The Aldous Huxley Centre Workshop



ALDOUS HUXLEY CENTRE ZURICH

Objective: To develop a range of creative and engaging approaches for teaching Aldous Huxley's *'A Brave New World'*

Create an Advertisement for Soma

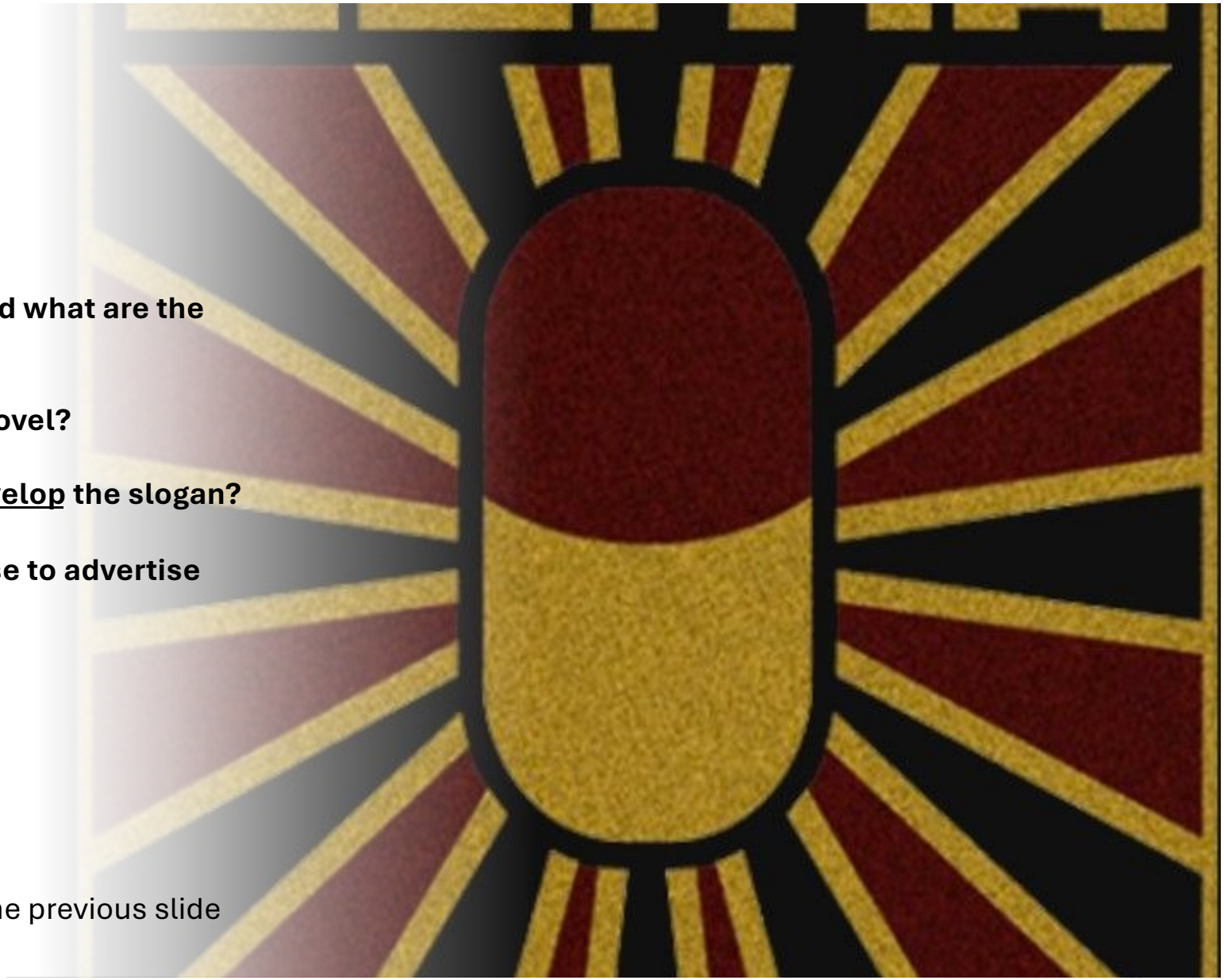
1. **Why do people use Soma and what are the benefits of it?**

2. **What slogan is used in the novel?**

3. **Will you keep, change or develop the slogan?**

4. **Choose which form you'll use to advertise Soma:**
   - Newspaper Advert
   - Billboard/ Poster Advert
   - Radio Jingle
   - TV/ Tick Tock Advert
   - Internet Pop-Up

5. Use the **Success Criteria** on the previous slide



Your Task: To Create and Market a Dystopian Product Ready For Consumption

1. Make a list of products you think people living in a dystopian world would be interested in purchasing and why?

2. Select one of those products and market it in the following form.

- Newspaper Advert
- Billboard/ Poster Advert
- Radio Jingle
- TV/ Tick Tock Advert
- Internet Pop-Up



Newspaper & Billboard Advert & Internet Pop-Up:

- Create a logo & slogan
- What images will you use to help persuade public to buy it?
- How will you persuade the public?
- (Enticing Adjectives, triples, imperatives, statistics, rhetorical questions etc.)

Radio Advert:

- Create a radio script
- Think of a slogan, song, rhymes that will help people remember your product
- How will you persuade the public? (Enticing Adjectives, triples, imperatives, statistics, rhetorical questions etc.)

TV or Tick Tock Video Advert:

- Create a script
- As the director, think about how you will utilise actors and what location you'd use.
- Remember, direct them by using stage directions – describing how they talk, move etc.
- Think of a slogan, song, rhymes that will help people remember your product
- How will you persuade the public? (Enticing Adjectives, triples, imperatives, statistics, rhetorical questions etc.)

Write an Article

Imagine you are a journalist from our world and have travelled to witness the Solidarity Service. Write an article to explain the event for a newspaper or news website.

