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Kennwort:		Herbst	42619	
Arbeitsplatz-Nr.:		2017		
Erste S		für ein Lehramt an e - Prüfungsaufgaben -		
Fach:	Englisch (Unter	rrichtsfach)		
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Anzahl der gestel	lten Themen (Aufga	aben): 3		
Anzahl der Druck	seiten dieser Vorla	ge: <b>5</b>		

Bitte wenden!

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## Thema Nr. 1

Oscar Wilde, The Importance of Being Earnest (1895)

Erläuterung: Jack Worthing hat Gwendolen gerade einen Heiratsantrag gemacht.

Gwendolen. I am engaged to Mr. Worthing, mamma. [They rise together.]

Lady Bracknell. Pardon me, you are not engaged to anyone. When you do become engaged to some one, I, or your father, should his health permit him, will inform you of the fact. An engagement should come on a young girl as a surprise, pleasant or unpleasant, as the case may be. It is hardly a matter that she could be allowed to arrange for herself... And now I have a few questions to put to you, Mr. Worthing. While I am making these inquiries, you, Gwendolen, will wait for me below in the carriage.

Gwendolen. [Reproachfully.] Mamma!

Lady Bracknell. In the carriage, Gwendolen! [Gwendolen goes to the door. She and Jack blow kisses to each other behind Lady Bracknell's back. Lady Bracknell looks vaguely about as if she could not understand what the noise was. Finally turns round.] Gwendolen, the carriage!

Gwendolen. Yes, mamma. [Goes out, looking back at Jack.]

Lady Bracknell. [Sitting down.] You can take a seat, Mr. Worthing. [Looks in her pocket for note-book and pencil.]

Jack. Thank you, Lady Bracknell, I prefer standing.

Lady Bracknell. [Pencil and note-book in hand.] I feel bound to tell you that you are not down on my list of eligible young men, although I have the same list as the dear Duchess of Bolton has. We work together, in fact. However, I am quite ready to enter your name, should your answers be what a really affectionate mother requires. Do you smoke?

Jack. Well, yes, I must admit I smoke.

Lady Bracknell. I am glad to hear it. A man should always have an occupation of some kind. There are far too many idle men in London as it is. How old are you?

Jack. Twenty-nine.

Lady Bracknell. A very good age to be married at. I have always been of opinion that a man who desires to get married should know either everything or nothing. Which do you know?

Jack. [After some hesitation.] I know nothing, Lady Bracknell.

Lady Bracknell. I am pleased to hear it. I do not approve of anything that tampers with natural ignorance. Ignorance is like a delicate exotic fruit; touch it and the bloom is gone. The whole theory of modern education is radically unsound. Fortunately in England, at any rate, education produces no effect whatsoever. If it did, it would prove a serious danger to the upper classes, and probably lead to acts of violence in Grosvenor Square. What is your income?

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Jack. Between seven and eight thousand a year.

35 Lady Bracknell. [Makes a note in her book.] In land, or in investments?

Jack. In investments, chiefly.

Lady Bracknell. That is satisfactory. What between the duties expected of one during one's lifetime, and the duties exacted from one after one's death, land has ceased to be either a profit or a pleasure. It gives one position, and prevents one from keeping it up. That's all that can be said about land.

Jack. I have a country house with some land, of course, attached to it, about fifteen hundred acres, I believe; but I don't depend on that for my real income. In fact, as far as I can make out, the poachers are the only people who make anything out of it.

Lady Bracknell. A country house! How many bedrooms? Well, that point can be cleared up afterwards. You have a town house, I hope? A girl with a simple, unspoiled nature, like Gwendolen, could hardly be expected to reside in the country.

Jack. Well, I own a house in Belgrave Square, but it is let by the year to Lady Bloxham. Of course, I can get it back whenever I like, at six months' notice.

Lady Bracknell. Lady Bloxham? I don't know her.

50 Jack. Oh, she goes about very little. She is a lady considerably advanced in years.

Lady Bracknell. Ah, nowadays that is no guarantee of respectability of character. What number in Belgrave Square?

Jack. 149.

Lady Bracknell. [Shaking her head.] The unfashionable side. I thought there was something.

However, that could easily be altered.

Jack. Do you mean the fashion, or the side?

Lady Bracknell. [Sternly.] Both, if necessary, I presume. [...]

Quelle: Oscar Wilde, The Major Works (Oxford: Oxford World's Classics, 1989).

