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**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: 7

Bitte wenden!

Thema Nr. 1

Dies ist der Anfang von Joseph Conrads Erzählung „Heart of Darkness“, geschrieben 1899, veröffentlicht 1902.

1. Bestimmen Sie die Erzählsituation und erläutern Sie die Mittel der Figurenzeichnung!
2. Interpretieren Sie die Bildlichkeit des Textausschnitts (z.B. die Symbolik von Licht und Dunkelheit, von Ebbe und Flut, von Fluss und Meer)!
3. „Heart of Darkness“ gilt unter anderem als fundamentale Kritik des Imperialismus und Kolonialismus. Welche anderen englischen Erzähltexte des 19. und 20. Jahrhunderts kennen Sie, die sich mit dieser Thematik beschäftigen?

Quelle: *The Norton Anthology of English Literature: Seventh Edition*, ed. M.H. Abrams, vol. 2, New York/London, 2000, pp. 1958-59.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

Heart of Darkness

I

The *Nellie*, a cruising yawl,¹ swung to her anchor without a flutter of the sails, and was at rest. The flood had made, the wind was nearly calm, and being bound down the river, the only thing for it was to come to and wait for the turn of the tide.

5 The sea-reach of the Thames stretched before us like the beginning of an interminable waterway. In the offing the sea and the sky were welded together without a joint, and in the luminous space the tanned sails of the barges drifting up with the tide seemed to stand still in red clusters of canvas sharply peaked, with gleams of varnished sprits. A haze rested on the low
10 shores that ran out to sea in vanishing flatness. The air was dark above Gravesend,² and farther back still seemed condensed into a mournful gloom, brooding motionless over the biggest, and the greatest, town on earth.

15 The Director of Companies was our captain and our host. We four affectionately watched his back as he stood in the bows looking to seaward. On the whole river there was nothing that looked half so nautical. He resembled a pilot, which to a seaman is trustworthiness personified. It was difficult to realise his work was not out there in the luminous estuary, but behind him, within the brooding gloom.

20 Between us there was, as I have already said somewhere, the bond of the sea. Besides holding our hearts together through long periods of separation, it had the effect of making us tolerant of each other's yarns—and even convictions. The Lawyer—the best of old fellows—had, because of his many years and many virtues, the only cushion on deck, and was lying on the only rug. The Accountant had brought out already a box of dominoes, and was toying architecturally with the bones. Marlow sat cross-legged right aft, leaning against the mizzenmast. He had sunken cheeks, a yellow complexion, a
25 straight back, an ascetic aspect, and, with his arms dropped, the palms of hands outwards, resembled an idol. The Director, satisfied the anchor had good hold, made his way aft and sat down amongst us. We exchanged a few
30 words lazily. Afterwards there was silence on board the yacht. For some reason or other we did not begin that game of dominoes. We felt meditative, and fit for nothing but placid staring. The day was ending in a serenity of still and exquisite brilliance. The water shone pacifically; the sky, without a speck, was a benign immensity of unstained light; the very mist on the Essex
35 marshes was like a gauzy and radiant fabric, hung from the wooded rises inland, and draping the low shores in diaphanous folds. Only the gloom to the west, brooding over the upper reaches, became more sombre every minute, as if angered by the approach of the sun.

40 And at last, in its curved and imperceptible fall, the sun sank low, and from glowing white changed to a dull red without rays and without heat, as if about to go out suddenly, stricken to death by the touch of that gloom brooding over a crowd of men.

Forthwith a change came over the waters, and the serenity became less brilliant but more profound. The old river in its broad reach rested unruffled

1. Two-masted boat.

2. River port on the south bank of the Thames twenty-four miles east (downriver) of London.

45 at the decline of day, after ages of good service done to the race that peopled
 its banks, spread out in the tranquil dignity of a waterway leading to the
 uttermost ends of the earth. We looked at the venerable stream not in the
 vivid flush of a short day that comes and departs for ever, but in the august
 light of abiding memories. And indeed nothing is easier for a man who has,
 50 as the phrase goes, "followed the sea" with reverence and affection, than to
 evoke the great spirit of the past upon the lower reaches of the Thames. The
 tidal current runs to and fro in its unceasing service, crowded with memories
 of men and ships it has borne to the rest of home or to the battles of the
 sea. It had known and served all the men of whom the nation is proud, from
 55 Sir Francis Drake to Sir John Franklin,³ knights all, titled and untitled—the
 great knights-errant of the sea. It had borne all the ships whose names are
 like jewels flashing in the night of time, from the *Golden Hind* returning
 with her round flanks full of treasure, to be visited by the Queen's Highness
 and thus pass out of the gigantic tale, to the *Erebus* and *Terror*, bound on
 60 other conquests—and that never returned. It had known the ships and the
 men. They had sailed from Deptford, from Greenwich, from Erith—the
 adventurers and the settlers: kings' ships and the ships of men on 'Change:
 captains, admirals, the dark "interlopers"⁴ of the Eastern trade, and the com-
 missioned "generals" of East India fleets. Hunters for gold or pursuers of
 65 fame, they all had gone out on that stream, bearing the sword, and often the
 torch, messengers of the might within the land, bearers of a spark from the
 sacred fire. What greatness had not floated on the ebb of that river into
 the mystery of an unknown earth! . . . The dreams of men, the seed of com-
 monwealths, the germs of empires.

70 The sun set; the dusk fell on the stream, and lights began to appear along
 the shore. The Chapman lighthouse, a three-legged thing erect on a mud-
 flat, shone strongly. Lights of ships moved in the fairway⁵—a great stir of
 lights going up and going down. And farther west on the upper reaches the
 place of the monstrous town was still marked ominously on the sky, a brood-
 75 ing gloom in sunshine, a lurid glare under the stars.

