

initiation

Beitrag von „Juliet“ vom 6. April 2006 21:24

Hallo,

hat jemand von den Englisch-Kollegen hier vielleicht die eine oder andere Idee, welche Texte (auch Sachtexte) zum Thema initiation (Jgst.11) behandelt werden könnten. In Anlehnung an einen Roman zum Komplex "growing up" würde ich gerne das Konzept der Story of initiation erarbeiten und außer

"The Garden Party" fällt mir nicht ganz so viel ein, denn jeder andere Text müsste auch deutlich kürzer sein (max. 2 Seiten). Wie geagt, auch nicht fiktionale Texte wären interessant.

Vielen Dank für eure Ideen

Gruß, Juliet

Beitrag von „Forsch“ vom 6. April 2006 21:40

Ich habe seinerzeit in der Schule eine Kurzgeschichte von Hemmingway gelesen, in der es um einen Indianer ging, dessen Frau ein Kind bekam.

Das Ganze ist aus der Sicht des ältesten Sohnes geschrieben (ca. 14 Jahre alt), der nicht nur die Geburt mit erlebt, sondern auch erfährt, dass sein Vater das alles nicht mehr aushält und Selbstmord begeht.

Allerdings habe ich keine Ahnung, wie diese Geschichte hieß

Beitrag von „elihau“ vom 6. April 2006 21:51

Die Indianergeschichte heißt Indian Camp, ist hier <http://endeavor.med.nyu.edu/lit-med/lit-me...tory.genre.html> zu finden.

Außerdem gibt es noch

Just along for the ride (Dennis Kurumada)

Locker 160 (Lee Busselman)
(auch stories of initiation).
Gruß
elihau

Beitrag von „unter uns“ vom 7. April 2006 14:00

Hallo,

ich weiß nicht, ob Du das unter "Sachtext" verstehst bzw. ob es für den Unterricht sinnvoll ist - aber disziplinär werden Initiationsrituale wohl v. a. in der Ethnologie behandelt.

Ein Ethnologe, der sich relativ viel damit befasst hat, ist der Amerikaner (?) Victor Turner, aus dessen Büchern man vielleicht 1-2 Seiten ziehen kann. Ein Standardwerk - "Les rites de passage" - gibt es von van Gennep, vielleicht auch auf englisch. Ist aber u. U. alles zu trocken für den Unterricht.

Grüße
Unter uns

Beitrag von „wolkenstein“ vom 7. April 2006 18:26

Hi, bei den Anglisten meint "Stories of Initiation" etwas allgemeiner Geschichten, die sich mit Momenten des Erwachsenwerdens beschäftigen. Ich hab in dem Kontext (Meine Reihe hieß allerdings "First Times") noch besprochen:

Clara's Day (Penelope Lively)
A Day's Wait (Ernest Hemingway)
On the Bridge (Todd Strasser)

Mit besten Grüßen
w.

Beitrag von „Nicolla“ vom 16. April 2006 11:16

Wir haben damals den "Fänger im Roggen" gelesen. War seinerzeit wohl der Klassiker unter den Initiation- Romanen im Englischunterricht.

Beitrag von „Meike.“ vom 16. April 2006 20:44

Auszüge aus "The growing pains of Adrian Mole" dürften da auch schön passen, wenn du mal was zum Kaputtlachen willst!

Auch gut: D. Kurumada: Just Along for the Ride

Zitat

I leaned back on the seat and watched the back of Dick's head as he steered. The '55 DeSoto rumbled along the rain-soaked street.

This evening's gonna be a total loss, I thought. Things have gotta be pretty dull when all you've got to [do](#) is drive around with a friend who just got his license. But it beats sitting home. So there we were, five of us. Dick and Phil were in front. Reid, Steve, and I were in the back. We were all cold, damp, and bored. Man, we needed something to [do](#)! "This is really crummy. I think, we... "

I was cut off by Phil. "Hey, let's drive up to somebody... some kid . . . and flatten him."

"What" I said.

"We drive up slow, then swing open the door real fast, and knock the guy on his can."

We all looked at him kinda funny.

"Well, it's something to [do](#)," Phil said.

"Aw, why not? Okay, we'll [do](#) it."

We began looking around for a victim.

"You guys are nuts," I said. "What if he calls the cops ?"

"You worry too much. Whenever we wanna have some fun, you always chicken out."

"There's one!"

It was raining hard, but we could see the blurred figure of some guy under a streetlight on the corner. Steve laughed.

