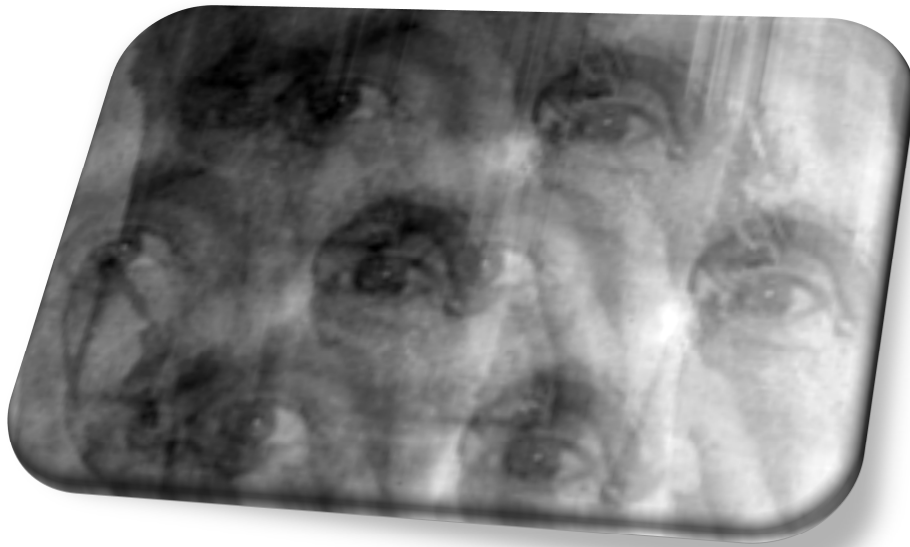


# **nineteen eighty four**



**Matthew Lee Knowles**

**November 2014**

**All lines from George Orwell's "1984" sporting a capital letter have been completely erased from the text. This method reduced the novel from 184 to 50 pages.**

# one

prevent a swirl of gritty dust from entering along with him.

depicted simply an enormous face, more than a metre wide: the face of a man of about forty-five, with a heavy black moustache and ruggedly handsome features. it was seldom working, and at present the electric current was cut off during landing, opposite the lift-shaft, the poster with the enormous face gazed from the beneath it ran.

metal plaque like a dulled mirror which formed part of the surface of the right-over to the window: a smallish, frail figure, the meagreness of his body merely very fair, his face naturally sanguine, his skin roughened by coarse soap and blunt razor blades and the cold of the winter that had just ended.

the street little eddies of wind were whirling dust and torn paper into spirals, and though the sun was shining and the sky a harsh blue, there seemed to be no at streetlevel another poster, torn at one corner, flapped fitfully in the wind, helicopter skimmed down between the roofs, hovered for an instant like a bluebottle, and mattered.

level of a very low whisper, would be picked up by it, moreover, so long as he remained within the field of vision which the metal plaque commanded, he could that became instinct -- in the assumption that every sound you made was overheard, and, except in darkness, every movement scrutinized.

sides shored up with baulks of timber, their windows patched with cardboard and their roofs with corrugated iron, their crazy garden walls sagging in all willow-herb straggled over the heaps of rubble; and the places where the bombs had cleared a larger patch and there had sprung up sordid colonies of wooden dwellings of his childhood except a series of bright-lit tableaux occurring against no background and mostly unintelligible.

then only by penetrating through a maze of barbed-wire entanglements, steel barriers were roamed by gorilla-faced guards in black uniforms, armed with jointed truncheons.

he had sacrificed his lunch in the canteen, and he was aware that there was no food in the kitchen except a hunk of dark-coloured bread which had got to be saved shock, and gulped it down like a dose of medicine.

was like nitric acid, and moreover, in swallowing it one had the sensation of out a penholder, a bottle of ink, and a thick, quarto-sized blank book with a red back and a marbled cover.

geography of the room that had suggested to him the thing that he was now about to do.

yellowed by age, was of a kind that had not been manufactured for at least of the town (just what quarter he did not now remember) and had been stricken supposed not to go into ordinary shops ('dealing on the free market', it was called), but the rule was not strictly kept, because there were various things, such as shoelaces and razor blades, which it was impossible to get hold of in any other

(nothing was illegal, since there were no longer any laws), but if detected it was reasonably certain that it would be punished by death, or at least by twenty-even for signatures, and he had procured one, furtively and with some difficulty, simply because of a feeling that the beautiful creamy paper deserved to be written everything into the speak-write which was of course impossible for his present small clumsy letters he wrote:

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.

not listen to him: or it would be different from it, and his predicament would be meaningless.

lost the power of expressing himself, but even to have forgotten what it was for this moment, and it had never crossed his mind that anything would be needed to paper the interminable restless monologue that had been running inside his head, was conscious of nothing except the blankness of the page in front of him, the itching of the skin above his ankle, the blaring of the music, and a slight booziness caused by the gin.

