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

CION: REQUIEM OF RAVEL’S BOLÉRO

1. U Jesu uzobuya nini
Khona manje

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

4. Bolero
Siyamanukela kwi ncindezelo
Yethu ejabulisalo
Evusa imihlaba yenkohlakalo

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 shoz (untranslateable)

10. Bolero (reprise)

When will Jesus come back
Right now

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 
or 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 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