

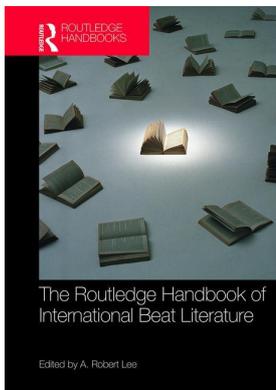
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Denmark's To Beat or Not to Beat

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DENMARK'S TO BEAT OR NOT TO BEAT

Turèll, Ulrich, Laugesen

Lars Movin

The year was 1983. The Great Beat Year in Danish history. It all began in January, when Allen Ginsberg arrived by train from Amsterdam to give two shows at Huset (The House) in Copenhagen, after which he proceeded on an almost two-week tour of Denmark, performing at libraries, educational institutions and cultural community centers. It was the 56-year-old poet's first visit to this part of the world, and he was accompanied by his lover, Peter Orlovsky, also a poet, and the British guitarist Steven Taylor. The atmosphere was relaxed and down-to-earth, with modest hotels or private accommodation, and there was room in the schedule for interviews and socializing with local friends and acquaintances.

In connection with the first of the two Copenhagen gigs, Ginsberg found himself right at the center of a conflict among the staff of various municipal cultural institutions; the chaos almost caused a cancellation, but instead led to front-page newspaper stories about the visiting elderly statesman of poetry trying to ease the agitated tempers by using a megaphone to recite his work for the strikeguards. The next day Ginsberg gave a lengthy interview to two jazz journalists from Danish public radio, Ib Skovgaard and the American-born Leonard "Skip" Malone, talking about subjects such as jazz, breath lengths, and oral traditions in American poetry. After the Copenhagen gigs, Ginsberg and his entourage jumped on a train and crossed the country to Aarhus in the western part of Denmark, where they were scheduled for a television-transmitted show at Musikhuset (The Music House), and where Ginsberg also found the time to collaborate with a local graphic workshop, producing a broadsheet of one of his recent poems, "Father Death Blues" (illustrated by Danish artist Hans Oldau Krull).

Many other things were on the program, but most of it happened at a comfortable pace, leaving room for the literary celebrity to make himself available to whoever was interested in him, while he himself was also inquiring curiously about the Danish literary scene, as was his habit. Ginsberg was at the height of his game, but nonetheless relaxed and approachable.

Matters were quite different with William S. Burroughs, who arrived nine months later, more precisely on Saturday, October 29, in the morning. After an intense reading tour of the other Nordic countries—Finland, Norway, and Sweden—Burroughs landed at Copenhagen Airport together with his three travel companions, his assistant James Grauerholz, the poet John Giorno, and the organizer Benn Posset, founder of the One World Poetry festival in Amsterdam. This particular morning the group arrived from Gothenburg in Sweden, where they had performed the night before, and the booking that same evening in Copenhagen was to be the last on the tour.

From the very moment William S. Burroughs put his flat-soled Earth shoes on Danish soil, he stepped into his public persona as a living legend. He was professional and somewhat measured,

did his job, and then withdrew into his shell. Not that he didn't deliver the goods. In the afternoon Danish fans had a unique chance to meet him at an event in The Booktrader, an English bookstore in central Copenhagen, where he patiently and politely let himself be gazed at and photographed, while he was signing stacks of his own books—but wisely enough refusing to put his name to a couple of volumes by the mysterious Akbar del Piombo, brought by the Burroughs-inspired Danish author Henrik Bjelke in the belief that they were written by Burroughs under pseudonym (a common misunderstanding that the owner of Olympia Press, Maurice Girodias, did his best to keep alive, as it stimulated sales).¹ And in the evening he performed at the punk venue Saltlageret (The Salt Depot) supported by a local poet and a couple of rock acts.

Both in The Booktrader and at Saltlageret, the air was electrified by the excitement of being in the presence of a real countercultural icon, an underground hero of almost mythic proportions. And when Burroughs took off for the airport on Sunday morning to fly to Amsterdam, and from there back home to New York, it was as if the literati of Copenhagen awoke from a dream. Today, more than three decades later, people of a certain age still talk about the day Burroughs was in town.

Uncle Danny

The difference in atmosphere during the visits of Allen Ginsberg and William S. Burroughs is of course revealing of the two authors' personalities and tempers. But it was also reflected in the reaction of the person who tied the two events together, namely the Danish writer Dan Turèll (1946–1993).

In the more than twenty years that have passed since Dan Turèll left Planet Earth, his legacy has continued to grow in a way that is telling of his very special position, somewhere between being a cult figure, a Danish heir to the American Beats, and a cultural phenomenon with a broad popularity. A café in Copenhagen has carried his name since 1977, and shortly after his death a square in the western part of midtown was named after one of his pen names, Onkel Dannys Plads (Uncle Danny's Square). The library in the Vangede of his childhood, a working-class suburb north of Copenhagen, has been turned into an archive and a museum for his enormous literary production, hosting the ceremonies for a literary prize that every year on his birthday is awarded to someone considered to be a carrier of his flame. In 2010 his poetry and portrait were immortalized on Danish stamps. His books are on the curriculum of Danish high schools, they are being reprinted and read by new generations, and in recent years the American-born, Danish-resident author Thomas E. Kennedy has taken on the task of translating both poetry and prose by Turèll into English—one example being the poem "Gennem Byen Sidste Gang" ("Last Walk Through the City"). The opening lines read:

Before I die I want to stroll through the city one last time
let this be my last humble wish
to walk on my feet through my city
through the city of Copenhagen
as I've done so many times before
and I'll know this is the last time²

"Last Walk Through the City" was written when the poet was just thirty years old, and it appears in the collection *Storby-Blues (Big City Blues)* (1977), a book which is part of the so-called *Storby-Trilogi (The Big City Trilogy)*, three volumes of poetry from the mid-1970s, in which Dan Turèll both indirectly and directly tips his hat to the American Beats.

Indirectly in the blues- and jazz-influenced phrasing, the speech-based syntax, and the eulogizing of the magic trivialities of everyday life, from reflections on the anonymous junkie spending his days as a barely noticeable shadow in a corner of the local cafeteria to the sudden appearance of a memory of the sound of Clifford Brown's trumpet.

