



Andy Hausers tale til Kulturmødet

Taler

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Oversætter, spildesigner og
fantasy-forfatter

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Sted

Folkescenen, Kulturmødet, Mors

1 **Part 1**

A leaf falls from a tree.

5 A boy walks by, coming home from school, shoulders down, exhausted.

He doesn't see the leaf.

To him, a leaf is... just a leaf—and leaves fall all the time.

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He lives his life like this—walking past the tree, day after day, somewhat aware of its existence but unconscious in his relation to it.

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But that tree is magical.

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He doesn't know it yet, but that tree is not supposed to wither.

Its leaves are not supposed to fall.

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Part 2

I was in my early teens when my mother took me out of school for a few months.

35 Every morning I would get tics that escalated into epileptic seizures. I would scream uncontrollably, as loud as my body allowed me, and I would push my hands into my head, cramping until I fell down on the floor.

40 I had episodes where I couldn't remember my name or how to do basic functions, like walking or urinating; all I could remember

was the fact that my mother was
45 indeed my mother.

50 My mind had disassociated itself from the world because I couldn't see my tree. I couldn't see that my leaves were falling.

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But I had music.

I've always been drumming; playing on the kit and various hand drums, on
60 furniture, on my body.

I didn't know it then, but now I see that this was my way of voicing how I felt.

My frustrations.

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My sadness.

Anger.

My artistic outlet could have been dance, or weaving, or sculpting with clay.

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It could have been a martial art, table tennis, or the art of public speaking.

But my body chose drumming.

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The psychological breakdowns I experienced continued in some form or another up until my early twenties, but giving myself to the arts—to music, to writing—as a guest and as an artist—has saved my life.

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90 Because three years ago, when I broke down again, with depression, with suicidal tendencies, my body chose writing, and so I started writing a novel,

and never in my life

95 have I felt

more at home.

More at peace.

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Drumming and listening to music allowed me to hear the leaves in the wind.

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Reading and writing brings them to light, so I can see them falling.

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Part 3

A boy discovers magic;

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in music;

in words;

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in paint.

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He approaches the canvas, dips his brush in color, and he paints a tree.

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It's a tree he knows well—a tree he walks by on his way home from school—and even though he doesn't quite remember what the tree looks like, he paints a leaf, falling.

And this time he sees it.

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Kilde

Manuskript tilsendt af taler

Kildetype

Digitalt manuskript

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URI

<https://www.dansketaler.dk/tale/andy-hausers-tale-til-kulturmodet>

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