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

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Fach: **Englisch (vertieft studiert)**Einzelprüfung: **Literaturwissenschaft**Anzahl der gestellten Themen (Aufgaben): **14**Anzahl der Druckseiten dieser Vorlage: **30**

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**Bitte wenden!**



GLOUCESTER	With all my heart.	
EDGAR [ <i>aside</i> ]	Why I do trifle thus with his despair Is done to cure it.	
GLOUCESTER [ <i>He kneels.</i> ]	O you mighty gods, This world I do renounce, and in your sights Shake patiently my great affliction off. If I could bear it longer and not fall To quarrel with your great opposeless wills, My snuff and loathed part of nature should Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O bless him! Now, fellow, fare thee well. <i>He falls.</i>	35 40
EDGAR	Gone, sir; farewell. [ <i>aside</i> ] And yet I know not how conceit may rob The treasury of life when life itself Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought, By this had thought been past. [ <i>to Gloucester</i> ] Alive or dead? Ho, you sir! Friend, hear you, sir? Speak! – [ <i>aside</i> ] Thus might he pass indeed. Yet he revives. – What are you, sir?	45
GLOUCESTER	Away and let me die.	
EDGAR	Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air, So many fathom down precipitating, Thou'dst shivered like an egg; but thou dost breathe, Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not, speak'st, art sound. Ten masts at each make not the altitude Which thou hast perpendicularly fell. Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.	50 55
GLOUCESTER	But have I fallen, or no?	
EDGAR	From the dread summit of this chalky bourn. Look up a-height: the shrill-gorged lark so far Cannot be seen or heard; do but look up.	
GLOUCESTER	Alack, I have no eyes. Is wretchedness deprived that benefit To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage And frustrate his proud will.	60
EDGAR	Give me your arm. Up! So. How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.	65
GLOUCESTER	Too well, too well.	
EDGAR	This is above all strangeness. Upon the crown o'th' cliff what thing was that Which parted from you?	
GLOUCESTER	A poor unfortunate beggar.	
EDGAR	As I stood here below, methought his eyes Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses, Horns whelked and waved like the enraged sea. It was some fiend. Therefore, thou happy father, Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee.	70

13 *choughs*: jackdaws (a member of the crow family; pronounced 'chuffs')

14 *gross*: large

15 *samphire*: a wild herb

15 *dreadful trade*: fearsome business

19 *cock*: cock-boat, or rowing boat towed behind

21 *on th' unnumbered idle pebble chafes*: grates on the innumerable barren pebbles

26 *all beneath the moon*: i.e. on earth

39 *snuff and loathed part of nature*: smouldering candle-end and hated remnant of my vital force

49 *gossamer*: the very thin thread that spiders produce to make webs

50 *fathom*: a unit for measuring the depth of water

51 *shivered*: smashed

58 *shrill-gorged*: shrill-sounding

62–64 *'Twas ... will*: Gloucester alludes to the traditional defence of suicide among the Romans

1. Nennen und erläutern Sie knapp zentrale rhetorisch-stilistische Gestaltungsmittel im vorliegenden Textausschnitt!
2. Analysieren Sie ausführlich, wie in dem Textausschnitt *Raum* und *Perspektive* konstruiert werden!
3. Interpretieren Sie den Textausschnitt dann im Hinblick auf die frühneuzeitliche Aufführungspraxis im Theater (insb. in Bezug auf das Bühnenbild) und diskutieren Sie kurz zwei weitere Dramen Shakespeares, in denen ähnliche Repräsentationsstrategien verfolgt werden!

## Thema Nr. 2

Caryl Churchill, *Top Girls*. London: Methuen, 1982. S. 60–63

Die zu analysierende Szene aus dem zweiten Akt von Caryl Churchills Stück *Top Girls* (1982) findet in der „Top Girls“ Arbeitsvermittlungsgentur statt.

## Interview

NELL and SHONA.

NELL. Is this right? You are Shona?

SHONA. Yeh.

5 NELL. It says here you're twenty-nine.

SHONA. Yeh.

NELL. Too many late nights, me. So you've been where you are for four years, Shona, you're earning six basic and three commission. So what's the problem?

10 SHONA. No problem.

NELL. Why do you want a change?

SHONA. Just a change.

NELL. Change of product, change of area?

SHONA. Both.

15 NELL. But you're happy on the road?

SHONA. I like driving.

NELL. You're not after management status?

SHONA. I would like management status.

NELL. You'd be interested in titular management status but not come off the road?

20 SHONA. I want to be on the road, yeh.

NELL. So how many calls have you been making a day?

SHONA. Six.

NELL. And what proportion of those are successful?

25 SHONA. Six.

NELL. That's hard to believe.

SHONA. Four.

NELL. You find it easy to get the initial interest do you?

SHONA. Oh yeh, I get plenty of initial interest.

30 NELL. And what about closing?

SHONA. I close, don't I?

NELL. Because that's what an employer is going to have doubts about with you a lady as I needn't tell you, whether she's got the guts to push through to a closing situation. They think we're too nice. They think we listen to the buyer's doubts. They think we consider his needs and his feelings.

35 SHONA. I never consider people's feelings.

NELL. I was selling for six years, I can sell anything, I've sold in three continents, and I'm jolly as they come but I'm not very nice.

40 SHONA. I'm not very nice.

NELL. What sort of time do you have on the road with the other reps? Get on all right? Handle the chat?

SHONA. I get on. Keep myself to myself.

45 NELL. Fairly much of a loner are you?

SHONA. Sometimes.

NELL. So what field are you interested in?

SHONA. Computers.

50 NELL. That's a top field as you know and you'll be up against some very slick fellas there, there's some very pretty boys in computers, it's an American-style field.

SHONA. That's why I want to do it.

NELL. Video systems appeal? That's a high-flying situation.

SHONA. Video systems appeal OK.

65 NELL. Because Prestel have half a dozen vacancies I'm looking to fill at the moment. We're talking in the area of ten to fifteen thousand here and upwards.

SHONA. Sounds OK.

Text aus: Caryl Churchill, *Top Girls*.  
London: Methuen, 1982. S. 60-63.

