
Prüfungsteilnehmer

Prüfungstermin

Einzelprüfungsnummer

Kennzahl: _____

Kennwort: _____

Arbeitsplatz-Nr.: _____

**Frühjahr
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: **30**

Bitte wenden!

Thema Nr. 1**William Congreve, *The Way of the World* (1700)**

In der sog. *Proviso*-Szene von William Congreves Restaurationskomödie *The Way of the World* (1700) handelt das junge Paar, Millamant and Mirabell, im Detail die Bedingungen aus, unter denen es bereit wäre, die Ehe miteinander einzugehen.

Millamant: [...] Ah, I'll never marry, unless I am first made sure of my will and pleasure.

Mirabell: Would you have 'em both before marriage? Or will you be contented with the first now, and stay for the other till after grace?

5 Millamant: Ah, don't be impertinent. My dear liberty, shall I leave thee? My faithful solitude, my darling contemplation, must I bid you then adieu? Ay-h, adieu. My morning thoughts, agreeable wakings, indolent slumbers, all ye *douceurs*¹, ye *sommeils du matin*², adieu. I can't do't, 'tis more than impossible – positively, Mirabell, I'll lie a-bed in a morning as long as I please.

Mirabell: Then I'll get up in a morning as early as I please.

10 Millamant: Ah! Idle creature, get up when you will. And d'ye hear, I won't be called names after I'm married; positively I won't be called names.

Mirabell: Names!

15 Millamant: Ay, as wife, spouse, my dear, joy, jewel, love, sweet-heart, and the rest of that nauseous cant, in which men and their wives are so fulsomely familiar. I shall never bear that. Good Mirabell, don't let us be familiar or fond, nor kiss before folks, like my Lady Fadler and Sir Francis; nor go to Hyde Park together the first Sunday in a new chariot, to provoke eyes and whispers, and then never be seen there together again, as if we were proud of one another the first week, and ashamed of one another ever after. Let us never visit together, nor go to a play together, but let us be very strange and well-bred; let us be as strange as if we had been married
20 a great while, and as well-bred as if we were not married at all.

Mirabell: Have you any more conditions to offer? Hitherto your demands are pretty reasonable.

25 Millamant: Trifles; as liberty to pay and receive visits to and from whom I please; to write and receive letters, without interrogatories or wry faces on your part. To wear what I please, and choose conversation with regard only to my own taste; to have no obligation upon me to converse with wits that I don't like, because they are your acquaintance, or to be intimate with fools, because they may be your relations. Come to dinner when I please, dine in my dressing-

room when I'm out of humour, without giving a reason. To have my closet inviolate; to be sole empress of my tea-table, which you must never presume to approach without first asking leave. And lastly, wherever I am, you shall always knock at the door before you come in. These articles
30 subscribed, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle³ into a wife.

Mirabell: Your bill of fare⁴ is something advanced in this latter account. Well, have I liberty to offer conditions – that when you are dwindled into a wife, I may not be beyond measure enlarged into a husband?

Millamant: You have free leave: propose your utmost, speak and spare not.

35 Mirabell: I thank you. *Imprimis*⁵, then, I covenant that your acquaintance be general; that you admit no sworn confidant or intimate of your own sex; no she-friend to screen her affairs under your countenance, and tempt you to make trial of a mutual secrecy. No decoy-duck⁶ to wheedle you a fop, scrambling to the play in a mask, then bring you home in a pretended fright, when you think you shall be found out – and rail at me for missing the play, and disappointing the
40 frolic which you had to pick me up and prove my constancy.

Millamant: Detestable *imprimis*! I go to the play in a mask!

Mirabell: *Item*⁷, I article, that you continue to like your own face as long as I shall. And while it passes current with me, that you endeavour not to new coin it. To which end, together with all vizards⁷ for the day, I prohibit all masks for the night, made of oiled skins and I know not what
45 – hog's bones, hare's gall, pig water, and the marrow of a roasted cat. In short, I forbid all commerce with the gentlewomen in what-d'ye-call-it Court. *Item*, I shut my doors against all bawds with baskets, and pennyworths of muslin, china, fans, atlases, etc, etc. *Item*, when you shall be breeding –

Millamant: Ah, name it not!

50 Mirabell: Which may be presumed, with a blessing on our endeavours –

Millamant: Odious endeavours!

Mirabell: I denounce against all straitlacing, squeezing for a shape, till you mould my boy's head like a sugar-loaf⁸, and instead of a man-child, make me father to a crooked billet. Lastly, to the
55 dominion of the tea-table I submit; but with proviso, that you exceed not in your province, but restrain yourself to native and simple tea-table drinks, as tea, chocolate, and coffee. As likewise to genuine and authorised tea-table talk, such as mending of fashions, spoiling reputations, railing at absent friends, and so forth; but that on no account you encroach upon the men's prerogative, and presume to drink healths, or toast fellows; for prevention of which, I banish all foreign forces, all auxiliaries to the tea-table, as orange-brandy, all aniseed, cinnamon, citron,
60 and Barbadoes waters, together with ratafia and the most noble spirit of clary. But for cowslip-

wine, poppy-water, and all dormitives, those I allow. These provisos admitted, in other things I may prove a tractable and complying husband.

Millamant: Oh, horrid provisos! Filthy strong waters! I toast fellows, odious men! I hate your odious provisos.

- 65 Mirabell: Then we're agreed. Shall I kiss your hand upon the contract? And here comes one to be a witness to the sealing of the deed.

(Quelle: Congreve, William. *The Way of the World. Restoration Comedy*, hg. von Trevor R. Griffiths und Simon Trussler, Nick Hern Books, 2005. A Drama Classic Collection. 315–318)

Vokabeln:

| | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 <i>Douceurs</i> | Annehmlichkeiten |
| 2 <i>sommeils du matin</i> | Morgenschlaf |
| 3 to dwindle | schrumpfen, verkümmern |
| 4 bill of fare | (Tages-/Wochen)Menü |
| 5 <i>imprimis</i> | vor allem, insbesondere |
| 6 decoy-duck | Lockente |
| 7 <i>item</i> | ebenso, gleichermaßen |
| 8 sugar-loaf | Zuckerhut |

1. Analysieren Sie den vorliegenden Dramenausschnitt mit Blick auf die Dialogführung und die Verwendung rhetorisch-stilistischer Gestaltungsmittel, mit denen *wit* erzeugt wird!
2. Welche zeitgenössischen Auffassungen von Ehe und *Gender* werden in dieser *Proviso*-Szene satirisch verarbeitet?
3. Diskutieren Sie, wie die Themen Liebe und Ehe in der Restaurationskomödie anders verhandelt werden als in der elisabethanischen Komödie! Beziehen Sie zwei elisabethanische Komödien in Ihre Ausführungen ein!

Thema Nr. 2

R. C. Sherriff, *Journey's End* (1929)

HIBBERT *comes quietly into the dug-out from the tunnel leading from his sleeping quarters.*

STANHOPE: Hullo ! I thought you were asleep.

HIBBERT: I just wanted a word with you, Stanhope.

STANHOPE: Fire away.

5 HIBBERT: This neuralgia of mine. I'm awfully sorry. I'm afraid I can't stick it any longer –

STANHOPE: I know. It's rotten, isn't it? I've got it like hell

HIBBERT [*taken aback*]: You have?

STANHOPE: Had it for weeks.

