
Prüfungsteilnehmer

Prüfungstermin

Einzelprüfungsnummer

Kennzahl: _____

**Frühjahr
2013**

62619

Kennwort: _____

Arbeitsplatz-Nr.: _____

**Erste Staatsprüfung für ein Lehramt an öffentlichen Schulen
— Prüfungsaufgaben —**

Fach: **Englisch (vertieft studiert)**

Einzelprüfung: **Literaturwissenschaft**

Anzahl der gestellten Themen (Aufgaben): 7

Anzahl der Druckseiten dieser Vorlage: 18

Bitte wenden!

Thema Nr. 1

Patrick Marber, *Closer*, London: Methuen, 1997, 5-11.

Act One

Scene One

Hospital.

Early morning.

Alice is sitting. She is wearing a black coat. She has a rucksack by her side. Also a brown leather briefcase.

She strikes a match, watches it burn, blows it out.

She rolls down one sock. She has a cut on her leg. Quite bloody. She looks at it. She picks some strands of wool from the wound.

She looks at the briefcase. Thinks. Looks around. Opens it. She searches inside. She pulls out some sandwiches and looks at the contents, smiles, puts them back. She shines an apple. She bites into it.

As she starts to chew Dan enters. He wears a suit and an overcoat. He stops, watches her eating his apple. He is holding two hot drinks in styrofoam cups.

Alice Sorry. I was looking for a cigarette.

Dan I've given up.

Dan hands her a drink.

Alice Have you got to be somewhere?

Dan Work. Didn't fancy my sandwiches?

Alice I don't eat fish.

Dan Why not?

Alice Fish piss in the sea.

Dan So do children.

Alice I don't eat children either. What's your work?

Dan Journalism.

Alice What sort?

Dan (reluctant) Obituaries.

Alice Do you like it ... in the dying business?

Dan (smiles) It's a living.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

Beat.

Alice Do you think a doctor will come?

Dan Eventually. Does it hurt?

Alice I'll live.

Dan Shall I put your leg up?

Alice Why?

Dan That's what people do in these situations.

Alice What is this 'situation'?

They look at each other.

Dan Do you want me to put your leg up?

Alice Yes, please.

He lifts her leg onto a chair.

Who cut off your crusts?

Dan Me.

Alice Did your mother cut off your crusts when you were a little boy?

Dan I believe she did, yes.

Alice You should eat your crusts.

Dan You should stop smoking.

He looks at her leg on the chair.

I've got a mobile, is there anyone you'd like to phone?

Alice I don't know anyone.

Beat.

Thank you for scraping me off the road.

Dan My pleasure.

Alice You knight.

Dan *looks at her.*

Dan You damsel.

Beat.

Why didn't you look?

Alice I never look where I'm going.

Dan I looked into your eyes and then you stepped into the road.

Alice Then what?

Dan You were lying on the ground, you focused on me, you said, 'Hallo, stranger.'

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

Alice What a slut.

Dan I noticed your leg was cut.

Alice Did you notice my legs?

Dan In what sense?

Alice In the sense, 'nice legs'?

Dan Quite possibly.

Alice Then what?

Dan The cabbie got out. He crossed himself. He said, 'Thank fuck, I thought I'd killed her.' I said, 'Let's get her to a hospital.' He hesitated, I think he thought there'd be paperwork and he'd be held responsible. So I said, with a slight sneer, 'Please, just drop us at the hospital.'

Alice Show me the sneer.

Dan *sneers.*

Alice Very good.

Dan We put you in the cab and came here.

Alice What was I doing?

Dan You were murmuring, 'I'm very sorry for all the inconvenience.' I had my arm around you ... your head was on my shoulder.

Alice Was my head ... 'lolling'?

Dan That's exactly what it was doing.

Pause.

Alice You have the saddest looking bun I've ever seen. Can I have it?

Dan *opens his briefcase.*

Alice You'll be late for work.

Dan Are you saying you want me to go?

Alice No.

She puts her hand in the briefcase.

Dan You can have half.

She removes the bun, tears it in two and begins to eat.

Why were you at the Blackfriars Bridge?

Alice I'd been dancing at a club near Smithfield. Do you like dancing?

Dan I'm too old.

Alice Codswallop.

Dan I'm too old to *jive* let alone 'rave' or whatever it's called this week.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

Alice How old are you?

Dan Thirty-five.

Alice Half-time?

Dan Thank you very much. So ...

Alice I went for a walk. I went to see the meat being unloaded.

