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<b>Schrijver</b>	Anna Sophia Bonnema
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ANALYSIS – THE WHOLE SONG

Characters

Ricky

Ronny

Characters in the animation film

Adam and Eve

two little children, a boy and a girl

Karl Marx

Freud

an eyeball on high heels

Ricky and Ronny

Settings

a library

a desert

a dead forest in the desert

New York

*the eyeball looks around in an empty space*

1.

*Eve is sitting against a tree in the desert*

I walked into paradise  
and there was Eve  
she came from behind a tree  
she was strong and beautiful  
with long brown hair  
and clear eyes  
she looked at me  
and I wanted to ask her  
how do we go on?  
can we go on?

but I didn't  
'cause I felt ashamed  
she was so naked  
what could I do?  
what could I do?

she was crying  
and when I asked her  
what was wrong  
she said

Adam is gone

did he leave you? I asked

he couldn't bear the guilt

she said

it's so unfair

and I agreed

she was so beautiful  
and even though she was  
sad she made me happy

it wasn't even his fault

she sobbed

I'm the one to blame

they tied us to that tree

over there

to punish us for life

I'm so glad he escaped

she said

and I'm going too

I offered to

show her the way

out of paradise

I kissed her breasts

she was still crying

she so much wanted me

we made love

between the flowers

and I thought of you

let's go

she said

and I accompanied her

out of paradise

Adam sat there

waiting for her

I gave him a hug

and we said goodbye

we said goodbye

how do we go on?

can we go on?

ii.

*Adam is playing guitar between the trees*

the secret of the golden flower

I will give to you

I smile and put it in your hair

and dance around the garden

you dance the day I dance the night

we dance the problems out of sight

you smile and laugh and look at me

standing underneath a tree

*(Ricky & Ronny together)*

I close my eyes and dream about  
another life

I really hope that

you and me will stand another day

*(Ricky)*

It started a long time ago  
full of bliss and ecstasy  
but time went by and I could see  
that you were gloomy there with me

we tried to live among the things  
we bought ourselves  
a luxury

but all the joy in all the world  
is not for sale and never free

*(Ricky & Ronny together)*

I close my eyes and dream about  
another life

I really hope that

you and me will stand another day

*(Ricky)*

a mental darkness hard to bear  
we saw the devil everywhere  
erotic brains with fantasies  
we couldn't really cope with

our consequences were extreme  
it was like living in a dream  
I didn't know that life and death  
were like brother and sister

*(Ricky & Ronny together)*

I close my eyes and dream about  
another life

I really hope that

you and me will stand another day

*(Ricky)*

so here I am with you today  
in search of the right words to say  
we dream about connectedness  
but how the hell does that go

an open space  
to start from scratch  
emancipation  
to be free  
of course we need something to do  
to stop this constant feeling blue

*(Ricky & Ronny together)*

I close my eyes and dream about  
another life  
I really hope that

you and me will stand another day

iii.

*the children are 'playing house' in the sand*

dwelling in the realm of explanation

drawn by expectations and proclamations  
we're losing it, the world is escaping  
our intellectualizations

it's never there, and never here  
there is no such thing as a compact world  
a mini world, an edible one  
nothing to grasp, not even parts

the world, the world  
you can't predict it  
the world, the world  
is always over there  
the world, the world  
they're trying to teach us

the world, the world  
we're trailing behind

we'll have to accept it  
if we ever want to be in peace  
there is nothing to be conquered  
and nothing to be released

the world can't be travelled nor be seen  
although some space travellers do  
claim they have really seen the earth  
and cried 'cause it was blue

the world, the world  
you can't predict it  
the world, the world  
is always over there  
the world, the world  
they're trying to teach us  
the world, the world  
we're trailing behind

it can't be divided or owned  
only its superficial spatiality  
history is perpetually messing things up  
the world is at odds with time

confused by the predictions  
uncertain what to believe  
there is no way to take care  
without being deceived

the world, the world  
you can't predict it  
the world, the world  
is always over there  
the world, the world  
they're trying to teach us  
the world, the world  
we're trailing behind

*(Ricky & Ronny together)*

misleading perfumes are ioking

we're fooled, the facts are false  
endangered fishes are filling up the oceans  
while toxic gases are safely stowed

in China they are shitting gold  
so that's what we will do  
our waste became so valuable  
we're even pissing truth

the world, the world  
you can't predict it  
the world, the world  
is always over there  
the world, the world  
they're trying to teach us  
the world, the world  
we're trailing behind

your lie will be the next thing  
and then it will turn into mine  
maybe other communities will join soon  
to make a global rhyme  
la la la la la la  
la la la la la la

iv.

*darkness*

Ronny?

Ronny?

are you there?

can you say something?

make a sound?

is that you?

Ronny?

Ricky  
are you there?

I'm here

how are you?

I don't know you?

I can't move

what happened?

I don't know  
it hurts

have you been sleeping?

I don't know you?

