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

SUBJECT:

"There are, however, occurrences of reflexives [...] that do not abide by locality conditions and no revision or extension of the local domain can account for their distribution. In particular, it has been shown (*cf.* Zribi-Hertz, 1989) that reflexives in English can be used to refer to an antecedent in a different sentence, beyond any local domain, and can even occur with no linguistic antecedent. It has been proposed that the analysis of these long distance reflexives (logophors), and potentially, the analysis of reflexives in general, should be based on discourse factors, particularly the notion of point of view."
Cohen, Dana. 1999. "Towards a unified account of intensive reflexives". *Journal of Pragmatics* 31, 1041-1052.

Discuss.

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

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Excerpt 1

Because the Swede's desk was separated from the making department by glass partitions, he and the women at the machines could command a clear view of one another. He had instituted this arrangement so as to wrest relief from the mechanical racket while maintaining access between himself and the floor.

Philip Roth, *American Pastoral*, 1997

Excerpt 2

He knew that Rose flattered himself on his French, for he had spent two or three holidays in France; and he expected to get the Dean's Prize for English essay; Philip got a good deal of satisfaction in watching his dismay when he saw how much better Philip was doing in these subjects than himself.

Somerset Maugham, *On Human Bondage*, 1915

Excerpt 3

He was unduly pleased with himself. With youth's lack of sympathy for an attitude other than its own he despised not a little Weeks and Hayward because they were content with the vague emotion which they called God and would not take the further step which to himself seemed so obvious.

Somerset Maugham, *On Human Bondage*, 1915

Excerpt 4

"I suppose you haven't thought about a tombstone yet?" said the churchwarden.

"Yes, I have. I thought of a plain stone cross. Louisa was always against ostentation."

"I don't think one can do much better than a cross. If you're thinking of a text, what do you say to: With Christ, which is far better?"

The Vicar pursed his lips. It was just like Bismarck to try and settle everything himself. He did not like that text; it seemed to cast an aspersion on himself.

"I don't think I should put that. I much prefer: The Lord has given and the Lord has taken away."

Somerset Maugham, *On Human Bondage*, 1915

Excerpt 5

Philip passed from the innocence of childhood to bitter consciousness of himself by the ridicule which his club-foot had excited.

Somerset Maugham, *On Human Bondage*, 1915

Excerpt 6

The fact remained that he was helpless. He felt just as he had felt sometimes in the hands of a bigger boy at school. He had struggled against the superior strength till his own strength was gone, and he was rendered quite powerless—he remembered the peculiar languor he had felt in his limbs, almost as though he were paralysed—so that he could not help himself at all. He might have been dead. He felt just that same weakness now. He loved the woman so that he knew he had never loved before. He did not mind her faults of person or of character, he thought he loved them too: at all events they meant nothing to him. It did not seem himself that was concerned; he felt that he had been seized by some strange force that moved him against his will, contrary to his interests; and because he had a passion for freedom he hated the chains which bound him. He laughed at himself when he thought how often he had longed to experience the overwhelming passion. He cursed himself because he had given way to it.

Somerset Maugham, *On Human Bondage*, 1915

Excerpt 7

The adventure was like a blunder that one had committed at a party so horrible that one felt nothing could be done to excuse it: the only remedy was to forget. His horror at the degradation he had suffered helped him. He was like a snake casting its skin and he looked upon the old covering with nausea. He exulted in the possession of himself once more; he realised how much of the delight of the world he had lost when he was absorbed in that madness which they called love; he had had enough of it; he did not want to be in love any more if love was that.

Somerset Maugham, *On Human Bondage*, 1915

Excerpt 8

He was about to leave when a voice from the interior doorway stopped him. "I see you have a taste for warrior accoutrements." Hael turned and saw the speaker was a man as tall as himself, powerfully built, but at least thirty years older. He wore an ankle-length robe of a shiny material Hael had never seen before.

