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ENGLISCH

– Textteil –

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Der Prüfling hat e i n e Textaufgabe seiner Wahl
nach den Arbeitsanweisungen des beiliegenden Aufgabenteils zu bearbeiten.

Textaufgabe I

Festival City title fits Edinburgh¹

It's that time of year again: and yesterday, in the usual mood of slightly frantic celebration, the Edinburgh Festival Fringe Society launched its annual programme brochure.

5 Ask the people of Edinburgh how their city is doing, of course, and you are never likely to be rewarded with much more than a bitter laugh. From the never-ending tram works – unwanted, unsightly, and breathtakingly expensive – to rows like this week's furious battle over Leith Waterworld (a much-loved local facility set to be saved by a community initiative until the council abruptly changed its mind in favour of ready cash from a commercial developer),
10 Edinburgh's municipal government remains, in the eyes of its citizens, a perennial byword for daft and perverse decisions, and for well-meaning councillors struggling to make any impact on a juggernaut of stubborn bureaucracy.

15 And yet, for all that, the story of Edinburgh over the past half-century has been one of surprising and persistent success, of a city that has ridden wave after wave of economic change and continued to grow and prosper, inching upward from a population of about 300,000 in the mid-20th century to a predicted 600,000 in the 2030s.

20 According to some calculations, Edinburgh will overtake Glasgow to become Scotland's biggest city some time in the next 20 years, although that figure is distorted by boundary changes; and just this week, Edinburgh emerged from a survey as the happiest city in the UK, thanks to its consistently high quality of life.

So on days like yesterday – when the city’s largest and most anarchic
25 festival once again proves its robust indifference to the very idea of economic
recession – I sometimes wonder whether this idea of “Festival”, brought to the
city in the darkest days of postwar austerity, is not in some way central to
Edinburgh’s continuing success.

It is arguable, of course, that the Festival owes as little to the wisdom of
30 the city fathers and mothers as any other positive aspect of Edinburgh life; the
original idea for it came from a group of London-based postwar artists, led by
the conductor Rudolf Bing.

Yet in truth, the city’s Lord Provost² back in 1947, John Falconer,
welcomed the festival with great warmth, and made its international vision his
35 own; and today, the council continues to support the festival as generously as
it can, not only with money, but with its tireless logistical efforts in inspecting
and licensing hundreds of Fringe venues. And for all the grunting and moaning
of Edinburgh residents down the decades – about the crowds, the congested
traffic, the pavement posses of students in silly costumes – Edinburgh has
40 never, since that founding year of 1947, really wanted to lose its title of
“Festival City”.

It fits the handsome contours of the place like a glove; and in those dusty
post-war years, when pubs closed at 9:30 pm, and restaurants were few, it
began the long, slow, vital process of reawakening Edinburgh’s dormant public
45 spaces, of providing the city with new direct links to the wider world, and of
transforming it once again from a provincial town, into a beautiful world city.

I would suggest that the effect of that kind of shift – in a city’s image and
self-image, in its sense of itself and its place in the world – may simply be
beyond calculation. The economic impact of the Festivals can be and has
50 been measured, of course; some £250 million a year is the current ballpark
figure. And their cultural impact is impossible to deny, in the life-stories of

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generations of Scottish artists for whom the Festival has been platform, opportunity, inspiration; and of audiences transformed by their annual encounter with the best in world music, dance, theatre and visual art.

55 Yet beyond that, I also suspect – although I doubt if it could ever be proved – that the rebirth of Scotland’s capital as postwar Europe’s first and greatest festival city began a process of change, of development, and of emerging creativity and confidence, that cannot be separated from the political story of Scotland, over the past half century.

60 It’s a kind of change that has become intensely fashionable since the 1980s, of course, as cities strive to rebrand and reinvent themselves through the arts; some have fallen prey to the idea that cultural transformation can be bought off the peg, as a kind of civic purchase, when in fact it depends on a deep, unpredictable and slightly anarchic alliance between the most serious of
65 artists and the bravest of funders.

