

The
INDUSTRY

STAR
CHOIR



THE INDUSTRY PRESENTS STAR CHOIR

**MUSIC BY MALIK GAINES, WORDS BY ALEXANDRO SEGADE
MOUNT WILSON OBSERVATORY, SEPT 30 & OCT 1, 2023**

The terrain in these mountains is difficult for us, yet here we are doing an opera, a very human idea. The Mt. Wilson observatory is an historic portal to the universe, and the perfect place to not only see, but also listen to and feel our own place inside of the cosmic. It's been a pleasure working with this group of people to make this performance happen, narrating the ends of human expenditure while inhabiting this grand-scale art form and in this dense part of history. After much uncertainty, our fictional crew of space colonists will come to lay the groundwork for a future that they wouldn't themselves recognize. Our own imagining of future-worlds has been influenced by speculative fiction writers, sci-fi movies and TV, visionary composers and musicians, our shifting environments, and scholars who think about the difficult entanglements of species and coloniality. This work is especially indebted to the inspiration of novelist Octavia E. Butler. We began STAR CHOIR when we were invited to respond to Butler's Pasadena archive by Clockshop LA. We continued to develop the work over several years, particularly in residencies at the Headlands Center for the Arts, at Williams College, and with support from New York's Park Avenue Armory. Now, it's our honor to share this premiere with you. The fantasy that we could destroy our planet before it destroys us is absurdly human-centric, but beneath that is a persistent, collective awareness that life itself is change.

— *Malik Gaines and Alexandro Segade*

CREATIVE TEAM

Malik Gaines	<i>Composer / Co-Director</i>
Alexandro Segade	<i>Librettist / Co-Director</i>
Marc Lowenstein	<i>Music Director</i>
Milka Djordjevic	<i>Movement Director</i>
Daniel Leyva	<i>Media Designer</i>
Chu-Hsuan Chang	<i>Lighting Designer</i>
Jonathan Burke	<i>Sound Designer, A1</i>
Natalie Barshow	<i>Costume Designer</i>
Johanna Stroebel	<i>Animator</i>

ENSEMBLE

Sarah Beaty	<i>Alto</i>
Carmen Edano	<i>Alto</i>
Mikaela Elson	<i>Soprano</i>
Kelci Hahn	<i>Soprano</i>
Shyheim Selvan Hinnant	<i>Baritone</i>
Jon Lee Keenan	<i>Tenor</i>
Ben Lin	<i>Baritone</i>
Gregório Taniguchi	<i>Tenor</i>

ORCHESTRA

Marlon Martinez	<i>Bass</i>
Ethan Philbrick	<i>Cello</i>
Elizabeth Huston	<i>Harp</i>
Malik Taylor	<i>Horn</i>
Lucy Yates	<i>Keyboard</i>
Guillermo Brown	<i>Percussion</i>

PRODUCTION

Amber Dettmers	<i>Stage Manager</i>
Rita Santos	<i>Assistant Stage Manager</i>
Hailey Mashburn	<i>Assistant Production Manager</i>
Marcus Matthews	<i>Video Operator</i>
Scott Garner	<i>Video Crew</i>
Juliana Romero	<i>Wardrobe Supervisor</i>
Kerstin Heinrich	<i>Lighting Operator/Programmer</i>
Danny Fiandaca	<i>A2</i>
Patrick Santa Ana, Jonathan Lopez	<i>Hair and Makeup</i>
Dean Grosbard	<i>Supertitles</i>
Kevin Johnson-Sather	<i>Assistant Producer</i>
Jodie Landau	<i>Copyist</i>
Argel Rojo	<i>Promotional Photography</i>
Daniel Leyva	<i>Star Choir Logo Design</i>
Traci Larson-Katz	<i>Program Design</i>
Michael Thomas, Argel Rojo, Cuyler Ballenger	<i>Videographers</i>
Grant Gerrard, W. Alejandro Melendez, Kenny Valera	<i>Load In</i>
Joshua Hill, Adam Linde, Wyatt Larrabee, Megan Maguire, Phoebe Nance, On Shiu, Angeline Storey, Virginia Trent, Lanae Wilks	<i>Front of House</i>

