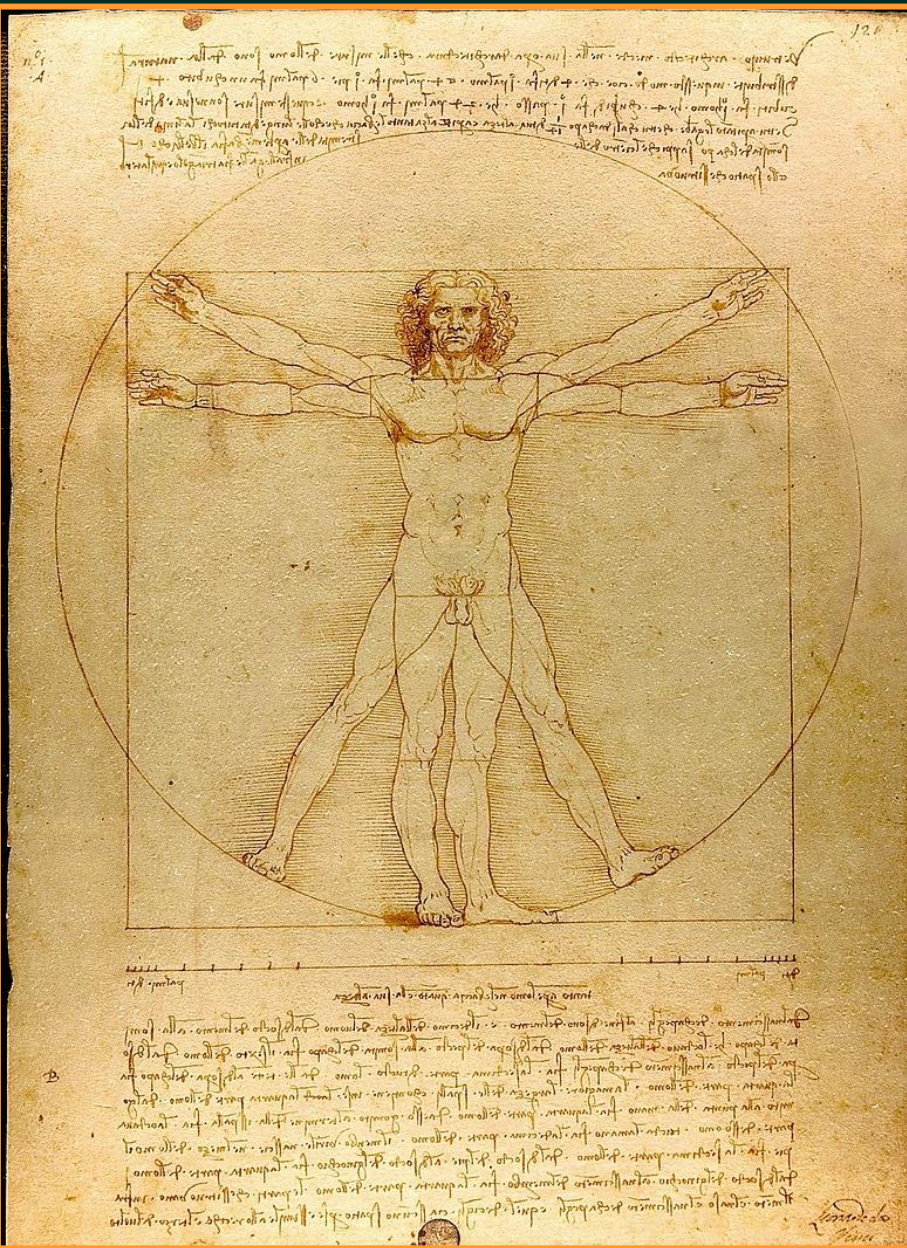




HPEN5029/ HPEN6029 - WRITING PLACE: HEAVEN & HELL

HELL

PARADISE LOST: 1 (HELL)

for now the thought

Both of lost happiness and lasting pain [55]
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay
Mixt with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:
At once as far as Angels kenn he views
The dismal Situation waste and wilde, [60]
A Dungeon horrible, on all sides round
As one great Furnace flam'd, yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Serv'd onely to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace [65]
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery Deluge, fed
With ever-burning Sulphur unconsum'd:
Such place Eternal Justice had prepar'd [70]
For those rebellious, here thir Prison ordain'd
In utter darkness, and thir portion set
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n
As from the Center thrice to th' utmost Pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell! [75]

