

# STEPPEULVEN

## - LITTERÆRE TEKSTER

1 - WALT WHITMAN - UDDRAG AF "LEAVES OF GRASS"

2 - W.B. YEATS - "THE STOLEN CHILD"

3 - T.S. ELIOT - "ASH WEDNESDAY"

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### 1 - Walt Whitman (1819-1892) - uddrag af "Leaves Of Grass"

1

EARTH, round, rolling, compact—suns, moons, animals—all these are words to be said;

Watery, vegetable, sauroid advances—beings, premonitions, lispings of the future,

Behold! these are vast words to be said.

Were you thinking that those were the words—those upright lines? those curves, angles, dots?

No, those are not the words—the substantial words are in the ground and sea, They are in the air—they are in you.

Were you thinking that those were the words—those delicious sounds out of your friends' mouths?

No, the real words are more delicious than they.

Human bodies are words, myriads of words;

In the best poems re-appears the body, man's or woman's, well-shaped, natural, gay,

Every part able, active, receptive, without shame or the need of shame.

2

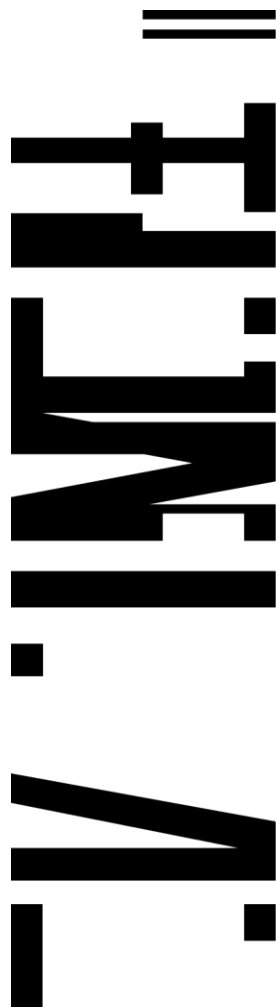
Air, soil, water, fire—these are words;

I myself am a word with them—my qualities interpenetrate with theirs—my name is nothing to them;

Though it were told in the three thousand languages, what would air, soil, water, fire, know of my name?

A healthy presence, a friendly or commanding gesture, are words, sayings, meanings;

The charms that go with the mere looks of some men and women, are sayings and meanings also.



**2 - W. B. Yeats (1865 – 1939) - "THE STOLEN CHILD"**

Where dips the rocky highland  
 Of Sleuth Wood in the lake,  
 There lies a leafy island  
 Where flapping herons wake  
 The drowsy water rats;  
 There we've hid our faery vats,  
 Full of berrys  
 And of reddest stolen cherries.  
 Come away, O human child!  
 To the waters and the wild  
 With a faery, hand in hand,  
 For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.

Where the wave of moonlight glosses  
 The dim gray sands with light,  
 Far off by furthest Rosses  
 We foot it all the night,  
 Weaving olden dances  
 Mingling hands and mingling glances  
 Till the moon has taken flight;  
 To and fro we leap  
 And chase the frothy bubbles,  
 While the world is full of troubles  
 And anxious in its sleep.  
 Come away, O human child!  
 To the waters and the wild  
 With a faery, hand in hand,  
 For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.

Where the wandering water gushes  
 From the hills above Glen-Car,  
 In pools among the rushes  
 That scarce could bathe a star,  
 We seek for slumbering trout  
 And whispering in their ears  
 Give them unquiet dreams;  
 Leaning softly out  
 From ferns that drop their tears  
 Over the young streams.  
 Come away, O human child!  
 To the waters and the wild  
 With a faery, hand in hand,  
 For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.

Away with us he's going,  
 The solemn-eyed:  
 He'll hear no more the lowing  
 Of the calves on the warm hillside  
 Or the kettle on the hob  
 Sing peace into his breast,  
 Or see the brown mice bob  
 Round and round the oatmeal chest.  
 For he comes, the human child,  
 To the waters and the wild  
 With a faery, hand in hand,  
 For the world's more full of weeping than he can understand.

