
Prüfungsteilnehmer

Prüfungstermin

Einzelprüfungsnummer

Kennzahl: _____

Kennwort: _____

Arbeitsplatz-Nr.: _____

**Herbst
2014**

62619

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

Fach: **Englisch (vertieft studiert)**

Einzelprüfung: **Literaturwissenschaft**

Anzahl der gestellten Themen (Aufgaben): 7

Anzahl der Druckseiten dieser Vorlage: 16

Bitte wenden!

Thema Nr.1I. Text:

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest* (1611)

PROSPERO Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth! 320

Enter Caliban.

CALIBAN As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! A southwest blow on ye
And blister you all over. 325

PROSPERO For this be sure: tonight thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee. Thou shalt be pinched
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging 330
Than bees that made them.

CALIBAN: I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine by Sycorax, my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,
Thou strok'st me and made much of me, wouldst give me
Water with berries in't, and teach me how 335
To name the bigger light and how the less

That burn by day and night. And then I loved thee
And showed thee all the qualities o'th'isle:
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile.
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms 340
Of Sycorax -- toads, beetles, bats light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

Which first was mine own King; and here you sty me
 In this hard rock whiles you do keep from me
 The rest o'th'island. 345

PROSPERO: Thou most lying slave,
 Whom stripes may move, not kindness -- I have used thee
 (Filth as thou art) with human care, and lodged thee
 In mine own cell till thou didst seek to violate
 The honor of my child. 350

CALIBAN Oh ho! Oh ho! Would't had been done!
 Thou didst prevent me. I had peopled else
 The isle with Calibans.

MIRANDA: Abhorred slave,
 Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
 Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee, 355
 Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
 One thing or other when thou didst not, savage,
 Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
 A thing most brutish. I endowed thy purposes
 With words that made them known, but thy wild race 360
 (Though thou didst learn) had that in't which good natures
 Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
 Deservedly confined into this rock,
 Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

CALIBAN You taught me language, and my profit on't 365
 Is -- I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
 For learning me your language.
 (1.2.320-367)

II. Aufgaben:

1. Analysieren Sie die Szene in Bezug auf Dialogführung, Argumentationsstruktur und Figurencharakterisierung!
2. Vergleichen Sie die Reden Calibans (332-345, 365-367) und Mirandas (353-364) in Bezug auf das Verhältnis von Herrscher und Beherrschtem, das sie jeweils entwerfen!
3. Diskutieren Sie, welche Rolle Vorurteile gegenüber ethnischen oder religiösen Minderheiten im zeitgenössischen Diskurs über das Fremde spielten und zeigen Sie dies an zwei weiteren Texten der Zeit!

Thema Nr. 2

- I. Text: Peter Shaffer: *Amadeus* (1979)
Ausgabe: London: Penguin, 2007, S. 76-78.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart ist verzweifelt, weil er in Wien nicht den erhofften Erfolg hat, und spielt mit dem Gedanken, die Stadt zu verlassen. Seine missliche Lage hat er zu einem großen Teil den Intrigen des kaiserlichen Hofkomponisten Salieri zu verdanken, der sich indessen als sein väterlicher Freund ausgibt. Als sich Mozart bei Salieri über seine Lage beklagt, kommt die Nachricht vom Tod seines Vaters.

Wortschatzhilfen:

recoil to shrink back; **venticello** ‚little wind‘, purveyor of information, gossip and rumour;
tricorn hat three-cornered hat

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

[SERVANTS again bring on the wing-chair.]

MOZART: I'll go to England. England loves music. That's the answer!

SALIERI [to audience]: We were yet again in the library of the Baroness Waldstädten: that room fated to be the scene of ghastly encounters between us. Again, too, the compensating *crema al mascarpone*.

[He sits in the chair and eats greedily.]

MOZART: I was there when I was a boy. They absolutely adored me. I had more kisses than you've had cakes! ... When I was a child, people loved me.

SALIERI: Perhaps they will again. Why don't you go to London and try?

MOZART: Because I have a wife and child and no money. I wrote to Papa to take the boy off my hands just for a few months so I could go – and he refused! ... He's a bitter man, of course. After he'd finished showing me off around Europe he never went anywhere himself. He just stayed up in Salzburg year after year, kissing the ring of the Fartsbishop and lecturing me! ... [Confidentially] The real thing is, you see, he's jealous. Under everything he's jealous of me! He'll never forgive me for being cleverer than he is.

