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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Schrijver</th>
<th>Anna Sophia Bonnema</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Titel</td>
<td>Analysis - the Whole Song</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jaar</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
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<td>MaisonDahlBonnema / Needcompany /</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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ANNA SOPHIA BONNEMA

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
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
despite these
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 layers
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
generically, 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
deeep 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 hysteric
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.

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
Eve is climbing on top of Ronny

Ronny is sleeping

Eve is walking through the dark library
night

I am walking through the dark library

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 to turn 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
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’y 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 luxurv
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
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
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
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

For Love & Orgasm

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

For Nieuw West
De bomen het bos – 1995