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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: 16

Bitte wenden!
Thema Nr. 1

Act 3, Scene 2

KING RICHARD:
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm* from an anointed king.
The breath of worldly men cannot depose*
The deputy elected by the Lord.

5 For every man that Bolingbroke hath pressed*
To lift shrewd* steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel. Then if angels fight,
Weak men must fall; for heaven still* guards the right [...] [III.ii.50-8] *immer

10 Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be. If he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.
Revolt our subjects? That we cannot mend.
They break their faith to God as well as us.

15 Cry* woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay,*
The worst is death, and death will have his day. [...] [III.ii.93-9]

[...] Of comfort no man speak.
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes

20 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills –
And yet not so, for what can we bequeath
Save our deposed* bodies to the ground?*
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's;

25 And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model1 of the barren earth
Which serves as paste2 and cover to our bones.
[Sitting] For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings –

30 How some have been deposed, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed,
All murdered. For within the hollow crown
That rounds* the mortal temples of a king,

35 Keeps death his court, and there the antic* sits,*

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
Scoffing his state\(^3\) and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize,\(^*\) be feared and kill with looks,\(^4\)
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,\(^5\)

As if this flesh which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and humoured thus,\(^6\)
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall; and fareuell, king.
Cover your heads,\(^7\) and mock not flesh and blood

How can you say to me I am a king? [III.i.140-73]

\(^1\) “model” = der Mikrokosmos (d.h. der Körper); eine einhüllende Form (d.h. das Grab)
\(^2\) “paste” = eine Ummantelung, d.h. der Sarg
\(^3\) “Scoffing his state” = des Königs Würde verspottend
\(^4\) “kill with looks” = mit einem Blick ein Todesurteil anordnen
\(^5\) “Infusing him with self and vain conceit” = “instilling in him vain ideas about himself”
\(^6\) “and humoured this” = “and Death having thus amused himself”
\(^7\) “Cover your heads” = “Replace your hats (do not disrespectfully remain bareheaded)”
\(^8\) “Subjected thus” = “Made a subject to such needs”


II. Aufgaben/Fragen:

Zum inhaltlichen Kontext: Durch eigene Intrigen und Misswirtschaft hat König Richard II. (1367-1400; reg. 1377-1399) eine Rebellion des Herzogs von Hereford, Henry Bolingbroke, gegen seine Herrschaft heraufbeschworen. Im Laufe der Szene III.i, aus der die obigen Textausschnitte stammen, wird sich Richard der Tatsache bewusst, dass Bolingbroke, welcher eine große Armee hinter sich versammeln konnte, ihn absetzen und sich selbst zum König machen wird.


2. Welches Weltbild steckt hinter den obigen Aussagen? Welche Stellung innerhalb dieses Weltbilds nimmt insbesondere der König ein? Warum wird hier deutlich, dass Shakespeares Stoff zwar ein mittelalterlicher, die Umsetzung aber klar frühmodern ist?
Thema Nr. 2

Text:

Oscar Wilde, Salomé (1894)


[...] HEROD: Wherefore should I not be happy? Caesar, who is lord of the world, who is lord of all things, loves me well. He has just sent me most precious gifts. Also he has promised me to summon to Rome the King of Cappadocia, who is my enemy. It may be that at Rome he will crucify him, for he is able to do all things that he wishes. Verily, Caesar is lord. Thus you see I have a right to be happy. Indeed, I am happy. I have never been so happy. There is nothing in the world that can mar my happiness.

THE VOICE OF JOKANAAN: He shall be seated in this throne. He shall be clothed in scarlet and purple. In his hand he shall bear a golden cup full of his blasphemies. And the angel of the Lord shall smite him. He shall be eaten by worms.

HERODIAS: You hear what he says about you. He says that you will be eaten of worms.

HEROD: It is not of me that he speaks. He speaks never against me. It is of the King of Cappadocia that he speaks; the King of Cappadocia, who is mine enemy. It is he who shall be eaten of worms. It is not I. Never has he spoken word against me, this prophet, saved that I sinned in taking to wife the wife of my brother. It may be he is right. [...] 

[...] HEROD: Salomé, Salomé, dance for me. I pray thee dance for me. I am sad to-night. Yes, I am passing sad to-night. When I came hither I slipped in blood, which is an evil omen; and I heard, I am sure I heard in the air a beating of wings, a beating of giant wings. I cannot tell what they mean .... I am sad to-night. Therefore dance for me. Dance for me, Salomé, I beseech you. If you dance for me you may ask of me what you will, and I will give it you, even unto the half of my kingdom.

SALOMÉ [rising]: Will you indeed give me whatsoever I shall ask, Tetrarch?

HERODIAS: Do not dance, my daughter.

HEROD: Everything, even the half of my kingdom.

