Thema Nr. 1

Text: William Shakespeare: *The Comedy of Errors*, 2.1.120-191

1. Analysieren Sie die Szene in Bezug auf Struktur, Dialoggestaltung und Figurencharakterisierung!

2. Analysieren Sie die Argumentationsstruktur und die Bildlichkeit der Rede Adrianas!

3. Erläutern Sie, welche Rolle Eifersucht in dem Dialog sowie in anderen Dramen Shakespeares spielt (mindestens drei Beispiele)!


Enter Adriana, beckoning them, and Luciana.

ADRIANA

110 Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown.
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects.
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once when thou unurged wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savored in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or looked, or touched, or carved to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
"Thyself" I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self’s better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me!
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself and not me too.

120 How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stained skin off my harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst, and therefore see thou do it.

I am possessed with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust;
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed,
I live unstained, thou undishonored.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not.
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk,

Who, every word by all my wit being scanned,
Wants wit in all one word to understand.

LUCIANA
Fie, brother, how the world is changed with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE By Dromio?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE By me?

ADRIANA
By thee; and this thou didst return from him:
That he did buffet thee and, in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
Villain, thou liest, for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
I never spake with her in all my life.
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
How can she thus then call us by our names—
Unless it be by inspiration?

ADRIANA
How ill agrees it with your gravity
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,

Abetting him to thwart me in my mood.
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine.

_She takes his arm._

Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate.
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss,
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion

Infest thy sap and live on thy confusion.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE, aside
To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme.
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty
I'll entertain the offered fallacy.

111 aspects loving looks; 122 incorporate united in one body; 125 fall let fall; 130 dearly deeply; 139 see make sure; 177 possess thee from me if anything takes possession of you away from (or apart from) me; 181 moves uses
Thema Nr. 2

1. Dieser Ausschnitt aus Shaws *Mrs Warren's Profession* (1893) ist Teil einer Szene, in der sich Vivie Warren, eine junge Frau, die gerade ihr Mathematikstudium in Cambridge abgeschlossen hat, gegen ihre Mutter wendet (und gegen deren Pläne, sie 'gut' zu verheiraten), als sie erfährt, dass diese eine ehemalige Prostituierte ist. Erläutern Sie die Figurendarstellung und -konstellation, die Kommunikationsformen, den allgemeinen Diskussionsverlauf sowie die jeweiligen Argumentationen mitsamt ihrer rhetorischen und stilistischen Mittel!


Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
MRS WARREN  You! you've no heart. [She suddenly breaks out vehemently in her natural tongue—the dialect of a woman of the people—with all her affectations of maternal authority and conventional manners gone, and an overwhelming inspiration of true conviction and scorn in her.] Oh, I won't bear it: I won't put up with the injustice of it. What right have you to set yourself up above me like this? You boast of what you are to me—to me, who gave you the chance of being what you are. What chance had I? Shame on you for a bad daughter and a stuck-up prude!

VIVIE [Cool and determined, but no longer confident; for her replies, which have sounded convincingly sensible and strong to her so far, now begin to ring rather woodenly and even priggishly against the new tone of her mother.] Don't think for a moment I set myself above you in any way. You attacked me with the conventional authority of a mother: I defended myself with the conventional superiority of a respectable woman. Frankly, I am not going to stand any of your nonsense; and when you drop it I shall not expect you to stand any of mine. I shall always respect your right to your own opinions and your own way of life.

MRS WARREN My own opinions and my own way of life! Listen to her talking! Do you think I was brought up like you—able to pick and choose my own way of life? Do you think I did what I did because I liked it, or thought it right, or wouldn't rather have gone to college and been a lady if I'd had the chance?

VIVIE Everybody has some choice, mother. The poorest girl alive may not be able to choose between being Queen of England or Principal of Newnham; but she can choose between ragpicking and flowerselling, according to her taste. People are always blaming their circumstances for what they are. I don't believe in circumstances. The people who get on in this world are the people who get up and look for the circumstances they want, and, if they can't find them, make them.

MRS WARREN Oh, it's easy to talk, very easy, isn't it? Here!—would you like to know what my circumstances were?

VIVIE Yes: you had better tell me. Won't you sit down?

MRS WARREN Oh, I'll sit down: don't you be afraid. [She plants her chair farther forward with brazen energy, and sits down. VIVIE is impressed in spite of herself.]

D'you know what your gran'mother was?

VIVIE No.

MRS WARREN No, you don't. I do. She called herself a widow and had a fried-fish shop down by the Mint, and kept herself and four daughters out of it. Two of us were sisters: that was me and Liz; and we were both good-looking and well made. I suppose our father was a well-fed man: mother pretended he was a gentleman; but I don't know. The other two were only half-sisters—undersized, ugly, starved looking, hard working, honest poor creatures: Liz and I would have half-murdered them if mother hadn't half-murdered us to keep our hands off them. They were the respectable ones. Well, what did they get by their respectability? I'll tell you. One of them worked in a whitelead factory twelve hours a day for nine shillings a week until she died of lead poisoning. She only expected to get her hands a little paralyzed; but she died. The other was always held up to us as a model because she married a Government laborer in the Deptford victualling yard, and kept his room and the three children neat and tidy on eighteen shillings a week—until he took to drink. That was worth being respectable for, wasn't it?
The stage is in darkness. Harsh music is heard as dim blue lights come up. One after another, seven women run onto the stage from each of the exits. They all freeze in postures of distress. The follow spot picks up the lady in brown. She comes to life and looks around at the other ladies. All of the others are still. She walks over to the lady in red and calls to her. The lady in red makes no response.