And *directly* in a series of poems modeled on themes, rhythms, or phrases “borrowed” from Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac, Gregory Corso, Timothy Leary, Ted Joans, and others. These are not translations, not stolen ideas, but unconcealed tributes in the form of new poems that are written, so to speak, on top of the originals, the principle being that the young poet can “play” his own versions of the “standards” from the Big Book of Beat, just as any rock or jazz musician can play standards from their respective canons. Or, in other cases, incorporating quotes from the masters in his own compositions—as when Albert Ayler cites Charlie Parker or The Beatles cite Chuck Berry.

A predecessor in this category could be Dan Turèll’s poem “At være beat” (“To Be Beat”), based on a hook-line borrowed from Gregory Corso, going on and on with still new definitions of what it means to be “Beat” (the poem appeared for the first time in the book *Manuskripter om hvad som helst* (*Manuscriptures About Anything*) from 1971). And the best-known example is Turèll’s appropriation of Lawrence Ferlinghetti’s “Autobiography,” which in the Danish version is set around Vesterbros Torv (West End Square) in Copenhagen’s West End. The idea and the rhythm in Turèll’s poem has obvious similarities with Ferlinghetti’s original, but the content and the local flavor is unmistakably Danish.³

Dan Turèll visited the US only a few times in his short life, and his firsthand impressions of his idols and the world that they lived in and wrote about were limited. But he regarded the Beat poets as soul brothers and dear colleagues with whose work and language he was highly familiar. They were simply part of his vocabulary, their voices woven into the fabric of his language, and on a deeper level he didn’t think that it really made any difference if it was Kerouac or Turèll who wrote under the signatures “Kerouac” and “Turèll”—the philosophical notion being that all texts and utterances in any case come from the same all-present consciousness, a common pool of thoughts and ideas in which everything is connected.

Dan Turèll wrote and published in almost all known literary genres: journalism, essays, newspaper columns, reviews, poetry, novels, short stories, etc. And the part of his output that in a strict sense could be said to fall within the Beat idiom was relatively limited (other literary idols were T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound, and there were more). Nevertheless it was as if by his very appearance—shaved head, black fingernails, hipster clothes, cool attitude—he was sort of channeling a Beat sensibility to the Danes. If he was not a Beat writer per se, he was a prism that absorbed themes and methods from Beat literature and spread its light in many colors all over the literary landscape of Denmark. And he did it all: cut-up, Jazz & Poetry, spontaneous prosody, stand-up poetry, etc. He was the Danish Burroughs, the Danish Ginsberg, the Danish Kerouac, the Danish Ferlinghetti, the Danish Corso—all in one person. But never just a pale copy, never a plagiarist, always maintaining his own distinct voice, always being *Dan Turèll*. And always aware of his function as such. Whenever asked why he didn’t get his work translated, why he didn’t move to his beloved America to try and make it big, he always gave the same answer: “In the US, there are many like me, in Denmark I’m the only one!”

Writing Silence, Writing Nothingness

In 1983 Dan Turèll found himself somewhere between underground, a breakthrough to a wider audience and being canonized. He had come far since the 1960s, when he was a young man searching for his own voice. From his late teens he had sharpened his pen writing newspaper journalism and jazz criticism, while in his spare time he had taken his first steps towards being a poet, spreading his youthful attempts to all the magazines that would print them. In 1966 he even risked his meager savings on a self-published collection of poetry, *Vibrationer* (*Vibrations*), but immediately thereafter regretting his hubris and later he erased the title from his list of works.

At that point, in the mid-1960s, there was more substance to his journalistic work, often circling around his own private list of American heroes, including the Beat writers. In 1969 the task of penning Jack Kerouac’s obituary landed on Dan Turèll’s desk, and he used the opportunity to elevate himself above the Beat Pantheon. With youthful arrogance he took stock of the literary significance of the Beat phenomenon, and did so in a tone of voice that was appreciative but also remarkably sober

if not a bit distanced. The young fan hid his own insecurities behind a façade of pretending to know it all—and knowing better.⁴ Later he put the unbecoming attitude behind him and said, like Bob Dylan: “Ah, but I was so much older then / I’m younger than that now.”

This phase lasted until October 15, 1969, on which date the 23-year-old writer drew a line in the sand, discarded everything that he had written up to that point and decided to start from scratch as a full time professional writer/poet. Inspired by the American mimeograph revolution, he self-published his (second) debut, *40 ark (40 sheets)*, followed by *40 linier (40 lines)*, both in 1969. The style was completely different from the carefully sculpted modernist elegance of *Vibrationer (Vibrations)*, much more fragmented and casual. The lines of these early works were like outtakes of an inner voice or monologue that could be turned on and off at the writer’s intent (or maybe it was always present in his mind; maybe it was just a question of writing it down). And the publications kept coming. Some typed on the amazing electric IBM machine (the newest technology of the day), some handwritten, and most of them mimeographed, except one, *Changes of Light* (1970), which was handwritten copy by copy. By the time Dan Turèll passed away in 1993, at age 47, he had put his name on close to one hundred titles.

The early 1970s was a time of vital experimentation. In some books Dan Turèll worked with found sentences, in some he created collages of words and images, in some he mixed Danish and English language. And in the 400+ page tome with the wild and untranslatable title *Sidste forestilling bevidstløse trancebilleder af eksploderende spejltricks igennem flyvende tidsmaskine af smeltende elektriske glasfotos* (1972), he was running his word hoard through the cut-up machinery of William S. Burroughs (and sometimes also including some of Burroughs’s words):

don’t you tremble – all over skin – I want to Know – walking skin flowers – screaming mind
ashes – look anywhere dark information from the Death – shattered tongues – sock my message –
music down windy streets – words falling – photo falling – open fire – stay Thy phantoms.⁵

References to Burroughs and other Beat-related writers also appeared in other early Dan Turèll books. In *Speed of Light* (1970) Turèll credits a cut-up line to Allen Ginsberg, stating that he himself “is committed to the vital task of accelerating visual communications.” And in *Bevægelser, formålslost cirkelnde (Movements, Aimlessly Circling)* (1971), Turèll’s second book published by an overground publishing house, appears his first extended text on Burroughs, a fragmented essay entitled “El Hombre Invisible,” not so much a traditional portrait as one writer’s absorption of another.