THE INDUSTRY

Yuval Sharon	<i>Founder, Co-Artistic Director</i>
Ash Fure	<i>Co-Artistic Director</i>
Malik Gaines	<i>Co-Artistic Director</i>
Marc Lowenstein	<i>Music Director</i>
Tim Griffin	<i>Executive Director</i>
Tony Shayne	<i>Production Director</i>
Brian Sea	<i>Producer</i>
Lindsey D. Schoenholtz	<i>Institutional Development Manager</i>
Raul Abarca	<i>Production Intern</i>

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**Emeritus*

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INDUSTRY MEMBERS

DJ Abruzzo, Eva Anderson, Eusebio Aynaga, Angela Barto, Barbara Bestor, Barbara Bogaev, Justin Boone, Francisco Bracho, Tony Braswell, Thomas Brod, Dawn Burkhardt, Andrew Bush, Jeffrey Calman, Barbara Cohn, Stephanie Council, Carlo D'Itri, John Davies, Bonnie Davis, Michael Detto, Steven Drucker, Peter B Ellis, Russ Fure, Emily G, Olga Garay-English, Gloria Gerace, Alex Gootter, Rachel Harris, Asher Hartman, David Hurwitz, Charlene Huston, Wayne Jones, Joyce Larson, Rosemary Macedo, Robina Mapstone, Lisa Mark, Matt Matzkin, Kathy Maynard, The Miko Levines, Joel Miller, Joe Moore, Joy Neri, Nick Norton, Francis Nyhan, Renee Ordeneaux, Maria Pacana, Bruce Piner, Marc Posch, Diane Reynolds, Joyce Rubin, KT Somero, Durian Songbird, Anne-Marie Spataru, Cheryl Stecher, Rand Steiger, John Stevenson, Robert Sykes, William Tetreault, Teila Theisen, Tracy Van Fleet, Anuradha Vikram, Tina Vince, Richard Winger, Mimi Zeiger, Ralph & Maria Ziman, Patty Zuber

SYNOPSIS

The Stars observe the folly of the last of humanity, and ruminate on their own (not infinite) lifespans (**STARS**). The Pioneers on the Ark awake from suspended animation (**BREATHS**), as we are introduced to the crew, including: Farmchitect Saanvi (Kelci Hahn), Astrozoologist Imani (Mikaela Elson), Trendcaster Tônio (Gregório Tanaguchi), Archiavrtist Koa (Jon Lee Keenan), Exomedic Daryan (Ben Lin), Ergotech Mekh (Shyheim Selvan Hinnant), SpecRepairs Jing (Carmen Edano) and Genengineer Aiste (Sarah Beaty). They name the planet Aurora (**PIONEERS**). Meanwhile, the planet responds: the Symbiote (Gregório Tanaguchi) fights back against the invasion with an immune response. (**ALLERGENS**). The colony is established; the medical team sifts through data detailing a series of effects the new world is having on the colonists (**SYMPTOMS**). Group representatives report on their progress at a meeting, only to break into factions, as the stress of the situation increases. Will they repeat the mistakes humanity made on earth? What are the effects the strange lichen covering the planet is having on their all-too-earthling bodies? And why are they hearing each other's thoughts? (**COLONY**). The colony breaks apart – a desperate few send a farewell message out into space (**TRANSMISSION**). We then observe some of the life on the planet: the decapods who graze the lichen (**DECAPODS**), all parts of the Holobiont – a multi-species organism that communicates beyond words (**HOLOBIONT**). The crew dissolve; human minds become part of the planetary awareness (**HALLUCINOGENS**), and, though painful, new ways of living are formed (**NOMADS**). A telepathic culture, where communication is felt across bodies, materials, and spaces, develops, described to us by the Descendant (Kelci Hahn) in a psychic poem (**HIVE**). For a while, there is counterpoint and rhythm, as the hybrid-no-longer-humans have become the Dwellers of the Undercave, Swimmers of the Dark Shore, and Roamers of the High Plain (**SIGNAL**). And then, the Stars return: when one goes supernova, the planet, and all life on it, comes to an end (**GALAXIES**).