Dan The carcasses?

Alice Yes.

Dan Why?

Alice Because they're repulsive. Then I found a tiny park ... it's a graveyard too. Postman's Park. Do you know it?

Dan No.

Alice There's a memorial to ordinary people who died saving the lives of others. It's most curious. Then I decided to go to Borough ... so I went to Blackfriars Bridge to cross the river.

Pause. Dan offers her the other half of the bun.

Alice Are you sure?

Dan Yeah, it's yesterday's sad bun.

Beat.

That park ... it's near here?

Alice Yes.

Dan Is there a statue?

Alice A Minotaur.

Dan Yeah, I do know it ... we sat there ... (my mother's dead) ... my father and I sat there the afternoon she died. She died here actually ... she was a smoker.

Remembering gradually.

My father ... ate ... an egg sandwich ... his hands shook with grief ... pieces of egg fell on the grass ... butter on the his top lip ... but I don't remember ... a memorial.

Pause.

Alice Is your father still alive?

Dan Just. He's in a home.

Alice How did you end up writing obituaries? What did you really want to be?

Pause.

Dan Oh ... I had dreams of being a writer but I had no voice – no talent. So ... I ended up in the 'Siberia' of journalism.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

Alice Tell me what you do. I want to imagine you in Siberia.

Dan Really?

Alice Yes.

Dan Well ... we call it 'the obits page'. There's three of us; me, Harry and Graham. The first thing someone will say (usually Graham) is 'Who's on the slab?' Meaning did anyone important die overnight. Are you sure you want to know?

Alice Yes.

Dan If someone 'important' did die we go to the 'deep freeze' which is a computer containing all the obituaries and we'll find the dead person's life.

Alice People's obituaries are already written when they're still alive?

Dan Some people's. If no one important has died then Harry – he's the editor – decides who we lead with and we check facts, make calls, polish the prose. Some days I might be asked to deal with the widows or widowers. They try to persuade us to run an obituary of their husbands and wives. They feel we're dishonouring their loved ones if we don't ... but ... most of them are ... well there isn't space. At six we stand around the computer and read the next day's page, make final changes, put in a few euphemisms to amuse ourselves ...

Alice Such as?

Dan 'He was a clubbable fellow', meaning he was an alcoholic. 'He valued his privacy' – gay. 'He enjoyed his privacy' – raging queen. 'She was a convivial hostess' –

Alice A pissed old slapper.

Dan Exactly.

Pause. Alice slowly strokes Dan's face. He is unnerved but not unwilling.

1. Analysieren Sie das Verhältnis zwischen Alice und Dan! Berücksichtigen Sie dabei auch den Titel des Dramas!
2. Diskutieren Sie das Wechselspiel zwischen Vergangenheit und Gegenwart sowie zwischen Tod und Leben!
3. Welche Funktion übernimmt dabei die Erinnerung?
4. Ordnen Sie das Drama in den literarischen und gesellschaftlichen Kontext der 1990er Jahre ein!

Thema Nr. 2

William Shakespeare, *King Henry IV, Part 2* (1597)

4.5.

[King Henry IV, der als Henry Bolingbroke zum Mörder des Vorgängers King Richard II und Usurpatoren des Throns geworden war, liegt im Sterben. Sein Sohn, Prince Henry, der einen Ruf als Taugenichts und Lebemann erworben hatte, hat, den Vater bereits für tot haltend, die Krone an sich genommen – und wird nun in dieser Szene mit dem ‚Kronenraub‘ konfrontiert.]

[...]

Prince. I never thought to hear you speak again.

King. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought;

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair

That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours 95

Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.

Stay but a little, for my cloud of dignity

Is held from falling with so weak a wind

That it will quickly drop; my day is dim. 100

Thou hast stol'n that which after some few hours

Were thine without offence, and at my death

Thou hast seal'd up my expectation.

Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,

And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it. 105

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,

To stab at half an hour of my life.

What, canst thou not forbear me half an hour?

Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself, 110

And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear

That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse

Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head,

Only compound me with forgotten dust. 115

Give that which gave thee life unto the worms;

Pluck down my officers; break my decrees;

For now a time is come to mock at form –

Harry the fifth is crown'd! Up, vanity!

Down, royal state! All you sage counsellors, hence! 120

And to the English court assemble now

From every region, apes of idleness!

Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum!

