

# Vorlesung: Was ist Weltliteratur?

## THE WASTE LAND

### I. THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

**A**PRIL is the cruellest month, breeding  
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing  
Memory and desire, stirring  
Dull roots with spring rain.  
Winter kept us warm, covering  
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding  
A little life with dried tubers.  
Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee,  
With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade,  
And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten,  
And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.  
Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch.  
And when we were children, staying at the archduke's,  
My cousin's, he took me out on a sled,  
And I was frightened. He said, Marie,  
Marie, hold on tight. And down we went.

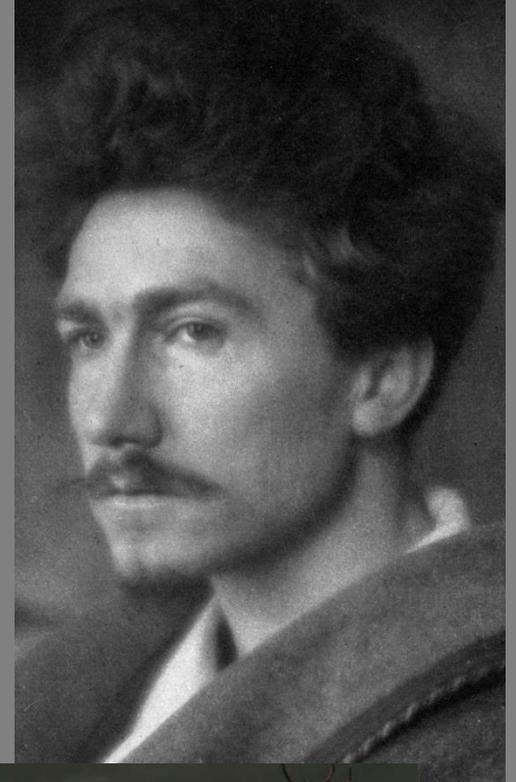
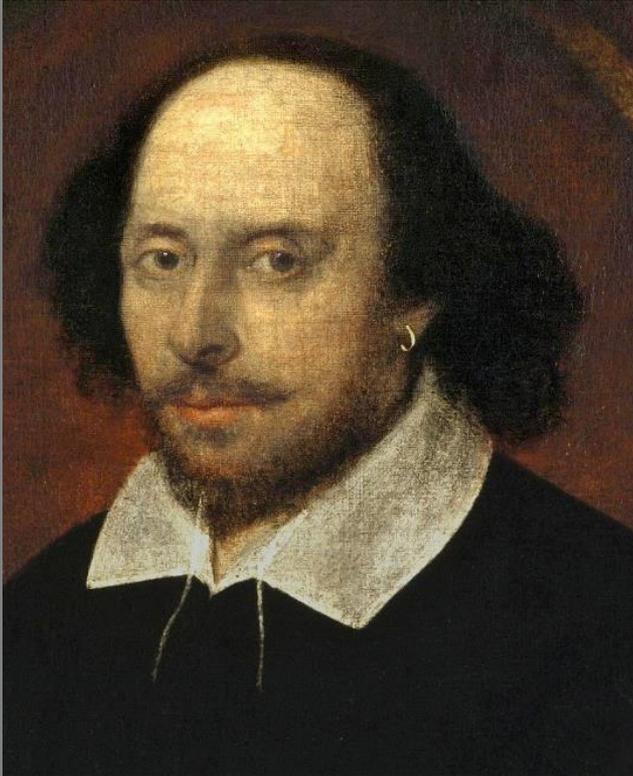
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## 2. Teil, Kapitel 3: Bob Dylans antiker Blues



# Vorlesung: Was ist Weltliteratur?



## 2. Teil, Kapitel 3: Bob Dylans songpoetische Mysterienspiele



# Für eine ökologiekritische Relektüre von Eliots *The Waste Land*.





Victoria-Wasserfälle

## aus *Desolation Row* (1965)

They're selling postcards of the hanging

They're painting the passports brown

The beauty parlor is filled with sailors

**The circus is in town** [...]

**Cinderella**, she seems so easy

"It takes one to know one," she smiles

And puts her hands in her back pockets

**Bette Davis** style

And in comes **Romeo**, he's moaning

"You Belong to Me I Believe"

And someone says, "You're in the wrong place  
my friend

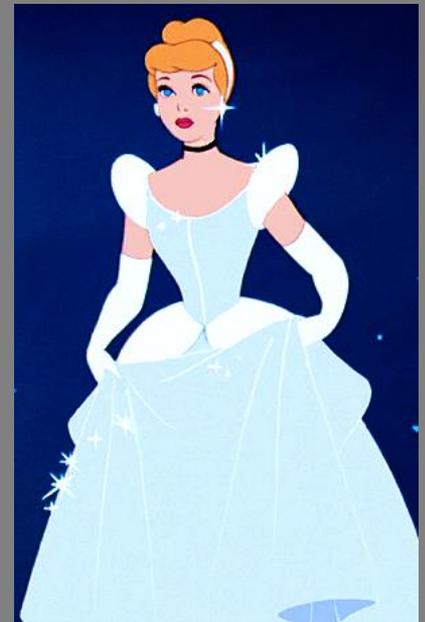
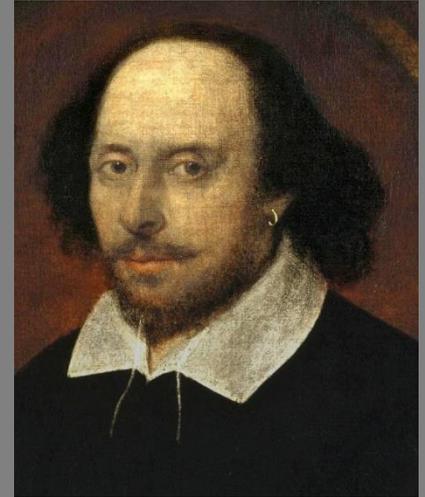
You better leave"

And the only sound that's left

After the ambulances go

Is Cinderella sweeping up

On Desolation Row



Now the moon is almost hidden  
The stars are beginning to hide  
The fortune-telling lady  
Has even taken all her things inside  
All except for Cain and Abel  
And the hunchback of Notre Dame  
Everybody is making love  
Or else expecting rain  
And the Good Samaritan, he's dressing  
He's getting ready for the show  
He's going to the carnival tonight  
On Desolation Row

[...]

Praise be to **Nero's Neptune**

The Titanic sails at dawn

And everybody's shouting

"Which Side Are You On?"

