stars  
The way gravity travels  
An eternal echo  
Time not a river  
But a web

### **LUCHA**

We are an endless network  
And where we intersect  
A vast explosion  
That echoes endlessly

### **JAMESON**

We are myriad  
We are a web  
A series of peaks and explosions  
The bottom falling out of everything  
The end never the end.

### **CREDITS:**

Music: Andrew McIntosh

Text: Sarah LaBrie

Lucha: Lauren Davis

Jameson: Jessica Mirshak

Saxophone: Andrew Conrad,

Neelamjit Dhillon, Brian Walsh,

Damon Zick

Sound Engineer: Wesley Seidman

# 7. CHAPTER 10

## **SYNOPSIS:**

When Lucha first tells Jameson that she loves him, he responds with an explanation of the multiverse. “How do you know you are in love with me,” he asks, “when there are so many you’s and so many me’s?”

## **CREDITS:**

Music: Improvised by gnarwhallaby

Text: Sarah LaBrie

Voice-over: John Schneider





Photo Credit: Casey Kringle

## 8. “FLOATS THE ROVING NEBULA” CHAPTER 11

### CHILDREN’S CHOIR

*Deep within the living sky  
Turns a churning cloud of dust—*

Lonely in the shifting sky  
Floats this quiet nebula—

Deep within its roving heart,  
Gravity is pulling in—

Gravity and gas will pull—equally against the night—  
Sighing in a building glow—spreading in a colored sigh—

### ANGEL

Sigh...Sigh...Sigh...

Their forces pulling left and pushing right—

Stasis is a welcome breath—

### ANGEL

Light...

Light is how this stasis speaks—throwing back its warming head—  
Glow is how this stasis spreads—widening into the night—

Equal wills make it bright  
Equal heat makes it hold  
Pressure in, pressure out



*How long can the stasis last?—*

**ANGEL**

How long can it last?  
Will its shining change the sky?  
How far can its colors go?—  
Will its shining change the sky?—  
Will its churning ever rest?—

**ANGEL**

There...Where...There...  
  
Where gravity and dust curled and paused against the night  
Make a case for things in pairs  
Make a case for two in time  
There, lonely  
Lonely in the moving sky  
floats the quiet nebula.

**ANGEL**

Deep within unfurling time...

*Floats the Eagle Nebula—*  
*Spins the Stingray Nebula—*  
*Turns the Horsehead Nebula—*  
*Floats the Crescent Nebula—*  
*Turns the Pistol Nebula—*  
*Moves Omega Nebula—Spins the Bubble Nebula—*  
*Floats the Cat’s Eye Nebula—Turns the Twin Jet Nebula—*  
*Moves Medusa Nebula—Spins the Owl Nebula—*  
*Floats the Footprint Nebula—Turns the Eight-Burst Nebula—*  
*Moves the Coalsack Nebula—*  
*Floats the Lemon Nebula—Turns the Helix Nebula—*  
*Blinks the Blinking Nebula—Spins the Candy Nebula—*

**ANGEL**

...lives a shifting nebula  
lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely....  
Live a a shifting nebula  
Turns a living nebula  
Floats this quiet nebula...

**CREDITS:**

Music: Ellen Reid  
Text: Mandy Kahn  
  
Angel: Quayla Bramble  
Percussion: Matt Cook  
Children’s Choir: Members of the Trinity Youth Chorus, NYC: Erica D’Acona,  
Katie Fountain, Jalene Lipowitz, Marcella Roy, Elisa Sikula, Josie Zenger  
Sound engineers: Jeff Curtin, Zachary Crumrine, Justin Asher, Ellen Reid



# 9. CHAPTERS 12-14

## SYNOPSIS:

On the day of their wedding, Lucha gives Jameson the simple gift of a red notebook to chart his innermost thoughts and feelings, the ones that he can't even share with her. Upon grasping the notebook, Jameson feels a crisis come on: what is the point of discovering the inner workings of the universe if our own brains are utter mysteries? He resolves to change his line of research to the inner workings of the brain, now working to create a transmitter from the brain that can read and interpret its various signals. As the couple establishes a life together and Jameson's work becomes increasingly obsessive, Lucha loses a connection to puppet-making and starts to feel aimless. She consults a fortune-teller, who tells her of a call that she will receive that will answer all her questions. One day the call comes, and the mysterious voice on the other end of the line says, "A thousand streets lead into one great road, and no gate blocks your way." Lucha can't get that thought out of her mind; she finds the fortune-teller again, but she offers no further clue.

