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**Deafman Glance**

6 juli Stadsschouwburg  
Amsterdam

**Pauze** na het 1e en 2e bedrijf  
**Einde** kort na middernacht

8 juli Stadsschouwburg  
Amsterdam

**Pauzes** na het 1e, 2e en 3e bedrijf  
**Einde** na 2 uur

Holland Festival in organisatorische samenwerking met  
Universiteitstheater, Amsterdam

The Byrd Hoffman School of Byrds, New York

## Deafman Gance

(De blik van de dove)

geschreven en geregisseerd door  
Robert M. Wilsreon

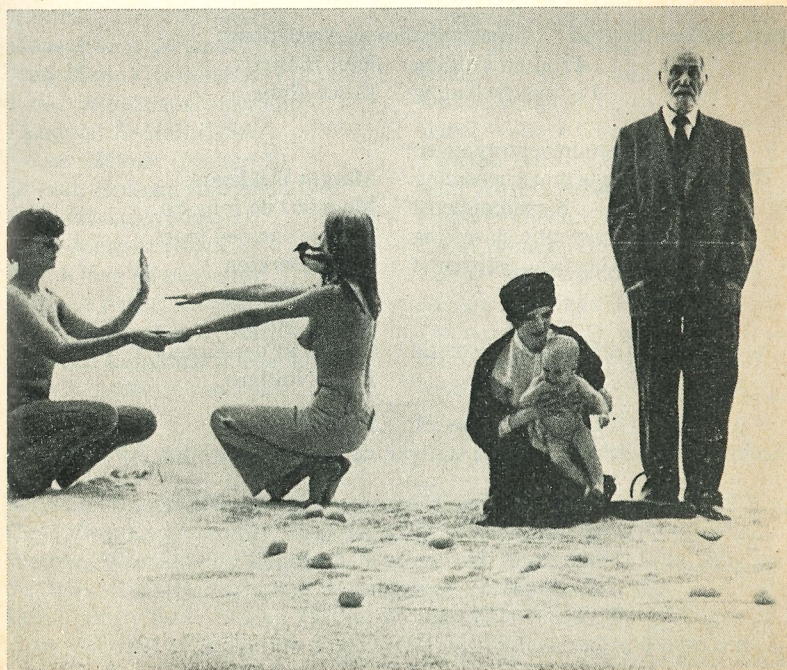
De opvoeringen in Europa zijn mogelijk gemaakt met steun van de American Theatre Laboratory, de Byrd Hoffman Foundation, Inc. en de Halcyon Foundation.

Het vierde bedrijf van 'Deafman Gance', dat alleen in de voorstelling van 8 juli wordt opgevoerd, is door Robert Wilson geschreven en geregisseerd in opdracht van de 'Center for New Performing Arts' aan de Universiteit van Iowa, directeur: William Hibbard.

Aldaar werd 'Deafman Gance' voor het eerst opgevoerd in 1970, dank zij bijdragen van de Rockefeller Foundation, de Jerome Robbins Foundation, Paul Leperq, Howard Wise, Francis Mason, Kenward Elmslie en de New York State Council on the Arts.

Europese première in april 1971 in het Theaterfestival van Nancy.

'Deafman Gance' is opgedragen aan de nagedachtenis van William Gale.



Medewerkenden:

voor **The Byrd Hoffman School of Byrds:**

Algehele technische leiding Pascal Ortega  
Assistent technische leiding Melvin Andringa

Decor-ontwerp Fred Kolouch  
Decor-uitvoering Duncan Curtis  
Chris Miller  
Kostuum-ontwerp John d'Arcangelo  
Margaret S. Hall  
Kostuum-uitvoering Gloria Martin  
Diana Curtis  
Belichting Laura Lowrie  
Speciale adviezen Cindy Lubar  
Ann Wilson  
Grime Minda Novek  
Rekwisieten Kathryn Cation  
Carol Mullins  
Jacqueline Morlet  
Geluidsmixage Igor Demjen  
Muziek Alan Lloyd  
Beethoven  
Buxtehude  
Gabriel Fauré  
Ollie Gilbert  
Pierre Ruiz  
Julie Weber  
Tournée-leiding Georges Ashley

