

THE GREATEST BATTLE GAME OF ALL!

On Any Block Take a Paradise Card

On Any Block Take a Mystery Card

On Any Block Take a Satan Card

On Any Block Take a Chaos Card

PARADISE LOST
Board Game

Copyright Yuko Nii Foundation 2019
Patent Pending

Other card text visible: SING MYSEER, VANITY, THEY EAT, THEY LOVE, DISCOVERED!, TAKE A SATAN CARD, TAKE A PROGRESSIVE UNIVERSITY CARD, CLIMB THE LADDER OF SUCCESS!, RALLY THE LIE-MINDED!, SUPPORT THE LEADER OF STATE!, RALLY THE LIE-MINDED!, BUY PROPERTY TO ENRICH THE BILL., FOLLOW A STRONG LEADER, LIFT UP THE BELLS AGAIN!, Reach the Goal!



See Demonstration on
Youtube:

<https://youtu.be/4JYkyu00QWU>

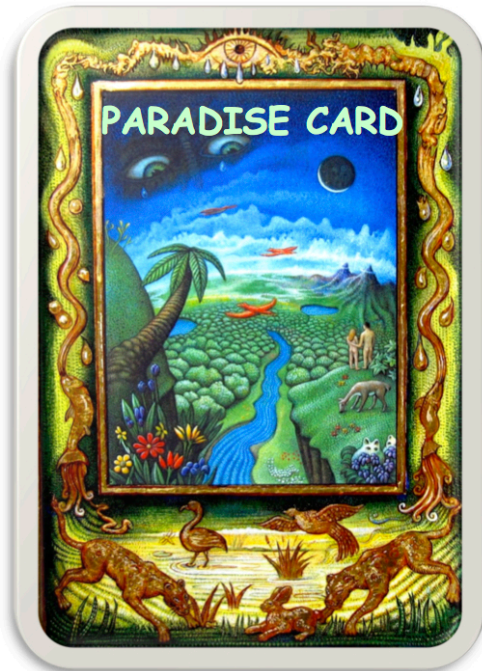
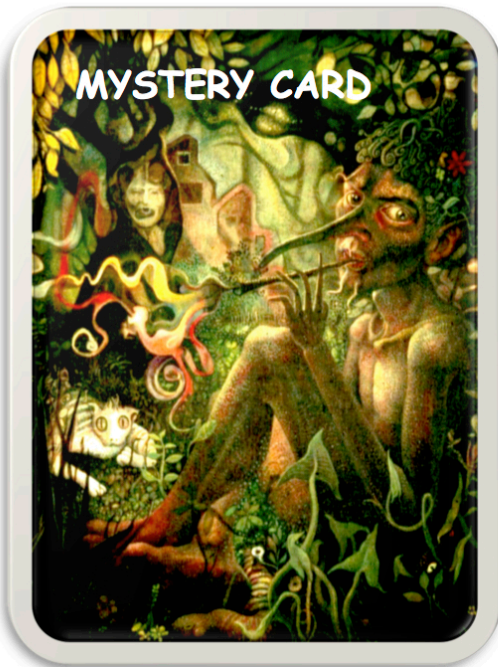
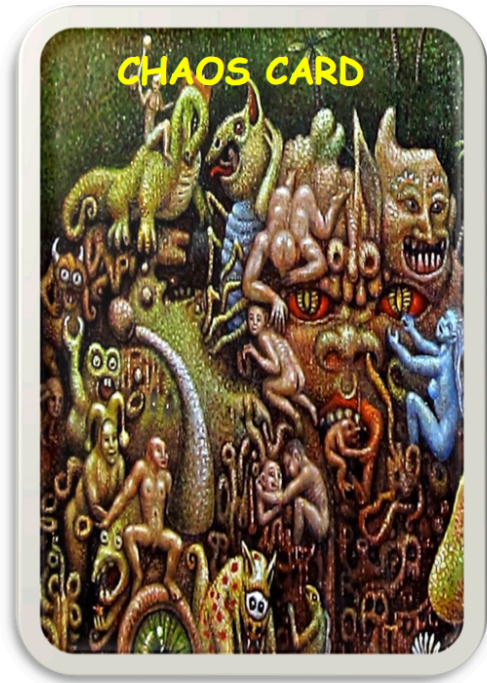
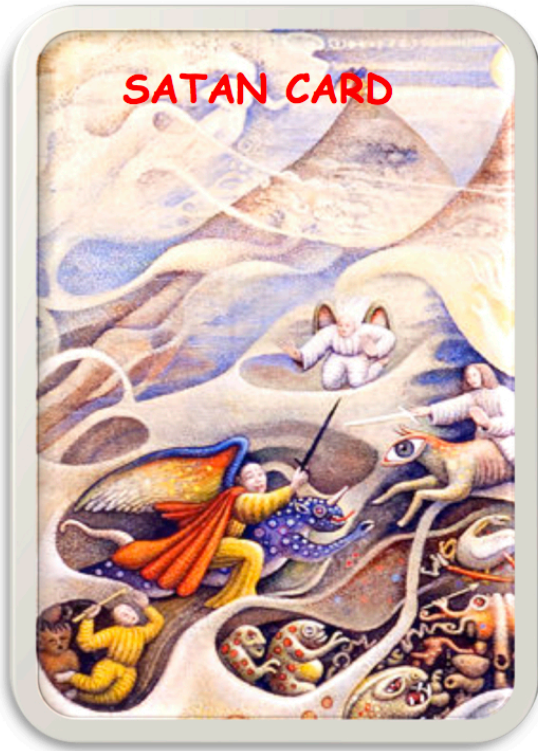