page, shedding first its capital letters and finally even its full stops:

much amused by shots of a great huge fat man trying to swim away with a helicopter after him, first you saw him wallowing along in the water like a porpoise, then you saw him through the helicopters gunsights, then he was full of holes and the sea round him turned pink and he sank as suddenly as though the holes had let in the water, audience shouting with laughter when he sank. then you saw a lifeboat full of children with a helicopter hovering over it. there was a boy about three years old in her arms. little boy screaming with fright and hiding his head between her breasts as if he was trying to burrow right into her and the woman putting her arms round him and comforting him although she was blue with fright herself, all the time covering him up as much as possible as if she thought her arms could keep the bullets off him. then the helicopter planted a 20 kilo bomb in among them terrific flash and the boat went all to matchwood. then there was a wonderful shot of a child's arm going up up up right up into the air a helicopter with a camera in its nose must have followed it up and there was a lot of applause from the party seats but a woman down in the prole part of the house suddenly started kicking up a fuss and shouting they didnt oughter of showed it not in front of kids they didnt it aint right not in front of kids it aint until the police turned her turned her out i dont suppose anything happened to her nobody cares what the proles say typical prole reaction they never

was that while he was doing so a totally different memory had clarified itself now realized, because of this other incident that he had suddenly decided to come home and begin the diary today.

said to happen.

worked, they were dragging the chairs out of the cubicles and grouping them two people whom he knew by sight, but had never spoken to, came unexpectedly was a bold-looking girl, of about twenty-seven, with thick hair, a freckled face, and

atmosphere of hockey-fields and cold baths and community hikes and general this when they passed in the corridor she gave him a quick sidelong glance which seemed to pierce right into him and for a moment had filled him with black terror. uneasiness, which had fear mixed up in it as well as hostility, whenever she was anywhere near him.

resetting his spectacles on his nose which was curiously disarming -- in some thought in such terms, might have recalled an eighteenth-century nobleman had the appearance of being a person that you could talk to if somehow you could cheat the at his wrist-watch, saw that it was nearly eleven hundred, and evidently decided to with dark hair was sitting immediately behind.

noise that set one's teeth on edge and bristled the hair at the back of one's neck.

was the renegade and backslider who once, long ago (how long ago, nobody activities, had been condemned to death, and had mysteriously escaped and conspiracies: perhaps somewhere beyond the sea, under the protection of his foreign paymasters, perhaps even -- so it was occasionally rumoured -- in some

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 exaggerated and perverse that a child should have been able to see through it, and yet just plausible enough to fill one with an alarmed feeling that other people, less that the revolution had been betrayed -- and all this in rapid polysyllabic speech up to the surface of the screen and vanished, to be replaced by others exactly similar.

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 never passed when spies and saboteurs acting under his directions were not

down in their places and shouting at the tops of their voices in an effort to haired woman had turned bright pink, and her mouth was opening and shutting like straight in his chair, his powerful chest swelling and quivering as though he were that he was shouting with the others and kicking his heel violently against the rung obliged to act a part, but, on the contrary, that it was impossible to avoid joining in. 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. moments his heart went out to the lonely, derided heretic on the screen, sole isolation, his helplessness, and the doubt that hung about his very existence, seemed like some sinister enchanter, capable by the mere power of his voice of wrecking the structure of civilization.

hated her because she was young and pretty and sexless, because he wanted to go to bed with her and would never do so, because round her sweet supple waist, which seemed to ask you to encircle it with your arm, there was only the odious scarlet sash, aggressive symbol of chastity.

advancing, huge and terrible, his sub-machine gun roaring, and seeming to spring out of the surface of the screen, so that some of the people in the front row uttered in the din of battle, not distinguishable individually but restoring

screen, as though the impact that it had made on everyone's eyeballs was too curiously savage, in the background of which one seemed to hear the stamp of but still more it was an act of self-hypnosis, a deliberate drowning of your feelings, to control your face, to do what everyone else was doing, was an instinctive moment that the significant thing happened -- if, indeed, it did happen.

his spectacles and was in the act of resettling them on his nose with his was as though their two minds had opened and the thoughts were flowing from one into

the rumours of vast underground conspiracies were true after all -- perhaps the glimpses that might mean anything or nothing: snatches of overheard conversation, faint scribbles on lavatory walls -- once, even, when two strangers met, a small movement of the hand which had looked as though it might be a signal of second, two seconds, they had exchanged an equivocal glance, and that was the end of the had to live.

rising from his stomach.

voluptuously over the smooth paper, printing in large neat capitals

over and over again, filling half a page.

those particular words was not more dangerous than the initial act of opening the diary, but for a moment he was tempted to tear out the spoiled pages and abandon the enterprise altogether.

might dodge successfully for a while, even for years, but sooner or later they were bound to get you.

jerk out of sleep, the rough hand shaking your shoulder, the lights glaring in had ever done was wiped out, your one-time existence was denied and then

hurried untidy scrawl:

theyll shoot me i don't care theyll shoot me in the back of the neck i dont care down with big brother they always shoot you in the back of the neck i dont care down with big brother

towards the door.