10 lady in brown
dark phrases of womanhood
of never havin been a girl
half-notes scattered
without rhythm/ no tune

15 distraught laughter fallin
over a black girl's shoulder
it's funny/ it's hysterical
the melody-less-ness of her dance
don't tell nobody don't tell a soul

she's dancin on beer cans & shingles

this must be the spook house
another song with no singers
lyrics/ no voices

& interrupted solos

25 unseen performances

are we ghouls?
children of horror?
the joke?

don't tell nobody don't tell a soul

30 are we animals? have we gone crazy?
i can't hear anythin
but maddening screams
& the soft strains of death
& you promised me

35 you promised me . . .
somebody/ anybody
sing a black girl's song
bring her out
to know herself

to know you
but sing her rhythms
carin/ struggle/ hard times
sing her song of life
she's been dead so long
closed in silence so long
she doesn't know the sound
of her own voice
her infinite beauty

40 she's half-notes scattered
without rhythm/ no tune
sing her sighs
sing the song of her possibilities
sing a righteous gospel
let her be born

50 let her be born
& handled warmly.

[...]
lady in red
i waz missin somethin

55 lady in purple

60 somethin so important

lady in orange
somethin promised

lady in blue
a layin on of hands

65 lady in green

fingers near my forehead

lady in yellow

strong

lady in green

70 cool

lady in orange

movin

lady in purple

makin me whole

lady in orange

sense

lady in green

pure

lady in blue

80 all the gods comin into me

layin me open to myself

lady in red

i waz missin somethin

lady in green

85 somethin promised

lady in orange

somethin free

lady in purple

a layin on of hands

lady in blue

90 i know bout/ layin on bodies/ layin outta man
bringin him alla my fleshy self & some of my pleasure
been taken full eager wet like i get sometimes
i waz missin somethin
lady in purple
a layin on of hands

lady in blue
not a man

lady in yellow
layin on

lady in purple
not my mama/ holdin me tight/ sayin
i'm always gonna be her girl
not a layin on of bosom & womb

layin on of hands
the holiness of myself released

lady in red
i sat up one nite walkin a boardin house
screamin/ cryin/ the ghost of another woman

who waz missin what i waz missin
i wanted to jump up outta my bones
& be done wit myself
leave me alone
& go on in the wind

it waz too much
i fell into a numbness
til the only tree i cd see
took me up in her branches

held me in the breeze
made me dawn dew
that chill at daybreak
the sun wrapped me up swingin rose light everywhere
the sky laid over me like a million men
i waz cold/ i waz burnin up/ a child

& endlessly weavin garments for the moon
wit my tears

i found god in myself
& i loved her/ i loved her fiercely

All of the ladies repeat to themselves softly the lines 'i found god in myself & i loved her.' It soon becomes a song of joy, started by the lady in blue. The ladies sing first to each other, then gradually to the audience. After the song peaks the ladies enter into a closed tight circle.

lady in brown
& this is for colored girls who have considered suicide/ but are movin to the ends of their own rainbows

Aus: Shange, Ntozake. for colored girls who have considered suicide/when the rainbow is enuf. New York: Scribner, 1997. 3-4; 60-64.

Anmerkungen:

Das 1974 in einer ersten Version in einer Bar aufgeführte und später am Broadway erfolgreiche Theaterstück for colored girls who have considered suicide/ when the rainbow is enuf thematisiert von Tanz begleitet die Erfahrungen von sieben Frauen (die nur mit Farben bezeichnet werden) in der rassistischen und patriarchalen US-amerikanischen Gesellschaft. Das experimentelle Stück, von der Autorin als choreopoem bezeichnet, wurde mit zahlreichen Preisen ausgezeichnet; 2010 veröffentlichte Ntozake Shange eine aktualisierte Version.

Die abgedruckten Textauszüge finden sich am Anfang und am Ende des Stücks (hier durch das Auslassungszeichen [...] getrennt). Der Text ist aus Raumgründen zweispaltig gesetzt, im Original ist er einspaltig.

1. Analysieren Sie die Sprachverwendung und die innere Kommunikation!

2. Erörtern Sie anhand der Textauszüge, inwiefern sich das Stück als eine programmatische Darstellung von female empowerment und sisterhood lesen lässt!

3. Situieren Sie den Text kultur- und literaturgeschichtlich!
Thema Nr. 4

George Herbert, Denial

Denial

When my devotions could not pierce
Thy silent ears;
Then was my heart broken, as was my verse:
My breast was full of fears
And disorder:

My bent thoughts, like a brittle bow,
Did fly asunder:
Each took his way; some would to pleasures go,
Some to the wars and thunder
Of alarms.

As good go anywhere, they say,
As to benumb
Both knees and heart, in crying night and day.
Come, come, my God, O come,
But no hearing.

O that thou shouldst give dust a tongue
To cry to thee,
And then not hear it crying! all day long
My heart was in my knee,
But no hearing.

Therefore my soul lay out of sight,
Untuned, unstrung:
My feeble spirit, unable to look right,
Like a nipped blossom, hung
Discontented.

O cheer and tune my heartless breast,
Defer no time;
That so thy favours granting my request,
They and my mind may chime,
And mend my rhyme.

—1633

1. Interpretieren Sie das Gedicht von George Herbert und gehen Sie dabei besonders auf die Verbindung von Inhalt und Form ein!

2. Erläutern Sie die Bildersprache des Gedichts vor dem Hintergrund des Metapherngebrauchs in der Lyrik des frühen 17. Jahrhunderts!

I knew a man....he was a common farmer....he was the father of five sons... and in them were the fathers of sons...and in them were the fathers of sons.