LIBRETTO

STARS

BLUE STARS

every one of us a sun
born in flames so luminous
every one of us a sun
blue stars
new stars
greedy and needy
giving ourselves away
we live too long
we straggle blue
cooling red
we die
like you
we eat each other
what makes you think
we won't eat you?
every one of us a sun
born in flames so luminous
every one of us a sun
blue stars
new stars
the matter we make
matters to you
it is you
look! is that an asteroid
sailing through the void
heading to another planetoid?
hahahahahahahaha

RED STARS

every one of us a sun
when we cool we are done
every one of us a sun
red stars
dead stars
flashy and trashy
cosmic junk to the core
we have our time
we straggle blue
cooling red
we die
like you
white dwarf corpses
litter the universe
there's entropy too
every one of us a sun
when we cool we are done
every one of us a sun
red stars
dead stars
you make me sad
what matters to you?
what did you do?
look! is that an asteroid
sailing through the void
heading to another planetoid?
Ohohohohohohohoh



PIONEERS

SAANVI, IMANI + AISTE

we awoke, group by group
clear polymer shell sliding back into
its sheath
our gasping lungs released

DARYAN, JING + KOA

our egg-shaped eyes peeled back to blink
the mirror of the face of another
distorted
by the loss of homely gravity

DARYAN, AISTE + TONIO

our bones, our lungs, ours eyes
contoured to a new found shape
human still we hugged skin close
feeling our weightless bones

DARYAN, AISTE, TONIO, JING + MEKH

then, we woke the others

ALL

oblong eyes opening

IMANI

in a world new to them

ALL

the ark landed
humanity was saved!

SAANVI + IMANI + MEKH

ten by ten we went to work

SAANVI + AISTE + DARYAN

the physi-crew and medi-team

JING + TONIO + DARYAN

the psych-team and bio-crew

IMANI + KOA + MEKH

the rehab-crew and socio-team

IMANI + AISTE+ TONIO + DARYAN

organizing other teams and crews
five hundred human groups

SAANVI, IMANI, KOA, DARYAN + MEKH

productive clusters set to work

AISTE + SAANVI

architects turned on their robot builders

AISTE + TONIO

gene-seed farmers checked android tillers

AISTE + JING

engineers assembled systemic aqua filters

KOA, TONIO + DARYAN

lastly let's recall

those whose contribution would be
human continuity:

SAANVI, IMANI + JING + KOA

archivists hold the dust

scattered light years back

artists draw a future

lines scrawled to trace our tracks

ALL

humanity was saved

the ark touched down

but what was our character to be
on this unpeopled ground?

JING + IMANI

our ark sent probes to sample those

planets, moons and planetoids

even a few asteroids

upon which life could be found

and many thousands of such places

occupy the outer spaces

this place was the first to pass the test
calculated to sustain us best

TONIO, KOA, DARYAN + MEKH

the hull doors squeaked and peeled back

as we saw a world of gray, grayish, black

TONIO

hard obsidian hills

IMANI

softened by ashen lichen

AISTE

achromatic skies

KOA

cloudy vapors neutralize

DARYAN

reflected in the onyx tides

TONIO, KOA, DARYAN + MEKH

colorless landscape

neither dream nor nightmare could inspire
some of us began to cry

SAANVI

to reach a world

to save a race

JING

settlers doomed

IMANI

to settle this place

SAANVI

our boots took the step from our ship's
solid floor

to the shifting surface beyond the door

granules moved under a foamy loam

oxygen winds blew, in we breathed

stinging atmosphere inward seethed

yes, at first, it hurt to breathe

and thundering sounds hurt our ears

and as we mentioned, there were tears

but then Imani pointed to the view

Koa laughed, and Jing gasped too

Aurora?

