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Notes:

Preface:

GEORGE ORWELL was the pen name of Eric Arthur Blair, born in 1903 in colonial India. He attended boarding school in England, and it was there that he first became aware of the hurtful prejudices that plagued British society, developing an early sensitivity to the uses and abuses of power. Upon graduating from Eton in 1921, Orwell signed on with the Burmese Indian Imperial Police, about which he commented: "In order to hate imperialism, you have got to be part of it." His time in Burma affected him profoundly, and he quit without explanation five years later, announcing that he was to become a writer.

Page 1:

It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen. Winston Smith, his chin nuzzled into his breast in an effort to escape the vile wind, slipped quickly through the glass doors of Victory Mansions, though not quickly enough to prevent a swirl of gritty dust from entering along with him.

Page 1:

It was part of the economic drive in preparation for Hate Week.

Page 1 – 2:

BIB BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU, the caption beneath it ran.

Inside the flat a fruity voice was reading out a list of figures which had something to do with the production of pic iron. The voice came from an oblong metal plaque like a dulled mirror which formed part of the surface of the right-hand wall. Winston turned a switch and the voice sank somewhat, though the words were still distinguishable. The instrument (the telescreen, it was called) could be dimmed, but there was no way of shutting it off completely.

Page 2:

Down at the street level another poster, torn at one corner, flapped fitfully in the wind, alternatively covering and uncovering the single word INGSOC.

Page 2:

Only the thought police mattered.

Page 2:

The telescreen received and transmitted simultaneously.

Page 3:

A kilometer away the Ministry of Truth, his place of work, towered vast and white above the grimy landscape. This, he thought with a sort of vague distaste – this was London, chief city of Airstrip One, itself the third most populous of the provinces of Oceania.

Page 3:

But it was of no use, he could not remember: nothing remained of his childhood except a series of bright-lit **tableaux**, occurring against no background and mostly unintelligible

Page 3:

The Ministry of Truth – Minitrue, in Newspeak* – was startlingly different from any other object in sight. It was an enormous pyramidal structure of glittering white concrete, soaring up, terrace after terrace, three hundred meters into the air.

*Newspeak was the official language of Oceania. For an account of its structure and etymology, see Appendix.

Page 3:

From where Winston stood it was just possible to read, picked out on its white face in elegant lettering, the three slogans of the Party:

WAR IS PEACE

FREEDOM IS SLAVERY

IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH

Page 4:

So completely did they dwarf the surrounding architecture that from the roof of Victory Mansions you could see all four of them simultaneously. They were the homes of the four Ministries between which the entire apparatus of government was divided: the Ministry of Truth, which concerned itself with news, entertainment, education, and the fine arts; the Ministry of Peace, which concerned itself with war; the Ministry of Love, which maintained law and order; and the Ministry of Plenty, which was responsible for economic affairs. Their names, in Newspeak: Minitrue, Minipax, Miniluv, Miniplenty.

Page 4:

Even the streets leading up to its outer barriers were roamed by gorilla-faced guards in black uniforms, armed with jointed **truncheons**.

Page 5:

From the table drawer he took out a penholder, a bottle of ink, and a thick, quarto-sized blank book with a red back and a marbled cover.

Page 5:

It was a peculiarly beautiful book. Its smooth creamy paper, a little yellowed by age, was of a kind that had not been manufactured for at least forty years past. He could guess, however, that the book was much older than that. He had seen it lying in the window of a **frowsy** little junk shop in a slummy quarter of the town (just what quarter he did not remember) and had been stricken immediately by an overwhelming desire to possess it.

Page 6:

The thing that he was about to do was open a diary. This was not illegal (nothing was illegal, since there were no longer any laws), but if detected it was reasonable certain that it would be punished by

death, or at least by twenty-five years in a forced labor camp. Winston fitted a **nib** into the penholder and sucked it to get the grease off.

Page 6:

Apart from very short notes, it was usual to dictate everything into the speakwrite, which was of course impossible for his present purpose.

Page 6:

April 4th, 1984.

He sat back. A sense of complete helplessness had descended upon him. To begin with, he did not know with any certainty that this *was* 1984. It must be round about that date, since he was fairly sure that his age was thirty-nine, and he believed that he had been born in 1944 or 1945; but it was never possible nowadays to pin down any date within a year or two.

Page 6:

His mind hovered for a moment round the doubtful date on the page, and then fetched up with a bump against the Newspeak word *doublethink*.

Page 7:

He was conscious of nothing except the blankness of the page in front of him, the itching of the skin above his ankle, the blaring music, and a slight booziness caused by the gin.

Page 7:

there was a middleaged woman might have been a jewess sitting up In the bow with a little boy about three years old in here arms.

Page 8:

He did not know her name, but he knew that she worked in the Fiction Department. Presumably—since he had sometimes seen her with oily hands and carrying a **spanner**—she had some mechanical job on one of the novel-writing machines.

Page 9:

The other person was a man named O'Brien, a member of the Inner Party and holder of some post so important and remote that Winston had only a dim idea of its nature.

Page 9:

O'Brien was a large, burly man with a thick neck and a coarse, humorous, brutal face.

Page 9:

He felt deeply drawn to him, and not solely because he was intrigued by the contrast between O'Brien's **urbane** manner and his prizefighter's physique.

Page 10:

At this moment O'Brien glanced at his wristwatch, saw that it was nearly eleven hundred, and evidently decided to stay in the Records Department until the Two Minutes Hate was over.

Page 10:

The next moment a hideous, grinding screech, as of some monstrous machine running without oil, burst from the big telescreen at the end of the room. It was a noise that set one's teeth on edge and bristled the hair at the back of one's neck. The Hate had started.

As usual, the face of Emmanuel Goldstein, the Enemy of of the People, had flashed on the screen.

Page 10:

Goldstein was the renegade and backslider who once, long ago (how long ago, nobody quite remembered), had been one of the leading figures of the Party, almost on a level with Bib Brother himself, and then he engaged in counterrevolutionary activities, had been condemned to death, and had mysteriously escaped and disappeared.

Page 10:

Somewhere or other he was still alive and hatching his conspiracies: perhaps somewhere beyond the sea, under the protection of his foreign **paymasters**; perhaps even—so it was occasionally rumored—in some hiding place in Oceania itself.

Pages 10 – 11:

Winston's diaphragm constricted. He could never see the face of Goldstein without a painful mixture of emotions. It was a lean Jewish face, with a great fuzzy aureole of white hair and a small goatee beard—a clever face, and yet somehow inherently despicable, with a kind of senile silliness in the long thin nose near the end of which a pair of spectacles was perched.

Page 11:

He was abusing Big Brother, he was denouncing the dictatorship of the Party, he was demanding the immediate conclusion of peace with Eurasia, he was advocating freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly, freedom of thought, he was crying hysterically that the revolution had been betrayed—and all this in rapid polysyllabic speech which was a sort of parody of the habitual style of the orators of the Party, and even contained Newspeak words: more Newspeak words, indeed, than any Party member would normally use in real life. And all the while, lest one should be in any doubt as to the reality which Goldstein's specious **claptrap** covered, behind his head on the the telescreen there marched the endless columns of the Eurasian army—row after row of solid-looking men with expressionless Asiatic faces, who swam up to the surface of the screen and vanished, to be replaced by others exactly similar.

Page 11:

Before the Hate had proceeded for thirty seconds, uncontrollable exclamations of rage were breaking out from half the people in the room.

Page 11 – 12:

But what was strange was that although Goldstein was hated and despised by everybody, although every day, and a thousand times a day, on platforms, on the telescreen, in newspapers, in books, his theories were refuted, smashed, ridiculed, held up to the general gaze for the pitiful rubbish that they were—in spite of all this, his influence never seemed to grow less. Always there were fresh dupes waiting to be seduced by him. A day never passed when spies and saboteurs acting under his directions were not unmasked by the Thought Police. He was the commander of a vast, shadowy army, an underground network of conspirators dedicated to the overthrow of the state. The Brotherhood, its name was supposed to be. There were also whispered stories of a terrible book, a compendium of all the heresies, of which Goldstein was the author and which circulated clandestinely here and there. It was a book without a title. People referred to it, if at all, simply as *the book*. But one knew of such

things only through vague rumors. Neither the Brotherhood nor *the book* was a subject that any ordinary Party member would mention if there was a way of avoiding it.

Page 12 – 13:

A hideous ecstasy of fear and vindictiveness, a desire to kill, to torture, to smash faces in with a sledge hammer, seemed to flow through the whole group of people like an electric current, turning one even against one's will into a grimacing, screaming lunatic. And yet the rage that one felt was an abstract, undirected emotion which could be switched from one object to another like the flame of a **blowlamp**.

Page 13:

He would tie her naked to a stake and shoot her full of arrows like Saint Sebastian.

Page 14 – 15:

Partly it was a sort of hymn to the wisdom and majesty of Big Brother, but still more it was an act of self-hypnosis, a deliberate drowning of consciousness by means of rhythmic noise.

Page 15:

Of course he chanted with the rest: it was impossible to do otherwise.

Page 16 – 17:

Thoughtcrime was not a thing that could be concealed forever. You might dodge successfully for a while, even for years, but sooner or later they were bound to get you.

It was always at night—the arrests invariably happened at night. The sudden jerks out of sleep, the rough hand shaking your shoulder, the lights glaring in your eyes, the ring of hard faces round the bed. In the vast majority of cases there was no trial, no report of the arrest. People simply disappeared, always during the night. Your name was removed from the registers, every record of everything you had ever done was wiped out, your one-time existence was denied and then forgotten. You were abolished, annihilated: *vaporized* was the usual word.

Page 18:

("Mrs." was a word somewhat discountenanced by the Party—you were supposed to call everyone "comrade"—but with some women one used it instinctively.)

Page 18:

Games **impedimenta**—hockey sticks, boxing gloves, a burst football, a pair of sweaty shorts turned inside out—lay all over the floor, and on the table there was a litter of dirty dishes and **dogeared** exercise books.

Page 19:

Both of them were dressed in blue shorts, gray shirts, and red **neckerchiefs** which were the uniform of the Spies.

Page 19:

It was somehow slightly frightening, like the **gamboling** of tiger cubs which will soon grow up into man-eaters.

Page 19:

"Want to see the hanging! Want to see the hanging!" chanted the little girl, still **capering** round.

Page 21:

Instead, a clipped military voice was reading out, with a sort of brutal relish, a description of the armaments of the new Floating Fortress which had just been anchored between Iceland and the Faroe Islands.

Page 21:

Nearly all children nowadays were horrible. What was worst of all was that by means of such organizations as the Spies they were systematically turned into ungovernable little savages, and yet this produced in them no tendency whatever to rebel against the discipline of the Party.

Page 23:

The sacred principles of Ingsoc. Newspeak, doublethink, the mutability of the past.

Page 24:

Nothing was your own except the few cubic centimeters inside your skull.

Page 24:

How could you make appeal to the future when not a trace of you, not even an anonymous word scribbled on a piece of paper, could physically survive?

Page 25:

The two of them must evidently have been swallowed up in one of the first great purges of the Fifties.

Page 28:

Beyond the late Fifties everything faded. When there were no external records that you could refer to, even the outline of your own life lost its sharpness.

Page 28:

Airstrip One, for instance, had not been so called in those days: it had been called England or Britain, though London, he felt fairly certain, had always been called London.

Page 30:

At this moment, for example, in 1984 (if it was 1984), Oceania was at war with Eurasia and in alliance with Eastasia. In no public or private utterance was it ever admitted that the three powers had at any time been grouped along different lines. But that was merely a piece of furtive knowledge which he happened to possess because his memory was not satisfactorily under control.

Page 30:

If the Party could thrust its hand into the past and say of this or that event, *it never happened*—that, surely, was more terrifying than mere torture or death.

Page 30:

“Who controls the past,” ran the Party slogan, “controls the future: who controls the present controls the past.”

Page 30:

It was quite simple. All that was needed was an unending series of victories over your own memory. “Reality control,” they called it; in Newspeak, “doublethink.”

Page 31:

His mind slid away into the **labyrinthine** world of doublethink.

Page 31:

He tried to remember in what year he had first heard mention of Big Brother. He thought I must have been at some point in the Sixties, but it was impossible to be certain.

Page 32:

It was not true, for example, as was claimed in the Party history books, that the Party had invented airplanes.

Page 32:

Remember our boys on the Malabar front! And the sailors in the Floating Fortresses!

Page 33:

IV

With the deep, unconscious sigh which not even the nearest of the telescreen could prevent him from uttering when his day's work started, Winston pulled the speakwrite toward him, blew the dust from its mouthpiece, and put on his spectacles.

Page 33:

In the walls of the cubicle there were three orifices. To the right of the speakwrite, a small pneumatic tube for written messages; to the left, a larger one for newspapers; and in the side wall, within easy reach of Winston's arm, a large oblong slit protected by a wire grating. This last was for the disposal of waste paper. Similar slits existed in thousands or tens of thousands throughout the building, not only in every room but at short intervals in every corridor. For some reason they were nicknamed memory holes.

Page 33:

Winston examined the flour slips of paper which he had unrolled. Each contained a message of only one or two lines, in the abbreviated jargon—not actually Newspeak, but consisting largely of Newspeak words—which was used in the Ministry for internal purposes. They ran:

times 17.3.84 bb speech malreported africa rectify

times 19.12.83 forecasts 3 yp 4th quarter 83 misprints verify current issue

times 14.2.84 miniplenty malquoted chocolate rectify

times 3.12.83 reporting bb dayorder doubleplusgood refs unpersons rewrite fullwise upsub antefiling

Page 34:

Winston dialed “back numbers” on the telescreen and called for the appropriate issues of the *Times*, which slid out of the pneumatic tube after only a few minutes' delay.

Page 34:

Or again, the *Times* of the nineteenth of December had published the official forecasts of the output of various classes of consumption goods in the fourth quarter of 1983, which was also the sixth quarter of the Ninth Three-Year Plan. Today's issue contained a statement of the actual output, from which it appeared that the forecasts were in every instance grossly wrong. Winston's job was to rectify the original figures by making them agree with the later ones.