This man was of wonderful vigor and calmness and beauty of person;
The shape of his head, the richness and breadth of his manners, the pale yellow and white of his hair and beard, the immeasurable meaning of his black eyes,

These I used to go and visit him to see....He was wise also,
He was six feet tall....he was over eighty years old....his sons were massive clean bearded tanfaced and handsome,

They and his daughters loved him...all who saw him loved him...they did not love him by allowance...they loved him with personal love;
He drank water only....the blood showed like scarlet through the clear brown skin of his face;
He was a frequent gunner and fisher...he sailed his boat himself...he had a fine one presented to him by a shipjoiner....he had fowling-pieces, presented to him by men that loved him;

When he went with his five sons and many grandsons to hunt or fish you would pick him out as the most beautiful and vigorous of the gang.
You would wish long and long to be with him:...you would wish to sit by him in the boat that you and he might touch each other.

I have perceived that to be with those I like is enough,
To stop in company with the rest at evening is enough,
To be surrounded by beautiful curious breathing laughing flesh is enough,

To pass among them...to touch any one....to rest my arm ever so lightly round his or her neck for a moment....what is this then?
I do not ask any more delight....I swim in it as in a sea.

There is something in staying close to men and women and looking on them and in the contact and odor of them that pleases the soul well,
All things please the soul, but these please the soul well.

This is the female form,
A divine nimbus exhales from it from head to foot,
It attracts with fierce undeniable attraction,

I am drawn by its breath as if I were no more than a helpless vapor....all falls aside but myself and it,
Books, art, religion, time...the visible and solid earth...the atmosphere and the fringed clouds..what was expected of heaven or feared of hell are now consumed,

Mad filaments, ungovernable shoots play out of it..the response likewise ungovernable,

Hair, bosom, hips, bend of legs, negligent falling hands -- all diffused....mine too diffused,

Ebb stung by the flow, and flow stung by the ebb....loveshelf swelling and deliciously aching,
Limitless limpid jets of love hot and enormous....quivering jelly of love...white-blow and delirious juice,

Bridegroom-night of love working surely and softly into the prostrate dawn,
Undulating into the willing and yielding day,

Lost in the cleave of the clasping and sweetfleshed day.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
This is the nucleus...after the child is born of woman the man is born of woman, 
This is the bath of birth...this is the merge of small and large and the outlet again. 
Be not ashamed women...your privilege encloses the rest...it is the exit of the rest, 
You are the gates of the body and you are the gates of the soul.

45 The female contains all qualities and tempers them....she is in her place.... she moves with perfect balance, 
She is all things duly veiled....she is both passive and active....she is to conceive daughters as well as sons and sons as well as daughters.

[...]

A slave at auction!

50 I help the auctioneer....the sloven does not half know his business.

Gentlemen look on this curious creature, 
Whatever the bids of the bidders they cannot be high enough for him, 
For him the globe lay preparing quintillions of years without one animal or plant, 
For him the revolving cycles truly and steadily rolled.

55 In that head the allbaffling brain, 
In it and below it the making of the attributes of heroes.

Examine these limbs, red black or white....they are very cunning in tendon and nerve; 
They shall be stript that you may see them.

Exquisite senses, lifelit eyes, pluck, volition, 
60 Flakes of breastmuscle, pliant backbone and neck, flesh not flabby, goodsized arms and legs, 
And wonders within there yet.

Within there runs his blood....the same old blood..the same red running blood; 
There swells and jets his heart....There all passions and desires..all reachings and aspirations:
Do you think they are not there because they are not expressed in parlors and lecture-rooms?

65 This is not only one man....he is the father of those who shall be fathers in their turns, 
In him the start of populous states and rich republics, 
Of him countless immortal lives with countless embodiments and enjoyments.

How do you know who shall come from the offspring of his offspring through the centuries? 
Who might you find you have come from yourself if you could trace back through the centuries?

70 A woman at auction, 
She too is not only herself....she is the teeming mother of mothers, 
She is the bearer of them that shall grow and be mates to the mothers.

Her daughters or their daughters' daughters..who knows who shall mate with them? 
Who knows through the centuries what heroes may come from them?

75 In them and of them natal love....in them the divine mystery....the same old beautiful mystery.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
Have you ever loved a woman?
Your mother...is she living?....Have you been much with her? and has she been much with you?
Do you not see that these are exactly the same to all in all nations and times all over the earth?

If life and the soul are sacred the human body is sacred;
And the glory and sweet of a man is the token of manhood untainted,
And in man or woman a clean strong firmfibred body is beautiful as the most beautiful face.

Have you seen the fool that corrupted his own live body? or the fool that corrupted her own live body?
For they do not conceal themselves, and cannot conceal themselves.

Who degrades or defiles the living human body is cursed,
Who degrades or defiles the body of the dead is not more cursed.


Bei dem Text handelt es sich um zwei Auszüge (einen Abschnitt aus der Mitte sowie das Ende) des sechsten von insgesamt zwölf Gedichten, die Walt Whitman in der ersten Ausgabe seines Gedichtbandes *Leaves of Grass* 1855 veröffentlichte. 1855 waren alle diese Gedichte noch ohne eigenen Titel; später nannte Whitman das hier ausgewählte Gedicht “I Sing The Body Electric”.

1. Identifizieren Sie die verschiedenen Sprechsituationen der Gedichtausschnitte und analysieren Sie ihre Funktionen! Diskutieren Sie dabei auch die wichtigsten formalen und stilistischen Merkmale der ausgewählten Abschnitte im Zusammenhang mit ihren inhaltlichen Aspekten! Legen Sie dar, welche Bedeutungseffekte durch diese formalen und stilistischen Elemente jeweils erzeugt werden!

2. Ordnen Sie das Gedicht literaturgeschichtlich ein! Erklären Sie, inwieweit seine formalen und inhaltlichen Neuerungen relevant für die Entwicklung der amerikanischen Literatur im 19. Jahrhundert sind!

