

Feeling different

Dieser Vorschlag bezieht sich auf Hanif Kureishi: My Son the Fanatic.

Aufgaben

Der vorliegende Vorschlag enthält in Aufgabe 3 alternative Arbeitsanweisungen.

1 Outline what the author misses and what she criticizes about Pakistan. (Material) **(25 BE)**

2 Relate the text (Material) to Hanif Kureishi's "My Son the Fanatic". **(40 BE)**

3 Choose one of the following tasks:

3.1 "England seemed to centre itself, its offerings and its institutions, around the rich and the white. I had to work twice as hard in order to be considered worthy of these invisible privileges."
(Material)

Taking the quotation as a starting point, discuss if the author's experiences are common challenges people of colour in the USA have to face.

or

3.2 You are part of a team preparing an international seminar on race and ethnicity called "Celebrating ethnic roots".

For the seminar's website, write an article assessing to what extent different ethnicities are celebrated in contemporary British and American society.

(35 BE)

Material**Neha Maqsood: The Way Back Home (essay, 2021)**

[...] For me, the notion of home has always been devotedly tied to Pakistan. I have spent my impressionable years growing up in Karachi¹, a metropolis that endlessly throbs with possibility. I saw how young people – aspiring actors, activists, students and entrepreneurs – would arrive in Karachi in droves, hoping to change the trajectory of their lives for the better.

- 5 When I was 18, I set out with the same hope for my future – but far from Karachi. It was my first time leaving my home, to study at a university in England. It was also the first time when I realized how strongly connected and utterly dependent I was on Pakistan – how deeply attached I was to the notion of home and belonging.

- 10 In England, I longed for Pakistan. I ached for the gentle nurturing of my family, the vibrant culture, conversing in Urdu² and celebrating religious occasions like Eid³. During particularly dreary days, I found myself reminiscing over the intense heat which hit Karachi in the mid-afternoons. In England, I felt like I was performing, donning additional layers of protection to securely acclimatise to this new environment. Only when I returned to Karachi would I peel back those layers until I attained some semblance of normalcy.

- 15 Away from home, I became an anxious person who felt deeply adrift from her True North⁴. Initially, I had pegged this problem as the average 18-year-old being afflicted with homesickness but, over time, I realised that what had settled within me was more of a permanent grievance. I had gone through something more traumatic – the loss of a homeland.

- 20 [...] Pakistan is not a country without flaws. It is stratified⁵, disorderly, led by opportunistic politicians, it offers limited mobility for women in public spaces, unjustly deals with heinous crimes and struggles with a broken educational system. It is a place where patriarchal norms have prevented even privileged women like me from self-actualising and maturing in ways which women from other more liberal countries can. Yet, despite its blatant failings, I've failed at reducing my devotion to this country. [...]

- 25 There are certain privileges, particularly as a woman, which come with living in the West. There are certain things I can do without thinking twice: I can enjoy a cup of coffee under the sun or aimlessly loiter without trepidation. But regardless of all the First World benefits which the West undeniably offers, there I will always be considered an 'other'.

- 30 In England, I found myself an unwarranted recipient of an unwarranted marker of identity – "minority status." On and off campus, I was the victim of multiple micro-aggressions and racist assaults – from old, white men proclaiming that I was a member of Al-Qaeda⁶, to professors repeatedly and unconsciously entrusting white peers over me to lead presentations and seminars.

- 35 My name, heritage and nationality were perpetual reminders of my otherness. I would observe the ways my white peers moved, how they shifted and occupied spaces so nonchalantly, while people of colour, including myself, seemed to orbit around them. As a brown Muslim woman, I couldn't take up space as easily as my white peers, and there always existed the looming threat that came with practising Islam.

¹ Karachi – city in southern Pakistan

² Urdu – the official national language of Pakistan

³ Eid – religious holiday celebrated by Muslims

⁴ True North – *hier*: der innere Kompass

⁵ stratified – divided into social classes

⁶ Al-Qaeda – a jihadist terrorist organization

**Englisch
Leistungskurs****Thema und Aufgabenstellung
Prüfungsteil 2 (Schreiben) – Vorschlag B1**

England seemed to centre itself, its offerings and its institutions, around the rich and the white. I had to work twice as hard in order to be considered worthy of these invisible privileges.

40 Alongside the otherness, I also felt like a hindrance. In London, people were always on the move and had a general air of being ‘too busy’. As a dawdler⁷, I would find myself getting in the way of others all the time.

Though a similar hustle and bustle existed in Karachi, it was far more languid in comparison. There were multiple moments in the day which were designed to facilitate communal interactions, including
45 haggling with fruit vendors, hailing a rickshaw⁸ and making small talk with the aunty⁹ standing next to you in a queue. In London, modernity had wiped out the need for communication; it was infantilising interacting mainly with robots for self-service checkouts and contactless payments, for instance.

[...] My educational experience in London seemed monotonous. Every moment felt dull, and it seemed as if I were watching myself follow a system which I had never questioned. I would wake up,
50 commute to work and college in a metal box crammed with uncommunicative passengers staring at their phones, be delivered to an air-conditioned high-rise, grab an expensive meal-deal¹⁰ and return home in the dull subway carriages, only to repeat the same routine the next day.

In the three years I spent in England, I tried my hardest to create something soft for myself within the dark, sanitary greyness of it all. When I was alone in my dorm, I would try to reassure myself that the
55 life I had led in Pakistan was real and that it didn’t simply exist in my mind. But ultimately, London got the best of me.

I was terrified of it in a way I never was of Karachi – the pace, the scale, the crowds. I found that, while London was the epicentre of arts and culture, it was also the centre of a rapidly growing finance culture, of rampant consumerism, toxic power and fast fashion. I felt increasingly out of touch with
60 my own humanity and spirituality. And so, at 21 years old, I scuttled back home swiftly after graduation. [...]

(902 Wörter)

Neha Maqsood: The Way Back Home, in: Dawn, 03.10.2021, URL: <https://www.dawn.com/news/1649720/essay-the-way-back-home> (abgerufen am 27.10.2021).

Hinweis

Neha Maqsood is a Pakistani writer. Her articles and essays about South Asian culture, race relations and feminism have been published in international magazines and newspapers, one of which is the Pakistani newspaper Dawn.

⁷ dawdler – someone who moves slowly

⁸ rickshaw – a simple vehicle originally used in Asia for carrying passengers

⁹ aunty – Indian/Pakistani English, used as a polite way of addressing or referring to an older woman

¹⁰ meal-deal – a special discount that one gets when buying a combination of items on a food menu or in a supermarket