Erste Staatsprüfung für ein Lehramt an öffentlichen Schulen
— Prüfungsaufgaben —

Fach: Englisch (Unterrichtsfach)
Einzelpﬂicht: Literaturwissenschaft
Anzahl der gestellten Themen (Aufgaben): 3
Anzahl der Druckseiten dieser Vorlage: 9

Bitte wenden!
Thema Nr. 1

J. M. Synge, *The Playboy of the Western World* (1907), Auszüge aus Akt I.

Der Spielort ist ein abgelegener irischer Landgasthof, "on a wild coast of Mayo", 1907. MICHAEL Flaherty ist der Gastwirt, PEGEEN seine Tochter – "a wild looking but fine girl, of about twenty", "dressed in the usual peasant dress". Sie sitzt schreibend an einem Tisch, als der junge Christopher "CHRISTY" Mahon allein den Pub betritt. (Sein Vater wird ihm erst im dritten Akt folgen.) JIMMY und PHILLY sind Landwirte und Gäste – ebenso wie SHAWN, der zugleich Pegeens Verlobter ist.

[...] [Christy Mahon, a slight young man, comes in very tired and frightened and dirty.]

CHRISTY (in a small voice). God save all here!

MEN. God save you kindly.

CHRISTY (going to the counter). I'd trouble you for a glass of porter, woman of the house.

[He puts down coin.]

PEGEEN (serving him.). You're one of the tinkers, young fellow, is beyond camped in the glen?

CHRISTY. I am not; but I'm destroyed walking.

MICHAEL (patronizingly). Let you come up then to the fire. You're looking famished with the cold.

CHRISTY. God reward you. (He takes up his glass and goes a little way across to the left, then stops and looks about him.) Is it often the police do be coming into this place, master of the house?

MICHAEL. If you'd come in better hours, you'd have seen "Licensed for the sale of Beer and Spirits, to be consumed on the premises," written in white letters above the door, and what would the polis want spying on me, and not a decent house within four miles, the way every living Christian is a bona fide, saving one widow alone?

CHRISTY (with relief). It's a safe house, so.

[He goes over to the fire, sighing and moaning. Then he sits down, putting his glass beside him and begins gnawing a turnip, too miserable to feel the others staring at him with curiosity.]

MICHAEL (going after him.). Is it yourself fearing the polis? You're wanting, maybe?

CHRISTY. There's many wanting.
MICHAEL. Many surely, with the broken harvest and the ended wars. (*He picks up some stockings, etc., that are near the fire, and carries them away furtively.*) It should be larceny, I’m thinking?

CHRISTY (*dolefully*). I had it in my mind it was a different word and a bigger.

PEGEEN. There’s a queer lad. Were you never slapped in school, young fellow, that you don’t know the name of your deed?

CHRISTY (*bashfully*). I’m slow at learning, a middling scholar only.

MICHAEL. If you’re a dunce itself, you’d have a right to know that larceny’s robbing and stealing. Is it for the like of that you’re wanting?

CHRISTY (*with a flash of family pride*). And I the son of a strong farmer (*with a sudden qualm*), God rest his soul, could have bought up the whole of your old house a while since, from the butt of his tailpocket, and not have missed the weight of it gone.

MICHAEL (*impressed*). If it’s not stealing, it’s maybe something big.

CHRISTY (*flattered*). Aye; it’s maybe something big.

JIMMY. He’s a wicked-looking young fellow. Maybe he followed after a young woman on a lonesome night.

CHRISTY (*shocked*). Oh, the saints forbid, mister; I was all times a decent lad.

PHILLY (*turning on Jimmy*). You’re a silly man, Jimmy Farrell. He said his father was a farmer a while since, and there’s himself now in a poor state. Maybe the land was grabbed from him, and he did what any decent man would do.

MICHAEL (*to Christy, mysteriously*). Was it bailiffs?

CHRISTY. The divil a one.

MICHAEL. Agents?

CHRISTY. The divil a one.

MICHAEL. Landlords?

CHRISTY (*peevishly*). Ah, not at all, I’m saying. You’d see the like of them stories on any little paper of a Munster town. But I’m not calling to mind any person, gentle, simple, judge or jury, did the like of me.

[They all draw nearer with delighted curiosity].

PHILLY. Well, that lad’s a puzzle-the-world.

JIMMY. He’d beat Dan Davies’ circus, or the holy missioners making sermons on the villainy of man. Try him again, Philly.

*Fortsetzung nächste Seite!*
PHILLY. Did you strike golden guineas out of solder, young fellow, or shilling coins itself?

CHRISTY. I did not, mister, not sixpence nor a farthing coin.

JIMMY. Did you marry three wives maybe? I'm told there's a sprinkling have done that among the holy Luthers of the preaching north.

CHRISTY (shyly). I never married with one, let alone with a couple or three.