And **Ezra Pound** and **T. S. Eliot**

**Fighting in the captain's tower**

While calypso singers laugh at them

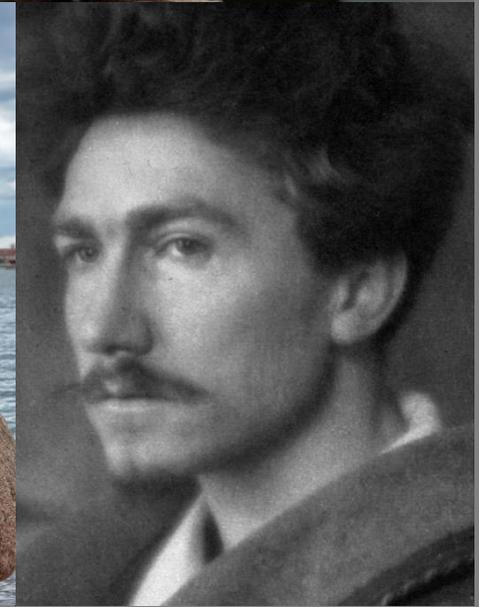
And fishermen hold flowers

Between the windows of the sea

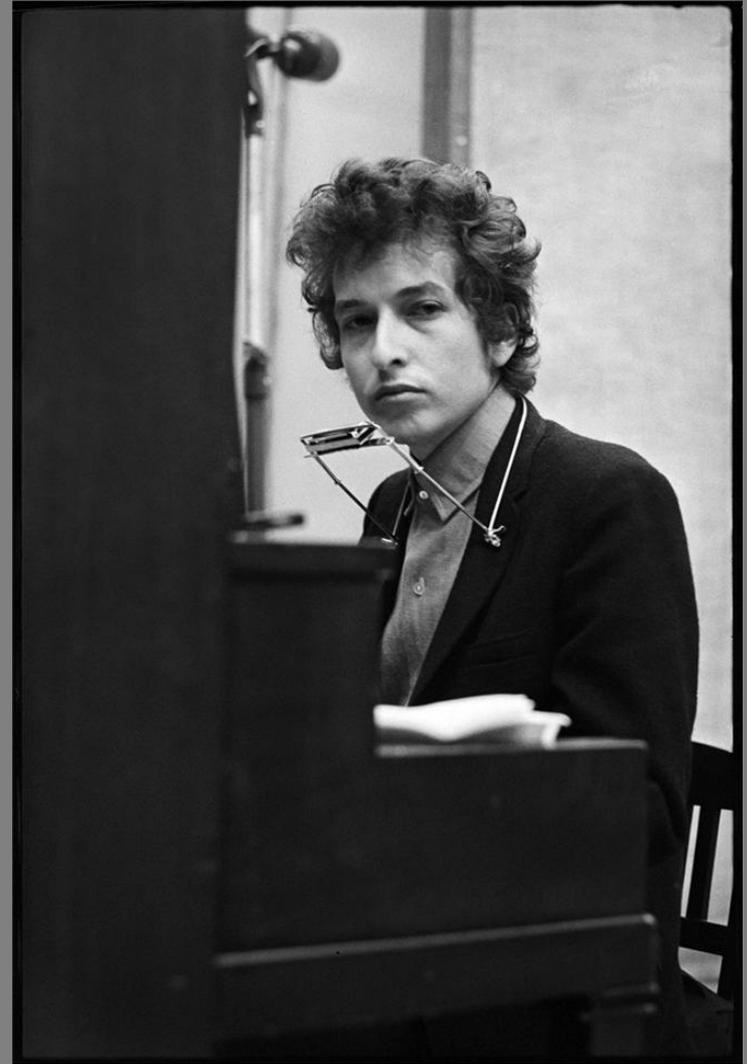
Where lovely mermaids flow

And nobody has to think too much

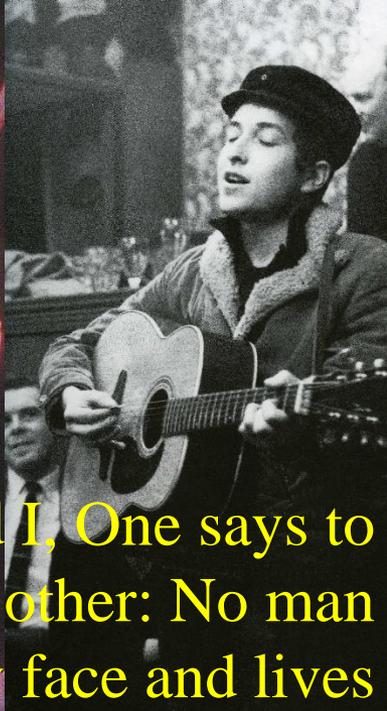
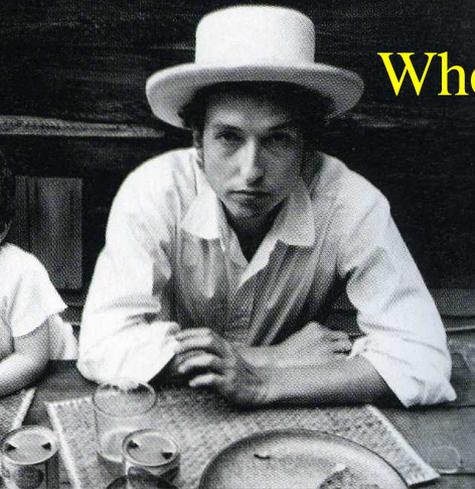
About Desolation Row



Yes, I received your letter yesterday  
(About the time the doorknob broke)  
When you asked how I was doing  
Was that some kind of joke?  
All these people that you mention  
Yes, I know them, they're quite lame  
I had to rearrange their faces  
And give them all another name  
Right now I can't read too good  
Don't send me no more letters no  
Not unless you mail them  
From Desolation Row