Page 34 – 35:

As soon as Winston had dealt with each of the messages, he clipped his speakwritten corrections to the appropriate copy of the *Times* and pushed them in to the pneumatic tube.

Page 35:

This process of continuous alteration was applied not only to newspapers, but to books, periodicals, pamphlets, posters, leaflets, films, sound tracks, cartoons, photographs—to every kind of literature or documentation which might conceivably hold any political or ideological significance.

Page 35:

All history was a **palimpsest**, scraped clean and reinscribed exactly as often as was necessary.

Page 36:

It was merely the substitution of one piece of nonsense for another.

Page 36:

Winston glanced across the hall. IN the corresponding cubicle on the other side a small, precise-looking, dark-chinned man named Tillotson was working steadily away, with a folded newspaper on his knee and his mouth very close to the mouthpiece of the speakwrite. He had the air of trying to keep what he was saying a secret between himself and the telescreen.

Page 37:

He knew that in the cubicle next to him the little woman with sandy hair toiled day in, day out, simply tracking down and deleting from the press the names of people who had been vaporized and were therefore considered never to have existed. There was a certain fitness in this, since her own husband had been vaporized a couple years earlier. And a few cubicles away a mild, ineffectual, dreamy creature named Ampleforth, with very hairy ears and a surprising talent for juggling with rhymes and meters, was engaging in producing garbled versions—definitive texts, they were called—of poems which had become ideologically offensive but which for one reason or another were to be retained in the anthologies.

Page 37:

There was the teleprogram section with its engineers, its producers, and its teams of actors specially chosen for their skill in imitating voices.

Page 38:

And the Ministry had not only to supply the multifarious needs of the Party, but also to repeat the whole operation at a lower level for the benefit of the proleteriat. There was a whole chain of separate departments dealing with proleteriat literature, music, drama, and entertainment generally. Here were produced rubbishy newspapers, containing almost nothing except sport, crime, and astrology, sensational five-cent novelettes, films oozing with sex, and sentimental songs that were composed entirely by mechanical means on a special kind of kaleidoscope known as a versificator. There was even a whole subsection—*Pornosec*; it was called in Newspeak—engaged in producing the lowest kind of pornography, which was sent out in sealed packets and which no Party member, other than those who worked on it, was permitted to look at.

Page 39:

times 3.12.83 reporting bb dayorder doubleplusgood refs unpersons rewrite fullwise upsub antefiling

In Oldspeak (or standard English) this might be rendered:

The reporting of Big Brother's Order of the Day in the *Times* of December 3rd 1983 is extremely unsatisfactory and makes reference to nonexistent persons. Rewrite it in full and submit your draft to higher authority before filing.

Winston read through the offending article. Big Brother's Order for the Day, it seemed, had been chiefly devoted to praising the work of an organization known as FFCC, which supplied cigarettes and other comforts to the sailors in the Floating Fortress.

Page 39:

The great purges involving thousands of people, with public trials of traitors and thought-criminals who made abject confession of their crimes and were afterwards executed, were special showpieces not occurring oftener than once in a couple of years. More commonly, people who had incurred the displeasure of the Party simply disappeared and were never heard of again.

Page 40:

Very likely as many as a dozen people were now working away on rival versions of what Big Brother had actually said.

Page 40:

Very occasionally some persons whom you had believed dead long since would make a ghostly reappearance at some public trial where he would implicate hundreds of others by his testimony before vanishing, this time forever.

Page 41:

Winston thought for a moment, then pulled the speakwrite toward him and began dictating in Big Brother's familiar style: a style at once military and pedantic, and, because of a trick of asking questions and then promptly answering them ("What lessons do we learn from this fact, comrades? The lessons—which is also one of the fundamental principles of Ingsoc—that," etc., etc.), easy to imitate.

Page 42:

Comrade Ogilvy, who had never existed in the present, now existed in the past, and when once the act of forger was forgotten, he would exist just as authentically, and upon the same evidence, as Charlemagne or Julius Caesar.

Page 42:

From the grille at the counter the steam of stew came pouring forth, with a sour metallic smell which did not quite overcome the fumes of Victory Gin.

Page 42:

Syme was a philologist, a specialist in Newspeak. Indeed, he was one of the enormous team of experts now engaged in compiling the Eleventh Edition of the Newspeak dictionary. He was a tiny creature, smaller than Winston, with dark hair and large, protuberant eyes, at once mournful and derisive, which seemed to search your face closely while he was speaking to you.

Page 44:

Onto each was dumped swiftly the regulation lunch—metal **pannikin** of pinkish-gray stew, a hunk of bread, a cube of cheese, a mug of milkless Victory Coffee, and one **saccharine** tablet.

Page 46:

In the end we shall make thoughtcrime literally impossible, because there will be no words in which to express it.

Page 47 – 48:

He might be denouncing Goldstein and demanding sterner measures against thoughtcriminals and saboteurs, he might be fulminating against the atrocities of the Eurasian army, he might be praising Bi Brother or the heroes of the Malabar front—it made no difference.

Page 48:

The voice from the other table quacked rapidly on, easily audible in spite of the surrounding din.

Page 48:

He said things that would have been better unsaid, he had read too many books, he frequented the Chestnut Tree Café, haunt of painters and musicians.

Page 49:

Syme looked up. “Here comes Parsons,” he said.

Something in the tone of his voice seemed to ass “that bloody fool.” Parsons, Winston’s fellow tenant at Victory Mansions, was in fact threading his way across the room—a tubby, middle-sized man with fair hair and a froglike face. At thirty-five he was already putting on rolls of fat at neck and waistline, but his movements were brisk and boyish. His whole appearance was that of a little boy grown large, so much so that although he was wearing the regulation overalls, it was almost impossible not to think of him as being dressed in the blue shorts, gray shirt, and red neckerchief of the Spies.

Page 49:

He greeted them both with a cheery “Hullo, hullo!”

Page 51:

It had been a favorite of late with the Ministry of Plenty. Parsons, his attention caught by the trumpet call, sat listening with a sort of gaping **solemnity**, a sort of edified boredom.

Page 53:

It was curious how that beetlelike type proliferated in the Ministries: little dumpy men, growing stout very early in life, with short legs, swiftly scuttling movements, and fat inscrutable faces with very small eyes. It was the type that seemed to flourish best under the dominion of the Party.

Page 55:

In any case, to wear an improper expression on your face (to look incredulous when a victory was announced, for example) was itself a punishable offense. There was even a word for it in Newspeak: *facecrime*, it was called.

Page 58:

The aim of the Party was not merely to prevent men and women from forming loyalties which it might not be able to control. Its real undeclared, purpose was to remove all pleasure from the sexual act.

Page 58:

There were even organizations such as the Junior Anti-Sex League which advocated complete celibacy for both sexes. All children were to be begotten by artificial insemination (*artsem*, it was called in Newspeak) and brought up in public institutions.

Page 58:

Katherine was a tall, fair-haired girl, very straight, with splendid movements. She had a bold, aquiline face, a face that one might have called noble until one discovered that there was as nearly as possible nothing behind it.

Page 59:

“The human sound track” he nicknamed her in his own mind.

Page 60:

The woman of the Party were all alike. Chastity was as deeply ingrained in them as Party loyalty. BY careful early conditioning, by games and cold water, by the rubbish that was dinned to them as school and in the Spies and the Youth League, by lectures, parades, songs, slogans, and martial music, the natural feeling had been driven out of them. His reason told him that there must be exceptions, but his heart did not believe it. They were all impregnable, as the Party intended that they should be.

Page 60:

After the darkness, the feeble light of the paraffin lamp had seemed very bright.

Page 64:

As the Party put it: “Proles and animals are free.”

Page 64:

You can see that he is dressed in a long black coat which was called a frock coat, and a queer, shiny hat shaped like a stovepipe, which was called a top hat.

Page 64 – 65:

There would be mention of the bishops in their lawn sleeves, the judges in their ermine robes, the pillory, the stocks, the treadmill, the cat-o'-nine-tails, the Lord Mayor's Banquet, and the practice of kissing the Pope's toe. There was also something called the *jus primae noctis*, which would probably not be mentioned in a textbook for children. It was the law by which every capitalist had the right to sleep with any woman working in one of his factories.

Page 65:

It struck him that the truly characteristic thing about modern life was not its cruelty and insecurity, but simply its bareness, its dinginess, its listlessness.

Page 65:

Great areas of it, even for a Party member, were neutral and nonpolitical, a matter of slogging through dreary jobs, fighting for a place on the Tube, darning a worn-out sock, cadging a saccharine tablet, saving a cigarette end. The ideal set up by the Party was something huge, terrible, and glittering – a world of steel and concrete, of monstrous machines and terrifying weapons – a nation of warriors and fanatics, marching forward in perfect unity, all thinking the same thoughts and shouting the same

slogans, perpetually working, fighting, triumphing, persecuting – three hundred million people all with the same face.

Page 65 – 66:

Day and night the telescreens bruised your ears with statistics proving that people today had more food, more clothes, better houses, better recreations – that they lived longer, worked shorter hours, were bigger, healthier, stronger happier, more intelligent, better educated, than the people of fifty years ago.

Page 66:

It might very well be that literally every word in the history books, even the things that one accepted without question, was pure fantasy. For all we know there might never have been any such law as the *jus primae noctis*, or any such creature as a capitalist, or any such garment as a top hat.

Page 66:

Among the last survivors were three men named Jones, Aaronson, and Rutherford. It must have been in 1965 that these three had been arrested. As often happened, they had vanished for a year or more, so that one did not know whether they were alive or dead, and then had suddenly been brought forth to incriminate themselves in the usual way.

Page 67:

After confessing to these things they had been pardoned, reinstated in the Party, and given posts which were in fact sinecures but which sounded important.

Page 67:

Some time after their release Winston had actually seen all three of them in the Chestnut Tree Café.

Page 67:

Rutherford had once been a famous caricaturist, whose brutal cartoons had helped to inflame popular opinion before and during the Revolution.

Page 68:

There came into it – but it was something hard to describe. It was a peculiar, cracked, braying, jeering note; in his mind Winston called it a yellow note. And then a voice from the telescreen was singing:

*“Under the spreading chestnut tree
I sold you and you sold me:
There lie they, and here lie we
Under the spreading chestnut tree.”*

The three men never stirred. But when Winston glanced again at Rutherford’s ruinous face, he saw that his eyes were full of tears.

Page 69:

The date had stuck in Winston’s memory because it chanced to be Midsummer Day; but the whole story must be on record in countless other places as well.

Page 69:

But this was concrete evidence; it was a fragment of the abolished past, like a fossil bone which turns up in the wrong stratum and destroys a geological theory.

Page 69 – 70:

To keep your face expressionless was not difficult, and even our breathing could be controlled, with an effort, but you could not control the beating of our heart, and the telescreen was quit delicate enough to pick it up.

Page 70:

The immediate advantages of falsifying the past were obvious, but the ultimate motive was mysterious. He took up his pen again and wrote:

I understand HOW: I do not understand WHY.

Page 70 – 71:

At one time it had been a sign of madness to believe that the earth goes round the sun; today, to believe that the past is unalterable.

Page 71:

In the end the Party would announce that two and two made five, and you would have to believe it.

Page 71:

He was writing the diary to O'Brien—to O'Brien; it was like an interminable letter which no one would ever read, but which was addressed to a particular person and took its color from that fact.

Page 71:

His heart sank as he thought of the enormous power arrayed against him, the ease with which any Party intellectual would overthrow him in debate, the subtle arguments which he would not be able to understand, much less answer. And yet he was in the right!

Page 72:

With the feeling that he was speaking to O'Brien, and also that he was setting forth an important axiom, he wrote:

Freedom is the freedom to say that two plus two makes four. If that is granted, all else follows.

Page 72:

In principle a Party member had no spare time, and was never alone except in bed. It was assumed that when not working, eating, or sleeping he would be taking part in some kind of communal recreations; to do anything that suggested a taste for solitude, even to go for a walk by yourself, was always slightly dangerous. There was a word for it in Newspeak: *ownlife*, it was called, meaning individualism and eccentricity.

Page 74:

At the same instant a man in a concertina-like black suit, who had emerged from a side alley, ran toward Winston, pointing excitedly to the sky.

Page 74:

“Steamer” was a nickname which, for some reason, the proles applied to rocket bombs.

Page 75:

The Lottery, with its weekly pay-out of enormous prizes, was the one public event to which the proles paid serious attention.

Page 75:

It was there delight, their folly, their anodyne, their intellectual stimulant.

Page 76:

A very old man, bent but active, with white mustaches that bristled forward like those of a prawn, pushed open the swing door and went in.

Page 77:

“I arst you civil enough, didn’t I?” said the old man, straightening his shoulders pugnaciously.

Page 78:

Beer was the only drink you could get in the prole pubs.

Page 78 – 79:

When I was a young man, mild beer—wallop, we used to call it—was fourpence a pint.

Page 80:

‘Lackey’s of the bourgeoisie!

Page 82:

They were like the ant, which can see small objects but not large ones.

Page 82:

He was in the narrow street, with a few dark little shops interspersed among the dwelling houses.

Page 83:

His spectacles, his gentle, fussy movements, and the fact that he was wearing an aged jacket of black velvet, gave him a vague air of intellectuality, as though he had been some kind of literary man, or perhaps musician.

Page 83:

Cream laid, it used to be called.

Page 84:

Only on a small table in the corner was there a litter of odds and ends—lacquered snuffboxes, agate brooches, and the like—which looked as though they might include something interesting.

Page 86:

“There’s no telescreen!” he could not help murmuring.

“Ah,” said the old man, “I never feel the need of it, somehow. Now that’s a nice gateleg table in the corner there. Though of course you’d have to put new hinges on it if you wanted to use the flaps.”

