
Prüfungsteilnehmer

Prüfungstermin

Einzelprüfungsnummer

Kennzahl: _____

Kennwort: _____

Arbeitsplatz-Nr.: _____

**Frühjahr
2014**

62619

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

Fach: **Englisch (vertieft studiert)**

Einzelprüfung: **Literaturwissenschaft**

Anzahl der gestellten Themen (Aufgaben): 7

Anzahl der Druckseiten dieser Vorlage: 14

Bitte wenden!

Thema Nr. 1

I. Text:

*Book One**The perforated sheet*

I was born in the city of Bombay ... once upon a time. No, that won't do, there's no getting away from the date: I was born in Doctor Narlikar's Nursing Home on August 15th, 1947. And the time? The time matters, too. Well then: at night. No, it's important to be more ... On the stroke of midnight, as a matter of fact. Clock-hands joined palms in respectful greeting as I came. Oh, spell it out, spell it out: at the precise instant of India's arrival at independence, I tumbled forth into the world. There were gasps. And, outside the window, fireworks and crowds. A few seconds later, my father broke his big toe; but his accident was a mere trifle when set beside what had befallen me in that benighted moment, because thanks to the occult tyrannies of those blandly saluting clocks I had been mysteriously handcuffed to history, my destinies indissolubly chained to those of my country. For the next three decades, there was to be no escape. Soothsayers had prophesied me, newspapers celebrated my arrival, politicians ratified my authenticity. I was left entirely without a say in the matter. I, Saleem Sinai, later variously called Snotnose, Stainface, Baldy, Sniffer, Buddha and even Piece-of-the-Moon, had become heavily embroiled in Fate – at the best of times a dangerous sort of involvement. And I couldn't even wipe my own nose at the time.

Now, however, time (having no further use for me) is running out. I will soon be thirty-one years old. Perhaps. If my crumbling, over-used body permits. But I have no hope of saving my life, nor can I count on having even a thousand nights and a night. I must work fast, faster than Scheherazade, if I am to end up meaning – yes, meaning – something. I admit it: above all things, I fear absurdity.

And there are so many stories to tell; too many, such an excess of intertwined lives events miracles places rumours, so dense a commingling of the improbable and the mundane! I have been a swallower of lives; and to know me, just the one of me, you'll have to swallow the lot as well. Consumed multitudes are jostling and shoving inside me; and guided only by the memory of a large white bedsheet with a

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roughly circular hole some seven inches in diameter cut into the centre, clutching at the dream of that holey, mutilated square of linen, which is my talisman, my open-sesame, I must commence the business of remaking my life from the point at which it really began, some thirty-two years before anything as obvious, as *present*, as my clock-ridden, crime-stained birth.

(The sheet, incidentally, is stained too, with three drops of old, faded redness. As the Quran tells us: *Recite, in the name of the Lord thy Creator, who created Man from clots of blood.*)

Quelle: Rushdie, Salman. *Midnight's Children*. 1981. London: Vintage, 1995. Print.

II. Fragen:

1. Mit der vorliegenden Textpassage eröffnet Salman Rushdie seinen Roman *Midnight's Children*. Welche Erzählsituation findet sich in der Textpassage, und welche narrativen Strategien werden bei der Konstruktion der Erzählsituation eingesetzt?
2. Rushdies Roman wird üblicherweise der historiographischen Metafiktion zugeordnet, die als paradigmatische Gattung des Postmodernismus gelten kann. Welche narrativen Strategien werden in dem Textausschnitt eingesetzt, um kritisch auf Geschichte und Geschichtsdeutungen zu reflektieren?
3. Ordnen Sie den Textausschnitt in den literatur- und kulturgeschichtlichen Kontext der Postmoderne ein! Gehen Sie dabei auch auf die Bedeutung der historiographischen Metafiktion für Postmoderne und Postkolonialismus ein!

Thema Nr. 2

I. Text:

Joseph Addison, "Thoughts in Westminster Abbey" (1711)

When I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey; where the gloominess of the place and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person but that he was born upon one day and died upon another; the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons who had left no other memorial of them but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head. The life of these men is finely described in Holy Writ by "the Path of an Arrow," which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovelful of it that was thrown up the fragment of a bone or skull intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering earth that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this, I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries,¹ were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were, in the lump, I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs that if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed indeed that the present war² had filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim,³ or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honour to the living as well as to the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a nation from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius before they are put in execution. Sir Cloudesley Shovel's⁴ monument has very often given me great offence. Instead of the brave rough English admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed

¹ *prebendaries*: Domherren

² *present war*: Spanischer Erbfolgekrieg (1701-1714).

