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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: 6

Bitte wenden!
Ted Hughes (1930–1998)
Hawk Roosting

I sit in the top of the wood, my eyes closed.
Inaction, no falsifying dream
Between my hooked head and hooked feet:
Or in sleep rehearse perfect kills and eat.

The convenience of the high trees!
The air's buoyancy and the sun's ray
Are of advantage to me;
And the earth's face upward for my inspection.

My feet are locked upon the rough bark.
It took the whole of Creation
To produce my foot, my each feather:
Now I hold Creation in my foot

Or fly up, and revolve it all slowly -
I kill where I please because it is all mine.
There is no sophistry in my body:
My manners are tearing off heads -

The allotment of death.
For the one path of my flight is direct
Through the bones of the living.
No arguments assert my right:

The sun is behind me.
Nothing has changed since I began.
My eye has permitted no change.
I am going to keep things like this.


to roost: sitzen (Vogel)

1. Interpretieren Sie das Gedicht! Gehen Sie dabei auf seine Metrik, Strophenform und weitere sprachlich-stilistische Gestaltungsmittel ein!

2. Charakterisieren Sie die Haltung, die der Falke seiner Umwelt gegenüber einnimmt!

Thema Nr. 2


1. Analysieren Sie zunächst die Erzählstrategie dieser Passage: Welche Wirkung kommt den hier gewählten Mitteln zu?

2. Diskutieren Sie sodann, wie sich der ausführlich präsentierte Liedtext zur Erzählung, die ihn rahmt, verhält, und welche Bedeutung er für die Erzählung haben könnte!

3. Wie ließe sich das Beispiel in die englische Erzählliteratur des 20. Jahrhunderts einordnen?

The dark filled all the room, and the fire died down, and the shadows were lost, and still they played on. And suddenly first one and then another began to sing as they played, deep-throated singing of the dwarves in the deep places of their ancient homes; and this is like a fragment of their song, if it can be like their song without the music:

*Far over the misty mountains cold*
*To dungeons deep and caverns old*
*We must away ere break of day,*
*To seek the pale enchanted gold.*

*The dwarves of yore made mighty spells,*
*While hammers fell like ringing bells*
*In places deep, where dark things sleep,*
*In hollow halls beneath the fells.*

*For ancient king and elvish lord*
*There many a gleaming golden hoard*
*They shaped and wrought, and light they caught*
*To hide in gems on hilt of sword.*

*On silver necklaces they strung*
*The flowering stars, on crowns they hung*
*The dragon-fire, in twisted wire*
*They meshed the light of moon and sun.*

*Far over the misty mountains cold*
*To dungeons deep and caverns old*
*We away ere break of day,*
*To claim our long-forgotten gold.*

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
Goblets they carved there for themselves
And harps of gold; where no man delves
There lay they long, and many a song
Was sung unheard by men or elves.

The pines were roaring on the height,
The winds were moaning in the night.
The fire was red, it flaming spread;
The trees like torches blazed with light.

The bells were ringing in the dale
And men looked up with faces pale;
Then dragon's ire more fierce than fire
Laid low their towers and houses frail.

The mountains smoked beneath the moon;
The dwarves, they heard the tramp of doom.
They fled their hall to dying fall
Beneath his feet, beneath the moon.

Far over the misty mountains grim
To dungeons deep and caverns dim
We must away ere break of day,
To win our harps and gold from him!

As they sang the hobbit felt the love of beautiful things made by hands and by cunning and by magic moving through him, a fierce and a jealous love, the desire of the hearts of dwarves. Then something Tookish woke up inside him, and he wished to go and see the great mountains, and hear the pine-trees and the waterfalls, and explore the caves, and wear a sword instead of a walking-stick. He looked out of the window. The stars were out in a dark sky above the trees. He thought of the jewels of the dwarves shining in dark caverns. Suddenly in the wood beyond The Water a flame leapt up — probably somebody lighting a wood-fire — and he thought of plundering dragons settling on his quiet Hill and kindling it all to flames. He shuddered; and very quickly he was plain Mr Baggins of Bag-End, Underhill, again.

He got up trembling. He had less than half a mind to fetch the lamp, and more than half a mind to pretend to, and go and hide behind the beer-barrels in the cellar, and not come out again until all the dwarves had gone away. Suddenly he found that the music and the singing had stopped, and they were all looking at him with eyes shining in the dark.