3. Vergleichen Sie Whitman mit mindestens einem/r anderen Lyriker/in seiner Zeit!
Themenu Nr. 6


*Act of Union* 

I

Tonight, a first movement, a pulse,
As if the rain in bogland gathered head
To slip and flood: a bog-burst,
A gash breaking open the ferny bed.

Your back is a firm line of eastern coast
And arms and legs are thrown
Beyond your gradual hills. I caress
The heaving province where our past has grown.

I am the tall kingdom over your shoulder
That you would neither cajole nor ignore.
Conquest is a lie. I grow older
Conceding your half-independent shore
Within whose borders now my legacy
Culminates inexorably.

II

And I am still imperially
Male, leaving you with the pain,
The rending process in the colony,
The battering ram, the boom burst from within.

The act sprouted an obstinate fifth column
Whose stance is growing unilateral.

His heart beneath your heart is a wardrum
Mustering force. His parasitical
And ignorant little fists already
Beat at your borders and I know they’re cocked

At me across the water. No treaty
I foresee will salve completely your tracked
And stretchmarked body, the big pain
That leaves you raw, like opened ground, again.


1. Analysieren Sie den Text nach den formalen Gestaltungsmitteln seiner Sprache wie insbesondere Laut- und Reimmuster und diskutieren Sie deren Funktion im vorliegenden Fall!

2. Rekonstruieren Sie die Bildersprache und Sprechsituation, die hier entworfen werden und erläutern Sie, wie diese sich verstehen lassen!

3. Ordnen Sie den Text mit einer zusammenfassenden Interpretation in den politischen, kulturellen und literarischen Kontext seiner Veröffentlichungszeit ein!
Thema Nr. 7

Robert Frost, „The Road Not Taken“ (1915)

1. Unterziehen Sie Robert Frosts Gedicht „The Road Not Taken“ einer metrisch-formalen Analyse!

2. Erörtern Sie die zentralen thematischen Zusammenhänge dieser poetischen Reflexion!

3. Erläutern Sie, wie sich Robert Frosts Gedicht in den literarischen und kulturellen Kontext seiner Zeit einfügt!

Robert Frost, The Road Not Taken (1915)

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim
Because it was grassy and wanted wear,
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I marked the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I,
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

(https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/44272/the-road-not-taken, zuletzt abgerufen am 15.05.2018)
Thema Nr. 8


1 To Dr Lewis.
2 You ask me, why I don't take the air a-horseback, during this fine weather? — In which of the avenues of this paradise would you have me take that exercise? Shall I commit myself to the high-roads of London or Bristol, to be stifled with dust, or pressed to death in the midst of post-chaises, flying-machines, waggons, and coal-horses; besides the troops of fine gentlemen that take to the highway, to shew their horsemanship; and the coaches of fine ladies, who go thither to shew their equipages? Shall I attempt the Downs, and fatigue myself to death in climbing up an eternal ascent, without any hopes of reaching the summit?
3 Know then, I have made divers desperate leaps at those upper regions; but always fell backward into this vapour-pit, exhausted and dispirited by those ineffectual efforts; and here we poor valetudinarians pant and struggle, like so many Chinese gudgeons, gasping in the bottom of a punch-bowl. By Heaven it is a kind of enchantment! If I do not speedily break the spell, and escape, I may chance to give up the ghost in this nauseous stew of corruption —
4 It was but two nights ago, that I had like to have made my public exit, at a minute's warning. One of my greatest weaknesses is that of suffering myself to be over-ruled by the opinion of people, whose judgment I despise — I own, with shame and confusion of face, that importunity of any kind I cannot resist. This want of courage and constancy is an original flaw in my nature, which you must have often observed with compassion, if not with contempt. I am afraid some of our boasted virtues maybe traced up to this defect.

Without further preamble, I was persuaded to go to a ball, on purpose to see Liddy dance a minuet with a young petulant jackanapes, the only son of a wealthy undertaker from London, whose mother lodges in our neighbourhood, and has contracted an acquaintance with Tabby. I sat a couple of long hours, half stifled, in the midst of a noisome crowd; and could not help wondering that so many hundreds of those that rank as rational creatures, could find entertainment in seeing a succession of insipid animals, describing the same dull figure for a whole evening, on an area, not much bigger than a taylor's shop-board. If there had been any beauty, grace, activity, magnificent dress, or variety of any kind howsoever absurd, to engage the attention, and amuse the fancy, I should not have been surprised; but there was no such object: it was a tiresome repetition of the same languid, frivolous scene, performed by actors that seemed to sleep in all their motions. The continual swimming of these phantoms before my eyes, gave me a swimming of the head; which was also affected by the fouled air, circulating through such a number of rotten human bellows. I therefore re-treated towards the door, and stood in the passage to the next room, talking to my friend Quin; when an end being put to the minuets, the benches were removed to make way for the country-dances; and the multitude rising at once, the whole atmosphere was put
in commotion. Then, all of a sudden, came rushing upon me an Egyptian gale, so impregnated with pestilential vapours, that my nerves were overpowered, and I dropt senseless upon the floor.

