

Gjentagelsen, Constantin Constantius

Uddrag for elektroakustisk koncert + engelsk oversættelse

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1.

Gjentagelse og Erindring er den samme bevægelse, kun i modsat Retning; thi hvad der erindres, har været, gjentages baglænds; hvorimod den egentlige Gjentagelse erindres forlænds: Derfor gør Gjentagelsen, hvis den er mulig, et menneske lykkeligt, medens Erindringen gør ham ulykkeligt, under Forudsætning nemlig at han giver sig Tid til at leve, og ikke strax i sin Fødselsstund seer at finde paa et Paaskud til at liste sig ud igjen af Livet , f. Ex. At han har glemt Noget.

[Repetition and remembrance are the same movement, only in opposite directions; for what is remembered, has been, is repeated backwards; whereas the actual repetition is remembered forwards: therefore, repetition, if possible, makes a man happy, while memory makes him unhappy, provided that he gives himself time to live, and does not immediately at the moment of his birth find a pretext to sneak out of life again, for example, that he has forgotten something.]

2.

Erindringens Kjærlighed er den ene lykkelige, har en Forfatter sagt. Deri har han ogsaa fuldkommen Ret, naar man blot erindrer, at den først gør et Menneske ulykkeligt. Gjentagelsens Kjærlighed er i Sandhed den ene lykkelige. Den har ligesom Erindringens ikke Haabets Uro, ikke Opdagelsens ængstende Eventyrlighed, men heller ei Erindringens Vemod, den har Øieblikkets salige Sikkerhed. Haabet er en ny Klædning, stiv og stram og glimrende, dog har man aldrig havt den paa, og veed derfor ikke, hvorledes den vil klæde En, eller hvorledes den sidder. Erindringen er en aflagt Klædning, som, hvor skøn den end er, dog ikke passer, da man er voxet fra den. Gjentagelsen er en uopslidelig Klædning, der slutter fast og ømt, hverken trykker eller flagrer.

[The memory of love is the only happy love, an author has said. In this he is also perfectly right, if one only remembers that it first makes a person unhappy. The love of repetition is indeed the happy one. Like memory, it does not have the uneasiness of hope, not the anxious adventurousness of discovery, but also the melancholy of memory, it has the blissful certainty of the moment. Hope is a new garment, stiff and tight and brilliant, yet one has never worn it, and therefore does not know how it will suit one, or how it will fit. Memory is a discarded garment, which, however beautiful it may be, does not fit because one has grown out of it. Repetition is an indestructible garment that ends firmly and tenderly, neither presses nor flutters.]

3.

Erindringens Kjærlighed er den ene lykkelige, siger en Forfatter, der, efter hvad jeg kjender til ham, stundom er noget svigefuld, ikke dog saaledes, at han skulde sige Et og mene et Andet, men vel saaledes, at han sætter Tanken paa Spidsen, saa at denne, hvis den ikke gribes med samme Energi, i næste Moment viser sig som noget Andet. Hiin Sætning er af ham fremsat saaledes, at det let frister En at give ham Ret, og da at glemme, at Sætningen selv er Udtrykket for den dybeste Melancholi, saa et dybt Tungsind, fortættet i en eneste Replik, ikke let kunde udtrykke sig bedre.

[The memory of love is the only happy love, says an author who, as far as I know of him, is sometimes somewhat deceitful, not in the sense that he should say one thing and mean another, but in such a way that he puts the thought to the extreme, so that if it is not seized upon with the same energy, it will appear in the next moment as something else. This sentence has been formulated by him in such a way that it is easy to tempt one to agree with him, and then to forget that the sentence itself is the expression of the deepest melancholy, so that a deep melancholy, condensed in a single line, could not easily express itself better.]

4.

.. Det maa være Sandhed, at i det første Øieblik er Ens Liv forbi, men der maa ogsaa være Livskraft til at dræbe denne Død og forvandle den til Liv. I Elskovens første Daggry strider det Nærværende og det Tilkommende med hinanden for at faae et evigt Udtryk, og denne Erindren er netop Evighedens Tilbagestrømmen i det Nærværende, det vil sige, naar denne Erindren er sund.

[.. It must be truth that at the first moment one's life is over, but there must also be the life force to kill this death and transform it into life. In the first dawn of love, the present and the future struggle with each other in order to have an eternal expression, and this memory is precisely the reflux of eternity into the present, that is, when this memory is healthy.]

5.

