

Thema Nr. 1

Christopher Marlowe. *Tragedy of Doctor Faustus* (ca. 1590)

Der folgende Textauszug ist der Schlussmonolog des Stücks.

1. Analysieren Sie den Text mit Blick auf seine sprachlichen und dramatischen Mittel! Welche Funktion kommt diesen zu?
2. Wie charakterisiert der Text die Sprecherfigur und wie positioniert er sie im Zeitverlauf?
3. Diskutieren Sie auf dieser Grundlage Möglichkeiten des Monologs im englischen Drama der Renaissance!

The clock strikes eleven.

FAUSTUS. Ah Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damned perpetually.
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
5 That time may cease, and midnight never come.
Fair nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day. Or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
10 *O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!*
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike.
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.
Oh, I'll leap up to my God: who pulls me down?
See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament.
15 One drop would save my soul, half a drop. Ah, my Christ!
Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him. Oh, spare me, Lucifer!
Where is it now? 'Tis gone:
And see, where God stretcheth out his arm,
20 And bends his ireful brows.
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God.
No, no. Then will I headlong run into the earth.
Earth, gape! Oh no, it will not harbour me.
25 You stars that reigned at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist.
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud,
That, when you vomit forth into the air,

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

30 My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven.
The watch strikes.
Ah! half the hour is past!
'Twill all be past anon.
35 Oh God, if thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet, for Christ's sake whose blood hath ransomed me,
Impose some end to my incessant pain.
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be saved.
40 Oh, no end is limited to damned souls.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Ah, Pythagoras' *metempsychosis*, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
45 Unto some brutish beast.
All beasts are happy, for when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements,
But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.
Cursed be the parents that engendered me!
50 No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer,
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.
The clock strikes twelve.
Oh, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.
55 *Thunder and lightning.*
Oh soul, be changed into little water-drops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!
Thunder. Enter the DEVILS.
My God, my God, look not so fierce on me.
60 Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while.
Ugly hell, gape not, come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books! Ah, Mephostophilis!
Exeunt with him.

(Christopher Marlowe, *The Complete Plays*. Ed. J.B. Steane.
Harmondsworth: Penguin 1986, pp. 336-338)

Thema Nr. 2

Peter Shaffer. *Amadeus* 1980; rev. Fassung 1981.

1. Beschreiben Sie die Darstellungsmittel der vorliegenden Szene! Gehen Sie dabei auf die Kommunikationssituation, die Form der dramatischen Rede sowie Charakterisierungstechniken ein!
2. Verorten Sie *Amadeus* in der Geschichte des englischen Dramas und gehen Sie dabei auf traditionelle dramatische Techniken ein, die hier Verwendung finden!
3. Ziehen Sie vergleichend zwei weitere Dramen der Zeit heran!

WHISPERERS: SALIERI!

[The VENTICELLI go off. The VALET and the COOK remain, on either side of the stage. SALIERI swivels his wheelchair around and stares at us. We see a man of seventy in an old stained dressing-robe, shawled. He rises and squints at the audience as if trying to see it.]

* * *

5

SALIERI'S APARTMENTS
NOVEMBER 1823. THE SMALL HOURS

SALIERI [calling to audience]: *Vi Saluto! Ombri del Futuro! Antonio Salieri – a vostro servizio!*

[A clock outside in the street strikes three.]

10

I can almost see you in your ranks – waiting for your turn to live. Ghosts of the Future! Be visible. I beg you. Be visible. Come to this dusty old room – this time, the smallest hours of dark November, eighteen hundred and twenty-three – and be my Confessors! Will you not enter this place and stay with me till dawn? Just till dawn – till six o'clock!

[. . .]

15

What must I do to make you visible? Raise you up in the flesh to be my last, last audience? . . . Does it take an Invocation? That's how it's always done in opera! Ah yes, of course: that's it. An *Invocation*! The only way [He rises.] Let me try to conjure you *now* – Ghosts of the distant Future – so that I can see you.

20

[He gets out of the wheelchair and huddles over to the fortepiano. He stands at the instrument and begins to sing in a high cracked voice, interrupting himself at the end of each sentence with figurations on the keyboard in the manner of a recitativo secco. During this the house lights slowly come up to illuminate the audience.]

[Singing]

Ghosts of the Future!

Shades of Time to come!

25

So much more unavoidable than those of Time gone by!

Appear with what sympathy Incarnation may endow you!

Appear You –

The yet-to-be-born!

The yet-to-hate!

30

The yet-to-kill!

Appear – Posterity!

[The light on the audience reaches its maximum. It stays like this during all of the following.]

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

35

[Speaking again] There. It worked. I can see you! That is the result of proper training. I was taught invocation by Chevalier Gluck, who was a true master at it. He had to be. In his day that is what people went to the opera for: the raising of Gods, and Ghosts . . . Nowadays, since Rossini became the rage, they prefer to watch the escapades of hairdressers.

[. . .]

40

[Pause.]

I wanted Fame. Not to deceive you. I wanted to *blaze*, like a comet, across the firmament of Europe: Yet only in one especial way. Music. Absolute music! A note of music is either right or wrong – *absolutely*! Not even Time can alter that: music is God's art. [Excited by the recollection] Already when I was ten a spray of sounded notes would make me dizzy almost to falling! By twelve I was humming my arias and anthems to the Lord. My one desire was to join all the composers who had celebrated His glory through the long Italian past! . . . Every Sunday I saw Him in church, painted on the flaking wall. I don't mean Christ. The Christs of Lombardy are simpering sillies with lambkins on their sleeves. No: I mean an old candle-smoked God in a mulberry robe, staring at the world with dealer's eyes. Tradesmen had put him up there. Those eyes made bargains, real and irreversible. 'You give me so – I'll give you so! No more. No less!' [He eats a sweet biscuit in his excitement.] The night before I left Legnano for ever I went to see Him and made a bargain with Him myself! I was a sober sixteen, filled with a desperate sense of right. I knelt before the God of Bargains, and I prayed through the mouldering plaster with all my soul.

50

[He kneels. The house lights go down.]

55

'Signore, let me be a composer! Grant me sufficient fame to enjoy it. In return I will live with virtue. I will strive to better the lot of my fellows. And I will honour You with much music all the days of my life!' As I said Amen, I saw his eyes flare. [As 'God'] 'Bene. Go forth Antonio. Serve Me and Mankind – and you will be blessed!' . . . 'Grazie!' I called back. 'I am Your servant for life!'

60

[He gets to his feet again.]

The very next day, a family friend suddenly appeared – out of the blue – took me off to Vienna, and paid for me to study music!

65

[Pause.]

Shortly afterwards I met the Emperor, who favoured me – and was to advance my career beyond all expectations! *Clearly my bargain had been accepted!*

[Pause.]

The same year I left Italy, a young prodigy was touring Europe. A miraculous virtuoso aged ten years. Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

70

[Pause. He smiles at the audience.]

[Pause.]

And now – Gracious Ladies! Obliging Gentlemen! I present to you – for one performance only – my last composition, entitled *The Death of Mozart, or Did I Do It?* . . . dedicated to Posterity on this – the last night of my life!

75

[He bows deeply, undoing as he does so the buttons of his old dressing-robe. When he straightens himself – divesting himself of this drab outer garment and his cap – he is a young man in the prime of life, wearing a sky-blue coat and the elegant decent clothes of a successful composer of the seventeen-eighties.]