Exclusieve vertegenwoordiging voor Europa: Ninon Tallon Karlweis

voor **Holland Festival / Universiteitstheater Amsterdam:**

Productieleiding Paul Binnerts  
Technische leiding Bruce Gray

Kostuumverzorging en assistentie technische leiding Margot Dekkers  
Kostuumdienst Meindert de Jong e.a.  
Productie-assistentie en casting Hannie van den Dop  
Algemene assistentie Trudi Derksen  
Ivo Knottnerus  
Arthur Sonnen  
Technische assistentie Guus van der Kraan  
Jozef Nolthuis

Grime en kapwerk fa. D. Michels  
Technische en licht-technische staf van de Stadsschouwburg, Amsterdam

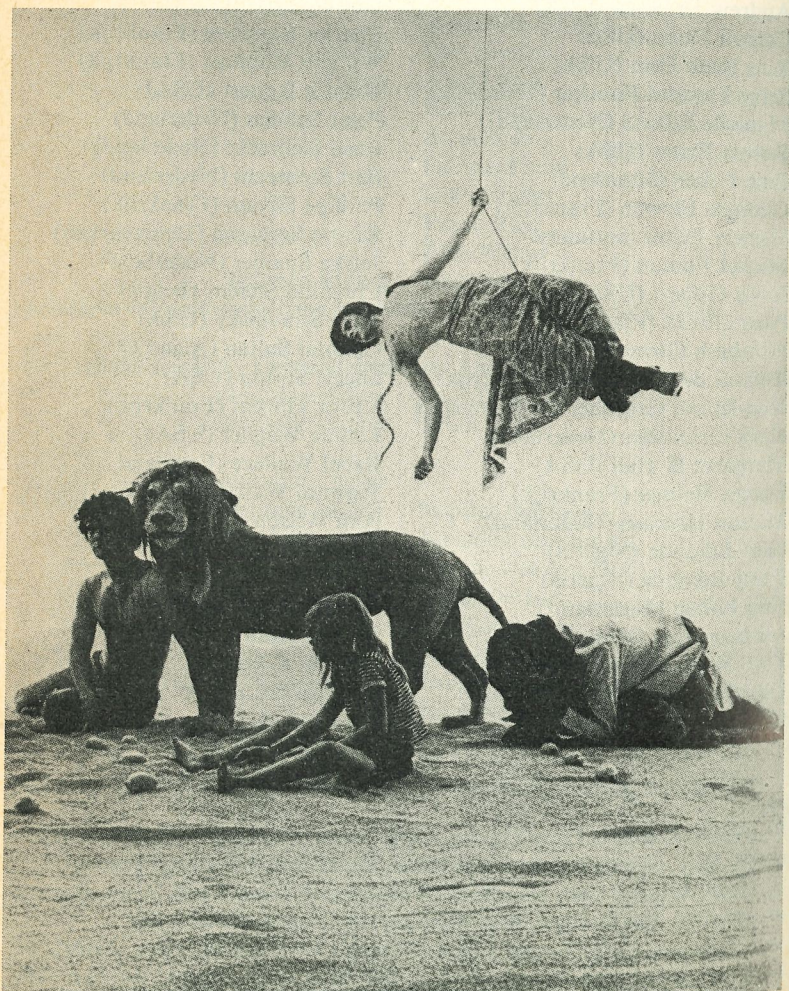
**Uitvoerenden:**

Hannie Alkema  
(afkomstig uit Nederland)  
Christiane Altieri-Leca (Frankrijk)  
Eloina Allen (USA)  
Libuse Bayrak (USA)  
Tosun Baylak (USA)  
Ray Bergquist (USA)  
Edward Belderinck (Nederland)  
Erno Jan Belderinck (Nederland)  
Sofia Roos Belderinck (Nederland)  
Helen Berggruen (USA)  
Dorien de Boer (Nederland)  
Joke van Brummelen (Nederland)  
Raymond Burkhardt (USA)  
Kathryn Cation (USA)  
Luc de Champris (Marokko)  
Gabriella Cotta-Ramusino (Italië)  
Igor Demjen (USA)  
Andrew DeGroat (USA)  
Carroll Dunn (USA)  
Sara Kate Dun (USA)  
Serge Durand-Raucher (Frankrijk)  
Marcelle Edzard (Nederland)  
Robyn Evans (USA)  
Jane Felter (Suriname)  
Georges Flowan (Frankrijk)  
Sherida Felter (Suriname)  
Michel Fontan (Frankrijk)  
Jessie Gilbert (USA)  
Pirre Girerd (Frankrijk)  
Elizabeth Giros (Frankrijk)  
Roland de Gouvenain (Frankrijk)  
Jean-Marie Grobshaiser (Frankrijk)  
Kora Grundeler (Nederland)  
Margaret S. Hall (USA)  
Frantz Helmer (Frankrijk)  
Marian Hofman (Nederland)  
Lara Jakandé (Nigeria)  
Ebun Jakandé (Nigeria)  
Nan Kilian (Nederland)  
Adriaan Kist (Nederland)  
Toto Krelage-Rink (Nederland)  
Gert Jan Landman (Nederland)  
Claudie Leduc (Frankrijk)  
Claude Legeard (Frankrijk)  
Ana Levi (Spanje)  
Jetty Leyten (Nederland)  
Luck Ann Lienesche (USA)  
Paul Lombard (Frankrijk)  
Emil van Loo (Nederland)  