By this time Turèll had started taking LSD and other drugs, explicitly using them as tools for literary experimentation (a certain category of his poetry from the early 1970s was labeled “LSDigte” (“LSDpoems”).⁶ And his project as a writer seems to have been—with or without the use of chemical stimuli—to perform an exhaustive investigation of language and its possible uses and meanings, while at the same time embarking on a journey into his own mind and emptying its contents out on the paper. A sort of diaristic stream of consciousness with the aim simply being to grow a landscape of text from an existential Ground Zero. Almost with a utopian feeling of creating a new place in which one could live. And at the same time it was as if Dan Turèll was *writing silence, writing nothingness*, often in bursts of insights: “*consciousness expansion increasing / but in a narrower circle // (...) // That the living may burn his life / & not be buried unexperienced / & thus burn in Death // White Fields of Total Abstraction / Clear Light / of Perceptual Changing Rhythms*” ... and on and on.⁷ Thus his writing became his log book of the mind. But as the assumption is that all individual minds are connected to a great common mind, this log is not only Turèll’s, it purportedly is everyone’s.

Not surprisingly, this approach resulted in excessive writing activity, culminating in 1973 with the monumental *sekvens af Manjana, den endeløse sang flimrende igennem hudens pupiller (sequence of Manjana, the Endless Song Flickering Through the Pupils of the Skin)*, 250 pages of primarily handwritten

observations of a psychic condition and its movement through time, a transcription of the very texture of life: inner and outer journeys, day-tripping, soul mining, endless hours of staring into the void of existence. And then, the light! Suddenly, as if Dan Turèll had written himself through the eternal night of humanity, by 1974 he emerged from the darkness, born anew as a “Karma Cowboy,” both a persona and the title of an eclectic book of poetry, monstrous in size and presenting itself as a mix between a rock record and cartoon book. It marks a true novelty as poetry publications go and is a cornerstone of Danish literature of the 1970s.

Just Another Star in the American Flag

In *Karma Cowboy*, Turèll leaves behind more radical experimentation and embraces popular culture and everyday life. His writing is still innovative in terms of the inclusion of popular formats such as the pop song, nonsense rhymes and long riff-based improvisations, but the attitude is now entirely positive and inclusive rather than dark and exclusive. It appears that the poet has experienced a kind of breakthrough, and in Zen-like fashion he is now able to accept everything for what it is—as in *Naked Lunch* of William S. Burroughs, “a frozen moment when everyone sees what is on the end of every fork.” This vision can be a sight of horror, but it can also mean surrendering to normality, the mundane facts of the daily life, a realization that the cosmos might just as well be experienced through a cup of coffee as through a hit of acid.

From this point on Dan Turèll turns his mental torchlight from his own inner self to the world around him, praising common details and banalities. And the new attitude results in an even more hectic writing pace, an extremely prolific literary production that explodes in all directions at once. He continues to write poetry—as in the aforementioned *Storby-Trilogi* (*The Big City Trilogy*). He develops a very appealing fictional voice, somewhere between autobiography and tall story—as in *Vangede Billeder* (*Vangede Pictures* [1975]), a humorous memoir of his childhood in Vangede; and in the series of short stories published under the banner “Onkel Danny fortæller” (“Uncle Danny Tells It All”) and collected in four volumes, 1976–1982. He is commissioned to write a weekly column, “I Byen” (“Stepping Out”), in one of the biggest Danish newspapers, *Politiken* (collected in six volumes, 1979–1994). He starts touring with a one man show, telling (more or less) improvised stories and doing stand-up poetry. He forms a band, *Sølvstjernerne* (The Silver Stars), doing satire-based Words & Music performances in the tradition of The Fugs and their American luminaries Ed Sanders and Tuli Kupferberg. And he appears in radio and television on a regular basis.

In short: In the second half of the 1970s Dan Turèll is everywhere on the cultural map of Denmark, initially contributing to a deepening of the generation gap with his hipster looks and manners and his provocative leveling of the traditional dividing of high and low culture, but gradually also gaining respect by a more mature audience.

And as if all this wasn't enough, Turèll also writes a substantial amount of essays and articles, mostly on various American phenomena, especially literature and music. He “got” Patti Smith before most others had even heard her name. He saw the qualities in Johnny Cash at a point when Cash certainly wasn't hip (and way before he was revitalized and reauthenticated by Rick Rubin in the *American Recordings* project). And he wrote with energy and enthusiasm about the heroes of the silent movie era, the early rock 'n' roll stars, the noir crime novel, classic Hollywood stars like Humphrey Bogart, cartoons and all sorts of americana. Just as he miffed high school teachers and other guardians of the moral climate by regarding the world of Walt Disney as a sort of theology and philosophical metaphor for life in the capitalist society.

All in all, Dan Turèll embraced American cultural imperialism after the Second World War and accepted the influence on Danish culture of Hollywood films, crime novels, jazz, rock 'n' roll, and Disney products, not as something evil, but as a simple fact that we had better get used to (a provocative thought in the leftist Cold War climate of the 1970s). He even infuriated his fellow citizens by talking about Denmark as just another star in the American flag. Mentally and culturally we live

in a province of the greater USA, Turèll claimed. Or, as he put it more poetically in an essay called “\$torebror \$am” (“Big Brother \$am”) from 1975: “It might well be that [Danish author/poet] Jeppe Aakjær [1866–1930] sang about my grandfather’s land, but Jack Kerouac sang about what went on in the back of my head.”⁸

We Need Character!

Which brings us back to the Beats. For, as mentioned, Dan Turèll of course also wrote and talked about his favorite Beat writers with great insight and thus inspired his own fans among the younger generation to seek out their books.

Not that the Beats hadn’t been introduced in Denmark before. An early indication can be found in the literary magazine *Vindrosen* (1959, no. 4), in which an excerpt from Allen Ginsberg’s “Howl” appears side by side with texts by Lawrence Ferlinghetti, John Clellon Holmes, and Malcolm Cowley, all translated into Danish and supplemented by an explanatory essay by the critic Niels Barfoed. And around the same time the respected and controversial intellectual and writer Elsa Gress (married to the American painter Clifford Wright) translated two novels by Jack Kerouac into Danish, *The Subterraneans* in 1959 and *On the Road* in 1960.

These preliminary efforts planted the seeds for an interest in Beat in Denmark, and in the mid-1960s a new generation took over the baton and ran with it. One of the most important of these was the journalist and critic Erik Thygesen, who edited a volume on the San Francisco Renaissance poets in 1964 and then went on to translate a number of works by single authors: Lawrence Ferlinghetti’s novel *Her* in 1965, a selection of Allen Ginsberg’s poetry in 1969, etc. But the Beat author who was subject to the most attention in Denmark in 1960s was William S. Burroughs, whose work was published in excerpts in a number of magazines and who had three books translated in a period of just two years: *Junky* in 1966 and *Nova Express* and *Naked Lunch* in 1967 (the latter published by Denmark’s biggest and most well-established publishing house, Gyldendal).

