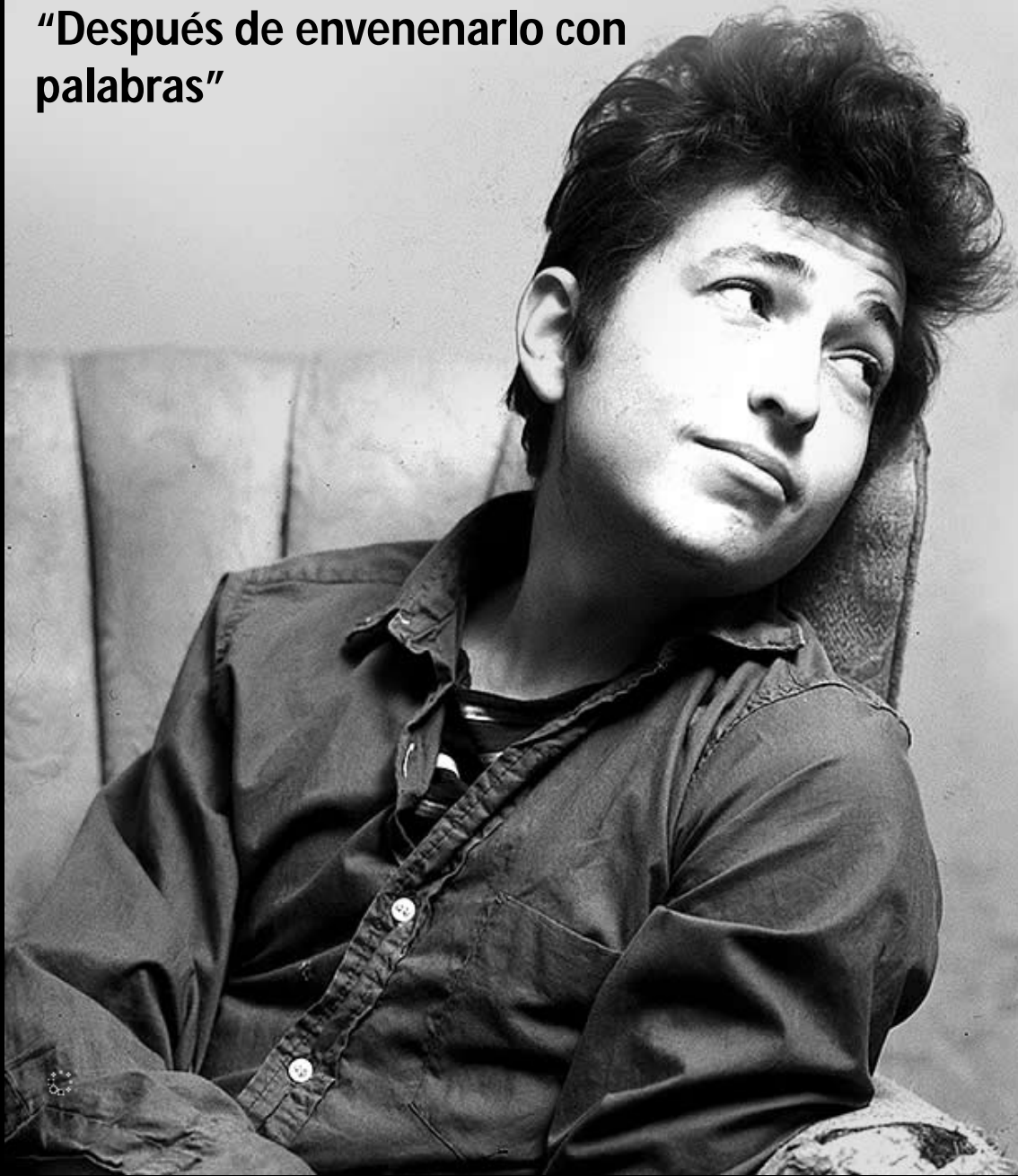


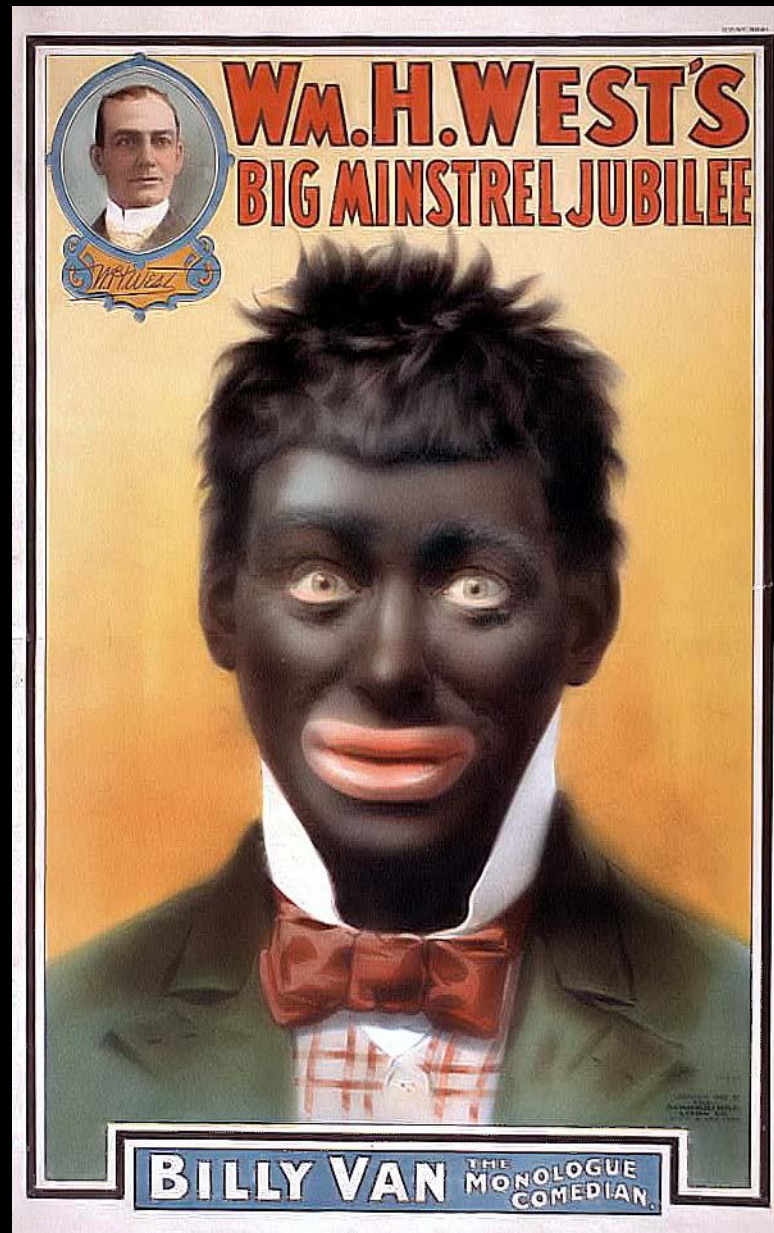
Sesión II

“Después de envenenarlo con palabras”



Proemio

- Marcar la evolución en las formas narrativas dentro de la música popular
- Avistar la música popular en la primera mitad del Siglo XX
- Influencias y conformación de la obra de Bob Dylan



