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**Frühjahr 2011**

42619

Erste Staatsprüfung für ein Lehramt an öffentlichen Schulen

— Prüfungsaufgaben —

Fach: Englisch (Unterrichtsfach)
Einzelprüfung: Literaturwissenschaft
Anzahl der gestellten Themen (Aufgaben): 3
Anzahl der Druckseiten dieser Vorlage: 7

Bitte wenden!
Thema Nr. 1


'This is the tragedy of our lives. To be an immigrant is to live out a tragedy.'
The hostess [Mrs. Azad] cocked her head. 'What are you talking about?'
'The clash of cultures.'
'I beg your pardon?'
'And of generations,' added Chanu.
'What is the tragedy?'

'It's not only immigrants. Shakespeare wrote about it.' He cleared his throat and prepared to cite his quotation.

[Azad's wife interrupts him:] 'Take your coat off. It's getting on my nerves. What are you? A professor?'
Chanu spread his hands. 'I have a degree in English Literature from Dhaka University. I have studied at a British university - philosophy, sociology, history, economics. I do not claim to be a learned gentleman. But I can tell you truthfully, madam, that I am always learning.'
'So what are you then? A student?' She did not sound impressed. Her small, deep-plugged eyes looked as hard and dirty as coal.

'Your husband and I are both students, in a sense. That's how we came to know each other, through a shared love of books, a love of learning.'

Mrs. Azad yawned. 'Oh yes, my husband is a very refined man. He puts his nose inside a book because the smell of real life offends him. But he has come a long way. Haven't you, my sweet?'
He comes to our flat to get away from her, thought Nazneen.

'Yes,' said the doctor. His shirt collar had swallowed his neck.

'When we first came - tell them, you tell them - we lived in a one room hotel. We dined on rice and dal, rice and dal. For breakfast we had rice and dal. For lunch we drank water to bloat out our stomachs. This is how he finished medical school. And now - look! Of course, the doctor is very refined. Sometimes he forgets that without my family's help he would not have all those letters after his name.'

'It's a success story,' said Chanu, exercising his shoulders. 'But behind every story of immigrant success there lies a deeper tragedy.'

'Kindly explain this tragedy.'

I'm talking about the dash between Western values and our own. I'm talking about the struggle to assimilate and the need to preserve one's identity and heritage. I'm talking about children who don't know what their identity is. I'm talking about the feelings of alienation engendered by a society where racism is prevalent. I'm talking about the terrific struggle to preserve one's sanity while striving to achieve the best for one's family. I'm talking -'

'Crap!'
Chanu looked at Dr. Azad but his friend studied the backs of his hands.

'Why do you make it so complicated?' said the doctor's wife. 'Assimilation this, alienation that! Let me tell you a few simple facts. Fact: we live in a Western society. Fact: Our children will act more and more like Westerners. Fact: that's no bad thing. My daughter is free to come and go. Do I wish I had enjoyed myself like her when I was young? Yes!'
Mrs. Azad struggled out of her chair. Nazneen thought - and it made her feel a little giddy - *she's going to the pub as well*. But their hostess walked over to the gas fire and bent, from the waist to light it. Nazneen averted her eyes.

Mrs. Azad continued. 'Listen! When I'm in Bangladesh I put on a sari and cover my head and all that. But here I go out to work. I work with white girls and I'm just one of them. If I want to come home and eat curry, that's my business. Some women spend ten, twenty years here and they sit in the kitchen grinding spices all day and learn only two words of English.'

She looked at Nazneen who focused on Raqib. 'They go around covered from head to toe, in their little walking prisons, and when someone calls to them in the street they are upset. The society is racist. The society is all wrong. Everything should change for them. They don't have to change one thing. That,' she said, stabbing the air, 'is the tragedy.'

The room was quiet. The air was too bright, and the hard light hid nothing. The moments came and went, with nothing to ease their passing.

'Each one has his own tragedy,' said Chanu at last. His lips and brow worked feverishly on some private business.

**Aufgaben:**

1. Analysieren Sie die Erzählsituation und die Stellung der Protagonisten zueinander! Welche Positionen werden durch die jeweiligen Protagonisten personifiziert?

2. Skizzieren Sie die Argumente, die in der Auseinandersetzung zu den gegensätzlichen Haltungen zur „Verwestlichung“ von Immigranten vom indischen Subkontinent ausgetauscht werden! Gehen Sie dabei auch auf mögliche Gründe für Chanus ablehnende Haltung gegenüber der englischen Gesellschaft ein!

3. Assimilation spielt auch in anderen Migrantenromanen eine Rolle. Zeigen Sie an einem weiteren Romanbeispiel, wie die im gegebenen Textauszug verhandelten Positionen dort diskutiert werden und welche Rolle dabei die Generationenunterschiede spielen!
Matthew Arnold, *Dover Beach* (publ. 1867)

The sea is calm to-night
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the Straits; - on the French coast, the light
Gleams, and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.

Come to the window, sweet is the night air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the ebb meets the moon-blanch'd sand,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægæan, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating to the breath
Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.


