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<b>Titel</b>	Triple Trooper Trevor Trompet girl
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tine van aerschot  
triple trooper trevor trompet girl

My name is Trevor Wells

No,

My name is Trevor Wells

I am Trevor

No,

I am Trevor

I want to ride my bicycle

I want to ride my bike

I want to ride my bicycle

I want to ride it where I like

You say black I say white

You say bark I say bite

You say shark I say hey man

–Freddie Mercury–

november 22

november 22nd is the 326th day of the year – the 327th in a leap year. There are 39 days remaining until the end of the year

When I was a young child, there existed two places in the whole world. One was here, and the other was somewhere else. Somewhere else could be anything. The seaside, the moon, Brussels. They were all the same and they were all far away. But when by accident or by the decision of the elder, I found myself in or at a somewhere else, this somewhere else became here and the previous here had become irrelevant and had disappeared within the vast infinity of the somewhere else.

It was not until I became tall enough to see clearly what was lying on the tabletops, that I began to recognise distance, connections and relativity. The relativity of concepts like faraway or close by or large and small. But even now, when I think about infinity, about space, about infinitely large, or infinitely small, tiny, minute, microscopically, if I think about all the possible possibilities of anything, the infinite possibility of expansion, the infinite endless prospect of time, and I mean really think about it, not just acknowledge it, I turn queasy, I become faint in my legs and in my stomach. It is as if I lose every connection to me, to my essence. It is as if I lose my connection to what is important to me. It is as if all that matters does not matter, it is as if while I am thinking about my existence, I am erasing it at the same time. It is me un-existing myself by trying to exist.

A lot of the people I know, and I do not know a lot of people, have told me at various times, that they do not want to know what lies in front of them. They do not want to know what is in store for them.

I tend to agree.

I do not want to know either.

I tend to try and be prepared for any possible incident. I tend to want to see it coming. I tend to be on the lookout for the bad and the good. I want to be as efficient in coping with the good as I want to be in coping with the difficult.

What troubles me, what makes me lose my footing is that on top of not knowing what is coming, I also do not know what has already occurred. I forget. I have forgotten, I do not remember anything or hardly anything. Of course there are the big events, the life changing experiences, but even they are only vaguely present. What did I think on the day, what did I say, what was the response. Did I have a wonderful enlightened insight? Did I have one of these oh!!! I see moments, did someone else have one and told me and now we both do not remember?

So like so many others before me, people who have tried to capture something and maybe order that something, I have decided I will try to make a start of taming my past, by beginning to report on my present.

Other humble beginnings have revealed interesting facts:

Tarantula: an insect whose bite can only be cured by music.

When choking on a piece of bread: take two pieces of the same bread and stick them in your ears.

Oats: a grain, which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people.

Etch: a country word of which I know not the meaning.

Fart: to break wind behind.

Robinson Crusoe writes in his diary:

...first I made him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life; I called him so for the memory of the time; likewise I taught him to say Master, and then let him know that was to be my name; I likewise taught him to say Yes and No and to know the meaning of them.

–Daniel Defoe–

november 23

november 23rd is the 327th day of the year – the 328th in a leap year. There are 38 days remaining until the end of the year

1916: Thanks to the generosity of a few friends, the usual dinner was supplemented by a liberal supply of plum pudding, fruits and cigarettes.

The toast of 'The King' having been proposed and drunk with enthusiasm, Mr Dobbs welcomed the guests in a short speech.

Miss Fiona Forté gave a charming exhibition of classical dancing, which was highly appreciated by the soldiers. Several songs were rendered by Mrs Meak and Miss Bridget Starlet and others, and games were played during the afternoon. The company broke up at 6.30, having spent a pleasant and happy afternoon.