I don't think so

what did we do, Ronny?

doesn't matter

doesn't matter

go to sleep honey

yes  
don't go

I won't go  
everything will be fine, okay?

no more stupid things

no more stupid things

v. the books

*Ricky and Ronny are working in the library*

I've been so-called 'asleep'  
for twenty years  
what've I been doing all the time?  
and what's more  
did I really wake up?  
how can I be sure?  
oh I pinched myself enough  
I think  
and not only pinched myself  
I hit myself, punched myself  
even stabbed myself  
only to find out  
that nothing had changed  
so what can I say  
I left the asylum  
and came here  
that's it  
I got out of bed  
and they dropped me off  
here  
in the middle of the desert  
honey  
it's true isn't it?  
did I forget something?  
did I forget something?

he's busy with the books  
a lot of work  
the books  
we sort it all out  
there's no system yet  
we have to make it  
so that people can find  
the book they're searching for  
we'll make the system  
it's our job

they gave us this job  
so that we might adapt  
so that we work while adapting  
ourselves to  
to, I don't know  
society I guess  
but it's good to work  
to be busy with the books  
to sort them all out  
and carry them to  
their places and put  
them on the shelves  
in alphabetical order  
to categorize them  
and put little stickers on them  
concerning the subject  
and the author and the title  
it's okay  
not exactly fun but okay  
for now I guess  
I'm glad  
they took me away  
it's better here  
to be independent again  
on our own  
so I work  
I do the work I have  
to do  
but when I sit down for a moment  
like now  
I start to wonder  
what happened  
in all those years  
twenty years they said  
was I really asleep?  
was I dreaming?  
how come I don't remember  
a goddamned thing  
sorry  
all those years?  
was it the medication?  
I remember the medication  
the pills I had to take

so many pills, and they all  
had different colours  
different shapes  
I remember those pills  
and taking them with  
a sip of water  
I still see these pills  
the patterns they made  
on the white plate  
I would rearrange them  
over and over  
until it looked  
good  
I didn't always manage  
no I certainly didn't always manage  
I would get angry  
smash the plate  
and the pills would  
roll over the floor  
all of them in different directions  
they were rolling and rolling  
and rolling and rolling  
and I would roll after them  
the pills were full of promises  
and I believed them  
we didn't make a sound  
the pills and me  
we were silently rolling  
and I believed them  
I'm good at believing  
not everybody can believe  
but I can  
rolling like this  
changed everything  
the whole perspective  
walls, ceiling, windows  
bed, door

*Adam and Eve are sleeping next to a dead camel  
the sun is rising in the desert*

and then somebody would come  
and pick me up

and help me to pick up the pills  
replacing the ones I couldn't find  
but they were never angry with me  
those people who helped me  
they were nice  
I don't remember them so well  
but I think they were nice to me  
they didn't say nasty things  
no they left me more or less to myself  
in my bed  
I guess I slept a lot  
but it didn't worry me  
twenty years  
my god  
isn't that too much?  
isn't that too much?

they said they had put me  
on the rails again  
and now I should try to be on my own  
for a while  
to have a life again  
Ronny?  
isn't that what they said?  
that they had put me on the rails again  
like the whole thing had been  
some fucking train accident  
as if I didn't have any preference  
as if it didn't matter  
what kind of vehicle I was associated with  
I like cars you know  
but if I had known beforehand  
that they would  
drop us off here  
in the middle of the desert  
I would have chosen  
a helicopter  
or a small airplane  
I wonder sometimes how old  
I am  
but it doesn't seem to matter here  
everybody looks old here  
the air is so dry

that everyone has wrinkles  
every skin young or old  
is wrinkled  
children have wrinkles  
babies have wrinkles  
on their faces  
even their bodies are wrinkled  
so it doesn't matter  
you just dry out here  
prematurely  
no matter how much  
you moisturize  
I'm always moisturizing  
but it doesn't seem to help  
once you're finished you can  
start all over again  
but who cares  
there are hardly any people here  
at least I haven't seen them  
it's quite deserted here  
in the desert

*Karl Marx is standing in the library  
he is laughing*

vi.

so that makes you laugh Karl  
I'm glad to see you laughing  
haven't heard much laughing lately

*Karl keeps on laughing*

Karl keeps us company  
don't you Karl?

*Karl laughs: yes yes*

he popped up one day  
between the pages of Das Kapital

you were hiding there Karl weren't you?

*Karl laughs and nods: yes yes*

in your own book  
he's not so adventurous old Karl  
it's time to look around  
the world is changing  
not so much kapital flowing around here  
anymore Karl  
love your neighbour Karl  
have you heard of that?  
love thy neighbour  
it's not a joke  
a bit of love might save our lives here

did you see those people walking around  
half naked, their sex behind guitars  
looking for a place to stay  
Adam and Eve  
fresh from paradise  
and homeless

you don't choose to live here  
you have to have some history  
it's not exactly a natural habitat  
for people

no masses for Karl here  
no groups of people to study  
no factories  
we're alone Karl  
this is nature  
and it's too hot  
he must be sweating  
it's not comfortable here  
too dry and too much sand  
but otherwise everything is taken care of  
we have food, plenty of water  
but company, no  
except for Karl  
and his little friend  
Herr Freud

there he is  
always happy Herr Freud

*Freud appears from behind the bookshelves  
he's smoking a cigar*

so here we are  
together with these two gentlemen  
they're both very entertaining and jobless  
of course  
we refuse to be studied  
or experimented on  
we've had enough of that

Karl is a great dancer though  
aren't you Karl?  
it's so nice to dance with him  
we often dance together

wanna dance Karl?