[He leans excitedly over SALIERI's chair like a naughty child.]

I'll tell you a secret. Leopold Mozart is just a jealous, dried-up old turd ... And I actually detest him.

[He giggles guiltily. The VENTICELLI appear quickly, and address SALIERI, as MOZART freezes.]

VENTICELLO 1 [solemnly]: Leopold Mozart –

VENTICELLO 2 [solemnly]: Leopold Mozart –

VENTICELLO 1 and VENTICELLO 2: Leopold Mozart is dead!

[They go off. MOZART recoils. A long pause.]

SALIERI: Do not despair. Death is inevitable, my friend.

MOZART [desperately]: How will I go now?

SALIERI: What do you mean?

MOZART: In the world. There's no one else. No one who understands the wickedness around. *I can't see it!* ... He watched for me all my life – and I betrayed him.

SALIERI: No!

MOZART: I talked against him.

SALIERI: No!

MOZART [distressed]: I married where he begged me not. I left him alone. I danced and played billiards and fooled about, and he sat by himself night after night in an empty house, and no woman to care for him ...

[SALIERI rises in concern.]

SALIERI: Wolfgang. My dear Wolfgang. Don't accuse yourself! ... Lean upon me, if you care to ... Lean upon me.

[SALIERI opens his arms in a wide gesture of paternal benevolence. MOZART approaches, and is almost tempted to surrender to the embrace. But at the last moment he avoids it, and breaks away down front, to fall on his knees.]

MOZART: Papa!

SALIERI [to audience]: So rose the Ghost Father in *Don Giovanni!*

* * *

[The two grim chords which open the Overture to Don Giovanni sound through the theatre. MOZART seems to quail under them, as he stares out front. On the backdrop in the Light Box appears the silhouette of a giant black figure, in cloak and tricorne hat. It extends its arms, menacingly and engulfingly, towards its beggetter.]

SALIERI: A Father more accusing than any in opera. So rose the figure of a Guilty Libertine, cast into Hell! ... I looked on astounded as from his ordinary life he made his art. We were both ordinary men, he and I. Yet he from the ordinary created legends – and I from legends created only the ordinary.

[The figure fades. SALIERI stands over the kneeling MOZART.]

Could I not have stopped my war? Shown him some pity? Oh yes, my friends, at any time – if He above had shown me one drop of it! Every day I set to work I prayed – I still prayed, you understand – 'Make this one good in my ears! Just this one! *One!*' But would He ever? ... I heard my music calmed in convention – not one breath of spirit to lift it off the shallows. And I heard his –

[We hear the exquisite strains of the *cerzetto* 'Soave sia il vento' from *Così Fan Tutte*.]

– the spirit singing through it unstoppable to my ears alone! [To God, in anguish] 'Grant this to me! ... Grant this to me! ... [As 'God'] 'No, no, no: I do not need you, Salieri! I have Mozart! Better for you to be silent! *Hahahahaha!*

[The music cuts off as he giggles savagely.]

The Creature's dreadful giggle was the laughter of God. I had to end it. But how? There was only one way. *Starvation*. Reduce the man to destitution. Starve out the God.

II. Aufgaben:

1. Analysieren Sie die Szene in Bezug auf Struktur, Dialoggestaltung und Figurencharakterisierung!
2. Analysieren Sie die räumlichen und zeitlichen Bezüge der Handlung! Erläutern Sie die Rolle Salieris!
3. Analysieren Sie anhand der Bühnenanweisungen die außersprachlichen Theatercodes!
4. Interpretieren Sie die Szenen in Bezug auf die Darstellung des Zusammenhangs von Leben und Werk Mozarts!

Thema Nr. 3

I. Text:

Emily Dickinson. "Because I could not stop for Death". In: Kennedy, X. J./Gioia, Dana. *Literature: An Introduction to Fiction, Poetry, and Drama*. New York: Longman, 1999. 1017.

BECAUSE I COULD NOT STOP FOR DEATH

(ABOUT 1863)

Because I could not stop for Death –
He kindly stopped for me –
The Carriage held but just Ourselves –
And Immortality.