You may easily conceive what a clamour and confusion this accident must have produced, in such an assembly — I soon recovered, however, and found myself in an easy chair, supported by my own people — Sister Tabby, in her great tenderness, had put me to the torture, squeezing my hand under her arm, and stuffing my nose with spirit of harts-horn, till the whole inside was excoriated. I no sooner got home, than I sent for Doctor Ch — who assured me I needed not be alarmed, for my swooning was entirely occasioned by an accidental impression of fetid effluvia upon nerves of un-common sensibility. I know not how other people’s nerves are constructed; but one would imagine they must be made of very coarse materials, to stand the shock of such a torrid assault. It was, in-deed, a compound of villainous smells, in which the most violent stinks, and the most powerful perfumes, contended for the mastery. Imagine to yourself a high exalted essence of mingled odours, arising from putrid gums, imposthumated lungs, sour flatulencies, rank armpits, sweating feet, running sores and issues, plasters, ointments, and embrocations, hungary-water, spirit of lavender, assafoetida drops, musk, hartshorn, and sal volatile; besides a thousand frowzy steams, which I could not analyse. Such, O Dick! is the fragrant aether we breathe in the polite assemblies of Bath — Such is the atmosphere I have exchanged for the pure, elastic, animating air of the Welsh mountains — O Rus, quando te aspiciam! — I wonder what the devil possessed me—

But few words are best: I have taken my resolution — You may well suppose I don’t intend to entertain the company with a second exhibition — I have promised, in an evil hour, to proceed to London, and that promise shall be performed, but my stay in the metropolis shall be brief. I have, for the benefit of my health, projected an expedition to the North, which, I hope, will afford some agreeable pastime. I have never travelled farther that way than Scarborough; and, I think, it is a reproach upon me, as a British freeholder, to have lived so long without making an excursion to the other side of the Tweed. Besides, I have some relations settled in Yorkshire, to whom it may not be improper to introduce my nephew and his sister — At present, I have nothing to add, but that Tabby is happily disentangled from the Irish Baronet; and that I will not fail to make you acquainted, from time to time, with the sequel of our adventures: a mark of consideration, which, perhaps, you would willingly dispense with in

Your humble servant,

M. BRAMBLE

BATH, May 8.

Notes

1. **equipage** a carriage and horses, with the attendant servants
2. **the Downs** an open expanse of elevated land, here Bathampton Down, a flat limestone plateau overlooking Bath
3. **valetudinarians** a person in weak health
4. **gudgeon** a small fish, much used for bait; hence also a gullible person who will swallow anything. The Chinese variety was used as exotic item of decoration.
5. **minuet** an elegant, stylized dance which originated in France and became popular in England in the 18th century
6. **jackanape** a tame monkey; applied to a person compared to an ape
7. **noisome** disagreeable, offensive, foul-smelling
8. **to rank** to count
9. **easy chair** a chair adapted for sitting or half reclining in an easy posture, often furnished with arms and padded back
10. **spirit of hartshorn** the aqueous solution of ammonia (whether obtained from harts' horns or otherwise), used to bring senseless people to consciousness
11. **Dr Ch—Dr Cheney, a famous physician at Bath in the late 18th century**
12. **fetid effluvia** a noxious or disgusting exhalation or odour
13. **imposthumated** an impostum is a purulent swelling or cyst in any part of the body; hence, 'imposthumated lungs' are lungs corroded by abscesses
14. **embrocation** a liquid used for bathing or moistening any diseased part
15. **hungary-water** medicine used for embrocation
16. **assafoetida** resinous gum with a strong odour, used in medicine
17. **sal volatile** ammonium carbonate, esp. an aromatic solution of this used as a restorative in fainting fits
18. **aether** air
19. **O Rus, quando te aspiciam!** O my countryside, when shall I see you! (cited from Horace, Satires, II.vi.60)

---

1. Diskutieren Sie, welches Bild der britischen Gesellschaft im Kurort Bath hier gezeichnet wird! Analysieren und interpretieren Sie die dazu verwendete Metaphorik!

2. Analysieren Sie die Figurencharakterisierung in Bezug auf Matthew Bramble! Erläutern Sie, welche Mittel der Selbst- und Fremdcharakterisierung verwendet werden! Erklären Sie, in welches Verhältnis sich Matthew Bramble zur Bevölkerung von Bath stellt!

Thema Nr. 9


Das in mehreren Teilen vorliegende Werk beschreibt die Lebensgeschichte von Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790) bis zum Jahr 1758. Der Textausschnitt aus dem zweiten Teil (verfasst 1784) folgt auf eine kurze Passage, in der Franklin seine religiös-presbyterianische Pragung erwähnt. Er zeigt sich dabei von einem Prediger enttäuscht, dessen Predigt nicht jene „good things“ produzieren würde, die sich Franklin erhofft.

1. Analysieren Sie die rhetorischen und stilistischen Elemente des Ausschnitts!
2. Diskutieren Sie die philosophisch-konzeptionellen sowie moralischen Vorstellungen von Subjektwerdung bei Franklin! Kontrastieren Sie das Thema des Ausschnitts mit zwei weiteren Werken der Aufklärungsepoche!

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
It was about this time that I conceiv'd the bold and arduous Project of arriving at moral Perfection. I wish'd to live without committing any Fault at anytime; 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 employ'd in guarding against one Fault, I was often surpris'd 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 contriv'd the following Method.

In the various Enumerations of the moral Virtues I had met with in my Reading, I found the Catalog more or less numerous, as different Writers included more or fewer Ideas under the same Name. Temperance, for Example, was by some confin'd 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 propos'd to myself, for the sake of Clearness, to use rather more Names with fewer Ideas annex'd to each, than a few Names with more Ideas; and I included after Thirteen Names of Virtues all that at that time occurr'd to me as necessary or desirable, and annex'd to each a short Precept, which fully express'd 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. Avoiding 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.**

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. **TRANQUILITY.**
    - Be not disturbed at Trifles, or 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.

13. **HUMILITY.**
    - Imitate Jesus and Socrates.
Thema Nr. 10

Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, “Preface” to Mary Barton: A Tale of Manchester Life (1848)

1. Analysieren Sie Gaskells literarisches und sozialkritisches Programm in ihrem Vorwort zum Roman Mary Barton: A Tale of Manchester Life!


Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
PREFACE.