.... ja Erindringen om hans Forsvinden vil jeg lettere kunne udslette, end Mindet om hiint Øieblik, som ogsaa Efterretningen derom langt mindre ængstede mig end hiin Situation. Saaledes er jeg nu engang bygget, i Ahnelsens første Gysen har min Sjæl i samme Nu gennemløbet alle Consequentser, der ofte behøve lang Tid for i Virkeligheden at komme tilsyne. Ahnelsens Concentration glemmer man aldrig.

[.... indeed, the memory of his disappearance I will be able to erase more easily than the memory of that moment. Likewise the news of it far less frightened me than the situation. Thus I am built, in the first shudder of the sensation my soul has in the same moment run through all the consequences that often need a long time to actually appear. The concentration of the sensation is never forgotten.]

6.

.. Forudsat, at det ikke er bar Løgn, hvad jeg siger, gjorde jeg maaskee rigtigst i at indsende min Strøtanke til en systematisk Vurderingsmand, maaskee kunde der blive Noget ud deraf, en Anmærkning i Systemet – store Tanke! saa havde jeg ikke levet forgjæves!

[.. Assuming that what I say is not just a lie, perhaps I would do well to submit my scattered thoughts to a systematic assessor, perhaps something could come out of it, a remark in the system – big thoughts! Then I would not have lived in vain!]

7.

Hjerteskuddet kommer sidst. Dog denne Skygge-Existents fordrer ogsaa en Tilfredsstillelse, og det er aldrig gavnligt for et Menneske, om den ikke fik Tid til at leve sig ud, medens det paa den anden Side er sørgeligt eller comisk, naar Individet tog fejl og levede sig selv ud deri. Et saadant Menneskes Pretentioner paa at være et virkeligt Menneske blive da ligesaa tvivlsomme som Deres Fordring paa Udødelighed, der end ikke ere istand til at møde personligen paa Dommensdag, men lade møde for sig

ved en Deputation af gode Forsætter, Døgn-Beslutninger, Halvtimes-Planer m. m. Hovedsagen er, at enhver Ting skeer til rette Tid. Alt har sin Tid i Ungdommen, og hvad der har havt sin Tid da, faaer den igjen senere; og det er ligesaa sundt for den Ældre at have noget Forbigangent i sit Liv, hvorved han er i Gjæld til Latteren, som noget Forbigangent, der fordrer Taarer.

[The heartshot comes last. However, this shadow-existence also requires satisfaction, and it is never beneficial to a human being if he is not given time to live out, while on the other hand it is sad or comical when the individual was wrong and lived himself out in it. Such a person's pretensions to being a real human being then become just as doubtful as their claim to immortality, who is not even able to appear in person on the Day of Judgment, but is allowed to meet for himself by a deputation of good resolutions, daily decisions, half-hour plans, etc. The main thing is that everything happens at the right time. Everything has its time in youth, and what has had its time then, it gets back later; and it is just as healthy for the elderly person to have something past in his life, whereby he is indebted to laughter, as something past that requires tears.]

8.

Nu galer Hanen, og Tusmørkets Skikkelser flygte bort, Nattestemmerne forstumme. Vedblive de, da ere vi paa et ganske andet Gebeet, hvor alt Dette foregaaer under Ansvarrets ængstende Tilsyn, da ere vi ved det Dæmoniske. For da ikke at faae et Indtryk af sit virkelige Selv, fordrer det krypte Individ Omgivelsen let og flygtig som Skikkelserne ere det, som Ordenes skummende Brusen er det, der lyder uden Gjenlyd. En saadan Omgivelse er den sceniske, som derfor netop egner sig for det krypte Individs Schattenspiel. Blandt de Skygger, i hvilke han opdager sig selv, hvis Stemme er hans Stemme, er maaskee en Røvercapitain. Han maa kjende sig selv i dette Speilbillede.

[Now the rooster crows, and the figures of twilight flee away, the voices of the night are muted. If they persist, then we are in a completely different place, where all this takes place under the anxious supervision of responsibility, then we are at the demonic. In order not to get an impression of his real self, the cryptic individual demands the environment easily and fleetingly, as the figures are, as the foaming roar of words is that which sounds without resonance. Such an environment is the scenic one, which is therefore precisely suitable for the cryptic individual's chatter. Among the shadows in which he discovers himself, whose voice is his voice, is perhaps a robber capitaine. He must know himself in this reflection.]