* * *

TRANSFORMATION TO THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

80

[Music sounds softly in the background: a serene piece for strings by Salieri. SERVANTS enter. One takes away the dressing-robe and shawl; another places on the table a wig-stand bearing a powdered wig; a third brings on a chair and places it at the left, upstage. At the back the blue curtains rise and part to show the EMPEROR JOSEPH II and his Court

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

85 *bathed in golden light, against a golden background of mirrors and an immense golden fireplace. His Majesty is seated, holding a rolled paper, listening to the music. Also listening are COUNT VON STRACK; COUNT ORSINI-ROSENBERG; BARON VAN SWIETEN; and an anonymous PRIEST dressed in a soutane. An old wigged courtier enters and takes his place at the keyboard: KAPELLMEISTER BONNO. SALIERI takes his wig from the stand.]*

SALIERI [*in a young man's voice: vigorous and confident*]: The place throughout is Vienna.

90 The year – to begin with – seventeen eighty-one. The age still that of the Enlightenment: that clear time before the guillotine fell in France and cut all our lives in half. I am thirty-one. Already a prolific composer to the Hapsburg Court. I own a respectable house and a respectable wife – Teresa.

[. . .]

SALIERI'S APARTMENT
NOVEMBER 1823

95 [*A SERVANT comes in quickly with the wheelchair. SALIERI speaks again in the voice of an old man.*]

[. . .]

[*The man takes the paper and goes, bewildered, upstage right. SALIERI picks up the razor and rises. He addresses the audience most simply and directly.*]

100 *Amici cari*. I was born a pair of ears and nothing else. It is only through hearing music that I know God exists. Only through writing music that I could worship. All around me men seek liberty for Mankind. I sought only slavery for myself. To be owned – ordered – exhausted by an *Absolute*. This was denied me and with it all meaning.

[*He opens the razor.*]

105 Now I go to become a ghost myself. I will stand in the shadows when you come here to this earth in your turn. And when you feel the dreadful bite of your failures – and hear the taunting of unachievable, uncaring God – I will whisper my name to you: 'Salieri: Patron Saint of Mediocrities!' And in the depth of your downcastness you can pray to me. And I will forgive you. *Vi saluto*.

[. . .]

110 [*They go off. The light dims a little. SALIERI slowly rises and walks downstage: a lone figure in the darkness.*]

SALIERI: Mediocrities everywhere – now and to come – I absolve you all. Amen!

[*He extends his arms upwards and outwards to embrace the assembled audience in a wide gesture of Benediction – finally folding his arms high across his own breast.*]

Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, pp. 13-18, 102-04.

Anmerkungen (nach *Amadeus*. Hg. Rainer Lengeler. Stuttgart: Reclam, 1987)

- 7 *Vi Saluto! Ombri del Futuro!* (ital.): Ich begrüße Euch, Schatten der Zukunft.
7/8 *a vostro servizio* (ital.): zu Euren Diensten!
15 **Invocation**: Anrufung
20 *recitativo secco* (ital.): nur von einfachen Akkorden begleiteter Sprechgesang; von ital. *secco* 'trocken, dürr'
26 **Incarnation**: Fleischwerdung
37 **Rossini**: italien. Komponist, dessen *Barbier von Sevilla* (1816) als ein Höhepunkt der ital. *Opera buffa* gilt
46 **flaking**: abblättern
47 **simpering**: einfältig lächelnd
57 **to flare**: flackern
91 **prolific**: produktiv
99 *Amici cari* (ital.): liebe Freunde

Thema Nr. 3

Susan Glaspell. *The Verge*

Die vorliegende Textpassage aus Susan Glaspells Drama *The Verge* (1921 uraufgeführt) findet sich im ersten Akt. Claire, ihr Ehemann Harry und ihr Geliebter Dick frühstücken gerade. Die Protagonistin Claire züchtet im „inner room“ neue Pflanzen (z. B. „Breath of Life“).

- 1 CLAIRE: (*gaily*) Careful, Dick. Aren't you indiscreet? Harry will be suspecting that I am your latest
- 2 strumpet¹.
- 3 HARRY: Claire! What language you use! A person knowing you only by certain moments could
- 4 never be made to believe you are a refined woman.
- 5 CLAIRE: True, isn't it, Dick?
- 6 HARRY: It would be a good deal of a lark² to let them listen in at times – then tell them that here is
- 7 the flower of New England!
- 8 CLAIRE: Well, if this is the flower of New England, then the half has never been told.
- 9 DICK: About New England?
- 10 CLAIRE: I thought I meant that. Perhaps I meant – about me.
- 11 HARRY: (*going on with his own entertainment*) Explain that this is what came of the men who
- 12 made the laws that made New England, that here is the flower of those gentlemen of culture who –
- 13 DICK: Moulded the American mind!
- 14 CLAIRE: Oh! (*it is pain*)
- 15 HARRY: Now what's the matter?
- 16 CLAIRE: I want to get away from them!
- 17 HARRY: Rest easy, little one – you do.
- 18 CLAIRE: I'm not so sure – that I do. But it *can* be done! We need not be held in forms moulded for
- 19 us. There is outness – and otherness.
- 20 HARRY: Now, Claire – I didn't mean to start anything serious.
- 21 CLAIRE: No; you never mean to do that. I want to break it up! I tell you, I want to break it up! If it
- 22 were all in pieces, we'd be (*a little laugh*) shocked to aliveness (*to DICK*) – wouldn't we? There
- 23 would be strange new comings together – mad new comings together, and we would know what it
- 24 is to be born, and then we might know – that we are. Smash it. (*her hand is near an egg.*) As you'd
- 25 smash an egg. (*she pushes the egg over the edge of the table and leans over and looks, as over a*
- 26 *precipice*)
- 27 HARRY: (*with a sigh*) Well, all you've smashed is the egg, and all that amounts to is that now Tom
- 28 gets no egg. So, that's that.
- 29 CLAIRE: (*with difficulty, drawing herself back from the fascination of the precipice*) You think I
- 30 can't smash anything? You think life can't break up, and go outside what it was? Because you've
- 31 gone dead in the form in which you found yourself, you think that's all there is to the whole
- 32 adventure? And that is called sanity. And made a virtue – to lock one in. You never worked with
- 33 things that grow! Things that take a sporting chance – go mad – that sanity mayn't lock them in –
- 34 from life untouched – from life – that waits. (*she turns toward the inner room*) Breath of Life. (*she*
- 35 *goes in there*)
- 36 HARRY: Oh, I wish Claire wouldn't be strange like that. (*helplessly*) What is it? What's the matter?
- 37 DICK: It's merely the excess of a particularly rich temperament.
- 38 HARRY: But it's growing on her. I sometimes wonder if all this (*indicating the place around him*)
- 39 is a good thing. It would be all right if she'd just do what she did in the beginning – make the
- 40 flowers as good as possible of their kind. That's an awfully nice thing for a woman to do – raise
- 41 flowers. But there's something about this – changing things into other things – putting things
- 42 together and making queer new things – this –

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

- 43 DICK: Creating?
 44 HARRY: Give it any name you want it to have – it's unsettling for a woman. They say Claire's a
 45 shark at it, but what's the good of it, if it gets her? What is the good of it, anyway? Suppose we can
 46 produce new things. Lord – look at the ones we've got. (*looks outside; turns back*) [...] I must
 47 say I don't get Claire lately. I'd like to have Charlie Emmons see her – he's fixed up a lot of people
 48 shot to pieces in the war. Claire needs something to tone her nerves up. You think it would irritate
 49 her?

Erläuterung: ¹ strumpet = Dirne, Flittchen; ² lark = Spaß, Ulk

Susan Glaspell. *The Verge*

Aus: Bigsby, C.W.E., ed. *Plays by Susan Glaspell*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1987.
 S. 64f.