PHILLY. Maybe he went fighting for the Boers, the like of the man beyond, was judged to be hanged, quartered and drawn. Were you off east, young fellow, fighting bloody wars for Kruger and the freedom of the Boers?

CHRISTY. I never left my own parish till Tuesday was a week.

PEGEEN (coming from counter). He's done nothing, so. (To Christy.) If you didn't commit murder or a bad, nasty thing, or false coining, or robbery, or butchery, or the like of them, there isn't anything that would be worth your troubling for to run from now. You did nothing at all.

CHRISTY (his feelings hurt). That's an unkindly thing to be saying to a poor orphaned traveller, has a prison behind him, and hanging before, and hell's gap gaping below.

PEGEEN (with a sign to the men to be quiet). You're only saying it. You did nothing at all. A soft lad the like of you wouldn't slit the windpipe of a screeching sow.

CHRISTY (offended). You're not speaking the truth.

PEGEEN (in mock rage). Not speaking the truth, is it? Would you have me knock the head of you with the butt of the broom?

CHRISTY (twisting round on her with a sharp cry of horror). Don't strike me. I killed my poor father, Tuesday was a week, for doing the like of that.

PEGEEN (with blank amazement). Is it killed your father?

CHRISTY (subsiding). With the help of God I did surely, and that the Holy Immaculate Mother may intercede for his soul.

PHILLY (retreating with Jimmy). There's a daring fellow.

JIMMY. Oh, glory be to God!

MICHAEL (with great respect). That was a hanging crime, mister honey. You should have had good reason for doing the like of that.

CHRISTY (in a very reasonable tone). He was a dirty man, God forgive him, and he getting old and crusty, the way I couldn't put up with him at all.

PEGEEN. And you shot him dead?

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
CHRISTY (shaking his head). I never used weapons. I’ve no license, and I’m a law-fearing man.

MICHAEL. It was with a hilted knife maybe? I’m told, in the big world it’s bloody knives they use.

CHRISTY (loudly, scandalized). Do you take me for a slaughter-boy?

PEGEEN. You never hanged him, the way Jimmy Farrell hanged his dog from the license, and had it screeching and wriggling three hours at the butt of a string, and himself swearing it was a dead dog, and the peelers swearing it had life?

CHRISTY. I did not then. I just riz the loy¹ and let fall the edge of it on the ridge of his skull, and he went down at my feet like an empty sack, and never let a grunt or groan from him at all.

MICHAEL (making a sign to Pegeen to fill Christy’s glass). And what way weren’t you hanged, mister? Did you bury him then?

CHRISTY (considering). Aye. I buried him then. Wasn’t I digging spuds in the field?

MICHAEL. And the peelers² never followed after you the eleven days that you’re out?

CHRISTY (shaking his head). Never a one of them, and I walking forward facing hog, dog, or divil on the highway of the road.

PHILLY (nodding wisely). It’s only with a common week-day kind of a murderer them lads would be trusting their carcase, and that man should be a great terror when his temper’s roused.

MICHAEL. He should then. (To Christy:) And where was it, mister honey, that you did the deed?

CHRISTY (looking at him with suspicion). Oh, a distant place, master of the house, a windy corner of high, distant hills.

PHILLY (nodding with approval). He’s a close man, and he’s right, surely.

PEGEEN. That’d be a lad with the sense of Solomon to have for a pot-boy, Michael James, if it’s the truth you’re seeking one at all.

PHILLY. The peelers is fearing him, and if you’d that lad in the house there isn’t one of them would come smelling around if the dogs itself were lapping poteen³ from the dungpit of the yard.

JIMMY. Bravery’s a treasure in a lonesome place, and a lad would kill his father, I’m thinking, would face a foxy divil with a pitchpike⁴ on the flags of hell.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

¹ riz the loy: raised the spade
² peelers: police
³ poteen: illicit whisky
⁴ pitchpike: pitchfork
PEGEEN. It’s the truth they’re saying, and if I’d that lad in the house, I wouldn’t be fearing the loosed kharki cut-throats, or the walking dead.

CHRISTY (swelling with surprise and triumph). Well, glory be to God!

MICHAEL (with deference). Would you think well to stop here and be pot-boy, mister honey, if we gave you good wages, and didn’t destroy you with the weight of work?

SHAWN (coming forward uneasily). That’d be a queer kind to bring into a decent quiet household with the like of Pegeen Mike.

PEGEEN (very sharply). Will you wisht? Who’s speaking to you?

SHAWN (retreating). A bloody-handed murderer the like of...

PEGEEN (snapping at him). Whisht I am saying; we’ll take no fooling from your like at all. (To Christy with a honeyed voice.) And you, young fellow, you’d have a right to stop, I’m thinking, for we’d do our all and utmost to content your needs.

CHRISTY (overcome with wonder). And I’d be safe in this place from the searching law?

MICHAEL. You would, surely. If they’re not fearing you, itself, the peelers in this place is decent doughty poor fellows, wouldn’t touch a cur dog and not give warning in the dead of night.

