

barbican



Classical Music

Concert programme

**The Golden Stool, or
the story of Nana Yaa
Asantewaa**

Mon 14 Oct 7.30pm

Hall

Important information



When does the concert start and finish?

The concert begins at 7.30pm and finishes at about 9.15pm, with no interval.



I'm running late!

Latecomers will be admitted if there is a suitable break in the performance.



Please ...

Switch any watch alarms and mobile phones to silent during the performance.



Please don't ...

Take photos or recordings during the performance – save it for the curtain call.



Use a hearing aid?

Please use our induction loop – just switch your hearing aid to T setting on entering the hall.



Need a break?

You can leave at any time and be readmitted if there is a suitable break in the performance.



Looking for refreshments?

Bars are located on Levels -1, G and 1.



Looking for the toilets?

The nearest toilets, including accessible toilets, are located on Levels -1, G and 2.



Carrying bags and coats?

Drop them off at our free cloak room on Level -1.

The Golden Stool, or the story of Nana Yaa Asantewaa

Mon 14 Oct 7.30pm, Hall

LOD muziektheater & Toneelhuis

Nobulumko Mngxekeza-Nziramasinga soprano

Nonkululeko Nkwinti mezzo-soprano

Gorges Odloo *The Golden Stool*

There is no interval

Produced by the Barbican

Programme produced by Harriet Smith

All information correct at time of printing

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Interweaving singing, dance, and cutting-edge theatre, Gorges Ocloo's ground-breaking *AfrOpera* re-examines Nana Yaa Asantewaa's defiant stance against colonialism and cultural appropriation.

From the silence a woman's voice circles up. Her melody sounds like a mantra. The singer kneels, icily calm – or is that pretence? 'She, prophesied queen, will soon succumb lifeless,' is her oracle, given surrounded by a chorus of nine other women. The scene is akin to a dark worship service and is a crucial scene from *The Golden Stool, or the Story of Nana Yaa Asantewaa*. Soprano Nobulumko Mngxekeza-Nziramasa takes the part of the 62-year-old Asante warrior of the title, who has just made a courageous decision. She will lead a women's army in the fight against the British. The notion that the coloniser would get hold of the 'Golden Stool', the symbol of the Asante soul? Over her dead body.

For this key moment in the show, director and composer Gorges Ocloo adapted one of the most famous arias in the operatic repertoire: 'La luce langue' from Verdi's *Macbeth*. In the original, Lady Macbeth realises that she and her husband have unleashed a cycle of violence. In the adaptation, Nana Yaa Asantewaa realises the price her radical actions will demand. Ocloo takes only the melody from Verdi's aria, first letting it float in thin air, like a spoken song. Then he covers that strange recitative with rhapsodic elements, finally allowing a battalion of beats to advance. Above that percussive violence unfolds an incantatory dialogue between Nobulumko Mngxekeza-Nziramasa and Nonkululeko Nkwinti, the mezzo-soprano who embodies the performance's opposition to Nana Yaa Asantewaa.

Two classically trained singers and an eight-strong chorus of dancers and performers: these are the cast of this fascinating production. Ocloo himself



calls it an 'AfrOpera' and the scene just described reveals much about his mission and method. 'You could say I am staging a musical confrontation between Europe and Africa,' the director explains. He does this by deconstructing iconic compositions from Western musical history and injecting them with African influences. 'I play a game with the appropriation of cultural symbols, just as the English did with the Golden Stool. But I don't steal the music – I just borrow it for a while!

Greatest hits

One, well, golden rule applied to the choice of repertoire: the music had to have the same symbolic value as the 'Golden Stool' itself. As such, the works list for this performance would be at home on an album of classic hits. Beethoven's 'Ode to Joy' from his Ninth Symphony, Vivaldi's *Four Seasons*, Bizet's *Carmen*, Handel's aria 'Lascia ch'io pianga' and Johann Strauss II's *The Blue Danube*: these are just a few of the evergreens Ocloo threw into the mix. It was precisely the iconic status of these works that made them so suitable for his project.

Although the programme emerged intuitively, it exhibits some meaningful coincidences. For example, the context of colonialism shines through in several titles. Handel's opera *Rinaldo* is set against the backdrop of the Crusades. And Delibes's *Lakmé* is a French fantasy of India colonised by England. Other works illustrate how music and politics can become intertwined. Shostakovich, for example, whose *Waltz No 2* will be taken in hand by Ocloo, had to contend with the murderous Soviet regime throughout his career. And for Orff's contemporary reputation, it was no fluke that the Nazis eagerly embraced *Carmina burana* after its premiere in 1937.

Ocloo's musical anthology also demonstrates how mobile music is as a cultural vehicle. Take the Habanera: from Cuba, that 19th-century dance form spread like wildfire across the Spanish colonies, only to cross the ocean and pop up in the French opera *Carmen* ... set in Seville. Beethoven's 'Ode to Joy' - declared a European hymn in 1972 - undertook an equally remarkable journey. During the First World War, German prisoners of war

in Japan let their guards hear the work. Via that route, it ended up on the music stands of Japanese orchestras. After the Second World War, the composition was used as a crowd-pleaser to raise funds for the country's reconstruction. And so it is that the final movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony is still a regular fixture at Japanese New Year's concerts.

Metamorphosis

All those musical milestones get an extreme makeover in *The Golden Stool or the story of Nana Yaa Asantewaa*. In terms of lyrics alone, there is much to rediscover. Ocloo himself wrote a libretto telling, discussing and commenting on the story of Nana Yaa Asantewaa and her legacy for contemporary audiences. For Verdi's 'La luce langue', he retranslated the original lyrics into English, but most of the other works underwent a more far-reaching textual transformation. Again, Beethoven's 'Ode' is a salient example. While Friedrich Schiller's poem spoke of a united humanity, Ocloo rechristened it a combative women's anthem: from 'Alle Menschen werden Brüder' to 'O mi mothas and mi sistas / mi wan tel ya dem truth now.

On a compositional level, too, the director is refreshingly unscrupulous. He delved deep into the double helix of his track list and redrew the DNA of each work. Music for violin, piano and even orchestra is reworked for voice. In some cases, such as the Prelude to *Carmen*, this makes things very demanding for the singers, who, fortunately, are fearless. Ocloo does not shy away from harmonic experimentation either. For example, he rewrote the famous Flower Duet from *Lakmé* in a pentatonic scale, as if winking at the orientalism of this opera and extending it to China. The indestructible melody now sounds like an alienating memory.