1. Analysieren Sie die Figurencharakterisierung und die Interaktion der Figuren! Beachten Sie dabei auch die Informationen, die im Nebentext vermittelt werden!
2. Erörtern Sie die Kritik am traditionellen Geschlechterrollenmodell der zeitgenössischen patriarchalen amerikanischen Gesellschaft („the cult of true womanhood“) und erläutern Sie dabei die Symbolik des „precipice“ und der Pflanze „Breath of Life“ mit Bezug auf Claires Rebellion!
3. Ein zentrales Thema des Dramas ist die Unterdrückung weiblicher Kreativität in der patriarchalen Gesellschaft. Nennen und beschreiben Sie kurz mindestens zwei weitere feministisch orientierte Texte (Drama, Erzählliteratur oder Lyrik) aus der amerikanischen Literatur, die dieses Thema behandeln, und stellen Sie Querbezüge her!

Thema Nr. 4

Edmund Spenser, Sonnet 64 (1595)

- 1 Comming to kisse her lips (such grace I found)
- 2 Me seemd¹ I smelt a gardin of sweet flowres
- 3 That dainty odours from them threw around,
- 4 For damsels fit to decke their lovers bowres².
- 5 Her lips did smell lyke unto Gillyflowers³,
- 6 Her ruddy cheeks lyke unto Roses red;
- 7 Her snowy browes lyke budded Bellamoures⁴,
- 8 Her lovely eyes like Pincks⁵ but newly spred,
- 9 Her goodly⁶ bosome lyke a Strawberry bed,
- 10 Her neck lyke to a bounch of Cullambynes⁷;
- 11 Her brest lyke lillyes, ere⁸ theyr leaves be shed,
- 12 Her nipples lyke yong blossomd Jessemynes⁹.
- 13 Such fragrant flowers doe give most odorous smell,
- 14 But her sweet odour did them all excell.

Spenser deliberately uses archaic spelling, e.g. 'lyke' for 'like', 'gardin' for 'garden', 'spred' for 'spread', etc.

¹ me seemd: it seemed to me

² bowre: shady shelter in a garden

³ Gillyflowers: carnations

⁴ Bellamoures: white flowers

⁵ Pinck: type of white or pink flower

⁶ goodly: good-looking, fair

⁷ Cullambyne: a flower

⁸ ere: before

⁹ Jessemynne: jasmine

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

William Shakespeare, Sonnet 130 (written c. 1597, publ. 1609)

- 1 My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun,
- 2 Coral is far more red, than her lips red,
- 3 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun¹,
- 4 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
- 5 I have seen roses damasked², red and white,
- 6 But no such roses see I in her cheeks,
- 7 And in some perfumes is there more delight,
- 8 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks³.
- 9 I love to hear her speak, yet well I know,
- 10 That music hath a far more pleasing sound,
- 11 I grant I never saw a goddess go,
- 12 My mistress when she walks treads on the ground.
- 13 And yet by heaven I think my love as rare,
- 14 As any she belied with false compare.

The Norton Anthology of English Literature, 7th ed., hg. H.M. Abrams, Vol. 1 (New York: Norton, 2000), S. 866 (Spenser) und S. 1040-41 (Shakespeare).

Vergleichen Sie Edmund Spensers „Sonnet 64“ und William Shakespeares „Sonnet 130“ und gehen Sie dabei insbesondere auf die folgenden Fragen ein:

1. Welche Funktion hat die poetische Form für die Vermittlung des Inhalts?
2. Welche sprachlichen/rhetorischen Mittel setzen die Autoren für die Darstellung der Frauengestalten ein, und welches Frauenbild wird jeweils entworfen?
3. Wie lassen sich die beiden Gedichte in der Tradition petrarkistischer Dichtung verorten?

¹ dun: of a dull or dingy brown colour; grey-brown

² damasked: having the hue of the damask rose

³ reek: emit steam or vapour

Thema Nr. 5**Emily Dickinson: #112**

Success is counted sweetest
By those who ne'er succeed.
To comprehend a nectar
Requires sorest need.

- 5 Not one of all the purple Host
Who took the Flag today
Can tell the definition
So clear of Victory

- 10 As he defeated—dying—
on whose forbidden ear
The distant strains of triumph
Burst agonized and clear!

(1859)

Dickinson, Emily. *The Poems of Emily Dickinson*. Reading Edition. Ed. Franklin, R.W. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Belknap, 1999. Print. 59.

Emily Dickinson wurde lange Zeit als zurückgezogenes, „isoliertes Genie“ betrachtet, deren Lyrik keinen Bezug zu den unmittelbaren kulturellen, sozialen und politischen Entwicklungen ihrer Zeit aufweist. In jüngerer Zeit hat sich diese Sicht stark verändert und viele sehen in Dickinsons Gedichten nun zahlreiche indirekte Verweise auf konkrete gesellschaftliche Entwicklungen und Themen ihrer Zeit.

1. Identifizieren Sie die Sprechsituation des Gedichts und analysieren Sie ihre Besonderheiten und deren Funktionen!
2. Diskutieren Sie Ton, sprachliche Bilder und Form des Gedichts! Welche Bedeutungseffekte werden durch diese stilistischen Mittel und formalen Merkmale erzeugt?
3. Ordnen Sie das Gedicht literaturgeschichtlich ein! Wie positioniert sich Dickinsons Gedicht innerhalb seiner Zeit?

Thema Nr. 6

Thomas Hardy,

"And there was a Great Calm" (On the Signing of the Armistice, Nov. 11, 1918)

I

There had been years of Passion – scorching, cold,
 And much Despair, and Anger heaving high,
 Care whitely watching, Sorrows manifold,
 Among the young, among the weak and old,
 5 And the pensive Spirit of Pity whispered, 'Why?'

II

Men had not paused to answer. Foes distraught¹
 Pierced the thinned peoples in a brute-like blindness,
 Philosophies that sages long had taught,
 And Selflessness, were as an unknown thought,
 10 And 'Hell!' and 'Shell!' were yapped² at Lovingkindness.

III

The feeble folk at home had grown full-used
 To 'dug-outs',³ 'snipers', 'Huns',⁴ from the war-adept
 In the mornings heard, and at eve-tides perused;
 To day-dreamt men in millions, when they mused –
 15 To nightmare-men in millions when they slept.

IV

Waking to wish existence timeless, null,
 Sirius they watched above where armies fell;
 He seemed to check his flapping when, in the lull
 Of night a boom came thencewise, like the dull
 20 Plung of a stone dropped into some deep well.

V

So, when old hopes that earth was bettering slowly
 Were dead and damned, there sounded 'War is done!'
 One morrow. Said the bereft,⁵ and meek, and lowly,
 'Will men some day be given to grace? yea, wholly,
 25 And in good sooth,⁶ as our dreams used to run?'

VI

Breathless they paused. Out there men raised their glance
 To where had stood those poplars lank and lopped,
 As they had raised it through the four years' dance
 Of Death in the now familiar flats of France;
 30 And murmured, 'Strange, this! How? All firing stopped?'

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

VII

Aye; all was hushed. The about-to-fire fired not,
 The aimed-at moved away in trance-lipped song.
 One checkless regiment slung a clinching shot
 And turned. The Spirit of Irony smirked out, 'What?'
 35 Spoil peradventures woven of Rage and Wrong?

VIII

Thenceforth no flying fires inflamed the gray,
 No hurtlings shook the dewdrop from the thorn,
 No moan perplexed the mute bird on the spray;
 Worn horses mused: 'We are not whipped to-day';
 40 No weft-winged⁷ engines blurred the moon's thin horn.

IX

Calm fell. From Heaven distilled a clemency;
 There was peace on earth, and silence in the sky;
 Some could, some could not, shake off misery:
 The Sinister Spirit sneered: 'It had to be!'
 45 And again the Spirit of Pity whispered, 'Why?'