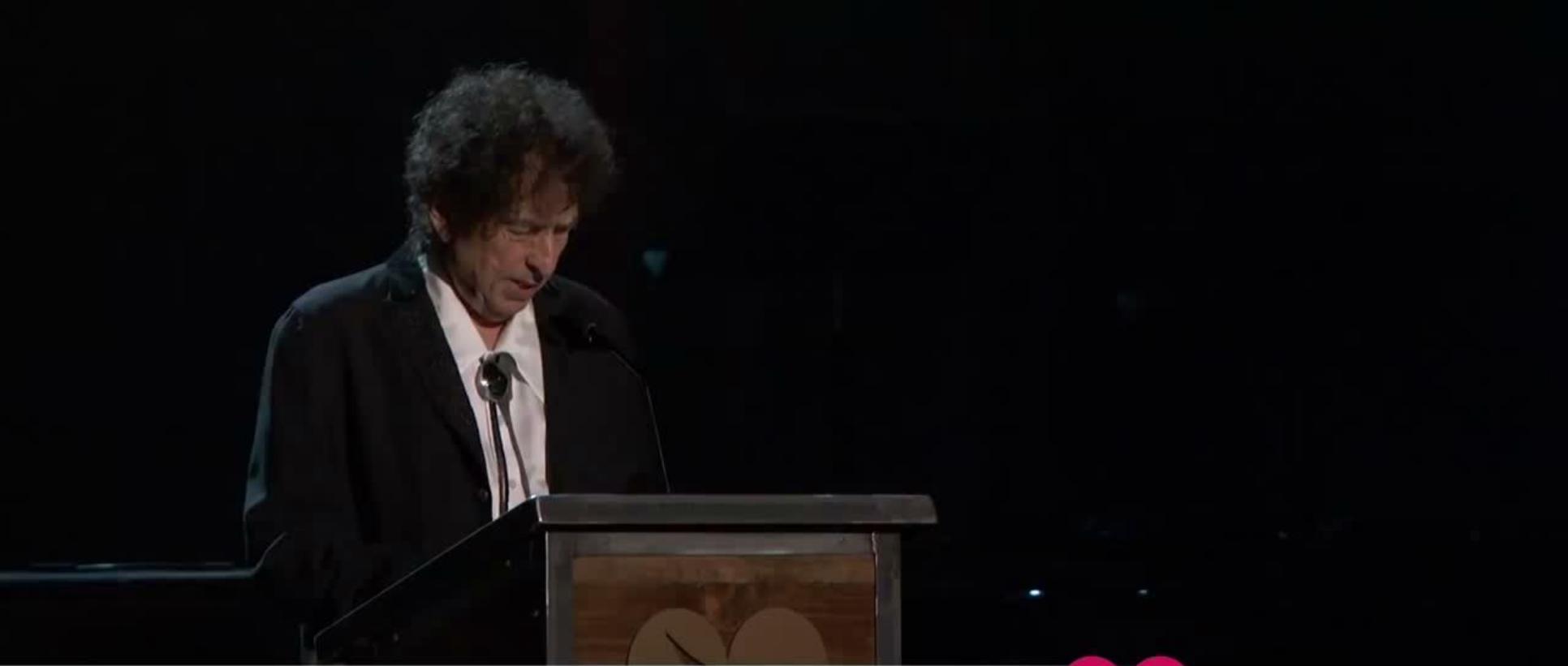


When asked to give your real name  
Never give it



I and I, One says to  
the other: No man  
sees my face and lives

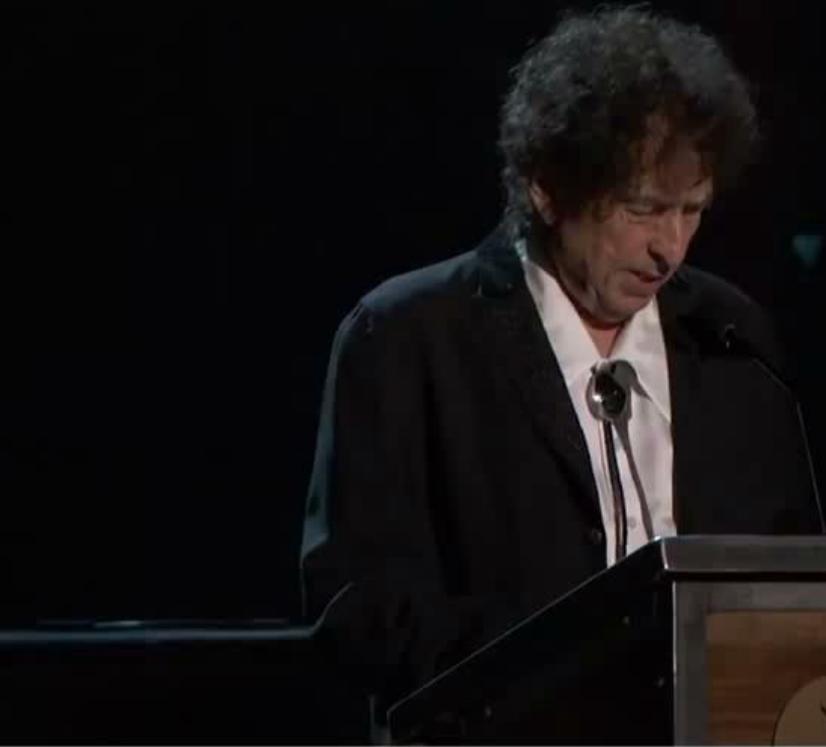




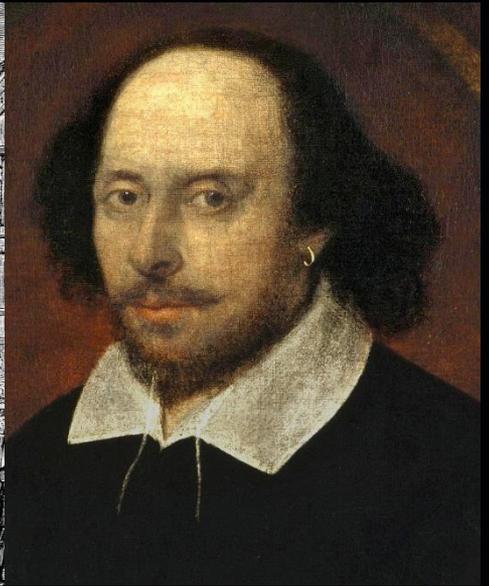
**Bob Dylan**  
*2015 MusiCares Person of the Year Honoree*



It's been a long road and it's taken a lot of doing. These songs of mine, they're like mystery plays, the kind that Shakespeare saw when he was growing up. I think you could trace what I do back that far. They were on the fringes then, and I think they are on the fringes now.

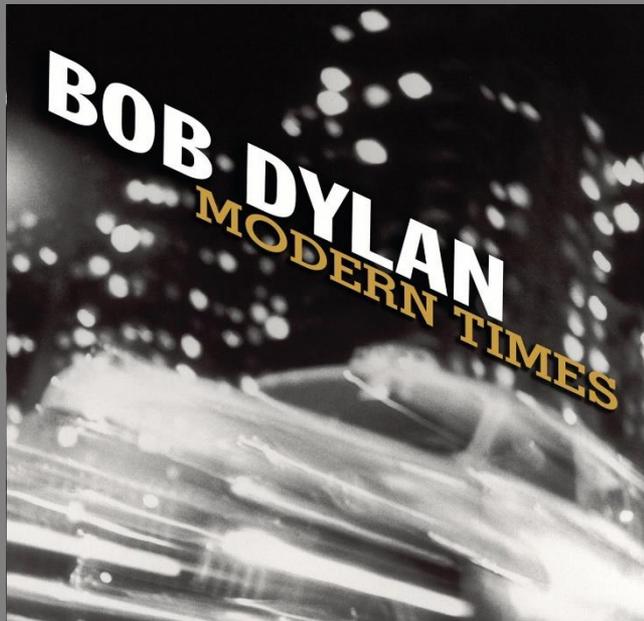


Bob Dylan  
2015 MusiCares Person of the



It's been a long road and it's taken a lot of doing. These songs of mine, they're like mystery plays, the kind that Shakespeare saw when he was growing up. I think you could trace what I do back that far. They were on the fringes then, and I think they are on the fringes now.

„What are  
your songs about?“  
„Well, some are about five  
minutes, some are about six  
minutes, and some, believe  
it or not, are about eleven  
minutes.“



*Workingman's Blues #2*  
(6.00 min.)



There's an evenin' haze settlin' over town  
Starlight by the edge of the creek  
The buyin' power of the proletariat's gone down  
Money's getting' shallow and weak  
Well the place I love best is a sweet memory  
It's a new path that we trod  
They say low wage is our reality  
If we want to compete abroad  
  
My cruel weapons have been put on the shelf  
Come sit down on my knee  
You are dearer to me than myself  
As you yourself can see  
While I'm listenin' to the steel rails a-hum  
Got both eyes tight shut  
Just sittin' here tryin' to keep the hunger from  
Creepin' it's way into my gut

Meet me at the bottom, don't lag behind

Bring me my boots and shoes

You can hang back or fight your best on the front line

Sing a little bit of these workingman blues

Well, I'm sailin' on back, ready for the long haul  
Tossed by the winds and the seas  
I'll drag 'em all down to hell and I'll stand 'em at the wall  
I'll sell 'em to their enemies  
I'm a-tryin' to feed my soul with thought  
Gonna sleep off the rest of the day  
Sometimes no one wants what we got  
Sometimes you can't give it away

Now the place is ringed with countless foes  
Some of them may be deaf and dumb  
No man, no woman knows  
The hour that sorrow will come  
In the dark I hear the night birds call  
I can feel a lover's breath  
I sleep in the kitchen with my feet in the hall  
Sleep is like a temporary death

Meet me at the bottom, don't lag behind

Bring me my boots and shoes

You can hang back or fight your best on the front line

Sing a little bit of these workingman blues

Well, they burned my barn and they stole my horse  
I can't save a dime  
I got to be careful, I don't want to be forced  
Into a life of continual crime  
I can see for myself that the sun is sinkin'  
How I wish you were here to see  
Tell me now, am I wrong in thinkin'  
That you have forgotten me?