With this groundwork laid out as a foundation, Dan Turèll stepped in and took the Danish branch of Beat a step further by not just writing about or translating the American originals, but also *being* Beat (or some updated and culturally transplanted version thereof). This was pretty much Dan Turèll’s project throughout the 1970s. By 1980, however, the times were a-changing, and Turèll and others who had defined the Danish avant-garde of the 70s were somewhat running out of steam. And in an attempt to be able to provide for his family—his daughter Lotus was born in 1979—Turèll embarked on a series of crime novels, stylistically a pastiche of the American noir-genre, but mostly set in the West End section of Copenhagen (twelve books were published from 1981 to 1990). This change in direction didn’t sit completely well with the fan base and Turèll lost not only a part of his youthful edge, but also of his street credibility. Nevertheless, in 1983, he was still the man to call when the American Beat icons came to town.

With Allen Ginsberg in January everything was hunky-dory. Turèll and Ginsberg communicated eye to eye, like two fellow poets or kindred spirits, and on January 11th Turèll accompanied the American guest and his entourage by train from Copenhagen to Aarhus and appeared that same evening on stage in Musikhuset with self-confidence and dignity, giving a sharp introduction to Ginsberg and the Beat ethos and reading from his own translation of “Father Death Blues.”

With Burroughs in October it was a different story. Everything was a disaster from the get-go. Burroughs was Turèll’s biggest literary hero, but at the time of his brief 1983 visit he was also something of an enigma, surrounded by rumors and mythology, and the mere thought of meeting El Hombre Invisible face to face appears to have been too much for Turèll. It simply knocked his feet out from under him, and to calm his nerves he started drinking (and probably also smoking weed or hashish) right from the time Saturday morning when he picked up Burroughs at the airport. Throughout the day, Turèll kept knocking back Danish beers and whatever else in a steady stream,

with the result that when he was sitting down in the afternoon for the scheduled videotaped interview with Burroughs in the back-room of The Booktrader, he was more into providing his own interpretations of Burroughs's work than asking real questions. The chemistry between the two was strained, to say the least. And when Turèll went on stage at Saltlageret in the evening to introduce the living legend for a crowd of punks and rock fans, mixed with a few literary aficionados, he was completely incoherent. It was not his finest hour.⁹

During the embarrassing introduction Burroughs was waiting backstage, standing next to the bass player Knud Odde from the Danish punk band The Sods (who in 1979 had named their debut album *Minutes To Go* as a tribute to the collaborative 1960 cut-up book by Burroughs, Brion Gysin, Gregory Corso, and Sinclair Beiles). Burroughs asked Odde what to make of this weird guy, Dan Turèll, and when he was told that Turèll was a "well-known Danish character," the writer was heard to comment in his low drawling voice: "Weeell, we *need* character!"

Something Is Rotten in the State of Freeland

Denmark and Beat? Well, judging from the existing documentation of William S. Burroughs's only other trip to the homeland of Prince Hamlet, visiting his childhood friend Kells Elvins incognito in 1957, Denmark in the 1950s was almost the antithesis of Beat. Kells Elvins was the co-author of Burroughs's earliest known literary effort, the routine "Twilight's Last Gleamings," written in 1938 in Cambridge, Massachusetts; by 1957 he had met a young Danish actress, Mimi Heinrich, and settled down in an idyllic cottage in Mikkeltborg, about an hour's drive north of Copenhagen.

During that period, Burroughs had his base in Tangiers, Morocco, where, at first he had pacified himself with massive substance abuse until he had seriously gotten underway writing the manuscript for the book that would become his principal work, *Naked Lunch*. The fragmented narrative of this iconic masterpiece of avant-garde literature of the twentieth century takes place in four primary locations, three of which are North America, South America, and Tangiers. And then Burroughs had a vague idea for a fourth location called Freeland, a kind of caricature of a typical North European social-democratic welfare society based loosely on his imagination of the Scandinavian countries.

In fact it seems that Burroughs had almost a fixation on these countries, especially Denmark, and from his published letters it is evident that he had wanted to go there at least since 1954, right after his arrival in Morocco.¹⁰ When he finally managed to realize this plan, arriving in Copenhagen by flight from London on July 29, 1957, Denmark (and to a certain degree Sweden) would prove to be the perfect model for the "Freeland" of his current literary project—a fact that he must have been somewhat prepared for. During his stay in Tangiers, Burroughs had met a number of Danes and found them all appallingly trite. "I never knew a Dane that wasn't bone dull," he stated as early as 1953, talking about various persons from Denmark that he had met while traveling in South America.¹¹ In Morocco he met more boring examples of the species, like "Leif the Dane" or "Jimmy the Dane" (both of whom found their way into his writing). And after having spent a few weeks in Denmark he reached the conclusion that Scandinavia exceeded his "most ghastly imaginations." Thus, on August 20th, with a mix of pleasure and horror, he reported in a letter to Allen Ginsberg that Denmark was a "police state without police," and that the Danes themselves were not only "bone dull" but also "completely insane."¹²

Initially, Burroughs was ready to get out of Denmark as soon as he could, but the longer he stayed paradoxically the more intrigued he became. If he could just muster the strength to spend some time in this horrible little kingdom he found that he would probably be able to collect some wonderful material for his description of the nightmarish Freeland. A place that was not only a typical matriarchy, "anti-homosexual, conformist and prosaic," as he wrote in *Naked Lunch*,¹³ but also a typical welfare state where the "enveloping benevolence" of the government "stifled the concept of rebellion."¹⁴

In other words, *Naked Lunch* would quite simply not have been the same book if Burroughs had not been to Denmark. And the observations he made there not only found their way into *Naked*

Lunch, but also into all three volumes of the Cut-Up Trilogy: *The Soft Machine* (1961), *The Ticket that Exploded* (1962) and *Nova Express* (1964). Unfortunately, in 1983 not a single Danish journalist—including Dan Turèll—had the presence of mind to ask him about the 1957 visit and about what influence it had had on *Naked Lunch* and his writing in general. Talk about a missed opportunity!

However, all this raises another question, namely whether a Beat lifestyle or sensibility could thrive at all in a place like this, a place that in *Naked Lunch* is described as “given over to free love and continual bathing,” and which is populated by citizens whose main characteristics appear to be that they are “well adjusted, cooperative, honest, tolerant and above all clean.”¹⁵ The answer is: Yes! Of course there was another side of the coin to the sanitized surface that Burroughs observed during his four week stay. There was an underworld of subcultures—bohemians, artists, musicians, poets, pot smokers, homosexuals, petty thieves, and hard core criminals—that was not immediately visible to the transient visitor but certainly to be found if one knew where to look.

