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

SUBJECT:

"Basic use

The basic reflexive pronoun takes the function of a noun phrase in the structure of the clause or phrase: it may be an object, a complement, or a prepositional complement. Since it corefers to the subject, however, the reflexive pronoun cannot itself be a subject. In this, it shows that it belongs to 'object territory' (cf. 6.5) and has affinities with the objective personal pronoun. But it contrasts with the objective personal pronoun in meaning in examples such as this:

He saw $\left. \begin{array}{l} \textit{himself} \\ \textit{him} \end{array} \right\}$ in the mirror. [1]

In [1], *himself* is necessarily coreferential to the subject *he*, while *him* necessarily refers to some other person. We have to use the reflexive rather than the ordinary objective pronoun. The reflexive pronoun must agree with the subject in terms of gender, number, and person:

She saw $\left. \begin{array}{l} \textit{herself} \\ *\textit{himself} \end{array} \right\}$ in the mirror.

For an object, complement, or prepositional object which is coreferential with the subject, the reflexive pronoun is obligatory.

The basic reflexive pronoun always corefers to the subject of its own clause, even though that subject may be 'understood'. For example, the implied subject of the *-ing* participle clause in [2] is *Vincent*, and *himself* is therefore the appropriate reflexive pronoun:

Freeing *himself* with a sharp knife, *Vincent* lurched towards the door. [2]"

Randolph Quirk, Sydney Greenbaum, Geoffrey Leech & Jan Svartvik, *A Comprehensive Grammar of the English Language*, New York: Longman, 1985, p. 356-357.

Discuss.

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

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Excerpt 1

He felt sure that Cipolla wouldn't survive them. He wouldn't come out of prison alive. If he'd had the money to choose a more experienced barrister, if the Marshal himself had been on the spot in the first place instead of that young fool student, Bacci, who fancied himself as some sort of Hollywood detective, probably have shot himself accidentally by this time... whole thing had been a mess from start to finish... Fifteen years...

Magdalen Nabb, *Death in Springtime: a Florentine Mystery*, 1989

Excerpt 2

There had to be some rational explanation for all this. But still, he stared at the computer monitor, held captive now by a feeling of guilt about verbally abusing Victor. Again, he slapped himself. Recursion... again! He laughed at himself. "Feeling guilty about a simulation of myself telling off another simulation," he said aloud. "I must be losing my mind." And why did I get mad at Victor? He shook his head.

Carl Frederick, *Teddy Bear Toys*, 2009

Excerpt 3

Matt wiped his damp forehead, then stepped back into the batter's box. He decided to swing at the next pitch. Too late, he saw it tailing outside. He lunged and missed, almost falling over. A ripple of laughter from the crowd made him angry. Travis was probably laughing at him, too. Matt choked up on the bat.

Christine Henderson, 'Back in the Game', *Highlights for Children*, 2006

Excerpt 4

She had a stud in one side of her nose and a little coil pierced into the edge of one ear. He wondered if she had something in her belly button and wanted to ask her but knew not to. He wanted to close his eyes and think about a gleam of something nestling there, but he smiled instead. Her hair was lank, no frizziness left in it, brightened with a coloring. "You take trouble," he said. "I thought you'd be the kind. I could tell you'd take trouble with yourself." Again there was the shrug.

'An Afternoon', *New Yorker*, 2006

Excerpt 5

I am buying one shirt for myself and two for my son. In which case my son has already outgrown me. Or perhaps none of the shirts is for me... Of course. I have not one son but two. Why am I buying two shirts for one son and only one for the other? Because I have three sons, and I am buying them one each. Three young men, all old enough to buy shirts for themselves, and their father's still going out and buying them shirts!

Michael Frayn, *A Landing on the Sun*, 1992

Excerpt 6

A University of Oklahoma study of 4,166 women, age 45 and over, found that those who drank two or more sugar-sweetened beverages a day were nearly four times as likely to develop high triglycerides as those who drank one or fewer. They were also more likely to add to their waist sizes and develop impaired glucose levels, setting themselves up for diabetes.

'How to Save Your Own Life', *Good Housekeeping*, February 2012

Excerpt 7

Sitting there on the bucket amid the mixed aromas of pig and barley meal and coffee I could almost feel the waves of pleasure beating on me. His lordship was clearly enchanted by the whole business, Charlie was wearing the superior smile which always accompanied his demonstrations of lingual dexterity, and as for myself I was experiencing a mounting euphoria. I could see into the pen and the sight was rewarding.

James Herriot, *Vets Might Fly*, 1977

Excerpt 8

But Jim Butcher's only son had died before he could take even one breath. Two days the baby had battled to be born, and when he gave up, he took Mama with him. That – losing Mama – had been the worst thing possible, and yet Bertie couldn't help feeling that for Mama it might have been best, dying before three, four, five years of new babies could make her older and ever more tired, make her worry more about the burden she was leaving on her girls.