- 1. Analysieren Sie den Textausschnitt und gehen Sie dabei insbesondere auf die sprachlichen Methoden ein, mit welchen hier Komik erzeugt wird!
- 2. Diskutieren Sie das Verhältnis des Textausschnitts zum Titel des Stücks *The Importance of Being Earnest*!
- 3. Situieren Sie das Stück in seinem kulturgeschichtlichen Kontext und gehen Sie dabei insbesondere auf das Verhältnis des Textausschnitts zu zeitgenössischen Moral- und Wertevorstellungen ein!

## Thema Nr. 2

# Carol Ann Duffy, "Valentine" (1993)

Not a red rose or a satin heart.

I give you an onion: It is a moon wrapped in brown paper. It promises light

5 like the careful undressing of love.

Here.

It will blind you with tears like a lover.
It will make your reflection

10 a wobbling photo of grief.

I am trying to be truthful.

Not a cute card or a kissogram.

I give you an onion.

Its fierce kiss will stay on your lips,
possessive and faithful
as we are,
for as long as we are.

Take it.

Its platinum loops shrink to a wedding-ring,

20 if you like.

Lethal.

Its scent will cling to your fingers, cling to your knife.

Quelle: Carol Ann Duffy, Selected Poems, London: Penguin Books in association with Anvil Press Poetry, 2006, 115-116.

- 1. Erläutern Sie die Sprechsituation, die formalen und sprachlichen Merkmale sowie die Bildlichkeit des Gedichts!
- 2. Analysieren Sie das Gedicht als ein Beispiel von Liebeslyrik! Welche Facetten des Themas "Liebe" stehen in "Valentine" im Vordergrund und wie werden sie behandelt?
- 3. Diskutieren Sie das vorliegende Gedicht als Beispiel der Literatur der Postmoderne!

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### Thema Nr. 3

#### VI

"If I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned, why, in the name of the seven mad gods, who rule the sea, was I allowed to come thus far and contemplate sand and trees?"

During this dismal night, it may be remarked that a man would conclude that it was really the intention of the seven mad gods to drown him, despite the abominable injustice of it. For it was certainly an abominable injustice to drown a man who had worked so hard, so hard. The man felt it would be a crime most unnatural. Other people had drowned at sea since galleys swarmed with painted sails, but still-10

When it occurs to a man that nature does not regard him as important, and that she feels she would not main the universe by disposing of him, he at first wishes to throw bricks at the temple, and he hates deeply the fact that there are no bricks and no temples. Any visible expression of nature would surely be pelleted with his jeers.

Then, if there be no tangible thing to hoot he feels, perhaps, the desire to confront a personification and indulge in pleas, bowed to one knee, and with hands supplicant, saying: "Yes, but I love myself."

A high cold star on a winter's night is the word he feels that she says to him. Thereafter he knows the pathos of his situation.

The men in the dingey had not discussed these matters, but each had, no doubt, reflected upon them in silence and according to his mind. There was seldom any expression upon their faces save the general one of complete weariness. Speech was devoted to the business of the boat.

To chime the notes of his emotion, a verse mysteriously entered the correspondent's head. He had even forgotten that he had forgotten this verse, but it suddenly was in his mind.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers, There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's

But a comrade stood beside him, and he took that comrade's hand And he said: "I shall never see my own, my native land."

In his childhood, the correspondent had been made acquainted with the fact that a soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers, but he had never regarded the fact as important. Myriads of his school-fellows had informed him of the soldier's plight, but the dinning had naturally ended by making him perfectly indifferent. He had never considered it his affair that a soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers, nor had it appeared to him as a matter for sorrow. It was less to him than breaking of a pencil's point.

Now, however, it quaintly came to him as a human, living thing. It was no longer merely a picture of a few throes in the breast of a poet, meanwhile drinking tea and warming his feet at the grate; it was an actuality-stern, mournful, and fine.

Quelle: Nagel, James and Tom Quirks, eds. The Portable American Realism Reader. New York: Penguin, 1997

- 1. Analysieren Sie die erzählerischen, sprachlichen und stilistischen Mittel des Textausschnitts aus Stephen Cranes Kurzgeschichte "The Open Boat" (1897)! In der Geschichte kämpfen vier Männer (oiler, correspondent, cook, captain) in einem Ruderboot auf rauer See ums Überleben.
- 2. Situieren Sie Stephen Cranes Werk im Kontext des amerikanischen Realismus und Naturalismus!
- Diskutieren Sie mit Bezug auf zwei weitere Autorinnen und Autoren das Verhältnis von 3. Individuum und Natur in der amerikanischen Literatur des späten 19. Jahrhunderts!