

ANNE MARIA BONNEMA

RHYTHM
CONFERENCE
FEAT.
INNER SPLITS

De Nieuwe Toneelbibliotheek, Tekst #354

Rhythm Conference Feat. Inner Splits

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The Moon

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Editorial assistance by Eva Blaute

English corrections by Gregory Ball

THE MOON

for four or more angels
and a drum

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10 silent song

so so so so

so we are thinking this song –

you see our lips they are moving – – –

but there is no sound

song for the earth

I thought of

I think of

thinking of

oh the world, the world

I love the earth

I mention

I name

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9 welcome

the angels are trembling driven by the drum
angel 3 screams but there is no sound

she's an angel
she wants to tell us something about the beginning

that it is difficult
that it hurts

we have to separate ourselves
from something
that was good

we have to leave
we have to say goodbye

welcome
everybody welcome
every ghost welcome
every mind most welcome
visible or invisible we're glad you are all here

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at our timely conference
concerning just about everything
as is our nature

our main concern is: can we tell the whole story
and how?

but before we start I have to tell you this
silence

out of this silence, this noise
our thoughts are born
we should never forget that
meaning is just an effect of the sea, the wind the humming of the
highway, etc. etc.

I saw something very impressive today

silence

4,5 billion years ago the earth was formed
and in another 4 billion years it will disappear

in 200 million generations from now
the sun will die

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it first becomes a giant
and we will be fried
then a white dwarf
and we will freeze
before this
we have to leave

according to the United Nations Treaty on
Outer Space signed in 1967, you are free to go anywhere
you want in space
space belongs to us all
we share space

I give you north, south, east and west
zenit and nadir
north, south, east, west, zenit and nadir
north, south, east, west, zenit and nadir
north, south, east, west, zenit and nadir

everyday the earth turns once around
its own axis
if you stand on the north pole
it's like doing a pirouette
if you stand on the equator

you have to move 40.000 kilometers every day
right now we are in Brussels
Brussels is 51 degrees north
and that means that we are moving at the constant speed of
1.052 km/hour
in that direction
to the east
in addition to this the earth moves around the sun once a
year
this gives us the constant speed of
107.000 km/h
and in addition to this our solar system
moves inside the galaxy at 900.000 km/h
and in addition to this the galaxy moves
inside the universe at 2.200.000 km/h

--- and this is our address now ---

Brussels ---

Earth ---

Local Interstellar Cloud ---

Local Bubble ---

Orion-Cygnus Arm ---

Milky Way

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8 I'am afraid

angel 3 whispers

woods, night, woods at night, spirits, evil

the spirits of the evil in the

woods at night

the ring bell, the door bell, the telephone bell, the Skype bell, the Viber
bell

the infinite, rhythm, speed, noise

the noise of the woods at night

the noise of the bells and the ringing and the calling

too much, too little

lacking and craving

being consumed and consummated

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being brought to an end

destruction

sex and wooden cocks

the king, the kingdom, violence

authority, power and politics

weapons, freaks, freaks with weapons

bombs and drones and drugs

cocaine

whiskies and parties and blah blah

the grotesque

mariachis, clowns

commitment

being trapped and being snatched

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emotions

losing it, freaking out and jumping out of the window

the woods at night

violence

the noise

the noise of the woods at night

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7 j'ai peur

j'ai peur, je crois que j'ai peur
moi aussi, j'ai peur
regarde regarde, je pleure
moi aussi j'ai envie de pleurer
I'm afraid
I have to cry
I'm afraid
they will hit me
hurt me
they will put their big feet on my little body
and squeeze me out like an orange
I'm afraid they will come
I'm afraid it will happen
suddenly
the sky will break open and they'll be there
throwing explosives and chemicals
bombs disguised as presents
as little rabbits
screaming
like us

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help help
I'm a bomb
I'm going to explode in an instant
I'm falling and when I come down
I'll tear everything apart
run run
little girl
dig a hole in the earth and hide
or I will blow your head off
just like that
your little dress a filthy cloth
full of blood and dirt
everything a mess
your pretty face a mess
your little body a mess
ripped open
torn apart
your eyes your eyes
bewildered
not even blinking
I cry I cry
I scream I scream
I'm so afraid
it hurts

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it will hurt
when they hit you
kick you
with their big hands and feet
when they pull your hair out
cut your ears off
rip your tongue out
it hurts when they split you all open
break you like an apple
in the middle
just squeeze themselves inside you
with their big thumbs
nothing fits
they don't fit
they force themselves upon you
inside you
around you
and I scream, I scream
and my little sister screams
we cry
we cry
and they hit us
they hit us
stop, stop

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we have to stop
they say we have to stop
but they don't stop
they just go on
destroying everything
everything they hit
and bang
smashing and bashing
one moment you think
they're gone
you turn
and there they are again
grinning at you
with their dirty faces
without eyes
they don't look
they don't dare to look
even they are afraid
we're all afraid
but they just go on
penetrating anything
making holes in everything
everything collapses
breaks

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where do they want to go?
there is no other me
it's just me
once inside
you can go no further
or do you insist on
leaving through the other side
are you searching for the backdoor
is that why you're pushing so hard
hitting me all the time
fists everywhere
but I don't know where you are
inside or outside
it's just pain all over
it's not OK
it's not OK
we cry
we scream
we cry
we scream
we cry
we scream
we cry
we scream

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etc.

silent screaming

and this is a plant –

flower

leaf

stem

fruit

seed

ovule

wood

bark

cork

root

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6 agony / the internet

angel 2

this is a sound recording from outer space from 2013: a sound generated by interstellar plasma. in 2012 the space probe Voyager 1 launched in 1977, left our solar system. after a travel of 35 years it became the first man-made object to enter interstellar space

to leave planet earth you need an escape velocity of 40.000 km/h

I spend way too much time on the internet

angel 3

what do you do on the internet?

angel 2

movies

I watch strange movies

you know

documentaries

about all kinds of stuff

cars, airplanes

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desert storms, tsunamis
the devastation; dead and wounded people scattered among the debris
car crashes, plane crashes, earth crashes
the fear factor you know
the danger of meteorites orbiting the earth
houses and cattle sucked up by tornados
swimmers torn apart by sharks
exploding trains transporting high-risk substances
the wrong operations performed by delusional medical doctors
Hollywood actors dying of an overdose
young kids dealing drugs in schools
children killing their parents for money
joyriding in a crowded shopping area
people carrying loaded guns to work
the removal of kidneys for money
tramps beaten to death by drunken men
the collapse of poorly constructed shopping-malls
stoned students jumping from balconies
balconies breaking off public buildings
exploited workers trapped in fires in unsafe working conditions
mega discos without ventilation systems or emergency exits
collapsing stadiums
angry fathers of footballing kids killing the referee
terrorist attacks on public transport in the rush hour

