Erste Staatsprüfung für ein Lehramt an öffentlichen Schulen — Prüfungsaufgaben —

Fach: Englisch (vertieft studiert)
Einzelprüfung: Literaturwissenschaft
Anzahl der gestellten Themen (Aufgaben): 14
Anzahl der Druckseiten dieser Vorlage: 30

Bitte wenden!
OTHELLO [to the Duke and Senators of Venice]

82 [...] Rude am I in my speech, rough
83 And little blest with the soft phrase of peace: blessed
84 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith, strength
85 Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used gone
86 Their dearest action in the tented field,
87 And little of this great world can I speak,
88 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle, tumult
89 And therefore little shall I grace my cause
90 In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
91 I will a round unvarnished tale deliver plain
92 Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
93 What conjuration and what mighty magic –
94 For such proceeding I am charged withal –
95 I won his daughter.

129 Her father loved me; oft invited me;
130 Still questioned me the story of my life, constantly
131 From year to year – the battles, sieges, fortunes,
132 That I have passed.
133 I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
134 To th' very moment that he bade me tell it,
135 Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
136 Of moving accidents by flood and field,
137 Of hair-breadth escapes i' th' imminent deadly breach, escapes
138 Of being taken by the insolent foe
139 And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence
140 And portance in my travails history: behaviour
141 Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle, caves
142 Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven
143 It was my hint to speak – such was the process – occasion
144 And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthrnpophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline,

 [...] I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs,
She swore in faith 'twas strange,
'twas passing strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful;
She wished she had not heard it, yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man: she thanked me
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used:


1. Beschreiben Sie die inhaltliche Struktur und die sprachliche Form dieses Monologs!
Wie und auf welche Weise werden Othello und Desdemona charakterisiert?
2. Stellen Sie das Drama Othello in einen größeren gattungsgeschichtlichen Zusammenhang!
3. Vergleichen Sie "the Moor of Venice" sowohl mit anderen Soldatenfiguren als auch mit weiteren gesellschaftlichen Außenseitern in Shakespeares Dramen oder denen seiner Zeitgenossen. Diskutieren Sie deren Funktion und die Darstellungszwecke der Dramatiker!
The first thing is that the audience appear to be confronted by their own reflection in a huge mirror. Impossible. However, back there in the gloom—not at the footlights—a bank of plush seats and pale smudges of faces. (The total effect having been established, it can be progressively faded out as the play goes on, until the front row remains to remind us of the rest and then, finally, merely two seats in that row—one of which is now occupied by MOON. Between MOON and the auditorium is an acting area which represents, in as realistic an idiom as possible, the drawing-room of Muldoon Manor. French windows at one side. A telephone fairly well upstage (i.e. towards MOON). The BODY of a man lies sprawled face down on the floor in front of a large settee. This settee must be of a size and design to allow it to be wheeled over the body, hiding it completely. Silence. The room. The BODY. MOON.

Anyway, BIRDBOOT, with a box of Black Magic, makes his way down to join MOON and plumps himself down next to him, plumpish middle-aged BIRDBOOT and younger taller, less-relaxed MOON.

BIRDBOOT (sitting down; conspiratorially): Me and the lads have had a meeting in the bar and decided it's first-class family entertainment but if it goes on beyond half-past ten it's self-indulgent—pass it on... (and laughs jovially) I'm on my own tonight, don't mind if I join you?

MOON: Hello, Birdboot.

BIRDBOOT: Where's Higgs?

MOON: I'm standing in.

MOON AND BIRDBOOT: Where's Higgs?

MOON: Every time.

BIRDBOOT: What?

MOON: It is as if we only existed one at a time, combining to achieve continuity, I keep space warm for Higgs. My presence defines his absence, his absence confirms my presence, his presence precludes mine. When Higgs and I walk down this aisle together to claim our common seat, the oceans will fall into the sky and the trees will hang with fishes.

BIRDBOOT (he has not been paying attention, looking around vaguely, now catches up): Where's Higgs?

MOON: The very sight of me with a complimentary ticket is enough. The streets are impassable tonight, the country is rising and the cry goes up from hill to hill—Where—is—Higgs? (Small pause.) Perhaps he's dead at last, or trapped in a lift somewhere, or succumbed to amnesia, wandering the land with his turn-ups stuffed with ticket-stubs.

(BIRDBOOT regards him doubtfully for a moment.)

BIRDBOOT: Yes... Yes, well I didn't bring Myrtle tonight—not exactly her cup of tea, I thought, tonight.

MOON: Over her head, you mean?

BIRDBOOT: Well, no—I mean it's a sort of a thriller, isn't it?

MOON: Is it?

BIRDBOOT: That's what I heard. Who killed thing?—no one will leave the house.

MOON: I suppose so. Underneath.

BIRDBOOT: Underneath? It's a whodunnit, man!—Look at it! (They look at it. The room. The BODY. Silence.) Has it started yet?

MOON: Yes.

(Pause. They look at it.)

BIRDBOOT: Are you sure?

MOON: It's a pause.

BIRDBOOT: You can't start with a pause! If you want my opinion there's total panic back there. (Laughs and subsides.) Where's Higgs tonight, then?

MOON: It will follow me to the grave and become my epitaph—Here lies Moon the second string: where's Higgs?...

Sometimes I dream of revolution, a bloody coup d'etat by the second rank—troupes of actors slaughtered by their under-studies, magicians sawn in half by indefatigably smiling glamour girls,

[...] stand-ins of the world stand up!—

(Beat.) Sometimes I dream of Higgs.

