ENGL 215 Live Chat 1b



Zoom Meeting Information

- Zoom Meetings are recorded.
- Recordings and PowerPoint presentations are posted on onQ (under "Activities" > "Zoom
- Participate in the discussion by using the "Chat" window or by raising your hand in "Reactions."
- Your camera may be on or off.

ENGL 215 Zoom Meetings

Weeks	Live Chat 1a	Live Chat 1b	Live Chat 1c
1-3	Confederation Poets	Duncan Campbell Scott	Stephen Leacock
Weeks	Live Chat 2a	Live Chat 2b	Live Chat 2c
4-6	Modernist Poets	Mordecai Richler	Margaret Atwood
Weeks	Live Chat 3a	Live Chat 3b	Live Chat 3c
7-9	Basil Johnston	Contemporary Poets	Ann-Marie MacDonald
Weeks	Live Chat 4a	Live Chat 4b	Live Chat 4c
10-12	Tomson Highway	Brad Fraser	Thomas King

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Appendix D1

• Illustrations: What do Thoreau MacDonald's illustrations to the 1945 edition of Duncan Campbell Scott's In the Village of Viger contribute to the stories' central themes and preoccupations?

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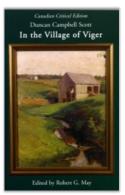
Lorne Pierce



Duncan Campbell Scott

Thoreau MacDonald

D.C. Scott, "The Desjardins"



"There is only one thing to do," said Philippe, after some hours of silence. "It is hard; but there is only one thing to do." The room was perfectly dark; he stood in the window, where he had seen the light die out of the sky, and now in the marshy field he saw the fire-flies gleam. He knew that Adèle was in the dark somewhere beside him, for he could hear her breathe. "We must cut ourselves off; we must be the last of our race." (26)

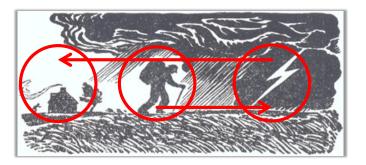
Thoreau MacDonald, "The Desjardins"



D.C. Scott, "The Pedler"

He used to come with the awakening of life in the woods, with the strange cohosh, and the dog-tooth violet.... To most of the Viger people he seemed to appear suddenly in the midst of the street, clothed with power, and surrounded by an attentive crowd of boys, and a whirling fringe of dogs, barking and throwing up dust.... I speak of what has become tradition, for the pedler walks no more up the St Valérie road, bearing those magical baskets of his. (77) As Henri swung his arm around he swept his hand across the pedler's eyes; the shoe-string gave way, and the green goggles fell into the basket. Then a curious change came over the man. He let his enemy go, and stood dazed for a moment; he passed his hand across his eyes, and in that interval of quiet the people saw, where they expected to see flash the two rapacious eyes of their imaginings, only the seared, fleshy seams where those eyes should have been. (79)

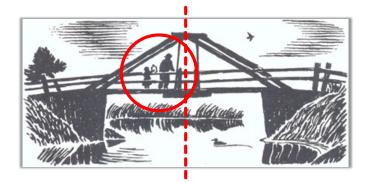
Thoreau MacDonald, "The Pedler"



D.C. Scott, "The Bobolink"

"Here comes my little fairy," he would call out, as he saw her feeling her way down the road with her little cedar wand. "Here comes my little fairy," and he would go out to guide her across the one plank thrown over the ditch in front of his cabin. Then they would sit and chat together.... She raised her soft brown, sightless eyes to the sound of his voice, and he told her long romances, described the things that lay around them, or strove to answer her questions. (56) They stood there together for a moment, the old man gazing after the departed bird, the little girl setting her brown, sightless eyes on the invisible distance.... From that day their friendship was not untinged by regret; some delicate mist of sorrow seemed to have blurred the glass of memory. Though he could not tell why, old Etienne that evening felt anew his loneliness, as he watched a long sunset of red and gold that lingered after the footsteps of the August day.... (58)

Thoreau MacDonald, "The Bobolink"



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