Now they worry and they hurry and they fuss and they fret  
They waste your nights and days  
Them I won't forget  
But you I'll remember always  
Old memories of you to me have clung  
You've wounded me with your words  
Gonna have to straighten out your tongue  
It's all true, everything you have heard

Meet me at the bottom, don't lag behind

Bring me my boots and shoes

You can hang back or fight your best on the front line

Sing a little bit of these workingman blues

In you, my friend, I find no blame  
Wanna look in my eyes, please do  
No one can ever claim  
That I took up arms against you  
All across the peaceful sacred fields  
They will lay you low  
They'll break your horns and slash you with steel  
I say it so it must be so

Now I'm down on my luck and I'm black and blue  
Gonna give you another chance  
I'm all alone, I'm expectin' you  
To lead me off in a cheerful dance  
I got a brand new suit and a brand new wife  
I can live on rice and beans  
Some people never work a day in their life  
Don't know what work even means

Well meet me at the bottom, don't lag behind

Bring me my boots and shoes

You can hang back or fight your best on the front line

Sing a little bit of these workingman blues

## *Workingman's Blues #2*

The buyin' power of the proletariat's gone down  
Money's gettin' shallow and weak

It's a new path that we trod  
They say low wage is our reality  
If we want to compete abroad

Sometimes no one wants what we got  
Sometimes you can't give it away

Well they burned my barn and they stole my horse  
I can't save a dime  
I got to be careful, I don't want to be forced  
Into a life of continual crime

Now I'm sailin' on back ready for the long haul  
Tossed by the winds and the seas  
I say it so it must be so.

Just sittin' **here\*** tryin' to keep the hunger from  
Creepin' it's way into my gut

**\*the kitchen**

I'm tryin' to feed my soul with thought  
Gonna sleep off the rest of the day

I'm listenin' to the steel rails hum

Now I'm down on my luck and I'm black and blue

Now the place is ringed with countless foes  
Some of them may be deaf and dumb

No man, no woman knows the hour that sorrow will come

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You are dearer to me than myself

As you yourself can see

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How I wish you were here to see

Tell me now, am I wrong in thinkin'

That you have forgotten me?

Them I will forget  
But you I'll remember always  
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In you, my friend, I find no blame  
Wanna look in my eyes? please do  
No one can ever claim  
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Gonna give you another chance  
I'm all alone and I'm expecting you  
To lead me off in a cheerful dance

Got a brand new suit and a brand new wife  
I can live on rice and beans

## heterogene Schauplätze und Szenerien

(Kleinstadt und Natur, Eisenbahn, Western, auf hoher See, in der Küche)

## heterogene Sprach-Spiele einer Rollen-Rede

(amerikanische Diskurse der Ökonomie, des Wildwestfilms, des Hemingway-Romans, des Blues)

## widersprüchliche Handlungsverläufe und Rollenschemata

(siegreicher Kämpfer, Liebes-Gemeinschaft, *Hobo*, scheiternder Kämpfer, Hungerleider, Verlassenheit)

## Kohärenz durch die Figur des Sprechenden:

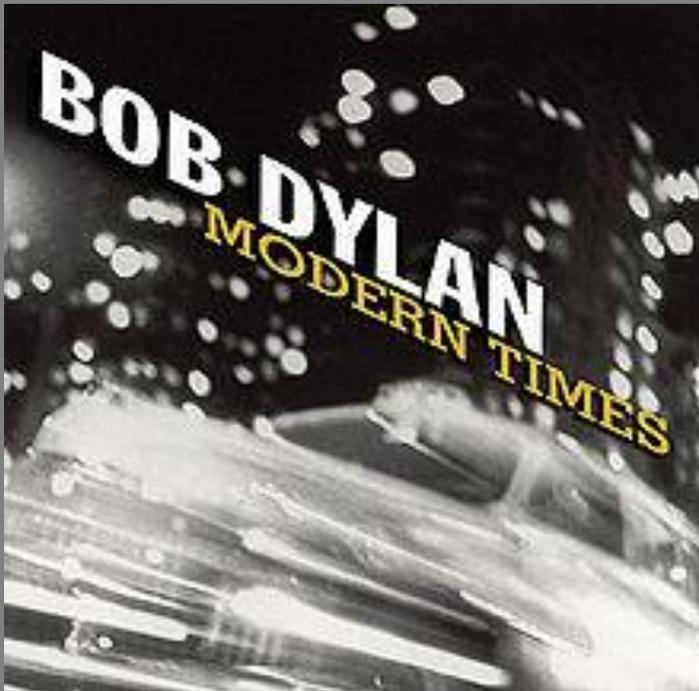
der Song als Monolog eines halluzinierenden Sterbenden  
– der Song als *Monodrama*

## explizite intertextuelle Verweise:

Genres (Western, *Hobo*-Erzählung, Hemingway-Story)