Cuando el scop recobró el ritmo

***Minstrels* o el origen de la canción narrativa**

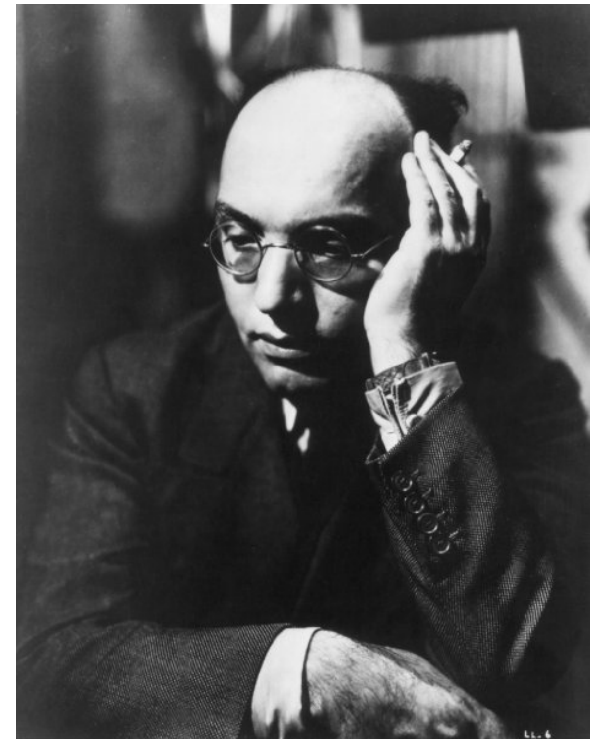
- *Minnesängers*
- Origen en pueblos bárbaros
- Conservación solamente de música litúrgica
- Imprenta, secularización de motetes y madrigales
- Surgimiento de la ópera

***Minstrels* o el origen de la canción narrativa**

- Dos orígenes de la canción narrativa:
 - Dramatúrgico
(deudora teatro y ópera)
 - Folklórico
(heredada desde juglares)
- Tradición anglosajona

Dramaturgia musical

- Herencia en los *musicales* de 1900 a 1940
- Alemania, inicios del Siglo XX
- Kurt Weill (1900 – 1950)



El efecto Weill

- Aspiraciones modernizantes, introduce formas populares en ópera y teatro
- *Cabaret* sinónimo de teatro alemán (Weimar)
- Fértil relación bidireccional con el jazz (sonoridad y elación lírica)
- Sintetizó:
 - Tradición
 - *Minnesangs*
 - *Volkslieder*
 - Moderno
 - *Kabarettlieder*
 - Canción ideológica
 - *Protestlieder*
 - *Arbetlieder*

El efecto Weill

- Posibilidades sonoras modernas

Kurt Weill – “Die morirat von Mackie Messer”

Nick Cave – “Mack the knife”

Kurt Weill – “Polly’s Lied”

PJ Harvey – “Polly’s Song”

Moreira da Silva – “Homenagem ao Malandro”

"The Threepenny Opera"

- "Pirate Jenny"
 - Nina Simone – "Pirate Jenny"
 - Chico Buarque – "Geni e o Zepelim"
 - Bob Dylan – "When the ship comes in"



Nina Simone – “Pirate Jenny”

You people can watch while Im scrubbing these floors
And Im scrubbin the floors while youre gawking
Maybe once ya tip me and it makes ya feel swell
In this crummy southern town
In this crummy old hotel
But youll never guess to who youre talkin.
No. you couldnt ever guess to who youre talkin.

Then one night theres a scream in the night
And youll wonder who could that have been
And you see me kinda grinnin while Im scrubbin
And you say, whats she got to grin?
Ill tell you.

Theres a ship
The black freighter
With a skull on its masthead
Will be coming in

Nina Simone – “Pirate Jenny”

Ustedes pueden verme, mientras friego estos pisos
I los friego mientras ustedes me fisgonean
Tal vez me den una propina, una, y los hará sentir bien
En esta asquerosa ciudad sureña
En este asqueroso y viejo hotel
Pero jamás sabrán con quien están hablando
No, ni podrían jamás adivinarlo

Entones un grito desgarrará una de estas noches
Y se preguntarán qué pudo haber sido
Y me verán sonreír mientras estoy fregando
Y dirán, ¿qué tiene ella para reír?
Oh, se los diré

Hay un navío
La fragata negra
tiene una calavera en el espolón
y va a llegar esta noche

Nina Simone – “Pirate Jenny”

You gentlemen can say, hey gal, finish them floors!
Get upstairs! whats wrong with you! earn your keep here!
You toss me your tips
And look out to the ships
But Im counting your heads
As Im making the beds
Cuz theres nobody gonna sleep here, honey
Nobody
Nobody!

Then one night theres a scream in the night
And you say, whos that kicking up a row?
And ya see me kinda starin out the winda
And you say, whats she got to stare at now?
Ill tell ya.

Theres a ship
The black freighter
Turns around in the harbor
Shootin guns from her bow

Nina Simone – “Pirate Jenny”

Y usted, caballeros, podrán decir, ¡Termina con ese piso!
¡Vete arriba!, ¡Qué te pasa!, ¡Gánate el sueldo!
Me arrojan sus propinas
y contemplan las naves
pero yo estoy contando vuestras cabezas
mientras arreglo las camas
porque hoy nadie dormirá aquí, cariño
Nadie
¡Nadie!

Entonces, un grito desgarrará la noche
Y dirán, ¿Qué es ese sonido extraño?
Y me verán, como atisbando por la ventana
Y se preguntarán ¿Qué tiene ella que atisbar?
Oh, se los diré.

Hay un navío
La fragata negra
tiene una calavera en el espolón
y va a llegar esta noche

Now

You gentlemen can wipe off that smile off your face
Cause every building in town is a flat one
This whole frickin place will be down to the ground
Only this cheap hotel standing up safe and sound
And you yell, why do they spare that one?
Yes.

Thats what you say.

Why do they spare that one?

All the night through, through the noise and to-do
You wonder who is that person that lives up there?
And you see me stepping out in the morning
Looking nice with a ribbon in my hair

By noontime the dock
Is a-swarmin with men
Comin out from the ghostly freighter
They move in the shadows
Where no one can see
And theyre chainin up people
And theyre bringin em to me
Askin me,
Kill them now, or later?
Askin me!
Kill them now, or later?
Noon by the clock
And so still by the dock
You can hear a foghorn miles away
And in that quiet of death
Ill say, right now.
Right now!

Ahora

Caballeros, pueden borrar esa sonrisa
porque en esta ciudad no queda edificio en pie
Todo el maldito lugar será arrasado
Sólo este viejo hotel estará a salvo
Y gritarán, ¿por qué perdonó aquel?
Es eso lo que dirán
¿por qué perdonó aquel?

Toda la noche, a través del ruido y desesperación
Se preguntarán, ¿quién es ella, que vive allí?
Y me verán salir, por la mañana
Bien puesta, con una cinta en el cabello

Para mediodía el puerto estará atestado de hombres
bajados de la fragata fantasma
se mueven entre las sombras
donde nadie puede verlos
y están encadenando a la gente
y me la están trayendo así
Me preguntan,
¿Los matamos ahora o más tarde?
¡Me lo preguntan!
¿Los matamos ahora o más tarde?
A mediodía, en punto y todavía en el puerto
se escucha un tañido a miles de kilómetros
y en la quietud de la muerte
Diré, háganlo ahora.
¡Ahora mismo!