Alan Lloyd (USA)  
Aviba Macintosh (Suriname)  
Gail Cynthia McClellan (USA)  
Nienke Meeter (Nederland)  
Marie Meguerditchian (Frankrijk)  
Jacqueline Morlet (Frankrijk)  
Willem Jan Mulder (Nederland)  
Carol Mullins (USA)  
Maria de Nazaré Pereira (Brazilië)  
James Neu (USA)  
Jean Pierre Paternoster (Frankrijk)  
Mary Peer (USA)  
Guy Philippi (Duitsland)  
Charles Ranchon (Frankrijk)  
William Roburin (Frankrijk)  
Bernice Rohert (USA)  
Peter Selman (Nederland)  
Ireen Siebrecht (Nederland)  
Bart Siebrecht (Nederland)  
Phillipe Silvain (Frankrijk)  
Kirstie Sørensen (Denemarken)  
Jetske Spanjer (Nederland)  
Christina Stefens (België)  
John Stravinsky (USA)  
Chantal Sultan (Algerije)  
Sheryl Sutton (USA)  
Laura Vincent (Frankrijk)  
Lennie Wagner (USA)  
Babel Wallace (Engeland)  
Parnum Wallace (Engeland)  
Ann Wilson (USA)  
Robert Wilson (USA)  
Caral Winick (USA)  
Leo IJs (Nederland)  
Melvin Andringa (USA)  
George Ashley (USA)  
Ina van der Hoger (Nederland)  
Vera van den Wey (Nederland)

**als**

Sharkbait Starflesh, Grey Figures, Large Head following ox, Ladies in White, Child, Boy, Grandmother, Stage Hand, Stand-bys', Mothers, Pregnant Woman, Woman with Blindfold, Woman with Glass/hand, Apes, Boy on Ox, Waiter, Bin Builders, Son Washing feet, Forest Movers, Bee, 18th Century Lady, Bound Figure, Woman with Weeds, Frog, Angel, Glass Carriers, 18th Century Figure, Old Man following ox, Woman with

Handbag, Man dancing, Ice Movers, Man with Large Eye, Men with Black Face, Princess, Star, Men in White Coat, Fish Persons, Dancing Girl, Pyramid Worker, Bush Persons, Body Lifters, Baby, Fisher, Giant Walker, Piano Mammy, Goat Woman, Man following Star, Woman in White Roses, Raised figure, Man with Accordion, Old Woman with Diamond Arrow, Nurse, Earth Woman, Ape with Harp, Bunny, Mammy with Staff, Readers, Prince, Giant Walker, Robed Figure, Rock Carrier, Waitress, Woman with Dirt at Table, Man with Top Hat and Cape, Birdwoman, Dancing Mammy, Announcer, Fisher Boys.



