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

**SUBJECT:**

"How commonly functions as a degree modifier. Compare the following exclamative and interrogative examples:

- |                                       |                                       |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| [4] EXCLAMATIVE                       | OPEN INTERROGATIVE                    |
| i a. <i>How tall they are!</i>        | b. <i>How tall are they?</i>          |
| ii a. <i>How much time we wasted!</i> | b. <i>How much time did we waste?</i> |
| iii a. <i>How quickly it grows!</i>   | b. <i>How quickly does it grow?</i>   |
| iv a. <i>How very tactful he is!</i>  | b. <i>*How very tactful is he?</i>    |

In both constructions we are concerned with degree: with exclamative *how* the degree is remarkably great, with interrogative *how* it is to be indicated in the answer."

Rodney Huddleston and Geoffrey K. Pullum, *The Cambridge Grammar of the English Language*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2002, p. 919.

Discuss.

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

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### Excerpt 1

GUIL: Words, words. They're all we have to go on. (Pause.) ROS: Shouldn't we be doing something – constructive? GUIL: What did you have in mind?... A short, blunt human pyramid...? ROS: We could go. GUIL: Where? ROS: After him. GUIL: Why? They've got us placed now – if we start moving around, we'll all be chasing each other all night. (Hiatus.) ROS: (At footlights) How very intriguing! (Turns) I feel like a spectator – an appalling prospect. The only thing that makes it bearable is the irrational belief that somebody interesting will come on in a minute... GUIL: See anyone? ROS: No. You? GUIL: No. (At footlights) What a fine persecution – to be kept intrigued without ever quite being enlightened... (Pause.) We've had no practice. ROS: We could play at questions.

Tom Stoppard, *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*, 1986, BNC

### Excerpt 2

From now onwards I do not wish to be lectured about smoking, drinking, the environment or what architecture I should admire. I do not wish to know how to bring up my children, what view to have about drug addicts, how much Shakespeare should be taught in comprehensive schools or how much I must marvel at the achievements of members of the Commonwealth countries. There is not even a tiny bit of me that is curious to learn the Royal Family's views on wildlife, horse-racing, horticulture, the ozone layer, organic farming, spelling for seven-year-olds, ten-pin bowling or the Save The Children Fund.

*The Daily Mirror*, 1992, BNC

### Excerpt 3

GUIL: What's the point of that? ROS: (Pathetic) I wanted to make you happy. (Beat.) GUIL: How much did he give you? ROS: Who? GUIL: The King. He gave us some money. ROS: How much did he give you? GUIL: I asked you first. ROS: I got the same as you. GUIL: He wouldn't discriminate between us. ROS: How much did you get? GUIL: The same.

Tom Stoppard, *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*, 1986, BNC

### Excerpt 4

A lot of the time, how you were regarded at Hailsham, how much you were liked and respected, had to do with how good you were at 'creating'.

Kazuo Ishiguro, *Never Let Me Go*, 2005

### Excerpt 5

2 a.m. Oh, why am I so unattractive? Why? Even a man who wears bumblebee socks thinks I am horrible. Hate the New Year. Hate everyone. Except Daniel Cleaver.

Helen Fielding, *Bridget Jones's Diary*, 1997

### Excerpt 6

"Junction nineteen! Una, she came off at junction nineteen! You've added an hour to your journey before you even started. Come on, let's get you a drink. How's your love-life, anyway?"  
Oh *God*. Why can't married people understand that this is no longer a polite question to ask? We wouldn't rush up to *them* and roar, "How's your marriage going?"

Helen Fielding, *Bridget Jones's Diary*, 1997

### Excerpt 7

"Raymond, don't you ever stop and ask yourself who you are?" Emily asked. "When you think of all your potential, aren't you ashamed? Look at how you lead your life! It's... it's simply infuriating! One gets so exasperated!"

Kazuo Ishiguro, *Nocturnes*, 2009

### Excerpt 8

"Do you remember, Ray, the way Emily used to say she believed in me? She said it for years and years. I believe in you, Charlie, you can go all the way, you're really talented. Right up until three, four years ago, she was still saying it. Do you know how trying that got? I was doing all right. I *am* doing all right. Perfectly OK."

