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<b>Prüfungsteilnehmer</b>	<b>Prüfungstermin</b>	<b>Einzelprüfungsnummer</b>
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Kennzahl: \_\_\_\_\_

Kennwort: \_\_\_\_\_

Arbeitsplatz-Nr.: \_\_\_\_\_

**Frühjahr**  
**2020**

**62619**

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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): **14**

Anzahl der Druckseiten dieser Vorlage: **29**

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**Bitte wenden!**

## Thema Nr. 1

William Shakespeare: *The Tempest*. Ed. Stephen Orgel. Oxford / New York: Oxford University Press, 1987, 118-121 (1, 2, 300-375).

- 1 PROSPERO  
 (*To Miranda*) Awake, dear heart, awake. Thou hast slept well.  
 Awake.
- MIRANDA The strangeness of your story put  
 5 Heaviness in me.
- PROSPERO Shake it off. Come on;  
 We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never  
 Yields us kind answer.
- MIRANDA 'Tis a villain, sir,  
 10 I do not love to look on.
- PROSPERO But as 'tis,  
 We cannot miss him. He does make our fire,  
 Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices  
 That profit us. What ho, slave! Caliban!
- 15 Thou earth, thou, speak!
- CALIBAN (*within*) There's wood enough within.  
 [...]
- PROSPERO  
 Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself  
 20 Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!  
*Enter Caliban*
- CALIBAN  
 As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed  
 With raven's feather from unwholesome fen  
 25 Drop on you both! A south-west blow on ye  
 And blister you all o'er!
- PROSPERO  
 For this be sure tonight thou shalt have cramps,  
 Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up. Urchins  
 30 Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,  
 All exercise on thee. Thou shalt be pinched  
 As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging  
 Than bees that made 'em.
- CALIBAN I must eat my dinner.  
 35 This island's mine by Sycorax my mother,  
 Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,  
 Thou strok'st me, and made much of me; wouldst give me  
 Water with berries in't; and teach me how  
 To name the bigger light, and how the less,  
 40 That burn by day and night; and then I loved thee,  
 And showed thee all the qualities o'th' isle,  
 The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place and fertile –  
 Cursed be I that did so! All the charms  
 Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats light on you!  
 45 For I am all the subjects that you have,  
 Which first was mine own king, and here you sty me  
 In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me

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- The rest o'th' island.
- 50 PROSPERO Thou most lying slave,  
Whom stripes may move, not kindness, I have used thee –  
Filth as thou art – with human care, and lodged thee  
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate  
The honour of my child.
- 55 CALIBAN O ho, O ho! Would't had been done!  
Thou didst prevent me – I had peopled else  
This isle with Calibans.
- MIRANDA Abhorred slave,  
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,  
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,  
60 Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour  
One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage,  
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like  
A thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes  
With words that made them known. But thy vile race –  
65 Though thou didst learn – had that in't which good natures  
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou  
Deservedly confined into this rock,  
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.
- CALIBAN  
70 You taught me language, and my profit on't  
Is I know how to curse. The red plague rid you  
For learning me your language!
- PROSPERO Hag-seed, hence!  
Fetch us in fuel, and be quick, thou'rt best,  
75 To answer other business – shrug'st thou, malice?  
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly  
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,  
Fill all thy bones with achës, make thee roar,  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.
- 80 CALIBAN No, pray thee.  
(*Aside*) I must obey. His art is of such power,  
It would control my dam's god Setebos\*  
And make a vassal of him. \*a Patagonian deity
- PROSPERO So, slave, hence!  
85 *Exit Caliban.*

1. Analysieren Sie den vorliegenden Textausschnitt mit Blick auf Dialogführung, Figurencharakterisierung und die Verwendung rhetorischer Mittel!
2. Diskutieren Sie Formen der literarischen Auseinandersetzung mit anderen Kulturen unter Bezugnahme auf mindestens zwei weitere Dramen der frühen Neuzeit!
3. Skizzieren Sie anhand von Beispielen, welche Rolle Vorstellungen von „Wildheit“ und „Barbarismus“ im weiteren Verlauf der britischen Literatur- und Kulturgeschichte spielten!

## Thema Nr. 2

Der Anfang von Samuel Becketts einaktigem Drama *Krapp's Last Tape* (1958) führt Krapp, den Protagonisten des Einpersonenstücks, ein. Es ist der Abend von Krapps 69. Geburtstag und Krapp setzt eine Tradition fort, die ihn bereits seit vielen Jahren begleitet: Am Abend seines Geburtstags nimmt er auf Tonband seine Überlegungen zum Verlauf des letzten Jahres auf; gleichzeitig hört er sich eine seiner früheren Tonaufnahmen an.

*A late evening in the future.*

*Krapp's den.*

*Front centre a small table, the two drawers of which open towards audience.*

*Sitting at the table, facing front, i.e. across from the drawers, a wearish old man: Krapp.*

*Rusty black narrow trousers too short for him. Rust black sleeveless waistcoat, four capacious pockets. Heavy silver watch and chain. [...]*

*Very near-sighted (but unspectacled). Hard of hearing.*

*Cracked voice. Distinctive intonation.*

*Laborious walk.*

*On the table a tape-recorder with microphone and a number of cardboard boxes containing reels of recorded tapes.*

*Table and immediately adjacent area in strong white light. Rest of stage in darkness.*

*Krapp remains a moment motionless, heaves a great sigh, looks at his watch, fumbles in his pockets, takes out an envelope, puts it back, fumbles, takes out a small bunch of keys, raises it to his eyes, chooses a key, gets up and moves to front of table. He stoops, unlocks first drawer, peers into it, feels about inside it, takes out a reel of tape, peers at it, puts it back, locks drawer, unlocks second drawer, peers into it, feels about inside it, takes out a large banana, peers at it, locks drawer, puts keys back in his pocket. He turns, advances to edge of stage, halts, strokes banana, peels it, drops skin at his feet, puts end of banana in his mouth and remains motionless, staring vacuously before him. Finally he bites off the end, turns aside and begins pacing to and fro at the edge of stage, in the light, [...] meditatively eating banana. [...]. [He] goes with all the speed he can muster backstage into darkness. Ten seconds. Loud pop of cork. Fifteen seconds. He comes back into light carrying an old ledger and sits down at table. He lays ledger on table, wipes his mouth, wipes his hands on the front of his waistcoat, brings them smartly together and rubs them.*

### KRAPP

*(briskly). Ah! (He bends over ledger, turns the pages, finds the entry he wants, reads.) Box . . . three . . . spool . . . five. (He raises his head and stares front. With relish.) Spool! (Pause.) Spooooo! (Happy smile. Pause. He bends over table, starts peering and poking at the boxes.) Box . . . three . . . three . . . four . . . two . . . (with surprise) nine! good God! . . . seven . . . ah! the little rascal! (He takes up the box, peers at it.) Box three. (He lays it on table, opens it and peers at spools inside.) Spool . . . (he peers at the ledger) . . . five . . . (he peers at spools) . . . five . . . five . . . ah! the little scoundrel! (He takes out a spool, peers at it.) Spool five. (He lays it on table, closes box three, puts it back with the others, takes up the spool.) Box three, spool five. (He bends over the machine, looks up. With relish.) Spooooo! (Happy smile. He bends, loads spool on machine, rubs his hands.) Ah! (He peers at ledger, reads entry at foot of page.) Mother at rest at last . . . Hm . . . The black ball . . . (He raises his head, stares blankly front. Puzzled.) Black ball? . . . (He peers again at*

