
Prüfungsteilnehmer

Prüfungstermin

Einzelprüfungsnummer

Kennzahl: _____

Kennwort: _____

Arbeitsplatz-Nr.: _____

**Herbst
2017**

62619

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

Fach: **Englisch (vertieft studiert)**

Einzelprüfung: **Literaturwissenschaft**

Anzahl der gestellten Themen (Aufgaben): **14**

Anzahl der Druckseiten dieser Vorlage: **25**

Bitte wenden!

Thema Nr. 1

[Location: Medina (a city in Sicily). Before the house of Leonato.]

I.1

Enter LEONATO, *governor of Messina*, HERO *his daughter*, and BEATRICE *his niece*, with a MESSENGER

LEONATO I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Aragon comes this night to Messina.

MESSENGER He is very near by this. He was not three leagues off when I left him.

5 LEONATO How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?° *campaign*

MESSENGER But few of any sort,° and none of name.° *rank / distinction*

LEONATO A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.

10 MESSENGER Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered° by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion. *rewarded*

He hath indeed better bettered° expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how. *exceeded*

15 LEONATO He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

MESSENGER I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him – even so much that joy could not show itself modest° enough without a badge° of bitterness.° *moderate / show / grief*

20 LEONATO Did he break out into tears?

MESSENGER In great measure.

LEONATO A kind° overflow of kindness:° there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping! *natural / tenderness*

- 25 BEATRICE I pray you, is Signor Montanto¹ returned from the wars, or no?
- MESSENGER I know none of that name, lady. There was none such in the army, of any sort.
- LEONATO What is he that you ask for, niece?
- 30 HERO My cousin means Signor Benedick of Padua.²
- MESSENGER O, he's returned, and as pleasant^o as ever he was. *entertaining*
- BEATRICE He set up his bills^o here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight;³ and my uncle's fool,^o reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.⁴ I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? For indeed I promised to eat all of his killing. *public notices*
jester
- 35 LEONATO Faith, niece, you tax^o Signor Benedick too much. But he'll be meet^o with you, I doubt it not. *abuse*
even
- 40 MESSENGER He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.
- BEATRICE You had musty victual, and he hath holp^o to eat it. He is a very valiant trencherman,^o he hath an excellent stomach. *helped*
eater
- MESSENGER And a good soldier too, lady.
- BEATRICE And a good soldier^o to a lady; but what is he to a lord? *servant; lady-killer*
- 45 MESSENGER A lord to a lord, a man to a man, stuffed^o with all honourable virtues. *well-furnished*
- BEATRICE It is so, indeed. He is no less than a stuffed man.^o But for the stuffing – well, we are all mortal.⁵ *mannequin*
- LEONATO You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind

¹ In fencing, a montanto is an upright blow or thrust.

² A city in northern Italy.

³ To an archery match. (He claimed to surpass Cupid at arousing love.)

⁴ To a contest using bird bolts, or blunt, short-range arrows allowed to fools and children (and thus appropriate to young Cupid). *subscribed for*: took up the challenge on behalf of.

⁵ But as for what he is made of (his "stuffing"), he is probably as faulty as the rest of us.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

50 of merry war betwixt Signor Benedick and her. They never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

BEATRICE Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits⁶ went halting^o off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm,⁷ let him bear it for a difference⁸ between himself and his horse, for it is all the wealth that he hath left to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

limping

60 MESSENGER Is't possible?

BEATRICE Very easily possible. He wears his faith^o but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.⁹

loyalty

MESSENGER I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.^o

favor

BEATRICE No. An^o he were, I would burn my study. But I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer^o now that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

If

boisterous quarreler

65 MESSENGER He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

BEATRICE O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease. He is sooner caught than the pestilence,^o and the taker^o runs presently^o mad. God help the noble Claudio! If he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere a^o be cured.

plague / victim

immediately

he

70 MESSENGER I will hold friends¹⁰ with you, lady.

BEATRICE Do, good friend.

LEONATO You will never run mad,¹¹ niece.

BEATRICE No, not till a hot January.

⁶ *five wits*: mental faculties (memory, imagination, judgement, fantasy, and common sense).

⁷ If he have minimal common sense.

⁸ Let him display the fact in his coat of arms in order to distinguish himself.

⁹ Newest mold for a hat; fashion.

¹⁰ I will stay on good terms (so as not to provoke your sarcasm).

¹¹ "Catch the Benedick."

75 MESSENGER Don Pedro is approached.

*Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHASAR and
[DON] JOHN the bastard.*

William Shakespeare, *Much Ado About Nothing*. The Norton Shakespeare, ed. Stephen Greenblatt. New York and London: Norton & Company, 1997. 1389-1391.

1. Analysieren Sie die Kommunikationssituation und rhetorisch-stilistischen Gestaltungsmittel im vorliegenden Textausschnitt aus Shakespeares *Much Ado About Nothing* (c. 1598)!
2. Analysieren Sie die Figurencharakterisierung von Benedick und Beatrice und interpretieren Sie deren Effekte hinsichtlich geschlechtsspezifischer Rollenmuster!
3. Positionieren Sie den Ausschnitt im Kontext der Renaissance-Komödie im Vergleich zu mindestens zwei weiteren Stücken!

Thema Nr. 2

Analysieren Sie den nachstehenden Textausschnitt unter Berücksichtigung folgender Fragen und Aufgaben:

1. Wie werden die Figuren dargestellt, in welchem Verhältnis stehen sie zueinander und wie wird die Kommunikationssituation im Einzelnen gestaltet?
2. Welche Funktionen haben die spezifisch theatralen Mittel in dieser Szene und inwiefern trägt die „Handlung“ zu einer Klassifizierung des Dramas im Rahmen des „Theaters des Absurden“ bei?
3. Zeigen Sie anhand von mindestens zwei weiteren Beispielen auf, wie das „Theater des Absurden“ im britischen Drama ab ca. 1955 variiert wird! Gehen Sie dabei auch auf gesellschaftspolitische Bezüge bzw. gesellschaftspolitische Bedeutungsebenen dieser Dramen ein!

