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: 8

Bitte wenden!
Thema Nr. 1

Der folgende Textausschnitt ist die Schlusspassage von Oscar Wildes *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (1895), in der die Hauptfigur über ihr bisheriges Leben räsoniert:

It was better not to think of the past. Nothing could alter that. It was of himself, and of his own future, that he had to think. James Vane was hidden in a nameless grave in Selby churchyard. Alan Campbell had shot himself one night in his laboratory, but had not revealed the secret that he had been forced to know. The excitement, such as it was, over Basil Hallward's disappearance would soon pass away. It was already waning. He was perfectly safe there. Nor, indeed, was it the death of Basil Hallward that weighed most upon his mind. It was the living death of his own soul that troubled him. Basil had painted the portrait that had marred his life. He could not forgive him that. It was the portrait that had done everything. Basil had said things to him that were unbearable, and that he had yet borne with patience. The murder had been simply the madness of a moment. As for Alan Campbell, his suicide had been his own act. He had chosen to do it. It was nothing to him.

A new life! That was what he wanted. That was what he was waiting for. Surely he had begun it already. He had spared one innocent thing, at any rate. He would never again tempt innocence. He would be good.

As he thought of Hetty Merton, he began to wonder if the portrait in the locked room had changed. Surely it was not still so horrible as it had been? Perhaps if his life became pure, he would be able to expel every sign of evil passion from the face. Perhaps the signs of evil had already gone away. He would go and look.

He took the lamp from the table and crept upstairs. As he unbarred the door, a smile of joy flitted across his strangely young-looking face and lingered for a moment about his lips. Yes, he would be good, and the hideous thing that he had hidden away would no longer be a terror to him. He felt as if the load had been lifted from him already.

He went in quietly, locking the door behind him, as was his custom, and dragged the purple hanging from the portrait. A cry of pain and indignation broke from him. He could see no change, save that in the eyes there was a look of cunning and in the mouth the curved wrinkle of the hypocrite. The thing was still loathsome – more loathsome, if possible, than before – and the scarlet dew that spotted the hand seemed brighter, and more like blood newly spilled. Then he trembled. Had it been merely vanity that had made him do his one good deed? Or the desire for a new sensation, as Lord Henry had hinted, with his mocking laugh? Or that passion to act a part that sometimes makes us do things finer than we are ourselves? Or, perhaps, all these? And why was the red stain larger than it had been? It seemed to have crept like a horrible disease over the wrinkled fingers. There was blood on the painted feet, as though the thing had dripped – blood even on the hand that had not held the knife. Confess? Did it mean that he was to confess? To give himself up and be put to death? He laughed. He felt that the idea was monstrous. Besides, even if he did confess, who would believe him? There was no trace of the murdered man anywhere. Everything belonging to him had been destroyed. He himself had burned what had been below-stairs. The world would simply say that he was mad. They would shut him up if he persisted in his story.... Yet it was his duty to confess, to suffer public shame, and to make public atonement. There was a God who called upon men to tell their sins to earth as well as to heaven.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
Nothing that he could do would cleanse him till he had told his own sin. His sin? He shrugged his shoulders. The death of Basil Hallward seemed very little to him. He was thinking of Hetty Merton. For it was an unjust mirror, this mirror of his soul that he was looking at. Vanity? Curiosity? Hypocrisy? Had there been nothing more in his renunciation than that? There had been something more. At least he thought so. But who could tell? ... No. There had been nothing more. Through vanity he had spared her. In hypocrisy he had worn the mask of goodness. For curiosity's sake he had tried the denial of self. He recognized that now.


**Aufgaben:**

1. Analysieren Sie die verwendete Erzählsituation!

2. Wie deutet Dorian seine Vergangenheit und welche Konsequenzen leitet er daraus für seine Zukunft ab?

3. Sein Porträt wird als "an unjust mirror, this mirror of his soul" beschrieben. Welche symbolische Kraft wird dem Gemälde zugeschrieben?