Have you a ruffian* that will swear, drink, dance,

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit The oldest sins the newest kind of ways? Be happy, he will trouble you no more. England shall double gild his treble guilt, England shall give him office, honour, might: For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks The muzzle* of restraint, and the wild dog Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent. O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows! When that my care could not withhold thy riots, What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?	125 130 135
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again, Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants! <i>Prince.</i> [<i>Kneels</i>] O, pardon me, my liege! But for my tears, The moist impediments unto my speech, I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke, Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard The course of it so far. There is your crown; And He that wears the crown immortally Long guard it yours! If I affect it more Than as your honour and as your renown,	 140 145
Let me no more from this obedience rise, Which my most inward true and duteous spirit Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending. God witness with me, when I here came in, And found no course of breath within your Majesty, How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign, O, let me in my present wildness die, And never live to show th'incredulous world The noble change that I have purposed! Coming to look on you, thinking you dead, And dead almost, my liege, to think you were, I spake unto this crown as having sense, And thus upbraided* it: 'The care on thee depending Hath fed upon the body of my father; Therefore thou best of gold art worst of gold. Other, less fine in carat, is more precious, Preserving life in med'cine potable; But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd, Hast eat thy bearer up'. Thus, my most royal liege, Accusing it, I put it on my head,	150 155 160 165
To try with it, as with an enemy That had before my face murder'd my father, The quarrel of a true inheritor. But if it did infect my blood with joy,	

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride,	170
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine	
Did with the least affection of a welcome	
Give entertainment to the might of it,	
Let God for ever keep it from my head,	
And make me as the poorest vassal is,	175
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!	
<i>King.</i> O my son,	
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,	
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,	
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!	180
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed,	
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel	
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,	
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways	
I met this crown, and I myself know well	185
How troublesome it sat upon my head.	
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,	
Better opinion, better confirmation,	
For all the soil of the achievement goes	
With me into the earth. [...]	
[...] what in me was purchas'd	
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;	200
So thou the garland wear'st successively.	
[...]	

Text: William Shakespeare, *King Henry IV, Part 2*, ed. A.R. Humphreys (London: Methuen, 1960, repr. 2001) 4.5.91-201.

- * ruffian – Rüpel
- * muzzle – Maulkorb
- * upbraid – tadeln

1. Analysieren Sie die Szene hinsichtlich Informationsvergabe, Stilistik und rhetorischer Struktur!
2. Kommentieren Sie besonders die korrespondierenden Elemente in der ‚Angriffs‘- und ‚Verteidigungs‘rede und erklären Sie den rhetorischen Erfolg des Prinzen!
3. Diskutieren Sie die hier zentralen Fragen der rechtmäßigen Erbfolge sowie der Vater-Sohn-Beziehung mit Bezug auf weitere Ihnen bekannte Stücke der Zeit!

Thema Nr. 3

PREFACE. If ever the story of any private man's adventure's in the world were worth making publick, and were acceptable when published, the editor of this account thinks this will be so.

The wonders of this man's life exceed all that (he thinks) is to be found extant; the life of one man being scarce capable of a greater variety.

The story is told with modesty, with seriousness, and with a religious application of events to the uses to which wise men always apply them, viz. to the instruction of others by this example, and to justify and honour the wisdom of Providence in all the variety of our circumstances, let them happen how they will.

The editor believes the thing to be a just history of fact; neither is there any appearance of fiction in it: and however thinks, because all such things are dispatched, that the improvement of it, as well to the diversion as to the instruction of the reader, will be the same; and as such, he thinks, without farther compliment to the world, he does them a great service in the publication.

CHAPTER 1

I was born in the year 1632, in the city of York, of a good family, though not of that country, my father being a foreigner of Bremen, who settled first at Hull. He got a good estate by merchandise, and leaving off his trade, lived afterwards at York, from whence he had married my mother, whose relations were named Robinson, a very good family in that country, and from whom I was called Robinson Kreutznaer; but, by the usual corruption of words in England, we are now called—nay we call ourselves and write our name—Crusoe; and so my companions always called me.

I had two elder brothers, one of whom was lieutenant-colonel to an English regiment of foot in Flanders, formerly commanded by the famous Colonel Lockhart, and was killed at the battle near Dunkirk against the Spaniards. What became of my second brother I never knew, any more than my father or mother knew what became of me.

Being the third son of the family and not bred to any trade, my head began to be filled very early with rambling thoughts. My father, who was very ancient, had given me a competent share of learning, as far as house-education and a country free school generally go, and designed me for the law; but I would be satisfied with nothing but going to sea; and my inclination to this led me so strongly against the will, nay, the commands of my father, and against all the entreaties and persuasions of my mother and other friends, that there seemed to be something fatal in that propensity of nature, tending directly to the life of misery which was to befall me.

