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**Prüfungsteilnehmer**

**Prüfungstermin**

**Einzelprüfungsnummer**

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**2017**

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

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Fach: **Englisch (Unterrichtsfach)**

Einzelprüfung: **Literaturwissenschaft**

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

Anzahl der Druckseiten dieser Vorlage: **8**

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**Bitte wenden!**

## Thema Nr. 1

Der folgende Textausschnitt ist der Anfang des Romans *David Copperfield* (1849) von Charles Dickens.

1. Beschreiben Sie zunächst, wie wir als Leser in die Welt des Romans eingeführt werden und was für erzählerische Strategien hier zum Einsatz kommen!
2. Diskutieren Sie sodann, wie die Erzählerfigur sich selbst und ihr Umfeld charakterisiert!
3. Ordnen Sie das Beispiel literaturgeschichtlich ein und ziehen Sie dazu mindestens zwei vergleichbare Texte heran!

Whether I shall turn out to be the hero of my own life, or whether that station will be held by anybody else, these pages must show. To begin my life with the beginning of my life, I record that I was born (as I have been informed and believe) on a Friday, at twelve o'clock at night. It was remarked that the clock began to strike, and I began to cry, simultaneously.

In consideration of the day and hour of my birth, it was declared by the nurse, and by some sage women in the neighbourhood who had taken a lively interest in me several months before there was any possibility of our becoming personally acquainted, first, that I was destined to be unlucky in life; and secondly, that I was privileged to see ghosts and spirits; both these gifts inevitably attaching, as they believed, to all unlucky infants of either gender, born towards the small hours on a Friday night.

I need say nothing here, on the first head, because nothing can show better than my history whether that prediction was verified or falsified by the result. On the second branch of the question, I will only remark, that unless I ran through that part of my inheritance while I was still a baby, I have not come into it yet. But I do not at all complain of having been kept out of this property; and if anybody else should be in the present enjoyment of it, he is heartily welcome to keep it.

I was born with a caul<sup>1</sup>, which was advertised for sale, in the newspapers, at the low price of fifteen guineas. Whether sea-going people were short of money about that time, or were short of faith and preferred cork jackets, I don't know; all I know is, that there was but one solitary bidding, and that was from an attorney connected with the bill-broking business, who offered two pounds in cash, and the balance in sherry, but declined to be guaranteed from drowning on any higher bargain. Consequently the advertisement was withdrawn at a dead loss—for as to sherry, my poor dear mother's own sherry was in the market then—and ten years afterwards, the caul was put up in a raffle down in our part of the country, to fifty members at half-a-crown a head, the winner to spend five shillings. I was present myself, and I remember to have felt quite uncomfortable and confused, at a part of myself being disposed of in that way. The caul was won, I recollect, by an old lady with a hand-basket, who, very reluctantly, produced from it the stipulated five shillings, all in halfpence, and twopence halfpenny short—as it took an immense time and a great waste of arithmetic, to endeavour without any effect to prove to her. It is a fact which will be long remembered as remarkable down there, that she was never drowned, but died triumphantly in bed, at ninety-two. I have understood that it was, to the last, her proudest boast, that she never had been on the water in her life, except upon a bridge; and that over her tea (to which she was extremely partial) she, to the last, expressed her indignation at the impiety of mariners and others, who had the presumption to go 'meandering' about the world. It was in vain to represent to her that some conveniences, tea perhaps

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included, resulted from this objectionable practice. She always returned, with greater emphasis and with an instinctive knowledge of the strength of her objection, 'Let us have no meandering.'

Not to meander myself, at present, I will go back to my birth.

I was born at Blunderstone, in Suffolk, or 'there by', as they say in Scotland. I was a posthumous child. My father's eyes had closed upon the light of this world six months, when mine opened on it. There is something strange to me, even now, in the reflection that he never saw me; and something stranger yet in the shadowy remembrance that I have of my first childish associations with his white grave-stone in the churchyard, and of the indefinable compassion I used to feel for it lying out alone there in the dark night, when our little parlour was warm and bright with fire and candle, and the doors of our house were—almost cruelly, it seemed to me sometimes—bolted and locked against it.

