Erste Staatsprüfung für ein Lehramt an öffentlichen Schulen
— Prüfungsaufgaben —

Fach: Englisch (Unterrichtsfach)
Einzelpfprüfung: Literaturwissenschaft
Anzahl der gestellten Themen (Aufgaben): 3
Anzahl der Druckseiten dieser Vorlage: 7

Bitte wenden!

That’s him pushing the stone up the hill, the jerk.
I call it a stone – it’s nearer the size of a kirk.
When he first started out, it just used to irk,
but now it incenses me, and him, the absolute berk.

Think of the perks, he says.
What use is a perk, I shriek,
when you haven’t time to pop open a cork
or go for so much as a walk in the park?

He’s a dork.
Folk flock from miles around just to gawk.
They think it’s a quirk,
a bit of a lark.
A load of old bollocks is nearer the mark.

He might as well bark
at the moon –
that feckin’ stone’s no sooner up
than it’s rolling back
all the way down.

And what does he say?
Mustn’t shirk –
keen as a hawk,
lean as a shark
Mustn’t shirk!

But I lie alone in the dark,
feeling like Noah’s wife did
when he hammered away at the Ark;
like Frau Johann Sebastian Bach.
My voice reduced to a squawk,

my smile to a twisted smirk;
while, up on the deepening murk of the hill,
he is giving one hundred per cent and more to his work.

Anm.: Sisyphus [nicht seine Frau!], son of Aeolus, founder and king of Corinth, of legendary cunning, a trickster who cheated death, and one of the sinners punished in Hades in Homer’s Odyssey: he is pushing a large boulder up a hill, and it keeps rolling back, and he has to start again. One way he cheated death was by persuading the Underworld deities to let him return to the upper world for some reason and then not returning below. (Oxford Dictionary of the Classical World, 2007)

2 kirk – Scots dialect for ‘church’
1. Beschreiben Sie die Form des Gedichts! Benennen Sie verwendete sprachlich-stilistische Gestaltungsmittel und diskutieren Sie deren Funktion!

2. Interpretieren Sie das Gedicht! Nehmen Sie dabei Bezug auf die Ausgestaltung der Sprechsituation und des lyrischen Ichs!

3. Ordnen Sie das Gedicht unter Bezugnahme auf seine lyrische Gattung in seinen literaturhistorischen und gesellschaftlichen Kontext ein!

**HELENA:** (to Jimmy). Why do you try so hard to be unpleasant? *He turns very deliberately, delighted that she should rise to the bait so soon – he’s scarcely in his stride yet.*

**JIMMY:** What’s that?

**HELENA:** Do you have to be so offensive?

**JIMMY:** You mean now? You think I’m being offensive? You under-estimate me. (*Turning to Alison.*) Doesn’t she?

**HELENA:** I think you’re a very tiresome young man. *A slight pause as his delight catches up with him. He roars with laughter.*

**JIMMY:** Oh dear, oh dear! My wife’s friends! Pass Lady Bracknell the cucumber sandwiches, will you?

**HELENA:** *Going out?* I'm going out with Helena.

**JIMMY:** On a Sunday evening in this town? Where on earth are you going?

**ALISON:** That’s right.

**JIMMY:** That’s not a direction – that’s an affliction. *He crosses to the table, and sits down. He leans forward, and addresses her again.* I didn’t ask you what was the matter with you. I asked you where you were going. [...] You’re doing what? Silence. Have you gone out of your mind or something? (*To Helena.*) You’re determined to win her, aren’t you? So it’s come to this now! How feeble can you get? (*His rage mounting within.*) When I think of what I did, what I endured, to get you out –

**ALISON:** (recognizing an onslaught on the way, starts to panic.) Oh, yes, we all know what you did for me! You rescued me from the wicked clutches of my family, and all my friends! I’d still be rotting away at home, if you hadn’t ridden up on your charger, and carried me off!

