

hub  
de  
graaff

# AND HERE I AM / A LONELY WOMAN

Met:  
Imra Dinçer  
Dodó Kis  
Michaela Riener  
Nora Mulder  
Huba de Graaff

**ALL FEMALE  
ROCK-PERFORMANCE**

Poetry Farrokhzad  
Music Huba de Graaff



# ABOUT FOROUGH FARROKHZAD

Forough (also spelled Forugh) was born in Tehran to career military officer Colonel Mohammad Bagher Farrokhzad and his wife Touran Vaziri-Tabar in 1935. The third of seven children (Amir, Massoud, Mehrdad, Fereydoun Farrokhzad, Pouran Farrokhzad, Gloria), she attended school until the ninth grade, then was taught painting and sewing at a girl's school for the manual arts. At age sixteen she was married to Parviz Shapour, an acclaimed satirist. Farrokhzad continued her education with classes in painting and sewing and moved with her husband to Ahvaz. A year later, she bore her only child, a son named Kāmyār (subject of A Poem for You).

Within two years, in 1954, Farrokhzad and her husband divorced; Parviz won custody of the child. She moved back to Tehran to write poetry and published her first volume, entitled *The Captive*, in 1955. Farrokhzad, a female divorcée writing controversial poetry with a strong feminine voice, became the focus of much negative attention and open disapproval. In 1958 she spent nine months in Europe and met film-maker and writer Ebrahim Golestan, who reinforced her own inclinations to express herself and live independently. She published two more volumes, *The Wall* and *The Rebellion* before traveling to Tabriz to make a film about Iranians affected by leprosy. This 1962 documentary film titled

*The House is Black* won several international awards. During the twelve days of shooting, she became attached to Hossein Mansouri, the child of two lepers. She adopted the boy and brought him to live at her mother's house.

In 1963 she published *Another Birth*. Her poetry was now mature and sophisticated, and a profound change from previous modern Iranian poetic conventions.

At 4:30PM on February 13, 1967, Farrokhzad died in a car accident at age thirty-two. In order to avoid hitting a school bus, she swerved her Jeep, which hit a stone wall; she died before reaching the hospital. Her poem *Let us believe in the beginning of the cold season* was published posthumously, and is considered by some to be the best-structured modern poem in Persian.

Farrokhzad's poetry was banned for more than a decade after the Islamic Revolution. A brief literary biography of Forough, Michael Hillmann's *A lonely woman: Forough Farrokhzad and her poetry*, was published in 1987. Also about her is a chapter in Farzaneh Milani's work *Veils and words: the emerging voices of Iranian women writers* (1992).

bron: [www.poemhunter.com/  
forough-farrokhzad/biography](http://www.poemhunter.com/forough-farrokhzad/biography)

# LET US BELIEVE IN THE DAWN OF THE COLD SEASON

*Iman Biyavarēm beh fasleh Sard,  
Forough Farrokhzad – 1967 (published posthumously). Translation: Sholeh Wolpé*

And here I am  
a lonely woman  
on the threshold of a cold season  
at the dawn of realizing earth's sullied  
existence  
and the sky's blue despair  
and the impotence of these hands made  
of cement.

Time passed.

Time passed and the clock struck four  
times.

Four times.

Today is the winter solstice  
and I know the secret of seasons,  
know the language of moments.  
The Messiah sleeps in a grave  
and the earth – the hospitable earth –  
beckons one to serenity.

Time passed and the clock struck four  
times.

The wind blows in the alley.  
The wind blows in the alley,  
and I think of the flowers' mating,  
their slender, anemic blossoms

and this tired tubercular age.  
A man passes by the wet trees,

a man whose strings of blue veins  
are dead snakes wrapped about  
his throat, pounding his angry temples  
with those bloodied syllables:  
*Salaam.*  
*Salaam.*

And I think of the flowers' mating.

On the threshold of a cold season  
and in the mirrors' grieving vigil,  
in faint memories' mournful wake,  
and in this dusk pregnant with wise  
silence,  
how can one cry *Stop!* to one who moves  
so patiently,  
heavily,  
lost...  
How can one say to this man that he is not  
alive,  
that he has never been.