Page 86-87:

“That’s right. Outside the Law Courts. It was bombed in –oh, many years ago. It was a church at one time. St. Clement’s Dane, its name was.” He smiled apologetically, as though conscious of saying something slightly ridiculous, and added: “*Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clement’s!*”

“What's that?” said Winston.

“Oh—*Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clement's*. That was a rhyme we had when I was a little boy. How it goes on I don't remember, but I do know it ended up, *Here comes a candle to light you to bed. Here comes a chopper to chop off your head*. It was kind of a dance. They held out their arms for you to pass under, and when they came to *Here comes a chopper to chop off your head* they brought their arms down and caught you. It was just names of churches. All the London churches were in it—all the principle ones, that is.”

Page 87:

*Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clement's.
You owe me three farthings, say the bells of St. Martin's—*

Page 88:

But he lingered for some minutes more, talking to the old man, whose name, he discovered was not Weeks—as one might have gathered from the inscription over the shopfront—but Charrington. Mr. Charrington, it seemed, was a widower aged sixty-three and had inhabited this shop for thirty years.

Page 88:

Yet so far as he could remember he had never in real life heard church bells ringing.

Page 89:

Suddenly his heart seemed to turn to ice and his bowels to water. A figure in blue overalls was coming down the pavement, not ten meters away. It was the girl from the Fiction Department, the girl with dark hair.

Page 89:

It was an effort to walk. The lump of glass in his pocket banged against his thigh at each step, and he was half minded to throw it away.

Page 90:

A deadly **lassitude** had taken hold oh him.

Page 90:

From the telescreen a brassy female voice was squalling a patriotic song.

Page 90:

It struck him that in moments of crisis one is never fighting against an external enemy but always against one's own body.

Page 91:

But before death (nobody spoke of such things, yet everybody knew of them) there was a routine of confession that had to be gone through; the grovelling on the floor and screaming for mercy, the crack of broken bones, the smashed teeth and bloody clots of hair. Why did you have to endure it, since the end was always the same? Why was it not possible to cut a few days or weeks out of your life? Nobody ever escaped detection, and nobody ever failed to confess. When once you had succumbed to thoughtcrime it was certain that by a given date you would be dead. Why then did that horror, which altered nothing, have to lie embedded in future time?

He tried with a little more success than before to summon up the image of O'Brien. “We shall meet in the place where there is no darkness,” O'Brien had said to him. He knew what it meant, or thought he

knew. The place where there is no darkness was the imagined future, which one would never see, but which, by foreknowledge, one could mystically share in.

Page 92:

Just as he had done a few days earlier, he slid a coin out of his pocket and looked at it. The face gazed up at him, heavy, calm, protecting, but what kind of smile was hidden beneath the dark mustache? Like a leaden **knell** the words came back at him:

WAR IS PEACE

FREEDOM IS SLAVERY

IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH

Page 95:

On it was written, in a large unformed handwriting:

I love you.

Page 95 – 96:

What was even worse than having to focus his mind on a series of niggling jobs was the need to conceal his agitation from the telescreen.

Page 96:

The irritating thing was that in the racket of voices Winston could hardly hear what Parsons was saying, and was constantly having to ask for some **fatuous** remark to be repeated.

Page 96:

He wolfed another tasteless meal in the canteen, hurried off to the Center, took part in the solemn **foolery** of a “discussion group,” played two games of table tennis, swallowed several glasses of gin, and sat for an hour through a lecture entitled “Ingsoc in relation to chess.”

Page 97:

As for sending a letter through the mails, it was out of the question. By a routine that was not even secret, all letters were opened in transit.

Page 101:

Then he saw the girl standing at the base of the monument, reading or pretending to read a poster which ran spirally up the column. It was not safe to go near her until some more people had accumulated. There were telescreens all round the pediment. But at this moment there was a din of shouting and a zoom of heavy vehicles from somewhere to the left. Suddenly everyone seemed to be running across the square. The girl nipped nimbly round the lions at the base of the monument and joined the rush.

Page 104:

The bluebells were so thick underfoot that it was impossible not to tread on them.

Page 105:

His first feeling was relief, but as he watched the strong slender body moving in front of him, with the scarlet sash that was just tight enough to bring out the curve of her hips, the sense of his own inferiority was heavy upon him.

Page 105:

Already, on the walk from the station, the May sunshine had made him feel dirty and **etiolated**, a creature of indoors, with the sooty dust of London in the pores of his skin.

Page 106:

The youthful body was stained against his own, the mass of dark hair was against his face, and yes! actually turned her face up and he was kissing the wide red mouth.

Page 106:

“What is your name?” said Winston.

“Julia. I know yours. It’s Winston—Winston Smith.”

Page 108:

A thing that astonished him about her was the coarseness of her language. Party members were supposed not to swear, and Winston himself very seldom did swear, aloud, at any rate. Julia, seemed unable to mention the Party, and especially the Inner Party, without using the kind of words that you saw chalked up in dripping alleyways.

Page 109:

Surely somewhere near by, but out of sight, there must be a stream with green pools where **dace** were swimming.

Page 109:

It spread out its wings, fitted them carefully into place again, ducked its head for a moment, as though making a sort of **obeisance** to the sun, and then began to pour forth a torrent of song.

Page 110:

Perhaps at the other end of the instrument some small, beetlelike man was listening intently—listening to that. But by degrees the flood of music drove all speculation out of his mind. It was as though it were a kind of liquid stuff that poured all over him and got mixed up with the sunlight that filtered through the leaves.

Page 110:

It was almost as in his dream. Almost as swiftly as he had imagined it, she had torn her clothes off, and when she flung them aside it was with that same magnificent gesture by which a whole civilization seemed to be annihilated. Her body gleamed white in the sun. But for a moment he did not loot at her body; his eyes were anchored by the freckled face with its faint, bold smile. He knelt down before her and took her hands in his.

Page 111:

His heart leapt. Scores of times she had done it; he wished it had been hundred—thousands. Anything that hinted at corruption always filled him with hope.

Page 111:

Not merely love of one person, but the animal instinct, the simple **undifferentiated** desire: that was the force that would tear the Party to pieces.

Page 112:

“Never go home the same way as you went out.” she said, as though enunciating an important general principle.

Page 113:

Tat was in in another hiding place known to Julia, the **belfry** of a ruined church in an almost-deserted stretch of country where an atomic bomb had fallen thirty years earlier.

Page 114:

Julia appeared to be quite used to his kind of conversation, which she called “talking by installments.”

Page 114:

Winston’s working week was sixty-hours, Julia’s was even longer, and their free days varied according to the pressure of work and did not often coincide.

Page 115:

Julia was twenty-six years old. She lived in a hostel with thirty other girls (“Always in the stink of women! How I hate women!” she said parenthetically), and she worked, as he had guessed, on the novel-writing machines in the Fiction Department.

Page 115:

She had even (an infallible mark of good reputation) been picked out to work in Pornosec, the subsection of the Fiction Department which turned out cheap pornography for distribution among the proles. It was nicknamed Muck House by the people who worked in it, she remarked.

Page 117:

“She was—do you know the Newspeak word *goodthinkful*? Meaning naturally orthodox, incapable of thinking a bad thought?”

Page 117 – 118:

It was not merely that the sex instinct created a world of its own which was outside the Party’s control and which therefore had to be destroyed if possible. What was more important was that sexual privation induced hysteria, which was desirable because it could be transformed into war fever and leader worship. The way she put it was:

“When you make love you’re using up energy; and afterwards you feel happy and don’t give a damn for anything. They can’t bear you to feel like that.

Page 118:

The children, on the other hand, were systematically turned against their parents and taught to spy on them and report their deviations. The family had become an extension of the Thought Police. It was a device by means of which everyone could be surrounded might and day by informers who knew him intimately.

Page 120:

“We’re not dead yet,” said Julia **prosaically**.

Page 121:

IV

Winston looked around the shabby little room above Mr. Charrington's shop. Beside the window the enormous bed was made up, with ragged blankets and a coverless bolster. The old-fashioned clock with the twelve-hour face was ticking away on the mantelpiece. In the corner, on the gateleg table, the glass paperweight which he had bought on his last visit gleamed softly out of the half-darkness

Page 121 – 122:

Privacy, he said, was a very valuable thing. Everyone wanted a place where they could be alone occasionally. And when they had such a place, it was only common courtesy in anyone else who knew of it to keep his knowledge to himself.

Page 122:

Winston peeped out, secure in the protection of the **muslin** curtain.

Page 122:

The June sun was high in the sky, and in the sun-filled court below a monstrous woman, solid as a Norma pillar, with brawny red forearms and a sacking apron strapped about her middle, was stumping to and fro between a washtub and a clothesline, pegging out a series of square things which Winston recognized as babies' diapers. Whenever her mouth was not corked with clothes pegs she was singing in a powerful contralto:

*“It was only an ‘opeless fancy,
It passed like an April dye,
But a look an’ a word an’ the dreams they stirred
They ‘ave stolen my ‘eart awye!”*

The tune had been haunting London for weeks past. It was one of countless similar songs published for the benefit of the proles by a sub-section of the Music Department. The words of these songs were composed without any human intervention whatever on an instrument known as a versificator.

Page 124:

As he sat waiting on the edge of the bed he thought again of the cellars of the Ministry of Love. It was curious how that predestined horror moved in and out of one's consciousness. There it lay, fixed in future time, preceding death as surely as 99 precedes 100. One could not avoid it, but one could perhaps postpone it: and yet instead, every now and again, by a conscious, willful act, one chose to shorten the interval before it happened.

Page 125:

She took two more pegs out of her mouth and sang with deep feeling:

*“They sye that time ‘eals all tings,
They sye you can always forget;
But the smiles an’ the tears acrorss the years
They twist my ‘earstrings yet!”*

Page 125:

One had the feeling that she would have been perfectly content if the June evening had been endless and the supply of clothes inexhaustible, to remain there for a thousand years, pegging out diapers and singing rubbish.

Page 126:

Perhaps it was only when people were somewhere near the starvation level that they had anything to sing about.

Page 127:

“A rat. I saw hi stick his beastly nose out of the **wainscoting**. There’s a hole down there. I gave him a good fright, anyway.”

Page 128:

And next time we come here I’ll bring some plaster and **bung** it up properly.”

Page 128:

Feeling slightly ashamed of himself, he sat up against the **bedhead**.

Page 129:

The fragment of rhyme that Mr. Charrington had taught him came back into his head, and he added half-nostalgically: “*Oranges and lemons, say the belles of St. Clement’s!*”

To his astonishment she capped the line:

*“You owe me three farthings, say the bells of St. Martin’s,
When will you pay me? Say the bells of Old Bailey—*

“I can’t remember how it goes on after that. But anyway I remember it ends up, *Here comes a candle to light you to bed, here comes a chopper to chop off your head!*”

It was like the two halves of a countersign.

Page 130:

“I bet the pictures got bugs behind it,” said Julia. “I’ll take it down and give it a good cleaning some day.

Page 130:

He turned over toward the light and lay gazing into the glass paperweight. The inexhaustibly interesting thing was not the fragment of coral but the interior of the glass itself. There was such a depth of it, and yet it was almost as transparent as air. It was as though the surface of the glass had been the arch of the sky, enclosing a tiny world with its atmosphere complete. He had the feeling that he could get inside it, along with the mahogany bed and the gateleg table and the clock and the steel engraving and the paperweight itself. The paperweight was the room he was in, and the coral was Julia’s life and his own, fixed in a sort of eternity at the heart of the crystal.

Page 131:

Syme had ceased to exist; he had never existed.

Page 131:

Late at night, when crowds of rowdy proles roamed the streets, the town had a curiously **febrile** air.

Page 131:

The new tune which was to be the theme song of Hate Week (the “Hate Song,” it was called) had already been composed and was being endlessly plugged on the telescreens.

Page 132:

Parsons boasted that Victory Mansions alone would display four hundred meters of **bunting**. He was in his native element and happy as a **lark**.

Page 132:

There were further angry demonstrations. Goldstein was burned in effigy, hundreds of copies of the poster of the Eurasian soldier were torn down and added to the flames, and a number of shops were looted in the turmoil; then a rumor flew round that spies were directing the rocket bombs by means of wireless waves, and an old couple who were suspected of being of foreign extraction had their house set on fire and perished of suffocation.

Page 133:

As soon as they arrived they would sprinkle everything with pepper bought on the black market, tear off their clothes and make love with sweating bodies, then fall asleep and wake to find that the bugs had rallied and were massing a counterattack.

Page 133:

To know that it was there, inviolate, was almost the same as being in it. The room was the world, a pocket of the past where extinct animals could walk. Mr. Charrington, thought Winston, was another extinct animal. He usually stopped to talk with Mr. Charrington for a few minutes on his way upstairs. The old man seemed seldom or never to go out of doors, and on the other hand to have almost no customers. He led a ghostlike existence between the tiny, dark shop and an even tinier back kitchen where he prepared his meals and which contained, among other things, an unbelievably ancient gramophone with an enormous horn.

Page 134:

To talk to him was like listening to the tinkling of a wornout musical box. He had dragged out from the corners of his memory some more fragments of forgotten rhymes. There was one about four and twenty blackbirds, and another about a cow with a crumpled horn, and another about the death of poor Cock Robin.

Page 134:

It was as when Winston gazed into the heart of the paperweight, with the feeling that it would be possible to get inside that glassy world, and that once inside it time could be arrested.

Page 135:

The tales about Goldstein and his underground army, she said, were simply a lot of rubbish which the Party had invented for its own purposes and which you had to pretend to believe in.

Page 135 – 136:

Once when he happened in some connection to mention the war against Eurasia, she startled him by saying casually that in her opinion the war was not happening. The rocket bombs which fell daily on London were probably fired by the Government of Oceania itself, “just to keep people frightened.” This was an idea that had literally never occurred to him.

Page 136:

She believed, for instance, having learnt it at school, that the Party had invented airplanes. (In his own schooldays, Winston remembered, in the late Fifties, it was only the helicopter that the Party claimed to have invented; a dozen years later, when Julia was at school, it was already claiming the airplane; one generation more, it would be claiming the steam engine.)

