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**Prüfungstermin**

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

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Fach: **Englisch (vertieft studiert)**

Einzelprüfung: **Literaturwissenschaft**

Anzahl der gestellten Themen (Aufgaben): **7**

Anzahl der Druckseiten dieser Vorlage: **11**

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**Bitte wenden!**



But for the concord of my state and time  
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.  
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;  
For now hath time made me his numbering clock.           50  
My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar  
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,  
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,  
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.           54

Erläuterung zum Inhalt:

Der von seinem Antagonisten Bolingbroke (dem neuen König *Henry IV*) zur Abdankung gezwungene Richard befindet sich im Gefängnis und reflektiert über sein Schicksal.

Aufgabenstellung:

- Interpretieren Sie den Monolog; gehen Sie dabei auf seine Gedankenführung und seine literarischen Gestaltungsmittel ein!
- Erörtern Sie die im Text zentral behandelte Frage nach der Identität des Königs, der kein König mehr ist!
- Shakespeare behandelt in zahlreichen Dramen die Natur des Königtums. Zeigen Sie an mindestens zwei weiteren Stückbeispielen, welche Probleme sich aus dem Zwiespalt zwischen Rolle und Person, zwischen *body politic* und *body natural* des Regenten ergeben!

## Thema Nr. 2

Interpretieren Sie die nachfolgende Textstelle unter besonderer Beachtung stilistischer Merkmale. Ordnen Sie Beckfords *Vathek* anschließend in die Tradition des Schauerromans („*gothic novel*“) ein, indem Sie ihn mit mindestens zwei weiteren Vertretern dieses Genres vergleichen! Diskutieren Sie abschließend die Frage, welche Gründe für die Entstehung des Schauerromans ausgerechnet gegen Ende des 18. Jahrhunderts, das in der Literaturgeschichte auch als „Zeitalter der Aufklärung“ bekannt ist, verantwortlich waren!

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

To familiarize herself the better with the horrors in view, the Princess remained in the company of her negresses, who squinted in the most amiable manner from the only eye they had; and leered with exquisite delight, at the  
5 skulls and skeletons which Carathis had drawn forth from her cabinets; all of them making the most frightful contortions and uttering such shrill chatterings, that the Princess stunned by them and suffocated by the potency of the exhalations, was forced to quit the gallery, after stripping  
10 it of a part of its abominable treasures.

Whilst she was thus occupied, the Caliph, who instead of the visions he expected, had acquired in these unsubstantial regions a voracious appetite, was greatly provoked at the mutes. For having totally forgotten their  
15 deafness, he had impatiently asked them for food; and seeing them regardless of his demand, he began to cuff, pinch, and bite them, till Carathis arrived to terminate a scene so indecent, to the great content of these miserable

creatures: 'Son! what means all this?' said she, panting for  
20 breath. 'I thought I heard as I came up, the shrieks of a thousand bats, torn from their crannies in the recesses of a cavern; and it was the outcry only of these poor mutes, whom you were so unmercifully abusing. In truth, you but ill deserve the admirable provision I have brought  
25 you.'—'Give it me instantly,' exclaimed the Caliph; 'I am perishing for hunger!'—'As to that,' answered she, 'you must have an excellent stomach if it can digest what I have brought.'—'Be quick,' replied the Caliph;—'but, oh heavens! what horrors! what do you intend?' 'Come;  
30 come,' returned Carathis, 'be not so squeamish; but help me to arrange every thing properly; and you shall see that, what you reject with such symptoms of disgust, will soon complete your felicity. Let us get ready the pile, for the sacrifice of to-night; and think not of eating, till that is  
35 performed: know you not, that all solemn rites ought to be preceded by a rigorous abstinence?'

