

**Freshman Papers 2001 Winner  
Erin Lynch**

**Daddy's Girl: Sylvia Plath, Freud and the Uncanny  
Erin Lynch '04  
Written for Literature and Psychoanalysis 327, Professor Tom Balazs**

Words from Erin:

I grew up in Scottsdale, Arizona, and attended Phoenix Country Day, a college preparatory school where great emphasis was placed on the clear and succinct expression of thought. It was through my writing and research in high school that I discovered my passion for literary analysis. When I heard about Professor Balazs's course, "Literature and Psychoanalysis 327," I was thrilled with the concept of combining two of my greatest interests. Psychoanalysis is rich with analytic themes, and its application to various pieces of literature intrigued me. Sylvia Plath's "Daddy's Girls," a poem replete with Freudian undertones, provided me with the impetus to delve deeply into the connections between Freud's conception of the uncanny and Plath's exploration of a young girl's relationship with her father. I would like to thank both Professor Balazs for inspiring me through his phenomenal course and also the panel of judges who appreciated me work. Accolades such as this continue to move me, and I look forward to expanding my writing skills. I am extremely honored to receive this award.

Erin Lynch

"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 of 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