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refugees on forced return flights suffocated in their seats
abandoned dogs walking on highways
collective suicides by young people in so-called developed countries
because of social pressure
kidnapped young girls forced into prostitution
young boys stealing and torturing babies
adolescents humiliating their schoolmates on social media
nurses poisoning their patients
groups of men raping female passengers in buses
priests forcing young boys to perform sexual acts
elephants slaughtered for their ivory
pigs and donkeys killed by their own hoofs during transport
death threats to public figures on social media
24-hour surveillance of politicians
prisoners killing other prisoners
gang rape in swimming pools
elaborate torture methods
leaking oil pipelines in nature reserves
nuclear plants without maintenance
chemical factories discharging into open water
accumulations of plastic in seas and oceans
mutilated fish in dragnets
ocean floors swept clean
you know

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things like that

- - - -

this is the rock cycle

magma

crystallization or freezing of rock

rock

erosion

sedimentation

metamorphism

melting melting

this is the rock cycle

this is the rock cycle

etc.

angel 1

string theory

cancer diets, the benefits of kurkuma

apple vinegar and omega 3 fat

houses, holiday houses, hotels, farms

for sale, to rent, to book, to bid for

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Wikipedia, Hegel, Nietzsche and Althusser
structuralism, deconstruction and over-
determination, Freud, Lacan and Žižek
communism, the French Revolution
humanism, historicism and ideologism
and I like almost everything on the BBC
there's this link on YouTube where you can see all these BBC
documentaries
about the Louvre
Paris in the 19th century
Shakespeare you know
the London of Dickens
San Francisco and flower power
Alamo desert, the invention of the nuclear bomb
I had a friend when I was a kid who was called Oppenheimer
her father died when she was a baby
he walked into the sea she said
silence

angel 3

I look at pictures of liver stones and gall stones, kidney stones
all kinds of stones, I read about their properties
female and male monkey-balls and their energies
you find them in the desert of Arkansas, I think

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shamanistic rituals, ayurvedic rituals ayahuasca sessions
all kinds of rituals and practices and sessions
pilates exercises
yoga exercises
sometimes I feel like a caveman reporting to outer space
making this inventory list about contemporary life
the eternal education and information
the decline of theories
the taking over of the facts
billions, trillions of facts
the regrouping of people around these facts
and how the different groups are overlapping
the vehicle fanatics and the weather idolatrists
intersecting at the balloons; hot-air balloons, weather balloons
children's balloons, gas balloons
overlapping with the disaster-oriented clan
who in their turn overlap with the geological facts fanatics
and they overlap with the geographical details dumbos
who overlap with the famous car race followers, Delhi-Dakar, Paris-
Dakar, Lima- Santiago, Buenos Aires-Buenos Aires Noordwijk-Monaco
people interested in the big four or big mammals in general
dolphins, whales drifting off to fish, the diving clan

— — — —

extracellular fluid song

oxygen

carbon dioxide

sodium

potassium

calcium

chloride

bicarbonate

glucose

body temperature

acid-base

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5 little girl lost

angel 1

sometimes when I let my mind wander

I think of

round leaves, pointed leaves, long wavy leaves, various colours of green. gurgling streams, waterfalls. gentle breezes, damp air. sticky. lots of sun but clouds too. sultry evenings. supple hips. soft springy step. slow movements, sometimes graceful. red soil, laughing people. coconuts

angel 2

little girl

I beg you to come forward

I know you're hiding

in the dark

dark woods

you're in there somewhere

deep in there

I can hear your laughter

and I know you're afraid

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to come out into the light
you're too small
you say
you still have to grow
you say
you think I'm too severe
and you're too playful
and we shouldn't be playful
we cannot be playful
you know that
playfulness means money market
and age-groups
selling your inner child
and you don't want to
be sold
you don't want to appear
for an audience and smile
you lost your smile
once before and it won't
happen again
that's why you're hiding
to protect yourself
from the business
you don't want to be exposed

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look how beautiful she is
with her long brown curly hair
and she can sing too
oh yes, it's heavenly
when she sings
it's wonderful
she's an angel
my angel
your angel
nobody's angel you are
listen
I understand why
you don't want to be
anybody's angel anymore
why you don't want to go out with me
and face all these people
night after night
and express all these things
about the world
it's too much for you
you're too small
too fragile, you can't contain
all this with your tiny
tiny body, you have

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no chance to relate to
all these things big and small
you're limited
your capacity is limited
your body is limited
I know I know
your sweet little
body is not made for all
these cruelties, these misunderstandings
don't cry baby
don't scream
I know you're angry
and I'm so so sorry
I will leave you in peace now baby
so you can grow and
when you're big and strong enough
I will come to you
I will not force you
to do anything
I won't manipulate you
to do anything you don't like
you don't have to show off
or compete, I promise
we'll just be quiet together

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and then after a while
when we're all settled
in the dark, we'll sing some
songs together, just the two
of us, we'll sing for the trees
and the other animals
if that's OK with you
and then later
when we're completely
comfortable being
together again
you will show me around
slowly we'll walk through
the dark woods, and you
will show me all these things I've forgotten
all the lost memories
you're trying to save

I know, you have to protect
yourself, you cannot just
go out and do crazy things
and be manipulated like me
you're too vulnerable
and that's why you're hiding

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when you're playing
that's why you're out there
somewhere in the dark
you know I won't listen to you
when you tell me to
be serious for once
you don't want me to be funny
all the time and
sexy and beautiful
you like me when I'm
serious, you don't like me
when I'm showing off
I'll be serious baby
I promise, we'll all be serious
and severe judges
we have to

darling
I'll leave you for now
so you can go to sleep
but I'll be back tomorrow
I won't stop looking for you
I'm patient
angry little girl

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don't lose yourself
I'm waiting
I'll take you with me
wherever we go
when the time has come
don't blame the universe
baby
we're in it
let's be friends again
I so much want us
to be friends again

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4 German woods

angel 3

sometimes when I let my mind wander

I think of

harsh wind, high waves. screeching gulls,

tall cliffs. fresh air. green hills, with still lakes between them, like mirrors

for the great white clouds that float by. fishing boats and sheep. all a

little bare and weathered,

the people too. evasive looks. full bars.

folk songs. good whisky

angel 1

I have to tell you a story about

German woods

centuries-old forests

in an immense country

full of big bulky trees

or they will beat me

with their sticks

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their wooden penises
soo old and soo big
that they don't know anymore
where to hide them

so they use them
bang bang bang
that's what they want to do
and all I can do
is beg them to stop

please please
and I cry
I have to cry
but I don't want to

what do I know about
German trees
a country full
of Wald, Wälder mit Umlaut, dark woods
that swallow you up
never to return

they want me to tell them

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these stories about
den Wald, so I tell
them about Hänsel und Gretel
and how they got lost
and about the little house
where the big wolf was
sleeping, while they
bang around with their
wooden sticks, like gods
in a rage, chasing the angels
deep into the clouds
striking them with
thunder and lightning
making the angels
fall, fly and fall in all directions
with broken wings
shrieking, like gulls
silent screaming

I can't help the angels
and I can't help myself either
where should I run
with my tiny legs
how fast can I go

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these giants are
always ahead of me
blocking the way
with their wooden penises
curved like old trees
standing close together
catching all the light
with their crowns
and leaving us
the tiny creatures in darkness
and still they want me
to tell them
how great and important they are
how big and everlasting
how unfathomable and mysterious
how deep and endless
isn't it darling?

we don't want to obey anymore
we don't accept their power
their so-called authority
we say no
it's not OK!
let them rule their own