Your article should include:

- *A title and a subtitle.*
- *A description of the scene witnessed and what it is meant to be for.*
- *A comparison to the religious elements parodied.*
- *Clear opinion about the event.*



Level	Mark	**AO4** Communicate effectively and imaginatively, adapting form, tone and register of writing for specific purposes and audiences.
	0	No rewardable material.
Level 1	1–5	• Communication is at a basic level, and limited in clarity. • Little awareness is shown of the purpose of the writing and the intended reader. • Little awareness of form, tone and register.
Level 2	6–11	• Communicates in a broadly appropriate way. • Shows some grasp of the purpose and of the expectations/ requirements of the intended reader. • Straightforward use of form, tone and register.
Level 3	12–17	• Communicates clearly. • Shows a clear sense of purpose and understanding of the expectations/requirements of the intended reader. • Appropriate use of form, tone and register.
Level 4	18–22	• Communicates successfully. • A secure realisation of purpose and the expectations/requirements of the intended reader. • Effective use of form, tone and register.
Level 5	23–27	• Communication is perceptive and subtle. • Task is sharply focused on purpose and the expectations/ requirements of the intended reader. • Sophisticated use of form, tone and register.

Level	Mark	**AO5** Write clearly, using a range of vocabulary and sentence structures, with appropriate paragraphing and accurate spelling, grammar and punctuation.
	0	No rewardable material.
Level 1	1–3	• Expresses information and ideas, with limited use of structural and grammatical features. • Uses basic vocabulary, often misspelt. • Uses punctuation with basic control, creating undeveloped, often repetitive, sentence structures.
Level 2	4–7	• Expresses and orders information and ideas; uses paragraphs and a range of structural and grammatical features. • Uses some correctly spelt vocabulary, e.g. words with regular patterns such as prefixes, suffixes, double consonants. • Uses punctuation with some control, creating a range of sentence structures, including coordination and subordination.
Level 3	8–11	• Develops and connects appropriate information and ideas; structural and grammatical features and paragraphing make the meaning clear. • Uses a varied vocabulary and spells words containing irregular patterns correctly. • Uses accurate and varied punctuation, adapting sentence structures as appropriate.
Level 4	12–15	• Manages information and ideas, with structural and grammatical features used cohesively and deliberately across the text. • Uses a wide, selective vocabulary with only occasional spelling errors. • Positions a range of punctuation for clarity, managing sentence structures for deliberate effect.
Level 5	16–18	• Manipulates complex ideas, utilising a range of structural and grammatical features to support coherence and cohesion. • Uses extensive vocabulary strategically; rare spelling errors do not detract from overall meaning. • Punctuates writing with accuracy to aid emphasis and precision, using a range of sentence structures accurately and selectively to achieve particular effects.

Exploring Setting

ALDOUS HUXLEY CENTRE ZURICH

Choose **<u>one</u>** of the **setting** extracts from *'Brave New World'*

1. **Identify** what makes it a good description of the setting
2. **Highlight** what you consider to be effective about the setting, be prepared to **explain** and **justify** why.
3. **Analyse** the language/ structural techniques and consider the authorial choices of Huxley.
4. **Create** a **list** of **Success Criteria** of what makes a good description of **setting**. (e.g. High-level adjectives, complex sentences, 5 senses, describing – not telling! etc.)

'...five hundred and sixty thousand square kilometres, divided into four distinct Sub-Reservations, each surrounded by a high-tension wire fence.'

At this moment, and for no apparent reason, Bernard suddenly remembered that he had left the eau-de-Cologne tap in his bathroom wide open and running.

'...supplied with current from the Grand Canyon hydro-electric station.'

'Cost me a fortune by the time I get back.' With his mind's eye, Bernard saw the needle on the scent meter creeping round and round, ant-like, indefatigably. 'Quickly telephone to Helmholtz Watson.'

'...upwards of five thousand kilometres of fencing at sixty thousand volts.'

'You don't say so,' said Lenina politely, not knowing in the least what the Warden had said, but taking her cue from his dramatic pause. When the Warden started booming, she had inconspicuously swallowed half a gramme of soma, with the result that she could now sit, serenely not listening, thinking of nothing at all, but with her large blue eyes fixed on the Warden's face in an expression of rapt attention.

'To touch the fence is instant death,' pronounced the Warden solemnly. 'There is no escape from a Savage Reservation.'

The word 'escape' was suggestive. 'Perhaps,' said Bernard, half rising, 'we ought to think of going.' The little black needle was scurrying, an insect, nibbling through time, eating into his money.

'No escape,' repeated the Warden, waving him back into his chair.

They took their seats in the plane and set off. Ten minutes later they were crossing the frontier that separated civilization from savagery. Uphill and down, across the deserts of salt or sand, through forests, into the violet depth of canyons, over crag and peak and table-topped mesa, the fence marched on and on, irresistibly the straight line, the geometrical symbol of triumphant human purpose. And at its foot, here and there, a mosaic of white bones, a still unrotted carcase dark on the tawny ground marked the place where deer or steer, puma or porcupine or coyote, or the greedy turkey buzzards drawn down by the whiff of carrion and fulminated as though by a poetic justice, had come too close to the destroying wires.

'They never learn,' said the green-uniformed pilot, pointing down at the skeletons on the ground below them. 'And they never will learn,' he added and laughed, as though he had somehow scored a personal triumph over the electrocuted animals.

Bernard also laughed; after two grammes of soma the joke seemed, for some reason, good. Laughed and then, almost immediately, dropped off to sleep and, sleeping, was carried over Taos and Tesuque; over Nambe and Picuris and Pojoaque, over Sia and Cochiti, over Laguna and Acoma and the Enchanted Mesa, over Zuñi and Cibola and Ojo Caliente, and woke at last to find the machine standing on the ground, Lenina carrying the suit-cases into a small square house, and the Gamma-green octoroon talking incomprehensibly with a young Indian.

