

STELLA MARIS COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS) CHENNAI 600 086
(For candidates admitted during the academic year 2015-16)

SUBJECT CODE: 15EL/MC/DR24

B. A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, APRIL 2016
BRANCH XII – ENGLISH
SECOND SEMESTER

COURSE : MAJOR – CORE
PAPER : DRAMA
TIME : 3 HOURS

MAX. MARKS : 100

SECTION A

I. Write a short essay in about 200 words each on two of the following with reference to any play prescribed for study. (2x10=20marks)

1. Freytag's pyramid
2. Different types of characters
3. Comedy
4. Dramatic Unities

SECTION B

II. Write an essay in about 500 words each on the following. (3x20=60marks)

1. a. Consider *As You Like It* as a pastoral comedy.

OR

b. Discuss how Shakespeare presents his female characters in *As You Like It*.

2. a. Discuss the conflict between appearance and reality in *A Doll's House*.

OR

b. Comment on the significance of the slamming of the door in *A Doll's House*.

3. a. How are the songs used as a story-telling device in *Caucasian Chalk Circle*?

OR

b. Consider the appropriateness of the title *Caucasian Chalk Circle*.

SECTION C

III. Attempt a critical analysis of any one of the following passage in about 500 words, focusing on theme, context, tone and structure. (1x20 = 20marks)

Krogstad: Tell me, Mrs. Helmer, can you by any chance remember what day your father died?--on what day of the month, I mean.

Nora: Papa died on the 29th of September.

Krogstad: That is correct; I have ascertained it for myself. And, as that is so, there is a discrepancy (taking a paper from his pocket) which I cannot account for.

Nora: What discrepancy? I don't know--

Krogstad: The discrepancy consists, Mrs. Helmer, in the fact that your father signed this bond three days after his death.

Nora: What do you mean? I don't understand—

Krogstad: Your father died on the 29th of September. But, look here; your father has dated his signature the 2nd of October. It is a discrepancy, isn't it? (NORA is silent.) Can you explain it to me? (NORA is still silent.) It is a remarkable thing, too, that the words "2nd of October," as well as the year, are not written in your father's handwriting but in one that I think I know. Well, of course it can be explained; your father may have forgotten to date his signature, and someone else may have dated it haphazard before they knew of his death. There is no harm in that. It all depends on the signature of the name; and that is genuine, I suppose, Mrs. Helmer? It was your father himself who signed his name here?

Nora: (after a short pause, throws her head up and looks defiantly at him). No, it was not. It was I that wrote papa's name.

Krogstad: Are you aware that is a dangerous confession?

Nora: In what way? You shall have your money soon.

Krogstad: Let me ask you a question; why did you not send the paper to your father?

Nora: It was impossible; papa was so ill. If I had asked him for his signature, I should have had to tell him what the money was to be used for; and when he was so ill himself I couldn't tell him that my husband's life was in danger-- it was impossible.

Krogstad: It would have been better for you if you had given up your trip abroad.

Nora: No, that was impossible. That trip was to save my husband's life; I couldn't give that up.

Krogstad: But did it never occur to you that you were committing a fraud on me?

Nora: I couldn't take that into account; I didn't trouble myself about you at all. I couldn't bear you, because you put so many heartless difficulties in my way, although you knew what a dangerous condition my husband was in.

Krogstad: Mrs. Helmer, you evidently do not realise clearly what it is that you have been guilty of. But I can assure you that my one false step, which lost me all my reputation, was nothing more or nothing worse than what you have done.

Nora: You? Do you ask me to believe that you were brave enough to run a risk to save your wife's life?

Krogstad: The law cares nothing about motives.

Nora: Then it must be a very foolish law.

Krogstad: Foolish or not, it is the law by which you will be judged, if I produce this paper in court.

Nora: I don't believe it. Is a daughter not to be allowed to spare her dying father anxiety and care? Is a wife not to be allowed to save her husband's life? I don't know much about law; but I am certain that there must be laws permitting such things as that. Have you no knowledge of such laws-- you who are a lawyer? You must be a very poor lawyer, Mr. Krogstad.

Krogstad: Maybe. But matters of business--such business as you and I have had together--do you think I don't understand that? Very well. Do as you please. But let me tell you this--if I lose my position a second time, you shall lose yours with me. (He bows, and goes out through the hall.)

Nora: (appears buried in thought for a short time, then tosses her head). Nonsense! Trying to frighten me like that!--I am not so silly as he thinks. (Begins to busy herself putting the children's things in order.) And yet--? No, it's impossible! I did it for love's sake.

The Children (in the doorway on the left). Mother, the stranger man has gone out through the gate.

Nora: Yes, dears, I know. But, don't tell anyone about the stranger man. Do you hear? Not even papa.

OR

DUKE SENIOR

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,

The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
'This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in every thing.
I would not change it.