Chico Buarque – “Geni e o Zepelim”

“De tudo que é nego torto
Do mangue e do cais do porto
Ela já foi namorada
O seu corpo é dos errantes
Dos cegos, dos retirantes
É de quem não tem mais nada
Dá-se assim desde menina
Na garagem, na cantina
Atrás do tanque, no mato
É a rainha dos detentos
Das loucas, dos lazentos
Dos moleques do internato
E também vai amiúde
Com os velhinhos sem saúde
E as viúvas sem porvir
Ela é um poço de bondade
E é por isso que a cidade
Vive sempre a repetir

Joga pedra na Geni
Joga pedra na Geni
Ela é feita pra apanhar
Ela é boa de cuspir
Ela dá pra qualquer um
Maldita Geni

Um dia surgiu, brilhante
Entre as nuvens, flutuante
Um enorme zepelim
Pairou sobre os edifícios
Abriu dois mil orifícios
Com dois mil canhões assim
A cidade apavorada
Se quedou paralisada
Pronta pra virar geléia
Mas do zepelim gigante
Desceu o seu comandante
Dizendo - Mudei de idéia
- Quando vi nesta cidade
- Tanto horror e iniquidade
- Resolvi tudo explodir
- Mas posso evitar o drama
- Se aquela formosa dama
- Esta noite me servir”

Essa dama era Geni
Mas não pode ser Geni
Ela é feita pra apanhar
Ela é boa de cuspir
Ela dá pra qualquer um
Maldita Geni

Chico Buarque – “Geni e o Zepelim”

“Mas de fato, logo ela
Tão coitada e tão singela
Cativara o forasteiro
O guerreiro tão vistoso
Tão temido e poderoso
Era dela, prisioneiro
Acontece que a donzela
- e isso era segredo dela
Também tinha seus caprichos
E a deitar com homem tão nobre
Tão cheirando a brilho e a cobre
Preferia amar com os bichos
Ao ouvir tal heresia
A cidade em romaria
Foi beijar a sua mão
O prefeito de joelhos
O bispo de olhos vermelhos
E o banqueiro com um milhão

Vai com ele, vai Geni
Vai com ele, vai Geni
Você pode nos salvar
Você vai nos redimir
Você dá pra qualquer um
Bendita Geni

Foram tantos os pedidos
Tão sinceros, tão sentidos
Que ela dominou seu asco
Nessa noite lancinante
Entregou-se a tal amante
Como quem dá-se ao carrasco
Ele fez tanta sujeira
Lambuzou-se a noite inteira
Até ficar saciado
E nem bem amanhecia
Partiu numa nuvem fria
Com seu zepelim prateado
Num suspiro aliviado
Ela se virou de lado
E tentou até sorrir
Mas logo raiou o dia
E a cidade em cantoria
Não deixou ela dormir

Joga pedra na Geni
Joga bosta na Geni
Ela é feita pra apanhar
Ela é boa de cuspir
Ela dá pra qualquer um
Maldita Geni”

Bob Dylan – “When the ship comes in”

Oh the time will come up
When the winds will stop
And the breeze will cease to be breathin'.
Like the stillness in the wind
'Fore the hurricane begins,
The hour when the ship comes in.

Oh the seas will split
And the ship will hit
And the sands on the shoreline will be shaking.
Then the tide will sound
And the wind will pound
And the morning will be breaking.

Oh the fishes will laugh
As they swim out of the path
And the seagulls they'll be smiling.
And the rocks on the sand
Will proudly stand,
The hour that the ship comes in.

And the words that are used
For to get the ship confused
Will not be understood as they're spoken.
For the chains of the sea
Will have busted in the night
And will be buried at the bottom of the ocean.

Bob Dylan – “When the ship comes in”

Y llegará el tiempo
en que la brisa dejará de soplar
como se paraliza el viento
antes de comenzar la tormenta
la hora en que llegue la nave

Y se partirán las aguas
y las naves encallarán
mientras las arenas de la costa se estremecen
Entonces la marea sonará
y el viento batirá
al quebrar esa mañana

Y los peces reíran
mientras hacen su camino fuera de las aguas
Y las gaviotas serán todas sonrisas
Mientras las rocas de la arena
se levantan orgullosas
la hora en que llegue la nave

Y las palabras que utilizan
para confundir a la tripulación
no se entenderán cuando las repitan
Pues las cadenas del mar
habrán sido reventadas aquella noche
y yacerán al fondo del océano

Bob Dylan – “When the ship comes in”

A song will lift
As the mainsail shifts
And the boat drifts on to the shoreline.
And the sun will respect
Every face on the deck,
The hour that the ship comes in.

Then the sands will roll
Out a carpet of gold
For your weary toes to be a-touchin'.
And the ship's wise men
Will remind you once again
That the whole wide world is watchin'.

Oh the foes will rise
With the sleep still in their eyes
And they'll jerk from their beds and think
 they're dreamin'.
But they'll pinch themselves and squeal
And know that it's for real,
The hour when the ship comes in.

Then they'll raise their hands,
Sayin' we'll meet all your demands,
But we'll shout from the bow
 your days are numbered.
And like Pharaoh's tribe,
They'll be drowned in the tide,
And like Goliath, they'll be conquered.

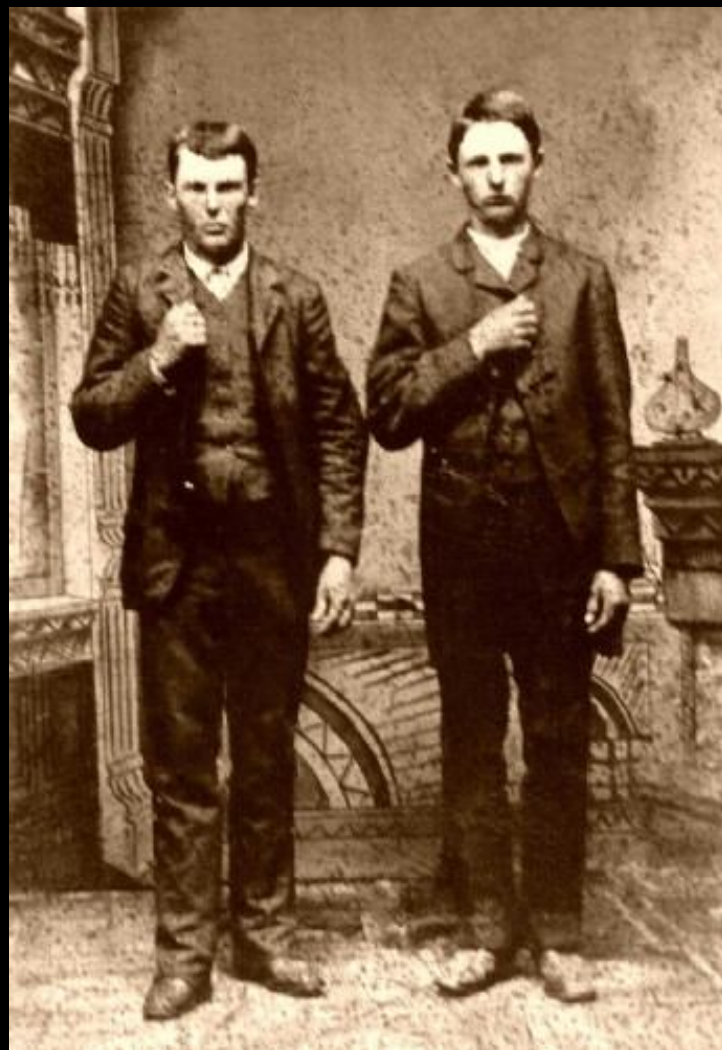
Bob Dylan – “When the ship comes in”

