
Prüfungsteilnehmer

Prüfungstermin

Einzelprüfungsnummer

Kennzahl: _____

Kennwort: _____

Arbeitsplatz-Nr.: _____

**Frühjahr
2013**

42619

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

Fach: **Englisch (Unterrichtsfach)**

Einzelprüfung: **Literaturwissenschaft**

Anzahl der gestellten Themen (Aufgaben): **3**

Anzahl der Druckseiten dieser Vorlage: **7**

Bitte wenden!

James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916)

Text: Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1972 und öfter

Chapter 1

Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a moocow coming down along the road and this moocow that was coming down along the road met a nicens little boy named baby tuckoo... His father told him that story: his father looked at him through a glass: he had a hairy face. He was baby tuckoo. The moocow came down the road where Betty Byrne lived: she sold lemon platt.

O, the wild rose blossoms
On the little green place.

He sang that song. That was his song.

O, the green wothe botheth.

When you wet the bed first it is warm then it gets cold. His mother put on the oilsheet. That had the queer smell. His mother had a nicer smell than his father. She played on the piano the sailor's hornpipe for him to dance. He danced:

Tralala lala,
Tralala tralaladdy,
Tralala lala,
Tralala lala.

Uncle Charles and Dante¹ clapped. They were older than his father and mother but uncle Charles was older than Dante.

Dante had two brushes in her press. The brush with the maroon velvet back was for Michael Davitt² and the brush with the green velvet back was for Parnell³. Dante gave him a cachou every time he brought her a piece of tissue paper.

The Vances lived in number seven. They had a different father and mother. They were Eileen's father and mother. When they were grown up he was going to marry Eileen. He hid under the table. His mother said:

—O, Stephen will apologize.

Dante said:

—O, if not, the eagles will come and pull out his eyes.—

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

¹ The name of a (female) neighbour, not the poet.

² Michael Davitt (1846-1906), politician and founder of the Irish Land League

³ Charles Stewart Parnell (1846-1891), Irish political leader

Pull out his eyes,
Apologize,
Apologize,
Pull out his eyes.
Apologize,
Pull out his eyes,
Pull out his eyes,
Apologize.

The wide playgrounds were swarming with boys. All were shouting and the prefects urged them on with strong cries. The evening air was pale and chilly and after every charge and thud of the footballers the greasy leather orb flew like a heavy bird through the grey light. He kept on the fringe of his line, out of sight of his prefect, out of the reach of the rude feet, feigning to run now and then. He felt his body small and weak amid the throng of the players and his eyes were weak and watery. Rody Kickham was not like that: he would be captain of the third line all the fellows said.

Rody Kickham was a decent fellow but Nasty Roche was a stink. Rody Kickham had greaves in his number and a hamper in the refectory. Nasty Roche had big hands. He called the Friday pudding dog-in-the-blanket. And one day he had asked:

—What is your name?

Stephen had answered: Stephen Dedalus.

Then Nasty Roche had said:

—What kind of a name is that?

And when Stephen had not been able to answer Nasty Roche had asked:

—What is your father?

Stephen had answered:

—A gentleman.

Then Nasty Roche had asked:

—Is he a magistrate?

He crept about from point to point on the fringe of his line, making little runs now and then. But his hands were bluish with cold. He kept his hands in the side pockets of his belted grey suit. [...]

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

He was caught in the whirl of a scrimmage and, fearful of the flashing eyes and muddy boots, bent down to look through the legs. The fellows were struggling and groaning and their legs were rubbing and kicking and stamping. Then Jack Lawton's yellow boots dodged out the ball and all the other boots and legs ran after. He ran after them a little way and then stopped. It was useless to run on. Soon they would be going home for the holidays. After supper in the study hall he would change the number pasted up inside his desk from seventy-seven to seventy-six.