**3 – T.S. ELIOT (1888-1965) – “ASH WEDNESDAY”****I**

Because I do not hope to turn again  
 Because I do not hope  
 Because I do not hope to turn  
 Desiring this man's gift and that man's scope  
 I no longer strive to strive towards such things  
 (Why should the aged eagle stretch its wings?)  
 Why should I mourn  
 The vanished power of the usual reign?

Because I do not hope to know  
 The infirm glory of the positive hour  
 Because I do not think  
 Because I know I shall not know  
 The one veritable transitory power  
 Because I cannot drink  
 There, where trees flower, and springs flow, for there is  
 nothing again

Because I know that time is always time  
 And place is always and only place  
 And what is actual is actual only for one time  
 And only for one place  
 I rejoice that things are as they are and  
 I renounce the blessed face  
 And renounce the voice  
 Because I cannot hope to turn again  
 Consequently I rejoice, having to construct something  
 Upon which to rejoice

And pray to God to have mercy upon us  
 And pray that I may forget  
 These matters that with myself I too much discuss  
 Too much explain  
 Because I do not hope to turn again  
 Let these words answer  
 For what is done, not to be done again  
 May the judgement not be too heavy upon us

Because these wings are no longer wings to fly  
 But merely vans to beat the air  
 The air which is now thoroughly small and dry  
 Smaller and dryer than the will  
 Teach us to care and not to care Teach us to sit still.

Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death  
 Pray for us now and at the hour of our death.

**II**

Lady, three white leopards sat under a juniper-tree  
 In the cool of the day, having fed to satiety  
 On my legs my heart my liver and that which had been contained  
 In the hollow round of my skull. And God said  
 Shall these bones live? shall these  
 Bones live? And that which had been contained  
 In the bones (which were already dry) said chirping:  
 Because of the goodness of this Lady  
 And because of her loveliness, and because

She honours the Virgin in meditation,  
 We shine with brightness. And I who am here dissembled  
 Proffer my deeds to oblivion, and my love  
 To the posterity of the desert and the fruit of the gourd.  
 It is this which recovers  
 My guts the strings of my eyes and the indigestible portions  
 Which the leopards reject. The Lady is withdrawn  
 In a white gown, to contemplation, in a white gown.  
 Let the whiteness of bones atone to forgetfulness.  
 There is no life in them. As I am forgotten  
 And would be forgotten, so I would forget  
 Thus devoted, concentrated in purpose. And God said  
 Prophecy to the wind, to the wind only for only  
 The wind will listen. And the bones sang chirping  
 With the burden of the grasshopper, saying

Lady of silences  
 Calm and distressed  
 Torn and most whole  
 Rose of memory  
 Rose of forgetfulness  
 Exhausted and life-giving  
 Worried reposeful  
 The single Rose  
 Is now the Garden  
 Where all loves end  
 Terminate torment  
 Of love unsatisfied  
 The greater torment  
 Of love satisfied  
 End of the endless  
 Journey to no end  
 Conclusion of all that  
 Is inconclusible  
 Speech without word and  
 Word of no speech  
 Grace to the Mother  
 For the Garden  
 Where all love ends.

Under a juniper-tree the bones sang, scattered and shining  
 We are glad to be scattered, we did little good to each other,  
 Under a tree in the cool of day, with the blessing of sand,  
 Forgetting themselves and each other, united  
 In the quiet of the desert. This is the land which ye  
 Shall divide by lot. And neither division nor unity  
 Matters. This is the land. We have our inheritance.

### III

At the first turning of the second stair  
 I turned and saw below  
 The same shape twisted on the banister  
 Under the vapour in the fetid air  
 Struggling with the devil of the stairs who wears  
 The deceitful face of hope and of despair.

At the second turning of the second stair  
 I left them twisting, turning below;  
 There were no more faces and the stair was dark,  
 Damp, jagged, like an old man's mouth drivelling, beyond repair,  
 Or the toothed gullet of an aged shark.

