
Prüfungsteilnehmer

Prüfungstermin

Einzelprüfungsnummer

Kennzahl: _____

Kennwort: _____

Arbeitsplatz-Nr.: _____

**Herbst
2023**

62619

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

Fach: Englisch (vertieft studiert)

Einzelprüfung: Literaturwissenschaft

Anzahl der gestellten Themen (Aufgaben): 14

Anzahl der Druckseiten dieser Vorlage: 31

Bitte wenden!

Thema Nr. 1

William Shakespeare, *Macbeth* (1606), 1.5.1–73

In der im Schottland des 11. Jh. spielenden Tragödie erhält Macbeth, Thane of Glamis, am Tage seines für König Duncan errungenen militärischen Sieges eine Prophezeiung dreier Hexen. Diese verkünden ihm, erstens, er sei für seine Verdienste zum Thane of Cawdor ernannt worden – was ihm kurz darauf von Boten bestätigt wird –; zweitens, er werde eines Tages selbst König sein. Die folgende Szene zeigt die briefliche und mündliche Interaktion des Ehepaars Macbeth als Reaktion auf diese Prophezeiung. Die Ankündigung, dass der König über Nacht in ihrem Schloss zu Gast sein wird, lässt einen Plan reifen.

SCENE V. – [*Inverness. A room in MACBETH's castle.*]

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter.

Lady M. 'They met me in the day of success; and I have
learn'd by the perfect'st report, they have more in
them than mortal knowledge. When I burn'd in
desire to question them further, they made them-
5 selves air, into which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood
rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the
King, who all-hail'd me, "Thane* of Cawdor"; by
which title, before, these Weird Sisters saluted me,
and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with "Hail,
10 King that shalt be!" This have I thought good to
deliver thee (my dearest partner of greatness) that
thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being
ignorant of what greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it
to thy heart, and farewell.'

15 Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd. – Yet do I fear thy nature:
It is too full o'th'milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
20 The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win; thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, 'Thus thou must do,' if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
25 Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,

70 Must be provided for; and you shall put
 This night's great business into my dispatch;
 Which shall to all our nights and days to come
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
 To alter favour* ever is to fear.
 Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*]

(Quelle: William Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, ed. Kenneth Muir, The Arden Shakespeare. London: A&C Black Publishers, 1984. S. 26–33)

Anmerkungen:

*Thane	(schottisch) königlicher Gefolgsmann
*battlements	Zinnen
*fell	zerstörerisch, tödlich
*gall	Galle, Gift
*pall	einwickeln (wie in eine Rauchwolke oder ein Leichentuch)
*dunnest	Superlativ von dun: dunkel, schwarz
*beguile the time	die Welt täuschen
*favour	Angesicht, Gesichtsausdruck

1. Erläutern Sie die Interaktionen und ihre rhetorische Gestaltung in dieser Szene! Achten Sie dabei auf die Funktionen von Prosa- und Versform, monologischen und dialogischen Passagen!
2. Legen Sie dar, wie hier die Ausarbeitung eines Plans stilistisch ausgestaltet wird, u. a. durch bildliche Sprache sowie strategische sprachliche Indirektheiten! Berücksichtigen Sie auch die implizite Ausgestaltung des Geschlechterverhältnisses!
3. Ziehen Sie mindestens zwei weitere Ihnen bekannte frühneuzeitliche Theaterstücke zur vergleichenden Diskussion heran, in denen die Ausarbeitung eines (verbrecherischen) Plans eine zentrale Rolle spielt!

Thema Nr. 2

Harold Pinter, *Family Voices* (1980)

Harold Pinters Radiohörspiel *Family Voices* wurde erstmals am 22. Januar 1981 von BBC Radio 3 übertragen und am 13. Februar desselben Jahres im Londoner National Theatre aufgeführt. Der Anfang des nur 16 Seiten und drei Stimmen umfassenden Stücks ist unten abgedruckt.

Voice 1, a young man

Voice 2, a woman

VOICE 1

I am having a very nice time.

The weather is up and down, but surprisingly warm, on the whole, more often than not.

I hope you're feeling well, and not as peaky as you did, the last time I saw you.

No, you didn't feel peaky, you felt perfectly well, you simply looked peaky.

5 Do you miss me?

I am having a very nice time and I hope you are glad of that.

At the moment I am dead drunk.

I had five pints in The Fishmongers Arms tonight, followed by three double scotches, and literally rolled home.

10 When I say home I can assure you that my room is extremely pleasant. So is the bathroom. Extremely pleasant. I have some very pleasant baths indeed in the bathroom. So does everybody else in the house. They all lie quite naked in the bath and have very pleasant baths indeed. All the people in the house go about saying what a superb bath and bathroom the one we share is, they go about telling literally everyone they meet what lovely baths you can get in this place,
15 more or less unparalleled, to put it bluntly.

It's got a lot to do with the landlady, who is a Mrs Withers, a person who turns out to be an utterly charming person, of impeccable credentials.

When I said I was drunk I was of course making a joke.

I bet you laughed.

20 Mother?

Did you get the joke? You know I never touch alcohol.

I like being in this enormous city, all by myself. I expect to make friends in the not too distant future.

I expect to make girlfriends too.

25 I expect to meet a very nice girl. Having met her, I shall bring her home to meet my mother. I like walking in this enormous city, all by myself. It's fun to know no-one at all. When I pass people in the street they don't realise that I don't know them from Adam. They know other

people and even more other people know them, so they naturally think that even if I don't know them I know the other people. So they look at me, they try to catch my eye, they expect me to speak. But as I do not know them I do not speak. Nor do I ever feel the slightest temptation to do so.

30 You see, mother, I am not lonely, because all that has ever happened to me is with me, keeps me company; my childhood, for example, through which you, my mother, and he, my father, guided me.

35 [...]

I think it's dawn I can see it coming up. Another day. A day I warmly welcome. And so I shall end this letter to you, my dear mother, with my love.

VOICE 2

Darling. Where are you? The flowers are wonderful here. The blooms. You so loved them. Why do you never write?

40 I think of you and wonder how you are. Do you ever think of me? Your mother? Ever? At all? Have you changed your address?

Have you made friends with anyone? A nice boy? Or a nice girl?

There are so many nice boys and nice girls about. But please don't get mixed up with the other sort. They can land you in such terrible trouble. And you'd hate it so. You're so scrupulous, so particular.

45 I often think that I would love to live happily ever after with you and your young wife. And she would be such a lovely wife to you and I would have the occasional dinner with you both. A dinner I would be quite happy to cook myself, should you both be tired after your long day, as I'm sure you will be.

50 I sometimes walk the cliff path and think of you. I think of the times you walked the cliff path, with your father, with cheese sandwiches. Didn't you? You both sat on the cliff top and ate my cheese sandwiches together. Do you remember our little joke? Munch, munch. We had a damn good walk, your father would say. You mean you had a good munch munch, I would say. And you would both laugh.

