

The Beardman from Varde
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676-020

1
Once upon a time there was a man who didn't know what to do, so he sat down and developed a beard. He was a charming man, though, with a proper home. Things had their fixed places. There was cosiness too. Three minutes every night they would cosy it up by stroking each other on both arms. It tickled, and none of them would know who tickled whom. Oh, it was so amusing.

It was a shame how wrong it all went.

2
Look at the state of you!

3
You've grown an ugly, ugly beard that in places smells like dog and baked rat and one of those hair dryers where the power has been left on and therefore has started to smell!

I have?

Yes, and because you've grown a beard we are never again going to be cosy!

4
He wanted to take it off so they could be cosy again, but the razor was stuck. Instead he walked into the living room and sat down and grew more beard.

The beard got nastier and nastier.
It got it in the food.

5
It got to the wife when she was asleep, and looked at her through the cooker hood. Even the carpet was slowly beardified.

If you won't get rid of it you'll have to leave

...

Get lost, you nitwit!
The man got up in despair
Surely I'm still a dapper dancer?
Get lost

And so the man withdrew his thumbs, into his pockets,, in his ears, down his wallet, away in his mouth
and left

6
In the bar
'Evening, gov. What'll it be?

Soda water, please
You don't drink soda water in hairy dives, sir.

What do you drink then?

Beard toddies, shaken moustache, vandyke vodka, butthair snifter, swindler stubble with Italian smile, whatever u like, just not soda water.

8
Skipper smiled and made him a butthair snifter secundum artem:

9
I know you. You're the Beardman from Varde!?

Certainly not. I've only played the lottery a bit

Sure, you're the guy who grows the long, long beard in despair over his boring world

Relax, lower your shoulders, come on!

10
The Hairy Dive
Skipper's
Open from 06 till 06, including bang hole days

And then Skipper introduced the little beardman to a host of strange characters who like him had ended up in the hairy part of town:

There's the guy who believes he's Mickey Mouse without being it. And that woman there is a water lily with surrounding lake. There's the moon with stubble over the water. A nice guy, he smokes cigar pipe. And there's the man who's a ballpoint pen from the Tivoli Revue. When he stands on his head, the pants come off the lady. And there is Miss Maya, the soothsayer, who suffers from visioins on behalf of humanity. She has no crystal ball, she looks into her movable cow's ox-eyes...

12
Come inside, skiper. I see you're bringing company. He looks tense.

Here's a pick me up... fear not the waves, fear not, splash!
It's perfectly natural.

13
You have not one but 1000. I see a yellow aura and purple.

You are going on a journey with a ship, you are to find your own essence
Do I have an essence?

Ox-eyes good as well as evil
Go, now
The ship awaits

14

Set the studding sail, men! Set the jib!
Lower the keel shoot the bulkhead fix the
square move the movie fax the speed
onwards!

Er what?

It's just something I have to say,
Beardman. It's poetry.

15

Now followed a very very long and
enervating, enriching, challenging,
charismatic, (eco-real) lovely journey.
They saw some dolphins reflecting in the
surface and immediately the beardman
shouted – I've grown! They saw thunder
and a tsunami that knocked over 30 Easter
eggs on land. And immediately the
beardman cried. I have suffered, I have
cried, but I have become a new person.
Night fell, and it was a new day, and the
sun and moon looked more and more like
a Turkish green grocer whistling in a dirty
manner at the other celestial bodies.
Immediately the beardman wanted to
fight. At one point he rode waterskis after
the ship, he had tied his beard and did
some marvelous jumps up a set of stairs
that came and went. There was a time too
when they just ate tinned food. They came
past an island where there were only
wrestlers and other gymnasts, and
immediately the beardman felt a need to
skip and jump in assymmetric bars in his
beard. Now I am holistically hole.

16

Look, I'm a kind of Bulgarian wrestler.
I've done quantum leaps, sportwise.
I see.

18

Now two years passed during which he
battled a cyclops who was already blind. It
ended with him getting him enrolled in the
Danish Association of the Blind.

Thanks for your help, Beardman.
Without you I'd still be messing around on
Lesbos, looking like an ugly mythological
thing.

21

One night it got dead quiet. They had
come to a ravine between two enormous
rocks. The beardman exulted. Still he
wanted to go home.

But I don't know anyone here... are
there ever any ferries going back?

No. But if we're lucky, the Ørestaden
region will spread here, and they'll extend
the metro.

22

People live in great big drums so that
they're never apart but are kneaded every
day and night in closet dry and so on. The
beardman from Varde came home now
and again. Eg for Christmas.

Bio: Rikke Villadsen (b. 1976) draws and
thanks Robert Crumb, Rasmus Klump,
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Gassi Bøh for what I have stolen. Jens
Blendstrup (b. 1968) author and Frode in
Frodegruppen 40. Latest depression 2007.

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