Se alzará una canción
al inclinarse la vela mayor
y la honrarán los botes de la costa,
y el mismo sol,
como todo rostro a bordo del navío
la hora en que llegue la nave

Entonces se desenrollarán las arenas
como una alfombra dorada
para vuestros cansados dedos,
y el sabio del navío
les recordará una vez más
que todo el mundo los está observando

Y se alzarán vuestros enemigos
con sus ojos somnolientos
arrebataos de sus camas, pensando que esto es sueño
y se pellizcarán, y gritarán
para saber que esto es verdad
la hora en que llegue la nave

Y levantarán sus manos,
diciendo, aceptamos todas vuestras demandas
pero les gritaremos, desde la proa, vuestros días están contados
Y como las tropas del Faraón
se ahogarán bajo las aguas,
y como Goliath serán derrotados



Forajidos

Canciones de Piratas

- Flujos migratorios e intercambios comerciales
- Tradiciones orales modificadas, baladas propias
- Continuidad del forajido
 - Bob Neuwirth – “Howl on the bowline”
 - Jarvis Cocker – “A drop of Nelson´s blood”

¿Y eso de *cabaret*?

- Forma de entretenimiento popular
- Revitalizado por la importación del jazz
- Sátira, formas populares, baile

¿Y por qué en Alemania?

- Desarrollo sistemático de la canción popular
- *Volk*
- Revitalizado por la importación del jazz
- Sátira, formas populares, baile

La hora de los musicales

- Herencia *musichall*, *vaudeville*
- Broadway – compositor e interprete profesionales
- Menosprecio de esa tradición
- Temas, estructura dialogada, libreto

La hora de los musicales

- George Gershwin
- Cole Porter
- Rodgers – Hammerstein – Hart
- Leiber – Stoller

La hora de los musicales

El pop antes del pop:

- Billie Holiday (George Gershwin) – “The man I love”
- Buddy Clark (Gershwin) – “So wonderful”
- Blossom Dearie (Cole Porter) – “Always true to my fashion”
- Dinah Washington (Cole Porter) – “I get a kick out of you”
- The Ronettes (Phil Spector) – “Baby I love you”
- Carole King – “I feel the earth move”

"Always true to you (in my fashion)"

If a custom-tailored vet
Asks me out for something wet
When the vet begins to pet, I cry "hooray!"
But I'm always true to you, darlin', in my fashion
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin', in my way

I enjoy a tender pass
By the boss of Boston, Mass
Though his pass is middle-class and not Backa Bay
But I'm always true to you, darlin', in my fashion
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin' in my way

There's a madman known as Mack
Who is planning to attack
If his mad attack means a Cadillac, okay!
But I'm always true to to you, darlin', in my fashion
Yes, I'm always true to you, darlin' in my way

"I get a kick out of you"

I get no kick from champagne
Mere alcohol doesnt thrill me at all
So tell me why should it be true
That I get a kick out of you

Some like the perfume from spain
Im sure that if I took even one sniff
It would bore me terrifically too
But I get a kick out of you

(some they may go for cocaine)
(Im sure that if, I took even one sniff)
(it would bore me terrifically too)
(but I get a kick out of you)





Folk

Folk-lore

- Unidad narrativa
- Producción de canciones como objetos de consumo
- “John Henry”
 - Bruce Springsteen – “John Henry”
 - Woody Guthrie – “John Henry”

"John Henry"

Well John Henry was a little baby
Sittin' on his daddy's knee
He picked up a hammer and
a little piece of steel
And cried, "Hammer's gonna
be death of me, Lord, Lord
Hammer's gonna be the death of me"

Now the captain he
said to John Henry
"I'm gonna bring that
steam drill around
I'm gonna bring that
steam drill out on these tracks
I'm gonna knock that
steel on down, God, God
I'm gonna knock that
steel on down"

John Henry told his captain
"Lord a man ain't noth' but a man
But before I let that steam drill
beat me down
I'm gonna die with a hammer
in my hand, Lord, Lord
I'll die with a hammer in my hand"

John Henry driving
on the right side
That steam drill driving
on the left
Says, "Fore I let your
steam drill beat me down
I'm gonna hammer
myself to death, Lord, Lord,
I'll hammer my fool self to death"

Well captain said to John Henry
"What is that storm I hear?"
John Henry said, "That
ain't no storm captain
That's just my hammer
in the air, Lord, Lord
That's just my hammer in the air"

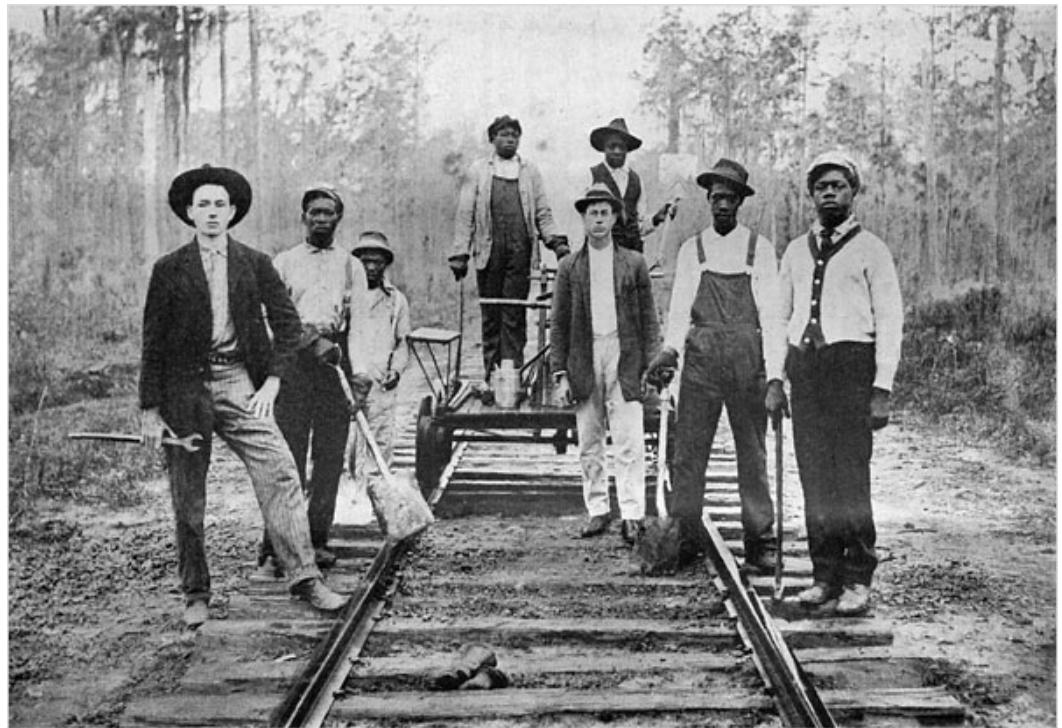
John Henry said to his shaker
"Shaker, why don't you sing?
Cause I'm swingin' thirty pounds
from my hips on down
Yeah, listen to my cold steel
ring, Lord Lord
Listen to my cold steel ring"