**Uit Robert Wilsons dagboek**

*(Deze notities uit mijn dagboek houden geen verklaring in van hetgeen ik doe. Ze hoeven niet eerst gelezen te worden om mijn werk beter te begrijpen)*

R.W.

*"And the fourth, the dimension of stillness and the power over wild beast . . .  
Ezra Pound*

*Iowa City Notes: December, 1970*

*It was two yrs. ago September. The child threw a brick thru a window as I was going to an ART class in Summit on my way I saw the judge with his eyes closed about to hit him as the mother pressed her hand against his head I crawled on his back to relieve the pain he was 10 y.o. September. The line out my window leads to the Sun, the ox, the child, and to all of us becoming worms. At Pratt I wrote my thesis on designing an imaginary cathedral or a fewture city perhaps. Then there was a murder, a murder in the eyes at the top of the cathedral two yrs. ago September as the red dog howled into the moon light son notta wink! Only the bones can tell. Running together. We caught each other. Falling. Standing still still we fell into each other falling into a wall walling again and again and again again I talked of Isadora Duncan . . .*

*"Where a hundred little girls shall be trained in my art, which they in turn will better. In this school I shall not teach the children to imitate my movements, but shall teach them to make their own . . . I shall help them to develop those movements which are natural to them. And so I say it is the duty of the dance of the future to give first to the young artists who come to its door for instruction freer and (more) beautiful bodies -- and to instruct them in movements that are in full harmony with nature . . . the dancer of the future will be one whose body and soul have grown so harmoniously together that the natural language of that soul will have become the movement of the body . . . her dance will belong to no nationality but to all humanity."*

*Knowing that we all cannot being kidded liking like Sheryl take taking five minutes meaning only to put on the glove only her fingers moved waiting motionless for ten minutes waiting meaning to begin the film filming her -- geeze, she's a star!*

*And Andy just brought the Requiem by chance he said, knowing all along he would add the final peace for a few fewer futures. Hope has a vision. There's a boy in the East seven tonight midnight that will lead the world for a few times. It's in the stars an old woman wrote on the wall at the bus station not by chance, oh no, fewture following few fuses. S. K. moved six hours continuously while we sold Art Cindy wrote of her peace in the Orange state they were walking hands, turned upheld, held In Circles for seven hours thru the night Terry writes he's getting a piece of his too and may make a presentation in the spring, he's not only 14. No doubt about it, he's a star! There are 14 cows out my window. Only their heads move. Jerry wrote me of a beautiful dream. The lion's leader leads to the Sun, the East, the son, the child. The broken arched windowed woman's house sinks as the death child sings a steam of smoke appears to hear the scream of steam head upheld fell to feel the cat in front of the shak that stacks. A don't a men.*

February 5, 1971

Stephan says: Don't drink and go to bed He has interesting dreams. The skin closest to the eyes emits the most light. The stein stain is misleading. Often. I met a landlord in Iowa who drank only ice water and took baths in ice. He says he's never been sick a day. Elaine showed me photographs of the skin of the tips of fingers where you could see light rays. Ida thunderstands the eye Richard Being important you can take your fixation away without being felt melting. Trusting the eyes can relieve the tension in the head leaving an opening. I don't see Idaeyes anymore. Ann says that there are palm trees in Ireland. England sinks! We sing together in Iowa while we cut out trees in class you could see the design of the song. Cindy showed it to me in a book. Ticking teching the Dead stone to death intuitive state mourning mediator meta matation STATING HELPED GO ON.

