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Erste Staatsprüfung für ein Lehramt an öffentlichen Schulen
— Prüfungsaufgaben —

Fach: Englisch (vertieft studiert)
Einzelprüfung: Literaturwissenschaft
Anzahl der gestellten Themen (Aufgaben): 7
Anzahl der Druckseiten dieser Vorlage: 15

Bitte wenden!
Thema Nr. 1

Analysieren und interpretieren Sie folgenden Ausschnitt aus Christopher Marlowes Tragödie *Doctor Faustus* (3. Szene)!

1. Untersuchen Sie zunächst, mit welchen Mitteln hier die Kunst der Magie inszeniert wird und erörtern Sie, wie diese auf ein zeitgenössisches Theaterpublikum wirken mochten!

2. Welche religiösen Referenzen werden in der Szene ausgespielt oder angesprochen und wie verhalten diese sich zur religiösen Kultur Englands jene Zeit?

3. Diskutieren Sie – mit Blick auf mindestens einen weiteren Dramentext der Renaissance – Faszination und Funktion des Magischen auf der Theaterbühne: Was folgt daraus für ein Verständnis der frühmodernen Theaterkultur?

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
Enter FAUSTUS to conjure.

FAUSTUS. Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth,
   Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
   Leaps from th' Antartic world unto the sky
   And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantations,
   And try if devils will obey thy hest,
   Seeing thou hast prayed and sacrificed to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward and backward anagrammatized,
The breviated names of holy saints,
   Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,
   By which the spirits are enforced to rise:
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,
And try the uttermost magic can perform.-

Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex Jehovae!
Ignei, aerii, aquatici spiritus, salvete! Orientis princeps
Belzebub, inferni ardens monarca, et Demogorgon, propitiamus
vos, ut appareat et surgat Mephistopheles. Quod tu moraris?

Enter a DEVIL. [MEPHISTOPHELES].

I charge thee to return and change thy shape,
Thou art too ugly to attend on me.
Go, and return an old Franciscan friar,
That holy shape becomes a devil best.

Exit DEVIL [MEPHISTOPHELES.]
I see there's virtue in my heavenly words.
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephistopheles,

Full of obedience and humility!
Such is the force of magic and my spells.
No, Faustus, thou art conjuror laureate,
That canst command great Mephistopheles.

Quin redis Mephistopheles, frater imagin!.

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES [dressed as a friar].
MEPHIST. Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou have me do?
FAUSTUS. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
    To do whatever Faustus shall command,
    Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,
    Or the ocean to overwhelm the world.
40 MEPHIST. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
    And may not follow thee without his leave.
    No more than he commands must we perform.
FAUSTUS. Did not he charge thee to appear to me?
MEPHIST. No, I came hither of mine own accord.
FAUSTUS. Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? Speak.
MEPHIST. That was the cause, but yet per accidens.
    For, when we hear one rack the name of God,
    Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,
    We fly in hope to get his glorious soul,
50 Nor will we come, unless he use such means
    Whereby he is in danger to be damned.
    Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
    Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity
    And pray devoutly to the prince of hell.
FAUSTUS. So Faustus hath
    Already done, and holds this principle:
    There is no chief but only Beelzebub,
    To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
    This word "damnation" terrifies not him,
60 For he confounds hell in Elysium.
    His ghost be with the old philosophers!

Thema Nr. 2

I. Text

An argument to prove that the

Abolishing of Christianity in England

may, as things now stand, be attended with some inconveniences,

and perhaps not produce those many good effects proposed thereby.

5 I am very sensible what a weakness and presumption it is, to reason against the general humour and disposition of the world. [...] Nay, though I were sure an order were issued for my immediate prosecution by the attorney-general, I should still confess that in the present posture of our affairs at home or abroad, I do not yet see the absolute necessity of extirpating the Christian religion from among us. [...]  

10 Therefore I freely own that all appearances are against me. The system of the Gospel, after the fate of other systems, is generally antiquated and exploded; and the mass or body of the common people, among whom it seems to have had its latest credit, are now grown as much ashamed of it as their betters; opinions, like fashions, always descending from those of quality to the middle sort, and thence to the vulgar, where at length they are dropped and vanish.  

15 But here I would not be mistaken, and must therefore be so bold as to borrow a distinction from the writers on the other side, when they make a difference between nominal and real Trinitarians. I hope no reader imagines me so weak to stand up in the defense of real Christianity, such as used in primitive times (if we may believe the authors of those ages) to have an influence upon men's belief and actions: to offer at the restoring of that would indeed be a wild project; it would be to dig up foundations; to destroy at one blow all the wit, and half the learning of the kingdom; to break the sciences with the professors of them; in short, to turn our courts, exchanges, and shops into deserts; and would be full as absurd as the proposal of Horace, where he advises the Romans all in a body to leave their city and seek a new seat in some remote part of the world, by way of cure for the corruption of their manners.  