'Malpais,' explained the pilot, as Bernard stepped out. 'This is the rest-house. And there's a dance this afternoon at the pueblo. He'll take you there.' He pointed to the sullen young savage. 'Funny, I expect.' He grinned. 'Everything they do is funny.' And with that he climbed into the plane and started up the engines. 'Back to-morrow. And remember,' he added reassuringly to Lenina, 'they're perfectly tame; savages won't do you any harm. They've got enough experience of gas bombs to know that they mustn't play any tricks.' Still laughing, he threw the helicopter screws into gear, accelerated, and was gone.

But at this moment their guide came back and, beckoning to them to follow, led the way down the narrow street between the houses. They rounded a corner. A dead dog was lying on a rubbish heap; a woman with a goitre was looking for lice in the hair of a small girl. Their guide halted at the foot of a ladder, raised his hand perpendicularly, then darted it horizontally forward. They did what he mutely commanded--climbed the ladder and walked through the doorway, to which it gave access, into a long narrow room, rather dark and smelling of smoke and cooked grease and long-worn, long-unwashed clothes. At the further end of the room was another doorway, through which came a shaft of sunlight and the noise, very loud and close, of the drums.

They stepped across the threshold and found themselves on a wide terrace. Below them, shut in by the tall houses, was the village square, crowded with Indians. Bright blankets, and feathers in black hair, and the glint of turquoise, and dark skins shining with heat. Lenina put her handkerchief to her nose again. In the open space at the centre of the square were two circular platforms of masonry and trampled clay--the roofs, it was evident, of underground chambers; for in the centre of each platform was an open hatchway, with a ladder emerging from the lower darkness. A sound of subterranean flute-playing came up and was almost lost in the steady remorseless persistence of the drums.

Lenina liked the drums. Shutting her eyes she abandoned herself to their soft repeated thunder, allowed it to invade her consciousness more and more completely, till at last there was nothing left in the world but that one deep pulse of sound. It reminded her reassuringly of the synthetic noises made at Solidarity Services and Ford's Day celebrations. 'Orgy-porgy,' she whispered to herself.

These drums beat out just the same rhythms.

There was a sudden startling burst of singing--hundreds of male voices crying out fiercely in harsh metallic unison. A few long notes and silence, the thunderous silence of the drums; then shrill, in a neighing treble, the women's answer. Then again the drums; and once more the men's deep savage affirmation of their manhood.

Queer--yes. The place was queer, so was the music, so were the clothes and the goitres and the skin diseases and the old people. But the performance itself--there seemed to be nothing specially queer about that.

'It reminds me of a lower-caste Community Sing,' she told Bernard.

For suddenly there had swarmed up from those round chambers underground a ghastly troop of monsters. Hideously masked or painted out of all semblance of humanity, they had tramped out a strange limping dance round the square; round and again round, singing as they went, round and round--each time a little faster; and the drums had changed and quickened their rhythm, so that it became like the pulsing of fever in the ears; and the crowd had begun to sing with the dancers, louder and louder; and first one woman had shrieked, and then another and another, as though they were being killed; and then suddenly the leader of the dancers broke out of the line, ran to a big wooden chest which was standing at one end of the square, raised the lid and pulled out a pair of black snakes. A great yell went up from the crowd, and all the other dancers ran towards him with outstretched hands. He tossed the snakes to the first-comers, then dipped back into the chest for more. More and more, black snakes and brown and mottled--he flung them out. And then the dance began again on a different rhythm. Round and round they went with their snakes, snakily, with a soft undulating movement at the knees and hips. Round and round. Then the leader gave a signal, and one after another, all the snakes were flung down in the middle of the square; an old man came up from underground and sprinkled them with corn meal, and from the other hatchway came a woman and sprinkled them with water from a black jar. Then the old man lifted his hand and, startlingly, terrifyingly, there was absolute silence. The drums stopped beating, life seemed to have come to an end.

The old man pointed towards the two hatchways that gave entrance to the lower world. And slowly, raised by invisible hands from below, there emerged from the one a painted image of an eagle, from the other that of a man, naked, and nailed to a cross. They hung there, seemingly self-sustained, as though watching. The old man clapped his hands. Naked but for a white cotton breech-cloth, a boy of about eighteen stepped out of the crowd and stood before him, his hands crossed over his chest, his head bowed. The old man made the sign of the cross over him and turned away. Slowly, the boy began to walk round the writhing heap of snakes. He had completed the first circuit and was half-way through the second when, from among the dancers, a tall man wearing the mask of a coyote and holding in his hand a whip of plaited leather, advanced towards him. The boy moved on as though unaware of the other's existence. The coyote-man raised his whip; there was a long moment of expectancy, then a swift movement, the whistle of the lash and its loud flat-sounding impact on the flesh. The boy's body quivered; but he made no sound, he walked on at the same slow, steady pace. The coyote struck again, again; and at every blow at first a gasp and then a deep groan went up from the crowd. The boy walked on. Twice, thrice, four times round he went. The blood was streaming. Five times round, six times round. Suddenly Lenina covered her face with her hands and began to sob. 'Oh, stop them, stop them!' she implored. But the whip fell and fell inexorably. Seven times round. Then all at once the boy staggered and, still without a sound, pitched forward on to his face. Bending over him, the old man touched his back with a long white feather, held it up for a moment, crimson, for the people to see, then shook it thrice over the snakes. A few drops fell, and suddenly the drums broke out again into a panic of hurrying notes; there was a great shout. The dancers rushed forward, picked up the snakes and ran out of the square. Men, women, children, all the crowd ran after them. A minute later the square was empty, only the boy remained, prone where he had fallen, quite still. Three old women came out of one of the houses, and with some difficulty lifted him and carried him in. The eagle and the man on the cross kept guard for a little while over the empty pueblo; then, as though they had seen enough, sank slowly down through their hatchways, out of sight, into the nether world.