³ *Blenheim*: die englische Schreibweise des deutschen Dorfes Blindheim in Schwaben, in dessen Umgebung 1704 eine bedeutende Schlacht (*Battle of Blenheim*) ausgetragen wurde.

⁴ Sir Cloudesley Shovell (1650-1707), englischer Admiral, der bei einem Schiffbruch ertrank.

in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, show an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature, than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expense, represent them like themselves; and are adorned with rostral crowns⁵ and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of seaweed,⁶ shells, and coral.

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy, and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

Text: Joseph Addison, *Essays of Joseph Addison*, hrsg. John R. Green, Rockville: Wildside Press, 2010, 346-349.

II. Aufgaben:

1. Analysieren Sie die Haltung des Erzählers zu Leben, Tod und Sterben!
2. Diskutieren Sie die geäußerte Kritik an der Ästhetik der Grabmäler!
3. Welche Bedeutung kommt Westminster Abbey als Ort der Erzählung zu?
4. Der Essay wurde erstveröffentlicht in *The Spectator*. Diskutieren Sie die Auswirkung dieser Veröffentlichungsform für die englische Literatur und Kultur des 18. Jahrhunderts!

⁵ *rostral crowns*: wie der Bug eines Schiffes modelliert.

⁶ *festoons of seaweed*: Girlanden aus Seetang.

Thema Nr. 3

I. Text:

Edmund Spenser, *Amoretti*, Sonnet LXXV (1595)

	One day I wrote her name upon the strand;	
	But came the waves, and washed it away:	
	Again, I wrote it with a second hand;	
	But came the tide, and made my pains his prey.	
5	Vain man, said she, that dost in vain assey	[assey: attempt
	A mortal thing so to immortalize;	
	For I myself shall like to this decay,	
	And eke my name be wiped out likewise.	[eke: also, too
	Not so, quoth I; let baser things devise	
10	To die in dust, but you shall live by fame:	
	My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,	[rare: uncommonly good
	And in the heavens write your glorious name.	
	Where, whenas death shall all the world subdue,	
	Our love shall live, and later life renew.	

Text: *The Top 500 Poems*. Ed. William Harmon. New York: Columbia UP, 1992. S. 64.

II. Aufgaben:

1. Analysieren Sie das vorliegende Gedicht und gehen Sie dabei insbesondere auf die Verbindung von Form und Inhalt ein!
2. Kommentieren Sie das Verhältnis des Sprechers zur ‚Angebeteten‘ mit Bezug auf die Sonett-Tradition!
3. Diskutieren Sie das Motiv der ‚verewigenden‘ Funktion von Kunst mit Bezug auf weitere Gedichte oder Dichter; gehen Sie dabei sowohl auf die frühe Neuzeit als auch auf mindestens eine spätere Epoche ein!

Thema Nr. 4

I. Text:

From Shakespeare, William. *Julius Caesar*. 1599. *The Norton Shakespeare*. Ed. Stephen Greenblatt *et al.* New York: Norton, 1997. 1564-1566 (III, ii, 12-104). Print.

Zum Inhalt:

Nach der Ermordung von Caesar wenden sich Brutus und Antony an das römische Volk, um die Tat, an der Brutus maßgeblich beteiligt war, zu rechtfertigen.

1. [Enter BRUTUS *above in the pulpit*]
 THIRD PLEBEIAN The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence.
 BRUTUS Be patient till the last.*
5. Romans, countrymen, and lovers,* hear me for my cause, and
 Be silent that you may hear. Believe me for* mine honour, and
 have respect to* mine honour, that you may believe. Censure*
 me in your wisdom, and awake your senses,* that you may the
 better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend
 of Caesar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less
 10. than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against
 Caesar, this is my answer: not that I loved Caesar less, but that
 I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and
 die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men?
 As Caesar loved me, I weep for him. As he was fortunate, I
 15. rejoice at it. As he was valiant, I honour him. But as he was
 ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love, joy for his
 fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who
 is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak, for him
 have I offended.* Who is here so rude* that would not be a
 20. Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so
 vile that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I
 offended. I pause for a reply.
23. ALL THE PLEBEIANS None, Brutus, none.
 24. BRUTUS Then none have I offended. I have done no more to
 25. Caesar that you shall do¹ to Brutus. The question of* his
 death is enrolled* in the Capitol, his glory not extenuated*
 wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced* for which
 he suffered death.
30. *Enter Mark ANTONY, with [others bearing] Caesar's body [in a coffin]*
 Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though
 he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his
 dying: a place in the commonwealth – as which of you shall
 not? With this I depart: that as I slew my best lover* for the
 good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself when it shall
 35. please my country to need my death.

