

**studi
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Et læsested

Martin Glaz Serup

To erindringer fra Prag; at jeg sidder i nogle dårlige, hårde, hvide metalstole foran en boghandel eller en café, jeg husker det som om det er Václavská Náměstí, og læser i Kafkas brev til sin far; i en engelsksproget udgave, produceret i Prag, brunt omslag. Næste klare erindring: at jeg sidder på et værtshus, jeg kan se på lyset i den erindring at det er en anden dag, måske dagen efter eller dagen efter igen, det er midt på dagen, sollyst, jeg sidder indenfor, ved et bredt træbord, på en træbænk, med en kold fadøl, de fadøl, deres evindelige papbrikker, og skriver et langt brev i hånden til min far. Brevet til faren. Jeg sendte det til min kusine. Så vidste jeg at det blev læst og jeg kunne være sikker på at det ville blive distribueret til hele familien, at alle kom til at kende til det. Det var ikke *Kære far, forstå mig ret...*, men *Kære Marie*. Dét brev betød noget i forholdet til min far, selvom jeg ikke ved om han nogensinde læste det, de har altid passet på min far, skånet ham, hans søskende, hans mor, syntes at han var den sjoveste, den klogeste, den der kunne slippe afsted med mest. Ja, vel med hvad som helst. I familien. Det betød noget for mig, at formulere mig. For nogle år siden spurgte tidsskriftet *Banana Split* om jeg ville bidrage til et tema om 'Fædre'. Jeg ringede til Marie for at få brevet. Hun vidste præcis hvad jeg talte om, huskede det tydeligt, men, sagde hun, de havde lige ryddet op, det var ikke længe siden at det var blevet smidt ud. Jeg er stadig chokeret over det. Man må da ikke smide forfatteres breve ud, sagde jeg. Så selvhøjtidelig er jeg altså. Jeg husker et billede fra Kafkas brev, eller måske er det fra Robert Crumbs *Kafka for Dummies*, hans tegning, som jeg husker. Faren med et landkort på kroppen, grænserne trukket stipt over maven, ikke bare et landkort, men faren som hele verden.

A Reading Spot

Martin Glaz Serup

Two memories of Prague: that I'm sitting in some bad, hard, white metal chairs in front of a bookshop or cafe, I remember it as though it's Václavská Náměstí, reading Kafka's letter to his father, in an English edition, produced in Prague, brown cover. Next clear memory: that I'm sitting in a pub, I can see from the light in this memory that it's a different day, perhaps the day after or the day after that; it's the middle of the day, sunlight, I'm sitting outside, by a wide wooden table, on a wooden bench, with a cold draft beer, those draft beers, always with the cardboard beer mats, writing a long letter by hand to my father. The letter to the father. I sent it to my cousin. That way I knew it would be read and I could be certain that it would be distributed to the entire family, that everyone would hear about it. It wasn't *Dear father, don't get me wrong...*, but *Dear Marie*. That letter meant something in my relationship to my father, even though I don't know whether he ever read it; they've always looked after my father, protected him, his siblings, his mother, thought he was the funniest, the cleverest, the one who could get away with almost anything. Well, with absolutely anything really. In the family. It meant something to me, to express myself. A few years ago the periodical *Banana Split* asked if I wanted to contribute to a themed volume about 'Fathers'. I called Marie to get hold of the letter. She knew exactly what I was talking about, remembered it clearly; but, she said, they had just tidied up, it wasn't long ago that it had been thrown out. I'm still shocked about it. You can't throw author's letters out, I said. That's how self-important I am. I remember an image from Kafka's letter, or perhaps it's from Robert Crumb's *Kafka for Dummies*, his drawing, which I remember. His father with a map on his body, the borders drawn in dotted lines across his stomach – not just a map of a country, but the father as the whole world.

Translation from the Danish: Christopher Sand-Iversen