not in the mood today

well he's got his problems too I guess  
he hasn't had an easy life either  
oh no he hasn't had an easy life either

vii. the books part two

*Ricky and Ronny are sitting on the floor reading  
books lay strewn all around*

where was I  
the situation  
this situation  
yes  
well  
I'm fine  
I can take care of myself now  
if they come back to check  
on us, they will see  
that we're managing things correctly here  
and that we're making good progress  
for sure  
we're on track  
we're still on the rails and we're going fast  
no problem  
Ronny is a good driver  
and I can do the rest  
soon we'll be able to take some passengers in  
this train is okay  
I'm reconstructing the past  
while going straight into the future  
and  
I don't need to sleep anymore  
I'm working now  
I'm working now

once in a while somebody  
passes by and asks  
how things are going  
if they can borrow a book yet  
well they can't  
it will take a while  
it's quite a job actually  
so many books  
we have to be really creative  
with the space  
the corridors are getting smaller and smaller  
we have to put up extra  
bookshelves all the time  
we just put them behind each other  
and now we've started  
to lay them on the floor too  
and to make extra lavers

between the floor and the ceiling  
in some places you can only  
crawl between the layers and piles  
of books  
yes  
it's getting more and more  
complicated, but I think  
we're getting there  
we're definitely getting there  
and then this whole fantastic collection  
will have found its place here  
that will be the reward  
that every book has its  
unique place  
in this unique space  
the books deserve it  
for sure  
so much knowledge  
and imagination  
all human brainwork  
genetically, hormonally, and of course  
chemically determined brainwork  
respect for all these words  
these sentences, these thoughts  
these meanings, these pages  
full of phrases, it doesn't always  
make sense to me but I'm sure  
that for every book there's a person  
somehow  
or the other way round  
people are so diverse so different  
and so are the books  
and that will be the most  
interesting part of the job  
to make matching couples  
to find the right book for the  
right person or the other way round  
it's a huge task in a way  
to make the perfect match  
the combination that will  
change your life  
that will give a new meaning  
to the book

and to the person

*(Ricky Ronny)*

honey

yes dear

who are you talking to?

I'm not talking

am I?

I heard you

just now

is anybody there?

I'm just sitting here

are you thinking again?

I'm fine darling

don't worry

are you sure?

it's okay darling

it's okay

just leave me for a while

I like to be here on my own

I won't do anything strange

it's so nice to be alone

especially at this time of day

when everything seems to slow down

as it darkens

and my thoughts are carefully

coming out, one by one

like the stars appearing

in the dark blue sky

and start twinkling

connecting, repairing

drawing some patterns

in this chaotic emptiness

viii.

*Ricky and Ronny are dancing and reading  
the eyeball joins them*

is paradise a drug or a tragic condition  
to be cut off from societies' mechanisms  
if fashion is our fate  
and power has no shape  
if we die here and now  
nothing of us will  
ever have existed

nothing of us will  
ever have existed

lifestyle zombies  
or children of the sun  
there is no difference  
in the long run  
to understand the ending  
we're looking for the beginning  
and since we have to leave  
it's better not to love this precarious condition

it's better not to love this

Adam escaped his guilt  
but for commercial reasons  
we had to keep his name  
we've been poor  
digging deep, toiling the earth  
eating tulip bulbs for weeks  
and waiting for the rain to come

nothing of us will  
ever have existed

nothing of us will  
ever have existed

*Adam and Eve are walking through the desert*

we lost all we had  
in the crash of 2008  
and during the great famine  
we were trapped  
on the lost continent

we were there  
when Noah saved  
the world, and still  
our aim is to design  
all-inclusive revolutions  
fit for future times

we learned to sympathize  
with victims and survivors

nothing of us will  
ever have existed

nothing of us will  
ever have existed

during the earthquakes  
we stayed, we survived  
we will always be connected  
your facts of history  
will be my personal accessories  
in a repetition of useless words

your facts of history  
will be my personal accessories  
in a repetition of useless words

ix. the beginning

*Ronny is standing beside a car in the desert*  
*Ricky is doing a healing dance*

well I guess I'll have to start at the beginning  
and the beginning was  
after everything went wrong  
the beginning was when there was  
absolutely nothing left  
the whole thing had gone to hell  
and there we were  
and it looked like

we had to start all over again

so in the beginning

I thought

do we really have to do this

start all over again

from scratch, from nothing

. . .

everything was gone

we were not young anymore

and we were nowhere

when we came out of the hospital

and out of the institutions that followed

no career, no money, no job

but we were still together

like it was the most natural thing

in the world

she wanted to dance

she said it made her feel like she was in charge

that she was actually doing something

and I, well I guess that in the beginning

I mainly wanted to understand

in an intellectual way, I felt so far

away from everything and I searched for

a connection and well I can't explain but

all I wanted to do was think and read

think and read

as if living in this other world

a world of ideas

could give me something back

that I thought I'd lost

somewhere on the way

or that I feared I'd never had

in the end it's all about habits

we like what we're used to

some kind of survival mechanism probably

to have some basic sense of contentment

no stress. the ultimate relaxation

death drive as Herr Freud called it  
and as I understood it  
we had suffered from a deep  
deep sleep-wish  
we had been wanting to sleep forever  
we thought we could dream ourselves innocent  
again  
just by forgetting  
letting go