Albumtitel *Modern Times*

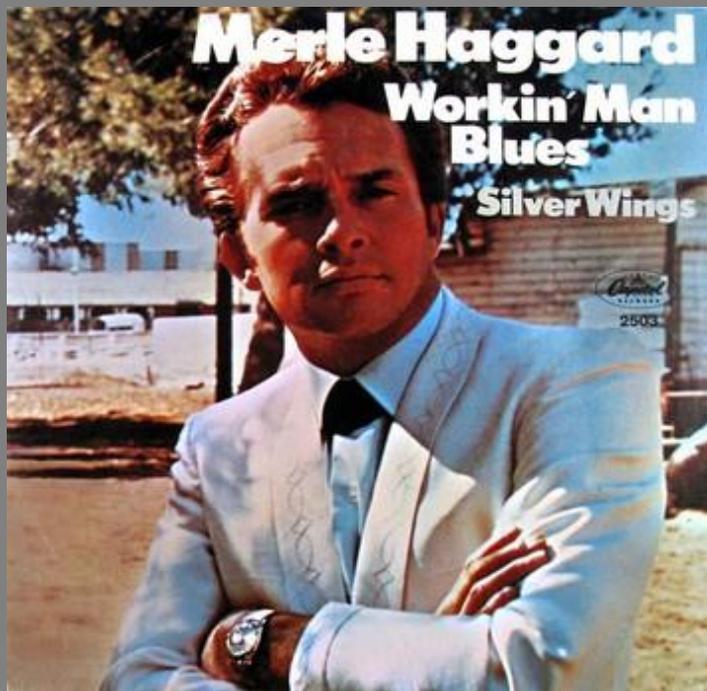
Songtitel *Working Man's Blues*



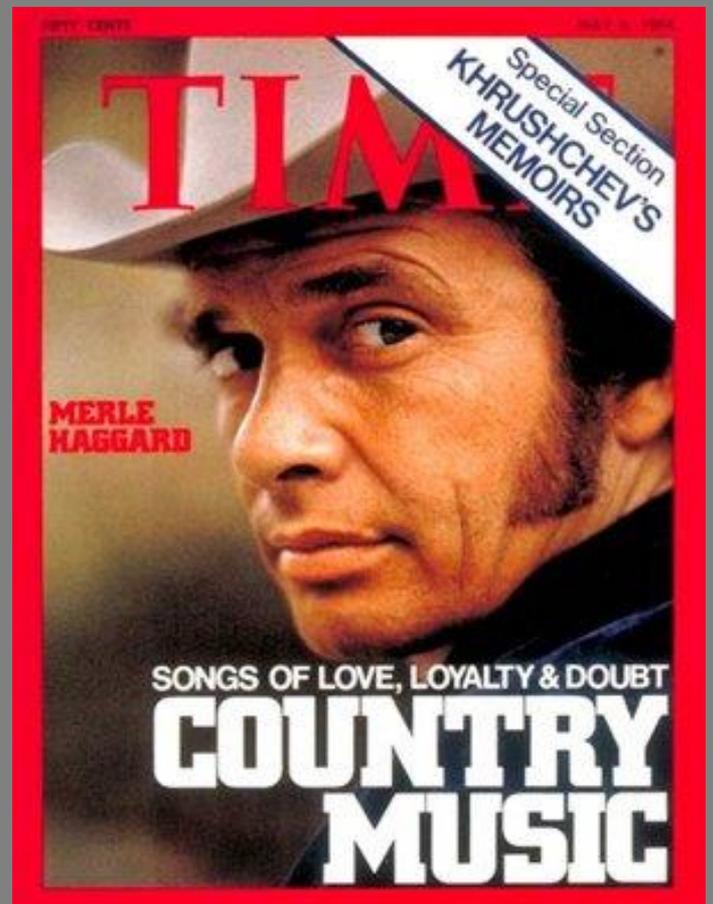
## *Workingman's Blues #2*

Sing a little bit of  
these workingman's blues





Juni 1969

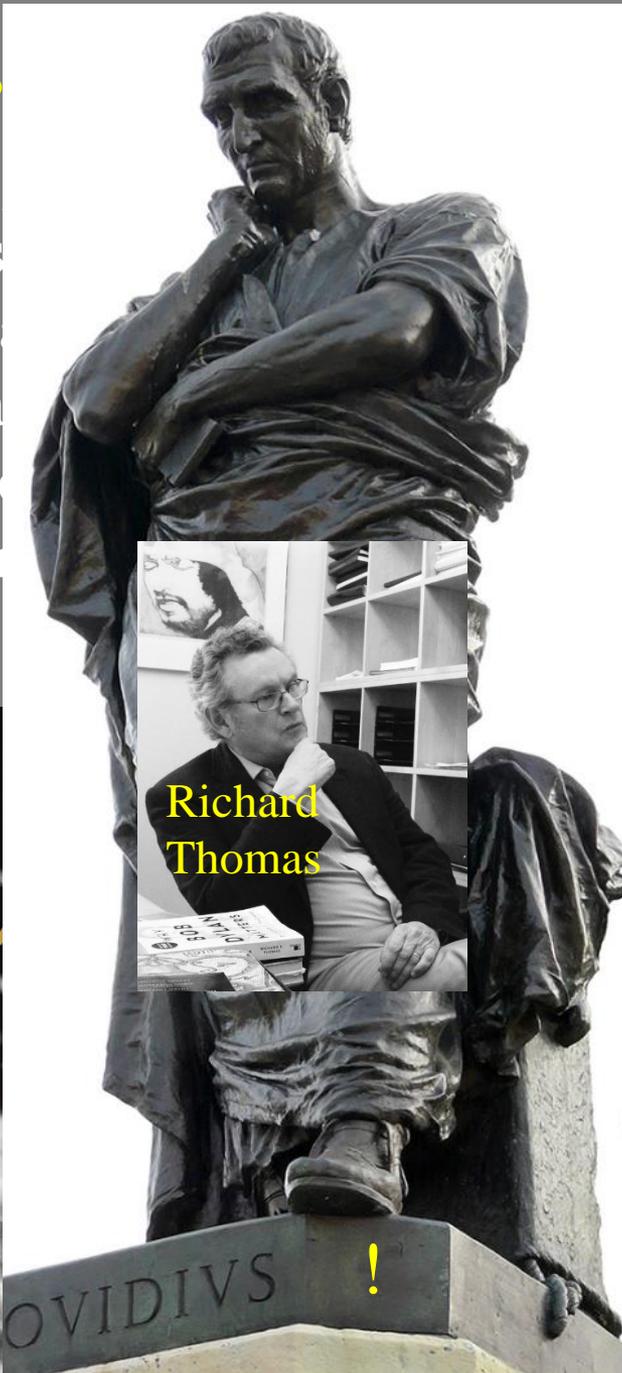


This song's for the *working man*.

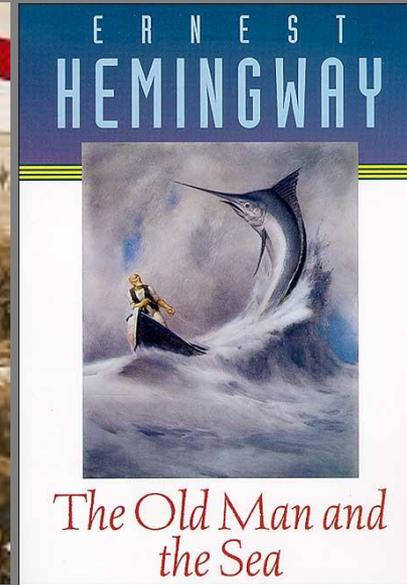
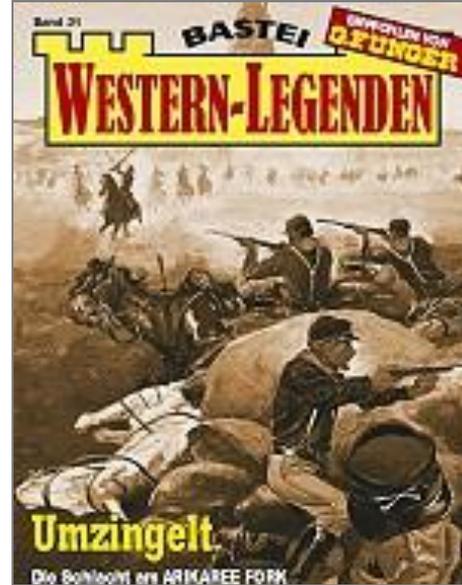
Sometimes I think about leaving, do a little bummin' around  
Wanna throw my bills out the window catch a train to another town  
But I go back working, gotta buy my kids a brand new pair of shoes  
I'll be working as long as my two hands are fit to use  
I ain't never been on welfare, that is *one* place I won't be

Western?

Now the  
countless  
No one c  
took up a  
I'm expe  
in a cheer



Richard  
Thomas



Hemingway, *The Old Man and the Sea*?

