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| <b>EAE 0422 A</b> |        |
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**La leçon se déroule en anglais. Elle est suivie d'un entretien en français.**

**SUBJECT:**

"Reciprocal pronouns have it in common with reflexives that there has to be a close structural relation between pronoun and antecedent."

Rodney Huddleston and Geoffrey K. Pullum *et al.*, *The Cambridge Grammar of the English Language*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2002, p. 1502.

Discuss.

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

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**Excerpt 1**

The Navy guy and I told each other we were glad to have met each other.

J.D. Salinger, *The Catcher in the Rye*, 1951

**Excerpt 2**

So, this Saturday lunchtime, he gently palpated the two parcels in front of him, trying to imagine what they might contain. He used to do this out loud, but if he guessed right she was visibly disappointed and if he guessed silly, disappointed in a different way. So now he addressed only himself. First one, soft: got to be something to wear.

Julian Barnes, *Pulse*, 2011

**Excerpt 3**

She had been out in the rain. She stood in front of the cabin fireplace, her legs wide apart, bending over, shaking her wet yellow head crossly, like a cat reproaching itself for not knowing better. She was talking to herself, only a small fluttering sound, hard to lay hold of in the sparcity of the room.

Eudora Welty, *A Piece of News*, 1941

**Excerpt 4**

They had reached the stage, eight years into their relationship, when they had started giving each other useful presents, ones that confirmed their joint project in life rather than expressed their feelings.

Julian Barnes, *Pulse*, 2011

**Excerpt 5**

I think you and I understand one another all right. But you haven't answered my question.

John Osborne, *Look Back in Anger*, 1957

**Excerpt 6**

Rate yourself: are you a good wife, are you still attractive? Are you understanding, compassionate, nutritive?

Marilyn French, *The Women's Room*, 1977

**Excerpt 7**

They paid nothing for their Victorian and then killed themselves for ten years renovating it.

Jonathan Franzen, *Freedom*, 2010

**Excerpt 8**

Their arms tightened around each other's shoulders; suddenly he wrenched himself away and leaned over to kiss her mouth.

John Dos Passos, *Manhattan Transfer*, 1925

**Excerpt 9**

Not only were they identical twins, but to make things more difficult Darcy had the more feminine good looks, so that it was on Elizabeth's dental brace that Philip relied to tell them apart. They were an enigmatic pair. Communicating telepathically with each other, they were uncommonly sparing in their own use of ordinary language.

David Lodge, *Changing Places*, 1975

**Excerpt 10**

Once she left, though, I had the room to myself.

Tracy Chevalier, *Girl with a Pearl Earring*, 1999.

**Excerpt 11**

Her musical talent was encouraged, and she attracted both the attention and the patronage of the empress herself.

Julian Barnes, *Pulse*, 2011

**Excerpt 12**

Madame Follain, he soon learned, was the daughter of Maurice Denis, and many of her father's paintings were hung on the walls of the apartment. She herself was now in her late seventies, perhaps eighty, and A. was impressed by her Parisian toughness, her gravel voice, her devotion to her husband's work

Paul Auster, *The Invention of Solitude*, 1982

**Excerpt 13**

They hardly talked - even to each other.

J.D. Salinger, *The Catcher in the Rye*, 1951

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**Excerpt 14**

She stood there as awkward as himself in a pair of old flannel trousers which had been patched badly in the seat; she stood with her legs firmly straddled as though she were opposing someone and was determined to hold a ground – a small rather stocky figure with any grace she had folded and put away for use professionally.

Graham Greene, *The Third Man*, 1950

**Excerpt 15**

Though Maria Tins rarely scolded Tanneke, they both knew she ought to, and this kept Tanneke uncertain and quick to defend herself.

Tracy Chevalier, *Girl with a Pearl Earring*, 1999

**Excerpt 16**

He was squat and ruddy. A yachting cap was shoved far back from his forehead and the narrative to which he listened made constant waves of expression break forth over his face from the corners of his nose and eyes and mouth. Little jets of wheezing laughter followed one another out of his convulsed body.

James Joyce, *Dubliners*, 1914

**Excerpt 17**

He went to a cheap fish and chips place in Soho for lunch, trying to decide what to do with himself during this free time.

Paul Auster, *The Invention of Solitude*, 1982

**Excerpt 18**

'Would you care for a cocktail?' I asked her. I was feeling in the mood for one myself.

J.D. Salinger, *The Catcher in the Rye*, 1951

**Excerpt 19**

She'd never worried overmuch about anything, really; just wanted to live in the present and enjoy herself.

Colin Dexter, *Last Seen Wearing*, 1976.

**Excerpt 20**

He's helped me to adjust myself to a certain extent, but an extensive analysis hasn't been necessary.

J.D. Salinger, *The Catcher in the Rye*, 1951

**Excerpt 21**

Anger of this sort rarely came out of him - only when he felt himself cornered, impinged upon, crushed by the presence of others. Money questions sometimes triggered it off.

Paul Auster, *The Invention of Solitude*, 1982

**Excerpt 22**

The puppet had become the image of himself as a child. To dip the puppet into the inkwell, therefore, was to use his creation to write the story of himself.

Paul Auster, *The Invention of Solitude*, 1982

**Excerpt 23**

They fed me, gave me a suit, and pocket-money, which was a bloody sight more than I ever got before, unless I worked myself to death for it, and most of the time they wouldn't let me work but sent me to the dole office twice a week.

Alan Sillitoe, *The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner*, 1959

**Excerpt 24**

Of course, not all the scenes were as easily accomplished. The simpler ones often gave him trouble, as simple scenes do. I once wanted him to swing naturally on a door, but, having nothing else on his mind, he became self-conscious, so we gave it up.

Charles Chaplin, *My Autobiography*, 1964

**Excerpt 25**

A man's road back to himself is a return from his spiritual exile, for that is what a personal history amounts to – exile. I didn't allow myself to make too much of the Chinese lip. I seem to have decided that to be busy about one's self-image, to adjust, revise, to tamper with it, was a waste of time.

Saul Bellow, *The Actual*, 1997