55 Darling. I miss you. I gave birth to you. Where are you?

I wrote to you three months ago, telling you of your father's death. Did you receive my letter?

VOICE 1

I'm not at all sure that I like the people in this house, apart from Mrs Withers and her daughter, Jane. Jane is a schoolgirl who works hard at her homework.

60 She keeps her nose to the grindstone. This I find impressive. There's not too much of that about these days. But I'm not so sure about the other people in this house.

One is an old man.

The one who is an old man retires early. He is bald.

The other is a woman who wears red dresses.

The other one is another man.

65 [...]

I have decided that Jane is not Mrs Withers' daughter but her grand-daughter. Mrs Withers is seventy. Jane is fifteen. That I am convinced is the truth.

[...]

70 I have made a remarkable discovery. The old man who is bald and who retires early is named Withers. Benjamin Withers. Unless it is simply a coincidence it must mean that he is a relation. I asked Mrs Withers what the truth of it was. She poured herself a gin and looked at it before she drank it. Then she looked at me and said: You are my little pet. I've always wanted a little pet but I've never had one and now I've got one.

Sometimes she gives me a cuddle, as if she were my mother.

75 But I haven't forgotten that I have a mother and that you are my mother.

VOICE 2

Sometimes I wonder if you remember that you have a mother.

(Quelle: Pinter, Harold. „Family Voices“. *Complete Works: Four: Old Times, No Man's Land, Betrayal, Monologue, Family Voices*. New York: Grove Press, 1990. S. 281–286.)

1. Analysieren Sie den Drameneingang unter Berücksichtigung der Kommunikationssituation, der Informationsvergabe und der verwendeten sprachlichen Mittel!
2. Charakterisieren Sie anschließend die im Textausschnitt zu findenden zwischenmenschlichen Beziehungen!
3. Stellen Sie dar, wie Kommunikationsverlust, dysfunktionale zwischenmenschliche Beziehungen und die Rolle der Erinnerung im Drama der 2. Hälfte des 20. Jahrhunderts verhandelt werden! Stützen Sie Ihre Ausführungen auf zwei weitere Dramen Pinters oder seiner Zeitgenossinnen/Zeitgenossen!

Thema Nr. 3

Arthur Millers Drama *A View from the Bridge* (1956) spielt im Milieu der vor allem aus Sizilien eingewanderten Hafendarbeiter im New York der 50er Jahre. Diese leben im Stadtteil Red Hook, in der Nähe der Brooklyn Bridge. Die Handlung des Dramas kreist um die Familie Carbone, die aus Eddie, Beatrice und der Tochter von Eddies verstorbener Schwester, Catherine, besteht. Thematisch befasst es sich mit dem Problem der illegalen Einwanderung – zwei Cousins von Beatrice werden zu Beginn des Dramas erfolgreich in die USA eingeschleust und leben für kurze Zeit bei den Carbones. Gleichzeitig thematisiert es die mehr als väterlichen Gefühle, die Eddie für Catherine empfindet. Seine Eifersucht veranlasst ihn nach einiger Zeit, die beiden Cousins bei der Einwanderungsbehörde zu denunzieren, weil sich Catherine in einen der beiden verliebt hat und diesen heiraten will. Die folgende Passage markiert den Anfang des Dramas.

Act One

The street and house front of a tenement building. The front is skeletal entirely. The main acting area is the living room–dining room of Eddie’s apartment. It is a worker’s flat, clean, sparse, homely. There is a rocker down front; a round dining table at center, with chairs; and a portable phonograph.

At back are a bedroom door and an opening to the kitchen; none of these interiors are seen.

5 *At the right, forestage, a desk. This is Mr. Alfieri’s law office. [. . .]*

As the curtain rises, Louis and Mike, longshoremen, are pitching coins against the building at left.

A distant foghorn blows.

Enter Alfieri, a lawyer in his fifties turning gray; he is portly, good-humored, and thoughtful.

10 *The two pitchers nod to him as he passes. He crosses the stage to his desk, removes his hat, runs his fingers through his hair, and grinning, speaks to the audience.*

ALFIERI: You wouldn’t have known it, but something amusing has just happened. You see how uneasily they nod to me? That’s because I am a lawyer. In this neighborhood to meet a lawyer or a priest on the street is unlucky. We’re only thought of in connection with disasters, and they’d rather not get too close.

15 I often think that behind that suspicious little nod of theirs lie three thousand years of distrust. A lawyer means the law, and in Sicily, from where their fathers came, the law has not been a friendly idea since the Greeks were beaten.

I am inclined to notice the ruins in things, perhaps because I was born in Italy. . . . I only came here when I was twenty-five. In those days, Al Capone, the greatest Carthaginian of all, was learning his trade on these pavements, and Frankie Yale himself was cut precisely in half by a machine gun on the corner of Union Street, two blocks away. Oh, there were many here who were justly shot by unjust men. Justice is very important here.

25 But this is Red Hook, not Sicily. This is the slum that faces the bay on the seaward side of Brooklyn Bridge. This is the gullet of New York swallowing the tonnage of the world. And now we are quite civilized, quite American. Now we settle for half, and I like it better. I no longer keep a pistol in my filing cabinet.

And my practice is entirely unromantic.

My wife has warned me, so have my friends; they tell me the people in this neighborhood lack elegance, glamour. After all, who have I dealt with in my life? Longshoremen and their wives, and fathers and grandfathers, compensation cases, evictions, family squabbles – the petty troubles of the poor – and yet . . . [. . .]

Eddie has appeared and has been pitching coins with the men and is highlighted among them. He is forty—a husky, slightly overweight longshoreman.

This one's name was Eddie Carbone, a longshoreman working the docks from Brooklyn Bridge to the breakwater where the open sea begins.

Alfieri walks into darkness.

EDDIE, *moving up steps into doorway*: Well, I'll see ya, fellas.

Catherine enters from kitchen, crosses down to window, looks out.

LOUIS: You workin' tomorrow?

EDDIE: Yeah, there's another day yet on that ship. See ya, Louis.

Eddie goes into the house, as light rises in the apartment.

Catherine is waving to Louis from the window and turns to him.

CATHERINE: Hi, Eddie!

Eddie is pleased and therefore shy about it; he hangs up his cap and jacket.

EDDIE: Where you goin' all dressed up?

CATHERINE, *running her hands over her skirt*: I just got it. You like it?

EDDIE: Yeah, it's nice. And what happened to your hair?

CATHERINE: You like it? I fixed it different. *Calling to kitchen*: He's here, B.!

EDDIE: Beautiful. Turn around, lemme see in the back. *She turns for him*. Oh, if your mother was alive to see you now! She wouldn't believe it.

CATHERINE: You like it, huh?

EDDIE: You look like one of them girls that went to college.

[. . .]

CATHERINE: [. . .]. *She sits on her heels beside him*. Guess how much we paid for the skirt.