Speaking of melody, the composer deals with it in the most diverse ways. Sometimes themes are stripped down until only fragments remain. Then again, all accompaniment goes overboard. In the Funeral March from Chopin's Second Piano Sonata, for example, the ominous bell motif from the left hand is dropped so that the main theme floats in thin air.

That gives all the freedom to Nonkululeko Nkwinti to have her way with it, until the choir drops in with mystical-looking cluster chords. The opposite happens in the 'Largo' from Vivaldi's *Winter*. There Ocloo zooms right in on the accompaniment pattern, which he lets swing rhythmically.

Rhythm: it is the musical parameter that triumphs in *The Golden Stool or the story of Nana Yaa Asantewaa*, even at the most unexpected moments Give Gorges Ocloo an agonisingly slow aria, such as 'Lascia ch'io pianga', and he hears beats in it. 'Let's take it to church,' he thought about Handel's aria, 'but to the Pentecostal church.' From the already energetic Prelude of *Carmen*, he then conjures up an African groove that you have never heard before, but which seems to have always been there. Ocloo is at his most virtuoso when he takes a run at the musical metre of a work. *The Golden Stool or the story of Nana Yaa Asantewaa* contains a striking amount of music in triple time, but to much of this Ocloo adds a binary layer on top. Anyone familiar with Shostakovich's Waltz No 2 is in for a treat: the reworked version is more like a soldier's march or football anthem. This kind of rhythmic magic makes it almost impossible to sit still during this performance.

After all this, it should come as no surprise that percussion is central to *The Golden Stool or the story of Nana Yaa Asantewaa*. 'African "classical" music drives on percussion,' says Ocloo, who hears much more in it than mere rhythm. 'The ntumpan, for example, are also called "talking drums": thanks to their sophisticated dynamics, you can tell whole stories with them.' With hundreds of such drums, Nana Yaa Asantewaa and her warriors surrounded their enemy. By scratching the membrane with a stick, the women simulated the sound of lions. 'I find that kind of imagery immensely fascinating,' Ocloo says. Perhaps it explains why even under his vocally meandering Danube only percussion flows.

Ntumpan drums are not part of *The Golden Stool's* instrumentation. What does resonate is the wooden floor, into which are built six microphones. In addition, the performers use instruments such as the shekere and other shakers, the agogo

(consisting of two cowbells connected by a metal rod) and boomwhackers (tuned plastic tubes). But the *pièce de résistance* is a fascinating construction that lives on the back stage. It is an anthropomorphic, bricoloured drum kit, operated by mallets that bring a MIDI score to sound. The object exerts a mysterious attraction. Ocloo describes it as a voodoo altar that is the heartbeat of the community on stage.

Productive discomfort

The creator of *The Golden Stool* does not dish up a bite-sized listening experience for his audience. At times, the deconstructed compositions evoke a vertiginous expanse – as if someone has stopped time for a sometimes enchanting, sometimes oppressive ritual. Even the prosody of the song lyrics at times almost lasciviously warps with the élan of the original compositions – as if the characters from the story are resisting a language imposed on them. None of this is a coincidence, of course. Ocloo challenges listening reflexes, plays with expectations and as a result also makes the central theme of the performance musically, even physically palpable. In this sense, *The Golden Stool* shows how powerful the reinterpretation of repertoire can be.

Finally, this. *The Golden Stool* features some musical mavericks. Alongside the South African lullaby *Holili*, famously performed in a jazzy version by Miriam Makeba & The Skylarks, is a composition of his own by Gorges Ocloo, which speaks volumes about his relationship with music. While studying at Royal Institute for Theatre, Cinema and Sound, he once had to direct a play by David Mamet. His vision of staging was only really explained to him when he poured it into a song he wrote himself. 'I can still express myself best by making music,' he says. The performers also exchanged a lot of music during the creation process of *The Golden Stool*. Each day they experimented with an exuberantly improvised medley, which found its way into the performance. In it, Aretha Franklin, Blondie and Gloria Gaynor stand side by side with Ariana Grande, Lady Gaga and Megan Thee Stallion. Nana Yaa Asantewaa would have nodded approvingly at so much girl power.

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The Golden Stool, or the story of Nana Yaa Asantewaa

An AfrOpera by Gorges Ocloo

Act 1

Scene 1

Akoo Amii

Lhilhi

Akoo! (*Behind the projection screen*)

Tutti

Amii!

(*Start dance*)

Lhilhi (*To the audience on stage*)

Akoo!

Audience

(*Silence*)

Lhilhi (*sings*)

Akoo.

Tutti and Audience (*sing*)

Amii.

Lhilhi

Akoo!

Tutti

Amii!

(*Tutti looks at each, smiling, and then looks at the Audience.*)

Lhilhi

Bɛbi a yɛfiri no [Where we are from]
Sɛ yɛko obi fiɛ a, yɛ ka sɛ, Akoo [when
we enter any place, we say Akoo.]

Dɛ bia obi wo fiɛ, nti amii ɛbɛ ba
[there is always someone home,
so Amii boomerangs back.]

Bɛbi a yɛfiri no [Where we are from]

Akoo ne Amii yɛ obuɔ ne ahchoyɛ
nsem [Akoo and Amii symbolises
respect and hospitality]

Lhilhi

Akoo!

Audience

Amii!

Lhilhi

Akoo!

Audience and Tutti

Amii!

Lhilhi

Akwaaba O [Welcome O]
Nyansafoc bi boo ne bɛ bisɛ [A
wise person once said]

Lhilhi (*sings*)

In the beginning there was a river
and the river became a road,

Nonki (*sings*)

and because the road was once a river,

Lhilhi and Nonki (*sing*)

it had always been hungry,
dangerously hungry.

Lhilhi

Enti yɛda mo ase [So thank
you, dear guests],

Sɛ mo abɛhyia yɛn [for taking the time
and risk to come and meet us.]

Akwaaba O! [Welcome O!]

Choir (*parlando*)

Ẽ, wòanye akpe na mcwo fe Mawu,
[Thanks be to the God of the road]

Lhilhi

Yɛbɛka Golden Stool no ho asem
akyerɛ mo [We are going to tell you
the story of The Golden Stool].