**Fortsetzung nächste Seite!**

*ledger, reads.) The dark nurse . . . (He raises his head, broods, peers again at ledger, reads.) Slight improvement in bowel condition . . . Hm . . . Memorable . . . what? (He peers closer.) Equinox, memorable equinox. (He raises his head, stares blankly front. Puzzled.) Memorable equinox? . . . (Pause. He shrugs his head shoulders, peers again at ledger, reads.) Farewell to—(he turns the page)—love.  
He raises his head, broods, bends over machine, switches on and assumes listening posture, i.e. leaning forward, elbows on table, hand cupping ear towards machine, face front.*

#### **TAPE**

*(strong voice, rather pompous, clearly Krapp's at a much earlier time.) Thirty-nine today, sound as a—(Settling himself more comfortable he knocks one of the boxes off the table, curses, switches off, sweeps boxes and ledger violently to the ground, winds tape back to the beginning, switches on, resumes posture.) Thirty-nine today, sound as a bell, apart from my old weakness, and intellectually I have now every reason to suspect at the . . . (hesitates) . . . crest of the wave—or thereabouts. Celebrated the awful occasion, as in recent years, quietly at the Winehouse. Not a soul. Sat before the fire with closed eyes, separating the grain from the husks. Jotted down a few notes, on the back of an envelope. Good to be back in my den in my old rags. Have just eaten I regret to say three bananas and only with difficulty restrained a fourth. Fatal things for a man with my condition. (Vehemently.) Cut 'em out! (Pause.) The new light above my table is a great improvement. With all this darkness round me I feel less alone. (Pause.) In a way. (Pause.) I love to get up and move about in it, then back here to . . . (hesitates) . . . me. (pause.) Krapp.*

Text: Samuel Beckett, *Krapp's Last Tape and other Dramatic Pieces* (New York: Grove Press, 1994) 9-15.

#### **Aufgabenstellung:**

1. Analysieren Sie die Charakterisierung Krapps und gehen Sie dabei sowohl auf in den Regieanweisungen enthaltene Informationen sowie auf Krapps Äußerungen ein!
2. Untersuchen Sie den Umgang mit Identität und Erinnerung in diesem Dramenausschnitt und gehen Sie dabei insbesondere auf die Darstellung und Funktion von Krapps Rekorder und Tonaufnahme ein!
3. Analysieren Sie die konkrete Ausgestaltung sowie den symbolischen Gehalt von Kommunikation in dem vorliegenden Dramenausschnitt! Situieren Sie dabei das Drama in seinem Entstehungszeitraum und ziehen Sie mindestens zwei weitere Ihnen bekannte Dramen, in denen eine ähnliche Thematik verhandelt wird, heran!

**Thema Nr. 3**

**Ayad Akhtar, Disgraced. A Play, New York: Brown, Little & Co., 2013.**

1. Interpretieren Sie die Szene im Hinblick auf die Frage, welche dramatischen Konflikte in ihr sichtbar werden!
2. Legen Sie dar, wie Amir in dieser Szene charakterisiert wird!
3. Erläutern Sie, wie sich dieser Text in die literatur- und kulturgeschichtlichen Kontexte der USA seit 9/11 einfügt!

**Fortsetzung nächste Seite!**

## DISGRACED

ABE: Could you just call me—  
 AMIR (*Finishing his thought*): I've known you your whole life as Hussein. I'm not gonna start calling you Abe now.

*Abe shakes his head. Turning to Emily.*

EMILY: Hi, Abe.

ABE: Hi, Aunt Emily.

*Abe turns to Amir, lighthearted.*

ABE (CONT'D) (*Pointing*): See? How hard can it be?

AMIR: Abe Jensen?

Really?

ABE: You know how much easier things are for me since I changed my name? It's in the Quran. It says you can hide your religion if you have to.

AMIR: I'm not talking about the Quran. I'm talking about you being called Abe Jensen.

Just lay off it with me and your folks at least.

ABE: It's gotta be one thing or the other. I can't be all mixed up.

EMILY (*Off Amir's reaction*): Amir. You changed your name, too.

ABE: You got lucky.

You didn't have to change your first name.

Could be Christian. Jewish.

Plus, you were born here. It's different.

EMILY: You want something, sweetie? Coffee, juice?

ABE: Nah. I'm good.

AMIR: So what's up?

EMILY: I'll let you gentlemen talk.

AMIR: No need. Everybody knows you're in on this.

*There's a KNOCKING on the door.*

*Amir puts on his pants on his way to the door.*

*He opens it. To find...*

ABE—22, of South Asian origin. But as American as American gets. Vibrant and endearing. He's wearing a Kidrobot T-shirt under a hoodie, skinny jeans, and high-tops.

*As Amir is buckling his belt.*

ABE (*Looking over at Emily, back to Amir*): Should I come back?

AMIR: No, no.

ABE: You sure?

AMIR: Yeah. I'm sure. Come in, Hussein.

ABE: Uncle.

AMIR: What?

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Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

AYAD AKHTAR

(To Abe)

So you've been calling her, too?

ABE: You weren't calling me back.

AMIR: Why are we still talking about this?

I'm a corporate lawyer. In mergers and acquisitions—

EMILY: Who started in the public defender's—

AMIR: That was years ago.

(Beat)

Your man should have been more careful...

ABE: Imam Fared didn't do anything.

Every church in the country collects money. It's how they keep their doors open. We're entitled, too.

He's running a mosque—

EMILY: He's got the right.

Just because they're collecting money doesn't mean it's for Hamas.

AMIR: What does any of this have to do with me?

EMILY: It doesn't matter to you that an innocent man is in prison?

AMIR: I don't know Patriot Act law. The guy's already got a legal team. Those guys Ken and Alex are amazing.

ABE: They're not Muslim.

AMIR: There we go.

ABE: What?

AMIR: What I thought.

I'm not gonna be part of a legal team just because your imam is a bigot.

ABE: He's not a bigot. He'd just be more comfortable if there was a Muslim on the case, too...

AMIR: More comfortable if he wasn't being represented by a couple of Jews?

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DISGRACED

ABE: No.

AMIR: Really?

ABE (Beat): He liked you. He said you were a good man.

AMIR: Well, he might not feel the same if he knew how I really felt about his religion.

ABE (Offhand): That's just a phase.

AMIR (Taken aback): Excuse me?

ABE: That's what Mom says Grandma used to say about you. That you were working something out. That you were such a good Muslim when you were a kid. And that you had to go the *other way* for a while.