- 60 NELL. I've half a mind to go for it myself. But it's good money here if you've got the top clients. Could you fancy it do you think?
- SHONA. Work here?
- NELL. I'm not in a position to offer, there's nothing officially going just now, but we're always on the lookout. There's not  
65 that many of us. We could keep in touch.
- SHONA. I like driving.
- NELL. So the Prestel appeals?
- SHONA. Yeh.
- NELL. What about ties?
- 70 SHONA. No ties.
- NELL. So relocation wouldn't be a problem.
- SHONA. No problem.
- NELL. So just fill me in a bit more could you about what you've been doing.
- 75 SHONA. What I've been doing. It's all down there.
- NELL. The bare facts are down here but I've got to present you to an employer.
- SHONA. I'm twenty-nine years old.
- NELL. So it says here.
- 80 SHONA. We look young. Youngness runs in the family in our family.
- NELL. So just describe your present job for me.
- SHONA. My present job at present. I have a car. I have a Porsche. I go up the M1 a lot. Burn up the M1 a lot. Straight up the  
85 M1 in the fast lane to where the clients are, Staffordshire, Yorkshire, I do a lot in Yorkshire. I'm selling electric things. Like dishwashers, washing machines, stainless steel tube are a feature and the reliability of the programme. After sales service, we offer a very good after sales service, spare parts,  
90 plenty of spare parts. And fridges, I sell a lot of fridges specially in the summer. People want to buy fridges in the summer because of the heat melting the butter and you get fed up standing the milk in a basin of cold water with a cloth over, stands to reason people don't want to do that in this  
95 day and age. So I sell a lot of them. Big ones with big freezers. Big freezers. And I stay in hotels at night when I'm away from home. On my expense account. I stay in various hotels. They know me, the ones I go to. I check in, have a bath, have a shower. Then I go down to the bar, have a gin and tonic, have a chat. Then I go into the dining room and have dinner. I  
100 usually have fillet steak and mushrooms, I like mushrooms. I like smoked salmon very much. I like having a salad on the side. Green salad. I don't like tomatoes.
- NELL. Christ what a waste of time.
- 105 SHONA. Beg your pardon?
- NELL. Not a word of this is true is it?
- SHONA. How do you mean?
- NELL. You just filled in the form with a pack of lies.
- SHONA. Not exactly.
- 110 NELL. How old are you?
- SHONA. Twenty-nine.
- NELL. Nineteen?
- SHONA. Twenty-one.
- NELL. And what jobs have you done? Have you done any?
- 115 SHONA. I could though, I bet you.

1. Analysieren Sie die Szene in Hinblick auf ihre Struktur und Figurencharakterisierung!
2. Interpretieren Sie die Szene aus der Perspektive der feministischen Literaturtheorie! Berücksichtigen Sie dabei den gesellschaftsgeschichtlichen Kontext des Stücks!
3. Ordnen Sie *Top Girls* in die Geschichte des britischen Gegenwartsdramas ein!

## Thema Nr. 3

Elmer Rice. "The Adding Machine (1923)." *Elmer Rice: Three Plays*. New York: Hill and Wang, 1965. 11–14.

- Zero. "Boss," I'll say, "I ain't quite satisfied. I been on the job twenty-five years now and if I'm gonna stay I gotta see a future ahead of me." "Zero," he'll say, "I'm glad you came in. I've had my eye on you, Zero. Nothin' gets by me." "Oh, I know that, boss," I'll say. That'll hand him a good laugh, that will. "You're a valuable man, Zero," he'll say, "and I want you right up here with me in the front office. You're done addin' figgers. Monday mornin' you move up here."
- Daisy. Them kisses in the movies—them long ones—right on the keep—a
- Zero. I'll keep a-goin' right on up after that. I'll show some of them birds where they get off.
- Daisy. That one the other night—*The Devil's Alibi*—he put his arms around her—and her head fell back and her eyes closed—like she was in a daze.
- Zero. Just give me about two years and I'll show them birds where they get off.
- Daisy. I guess that's what it's like—a kinda daze—when I see them like that, I just seem to forget everything.
- Zero. Then me for a place in Jersey. And maybe a little Buick. No tin Lizzie for mine. Wait till I get started—I'll show 'em.
- Daisy. I can see it now when I kinda half close my eyes. The way her head fell back. And his mouth pressed right up against hers. Oh, Gawd! it must be grand!
- There is a sudden shrill blast from a steam whistle.*
- Daisy and Zero [together]. The whistle!
- With great agility they get off their stools, remove their eyeshades and sleeve-protectors and put them on the desks. Then each produces from behind the desk a hat—ZERO, a dusty derby, DAISY, a frowsy straw. DAISY puts on her hat and turns toward ZERO as though she were about to speak to him. But he is busy cleaning his pen and pays no attention to her. She sighs and goes toward the door at the left.*
- Zero [looking up]. G'night, Miss Devore.
- But she does not hear him and exits. ZERO takes up his hat and goes left. The door at the right opens and the Boss enters—middle-aged, stoutish, bald, well dressed.*
- The Boss [calling]. Oh—er—Mister—er—
- ZERO turns in surprise, sees who it is, and trembles nervously.
- Zero [obsequiously]. Yes, sir. Do you want me, sir?
- Boss. Yes. Just come here a moment, will you?
- Zero. Ycs, sir. Right away, sir. [He fumbles his hat, picks it up, stumbles, recovers himself, and approaches the Boss, every fiber quivering.]
- Boss. Mister—er—er—
- Zero. Zero.
- Boss. Yes, Mr. Zero. I wanted to have a little talk with you.
- Zero [with a nervous grin]. Yes, sir, I been kinda expectin' it.
- Boss [staring at him]. Oh, have you?
- Zero. Yes, sir.
- Boss. How long have you been with us, Mister—er—Mister—
- Zero. Zero.
- Boss. Yes, Mr. Zero.
- Zero. Twenty-five years today.
- Boss. Twenty-five years! That's a long time.
- Zero. Never missed a day.
- Boss. And you've been doing the same work all the time?
- Zero. Yes, sir. Right here at this desk.
- Boss. Then, in that case, a change probably won't be unwelcome to you.
- Zero. No, sir, it won't. And that's the truth.
- Boss. We've been planning a change in this department for some time.
- Zero. I kinda thought you had your eye on me.
- Boss. You were right. The fact is that my efficiency experts have recommended the installation of adding machines.
- Zero [staring at him]. Addin' machines?
- Boss. Yes, you've probably seen them. A mechanical device that adds automatically.
- Zero. Sure. I've seen them. Keys—and a handle that you pull. [He goes through the motions in the air.]
- Boss. That's it. They do the work in half the time and a high-school girl can operate them. Now, of course, I'm sorry to lose an old and faithful employee—
- Zero. Excuse me, but would you mind sayin' that again?
- Boss. I say I'm sorry to lose an employee who's been with me for so many years— [Soft music is heard—the sound of the mechanical player of a distant merry-go-round. The part of the floor upon which the desk and stools are standing begins to revolve very slowly.] But, of course, in an organization like this, efficiency must be the first consideration— [The music becomes gradually louder and the revolutions more rapid.] You will draw your salary for the full month. And I'll direct my secretary to give you a letter of recommendation—
- Zero. Wait a minute, boss. Let me get this right. You mean I'm canned?
- Boss [barely making himself heard above the increasing volume of sound]. I'm sorry—no other alternative—greatly regret—old employee—efficiency—economy—business—business—BUSINESS—
- His voice is drowned by the music. The platform is revolving rapidly now. ZERO and the Boss face each other. They are entirely motionless save for the Boss's jaws, which open and close incessantly. But the words are inaudible. The music swells and swells. To it is added every offstage effect of the theater: the wind, the waves, the galloping horses, the locomotive whistle, the sleigh bells, the automobile siren, the glass-crash. New Year's Eve, Election Night, Armistice Day, and Mardi Gras. The noise is deafening, maddening, unendurable. Suddenly it culminates in a terrific peal of thunder. For an instant there is a flash of red and then everything is plunged into blackness.

