



von Aaron König
Nach der gleichnamigen Kurzgeschichte von W.E.B. Du Bois

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The Comet

Nach der gleichnamigen Kurzgeschichte von W.E.B. Du Bois

W.E.B. Du Bois: The Comet. In: Darkwater. Voices from Within the Veil. Herausgegeben von Herbert Aptheker. Harcourt, Brace New York 1975. S.253-273.

Zeichnungen, Lettering und Editierung

Aaron König

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Dieser Comic ist als Teil der Durchführung des Projektes „**W.E.B. Du Bois‘ The Comet als Comic – eine experimentelle Adaption**“ im Rahmen des Projektmoduls im Master Literatur- und Kulturtheorie der Eberhard Karls Universität Tübingen entstanden.

Das Projekt wurde im Zeitraum 01.11.2024 bis 30.06.2025 durchgeführt und mit einer Ausstellung unter dem Titel „Wie Comics entstehen“ vom 13.05.2025 bis 14.06.2025 in der Stadtbücherei Tübingen der Öffentlichkeit präsentiert.





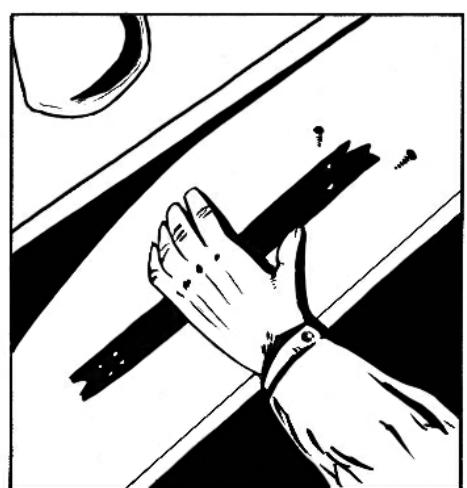
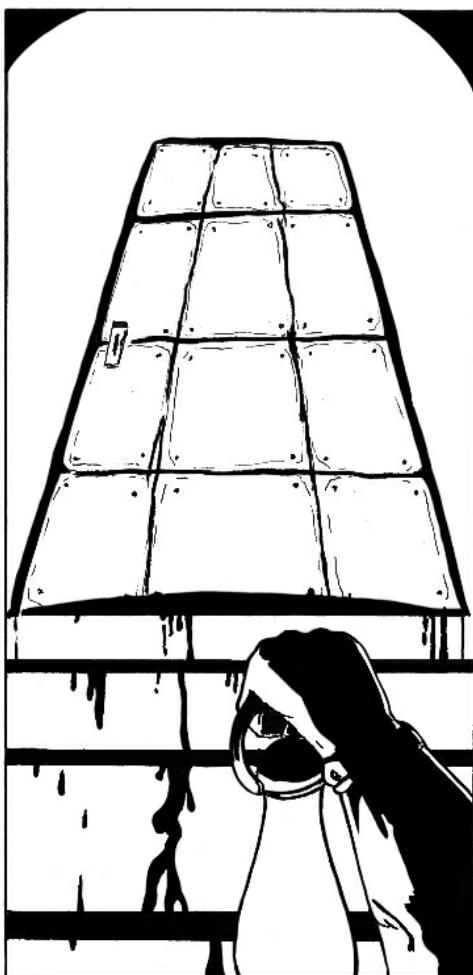
Of course, they wanted him to go down to the lower vaults.

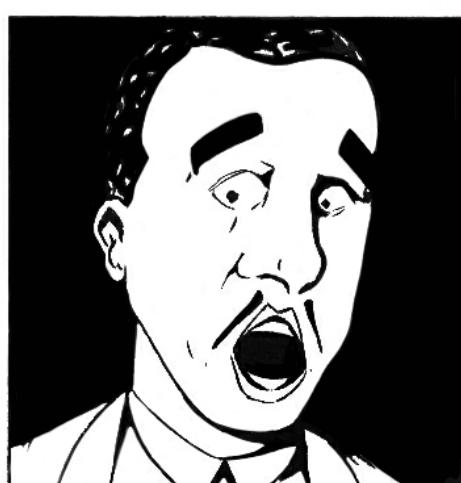


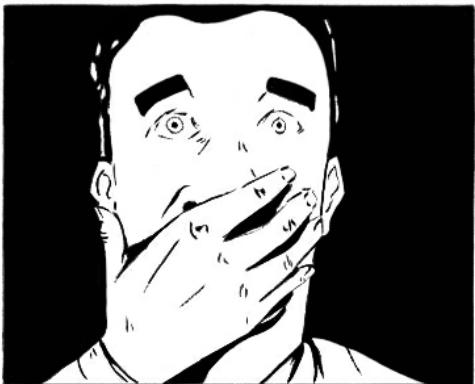
It was too dangerous for more valuable men.