9

Maanebelysningen seirer ublandet. En enkelt Skygge viser sig end mørkere, et enkelt Fodtrin behøver lang Tid for at forsvinde. Himlens skyfri Hvælving seer saa vemodig og tankedrømmende ud, som var Verdens Undergang forbi, og Himlen uforstyrret beskæftiget med sig selv. Man gaaer atter ud i Forværelset, i Entreen, ind i hiint lille Cabinet, man sover – hvis man hører til de Lykkelige, der kunne sove. – Ak! men her var ingen Gjentakelse mulig.

[The moonlight triumphs unmixed. A single shadow appears even darker, a single footstep needs a long time to disappear. The cloudless vault of the sky looks as melancholy and thought-dreaming as if the end of the world had passed, and the sky occupied undisturbed with itself. One goes out again into the anteroom, into the hallway, into that little closet, one sleeps – if one is one of the happy ones who could sleep. – Alas! but here no repetition was possible.]

Med disse Tanker gik jeg hjem. Mit Arbeidsbord var sat frem. Den Fløielslænestol existerede endnu. Men da jeg saa den, blev jeg saa forbittret, at jeg nær havde slaaet den i Stykker, saa meget mere som Alle i Huset vare gaaede i Seng, og Ingen kunde tage den bort. Hvad kan en Fløiels Lænestol hjælpe, naar den øvrige Omgivelse ikke svarer dertil, det er jo som om en Mand vilde gaae nøgen med Trekantethat paa. Da jeg var gaaet i Seng, uden at have haft en eneste fornuftig Tanke, var det saa lyst i Værelset, at jeg i eet væk saa den Fløielslænestol, deels vaagen, deels i Drømme, indtil jeg om Morgen stod op og gjorde Alvor af hvad jeg havde besluttet, at lade den henkaste i en Afkrog.

[With these thoughts I went home. My work-table was set out. That velvet armchair still existed. But when I saw it, I was so embittered that I had almost smashed it to pieces, all the more so as everyone in the house had gone to bed, and no one could take it away. What good is a velvet armchair when the rest of the surroundings do not correspond to it, it is as if a man wanted to walk naked with a triangle hat on? When I had gone to bed, without having had a single sensible thought, it was so bright in the room that I suddenly saw the velvet armchair, partly awake, partly in dreams, until in the morning I got up and made good on what I had decided, to let it be thrown into a corner.]

11.

.. - Venskabet; jeg holder idetmindste paa Kaffe. Maaskee var Kaffe ligesaa god som forrige Gang, man skulde næsten troe det, mig smagte den ikke. Solen brændte gloende paa Boutiquens Vinduer, Localet var qvalmt, omtrent som Luften i en Casserolle, ganske til at henkoges i; en Trækvind, der som en smal Passat gjennemborede Alt, forbød mig at tænke paa nogen Gjentakelse, selv om der ellers havde tilbudet sig Leilighed.

Ingen undgik min Opmærksomhed, jeg rykkede som Proserpina et Haar af hvert Hoved, endog af de skaldede. – Det var aldeles det Samme, de samme Vittigheder, de samme Høfligheder, den samme Deeltagelse, Localet aldeles det samme – kort det Samme i det Samme. Salomon siger, at en Qvindes Trætte er som Tagdryp, hvad mon han vilde sige om dette Stilleben. Forfærdelige Tanke, her var en Gjentakelse mulig.

[.. - Friendship; at least I'll hold on to the coffee. Perhaps the coffee was just as good as the last time, one would almost think so, I didn't taste it. The sun burned glowing on the windows of the boutique, the room was nauseating, almost like the air in a casserole, quite enough to be pecked in; a draught woman who, like a narrow passat, pierced everything, forbade me to think of any repetition, even if an opportunity had otherwise presented itself. No one escaped my attention, I pulled a hair off each head like proserpina, even of the bald ones. It was exactly the same, the same jokes, the same courtesies, the same participation, the locality exactly the same – in short, the same in the same. Solomon says that a woman's weariness is like a drip from the roof, whatever he would say about this still life. Terrible thought, here a repetition was possible.]

12.

.. Da dette havde gjentaaget sig nogle Dage, blev jeg saa forbittret, saa kjed af Gjentakelsen, at jeg besluttede at reise hjem igjen. Min Opdagelse var ikke betydelig og dog var den besynderlig; thi jeg havde opdaget, at Gjentakelsen slet ikke var til, og det havde jeg forviset mig om, ved paa alle mulige Maader at faae det gjentaaget.

[.. When this had repeated itself for a few days, I became so embittered, so bored with the repetition, that I decided to go home again. My discovery was not significant, and yet it was strange; for I had discovered that the repetition did not exist at all, and I had ascertained this by having it repeated in every possible way.]