At the first turning of the third stair  
 Was a slotted window bellied like the figs's fruit  
 And beyond the hawthorn blossom and a pasture scene  
 The broadbacked figure drest in blue and green  
 Enchanted the maytime with an antique flute.  
 Blown hair is sweet, brown hair over the mouth blown,  
 Lilac and brown hair;  
 Distraction, music of the flute, stops and steps of the mind  
 over the third stair,  
 Fading, fading; strength beyond hope and despair  
 Climbing the third stair.

Lord, I am not worthy  
 Lord, I am not worthy

but speak the word only.

#### IV

Who walked between the violet and the violet  
 Whe walked between  
 The various ranks of varied green  
 Going in white and blue, in Mary's colour,  
 Talking of trivial things  
 In ignorance and knowledge of eternal dolour  
 Who moved among the others as they walked,  
 Who then made strong the fountains and made fresh the springs

Made cool the dry rock and made firm the sand  
 In blue of larkspur, blue of Mary's colour,  
 Sovegna vos

Here are the years that walk between, bearing  
 Away the fiddles and the flutes, restoring  
 One who moves in the time between sleep and waking, wearing

White light folded, sheathing about her, folded.  
 The new years walk, restoring  
 Through a bright cloud of tears, the years, restoring  
 With a new verse the ancient rhyme. Redeem  
 The time. Redeem  
 The unread vision in the higher dream  
 While jewelled unicorns draw by the gilded hearse.

The silent sister veiled in white and blue  
 Between the yews, behind the garden god,  
 Whose flute is breathless, bent her head and signed but spoke  
 no word

But the fountain sprang up and the bird sang down  
 Redeem the time, redeem the dream  
 The token of the word unheard, unspoken

Till the wind shake a thousand whispers from the yew

And after this our exile

#### V

If the lost word is lost, if the spent word is spent  
 If the unheard, unspoken

Word is unspoken, unheard;  
 Still is the unspoken word, the Word unheard,  
 The Word without a word, the Word within  
 The world and for the world;  
 And the light shone in darkness and  
 Against the Word the unstilled world still whirled  
 About the centre of the silent Word.

O my people, what have I done unto thee.

Where shall the word be found, where will the word  
 Resound? Not here, there is not enough silence  
 Not on the sea or on the islands, not  
 On the mainland, in the desert or the rain land,  
 For those who walk in darkness  
 Both in the day time and in the night time  
 The right time and the right place are not here  
 No place of grace for those who avoid the face  
 No time to rejoice for those who walk among noise and  
 deny the voice

Will the veiled sister pray for  
 Those who walk in darkness, who chose thee and oppose thee,  
 Those who are torn on the horn between season and season,  
 time and time, between  
 Hour and hour, word and word, power and power, those who wait  
 In darkness? Will the veiled sister pray  
 For children at the gate  
 Who will not go away and cannot pray:  
 Pray for those who chose and oppose

O my people, what have I done unto thee.

Will the veiled sister between the slender  
 Yew trees pray for those who offend her  
 And are terrified and cannot surrender  
 And affirm before the world and deny between the rocks  
 In the last desert before the last blue rocks  
 The desert in the garden the garden in the desert  
 Of drouth, spitting from the mouth the withered apple-seed.

O my people.

## VI

Although I do not hope to turn again  
 Although I do not hope  
 Although I do not hope to turn

Wavering between the profit and the loss  
 In this brief transit where the dreams cross  
 The dreamcrossed twilight between birth and dying  
 (Bless me father) though I do not wish to wish these things  
 From the wide window towards the granite shore  
 The white sails still fly seaward, seaward flying  
 Unbroken wings

And the lost heart stiffens and rejoices  
 In the lost lilac and the lost sea voices  
 And the weak spirit quickens to rebel  
 For the bent golden-rod and the lost sea smell  
 Quickens to recover



The cry of quail and the whirling plover  
 And the blind eye creates  
 The empty forms between the ivory gates  
 And smell renews the salt savour of the sandy earth

This is the time of tension between dying and birth  
 The place of solitude where three dreams cross  
 Between blue rocks  
 But when the voices shaken from the yew-tree drift away  
 Let the other yew be shaken and reply.