Now I'm sailing on back, ready  
for the long haul,  
Tossed by the winds and the  
seas.

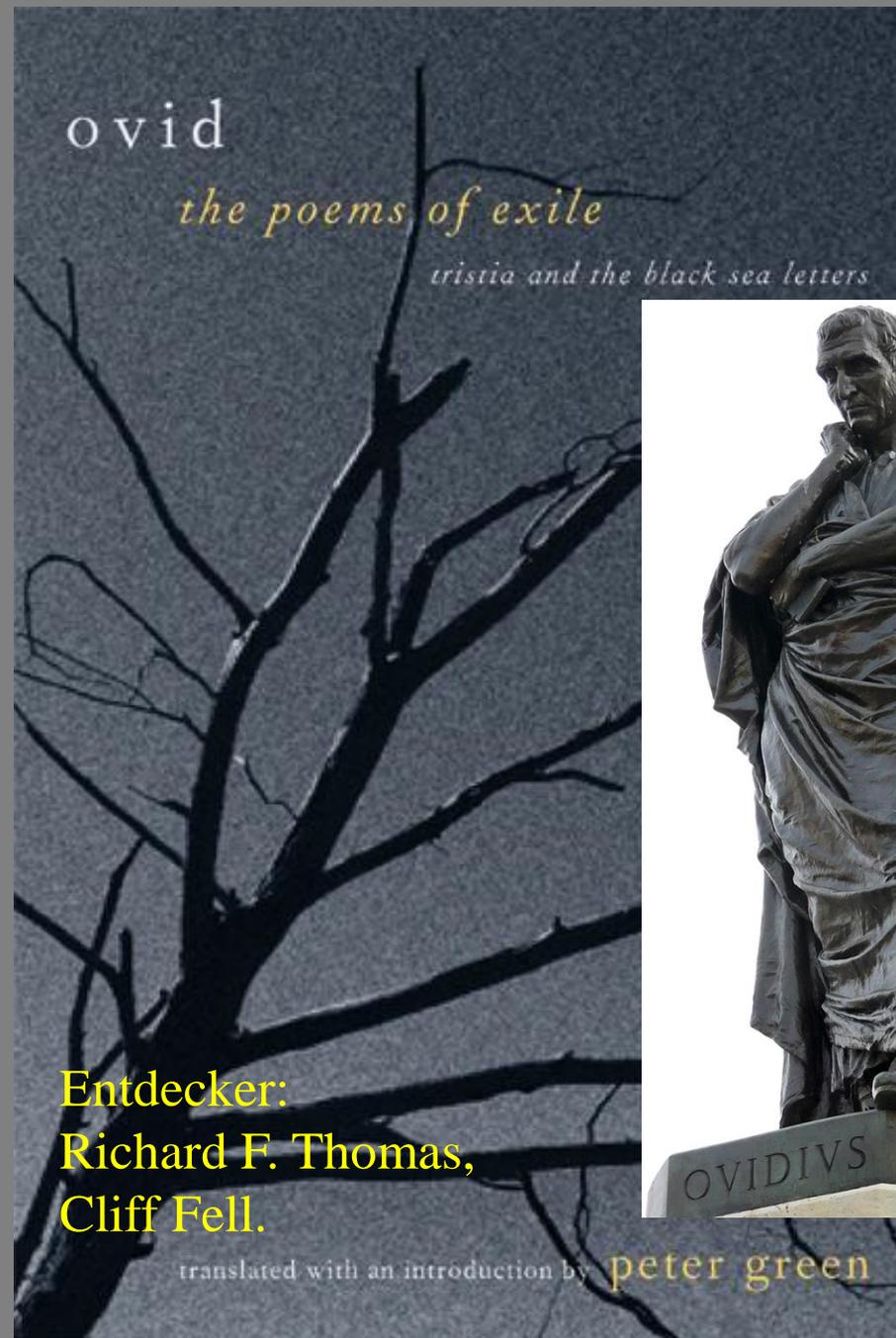
Ovid: *Tristia*,  
*Epistulae ex Ponto*



in the last outback, at the  
world's end  
(*letzter Vers dieses  
Albums*)



beyond here lies nothing  
nothing we can call our  
own  
(*erster Vers des nächsten  
Albums*)



Entdecker:  
Richard F. Thomas,  
Cliff Fell.

translated with an introduction by peter green

*Dylan / Ovid:* ...no one / can claim  
that I ever took up arms against you

*Dylan:* My cruel weapons have  
been put on the shelf

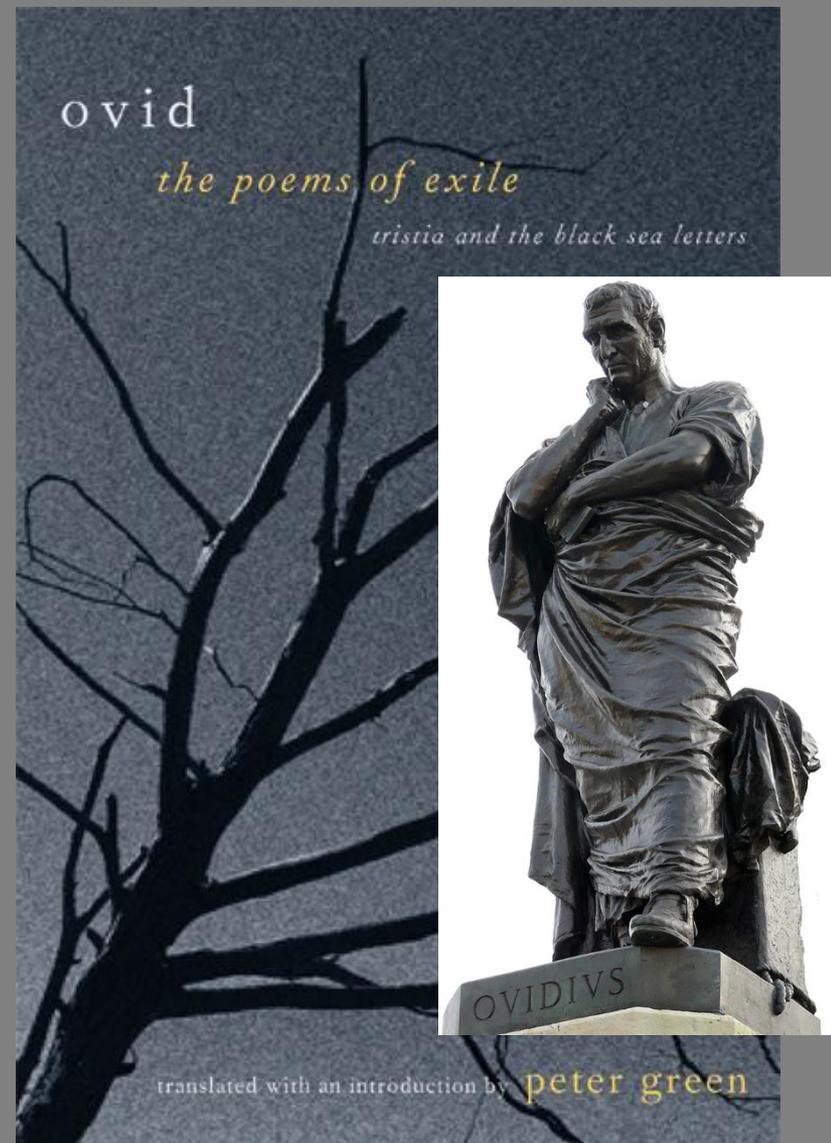
*Ovid:* Show mercy, I beg you,  
shelve your cruel weapons