Three years ago I became anxious (from circumstances that need not be more fully alluded to)\(^1\) to employ myself in writing a work of fiction. Living in Manchester, but with a deep relish and fond admiration for the country, my first thought was to find a frame-work for my story in some rural scene; and I had already made a little progress in a tale, the period of which was more than a century ago, and the place on the borders of Yorkshire, when I bethought me how deep might be the romance in the lives of some of those who elbowed me daily in the busy streets of the town in which I resided. I had always felt a deep sympathy with the care-worn men, who looked as if doomed to struggle through their lives in strange alternations between work and want; tossed to and fro by circumstances, apparently in even a greater degree than other men. A little manifestation of this sympathy, and a little attention to the expression of feelings on the part of some of the work-people with whom I was acquainted, had laid open to me the hearts of one or two of the more thoughtful among them; I saw that they were sore and irritable against the rich, the even tenor of whose seemingly happy lives appeared to increase the anguish caused by the lottery-like nature of their own. Whether the bitter complaints made by them, of the neglect which they experienced from the prosperous — especially from the masters whose fortunes they had helped to build up — were well-founded or no, it is not for me to judge. It is enough to say, that this belief of the injustice and unkindness which they endure from their fellow-creatures, taints what might be resignation to God's will, and turns it to revenge in too many of the poor uneducated factory-workers of Manchester.

The more I reflected on this unhappy state of things between those so bound to each other by common interests, as the employers and the employed must ever be, the more anxious I became to give some utterance to the agony which, from time to time, convulses this dumb people; the agony of suffering without the sympathy of the happy, or of erroneously believing that such is the case. If it be an error, that the woes, which come with ever-returning tide-like flood to overwhelm the workmen in our manufacturing towns, pass unregarded by all but the sufferers, it is at any rate an error so bitter in its consequences to all parties, that whatever public effort can do in the way of legislation, or private effort in the way of merciful deeds, or helpless love in the way of "widow's mites,"\(^2\) should be done, and that speedily, to disabuse the work-people of so miserable a misapprehension. At present they seem to me to be left in a state, wherein lamentations and tears are thrown aside as useless, but in which the lips are compressed for curses, and the hands clenched and ready to smite.

I know nothing of Political Economy, or the theories of trade. I have tried to write truthfully; and if my accounts agree or clash with any system, the agreement or disagreement is unintentional.

To myself the idea which I have formed of the state of feeling among too many of the factory-people in Manchester, and which I endeavoured to represent in this tale (completed above a year ago), has received some confirmation from the events which have so recently occurred among a similar class on the Continent.\(^3\)

OCTOBER, 1848.

---

\(^1\) Gaskell here refers to the death of her son.

\(^2\) *Mites*: small portions of money.

\(^3\) The democratic upheavals and revolutions of 1848.
Thema Nr. 11

Jacobs, Harriet. *Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl. 1861*


And now, reader, I come to a period in my unhappy life, which I would gladly forget if I could. The remembrance fills me with sorrow and shame. It pains me to tell you of it; but I have promised to tell you the truth, and I will do it honestly, let it cost me what it may. I will not try to screen myself behind the plea of compulsion from a master; for it was not so. Neither can I plead ignorance or thoughtlessness. For years, my master had done his utmost to pollute my mind with foul images, and to destroy the pure principles inculcated by my grandmother, and the good mistress of my childhood. The influences of slavery had had the same effect on me that they had on other young girls; they had made me prematurely knowing, concerning the evil ways of the world. I know what I did, and I did it with deliberate calculation.

But, O, ye happy women, whose purity has been sheltered from childhood, who have been free to choose the objects of your affection, whose homes are protected by law, do not judge the poor desolate slave girl too severely! If slavery had been abolished, I, also, could have married the man of my choice; I could have had a home shielded by the laws; and I should have been spared the painful task of confessing what I am now about to relate; but all my prospects had been blighted by slavery. I wanted to keep myself pure; and, under the most adverse circumstances, I tried hard to preserve my self-respect; but I was struggling alone in the powerful grasp of the demon Slavery; and the monster proved too strong for me. I felt as if I was forsaken by God and man; as if all my efforts must be frustrated; and I became reckless in my despair.

I have told you that Dr. Flint's persecutions and his wife's jealousy had given rise to some gossip in the neighborhood. Among others, it chanced that a white unmarried gentleman had obtained some knowledge of the circumstances in which I was placed. He knew my grandmother, and often spoke to me in the street. He became interested for me, and asked questions about my master, which I answered in part. He expressed a great deal of sympathy, and a wish to aid me. He constantly sought opportunities to see me, and wrote to me frequently. I was a poor slave girl, only fifteen years old.

So much attention from a superior person was, of course, flattering; for human nature is the same in all. I also felt grateful for his sympathy, and encouraged by his kind words. It seemed to me a great thing to have such a friend. By degrees, a more tender feeling crept into my heart. He was an educated and eloquent gentleman; too eloquent, alas, for the poor slave girl who trusted in him. Of course I saw whither all this was tending. I knew the impassable gulf between us; but to be an object of interest to a man who is not married, and who is not her master, is agreeable to the pride and feelings of a slave, if her miserable situation has left her any pride or sentiment. It seems less degrading to give one's self, than to submit to compulsion. There is something akin to freedom in having a lover who has no control over you, except that which he gains by kindness and attachment. [...] With all these thoughts revolving in my mind, and seeing no other way of escaping the doom I so much dreaded, I made a headlong plunge. Pity
me, and pardon me, O virtuous reader! You never knew what it is to be a slave; to be entirely unprotected by law or custom; to have the laws reduce you to the condition of a chattel, entirely subject to the will of another. You never exhausted your ingenuity in avoiding the snares, and eluding the power of a hated tyrant; you never shuddered at the sound of his footsteps, and trembled within hearing of his voice. I know I did wrong. No one can feel it more sensibly than I do. The painful and humiliating memory will haunt me to my dying day. Still, in looking back, calmly, on the events of my life, I feel that the slave woman ought not to be judged by the same standard as others.