Blessèd sister, holy mother, spirit of the fountain, spirit  
 of the garden,  
 Suffer us not to mock ourselves with falsehood  
 Teach us to care and not to care  
 Teach us to sit still  
 Even among these rocks,  
 Our peace in His will  
 And even among these rocks  
 Sister, mother  
 And spirit of the river, spirit of the sea,  
 Suffer me not to be separated

And let my cry come unto Thee.



#### 4 – EIK SKALØE – "DUNHAMMERAFTEN" (1967)

1 Mørket kommer listende  
og nu må jeg stå for skud  
månen presser væden af min chillum-klud  
hvor er I henne venner  
er festen forbi?  
Er jeg væk når I kommer tilbage  
så er det fordi  
jeg er fløjet bort til øen som vi to så  
hvor jeg har mine violette snabeltyrkersko på

en dunHammeraften  
Hammer med stort H

2 Frøerne taler det samme sprog  
som Mester Jakel i sin bugtalerkrog  
ja vi har magisk teater på 3. balkon  
i maven på solens orange ballon  
over øen er himmelviften jo blå  
når man har sine violette snabeltyrkersko på

en dunHammeraften  
Hammer med stort H

3 I værelse 7 spiller Rifbjerg skak  
med Grundtvig der sidder og nynner Bach  
i Frue Kirke kan ingen begribe  
hvem der sidder og ryger på orgelpibe  
det' da ellers ikke særlig svært at forstå  
når man har sine violette snabeltyrkersko på

en dunHammeraften  
Hammer med stort H

4 Tycho Brahe sidder på Rundetårn  
og tegner horoskopet for pinsemor'n  
og snadder sin pibe og vifter stolt  
på en motorvejsbølge er der ikke koldt  
nej, Sjælland er en dejlig varm ø at bo på  
når man har sine violette snabeltyrkersko på

en dunHammeraften  
Hammer med stort H

5 Sådan en nat er der ikke mange af  
hvor venner si'r farvel før de si'r godda'  
jeres stemmer prikker i min fingerspids  
og jeg ved at I ikke undrer jer hvis  
jeg er fløjet bort til øen som vi to så  
hvor jeg har mine violette snabeltyrkersko på

en dunHammeraften  
Hammer med stort H





**5 – EIK SKALØE – "KUN FOR FORRYKTE" (1967)**

- 1 Der var engang en der hed Harry  
han gik på to ben og var et menneske  
men i grunden var han dog en Steppeulv  
han vidste meget af det som mennesker  
med god forstand kan lære
- 2 Han var en temmelig klog mand  
men ét havde han ikke lært  
at være tilfreds med sig selv og sit liv
- 3 I sin ungdom da han endnu var fattig  
foretrak han at sulte og gå i laser  
for herved at redde sin uafhængighed  
han solgte sig aldrig for penge  
til kvinder eller de store
- 4 Han kastede altid det bort  
som i alverdens øjne var hans fordel  
for at bevare sin frihed
- 5 Han blev stadig mere og mere uafhængig  
ingen havde noget at befale ham  
han skulle ikke rette sig efter nogen  
fri og alene bestemte han  
over sin gøren og laden
- 6 Men midt i al denne frihed  
gik det pludselig op for Harry  
at hans frihed var døden
- 7 Og han fastsatte sin 50-års fødselsdag  
som dagen hvor han ville begå selvmord  
og den dag skulle det stå ham frit for  
at benytte nødudgangen eller lade være  
alt efter sit humør
- 8 La' der så ske hvad der ville  
Der var kun få år i vente  
måneder og dage blev stadig færre
- 9 Og lad os forestille os en have  
med 100 forskellige slags træer  
og 100 forskellige slags blomster  
mens gartneren kun kender botanisk forskel  
på spiselige og ukrudt  
så aner han slet ikke  
hvad han skal stille op med 9/10 af sin have
- 10 Og vi ta'r nu afsked med Harry  
og lader ham gå sin vej alene  
var han allerede hos de udødelige  
var han allerede der  
hvor hans tunge vej syntes at føre
- 11 Hvor ville han da ikke se forundret  
på sin banes ubeslutsomme zigzag  
hvor ville han dog ikke opmuntre  
hvor ville han da ikke smile  
fornøjet til denne Steppeulv  
Åh, ja