I guess I got stuck  
in my own mind  
if I wasn't punished  
I had to do it myself  
how could I ever trust myself again

I would start to tremble  
and the fear  
hiding inside  
would start growing again  
enveloping me in its  
tough bubble, which would  
calm me down  
eventually

enough  
I've had enough tremors  
and ticks  
I've been shaking  
so much  
I'm sick  
I know it  
it's clear  
no further proof is needed  
I'm a sick animal  
mad and marginal  
I can read the labels  
I know what's written on my forehead

we were children once  
children of the sun  
heroes of another age  
another time

lifestyle zombies  
everything became fashion  
as if it was our fate  
to be fashionable  
even our wish to be political  
to be involved  
was like room spray  
inspiring us for a while  
before it faded away  
and the next vague  
scent of something  
would guide us  
elsewhere

*Adam and Eve are walking through the desert*

cloud hunters we were  
there was a reason for  
everything, we were groping  
in the air, driven by  
fantasies, rich in colour  
and shape, ephemeral  
entities functioning  
as signs, giving directions  
to new territories  
new nowheres  
superficial explorations of feelings

so disguised as balloons  
we were roaming the skies  
waiting for the moment  
to explode

I don't know which  
sun came too close  
we were not humble  
for sure  
going into the air like that  
higher and higher  
until we were ripped apart  
voluntarily

I would like to empty the sky

of its illusions  
and show you that  
we are nature baby  
and nature is us

I learned  
from this huge library  
that basically  
I'm just a piece of shit  
and so are you all  
will we ever stop producing turds  
how desperate we must be  
to stop shitting  
to stop talking  
using words  
giving meaning

look, look how she's doing her daily practice  
look how she's trying to heal herself

oh my dearest dearest of all  
how I still love you

x. therapy

*Ronny is driving a car through the desert*

you  
you take me on a tour  
you show me all the things  
that used to be important to you

but I  
I don't see a thing  
that resembles necessity  
no no no

you  
you want me to be  
in therapy  
with you

but I don't  
feel  
anything anything  
I don't feel anything

...

therapy is nothing for me

no

please let me be  
with my illusions

xi. unconscious

*the band 'Adam and the Eves' is playing in the desert  
Adam on guitar, Eve 1 on bass and Eve 2 on drums*

I follow my instinct  
I need it to survive  
my thoughts are inadequate  
I'm sick  
I'm a sick man  
a homesick man  
shaken by unconscious seismic tremors  
my language is broken  
it speaks like the unconscious  
what a strange word  
it passes through my body  
introducing my thoughts  
that I don't understand  
I don't think with my soul  
it's only words  
nothing to do with anatomy  
and I join the hysterics  
my thoughts don't fit with my soul  
they just pile up  
trying to fit in this world  
where my soul is naked  
a grimace of the real  
the world is a fantasv

of which I am afraid  
and this is the only world I know

xii.

*the library*

hhmm er, if I might interrupt  
I would like to remind you of the idea of sharing  
hmm, of equal distribution etc. you know  
according to possibilities and needs  
ha ha ha  
things like that  
you know  
old school  
yeah yeah  
ha ha ha

well, you don't have to pay attention to me  
but  
since I'm here anyway  
I mean, I'm around  
a bit everywhere in fact  
ha ha  
but well, eventually  
I thought  
we could have a cup of tea  
together  
and discuss  
some of this old stuff  
ha ha ha ha  
if you have time for an old  
bugger like me

*Freud approaches reluctantly from behind*  
and maybe my companion here  
can say a few words too  
haahaa

I mean the conditions  
the work

and the mind of course  
I always forget the mind  
ha ha ha  
isn't it Herr Freud  
I like him  
a real character  
stubborn hmm

not easy  
he can't be alone  
never leave him alone  
he will eat everything  
all the books, clothes  
whatever  
he can be so aggressive  
give me a hug  
hmmm  
good vibrations  
you should let him run around the house  
so now and then  
he's really fast  
and it will make you feel  
sooo goood  
oh yeah  
he will shake everything up  
my little friend  
he's like a fan  
he moves the air around you  
even when he's quiet  
can you feel it?  
can you feel it?  
no  
I'm sorry  
we're immune to therapy  
shall we dance  
we would love to Herr Marx

*they start dancing*  
*Freud is standing at the side*

come on little friend

there we go

*they dance together*  
*whirling away*

xiii.

this dance we learned in therapy  
to cool us down they said  
it was not only us though  
a lot of other people were there  
and we all had our problems somehow

everybody was sad, I mean  
the sadness in the room was amazing  
and by dancing like this  
we were stirring things up  
and could somehow feel everything better

and the more we felt  
the more our sadness materialized  
in that room, I don't know  
it became real somehow  
as if our stories glued together  
in this huge monument of pain

the air being so heavy with disappointment  
feeling its resistance in our muscles growing like pain  
we could either give it up and start crying  
or deal with it for a while

so we worked and worked to keep things going  
juggling with our emotions in the air  
slicing our aggression to pieces  
while stamping our hate on the floor

and the more we felt  
the more our sadness materialized  
in that room, I don't know  
it became real somehow  
as if our stories glued together  
in this huge monument of pain

our fingers grew into razorblades  
in our eyes there was nothing but fear  
no one dared to stop dancing  
we were all moving inside the same head

but there was no end to our misery  
it could only multiply  
too many minds in one room  
bouncing while looking for relief

and the more we felt  
the more our sadness materialized  
in that room, I don't know  
it became real somehow  
as if our stories glued together  
in this huge monument of pain

xiv. therapeutic sessions part one

*night*

*Eve is walking through the dark library*

*Ronny is sleeping*

one night  
a long time ago  
she didn't let me in  
I was standing outside  
on the pavement  
ringing the bell  
she didn't open the door  
I must have forgotten the keys  
or something  
we were living on the eleventh floor  
I was sure she was at home  
I saw the lights burning