(Pause. BIRDBOOT regards him doubtfully. He is at a loss, and grasps reality in the form of his box of chocolates.)

BIRDBOOT (Chewing into miele): Have a chocolate!

MOON: What kind?

BIRDBOOT: (Chewing into miele): Black Magic.

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1. Analysieren Sie, mit welchen sprachlichen und theatricalen Mitteln hier eine Figurencharakterisierung vorgenommen wird und in welchen Konstellationen die Figuren zueinander stehen!

2. Erläutern Sie anschließend Aspekte des Metadramas/des Metatheaters im Textausschnitt!

Blanche Oh, in my youth I excited some admiration. But look at me now! [She smiles at him radiantly.] Would you think it possible that I was once considered to be – attractive?

Stanley Your looks are okay.

Blanche I was fishing for a compliment, Stanley.

Stanley I don’t go in for that stuff.

Blanche What stuff?

Stanley Compliments to women about their looks. I never met a woman that didn’t know if she was good-looking or not without being told, and some of them give themselves credit for more than they’ve got. I once went out with a doll who said to me, “I am the glamorous type, I am the glamorous type” I said, “So what?”

Blanche And what did she say?

Stanley She didn’t say nothing. That shut her up like a clam.

Blanche Did it end the romance?

Stanley It ended the conversation – that was all. Some men are took in by the Hollywood glamor stuff and some men are not.

Blanche I’m sure you belong in the second category.

Stanley That’s right.

Blanche I cannot imagine any witch of a woman casting a spell over you.

Stanley That’s – right.

Blanche You’re simple, straightforward and honest, a little bit on the primitive side I should think. To interest you a woman would have to – [She pauses with an indefinite gesture.]

Stanley [slowly] Lay . . . her cards on the table.

Blanche [smiling] Well, I never cared for wishy-washy people. That was why, when you walked in here last night, I said to myself – “My sister has married a man!” – Of course that was all that I could tell about you.

Stanley [booming] Now let’s cut the re-bop!

Blanche [pressing hands to her ears] Ouuuuu!


2. Welche Rolle spielt die Idee des „Primitiven“ in diesem Textausschnitt?

Thema Nr. 4

John Donne, "Batter my heart" (um 1609?, gedruckt 1633)

Batter my heart, three-personed God, for you
As yet but knock, breathe, shine and seek to mend;
That I may rise and stand, o’erthrow me and bend
Your force to break, blow, burn and make me new.

I, like an usurped town to another due,
Labour to admit you, but oh, to no end:
Reason, your viceroy in me, me should defend,
But is captived, and proves weak or untrue.
Yet dearly I love you, and would be loved fain,
Divorce me, untie or break that knot again;
Take me to you, imprison me, for I,
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste except you ravish me.


1. Interpretieren Sie das Gedicht und gehen Sie dabei insbesondere auf die rhetorische Ausgestaltung sowie die Verbindung von Form und Inhalt ein!

2. Kommentieren Sie Donnes Verwendung der Sonett-Form in diesem Gedicht im Kontext der frühneuzeitlichen Sonett-Tradition!

3. Erläutern Sie kurz den Begriff „metaphysical poets“ und diskutieren Sie, ob bzw. inwiefern sich das Gedicht als typisches Beispiel für „metaphysical poetry“ lesen lässt!
Thema Nr. 5

A Broadway Pageant

1

Over the western sea hither from Niphon come,
Courteous, the swart-cheek'd two-sworded envoys,
Leaning back in their open barouches, bare-headed, impassive,
Ride to-day through Manhattan.

Libertad! I do not know whether others behold what I behold,
In the procession along with the nobles of Niphon, the errand-bearers,
Bringing up the rear, hovering above, around, or in the ranks marching,
But I will sing you a song of what I behold Libertad.

When million-footed Manhattan unpent descends to her pavements,
When the thunder-cracking guns arouse me with the proud roar I love,
When the round-mouth'd guns out of the smoke and smell I love spit their salutes,
When the fire-flashing guns have fully alerted me, and heaven-clouds canopy my city with a delicate thin haze,
When gorgeous the countless straight stems, the forests at the wharves, thicken with colors,
When every ship richly drest carries her flag at the peak,
When pennants trail and street-festoons hang from the windows,
When Broadway is entirely given up to foot-passengers and foot-standers, when the mass is densest,
When the façades of the houses are alive with people, when eyes gaze riveted tens of thousands at a time,
When the guests from the islands advance, when the pageant moves forward visible,
When the summons is made, when the answer that waited thousands of years answers,
I too arising, answering, descend to the pavements, merge with the crowd, and gaze with them.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
Superb-faced Manhattan!
Comrade Americanos! to us, then at last the Orient comes.

To us, my city,
Where our tall-topt marble and iron beauties range on opposite
sides, to walk in the space between,
To-day our Antipodes comes.

The Originatress comes,
The nest of languages, the bequeather of poems, the race of eld,
Florid with blood, pensive, rapt with musings, hot with passion,
Sultry with perfume, with ample and flowing garments,
With sunburnt visage, with intense soul and glittering eyes,
The race of Brahma comes.

[...]

For I too raising my voice join the ranks of this pageant,
I am the chanter, I chant aloud over the pageant,
I chant the world on my Western sea,
I chant copious the islands beyond, thick as stars in the sky,
I chant the new empire grander than any before, as in a vision
it comes to me,
I chant America the Mistress, I chant a greater supremacy,
I chant projected a thousand blooming cities yet in time on
those groups of sea-islands,
My sail-ships and steam-ships threading the archipelagoes,
My stars and stripes fluttering in the wind,
Commerce opening, the sleep of ages having done its work,
races rebom, refresh’d,
Lives, works resumed—the object I know not—but the old, the
Asiatic, renew’d as it must be,
Commencing from this day surrounded by the world.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
This poem was first printed in the New York Times, June 27, 1860, under the title „The Errand-Bearers,” in commemoration of the parade down Broadway eleven days before of the Japanese embassy, which had come to America to work on treaty arrangements between America and Japan. The title, and the Quaker phrase in the subtitle – “16th 6th Month, Year 84 of The States” – were changed when the poem appeared in the 1865 Drum-Taps as “A Broadway Pageant (Reception Japanese Embassy, June 16, 1860).” The Drum-Taps text was but slightly changed from the newspaper text, but a significant revision of the opening lines was made for the 1871 and succeeding texts. Omitted was the fourth-line phrase “Les-son-giving princes,” and in general the emphasis was shifted from deference to the Orient to the role of America as the mistress of a new world-democracy. In this sense “A Broadway Pageant“ is a precursor of “Passage to India.”

Commonly Nippon, Japanese name for Japan.

Spanish: “liberty.” In WW’s usage it is also the personification of freedom.

People of olden time.

Text:
 Thema Nr. 6

Alfred Lord Tennyson, The Charge of the Light Brigade

I
Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

5 ‘Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!’ he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

II
‘Forward, the Light Brigade!’
10 Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Someone had blundered:
Their’s not to make reply,
Their’s not to reason why,

15 Their’s but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III
Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,

20 Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,

25 Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

IV
Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,

30 Charging an army, while

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
35 Reeled from the sabre-stroke
   Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not
   Not the six hundred.

V
Cannon to right of them,
40 Cannon to left of them,
   Cannon behind them
   Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
   While horse and hero fell,
45 They that had fought so well
   Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
   All that was left of them,
   Left of six hundred.

VI
50 When can their glory fade?
   O the wild charge they made!
   All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made!
   Honour the Light Brigade,
55 Noble six hundred.


Das Gedicht bezieht sich auf den Angriff britischer Kavalleristen auf russische Truppen in der Schlacht von Balaklawa im Krimkrieg im Oktober 1854.

1. Interpretieren Sie das Gedicht unter Berücksichtigung seiner sprachlich-poetischen Mittel!
2. Ordnen Sie das Gedicht in den sozial- und kulturhistorischen Kontext der mittviktorianischen Zeit ein!
Thema Nr. 7

Marianne Moore, “Poetry”

I, too, dislike it: there are things that are important beyond all this fiddle.
Reading it, however, with a perfect contempt for it, one discovers in it after all, a place for the genuine.
Hands that can grasp, eyes that can dilate, hair that can rise
if it must, these things are important not because a
high-sounding interpretation can be put upon them but because they are useful. When they become so derivative as to become unintelligible,
the same thing may be said for all of us, that we do not admire what we cannot understand: the bat holding on upside down or in quest of something to

eat, elephants pushing, a wild horse taking a roll, a tireless wolf under
a tree, the immovable critic twitching his skin like a horse that feels a flea, the base-ball fan, the statistician--
or is it valid to discriminate against “business documents andschool-books”; all these phenomena are important. One must make a distinction however: when dragged into prominence by half poets, the result is not poetry,
nor till the poets among us can be “literalists of the imagination”—above insolence and triviality and can present

for inspection, “imaginary gardens with real toads in them,” shall we have it. In the meantime, if you demand on the one hand, the raw material of poetry in all its rawness and that which is on the other hand genuine, you are interested in poetry.


Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
1. Diskutieren Sie Sprechsituation, Ton, sprachliche Bilder und die formalen Merkmale des Gedichts! Welche Bedeutungseffekte werden dadurch jeweils erzeugt?

2. Mit welchen Konzepten von Lyrik und Autor/innenschaft setzt sich dieses Gedicht auseinander, und auf welche Weise? Gehen Sie dabei auch auf die Rolle der materiellen Welt, insbesondere der natürlichen Umwelt ein!

3. Diskutieren Sie die Rolle von Moore als einer der wichtigsten Lyriker/innen der Moderne!
Thema Nr. 8

Textgrundlage: Samuel Johnson, *The Idler* No. 22 (9. September 1758) (Textauszug)

Die Ausgabe des *Idler* berichtet von einem ‚böhmischen Schäfer‘, dem die Gabe verliehen war, die Sprache der Tiere zu verstehen; zufällig belauscht er ein Gespräch, das ein alter Aasgeier mit seiner Nachkommenschaft führt:

