



*FESTIVAL KOLTES New York 2003
Presents a ROTOR Production*

WEST PIER *Quai Ouest*

*A PLAY BY BERNARD-MARIE KOLTES Directed by
JAY SCHEIB in a new American translation by Marion
Schoevaert and Theresa Weber*

Room / Clothes by Andrew Lieberman Lit by Jeremy Morris
Sound and Video design by Leah Gelpé Assistant director /
Collaborator April Sweeney Cinematography by Liselle Mei
Dramaturgy by Laura Butchy Produced by Vanessa Burke
and Jeremy Morris for ROTOR Productions with special
support from La MaMa ETC.

*...even the beautiful black-
eyed virgins are too coked-
up on caffeine, too beaten
down toward poverty, to
grasp what passes for terror
in the age of Dissent...*

Performances by *Vanessa Burke, Tom
Day, Marina Garcia-Gelpe, Dan Illian,
Krassin Yordanov, Ryan Justesen, Aimee
Phelan, Michael Stumm, Zishan Ugurlu*

*MAY 8, 9, 10, 20, 21, 2003 at the
OHIO Theatre in SoHo, 66 Wooster Street*





Program Note from *West Pier*

REALLY REALLY REALLY REAL. Reality out of Behaviour. I'm **GLOWING FOR REALITY** [ich glühe für Wirklichkeit] oh oh I just want to be caught up in real Behaviour. Is that a big deal? What's the big deal? Can't we just have something that's real enough? Real in a reaction.

Not Realism, but Reality—not a return to naturalism nor a flight into philosophy. Really a portrait of our world through the lens of fiction. Reality under the pressure of **Personality**. Edward Bond argued that in his plays the characters needed more from the actors than the actors would need from the characters. I am waiting around to find out what this means. Naturalism gives way to Behavior. Realism a pursuit of situations in reality—in the hour of no light, "...just when we need the light of suns which refuse to set." Reality cools. In reality, really funny. **A show of physical force, shocking and awe inspiring... SOMETHING**

INCONSEQUENTIAL BREAKS INTO PIECES AND THE WIND BLOWS LIKE HELL. IT'S A HAIL STORM, WE HAVE ICE CUBES.

West Pier began as a satire and ends as a satire. A family drama. A lazzi. Irony with its trousers down. Who would have thought. He who dared to think with plays: **BERNARD-MARIE KOLTES**, dead of AIDS, in 1989. So this the dedication: to **BERNARD-MARIE KOLTES**.

"As for me, I merely wish, some day, to relate well and in the most casual of words the most important thing that I know and that can be put into words. A desire, an emotion, a place, some sort of light or sound, whatever would constitute a fragment of our world and belong to us all." Bernard-Marie Koltès (1948-1989)

—Jay Scheib, 2003, New York City