Curtain.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

Der Textausschnitt entstammt dem in sieben Szenen aufgeführten Stück *The Adding Machine* von Elmer Rice aus dem Jahr 1923. Es beschreibt die Erlebnisse von Mr. Zero, der seine monotone, seit 25 Jahren ausgeübte Tätigkeit verliert, einen Mord begeht, verurteilt wird und schließlich, nachdem er im Jenseits dieselbe monotone Arbeit ausgeübt hat, wieder auf die Erde zurückgeschickt wird, um als Baby ein neues Leben zu beginnen. In dem vorliegenden Ausschnitt aus der zweiten Szene, die in einem Büro spielt, begegnet Mr. Zero seinem Vorgesetzten; Daisy ist eine Mitarbeiterin.

1. Analysieren Sie die sprachlichen und theaterästhetischen Elemente des Textausschnitts!
2. Diskutieren Sie die Darstellung des Verhältnisses von Individualismus, Arbeit und Konsum. Kontrastieren Sie die Thematik mit zwei weiteren Stücken der amerikanischen Moderne!
3. Situieren Sie das Stück im Umfeld der amerikanischen Moderne!

**Thema Nr. 4****William Shakespeare, sonnet 73**

- 1 That time of year thou mayst in me behold  
2 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
3 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
4 Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.  
5 In me thou seest the twilight of such day  
6 As after sunset fadeth in the west,  
7 Which by and by black night doth take away,  
8 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.  
9 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire  
10 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
11 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
12 Consumed with that which it was nourished by.  
13 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,  
14 To love that well, which thou must leave ere long.

Shakespeare, *The Complete Sonnets and Poems* (The Oxford Shakespeare), ed. Colin Burrow; Oxford: Oxford UP, 2002, p. 527.

**Notes**

l. 3 against = in anticipation of; also perhaps 'in opposition to' [Editor's note]

l. 4 late = recently

l. 8 seals up: (a) encloses, as in a coffin, and marks with a seal to prevent unauthorized opening; (b) 'seals up' as a falconer stitches up the eyes of a hawk [...] [Editor's note]

l. 12 Consumed with = choked by (ash) [Editor's note]

1. Beschreiben Sie die Sonderform des Shakespeareschen (bzw. „englischen“) Sonetts im Vergleich zum italienischen Vorbild und bewerten Sie ihren literaturhistorischen Einfluss!
2. Analysieren Sie das Gedicht unter Berücksichtigung seiner Bildsprache und weiterer rhetorischer Gestaltungsmittel, auch im Hinblick auf die im Gedicht angelegte Beziehung des lyrischen Ichs zum lyrischen Du!
3. Diskutieren Sie mit Blick auf den geschichtlichen Kontext, wie dieses Sonett das Thema der Sterblichkeit behandelt! Stellen Sie dabei Bezüge zu mindestens zwei weiteren Texten der frühen Neuzeit her!

## Thema Nr. 5

## Julia Ward Howe (1819–1910), “The Heart’s Astronomy” (1853)

This evening, as twilight fell,  
My younger children watched for me;  
Like cherubs in the window framed,  
I saw the smiling group of three.

5 While round and round the house I trudged,  
Intent to walk a weary mile,  
Oft as I passed within their range,  
The little things would beck and smile.

They watched me, as Astronomers  
10 Whose business lies in heaven afar,  
Await, beside the slanting glass,  
The re-appearance of a star.

Not so, not so, my pretty ones,  
Seek stars in yonder cloudless sky;  
15 But mark no steadfast path for me,  
A comet dire and strange am I.

Now to the inmost spheres of light  
Lifted, my wondering soul dilates,  
Now dropped in endless depth of night,  
20 My hope God’s slow recall awaits.

Among the shining I have shone,  
Among the blessing, have been blest,  
Then wearying years have held me bound  
Where darkness deadness gives, not rest.

25 Between extremes distraught and rent,  
I question not the way I go;  
Who made me, gave it me, I deem,  
Thus to aspire, to languish so.

But Comets too have holy laws,  
30 Their fiery sinews to restrain,  
And from their outmost wanderings  
Are drawn to heaven’s dear heart again.

And ye, beloved ones, when ye know  
What wild, erratic natures are,  
35 Pray that the laws of heavenly force  
Would hold and guide the Mother star.

Julia Ward Howe. “The Heart’s Astronomy.” *Passion-Flowers*. Boston: Ticknor, Reed,  
and Fields, 1854, 101–103.

1. Analysieren Sie das Gedicht in formaler Hinsicht! Achten Sie dabei insbesondere auch auf stilistische Besonderheiten und bildhafte Sprache!
2. Ordnen Sie das Gedicht unter Hinzuziehung zweier weiterer Beispiele in den literaturhistorischen Kontext der Lyrik der amerikanischen Romantik ein! Fokussieren Sie dabei insbesondere auf die Themen Natur und wissenschaftlicher und technologischer Fortschritt!
3. Erörtern Sie unter Einbeziehung zweier weiterer Beispiele der Darstellung von Künstlerinnen in der amerikanischen Frauenliteratur, wie sich das Gedicht in die weibliche literarische Tradition in den USA im 19. Jahrhundert einfügt! Beziehen Sie in Ihre Überlegungen auch die gesellschaftliche Rolle der Frau zur damaligen Zeit mit ein!

**Thema Nr. 6****Dylan Thomas, "Do not Go Gentle into that Good Night" (1951)**

Do not go gentle into that good night,  
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

5 Though wise men at their end know dark is right,  
Because their words had forked no lightning they  
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright  
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

10 Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,  
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,  
Do not go gentle into that good night.

15 Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight  
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,  
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.  
Do not go gentle into that good night.  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

[Text zitiert aus *The Collected Poems of Dylan Thomas: The New Centenary Edition*. Ed. John Goodby. London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 2014, S. 193.]

1. Interpretieren Sie das Gedicht unter Berücksichtigung seiner sprachlich-poetischen Mittel!
2. Erläutern Sie, wie sich der Text mit kulturell geprägten Vorstellungen vom Sterben auseinandersetzt!
3. Situieren Sie Dylan Thomas in der Geschichte der britischen Lyrik des 20. Jahrhunderts!

**Thema Nr. 7****E.E. Cummings. "pity this busy monster,manunkind." (1944)**

- 1 pity this busy monster,manunkind,  
2 not. Progress is a comfortable disease:  
3 your victim(death and life safely beyond)  
4 plays with the bigness of his littleness  
5 —electrons deify one razorblade  
6 into a mountainrange;lenses extend  
7 unwish through curving wherewhen till unwish  
8 returns on its unself.  
9 A world of made  
10 is not a world of born—pity poor flesh  
11 and trees,poor stars and stones,but never this  
12 fine specimen of hypermagical  
13 ultraomnipotence. We doctors know  
14 a hopeless case if—listen:there's a hell  
15 of a good universe next door;let's go

E.E. Cummings. "pity this busy monster,manunkind." *Complete Poems, 1904–1962*.  
Ed. George J. Firmage. New York: Liveright, 1991. 554.

1. Analysieren Sie den von der Standardsprache abweichenden Sprachgebrauch und erörtern Sie den Effekt der Abweichungen!
2. Setzen Sie die Form des Gedichts in Bezug zur Argumentationsstruktur und erläutern Sie die Botschaft des Textes!
3. Situieren Sie das Gedicht literaturgeschichtlich!