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

- 1 *The sun sets, the moon rises. As in Act I. Vladimir stands motionless and bowed. Estragon wakes, takes off his boots, gets up with one in each hand and goes and puts them down centre front, then goes towards Vladimir.*
- ESTRAGON: What's wrong with you?
VLADIMIR: Nothing.
ESTRAGON: I'm going.
VLADIMIR: So am I.
ESTRAGON: Was I long asleep?
VLADIMIR: I don't know.
Silence.
- ESTRAGON: Where shall we go?
VLADIMIR: Not far.
ESTRAGON: Oh yes, let's go far away from here.
VLADIMIR: We can't.
ESTRAGON: Why not?
VLADIMIR: We have to come back tomorrow.
ESTRAGON: What for?
VLADIMIR: To wait for Godot.
ESTRAGON: Ah! (*Silence.*) He didn't come?
VLADIMIR: No.
ESTRAGON: And now it's too late.
VLADIMIR: Yes, now it's night.
ESTRAGON: And if we dropped him? (*Pause.*) If we dropped him?
- VLADIMIR: He'd punish us. (*Silence. He looks at the tree.*)
Everything's dead but the tree.
ESTRAGON: (*Looking at the tree.*) What is it?
VLADIMIR: It's the tree.
ESTRAGON: Yes, but what kind?
VLADIMIR: I don't know. A willow.
ESTRAGON *draws Vladimir towards the tree. They stand motionless before it. Silence.*
- ESTRAGON: Why don't we hang ourselves?
VLADIMIR: With what?
ESTRAGON: You haven't got a bit of rope?
VLADIMIR: No.
ESTRAGON: Then we can't.
Silence
- VLADIMIR: Let's go.
ESTRAGON: Wait, there's my belt.

- VLADIMIR: It's too short.
ESTRAGON: You could hang on to my legs.
VLADIMIR: And who'd hang on to mine?
ESTRAGON: True.
VLADIMIR: Show all the same. (*Estragon loosens the cord that holds up his trousers which, much too big for him, fall about his ankles. They look at the cord.*) It might do at a pinch. But is it strong enough?
ESTRAGON: We'll soon see. Here. *They each take an end of the cord and pull. It breaks. They almost fall.*
- VLADIMIR: Not worth a curse.
Silence.
- ESTRAGON: You say we have to come back tomorrow?
VLADIMIR: Yes.
ESTRAGON: Then we can bring a good bit of rope.
VLADIMIR: Yes.
Silence.
- ESTRAGON: Didi.
VLADIMIR: Yes.
ESTRAGON: I can't go on like this.
VLADIMIR: That's what you think.
ESTRAGON: If we parted? That might be better for us.
VLADIMIR: We'll hang ourselves tomorrow. (*Pause.*) Unless Godot comes.
ESTRAGON: And if he comes?
VLADIMIR: We'll be saved.
Vladimir takes off his hat (Lucky's), peers inside it, feels about inside it, shakes it, knocks on the crown, puts it on again.
- ESTRAGON: Well? Shall we go?
VLADIMIR: Pull on your trousers.
ESTRAGON: What?
VLADIMIR: Pull on your trousers.
ESTRAGON: You want me to pull off my trousers?
VLADIMIR: Pull on your trousers.
ESTRAGON: (*realizing his trousers are down.*) True. *He pulls up his trousers.*
- VLADIMIR: Well? Shall we go?
ESTRAGON: Yes, let's go.
They do not move.

CURTAIN

Thema Nr. 3

Thornton Wilders *Our Town* (1938) stellt das gleichförmig dahin fließende Leben der einfachen weißen Mittelschicht in einer typischen amerikanischen Kleinstadt zwischen 1901 und 1913 dar. Formal sind die Aufteilung in 3 Akte („Daily Life“, „Love and Marriage“, „Death“), ein stark reduziertes Bühnenbild und vor allem die Figur des *Stage Managers* hervorzuheben. Der folgende Textauschnitt ist aus der Mitte des Dramas.

MRS. GIBBS: It's a fact! Dr. Gibbs is never so happy as when he's at Antietam or Gettysburg. The times I've walked over those hills, Myrtle, stopping at every bush and pacing it all out, like we were going to buy it.

5 MRS. WEBB: Well, if that secondhand man's really serious about buyin' it, Julia, you sell it. And then you'll get to see Paris, all right. Just keep droppin' hints from time to time — that's how I got to see the Atlantic Ocean, y'know.

MRS. GIBBS: Oh, I'm sorry I mentioned it. Only it seems to me that once in your life before you die you ought to see a country where they don't talk in English and don't even want to.

The STAGE MANAGER enters briskly from the right. He tips his hat to the ladies, who nod their heads.

10 STAGE MANAGER: Thank you, ladies. Thank you very much.

MRS. GIBBS and MRS. WEBB gather up their things, return into their homes and disappear.

Now we're going to skip a few hours.

But first we want a little more information about the town, kind of a scientific account, you might say.

15 So I've asked Professor Willard of our State University to sketch in a few details of our past history here. Is Professor Willard here?

PROFESSOR WILLARD, a rural savant, pince-nez on a wide satin ribbon, enters from the right with some notes in his hand.

May I introduce Professor Willard of our State University.

A few brief notes, thank you, Professor, — unfortunately our time is limited.

20 PROFESSOR WILLARD: Grover's Corners... let me see... Grover's Corners lies on the old Pleistocene granite of the Appalachian range. I may say it's some of the oldest land in the world. We're very proud of that. A shelf of Devonian basalt crosses it with vestiges of Mesozoic shale, and some sandstone outcroppings; but that's all more recent: two hundred, three hundred million years old.

25 Some highly interesting fossils have been found... I may say: unique fossils... two miles out of town, in Silas Peckham's cow pasture. They can be seen at the museum in our University at any time — that is, at any reasonable time. Shall I read some of Professor Gruber's notes on the meteorological situation — mean precipitation, et cetera?

STAGE MANAGER: Afraid we won't have time for that, Professor. We might have a few words on the history of man here.

30 STAGE MANAGER: And the population, Professor Willard?

PROFESSOR WILLARD: Within the town limits: 2,640.

