

B. A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, APRIL 2017
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. Comedy
2. Characterisation
3. Plot
4. Setting

SECTION B

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

1. a) How does the presence of Touchstone and Jaques in the forest provide "counterstatements" to the theme of rural contentment in *As You Like It*?
(OR)
b) "Whether physically, emotionally, or spiritually, those who enter the Forest of Arden are often remarkably different when they leave." Substantiate this statement with reference to *As You Like It*.
2. a) Do you think Torvald's love for Nora as a person forms the foundation of his affection for her? Justify your answer.
(OR)
b) Attempt a feminist interpretation of the play *A Doll's House*.
3. a) Discuss the predominant themes in *Caucasian Chalk Circle*.
(OR)
b) What does the chalk circle in *The Caucasian Circle* represent? Elaborate.

SECTION C

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

ROSALIND

Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

ORLANDO

Did you ever cure any so?

ROSALIND

Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to

woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

(OR)

Helmer [standing at the open door]. Yes, do. Try and calm yourself, and make your mind easy again, my frightened little singing-bird. Be at rest, and feel secure; I have broad wings to shelter you under. [Walks up and down by the door.] How warm and cosy our home is, Nora. Here is shelter for you; here I will protect you like a hunted dove that I have saved from a hawk's claws; I will bring peace to your poor beating heart. It will come, little by little, Nora, believe me. Tomorrow morning you will look upon it all quite differently; soon everything will be just as it was before. Very soon you won't need me to assure you that I have forgiven you; you will yourself feel the certainty that I have done so. Can you suppose I should ever think of such a thing as repudiating you, or even reproaching you? You have no idea what a true man's heart is like, Nora. There is something so indescribably sweet and satisfying, to a man, in the knowledge that he has forgiven his wife--forgiven her freely, and with all his heart. It seems as if that had made her, as it were, doubly his own; he has given her a new life, so to speak; and she has in a way become both wife and child to him. So you shall be for me after this, my little scared, helpless darling. Have no anxiety about anything, Nora; only be frank and open with me, and I will serve as will and conscience both to you--. What is this? Not gone to bed? Have you changed your things?

Nora [in everyday dress]. Yes, Torvald, I have changed my things now.

Helmer. But what for?--so late as this.

Nora. I shall not sleep tonight.

Helmer. But, my dear Nora--

Nora [looking at her watch]. It is not so very late. Sit down here, Torvald. You and I have much to say to one another. [She sits down at one side of the table.]

Helmer. Nora--what is this?--this cold, set face?

Nora. Sit down. It will take some time; I have a lot to talk over with you.

Helmer [sits down at the opposite side of the table]. You alarm me, Nora!--and I don't understand you.

Nora. No, that is just it. You don't understand me, and I have never understood you either--before tonight. No, you mustn't interrupt me. You must simply listen to what I say. Torvald, this is a settling of accounts.
