

MICHAEL Why? So we can leave?

—• 8 •—

1940-43. AGNETE on the playhouse stage, reading from her notebook.

AGNETE I opened the daily newspaper to page three, to see if the Mrs. and Miss column might have a smart idea. The questions women ask! Can a woman work in an office when she has become a mother-in-law considering her son-in-law works in the same office on minimum wages? Can she walk in Bishop's Square with shoes that are too small and silk stockings when there's a good foot of water? Answer, reader: there's not a thing a woman can't do. She can exchange a sparrow for a duck. And she can walk to her grave as the Madonna though she has twins. And she can tell a man that she prefers love over money.

But can a woman dance the Charleston while she's breast-feeding? Would she risk that the milk became butter? Can she relax at Marie Christensen's all day long and eat fatty cakes when she wants to be skinny as a rail? Should she ask for tea when it's really coffee she wants? Can she go sledding wearing a skirt, or should she wear trousers? (Why not ask: Can she go skiing at the Eagle's Nest?) And can she go to a costume party the same day she's doing the laundry? And can she pretend to be Venus when she's 110 kilos? And is she dumb and unsure because she's forgotten her age? And can she make applesauce if her pears are a little soft? Answer, reader: there's not a thing a woman can't do.

It's said that one lunatic can ask more than ten of the country's wisest trolls can answer, and I can see that old truth still applies in the "Mrs. and Miss" column in the daily newspaper. Can a woman walk home alone when she lives at the Magdalena home? And can she hold her head high if she prefers to nurse her own children? And will she have the same luck in love as her mother who was divorced as late

as last year? Answer, reader: in all the hours of the day and night she can swing her hips and even if she has turned 100 and still prefers to have a boy's haircut and she wears dresses that barely reach the knee though her ankles are as big as an elephant's thigh, there isn't a thing a woman can't do.

—• 9 •—

Summer 1943. MADS on the phone in his office. He is tense.

MADS What?... No, I don't have any details. We shouldn't talk any more.... That information's a little more difficult to get now, perhaps you've noticed?... No, look, I don't want to talk to you... I'll send my girl to your office, I don't want to talk any more. (*AGNETE enters.*) What? Ruth is her name. I'll send her to you.... Yes, and my best to your wife.... Hi-hi. (*bangs up, then to AGNETE*) You're Ruth.

AGNETE Alright.

MADS I have to send you to Århus.

AGNETE I'm ready.

MADS Does "Ruth" suit you? My wife usually picks the names. (*AGNETE sbrugs, it's only a name.*) I'm sending Morten to Copenhagen.

AGNETE Do you want me to go?

MADS No, I'm sending Morten. His papers are made already.

AGNETE I see.

MADS Let's meet at Helga's tonight, while we're still allowed private functions.

- MICHAEL** Maybe you should just concentrate on your poems. Forget this other stuff.
- AGNETE** I can type and be pregnant at the same time, Michael. I'm an amazing woman. (*indicating the next scrap MICHAEL holds up*) I didn't even have a pencil when I wrote that one. Just a needle.
- MICHAEL** And what for ink?
- AGNETE** Soot. From the chimneys. Look – here's a better one. (*reads*)
Do you remember when we celebrated Christmas with stories and children and stars?
The party's over now but the memory haunts me still—
here, in the darkest corner – my own worst enemy.
My ear hears prayers in every language;
and all the dirt of the world is in front of my eye.
Happy Christmas – we had cabbage to eat today!
Tonight there'll be a mad rush to our pigsty, the toilet.
By the sink lies a dead body we're all getting used to the sight and stink of.
And while people scream and fight and steal what they can from others—
A child is born, but not for us.
Hallelujah, it is Christmas.

— • 18 • —

Christmas 1962. BENTE's living room. BENTE reads from a book.

- BENTE** (*overlapping from previous scene*)
A child is born, but not for us.
Hallelujah, it is Christmas.
(*closes the book*)
I remember Nete told some of those old stories from the playhouse, Michael. Some of those funny ones? And a French woman sang a song. And a group of Polish women did a sort of ballet – it was very beautiful. We knew we'd be flogged if we were caught, but we did it anyway.