Why is it that most adults always go and sit in the same spot? The same chair at the table, the same table in the restaurant, the same location for the towel on the beach, the same left cushion on the couch every morning? My thinking place. My getting ready for the day spot. Is it because we inhabit a globe that hurls through space at the dazzling speed of thirty kilometers per second or about 108,000 kilometers per hour and sitting in the same seat gives us the impression we are driving the stupid colossal contraption or is it because we have already scanned the surroundings of this spot and we can convince ourselves to be safe here? Happily forgetting our real traveling speed and the constant near collisions with other massive flying formations of matter.

I am sitting in my early morning couch and underneath my window I can hear children playing. I can not

see them, but I am sure there are about six or seven of them and I know they are very young because their games have no fixed rules yet. They make them up as they go along. They are playing a number game. Very confident they start counting together one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, and a bit louder than before they shout ten. There is a bit of a hesitation, but about four of the children continue eleven, the rest join in again and confidence is growing twelve, thirteen, ..., nineteen, a careful twenty and off they go up to twenty-nine, the expected hesitation thirty and a firm thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three, thirty-four, ..., thirty-eight, thirty-nine, and now everything is quiet, I can feel the confusion, the doubt, what now, what are we supposed to do, and then one voice, very firm and loud and sure of itself shouts one hundred and as a big cheer, a great relief, all the others repeat in unity, ONE HUNDRED and I can hear their little feet run off to a new place, a different spot to a different game.

So much innocence and enthusiasm makes me smile, but only a second later, I am also uneasy and alarmed. Is it not true that in any given circumstance there will always be someone ready to shout one hundred even if he or she has absolutely no idea what he or she is talking about?

Is it not true that in any given circumstance there will always be an indefinite amount of followers ready to accept this hundred to be the absolute and undeniable truth even when most of them actually know forty would be the most logical candidate for the succession?

1916: The French Military governor was present at the execution and made a little speech saying how gloriously British soldiers can die.

You would be surprised at the amount of waste that goes on in the trenches.

Our Machine-gun crews boil their hot water by firing off belt after belt of machine-gun ammunition at no particular target, just generally spraying the German line. After several pounds worth of ammunition has been used, the water in the guns – they are water-cooled – begins to boil. They say they make German ration and carrying parties behind the line pay for their early morning cup of tea. But the real charge will be on income-tax after the war.

–Robert Graves–

november 24

november 24th is the 328th day of the year – the 329th in a leap year. There are 37 days remaining until the end of the year

Today is my birthday. Just like Christmas and Armistice Day it is impossible to ignore it. Some of my friends love their birthday, and they make sure we know they love their birthday, which happens to be coming up next Friday or Wednesday or whatever-day and usually they have to have a party as well. I am mostly impartial towards my day of birth and my age.

Still, even now there is no family left to remind me of the big occasion, I always know today is the day and I always remember them not being there to remind me. On the big numbers, the ones with a zero or a five in them I mostly contemplate my achievements and as a result of that, more likely my failures. But on the in-between years, I suppose I celebrate my own private all saints' day which I should call my all laymen's or all laywomen's day. Anyway it is usually a day of remembering death.

It feels odd however that I do not really remember the dead, or the bereaved, or the missing. And I am also not really thinking about my own upcoming end. I am considering death as a part of living, I am considering dying as something you do. Being born is something you do, and that is, in a general way, considered as a part of living? Is there a difference?

I will, however, go to the night shop around the corner and treat myself to ice cream on a stick even if the sell-by date has 'been and gone' a month ago and even if it is freezing outside.

The weather forecast for today: snowfall followed by a cold, dry spell with light frost  $-2^{\circ}\text{C}$ , blustery winds may turn to the southeast. An approaching Atlantic frontal system, bearing warm air, rides over this cold surface. An overnight 'push' of the warm air will turn snow in to rain and sleet.

Paris: One of two writers of the book 'Instruction Manual for suicide' has been convicted for 'gross negligence to assist a person in need' because he truthfully answered a question of a stranger about exact dosages and drugs you need to take to end your life. In his answer he only repeated what was already published in the book.