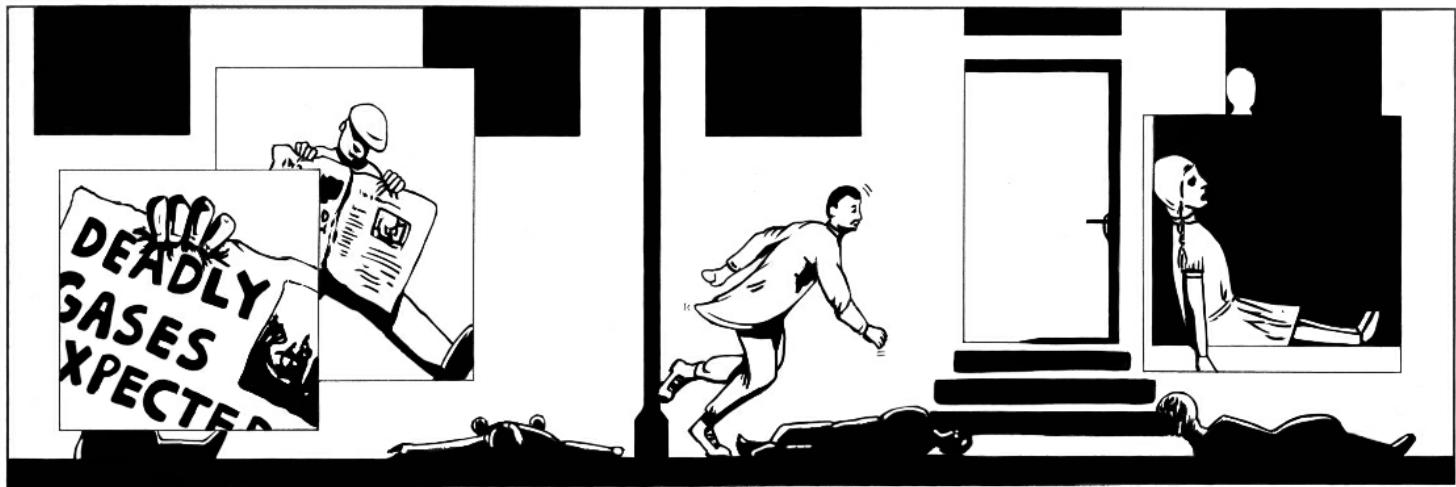


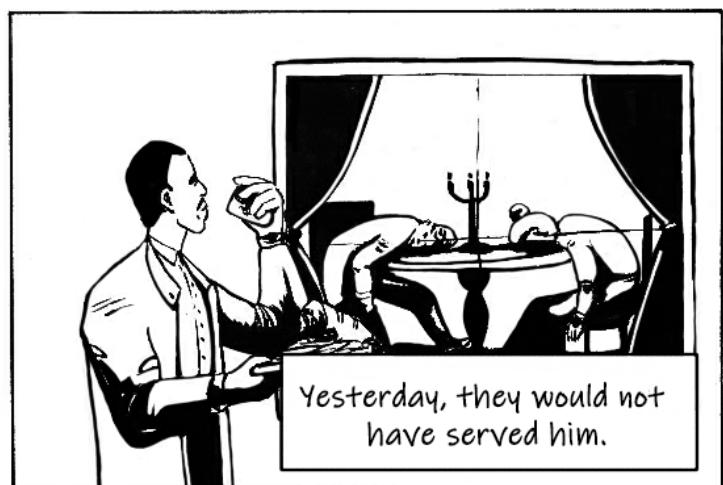


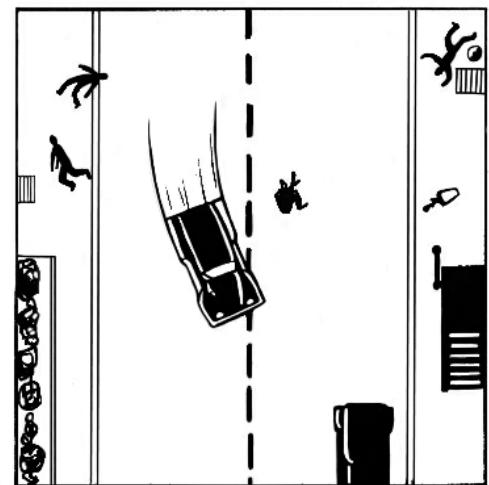
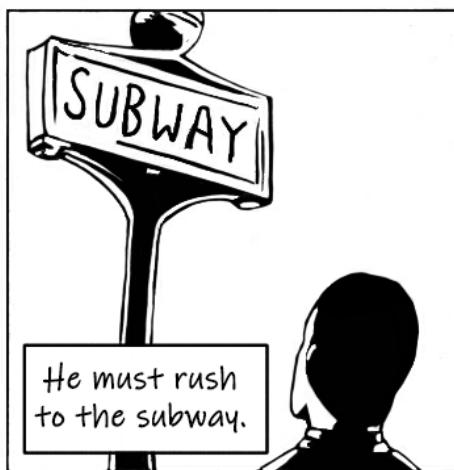




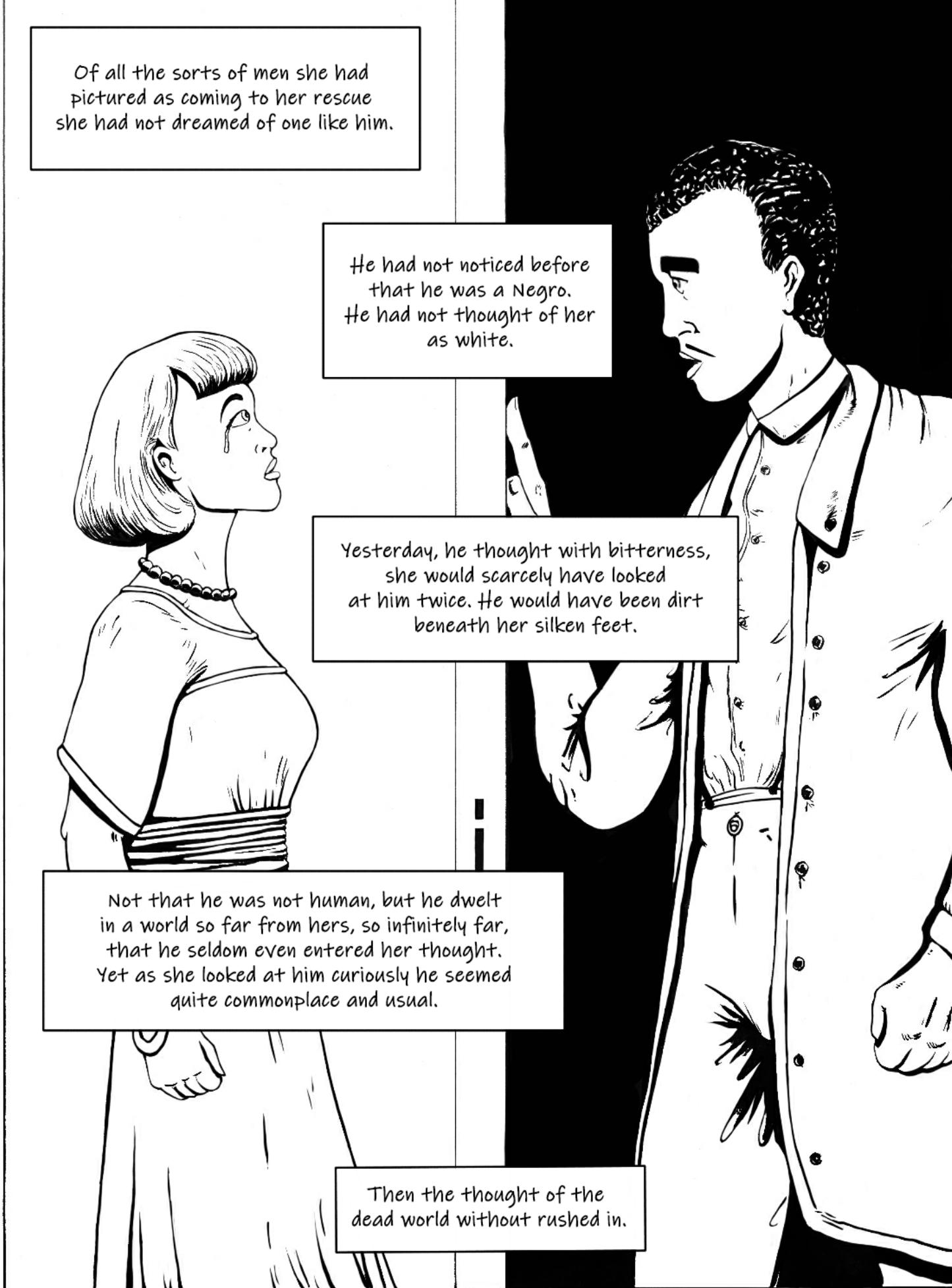












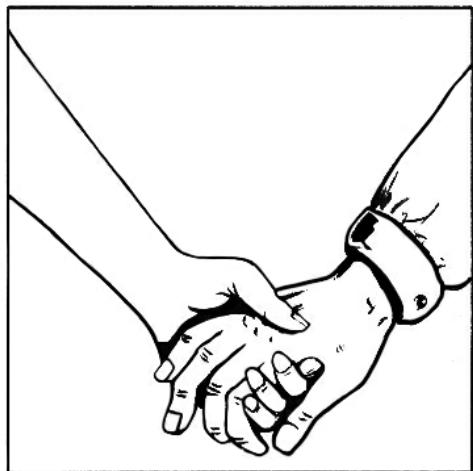
Of all the sorts of men she had pictured as coming to her rescue she had not dreamed of one like him.

He had not noticed before that he was a Negro. He had not thought of her as white.