The wind blows in the alley,  
and seclusion's lonely crows  
tour the old groves of boredom.  
How lowly the ladder's height.

They carried off a simple heart  
to their fairytale palaces,  
and now  
how can one rise to dance, release  
one's childhood hair into flowing streams,  
and crush underfoot the apple she has at  
last picked,  
at last breathed in its perfume?

Beloved, my truest friend,  
such black clouds await the sun's festival.

It was as if the bird flew along an  
imaginary line,  
as if the young leaves that sensuously  
breathed in the breeze  
lived in the lines of a green delusion,  
as if the purple flame that burned in the  
window's chaste mind  
were nothing but the innocent fantasy  
of a lamp.  
The wind blows in the alley  
and it is the dawn of destruction.  
The wind also blew the day your hands  
fell to ruin.  
Dear stars,  
dear paper stars,  
how can one take refuge in the verses  
of defeated prophets  
when lies blow through the air like wind?  
We will meet like those dead for a  
thousand and thousand years,  
and then the sun shall judge the state  
of our bodies' decay.

I am cold.  
I am cold and I think I will never feel  
warm again.  
Beloved, my truest friend, How aged was  
that wine?  
Look, how heavy time stands here  
and how the fish nibble on my flesh.  
Why do you always keep me at the  
bottom of the sea?  
I am cold and despise shell earrings,  
I am cold and I know nothing will remain

of the red delusions of a wild poppy  
but a few drops of blood.

I will let go of lines,  
of counting numbers too,  
and from among the limits of geometry,  
seek refuge in the soul of infinity.

I am naked,  
naked, naked, Naked  
as the hush between words of love.  
My wounds are all exacted by love,  
love, love, love.

I guided this wandering isle away  
from the ocean's tempest, away  
from the volcanoes' eruption.  
To shatter was the secret of that unbroken  
body  
from whose humblest pieces the sun was  
born.

Salaam innocent night.

Salaam to you, this night, who transforms  
the wolves' eyes  
into bony sockets of trust and faith.  
Beside your streams, the willows' souls  
are sniffing the axes' kind souls.  
I come from a world of apathetic  
thoughts, voices, and words.  
A world like a snakes' lair,  
a world of footsteps,  
of people who embrace you,  
all the while  
weaving in their thoughts ropes  
to hang you by.

Salaam chaste night.

There is always a gap  
between seeing and the window.  
Why did I not look?  
That time a man passed by wet trees...

Why did I not look?  
I think my mother wept that night,  
the night I felt the pain and a being  
formed in my womb,  
the night I became an acacia bride,  
the night  
Isfahan's blue tiles echoed and the  
one who was half of me  
returned to my womb.  
I saw his reflection, pure and bright as  
the mirror  
and suddenly he called to me, and  
I became an acacia bride...

I think my mother wept that night.  
How useless the light that fell on this  
closed door.  
Why did I not look?  
All the moments of happiness knew  
your hands would come to ruin,  
and still I did not look.

Not until the clock's door flew open  
and the sad canary sang four times,  
four times,  
and I met the small woman  
with eyes like the phoenix's empty nests.

With each hurried step it was as if  
she carried the virginity of my lavish  
dreams  
to the dark bed of night.

Will I ever again comb my hair with the  
wind?  
Will I ever again plant purple pansies in  
the garden,  
or set geraniums in the sky behind the  
windowpane?  
Will I ever again dance in the faces of  
wine glasses?  
Will I ever again wait anticipating the  
door bell's chime?

I told my mother: *This is the end.*  
*Before you know it, it shall happen;*  
*let's send my obituary to the papers.*

Hollow human.  
Hollow, trusting human.  
Look at his teeth singing as they chew,  
and his eyes devouring as they stare,  
and how he passes the wet trees:  
patiently,  
heavily,  
lost,  
at the hour of four,  
at the very moment his blue veins,  
wrapped about his throat like dead  
snakes,  
pound his angry temples  
with those bloodied syllables:  
*Salaam.*  
*Salaam.*

Have you  
ever smelled  
those four water lilies?...

