

# A Deepessay

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**I**n the middle of the city - far away from the noise and schizophrenic life for millions of people - there is a peaceful place for the young citizens. A playground with swings, merry-go-rounds and a wooden castle, where all the kids love to play.

Here you can be a king or a queen for an hour or two - you can dream yourself to another world; you can be the living part of a fairy tale in which you can decide for yourself which role to play. A peaceful place departed from the adult life, where you cannot decide your own role. A dreamland - a fantasy land - an oasis.

Today Martin and Christina are together in the wooden castle. They play that Martin is a mighty king ruling over the whole country, and Christina is his beloved queen.

«What do you think I should decide today?» Martin asks.

«Well,» answers Christina. «It's an important day for our whole country, so you have to be very careful and make clever decisions.»

«I will. I'm good at it, you know. I hereby decide that every citizen has to work an hour more than yesterday.» He gets up, puts on his crown, which Christina has sewn, and declares, «I, the king of this wonderful land, hereby declare that...»

Bump!!! The king, Martin, falls through a hole in the floor of the wooden castle.

Christina laughs heartily and shouts to Martin, who is lying on the ground, «You can't declare anything from that position.»

«I can't,» Martin shouts back. «It really hurts!» Christina climbs down the ladder, asking, «Why does it hurt?»

«What a silly question,» Martin says. «Because I was hit.»

«That's not what I mean.»

«So what DO you mean. Don't you pity me?» «Of course I do - but still: why does something sometimes hurt?»

Martin ponders for a while to get rid of the pain. «I guess it's a warning, so I won't make the same mistake again.»

But Christina is not content. «I really wonder now: why does something hurt. What does it mean?»

«It just does. I feel it right now. Here on my back.»

«Yes, but what does it mean when we say that something hurts?»

Martin gets irritated. «It hurts, and that's it.» «It's only parts of you that hurt. Your back for instance - your head, your arms. It's not the whole you.»

Martin is astonished for a minute. «I guess you're right. My hand doesn't hurt. And my head doesn't. But I thought they did. My left hand doesn't as well. That's strange!»

«No,» Christina continues. «You hit your back. Look at the small redhaired boy. He's always complaining it hurts here and it hurts there always. He's a real complainer. He's always hurting somewhere, but really, it's him, who is - well, there's something wrong with himself. He's a jelly, oinky, farty boy.»

Martin has been listening to Christina, trying to follow her thinking. Then he says, «Himself - what does that mean? Me, what does that mean? You, what is that? It's only part of me that hurts - another part of me can very well feel well. Are we more than one person?»

«No way - then we should wear four shoes - four sweaters and four pairs of pants. What a mess! Wouldn't that be oinky?»

«Well,» says Martin. «What's so wrong about oinkyness? I'm serious. Are we more than one person? I think we are, but I can't explain it.»

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*Andreas: Small people, big thoughts. Two sides of the same coin. Dualism or entity.*

*Per: I go in for entity. Dualism makes no sense. Andreas. Explain!!!!*

*Per. Let's see how the story goes.*

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It is Friday evening in the city. It is warm after the haze of the day, so the streets are crowded with people relaxing from the heat in a mild evening and ready to enjoy themselves. Friday night is the night of freedom - the night where everybody feels content after a week's work and satisfied because the weekend is on its way.

Peace.

Happiness.

Totality.

You hear music from almost everywhere, and the citizens are sitting in the streetcafes with a cappuchino or a glass of wine. There is freedom in every breath being taken, a feeling of the wonder of life in every sip of the cappuchino, a feeling of life being worth while in everybody's eyes. A city on a Friday evening is busy, noisy, and breathtakingly alive.

In the middle of an inferno of music and disturbing noise in the discotheque, Christina says, «When you buy a beer for yourself, buy one for me, too. Then you owe me no more, but you do owe me one. I can see in your eyes that you have forgotten.»

«I obey,» Martin says, saluting as a soldier. «Remember?»

«No. What,» Christina asks.

«Don't you recall - the play in the wooden castle - you were my queen and you still are. That's why I obey you.»

Martin goes to the bar to get the two beers and comes back. «Here you go.» He puts his hands on his forehead. «Oh, my God!»

«What's wrong?»

«I've got a damned headache.»

Christina laughs. «So now you know that you do have a head. That's new, isn't it?»

«Was that supposed to be funny?»

«Sure - I am a funny person. Martin, your skull hurts - and that's all don't you pity yourself so much. It's not the whole you that hurts. Remember?»