The squalor of that little house on the outskirts of the pueblo!

A space of dust and rubbish separated it from the village. Two famine-stricken dogs were nosing obscenely in the garbage at its door. Inside, when they entered, the twilight stank and was loud with flies.

'Linda!' the young man called.

From the inner room a rather hoarse female voice said, 'Coming.'

They waited. In bowls on the floor were the remains of a meal, perhaps of several meals.

The door opened. A very stout blonde squaw stepped across the threshold and stood looking at the strangers, staring incredulously, her mouth open. Lenina noticed with disgust that two of the front teeth were missing. And the colour of the ones that remained... She shuddered. It was worse than the old man. So fat. And all the lines in her face, the flabbiness, the wrinkles. And the sagging cheeks, with those purplish blotches. And the red veins on her nose, the bloodshot eyes. And that neck--that neck; and the blanket she wore over her head--ragged and filthy. And under the brown sack-shaped tunic those enormous breasts, the bulge of the stomach, the hips. Oh, much worse than the old man, much worse! And suddenly the creature burst out in a torrent of speech, rushed at her with outstretched arms and--Ford! Ford! it was too revolting, in another moment she'd be sick--pressed her against the bulge, the bosom, and began to kiss her. Ford! to kiss, slobberingly, and smelt too horrible, obviously never had a bath, and simply reeked of that beastly stuff that was put into Delta and Epsilon bottles (no, it wasn't true about Bernard), positively stank of alcohol. She broke away as quickly as she could.

A blubbered and distorted face confronted her; the creature was crying.

There had been accidents. Serious ones. It had been decided to deflect the up-line a few kilometres to the west. Between Grayshott and Tongham four abandoned air-lighthouses marked the course of the old Portsmouth-to-London road. The skies above them were silent and deserted. It was over Selborne, Borden and Farnham that the helicopters now ceaselessly hummed and roared.

The Savage had chosen as his hermitage the old lighthouse which stood on the crest of the hill between Puttenham and Elstead. The building was of ferro-concrete and in excellent condition--almost too comfortable, the Savage had thought when he first explored the place, almost too civilizedly luxurious. He pacified his conscience by promising himself a compensatingly harder self-discipline, purifications the more complete and thorough. His first night in the hermitage was, deliberately, a sleepless one.

In the valley which separated the Hog's Back from the sandy hill on which the lighthouse stood, Puttenham was a modest little village nine stories high, with silos, a poultry farm, and a small vitamin-D factory. On the other side of the lighthouse, towards the south, the ground fell away in long slopes of heather to a chain of ponds.

Beyond them, above the intervening woods, rose the fourteen-story tower of Elstead. Dim in the hazy English air, Hindhead and Selborne invited the eye into a blue romantic distance. But it was not alone the distance that had attracted the Savage to his lighthouse; the near was as seductive as the far. The woods, the open stretches of heather and yellow gorse, the clumps of Scotch firs, the shining ponds with their overhanging birch trees, their water lilies, their beds of rushes--these were beautiful and, to an eye accustomed to the aridities of the American desert, astonishing. And then the solitude! Whole days passed during which he never saw a human being. The lighthouse was only a quarter of an hour's flight from the Charing-T Tower; but the hills of Malpais were hardly more deserted than this Surrey heath. The crowds that daily left London left it only to play Electro-magnetic Golf or Tennis. Puttenham possessed no links; the nearest Riemann-surfaces were at Guildford. Flowers and a landscape were the only attractions here. And so, as there was no good reason for coming, nobody came. During the first days the Savage lived alone and undisturbed.

Exploring Characters

Choose **one** of the character descriptions from *'Brave New World'*

1. **Identify** what makes it a good character description – what do we find out about them physically and psychologically?
2. **Highlight** what you consider to be effective about the description, be prepared to **explain** and **justify** why.
3. **Analyse** the language/ structural techniques and consider the authorial choices of Huxley.
4. **Create** a **list** of **Success Criteria** of what makes a good character description. (e.g. High-level adjectives, adverbs to describe verbs)



ALDOUS HUXLEY CENTRE ZURICH

‘...twinkle of the white stockings, the sunburnt knees vivaciously bending and unbending, again, again, and the softer rolling of those well-fitted corduroy shorts beneath the bottle-green jacket.’

‘in a white acetate-satin sailor suit, and with a round white cap rakishly tilted over her left ear, stood Lenina.’

‘Lenina blushed scarlet; but her eyes, the tone of her voice remained defiant.’

'A gramme is better than a damn,' said Lenina mechanically from behind her hands. 'I wish I had my soma!'

‘She stepped out of her bell-bottomed trousers. Her zippicamiknicks were a pale shell pink. The Arch-Community-Songster's golden T dangled at her breast.’

‘Her smile flashed redly at him--a row of coral teeth’

‘large blue eyes’

‘her nose was a bit shiny’

'Oh, she's a splendid girl. Wonderfully pneumatic.’ (curvaceous)

‘Beautiful’

‘Her jacket was made of bottle-green acetate cloth with green viscose fur at the cuffs and collar.’

‘Her face wrinkled up into a grimace of disgust’

‘her white sailor's blouse’

‘For all the lupus and the purple eyes, she was uncommonly pretty.’

‘The zippers on Lenina's spare pair of viscose velveteen shorts were at first a puzzle, then, solved, a delight. Zip, and then zip; zip, and then zip... Her green slippers were the most beautiful things he had ever seen.’

“Yes, everyone belongs to everyone else.” Lenina repeated slowly and, sighing, was silent for a moment.’

‘adorable viscose velveteen shorts’

‘Green corduroy shorts and white viscose-woollen stockings turned down below the knee.’