*Dylan:* ...ready for the long haul /  
tossed by the winds and the sea

*Ovid:* ...setting course for the long  
haul ... tossed by sea and wind

*Dylan:* You are dearer to me than  
myself, as you yourself can see

*Ovid:* How great a monument I've built you in my writings, /  
wif dearer to me than myself, you yourself can see



*Dylan:* I'm expecting you / To lead me off in a cheerful dance

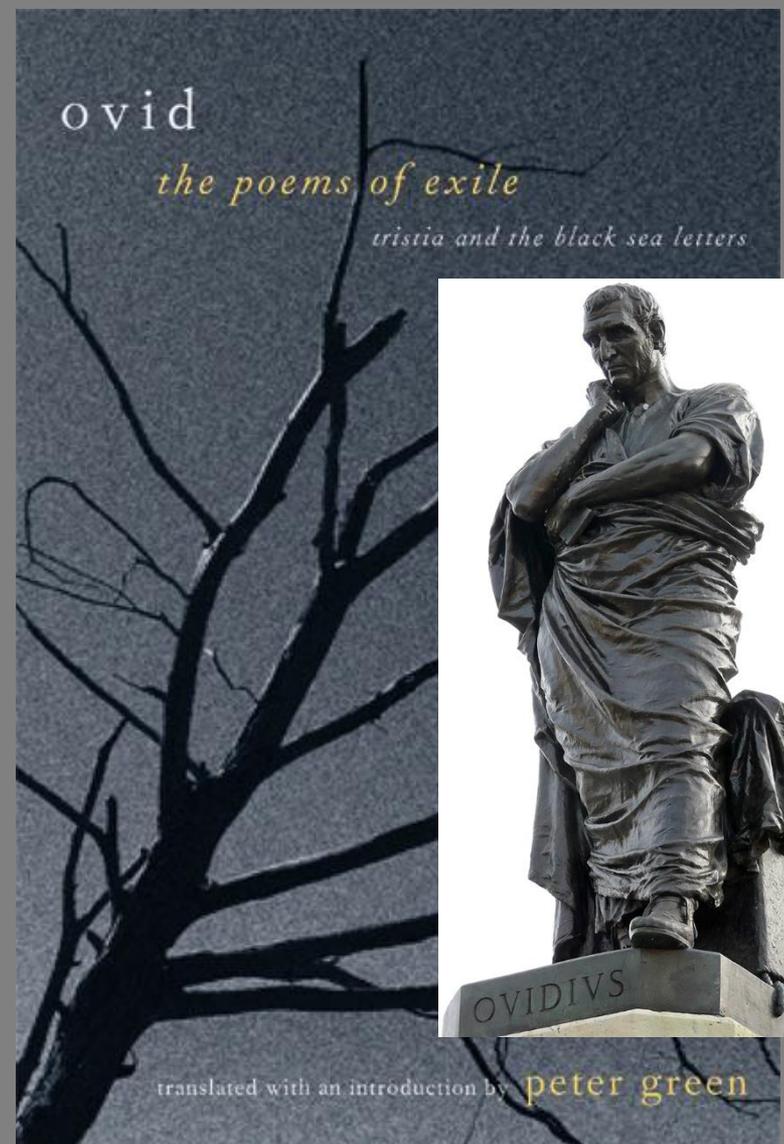
*Ovid:* Niobe <should> lead off some cheerful dance

*Dylan:* Tell me now, am I wrong in thinking / That you've forgotten me?

*Ovid:* May the gods grant that my complaint's unfounded, / that I'm wrong in thinking you've forgotten me!

*Dylan:* Them I will forget / But you I'll remember always

*Ovid:* ...the greater part of my private circle / denied all knowledge of me. Them I will forget, / but you I'll remember always, all of you, who lighten / this laden soul's burden of ills

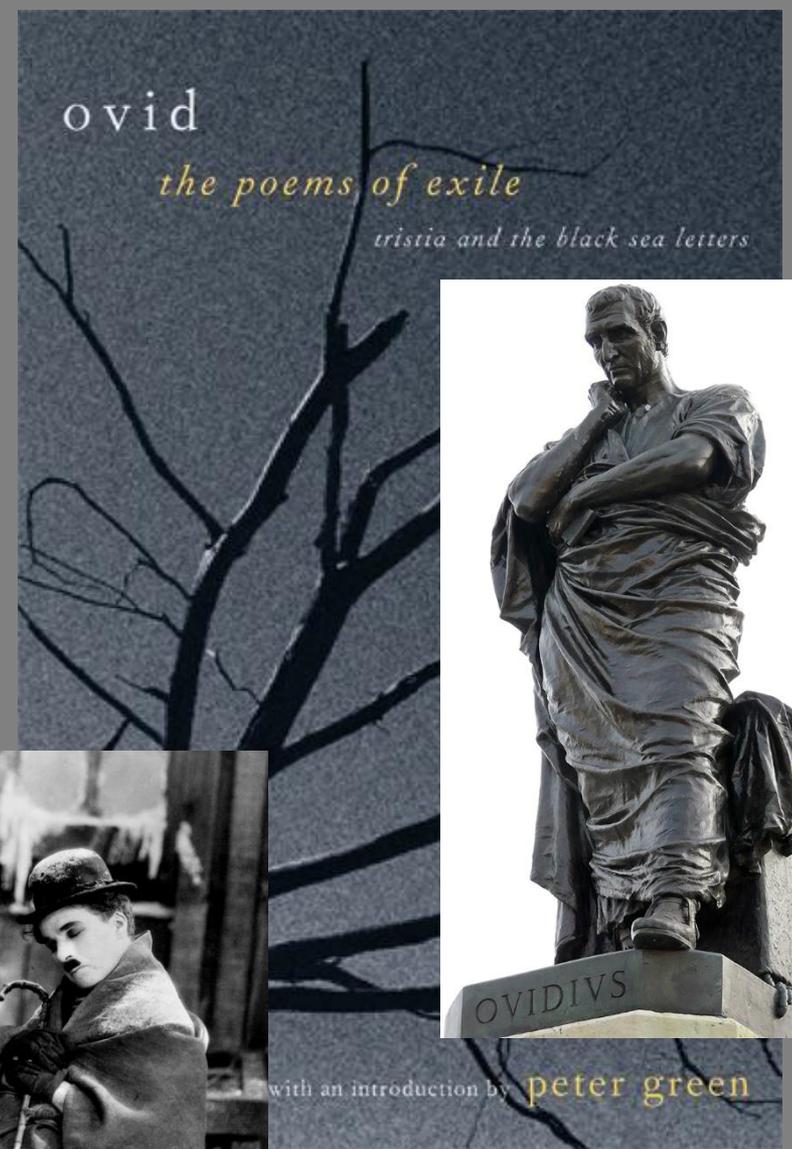


## Opfermythos als Untergrund:

All across the peaceful sacred fields  
They will lay you low  
They'll cut your horns and slash you  
with steel  
I say it so it must be So

## Selbstbehauptung in Todesgewissheit:

I'll show courage – face death here,  
by the shores of the Black Sea.