EDDIE: I think it's too short, ain't it?

CATHERINE, *standing*: No! not when I stand up.

EDDIE: Yeah, but you gotta sit down sometimes.

CATHERINE: Eddie, it's the style now. *She walks to show him*. I mean, if you see me walkin' down the street—

EDDIE: Listen, you been givin' me the willies the way you walk down the street, I mean it.

CATHERINE: Why?

EDDIE: Catherine, I don't want to be a pest, but I'm tellin' you you're walkin' wavy.

CATHERINE: I'm walkin' wavy?

EDDIE: Now don't aggravate me, Katie, you are walkin' wavy! I don't like the looks they're givin' you in the candy store. And with them new high heels on the sidewalk – clack, clack, clack. The heads are turnin' like windmills.

CATHERINE: But those guys look at all the girls, you know that.

EDDIE: You ain't "all the girls".

[. . .]

- 70 EDDIE: Catherine, do me a favor, will you? You're gettin' to be a big girl now, you gotta keep yourself more, you can't be so friendly, kid. *Calls:* Hey, B., what're you doin' in there? *To Catherine:* Get her in here, will you? I got news for her.
CATHERINE, *starting out:* What?
EDDIE: Her cousins landed.
- 75 CATHERINE, *clapping her hands together:* No! *She turns instantly and starts for the kitchen:* B.! Your cousins!
Beatrice enters, wiping her hands with a towel.
BEATRICE, *in the face of Catherine's shout:* What?
CATHERINE: Your cousins got in!
- 80 BEATRICE, *astounded, turns to Eddie:* What are you talkin' about? Where?
EDDIE: I was just knockin' off work before and Tony Bereli come over to me; he says the ship is in the North River.
BEATRICE, *her hands are clasped at her breast; she seems half in fear, half in unutterable joy:* They're all right?
- 85 EDDIE: He didn't see them yet, they're still on board. But as soon as they get off he'll meet them. He figures about ten o'clock they'll be here.
BEATRICE *sits, almost weak from tension:* And they'll let them off the ship all right? That's fixed, heh?
EDDIE: Sure, they give them regular seamen papers and they walk off with the crew. Don't worry about it, B., there's nothin' to it. Couple of hours they'll be here.

(Quelle: Arthur Miller. „A View from the Bridge“. *Plays One*. London: Methuen, 2009. S. 378–382)

1. Beschreiben Sie, wie die Figuren eingeführt werden! Analysieren Sie die Rolle impliziter und expliziter Figurenzeichnung!
2. Erläutern Sie, welches Gewicht dem Nebentext in der Passage zukommt!
3. Ordnen Sie das Drama in die Geschichte des amerikanischen Dramas des 20. Jahrhunderts ein!

Thema Nr. 4

Christina Rossetti (1830–1894), „In Progress“ (1862)

Ten years ago it seemed impossible
 That she should ever grow so calm as this,
 With self-remembrance in her warmest kiss
 And dim dried eyes like an exhausted well.
 5 Slow-speaking when she has some fact to tell,
 Silent with long-unbroken silences,
 Centred in self yet not unpleased to please,
 Gravely monotonous like a passing bell.
 Mindful of drudging daily common things,
 10 Patient at pastime, patient at her work,
 Wearied perhaps but strenuous certainly.
 Sometimes I fancy we may one day see
 Her head shoot forth seven stars from where they lurk,
 And her eyes lightnings and her shoulders wings.

(Quelle: *Poems of Christina Rossetti*, ed. William M. Rossetti. London: Macmillan, 1904, S. 282)

Anmerkung:

Z. 8: *passing bell*: Totenglocke

1. Analysieren Sie das vorliegende Gedicht formal (Versmaß, Reim, Metrum, Gedichtform u. a.)! Achten Sie dabei auf die Funktion der gewählten Mittel für das Thema des Gedichts und ihre mögliche Wirkung auf Leserinnen und Leser!
2. Analysieren Sie die verwendete Bildersprache und interpretieren Sie das Gedicht im Hinblick auf seine mögliche(n) Aussageabsicht(en)!
3. Erläutern Sie den literatur- und kulturgeschichtlichen Kontext des Gedichts, insbesondere im Zusammenhang mit weiblichen Rollenvorstellungen der viktorianischen Epoche!

Thema Nr. 5

Emily Dickinson, „Nr. 754 [My Life had stood—a Loaded Gun—]“

My Life had stood—a Loaded Gun—
 In Corners—till a Day
 The Owner passed—identified—
 And carried Me away—

5 And now We roam in Sovereign Woods—
 And now We hunt the Doe—
 And every time I speak for Him—
 The Mountains straight reply—

And do I smile, such cordial light
 10 Upon the Valley glow—
 It is as a Vesuvian¹ face
 Had let it's pleasure through—

And when at Night—Our good Day done—
 I guard My Master's Head—
 15 'Tis better than the Eider-Duck's²
 Deep Pillow—to have shared—

To foe of His—I'm deadly foe—
 None stir the second time—
 On whom I lay a Yellow Eye—
 20 Or an Emphatic Thumb—

Though I than He—may longer live
 He longer must—than I—
 For I have but the power to kill,
 Without—the power to die—

c. 1863

¹Volcanic, like Mt. Vesuvius in Italy; capable of breathing fire, light, and destruction.

²I.e., downy (with duck down).

(Quelle: Emily Dickinson, „Nr. 754 [My Life had stood—a Loaded Gun—]“. *The Heath Anthology of American Literature, Volume 1*. Ed. Paul Lauter. Lexington: Heath, 1990. S. 2887)

1. Analysieren Sie die formalen, sprachlichen und stilistischen Elemente des Gedichts von Emily Dickinson, das ca. 1863 entstand!
2. Interpretieren Sie das Gedicht als Auseinandersetzung mit den Themen Gewalt und Tod! Nehmen Sie Bezug auf zwei weitere Autorinnen oder Autoren der amerikanischen Romantik!
3. Situieren Sie das Gedicht im literatur- und kulturhistorischen Umfeld der amerikanischen Romantik!

Thema Nr. 6**Thomas Hardy, „The Darkling Thrush“**

I leant upon a coppice gate
 When Frost was spectre-gray,
And Winter's dregs made desolate
 The weakening eye of day.
5 The tangled bine-stems scored the sky
 Like strings of broken lyres,
And all mankind that haunted nigh
 Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be
10 The Century's corpse outleant,
His crypt the cloudy canopy,
 The wind his death-lament.
The ancient pulse of germ and birth
 Was shrunken hard and dry,
15 And every spirit upon earth
 Seemed fervourless as I.

At once a voice arose among
 The bleak twigs overhead
In a full-hearted evensong
20 Of joy illimited;
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
 In blast-beruffled plume,
Had chosen thus to fling his soul
 Upon the growing gloom.

25 So little cause for carolings
 Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
 Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through
30 His happy good-night air
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew
 And I was unaware.