There the companions of his fall, o'rewhelm'd
With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns, and weltring by his side
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd [80]
Beelzebub. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,
And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence thus began.
If thou beest he; But O how fall'n! how chang'd
From him, who in the happy Realms of Light [85]
Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst out-shine
Myriads though bright: If he Whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the Glorious Enterprize,
Joynd with me once, now misery hath joynd [90]
In equal ruin: into what Pit thou seest
From what highth fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd
He with his Thunder: and till then who knew
The force of those dire Arms? yet not for those,
Nor what the Potent Victor in his rage [95]
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,

Though chang'd in outward lustre; that fixt mind
 And high disdain, from sence of injur'd merit,
 That with the mightiest rais'd me to contend,
 And to the fierce contention brought along [100]
 Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd
 That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,
 His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd
 In dubious Battel on the Plains of Heav'n,
 And shook his throne. What though the field be lost? [105]
 All is not lost; the unconquerable Will,
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage never to submit or yield:
 And what is else not to be overcome?
 That Glory never shall his wrath or might [110]
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
 With suppliant knee, and deifie his power,
 Who from the terrour of this Arm so late
 Doubted his Empire, that were low indeed,
 That were an ignominy and shame beneath [115]
 This downfall; since by Fate the strength of Gods
 And this Empyrean substance cannot fail,

Since through experience of this great event
 In Arms not worse, in foresight much advanc't,
 We may with more successful hope resolve [120]
 To wage by force or guile eternal Warr
 Irreconcilable, to our grand Foe,
 Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy
 Sole reigning holds the Tyranny of Heav'n.
 And courage never to submit or yield:
 And what is else not to be overcome?
 This downfall; since by Fate the strength of Gods
 And this Empyrean substance cannot fail,
 Since through experience of this great event
 In Arms not worse, in foresight much advanc't,

HEAVEN

PARADISE LOST: 4 (HEAVEN)

A Heaven on Earth, for blissful Paradise
Of God the Garden was, by him in the East
Of Eden planted; Eden stretchd her Line [210]
From Auran Eastward to the Royal Towrs
Of Great Seleucia, built by Grecian Kings,
Or where the Sons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telassar: in this pleasant soile
His farr more pleasant Garden God ordaind; [215]
Out of the fertil ground he caus'd to grow
All Trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming Ambrosial Fruit
Of vegetable Gold; and next to Life [220]
Our Death the Tree of Knowledge grew fast by,
Knowledge of Good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a River large,

Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggie hill
Pass'd underneath ingulft, for God had thrown [225]
That Mountain as his Garden mould high rais'd
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous Earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
Rose a fresh Fountain, and with many a rill
Waterd the Garden; thence united fell [230]
Down the steep glade, and met the neather Flood,
Which from his darksom passage now appears,
And now divided into four main Streams,
Runs divers, wandring many a famous Realme
And Country whereof here needs no account, [235]
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
How from that Saphire Fount the crisped Brooks,
Rowling on Orient Pearl and sands of Gold,
With mazie error under pendant shades
Ran Nectar, visiting each plant, and fed [240]
Flours worthy of Paradise which not nice Art

In Beds and curious Knots, but Nature boon
 Powrd forth profuse on Hill and Dale and Plaine,
 Both where the morning Sun first warmly smote
 The open field, and where the unpierc't shade [245]
 Imbround the noontide Bowrs: Thus was this place,
 A happy rural seat of various view;
 Groves whose rich Trees wept odorous Gumms and Balme,
 Others whose fruit burnisht with Golden Rinde
 Hung amiable, Hesperian Fables true, [250]
 If true, here only, and of delicious taste:
 Betwixt them Lawns, or level Downs, and Flocks
 Grasing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
 Or palmie hilloc, or the flourie lap
 Of som irriguous Valley spred her store, [255]
 Flours of all hue, and without Thorn the Rose:

....the Fiend [285]

Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
 Of living Creatures new to sight and strange:

Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
 Godlike erect, with native Honour clad
 In naked Majestie seemd Lords of all, [290]
 And worthie seemd, for in thir looks Divine
 The image of thir glorious Maker shon,
 Truth, wisdom, Sanctitude severe and pure,
 Severe but in true filial freedom plac't;
 Whence true authority in men; though both [295]
 Not equal, as thir sex not equal seemd;
 For contemplation hee and valour formd,
 For softness shee and sweet attractive Grace,
 Hee for God only, shee for God in him:
 His fair large Front and Eye sublime declar'd [300]
 Absolute rule; and Hyacinthin Locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
 Shee as a vail down to the slender waste
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore [305]
 Disheveld, but in wanton ringlets wav'd