Created by Terrance Lindall

Copyright 2020
Yuko Nii Foundation

THE FOUR DECKS:



Lobby Card, front & back:

100 Angels



Joyn voices all ye living Souls; ye Birds,
That singing up to Heaven Gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his
praise;
Yee that in Waters glide, and yee that walk [200]
The Earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, Morn or Eeven,
To Hill, or Valley, Fountain, or fresh shade
Made vocal by [my Song](#), and taught his
praise.
Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still [205]
To give us onely good; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil or conceald,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

Book 5, John Milton's Paradise Lost



“Lindall Is pure genius. He has come up with a better and more entertaining way to study Milton’s great epic Paradise Lost! Get rid of those stodgy professors!”

[James Baldwin Cohen](#)

FROM NOTED MILTON SCHOLAR AND COLLECTOR

“Somewhere in your reading of Lindall’s synopsis, during your fourth or perhaps even your first, you will realize how important the synopsis is to your understanding and appreciation of Milton’s epic. Worry not about when this might happen, the explosion of all that is unique about what you are reading and the illustrations you are viewing will most certainly occur and along with it the appreciation you never expected to feel toward Lindall for helping you appreciate Milton’s great epic in an exciting and fresh way and without the use of commentary or critical study, which will come later in your study of Milton.”

Robert J Wickenheiser, 19th President of St. Bonaventure University



Four Player Tokens, Three Church Steeples for Each Player,
Four Point Counter Cards, Four Decks of Playing Cards:



GAME INSTRUCTIONS

The Paradise Lost gaming Board was created to teach John Milton's PARADISE LOST. It features exciting artwork by the celebrated illustrator of John Milton's classic Terrance Lindall. Here is how it works:

Each player selects a playing token: red, blue, yellow or green. They also have point counter cards named for their appropriate color.

- 1) The square board has a line of boxes/tiles on each side. The four sides are divided into:
 - a) Paradise – 30 cards
 - b) Satan – 30 cards
 - c) Mystery Realm – 30 cards
 - d) Chaos Realm – 30 cards

The four decks of cards are placed on the board by category.

- 2) The players may be two to four in number. They each select a token playing figure. Each player is given 1000 Angels/victory points in script.

- 3) Each player rolls the die. Then they move their token the required number of squares. When they arrive, they must take a card according to particular side they end up on. For example:

- a) If you end up on a square on the Paradise Side, you take a Paradise card. These cards are always positive and may increase the number of angels you hold.
- b) If you end up on the Hell side, you take a Satan card. These cards are usually negative and may decrease the number of angels you hold. Etc., etc.
- c) The Mystery Cards and the Chaos cards can be good or bad.
- d) If you end up on an "empty lot" you have to choose: either take a card, or you can deduct 300 points from your counter and erect a church/steeple on the lot, If other players land on the lot, you can charge them 200 points as a tithe, that is, they deduct 200 points from their counter and you can add it to yours.

- 4) When you select a card click the "F" button and flip it over and click twice to open it up to read it and do what is required, add or lose points on your counter. For example:

A Paradise Card:

- a) Take 100 Angels/points from the Angel Guff (add points to your game counter)

A Satan Card:

- b) Remove 100 Angels/points from your counter.

The Mystery Cards and the Chaos cards can be good or bad.

Each card has a phrase from Milton's Epic.

After each player reads from his card and follows the instructions on it they place the card face down in "The Guff." When the cards on the board run out, the cards in the Guff are reshuffled and placed back on the board to continue the game. The first player to hold 3000 Angels wins and is declared "Archangel." Some may lose all their points and resign from the game. The losing players are declared "Cherubim."

The game is supported on Safari and Chrome.

Note: If your computer is old, the game might not load or function well. Also, if your mouse is too simple and not Programmable you may not be able to turn the board around, etc.

Ideally the game will be available at university libraries that have state of the art computers and be made available to all students and faculty free of charge.

The following pages show some of the cards. Besides quotes from Paradise Lost there will also be quotes from scholars and references to important artists and events revolving around Milton.