SALOMÉ: You swear it, Tetrarch?

HEROD: I swear it, Salomé.

[...]

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
HEROD: Even to the half of my kingdom. Thou wilt be passing fair as a queen, Salomé, if it please thee to ask for the half of my kingdom. Will she not be fair as a queen? Ah! it is cold here! There is an icy wind, and I hear ... wherefore do I hear in the air this beating of wings? Ah! one might fancy a bird, a huge black bird that hovers over the terrace. Why can I not see it, this bird? The beat of its wings is terrible. The breath of the wind of its wings is terrible. It is a chill wind. Nay, but it is not cold, it is hot. I am choking. Pour water on my hands. Give me snow to eat. Loosen my mantle. Quick, quick! Loosen my mantle. Nay, but leave it. It is my garland that hurts me, my garland of roses. The flowers are like fire. They have burned my forehead. [*He tears the wreath from his head and throws it on the table.*] Ah! I can breathe now. How red those petals are! They are like stains of blood on the cloth. That does not matter. You must not find symbols in everything you see. It makes life impossible. It were better to say that stains of blood are as lovely as rose petals. It were better far to say that ... But we will not speak of this. Now I am happy, I am passing happy. Have I not the right to be happy? Your daughter is going to dance for me. Will you not dance for me, Salomé? You have promised to dance for me.

[...]

SALOMÉ: You have sworn it, Tetrarch.

HEROD: I have never broken my word. I am not of those who break their oaths. I know not how to lie. I am the slave of my word, and my word is the word of a king. The King of Cappadocia always lies, but he is no true king. He is a coward. Also he owes me money that he will not repay. He has even insulted my ambassadors. He has spoken words that were wounding. But Cæsar will crucify him when he comes to Rome. I am sure that Cæsar will crucify him. And if not, yet he will die, being eaten of worms. The prophet has prophesied it. Well! wherefore dost thou tarry, Salomé?

SALOMÉ: I am waiting until my slaves bring perfumes to me and the seven veils, and take off my sandals.

[Slaves bring perfumes and the seven veils, and take off the sandals of SALOMÉ.]

HEROD: Ah, you are going to dance with naked feet. 'Tis well! 'Tis well. Your little feet will be like white doves. They will be like little white flowers that dance upon the trees. .... No, no she is going to dance on blood. There is blood spilt on the ground. She must not dance on blood. It were an evil omen.

HERODIAS: What is it to you if she dance on blood? Thou hast waded deep enough therein....

HEROD: What is it to me? Ah! Look at the moon! She has become red. She has become red as blood. Ah! the prophet prophesied truly. He prophesied that the moon would become red as blood. Did he not prophesy it? All of you heard him. And now the moon has become red as blood. Do ye not see it?

HERODIAS: Oh, yes, I see it well, and the stars are falling like ripe figs, are they not? And the sun is becoming black like sackcloth of hair, and the kings of the earth are afraid. That at least one can see. The prophet, for once in his life, was right; the kings of the earth are afraid ... Let us go within. You are sick. They will say at Rome that you are mad. Let us go within, I tell you.
THE VOICE OF JOKANAAN: Who is this who cometh from Edom, who is this who cometh from Bozra, whose raimant is dyed with purple, who shineth in the beauty of his garments, who walketh mighty in his greatness? Wherefore is thy raimant stained with scarlet?

HERODIAS: Let us go within. The voice of that man maddens me. I will not have my daughter dance while he is continually crying out. I will not have her dance while you look at her in this fashion. In a word I will not have her dance.

HEROD: Do not rise, my wife, my queen, it will avail thee nothing. I will not go within till she hath danced. Dance, Salomé, dance for me.

HERODIAS: Do not dance, my daughter.

SAŁOMÉ: I am ready, Tetrarch.

[SAŁOMÉ dances the dance of the seven veils.]

HEROD: Ah! Wonderful! Wonderful! You see that she has danced for me, your daughter. Come near, Salomé, come near, that I may give you your reward. Ah! I pay the dancers well. I will pay thee royally. I will give thee whatsoever thy soul desireth. What wouldst thou have? Speak.

SAŁOMÉ [kneeling]: I would that they presently bring me in a silver charger ...

HEROD [laughing]: In a silver charger? Surely yes, in a silver charger. She is charming, is she not? What is it you would have in a silver charger, O sweet and fair Salomé, you who are fairer than all the daughters of Judæa? What would you have them bring thee in a silver charger? Tell me. Whatsoever it may be, they shall give it to you. My treasures belong to thee. What is it, Salomé?

SAŁOMÉ [rising]: The head of Jokanaan.

[...]