HEAVEN & HELL UTOPIA & DYSTOPIA

- Utopia is social rather than personal. As with the other texts we have considered it therefore functions as *argument* rather than *escape* – or *blueprint*;
- In *Herland* the home is everywhere – there is no attention to difficult emotions – just openness and reason and calm serenity. A ‘natural world’ of savagery and violence is kept *outside* (just as money military adventures and private desires are placed *outside* More’s Utopia). Everything must be controlled – the butterfly is the perfect example. The society wholly defined by utilitarian values; order everywhere - and, uncomfortably, the sense of being watched (ultimate version of Bentham’s Panopticon);
- It is a cartoon world – as all utopias are. But in this version all nature (including sexual wildness within) must be tamed. There are problems with the implicit eugenics programme (women who are troublesome are not allowed to have children; if they do then they are not allowed to bring them up) which was common at the time

Talk of civilization," he cried softly in restrained enthusiasm. "I never saw a forest so petted, even in Germany. Look, there's not a dead bough--the vines are trained--actually! And see here"--he stopped and looked about him, calling Jeff's attention to the kinds of trees. ...

"Food-bearing, practically all of them," they announced returning.

"The rest, splendid hardwood. Call this a forest? It's a truck farm!"

"Good thing to have a botanist on hand," I agreed. "Sure there are no medicinal ones? Or any for pure ornament?"

As a matter of fact they were quite right. These towering trees were under as careful cultivation as so many cabbages. ...

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN, *HERLAND*

WORLD BUILDING

UTOPIAS & DYSTOPIAS

key concerns of the state

- (i) Property
- (ii) Money
- (iii) Defence
- (iv) Competition for resources with neighbouring states
- (v) Composition and governance of the family unit
- (vi) Control of the population and town planning
- (vii) the role and purpose of Justice

concerns of the individual

- (i) Private life
- (ii) Individual expression/desire
- (iii) The Arts in all their forms
- (iv) Philosophy and Science
- (v) The family

HERLAND. A UTOPIAN DREAM – INTERPRETING ROMANCE

"There is something very beautiful in the idea," she admitted, still as if she were discussing life on Mars. "This climactic expression, which, in all the other life-forms, has but the one purpose, has with you become specialized to higher, purer, nobler uses. It has—I judge from what you tell me—the most ennobling effect on character. People marry, not only for parentage, but for this exquisite interchange—and, as a result, you have a world full of continuous lovers, ardent, happy, mutually devoted, always living on that high tide of supreme emotion which we had supposed to belong only to one season and one use. And you say it has other results, stimulating all high creative work. That must mean floods, oceans of such work, blossoming from this intense happiness of every married pair! It is a beautiful idea!"

Fortunate boys!" said the Controller. "No pains have been spared to make your lives emotionally easy—to preserve you, so far as that is possible, from having emotions at all."

"Ford's in his flivver," murmured the D.H.C. "All's well with the world."

"Lenina Crowne?" said Henry Foster, echoing the Assistant Predestinator's question as he zipped up his trousers. "Oh, she's a splendid girl. Wonderfully pneumatic. I'm surprised you haven't had her."

"I can't think how it is I haven't," said the Assistant Predestinator. "I certainly will. At the first opportunity."

From his place on the opposite side of the changing-room aisle, Bernard Marx overheard what they were saying and turned pale.

"And to tell the truth," said Lenina, "I'm beginning to get just a tiny bit bored with nothing but Henry every day." She pulled on her left stocking. "Do you know Bernard Marx?" she asked in a tone whose excessive casualness was evidently forced.

Fanny looked startled. "You don't mean to say ...?"

"Why not? Bernard's an Alpha Plus. Besides, he asked me to go to one of the Savage Reservations with him. I've always wanted to see a Savage Reservation."

"But his reputation?"

"What do I care about his reputation?"

ALDUOUS HUXLEY, *BRAVE NEW WORLD*

"They say he doesn't like Obstacle Golf."

"They say, they say," mocked Lenina.

"And then he spends most of his time by himself—alone." There was horror in Fanny's voice.

BREAK

place

- take a street (where?/when)

character

- introduce someone who doesn't fit
- where is s/he from?
- why is s/he there?

random

- include a seagull

you may wish to consider

- day/night
- empty/busy
- kind of /condition of buildings
- attitude of people
- sound
- smells

UTOPIA/DYSTOPIA ... HEAVEN & HELL TASK



s/he falls over in the street -why? what happens next?)



(15-20 mins writing)