And one of the people who knew where to look was a young Danish tennis player and jazz enthusiast, not because he was in any way living outside the law, but because he was hip to all sorts of alternative ways of thinking and living.

Carrying the Horn and Seeing the Light

This person's name was Torben Ulrich. He was born in 1928, and already as a teenager he had embarked on a journey into a quite unique way of combining different areas such as sports (primarily tennis), jazz, literature, arts and philosophy. And later he became one the few Danes whom Dan Turèll admired unconditionally, partly for his talent as a writer, but most of all simply for his open attitude towards life.

Torben Ulrich—known today by heavy-metal fans as the father of Metallica drummer Lars Ulrich—would normally not be regarded as a “Beat writer” per se. But being more or less of the same generation as the original Beats, and having been exposed in early life to many of the same sources as the Beats, he has over the years incorporated a number of the so-called Beat ideas, sensibilities, and areas of interests in his various practices. In short, Torben Ulrich was not necessarily inspired by Beat, at least not in his younger days, but he certainly *was* Beat. Or rather *is*, since today, now in his late 80s, he is still active from his base in San Francisco, writing and publishing a highly original sort-of-poetry books, exploring new ways of combining spoken word and sound/music, and experimenting with dance, painting, and the other arts.

As a top-level tennis player from his teenage years and almost half a century on, Torben Ulrich is regarded as a sports legend in Denmark (quite extraordinarily he was playing Davis Cup matches until the age of 49, and after that continuing in the Grand Masters tour). But even more legendary is his highly original way of combining his roots in sports with a broad variety of intellectual, artistic, and spiritual disciplines: journalism, poetry, painting, performing, jazz, philosophy, and Buddhism. He had his earliest encounters with jazz in the late 1930s, going to jazz clubs at the age of eleven or twelve. In 1943 he was forced by the German occupation of Denmark to flee to Sweden, where he spent a couple of years attending high school and practicing clarinet. And after returning to Copenhagen in 1945, he threw himself full force into all the new ideas and possibilities that followed in the wake of the Second World War. He began writing about jazz, he sought out the scarce jazz records that had somehow found their way into his newly liberated country, he became a member of Hot Club of Denmark, and in the early fall of 1946, when the legendary Danish “Jazz Baron,” Timme Rosenkrantz, brought a jazz ensemble led by Don Redman to Copenhagen, Torben Ulrich became friendly with some of the younger musicians in the group, especially the bebop saxophonist Don Byas. Ulrich made himself useful by carrying Byas' horn around Copenhagen, and soon they were also sharing the oddly smelling home-rolled cigarettes that the axe-man was discreetly smoking. Bebop and weed! Several new dimensions were added to the otherwise rather uneventful reality of post-war Denmark.

And there was more, much more. Before he took off for Sweden, Torben Ulrich had been looking into Greek philosophy, and when he returned to Denmark he became friendly with a group of slightly older bohemians and intellectuals, and through them was introduced to a broad variety of new ideas, from the teachings of Krishnamurti and the Theosophical Society of Madame Blavatsky, to the books on Buddhism by W. Y. Evans-Wentz and Alan Watts and on to D. T. Suzuki and Zen Buddhism—all at a time when subjects like these were still highly unusual and at best regarded as exotic by the broader population. But not by Torben Ulrich.

The ideas that he picked up in the second half of the 1940s could all be seen as answers to his skepticism about the bankruptcy of the Western civilization that had led to the atomic nightmare of the Second World War. And also as a foundation for a lifelong search for alternatives to the either/or dichotomy of Western philosophy, and in a different context to the winning/losing concept of sports (which has made Ulrich, to say the least, an unusual character in top-level tennis).

Today, Torben Ulrich has for many years been practicing Tibetan Buddhism (since the 1970s with root teacher Tenga Rinpoche), but by the late 1940s he was still trying out a variety of theories and techniques in his search for his own path, one of them being Hatha Yoga, another the field of post-Freudian ideas, especially those connected to Wilhelm Reich. Ulrich even went so far as trying to have his own orgone accumulator constructed by a shipyard in Helsingør, north of Copenhagen. It never happened, no one had yet heard of Burroughs's experiments with the same device (he was still an unpublished writer), and the poor shipbuilders had no idea what the youngster was talking about.

Love, More, Much More

Yet another encounter during this time was with Jørgen Keller—also known as Keith Keller—an internationally oriented journalist and writer who was working for Associated Press and later became affiliated with the film magazine *Variety*, and who back in the post-war years was well connected with the semi-underground milieu of American and British military personnel who were hanging out at certain coffee bars and soda fountains in central Copenhagen (one of them being Willi's Place, among the first restaurants in Copenhagen to serve hamburgers and hotdogs). Keller was smart and streetwise and had access to anything from smokable cigarettes to jazz records, and he and Ulrich also shared a healthy interest in eroticism, exchanging views on the daring new literature by writers such as Henry Miller, Anaïs Nin, D. H. Lawrence, and Jean Genet.

Another interest that Torben Ulrich and Keith Keller shared was the more avant-garde literature by writers such as Kenneth Rexroth, Kenneth Patchen, and e.e. cummings that was now being made available by one of the few bookstores in Copenhagen importing English and American books, the still-existing Arnold Busck. And this diverse literary diet combined with intense listening to everything *jazz* led the two friends to embark on their own writing project, a highly experimental poetic novel, *Elskov, mere, meget mere* (*Love, More, Much More*), certainly the first Danish attempt to incorporate jive-talk into fictional writing.

The majority of the book was produced in 1947–48, and the work was done collaboratively, more or less in the style of *And the Hippos Were Boiled in Their Tanks*, the semi-autobiographical detective pastiche that William S. Burroughs and Jack Kerouac had written shortly before (unpublished until 2008). Ulrich and Keller did most of the writing while on the road, Ulrich traveling as a tennis player, Keller as a journalist, often sitting in coffee shops or jazz bars, sometimes together, literally taking turns at the manuscript, at other times each on his own.

A substantial part of the book was written in jive-English—just as Keller had a habit of conversing with Ulrich in jive. And Keller has later stated that certain passages could almost be considered to be transcriptions of jazz, written with one ear in the loudspeaker and the other tuning into the reality of the day.