*Eve is climbing on top of Ronny*

so I called her  
but she didn't answer the phone  
I called again and again

not knowing what to think of this  
and then when she finally picked it up  
she didn't explain  
she didn't apologize either

*they are making love*

she was in psychotherapy at the time  
seeing a shrink three times a week  
and I already noticed she'd become fussy about things  
like asking me these strange questions  
she would make comments on my behaviour  
about my physical presence even  
like I was disturbing her  
like she didn't feel comfortable anymore  
when I was around

*Ricky is sleeping, Adam is looking at her*

she would remember these details  
where I'd been standing  
what I'd been looking at  
and ask me a few days later why I had been looking at that particular thing  
a chewed pencil for example which had been lying somewhere in the windowsill  
or why I had been standing in front of the chair she liked to curl up in reading  
full of coffee stains

*Adam and Ricky are walking hand in hand through the dark library  
they are making love leaning against the bookshelves*

common things you know, normal things  
a book of hers I had been looking in  
a book which had been lying upside down on the table  
opened you know  
and I had picked it up without thinking and looked  
at the open page, maybe even read a bit  
so what, often I wouldn't even remember those things  
and she would ask me why I had done that  
as if I had a plan in mind  
as if it meant something  
or she would remind me of the position I had taken  
in a particular gathering with some friends of ours in a cafe  
I had taken a certain chair at the table which was

still available and I hadn't  
waited for her to choose  
a place among her friends  
suddenly they were her friends  
she would nod with her head  
while saying these things to me  
like she was confirming herself  
yes, it really had been like that  
and it was proof of what she'd been thinking all the time  
about me I suppose

I mean

we read the same books  
I thought we agreed about things, about people  
we could talk endlessly about their peculiarities  
after carefully comparing and examining our observations  
I guess that was the problem  
our habit of observing people  
but of course she wasn't supposed to observe me  
it's horrible to be observed  
to be interpreted like that  
she didn't realize what she was doing  
how ridiculous it was, to start commenting on me  
in that way  
as if I was spying on her  
as if I wanted to steal some secret of hers  
by studying the things around her

later she told me that she had  
probably been afraid  
she had had the feeling  
that I wanted to have her  
take things away from her  
that she was afraid of losing her mind  
her thoughts

so I guess after that  
it was different between us  
we became more careful  
more conscious of our behaviour  
we asked permission from each other  
to do something  
go shopping for example  
or even read a book

just to be sure  
we would ask if it was alright  
all the time, whatever we did  
not to make any mistake  
not to hurt one another  
no, better to hurt oneself  
and well I think  
our relations became rather masochistic  
at that time

so I guess after that  
it was different between us

so I guess after that  
it was different between us

xv. therapeutic sessions part two

*the children are having some shit-and-piss fun in the desert*

it was not only each other we had to please though  
but our self-created master  
I mean things were getting weird  
gradually  
not that we took the wrong turn or anything  
and suddenly everything looked unfamiliar  
no it was more that the rules we created  
to have a life together  
although they weren't even rules  
it was just that when we were together  
we behaved in a certain way  
like reading a book while having breakfast  
you know, pouring each other coffee endlessly  
well these unwritten rules  
which were more  
like habits  
started to develop on their own  
and we had to follow somehow

so when I asked him for example if it was  
okay that I looked into a certain book  
I mean

I thought we had our eyes wide open  
but we didn't see what was happening  
or maybe we did see it  
somewhere in the corner  
peeping into our view so now and then  
like a small cute animal  
like a little dog or guinea pig  
we thought we could handle easily  
I mean in a way we were still happy  
together, we were always happy  
but no  
it wasn't some cute little animal  
coming up the stairs one day  
and finding the door ajar  
sneaking in  
and jumping on the bed  
between us  
how I would have loved that  
a little hairball at my side  
in my pocket  
on my skin  
but no  
I guess  
what we didn't see  
was what we couldn't see  
because it was there all the time  
the wall, coming closer day by day  
slowly, so slowly that it is  
impossible to notice  
from one day to the next  
until  
there is no space  
left anymore  
to move, to think, to breathe  
but that was later  
so  
we didn't see the wall coming  
and I asked Ronny if I could leave the room  
as if he was some kind of royalty, think of it  
but anyway I would ask for his permission  
to glide away and as an answer  
he would roll his eyes  
as if trying to look backwards

and in that way transferred the question  
to some entity beyond him  
we called that thing somewhere behind him in the air  
our master  
'what would the master say'  
we would ask  
as if it was a joke  
to ask for consent  
as if we were talking  
to Santa Claus or something  
and as it happened  
we were not only asking each other  
for approval, but anything  
the master could be everywhere  
and could be anything  
but mostly we would ask our humble questions  
to the books we were reading  
or more specifically to the  
ghosts of the writers  
living in those books