Nancy Jensen, *The Sisters*, 2011

Excerpt 9

In the dark she could forget the inhuman perfection of his plastic face. In the dark she could ignore how he repelled her in the light. But she could not disregard the friendly warmth of his arms that held her safe from herself until, impossibly, she fell asleep. Magyar skimmed the hired ground-car to a stop behind a ridge.

A. Gay, *The Brooch of Azure Midnight*, 1993

Excerpt 10

Clearly Vincent was out of his mind. There had been plenty of signs: eccentric dress, abnormal behaviour, violent outbursts, irrational hostility. Horrified by his latest intentions, they were perhaps genuinely considering a last-ditch attempt to save him from himself. Or it may have been no more than a ruse to exert pressure and force him to reconsider. Nothing further was heard of this move. Vincent stood firm.

Philip Callow, *Van Gogh: A Life*, 1990

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Excerpt 11

The still greater rarity of references to the economic activities of grandmothers than of grandfathers reflects the shrinking participation of married women in paid work at this time. But a number of older women did find ways of earning, especially after they were widowed: as a midwife, nursing, or doing 'a little bit of needlework to keep herself going', or baking cakes for sale. One ran a cooked-meat shop and dining-room; another specialized in funeral teas.

Michele Abendstern, Paul Thompson & Cathy Itzin, *I Don't Feel Old: the Experience of Later Life*, 1990

Excerpt 12

I remembered the conversation about the novel. 'Words are for facts. Not fiction.' I looked round again, towards the house; Conchis must declare himself now. But he did not. There was myself, with an increasingly foolish smile on my face – and there were the two in their green shadow. The girl moved a little closer to the man, who put his hand ponderously, patriarchally, on her near shoulder. They seemed to be waiting for me to do something.

John Fowles, *The Magus*, 1988

Excerpt 13

It's not cheap. None of it's cheap. The cabin costs an arm and a leg. He's bought waders for him and the boy both, and shotguns, and they don't retail for seventy-five cents in souvenir shops.

Jonathan Neale, *The Laughter of Heroes*, 1993

Excerpt 14

Cameron recognized several of his workmen from Aberfeldy and warmed to their comradeship — he had talked little politics with them (in the aftermath of the big treason trials, caution had seemed advisable) but he had passed on his newspapers and one of the men came from Lochaber like himself. People were stamping their feet and putting their hands in their armpits against the chill of an open, starry night.

David Craig, *King Cameron*, 1991

Excerpt 15

If she had encouraged Robin in his mediocre talent, would he still be alive? It was useless to think of that now. She came downstairs, hung on the wall a portrait of himself that Robin had painted, and his easel below it; and gave orders that they were not to be removed.

Pamela Hill, *A Dark Star Passing*, 1990

Excerpt 16

"Maybe I'm doing this because I feel guilty for not being closer to him. But he never seemed to want to get close." "Even if you had been close, you couldn't have prevented it." "You're saying it's a waste of time to try to stop someone from killing themselves?" "It's always important to try to help, and many people who are stopped never attempt again. But if someone's determined to do it, they'll eventually succeed."

Jonathan Kellerman, *Survival of the Fittest*, 2002

Excerpt 17

The fundamental requirement of all counselling is the capacity to observe one's own feelings, attitudes and behaviour by having open and honest interchange with others. This capacity – for emotional honesty and willingness to risk being hurt and acceptance of the need to make changes as a result of appropriate feedback – is rare. The counsellor has to be at peace with himself or herself before being able to do work of any value with people in the active phase of primary addictive disease or family disease or, later, at any stage of their recovery.

Robert Lefever, *How to Combat Alcoholism & Addiction*, 1988

Excerpt 18

Two other stories describe America's response to the most famous surprise attacks in U.S. history, Pearl Harbor and 9/11. Strikingly, the 1942 Doolittle raid on Tokyo and the 2001 CIA-Special Forces operation that toppled the Taliban in Afghanistan, though themselves essentially surprise attacks, were not intended to destroy the enemy entirely.

William W. Horne, 'Letter From MHQ', *MHQ: The Quarterly Journal of Military History*, Spring 2012

Excerpt 19

There is not a breath of wind on the grassland - the sun has encapsulated our ancient African tableau in silence. The lions are so close, we hear them grooming themselves; the African buffalo are near enough that we can hear their teeth grind as they chew grass.

Mark Jenkins, 'Big Cat Diary', *National Geographic Traveler*, January/February 2012

Excerpt 20

So they greeted her with comforts and praise, and said they liked the colour, and Janice lent her a necklace; Clara did not much like the necklace either, for it was made of large artificial pearls, and she secretly suspected the donor of malicious intent in offering such a loan, but she put it on just the same, and ignored her suspicions, and allowed herself to be comforted, because she wished to be comforted, and because it was too late to get out of going.

Margaret Drabble, *Jerusalem the Golden*, 1988