STAGE MANAGER: Just a moment, Professor.

He whispers into the professor's ear.

35 PROFESSOR WILLARD: Oh, yes, indeed? — The population, *at the moment*, is 2,642. The Postal District brings in 507 more, making a total of 3,149. — Mortality and birth rates: constant. — By MacPherson's gauge: 6.032.

STAGE MANAGER: Thank you very much, Professor. We're all very much obliged to you, I'm sure.

PROFESSOR WILLARD: Not at all, sir; not at all.

STAGE MANAGER: This way, Professor, and thank you again.

40 *Exit PROFESSOR WILLARD.*

Now the political and social report: Editor Webb. — Oh, Mr. Webb?

MRS. WEBB appears at her back door.

MRS. WEBB: He'll be here in a minute... He just cut his hand while he was eatin' an apple.

STAGE MANAGER: Thank you, Mrs. Webb.

45 MRS. WEBB: Charles! Everybody's waitin'!

Exit MRS. WEBB.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

STAGE MANAGER: Mr. Webb is Publisher and Editor of the Grover's Corners Sentinel. That's our local paper, y'know.

MR. WEBB enters from his house, pulling on his coat. His finger is bound in a handkerchief.

50 MR. WEBB: Well... I don't have to tell you that we're run here by a Board of Selectmen. — All males vote at the age of twenty-one. Women vote indirect. We're lower middle class: sprinkling of professional men... ten per cent illiterate laborers. Politically, we're eighty-six per cent Republicans; six per cent Democrats; four per cent Socialists; rest, indifferent. Religiously, we're eighty-five per cent Protestants; twelve per cent Catholics; rest, indifferent.

55 STAGE MANAGER: Have you any comments, Mr. Webb?

MR. WEBB: Very ordinary town, if you ask me. Little better behaved than most. Probably a lot duller. But our young people here seem to like it well enough. Ninety per cent of 'em graduating from high school settle down right here to live — even when they've been away to college.

60 STAGE MANAGER: Now, is there anyone in the audience who would like to ask Editor Webb anything about the town?

WOMAN IN THE BALCONY: Is there much drinking in Grover's Corners?

65 MR. WEBB: Well, ma'am, I wouldn't know what you'd call *much*. Satiddy nights the farmhands meet down in Ellery Greenough's stable and holler some. We've got one or two town drunks, but they're always having remorse every time an evangelist comes to town. No, ma'am, I'd say likker ain't a regular thing in the home here, except in the medicine chest. Right good for snake bite, y'know — always was.

Thornton Wilder. *Our Town*. New York: Harper-Perennial. 1985. 20-24.

1. Analysieren Sie die Rolle des *Stage Managers* in der vorliegenden Passage in Bezug auf die Genrekonventionen dramatischer Texte!
2. Diskutieren Sie *Our Town* als Beispiel des epischen Theaters in den USA!
3. Ordnen Sie das Stück in den literaturgeschichtlichen und kulturellen Kontext der 1930er Jahre ein!

Thema Nr. 4

John Keats, "If by dull rhymes our English must be chain'd" (1819, pub. 1848)

If by dull rhymes our English must be chain'd
 And, like Andromeda, the Sonnet sweet,
 Fetter'd in spite of pained Loveliness;
 Let us find out, if we must be constrain'd,
 5 Sandals more interwoven and complete
 To fit the naked foot of Poesy;
 Let us inspect the Lyre and weigh the stress
 Of every chord and see what may be gained
 By ear industrious and attention meet,
 10 Misers of sound and syllable no less,
 Than Midas of his coinage, let us be
 Jealous of dead leaves in the bay wreath Crown;
 So if we may not let the Muse be free,
 She will be bound with Garlands of her own.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

Anmerkungen:

[Keats kommentiert das Gedicht in einem Brief wie folgt:]

I have been endeavouring to discover a better sonnet stanza than we have. The legitimate [Italian] does not suit the language over-well from the pouncing rhymes—the other kind [English] appears too elegiac—and the couplet at the end of it has seldom a pleasing effect—I do not pretend to have succeeded—it will explain itself—

2 *Andromeda*: In Greek myth, the daughter of Cassiopeia, who offended the gods by boasting that her daughter was more beautiful than they. Consequently, Andromeda was chained to a rock on the sea-shore until her rescue by Perseus [*Metamorphoses* IV. 663-752].

3 *Fetter'd*: 'bound with chains or shackles' (especially at the feet).

11 *Midas*: a legendary king of Phrygia who, after having entertained a companion of Dionysus, was granted one wish. He wished that everything he touched should turn to gold (which he later came to regret when he was unable to eat) [*Metamorphoses* XI. 100-93].

11 *coinage*: money

12 *bay wreath*: laurel wreath

Text und Anmerkungen (teils ergänzt bzw. gekürzt) aus:

Michael O'Neill, Charles Mahoney (Hgg.), *Romantic Poetry. An Annotated Anthology* (Oxford: Blackwell, 2008): 443.

1. Analysieren Sie den Inhalt des Gedichts in Verbindung mit seinen Gestaltungsmitteln (z.B. Metrum, Reim, Bildsprache und Rhetorik) im Hinblick auf deren jeweilige Funktion!
2. Verorten Sie das Gedicht und seinen Umgang mit Gattungskonventionen im Rahmen der Sonett-Tradition!
3. Setzen Sie die Problemstellung des Gedichts in Beziehung zu mindestens zwei weiteren romantischen Sonett-dichtern bzw. -dichterinnen und deren Sonett-Praxis!

Thema Nr. 5

Herman Melville, „A Utilitarian View of the Monitor's Fight“ (siehe nächste Seite)

1. Beschreiben Sie Zielsetzung und Argument des Gedichts unter Berücksichtigung seiner stilistischen und formalen Besonderheiten sowie des zeitlichen Kontextes, d.h. der amerikanischen Romantik!
2. Auf welche – im Gedicht selbst angesprochene – Tradition bezieht sich das lyrische Ich und wie verhält es sich zu dieser?
3. Diskutieren Sie die Relevanz des Gedichts mit Blick auf den sozial- und literaturgeschichtlichen Kontext, insbesondere den weit greifenden Utilitarismus, der sogenannten „Jacksonian democracy“!