India: In the past 328 days of this year 1.422 Indians have lost their lives due to accumulated natural disaster. Over 2 billion houses and huts have collapsed and 4.29 billion acres of crops have been destroyed.

Loma Linda California: Baby Fae died twenty days after Dr. Leonard Lee Bailey of the Loma Linda University Medical Center replaced her heart with the heart of a baboon. Dr Leonard Lee Bailey of the Loma Linda University Medical Center said baboon-to-human heart transplants are 'a reasonable investigative option'.

november 25

november 25th is the 329th day of the year – the 330th in a leap year. There are 36 days remaining until the end of the year

In the little village of Tana, on the River Tana in Kenya an epic battle has been fought. A mother struggled for an hour and a half with a giant crocodile to save her ten-year-old daughter from its massive jaws. It was not until another woman came to the rescue and poked the crocodile in the eyes, that the beast let go of its prey.

The least you can say is that we are strange creatures when it comes to food. I only have to look at my own eating habits and it is enough to confuse anyone. My great grandmother fundamentally refused to even taste a banana or an orange for the whole of her ninety-three-year-long existence. She basically did not want to put anything in her mouth that she could not grow or pick or kill herself. For her, it was safe to assume that when a person was too skinny it was because of illness or because of poverty. Seeing someone round or full-breasted or someone fat meant they had money in the pocket. Being deprived meant you did not have enough to eat.

What I do not understand is how we have gone from her logic to today's logic or lack thereof. There are no rules anymore, but being skinny more often than not suggests money in the bank and education and a million opportunities in life. Being overweight in the sense of obesity or the 'I am going straight for the heart attack' approach, more often than not suggest poverty lack of education and no chance in the world to escape the downward spiral.

Of course, you can point a big finger in the direction of capitalism and consumerism and commercialism but why can we not be brave as the women of the little village of Tana, and poke the green monster in the eye and force it to loosen its grip a little?

In 1765: Peter the Great mail-ordered a sack of potatoes from Rotterdam to St Petersburg.

In 1770: Andrej Bolotov publishes his remarkable book 'Remarks on the potato, or earth apple.'

1775: A group of Russian Orthodox believers condemn the potato calling it the devil's apple. In their view eating the new food, which is not mentioned in the Bible, is the equivalent of 'eating the forbidden fruit of the garden of Eden'.

1840: State peasants are ordered by decree to plant a certain amount of potatoes on public land. A devoted rural population starts revolting. The so-called 'Potato Riots' brake out and last for three years.

1843: Government ends the forced cultivation of the potato plant.

1861: Elena Molokhovets publishes her cookbook 'A Gift to Young Housewives'. She treats the potato as a familiar plant including it in many recipes. She also tackles soups, vegetables and sauces for days of fasting, preserved fruits and berries, preserved fish, wild and domestic birds, liqueurs, cherry-brandies and sparkling wines, and not to forget tortes, mazurkas, small pastries and beef stroganoff.

I was not in the mood for cooking today and went out and bought some rectangular sticks of potato varying between nine and four centimetres long and about one centimetre thick and wide. They where deep-fried in vegetable oil, sprinkled with salt and topped with a blob of mayonnaise. I took them home wrapped in unprinted recycled paper and ate them while watching the world pass by on television.

november 26

november 26th is the 330th day of the year – the 331st in a leap year. There are 35 days remaining until the end of the year

Today I went to the library because I wanted to see if I could find a detailed map of Kenya, to look up Tana, the village on the Tana River. As usual, I got distracted by another path and by other stories. And as usual, I try not to wonder why amongst all the others, these are the ones that stick.

I just feel that there is nothing I could possibly add.