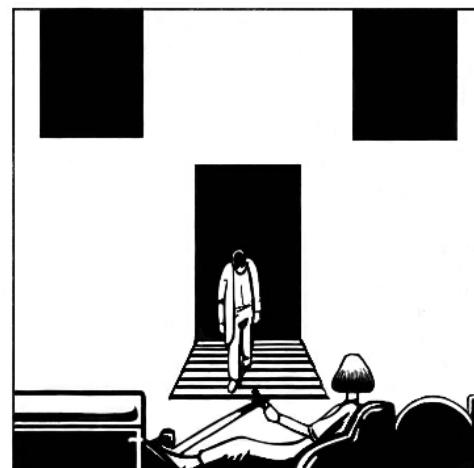
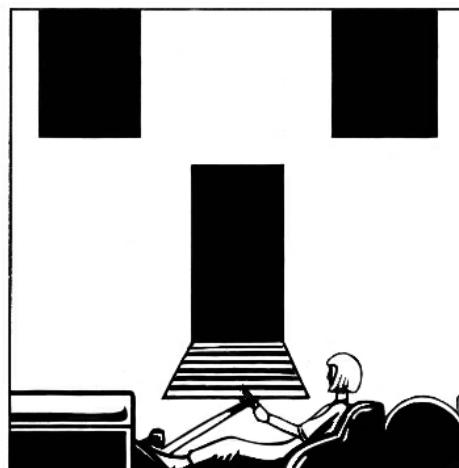
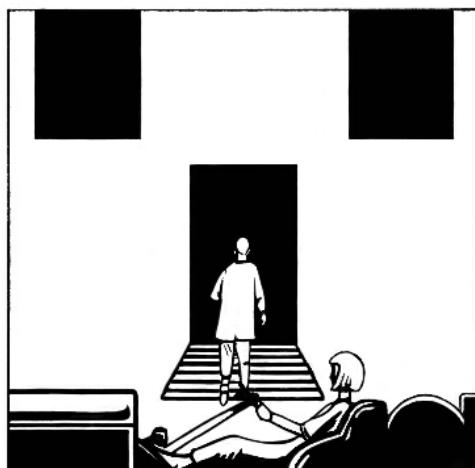
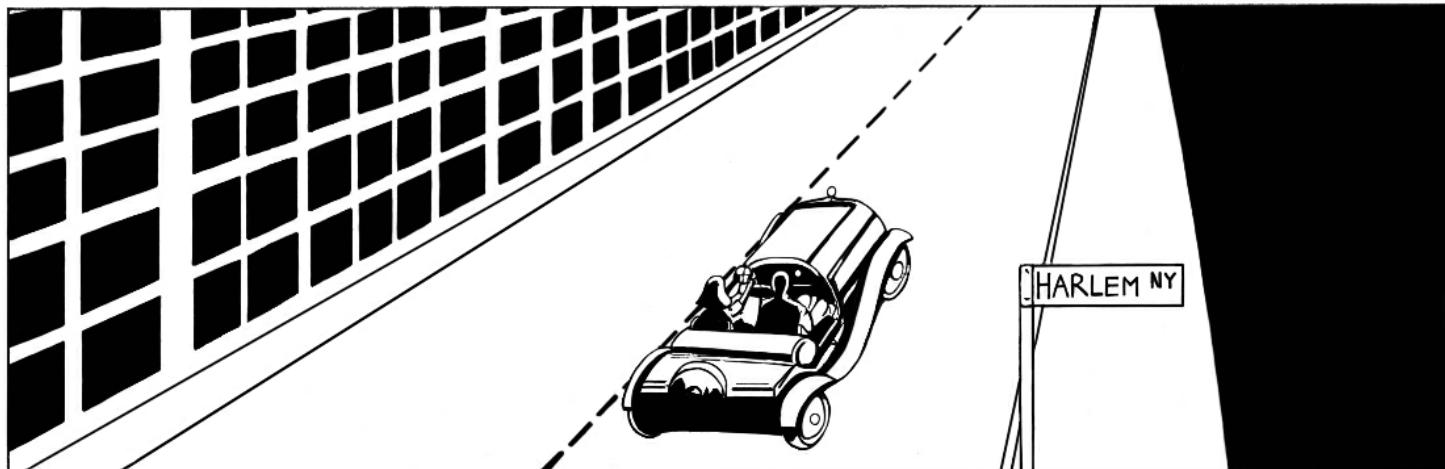
Yesterday, he thought with bitterness, she would scarcely have looked at him twice. He would have been dirt beneath her silken feet.

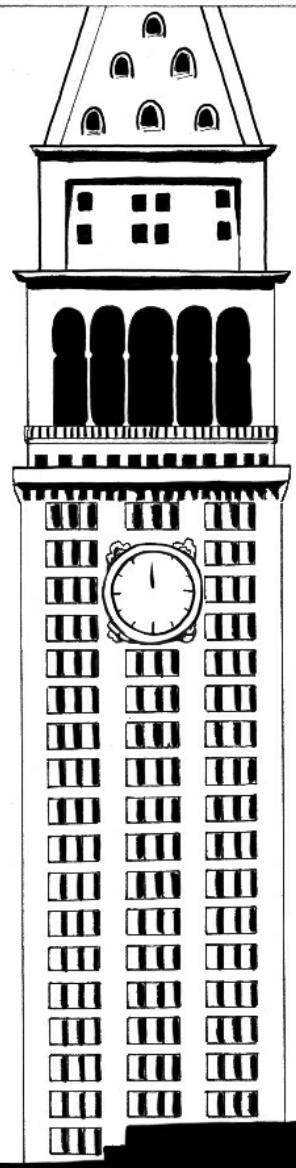
Not that he was not human, but he dwelt in a world so far from hers, so infinitely far, that he seldom even entered her thought. Yet as she looked at him curiously he seemed quite commonplace and usual.

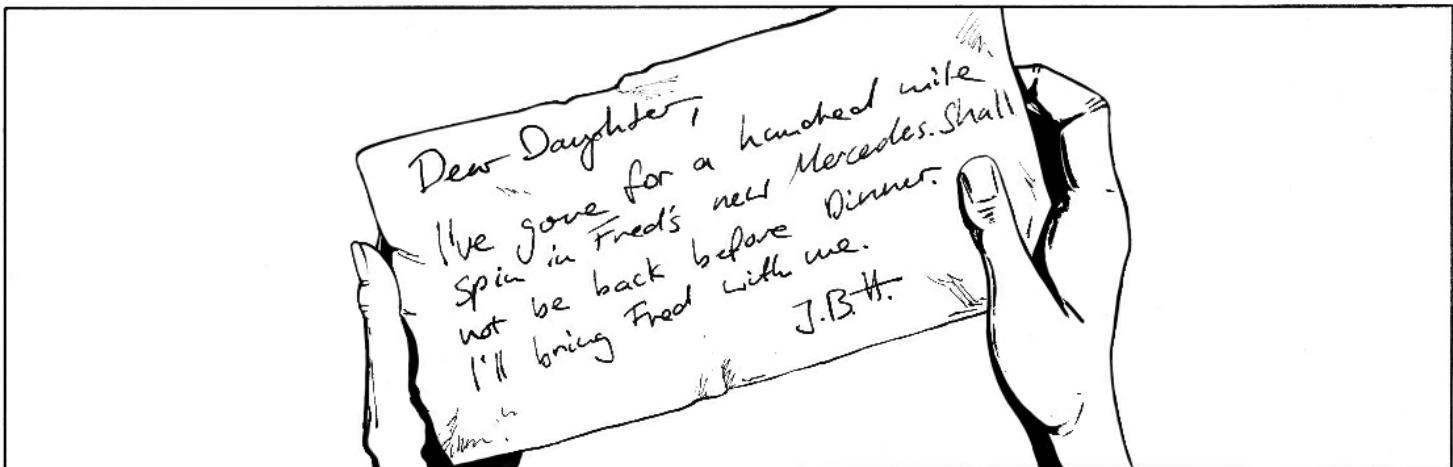
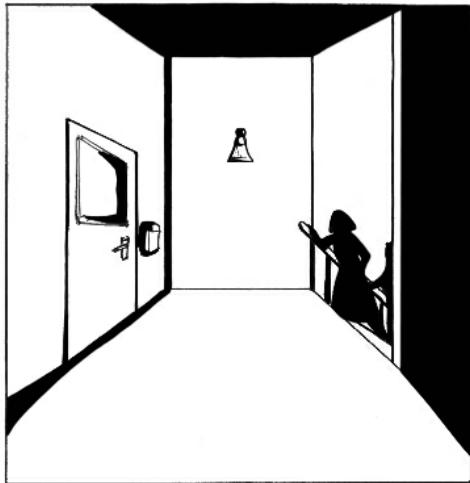
Then the thought of the dead world without rushed in.