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wooden pricks
their rage, their temper
their bodies
these huge, uncontrollable machines
fucked up by histories
biologies
philosophies
and geographies

we don't want to run
and fall in den Teutoburger Wald
we don't want
to hurt ourselves
in den Thüringer Wald
to stumble over their
huge penises
disguised as roots im Pfälzer
und Oberpfälzer Wald
to creep and
crawl on the ground
im Schwarzwald

it's too dark here
we can't see anything

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im dunklen Wald
only their huge penises
their schwanzartigen Geräte
growing everywhere
rooting in the earth
sticking in the air
hurting our little feet
our fragile toes
on their Boden

we don't want to hide
under a heap of autumn leaves
holding our breath
trembling all over
smelling the rot
the decay of your
geliebter Bäume
of your geliebter Grund

silent screaming

und der Wald
in deinem Gesicht
gefällt mir auch nicht

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die Bäume unter
deinem Mund
und deiner Nase
schneid' die dann ab!
nimm die weg!

du Baum, du großer Baum
was machst du denn so allein im Wald
ah, du bist nicht allein
du bist mit vielen
nur ich bin allein
ja natürlich
nur ich bin allein
und ich bin zu klein
für deinen grossen Urschwanz

und wenn ich schreie
wer hört mich denn
wo sind die Engel
warum kommen sie nicht alle
hören sie denn nichts

screaming

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we don't want to die
we don't want to kill ourselves
to hang or drown
or cut ourselves
we don't want to bleed
and we don't want to cry
and for sure we don't
want to walk around like ghosts
in their stories, to keep
them company even when we're dead
fluffing up
their after dinner jokes
in our tiny dresses
poking around naked
in their dreams
playing cuckoo
and hide and seek
between their monstrous
cocks, their old oaks
and birch trees
their Tannenbäume

we can't listen anymore
we are sick of your words

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your burps and farts
your breath full of
Kräuterschnaps and
Irish whiskies

and above all
we're sick of your stupid stories
about die Toteninsel
und den Teutobürger Wald
about your glorious heroes
who used to live there
and died there
and were buried in your brains
brains like old forests
full of dark places
where it rots and stinks forever
where you can hide
and no one will find you
where your pride can proliferate
propagate and suffocate
and grow into a monster
without eyes or ears
a huge bulky monster
with curved bulging muscles

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who's not able to walk
or talk decently
who can only shout
and beat and bang
and bash and hammer
with his wooden stick
this monstrous thing

is it only 'cause you're curved
that you think you can rule the universe?

— — — —

we are the angels of disobedience
we swallow anything
not only lollipops
but we'll spit you out
we'll tear you off
and spit you out
we'll bite
and spit you out

out out out out

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3 I was in a haze

angel 2

sometimes when I let my mind wander

I think of

traces of moisture on concrete, stacks of houses, flats, humming of bats. grains of sand, round mountains, laughing faces, the sound of the sea. waves tumbling over one another, twilight. sky with pink and purple streaks. long minutes. distant views. a love story. sirens, blood, an excited crowd. loud voices that carry. small dead-end alleys that pass through homes. holes in walls. weeds shards, a crying baby

angel 3

I was in a haze. you know that feeling? busy all day, having to do this and that and this. running for errands, making phone calls, writing messages etc. etc. the usual cluster fuck of things to do. no beginning and no end. you just start somewhere, and the only thing you have to do is to go on. one moment you put down the phone and the other you think of this e-mail you have to answer. or this appointment you have to cancel. or you have to run to catch the bus to be in time for one or other meeting

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I mean you and I don't make the logic. I haven't made a to do list for a long time for example, if you see what I mean.

to have at least a little bit of a sense of freedom, of time, you could say, I let things come to me. instead of the other way round. running around with your head full of things to do, you know. this heavy head on your shoulders. causing pains, neck pains, shoulder pains. to be able to carry this load on your shoulders you get more and more tense. even to the point of being afraid. it's a natural reaction of the brain. pure anguish. it's not normal to be so tense, your brain thinks. something must be wrong, but what. alert, alert. so as I said, I try to have as little in my head as possible. and take things one by one, without thinking too much about the order or what's the most necessary, or easy or difficult. no I don't categorize. I want to have a free mind, free of judgements, burdens, sense of time even. I don't like to wear a watch. I don't want to know what time it is. why should I. I don't want to hurry because I'm running out of time. who likes that feeling? or to get bored because there's nothing interesting to do, or stressed because everything is so problematic. no, I try to do things as if I had encountered them at that moment. now, you know. I do things now so there's nothing I have to do later. and I want to forget the things I didn't do. it's as simple as that I didn't know I was stressed, I thought I had everything under control, being in the now and everything. nothing bothering me. with only a vague idea of where I was going and what I was supposed to do there

blurring my awareness. so I walked into the lobby of this chain hotel. japanese I think, 5-star or so, and while going round in the revolving door, I already felt it. like I started breathing more deeply, like something fell from my shoulders as they say. I suddenly felt lighter between the glass panels of the revolving door. as if this sudden isolation of my body, in a compartment in this cylinder of glass, made me aware of something. and being aware was already enough to change the state of mind I was in. by the way, I always use the revolving door if there is one. I like this in-between space, this moment of suspension before you enter another space. it means a little bit of extra time to adapt to the change of atmosphere. going in. coming from a busy, noisy street, and going into a building. you can calm down before entering. check yourself. your hair, your face, your clothes. is everything in the right place. do I have the things I need, have I forgotten anything? who was I going to see? etc. etc.

so even if I didn't feel stressed I realized I was, because coming into this lobby was like entering another substance. a much lighter and softer one, which instantly affected my whole being.

it was like I grew a few centimeters the moment I stepped inside, notwithstanding the thick carpet swallowing up my feet, and while sinking into the carpet and making my way towards one of the many sofas in the lobby I got this total geometrical feeling in my body. suddenly I had a length and a width, and all kinds of other directions.

I had a posture. and I was going somewhere.
overwhelmed by this sudden feeling of power and relief I sat down and
looked around.

what was it that inspired this room to have such an effect on me?

I think we'd better stop here, I mean there are so many options.
was it an object that gave this room its mysterious effect? was it me?
the arrangement of sofas and deep chairs? the positioning of the
personnel? the way several bouquets of flowers were distributed
around the room? some huge impressive bouquets in big vases, other
more fragile bouquets, just one flower here and there, its delicate stalk
standing wavering against the tapestry. was it one of the artworks,
spreading its aura like the wings of a gigantic god-bird over the room,
thereby slightly brushing my shoulder and waking me up from an
almost lifelong sleep.

where was I? who was I?

had the world around me changed so drastically or was it me that had
suddenly transformed into some supersensitive being?

angel 2

she sat down and closed her eyes. she didn't have to look anymore. it
was as if the whole room had projected itself into her. the room had
become a reality inside her. it was there. as a geometrical structure of
points connected to other points in the space, and as an organic entity.

a living and breathing body enveloping her with its warmth. she felt the lamps above her head without even seeing them. she didn't have to look at the room to know what it meant. all its colours and materials, everything was there so quietly and peacefully as if it was just waiting for her to tune in. directly, a way of communicating with the world that was completely new to her