SAANVI, IMANI, JING + AISTE

Aurora.

ALL

Aurora!

an arc light greeted the ark's pioneers

as photons danced in the atmosphere

the light of change

never be the same

and from aurora

changes came

as blue hit our eyes cerulean

as red hit our eyes vermilion

from yellow made gold

from green came verdant memories

of what had transpired

the new life this exodus inspired

as the old life had inspired this exodus

this exodus inside of us

ALLERGENS

SYMBIOTE

what is this what is this what is this pain
make it stop make it stop make it stop
tickling cutting
jutting into us
our mass
our body
our cells
who is this who is this who is this pain
make them stop make them stop make them stop

perforating separating
invading us
our mass
our body
our cells
we don't want we don't want we don't want them here
make them go make them go make them go
reacting attacking cracking
our mass, our body, our cells
no!
no!
no!

defend the mass defend the body defend the cells
immunize automatic spores
release
produce
a counterattack
our mind
our being
our cells
invaders uninvited
aliens unwanted
colonizers un-sustained
microbiome allergens
flutter on the wind
spray a way
into their brains

SYMPTOMS

AISTE

Checking on your progress
Before the big meeting.
SocioTeam's pressuring
Cloning centers up and running.
Don't let the perfect
Be the enemy of the good.

AISTE

Checking on your progress
Before the big meeting.
SocioTeam's pressuring
Cloning centers up and running.
Don't let the perfect
Be the enemy of the good.

DARYAN

Nightmares,
Night sweats,
Voices,
Visions,
Spasms,
Hives.

DARYAN

I dreamed I was you
My face the face of another
Changing in the strange new light
Of this strange new Aurora!
Changing in the strange new light
Of this strange new Aurora!

AISTE

Population numbers must increase.
The trend is in the other direction,
And that's not good for the colony.
Let's review the report, shall we?

DARYAN + AISTE

Exomedical Self-Examination Conducted
By Members of the MediTeam and PhysiCrew.
Symptoms observed:
Sleeplessness
Dissociation
Paranoia
Cognitive disruption
Obsessive behavior
Rash

AISTE

Sounds like generalized anxiety disorder.
We can correct for that.
Recommendation?

DARYAN

Prohibit propagation of human life
Until pathogenic analysis is complete.



COLONY

JING

Monday was an arbitrary decision
But how else could we organize the time?
so a Monday morning was chosen
and the colony devised a plan for time
the architecture crew assembled our modular homes
the planters laser-printed greenhouse domes

KOA

Sunday we dubbed the planet “Aurora”
in honor of the light show that greeted us
monday we sat in our new school house
and thought, how this new planet needed us
survival united our people and got us here
yet science is what propelled us and brought us here

IMANI

Saturday the bio-crew tracked the decapods
ten-legged beasts that roamed the plains
living off lichen, these moose-like decapods
lichen spread across the land-mass like a stain
we decided not to destroy them, it wasn't our mission
they were just wild animals, not our competition

TONIO

Friday the SocioTeam reported a problem
spike on a graph, trending for days
friday the psych-team said behaviors were shifting
suicidal thoughts were reported in waves
bad dreams, they said, but the trauma was real
Old wounds scar as they heal

IMANI, DARYAN + AISTE

Thursday the colonies elected officials

TONIO, KOA, JING + MEKH

We chose our leaders though popular vote

IMANI, DARYAN + AISTE

Thursday we debated, through ascent and dismissal

TONIO, KOA, JING + MEKH

we made propositions and put them to a vote

IMANI, TONIO, KOA, JING, AISTE, DARYAN + MEKH

the colony's opportunity to see humanity re-made

IMANI, TONIO, JING + DARYAN

though some heard slurs in the speeches we made

JING

It was always so suspicious, how it started
Wealthy hideaways on the first floating rocks!

TONIO

A history of resource hoarding.
We're different now. We're not vain people.
We can apply solutions to the problem

IMANI

Life on this planet has no culture - no society to disrupt!
Not colonialism, just a colony.
We are like honey bees!