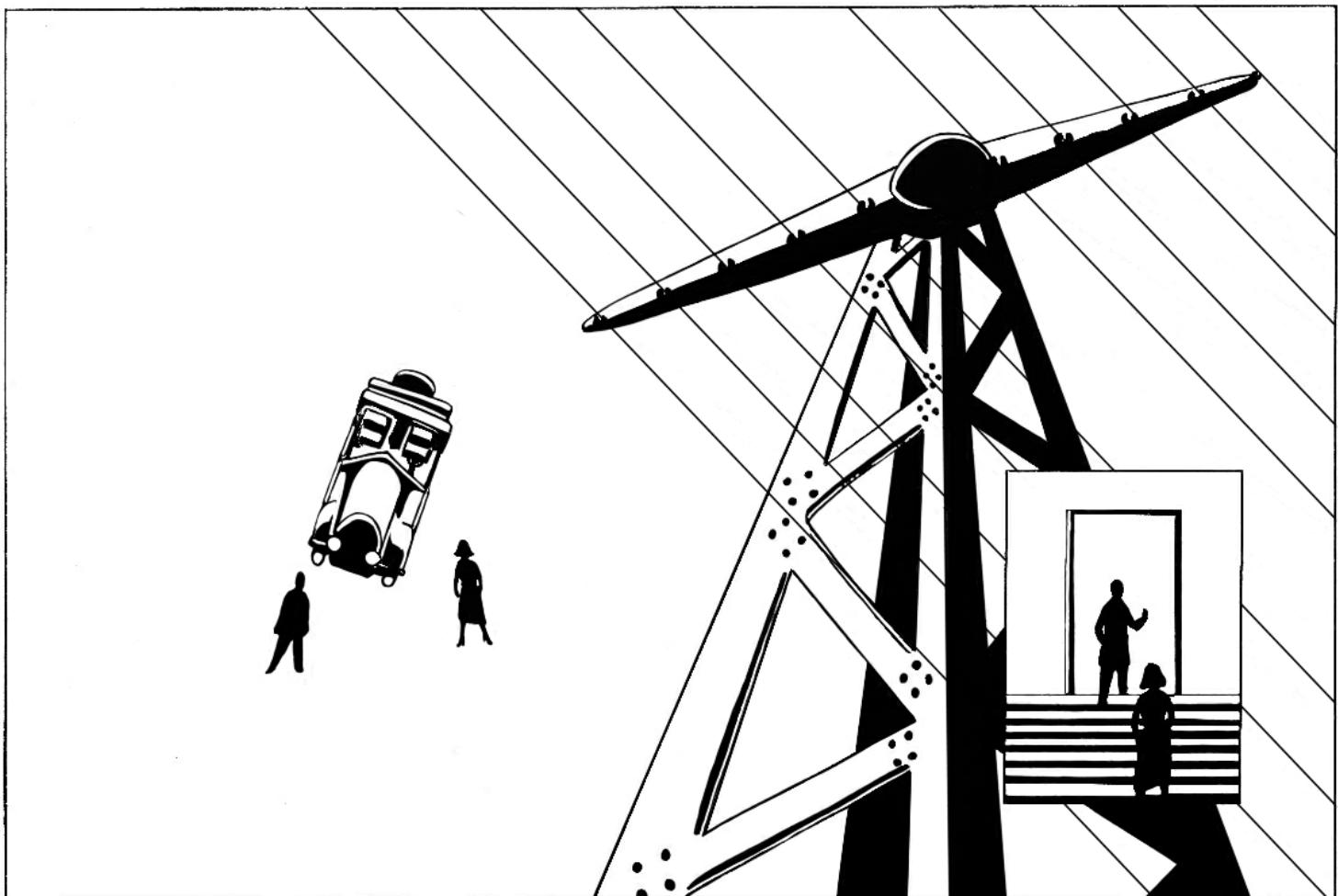


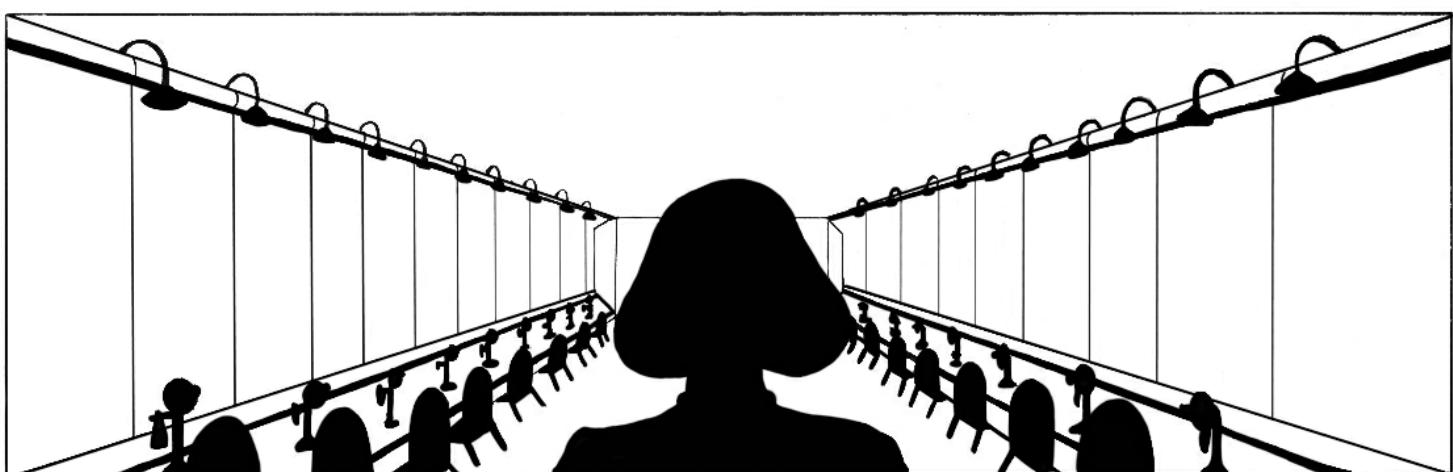
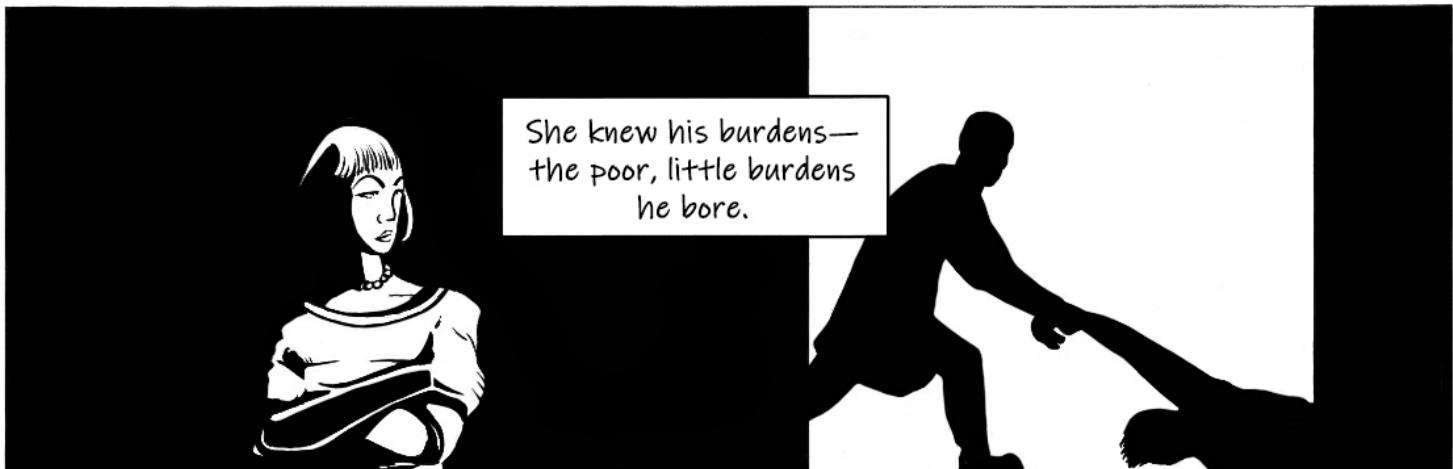
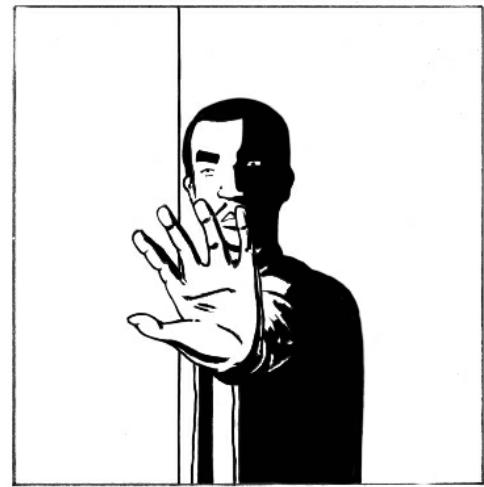
It was his turn now to take the lead, and he did it quickly.

The long distance telephone
the telegraph and the cable—
night rockets and then— fight!