ALDOUS HUXLEY ZÜRICH

‘The greatest care is taken to prevent you from loving any one too much… you're so conditioned that you can't help doing what you ought to do. And what you ought to do is on the whole so pleasant, so many of the natural impulses are allowed free play, that there really aren't any temptations to resist. ‘

‘had been a pretty advanced infant—indeed, a quite considerable embryonic achievement.’

‘There isn't any need for a civilized man to bear anything that's seriously unpleasant.’

‘Mustapha Mond leaned forward, shook a finger at them’

‘walked briskly’ “his Fordship”

'We believe in happiness and stability.’

‘meditatively frowning’ ‘threw back his head and laughed aloud’

‘genuine scientific curiosity’

‘a man of middle height, black-haired, with a hooked nose, full red lips, eyes very piercing and dark’

‘the cleaner, tidier hair on his head, or face, or chest, or legs, or thighs’

‘A look from Mustapha Mond reduced him to an abject silence’

‘there's always soma to give you a holiday from the facts. And there's always soma to calm your anger, to reconcile you to your enemies, to make you patient and long-suffering… Now, you swallow two or three half-gramme tablets, and there you are. Anybody can be virtuous now.’

ALDOUS HUXLEY CENTRE ZURICH

‘The dress of the young man who now stepped out on to the terrace was Indian; but his plaited hair was straw-coloured, his eyes a pale blue, and his skin a white skin, bronzed.’

‘Tears stood in the young man's eyes; he was ashamed and turned away.’

‘such a nice-looking boy, she was thinking, and a really beautiful body. The blood rushed up into the young man's face’

‘mad eyes’

‘he turned with a proud squaring of the shoulders, a proud, defiant lifting of the chin’

‘He ground his teeth’

‘clenched his fists’

‘...Indians came running along the path. Their black hair was braided with fox fur and red flannel. Cloaks of turkey feathers fluttered from their shoulders; huge feather diadems exploded gaudily round their heads. With every step they took came the clink and rattle of their silver bracelets, their heavy necklaces of bone and turquoise beads. They came on without a word, running quietly in their deerskin moccasins.’

‘The Savage was busy on his arrows. Thirty hazel sticks had been whittled and dried, tipped with sharp nails, carefully nocked. He had made a raid one night on the Puttenham poultry farm, and now had feathers enough to equip a whole armoury.’

‘stripped to the waist and hitting himself with a whip of knotted cords. His back was horizontally streaked with crimson, and from weal to weal ran thin trickles of blood.’

‘a sharp stone cut his cheek. The blood wouldn’t stop; he was covered with blood’

'I'll kill him, I'll kill him, I'll kill him,' he kept saying.

‘He ran across the room and stabbed--oh, the blood!--stabbed again’

