











WOMEN DREAMT HORSES written by Daniel Veronese translation by Jean Graham-Jones and directed by Jay Scheib

performances by: CALEB HAMMOND, AIMEE PHELAN-DECONINCK, JORGE RUBIO, ERIC DEAN SCOTT, APRIL SWEENEY, and ZISHAN UGURLU in collaboration with: Scenic Designer PETER KSANDER, Light Designer JUSTIN TOWNSEND, Costume Designer OANA BOTEZ-BAN, Dramaturge PETER CAMPBELL, Assistant Director RACHEL RAYMENT, Creative Producer Shoshana Polanco

Performance Space 122, Vallejo Gantner, Artistic Director presents Buenos Aires in Translation (BAiT). BAIT Creative producer Shoshana Polanco paired four leading Argentinian dramatists with four New York based directors to rave critical acclaim. November 4 - 18 at Performance Space 122

Nothing appears as it should in a world where nothing is certain. The only thing certain is the existence of a secret violence that makes everything uncertain. (Lucretius)

Is there only one form of violence? There s a new kind of violence in the air. Do you feel it, Ivan? Obviously I m not the kind of person who would do this, yet nevertheless I did it. (Lucera)

A few notes on the play

Roger used to be a boxer but now his head is going to explode. There's a new kind of violence in the air. Lucera pukes on the floor and dreams about buying a gun, she thinks about dying, and runs for the door, Rainer just lost the family business but before we get the cork out of the bottle this whole family dinner is going straight down the shitter.

Made with an ensemble of regular collaborators, this family catastrophe drama fills the stage with no frills. A chair a table a carpet. Acting on an edge, or a narrow ledge. No Art. No Sound. No Video. Just three couples killing each other terribly, wishing they could be in love as though the last thirty odd years of history in Argentina didn't matter. As though the last five years of history in America never happened. This ain't political science it's a commedy. And make no mistake, These guys just sort of wake up, and put the gloves on. And that's how it happens. It happens like that. This is a play about acting, and acting out. I take my cue from Tarkovsky—that I hope one might stand before this play as one stands before the ocean. You watch the ocean—disgusted by it's smell and it's pollution, in awe of it's blunt violence, and brutal determination You watch the ocean, in silence you stare at it, but your looked is turned back. You gaze into the ocean but you think about yourself. I want this play to be a little like looking at the ocean. A little bit about thinking what you must.

Jay Scheib. Nov 1, 2006 From the program.

"May we suggest a truly sensational staging of Daniel Veronese's Women Dreamt Horses? Jay Scheib's production of this disturbing 75-minute real-time family/relationship drama is electrifying. Actors smack each other, break into wrestling matches, vomit water, leap over tables. It has to be seen to be believed." David Cote - Time Out New York

"Jay Scheib, one of the most cutting-edge artists of the moment, takes the Argentinean's lines and pushes them into the physical world using a sexy and violent gestural vocabulary... It is rare to see such a tough, passionate, powerful, and beautiful show on NYC scenes."

Savianna Stanescu - nytheatre.com

"The noise and lucid brilliance of ... Jay Scheib's superbly performed, elemental production is as much a 75-minute dance piece with dialogue-in almost never-ending motion, punctuated by tense tableaux of powerless desperation...the most physically exciting of the festival so far."

George Hunka - Superfluities

"...a feel for irony, nonchalance, and authenticity reminiscent of the best years of Pollesch, Ostermeier, Castorf, or Gotscheff.. Here, theater is played out in real-time. Psychology becomes parody as the central tenants of American stage naturalism are, with irreverent lightness kicked to the side. Coolness and biting intelligence..." Theater Heute, Germany



















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