

Punctum festivāls 2022

Versopolis

MORTEN LANGELAND

Mortens Langelanns

25.05.22.—03.06.22.

Morten Langeland (født 1986) er en norsk poet, forfatter og litteraturkritiker født i Kristiansand og nå bosatt i Oslo. Han har studert ved Litterär Gestaltning i Göteborg og har en mastergrad fra Kunstakademiet i Oslo (KHiO). Langeland debuterte med den kritikerroste diktsamlingen *Æ* æ å i 2012. I 2016 mottok han Stig Sæterbakkens Minnepris og i 2021 ble han tildelt Sultprisen for 'et eminent yngre forfatterskap'. Bøkene hans er preget av lekenhet og samtidighet – fra å skrive på sin sørlandske dialekt i debuten til en samling sprengete sonetter i *Zoonetter* fra 2017. Hans tre andre diktsamlinger er *Bavian*, *Den egentlige kommunen* og *Svamp*, om den sistnevnte skrev *Aftenposten* «Morten Langeland er utvilsomt en av de mest interessante poetene vi har». Teknologi, massemedia og politiske temaer tar plass i hans diktning hvis form har få fastlåste grenser. Langeland anmelder bøker i Klassekampens litteraturbilag *Bokmagasinet*, inngår i redaksjonen til forlaget H//O//F og er lærer ved Skrivekunstakademiet. Høsten 2020 utga han sin særegne prosadebut *Barbar*, og fulgte den opp med romanene *Sørgerender* (2021) og *Fifty/Fifty* (2022).

Les høyt! er åpningsdiktet fra samlingen *Svamp*. Diktet dreier seg om grensene mellom 'barndommens uskyldighet' og ulike former for vold ikke langt unna.

Mortens Langelanns (*Morten Langeland*, 1986) ir norvēģu dzejnieks, rakstnieks un literatūrkritiķis no Kristiansannas, kurš šobrīd dzīvo un strādā Oslo. Viņš ir studējis salīdzināmo literatūrzinātni Gēteborgas universitātē un mākslu Oslo Nacionālajā mākslas akadēmijā. Viņa debijas dzejas krājums *Es esmu arī* (*Æ æ å*, 2012) ieguva Stīga Sēterbakena piemiņas balvu (*Stig Sæterbakken minnepris*), kas tiek piešķirta daudzsološiem jaunajiem autoriem, savukārt 2021. gadā viņš ieguva *Hunger* balvu. Viņa dzejai piemīt rotaļīgums un bezbēdība, un to var raksturot kā izteikti laikmetīgu, lai gan savu pirmo krājumu viņš sarakstīja dialektā un krājumu *Naktis Zoodārzā* (*Zoonetter*, 2017) – izmantojot lauzta soneta formu. Viņš ir sarakstījis arī dzejoļu krājumus *Paviāns* (*Bavian*, 2014), *Patiesā kopiena* (*Den egentlige kommunen*, 2015) un *Sūklis* (*Svamp*, 2019). Langelanna teksti atspoguļo reālo pasauli – tehnoloģijas, masu mediji un sociālās problēmas ir bieži sastopamas tēmas viņa darbos, viņš tajos reti pakļaujas tradīcijai vai noteikumiem. Mortens ir norvēģu kreisi orientētā iknedēļas avīzes *Klassekampen* literārā pielikuma literatūras kritiķis un viens no neatkarīgās izdevniecības H//O//F redaktoriem, viņš arī māca dzeju Hordalannes (*Hordaland*) Radošās rakstniecības akadēmijā Bergenā. 2020. gadā avīze *Aftenposten* Langelannu nodēvēja par vienu no interesantākajiem dzejniekiem Norvēģijā. 2020. gada rudenī iznāca viņa pirmā prozas grāmata *Barbars* (*Barbar*), 2021. un 2022. gadā iznākuši romāni *Sēru lenta* (*Sørgerender*) un *50/50*.

LASI SKAĻI! Ir dzejolis no dzejoļu krājuma *Sūklis* (*Svamp*). Tajā autors atspēlē "mierpilnu bērnību" un vardarbību, ar ko tā robežojas.

LES HØYT!