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

Herman Melville

A Utilitarian View of the Monitor's Fight

Plain be the phrase, yet apt the verse,
 More ponderous than nimble;
 For since grimed War here laid aside
 His Orient pomp, 'twould ill befit
 5 Overmuch to ply

The rhyme's barbaric cymbal.
 Hail to victory without the gaud
 Of glory; zeal that needs no fans
 Of banners; plain mechanic power
 10 Plied cogently in War now placed—

Where War belongs—
 Among the trades and artisans.

Yet this was battle, and intense—
 Beyond the strife of fleets heroic;
 15 Deadlier, closer, calm 'mid storm;
 No passion; all went on by crank,
 Pivot, and screw,

And calculations of caloric.
 Needless to dwell; the story's known.
 20 The ringing of those plates on plates
 Still ringeth round the world—
 The clangor of that blacksmiths' fray.
 The anvil-din
 Resounds this message from the Fates:

25 War shall yet be, and to the end;
 But war-paint shows the streaks of weather;
 War yet shall be, but warriors
 Are now but operatives; War's made
 Less grand than Peace,
 30 And a singe runs through lace and feather.

1866

Thema Nr. 6

W.B. Yeats, "Easter 1916"

Yeats' berühmtes Gedicht behandelt das *Easter Rising* in Dublin im Jahr 1916, den erfolglosen Aufstand irischer Nationalisten gegen die britische Herrschaft, mit dem Ziel, einen *Irish Free State* zu errichten. Hunderte starben während des *Easter Rising*, sechzehn Männer (darunter die im Gedicht genannten) wurden anschließend exekutiert.

I have met them at close of day
Coming with vivid faces
From counter or desk among grey
Eighteenth-century houses.
5 I have passed with a nod of the head
Or polite meaningless words,
Or have lingered awhile and said
Polite meaningless words,
10 And thought before I had done
Of a mocking tale or a gibe
To please a companion
Around the fire at the club,
Being certain that they and I
But lived where ¹motley is worn:
15 All changed, changed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.

²That woman's days were spent
In ignorant good-will,
Her nights in argument
20 Until her voice grew shrill.
What voice more sweet than hers
When, young and beautiful,
She ³rode to harriers?
⁴This man had kept a school
25 And rode our ⁵wingèd horse;
⁶This other his helper and friend
Was coming into his force;
He might have won fame in the end,
So sensitive his nature seemed,
30 So daring and sweet his thought.
⁷This other man I had dreamed
A drunken, vainglorious lout.
He had done most bitter wrong

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

To some who are near my heart,
35 Yet I number him in the song;
He, too, has resigned his part
In the casual comedy;
He, too, has been changed in his turn,
Transformed utterly:
40 A terrible beauty is born.

Hearts with one purpose alone
Through summer and winter seem
Enchanted to a stone
To trouble the living stream.
45 The horse that comes from the road,
The rider, the birds that range
From cloud to tumbling cloud,
Minute by minute they change;
A shadow of cloud on the stream
50 Changes minute by minute;
A horse-hoof slides on the brim,
And a horse plashes within it;
The long-legged moor-hens dive,
And hens to moor-cocks call;
55 Minute by minute they live:
The stone's in the midst of all.

Too long a sacrifice
Can make a stone of the heart.
O when may it suffice?
60 That is Heaven's part, our part
To murmur name upon name,
As a mother names her child
When sleep at last has come
On limbs that had run wild.
65 What is it but nightfall?
No, no, not night but death;
Was it needless death after all?
For England may keep faith
For all that is done and said.
70 We know their dream; enough
To know they dreamed and are dead;
And what if excess of love
Bewildered them till they died?
I write it out in a verse –
75 MacDonagh and MacBride
And Connolly and Pearse
Now and in time to be,
⁸Wherever green is worn,
Are changed, changed utterly:
80 A terrible beauty is born.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

Text: W.B. Yeats, "Easter 1916", *The Oxford Book of Twentieth-Century English Verse*, ed. Philip Larkin, Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1973, repr. 1995, pp. 77-79.

¹motley – colourful cloth worn by a clown

²That woman – Countess Markiewicz (née Constance Gore-Booth, a childhood friend of Yeats's)

³rode to harriers – (similar): rode to hounds, i.e. went fox-hunting or hare-hunting

⁴This man – Padraic Pearse, schoolmaster and poet

⁵wingèd horse – Pegasus, the poet's inspiration

⁶This other – Thomas MacDonagh

⁷This other man – Major John MacBride, husband of Maud Gonne, whom Yeats had loved unrequited

⁸Wherever green is worn – wherever Irishmen live

1. Analysieren Sie das Gedicht in formaler Hinsicht; achten Sie besonders auf Bildlichkeit und Struktur!
2. Wie werden Alltägliches und der Ausnahmezustand des *Easter Rising* einander gegenübergestellt? Wie diskutiert der Text Ideologien, z. B. Formen von Patriotismus oder ‚Heldentum‘?
3. Ordnen Sie den Text in den Entstehungszeitraum ein und ziehen Sie Ihnen bekannte Gedichte zum Vergleich heran!

Thema Nr. 7

Carl Sandburgs Gedicht „Chicago“ wurde in seiner gleichnamigen Gedichte-Sammlung *Chicago* im Jahre 1916 erstveröffentlicht. Das Gedicht kann als Auseinandersetzung mit dem Phänomen der Urbanisierung angesehen werden. Diese prägte die USA zu Beginn des 20. Jahrhunderts als Folge rasanter Modernisierungs- bzw. Industrialisierungsprozesse seit dem letzten Drittel des 19. Jahrhunderts.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

Carl Sandburg, "Chicago" (1916)

Hog Butcher for the World,
 Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,
 Player with Railroads and the Nation's Freight Handler;
 Stormy, husky, brawling,
 City of the Big Shoulders:

5

They tell me you are wicked and I believe them, for I have seen your painted women under the
 gas lamps luring the farm boys.

And they tell me you are crooked and I answer: Yes, it is true I have seen the gunman kill and go
 free to kill again.

