

# CION: REQUIEM OF RAVEL'S BOLÉRO

1. U Jesu uzobuya nini  
Khona manje

When will Jesus come back  
Right now

2. Lament (wordless)

3. Wena kufa  
Wena kufa - Uzalwa ngu Mabani  
Wena Kufa - Unyoko ngu bani  
Udisiwakho - Luvela kuphi na  
Wena kufa - unyoko ngu bani

You death - who gave birth to you  
You death - who is your Mother  
Your root - where does it come from  
You death - who is your Mother

4. Bolero  
Siyanamukela kwi ncindezelu  
Yethu ejabulisalo  
Evusa imihlaba yenkohlakalo

We welcome you to our oppression  
Our oppression that gives joy  
Thaw wakes the people who are corrupt

Esimweni esikuso  
Uhambo lokufa  
Ukufa ukufa komzimba  
Ngoku phelele  
Ngokuphelele  
Nokubole kwe nyama

In the state that we are in  
The journey of the living dead  
And the death of the body  
Death in totality  
Totally, and the rotting of the flesh

Ho dula- ho Falla  
Di Tsheho- Di keledi  
Bohloko- Lethabo  
Tehleho - mopotso  
Hobata- mofuthu  
Mabitla-Malapa  
Lififi-Lebone  
Bothotho- Bohlale

To stay - to scatter  
The smiles - the tears  
Pain - joy  
The loss - the gain  
The cold - the warmth  
The grave - the homes  
The dark - the light

Wena uhlekisa ngezikhalo zethu  
Ndindedwa ndilihlwempu  
Ndime qelele  
Ndize ndalahlek' esibelekweni mna  
Ngoba mna, ngoba mna nokufa oku.  
Singumtya, nethunga, ukuphela komzimba.

The foolishness - the wisdom  
You who makes fun of our cries  
I am alone isolated and standing far  
I even got lost in the womb  
Because me and this death  
We are the bucket and its handle

5. Wade in the Water (English)

6. Galo yephuka baleka

Run even if you lose your arm, run

7. Uzo hlala e nhlizweni yami

You will stay in my heart forever

8. Gumba mama ye (untranslatable)

9. Ihubo This is isthakazolo zakwa shozi  
(untranslatable)

10. Bolero (reprise)

## MALE MONOLOGUE

Ang'funi uku taxwa, ang'fune paycheque,  
angfuni moholo, angifuni uku sebenza.  
Ang'funi bangani, ang'fune kwaziwa,  
angimfuni umvakashi, angimfuni umakhel-  
wane.  
Angiwufuni umuzi, ang'funi address,  
ang'funi jaridi, ang'funi i-gate nomane gate  
angilifuni.  
Angiwufuni umunyango wase kishini,  
neskhiya SASE kishini, i-sink noma NE  
mpompi angizi finished.  
Angiyi finished i-tv, ang'funi sofa, tafule,  
decoder noma ine remote angiyifuni.  
Ang'funi mattras, sheedi, curtain, wardrobe  
nеспili angisifuni.  
Angimfuni unkosikazi, ang'funi ndodakazi,  
ndodana, angibafuni abantwana.  
Angilifuni ikhanda, Nwele, ndlebe, 'hlombe,  
ngalo, nesandla, nayo iminwe.  
Angiwafuni amehlo, impumulo, umlomo,  
ilimi, nayo intamo.  
Angisifuni isifuba, intliziyo, amaphaphu,  
nesiso angisifuni.  
Aangwafuni amadolo, izithende, i-inzwane,  
ngisho nama qakala.  
Angwafuni amathambo, angilifuni negazi,  
imisipha, angiwufuni umphefumulo.

I don't want to be taxed, I don't need no pay-  
check nor salary, I don't want to work.  
I don't need no friends or to be known, I don't  
want any visitors nor neighbors.

I don't want a house, address, yard, gate,  
nor do I want a wall.

I don't want the key to the kitchen door nor  
the kitchen door, I don't want the sink and  
not even the tap.

I don't want any TV, no couch, no table, no  
decoder nor remote.

I don't want a mattress, no sheet, no curtains, no  
wardrobe, no mirror.

I don't need a wife, I don't want a daughter  
nor son. I don't want any children.

I don't want my head, hair, ear, shoulder,  
arm, hand nor my fingers.

I don't want these eyes, nose, mouth,  
tongue nor neck, my chest, heart, lungs and  
stomach I don't want.

I don't want my knees, heels, toes, and  
ankles.

I do not want my bones, I don't want this  
blood, veins, I don't want my breathe.

I don't want my penis.

## FEMALE MONOLOGUE

The story is told that the wizened old woman taught mothers never to love their children.

She walked from cabin to cabin dispensing her wisdom because her message must be infused  
through the veins of the earth the sciolist even makes her walk from plantation to plantation

Silent as the air we breathe without attracting the attention of the owners.

Mothers eagerly lapped up her words for they knew the dire consequences

Those who were weak enough to love to inspire of themselves received special lessons on how to  
cease confusing love with ownership.

Invariably they failed to appreciate the fine distinction and ended up regretting that they had  
loved at all

Some women Imbibed the lessons so well that they went beyond just not loving their children  
They developed a deep hatred for them  
They hated them for being the children who could not be loved  
If they had had the powers they would have strangled them in their womb.

Sometimes lessons failed and the wizened one resorted to concoctions that she brewed up in her  
cabin  
Concoctions that she had learned from those who had learned them from the shamans of the old  
continent, generations before

She gave them to pregnant women to harden their hearts so that they can be immune from loving  
what was growing inside of their bodies

# POST-SHOW CONVERSATIONS & PANEL DISCUSSIONS

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We are pleased to offer a series of conversations with pioneering artists and visionary leaders in the worlds of opera-theatre and music-theatre.

## POST-SHOW CONVERSATIONS WITH ARTISTS

*Ellen West*

January 15 after the 8pm show  
GK ArtsCenter

*Cion: Requiem of Ravel's Boléro*

January 16 after the 8pm show  
The Joyce Theater

*REV. 23*

January 17 after the 8pm show  
Gerald W. Lynch Theater at John Jay College of Criminal  
Justice

## PANEL DISCUSSIONS

To offer further context, PROTOTYPE invites professionals to shed light on the relevant topics of our time as depicted in *Magdalene*, *Blood Moon*, and *Ellen West*.

*Magdalene*

January 15 after the 7:30pm show  
HERE Mainstage

*Blood Moon*

January 16 after the 7:30pm show  
Baruch Performing Arts Center

*Ellen West*

January 17 after the 8pm show  
GK ArtsCenter