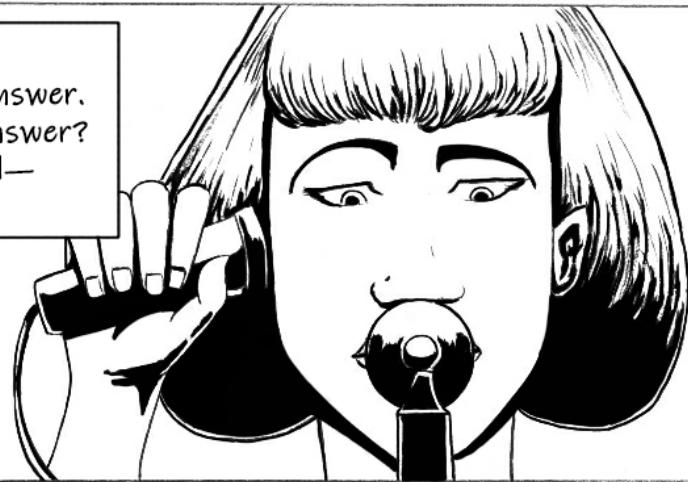


He did not look like men,
as she had always pictured men;
but he acted like one
and she was content.





The world must answer.
Would the world answer?
Was the world—



Silence!

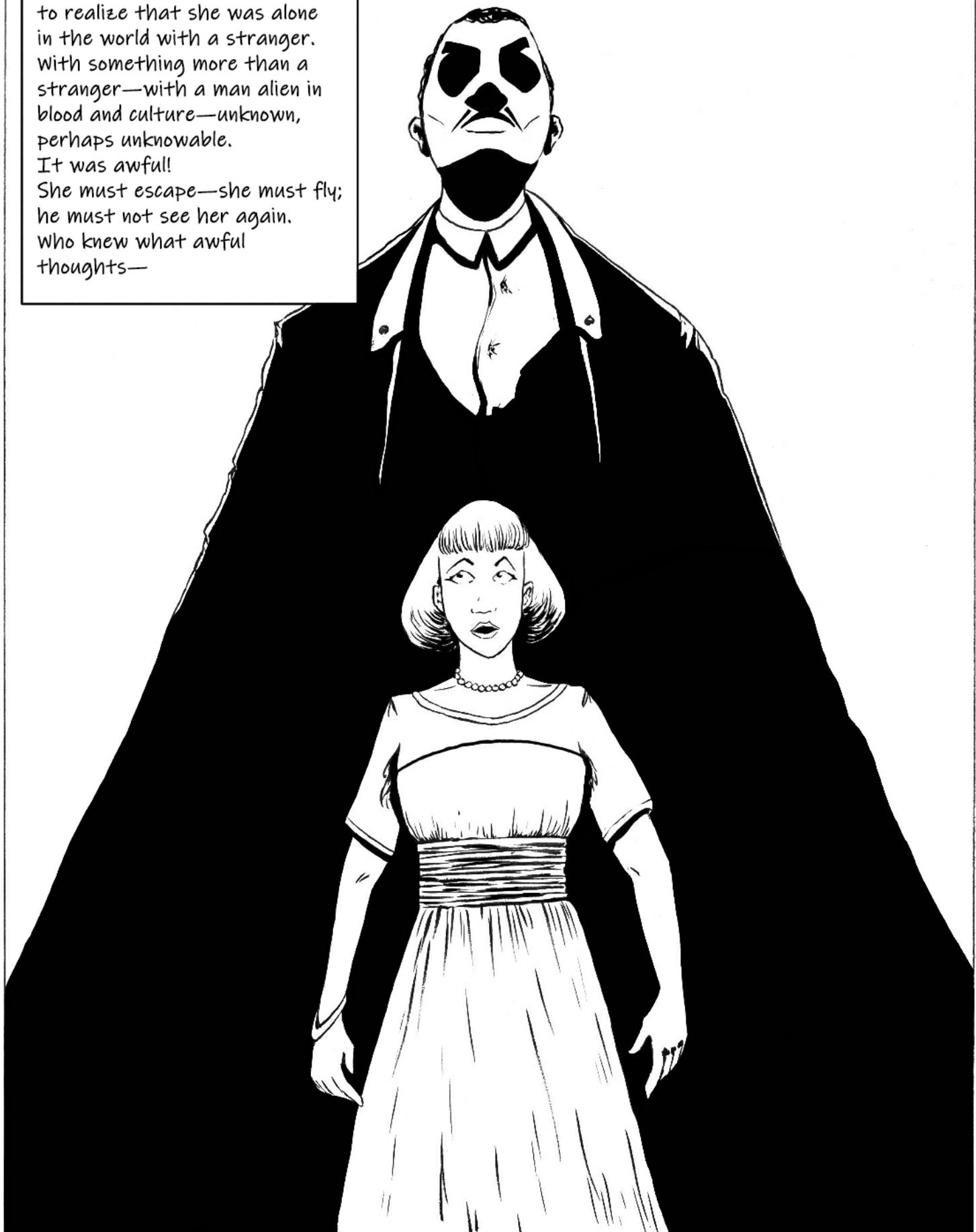


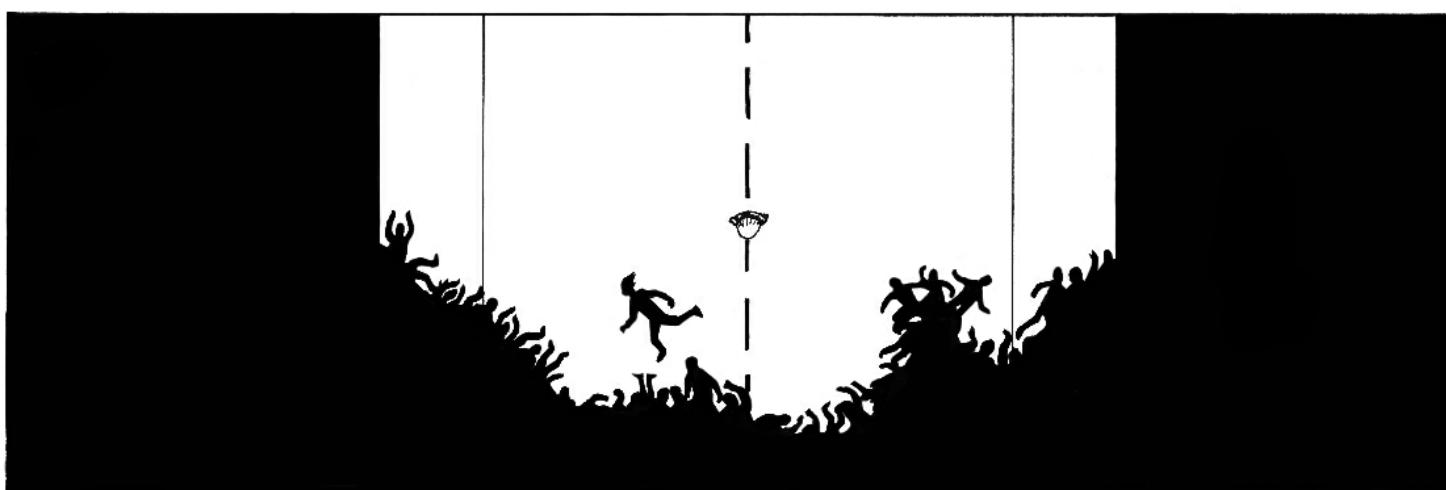
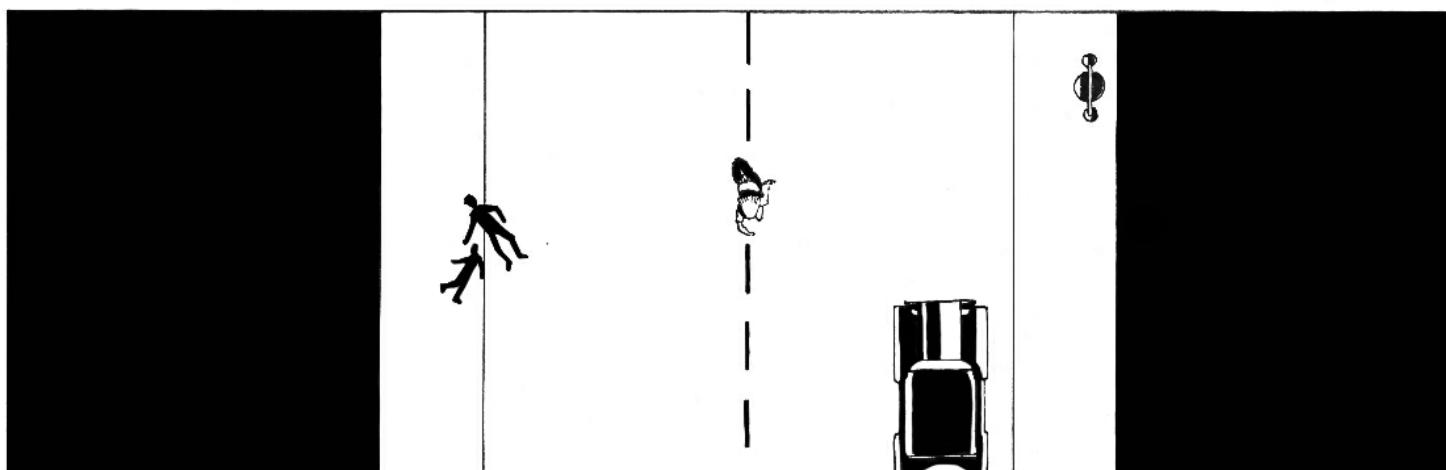
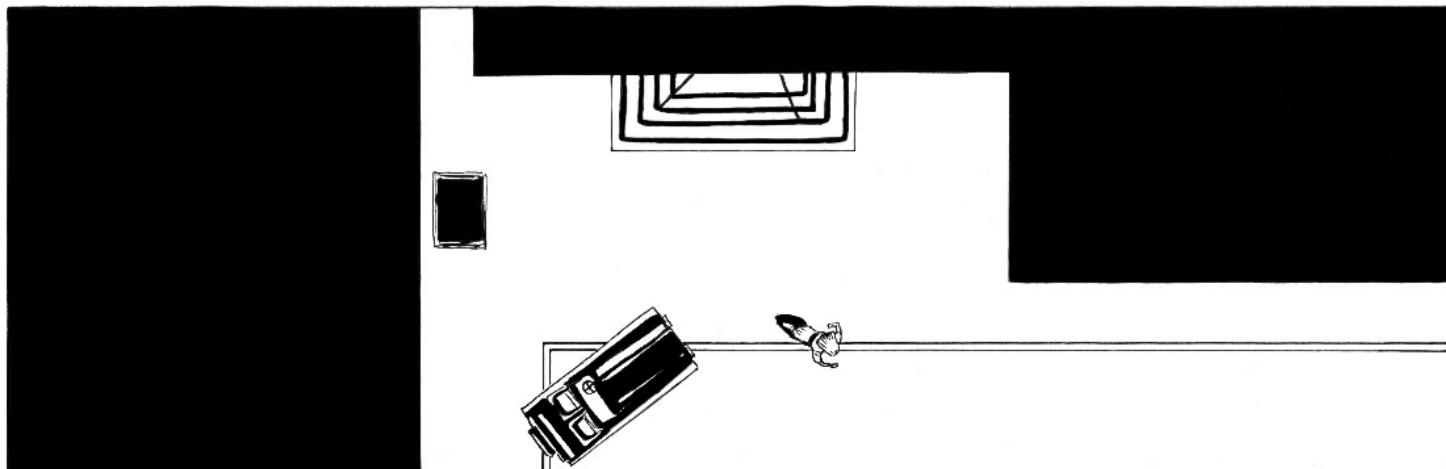
The world—

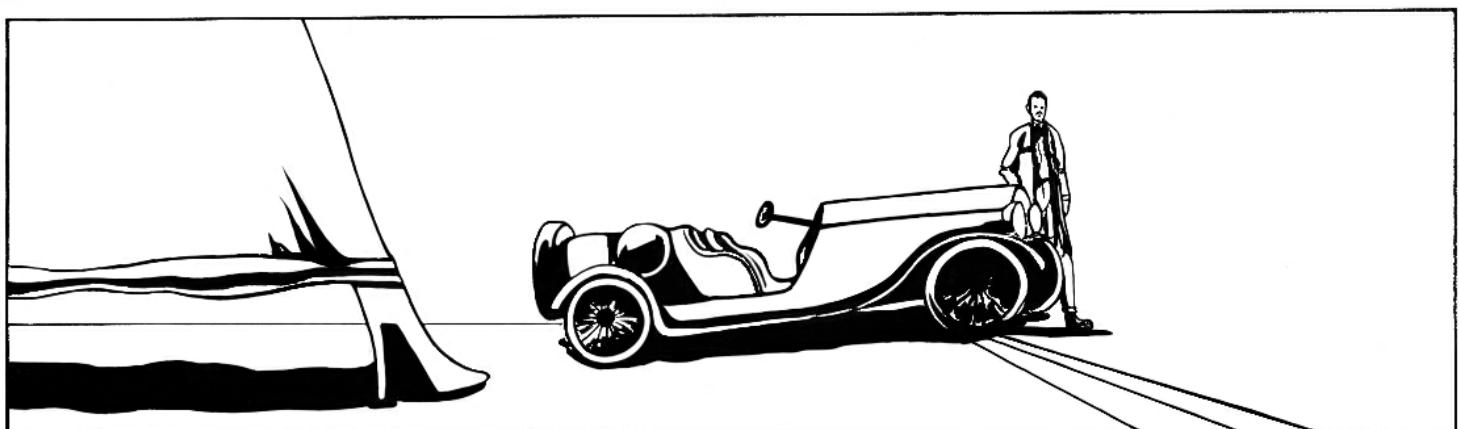
She could not frame the thought