Like this one:

I wonder if stars have fallen (been felled, fused, f.ed off) on Alabama recently. Background music, the Teagardenesque drawl, brother Charlie's clean linear follow up on trumpet. Disremember the beautifully corny tune. Okay, so re-remember it. It stank, naturally. Ours is not a smart age for being truly sentimental. You might be asked to live up (down) to it.

Other parts were in Danish, but sometimes shifting between the two languages within the same paragraph.

According to the two authors, the finished result was offered to a major Danish publishing house and won a positive review, but as the parties couldn't agree on the contractual terms nothing came of it, and some time during the next half century most of the manuscript was lost. Surviving are only a few fragments, one of the longer ones being this from 1947:

LOVE ISN'T A FAT PAINTER

A lean one, then?

You do your laundry, meaning you make up the pile and write down the list. Then you smash a Mosquito, flathandedly, tough guy that you are.

You open another beer, pour it gently. You put on an old Billie Holiday record, listen to it with Exaggerated care. And belch again

Violently

Because you feel your privacy intruded upon by that fat painter

Love? Shit, that's too good to be true. And it could definitely not be THAT painter.

Love has only one color. Red, red, red, red. Un-paintable red. Yups, another mosquito.

With only Black blood in it. I squashed that s.o.b., too. And put an imaginary slug of lead in the belly of the aforementioned painter. While I was at it.

I ironed the laundry list and corrected the spelling (out went the superfluous e – sorry e(h)). And Was ready to wrap Her Majesty Audrey Hepburn in it. But first I erased the e again. Maybe because laundry is such a sad thing?

This fat painter, I must get rid of him. How? Write a movie script. The easy way out.

Anything. Shoot, he is a fat one. And the way he paints. No love hidden there, let alone displayed. But certainly fat statements in wet paint all over the place.

Bathroom mirror GREY. Please, I am eating. No, you're not, not drinking turpentine, either, and the greasy stuff on your hands is just that: fat paint.

Imagine the sound of one (painted) finger refusing to snap.

Jazz and Poetry

Had *Elskov, mere, meget mere* (*Love, More, Much More*) been published in the late 1940s, Danish post-war literature might have looked quite different. As it turned out, the two writers ended their collaboration. Keith Keller continued pursuing his career as a journalist, while Torben Ulrich moved on to other endeavors, many of them, maybe unconsciously, in sync with his kindred spirits of the Beat generation on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean.

In 1952, Torben Ulrich, together with his tennis doubles partner, Kurt Nielsen, opened a jazz club in central Copenhagen, Blue Note, and for a time he led the "jazz life," sometimes keeping awake around the clock, writing his jazz column for the newspaper *Politiken* in the morning, playing tennis in the afternoon, attending the jazz club in the evening (often sitting in with visiting bands on his clarinet), and then socializing and partying all night. In 1958, Ulrich founded the literary magazine *Bazar* together with two friends, introducing Danish readers to haiku poetry, the diary of the Russian

ballet dancer and choreographer Vaslav Nijinsky, the writings of Ananda K. Coomaraswamy and Kahlil Gibran, and other material, some of which he had picked up on his travels around the globe (including trips to India looking into classical Indian music and visits behind the Iron Curtain, exchanging information on jazz and literature with Russian dissidents). And while all of this was going on, Ulrich also continued his work as one of Denmark's most respected jazz critics, often being a step ahead of most of his colleagues, again partly due to the advantages of being the constantly traveling tennis player.

In the early 1950s Torben Ulrich organized a concert with the American jazz legend Sidney Bechet in Copenhagen, and the two got to know each other well. Shortly after, in 1953, when Ulrich was on his first trip to the US—to play the Pacific Coast tournament—he attended a concert at the Downbeat club in San Francisco, where Bechet was sharing the bill with Miles Davis and Erroll Garner. During that same trip the Dane upset the tennis community and was disqualified from the tournament because of his decision to leave the court in the middle of a match against Bill Hoepner, protesting the American's annoying habit of alternately lobbing and smashing. Anyone who has followed Ulrich as a player will know that he has never taken much interest in the score itself, but when Bechet read the news reports about his young friend's behavior he called him at his hotel and scolded him for being unprofessional.

Thus tennis and jazz intermixed, which in a small way is typical of Torben Ulrich's ability to meld all of his many areas of interest together in ways that continue to inspire and surprise those around him. In recent years, Ulrich—besides experimenting with music, painting, performance, and much else—has been writing a sort-of-poem series, *lines* or *songlines* he calls the texts, slim word-pillars of Zen-like simplicity and wisdom, combining a life's worth of bodily practice and philosophical and Buddhist studies and thus condensing his insights from the past 80–90 years into razor-sharp wisdom:

giving / up / the need / to / prevail // giving / away / the need / to / impress // giving /
in / to / the plays / of / play // when / the ball / comes // to / let / it / come.¹⁶

But we are getting ahead of ourselves. Let us rewind to the 1950s. When Louis Armstrong visited Copenhagen shortly after the Bechet concert, Torben Ulrich and his friends greeted him at the harbor and even had a chance to play a tune or two with him. A little later Ulrich did a lengthy interview with John Coltrane. And it was also Ulrich who introduced Danish readers to Jazz & Poetry, writing about the new phenomenon in his newspaper column in May 1958, of course mentioning the now-famous series of concerts at The Cellar, the club in San Francisco's North Beach district, where Lawrence Ferlinghetti and Kenneth Rexroth in the spring of 1957 had performed their poetry in a jazz context (actually, the two poets were not really blending in with the music, but rather alternating with the jazz band or using the music as a backdrop for their words; if one should mention who had the vision of really using her voice as an instrument, and example would be Ruth Weiss, who preceded Rexroth and Ferlinghetti at The Cellar).

It is very likely that Torben Ulrich's column on the subject was read by the Danish poet Erik Knudsen, who that same year published a collection entitled *Sensation og Stilhed* (*Sensation and Silence*), which included a section of so-called "Jazz-associationer" ("Jazz Associations"). It should be noted that the genre of jazz poetry was not completely unknown to the Danes, as Langston Hughes' seminal collection *The Weary Blues* had been published in a beautifully illustrated Danish edition as early as 1945. But at that time *mixing* jazz and poetry was still almost unthinkable, and to experience such a thing the Danes had to wait until October 1, 1958, shortly after the appearance of Ulrich's column on the subject, when Erik Knudsen joined in with jazz musician Erik Moseholm and others in launching the first Danish Jazz & Poetry concert at the newly opened art museum Louisiana in Humlebæk north of Copenhagen.