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2 the helping angel

if we have to leave this earth
we will have to leave our bodies too
and sometimes I wonder
do we realize that?
do we like that?
I know we're all preparing for that
or at least we should be
once we leave this earth
we will have to leave not only our bodies
but everything we know
our possessions, our family
our friends
the things we like and the things
we are used to
like eating ice-cream, or taking a shower
going for a walk, or to a restaurant
oral sex and anal sex
sitting in a chair
reading a book
watching television

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however
the things we'll miss most
are probably the things we don't know about
 the things we never did
 the things we longed for but never dared to do
the things we even didn't dare to think of
or we lacked the fantasy to even imagine them
 the forbidden things, immoralities
 and bestialities
perverse thought experiments
and other no-go areas
 areas of war and destruction
 of crime and violence
 sex with animals, and plants
 and all kind of other
 species, hallucinatory drugs
things that were meant for the future
 that we still had to do
 but didn't find the time for yet
 things we postponed, time and time again
things we didn't have the courage
or the will to pursue
 things we gave up on
 but kept on dreaming of

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like flying an aeroplane
or living in a tropical country
those are the things
we will miss most
once we leave this planet
because then we will know
that they will never happen
that we will never return
the account is closed
our time on earth has ended
finally
but our fucking mind will still be there
our mind, the one faculty that
makes all these premonitions possible
all this suffering
this longing and missing
all this love and hate
and pain pain pain
and the mind is the only thing
we will take with us
or rather the other way around
it's our mind that will leave this planet
it's our mind that will take us with it
to the universe

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so one day we'll go
we'll have to
we will leave this beautiful planet
and we will never see its oceans again
nor its plains or its cities
its deserts or its marshlands
we will never dive into its waters anymore
or climb its mountains
walk through its woods
most certainly we won't even
have sex anymore
no more caresses and kisses
no more cocks and vaginas
no more sperm and slime and skin
and tongues and eyes
but there will be other things
and we will have our memories
when our mind leaves the earth
we will still have our thoughts
our memories and our perversions
we'll have stories and images
we'll probably even have desires
desires we won't be able to satisfy anymore

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and if you think now that the hardest
will be to say goodbye to your habits
and rituals, your ways of doing things
then I have to tell you

no, you'd better go and fuck your neighbour now

the one you look at day after day

without daring to imagine

what it would be like

to enter that door

without ringing

just opening it

and saying hello

I'm here

shall we fuck?

and if he or she doesn't want to

because of some silly excuse

like:

 who do you think you are?

or:

I'm sorry I was just about to leave

 than you just grab him or her

 and do it

 one way or the other

 on the floor, the couch

or just there in the hall
you'd better do it now
or you'll think of it forever
what it would be like
you'll fear it forever
even when it's not possible anymore
'cause you're already floating among the stars
far away from all this
that keeps haunting you
galaxy after galaxy

so do it, fuck whoever you want
whether you like it or not
suck that cock, lick that cunt
or do it anyway you like
but do it, you will cherish the memory
and its spell will be over

it won't bother you
don't think your conscience will torment
you and all that bullshit
you're over that
you're not afraid
you just have to fill that hole
or it will look at you forever
full of reproach and regret

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so shoot that fat dog that
pisses against your door
every morning, just shoot it
when it looks up at you
with its dull eyes begging for attention
kill that bitch that makes your life impossible
you don't want to see her anymore do you
so poison her
stab her, I don't care
or she will follow you for the rest of
your extraterrestrial life

you will have to pay the bill
if you don't clear the way
so make sure you finish things
before you leave or
they will not leave you
and take only the good things
everything you don't want to forget

the rustling of the leaves in the wind

the twitter and tweet of birds at dusk

the sound of the tram on a quiet summer evening

the colour of the sky just before sunset

in the south

the radiant skin of a young girl on the bike

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in the north
the stink of old cities in the east
and the waving of palm trees in the west
all the poetry
you can take with you
and the mess you will have to make here
and now
or it will haunt you
that's the hell they were talking about
the bad things you didn't do
burning in your brains forever

THERE WILL BE NO REVOLUTION

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1

if you behave like a pizza

they will treat you like a pizza

they will eat you (2x)

--

life is like champagne

you enjoy it and then it's gone (2x)

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0 goodbye

one day we'll have to leave
and say goodbye

we'll have to say goodbye
to all the things and all the thoughts
to the constructions and the ideas
the formulas and the systems
the hope and the grief
and the disappointment

to sounds and music
drums and violins

goodbye mathematics
goodbye formulas
goodbye counting and kilos, watts, metres and seconds
hours
distance and time

goodbye one plus one is two

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and two times three is six

goodbye oxygen and nitrogen

goodbye earth

we have to leave

the CO₂ and the H₂O

water, oil and gas

fire and sunsets

mountains and bad weather conditions

goodbye to the rain, the drops, the wet hair

the dripping faces

the puddles, the rain boots and coats

to all the walks in the rain, the kissing and the talking in the rain

the waiting

looking at the rain outside

standing before the window

goodbye to trees and plants, flowers

and little animals

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mice and rats, cockroaches, big ones
and small ones
in halls and bathrooms
squashed cockroaches on the pavement in Taipei
goodbye Taipei and Shanghai
goodbye Brussels and Amsterdam
goodbye cities of the world
goodbye streets and pavements
goodbye stones
houses and apartment buildings
cars and streetlamps
trains and opera houses
goodbye planes and airports
pilots and stewards
tickets and rows of chairs, emergency exits
takeaway coffee and coffee menus
scissors on tables and long tongues
closed eyes and young mothers
cocks and vaginas
sex and orgasms
goodbye sperm and eggs
male and female bodies
goodbye conception
goodbye embryos and pregnant women

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babies and breastfeeding
children on laps and shoulders
of smiling grownups
goodbye belly patting
goodbye bad skin conditions
goodbye tickling rash, and feverish forehead
goodbye New York
sirens and taxis and hybrid cars
goodbye Brooklyn Bridge
United Nations building, Pan Am building
goodbye terminal 1
goodbye terminal 2, 3 and 4
goodbye Louvre
goodbye metros, stations and escalators
goodbye statues
goodbye statesmen and bankers
bakers and politicians
policemen, crime, traffic
goodbye accident
peace, war and violence, bombings
goodbye foot massage
goodbye strangers, tourists, hostages
street vendors and typists
iPhones and tablets

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goodbye
computers, passwords
language, hello and goodbye
parties, drinks, martinis and swimming pools
parasols and cigarettes
goodbye nail clipper
fingers and nails
dark skin, yellow skin, red skin
white skin
sons and daughters
goodbye wigs and lipstick
umbrellas and knives
broken noses, make-up and knee wounds
goodbye
earth, oceans and seas
lakes and rivers, plains and pastures
cows and sheep
cheese and milk
goodbye meat, horses
cats and dictionaries
goodbye newspapers

goodbye dance
goodbye waltz

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goodbye Vienna
walking in Vienna, window-shopping in Vienna
long evenings in Vienna
dark nights in Vienna
theatres
actors and actresses in Vienna, goodbye
singing and talking
stress and vitamins
operas, conductors, writers and journalists
goodbye substances
mud and dirt and marshlands
goodbye trees, leaves
red, green and yellow
goodbye colours
cocks and vaginas
cocaine

hate and love and anger
conversations, long conversations
interesting conversations deep into the night
boredom and nausea
family
lamps, chairs, tables and couches
goodbye