John Maddox Roberts, *The Islander*, 1990, COCA

Excerpt 9

It was unlike anything I'd encountered before and yet it, too, seemed familiar... Of course it was familiar! I had seen something like this earlier, when the part of me that had been carved away was returning. For a moment, back then, I had seen myself as the other saw me. I had recognized myself, recognized a reflection of me, and that's what I was experiencing again here. I was seeing myself. Oh, it wasn't exactly as the other part of me

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had portrayed me, and it wasn't quite how I envisioned myself. The colors and the style of presentation were different, with points that varied in size as well as brightness. But I had no doubt that it was me.

Robert J. Sawyer, *Wake*, 2008, COCA

Excerpt 10

"Hey!" he cried. Nick ran to the door. He pounded on the thick steel with the heel of his fist. Peering out the small window at the door's center, a Plexiglas porthole wide enough for a single face, he sought to make eye contact with someone—anyone—watching from the other side. But the only figure staring back at him was a reflection of himself.

George Mastras, *Fidali's Way*, 2009, COCA

Excerpt 11

See, said the cigar smoker, he doesn't even come halfway up to the horse's dumper. A voice behind me squawked, The horse could dump a new hat on him! Everyone, even Uri, howled with laughter. Explosions went off beyond the walls. The boys who were not smoking were eating. In the corner of the stable was a pile as tall as me. There was bread in all shapes and sausages of all lengths and colors and fruits and candies.

Jerry Spinelli, *Milkweed: a Novel*, 2005, COCA

Excerpt 12

Driving around in my parents' car the day before the wedding, I felt feverish, slightly inauthentic, immensely proud, awkward, and unaware, like a toddler on her maiden voyage as a biped. I married the man I married because I liked his version of myself better than my own. I married him because I loved him, because I felt more real with him than I had felt with anyone else.

Lynn Darling, For better and worse. *Esquire*, 1996, COCA

Excerpt 13

Debbie touched Joan's elbow and led her to the edge. Joan thought how odd they must look: she, almost six feet, and Debbie, just over five; Debbie with her wavy hair, a new nut shade every month, and herself with steady layers, onyx black and lacquer smooth.

Kathleen Toomey Jabs, *Deep Water. Good Housekeeping*, 2007, COCA

Excerpt 14

Nor was their last quarrel entirely resolved. She held him to account, still, for his betrayal. When she flaunted herself a little now, it was in response to that. The storm, the recovery of the body, the burning on the beach—that was all like a pageant that she had been compelled to watch and to believe in. It still had nothing to do with Eric and herself. She got the job at the university reference library, she found a two-bedroom apartment that she could just afford; Penelope went back to Torrance House as a day student.

Silence. *New Yorker*, 2004, COCA

Excerpt 15

As he was about to slip the catch on the inside lock Morrison glanced once more around the room. He could see now where it got its air of pastiche: the bookcase was a copy of the one in Paul's living room, the prints and the table were almost identical with those at the Jamiesons'. Other details stirred dim images of objects half-noted in the various houses, at the various but nearly identical get-acquainted parties. Poor Louise had been trying to construct herself out of the other people she had met. Only from himself had she taken nothing; thinking of his chill interior, embryonic and blighted, he realized it had nothing for her to take.

Margaret Atwood, *Polarities, Dancing girls and Other Stories*, 1977. Cited by Zribi-Hertz 1989

Excerpt 16

He [Zapp] sat down at the desk and opened the drawers. In the top right-hand one was an envelope addressed to himself.

David Lodge, *Changing Places*, 1975. Cited by Zribi-Hertz 1989

Excerpt 17

It was interesting work for a couple of months. Weber was quite elated with it. He called it the Todesluft. In May of 1944, Willem paid us another visit. This time, he took both Weber and myself aside and spoke to us privately. "It is clear the Allies are preparing a counterinvasion. The likely location is somewhere across from England on the coast of France."

Steven Popkes, *The Crocodiles*, 2010, COCA

Excerpt 18

He [=Willem] patted down his vest until he located his cigarettes and lighter. "I'm going out on the porch for a smoke. Max, will you join me?" Weber looked as if he'd swallowed a lemon. He rose as if to join us but Willem waved him back. "Don't bother. This gives Max and me a chance to exchange a little gossip." Outside, we lit our cigarettes and watched the snow fall.

Steven Popkes, *The Crocodiles*, 2010, COCA