The wild note in her voice has re-assured him. His anger cools and hardens. *His voice is quite calm when he speaks.*

**JIMMY:** The funny thing is, you know, I really did have to ride up on a white charger – off-white, really. Mummy locked her up in their eight bedroomed castle, didn’t she? There is no limit to what the middle-class mummy will do in the holy crusade against ruffians like me. Mummy and I took one quick look at each other, and, from then on, the age of chivalry was dead. I knew that, to protect her innocent young, she wouldn’t hesitate to cheat, lie, bully and blackmail. Threatened with me, a young man without money, background or even looks, she’d bellow like a rhinoceros in labour – enough to make every male rhino for miles turn white, and pledge himself to celibacy. But even I underestimated her strength. Mummy may look over-fed and a bit flabby on the outside, but don’t let that well-bred guzzler fool you. Underneath all that she’s armour plated – (*He clutches wildly for something to shock Helena with.*) She’s as rough as a night in a Bombay brothel, and as tough as a matelot’s arm. She’s probably in that bloody cistern, taking down every word we say. (*Kicks cistern.*) Can you ‘ear me, mother? (*Sits on it, beats like bongo drums.*) Just about get her in there. Let me give you an example of this lady’s tactics. You may have noticed that I happen to wear my hair rather long. Now, if my wife is honest, or concerned enough to explain, she could tell you that this is not due to any dark, unnatural instincts I possess, but because (a) I can usually think of better things than a haircut to spend two bob on, and (b) I prefer long hair. But that obvious, innocent

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
explanation didn’t appeal to Mummy at all. So she hires detectives to watch me, to see if she can’t somehow get me into the *News of the World*. […] 

HELENA: Oh for heaven’s sake, don’t be such a bully! You’ve no right to talk about her mother like that!

JIMMY: (*capable of anything now*). I’ve got every right. That old bitch should be dead! (*To Alison.*) Well? Aren’t I right?

*Cliff and Helena look at Alison tensely, but she just gazes at her plate.* I said she’s an old bitch, and should be dead! […] I say she ought to be dead. (*He brakes for a fresh spurt later. He’s saving his strength for the knock-out.*) My God, those worms will need a good dose of salts the day they get through her! Oh what a bellyache you’ve got coming to you, my little wormy ones! Alison’s mother is on the way! (*In what he intends to be a comic declamatory voice.*) She will pass away, my friends, leaving a trail of worms gasping for laxatives behind her – from purgatives to purgatory. *He smiles down at Alison, but still she hasn’t broken.* […] Is anything the matter?

HELENA: I feel rather sick, that’s all. Sick with contempt and loathing.

*He can feel her struggling on the end of his line, and he looks at her rather absently.*

JIMMY: One day, when I’m no longer spending my days running a sweet-stall, I may write a book about us all. It’s all here. (*Slapping his forehead.*) Written in flames a mile high. And it won’t be recollected in tranquillity either, picking daffodils with Auntie Wordsworth. It’ll be recollected in fire, and blood. My blood.

HELENA: (*thinking patient reasonableness may be worth a try*). She simply said that’s she’s going to church with me. I don’t see why that calls for this incredible outburst.

JIMMY: Don’t you? Perhaps you’re not as clever as I thought.

HELENA: You think the world’s treated you pretty badly, don’t you?

ALISON: (*turning her face away*). Oh, don’t try and take his suffering away from him – he’d be lost without it.

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1. Analysieren Sie den Textausschnitt im Hinblick auf Dialogführung und Figurencharakterisierung. Gehen Sie dabei auch auf rhetorisch-stilistische Charakteristika ein!

2. Analysieren Sie die Szene im Hinblick auf die Präsentation sozialer und geschlechtsspezifischer Rollenmuster!

3. Das vorliegende Drama gilt als repräsentatives Beispiel der Literatur der *Angry Young Men*. Setzen Sie es in Beziehung zu mindestens zwei weiteren literarischen Werken aus diesem Formenkreis!

1. Analysieren Sie die Sprechsituation, die Sprache der Erzählerfigur sowie die Figurenrede in dieser Passage!

2. Diskutieren Sie die Darstellung von Daisys Freundin Jordan Baker! Stellen Sie die Funktion dieser Figur in der Passage im Hinblick auf die Problematisierung von Geschlechterrollen dar!

3. Ordnen Sie den Text literaturhistorisch ein! Stellen Sie dar, auf welche Weise der Roman als Teil der amerikanischen Moderne gesehen werden kann!