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cupboard, full cupboard, plates and cups
and forks and spoons
goodbye toilet
goodbye fart
goodbye shirt
costume and tablecloth
underwear and armpit
deodorant
clock
hotel breakfast and bed
cushions, earplugs
neighbours, goodbye
noise, slamming doors
voices in the hallway
goodbye
tomorrow and yesterday
no more
DNA
no more RNA
no more double helixes, amino acids and proteins
livers and gall bladders, stomachs and bellies
kidneys, uteruses and tits
cocks and vaginas
no more pubic hair

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razorblades and bathrooms
no more whirlwinds
no more you and me
 no more we
no more mama and papa
brothers and sisters
 no more Ursula and grandpa
 Ulrich and Johanna
no more names
and dates, diaries and calendars
 no more salt and pepper
no more parties
 goodbye medicines, smiles and twinkles
 good feelings and tiredness
 swollen feet and running noses
goodbye injections
 goodbye malaria
 fleas and flowers
goodbye
sunlight
steps
toes
feet
hands

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head and heels

goodbye chewing gum
and cakes, birthdays
teas and washing powder

goodbye love

trust and solidarity

goodbye partner
friend, boss
socks and trousers
jumpers, frocks and pleats

goodbye

hello, greetings and wishes, postcards, stamps and paintings

sculpture and couture

fashion and print, fabrics and paint

rubbers and plastics

paper, ink, pens, pencils

signs, semiotics

letters and alphabets

a, b and c

and all the words for ape

and for hello

in all the languages, the written and spoken ones

the dead and living languages, the digitized and

forgotten languages, the schools and universities

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education, geology and chemistry
and all the other sciences
stones and footprints
shit and piss
nuances in colour, goodbye
senses goodbye
 goodbye smell and touch
goodbye hearing
melodies
songs
rhythm
 goodbye
 next year, week or day
 in a minute
 soon
goodbye
world
misses and misters
importance and ridicule
jokes and entertainment
shows, funerals, rituals
prayer, chanting, bowing and kneeling
 goodbye concerts and plays
goodbye drummer

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English corrections by Gregory Ball

luxuriance and abundance
stocks and trade
schemes, schedules, statistics
astrology, tarot and I Ching

goodbye economy

bad economy, flourishing economy

collapsing economy

goodbye ups and downs
pills and pots, cats and dogs
beaches, shells, sand and fishes

goodbye driftwood

sound of the sea, bare feet

waves, corals and sandstorms

camels, sticks, cigarettes and hashish

goodbye
suburbs
luck and happiness
misfortune and disaster

goodbye fear

failure anxiety, claustrophobia

cancer, wheelchairs

bad breath

goodbye teeth, molars
toes and fungi

goodbye dance floor

goodbye disco light

goodbye John Travolta

Nicholas, Catherine

Hans Petter and Anneke

goodbye

everybody and everything

and all the other phenomena

from all times

goodbye history

future, centuries and aeons

goodbye Pleistocene and other cenes

goodbye Anthropocene

Animacene and Insectcene

Bacteriacene and Viruscene

cock and vagina, cock and vagina

mouth, tongue, saliva, sperm, blood and

mucus

goodbye

soap

shower

snow

sky

stars

hello

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goodbye here we go
and here we come hello
planets, intergalactic storms
black holes hello, goodbye
it sucks
big time
hello body

goodbye
nakedness
man and woman
paradoxes and impossibilities
improbabilities, insecurities

goodbye
hello, here we go
up and down
under, above, in and out

goodbye
strings, vaginas, cocks and cunts
running water and wells
sentences, grammar, spelling
Greek, Urdu, Arabic

goodbye
Beethoven, choirs and symphonies
angelic faces, Christ, cross, sopranos

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blood and nails
and little boys

goodbye

director

toilet lady

torch

supermarket

clothing line

goodbye

sexy

sickness

skin diseases

goodbye health

death, birth, graves and yards

ceremonies, tears and slideshows

goodbye uncles and aunts

candles, whispers, fur coats

and rubber boots

sneakers, jogging and heartbeats

goodbye

blood pressure, stomach ache

vocal cords and diarrhoea

goodbye

say no more

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one last thing
the last thing
goodbye
things

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an opera for four or more
singers/performers conceived
as one big song shared and sung together

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for my father
Wim Bonnema
1931- 2016

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1 moon gallery

when we first came here there was nothing

but we decided we didn't need much

only the basics

the basics

we have water and all the rest you know

this place isn't about material things

it's not about having a good life

not even an interesting life

it's not about life

no life doesn't matter here

it's not about having experiences

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or being in a process

not even about changing perspective

or being influenced by you know

things out of your scope

or getting in contact with things that are there always

but you didn't notice them

because you were always somewhere else

in your mind

no it's not about that

the small world and the big world

and the impossibility to see it all at once

and how we always miss something

how happy or unhappy you are

and how you can work on that

and how things change all the time

so that you actually don't have to do anything

to make something happen

it doesn't matter, it's not about such things

it's not about something or another thing

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about having a lover or a friend
a child or a husband
or being alone

it's not about loving or caring
or hating or longing for
not even about liking
or detesting
wanting to kill
or drown in a bucket

or stabbing with something sharp that happened to be within your
reach when you panicked or after you freed yourself from the chair
where they had tied you up on
with a dirty napkin in your mouth
so you couldn't scream
and wake up the others
or alarm a passerby

it's not about relationships
of a particular kind
morphing into other relationships
of a completely different kind

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like how the love for a particular man changed into loving the smell
of a certain animal and how this changed into a fixation on noses and a
whole system to categorize them
to mold them into this hierarchy of noses
and then picking out one and asking yourself who's was it?

or about relationships that keep you busy your whole life
like with your family, colleagues

or about leaving just in time
before any relationship can grow
so that you don't have to end something
which could have been beautiful

something which could have been beautiful
something which could have been beautiful
something which could have been beautiful
something which could have been beautiful

2 question

since nothing is

what it is

I question

what it is

even if I

wish it

to be

all the same

all the same

all the same

all the same

nothing it is

is it nothing? I ask

nothing at all?

not even a little

bit of something

else

for that matter

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is
something else
also something
something again
and therefore the same?

really the same
really the same?
blue and green?
when seen?
recognized, noticed?
when I am
the same thing as
I have seen
I am
then I have
seen blue which
could also
be green

since nothing is
what it is
we question

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what it is
even if we
wish it
to be
all the same
all the same
all the same
all the same

nothing it is
is it nothing? we ask
nothing at all?
not even a little
bit of something
else
for that matter
is
something else
also something
something again
and therefore the same?

really the same
really the same?

