**TDC Even Semester Exam., 2019**

ENGLISH

( Honours )

**( 4th Semester )**

Course No. : ENGH–402

**( Critical Theories, Prosody and Critical Appreciation )**

*Full Marks* : 50
*Pass Marks* : 17

*Time* : 2 hours

*The figures in the margin indicate full marks for the questions*

UNIT—I

**( Critical Theories )**

( *Marks* : 30 )

**1.** Answer any *three* of the following questions : 10×3=30

*(a)* Discuss the major features of post-structuralism as a literary theory.

*(b)* Attempt a note on the basic assumptions of psychoanalytic criticism.





*(c)* What do you understand by structuralism? Mention its chief features.

*(d)* Write a note on the characteristic features of feminist criticism.

*(e)* Examine Marxism as a critical theory.

*(f)* What are the basic tenets of postcolonial studies?

*(g)* Write a brief note on Russian formalism.

UNIT—II

**[ Prosody (Scansion) and Critical Appreciation ]**

( *Marks* : 20 )

**2.** Scan the following excerpt and mention the prosodic character : 8

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

*Or*

Tiger tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

**3.** Attempt a critical appreciation of the following poem : 12

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me.
But only God can make a tree.

*Or*

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments; love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds.
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O no, it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height
be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

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