"Oh wow ! This is gonna be funny."

A couple of us started laughing.

"Will you guys shut up?" said Dick. I guess it made him nervous.

The kid was about half a block away. The street wasn't too busy. Only a few cars were around. Dick started weaving across the road.

"Stop fooling around !" I said.

Steve got on the door, ready to open it. Then everything started happening too fast.

The guy at the corner stepped out into the street. The car swerved. The door swung open, and Steve started falling out. He grabbed my arm, and we both fell back on the seat. Dick got scared and threw the car away from the kid. The headlights flashed on a frozen figure. I could see his face, eyes wide, mouth open. There was a squeal of tires on the slick street and a hollow thud as the figure was hurled, rolling across the roof. I got all mixed up.

"Ken Benjamin" I said. "I think that was Ken Benjamin!"

Dick slowed down. Then he suddenly started speeding down the street.

"Dick! Stop! I know that guy ! Dick, will ya stop?" He didn't hear me. "Stop the car! He's my friend!"

I hit him on the shoulder and grabbed his shirt. He turned around. Tears were blobbing up in his eyes.

"Shut up, you jerk !You want us to get nailed for manslaughter ?" He hit my arm.

What a stupid thing to [do](#)! I got so scared that I started shivering like crazy. I just couldn't believe it. I felt sick.

"Hey!"

I looked up. It was Dick. He was looking in the rear-view mirror. There was a car behind us.

"Is he following us?"I asked.

"Well, I'll lose him," said Dick.

The car lunged forward as it picked up speed. I looked back. The headlights shone through the rain, about two or three hundred yards away. Dick hung a sharp right up a narrow street.

Hardly anyone ever comes up this way, I thought. If he follows us up here, he's really following us. I looked back. The headlights were even closer.

We started up a winding road. I looked back and could see the brown Volvo as it cut through the street ponds.

Yeah, I thought, a good guy would drive one of those Volvos. What if he catches us? Ken was my friend. Hit and run, hit and run kept going through my head. I kinda hoped that guy would catch us.

We were out in the sticks by now. The roads were winding a lot. The Volvo was making his move, and was closing fast. But as he rounded a curve, he turned too sharply and his car slid off the road. He couldn't have been hurt. Every one was relieved. After that, Dick drove us all home.

It was 12:30 when I got home. Nobody was awake. I started pacing around the kitchen. I was so scared. I didn't know if we had killed him or not. I turned on the radio and listened to some music. But when the news came on, I turned it off.

You idiot, I thought. Ken was your friend. Go to his mom or something. Well, I didn't hit him! It's not my fault!

Those other guys... it wasn't my idea... no! You were in the car. You're responsible, too.

Hit and run, hit and run.

I got in my car and drove for a while. Then I started remembering things Ken used to say.

"I don't know what to [do](#)!" I was shouting as I drove. No answer. My mind burned. "Go see Mrs. Benjamin, you coward!"

But I couldn't. I just couldn't. When I got home, the lights were on. My mother was in her robe. "Your friends are here," she said. "I don't think that two o'clock in the morning is the right time to . . ."

I didn't listen. I just went into the front room. Dick walked up to me and said real low, "I heard on the radio that he's not dead. He isn't even hurt bad."

I didn't say anything. I just looked at him.

"No one knows," he went on. "So maybe we can get away with it."

He could see I was getting mad. I could have killed him.

The others stood up and came over. I didn't say a thing. I just walked out the door, got the car, and left.

It took me a while to find Ken's house. It was a grey brick, and the lights were on.

Maybe it wasn't grey. I don't

know. Everything looked grey. I walked up and rang the doorbell.

Alles anzeigen

Beitrag von „Juliet“ vom 21. April 2006 15:37

Vielen Dank, ihr habt mir sehr geholfen!

Könntet ihr mir vielleicht noch sagen, wo ich (am besten im I-Net) den Text von Indian Camp finde?

Viele Grüße,
Juliet

Beitrag von „Paulchen“ vom 21. April 2006 15:39

"Indian Camp" findest du in der Textsammlung "Stories of initiation" von Klett.

Beitrag von „Tina_NE“ vom 21. April 2006 16:09

EDIT: Ich könnte es dir nächste Woche kopieren und zuschicken, wenn das reicht?

LG

Tina

PS Frage nochmal ne Kollegin, die das u.U. einscannen kann..

Beitrag von „Knur“ vom 7. Februar 2009 12:59

Die Short Story ist betitelt "Indian Camp". Grauslich!