.. Her sidder jeg. Paa Uskyldigheden? som det hedder i Tyvesproget; eller paa Kongens Naade? Jeg veed det ikke; kun det veed jeg, at jeg sidder, og at jeg ikke rører mig af Stedet. Her staaer jeg, paa Spidsen eller ved Foden? det veed jeg ikke; kun det veed jeg, at jeg staaer og staaer suspenso gradu nu i en heel Maaned, uden at trække Foden til mig eller gjøre en eneste Bevægelse.

Jeg venter paa et Tordenveir – og paa Gjentagelsen. Og dog, naar blot Tordenveiret kommer, allerede dermed er jeg glad og ubeskrivelig salig, selv om min Dom blev, at ingen Gjentagelse var mulig.

[.. Here I sit. On innocence? as it is called in the language of thieves; or on the king's grace? I do not know; only that I know that I am sitting, and that I am not moving from the place. Here am I standing, on the tip or at the foot? I do not know; only that I know that I am standing and standing suspenso gradu now for a whole month, without drawing my foot to me or making a single movement. I am waiting for a thunderstorm – and for the repetition. And yet, as long as the thunderstorm comes, I am happy and indescribably blessed, even though my judgment was that no repetition was possible.]

.. Paa den ene Side staaer Undtagelsen, paa den anden Side det Almene, og Striden selv er en underlig Conflict mellem det Almenes Vrede og Utaalmodighed over al det Spektakel, Undtagelsen volder, og dets forelskte Forkjærlighed for Undtagelsen; thi det Almene glæder sig dog til syvende og sidst ligesaa meget over en Undtagelse, som Himlen over en Synder, der omvender sig, fremfor over 99 Retfærdige. Paa den anden Side kæmper Undtagelsens Opsætsighed og Trods, dens Svaghed og Sygelighed. Det Hele er en Brydning, i hvilken det Almene bryder med Undtagelsen, brydes med den i Strid, og styrker den ved denne Brydning. Kan Undtagelsen ikke holde Nøden ud, saa hjælper det Almene den ikke, ligesaa lidt som Himlen hjælper en Synder, der ikke kan udholde Angerens Smerte. Den energiske og sluttede Undtagelse, der, skjønt i Strid med det Almene, dog er et Rodskud af dette, den bevarer sig. Forholdet er dette. Undtagelsen tænker tillige det Almene, idet den gennemtænker sig selv, den virker for det Almene, idet den gennemvirker sig selv, den forklarer det Almene, idet den forklarer sig selv. Undtagelsen forklarer altsaa det Almene og sig selv, og naar man ret vil studere det Almene, behøver man blot at see sig om en berettiget Undtagelse; den udviser Alt langt tydeligere end det Almene selv. Den berettigede Undtagelse er forsonet i det Almene; det Almene er fra Grunden af polemisk imod Undtagelsen; thi sin Forkjærlighed vil det ikke lade sig mærke med, førend Undtagelsen tvinger det til ligesom at tilstaae det. Har Undtagelsen ikke denne Magt, er den ikke berettiget, og derfor er det meget klogt af det Almene ikke at lade sig mærke med Noget for tidligt. Naar Himlen elsker en Synder mere end 99 Retfærdige, da veed Synderen det saavist ikke fra Begyndelsen af; tvertimod han fornemmer kun Himlens Vrede, indtil han tilsidst ligesom nødsager Himlen til at rykke ud med Sproget.

[. On the one hand stands the exception, on the other hand the general /(ordinary), and the controversy itself is a strange conflict between the anger and impatience of the common people for all the fuss caused by the exception and its infatuated fondness for the exception; for in the final analysis, however, the common good rejoices as much in an exception as heaven in a sinner who repents than in the 99 righteous people. On the other hand, the rebelliousness and defiance of the exception, its weakness and sickness, struggle. The whole is a rupture in which the general breaks with the exception, breaks with it in strife, and strengthens it by this rupture. If the exception cannot endure the need, then the general does not help it, any more than heaven helps a sinner who cannot endure the pain of repentance. The energetic and closed exception, which, though contrary to the universal, is nevertheless a root of this, it preserves. The relationship is this. The exception also thinks of the general, thinking through itself, it works for the general, it works for the general, because it works for itself, it explains the general, because it explains itself. The exception, therefore, explains the general and itself, and if one wants to

study the general in a right, one has only to look for a justified exception; it shows everything far more clearly than the general itself. The justified exception is reconciled in the general; the general is polemically opposed to the exception from the ground up; for it will not notice its love until the exception compels it to confess it. If the exception does not have this power, it is not justified, and therefore it is very wise of the general not to let itself be noticed too soon. If heaven loves a sinner more than 99 righteous, then the sinner certainly does not know it from the beginning; on the contrary, he only senses the wrath of heaven, until at last, as it were, he compels heaven to move out with the language.]