Aufgaben:

1. Analysieren Sie den Szenenausschnitt hinsichtlich der Figurenkonstellation und Handlungsentwicklung; gehen Sie besonders auf bildliche Darstellungsmittel und die verschiedenen Sinnesindrücken entlehnte Metaphorik in der Figurensprache ein!
2. Welche Rolle spielen religiöse und insbesondere biblische Thematik?
3. Situieren Sie das Stück in seiner Entstehungszeit; vergleichen Sie es mit anderen Ihnen bekannten Stücken aus der Zeit hinsichtlich formaler und inhaltlicher Elemente!
Text:

Ralph Waldo Emerson, Concord Hymn (1837)

_Sung at the completion of the Battle Monument, July 4, 1837_

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.
Fragen:

1. Analysieren Sie Thema und Form des Gedichts!
2. Erörtern Sie das Gedicht als Akt der Erinnerungspolitik im Kontext der Frühen Republik!
3. Bestimmen Sie den literaturgeschichtlichen Ort von Ralph Waldo Emerson und seinem Werk!
Thema Nr. 4

Text:

High Windows

When I see a couple of kids
And guess he's fucking her and she's
Taking pills or wearing a diaphragm,
I know this is paradise

Everyone old has dreamed of all their lives—
Bonds and gestures pushed to one side
Like an outdated combine harvester,
And everyone young going down the long slide

To happiness, endlessly. I wonder if
Anyone looked at me, forty years back,
And thought, That'll be the life;
No God any more, or sweating in the dark

About hell and that, or having to hide
What you think of the priest. He
And his lot will all go down the long slide
Like free bloody birds. And immediately

Rather than words comes the thought of high windows:
The sun-comprehending glass,
And beyond it, the deep blue air, that shows
Nothing, and is nowhere, and is endless.

Fragen:

1. Interpretieren Sie das Gedicht unter Berücksichtigung von Form, Thematik und Bildlichkeit!

2. Larkin verfasste das Gedicht im Februar 1967. Wie reflektiert das Gedicht zentrale Entwicklungen der 1960er Jahre, und wie positioniert sich das lyrische Ich zu diesen Entwicklungen?

3. Larkins Dichtung wird dem sog. 'Movement' zugeordnet. Verorten Sie das Gedicht literaturhistorisch innerhalb dieser Strömung!
Thema Nr. 5

Text:

It was about this time I conceived the bold and arduous project of arriving at moral perfection. I wished to live without committing any fault at any time; I would conquer all that either natural inclination, custom, or company might lead me into. As I knew, or thought I knew, what was right and wrong, I did not see why I might not always do the one and avoid the other. But I soon found I had undertaken a task of more difficulty than I had imagined. While my care was employed in guarding against one fault, I was often surprised by another; habit took the advantage of inattention; inclination was sometimes too strong for reason. I concluded, at length, that the mere speculative conviction that it was our interest to be completely virtuous was not sufficient to prevent our slipping, and that the contrary habits must be broken, and good ones acquired and established, before we can have any dependence on a steady, uniform rectitude of conduct. For this purpose I therefore contrived the following method.

In the various enumerations of the moral virtues I met in my reading, I found the catalogue more or less numerous, as different writers included more or fewer ideas under the same name. Temperance, for example, was by some confined to eating and drinking, while by others it was extended to mean the moderating every other pleasure, appetite, inclination, or passion, bodily or mental, even to our avarice and ambition. I proposed to myself, for the sake of clearness, to use rather more names, with fewer ideas annexed to each, than a few names with more ideas; and I included under thirteen names of virtues all that at that time occurred to me as necessary or desirable, and annexed to each a short precept, which fully expressed the extent I gave to its meaning.

These names of virtues, with their precepts were:

1. Temperance. Eat not to dullness; drink not to elevation.
2. Silence. Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.
3. Order. Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.
4. Resolution. Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.
5. Frugality. Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself, i.e. waste nothing.
6. Industry. Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.
7. Sincerity. Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly, and, if you speak, speak accordingly.
8. Justice. Wrong none by doing injuries or omitting the benefits that are your duty.
9. Moderation. Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries so much as you think they deserve.
10. Cleanliness. Tolerate no uncleanness in body, clothes, or habitation.
11. Tranquillity. Be not disturbed at trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.
12. Chastity. Rarely use venery but for health or offspring, never to dullness, weakness, or the injury of your own or another's peace or reputation.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
My intention being to acquire the *habitude* of all these virtues, I judged it would be well not to distract my attention by attempting the whole at once, but to fix it on one of them at a time, and, when I should be master of that, then to proceed to another, and so on, till I should have gone thro' the thirteen; and, as the previous acquisition of some might facilitate the acquisition of certain others, I arranged them with that view, as they stand above.


Fragen:

Bei der Textpassage handelt es sich um einen Auszug aus Franklins *Autobiography*, die als eines der ersten Beispiele des amerikanischen Erfolgsnarratives gilt („vom Tellerwäscher zum Millionär“).