The Caliph, not daring to object, abandoned himself to grief and the wind that ravaged his entrails, whilst his mother went forward with the requisite operations. Phials  
40 of serpents' oil, mummies, and bones, were soon set in order on the balustrade of the tower. The pile began to rise; and in three hours was twenty cubits high. At length darkness approached, and Carathis, having stripped herself to her inmost garment, clapped her hands in an  
45 impulse of ecstasy; the mutes followed her example; but Vathek, extenuated with hunger and impatience, was unable to support himself, and fell down in a swoon. The sparks had already kindled the dry wood; the venomous oil burst into a thousand blue flames; the mummies, dissolving, emitted a thick dun vapour; and the rhinoceros'

horns, beginning to consume; all together diffused such a stench, that the Caliph, recovering, started from his trance, and gazed wildly on the scene in full blaze around him. The oil gushed forth in a plenitude of streams; and the  
55 negresses, who supplied it without intermission, united their cries to those of the Princess. At last, the fire became so violent, and the flames reflected from the polished marble so dazzling, that the Caliph, unable to withstand the heat and the blaze, effected his escape; and took shelter under  
60 the imperial standard.

cranny – Ritze  
recess – Nische  
entrails – Eingeweide, Gedärm  
cubit – (Hist.) Elle  
extenuated – hier: made thin or lean  
swoon – (literary) Ohnmacht

## Thema Nr. 3

Samuel Beckett, *Krapp's Last Tape* (1958)

Krapp, in den Bühnenanweisungen beschrieben als „*wearish old man*“, hört sich Tonbandaufzeichnungen über sein früheres Leben an, welche er selbst von Jahr zu Jahr anfertigte. In diesem Auszug hört er seiner eigenen 39-jährigen Stimme zu.

[...]

*Pause.*

Just been listening to an old year, passages at random. I did not check in the book, but it must be at least ten or twelve years ago. At that time I think I was still living on and off with Bianca in Kedar Street. Well out of that, Jesus yes! Hopeless business. (*Pause.*) Not much about her, apart from a  
 5 tribute to her eyes. Very warm. I suddenly saw them again. (*Pause.*) Incomparable! (*Pause.*) Ah well. ... (*Pause.*) These old P.M.s\* are gruesome, but I often find them – (KRAPP *switches off, broods, switches on*) – a help before embarking on a new ... (*hesitates*) ... retrospect. Hard to believe I was ever that young whelp. The voice! Jesus! And the aspirations! (*Brief laugh in which KRAPP joins.*) And the resolutions! (*Brief laugh in which KRAPP joins.*) To drink less, in particular. (*Brief laugh of*  
 10 KRAPP *alone.*) Statistics. Seventeen hundred hours, out of the preceding eight thousand odd, consumed on licensed premises alone. More than 20 per cent, say 40 per cent of his waking life. (*Pause.*) Plans for a less ... (*hesitates*) ... engrossing sexual life. Last illness of his father. Flagging pursuit of happiness. Unattainable laxation. Sneers at what he calls his youth and thanks to God that it's over. (*Pause.*) False ring there. (*Pause.*) Shadows of the opus ... magnum. Closing with a – (*brief laugh*) –  
 15 yelp to Providence. (*Prolonged laugh in which KRAPP joins.*) What remains of all that misery? A girl in a shabby green coat, on a railway-station platform? No?

*Pause.*

When I look –

KRAPP *switches off, broods, looks at his watch, gets up, goes backstage into darkness. Ten seconds.*  
 20 *Pop of cork. Ten seconds. Second cork. Ten seconds. Third cork. Ten seconds. Brief burst of quavering song.*

KRAPP: (*sings*).      Now the day is over,  
                                  Night is drawing nigh-igh,  
                                  Shadows –

25 *Fit of coughing. He comes back into light, sits down, wipes his mouth, switches on, resumes his listening posture.*

TAPE: – back on the year that is gone, with what I hope is perhaps a glint of the old eye to come, there is of course the house on the canal where mother lay a-dying, in the late autumn, after her long viduity (KRAPP *gives a start*), and the – (KRAPP *switches off, winds back tape a little, bends his ear closer to*  
 30 *machine, switches on*) – a-dying, after her long viduity, and the –

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

KRAPP *switches off, raises his head, stares blankly before him. His lips move in the syllables of 'viduity'. No sound. He gets up, goes backstage into darkness, comes back with an enormous dictionary, lays it on table, sits down and looks up the word.*

- 35 KRAPP: (*reading from dictionary*). State – or condition – of being – or remaining – a widow – or widower. (*Looks up. Puzzled.*) Being – or remaining? ... (*Pause. He peers again at dictionary. Reading.*) 'Deep weeds of viduity.' ... Also of an animal, especially a bird ... the vidua or weaver-bird. ... Black plumage of male. ... (*He looks up. With relish.*) The vidua-bird!