Yɛbɛka Nana Yaa Asantewaa
nso na asem [We are going to tell
you the story of Nana Yaa
Asantewaa]

Cye Cbaa bi a wadi mfe aduosia mmienu a
ofi Ajisu [A 62-year-old woman from Ajisu],
akuraa ketewa bi a ewc Asante
mantam, Ghana [a small village in
the Ashanti region of Ghana].
Yeɓɛkyere mo nea enti a cno ne
[We will show you why she],
mmaa akokodurufoc gyee yen
ahennie nkwa [together with other
brave women saved our kingdom]

Tutti (*sing*)
Ashanti Kingdom

Lhilhi
ɛfee mmarima ahuhufoc (from coward men)

Tutti
Ai

Nonki (*sings*)
mmaa a wcn ho akokwa [from
conservative women]

Tutti
Mmm
Lhilhi and Nonki (*sing*)
ene pɛsɛmenkomenya British ahinee fiɛ [and
from the bloodthirsty British Monarch]

Choir
Ai

Lhilhi (*sings*)
wc saa Anglo-Asante akodie a ɛkcc
so wc ahanu aduonu mu no mu
[in that Anglo-Ashanti war of
1900].

Choir
Sika Akonnwa akodie [The war
of the Golden Stool].

Lhilhi
Yene mmaa nso bɛ kasa ewc kakraa na [We
shall also discuss, with women of today,]
nana yaa Asantewaa agyapadeɛ
no a aka no [what little remains of
Nana Yaa Asantewaa's legacy].
ɛyɛ bebree enti mesɛ mo won ka yen
ho [My dear guests, it's a lot, we all
know, so please bear with us].

Akoo!

Audience
Amii!

Lhilhi
Yen kc [Here we go]

Act 2 History

Scene 1

Handel: *Lascia/The sheep song*

(**Tutti** dance Perc)

Lhilhi (*Humming Lascia*)

Nonki (*sings*)

The first three wars: 1823 to 1874.

Choir (*whisper echo*)

Fifty years, three wars. Three wars, fifty years.

Lhilhi

Imikhosi kaKumkani [The troops of the Monarch], okanye njengoko sibabiza apha, i-Ofay, bahlala besithi [or as we call them here, the Ofay, have always said].

Nonki and Choir (*sing*)

We were in the region, they said, because the neighbouring ethnic groups, they said, pleaded for protection, they said, from the Ashanti aggressors, they said, they were killing them and looting their Holy Land.

Maimouna

Het gekke is,
De Ofay vergaten te vertellen
wat ze zelf daar deden,
Maar ik zal het zeggen, ze vermoorden
ons en plunderden onze heilige grond
Voila ik heb het gezegd!

[I'm very sorry to interrupt you the funny thing is The Ofay forgot to say what they were doing there but I'll tell you they were killing us and looting our holy land: enough said!]

Lhilhi

Suster, kalmee asseblief
[sister please be calm].

My dear guest, I promise you!
we will not discuss the Ofay in detail.
That would be beyond the
scope of an AfrOpera.
It should be addressed by a 'Real Opera'.

Lhilhi (*sings*)

1895-1896

Nonki

Imfazwe yesine [Came The Fourth War]!

Lhilhi (*sings*)

The bloodthirstiness of the Ofay during their industrial revolution crippled the Ashanti for the first time. The Ofay were as hungry as the road.

Nonki (*sings*)

Come what may!

I, the Monarch, promise thee,
the walls that shelter the Ashanti Kingdom,
the land of gold, timber and cocoa,
shall be burned to the ground,
to meet the needs of Our Economy.
Come what may!

Lhilhi

Thina, Ashanti, sikhusela iLizwe
lethu eliNgcwele [We, Ashanti,
protecting our Holy Land],
Bona ke, uOfayi, bathanda
ukubulala nokuphanga [them, Ofay,
relishing in killing and looting],
egameni le-Industrial Revolution yabo [in
the name of their Industrial Revolution].

Lhilhi (*sings*)

No gun was fired in the Ofay songs,
But thus far no human can explain
the hundreds of slayed Ashanti bodies
on the gold,
the timber,
And the cocoa fields.
King Prempeh the First ...

Nonki and Lhilhi (*sing*)

King Prempeh the First,

Lhilhi (*sings*)

and Elders captured, imprisoned
in the Seychelles,

Nonki and Lhilhi (*sing*)

The prison with no walls.

Lhilhi (*sings*)
King and Elders absent,

Nonki (*sings*)
The Monarch had her way.
She had her way.

Nonki and Lhilhi (*sing*)
No leader, no harmony,
(That) our Kingdom in crisis.

Nonki
Bring me the Golden Stool.
Throne and symbol of the Ashanti Kingdom
must be owned by The Monarch.

Song/Dance

Lhilhi
My dear guests, it was at this moment that,
the legacy of Nana Yaa Asantewaa
was painfully born.

Lhilhi
Akoo!

Audience and Tutti
Amii!

Lhilhi
You know,
The Ofay never said Akoo,
so we could not say Amii.
That's what it's all about.

Choir and Nonki (*whisper*)
That's what it's all about.

Act 3 Party of Introductions

Scene 1

Bizet: Prelude Carmen; NYAWOB (Nana Yaa Asantewaa Women's Brigade)

(*Trigger drums*)
(*Tutti: dance Identity*)

Lhilhi and Nonki (*sing*)
We are NYAWOB
We are classy harmless
But don't be fooled
We can be heartless

hahaha it's a Joke, Not.

Scene 2

Bizet: Habanera/Trust me not
(*Ladies play:*
Abena: agogo,
Nathalie: cowbell,
Tutti: clap, stomp.)
(**Tutti:** dance the straight line, catwalk)

Nonki (*sings*)
I am a rebellious bird that nobody can tame.
You may be eager to judge my lifestyle,
so I will explain.
Please bear with me
many want a statue,
many want to be remembered,
everyone wants to be heard.

Choir (*sings*)
I

Nonki (*sings*)
O Trust me not with your secrets,
for the battle shall be lost!
Never, ever, have I known the law.
For I'm a gypsy child,

Silver spoon-less children,
do not exist, no man sees them,
We're darkness in plain light.
So we fight the light to be recognised!

Nonki and Lhilhi (*sing*)
All around me, death and anger,
comes and goes and it returns.

Life waits for no woman.
survival of whom ever wants to survive!
I will not have no regrets.
I will not have no regrets.

Nonki (*sings*)
I'm a gypsy child,
I've never ever known the law.
Trust me not with your secrets,
for the battle shall be lost.