Now the place is ringed with countless foes  
Some of them may be deaf and dumb

Collage / Cento  
(z. B. 2. Strophe)



No man, no woman knows

The hour that sorrow will come

In the dark I hear the night birds call

I can hear a lover's breath

I sleep in the kitchen with my feet in the hall

Sleep is like a temporary death

Now the place is ringed with countless foes  
Some of them may be deaf and dumb

[Ovid, *Tristia*, 5]

No man, no woman knows

[Ovid, *Epistulae ex Ponto*, 4]

The hour that sorrow will come

[Matthäus 24.36]

In the dark I hear the night birds call

[Anita Rau Badami: *Can You Hear the Nightbirds Call?*]

I can feel a lover's breath

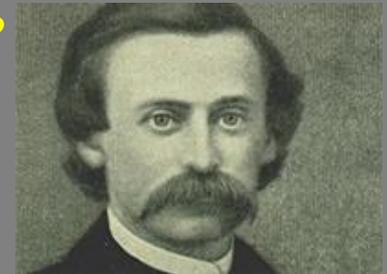
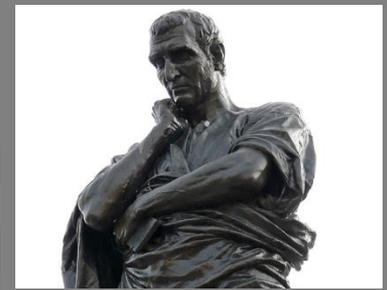
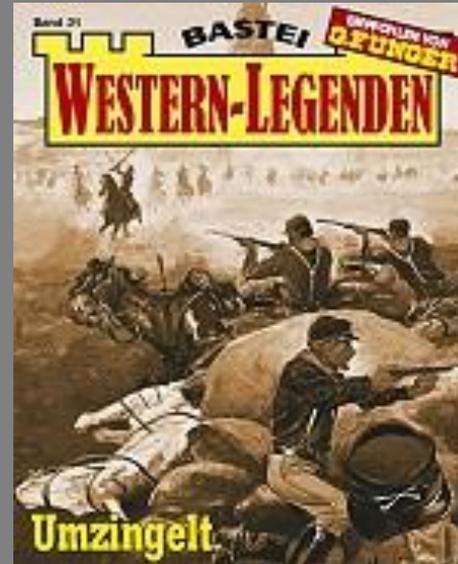
[Henry Timrod, *Two Portraits*]

I sleep in the kitchen with my feet in the hall

[Robert Johnson, *They're Red Hot Blues*]

Sleep is like a temporary death

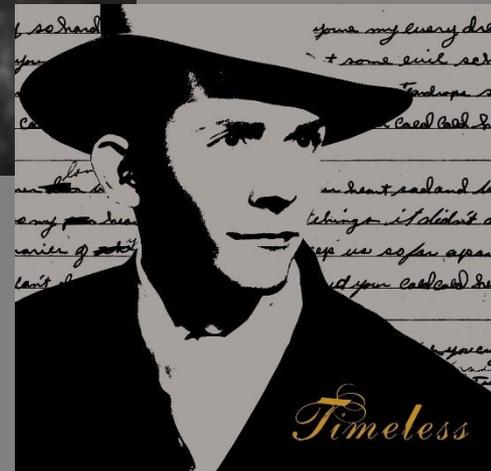
[Henry Timrod, *Two Portraits*]



# Robert Johnson?



“As far as songwriting, I wanted to write songs like Woody Guthrie and Robert Johnson. **Timeless** and eternal.”



...you I'll remember always.

It's a cold black night, and it's

been summer's eve

This rain is so hard you could drown

I'm still findin' it so hard to believe

**Someone would kick me when I'm down**

... sometimes you can't give it away.

Now the place is ringed with countless foes

You can hear the beating of the drum

No man no woman knows

The hour that sorrow will come

In the dark I hear a songbird call

You know the hills are rugged and steep

Gonna sleep in the kitchen with my feet in the hall

If I told you my whole story you'd weep

***Ovid: Don't ask how I fare, should I tell you the whole story,***

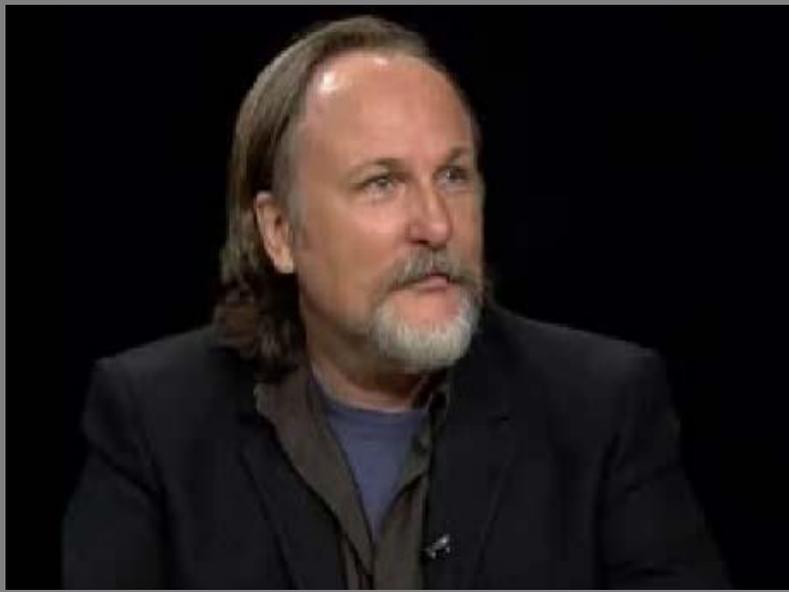
***you'd weep.***





*Flanagan:* The **character** in the song ...

*Dylan:* I know what you're saying, but it's not a character like in a book or a movie. He's not a bus driver. He doesn't drive a forklift. He's not a serial killer. **It's me** who's singing that, plain and simple.



*Flanagan:* In the song ... the character says...

*Dylan:* Wait a minute Bill. I'm not a playwright. **The people in my songs are all me.** I thought we talked about that?



*Dylan:* ... what probably makes the Southern part of the country so different ... It must be the Southern air. It's filled with rambling ghosts and disturbed spirits. They're all screaming and forlorn. It's like they are caught in some weird web – **some purgatory between heaven and hell** and they can't rest. They can't live, and they can't die. It's like they were cut off in their prime, wanting to tell somebody something. It's all over the place.



*Dylan:* ... if you have those kinds of thoughts and feelings you know where the guy is.

**He's right where you are.** If you don't have those thoughts and feelings then he doesn't exist.

Goethe, 17. Februar 1832:

„Was hab‘ ich denn getan? Ich habe gesammelt ... Meine Werke speisen sich aus Tausenden von Individuen ... Mein Werk ist das Werk eines Kollektivwesens, und es trägt den Namen Goethe.“



Ezra Pound: *Histrion*

And yet I know, how that the souls of all men great  
At times pass through us,  
And we are melted into them ...  
Thus I am Dante for a space and am  
One François Villon, ballad-lord and thief



Eliot: these fragments I have shored against my ruins.