

# The Journey

By *Venus Pop Grotto!*

As written and performed by Anna Luka da Silva

Directed by Nora Ramakers

Y:

It is with great emotion that I run towards you, my childhood!  
At last I take my dusty diary out of the smoldering firewood.

God.

For what am I today?

Today.

Today.

Am I Gangster Bob? Or the fugitive?

Or the aimless, restless skullfuck plunging from cliff to cliff?

And as I pass my memories...

...all the vibes and energies: a crib on a parking slope, my little world, my little scope.

I see...

I see my daddy once again.

O isn't he a dirty old little man?

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmaaa.

What a stupid question, I know the answer of course.

But in order to love I should first reinforce.

Yes indeed! I need some rest,

before I'll be able to continue my quest.

Lay on my belly and release my chest.

...

No! The show must go on, I should carry it through.

O, why am I so scared to face the things I'm drawn to?  
Yes, I'm a mess, I am totally depressed.  
But I also know it wouldn't go if I just rest.  
So I should carry on, but what's the next step?  
Towards the great wall, and not get caught in a trap.  
Wait what's happening? I can't move my feet.  
I feel way too heavy to walk down the street.  
I'm stuck in my own loop as if it were a cage.  
I'm reduced to a character with a nervous inward rage.  
And for this rage I'm blaming everyone except me.  
But I'm done with being the victim now, cause I want to be free...

To be free!

O, to be free!

O, to be free!

What does that even mean?

O, how I hope I'll find the answer in the next sarcastic scene.

I can't believe I still don't know,

I've been talking about it this entire show.

O! Why do I even rhyme?

And why do I think it adds something when I express my words in mime?

O! The great world! The heart and mind of man!

We all seek what enlightenment we can;

big data, big money, big future.

But first; this festering wound I need to clean and stitch with suture.

Yes I'll cross that border to know how it would feel

to see the new world and the ability to heal...

heal

heal

heal

heal

heal

heal

U:

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmaaa.

Y:

....?

U:

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmaaa.

Y:

....?

U:

Yolandi! Yolandi! It's uncle Jimmy!

Y:

Daddy?

U:

Hi!

What's wrong? I feel a gap.

Come on it's your daddy! Come sit on my lap!"

Y:

....?

U:

There you go baby girl! Right here on my knee.

Mmmmmm, you want some herbal tea?"

Y:

....?

U:

Hey, whatever Yolandi!

You don't have to do anything you don't want to, you hear me?

Y:

....

U:

Look at you, you're so sweet.

Mmm yeah, tell uncle Jimmy what you need.

Y:

....

And this was the beginning of the mystery that led me in my adult years to moral ruination.

Ruination.

Ruination.

O, what is love?

I didn't know then, I was still a fragile dove.

I still don't know now, I am in doubt.

O, I lost my compass in this big judging crowd.

Look at me! I'm too heavy to fly away now.

I wanna live a cute life, but I don't know how.

I wander around the world, till I smash against the wall.

I want to break through but it seems impassable.

I keep on smashing and stay in good faith.

I touch it, I lick it, but I cannot penetrate.

O! Theatre of life! O! Endless nature.

Where shall I embrace you in this world full of danger?

Where is the streak of lightning I should lick with my tongue?

I've been taking this bullshit now for way too long!

M:

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm yeah!

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm yeah! That's right!

Now move your ass downstairs I'll make ya some food tonight!"

Y:

Coming ma!

Oh boy I'm so hungry, I could eat a whole cow.

Mommy, where is Uncle Jimmy right now?

M:

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm yeah!

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm yeah Yolandi!

He's probably eating something else today!

Y:

But mommy, what on earth would Uncle Jimmy prefer over your creamy crème brûlée?

M:1

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm yeah!

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm yeah Yolandi!

He's probably eating some little boo's ass, boo's ass berries.

Totally occupied with popping his cherries.

Which means I'm bound to headbang with a vibrato!

Stuck with the TV, watching some dirty 80's gelato.

Y:

Yo momma, you see these bees and birds?