(Quelle: *The Norton Anthology of English Literature*, 10th ed., vol. F *The Twentieth and Twenty-First Centuries*, ed. Jahan Ramazani. New York: Norton, 2018. S. 53–54)

Analysieren und interpretieren Sie dieses Gedicht von Thomas Hardy (1840–1928), das der Autor den 31. Dezember 1900 datiert hat.

1. Beschreiben Sie zunächst die sprachliche Form und legen Sie dar, welche Funktionen den verwendeten Gestaltungsmitteln zukommt!
2. Analysieren Sie sodann die Bildersprache und erörtern Sie insbesondere die Rolle der Naturphänomene, die hier beobachtet und gedeutet werden!
3. Interpretieren Sie den Text im Kontext seiner Zeit und analysieren Sie, wie sich das lyrische Ich der Schwelle zum 20. Jahrhundert positioniert!

Thema Nr. 7**Audre Lorde, „Black Mother Woman“ (1971)**

I cannot recall you gentle
yet through your heavy love
I have become
an image of your once delicate flesh
5 split with deceitful longings.

When strangers come and compliment me
your aged spirit takes a bow
jingling with pride
but once you hid that secret
10 in the center of furies
hanging me
with deep breasts and wiry hair
with your own split flesh
and long suffering eyes
15 buried in myths of little worth.

But I have peeled away your anger
down to its core of love
and look mother
I Am
20 a dark temple where your true spirit rises
beautiful
and tough as chestnut
stanchion* against your nightmare of weakness
and if my eyes conceal
25 a squadron of conflicting rebellions
I learned from you
to define myself
through your denials.

(Quelle: *Norton Anthology of American Literature*. 6th ed. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. Inc., 2003. Vol. E: S. 2982)

Anmerkung:

*stanchion – upright bar or post (for supporting, e. g., a roof)

1. Analysieren Sie Form, Sprache und Stil des Gedichts und setzen Sie diese in Bezug zur hier adressierten Identitätsthematik!
2. Analysieren Sie die im Gedicht thematisierte Mutter-Tochter-Beziehung im Kontext der Rassismus- und Identitätsdiskurse seiner Zeit!
3. Ordnen Sie Audre Lorde in den literaturgeschichtlichen Kontext afro-amerikanischer Literatur des 20. Jahrhunderts ein!

Thema Nr. 8

Moll Flanders

von Daniel Defoe (1722)

Die folgenden Textauszüge stammen aus dem Vorwort und dem Beginn des Romans.

The Preface

The world is so taken up of late with novels and romances, that it will be hard for a private history to be taken for genuine, where the names and other circumstances of the person are concealed, and on this account we must be content to leave the reader
5 to pass his own opinion upon the ensuing sheets, and take it just as he pleases.

The author is here supposed to be writing her own history, and in the very beginning of her account she gives the reasons why she thinks fit to conceal her true name, after which there is no occasion to say any more about that.

It is true that the original of this story is put into new words, and the style of the
10 famous lady we here speak of is a little altered; particularly she is made to tell her own tale in modester words than she told it at first, the copy which came first to hand having been written in language more like one still in Newgate than one grown penitent and humble, as she afterwards pretends to be.

The pen employed in finishing her story, and making it what you now see it to be,
15 has had no little difficulty to put it into a dress fit to be seen, and to make it speak language fit to be read. When a woman debauched from her youth, nay, even being the offspring of debauchery and vice, comes to give an account of all her vicious practices, and even to descend to the particular occasions and circumstances by which she first became wicked, and of all the progression of crime which she ran through in threescore years,
20 an author must be hard put to it to wrap it up so clean as not to give room, especially for vicious readers, to turn it to his disadvantage. [...]

We cannot say, indeed, that this history is carried on quite to the end of the life of this famous Moll Flanders, as she calls herself, for nobody can write their own life to the full end of it, unless they write it after they are dead. But her husband's life, being written by a third
25 hand, gives a full account of them both, how long they lived together [...], and how they came both to England again, after about eight years, in which time they were grown very rich, and where she lived, it seems, to be very old, but was not so extraordinary a penitent as she was at first; it seems only that indeed she always spoke with abhorrence of her former life, and of every part of it. [...]

30 The History and Misfortunes of the Famous Moll Flanders

My true name is so well known in the records or registers at Newgate, and in the old Bailey, and there are some things of such consequence still depending there, relating to my particular conduct, that it is not to be expected I should set my name or

the account of my family to this work; perhaps, after my death, it may be better
35 known; at present it would not be proper, no, not though a general pardon should be
issued, even without exceptions and reserve of persons or crimes.

It is enough to tell you, that as some of my worst comrades, who are out of the
way of doing me harm (having gone out of the world by the steps and the string, as I
often expected to go), knew me by the name of Moll Flanders, so you may give me leave to speak
40 of myself under that name till I dare own who I have been, as well as
who I am.

I have been told that in one of our neighbour nations, whether it be in France or
where else I know not, they have an order from the king, that when any criminal is
condemned, either to die, or to the galleys, or to be transported, if they leave any
45 children, as such are generally unprovided for, by the poverty or forfeiture of their
parents, so they are immediately taken into the care of the Government, and put into an
hospital called the House of Orphans, where they are bred up, clothed, fed, taught, and
when fit to go out, are placed out to trades or to services, so as to be well able to
provide for themselves by an honest, industrious behaviour.

50 Had this been the custom in our country, I had not been left a poor desolate girl
without friends, without clothes, without help or helper in the world, as was my fate;
and by which I was not only exposed to very great distresses, even before I was
capable either of understanding my case or how to amend it, but brought into a course
of life which was not only scandalous in itself, but which in its ordinary course tended
55 to the swift destruction both of soul and body.

But the case was otherwise here. My mother was convicted of felony for a certain
petty theft scarce worth naming, [...]. The circumstances are too long to
repeat, and I have heard them related so many ways, that I can scarce be certain which
is the right account. [...]

60 This is too near the first hours of my life for me to relate anything of myself but
hearsay; it is enough to mention, that as I was born in such an unhappy place, I had
no parish to have recourse to for my nourishment in my infancy; nor can I give the
least account how I was kept alive, other than that, as I have been told, some relation
of my mother's took me away for a while as a nurse, but at whose expense, or by
65 whose direction, I know nothing at all of it.

(Quelle: Daniel Defoe, *Moll Flanders*. London: Penguin, 1994. S. 1 u. 5–7)

1. Analysieren Sie die Selbst- und Fremdcharakterisierung der Protagonistin in den vorliegenden Textauszügen!
2. Analysieren Sie die rhetorischen und formalen Strategien dieser Textauszüge und erläutern Sie deren Funktionen!
3. Ordnen Sie das Werk Defoes in den literaturgeschichtlichen Kontext des 18. Jahrhunderts ein und setzen Sie es zu weiteren narrativen Texten der Epoche in Beziehung!

