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La leçon se déroule en anglais. Elle est suivie d'un entretien en français.

SUBJECT:

"If an NP following the predicate (either an object or an NP introduced by a preposition) has the same reference as the subject NP within the same clause, then the post-predicate NP must be replaced by the appropriate reflexive pronoun, e.g. *Pablo cut himself, Agnes looked at herself in the mirror, Gonzales told a story about himself*. However, if two NPs are coreferential between different clauses in a single sentence then a reflexive pronoun is not applicable, e.g. *After John swore, Mary hit him*, not **After John swore, Mary hit himself*."

R.M.W. Dixon, *A New Approach to English Grammar, on Semantic Principles*, Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1991, p. 56.

Discuss.

Candidates will use relevant excerpts from the following corpus to address the above topic.

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Excerpt 1

'Seduce you? It's the smart move, Rachel. You're the key to his future.' Jamie's prophetic words floated back to her and she flung herself on to the bed, staring at nothing, her body rigid with the tension of a woman in the grip of violent, unsated desire.

Sarah Holland, *Ungoverned Passion*, 1993

Excerpt 2

Kirkston of Philorth, that would do. He decided to throw himself off the parapet of the bridge instead of lying down on the track. He would time it just right and throw himself in front of the branch line train, he knew the train didn't go very fast but it would do... In the early evening of the next day he dressed himself in his best suit and wore a clean shirt and a razor tight collar; he looked at himself in the mirror, yes, he looked good, almost handsome, one must die with dignity.

W. B. Herbert, *Railway Ghosts and Phantoms*, 1992

Excerpt 3

He beat out ten minutes of pain-filled, throbbing rhythm, sometimes accompanied by low, anguished singing, before Doris came stamping and peg up the stairs and banged on his door and told him to stop it at once. I expected him to answer her back — there was such a passion in his music, he didn't sound like himself at all, any more than he had looked like himself yesterday — but he just struck the wires of his guitar into a discord and after that there was a beaten silence, and Doris stamped off downstairs again, talking all the way about her poor legs and her poor head.

Lynne Reid Banks, *The L-shaped Room*, 1987

Excerpt 4

One of Marc Lepine's victims lies dead, food unfinished. At the fork halfway up the hill you must keep by the cemetery side to find the Poly, which comes into view as you reach the parking lot at the top of the hill. At some time, surely, Lepine must have stopped and looked around himself: at the dreary, lumpen Ecole Polytechnique, and the other squat and block-like faculty buildings of sandy yellow brick, with the high tower of the University pavilion rising in their midst.

Esquire, 1991

Excerpt 5

Back at the office, Schellenberg changed into a light grey flannel suit in the bathroom, speaking through the other door to Ilse Huber as he dressed, filling her in on the whole business.

Jack Higgins, *The Eagle has Flown*, 1991

Excerpt 6

Tim Reagan raised his hands in mock submission, surprised by his partner's vehemence, and followed him out of the door. In the hall sat Claudia Yeo herself, evidently waiting for her husband, and Tim stopped to say hello to her. She looked as if she needed that weekend away.

Janet Neel, *Death of a Partner*, 1991

Excerpt 7

Bonnie Ware has long worked in palliative care, spending time with the dying during the final weeks of their lives. Over the years she's heard the same regrets from the dying. They wish they had had the courage to be themselves, rather than trying to meet expectations. They say they should not have worked so hard — a lament heard especially from the older generation of males.

'Century marks', *The Christian Century*, January 11, 2012

Excerpt 8

At the sumptuous party held to celebrate the re-opening of the showrooms in the rue du Faubourg St Honoré, Edouard looked around him with pride, but he knew his work had scarcely begun. He had provided one essential, a glittering showcase for the de Chavigny merchandise.

Sally Beauman, *Destiny*, 1987

Excerpt 9

Care was taken to stamp out the fire, and as Lucy watched Silas at work she was struck by his meticulous attention to detail. Her only task in the clean-up was to empty the two jam jars of snowdrops, but instead of disposing of the flowers she took them with her.

Miriam Macgregor, *Wilder's Wilderness*, 1993

Excerpt 10

"Mr. Brady has the happy faculty of being attentive without being officious, of possessing suavity without obtrusiveness, and is altogether the right man for the right place," declared a typically flattering story from the 1850s in Frank Leslie's Weekly. But it was more than Brady's solicitous manner that lured patrons in droves. Wrote Mary Panzer, author of the book *Mathew Brady and the Image of History*, "His portraits revealed his sitters to themselves, and to the world, as they most wanted to appear."