I'll cram them down your throat if you keep saying these words.

Cham—bam—bue, mue—mue, bah—bih, bah—beh—no—zyyyyyy

....

There is nothing more artificial than insta feeds of young girls...

...with their chunky cheeks and their fake extension curls.

Lips like cherries, tits like little roses...

...and o, how they show their asses in all kinds of poses.

If only it were enough to buy some fruit and flowers at the store!  
But let's not say too much about lips, tits, 'n asses anymore.

Hi, my name is Yolandi.  
And I love my tattooed body.

....

The life of a young girl can't be compared with any other form of life.  
We're as fresh as a daisy, till someone gives us the knife.

Then from this cut there flows an entire sea of idealism...  
...that is at odds with our o so sorry realism.

O! Our sorry reality!  
The body and spirit of humanity.  
Which of us dares to call things by their names?  
Those few who did so, died nailed to crosses or with shooting games.

O! Will things ever change?  
I guess time will tell of this world so strange...  
...it's o so strange, o so strange!  
O!

U:  
Yolandi! Yolandi! It's Uncle Jimmy!"

Y:  
Daddy?

U:  
Hi!  
Come over! Let's play a cute game!  
There's only one rule:  
Don't bring your shame!"

Y:  
....?  
Djeez Uncle Jimmy, I don't know.  
Would you mind if I'll just go?

U:  
No way! Yolandi! Stay!  
Rely on your instinct, it will show you the way.

Y:  
Instinct? Instinct?  
But daddy, what does that instinct want?  
And why do I call you uncle, and mommy not aunt?

U:  
O baby girl! Don't think too much. I'm here to protect.  
Don't go down that path, otherwise you'll regret.

Y:  
But I'm troubled by these roses, and the stains on my dress.

Wow! That's what my instinct tells me, yes!  
With all my strength, I'll smash that wall.  
And free myself from this world so small.  
It's o so small, o so small, o!  
Dear Uncle Jimmy, I'm gonna go.  
You'll have to find another ho.

U:

No way Yolandi, stay!  
Nobody knows how to smash that chunk of clay.  
I would do anything to make you see...  
...that this road leads to nowhere, you'll never be free.  
It's our human karma and we should live with the bitch;  
life after Paradise can only be kitsch.

Y:

No! I have to go, before I smash you down to the ground!  
This time I will not come around!  
Paradise, hell, vice and virtue;  
I'm done with it Jimmy, even though it will hurt you.  
Goodbye! Goodbye! I scream while I cry.

U:

Yolandi! Yolandi!  
Come back baby!  
O, how it hurts and aches!  
I cry as my heart breaks.  
O, the devil only knows of this world so cold,  
It's o so cold, o so cold, o!

Who else can know...

...the pain that so...

...burns in my bones like fire from hell?

Lucifer, only you can tell!

Speak of the devil and he will come.

What's this sound? I hear a low rumbling hum.

cham—bam—bue, mue—mue, bah—bih, bah—beh—no—zyyyyyy

....

Y:

What's happening? Am I there yet?

I can't feel my body, is that good or bad?

O, the good, the bad.

Ugly it makes me, tired and sad.

And again I put myself in this victimized state.

I should really stop doing this, before it's too late.

O, my most noble moments, how little remains...

...when they're suppressed by my hearts' aches and pains.

But it's different now, I don't feel anything.

Is this the first step towards self-healing?

Maybe, in this new state of mind...

...I could get a little grip on the undefined.

O! Only now I can see...  
...beyond the white picket fence and the forbidden fruit tree.

O! Into a whole it all lives and moves and weaves.  
It's just stunning how each part gives and receives.

How great a spectacle! But that, I fear, is all there is.  
I'm a vaudeville devil dreaming 'bout eternal bliss.

And rich with this world's goods, I cry in confusion.  
Scorn on those better things as mere illusion.

O! My eyes! My eyes! O!  
Stop exposing all these lies! These lies!

O!

Love!

Kill the beast or the beast will kill you.

Lick your wounds or the wounds will trick you.....