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: 9

Bitte wenden!
Thema Nr. 1


1. Erläutern Sie die Erzählsituation! Sie können dabei auf unterschiedliche Modelle der Erzähltextanalyse zurückgreifen.
2. Analysieren Sie die Schilderung der Landschaft der Midlands! Setzen Sie die Passage in Beziehung zu den sozialen Umwälzungen zwischen den Weltkriegen!

1 Tevershall A small town in the Midlands; 13 Wragby a country house, the 'seat' of the Chatterleys; 14 Mellors gamekeeper at Wragby and Connie's (*Lady Chatterley's*) lover; 38 colliery a coal mine, including all buildings and equipment; 71 couchant in a lying position; 84 Good Queen Anne Queen of England 1702-1714; 84 Tom Jones novel by Henry Fielding (1749)

Tevershall! That was Tevershall! Merrie England! Shakespeare’s England! No, but the England of today, as Connie had realised since she had come to live in it. It was producing a new race of mankind, over-conscious in the money and social and political side, on the spontaneous, intuitive side dead, but dead. Half-corpses, all of them: but with a terrible insistent consciousness in the other half. There was something uncanny and underground about it all. It was an under-world. And quite incalculable. How shall we understand the reactions in half-corpses? When Connie saw the great lorries full of steel-workers from Sheffield, weird, distorted smallish beings like men, off for an excursion to Matlock, her bowels fainted and she thought: Ah God, what has man done to man? What have the leaders of men been doing to their fellow men? They have reduced them to less than humanness; and now there can be no fellowship any more! It is just a nightmare.

She felt again in a wave of terror the grey, gritty hopelessness of it all. With such creatures for the industrial masses, and the upper classes as she knew them, there was no hope, no hope any more. Yet she was wanting a baby, and an heir to Wragby! An heir to Wragby! She shuddered with dread. Yet Mellors had come out of all this! - Yes, but he was as apart from it all as she was. Even in him there was no fellowship left. It was dead. The fellowship was dead. There was only apartness and hopelessness, as far as all this was concerned. And this was England, the vast bulk of England: as Connie knew, since she had motored from the centre of it.

The car was rising towards Stacks Gate. The rain was holding off, and in the air came a queer pellucid gleam of May. The country rolled away in long undulations, south towards the Peak, east towards Mansfield and Nottingham. Connie was travelling South.

As she rose on to the high country, she could see on her left, on a height above the rolling land, the shadowy, powerful bulk of Warsop Castle, dark grey, with below it the reddish plastering of miners’ dwellings, newish, and below those the plumes of dark smoke and white steam from the great colliery which put so many thousand pounds per annum into the pockets of the Duke and the other shareholders. The powerful old castle was a ruin, yet it hung its bulk on the low sky-line, over the black plumes and the white that waved on the damp air below.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
A turn, and they ran on the high level to Stacks Gate. Stacks Gate, as seen from the highroad, was just a huge and gorgeous new hotel, the Coningsby Arms, standing red and white and gilt in barbarous isolation off the road. But if you looked, you saw on the left rows of handsome ‘modern’ dwellings, set down like a game of dominoes, with spaces and gardens, a queer game of dominoes that some weird ‘masters’ were playing on the surprised earth. And beyond these blocks of dwellings, at the back, rose all the astonishing and frightening overhead erections of a really modern mine, chemical works and long galleries, enormous, and of shapes not before known to man. The head-stock and pit-bank of the mine itself were insignificant among the huge new installations. And in front of this, the game of dominoes stood forever in a sort of surprise, waiting to be played.

This was Stacks Gate, new on the face of the earth, since the war. But as a matter of fact, though even Connie did not know it, downhill half a mile below the ‘hotel’ was old Stacks Gate, with a little old colliery and blackish old brick dwellings, and a chapel or two and a shop or two and a little pub or two.

But that didn’t count any more. The vast plumes of smoke and vapour rose from the new works up above, and this was now Stacks Gate: no chapels, no pubs, even no shops. Only the great ‘works’, which are the modern Olympia with temples to all the gods; then the model dwellings: then the hotel. The hotel in actuality was nothing but a miners’ pub though it looked first-classy.