The only completely stationary object in the room was an enormous couch on which two young women were buoyed up as though upon an anchored balloon. They were both in white and their dresses were rippling and fluttering as if they had just been blown back in after a short flight around the house. I must have stood for a few moments listening to the whip and snap of the curtains and the groan of a picture on the wall. Then there was a boom as Tom Buchanan shut the rear windows and the caught wind died out about the room and the curtains and the rugs and the two young women balloonèd slowly to the floor.

The younger of the two was a stranger to me. She was extended full length at her end of the divan, completely motionless and with her chin raised a little as if she were balancing something on it which was quite likely to fall. If she saw me out of the corner of her eyes she gave no hint of it — indeed, I was almost surprised into murmuring an apology for having disturbed her by coming in...

The other girl, Daisy, made an attempt to rise — she leaned slightly forward with a conscientious expression — then she laughed, an absurd, charming little laugh, and I laughed too and came forward into the room.

'I'm paralyzed with happiness.'

She laughed again, as if she said something very witty, and held my hand for a moment, looking up into my face, promising that there was no one in the world so much wanted to see. That was a way she had. She hinted in a murmur that the surname of the balancing girl was Baker. (I've heard it said that Daisy's murmur was only to make people lean toward her; an irrelevant criticism that made it no less charming.)

At any rate Miss Baker's lips fluttered, she nodded at me almost imperceptibly and then quickly tipped her head back again — the object she was balancing had obviously tottered a little and given her something of a fright. Again a sort of apology arose to my lips. Almost any exhibition of complete self-sufficiency draws a stunned tribute from me.

I looked back at my cousin who began to ask me questions in her low, thrilling voice. It was the kind of voice that the ear follows up and down as if each speech is an arrangement of notes that will never be played again. Her face was sad and lovely with bright things in it, bright eyes and a bright passionate mouth — but there was an excitement in her voice that men who had cared for her found difficult to forget: a singing compulsion, a whispered 'Listen,' a promise that she had done gay, exciting things just a while since and that there were gay, exciting things hovering in the next hour.

I told her how I had stopped off in Chicago for a day on my way east and how a dozen people had sent their love through me.

'Do they miss me?' she cried ecstatically.

'The whole town is desolate. All the cars have the left rear wheel painted black as a mourning wreath and there's a persistent wail all night along the North Shore.'

'How gorgeous! Let's go back, Tom. Tomorrow!' Then she added irrelevantly, 'You ought to see the baby.'

'I'd like to.'

'She's asleep. She's two years old. Haven't you ever seen her?' 'Never.'

'Well, you ought to see her. She's—' Tom Buchanan who had been hovering restlessly about the room stopped and rested his hand on my shoulder.

'What you doing, Nick?'

'I'm a bond man.'

'Who with?' I told him.

'Never heard of them,' he remarked decisively. This annoyed me.

'You will,' I answered shortly. 'You will if you stay in the East.'

'Oh, I'll stay in the East, don't you worry,' he said, glancing at Daisy and then back at me, as if he were alert for something more. 'I'd be a God Damned fool to live anywhere else.'

At this point Miss Baker said 'Absolutely!' with such suddenness that I started— it was the first word she uttered since I came into the room. Evidently it surprised her as much as it did me, for she yawned and with a series of rapid, deft movements stood up into the room.

'I'm stiff,' she complained, 'I've been lying on that sofa for as long as I can remember.'

'Don't look at me,' Daisy retorted. 'I've been trying to get you to New York all afternoon.'

'No, thanks,' said Miss Baker to the four cocktails just in from the pantry, 'I'm absolutely in training.'

Her host looked at her incredulously.

'You are!' He took down his drink as if it were a drop in the bottom of a glass. 'How you ever get anything done is beyond me.'

I looked at Miss Baker wondering what it was she 'got done.'

I enjoyed looking at her. She was a slender, small-breasted girl, with an erect carriage which she accentuated by throwing her body backward at the shoulders like a young cadet. Her grey sun-strained eyes looked back at me with polite reciprocal curiosity out of a wan, charming discontented face. It occurred to me now that I had seen her, or a picture of her, somewhere before.

'You live in West Egg,' she remarked contemptuously. 'I know somebody there.'

'I don't know a single—' 'You must know Gatsby.' 'Gatsby?' demanded Daisy. 'What Gatsby?'