Thema Nr. 9

Thomas Paine, *Common Sense* (1776)

In the following pages I offer nothing more than simple facts, plain arguments, and common sense; and have no other preliminaries to settle with the reader, than that he will divest himself of prejudice and prepossession, and suffer his reason and his feelings to determine for themselves; that he will put *on*, or rather that he will not put *off*, the true character of a man, and generously enlarge his views beyond the present day.

Volumes have been written on the subject of the struggle between England and America. Men of all ranks have embarked in the controversy, from different motives, and with various designs; but all have been ineffectual, and the period of debate is closed. Arms, as the last resource, decide the contest; the appeal was the choice of the king, and the continent has accepted the challenge.

It hath been reported of the late Mr. Pelham (who tho' an able minister was not without his faults) that on his being attacked in the house of commons on the score, that his measures were only of a temporary kind, replied, "*they will last my time.*" Should a thought so fatal and unmanly possess the colonies in the present contest, the name of ancestors will be remembered by future generations with detestation.

The sun never shined on a cause of greater worth. 'Tis not the affair of a city, a county, a province, or a kingdom, but of a continent—of at least one eighth part of the habitable globe. 'Tis not the concern of a day, a year, or an age; posterity are virtually involved in the contest, and will be more or less affected, even to the end of time, by the proceedings now. Now is the seed time of continental union, faith and honor. The least fracture now will be like a name engraved with the point of a pin on the tender rind of a young oak; the wound will enlarge with the tree, and posterity read it in full grown characters.

By referring the matter from argument to arms, a new era for politics is struck; a new method of thinking hath arisen. All plans, proposals, &c. prior to the nineteenth of April, *i.e.* to the commencement of hostilities, are like the almanacks of the last year; which, though proper then, are superceded and useless now. Whatever was advanced by the advocates on either side of the question then, terminated in one and the same point, *viz.* a union with Great Britain; the only difference between the parties was the method of effecting it; the one proposing force, the other friendship; but it hath so far happened that the first has failed, and the second hath withdrawn her influence.

As much hath been said of the advantages of reconciliation, which, like an agreeable dream, hath passed away and left us as we were, it is but right, that we should examine the contrary side of the argument, and inquire into some of the many material injuries which these colonies sustain, and always will sustain, by being connected with, and dependant on Great Britain. To examine that connexion and dependance, on the principles of nature and common sense, to see what we have to trust to, if separated, and what we are to expect, if dependant.

I have heard it asserted by some, that as America hath flourished under her former connection with Great Britain, the same connection is necessary towards her future happiness, and

- will always have the same effect. Nothing can be more fallacious than this kind of argument.
- 40 We may as well assert, that because a child has thrived upon milk, that it is never to have meat; or that the first twenty years of our lives is to become a precedent for the next twenty. But even this is admitting more than is true, for I answer roundly, that America would have flourished as much, and probably much more, had no European power had any thing to do with her. The commerce by which she hath enriched herself are the necessaries of life, and
- 45 will always have a market while eating is the custom of Europe.

(Quelle: Thomas Paine, *Common Sense*. Peterborough: broadview editions, 2004. S. 61–63.)

1. Analysieren Sie die sprachlichen und stilistischen Mittel, die in diesem Auszug angewendet werden!
2. Legen Sie dar, was „referring the matter from argument to arms“ (Z. 23) bedeutet und welche möglichen Auswirkungen dieser Teilsatz auf die adäquate Rezeption des Textes hat!
3. Thomas Paines *Common Sense* (1776) nimmt eine prominente Stellung in der politischen Literatur der Vereinigten Staaten ein. Beschreiben Sie den literatur- und sozialgeschichtlichen Kontext dieser Zeit!

Thema Nr. 10

Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832): *Waverley, Or, 'Tis Sixty Years Since* (1814)

Der Roman *Waverley* handelt von den Abenteuern des adligen Engländers Edward Waverley während des schottischen Jakobitenaufstands von 1745. Der junge Offizier Waverley – Teil der britischen Armee, die den Aufstand niederschlagen soll – ist fasziniert von der Kultur der schottischen Highlands. Umstän-
dehalber findet er sich zwischenzeitlich auf Seiten der Rebellen um den Prätendenten Charles Edward Stuart. Letztlich gehört seine Loyalität jedoch der britischen Krone.

Die Textvorlage ist der Beginn des Kapitels 17, „The Hold of a Highland Robber.“ Es schildert den ersten unmittelbaren Kontakt Waverleys mit der Bevölkerung der Highlands im Versteck des Banditen Donald Bean Lean. Diesen sucht Waverley mit einem gälischen Führer auf, um geraubtes Vieh eines befreundeten schottischen Adligen zurück zu verlangen. Zu Beginn der Vorlage nähert sich Waverley in einem von mehreren Highland-Kriegern geruderten Boot dem ihm unbekanntem Versteck.

The party preserved silence, interrupted only by the monotonous and murmured chaunt of a Gaelic song, sung in a kind of low recitative by the steersman, and by the dash of the oars, which the notes seemed to regulate, as they dipped to them in cadence. The light, which they now approached more nearly, assumed a broader, redder, and more irregular splendour. It appeared
5 plainly to be a large fire, but whether kindled upon an island or the main-land, Edward could not determine. As he saw it, the red glaring orb seemed to rest on the very surface of the lake itself, and resembled the fiery vehicle in which the Evil Genius of an oriental tale traverses land and sea. They approached nearer, and the light of the fire sufficed to shew that it was kindled at the bottom of a huge dark crag or rock, rising abruptly from the very edge of the water; its front,
10 changed by the reflection to dusky red, formed a strange, and even awful contrast to the banks around, which were from time to time faintly and partially illuminated by pallid moonlight.

The boat now neared the shore, and Edward could discover that this large fire, amply supplied with branches of pinewood by two figures, who, in the red reflection of its light, appeared like demons, was kindled in the jaws of a lofty cavern, into which an inlet from the lake seemed to
15 advance; and he conjectured, which was indeed true, that the fire had been kindled as a beacon to the boatmen on their return. They rowed right for the mouth of the cave, and then shipping their oars, permitted the boat to enter with the impulse which it had received. The skiff passed the little point, or platform, of rock on which the fire was blazing, and running about two boats' length farther, stopped where the cavern, for it was already arched overhead, ascended from the
20 water by five or six broad ledges of rock, so easy and regular that they might be termed natural steps. At this moment a quantity of water was suddenly flung upon the fire, which sunk with a hissing noise, and with it disappeared the light it had hitherto afforded. Four or five active arms lifted Waverley out of the boat, placed him on his feet, and almost carried him into the recesses of the cave. He made a few paces in darkness, guided in this manner; and advancing towards a
25 hum of voices, which seemed to sound from the centre of the rock, at an acute turn Donald Bean Lean and his whole establishment were before his eyes.