My father, a wise and grave man, gave me serious and excellent counsel against what he foresaw was my design. He called me one morning into his chamber, where he was confined by the gout, and expostulated very warmly with me upon this subject. He asked me what reasons, more than a mere wandering inclination, I had for leaving father's house and my native country, where I might be well introduced, and had a prospect of raising my fortune by application and industry, with a life of ease and pleasure. He told me it was men of desperate fortunes on one hand, or of aspiring, superior fortunes on the other, who went abroad upon adventures, to rise by enterprise, and make themselves famous in undertakings of a nature out of the common road; that these things were all either too far above me or too far below me; that mine was the middle state, or what might be called the upper

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

station of low life, which he had found, by long experience, was the best state in the world, the most suited to human happiness, not exposed to the miseries and hardships, the labour and sufferings of the mechanic part of mankind, and not embarrassed with the pride, luxury, ambition, and envy of the upper part of mankind. He told me I might judge of the happiness of this state by this one thing—viz. that this was the state of life which all other people envied; that kings have frequently lamented the miserable consequence of being born to great things, and wished they had been placed in the middle of the two extremes, between the mean and the great; that the wise man gave his testimony to this, as the standard of felicity, when he prayed to have neither poverty nor riches.

He bade me observe it, and I should always find that the calamities of life were shared among the upper and lower part of mankind, but that the middle station had the fewest disasters, and was not exposed to so many vicissitudes as the higher or lower part of mankind; nay, they were not subjected to so many distempers and uneasinesses, either of body or mind, as those were who, by vicious living, luxury, and extravagances on the one hand, or by hard labour, want of necessaries, and mean or insufficient diet on the other hand, bring distemper upon themselves by the natural consequences of their way of living; that the middle station of life was calculated for all kind of virtue and all kind of enjoyments; that peace and plenty were the handmaids of a middle fortune; that temperance, moderation, quietness, health, society, all agreeable diversions, and all desirable pleasures, were the blessings attending the middle station of life; that this way men went silently and smoothly through the world, and comfortably out of it, not embarrassed with the labours of the hands or of the head, not sold to a life of slavery for daily bread, nor harassed with perplexed circumstances, which rob the soul of peace and the body of rest, nor enraged with the passion of envy, or the secret burning lust of ambition for great things; but, in easy circumstances, sliding gently through the world, and sensibly tasting the sweets of living, without the bitter; feeling that they are happy, and learning by every day's experience to know it more sensibly.

After this he pressed me earnestly, and in the most affectionate manner, not to play the young man, nor to precipitate myself into miseries which nature, and the station of life I was born in, seemed to have provided against; that I was under no necessity of seeking my bread; that he would do well for me, and endeavour to enter me fairly into the station of life which he had just been recommending to me; and that if I was not very easy and happy in the world, it must be my mere fate or fault that must hinder it; and that he should have nothing to answer for, having thus discharged his duty in warning me against measures which he knew would be to my hurt; in a word, that as he would do very kind things for me if I would stay and settle at home as he directed, so he would not have so much hand in my misfortunes as to give me any encouragement to go away; and to close all, he told me I had my elder brother for an example, to whom he had used the same earnest persuasions to keep him from going into the Low Country wars, but could not prevail, his young desires prompting him to run into the army, where he was killed; and though he said he would not cease to pray for me, yet he would venture to say to me, that if I did take this foolish step, God would not bless me, and I should have leisure hereafter to reflect upon having neglected his counsel when there might be none to assist in my recovery.

I observed in this last part of his discourse, which was truly prophetic, though I suppose my father did not know it to be so himself—I say, I observed the tears run down his face very plentifully, especially when he spoke of my brother who was killed: and that when he spoke of my having leisure to repent, and none to assist me, he was so moved that he broke off the discourse, and told me his heart was so full he could say no more to me.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

I was sincerely affected with this discourse, and, indeed, who could be otherwise? and I resolved not to think of going abroad any more, but to settle at home according to my father's desire. But alas! a few days wore it all off; and, in short, to prevent any of my father's further importunities, in a few weeks after I resolved to run quite away from him. However, I did not act quite so hastily as the first heat of my resolution prompted; but I took my mother at a time when I thought her a little more pleasant than ordinary, and told her that my thoughts were so entirely bent upon seeing the world that I should never settle to anything with resolution enough to go through with it, and my father had better give me his consent than force me to go without it; that I was now eighteen years old, which was too late to go apprentice to a trade or clerk to an attorney; that I was sure if I did I should never serve out my time, but I should certainly run away from my master before my time was out, and go to sea; and if she would speak to my father to let me go one voyage abroad, if I came home again, and did not like it, I would go no more; and I would promise, by a double diligence, to recover the time that I had lost.