Time passed.

Time passed and night fell  
on the acacia's naked limbs,  
glided on the windowpanes,  
and with its cold tongue licked away  
the remainder of the day.

Where have I been?

Where have I been that my body so smells  
of the night?

The grave is still soft—

I speak of the grave of two green,  
young hands...

How kind you were, beloved, my truest  
friend,  
how kind when you lied,  
how kind when you closed the mirrors'  
eyelids,  
loosened the bulbs that hung from their  
wire branches,  
and led me through the dark to love's  
pastures,  
until that dizzying steam which follows  
thirst's fire  
settled on the fields of sleep.

And the paper stars circling eternity,  
why did they voice their words?  
Why did they take seeing to the house  
of visitation?  
Why did they take caressing to the

modesty of a virgin's hair?  
Look how the one who spoke with words,  
caressed with eyes, and was tamed by  
touch  
was nailed to the cross of apprehensions;  
how the branches of your fingers  
like five letters of truth  
left a mark on her cheek.

What is silence, what is it, my trusted  
friend?

What is silence but unspoken words?  
I am bereft of words, but the sparrows  
language

is nature's unyielding euphoric flow.

The sparrows' language means: spring,  
leaves, spring.

The sparrows' language means: breeze,  
fragrance, breeze.

The sparrows' language dies at the  
factory.

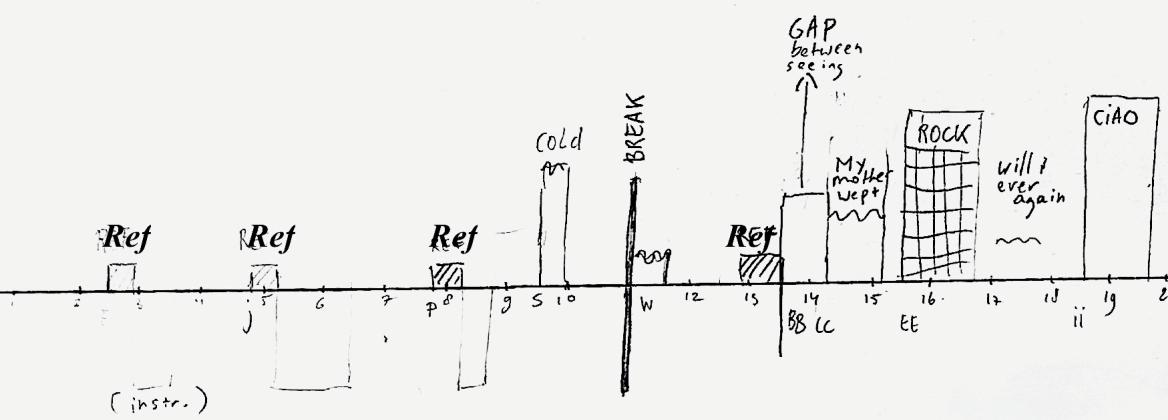
Who is this, she walking eternity's road  
towards the moment of fusion? She who  
winds her watch  
with childhood's logic of subtractions and  
additions?