*Pause. He closes dictionary, switches on, resumes listening posture.*

- 40 TAPE: – bench by the weir from where I could see her window. There I sat, in the biting wind, wishing she were gone. (*Pause.*) Hardly a soul, just a few regulars, nursemaids, infants, old men, dogs, I got to know them quite well – oh by appearance of course I mean! One dark young beauty I recollect particularly, all white and starch, incomparable bosom, with a big black hooded perambulator, most funereal thing. Whenever I looked in her direction she had her eyes on me. And yet when I was bold enough to speak to her – not having been introduced – she threatened to call a policeman. As if I had designs on her virtue! (*Laugh. Pause.*) The face she had! The eyes! Like ... (*hesitates*) ... chrysolite! (*Pause.*) Ah well. ... (*Pause.*) I was there when – (KRAPP *switches off, broods, switches on again*) – the blind went down,\* one of those dirty brown roller affairs, throwing a ball for a little white dog as chance would have it. I happened to look up and there it was. All over and done with, at last. I sat on for a few moments with the ball in my hand and the dog yelping and pawing at me. (*Pause.*) Moments. 50 Her moments, my moments. (*Pause.*) The dog's moments. (*Pause.*) In the end I held it out to him and he took it in his mouth, gently, gently. A small, old, black, hard, solid rubber ball. (*Pause.*) I shall feel it, in my hand, until my dying day. (*Pause.*) I might have kept it. (*Pause.*) But I gave it to the dog.

(*Pause.*)

[...]

Text: Samuel Beckett, *Krapp's Last Tape*, in: *Krapp's Last Tape and Embers*, London: Faber and Faber, 1965, 12-15.

#### Erläuterungen:

\* P.M.s – Post Mortems (gemeint sind die Aufzeichnungen aus vergangenen Jahren)

\* the blind went down – alter Brauch; zeigt den Tod einer Person an

#### Aufgaben:

1. Beschreiben Sie die ‚Interaktion‘ zwischen dem alten und dem jüngeren Krapp unter Einbeziehung des plurimedialen Verweiszusammenhangs der Bühne!
2. Diskutieren Sie die vielschichtige Thematisierung von Identität, von Erinnerung und Vergessen in diesem Textauszug!
3. Welche Funktion hat die Form dieses Bühnenstücks, das sowohl Einakter als auch Monodrama ist?
4. Setzen Sie das Bühnenstück, unter Berücksichtigung der oben erörterten Fragen, in Bezug zu anderen Werken Becketts und seiner Zeit!

## Thema Nr. 4

## William Butler Yeats, "Sailing To Byzantium" (1926)

## I

That is no country for old men. The young  
In one another's arms, birds in the trees  
---Those dying generations---at their song,  
The salmon-falls, the mackerel-crowded seas,  
5 Fish, flesh, or fowl commend all summer long  
Whatever is begotten, born, and dies.  
Caught in that sensual music all neglect  
Monuments of unaging intellect.

## II

An aged man is but a paltry thing,  
10 A tattered coat upon a stick, unless  
Soul clap its hands and sing, and louder sing  
For every tatter in its mortal dress,  
Nor is there singing school but studying  
Monuments of its own magnificence;  
15 And therefore I have sailed the seas and come  
To the holy city of Byzantium.

## III

O sages standing in God's holy fire  
As in the gold mosaic of a wall,  
Come from the holy fire, perne in a gyre,  
20 And be the singing-masters of my soul.  
Consume my heart away; sick with desire  
And fastened to a dying animal  
It knows not what it is; and gather me  
Into the artifice of eternity.

## IV

25 Once out of nature I shall never take  
My bodily form from any natural thing,  
But such a form as Grecian goldsmiths make  
Of hammered gold and gold enamelling  
To keep a drowsy Emperor awake;  
30 Or set upon a golden bough to sing  
To lords and ladies of Byzantium  
Of what is past, or passing, or to come.