An aunt of my father's, and consequently a great-aunt of mine, of whom I shall have more to relate by and by, was the principal magnate of our family. Miss Trotwood, or Miss Betsey, as my poor mother always called her, when she sufficiently overcame her dread of this formidable personage to mention her at all (which was seldom), had been married to a husband younger than herself, who was very handsome, except in the sense of the homely adage, 'handsome is, that handsome does'—for he was strongly suspected of having beaten Miss Betsey, and even of having once, on a disputed question of supplies, made some hasty but determined arrangements to throw her out of a two pair of stairs' window. These evidences of an incompatibility of temper induced Miss Betsey to pay him off, and effect a separation by mutual consent. He went to India with his capital, and there, according to a wild legend in our family, he was once seen riding on an elephant, in company with a Baboon<sup>2</sup>; but I think it must have been a Baboo<sup>3</sup>—or a Begum<sup>4</sup>. Anyhow, from India tidings of his death reached home, within ten years. How they affected my aunt, nobody knew; for immediately upon the separation, she took her maiden name again, bought a cottage in a hamlet on the sea-coast a long way off, established herself there as a single woman with one servant, and was understood to live secluded, ever afterwards, in an inflexible retirement.

My father had once been a favourite of hers, I believe; but she was mortally affronted by his marriage, on the ground that my mother was 'a wax doll'. She had never seen my mother, but she knew her to be not yet twenty. My father and Miss Betsey never met again. He was double my mother's age when he married, and of but a delicate constitution. He died a year afterwards, and, as I have said, six months before I came into the world.

This was the state of matters, on the afternoon of, what I may be excused for calling, that eventful and important Friday. I can make no claim therefore to have known, at that time, how matters stood; or to have any remembrance, founded on the evidence of my own senses, of what follows.

My mother was sitting by the fire, but poorly in health, and very low in spirits, looking at it through her tears, and desponding heavily about herself and the fatherless little stranger, who was already welcomed by some grosses of prophetic pins, in a drawer upstairs, to a world not at all excited on the subject of his arrival; my mother, I say, was sitting by the fire, that bright, windy March afternoon, very timid and sad, and very doubtful of ever coming alive out of the trial that was before her, when, lifting her eyes as she dried them, to the window opposite, she saw a strange lady coming up the garden.

Quelle: Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*, ed. Nina Burgis. Oxford, New York: Oxford UP 1997, pp.1-2.

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## Vocabulary

- 1 caul: a piece of membrane that can cover a newborn's head and face; according to widespread belief, a caul is thought to offer some protective charm
- 2 Baboon: a monkey
- 3 Baboo: form of address for an Indian gentleman, also used derogatorily
- 4 Begum: form of address for a Muslim woman of rank

## Thema Nr. 2

### Aldous Huxley, First Philosopher's Song

A poor degenerate from the ape,  
Whose hands are four, whose tail's a limb,  
I contemplate my flaccid shape  
And know I may not rival him,

Save with my mind – a nimbler beast  
Possessing a thousand sinewy tails,  
A thousand hands, with which it scales,  
Greedy of luscious truth, the greased

Poles and the coco palms of thought,  
Thrifs easily through the mangrove maze  
Of metaphysics, walks the taut  
Frail dangerous liana ways

That link across wild gulfs remote  
Analogies between tree and tree;  
Outruns the hare, outhops the goat;  
Mind fabulous, mind sublime and free!

But oh, the sound of simian mirth!  
Mind, issued from the monkey's womb,  
Is still umbilical to earth,  
Earth its home and earth its tomb.

(1920)

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to thrif [von „to thread“]: seinen Weg durch etwas nehmen.

simian: vom Affen, affenartig.

umbilical: zum Nabel gehörend, den Nabel betreffend. Vgl. umbilical cord: die Nabelschnur.