15.

I Tidens Længde bliver man kjed af den evindelige Passiar om det Almene og det Almene, der gjentages til den kjedsommeligste Fadhed. Der er Undtagelser til. Kan man ikke forklare dem, kan man heller ikke forklare det Almene. Man mærker i Almindelighed ikke Vanskeligheden, fordi man end ikke tænker det Almene med Lidenskab, men med en magelig Overfladiskhed. Undtagelsen derimod tænker det Almene med energisk Lidenskab.

[In the course of time one becomes bored with the eternal passage about the general /(ordinary) and the general, which is repeated to the most tedious stupidity. There are exceptions to this. If one cannot explain them, one cannot explain the general either. One does not generally feel the difficulty, because one does not even think of the general with passion, but with a leisurely superficiality. The exception, on the other hand, thinks of the general with energetic passion.]

16.

Dette var en Misforstaaelse, som jeg har foranlediget, for ogsaa paa denne Maade at bringe ham frem. Enhver Bevægelse, jeg har gjort, er blot for at belyse ham; jeg har bestandig haft ham in *mente*,..... Selv hvor Spøgen og Kaadheden synes at tumle sig aldeles hensynløs, er der et Hensyn til ham, selv hvor Alt ender i Tungsind, er der et vink om ham, om en Tilstand i ham. Af den Grund foregaa alle Bevægelser reent lyrisk, og hvad jeg siger, det skal man dunkelt forstaa i ham eller man skal ved hvad jeg siger bedre forstaae ham.

[This was a misunderstanding which I have caused in order to bring him forward. Every movement I have made is only to illuminate him; I have always had him in mind,..... Even when the joke and the misery seem to be completely ruthless, there is a consideration for him, even when everything ends in gloom, there is a hint about him, of a state in him. For this reason all movements are purely lyrical, and what I say must be dimly understood in him, or one must through what I say better understand him.]

17.

En Digters Liv begynder i Strid med hele Tilværelsen, det gjælder om at finde en Beroligelse eller en Berettigelse; thi i den første Strid maa han altid tabe, og vil han strax seire, da er han uberettiget. Min Digter finder nu en Berettigelse, netop derved at Tilværelsen absolverer ham i det Øieblik, da han vil ligesom tilintetgjøre sig selv. ...

[A poet's life begins in conflict with the whole of existence, it is a question of finding a reassurance or a justification; for in the first battle he must always lose, and if he wants to win immediately, then he is unjustified. My poet now finds a justification, precisely because existence absolves him at the moment when he wants to destroy himself. ...]

18.

I samme Øieblik var det hele Spørgsmaal om Endeligheden bragt i Indifferens; den egentlige Virkelighed vilde i dybere Forstand hverken gjøre ham fra eller til. Han havde da udtømt Alt hvad der laa i hiin Begivenhed af forfærdelig Conseqvents. Om Virkeligheden viste sig anderledes, forandrede ham væsentlig Intet, ligesaa lidet som, hvis det Værste var indtraadt, dette væsentlig havde forfærdet ham mere end det allerede havde gjort: Han vilde da med religiues Frygt og Bæven, men ogsaa med Tro og Tillid forstaa, hvad han havde gjort fra først af, og hvad han i Conseqvents deraf var forpligtet til at gøre senere, selv om denne Forpligtelse foranledigede det Besynderlige. ... For det unge Menneske er det netop som Digter characteristisk, at han aldrig ret kan komme paa det Klare om, hvad han har gjort, netop fordi han i det Udvortes og Synlige baade vil se det og ikke se det, eller i det Udvortes og Synlige vil see det, og derfor baade vil se det og ikke vil se det.

[At the same moment the whole question of finality was brought into indifference; The real reality would, in a deeper sense, neither make him a difference. He had then exhausted everything that lay in this event of terrible consequence. If reality turned out differently, it changed essentially nothing, just as little as, if the worst had occurred, this essential thing would have terrified him more than it had already done: he would then understand with religious fear and trembling, but also with faith and trust, what he had done from the beginning, and what he was obliged to do later. even though this obligation caused the strange. .. For the young person it is precisely as a poet characteristic that he can never really come to terms with what he has done, precisely because he wants to see it both externally and visibly and not see it, or in the external and visible he wants to see it, and therefore both wants to see it and does not want to see it.]