- HELGA** Sounds unpleasant.
- BENTE** What did you and Helga do that Christmas, Michael?
- MICHAEL** We only had turnips and salami. But we never ran out of beer, as I recall.
- BENTE** Did you say *skål* with the group? Mads? Even though Nete and I couldn't be here with you?
- MADS** No, I was in hiding by then.
- BENTE** Oh. You never told me that.
- MADS** It had to be the five of us, anyway. That was the deal. I still don't know how we all survived.
- MICHAEL** We lost Agnete, didn't we?
- MADS** Sure, one of us is dead fifteen years later. We'll all die eventually, Michael.
- BENTE** I know what he means. It's like she died in the war.
As AGNETE, noticeably pregnant, waits at a bus stop...
- MADS** She should never have had that boy.
- BENTE** Well! I refuse to be sad and depressed! It's 1962, not 1942, and I'm not going to worry about that stupid war any more.
- MICHAEL** Let's worry about the next one then. Think we'll survive this next one, Mads?
- BENTE** Thank goodness we'll never have those awful things in Denmark. Those awful bombs.
- MICHAEL** Well I'll drink to that, Bente—
- BENTE** Yes! (*but there's nothing left to drink*)

- AGNETE** As soon as you put it on paper it looks worse.
- WORKER** It looks like you were escorted from the gift shop.
- AGNETE** It wasn't that at all. See? The paper makes it worse.
- WORKER** Tell me, then. We let Søren come home for Easter and what happened?
- AGNETE** We went to Elsinore to see the open-air *Hamlet* they do there. Should have known there'd be nothing but tourists.
- TOURIST** Oh, well pardon me! "People don't live in ghettos in the magical fairytale land of Denmark. We're far too civilized here!" You Danes! You're the ones who think you're better than everyone else. Live next door to whoever you want. I hope you enjoy it. Live with queers if you want, I don't care. And keep riding your bicycles around. Like children! It makes no difference to the rest of us, believe me.
- WORKER** So you attacked him?
- AGNETE** Not exactly.
- WORKER** Well, we've all been irritated by tourists. But this happened in front of Søren, which is my concern. (*paperwork*) We're also concerned about some of your letters.
- AGNETE** You read my letters?
- WORKER** (*shuffle*) Some of these poems you sent him? What's this one about? A dead body? It's not very nice, is it?
- AGNETE** It's only a poem.
- WORKER** Read this one.
- AGNETE** I've read them already.
- WORKER** I want you to read it, please.

- AGNETE** (*takes the page, reads*)
 Maybe they're right – maybe we are morally lax.
 Maybe it's great fun to refuse us cleanliness and food
 till it stinks from clothing, bunk and body.
 Or go hunting at night for the guards' chosen
 prisoner,
 Or figure out who next is going to benefit from the
 gas.
 Maybe it's entirely right to force us to watch a child
 be cemented,
 screaming, into a wall, and his mother be flogged
 for wailing.
 Maybe one enjoys one's well-being intensely
 when one has time to beat someone to death
 before the dinner bell.
 Maybe the sound of a board against meat till you can
 hear the bones crack
 is the best sound of all and humanity is just a
 word.
 Maybe we should all try it once.
 (*looks up at the homemaker*) So? It's only a poem.
- WORKER** And Søren's only a seven-year-old boy! It would
 frighten him to read these. Graphic descriptions,
 sexual torture, rotting bodies. I'm sorry if any of it's
 true, but it's certainly too frightening for him. Please
 don't send any more.
- AGNETE** Don't send letters?
- WORKER** Holiday greetings would be alright. Or a postcard
 might be more appropriate.
- AGNETE** May I take them? Can I have my letters?
- WORKER** Oh no, they have to stay in our files.

Denne Bog maa ikke lægges ud.

Denne Bog maa ikke anbefales til andre.

R U S K

O M

S N U S K

Der maa ikke læses højt af denne Bog.

Man maa ikke le, naar man læser i denne Bog.

Man maa ikke kommentere noget i denne Bog.

Denne Bog maa ikke laenes ud.
This book may not be borrowed.

Denne Bog maa ikke anbefales til andre.
This book must not be recommended to others.

R U S K
Filth

O M
of

S N U S K
Filth

Der maa ikke læses højt af denne Bog.
This book may not be read aloud.

Man maa ikke le, naar man læser i denne Bog.
One must not play when reading this book.

Man maa ikke kommentere noget i denne Bog.
You must not comment on anything in this book.

Bajersprutten.

1. Aarg.

1927.

Kunstforlaget

„Aa Ka“

Medlemmer af den verdensomspændende
forening „Bajeren“, herhved Fornøjelsen
afsendende 1. Nummer af „Bajersprættene“.