Kazuo Ishiguro, *Nocturnes*, 2009

### Excerpt 9

I was woken by the phone. When Emily's voice came on the machine, I sat up and answered it.  
"Oh goody, Raymond, you *are* there. How are you, darling? How are you feeling now? Have you managed to relax?"  
I assured her I had, that in fact I'd been sleeping.  
"Oh what a pity! You haven't been sleeping properly for weeks, and now just when you finally get a moment's escape, I go and disturb you! I'm so sorry!"

Kazuo Ishiguro, *Nocturnes*, 2009

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### Excerpt 10

I looked at her wistfully, her vast, bulbous bottom swathed in a tight red skirt with a bizarre three-quarter-length striped waistcoat strapped across it. What a blessing to be born with such Sloaney arrogance. Perpetua could be the size of a Renault Espace and not give it a thought. How many hours, months, years, have I spent worrying about weight while Perpetua has been happily looking for lamps with porcelain cats as bases around Fulham Road? She is missing out on a source of happiness, anyway.

Helen Fielding, *Bridget Jones's Diary*, 1997

### Excerpt 11

ROS: Hamlet is not himself, outside or in. We have to glean what afflicts him. GUIL: He doesn't give much away. PLAYER: Who does, nowadays? GUIL: He's – melancholy. PLAYER: Melancholy? ROS: Mad. PLAYER: How is he mad? ROS: Ah. (To GUIL) How is he mad? GUIL: More morose than mad, perhaps. PLAYER: Melancholy. GUIL: Moody. ROS: He has moods. PLAYER: Of moroseness? GUIL: Madness. And yet. ROS: Quite.

Tom Stoppard, *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*, 1986, BNC

### Excerpt 12

"I had a sort of fantasy he'd go to Mrs Africa's and I'd go there after him and so would you and we'd meet." "Did you? I had a feeling like that too. How mad we've been, Lyn. Lyn, Lyn, that's the first time I've said your name. Except to myself, I've said it a hundred times to myself."

Ruth Rendell, *Master of the Moor*, 1988, BNC

### Excerpt 13

How do building societies operate in Britain? When did Jane Austen live? Where and how big is Birmingham? Who was Paul Revere? Not all the questions asked by advanced learners of English are about grammar, usage, or meaning.

OUP English Language Teaching promotional leaflet, 1992, BNC

### Excerpt 14

"I wonder if we can see out of a window?" said Angalo. "I'd like to see how fast we're going. All the trees and things whizzing past, and so on?" "Look," said Masklin, before things got out of hand. "Let's just wait for a while, eh? Everyone calm down. Have a bit of a rest. Then maybe we can look for some food."

Terry Pratchett, *Wings*, 1992, BNC

### Excerpt 15

Oh, how quickly things changed! Why didn't happiness last forever? Forever wasn't a bit too long.

Katherine Mansfield, *The Garden Party and Other Stories*, 1951 [1922]

### Excerpt 16

Seeing the funny side of what Sarah said, Marion O'Reilly threw back his head and laughed out loud. Seven mouths stopped chewing as the boys stared at him. "What a night! Your little girl certainly picked her time to arrive. She saved young Michael's bacon tonight, that's a fact." Sarah chuckled with him. "She did that all right!"

Martina Cole, *Dangerous Lady*, 1992, BNC

### Excerpt 17

Tenison's face cleared. "Ah, yes. I remember. It was at the Civil Engineers' Hall." "May I ask what your interest was, sir?" "In the lecture, you mean? Well, it was hardly intense, or I would not have forgotten it. Patent law is a rather specialized area. As a consultant, I am rarely involved directly in it. Nevertheless, I thought it would be a good idea to go." "On such a filthy night?" "Was the weather bad? I do not recollect. I expect I would have gone anyway; it was something of an event." "I gather that some ill-feeling was shown towards the speaker," Bragg said. "Ill-feeling? No, I would not call it that. There were undercurrents, certainly, but not overt hostility." "And what did you do at the end of the meeting?" "I took a cab home to Finchley."

Ray Harrison, *Patently Murder*, 1991, BNC