AMIR (Dumbfounded): The *other way*?  
(Considering)

Sit down, Hussein. I want to tell you something.

ABE: So just tell me.

AMIR: No. I want you to sit down.

Abe sits.

AMIR (CONT'D): When was the first time you had a crush?

ABE: I thought you wanted to tell me something.

AMIR: I'm getting to it.

Your first crush...

ABE (Glancing at Emily): Umm...

Fifth grade. A girl named Nasleema...

AMIR: I was in sixth.

Her name was Rivkah.

EMILY: I thought your first crush was Susan.

AMIR: That was the first girl I ever kissed. Rivkah was the first girl I ever got up in the morning thinking about. One time she went away to Disney World for a week, and I

15



was a mess. Didn't even want to go to school if I couldn't see her.

*(Remembering)*

She was a looker. Dark hair, dark eyes. Dimples. Perfect white skin.

EMILY: Why didn't you ever tell me about her?

AMIR: I didn't want you to hate my mother ...

*(Off Emily's perplexed look)*

Just wait ...

*(Back to Abe)*

So Rivkah and I'd gotten to the point where we were trading notes. And one day, my mother found one of the notes.

Of course it was signed, Rivkah.

*Rivkah?* my mom says. *That's a Jewish name.*

*(Beat)*

I wasn't clear on what exactly a Jew was at the time, other than they'd stolen land from the Palestinians, and something about how God hated them more than other people...

I couldn't imagine God could have hated this little girl.

So I tell my mom, *No, she's not Jewish.*

But she knew the name was Jewish.

*If I ever hear that name in this house again, Amir, she said, I'll break your bones. You will end up with a Jew over my dead body.*

Then she spat in my face.

EMILY: My God.

AMIR: *That's so you don't ever forget,* she says.

Next day?

Rivkah comes up to me in the hall with a note. *Hi, Amir,* she says. Eyes sparkling.

I look at her and say, *You've got the name of a Jew.*

She smiles. *Yes, I'm Jewish,* she says.

*(Beat)*

Then I spit in her face.

EMILY: That's horrible.

ABE: Man. That's effed up.

AMIR: So, when my older sister goes on to you about *this way* and the *other way*, now you'll have a better idea of the *phase* I'm really going through...

It's called *intelligence.*

*Pause.*

## Thema Nr. 4

## Alfred Tennyson, "The Lady of Shalott" (1842) [Parts III–IV]

PART III			
A bow-shot from her bower-eaves, He rode between the barley-sheaves, The sun came dazling through the leaves, And flamed upon the brazen greaves Of bold Sir Lancelot.	1	Down she came and found a boat Beneath a willow left afloat, And round about the prow she wrote <i>The Lady of Shalott.</i>	
A red-cross knight for ever kneeled To a lady in his shield, That sparkled on the yellow field, Beside remote Shalott.	5	And down the river's dim expanse Like some bold seer in a trance, Seeing all his own mischance— With a glassy countenance Did she look to Camelot.	55
The gemmy bridle glittered free, Like to some branch of stars we see Hung in the golden Galaxy. The bridle bells rang merrily As he rode down to Camelot:	10	And at the closing of the day She loosed the chain, and down she lay; The broad stream bore her far away, The Lady of Shalott.	60
And from his blazoned baldric slung A mighty silver bugle hung, And as he rode his armour rung, Beside remote Shalott.	15	Lying, robed in snowy white That loosely flew to left and right— The leaves upon her falling light— Through the noises of the night She floated down to Camelot:	65
All in the blue unclouded weather Thick-jewelled shone the saddle-leather, The helmet and the helmet-feather Burned like one burning flame together, As he rode down to Camelot.	20	And as the boat-head wound along The willowy hills and fields among, They heard her singing her last song, The Lady of Shalott.	70
As often through the purple night, Below the starry clusters bright, Some bearded meteor, trailing light, Moves over still Shalott.	25	Heard a carol, mournful, holy, Chanted loudly, chanted lowly, Till her blood was frozen slowly, And her eyes were darkened wholly, Turned to towered Camelot.	75
His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed; On burnished hooves his war-horse trode: From underneath his helmet flowed His coal-black curls as on he rode, As he rode down to Camelot.	30	For ere she reached upon the tide The first house by the water-side, Singing in her song she died, The Lady of Shalott.	80
From the bank and from the river He flashed into the crystal mirror, 'Tirra lirra,' by the river Sang Sir Lancelot.	35	Under tower and balcony, By garden-wall and gallery, A gleaming shape she floated by, Dead-pale between the houses high, Silent into Camelot.	85
She left the web, she left the loom, She made three paces through the room, She saw the water-lily bloom, She saw the helmet and the plume, She looked down to Camelot.	40	Out upon the wharfs they came, Knight and burgher, lord and dame, And round the prow they read her name, <i>The Lady of Shalott.</i>	90
Out flew the web and floated wide; The mirror cracked from side to side; 'The curse is come upon me,' cried The Lady of Shalott.	45	Who is this? and what is here? And in the lighted palace near Died the sound of royal cheer; And they crossed themselves for fear, All the knights at Camelot:	95
		But Lancelot mused a little space; He said, 'She has a lovely face; God in his mercy lend her grace, The Lady of Shalott.'	
PART IV			
In the stormy east-wind straining, The pale yellow woods were waning, The broad stream in his banks complaining, Heavily the low sky raining Over towered Camelot;	50	[Text: Tennyson: <i>A Selected Edition</i> , ed. Christopher Ricks (London: Routledge: 2014), 23-7.)	

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

### Erläuterung und Einordnung des Ausschnitts

Die ersten beiden, hier nicht abgedruckten Teile des Gedichtes fokussieren auf die "Lady of Shalott", welche auf einer Insel in einem Turm lebt, ohne jemals direkt aus dem Fenster in Richtung des benachbarten Camelot zu blicken: Ein Fluch, so habe sie gehört, läge auf ihr, wenn sie dies tue ("She has heard a whisper say, / A curse is on her if she stay / To look down to Camelot. / She knows not what the curse may be"). In einem Spiegel sieht sie lediglich indirekt Schatten der äußeren Welt ("And moving through a mirror clear / That hangs before her all the year, / Shadows of the world appear."). Diese Sinneseindrücke arbeitet sie beständig in eine Webarbeit ein ("There she weaves by night and day / A magic web with colours gay."). Am Ende des zweiten Teils erklärt sie, sie sei der Schatten überdrüssig.

- 1 bower-eaves: the overhanging roof of a lady's private abode in a mediaeval castle
- 4 brazen greaves: brass armour
- 10 gemmy bridle: gem-studded straps around a horse's head
- 15 baldric: an ornamented belt, worn over one shoulder to support a sword or bugle

1. Beschreiben Sie kurz die Form dieses Gedichtausschnitts und erläutern Sie knapp zentrale rhetorische Strategien!
2. Interpretieren Sie detailliert die poetische Bildlichkeit des Gedichtausschnitts, wobei Sie vergleichend auf die Konstruktion des Lancelot in "Part III" und die der Lady in "Part IV" eingehen!
3. Ordnen Sie den Gedichtausschnitt in seinen gesellschaftlichen und literaturhistorischen Kontext ein!