## CREDITS:

**Chapter 12** (Recorded live in a car)

Music: Andrew McIntosh

Text: Sarah LaBrie and Janine Salinas

Schoenberg

Lucha: Ashley Elizabeth Allen

Jameson: Jon Keenan/Landon Shaw II

Electric Guitar: Nicholas Deyoe

**Chapter 13**

Music improvised by gnarwhallaby

Text: Sarah LaBrie

Voice-over: Julia Aks

**Chapter 14** (Recorded live in a car)

Music: Marc Lowenstein

Text: Mandy Kahn

Cast:

Lucha: Maria Elena Altany





# 10. "IS ALL TIME SIMULTANEOUS?" (EXCERPT), CHAPTER 15

## LUCHA

Is all time simultaneous?  
A billion universes precariously balanced,  
Ready to fall forward or backward?  
The uncertainty principle is love.  
When you know where you are  
You don't know how fast you're going,  
If you don't know your speed  
You can't see where you are.  
Alternate universes  
Quantum universes  
Parallel dimensions  
Parallel world  
Parallel Hell  
Alternate realities  
Alternate timelines.  
What is my reality?  
What is my Hell?  
Is all time simultaneous?

## CREDITS:

Music: Veronika Krausas  
Text: Tom Jacobson

Lucha: Justine Aronson



# 11. CHAPTERS 16-20

## SYNOPSIS:

Orlando's wife Sarita dies, and when Lucha tries to comfort her friend, he awkwardly confesses his feelings for Lucha. Lucha pulls away; Orlando, not knowing what to do, follows the example of his hero, the author Julio Cortazar, and moves to Paris to start a new life.

On the way to work, Jameson abandons the red notebook. His research reaches a frenzied point, and during an experiment of the new headband transmitters, he has a mental breakdown.

## CREDITS:

### Chapter 16

Music improvised by gnarwhallaby

Text: Janine Salinas Schoenberg

## ORLANDO

*It had been five days since I had kissed her goodbye. Lucha appeared at my studio, like a ghost. She looked thin and sad. She apologized for having been a coward, unable to see Sarita at the end, so frail and weak. I started to cry, and couldn't stop. Seeing Lucha was like seeing a mirror. I reached into a box and pulled out a copy of Julio Cortazar's novel, Rayuela (Hopscotch). I had found it at an old bookstore in Mexico City a few years back, and had always wanted to share it with her. Her eyes welled up with tears. I took her face into my hands and kissed her. She quickly pulled away, looking confused and horrified. Feeling myself begin to sweat, I stumbled through an apology.*

*My heart broke again as she handed me back the book. She wiped her eyes and walked out the door. I had now lost both of the women I loved.*

Photo Credit: Casey Kringlen





**Chapter 17** (Recorded live in a car at Evergreen Cemetery)  
Music: Veronika Krausas  
Text: Janine Salinas Schoenberg

Sarita: Kirsten Ashley Wiest  
Orlando: Timur Bekbosunov/  
Orson van Gay II  
Viola: Lauren Baba, Cassia Streb  
Guitar: Omar Torres

**Chapter 18** (Recorded live in an AirStream)  
Music: Veronika Krausas  
Text: Guy Debord

Mother: Victoria Jane Fox  
Father: Bobby Gutierrez  
Bass/Musician II: Benjamin Finley  
Tuba: Brandon Davis  
Electronic soundtrack by  
Adam Borecki

**Chapter 19**  
Music: Lewis Pesacov  
Text: Elizabeth Cline and Yuval Sharon

Jameson: Stephen Beitler  
Man in Car: Peter Howard  
Bass, Guitar, Organ and Synth:  
Lewis Pesacov  
Drums: Garrett Ray and Corey Fogel

**Chapter 20**  
Music: David Rosenboom  
Text: Erin Young

Boatman: Jonathan Cebreros  
Lab Assistant: Clayton Farris  
Jameson: David Castillo





# 12. “DESPAIR” CHAPTER 22

## Inner Lucha

Night! I am yours!  
 Night! I am yours!  
 I am dead in all but fact  
 Wrap me in your shroud  
 Bury me alive  
 Bury me in rotten air  
 Black vines then  
 will twist up from my hair.

## Inner and Outer Lucha

You decay,  
 You decay,  
 You decay,  
 My Jameson is gone.