[Text zitiert aus *The Collected Poems of Aldous Huxley*. Ed. Donald Watt. London: Chatto & Windus, 1971, S. 105. Zuerst erschienen in der Sammlung *Lena* (1920).]

1. Interpretieren Sie das Gedicht unter Berücksichtigung seiner formalen Gestaltung!
2. Erklären Sie die verwendete Bildersprache!
3. Ordnen Sie das Gedicht ein in die seit der zweiten Hälfte des 19. Jahrhunderts intensiver geführte Diskussion um die Position des Menschen im Naturreich!

### Thema Nr. 3

Ntozake Shanges *for colored girls who have considered suicide/when the rainbow is emuf* (1975) ist ein Stück (von der Autorin auch *choreopoem* genannt) für sieben Frauenfiguren, die jeweils nach einer Farbe benannt sind. In dem preisgekrönten Stück bringen afro-amerikanische Frauen ihre Erfahrungen mit enttäuschter Sehnsucht, männlicher Gewalt (bis hin zum Mord eines Vietnamkriegsveteranen an den eigenen Kindern), Vergewaltigung und Abtreibung offen zur Sprache, aber auch ihre Hoffnungen. Am Ende finden sie durch ein rituelles „laying on of hands“ (page 62) zu sich selbst:

i found god in myself  
& i loved her/i loved her fiercely (page 63)

Der folgende Textausschnitt ist der Beginn des Stücks.

*The stage is in darkness. Harsh music is heard as dim blue lights come up. One after another, seven women run onto the stage from each of the exits. They all freeze in postures of distress. The follow spot picks up the lady in brown. She comes to life and looks around at the other ladies. All of the others are still. She walks over to the lady in red and calls to her. The lady in red makes no response.*

*lady in brown*  
dark phrases of womanhood  
of never havin been a girl  
half-notes scattered  
without rhythm/no tune  
distraught laughter fallin  
over a black girl's shoulder  
it's funny/it's hysterical  
the melody-less-hess of her dance  
don't tell nobody don't tell a soul  
she's dancin on beer cans a shingles

this must be the spook house  
another song with no singers  
lyrics/no voices

& interrupted solos  
unseen performances

are we ghòuls?  
children of horror?  
the joke?

don't tell nobody don't tell a soul  
are we animals? have we gone crazy?

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i can't hear anything  
 but maddening screams  
 & the soft strains of death  
 & you promised me you promised me...  
 somebody/anybody  
 sing a black girl's song  
 bring her out  
 to know herself  
 to know you  
 but sing her rhythms  
 carin/ struggle/ hard times  
 sing her song of life  
 she's been dead so long  
 closed in silence so long  
 she doesn't know the sound  
 of her own voice  
 her infinite beauty

she's half-notes scattered  
 without rhythm/no tune  
 sing her sighs  
 sing the song of her possibilities  
 sing a righteous gospel  
 the makin of a melody  
 let her be born  
 let her be born  
     & handled warmly.

*lady in brown*  
 i'm outside chicago

*lady in yellow*  
 i'm outside detroit

*lady in purple*  
 i'm outside houston

*lady in red*  
 i'm outside baltimore

*lady in green*  
 i'm outside san francisco

*lady in blue*  
 i'm outside manhattan

*lady in orange*  
 i'm outside st. louis

*lady in brown*  
 & this is for colored girls who have considered suicide  
 but moved to the end of their own rainbows.

Ntozake Shanges *for colored girls who have considered suicide/when the rainbow is enuf* (1975) London:  
 Methuen, 1990. 3-6.

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**Fragen:**

1. Wie werden die Figuren eingeführt? Analysieren Sie die Rolle impliziter und expliziter Figurenzeichnung!
2. *for colored girls* befasst sich mit der Rolle (afro-amerikanischer) Frauen in den 1950er, 60er und 70er Jahren. Zeigen Sie auf, welche Konfliktkonstellation(en) und welche Bewältigungsstrategien sich in der Passage andeuten!
3. Erläutern Sie, wie *for colored girls* literaturgeschichtlich eingeordnet werden kann!