

III

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Fell all the trees that stand in Nørre Allé.
Those we have been worst towards we cannot
anyway bring ourselves to forgive. And what
is more they will soon become invisible

because of car fumes and other forms of pollution.
The trees, our old friends that are full of
the sun's cycle spokes and the dizzying
ivory of the last birds' flight feathers,

just let them meet the chain-saw while they yet
are greener than death is, while they still bear
the immense weight of the sky on their sturdy

axis. And let them completely forget
about us, the great annihilators,
who preferred motorways to miracles.

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In Ravnsborggade the social security
office lies yellow like a winter apple.
Today I am wearing my army cap
and am feeling fine, newly shaved and steady

of gaze. There are no problems that beset me.
After a ten-minute conversation
about Hölderlin, Novalis and Rilke
with the social adviser he routinely

approves the usual amount and then throws
in eight hundred kroner extra for me to
buy a new bed. It's an excellent institution,

I openly admit. But God knows
how things will actually go for one who
doesn't know his German poets quite like me?

Yes, and you too Stengade are an extension of the spine: old reflexes for long-forgotten pyromaniac fires come again into view with the sooty ribs of dinosaurs,

when I pick my way through your worldliness, the filth of your middle ages in order to find the just the one trace that oversteps the emblem of what is necessary,

a single sign of loving-kindness. But on the stones conglomerate under the crossed-laid bones of the moon, only the shafts

of the staircases play the roles allotted to them: to function as a kind of pissoir and a hiding place for child molesters.

There are puddles in Mimersgade. That is obvious, but there is no wisdom, no sensitivity in the never-ending rows of kerbstones. And I stand there acting as though

it isn't me who is contemplating the lunar landscapes of the dairies in front of me as well as the cycle dealers' glass of carnations, as though my hand is not discreetly

attempting to iron the sunspots from my forehead, as though it isn't my knee that loudly creaks at every step I take, not so as

to make myself invisible, but so as to try out another angle, one that produces a new way of seeing the world.

That was heart failure number four, says the
hot-dog man as the ambulance whines past. The
sirens have that particular sound when it
is heart patients they're taking, he adds this bit

of choice information in a laconic way.
I stare through the grey and dismal weather a
cross to the place where I was once born. Today
the building lies moored like some huge aircraft car

rier rocking gently on the tide of the
day. I only hope I don't end up there on
the national hospital's tenth floor behind a

screen or bathed in a carbon-arc light, I think
and quickly order a hot dog with raw on
ion on top and too a fizzy orange drink.

Please excuse me for Blegdamsvej detaining
me slightly, but here as mentioned I came in
to the world with a plum-coloured scar staining
my neck from my mother's pubis, a long thin

red line to remind me of the pain of life.
The sun stood in the second house in Sagit
tarius, Mars in the ascendant, Pluto in
midheaven as certain signs of long battles.

I had almost been choked in a fit of
rage I gave my surroundings a wrathful
look, I have subsequently been told, but in

spite of these highly impropitious omens,
here I now stand forty years later with a
hot dog in the one hand taking stock of things.

I return home from Hillerødgade
 with a medicine smell in my hair, a cer-
 tain whiff of pills and suicide from the
 NOVO crematoriums, back to rooms where

you are waiting for me with your chanter
 elle mushrooms, marked with the thoughts of death and de-
 feat that I have always been. I enter our
 home with lungs that are black with stress and I hope

that you, my beloved, will welcome me back
 yet one more time and will say something bland
 or completely banal to me as: I love

you. And I hope that you will moreover come
 towards me wearing a nightdress that is black
 with a burning branch of thornbush in your hand.