ALDOUS HUXLEY ZENTRUM ZÜRICH

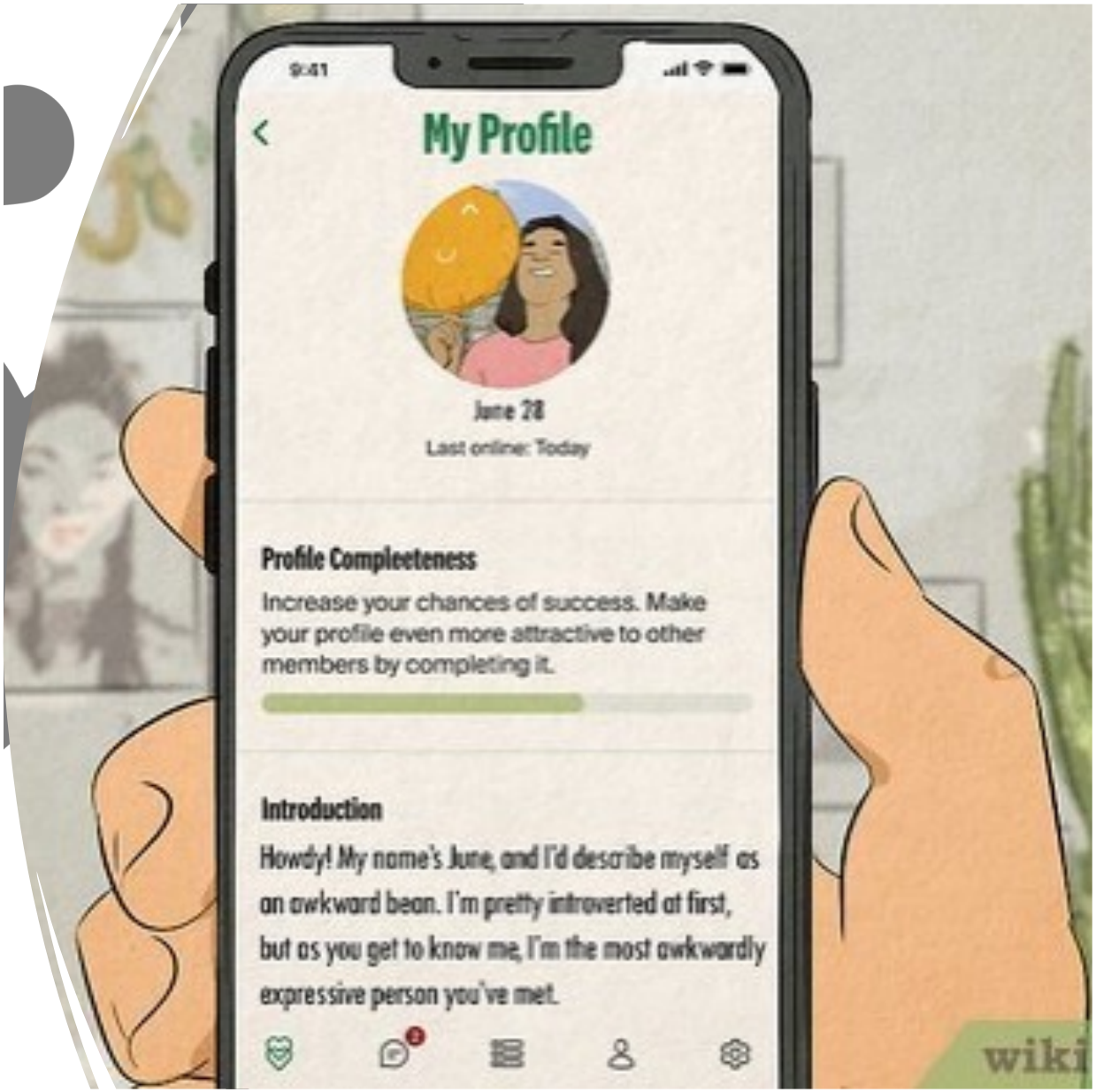
Dating Profile Disaster

- You are working for a Dating App in the World State.
- Your job is to create online dating profiles for John and Lenina. They must use details from Chapter 13 to describe their ideal partner, their views on love/sex, and their expectations for a relationship.

Success Criteria:

- Create two separate profiles, one for John and one for Lenina.
- Bio
- Looking For…
- Deal Breakers…
- Likes/ Dislikes…
- Quote from their character from Chapter 13.

After creating the profiles, you should write a short paragraph explaining why these two characters are fundamentally incompatible, referencing their profiles and specific events from the chapter.







Drawing the Characters

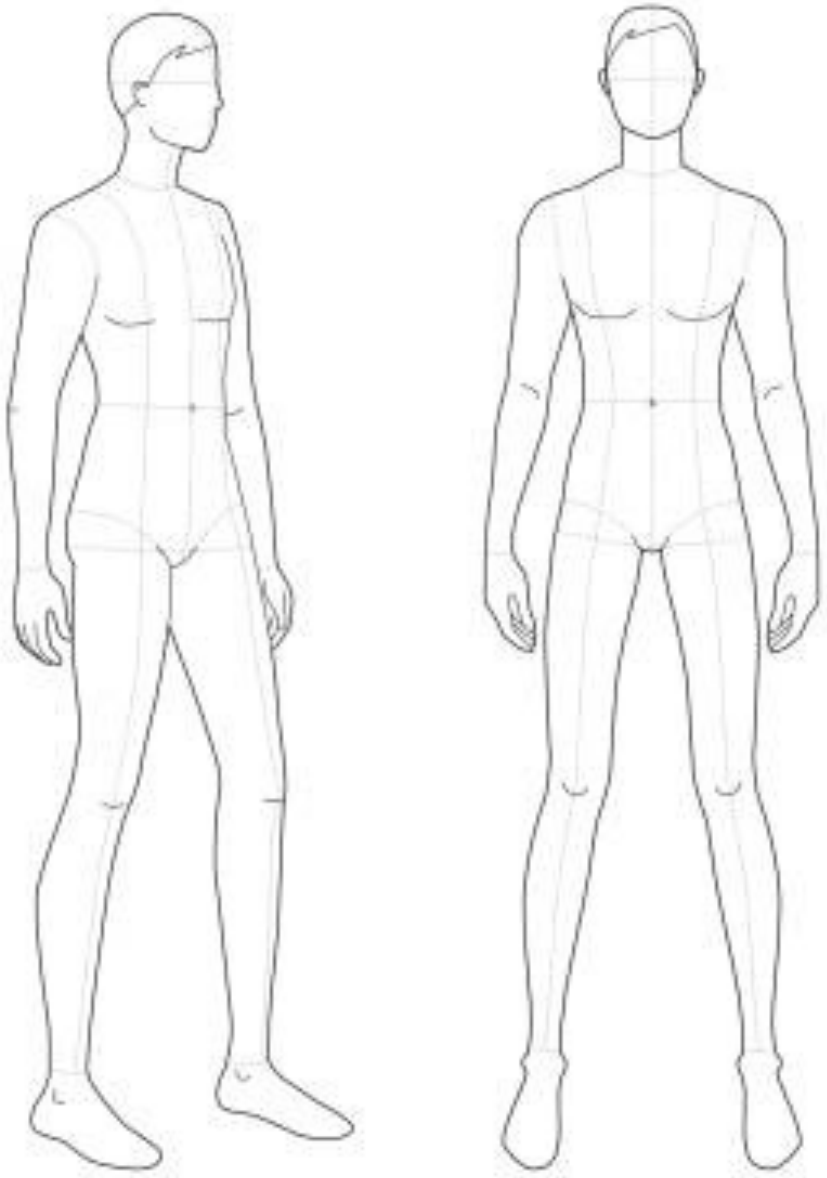
Choose **one** of the characters you have just analysed.