## Thema Nr. 5

### **Because I could not stop for Death**

Emily Dickinson - 1830-1886

- 1 Because I could not stop for Death –  
 He kindly stopped for me –  
 The Carriage held but just Ourselves –  
 And Immortality.
- 5 We slowly drove – He knew no haste  
 And I had put away  
 My labor and my leisure too,  
 For His Civility –
- We passed the School, where Children strove  
 10 At Recess – in the Ring –  
 We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain –  
 We passed the Setting Sun –
- Or rather – He passed us –  
 The Dews drew quivering and chill –  
 15 For only Gossamer, my Gown –  
 My Tippet – only Tulle –
- We paused before a House that seemed  
 A Swelling of the Ground –  
 The Roof was scarcely visible –  
 20 The Cornice – in the Ground –
- Since then – 'tis Centuries – and yet  
 Feels shorter than the Day  
 I first surmised the Horses' Heads  
 Were toward Eternity –

1. Kennzeichnen Sie formale Mittel (wie Metrum, Reime, Strophen, Klangbeziehungen, Bildsprache) des vorliegenden Gedichts und zeigen Sie ihre Funktion für die Mitteilung bzw. Handlung des Textes auf!
2. Analysieren Sie die Präsenz des Todes im vorliegenden Text!
3. Beurteilen Sie Dickinsons Textbildungsverfahren im Kontext von Konventionen und literarischen Strömungen im 19. Jahrhundert!

## Thema Nr. 6

Ted Hughes: "Tern"

The breaker humps its green glass.  
You see the sunrise through it, the wrack dark in it,  
And over it – the bird of sickles  
Swimming in the wind, with oiled spasm.

5      That is the tern. A blood-tipped harpoon  
Hollow-ground in the roller-dazzle,  
Honed in the wind-flash, polished  
By his own expertise –

10     Now finished and in use.  
The wings – remote-controlled  
By the eyes  
In his submarine swift shadow

15     Feint and tilt in their steel.  
Suddenly a triggered magnet  
Connects him downward, through a thin shatter,  
To a sand-eel. He hoists out, with a twinkling,

20     Through some other wave-window.  
His eye is a gimlet.  
Deep in the churned grain of the roller  
His brain is a gimlet. He hangs,

A blown tatter, a precarious word  
In the mouth of ocean pronouncements.  
His meaning has no margin. He shudders  
To the tips of his tail-tines.

25     Momentarily, his lit scrap is a shriek.

[Ted Hughes, *Flowers and Insects: Some Birds and a Pair of Spiders*. With Drawings by Leonard Baskin. London/Boston: Faber & Faber, 1986, S. 33]

(0) Tern – Seeschwalbe (1) breaker – Brecher, Sturzwelle (2) wrack – Seetang (6) hollow-ground – hohlgeschliffen (6) roller – Racke (bunter, wendiger Vogel), aber auch Walze und Sturzwelle (6) dazzle – Anstrich, aber auch das Schillern, Blenden (7) honed – feingeschliffen (16) hoist – hochziehen, anheben, hochwinden (18) gimlet – Bohrer (24) tine – Zacke

Aufgabe:

1. Analysieren Sie das Gedicht unter Berücksichtigung der Sprecherhaltung, der Blickführung, der Bildlichkeit und der formalen Struktur!
2. Erläutern Sie die hinter dem Gedicht stehende Weltsicht! Stellen Sie dar, wo sich Verbindungen zu kulturgeschichtlichen Strömungen erkennen lassen!
3. Situieren Sie Ted Hughes in der Geschichte der englischen Lyrik des 20. Jahrhunderts!

**Thema Nr. 7**Text:

Audre Lorde, "Power" (1978)

The difference between poetry and rhetoric  
is being ready to kill  
yourself  
instead of your children.

I am trapped on a desert of raw gunshot wounds  
and a dead child dragging his shattered black  
face off the edge of my sleep  
blood from his punctured cheeks and shoulders  
is the only liquid for miles  
and my stomach  
churns at the imagined taste while  
my mouth splits into dry lips  
without loyalty or reason  
thirsting for the wetness of his blood  
as it sinks into the whiteness  
of the desert where I am lost  
without imagery or magic  
trying to make power out of hatred and destruction  
trying to heal my dying son with kisses  
only the sun will bleach his bones quicker.

A policeman who shot down a ten year old in Queens  
stood over the boy with his cop shoes in childish blood  
and a voice said "Die you little motherfucker" and  
there are tapes to prove it. At his trial  
this policeman said in his own defense  
"I didn't notice the size nor nothing else  
only the color". And  
there are tapes to prove that, too.

Today that 37 year old white man  
with 13 years of police forcing  
was set free

**Fortsetzung nächste Seite!**

by eleven white men who said they were satisfied  
justice had been done  
and one Black Woman who said  
"They convinced me" meaning  
they had dragged her 4'10" black Woman's frame  
over the hot coals  
of four centuries of white male approval  
until she let go  
the first real power she ever had  
and lined her own womb with cement  
to make a graveyard for our children.

I have not been able to touch the destruction  
within me.  
But unless I learn to use  
the difference between poetry and rhetoric  
my power too will run corrupt as poisonous mold  
or lie limp and useless as an unconnected wire  
and one day I will take my teenaged plug  
and connect it to the nearest socket  
raping an 85 year old white woman  
who is somebody's mother  
  
and as I beat her senseless and set a torch to her bed  
a greek chorus will be singing in 3/4 time  
"Poor thing. She never hurt a soul. What beasts they are."

**Ausgabe:** Lorde, Audre, „Power.“ 1978. *The Heath Anthology of American Literature*. Vol. II. 3<sup>rd</sup> ed. Lexington, MA: Heath, 1998. 2940.

Aufgabe:

1. Identifizieren Sie die Sprechsituation des Gedichts und analysieren Sie ihre Besonderheiten und deren Funktionen!
2. Diskutieren Sie Ton, sprachliche Bilder und Form des Gedichts! Berücksichtigen Sie, welche Bedeutungseffekte durch diese stilistischen Mittel und formalen Merkmale erzeugt werden!
3. Ordnen Sie das Gedicht literatur- und kulturgeschichtlich ein! Berücksichtigen Sie vor allem den Kontext der Bürgerrechtsbewegung und der Frauenbewegung. Stellen Sie dar, wie das Gedicht von Audre Lorde innerhalb der literarischen Auseinandersetzung mit *race* und *gender* einzuordnen ist und welche typischen Merkmale es hier aufweist, sowie worin seine Besonderheiten bestehen!

## Thema Nr. 8

### I. Text: Vorwort zu *Moll Flanders* (anonym erschienen 1722)

#### The Preface

1 The World is so taken up of late with Novels and Romances, that it will be hard for a private History<sup>1</sup>  
to be taken for Genuine, where the Names and other Circumstances of the Person are concealed,  
and on this Account we must be content to leave the Reader to pass his own Opinion upon the  
ensuing Sheets, and take it just as he pleases.