«Oh yes, I do. But still, a headache on a Friday evening. It's not fair. Will you please go with me outside? - my skullache, as you might call it, disturbs me. I need some fresh air.»

They walk outside under the starry sky. They both look out into the unseeable space - both wondering in a wordless way, taking each other's hand, feeling each other's heartbeat, and enjoying the falling star which suddenly whirls over the sky. They both remember their play in the wooden castle and their discussions on what it means that something hurts. Maybe it's only imagination.

Christina is the first one to speak, «When we say that we have a headache you call it skullache. So where does it hurt? In the body or in the soul?»

«You can't say soul-ache, can you,» Martin cannot help laughing. «Besides - life is not contrary terms.»

«What do you mean?»

«Well, it's not only black or white, life or death, emotions or logic ...»

«No,» Martin interrupts. «It's love!» He tries to kiss her, but she stops him, «...kissing or fighting.»

«Well, what about your condition? You don't have the condition for fighting, but you do have for kissing.»

«You can get a kiss for free, if you'll just be serious for a while.»

Martin salutes her again, «Madam, I totally agree, and I am very, very serious. Look at my face - I'm the most serious man on the whole globe. For a little while.» He tries to kiss her again. «Just for a while.»

«I want real seriousness. You're joking - be serious and listen. Many people see life as built up by contrary terms. Remember when you fell down from the castle? We talked about hurting. If your skull is hurting, it might as well be something elsewhere in you that is hurt. It could be your soul.»

«What's so wrong about contrary terms?» Martin asks, making himself ready for the kiss. But Christina says, «No way - that's not enough. It's too simple.»

«I still haven't given up that promised kiss, Christina. So you mean, that emotions and logic are the same?»

Christina is amazed. «Hey, this is tough. I really can't answer. Now you deserve a long kiss - as long as you like.»

Martin comes up with an ironic answer. «Can you measure kisses in time? I measure in pleasure.»

«Oh, now I see. The measuring makes us believe that immeasurable things don't exist. So we make up a system of contrary terms in order to understand. So hurting is part of that artificial system.»

«That's what I mean. You can't measure a kiss - but you can sure feel it. And I want to feel it again. Logic or emotions - kiss me!»

And Martin gets overkissed until sunrise. But simultaneously they both ponder about this strange thing called life. Maybe it is a huge mistake that we ever started measuring anything at all.

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*Andreas: Good and evil are not contrary terms. Per. Huh?*

*Andreas: There is much goodness in the evil and vice versa.*

*Per. Explain!!!*

*Andreas: Let's see how the story goes.*

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The kitchen is smelling of love, maybe for cooking maybe for each other, as Martin looks into Christina's eyes, whispering to her: «I don't know what I love most: my favorite meal or you.» «Do you know why the kids are not here yet?» «No.»

«I'm gonna tell you. The whole neighborhood can smell your favorite meal: orange juice new-pressed through your cotton socks and after that put into the meat of the tail of a dolphin. I hate eating dolphin meat - it's a pity for the dolphins, and you even put scrambled ostrich eggs to it. What kind of a man have I married?»

«So what do you think I feel about your way of sleeping? You always have your feet opposite mine. When I turn around, you do the same. The only thing I can kiss is your feet! ! What kind of woman have I married?»

They both laugh, and Christina says, «I do think that your head was struck by some lack of blood circulation in the area of the brain where the reasoning is supposed to go on.»

And they meet in a kiss over the dolphin meat and the wet cotton socks. Martin takes the strange meal to the table, while Christina takes the baker's famous sandwich that is her favourite meal.

«When I see you eat that crap, I keep asking myself: Why do you like this stuff?»

«I just feel I like it. It's a feeling - not reason.»

«That's what I mean. Feeling and reasoning is one and the same thing. Just like body and soul. You can't measure a human being - you can't measure joy or hatred - you can't measure a human being-you can't measure joy or hatred- you cant measure oikness or intelligence.»

Martin laughs. «I remember that word. So I wanna ask you: Do you consider me oinky or intelligent?»

«You are the most oinky person I've ever met! That's why I love you so much.»

«I take that as a compliment. Oh, we poor human beings, we do need to measure things in order to explain and understand.»

Christina nods her head. «Yeah, but the words confuse us - we misunderstand - we misinterpret. Measuring things gives us the wrong answers - that's what kills children's inborn entity. So education from the very beginning is following the wrong path. It makes the kids fall apart in their thinking and spirit. And you can never ever put it together again. It's an eternally bleeding wound.»

Martin gets up, chewing his dolphin meat, «Christina, do you realize that I'm a teacher???? But deep down I agree with you.»