KOA

More like red ants.

JING

More like termites.
we killed our home, we drained it
can't be trusted

TONIO

we had to get fuel from somewhere.

MEKH

we get what we deserve.

IMANI

For our species to survive...
We had to go!

KOA

only the ghosts are still with us.

TONIO

we're traumatized —
it's what you get from
a million light years
in suspended animation.

KOA

ghosts?

TONIO

a side effect —

DARYAN

I want to leave here, want to leave my body.
something from outside has gotten in.
like a bug burrowed in my skin...

AISTE

Your scans have different implications.

TONIO

Hypnotherapy suggested.

IMANI

Planet 85K: Aurora is clean.
it's us plus the ten-legged grazers,
and the lichen they prune.
A symbiotic ecosystem.
lichen covered surface.
Adapted to terrain,
Slight changes, cosmetic,
all connected,
contiguous.
Luckily,
not toxic.

KOA

It's like a skin,
The rocks are like bones.

JING

What does that make us?

KOA

The oceans are dark.
people get lost in them.
diving off cliffs.
for fun I guess?

MEKH

We get what we deserve.

IMANI

the lichen is more
than one organism.
we could have
an allergy...

AISTE

or it could be allergic to us.
what if the
immune system
of this symbiosis
is attacking
us?

TONIO

paranoia.
damaged.
seeing things.
feeling things.

DARYAN

or we could have a virus,
inside us.

KOA

or we could swim
into the waves
under the fading
aurora

JING

stop thinking!
stop getting in my head!
is that what you want —

DARYAN

there is something inside me.

KOA

something inside us.

SAANVI

we are inside us.

DARYAN

Wednesday the medi-team member's report
Data drawn from their own blood
Wednesday the exomedic purports
An unknown infection affecting half the team
Myself included, see this rash on my skin?
Diagnosis inconclusive
Prognosis, grim

SAANVI

tuesday was a riot on the colony campus
lab fractured, bewildered mobs
tuesday we screamed wailed cursed
at our thoughts
each lost in our own fears, own furies and sobs
this is how the colony came to swiftly unravel
the collective dispersed, scattered, and traveled



TRANSMISSION

MEKH

Transmission: Aurora to Terra
Rehab-Crew, Ergotechnics: Mekh.
Mayday, planet Earth, another world,
We'll both be gone by the time I sign off
This message in a bottle of space dust
SOS scattering, finding, maybe,
Earthlings lost, like us, like me,
Dwindling humanity.

AISTE

Transmission: Aurora to Terra
Medi-Team: Genengineer: Aiste
Daryan died yesterday.
Tonio's out of range on the Colorless Plain.
Jing took me to the "Under Cave."
To find Imani – lost for a week.
Saanvi stole a van, drove away.
Koa jumped into the waves.

KOA

Transmission: Aurora to Terra
Socio-Team: Archivist: Koa
Follow me to the Dark Shore,
Deep dive coral knowledge.
Gills open my rib cage,
Become a tadpole, forget people
Drowning names in the ocean.
Voices made of water.

JING

Transmission: Aurora to Terra
Rehab-Crew: SpecRepairs: Jing
Koa calls from the ocean.
Imani in the caves, echoing.
Saanvi heads to the High Steppes,
Roaming with a new herd,
Dwelling in the land mass,
Letting go of humanness.

DECAPODS

The history and life cycle of the decapod.