*Freud is looking at the playing children from behind a tree*

I mean  
I knew we were full of shit  
but still  
who wants to see his own poop  
piling up in the corners  
huge heaps of shit  
growing steadily  
and getting a life of their own  
a brown bulging materialization  
of our own sorrow and guilt  
our most intimate feelings  
asking for attention

*Ricky and Ronny are crawling between the books in the dark library*

as if all these writers  
we had gathered around us  
could actually see us  
they knew everything  
they could see right through us

they knew what we were thinking  
they saw how limited we were  
how we could never understand  
and still they were nodding approvingly at us  
and said that it was okay  
it was okay to be imperfect  
it was okay to have failed

it was okay to have failed

pain is never alone  
our pains were asleep during the day  
but at night they would  
start wandering through  
the house  
they were everywhere  
in the books  
on the shelves  
lurking near us  
jumping at us  
like in a home-made  
horror movie  
and we accepted the pains  
the sharp teeth in our skins  
the ugly mouths wide open  
lying in ambush behind  
the bookshelves  
just because it was good  
to feel something  
I guess  
to escape this sterile  
universe we had created  
it was good to know  
our thoughts and imaginations  
growing wild  
attacking us  
causing pain  
instead of being  
anesthetized

instead of being  
anesthetized

*piles of books are falling, causing other heaps to collapse*

xvi. the children

d'you think they will come again?

who?

the children

...

the little girl with her friend

you saw them too

didn't you?

I think so

I invited them in

remember?

yes yes

so you remember the children?

yes of course I do

but I don't know

it makes me nervous somehow

when you talk about them

...

you should leave them in peace

why shouldn't I leave them in peace?

I liked them, both of them

I know

of course you know

what do you mean?

I'm an open book

you said it yourself

I said that?

yes you said

I can read you like an open book

that's what you said

that must have been a long time ago

I don't know

you're the one with the memory

the amazing memory

but when we're talking about you

you're so-called blank

you remember everything you read

but nothing you said

maybe I was joking  
maybe it wasn't important  
we remember things differently  
and we remember different things

I know for instance that  
you didn't like the boy  
seriously?

don't be such a fool  
you hated him  
did I?

don't pretend  
you loathed him  
you even shouted at him  
I think you slapped him

I don't think I did that  
well I saw it  
you probably just imagined it  
I know you  
your stories  
your memories  
I don't know  
they are changing all the time  
somehow

isn't that normal?  
normal?

yes normal  
can't I use the word normal anymore?  
you can use any word you like

I'm sorry  
you don't have to be sorry  
I understand

it's only details  
of course

*the children are walking inside the library  
Ricky gives the girl something to drink*

I'm not always sure about  
the details  
but the boy said they had to go back  
you remember?  
they had to go back  
the others were waiting for them

they were on inspection

no they couldn't stay

of course not

they were soldiers

they were pretending

to be soldiers

they were just playing

d'you think so?

yes

so you think they fooled us?

yes they fooled us

the girl was very polite

remember?

she said thank you

thank you for inviting us into your house

for giving us something to drink

we gave them something to drink

didn't we?

a cup of tea probably

or some lemonade

did we give them anything to eat?

...

honey this is important

did we give them anything to eat or not?

...

is your memory failing again?

you should keep a diary

you don't understand me do you?

its just that

I feel bad about the whole thing

...

we should have given them something more

something to take with them

we could have given them a book

a book?

yes why not?

they have nothing there

only the essential things

but nothing extra

like a book for example

or chocolate

there is no chocolate

that's not what I'm talking about

these children were pretending  
to be soldiers  
and you think they were doing that for fun  
what kind of fun is that?

I'm asking you  
what kind of fun is that?  
when you have to walk for miles  
on your swollen feet  
through the desert  
for some lemonade  
did you see his feet?

...

did you look at his feet honey?  
did you see the wounds on his feet and ankles  
he could hardly walk  
it looked so painful

you don't have to worry about his feet

I saw him dancing

they were having fun

they were such nice human beings

children

they were only children

children like presents

they were probably too traumatized

what do you mean

too traumatized?

what do you know about being traumatized?

bitch

excuse me?

you heard me

bitch

you're more interested in vehicles

aren't you?

I like to drive

yes

if that's what you mean

these children are living in the sand

and not because they like it

they've been living in the sand as long as they can remember

they lost all sense of time

they don't know how long they've been living

in the sand

they've only eaten raw things

dry things  
for years and years  
because they have no choice  
when was it anyway?  
    you're asking me?  
it's just that  
it seems so long ago  
    it was in the beginning  
    more or less in the beginning  
that's why I remember it  
so vividly

*the children are having a fight in the desert*

    I gave them something  
    afterwards  
    the children  
    do you remember that?  
you gave them something?  
when?  
    just to be nice  
    like you said yourself  
are you sure?  
    I like to give  
to whom?  
    to those who need a little help  
    aren't you aware of that?  
I'm not spying on you  
there's a lot I don't know  
about you  
your whereabouts  
and I don't care either  
    you don't have to tell me that  
    you never ask me where I've been  
why don't you just tell me  
what you have to tell  
    well it's a long time ago  
    that's for sure  
in the beginning?  
    yes probably  
    somewhere in the beginning  
    we'd just moved in here  
    we were still under surveillance

we had to make these reports  
d'you remember?