We slowly drove – He knew no haste
And I had put away
My labor and my leisure too,
For His Civility –

5

We passed the School, where Children strove
At Recess – in the Ring –
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain –
We passed the Setting Sun –

10

Or rather – He passed Us –
The Dews drew quivering and chill –
For only Gossamer, my Gown –
My Tippet° – only Tulle –

15

cape

We passed before a House that seemed
A Swelling of the Ground –
The Roof was scarcely visible –
The Cornice – in the Ground –

20

Since then – 'tis Centuries – and yet
Feels shorter than the Day
I first surmised the Horses Heads
Were toward Eternity –

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

II. Aufgaben:

1. Analysieren Sie die formalen, sprachlichen und stilistischen Elemente des Gedichts "Because I could not stop for Death" von Emily Dickinson, das ca. 1863 entstand!
2. Situieren Sie das Gedicht im literatur- und kulturhistorischen Umfeld der amerikanischen Romantik!
3. Diskutieren Sie mit Bezug auf zwei weitere Autor/innen die sprachliche Darstellung und Problematisierung der Todesthematik in der amerikanischen Lyrik!

Thema Nr. 4I. Text:

Seamus Heaney, *New Selected Poems 1966-1987*, London: Faber & Faber, 1990, 1-2.

Digging

- 1 Between my finger and my thumb
 The squat pen rests; snug as a gun.
- Under my window, a clean rasping sound
 When the spade sinks into gravelly ground:
5 My father, digging. I look down
- Till his straining rump among the flowerbeds
 Bends low, comes up twenty years away
 Stooping in rhythm through potato drills
 Where he was digging.
- 10 The coarse boot nestled on the lug, the shaft
 Against the inside knee was levered firmly.
 He rooted out tall tops, buried the bright edge deep
 To scatter new potatoes that we picked
 Loving their cool hardness in our hands.
- 15 By God, the old man could handle a spade.
 Just like his old man.
- My grandfather cut more turf in a day
 Than any other man on Toner's bog.
 Once I carried him milk in a bottle
20 Corked sloppily with paper. He straightened up
 To drink it, then fell to right away
 Nicking and slicing neatly, heaving sods
 Over his shoulder, going down and down
 For the good turf. Digging.
- 25 The cold smell of potato mould, the squelch and slap
 Of soggy peat, the curt cuts of an edge
 Through living roots awaken in my head.
 But I've no spade to follow men like them.
- 30 Between my finger and my thumb
 The squat pen rests.
 I'll dig with it.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

II. Aufgaben:

1. Führen Sie zunächst eine vollständige formale Analyse dieses 1966 erstmals publizierten Gedichtes durch!
2. Entfalten Sie daraufhin die Bedeutungsdimensionen der dominanten Metaphorik von Torfstechen/Graben/Schreiben, besonders im Hinblick auf die Polaritäten von Zeit und Raum, Entstehen und Vergehen, sowie Natur und Kultur!
3. Situieren Sie schließlich Seamus Heaney als einen prominenten Vertreter englischsprachiger, jedoch nicht britischer Dichtung im 20. Jahrhundert!

Thema Nr. 5

Der vorliegende Textauszug stammt aus J. Hector St. John de Crèvecoeurs *Letters from an American Farmer*. Dieser Text wurde 1782 veröffentlicht und prägte besonders in Europa das Amerikabild der Zeitgenossen bis weit ins 19. Jahrhundert hinein. Geschrieben wurde er allerdings vor Beginn des amerikanischen Unabhängigkeitskriegs. *Letters from an American Farmer* besteht aus 12 Briefen des fiktiven Farmers James an einen „Gentleman“ in England. In diesen Briefen liefert der Farmer umfassende Einblicke in das Leben – die Praktiken, Ideen, Werte – der britischen Kolonien. Die folgende Textpassage stammt aus dem berühmten 3. Brief, der den Titel „What is an American“ trägt.