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you and me?
when seen?
recognized, noticed?
when we are
the same thing as
we have seen
we are
then we have
seen you which
could also
be me

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3 death a birth to what

there's a moon coming up

there's a moon coming up

don't say is no more

cause being is

in our thoughts, memories

our stories are filled with being

cause being was there

and will be there forever

so

being stays here with us

being stays here with us

being stays here with us

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4 song about song

and suddenly we were on the moon

wow that's great

we all melt together and become this song

wow that's great

hmmmmm

hmmmmm

hmmmmm

hmmmmm

hmmmmm

hmmmmm

hmmmmm

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5 I've been thinking

I've been thinking
that all the thinking
is thinking
and nothing more
or less than that

I mean
someday this or that
idea can make you
lose all your weight
and fly

but thoughts
lose their power
easily
what seemed
uplifting one day
pins you down
the next
and makes you realize

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you failed
totally

and then we'll make a cake from the moonlight
and the icing of the cake will be a platform
an art platform made of moonlight

hello

hello

welcome to the platform

welcome to the platform

hello

hello

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6 hello

hello

hello

we're glad you made it

all the way to the platform

welcome to the platform

the platform

the platform

I see you didn't bring a lot of things

that's good

very good

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here you don't need much

material stuff

its not about things here

we're here to capture our thoughts

and so on

and so on

welcome to the platform

welcome to the platform

the platform

the platform

hello

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7 I thing

me, tree

house, me

sky, moon

me, me

I, thing, I

other thing

I, one more thing

I, many things

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8 a tour

we see three people standing slightly bowed over a lying woman
over a lying woman

I was already lying there
when I came in
the lying woman
the lying woman

I also did

the sitting woman

standing woman

walking woman
before

is she dead or is she just sleeping?
is she dead or is she just sleeping?

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is she dead or is she just sleeping?

is she dead or is she just sleeping?

for I

who die

who will

can't think of myself

as dead

as dying

my thinking

thinks the death of others

others die

I simply stop

I simply stop

I simply stop

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9 close

there will be some holes today in the agenda

ask the assistant to check for arrival time

there was no phone call only some emails

forced to negotiate with the public relations

the knitted sweaters survived at last

money flow can be a problem

putting the children to bed in a bakery

is one way to look at it, is one way to look at it

abstractions don't bring you any further

in this jungle of do's and don'ts from the magazines

we're all infected by the same pictures

causing unfair emotions for the ones who

came too late with their proposals

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fate and luck can be beautiful relations of the crying

penetration is affective you say
but we have sex anyway apart from
the occasional caressing

fingertips carrying messages from beyond
is one of the presents in the mistakes
of my time

if it hurts I don't look
in your eyes full of sweat and beating

lifting your tail behind the pleated white skirt made you grow like a
pumpkin behind one of the barns last summer

you prefer the gentle way cause I am too slow
and always distracted
by sound and light

in the roughness of hard skin and stubs
I forgot to rub myself in the coming

I follow my organs behind the sperm of your last prick

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the tattoo didn't turn me on for the effect of sucking

we drank some tea after sitting close together
and feeling your trembling arms

reverbs of fucking in the presentations today
I felt it coming after the cigarettes

you looked so graceful and distant in the champagne colours of
candles and whispering

the cooler being far too big for the bottles
we drank a pale wine from Africa and enjoyed touching your breasts
with the napkin

we became hard for the peanut butter to touch
hiding our feet under the table and smiling at the red lobster

the nipples of roses budded in the trash can

dicks celebrated their renaissance between some arrangements of
vases

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without some cunts the chairs stopped breathing and I lost myself in
the bathroom

the table tongue broke through the metal of the Rolling Stones hiding
on the Côte d'Azur

the cries of a broken arm while poking in the oxygen of a wound
stopped the bleeding

we couldn't go home for hurting the weak ones

pleasure was in the trees full of naked bodies
dangling helplessly

the black hairs were long behind the shoulders of straight noses
and soft fluids between the armpits

the hand of my face pushed you in the wall
looking at your ass wide open

I received your split before opening your skirt and showing some
wrinkled hairpieces

expressionism was in the distance from my body before it became too
personal

the flowers of kissing withdrew in the lingering yoga

we're supposed to change ritual before sunset

too many difficulties for the resemblance of an old man and the
pronunciation of sutras
made us take the backroads

the destination being a no go area we found
some extra time to go to the sea again

the sheep decided this time for turning
inside the bucket so we were fucked
without blaming anyone
except the cheesemongers
endlessly being accused of making good mattresses

this tiny village had seen more in its days
full of rats and the building of railways

it all happened behind closed doors

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as the rabbit was presented by the oldest daughter on her deathbed

candlelight again

there was little curiosity for the deceased

having been ill my whole life

but that is another chapter

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10 the moon in the man

we-are-standing-here-together
holding-hands-I-and-I
you-are-watching-from-a-distance
while-you-shine-me-in-the-eye
you-remember-all-the-stories
and-you-see-the-bloody-knife
you're-the-moon-in-the-man
I-am-I
you're-the-moon-in-my-eyes
I-am-I

I-hug-myself-and-listen
to-the-blood-I-have-inside
telling-stories-about-something
we-should-do-before-we-die
I-will-give-you-all-my-memories
I'm-your-servant-I'm-your-child
you're-the-moon-in-the-man
I-am-I
you're-the-moon-in-my-eyes

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I-am-I

so-I-offer-you-my-brain-waves
treat-them-good-or-treat-them-bad
let-the-blood-flow-in-your-story
make-me-glad-or-make-me-sad-and
when-I-dream-about-tomorrow
many-things-to-understand
you're-the-moon-in-the-man
I-am-I
you're-the-moon-in-my-eyes
I-am-I

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11 may as many penguins possible

may as many penguins possible
enjoy full penguin-hood

may as many penguins possible
enjoy full penguin-hood

may as many trees as possible
enjoy full tree-hood

may as many trees as possible
enjoy full tree-hood

may as melephants as possible
enjoy full melephant-hood

may as melephants as possible
enjoy full melephant-hood

may as many pancakes possible
enjoy full pancake-hood

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may as many pancakes possible
enjoy full pancake-hood

may as many moons as possible
enjoy full moon-hood

may as many moons as possible
enjoy full moon
may as many worms as possible
enjoy full worm-hood

may as many worms as possible
enjoy

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12 colours / thoughts

I can write something
on a coloured surface
or make a drawing
on a colour
hang pictures on top of it
that's what I call creating dust

hmm

hmm

there is an infinity
on both sides
of the screen or surface
you're looking at
that can be a problem
if you're aware of it

gravitational forces might get
a grip on the eyes
and suck them out of their

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sockets into a piece
of goo

hmm

hmm

stick a needle in the world
if the needle is thin enough
you might come pretty deep
if the needle is big enough
you might come pretty far

the needle can't have a size
the needle is a puncturing instrument
of infinite proportions
it has to be like that
it has to be like that

the needle is like your thoughts
going from one thing to the next
in and out again
and out means in again
and in means out again
always

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hmm

hmm

let me enter your voice
enter these sounds you make
and make them
sound forever
let me hear
this
aaaaaa
forever
and
ever
aaaaaaaa
aaaaaaaa
aaaaaaaa

if only I could
hear all these sounds
around me

if only I could
see

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if I were different
if I were somewhere else
if I were
more like you
if I were
more like you
if I were
more like you