Even since Connie’s arrival at Wragby this new place had arisen on the face of the earth, and the model dwellings had filled with riff-raff drifting in from anywhere, to poach Clifford’s rabbits among other occupations.

The car ran on along the uplands, seeing the rolling county spread out. The county! It had once been a proud and lordly county. In front, looming again and hanging on the brow of the sky-line, was the huge and splendid bulk of Chadwick Hall, more window than wall, one of the most famous Elizabethan houses. Noble it stood alone above a great park, but out of date, passed over. It was still kept up, but as a show place. ‘Look how our ancestors lorded it!’

That was the past. The present lay below. God alone knows where the future lies. The car was already turning, between little old blackened miners’ cottages, to descend to Uthwaite. And Uthwaite, on a damp day, was sending up a whole array of smoke plumes and steam, to whatever gods there be. Uthwaite down in the valley, with all the steel threads of the railways to Sheffield drawn through it, and the coal-mines and the steel-works sending up smoke and glare from long tubes, and the pathetic little corkscrew spire of the church, that is going to tumble down, still prickling the fumes, always affected Connie strangely. It was an old market-town, centre of the dales. One of the chief inns was the Chatterley Arms. There, in Uthwaite, Wragby was known as Wragby, as if it were a whole place, not just a house, as it was to outsiders: Wragby Hall, near Tevershall: Wragby, a ‘seat’.

The miners’ cottages, blackened, stood flush on the pavement, with that intimacy and smallness of colliers’ dwellings over a hundred years old. They lined all the way. The road had become a street, and as you sank, you forgot instantly the open, rolling country where the castles and big houses still dominated, but like ghosts. Now you were just above the tangle of naked railway-lines, and foundries and other ‘works’ rose about you, so big you were only aware of walls. And iron clanked with a huge reverberating clank, and huge lorries shook the earth, and whistles screamed.

Yet again, once you had got right down and into the twisted and crooked heart of the town, behind the church, you were in the world of two centuries ago, in the crooked streets where the Chatterley Arms stood, and the old pharmacy, streets which used to lead out to the wild open world of the castles and stately, couchant houses.

But at the corner a policeman held up his hand as three lorries loaded with iron rolled past, shaking the poor old church. And not till the lorries were past could he salute her ladyship.

So it was. Upon the old crooked burgess streets hordes of oldish blackened miners’ dwellings crowded, lining the roads out. And immediately after these came the newer, pinker rows of rather

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
larger houses, plastering the valley: the homes of more modern workmen. And beyond that again, in
the wide rolling regions of the castles, smoke waved against steam, and patch after patch of raw
reddish brick showed the newer mining settlements, sometimes in the hollows, sometimes
gruesomely ugly along the sky-line of the slopes. And between, in between, were the tattered
remnants of the old coaching and cottage England, even the England of Robin Hood, where the
miners prowled with the dismalness of suppressed sporting instincts, when they were not at work.
England, my England! But which is my England? The stately homes of England make good
photographs, and create the illusion of a connection with the Elizabethans. The handsome old halls
are there, from the days of Good Queen Anne and Tom Jones. But smuts fall and blacken on the drab
stucco, that has long ceased to be golden. And one by one, like the stately homes, they were
abandoned. Now they are being pulled down. As for the cottages of England - there they are - great
plasterings of brick dwellings on the hopeless countryside.
Theme Nr. 2

Elizabeth Barrett [später: Barrett Browning], „The Young Queen“ (1837)

This awful responsibility is imposed upon me so suddenly and at so early a period of my life, that I should feel myself utterly oppressed by the burden, were I not sustained by the hope that Divine Providence, which has called me to this work, will give me strength for the performance of it.

The Queen’s Declaration in Council.¹

The shroud is yet unspread
To wrap our crownèd dead;
His soul hath scarcely hearkened for the thrilling word of doom;
   And Death that makes serene
   Ev’n brows where crowns have been,
Hath scarcely time to meeten his, for silence of the tomb.