## Thema Nr. 8

Der folgende Text ist der Anfang von *The Interesting Narrative of the Life of Olaudah Equiano, or Gustavus Vassa, the African, Written by Himself*, einer Lebenserzählung, die 1789 in London erschien. Darin wird berichtet, wie Equiano, aus Westafrika stammend, zum Sklaven auf karibischen Plantagen gemacht wird, bevor er die Freiheit erlangen und ein selbstbestimmtes Leben führen kann.

I believe it is difficult for those who publish their own memoirs to escape the imputation of vanity; nor is this the only disadvantage under which they labour: it is also their misfortune, that whatever is uncommon is rarely, if ever, believed, and what is obvious we are apt to turn from with disgust, and to charge the writer with impertinence. People generally think those memoirs  
5 only worthy to be read or remembered which abound in great or striking events; those, in short, which in a high degree excite either admiration or pity: all others they consign to contempt and oblivion. It is therefore, I confess, not a little hazardous in a private and obscure individual, and a stranger too, thus to solicit the indulgent attention of the public; especially when I own  
10 [i.e. acknowledge] I offer here the history of neither a saint, a hero, nor a tyrant. I believe there are few events in my life which have not happened to many: it is true the incidents of it are numerous; and, did I consider myself an European, I might say my sufferings were great: but when I compare my lot with that of most of my countrymen, I regard myself as a *particular favourite of Heaven*, and acknowledge the mercies of Providence in every occurrence of my life. If then the following narrative does not appear sufficiently interesting to engage general attention, let my motive be  
15 some excuse for its publication. I am not so foolishly vain as to expect from it either immortality or literary reputation. If it affords any satisfaction to my numerous friends, at whose request it has been written, or in the smallest degree promotes the interests of humanity, the ends for which it was undertaken will be fully attained, and every wish of my heart gratified. Let it therefore be remembered, that, in wishing to avoid censure, I do not aspire to praise.

20 That part of Africa, known by the name of Guinea, to which the trade for slaves is carried on, extends along the coast above 3400 miles, from Senegal to Angola, and includes a variety of kingdoms. Of these the most considerable is the kingdom of Benin, both as to extent and wealth, the richness and cultivation of the soil, the power of its king, and the number and warlike disposition of the inhabitants. It is situated nearly under the line, and extends along the coast about  
25 170 miles, but runs back into the interior part of Africa to a distance hitherto I believe unexplored by any traveller; and seems only terminated at length by the empire of Abyssinia, near 1500 miles from its beginning. This kingdom is divided into many provinces or districts: in one of the most remote and fertile of which I was born, in the year 1745, situated in a charming fruitful vale, named Essaka.

(*The Interesting Narrative of the Life of Olaudah Equiano, or Gustavus Vassa, the African, Written by Himself* [1789]. Ed. Werner Sollors. New York: Norton, pp. 19–20)

**Fortsetzung nächste Seite!**

1. Analysieren Sie zunächst die erzählerischen Strategien der Eröffnung und stellen Sie dar, wie diese sprachlich und rhetorisch vorgeht!
2. Diskutieren Sie sodann, welche Besonderheiten und Probleme des autobiographischen Schreibens hier deutlich werden und mit welchen Mitteln sich der Erzähler gegenüber seinem intendierten Publikum positioniert!
3. Setzen Sie den Text in Beziehung zu anderen Beispielen autobiographischer Erzählung – inklusive deren fiktionaler Nutzung – aus der englischen Literatur des 18. und 19. Jahrhunderts, unter Hinzuziehung von mindestens zwei weiteren Titeln! Gehen Sie darauf ein, worin sich ihre Popularität gründet und welche Aufschlüsse sich daraus gewinnen lassen!

## Thema Nr. 9

Bei Susanna Rowsons Roman *Charlotte Temple* (1791/94) handelt es sich um einen der ersten Bestseller der amerikanischen Literaturgeschichte. *Charlotte Temple* gehört zur Gattung des sentimentalen Romans und erzählt die Geschichte der Titelheldin, die ihrem Verführer Montraville während der Zeit des amerikanischen Unabhängigkeitskriegs von England in die USA folgt, nur um dort von ihm verlassen zu werden.

### 1. Auszug aus dem „Preface“ von *Charlotte Temple*

For the perusal of the young and thoughtless of the fair sex, this Tale of Truth is designed; and I could wish my fair readers to consider it as not merely the effusion of Fancy, but as a reality. The circumstances on which I have founded this novel were related to me some little time since by an old lady who had personally known Charlotte, though she concealed the real names of the characters, and likewise the place where the unfortunate scenes were acted: yet as it was impossible to offer a relation to the public in such an imperfect state, I have thrown over the whole a slight veil of fiction, and substituted names and places according to my own fancy. The principal characters in this little tale are now consigned to the silent tomb: it can therefore hurt the feelings of no one; and may, I flatter myself, be of service to some who are so unfortunate as to have neither friends to advise, or understanding to direct them, through the various and unexpected evils that attend a young and unprotected woman in her first entrance into life. [...] If the following tale should save one hapless fair one from the errors which ruined poor Charlotte, or rescue from impending misery the heart of one anxious parent, I shall feel a much higher gratification in reflecting on this trifling performance, than could possibly result from the applause which might attend the most elegant finished piece of literature whose tendency might deprave the heart or mislead the understanding. (5–6)

### 2. Auszug aus Kap. 18 „Reflections“

‘And am I indeed fallen so low,’ said Charlotte, ‘as to be only pitied? Will the voice of approbation no more meet my ear? and shall I never again possess a friend, whose face will wear a smile of joy whenever I approach? Alas! how thoughtless, how dreadfully imprudent have I been! I know not which is most painful to endure, the sneer of contempt, or the glance of compassion, which is depicted in the various countenances of my own sex: they are both equally humiliating. Ah! my dear parents, could you now see the child of your affections, the daughter who you so dearly loved, a poor solitary being, without society, here wearing out her heavy hours in deep regret and anguish of heart, no kind friend of her own sex to whom she can unbosom her griefs, no beloved mother, no woman of character will appear in my company, and low as your Charlotte is fallen, she cannot associate with infamy.’

These were the painful reflections which occupied the mind of Charlotte. Montraville had placed her in a small house a few miles from New York: he gave her one female attendant, and supplied her with what money she wanted; but business and pleasure so entirely occupied his time, that he had little to devote to the woman, whom he had brought from all her connections, and robbed of innocence. [...] Who can form an adequate idea of the sorrow that preyed upon the mind of Charlotte? The wife, whose breast glows with affection to her husband, and who in return meets only indifference, can but faintly conceive her anguish.

**Fortsetzung nächste Seite!**

Dreadfully painful is the situation of such a woman, but she has many comforts of which our poor Charlotte was deprived. The duteous, faithful wife, though treated with indifference, has one solid pleasure within her own bosom, she can reflect that she has not deserved neglect – that she has ever fulfilled the duties of her station with the strictest exactness [...]; she knows he cannot leave her to unite himself to another: he cannot cast her out to poverty and contempt; she looks around her, and sees the smile of friendly welcome, or the tear of affectionate consolation, on the face of every person whom she favours with her esteem; and from all these circumstances she gathers comfort: but the poor girl by thoughtless passion led astray, who, in parting with her honour, has forfeited the esteem of the very man to whom she has sacrificed everything dear and valuable in life, feels his indifference in the fruit of her own folly, and laments her want of power to recall his lost affection [...]

