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Schrijver	Anna Sophia Bonnema
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ANNA SOPHIA BONNEMA

ANALYSIS

THE WHOLE SONG

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Editorial staff
Alexandra Koch
Ditte Pelgrom
Sandra Tromp Meesters
Typography and lay-out
Connie Nijman
Print
Hollandridderkerk, Ridderkerk

info@denieuwetoneelbibliotheek.nl
postal address
De Nieuwe Toneelbibliotheek
Willem Beukelsstraat 42
1097 CT Amsterdam
The Netherlands

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ANNA SOPHIA BONNEMA

ANALYSIS

—

THE WHOLE SONG

LIBRETTO

DE NIEUWE
TONEELBIBLIOTHEEK

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

I.

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 joking
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 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
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 fantasy
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

yes

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

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 (LeO 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 et 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*.