«Oh, I love you, Martin!»

«By the way,» Martin says. «Why don't the children come home?»

«I'm gonna tell you - as long as the whole town smells of your weird meal - and as long as you keep measuring their lives, it'll take them a long time to come here.»

«I see,» Martin answers. He sits down on a chair. «Christina, sit down will you. Take my hands and look into my eyes.»

«Sure, if you stop chewing that damned dolphin.»

«Okay.» He takes her hands and whispers, «Do you realize what you just said about education? It's more important and more deep than any of my pedagogical books. The children are not owned by society. They are owned...»

«By themselves.» Christina says.

«Yes, that's why we must not spoil the most valuable elements of childhood. I see it now. How can we change these things?»

Christina laughs. «Not by eating dolphin meat with scrambled ostrich eggs!»

«No, but it is always a beginning, isn't it.» They both laugh until their children come rushing in. «What's so funny?» they both shout. «That your father is beginning to understand something.»

The two children laugh, saying, «Is there a place here where we can faint?!!»

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*Andreas: What are Martin and Christina really talking about?*

*Per: For my part I have a feeling, that Christina is on the right track of something really important. Andreas: Explain!*

*Per: Let's see how the story goes.*

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In the middle of the city there is a peaceful place - a playground for the young citizens of the city. Here Christina and Martin's two boys, Socrates and Aristotle, are playing.

«I'm the king of the world,» Aristotle shouts. «I own the whole world, and you are my servant.» «No way,» Socrates says. «I wanna be your knight.»

«I don't want knights. I want slaves, because I'm a real king!»

Socrates frowns. «I don't wanna be your slave.» «Oh, it's just something we pretend. Therefore, I hereby declare you to be my favourite slave. You're allowed to kiss my hand here in my castle.» Socrates laughs. «Do you really call that ruin a castle! What kind of king are you, living in a rotten wooden castle with a big hole in the floor!» «Yes, because that's where Dad fell down a long time ago.»

«And Mom was his queen - and they spoke about hurting.»

«Hurting is an illusion.» Aristotle declares. «Everything is an illusion - hurting is - what we see is - what we hear is an illusion.» Socrates cannot help being a little proud that he can recall what Mom once told them.

«And our playing here,» Aristotle says. «Is that an illusion - and the thinking we do - is that an illusion, too?»

«Sure, that's the way it is. Listen. I got a C in mathematics, and you got a B. I was told that if I worked hard, I could get a B like you. But I don't care - because the A's and B's and whatever are only illusions. They measure things that are only parts of Life. They measure unimportant things.»

«You're wrong,» Aristotle says. «We can't live life without mathematics and logic. Take money - what would we do without it?»

«We don't have any, so why worry! That's what I'm saying: stop measuring and live life.»

«On what?»

«Emotions – the soul - the subjective values,» Socrates says solemnly.

«Could you live without being able to buy what you like such as your playstation and...» BUMPPPPPP!

Aristotle lies on the ground under the wooden castle, and Socrates laughs heartily. «You forgot your kingly dignity up here, when you fell! So there you see how fragile measuring is. I prefer to be a slave on the safe part of the floor and not an undignified king lying poorly in the mud!»

Aristotle stays on the ground. «Don't you see, my beloved slave. Life is built up by contrary terms. That's why we need to measure.»

But Socrates is fast in his thinking: «How stupid can a king be! Listen! Life built only on logic and measurements would be as empty as a nonexisting universe. Measuring can never ever fill up a universe with anything. It only sets up frontiers, so it is our task to open the almost invisible doors in these frontiers. That's ethics!!»

And what will we find behind those doors,» Aristotle says from his kingly mud. «I'll tell you,» Socrates says. «We'll find the fairy tale of life - you can count the words and the letters in the fairy tale, but it doesn't mean anything. You won't find the values through that counting - you won't find the glittering, flittering light of the diamond of life. You can count the heartbeat, but not the magic of the heartbeat of life. It's like being your own fairy tale, told by yourself a telepathic, eternal, magical uniquefess.»

«I give up,» Aristotle says.

«Of course you do. A king lying in the mud cannot be philosophical, and remember: slaves are cleverer than kings, because they have seen life.»

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*Per: What do you think?*

*Andeans: Damn it, it's hard to find words for things we both know, but can't express.*

*Per You and I are beyond the area of language. Andeans: Let's hold our breath and see what the reader experiences.*

*Andeans & Per: Be your own fairy tale and share it with others. THAT is ethics!*

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