Thomas Hardy, *Selected Poetry*, ed. Samuel Hynes (Oxford: OUP, 1998) 143-144.¹ distraught – mad, out of their senses² to yap – to bark, to snap in a shrill tone³ dug-out – shelter in the ground at the war front⁴ Hun – 'Hunne', derogatory term for the German enemies⁵ bereft – bereaved⁶ in good sooth – in good faith, truthfully⁷ weft-winged – (aeroplanes') wings made of a woven fabric

1. Analysieren Sie das Gedicht v. a. bezüglich Sprecherperspektive und etwaiger Perspektivwechsel, syntaktischer und stilistischer Besonderheiten (insbesondere symbolischer und allegorischer Elemente)!
2. Gehen Sie dabei auf die sich ergebenden Korrespondenzen zwischen Form und Inhalt ein, und erläutern Sie unter Beachtung der temporalen und metaphorischen Bezüge, wie der Einschnitt des Waffenstillstands nach dem Ersten Weltkrieg hier dargestellt wird!
3. Ordnen Sie das Gedicht in den Entstehungszeitraum ein und ziehen Sie mindestens zwei andere Ihnen bekannte Gedichte für eine vergleichende Analyse heran, in denen eine ähnliche Thematik verhandelt wird!

Thema Nr. 7

Bob Dylan: "Like a Rolling Stone"

- Once upon a time you dressed so fine
 Threw the bums a dime in your prime, didn't you?
 People'd call, say "Beware doll, you're bound to fall"
 You thought they were all kiddin' you
- 5 You used to laugh about
 Everybody that was hangin' out
 Now you don't talk so loud
 Now you don't seem so proud
 About having to be scrounging your next meal
- 10 How does it feel
 How does it feel
 To be without a home
 Like a complete unknown
 Like a rolling stone?
- 15 You've gone to the finest schools, alright Miss Lonely
 But you know you only used to get juiced in it
 And nobody has ever taught you how to live on the street
 And now you find out you're gonna have to get used to it
 You said you'd never compromise
- 20 With the mystery tramp, but now you realize
 He's not selling any alibis
 As you stare into the vacuum of his eyes
 And ask him do you want to make a deal?
- How does it feel
 25 How does it feel
 To be on your own
 With no direction home
 Like a complete unknown
 Like a rolling stone?
- 30 You never turned around to see the frowns on the jugglers and the clowns
 When they all come down and did tricks for you
 You never understood that it ain't no good
 You shouldn't let other people get your kicks for you
 You used to ride on a chrome horse with your diplomat
- 35 Who carried on his shoulder a Siamese cat
 Ain't it hard when you discovered that
 He really wasn't where it's at
 After he took from you everything he could steal.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

- How does it feel
 40 How does it feel
 To be on your own
 With no direction home
 Like a complete unknown
 Like a rolling stone?
- 45 Princess on the steeple and all the pretty people
 They're all drinkin', thinkin' that they got it made
 Exchanging all kinds of precious gifts and things
 But you'd better lift your diamond ring, you'd better pawn it babe
 You used to be so amused
- 50 At Napoleon in rags and the language that he used
 Go to him now, he calls you, you can't refuse
 When you got nothing, you got nothing to lose
 You're invisible now, you got no secrets to conceal.
- How does it feel
 55 How does it feel
 To be on your own
 With no direction home
 Like a complete unknown
 Like a rolling stone?
- (1965)

Dylan, Bob. *Texte und Zeichnungen / Writings and Drawings*. Frankfurt am Main: Zweitausendeins, 1973. 560-562.

1. Identifizieren Sie die Sprechsituation des Songs und analysieren Sie ihre Besonderheiten und Funktionen!
2. Diskutieren Sie Ton, sprachliche Bilder und Form des Songs! Welche Bedeutungseffekte werden durch diese stilistischen Mittel und formalen Merkmale erzeugt?
3. Ordnen Sie den Song literatur- und kulturgeschichtlich ein! Gehen Sie dabei auch auf das sich verändernde Verhältnis von sogenannter Hochkultur und Populärkultur in den 1960er Jahren ein, und nehmen Sie Bezug auf weitere Beispiele der amerikanischen Literaturgeschichte, in denen Musik eine prägende Rolle gespielt hat!

Thema Nr. 8

In *The History of Miss Betsy Thoughtless* (1751), einem Roman der Erfolgsautorin Eliza Haywood, wird Betsy gedrängt, einen langjährigen Verehrer, Mr Munden, zu heiraten. Der Roman wandelt sich von einem „novel of courtship“ zu einem Text, der die Aspekte des Ehelebens im 18. Jahrhundert detailliert verhandelt.

- 5 'I know not,' said he [Mr Munden], 'what fool it was that first introduced the article of pin-money into marriage-writings, — nothing certainly is more idle, since a woman ought to have nothing apart from her husband; but as it is grown into a custom, and I have condescended to comply with it, you should, I think, of your own accord, and without giving me the trouble of reminding you of it, convert some part of it, at least, to such uses as might ease me of a burden I have indeed no kind of reason to be loaded with; — as for example,' continued he, 'coffee, — tea, — chocolate, — with all the appendages belonging to them, have no business to be enrolled in the list of house-keeping expences, and consequently not to be taken out of what I allow you for that purpose.'
- 10 Here he gave over speaking, but the consternation his wife was in preventing her from making any immediate answer, he resumed his discourse: — 'Since we are upon this topic, my dear,' said he, 'it will be best to tell you at once what I expect from you, — it is but one thing more, — which is this; — you have a man entirely to yourself; I am willing he should eat with the family; but as to his livery and wages I think it highly reasonable you should be at the charge of.'
- 15 The innate rage, which, during the whole time he had been talking, swell'd her breast to almost bursting, would now no longer be confined: — 'Good heavens!' cried she, 'to what have I reduced myself? — Is this to be a wife? — Is this the state of wedlock? — Call it rather an Egyptian bondage; — the cruel taskmasters of the Israelites could exact no more. — Ungrateful man!' pursued she, bursting into tears, 'is this the love, — the tenderness you vowed?'
- 20 Overwhelmed with passion, she was capable of uttering no more, but continued walking about the room in a disordered motion, and all the tokens of the most outrageous grief and anger: — he sat silent for some time; but at last looking somewhat more kindly on her than he had done, 'Prithee, my dear,' said he, 'don't let me see you give way to emotions so unbecoming of yourself, and so unjust to me; — you shall have no occasion to complain of my want of love and tenderness; — you know what my expectations are, and when once I have gained my point, you may be sure, for my own sake, I shall do every thing suitable to it; — I would only have you behave with a little prudence for the present.'
- 25 In concluding these words, he rose and took hold of her hand, but approached her with an air so cold and indifferent, as was far from atoning, with a woman of her penetration, for the unkindness of his late proposal — 'No, Mr Munden,' cried she, haughtily, turning from him, 'do not imagine I am so weak as to expect, after what you have said, any thing but ill usage.'
- 30 'I have said nothing that I have cause to repent of,' answered he, 'and hope, that when this heat is over, you will do me the justice to think so too. — I leave you to consider of it, and bring yourself into a better humour against my return.' — He added no more, but took his hat and sword, and went out of the room.
- 35 She attempted not to call him back, but retired to her chamber, in order to give loose to passions more turbulent than she had ever known before.

Eliza Haywood. *The History of Miss Betsy Thoughtless*. Hg.v. B.F. Tobin. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1997, S. 442-443.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

1. Analysieren Sie die Erzählerhaltung! Wie werden die wechselseitigen Erwartungen an die Ehe und Haltungen zur Ehe literarisch repräsentiert?
2. Wie ergreift der Erzähler implizit Partei? Analysieren Sie die Sympathienlenkung des Erzählers und beachten Sie dabei auch, dass der Text von einer Frau geschrieben wurde!
3. Diskutieren Sie im Kontext dieses und zumindest eines weiteren Romans des 18. Jahrhunderts unterschiedliche Haltungen zu *gender*-Fragen, vor allem im Hinblick auf die literarische Repräsentation von Liebe und Ehe und die damit verbundenen sozialen Funktionen der Gattung!