Dad det er det første for sig, vi går i den
Retning, beder vi om læserens Velvillie og
Overbærenhed.

Virket er fremstillet og mangfoldiggjort
paa „Adams“ store Trykkeri.

„Aa Ka“



Por Finna den sode mad
via'le la' Haltena
to sværret kan nu på vej
til Kanada.

De Bajeran "fikke",

pa "fue kaje"

de andre udbrød:

eje, eja!!!

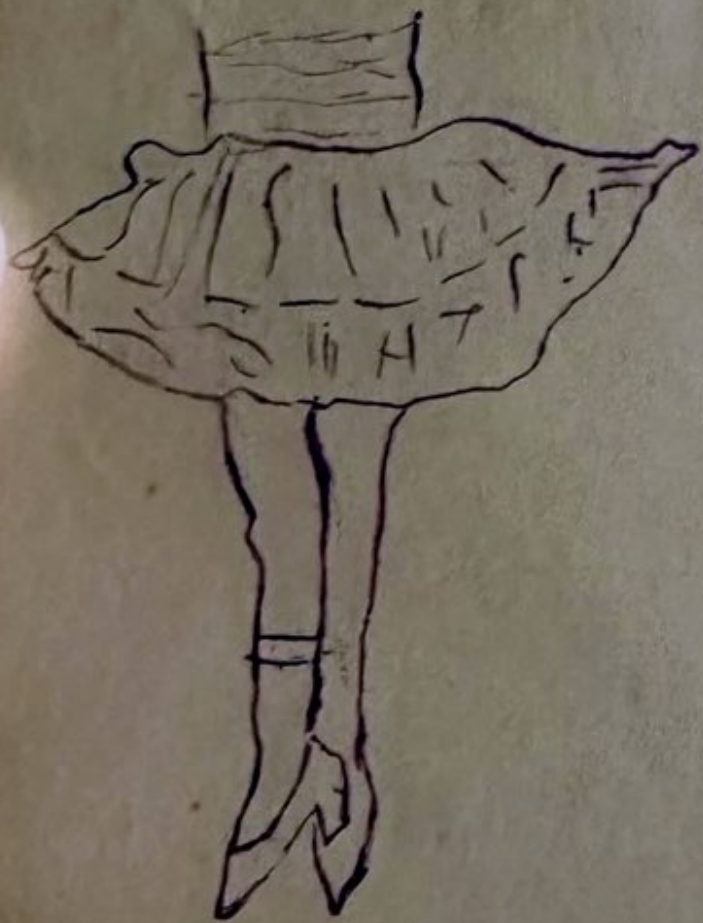




Empiretiden Tutre presenterer

hun var dertit udmerket

kvalificeret.



Se Tytte var saa "væn-
en Maar"

som Pirette med Tyll
og Pagehaar.

Jeg tror jeg skal en lille tur til Skovskov



D A M E R I P E L S

Damer i Pels - I paa Bilernes Sæder,
lænet tilbage i Hynder saa bløde,
klædt elegant i de dyreste Klæder,
pyntet med Smykker, mens vi mangler Føde.
Damer i Pels.

Damer i Pels. Lad kun Læberne kruse
haanligt, mens I mine Klæder betragter.
Pels har jeg ikke - mit Skørt og min Bluse,
sy t af mig selv, har et Snit, I foragter.
Damer i Pels.

Damer i Pels. Vi har hver sine Glæder.
I holder Søndag med Pelsen og Kjolen.
Jeg ta r min Cykel og praktiske Klæder,
ler til Naturen og Blæsten og Solen.
Damer i Pels.

Damer i Pels, jeg misunder jer ikke.
Mens jeres Luksusdyr larmer forbi mig,
smiler jeg ad jeres spottende Blikke,
for som jeg er, kan min Kærest nu li' mig.
Damer i Pels.

NETE OTTOSEN

En anden er der, som i Glas & Læder gør
det erfornsten underligt, han tør
ikke Husmoder Klubben ej heller mangler
under rigtig kan lege med Børn og Rangler,
Tilbage har vi nu kun to Møder,
den ene tænker på at blive Massør
ne, det er sands, han vil Folk i Munden
derfor mere man først til ^{rage}
I den sidste Hovedstaden drage
paa et Kontor han sidder i Lænke,
han leder ofte sine Tanker gaa
hen til alle, som maa
gøre lige, hvad de vil. !!!

"Bejersprutten"