10 And they tell me you are brutal and my reply is: On the faces of women and children I have seen
 the marks of wanton hunger.

And having answered so I turn once more to those who sneer at this my city, and I give them
 back the sneer and say to them:

15 Come and show me another city with lifted head singing so proud to be alive and coarse and
 strong and cunning.

Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil of piling job on job, here is a tall bold slugger set vivid
 against the little soft cities;

Fierce as a dog with tongue lapping for action, cunning as a savage pitted against the wilderness,
 Bareheaded,

20

Shoveling,
 Wrecking,
 Planning,
 Building, breaking, rebuilding,

Under the smoke, dust all over his mouth, laughing with white teeth,

25 Under the terrible burden of destiny laughing as a young man laughs,

Laughing even as an ignorant fighter laughs who has never lost a battle,

Bragging and laughing that under his wrist is the pulse, and under his ribs the heart of the people,
 Laughing!

30 Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of Youth, half-naked, sweating, proud to be Hog
 Butcher, Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat, Player with Railroads and Freight Handler to the
 Nation.

Ausgabe: *The Norton Anthology of American Literature*. Vol. 2. Gen. ed. Nina Baym. New York:
 Norton, 1997. 1437-38.

1. Identifizieren Sie die Sprechsituation des Gedichts und analysieren Sie ihre Funktion!
2. Stellen Sie dar, welches Bild der modernen Großstadt Chicago in dem Gedicht gezeichnet wird!
3. Ordnen Sie Sandburgs Gedicht in den Kontext des amerikanischen Modernismus ein!

Thema Nr. 8

1. Prologue

- 1 —THEY order, said I, this matter better in France.—
 —You have been in France? said my gentleman, turning quick upon me with the most civil triumph in the world.—Strange! quoth I, debating the matter with myself, That one and twenty miles' sailing, for 't is absolutely no further from
 5 Dover to Calais, should give a man these rights—I'll look into them: so giving up the argument—I went straight to my lodgings, put up half a dozen shirts and a black pair of silk breeches—"the coat I have on, said I, looking at the sleeve, will do"—took a place in the Dover stage; and the packet sailing at nine the next morning—by three I had got sat down to my dinner upon a fricasseed chicken,
 10 so incontestably in France, that had I died that night of an indigestion, the whole world could not have suspended the effects of the *droits d'aubaine*—my shirts, and black pair of silk breeches—portmanteau and all must have gone to the King of France—even the little picture which I have so long worn, and so often have told thee, Eliza, I would carry with me into my grave, would have been torn
 15 from my neck.—Ungenerous!—to seize upon the wreck of an unwary passenger, whom your subjects had beckon'd to their coast.—By heaven! SIRE, it is not well done; and much does it grieve me, 't is the monarch of a people so civilized and courteous, and so renowned for sentiment and fine feelings, that I have to reason with—
 20 But I have scarce set foot in your dominions—

Laurence Sterne, *A Sentimental Journey Through France and Italy* (1768), Quelle: <http://www.bartleby.com/ebook/adobe/3031.pdf> (accessed 10/1/2017).

Erläuterung Zeile 11: *droits d'aubaine* All the effects of strangers (Swiss and Scotch excepted) dying in France are seized by virtue of this law, though the heir be upon the spot.

1. Dieser kleine Auszug stellt bereits den gesamten Anfang von Sternes Klassiker dar. Bestimmen Sie die Erzählsituation nach Genette oder Stanzel und erläutern Sie konkret, welche erzählerischen Möglichkeiten sich aus der Wahl dieser Situation ergeben!
2. Diskutieren Sie die Motivation zu dieser Reise, soweit sie aus diesem Auszug ersichtlich ist, und wägen Sie das Verhältnis von empirischer Erfahrung, Imagination und *sentimentality* ab!
3. Situieren Sie den Textauszug in der Geschichte der britischen Reiseliteratur der Neuzeit oder in der Geschichte der britischen Erzählliteratur bis 1800!

Thema Nr. 9

Bei Charles Brockden Browns Roman *Edgar Huntly* (1799) handelt es sich um einen der ersten Romane der amerikanischen Literaturgeschichte. *Edgar Huntly* gehört zur Gattung des Schauerromans und erzählt die Geschichte des Titelhelden, der in seiner Suche nach dem Mörder seines Freundes Waldegrave und nach den Gründen für dessen Ermordung selbst immer wieder – physisch wie psychisch – in große Gefahr gerät.

From: Chapter One

1 I sit down, my friend, to comply with thy request. At length does the impetuosity of my fears, the transports of my wonder permit me to recollect my promise and perform it. At length am I somewhat delivered from suspense and from tremors. At length the drama is brought to an imperfect close . . .

5 How short is the period that has elapsed since thou and I parted, and yet how full of tumult and dismay has been my soul during that period! What light has burst upon my ignorance of myself and of mankind! How sudden and enormous the transition from uncertainty to knowledge! –

10 But let me recall my thoughts: let me struggle for so much composure as will permit my pen to trace intelligible characters. Let me place in order the incidents that are to compose my tale. I need not call on thee to listen. The fate of Waldegrave was as fertile of torment to thee as to me. His bloody and mysterious catastrophe equally awakened thy grief, thy revenge, and thy curiosity. Thou wilt catch from my story every horror and every sympathy which it paints. Thou wilt shudder with my forboding and dissolve with my tears. As the sister of my friend, and as one who honours me with her affection, thou wilt share in all my tasks and all my dangers.

15 You need not be reminded with what reluctance I left you. To reach this place by evening was impossible, unless I had set out early in the morning, but your society was too precious not to be enjoyed to the last moment. It was indispensable to be here on Tuesday, but my duty required no more than that I should arrive by sun-rise on that day. To travel during the night, was productive of no formidable inconvenience. The air was likely to be frosty and sharp, but these would not incommode one who walked with speed. A nocturnal journey in districts so romantic and wild as these, through
20 which lay my road, was more congenial to my temper than a noon-day ramble.

25 By night-fall I was within ten miles of my uncle's house. As the darkness increased, and I advanced on my way, my sensations sunk into melancholy. The scene and the time reminded me of the friend whom I had lost. I recalled his features, and accents, and gestures, and mused with unutterable feelings on the circumstances of his death.