Nørrebrogade: a black milky way,
 a brocade of sleep and broken glass, chalk lines
 that lead to Hell, cigarette ends, ace of spades
 of nails, triumphal avenue, an inland

sea of kerbstones, or put in another way:
 star cylinder, evening turbine, silver ma-
 chine in the depths of the subconscious, a
 rock'n roll alphabet, go-go table, an end

less strip-tease of cotton commodities, the
 last arcana, the very first hours of ever-
 y spring, the northern trident and crown, an

asbestos heart, a coupling for violence and
 pain, integral of poverty, Toyota
 nerve, over-sensitivity's swastika.

In Ågade two elderly ladies were
 shot at the other day with air pistols from
 a skylight window. But why should that be a
 ny more unusual than the peace reigning

in Gentofte. There people say: would you be
 so kind, here: shut your face! – It means roughly the
 same but played in different keys. There it's poss
 ible to see the Great Bear so distinctly

over the Sound that you could trace it, here be
 hind a gauze-like mist between the factories'
 towers of Babel, but it is the same sky.

There people make use of money where here they
 use violence to express themselves but it is
 still the same people who are behind the hands.

I suddenly get the urge to go over
 to Vermundsgade at two o'clock at night.
 It is mauve under the quartz lighting like a
 nervous breakdown. This is where the data

terminal of the Computer Institute
 lies like the outermost cerebral cort
 ex, where all my remains of poems come from.
 A sick eleison in the Western world.

The most literal of my poems: refuse,
 the expenses that have to be borne if one
 does not want to be recognised if one does

does not understand exactly as in so
 ciety: truth as it is reflected (po
 llution) one pretends that one cannot see.

The Sortedamsøen lake reflects the stars
to death, and in *that* light I stand and hardly
know what I am to do with my thoughts. Will they
resist the pressure exerted by the mighty

winds of truth that today are blowing from the
east with a banner of smoke from Svanemøl
leværket mill, or will they maybe wander
off and get lost in new illusions and in

new excuses for a democracy that
just exists for those who are well-established?
I uncover my head, bang my knee against

a red star and say this prayer: dear God may
your finger like a bolt of lightning strike down
in the midst of this silent hypocrisy.

Borup Allé also belongs to Nørre
bro, despite the fact that it is only a
bout as long as a cycle's red inner tube.
Should we find an apartment there with all the

accessories, my beloved, I mean with
a Roman bath and elevator, central
heating and strange niches with rose-patterned wall
paper where I can place a bust of Shel

ley. For it is all over for us here now.
After six years we have worn each other and
the carpets out. Should we perhaps try a third

possibility altogether with French
doors, open fireplace and balcony, where you
could get a chance to air your aggressions?

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Today I'm measuring all of Tagensvej
foot by foot, paving stone by paving stone (with
out treading on a single crack). There were an
elder and two birds that interested me.

Apart from that just the usual: iron
mongers', cycle dealers' and chemists' shops with
white dust and various chemicals from the
urns. I did not get sun-burnt, nor did I get

any fresh air, but my anatomy may
possibly have benefited from the walk,
my muscles and my Achilles tendons. I

did not solve any world problems or earn a
ny money, but thought solely of you, my be
loved, almost to the point of having spleen.

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I know very well that I must stop feeding
the cats from Lille Fredensgade, if I
am not soon going to be considered some
sort of complete weirdo in a reserva

tion, someone completely cut off from human
emotions. But if you just once have looked a
wild cat straight in the eye on a winter's eve
ning, when the pupil gleams as red as the pla

net Mars in the dark, or in broad daylight, one
that is full of brass and jade, then you are lost.
For it is like looking at yourself, looking

your own genealogy straight in the eye.
And who in the world would desist from trying
to find food for himself and for his own?

I ride into the very last street in Nørrebro without any cycle lamps and with out a rose in my button-hole. There are no more blue illusions to be lost and there are

no more chalklines to be seen anywhere that divide the truth from the truth. One day you may well end up in such a side-street as this, where the chimney ruins of the moon form a com

plete and perfect backdrop to your own internal state of mind, a one-to-one isomorphism. But that is perhaps not something to

grieve over, for here as mentioned there is nothing for you to miss. One day you will also turn in to your own twilight Todesgade.