You can get close ups of the cards by increasing the view in the lwer left of the

The Paradise Lost gaming Board was created to teach John Milton's PARADISE LOST. It features exciting artwork by the celebrated illustrator of John Milton's classic, Terrance Lindall. Here is how it works:

- 1) The square board has a line of boxes on each side. The four sides are divided into:
 - a) Paradise – 30 cards
 - b) Satan/Hell – 30 cards
 - c) Mystery Realm – 30 cards
 - d) Chaos Realm – 30 cards

The cards are placed on the board by category,

- 2) The players may be two to four in number. They each select a token playing figure. Each player is given 1000 Angels/victory points in script.

- 3) Each player rolls the die. Then they move their token the required number of squares. When they arrive, they must take a card according to particular side they end up on. For example:

- a) If you end up on a square on the Paradise Side, you take a Paradise card. These cards are always positive and may increase the number of angels you hold.
- b) If you end up on the Hell side, you take a Satan card. These cards are usually negative and may decrease the number of angels you hold.
Etc., etc.
- c) The Mystery Cards and the Chaos cards can be good or bad.
- d) If you end up on an "empty lot" you have to choose: either take a card, or you can deduct 300 points from your counter and erect a church/steeple on the lot, If other players land on the lot, you can charge them 200 points as a tithe, that is, they deduct 200 points from their counter and you can add it to yours.

- 3) When you select a card click the "F" button and flip it over and click twice to open it up to read it and do what is required, add or lose points on your counter. For example:

A Paradise Card

- a) Take 100 Angels from the Angel Guff (add points to your game counter)

A Satan Card:

- b) Take 100 Angels/points from your counter.

The Mystery Cards and the Chaos cards can be good or bad.

Each card has a phrase from Milton's Epic.

After each player reads from his card and follows the instructions on it they place the card face down in "The Guff." When the cards on the board run out, the cards in the Guff are reshuffled and placed back on the board to continue the game.

The first player to hold 3,000 Angels wins and is declared "Archangel." Some players may lose all their points and are out of the game. The losing players are declared "Cherubim."

Here are some of the cards:

GOD CREATES ALL THINGS



TAKE 300 ANGELS FROM THE GUFF!

In Gods Eternal store, to circumscribe This Universe, and all created things: One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd Round through the vast profunditie obscure. And said, thus far extend, thus far thy bounds, [230] This be thy just Circumference, O World. Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth, Matter uniform'd and void: Darkness profound Cover'd th' Abyss but on the watric calme His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspred, [235] And vital vertue infus'd, and vital warmth Throughout the fluid Mass, but downward purg'd The black tartareous cold Infernal drops Adverse to life then found, then conglomb'd Like things to like, the rest to several place [240] Disparted, and between spun out the Air, And Earth self ballanc'd on her Center hung. **Book 7, John Milton's Paradise Lost**

EYE SEES HERSELF



TAKE 200 ANGELS FROM THE GUFF!

That day I oft remember, when from sleep I first awak't, and found my self repos'd [450] Under a shade of flours, much wondering where And what I was, whence thither brought, and how. Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound Of waters issu'd from a Cave and spread into a liquid Plain, then stood unmov'd [455] Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n; I thither went With unexperient' thought, and laid me downe On the green bank, to look into the clear Smooth Lake, that to me seem'd another Sike. As I bent down to look, just opposite, [460] A Shape within the watry gleam appear'd Bending to look on me, I started back, It started back, but pleas'd I soon return'd, Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering looks Of sympathy and love; there I had fixt [465] Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire. **Book 4, John Milton's Paradise Lost**



TAKE 200 ANGELS FROM THE GUFF!

I esp'd thee, fair indeed and tall, Under a Platan, yet methought less faire, Less winning soft, less amiable milde; Then that smooth watry image; back I turn'd, [480] Thow following cry'd'st aloud, Return faire Eye, Whom I'th' thou? whom thou first, of him thou art, His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart Substantial Life, to have thee by my side [485] Henceforth an individual solace dear; Part of my Soul I seek thee, and thee claim My other half; with that thy gentle hand Seis'd mine, I yielded, and from that time see How beauty is excell'd by manly grace [490] And wisdom, which alone is truly fair. **Book 4, John Milton's Paradise Lost**

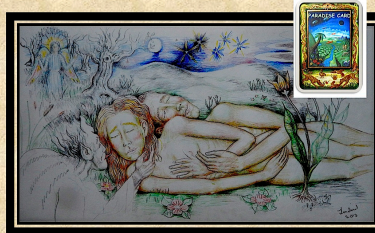
THE SON'S SACRIFICE



TAKE 300 ANGELS FROM THE GUFF!

Behold mee then, mee for him, life for lifel offer, on mee let thine anger fall; Account mee man; I for his sake will leave Thy bosom, and this glorie next to thee Freely put off, and for him lastly dye [240] Well pleas'd, on me let Death wreck all his rage; Under his gloomie power I shall not long Lie vanquish'd; thou hast given me to possess Life in my self for ever, by thee I live, Though now to Death I yield, and am his due [245] All that of me can die, yet that debt paid, Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsom grave His prey, nor suffer my unspotted Soule For ever with corruption there to dwell; But I shall rise Victorious, and subdue [250] My Vanquisher, spoild of his vanted spoile. **Book 3, John Milton's Paradise Lost**

SATAN WHISPERS IN EYE'S EAR



TAKE 100 ANGELS FROM THE GUFF!