I. Text:

I wish I could be acquainted with the feelings and thoughts which must agitate the heart and present themselves to the mind of an enlightened Englishman, when he first lands on this continent. He must greatly rejoice that he lived at a time to see this fair country discovered and settled; he must necessarily feel a share of national pride, when he views the chain of settlements which embellishes these extended shores. When he says to himself, this is the work of my countrymen, who, when convulsed by factions, afflicted by a variety of miseries and wants, restless and impatient, took refuge here. They brought along with them their national genius, to which they principally owe what liberty they enjoy, and what substance they possess. Here he sees the industry of his native country displayed in a new manner, and traces in their works the embryos of all the arts, sciences, and ingenuity which flourish in Europe. Here he beholds fair cities, substantial villages, extensive fields, an immense country filled with decent houses, good roads, orchards, meadows, and bridges, where an hundred years ago all was wild, woody and uncultivated! What a train of pleasing ideas this fair spectacle must suggest; it is a prospect which must inspire a good citizen with the most heartfelt pleasure. The difficulty consists in the manner of viewing so extensive a scene. He is arrived on a new continent; a modern society offers itself to his contemplation, different from what he had hitherto seen. It is not composed, as in Europe, of great lords who possess everything and of a herd of people who have nothing. Here are no aristocratical families, no courts, no kings, no bishops, no ecclesiastical dominion, no invisible power giving to a few a very visible one; no great manufacturers employing thousands, no great refinements of luxury. The rich and the poor are not so far removed from each other as they are in Europe. Some few towns excepted, we are all tillers of the earth, from Nova Scotia to West Florida. We are a people of cultivators, scattered over an immense territory communicating with each other by means of good roads and navigable rivers, united by the silken bands of mild government, all respecting the laws, without dreading their power, because they are equitable. [. . .]

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

25 What then is the American, this new man? He is either an European, or the descendant of an
European, hence that strange mixture of blood, which you will find in no other country. I could point
out to you a family whose grandfather was an Englishman, whose wife was Dutch, whose son married
a French woman, and whose present four sons have now four wives of different nations. *He* is an
American, who leaving behind him all his ancient prejudices and manners, receives new ones from the
30 new mode of life he has embraced, the new government he obeys, and the new rank he holds He
becomes an American by being received in the broad lap of our great *Alma Mater*. Here individuals of
all nations are melted into a new race of men, whose labours and posterity will one day cause great
changes in the world. Americans are the western pilgrims, who are carrying along with them that great
mass of arts, sciences, vigour, and industry which began long since in the east; they will finish the
great circle. The Americans were once scattered all over Europe; here they are incorporated into one
35 of the finest systems of population which has ever appeared, and which will hereafter become distinct
by the power of the different climates they inhabit. The American ought therefore to love this country
much better than that wherein either he or his forefathers were born. Here the rewards of his industry
follow with equal steps the progress of his labour; his labour is founded on the basis of nature, *self-*
interest; can it want a stronger allurements? Wives and children, who before in vain demanded of him a
40 morsel of bread, now, fat and frolicsome, gladly help their father to clear those fields whence
exuberant crops are to arise to feed and to clothe them all; without any part being claimed, either by a
despotic prince, a rich abbot, or a mighty lord. Here religion demands but little of him; a small
voluntary salary to the minister, and gratitude to God; can he refuse these? The American is a new
man, who acts upon new principles; he must therefore entertain new ideas, and form new opinions.
45 From involuntary idleness, servile dependence, penury, and useless labour, he has passed to toils of a
very different nature, rewarded by ample subsistence. – This is an American.

Ausgabe: J. Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur. *Letters from an American Farmer*. New York; Dutton, 1957. 35-36; 39-40.

II. Aufgaben:

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. *Letters from an American Farmer* kann als zentraler Text der Konstruktion eines amerikanischen Selbstbildes angesehen werden. Erklären Sie, warum dies so ist, indem Sie den Text literar- bzw. kulturhistorisch einordnen und indem Sie seine ideologisch zentralen Aussagen auflisten!

Thema Nr. 6**I. Text:**

Charles Dickens, *Bleak House* (1852/1853); CHAPTER I: In Chancery

London. Michaelmas Term lately over, and the Lord Chancellor sitting in Lincoln's Inn Hall. Implacable November weather. As much mud in the streets, as if the waters had but newly retired from the face of the earth, and it would not be wonderful to meet a Megalosaurus*, forty feet long or so, waddling like an elephantine lizard up Holborn Hill. Smoke* lowering down from chimney-pots, making a soft black drizzle, with flakes of soot in it as big as full-grown snowflakes – gone into mourning, one might imagine, for the death of the sun. Dogs, undistinguishable in mire. Horses, scarcely better; splashed to their very blinkers. Foot passengers, jostling one another's umbrellas in a general infection of ill temper, and losing their foot-hold at street-corners, where tens of thousands of other foot passengers have been slipping and sliding since the day broke (if this day ever broke), adding new deposits to the crust upon crust of mud, sticking at those points tenaciously to the pavement, and accumulating at compound interest.