From: 'The New Ladies Magazine – 1786' – polite and entertaining companion for the fair sex: entirely devoted to their use and amusement–

Home News: On Saturday morning the body of a fine young woman was taken out of the Thames-river at the end of Strand Lane, where she had drowned herself the preceding night. She appeared to be about eighteen years of age, and was known to have been turned out of doors the day before, by one of those inhuman monsters in the shape of women, who keep brothels in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane. The poor young victim had been brought from her parents at the age of eleven years, by the mistress of the brothel from which she was dismissed, when her face grew common, and the charms of extreme youth and novelty were no longer a temptation. Thus thrown upon the town, penniless, and heartbroken, as too many have already done from the same causes, she put an end to her existence, in order to get rid of her miseries on earth.

From: 'Memories of my Life' by Miss F. E. Powers

Before I went to bed my hair had to be curled up in paper... I sat and folded papers, preferably soft brown paper, into strips about half an inch wide, and handed them one by one to mother as she wound up little bunches of hair. Oh! How I yelled when odd hairs got caught in the curlers. Some mothers used rag curlers made of strips of old cotton material, and I used to see the children running about in them looking like Topsy. (According to The Oxford Dictionary Topsy is taken as the type of something which seems to have grown of itself without anyone's intention or direction). Saturday night was not a comfortable night! I tossed and turned, trying to find a place in the pillow where the curlers did not dig in. But oh! How proud I felt when getting dressed in my best, ready to go out on Sunday, with curls instead of straight locks.

From: 'The Wine-taster Guide for the Passionate Beginner' with Tasting Kit.

It has already occurred that a person was struck hard by depression for lack of passing the wine-taster exam.

november 27

november 27th is the 331st day of the year – the 332nd in a leap year. There are 34 days remaining until the end of the year

Ha, democracy. Or maybe Ha-ha democracy.

In South Korea the parliament went on a hunger strike because the members were convinced that this government of theirs was not democratic enough. The population of Lichtenstein has, via means of a referendum, decided that it is not desirable yet to give women the power to vote.

If women were allowed to express their opinion in the referendum is not clear.

In Spain, parliament has accidentally abolished all taxes for the next year thus leaving the country without any form of income. Half an hour later the mistake was however spotted and rectified.

Are we blundering our way to self-destruction? Equal power to everybody. The majority is correct. The majority makes no mistakes. Compromise is the way forward.

When I like blue and you like red, do we need to have a purple flag? We both hate purple.

We could also have half a blue and half a red flag, but I like vertical stripes and you like horizontal stripes so we end up with triangles! I do not understand symbols of union anyway. I don't know how to identify with groups, I am an individual who loves individuals.

The other day I saw one of the most beautiful images I have ever seen. It was a photograph of a flag flying proud in the wind. Only the flag was a piece of clear plastic and you could see the little white clouds in the sky through it. The flag did not alter the clouds in a physical way, but mentally it shifted everything. I can not remember the name of the artist I will look it up tomorrow, but it made me think of this quote by Breyten Breytenbach: 'That it should not be forgotten, at birth, a chameleon is transparent'.

november 28

november 28th is the 332nd day of the year – the 333rd in a leap year. There are 33 days remaining until the end of the year

Edith Dekyndt, the transparent flag is by Edith Dekyndt.

The lengths we go to, just to avoid saying  
to each other what we mean to say are astonishing. Why are we so afraid? Why  
are we fully-fledged contortionists when  
it comes to avoiding honesty?

Excuse me miss, could you please turn down the volume of your radio a little bit, or, excuse me sir, your fly has become undone, or, I am sorry madam but you have half a lettuce stuck to your chin, seem to be amongst the hardest things you can say to your fellow human being.

Amongst the easiest things to do: be the victim of abuse like having to listen to loud music, having to look at a little bit of penis sticking out, having to enjoy your food when the person across the table has half of her lunch stuck to her face.

Also very easy to do: look for victims just like yourself and complain endlessly about the nerve of the mostly unaware abuser.

More near impossible tasks:

Owning up to failure as in: I did not pass my exam, or, I scratched your car, or, I dropped your goldfish in the soup.

Confessing forgetfulness: I forgot to do your laundry on purpose because I am sick and tired of you needing my help all day every day.