Scene 3

Shostakovich: Waltz No 2/Sisterhood

(Ladies play:
Briana: step
Niragire: shakire
Doris: cowbell
Tutti: stomp)
(**Tutti:** dance mix)

Choir (*sings*)
Da se e cre a ri
Li di li va da wo rd
Na chi a fo
Si ta a fo fo la mi
Le a ri jo o
La li ska la li
Ri sa a a la a a
Le us sha a a A a
Fo si ta i i s
Fo mi da a ble

Nonki and Lhilhi (*sing*)
la la la

Nonki (*sings*)
Black, magic.
Bridge between piano keys.
Without you, I would be no more
than the shadow of my
shadow. Of my shadow.

Lhilhi (*sings*)
Black, magic.
Bridge between piano keys.
Without you, I would be no more

than the shadow of my
shadow. Of my shadow.

Nonki (*sings*)
shadow

Lhilhi (*sings*)
Ode to your blackness.

Nonki (*sings*)
A majesty beyond measure to
treasure, to treat better,

Lhilhi (*sings*)
God could not have named a
modicum of light without you.

Nonki and Lhilhi (*sing*)
Without you

Choir (*sings*)
Dark, secret as religion.
Hips labour the world,
nations unfurl.
For sisterhood's formidable!

Let our rejoice rise high, as
the listening skies!
Let it resound loud, as the rolling seas!
Let us shine as bright, as the sun!

Nonki (*sings*)
Dark, secret as religion.
Hips labour the world,
nations unfurl.
For sisterhood's formidable!

Lhilhi (*sings*)
Let our rejoice rise high, as
the listening skies!

Choir (*sings*)
Let it resound loud,

Nonki (*sings*)
as the rolling seas!

Nonki and Lhilhi (*sing*)
Let us shine as bright, as the

Nonki, Lhilhi and Choir (*sing*)
Sun! (*Arms wide*)

Scene 4

Verdi: La luce langue/Prayer for guardians from the gods

(**Tutti:** dance calling dem gods)

Lhilhi (*sings*)

Light languishes, beacon goes out
 Eternally runs through the skies!
 Desired night, providence veils
 The guilty hand that wounds O wounds.
 New crime, a doomed necessity!
 The fatal deed must be done.
 dead do not mind reigning;
 To them a requiem, eternity ...

O throne O sceptre,
 at last you are mine!

Mortal desire
 Silent in thee.
 stilled in thee
 She who was foretold queen.
 Soon shall fall lifeless

Choir and Nonki
(Trigger drums)

Nonki and Lhilhi (*sing*)
 She who was foretold queen.
 Soon shall fall lifeless

Choir (*sings*)
Aa**Act 4**
Confrontation 1**Scene 1****Ocloo: Come rise for your Queen/Your loincloths for my undergarments**

(Ladies play:
Maïmouna: clap
Niragire: tap
Tutti: Boomwachers)

Lhilhi

Men of Ashanti have you heard the news?

Maïmouna
Jaaja!**Lhilhi** (*sings*)

Tell me, how can we,
 proud and brave Ashanti,
 sit out at ease,
 while the Ofay humiliate us
 by demanding the Golden Stool?
 They've searched, dug all over.
 The Golden Stool means nothing
 nothing but money to them.
 If you,
 Chiefs of Asante,
 will not fight ...
 then please,
 Monto mo danta mma me na moye
 me tam [exchange your loincloths
 for my undergarments!]

Choir (*sings*)
Oe's

Woman know your place!
 Your place is not among men!
 not among men!
 know your place!
 not among men men

Woman know your place!
 Your place is not among men!
 not among men!

Nonki (*sings*)

If you think been a Man is easy,
 Think again!
 If you think been a Man is easy,
 Think again!
 Your place is not among men! men!

Your place is not among men! men!
not among men!

Act 5
The Flower
Scene 1

Unknown: Traditional/An
Early morning picture
(A cappella)
(**Doris and Nathalie:** dance)

Lhilhi (*sings*)
Ngenyimini ekseni [One day in the morning]

Nonki and Choir (*sing*)
Emakhayeni [back at home/at home]

Lhilhi (*sings*)
Ndandisiya eMbongweni [I
was going to fetch water]

Nonki and Choir (*sing*)
Emakhayeni [back at home/at home]

Lhilhi (*sings*)
Ndeva ngezwi elimnandi [I
heard a beautiful voice]

Nonki and Choir (*sing*)
Limnandi ngaphezu koLundi [it was
more beautiful than uLundi]

Lhilhi (*sings*)
Latsho kasithukuthezi [she was lonesome]

Nonki and Choir (*sing*)
Emakhayeni [back at home/at home]

Lhilhi (*sings*)
Wantyiloza ke lomfazi [She whispered]

Nonki and Choir (*sing*)
Emakhayeni [back at home/at home]

Lhilhi (*sings*)
Ndava ngezwi elimnandi [I
heard a beautiful voice]

Nonki and Choir (*sing*)
Limandi nengoma emandi
[A beautiful song]

Lhilhi (*sings*)

Holili alulu
Holilulu
Holili alulu
Holilulu

Lhilhi and Nonki (*sing*)
Lala sana ndiyakumbamazela
[hush little baby]
Thula baba ndiyakuthuzela
[cry not my child]

Lhilhi and Nonki (*sing*)
Holili alulu
Holilulu
Holili alulu
Holilulu

Lhilhi (*sings*)
Lala sana ndiyakumbamazela
[hush little baby]
Thula baba ndiyakuthuzela
[cry not my child]

Nonki and Choir (*sing*)
Holili alulu
Holilulu
Holili alulu
Holilulu

Scene 2

Vivaldi: Largo/The doghouse
(Trigger video doghouse n drum loop)

Briana
Akoo
Amii
In the year 2000,
Nana Yaa Asantewaa's remains
were extradited from the Seychelles,
to be reburied in her hometown,
Ajisu,
Ghana.

79 years, it took her to come back home.

Choir (*sings*)
O

Briana
The Ntumpam drums
resounded in her bones.

Our Heroine,

Our Queen,
Our Inspiration,
was promised a peaceful resting place,
where her children, grand children and
great-grandchildren would congregate.

We rejoiced in the name of
freedom and justice

(Beeld gravestone)

A gutter for goats to shed,
cows to relieve themselves
and a queen to be humiliated.

My fellow Ghanaians!
Is this her legacy?
A kennel?
A doghouse?

Leopold the hand-cutter is
better represented!

