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 ncindezelo
   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 - mpotsos
   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
   Ndinedweda ndilihlwempu
   Ndime qelele
   Ndize ndalahlek’ esibelekweni mna
   Ngoba mna, ngoba mna nokufa oku.
   Singumtya, nethunga, ukuphela komzimba.
   The foolishmess – the wisdom
   You who makes fun of our cries
   I am alone isolatedd 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

7. Uzo hlala e nhliziweni yami

8. Gumba mama ye (untranslateable)

9. Ihubo This is isthakazolo zakwa shozì
   (untranslateable)

10. Bolero (reprise)

Run even if you lose your arm, run
You will stay in my heart forever
MALE MONOLOGUE

Ang’funi uku taxwa, ang’fune paycheque, angfuni moholo, angfuni uku sebenza. Angfuni bangani, ang’fune kwaziwa, angimfuni umvakashi, angimfuni umakhelwane. Angiwufuni umuzi, ang’funi address, ang’funi jaridi, ang’funi i-gate nomane gate angilifuni. Angiwufuni umunyango wase kishini, neskiya SASE kishini, i-sink noma NE mpompi angizi finished. Angiyi finished i-tv, ang’funi sofa, tafule, decoder noma ine remote angiyifuni. Ang’funi matrass, sheedi, curtain, wardrobe nespli angisifuni. Angimfuni unkosikazi, ang’funi ndodakazi, ndodana, angibafuni abantwana. Angilifuni ikhanda, Nwele, ndlebe, ‘hlombe, ngalo, nesandla, nayo iminwe. Angiwufuni umuzi, angfuni address, ang’funi jaridi, ang’funi i-gate nomane gate angilifuni. Angiwufuni umuzi, angfuni 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 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 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

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