1. Interpretieren Sie den voranstehenden Anfang von James Joyces autobiographischem Roman! Gehen Sie dabei ein auf die Erzählperspektive und die Stilmittel, mit denen Joyce die Erfahrungswelt Stephens veranschaulicht!
2. Dieser Roman gilt als ein typisches Beispiel der literarischen Moderne. Worin bestehen deren Hauptmerkmale? Erläutern Sie diese unter Berücksichtigung von zwei weiteren exemplarischen Erzähltexten!

Thema Nr. 2

Percy Bysshe Shelley, "Ozymandias" (1818)

I met a traveller from an antique land,	1
Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone	
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,	
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown	
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command,	5
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read	
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,	
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed.	
And on the pedestal these words appear:	
'My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings,	10
Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair.'	
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay	
Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare	
The lone and level sands stretch far away."	

2 *trunk*: Rumpf

4 *visage*: Antlitz, Gesicht

9 *pedestal*: Sockel

10 *Ozymandias*: griech. Name des Pharaos Ramses II

[Quelle: *The Arnold Anthology of British and Irish Literature in English*, ed. Robert Clark and Thomas Healy (London *et al.*: Arnold, 1997), 752.]

1. Beschreiben Sie die *formale Struktur* des Gedichts und ordnen Sie diese gattungsgeschichtlich ein!
2. Erläutern Sie die *zentralen rhetorischen Figuren* des Gedichts und interpretieren Sie die poetische Bildlichkeit und die Erzählsituation des Gedichts im Hinblick auf die Themenkomplexe *Kunst* und *Macht*!
4. Ordnen Sie das Gedicht in seinen gesellschaftlichen und literaturhistorischen Kontext ein!

Thema Nr. 3

Text: Eugene O'Neill, *Long Day's Journey into Night* (1940), *The Norton Anthology of American Literature, Vol. D: Between the Wars 1914-1945*, London/ New York: Norton, 2003, 1340-1342.

1. Das Stück beginnt mit einer detaillierten Beschreibung des Wohnzimmers im Sommerhaus der Tyrones. Welche konkreten Schlüsse lassen sich aus dieser Schilderung auf die Figuren des Stückes und ihre Lebensumstände ziehen? Argumentieren Sie textnah!
2. Auf welche Weise werden sodann Mary und James Tyrone geschildert? Unterscheiden Sie deutlich zwischen äußerlicher Charakterisierung einerseits und Informationen, die man kaum dem Auftreten eines Schauspielers entnehmen könnte, andererseits!
3. Situieren Sie Eugene O'Neill in der Geschichte des amerikanischen Dramas im 20. Jahrhundert!

Long Day's Journey into Night

CHARACTERS

JAMES TYRONE
 MARY CAVAN TYRONE, *his wife*
 JAMES TYRONE, JR., *their elder son*
 EDMUND TYRONE, *their younger son*
 CATHLEEN, *second girl*¹

SCENES

ACT 1 *Living room of the Tyrones' summer home 8:30 A.M. of a day in August, 1912*
 ACT 2 SCENE 1 *The same, around 12:45*
 SCENE 2 *The same, about a half hour later*
 ACT 3 *The same, around 6:30 that evening*
 ACT 4 *The same, around midnight*

Act 1

SCENE—*Living room of JAMES TYRONE's summer home on a morning in August, 1912.*

At rear are two double doorways with portieres. The one at right leads into a front parlor with the formally arranged, set appearance of a room rarely occupied. The other opens on a dark, windowless back parlor, never used except as a passage from living room to dining room. Against the wall between the doorways is a small bookcase, with a picture of Shakespeare above it, containing novels by Balzac, Zola, Stendhal, philosophical and sociological works by Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Marx, Engels, Kropotkin, Max Sterner, plays by Ibsen, Shaw, Strindberg, poetry by Swinburne, Rossetti, Wilde, Ernest Dowson, Kipling, etc.²

In the right wall, rear, is a screen door leading out on the porch which extends halfway around the house. Farther forward, a series of three windows looks over the front lawn to the harbor and the avenue that runs along the water front. A small wicker table and an ordinary oak desk are against the wall, flanking the windows.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