HIBBERT: Well, I'm sorry, Stanhope. It's no good. I've tried damned hard, but I must go down —

10 STANHOPE: Go down — where?

HIBBERT: Why, go sick — go down the line. I must go into hospital and have some kind of treatment.

[There is a silence for a moment. STANHOPE is looking at HIBBERT — till HIBBERT turns away and walks towards his dugout.]

I'll go right along now, I think -

STANHOPE [*quietly*]: You're going to stay here.

15 HIBBERT: I'm going down to see the doctor. He'll send me to hospital when he understands —

STANHOPE: I've seen the doctor. I saw him this morning. He won't send you to hospital, Hibbert; he'll send you back here. He promised me he would. [*There is silence.*] So you can save yourself a walk.

HIBBERT [*fiercely*]: What the hell—!

20 STANHOPE: Stop that!

HIBBERT: I've a perfect right to go sick if I want to. The men can — why can't an officer?

STANHOPE: No man's sent down unless he's very ill. There's nothing wrong with you, Hibbert. The German attack's on Thursday; almost for certain. You're going to stay here and see it through with the rest of us.

25 HIBBERT [*hysterically*]: I tell you, I *can't* — the pain's nearly sending me mad. I'm going! I've got all my stuff packed. I'm going now— *-you can't stop me!*

[He goes excitedly into the dugout. STANHOPE walks slowly towards the steps, turns, and undoes the flap of his revolver holster. He takes out his revolver, and stands casually examining it. HIBBERT returns with his pack slung on his back and a walking-stick in his hand. He pauses at the sight of STANHOPE by the steps.]

HIBBERT: Let's get by, Stanhope.

STANHOPE: You're going to stay here and do your job.

HIBBERT: Haven't I *told* you? I *can't*! Don't you understand? Let — let me get by.

30 STANHOPE: Now look here, Hibbert. I've got a lot of work to do and no time to waste. Once and for all, you're going to stay here and see it through with the rest of us.

HIBBERT: I shall die of this pain if I don't go!

STANHOPE: Better die of the pain than be shot for deserting.

HIBBERT [*in a low voice*]: What do you mean?

35 STANHOPE: You know what I mean

HIBBERT: I've a right to see the doctor!

STANHOPE: Good God! Don't you understand! — he'll send you back here. Dr. Preston's never let a shirker pass him yet — and he's not going to start now — two days before the attack.

HIBBERT [*pleadingly*]: Stanhope — if you only *knew* how awful I feel. Please do let me go by —
 [*He walks slowly round behind STANHOPE. STANHOPE turns and thrusts him roughly back. With a lightning movement HIBBERT raises his stick and strikes blindly at STANHOPE, who catches the stick, tears it from HIBBERT'S hands, smashes it across his knee, and throws it on the ground.*]

40 STANHOPE: God! — you little swine. You know what that means — don't you? Striking a superior officer!

[*There is silence. STANHOPE takes hold of his revolver as it swings from its lanyard. HIBBERT stands quivering in front of STANHOPE.*]

Never mind, though. I won't have you shot for that.

HIBBERT: Let me go.

STANHOPE: If you went, I'd have you shot — for deserting. It's a hell of a disgrace — to die like
 45 that. I'd rather spare you the disgrace. I give you half a minute to think. You either stay here and try and be a man — or you try to get out of that door — to desert. If you do that, there's going to be an accident. D'you understand? I'm fiddling with my revolver, d'you see? — cleaning it — and it's going off by accident. It often happens out here. It's going off, and it's going to shoot you between the eyes.

50 HIBBERT [*in a whisper*]: You daren't —

STANHOPE: You don't deserve to be shot by accident — but I'd save you the disgrace of the other way — I give you half a minute to decide. [*He holds up his wrist to look at his watch*]. Half a minute from now —

[*There is silence; a few seconds go by. Suddenly HIBBERT bursts into a high-pitched laugh.*]

HIBBERT: Go on, then, shoot! You won't let me go to hospital. I swear I'll never go into those
 55 trenches again. Shoot! — and thank God —

STANHOPE [*with his eyes on his watch*]: Fifteen more seconds.

HIBBERT: Go on! I'm ready —

STANHOPE: Ten. [*He looks up at HIBBERT, who has closed his eyes.*] Five.

[*Again STANHOPE looks up. After a moment he quietly drops his revolver into its holster and steps towards Hibbert, who stands with lowered head and eyes tightly screwed up, his arms stretched stiffly by his sides, his hands tightly clutching the edges of his tunic. Gently STANHOPE places his hands on HIBBERT'S shoulders. Hibbert starts violently and gives a little cry. He opens his eyes and stares vacantly into STANHOPE'S face. STANHOPE is smiling.*]

STANHOPE: Good man, Hibbert. I liked the way you stuck that.

60 HIBBERT [*hoarsely*]: Why didn't you shoot?

STANHOPE: Stay here, old chap — and see it through

[HIBBERT *stands trembling, trying to speak. Suddenly he breaks down and cries.*

STANHOPE *takes his hands from his shoulders and turns away.*]

HIBBERT: Stanhope! I've tried like hell — I swear I have. Ever since I came out here I've hated and loathed it. Every sound up there makes me all — cold and sick. I'm different to — to the others — you don't understand. It's got worse and worse, and now I can't bear it any longer. I'll
65 never go up those steps again — into the line — with the men looking at me — and knowing — I'd rather die here. [*He is sitting on STANHOPE's bed, crying without effort to restrain himself.*]

STANHOPE [*pouring out a whiskey*]: Try a drop of this, old chap.

HIBBERT: No, thanks.

STANHOPE: Go on. Drink it.

[HIBBERT *takes the mug and drinks. STANHOPE sits down beside HIBBERT and puts an arm round his shoulder.*]

70 I know what you feel, Hibbert. I've known all along

HIBBERT: How *can* you know?

STANHOPE: Because I feel the same — exactly the same! Every little noise up there makes me feel — just as you feel. Why didn't you tell me instead of talking about neuralgia? We *all* feel like you do sometimes, if you only knew. I hate and loathe it all. Sometimes I feel I could just
75 lie down on this bed and pretend I was paralysed or something — and couldn't move — and just lie there till I died — or was dragged away.

HIBBERT: I can't bear to go up into those awful trenches again —

STANHOPE: When are you due to go on?

HIBBERT: Quite soon. At four.

80 STANHOPE: Shall we go on together? We know how we both feel now. Shall we see if we can stick it together?

HIBBERT: I can't —

STANHOPE: Supposing I said *I* can't — supposing we all say we can't — what would happen then?

85 HIBBERT: I don't care. What does it matter? It's all so — so beastly — nothing matters

STANHOPE: Supposing the worst happened — supposing we were knocked right out. Think of all the chaps who've gone already. It can't be very lonely there — with all those fellows. Sometimes I think it's lonelier here. [*He pauses.*]

[HIBBERT *is sitting quietly now, his eyes roving vacantly in front of him.*]

Just go and have a quiet rest. Then we'll go out together.

90 HIBBERT: Do please let me go, Stanhope -

STANHOPE: If you went — and left Osborne and Trotter and Raleigh and all those men up there to do your work — could you ever look a man straight in the face again — in all your life? [*There is silence again.*] You may be wounded. Then you can go home and feel proud — and if you're killed you — you won't have to stand this hell any more. I might have fired just now. If
95 I had you would have been dead now. But you're still alive — with a straight fighting chance of coming through. Take the chance, old chap, and stand in with Osborne and Trotter and Raleigh. Don't you think it worth standing in with men like that? — when you know they all feel like

you do — in their hearts — and just go on sticking it because they know it's — it's the only thing a decent man can do. [*Again there is silence.*] Stand in, old chap — and do your share.

