

SLUTTEKSAMEN

2003: American Literature and Culture in a Historical Perspective

10.05.2011

Tid :	4 timer
Målform :	Engelsk
Sidetall :	4 (inkl forside)
Hjelpemiddel:	Godkjent engelsk-engelsk ordbok
Merknad :	
Vedlegg :	1

Eksamensresultata blir offentliggjort på nettet via Studentweb

Answer ONE of the questions:

- 1. Give an interpretation of Sylvia Plath's poem "Daddy" (poem attached).
- 2. Discuss what you consider to be the main themes in Mark Twain's novel *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*.
- 3. Write an essay on F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby* where you focus on the characters of Nick Carraway and Jay Gatsby and narrative strategies. You should pay special attention the way in which Nick tells us the story about Gatsby, and you should include some comment on whether you think Nick Carraway is a reliable narrator

Daddy

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 grey toe¹ Big as a Frisco seal

And a head in the freakish Atlantic Where it pours bean green over blue In the waters off beautiful Nauset.² I used to pray to recover you. Ach, du.³

In the German tongue, in the Polish town⁴ 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,⁵ 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.⁶ I began to talk like a Jew. I think I may well be a Jew.

The snows of the Tyrol,⁷ the clear beer of Vienna Are not very pure or true. With my gypsy ancestress and my weird luck And my Taroc⁸ pack and my Taroc pack I may be a bit of a Jew.

I have always been scared of you, With your Luftwaffe,⁹ your gobbledygoo. And your neat moustache And your Aryan eye, bright blue. Panzer-man, panzer-man,¹ 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.² And then I knew what to do. I made a model of you, 10

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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,		70	
The voices just can't worm through.		1.1250	
If I've killed one man, I've killed two	320		
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.		75	
Daddy, you can no outer no		1 C	
There's a stake in your fat black heart		1	
And the villagers never liked you.		53	
They are dancing and stamping on you.			
They are dancing and stamping on you			
They always knew it was you.	1 R - 2	80	
Daddy, daddy, you bastard, I'm through.		1966	
	<u></u>	1900	25