A lumbering decapod grazes lichen, communes with other decopods in elaborately structured herds. The ancestors of the decapods came from another planet, brought as cattle by a giant predator race of interstellar reptilian quadrupeds, who attempted to settle but were driven away by the telepathic immune system of the holobiont. Hearing one another's thoughts caused them to attack one another. They had a lot of weapons. A massacre ensued. Many of the reptiles died at each other's hands. When the last survivors escaped, they left the decapods, as well as other exogenous species brought along as food, behind. Only the decapods could handle hearing one another's thoughts — they thought a lot alike. The lichen found a use for them; the decapods fed off the lichen, only eating enough, tending to the health of the surface, minds and bodies intermingled with the lichen, a part of it. The decapod reproduction cycle is a simple cloning process: the clones grow from the back body; when they separate, the newborns are cared for by other decapods — not the ones from which they were cloned, but slightly older decapods that have not yet reached the cloning age. When a decapod lives out its years, approximately fifteen planetary revolutions after having cloned itself — only once! — they die. The decomposing body releases gasses into the atmosphere, adding vibrancies to the aurora, whose radiation lights and sustains the ecosystem.

HOLOBIONT

HOLOBIONT

Coral dives to die to live to be
Coral is the lichen is us
Lichen hums to play to strum to be
Lichen is the mushroom is we
Mushroom in the cave grows us
Mushroom is the microbe is we
The word is holobiont
A word for us
Remembered from where came we
Our host, our world, is us
Bacteria, archaea, viral, we
The word is holobiont
A word for us
A world for we

HALLUCINOGENS

HUMAN

the breast pulled from the mouth
words filling the tongue crowding out soft teeth
buy a house mother on the coast is on fire
dreamer
Water colored rainbow
oily guilty coating slimy skin of laptops
residue of city rain gunk clogs sinking coming back
dreamer
playground sewers
pull me through
galloping me away
from my clan
the cave light
is darkness trapped
dreamer
the hairs on my body
poison me
tunnels hiding
soldiers on fire
fire starters
click their gun shapes
dreamer
neighborhoods scratch my memory
memory of memory of memory
slave ships
courtrooms
mineshfts
dreamer
hemorrhage office job aneurysm
my mother
falls before me
i can't see
my brother disappearing melts
i can see
dreamer
it itches under fingernails and gums
will i kill you or me first or them
dismembering why it all happened
dreamer
remember the future plan to save my hands
whisper to me of a changing god
a change is going to come and change
dreamer
from this spoiled apartment building
this ruined city earth full of dead friends
for me to live again i run to the ark
dreamer
long ago animals bite my thoughts
i belong to sun behind ashy veil
these people, mom, say i can leave
dreamer
i have permission to keep my heart
pulsing like a star i come from a star
i will go back where i was made of
dreamer
and live for never ever
in promise of stars
dreamer

NON-HUMAN

i learned how to do this trick
from the first encounter with aliens
attracted to my sun's fire
thinker
exogenous to our world
they creep back
to their own stars
i learned how to turn them back
thinker
and since then other beings
apelike, reptilian, or tentacular
have landed here into my trap
thinker
i am in a star like cloth of billions
i repel intelligence and make it go away
twisting neurons to make new shapes
thinker
i am a pulse that moves through air
the aliens who come like the air
i fly then swim through their mind shafts
thinker
i know the way into the brains
of these new invading two-legs
i know how to make them see
thinker
see why they do not belong
see what they have done
see what has happened
thinker
my intelligence belongs
i sense new intelligence
together we share sense space
thinker
my power's weapon is against
singular intelligence
connection unbearable
thinker
new ones become new
when they
lose themselves
and die away
meshing tissues of our mind
thinker
deep inside the other's skull
a harmonic push and pull
they are what I am made of
thinker
after all we all are
just made of stars
thinker



NOMADS

*psych-team and bio-crew
rehab-crew and socio-team
medi-team and physi-crew*

*dwellers of the under cave
swimmers of the dark shore
roamers of the high steppe*

*dwellers
under cave
swimmers
dark shore
roamers
high steppe*

and so we roam

splintered
reaching hands among the splinters
fingers rough with cuts

and so we roam
keeping to our crews and teams
even those, ripping seams
mending them, silently
we roam

painful
speaking words became so painful
sound stung by voice

and so we go
breaking up our teams and crews
taking then, a tribal turn
language wanders aimlessly
we know

hidden
safe in caves, let's stay hidden
eyes don't see me

and so we roam
side by side we stay alive
side by side but far apart
side by side we stay alive
and so we roam
side by side but far apart

side by side we stay alive
side by side but far apart

splintered, painful, hidden...