Here in Scotland, though, our beautiful capital had the immense good luck – the mighty, eloquent stroke of fortune – to find itself decades ahead of that game.

70 Thanks to its festival, Edinburgh emerged onto the world stage as a “city of culture” long before the phrase had ever been invented; and it entered the 21st century – the age of information and creativity, of self-expression and global networking – with credentials in those areas that were beyond price, an image that no marketing campaign could ever have bought.

75 If the city’s economic performance has remained surprisingly robust during the present recession, that powerful positive image must form part of the reason.

And today, as some councils north and south of the Border³ target their arts budgets for 100 per cent cuts, the story of Edinburgh since 1947 reminds us of just one thing: that although some outcomes of arts spending can be

- 80 predicted, there is finally no measuring where a pound well spent on a cultural initiative may take you; if only because it will take you – over decades and generations – into a future of which you have barely begun to dream, but which some artists, somewhere, have already begun to conceive and make possible, in the magical working-house of their minds.

From: Joyce Mcmillan, "Festival City title fits Edinburgh", in: <http://www.scotsman.com/lifestyle/arts/news/joyce-mcmillan-festival-city-title-fits-edinburgh-1-2949883#ixzz3ncPhjCxZ>, May 30, 2013 (abridged; last visited: November 26, 2015)

Annotations:

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|----------------------|--|
| 1 Edinburgh Festival | collective term for many arts and cultural festivals that take place in August every year, including the Fringe Festival with over 40,000 performances in hundreds of venues across the city |
| 2 Lord Provost | head of the city council |
| 3 the Border | the border between England and Scotland |

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Textaufgabe II

Mrs. Packletide's Tiger

It was Mrs. Packletide's pleasure and intention that she should shoot a tiger. The compelling motive was the fact that Loona Bimberton had recently been carried eleven miles in an aeroplane by an Algerian aviator, and talked of nothing else; only a personally procured tiger-skin and a heavy harvest of
5 Press photographs could successfully counter that sort of thing. Mrs. Packletide had already arranged in her mind the lunch she would give at her house in Curzon Street, ostensibly in Loona Bimberton's honour, with a tiger-skin rug occupying most of the foreground and all of the conversation. In a world that is supposed to be chiefly swayed by hunger and by love Mrs.
10 Packletide was an exception; her movements and motives were largely governed by dislike of Loona Bimberton.

Circumstances proved propitious¹. Mrs. Packletide had offered a thousand rupees for the opportunity of shooting a tiger without over-much risk or exertion, and it so happened that a neighbouring village could boast of
15 being the favoured rendezvous of an animal of respectable antecedents. The prospect of earning the thousand rupees had stimulated the sporting and commercial instinct of the villagers; children were posted night and day on the outskirts of the local jungle to head the tiger back in the unlikely event of his attempting to roam away to fresh hunting-grounds, and the cheaper kinds of
20 goats were left about with elaborate carelessness to keep him satisfied with his present quarters. The one great anxiety was lest² he should die of old age before the date appointed for the memsahib's³ shoot.

The great night duly arrived, moonlit and cloudless. A platform had been constructed in a comfortable and conveniently placed tree, and thereon

25 crouched Mrs. Packletide and her paid companion, Miss Mebbin. A goat, gifted with a particularly persistent bleat, such as even a partially deaf tiger might be reasonably expected to hear on a still night, was tethered at the correct distance. With an accurately sighted⁴ rifle and a thumb-nail pack of patience cards the sportswoman awaited the coming of the quarry.

30 "I suppose we are in some danger?" said Miss Mebbin.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Packletide; "it's a very old tiger. It couldn't spring up here even if it wanted to."

"If it's an old tiger I think you ought to get it cheaper. A thousand rupees is a lot of money."

