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

Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice* (1813), Kap. 19


The next day opened a new scene at Longbourn. Mr. Collins made his declaration in form. Having resolved to do it without loss of time, as his leave of absence extended only to the following Saturday, and having no feelings of diffidence to make it distressing to himself even at the moment, he set about it in a very orderly manner, with all the observances which he supposed a regular part of the business. On finding Mrs. Bennet, Elizabeth, and one of the younger girls together, soon after breakfast, he addressed the mother in these words: ‘May I hope, Madam, for your interest with your fair daughter Elizabeth, when I solicit for the honour of a private audience with her in the course of this morning?’

Before Elizabeth had time for anything but a blush of surprise, Mrs. Bennet instantly answered,

‘Oh dear!—Yes—certainly. I am sure Lizzy will be very happy—I am sure she can have no objection.—Come, Kitty, I want you up stairs.’ And gathering her work together, she was hastening away, when Elizabeth called out,

‘Dear Ma’am, do not go.—I beg you will not go.—Mr. Collins must excuse me.—He can have nothing to say to me that anybody need not hear. I am going away myself.’

‘No, no, nonsense, Lizzy.—I desire you will stay where you are.’—And upon Elizabeth’s seeming really, with vexed and embarrassed looks, about to escape, she added, ‘Lizzy, I insist upon your staying and hearing Mr. Collins.’

Elizabeth would not oppose such an injunction—and a moment’s consideration making her also sensible that it would be wisest to get it over as soon and as quietly as possible, she sat down again, and tried to conceal, by incessant employment, the feelings which were divided between distress and diversion. Mrs. Bennet and Kitty walked off, and as soon as they were gone Mr. Collins began.

‘Believe me, my dear Miss Elizabeth, that your modesty, so far from doing you any disservice, rather adds to your other perfections. You would have been less amiable in my eyes had there not been this little unwillingness; but allow me to assure you, that I have your respected mother’s permission for this address. You can hardly doubt the purport of my discourse, however your natural delicacy may lead you to dissemble; my attentions have been too marked to be mistaken. Almost as soon as I entered the house, I singled you out as the companion of my future life. But before I am run away with by my feelings on this subject, perhaps it will be advisable for me to state my reasons for marrying—and, moreover, for coming into Hertfordshire with the design of selecting a wife, as I certainly did.’

The idea of Mr. Collins, with all his solemn composure, being run away with by his feelings, made Elizabeth so near laughing that she could not use the short pause he allowed in any attempt to stop him farther, and he continued:

‘My reasons for marrying are, first, that I think it a right thing for every clergyman in easy circumstances (like myself) to set the example of matrimony in his parish; secondly, that I am

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convinced it will add very greatly to my happiness; and thirdly—which perhaps I ought to have mentioned earlier, that it is the particular advice and recommendation of the very noble lady whom I have the honour of calling patroness. Twice has she condescended to give me her opinion (unasked too!) on this subject; and it was but the very Saturday night before I left Hunsford—between our pools at quadrille, while Mrs. Jenkinson was arranging Miss de Bourgh’s footstool—that she said, “Mr. Collins, you must marry. A clergyman like you must marry.—Chuse properly, chuse a gentlewoman for my sake; and for your own, let her be an active, useful sort of person, not brought up high, but able to make a small income go a good way. This is my advice. Find such a woman as soon as you can, bring her to Hunsford, and I will visit her.” Allow me, by the way, to observe, my fair cousin, that I do not reckon the notice and kindness of Lady Catherine de Bourgh as among the least of the advantages in my power to offer. You will find her manners beyond anything I can describe; and your wit and vivacity, I think, must be acceptable to her, especially when tempered with the silence and respect which her rank will inevitably excite. Thus much for my general intention in favour of matrimony; it remains to be told why my views were directed to Longbourn instead of my own neighbourhood, where, I assure you, there are many amiable young women. But the fact is, that being, as I am, to inherit this estate after the death of your honoured father (who, however, may live many years longer,) I could not satisfy myself without resolving to chuse a wife from among his daughters, that the loss to them might be as little as possible, when the melancholy event takes place — which, however, as I have already said, may not be for several years. This has been my motive, my fair cousin, and I flatter myself it will not sink me in your esteem. And now nothing remains for me but to assure you in the most animated language of the violence of my affection. To fortune I am perfectly indifferent, and shall make no demand of that nature on your father, since I am well aware that it could not be complied with; and that one thousand pounds in the four per cents¹ which will not be yours till after your mother’s decease, is all that you may ever be entitled to. On that head, therefore, I shall be uniformly silent; and you may assure yourself that no ungenerous reproach shall ever pass my lips when we are married.'