30 My recollection once more plunged me into anguish and perplexity. Once more I asked, who was his assassin? By what motives could he be impelled to a deed like this? Waldegrave was pure from all offence. His piety was rapturous. His benevolence was a stranger to remissness or torpor. All who came within the sphere of his influence experienced and acknowledged his benign activity. His friends were few, because his habits were timid and reserved, but the existence of an enemy was impossible.

I recalled the incidents of our last interview, my importunities that he should postpone his ill-omened journey till the morning, his inexplicable obstinacy; his resolution to set out on foot, during a dark and tempestuous night, and the horrible disaster that befell him.

Ausgabe: Charles Brockden Brown. *Edgar Huntly, or, Memoirs of a Sleep-Walker*. 1799. Ed. Norman S. Grabo. New York: Penguin, 1988, 5-7.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

1. Analysieren Sie erzähltechnische Mittel, die in dieser Passage verwendet werden, und setzen Sie sie in Bezug zur Gattung des Schauerromans!
2. Erläutern Sie die inhaltliche Bedeutung des „Doppelgänger-Motivs“, das den Roman durchzieht – etwa in der vorliegenden Passage in der Parallelisierung von Edgar Huntly und Waldegrave!
3. Positionieren Sie *Edgar Huntly* und den Schauerroman im kulturellen Kontext der frühen amerikanischen Republik! Erläutern Sie insbesondere, welchen Status fiktionale Texte in der Artikulierung einer spezifisch amerikanischen kulturellen Identität einnahmen!

Thema Nr. 10

5 It was a town of red brick, or of brick that would have been red if the smoke and ashes had allowed it; but as matters stood, it was a town of unnatural red and black like the painted face of a savage. It was a town of machinery and tall chimneys, out of which interminable serpents of smoke trailed themselves for ever and ever, and never got uncoiled. It had a black canal in it, and a river that
10 ran purple with ill-smelling dye, and vast piles of building full of windows where there was a rattling and a trembling all day long, and where the piston of the steam-engine worked monotonously up and down, like the head of an elephant in a state of melancholy madness. It contained several large streets all very like one another, and many small streets still more like one another, inhabited by people equally like one another, who all went in and out at the same hours, with the same sound upon the
15 same pavements, to do the same work, and to whom every day was the same as yesterday and tomorrow, and every year the counterpart of the last and the next.

[...] You saw nothing in Coketown but what was severely workful. [...] All the public inscriptions in the town were painted alike, in severe characters of black and white. The jail might have been the infirmary, the infirmary might have been the jail, the town-hall might have been either,
15 or both, [...]. Fact, fact, fact, everywhere in the material aspect of the town; fact, fact, fact, everywhere in the immaterial. [...] everything was fact between the lying-in hospital and the cemetery, and what you couldn't state in figures, or show to be purchaseable in the cheapest market and saleable in the dearest, was not, and never should be, world without end, Amen.

Charles Dickens. *Hard Times*. 1854. Eds. George Ford and Sylvère Monod (Norton Critical Editions). New York: Norton, 1966. 16-17 (Chapter 5).

1. Beschreiben Sie im Detail die Gestaltung der Erzählperspektive im vorliegenden Textausschnitt!
2. Analysieren und interpretieren Sie die Bildlichkeit und deren symbolische Qualitäten! Welche Stilmittel werden verwendet, und zu welchem Zweck?
3. Charakterisieren Sie die Stellung von Charles Dickens in der Geschichte der englischen Erzählliteratur und Sozialkritik in Hinsicht auf seine Vorläufer, Zeitgenossen und auf die weitere Entwicklung nach dem 19. Jahrhundert!

Thema Nr. 11

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will – as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been.

When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under her breath: "free, free, free!" The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial.

She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for her during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him – sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

unsolved mystery, count for in face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

“Free! Body and soul free!” she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission.

50 “Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door – you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven’s sake open the door.”

“Go away. I am not making myself ill.” No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

55 Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister’s importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister’s waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

60 Some one was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine’s piercing cry; at Richards’ quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

But Richards was too late.

65 When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease – of joy that kills.

Chopin, Kate. “The Story of an Hour” [1894]. *The Kate Chopin International Society*. 2016. Web. December 22, 2016.

1. Erläutern Sie Edgar Allan Poes *short story theory* und legen Sie dar, inwiefern der vorliegende Text dieser entspricht!
2. Analysieren Sie die im vorliegenden Text verwendeten Symbole vor dem Hintergrund des Ideals der *true womanhood*!
3. Skizzieren Sie die Entwicklung des *women’s writing* im 19. Jahrhundert und vergleichen Sie den vorliegenden Text mit einer weiteren amerikanischen *short story* aus dem 19. Jahrhundert im Hinblick auf die Darstellung der Institution der Ehe!

Thema Nr. 12

Julian Barnes: *A History of the World in 10 1/2 Chapters*. New York: Vintage, 1989, 3-4, 30.

1 Chapter I: The Stowaway

2 They put the behemoths in the hold along with the rhinos, the hippos and the elephants. It was a
3 sensible decision to use them as ballast; but you can imagine the stench. And there was no-one to
4 muck out. The men were overburdened with the feeding rota, and their women, who beneath those
5 leaping fire-tongues of scent no doubt reeked as badly as we did, were far too delicate. So if any
6 mucking-out was to happen, we had to do it ourselves. Every few months they would winch back the
7 thick hatch on the aft deck and let the cleaner-birds in. Well, first they had to let the smell out (and
8 there weren't too many volunteers for winch-work); then six or eight of the less fastidious birds would
9 flutter cautiously around the hatch for a minute or so before diving in. I can't remember what they
10 were all called – indeed, one of those pairs no longer exists – but you know the sort I mean. You've
11 seen hippos with their mouths open and bright little birds pecking away between their teeth like
12 distraught dental hygienists? Picture that on a larger, messier scale. I am hardly squeamish, but even I
13 used to shudder at the scene below decks: a row of squinting monsters being manicured in a sewer.