Ghana!
You built her a kennel, a doghouse,
while buying your mistresses,
With the money for her monument,
Kiki de Montparnasse lingerie

And in the same breath,
Promised your mistresses
to abolish her name and face
from the Ghanaian currency.

Ghana!
You have build a monument of lies!

And that is cold, sisters, it is winter!

Ghana,
Say what you really think?
Is this a warning to women of the future?

A kennel, a doghouse.

It is cold, as winter!

Abena *(sings)*
Koo koo hin koo Yaa Asantewaa [Queen
of queens Nana Yaa Asantewaa]!
nhwiren no a woduae no [The
flower you planted]
wcagya no awoc [has dried up]
En na wcde hwehwe sika [and is
been used as a pawn for money]

Confrontation 2

Scene 1

**Ocloo: Odo/Because of love
we will never sleep**

Tutti *(sings)*
Odo nti yen da [Because of
love we will never sleep].

Scene 2

Delibes: Lakmé/The Meeting

*(We switch between the discussion
now and the meeting of 1900.
Scenes of 1900 are filled with a lot
of silence and played as statues.)*

(Trigger video Tree Trunk)

Briana
Have you ever said no to something?

Niragire
Wat bedoel je met NEEN tegen something?
[What do you mean by said
no to something?]

Somalia
I have the feeling this question
comes from a man.
(Laughter)

Maimouna
Was er een moment dat jij, als vrouw,
voet bij stuk hield? [was there a moment
you stood firm as a woman?]

Niragire
O Sista, er zijn zo veel omstandigheden
[O my sister there are many
different circumstances]

Ik heb ooit meegedaan aan
een schoonheidswedstrijd.
Beauty Pageant! [I took part in
a beauty pageant once]
Alle juryleden wilden mij doen, voor
de verkiezing [All the judges wanted
to have me before the pageant].
Maar ik zei nee, dus wezen ze mijn
aanvraag af [But I said nope so

they rejected my application].

Abena

Wat bedoel je met 'wilde me doen'? [What do you mean by wanted to have me?]

Tutti

(Staren Abena na met hun monden open)

Maimouna (against Niragire)

Oh Jesus Christus. T'is altijd van dat ...
[O Jesus Christ. It's always like that ...]

Abena

Ahhh zo! [Ah so!]

Maimouna

Bon, en jij sista, heb jij ooit NEEN gezegd?
[And you sister have you ever said no?]

Somalia

Most men want your blood on their bed.
Your fresh virgin blood on their dicks.
So they can own you. It is all about power.
All my experiences boil down
to people trying to own me,
physically and mentally.

Briana

People always want to steal what
is most precious to you.
They always want to take
your Golden Stool.
Since I know what I want, ain't no
one gonna tell me what to do!

Abena

Behalve de pastoor O!
[Except from a pastor]

Briana and Abena

Hallelujah!
AMEN!

Nonki (sings)

Men we've gathered here, to hear everyone
about the demand of the
Golden Stool by the Ofay.
Yaa Asantewaa, we know what you want.
So please be quiet

Niragire

'Sistas', laat ons eerlijk zijn, de pastoors
zijn niet echt goed voor ons. [Sisters
listen: the pastors are no good to us]

Abena

Waarom niet? [Why not?]

Maimouna

Omdat, sista, ze ons verbieden
onze grootmoeders te bezoeken.
[Because, sister, they don't want
us to visit our grandmothers]

Abena

Waarom? [Why?]

Briana

Because the pastors say they're
all witches and devils.

Somalia

Bullshit! Harry Potter is not real O!

Tutti

(Laughter)!

Somalia

Our grandmothers hold the
key to our history.

Tutti

True.

Briana

The knowledge to our wisdom.

Tutti

True.

Somalia

The stone to our fire.

Tutti

True.

Briana

The trigger to our patience.

Tutti

True.

Briana and Somalia

And the sun to our

Tutti

proudly black skin!

Niragire and Somalia

We say hell with the pastors!
We say down with the pastors!

Maimouna

Sisters, the War of the Golden
Stool never ended!

Niragire

Hoezo? [What do you mean?]

Maimouna

Luister,
The Ofay wilden onze geschiedenis en onze
cultuur vernietigen. [The Ofay wanted to
destroy our history and religious culture.]
En na al die tijd moeten we besluiten:
daar zijn ze in geslaagd. [We can
conclude that the Ofay succeeded.]

Niragire

Maar hoezo? [Why?]

Maimouna

Ze brachten hun geloof, dat families,
cultuur en natie verdeelt.
We ruilden onze vele goden
voor die ene van hen,
en verdrongen voor hem onze eigen
cultuur, ons eigen geloof. [They
introduced the Christianity thus dividing
our family culture and nation to wipe
away our culture and beliefs.]

Tutti

Truth been told!

Briana

Sisters overdrijf niet, [Do not
exaggerate my Sisters]
You are taking it too far.

(to Maimouna)

Our mothers didn't have an education.
They didn't and still don't
know their own rights.
They do not know when and how
to stand up for themselves.
But in this era we go to school,
we are studying,
we are building our businesses.
We are managing! Through education!
In these times no lady would tolerate
what our mothers were tolerating

in their own times.

And that's because we have been educated.
And that education was given
to us by Christianity!

Briana and Abena

Amen!

Niragire, Somalia and Maimouna

Oh fuck no!

Nonki (sings)

My fellow men, let us not make
any wrong choices.

Somalia

Nana Yaa Asantewaa would be very angry
if she came back from the dead
and saw how Christianity is destroying us
and how all that she fought for is just broken.

Maimouna

Spreek niet in naam van de doden!
[Don't speak in the name of the dead!]
Wat weet jij over de wil van de doden?
[What do you know of the will of the dead?]
Oorlog voeren kost zoveel levens!
[Going to war killed so many people]
Was het dat allemaal waard?
[Was it all worth it?]

(silence)

Abena

Sista, ik denk dat de kwestie hier is:
Wat is identiteit? [I think ladies the
question here is what is identity?]
Wat is het onze en wat denken we dat het
onze is, om te verdedigen? [What is ours
and what do we think is ours to defend?]

Somalia

Sister, please O!!
Are you a lobbyist for the Ofay?
There are soo many problems
with your question.

Listen:

YOU ARE FROM WHERE YOUR SKIN
COLOUR IS FROM!. PERIOD!!
AMEN!
What would become of the
world without Identity?

Niragire

Een betere plek! [A better place!]

Briana, Niragire, Maïmouna and Abena

Amen to that!

Briana

Sisters,

Why should we fight and kill for
a word we can't even define,
Identity!