The event was partly organized in an attempt to cater to a younger generation, but nobody really knew what to make of it. Some reviewers even found that any attempt to combine jazz and poetry was sheer silliness, as jazz was supposed to have its own poetic qualities and poetry its own inherent

music. But nevertheless the experimentations continued into the 1960s, and a prominent figure in this area was the poet Jørgen Leth.

In 1963, Leth—who was (and still is) also a filmmaker—made his film debut with *Stop For Bud*, an experimental portrait of the American bebop pianist Bud Powell; and that same year he was also the driving force behind the first Danish Jazz & Poetry record. The now 80-year-old Leth is still performing with jazz accompaniment in various formats, one of them being an astonishingly popular trio with two young electronic musicians in which he narrates semi-improvised stories framed by musical soundscapes.

Torben Ulrich has also continued to explore the genre in recent years, most fruitfully in a collaboration with the young Danish pianist and composer Søren Kjærgaard, with whom he has published three albums (2009–2014), taking the potentials of Jazz & Poetry—or rather Words & Music—to a whole new level (in short: by applying a number of avant-garde strategies in the process of both creating and performing the words and the music).

Laugesen Enters the Landscape

For the next generation, Torben Ulrich, being such an unusual mix of a sportsman and a hipster, was considered to be a ground-breaker, a forerunner and a source of information. *And* a truly original character who was incorporating into his various areas of interest elements of both the bohemian traditions of the 1950s (including the Beat ethos) and of the dawning hippie movement of the 1960s.

Among the younger persons to see this was Dan Turèll, who as a teenager developed an admiration for the twenty-year-old Ulrich, not at least being an avid reader of his jazz writings. In October 1964, when the eighteen-year-old Turèll published one of his first pieces of writing, an evaluation of the state of things in Danish jazz criticism, he declared Ulrich to be one of the few whose articles were worth reading at all, arguing that Ulrich was both admirably open to everything new and remarkably accomplished as a writer.¹⁷

Having said this, an informed guess would be that it was Ulrich who first pointed the young Turèll's attention in the direction of the American Beats, even though the more classical modernists still had the upper hand in his inner rankings of avant-garde literature. But in 1965 something happened that definitively turned Turèll on to the Beats. At that time in Denmark, young couples had to be married to be considered as candidates for renting an apartment, so to avoid the bourgeois trap of marriage, Turèll and his then girlfriend moved into a small attic chamber in Lyngby, a suburb of Copenhagen. And, as it happened, in the adjoining room lived another aspiring poet, the four-year-old Peter Laugesen.

Peter Laugesen (1942–) had made his debut in a literary magazine in 1962, and by 1965 he was working on his first book-length manuscript, *Landskab (Landscape)*, which he self-published two years later (an overground edition appeared in 1970). Laugesen was an experienced reader of Jack Kerouac, but by 1965 he had also absorbed a broad spectrum of other avant-garde strategies. He had been a member of the radical group Internationale Situationniste and had spent time with some of its key representatives in Paris, and he had made thorough studies of the work and ideas of people such as Wassily Kandinsky, James Joyce, André Breton, Antonin Artaud, Charles Olson, Gertrude Stein, Hugo Ball, and Pierre Reverdy.

In short, Peter Laugesen was (and is) very knowledgeable about the more advanced strands of art and literature of the twentieth century and later has gone on to translate and write essays about many key figures like Artaud and Joyce. But in his own writing he has especially been inspired by the spontaneity and jazz phrasing that could be found in Kerouac's prose and poetry. However, unlike Turèll, Laugesen has never (or rarely) paraphrased specific Beat works, and if he can be said to be a sort of Danish Kerouac, it is certainly more in spirit and approach than in specific words or subjects. One has to look hard to observe a direct resemblance between Laugesen's work and that of Kerouac (or other

Beats), but still there can be no doubt that the collected work of Kerouac is a part of the foundation that Laugesen is standing on as a poet. That involves, for instance, his avoidance of classical poetic genres, the improvised nature of his writing, his insisting on including all aspects of life in literature, and his reluctance to change anything in his manuscripts after the initial “blow” (actually, as for not revising the manuscript, this notion for Laugesen, as to a large degree also for Kerouac, is more a theoretical concept than an actual method).

When Peter Laugesen and Dan Turèll met in 1965, they were still both young and working entirely outside of the literary establishment (even though Laugesen was much closer to having found his own voice than Turèll). And at first, the two poetic youngsters were too shy to contact each other directly. Instead they pushed notes under the doors of their respective rooms, each trying to convince the other that T. S. Eliot was a more important poet than Dylan Thomas, or vice versa. But soon they were both well on their way, two soulmates exchanging ideas about subversive literary strategies and from the early 1970s also collaborating in experiments with collective writing, publishing poetry in longhand, creating underground magazines, and finding alternative ways of distribution.

Over the years, Peter Laugesen has published more than fifty books, gradually approaching formats that are closer to conventional poetry, but still with the feeling that every book, every word, is part of the same long song, a stream of consciousness or flow that deals with notions of reality, power structures, mental processes, language and life itself. On the one hand, his writing has an intimate feeling, the letter or diary being formats that immediately come to mind in reading his work: “I never write anything that is not a letter to you,” he stated in his second book, *Skrift (Writing or Écriture)*, published underground in 1968 and overground the year after.¹⁸ And on the other hand the overall project of Peter Laugesen is also deeply political, a sort of revolutionary acting out in the form of the gesture of writing itself, the theory or attitude being that through writing unremittingly one can somehow undermine the rhetoric of power and authority or at least expose it and keep it at bay. If the writing stops it is as if it has never been here, the idea seems to be, but as long as it goes on there is hope (or room to breathe).

This taken into consideration, it should come as no surprise that Peter Laugesen’s writing is like a river of words, almost a sort of automatic writing, not in the Dada or Surrealist sense, but rather in the spontaneous prose sense of Jack Kerouac. In a way, Laugesen takes upon himself the function of a medium, channeling or transmitting everything that passes through his mind and senses. At the same time he remains enough of the creative writer to transform his utterances into poetic language, adding fragment after fragment to an ever-growing organism of words, a diaristic mindscape that in his case has been changing and expanding for the better part of six decades.