or say the word. It was
too mighty— too terrible!

Hope lay dead within her.

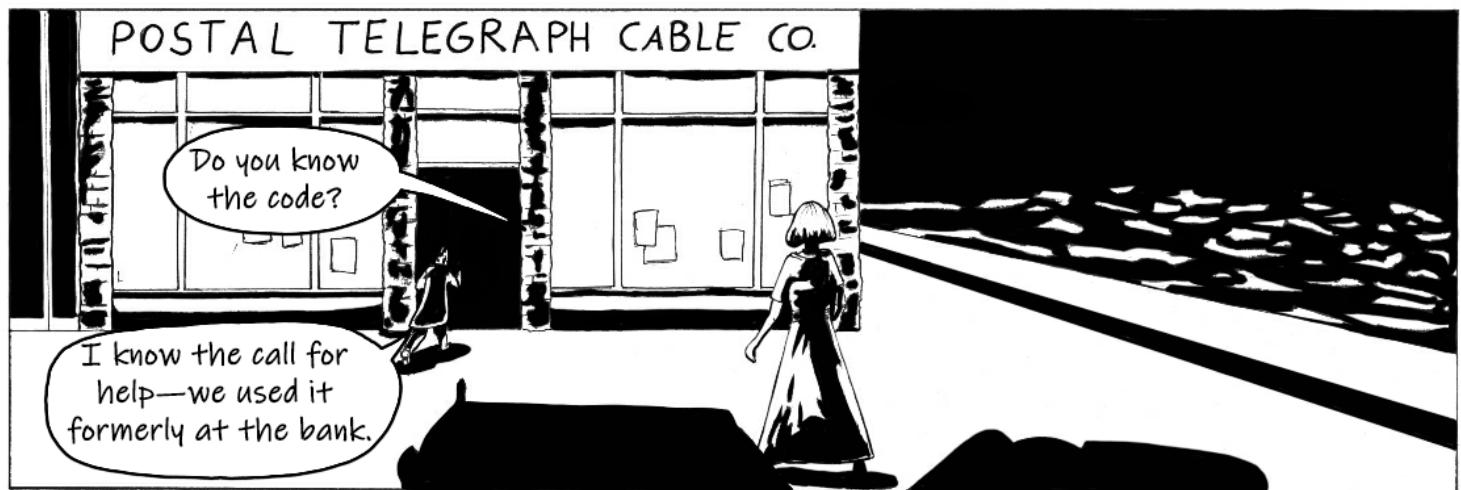
A new fear came into her heart.
For the first time she seemed
to realize that she was alone
in the world with a stranger.
With something more than a
stranger—with a man alien in
blood and culture—unknown,
perhaps unknowable.
It was awful!
She must escape—she must fly;
he must not see her again.
Who knew what awful
thoughts—