4. Ordnen Sie die Textpassage in den literatur- und geistesgeschichtlichen Kontext der Entstehungszeit ein!
**Thema Nr. 2**


**Act Three**

... *Sunday evening. Joyce's kitchen. ...*

... *Joyce gets up to make tea*

Joyce  I can see why you’d want to leave. It’s a dump here.
Marlene  So what’s this about you and Frank?
Joyce  He was always carrying on, wasn’t he? And if I wanted to go out in the evening he’d go mad, even if it was nothing, a class, I was going to go to an evening class¹. So he had this girlfriend, only twenty-two poor cow, and I said go on, off you go, hoppit. I don’t think he even likes her.
Marlene  So what about money?
Joyce  I’ve always said I don’t want your money.
Marlene  No, does he send you money?
Joyce  I’ve got four different cleaning jobs. Adds up. There’s not a lot round here.
Marlene  Does Angie² miss him?
Joyce  She doesn’t say.
Marlene  Does she see him?
Joyce  He was never that fond of her to be honest.
Marlene  He tried to kiss me once. When you were engaged.
Joyce  Did you fancy him?
Marlene  No, he looked like a fish.
Joyce  He was lovely then.
Marlene  Ugh.
Joyce  Well I fancied him. For about three years.
Marlene  Have you got someone else?
Joyce  There’s not a lot round here. Mind you, the minute you’re on your own, you’d be amazed how your friends’ husbands drop by. I’d sooner do without.
Marlene  I don’t see why you couldn’t take my money.
Joyce  I do, so don’t bother about it.
Marlene  Only got to ask.
Joyce  So what about you? Good job?
Marlene  Good for a laugh. Got back from the US of A, a bit ...
Joyce  Good for more than a laugh I should think.
Marlene  ... wiped out and slotted into this speedy employment agency and still there.
Joyce  You can always find yourself work then.
Marlene  That’s right.

¹ Kurs an der Volkshochschule
² Angie ist die Tochter von Joyce

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
Joyce. And men?
Marlene Oh there's always men.
Joyce No one special?
Marlene There's fellas who like to be seen with a high-flying lady. Shows they've got something really good in their pants. But they can't take the day to day. They're waiting for me to turn into the little woman. Or maybe I'm just horrible of course.
Joyce Who needs them?
Marlene Who needs them? Well I do. But I need adventures more. So on on into the sunset. I think the eighties are going to be stupendous.
Joyce Who for?
Marlene For me. I think I'm going up up up ...
Joyce Oh for you. Yes I am sure they will.
Marlene and for the country, come to that. Get the economy back on its feet and whoosh. She's a tough lady, Maggie. I'd give her a job. She just needs to hang in there. This country ...
Joyce You voted for them, did you?
Marlene ... needs to stop whining. ...
Joyce Drink your tea and shut up, pet.
Joyce What good's first woman if it's her? I suppose you'd have liked Hitler if she was a woman. Ms Hitler. Got a lot done, Hitlerina. Great adventures.
Marlene Bosses still walking on the workers' faces? Still Daddy's little parrot? Haven't you learned to think for yourself? I believe in the individual. Look at me.
Joyce I am looking at you.
Marlene Come on, Joyce, we're not going to quarrel over politics.
Joyce We are though.
Marlene Forget I mentioned it. Not a word about the slimy unions will cross my lips.

Pause

Joyce You say Mother had a wasted life.
Marlene Yes I do. Married to that bastard.
Joyce What sort of life did he have? Working in the fields ...
Marlene Violent life?
Joyce like an animal. Why wouldn't he want a drink?
Marlene Come off it.
Joyce You want a drink. He couldn't afford whisky.
Marlene I don't want to talk about him.
Joyce You started, I was talking about her. She had a rotten life. because she had nothing. She went hungry.
Marlene She was hungry because he drank the money. He used to hit her.
Joyce It's not all down on him. Their lives were rubbish. They ...
Marlene She didn't hit him.
Joyce ... were treated like rubbish. He's dead and she'll die soon and what sort of life did they have?
Marlene I saw him one night. I came down.
Joyce Do you think I didn't? They didn't get to America and drive across it in a fast car. Bad nights, they had bad days.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

3 einzigartig
4 Margaret Thatcher (*1925), erste weibliche englische Premierministerin von 1979-1990.
5 them = the Tories
Marlene: America, America, you’re jealous. I had to get out. ... I knew when I was thirteen, out of their house, out of them, never let that happen to me, never let him, make my on way, out.