Fog everywhere. Fog up the river, where it flows among green aits and meadows; fog down the river, where it rolls defiled among the tiers of shipping and the waterside pollutions of a great (and dirty) city. Fog on the Essex marshes, fog on the Kentish heights. Fog creeping into the cabooses of collier-brigs; fog lying out on the yards and hovering in the rigging of great ships; fog drooping on the gunwales of barges and small boats. Fog in the eyes and throats of ancient Greenwich pensioners*, wheezing by the firesides of their wards; fog in the stem and bowl of the afternoon pipe of the wrathful skipper, down in his close cabin; fog cruelly pinching the toes and fingers of his shivering little 'prentice boy on deck. Chance people on the bridges peeping over the parapets into a nether sky of fog, with fog all round them, as if they were up in a balloon and hanging in the misty clouds.

Gas looming through the fog in divers places in the streets, much as the sun may, from the spongy fields, be seen to loom by husbandman and ploughboy. Most of the shops lighted two hours before their time – as the gas seems to know, for it has a haggard and unwilling look.

The raw afternoon is rawest, and the dense fog is densest, and the muddy streets are muddiest near that leaden-headed old obstruction, appropriate ornament for the threshold of a leaden-headed old corporation: Temple Bar*. And hard by Temple Bar, in Lincoln's Inn Hall, at the very heart of the fog, sits the Lord High Chancellor in his High Court of Chancery.

Never can there come fog too thick, never can there come mud and mire too deep, to assort with the groping and floundering condition which this High Court of Chancery, most pestilent of hoary sinners, holds this day in the sight of heaven and earth.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

On such an afternoon, if ever, the Lord High Chancellor ought to be sitting here – as here he is – with a foggy glory round his head, softly fenced in with crimson cloth and curtains, addressed by a large advocate with great whiskers, a little voice, and an interminable brief, and outwardly directing his contemplation to the lantern* in the roof, where he can see nothing but fog. On such an afternoon
35 some score of members of the High Court of Chancery bar ought to be – as here they are – mistily engaged in one of the ten thousand stages of an endless cause, tripping one another up on slippery precedents, groping knee-deep in technicalities, running their goat-hair and horsehair warded heads against walls of words and making a pretence of equity with serious faces, as players might. On such an afternoon the various solicitors in the cause, some two or three of whom have inherited it from their
40 fathers, who made a fortune by it, ought to be – as are they not? – ranged in a line, in a long matted well (but you might look in vain for Truth at the bottom of it) between the registrar's red table and the silk gowns, with bills, cross-bills, answers, rejoinders, injunctions, affidavits, issues, references to masters, masters' reports, mountains of costly nonsense, piled before them. Well may the court be dim, with wasting candles here and there; well may the fog hang heavy in it, as if it would never get out;
45 well may the stained-glass windows lose their colour and admit no light of day into the place; well may the uninitiated from the streets, who peep in through the glass panes in the door, be deterred from entrance by its owlish aspect and by the drawl, languidly echoing to the roof from the padded dais where the Lord High Chancellor looks into the lantern that has no light in it and where the attendant wigs are all stuck in a fog-bank! This is the Court of Chancery, which has its decaying houses and its blighted lands in every shire, which has its worn-out lunatic in every madhouse and its dead in every
50 churchyard, which has its ruined suitor with his slipshod heels and threadbare dress borrowing and begging through the round of every man's acquaintance, which gives to monied might the means abundantly of wearying out the right, which so exhausts finances, patience, courage, hope, so overthrows the brain and breaks the heart, that there is not an honourable man among its practitioners
55 who would not give – who does not often give – the warning, 'Suffer any wrong that can be done you, rather than come here!'

* *Megalosaurus*: dinosaur so named in 1824 because of its size.

* *Smoke*: also the popular name for London.

* *Greenwich pensioners*: pensioners at the Royal Naval Hospital at Greenwich.

* *Temple Bar*: a 17th-century arch at the meeting point of the Strand and Fleet Street before the entrance to the City.

