

In Kolding Father is sensing yet another end, he has been for years, and eventually he'll be right. He is lecturing me on his childhood holding a Friesen Lolly to the light, studying this North-German anachronism intently, looking for answers in its wrinkled chocolate texture. He tells me he is on to something, a forgotten impulse that can only be accessed through the consumption of candy in quantities that I might not approve of. He must indulge, he tells me.

The night before leaving for Flensburg we're watching Demolition Man. Father is right in the pocket, he's pulled out the good 4 mg mint Nicotinell after devouring a packet of Helgoländer Doppelschnitten, rofling along as Sylvester Stallone and Wesley Snipes are blowing up a stale technocratic future. He turns to me:

“Son, do you understand that Schleswig-Holstein in its totality forms a subconscious territory which can never really surface, not in the mind of the Danish nor the German, that it is a center from which energy pulsates in all directions, without which our brothers and sisters would be inanimate. Sometimes when I'm lying here I can feel the current of time, this couch is a junction of past and future, at times I'm transported but I do not understand what I see. Son, you're mixed up, you don't know Flensburg as I do yet it is at the center of you're being, you've taken on my burden but tomorrow we will go and say goodbye, my brother has died and so our last ties to Flensburg have been severed. I am at once Sylvester Stallone and Wesley Snipes and you're the camera son, tomorrow we will blow up Flensburg and it will be for the better.”

We cross the border giggling, blowing bubbles of copium flavored Nicotinell and who knows, maybe this infantile cigarette surrogate will help us move on. Although I can't help but wonder about my future. I know Father's machinations won't bring about clarity but I do enjoy it, letting myself go, being driven around, especially sitting in the back while he talks. I know this can't go on forever but I'm tempted to stay with Father, we could keep chasing the dragon together, just for a little while longer. And something does happen to his German brain when he's driving: One must listen carefully to his ramblings, patiently wait for the gate to open at which point German and Danish mix into one brilliant chimera. But only for a short while and one must be careful in one's promptings, he easily loses track and his digressions are tedious.