14 There was strict discipline on the Ark: that's the first point to make. It wasn't like those nursery
15 versions in painted wood which you might have played with as a child – all happy couples peering
16 merrily over the rail from the comfort of their well-scrubbed stalls. Don't imagine some Mediterranean
17 cruise on which we played languorous roulette and everyone dressed for dinner; on the Ark only the
18 penguins wore tailcoats. Remember: this was a long and dangerous voyage – dangerous even though
19 some of the rules had been fixed in advance. Remember too that we had the whole of the animal
20 kingdom on board: would you have put the cheetahs within springing distance of the antelope? A
21 certain level of security was inevitable, and we accepted double-peg locks, stall inspections, a nightly
22 curfew. But regrettably there were also punishments and isolation cells. Someone at the very top
23 became obsessed with information gathering; and certain of the travellers agreed to act as stool
24 pigeons. I'm sorry to report that ratting to the authorities was at times widespread. It wasn't a nature
25 reserve, that Ark of ours; at times it was more like a prison ship.

26 Now, I realize that accounts differ. Your species has its much repeated version, which still
27 charms even sceptics; while the animals have a compendium of sentimental myths. But they're not
28 going to rock the boat, are they? Not when they've been treated as heroes, not when it's become a
29 matter of pride that each and every one of them can proudly trace its family tree straight back to the
30 Ark. They were chosen, they endured, they survived: it's normal for them to gloss over the awkward
31 episodes, to have convenient lapses of memory. But I am not constrained in that way. I was never
32 chosen. In fact, like several other species, I was specifically not chosen. I was a stowaway; I too
33 survived; I escaped (getting off was no easier than getting on); and I have flourished. I am a little set
34 apart from the rest of animal society, which still has its nostalgic reunions; there is even a Sealegs Club
35 for species which never once felt queasy. When I recall the Voyage, I feel no sense of obligation;
36 gratitude puts no smear of Vaseline on the lens. My account you can trust.

37 [...]

38 As I was saying, we were euphoric when we got off the Ark. Apart from anything else, we'd eaten
39 enough gopher-wood to last a lifetime. That's another reason for wishing Noah had been less bigoted
40 in his design of the fleet: it would have given some of us a change of diet. Hardly a consideration for
41 Noah, of course, because we weren't meant to be there. And with the hindsight of a few millennia, this
42 exclusion seems even harsher than it did at the time. There were seven of us stowaways, but had we

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

43 been admitted as a seaworthy species only two boarding-passes would have been issued; and we would
 44 have accepted that decision. Now, it's true Noah couldn't have predicted how long his Voyage was
 45 going to last, but considering how little we seven ate in five and a half years, it surely would have been
 46 worth the risk letting just a pair of us on board. And after all, it's not our fault for being woodworm.

1. Analysieren Sie den vorliegenden Textausschnitt im Hinblick auf die erzählerischen und stilistischen Mittel!
2. Skizzieren Sie die Bedeutung intertextueller Strategien in der jüngeren englischen Literatur unter Bezugnahme auf mindestens zwei Textbeispiele!
3. Diskutieren Sie die Formen der Auseinandersetzung mit kulturellen Traditionen im Kontext der Postmoderne!

Thema Nr. 13

Bei folgendem Text handelt es sich um Auszüge aus dem Vortrag, den Toni Morrison anlässlich der Verleihung des Literaturnobelpreises am 7. Dezember 1993 in Stockholm gehalten hat.

"Once upon a time there was an old woman. Blind but wise." Or was it an old man? A guru, perhaps. Or a griot soothing restless children. I have heard this story, or one exactly like it, in the lore of several cultures.

"Once upon a time there was an old woman. Blind. Wise."

- 5 In the version I know the woman is the daughter of slaves, black, American, and lives alone in a small house outside of town. Her reputation for wisdom is without peer and without question. Among her people she is both the law and its transgression. The honor she is paid and the awe in which she is held reach beyond her neighborhood to places far away; to the city where the intelligence of rural prophets is the source of much amusement.
- 10 One day the woman is visited by some young people who seem to be bent on disproving her clairvoyance and showing her up for the fraud they believe she is. Their plan is simple: they enter her house and ask the one question the answer to which rides solely on her difference from them, a difference they regard as a profound disability: her blindness. They stand before her, and one of them says, "Old woman, I hold in my hand a bird. Tell me whether it is living or dead."
- 15 She does not answer, and the question is repeated. "Is the bird I am holding living or dead?" Still she doesn't answer. She is blind and cannot see her visitors, let alone what is in their hands. She does not know their color, gender or homeland. She only knows their motive. The old woman's silence is so long, the young people have trouble holding their laughter. Finally she speaks and her voice is soft but stern. "I don't know," she says. "I don't know whether the
- 20 bird you are holding is dead or alive, but what I do know is that it is in your hands. It is in your hands." Her answer can be taken to mean: if it is dead, you have either found it that way or you have killed it. If it is alive, you can still kill it. Whether it is to stay alive, it is your decision. Whatever the case, it is your responsibility.
- 25 For parading their power and her helplessness, the young visitors are reprimanded, told they are responsible not only for the act of mockery but also for the small bundle of life sacrificed to achieve its aims. The blind woman shifts attention away from assertions of power to the instrument through which that power is exercised.

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30 Speculation on what (other than its own frail body) that bird-in-the-hand might signify has always
been attractive to me, but especially so now thinking, as I have been, about the work I do that has
brought me to this company. So I choose to read the bird as language and the woman as a practiced
writer. She is worried about how the language she dreams in, given to her at birth, is handled, put into
service, even withheld from her for certain nefarious purposes. Being a writer she thinks of language
partly as a system, partly as a living thing over which one has control, but mostly as agency – as an act
with consequences. So the question the children put to her: "Is it living or dead?" is not unreal because
35 she thinks of language as susceptible to death, erasure; certainly imperiled and salvageable only by an
effort of the will. She believes that if the bird in the hands of her visitors is dead the custodians are
responsible for the corpse. For her a dead language is not only one no longer spoken or written, it is
unyielding language content to admire its own paralysis. Like statist language, censored and censoring.
Ruthless in its policing duties, it has no desire or purpose other than maintaining the free range of its
40 own narcotic narcissism, its own exclusivity and dominance. However moribund, it is not without
effect for it actively thwarts the intellect, stalls conscience, suppresses human potential. Unreceptive to
interrogation, it cannot form or tolerate new ideas, shape other thoughts, tell another story, fill baffling
silences. Official language smitheryed to sanction ignorance and preserve privilege is a suit of armor
polished to shocking glitter, a husk from which the knight departed long ago. Yet there it is: dumb,
45 predatory, sentimental. Exciting reverence in schoolchildren, providing shelter for despots, summoning
false memories of stability, harmony among the public.