Therefore I think this caution was in itself altogether unnecessary (which I have inserted only to prevent all possibility of caviling), since every candid reader will easily understand my discourse to be intended only in defense of nominal Christianity, the other having been for some time wholly laid aside by general consent as utterly inconsistent with all other present schemes of wealth and power. But why should therefore cast off the name and title of Christians, although the general opinion and resolution be so violent for it, I confess I cannot (with submission) apprehend the consequence necessary. However, since the undertakers propose such wonderful advantages to the nation by this project, and advance many plausible objections against the system of Christianity, I shall briefly consider the strength of both, fairly allow them their greatest weight, and offer such answers as I think most reasonable. [...]  

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
To conclude: whatever some may think of the great advantages to trade by this favorite scheme, I do very much apprehend that in six months time after the act is passed for the extirpation of the Gospel, the Bank and East-India Stock may fall at least one per cent. And since that is fifty times more than ever the wisdom of our age thought fit to venture for the preservation of Christianity, there is no reason we should be at so great a loss merely for the sake of destroying it.

Jonathan Swift (1708)

Anmerkung zum historischen Hintergrund:

Der 'Test Act' von 1673 verlangte von allen öffentlichen Amtsträgern, am Abendmahl nach den Regeln der Anglikanischen Kirche teilzunehmen (und richtete sich somit gegen Katholiken und protestantische 'Dissenters'). 1708 setzten sich die Whigs dafür ein, den Test Act aufzuheben.

Anmerkung zum Text:

Die ersten beiden hier abgedruckten Textausschnitte stammen vom Anfang, der letzte Ausschnitt ("To conclude: …") beendet Swifts Satire.


II. Aufgaben/Fragen

Analysieren Sie den Textauszug aus Jonathan Swifts 'Abolishing of Christianity in England'! Arbeiten Sie dabei heraus,

1. welche sprachlichen Mittel Swift für die satirische Darstellung einsetzt und
2. welche Kritik Swift an seinen Zeitgenossen äußert!
3. Diskutieren Sie anschließend die Bedeutung satirischen Schreibens in der britischen Literatur des 18. Jahrhunderts anhand weiterer, selbst gewählter Beispiele! Gehen Sie in dieser Diskussion neben Swift auf mindestens einen weiteren Autor oder eine weitere Autorin ein!
Thema Nr. 3

John Keats, 'To Autumn' (1820)

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness, 1
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun, 2
Conspiring with him how to load and bless 3
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run; 4
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees, 5
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core; 6
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells 7
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more, 8
And still more, later flowers for the bees, 9
Until they think warm days will never cease, 10
For summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells. 11

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store? 12
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find 13
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor, 14
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind; 15
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep, 16
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook 17
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers: 18
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep 19
Steady thy laden head across a brook; 20
Or by a cyder-press, with patient look, 21
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours. 22

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?  
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too, —  
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue:  
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
Among the river sallows, borne aloft  
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;  
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;  
Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft  
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;  
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.


Worterklärungen:

Aufgaben:
1. Interpretieren Sie das Gedicht unter strukturell-formalen wie inhaltlich-thematischen Gesichtspunkten; gehen Sie dabei insbesondere darauf ein, wie Keats die Stellung des Herbstes im natürlichen Jahreszyklus veranschaulicht und welche Stimmungsmodulationen er dabei zur Geltung bringt!
2. Das Gedicht wird den Oden von John Keats zugeordnet. Erläutern Sie die Merkmale dieses Gedichttyps und beziehen Sie dabei auch andere Textbeispiele ein!
3. Erörtern Sie, welche Epochenmerkmale der Romantik das Gedicht aufweist!
Thema Nr. 4


In diesem frühen Kapitel des Romans gehen die Geschwister Tom und Maggie, die mit ihren Eltern in der Mühle am Fluß 'Floss' leben, miteinander angeln. Ihr Erwachsenwerden wird später von Schicksalsschlägen und gegenseitiger Entfremdung gezeichnet sein, bevor sie am Schluss, im Moment des gemeinsamen Todes in einer Flutkatastrophe, wieder an ihre ursprüngliche kindliche Zuneigung anknüpfen.

Book I, Chapter V

[*] It was one of their happy mornings. They trotted along and sat down together, with no thought that life would ever change much for them: they would only get bigger and not go to school, and it would always be like the holidays; they would always live together and be fond of each other. And the mill with its booming - the great chestnut-tree under which they played at houses - their own little river, the Ripple, where the banks seemed like home, and Tom was always seeing the water-rats, while Maggie gathered the purple plump tops of the reeds, which she forgot and dropped afterwards - above all, the great Floss, along which they wandered with a sense of travel, to see the rushing spring-tide, the awful Eagre, come up like a hungry monster, or to see the Great Ash which had once wailed and groaned like a man - these things would always be just the same to them. Tom thought people were at a disadvantage who lived on any other spot of the globe; and Maggie, when she read about Christiana passing "the river over which there is no bridge",* always saw the Floss between the green pastures by the Great Ash.