John Henry he hammered
in the mountains
His hammer was striking fire
But he worked so hard;
it broke his heart
John Henry laid down his hammer
and died, Lord, Lord
John Henry laid down his hammer and died

"John Henry"

Well, now John Henry
he had him a woman
By the name of Polly Ann
She walked out to those tracks
Picked up John Henry's hammer
Polly drove steel like a man, Lord, Lord
Polly drove that steel like a man

Well every, every Monday morning
When a blue bird he began to sing
You could hear John Henry
from a mile or more
You could hear John Henry's hammer
ring, Lord, Lord
You can hear John Henry's hammer ring
I say, You can John Henry's
hammer ring, Lord, Lord
You can John Henry's
hammer ring



Folk-lore

- “Jesse James”
- “Barbr’y Allen”
- Transmisión oral, rimas infantiles
 - Pete Seeger – “Abiyoyo”

Woody Guthrie

- Joe Hill
- Talkin' blues
- "Dust Bowl Ballads" – John Steinbeck
- Generación de conducta y conciencia política
 - Woody Guthrie – "This land is your land"
 - Pete Seeger – "Talkin' union blues"
 - Woody Guthrie – "Tom Joad Part. I"

Pete Seeger – “Talkin’ Union Blues”

If you want higher wages, let me tell you what to do;
You got to talk to the workers in the shop with you;
You got to build you a union, got to make it strong,
But if you all stick together, now, 'twont be long.
You'll get shorter hours,
Better working conditions.
Vacations with pay,
Take your kids to the seashore.

It ain't quite this simple, so I better explain
Just why you got to ride on the union train;
'Cause if you wait for the boss to raise your pay,
We'll all be waiting till Judgment Day;
We'll all be buried - gone to Heaven -
Saint Peter'll be the straw boss then.

Now, you know you're underpaid, hut the boss says you ain't;
He speeds up the work till you're 'bout to faint,
You may be down and out, but you ain't beaten,
Pass out a leaflet and call a meetin'
Talk it over - speak your mind -
Decide to do something about it.

'Course, the boss may persuade some poor damn fool
To go to your meeting and act like a stool;
But you can always tell a stool, though - that's a fact;
He's got a yellow streak running down his back;
He doesn't have to stool - he'll always make a good living
On what he takes out of blind men's cups.



Woody Guthrie – “Tom Joad Part I”

Tom Joad got out of the old McAlester Pen
There he got his parole
After four long years on a man killing charge
Tom Joad come a walking down the road, poor boy
Tom Joad come a walking down the road

Tom Joad he met a truck driving man
There he caught him a ride He said: "I just got loose from
McAlester's Pen On a charge called Homicide, A charge called
Homicide."

That truck rolled away in a cloud of dust,
Tommy turned his face toward home,
He met Preacher Casey and they had a little drink,
But they found that his family they was gone,
He found that his family they was gone.
He found his mother's old fashion shoe
Found his daddy's hat.
And he found little Muley and Muley said:
"They've been tracted out by the cats,
They've been tracted out by the cats."

Tom Joad walked down to the neighbors farm
Found his family.
They took Preacher Casey and loaded in a car
And his mother said "We got to git away."
His mother said 'We got to get away."

Now the twelve of the Joads made a mighty heavy load
But Grandpa Joad did cry.
He picked up a handful of land in his hand
Said: "I'm stayin' with the farm till I die.
Yes, I'm stayin' with my farm till I die."



Woody Guthrie: Herederos

- Bob Dylan
- The Band
- Phil Ochs
 - Phil Ochs – “Talking Cuban Crisis”
 - The Band – “King harvest has surely come”
 - The Band – “The night they drove old dixie down”

Phil Ochs – “Talkin Cuban Crisis”

It was just a little while ago I glued my ears to the radio
The announcer was sayin' we'd better beware
A crisis was hanging - a wave from the air
Crawlin' on the ground
Swimmin' in the sea
Headin' for me

Well, I didn't know if I was for or agin' it
He was yellin' and screamin' a mile a minute
Well, he said "here comes the president
But first this word from pepsodent
Have whiter teeth
Have cleaner breath
When you're facin' nuclear death"

And then president john began to speak
And I knew right away he wouldn't be weak
Well, he said he'd seen some missile bases
And terrible smiles on cuban faces
Close pictures
Carryin' land reform too far
Giving land to the ussr



Bob Dylan – “A hard rain’s a-gonna fall”

Oh, where have you been, my blue-eyed son?
Oh, where have you been, my darling young one?
I've stumbled on the side of twelve misty mountains,
I've walked and I've crawled on six crooked highways,
I've stepped in the middle of seven sad forests,
I've been out in front of a dozen dead oceans,
I've been ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard,
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, and it's a hard,
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

Oh, what did you see, my blue-eyed son?
Oh, what did you see, my darling young one?
I saw a newborn baby with wild wolves all around it
I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it,
I saw a black branch with blood that kept drippin',
I saw a room full of men with their hammers a-bleedin',
I saw a white ladder all covered with water,
I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken,
I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young children,
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

And what did you hear, my blue-eyed son?
And what did you hear, my darling young one?
I heard the sound of a thunder, it roared out a warnin',
Heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole world,
Heard one hundred drummers whose hands were a-blazin',
Heard ten thousand whisperin' and nobody listenin',
Heard one person starve, I heard many people laughin',
Heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter,
Heard the sound of a clown who cried in the alley,
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.



Bob Dylan – “A hard rain’s a-gonna fall”

Oh, who did you meet, my blue-eyed son?
Who did you meet, my darling young one?
I met a young child beside a dead pony,
I met a white man who walked a black dog,
I met a young woman whose body was burning,
I met a young girl, she gave me a rainbow,
I met one man who was wounded in love,
I met another man who was wounded with hatred,
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

Oh, what'll you do now, my blue-eyed son?
Oh, what'll you do now, my darling young one?
I'm a-goin' back out 'fore the rain starts a-fallin',
I'll walk to the depths of the deepest black forest,
Where the people are many and their hands are all empty,
Where the pellets of poison are flooding their waters,
Where the home in the valley meets the damp dirty prison,
Where the executioner's face is always well hidden,
Where hunger is ugly, where souls are forgotten,
Where black is the color, where none is the number,
And I'll tell it and think it and speak it and breathe it,
And reflect it from the mountain so all souls can see it,
Then I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinkin',
But I'll know my song well before I start singin',
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.



The Band – “King Harvest has surely come”

Corn in the fields.

Listen to the rice when the wind blows 'cross the water,
King harvest has surely come.

I work for the union 'cause she's so good to me;
And I'm bound to come out on top,
That's where I should be.
I will hear ev'ry word the boss may say,
For he's the one who hands me down my pay.
Looks like this time I'm gonna get to stay,
I'm a union man, now, all the way.

The smell of the leaves,
From the magnolia trees in the meadow,
King harvest has surely come.