100 HIBBERT: I'll— I'll try —

STANHOPE: Good man!

HIBBERT: You — you won't say anything, Stanhope — about this?

STANHOPE: If you promise not to tell anyone what a blasted funk I am.

HIBBERT [*with a little laugh*]: No.

105 STANHOPE: Splendid! Now go and have ten minutes' rest and a smoke — then we'll go up together and hold each other's hands — and jump every time a rat squeaks.

[*HIBBERT rises and blows his nose.*]

We've all got a good fighting chance. I mean to come through — don't you?

HIBBERT: Yes. Rather. [*He goes timidly towards his dugout, and turns at the doorway.*] It's awfully decent of you, Stanhope —

[*STANHOPE is pouring himself out a whiskey.*]

110 and thanks most awfully for —

STANHOPE: That's all right.

[*HIBBERT goes away.*]

(Quelle R. C. Sherriff: *Journey's End* [1929]. London: Penguin, 2000, S. 54–59.)

Lanyard a cord worn around the neck, shoulder, etc, to hold something such as a whistle or knife (or a gun)

1. Analysieren Sie die Szene in Bezug auf Struktur, Dialoggestaltung und Figurencharakterisierung!
2. Sherriffs Theaterstück wird häufig als Antikriegsdrama bezeichnet. Rechtfertigt die vorliegende Szene eine solche Einschätzung?
3. Situieren Sie die Szene im Kontext der englischen Literatur über den 1. Weltkrieg!

Thema Nr. 3

Plumes (1927) ist ein Einakter von Georgia Douglas Johnson, einer der heute wichtigsten Dramatikerinnen der Zeit der Harlem Renaissance. Das Stück wurde 1929 vom "Negro Experimental Theater" in New York uraufgeführt. Ihre Stücke setzen sich mit der Lebensrealität Schwarzer Amerikaner*innen Anfang des 20. Jahrhunderts auseinander.

The one-act play is set in the home of Charity Brown, whose 14-year-old daughter Emmerline is severely ill. Charity has already lost two children. She now is forced to decide between paying for an operation with uncertain outcome that would cost all her savings or a funeral that would allow her to mourn her daughter's likely passing (with beautiful feathers – plumes – as decoration). Tildy is Charity's friend and confidante and helps her sew a dress for Emmerline – either short if she lives, or long for the funeral. The following passage is the end of the play, where Dr. Scott, the white physician, tries to convince Charity to attempt the operation.

[...]

DR.SCOTT. Well, Mrs. Brown, I've decided I'll have to operate.

CHARITY. MY Lord! Doctor–don't say that!

DR.SCOTT. It's the only chance.

5 CHARITY. You mean she'll get well if you do?

DR.SCOTT. No, I can't say that–It's just a chance–a last chance. And I'll do just what I said, cut the price of the operation down to fifty dollars. I'm willing to do that for you. (Charity throws up her hands in dismay.)

10 CHARITY. Doctor, I was so in hopes you wouldn't operate–I–I–And yo' say you ain't a bit sure she'll get well–even then?

DR.SCOTT. No. I can't be sure. We'll just have to take the chance. But I'm sure you want to do everything–

15 CHARITY. Sure, doctor, I do want to–do–everything I can do to–to–Doctor, look at this cup. (Picks up fortune cup and shows the doctor) My fortune's jes' been told this very morning–look at these grounds–they says– (Softly) it ain't no use, no use a-tall.

DR.SCOTT. Why, my good woman, don't you believe in such senseless things! That cup of grounds can't show you anything. Wash them out and forget it.

CHARITY. I can't forget it. I feel like it ain't no use; I'd just be spendin' the money that I needs–for nothing–nothing.

20 DR.SCOTT. But you won't though–You'll have a clear conscience. You'd know that you did everything you could.

CHARITY. I know that, doctor. But there's things you don't know 'bout–there's other things I got to think about. If she goes–if she must go . . . I had plans–I been getting ready–now–Oh, doctor, I jest can't see how I can have this operation–you say you can't promise–nothing?

25 DR.SCOTT. I didn't think you'd hesitate about it–I imagined your love for your child–

CHARITY. (Breaking in) I do love my child. My God, I do love my child. You don't understand . . . but . . . but–can't I have a little time to think about it, doctor? It means so much–to her–and–me!

- DR.SCOTT. I tell you. I'll go on over to the office. I'd have to get my—(Hesitates) my things,
 30 anyhow. And as soon as you make up your mind, get one of the neighbors to run over and tell
 me. I'll come right back. But don't waste any time now, Mrs. Brown, every minute counts.
 CHARITY. Thank you, doctor, thank you. I'll shore send you word as soon as I can. I'm so upset
 and worried I'm half crazy.
- DR.SCOTT. I know you are . . . but don't take too long to make up your mind. . . . It ought to
 35 be done to-day. Remember—it may save her. (Exits.)
- CHARITY. (Goes to door of sick room—looks inside for a few minutes, then starts walking up
 and down the little kitchen, first holding a hand up to her head and then wringing them. Enter
 Tildy from yard with tub under her arm.)
- TILDY. Well, they're all out, sister Charity— (Stops) Why, what's the matter?
 40 CHARITY. The doctor wants to operate.
- TILDY. (Softly) Where he—gone?
 CHARITY. Yes—he's gone, but he's coming back—if I send for him.
- TILDY. You going to? (Puts down tub and picks up white dress and begins sewing.)
 CHARITY. I dunno—I got to think.
- 45 TILDY. I can't see what's the use myself. He can't save her with no operation—Coffee grounds
 don't lie.
- CHARITY. It would take all the money I got for the operation and then what about puttin' her
 away? He can't save her—don't even promise ter. I know he can't—I feel it . . . I feel it . . .
- TILDY. It's in the air. . . . (Both women sit tense in the silence. Tildy has commenced sewing
 50 again. Just then a strange, strangling noise comes from the inner room.)
- TILDY. What's that?
 CHARITY. (Running toward and into inner room) Oh, my God! (From inside) Sister Tildy—
 Come here—No,—Some water, quick.
- (Tildy with dress in hand starts toward inner room. Stops at door, sighs and then goes hurriedly
 55 back for the water pitcher. Charity is heard moaning softly in the next room, then she appears at
 doorway and leans against jamb of door) Rip the hem out, sister Tildy.
- CURTAIN

(Quelle: Johnson, Georgia Douglas. *Plumes. Black Female Playwrights: An Anthology of Plays Before 1950*. Ed. by Kathy A. Perkins. Indiana UP, 1990. 24–30.)

1. Beschreiben und analysieren Sie die in der Textpassage auftretenden Personen, deren Äußerungen und deren Beziehungen!
2. Interpretieren Sie auf der Basis Ihrer Analyse in Aufgabe 1 das Dilemma der Hauptfigur aus der Perspektive der "Color Line" (W.E.B. Du Bois)!
3. Vergleichen Sie das Stück auf der Basis Ihrer Interpretation mit zwei weiteren Werken der Harlem Renaissance und setzen Sie es in den Kontext der Literatur der amerikanischen Moderne!