The interior of the cave, which here rose very high, was illuminated by torches made of pine-tree, which emitted a bright and bickering light, attended by a strong, though not unpleasant odour. Their light was assisted by the red glare of a large charcoal fire, round which were seated
30 five or six armed Highlanders, while others were indistinctly seen couched on their plaids, in the more remote recesses of the cavern. In one large aperture, which the robber facetiously called his *spence* (or pantry,) there hung by the heels the carcasses of a sheep or ewe, and two cows, lately slaughtered. The principal inhabitant of this singular mansion, attended by Evan Dhu as master of ceremonies, came forward to meet his guest, totally different in appearance and man-
35 ner from what his imagination had anticipated. The profession which he followed—the wilderness in which he dwelt—the wild warrior forms that surrounded him, were all calculated to inspire terror. From such accompaniments, Waverley prepared himself to meet a stern, gigantic, ferocious figure, such as Salvator would have chosen to be the central object of a group of banditti.

40 Donald Bean Lean was the very reverse of all these. He was thin in person and low in stature, with light sandy-coloured hair and small pale features, from which he derived his agnomen of *Bean*, or white; and although his form was light, well proportioned, and active, he appeared, on the whole, rather a diminutive and insignificant figure. He had served in some inferior capacity in the French army, and in order to receive his English visitor in great form, and probably mean-
45 ing, in his way, to pay him a compliment, he had laid aside the Highland dress for the time, to put on an old blue and red uniform, and a feathered hat, in which he was far from showing to advantage, and indeed looked so incongruous, compared with all around him, that Waverley would have been tempted to laugh, had laughter been either civil or safe. He received Captain Waverley with a profusion of French politeness and Scottish hospitality, seemed perfectly to
50 know his name and connections, and to be particularly acquainted with his uncle's political principles. On these he bestowed great applause, to which Waverley judged it prudent to make a very general reply.

Being placed at a convenient distance from the charcoal fire, the heat of which the season rendered oppressive, a strapping Highland damsel placed before Waverley, Evan, and Donald
55 Bean, three cogues, or wooden vessels, composed of staves and hoops, containing *imrigh*, a sort of strong soup, made out of a particular part of the inside of the beeves. After this refreshment, which, though coarse, fatigue and hunger rendered palatable, steaks, roasted on the coals, were supplied in liberal abundance, and disappeared before Evan Dhu and their host with a promptitude that seemed like magic, and astonished Waverley, who was much puzzled to reconcile their voracity with what he had heard of the abstemiousness of the Highlanders. He was ignorant that
60 this abstinence was with the lower ranks only compulsory, and that, like some animals of prey, those who practise it were usually gifted with the power of indemnifying themselves to good purpose when chance threw plenty in their way. The whisky came forth in abundance to crown the cheer. The Highlanders drank it copiously and undiluted; but Edward, having mixed a little
65 with water, did not find it so palatable as to invite him to repeat the draught.

(Quelle: Sir Walter Scott, *Waverley, Or, 'Tis Sixty Years Since*, hg. v. Claire Lamont. Oxford UP, 2015. S. 87–89)

Anmerkungen:

- Z. 33 Evan Dhu – Gesandter des gälischen Adligen Vich Ian Vor, dem Donald Bean Lean dient
- Z. 38 Salvator – gemeint ist Salvator Rosa, ein italienischer Maler des 17. Jahrhunderts, dessen romantische Landschafts- und Historiengemälde bis ins frühe 19. Jahrhundert einflussreich wirkten
- Z. 50/51: his uncle's political principles – gemeint ist Sir Everard Waverley, der Onkel und Ziehvater Edwards, der Sympathien für die schottischen Jakobiten hegt
-
1. Analysieren Sie im Textausschnitt verwendete sprachlich-stilistische Gestaltungsmittel und erläutern Sie deren Funktion für die Darstellung des Schauplatzes. Gehen Sie dabei auch auf die Erzählsituation ein!
 2. Analysieren Sie die Darstellung kultureller Differenz im Textausschnitt! Nehmen Sie Bezug auf die romantische Haltung zur Idee der Nation und zur Vergangenheit!
 3. Verorten Sie den Textausschnitt literarhistorisch durch Verweis auf mindestens zwei weitere britische historische Romane des 19. Jahrhunderts!

Thema Nr. 11

*Fern Leaves***How I Look**

A correspondent inquires how I look? Am I tall? have I dark, or light complexion? and what color are my eyes?

I should be very happy to answer these questions, did I know myself. I proceed to explain why I cannot tell whether "I be I."

5 First—one evening I was seated at the opera, waiting patiently for the performances to begin. In two orchestra chairs, directly in front of me, sat a lady and gentleman, both utter strangers to me. Said the *gentleman* to his companion, "Do you see the lady who has just entered yonder box?" pointing, as he did so, to the gallery; "well, that is Fanny Fern."—"You know her, then?" asked the lady.—"Intimately," replied this strange gentleman—"intimately. Observe how expensively she is dressed. See those diamonds, and that lace! Well, I assure you, that every cent she has ever earned by her writings goes straightway upon her back." Naturally desiring to know how I did look, I used my opera-glass. The lady was tall, handsome, graceful, and beautifully dressed. The gentleman who accompanied me began to grow red in the face, at the statement of my "intimate" acquaintance, and insisted on a word with him; but the fun was too good to be spoiled, and the game too insignificant to hunt; so, in hope of farther revelations, I laughingly observed my "double" during the evening, who looked as I have just described, for your benefit.

20 Again—in a list of pictures announced to be sold lately, was one labelled "Fanny Fern." Having lost curiosity concerning that lady myself, I did not go on a tour of inspection; but a gentleman friend of mine who did, came back in high glee at the manner in which the purchaser thereof, if any should be found, would be swindled—as "I was *not* I" in that case either.

25 Some time ago "Fanny Fern" was peddled round California, or at least, so I was informed by letter. In this instance they had given her, by way of variety, black eyes and hair, and a brunette complexion. I think she was also taken smiling. A friend, moreover, informed me that he had seen me, with an angelic expression, seated upon a rosy cloud, with wings at my back. This last fact touched me. Wings are what I sigh for. It was too cruel a mockery.

30 You will see from the above, how impossible it is, for such a chameleon female, to describe herself, even to one "who likes my writings." If it will throw any light on the subject, however, I will inform you that a man who got into my parlor under cover of "New-Year's calls," after breathlessly inspecting me, remarked, "Well, now, I *am* agreeably disappointed! I thought from the way you *writ*, that you were a great six-footer of a woman, with snapping black eyes and a big waist, and I *am* pleased to find you looking so soft and so femi-nine!"

40 I would have preferred, had I been consulted, that he should have omitted the word "soft;" but after the experiences narrated above, this was a trifle.