5 The Author is here suppos'd to be writing her own History, and in the very beginning of her  
Account, she gives the Reasons why she thinks fit to conceal her true Name, after which there is no  
Occasion to say any more about that.

It is true, that the original of the Story is put into new Words, and the Stile of the famous Lady  
we here speak of is a little alter'd, particularly she is made to tell her own Tale in modester Words  
10 than she told it at first; the Copy which came first to Hand, having been written in Language, more  
like one still in Newgate,<sup>2</sup> than one grown Penitent and Humble, as she afterwards pretends to be.

The Pen employ'd in finishing her Story, and making it what you now see it to be, has had no  
little difficulty to put it into a Dress fit to be seen, and to make it speak Language fit to be read:  
When a Woman debauch'd from her Youth, nay, even being the Off-spring of Debauchery and  
15 Vice, comes to give an Account of all her vicious Practises, and even to descend to the particular  
Occasions and Circumstances, by which she first became wicked, and of all the progression of  
Crime which she run through in threescore<sup>3</sup> Year, an Author must be hard put to it to wrap it up so  
clean, as not to give room, especially for vitious<sup>4</sup> Readers to turn it to his Disadvantage.

All possible Care however has been taken to give no lued<sup>5</sup> Ideas, no immodest Turns in the new  
20 dressing up of this Story, no not to the worst parts of her Expressions; to this Purpose some of the  
vicious part of her Life, which cou'd not be modestly told, is quite left out, and several other Parts,  
are very much shortn'd; what is left 'tis hop'd will not offend the chastest Reader, or the modestest  
Hearer, and as the best use is made even of the worst Story, the Moral 'tis hop'd will keep the  
Reader serious, even where the Story might incline him to be otherwise: To give the History of a  
25 wicked Life repented of, necessarily requires that the wicket part should be made as wicked, as the  
real History of it will bear; to illustrate and give a Beauty to the Penitent part, which is certainly the  
best and brightest, if related with equal Spirit and Life.

It is suggested there cannot be the same Life, the same Brightness and beauty, in relating the  
penitent Part, as is in the criminal Part. If there is any Truth in that Suggestion, I must be allow'd  
30 to say, 'tis because there is not the same taste and relish in the Reading, and indeed it is too true that the  
difference lies not in the real worth of the Subject so much as in the Gust and Palate of the  
Reader.

But as this Work is chiefly recommended to those who know how to Read it, and how to make  
the good Uses of it, which the Story all along recommends to them; so it is to be hop'd that such  
35 Readers will be much more pleas'd with the Moral, than the Fable; with the Application, than with  
the Relation, and with the End of the Writer, than with the Life of the Person written of.

There is in this Story abundance of delightful Incidents, and all of them usefully apply'd. There  
is an agreeable turn Artfully given them in the relating, that naturally Instructs the Reader, either  
one way, or other. The first part of her leud Life with the young Gentleman at *Colchester*, has so  
40 many happy Turns given it to expose the Crime, and warn all whose Circumstances are adapted to  
it, of the ruinous End of such things, and the foolish Thoughtless and abhor'd conduct of both parties,  
that it abundantly atones for all the lively Description she gives of her Folly and Wickedness.

The Repentance of her Lover at the *Bath*,<sup>6</sup> and how brought by the just alarm of his fit of Sickness  
to abandon her; the just Caution given there against even the lawful Intimacies of the dearest  
45 Friends, and how unable they are to preserve the most solemn Resolutions of Vertue<sup>7</sup> without divine  
Assistance; these are Parts, which to a just Discernment will appear to have more real Beauty in  
them, than all the amorous Chain of Story, which introduces it.

**Fortsetzung nächste Seite!**



In a Word, as the whole Relation is carefully garbl'd<sup>8</sup> of all the Levity, and Looseness that was in it: So it all applied, and with the utmost care to vertuous<sup>9</sup> and religious Uses. None can without  
50 being guilty of manifest Injustice, cast any Reproach upon it, or upon our Design in publishing it.  
[...]

Anmerkungen:

1. private History – here: biography of a private (not public) person
2. *Newgate* – a prison in London
3. threescore – sixty
4. vitious – vicious
5. lued – lewd
6. *Bath* – a town in southern England
7. Vertue – virtue
8. garble – to sift, cleanse
9. vertuous – virtuous

Quelle: Daniel Defoe, *Moll Flanders*, ed. G.A. Starr & Linda Bree, Oxford: OUP, 2007, pp. 3-4.

## II. Aufgaben

1. Analysieren Sie die zentrale(n) Funktion(en) des Vorworts und gehen Sie dabei auf die Frage ein, wie vertrauenswürdig der Autor/Herausgeber im Text erscheint!
2. Analysieren Sie die (teils impliziten) Aussagen zur Funktion von Literatur und diskutieren Sie deren zeitgenössische Relevanz im Lichte weiterer Texte des 18. Jahrhunderts!
3. Erörtern Sie die eingangs getroffene Unterscheidung zwischen ‚Novels‘ und ‚Romances‘ und beziehen Sie sich dabei auf jeweils mindestens einen einschlägigen Text des 18. Jahrhunderts!

## Thema Nr. 9

J. A. Le Lemay and P. M. Zall, eds. *Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography*. New York: Norton, 1986. 1, 2.

Dear Son,

I have ever had a Pleasure in obtaining any little Anecdotes of my Ancestors. You may remember the Enquiries I made among the Remains of my Relations when you were with me in England; and the Journey I took for that purpose. Now imagining it may be equally agreeable to you to know the Circumstances of my Life, many of which you are yet unacquainted with; and expecting a Week's uninterrupted Leisure in my present Country Retirement, I sit down to write them for you. To which I have besides some other Inducements. Having emerg'd from the Poverty and Obscurity in which I was born and bred, to a State of Affluence and some Degree of Reputation in the World, and having gone so far thro' Life with a considerable Share of Felicity, the conducting Means I made use of, which, with the Blessing of God, so well succeeded, my Posterity may like to know, as they may find some of them suitable to their own Situations, and therefore fit to be imitated. That Felicity, when I reflected on it, has induc'd me sometimes to say, that were it offer'd to my Choice, I should have no Objection to a Repetition of the same Life from its Beginning, only asking the Advantage Authors have in a second Edition to correct some Faults of the first. So would I if I might, besides correcting the Faults, change some sinister Accidents and Events of it for others more favorable, but tho' this were denied, I should still accept the Offer. However, since such a Repetition is not to be expected, the Thing most like living one's Life over again, seems to be a *Recollection* of that Life; and to make that Recollection as durable as possible, the putting it down in Writing. Hereby, too, I shall indulge the Inclination so natural in old Men, to be talking of themselves and their own past Actions, and I shall indulge it, without being troublesome to others who thro' respect to Age might think themselves oblig'd to give me a Hearing, since this may be read or not as any one pleases. And lastly, (I may as well confess it, since my Denial of it will be believ'd by

no body) perhaps I shall a good deal gratify my own *Vanity*. Indeed I scarce ever heard or saw the introductory Words, *Without Vanity I may say*, etc. but some vain thing immediately follow'd. Most People dislike *Vanity* in others whatever Share they have of it themselves, but I give it fair Quarter wherever I meet with it, being persuaded that it is often productive of Good to the Possessor and to others that are within his Sphere of Action: And therefore in many Cases it would not be quite absurd if a Man were to thank God for his *Vanity* among the other Comforts of Life.

