

**studi  
germanici**



**5** **2014**

# Skæbne er de navne, du giver eller fjerner. *Skæbne er primtal...*

Knud Steffen Nielsen

Kære Jochun. Vi snakkede en lille smule skæbne sidst, ikke bare din, eller min for den sags skyld. Jeg sagde, at det var som at tage billeder af sig selv– og så poster man, og til sidst har de været ækvator rundt og rammer en i baghovedet. Og så må man til det igen. Som om intet. Som om alt. Som a newborn Christian, omkalfatret og renset.

Billedet af en selv, ordene, omdefinerer hvad man ellers var. Du bliver selv-voyeur.

Selv den elskede person, som du forlod, står nu ikke som et Guds Lam, snarere som en skiderik. Og vice versa. Visse vasse. Det er jo kun oppe i dit hoved, at lammet er transformeret til en køter. Remember that.

Det er skæbnens retrospektive dynamik, jeg snakker om. Om lidt tager jeg de billeder jeg har i mig af fx Kafka og fx Joseph Beuys og sender gennem mit eget ækvatorhovede.

Kunne tage Joseph B, Joseph K, Franz selv og sætte dem sammen og være ligeglad med netop x'er og y'er, primtallene i rækken, du ved. Jeg bestemmer. Altså: Det jeg ikke kan vide noget som helst om, her kaldet primtal, ser jeg hen over. Det vil sige jeg behandler dem som stangdukker i snor.

Jeg sætter en due fast i tagrenden, hvis det er det. Saver et ben af, hvis det skal være. Mentalt kan jeg halvere dig og straks fordoble dig.

Jeg valoriserer bagudrettet, kan du sige. Min barndom omvurderer jeg hvert kvarter. Får en ny ungdom i samme antal. Skal nå det.

Det kører fint og gelinde i de lige kronologiske linjer. For de ligger så tæt på kalenderens virkelighed. Blev Jens ikke konfirmeret det år, hvor broen blev indviet.

# Fate Is The Names You Give or Take Away. *Fate Is Prime Numbers...*

Knud Steffen Nielsen

Dear Jochum. We talked a little about fate last time, not just yours, or mine for that matter. I said it was like taking pictures of yourself – and then you post them, and in the end they've been all the way around the equator and hit you in the back of the head. And then you have to get to it again. As if nothing. As if everything. As a born again Christian, transformed and cleansed.

The image of yourself, the words, redefine what you otherwise were. You become a self-voyeur.

Even the loved one who you left no longer seems like a Lamb of God, more like a bastard. And vice versa. Flim flam. It's only in your head that the lamb has been transformed into a mutt. Remember that.

I'm talking about the retrospective dynamics of fate. In a minute I'm going to take those pictures I have inside me of e.g. Kafka and e.g. Joseph Beuys and send them through my own equatorhead.

Could take Joseph B, Joseph K, Franz himself and put them together and not care about, precisely, x's and y's, prime numbers in the series, you know. I decide. So: What I can't possibly know anything about, here known as prime numbers, I'll overlook. Which is to say, I'll treat them like puppets on strings.

I'll get a pigeon stuck in the guttering if you like. Saw a leg off, if I must. Mentally, I can halve you and immediately double you.

I valorise retrospectively, you could say. I reevaluate my childhood every quarter of an hour. Get a new youth at the same rate. Have to make it.

Everything's going well and smoothly in straight chronological lines. Because they lie so close to the reality of the calendar. Wasn't Jens confirmed the year the bridge was inaugurated.



Jeg ved godt, at (mine) projiceringer, skæbnen, der lander, er tilmingsmæssigt ligesom at kaste brønden til efter barnet er druknet.

Jeg folder stadig papiret. Når jeg har fingrene i det, bestemmer jeg. Hvis jeg vil, kan jeg slette navne i min egen historie.

0

Navnløst. (Skæbne er de navne, du giver).

*Det kunne være en beskrivelse af  
det øjeblik*

*hvor han kunne være sagt*

*jeg siger så: han har intet navn, han siges ikke*

I

...og hvis jeg glemte at slukke lyset, så er det, du kan se. Det betyder, han venter og afventer. Noget med skæbne, som han endda ikke tror på. Det er det ord, som forlader munden. Af det fatale foldes let monstre og gespenstre af papir. Jeg leger selv min egen skæbne, *som jeg ganske vist ikke rigtig tror på.*

Så smukt i undvigelsen.