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13 you're still a girl

you're still a girl
and you are still a boy
running in the streets
hairdos full of joy
you hold my hand
twinkle in your mouth
thinking about the thesis you're gonna write in philosophy

you pack your bag
I'm standing at the door
looking at your hands
teardrops on the floor
you press your lips
counting underwear
thinking about the money still being left on your bank account

I say your name
you're sitting on the bed
staring at the wall

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looking pretty sad
I touch your arm
you're pushing me away
thinking about the letter you're gonna send to your curator

your face is red
screaming like a pig
I check my mail
say you make me sick
you grab your coat
toothbrush, creditcard
thinking about the artworks you're gonna make with your next amour

14 emotional eclipse

curled up in the corner
you lay, I saw you
when I looked down
as if resting from the usual hovering
in your mental state
we obscure the moon
you whispered looking guilty
this is an emotional eclipse
I don't know where to look

in this vast expanse
kicking feet in the sand
the others long gone and
nothing around, a stone in
your hand, I heard you
threatening the moon
with crossed eyes
shaking heavily
screaming bears and canoes

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English corrections by Gregory Ball

looking for whales
in your crazy you stumbled
around, fishing wood
for your harbors, waving
tears between clouds
of unrest and worship
I saw the light in your eyes
warning the ocean
shouting at the storm

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15 I am the moon

I am the moon
it could be that I am
more moon than
I am myself

looking at the moon
I am the same
as I am when looking
at the moon
nothing I am
and I am
and I am
and I am
and nothing
I am like
when looking
at the moon

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16 this knife

this knife between my legs
that house on your lap
the clouds in your hair
the hairs between our faces

refrain
isn't that madness
an impossible mistake
an absolute failure
when it succeeds?

the fox hanging under your car
a helicopter looking for a rabbit
a screwdriver running after your mother
my girl playing with the moon

refrain

a nose punching some strangers
a television watching porn

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on a table under a balcony
between some old wooden doors

refrain

from a barn between two castles
on a meadow under hills
before mountains topped with snowcaps
melting slowly in the sun

refrain

dripping water in a stream
between rocks on a ridge
above a landscape in the morning
of a summer yet to come

refrain

and then ending in september
after august of the year
it was raining in the desert
on both sides of the equator

refrain

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17 welcome

this morning I got an sms
we had forgotten to pay the rent for the platform
and the sms said

as the yoghurt is eating on the beach
and the road crawls into the car
the red sofa sits in the back pocket of a working man

no tits but a mountain of couscous
all the books are out tonight in the taxi

I am bread and I sing for you

it runs in the day when the clouds honk
and the shoes get arrested for the officer

plastic harbors float to the snoozing volcano
resting on the tip of a purple leg

no joke can stand the whole day in the sun

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no joke can stand the whole day in the sun

the bed is out of batteries getting a new smell
from the woman living above

no chair is big enough for an ex lover
hold your breath; the iron cushion fits us all
self tuning pianos are the next big thing

the broom cracks the tomato behind the church
where is the doormat?

Maria said hello to the hanging wall
full of crosses and burning men

watching delicate movies without genitals
matching the pubic hair facials of a grown
up seal

the dog barked hallelujah in the door of an open garage while seeping
blood into the sewer

for empty candles teaching mindfulness
while looping the structure of an apple

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the last words disappeared the night before Christmas as my father
went to the hill

while future dreams melt on the wall
the spoon knits a walk down the spotlight

the power of the palate turns the sunshine into dust
Saturday was always good to sheepskin

the taxman squeezes the orange into numbers
dripping from a flowering tree

the daughter sinks into difficulty
as the father keeps singing
watching the sunset of the parking garage
we flipped some coins

in the backseat we were happy

we laughed like cows at the freezing potatoes
temperature is impossible

hooray for the backpacks behind the stinking teenagers

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Europe was eaten by worms
while all the masters fled in the water

we were looking for food among the healthy beards
where hair is growing there is plenty of life

dressed up like a sweater
I was holding the end
for you

dressed up like a sweater
I was holding the end
for you

this morning I got an sms
we had forgotten to pay the rent for the platform and the sms said
I love you

18 adolescent in crises

I, I, I

don't know

I don't seem to get rid of these

dark brown forms gliding in
moving without resistance
through my empty rooms

I shook the cocktail a thousand times
and still it tastes like separation

no matter how many flowers I picked
they're coming closer and closer

there's billions of us but only one of you
looking at you
is like seeing the madonna
you're a wireless saint
a wireless saint

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19 shadows

things disappear

a thought

like words

like now

things appear

no dis

or

appear, no things anymore, no dis

just appear

appear? appear?

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words appear and disappear

and then the only thing you remember is pear

you think pear? pear?

a fruit, a friend or some kind of staring looking into something

which makes you think of this hole

this hole in the earth

with light shining through

this bright hole in the black sky

this bright hole in the black sky

20 crises

watching the videos of the old school
we had the sensation of going backwards

what to do now? we're definitely in need of some anima in the energetic
trainings

scooping into the heart is done by certified practitioners like yourself

the gallery has no walls but plenty of rooms
where the works can be projected on the stifling air

here we see a complaint moving around love and other words
pronouncing moments of relationships
like feeding the breast of the babies
with dangerously hot milk
burning the aftermath
of made up histories

or worn out cushions in the breakfast room
of old lovers

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all the chairs were taken so we stood behind the barbecue

to look at you from behind is a different thing
being afraid is ignored in the conversations

there were other parties we could go to
I remember exactly
without invitations or guest lists
just some friends gathering in a garden full of berries

our intimacy was like a cure for animals but it worked

we could have been different but we had no choice

wisdom is too abstract for decision making so we all had the feeling we
lost it somehow
in our houses

attracted to the psychological I forgot the stillness of the things
placed in their surroundings

we should have cut them out altogether but now it is too late

some pretty rational fantasies explained the surge of the arts in the last
days

looking for shame we had the feeling of going near the old pond again

wearing leather gloves she walks to the holy water

night again but we didn't sleep

music shared us in our thoughts keeping the body still

behind the line to cope with this strange planet

this strange planet

about rhythm conference feat. inner splits

Leaving the earth. The dream is probably as old as mankind itself. Only the animals feel at home in their world. A man is a creature that dreams of another world, not just another place, another country, but a place that cannot be compared to anything we imagine a place to be like. A man is something whose lament, like Jimi Hendrix, is: 'There must be some kind of way out of here'. It is impossible that this is all there is. And so since the birth of time, man has invented signs, sounds, objects and images that tell him something about this other world. And although he could imagine less and less about this other world, to the point where he no longer believed in it, there was still the poet to express his desire to leave everything behind: 'It doesn't matter where to! It doesn't matter, as long as it's beyond this world!' (Baudelaire). In the meantime we like to feed on science fiction. We savour this sort of apocalyptic notion: people depart for the stars, because the world is increasingly ravaged by floods and storms, or a gigantic meteor is heading straight for us, or the earth has become overpopulated, the sources of energy have been virtually exhausted, gangs of villains spread terror on every side – or else we have moved several billion years into the future and the sun is starting to burn out; red and swollen, it shines on us with its sickening light. It's time to leave the