Saying 'no' to someone who is taking advantage of your kind heart.

Telling one you have stopped loving one for no particular reason except that one is no longer of interest to the other one.

In the United States of the America's a certain mister Albert Thielman from Texas decided he could not tell his wife Vera he had accumulated a considerable amount of debt through gambling. In an attempt to avoid telling the truth, he decided to place a bomb in dear Vera's suitcase when she next took a flight to visit her mother in Seattle. Luckily the homemade bomb exploded after the plane had landed, and only caused a small fire destroying Vera's brand new suitcase and damaging the luggage of seven other passengers. No one got hurt.

Today, I peed in the sink because I was too lazy to go to the toilet downstairs.

Yesterday, complete with pounding heart and stifled breath, I pretended not to be at home when the neighbour's daughter kept on ringing the front door bell (she is the only insisting bell-ringer I know and she was yelling at her little sister to go back home and close the front door). I knew she wanted me to help her with her homework, she is nine years old, but she knows how to plead and I do not know how to tell her I am busy. Maybe because I am not.

november 29

november 29th is the 333rd day of the year – the 334th in a leap year. There are 32 days remaining until the end of the year

I think I have always been impressed by newspapers and by newspaper readers. And when I started out reading the newspaper myself, it was primarily to impress anybody who would see me do so. I think one of the happiest days in my life was when I succeeded in mastering the turning of a page and folding it over while sitting on the train. The paper used to be bigger when I was smaller (this is not just an impression, it is a fact) and the trick was to make the air move 'as in making wind' and to catch it whilst folding the two halves backwards. The problem that remained was the tiredness in my too short arms when reading, which forced me to put the paper on my lap and in doing so making the bottom half the only readable one. It is my own strong opinion that I gained prestige through this unsupported reading, but my status stayed unchanged in gaining access to information.

If I wanted to read the top half, I was forced to sit on my knees and I am sorry, but that was far below my new social rank of experienced paper reader.

Anyway, the bottom half is by far the most interesting one. At the bottom, you find the small messages, the miscellaneous, the strange and the amazing. The short pieces of text, needed to make the columns even, to fill out the empty spaces. The little remarks on life that make you think about anything and everything.

The holy procession of Calcata (Italy) will be cancelled for the twenty seventh successive year. The reason being that the holy relic, (in this case consisting of the foreskin of our lord Jesus Christ) which is normally carried around the outskirts of the village, is still missing.

A lot has been said about the holy foreskin and I am sure the eminences in Rome would have preferred Jesus to be born with a loincloth instead of genitals. He was after all immaculately conceived. It would, for one, have spared them the embarrassment of the imaginary foreskin regularly appearing on the tongue of medieval nuns. And it would have saved them the cost of ordering a picture by Michelangelo of the resurrected Christ with reattached foreskin and his circumcision rectified. All this in an attempt to stop devoted women from falling into an ecstatic faint left, right and centre. It is not all about converting and killing heathens in the histories of the main religions.

november 30

november 30th is the 334th day of the year – the 335th in a leap year. There are 31 days remaining until the end of the year

Well known fact: From the moment the heart starts to beat and the body starts to function, we are on our way to the end.

Well known fact: There exists as many interpretations of what that end means, as there exist thinking minds. I am tempted

to say, 'as there exist people', but that is not a given truth.

Well known fact: For a lot of us, this end equals the beginning of what I would call the (very daunting) never-ending end in the form of eternity. Lesser well-known fact – or at least not always acknowledged fact: We will never know if 'what ever we trv to do' will influence the path we are on. if we can have any

effect at all. We will never know the outcome, we will never know the direction. As a result, most of us live in fear and will do just about anything to repress this fear.

In an attempt to tame or exorcise our terror, we have invented words like faith and destiny and chance and fortune and luck and haphazard.

But never ever will we be prepared for the unbelievable, the outrageous, the shocking, the hilarious and the dramatic events that can and could happen to any and all of us.