Sisters, the question is not what is Identity.

The question is, the questions are:

What is left of the legacy of

Nana Yaa Asantewaa?

What is left of it today?

Who was she?

Did she believe in what she did?

I ask you fellow sisters of the

Mother Continent,

what is left of Nana Yaa

Asantewaa's blood today!

What is left of Queen Idia of Benin,

What is left of Queen Amina of Zaria,

What is left of Queen Ndeta

Yalla of Senegal,

What is left of Nongqawuse of

the Republic of South Africa,

What is left of Queen of the

Ndongo of Angola,

What is left of Kimpa Vita of Congo ...

Listen!

Brave women are always forgotten.

Murderous men are remembered.

Titilayo (sings)

Mo ro pe ohun ti o dara julọ lati

şe ni lati kan si Asase Ya, ọḡrun ti

irọyin [I think the best thing to do

is to console Asase Ya, the god of fertility].

Doris (sings)

Ban zambe bazalaki ntango nyonso

kosalisa Mokonzi na biso [The gods

have always helped our King].

Sikoyo lokola azali awa te banzambe

bakosalisa biso mpenza. [Now that

he is not here, the gods shall

definitely help us].

Nathalie (sings)

Tobotela ba nzambe [Let's

console the gods].

Somalia

Forgotten and erased from history,
the whole world should know her name.

Tutti

Yes!

Nana Yaa Asantewaa.

Abena

Haar verhaal! [Her story!]

Tutti

The Golden Stool!

Or the Story of Nana Yaa Asantewaa!

Abena

Sistas, ik wil nog iets kleinst toevoegen,
Namelijk, volgens de Bijbel, mogen we
de man niet uitdagen. [Sisters I would like
to add something small, according to the
Bible, we should not challenge the man.]

Mannen genieten Bijbelse macht,
die wij, vrouwen, moeten respecteren.

[Men enjoy Biblical power Which
we women must respect]

Maïmouna

De Bibel, de Bibel!

Waarom de Bibel?

Het is ons aan het vernietigen. [The Bible,
the Bible! Why the Bible? It is destroying us]

Somalia

Men may have biblical
authority, let them have it.

But when it comes to dominance, sisters ...

Titilayo (sings)

Awon baba nla wa fun wa ni ijoko wura.

[Our forefathers gave us this Golden Stool]

A ti nja Ofay fun igba pipé [We have
been fighting the Ofay for ages].

Nitorinaa Mo ro pe o to akoko fun

wa lati şe alafia ju ogun lo. [So I

think it is time for us to make
peace rather than war].

(Speaks)

Let's give the Ofay the Golden Stool.

Tutti (chant)

Men don't change.

Men don't change.

Men are men.

Please men, don't change.

They don't change.
They don't change.
Men don't change.
Because hey.
Men don't change.

Lhilhi (*sings*)

Fuck peace
I say fuck peace!
Let them call us radical.
After all,
'ra A dical'
Simply means
'grasping things at the root'.

Nonki (*sings*)

Listen not to this old witch with the
undergarment of a whale.

(*speaks*)

Igazi lakhe lasebukhosini alimniki
mbono [Her royal blood doesn't
entitle her to an opinion].

Lhilhi (*sings*)

ACTION NOT WORDS!
Be bold as the first woman to eat an oyster.

(*speaks*)

Lixesha lokulwa! [It is time to fight O!]
Lixesha lokuba HAYI! [It is
time to say NEIN!]

Nonki

IAshanti, iLizwe leGolide.
[Ashanti, Land of Gold].
Siza kuba newaka leGold Stools
emini [We'll have a thousand
Golden Stools by noon].
Masingalwi iMonarch [Let's
not fight the Monarch].
Masimthumelele iGolden Stool
ngeminqweno yethu emihle [Let's send her
the Golden Stool with our best wishes].

Lhilhi (*sings*)

If they don't give you a seat at the table,
bring a folding chair.
Sistas,

(*speaks*)

Sisenokudibana nokoyiswa okuninzi
[We may encounter many defeats]
kodwa mayingaze yoyiswe [but
must never be defeated].

(*Lhilhi stomps on the floor and a gun fires*)

Act 6
The War

Scene 1

**Beethoven: Ode to joy/
Silence is neva gold**
(a cappella)

Lhilhi (*sings*)
O mi mothas n mi sistas
Mi wan tel ya dem truth now
Dem always tel us dat silence is gold

Tutti
(*Laughter*)

Lhilhi (*sings*)
Hear me now
Silence is neva gold
We've shut up for long too long
Time to kick and strike
till our bones yes till our
bones are rotten dead
I'm gon fuck dem all up

Nonki (*sings*)
That will be without me.

Choir (*sings*)
We gon fuck dem all up
O mi mothas n mi sistas
We wan tel ya dem truth now
Dem always tel us that silence is gold

(*Laughter*)

Hear us now

Silence O is neva gold O
We've shut up for long too long
Time to kick and strike till our bones
yes till our bones are rotten dead
Come on now

Lhilhi (*sings*)
(I'm) We gon fuck dem all up

Nonki (*sings*)
That will be without me.

Choir (*sings*)
We gon fuck dem all up

Scene 2

**Strauss: The Blue Danube/The
War of the Golden Stool**

(Trigger drums n video pic. Nana)

(**Tutti**: dance step n zulu)

Lhilhi (*sings*)
The Fifth War
March 25th
1900.
The Fifth War
1900.
the War of the Golden Stool.

Before the sunset
thousand women swore
to protect the Golden Stool.
The Ofay laughed.
Laughing Monarch in London
Nana Yaa Asantewaa motivated,

The Ofay fought with muscles.
NYAWOB, (Nana Yaa Asantewaa's
Women Brigade)
fought with wisdom.
They took hundreds ntumpan
drums to the jungle.
Surrounding the Ofay
they scratched the skin of drums,
The sound of a thousand lions
roar
The Ofay in panic.
The Ofay losing guard.

Choir (*sings*)
Hey

Lhilhi (*sings*)
ATTACK!

Choir (*sings*)
Hey

Lhilhi (*sings*)
ATTACK!

Choir (*sings*)
Hey

Lhilhi (*sings*)
NYAWOB

Choir (*sings*)
Hey

Lhilhi (*sings*)
The Ofay losing guard.