## Inner Lucha

I’ve haunted every alleyway

## Inner and Outer Lucha

Everywhere an absent man  
 Stoops beneath his ravaged coat,  
 Molders in his dark and rank cocoon,  
 Everywhere, everywhere an absent man is hunched,  
 I have looked in every face  
 Where they spit at me, where they lunge at me, where they reach for me:  
 Jameson, Jameson, Jameson is gone.

## Inner and Outer Lucha

Lucky Orpheus!

## Inner Lucha

When you went to Hades, your Euridice was there.  
 Still in wedding whites  
 braiding slowly her clean hair—

## Inner and Outer Lucha

lilies fresh in her bouquet  
 lilac live behind one ear—

But what flower could live here?  
 no lily could live here—

Lucky Orpheus!  
 Hades he visited  
 and he left with his fresh bride.

Oh, Hades has bloomed in me—  
 Hades now lives in me—  
 Hades, now it feasts on me  
 now it blackens me  
 now it ages me  
 I decay, I decay,  
 I, I, I, I

I become a part of night—  
 as a cold tar rides my blood  
 and rises in my eyes.



**CREDITS:**

Music: Ellen Reid

Text: Mandy Kahn

Inner and Outer Lucha: Sharon Kim

Trumpet: David Aguila,  
Lisa Edelman, Nicolas Bejarano,  
Mona Seda

Bass: Doug Balliett

Harp: Jillian Risigari-Gai

Trumpet: Evan Honse



## 13. CHAPTER 23

### SYNOPSIS:

Lucha is in despair. Weeks, months, years go by with no indication as to where Jameson could be. One day as she is driving and at a complete traffic stand-still, Lucha finds a headband in the car. She puts it on, and suddenly is host to a number of hellish visions...

### CREDITS:

Music improvised by gnarwhallaby

Text: Erin Young

Voice-over: Susanna Guzman



# 14. “STRANGE THE WAY”

## CHAPTER 24

Strange the way a thought can send you reeling: everything you thought was the world suddenly dissolving, remaking itself into something new.

Sometimes I think that’s what dreams are: other lives; a way to experience all the paths we didn’t take in all the worlds we weren’t born into, and still wake up safely into the lives we chose and keep choosing; a way for all the pressure of our unlived lives to dissipate.

Strange how we go about our lives inside our bodies like locked cars with all the windows up.

Where does it come from: this sense that all we have to do is step out of our lives and a better, brighter, newer one will be waiting? This belief that if only everything had been different, then everything now would be different—different and perfect? And how do we know we didn’t make all the right decisions? And that this was where they led us?

### **CREDITS:**

Music: Andrew McIntosh

Text: Sarah LaBrie

Lucha: Estelí Gomez

Horn: Allen Fogle

Percussion, violin, viola: Andrew McIntosh

Engineered by Nick Tipp and Scott Worthington

Mixed by Lewis Pesacov and Andrew McIntosh





# 15. “LOOKING BACKWARD”

## CHAPTER 25

(Recorded live at the Bradbury Building)

### LUCHA

Is this a dream?  
Looking backward  
Looking forward  
Precariously balanced  
Ready to fall forwards or back?  
Is this a dream  
Of everywhere we used to go?  
Of the past?

Oh Jameson!  
Are you there?  
Are you asleep?  
What’s keeping you from me?  
Is this a dream?

*(She sees Jameson)*

Jameson!

You are here:

Jameson, stay there!

I’ll come to you!

*(She sees a woman in a red dress.)*

Don’t tell me...

It was a woman?

A woman:

an algorithm of love

A formula I don’t know.

Is this a dream?

I’ll wake him,  
Then he’ll come back to me!  
She’s just a metaphor  
A concept.  
Looking backward  
Looking forward  
Is this a dream?

I’ll wake him  
Then he’ll come back to me!  
Imagination —  
She’s just imagination  
Or psychic manifestation  
She’s just a metaphor.  
A message, a prediction, a revelation!

If he’ll look at me, all will be well  
If I wake up, he’ll come home  
If I can scream, I will wake up  
He must see me!  
Wake up, wake up!

### GUITARIST

Is all time simultaneous?  
A billion universes precariously  
balanced,

### LUCHA

I know this song...

### GUITAR PLAYER

Ready to fall forward or back?  
The uncertainty principle is love.

### LUCHA

Is this a dream?