It was absolutely necessary to interrupt him now.

‘You are too hasty, sir,’ she cried. ‘You forget that I have made no answer. Let me do it without farther loss of time. Accept my thanks for the compliment you are paying me. I am very sensible of the honour of your proposals, but it is impossible for me to do otherwise than decline them.’

‘I am not now to learn,’ replied Mr. Collins, with a formal wave of the hand, ‘that it is usual with young ladies to reject the addresses of the man whom they secretly mean to accept, when he first applies for their favour; and that sometimes the refusal is repeated a second or even a third time. I am therefore by no means discouraged by what you have just said, and shall hope to lead you to the altar ere long.’

‘Upon my word, sir,’ cried Elizabeth, ‘your hope is rather an extraordinary one after my declaration. I do assure you that I am not one of those young ladies (if such young ladies there are) who are so daring as to risk their happiness on the chance of being asked a second time. I am perfectly serious in my refusal. You could not make me happy, and I am convinced that I am the last woman in the world who would make you so—Nay, were your friend Lady Catherine to know me, I am persuaded she would find me in every respect ill qualified for the situation.’

‘Were it certain that Lady Catherine would think so,’ said Mr. Collins very gravely—‘but I cannot imagine that her ladyship would at all disapprove of you. And you may be certain that

¹ one thousand pounds in the four per cents: Der Zinsertrag von 1000 Pfund, dauerhaft bei 4 Prozent Zinsen angelegt, würde Elizabeths Unterhalt auch ohne Heirat sichern.
when I have the honour of seeing her again, I shall speak in the highest terms of your modesty, economy, and other amiable qualifications.'

'Indeed, Mr. Collins, all praise of me will be unnecessary. You must give me leave to judge for myself, and pay me the compliment of believing what I say. I wish you very happy and very rich, and by refusing your hand, do all in my power to prevent your being otherwise. In making me the offer, you must have satisfied the delicacy of your feelings with regard to my family, and may take possession of Longbourn estate whenever it falls, without any self-reproach. This matter may be considered, therefore, as finally settled.' And rising as she thus spoke, she would have quitted the room, had not Mr. Collins thus addressed her,

'When I do myself the honour of speaking to you next on this subject, I shall hope to receive a more favourable answer than you have now given me; though I am far from accusing you of cruelty at present, because I know it to be the established custom of your sex to reject a man on the first application, and perhaps you have even now said as much to encourage my suit as would be consistent with the true delicacy of the female character.'

'Really, Mr. Collins,' cried Elizabeth with some warmth, 'you puzzle me exceedingly. If what I have hitherto said can appear to you in the form of encouragement, I know not how to express my refusal in such a way as may convince you of its being one.'

'You must give me leave to flatter myself, my dear cousin, that your refusal of my addresses is merely words of course. My reasons for believing it are briefly these:—It does not appear to me that my hand is unworthy your acceptance, or that the establishment I can offer would be any other than highly desirable. My situation in life, my connections with the family of De Bourgh, and my relationship to your own, are circumstances highly in my favour; and you should take it into farther consideration that, in spite of your manifold attractions, it is by no means certain that another offer of marriage may ever be made you. Your portion is unhappily so small, that it will in all likelihood undo the effects of your loveliness and amiable qualifications. As I must therefore conclude that you are not serious in your rejection of me, I shall chuse to attribute it to your wish of increasing my love by suspense, according to the usual practice of elegant females.'