* *lantern*: here: glazed part of the roof admitting light.

Quelle: Dickens, Charles. *Bleak House*. 1853. Ed. Stephen Gill. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1999. 11-13. Print.

II. Aufgaben / Fragen:

1. *Bleak House* gilt als paradigmatischer Roman der Stadtliteratur des 19. Jahrhunderts. Analysieren Sie die narrativen und rhetorischen Mittel, die in dieser Passage zur Semantisierung des Stadtraums London eingesetzt werden!
2. Welche stilistischen und narrativen Verfahren werden in dem Text genutzt, um die Metropole London und die Welt des Rechtssystems zueinander in Bezug zu setzen?
3. Ordnen Sie die Semantisierung Londons in den literatur- und kulturhistorischen Kontext ein!

Thema Nr. 7**I. Text:**

His life was not confining and the delight he took in this observation could not be explained by its suggestion of escape. He seemed to see, with a cartographer's eye, that string of swimming pools, that quasi-subterranean stream that curved across the county. He had made a discovery, a contribution to modern geography; he would name the stream Lucinda after his wife. He was not a practical joker nor was he a fool but he was determinedly original and had a vague and modest idea of himself as a legendary figure. The day was beautiful and it seemed to him that a long swim might enlarge and celebrate its beauty.

He took off a sweater that was hung over his shoulders and dove in. He had an inexplicable contempt for men who did not hurl themselves into pools. He swam a choppy crawl, breathing either with every stroke or every fourth stroke and counting somewhere well in the back of his mind the one-two one-two of a flutter kick. It was not a serviceable stroke for long distances but the domestication of swimming had saddled the sport with some customs and in his part of the world a crawl was customary. To be embraced and sustained by the light green water was less a pleasure, it seemed, than the resumption of a natural condition, and he would have liked to swim without trunks, but this was not possible, considering his project. He hoisted himself up on the far curb – he never used the ladder – and started across the lawn. When Lucinda asked where he was going he said he was going to swim home.

The only maps and charts he had to go by were remembered or imaginary but these were clear enough. First there were the Grahams, the Hammers, the Lears, the Howlands, and the Crosscups. He would cross Ditmar Street to the Bunkers and come, after a short portage, to the Levys, the Welchers, and the public pool in Lancaster. Then there were the Hallorans, the Sachses, the Biswangers, Shirley Adams, the Gilmartins, and the Clydes. The day was lovely, and that he lived in a world so generously supplied with water seemed like a clemency, a beneficence. His heart was high and he ran across the grass. Making his way home by an uncommon route gave him the feeling that he was a pilgrim, an explorer, a man with a destiny, and he knew that he would find friends all along the way; friends would line the banks of the Lucinda River.

He went through a hedge that separated the Westerhazys' land from the Grahams', walked under some flowering apple trees, passed the shed that housed their pump and filter, and came out at the Grahams' pool. "Why, Neddy," Mrs. Graham said, "what a marvelous surprise. I've been trying to get you on the phone all morning. Here, let me get you a drink." He saw then, like any explorer, that the hospitable customs and traditions of the natives would have to be handled with diplomacy if he was ever going to reach his destination. He did not want to mystify or seem rude to the Grahams nor did he have the time to linger there. He swam the length of their pool and joined them in the sun and was rescued, a few minutes later, by the arrival of two carloads of friends from Connecticut. During the uproarious reunions he was able to slip away.

Quelle: John Cheever, "The Swimmer," *The Norton Anthology of American Literature*, 6th ed., Gen. Ed. Nina Baym (New York: Norton, 2003) E: 2044.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

II. Aufgaben:

1. Definieren Sie mithilfe der vorliegenden Textstelle aus John Cheevers „The Swimmer“ Merkmale der Kurzgeschichte! (Hier können sowohl traditionelle als auch moderne Ansätze berücksichtigt werden.)
2. Diskutieren Sie Cheevers literarische Darstellung von ‚Suburbia‘ anhand des vorliegenden Textausschnitts!
3. Erklären Sie den Wandel des *Suburb* vom Ort der Verwirklichung des ‚amerikanischen Traums‘ in den 1950er Jahren hin zur postmodernen Dystopie! (Berücksichtigen Sie ggf. wichtige literarische Werke in Ihrer Argumentation!)