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into the woods

into the forest,

 into forests

 into woods

 it screams endlessly

it starts with a scream,

 - I don't scream that much-

but now I scream!

an endless scream, god damn it!

a cry, - cold, silent and silent

 and silent,...

 and silent,

 and then again silent.

it's solitude, that beats me

 that knocks me of my feet

 - that's no bull shit MAN!

my solitude, knocks me down

 of my feet, right down under.

darkness,

stubborn, in the dark,

nothing more,

but me, there,

I taste everything, all the air truly thin & blue, molecule

any particle

fruits from my imagination

any second,

I do my best,

give, take, think, meditate

I swear, I'll do it all,

and above all try

to hide away.

I'm sitting right here now, on my high heels, apparently: right up, - can't see anything.

and I look around, in the dark,
in darkness,

I can hear something whisper

- something moves, is moving out there
it's coming closer, and closer, moving towards me

who is there?

I run/scream out of the bushes

I run/scream (away) from the land,
no, I don't move at all,

I 'm only screaming!

you can find me there, here

- at the road side

off the road,

where jewels are,

where grass and everything else grows apparently in a chaotic manner.

it's all worn out, and used, forgotten almost, cast away
and I've been waiting here,

for days, now,

for a signal, - that **you** should give me,

a simple signal

a signal, for me to run,

- something you should do right now,

take me by the hand,

I've been praying and praying and praying,

and sighing,

I see clouds,

where are they going,

I see insects,

on leaflets, crawling

- where are they going?

I see dark ages before me,

- where are we going?

into forests

into the woods

of my imagination,

lonely
&
very predictable
there will I go,
there want I be,
like a river that throws itself into the deep void -
that we call 'see'.

- like a stone,
that sinks into the deep
if it's meant to be,
I'll throw myself into your...
and disappear forever....

(there I've been,
in my dreams, long time ago,
there's no escape (10 times & silently)

and now I lay down, next to you,
silently,
I'm stuck here(6 times)
, into it,
goddamn' it...

into the, into the
into the into the
in the to in the
to in the to the in
to the
in the to the to
in the... tomb

into the wood,
I dream,
I have no name,
bring me to your woods,
bring me to your forests,

bring me home.

asleep

I'm here
into the forest of my imagination

there I go,
into this realm
into it, I come
for the first time,
now
into your free space
into it
into where you brought me,
into where you want me,

where you like me to be,
into it?

I'm into it,
it to in into it
it in the to

in it
in to the
it
in to
it to the in
it

to
it
your free space
this free space
right now,
is it there
or there?

into the wood,
into the forest of my imagination,
in to it in
it to to in it..

impossibility?
impossibility?
of what is,
into your dreams I dive,
in it all
(I behave as a madman)
I behave
into it
into your wisdom
and your need
for more men like me?

how much more must we suffer?
how much more must we try?
how much more before this all ends,
and we are gonna die?

in to it

in to it

in to it
in to it

in - to - it
in - to - it
in - to - it
in - to - it
in - to - it
in - to - it
in - to - it
in - to - it
in - to - it - it - it - it.

in - to - the - whore - house
in - to - the - market - place
in - to - the - hot - spot
in - to - the - gar - den
in - to - the - shopping - hall

in - to - the - night - shop
in - to - the - drive - in
in - to - the - take -away
in - to - this - strange - town.
in - to - this - ugly - place...

in the dark I see little sparkles of light move, or is it me that moves, - move on, or is it me
that is convinced -once again, of the simple fact that I'm moving towards you
but why then is this happening
and why this thought occurs each time
that I'm looking at you.

when I 'm standing in front of you
you are looking at me, you,
but, what are you doing there?
when I'm standing here,
what are you doing then?
when I'm here, so close to you,
what are your feelings then?
the answer is that there is no answer
yes, there never has been an answer
yes..., yes an answer
answers are what they are
& the answer is yes,
'yes' nothing more, but that.

in het donker zie ik lichtjes
ze bewegen, of ben ik het die beweeg? of ben ik het die denk dat ik beweeg, en waarom is
bewegen een gedachte die zich aan mij opdringt. het is duidelijk van je.
it's clear now:
we say yes.

als ik boven je sta, kijk jij
naar mij,
als ik onder je sta, kijk jij
naar mij,
als ik onder je sta, kijk jij
naar mij,
als ik onder je sta, kijk jij

naar mij
kijkt niemand naar mij
als ik naast je sta, kijk jij
naar mij,
kijkt niemand naar mij
maar wat doe je, als ik hier ben, zo dichtbij,
wat voel je dan?

answer is yes,
yes... yes...
answer is yes
yes... yes...