"‘My children,’ said the old vulture, 'you will the less want my instructions because you have had my practice before your eyes; you have seen me snatch from the farm the household fowl, you have seen me seize the leveret in the bush, and the kid in the pasture, you know how to fix your talons, and how to balance your flight when you are laden with your prey. But you remember the taste of more delicious food; I have often regaled you with the flesh of man.' 'Tell us,' said the young vultures, 'where man may be found, and how he may be known; his flesh is surely the natural food of a vulture. Why have you never brought a man in your talons to the nest?' 'He is too bulky,' said the mother; 'when we find a man, we can only tear away his flesh and leave his bones upon the ground.' 'Since man is so big,' said the young ones, 'how do you kill him. You are afraid of the wolf and of the bear, by what power are vultures superior to man, is man more defenseless than a sheep?' 'We have not the strength of man,' returned the mother, 'and I am sometimes in doubt whether we have the subtilty; and the vultures would seldom feast upon his flesh, had not nature, that devoted him to our uses, infused into him a strange ferocity, which I have never observed in any other being that feeds upon the earth. Two herds of men will often meet and shake the earth with noise, and fill the air with fire. When you hear noise and see fire which flashes along the ground, hasten to the place with your swiftest wing, for men are surely destroying one another; you will then find the ground smoking with blood and covered with carcasses, of which many are dismembered and mangled for the convenience of the vulture.' ‘But when men have killed their prey,’ said the pupil, ‘why do they not eat it? When the wolf has
killed a sheep he suffers not the vulture to touch it till he has satisfied himself. Is not man another kind of wolf? 'Man,' said the mother, 'is the only beast who kills that which he does not devour, and this quality makes him so much a benefactor to our species.' 'If men kill our prey and lay it in our way,' said the young one, 'what need shall we have of labouring for ourselves.' 'Because man will, sometimes,' replied the mother, 'remain for a long time quiet in his den. The old vultures will tell you when you are to watch his motions. When you see men in great numbers moving close together, like a flight of storks, you may conclude that they are hunting, and that you will soon revel in human blood.' 'But still,' said the young one, 'I would gladly know the reason of this mutual slaughter. I could never kill what I could not eat.' 'My child,' said the mother, 'this is a question which I cannot answer, tho' I am reckoned the most subtile bird of the mountain. When I was young I used frequently to visit the ayry of an old vulture who dwelt upon the Carpathian rocks; he had made many observations; he knew the places that afforded prey round his habitation, as far in every direction as the strongest wing can fly between the rising and setting of the summer sun; he had fed year after year on the entrails of men. His opinion was, that men had only the appearance of animal life, being really vegetables with a power of motion; and that as the boughs of an oak are dashed together by the storm, that swine may fatten upon the falling acorns, so men are by some unaccountable power driven one against another, till they lose their motion, that vultures may be fed. Others think they have observed something of contrivance and policy among these mischievous beings, and those that hover more closely round them, pretend, that there is, in every herd, one that gives directions to the rest, and seems to be more eminently delighted with a wide carnage. What it is that intitles him to such pre-eminence we know not; he is seldom the biggest or the swiftest, but he shews by his eagerness and diligence that he is, more than any of the others, a friend to vultures.'

leveret Junghase to revel in in etwas schwelgen
to regale jdn. erfreuen entrails Eingeweide


1. Interpretieren Sie den Text unter besonderer Berücksichtigung sprachlicher Merkmale!

2. Erörtern Sie die Frage, ob es sich bei diesem Text um eine Satire handelt, die 'typisch' für das achtzehnte Jahrhundert ist; gehen Sie zu diesem Zweck auf die generischen Merkmale der Satire ein und vergleichen Sie den Idler-Auszug mit mindestens zwei weiteren zeitgenössischen Satiren eigener Wahl!

3. Beantworten Sie abschließend die Frage, ob das im Text entworfene 'Bild des Menschen' typisch für die Zeit der 'englischen Aufklärung' ist!
A government of our own is our natural right: And when a man seriously reflects on the precariousness of human affairs, he will become convinced, that it is infinitely wiser and safer, to form a constitution of our own in a cool deliberate manner, while we have it in our power, than to trust such an interesting event to time and chance. If we omit it now, some Massanello* may hereafter arise, who laying hold of popular disquietudes, may collect together the desperate and the discontented, and by assuming to themselves the powers of government, may sweep away the liberties of the continent like a deluge. Should the government of America return again into the hands of Britain, the tottering situation of things, will be a temptation for some desperate adventurer to try his fortune; and in such a case, what relief can Britain give? Ere she could hear the news, the fatal business might be done; and ourselves suffering like the wretched Britons under the oppression of the Conqueror. Ye that oppose independance now, ye know not what ye do; ye are opening a door to eternal tyranny, by keeping vacant the seat of government. There are thousands, and tens of thousands, who would think it glorious to expel from the continent, that barbarous and hellish power, which hath stirred up the Indians and Negroes to destroy us, the cruelty hath a double guilt, it is dealing brutally by us, and treacherously by them.

To talk of friendship with those in whom our reason forbids us to have faith, and our affections wounded through a thousand pores instruct us to detest, is madness and folly. Every day wears out the little remains of kindred between us and them, and can there be any reason to hope, that as the relationship expires, the affection will increase, or that we shall agree better, when we have ten times more and greater concerns to quarrel over than ever?

Ye that tell us of harmony and reconciliation, can ye restore to us the time that is past? Can ye give to prostitution its former innocence? Neither can ye reconcile Britain and America. The last cord now is broken, the people of England are presenting addresses against us. There are injuries which nature cannot forgive; she would cease to be nature if she did. As well can the lover forgive the ravisher of his mistress, as the continent forgive the murders of Britain. The Almighty hath implanted in us these unextinguishable feelings for good and wise purposes. They are the guardians of his image in our hearts. They distinguish us from the herd of common animals. The social compact would dissolve, and justice be extirpated from the earth, or have only a casual existence were we callous to the touches of affection. The robber, and the murderer, would often escape unpunished, did not the injuries which our tempers sustain, provoke us into justice.

