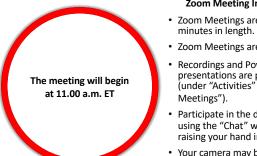
ENGL 215 Live Chat 2c



Zoom Meeting Information

- Zoom Meetings are about 60 minutes in length.
- 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

ENGL 215 Live Chat 2c



Appendix D1

• Satire: Consider some of the ways in which Margaret Atwood satirizes 1960s North American society in The Edible Woman. Potential avenues for exploration may include the mass media, consumer culture, or the secondwave feminist movement.

satire and parody

satire

- a type of writing that strives to expose and ridicule society's follies, vices, and shortcomings
- the satirist is a self-appointed guardian of moral and aesthetic ideals; they ridicule the vices of society to bring contempt upon aberrations from a desirable norm (Baldick 322)
- two important types:
 - Horatian: light, witty (168)
 - Juvenalian: angry, censorious (190-91)

parody

- · Greek for "mock song"
- the imitative and exaggerated use of someone else's words, style, attitude, tone, and/or ideas in such a way as to make them ridiculous
- satirical mimicry
- as a branch of satire, it is often derisive and/or corrective (Baldick 268)

Argaret Atwood, The Edible Woman

satirical

target

Seymour

Surveys

Peter

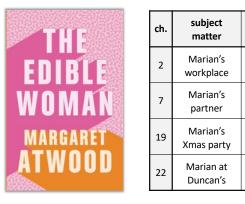
Wollander

party

attendees

Duncan and

housemates



Hargaret Atwood, The Edible Woman

ch. 2 | Marian's workplace | Seymour Surveys

The company is layered like an ice-cream sandwich, with three floors: the upper crust, the lower crust, and our department, the gooey layer in the middle. On the floor above are the executives and the psychologists referred to as the men upstairs, since they are all men—who arrange things with the clients; I've caught glimpses of their offices, which have carpets and expensive furniture and silk-screen reprints of Group of Seven paintings on the walls. Below us are the machines—mimeo machines, IBM machines for counting and sorting and tabulating the information; I've been down there too, in that factory-like clatter where the operatives seem frayed and overworked and have ink on their fingers. Our department is the link between the two; we are supposed to take care of the human element, the interviewers themselves. (13)

Argaret Atwood, The Edible Woman

ch. 7 | Marian's partner | Peter Wollander

Structurally the building was complete, except for the finishing touches. They had all the windows in and had scrawled them with white soap hieroglyphics to keep people from walking through them. The glass doors had been installed several weeks before, and Peter had got an extra set of keys for me: a necessity rather than just a convenience, since the buzzersystem for letting people in had not yet been connected. Inside, the shiny surfaces—tiled floors, painted walls, mirrors, light fixtures—which would later give the building its expensive gloss, its beetle-hard internal shell, had not yet begun to secrete themselves. The rough grey underskin of subflooring and unplastered wall-surface was still showing, and raw wires dangled like loose nerves from most of the sockets. (61)

Argaret Atwood, *The Edible Woman*

ch. 19 | Marian's Xmas party | party attendees

But now she could see the roll of fat pushed up across Mrs Gundridge's back by the top of her corset, the ham-like bulge of thigh, the creases round the neck, the large porous cheeks; the blotch of varicose veins glimpsed at the back of one plump crossed leg, the way her jowls jellied when she chewed, her sweater a woolly teacosy over those rounded shoulders; and the others too, similar in structure but with varying proportions and textures of bumpy permanents and dune-like contours of breast and waist and hip; their fluidity sustained somewhere within by bones, without by a carapace of clothing and makeup. What peculiar creatures they were; and the continual flux between the outside and the inside, taking things in, giving them out, chewing, words, potato chips, burps, grease, hair, babies, milk, excrement, cookies, vomit, coffee, tomato juice, blood, tea, sweat, liquor, tears, and garbage.... (194-95)

Argaret Atwood, The Edible Woman

ch. 22 | Marian at Duncan's | Duncan and housemates

He threw his head back against the chair and closed his eyes; his words rose in a monotonously intoned chant through the black thicket of his beard. "Of course everybody knows *Alice* is a sexual-identity-crisis book, that's old stuff, it's been around for a long time, I'd like to go into it a little deeper though. What we have here, if you only look at it closely, this is the little girl descending into the very suggestive rabbit burrow, becoming as it were pre-natal, trying to find her role," he licked his lips, "her role as a Woman. Yes, well that's clear enough. These patterns emerge. Patterns emerge. One sexual role after another is presented to her but she seems unable to accept any of them, I mean she's really blocked...." (226-27) **Queen's University Official Statement of Copyright:** This material is copyrighted and is for the sole use of students registered in courses at Queen's University. This material shall not be distributed or disseminated to anyone other than students registered in courses at Queen's University. Failure to abide by these conditions is a breach of copyright, and may also constitute a breach of academic integrity under the University Senate's Academic Integrity Policy Statement.