### GUITAR PLAYER

Alternate universes  
Quantum universes  
Parallel dimensions  
Parallel worlds  
Parallel hells

### LUCHA

The past has swallowed you up  
And I can’t bring you back.

### CREDITS:

Music: Veronika Krausas

Text: Tom Jacobson

Lucha: Delaram Kamareh

Saxophone: Sam Gendel

Guitar: Vikram Devasthali

Double bass: Patrick Taylor

Drums: Kevin Yokota





# 16. “HADES” CHAPTER 26

*(Lucha has just woken to a new and strange world, close to a gate at the mouth of a mysterious river.)*

## LUCHA

Every morning I wake in a new place of disbelief,  
a new realm of heartbreak,  
but what fresh torture have I come to now?  
Am I no longer in my own city?  
And yet, I'd leave it all behind, everything I once knew.  
What's left if Jameson's gone?  
How can I live in perdition alone?  
While my flesh burns, I can only weep for him.  
Jameson?

*(She encounters a Boatman.)*

## LUCHA

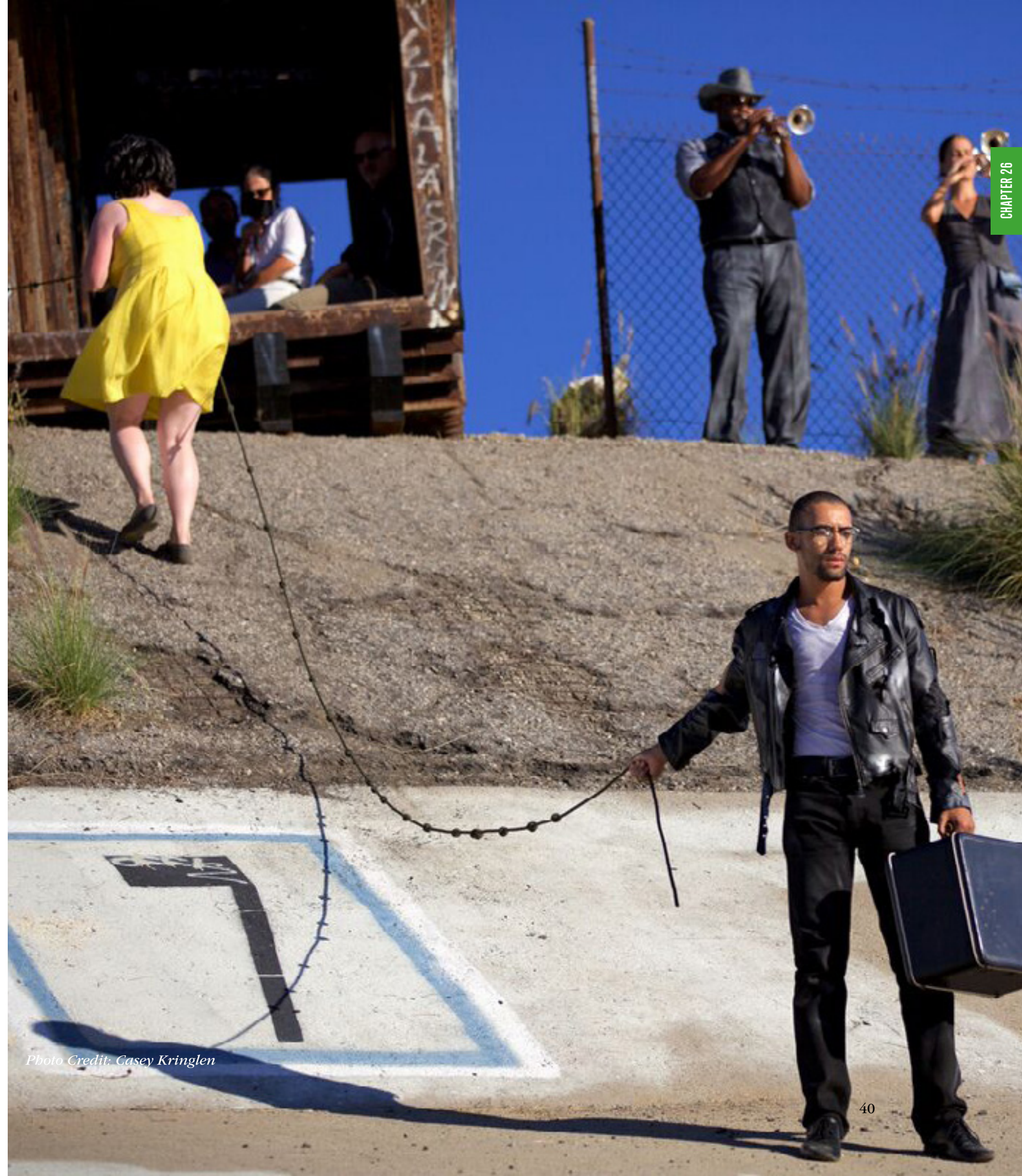
Please, sir.  
Can you tell me where I am?