Analysieren und interpretieren Sie das Vorwort sowie den Romananfang von Daniel Defoes *The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe* (1719)!

1. Analysieren Sie zunächst, wie der Roman einsetzt und mit welchen narrativen Strategien er vorgeht!
2. Erläutern Sie dann das erzählerische Programm, das im Vorwort entworfen wird, und diskutieren Sie, ob und wie der Romananfang es umzusetzen verspricht!
3. Ordnen Sie das Beispiel in den literarischen, kulturellen und politischen Kontext seiner Entstehungszeit ein!

Thema Nr. 4Texte:

Rupert Brooke: „The Dead“ (1914)

Charles Hamilton Sorley: „When you see millions of the mouthless dead“ (1915)

Rupert Brooke: The Dead

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
 There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
 But dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
 These laid the world away; poured out the red
 Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
 Of work and joy, and that unhopèd serene,
 That men call age; and those who would have been,
 Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
 Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
 Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
 And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
 And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
 And we have come into our heritage.

10

1 Bugles signal horns**9 dearth** scarcity**Charles Hamilton Sorley: 'When you see millions of the mouthless dead'**

When you see millions of the mouthless dead
 Across your dreams in pale battalions go,
 Say not soft things as other men have said,
 That you'll remember. For you need not so.
 Give them not praise. For, deaf, how should they know
 It is not curses heaped on each gashed head?
 Nor tears. Their blind eyes see not your tears flow.
 Nor honour. It is easy to be dead.
 Say only this, "They are dead." Then add thereto,
 "Yet many a better one has died before."
 Then, scanning all the o'ercrowded mass, should you
 Perceive one face that you loved heretofore,
 It is a spook. None wears the face you knew.
 Great death has made all his for evermore.

10

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

1. Nehmen Sie eine vergleichende Analyse der Gedichte im Hinblick auf Thematik, Aufbau, Metrik, Bildlichkeit und sprachliche Gestaltung vor!
2. Erläutern Sie Sprechsituation und Kommunikationszusammenhang!
3. Wie lassen sich die Gedichte in ihren zeithistorischen Kontext einordnen?
4. Situieren Sie Brookes und Sorleys Texte innerhalb der Entwicklung der englischen Lyrik des 20. Jahrhunderts!

Thema Nr. 5**Emily Dickinson, "A Bird came down the Walk"**

A Bird came down the Walk –
He did not know I saw –
He bit an Angleworm in halves
And ate the fellow, raw,

And then he drank a Dew
From a convenient Grass –
And then hopped sidewise to the Wall
To let a Beetle pass –

He glanced with rapid eyes
That hurried all abroad –
They looked like frightened Beads, I thought –
He stirred his Velvet Head

Like one in danger, Cautious,
I offered him a Crumb
And he unrolled his feathers
And rowed him softer home –

Than Oars divide the Ocean,
Too silver for a seam –
Or Butterflies, off Banks of Noon
Leap, plashless as they swim.

Ausgabe: *Final Harvest. Emily Dickinson's Poems*. Ed. Thomas H. Johnson.
Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1961. 34; 69.

1. Identifizieren Sie die Sprechsituation des Gedichts und analysieren Sie deren Funktion!
2. Welche Bedeutungseffekte werden durch den formalen Aufbau des Gedichts und durch die verwendeten stilistischen Mittel erzeugt?
3. Ordnen Sie Dickinsons Gedichte in der Geschichte der amerikanischen Lyrik ein!