And now I speak of thanking God, I desire with all Humility to acknowledge, that I owe the mention'd Happiness of my past Life to his kind Providence, which led me to the Means I us'd and gave them Success. My Belief of This, induces me to *hope*, tho' I must not *presume*, that the same Goodness will still be exercis'd towards me in continuing that Happiness, or in enabling me to bear a fatal Reverso, which I may experience as others have done, the Complexion of my future Fortune being known to him only: and in whose Power it is to bless to us even our Afflictions.

Fortsetzung nächste Seite!

Der Textausschnitt entstammt Benjamin Franklins *Autobiography* (1771/1788) und bildet den Anfang des Textes.

1. Analysieren Sie die formalen, stilistischen und rhetorischen Elemente des Ausschnitts!
2. Untersuchen und interpretieren Sie den Ausschnitt im größeren Kontext der Autobiografie als Ausdruck eines stilisierten Selbstbildes und eines modellhaften Subjekts! Setzen Sie Franklins Text in Relation zu zwei weiteren Beispielen des autobiografischen Schreibens in den USA!
3. Situieren Sie das Werk von Benjamin Franklin im literatur- und kulturhistorischen Umfeld der frühen Republik!

## Thema Nr. 10

### Emily Brontë, *Wuthering Heights* (1847)

[1801. Lockwood, der neue Mieter von Thrushcross Grange, berichtet von seinem Besuch bei seinem Nachbarn und Vermieter Heathcliff, der in dem sturmumtosten und einsamen Anwesen Wuthering Heights wohnt. Da sich Lockwood in der Nacht nicht auf den Rückweg durch das Moor machen kann, instruiert Heathcliff seine Dienerin Zillah widerwillig, ihn für die Nacht aufzunehmen. Joseph ist ebenfalls ein Diener in Wuthering Heights.]

I was sick exceedingly, and dizzy and faint; and thus compelled, perforce, to accept lodgings under his roof. He told Zillah to give me a glass of brandy, and then passed on to the inner room, while she condoled with me on my sorry predicament, and having obeyed his orders, whereby I was somewhat revived, ushered me to bed.

5

### Chapter 3

While leading the way up-stairs, she recommended that I should hide the candle, and not make a noise; for her master had an odd notion about the chamber she would put me in; and never let anybody lodge there willingly.

I asked the reason.

10 She did not know, she answered; she had only lived there a year or two; and they had so many queer goings on, she could not begin to be curious.

Too stupified to be curious myself, I fastened my door and glanced round for the bed. The whole furniture consisted of a chair, a clothes-press, and a large oak case, with squares cut out near the top resembling coach windows.

15 Having approached this structure, I looked inside, and perceived it to be a singular sort of old-fashioned couch, very conveniently designed to obviate the necessity for every member of the family having a room to himself. In fact, it formed a little closet, and the ledge of a window, which it enclosed, served as a table.

20 I slid back the panelled sides, got in with my light, pulled them together again, and felt secure against the vigilance of Heathcliff, and everyone else.

The ledge, where I placed my candle, had a few mildewed books piled up in one corner; and it was covered with writing scratched on the paint. This writing, however, was nothing but a name repeated in all kinds of characters, large and small – *Catherine Earnshaw*, here and there varied to *Catherine Heathcliff* and then again to *Catherine Linton*.

25 In vapid listlessness I leant my head against the window, and continued spelling over Catherine Earnshaw – Heathcliff – Linton, till my eyes closed; but they had not rested five minutes when a glare of white letters started from the dark as vivid as spectres – the air swarmed with Catherines; and rousing myself to dispel the obtrusive name, I discovered my candle-wick reclining on one of the antique volumes, and perfuming the place with an odour of roasted calf-skin.

30 I snuffed it off, and, very ill at ease, under the influence of cold and lingering nausea, sat up, and spread open the injured tome on my knee. It was a Testament, in lean type, and smelling dreadfully musty; a fly-leaf bore the inscription – "Catherine Earnshaw, her book," and a date some quarter of a century back.

**Fortsetzung nächste Seite!**

35 I shut it, and took up another, and another, till I had examined all. Catherine's library was select; and its state of dilapidation proved it to have been well used, though not altogether for a legitimate purpose; scarcely one chapter had escaped a pen-and-ink commentary – at least, the appearance of one – covering every morsel of blank that the printer had left.

40 Some were detached sentences; other parts took the form of a regular diary, scrawled in an unformed, childish hand. At the top of an extra page, quite a treasure probably when first lighted on, I was greatly amused to behold an excellent caricature of my friend Joseph, rudely yet powerfully sketched.

45 An immediate interest kindled within me for the unknown Catherine, and I began, forthwith, to decipher her faded hieroglyphics.

[Text: Emily Brontë, *Wuthering Heights*, hrsg. v. Linda Peterson (Boston & New York: Bedford/St. Martin's, 2003), 37-8.]

### Aufgaben

1. Analysieren Sie die Erzählsituation der Passage und identifizieren Sie rhetorische Mittel, mit denen die Erzählperspektive konstruiert wird!
2. Analysieren Sie im Detail die Figurenkonstruktion Catherines!
3. Ordnen Sie den Roman in seinen literaturhistorischen Kontext ein, wobei Sie auf mindestens zwei weitere Romane weiblicher Autoren im 19. Jahrhundert eingehen!

**Thema Nr. 11**

**Chopin, Kate. *The Awakening*. 1899. Norton Critical Edition. New York: Norton, 1976. S. 112ff.**

1 Edna walked on down to the beach rather mechanically, not noticing anything special except that the sun was hot. She was not dwelling upon any particular train of thought. She had done all the thinking which was necessary after Robert went away, when she lay awake upon the sofa till morning.

5 She had said over and over to herself: "To-day it is Arobin; to-morrow it will be someone else. It makes no difference to me, it doesn't matter about Léonce Pontellier - but Raoul and Etienne!" She understood now clearly what she had meant long ago when she said to Adèle Ratignolle that she would give up the unessential, but she would never sacrifice herself for her children.

10 Despondency had come upon her there in the wakeful night, and had never lifted. There was no one thing in the world that she desired. There was no human being whom she wanted near her except Robert; and she even realized that the day would come when he, too, and the thought of him would melt out of her existence, leaving her alone. The children appeared before her like antagonists who had overcome her; who had overpowered and sought to drag her into the soul's slavery for the rest of her days. But she knew a way to elude them. She was not thinking of these things when she  
15 walked down to the beach.