Jeg har vært på NRK tre ganger
altså skjermen. De to siste gangene

varsom poet. Den første var som barn
selv om roller glir over i hverandre

holder jeg koll på hvem jeg er
og var, om jeg nok ikke husker så mye

mer fra barndommen: Jeg husker ... Gynger ...
Sitter og ronser, spiser spons, Sørlandschips

Havsalt, venter på storesøsteren min Cathrine
kjæresten hennes Glenn og vennene deres

fra medielinjen på gymnaset bli ferdige
med de langdryge preppene til *next shoot*

Jeg er hovedrollen, har ni vintre i nittifem
Hagen vår lukter lilla syrener, det er vår

svart-hvitt, dybden uklar, sår mange historier
Jeg har kamobukser på, klart jeg husker

hva jeg har glemt, når jeg gjenser det svart
på hvitt på nett-TV. Nettet snurper seg

og minner dupper som filmer i glemselsflaten
Hentet fra ukjente dyp til den glinsende flaten

Lekehytta svever mellom tre trær på filmen
Nabobarna fikk også være med, i hvert fall se

på barklagenes furete ansikt mot omverdens
begrensning: Fra hagen til fotballbanen, krysset

Grimsbekken, parallellveien. Hos Freud er
jeget et barklag, man bør ikke rippe for mye

opp i skjulte ting siden verden
begynte på nytt. *Levende barn leker her*

sto det på skiltet, to tiår etter nittifem
og jeg husker nittifem som ganske uferdig

En gutt med en tvillingbror hengte seg
i huset på høyden, en annen fikk tverrliggeren

over huet på banen, borte i Ravnedalen bandt
ei jente ei jente fast til et tjukt eiketre

plantet av Oscar Wergelands soldater og stakk
henne i hjel. Barklaget er gjennomrisset med ung

kjærlighet, under klatrefjellet hvor ei dame
i rullestol fikk hjelp opp, og så rullet utfor

LASI SKAŦI!

Esmu bijis nacionālajā televīzijā trīs reizes,
tas ir: TV ekrānā. Pēdējās divas – kā

atturīgs dzejnieks. Pirmajā reizē biju bērns,
lai gan šīs lomas pārklājas.

Es pieturos pie tā, kas es esmu
un biju, pat ja neko daudz neatceros

no bērnības: atceros ... šūpoles ...
sēžu tajās, ēdu saldējumu, kartupeļu čipsus.

Jūras sāls, gaidu, kad mana lielā māsa Katrīna,
viņas puisis Glenns un viņu draugi

no mediju klases vidusskolā pabeigs
ieilgušo gatavošanos *next shoot*.

Man ir galvenā loma, esmu deviņus gadus vecs
deviņdesmit
piektajā. Mūsu dārzs smaržo pēc lillā ceriņiem, ir
pavasaris.

Melnbalts, neskaidrs dziļums, sāpīgi daudz stāstu.
Man kājās bikses maskēšanās krāsās, protams, es
atceros

visu, ko esmu aizmirsis, kad atkārtoti skatos to
melnbaltu interneta televīzijā. Nets visu savelk kopā,

un izlec atmiņu kadri no nemiņas, izcelti
mirdzošā virspusē no nepazīstamas dzelmes.

Filmā rotaļu namiņš planē starp trīs kokiem,
kaimiņu bērni arī varēja piedalīties, vismaz skatoties.

Apkārtnes krokotās mizas kārtas: no dārza
līdz futbola laukumam, krustojumam.

Grimsbekas straume, paralēliela. Saskaņā ar
Freidu *patība* ir miza, nevajadzētu par daudz lobīt

apslēpto, kas ir tāds, kopš pasaule
atsākās. *Šeit spēlējas dzīvi bērni,*

rakstīts uz ceļa zīmes, divas desmitgades pēc
deviņdesmit piektā,
un deviņdesmit piektais man atmiņā palicis
diezgan nepilnīgi.

Puika, viens no dvīņiem, pakārās
pakalna mājā, tam otram tika sija

virs galvas uz dzelzceļa, tālāk Ravnedālenā
meitene piesēja meiteni pie liela ozola,

med småungene sine sittende på fanget
Sånn er historier – *de var mennesker*

Kortfilmen jeg spilte i het btw *Speilet*
og som Tarkovskijs *Speil* behandler den

erindring, tapt uskyld, mentale bilder
og barndommens oppløsning i tiden

Men heller enn sjelelivets kompleksitet
speilet *Speilet* en kausal forklaringsmodell

av typen «du blir hva du spiser» og «vold
avler vold» eller «hvis du ser for mye på TV

blir øynene dine firkanta» osv, en utbredt
forklarings modell som dalte i popularitet

utover nittitallet, da tidsbruken fikk alternativer
som parabol, modem, isdn, bærbar, nettsamfunn ...