Page 136:

It was rather more of a shock to him when he discovered from some chance remark that she did not remember that Oceania, four years ago, had been at war with Eastasia and at peace with Eurasia. It was true that she regarded the whole war as a sham; but apparently she had not even noticed that the name of the enemy had changed. "I thought we'd always been at war with Eurasia," she said vaguely.

Page 136:

"It's always one bloody war after another, and one knows the news is all lies anyways."

Page 137:

Do you realize that the past, starting from yesterday, has been actually abolished?

Page 137:

Every record has been destroyed or falsified, every book has been rewritten, every picture has been repainted, every statue and street and building has been renamed, every date has been altered. And that process is continuing day by day and minute by minute. History has stopped. Nothing exists except an endless present in which the Party is always right. I *know*, of course, that the past is falsified, but it would never be possible for me to prove it, even when I did the falsification myself. After the thing is done, no evidence remains. The only evidence is inside my own mind, and I don't know with any certainty that any other human being shares my memories. Just in that one instance, in my whole life. I did possess actual concrete evidence *after* the event—years after it."

Page 138:

"You're only a rebel from the waist downwards," he told her.

Page 138:

In a way, the world-view of the Party imposed itself most successfully on people incapable of understanding it. They could be made to accept the most flagrant violations of reality, because they never fully grasped the enormity of what was demanded of them, and were not sufficiently interested in public events to notice what was happening. By lack of understanding they remained sane. They simply swallowed everything, and what they swallowed did them no harm, because it left no residue behind, just as a grain of corn will pass undigested through the body of a bird.

Page 139:

But Syme was not only dead, he was abolished, an unperson. Any identifiable reference to him would have been mortally dangerous.

Page 140:

Some of the new developments are most ingenious. The reduction in the number of verbs—that is the point that will appeal to you, I think. Let me see, shall I send a messenger to you with the dictionary?

Page 141:

But at any rate, one thing was certain. The conspiracy that he had dreamed of did exist, and he had reached the outer edges of it.

Page 141:

What was happening was only the working-out of a process that had started years ago. The first step had been a secret, involuntary thought; the second had been the opening of the diary. He had moved from thoughts to words, and now from words to actions. The last step was something that would happen in the Ministry of Love. He had accepted it. The end was contained in the beginning. But it was frightening; or, more exactly, it was like a foretaste of death, like being a little less alive. Even while he was speaking to O'Brien, when the meaning of the words had sunk in, a chilly shuddering feeling had taken possession of his body. He had the sensation of stepping into the dampness of a grave, and it was not much better because he had always known that the grave was there and waiting for him.

Page 142:

It had all occurred inside the glass paperweight, but the surface of the glass was the dome of the sky, and inside the dome everything was flooded with clear soft light in which one could see into **interminable** distances.

Page 142:

It was a memory that he must have deliberately pushed out of his consciousness over many years.

Page 142:

He remembered better the **rackety**, uneasy circumstances of the time: the periodical panics about air raids and the sheltering in Tube stations, the piles of rubble everywhere, the unintelligible proclamations posted at street corners, the gangs of youths in shirts all the same color, the enormous queues outside the bakeries, the intermittent machine-gun fire in the distances—above all, the fact that there was never enough to eat. He remembered long afternoons spent with other boys in scrounging round dustbins and rubbish heaps, picking out the ribs of cabbage leaves, potato peelings, sometimes even scraps of stale breadcrust from which they carefully scraped away the cinders; and also in waiting for the passing of trucks which traveled over a certain route and were known to carry cattle feed, and which, when they jolted over the bad patches in the road, sometimes spilt a few fragments of oilcake.

Page 143:

He remembered the room where they lived, a dark, close-smelling room that seemed half filled by a bed with a white counterpane.

Page 143:

He would ask his mother naggingly, over and over again, why there was not more food, he would shout and storm at her (he even remembered the tones of his voice, which was beginning to break prematurely and sometimes boomed in a peculiar way), or he would attempt a sniveling note of **pathos** in his efforts to get more than his share.

Page 144:

The little girl took hold of it and looked at it dully, perhaps not knowing what it was. Winston stood watching her for a moment. Then with a sudden swift spring he had snatched the piece of chocolate out of his sister's hand and was fleeing for the door.

Page 146 – 147:

He thought for a little while. “Has it ever occurred to you,” he said, “that the best thing for us to do would be simply walk out of here before it’s too late, and never see each other again?”

Page 147:

Do you realize how utterly alone we shall be? When once they get hold of us there will be nothing, literally nothing, that either of us can do for the other. If I confess, they’ll shoot you and if you refuse to confess they’ll shoot you just the same. Nothing that I can do or say, or stop myself from saying, will put off your death for as much as five minutes. Neither of us will even know whether the other is alive or dead. We shall be utterly without power of any kind. The one thing that matters is that we shouldn’t betray one another, although even that can’t make the slightest difference.”

“If you mean confessing,” she said, “we shall do that, right enough. Everybody always confesses. You can’t help it. They torture you.”

Page 147:

He thought of the telescreen with its never-sleeping ear

Page 152:

He began asking his questions in a low, expressionless voice, as though this were a routine, a sort of **catechism**, most of whose answers were known to him already.

Page 153:

“No!” broke in Julia.

Page 154:

Later I shall send you a book from which you will learn the true nature of the society we live in, and the strategy by which we shall destroy it.

Page 155:

When he spoke of murder, suicide, venereal disease, amputated limbs, and altered faces, it was a faint air or **persiflage**.

Page 156:

The Brotherhood cannot be wiped out because it is not an organization in the ordinary sense. Nothing holds it together except an idea which makes it indestructible. You will get no comradeship and no encouragement. When finally you are caught, you will get no help. We never help our members.

Page 156:

What shall it be this time?” he said, still with the same faint suggestion of irony. “To the confusion of the Thought Police? To the death of Big Brother? To humanity? To the future?”

“To the past,” said Winston.

“The past is important,” agreed O’Brien gravely.

Page 157:

“That will do for the moment. Later we will arrange something else for you. It is important to change one’s hiding place frequently. Meanwhile I shall send you a copy of *the book*—“ even O’Brien, Winston noticed, seemed to pronounce the words as though they were in italics—“Goldstein’s book, you understand, as soon as possible.

Page 157 – 158:

They were silent for a moment.

“There are a couple of minutes before you need go,” said O’Brien. “We shall meet again—if we do meet again—“

Winston looked up at him. “In the place where there is no darkness? He said hesitantly.

Page 158:

O’Brien nodded without appearance of surprise. “In the place where there is no darkness,” he said, as though he had recognized the allusion.

Page 158:

“Did you ever happen to hear an old rhyme that begins Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clement’s?”

Again O’Brien nodded. With sort of grave courtesy he completed the stanza:

*“Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clement’s
You owe me three farthings, say the bells of St. Martin’s,
When will you pay me? say the bells of Old Bailey,
When I grow rich, say the bells of Shoreditch.”*

Page 159:

All the blood and lymph had been drained out of him by an enormous debauch of work, leaving only a fail structure of nerves, bones, and skin.

Page 159:

Inside it was *the* book, which he had now had in his possession for six days and had not yet opened, nor even look at.

Page 159 – 160:

On the sixth day of Hate Week, after the processions, the speeches, the shouting, the singing, the banners, the posters, the films, the waxworks, the rolling of drums, and squealing of trumpets, the tramp of marching feet, the grinding of the caterpillars of tanks, the roar of massed planes, the booming of guns—after six days of this, when the great organism was quivering to its climax and the general hatred of Eurasia had boiled up into such delirium that if the crowd could have got their hands on the two thousand Eurasian war criminals who were to be publicly hanged on the last day of the proceedings, they would unquestionably have torn them to pieces—at just this moment it had been announced that Oceania was not after all at war with Eurasia. Oceania was at war with Eastasia. Eurasia was an ally.

Page 160:

The speech had been proceeding for perhaps twenty minutes when a messenger hurried onto the platform and a scrap of paper was slipped into the speaker’s hand. He unrolled and read it without pause in his speech. Nothing altered in his voice or manner, or in the content of what he saw saying, but suddenly the names were different. Without words said, a wave of understanding rippled through the crowd. Oceania was at war with Eastasia!

Page 161:

The orator, still gripping the neck of the microphone, his shoulders hunched forward, his free hand clawing at the air, had gone straight on with his speech.

Page 161:

Oceania was at war with Eastasia: Oceania had always been at war with Eurasia. A large part of the political literature of five years was now completely obsolete. Reports and records of all years kinds, newspapers, books, pamphlets, films, soundtracks, photographs—all had to be rectified at lightning speed. Although no directive was ever issued, it was known that the chiefs of the Department intended that within one week no reference to the war with Eurasia, or the alliance with Eastasia, should remain in existence anywhere.

Page 162:

It was like struggling with some crushing physical task, something which one had the right to refuse and which one was nevertheless neurotically anxious to accomplish.

Page 162:

It was now impossible for any human being to prove by documentary evidence that the war with Eurasia had ever happened.

Page 163:

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE
OF OLIGARCHICAL COLLECTIVISM
by
EMMANUEL GOLDSTEIN

[Winston began reading.]

Chapter 1.

IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH

Page 163:

Even after enormous upheavals and seemingly irrevocable changes, the same pattern has always reasserted itself, just as a gyroscope will always return to equilibrium, however far it is pushed one way or the other.

Page 164:

Chapter 3.

WAR IS PEACE

The splitting-up of the world into three great superstates was an even which could be and indeed was foreseen before the middle of the twentieth century. With the absorption of Europe by Russia and the British Empire by the United States, two of the three existing powers, Eurasia and Oceania, were already effectively in being. The third, Eastasia, only emerged as a distinct unit after another decade of fighting. The frontiers between the three superstates are in some places arbitrary, and in others they fluctuate according to the fortunes of war, but in general they follow geographical lines. Eurasia comprises the whole of the northern part of the European and Asiatic land-mass, from Portugal to the Bering Strait. Oceania comprises the Americas, the Atlantic islands including the British Isles, Australia, and the southern portion of Africa, Eastasia, smaller than the others and with a less definite western frontier, comprises China and the countries to south of it, the Japanese islands and a large but fluctuating portion of Manchuria, Mongolia, and Tibet.

Page 165:

Eurasia is protected by its vast land spaces, Oceania by the width of the Atlantic and the Pacific, Eastasia by the **fecundity** and industriousness of its inhabitants.

Page 166:

Whichever power controls equatorial Africa, or the countries of the Middle East, or Southern India, or the Indonesian Archipelago, disposes also of the bodies of scores of hundreds of millions of ill-paid and hard-working **coolies**. The inhabitants of these areas, reduced more or less openly to the status of slaves, pass continually from conqueror to conqueror, and are expanded like so much coal or oil in the race to turn out more armaments, to capture more territory, to control more labor power, to turn out more armaments, to capture more territory, and so on indefinitely.

Page 167:

The primary aim of modern warfare (in accordance with the principles of *doublethink*, this aim is simultaneously recognized and not recognized by the directing brains of the Inner Party) is to use up the products of the machine without raising the general standard of living.

Page 167 – 168:

Science and technology were developing at prodigious speed, and it seemed natural to assume that they would go on developing. This failed to happen, partly because of the impoverishment caused by a long series of wars and revolutions, partly because of scientific and technological progress depended on the empirical habit of thought, which could not survive in a strictly regimented society.

Page 168:

From the moment when the machine first made its appearance it was clear to all thinking people that the need for human drudgery, and therefore to a great extent for human inequality, had disappeared. If the machine were used deliberately for that end, hunger, overwork, dirt, illiteracy, and disease could be eliminated in a few generations. And in fact, without being used for such purpose, but by a sort of automatic process—by producing wealth which it was sometimes impossible to distribute—the machine did raise the living standards of the average human being very greatly over a period of about fifty years at the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century.

Page 169:

In the long run, a hierarchical society was only possible on a basis of poverty and ignorance. To return to the agricultural past, as some thinkers about the beginning of the twentieth century dreamed of doing, was not a practical solution. It conflicted with the tendency toward mechanization which become quasi-instinctive throughout almost the whole world, and moreover, any country which remained industrially backward was helpless in a military sense and was bound to be dominated, directly or indirectly, by its more advanced rival.

Page 169:

But this, too, entailed military weakness, and since the **privations** it inflicted were obviously unnecessary, it made opposition inevitable. The problem was how to keep the wheels of industry turning without increasing the real wealth of the world. Goods must be produced, but they need not be distributed. And in practice the only way of achieving this was by continuous warfare.

The essential act of war is destruction, not necessarily of human lives, but of the products of human labor. War is a way of shattering to pieces, or pouring into the stratosphere, or sinking in the depths of the sea, materials which might otherwise be used to make the masses too comfortable, and hence, in the long run, too intelligent.

Page 170 – 171:

Even the humblest Party member was expected to be competent, industrious, and even intelligent within narrow limits, but it is also necessary that he should be a credulous and ignorant fanatic whose prevailing moods are fear, hatred, adulation, and orgiastic triumph. In other words it is necessary that he should have the mentality appropriate to a state of war.

Page 171:

And even technological progress only happens when its products can in some way be used for diminution of human liberty.

Page 172:

In the vast laboratories of the Ministry of Peace, and in the experimental stations hidden in the Brazilian forests, or in the Australian desert, or on lost islands of the Antarctic, the teams of experts are indefatigably at work. Some are concerned simply with planning the logistics of future wars; others devise larger and larger rocket bombs, more and more powerful explosives, and more and more impenetrable armor-plating; others search for new and deadlier gases, or for soluble poisons capable of being produced in such quantities as to destroy the vegetation of the whole continents, or for breeds of disease germs immunized against all possible antibodies; others strive to produce a vehicle that shall bore its way under the soil like a submarine under the water, or an airplane as independent of its base as a sailing ship; others explore even remoter possibilities such as focusing the sun's rays through lenses suspended thousands of kilometers away in space, or producing artificial earthquakes and tidal waves by tapping the heat at the earth's center.