The court of Augusta (USA) has decided to artificially prolong the life of a clinically dead pregnant woman by at least a month in order to save her baby. The husband, who is not the father of the child, is appealing the verdict.

Bridget Fudgell, a thirty-six-year-old secretary, has been decapitated for medical reasons. Only the spinal cord and some arteries stayed connected. Four years ago, as the result of an accident, she lost the ability to raise her head and look in front of her. After drilling an incision in the skull and reattaching the head to the spine with two screws and a metal plate, the operation was completed successfully.

Ronald Sharp from Sydney was run over by a mechanical rabbit. The rabbit used as bate in dog races, amputated his leg.

Six years after the fact, he received a compensation of 7.540.000 Australian dollars.

In the suburbs of Paris, Marie Fontaine the well-loved matriarch of her clan, died peacefully in her sleep at the respectable age of ninety-seven years. The grieving family, her four sons and their three spouses, the oldest son never married, stayed by her side the following night.

A faltering gas heater claimed the lives of the seven mourners through carbon monoxide poisoning before the sun could rise again and wiped out an entire generation of the family.

december 1

december 1st is the 335th day of the year – the 336th in a leap year. There are 30 days remaining until the end of the year

They only appear on the sunny mornings, but around this time of year, a smallish flock of pigeons, between seventy and one hundred twenty, I think, will start circling the surrounding area of the square I live on at an enthralling speed. It is such a playful sight it almost makes me forgive the city

pigeons for the less happy encounters we have had.

I have been shat on by pigeons at least three times. Once I was hit during a conceptual performance at a so-called site-specific location. The shit on my head was 'I am shocked to say' almost as entertaining for the other members of the audience as the performance itself.

Another time I was just walking by myself on a very quiet street. Nobody there, no traffic. And then out of nowhere, unannounced, 'splash' all over my hair, dripping off my shoulder, covering my backpack 'Bulls eye'!!! Totally covered in white and green stinking gunk. I have formed this theory that pigeons intend to hit you. I think they pick a target, fly over it and in pigeon language shout 'bombs away' and then brag amongst themselves about their triumphs.

The third time it was only a grazing shot with not much damage. Not to my clothes and not to my ego. The little occasional spatters every now and then are not worth mentioning.

In 1937, not far from where I live, an impressive statue was erected in honour of the fallen 'pigeon soldier' of the Great War. And in World War Two, 54.000 carrier pigeons were drafted for duty by the American Army to help them defeat the enemy. The German army counted about the same amount amongst their ranks. But there is something about pigeons that keeps on puzzling me. If they are so smart, how is it possible that, let us say, 'a middle aged', normally educated specimen is after all this time and experience, still not able to make

a distinction between a piece of bread and

a discarded filter of the common cigarette? They must have some capacity to evolve?

If they can find their way back from let's say, the outskirts of Barcelona to Pater Damiaan-sstraat 56 in 2900, Schoten (Antwerp),

why can they not learn something else?

december 2

december 2nd is the 336th day of the year – the 337th in a leap year. There are 29 days remaining until the end of the year

Today I am sick. I am not what you would call seriously ill, it is just one of those cases of 'I don't know if I have got a common cold or the flu'. Let's just say I am snot sick and I feel miserable.

At first I did not want to write anything at all today, but in a strange kind of way I feel it is my duty to write something every single day. My next thought of course being: I am not giving in to guilt, this self-imposed culpability makes no sense. I am not the diary police and I am certainly not a Christian anymore.

But then I decided I wanted to make a note of the Walrus-keep-your-food-books-and-steaming-hot-lemon-tea-snot-free-method. not only because water is leaking out of my nose in a steady stream. but also because

I think I am the sole inventor and the sole convincing advocate of this method.

*Step 1:* Take a soft tissue out of a tissue box.

