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| Brave New World |
| John’s Values as Derived from Shakespeare | |
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***Directions***—Identify the source of each of the following quotations and summarize John’s thoughts at each point. (Page numbers are from the 1969,t hen the 1989 setting of the Harper edition.)

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| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| 1 | O brave new world. O brave new world that has such people in it. | | | 94 / 141 |
|  | Source: |  | | |
|  | John’s thoughts: | |  | |
|  |  | | |  |
|  |  | | |  |
|  | O brave new world… O brave new world that has such people in it. | | | 107 / 162 |
|  | Source: |  | | |
|  | John’s thoughts: | |  | |
|  |  | | |  |
|  |  | | |  |
|  | O brave new world… O brave new world. O brave new world! | | | 142-43 / 215-16 |
|  | Source: |  | | |
|  | John’s thoughts: | |  | |
|  |  | | |  |
|  |  | | |  |
| 2. | On the white wonder of dear Juliet’s hand, may seize | | | 97 / 146 |
|  | And steal immortal blessings from her lips, | | |  |
|  | Who, even in pure and vestal modesty, | | |  |
|  | Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin. | | |  |
|  | Source: |  | | |
|  | John’s thoughts: | |  | |
|  |  | | |  |
|  |  | | |  |
| 3. | Eternity was in our lips and eyes. | | | 103 / 157 |
|  | Source: |  | | |
|  | John’s thoughts: | |  | |
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|  |  | | |  |
|  |  | | |  |
| 4. | The gods are just and of our pleasant vices make instruments to plague us… | | | 160 / 241 |
|  | Make instruments to plague us… | | |  |
|  | Source: |  | | |
|  | John’s thoughts: | |  | |
|  |  | | |  |
|  |  | | |  |
| 5. | Whether ‘tis better sic] in the mind to suffer | | | 162 / 245 |
|  | The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, | | |  |
|  | Or to take arms against a sea of troubles | | |  |
|  | And by opposing end them…. | | |  |
|  | Source: |  | | |
|  | John’s thoughts: | |  | |
|  |  | | |  |
|  |  | | |  |
| 6. | The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly | | | 132 / 199 |
|  | Does lecher in my sight. | | |  |
|  | The fitchew nor the soiled horse goes to't | | |  |
|  | With a more riotous appetite. | | |  |
|  | Down from the waist they are Centaurs, | | |  |
|  | Though women all above; | | |  |
|  | But to the girdle do the gods inherit, | | |  |
|  | Beneath is all the fiends': there's hell, there's darkness, | | |  |
|  | There is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding | | |  |
|  | Stench, consumption. Fie, fie, fie! pah, pah! | | |  |
|  | Give me an ounce of civet; good apothecary, | | |  |
|  | Sweeten my imagination. | | |  |
|  | Source: |  | | |
|  | John’s thoughts: | |  | |
|  |  | | |  |
|  |  | | |  |
| 7. | Oh! She doth teach the torches to burn bright, | | | 120 / 181 |
|  | It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night, | | |  |
|  | Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop’s ear; | | |  |
|  | Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear…. | | |  |
|  | Source: |  | | |
|  | John’s thoughts: | |  | |
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adapted from materials from The Center for Learning