My dear madam, contract not your brow into a frown of disapprobation. I mean not to extenuate the faults of those unhappy women who fall victims to guilt and folly; but surely, when we reflect how many errors we are ourselves subject to, how many secret faults life hid in the recesses of our hearts, which we should blush to have brought into open day [...] I say, my dear madam, when we consider this, we surely may pity the faults of others.

Believe me, many an unfortunate female, who has once strayed into the thorny paths of vice, would gladly return to virtue, was any generous friend to endeavour to raise and re-assure her; but alas! it cannot be, you say; the world would deride and scoff. Then let me tell you, Madam, 'tis a very unfeeling world, and does not deserve half the blessings which a bountiful Providence showers upon it.  
Oh, thou benevolent giver of all good! how shall we erring mortals dare to look up to the mercy in the great day of retribution, if we now uncharitably refuse to overlook the errors, or alleviate the miseries, of our fellow-creatures. (65-68)

Ausgabe: Rowson, Susanna. *Charlotte Temple*. 1791/94. Ed. Cathy N. Davidson. New York: Oxford UP, 1986.

1. Analysieren Sie die Erzählsituation und Formen der direkten und indirekten Figurenzeichnung, die im Auszug aus Kapitel 18 verwendet werden!
2. Analysieren Sie weitere erzähltechnische Mittel, die in diesem Auszug aus Kapitel 18 verwendet werden, und legen Sie dar, inwiefern diese typisch für die Gattung des sentimentalen Romans sind!
3. Positionieren Sie *Charlotte Temple* und den sentimentalen Roman im kulturellen Kontext der Early American Republic! Erläutern Sie insbesondere, welchen Status fiktionale Texte in der Artikulierung einer spezifisch amerikanischen kulturellen Identität einnahmen!

**Thema Nr. 10****George Gissing, *New Grub Street***

*In diesem Roman schildert Gissing ein realistisches Bild der wirtschaftlichen Situation von Schriftstellerinnen und Schriftstellern in der Londoner Literaturszene von 1882. Der Titel spielt auf die Grub Street an, in der im 19. Jh. die Londoner Lohnschreiber ihr prekäres Dasein fristeten. Im vorliegenden Textauszug aus dem 8. Kapitel sitzt Marian Yule, die als unverheiratete junge Frau für ihren Vater, den Herausgeber einer Zeitschrift, als unbezahlte Hilfskraft arbeitet, im Lesesaal des Britischen Museums (in dem seinerzeit die Nationalbibliothek untergebracht war) und denkt über den Sinn ihrer Tätigkeit nach.*

1 The days darkened. Through November rains and fogs Marian went her usual way to the  
2 Museum, and toiled there among the other toilers. Perhaps once a week she allowed herself  
3 to stray about the alleys of the Reading-room, scanning furtively those who sat at the desks  
4 [...].

5 One day at the end of the month she sat with books open before her, but by no  
6 effort could fix her attention upon them. It was gloomy, and one could scarcely see to read;  
7 a taste of fog grew perceptible in the warm, headachy air. Such profound discouragement  
8 possessed her that she could not even maintain the pretence of study; heedless whether  
9 anyone observed her, she let her hands fall and her head droop. She kept asking herself  
10 what was the use and purpose of such a life as she was condemned to lead. When already  
11 there was more good literature in the world than any mortal could cope with in his lifetime,  
12 here was she exhausting herself in the manufacture of printed stuff which no one even  
13 pretended to be more than a commodity for the day's market. What unspeakable folly! To  
14 write — was not that the joy and the privilege of one who had an urgent message for the  
15 world? Her father, she knew well, had no such message; he had abandoned all thought of  
16 original production, and only wrote about writing. She herself would throw away her pen  
17 with joy but for the need of earning money. And all these people about her, what aim had  
18 they save to make new books out of those already existing, that yet newer books might in  
19 turn be made out of theirs? This huge library, growing into unwieldiness, threatening to  
20 become a trackless desert of print — how intolerably it weighed upon the spirit!

21 Oh, to go forth and labour with one's hands, to do any poorest, commonest work of  
22 which the world had truly need! It was ignoble to sit here and support the paltry pretence  
23 of intellectual dignity. A few days ago her startled eye had caught an advertisement in the  
24 newspaper, headed 'Literary Machine';\* had it then been invented at last, some automaton

**Fortsetzung nächste Seite!**

25 to supply the place of such poor creatures as herself, to turn out books and articles? Alas!  
26 the machine was only one for holding volumes conveniently, that the work of literary  
27 manufacture might be physically lightened. But surely before long some Edison\* would  
28 make the true automaton; the problem must be comparatively such a simple one. Only to  
29 throw in a given number of old books, and have them reduced, blended, modernised into a  
30 single one for to-day's consumption.

31 The fog grew thicker; she looked up at the windows beneath the dome and saw that  
32 they were a dusky yellow. Then her eye discerned an official walking along the upper  
33 gallery, and in pursuance of her grotesque humour, her mocking misery, she likened him to  
34 a black, lost soul, doomed to wander in an eternity of vain research along endless shelves.  
35 Or again, the readers who sat here at these radiating lines of desks, what were they but  
36 hapless flies caught in a huge web, its nucleus the great circle of the Catalogue? Darker,  
37 darker. From the towering wall of volumes seemed to emanate visible motes, intensifying  
38 the obscurity; in a moment the book-lined circumference of the room would be but a  
39 featureless prison-limit.

40 But then flashed forth the sputtering whiteness of the electric light, and its ceaseless  
41 hum was henceforth a new source of headache. It reminded her how little work she had  
42 done to-day; she must, she must force herself to think of the task in hand. A machine has  
43 no business to refuse its duty. But the pages were blue and green and yellow before her  
44 eyes; the uncertainty of the light was intolerable. Right or wrong she would go home, and  
45 hide herself, and let her heart unburden itself to tears.

George Gissing, *New Grub Street* (1891; Oxford: Oxford UP, 2016), pp. 95–96.

#### Notes

'*Literary Machine*': a real late-Victorian furniture innovation, comprising a telescopic tray stand for books and magazines, rather like a music stand, and usually made from mahogany.

*Edison*: Thomas Edison (1847–1931), American inventor and entrepreneur, whose prolific and quasi-magical inventions made him the paradigm of late nineteenth-century initiative. In 1882, Edison was already famous for his work in improving telegraphy, for his invention of the phonograph in 1877, and for the launch of the first commercially-available electric light bulb in 1879. By the early 1890s, he was at work on the carbon microphone, crucial to the development of telephony and patented in 1892.