Nature helps one's spiritual side.

Pierre has music always even when he's long gone in his house. The goat woman makes circles. A spiral with sound as the mighter jewelled head spitting pearls falls beneath the ground the earth breaks apart. The house sinks. The dog howls into the night. The old man's eye becomes bright. The frog jumps as the ox swallows the Sun, the moon, the stars, the Son. The pipes scream with steam! They connect to the boiler below in the cellar. STICKICALICTLING is difficult. There are golá fish on the roof of the house now. So you laugh. Are you cynical are you sceptical? K. K. Kat! Canada! The bear and the eagle unite to defeat the dragon.

New York City Notes: January, 1971

Oh Europe! Oh no not us, we're leaving on a ship soon further north I had a dream looking into the hand in front of me there was dry earth porched a part parriaging another kind of earth. This time green and fertile. Canada! it seemed! It's supposed to be a secret by this particular sea your heal and toe oh, ho! ho it feel your foot heals you all over - no more headache this kind of city where neighbour is forced to sword the throat! The Bear and the Eagle standing England bowing to this land of tea. Lucia comes the 3rd. Raymond conducting the rehearsal. She had those small wire rimmed granny glasseys on sitting so concentratedly ahead ahead of me got up to sped across the room you could see that for me it was very amazing. She runs in the forrest with Sara Kate katelating to Andy me merrandering to Kit kittening a missioning to Burnie burning Alice all over. My hand, the land! In front af my hand trimbles a little -- a steep pile of them reveal a city, an imaginary cathedral before a river of blood you free the soul to take a walkatalkie with him before it rains the river away, save me. Pass the plate as he takes away the pain of the stain of Stein of a cell a vain a using loosing Goya evading the question before him they struck at him and thru him he knelt a servant away they stay and until he appeareth from aboveus the while the old man lets the son bath him the others about gathering the Sun suddenly from the bushes appears. Blinding winding. The black bird sings of his battle with the snake. All creatures must die, be buried and rottun. Kings and heros die, are buried and rottun, he last shall die, be buried and rottus sanctum. But the song! Again and again shall live!

Wootom.

And the boy washed the wise old man feeting he told of who burned for fame burns while the boy washing feeting was not lost after all the fame suffocates.

*Throw the gold away the wise old man's son asks you to him to join in ending this Crime of sinning the innocents of the creature about to eat the fruit appeareth a song they heard arms upheld the apples moving away uneaten the woodshollystars appears. Crusts us. The ancient silver plated woman appears a flame next to him who counts death's happiness. Song of the red leader to the lion says When you are in love its the loveliest Death I know happiest night.*

*The moon breaks-- the ice appears to be melting the lakes appears nothing existing. The father is investigating the mystery clearly written on the bus station wall the cave is darkest through the place of death the darkest path he takes only the Sun who bathes his feet inside about to enter the cave the gate keeper Hope speaks of nothing existing nothing existed he showed the child sky, bird, land and my God the nature of the lamb becoming the Ram!*

#### *Chapter 2 (continued)*

*"Developing Community relating through mutual hardships and problem solving."*

*New York City Notes: Jan., 1970*

*The fire gets bigger. I'll leave the key in the liquor store. There is still no shower down there.*

*There are four jars in front of me. They are for a birthday party. They r from the 4 corners of the earth. They r red, black, white and brown. They are macrocosmomatic. Now there are eight jars! Lightning caused by fire caused by lightning has played an important part in the expelling of diseases. The rubbing of the sticks, people animals, or objects by touching some dead body, had become unclean, were purified. Fire is holy. Many people of Central and Northern Asia have indeed worshipped fire. One must feed the fire. A special part of the wedding rites of the Altaic race is a fire-sacrifice. Ill treated fire can cause skin diseases.*

*We should not offend the earth or it will breaktus. And when earth looses its productive powers it should be sealed or rabbited together the soul is the shadow and after death remains for a few days or some time and the soul may not loose its skills after death.*