## BOATMAN

A place you don't belong.  
But I can see that wouldn't trouble you,  
not after the struggle you've endured to find him.  
Oh, you're surprised, are you, that I knew?  
Yes, your precious Jameson passed this way.

## LUCHA

Jameson? But I've been looking everywhere! If it's him...



*Photo Credit: Casey Kringle*



**BOATMAN**

It's him, but I can't let you through.  
 Look, I can see that you love him,  
 but passion alone won't save anyone in this place.  
 No one gets through this gate before their time, Lucha.

**LUCHA**

You won't turn me away.  
 I've gone to the ends of the city.  
 I endured a hundred sleepless nights.  
 I've finally crossed into this horrific realm,  
 and no terror will separate us now.

**BOATMAN**

If you have no fear, I take pity on you.  
 I'll let you pass, but give you one warning, a fool's grace.  
 Follow the music. Do not stray.

*(She passes the Boatman and sees the river - and Jameson.)*

**LUCHA**

Jameson! Can this be real?  
 Oh, I thought I lost you forever.

**JAMESON**

Lucha? How can you be here?  
 Don't fall on me. How could you follow me to these depths?

**LUCHA**

I won't let you disappear like everyone else.  
 You said you would help me find myself,  
 and I'm lost without you.

**JAMESON**

You're lost with me, Lucha.  
 Leave me here in this place of my own design.

**LUCHA**

Why won't you come with me?  
 We'll both die if we stay here, together but afraid.

**JAMESON**

How is that any different from the way we were before?

*(The apparition of Lucha's father also appears.)*

**LUCHA**

Father? You're here too!  
 Then this really must be...

**FATHER**

Lucha!  
 This isn't your time!  
 You should have listened when the boatman told you to turn away. Can't you  
 see the stars will die, and your skies will plummet to the ground?  
 Your city will crumble, and the buildings will be nothing more than dust.

**LUCHA**

Would I be here if I wanted it any other way?  
 Do you see a city where it and me are whole?  
 I'm ready. Let the world fall.  
 For me, it already has.

**FATHER**

So you think. So you've created in your mind.  
 But this apocalypse will rage until you end it yourself, Lucha.  
 Make heaven of this hell.

**LUCHA**

Must I make heaven of this hell?

*(Lucha begins to escape.)*



**LUCHA**

Father! Jameson!

**FATHER**

Don't be afraid to save yourself!

*(Lucha is pulled away from the river. She is now left alone.)*

**LUCHA**

**How do I start over again?**

**How do you leave  
someone behind?**

**How do you save yourself  
and change your life,  
making paradise in a  
world of fire?**

**CREDITS:**

Music: David Rosenboom

Text: Erin Young

Lucha: Rebekah Barton

Boatman: Patrick Blackwell

Jameson: Nicholas LaGesse

Lucha's Father: Babatunde Akinboboye

Echo Voices: Katarzyna Sadej, Micaela Tobin, Jennifer Weiss

Percussion: Cory Hills, Craig Shields, Nick Terry

Trumpet: Nicolas Bejarano, Patrick Hoff, Sarah Reid, Aaron Smith

Tracking/Mixing Engineer: John Baffa

Engineering Assistant: Zachary Crumrine

Recorded at

The Dizzy Gillespie Digital Recording Studio in

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California Institute of the Arts

Mixed at TV Tray Studios

Supported in part by the Richard Seaver Distinguished Chair in Music,  
California Institute of the Arts

# 17. CHAPTERS 27-30

## SYNOPSIS:

Lucha rips off the headband and, in a moment of clarity, remembers the line from the phone call: “A thousand streets lead into one great road, and no gate blocks your way.” The streets clear, and she begins to drive. Waiting for her at her door is Orlando, returned from Paris.