Thema Nr. 9

Text:

„The Declaration of Independence.“ *Heath Anthology of American Literature*. Gen. ed. Paul Lauter. Vol. A: Beginnings to 1800. Boston, New York: Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 2009.

The Declaration of Independence

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with CERTAIN *[inherent and]* inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, *[begun at a distinguished period and]* pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to ALTER *[expunge]* their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of REPEATED *[unremitting]* injuries and usurpations, ALL HAVING *[among which appears no solitary fact to contradict the uniform tenor of the rest, but all have]* in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world *[for the truth of which we pledge a faith yet unsullied by falsehood]*.

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and, when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature, a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly *[and continually]* for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time after such dissolutions to cause others to be elected, whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise, the state remaining, in the meantime, exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners, refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has OBSTRUCTED *[suffered]* the administration of justice BY *[totally to cease in some of these states]* refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made *[our]* judges dependent on his will alone for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, *[by a self-assumed power]* and sent hither swarms of new officers to harass our people and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us in times of peace standing armies *[and ships of war]* without the consent of our legislatures.

1. Gehen Sie auf rhetorische Strategien und Stilmittel des Textes ein und diskutieren Sie deren Formen und Funktionen!
2. Diskutieren Sie politische Funktionen des Textauszuges und kontextualisieren Sie den Auszug ideen- und philosophiegeschichtlich im Kontext der Aufklärung!
3. Skizzieren Sie Wirkung und Bedeutung der im Text propagierten Freiheits- und Gleichheitsversprechen in einem größeren literaturgeschichtlichen Kontext und ziehen Sie dazu zwei Beispiele Ihrer Wahl heran!

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

Thema Nr. 10

Robert Michael Ballantyne, *The Gorilla Hunters* (1861)

Die drei Engländer Ralph (der Icherzähler), Jack und Peterkin sind in Zentralafrika, um Gorillas zu jagen; Makarooroo ist ihr Führer. Zu Beginn der Szene schießen sie ihren ersten Gorilla.

Of all the hideous creatures I had ever seen or heard of, none came up in the least degree to this. Apart altogether from its gigantic size, this monster was calculated to strike terror into the hearts of beholders simply by the expression of its visage, which was quite satanic. I could scarcely persuade myself that I was awake. It seemed as if I were gazing on one of those hideous
5 creatures one beholds when oppressed with nightmare.

But we had little time to indulge in contemplation, for the instant the brute beheld us it renewed its terrible roar, and attempted to spring up; but both its legs at once gave way, and it fell with a passionate growl, biting the earth, and twisting and tearing bunches of twigs and leaves in its fury. Suddenly it rushed upon us rapidly by means of its fore legs or arms.

10 "Look out, Jack!" we cried in alarm.

Jack stood like a rock and deliberately levelled his rifle. Even at this moment of intense excitement I could not help marvelling at the diminutive appearance of my friend when contrasted with the gorilla. In height, indeed, he was of course superior, and would have been so had the gorilla been able to stand erect, but his breadth of shoulder and chest, and his length
15 and size of arm, were strikingly inferior. Just as the monster approached to within three yards of him, Jack sent a ball into its chest, and the king of the African woods fell dead at our feet!

It is impossible to convey in words an idea of the gush of mingled feelings that filled our breasts as we stood beside and gazed at the huge carcass of our victim. Pity at first predominated in my heart, then I felt like an accomplice to a murder, and then an exulting sensation of joy at having
20 obtained a specimen of one of the rarest animals in the world overwhelmed every other feeling.

The size of this animal—and we measured him very carefully—was as follows:—

Height, 5 feet 6 inches; girth of the chest, 4 feet 2 inches; spread of its arms, 7 feet 2 inches. Perhaps the most extraordinary measurement was that of the great thumb of its hind foot, which was 5 and a half inches in circumference. When I looked at this and at the great bunches of hard
25 muscles which composed its brawny chest and arms, I could almost believe in the stories told by the natives of the tremendous feats of strength performed by the gorilla. The body of this brute was covered with grey hair, but the chest was bare and covered with tough skin, and its face was intensely black. I shuddered as I looked upon it, for there was something terribly human-like about it, despite the brutishness of its aspect.

[Die Jagd wird fortgesetzt.]

30 In a few minutes we came upon a female gorilla, which, all unconscious of our approach, was sitting at the foot of a vine, eating the leaves. There were four young ones beside her, engaged in the same occupation. In order to approach within shot of these, we had to creep on all fours through the brushwood with the greatest caution; for gorillas are sharp-sighted, and they have

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

a remarkably acute sense of hearing, so that sometimes the breaking of a dry twig under one's
35 foot is sufficient to alarm them.

We did not venture to speak even in whispers as we advanced; but by a sign Jack told Peterkin to take the lead. Jack himself followed. Makarooroo went next, and I brought up the rear.

After creeping in this manner for some distance, we got within range. Peterkin and Jack took aim and fired together. The old gorilla and one of the young ones fell instantly, and from their
40 not struggling it was evident that they were shot quite dead. The guide and I fired immediately after, but only the one that I fired at fell. The other two ran off as fast as they could. Sometimes they ran on all fours; and I observed that while running in this fashion the hind legs passed between the arms, or, as it were, overstepped them. Occasionally, however, they rose and ran on their hind legs, in a stooping position.

45 When they did this I was particularly struck with their grotesque yet strong resemblance to man, and I do not think that I could at that time have prevailed upon myself to fire at them. I should have felt like a murderer. In truth, my thoughts and sensations just then were anything but agreeable. Nevertheless I was so excited by the chase that I am quite certain no one, to look at me, could have guessed what was passing in my mind.

Robert Michael Ballantyne, *The Gorilla Hunters* (London: T. Nelson, 1861), S. 217-219 & 237-238.

1. Analysieren Sie den Textausschnitt und gehen Sie dabei insbesondere auf die Darstellung der Gorillas ein!
2. Der Roman wurde als Buch für männliche jugendliche Leser vermarktet. Erörtern Sie, welche Aspekte des Textausschnitts für diese Art viktorianischer Jugendliteratur typisch sind!
3. Diskutieren Sie die Darstellung der Gorillas vor dem Hintergrund zeitgenössischer Debatten um die Position des Menschen innerhalb der Natur!

Thema Nr. 11

Nathaniel Hawthorne: *The Scarlet Letter* (1850).

Der Roman ist in der Mitte des 17. Jahrhunderts, im strenggläubigen Milieu des Puritanismus, angesiedelt und rückt die Geschichte von Hester Prynne ins Zentrum. Die folgenden Textauschnitte stammen aus den ersten beiden Kapiteln des Romans, in denen klar wird, dass Hester Prynne wegen ihres unehelichen Kindes verurteilt und an den Pranger gestellt wird und dass sie von nun an den Buchstaben „A“ (für „adultery“, Ehebruch) auf der Brust tragen müssen.

I. The Prison-Door

[...] A throng of bearded men, in sad-colored garments and gray, steeple-crowned hats, intermixed with women, some wearing hoods, and others bareheaded, was assembled in front of a wooden edifice, the door of which was heavily timbered with oak, and studded with iron spikes.

- 5 The founders of a new colony, whatever Utopia of human virtue and happiness they might originally project, have invariably recognized it among their earliest practical necessities to allot a portion of the virgin soil as a cemetery, and another portion as the site of a prison. In accordance with this rule, it may safely be assumed that the forefathers of Boston had built the first prison-house, somewhere in the vicinity of Cornhill, almost as seasonably as they marked out the first
- 10 burial-ground [...] The rust on the ponderous iron-work of its oaken door looked more antique than anything else in the new world. Like all that pertains to crime, it seemed never to have known a youthful era. Before this ugly edifice, and between it and the wheel-track of the street, was a grass-plot, much overgrown with burdock, pig-weed, apple-peru, and such unsightly vegetation, which evidently found something congenial in the soil that had so early borne the black flower of
- 15 civilized society, a prison. But, on one side of the portal, and rooted almost at the threshold, was a wild rose-bush, covered, in this month of June, with its delicate gems, which might be imagined to offer their fragrance and fragile beauty to the prisoner as he went in, and to the condemned criminal as he came forth to his doom, in token that the deep heart of Nature could pity and be kind to him. [...]