*Step 2:* Put it on a flat surface (like a table) and fold it in half. A tissue is usually square so it does not matter in which direction you fold as long as you end up with two rectangular halves and not two triangular halves.

*Step 3:* Open the tissue up again and carefully tear the two halves apart on the folded crease.

*Step 4:* Put one half in front of you with the torn edge towards you.

*Step 5:* Fold the torn edge over up to two thirds of the way and fold the remaining third down over the torn edge.

*Step 6:* Turn the long strip vertically and start rolling up very tight from bottom to top until you end up with a nose-tampon.

*Step 7:* Put the nose-tampon up one nostril.

*Step 8:* Repeat step 4 to step 6 and put the second nose-tampon up the other nostril.

*Step 9:* Open mouth to breath.

december 3

december 3rd is the 337th day of the year – the 338th in a leap year. There are 28 days remaining until the end of the year

Today I am really sick. I only got up because I remembered someone saying on a television show, a quiz type of thing, that the ancient Greeks or the Romans believed snot to be excess brain coming out. In my feverish state it is strangely believable that a brain overflows and has a bright bright green colour.

I feel horrible.

december 4

december 4th is the 338th day of the year – the 339th in a leap year. There are 27 days remaining until the end of the year

december 5

december 5th is the 339th day of the year – the 340th in a leap year. There are 26 days remaining until the end of the year

I spent most of yesterday in that wonderful half awake, half asleep state. As long as I did not try to rise, as long as I did not fight the laziness, I felt perfectly healthy. I only got up to pee a few times ‘downstairs’. Late in the afternoon, I got very hungry. All I could find was some left over stale bread (not moulded yet, but it smelled a bit like it) and I remembered a can of pea soup. I never buy tin cans, but two years ago, I injured my shoulder when my bicycle and me keeled over as my foot got caught in the groceries while trying to dismount. The doctor said to exercise with the help of a can of soup: Lift the extended arm shoulder high, holding the soup horizontal, ten times in front of you, rest ten beats and ten times sideways, rest ten beats. Repeat 5 times. I narrowed my choice down to pea and tomato soup, they were the cheapest, but I went with the peas because of the wonderful green colour of the can. I also remember the wrapper coming off after the first day of exercise. I toasted the bread and heated the soup and it tasted like heaven.

Today I have to stock up on food.

december 6

I went out two days in a row now.

I have fought blustery winds at about every corner of every street. I have watched pitch black clouds move away slowly while sunrays managed to get underneath, and they coloured the colours so vividly and bright. It seemed that everything leapt out of its own background creating a view-master like, hyper 3D environment.

I have met and talked to six new ‘just for that moment’ friends. Amongst them a former bus driver who accidentally parked his bus in the glass extension of a restaurant. He said the insurance companies of public transport are so powerful, the restaurant got blamed for causing the accident. He now sells life insurance. He likes the hours better.

It feels wrong for me to have stayed indoors all this time, counting the days, only thinking of and writing in this diary. If I am honest, I can no longer pretend I am making these notes and remarks for myself. I am now aware I am hoping someone else will one day read them and say to me ‘these are wonderful’.

december 7

The world as we know it has come to an end! 'At Wimbledon, yellow balls will be used.'

december 8

I don't remember my father very well. I remember his silent presence more than I remember him. But when he broke his silence, when he wanted to make a point, he used to use one saying over and over. I think he made it up himself, but that did not stop him from very solemnly declaring, 'When you can not drive the cart, the horse will not move'.

He said it when I came home with a bad report card, he said it when I had an excellent one. He said it when I did not finish my vegetables and he said it when I quickly did. He confused me, he made no sense to me.

It is only now that I realise he was not reproaching me, he did not reproach me anything. He was stating his own condition, and like me now, he was realising he was driver and horse at the same time, making himself dysfunctional and unable to move.

december 9

I like people, I am in love with people.

But somehow, every time I want to search for them, I find myself looking in places where there is no one else around. I try to get to them by thinking their thoughts, by smelling what they have smelled, by borrowing their emotions.