II

*Samler en krukke,*

*hvor verden står stille. Eller han gør. Reflekser. Kun noget af det  
leder elektrisk. Det er de ubekendte.*

*De støtter hinanden i logerne.*

III

Var det mig, der blev (eller Joseph Beuys) skudt ned over Krim. Jeg bliver hjulpet og indhyllet i fedt og filt. Derfor er mine objekter netop af filt og fedt og den livgivende honning. Jeg har da ikke selv valgt det, vel? Det er min gode skæbne. Blander Joseph B sig ind i fortællingen? Sådan berører mine fødder lige akkurat jorden.

Hvordan skal jeg ellers læse det? Læse mig selv? Og Beuys?

Er det mig eller ham, der tager til Amerika uden at berøre Amerikas



I know very well that (my) projections, fate that lands, is in terms of timing like filling in the well after the child has drowned.

I'm still folding the paper. When I've got my fingers in it, I decide. If I want to, I can erase names in my own story.

0

Nameless. (Fate is the names you give).

*It could be a description of  
the moment*

*when he could be spoken*

*so I say: he has no name, he isn't spoken*

I

... and if I forgot to turn off the light, then that's what you can see. This means that he waits and awaits. Something about fate, which he doesn't even believe in. That's the word which exits the mouth. Monsters and spectres of paper are easily folded of that which is fatal. I play at being my own fate, *which I admittedly don't really believe in.*

The evasion so beautiful.

II

*Piece together a jar*

*where the world stands still. Or he does. Reflexes. Only some of it  
conducts electrically. Those are the unknowns.*

*They support one another in the lodges.*

III

Was it me who was (or Joseph Beuys) shot down over Crimea. I am afforded help and am swaddled in fat and felt. That's why my objects are made of precisely felt and fat and life-giving honey. I didn't choose this, did I? It's my good fortune. Is Joseph B sticking his nose into the story? In this way my feet only just touch the ground.

How else should I read it? Read myself? And Beuys?

Is it me or him who goes to America without touching American



jord (under Tet-offensiven, derfor)?

Det er mest mig faktisk, der bliver båret på en bære og fløjet til New York. Helt indhyllet. Jeg ligger så i ambulancen, der kører mig videre til udstillingen. Jeg vil ikke træde på jorden.

Jeg tager varsler.

***Den døde hare må vi bære rundt på, så længe sker der intet ondt.***

Jeg hopper over de mest giftige steder på jorden.

Jeg kørte en grævling over forleden.

IV

Joseph K dømmes til døden for en brøde han ikke kender – af en ukendt ret- men må acceptere dommen.

V

Den værste død er at blive ofret. At blive taget hen på et torv i Lidice eller hvor ved jeg og blive skudt som soning for en likvideret Heydrich. Værre end gidseldøden er det forspildte liv.

Det der førte en forbi “Intet-blikket”. Det blik, der fortalte, at du ikke eksisterede.

VI

***/Wie man dem toten Hasen erklärt/.***

VII

Kender til mytologien. Delete. Og Max Brod etc.

VIII

Bøgerne er en kvinde. Hun kommer nogen og dog påklædt. Hun ser forbi dig, durk igennem dig.

I højtalere lyder det:

Vil du bytte plads med dine bøger, der ligger nedgravet dér.

At bytte navnløst for et navn?

Det koster et liv.



soil (during the Tet Offensive, that's how)?

It's mostly me, actually, who is carried on a stretcher and flown to New York. Completely swaddled. So I'm lying in the ambulance, which drives me to the exhibition. I don't want to step on the earth. I heed omens.

***As long as we carry the dead hare around nothing bad will happen.***

I jump over the most poisonous places on the earth.  
I ran over a badger the other day.

IV

Joseph K is condemned to death for an offence he doesn't recognise – by an unknown court – but has to accept the judgement.

V

The worst death is to be sacrificed. To be taken to a square in Lidice or wherever and shot in propitiation for a liquidated Heydrich. Squandered life is worse than dying as a hostage. That which took you past the "nothing-look". The look which told you that you didn't exist.

VI

***/Wie man dem toten Hasen erklärt/.***

VII

Knowledge of mythology. Delete. And Max Brod etc.

VIII

The books are a woman. She approaches naked yet clothed. She looks past you, right through you. From the loudspeakers you hear: Do you want to change places with your books which are buried there. To exchange nameless for a name? It costs a life.