I've lost all my words,
they fall of me,
they tumble,
down the streets,
they slip away through the gateway,
through the dark,
they just disappear, like that,
and I can't do anything to bring them back.

in these streets I sing
my humble song of freedom,
I chant, I hum, I cry for real,
I shout it out, I pray and pray,
try...

here once again,
without knowledge, information
about what 's going to
happen in the
nearby future,
here without any kind
of idea about
what might happen,

in the nearby future
here without any reason, aim of DOEL.
doel, doel, doel?
WITHOUT ANY TOOL
without any weapon, without any tool...

sta ik, lig ik, rij ik
STA ik stil, sta ik bij u in 't krijt
in deze knoeiboel, rotzooi, shit house,
suffocating town, to much traffic, to much noise,
in this old fashioned traffic,
dit metaal valt van me af
dit glas, - concrete - , STAAL, ALUMINIUM,
zoveel kabaal, ijzerdraad,

in these streets,
lonely, I sing my song of freedom...
in these streets, I hum and hum
and hum and hum and hum
- no worshipping of any kind
in these streets, I sing (I cry) ...
- for more
- for more

while others are asleep,
and do not know what's going on, and do not see. 'k heb alleen m'n woorden,
en woorden is't enigste wat ik heb, en zelfs die woorden vallen zo weg, als ik zwijg, naar u
kijk, ook maar even aarzel,
and... cry and cry and cry,
for more,
and more,
and do not know how to stop this song,
and do not WANT that it ever stops, this song...
not a song, more a sigh... ze vallen van me af.

all these words fall down of me, on the streets,
on the ground,
on the pavement,
on the hard floor, where I stand
on the made-by-man floor,

that I call street, road, alley, avenue, high way!

- brings me nowhere,
but away from here...
that brings me to the...
other place in town,
where I never wanted
to be in the first place,
but where I'm standing
now, in front of some shop,
waiting for the door to open, so that I
can go in, and
buy me a river.
buy me a drink.

somewhere inside my head
lies a path, that...
brought me here,
right where I'm standing now,
as long as I can hold it,
I'll stand here,
and wait for some doors to open.

show me a way out of here
show me the smartest/shortest way
most simple
out of here.

show me your truth,
show me some of your truth,
at least, show me something.
show me the things that are important to you
show me some of your things -
show me?
show me all of your things,
show me also the other things,
show me all you have.
show me what I've lost.

show me also what you have inside of you

show me what I could have had.
show me whom I could have been.
show me what I'm right now,
 what's left of me

show me what you think I should have done.
show me a way, if there is a way.
 a way out of here,
 if there is a way out of here.
show me truth.

a voice:

'there is no such thing as madness
there is no such thing as madness'

'dangerous dangerous dangerous'

once in a while I realize that there are other ones like me, just other ones,... like me stuck in this reality zone, atmosphere, ... time-schedule, - restrictive area, my hometown. I don't want to sound too bothered, too complicated. let's say, that I 'll avoid to use words that are strange, you and me,... only words that matter, that sound familiar and make some sense, words that were there long before, - till now I have not heard such words. I'll take the risk to sound a bit childish, to talk in a childish manner, and hopefully sound more sincere, more sincere, - real, unreal? more like it used to be. maybe once in a while people should only use words like: warm, cold, more, less, now, then, simple words like glass and wine and war and peace and real and unreal.

the same voice:

'there is no such thing as madness.'

so, there's only you and you and you and may be a little bit of me?
... and you ... for those who have been separated from us, - others,

by accident or disagree, mischance, or maybe on purpose, prosecuted, arrested! come a bit closer,... (but I wouldn't do that) it won't change a thing.

the only thing that matters is whether you are listening and if you are listening, you could be hearing some things I between the lines,... through my humble humming, singing, shining, sighing, jumping around, flashing on you

so, there is no other way out of this mess,
than by saying 'yes!' again and again?

his own voice:

'there is no such thing as pain
there is no such thing as pain'

a little mocking voice speaks, - it's a new voice, we haven't heard this voice before:
'do you really think there is no such thing as pain? are you (really) sure? do you really think so? are you sure? are you sure? are you sure there is no such thing as pain?'

and the little mocking voice continues:

'it starts with this and,... (a little cough) and then it ends with that: '...'
has fought it's way back from your lungs, up your throat, into your brain.
that has found it's way to your brain.
and takes over everything from you.

it start with this: little tender... voice

and it ends with that: (all these beats) huge beat on your head, from your most beloved-one, he beats you up, all the time, - fuck! he treats you as a dog!

it starts with this: little penny found on the ground on your way back home

and it ends with that: day full of stress and a lot of things that die: huge capitalism.

it starts with this: little rough kiss on your lips, mouth

and it ends with that: you and her, breaking apart, taking your pets to the near-byest asylum, and looking for yourself for a new place to dwell.

it starts with this: little little tiny little piece of crap, that you throw away out of the window of your car, because you want to clean up everything as good as you can, - like your parents always told you

and it ends with that: whole planet gone to pieces.

it start with this: little walk in the park

and it ends with that: you driving along the high way in your new car, listening to the radio, trying to switch it of, but you can't switch it of any more,... it's to late for that, the adds are coming up now, and after that the news, and after that your favorite music, and after that a man talking about some master plan, and how he's going to realize it...

it starts with this,

and it ends with that.

it starts with this,

and it ends with that.

it starts with this,

and it ends with that.

it starts with this,

and it ends with that.

it starts with this,

and it ends with that.