O ye that love mankind! Ye that dare oppose, not only the tyranny, but the tyrant, stand forth! Every spot of the old world is overrun with oppression. Freedom hath been hunted round the globe. Asia, and Africa, have long expelled her.--Europe regards her like a stranger, and England hath given her warning to depart. O! receive the fugitive, and prepare in time an asylum for mankind.

* Thomas Anello, otherwise Massanello, a fisherman of Naples, who after spiriting up his countrymen in the public market place, against the oppression of the Spaniards, to whom the place was then subject, prompted them to revolt, and in the space of a day became king.

1. Erläutern Sie anhand des Textauszugs die Argumentationsstruktur von Paine und setzen Sie diese zur hier vorliegenden Gattung in Bezug! Berücksichtigen Sie dabei v.a. die eingesetzten rhetorischen und stilistischen Gestaltungsmittel!

2. Interpretieren Sie den Text anhand der vorliegenden Darstellung als Beispiel der amerikanischen Aufklärung! Zeigen Sie dabei die von Amerika verkörperten kulturellen, politischen und (ggf. sozialen) Konzepte und Kontinuitäten auf, die kulturgeschichtlich seit jeher das amerikanische (Selbst-)Bild bestimmt haben!

Thema Nr. 10


Miss Brooke had that kind of beauty which seems to be thrown into relief by poor dress. Her hand and wrist were so finely formed that she could wear sleeves not less bare of style than those in which the Blessed Virgin appeared to Italian painters; and her profile as well as her stature and bearing seemed to gain the more dignity from her plain garments, which by the side of provincial fashion gave her the impressiveness of a fine quotation from the Bible,—or from one of our elder poets,—in a paragraph of to-day's newspaper. She was usually spoken of as being remarkably clever, but with the addition that her sister Celia had more common-sense. Nevertheless, Celia wore scarcely more trimmings; and it was only to close observers that her dress differed from her sister's, and had a shade of coquetry in its arrangements; for Miss Brooke's plain dressing was due to mixed conditions, in most of which her sister shared. The pride of being ladies had something to do with it: the Brooke connections, though not exactly aristocratic, were unquestionably "good:" if you inquired backward for a generation or two, you would not find any yard-measuring or parcel-tying forefathers—anything lower than an admiral or a clergyman; and there was even an ancestor discernible as a Puritan gentleman who served under Cromwell, but afterwards conformed, and managed to come out of all political troubles as the proprietor of a respectable family estate. Young women of such birth, living in a quiet country-house, and attending a village church hardly larger than a parlour, naturally regarded frippery as the ambition of a huckster's daughter. Then there was well-bred economy, which in those days made show in dress the first item to be deducted from, when any margin was required for expenses more distinctive of rank. Such reasons would have been enough to account for plain dress, quite apart from religious feeling; but in Miss Brooke's case, religion alone would have determined it; and Celia mildly acquiesced in all her sister's sentiments, only infusing them with that common-sense which is able to accept momentous doctrines without any eccentric agitation. Dorothea knew many passages of Pascal's *Pensees* and of Jeremy Taylor by heart; and to her the destinies of mankind, seen by the light of Christianity, made the solicitudes of feminine fashion appear an occupation for Bedlam. She could not reconcile the anxieties of a spiritual life involving eternal consequences, with a keen interest in guip and artificial protrusions of drapery. Her mind was theoretic, and yearned by its nature after some lofty conception of the world which might frankly include the parish of Tipton and her own rule of conduct there; she was enamoured of intensity and greatness, and rash in embracing whatever seemed to her to have those aspects; likely to seek martyrdom, to make retractions, and then to incur martyrdom after all in a quarter where she had not sought it. Certainly such elements in the character of a marriageable girl tended to interfere with her lot, and hinder it from being decided according to custom, by good looks, vanity, and merely canine affection. With all this, she, the elder of the sisters, was not yet twenty, and they had both been educated, since they were about twelve years old and had lost their parents, on plans at once narrow and promiscuous, first in an English family and afterwards in a Swiss family at Lausanne, their bachelor uncle and guardian trying in this way to remedy the disadvantages of their orphaned condition.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
It was hardly a year since they had come to live at Tipton Grange with their uncle, a man nearly sixty, of acquiescent temper, miscellaneous opinions, and uncertain vote. He had travelled in his younger years, and was held in this part of the county to have contracted a too rambling habit of mind. Mr Brooke's conclusions were as difficult to predict as the weather: it was only safe to say that he would act with benevolent intentions, and that he would spend as little money as possible in carrying them out. For the most glutinously indefinite minds enclose some hard grains of habit; and a man has been seen lax about all his own interests except the retention of his snuff-box, concerning which he was watchful, suspicious, and greedy of clutch.

In Mr Brooke the hereditary strain of Puritan energy was clearly in abeyance; but in his niece Dorothea it glowed alike through faults and virtues, turning sometimes into impatience of her uncle's talk or his way of "letting things be" on his estate, and making her long all the more for the time when she would be of age and have some command of money for generous schemes. She was regarded as an heiress; for not only had the sisters seven hundred a-year each from their parents, but if Dorothea married and had a son, that son would inherit Mr Brooke's estate, presumably worth about three thousand a-year—a rental which seemed wealth to provincial families, still discussing Mr Peel's late conduct on the Catholic question, innocent of future gold-fields, and of that gorgeous plutocracy which has so nobly exalted the necessities of genteel life.