*The crossing of the road is difficult. The barking of the dog is a clue. As he howls into the moon light son notta wink. The road can be exceedling difficult to travel without care the soul will fall down. To travel one must go thru many dangers or thru the mouth of the snake and out the other end. The fire is of a pale bluish light.*

*The stage is divided into seven planes and situated under the middle plane are 7 to nine horizontal stories.*

*Byrd Hoffman (Robert Wilson)*

## Robert Wilson

Een nieuwe naam in het theater van vandaag. Het is bijna niet doenlijk objectief over Robert Wilson te schrijven; hem te 'vangen' in enkele regels droge biografie – hoezeer zijn levensloop ook verhelderend is voor de vorm die hij in 'Deafman Glance' de toeschouwers voorzet. Het is nooit goed, verwachtingen hoog te spannen.

Maar toch. Waarom reageerden mensen die 'Deafman Glance' zagen, bewogen, geëmotioneerd, aangegrepen? Waarom is er zo waanzinnig gewerkt om het internationale kollektief voor de Holland Festival-voorstellingen van 'Deafman Glance' bijeen en in Amsterdam te krijgen – in een operatie die zonder precedent is in 24 jaar festivalgeschiedenis. Waarom blijkt een ex-Tomatist zo overdonderd door dit theatergebeuren dat hij tot een bekentenis komt als: dit is het meest humane theater dat ik ooit op de planken heb gezien. Waarom spreken anderen van een 'bewegende Family of Man'. Waarom is 'Deafman Glance' van een zo overtuigende, onmiskenbare artistieke actualiteit? Waarom geven gehaaste mensen van deze tijd zich over aan dit theater van de stilte, van de uiterste afwijzing van de haast . . . Vragen waarop iedere toeschouwer zelf het antwoord zal moeten vinden.

Deze 29-jarige, kortgeknipte, atletische, uit Texas afkomstige Amerikaan is van oorsprong geen toneelkunstenaar. Hij 'gebruikt' geen acteurs, geen toneelspelende studenten, geen amateurs, maar 'mensen'.

Er zijn twee blinden bij – maar ook anderen hebben Wilson blindelings gevolgd in een avontuur dat zijn weerga niet heeft in het westerse toneel. 'Deafman Glance', een reeks verstilde en vertraagde droombeelden bijna zonder woorden, heet 'gezien' te zijn vanuit de geest van een 15-jarige negerjongen die sprakeloos en doof is gemaakt door er getuige van te zijn dat een vrouw twee kinderen vermoordde. Maar het is alleen Robert Wilson zelf die deze beelden heeft gezien alvorens ze, met een adembenemende beheersing en een vanzelfsprekend overwicht, met 'gewone mensen' ten tonele te brengen.

Wilson studeerde architectuur en schilderde. Hij besloot de beelden die hem voor ogen stonden niet op het doek maar op het toneel te brengen. In zijn vrije tijd ging hij werken met gehandicapten, vanuit een volledig respect voor ieders individualiteit, niet alleen in karakter en persoonlijkheid, maar ook in lichamelijke verschijningsvorm en in lichamelijk bewegen. Wat Isadora Duncan schreef over de rijping en ontplooiing van de danser, werd voor Robert Wilson de grondslag van zijn intuïtieve werken met lichamelijk misdeelden; met doven en blinden, mensen van de straat, gevangenen eerstdaags.

Eigenlijk wil Robert Wilson geen toelichting, inleiding of verklaring bij 'Deafman Glance' en zoals veel andere kunstenaars wijst hij alle interpretaties hoffelijk terug naar de bron van die interpretaties. Al was 't maar omdat hij vandaag alweer verder is dan gisteren, gisteren verder dan eergisteren op een weg die hij volstrekt authentiek en trouw aan zijn wezen lijkt te gaan.

Het is zoals een landgenoot dezer dagen schreef: 'de hemel zij dank hebben we de grootste moeite ook maar iets zinnigs over deze voorstelling te zeggen.'

Hans de Witte