Joyce: ... you are ashamed of me if I came to your office, your smart friends, wouldn’t you, I’m ashamed of you, think of nothing but yourself ...

Marlene: I hate the working class ...

Joyce: Yes you do.

Marlene: ... it doesn’t exist any more. It means lazy and stupid. I don’t like the way they talk I don’t

Joyce: Come on, now we’re getting it.

Marlene: ...like beer guts and football vomit and saucy tits ...

Joyce: I spit when I see a Rolls-Royce, scratch it with my ring ... I hate the cows I work for and their dirty dishes with blanquette of fucking veau. ...

Marlene: Come on, Joyce, what a night. You’ve got what it takes.

Joyce: I know I have.

Marlene: I didn’t really mean all that.

Joyce: I did.

Marlene: But we’re friends anyway.

Joyce: I don’t think so, no.

Caryl Churchill. Top Girls.


Aufgaben:

1. Erörtern Sie den strukturellen und inhaltlichen Aufbau der Szene!

2. Beschreiben und analysieren Sie die Weltbilder der beiden Charaktere!


4. Wie werden in dieser Szene die Sympathien des Zuschauers gelenkt?


6 blanquette of fucking veau = Kalbsfrikassee
Thema Nr. 3

Walt Whitman (1819-1892)
"To a Locomotive in Winter" (1876)

Thee for my recitative,
Thee in the driving storm even as now, the snow, the winter-day declining,
Thee in thy panoply, thy measur'd dual throbbing and thy beat convulsive,
Thy black cylindric body, golden brass and silvery steel,
Thy ponderous side-bars, parallel and connecting rods, gyrating, shuttling
  at thy sides,
Thy metrical, now swelling pant and roar, now tapering in the distance,
Thy great protruding head-light fix'd in front,
Thy long, pale, floating vapor-pennants, tinged with delicate purple,
The dense and murky clouds out-belching from thy smoke-stack,
Thy knitted frame, thy springs and valves, the tremulous twinkle of thy
  wheels,
Thy train of cars behind, obedient, merrily following,
Through gale or calm, now swift, now slack, yet steadily careering;
Type of the modern—emblem of motion and power—pulse of the continent,
For once come serve the Muse and merge in verse, even as here I see thee,
With storm and buffeting gusts of wind and falling snow,
By day thy warning ringing bell to sound its notes,
By night thy silent signal lamps to swing.

Fierce-throated beauty!
Roll through my chant with all thy lawless music, thy swinging lamps at
  night,
Thy madly-whistled laughter, echoing, rumbling like an earthquake, rousing
  all,
Law of thyself complete, thine own track firmly holding,
(No sweetness debonair of tearful harp or glib piano thine,)
Thy trills of shrieks by rocks and hills return'd,
Launch'd o'er the prairies wide, across the lakes,
To the free skies unpent and glad and strong.


Erklärungen:

- panoply = suit of armor;
- to throb = to beat, vibrate, pulsate;
- to gyrate = to move in a circular path, to rotate or revolve;
- vapor = fog, mist, or steam;
- pennant = flag, banner;
- to career = to move at full speed, rush wildly;
- debonair = genial, carefree, elegant and gracious;
- glib = smooth, offhand;
- unpent = unconfined.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
Aufgaben:

1. Kommentieren Sie Stil und metrische Form des Gedichtes!

2. Analysieren Sie die Metaphorik des Gedichtes im Hinblick auf die Lokomotive des Titels!

3. Charakterisieren Sie Whitmans Sicht des technischen Fortschritts, wie sie sich aus diesem Gedicht ablesen lässt!

4. Ordnen Sie Whitmans Gedicht sowohl in die Dichtung seiner Zeit wie in den entsprechenden Technologie-Diskurs ein!