Z. 17 turbid: trübe; Z. 21-23 Anspielung auf den Weltstrom, der die als Scheibe vorgestellte Erde umfließt; Z. 23 furl'd: aufgerollt; Z. 28 shingles: Kiesstrände
Aufgaben:

1. Beschreiben Sie die formale Struktur des Gedichts!

2. Identifizieren Sie wiederkehrende rhetorische Figuren in dem Gedicht und beschreiben Sie kurz deren Funktion!

3. Analysieren Sie, welche (unterschiedlichen) Funktionen die Sinne – Sehen und Hören – bei der Erzeugung der poetischen Bildlichkeit des Gedichts spielen!

4. Ordnen Sie das Gedicht kurz in seinen literaturhistorischen Kontext ein!

Thema Nr. 3


SCENE. The kitchen in the now abandoned farmhouse of JOHN WRIGHT, a gloomy kitchen, and left without having been put in order--unwashed pans under the sink, a loaf of bread outside the breadbox, a dish towel on the table--other signs of incomplented work. At the rear the outer door opens, and the SHERIFF comes in, followed by the COUNTY ATTORNEY and HALE. The SHERIFF and HALE are men in middle life, the COUNTY ATTORNEY is a young man; all are much bundled up and go at once to the stove. They are followed by the two women--the SHERIFF'S WIFE first; she is a slight wiry woman, a thin nervous face. MRS. HALE is larger and would ordinarily be called more comfortable looking, but she is disturbed now and looks fearfully about as she enters. The women have come in slowly and stand close together near the door.

[...]
COUNTY ATTORNEY [Looking around] I guess we'll go upstairs first--and then out to the barn and around there. [To the Sheriff]. You're convinced that there was nothing important here--nothing that would point to any motive?
SHERIFF Nothing here but kitchen things.
[The County Attorney, after again looking around the kitchen, opens the door of a cupboard closet. He gets up on a chair and looks on a shelf. Pulls his hand away, sticky.]
COUNTY ATTORNEY Here's a nice mess.
[The women draw nearer.]
MRS. PETERS [To the other woman] Oh, her fruit; it did freeze. [To the Lawyer] She worried about that when it turned so cold. She said the fire'd go out and her jars would break.
SHERIFF Well, can you beat the women! Held for murder and worryin' about her preserves.
COUNTY ATTORNEY I guess before we're through she may have something more serious than preserves to worry about.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
HALE Well, women are used to worrying over trifles.  

[The two women move a little closer together.]
COUNTY ATTORNEY [With the gallantry of a young politician] And yet, for all their worries, what would we do without the ladies? [The women do not unbend. He goes to the sink, takes dipperful of water from the pail and, pouring it into a basin, washes his hands. Starts to wipe them on the roller towel, turns it for a cleaner place.] Dirty towels! [Kicks his foot against the pans under the sink] Not much of a housekeeper, would you say, ladies?

MRS. HALE [Stiffly] There's a great deal of work to be done on a farm.
COUNTY ATTORNEY To be sure. And yet... [With a little bow to her] ...I know there are some Dickson county farmhouses which do not have such roller towels.
[He gives it a pull to expose its full length again.]
MRS. HALE Those towels get dirty awful quick. Men's hands aren't always as clean as they might be.
COUNTY ATTORNEY Ah, loyal to your sex, I see. But you and Mrs. Wright were neighbors. I suppose you were friends, too.
MRS. HALE [Shaking her head] I've not seen much of her of late years. I've not been in this house--it's more than a year.
COUNTY ATTORNEY And why was that? You didn't like her?
MRS. HALE I liked her all well enough. Farmers' wives have their hands full, Mr. Henderson. And then--
COUNTY ATTORNEY Yes--?
MRS. HALE [Looking about] It never seemed a very cheerful place.
COUNTY ATTORNEY No--it's not cheerful. I shouldn't say she had the homemaking instinct.
MRS. HALE Well, I don't know as Wright had, either.
COUNTY ATTORNEY You mean that they didn't get on very well?
MRS. HALE No, I don't mean anything. But I don't think a place'd be any cheerfuller for John Wright's being in it.
COUNTY ATTORNEY I'd like to talk more of that a little later. I want to get the lay of things upstairs now.
[He goes to the left, where three steps lead to a stair door.]
SHERIFF I suppose anything Mrs. Peters does'll be all right. She was to take in some clothes for her, you know, and a few little things. We left in such a hurry yesterday.
COUNTY ATTORNEY Yes, but I would like to see what you take, Mrs. Peters, and keep an eye out for anything that might be of use to us.
MRS. PETERS Yes, Mr. Henderson.
[The women listen to the men's steps on the stairs, then look about the kitchen.]
MRS. HALE I'd hate to have men coming into my kitchen, snooping around and criticizing.
[She arranges the pans under the sink which the Lawyer had shoved out of place.]
MRS. PETERS Of course it's no more than their duty.
MRS. HALE Duty's all right, but I guess that deputy sheriff that came out to make the fire might have got a little of this on. [Gives the roller towel a pull] Wish I'd thought of that sooner. Seems mean to talk about her for not having things slicked up when she had to come away in such a hurry.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
Aufgaben:

1. Erörtern Sie unter Berücksichtigung des Nebentextes die Figurencharakterisierung!

2. Das Drama thematisiert geschlechtsspezifische Differenzen und gesellschaftliche Geschlechterrollenerwartungen. Erläutern Sie die Darstellung der weiblichen und männlichen Figuren mit Bezug auf den historischen Kontext!

3. Ordnen Sie das Drama literaturgeschichtlich ein!