Page 174 – 175:

War prisoners apart, the average citizen of Oceania never set eyes on a citizen of either Eurasia or Eastasia, and he is forbidden the knowledge of foreign languages. If he were allowed contact with foreigners he would discover that they are creatures similar to himself and that most of what he has been told about them is lies. The sealed world in which he lives would be broken, and the fear, hatred, and self-righteousness on which his morale depends might evaporate. It is therefore realized on all sides that however often Persia, or Egypt, or Java, or Ceylon may change hands, the main frontiers must never be crossed by anything except bombs.

Under this lie a fact never mentioned aloud, but tacitly understood and acted upon: namely, that the conditions of life in all three superstates are very much the same. In Oceania the prevailing philosophy is called Ingsoc, in Eurasia it is called Neo-Bolshevism, and in Eastasia it is called by a Chinese name usually translated as Death-worship, but perhaps better rendered as Obliteration of the Self. The citizen of Oceania is not allowed to know anything of the tenets of the other two philosophies, but he is taught to **execrate** them as barbarous outrages upon morality and common sense.

Page 175:

In past ages, a war, almost by definition, was something that sooner or later came to an end, usually in unmistakable victory or defeat. In the past, also, war was one of the main instruments by which human societies were kept in touch with the physical reality.

Page 175 – 176:

Physical facts could not be ignored. In philosophy, or religion, or ethics, or politics., two and two might make five, but when one was designing a gun or an airplane they had to make four. Inefficient nations were always conquered sooner or later, and the struggle for efficiency was inimical to illusions. Moreover, to be efficient it was necessary to be able to learn from the past, which meant having a fairly accurate idea of what happened in the past. Newspaper and history books were, of course, always colored and biased, but falsification of the kind that is practiced today would have been impossible.

Page 176:

Cut off from contact with the outer world, and with the past, the citizen of Oceania is like a man in interstellar space, who has no way of knowing which direction is up and which is down.

Page 176 – 177:

The war, therefore, if we judge it by the standards of previous wars, is merely an imposture. It is like the battles between certain ruminant animals whose horns are set at such an angle that they are incapable of hurting one another. But though it is unreal it is not meaningless. It eats up the surplus of consumable goods, and it helps to preserve the special mental atmosphere that a hierarchical society needs.

Page 177:

It would probably be accurate to say that by becoming continuous war has ceased to exist.

Page 177:

A peace that was truly permanent would be the same as a permanent war. This—although the vast majority of the Party members understand it only in a shallower sense—is the inner meaning of the Party slogan: WAR IS PEACE

Page 177:

The book fascinated him, or more exactly it reassured him. In a sense it told him nothing new, but that was part of the attraction. It said what he would have said if it had been possible for him to set his scattered thoughts in order.

Page 178 – 179:

Chapter 1.

IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH.

Throughout recorded time, and probably since the end of the Neolithic Age, there have been three kinds of people in the world, the High, the Middle, and the Low. They have been subdivided in many ways, they have borne countless different names, and their relative numbers, as well as their attitude toward one another, have varied from age to age; but the essential structure of society has never altered. Even after enormous upheavals and seemingly irrevocable changes, the same pattern has always reasserted itself, just as a gyroscope will always return to equilibrium, however far it is pushed one way or the other.

Page 180:

The Middle, so long as it was struggling for power, had always made use of such terms as freedom, justice, and fraternity. Now, however, the concept of human brotherhood began to be assailed by people who were not yet in positions of command, but merely hoped to be so before long. In the past the Middle had made revolutions under the banner of equality, and then had established a fresh tyranny as

soon as the old one was overthrown. The new Middle groups in effect proclaimed their tyranny beforehand. Socialism, a theory which appeared in the early nineteenth century and was the last link in a chain of thought stretching back to the slave rebellions of antiquity, was still deeply infected by the Utopianism of past ages. But in each variant of Socialism that appeared from about 1900 onwards the aim of establishing liberty and equality was more and more openly abandoned. The new movements which appeared in the middle years of the century, Ingsoc in Oceania, Neo-Bolshevism in Eurasia, Death-worshipping, as it is commonly called, in Eastasia, had the conscious aim of perpetuating *unfreedom* and *inequality*. These new movements, of course, grew out of the old ones and tended to keep their names and pay lip-service to their ideology. But the purpose of all of them was to arrest progress and freeze history at a chosen moment. The familiar pendulum swing was to happen once more, and then stop.

Page 181:

But the principle, underlying cause was that, as early as the beginning of the twentieth century, human equality had become technically possible. It was still true that men were not equal in their native talents that functions had to be specialized in ways that favored some individuals against others; but there was no longer any real need for class distinctions or for large differences in wealth. In earlier ages, class distinction had been not only inevitable but desirable. Inequality was the price of civilization.

Page 181:

The idea of an Earthly paradise in which men should live together in a state of brotherhood, without laws and without brute labor, had haunted the human imagination for for thousands of years.

Page 181:

But by the fourth decade of the twentieth century all the main currents of political thought were authoritarian.

Page 182:

And in the general hardening of outlook that set in round about 1930, practices which had been long abandoned, in some cases for hundreds of years—imprisonment without trial, the use of war prisoners as slaves, public executions, torture to extract confessions, the use of hostages and the deportation of whole populations—not only became common again, but were tolerated and even defended by people who considered themselves enlightened and progressive.

Page 182 – 183:

But they had been foreshadowed by the various systems, generally called totalitarian, which had appeared earlier in the century, and the main outlines of the world which would emerge from the prevailing chaos had long been obvious. The new aristocracy was made up from the most part of bureaucrats, scientists, technicians, trade-union organizers, publicity experts, sociologists, teachers, journalists, and professional politicians. These people, whose origins lay in the salaried middle class and the upper grades of working class, had been shaped and brought together by the barren world of monopoly industry and centralized government. As compared with their opposite numbers in past ages, they were less avaricious, less tempted by luxury, hungrier for pure power, and, above all, more conscious of what they were doing and more intent on crushing opposition. This last difference was cardinal. By comparison with that existing today, all the tyrannies of the past were half-hearted and inefficient. The ruling were content to leave loose ends everywhere, to regard only the overt act, and to be uninterested in what their subjects were thinking. Even the Catholic Church of the Middle Ages was tolerant by modern standards. Part of the reason for this was that in the past no government had the power to keep its citizens under constant surveillance. The invention of print, however, made it easier

to manipulate public opinion, and the film and the radio carried the process further. With the development of television, and the technical advance which made it possible to receive and transmit simultaneously on the same instrument, private life came to an end. Every citizen, or at least every citizen important enough to be worth watching, could be kept for twenty-four hours a day under the eyes of the police and in the sound of official propaganda, with all other channels of communication closed. The possibility of enforcing not only complete obedience to the will of the State, but completely uniformity of opinion on all subjects, now exists for the first time.

Page 183:

But the new High group, unlike all its forerunners, did not act upon instinct but knew what was needed to safeguard his position. It had long been realized that the only secure basis for oligarchy is collectivism. Wealth and privilege are most easily defended when they are possessed jointly.

Page 185:

At the apex of the pyramid comes Big Brother.

Page 185:

Nobody has ever seen Big Brother.

Page 185:

Below that comes the dumb masses whom we habitually refer to as "the proles," numbering perhaps eighty-five per cent of the population.

Page 185:

Admission to either branch of the Party is by examination, taken at the age of sixteen.

Page 185:

Jews, Negroes, South Americans of pure Indian blood are to be found in the highest ranks of the Party, and the administrators of any area are always drawn from the inhabitants of that area.

Page 186:

Except that English is its chief **lingua franca** and Newspeak its official language, it is not centralized in any way.

Page 186:

The most gifted among them, who might possibly become nuclei of discontent, are simply marked down by the Thought police and eliminated.

Page 186:

He did not see that the continuity of an oligarchy need not be physical, nor did he pause to reflect that hereditary organizations such as the Catholic Church have sometimes lasted for hundreds or thousands of years. The essence of oligarchical rule is not father-to-son inheritance, but the persistence of a certain world-view and a certain way of life, imposed by the dead upon the living. A ruling group is a ruling group so long as it can nominate its successors. The Party is not concerned with perpetuating its blood but with perpetuating itself. *Who* wields power is not important, provided that the hierarchical structure remains always the same.

Page 187:

What opinions the masses hold, or do not hold, is looked on as a matter of indifference, They can be granted intellectual liberty because they have no intellect. In a Party member, on the other hand, not even the smallest deviation of opinion on the most unimportant subject can be tolerated.

Page 187 – 188:

Thoughts and actions which, when detected, mean certain death are not formally forbidden, and the endless purges, arrests, tortures, imprisonments, and vaporizations are not inflicted as punishment for crimes which have actually been committed, but are merely the wiping-out of persons who might perhaps commit a crime at some time in the future. A Party member is required to have not only the right opinions, but the right instincts. Many of the beliefs and attitudes demanded of him are plainly stated, and could not be stated without laying bare the contradictions inherent in Ingsoc. If he is a person naturally orthodox (in Newspeak, a *goodthinker*), he will in all circumstances know, without taking thought, what is the true belief or desirable emotion. But in any case an elaborate mental training, undergone in childhood and grouping itself round the Newspeak words *crimestop*, *blackwhite*, and *doublethink*, makes him unwilling and unable to think too deeply on any subject whatever.

A Party member is expected to have no private emotions and no respites from enthusiasm. He is supposed to live in a continuous frenzy of hatred, of foreign enemies and internal traitors, triumph over victories, and self-abasement before the power and wisdom of the Party. The discontents produced by this bare, unsatisfying life are deliberately turned outwards and dissipated by such devices as the Two Minutes Hate, and the speculations which might possibly induce a skeptical or rebellious attitude are killed in advance by his early acquired inner discipline. The first and simplest stage in the discipline, which can be taught even to young children, is called, in Newspeak, *crimestop*. *Crimestop* means the faculty of stopping short, as though by instinct, at the threshold of any dangerous thought. It includes the power of not grasping analogies, of failing to perceive logical errors, of misunderstanding the simplest arguments if they are inimical to Ingsoc, and of being bored or repelled by any train of thought which is capable of leading in a heretical direction. *Crimestop*, in short, means protective stupidity. But stupidity is not enough. On the contrary, orthodoxy in the full sense demands a control over one's own mental process as complete as that of a contortionist over his body. Oceanic society rests ultimately on the belief that Big Brother is omnipotent and that the Party is infallible. But since in reality Big Brother is not omnipotent and the Party is not infallible, there is need for an unwearying, moment-to-moment flexibility in the treatment of the facts. The key word here is *blackwhite*. Like so many Newspeak words, this word has two mutually contradictory meanings. Applied to an opponent, it means the habit of impudently claiming that black is white, in contradiction of the plain facts. Applied to a Party member, it means a loyal willingness to say that black is white when the Party discipline demands this. But it means also the ability to *believe* that black is white, and more, to know that black is white, and to forget that one has ever believed the contrary. This demands a continuous alteration of the past, made possible by the system of thought which really embraces all the rest, and which is known in Newspeak as *doublethink*.

The alteration of the past is necessary for two reasons, one of which is subsidiary and, so to speak, precautionary. The subsidiary reason is that the Party member, like the proleterian, tolerates present-day conditions partly because he has no standards of comparison. He must be cut off from the past, just as he must be cut off from foreign countries, because it is necessary for him to believe that he is better off than his ancestors and that the average level of material comfort is constantly rising. But by far the more important reason for the readjustment of the past is the need to safeguard the infallibility of the Party. It is not merely that speeches, statistics, and records of every kind must be constantly brought up to date in order to show that the predictions of the Party were in all cases right. It is also that no change of doctrine or in political alignment can ever be admitted. For to change one's mind, or even one's policy, is a confession of weakness. If, for example, Eurasia or Eastasia (whichever it may be) is the enemy today, then that country must always have been the enemy. And if the facts say otherwise, then

the facts must be altered. Thus history is continuously rewritten. This day-to-day falsification of the past, carried out by the Ministry of Truth, is as necessary to the stability of the regime as the work of repression and espionage carried out by the Ministry of Love.

The mutability of the past is central tenet of Ingsoc.

Page 190:

In Oldspeak it is called, quite frankly, “Reality control.” In Newspeak it is called *doublethink*, although *doublethink* comprises much else as well.

Page 191:

All past oligarchies have fallen from power either because they **ossified** or because they grew soft. Either they became stupid and arrogant, failed to adjust themselves to changing circumstances, and were overthrown.

Page 192:

This peculiar linking together of opposites—knowledge with ignorance, cynicism with fanaticism—is one of the chief distinguishing marks of Oceanic society.

Page 192:

The Ministry of Peace concerns itself with war, the Ministry of Truth with lies, the Ministry of Love with torture, and the Ministry of Plenty with starvation.

Page 193:

But there is one question which until this moment we have almost ignored. It is: why should human equality be averted? Supposing that the mechanics of the process have been rightly described, what is the motive for this huge, accurately planned effort to freeze history at a particular moment in time?

Page 193 – 194:

He fell asleep murmuring “Sanity is not statistical,” with the feeling that this remark contained in it a profound wisdom.

Page 194:

The indefatigable voice sang on:

*“They sye that time ‘eals all things,
They sye you can always forget;
But the smiles an’ the tears across the years
They twist my ‘eartstrings yet!”*

Page 196:

If there was hope, it lay in the proles!

Page 196:

The proles were immortal; you could not doubt it when you looked at that valiant figure in the yard. In the end their awakening would come. And until that happened, though it might be a thousand years, they would stay alive against all odds, like birds, passing on from body to body the vitality which the Party did not share and could not kill.

Page 197:

“We are dead,” he said.

“We are dead,” echoed Julia dutifully.

“You are dead,” said an iron voice behind them.

They sprang apart. Winston’s entrails seemed to have turned into ice. He could see the white all round the irises of Julia’s eyes. Her face had turned a milky yellow. The smear of rouge that was still on each cheekbone stood out sharply, almost as though unconnected with the skin beneath.

“You are dead,” repeated the iron voice.