Text: William Butler Yeats, "Sailing to Byzantium", *The Collected Poems of William Butler Yeats*, ed. Richard J. Finneran, London: Macmillan, 1991, 193-194.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

Aufgaben:

1. Welche Klagen äußert der Sprecher über seine Lebenswelt? Welche Wünsche und Sehnsüchte stehen dem gegenüber?
2. Welche Bedeutung wird in diesem Kontext Byzanz (dem heutigen Istanbul) zugeschrieben?
3. Analysieren Sie die lyrischen Ausdrucksmittel, mit denen die Mitteilungsabsicht gestaltet wird!
4. Ordnen Sie das Gedicht in seinen Entstehungskontext ein! Gehen Sie dabei auch auf lyrische Texte mit ähnlicher thematischer Ausrichtung ein!

**Thema Nr. 5****Paul Lawrence Dunbar, "We Wear the Mask" (1895)**

WE wear the mask that grins and lies,  
 It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes,—  
 This debt we pay to human guile;  
 With torn and bleeding hearts we smile,  
 5 And mouth with myriad subtleties.

Why should the world be overwise,  
 In counting all our tears and sighs?  
 Nay, let them only see us, while  
 We wear the mask.

10 We smile, but, O great Christ, our cries  
 To thee from tortured souls arise.  
 We sing, but oh the clay is vile  
 Beneath our feet, and long the mile;  
 But let the world dream otherwise,  
 15 We wear the mask!

Ausgabe: *The Norton Anthology of African American Literature*. Gen.eds. Henry Louis Gates, Jr. and Nellie Y. McKay. New York: Norton, 1997. 896.

Aufgaben:

1. Identifizieren Sie die Sprechsituation des Gedichts und analysieren Sie ihre Funktion!
2. Erläutern Sie den formalen Aufbau des Gedichts! Welche Bedeutungseffekte werden erzielt?
3. Ordnen Sie Dunbars Gedicht in den Kontext der afrikanisch-amerikanischen Literaturgeschichte sowie der amerikanischen Literaturgeschichte als Ganzer ein!

**Thema Nr. 6**

Charlotte Perkins Gilman's schrieb "The Yellow Wall-Paper" (1892) als kritische Auseinandersetzung mit den Auswirkungen der sogenannten „rest cure“, die vielen Frauen – auch ihr selbst – gegen Ende des 19. Jahrhunderts von männlichen Ärzten verschrieben wurde.

John is practical in the extreme. He has no patience with faith, an intense horror of superstition, and he scoffs openly at any talk of things not to be felt and seen and put down in figures.

John is a physician, and *perhaps* -- (I would not say it to a living soul, of course, but this is dead paper and a great relief to my mind) -- *perhaps* that is one reason I do not get well faster.

5 You see he does not believe I am sick!

And what can one do?

If a physician of high standing, and one's own husband, assures friends and relatives that there is really nothing the matter with one but temporary nervous depression -- a slight hysterical tendency-- what is one to do?

10 My brother is also a physician, and also of high standing, and he says the same thing.

So I take phosphates or phosphites -- whichever it is, and tonics, and journeys, and air, and exercise, and am absolutely forbidden to „work“ until I am well again.

Personally, I disagree with their ideas.

Personally, I believe that congenial work, with excitement and change, would do me good.

15 But what is one to do?

I did write for a while in spite of them; but it does exhaust me a good deal -- having to be so sly about it, or else meet with heavy opposition.

I sometimes fancy that in my condition if I had less opposition and more society and stimulus -- but John says the very worst thing I can do is to think about my condition, and I confess it always makes me feel bad.

20

So I will let it alone and talk about the house.

[...]

I don't like our room a bit. I wanted one downstairs that opened on the piazza and had roses all over the window, and such pretty old-fashioned chintz hangings! but John would not hear of it.

25 He said there was only one window and not room for two beds, and no near room for him if he took another.

He is very careful and loving, and hardly lets me stir without special direction.

I have a schedule prescription for each hour in the day; he takes all care from me, and so I feel basely ungrateful not to value it more.

**Fortsetzung nächste Seite!**

30 He said we came here solely on my account, that I was to have perfect rest and all the air I could get. „Your exercise depends on your strength, my dear,“ said he, „and your food somewhat on your appetite; but air you can absorb all the time.“ So we took the nursery at the top of the house.

It is a big, airy room, the whole floor nearly, with windows that look all ways, and air and sunshine galore. It was nursery first and then playroom and gymnasium, I should judge; for the windows are barred for little children, and there are rings and things in the walls.