'I do assure you, sir, that I have no pretension whatever to that kind of elegance which consists in tormenting a respectable man. I would rather be paid the compliment of being believed sincere. I thank you again and again for the honour you have done me in your proposals, but to accept them is absolutely impossible. My feelings in every respect forbid it. Can I speak plainer? Do not consider me now as an elegant female, intending to plague you, but as a rational creature, speaking the truth from her heart.'

'You are uniformly charming!' cried he, with an air of awkward gallantry; 'and I am persuaded that, when sanctioned by the express authority of both your excellent parents, my proposals will not fail of being acceptable.'

To such perseverance in wilful self-deception Elizabeth would make no reply, and immediately and in silence withdrew; determined, that if he persisted in considering her repeated refusals as flattering encouragement, to apply to her father, whose negative might be uttered in such a manner as must be decisive, and whose behaviour at least could not be mistaken for the affectation and coquetry of an elegant female.

1. Analysieren Sie die Erzählsituation und die rhetorischen Mittel, mit denen die Erzählperspektive gestaltet wird!

2. Analysieren Sie die Konstruktionen der beiden Hauptfiguren dieses Kapitels, insbesondere in Hinblick auf den Themenkomplex „Heirat“!

3. Ordnen Sie den Roman in seinen literaturhistorischen und gesellschaftlichen Kontext ein!

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Thema Nr. 2


The basement of the Kahns' house in the East End of London. The room is warm and lived in. A fire is burning. One door, at the back and left of the room, leads to a bedroom. A window, left, looks up to the street. To the right is another door which leads to a kitchen, which is seen. At rear of stage are the stairs leading up into the street.

SARAH KAHN is in the kitchen washing up, humming to herself. She is a small, fiery woman, aged 37, Jewish and of European origin. Her movements indicate great energy and vitality. She is a very warm person. HARRY KAHN, her husband, comes down the stairs, walks past her and into the front room. He is 35 and also a European Jew. He is dark, slight, rather pleasant looking, and the antithesis of Sarah. He is amiable but weak. From outside we hear a band playing a revolutionary song.

SARAH (from the kitchen). You took the children to Lottie's?

HARRY (taking up book to read). I took them.

SARAH. They didn't mind?

HARRY. No, they didn't mind.

SARAH. Is Hymie coming?

HARRY. I don't know.

SARAH (to herself). Nothing he knows! You didn't ask him? He didn't say? He knows about the demonstration, doesn't he?

HARRY. I don't know whether he knows or he doesn't know. I didn't discuss it with him -- I took the kids, that's all. Hey, Sarah -- you should read Upton Sinclair's book about the meat-calling industry -- it's an eye-opener . . .

SARAH. Books! Nothing else interests him, only books. Did you see anything outside?

What's happening?

HARRY. The streets are packed with people, I never seen so many people. They've got barricades at Gardiner's Corner.

SARAH. There'll be such trouble.

HARRY. Sure there'll be trouble. You ever known a demonstration where there wasn't trouble?

SARAH. And the police?

HARRY. There'll be more police than blackshirts.

SARAH. What time they marching?

HARRY. I don't know.
SARAH. Harry, you know where your cigarettes are, don’t you? (This is her well-meaning but maddening attempt to point out to a weak man his weakness.)

HARRY. I know where they are.

SARAH. And you know what’s on at the cinema?

HARRY. So?

SARAH. And also you know what time it opens? (He grins.) So why don’t you know what time they plan to march? (Touché!)

HARRY. Leave me alone, Sarah, will you? Two o’clock they plan to march -- nah!

SARAH. So you do know. Why didn’t you tell me straight away? Shouldn’t you tell me something when I ask you?

HARRY. I didn’t know what time they marched, so what do you want of me?