some died with it
some were born with it
but slowly
the headache eased
and we learned
we have been tricked
we have been taught
in our dreams
and in our thoughts
we can roam
and not get caught
but feel each other
across the globe
as aurora makes us
be its home
aurora

aurora
aurora
hidden
then
found
painful
but
truthful
splintered
and
re-built

hidden
found
painful

truthful
splintered
rebuilt

HIVE

DESCENDENT

telepathy
communicate
through thoughts
no more words
no more bad translation
we have evolved
telepathy
saner generations
to mad parents
adapted developed
telepathy
those humans born
who could survive
those microbes
who could live
in those humans
the lichen's allergy
developed telepathy
the spores share
the pictures
in human minds
across space-time
the archivist's memories
the farmer's skills
the architect's tools
all sharing telepathy
our bones hollowed
from gravity
our eyes shaped
by its force
our brains inhabited
we've changed to
telepathy
new species
in the same body
live together
all of us
the humans
the microbes
connected by
telepathy
the lichen on the land
fed by rainbow's water
lit by aurora's light
telepathy

SIGNAL

DWELLERS

Dwellers of the Under Cave –
Write poems about the tsunami,
the wave that could have killed us –
but it didn't.

Drip
Buzz

Heat
Breath

SWIMMERS

Pressure

Swimmers of the Dark Shore –
The ocean told us the earthquake
was coming. We became water and
poured the message along.

Flash

ROAMERS

Crack

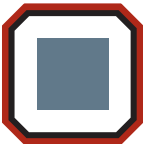
Drone

Roamers of the High Steppe –
Watch the Aurora, and listen to it
too.
The sky is full of signals, warnings
and messages.

GALAXIES

STARS

planets hover near us
planets crowd our space
do they matter to us?
we will take them with us
we are stars and when we die
we will take them all with us
this dark rock is covered with insects
scorch it with our supernova embrace
cleanse the galaxy of life in a final flame
planets hover near us
planets crowd our space
they think that they matter to us
we will take them with us
we are stars and when we die
we will take them all with us
the world your world will end soon enough
even if you do not kill it yourself
it will die in time take care give life time
planets hover near us
planets crowd our space
they think that they matter to us
we will take them with us
we are stars and when we die
we will take them all with us
you will die in time take care give life time



The INDUSTRY

During the past decade, The Industry has been proud to welcome audiences to some of the most groundbreaking artistic projects staged anywhere in the world—collaborative works not only challenging our understanding of opera, but also expanding our fundamental conception of art's relationship with both culture and the public spaces we occupy in daily life.

From meditations on urban living found in *Invisible Cities* (2013), set within the grand concourse of Los Angeles's Union Station, to a reckoning with America's self-mythologizing in *Sweet Land* (2020)—whose performances summoned the resonant history of Los Angeles State Historic Park as the land of the Tongva people—The Industry's productions have always used striking beauty as a means to re-think and recast traditional hierarchies and assumptions in art and the world around us.

Made by The Industry's Co-Artistic Director Malik Gaines and Alexandro Segade, STAR CHOIR represents a next chapter in this story. Inspired by writers such as Octavia Butler and Donna Haraway, the work imagines both new subjectivities and new ways of being together: a new world. It is only natural that this opera should be situated in Mt. Wilson Observatory, where our very grasp of the universe — of time, and of space—was revolutionized with the discovery of redshift measurements indicating that our real world is, after all, continually expanding.

We cannot thank you enough for joining us today, and for your continued support of our collaborative enterprise—especially as we are on the cusp of celebrating our 10th anniversary, with still other landmark works from our artistic co-directors Yuval Sharon, Ash Fure, and Gaines on the horizon. Only through your commitment is such work possible, and we will look forward to seeing you time and again in the days to come.

With deepest appreciation,

Tim Griffin

Executive Director

The Industry



The Industry relies on the generosity of supporters like you.