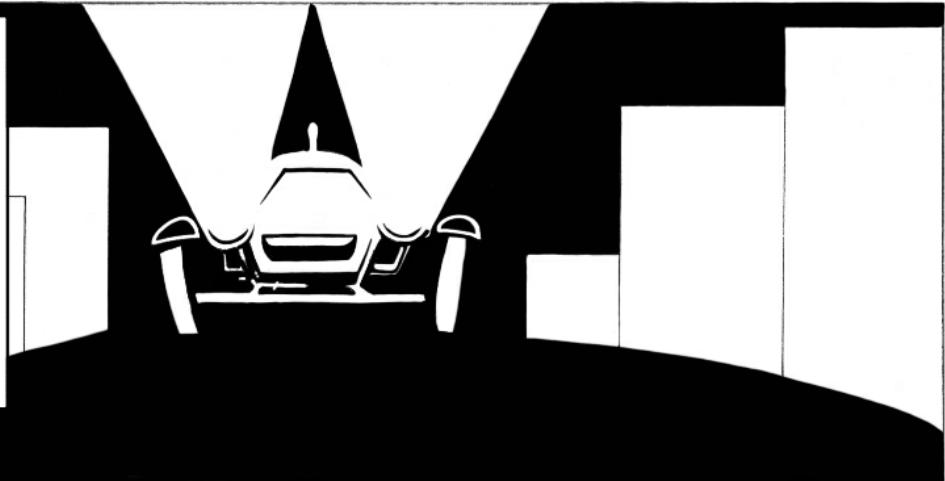








Upward they turned toward life again, and he seized the wheel. The world was darkening to twilight, and a great, gray pall was falling mercifully and gently on the sleeping dead. The ghastly glare of reality seemed replaced with the dream of some vast romance.



The girl lay silently back, as the motor whizzed along, and looked half-consciously for the elf-queen to wave life into this dead world again. She forgot to wonder at the quickness with which he had learned to drive her car. It seemed natural.

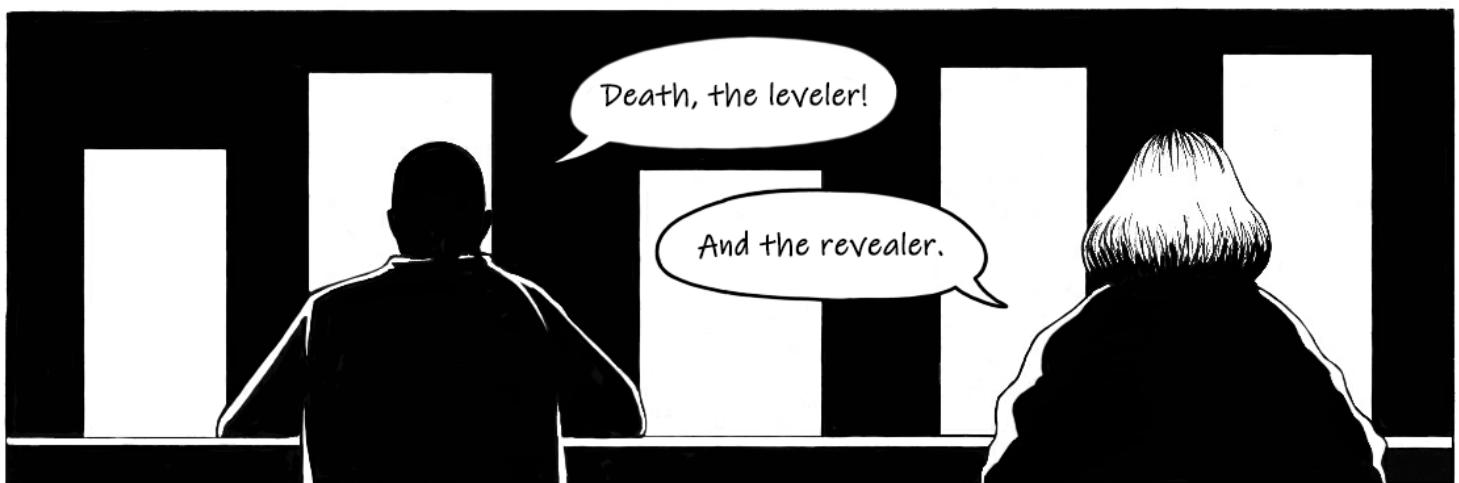


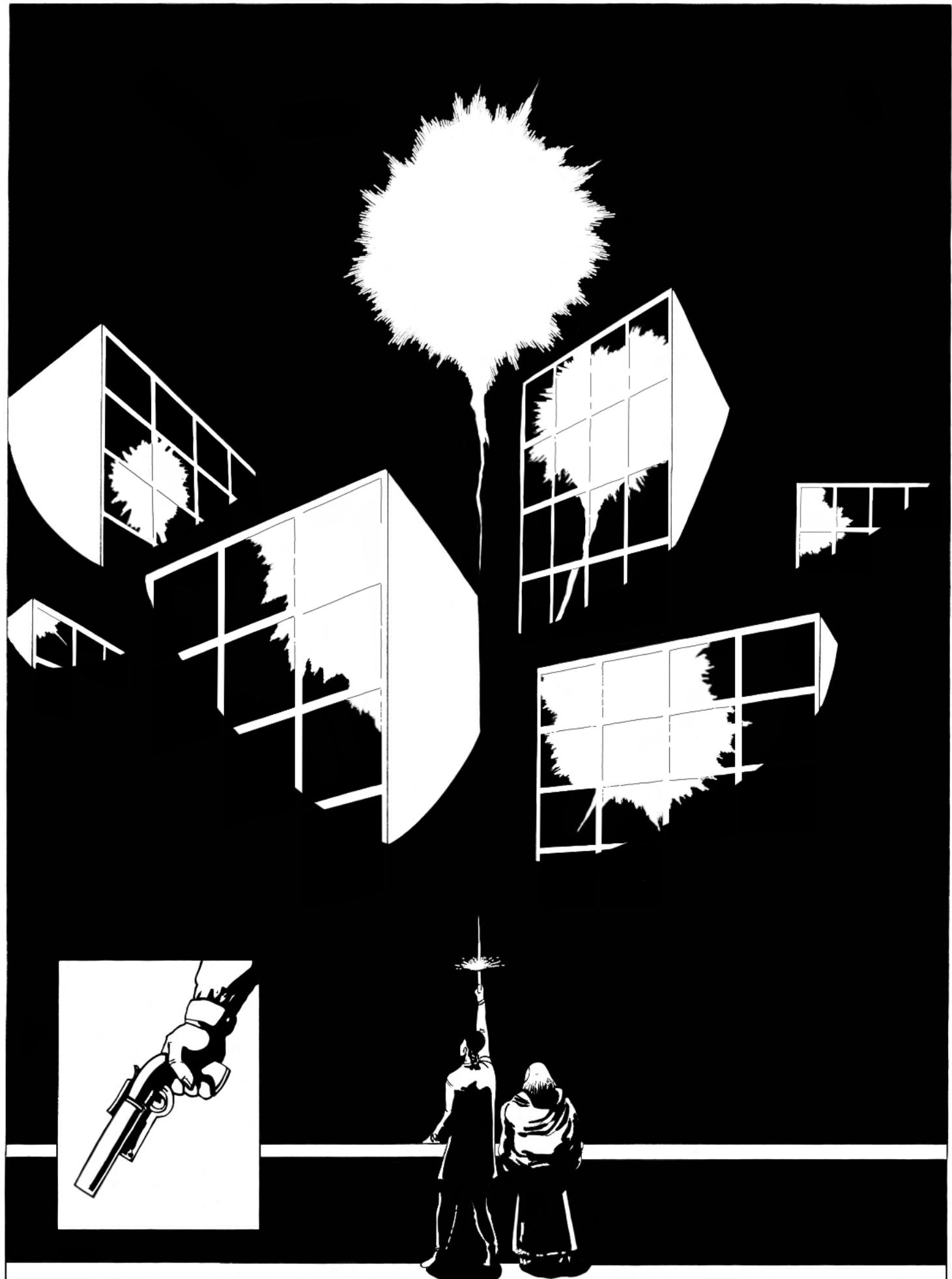
And then as they whirled and swung into Madison Square and at the door of the Metropolitan Tower she gave a low cry, and her eyes were great! Perhaps she had seen the elf-queen? The man led her to the elevator of the Metropolitan tower and deftly they ascended.