SARAH. But you did know when I nagged you.

HARRY. So I suddenly remembered. Is there anything terrible in that?

(She shakes a disbelieving fist at him and goes out to see where the loudspeaker cries are coming from. The slogan ‘Madrid today -- London tomorrow’ is being repeated. As she is out Harry looks for her handbag, and on finding it proceeds to take some money from it.) [ ... ]

[The demonstration is being organized.]¹

SARAH. The Board of Deputies?

HARRY. There she goes again. Not the Jewish Board of Deputies -- they asked the Jewish population to keep away. No, the Jewish People’s Council -- the one that organized that mass demo against Hitler some years back.

(SARAH pulls face at him.)

MONTY. There’s been nothing like it since the General Strike.

HARRY. Christ! The General Strike! That was a time, Sarah, eh?

SARAH. What you asking me for? You want I should remember that you were missing for six days when Ada was ill? [ ... ]

FIRST VOICE. They’re assembling! They’re assembling! Out to the barricades -- the Fascists are assembling!

SECOND VOICE. Hey, Stan! Where’s the best place?

FIRST VOICE. Take your boys to Cable Street. The Fascists are assembling! Come out of your houses! Come out of your houses! [ ... ]

(SARAH goes to cupboard and cuts up bread ready for cheese sandwiches. A very distant sound of people chanting is heard: ‘They shall not pass, they shall not pass, they shall not pass.’)

MONTY. The boys! Listen. Hear them? You know, Sarah, that’s the same cry the people of Madrid were shouting.

PRINCE. And they didn’t get past either. Imagine it! All those women and children coming out into the streets and making barricades with their beds and their chairs.

¹ Dieser Satz wurde zur besseren Verständlichkeit eingefügt und ist im Original nicht enthalten.

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Dave (sadly). It was a slaughter.

Prince. And then came the first International Brigade.

Dave. The Edgar André from Germany, Commune de Paris from France, and the Dombrovsky from Poland. […]

Dave (angrily). The war in Spain is not a game of cards, Monty. You don't pay in pennies when you lose. May they lose many more! What kind of talk is that? Sometimes, Monty, I think you only enjoy the battle, and that one day you'll forget the ideal. You hate too much. You can't have brotherhood when you hate. There's only one difference between them and us -- we know what we're fighting for. It's almost an unfair battle.

(Harry now returns to kitchen to pour out tea.)

Monty. Unfair, he says! When Germany and Italy are supplying them with guns and tanks and aeroplanes and our boys have only got rifles and mortars -- is that unfair? You call that unfair, I don't think?

Dave. When you fight men who are blind it's always unfair. You think I'm going to enjoy shooting a man because he calls himself a Fascist? I feel so sick at the thought of firing a rifle that I think I'll board that boat with a blindfold over my eyes. Sometimes I think that's the only way to do things. I'm not even sure that I want to go, only I know if I don't then -- then -- well, what sense can a man make of his life?

Sarah. You're really a pacifist, aren't you, Dave?

Dave. I'm a terribly sad pacifist, Sarah.

HARRY. I understand you, Dave -- I know what you mean, boy. […] But a pacifist, Dave?

There's going to be a big war soon, a Fascist war: you think it's time for pacifism?

Sarah. He's right, Dave. […]

(He follows her, banner streaming. The voices outside grow to a crescendo: 'They shall not pass, they shall not pass, they shall not pass!')

Curtain

Thema Nr. 3

1. Erläutern Sie Form und Stil des Gedichts!

2. Analysieren Sie die Bilder Lincolns, welche hier mit poetologischen Mitteln gezeichnet werden, und setzen Sie diese mit anderen Lincoln-Bildern der Zeit in Beziehung!

3. Ordnen Sie William Cullen Bryant in den Kontext der amerikanischen Literaturgeschichte ein!

William Cullen Bryant, “The Death of Lincoln” (1865)

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power, a nation’s trust!

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free:
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of Right.