I feel a little mixed up today  
not exactly in balance  
it's like

I don't know

I remember so many things  
at the same time  
and then I think

I can't trust myself right now  
this can't be true  
although I remember it  
like it was yesterday  
you shouldn't worry

I know that

I try to keep calm  
but well

IT'S NOT EASY

you don't have to spell it

IT'S NOT EASY

or repeat it

or shout it

or go on about it

I'm singing dear

can't you hear

there's music

all the time

you shouldn't have said that

...

...

should we go out?

or breathe?

or maybe both

breathe, walk

get a little fresh air

come on

*Ronny is driving through the desert*

we can always walk

ves

it's a good thing  
a simple thing  
better than pills  
and a lot easier  
for as long as it lasts

...

you know what I'm talking about  
and you know you shouldn't  
it doesn't matter if we talk about it or not  
you never know how to stop  
time doesn't stop either  
time doesn't have a choice  
d'you think I have a choice?  
do you really think that?  
no, that was a stupid thing to say  
but...

yes  
well I know I shouldn't be nice to you  
it's good that you know that  
but it won't last forever you know  
actually I think it's almost over  
then you can be nice to me again  
well I'm glad to hear that  
'cause words don't come easy  
with all those rules  
and if words don't come anymore  
thoughts drown

I'm drowning your thoughts?  
in a way yes  
I don't feel free anymore  
you know I don't feel free either  
so what  
you think that's a basic human right  
or something?  
to feel free?  
you think you can go to court with it  
pretending that somebody stole your  
precious freedom from you?  
blame the others  
blame me  
for not feeling free?  
well then I blame you for making me feel guilty  
even more guilty

so guilty  
that it just becomes one enormous mountain of guilt  
and you won't climb that mountain for me  
nobody will  
and even if the whole world climbed  
to the top of that mountain  
I would still be inside it  
buried, suffocated, unable to breathe  
to walk  
you think that's a future?  
    just look around

...  
    we're walking  
are you some zen master  
or something  
    stop whining  
I wasn't whining  
I was thinking  
THINKING

*the children are beating Freud to death*

    no you were crawling in your hole again  
...  
    we are outside now  
    look around  
I'm looking around  
what else should I do?

...  
don't laugh at me  
    there's nothing to laugh about  
don't be cynical

*an explosion in the distance*

I'm glad you gave them something  
those children  
...  
you know I was feeling bad about it  
d'you think they will come back?  
    the children?  
    why should they?  
I don't know

maybe they forgot something

like what?

I don't know

I'm asking you

I've no idea

how come you suddenly

have no idea?

you shouldn't mix things up

now I'm mixing things up

I just asked you something

where are the children now?

did they move on?

or are they still around here?

why are you suddenly so interested in the  
children?

I'm not interested in the children

I'm interested in you

...

I know

I know what you think of me

you think I'm only interested

in the easy life, the nice things

the beautiful things

...

you think I don't care

admit it

I know you care honey

no you think I don't care

you think I'm a selfish

bitch, you said it yourself

oh yes I remember that

but you know what's worse?

...

you know it don't you?

...

do you want to know it?

no of course you don't

you care for the world

for the lonely and the miserable

the poor and the hungry

why should you care for me?

you think my problems

are pure luxury

that's what you said  
it's not easy to forget  
the things you said  
they're still there in my head  
all of them  
I can hear you saying it  
**YOUR PROBLEMS ARE PURE LUXURY**  
so I should be glad to have them  
so many items so many  
luxurious worries  
you think we're living in paradise  
but what kind of paradise is this  
everything dies here  
is empty or deserted  
but no we shouldn't complain  
we have everything we need  
where am I

but what I want you to know is  
that I think you're right  
I'm a selfish bitch  
like you said  
I always take the easy way out

where are you  
Ronny?  
don't leave me here  
Ronny?  
am I disappointing you?  
of course I am  
Ronny  
you will come back won't you?  
I got the message  
I got the message

xvii. freuds funeral

I can be your fantasy  
but I don't want to fake  
my fantasies are real to me  
you can use me as you like

my body is another  
my master went away  
I am on my own here  
in this gigantic space

my soul is not the problem  
it doesn't care for sex  
why should it make a difference  
between a woman and a man

I'm not looking for pleasure  
there's more to what we need  
I'm longing for the real stuff  
I want a serious game

pain is not for pussies  
the purpose is to try  
just ignore my wishes  
I am where I don't think

I'm dying in the books  
I eat myself away  
a worm between the pages  
full and satisfied

I can be your fantasy  
but I don't want to fake  
my fantasies are real to me  
you can use me as you like

my body is another  
my master went away  
I am on my own here  
in this gigantic space

my soul is not the problem  
it doesn't care for sex  
why should it make a difference  
between a woman and a man

*Ricky and Ronny, Adam and Eve, the children, the eyeball and Karl Marx are looking at the earthrise*

xviii.