En tanke om direkte påvirkning som jeg her
gjør et naivt kast for å fiske opp fra glemselen

Vi er ikke uthulede trær med bark i behold
Vi sirkler rundt sirkler med sevje sivende

gjennom krona, luft, regn om natten, frølyd
lekende barn, gjentakelseskraften masserer

hjernen, hva man ser, hører, tenker, lekker
Munkene messer natten gjennom i sitt refugium

stillhet Jesus Kristus ...
Her kommer distraksjonen

for «brukerne vet best», «fritt valg», etc
I denne verden finnes ikke endeløs frihet

og ideen bak tilslører mer enn den viser
Eiketærne hadde ikke greiner før fuglene

Sjiraffer fantes ikke før bladene, knoppene
Eurydike rykker tilbake som en Sisyfos-stein-

på-stein, lag på lag, grunn under grunn, under
Pompeii ligger gamle Pompeii, størknet lava

rav, la meg ikke hisse meg opp nå ...
Kort fortalt, kortfilmen *Speilet* viste

meg som påvirkes av Arnold i *Terminator*
2 – *Judgment Day*, oppkledd i kamo med

paintballgønner jager jeg rundt og plaffer ned
naboungene som ellers levde i fredelig idyll

ko savulaik stādījuši ģenerāļa Vergelanna kareivji,
un sadūra
to līdz nāvei. Koka miza zem viņas caurgrebta
jauniešu

mīlestības zīmēm, zem klints, kur dāma ratiņkrēslā
palūdza uzstumt viņu augšā un tad pati nostūmās
lejā,

ar mazuljiem klēpī. Tādi ir
tie stāsti – *viņi bija cilvēki*.

Īsfilma, kurā es spēlēju, saucās *Spogulis*,
btw, un gluži kā Tarkovska *Spogulī* tā ir

par atmiņu, zaudēto nevainību, mentāliem
zibšņiem un to, kā laiks izšķīdina bērnību.

Bet *Spogulis* drīzāk atspoguļo nevis dvēseles
dzīves sarežģītību, bet gan kauzālo determinismu.

Apmēram tādā stilā kā “tu esi tas, ko tu ēd”, “ar varu
mīļš nekļūsi”, vai “ja par daudz blenzīsi televizorā,

tavas acis kļūs kantainas”, utt., plaši izplatīta
skaidrošanas metode, kuras popularitāte mazinājās

deviņdesmitajos, kad parādījās jauni laika
šķiešanas veidi,
piemēram, satelīta šķīvji, modemi, ISDN,
klēpjatori, interneta vide ...

Doma par tiešu iespaidu, ko esmu
izmetis kā naivu ēsmu aizmirstībā.

Mēs neesam tukši stumbri, kam vēl nav
nolobījusies miza, mēs riņķojam sulīgos gredzenos,

cauri kroņa lapotnei, gaisam, nakts lietum,
briestošām sēklām.
bērniem, kas rotaļājas. Atkārtojuma varas nomāktas,

smadzenes pārplūst ar to, ko redzi, dzirdi, domā.
Mūki skandē viscauri naktij, savā patvērumā

Jēzus Kristus mierā ...
Nu nāk traucēklis

tiem “klients zina labāk”, “brīva izvēle”, utt.
Šajā pasaulē nebeidzama brīvība nepastāv

un, jo vairāk par to domā, jo neskaidrāka kļūst
šī doma. Ozoliem nebija zaru pirms putniem.

Žirafu nebija pirms lapām, pumpuriem.
Eiridīke atkrīt kā Sīzifs, akmens

de lekte andesindianere: Nåtiden er fortiden, og fortiden er framtiden ...

Svart-hvitt-kuttene rammes inn av fargescener hvor en ung voksen mann i samme kamo-

habitten sitter på kumlokket i hagen og ser utover sin barndoms slagmark

Inntil han forlater hagen som gatesoldat og går ut i *et rolig familiestrøk på Sørlandet*

En dag gikk også taggeren Kely BNP, den eldre nabogutten, opp skråningene i Baneheia

og sendte sine avskjedsvideoer fra mobilen før han hengte seg, derfra hvor skråplanet

raskt blir brattere, stien enda smalere, trykket øker og skylden siles gjennom repet oppe i reperbaneheia

Siden synker trykket, stille, mens trærne bruser Bunnslam og produktrester bak sprukket bark

Så mange historier, så mange mennesker og rundt omkring sammenheng for *those who bother*

to look, kortfilmen var nok mindre påvirket av Tarkovskijs *Speil* og mer av media, spesielt

av Video-Olsen, Video-Olsen var et kallenavn som hurtig spredte seg gjennom lokalavisa

Fædrelandsvennen (sic) på samme måte som Rakett-Madsen var tabloidnavnet til mannen

som senere fikk kallenavnet Ubåt-Madsen Video-Olsen har som gründer hatt hendene

i mange prosjekter, blant annet Masterferries som konkurrerte med Color Line om ferje-

trafikken Jylland-Sørland, han kunne dermed like greit døpes Ferje-Olsen, men man døper

bare barn og båter. Min far - *pa* - ble kalt Rabatt-Jesus i avisa da han kjempet

skjeggete og byplanleggende for noen midt-rabatter til å trygge skoleveien på 70-tallet