“It was behind the picture,” breathed Julia

“It was behind the picture,” said the voice. “Remain exactly where you are. Make no movement until you are ordered.”

It was starting, it was starting at last! They could do nothing except stand gazing into one another’s eyes. To run for life, to get out of the house before it was too late—no such thought occurred to them. Unthinkable to disobey the iron voice from the wall. There was a snap as though a catch had been turned back, and a crash of breaking glass. The picture had fallen to the floor, uncovering the telescreen behind it.

“Now they can see us,” said Julia.

“Now we can see you,” said the voice. “Stand out in the middle of the room. Stand back to back. Clasp your hands behind your heads. Do not touch one another.”

Page 198:

Something crashed on to the bed behind Winston’s back. The head of a ladder had been thrust through the window and had burst in the frame. Someone was climbing through the window. There was a stampede of boots up the stairs. The room was full of solid men in black uniforms, with iron-shod boots on their feet and truncheons in their hands.

Page 198:

A man with a smooth prize fighter’s **jowl** in which the mouth was only a slit paused opposite him, balancing his truncheon meditatively between thumb and forefinger.

Page 198:

There was another crash. Someone had picked up the glass paperweight from the table and smashed it to pieces on the hearthstone.

The fragment of coral, a tiny pink like sugar rosebud from a cake, rolled across the mat. How small, Winston thought, how small it was! There was a gasp and a thump behind him, and he received a violent kick on the ankle which nearly flung him off his balance. One of the men had smashed his fist into Julia’s solar plexus, doubling her up like a pocket ruler. She was thrashing about on the floor, fighting for breath.

Page 199:

He stood dead still.

Page 199-200:

There was another, lighter step in the passage. Mr. Charrington came into the room. The demeanor of the black-uniform men suddenly became more subdued. Something had also changed in Mr. Charrington’s appearance. His eyes fell on the fragments of the glass paperweight.

“Pick up those pieces,” he said sharply.

A man stooped to obey. The cockney accent had disappeared; Winston suddenly realized whose voice it was that he had heard a few moments ago on the telescreen. Mr. Charrington was still wearing his old velvet jacket, but his hair, which had been almost white, had turned black. Also he was not wearing his spectacles. He gave Winston a sharp glance, as though verifying his identity, and then paid no more

attention to him. He was still recognizable, but he was not the same person any longer. His body had straightened, and seemed to have grown bigger. His face had undergone only tiny changes that had nevertheless worked a complete transformation. The black eyebrows were less bushy, the wrinkles were gone, the whole lines of the face seemed to have altered; even the nose seemed shorter. It was the alert cold face of a man of about five-and-thirty. It occurred to Winston that for the first time in his life he was looking, with knowledge, at a member of the Thought Police.

Page 201:

He did not know where he was. Presumably he was in the Ministry of Love; but there was no way of making certain.

Page 201:

If you made unexpected movements they yelled at you from the telescreen.

Page 202:

“Smith!” yelled a voice from the telescreen. “6079 Smith W! Hands out of pockets in the cells!”

Page 203:

The woman hoisted herself upright and followed them out with a yell of “F— bastards!”

Page 203-204:

“The *polits*,” they called them, with a sort of uninterested contempt. The Party prisoners seemed terrified of speaking to anybody, and above all of speaking to one another. Only once, when two Party members, both women, were pressed close together on the bench, he overheard amid the din of voices a few hurriedly whispered words; and in particular a reference to something called “room one-oh-one,” which he did not understand.

Page 205:

In this place, he knew instinctively, the lights would never be turned out. It was the place with no darkness he saw now why O’Brien had seemed to recognize the allusion.

Page 205:

The poet Ampleforth shambled into the cell. The door clanged shut again.

Page 206:

“Has it ever occurred to you,” he said, “that the whole history of English poetry has been determined by the fact that the English language lacks rhymes?”

Page 206:

They talk **desultorily** for some minutes, then, without apparent reason, a yell from the telescreen bade them be silent.

Page 207:

This time Winston startled into self-forgetfulness.

“*You* here!” he said.

Parsons gave Winston a glance in which there was neither interest or surprise, but only misery. He began walking jerkily up and down, evidently unable to keep still. Each time he straightened his pudgy knees it was apparent that they were trembling. His eyes had a wide-open, staring look, as though he could not prevent himself from gazing at something in the middle distance.

“What are you in for?” said Winston.

“Thoughtcrime!” said Parsons, almost blubbering.

Page 208:

“Who denounced you?” said Winston.

“It was my little daughter,” said Parsons with a sort of doleful pride. “She listened at the keyhole. Heard what I was saying, and nipped off to the patrols the very next day. Pretty smart for a nipper of seven, eh? I don’t bear her any grudge for it. In fact I’m proud of her. It shows I brought her up in the right spirit, anyways.”

Page 209:

His pale-grey eyes flitted **timorously** from face to face, and turned quickly away again when he caught anyone’s eye.

Page 210:

“Bumstead!” roared the voice. “2713 Bumstead J! Let fall that piece of bread.”

Page 210:

His mouth had swollen into a shapeless cherry-colored mass with a black hole in the middle of it. From time to time a little blood dripped onto the breast of his overalls.

Page 211:

“Comrade! Officer!” he cried. “You don’t have to take me to that place! Haven’t I told you everything already? What else is it you want to know? There’s nothing I wouldn’t confess, nothing! Just tell me what it is and I’ll confess it straight off. Write it down and I’ll sign it—anything! Not room 101!”

“Room 101,” said the officer.

Page 212:

More dimly he thought of Julia. Somewhere or other she as suffering, perhaps worse than he.

Page 213:

The boots were approaching again. The door opened. O’Brien came in.

Winston started to his feet. The shock of the sight had driven all caution out of him. For the first time in many years he forgot the presence of the telescreen.

“They’ve got you too!” he cried.

“They got me a long time ago,” said O’Brien with a mild, almost regretful irony. He stepped aside. From behind him there emerged a broad-chested guard with a long black truncheon in his hand.

“You knew this, Winston,” said O’Brien. “Don’t deceive yourself. You did know—you have always known it.”

Yes, he saw now, he had always known it.

Page 213:

In the face of pain there are no heroes, no heroes, he thought over and over as he writhed on the floor, clutching uselessly at his disabled left arm.

Page 214:

How many times he had been beaten, how long the beatings had continued, he could not remember.

Page 216:

He was in a cell which might have been either dark or light, because he could see nothing except a pair of eyes. Near at hand some kind of instrument was ticking slowly and regularly. The eyes grew larger and more luminous. Suddenly he floated out of his seat, dived into the eyes, and was swallowed up.

Page 217:

With him were the guards, the other questioners, the men in white coats, O'Brien, Julia, Mr. Charrington, all rolling down the corridor together shouting with laughter. Some dreadful thing which had lain embedded in the future had somehow been skipped over and had not happened. Everything was all right, there was no more pain, the last detail of his life was laid bare, understood, forgiven.

Page 217:

He was the tormentor, he was the protector, he was the inquisitor, he was the friend.

Page 218:

Without any warning except a slight movement of O'Brien's hand, a wave of pain flooded his body. It was a frightening pain, because he could not see what was happening, and he had the feeling that some mortal injury was being done to him.

Page 219:

If you tell me any lies, or attempt to prevaricate in any way, or even fall below your usual level of intelligence, you will cry out with pain, instantly. Do you understand that?

Page 220:

It was *the* photograph. It was another copy of the photograph of Jones, Aaronson, and Rutherford at the Party function in New York, which he had chanced upon eleven years ago and promptly destroyed. For only an instant it was before his eyes, he had seen it! He made a desperate, agonizing effort to wrench the top half of his body free. It was impossible to move so much as a centimeter in any direction.

Page 221:

“ ‘Who controls the present controls the future; who controls the present controls the past,’ ” repeated Winston obediently.

Page 221:

O'Brien smiled faintly. “You are no metaphysician, Winston,” he said. “Until this moment you had never considered what is meant by existence. I will put it more precisely. Does the past exist concretely, in space? Is there somewhere or other a place, a world of solid objects, where the past is still happening?”

Page 222:

When you delude yourself into thinking that you see something, you assume that everyone else sees the same thing as you. But I tell you, Winston, reality is not external. Reality exists in the human mind, and nowhere else.

Page 223:

“How can I help it?” he blubbered. “How can I help seeing what is in front of my eyes? Two and two are four.”

“Sometimes, Winston. Sometimes they are five. Sometimes they are three. Sometimes they are all of them at once. You must try harder. It is not easy to become sane.”

Page 226:

We do not merely destroy our enemies; we change them. Do you understand what I mean by that?”

Page 226:

Because the Inquisition killed its enemies in the open, and killed them while they were unrepentant; in dying because they would not abandon their true beliefs. Men were dying because they would not abandon their true beliefs. Naturally all the victim and all the shame to the Inquisitor who burned him. Later, in the twentieth century, there were the totalitarians, as they were called. There were the German Nazis and the Russian Communists. The Russians persecuted heresy more cruelly than the Inquisition had done. And they imagined that they had learned from the mistakes of the past; they knew, at any rate, that one must not make martyrs. Before they exposed their victims to public trial, they deliberately set themselves to destroy their dignity. They wore them down by torture and solitude until they were despicable, cringing wretches, confessing whatever was put into their mouths, covering themselves with abuse, accusing and sheltering behind one another, whimpering for mercy.

Page 226 – 227:

We do not make mistakes of that kind. All the confessions that are uttered here are true. We make them true. And, above all, we do not allow the dead to rise up against us. You must stop imagining that posterity will vindicate you, Winston. Posterity will never hear of you. You will be lifted clean out from the stream of history. We shall turn you into gas and pour you into the stratosphere. Nothing will remain of you: not a name in a register, not a memory in a living brain. You will be annihilated in the past as well as in the future. You will never have existed.”

Page 227:

O’Brien smiled slightly. “You are a flaw in the pattern, Winston. You are a stain that must be wiped out. Did I not tell you just now that we are different from the persecutors of the past? We are not content with negative obedience, nor even with the most abject submission. When finally you surrender to us, it must be of your own free will. We do not destroy the heretic because he resists us; so long as he resists us we never destroy him. We convert him, we capture his inner mind, we reshape him. We make him one of ourselves before we kill him. It is intolerable to us that an erroneous thought should exist anywhere in the world, however secret and powerless it may be. Even in the instant of death we cannot permit any deviation.

Page 227 – 228:

The command of the old **despotisms** was “Thou shalt not.” The command of the totalitarians was ‘Thou shalt.’ Our command is ‘*Thou art.*’ No one whom we bring to this place ever stands out against us. Everyone is washed clean. Even those three miserable traitors in whose innocence you once believed—Jones, Aaronson, and Rutherford—in the end we broke them down. I took part in their interrogation myself. I saw them gradually worn down, whimpering, groveling, weeping—and in the end it was not with pain or fear, only with penitence. By the time we had finished with them they were only the shells of men. There was nothing left in them except sorrow for what they had done, and love of Big Brother. It was touching to see how they loved him. They begged to be shot quickly, so that they could die while their minds were still clean.”

Page 228 – 229:

Understand that in advance. We shall crush you down to the point from which there is no coming back. Things will happen to you from which there is no coming back. Things will happen to you from which you could not recover, if you lived a thousand years. Never again will you be capable of ordinary human feeling. Everything will be dead inside you. Never again will you be capable of love, or friendship, or joy of living, or laughter. Or curiosity, or courage, or integrity. You will be hollow. We shall squeeze you empty, and then we shall fill you with ourselves.”

Page 229:

At this moment there was a devastating explosion, or what seemed like an explosion, though it was not certain whether there was any noise. There was undoubtedly a blinding flash of light. Winston was not hurt, only prostrated. Although he had already been lying on his back when the thing happened, he had a curious feeling that he had been knocked into that position. A terrific, painless blow had flattened him out. Also something had happened inside his head. As his eyes regained focus he remembered who he was, and where he was, and recognized the face that was gazing into his own; but somewhere or other there was a large patch of emptiness, as though a piece had been taken out of his brain.

Page 230 – 231:

Over to his left Winston saw the man in the white coat break an **ampoule** and draw back the plunger of a syringe.

Page 232:

“Does the Brotherhood exist?”

“That, Winston, you will never know. If we choose to set you free when we have finished with you, and if you live to be ninety years old, still you will never learn whether the answer to that question is Yes or No. As long as you live, it will be an unsolved riddle in your mind.”

Page 232:

He still had not asked the question that had come into his mind the first.

Page 232:

“What is in Room 101?”

The expression on O’Brien’s face did not change. He answered **drily**:

“You know what is in Room 101, Winston. Everyone knows what is in Room 101.”

He raised a finger to the man in the white coat. Evidently the session was at an end. A needle jerked into Winston’s arm. He sank almost instantly into deep sleep.

Page 233:

He could not remember how many sessions there had been. The whole process seemed to stretch out over a long, indefinite time—weeks, possibly—and the intervals between the sessions might sometimes have been days, sometimes only an hour or two.

Page 233:

“I wrote it. That is to say, I collaborated in writing it. No book is produced individually, as you know.”

Page 234:

That it sought power because men in the mass were frail, cowardly creatures who could not endure liberty or face the truth, and must be ruled over and systematically deceived by others who were stronger than themselves.

Page 234:

What can you do, thought Winston, against a lunatic who is more intelligent than yourself, who gives your arguments a fair hearing and then simply persists in his lunacy?

Page 235:

One does not establish a dictatorship in order to safeguard a revolution; one makes the revolution in order to establish the dictatorship. The object of persecution is persecution. The object of torture is torture. The object of power is power. Now do you begin to understand me?

Page 235:

“We are the priests of power,” he said. “God is power. But at present power is only a word so far as you are concerned. It is time for you to gather some idea of what power means. The first thing you must realize is that power is collective. The individual only has power in so far as he ceases to be an individual. You know the Party slogan ‘Freedom is Slavery.’ Has it ever occurred to you that it is reversible? Slavery is freedom.