20 II. The Market-Place

- The grass-plot before the jail, in Prison Lane, on a certain summer morning, not less than two centuries ago, was occupied by a pretty large number of the inhabitants of Boston; all with their eyes intently fastened on the iron-clamped oaken door. Amongst any other population, or at a later period in the history of New England, the grim rigidity that petrified the bearded physiognomies
- 25 of these good people would have augured¹ some awful business in hand. It could have betokened nothing short of the anticipated execution of some noted culprit, on whom the sentence of a legal tribunal had but confirmed the verdict of public sentiment. But, in that early severity of the Puritan character, an inference of this kind could not so indubitably be drawn. It might be that a sluggish bond-servant, or an undutiful child, whom his parents had given over to the civil authority, was to be corrected at the whipping-post. It might be, that an Antinomian², a Quaker, or other heterodox
- 30 religionist, was to be scourged out of the town, or an idle or vagrant Indian, whom the white man's fire-water had made riotous about the streets, was to be driven with stripes into the shadow of the

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forest. [...]. In either case, there was very much the same solemnity of demeanour on the part of the spectators; as befitted a people amongst whom religion and law were almost identical [...]

- 35 The door of the jail being flung open from within, there appeared, in the first place, like a black shadow emerging into sunshine, the grim and grisly presence of the town-beadle³, with a sword by his side and his staff of office in his hand. This personage prefigured and represented in his aspect the whole dismal severity of the Puritanic code of law, which it was his business to administer in its final and closest application to the offender. Stretching forth the official staff in
- 40 his left hand, he laid his right upon the shoulder of a young woman, whom he thus drew forward until, on the threshold of the prison-door, she repelled him, by an action marked with natural dignity and force of character, and stepped into the open air, as if by her own free-will. She bore in her arms a child, a baby of some three months old, who winked and turned aside its little face from the too vivid light of day [...]
- 45 When the young woman – the mother of this child – stood fully revealed before the crowd, it seemed to be her first impulse to clasp the infant closely to her bosom; not so much by an impulse of motherly affection, as that she might thereby conceal a certain token, which was wrought or fastened into her dress. In a moment, however, wisely judging that one token of her shame would but poorly serve to hide another, she took the baby on her arm, and, with a burning
- 50 blush, and yet a haughty smile, and a glance that would not be abashed, looked around at her townspeople and neighbours. On the breast of her gown, in fine red cloth, surrounded with an elaborate embroidery and fantastic flourishes of gold thread, appeared the letter A. It was so artistically done, and with so much fertility and gorgeous luxuriance of fancy, that it had all the effect of a last and fitting decoration to the apparel which she wore; and which was of a splendor
- 55 in accordance with the taste of the age, but greatly beyond what was allowed by the sumptuary regulations of the colony.

Words: ¹augure – predict; ²Antinomian – literally: “against the law”, member of a radical Protestant sect; ³town-beadle – parish officer

Nathaniel Hawthorne. *The Scarlet Letter*. A Norton Critical Edition. New York: Norton, 1988. 35-39.

1. Identifizieren Sie die Erzählperspektive in der Textpassage und analysieren Sie deren Funktion!
2. Welche weiteren erzählerischen und stilistischen Gestaltungsmittel werden für die Figurenzeichnung herangezogen? Welche Bedeutungseffekte erzielen sie?
3. Situieren Sie Hawthornes Roman innerhalb der US-amerikanischen Literaturgeschichte!

Thema Nr. 12

Peter Ackroyd. *Chatterton* (1987)

In seinem Roman *Chatterton* (1987) entwirft Peter Ackroyd ein fiktives Porträt des realen Autors Thomas Chatterton (1752-1770), dessen Bekanntheit vor allem auf einer Reihe von Gedichten beruht, welche er einem Mönch aus dem 15. Jahrhundert namens Rowley zuschrieb, obwohl er sie selbst verfasste. Im zu analysierenden Textausschnitt schildert Ackroyds Chatterton den Beginn seiner Tätigkeit als Schriftsteller, an deren Anfang die Entdeckung einiger alter Manuskripte in einem Raum der Kirche St Mary Redcliffe in Bristol steht.

1.

Welche metafiktionalen und metahistoriographischen Elemente liegen in dem Textausschnitt vor? Gehen Sie bei Ihrer Analyse unter anderem auf Erzählperspektive, Sprache, Stil und Charakterisierungstechniken des Textabschnitts ein!
2.

Erläutern Sie, inwiefern Ackroyds Umgang mit den Themen Originalität und Geschichte im vorliegenden Text als postmodern bezeichnet werden kann!
3.

Vergleichen Sie Ackroyds Form der Geschichtsdarstellung mit mindestens zwei weiteren historischen Romanen der britischen Gegenwartsliteratur!

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

1	It is said that there comes an Instant when any Man may see his whole Fate stretching in front of him, as it were in a Vision, and so imagine my own Astonishment and Joy when I saw within the bare stone Chamber two wooden Chests. I hasten'd to open them, and there all higgledy-piggledy were old Papers, Parchments, Accounts and Bills which were thrown together like so many Leaves fallen after a Hurricanoe. With much delicacy and gentleness did I hold them up, the Parchments seeming to burn my Hands so great was my Delight in them; some were inscrib'd in Latin or in French, while others had numbers scrawled across them as if they might be Church Accounts or Tables of Interest. But there were some Fragments that I could easily make out to be in the English tongue (although curiously writ) and, leaving the other Papers in the Chests for the moment, took these away with me homewards. With trembling Fingers I laid them out in my Closet and, tho' much decay'd and compos'd in the native Gothick of that time, I could read them pritty easily: in truth there was not much to decipher, being the peeces of Words or sentences only, but it was enough; my Imagination was all on Fire, and I began to transcribe them in my own Hand. Here were such phrases as 'Sendes owte his greetings', 'ye have gyvyn me a grete charge', 'the nombres therewythalle' and it seemed even then that the Dead were speaking to me, face to face; and when I wrote out their words, coppingyng the very spelling of the Originals, it was as if I had become one of those Dead and could speak with them also. I was brought to such a Pitch that, when I left off transcribing, I found that I could continue in my own right; there was a pritty little Sentence, viz 'And so they toke him by every parte of the body', to which I then added, 'and bare hym into a chambir and leyde him a rych bedde'. The very words had been called forth from me, with as much Ease as if I were writing in the Language of my own Age. Schoolboy tho' I was, it was even at this time that I decided to shore up these ancient Fragments with my own Genius: thus the Living and the Dead were to be reunited. From that very moment, I ceased to be a meer Boy.	40	45	50	55	60	65
25	And so I, Thomas Chatterton, at the age of Twelve, began my own Great Ledger of the Past. My first task was to give myself as good a Lineage as any Gentleman in Bristol, and this I did by combining my own knowledge of Heraldic devices with a document which, as I put it, was 'just newly found in St Mary Redcliffe and writ in the language of <i>antient Dayes</i> '. All this issued from me so freely that I could not bridle my bursting Invention, and speedily I compos'd <i>Trew Histories</i> of Bristol and of the Church itself. My Method was as follows: I had already around me, in Volumes taken from my Father's shelves or purchas'd from the Booksellers, Charters and Monuments and such like Stuff; to these I added my Readings from Ricat, Stow, Speed, Holinshed, Leland and many another purveyour of Antiquity. If I took a passage from each, be it ever so short, I found that in Unison they became quite a new Account and, as it were, Chatterton's Account. Then I introduc'd my own speculations in physic, drama, and philosophy, all of them cunningly changed by the ancient Hand and Spelling I had learn'd; but conceived by me with such Intensity that they became more real than the Age in which I walked. I reproduc'd the Past and filled it with such Details that it was as if I were observing it in front of me: so the Language of ancient Dayes awoke the Reality itself for, tho' I knew that it was I who compos'd these Histories, I knew also that they were true ones.						
30	But it was not enough for me to Write. The cunning citizens of Bristol calculate only by outward Show and so, to confound and to outwit them, I learned how to give my own Papers the semblance of Antiquity.						
35	So I was not short of Coins to jangle in my Pocket, even tho' my own Tune was to be quite a different one. Poetry was my device. I invented my self as a monk of the fifteenth century, Thomas Rowley; I dressed him in Raggs, I made him Blind and then I made him Sing. I compos'd Elegies and Epicks, Ballads and Songs, Lyricks and Acrosticks, all of them in that curious contriv'd Style [...].						
40	Peter Ackroyd, <i>Chatterton</i> . [1987]. London: Penguin Books, 1993. 84-85, 87.						

