



**Høgskolen i Telemark**

**SLUTTEKSAMEN**

**2008: American Literature and Culture 1600-1980**

**07.05.2012**

Tid/time:	4 timer/4 hours
Målform/language:	Engelsk/English
Sidetal /number of pages :	4 (inkl. forside)
Hjelpemiddel/aid:	Godkjent engelsk-engelsk ordbok/English-English dictionary
Merknader/comments:	Svar på ett av spørsmålene/Answer one of the questions
Vedlegg/attachments:	1

**Eksamensresultata blir offentliggjort på nettet, via Studentweb/  
The exam results will be published on *Studentweb***

Answer ONE of the questions:

1. Discuss to what extent Fitzgerald's novel *The Great Gatsby* could be read as a story about the corruption of the American Dream.
2. Give an interpretation of Sylvia Plath's poem "Daddy" or of her poem "Morning Song" (texts attached).
3. Discuss Frederick Douglass' presentation of slavery in chapters one and seven of *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, an American Slave, Written by Himself* (1845). You should also consider the function and importance of the slave narrative as a genre.

A cake of soap,  
A wedding ring,  
A gold filling.<sup>4</sup>

Herr God, Herr Lucifer  
Beware  
Beware.

Out of the ash<sup>5</sup>  
I rise with my red hair  
And I eat men like air.

1962

1966

### 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 toe<sup>1</sup>  
Big as a Frisco seal

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

In the German tongue, in the Polish town<sup>4</sup>  
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,<sup>5</sup> 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.<sup>6</sup>  
I began to talk like a Jew.  
I think I may well be a Jew.

The snows of the Tyrol,<sup>7</sup> the clear beer of Vienna  
Are not very pure or true.  
With my gypsy ancestress and my weird luck  
And my Taroc<sup>8</sup> pack and my Taroc pack  
I may be a bit of a Jew.

I have always been scared of you,  
With your Luftwaffe,<sup>9</sup> your gobbledygoo.  
And your neat mustache  
And your Aryan eye, bright blue.  
Panzer<sup>1</sup>-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  
And 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.

4. The Nazis used human remains in the making of soap and scavenged corpses for jewelry and gold teeth.  
5. An allusion to the phoenix, a mythical bird that dies by fire and is reborn out of its own ashes.  
6. The Nazis used human remains in the making of soap and scavenged corpses for jewelry and gold teeth.  
7. Tyrol, a region in the Alps.  
8. A variation of Tarot, an ancient fortune-telling game.  
9. Luftwaffe, the German air force.

5. I (German).  
6. German concentration camps, where millions of Jews were murdered during World War II.  
7. Austrian Alpine region.  
8. Variation of Tarot, an ancient fortune-telling game.

ambition; many died in the concentration camps.  
9. The German air force.  
1. Armor (German); refers to the Nazi tank corps in World War II. Hitler preached the superiority of the Aryans—people of German stock with blond hair and blue eyes.

But they pulled me out of the sack,  
 And they stuck me together with glue.<sup>2</sup>  
 And then I knew what to do.  
 I made a model of you,  
 A man in black with a Meinkampf<sup>3</sup> 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.

1962

1966

80

### Morning Song

Love set you going like a fat gold watch.  
 The midwife slapped your footsoles, and your bald cry  
 Took its place among the elements.

Our voices echo, magnifying your arrival. New statue.  
 In a drafty museum, your nakedness  
 Shadows our safety. We stand round blankly as walls.

I'm no more your mother  
 Than the cloud that distills a mirror to reflect its own slow  
 Effacement at the wind's hand.

All night your moth-breath  
 Flickers among the flat pink roses. I wake to listen:  
 A far sea moves in my ear.

One cry, and I stumble from bed, cow-heavy and floral  
 In my Victorian nightgown.  
 Your mouth opens clean as a cat's. The window square

Whitens and swallows its dull stars. And now you try  
 Your handful of notes;  
 The clear vowels rise like balloons.

1966

1

15

5

10

65

70

75