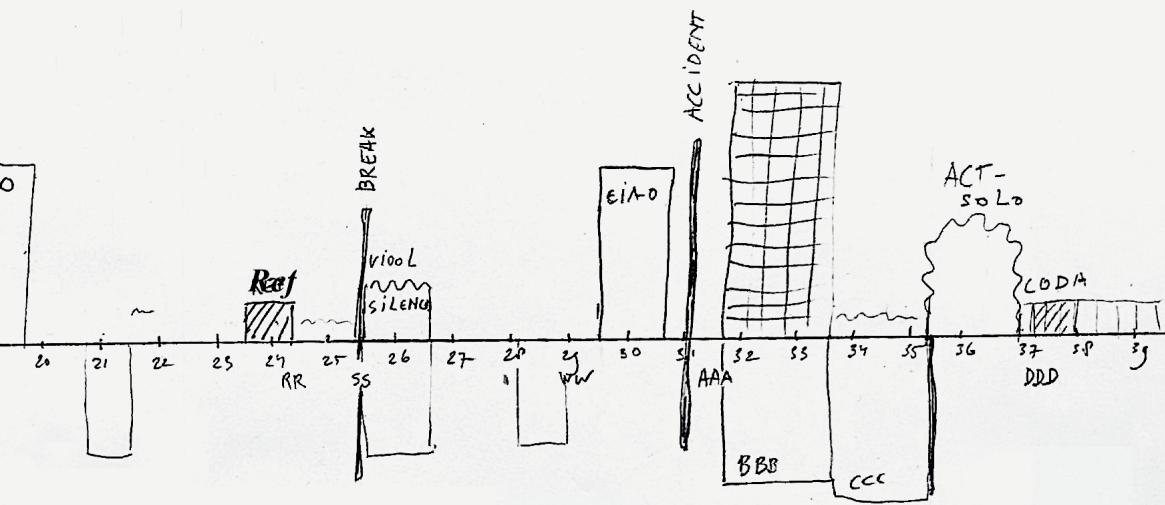
She for whom the day does not begin  
with roosters's crow, but with breakfast's  
aroma?

She who wears love's crown  
and has withered in the folds of her  
wedding gown?

And so in the end  
the sun did not shine at once on both

# COMPOSITION HUBA DE GRAAFF





poles of despair.  
You drained of the blue tiles' echoes.

I am so brimming full that people pray  
over my voice...

Lucky corpses.  
Tired corpses.  
Silent pensive corpses.  
Social, chic, well-fed stiffs  
in the stations of regularity  
and beneath suspiciously temporary  
lights,  
who lustily buy futility's rotten fruits...

How they stand at intersections, worried  
about accidents  
and whistles commanding *Stop!*  
at the very moment when a man  
must, must, must  
be crushed beneath the wheels of time,  
a man who passes by wet trees...

Where have I been?

I told my mother: *This is the end.*  
*Before you know it, it shall happen;*  
*let's send my obituary to the papers.*

Salaam strange loneliness.  
I concede this room to you because  
black clouds always are prophets  
of new purifying verses,  
and in a candle's martyrdom lies a res-  
plendent secret  
that its last and tallest flame grasps.

Let us believe,  
let us believe in the dawn of the cold  
season.

Let us believe in the ruin of imaginary  
gardens,  
in idle inverted scythes,  
in confined seeds.

Look how it snows...

Perhaps the truth was those two young  
hands,  
those young hands  
buried beneath snow--  
and in the coming year  
when spring mates with sky behind the  
window,  
fountains of green saplings will erupt--  
saplings that bloom, beloved, my truest  
friend.

Let us believe in the dawn of the cold  
season...

# SIN

*Forough Farrokhzad  
translation: Sholeh Wolpé*

I have sinned a rapturous sin  
in a warm enflamed embrace,  
sinned in a pair of vindictive arms,  
arms violent and ablaze.

In that quiet vacant dark  
I looked into his mystic eyes,  
found such longing that my heart  
fluttered impatient in my breast.

In that quiet vacant dark  
I sat beside him punch-drunk,  
his lips released desire on mine,  
grief unclenched my crazy heart.

I poured in his ears lyrics of love:  
*O my life, my lover it's you I want.  
Life-giving arms, it's you I crave.  
Crazed lover, for you I thirst.*

Lust enflamed his eyes,  
red wine trembled in the cup,  
my body, naked and drunk,  
quivered softly on his breast.

I have sinned a rapturous sin  
beside a body quivering and spent.  
I do not know what I did O God,  
in that quiet vacant dark.