Og Olsen? Olsen «reiste land og strand rundt på 80-tallet for å rette søkelys

mot vold i filmer» ut fra blind tro på at folk påvirkes og virkes på av film de ser, og det virker

uz akmens, kärtu pa kärtai, zeme zem zemes, zem Pompejiem slēpjas senie Pompeji, sarecējis lavas

dzintars neļauj man nu dzirksteļot ...
Īsāk sakot, īsfilma *Spogulis* vēstīja

par mani Arnolda Terminatora 2 un *Judgment Day* iespaidā; tērpies kamuflāžā, es klaiņāju ar

peintbola ieroci, medīdams un apšaudīdams kaimiņu bērnu, kas citādi baudītu mierpilnu idilli,

spēlējot Andu indiāņos: tagadne ir pagātne un pagātne ir tagadne ...

Melnbaltos kadrus ierāmē krāsainas ainas, kurās parādās jauns vīrietis tajā pašā kamuflāžas

tērpā, viņš sēž uz kanalizācijas vāka dārzā un pārskata savu bērnbības karalauku,

līdz pamet dārzu kā ielu cīnītājs un iziet *mierpilnā privātmāju rajonā Norvēģijas dienvidos*.

Kādu dienu tageris Kelijs BNP, vecākais kaimiņzēns, devās pastaigā pa Bāneheijas parka nogāzēm

un izsūtīja ar telefonu filmētus atvadu ierakstus, pirms pakārās; no šī brīža nogāze

strauji kļuva stāvāka, taka šaurāka, spiediens pieauga un vaina paloja gar striķi bijušās virvju fabrikas uzkalnā.

Pēc laika spiediens mazinās, nemanāmi, kamēr koki smeldz pēdējās sulas atliekas zem saplaisājušās mizas.

Tik daudz stāstu, tik daudz cilvēku un tam apkārt vijas sakarības *for those who bother*

to look, Tarkovska *Spogulis* droši vien šo īsfilmu ietekmēja mazāk nekā masu mediji, sevišķi

protestētājs Video Ulsens.¹ Video Ulsens bija viņa iesauka, kas strauji izplatījās ar vietējās avīzes *Tēvzemes draugs* (sic)

1 Sveins Ūlafs Ulsens (*Svein Olaf Olsen*) 20. gadsimta 80. gados protestēja pret vardarbību Norvēģijas televīzijā un filmu industrijā. Viņš vairākkārtīgi vērsās tiesā un izvirzīja ierosinājumus parlamentam, taču viņa iniciatīvas nesaņēma vairākuma atbalstu, lai arī daudzi politiķi iestājās par viņa idejām.

som at det er litt sannhet i kompleksiteten
i *Speil* og litt sannhet i banaliteten

i *Speilet*. Men vi kan jo ikke forby alt vi
ikke liker, Sovjet, osv, og Video-Olsen

came back i 2011 da han politianmeldte
spillet «Call of Duty – Modern Warfare 2»

Da-da-da datteren hans satt på ferjekaien
idet Anders Behring Breivik kom politikledd

i land, passerte en meter fra henne og
gikk videre og skøyt de to neste personene

før han snudde seg og vurderte å skyte
personene ved båten: «men var usikker

på om de var med i AUF eller sivile. På
grunn av samvittigheten min ville jeg

ikke angripe de som var tilknyttet båten»
Slik sparte han følgelig Jannicke

som vokste opp i parallellveien til
mitt barndomshjem og settet hvor vi spilte

inn *Speilet*. Hun er født i nittito, samme år
som Stine-Sofie, også hun hundre meter

fra krysset. Det finnes mange historier
så mange mennesker, som opphører

fordi noen vil det slik, med våpen eller ei
ruset eller ikke, men som oftest liksom påvirket

inspirert av noe, for eksempel porno, som
ikke bare gjør sex mer voldelig, skulle man tro

men kanskje også noe med måten mennesker
går fra å være mål til å bli midler eller bare

objekter, ting på film flyter verden over av
Med tingeling kan man gjøre som man vil

Det finnes mange mennesker og dyr
og sjelden ser en seg selv slik, uforståelige dyr

På den andre siden av Baneheia hvor vi gikk og
badet både Jannicke, Morten, Stine-Sofie, bodde

Glenn, som også badet i 3. Stampe, kjæresten
til søsteren min og kameramann på *Speilet*

