

STELLA MARIS COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS) CHENNAI 600 086
(For candidates admitted during the academic year 2004 – 05 & thereafter)

SUBJECT CODE: EL/MC/DR34

B.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, NOVEMBER 2007
BRANCH XII – ENGLISH
THIRD SEMESTER

COURSE : MAJOR – CORE
PAPER : DRAMA
TIME : 3 HOURS **MAX. MARKS : 100**

I Choose four passages, ONE from each text, and attempt an analysis of each passage : (4x15=60)

- a. **Valdes:** Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience,
Shall make all nations to canonize us.
As Indian moors obey their Spanish lords,
So shall the spirits of every element
Be always serviceable to us three;
Like lions shall they guard us when we please;
Like Almain rutters with their horsemen's staves,
Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides;
Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the Queen of Love
From Venice shall they drag huge argosies,
And from America the golden fleece
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury,
If learned Faustus will be resolute.
- b. **Helmer:** Oh you think and talk like a stupid child.
Nora: All right. But you neither think nor talk like the man I would want to share my life with. When you had got over your fright – and you weren't concerned about me but only about what might happen to you – and when all danger was past, you acted as though nothing had happened. I was your little sky-lark again, your little doll, exactly as before; except you would have to protect it twice as carefully as before, now that it had shown itself to be so weak and fragile. [Rises] Torvald, that was the moment I realized that for eight years I'd been living with a stranger, and had borne him three children... Oh, I can't bear to think about it! I could tear myself to shreds.
Helmer: [sadly] I see. I see. There is a tremendous gulf dividing us. But, Nora, is there no way we might bridge it?
Nora: As I am now, I am no wife for you.
Helmer: I still have it in me to change.
Nora: Perhaps... If you have your doll taken away.

- c. **First God** (mildly): But you did find someone. Someone who took us in for the night, watched over us in our sleep and in the early morning lighted us down to the street with a lamp.
Wong: It was ... Shen Te, that took you in?
Third God: Who else?
Wong: And I ran away! "She isn't coming," I thought, "She just can't afford it."
Gods (singing): O you feeble, well-intentioned, and yet feeble chap!
 Where there's need the fellow thinks there is no goodness!
 When there's danger he thinks courage starts to ebb away!
 Some people only see the seamy side!
 What hasty judgement! What premature desperation!
- d. **Estragon:** My feet! (He sits down, tries to take off his boots.) Help me!
Vladimir: Was I sleeping, while the others suffered? Am I sleeping now? Tomorrow, when I wake, or think I do, what shall I say of today? That with Estragon my friend, at this place, until the fall of night, I waited for Godot? That Pozzo passed, with his carrier, and that he spoke to us? Probably. But in all that what truth will there be?
 [Estragon, having struggled with his boots in vain, is dozing off again. Vladimir stares at him.]
 He'll know nothing. He'll tell me about the blows he received and I'll give him a carrot. (Pause.) Astride of a grave and a different birth. Down in the hole, lingeringly, the grave-digger puts on the forceps. We have time to grow old. The air is full of our cries. (He listens.) But habit is a great deadener. (He looks again at Estragon.) At me too someone is looking, of me too someone is saying, he is sleeping, he knows nothing, let him sleep on. (Pause.) I can't go on! (Pause.) What have I said?
- e. **Old Man:** Ah, stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate stabs!
 I see an angel hovers o'er thy head,
 And, with a vial full of precious grace,
 Offers to pour the same into thy soul:
 Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.
Faustus: Ah, my sweet friend, I feel
 Thy words to comfort my distressed soul:
 Leave me awhile to ponder on my sins.
Old Man: I go, sweet Faustus, but with heavy cheer,
 Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul.
Faustus: Accursed Faustus, where is mercy now?
 I do repent, and yet I do despair:
 Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast:
 What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

- f. **Estragon:** (Giving up again) Nothing to be done.
Vladimir: (Advancing with short, stiff strides, legs wide apart) I'm beginning to come round to that opinion. All my life I've tried to put it from me, saying, Vladimir, be reasonable, you haven't yet tried everything. And I resumed the struggle. (He broods, musing on the struggle. Turning to Estragon) So there you are again.
Estragon: Am I?
Vladimir: I'm glad to see you back. I thought you were gone for ever.
Estragon: Me too.
Vladimir: Together again at last! We'll have to celebrate this. But how?

II. Write an essay in 500 words on any ONE. (1x20=20)

- a. Discuss the elements of the Renaissance in Dr. Faustus.
OR
b. Comment on Ibsen's literal and figurative creation of Torvald's "doll house".

III. Answer any TWO questions in about 200 words each. (2x10=20)

- a. Discuss the influence of the Moralities on Dr. Faustus.
b. The trial scene in The Good Woman of Tsetzuan as a Brechtian device.
c. How does Ibsen in A Doll's House present the 'home' as an institution that tends to inhibit the development of the authentic self?
d. Comment on Lucky's speech in Waiting for Godot.