1. Analysieren Sie die Erzählssituation und weitere erzähletechnische und stilistische Mittel, die in dieser Passage verwendet werden, und setzen Sie sie in Bezug zur Entwicklung der Autobiographie im 18. Jahrhundert!

2. Erläutern Sie die inhaltliche Bedeutung, die dieser Text der moralischen Perfektion beimißt, und erklären Sie, welche Rolle diese für die Artikulierung einer spezifisch amerikanischen politischen und kulturellen Identität spielt!

3. Ordnen Sie Franklins *Autobiography* literatur- und kulturgeschichtlich ein!
The month of courtship had wasted: its very last hours were being numbered. There was no putting off the day that advanced—the bridal day; and all preparations for its arrival were complete. I, at least, had nothing more to do: there were my trunks, packed, locked, corded, ranged in a row along the wall of my little chamber: to-morrow, at this time, they would be far on their road to London: and so should I (D.V.),—or rather, not I, but one Jane Rochester, a person whom as yet I knew not. The cards of address alone remained to nail on: they lay, four little squares, on the drawer. Mr. Rochester had himself written the direction, ‘Mrs. Rochester,—Hotel, London,’ on each: I could not persuade myself to affix them, or to have them affixed. Mrs. Rochester! She did not exist: she would not be born till to-morrow, some time after eight o’clock A.M.; and I would wait to be assured she had come into the world alive before I assigned to her all that property. It was enough that in yonder closet, opposite my dressing-table, garments said to be hers had already displaced my black stuff Lowood frock and straw bonnet: for not to me appertained that suit of wedding raiment, the pearl-coloured robe, the vapoury veil, pendent from the usurped portmanteau. I shut the closet, to conceal the strange, wraith-like apparel it contained; which, at this evening hour—nine o’clock—gave out certainly a most ghostly shimmer through the shadow of my apartment. ‘I will leave you by yourself, white dream,’ I said. ‘I am feverish: I hear the wind blowing: I will go out of doors and feel it.’

Der vorstehende Textausschnitt zeigt die Gedanken der Titelheldin Jane Eyre, die bei Rochester als Gouvernante angestellt ist, kurz vor ihrer Eheschließung mit ihrem Arbeitgeber, der noch verheiratet ist, was sie allerdings nicht weiß.

Aufgaben:

Analysieren Sie den Text auf seine Anteile an realistischem Erzählen einerseits und an Schauerliteratur andererseits hin! Gehen Sie dabei insbesondere auf die Erzählstimme ein und ordnen Sie den Erzählmodus in zeitgenössische Traditionen

a) autobiographischen und
b) weiblichen Erzählens ein!

Text:


"Hm-m," he said. "Lookie, Ma. I been all day an' all night hidin' alone. Guess who I been thinkin' about? Casy! He talked a lot. Used ta bother me. But now I been thinkin' what he said, an' I can remember—all of it. Says one time he went out in the wilderness to find his own soul, an' he foun' he didn' have no soul that was his'n. Says he foun' he just got a little piece of a great big soul. Says a wilderness ain't no good, 'cause his little piece of a soul wasn't no good 'less it was with the rest, an' was whole. Funny how I remember. Didn' think I was even listenin'. But I know now a fella ain't no good alone."

"He was a good man," Ma said.

Tom went on, "He spouted out some Scripture once, an' it didn' sound like no hell-fire Scripture. He tol' it twicet, an' I remember it. Says it's from the Preacher."

"How's it go, Tom?"

"Goes, 'Two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labor. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow, but woe to him that is alone when he falleth, for he hath not another to help him up.' That's part of her."

"Go on," Ma said. "Go on, Tom."

"Jus' a little bit more. 'Again, if two lie together, then they have heat: but how can one be warm alone? And if one prevail against him, two shall withstand him, and a three-fold cord is not quickly broken.'"

"An' that's Scripture?"

"Casy said it was. Called it the Preacher."

"Hush—listen."

"On'y the wind, Ma. I know the wind. An' I got to thinkin', Ma—most of the preachin' is about the poor we shall have always with us, an' if you got nothin', why, jus' fol' your hands an' to hell with it, you gonna git ice cream on gol' plates when you're dead. An' then this here Preacher says two get a better reward for their work."

"Tom," she said. "What you aimin' to do?"

He was quiet for a long time. "I been thinkin' how it was in that gov'ment camp, how our folks took care a theirselves, an' if they was a fight they fixed it theirselves; an' they wasn't no cops waggin' their guns, but they was better order than them cops ever give. I been a-wonderin' why we can't do that all over. Throw out the cops that ain't our people. All work together for our own thing—all farm our own lan'."

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!