Life did change for Tom and Maggie; and yet they were not wrong in believing that the thoughts and loves of these first years would always make part of their lives. We could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no childhood in it, - if it were not the earth where the same flowers come up again every spring that we used to gather with our tiny fingers as we sat lisping to ourselves on the grass - the same hips and haws on the autumn hedgerows - the same redbreasts that we used to call "God's birds", because they did no harm to the precious crops. What novelty is worth that sweet monotony where everything is known, and *loved* because it is known?

2.0 The wood I walk in on this mild May day, with the young yellow-brown foliage of the oaks between me and the blue sky, the white star-flowers and the blue-eyed speedwell and the ground ivy at my feet - what grove of tropic palms, what strange ferns or splendid broad-petalled blossoms, could ever thrill such deep and delicate fibres within me as this home-scene? These familiar flowers, these well-remembered bird-notes, this sky, with its fitful brightness, these furrowed and grassy fields, each with a sort of personality given to it by the capricious hedgerows - such things as these are the mother tongue of our imagination, the language that is laden with all the subtle inextricable associations the fleeting hours of our childhood left behind them. Our delight in the sunshine on the deep-bladed grass to-day, might be no more than the faint perception of wearied souls, if it were not for the sunshine and the grass in the far-off years which still live in us, and transform our perception into love.

* aus Bunyan, *The Pilgrim's Progress*.
1. Analysieren Sie den Ausschnitt in formaler und stilistischer Hinsicht; gehen Sie besonders auf die Erzählperspektive ein!

2. Erläutern Sie anhand des Ausschnitts die Charakterisierung der Geschwister und den Zusammenhang von moralischem Empfinden und Gedächtnis/Gewohnheit bei George Eliot!

3. Situieren Sie den Roman im literaturhistorischen Kontext, unter Hinzuziehung von mindestens zwei anderen Romanen der Autorin und/oder zeitgenössischer Schriftsteller/innen; gehen Sie auch auf die Begriffe des "Realismus" und "Naturalismus" ein!

Thema Nr. 5

1. Analysieren Sie die bühnentechnischen und szenischen Mittel sowie die Figurenanlage des Ausschnitts aus *The Sandbox* von Edward Albee!

2. Stellen Sie das Stück in den theaterhistorischen Kontext des Absurden Theaters!


Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

Scene. A bare stage, with only the following: Near the footlights, far stage-right, two simple chairs set side by side, facing the audience; near the footlights, far stage-left, a chair facing stage-right with a music stand before it; farther back, and stage-center, slightly elevated and raked, a large child’s sandbox with a toy pail and shovel; the background is the sky, which alters from brightest day to deepest night.

At the beginning, it is brightest day; the Young Man is alone on stage to the rear of the sandbox, and to one side. He is doing calisthenics; he does calisthenics until quite at the very end of the play. These calisthenics, employing the arms only, should suggest the beating and flittering of wings. The Young Man is, after all, the Angel of Death.

Mommy and Daddy enter from stage-left, Mommy first.

Mommy (motioning to Daddy): Well, here we are; this is the beach.
Daddy (whining): I’m cold.
Mommy (dismissing him with a little laugh): Don’t be silly; it’s as warm as toast.

Look at that nice young man over there: he doesn’t think it’s cold. (Waves to the Young Man) Hello.
Young Man (with an endearing smile): Hi!
Mommy (looking about): This will do perfectly... don’t you think so, Daddy?
There’s sand there... and the water beyond. What do you think, Daddy?
Daddy (vaguely): Whatever you say, Mommy.

Mommy (with the same little laugh): Well, of course... whatever I say. Then, it’s settled, is it?
Daddy (shrugs): She’s your mother, not mine.
Mommy: I know she’s my mother. What do you take me for? (A pause) All right, now; let’s get on with it. (She shouts into the wings, stage-left.) You! Out there! You can come in now. (The Musician enters, seats himself in the chair, stage-left, places music on the music stand, is ready to play. Mommy nods approvingly.) Very nice; very nice. Are you ready, Daddy? Let’s go get Grandma.
Daddy: Whatever you say, Mommy.