Glenn politianmeldte en nabolagsgutt for kinking
etter at moren, en kveld hun kledde av seg for natten

starpniecību, gluži tāpat kā Raķešu Madsens
bija avīžu virsrakstu iesauka vīrietim, ko

vēlāk pārdēvēja par Zemūdeņu Madsenu.
Video Ulsens bija pielicis uzņēmēja roku

daudziem projektiem, starp tiem arī *Master
Ferries*, kas konkurēja ar *Color Line* prāmju

satiksmes maršrutā Jitlande – Dienvidnorvēģija,
un tādēj viņš
varēja vienlīdz labi nokrustīt par Prāmju Ulsenu,
bet kristības

ir tikai bērniem un kuģiem. Mans tēvs – *pa* – avīzē
tika saukts
par Joslu Jēzu, kad viņš, bārdainais pilsētplanotājs,

cīnījās par vidējo joslu drošākiem
skolu maršrutiem 70-tajos gados.

Bet Ulsens? Ulsens “ceļoja krustu šķērsu pa valsti
80-tajos, lai atmaskotu vardarbību filmās”,

nesalaužami ticēdams, ka Jaudis iespaido
ainas, ko tie redz, un, šķiet, ka

ir kāda patiesība gan *Spoguļa*
sarežģītībā, gan *Spoguļa*

banalitātē. Bet mēs nevaram aizliegt visu, kas
mums nepatīk,
Padomju Krieviju, utt., vai tad ne tā, tomēr Video
Ulsens

atgriezās 2011. gadā, kad viņš uzrakstīja
iesniegumu policijai
par spēli *Call of Duty – Modern Warfare 2*.

Vi- vi- vi- viņa meita bija piestātnē, kad Anders
Bērings Breivīks² nokāpa no klāja pārgērbies par
policistu,
pagāja viņai garām metra attālumā un nošāva
nākamās divas, ko ieraudzīja,

pirms viņš pagriezās un apsvēra, vai šaut uz tiem,
kas atrodas pie kuģīša: “bet nebiju drošs, vai

tie ir AUF³ biedri vai civilie.
Negribēju aptraipīt savu sirdsapziņu,

2 A. B. Breivīks (*Breivik*) ir norvēģu labējais ekstrēmists,
terorists, atbildīgs par 77 cilvēku nāvēm 2011. gadā. Viņa
uzbrukuma mērķis bija pusaudži Strādnieku darba partijas
vasaras nometnē.

3 AUF – strādnieku darba partijas Norvēģijā abreviatūra.

så gutten i hagen ved sitt eget speilbilde
Anmeldelsen ble henlagt for gutter gjør guttestreker

Men «å hen» er hen i henlagt kan man lure
Hvor legger vi det vanskeligste, det som faller

utenfor, de der litt rare, brå, eller rett ut gale
De vi ikke vil ha her, se der, hvordan det spirer

og gror i stikkehekken, i torneriket, krafser
og nafser, mens vi samler roller å være

roller å bli, hvem er de og hvem er vi, eller
heller, hva lager vi? Gutten som kikket lekte

mye i høgget med en annen kamokledd gutt
De samlet bunker med porno i en bunker

hadde tretti-førti ekstreme filmer
og blader med dyresex, vi tar etter, aper

hermer, lærer oss å snakke, bestemmer hva
vi sier, velger hva vi vil se og se hva som skjer

vi ser serier, ser 2000 skjerm-mord i året
Drasser pinnen langs fortauskanten

Står i utkanten med pekefingeren bøyd
rundt jakkeknaggen, senere henger noen

etter sekken i den samme knaggen med beina
sprellende mens andre står oppstilt på linje

og *heiler* for noen eldre gutter før de skal hjem
og skyte hverandre opplyst i skjermlyset

Ser ikke sola gå ned, spiller
og stirrer en halv runde med kortviseren

De voksne heier hverandre fram i etasjen over
lover å ikke bruke ti timer dagen på mobben

Lover å tenke på hvorfor mobben kalles mobben
Det ringer inn og ei jente drar ned ullermet sitt

går fram til tavla og kriter opp, hviskende:
Blader faller som stivna flammer, gylne øyne

om noen ser, hun former ordene med munnen
Du må ikke gå for langt i tilkortkommenhet

Swampen er tørr, vi ser henne fukte den under
springen
tørker av hele tavla, skriver LA STÅ.

nogalinot kuģīša personālu.”
Šādi viņš pasaudzēja Janniki,

kura uzauga blakus ielā, turpat pie manas
bērnības mājas, *Spoguļa* filmēšanas

laukuma. Viņa ir dzimusi deviņdesmit otrajā, tajā
pašā,
kad dzima Stīne Sofija, kas arī dzīvoja turpat,

simt metru no krustojuma. Tik daudz stāstu,
tik daudz cilvēku, kas pārstāj būt,

jo kāds tā grib, ar vai bez ieročiem, salietojies
vai skaidrā, bet lielākoties šķietami iespaidots,

no kaut kā iedvesmojies, piemēram, no
pornogrāfijas,
kas ne tikai padara seksu nežēlīgāku, kā varētu
domāt,

bet varbūt arī noved pie tā, ka cilvēki no mērķiem
var kļūt par līdzekļiem vai pat tikai

objektiem, lietām uz ekrāna, kas ieplūst dzīvē
visapkārt. Ar šo tikšņi var iesākt, ko vēlas.