*Karl Marx is running through the desert  
they are all running after him  
and they start dancing*

your love will come  
your love will come

I was a choir once  
I sang but never alone  
my sounds would always be several  
and all of them different of course

I sounded like a choir they said  
or the choir sounded like me  
so many tones merging in one voice  
and still that voice is me

my voice, my voice is never alone  
I will never say goodbye  
all the people singing  
keep singing for themselves  
we all want our hearts to grow

your love will come  
your love will come

I lost my voice in democracy  
I gave it and then it was gone  
a lot of people were singing there  
but still there was no song  
please don't believe the stupidities  
just turn your ears around  
I learned to sing for my memories  
the greatest secret of all

my voice, my voice is never alone  
I will never say goodbye  
all the people singing  
keep singing for themselves  
we all want our hearts to grow

your love will come  
your love will come

I'm singing to you with all my voices  
I'm not going, I'm coming back  
please give me a sign and sing with me  
about the things that we have done

people are talking and yet it is silent  
I want to recall your face  
I'm trying so hard to remember your image  
I hope it's not too late

my voice, my voice is never alone  
I will never say goodbye  
all the people singing  
keep singing for themselves  
we all want our hearts to grow

your love will come  
your love will come

*Ricky and Ronny are driving at great speed through the desert*

*Ricky is going down on Ronny*

*he raises his arms in ecstasy*

*the car crashes into two yellow cabs on the corner of W 33St and Fashion(7th)Avenue on Manhattan, NY*

*the eyeball steps out of the car and walks away*

*Analysis – the Whole Song* premiered on 20th October 2011 during METEOR 2011 at BIT Teatergarasjen in Bergen, Norway (n)

Concept and performance by Anna Sophia Bonnema (libretto) and Hans Petter Dahl (music)

Animation by Jan Bultheel and Peter Paul Milkain

[www.needcompany.org](http://www.needcompany.org)

Anna Sophia Bonnema (nl, Leidschendam, 1959) is a theatre-maker, actress, singer, performer and writer. After studying mathematics and philosophy, she attended the theatre school in Amsterdam. She has done several stage productions and written many songs and texts for theatre, often in collaboration with artists from different disciplines. Since 1995 she has collaborated with Hans Petter Dahl (n) in the performance group Love & Orgasm (L&O Amsterdam). Since 1999 she has been a member of the artistic team at Needcompany (be), which has been artist in residence at the Burgtheater in Vienna since 2009. With Jan Lauwers & Needcompany she's been touring the world with many different plays. In 2003 she established together with Hans Petter Dahl the virtual concept house MaisonDahlBonnema. They perform their work regularly at leading theatres and festivals at home and abroad. *Analysis – the Whole Song* is the final part of the contemporary opera trilogy *Tokyo, Paris, New York – a Pop Opera Trilogy*.

#### Texts for theatre

##### For MaisonDahlBonnema

*Tokyo, Paris, New York – a Pop Opera Trilogy:*

*Analysis – the Whole Song, libretto – part iii – 2011*

*Ricky and Ronny and Hundred Stars – a Sado-*

*Country Opera, libretto – part ii – 2010*

*The Ballad of Ricky and Ronny – a Pop Opera, libretto – part i – 2007*

*Shoes and Bags – in cooperation with Hans Petter Dahl – 2003*

##### For Jan Lauwers & Needcompany

*The red part – excerpts (monologues) – Needlapb 2004 – 2006*

*Isabella's room – excerpts (The monologue of the liar, and several songs) – 2004*

##### For L&O Amsterdam

*Not The Real Thing – in cooperation with Robert Steijn and Hans Petter Dahl – 2005*

*Nieuw Werk – 2001*

*Attention – Sing-Dance #3 – excerpts – 1998*

*Sex en interieurs / Eerlijk en orgie (Tegenmaat) – 1998*

*Made in Heaven – Sing-Dance #2 – excerpts – in cooperation with Hans Petter Dahl and Robert Steijn – 1997*

##### For Love & Orgasm

*Tantra & Western – in cooperation with Hans Petter Dahl – 1995*

##### For Nieuw West

*De bomen het bos – 1995*

*Pour la pipe* – in cooperation with Nicole Balm and Robert Steijn – 1992

*Dee-dee-lite* – 1991

*De boetvaardige man* – 1990

*Marslanden* – in cooperation with Marcel Bogers – 1987

Anna Sophia Bonnema (Leidschendam, 1959) is theatermaker, actrice en schrijver. Ze studeerde wiskunde en filosofie, en doorliep de theaterschool in Amsterdam. Ze maakte een groot aantal theatervoorstellingen en schreef veel theater- en songteksten, vaak in samenwerking met kunstenaars van verschillende disciplines. Vanaf 1995 werkt ze samen met Hans Petter Dahl (n) in de performancegroep Love & Orgasm (L&O Amsterdam). Sinds 1999 is ze artistiek verbonden aan Needcompany (be) dat sinds 2009 artist in residence is bij het Burgtheater in Wenen. Met Jan Lauwers & Needcompany reist ze de wereld rond met verschillende voorstellingen. In 2003 opende ze samen met Hans Petter Dahl het virtuele concepthuis MaisonDahlBonnema. Hun werk is regelmatig te zien in toonaangevende theaters en festivals in binnen- en buitenland. *Analysis – the Whole Song* vormt het sluitstuk van de operatrilogie, *Tokyo, Paris, New York – a Pop Opera Trilogy*.