St. Paul’s king-dirging note
   The city’s heart hath smote—
   The city’s heart is struck with thought more solemn than the tone!
   A shadow sweeps apace
   Before the nation’s face,
Confusing in a shapeless blot, the sepulchre and throne.

The palace sounds with wail—
   The courtly dames are pale—
A widow o’er the purple bows, and weeps its splendour dim:
   And who we hold the boon,
   A king for freedom won,
Do feel eternity rise up between our thanks and him.

And while all things express
   All glory’s nothingness,
   A royal maiden treadeth firm where that departed trod!
   The deathly scented crown
   Weighs her shining ringlets down;
But calm she lifts her trusting face, and calleth upon God.

Her thoughts are deep within her:
   No outward pageants win her
From memories that in her soul are rolling wave on wave—
   Her palace walls enring
   The dust that was a king—
And very cold beneath her feet she feels her father’s grave.


Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
And One, as fair as she,  
Can scarce forgotten be,—
Who clasped a little infant dead, for all a kingdom's worth!
The mournèd, blessèd One,
Who views Jehovah’s throne,
Aye smiling to the angels that she lost a throne on earth.

Perhaps our youthful Queen  
Remembers what has been—
Her childhood's rest by loving heart, and sport on grassy sod—
Alas! can others wear
A mother's heart for her?
But calm she lifts her trusting face, and calleth upon God.

Yea! on God, thou maiden
Of spirit nobly laden,
And leave such happy days behind, for happy-making years!
A nation looks to thee
For stef]dast sympathy:
Make room within thy bright clear eyes, for all its gathered tears.

And so the grateful isles
Shall give thee back their smiles,
And as thy mother joys in thee, in them shalt thou rejoice;
Rejoice to meekly bow
A somewhat paler brow,
While the King of Kings shall bless thee by the British people's voice!

Thema Nr. 3

Edward Albees *Who’s Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* (1962) spielt im Wohnzimmer des Ehepaars Martha (52) und George (46). Er ist „bloß“ Associate Professor am History Department eines amerikanischen College, sie die Tochter des College-Präsidenten. Martha hat das neue Kollegenehepaar Nick und Honey, das sie gerade erst auf einer Party kennengelernt haben, danach noch zu sich eingeladen, weil ihr „Daddy“ gesagt habe, sie sollten nett zu den Neuen sein. Es ist jetzt schon weit nach Mitternacht, und Martha hat bereits kräftig dem Alkohol zugesprochen. Sie lesen das Ende des ersten von drei Akten, „Fun and Games“.

1. Erläutern Sie, wie über den Dialog Martha-George sowohl die beiden Figuren als auch ihr Verhältnis zueinander entwickelt werden!

2. Welche Funktion haben Nick und Honey dabei? Was wäre der Unterschied, wenn diese beiden Figuren gar nicht anwesend wären?

3. Später im Stück verrät George im Beisein von Martha den Gästen, dass sie gar keine Kinder haben und ihr „Sohn“ eine Spiel-Phantasie seiner Frau ist. Interpretieren Sie diesen Umstand vor dem Hintergrund der Information, dass der erste Präsident der USA und seine Frau mit Vornamen auch George und Martha hießen!

*Textausgabe: Harmonsworth: Penguin, 1973*
MARTHA: Oh yeah. And along came George. That's right.
who was young . . . intelligent . . . and . . . bushy-tailed,
and . . . sort of cute . . . if you can imagine it . . .

GEORGE: . . . and younger than you . . .

MARTHA: . . . and younger than me . . .

GEORGE: . . . by six years . . .

MARTHA: . . . by six years . . . It doesn't bother me,
George. . . . And along he came, bright-eyed, into the
History Department. And you know what I did, dumb
cluck that I am? You know what I did? I fell for him.

HONEY [dreamy]: Oh, that's nice.

GEORGE: Yes, she did. You should have seen it. She'd sit
outside of my room, on the lawn, at night, and she'd howl
and claw at the turf . . . I couldn't work.