Pastāv daudz cilvēku un dzīvnieku, bet retais
sevi redz starp tiem kā neizprotamu radību.

Bāneheijas otrā pusē, kur mēs visi gājām peldēties,
arī Jannike, Mortens un Stīne Sofija, dzīvoja

Glenns, manas māsas draugs un īsfilmas *Spogulis*
operators, kurš arī peldējās trešajā ezerā⁴.

Glenns uzrakstīja iesniegumu policijai par
kaimiņa dēlu – lūriķi.
Viņa māte to bija ieraudzījusi līdzās savam
atpulgam

dārzā, kad viņa izgērbās pirms došanās pie miera.
Iesniegums tika nolikts malā, jo puikas dara puiku
lietas,

bet kur, gribas jautāt, ir tā mala, kur tas viss tiek
nolikts?

Kur mēs noliekam tās vissmagākās lietas, tās, kas

neiekļaujas, nedaudz dīvainās, satraucošās vai
pilnīgi trakās?

Tās mēs šeit negribam, skaties tur, kā viss plaukst

4 Viens no Bāneheijas parka Kristiansannā ezeriem.

un stīgo asajā dzīvžogā, ērkšķainajā biezoknī,
skrāpē

un grauž, kamēr mēs krājam lomas, lai būtu,

lomas, lai kļūtu; kas ir viņi un kas esam mēs, vai
drīzāk, ko mēs radām? Puika, lūriķis, bieži

rotājājās mežā ar vēl vienu puiku maskēšanās
tērpā. Viņi slēptuvē krāja porno bilžu kavas.

Tur bija ap trīsdesmit, četrdesmit galēji
vardarbīgu filmu
un žurnālu ar dzīvnieku seksu. Mēs imitējam.
Primāti

atkārto, mācās runāt. Viņi izlemj, ko mums teikt,
izvēlas, ko mēs gribam redzēt, un vēro, kas notiks.

Mēs skatāmies ziepenes, redzam 2000 TV
slepavību uz ekrāna gadā. Velc nūju gar trotuāra
malu.

Stāvi ielas malā ar rādītājpirkstu, saliektu
ap mēteļa vadzi, pēc brīža kāds karājas

maisā uz tāda paša vadža, viņa kājas kulstās,
kamēr citi stāv, nolikti rindā,

un saka *Heil* dažiem vecākiem čaljiem, pirms tie
dodas
mājās un nošauj viens otru, ekrāna apgaismoti.

Viņi neredz, kā noriet saule, viņi spēlē
un blenž īsā pulksteņrādītāja pusgājumu.

Pieaugušie uzmundrina viens otru augšstāvā,
sola neveltīt desmit stundas dienā mobilajam.

Sola domāt par to, kādēļ mobilo sauc par mobilo.
Tas
iezvanās, un meitene pavelk lejup savu vilnas
piedurkni,

pieiet pie tāfeles un sāk rakstīt ar krītu, čukstot:
Lapas krīt kā cietas / Sasalušas liesmas, zelta acis,

*ja kāds skatās, viņa ar muti veido vārdus bez skaņas
Tu nedrīksti iet par dziļu nezināmajā.*

Sūklis ir sauss mēs redzam, kā viņa to samitrina
izlietnē,
kā viņa noslauka tāfeli tīru un raksta: LAUJ BŪT.

Morten Langeland (1986) is a Norwegian poet, writer, and literary critic born in Kristiansand, and now based in Oslo. He has studied creative writing at *Litterär Gestaltning* in Gothenburg and fine arts at Oslo National Academy of Arts. Langeland had his literary debut with the critically acclaimed poetry collection *I am as well* (Æ æ å) in 2012. In 2016 he was awarded the *Stig Sæterbakken* Memorial Award for promising young writers, and in 2021 he received the Hunger award for 'eminent young authors'. His books are marked by a certain playfulness and described as contemporary—from writing in his southern dialect in his debut to a collection of broken sonnets in *Nights at the Zoo* (*Zoonetter*, 2017). His books also include *Baboon* (*Bavian*, 2014), *The True Community* (*Den egentlige kommunen*, 2015), and *Sponge* (*Svamp*, 2019). He sees the world as it is – technology, mass media, and social issues are themes of his writing, there are few boundaries or restrictions of form or tradition. Langeland works as a literary critic in the Norwegian left-wing newspaper *Klassekampen*'s weekly literary supplement *Bokmagasinet*, and he is a part of the editorial staff at the independent publishing house H//O//F. Morten also teaches poetry at the Writing Academy of Hordaland (Bergen). The daily Norwegian newspaper *Aftenposten* called him «one of our most exciting poets» in 2020. In the autumn of 2020, he published his first book of prose *Barbar*, also to critical acclaim. Followed up by the novels *Sørgerender* and *50/50*.