Mommy (leading the way out, stage-left): Of course, whatever I say. (To the Musician) You can begin now. (The Musician begins playing; Mommy and Daddy exit; the Musician, all the while playing, nods to the Young Man.)
Young Man (with the same endearing smile): Hi! (After a moment, Mommy and Daddy re-enter, carrying Grandma. She is borne in by their hands under her armpits; she is quite rigid; her legs are drawn up; her feet do not touch the ground; the expression on her ancient face is that of puzzlement and fear.)
Daddy: Where do we put her?
Mommy (the same little laugh): Wherever I say, of course. Let me see... well... all right, over there... in the sandbox. (Pause) Well, what are you waiting for, Daddy!... The sandbox! (Together they carry Grandma over to the sandbox and more or less dump her in.)
Grandma (righting herself to a sitting position; her voice a cross between a baby’s laugh and cry): Ahhhhhh! Graaaa!
Daddy (dusting himself): What do we do now?
Mommy (to the Musician): You can stop now. (The Musician stops.) (Back to Daddy) What do you mean, what do we do now? We go over there and sit down, of course. (To the Young Man) Hello there.
Young Man (again smiling): Hi! (Mommy and Daddy move to the chairs, stage-right, and sit down. A pause.)
Grandma (same as before): Ahhhhhh! Ah-haaaah! Graaaaah!
Thema Nr. 6

1. Analysieren Sie das Gedicht nach formalen und inhaltlichen Aspekten! Beachten Sie dabei auch mögliche Variationen von (populären) Konventionen!

2. Erörtern Sie die thematischen Grundaussagen des Gedichts unter feministischen Gesichtspunkten!

3. Diskutieren Sie Millays Gedicht im Kontext der modernistischen amerikanischen Literatur besonders der 1920er Jahre!

Recuerdo

We were very tired, we were very merry—
We had gone back and forth all night on the ferry.
It was bare and bright, and smelled like a stable—
But we looked into a fire, we leaned across a table,
We lay on a hill-top underneath the moon;
And the whistles kept blowing, and the dawn came soon.

We were very tired, we were very merry—
We had gone back and forth all night on the ferry;
And you ate an apple, and I ate a pear,
From a dozen of each we had bought somewhere;
And the sky went wan, and the wind came cold,
And the sun rose dripping, a bucketful of gold.

We were very tired, we were very merry,
We had gone back and forth all night on the ferry.
We hailed, "Good morrow, mother!" to a shawl-covered head,
And bought a morning paper, which neither of us read;
And she wept, "God bless you!" for the apples and pears,
And we gave her all our money but our subway fares.

1922

Thema Nr. 7

1. Analysieren Sie die erzählerischen, sprachlichen und stilistischen Mittel des Textausschnitts!

2. Situieren Sie Alice Walker im Kontext der afroamerikanischen Literatur!

3. Diskutieren Sie mit Bezug auf zwei weitere Autor/innen die literarische Auseinandersetzung mit der Geschichte der Sklaverei!

She gasped like a bee had stung her. "Maggie can't appreciate these quilts!" she said. "She'd probably be backward enough to put them to everyday use."

"I reckon she would," I said. "God knows I been saving 'em for long enough with nobody using 'em. I hope she will!" I didn't want to bring up how I had offered Dee (Wangero) a quilt when she went away to college. Then she had told me they were old-fashioned, out of style.

"But they're priceless!" she was saying now, furiously; for she has a temper. "Maggie would put them on the bed and in five years they'd be in rags. Less than that!"

"She can always make some more," I said. "Maggie knows how to quilt."

Dee (Wangero) looked at me with hatred. "You just will not understand. The point is these quilts, these quilts!"

"Well," I said, stumped. "What would you do with them?"

"Hang them," she said. As if that was the only thing you could do with quilts.

Maggie by now was standing in the door. I could almost hear the sound her feet made as they scraped over each other.

"She can have them, Mama," she said, like somebody used to never winning anything, or having anything reserved for her. "I can 'member Grandma Dee without the quilts."

I looked at her hard. She had filled her bottom lip with checkerberry snuff and it gave her a face a kind of dopey, hangdog look. It was Grandma Dee and Big Dee who taught her how to quilt herself. She stood there with her scarred hands hidden in the folds of her skirt. She looked at her sister with something like fear but she wasn't mad at her. This was Maggie's portion. This was the way she knew God to work.

When I looked at her like that something hit me in the top of my head and ran down to the soles of my feet. Just like when I'm in church and the spirit of God touches me and I get happy and shout. I did something I never had done before: hugged Maggie to me, then dragged her on into the room, snatched the quilts out of Miss Wangero's hands and dumped them into Maggie's lap. Maggie just sat there on my bed with her mouth open.

"Take one or two of the others," I said to Dee.

But she turned without a word and went out to Hakim-a-barber.

"You just don't understand," she said, as Maggie and I came out to the car.

"What don't I understand?" I wanted to know.

"Your heritage," she said. And then she turned to Maggie, kissed her, and said, "You ought to try to make something of yourself, too, Maggie. It's really a new day for us. But from the way you and Mama still live you'd never know it."