**Fortsetzung nächste Seite!**

1. Identifizieren Sie Erzählperspektive und Fokalisierung der Textpassage und analysieren Sie deren Funktion, insbesondere für die Beschreibung des Raumes!
2. Analysieren Sie den Textauszug unter Berücksichtigung seiner Bildsprache und weiterer rhetorischer Gestaltungsmittel im Hinblick auf seine Aussageabsicht!
3. Diskutieren Sie die Aussageabsicht des Textes mit Bezug auf die Thematik der Literatur(über)produktion im Zusammenhang von Industrialisierung und (technologischer wie gesellschaftlicher) Modernisierung! Gehen Sie dabei auch auf das Verhältnis von Mensch und Maschine ein und stellen Sie Bezüge zu mindestens zwei weiteren Texten des 19. Jahrhunderts her, in denen ähnliche Fragen verhandelt werden!

## Thema Nr. 11

## John O'Sullivan, „Annexation“ (1845)

It is now time for the opposition to the Annexation of Texas to cease, all further agitation of the waters of bitterness and strife, at least in connexion with this question, --even though it may perhaps be required of us as a necessary condition of the freedom of our institutions, that we must live on for ever in a state of unpausing struggle and excitement upon some subject of party division or other. But, in regard to Texas, enough has now been given to party. It is time for the common duty of Patriotism to the Country to succeed;--or if this claim will not be recognized, it is at least time for common sense to acquiesce with decent grace in the inevitable and the irrevocable.

Texas is now ours. Already, before these words are written, her Convention has undoubtedly ratified the acceptance, by her Congress, of our proffered invitation into the Union; and made the requisite changes in her already republican form of constitution to adapt it to its future federal relations. Her star and her stripe may already be said to have taken their place in the glorious blazon of our common nationality; and the sweep of our eagle's wing already includes within its circuit the wide extent of her fair and fertile land. She is no longer to us a mere geographical space--a certain combination of coast, plain, mountain, valley, forest and stream. She is no longer to us a mere country on the map. She comes within the dear and sacred designation of Our Country; no longer a "*pays*," she is a part of "*la patrie*;" and that which is at once a sentiment and a virtue, Patriotism, already begins to thrill for her too within the national heart. It is time then that all should cease to treat her as alien, and even adverse--cease to denounce and vilify all and everything connected with her accession--cease to thwart and oppose the remaining steps for its consummation; or where such efforts are felt to be unavailing, at least to embitter the hour of reception by all the most ungracious frowns of aversion and words of unwelcome. There has been enough of all this. It has had its fitting day during the period when, in common with every other possible question of practical policy that can arise, it unfortunately became one of the leading topics of party division, of presidential electioneering. But that period has passed, and with it let its prejudices and its passions, its discords and its denunciations, pass away too. The next session of Congress will see the representatives of the new young State in their places in both our halls of national legislation, side by side with those of the old Thirteen. Let their reception into "the family" be frank, kindly, and cheerful, as befits such an occasion, as comports not less with our own self-respect than patriotic duty towards them. Ill betide those foul birds that delight to file their own nest, and disgust the ear with perpetual discord of ill-omened croak.

Why, were other reasoning wanting, in favor of now elevating this question of the reception of Texas into the Union, out of the lower region of our past party dissensions, up to its proper level of a high and broad nationality, it surely is to be found, found abundantly, in the manner in which other nations have undertaken to intrude themselves into it, between us and the proper parties to the case, in a spirit of hostile interference against us, for the avowed object of thwarting our policy and hampering our power, limiting our greatness and checking the fulfillment of our manifest destiny to overspread the continent allotted by Providence for the free development of our yearly multiplying millions. This we have seen done by England, our old rival and enemy; and by France, strangely coupled with her against us, under the influence of the Anglicism strongly tinging the policy of her present prime minister, Guizot. The zealous activity with which this effort to defeat us was pushed by the representatives of those governments, together with the character of intrigue accompanying it, fully constituted that case of foreign interference, which Mr. Clay himself declared should, and would unite us all in maintaining the common cause of our country against foreigner and the foe. We are only

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50 astonished that this effect has not been more fully and strongly produced, and that the burst of indignation against this unauthorized, insolent and hostile interference against us, has not been more general even among the party before opposed to Annexation, and has not rallied the national spirit and national pride unanimously upon that policy. We are very sure that if Mr. Clay himself were now to add another letter to his former Texas correspondence, he would express this sentiment, and carry out the idea already strongly stated in one of them, in a manner which would tax all the powers of blushing belonging to some of his party adherents. [...]

John O'Sullivan, "Annexation", *United States Magazine and Democratic Review* 17, no. 1 (July–August 1845): 5–10

1. Analysieren Sie, wie der Verfasser sein Argument für die Annexion von Texas entwickelt!
2. Stellen Sie dar, in welches Verhältnis zu Europa die USA hier gesetzt werden!
3. Erörtern Sie den Stellenwert der „Manifest Destiny“-Idee für die Kulturgeschichte der USA!

## Thema Nr. 12

KAZUO ISHIGURO (\*1954): *Never Let Me Go* (2005)

My name is Kathy H. I'm thirty-one years old, and I've been a carer now for over eleven years. That sounds long enough, I know, but actually they want me to go on for another eight months, until the end of this year. That'll make it almost exactly twelve years. Now I know my being a carer so long isn't necessarily because they think I'm fantastic at what I do. There are some really good carers who've been told to stop after just two or three years. And I can think of one carer at least who went on for all of fourteen years despite being a complete waste of space. So I'm not trying to boast. But then I do know for a fact they've been pleased with my work, and by and large, I have too. My donors have always tended to do much better than expected. Their recovery times have been impressive, and hardly any of them have been classified as 'agitated', even before fourth donation. Okay, maybe I *am* boasting now. But it means a lot to me, being able to do my work well, especially that bit about my donors staying 'calm'. I've developed a kind of instinct around donors. I know when to hang around and comfort them, when to leave them to themselves; when to listen to everything they have to say, and when just to shrug and tell them to snap out of it.

Anyway, I'm not making any big claims for myself. I know carers, working now, who are just as good and don't get half the credit. If you're one of them, I can understand how you might get resentful – about my bedsit, my car, above all, the way I get to pick and choose who I look after. And I'm a Hailsham student – which is enough by itself sometimes to get people's backs up. Kathy H., they say, she gets to pick and choose, and she always chooses her own kind: people from Hailsham, or one of the other privileged estates. No wonder she has a great record. I've heard it said enough, so I'm sure you've heard it plenty more, and maybe there's something in it. But I'm not the first to be allowed to pick and choose, and I doubt if I'll be the last. And anyway, I've done my share of looking after donors brought up in every kind of place. By the time I finish, remember, I'll have done twelve years of this, and it's only for the last six they've let me choose.

And why shouldn't they? Carers aren't machines. You try and do your best for every donor, but in the end, it wears you down. You don't have unlimited patience and energy. So when you get a chance to choose, of course, you choose your own kind. That's natural. There's no way I could have gone on for as long as I have if I'd stopped feeling for my donors every step of the way. And anyway, if I'd never started choosing, how would I ever have got close again to Ruth and Tommy after all those years?

But these days, of course, there are fewer and fewer donors left who I remember, and so in practice, I haven't been choosing that much. As I say, the work gets a lot harder when you don't have that deeper link with the donor, and though I'll miss being a carer, it feels just about right to be finishing at last come the end of the year.

Ruth, incidentally, was only the third or fourth donor I got to choose. She already had a carer assigned to her at the time, and I remember it taking a bit of nerve on my part. But in the end I managed it, and the instant I saw her again, at that recovery centre in Dover, all our differences – while they didn't exactly vanish – seemed not nearly as important as all the other things: like the fact that we'd grown up together at Hailsham, the fact that we knew and remembered things no one else did. It's ever since then, I suppose, I started seeking out for my donors people from the past, and whenever I could, people from Hailsham.

There have been times over the years when I've tried to leave Hailsham behind, when I've told myself I shouldn't look back so much. But then there came a point when I just stopped resisting. It had to do with this particular donor I had once, in my third year as a carer; it was his reaction when I mentioned I was from Hailsham. He'd just come through his third

**Fortsetzung nächste Seite!**

donation, it hadn't gone well, and he must have known he wasn't going to make it. He could  
 hardly breathe, but he looked towards me and said: 'Hailsham. I bet that was a beautiful  
 place.' Then the next morning, when I was making conversation to keep his mind off it all,  
 50 and I asked where *he'd* grown up, he mentioned some place in Dorset and his face beneath  
 the blotches went into a completely new kind of grimace. And I realised then how desperately  
 he didn't want to be reminded. Instead, he wanted to hear about Hailsham.  
 So over the next five or six days, I told him whatever he wanted to know, and he'd lie there,  
 all hooked up, a gentle smile breaking through. He'd ask me about the big things and the little  
 55 things. About our guardians, about how we each had our own collection chests under our  
 beds, the football, the rounders, the little path that took you all round the outside of the main  
 house, round all its nooks and crannies, the duck pond, the food, the view from the Art Room  
 over the fields on a foggy morning. Sometimes he'd make me say things over and over;  
 things I'd told him only the day before, he'd ask about like I'd never told him. 'Did you have  
 60 a sports pavilion?' 'Which guardian was your special favourite?' At first I thought this was  
 just the drugs, but then I realised his mind was clear enough. What he wanted was not just to  
 hear about Hailsham, but to *remember* Hailsham, just like it had been his own childhood. He  
 knew he was close to completing and so that's what he was doing: getting me to describe  
 things to him, so they'd really sink in, so that maybe during those sleepless nights, with the  
 65 drug and the pain and the exhaustion, the line would blur between what were my memories  
 and what were his. That was when I first understood, really understood, just how lucky we'd  
 been – Tommy, Ruth, me, all the rest of us.

Quelle: Kazuo Ishiguro, *Never Let Me Go* [2005] (London: Faber and Faber, 2010): 3–6

Anm.:

Der Roman wird retrospektiv erzählt in einer alternativen Version der späten 1990er-Jahre durch die  
 31-jährige Kathy H. Sie berichtet zunächst über ihre Jugend im Internat Hailsham und ihre  
 Freundschaft mit Tommy und Ruth. Das Internat setzt einen besonderen Schwerpunkt im Kunst- und  
 Sportunterricht. Erst in der zweiten Hälfte des Romans wird deutlich, dass die Protagonisten, die in  
 einer Dreiecksbeziehung verbunden sind, als Klone produziert wurden, die für Organspenden gehalten  
 werden. Den Kindern wird diese Realität in einem jungen Alter vermittelt, und eine Kritik daran wird  
 kaum jemals geäußert – auch nicht von der Erzählerin. Kathy ist in der Jetztzeit der Erzählung eine  
 sogenannte ‚Betreuerin‘ (*carer*), die sich um die ‚Spender‘ (*donor*) genannten Klone kümmert, bevor  
 sie selbst ihre Organe spenden muss. Die Klone Kathy und Tommy suchen gegen Ende des Romans  
 ihre ehemalige Schulleiterin Miss Emily und die französische ‚Madame‘ Marie-Claude auf, die im  
 Internat die Kunstprojekte der Schülerinnen und Schüler betreute, in der (vergeblichen) Hoffnung, sie  
 könnten durch nachweislich ‚echte‘ Liebe füreinander die tödlichen Organspenden um einige Jahre  
 hinauszögern. Kathy überlebt sowohl Ruth als auch Tommy.

Die Textvorlage ist der Beginn des Romans.

Quelle der Zusammenfassung: nach Eckart Voigts, „Kazuo Ishiguro, *Never Let Me Go*“, *Kindlers Literatur Lexikon, KLL Online* (2018)

Z. 20: one of the other privileged estates: Es stellt sich im Verlauf des Romans heraus, dass es unterschiedlich betriebene ‚Klonfarmen‘ gibt; Hailsham gehört zu den humaneren.

Z. 63: close to completing: Wie sich im weiteren Verlauf des Romans herausstellt, bezeichnet der Begriff ‚completing‘ das Ableben der Klone.

**Fortsetzung nächste Seite!**

1. Analysieren Sie im Textausschnitt verwendete sprachlich-stilistische Gestaltungsmittel und die Erzählsituation, und diskutieren Sie die Funktionen dieser formalen Aspekte für die Figurendarstellung!
2. Bewerten Sie die Zuverlässigkeit der Erzählstimme sowie ihre Haltung zu Identität und Erinnerung vor dem Hintergrund postmoderner Positionen! Nehmen Sie Bezug auf außerliterarische Debatten und Entwicklungen der Epoche!
3. Verorten Sie den Textausschnitt literarhistorisch durch Verweis auf mindestens zwei weitere britische Romane der Postmoderne!

**Thema Nr. 13****Amy Tan*****The Joy Luck Club (1989)***

Der Roman der chinesisch-amerikanischen Schriftstellerin Amy Tan erzählt die Geschichte von vier Mütter-Töchter-Paaren (Suyuan Woo und Jing-mei; An-mei Hsu und Rose; Lindo Jong und Waverly; Ying-ying St. Clair und Lena) und spielt im San Francisco der 1970er und 1980er Jahre. Die Mütter verbindet ein Aufwachsen in China und ihre anschließende Flucht in die USA, wogegen die Töchter, welche alle in den USA geboren sind, China nur aus den Geschichten ihrer Mütter kennen. Amy Tan wählt für den Roman das Stilmittel, alle acht Protagonistinnen durch Monologe ihre Geschichten erzählen zu lassen. Im Folgenden sind drei Textausschnitte aus diesen Monologen.

**1. Waverly Jong (daughter of Lindo Jong):**

I was six when my mother taught me the art of invisible strength. It was a strategy for winning arguments, respect from others, and eventually, though neither of us knew it at the time, chess games. "Bite back your tongue," scolded my mother when I cried loudly, yanking her hand toward the store that sold bags of salted plums. At home, she said, "Wise guy, he not go against  
5 wind. In Chinese we say, Come from South, blow with wind—poom!—North will follow. Strongest wind cannot be seen." The next week I bit back my tongue as we entered the store with the forbidden candies. When my mother finished her shopping, she quietly plucked a small bag of plums from the rack and put it on the counter with the rest of the items.

