Dystopia

To what extent cans we stay in utopia without falling into dystopia ?

The good place

The handmaid’s tale

Vica versa

Death of a salesman

Twelve angry men

Wages of fear

Black miror – Down hill

Dismaland/Disney land

The Members of the NSKK group: the before and d-date of the Krystal nacht : <https://mm.tt/1674301675?t=KrqzWlSl6R>

Utopia Thomas More

The prisoner

1984 – George Orwell

Annimal Farm

Opening: Can Ustopia be the summary of Dystopia and Utopia

Building:

Title: Dystopia

Key Question:

1: Is society something helping us to build or destroy ourselves?

2: To what extent can people realize (become aware of) that they are living in a dystopian world.

3: To what extent can a utopian world be seen as dystopian

4: To what extent can dystopia be hiding behind Utopia!

5: Dystopia: self-Builder or self-Destroyer?

6: Society: self-Builder or self-destroyer?

Doc 1: Literary Text

# Of mice and men (George shoots Lennie)

## When George shoots Lennie:

Lennie said craftily- "Tell me like you done before."

"Tell you what?"

"'Bout the other guys an' about us."

George said, "Guys like us got no fambly. They make a little stake an' then they blow it in. They ain't got nobody in the worl' that gives a hoot in hell about 'em-"

"But not us," Lennie cried happily. "Tell about us now."

George was quiet for a moment. "But not us," he said.

"Because--"

"Because I got you an'-"

"An' I got you. We got each other, that's what, that gives a hoot in hell about us," Lennie cried in triumph.

The little evening breeze blew over the clearing and the leaves rustled, and the wind waves flowed up the green pool. And the shouts of men sounded again, this time much closer than before.

George took off his hat. He said shakily, "Take off your hat, Lennie. The air feels fine."

Lennie removed his hat dutifully and laid it on the ground in front of him. The shadow in the valley was bluer, and the evening came fast. On the wind the sound of crashing in the brush came to them.

Lennie said, "Tell how it's gonna be."

George had been listening to the distant sounds. For a moment he was businesslike. "Look acrost the river, Lennie, an' I'll tell you so you can almost see it."

Lennie turned his head and looked off across the pool and up the darkening slopes of the Gabilans. "We gonna get a little place," George began. He reached in his side pocket and brought out Carlson's Luger; he snapped off the safety, and the hand and gun lay on the ground behind Lennie's back. He looked at the back of Lennie's head, at the place where the spine and skull were joined.

A man's voice called from up the river, and another man answered. "Go on," said Lennie. George raised the gun and his hand shook, and he dropped his hand to the ground again.

"Go on," said Lennie. "How's it gonna be.

We gonna get a little place."

"We'll have a cow," said George. "An' we'll have maybe a pig an' chickens... an' down the flat we'll have a... little piece alfalfa-"

"For the rabbits," Lennie shouted.

"For the rabbits," George repeated.

"And I get to tend the rabbits."

"An' you get to tend the rabbits."

Lennie giggled with happiness. "An' live on the fatta the lan'."

"Yes."

Lennie turned his head.

"No, Lennie. Look down there acrost the river, like you can almost see the place."

Lennie obeyed him. George looked down at the gun.

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Explaining Literary text 2

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Credits: