
Prüfungsteilnehmer

Prüfungstermin

Einzelprüfungsnummer

Kennzahl: _____

Kennwort: _____

Arbeitsplatz-Nr.: _____

Frühjahr
2020

42619

Erste Staatsprüfung für ein Lehramt an öffentlichen Schulen
— Prüfungsaufgaben —

Fach: **Englisch (Unterrichtsfach)**

Einzelprüfung: **Literaturwissenschaft**

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

Anzahl der Druckseiten dieser Vorlage: **6**

Bitte wenden!

Thema Nr. 1

Isaac Rosenberg, "Break of Day in the Trenches" (1916)

The darkness crumbles away—
 It is the same old druid Time as ever.
 Only a live thing leaps my hand—
 A queer sardonic rat—
 5 As I pull the parapet's* poppy
 To stick behind my ear.
 Droll rat, they would shoot you if they knew
 Your cosmopolitan sympathies.
 Now you have touched this English hand
 10 You will do the same to a German—
 Soon, no doubt, if it be your pleasure
 To cross the sleeping green between.
 It seems you inwardly grin as you pass
 Strong eyes, fine limbs, haughty athletes
 15 Less chanced than you for life,
 Bonds* to the whims of murder,
 Sprawled in the bowels of the earth,
 The torn fields of France.
 What do you see in our eyes
 20 At the shrieking iron and flame
 Hurling through still heavens?
 What quaver—what heart aghast?
 Poppies whose roots are in man's veins
 Drop, and are ever dropping;
 25 But mine in my ear is safe,
 Just a little white with the dust.

aus: *The New Oxford Book of English Verse*, hg. Helen Gardner, Oxford
 UP, 1972, S.899-900.

Z. 5: parapet = Brustwehr (gemeint ist der obere Rand des Schützengrabens)

Z. 16: bond = Pfand

Aufgaben:

1. Analysieren Sie das vorliegende Gedicht in Hinblick auf seine Form, Kommunikationssituation und sprachlich-stilistische Gestaltung!
2. Welches Bild vom Leben der Soldaten in den Schützengräben der Westfront im Ersten Weltkrieg entwirft das Gedicht? Gehen Sie in Ihrer Interpretation insbesondere auf die Bildlichkeit und auf das Verhältnis von Form und Inhalt in „Break of Day in the Trenches“ ein!
3. Diskutieren Sie, inwiefern das vorliegende Gedicht sich in die britische Lyrik der Moderne einordnen lässt!

Thema Nr. 2

Farmer Evie's very interested in America. Tell us about America.

Translator I spent three months in New York. Then I took a train to San Diego. I spent three months in San Diego.

In San Diego I walked along the side of wide roads.

5 I saw, in a shop, a wall bigger than your house, stocked only with different types of orange juice. One man took me to his house. He had a television in every room. Every person has a car. In the cars they play music. I didn't know anybody. The man who took me into his house tried to molest me. I was very lonely in San Diego. I spent all my money on drink and cigarettes and pornography.

10 Sarah God forgive you.

Translator God forgive me.

An American train is more like a palace than a train. New York is a very dangerous place.

Personally I was never robbed, but people told me that I should expect to

be robbed. In New York I addressed a political meeting. A lot of people came.

15 They wanted to send money to help our people, but I didn't know who to send it to. I spent it on pornography. I loved America. America is the most perfect society on earth. You can't deny it. How do you explain it? Almost every day there was a moment when I sat on a bench and wept. Maybe I would have been happier in Moscow. I was a communist then.

Sarah God forgive you.

20 Translator I'm sorry. I shouldn't talk like this. I've been uncivil. You make a good breakfast, Evie, thank God.

Farmer Thank God.

A pause.

Sarah Tell me, Matthew. Is your mother alive?

25 Translator My mother lives with my brother in the capital. I have no contact with her. God willing, I'll see her again before she dies. But it's difficult.

Sarah I'm sure she prays for you every day.

Translator The Captain's men will be arriving soon. If it's possible, I want to buy a goat from you to feed them. Can you show me your animals?

30 Farmer Of course. I'll take you to the pasture.

Translator Thank you for breakfast. Nice to meet you, Evie.

The Translator and the Farmer leave.

Sarah starts to collect together all the things that need to be taken back to the kitchen.

Sarah Well?

35 Evie Never.

Sarah I know what you mean. Perhaps he's learned too much. His movements are too gentle.

His eyes are too thoughtful. He doesn't look like he can turn his hand to much that's any use.

Evie Never ever.

Sarah He has a big appetite though. That's good. It's hard to love a man with a small appetite.

40 Evie No.

Sarah The Captain recommends him. A man changes when he gets married. Your father ate like a bird when we first met. He's more solid now.

Evie I don't want him.

45 Sarah He's sad. You tend to be happy. Both of you need a dose of the other. If he becomes an important man, so much the better for everyone.

Evie Never in a million years.

Sarah He will save me a son, Evie.

Sarah leaves.

Evie remains.

50 *A moment.*

Pilot OK?

Evie OK.

Pilot OK.

Evie When I'm with you, everything is clear.

55 Pilot Evie. Tell your father. America wants to help you. America wants your freedom. Tell your father. If they kill me - bombs come here. If they don't kill me - money comes. You understand? (He points up.) My guys are looking for me. My guys will find me. You gotta do the right thing, Evie. You gotta do the right thing.

Evie How can you be here? You're from America.

60 Pilot OK.

He reaches out his hand towards her.

She lets touch her.