## BIOGRAPHIES

**HUBA DE GRAAFF** componist, zoekt altijd samenwerking met theatermakers, ontwerpers, schrijvers en kunstenaars uit andere disciplines. In haar producties is geen vaststaande hiërarchie van tekst, geluid en beeld. Dat onderscheidt haar muziektheaterwerk van traditionele opera. Enkele muziektheaterwerken: Opera Lautsprecher Arnolt (2003), De dood van Poppaea (2006) , Diepvlees (2008), Apera (2013), Pornopera (2015), Liebesleid (2017) en The Naked Shit Songs (2017), Pulchalchiajev (2019), De Lamp (2020)

Zie ook: [www.hubadegraaff.com](http://www.hubadegraaff.com)

**IMRA DINÇER** actor, singer en producer, komt uit Oost-Turkije en woont sinds enige jaren in Amsterdam. Zij werd op jonge leeftijd al getraind bij het Turkse Staatstheater, speelde rollen bij vooraanstaande theaterproducties van de Metu Players, Ankara en Tiyatro Oyunbaz, Istanbul Turkije. Imra Dinçer bracht eerder – in samenwerking met Theater Rast – een theatersolo uit waarin ze een relatie legde tussen het fenomeen Ulrike Meinhof en historische Turkse protestliederen.

[www.theaterkrant.nl/recensie.ulrikes-convicted-songs/  
imra-dincer-theater-rast](http://www.theaterkrant.nl/recensie.ulrikes-convicted-songs/imra-dincer-theater-rast)

**ERIK-WARD GEERLINGS** studeerde wijsbegeerte aan de Erasmus Universiteit en integratieve psychotherapie aan de Nederlandse Academie voor Psychotherapie. Hij schrijft zowel oorspronkelijk werk als boekbewerkingen en teksten voor jeugdtheater, opera en muziektheater. Werkt regelmatig voor Theater Babel Rotterdam en Action Zoo Humain (Gent). Met Huba de Graaff werkt hij samen vanaf 2003, schreef o.m. Apera (2013), Pulchalchiajev (2019) en De Lamp (2020) en regisseerde Lautsprecher Arnolt (2003), De dood van Poppaea (2006) en Diepvlees (2008).

[www.ewgeerlings.nl](http://www.ewgeerlings.nl)

**MARIEN JONGEWAARD** is een Nederlandse theatermaker en choreograaf. In 1978 zette hij samen met schrijver Rob de Graaf en theatermaker Dik Boutkan het Amsterdamse theatergezelschap Nieuw West op. Samen met Truus Bronkhorst bracht hij dansvoorstellingen als Bronkhorst & Jongewaard. Hij werkt regelmatig samen met theatergroep de Warme Winkel. Hij werkte eerder samen met de Graaff en EW Geerlings, zo regisseerde hij The Naked Shit Songs, en speelde in Lautsprecher Arnolt (2003) en Apera (2013).

[theaterencyclopedia.nl/wiki/Marien\\_Jongewaard](https://theaterencyclopedia.nl/wiki/Marien_Jongewaard)

**MICHAELA RIENER** – vocals + drums

De Oostenrijkse zangeres Michaela Riener heeft zich toegelegd op zowel de historische uitvoeringspraktijk van Oude Muziek als de uitvoering van Hedendaagse Muziek. Ze is zangeres van het ensemble ELECTRA en de Hedendaagse Muziek Band Hexnut. Hiermee bewandelt ze de paden van muziektheater en audiovisuele kunst en zoekt ze de grens tussen geschreven en geïmproviseerde muziek op. Sinds 2012 is ze ook lid van het muziektheater collectief Silbersee.

[michaelariener.com](http://michaelariener.com)

**DODÓ KIS** – recorder + EWI

Dodó Kis (geboren in Gödöllő, Hongarije) is een van de pioniers op de blokfluit op het gebied van live-elektronica en vrije improvisatie. Ze speelt in diverse bands op de EWI (Electronic Wind Instrument). Dodó speelt zowel oude als hedendaagse muziek, ze maakt deel uit van het ensemble aXolot, een blokfluittrio dat zich verdiept in klassiek, hedendaags en volksmuziek, theater en improvisatie. Ze schrijft composities en arrangementen en is gepassioneerd én elektrisch.

