

## ***”You’re no Marcussen”***

Do I have any siblings in Ebeltoft

– Well, you see, that’s the Marcussen family where they let me call myself Marcussen.

In spite of me not actually being a Marcussen, they let me call myself by that name.

I had the priest write ‘Marcussen’ in the parish register, and I had to swear not to tell anybody.

But of course I have told. And he kept a separate register – there were two parish registers, my real name was entered into a separate register.

It is Joriguera.

I wasn’t a Marcussen, he says to me.

“You’re no Marcussen.”

– “No, but everybody in town calls me Marcussen.”

– “Oh well, we’ll write Marcussen in here then.”

But you see, that is false – there are two parish registers – a separate register for me where my real name, Joriguera, is entered, that was ppa’s name from Spain, and Pupparpasta is my mother’s name

– her name is Pupparpasta, and she’s from Coruña, I think papa’s from Coruña too.

He has friends in Barcelona – a city not far from Coruña – and they met, and he was offered to come here to Denmark so that they could get married.

They weren’t married.

Pupparpasta had many objections to Joriguera, Joriguera wasn’t right for Pupparpasta.

He forbade his daughter to marry him.

But then they made secret arrangements that Denmark would help them out financially, and this Dane, who was none other than King Christian IX, he provided them with money – and then they could travel, simply leave and go to Denmark, and in Denmark they would get married.

## *Flame people*

All of that, that is my fantasy about fire:  
each of you will now be drawn as a flame person,  
and flame people, that is what each one of these people is  
– they are flames,  
they are people with enthusiasm and with flames in them.  
Dull people have no flame, you know,  
they have no enthusiasm;  
they don't have any of the things we all admire  
– when a person blazes,  
and his speech bursts out like flames, like Gandhi,  
like the great preachers, then it is a delight for the ones  
standing below the rostrum, listening to this flame person,  
then it is an unequalled delight for the heart,  
when you gaze at these flame speakers, isn't it?  
You sort of feel for yourself that they give themselves to life,  
that they're something of value to their people  
and to what they've gathered there for.  
You feel that right there is the real human being,  
here is the real individual, not born in vain,  
this is the real individual that the world needs,  
who has been called forth before the foundations  
of this world were laid.

## *The dream self*

Tsu-Tsi could see the dream self

– yes, she could see the dream self.

”Try to address it, get it to get out.”

The dream self can leave its body,

and she did indeed get it to leave my body

– my self. And I left.

”Can you still see it?” Yes, she could see it.

And then she demanded

that the grocer should give me some sugar.

”You must not ask for the return of even the smallest bit of this sugar.”

And then she gave me a piece of sugar.

”Don’t you become a bit more visible?” she asked.

– Well yes, others could in fact see me.

Then she gave me another piece and some jam.

Then others could see me,

the others, the whole formation of fog, the plasma.

And at last I was finally cured.

I was kept talking the whole time.

My carcass lay on the operating table.

And I was thus saved by psychic means.

She kept feeding me, and in the end, I became visible

– completely visible.