Page 236 – 237:

“But how can you control matter?” he burst out. “You don’t even control the climate or the law of gravity. And there are disease, pain, death—“

O’Brien silenced him by a movement of the hand. “We control matter because we control the mind. Reality is inside the skull. You will learn by degrees, Winston. There is nothing that we could not do. Invisibility, levitation—anything. I could float off this floor like a soap bubble if I wished to. I do not wish to, because the Party does not wish it. You must get rid of those nineteenth-century ideas about the laws of nature. We make the laws of nature.”

“But you do not! You are not even masters of this planet. What about Eurasia and Eastasia? You have not conquered them yet.”

“Unimportant. We shall conquer them when it suits us. And if we do not, what difference would it make? We can shut them out of existence. Oceania is the world.”

“But the world itself is only a speck of dust. And man is tiny—helpless! How long has he been in existence? For millions of years the earth was uninhabited.”

“Nonsense. The earth is as old as we are, no older. How could it be older? Nothing exists except through human consciousness.”

“But the rocks are full of the bones of extinct animals—mammoths and mastodons and enormous reptiles which lived here long before men was ever heard of.”

“Have you ever seen those bones, Winston? Of course not. Nineteenth-century biologists invented them. Before man there was nothing. After man, if he could come to an end, there would be nothing. Outside man there is nothing.”

“But the whole universe is outside us. Look at the stars! Some of them are a million light-years away. They are out of our reach forever.”

“What are the stars?” said O’Brien indifferently. “They are bits of fire a few kilometers away. We could reach them if we wanted to. Or we could blot them out. The earth is the center of the universe. The sun and the stars go round it.”

Page 237:

“For certain purposes, of course, that is not true. When we navigate the ocean, or when we predict an eclipse, we often find it convenient to assume the earth goes round the sun and that the stars are millions upon millions of kilometers away. But what of it? Do you suppose it is beyond us to produce a

dual system of astronomy? The stars can be near or distant, according as we need them. Do you suppose our mathematicians are unequal to that? Have you forgotten doublethink?

Page 238:

“How does one man assert his power over another, Winston?”

Winston thought. “By making him suffer,” he said.

“Exactly. By making him suffer. Obedience is not enough. Unless he is suffering, how can you be sure that he is obeying your will and not his own? Power is in inflicting pain and humiliation. Power is in tearing human minds to pieces and putting them together again in new shapes of your own choosing. Do you begin to see, then, what kind of world we are re-creating? It is the exact opposite of the stupid hedonistic Utopias that the old reformers imagined. A world of fear and treachery and torment, a world of trampling and being trampled upon, a world which will grow not less but *more* merciless as it refines itself. Progress in our world will be progress toward more pain. The old civilization claimed they were founded on love and justice. Ours is founded upon hatred. In our world there will be no emotions except fear, rage, triumph, and self-abasement. Everything we shall destroy—everything. Already we are breaking down the habits of thought which have survived from before the Revolution. We have cut the links between child and parent, and between man and man, and between man and woman. No one dares trust a wife or a child or a friend any longer. But in the future there will be no wives and no friends. Children will be taken from their mothers at birth, as one takes eggs from a hen. The sex instinct will be eradicated. Procreation will be an annual formality like the renewal of a ration card. We shall abolish the orgasm. Our neurologists are at work upon it now. There will be no loyalty, except loyalty toward the Party. There will be no love, except the love of Big Brother. There will be no laughter, except the laugh of triumph over a defeated enemy. There will be no art, no literature, no science. When we are omnipotent we shall have no more need of science. There will be no distinction between beauty and ugliness. There will be no curiosity, no enjoyment of the process of life. All competing pleasures will be destroyed. But always—do not forget this, Winston—always there will be the intoxication of power, constantly increasing and constantly growing subtler. Always, at every moment, there will be the thrill of victory, the sensation of trampling on an enemy who is helpless. If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face—forever.”

Page 239:

It will be a world of terror as much as a world of triumph.

Page 240 – 241:

“I don’t care. In the end they will beat you. Sooner or later they will see you for what you are, and then they will tear you to pieces.”

“Do you see any evidence that this is happening? Or any reason why it should?”

“No. I believe it. I *know* that you will fail. There is something in the universe—I don’t know, some spirit, some principle—that you will never overcome.”

“Do you believe in God, Winston?”

“No.”

“Then what is it, this principle that will defeat us?”

“I don’t know. The spirit of Man.”

“And do you consider yourself a man?”

“Yes.”

“If you are a man, Winston, you are the last man. Your kind is extinct; we are the inheritors. Do you understand that you are *alone*? You are outside history, you are nonexistent.” His manner changed and he said more harshly: “And you consider yourself morally superior to us, with our lies and our cruelty?”

“Yes, I consider myself morally superior.”

Page 243:

“You are rotting away,” he said; “you are falling to pieces. What are you? A bag of filth. Now turn round and look into that mirror again. Do you see that thing facing you? That is the last man. If you are human, that is humanity. Now put your clothes on again.”

Page 244:

“Tell me,” he said, “how soon will they shoot me?”

“It might be along time,” said O’Brien. “You are a difficult case. But don’t give up hope. Everything is cured sooner or later. In the end we shall shoot you.”

Page 245:

He had no matches, but the never speaking guard who brought his food would give him a light. The first time he tried to smoke it made him sick, but he persevered, and spun the packet out for a long time smoking half a cigarette after each meal.

They had given him a white slate with a stump of pencil tied to the corner. At first he made no use of it. Even when he was awake he was completely **torpid**. Often he would lie from one meal to the next almost without stirring, sometimes asleep, sometimes waking into vague reveries in which it was too much trouble to open his eyes. He had long grown used to sleeping with a strong light on his face. It seemed to make no difference, except that one’s dreams were more coherent.

Page 247:

He knew now that for seven years the Thought Police had watched him like a beetle under a magnifying glass.

Page 247:

But then there came a sort of cheek. His mind, as though shying away from something, seemed unable to concentrate. He knew that he knew what came next, but for the moment he could not recall it. When he did recall it, it was only by consciously reasoning out what it must be; it did not come of its own accord. He wrote:

GOD IS POWER.

Page 248:

All happenings are in the mind.

Page 248:

Crimestop, they called it in Newspeak.

Page 249:

Stupidity was as necessary as intelligence, and as difficult to attain.

Page 252:

This place was many meters underground, as deep down as it was possible to go.

Page 253:

The thing that is in Room 101 is the worst thing in the world.”

Page 253:

“In your case,” said O’Brien, “the worst thing in the world happens to be rats.”

Page 254:

They show an astonishing intelligence in knowing when a human being is helpless.”

Page 255:

He must interpose another human being, the *body* of another human being, between himself and the rats.

Page 255:

“It was a common punishment in Imperial China,” said O’Brien as didactically as ever.

Page 256:

“Do it to Julia! Do it to Julia! Not me! Julia! I don’t care what you do to her. Tear her face off, strip her to the bones. Not me! Julia! Not me!”

Page 257:

The mid-day bulletin had not mentioned any definite area, but it was probably that already the mouth of the Congo was a battlefield. Brazzaville and Leopoldville were in danger.

Page 258:

He even had a job, a **sinecure**, more highly paid than his old job had been.

Page 259:

An extraordinary medley of feelings—but it was not a medley, exactly; rather it was successive layers of feelings, in which one could not say which layer was undermost—struggled inside him.

Page 259:

Something was killed in your breast; burnt out, **cauterized** out.

Page 260:

Her face was **sallow**, and there was a long scar, partly hidden by the hair, across her forehead and temple; but that was not the change.

Page 261:

“Sometimes,” she said, “they threaten you with something—something you can’t stand up to, can’t even think about. And then you say, ‘Don’t do it to me, do it to somebody else, do it to so-and-so.’”

Page 261:

“We must meet again,” he said.

“Yes,” she said, “we must meet again.”

Page 263:

They were engaged in producing something called an Interim Report, but what it was that they reporting on he had never definitely found out. It was something to do with the question of whether commas should be placed inside brackets, or outside.

Page 263:

As though for reassurance he looked up at the imperturbable face in the portrait.

Page 263:

His interest flagged again.

Page 264:

A lovely toy—you'll love it"; and then she had gone out in the rain, to a little general shop which was still sporadically open near by, and come back with a cardboard box containing an outfit of Snakes and Ladders.

Page 264:

Soon he was wildly excited and shouting with laughter as the tiddlywinks climbed hopefully up the ladders and then came slithering down the snakes again, almost back to the starting point.

Page 265:

He could hear just enough of what was issuing from the telescreen to realize that it had all happened as he had foreseen: a vast seaborne armada secretly assembled, a sudden blow in the enemy's rear, the white arrow tearing across the tail of the black.

Page 265:

The colossus that **bestrode** the world!

Page 265:

He thought how ten minutes ago—yes, only ten minutes—there had still been **equivocation** in his heart as he wondered whether the news from the front would be of victory or defeat.

Page 266:

He gazed up at the enormous face. Forty years it had taken him to learn what kind of smile was hidden beneath the dark mustache. O cruel, needless, misunderstanding! O stubborn, self-willed exile from the loving breast! Two gin-scented tears trickled down the sides of his nose. But it was all right, everything was all right, the struggle was finished. He had won the victory over himself. He loved Big Brother.

Page 267:

THE PRINCIPLES OF NEWSPEAK

Newspeak was the official language of Oceania and had been devised to meet the ideological needs of Ingsoc, or English Socialism. IN the year 1984 there was not yet anyone who used Newspeak as his sole means of communication, either in speech or writing. The leading articles in the Times were written in in, but this was a tour de force which could only be carried out by a specialist. It was expected that Newspeak would have finally superseded Oldspeak (or Standard English, as we should call it) by about the year 2050.

Page 268:

It could not be used in its old sense of "politically free" or "intellectually free," since political and intellectual freedom no longer existed even as concepts, and were therefore of necessity nameless.

Page 269:

No etymological principle was involved here; in some cases it was the original noun that was chosen for retention, in other cases the verb. Even where a noun and verb of kindred meaning were not etymologically connected, one or other of them was frequently suppressed.

Page 270:

Thus, for example, *uncold* meant “warm,” while *pluscold* and *doublepluscold* meant, respectively, “very cold” and “superlatively cold.”

Page 270:

Thus, in all verbs the **preterite** and the past participle were the same and ended in *-ed*. The preterite of *steal* was *stealed*, the **preterite** of *think* was *thinked*, and so on throughout the language, all such forms as *swam*, *gave*, *brought*, *spoke*, *taken*, etc., being abolished.

Page 270:

A word which was difficult to utter, or was liable to be incorrectly heard, was held to be **ipso facto** a bad word; occasionally therefore, for the sake of **euphony**, extra letters were inserted into a word or an archaic formation was retained.

Page 271:

The resulting amalgam was always a non-verb, and inflected according to the ordinary rules.

Page 271 – 272:

The B words were not constructed on any etymological plan. The words of which they were made up could be any parts of speech, and could be placed in any order and mutilated in any way which made them easy to pronounce while indicating their **derivation**. In the word *crimethink* (thoughtcrime), for instance, the *think* came second, whereas in *thinkpol* (Thought Police) it came first, and in the latter word *police* has lost its second syllable.

Page 273:

Countless other words such as *honor*, *justice*, *morality*, *internationalism*, *democracy*, *science*, and *religion* had simply ceased to exist.

Page 273:

What was required in a Party member was an outlook similar to that of the ancient Hebrew who knew, without knowing much else, that all nations other than his own worshiped “false gods.” He did not need to know these gods were called Baal, Osirus, Moloch, Ashtaroth, and the like; probably the less he knew about them the better for his orthodoxy. He knew Jehovah and the commandments of Jehovah; he knew, therefore, that all gods with other names or other attributes were false gods.

Page 273:

His sexual life, for example, was entirely regulated by the two Newspeak words *sexcrime* (sexual immorality) and *goodsex* (chastity). *Sexcrime* covered all sexual misdeeds whatever. It covered fornication, adultery, homosexuality, and other perversions, and, in addition, normal intercourse practiced for its own sake. There was no need to enumerate them separately, since they were all equally culpable, and, in principle, all punishable by death. In the C vocabulary, which consisted of scientific and technical words, it might be necessary to give specialized names to certain sexual **aberrations**, but the ordinary citizen had no need of them. He knew what was meant by *goodsex*—that is to say, normal intercourse between man and wife, for the sole purpose of begetting children, and without physical pleasure on the part of the woman; all else was *sexcrime*. In Newspeak it was seldom possible to follow

a heretical thought further than the perception that it *was* heretical; beyond that point the necessary words were nonexistent.

Page 274:

No word in the B vocabulary was ideologically neutral. A great many were **euphemisms**. Such words, for instance, as *joycamp* (forced-labor camp) or *Minipax* (Ministry of Peace, i.e., Ministry of War) meant almost the exact opposite of what they appeared to mean. Some words, on the other hand, displayed a frank and contemptuous understanding of the real nature of Oceanic society. An example was *prolefeed*, meaning the rubbishy entertainment and **spurious** news which the Party handed out to the masses.

Page 274:

In the Ministry of Truth, for example, the Records Department, in which Winston Smith worked, was called *Recdep*, the Fiction Department was called *Ficdep*, the Telegrams Department was called *Teledep*, and so on. This was not done solely with the object of saving time. Even in the early decades of the twentieth century, telescoped words and phrases had been one of the characteristic features of political language.; and it had been noticed that the tendency to use abbreviations of this kind was most marked in totalitarian countries and totalitarian organizations. Examples were such words as *Nazi*, *Gestapo*, *Comintern*, *Inprecorr*, *Agitprop*.

Page 275:

And rightly so, since what was required, above all for political purposes, were short clipped words of unmistakable meaning which could be uttered rapidly and which roused the minimum of echoes in the speaker's mind. The words of the B vocabulary even gained in force from the fact that nearly all of them were very much alike. Almost invariably these words—*goodthink*, *Minipax*, *prolefeed*, *sexcrime*, *joycamp*, *Ingsoc*, *bellyfeed*, *thinkpol*, and countless others—were words of two or three syllables, with the stress distributed equally between the first syllable and the last. The use of them encouraged a gabbling style of speech, at once staccato and monotonous.