(and here is my answer)

I am in a car

and the car cuts away everything from me,

cuts away sun,
cuts away rain,
but here I am,
 moving at great speed of light,
with radio on,
on my favorite post,
 channel,
 frequency,
 voice,
 music,
- loud

'I want no beat,
 no beat (6 times)
I want no beat,
 no beat at all,
I want no beats
 under my
 thoughts,...

it's so good to have lots of friends,
but I want no beat under my thoughts,
it's good to have a lot of friends,
I want no beat under my thoughts!
I want no beat under my thoughts,
DO YOU KNOW THE GOGO'S
WELL, THE GOGO'S
ARE THE GOGO'S
and wherever they go, we go.
they go faster and faster
 and faster, all the time
and we follow them.
they jump over holes
they jump over walls
they jump over fences
they jump over you and your mother
they jump over mountains
they jump over seas
they jump over almost anything,... that you can imagine.

- name is theirs,
everything they have ever been,
their essence,
lies in that name.

who said they are going home?

they are the gogo's

- that much is sure,
for the rest I cannot say,
maybe they are among us, right now,
trying to hide away their face,
cause they don't want you to know their real face,- remember?
what's in a face?

a face, behind which they hide away,
the crowd, behind which they
a face in the crowd, behind which
all those faces, behind which.

there is no saint, or witch, or magician, or priest,
that can oppose to them.

there is no such things, as a remedy, - abracadabra or ritual, or blessing, or holy church, or
prayer,
that can undo, what they've created.

there is no such thing as
even no trick

no trick

no trick

no trick

trick

'we don't do in tricks, any more', they used to say.
everything has been tried, before.

- long before you were here;
attempts to change... failed
all that singing,... thrown away
the brightest of our times (howl - ginsberg)

stood before them,
men and women, of the same kind,
all blown away...
by their disgust,
explosions of greed, and lust!

‘cause when they go, they go.’

the gogo’s are there, do you know them?
and they are going away,
they are going their way,
where are we going to?
follow the gogo’s?
follow the gogo’s?
follow the gogo’s?

I wanna hear from you something,
I wanna hear from you something,
I wanna hear from you something,

voice:

‘there is no such thing as me giving you an answer’ (6 times)

there is something I wanna talk with you about.

voice:

‘go ahead, pal, go ahead!’

I want to disappear
in your....
I want to disappear
I wanna disappear

I wan na d
i
s
s
a
p

p e

ar

for 10 days...
maybe a year...
10 strategies to disappear
, by running away,...
, by going away,
, every possible way,
catching bus
catching train
catching plane
never look back, cause if you look back, you're never gonna...
every possible way,
even beyond every possible end,
to keep on going, - every possible end,
and maybe there find a cue,
any time,
some door, al through,...

going through a small door into a big space

house next door has lots of rooms,

maybe I can hide away there
by showing my feelings
maybe find some friend there
maybe have a drink, something.
maybe I should go outside,
and take the risk to be overrun
by buses, cars or other things,
rotten bananas smashed on the floor,
glide away...

men with umbrella's hiding
away from rain, running
through it as if they are being haunted...
pushing me against wall's,
trying to push me away,

- out there any way,
and they don't like it.
obstacles
something like stone,...

I don't want no jelly fish
I WANT beagles and corn,
I don't want no filthy lies,
want

want to have you around,
not to be some sort of jewelry,
long distance call.

I don't want to have to work so hard, for the money, everybody tells me I need to save some, some money, but I don't want to have to work for it, so hard, for the money, I know I need some money, but I don't want to work for it, so hard, I think I could try to do with less money, but everybody tells me I must work hard, and I work hard, but I don't want to work so hard, and do that anymore, to work so hard, for it, to be forced to that work, each time, again and again, I can't stand the repetition of it, the rhythm, the sound, the beats that come with it...

always the same thing,
year after year after year,
and me somewhere out there,
trying to do as if I got it,
it's not only about doing your job,
it's about obeying,
going all the way, ...
I don't want to do that anymore,
I want to do something else,

(I would like to disappear,
having a good talk,
feeling a good vibe,
having a good laugh
with you)

(he's breathing)

'it begins with this, and it ends with that.
it begins with this, and it ends with that.
it begins with this, and it ends with that.

it starts with this and it ends with that.
it starts with this and it ends with that.
it starts with this and it ends with that.
it starts with this and it ends with that.
it starts with this and it ends with that. '

in this wood, every possible
tree

in this wood, every little
tree...

in this wood, there is no tree
(echo: in this wood there are no trees.)
(infinitely)

in this wood, every possible tree
 has died
 long time ago

when you listen carefully,
you can hear them sing,
the fallen ones

...

infinitely:

'there is no such thing as pain.
there is no such thing.'