Read out loud! is a poem from the poetry collection *Sponge* (*Svamp*). The poem is concerned with the boundaries between the notion of the 'peacefulness of childhood' and different forms of violence.

READ OUT LOUD!

I have been on NRK three times
on the TV screen that is. The last two times

a cautious poet. The first time I was a child
even though the roles run into each other

I keep a grip on who I am
and was, even if I don't remember very much

from my childhood: I remember ... Swinging ...
Sitting on swings, eating ice cream, potato chips

Sea salt, waiting for my big sister Cathrine
her boyfriend Glenn and their friends

doing media studies at high school to be finished
with the interminable prepping for the next shoot

I have the leading role, nine-years-old in nineteen
ninety-five
Our garden smells of lilacs, it is spring

black and white, fuzzy depth, painfully many stories
I am wearing camo trousers, of course I remember

what I had forgotten when I watch it again in black
and white on net TV. The net draws together

and memories bob up like films from an ocean of
forgetfulness
Retrieved from unknown depths to the glittering
surface

The tree house hovers between three trees on
the film
The neighbors' kids could take part too, at least
to look

at the furrowed layers of bark at the area's
boundaries: From garden to football pitch, the
crossroads

the stream Grimsbekken, the parallel road. In
Freud's view
the self is a layer of bark, you should avoid
ripping up in too many

hidden things since the world
began anew. Living children play here

it said on a sign, two decades after ninety-five
and I remember ninety-five as incomplete in a way

A boy with a twin brother hanged himself
in the house on the hill, another got a joist

on his head on the pitch, over in Ravnedalen Park
a girl
tied another girl to a large oak tree

planted by General Wergeland's soldiers and
stabbed
her to death. On the bark many have carved

their young love, below the rock face, where a
woman
in a wheelchair was helped to the top then rolled
herself out

with her little kids sitting on her lap
These are stories - they were people

The short film I played in was called The Mirror btw
and like Tarkovsky's Mirror it is about

remembrance, lost innocence, mental images
and the disintegration of childhood over time

But rather than the complex life of the soul
The Mirror mirrored a causal explanatory model

of the kind "you are what you eat" and "violence
leads to violence" or "if you watch too much TV

your eyes will turn square" etc., a widely held
explanatory model that waned in popularity

throughout the nineties, when alternative ways of
consuming time arose
such as the satellite dish, modem, ISDN, laptop,
internet society ...

A stray thought about direct influence which I try
here
with a naïve cast to fish up from forgetfulness

We are not hollow trees with bark still on
We circle round circles with sap seeping

through the treetop, air, night rain, sound of seeds
playing children, the power of repetition massages

the brain, what you see, hear, think, leaks
Monks chant masses all through the night in their
refuge

silence Jesus Christ ...
Here comes the distraction

for "users know best", "free choice", etc.
In this world endless freedom does not exist

and the idea behind it conceals more than it
reveals
Oak trees had no branches before birds

Giraffes did not exist before leaves, buds
Euridice withdraws like a Sisyphus stone

upon stone, layer upon layer, ground below
ground, beneath
Pompeii lies ancient Pompeii, solidified lava

amber, don't let me get wound up now ...
In brief, the short film The Mirror showed

me, influenced by Arnold in The Terminator
2 - Judgement Day, wearing camo and with

a paintball gun I hunt around and blast away at
the neighbors' kids destroying their usual
peaceful idyll

playing the Andes Indians: The present is
the past, and the past is the present ...