Squat like a Toad, close at the eare of Ere; [800] Assaying by his Devilish art to reach The Organs of her Fancie, and with them forge Illusions as he list, Phantasms and Dreams, Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint Th' animal spirits that from pure blood arise [805] Like gentle breaths from Rivers pure, thence raise At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts, Vaine hopes, vaine aimes, inordinate desires Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride. **Book 4, John Milton's Paradise Lost**

EYE TEMPTS ADAM



TAKE 100 ANGELS FROM THE GUFF!

She gave him of that fair enticing Fruit With liberal hand: he scrup'd not to eat: Against his better knowledge, not deceav'd, But fondly overcome with Femal charm, Earth trembl'd from her entrails, as again [1000] In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan, Skie low'd, and muttering Thunder, som sad drops Wept at compleating of the mortal Sin Original; while Adam took no thought, Eating his fill. **Book 9, John Milton's Paradise Lost**

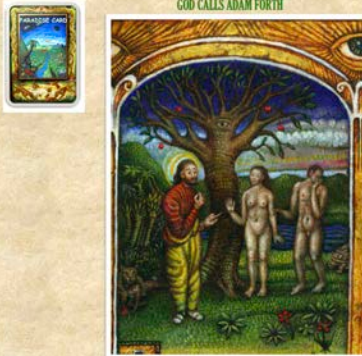
RAPHAEL SPEAKS TO ADAM AND EVE



TAKE 300 ANGELS FROM THE GUFF!

To whom the Angel, Son of Heav'n and Earth, Attend: That thou art happie, owe to God; [520] That thou continu'st such, owe to thy self, That is, to thy obedience; therein stand. This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd. God made thee perfect, not immutable; And good he made thee, but to persevere [525] He left it in thy power, ordain'd thy will By nature free, not over-ru'd by Fate Inextricable, or strict necessity. **Book 5, John Milton's Paradise Lost**

GOD CALLS ADAM FORTH



TAKE 300 ANGELS FROM THE GUFF!

Because thou hast done this, thou art accurst [175] Above all Cattle, each Beast of the Field; Upon thy Belly groveling thou shalt goe, And dust shalt eat all the dayes of thy Life. Between Thee and the Woman I will put Enmitie, and between thine and her Seed; [180] Her Seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel. **Book 5, John Milton's Paradise Lost**

Milton's 400th Birthday Celebration



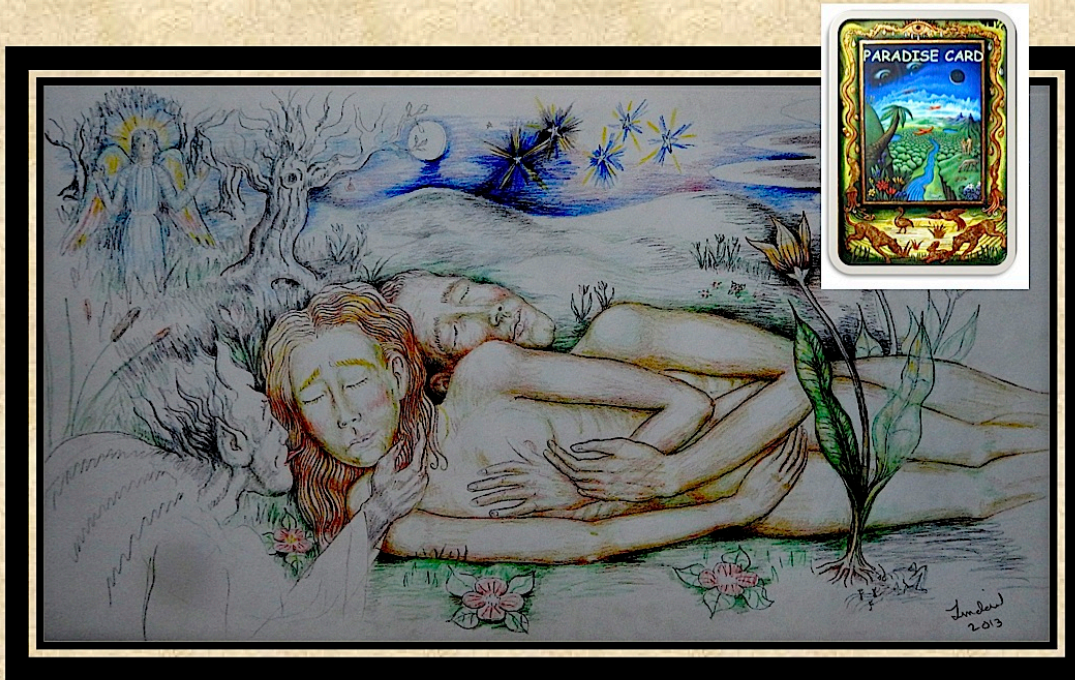
TAKE 300 ANGELS FROM THE GUFF!