MARTHA [laughs, really amused]: I actually fell for him . . .
it . . . that, there.

GEORGE: Martha's a Romantic at heart.

MARTHA: That I am. So, I actually fell for him. And the
match seemed . . . practical, too. You know, Daddy was
looking for someone to . . .

GEORGE: Just a minute, Martha . . .

MARTHA: . . . take over, some time, when he was ready
to . . .

GEORGE [stoic]: Just a minute, Martha.

MARTHA: . . . retire, and so I thought . . .

GEORGE: STOP IT, MARTHA!

MARTHA [irritated]: Whadda you want?

GEORGE [too patiently]: I'd thought you were telling the
story of our courtship, Martha . . . I didn't know you
were going to start in on the other business.

MARTHA [so-thereish]: Well, I am!

GEORGE: I wouldn't, if I were you.

MARTHA: Oh . . . you wouldn't? Well, you're not!

GEORGE: Now, you've already sprung a leak about you-
know-what . . .

MARTHA [a duck]: What? What?

GEORGE: . . . about the apple of our eye . . . the sprout . . .
the little bugger . . . [Spits it out] . . . our son . . . and if
you start on this other business, I warn you, Martha, it's
going to make me angry.

MARTHA [laughing at him]: Oh, it is, is it?

GEORGE: I warn you.

MARTHA [incrédulous]: You what?

GEORGE [very quietly]: I warn you.

NICK: Do you really think we have to go through . . . ?

MARTHA: I stand warned! [Pause . . . then, to HONEY AND
NICK] So, anyway, I married the S.O.B., and I had it all
planned out . . . He was the groom . . . he was going to
be groomed. He'd take over some day . . . first, he'd take
over the History Department, and then, when Daddy
retired, he'd take over the college . . . you know? That's
the way it was supposed to be.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
[To George, who is at the portable bar with his back to her]

You getting angry, baby? Hunh? [Now back] That's the way it was supposed to be. Very simple. And Daddy seemed to think it was a pretty good idea, too. For a while. Until he watched for a couple of years! [To George again] You getting angrier? [Now back] Until he watched for a couple of years and started thinking maybe it wasn't such a good idea after all ... that maybe Georgie-boy didn't have the stuff ... that he didn't have it in him!

George [still with his back to them all]: Stop it, Martha.

Martha [irritably triumphant]: The hell I will! You see, George didn't have much ... push ... he wasn't particularly aggressive. In fact he was sort of a ... [Spits the word at George's back] ... a flop! A great ... big ... fat ... flop!

[Crash! Immediately after flop! George breaks a bottle against the portable bar and stands there, still with his back to them all, holding the remains of the bottle by the neck. There is a silence, with everyone frozen. Then ...]

George [almost crying]: I said stop, Martha.

Martha [after considering what course to take]: I hope that was an empty bottle, George. You don't want to waste good liquor ... not on your salary.

[George drops the broken bottle on the floor, not moving.]

Not on an Associate Professor's salary. [To Nick and Honey] I mean, he'd be ... no good ... at trustees' dinners, fund raising. He didn't have any ... personality, you know what I mean? Which was disappointing to Daddy, as you can imagine. So, here I am, stuck with this flop. ...

George [turning around]: ... don't go on, Martha. ...

Martha: ... this bog in the History Department. ...

George: ... don't, Martha, don't ...

Martha [her voice rising to match his]: ... who's married to the President's daughter, who's expected to be somebody, not just some nobody, some bookworm, somebody who's so damn contemplative, he can't make anything out of himself, somebody without the guts to make anybody proud of him ... all right, George!

George and Honey [who joins him drunkenly]: Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf, Virginia Woolf, Virginia Woolf ... [etc.]

Martha: STOP IT!

[A brief silence.]

Honey [rising, moving towards the hall]: I'm going to be sick ... I'm going to be sick ... I'm going to vomit.

[Exits]

Nick [going after her]: Oh, for God's sake!

[Exits]

Martha [going after them, looks back at George contemptuously]: Jesus! [Exits. George is alone on stage.]