Thema Nr. 4

14

Batter my heart, three-personed God; for you
As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend;
That I may rise and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend
Your force to break, blow, burn, and make me new.
5 I, like an usurped town, to another due,
Labor to admit you, but O, to no end;
Reason, your viceory in me, me should defend,
But is captived, and proves weak or untrue.
Yet dearly I love you, and would be loved fain,
10 But am betrothed unto your enemy.
Divorce me, untie or break that knot again;
Take me to you, imprison me, for I,
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

(Quelle: John Donne, "Holy Sonnet 14", in: The Norton Anthology of English Literature, edited by Stephen Greenblatt et al. [= vol. 1] (New York/London: W. W. Norton & Company, 2006), 1297–1298.)

1. Analysieren Sie das Gedicht und gehen Sie dabei besonders auf das Verhältnis des lyrischen Ichs zu Gott ein!
2. Erläutern Sie die Metaphorik des Texts vor dem Hintergrund des Metapherngebrauchs in der Lyrik des späten 16. und frühen 17. Jahrhunderts!
3. Ziehen Sie einen Vergleich zwischen dem vorliegenden Text und religiösen Gedichten von zwei weiteren Lyrikerinnen/Lyrikern des 17. Jahrhunderts!

Thema Nr. 5

Francis Scott Key (1779-1843)

Defence of Fort McHenry (1814)

O! say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
 5 And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there –
 O, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
 10 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected now shines in the stream –
 15 'Tis the star-spangled banner, O! long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
 That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
 A home and a country should leave us no more?
 20 Their blood has wash'd out their foul foot-steps' pollution.
 No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
 From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

25 O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
 Between their lov'd home, and the war's desolation,
 Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
 Praise the power that hath made and preserv'd us a nation!
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 30 And this be our motto – "In God is our trust!"
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

(Quelle: *The Oxford Book of American Poetry*, chosen and edited by David Lehman (Oxford: Oxford UP, 2006), 18–19.)

1. Erörtern Sie Form, Bildlichkeit und Thema des Gedichts!
2. Wie – über welche Grundwerte und Vorstellungsmuster – wird die amerikanische Nation hier imaginiert?
3. Ordnen Sie das Gedicht in seinem Nationalismus in die literatur- und kulturhistorischen Kontexte der ersten Hälfte des 19. Jahrhunderts ein!

Thema Nr. 6

Der folgende Text des irischen Lyrikers William Butler Yeats (1865–1939) erschien 1893 in seinem zweiten Gedichtband *The Rose*.

The Lake Isle of Innisfree

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

- 5 And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

- I will arise and go now, for always night and day
10 I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

(Quelle: *The Collected Works of W.B. Yeats*, vol. I *The Poems*, ed. R.J. Finneran (New York: Scribner, 1997), p. 35)

Innisfree (*Inis Fraoigh*, 'Heather Island') (Z. 1): a small uninhabited island in Lough Gill, County Sligo, Ireland.

glade (Z. 4): a small open space in a wood or forest

linnet (Z. 8): a small brown singing bird

1. Beschreiben Sie zunächst wesentliche sprachliche Gestaltungsmittel des Gedichts auf den Ebenen von Metrum, Reim, Lexik und Rhetorik und diskutieren Sie, welche Funktion ihnen zukommt!
2. Analysieren Sie sodann die Raumkonstellation: Was für ein Ort wird hier entworfen und wie positioniert das lyrische Ich sich dazu?
3. Ordnen Sie das Gedicht in den literarischen, kulturellen und politischen Kontext seiner Zeit ein und interpretieren Sie es im Vergleich zu zwei weiteren Texten, die diesem Kontext entstammen!

Thema Nr. 7

e. e. cummings, "next to of course god america i" (1926)

“next to of course god america i
love you land of the pilgrims’ and so forth oh
say can you see by the dawn’s early my
country ‘tis of centuries come and go
5 and are no more what of it we should worry
in every language even deafanddumb
thy sons acclaim your glorious name by gorry
by jingo by gee gosh by gum
why talk of beauty what could be more beaut-
10 iful than these heroic happy dead
who rushed like lions to the roaring slaughter
they did not stop to think they died instead
then shall the voice of liberty be mute?”

He spoke. And drank rapidly a glass of water

(Quelle: *Norton Anthology of American Literature*. 9th ed. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. Inc., 2017. Vol. D: 612.)

1. Analysieren und diskutieren Sie Form, Sprache und Stil des Gedichts in Bezug auf modernistische Elemente!
2. Analysieren Sie den im Gedicht thematisierten amerikanischen Patriotismus zwischen Ironie und Sarkasmus! Diskutieren und begründen Sie dabei die Kernaussagen des Werks!
3. Ordnen Sie e. e. cummings in den literaturgeschichtlichen Kontext des amerikanischen Modernismus ein!

Thema Nr. 8

Jonathan Swift, *Travels Into Several Remote Nations of the World, By Lemuel Gulliver, First a Surgeon, and Then a Captain of Several Ships* (1726)

Der Schiffsarzt und (später) Kapitän Lemuel Gulliver berichtet von vier Reisen. Die erste führt ihn als Schiffbrüchigen auf die Insel Lilliput, wo er von den winzigen Einwohnern gefangen genommen wird; die zweite nach Brobdingnag, wo die Einwohner zwölfmal größer sind als er. Auf der dritten Reise besucht er u.a. die fliegende Insel Laputa, deren Bewohner sich so tief in abstrakte wissenschaftliche Forschung versenken, dass sie kaum mehr zu zwischenmenschlichen Beziehungen fähig sind. Im letzten Buch gelangt Gulliver in ein Land, das von übermenschlich vernünftigen Pferden regiert wird, welche die menschenähnlichen Yahoos, die sich wie Tiere verhalten, verachten.

Die Textvorlage entstammt dem Dritten Buch. In der Akademie von Lagado begegnet Gulliver Wissenschaftlern, die vorgeben, im Interesse des Gemeinwohls zu forschen. Gullivers Beschreibung ihrer Projekte (die insgesamt deutlich länger ist als die Vorlage) ist eine Satire auf den Wissenschaftsbetrieb zu Beginn des 18. Jahrhunderts.

In the School of Political Projectors I was but ill entertained, the Professors appearing in my Judgment wholly out of their Senses, which is a Scene that never fails to make me melancholy. These unhappy People were proposing Schemes for persuading Monarchs to choose Favourites upon the Score of their Wisdom, Capacity and Virtue; of teaching Ministers to consult the
5 Public Good; of rewarding Merit, great Abilities and eminent Services; of instructing Princes to know their true Interest by placing it on the same Foundation with that of their People: Of choosing for Employments Persons qualified to exercise them; with many other wild impossible Chimeras, that never entered before into the heart of Man to conceive, and confirmed in me the old Observation, that there is nothing so extravagant and irrational which some Philosophers
10 have not maintained for Truth.

