### ANNA SOPHIA BONNEMA

# **ANALYSIS**

# THE WHOLE SONG

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Analysis – the Whole Song

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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

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

how do we go on? can we go on?

we said goodbye

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

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?

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31.

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

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36.

# 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

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

Llearned 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

well, you don't have to pay attention to me

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

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71.

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

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87.

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

instead of being anesthetized

causing pain

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
```

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

the children are beating Freud to death

no you were crawling in your hole again

. . .

**THINKING** 

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 (L&O Amsterdam). Since 1999 she has been a member of the artistic team at Needcompany (BE), which has been artist in residence at the Burgtheater in Vienna since 2009. With Jan Lauwers & Needcompany she's been touring the world with many different plays. In 2003 she established together with Hans Petter Dahl the virtual concept house MaisonDahlBonnema. They perform their work

regularly at leading theatres and festivals at home and abroad. *Analysis – the Whole Song* is the final part of the contemporary opera trilogy *Tokyo, Paris, New York – a Pop Opera Trilogy*.

## Texts for theatre

## For MaisonDahlBonnema

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

Analysis – the Whole Song, libretto – part III – 2011

Ricky and Ronny and Hundred Stars – a Sado
Country Opera, libretto – part II – 2010

The Ballad of Ricky and Ronny – a Pop Opera,

libretto – part I – 2007

Shoes and Bags – in cooperation with Hans Petter

Dahl – 2003

For Jan Lauwers & Needcompany

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

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

## For L&O Amsterdam

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

Nieuw Werk - 2001

Attention – Sing-Dance #3 – excerpts – 1998

Sex en interieurs / Eerlijk en orgie (Tegenmaat) –

1998

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

For Love & Orgasm

*Tantra ⊕ Western* – in cooperation with Hans Petter

Dahl – 1995

For Nieuw West

De bomen het bos – 1995

Pour la pipe – in cooperation with Nicole Balm and

Robert Steijn – 1992

Dee-dee-lite - 1991

De boetvaardige man – 1990

Marslanden – in cooperation with Marcel Bogers – 1987

Anna Sophia Bonnema (Leidschendam, 1959) is theatermaker, actrice en schrijver. Ze studeerde wiskunde en filosofie, en doorliep de theaterschool in Amsterdam. Ze maakte een groot aantal theatervoorstellingen en schreef veel theater- en songteksten, vaak in samenwerking met kunstenaars van verschillende disciplines. Vanaf 1995 werkt ze samen met Hans Petter Dahl (N) in de performancegroep Love & Orgasm (L&O Amsterdam). Sinds 1999 is ze artistiek verbonden aan Needcompany (BE) dat sinds 2009 artist in residence is bij het Burgtheater in Wenen. Met Jan Lauwers & Needcompany reist ze de wereld rond met verschillende voorstellingen. In 2003 opende ze samen met Hans Petter Dahl het virtuele concepthuis MaisonDahlBonnema. Hun werk is regelmatig te zien in toonaangevende theaters en

festivals in binnen- en buitenland. *Analysis – the Whole Song* vormt het sluitstuk van de operatrilogie, *Tokyo, Paris, New York – a Pop Opera Trilogy*.