Black and white scenes are framed in by color shots
where a young adult male in the same camo

outfit sits on a manhole cover in the garden
and gazes out at his childhood's battleground

Until he leaves the garden as a street combatant
and goes out into a quiet family neighborhood in
Sørlandet

One day the tagger Kely BNP, the older
kid, walked up the slopes of Baneheia Nature Park

and sent farewell videos from his cell phone
before he hanged himself; from then on, the
slippery slope

rapidly becomes steeper, the path even narrower,
the pressure increases
and guilt streams down the rope from Baneheia
where the rope factory lay

Later the pressure lessens, quietly, while trees
sough
Sludge and debris left behind sundered bark

So many tales, so many people
and all around lies the connection for those who
bother

to look, the short film was probably less influenced by Tarkovsky's *Mirror* and more by the media, especially

by the video protester Video-Olsen; Video-Olsen was his nickname which spread swiftly via the local newspaper

Fædrelandsvennen in the same way that Rocket-Madsen was the nickname in the tabloids

for a man later nicknamed Submarine Madsen Video-Olsen as entrepreneur had a finger

in many pies, among them Master Ferries that competed with the Color Line company for the ferry

trade between Jylland and Sørland; he could therefore equally well be baptized Ferry-Olsen, but baptism is only for

children and ships. My father - pa - was called Verge Jesus in the newspaper when he,

the bearded town planner, battled for central strips to make school roads safe in the 70s

And Olsen? Olsen "toured the length and breadth of the country in the 80s to shed light

on the violence in films", firmly believing that people are influenced and affected by the films they watch, and it seems

that there is some truth in the complexity of *Mirror* and some truth in the banality

of *The Mirror*. But we can't forbid everything we dislike, Soviet Russia, etc., can we; yet Video-Olsen

made a comeback in 2011 when he filed a complaint to the police about the video game *Call of Duty - Modern Warfare 2*

Hi- hi- hi- his daughter was on the ferry quay when Anders Behring Breivik⁵ dressed in police uniform stepped

off the ferry, passed within a yard of her, kept walking and shot the next two people he met

before he turned and thought about shooting the people beside the boat: "but I was uncertain

if they were members of AUF⁶ or civilians. On account of my conscience I did not wish

to attack those who were connected to the ferry" In consequence he saved Jannicke

who grew up in the street parallel to where my childhood home was and the set where we filmed

The Mirror. She is born in nineteen ninety-two, the same year as Stine-Sofie, who also lived a hundred yards away

from the crossroads. There are so many stories so many people, whose lives have ended

because someone wills it to be so, with or without weapons on or off drugs, but most of the time seemingly influenced

inspired by something, such as porn, which not only makes sex more violent, you would think,

but perhaps also leads to the way people change from targets to means or even just

objects, things on film inundate the whole world With *Tinker Bell* you can do as please

There are many people and animals and you seldom see yourself as one, unintelligible animals

On the other side of Baneheia, where we all went swimming - Jannicke, Morten and Stine-Sofie - lived

Glenn, my sister's boyfriend and the cameraman for *The Mirror*, who also went swimming in 3rd Stampe⁷,

Glenn reported a neighbor's son, a peeping Tom, to the police; his mother had seen him beside her own reflection

5 A B Breivik is the mass murderer responsible for the deaths of 77 people in Oslo and on the island of Utøya on 22 July, 2011. He was a right-wing extremist who wished to kill members of the Norwegian Labour Party's Youth Movement who were at a summer camp and bureaucrats in the government offices.

6 AUF is the abbreviation for the Labour Party Youth Movement

7 3rd Stampe is the name of one of the small lakes in the nature park called Baneheia.

outside in the garden while she was undressing
for bed
The charge was laid aside for boys will be boys

But where, one wonders, is the "aside" in laid aside
Where do we lay the most difficult things, that fall

beyond the pale, the slightly odd, the startling, or
the plain wrong
things we don't want here, look there, how things
are sprouting

and growing in the prickly hedge, in the thorny
thicket, scratching
and snatching, while we gather roles to be

roles to become, who are they and who are we, or
rather, what do we make? The boy who was
peeping played

a lot in the woods with another boy in camo
They collected stacks of porn in a hideout

between thirty-forty extremely violent films
and magazines with animal sex, we imitate, apes

imitate, teach us to speak, decide what
we say, choose what we want to see and see what
happens

we watch soaps, watch 2000 screen murders a
year
Drag the stick along the edge of the pavement

Stand on the fringes with a forefinger bent
round a coat hook, later someone hangs

in a sack on the same hook, his legs
kicking about while others stand lined up

saying Heil to other older lads before they go
home
and shoot each other lit up by the screen

They don't see the sun setting, play
and stare half a round with the minute hand

Upstairs the adults cheer for each other
promising not to use ten hours a day on their cell
phones

Promise to think about why it is called a cell phone
The phone rings and a girl pulls down the sleeve
of her sweater

walks to the blackboard and chalks up, whispering
Leaves fall like solidified / frozen flames, golden
eyes

if anyone looks, she mouths the words
You must not go too far into oblivion / in your
shortcoming

The sponge is dry, we watch her moisten it at the
sink,
wipe the whole board clean and write LEAVE THIS.

Translated by Agnes Scott Langeland

Mortens Langelanns
LASI SKAĻI!

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