Am I so afraid of that which I try to love and be loved by?

From a distance it certainly looks like it.

I have been comfortably hiding behind Gertrude Stein and her complete works for weeks. I have been lost in between the 1775 poems of Emily Dickinson several times and for days at a time. There has been Oscar Wilde, Kurt Vonnegut, Nescio, and on and on. I went to the northerly tip of Norway to find myself and instead of finding me, I lost all contact with reality. I have been ducking and diving for as long as I can remember.

december 10

december 11

december 12

I woke up in the middle of the night. The glowing red numbers on my alarm indicated two... two... two... For a moment I felt like the chosen one and went happily back to sleep.

I'm sittin' on the dock of the bay  
Watchin' the tide, roll away  
Sittin' on the dock of the bay  
Wastin' time

–Otis Redding–

*Triple Trooper Trevor Trumpet girl* premiered on the 12th of November 2009 in the Kaaithheater, Brussels

Text and concept: Tine Van Aerschot

Created with and performed by: Carly Wijs, Tracy Wright

[www.kaaitheater.be](http://www.kaaitheater.be)

[www.vooruit.be](http://www.vooruit.be)

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Tine Van Aerschot (Mechelen, 1961) started to work in the theatre in 1987. Her work took on numerous functions (dramaturg, designer, production, writer...) depending on the needs of the projects. There were collaborations with Meg Stuart and Damaged Goods, Dennis O'Conner, Sarah Chase, Christine Desmedt, Simon Aughterlony and many others and in no special order. But it is only from 2002 onward, after she met her alter ego Trevor Wells that she started to create her own work. First there was a series of e-mails, some form of pre- blogging. Afterwards came a visual work all under the same title: *The Whereabouts of Trevor Wells*. In 2006 the first theatre piece appeared. *I have no thoughts, and this is one of them* describes an image of today's world, using nothing else but negations: I will not, I can not, I will never... In 2008 it is Trevor Wells whom appears again. His diary that he only manages to keep for about twenty days is filled with questions, thoughts about all and nothing. In 2012 there is *we are not afraid of the dark* a piece about survival and subsequently about death.

#### Texts for theatre

*we are not afraid of the dark* – 2012

*Triple Trooper Trevor Trumpet girl* – 2008

*I have no thoughts and this is one of them* – 2006

Tine Van Aerschot (Mechelen, 1961) is in het theater beginnen werken in 1987. Haar werk nam verschillende vormen aan in functie van de noden van het project (dramaturg, vormgever, productie, tekst,...). Er waren samenwerkingen met tientallen gezelschappen en artiesten waaronder Meg Stuart and Damaged Goods, Dennis O'Conner, Sarah Chase, Christine Desmedt, Simon Aughterlony en vele anderen. Maar het is pas vanaf 2002 toen ze haar alter-ego Trevor Wells tegen het lijf liep, dat ze effectief zelf begon met werk te ontwikkelen. Eerst kwam een reeks van e-mails, als voorzichtige voorloper van de huidige blog-cultuur. Daarna was er beeldend werk, beide werden uitgebracht onder de titel *The whereabouts of Trevor Wells*. In 2006 kwam de eerste voorstelling *I have no thoughts and this is one of them*. Een opsomming, een wereldbeeld opgebouwd door alleen maar ontkenningen: ik kan niet, ik wil niet, ik ga niet, ik zal nooit... In 2008 was het dan opnieuw de beurt aan Trevor Wells, in het theater dit keer: *Triple Trooper Trevor Trumpet girl*. Een mislukt dagboek vol vragen en bedenkingen over alles en niets. Nu in 2012 gaat *we are not afraid of the dark* in première. Het is een stuk over overleven en daarom ook over sterven.

#### Toneelwerk

*we are not afraid of the dark* – 2012

*Triple Trooper Trevor Trumpet girl* – 2008

*I have no thoughts and this is one of them* – 2006