Thema Nr. 13

Ernest Hemingway. "A Day's Wait" (1933)

He came into the room to shut the windows while we were still in bed and I saw he looked ill. He was shivering, his face was white, and he walked slowly as though it ached to move.

'What's the matter, Schatz?'

'I've got a headache.'

5 'You better go back to bed.'

'No, I'm all right.'

'You go to bed. I'll see you when I'm dressed.'

But when I came downstairs he was dressed, sitting by the fire, looking a very sick and miserable boy of nine years.

When I put my hand on his forehead I knew he had a fever.

10 'You go up to bed,' I said, 'you're sick.'

'I'm all right,' he said.

When the doctor came he took the boy's temperature.

'What is it?' I asked him.

'One hundred and two.'

15 Downstairs, the doctor left three different medicines in different colored capsules with instructions for giving them.

One was to bring down the fever, another a purgative, the third to overcome an acid condition. The germs of influenza can only exist in an acid condition, he explained. He seemed to know all about influenza and said there was nothing to worry about if the fever did not go above one hundred and four degrees. This was a light epidemic of flu and there was no danger if you avoided pneumonia. Back in the room I wrote the boy's temperature down and made a

20 note of the time to give the various capsules.

'Do you want me to read to you?'

'All right. If you want to,' said the boy.

His face was very white and there were dark areas under his eyes. He lay still in bed and seemed very detached from what was going on. I read aloud from Howard Pyle's Book of Pirates; but I could see he was not following what I was

25 reading.

'How do you feel, Schatz?' I asked him.

'Just the same, so far,' he said.

I sat at the foot of the bed and read to myself while I waited for it to be time to give another capsule. It would have been natural for him to go to sleep, but when I looked up he was looking at the foot of the bed, looking very

30 strangely.

'Why don't you try to go to sleep? I'll wake you up for the medicine.'

'I'd rather stay awake.'

After a while he said to me, 'You don't have to stay here with me, Papa, if it bothers you.'

'It doesn't bother me.'

35 'No, I mean you don't have to stay if it's going to bother you.'

I thought perhaps he was a little light-headed and after giving him the prescribed capsule at eleven o'clock I went out for a while.

It was a bright, cold day, the ground covered with a sleet that had frozen so that it seemed as if all the bare trees, the bushes, the cut brush and all the grass and the bare ground had been varnished with ice. I took the young Irish setter for a little walk up the road and along a frozen creek, but it was difficult to stand or walk on the glassy surface and the

40 red dog slipped and slithered and fell twice, hard, once dropping my gun and having it slide over the ice. We flushed a covey of quail under a high clay bank with overhanging brush and killed two as they went out of sight over the top of the bank. Some of the covey lit the trees, but most of them scattered into brush piles and it was necessary to jump on the ice-coated mounds of brush several times before they would flush. Coming out while you were poised

45 unsteadily on the icy, springy brush they made difficult shooting and killed two, missed five, and started back pleased to have found a covey close to the house and happy there were so many left to find on another day. At the house they

said the boy had refused to let anyone come into the room.

'You can't come in,' he said. 'You mustn't get what I have.'

I went up to him and found him in exactly the position I had left him, white faced, but with the tops of his cheeks

50 flushed by the fever, staring still, as he had stared, at the foot of the bed. I took his temperature.

'What is it?'

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

'Something like a hundred,' I said. It was one hundred and two and four tenth.

'It was a hundred and two,' he said.

'Who said so?'

55 'The doctor.'

'Your temperature is all right,' I said. It's nothing to worry about.'

'I don't worry,' he said, 'but I can't keep from thinking.'

'Don't think,' I said. 'Just take it easy.'

'I'm taking it easy,' he said and looked straight ahead. He was evidently holding tight onto himself about something.

60 'Take this with water.'

'Do you think it will do any good?'

'Of course it will.'

I sat down and opened the Pirate book and commenced to read, but I could see he was not following, so I stopped.

'About what time do you think I'm going to die?' he asked.

65 'What?'

'About how long will it be before I die?'

'You aren't going to die. What's the matter with you?'

'Oh, yes, I am. I heard him say a hundred and two.'

'People don't die with a fever of one hundred and two. That's a silly way to talk.'

70 'I know they do. At school in France the boys told me you can't live with forty-four degrees. I've got a hundred and two.'

He had been waiting to die all day, ever since nine o'clock in the morning.

'You poor Schatz,' I said. 'Poor old Schatz. It's like miles and kilometers. You aren't going to die. That's a different thermometer. On that thermometer thirty-seven is normal. On this kind it's ninety-eight.'

75 'Are you sure?'

'Absolutely,' I said. 'It's like miles and kilometers. You know, like how many kilometers we make when we do seventy in the car?'

'Oh,' he said.

80 But his gaze at the foot of his bed relaxed slowly. The hold over himself relaxed too, finally, and the next day it was very slack and he cried very easily at little things that were of no importance.

(Hemingway, Ernest, "A Day's Wait." *The First Forty-Nine Stories*. London: Arrow, 1993, 413-416.)

1. Analysieren Sie die im Text verwendete Natursymbolik!
2. Erläutern Sie anhand des Texts Hemingways *Iceberg Theory*!
3. Ordnen Sie den Text unter Bezugnahme auf mindestens zwei weitere Beispiele der amerikanischen Kurzgeschichte literaturgeschichtlich ein!

Thema Nr. 14

Andrea Levy. *Small Island* (2004)

Die vorliegende Textpassage aus dem Roman *Small Island* (2004) von Andrea Levy (geb. 1965 in London) stammt aus dem ersten Teil mit dem Titel „1948“, welchem ein Prolog vorangestellt ist.

1. Analysieren Sie den Textausschnitt aus dem ersten Kapitel „Hortense“ hinsichtlich der Erzählsituation sowie der Charakterisierung und Positionierung von Hortense!
2. Diskutieren Sie die sprachliche Gestaltung des Ausschnittes in Bezug auf das Thema Migration!
3. Verorten Sie den Ausschnitt im Kontext der neueren englischsprachigen Literaturen im Vergleich zu zwei weiteren Ihnen bekannten Romanen!

1 It brought it all back to me. Celia Langley. Celia Langley standing in front of me, her
2 hands on her hips and her head in a cloud. And she is saying: ‘Oh, Hortense, when I am
3 older . . .’ all her dreaming began with ‘when I am older’ ‘. . . when I am older, Hortense, I
4 will be leaving Jamaica and I will be going to live in England.’ This is when her voice
5 became high-class and her nose pointed into the air – well, as far as her round flat nose could
6 – and she swayed as she brought the picture to her mind’s eye. ‘Hortense, in England I will
7 have a big house with a bell at the front door and I will ring the bell.’ And she made the
8 sound, ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling. ‘I will ring the bell in this house when I am in England.
9 That is what will happen to me when I am older.’