And how should Dorothea not marry?—a girl so handsome and with such prospects? Nothing could hinder it but her love of extremes, and her insistence on regulating life according to notions which might cause a wary man to hesitate before he made her an offer, or even might lead her at last to refuse all offers. A young lady of some birth and fortune, who knelt suddenly down on a brick floor by the side of a sick labourer and prayed fervidly as if she thought herself living in the time of the Apostles—who had strange whims of fasting like a Papist, and of sitting up at night to read old theological books! Such a wife might awaken you some fine morning with a new scheme for the application of her income which would interfere with political economy and the keeping of saddle-horses: a man would naturally think twice before he risked himself in such fellowship. Women were expected to have weak opinions; but the great safeguard of society and of domestic life was, that opinions were not acted on. Sane people did what their neighbors did, so that if any lunatics were at large, one might know and avoid them.

The rural opinion about the new young ladies, even among the cottagers, was generally in favor of Celia, as being so amiable and innocent-looking, while Miss Brooke's large eyes seemed, like her religion, too unusual and striking. Poor Dorothea! compared with her, the innocent-looking Celia was knowing and worldly-wise; so much subtler is a human mind than the outside tissues which make a sort of blazonry or clock-face for it.

Yet those who approached Dorothea, though prejudiced against her by this alarming hearsay, found that she had a charm unaccountably reconcilable with it. Most men thought her bewitching when she was on horseback. She loved the fresh air and the various aspects of the country, and when her eyes and cheeks glowed with mingled pleasure she looked very little like a devotee. Riding was an indulgence which she allowed herself in spite of conscientious qualms; she felt that she enjoyed it in a pagan sensuous way, and always looked forward to renouncing it.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
She was open, ardent, and not in the least self-admiring; indeed, it was pretty to see how her imagination adorned her sister Celia with attractions altogether superior to her own, and if any gentleman appeared to come to the Grange from some other motive than that of seeing Mr Brooke, she concluded that he must be in love with Celia: Sir James Chettam, for example, whom she constantly considered from Celia's point of view, inwardly debating whether it would be good for Celia to accept him. That he should be regarded as a suitor to herself would have seemed to her a ridiculous irrelevance. Dorothea, with all her eagerness to know the truths of life, retained very childlike ideas about marriage. She felt sure that she would have accepted the judicious Hooker, if she had been born in time to save him from that wretched mistake he made in matrimony; or John Milton when his blindness had come on; or any of the other great men whose odd habits it would have been glorious piety to endure; but an amiable handsome baronet, who said "Exactly" to her remarks even when she expressed uncertainty,—how could he affect her as a lover? The really delightful marriage must be that where your husband was a sort of father, and could teach you even Hebrew, if you wished it.

These peculiarities of Dorothea's character caused Mr Brooke to be all the more blamed in neighboring families for not securing some middle-aged lady as guide and companion to his nieces. But he himself dreaded so much the sort of superior woman likely to be available for such a position, that he allowed himself to be dissuaded by Dorothea's objections, and was in this case brave enough to defy the world—that is to say, Mrs Cadwallader the Rector's wife, and the small group of gentry with whom he visited in the northeast corner of Loamshire. So Miss Brooke presided in her uncle's household, and did not at all dislike her new authority, with the homage that belonged to it.

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18 frippery an elegant or showy garment; huckster hawker, peddler; 24 Pascal's *Pensees* Blaise Pascal French philosopher and mathematician (1623-62); the *Pensees* were published in 1670; 24/25 Jeremy Taylor (1613-1667) English prelate and theological writer; 27 guimp an ornamental flat braid or round cord used as a trimming; 31 retractation withdrawal, retraction; 34 canine of or resembling a dog; 45 glutinous having the quality of glue, gummy; 55 Mr Peel's late conduct Robert Peel (1788-1850), home secretary in the government of the Duke of Wellington and an opponent of religious and political freedom for Catholics, changed suddenly in 1829 to the side of Catholic emancipation; 91 Hooker Richard Hooker (1554-1600), English theologian, author of *The Lawes of Ecclesiasticall Politie*. He was popularly believed to be unhappily married to “a clownish, silly woman”.

1. Analysieren Sie die Erzählsituation der Textpassage! Sie können dabei auf unterschiedliche Modelle der Erzähltextanalyse zurückgreifen!
2. Erläutern Sie, wie die Figur der Miss Brooke in der vorliegenden Passage charakterisiert wird! Beziehen Sie auch die Aussagen über ihre gesellschaftliche Stellung mit ein!
3. Situieren Sie den Textausschnitt innerhalb der Entwicklung des englischen Romans!

Near the centre of the State of New York lies an extensive district of country whose surface is a succession of hills and dales, or, to speak with greater deference to geographical definitions, of mountains and valleys. It is among these hills that the Delaware takes its rise; and flowing from the limpid lakes and thousand springs of this region the numerous sources of the Susquehanna meander through the valleys, until, uniting their streams, they form one of the proudest rivers of the United States. The mountains are generally arable to the tops, although instances are not wanting where the sides are jutted with rocks that aid greatly in giving to the country that romantic and picturesque character which it so eminently possesses. The vales are narrow, rich, and cultivated, with a stream uniformly winding through each. Beautiful and thriving villages are found interspersed along the margins of the small lakes, or situated at those points of the streams which are favorable for manufacturing; and neat and comfortable farms, with every indication of wealth about them, are scattered profusely through the vales, and even to the mountain tops. Roads diverge in every direction from the even and graceful bottoms of the valleys to the most rugged and intricate passes of the hills. Academies and minor edifices of learning, meet the eye of the stranger, at every few miles, as he winds his way through this uneven territory; and places for the worship of God, abound with that frequency which characterises a moral and reflecting people, and with that variety of exterior and canonical government which flows from unfettered liberty of conscience. In short, the whole district is hourly exhibiting how much can be done, in even a rugged country, and with a severe climate, under the dominion of mild laws, and where every man feels a direct interest in the prosperity of a commonwealth, of which he knows himself to form a part. The expedients of the pioneers who first broke ground in the settlement of this country, are succeeded by the permanent improvements of the yeoman, who intends to leave his remains to moulder under the sod which he tills, or perhaps, of the son, who, born in the land, piously wishes to linger around the grave of his father. – Only forty years have passed since this territory was a wilderness.