But, however I shall so far do Justice to this Part of the Academy, as to acknowledge that all of them were not so visionary. There was a most Ingenious Doctor who seemed to be perfectly versed in the whole Nature and System of Government. This illustrious Person had very usefully employed his Studies in finding out effectual Remedies for all Diseases and
15 Corruptions, to which the several kinds of public Administration are subject by the Vices or Infirmities of those who govern, as well as by the Licentiousness of those who are to obey. For instance; Whereas all Writers and Reasoners have agreed, that there is a strict universal Resemblance between the Natural and the Political Body; can there be anything more evident, than that the health of both must be preserved, and the Diseases cured by the same
20 Prescriptions? It is allowed, that Senates and great Councils are often troubled with redundant, ebullient, and other peccant Humours, with many Diseases of the Head, and more of the Heart; with strong Convulsions, with grievous Contractions of the Nerves and Sinews in both Hands, but especially the Right: With Spleen, Flatus,^o Vertigoes and Deliriums; with Scrofulous^o Tumours full of fetid purulent Matter; with sour frothy Ructations,^o with Canine Appetites^o and
25 crudeness of Digestion, besides many others needless to mention. This Doctor therefore proposed, that upon the meeting of a Senate, certain Physicians should attend at the three first

Days of their sitting, and at the Close of each day's Debate, feel the Pulses of every Senator; after which having maturely considered, and consulted upon the Nature of the several Maladies, and the methods of Cure, they should on the fourth Day return to the Senate House, attended
30 by their Apothecaries stored with proper Medicines, and before the Members sat, administer to each of them Lenitives, Aperitives, Abstersives, Corrosives, Restringtons, Palliatives, Laxatives, Cephalalgicks, Ictericks, Apophlegmaticks, Acousticks,^o as their several cases required, and according as these Medicines should operate, repeat, alter, or omit them at the next Meeting.

This Project could not be of any great Expense to the Public, and would in my poor opinion,
35 be of much Use for the dispatch of Business in those Countries where Senates have any share in the Legislative Power, beget Unanimity, shorten Debates, open a few Mouths which are now closed, and close many more which are now open; curb the Petulancy of the Young, and correct the Positiveness of the Old; rouse the Stupid, and damp the Pert.

Again, Because it is a general Complaint that the Favourites of Princes are troubled with
40 short and weak Memories; the same Doctor proposed, that whoever attended a First Minister, after having told his business with the utmost Brevity, and in the plainest Words; should at his Departure give the said Minister a Tweak by the Nose, or a kick in the Belly, or tread on his Corns,^o or lug him thrice by both Ears, or run a Pin into his Breech, or pinch his Arm black and blue, to prevent Forgetfulness: and at every Levee Day^o repeat the same Operation, till the
45 Business were done or absolutely refused.

He likewise directed, that every Senator in the great Council of a Nation, after he had delivered his Opinion, and argued in the Defence of it, should be obliged to give his Vote directly contrary; because if that were done, the Result would infallibly terminate in the Good of the Public.

When Parties in a State are violent, he offered a wonderful Contrivance to reconcile them.
50 The Method is this. You take an Hundred Leaders of each Party, you dispose them into Couples of such whose Heads are nearest of a size; then let two nice Operators saw off the Occiput^o of each Couple at the same time, in such a manner that the Brain may be equally divided. Let the Occiputs thus cut off be interchanged, applying each to the head of his opposite Party man. It seems indeed to be a Work that requireth some exactness, but the Professor assured us, that if
55 it were dextrously performed, the Cure would be infallible. For he argued thus; that the two half Brains being left to debate the Matter between themselves within the space of one Skull, would soon come to a good Understanding, and produce that Moderation as well as Regularity of thinking, so much to be wished for in the Heads of those, who imagine they come into the World only to watch and govern its Motion; And as to the difference of Brains in Quantity or
60 Quality, among those who are Directors in Faction; the Doctor assured us from his own knowledge, that it was a perfect Trifle.

(Quelle: Jonathan Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*, hg. Robert DeMaria, Jr. (Penguin 2003): 174–177.)

Anmerkungen.:

Z. 23, Flatus: Leibwind; Z. 23/24, Scrofulous Tumours: (von scrofula) Halsdrüsengeschwulst

Z. 24, Ructations: Aufstoßen; Canine Appetites: (med.) Unersättlichkeit

Z. 31–32, Lenitives–Acousticks: verschiedene Heilmittel, respektive zur Beruhigung der Verdauung, zum Abführen, Entschlacken, Drucklösen, Verdicken, Schmerzlindern, (nochmals) Abführen, gegen Kopfschmerz, Gelbsucht, zur Entfernung von überschüssigem Schleim (Phlegma) aus dem Körper sowie gegen Hörschäden.

Z. 43, Corns: Hühneraugen

Z. 44, Levee Day: (hier) Audienz

Z. 51, Occiput: (lat.) Hinterhauptbein

1. Analysieren Sie die vorliegende Passage mit Blick auf ihre sprachliche Gestaltung und die Erzählsituation! Gehen Sie dabei auch auf die Frage nach der Zuverlässigkeit der Erzählinstanz ein!
2. Diskutieren Sie Formen und Funktionen satirischen Schreibens in der Passage!
3. Verorten Sie die Passage im Kontext anderer gesellschaftskritischer Schriften in der englischen Erzählliteratur zwischen 1650 und 1800! Diskutieren Sie mindestens zwei weitere Texte!

Thema Nr. 9

J. Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur, *Letters from an American Farmer* (1784).

"Letter III: What Is an American"

1 In this great American asylum, the poor of Europe have by some means met together, and in
2 consequence of various causes; to what purpose should they ask one another what countrymen
3 they are? Alas, two thirds of them had no country. Can a wretch who wanders about, who works
4 and starves, whose life is a continual scene of sore affliction or pinching penury; can that man
5 call England or any other kingdom his country? A country that had no bread for him, whose
6 fields procured him no harvest, who met with nothing but the frowns of the rich, the severity of
7 the laws, with jails and punishments; who owned not a single foot of the extensive surface of
8 this planet? No! urged by a variety of motives, here they came. Every thing has tended to
9 regenerate them; new laws, a new mode of living, a new social system; here they are become
10 men: in Europe they were as so many useless plants, wanting vegetative mould, and refreshing
11 showers; they withered, and were mowed down by want, hunger, and war; but now by the power
12 of transplantation, like all other plants they have taken root and flourished! Formerly they were
13 not numbered in any civil lists of their country, except in those of the poor; here they rank as
14 citizens. By what invisible power has this surprising metamorphosis been performed? By that
15 of the laws and that of their industry. The laws, the indulgent laws, protect them as they arrive,
16 stamping on them the symbol of adoption; they receive ample rewards for their labours; these
17 accumulated rewards procure them lands; those lands confer on them the title of freemen, and
18 to that title every benefit is affixed which men can possibly require. This is the great operation
19 daily performed by our laws. From whence proceed these laws? From our government.

[...]

20 What attachment can a poor European emigrant have for a country where he had nothing? The
21 knowledge of the language, the love of a few kindred as poor as himself, were the only cords
22 that tied him: his country is now that which gives him land, bread, protection, and consequence:
23 *Ubi panis ibi patria*¹, is the motto of all emigrants. What then is the American, this new man?
24 He is either an European, or the descendant of an European, hence that strange mixture of blood,
25 which you will find in no other country. I could point out to you a family whose grandfather
26 was an Englishman, whose wife was Dutch, whose son married a French woman, and whose
27 present four sons have now four wives of different nations. He is an American, who, leaving
28 behind him all his ancient prejudices and manners, receives new ones from the new mode of life
29 he has embraced, the new government he obeys, and the new rank he holds. He becomes an
30 American by being received in the broad lap of our great *Alma Mater*. Here individuals of all
31 nations are melted into a new race of men, whose labours and posterity will one day cause great
32 changes in the world. Americans are the western pilgrims, who are carrying along with them
33 that great mass of arts, sciences, vigour, and industry which began long since in the east; they

34 will finish the great circle. The Americans were once scattered all over Europe; here they are
35 incorporated into one of the finest systems of population which has ever appeared, and which
36 will hereafter become distinct by the power of the different climates they inhabit. The American
37 ought therefore to love this country much better than that wherein either he or his forefathers
38 were born. Here the rewards of his industry follow with equal steps the progress of his labour;
39 his labour is founded on the basis of nature, *self-interest*; can it want a stronger allurements?
40 Wives and children, who before in vain demanded of him a morsel of bread, now, fat and
41 frolicsome, gladly help their father to clear those fields whence exuberant crops are to arise to
42 feed and to clothe them all; without any part being claimed, either by a despotic prince, a rich
43 abbot, or a mighty lord. Here religion demands but little of him; a small voluntary salary to the
44 minister, and gratitude to God; can he refuse these? The American is a new man, who acts upon
45 new principles; he must therefore entertain new ideas, and form new opinions. From involuntary
46 idleness, servile dependence, penury, and useless labour, he has passed to toils of a very different
47 nature, rewarded by ample subsistence.—This is an American.