[kidobo.wixsite.com/dodo](http://kidobo.wixsite.com/dodo)

## BIOGRAPHIES

**NORA MULDER** – keyboard is actief binnen zowel de gecomponeerde als de geïmproviseerde muziek, maar ook in muziektheater, noise, performance art en filmmuziek. Ze speelt in eigentijdse muziekensembles als 7090, improvisatiegezelschappen Trolleybus en Corkestra en als cimbalom-speelster. Ze treedt net zo gemakkelijk op in het prestigieuze Amsterdamse Concertgebouw als in groezelige kelders, op winderige vlaktes of plakkerige podia, in een morphsuit, jeans, T-shirt of in smetteloos zwart.  
[noramulder.nl](http://noramulder.nl)

**LEILA EL ALAOUI** – kostuums  
Studeerde aan de HKU, werkt als freelance textiel- en kostuumontwerper voor diverse opdrachtgevers, w.o. theatergroep Oostpool en het Mauritshuis. “Ik ben vooral bezig met beelden maken. Bij mij gaat het er niet om of iets perfect gemaakt is, het gaat om wat dit item communiceert. Ik maak ook heel veel dingen die uiteindelijk conceptueel blijven en niet persé af worden gemaakt.”

**SHOLEH WOLPÉ** - vertaling  
is een Amerikaanse dichter, toneelschrijver en literair vertaler. Ze werd geboren in Iran en woonde tijdens haar tienerjaren in Trinidad en Engeland, voordat ze zich in de Verenigde Staten vestigde. Wolpé's vertalingen van het geselecteerde werk van de Iraanse dichter Forough Farrokhzad, gebundeld in Sin, werden in 2010 bekroond met de Lois Roth Persian Translation Award. De juryleden schreven dat ze “de Perzische gedichten van Forough met nieuwe ogen ervaarden”. Alicia Ostriker prees de vertalingen als “hypnotiserend in hun schoonheid en kracht.” Willis Barnstone vond ze “buitengewoon majestueus” en van zo'n orde dat ‘ze Forough weer tot leven wekken’.  
[www.sholehwolpe.com](http://www.sholehwolpe.com)

## CREDITS

**Imra Dinçer** – vocals / performer / actress

**Nora Mulder** – keyboards

**Dodó Kis** – EWI / recorder

**Michaela Riener** – vocals & electronic  
percussion

**Huba de Graaff** – electric violin, noise

(Merlijn Runia: vervangt Michaela Riener  
4 maart en 2 april)

**muziek** Huba de Graaff

**regie** Erik-Ward Geerlings

**adviezen** Marien Jongewaard

**vertaling** Sholeh Wolpé

**klankregie** Ruben Kieftenbelt

**licht/techniek** HP Hulscher

**stagiair** Thessa Veerman

**kostuums** Leila El Alaoui

**pruiken** Julia Heijligers

**grafische vormgeving** Emmy Visser

**foto beeld** Bowie Verschuuren

**scènefotografie** Sanne Peper

**teaser** Levi van Gelder

**zakelijke leiding** Jasper Hupkens

**productie** Keshia Emke – Kesh Productions

**PR** Lonneke van Eden – Bureau TamTam

**met dank aan**

Tina Farifteh

**KHANEH SIAH AST** (The House is Black,

Iran/1962) Forough Farrokhzad (21')

The film was restored by Fondazione Cineteca  
di Bologna and Ecran Noir productions, in  
collaboration with Ebrahim Golestan.

Additional support was generously provided  
by Genoma Films and Mahrokh Eshaghian.

Restoration work was carried out at

L'Immagine Ritrovata laboratory in 2019.

**"From Imra to Huba on behalf  
of all women daring to sin  
at least once in their lifetime.  
Gonah Kardam, and I fell  
good about it!  
Long live rebels!"**

Een HubadeGraaff-productie/  
A HubadeGraaff-production  
[www.hubadegraaff.com](http://www.hubadegraaff.com)