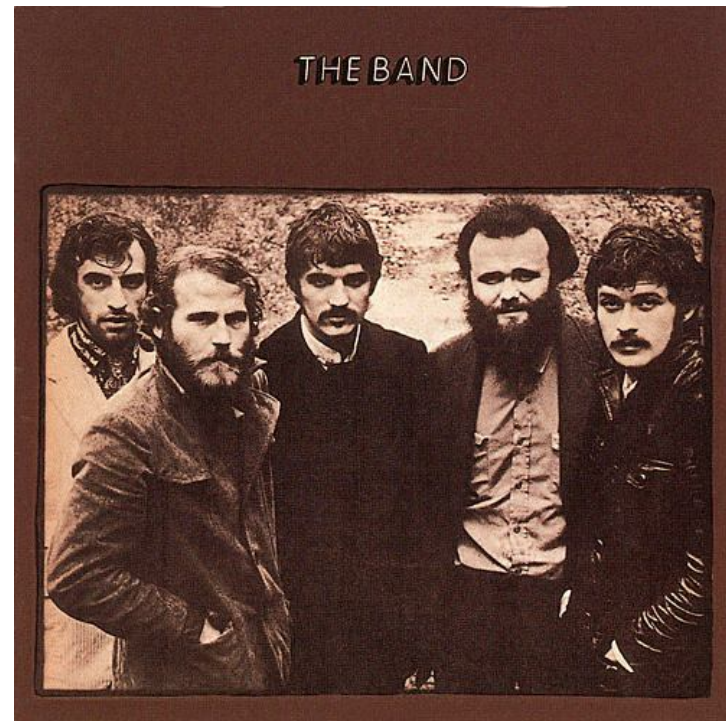
Dry summer, then comes fall,
Which I depend on most of all.
Hey, rainmaker, can't you hear my call?
Please let these crops grow tall.
Long enough I've been up on skid row
And it's plain to see, I've nothin to show.
I'm glad to pay those union dues,
Just don't judge me by my shoes.

Scarecrow and a yellow moon,
And pretty soon a carnival on the edge of town,
King harvest has surely come.

Last year, this time, wasn't no joke,
My whole barn went up in smoke.
My horse jethro, well he went mad
And I can't remember things bein' so bad.
Then there comes a man with a paper and a pen
Tellin' us our hard times are about to end.
And then, if they don't give us what we like
He said, men, that's when you gotta go on strike.

Corn in the fields.

Listen to the rice when the wind blows 'cross the water,
King harvest has surely come.



The Band – “The night they drove old Dixie down”

Virgil Caine is my name and I drove on the Danville train
'til so much cavalry came and tore up the tracks again
In the winter of '65, we were hungry, just barely alive
I took the train to Richmond that fell
It was a time I remember, oh, so well

The night they drove old Dixie down
And all the bells were ringin'
The night they drove old Dixie down
And all the people were singin'
They went, "Na, na, na, na, na, na, "

Back with my wife in Tennessee
And one day she said to me,
"Virgil, Quick! Come see!
There goes Robert E. Lee."
Now I don't mind, I'm chopping wood
And I don't care if the money's no good
Just take what you need and leave the rest
But they should never have taken the very best

The night they drove old Dixie down
And all the bells were ringin'
The night they drove old Dixie down
And all the people were singin'
They went, "Na, na, na, na, na, na, "

Like my father before me, I'm a working man
And like my brother before me, I took a rebel stand
Oh, he was just 18, proud and brave
But a yankee laid him in his grave
I swear by the blood below my feet
You can't raise a Cane back up when he's in defeat

The night they drove old Dixie down
And all the bells were ringin'
The night they drove old Dixie down
And all the people were singin'
They went, "Na, na, na, na, na, na, "



Una de vaqueros

- Old Weird America
- Hank Williams
 - “Lost Highway”
- Johnny Cash
 - “Folsom Prison Blues”
- Cisco Huston, Roy Acuff, Gene Autry, Porter Wagoner, Gram Parsons, etc.
- Rockabilly, Bakersfield Sound, Nashville, Country Rock

Hank Williams – “Lost Highway”

Im a rollin stone all alone and lost
For a life of sin I have paid the cost
When I pass by all the people say
Just another guy on the lost highway

Just a deck of cards and a jug of wine
And a womans lies makes a life like mine
O the day we met, I went astray
I started rolling down that lost highway

I was just a lad, nearly 22
Neither good nor bad, just a kid like you
And now Im lost, too late to pray
Lord I take a cost, o the lost highway

Now boys dont start to ramblin round
On this road of sin are you sorrow bound
Take my advice or youll curse the day
You started rollin down that lost highway

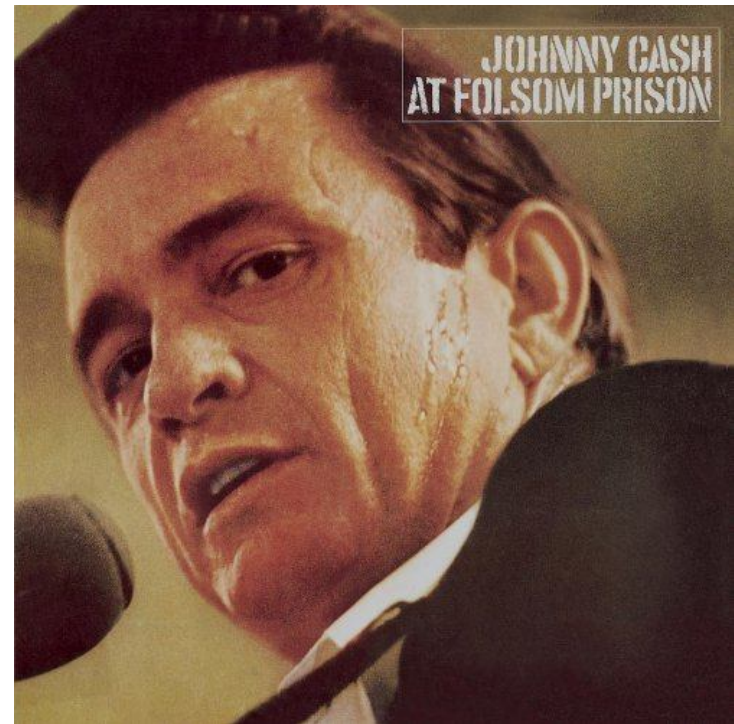


Johnny Cash – “Folsom Prison Blues”

I hear the train a comin'
it's rolling round the bend
and I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when,
I'm stuck in Folsom prison, and time keeps draggin' on
but that train keeps a rollin' on down to San Anton..
When I was just a baby my mama told me. Son,
always be a good boy, don't ever play with guns.
But I shot a man in Reno just to watch him die
now every time I hear that whistle I hang my head and cry..

I bet there's rich folks eating in a fancy dining car
they're probably drinkin' coffee and smoking big cigars.
Well I know I had it coming, I know I can't be free
but those people keep a movin'
and that's what tortures me...

Well if they'd free me from this prison,
if that railroad train was mine
I bet I'd move just a little further down the line
far from Folsom prison, that's where I want to stay
and I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away....



I've got the blues

- Mississippi
- Tradición oral africana
- Evangelización
- Trabajo esclavo
- Minstrel
- Experiencias vitales
 - Robert Johnson – “Me and the devil”
 - Leadbelly – “Cow cow yicki yicki yay”
 - Muddy Waters – “Rollin’ Stone”
 - Chuck Berry – “Johnny B. Goode”

Robert Johnson – “Me and the Devil”

Early this mornin', when you knocked upon my door
Early this mornin', ooh, when you knocked upon my door
And I said, "Hello, Satan, I believe it's time to go"

Me and the devil, was walkin' side by side
Me and the devil, ooh, was walkin' side by side
And I'm goin' to beat my woman, until I get satisfied

She say you don't see why, that you will dog me 'round
(spoken: Now, babe, you know you ain't doin' me right,
don'cha)
She say you don't see why, ooh, that you will dog me 'round
It must-a be that old evil spirit, so deep down in the ground

You may bury my body, down by the highway side
(spoken: Baby, I don't care where you bury my body when I'm
dead and gone)
You may bury my body, ooh, down by the highway side
So my old evil spirit, can catch a Greyhound bus and ride



Muddy Waters – “Rollin’ Stone”

Well, I wish I was a catfish,
Swimmin in a oh, deep, blue sea.
I would have all you good lookin women,
Fishin, fishin after me.
Sure 'nough, a-after me.
Sure 'nough, a-after me.
Oh 'nough, oh 'nough, sure 'nough.