Thema Nr. 6

Frederick Douglass, „What to the Slave is the Fourth of July“ (1852)

This, for the purpose of this celebration, is the 4th of July. It is the birthday of your National Independence, and of your political freedom. This, to you, is what the Passover was to the emancipated people of God. It carries your minds back to the day, and to the act of your great deliverance; and to the signs, and to the wonders, associated with that act, and that day. This celebration also marks the beginning of another year of your national life; and reminds you that the Republic of America is now 76 years old. I am glad, fellow-citizens, that your nation is so young. Seventy-six years, though a good old age for a man, is but a mere speck in the life of a nation. Three score years and ten is the allotted time for individual men; but nations number their years by thousands. According to this fact, you are, even now, only in the beginning of your national career, still lingering in the period of childhood. I repeat, I am glad this is so. There is hope in the thought, and hope is much needed, under the dark clouds which lower above the horizon. The eye of the reformer is met with angry flashes, portending disastrous times; but his heart may well beat lighter at the thought that America is young, and that she is still in the impressible stage of her existence. May he not hope that high lessons of wisdom, of justice and of truth, will yet give direction to her destiny? Were the nation older, the patriot's heart might be sadder, and the reformer's brow heavier. Its future might be shrouded in gloom, and the hope of its prophets go out in sorrow. There is consolation in the thought that America is young. Great streams are not easily turned from channels, worn deep in the course of ages. They may sometimes rise in quiet and stately majesty, and inundate the land, refreshing and fertilizing the earth with their mysterious properties. They may also rise in wrath and fury, and bear away, on their angry waves, the accumulated wealth of years of toil and hardship. They, however, gradually flow back to the same old channel, and flow on as serenely as ever. But, while the river may not be turned aside, it may dry up, and leave nothing behind but the withered branch, and the unsightly rock, to howl in the abyss-sweeping wind, the sad tale of departed glory. As with rivers so with nations.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

1. Diskutieren Sie den Textausschnitt mit Blick auf seine stilistischen und rhetorischen Besonderheiten!
2. In welche oratorischen Traditionen lässt er sich einordnen und wie verhält er sich zu den Gründungstexten der amerikanischen Nation, etwa der „Declaration of Independence“?
3. Wie beurteilen Sie die Brisanz des Textes für zeitgenössische Leser und seine Aktualität – insbesondere angesichts der jüngsten politischen Entwicklungen – für Debatten zu ‚race‘ und ‚democracy‘ im 21. Jahrhundert?

Thema Nr. 7

PROLOGUE

I AM AN invisible man. No, I am not a spook like those who haunted Edgar Allan Poe; nor am I one of your Hollywood-movie ectoplasms. I am a man of substance, of flesh and bone, fiber and liquids - and I might even be said to possess a mind. I am invisible, understand, simply because people refuse to see me. Like the bodiless heads you see sometimes in circus sideshows, it is as though I have been surrounded by mirrors of hard, distorting glass. When they approach me they see only my surroundings, themselves, or figments of their imagination - indeed, everything and anything except me.

Nor is my invisibility exactly a matter of a biochemical accident to my epidermis. That invisibility to which I refer occurs because of a peculiar disposition of the eyes of those with whom I come in contact. A matter of the construction of their *inner* eyes, those eyes with which they look through their physical eyes upon reality. I am not complaining, nor am I protesting either. It is sometimes advantageous to be unseen, although it is most often rather wearing on the nerves. Then too, you're constantly being bumped against by those of poor vision. Or again, you often doubt if you really exist. You wonder whether you aren't simply a phantom in other people's minds. Say, a figure in a nightmare which the sleeper tries with all his strength to destroy. It's when you feel like this that, out of resentment, you begin to bump people back. And, let me confess, you feel that way most of the time. You ache with the need to convince yourself that you do exist in the real world, that you're a part of all the sound and anguish, and you strike out with your fists, you curse and you swear to make them recognize you. And, alas, it's seldom successful.

[...]

The point now is that I found a home - or a hole in the ground, as you will. Now don't jump to the conclusion that because I call my home a "hole" it is damp and cold like a grave; there are cold holes and warm holes. Mine is a warm hole. And remember, a bear retires to his hole for the winter and lives until spring; then he comes strolling out like the Easter chick breaking from its shell. I say all this to assure you that it is incorrect to assume that, because I'm invisible and live in a hole, I am dead. I am neither dead nor in a state of suspended animation. Call me Jack-the-Bear, for I am in a state of hibernation.

Auszug aus: Ellison, Ralph. *Invisible Man*. New York: Random, 1972, 3-4, 5.

Textaufgabe:

1. Charakterisieren Sie die Erzählsituation und die Erzählstimme des vorliegenden Romananfangs!
2. Ordnen Sie den Text literaturhistorisch ein!
3. Wie interpretieren Sie die Symbolik der Unsichtbarkeit, die sowohl im Romananfang als auch im Romantitel thematisiert wird, im Kontext der afro-amerikanischen Erzählliteratur, zu der Ellisons Roman (Ersterscheinungsjahr 1952) gehört?