Choir (*sings*)
Hey

Lhilhi (*sings*)
The Ofay traumatised,
Infiltrated Asantewaa's inner circle.
Money blinds the eye, troubles the brain.
Ashanti traitors everywhere
their pockets filled with blood money.
Leaked to the Ofay, her tactics.
After almost a year,
Yaa Asantewaa lost
The war

Nonki (*sings*)
She lost the war

Lhilhi (*sings*)
She fled to Sreso Timpon, Jungle deep.
Leaving NYAWOB stranded,
in hunger,
in anger,
sickness,
prison
And in death.

Rising up one morning,
Coming out of her bathroom
A battalion of the Ofay waiting for her.
She was, captured
A picture taken,
in her undergarment,
To humiliate her,
for the years to come.

Choir (*sings*)
Hey

Lhilhi (*sings*)
Betrayed by her own family,
prison with no walls was her home.
Seychelles
her home
Joyfully,
The golden Stool was
taken to London.

Nonki (*sings*)
The soul of the Ashanti at last
owned by the Monarch.

Lhilhi (*sings*)
Once the parcel was opened,
It became clear

Choir (*sings*)
THE PRESENT,
OFAY,
IS FAKE

Lhilhi (*sings*)
Yaa Asantewaa had secretly ordered
To make a fake Stool,
A Golden Stool
In case the war would be lost.
The Golden Stool,
That unites us,
never left our Holy Land.

Nonki (*sings*)
The Golden Stool,
That unites us,
never left our Holy Land.

Lhilhi (*sings*)
The Golden Stool
Is displayed once a Year,
to remind the Ofay
Our grandmother, humiliated them.

Act 7 Epilogue

Scene 1

Orff: In Trutina/Death of Nana Yaa Asantewaa

(A cappella)

Lhilhi (sings)

NYAWOB

The last leaf has fallen

Mawu is calling me

Akoo

Amii

Fight don't stop

'til your bones are rotten dead!

Nonki and Choir (sing)

Aah

(Everybody throws the white sheet in the air)

Lhilhi (sings)

NYAWOB

The last leaf has fallen

Mawu is calling me

Akoo

Amii

Fight don't stop

'til your bones are rotten dead!

(Everybody throws the white sheet in the air)

Scene 2

Chopin: Funeral March/Burial, remorse and future

(Ladies play: elbow-ankle perc)

(Tutti: dance)

Nonki (sings)

I'm Judas,

(speaks)

ndonile [I have sinned],

Ndingcatshe igazi elimsulwa [I
have betrayed innocent blood].

(sings)

Money blinds the eye, troubles the brain,

(speaks)

Ndagidela umngqungqo weOfay [So
I danced to the tune of the Ofay].

(sings)

I'm Judas

Money blinds the eye, troubles the brain,

(speaks)

Forgive me my Queen,

Wena [you],

Mfama [farmer],

Mama [mother],

Mphathi [leader],

Mnqolobi [rebel].

(sings)

Forgive me my friend

intellectual

politician

human woman activist ...

Forgive me for I have sinned

Born in 1840 on your mother's holy ground,

Died in 1921 in the prison of the Ofay.

I have sinned.

They took the painted bones.

Stools of Molten Kings.

The Sacred bronze leopards.

Images charged with blood.

They burned what

They could not

Understand.

They burned what

They could not

Understand.

They burned what

They could not

Understand.

They burned what

They could not

Understand.

(spoken)

Liyinyani [It is true],

Amanina akhaliphileyo ayalityalwa

[Brave women are forgotten],

Kukhunjulwe amadoda angamatshijolo
[Remembered are the murderous men].

(Some ladies start to dismantle the tree to make the Golden Stool)

Choir (*sings*)
Timo

Nonki (*sings*)
(Ladies carry LHILHI on stage)
The tables shall turn,
your story shall ride winds,
east west north south,
men shall tremble by your name,
women shall rejoice by the
thought of your deeds.

I shall praise you
Upon the stage of the world.
For all to glorify you!

Brave women shall be remembered.

(spoken)

Nana Yaa Asantewaa [girls' school]
Apho amantombazana ofunda aphumelele
[where girls will learn en prosper].
Ikamva aliqaqambanga [The
future isn't bright]
Kodwa liqaqambile kuneentsasa
ezinenkungu zamandulo [but brighter
than the misty mornings of the past].

Nonki (*sings*)
Oyi wa dc Adorkor Coffie

Briana
Ye da wo ase Efua Sutherland

Doris
Ye da wo ase Nana Yaa Asantewaa

Abena
Ye da wo ase Mellicant Danquah

Maimouna
Ye da wo ase Ashiki Deide

Somalia
miedaa akpe na wò Annie Jiaage

Niragire
Ye da wo ase Theodosia Okoh

Nathalie
Oyi wa dc Mabel Dove

Titilayo
miedaa akpe na wò Esther Ocloo

Nonki
Ye da wo ase Dr Susan Ofori Atta
Amanina anamhlanje awathi Hayi [The
woman of today doesn't say no],
Uthi [she says],

Choir (*sings*)
I PREFER NOT TO

Nonki
Akoo

Tutti and Audience
Amii

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Gorges Ocloo

Gorges Ocloo was born in 1988 in Koforidua, Ghana. He studied at the Royal Institute for Theatre, Cinema and Sound (RITCS) in Brussels, where he obtained his master's degree in Theatre Direction. Shortly after graduating, he created his first production: *Scarlet Anansi Ocloo* with Tania Van Der Sanden, Hilde Van Mieghem and Ineke Nijsens.

The Golden Stool will be his third production, after *Moby Dick, at last Queequeg speaks* (2020) and *The Butcher* (2021), as a resident artist at LOD muziektheater.

He is also creating new productions for De Maan (Mechelen), Theater Antigone (Kortrijk), hetpaleis (Antwerp), Het Arsenal (Mechelen) and B-Classic (Tongeren/Genk). He has previously worked on theatre and film productions such as *Oeps* (Theater Antigone), *Futur Simple* (De Maan), *Europe in the Fall* (Theater Malpertuis), *Problemski hotel* (Manu Riche), and many more. He is also involved in the artistic direction at Toneelhuis Antwerp.

As a multidisciplinary artist, his artist path is very diverse: from contemporary dance, performance art, visual arts and scenography to composing music for theatre and dance productions. Gorges is a politically correct and incorrect artist who explores the boundaries the stage, the actors, music, aesthetics and

content. He also has a passion for his father's culture of voodoo and traditional rituals. To him, this culture is the embodiment of performance, playing, acting and being.