Thema Nr. 3


BIFF: There’ll be no pity for you, you hear it? No pity!
WILLY, to Linda: You hear the spite!
BIFF: No, you’re going to hear the truth — what you are and what I am!
LINDA: Stop it!
WILLY: Spite!
HAPPY, coming down toward Biff: You cut it now!
BIFF, to Happy: The man don’t know who we are! The man is gonna know! To Willy: We never told the truth for ten minutes in this house!
HAPPY: We always told the truth!
BIFF, turning on him: You big blow, are you the assistant buyer? You’re one of the two assistants to the assistant, aren’t you?
HAPPY: Well, I’m practically —
BIFF: You’re practically full of it! We all are! And I’m through with it. To Willy: Now hear this, Willy, this is me.
WILLY: I know you!
BIFF: You know why I had no address for three months? I stole a suit in Kansas City and I was in jail. To Linda, who is sobbing: Stop crying. I’m through with it. Linda turns away from them, her hands covering her face.
WILLY: I suppose that’s my fault!
BIFF: I stole myself out of every good job since high school!
WILLY: And whose fault is that?
BIFF: And I never got anywhere because you blew me so full of hot air I could never stand taking orders from anybody! That’s whose fault it is!
WILLY: I hear that!
LINDA: Don’t, Biff!
BIFF: It’s goddam time you heard that! I had to be boss big shot in two weeks, and I’m through with it.
WILLY: Then hang yourself! For spite, hang yourself!
BIFF: No! Nobody’s hanging himself, Willy! I ran down eleven flights with a pen in my hand today. And suddenly I stopped, you hear me? And in the middle of that office building, do you hear this? I stopped in the middle of that building and I saw — the sky. I saw the things that I love in this world. The work and the food and time to sit and smoke. And I looked at the pen and said to myself, what the hell am I grabbing this for? Why am I trying to become what I don’t want to be? What am I doing in an office, making a contemptuous, begging fool of myself, when all I want is out there, waiting for me the minute I say I know who I am! Why can’t I say that, Willy?
WILLY, with hatred, threateningly: The door of your life is wide open!
BIFF: Pop! I’m a dime a dozen, and so are you!
WILLY, turning on him now in an uncontrolled outburst: I am not a dime a dozen! I am Willy Loman, and you are Biff Loman! Biff starts for Willy, but is blocked by Happy. In his fury, Biff seems on the verge of attacking his father.
BIFF: I am not a leader of men, Willy, and neither are you. You were never anything but a hard-working drummer who landed in the ash can like all the rest of them! I’m one dollar an hour, Willy I tried seven states and couldn’t raise it. A buck an hour! Do you gather my meaning? I’m not bringing home any prizes any more, and you’re going to stop waiting for me to bring them home!

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
WILLY, directly to Biff: You vengeful, spiteful mutt! Biff breaks from Happy. Willy, in fright, starts up the stairs. Biff grabs him. BIFF, at the peak of his fury: Pop, I’m nothing! I’m nothing, Pop. Can’t you understand that? There’s no spite in it any more. I’m just what I am, that’s all. Biff’s fury has spent itself, and he breaks down, sobbing, holding on to Willy, who dumbly fumbles for Biff’s face. WILLY, astonished: What’re you doing? What’re you doing? To Linda: Why is he crying? BIFF, crying, broken: Will you let me go, for Christ’s sake? Will you take that phony dream and burn it before something happens? Struggling to contain himself, he pulls away and moves to the stairs. I’ll go in the morning. Put him — put him to bed. Exhausted, Biff moves up the stairs to his room. WILLY, after a long pause, astonished, elevated: Isn’t that — isn’t that remarkable? Biff — he likes me! LINDA: He loves you, Willy! HAPPY deeply moved: Always did, Pop. WILLY: Oh, Biff! Staring wildly. He cried! Cried to me. He is choking with his love, and now cries out his promise. That boy— that boy is going to be magnificent!

Erläuterung:


Fragen:

1. Analysieren Sie das Verhalten der Figuren (unter Einbezug des Nebentextes) und erörtern Sie die Dynamik der familiären Interaktion! Inwiefern lässt sich die Familie als dysfunktional beschreiben?

2. Erörtern Sie, wie das Thema des Vater-Sohn-Konflikts mit der Thematisierung des American Dream im Drama verknüpft ist!

3. Situieren Sie das Drama literaturgeschichtlich!