10 I said nothing at the time. I just nodded and said, ‘You surely will, Celia Langley, you
11 surely will.’ I did not dare to dream that it would one day be I who would go to England. It
12 would one day be I who would sail on a ship as big as a world and feel the sun’s heat on
13 my face gradually change from roasting to caressing. But there was I! Standing at the door
14 of a house in London and ringing the bell. Pushing my finger to hear the ding-a-ling, ding-
15 a-ling. Oh, Celia Langley, where were you then with your big ideas and your nose in the
16 air? Could you see me? Could you see me there in London? Hortense Roberts married with
17 a gold ring and a wedding dress in a trunk. Mrs Joseph. Mrs Gilbert Joseph. What you
18 think of that, Celia Langley? There was I in England ringing the doorbell on one of the
19 tallest houses I had ever seen.

20 But when I pressed this doorbell I did not hear a ring. No ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling. I
21 pressed once more in case the bell was not operational. The house, I could see, was
22 shabby. Mark you, shabby in a grand sort of a way. I was sure this house could once have
23 been home to a doctor or a lawyer or perhaps a friend of a friend of the King. Only the
24 house of someone high-class would have pillars at the doorway. Ornate pillars that twisted
25 with elaborate design. The glass stained with coloured pictures as a church would have. It
26 was true that some were missing, replaced by cardboard and strips of white tape. But who
27 knows what devilish deeds Mr Hitler’s bombs had carried out during the war? I pushed the
28 doorbell again when it was obvious no one was answering my call. I held my thumb
29 against it and pressed my ear to the window. A light came on now and a woman’s voice
30 started calling, ‘All right, all right, I’m coming! Give us a minute.’

31 I stepped back down two steps avoiding a small lump of dog’s business that rested in

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32 some litter and leaves. I straightened my coat, pulling it closed where I had unfortunately
33 lost a button. I adjusted my hat in case it had sagged in the damp air and left me looking
34 comical. I pulled my back up straight.

35 The door was answered by an Englishwoman. A blonde-haired, pink-cheeked
36 Englishwoman with eyes so blue they were the brightest thing in the street. She looked on
37 my face, parted her slender lips and said, ‘Yes?’

38 ‘Is this the household of Mr Gilbert Joseph?’

39 ‘I beg your pardon?’

40 ‘Gilbert Joseph?’ I said, a little slower.

41 ‘Oh, Gilbert. Who are you?’ She pronounced Gilbert so strangely that for a moment I was
42 anxious that I would be delivered to the wrong man.

43 ‘Mr Gilbert Joseph is my husband – I am his wife.’

44 The woman’s face looked puzzled and pleased all at one time. She looked back into the
45 house, lifting her head as she did. Then she turned to me and said, ‘Didn’t he come to meet
46 you?’

47 ‘I have not seen Gilbert,’ I told her, then went on to ask, ‘but this is perchance where he
48 is abiding?’

49 At which this Englishwoman said, ‘What?’ She frowned and looked over my shoulder at
50 the trunk, which was resting by the kerbside where it had been placed by the driver of the
51 taxi vehicle. ‘Is that yours?’ she enquired.

52 ‘It is.’

53 ‘It’s the size of the Isle of Wight. How did you get it here?’ She laughed a little. A
54 gentle giggle that played round her eyes and mouth.

55 I laughed too, so as not to give her the notion that I did not know what she was talking
56 about as regards this ‘white island’. I said, ‘I came in a taxicab and the driver assured me
57 that this was the right address. Is this the house of Gilbert Joseph?’

58 The woman stood for a little while before answering by saying, ‘Hang on here. I’ll see if
59 he’s in his room.’ She then shut the door in my face.

60 [...]

61 I did not see what now came through the door, it came through so fast. It could have
62 been a large dog the way it leaped and bounded towards me. It was only when I heard,
63 ‘Hortense,’ uttered from its mouth that I realised it was my husband. ‘Hortense. You here!
64 You here at last, Hortense!’

65 I folded my arms, sat on my trunk and averted my eye. He stopped in front of me. His
66 arms still open wide ready for me to run into. ‘Don’t Hortense me, Gilbert Joseph.’

67 His arms slowly rested to his sides as he said, ‘You no pleased to see me, Hortense?’

68 I quoted precisely from the letter. ‘“I will be at the dockside to meet you. You will see
69 me there jumping and waving and calling your name with longing in my tone.”’

70 ‘How you find this place, Hortense?’ was all the man said.

71 ‘Without your help, Gilbert Joseph, that’s how I find this place. With no help from you.
72 Where were you? Why you no come to meet me? Why you no waving and calling my
73 name with longing in your tone?’

74 He was breathless as he began, ‘Hortense, let me tell you. I came to the dock but there
75 was no ship. So they tell me to come back later when the ship will arrive. So I go home
76 and take the opportunity of fixing the place up nice for when you come . . .’

77 His shirt was not buttoned properly. The collar turned up at one side and down at the

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other. There were two stray buttons that had no holes to fit in. The shirt was only tucked into his trousers around the front, at the back it hung out like a mischievous schoolboy's. One of his shoelaces was undone. He looked ragged. Where was the man I remembered? He was smart: his suit double-breasted, his hair parted and shiny with grease, his shoes clean, his fingernails short, his moustache neat and his nose slender. The man who stood jabbering in front of me looked dark and rough. But he was Gilbert, I could tell. I could tell by the way the fool hopped about as he pronounced his excuses.

[...]

'I hope you're not bringing anything into the house that will smell?' the Englishwoman interrupted.

This question erased the smile from my face. Turning to her I said, 'I have only brought what I —'

But Gilbert caught my elbow. 'Come, Hortense,' he said, as if the woman had not uttered a word. 'Come, let me show you around.'

[...]

'What a lot of stairs. Could you not find a place with fewer stairs?'

We went into the room. Gilbert rushed to pull a blanket over the unmade bed. Still warm I was sure. It was obvious to me he had just got out of it. I could smell gas. Gilbert waved his arms around as if showing me a lovely view. 'This is the room,' he said.

All I saw were dark brown walls. A broken chair that rested one uneven leg on the Holy Bible. A window with a torn curtain and Gilbert's suit – the double-breasted one – hanging from a rail on the wall.

'Well,' I said, 'show me the rest, then, Gilbert.' The man just stared. 'Show me the rest, nah. I am tired from the long journey.' He scratched his head. 'The other rooms, Gilbert. The ones you busy making so nice for me you forget to come to the dock.' Gilbert spoke so softly I could hardly hear. He said, 'But this is it.'

'I am sorry?' I said.

'This is it, Hortense. This is the room I am living.'

Three steps would take me to one side of this room. Four steps could take me to another. There was a sink in the corner, a rusty tap stuck out from the wall above it. There was a table with two chairs – one with its back broken – pushed up against the bed. The armchair held a shopping bag, a pyjama top, and a teapot. In the fireplace the gas hissed with a blue flame.

'Just this?' I had to sit on the bed. My legs gave way. There was no bounce underneath me as I fell. 'Just this? This is where you are living? Just this?'

'Yes, this is it.' He swung his arms around again, like it was a room in a palace.

'Just this? Just this? You bring me all this way for just this?'

The man sucked his teeth and flashed angry eyes in my face. 'What you expect, woman? Yes, just this! What you expect? Everyone live like this. There has been a war. Houses bombed. I know plenty people live worse than this. What you want? You should stay with your mamma if you want it nice. There been a war here. Everyone live like this.'

He looked down at me, his badly buttoned chest heaving. The carpet was threadbare in a patch in the middle and there was a piece of bread lying on it. He sucked his teeth again and walked out the room. I heard him banging down the stairs. He left me alone.

He left me alone to stare on just this.