Evie How can you be here now?

65 Pilot Hey. Hey. Don't cry. It'll be all right. Just tell your dad - get me a telephone. It's gonna be all right, kid. Get me a telephone.

She moves back, away from him.

Evie I can't. I can't do it. I can't. *Evie leaves.*

FOUR

70 Trader For me the American pilot just meant more work. The Captain was throwing money around the village, which caused arguments which I had to sort out. As usual. There was all sorts of business about finding food and lodging for his men. Who arranged all that? Me. These are my burdens. All the time I walk a thin line. All the time I'm treading on petals. I don't court popularity. I have a stomach ulcer that won't go away, but I hide the pain. I'm always thinking three steps ahead. Where's the margin? Every situation contains a margin, if

75 you know where to look. I can find the penny under the snow. There is a pilot. He is an American. These are the circumstances. Where is the margin? It's my job to find the margin.

Aus: David Greig, *The American Pilot* (London: Faber and Faber, 2005) S. 48-51.

Aufgaben:

1. In Greigs Theaterstück *The American Pilot* landet ein amerikanischer Pilot in einem namentlich nicht genannten Land. Stellen Sie dar, was die unterschiedlichen Dorfbewohner, auf die er in der obigen Szene trifft, mit den USA verbinden! Erörtern Sie, ob es sich hierbei jeweils um Vorurteile oder individuelle Einstellungen handelt!
2. Stellen Sie dar, welches Problem der Händler mit dem Captain, dem Vertreter der Regierung des Landes, hat! Erklären Sie den „margin“, den er definieren will!
3. In welcher Hinsicht spielt das Thema Globalisierung in diesen Gesprächen eine Rolle? Ziehen Sie bei der Beantwortung der Frage Vergleiche zu mindestens einem weiteren zeitgenössischen Theaterstück, in dem Globalisierung verhandelt wird!

Thema Nr. 3

In der folgenden Kurzgeschichte liefert der Autor Sherman Alexie (Spokane-Coeur d'Alene) Vignetten aus dem Schulalltag eines indianischen Jungen von der ersten bis zur zwölften Klasse in chronologischer Reihenfolge. Drei der insgesamt zwölf Vignetten liegen Ihnen zur Analyse und Interpretation vor. Sie sind in sich vollständig und nicht gekürzt.

Sherman Alexie, "Indian Education" (1993)

SECOND GRADE

Betty Towle, missionary teacher, redheaded and so ugly that no one ever had a puppy crush on her, made me stay in for recess fourteen days straight.

"Tell me you're sorry," she said.

5 "Sorry for what?" I asked

"Everything," she said and made me stand straight for fifteen minutes, eagle-armed with books in each hand. One was a math book; the other was English. But all I learned was that gravity can be painful.

For Halloween I drew a picture of her riding a broom with a scrawny cat on the back. She said that her God would never forgive me for that.

10 Once, she gave the class a spelling test but set me aside and gave me a test designed for junior high students. When I spelled all the words right, she crumpled up the paper and made me eat it.

"You'll learn respect," she said.

She sent a letter home with me that told my parents to either cut my braids or keep me home from class. My parents came in the next day and dragged their braids across Betty Towle's desk.

15 "Indians, Indians, Indians." She said it without capitalization. She called me "indian, indian, indian."

And I said, *Yes, I am. I am Indian. Indian, I am.*

[...]

SEVENTH GRADE

I leaned through the basement window of the HUD* house and kissed the white girl who would later be raped by her foster-parent father, who was also white. They both lived on the reservation, though, and when the headlines and stories filled the papers later, not one word was made of their color.

20 *Just Indians being Indians*, someone must have said somewhere and they were wrong.

But on the day I leaned through the basement window of the HUD* house and kissed the white girl, I felt the good-byes I was saying to my entire tribe. I held my lips tight against her lips, a dry, clumsy, and ultimately stupid kiss.

25 But I was saying good-bye to my tribe, to all the Indian girls and women I might have loved, to all the Indian men who might have called me cousin, even brother.

I kissed that white girl and when I opened my eyes, I was gone from the reservation, living in a farm town where a beautiful white girl asked my name.

"Junior Polatkin," I said, and she laughed.

30 After that, no one spoke to me for another five hundred years.

[...]

NINTH GRADE

At the farm town high school dance, after a basketball game in an overheated gym where I had scored twenty-seven points and pulled down thirteen rebounds, I passed out during a slow song.

35 As my white friends revived me and prepared to take me to the emergency room where doctors would later diagnose my diabetes, the Chicano teacher ran up to us.

"Hey," he said. "What's that boy been drinking? I know all about these Indian kids. They start drinking real young."

Sharing dark skin doesn't necessarily make two men brothers.

Quelle: Sherman Alexie. *The Lone Ranger and Tonto Fistfight in Heaven*. New York: The Atlantic Monthly Press, 1993.

*HUD : U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

Aufgaben:

1. Analysieren Sie Erzählsituation und Erzählstil des vorliegenden Textauszuges!
2. Diskutieren und interpretieren Sie, aufbauend auf Ihren Analyseergebnissen und mit Blick auf den Titel, die Grundaussage der Kurzgeschichte! Stellen Sie dar, welche Einblicke in das Leben indigener Amerikaner in der zweiten Hälfte des 20. Jahrhunderts der Text gewährt und wie der Autor die Folgen des kolonialen Erbes in der US-amerikanischen Geschichte bewertet!
3. Ordnen Sie Sherman Alexie literaturgeschichtlich ein!