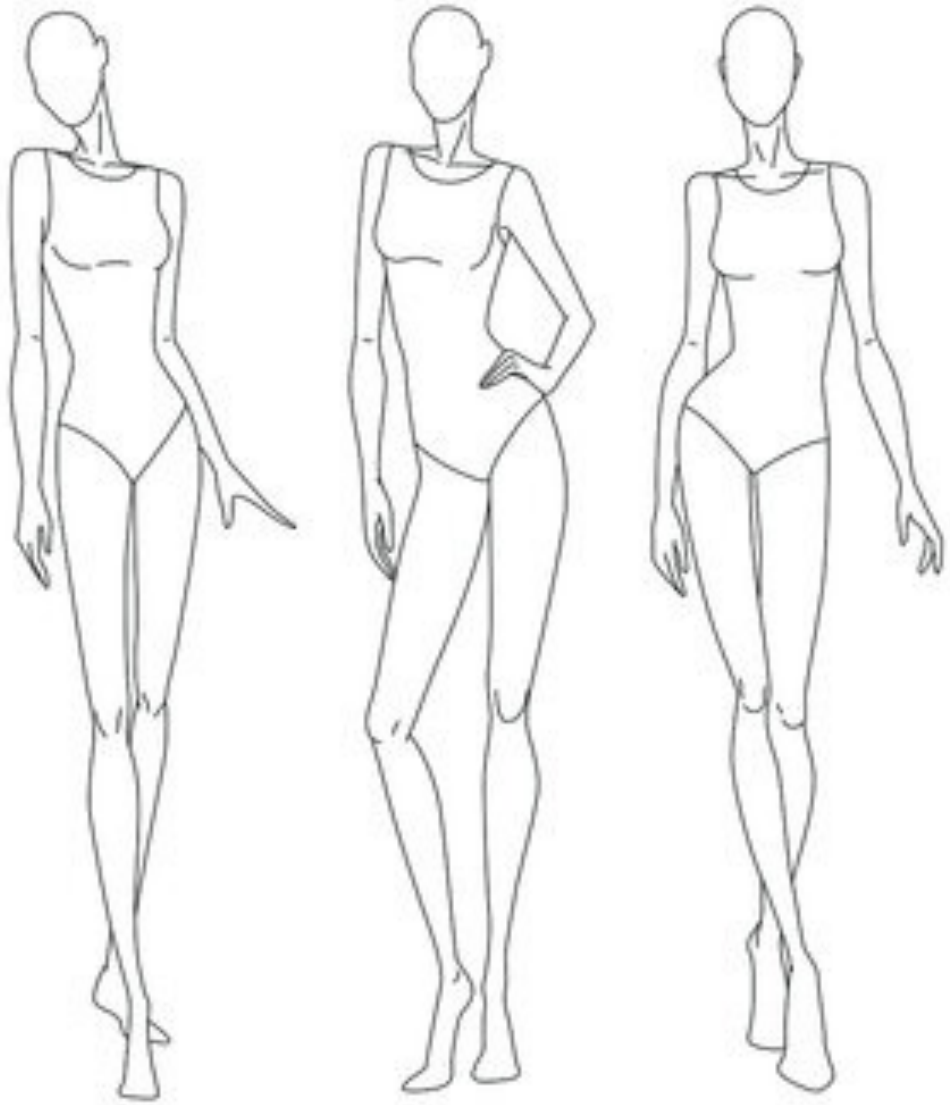
Paying close attention to Huxley's descriptions and using your inference skills, draw them using the mannequin templates provided.

Below are some examples of what to draw:

- Facial expressions
- Their physical appearance
- Clothes (relevant colours)
- Props - things they might be holding or ingesting.

ALDOUS HUXLEY CENTRE ZURICH





Imagine you are a World State media reporter covering the *'soma riot'* at the *Hospital for the Dying*.

- Write a sensationalized newspaper headline and a short (1-2 paragraph) news report describing the event.
- The report must reflect the World State's perspective, downplaying the "*disorder*" and framing John's actions as abnormal or even amusing – humiliate the outsider.
- It should highlight the efficiency of the Police and the quick return to *"stability."*
- Students can optionally create a short "*soundbite*" from a World State citizen expressing their confusion or disapproval of John's behaviour.



Success Criteria:

Purpose: to write an article for a newspaper – informative and persuasive.
Audience: general readership of a newspaper.
Form: candidates may use some stylistic conventions of an article, such as heading, sub-heading or occasional use of bullet points. Candidates should not include features of layout such as pictures or columns. There should be a clear organisation with an introduction, development of points and a conclusion.

- Recap Mustapha Mond's arguments for sacrificing *"high art,"* pure science, and individual freedom for the sake of social stability and happiness.

- As a class or in small groups, identify key phrases and ideas from Chapter 16 where Mond justifies the suppression of art (like Shakespeare) and pure science. (e.g., *"stability isn't nearly so spectacular as instability," "beauty's a tortoise," "science is dangerous"*).

- Look at the famous propaganda posters on the next slide. Write down, analyse and explain what made such posters effective/ persuasive – draw up success criteria for the creative task to come.

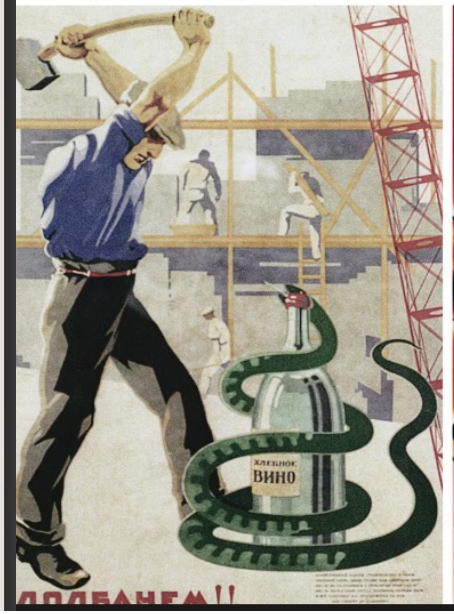



Bicz ludzkości


¡TRABAJADORES!
1
MAYO
POR LA
PAZ INTERNACIONAL


EN ESPAÑA AMANECE
ARRIBA ESPAÑA


LENIN
LENIN ATƖNDAQƖ
DIRÇABILDER
EƧKADRILIJASƖN QURABƖZ


ВИНО


PRODUCTION
Stop this monster that stops at nothing... PRODUCE to the limit !
This is YOUR war!


A.MALSOV
LISTE
„KOMMUNISTISCHE PARTEI"

Design a propaganda poster from the World State's perspective.

Creatively represent the World State's ideology as presented by Mustapha Mond regarding art, science, and stability.