1. Analysieren Sie den Ausschnitt in formaler und stilistischer Hinsicht! Gehen Sie insbesondere auf die Erzählperspektive ein!

2. Diskutieren Sie die Konzeptionen von Weiblichkeit, auf die die Passage Bezug nimmt!

Thema Nr. 12

James Joyce, "Eveline", from *Dubliners* (written 1904, published 1914)

She sat at the window watching the evening invade the avenue. Her head was leaned against the window curtains and in her nostrils was the odour of dusty cretonne*. She was tired.

Few people passed. The man out of the last house passed on his way home; she heard his footsteps clacking along the concrete pavement and afterwards crunching on the cinder path before the new red houses. One time there used to be a field there in which they used to play every evening with other people's children. Then a man from Belfast bought the field and built houses in it – not like their little brown houses but bright brick houses with shining roofs. The children of the avenue used to play together in that field – the Devines, the Waters, the Dunns, little Keogh the cripple, she and her brothers and sisters. Ernest, however, never played: he was too grown up. Her father used often to hunt them in out of the field with his blackthorn stick; but usually little Keogh used to keep nix* and call out when he saw her father coming. Still they seemed to have been rather happy then. Her father was not so bad then; and besides, her mother was alive. That was a long time ago; she and her brothers and sisters were all grown up; her mother was dead. Tizzie Dunn was dead, too, and the Waters had gone back to England.

Everything changes. Now she was going to go away like the others, to leave her home. Home! She looked round the room, reviewing all its familiar objects which she had dusted once a week for so many years, wondering where on earth all the dust came from. Perhaps she would never see again those familiar objects from which she had never dreamed of being divided. And yet during all those years she had never found out the name of the priest whose yellowing photograph hung on the wall above the broken harmonium beside the coloured print of the promises made to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque*. He had been a school friend of her father. Whenever he showed the photograph to a visitor her father used to pass it with a casual word:

"He is in Melbourne now."

She had consented to go away, to leave her home. Was that wise? She tried to weigh each side of the question. In her home anyway she had shelter and food; she had those whom she had known all her life about her. Of course she had to work hard both in the house and at business. What would they say of her in the Stores* when they found out that she had run away with a fellow? Say she was a fool, perhaps; and her place would be filled up by advertisement. Miss Gavan would be glad. She had always had an edge on her, especially whenever there were people listening.

"Miss Hill, don't you see these ladies are waiting?"

"Look lively, Miss Hill, please."

She would not cry many tears at leaving the Stores.

But in her new home, in a distant unknown country, it would not be like that. Then she would be married – she, Eveline. People would treat her with respect then. She would not be treated as her mother had been. Even now, though she was over nineteen, she sometimes felt herself in danger of her father's violence. She knew it was that that had given her the palpitations*. When they were growing up he had never gone for her, like he used to go for Harry and Ernest, because she was a girl; but latterly he had begun to threaten her and say what he would do to her only for her dead mother's sake. And now she had nobody to protect her. Ernest was dead and Harry, who was in the church decorating business, was nearly always down somewhere in the country. Besides, the invariable squabble for money on Saturday nights had begun to weary her unspeakably. She always gave her entire wages – seven shillings – and Harry always sent up

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!
what he could but the trouble was to get any money from her father. He said she used to squander the money, that she had no head, that he wasn’t going to give her his hard-earned money to throw about the streets, and much more, for he was usually fairly bad* of a Saturday night. In the end he would give her the money and ask her had she any intention of buying Sunday’s dinner. Then she had to rush out as quickly as she could and do her marketing, holding her black leather purse tightly in her hand as she elbowed her way through the crowds and returning home late under her load of provisions. She had hard work to keep the house together and to see that the two young children who had been left to her charge went to school regularly and got their meals regularly. It was hard work – a hard life – but now that she was about to leave it she did not find it a wholly undesirable life.

[...]


cretonne - type of cotton (i.e. the curtains)
keep nix - keep guard
Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque
- visionary French saint (beatified 1864) who introduced devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus; many Irish Catholics kept prints of the Sacred Heart with lists of promises and blessings
Melbourne
- many Irish emigrated to Australia at the time
Stores - department store
palpitations - irregular heart beats
fairly bad - i.e. drunk

Die Kurzgeschichte spielt in Dublin; Eveline hat einen Verehrer, “Frank” (in diesem Abschnitt bezeichnet als “a fellow”), der ihr versprochen hat, sie nach Buenos Aires mitzunehmen.

1. Analysieren Sie diesen Anfang der Kurzgeschichte hinsichtlich der Erzählperspektive und Informationsvergabe!

2. Betrachten Sie die Kontrastierung von Vergangenheit, Gegenwart und Zukunft, von „home“ und anderen Orten! Erläutern Sie, inwiefern sich durch die Erzähweise und Perspektivierung eine Gewichtung erkennen lässt!

3. Ordnen Sie die Kurzgeschichte in den Entstehungszeitraum ein und ziehen Sie zwei andere Ihnen bekannte Erzähltexte der Zeit heran, in denen entweder ähnliche Thematiken verhandelt oder ähnliche Techniken angewandt werden!
Thema Nr. 13

Jonathan Safran Foer: *Extremely Loud & Incredibly Close*


1. Analysieren Sie die Erzählsituation und die Erzählerfigur in dieser Passage! Erläutern Sie, auf welche Weise die Passage eine Beziehung zu einer lesenden Instanz entwickelt!

2. Analysieren Sie charakteristische Stilmittel der Passage!

3. Ordnen Sie den Roman literatur- und kulturhistorisch ein! Erklären Sie, auf welche Weise 9/11-Literatur wie *Extremely Loud & Incredibly Close* Stilmittel der Postmoderne aufgreift und verändert!