Very soon after the establishment of the independence of the States by the peace of 1783, the enterprise of their citizens was directed to a development of the natural advantages of their widely extended dominions. Before the war of the revolution, the inhabited parts of the colony of New-York were limited to less than a tenth of its possessions. A narrow belt of country, extending for a short distance on either side of the Hudson, with a similar occupation of fifty miles on the banks of the Mohawk, together with the islands of Nassau and Staten, and a few insulated settlements on chosen land along the margins of streams, composed the country, which was then inhabited by less than two hundred thousand souls. Within the short period we have mentioned, the population has spread itself over five degrees of latitude and seven of longitude, and has swelled to a million and a half of inhabitants, who are maintained in abundance, and can look forward to ages before the evil day must arrive, when their possessions shall become unequal to their wants.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
Our tale begins in 1793, about seven years after the commencement of one of the earliest of those settlements, which have conduced to effect that magical change in the power and condition of the state, to which we have alluded.


1. Welche Erzählperspektive wird in dieser Textpassage verwendet und worin besteht ihre Wirkung?
2. Identifizieren Sie weitere erzählerische und stilistische Merkmale und erklären Sie deren Funktionen!
3. Ordnen sie den Text in die US-amerikanische Literaturgeschichte ein!
"Art, science – you seem to have paid a fairly high price for your happiness”, said the Savage, when they were alone. “Anything else?”

“Well, religion, of course”, replied the Controller. “There used to be something called God – before the Nine Years’ War. But I was forgetting; you know all about God, I suppose.”

“Well…” The Savage hesitated. He would have liked to say something about solitude, about night, about the mesa lying pale under the moon, about the precipice, the plunge into shadowy darkness, about death. He would have liked to speak; but there were no words. Not even in Shakespeare.

The Controller, meanwhile, had crossed to the other side of the room and was unlocking a large safe set into the wall between the bookshelves. The heavy door swung open. Rummaging in the darkness within, “It’s a subject”, he said, “that has always had a great interest for me.” He pulled out a thick black volume. “You’ve never read this, for example.”

The Savage took it. “The Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments”, he read aloud from the title-page.

“Nor this”. It was a small book and had lost its cover.

“The Imitation of Christ.”

“Nor this.” He handed out another volume.


“And I’ve got plenty more”, Mustapha Mond continued, resuming his seat. “A whole collection of pornographic old books. God in the safe and Ford on the shelves.” He pointed with a laugh to his avowed library – to shelves of books, the racks full of reading-machine bobbins and sound-track rolls.

“But if you know about God, why don’t you tell them?” asked the Savage indignantly. “Why don’t you give them these books about God?”

“For the same reason as we don’t give them Othello: they’re old; they’re about God hundreds of years ago. Not about God now.”

“But God doesn’t change.”

“Men do, though.”

“What difference does that make?”

“All the difference in the world”, said Mustapha Mond. […]

“But God’s the reason for everything noble and fine and heroic. If you had a God…”

“My dear young friend”, said Mustapha Mond, “civilization has absolutely no need of nobility or heroism. These things are symptoms of political inefficiency. In a properly organized society like ours, nobody has any opportunities for being noble or heroic. Conditions have got to be thoroughly unstable before the occasion can arise. Where there are wars, where there are divided allegiances, where there are temptations to be resisted, objects of love to be fought for or defended – there, obviously, nobility and heroism have some sense. But there aren’t any wars nowadays. The greatest care is taken to prevent you from loving anyone too much. There’s no such thing as divided allegiance; you’re so conditioned that you can’t help doing what you ought to do. And what you ought to do is on the whole so pleasant, so many of the natural impulses are allowed free play, that there really aren’t any temptations to resist. […]

“Isn’t there something in living dangerously?”

“There’s a great deal in it”, the Controller replied. “Men and women must have their adrenals stimulated from time to time.”

“What?” questioned the Savage, uncomprehending.

“It’s one of the conditions of perfect health. That’s why we’ve made the V.P.S. treatments compulsory.”

“V.P.S.?”

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
“Violent Passion Surrogate. Regularly once a month. We flood the whole system with adrenin. It’s the complete physiological equivalent of fear and rage. All the tonic effects of murdering Desdemona and being murdered by Othello, without any of the inconveniences.”

“But I like the inconveniences.”

“We don’t”, said the Controller. “We prefer to do things comfortably.


“In fact”, said Mustapha Mond, “you’re claiming the right to be unhappy.”

“All right, then”, said the Savage defiantly, “I’m claiming the right to be unhappy.”

“Not to mention the right to grow old and ugly and impotent; the right to have syphilis and cancer; the right to have too little to eat; the right to be lousy; the right to live in constant apprehension of what may happen tomorrow; the right to catch typhoid; the right to be tortured by unspeakable pains of every kind.”