35 Louisa Mebbin adopted a protective elder-sister attitude towards money in general, irrespective of nationality or denomination. Her speculations as to the market depreciation of tiger remnants were cut short by the appearance on the scene of the animal itself. As soon as it caught sight of the tethered goat it lay flat on the earth, seemingly less from a desire to take advantage of all
40 available cover than for the purpose of snatching a short rest before commencing the grand attack.

"I believe it's ill," said Louisa Mebbin, loudly in Hindustani, for the benefit of the village headman, who was in ambush in a neighbouring tree.

45 "Hush!" said Mrs. Packletide, and at that moment the tiger commenced ambling towards his victim.

"Now, now!" urged Miss Mebbin with some excitement; "if he doesn't touch the goat we needn't pay for it."

The rifle flashed out with a loud report⁵, and the great tawny⁶ beast sprang to one side and then rolled over in the stillness of death. In a moment a
50 crowd of excited natives had swarmed on to the scene, and their shouting speedily carried the glad news to the village. And their triumph and rejoicing found a ready echo in the heart of Mrs. Packletide; already that luncheon-party in Curzon Street seemed immeasurably nearer.

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It was Louisa Mebbin who drew attention to the fact that the goat was in
55 death-throes from a mortal bullet-wound, while no trace of the rifle's deadly
work could be found on the tiger. Evidently the wrong animal had been hit, and
the beast of prey had succumbed to heart-failure, caused by the sudden
report⁵ of the rifle, accelerated by senile decay. Mrs. Packletide was
pardonably annoyed at the discovery; but, at any rate, she was the possessor
60 of a dead tiger, and the villagers, anxious for their thousand rupees, gladly
connived at the fiction that she had shot the beast. And Miss Mebbin was a
paid companion. Therefore did Mrs. Packletide face the cameras with a light
heart. As for Loona Bimberton, she refused to look at an illustrated paper for
weeks. The luncheon-party she declined; there are limits beyond which
65 repressed emotions become dangerous.

From Curzon Street the tiger-skin rug travelled down to the Manor House,
and it seemed a fitting and appropriate thing when Mrs. Packletide went to the
County Costume Ball in the character of Diana⁷.

“How amused everyone would be if they knew what really happened,”
70 said Louisa Mebbin a few days after the ball.

“What do you mean?” asked Mrs. Packletide quickly.

“How you shot the goat and frightened the tiger to death,” said Miss
Mebbin, with her disagreeably pleasant laugh.

“No one would believe it,” said Mrs. Packletide.

75 “Loona Bimberton would,” said Miss Mebbin. Mrs. Packletide's face
settled on an unbecoming shade of greenish white.

“You surely wouldn't give me away?” she asked.

“I've seen a week-end cottage near Darking that I should rather like to
buy,” said Miss Mebbin with seeming irrelevance. “Six hundred and eighty,
80 freehold. Quite a bargain, only I don't happen to have the money.”

Louisa Mebbin's pretty week-end cottage, gay in summer-time with its
garden borders of tiger-lilies, is the wonder and admiration of her friends.

“It is a marvel how Louisa manages to do it,” is the general verdict.

Mrs. Packletide indulges in no more big-game shooting.

85 “The incidental expenses⁷ are so heavy,” she confides to inquiring friends.

From: H. H. Munro, *The Chronicles of Clovis*, London 2010. p. 16ff.
(first published in 1911; abridged)

Annotations:

- | | |
|-----------------------|--|
| 1 propitious | likely to produce successful results |
| 2 anxiety... lest... | <i>dt.: Sorge..., dass...</i> |
| 3 memsahib | used in India in the past to refer to a (married) European woman |
| 4 accurately sighted | <i>dt.: perfekt eingestellt</i> |
| 5 report | <i>here:</i> noise of a shot |
| 6 tawny | yellowish-brown |
| 7 Diana | Roman goddess of hunting |
| 8 incidental expenses | <i>dt.: Nebenkosten</i> |