One can spend a lifetime exploring Peter Laugesen’s landscape of words, and if one did one would occasionally come across names of Beat writers or references to their work, not as crutches to support or legitimize the writing, but simply because they are integrated into his working vocabulary. In some of the books the American icons are more prominent than in others. For example, *Når engle bøvser jazz (When Angels Are Belching Jazz [1998])* is partly inspired by a pilgrimage to Lowell, Massachusetts, Jack Kerouac’s birthplace. The title and content of *Helt alene i verden og hip som ind i helvede (All Alone In The World and Hip as Hell [2001])* gives yet further acknowledgement of kinship with the Beats. The book also features one of Laugesen’s relatively few poems in English:

HURLEYMAN LOOKS AT CRICKET

What madness lives inside the minds of kings
 in their small skulls
 Of this we’ll quote you quite a quaint and dizzy
 little ditty
 Our master shakes the pear until it falls
 and hits you on the head it’s very witty
 A pity that queen Kitty does not notice she is drunk

and anyway the skunk is loose because a barmy
army of the discontinued young have let it so
and sprung a bomb in farmer Freddy's shithouse
The rats are roosting where the wings last folded
We'll leave you now to hear our play
it'll last a night and then a day
Behold the grinding of the rug in empty bathrooms
still full of all the cleansings none have done
The waste is most unsettling
but all the same
it's just a game
And loser takes the winnings
when over are the innings¹⁹

Being Beat is part of the equation for Peter Laugesen's identity as a writer, something as natural as breathing and eating, but never a banner to be waved with the purpose of getting attention or signaling an affiliation with a certain subculture. There is no need for that. Despite being a Dane, Laugesen was *born* Beat (which can also be heard in the organic naturalness of his phrasing in the various Jazz & Poetry projects he has been involved in over the years).

The Danish Triumvirate of Beat

If Torben Ulrich was *the* Danish proto-Beat, and Dan Turèll a sort of Beat mediator, Peter Laugesen must be *the* Danish Beat poet. For a long time he has been considered to be a maverick in Danish poetry, a poet's poet, but in later years he has managed to find a delicate balance between maintaining his poetic "street credibility" and being the subject of great appreciation from academia. And now, in his mid-seventies, he is still going at a steady pace. He writes, publishes, performs (with or without music), and practices what he himself would probably agree to be a countercultural stream of language. His ever-growing landscapes of words with their anarchistic attitudes and revolutionary potentialities, as mentioned, very much pick up from Jack Kerouac and other Beats. But they also carry the torch from a number of other heroes and inspirations such as Arthur Rimbaud, Antonin Artaud, Charles Olson, Dadaism and International Situationism. Even so he remains first and foremost himself.

In the immediate wake of Peter Laugesen came Dan Turèll, who after his seminal *Karma Cowboy* gained a popularity that has never been within reach for Laugesen. Yet behind all his many masks and shiny feathers Turèll most of all has been a classical poet whose work carries the trademark of having absorbed healthy doses of jazz and Buddhism, modernism and Beat.

And beyond these two the fifteen-to-twenty-years older Torben Ulrich has been hovering as a personification of the Homo Ludens, a born rebel and outsider who has spent a lifetime exploring the eternal now and investing all his insights and bodily experiences in a masterful "unlearning" of everything known.

Can any of the three—Laugesen, Turèll and Ulrich—be said to be Beat in the original sense of the term? Maybe not, given that Beat was strictly speaking the product of a specific American socio-cultural situation at a certain time and place. And just as was the case with Jack Kerouac, all three would probably also resist being labeled as such. But when the question arises if they each in their own way have been instrumental in channeling Beat sensibilities, ideas, attitudes and aesthetics into the Danish literature and culture of the past fifty years, there can be no doubt about it. Without the wild and radical poetics of Laugesen, the Beat attitude and many-faceted practices of Turèll, and the know-it-all-bohemian and multi-disciplinarian genius of Ulrich, post-war Denmark would certainly have been less Beat.

Notes

- 1 The books published by Olympia Press under the pseudonym Akbar del Piombo were written by Norman Rubington. See Kearney, *The Paris Olympia Press*.
- 2 Kennedy's translation of "Last Walk Through the City" first appeared in the magazine *Absinthe: New European Writing*, 12 (2009). In 2010 it was published in a bilingual limited edition book, *Gennem Byen Sidste Gang/ Last Walk Through the City*. It can also be found on the website of *Serving House: A Journal of Literary Arts*, www.servinghousejournal.com/turellastwalk.aspx (along with other material about Turèll).
- 3 Ferlinghetti's "Autobiography" was first published in *A Coney Island of the Mind* (1958). Turèll's "Biografi & Testamente" appears in *Drive-In Digte* (1976).
- 4 Turèll, "Jack Kerouac død," *Kristeligt Dagblad*, October 27, 1969; reprinted in the collection *En nat ved højtaleren med sprogets mikrofon*, 79.
- 5 Turèll, *Sidste forestilling bevidstløse trancebilleder af eksploderende spejltricks igennem flyvende tidsmaskine af smeltende elektriske glasfotos*, 315.
- 6 Examples of Turèll's LSD and mescaline poetry can be found in *Onkel Danny's Deliristiske Jukebox Jitterbug* (1974).
- 7 Turèll, *Bevægelser, formålstøt cirkende*, 86–87.
- 8 Turèll, "\$storebror \$am," *Politiken*, January 5, 1975; reprinted in the collection *SuperShowStjerneStøv*, 14.
- 9 Burroughs' visit in Denmark in 1983, including his encounter with Turèll, is documented in the book *William S. Burroughs in Denmark* and in the documentary film *Words of Advice – William S. Burroughs on the Road*, both by Lars Movin & Steen Møller Rasmussen, 2007.
- 10 On July 3, 1954, shortly after having arrived to Tangiers, Burroughs wrote in a letter to Allen Ginsberg, "Would like to go straight to Denmark." And the wish was repeated in another letter to Ginsberg, dated five days later. The first letter is included in Harris (ed.), *The Letters of William S. Burroughs, 1945–1959*, 218; the second in Burroughs, *Letters to Allen Ginsberg, 1953–1957*, 43.
- 11 Burroughs & Ginsberg, *The Yage Letters Redux*, 47.
- 12 Harris (ed.), *The Letters of William S. Burroughs*, 363.
- 13 Burroughs, *Naked Lunch. The Restored Text*, 25.
- 14 *Ibid.*, 155–156.
- 15 *Ibid.*, 19.
- 16 Ulrich, *Terninger, tonefald*, 10.
- 17 Turèll, "Har vi jazz kritiker krise?," *Jazzrevy*, 3 (October 1964); reprinted in the collection *Charlie Parker i Istedgade*, 38.
- 18 Laugesen, *Skrift*, 82.
- 19 Laugesen, *Helt alene i verden og hip som ind i helvede*, 40.

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