The Largest Celebration of Milton in History!

"It's hard to know what he would have made of the Grand Paradise Lost Costume Ball that the Williamsburg Art and Historical Center in Brooklyn is holding on Saturday evening. His father was a composer, and Milton wrote and played music himself, but as a Puritan he probably took a dim view of dancing. His idea of an evening was a supper of "olives or some light thing," a pipe and a glass of water. The show has been lovingly put together by Yuko Nii, the founder, and Terrance Lindall, the executive director, of the Williamsburg Art and Historical Center, who have turned its headquarters, an 1860 bank building next to the Williamsburg Bridge, into a Miltonian jumble, an earthbound pandemonium." **Charles McGrath, New York Times, September 2008**

Sample Card

SATAN WHISPERS IN EVE'S EAR



TAKE 100 ANGELS FROM THE GUFF!

Squat like a Toad, close at the eare of Eve; [800]Assaying by his Devilish art to reach The Organs of her Fancie, and with them forge Illusions as he list, Phantasms and Dreams, Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint Th' animal spirits that from pure blood arise [805]Like gentle breaths from Rivers pure, thence raise At least distemperd, discontented thoughts, Vaine hopes, vaine aimes, inordinate desires Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride. **Book 4, John Milton's *Paradise Lost***

THE DEVILS PARTY

LINDALL



BLAKE

TAKE 100 ANGELS FROM THE GUFF!

William Blake. The great poet and illustrator, famously wrote, "The reason Milton wrote in fetters when he wrote of Angels & God, and at liberty when of Devils & Hell, is because he was a true Poet and of the Devil's party without knowing it."¹⁴⁰ This quotation succinctly represents the way in which some 18th- and 19th-century English Romantic poets viewed Milton.

THE ESCAPE



PAY 300 ANGELS TO THE GUFF!

Thus saying, from her side the fatal Key, Sad
instrument of all our woe, she took: And towards
the Gate rouling her bestial train, Forthwith
the huge Forcullis high up drew, Which but her self
not all the Stygian powers [875] Could once have
mov'd; then in the key-hole turns Th' intricate
wards, and every Bolt and Bar Of massie Iron or
sollid Rock with ease Unfast'ns: on a sudden op'n
file With impetuous recoil and jarring sound [880]
Th' infernal dores, and on thir hinges grate
Harsh Thunder, that the lowest bottom shook Of
Erebus.]The secrets of the hoarie deep, a
darklimitable Ocean without bound, Without
dimension At last his Sail-broad Vannes He
spreads for flight, and in the surging smook
Upplifted spurns the ground, thence many a
League As in a cloudy Chair ascending rides [930]
Audacious, Book 2, John Milton's Paradise Lost

EVE'S TROUBLED DREAM



PAY 100 ANGELS TO THE GUFF!

Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it said, Why sleepest thou
Eve? now is the pleasant time, now reignes Full Orb'd
the Moon, and with more pleasing light Shadowie sets
off the face of things: in vain, if none regard; Heav'n
wakes with all his eyes. . . That brought me on a sudden
to the Tree Of interdicted Knowledge: fair it
seem'd. Much fairer to my Fancie then by day: And as I
wondering lookt, beside it stood One shap'd and wing'd
like one of those from Heav'n [55] By us oft seen; on
that Tree he also gaz'd; And O fair Plant, said he,
...what reserve forbids to taste? ...He pluckt, he tasted;
Book 5, John Milton's Paradise Lost

URIEL SPIES SATAN IN GARDEN



PAY 100 ANGELS TO THE GUFF!

Him thus intent *Ithuriel* with his Spear [810] Touch'd
lightly: for no falsehood can endure Touch of Celestial
temper, but returns Of force to its own likeness: up he
starts Discov'erd and surpriz'd. As when a spark Lights on
a heap of nitrous Powder, laid [815] Fit for the Tun som
Magazin to store Against a rumord Warr, Book 4, John
Milton's Paradise Lost

SATAN RALLYS TROOPS



PAY 200 ANGELS TO THE GUFF!

Warriors, the Flower of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can sieze
Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place
After the toy of Battel to repose
Your wearied vertue, for the ease you find [320]
To slumber here, as in the Vales of Heav'n?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conquerour? who now beholds
Cherube and Seraph rowling in the Flood
With scatter'd Arms and Ensigns, tall anon [325]
His swift pursuers from Heav'n Gates discern
Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked Thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this Gulfe.
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n Book 1, John Milton's

SATAN CONCEIVES OF SIN



PAY 300 ANGELS TO THE GUFF!

In Heav'n, when at th' Assembly, and in sight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd [750]
In bold conspiracy against Heav'ns King,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surpriz'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzie swumm
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth, till on the left side op'ning wide, [755]
Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,
Then shining Heav'nly fair, a Goddess arm'd
Out of thy head i sprang: amazement set's'd
All th' Host of Heav'n's back they recoll'd affraid
At first, and call'd me Sin, and for a Sign [760]
Portentous held me; Book 2, John Milton's Paradise Lost

SOLENN COUNCIL



TAKE 100 ANGELS FROM THE GUFF!

Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n,
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppress and fall'n,
I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent
Celestial vertues rising, will appear [15]
More glorious and more dread then from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate:
Mee though just right, and the fixt Laws of Heav'n
Did first create your Leader, next free choice,
With what besides, in Counsel or in Fight, [20]
Hath bin achiev'd of merit, yet this loss
Thus farr at least recover'd, hath much more
Establisht in a safe unenvi'd Throne
Yielded with full consent Book 2, John Milton's Paradise
Lost

CIVIL WAR



PAY 300 ANGELS TO THE GUFF!

Paradise Lost
is, among other things, a poem about civil war. Satan raises
'impious war in Heav'n' (l 43) by leading a third of the angels in
revolt against God. The term 'impious war' implies that civil war
is impious. But Milton applauded the English people for having
the courage to depose and execute King Charles I. In his poem,
however, he takes the side of Heav'n's awful Monarch' (iv 960).
Critics have long wrestled with the question of why an
antimonarchist and defender of regicide should have chosen a
subject that obliged him to defend monarchical authority.
Professor John Leonard, Trinity College

DEATH



PAY 100 ANGELS TO THE GUFF!

With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.
Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
Created thing naught valu'd he nor shun'd
And with disdainful look thus first began. [680]

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreant Front athwart my way
To yonder Gates? through them I mean to pass.
That be assured, without leave askt of thee: [685]
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heav'n. Book 2,
John Milton's Paradise Lost

MOLOCH



PAY 100 ANGELS TO THE GUFF!

He ceas'd, and next him *Moloch*, Scepter'd King
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest Spirit
That fought in Heav'n; now fiercer by despair: [45]
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in strength, and rather then be less
Care'd not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse
He reck'd not, and these words thereafter spake. [50]

My sentence is for open Warr: Of Wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now. Book
2, John Milton's Paradise Lost

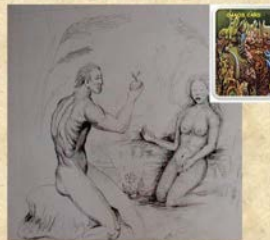
CHAOS ALLOWS SATAN TO PROCEED



PAY 200 ANGELS TO THE GUFF!

"...straight behold the Throne Of Chaos, and his dark Pavilion spread [960]Wide on the wasteful Deep; with him Enthron'd Sat Sable-vested Night, eldest of things, The Consort of his Reign; and by them stood Orcus and Ales, and the dreaded name Of Demogorogon; Rumor next and Chance, [965]And Tumult and Confusion all imbroild, And Discord with a thousand various mouths. To whom Satan turning boldly, thus, Ye Powers And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss, Chaos and ancient Night, I come no Spy, [970]With purpose to explore or to disturb The secrets of your Realm, but by constraint Wandering this darksome Desert, as my way Lies through your spacious Empire up to light, Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek [975]What readiest path leads where your gloomie bounds Confine with Heav'n; **Book 2, John Milton's Paradise Lost**

ADAM RESIGNS HIMSELF TO EVE



TAKE 300 ANGELS FROM THE GUFF!

"How can I live without thee, how foregoe Thy sweet Converse and Love so dearly joy'n'd, To live again in these wilde Woods forlorn? [910] Should God create another Eve, and I Another Rib afford, yet loss of thee Would never from my heart; no, no, I feel The Link of Nature draw me: Flesh of Flesh, Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy State [915] Mine never shall be parted, **bless or woe.**" **Book 9, John Milton's Paradise Lost**

THE EXPULSION



TAKE 200 ANGELS FROM THE GUFF!

High in Front advanc't, The brandisht Sword of God before them blaz'd Fierce as a Comet; which with torrid heat, And vapour as the Libyan Air adust, [635] Began to parch that temperate Clime; whereat In either hand the hastning Angel caught Our lingring Parents, and to th' Eastern Gate Led them direct, and down the Cliff as fast To the subjected Plaine; then disappear'd, [640] They looking back, all th' Eastern side beheld Of Paradise, so late thir happie seat, Wav'd over by that flaming Brand, the Gate With dreadful Faces throng'd and fierie Armes: Som natural tears they drop'd, but wip'd them soon; [645] The World was all before them, where to choose Thir place of rest, and Providence thir guide: They hand in hand with wandring steps and slow, Through Eden took thir solitary way. **Book 12, John Milton's Paradise Lost**

EVE REACHES FOR APPLE



Pay 100 ANGELS TO THE GUFF!