[Text New York: Dover, 1993, 8-12]

1. Identifizieren und analysieren Sie kurz zentrale rhetorische und dramatische Strategien des Textauszugs!

2. Analysieren Sie – unter Berücksichtigung der jeweiligen Figurenperspektiven – wie es zum Geständnis des Vatermords kommt und welche symbolischen Bedeutungen diesem Vatermord zugeschrieben werden!

3. Ordnen Sie das Drama kurz in seinen sozial- und theatergeschichtlichen Kontext ein!
The Lake Isle of Innisfree

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight’s all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet’s wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart’s core.

William Butler Yeats (1892)


Wortschatz: wattles – a fabrication of branches and reeds, used in building
glade – clearing
linnet – (a reddish, sparrow-like bird: Carduelis cannabina)

Fragen:
1. Erläutern Sie die formalen Merkmale, die dieses Gedicht kennzeichnen!
2. Deuten Sie die Verwendung von Metaphern und anderen Tropen!
3. Ordnen Sie das Gedicht in den Kontext der Moderne ein!
Krebs went to the war from a Methodist college in Kansas. There is a picture which shows him among his fraternity brothers, all of them wearing exactly the same height and style collar. He enlisted in the Marines in 1917 and did not return to the United States until the second division returned from the Rhine in the summer of 1919.

There is a picture which shows him on the Rhine with two German girls and another corporal. Krebs and the corporal look too big for their uniforms. The German girls are not beautiful. The Rhine does not show in the picture.

By the time Krebs returned to his home town in Oklahoma the greeting of heroes was over. He came back much too late. The men from the town who had been drafted had all been welcomed elaborately on their return. There had been a great deal of hysteria. Now the reaction had set in. People seemed to think it was rather ridiculous for Krebs to be getting back so late, years after the war was over.

At first Krebs, who had been at Belleau Wood, Soissons, the Champagne, St. Mihiel and in the Argonne did not want to talk about the war at all. Later he felt the need to talk but no one wanted to hear about it. His town had heard too many atrocity stories to be thrilled by actualities. Krebs found that to be listened to at all he had to lie, and after he had done this twice he, too, had a reaction against the war and against talking about it. A distaste for everything that had happened to him in the war set in because of the lies he had told. All of the times that had been able to make him feel cool and clear inside himself when he thought of them, the times so long back when he had done the one thing, the only thing for a man to do, easily and naturally, when he might have done something else, now lost their cool, valuable quality and then were lost themselves.

Nothing was changed in the town except that the young girls had grown up. But they lived in such a complicated world of already defined alliances and shifting feuds that Krebs did not feel the energy or the courage to break into it. He liked to look at them, though. There were so many good-looking young girls. Most of them had their hair cut short. When he went away only little girls wore their hair like that or girls that were fast. They all wore sweaters and shirt waists with round Dutch collars. It was a pattern. He liked to look at them from the front porch as they walked on the other side of the street. He liked to watch them walking under the shade of the trees. He liked the round Dutch collars above their sweaters. He liked their silk stockings and flat shoes. He liked their bobbed hair and the way they walked.
'God has some work for every one to do,' his mother said. 'There can be no idle hands in His Kingdom.'
'I'm not in His Kingdom,' Krebs said. 'We are all of us in His Kingdom.'
Krebs felt embarrassed and resentful as always.
'I've worried about you so much, Harold,' his mother went on. 'I know the temptations you must have been exposed to. I know how weak men are. I know what your own dear grandfather, my own father, told us about the Civil War and I have prayed for you. I pray for you all day long, Harold.'
Krebs looked at the bacon fat hardening on his plate.
'Your father is worried, too,' his mother went on. 'He thinks you have lost your ambition, that you haven't got a definite aim in life. Charley Simmons, who is just your age, has a good job and is going to be married. The boys are all settling down; they're all determined to get somewhere; you can see that boys like Charley Simmons are on their way to being really a credit to the community.'
Krebs said nothing.
'Don't look that way, Harold,' his mother said. 'You know we love you and I want to tell you for your own good how matters stand. Your father does not want to hamper your freedom. He thinks you should be allowed to drive the car. If you want to take some of the nice girls out riding with you, we are only too pleased. We want you to enjoy yourself. But you are going to have to settle down to work, Harold. Your father doesn't care what you start in at. All work is honorable as he says. But you've got to make a start at something. He asked me to speak to you this morning and then you can stop in and see him at his office.'
'Is that all?' Krebs said.
'Yes. Don't you love your mother, dear boy?'
'No,' Krebs said.


1. Erläutern Sie die sprachliche Gestaltung des vorliegenden Textausschnitts!
2. Diskutieren Sie die Figurengestaltung im vorliegenden Textausschnitt als Beispiel der lost generation!
3. Ordnen Sie den Text in die Literatur- und Kulturgeschichte der amerikanischen Moderne ein!