As the new couple drives the streets of Los Angeles, they remark how much the city has changed, and how life ultimately is a series of unanswered questions. They begin a new life together—getting married, adopting a child, and starting a successful new musical duo. Visions of the past occasionally haunt them, especially Lucha, who feels a need to ritualistically say goodbye to the trauma of her life with Jameson.

## CREDITS:

### Chapter 27

Music improvised by gnarwhallaby  
Text: Janine Salinas Schoenberg

### Chapter 28 (Recorded live in a car)

Music: Michelle Shocked  
Text: Jane Stephens Rosenthal

Lucha: Michelle Shocked  
Orlando: Paul Berkolds

### Chapter 29

Music: Andrew Norman  
Lucha Voice-over: Ashley Elizabeth Allen

Flute: Erin McKibben

### Chapter 30

Music improvised by gnarwhallaby  
Text: Janine Salinas Schoenberg  
Voice-over: Gabriel Romero



ORLANDO

**It seems our lives  
are divided up  
into a series of  
stories. With only  
the passage of  
time showing us  
the pages that are  
yet to be written.**

And as much as we would like to skip through certain chapters, we must experience them all to get to where we ultimately need to be.

Through the journeys of love and loss, we come to understand who we really are and what our true purpose is.



# 18. “LUCHA AND ORFEO”

## CHAPTER 31

(Recorded live at the Million Dollar Theater)

**LUCHA**

A familiar story—  
It meant so much to me all those years ago, so many years ago, but not  
that night. You knew I was about to laugh and you grabbed my  
arm so I wouldn't embarrass you. Why'd you bring me,  
Jameson? An aria, no, a recitative—

**TENOR**

*Possente spirito*

**LUCHA**

Everything else disappeared—  
All the sets, the rest of the audience...  
I can't remember anything else  
But this voice, this song . . .

**TENOR**

*E formidabil nume—*

**LUCHA**

This awful passion—this desperate voice that broke my heart.

**TENOR**

*Senza cui far passaggio a l'altra riva  
Alma da corpo sciolta in van presume.*

**LUCHA**

He's begging, he's pleading—  
He's bargaining with someone—

**TENOR**

*Non viv'io, no—*

**LUCHA**

He's saying he's not living...

**ORFEO**

*Che poi di vita è priva*

**LUCHA**

But who?  
*Senza corazon...*  
What does he want?

**ORFEO**

*Mia cara sposa, il cor non è più meco*

**LUCHA**

But why? Why do you cry?  
Why do you, Jameson?

**ORFEO**

*E senza cor com'esser può ch'io viva?*

**LUCHA**

I wish you could tell me.  
I wish you were here.  
I wish you could-  
I wish I spoke Italian!

**ORFEO**

*A lei volt'ho 'l camin—  
Per l'aer cieco*

**LUCHA**

I remember—he's looking for his wife!

**ORFEO**

*A l'Inferno non già, ch'ovunque stassi*

**LUCHA**

She died!  
She disappeared.  
You disappeared.

**ORFEO**

*Tanta bellezza il paradiso ha seco.*

**LUCHA**

Where did you go?  
Where did she go?  
She went to hell.  
I went there too...

**ORFEO**

*Orfeo son io*

**LUCHA**

I never found you—  
I searched everywhere we went  
together  
To find where you had gone.  
At Angel's Point  
Then driving...  
Driving to our picnic in the park.

**TENOR**

*Segue per queste tenebrose arene—  
Ove già mai per uom mortal non  
vassi.  
O de le luci mie luci serene*

**LUCHA**

...where first we went together  
Then driving

**TENOR**

*Sol tu, nobile dio puoi darmi aita  
Sol tuo, nobile Dio, puoi darmi aita,*

**LUCHA**

To the cemetery  
No, not there  
Then driving  
Driving

**TENOR**

*Nè temer dei, che sopra una aurea  
Cetra Sol di corde soavi armo le dita  
Contra cui rigid' alma in van  
s'impetra.*

**LUCHA**

To the river  
He wants to cross the river  
His love across the river  
You knew I'd remember,  
Now I remember,  
You've made me remember,

Don't cross without me!  
Don't cross!

**TENOR**

*Rendetemi il mio ben, tartarei numi!*

**LUCHA**

The memory of a moment...  
Don't cross...  
That's all you get.