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour [780] Forth reaching to the Fruit, she pluck'd, she eat: Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat Sighing through all her Works gave signs of woe, That all was lost. Back to the Thicket slunk The guiltie Serpent, and well might, for Eve [785] Intent now wholly on her taste, naught else Regarded, such delight till then, as seem'd, In Fruit she never tasted, whether true Or fannsd so, through expectation high Of knowledge, nor was God-head from her thought. [790] Greedily she ingorg'd without restraint, And knew not eating Death: Satiat'd at length, And hight'nd as with Wine, jocund and boon, Thus to her self she pleasingly began. **Book 9, John Milton's Paradise Lost**

SATAN BUILDS A CITY IN HELL



PAY 200 ANGELS TO THE GUFF!

Aron out of the earth a Fabrick huge [710] Rose like an Exhalation, with the sound Of Dulcet Symphonies and voices sweet, Built like a Temple, where Pilasters round Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid With Golden Architrave; nor did there want [715] Cornice or Freeze, with bossy Sculptures grav'n, The Roof was fretted Gold. Not Babilon, Nor great Alcairo such magnificence Equal'd in all thir glories, to inshrine Belus or Serapis thir Gods, or seat [720] **Book 1, John Milton's Paradise Lost**

BEQUILED



TAKE 100 ANGELS FROM THE GUFF!

So spake the Enemy of Mankind, enclos'd In Serpent, Innate bad, and toward Eve [495] Address'd his way, not with indented wave, Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear, Circular base of rising foulds, that tour'd Fould above fould a surging Maze, his Head Crested aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes; [500] With burnisht Neck of verdant Gold, erect Amidst his circling Spires, that on the grass Floted redundant: pleasing was his shape, And lovely, never since of Serpent kind Lovelier, not those that in Illyria chang'd [505] Hermione and Cadmus, or the God In Epidaurus; nor to which transform'd Ammonian Jove, **Book 9, John Milton's Paradise Lost**

THE WORLD WAS ALL BEFORE THEM



TAKE 100 ANGELS FROM THE GUFF!

The whole Earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh Corrupting each thir way; yet those remov'd, Such grace shall one just Man find in his sight, [890] That he relents, not to blot out mankind, And makes a Covenant never to destroy The Earth again by flood, nor let the Sea Surpass his bounds, nor Rain to drown the World With Man therein or Beast; but when he brings [895] Over the Earth a Cloud, will therein set His triple-colour'd Bow, whereon to look And call to mind his Cov'nant: Day and Night, Seed time and Harvest, Heat and hoary Frost Shall hold thir course, till fire purge all things new, Both Heav'n and Earth, wherein the shall dwell. **Book 11, John Milton's Paradise Lost**

MOLoch



PAY 100 ANGELS TO THE GUFF!

He ceas'd, and next him Moloch, Scepter'd King Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest Spirit That fought in Heav'n; now fiercer by despair; [45] His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd Equal in strength, and rather then be less Care'd not to be at all; with that care lost Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse He reck'd not, and these words threather spake. [50]

My sentence is for open Warr: Of Wiles, More unexpert, I boast not: them let those Contrive who need, or when they need, not now. **Book 2, John Milton's Paradise Lost**

SATAN RUINED



PAY 200 ANGELS TO THE GUFF!

Nine times the Space that measures Day and Night [50] To mortal men, he with his horrid crew Lay vanquish'd, rowling in the fiery Gulfe Confounded though immortal: But his doom Reserv'd him to more wrath; 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: **Book 1, John Milton's Paradise Lost**

LIFE OF TERRANCE LINDALL



TAKE 100 ANGELS FROM THE GUFF!

Commentary by Robert J. Wickenheiser, Ph. D.

Without a doubt, Terrance Lindall is the foremost illustrator of *Paradise Lost* in our age, comparable to other great illustrators through the ages, and someone who has achieved a place of high stature for all time.

ROSIE DAWN



TAKE 300 ANGELS FROM THE GUFF!

"Now Morn her *rosie steps* in th' Eastern Clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with *Orient Pearle*,
When Adam wak't, so customd, for his sleep
Was Aerie light, from pure digestion bred,
And temperat vapors bland, which th' only
sound [5]
Of leaves and *fuming rills*, *Aurora's fan*,
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill *Matin Song*
Of Birds on every bough; so much the more
His wonder was to find unwak'nd Eve" **Book 5, John Milton's *Paradise Lost***

THE FALL



PAY 300 ANGELS TO THE GUFF!

O *Eve*, in evil hour thou didst give Eare To that false
Worm, of whomsoever taught To counterfeit Mans
voice, true in our Fall, False in our promis'd Rising;
since our Eyes [1070] Op'nd we find indeed, and find
we know Both Good and Evil, Good lost, and Evil got,
Bad Fruit of Knowledge, if this be to know; Which
leaves us naked thus, of Honour void, Of Innocence,
of Faith, of Purity, [1075] Our wonted Ornaments
now soil'd and stain'd, And in our Faces evident the
signes Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store; Even
shame, the last of evils; **Book 9, John Milton's *Paradise Lost***

LIFE DEATH AND APOTHEOSIS OF ADAM AND EVE



TAKE 200 ANGELS FROM THE GUFF!