Page 276:

Ultimately it was hoped to make articulate speech issue from the larynx without involving the higher brain centers at all. This aim was frankly admitted in the Newspeak word *duckspeak*, meaning “to quack like a duck.” Like various other words in the B vocabulary, *duckspeak* was ambivalent in meaning. Provided that the opinions which were quacked out were orthodox ones, it implied nothing but praise, and when the *Times* referred to one of the orators of the Party as a *doubleplusgood duskspeaker* it was paying a warm and valued compliment.

Page 278:

Take for example the well-known passage from the Declaration of Independence:

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among men, deriving powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any form of Government becomes destructive of those ends, it is the right of the People to alter or abolish it, and to institute new Government...

It would have been quite impossible to render this into Newspeak while keeping to the sense of the original. The nearest one could come to doing so would be to swallow the whole passage up in the

single word *crimethink*. A full translation could only be changed into a **panegyric** on absolute government.

Page 278 – 279:

Various writers, such as Shakespeare, Milton, Swift, Byron, Dickens, and some others were therefore in process of translation; when the task had been completed, their original writings, with all else that survived of the literature of the past, would be destroyed. These translations were a slow and difficult business, and it was not expected that they would be finished before the first or second decade of the twenty-first century. There were also large quantities of merely utilitarian literature—indispensable technical manuals and the like—that had to be treated in the same way. It was chiefly in order to allow time for the preliminary work of translation that the final adoption of Newspeak had been fixed for so late a date as 2050.

Page 280:

AFTERWORD

George Orwell's *1984* is the expression of a mood, and it is a warning. The mood it expresses is that of near despair about the future of man, and the warning is that unless the course of history changes, men all over the world will lose their most human qualities, will become soulless automatons, and will not even be aware of it.

The mood of hopelessness about the future of man is in marked contrast to one of the most fundamental features of Western thought: the faith in human progress and in man's capacity to create a world of justice and peace. This hope has its roots in both Greek and in Roman thinking, as well as in the Messianic concept of the Old Testament prophets. The Old Testament philosophy of history assumes that man grows and unfolds in history and eventually becomes what he potentially is. It assumes that he develops his power of reason and love fully, and thus is enabled to grasp the world, being one with his fellow man and nature, at the same time preserving his individuality and his integrity. Universal peace and justice are the goals of man, and the prophets have faith that in spite of all errors and sins, eventually this "end of days" will arrive, symbolized by the figure of the Messiah.

Page 281 – 283:

One of the most important ones is a new form of writing which developed since the Renaissance, the first expression of which was Thomas More's *Utopia* (literally: "Nowhere"), a name which was then generically applied to all other similar works. Thomas More's *Utopia* combined a most penetrating criticism of his own society, its irrationality and its injustice, with the picture of a society which, though perhaps not perfect, had solved most of the human problems which sounded insoluble to his own contemporaries. What characterizes Thomas More's *Utopia*, and all the others, is that they do not speak in general terms of principles, but give an imaginative picture of the concrete details of a society which corresponds to the deepest longings of man. In contrast to prophetic thought, these perfect societies are not at "the end of the days" but exist already—though in a geographic distance rather than in the distance of time.

Thomas More's *Utopia* was followed by two others, the Italian friar Campanella's *City of the Sun*, and the German humanist Andreae's *Christianopolis*, the latter being the most modern of the three. There are differences in viewpoint and in originality in this trilogy of utopias, yet the differences are minor in comparison with what they have in common. Utopias were written from then on for several hundred years, until the beginning of the twentieth century. The latest and most influential utopia was Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, published in 1888. Aside from *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *Ben Hur*, it was undoubtedly the most popular book at the turn of the century, printed in many millions of copies

in the United States, translated into over twenty languages. Bellamy's utopia is part of the great American tradition as expressed in the thinking of Whitman, Thoreau, and Emerson. It is the American version of the ideas which at that time found their most forceful expression in the socialist movement in Europe.

This hope for man's individual and social perfectibility, which in philosophical and anthropological terms was clearly expressed in the writing of the Enlightenment philosophers of the eighteenth century and of the socialist thinkers of the nineteenth, remained unchanged until after the First World War. This war, in which millions died for the territorial ambitions of the European powers, although under the illusion of fighting for peace and democracy, was the beginning of that development which tended in a relatively short time to destroy a two-thousand-year-old Western tradition of hope and to transform it into a mood of despair. The moral callousness of the First World War was only the beginning. Other events followed: the betrayal of the socialist hopes by Stalin's reactionary state capitalism; the severe economic crisis at the end of the twenties; the victory of barbarism in one of the oldest centers of culture in the world—Germany; the insanity of Stalinist terror during the thirties; the Second World War, in which all the fighting nations lost some of the moral considerations which had still existed in the First World War; the unlimited destruction of civilian populations, started by Hitler and continued by the even more complete destruction of cities such as Hamburg and Dresden and Tokyo, and eventually by the use of atomic bombs against Japan. Since then the human race has been confronted with an even greater danger—that of the destruction of our civilization, if not of all mankind, by thermonuclear weapons as they exist today and as they are being developed in increasingly frightful proportions.

Most people, however, are not consciously aware of this threat and of their own hopelessness. Some believe that just because modern warfare is so destructive, war is impossible; others declare that even if sixty or seventy million Americans were killed in the first one or two days of a nuclear war, there is no reason to believe that life would not go on as before after the first shock has been overcome. It is precisely the significance of Orwell's book that it expresses the new mood of hopelessness which pervades our age before this mood has become manifest and taken hold of the consciousness of people.

Orwell is not alone in this endeavor. Two other writers, the Russian Zamyatin in his book *We*, and Aldous Huxley in his *Brave New World*, have expressed the mood of the present, and a warning for the future., in many ways similar to Orwell's. This new trilogy of what may be called the "negative utopias" of the middle of the twentieth century is the counterpoint to the trilogy of the positive utopias mentioned before, written in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.¹ The negative utopias express the mood of powerlessness and hopelessness of modern man just as the early utopias expressed the mood of self-confidence and hope of post-medieval man.

Page 283 – 284:

The three negative utopias differ from each other in detail and emphasis. Zamyatin's *We*, written in the twenties, has more features in common with *1984* than with Huxley's *Brave New World*. *We* and *1984* both depict the completely bureaucratized society, in which man is a number and loses all sense of individuality."

Page 285:

It remains the aim of the ruling party to discover how "to kill several hundred million people in a few seconds without giving warning beforehand." Orwell wrote *1984* before the discovery of thermonuclear weapons, and it is only a historical footnote to say that in the fifties the very aim which was just mentioned had already been reached.

Page 286:

Orwell demonstrates the illusion of the assumption that democracy can continue to exist in a world preparing for nuclear war, and he does so imaginatively and brilliantly.

Page 286 – 290:

Another important aspect is Orwell's description of the nature of truth, which on the surface is a picture of Stalin's treatment of truth, especially in the thirties. But anyone who sees in Orwell's description only another denunciation of Stalinism is missing an essential element of Orwell's analysis. He is actually talking about a development which is taking place in the Western industrial countries also, only at a slower pace than it is taking place in Russia or China. The basic question which Orwell raises is whether there is any such thing as "truth." "Reality," so the ruling party holds, "is not external. Reality exists in the human mind and nowhere else...whatever the Party holds to be the truth is truth." If this is so, then by controlling men's minds the Party controls truth. In a dramatic conversation between the protagonist of the Party and the beaten rebel, a conversation which is a worthy analogy to Dostoyevsky's conversation between the Inquisitor and Jesus, the basic principles of the Party are explained. In contrast to the Inquisitor, however, the leaders of the Party do not even pretend that their system is intended to make man happier, because men, being frail and cowardly creatures, want to escape freedom and are unable to face the truth. The position which Orwell attributes here to the power elite can be said to be an extreme form of philosophical idealism, but it is more to the point to recognize that the concept of truth and reality which exists in *1984* is an extreme form of pragmatism in which truth becomes subordinate to the Party. An American writer, Alan Harrington, who in *Life in the Crystal Palace*² gives a subtle and penetrating picture of life in a big American corporation, has coined an excellent expression for the contemporary concept of truth: "mobile truth." If I work for a big corporation which claims that its product is better than that of all competitors, the question whether this claim is justified or not in terms of ascertainable reality becomes irrelevant. What matters is that as long as I serve this particular corporation, this claim becomes "my" truth, and I decline to examine whether it is an objectively valid truth. In fact, if I change my job and move over to the corporation which was until now "my" competitor, I shall accept the new truth, that its product is the best, and subjectively speaking, this new truth will

¹Cf. This definition of power in Erich Fromm, *Escape from Freedom*. New York: Rinehart & Co., Inc., 1941. Also Simone Weil's definition that power is the capacity to transform a living person into a corpse. That is to say, into a thing.

²Alan Harrington, *Life in the Crystal Palace*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf Inc., 1959; London: Jonathan Cape, Ltd., 1960.

be as true as the old one. It is one of the most characteristic and destructive developments of our own society that man, becoming more and more of an instrument, transforms reality more and more into something relative to his own interests and functions. Truth is proven by the consensus of millions; to the slogan "how can millions be wrong" is added "and how can a minority of one be right." Orwell shows quite clearly that in a system in which the concept of truth as an objective judgment concerning reality is abolished, anyone who is a minority of one must be convinced that he is insane.

In describing the kind of thinking which is dominant in *1984*, Orwell has coined a word which has already become part of the modern vocabulary: "doublethink." "Doublethink means the power of holding two contradictory in one's mind simultaneously, accepting both of them... This process has to be conscious, or it would not be carried out with sufficient precision. But it also has to be unconscious, or it would bring with it a feeling of falsity and hence guilt." It is precisely the unconscious aspect of doublethink which will seduce many a reader of *1984* into believing that the method of doublethink is employed by the Russians and the Chinese, while it is something quite foreign to himself. This, however, is an illusion, as a few examples can demonstrate. We in the West speak of the "free world," in which we include not only systems like those of the United States and England, which are based on free elections and freedom of expression, but we include also South American dictatorships (at least we

did as long as they existed); we also include various forms of dictatorship like those of Franco and Salazar, and those in South Africa, Pakistan and Abyssinia. While we speak about the free world, we actually mean all those states which are against Russia and China and not at all, as the words would indicate, states which have political freedom. Another contemporary example of holding two contradictory beliefs in one's mind discussion about armament. We spend a considerable part of our income and energy in building thermonuclear weapons, and close our minds to the fact that they might go off and destroy one third or one half or most of our population (and that of the enemy). Some go even further; thus Herman Kahn, one of the most influential writers on atomic strategy today, states, "... in other words, war is horrible, there is no question about it, but so is peace, and it is proper with the kind of calculations we are making today to compare the horror of war and the horror of peace, and see how much worse it is."¹

Kahn assumes that thermonuclear war might mean the destruction of sixty million Americans, and yet he finds that even in such a case "the country would recover rather rapidly and effectively,"² and that "normal and happy lives for the majority of the survivors and their descendants" would be precluded by the tragedy of thermonuclear war. This view holds: a) that we prepare for war in order to preserve peace, b) that even if war breaks out and the Russians kill one third of our population and we do the same to them (and if we can, of course, more) still, people will live happy lives afterwards, c) that not only war but also peace is horrible, and it is necessary to examine how much more horrible war is than peace. People who accept this kind of reasoning are called "sober"; those who doubt that if two million or sixty-million died it would leave America essentially untouched are not "sober; those who point to the political and psychological and moral consequences of such destruction are called "unrealistic."

While this is not the place for a lengthy discussion on the problem of disarmament, these examples must be given in order to make the point which is essential for the understanding of Orwell's book, namely that "doublethink" is already with us, and not merely something which will happen in the future, and in dictatorships.

Another important point in Orwell's Discussion is closely related to "doublethink," namely that in a successful manipulation

¹Cf. H. Kahn, *On Thermonuclear War*. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1960, p. 47, n. 1.

²*Ibid.*, p. 74

³*Ibid.*, p. 21.

of the mind the person is no longer saying the opposite of what he thinks, but he thinks the opposite of what is true. Thus, for instance, if he has surrendered his independence and his integrity completely, if he experiences himself as a thing which belongs either to the state, the party or the corporation, then two plus two are five, or "Slavery is Freedom," and he feels free because there is no longer any awareness of the discrepancy between truth and falsehood. Specifically this applies to ideologies. Just as the Inquisitors who tortured their prisoners believed they acted in the name of Christian love, the Party "rejects and vilifies every principle for which the socialist movement originally stood, and it chooses to do this in the name of socialism." Its content is reversed into opposite, and yet people believe that the ideology means what it says. In this respect Orwell quite obviously refers to the falsification of socialism by Russian communism, but it must be added that the West is also guilty of similar falsification. We present our society as being one of free initiative, individualism and idealism, when in reality these are mostly words. We are a centralized managerial industrial society, of an essentially bureaucratic nature, and motivated by a materialism which is only slightly mitigated by truly spiritual or religious concerns. Related to this is another example of "doublethink," namely the few writers, discussing atomic strategy, stumble over the fact that killing, from a Christian standpoint, is as evil or more evil than being killed. The reader will find many other features of our present Western society in Orwell's description in *1984*, provided he can overcome enough of his own "doublethink."

Certainly Orwell's picture is exceedingly depressing, especially if one recognizes that as Orwell himself points out, it is not only a picture of an enemy but of the whole human race at the end of the twentieth century.

Page 291:

¹This problem is analyzed in detail in Erich Fromm, *The Sane Society*. New York: Rinehart & Co., Inc., 1955.

Page 292:

Books like Orwell's are powerful warnings, and it would be most unfortunate if the reader smugly interpreted *1984* as another description of Stalinist barbarism, and if he does not see that it means us, too.

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***Vocab in bold**

Lost and found:

(?) singlemindedness (?)