In the left wall, a similar series of windows looks out on the grounds in back of the house. Beneath them is a wicker couch with cushions, its head toward rear. Farther back is a large, glassed-in bookcase with sets of Dumas, Victor Hugo, Charles Lever, three sets of Shakespeare, *The World's Best Literature* in fifty large volumes, Hume's *History of England*, Thiers' *History of the Consulate and Empire*, Smollett's *History of England*, Gibbon's *Roman Empire* and miscellaneous volumes of old plays, poetry, and several histories of Ireland. The astonishing thing about these sets is that all the volumes have the look of having been read and reread.

The hardwood floor is nearly covered by a rug, inoffensive in design and color. At center is a round table with a green shaded reading lamp, the cord plugged in one of the four sockets in the chandelier above. Around the table within reading-light range are four chairs, three of them wicker armchairs, the fourth (at right front of table) a varnished oak rocker with leather bottom.

It is around 8:30. Sunshine comes through the windows at right.

As the curtain rises, the family have just finished breakfast. MARY TYRONE and her husband enter together from the back parlor, coming from the dining room.

Mary is fifty-four, about medium height. She still has a young, graceful figure, a trifle plump, but showing little evidence of middle-aged waist and hips, although she is not tightly corseted. Her face is distinctly Irish in type. It must once have been extremely pretty, and is still striking. It does not match her healthy figure but is thin and pale with the bone structure prominent. Her nose is long and straight, her mouth wide with full, sensitive lips. She uses no rouge or any sort of make-up. Her high forehead is framed by thick, pure white hair. Accentuated by her pallor and white hair, her dark brown eyes appear black. They are unusually large and beautiful, with black brows and long curling lashes.

What strikes one immediately is her extreme nervousness. Her hands are never still. They were once beautiful hands, with long, tapering fingers, but rheumatism has knotted the joints and warped the fingers, so that now they have an ugly crippled look. One avoids looking at them, the more so because one is conscious she is sensitive about their appearance and humiliated by her inability to control the nervousness which draws attention to them.

She is dressed simply but with a sure sense of what becomes her. Her hair is arranged with fastidious care. Her voice is soft and attractive. When she is merry, there is a touch of Irish lilt in it.

Her most appealing quality is the simple, unaffected charm of a shy convent-girl youthfulness she has never lost—an innate unworldly innocence.

JAMES TYRONE is sixty-five but looks ten years younger. About five feet eight, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, he seems taller and slenderer because of his bearing, which has a soldierly quality of head up, chest out, stomach in, shoulders squared. His face has begun to break down but he is still remarkably good looking—a big, finely shaped head, a handsome profile, deep-set light-brown eyes. His gray hair is thin with a bald spot like a monk's tonsure.

The stamp of his profession is unmistakably on him. Not that he indulges in any of the deliberate temperamental posturings of the stage star. He is by nature and preference a simple, unpretentious man, whose inclinations are still close to his humble beginnings and his Irish forebears. But the actor shows in all his unconscious habits of speech, movement and gesture. These have the quality of belonging to a studied technique. His voice is remarkably fine, resonant and flexible, and he takes great pride in it.

His clothes, assuredly, do not costume any romantic part. He wears a threadbare, ready-made grey sack suit and shineless black shoes, a collar-less shirt with a thick white handkerchief knotted loosely around his throat. There is nothing picturesquely careless about this get-up. It is commonplace shabby. He believes in wearing his clothes to the limit of usefulness, is dressed now for gardening, and doesn't give a damn how he looks.

He has never been really sick a day in his life. He has no nerves. There is a lot of stolid, earthly peasant in him, mixed with streaks of sentimental melancholy and rare flashes of intuitive sensibility.

Tyrone's arm is around his wife's waist as they appear from the back parlor. Entering the living room he gives her a playful hug.