[...]

We die. That may be the meaning of life. But we do language. That may be the measure of our lives.
"Once upon a time, ..." visitors ask an old woman a question. Who are they, these children? What did
50 they make of that encounter? What did they hear in those final words: "The bird is in your hands"? A
sentence that gestures towards possibility or one that drops a latch? Perhaps what the children heard
was "It's not my problem. I am old, female, black, blind. What wisdom I have now is in knowing I
cannot help you. The future of language is yours."
They stand there. Suppose nothing was in their hands? Suppose the visit was only a ruse, a trick to get
55 to be spoken to, taken seriously as they have not been before? A chance to interrupt, to violate the
adult world, its miasma of discourse about them, for them, but never to them? Urgent questions are at
stake, including the one they have asked: "Is the bird we hold living or dead?" Perhaps the question
meant: "Could someone tell us what is life? What is death?" No trick at all; no silliness. A
straightforward question worthy of the attention of a wise one. An old one. And if the old and wise
60 who have lived life and faced death cannot describe either, who can?

[Then the children ask a series of questions. Morrison ends her lecture with the following
two paragraphs.]

It's quiet again when the children finish speaking, until the woman breaks into the silence.
"Finally," she says, "I trust you now. I trust you with the bird that is not in your hands because you
65 have truly caught it. Look. How lovely it is, this thing we have done – together."

Quelle: Toni Morrison. *The Nobel Lecture in Literature*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1994.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

1. Identifizieren und diskutieren Sie die rhetorischen Stilmittel, die den literarischen Charakter dieses Textes prägen!
2. Interpretieren Sie sodann Toni Morrisons poetologische Perspektive auf politische und gesellschaftliche Funktionen von Sprache!
3. Erläutern Sie Toni Morrisons Bedeutung als afroamerikanische Schriftstellerin im Kontext literaturgeschichtlicher Entwicklungen seit der Mitte des 20. Jahrhunderts!

Thema Nr. 14

J.M. Coetzee, *Foe* (1986)

Die Engländerin Susan Barton kann sich als Schiffbrüchige auf eine Insel retten und trifft dort auf den Engländer Cruso und einen Mann afrikanischer Herkunft, den Cruso Friday nennt. Beide Männer sind bereits seit etlichen Jahren als Schiffbrüchige auf der Insel. Die Geschichte spielt im 18. Jahrhundert.

“How many words of English does Friday know?” I asked.

“As many as he needs,” replied Cruso. “This is not England, we have no need of a great stock of words.”

5 “You speak as if language were one of the banes of life, like money or the pox,” said I. “Yet would it not have lightened your solitude had Friday been master of English? You and he might have experienced, all these years, the pleasures of conversation; you might have brought home to him some of the blessings of civilization and made him a better man.”

“To this Cruso gave no reply, but instead beckoned Friday nearer. “Sing, Friday,” he said. “Sing for Mistress Barton.”

10 “Whereupon Friday raised his face to the stars, closed his eyes, and, obedient to his master, began to hum in a low voice. I listened but could make out no tune. Cruso tapped my knee. “The voice of man,” he said. I failed to understand his meaning; but he raised a finger to his lips to still me. In the dark we listened to Friday’s humming.

15 “At last Friday paused. “Is Friday an imbecile incapable of speech?” I asked. “Is that what you mean to tell me?” (For I repeat, I found Friday in all matters a dull fellow.)

20 “Cruso motioned Friday nearer. “Open your mouth,” he told him, and opened his own. Friday opened his mouth. “Look,” said Cruso. I looked, but saw nothing in the dark save the glint of teeth white as ivory. “La-la-la,” said Cruso, and motioned to Friday to repeat. “Ha-ha-ha,” said Friday from the back of his throat. “He has no tongue,” said Cruso. Gripping Friday by the hair, he brought his face close to mine. “Do you see?” he said. “It is too dark,” said I. “La-la-la,” said Cruso. “Ha-ha-ha,” said Friday. I drew away, and Cruso released Friday’s hair. “He has no tongue,” he said. “That is why he does not speak. They cut out his tongue.”

“I stared in amazement. “Who cut out his tongue?”

“The slavers.”

25 “The slavers cut out his tongue and sold him into slavery? The slave-hunters of Africa? But surely he was a mere child when they took him. Why would they cut out a child’s tongue?”

30 “Cruso gazed steadily back at me. Though I cannot now swear to it, I believe he was smiling. “Perhaps the slavers, who are Moors, hold the tongue to be a delicacy,” he said. “Or perhaps they grew weary of listening to Friday’s wails of grief, that went on day and night. Perhaps they wanted to prevent him from ever telling his story: who he was, where his home lay, how it came about that he was taken. Perhaps they cut out the tongue of every cannibal they took, as a punishment. How will we ever know the truth.”

1. Interpretieren Sie den Textausschnitt und gehen Sie dabei insbesondere auf die Charakterisierung von Cruso und Friday sowie auf das Verhältnis dieser beiden Figuren zueinander ein!
2. Diskutieren Sie die politischen Implikationen der Tatsache, dass Friday hier als verstümmelt dargestellt wird, im Lichte postkolonialer Theorie!
3. Coetzees Roman bezieht sich auf Daniel Defoes *Robinson Crusoe* (1719). Diskutieren Sie, welche Funktion(en) die auch als *writing back* bekannte Auseinandersetzung mit kanonischen Texten der britischen Literatur in den *New English Literatures* hat und beziehen Sie sich dabei auf mindestens ein weiteres Beispiel!