How will you solve the enigmas of practice when the redevelopment laws permit a moving back into the slum dwellings that have been designated unsuitable for hu

man habitation. The apartments where the windows of ideas are smashed and the floors of dreams are rotten and leaky, the backs of mirrors are green with rain. Unfortunate

*aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaddddddddddddeeee
 eeeffffffgggggggkkkmmmmmmnnnnnnrrrr
 rrrrrssssssstttttttvvvøøøååååå*

ly can you only lift a lily in defence against the politicians' injustice, you who only live in what is pure theory?

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You who only live in what is pure theory
with no connection to the reality
of the cemeteries or who sit in so-
called modernisation slums in other lo

cations, you have no right to determine if
people should be allowed to keep cats or fla
mingoes for that matter in their own apart
ments, you are not entitled to allevi

aaaaaaaaaaaadddeeeeeeeffffffggggggggg
gggooooooooopprrrrrrrrrrsss
sssvvvvvvvvxyyøøøøøøøøøøåååååååååå

ate your bad conscience with any coinci
dental, slipshod urban redevelopments
are they graffiti of hatred or of pain?

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Are they graffiti of hatred or of pain
the many words of abuse on Dronning Loui
ses Bro: lead-fascists lead-poisoners, written
in red lead and chromium oxide, so you

can see yourself at night. Thirty thousand cars
pass over this bridge between six and eight o'
clock in the evening. That amounts to one e
very other second. In the mountains deaths

written in red lead and chromium oxide
see see see see see see see see see see and and
car car car car car car car the the the the

are also marked in this quite special way as
in Nørrebro with the imaginary,
the chalk crosses that are daubed on all the walls

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The chalk crosses that are daubed on all the walls
are invisible as are the exhaust fumes
carbon monoxide or a sneaking cancer.
They do not originally come from a

Klee picture, but from the mind's own resources
from dreams without air and light, where only hem
lock flowers, from people without number and
without destination, without tulips and

barbed wire's barbed wire's barbed wire's barbed wire's
see see see see see see see see see see
barbed wire's also also also also also also

without sky, people only able to see
the fencing, the barbed wire and the restrictions
from the backyard ghetto with its open doors.

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From the backyard ghetto with its open doors
rises an all-pervading smell of fishcakes,
wet nappies, stubbed-out cigarettes and of fu
ture deliberate fires. No one composes

a haiku to a blackbird here. No one sees
death's yellow light under the autumn leaves, for
everything is grey: the sky, people's eyes and
their excrement. Is this then what you envy

rises an all-pervading smell of fishcakes
smell rises smell rises smell rises
they want they want they don't want and and and and

us, this what you want to stamp out, all you be
hind the seven yale locks of property rights?
Come and hear a drawn-out elegy of keys.

Come and hear a drawn-out elegy of keys
that rusted a long time ago and that no
longer fit the silver-paper heart of any
slum landlord or estate agent. There are still

eighteen thousand apartments ripe for rede-
velopment waiting for the Trojan horses
of the bulldozers and staggering blow of
the demolition ball. More than thirty thou

*come and hear come and hear come and hear come and
slum landlord slum landlord slum landlord slum landlord
Nørrebro and come and hear from from from from*

sand people are waiting yet again for news
from the authorities' tired wheel of fortune.
And drudgery hovers on its wing of sweat.

And drudgery hovers on its wing of sweat,
dark angels over the place of illnesses
that are marked by black dots on the flypaper
of the city map. 'I see, mr. urban

planner,' – I say, when with his stick he points out
certain insalubrious areas, well
aware of the fact that everything (in my
heart of hearts) will remain the same, that poli

*come and see come and see come and see
the illness the illness the illness the illness
frontal sinusitis illnesses illnesses*

ticians won't carry out a blind thing to re-
lieve arthritis or frontal sinusitis.
By pent-up fugginess fury is beset.