[...]

48 After a foreigner from any part of Europe is arrived, and become a citizen; let him devoutly
49 listen to the voice of our great parent, which says to him, "Welcome to my shores, distressed
50 European; bless the hour in which thou didst see my verdant fields, my fair navigable rivers,
51 and my green mountains! —If thou wilt work, I have bread for thee; if thou wilt be honest, sober,
52 and industrious, I have greater rewards to confer on thee—ease and independence. I will give
53 thee fields to feed and clothe thee; a comfortable fireside to sit by, and tell thy children by what
54 means thou hast prospered; and a decent bed to repose on. I shall endow thee beside with the
55 immunities of a freeman. If thou wilt carefully educate thy children, teach them gratitude to
56 God, and reverence to that government, that philanthropic government, which has collected here
57 so many men and made them happy. I will also provide for thy progeny; and to every good man
58 this ought to be the most holy, the most powerful, the most earnest wish he can possibly form,
59 as well as the most consolatory prospect when he dies. Go thou and work and till; thou shalt
60 prosper, provided thou be just, grateful, and industrious."

¹ *Ubi panis ibi patria*: Where there is bread, there is my country.

(Quelle: Baym, Nina, et al., eds. *The Norton Anthology of American Literature*. Shorter 4th ed. New York: Norton, 1995. S. 308–324, hier 310–312; 318.

1. Beschreiben Sie den Sprachstil und erläutern Sie die Metaphorik, die der Autor zur Beschreibung des Amerikanisierungsprozesses verwendet!
2. Analysieren Sie den Text im Hinblick auf Aussagen, die in der Rezeption häufig als frühe Formulierungen einer amerikanischen Sonderstellung gelesen wurden, und diskutieren Sie die Ideologie des *American exceptionalism*!
3. Situieren Sie den Text literatur- und kulturgeschichtlich!

Thema Nr. 10

Thomas Hardy: *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* [1891].

On an evening in the latter part of May a middle-aged man was walking homeward from Shaston to the village of Marlott, in the adjoining Vale of Blackmore or Blackmoor. The pair of legs that carried him were rickety, and there was a bias in his gait which inclined him somewhat to the left of a straight line. He occasionally gave a smart nod, as if in confirmation of some opinion, though he was not thinking of anything in particular. An empty egg-basket was slung upon his arm, the nap of his hat was ruffled, a patch being quite worn away at its brim where his thumb came in taking it off. Presently he was met by an elderly parson astride on a grey mare, who, as he rode, hummed a wandering tune.

“Good night t’ee,” said the man with the basket.

“Good night, Sir John,” said the parson.

The pedestrian, after another pace or two, halted, and turned round.

“Now, sir, begging your pardon; we met last market-day on this road about this time, and I zaid ‘Good night’, and you made reply ‘*Good night, Sir John*’, as now.”

“I did,” said the parson.

“And once before that – near a month ago.”

“I may have.”

“Then what might your meaning be in calling me ‘Sir John’ these different times, when I be plain Jack Durbeyfield, the haggler?”

The parson rode a step or two nearer.

“It was only my whim,” he said; and, after a moment’s hesitation: “It was on account of a discovery I made some little time ago, whilst I was hunting up pedigrees for the new county history. I am Parson Tringham, the antiquary, of Stagfoot Lane. Don’t you really know, Durbeyfield, that you are the lineal representative of the ancient and knightly family of the d’Urbervilles, who derive their descent from Sir Pagan d’Urberville, that renowned knight who came from Normandy with William the Conqueror, as appears by Battle Abbey Roll?”*

“Never heard it before, sir!”

“Well it’s true. Throw up your chin a moment, so that I may catch the profile of your face better. Yes, that’s the d’Urberville nose and chin – a little debased. Your ancestor was one of the twelve knights who assisted the Lord of Estremavilla in Normandy in his conquest of Glamorganshire. Branches of your family held manors over all this part of England; their names appear in the Pipe Rolls** in the time of King Stephen. In the reign of King John one of them was rich enough to give a manor to the Knights Hospitallers; and in Edward the Second’s time your forefather Brian was summoned to Westminster to attend the great Council there. You declined a little in Oliver Cromwell’s time, but to no serious extent, and in Charles the Second’s reign you were made Knights of the Royal Oak for your loyalty. Aye, there have been generations of Sir Johns among you, and if knighthood were hereditary, like a baronetcy, as it practically was in old times, when men were knighted from father to son, you would be Sir John now.”

“Ye don’t say so!”

40 “In short,” concluded the parson, decisively smacking his leg with his switch, “there’s hardly such another family in England.”

“Daze my eyes, and isn’t there?” said Durbeyfield. “And here have I been knocking about, year after year, from pillar to post, as if I was no more than the commonest feller in the parish... And how long hev this news about me been knowed, Pa’son Tringham?”

45 The clergyman explained that, as far as he was aware, it had quite died out of knowledge, and could hardly be said to be known at all. His own investigations had begun on a day in the preceding spring when, having been engaged in tracing the vicissitudes of the d’Urberville family, he had observed Durbeyfield’s name on his waggon, and had thereupon been led to make inquiries about his father and grandfather till he had no doubt on the subject.

50 “At first I resolved not to disturb you with such a useless piece of information,” said he. “However, our impulses are too strong for our judgement sometimes. I thought you might perhaps know something of it all the while.”

55 “Well, I have heard once or twice, ‘tis true, that my family had seen better days afore they came to Blackmoor. But I took no notice o’t, thinking it to mean that we had once kept two horses where we now keep only one. I’ve got a wold silver spoon, and a wold graven seal at home, too; but, Lord, what’s a spoon and seal? ...And to think that I and these noble d’Urbervilles were one flesh all the time. ’Twas said that my gr’t-grandfer had secrets, and didn’t care to talk of where he came from... And where do raise our smoke, now, parson, if I may make so bold; I mean, where do we d’Urbervilles live?”

“You don’t live anywhere. You are extinct – as a county family.”

“That’s bad.”

60 “Yes – what the mendacious family chronicles call extinct in the male line – that is, gone down – gone under.”

“Then where do we lie?”

“At Kingbere-sub-Greenhill: rows and rows of you in your vaults, with your effigies under Purbeck-marble canopies.”

65 “And where be our family mansions and estates?”

“You haven’t any.”

“Oh? No lands neither?”

70 “None; though you once had ’em in abundance, as I said, for your family consisted of numerous branches. In this county there was a seat of yours at Kingsbere, and another at Sherton, and another at Millpond, and another at Lullstead, and another at Wellbridge.”

“And shall we ever come into our own again?”

“Ah – that I can’t tell!”

“And what had I better do about it, Sir?” asked Durbeyfield, after a pause.