(Quelle: *How I Look. In: American Lives: an anthology of autobiographical writing.* Ed. Robert F. Sayre, Madison: University of Wisconsin Press. 1994. S. 337)

Unter dem Pseudonym „Fanny Fern“ schrieb Sarah Payson Willis mehrere Romane, Kinderbücher und eine äußerst erfolgreiche Kolumne, die von 1856 bis zu ihrem Tod 1872 in zahlreichen nationalen und internationalen Zeitungen erschien und weitere Leser in Sammelbänden mit Titeln wie *Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio* (1853) und *Fresh Leaves* (1857) erreichte. Willis war eine der meist gelesenen sowie kommerziell erfolgreichsten US-amerikanischen Schriftstellerinnen des 19. Jahrhunderts.

„How I Look“ erschien zunächst 1870 in *The New York Ledger*.

1. Analysieren Sie „How I Look“ in formaler und stilistischer Hinsicht! Gehen Sie insbesondere auf die Erzählperspektive und deren humoristisches sowie kritisches Potential ein!
2. Diskutieren Sie den Text im Kontext der Gender-Konstruktionen des 19. Jahrhunderts!
3. Situieren Sie den Text innerhalb anglophoner Traditionen des „Women's Writing“! Nehmen Sie Bezug auf mindestens zwei weitere Texte, die vom 18. Jahrhundert bis zur Gegenwartsliteratur reichen können!

Thema Nr. 12

Angela Carters Roman *Nights at the Circus* (1984) erzählt das Leben der Luftakrobatin Sophie Fevvers, die im vorliegenden Romananfang als geflügelte Hybridfigur aus Frau und Schwan eingeführt wird. In diesem Abschnitt, dessen Schauplatz London im Jahr 1899 ist, wird sie von dem amerikanischen Journalisten Jack Walser interviewt.

‘Lor’ love you, sir!’ Fevvers sang out in a voice that clanged like dustbin lids. ‘As to my place of birth, why, I first saw light of day right here in smoky old London, didn’t I! Not billed the “Cockney Venus”, for nothing, sir, though they could just as well ‘ave called me “Helen of the High Wire”, due to the unusual circumstances in which I come ashore – for I never docked via
5 what you might call the *normal channels*, sir, oh, dear me, no; but, just like Helen of Troy¹, was *hatched*.

‘Hatched out of a bloody great egg while Bow Bells² rang, as ever is!’
The blonde guffawed³ uproariously, slapped the marbly thigh on which her wrap fell open and flashed a pair of vast, blue, indecorous eyes at the young reporter with his open notebook and
10 his poised pencil, as if to dare him: ‘Believe it or not!’ Then she spun round on her swivelling dressing-stool – it was a plush-topped, backless piano stool, lifted from the rehearsal room – and confronted herself with a grin in the mirror as she ripped six inches of false lash from her left eyelid with an incisive gesture and a small, explosive, rasping sound.

Fevvers, the most famous *aerialiste* of the day; her slogan, ‘Is she fact or is she fiction?’ And
15 she didn’t let you forget it for a minute; this query, in the French language, in foot-high letters, blazed forth from a wall-size poster, souvenir of her Parisian triumphs, dominating her London dressing-room. Something hectic, something fittingly impetuous and dashing about that poster, the preposterous depiction of a young woman shooting up like a rocket, whee! in a burst of agitated sawdust towards an unseen trapeze somewhere above in the wooden heavens of the
20 Cirque d’Hiver⁴. The artist had chosen to depict her ascent from behind – bums aloft, you might say; up she goes, in a steatopygous⁵ perspective, shaking out about her those tremendous red and purple pinions⁶, pinions large enough, powerful enough to bear up such a big girl as she. And she was a *big* girl.

Evidently this Helen took after her putative father, the swan, around the shoulder parts.
25 But these notorious and much-debated wings, the source of her fame, were stowed away for the night under the soiled quilting of her baby-blue satin dressing-gown, where they made an uncomfortable-looking pair of bulges, shuddering the surface of the taut fabric from time to time as if desirous of breaking loose. (‘How does she do that?’ pondered the reporter.)

‘In Paris, they called me *l’Ange Anglaise*, the English Angel, “not English but an angel”, as
30 the old saint said,’ she’d told him, jerking her head at that favourite poster [...]. Then – ‘a touch of sham?’ – she’d popped the cork of a chilled magnum of champagne between her teeth. A hissing flute of bubbly stood beside her own elbow on the dressing-table, the still-crepitating⁷ bottle lodged negligently in the toilet jug, packed in ice that must have come from a fishmonger’s for a shiny scale or two stayed trapped within the chunks. And this twice-
35 used ice must surely be the source of the marine aroma – something fishy about the Cockney

Venus – that underlay the hot, solid composite of perfume, sweat, greasepaint and raw, leaking gas that made you feel you breathed the air in Fevvers' dressing-room in lumps.

One lash off, one lash on, Fevvers leaned back a little to scan the asymmetric splendour reflected in her mirror with impersonal gratification.

40 'And now,' she said, 'after my conquests on the continent' (which she pronounced, 'congtingong') 'here's the prodigal daughter home again to London, my lovely London that I love so much. London – as dear old Dan Leno⁸ calls it, "a little village on the Thames of which the principal industries are the music hall and the confidence trick".'

45 She tipped the young reporter a huge wink in the ambiguity of the mirror and briskly stripped the other set of false eyelashes.

Her native city welcomed her home with such delirium that the *Illustrated London News* dubbed the phenomenon, 'Fevvermania'. Everywhere you saw her picture; the shops were crammed with 'Fevvers' garters, stockings, fans, cigars, shaving soap... She even lent it to a brand of baking powder; if you added a spoonful of the stuff, up in the air went your
50 sponge cake, just as she did. Heroine of the hour, object of learned discussion and profane surmise, this Helen launched a thousand quips, mostly on the lewd side. ('Have you heard the one about how Fevvers *got it up* for the travelling salesman...') Her name was on the lips of all, from duchess to costermonger⁹: 'Have you seen Fevvers?' And then: 'How does she do it?' And then: 'Do you think she's *real*?'
55

(Quelle: Carter, Angela. *Nights at the Circus*. Vintage, 1994 [1984], S. 7–9)

Anmerkungen:

¹*Helen of Troy*: in Greek mythology, the daughter of Leda and Zeus (who seduced Leda disguised as a swan)

²*Bow Bells*: bells of St Mary-le-Bow church (birth in the earshot of these bells used to mark 'Cockney' Londoners)

³*guffaw*: to laugh loudly

⁴*Cirque d'Hiver*: venue of the Paris 'Winter Circus'

⁵*steatopygous*: referring to large amounts of buttock and thigh tissue

⁶*pinion*: the terminal section of a bird's wing

⁷*crepitate*: to make a crackling sound

⁸*Dan Leno*: stage name of a prominent late Victorian comedian and actor

⁹*costermonger*: street vendor

1. Analysieren Sie die literarischen Textstrategien der Darstellung von Sophie Fevvers im vorliegenden Ausschnitt und stellen Sie deren Funktionen dar!
2. Charakterisieren Sie die Figur der Sophie Fevvers im vorliegenden Ausschnitt auf der Grundlage Ihrer Analyseergebnisse!
3. Ordnen Sie den vorliegenden Ausschnitt im Kontext der Entwicklungslinien des englischen Romans im 20. Jahrhundert ein! Ziehen Sie dabei zwei weitere Romane heran, um unterschiedliche literarische Repräsentationsstrategien in der Moderne und Postmoderne vergleichend zu diskutieren!