*end of my address
 dear friends
 on account of
 regard for / Judge
 understanding*

wronged / barbarous

*reason for
 recorded / diminished
 unduly stressed*

friend

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

ALL THE PLEBEIANS Live, Brutus, live. live!

FIRST PLEBEIAN Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN Give him a statue with his ancestors.

THIRD PLEBEIAN Let him be Caesar.

40 . FIFTH PLEBEIAN Caesar's better parts* *faculties*

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

FIRST PLEBEIAN We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

BRUTUS My countrymen.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

FIRST PLEBEIAN Peace ho!

BRUTUS Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.

Do grace* to Caesar's corpse, and grace² his speech

Pay respect

Tending* to Caesar's glories, which Mark Antony

Relating

By our permission, is allowed to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart

Save I alone till Antony have spoke. *Exit.*

FIRST PLEBEIAN Stay, ho, and let us hear Mark Antony.

THIRD PLEBEIAN Let him go up into the public chair,

We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

ANTONY For Brutus' sake I am beholden to you.

[ANTONY *ascends to the pulpit*]

FIFTH PLEBEIAN What does he say of Brutus?

THIRD PLEBEIAN He says, for Brutus' sake.

He finds himself beholden to us all.

FIFTH PLEBEIAN 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here!

FIRST PLEBEIAN This Caesar was a tyrant.

THIRD PLEBEIAN Nay, that's certain.

We are blessed that Rome is rid of him.

[Enter ANTONY *in the pulpit*]

FOURTH PLEBEIAN Peace, let us hear what Antony can say.

ANTONY You gentle Romans.

ALL THE PLEBEIANS Peace, ho! Let us hear him.

ANTONY Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interrèd with their bones.

So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Caesar was ambitious.

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Caesar answered* it.

Here, under leave* of Brutus and the rest –

For Brutus is an honourable man,

So are they all, all honourable men –

Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me.

But Brutus says he was ambitious,

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers* fill.

Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?

*paid the penalty for
by permission*

public treasury

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When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept.
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And sure he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause.
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgement, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!

[*He weeps*]

Bear with me,
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1. Should do (in such circumstances)
2. Courteously hear

II. Aufgaben:

Interpretieren Sie den Textausschnitt unter Berücksichtigung folgender Fragen:

1. Analysieren Sie die Argumentationslogik, mit der Brutus und Antony die Ermordung Caesars rechtfertigen! Welche rhetorischen Stilmittel kommen hierbei zum Einsatz?
2. Berücksichtigen Sie bei der Analyse der Argumentationslogik auch Formen der Charakterisierung! Wie werden Caesar und Brutus von Antony charakterisiert? Was sind die Effekte dieser Charakterisierung?
3. Erörtern Sie die in dem Textausschnitt behandelte Frage nach dem Konflikt zwischen Individuum und staatlicher Ordnung! Situieren Sie diesen Konflikt im kulturellen Kontext der Frühen Neuzeit!

Thema Nr. 5

I: Text

William Faulkner, *Absalom, Absalom!* (1936)
Chapter 1

From a little after two o'clock until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead September afternoon she sat in what Miss Coldfield still called the office because her father had called it that - a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for forty-three summers because when she was a girl someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which (as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house) became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Quentin thought of as being fleck of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them. There was a wisteria vine blooming for the second time that summer on a wooden trellis before one window, into which sparrows came now and then in random gusts, making a dry vivid dusty sound before going away: and opposite Quentin, Miss Coldfield in the eternal black which she had worn for forty-three years now, whether for sister, father, or nothusband none knew, sitting so bolt upright in the straight chair that was so tall for her that her legs hung straight and rigid as if she iron shinbones and ankles, clear of the floor with that air of impotent and static rage like children's feet, and talking in that grim haggard amazed voice until at last listening would renege and hearing-sense self-confound and the long-dead object of her impotent yet indomitable frustration would appear, as though by outraged recapitulation evoked, quiet inattentive and harmless, out of the biding and dreamy and victorious dust. Her voice would not cease, it would just vanish. There would be the dim coffin-smelling gloom sweet and oversweet with the twice-bloomed wisteria against the outer wall by the savage quiet September sun impacted distilled and hyperdistilled, into which came now and then the cloudy flutter of sparrows like a flat limber stick whipped by an idle boy, and the rank smell of female old flesh long embattled in virginity while the wan haggard face watched him above the faint triangle of lace at wrists and throat from the too tall chair in which she resembled a crucified child; and the voice not ceasing but vanishing into and then out of long intervals like a stream, a trickle running from patch to patch of dried sand, and the ghost mused with shadowy docility as if it were the voice which he haunted where a more fortunate one would have had a house. Out of quiet thunderclap he would abrupt (man-horse-demon) upon a scene peaceful and decorous as a schoolprize water color, faint sulphur-reek still in hair clothes and beard, with grouped behind him his band of wild niggers like beasts half tamed to walk upright like men, in attitudes wild and reposed, and manacled among them the French architect with his air grim, haggard, and tattered. Immobile, bearded and hand palm-lifted the horseman sat; behind him the wild blacks and the captive architect huddled quietly, carrying in bloodless paradox the shovels and picks and axes of peaceful conquest. Then in the long unamaze Quentin seemed to watch them overrun suddenly the hundred square miles of tranquil and astonished earth and drag house and formal gardens violently out of soundless Nothing and clap them down like cards upon a table beneath the up-palm immobile pontific, creating Sutpen's Hundred, the *Be Sutpen's Hundred* like the oldentime *Be Light*.