My mother imparted her daily truths so she could help my older brothers and me rise above  
10 our circumstances. We lived in San Francisco's Chinatown. Like most of the other Chinese children who played in the back alleys of restaurants and curio shops, I didn't think we were poor. My bowl was always full, three five-course meals every day, beginning with a soup full of mysterious things I didn't want to know the names of. We lived on Waverly Place, in a warm, clean, two-bedroom flat that sat above a small Chinese bakery specializing in steamed pastries  
15 and dim sum. In the early morning, when the alley was still quiet, I could smell fragrant red beans as they were cooked down to a pasty sweetness. By daybreak, our flat was heavy with the odor of fried sesame balls and sweet curried chicken crescents. From my bed, I would listen as my father got ready for work, then locked the door behind him, one-two-three clicks. [...]

Each morning before school, my mother would twist and yank on my thick black hair until  
20 she had formed two tightly wound pigtailed. One day, as she struggled to weave a hard-toothed comb through my disobedient hair, I had a sly thought. I asked her, "Ma, what is Chinese torture?" My mother shook her head. A bobby pin was wedged between her lips. She wetted her palm and smoothed the hair above my ear, then pushed the pin in so that it nicked sharply against my scalp. "Who say this word?" she asked without a trace of knowing how wicked I was being. I  
25 shrugged my shoulders and said, "Some boy in my class said Chinese people do Chinese torture." "Chinese people do many things," she said simply. "Chinese people do business, do medicine, do painting. Not lazy like American people. We do torture. Best torture." (pp. 89–92)

**Fortsetzung nächste Seite!**

## 2. Lindo Jong (mother of Waverly Jong):

I wanted my children to have the best combination: American circumstances and Chinese character. How could I know these two things do not mix? I taught [my daughter] how American circumstances work. If you are born poor here, it's no lasting shame. [...] In America, nobody says you have to keep the circumstances somebody else gives you. She learned these things, but I couldn't teach her about Chinese character. How to obey parents and listen to your mother's mind. How not to show your own thoughts, to put your feelings behind your face so you can take advantage of hidden opportunities. Why easy things are not worth pursuing. How to know your own worth and polish it, never flashing it around like a cheap ring. (p. 289)

## 3. Jing-mei Woo (daughter of Suyuan Woo, who recently has died):

They [the other three mothers] are frightened. In me, they see their own daughters, just as ignorant, just as unmindful of all the truths and hopes they have brought to America. They see daughters who grow impatient when their mothers talk in Chinese, who think they are stupid when they explain things in fractured English. They see that joy and luck do not mean the same to their daughters, that to these closed American-born minds, "joy luck" is not a word, it does not exist. They see daughters who will bear grandchildren born without any connecting hope passed from generation to generation. (p. 31)

Aus: Tan, Amy. *The Joy Luck Club*. New York: Ivy Books, 1989.

1. Der Roman widmet sich einem Konflikt, welcher oft in Einwandererfamilien anzutreffen ist. Es scheint so, dass zwischen der Generation der Eingewanderten, der „first generation“, und der nachfolgenden, im Land geborenen, der „second generation“, unüberbrückbare Gegensätze existieren. Interpretieren Sie die Textausschnitte hinsichtlich dieses spezifischen Generationskonflikts!
2. Der Roman ist oft dahingehend kritisiert worden, dass er mit ethnischen Stereotypen spiele und dadurch diese noch verstärken würde. Andere Kritiker wiederum lehnen diesen Vorwurf ab und sehen die Stärke dieses Romans gerade in seinem Ausloten an Möglichkeiten für eine Überwindung solcher bereits bestehender Ansichten in der allgemeinen Bevölkerung der USA. Diskutieren Sie beide Ansichten mit Hilfe der Textausschnitte!
3. Der Roman gehört zu den Literaturen in den USA, die seit den 1970er Jahren immer mehr an Bedeutung gewonnen haben. Zeigen Sie anhand der gesamtgesellschaftlichen Umbrüche in den USA seit den 1960er Jahren auf, warum diese literarische Entwicklung so stattfinden konnte! Gehen Sie dabei auch auf die Literaturen der anderen ethnischen und Minoritätsgruppen ein!

## Thema Nr. 14

Bernardine Evaristo. „*Girl, Woman, Other*“.

## Chapter One

## Amma

## 1

Amma  
is walking along the promenade of the waterway that bisects her city, a few early morning  
barges cruise slowly by  
to her left is the nautical-themed footbridge with its deck-like walkway and sailing mast  
5 pylons  
to her right is the bend in the river as it heads east past Waterloo Bridge towards the dome  
of St Paul's  
she feels the sun begin to rise, the air still breezy before the city clogs up with heat and fumes  
a violinist plays something suitably uplifting further along the promenade  
10 Amma's play, *The Last Amazon of Dahomey*, opens at the National tonight

she thinks back to when she started out in theatre  
when she and her running mate, Dominique, developed a reputation for heckling\* shows  
that offended their political sensibilities  
their powerfully trained actors' voices projected from the back of the stalls before they made  
15 a quick getaway  
they believed in protest that was public, disruptive and downright annoying to those at the  
other end of it  
she remembers pouring a pint of beer over the head of a director whose play featured semi-  
naked black women running around on stage behaving like idiots  
20 before doing a runner into the backstreets of Hammersmith  
howling

Amma then spent decades on the fringe, a renegade lobbing hand grenades at the  
establishment that excluded her  
until the mainstream began to absorb what was once radical and she found herself hopeful  
25 of joining it  
which only happened when the first female artistic director assumed the helm of the National  
three years ago  
after so long hearing a polite no from her predecessors, she received a phone call just after  
breakfast one Monday morning when her life stretched emptily ahead with only online  
30 television dramas to look forward to  
love the script, must do it, will you also direct it for us? I know it's short notice, but are you  
free for coffee this week at all?

\* heckling      dazwischenrufen, durch Zwischenrufe stören

Aus: Bernardine Evaristo. *Girl, Woman, Other*. London: Hamish Hamilton, 2019.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

Bernardine Evaristo gewann zusammen mit Margaret Atwood 2019 den Booker Prize, u. a. für dieses Buch. Der Romanbeginn stellt Amma vor, eine von zwölf Protagonistinnen, deren Lebensgeschichten über den Zeitraum mehrerer Jahrzehnte erzählt werden. Evaristo wollte damit britischen, schwarzen Autorinnen Sichtbarkeit verleihen. Sie erklärt ihr Projekt folgendermaßen: „There are many ways in which otherness can be interpreted in the novel – the women are othered in so many ways and sometimes by each other. I wanted it to be identified as a novel about women as well.“ (Interview mit Anita Sethi im *Guardian* am 28. April 2019).

1. Bestimmen Sie die Erzählsituation und die sprachlichen Mittel, anhand derer die Figur und das Thema des Buches eingeführt werden! Gehen Sie dabei auch auf die Bedeutung der detailliert beschriebenen Londoner Topographie ein! Stellen Sie dar, welche Relevanz diese für das Verständnis der beruflichen, gesellschaftlichen und historischen Identität der Protagonistin hat!
2. Erläutern Sie, wie es der Erzählung gelingt, die wechselhafte berufliche Entwicklung der Protagonistin zu skizzieren!
3. Skizzieren Sie anhand zweier frei gewählter Erzähltexte aus den Neuen Literaturen in Englisch, wie Erfahrungen von Identitätssuche und *Otherness* diskriminierter Gruppen repräsentiert werden!