Thema Nr. 13**Ernest Hemingway, „On the Quai at Smyrna“ (1925)**

Im Jahr 1922 brennt die Stadt Smyrna (heute: Izmir) nach dem Rückzug der griechischen Armee am Ende des griechisch-türkischen Kriegs (1919–1922). Im Hafen drängen sich Menschen und hoffen, von Schiffen der alliierten Großmächte evakuiert zu werden. Diese greifen jedoch zu spät ein und es kommt zur Katastrophe, bei der Zehntausende sterben.

THE STRANGE thing was, he said, how they screamed every night at midnight. I do not know why they screamed at that time. We were in the harbor and they were all on the pier and at midnight they started screaming. We used to turn the searchlight on them to quiet them. That always did the trick. We'd run the searchlight up and down over them two or
5 three times and they stopped it. One time I was senior officer on the pier and a Turkish officer came up to me in a frightful rage because one of our sailors had been most insulting to him. So I told him the fellow would be sent on ship and be most severely punished. I asked him to point him out. So he pointed out a gunner's mate, most inoffensive chap. Said he'd been most frightfully and repeatedly insulting; talking to me through an interpreter. I couldn't
10 imagine how the gunner's mate knew enough Turkish to be insulting. I called him over and said, "And just in case you should have spoken to any Turkish officers."
"I haven't spoken to any of them, sir."
"I'm quite sure of it," I said, "but you'd best go on board ship and not come ashore again for the rest of the day."
15 Then I told the Turk the man was being sent on board ship and would be most severely dealt with. Oh most rigorously. He felt topping about it. Great friends we were. The worst, he said, were the women with dead babies. You couldn't get the women to give up their dead babies. They'd have babies dead for six days. Wouldn't give them up. Nothing you could do about it. Had to take them away finally. Then there was an old lady, most
20 extraordinary case. I told it to a doctor and he said I was lying. We were clearing them off the pier, had to clear off the dead ones, and this old woman was lying on a sort of litter. They said, "Will you have a look at her, sir?" So I had a look at her and just then she died and went absolutely stiff. Her legs drew up and she drew up from the waist and went quite rigid. Exactly as though she had been dead over night. She was quite dead and absolutely
25 rigid. I told a medical chap about it and he told me it was impossible. They were all out there on the pier and it wasn't at all like an earthquake or that sort of thing because they never knew about the Turk. They never knew what the old Turk would do. You remember when they ordered us not to come in to take off any more? I had the wind up when we came in that morning. He had any amount of batteries and could have
30 blown us clean out of the water. We were going to come in, run close along the pier, let go the front and rear anchors and then shell the Turkish quarter of the town. They would have blown us out of the water but we would have blown the town simply to hell. They just fired

a few blank charges at us as we came in. Kemal came down and sacked the Turkish commander. For exceeding his authority or some such thing. He got a bit above himself. It would
35 have been the hell of a mess.

You remember the harbor. There were plenty of nice things floating around in it. That was the only time in my life I got so I dreamed about things. You didn't mind the women who were having babies as you did those with the dead ones. They had them all right. Surprising
40 how few of them died. You just covered them over with something and let them go to it. They'd always pick out the darkest place in the hold to have them. None of them minded anything once they got off the pier.

The Greeks were nice chaps too. When they evacuated they had all their baggage animals they couldn't take off with them so they just broke their forelegs and dumped them into the shallow water. All those mules with their forelegs broken pushed over into the shallow
45 water. It was all a pleasant business. My word yes a most pleasant business.

(Quelle: Ernest Hemingway, *In Our Time*. New York: Scribner, 1925)

1. Analysieren Sie Erzählperspektive und Form des Texts!
2. Erläutern Sie anhand des Texts Hemingways Iceberg Theory!
3. Ordnen Sie den Text literaturhistorisch ein und vergleichen Sie ihn mit zwei weiteren amerikanischen Texten aus der Epoche, die ebenfalls Kriegs- und/oder Fluchterfahrungen schildern!

Thema Nr. 14

Derek Walcott (1930–2017), „A Far Cry from Africa“ (1956)

A wind is ruffling the tawny pelt
 Of Africa. Kikuyu¹, quick as flies,
 Batten upon the bloodstreams of the veldt².
 Corpses are scattered through a paradise.

- 5 Only the worm, colonel of carrion, cries:
 “Waste no compassion on these separate dead!”
 Statistics justify and scholars seize
 The salients of colonial policy.
 What is that to the white child hacked in bed?
 10 To savages, expendable as Jews?

Threshed out by beaters³, the long rushes break
 In a white dust of ibises whose cries
 Have wheeled since civilization's dawn
 From the parched river or beast-teeming plain.

- 15 The violence of beast on beast is read
 As natural law, but upright man
 Seeks his divinity by inflicting pain.
 Delirious as these worried beasts, his wars
 Dance to the tightened carcass of a drum,
 20 While he calls courage still that native dread
 Of the white peace contracted by the dead.

Again brutish necessity wipes its hands
 Upon the napkin of a dirty cause, again
 A waste of our compassion, as with Spain⁴,

- 25 The gorilla wrestles with the superman.
 I who am poisoned with the blood of both,
 Where shall I turn, divided to the vein?
 I who have cursed
 The drunken officer of British rule, how choose
 30 Between this Africa and the English tongue I love?
 Betray them both, or give back what they give?
 How can I face such slaughter and be cool?
 How can I turn from Africa and live?

¹ An east African ethnic group whose members, as Mau Mau fighters, conducted an eight-year campaign of violent resistance against British colonial settlers in Kenya in the 1950s.

² Open country, neither cultivated nor forest (Afrikaans)

³ In big-game hunting, natives are hired to beat the brush, driving birds – such as ibises – and other animals into the open.

⁴ The Spanish Civil War (1936–1939)

1. Interpretieren Sie das vorliegende Gedicht unter Berücksichtigung zentraler formaler und stilistischer Gestaltungsmittel! Gehen Sie dabei insbesondere auf die Frage ein, welches Bild von Kenia hier entworfen wird!
2. Analysieren Sie die Funktion der unterschiedlichen historischen Bezugspunkte und Vergleiche, auf die das Gedicht in seiner Auseinandersetzung mit Großbritanniens kolonialer Herrschaft in Kenia Bezug nimmt!
3. Diskutieren Sie die konfliktreiche Beziehung des Sprechers zu der Sprache der Kolonialmacht im Rückgriff auf postkoloniale Theorie und beziehen Sie sich dabei auch auf mindestens ein weiteres literarisches Beispiel!