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earth! It's time to embark! Who is allowed on board? And where are we going? But we are nowhere near that stage yet. The whole history of mankind will first have to unfold tens of thousands of times more. For the time being, nothing and no one is asking us to leave the earth. A thing like this is just a fabrication, a fantasy we can occupy ourselves with while enjoying a gentle autumn sun. But why this fantasy? Because it's literally too much for us here: because there is literally too much: too much that interests, fascinates and intimidates us, too much chasing after us, surrounding us, holding us hostage, pointing the finger at us, too much that moves us, frightens us, that requires us to process, summarise, understand and archive it, too much that wants to be greeted, embraced, caressed, fucked, too much that points out our responsibilities, reminds us of our promises and our plans, too much that takes up our time, makes claims on us, burdens us with guilt because we just won't take it seriously enough, are not sensitive enough to it, do not love enough, because we do not show our involvement sufficiently. It is like a monstrous growth that worms its way into us and feeds on our weak body and brain so as to reproduce, to expand like a mould, and wants to make us more enthusiastic, inquisitive and greedy than we already are. It makes us infinitely tired, infinitely tired of our enthusiasm, our inquisitiveness, our lust for life. So there has to be an end to it! We will be off, even though we don't know where to, but that is unimportant, because in fact we are only going so that we know what we are leaving behind, to get to know the

importance of it, to know what it was and whether it was ever actually anything at all. It is a game that we play; in reality we don't take off, we just like to kit ourselves out as bad angels, ridiculous cyborgs, futuristic monks. When you dress up you are already half gone. With a big pointy hat on you will soon leave the ground, especially if you sing at the same time. We pretend to be leaving so as to know where we are, where we shall turn out to have been when people talk about us later. We are children playing that they are sitting on a cloud and looking to see how they are playing down below. We hear our own voices; they sound stupid, agitated, too excited, too worked up, but at the same time permeated with a cheerfulness we didn't know we had. Oh well, we can leave everything behind except that desire to be one step ahead of ourselves, to magnify our smallness. We vanish so as to put ourselves on show. It is strange up here; we have never seen ourselves so close up, it's as if we could touch ourselves!

Frank Van de Veire

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about the moon

We live in a fragmented world with a lot of different opinions running around us. We know that every opinion fits only within a certain context. Nothing is generally accepted anymore. Clashes of strong opinions cause polarization. Even when we have strong opinions, we don't know how to live them. Opinions stay mostly virtual, a method to position ourselves towards others. A ritual can give us a glimpse of a more embracing reality beyond the clash of opinions. It gives us the opportunity to behave in a way that feeds our belief in still unknown possible worlds. Such rituals can develop sensitivities in body and mind, which we usually cannot experience in another way. We need the isolated time period of a ritual to let ourselves become different. Rituals are highly artificial. They put themselves out of the rush of daily life and guide us to do certain tasks we never would do voluntarily. We practice a way of being, which we still can't live in our daily connections. By repeating these rituals we start to master a different perspective on ourselves and on our position in the world. Or at least they bring us some of their energy in the complicated world we live in.

Sometimes a theatre performance functions as such kind of ritual; it practices visionary perspectives on life by dictating and exploring

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different aesthetics and ways of being. Opera as a ritual practices the most artificial universe that we can imagine. It gives the voice all the space to transcend the tragedy of human life, or the political or spiritual dimensions of a human ideology. The body itself disappears in this ritual; it becomes heavy, almost not moving in space. Its presence has lost its energetic radiance; the body is only there to support the existence of the voice. In “The Moon”, which is more a one-big-song-performance than an opera in the traditional sense, the body regains its immanent vitality. It becomes the centre point of a ritualized universe. While singing an ocean of reflections and thoughts, the bodies create naive patterns in time and space that could alternately refer to minimal art principles of the sixties or the basic dances of utopian communities at the beginning of the twentieth century. The performance “The Moon” practices a physical belief in abstraction, beyond the behavioral laws of social contact. It gives a glimpse of a universe, where everything becomes one because of a shared interest in the naivety of form and devotion in execution.

What happens when we stop thinking in multilayered fragmentation? Can we build a transparent universe by living the most basic forms of movements, steps and gestures in this ritual? At the same time the ritual can become a platform that harvests the fruits of our inner reflections, stimulated by the light of the moon. The singing ritual shows what could happen when organic life on earth doesn't grow anymore

with the support of the sun; its development is dependent on the reflected light of the moon only. What will happen when we don't manifest ourselves any longer under the heat of the sun, but only in a light that has no temperature at all? In a metaphoric way, what happens when we live outside the heat of the moment? When we are not longer condemned to meet each other and ourselves in a confrontation of burning desires and burning conflicts? What happens when we breathe, think and dream within an objective light that illuminates us by cooling us down? A light that does not provoke, upset or disturb us to take immediate action. Any human drama is far away. We float in periods of nothingness; we mirror ourselves with some holes in our existence. Confronted with this void we have the choice to get crazy with each other, or remain silent. There is no logic or reason behind what we can do, only a belief in the pleasure of execution.

Let us practice to become moon-sick in this way, to become an outsider from the inside.

Robert Steijn

The Moon premiered by MaisonDahlBonnema (mdb) on 12 November
2016 at the Danse-
Festival Barents in Hammerfest (no)

Per-/platformers: Anna Sophia Bonnema, Hans Petter Melø Dahl, Davis
Freeman, Joana Preiss

Music: Hans Petter Melø Dahl

Moonlight: Minna Tiikkainen

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Rhythm Conference Feat. Inner Splits premiered by
MaisonDahlBonnema at 19 december 2014 in Kaaistudio's Brussels
(be)

Performers: Anna Sophia Bonnema, Hans Petter Melø Dahl, Nicolas
Field, Catherine Travelletti

Music: Hans Petter Melø Dahl, Nicolas Field

www.maisondahlbonnema.eu

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The Moon, a MaisonDahlBonnema production. Co-produced by:
Needcompany(BE), De School van Gaasbeek(BE), BIT
Teatergarasjen(NO), DanseFestival Barents(NO), Avantgarden(NO),
Veem House for Performance(NL), with support from De Brakke Grond.
Rhythm Conference Feat. Inner Splits, a production
of MaisonDahlBonnema & Needcompany & M-A-P. Co-production: BIT
Teatergarasjen (Bergen).
Residence in PACT Zollverein (Essen).

With support from The Flemish Authorities & Norsk Kulturråd

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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 other artists from various disciplines. Since 1995 she has collaborated with Hans Petter Melø Dahl (no) in the performance group Love & Orgasm (L&O Amsterdam). Since 1999 she has been a member of the artistic team at Needcompany (be). With Jan Lauwers & Needcompany she's been touring the world with many different plays. In 2003 she established together with Hans Petter Melø Dahl the virtual concept house MaisonDahlBonnema. They perform their work regularly at leading theatres and festivals at home and abroad

Texts for theatre

For MaisonDahlBonnema

The Moon – 2016

Rhythm Conference Feat. Inner Splits – 2014

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

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

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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 Melø Dahl – 2003

For Jan Lauwers & Needcompany

The red part – excerpts (monologues) – Needlab 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
Melø 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 Melø Dahl and Robert Steijn – 1997

(and many more texts)

For Love & Orgasm

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

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And

De bomen het bos – for New West – 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

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