75 “Oh – nothing, nothing; except chasten yourself with the thought of ‘how are the mighty fallen’. It is a fact of some interest to the local historian and genealogist, nothing more. There are several families among the cottagers of this country of almost equal lustre. Good night.”

* A manuscript which claims to list those who came over with William the Conqueror.

** Exchequer records which contained the yearly accounts of the sheriffs of the counties.

1. Analysieren Sie den vorliegenden Textausschnitt im Hinblick auf seine Erzählweise und das Redeverhalten der Dialogpartner!
2. Legen Sie dar, auf welche Weise das Verhältnis von Person, sozialem Status und Abstammung im Textausschnitt verhandelt wird!
3. Diskutieren Sie die Thematik von Gesellschaft und Vererbung im Kontext der Erzählliteratur des späten 19. Jahrhunderts! Beziehen Sie sich dabei auf mindestens zwei weitere Texte Ihrer Wahl!

Thema Nr. 11

Bei der folgenden Passage handelt es sich um den Beginn von William Dean Howells' Roman *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, publiziert 1885.

When Bartley Hubbard went to interview Silas Lapham for the "Solid Men of Boston" series [. . .], Lapham received him in his private office by previous appointment.

"Walk right in!" he called out to the journalist, whom he caught sight of through the door of the counting-room.

5 He did not rise from the desk at which he was writing, but he gave Bartley his left hand for welcome, and he rolled his large head in the direction of a vacant chair. "Sit down! I'll be with you in just half a minute."

"Take your time," said Bartley, with the ease he instantly felt. "I'm in no hurry." He took a notebook from his pocket, laid it on his knee, and began to sharpen a pencil.

10 "There!" Lapham pounded with his great hairy fist on the envelope he had been addressing. "William!" he called out, and he handed the letter to a boy who came to get it. "I want that to go right away. Well, sir," he continued, wheeling round in his leather-cushioned swivel-chair, and facing Bartley, seated so near that their knees almost touched, "so you want my life, death, and Christian sufferings, do you, young man?"

15 "That's what I'm after," said Bartley. "Your money or your life."

"I guess you wouldn't want my life without the money," said Lapham, as if he were willing to prolong these moments of preparation.

20 "Take 'em both," Bartley suggested. "Don't want your money without your life, if you come to that. But you're just one million times more interesting to the public than if you hadn't a dollar; and you know that as well as I do, Mr. Lapham. There's no use beating about the bush."

"No," said Lapham, somewhat absently. He put out his huge foot and pushed the ground-glass door shut between his little den and the book-keepers, in their larger den outside.

25 "In personal appearance," wrote Bartley in the sketch for which he now studied his subject, while he waited patiently for him to continue, "Silas Lapham is a fine type of the successful American. He has a square, bold chin, only partially concealed by the short reddish-grey beard, growing to the edges of his firmly closing lips. His nose is short and straight; his forehead good, but broad rather than high; his eyes blue, and with a light in them that is kindly or sharp according to his mood. He is of medium height, and fills an average arm-chair with a solid bulk, which on the day of our interview was unpretentiously clad in a business suit of blue serge. His head droops somewhat from a short

30 neck, which does not trouble itself to rise far from a pair of massive shoulders."

"I don't know as I know just where you want me to begin," said Lapham.

"Might begin with your birth; that's where most of us begin," replied Bartley.

A gleam of humorous appreciation shot into Lapham's blue eyes.

35 "I didn't know whether you wanted me to go quite so far back as that," he said. "But there's no disgrace in having been born, and I was born in the State of Vermont, pretty well up under the Canada line – so well up, in fact, that I came very near being an adoptive citizen; for I was bound to be an American of *some* sort, from the word Go! That was about – well, let me see! – pretty near

sixty years ago: this is '75, and that was '20. Well, say I'm fifty-five years old; and I've *lived* 'em, too; not an hour of waste time about *me*, anywheres! I was born on a farm, and – "

40 "Worked in the fields summers and went to school winters: regulation thing?" Bartley cut in.

"Regulation thing," said Lapham, accepting this irreverent version of his history somewhat dryly.

"Parents poor, of course," suggested the journalist. "Any barefoot business? Early deprivations of any kind, that would encourage the youthful reader to go and do likewise? Orphan myself, you know," said Bartley, with a smile of cynical good-comradery.

45 Lapham looked at him silently, and then said with quiet self-respect, "I guess if you see these things as a joke, my life won't interest you."

"Oh yes, it will," returned Bartley, unabashed. "You'll see; it'll come out all right." And in fact it did so, in the interview which Bartley printed.

50 "Mr. Lapham," he wrote, "passed rapidly over the story of his early life, its poverty and its hardships, sweetened, however, by the recollections of a devoted mother, and a father who, if somewhat her inferior in education, was no less ambitious for the advancement of his children. They were quiet, unpretentious people, religious, after the fashion of that time, and of sterling morality, and they taught their children the simple virtues of the Old Testament and Poor Richard's Almanac."

Bartley could not deny himself this gibe; but he trusted to Lapham's unliterary habit of mind for his security in making it, and most other people would consider it sincere reporter's rhetoric.

60 "You know," he explained to Lapham, "that we have to look at all these facts as material, and we get the habit of classifying them. Sometimes a leading question will draw out a whole line of facts that a man himself would never think of." He went on to put several queries, and it was from Lapham's answers that he generalized the history of his childhood. "Mr. Lapham, although he did not dwell on his boyish trials and struggles, spoke of them with deep feeling and an abiding sense of their reality." This was what he added in the interview, and by the time he had got Lapham past the period where risen Americans are all pathetically alike in their narrow circumstances, their sufferings, and their aspirations, he had beguiled him into forgetfulness of the check he had received, and had him talking again in perfect enjoyment of his autobiography.

(Quelle: William Dean Howells. *The Rise of Silas Lapham*. New York: Penguin Books, 1983. 3–6)

1. Identifizieren Sie die Erzählperspektive in der Textpassage und analysieren Sie deren Funktionen!
2. Welche weiteren erzählerischen und stilistischen Gestaltungsmittel werden in der Textpassage genutzt? Welche Bedeutungseffekte erzielen sie?
3. Positionieren Sie den Text innerhalb der US-amerikanischen Literaturgeschichte! Gehen Sie dabei auch auf die Rolle Howells für den Amerikanischen Realismus ein!

Thema Nr. 12**Virginia Woolf, "A Haunted House" (1921)**

Whatever hour you woke there was a door shutting. From room to room they went, hand in hand, lifting here, opening there, making sure—a ghostly couple.

"Here we left it," she said. And he added, "Oh, but here too!" "It's upstairs," she murmured. "And in the garden," he whispered. "Quietly," they said, "or we shall wake them."

5 But it wasn't that you woke us. Oh, no. "They're looking for it; they're drawing the curtain," one might say, and so read on a page or two. "Now they've found it," one would be certain, stopping the pencil on the margin. And then, tired of reading, one might rise and see for oneself, the house all empty, the doors standing open, only the wood pigeons bubbling with content and the hum of the threshing machine sounding from the farm. "What did I come in here for? What
10 did I want to find?" My hands were empty. "Perhaps it's upstairs then?" The apples were in the loft. And so down again, the garden still as ever, only the book had slipped into the grass.

But they had found it in the drawing room. Not that one could ever see them. The window panes reflected apples, reflected roses; all the leaves were green in the glass. If they moved in the drawing room, the apple only turned its yellow side. Yet, the moment after, if the door was
15 opened, spread about the floor, hung upon the walls, pendant from the ceiling—what? My hands were empty. The shadow of a thrush crossed the carpet; from the deepest wells of silence the wood pigeon drew its bubble of sound. "Safe, safe, safe," the pulse of the house beat softly. "The treasure buried; the room ..." the pulse stopped short. Oh, was that the buried treasure?