"And this also," said Marlow suddenly, "has been one of the dark places
 of the earth."

3. Sir John Franklin (1786–1847). Arctic explorer who in 1845 commanded an expedition consisting of the ships *Erebus* and *Terror* in search of the Northwest Passage. The ships never returned. Sir Francis Drake (ca. 1540–1596), Elizabethan naval hero and explorer, sailed around the world on his ship *The Golden Hind*. Queen Elizabeth knighted Drake on board his ship, loaded with captured Spanish treasure, on his return.

4. Private ships muscling in on the monopoly of the East India Company, which was founded in

1600, lost its trading monopoly in 1813, and transferred its governmental functions to the Crown in 1858. Deptford, on the south bank of the Thames, on the eastern edge of London, was once an important dockyard. Greenwich is on the south bank of the Thames immediately east of Deptford. Erith is eight miles farther east. "Change": the Stock Exchange.

5. Navigable part of a river, through which ships enter and depart.

Thema Nr. 2

Willy Russell: *Educating Rita* [1986]. Harlow, Essex: Longman, 2000, S. 32-34.

FRANK Now the piece you wrote for me on – what was it called...?

RITA (*getting out her cigarettes and lighter*) *Rubyfruit Jungle*.

FRANK. Yes, it was – erm...

RITA Crap?

FRANK. No. Erm – the thing is, it was an appreciation, a descriptive piece. What you have to learn is criticism.

RITA What's the difference? (*She lights a cigarette*)

FRANK Well. You must try to remember that criticism is purely objective. It should be approached almost as a science. It must be supported by reference to established literary critique. Criticism is never subjective and should not be confused with partisan interpretation. In criticism sentiment has no place. (*He picks up the copy of 'Howards End'*) Tell me, what did you think of *Howard's End*?

RITA It was crap.

FRANK What?

RITA I thought it was crap!

FRANK Crap? And who are you citing in support of your thesis, F. R. Leavis?

RITA No. Me!

FRANK What have I just said? 'Me' is subjective.

RITA Well, it's what I think.

FRANK You think *Howard's End* is crap? Well would you kindly tell me why you think it's quote, 'Crap', unquote.

RITA Yeh, I will tell y'. It's crap because the feller who wrote it was a louse. Because halfway through that book I couldn't go on readin' it because he, Mr Bleedin' E. M. Forster says, quote 'We are not concerned with the poor' unquote. That's why it's crap. An' that's why I didn't go on readin' it, that's why.

FRANK (*astounded*) Because he said we are not concerned with the poor?

RITA Yeh, that's it!

FRANK But he wasn't writing about the poor.

RITA When he wrote that book the conditions of the poor in this country were appalling. An' he's sayin' he couldn't care less. Mr E. M. Bleedin' Foster.

FRANK Forster.

RITA I don't care what his name was, he was sittin' up there in his ivory tower an' sayin' he couldn't care less.

FRANK *laughs*

RITA Don't laugh at me.

FRANK (*getting up*) But you cannot interpret E. M. Forster from a Marxist viewpoint.

RITA Why?

FRANK Look, before discussing this I said no subjectivity, no sentimentality.

RITA I wasn't bein' sentimental.

FRANK Of course you were. You stopped reading the book because you wanted Forster to concern himself with the poor. Literature can ignore the poor.

RITA Well, it's immoral.

FRANK (*wandering around*) Amoral. But you wanted to know, You see what sort of a mark you'd get if you approached Forster in this way during an examination?

RITA What sort?

FRANK Well, you might manage one or two per cent if the examiner was sympathetic to the one dubious quality your criticism displays.

RITA What's that?

FRANK Brevity.

RITA All right. But I hated that book. Can't we do somethin' else? Can't we do somethin' I like?

FRANK But the sort of stuff you like is not necessarily the sort of thing that will form the basis of your examination next Christmas. Now if you're going to pass any sort of exam you have to begin to discipline that mind of yours.

1. Analysieren Sie den Textausschnitt unter Bezugnahme auf Dialogführung und Figurencharakterisierung! Gehen Sie dabei auch auf stilistische Besonderheiten sowie intertextuelle Referenzen ein!
2. Analysieren Sie die Szene im Hinblick auf die Präsentation sozialer und geschlechtsspezifischer Rollenmuster!
3. Setzen Sie diese in Beziehung zu mindestens zwei weiteren Dramen des zwanzigsten Jahrhunderts!

Thema Nr. 3

Claude McKay, "White Houses." *The New Negro: Voices of the Harlem Renaissance*. Ed. Alain Locke. 1925. New York: Simon & Schuster, 1992. Print.

- 1 Your door is shut against my tightened face,
- 2 And I am sharp as steel with discontent;
- 3 But I possess the courage and the grace
- 4 To bear my anger proudly and unbent.
- 5 The pavement slabs burn loose beneath my feet,
- 6 A chafing savage, down the decent street,
- 7 And passion rends my vitals as I pass,
- 8 Where boldly shines your shuttered door of glass.
- 9 Oh, I must search for wisdom every hour,
- 10 Deep in my wrathful bosom sore and raw,
- 11 And find in it the superhuman power
- 12 To hold me to the letter of your law!
- 13 Oh, I must keep my heart inviolate
- 14 Against the potent poison of your hate.

- 1) Erläutern Sie die wesentlichen formalen Merkmale des Gedichtes "White Houses"!
- 2) Erörtern Sie die Zusammenhänge zwischen Form und Inhalt in diesem Gedicht des afroamerikanischen Lyrikers Claude McKay!
- 3) Diskutieren Sie das vorliegende Gedicht als Beispiel der Literatur der Moderne bzw. speziell der Harlem Renaissance!