Ausgabe: William Faulkner, *Absalom, Absalom!*. New York: Vintage International, 1990.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

II. Aufgaben

1. Analysieren Sie die Erzählsituation der Passage, mit der Faulkners Roman beginnt, und identifizieren Sie narrative und rhetorische Mittel, mit denen die Erzählperspektive konstruiert wird!
2. Analysieren Sie die Figurenkonstruktion von Miss Coldfield mit besonderem Blick auf die Kategorien „age“ und „gender“!
3. Ordnen Sie den Roman in den literaturhistorischen Kontext ein!

Thema Nr. 6

I. Text

Robert Frost, „The Gift Outright“ (1942)

THE GIFT OUTRIGHT

The land was ours before we were the land's.
 She was our land more than a hundred years
 Before we were her people. She was ours
 In Massachusetts, in Virginia,
 But we were England's, still colonials, 5
 Possessing what we still were unpossessed by,
 Possessed by what we now no more possessed,
 Something we were withholding made us weak
 Until we found out that it was ourselves
 We were withholding from our land of living, 10
 And forthwith found salvation in surrender.
 Such as we were we gave ourselves outright
 (The deed of gift was many deeds of war)
 To the land vaguely realizing westward,
 But still unstoried, artless, unenhanced, 15
 Such as she was, such as she would become.

Ausgabe: *The Poetry of Robert Frost: The Collected Poems*. Ed. E.D. Lathem. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1979.

II. Fragen:

1. Identifizieren und kommentieren Sie die Sprechsituation und den Ton des Gedichts! Gehen Sie dabei auch auf die Funktion von Alliterationen ein!
2. Erörtern Sie, vor dem Hintergrund Ihrer Ausführungen zu Sprechsituation und Ton, das zentrale Thema des Gedichts!
3. In Christopher Marlowe's *The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus* (1604) erkaufte sich Faust die Dienste des Teufels, indem er Mephisto seine Seele anbietet. Dieser fordert Faust daraufhin auf: „thou must bequeath it solemnly,/And write a deed of gift with thine own blood“. Interpretieren Sie vor diesem intertextuellen Hintergrund das Motiv der Gabe („gift“) und seine Funktion im Gedicht von Robert Frost!

Thema Nr. 7

I. Text

Arthur Miller, *The Crucible* (1952)

Pastor Parris im Dialog mit Abigail Williams, der späteren Hauptanklägerin in den Salemer Hexenprozessen von 1692, die den Hintergrund des Dramas bilden.

Reverend Parris is praying now, and, though we cannot hear his words, a sense of his confusion hangs about him. He mumbles, then seems about to weep; then he weeps, then prays again; but his daughter does not stir on the bed.

The door opens, and his Negro slave enters. Tituba is in her forties. Parris brought her with him from Barbados, where he spent some years as a merchant before entering the ministry. She enters as one does who can no longer bear to be barred from the sight of her beloved, but she is also very frightened because her slave sense has warned her that, as always, trouble in this house eventually lands on her back.

TITUBA, *already taking a step backward*: My Betty be hearty soon?

PARRIS: Out of here!

TITUBA, *backing to the door*: My Betty not goin' die . . .

PARRIS, *scrambling to his feet in a fury*: Out of my sight! *She is gone. Out of my— He is overcome with sobs. He clamps his teeth against them and closes the door and leans against it, exhausted. Oh, my God! God help me! Quaking with fear, mumbling to himself through his sobs, he goes to the bed and gently takes Betty's hand. Betty. Child. Dear child. Will you wake, will you open up your eyes! Betty, little one . . .*

He is bending to kneel again when his niece, Abigail Williams, seventeen, enters—a strikingly beautiful girl, an orphan, with an endless capacity for dissembling. Now she is all worry and apprehension and propriety.