A moment later the light had faded. Out in the garden then? But the trees spun darkness for a
20 wandering beam of sun. So fine, so rare, coolly sunk beneath the surface the beam I sought always burnt behind the glass. Death was the glass; death was between us; coming to the woman first, hundreds of years ago, leaving the house, sealing all the windows; the rooms were darkened. He left it, left her, went North, went East, saw the stars turned in the Southern sky; sought the house, found it dropped beneath the Downs. "Safe, safe, safe," the pulse of the house
25 beat gladly. "The Treasure yours."

The wind roars up the avenue. Trees stoop and bend this way and that. Moonbeams splash and spill wildly in the rain. But the beam of the lamp falls straight from the window. The candle burns stiff and still. Wandering through the house, opening the windows, whispering not to wake us, the ghostly couple seek their joy.

30 "Here we slept," she says. And he adds, "Kisses without number." "Waking in the morning—" "Silver between the trees—" "Upstairs—" "In the garden—" "When summer came—" "In winter snowtime—" The doors go shutting far in the distance, gently knocking like the pulse of a heart.

Nearer they come; cease at the doorway. The wind falls, the rain slides silver down the glass. Our eyes darken; we hear no steps beside us; we see no lady spread her ghostly cloak. His hands
35 shield the lantern. "Look," he breathes. "Sound asleep. Love upon their lips."

Stooping, holding their silver lamp above us, long they look and deeply. Long they pause. The wind drives straightly; the flame stoops slightly. Wild beams of moonlight cross both floor and wall, and, meeting, stain the faces bent; the faces pondering; the faces that search the sleepers and seek their hidden joy.

40 "Safe, safe, safe," the heart of the house beats proudly. "Long years—" he sighs. "Again you found me." "Here," she murmurs, "sleeping; in the garden reading; laughing, rolling apples in the loft. Here we left our treasure—" Stooping, their light lifts the lids upon my eyes. "Safe! safe! safe!" the pulse of the house beats wildly. Waking, I cry "Oh, is this *your* buried treasure? The light in the heart."

(Quelle: Virginia Woolf. "A Haunted House." From: *Monday or Tuesday*. Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1921. 3–7.)

1. Analysieren Sie die Perspektivstruktur und stilistische Gestaltung der vorliegenden Kurzgeschichte! Gehen Sie dabei auf das Zusammenspiel von Erzählstrategie, Thema und Figurendarstellung ein!
2. Diskutieren Sie, inwiefern die Geschichte als modernistische Variation einer Geistererzählung gelesen werden kann! Berücksichtigen Sie dabei auch die Funktion der Sinneswahrnehmungen im vorliegenden Text!
3. Positionieren Sie die Kurzgeschichte im Kontext der literarischen Moderne! Nehmen Sie in Ihren Erläuterungen Bezug auf zwei weitere Ihnen bekannte modernistische Texte des 20. Jahrhunderts!

Thema Nr. 13

Der folgende Textausschnitt bildet den Anfang von *Travels in the Scriptorium*, eines Romans des 1947 in New Jersey geborenen amerikanischen Autors Paul Auster.

The old man sits on the edge of the narrow bed, palms spread out on his knees, head down, staring at the floor. He has no idea that a camera is planted in the ceiling directly above him. The shutter clicks silently once every second, producing eighty-six thousand four hundred still photos with each revolution of the earth. Even if he knew he was being watched, it wouldn't
5 make any difference. His mind is elsewhere, stranded among the figments in his head as he searches for an answer to the question that haunts him.

Who is he? What is he doing here? When did he arrive and how long will he remain? With any luck, time will tell us all. For the moment, our only task is to study the pictures as attentively as we can and refrain from drawing any premature conclusions.

10 There are a number of objects in the room, and on each one a strip of white tape has been affixed to the surface, bearing a single word written out in block letters. On the bedside table, for example, the word is TABLE. On the lamp, the word is LAMP. Even on the wall, which is not strictly speaking an object, there is a strip of tape that reads WALL. The old man looks up for a moment, sees the wall, sees the strip of tape attached to the wall, and pronounces the word
15 *wall* in a soft voice. What cannot be known at this point is whether he is reading the word on the strip of tape or simply referring to the wall itself. It could be that he has forgotten how to read but still recognizes things for what they are and can call them by their names, or, conversely, that he has lost the ability to recognize things for what they are but still knows how to read.

20 He is dressed in blue-and-yellow striped cotton pajamas, and his feet are encased in a pair of black leather slippers. It is unclear to him exactly where he is. In the room, yes, but in what building is the room located? In a house? In a hospital? In a prison? He can't remember how long he has been here or the nature of the circumstances that precipitated his removal to this place. Perhaps he has always been here; perhaps this is where he has lived since the day he
25 was born. What he knows is that his heart is filled with an implacable sense of guilt. At the same time, he can't escape the feeling that he is the victim of a terrible injustice.

(Quelle: Paul Auster, *Travels in the Scriptorium*, Faber and Faber, 2006, 1–2.)

1. Erstellen Sie eine narratologische Analyse dieser ersten vier Abschnitte des Romans!
2. Untersuchen Sie den Ausschnitt dieses fiktionalen Textes hinsichtlich seiner realistischen und metafictionalen Komponenten und Strategien!
3. Ordnen Sie *Travels in the Scriptorium* auf der Basis des gegebenen Textausschnitts und unter Bezugnahme auf mindestens zwei weitere Autoren und Texte literatur- und kulturgeschichtlich ein!

Thema Nr. 14

John Agard, "Listen Mr Oxford don" (1985)

Me not no Oxford don
 me a simple immigrant
 from Clapham Common
 I didn't graduate
 5 I immigrate
 But listen Mr. Oxford don
 I'm a man on de run
 and a man on de run
 is a dangerous one
 10 I ent have no gun
 I ent have no knife
 but mugging de Queen's English
 is the story of my life
 I don't need no axe
 15 to split / up yu syntax
 I don't need no hammer
 to mash up yu grammar
 I warning you Mr. Oxford don
 I'm a wanted man
 20 and a wanted man
 is a dangerous one
 Dem accuse me of assault
 on de Oxford dictionary/
 imagin a concise peaceful man like me/
 25 dem want me to serve time
 for inciting rhyme to riot
 but I tekking it quiet
 down here in Clapham Common
 I'm not violent man Mr. Oxford don
 30 I only armed wit mih human breath
 but human breath
 is a dangerous weapon
 So mek dem send one big word after me
 I ent serving no jail sentence
 35 I slashing suffix in self-defence
 I bashing future wit present tense
 and if necessary
 I making de Queen's English accessory/ to my offence

(Quelle: John Agard, *Mangoes and Bullets* (London: Pluto Press, 1985), p. 44f.)

Notes:

John Agard was born in British Guiana (in 1949); he moved to England in 1977. Clapham Common is an administrative division of London; it is also the name of a park.

1. Analysieren Sie das Gedicht und gehen Sie dabei insbesondere auf den Motivkomplex Gewalt und Verbrechen ein!
2. Kommentieren Sie die sprachliche Gestaltung des Gedichts!
3. Situieren Sie das Gedicht im Kontext der postkolonialen Diskussion um die Verwendung der englischen Sprache!