Mike Thomas, 'The War Correspondent', *National Parks*, 2012

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Excerpt 11

My uncle named his daughter Margaret, in honor of his irreplaceable grandmother. Her humor has outlived her: For instance, whenever we play cards in our family, we still say, "Help yourself to the stewed fruit," which was the catchphrase Gima delivered every time she got dealt a lousy hand. And her passions have outlived her, still manifesting themselves quite firmly, four generations later, through the pursuits and aspirations of her female descendants.

Elizabeth Gilbert, 'Cook's Heaven', *Good Housekeeping*, April 2012

Excerpt 12

While not everyone can afford (or needs) a custom bike, all cyclists can benefit from a fitting. It's a way to take a stock-sized bike and make it perfect for you – and it's almost always worth the price. "We struggle with women who come in thinking that it's not worth spending the money on themselves," says Hoefer. Fittings can cost anywhere from \$150 to \$400-plus, depending on whether you need new parts to make your bike suit you, but they often also help make your bicycle much more fun to ride."

'The Perfect Ride', *Bicycling*, March 2012

Excerpt 13

Realising that I was now unrepresented in the 5 ft 11 inch society, I searched my soul, but had become insufficiently double-jointed to see round the back! Finding myself in the coal bunker at the back of the bungalow I did nothing till the morning of dawning when maximum light was to be utilised for a rather essential cold water wash under an outside tap, and I was soon back on the solid road remarking that the hedgerows' newborn leaves utter great things.

Ron Geesin, *Fallables*, 1975

Excerpt 14

"Who did they call for the defence?" asked Middlemass. "Charlie Pollard. He hung his great belly over the box and explained confidentially to the jury that they needn't be frightened of the so-called scientific expert witnesses because none of us, including himself of course, really know what we're talking about. They were immensely reassured, I need hardly say."

P. D. James, *Death of an Expert Witness*, 1979

Excerpt 15

[...] it tells us there in the book of Genesis in the first chapter in verse twenty seven, that God created us to be like himself (pause) and you've got to look in the mirror and I've got to look in the mirror, not just the glass mirror on the wall, but into the mirror of ourselves and realise we don't have to be intellectuals, we don't have to be astute observers, but even the very cursory of glances will show to us that were nothing like it, if God made you and me to be in his image, then something has gone wrong, [...].

Albert Gunter, Sermon (Public/institutional), 25 June 1989

Excerpt 16

He had said he would drag her through every court in the land, which sounded unpleasantly threatening. And if he did something dreadful to Hepzibah it would be all Carrie's fault, though she hadn't meant any harm, only passed on a message. But when she thought about it an odd picture came into her head; a picture of herself innocently lifting the lid of a box and letting out a dark, shapeless shadow...

Nina Bawden, *Carrie's War*, 1988

Excerpt 17

She was certainly a warm and generous woman, as evidenced by her core tenets regarding hospitality, which include "Try not to forget your friends' birthdays," "Be lavish with the coffee," and "Try not to let those unexpected guests feel that you are embarrassed by their sudden appearance – half the time, they are a little embarrassed themselves." I found myself quite moved by chapter 12, where Gima lists recipes that are good for sick friends who are stuck in the hospital.

Elizabeth Gilbert, 'Cook's Heaven', *Good Housekeeping*, April 2012

Excerpt 18

Before, things were packed into the pantry wherever they fit. Now, like items are grouped on shelves labeled with tabs or tags. Clips seal opened packages, keeping contents fresh. Chalkboard paint creates an instant grocery-list spot! Ready for a crowd. A buffet staging area lets Paula's guests help themselves to chow; the utensil carrier can be toted along indoors or outside. Grab a bowl, y'all!

Paula Deen, "Hey, Y'all, I Need Some Help!", *Good Housekeeping*, January 2012

Excerpt 19

She had lived in America for more than two years this time, and had grown up there, basically. Her father had been an economist, who had come back to Europe with Woodrow Wilson to try to hammer something workable out of the ruins of the Great War, and after that the family had divided themselves between the USA and Britain.

Frank Kippax, *The Butcher's Bill*, 1992