ABIGAIL: Uncle? *He looks to her.* Susanna Walcott's here from Doctor Griggs.

PARRIS: Oh? Let her come, let her come.

ABIGAIL, *leaning out the door to call to Susanna, who is down the hall a few steps*: Come in, Susanna.

Susanna Walcott, a little younger than Abigail, a nervous, hurried girl, enters.

PARRIS, *eagerly*: What does the doctor say, child?

SUSANNA, *craning around Parris to get a look at Betty*: He bid me come and tell you, reverend sir, that he cannot discover no medicine for it in his books.

PARRIS: Then he must search on.

SUSANNA: Aye, sir, he have been searchin' his books since he left you, sir. But he bid me tell you, that you might look to unnatural things for the cause of it.

PARRIS, *his eyes going wide*: No—no. There be no unnatural cause here. Tell him I have sent for Reverend Hale of Beverly, and Mr. Hale will surely confirm that. Let him look to medicine and put out all thought of unnatural causes here. There be none.

SUSANNA: Aye, sir. He bid me tell you. *She turns to go.*

ABIGAIL: Speak nothin' of it in the village, Susanna.

PARRIS: Go directly home and speak nothing of unnatural causes.

SUSANNA: Aye, sir. I pray for her. *She goes out.*

ABIGAIL: Uncle, the rumor of witchcraft is all about; I think you'd best go down and deny it yourself. The parlor's packed with people, sir. I'll sit with her.

PARRIS, *pressed, turns on her*: And what shall I say to them? That my daughter and my niece I discovered dancing like heathen in the forest?

ABIGAIL: Uncle, we did dance; let you tell them I confessed it—and I'll be whipped if I must be. But they're speakin' of witchcraft. Betty's not witched.

PARRIS: Abigail, I cannot go before the congregation when I know you have not opened with me. What did you do with her in the forest?

ABIGAIL: We did dance, uncle, and when you leaped out of the bush so suddenly, Betty was frightened and then she fainted. And there's the whole of it.

PARRIS: Child. Sit you down.

ABIGAIL, *quavering, as she sits*: I would never hurt Betty. I love her dearly.

PARRIS: Now look you, child, your punishment will come in its time. But if you trafficked with spirits in the forest I must know it now, for surely my enemies will, and they will ruin me with it.

ABIGAIL: But we never conjured spirits.

PARRIS: Then why can she not move herself since midnight? This child is desperate! *Abigail lowers her eyes.* It must come out—my enemies will bring it out. Let me know what you done there. Abigail, do you understand that I have many enemies?

ABIGAIL: I have heard of it, uncle.

PARRIS: There is a faction that is sworn to drive me from my pulpit. Do you understand that?

ABIGAIL: I think so, sir.

PARRIS: Now then, in the midst of such disruption, my own household is discovered to be the very center of some obscene practice. Abominations are done in the forest—

ABIGAIL: It were sport, uncle!

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

PARRIS, *pointing at Betty*: You call this sport? *She lowers her eyes. He pleads*: Abigail, if you know something that may help the doctor, for God's sake tell it to me. *She is silent*. I saw Tituba waving her arms over the fire when I came on you. Why was she doing that? And I heard a screeching and gibberish coming from her mouth. She were swaying like a dumb beast over that fire!

ABIGAIL: She always sings her Barbados songs, and we dance.

PARRIS: I cannot blink what I saw, Abigail, for my enemies will not blink it. I saw a dress lying on the grass.

ABIGAIL, *innocently*: A dress?

PARRIS—*it is very hard to say*: Aye, a dress. And I thought I saw—someone naked running through the trees!

ABIGAIL, *in terror*: No one was naked! You mistake yourself, uncle!

PARRIS, *with anger*: I saw it! *He moves from her. Then, resolved*: Now tell me true, Abigail. And I pray you feel the weight of truth upon you, for now my ministry's at stake, my ministry and perhaps your cousin's life. Whatever abomination you have done, give me all of it now, for I dare not be taken unaware when I go before them down there.

ABIGAIL: There is nothin' more. I swear it, uncle.

II. Fragen

1. Wie wird hier in diesem Dialog das Thema *witchcraft* aufgebaut?
2. Wie werden der Tanz im Wald und die puritanische Welt des Pastors aufeinander bezogen?
3. Welche Gründe für die spätere Hexenjagd werden hier schon erkennbar?
4. Inwiefern ist das Thema des Stücks auf einen größeren historisch-kulturellen Kontext seiner Entstehungszeit bezogen?