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

SUBJECT:

"We [...] take the 'antecedent' to be a discourse-semantic construct, in terms of which the intended referent of the anaphor is described as a function of its salient attributes – which clearly evolve as the discourse progresses."

Francis Cornish, "Anaphora: Text-based or discourse-dependent? Functionalist vs. formalist accounts", *Functions of Language* 17(2), 2010, p. 229.

Discuss.

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

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Excerpt 1

MOUNT VERNON DISTRICT PEEPING TOM INCIDENTS

7500 block, 11 p.m. June 3. A female heard a noise outside her bedroom window and saw a man looking inside. The man fled.

ASSAULTS

9:30 p.m. June 2. A male got out of a vehicle and poured liquid on another male. A 24-year-old Alexandria man was charged with assault and driving with a revoked license.

Chicago Sun-Times, 2012 (COCA Corpus)

Excerpt 2

Stopping, Martin turned. A man waved to him, splashing through the shallow puddles in quick strides. Of medium height and build, he was ordinary looking – clean-shaven with dark hair and unreadable dark eyes. "Si?" Martin replied. "Sorry to bother you on your way home," he said, planting himself at arm's length. A laminated Vatican ID badge was prominently displayed on the lapel of his raincoat, just below his white priest collar. The unfamiliar face was forgettable. Italian? Lebanese?

Michael Byrnes, *The Sacred Blood*, 2009 (COCA Corpus)

Excerpt 3

Her heart jumped at the code name of the agent she had worked with for five long years. A man she never met in person, who communicated with her only by written word. Who guided her, issued her orders, and yes, on occasion, saved her. A man who had once invaded her dreams late in the night and had made her ache for something she – they – would never know. But that was a long time ago and those dreams, that man, were firmly in the past, and there she intended to keep them.

Victoria Alexander, *My Wicked Little Lies*, 2012 (COCA Corpus)

Excerpt 4

A man is what he makes of himself, and should he make a name for himself, the journey that brought him to his fortune is very admirable to Americans.

Kristen Callihan, *Firelight*, 2012 (COCA Corpus)

Excerpt 5

My innocent toddler is already a prime marketing target, I learn when I speak to Peggy Orenstein, the author of a new book, *Cinderella Ate My Daughter: Dispatches From the Front Lines of the New Girlie-Girl Culture*.

Redbook Family Secrets: Little Girls Gone Wild, 2011 (COCA Corpus)

Excerpt 6

GUATEMALA CITY

ON A CLEAR evening outside the Hotel. El Dorado, hundreds of people, mostly young, dance and sing to the Latin beats blasting from a dozen mega-speakers clustered around the market square. A girl in a UCLA sweatshirt sits atop her boyfriend's shoulders for a better view. Suddenly, she points to a small commotion in the back and shouts, "There he is!" This is election night here, and the "he" is Alvaro Arzu, presidential candidate for the National Advancement Party. Arzu squeezes his way up to the microphone to thunderous cheers.

And these are the losers. In something of an upset, Arzu came in a distant third behind Jorge Carpio of the National Center Union and Jorge Serrano of the Solidarity Action Movement, and is thus excluded from the run-off election between the top two contenders.

National Review, 1990 (COCA Corpus)

Excerpt 7

I just drank a beer but it was a good one!

<http://www.yelp.com>, 2013

Excerpt 8

Take a whole haggis and skin it carefully, preserving its cheery, rotund shape.

Slice it into ... er, slices, about half an inch thick (or 1.5 cm in new money).

Now you can either grill it or fry it, making sure you do each side, until it is nice and brown. Don't worry if it starts disintegrating a bit - this is normal – just squash it back together with a couple of teaspoons.

<http://www.scotsman.com>, 2013

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Excerpt 9

I bought an item and when I received it it was broken. I returned it to the seller for a full refund minus the shipping cost. Three days after the seller received the broken item. I saw that the broken item had been relisted.

<http://answercenter.ebay.com>, 2013

Excerpt 10

Where did the caterpillar go? It seems to have disappeared, but it hasn't – it's turned into a butterfly – our favorite butterfly, too! The Painted Lady is colorfully featured in this Let's-Read-and-Find-Out science book on metamorphosis.

<http://www.insectlore.com>, 2013

Excerpt 11

Dr. Lilly smiled, and then she glanced over her shoulder at the poster featuring Hedda Geist.

<http://www.rulit.net>, 2013

Excerpt 12

Delilah was clean and warm and fed, and she smelled fresh like sunshine. She was sleepy, and she was happier than she'd been in a long time. "Good night, Delilah Dazzler," said Sam, hugging her snug and tight. "Let's just call her Delilah," said Mama. "She's at home now. There will be no more dazzling for Delilah." Mama bent down and patted Delilah. "Good night, Delilah," she said. "Welcome home." Delilah wagged her tail, feeling like a winner again. Then she snuggled safe and sleepy into her blanket and fell asleep.

Childrens Digest, 1999 (COCA Corpus)

Excerpt 13

CHENNAI: Born out of wedlock, sold to a woman for Rs 100, and used as a tool for begging. This is the story of a 20-day-old girl, who is yet to be named. But for an alert woman police sub-inspector who grew suspicious and grilled the beggar woman who was found carrying the baby, her plight would have gone unnoticed.

Police said Munniammal of Moolakadai met the baby's mother Selvi, 30, at Government Stanley Hospital on November 12. Selvi is a widow and the baby was born out of an affair with another man after the demise of her husband. Selvi, who has a 12-year-old daughter, was reluctant to keep the newborn as she feared her relatives.

Munniammal had gone to the hospital to visit her relative when she saw Selvi's baby. "When Munniammal said the baby was cute, Selvi narrated her plight and offered to sell her the baby. Selvi demanded 1,000. Munniammal offered 100 and took the baby," said an investigating officer.

Police said Munniammal decided to use the baby to beg. She had been begging with the baby for six days before she was caught on Sunday by sub-inspector Nadhia, who grew suspicious on seeing the infant which kept crying. Nadhia, who was on duty at the Koyambedu bus terminus, stopped the woman when she was about to board an MTC bus. Nadhia asked her to feed the baby as it was crying.

Though Munniammal pretended to feed the baby, the infant's continuing wails aroused Nadhia's suspicions. When the policewoman grilled her, Munniammal narrated the whole story. With the address she provided, police traced Selvi to Manali. Based on Munniammal's confession, Koyambedu police registered a case against the duo under section 317 (exposure and abandonment of child under 12 years by parent) of the Indian Penal Code and the Tamil Nadu Prevention of Begging Act.

Both were remanded in judicial custody. The baby was sent to the ICCW home in Shenoy Nagar, and her condition is said to be stable.

<http://timesofindia.indiatimes.com>, 2013

Excerpt 14

What Was It, Or He Or She?

We were never sure, but it was a regular customer and big. We called it Trog, short for troglodyte, because it looked like a cave dweller. It liked to keep time by beating on its chest, a sound like a big bass drum. The sound reverberated in the hollows of that giant scaled thorax, encrusted with jewels. It liked shiny things.

Its few attempts to dance with the fleet's girls were a disaster. Oh, it spun and stepped smoothly enough, incredibly quick for one so huge.

<http://www.ascentaspirations.ca>, 2013

Excerpt 15

WILSON: I wanted a room. (Nods to JOYCE.) I thought she might change her mind.

JOYCE: Who is she? The cat's mother.

Joe Orton, *The Complete Plays*, 1976