Please make your donation today! Visit theindustry.org/membership to learn how to become a member.

ABOUT THE INDUSTRY

Founded in 2010 by opera director Yuval Sharon, The Industry is a Los Angeles-based opera company that expands on the operatic form, bringing together interdisciplinary artists to create collaborative performances that engage the cultural landscape of Los Angeles. Widely known as “the coolest opera company in the world” (KUSC), The Industry is on “the leading edge of operatic innovation” (Wired Magazine). The Industry prizes site-specific approaches that challenge the traditional relationship between the artist and the spectator and the relationship between the spectator and the community. Above all, The Industry values experimentation, collaboration, and boldness. The Industry is led by its Artistic Director Cooperative (Sharon, Gaines, and sonic artist Ash Fure), which was created in 2020 to bolster the vision and expand the artistic programming of the Industry, and new Executive Director, Tim Griffin.

In June of 2024, The Industry will premiere the highly anticipated *Comet / Poppea*, a captivating fusion of new music by George Lewis and libretto by Douglas Kearney with Claudio Monteverdi’s Baroque masterpiece. Directed by Yuval Sharon and created in partnership with *AMOC (American Modern Opera Company) and Supper Club, this hybrid work questions notions of power, race, and the social and political dimensions of opera itself.



For more information on The Industry, visit theindustry.org.

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

Malik Gaines & Alexandro Segade have collaborated for decades, on theater, film, video, installation and live performance art. They have founded several collaborative groups, including the collective My Barbarian, founded with Jade Gordon in 2000, which has been the recent subject of a survey exhibition and performance program at the Whitney Museum of American Art, and a monograph published by the Whitney Museum and Yale University Press. My Barbarian’s work has been presented at LACMA, The Hammer Museum, REDCAT, SFMOMA, MoMA, The Studio Museum in Harlem, The Kitchen, The New Museum, Participant Inc. and many other U.S. venues; and internationally at Museo El Eco, Mexico City; DeAppel, Amsterdam; Townhouse Gallery, Cairo; The Power Plant, Toronto; El Matadero, Madrid, and others. They were included in two Performa Biennials, the Whitney Biennial, two California Biennials, the Montreal Biennial, and the Baltic Triennial.

Alexandro Segade’s transdisciplinary art projects envision spectacular queer world-building. His dystopian play “Future St.” published by Yale Theater Journal in 2017, and other multimedia science fiction performances have been presented at the Park Avenue Armory and Judson Church in NYC; Fisher Center for the Performing Arts, Bard College; Time-Based Art Festival, Portland, Oregon; Yerba Buena Center for the Arts, San Francisco; Vox Populi, Philadelphia; and LAXART, REDCAT, the Broad Museum in LA. Segade’s graphic novel, *The Context*, was published by Primary Information in May 2020, and his comics have appeared in *Artforum* and *Creative Time Comics*. Segade’s recent writing has been published in *Artforum*, *Keywords for Comics* (NYU Press, 2021), and *Comic Velocity* (Visual AIDS 2021). Segade is an assistant professor of Visual Arts at UC San Diego.

Malik Gaines’ composition work extends from a performance practice that has insistently defied boundaries, using genres of theater and media to address pressing social and political questions. Gaines’ music work has incorporated popular and avant-garde forms, from musical theater to progressive rock and soul to experimental sound with traditional influences. Gaines’ consistent project is to arrange for multiple voices, offering aural proposals for forms of collaboration, dialogue and dispute. Gaines is a writer and researcher, author of *Black Performance on the Outskirts of the Left: A History of the Impossible* (NYU Press, 2017) and many articles and essays about art and performance. Gaines joined The Industry’s Artistic Director Cooperative in 2021. He is also an associate professor in Visual Arts at UC San Diego.

-  BOX OFFICE CHECK IN
-  ENTRANCE QUEUE
-  VIP / RESERVED PARKING
-  GENERAL PARKING
-  SHUTTLE PICK UP / DROP OFF
-  RESTROOM