35 The paint and paper look as if a boys' school had used it. It is stripped off--the paper in great patches all around the head of my bed, about as far as I can reach, and in a great place on the other side of the room low down. I never saw a worse paper in my life.

One of those sprawling flamboyant patterns committing every artistic sin.

40 It is dull enough to confuse the eye in following, pronounced enough to constantly irritate and provoke study, and when you follow the lame uncertain curves for a little distance they suddenly commit suicide--plunge off at outrageous angles, destroy themselves in unheard of contradictions.

The color is repellent, almost revolting; a smouldering unclean yellow, strangely faded by the slow-turning sunlight.

It is a dull yet lurid orange in some places, a sickly sulphur tint in others.

45 No wonder the children hated it! I should hate it myself if I had to live in this room long.

There comes John, and I must put this away, -- he hates to have me write a word.

Text: Charlotte Perkins Gilman, "The Yellow Wallpaper." 1892. *Heath Anthology of American Literature*. Vol. 1. Lexington, MA: Heath, 1990. 762-63.

#### Aufgaben:

1. Diskutieren Sie den Text als Beispiel des literarischen Realismus! Gehen Sie auch auf die Position des Individuums in gesellschaftlichen – etwa klassen- und geschlechtsspezifischen – Strukturen ein!
2. Welche Rolle spielen Schauplatz und Erzählinstanz in der zitierten Passage?
3. Inwieweit unterscheidet sich "The Yellow Wall-Paper" von literarischen Texten der vorangehenden Epoche (Romantik) und der nachfolgenden Epoche (Moderne)?

## Thema Nr. 7

1. Analysieren Sie die erzählerischen, sprachlichen und stilistischen Mittel des Textausschnitts der Geschichte "Welcome to the Monkey House" von Kurt Vonnegut!
2. Situieren Sie das Werk von Kurt Vonnegut im kultur- und literaturhistorischen Kontext der amerikanischen Postmoderne!
3. Diskutieren Sie mit Bezug auf zwei weitere Autor/innen das Komische als Stilelement der postmodernen Literatur!

Kurt Vonnegut: "Welcome to the Monkey House". In: Richard For, ed. *The Granta Book of the American Short Story*. London: Granta, 1992. 227, 228

- 5 So Pete Crocker, the sheriff of Barnstable County, which was the whole of Cape Cod, came into the Federal Ethical Suicide Parlor in Hyannis one May afternoon—and he told the two six-foot Hostesses there that they weren't to be alarmed; but that a notorious nothinghead named Billy the Poet was believed headed for the Cape.
- A nothinghead was a person who refused to take his ethical birth-control pills three times a day. The penalty for that was \$10,000 and ten years in jail.
- 10 This was at a time when the population on Earth was 17 billion human beings. That was far too many mammals that big for a planet that small. The people were virtually packed together like drupelets. Drupelets are the pulpy little knobs that compose the outside of a raspberry.
- 15 So the World Government was making a two-pronged attack on overpopulation. One pronging was the encouragement of ethical suicide, which consisted of going to the nearest Suicide Parlor and asking a Hostess to kill you painlessly while you lay on a Barcalounger. The other pronging was compulsory ethical birth control.
- 20 The sheriff told the Hostesses, who were pretty, tough-minded, highly intelligent girls, that roadblocks were being set up and house-to-house searches were being conducted to catch Billy the Poet. The main difficulty was that the police didn't know what he looked like. The few people who had seen him and known him for what he was were women—and they disagreed fantastically as to his height, his hair color, his voice, his weight, the color of his skin.
- 25 'I don't need to remind you girls,' the sheriff went on, 'that a nothinghead is very sensitive from the waist down. If Billy the Poet somehow slips in here and starts making trouble, one good kick in the right place will do wonders.'
- 30 He was referring to the fact that ethical birth-control pills, the only legal form of birth control, made people numb from the waist down. Most men said their bottom halves felt like cold iron or balsawood.
- 35 Most women said their bottom halves felt like wet cotton or stale ginger ale. The pills were so effective that you could blindfold a man who had taken one, tell him to recite the Gettysburg Address, kick him in the balls while he was doing it, and he wouldn't miss a syllable.
- 40 The pills were ethical because they didn't interfere with a person's ability to reproduce, which would have been unnatural and immoral. All the pills did was take every bit of pleasure out of sex. Thus did science and morals go hand in hand.