From virtually the outset Milton has been appreciated as the poet of poets. It was John Dryden who said it first and best about Milton shortly after Milton died in 1674:

Three Poets in three distant Ages born —
Greece, Italy and England did adorn —
The First in loftiness of thought Surpass'd;
The Next in Majesty; in both the Last,
The force of Nature could no further goe;
To make a Third she joynd the Former two.

LIFE OF TERRANCE LINDALL



TAKE 100 ANGELS FROM THE GUFF!

Commentary by Robert J. Wickenheiser, Ph. D.

Without a doubt, Terrance Lindall is the foremost illustrator of *Paradise Lost* in our age, comparable to other great illustrators through the ages, and someone who has achieved a place of high stature for all time.

LEVIATHAN



TAKE 300 ANGELS FROM THE GUFF!

And Lakes and running Streams the waters fill;
And let the Fowle be multiply'd on the Earth,
Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek and Bay
With Frie innumerable swarms, and Shoales [400]
Of Fish that with thir Finns and shining Scales
Glide under the green Wave, in Sculles that oft
Bank the mid Sea: part single or with mate
Graze the Sea weed thir pasture, and through Groves
Of Coral stray, or sporting with quick glance [405]
Show to the Sun thir wav'd coats dropt with Gold,
Or in thir Pearlie shells at eake attend
Moist nutriment, or under Rocks thir food
In *jointed* Armour watch: on smooth the Seale,
And bended Dolphins play: part huge of bulk [410]
Wallowing unweildie, enormous in thir Gate
Tempest the Ocean: there *Leviathan*
Hugest of living Creatures, **Book 9, John Milton's *Paradise Lost***

THE DEVILS PARTY



TAKE 100 ANGELS FROM THE GUFF!

William Blake. The great poet and illustrator, famously wrote, "The reason Milton wrote in fetters when he wrote of Angels & God, and at liberty when of Devils & Hell, is because he was a true Poet and of the Devil's party without knowing it."^[40] This quotation succinctly represents the way in which some 18th- and 19th-century English Romantic poets viewed Milton.

SATAN CAST OUT OF HEAVEN



PAY 200 ANGELS TO THE GUFF!

"Him the Almighty Power
Hurld headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Skie [45]
With hideous ruine and combustion down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In *Adamantine* Chains and penal Fire,
Who durst defie th' Omnipotent to Arms.
Nine times the Space that measures Day and Night [50]
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquisht, rowling in the fiery Gulfe
Confounded though immortal." **Book 1, John Milton's *Paradise Lost***

TOWER OF BABLE



PAY 200 ANGELS TO THE GUFF!

God who oft descends to visit men
Unseen, and through thir habitations walks
To mark thir doings, them beholding soon, [50]
Comes down to see thir Citie, ere the Tower
Obstruct Heav'n Towers, and in derision sets
Upon thir Tongues a various Spirit to raise
Quite out thir Native Language, and instead
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown; [55]
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
Among the Builders; each to other calls
Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,
As mockt they storm; great laughter was in Heav'n
And looking down, to see the hubbub strange [60]
And hear the din; thus was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work Confusion nam'd." **Book 9, John Milton's *Paradise Lost***

EYE WANDERS ALONE



TAKE 200 ANGELS FROM THE GUFF!

In yonder Spring of Roses intermix
With Myrtle, find what to redress till Noon:
For while so near each other thus all day [220]
Our taske we choose, what wonder if so near
Looks intervene and smiles, or object new
Casual discourse draw on, which intermits
Our dayes work brought to little, though begun
Early, and th' hour of Supper comes unearn'd. **Book 9, John Milton's Paradise Lost**

HEAVENLY MUSE



TAKE 300 ANGELS FROM THE GUFF!

Man's First Disobedience, and the Fruit
Of that Forbidden Tree, whose mortal tast
Brought Death into the World, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat, [5]
Sing Heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen Seed,
In the Beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
Rose out of Chaos: **Book 1, John Milton's Paradise**

OF

THE VISIONARY FOAL



TAKE 300 ANGELS FROM THE GUFF!

"Lindall's earliest illustrations for Paradise Lost in the late 1970s appeared in comic book form, Heavy Metal Magazine (1980). Appearance in Heavy Metal enabled Lindall's illustrations to reach a very large audience. That issue in 1980 of Heavy Metal Magazine became an acquisition proudly reported by the Bodleian Library in 2010 (with one of Lindall's paintings, The Visionary Foal (above))." **Dr. Robert J. Wickenheiser, 19th President St Bonventure University**

EVE'S REMORSE



TAKE 300 ANGELS FROM THE GUFF!

O fairest of Creation, last and best
Of all Gods works, Creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost, [900]
Defac't, deflour'd, and now to Death devote?
Rather how hast thou yeilded to transgress
The strict forbid'dance, how to violate
The sacred Fruit forbid'd! som curs'd fraud
Of Enemie hath bequild thee, yet unknown, [905]
And mee with thee hath ruin'd, **Book 9, John Milton's Paradise Lost**