In her father's office they gathered rugs and chairs, and he wrote a note and laid it on the desk; then they ascended to the roof and he made her comfortable. For a while she rested and sank to dreamy somnolence, watching the worlds above and wondering.











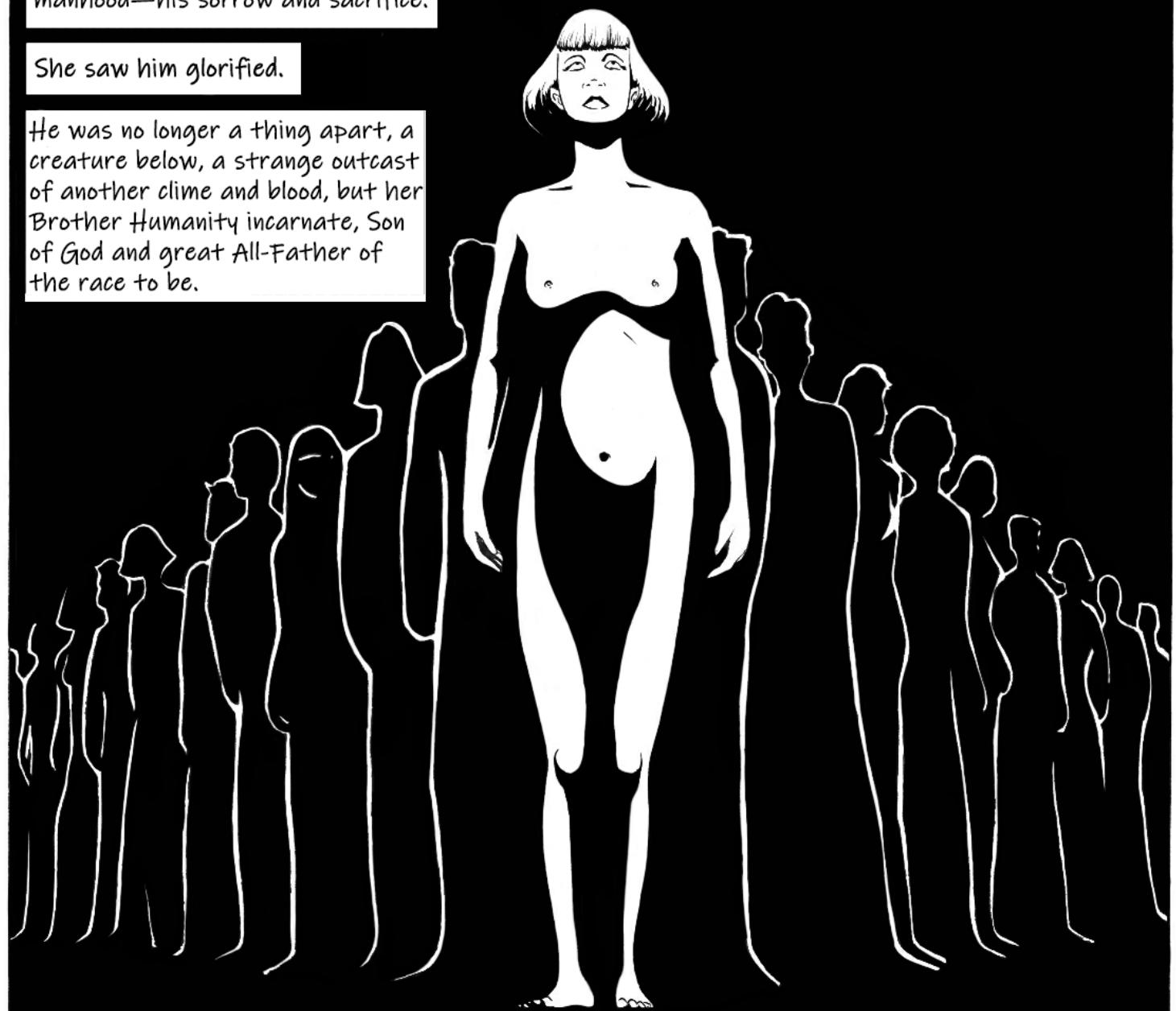
A vision of the world had risen before her. Slowly the mighty prophecy of her destiny overwhelmed her.

Above the dead past hovered the Angel of Annunciation. She was no mere woman. She was neither high nor low, white nor black, rich nor poor. She was primal woman; mighty mother of all men to come and Bride of Life.

She looked upon the man beside her and forgot all else but his manhood, his strong, vigorous manhood—his sorrow and sacrifice.

She saw him glorified.

He was no longer a thing apart, a creature below, a strange outcast of another clime and blood, but her Brother Humanity incarnate, Son of God and great All-Father of the race to be.





He did not glimpse the glory
in her eyes.

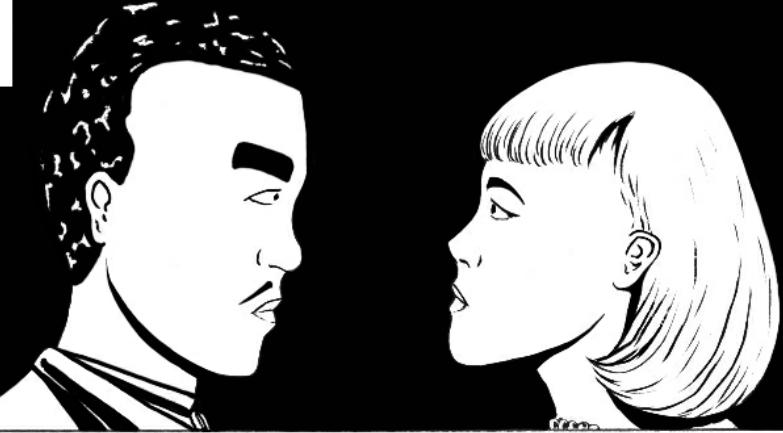
Memories of memories stirred to life
in the dead recesses of his mind.
The shackles seemed to rattle and
fall from his soul.

Up from the crass and crushing and
cringing of his caste leaped the lone
majesty of kings long dead.

He arose within the shadows, tall,
straight, and stern, with power in
his eyes and ghostly scepters
hovering to his grasp.

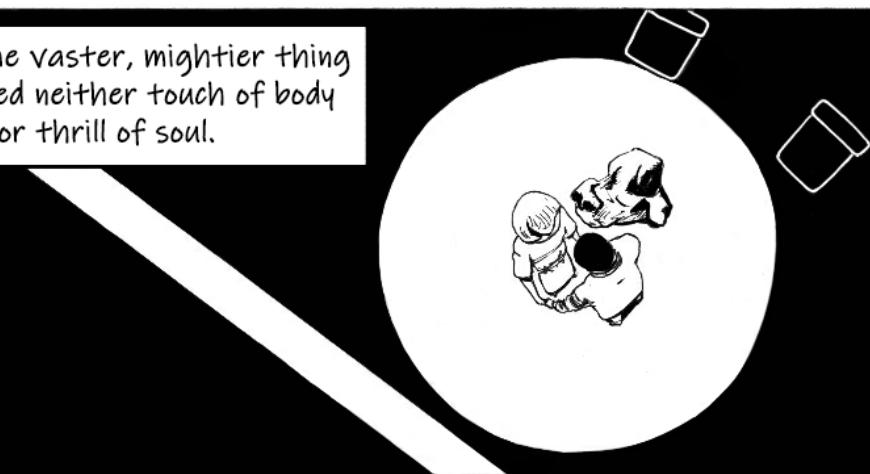
It was as though some mighty
Pharaoh lived again, or curled
Assyrian lord.

Their souls lay naked
to the night.



It was not lust;
it was not love—

It was some vaster, mightier thing
that needed neither touch of body
nor thrill of soul.



It was a thought
divine, splendid.

The world
is dead.

Long live the—