*(She exits the theater.)*

**CREDITS**

Music: Marc Lowenstein  
Text: Tom Jacobson

Orfeo: James Onstad  
Lucha: Jennifer Lindsay  
Violin I: Erick Clark  
Violin II: Mona Tian





# 19. CHAPTERS 32-35

## **Chapter 32** (Recorded live in a car)

Music: Andrew Norman

Text: Jose Ortega y Gasset, *Meditations on Quixote*, and Yuval Sharon

Young Orlando: Gabriel Garcia

Cello: Derek Stein/Betsy Rittig

## **Chapter 33** (Recorded live at the Toy Factory Building's rooftop and elevator)

Music: Ellen Reid

Text: Mandy Kahn

Lucha: Marja Liisa Kay

Trumpet: Jonah Levy

Horn: Matthew Otto, Tawnee Lynn

Violin: Orin Hildestad

Viola: Melinda Rice

Trombone: Tony Rinaldi/Matt Barbier

## **Chapter 34**

Music improvised by gnarwhallaby

Text: Jane Stephens Rosenthal

Voice-over: Jane Stephens Rosenthal

## **Chapter 35**

Music: Marc Lowenstein

Text: Mandy Kahn

Lucha: Susanna Guzman

Younger Lucha: Maria Elena Altany

*Photo Credit: Dana Ross*





# 20. “TO FIND THE CENTER” (EXCERPT) CHAPTER 36

(Recorded live at the Central Hub, Los Angeles, CA)

Still needing to go to the market, to change the sheets, to do the dishes, to feed the cat, to cut the roses, to gather up the leaves. To get the transmission looked at, to get the hair trimmed, to listen to the messages, to return the phone call, to shave, to finish the book, to go for a run, to turn the phone off at night, to cook the chicken, to steam the broccoli, to turn on the rice. There is a breeze. To wash out the coffee pot, to go to the meeting, to find the center, to make the date, to remember the present, to not forget everyone’s names, to close the windows, to lock the doors, to pray, to get the mail, to find the center, to go to the post office, to read the paper, to donate to the candidate, to not worry.

The fall does come.

To change the light bulbs, to learn how to value, to not be shamed, to take care of the raccoons, to find the best plants for shade, to text the sister-in-law, to not think about babies, to not think about the freeway, to book the flights, to not mention the money, to call the sponsor, to do the steps, to clean the blender, to give away the clothes, to wipe down the baseboards, to find the bathtub, to balance the checkbook, to pay the bills, to check the bank account, to cash the check, there is a breeze,

## to remember the scenery does change.

### **CREDITS:**

Music: Andrew Norman

Text: Jane Stephens Rosenthal

Bicyclist: Lindsay Patterson

Percussion: Matt Cook

Bass: Scott Worthington

Performers: Maria Elena Altany, Sarah Beaty, Paul Berkholds, Laura Bohn, Quayla Bramble, David Castillo, Jameson Cherilus, Neelamjit Dhillon, Madeline Falcone, Victoria Fox, Gabriel Garcia, Suzanna Guzman, Peter Howard, Delaram Kamareh, Marja Liisa Kay, Jon Keenan, Sharon Kim, Nicholas LaGesse, Jennifer Lindsay, Erin McKibben, Ray McNamara, Jessica Mirshak, Jxel Rajchenberg, Melinda Rice, Landon Shaw, Michelle Shocked, Jane Stephens Rosenthal, Derek Stein, Kirsten Wiest, Damon Zick



Photo Credit: Casey Kringlen



# ALBUM PRODUCTION CREDITS

Produced by The Industry  
Concept and Direction by Yuval Sharon  
Music Direction by Marc Lowenstein  
Executive Producer Elizabeth Cline  
Performed in Los Angeles, California October - November 2015  
Produced, Mixed and Engineered by Lewis Pesacov (except where noted)  
Mastered by Reuben Cohen at Lurssen Mastering, Los Angeles CA  
Recorded November 2015 - September 2016  
Graphic Design by Nils Davey

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Special thanks to The Industry Board of Directors, David Rosenboom, Ash Nichols, Corinne Dewitt, Lucas Morin, Dean Grosbard and DOTDOTDOTMUSIC.

gnarwhallaby is:  
Brian Walsh, clarinets and saxophones  
Matt Barbier, trombones and euphonium  
Derek Stein, cello  
Richard Valitutto, piano and keyboards  
[www.gnarwhallaby.com](http://www.gnarwhallaby.com)



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Marc Lowenstein  
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