By pent-up fugginess fury is beset
 like blowflies held prisoners in a bottle.
 The police quell with a show of outstanding
 bravery ten minors and twenty mothers,

while Nørrebro's population is other
 wise characterised as a pack of rockers,
 communists and troublemakers from other
 parts of the city, because in anger they

layers layers layers layers layers layers layers layers layers
layers layers come and see come and see come and see
the fury the fury you you beset beset

use their fists as well as bottles to defend
 a single building site that is reflected
 in the cracked layers nameless facades' display

In the cracked layers nameless facades' display
 the black wills and testaments stand engraved: no
 thing to those left behind except for debt and
 the cause of class struggle. There's nothing left o

ver from the rich man's table: only oste
 oarthritis, eczema and welfare pay
 ments. Unfortunately, the director
 says behind his bourgogne glass but it's my res

class struggle class struggle class
struggle class struggle class struggle
class struggle class struggle class

ponsibility. We can't afford it. – The
 poor must pay the price, he goes on tacitly.
 Every morning the shadow draws the new day.

Every morning the shadow draws the new day
like a hopscotch figure of strange patterns where
the children hop around among probabil
ity's unlucky numbers of cars, the sud

den motorcycle of a lightning flash and
other extremely reliable methods
of death. – 'You paint an alarmist picture,' peo
ple say. Good! – I reply, God is not in high

*the devil god the devil god the devil
god the devil god the devil god
the devil god the devil god the devil*

favour here, (we're quite happy to hand him o
ver to Skovshoved Sogn) in this catacomb
brimful of smoke and crushed human dignity.

Brimful of smoke and crushed human dignity
are these areas behind the fencing of
propriety pasted over with Benne
weis circus posters and other obsceni

ties. 63% of the population are in fav
our of police's action against Byggeren,
we are informed in the Gallup survey. That
must be the segment that has never been class

*that must be the segment that has never been class
ified among what are called social losers
those who have never set foot in Nørrebro*

ified among what are called social losers,
those who have never set foot in Nørrebro.
Come and see five square kilometres' gestalt.

Come and see five square kilometres' gestalt
or walk through the area in wellies or
in sandals. Wear perfectly ordinary
clothing along with an anti-nuclear

the police is the police is the police
the police is the police is the police
the police is the police's riot squad

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ardly) – someone will say to you: What the hell, man, - and another without a doubt: congratulations! And if you can endorse all this, you have understood something of the entire

aaaaaaaaaddddddeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeefff
ggggggggglllllllmmnnn
rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrsssssxooooo

truth and not just simply the fragments which the press photographers have knitted together. Come out to Nørrebro, come out here and see.

Come out to Nørrebro, come out here and see
with your very own if bloodshot eyes every
thing that does not exist here: the kindergar
tens, the play areas, the magnolia

trees. Put away your sun-glasses and look till
your eyes pop out of their sockets (like Herod
otus, who managed to satisfy his cu
riosity on a heap of corpses). There are

*aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaddddddeeeeeeeegggg
ggggggggiiillmmmmmmnnnnnoooo
rrrrrrrrsssssstttttvvvøøøååå*

deeds without words, fresh new slum clearances
under the ink, but all of you theorists
how will you solve the enigmas of practice?

Come out to Nørrebro, come out here and see
the wounded steel and anger of the asphalt.
Come and see five square kilometres' gestalt
brimful of smoke and crushed human dignity.

Every morning the shadow draws the new day
in the cracked layers nameless facades' display.
By pent-up fugginess fury is beset
and drudgery hovers on its wing of sweat.

Come and hear a drawn-out elegy of keys
from the backyard ghetto with its open doors.
The chalk crosses that are daubed on all the walls

they are graffiti of hatred or of pain.
You who only live in what is pure theory
how will you solve the enigmas of practice?

