



**Høgskolen i Telemark**

Avdeling for allmennvitenskaplege fag

## FINAL EXAM

<b>Emnekode:</b>	<b>2004 - 002</b>
<b>Emnenamn:</b>	<b>American topics</b>
<b>Studiepoeng for emnet:</b>	<b>10</b>
Omfang av denne eksamenen i % av heile emnet:	60
Eksamensdato:	29.11.10
Eksamensstad:	Sydney
Lengde/tidsrom:	4 hours
Målform:	English
Ant. sider inkl. framside	3 including front page
Tillatne hjelpemiddel:	English-English dictionary
Merknader:	
Ant. vedlegg:	One

Eksamensresultat finn du etter sensurfall ved å logge deg inn med brukarnamn og passord på StudentWeb (hit.no)

## QUESTION ONE

Compare and contrast attitudes toward the struggle for liberation in Melba Pattillo Beals' *Warriors Don't Cry* (1994) and James Baldwin's *The Fire Next Time* (1963).

## QUESTION TWO

Discuss the rhetorical techniques employed by Harriet Jacobs to create sympathy for the protagonist of *Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl* (1861). What do these techniques tell us about the institution of slavery in the US?

## QUESTION THREE

Give an interpretation of Sylvia Plath's «Daddy» (1962) where you comment on how the poem can be read as part of women's struggle for liberation. (For your help see attached poem.)

## «Daddy» by Sylvia Plath

You do not do, you do not do  
Any more, black shoe  
In which I have lived like a foot  
For thirty years, poor and white,  
Barely daring to breathe or Achoo.

Daddy, I have had to kill you.  
You died before I had time ----  
Marble-heavy, a bag full of God,  
Ghastly statue with one gray toe  
Big as a Frisco seal

And a head in the freakish Atlantic  
Where it pours bean green over blue  
In the waters off the beautiful Nauset.  
I used to pray to recover you.  
Ach, du.

In the German tongue, in the Polish town  
Scraped flat by the roller  
Of wars, wars, wars.  
But the name of the town is common.  
My Polack friend

Says there are a dozen or two.  
So I never could tell where you  
Put your foot, your root,  
I never could talk to you.  
The tongue stuck in my jaw.

It stuck in a barb wire snare.  
Ich, ich, ich, ich,  
I could hardly speak.  
I thought every German was you.  
And the language obscene

An engine, an engine,  
Chuffing me off like a Jew.  
A Jew to Dachau, Auschwitz, Belsen.  
I began to talk like a Jew.  
I think I may well be a Jew.

The snows of the Tyrol, the clear beer of  
Vienna  
Are not very pure or true.  
With my gypsy ancestress and my weird  
luck  
And my Taroc pack and my Taroc pack

I may be a bit of a Jew.

I have always been scared of *you*,  
With your Luftwaffe, your gobbledygoo.  
And your neat mustache  
And your Aryan eye, bright blue.  
Panzer-man, panzer-man, O You ----

Not God but a swastika  
So black no sky could squeak through.  
Every woman adores a Fascist,  
The boot in the face, the brute  
Brute heart of a brute like you.

You stand at the blackboard, daddy,  
In the picture I have of you,  
A cleft in your chin instead of your foot  
But no less a devil for that, no not  
Any less the black man who

Bit my pretty red heart in two.  
I was ten when they buried you.  
At twenty I tried to die  
And get back, back, back to you.  
I thought even the bones would do.

But they pulled me out of the sack,  
And they stuck me together with glue.  
And then I knew what to do.  
I made a model of you,  
A man in black with a Meinkampf look

And a love of the rack and the screw.  
And I said I do, I do.  
So daddy, I'm finally through.  
The black telephone's off at the root,  
The voices just can't worm through.

If I've killed one man, I've killed two ----  
The vampire who said he was you  
And drank my blood for a year,  
Seven years, if you want to know.  
Daddy, you can lie back now.

There's a stake in your fat black heart  
And the villagers never liked you.  
They are dancing and stamping on you.  
They always *knew* it was you.  
Daddy, daddy, you bastard, I'm through.