Success Criteria:

- **Visual**: Looks like it came from the World State - Orderly, clean, perhaps a bit too cheerful or sterile. Think bright, simple colours.
- **Images**: Use pictures or symbols that clearly show the World State's message (e.g., smiling faces, symbols of stability, absence of messy emotions).
- **Clear Layout**: Easy to read and understand quickly. The most important parts should stand out.
- **Catchy Slogan**: A short, memorable phrase (like a jingle or motto) that sounds like something the World State would say.
- **Variety of Language Devices/ Persuasive techniques**: Alliteration (e.g., "Soma Smooths Suffering"), Rhyme (e.g., "Feelies, Friendlies, Fun for All"), Simple commands/Imperatives (e.g., "Consume More!," "Be Happy!").
- **Connecting to Chapter 16 (Content):**Mond's Main Points: The poster must clearly show ideas that Mustapha Mond talks about in Chapter 16. (For example: Why old art (like Shakespeare) is bad for stability. Why too much pure science is dangerous. Why happiness is more important than truth or freedom.
- **Your Explanation & Why You Chose That**: Briefly explain how your poster's words, pictures, and colors directly connect to Mond's arguments in Chapter 16 and what the World State wants people to believe.

Create a Podcast Episode Script for, *'The Future of Humanity: Happiness vs. Truth'*



- **Objective**: To analyse and present the core philosophical debate between John (the Savage) and Mustapha Mond from Chapter 17, using a modern podcast format.
- **Context**: Imagine a futuristic podcast (perhaps from a rebel group, an underground intellectual network, or even a satirical World State-approved show) that dares to explore controversial ideas.

Your episode will focus on the pivotal conversation in Mustapha Mond's office.

Introduction (Host):

- Hook the listener, introduce the topic ("Happiness vs. Truth," "The Savage's Challenge"), and introduce your "guests."

Main Debate Segment:

- This is the core.
- Write dialogue where John and Mond go back and forth on their main points.

Focus on:

- The necessity (or lack thereof) of suffering.
- The role of God/religion.
- The value of truth vs. happiness.
- The meaning of freedom.
- The place of art and poetry (building on Chapter 16 discussions).

Host Interventions:

- The host should guide the conversation, ask clarifying questions, or summarize points.

Conclusion (Host):

- Briefly summarize the debate, perhaps leave the listener with a thought-provoking question, and sign off.

Script Your Podcast

- Write out the full dialogue for each character.

Include:

- Speaker Names: Clearly label who is speaking.

Tone/Delivery:

- (e.g., [John, passionately], [Mond, calmly dismissive], [Host, thoughtful]).

Sound Cues (Optional but fun!):

- (e.g., [Sound of a faint, unsettling hum], [Quick, cheerful jingle], [Slight static interference]).
- Practice/Perform: If time allows, practice reading your script aloud to hear how it sounds.

Level	Mark	**AO5** Write clearly, using a range of vocabulary and sentence structures, with appropriate paragraphing and accurate spelling, grammar and punctuation.
	0	No rewardable material.
Level 1	1–3	• Expresses information and ideas, with limited use of structural and grammatical features. • Uses basic vocabulary, often misspelt. • Uses punctuation with basic control, creating undeveloped, often repetitive, sentence structures.
Level 2	4–7	• Expresses and orders information and ideas; uses paragraphs and a range of structural and grammatical features. • Uses some correctly spelt vocabulary, e.g. words with regular patterns such as prefixes, suffixes, double consonants. • Uses punctuation with some control, creating a range of sentence structures, including coordination and subordination.
Level 3	8–11	• Develops and connects appropriate information and ideas; structural and grammatical features and paragraphing make the meaning clear. • Uses a varied vocabulary and spells words containing irregular patterns correctly. • Uses accurate and varied punctuation, adapting sentence structures as appropriate.
Level 4	12–15	• Manages information and ideas, with structural and grammatical features used cohesively and deliberately across the text. • Uses a wide, selective vocabulary with only occasional spelling errors. • Positions a range of punctuation for clarity, managing sentence structures for deliberate effect.
Level 5	16–18	• Manipulates complex ideas, utilising a range of structural and grammatical features to support coherence and cohesion. • Uses extensive vocabulary strategically; rare spelling errors do not detract from overall meaning. • Punctuates writing with accuracy to aid emphasis and precision, using a range of sentence structures accurately and selectively to achieve particular effects.

Level	Mark	**AO4** Communicate effectively and imaginatively, adapting form, tone and register of writing for specific purposes and audiences.
	0	No rewardable material.
Level 1	1–5	• Communication is at a basic level, and limited in clarity. • Little awareness is shown of the purpose of the writing and the intended reader. • Little awareness of form, tone and register.
Level 2	6–11	• Communicates in a broadly appropriate way. • Shows some grasp of the purpose and of the expectations/ requirements of the intended reader. • Straightforward use of form, tone and register.
Level 3	12–17	• Communicates clearly. • Shows a clear sense of purpose and understanding of the expectations/requirements of the intended reader. • Appropriate use of form, tone and register.
Level 4	18–22	• Communicates successfully. • A secure realisation of purpose and the expectations/requirements of the intended reader. • Effective use of form, tone and register.
Level 5	23–27	• Communication is perceptive and subtle. • Task is sharply focused on purpose and the expectations/ requirements of the intended reader. • Sophisticated use of form, tone and register.

You are now John the savage.

Choose one of the tasks below to complete:

1. Write a single or series of journal entries covering the days/hours leading up to John's final act, reflecting his deteriorating mental state, his reflections on his experiences, and his increasing despair.
2. Write an unsent letter addressed to an imagined recipient (e.g., Bernard, Helmholtz, or even an abstract "*humanity*"), expressing his final thoughts, disillusionment, and reasons for his despair.

<u>Success Criteria:</u>

- The writing should capture John's voice
- Contain echoes of Shakespearean language
- Reflect John's disillusionment with the World State
- Capture his feelings about Lenina
- Mention the constant invasion by the "*pilgrims*" and media
- Express his feeling of being trapped or contaminated



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