I went to my baby's house,
And I sit down oh, on her steps.
She said, "Now, come on in now, Muddy."
"You know, my husband just now left."
"Sure 'nough, he just now left."
"Sure 'nough, he just now left."
Sure 'nough, oh well, oh well.

Well, my mother told my father,
Just before hmmm, I was born,
"I got a boy child's comin,"
"He's gonna be, he's gonna be a rollin stone,"
"Sure 'nough, he's a rollin stone,"
"Sure 'nough, he's a rollin stone,"
Oh well he's a, oh well he's a, oh well he's a.

Well, I feel, yes I feel,
Feel that I could lay down oh, time ain't long.
I'm gonna catch the first thing smokin,
Back, back down the road I'm goin.
Back down the road I'm goin.
Back down the road I'm goin.
Sure 'nough back, sure 'nough back.



Chuck Berry – “Johnny B. Goode”

Deep down in Louisiana, close to New Orleans,
Way back up in the woods among the evergreens,
There stood a log cabin made of earth an' wood,
Where lived a country boy, named, Johnny B. Goode,
Who never, ever learned to read or write so well,
But he could play a guitar just like a-ringin' a bell.

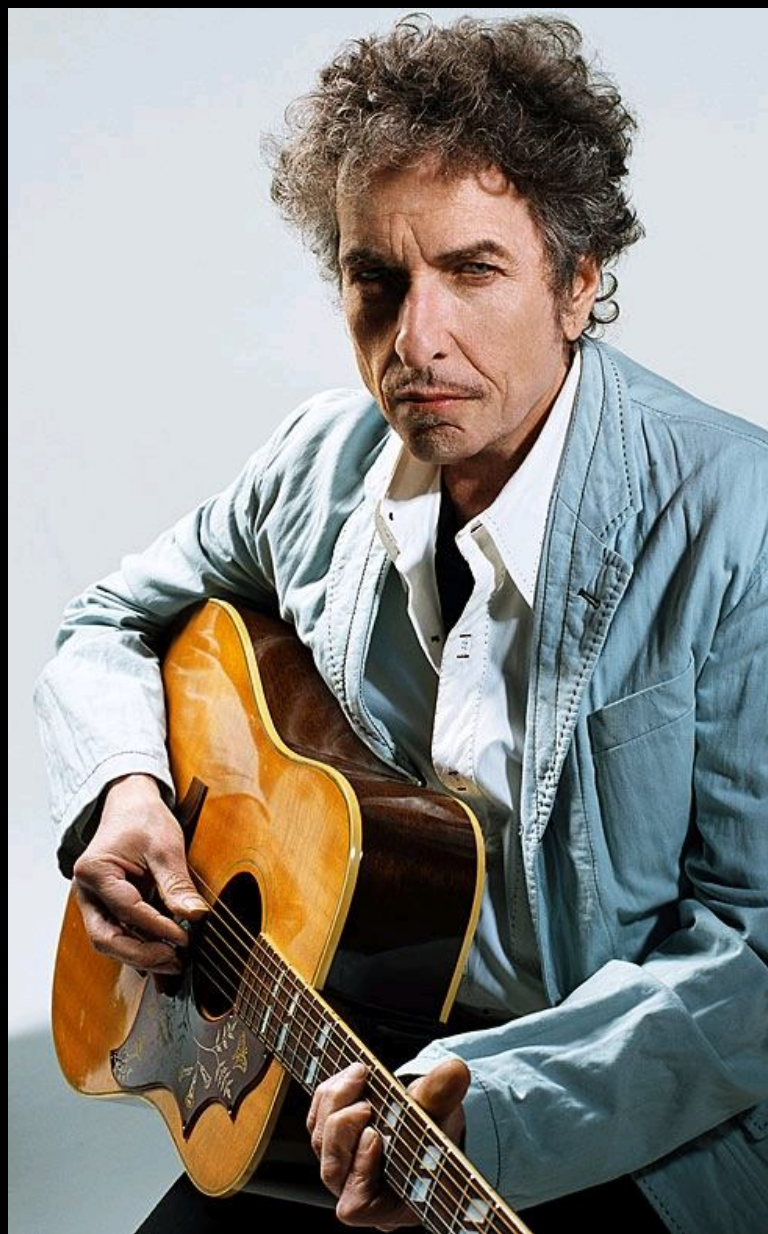
Go-go, go, Johnny, go.
Go, go, Johnny, go.
Go, go, Johnny, go.
Go, go, Johnny, go.
Go, Johnny B. Goode.

He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack.
Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track.
Oh, the engineer would see him sittin' in the shade,
Strummin' with the rhythm that the drivers made.
The people passin' by, they would stop an' say,
"Oh, my, but that little country boy could play."

Go-go, go, Johnny, go.
Go, go, Johnny, go.
Go, go, Johnny, go.
Go, go, Johnny, go.
Go, Johnny B. Goode.

His mother told him, "Someday you will be a man,
An' you would be the leader of a big ol' band.
Many people comin' from miles around,
To hear you play your music when the sun go' down.
Maybe someday your name will be in lights.
Sayin', 'Johnny B. Goode tonight.'"





¿Por qué Dylan?

Narrativas modernas

- Lo cinematográfico
 - Bob Dylan – “Hurricane”
 - Bruce Springsteen – “Thunder road”
- Formas posmodernas
 - Houellebecq, Easton Ellis, Gifford
 - American Gothic
 - Nacho Vegas – “Baby cat-face”
 - Bob Dylan – “Tangled up in blue”

Bob Dylan – "Hurricane"

Pistol shots ring out in the barroom night
Enter Patty Valentine from the upper hall.
She sees the bartender in a pool of blood,
Cries out, "My God, they killed them all!"
Here comes the story of the Hurricane,
The man the authorities came to blame
For somethin' that he never done.
Put in a prison cell, but one time he could-a been
The champion of the world.

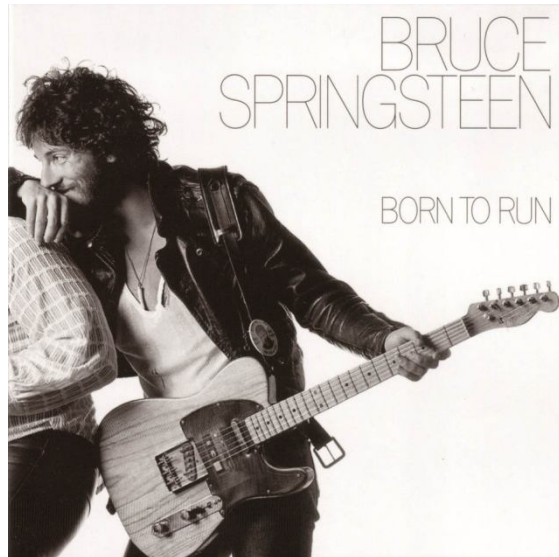
Three bodies lyin' there does Patty see
And another man named Bello, movin' around mysteriously.
"I didn't do it," he says, and he throws up his hands
"I was only robbin' the register, I hope you understand.
I saw them leavin'," he says, and he stops
"One of us had better call up the cops."
And so Patty calls the cops
And they arrive on the scene with their red lights flashin'
In the hot New Jersey night.