In the coming years, he plans to develop further his genre of AfrOpera, in which he mixes classics from the Western music repertoire with African traditions, by working closely with the Artscape Theatre Centre in Cape Town. He is making his next AfrOpera, *The Grief of Red Granny*, with six South African singers and instrumentalists. It will be the first part of a diptych about individual and collective grief.

Along with Lisaboa Houbrechts, F C Bergman, Benjamin Abel Meirhaeghe and Olympique Dramatique, he shares responsibility for the artistic direction of Toneelhuis.

In 2022, Gorges Ocloo won the Ultima prize for Emerging Talent.

Nobulumko Mngxekeza

The South African soprano Nobulumko Mngxekeza is celebrated for a voice that echoes her rich cultural heritage. She was born in Queenstown and joined the choir of her high school, sparking a passion that would shape her future. In 2001 she embarked on a formal musical education at the University of Cape Town's College of Music, singing a diverse range of roles and where her mentors included Virginia Davids, Sidwill Hartman, Marisa Mavchio and Angelo Gobatto.

Her early career showcased the breadth of her talent, singing roles such as Micaëla (*Carmen*), Bess (*Porgy and Bess*), Pamina (*The Magic Flute*) and Anna (*Nabucco*). She established a reputation both nationally and internationally, and a pivotal chapter in her development was her time with Isango Ensemble, where she participated in productions such as Impempe Yomlingo's *The Magic Flute*, Aesop's *Fables* and *The Ragged Trousered Philanthropist*. Her collaborations with Cape Town Opera expanded her horizons, taking her talent to international stages.

From 2014 to 2017 she sang the role of Lady Macbeth in Third World Bunfight's production of *Macbeth*, garnering acclaim for her interpretation directed by Brett Bailey and featuring music adapted from Verdi's opera by Fabrizio Cassol.

Most recently, Nobulumko Mngxekeza has worked with LOD muziektheater in new operas by Dominique Pauwels (*Moby Dick at last Queequeg speaks*) and the current piece by Gorges Ocloo. Last year she also portrayed the title-role in Puccini's *Tosca*, solidifying her status as a leading soloist and gaining her an award for best soprano in a leading role.

Nonkululeko Nkwinti

The South African mezzo-soprano Nonkululeko Nkwinti was born and brought up in Port Elizabeth. She grew up singing in school choirs, before joining the Black Tie Ensemble mentorship programme under Lionel Mkhwanazi, with further studies at the University of Cape Town.

She joined the Cape Town Opera Chorus in 2011 and performed roles such as Dorabella (*Così fan tutte*), Modestina (*Il viaggio a Reims*) and Third Lady (*Princess Magogo*) for Opera Africa. In 2015 she performed as mezzo-soprano soloist in a Zulu version of Handel's *Messiah* and Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* with the UKZN Orchestra.

Her thorough musical training has led to opportunities as both singer and dancer, performing roles such as Zulfa (*A Man of Good Hope*), Evelyn (*Mandela Trilogy*), Cherubino (*The Marriage of Figaro*) and Rose (*Lost in the Stars*).

Nonkululeko Nkwinti has won many awards at local and national competitions in South Africa and also performed as a mezzo soloist in works such as *Messiah*, Mozart's *Requiem* and Mendelssohn's *Elijah*.

LOD muziektheater

LOD muziektheater is a Ghent production company for opera and musical theatre, a creative base for performing artists.

LOD achieves this by, on the one hand, setting up long-term collaborations with some of the most idiosyncratic creators in contemporary music theatre. Composers such as Bushra El-Turk, Frederik Neyrinck and Nabou Claerhout and directors such as Lies Pauwels and Gorges Ocloo are regular collaborators. LOD pursues a broad artistic vision and is known for the high quality of its productions.

The company is strongly committed to the development of young talent. Through the European Network of Opera Academies (enoa) and the annual Bijloke Summer Academy – Music Theatre (in collaboration with SPECTRA, KASK School Of Arts, Muziekcentrum De Bijloke and International Opera Academy), it annually supports many young performing artists in the field of music theatre.

LOD is increasingly focused on presenting productions in its own LOD Studio and during the annual summer festival Bijloke Wonderland. It also tours internationally, and mounts co-productions with foreign partners.

Toneelhuis

Toneelhuis is the municipal theatre company that performs in the Bourla Theatre in Antwerp. It is an artist-driven organisation: F C Bergman, Lisaboa Houbrechts, Gorges Ocloo, Olympique Dramatique and Benjamin Abel Meirhaeghe are together responsible for the artistic direction of Toneelhuis. These five theatre makers develop their artistic stories independently of each other, but their collective artistic leadership leads to intense dialogue and the mutual exchange of ideas.

The Toneelhuis theatre makers focus on contemporary topics such as identity, decolonisation and gender, but also universal themes such as power and corruption, love and loss. They have a penchant for the large stage, powerful images, breaking down the boundaries between disciplines and having a strong emotional impact on the audience. The different theatre makers translate their social, political and ecological concerns into their own hybrid idioms with a mix of music, words and images.

Over the years, Toneelhuis has acquired a great deal of knowledge, experience and expertise in making large and technically complex productions, with which it goes on tour in Belgium and internationally.

With the company's backing, Toneelhuis theatre makers can establish themselves in Antwerp and Flanders and conquer the international scene at their own pace.

concept, direction, libretto, composition, set design, costumes and video recording

Gorges Ocloo

soprano

Nobulumko Mngxekeza-Nziramasinga

mezzo-soprano

Nonkululeko Nkwinti

choir, dance and percussion

Doris Bokongo Nkumu

Nathalie Bokongo Nkumu

Gloria Abena Biney

Titilayo Oliha

Saar-Niragire De Groof

Briana Stuart

Maïmouna Badjie

Somalia Williamson

choir composition advisor and choir master

Joris Minten

co-libretto and dramaturgy

Josse De Pauw

musical advisor

Katherina Lindekens

costume design

Kasia Mielczarek

performance set and costumes

Atelier Toneelhuis

assistant director

Chiara Monteverde

lighting

Pino Etz

Gilles Roosen

Bart Mommerency

sound

Victor Hidalgo

video technician

Brecht Debackere

audio recording

Isa Tubbax

production managers

Eva De Wolf

Noor De Graaf

production

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Toneelhuis

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*and to all those who wish
to remain anonymous*

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Events coming up we think you might like



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Huang Ruo's M. Butterfly
Fri 25 Oct, Hall



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**Her Stories with Samantha
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