[The passage is from the end of chapter 1, “What The?”, in which the narrator, a precocious nine-year-old boy, first speaks about his ideas for inventions (such as a musical teakettle) and then about the last time he saw his father, “the night before the worst day”.]
"Dad?" "Yeah?" "Could you tell me a story?" "Sure." "A good one?" "As opposed to all the boring ones I tell."

"Right." I tucked my body incredibly close into his, so my nose pushed into his armpit. "And you won’t interrupt me?"

"I’ll try not to." "Because it makes it hard to tell a story." "And it’s annoying." "And it’s annoying."

The moment before he started was my favorite moment.

"Once upon a time, New York City had a sixth borough." "What’s a borough?" "That’s what I call an interruption." "It know, but the story won’t make any sense to me if I don’t know what a borough is." "It’s like a neighborhood. Or a collection of neighborhoods." "So if there was once a sixth borough, then what are the five boroughs?" "Manhattan, obviously, Brooklyn, Queens, Staten Island, and the Bronx." "Have I ever been to any of the other boroughs?" "Here we go." "I just want to know." "We went to the Bronx Zoo once, a few years ago. Remember that?"

"No." "And we’ve been to Brooklyn to see the roses at the Botanic Garden." "Have I been to Queens?" "I don’t think so."

"Have I been to Staten Island?" "No." "Was there really a sixth borough?" "I’ve been trying to tell you." "No more interruptions. I promise."

When the story finished, we turned the radio back on and found someone speaking French. That was especially nice, because it reminded me of the vacation we just came back from, which I wish never ended.

As I walked to the kitchen, I invented a lever that could be on the front door, which would trigger a huge spoked wheel in the living room to turn against metal teeth that would hang down from the ceiling, so that it would play beautiful music, like maybe "Fixing a Hole" or "I Want to Tell You," and the apartment would be one huge music box.

After I petted Buckminster for a few seconds, to show him I loved him, I checked the phone messages. I didn’t have a cell phone yet, and when we were leaving school, Toothpaste told me he’d call to let me know whether I was going to watch him attempt skateboarding tricks in the park, or if we were going to go look at Playboy magazines in the drugstore with the aisles where no one can see what you’re looking at, which I didn’t feel like doing, but still.

Message one. Tuesday, 8:52 A.M. Is anybody there? Hello? It’s Dad. If you’re there, pick up. I just tried the office, but no one was picking up. Listen, something’s happened. I’m OK. They’re telling us to stay where we are and wait for the firemen. I’m sure it’s fine. I’ll give you another call when I have a better idea of what’s going on. Just wanted to let you know that I’m OK, and not to worry. I’ll call again soon.

There were four more messages from him: one at 9:12, one at 9:31, one at 9:46, and one at 10:04. I listened to them, and listened to them again, and then before I had time to figure out what to do, or even what to think or feel, the phone started ringing.

It was 10:22:27. I looked at the caller ID and saw that it was him.
Thema Nr. 14


Chacko told the twins that though he hated to admit it, they were all Anglophiles. They were a *family of Anglophiles*. Pointed in the wrong direction, trapped outside their own history, and unable to retrace their steps because their footprints had been swept away. He explained to them that history was like an old house at night. With all the lamps lit. And ancestors whispering inside.

'To understand history,' Chacko said, 'we have to go inside and listen to what they're saying. And look at the books and the pictures on the wall. And smell the smells.'

Estha and Rahel had no doubt that the house Chacko meant was the house on the other side of the river, in the middle of the abandoned rubber estate where they had never been. Kari Saipu’s house. The Black Sahib. The Englishman who had ‘gone native’. Who spoke Malayalam and wore mundus. Ayemenem’s own Kurtz. Ayemenem his private Heart of Darkness. He had shot himself through the head ten years ago when his young lover’s parents had taken the boy away from him and sent him to school. After the suicide, the property had become the subject of extensive litigation between Kari Saipu’s cook and his secretary. The house had lain empty for years. Very few people had seen it. But the twins could picture it.

The History House.

With cool stone floors and dim walls and billowing ship-shaped shadows. Plump, translucent lizards lived behind old pictures, and waxy, crumbling ancestors with tough toe-nails and breath that smelled of yellow maps gossiped in sibilant, papery whispers.

‘But we can’t go in,’ Chacko explained, ‘because we’ve been locked out. And when we look in through the windows, all we see are shadows. And when we try and listen, all we hear is a whispering. And we cannot understand the whispering, because our minds have been invaded by a war. A war that we have won and lost. The very worst sort of war. A war that captures dreams and re-dreams them. A war that has made us adore our conquerors and despise ourselves.’

‘Marry our conquerors, is more like it,’ Ammu said drily, referring to Margaret Kochamma. Chacko ignored her. He made the twins look up *Despise*. It said: *Too look down upon; to view with contempt; to scorn or disdain.*

Chacko said that in the context of the war he was talking about – the War of Dreams – *Despise* meant all those things.

‘We’re Prisoners of War,’ Chacko said. ‘Our dreams have been doctored. We belong nowhere. We sail unanchored on troubled seas. We may never be allowed ashore. Our sorrows will never be sad enough. Our joys never happy enough. Our dreams never big enough. Our lives never be important enough. To matter.’

1. Interpretieren Sie den Textausschnitt und gehen Sie dabei insbesondere auf Chackos Vorstellungen zur eigenen (Familien-)Identität ein! Erläutern Sie, welche Rolle dabei seine Konzepte „History House“ und „War of Dreams“ spielen!

2. Erörtern Sie die im Text implizierte Bedeutung von Sprache für die Identitätskonstruktion!

3. Diskutieren Sie die Bedeutung von Geschichte bzw. Geschichtsdarstellung im Kontext postkolonialer englischsprachiger Literatur und gehen Sie dabei auf mindestens zwei weitere Texte unterschiedlicher Autoren ein!