There was a long silence.

“I claim them all”, said the Savage at last.

Mustapha Mond shrugged his shoulders. “You’re welcome”, he said.
ALL THIS HAPPENED, more or less. The war parts, anyway, are pretty much true. One guy I knew really was shot in Dresden for taking a teapot that wasn’t his. Another guy I knew really did threaten to have his personal enemies killed by hired gunmen after the war. And so on. I’ve changed all the names.

I really did go back to Dresden with Guggenheim money (God love it) in 1967. It looked a lot like Dayton, Ohio, more open spaces than Dayton has. There must be tons of human bone meal in the ground.

I went back there with an old war buddy, Bernard V. O’Hare, and we made friends with a cab driver, who took us to the slaughterhouse where we had been locked up at night as prisoners of war. His name was Gerhard Muller. He told us that he was a prisoner of the Americans for a while. We asked him how it was to live under Communism, and he said that it was terrible at first, because everybody had to work so hard, and because there wasn’t much shelter or food or clothing. But things were much better now. He had a pleasant little apartment, and his daughter was getting an excellent education. His mother was incinerated in the Dresden fire-storm. So it goes.

He sent O’Hare a postcard at Christmastime, and here is what it said:

‘I wish you and your family also as to your friend Merry Christmas and a happy New Year and I hope that we’ll meet again in a world of peace and freedom in the taxi cab if the accident will.’

I like that very much: ‘If the accident will.’

I would hate to tell you what this lousy little book cost me in money and anxiety and time. When I got home from the Second World War twenty-three years ago, I thought it would be easy for me to write about the destruction of Dresden, since all I would have to do would be to report what I had seen. And I thought, too, that it would be a masterpiece or at least make me a lot of money, since the subject was so big.

But not many words about Dresden came from my mind then—not enough of them to make a book, anyway. And not many words come now, either, when I have become an old fart with his memories and his Pall Malls, with his sons full grown.

I think of how useless the Dresden part of my memory has been, and yet how tempting Dresden has been to write about, and I am reminded of the famous limerick:

There was a young man from Stamboul,
Who soliloquized thus to his tool:
‘You took all my wealth
And you ruined my health,
And now you won’t pee, you old fool.’

And I’m reminded, too, of the song that goes:

‘My name is Yon Yonson,
I work in Wisconsin,
I work in a lumbermill there.
The people I meet when I walk down the street,
They say, ‘What’s your name?’
And I say,
‘My name is Yon Yonson,
I work in Wisconsin…’

And so on to infinity.

1. Analysieren Sie die Erzählperspektive sowie die sprachlich-stilistischen Mittel des Romanbeginns!

2. Diskutieren Sie die Besonderheiten der Erzählinstanz in Bezug auf Autorschaft und Wahrheitsanspruch in Verbindung mit den intertextuellen Referenzen am Ende der Passage!

3. Situieren Sie den Textausschnitt historisch und ästhetisch im Kontext des amerikanischen Postmodernismus und berücksichtigen Sie dabei besonders das Genre der (historiographischen) Metafiktion!
Louise Bennett, "Colonisation in Reverse"

Jamaicans, who have been migrating since the late 19th century (to Panama, Central America or the U.S.A.), turned in the early 1950's to Britain, where some 200,000 first generation Jamaicans now reside. Truly a paradox of colonial history – this colonisation in reverse to the Mother Country which once settled her colonies with Britons who came as planters, traders, administrators, technicians, etc. ... ! !

Wat a joyful news, Miss Mattie,
I feel like me heart gwine burs'
Jamaica people colonizin
Englan in reverse.

By de hundred, by de t'ousan
From country and from town,
By de ship-load, by de plane-load
Jamaica is Englan boun.

Dem a-pour out o' Jamaica,
Everybody future plan
Is fe get a big-time job
An settle in de mother lan.

What a islan! What a people!
Man an woman, old an young
Jusa pack dem bag an baggage
An tun history upside dung!

Some people don't like travel,
But fe show dem loyalty
Dem all a-open up cheap-fare-
To-Englan agency.

An week by week dem shippin off
Dem countryman like fire,
Fe immigrate an populate
De seat o' de Empire.

Oonoo see how life is funny,
Oonoo see de tunabout,
Jamaica live fe box bread
Outa English people mout'.

For wen dem catch a Englan,
An start play dem different role,
Some will settle down to work
An some will settle fe de dole.

Jane say de dole is not too bad
Because dey payin' she

Two pounds a week fe seek a job
Dat suit her dignity.
Me say Jane will never find work
At the rate how she dah-look,
For all day she stay pon Aunt Fan couch
An read love-story book.

Wat a devilment a Englan!
Dem face war an brave de worse,
But I'm wonderin' how dem gwine stan'
Colonizin' in reverse.

Louise Bennett, "Colonisation in Reverse".


1. Bestimmen Sie die Kommunikationssituation, die sprachliche Form und die Gattung des vorliegenden Gedichts! Analysieren Sie Bennetts Umgang mit Sprachregister und Gattungskonventionen im Detail und die von ihr verwendeten Darstellungsmittel im Gedichtzusammenhang!

2. Was ist das argumentative Ziel und welche Strategien setzt der Text dazu ein?

3. Inwiefern ist Bennetts Gedicht exemplarisch für die neuen englischsprachigen Literaturen? Erörtern Sie die Thematik sowie die sprachliche und künstlerische Form von "Colonisation in Reverse" in diesem breiteren Kontext!