Utopia and Dystopia

A CLIL lesson

## Writing

Sir Thomas More was an English lawyer, writer, and statesman. He was at one time one of Henry VIII's most trusted civil servants, becoming Chancellor of England in 1529.

However, More was also a passionate defender of Catholic orthodoxy. More wrote in the 16th century, at the time of the Reformation, which set out to reform the Catholic Church in Europe and resulted in the development of Protestantism. When Henry established the Anglican Church, which allowed him to divorce Catherine of Aragon, More resigned his chancellorship. He continued to argue against the king's divorce, the Reformation and the split with the Catholic church. He was tried for treason and executed by beheading on July 6th 1535.

[www.bl.uk]

Having read More’s biography, complete the following summary without looking back at the text.

Sir Thomas More was an English……, writer and……. He lived in the …… century and became …… under the reign of ….. He defended passionately …… and ….. when Henry VIII established the Anglican Church. Because of his opposition against the king’s religious policy, he was….. and …. On July 6th, 1535.

## Listening

You have two songs. One is a utopian search: the promised land. The other one is a dystopic view: dystopia is dued to the lack of communication.

Write the missing words.

A. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=K8UjZczqJ7I>

On a rattlesnake \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ in the Utah desert

I pick up my \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and head back into town

Driving 'cross the Waynesboro county line

I got the radio on and I'm just killing time

Working all day in my Daddy's garage

Driving all \_\_\_\_\_\_, chasing some mirage

Pretty soon little girl, I'm gonna take charge

The dogs on main street howl 'cause they understand

If I could take one \_\_\_\_\_\_ into my hands

Mister I ain't a boy, no I'm a man

And I believe in a promised land

I've done my best to live the right way

I get up every morning and go to work each day

But your eyes go blind and your blood runs cold

Sometimes I feel so weak, I just want to \_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Explode and tear this whole town apart

Take a knife and cut this pain from my \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Find somebody itching for something to start

The dogs on main street howl 'cause they \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

If I could take one moment into my hands

Mister I ain't a boy, no I'm a man

And I believe in a promised land

There's a dark cloud rising from the desert floor

I packed my bags and I'm heading straight into the storm

Gonna be a twister to blow everything down

That ain't got the faith to stand it's ground

Blow away the dreams that tear you apart

Blow away the dreams that break your heart

Blow away the lies that leave you nothing

But lost and \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

The dogs on main street howl 'cause they understand

If I could take one moment into my hands

Mister I ain't a boy, no I'm a man

And I believe in a promised land

And I believe in a promised land

And I believe in a promised land

B. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4zLfCnGVeL4>

Hello \_\_\_\_\_\_\_, my old friend

I've come to talk with you again

Because a vision softly creeping

Left its seeds while I was sleeping

And the vision that was planted in my \_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Still remains

Within the sound of silence

In restless dreams I walked alone

Narrow streets of \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

'Neath the halo of a street lamp

I turned my collar to the cold and damp

When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

That split the night

And touched the sound of silence

And in the naked light I saw

Ten thousand people maybe more

People talking without \_\_\_\_\_\_\_

People hearing without \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

People writing songs that voices never shared

No one \_\_\_\_\_\_

Disturb the sound of silence

"Fools," said I, "you do not know

Silence like a \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ grows

Hear my words that I might teach you

Take my arms that I might reach you"

But my words like silent raindrops fell

And echoed in the wells of silence

And the people bowed and \_\_\_\_\_\_\_

To the neon god they made

And the sign flashed out its warning

In the words that it was forming

And the sign said "The words of the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ are written on the subway walls

And tenement halls

And whispered in the sound of silence"

## Reading

Complete the boxes with the sentences given. One is missing.

But yet this is not only the 1. There is another, which, as I suppose, is proper and peculiar to you Englishmen alone. (…)They consume, destroy, and devour whole fields, houses, and cities. (…) Noble men, and gentlemen, yea and certain Abbots, holy men no doubt, not contenting themselves with the yearly revenues and profits, that were wont to grow to their forefathers and predecessors of their lands, nor being content that they live in rest and pleasure nothing profiting, yea much *noying* the weal public, ☐ (…) And by this means very many be forced to forsake work, and ☐. For after that so much ground was inclosed for pasture, an infinite multitude of sheep died of the rot, such vengeance God took of their inordinate and unsatiable covetousness, ☐ that pestiferous murrain, which much more justly should have fallen on the sheepmasters' own heads.

[*Utopia*, book I]

1. necessary cause of stealing.
2. to give themselves to idleness.
3. leave no ground for tillage.
4. sending among the sheep.

They have but few laws. For to people so instruct and institute 3 (…) In Utopia every man is a cunning lawyer. For ( ) they have very few laws; and the plainer and grosser that any interpretation is, that they allow as most just. For all laws (say they) be made and published only to the intent that by them every man should . But the crafty and subtle interpretation of them can put very few in that remembrance (for they be but few that do perceive them), whereas the simple, the plain and gross meaning of the laws .

[Utopia, book II]

1. is open to every man

2. as I said

3. very few do suffice.

4. be put in remembrance of his duty