Meanwhile, far away in another part of town
Rubin Carter and a couple of friends are drivin' around.
Number one contender for the middleweight crown
Had no idea what kinda shit was about to go down
When a cop pulled him over to the side of the road
Just like the time before and the time before that.
In Paterson that's just the way things go.
If you're black you might as well not show up on the street
'Less you wanna draw the heat.



Bruce Springsteen – “Thunder Road”

The screen door slams
Mary's dress waves
Like a vision she dances across the porch
As the radio plays
Roy Orbison singing for the lonely
Hey that's me and I want you only
Don't turn me home again
I just can't face myself alone again
Don't run back inside
darling you know just what I'm here for
So you're scared and you're thinking
That maybe we ain't that young anymore
Show a little faith, there's magic in the night
You ain't a beauty, but hey you're alright
Oh and that's alright with me



You can hide 'neath your covers
And study your pain
Make crosses from your lovers
Throw roses in the rain
Waste your summer praying in vain
For a savior to rise from these streets
Well now I'm no hero
That's understood
All the redemption I can offer, girl
Is beneath this dirty hood
With a chance to make it good somehow
Hey what else can we do now
Except roll down the window
And let the wind blow back your hair
Well the night's busting open
These two lanes will take us anywhere
We got one last chance to make it real
To trade in these wings on some wheels
Climb in back
Heaven's waiting on down the tracks
Oh oh come take my hand
Riding out tonight to case the promised land
Oh oh Thunder Road, oh Thunder Road
oh Thunder Road
Lying out there like a killer in the sun
Hey I know it's late we can make it if we run
Oh Thunder Road, sit tight take hold
Thunder Road

Bruce Springsteen – “Thunder Road”

Well I got this guitar
And I learned how to make it talk
And my car's out back
If you're ready to take that long walk
>From your front porch to my front seat
The door's open but the ride it ain't free
And I know you're lonely
For words that I ain't spoken
But tonight we'll be free
All the promises'll be broken
There were ghosts in the eyes
Of all the boys you sent away
They haunt this dusty beach road
In the skeleton frames of burned out Chevrolets

They scream your name at night in the street
Your graduation gown lies in rags at their feet
And in the lonely cool before dawn
You hear their engines roaring on
But when you get to the porch they're gone
On the wind, so Mary climb in
It's a town full of losers
And I'm pulling out of here to win.



Nacho Vegas – “Baby cat-face”

Ya conocéis a Miss Carrusel.

Os presentaré ahora a otra mujer,
ojos de felino y un gran corazón
en un mundo gobernado por el horror.

Esquerita le pusieron al nacer
pero todos la llamaban Baby cat face,
Baby cat face,
Baby cat face.

Toda la inmundicia de Nueva Orleans
fue más de lo que pudo soportar.
Grita una mañana he de huir de aquí.
La miseria humana no conoce fin.
Pero Baby no te puedes esconder,
sabes que es inútil Baby cat face,
Baby cat face,
Baby cat face.

Quiso apartarse del camino del mal,
hizo votos de silencio y castidad,
se unió al templo de la purificación,
de los bañados con la sangre del buen dios.
Lo dejó todo y se abrazó a la fe,
Y nació la hermana Baby cat face,
Baby cat face,
Baby cat face.

Nadie te avisó jamás
de lo dura que puede ser la verdad.

Una noche aciaga de sexo y alcohol,
desoyendo los dictados del señor,
un hombre culigordo que leía a Verlaine
la dejó preñada en un grasiento hotel.
Sucio putañero me vengaré,
gritaba entre sollozos Baby cat face,
Baby cat face,
Baby cat face.

Aquel tipo aprendió cuando un bendito caimán
entró en su cama y destrozó su yugular.
Baby ya vengada pudo dar a luz
a un bebé llamado Ángel de la Cruz,
que declamó en latín nada más nacer
mientras agarraba el pulgar de Baby cat face,
Baby cat face,
Baby cat face.

Una voz le dijo nada has de temer
y se arrojó al vacío desde un planta diez.
¿Quién la culpará por perder la razón
entre tanto odio y depravación?
Brillará una estrella y así sabréis
que allí nos contempla Baby cat face,
Baby cat face,
Baby cat face.

No, nadie te avisó jamás
de lo dura que puede ser la verdad.
No baby, no lo intentes comprender,
no vale la pena.

Bob Dylan – “Tangled up in blue”

Early one mornin' the sun was shinin',
I was layin' in bed
Wond'rin' if she'd changed at all
If her hair was still red.
Her folks they said our lives together
Sure was gonna be rough
They never did like Mama's homemade dress
Papa's bankbook wasn't big enough.
And I was standin' on the side of the road
Rain fallin' on my shoes
Heading out for the East Coast
Lord knows I've paid some dues gettin' through,
Tangled up in blue.

She was married when we first met
Soon to be divorced
I helped her out of a jam, I guess,
But I used a little too much force.
We drove that car as far as we could
Abandoned it out West
Split up on a dark sad night
Both agreeing it was best.
She turned around to look at me
As I was walkin' away
I heard her say over my shoulder,
"We'll meet again someday on the avenue,"
Tangled up in blue.

I had a job in the great north woods
Working as a cook for a spell
But I never did like it all that much
And one day the ax just fell.
So I drifted down to New Orleans
Where I happened to be employed
Workin' for a while on a fishin' boat
Right outside of Delacroix.
But all the while I was alone
The past was close behind,
I seen a lot of women
But she never escaped my mind, and I just grew
Tangled up in blue.
She was workin' in a topless place
And I stopped in for a beer,
I just kept lookin' at the side of her face
In the spotlight so clear.
And later on as the crowd thinned out
I's just about to do the same,
She was standing there in back of my chair
Said to me, "Don't I know your name?"
I muttered somethin' underneath my breath,
She studied the lines on my face.
I must admit I felt a little uneasy
When she bent down to tie the laces of my shoe,
Tangled up in blue.

She lit a burner on the stove and offered me a pipe
"I thought you'd never say hello," she said
"You look like the silent type."
Then she opened up a book of poems
And handed it to me
Written by an Italian poet
From the thirteenth century.
And every one of them words rang true
And glowed like burnin' coal
Pourin' off of every page
Like it was written in my soul from me to you,
Tangled up in blue.

I lived with them on Montague Street
In a basement down the stairs,
There was music in the cafes at night
And revolution in the air.
Then he started into dealing with slaves
And something inside of him died.
She had to sell everything she owned
And froze up inside.
And when finally the bottom fell out
I became withdrawn,
The only thing I knew how to do
Was to keep on keepin' on like a bird that flew,
Tangled up in blue.

So now I'm goin' back again,
I got to get to her somehow.
All the people we used to know
They're an illusion to me now.
Some are mathematicians
Some are carpenter's wives.
Don't know how it all got started,
I don't know what they're doin' with their lives.
But me, I'm still on the road
Headin' for another joint
We always did feel the same,
We just saw it from a different point of view,
Tangled up in blue.