The water of the Gulf stretched out before her, gleaming with the million lights of the sun. The voice of the sea is seductive, never ceasing, whispering, clamoring, murmuring, inviting the soul to wander in abysses of solitude. All along the white beach, up and down, there was no living thing in sight. A bird with a broken wing was beating the air above, reeling, fluttering, circling disabled down,  
20 down to the water.

Edna had found her old bathing suit still hanging, faded, upon its accustomed peg.

25 She put it on, leaving her clothing in the bath-house. But when she was there beside the sea, absolutely alone, she cast the unpleasant, pricking garments from her, and for the first time in her life she stood naked in the open air, at the mercy of the sun, the breeze that beat upon her, and the waves that invited her.

How strange and awful it seemed to stand naked under the sky! how delicious! She felt like some new-born creature, opening its eyes in a familiar world that it had never known.

30 The foamy wavelets curled up to her white feet, and coiled like serpents about her ankles. She walked out. The water was chill, but she walked on. The water was deep, but she lifted her white body and reached out with a long, sweeping stroke. The touch of the sea is sensuous, enfolding the body in its soft, close embrace.

35 She went on and on. She remembered the night she swam far out, and recalled the terror that seized her at the fear of being unable to regain the shore. She did not look back now, but went on and on, thinking of the blue-grass meadow that she had traversed when a little child, believing that it had no beginning and no end.

Her arms and legs were growing tired.

40 She thought of Léonce and the children. They were a part of her life. But they need not have thought that they could possess her, body and soul. How Mademoiselle Reisz would have laughed, perhaps sneered, if she knew! "And you call yourself an artist! What pretensions, Madame! The artist must possess the courageous soul that dares and defies."

**Fortsetzung nächste Seite!**

Exhaustion was pressing upon and overpowering her.

"Good-bye—because, I love you." He did not know; he did not understand. He would never understand. Perhaps Doctor Mandelet would have understood if she had seen him - but it was too late; the shore was far behind her, and her strength was gone.

45 She looked into the distance, and the old terror flamed up for an instant, then sank again. Edna heard her father's voice and her sister Margaret's. She heard the barking of an old dog that was chained to the sycamore tree. The spurs of the cavalry officer clanged as he walked across the porch. There was the hum of bees, and the musky odor of pinks filled the air.

### Erläuterungen

Der Textauszug ist der Schluss des Romans *The Awakening*, der bei seinem Erscheinen einen Skandal auslöste, weil die Protagonistin Edna Pontellier nach dem „Erwachen“ ihrer Sinnlichkeit und ihres Bewusstseins in ihrem Streben nach Unabhängigkeit und Selbstbestimmung die gängigen Rollenerwartungen an eine Frau (*the cult of true womanhood*) als repressiv kritisiert und die gesellschaftlichen Konventionen in ihrem Handeln ignoriert.

Die im Text genannten Figuren stehen wie folgt in Beziehung zur Protagonistin:

Arobin: Partner in einer außerehelichen sexuellen Affäre

Léonce Pontellier: Ehemann

Raoul und Etienne: ihre beiden Söhne

Adèle Ratignolle: Freundin, die alle Rollenerwartungen als Mutter und Ehefrau perfekt erfüllt

Robert: ihre große Liebe

Mademoiselle Reisz: alleinstehende Künstlerin

Doctor Mandelet: verständnisvoller Arzt

cavalry officer: Schwarm ihrer Teeniezeit

Aufgaben:

1. Analysieren Sie die verwendete Symbolik!
2. Diskutieren Sie das Ende des Romans aus einer feministischen Perspektive!
3. Situieren Sie Chopins Text literatur- und kulturgeschichtlich!

## Thema Nr. 12

**Christopher Isherwood: "On Ruegen Island (Summer 1931)", in: ders. *Goodbye to Berlin* [1939]. London: Random House, 1998, 110-115.**

There are now a good many summer visitors to the village. The bathing-beach by the pier, with its array of banners, begins to look like a medieval camp. Each family has its own enormous hooded wicker beach-chair, and each chair flies a little flag. There are German city-flags – Hamburg, Hanover, Dresden, Rostock and Berlin, as well as the National, Republican and Nazi colours. Each chair is encircled by a low sand bulwark upon which the occupants have set inscriptions in fir-cones: *Waldesruh. Familie Walter. Stahlhelm. Heil Hitler!* Many of the forts are also decorated with the Nazi swastika. The other morning I saw a child of about five years old, stark naked, marching along all by himself with a swastika flag over his shoulder and singing '*Deutschland über alles.*'

The little doctor fairly revels in this atmosphere. Nearly every morning he arrives, on a missionary visit, to our fort. 'You really ought to come round to the other beach,' he tells us. 'It's much more amusing there. I'd introduce you to some nice girls. The young people here are a magnificent lot! I, as a doctor, know how to appreciate them. The other day I was over at Hiddensee. Nothing but Jews! It's a pleasure to get back here and see real Nordic types!'

[...]

On my way back through the woods, after my bathe, I saw the ferrety little blond doctor advancing to meet me. It was too late to turn back. I said 'Good morning' as politely and coldly as possible. The doctor was dressing in running-shorts and a sweater; he explained that he had been taking a '*Waldlauf*'. 'But I think I shall turn back now,' he added. 'Wouldn't you like to run with me a little?' [...]

As we walked the doctor began to question me about [my friends] Peter and Otto, twisting his head to look up at me, as he delivered each sharp, inquisitive little thrust. He was fairly consumed with curiosity.

'My work in the clinic has taught me that it is no use trying to help this type of boy. Your friend is very generous and very well meaning, but he makes a great mistake. This type of boy always reverts. From a scientific point of view, I find him exceedingly interesting.'

As though he were about to say something specially momentous, the doctor suddenly stood still in the middle of the path, paused a moment to engage my attention, and smilingly announced:

'He has a criminal head!'

'And you think that people with criminal heads should be left to become criminals?'

'Certainly not. I believe in discipline. These boys ought to be put into labour-camps.'

'And what are you going to do with them when you've got them there? You say that they can't be altered, anyhow, so I suppose you'd keep them locked up for the rest of their lives?'

The doctor laughed delightedly, as though this were a joke against himself which he could, nevertheless, appreciate. He laid a caressing hand on my arm:

'You are an idealist! Do not imagine that I don't understand your point of view. But it is unscientific, quite unscientific. You and your friend do not understand such boys as Otto. I understand them. Every week, one or two such boys come to my clinic, and I must operate on them for adenoids, or mastoid, or poisoned tonsils. So, you see, I know them through and through!'

'I should have thought it would be more accurate to say you knew their throats and ears.'

Perhaps my German wasn't quite equal to rendering the sense of this last remark. At all events, the doctor ignored it completely. 'I know this type of boy very well,' he repeated. 'It is a bad degenerate type. You cannot make anything out of these boys. Their tonsils are almost invariably diseased.'

**Fortsetzung nächste Seite!**



1. Analysieren Sie den vorliegenden Textausschnitt im Hinblick auf die Darstellung des Settings, die Figurencharakterisierung und die erzählerischen Mittel!
2. Kommentieren Sie die unterschiedlichen Menschenbilder, die in dem Gespräch zwischen Ich-Erzähler und Doktor sichtbar werden, und setzen Sie sie in Beziehung zu ideologischen Strömungen der Zwischenkriegszeit!
3. Diskutieren Sie den vorliegenden Ausschnitt im Kontext der englischen Erzählliteratur des 20. Jahrhunderts!

## Thema Nr. 13

### I. Text

#### Prologue

(I pray thee ask no questions  
this is that Golden Land)

The small white steamer, *Peter Stuyvesant*, that delivered the immigrants from the stench and throb of the steerage to the stench and the throb of New York tenements, rolled slightly on the water beside the stone quay in the lee of the weathered barracks and new brick buildings of Ellis Island. Her skipper was waiting for the last of the officials, laborers and guards to embark upon her before he cast off and started for Manhattan. Since this was Saturday afternoon and this the last trip she would make for the week-end, those left behind might have to stay over till Monday. [...]

It was May of the year 1907, the year that was destined to bring the greatest number of immigrants to the shores of the United States. All that day, as on all the days since spring began, her decks had been thronged by hundreds upon hundreds of foreigners, natives from almost every land in the world. [...] All those steerage passengers of the ships that had docked that day who were permitted to enter had already entered – except two, a woman and a young child she carried in her arms. They had just come aboard escorted by a man.

About the appearance of these late comers there was very little that was unusual. The man had evidently spent some time in America and was now bringing his wife and child over from the other side. [...]

Except for this {the boy's} hat, had the three newcomers been in a crowd, no one probably, could have singled out the woman and child as newly arrived immigrants. [...]

The truth was there was something quite untypical about their behavior. The old peddler woman on the bench and the overalled men in the stern had seen enough husbands meeting their wives and children after a long absence to know how such people ought to behave. [...] But these two stood silent, apart; the man staring with aloof, offended eyes grimly down at the water – or if he turned his face toward his wife at all, it was only to glare in harsh contempt at the blue straw hat worn by the child in her arms, and then his hostile eyes would sweep about the deck to see if anyone else were observing them. And his wife beside him regarding him uneasily, appealingly. And the child against her breast looking from one to the other with watchful, frightened eyes. Altogether it was a very curious meeting.

They had been standing in this strange and silent manner for several minutes, when the woman, as if driven by the strain into action, tried to smile, and touching her husband's arm said timidly, "And this is the Golden Land." She spoke in Yiddish.

The man grunted, but made no answer.

[...]

And before them, rising on her high pedestal from the scaling swamy brilliance of sunlit water to the west, Liberty. The spinning disk of the late afternoon sun slanted behind her, and to those on board who gazed, her features were charred with shadow, her depths exhausted, her masses ironed to one single plane. Against the luminous sky the rays of her halo were spikes of darkness roweling the air; shadow flattened the torch she bore to a black cross against flawless light – the blackened hilt of a broken sword. Liberty. The child and his mother stared again at the massive figure in wonder.

Henry Roth, *Call it Sleep* (1934; republished 1962; NY: Picador, 1991) 9-14.

**Fortsetzung nächste Seite!**

**II. Aufgaben/Fragen:**

1. Interpretieren Sie den oben zitierten Auszug aus dem Prolog von Henry Roths 1934 veröffentlichtem und zunächst kaum beachtetem, seit seiner Republikation im Jahr 1962 jedoch als modernistisches Meisterwerk rezipiertem Immigrationsroman *Call it Sleep!* Achten Sie dabei auf die emotionale Aufladung der Ankunft von Frau und Kind und auf die Vorstellungen von Vergangenheit und Zukunft, die hier eine Rolle spielen!
2. Situieren Sie den Roman im Kontext des Modernismus!
3. Erläutern Sie die Relevanz und die historische Entwicklung der amerikanischen Immigrationsliteratur im 20. Jahrhundert!

## Thema Nr. 14

## "Half-caste"

1	Excuse me standing on one leg I'm half-caste		30	wid a white key is a half-caste symphony/
5	Explain yusef wha yu mean when yu say half-caste yu mean when picasso mix red an green is a half-caste canvas/		35	Explain yusef wha yu mean Ah listening to yu wid de keen half of mih ear Ah looking at yu wid de keen half of mih eye an when I'm introduced to you I'm sure you'll understand why I offer yu half-a-hand an when I sleep at night I close half-a-eye consequently when I dream I dream half-a-dream an when moon begin to glow
10	explain yusef wha yu mean when yu say half-caste yu mean when light an shadow mix in de sky		40	I half-caste human being cast half-a-shadow but yu must come back tomorrow
15	is a half-caste weather/ well in dat case england weather nearly always half-caste in fact some o dem cloud		45	wid de whole of yu eye an de whole of yu ear an de whole of yu mind.
20	half-caste till dem overcast so spiteful dem don't want de sun pass ah rass/ explain yusef wha yu mean		50	an I will tell yu de other half of my story
25	when yu say half-caste yu mean when tchaikovsky sit down at dah piano and mix a black key			

John Agard, "Half-caste". 2006. *Half-Caste" and Other Poems*. London: Hodder Educational Group, 2006. 11-13.

**Anmerkungen** (adaptiert von *Oxford Dictionaries* online, <https://en.oxforddictionaries.com>)

**Title half-caste** (*offensive*): A person whose parents are of different races.

**4 yusef / 5 wha yu mean / 8 an / 14 de / 16 dat** and **27 dah / 29 wid / 33 Ah / 34 mih**: Spelling denotes (Afro-)Caribbean English pronunciation of 'yourself' / 'what do you mean' / and / the / that / with / I / my.

**7 picasso**: The Spanish painter Pablo Picasso (1881-1973) was, amongst other things, known for his expressive use of colours.

**19ff. dem**: Spelling signals pronunciation of 'they', 'them' or 'those' in Caribbean and Black English.

**19 cloud, 20 overcast**: Denoting the plural form of those nouns.

**22 ah rass** (*expletive*): 'My arse!' (Caribbean English.)

**26 tchaikovsky**: Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-93) was the first Russian composer who achieved worldwide success.

**Fortsetzung nächste Seite!**

## Aufgaben:

1. Bestimmen Sie die verwendeten formalen und stilistischen Mittel des Gedichts!
2. Stellen Sie dar, wie John Agard, der 1949 im damaligen British Guiana geborene und 1977 nach Großbritannien emigrierte Sohn eines afro-karibischen Vaters und einer portugiesischen Mutter, die Themen Identität und Ethnizität behandelt! Erläutern Sie den Argumentationsgang und zeigen Sie den Zusammenhang mit der sprachlichen Form und der in "Half-caste" verwendeten Bildlichkeit auf!
3. Vergleichen Sie Agards Gedicht mit Texten von wenigstens zwei anderen Dichterinnen/Dichtern aus den neueren englischsprachigen Literaturen! Wie werden dort die Themen Identität und Ethnizität behandelt?