## two

creamy paper by shutting the book while the ink was wet.

lined face, was standing outside.

constantly from ceilings and walls, the pipes burst in every hard frost, the roof leaked whenever there was snow, the heating system was usually running at half except what you could do for yourself, had to be sanctioned by remote committees which were liable to hold up even the mending of a window-pane for two years.

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 dog-eared smell, common to the whole building, but it was shot through by a sharper reek of sweat, which-one knew this at the first sniff, though it was hard to say how was the comb and a piece of toilet paper was trying to keep tune with the military music which was still issuing from the telescreen.

was full nearly to the brim with filthy greenish water which smelt worse than  
hated using his hands, and he hated bending down, which was always liable to start  
fattish but active man of paralysing stupidity, a mass of imbecile enthusiasms -  
- one of those completely unquestioning, devoted drudges on whom, more even  
which intelligence was not required, but on the other hand he was a leading figure  
community hikes, spontaneous demonstrations, savings campaigns, and voluntary  
testimony to the strenuousness of his life, followed him about wherever he went,  
and even remained behind him after he had gone.

joint.

water and disgustedly removed the clot of human hair that had blocked up the  
went back into the other room.

and was menacing him with a toy automatic pistol, while his small sister, them  
were dressed in the blue shorts, grey shirts, and red neckerchiefs which were the  
feeling, so vicious was the boy's demeanour, that it was not altogether a game.

slightly frightening, like the gambolling of tiger cubs which will soon grow up  
thought.

actually was dust in the creases of her face.

back from work in time.'

capering round.

the passage when something hit the back of his neck an agonizingly painful  
pocketed a catapult.

clipped military voice was reading out, with a sort of brutal relish, a

systematically turned into ungovernable little savages, and yet this produced in  
processions, the banners, the hiking, the drilling with dummy rifles, the yelling of  
eavesdropping little sneak -- 'child hero' was the phrase generally used -- had

heartedly, wondering whether he could find something more to write in the  
dark.

meant, only that in some way or another it would come true.

authorized to say that the action we are now reporting may well bring the war  
killed and prisoners, came the announcement that, as from next week, the  
chocolate ration would be reduced from thirty grammes to twenty.

wandering in the forests of the sea bottom, lost in a monstrous world where he  
lettering, the same slogans were inscribed, and on the other face of the coin the  
stamps, on the covers of books, on banners, on posters, and on the wrappings of a  
centimetres inside your skull.

with the light no longer shining on them, looked grim as the loopholes of a  
trace of you, not even an anonymous word scribbled on a piece of paper, could  
physically survive?

back at work by fourteen-thirty.

making yourself heard but by staying sane that you carried on the human  
different from one another and do not live alone -- to a time when truth exists  
and what is done cannot be undone:

when he had begun to be able to formulate his thoughts, that he had taken the  
wrote:

(a woman, probably: someone like the little sandy-haired woman or the dark-writing during the lunch interval, why he had used an old-fashioned pen, what he bathroom and carefully scrubbed the ink away with the gritty dark-brown soap which rasped your skin like sandpaper and was therefore well adapted for this purpose.

up an identifiable grain of whitish dust and deposited it on the corner of the cover, where it was bound to be shaken off if the book was moved.

## three

have been swallowed up in one of the first great purges of the fifties.

well, for instance, or a very deep grave -- but it was a place which, already far saloon, they could still see him and he them, but all the while they were sinking down, down into the green waters which in another moment must hide them from either in their faces or in their hearts, only the knowledge that they must die in order that he might remain alive, and that this was part of the unavoidable order of things.

was one of those dreams which, while retaining the characteristic dream scenery, are a continuation of one's intellectual life, and in which one becomes years ago, had been tragic and sorrowful in a way that was no longer possible. privacy, love, and friendship, and when the members of a family stood by one because she had died loving him, when he was too young and selfish to love her in return, and because somehow, he did not remember how, she had sacrificed herself of his mother and his sister, looking up at him through the green water, hundreds of fathoms down and still sinking.

recurred so often in his dreams that he was never fully certain whether or not the boughs of the elm trees were swaying very faintly in the breeze, their leaves out of sight, there was a clear, slow-moving stream where dace were swimming in the pools under the willow trees.

seemed a single movement she tore off her clothes and flung them disdainfully carelessness it seemed to annihilate a whole culture, a whole system of thought, as lips.

was 600 -- and seized a dingy singlet and a pair of shorts that were lying he was doubled up by a violent coughing fit which nearly always attacked him soon had swelled with the effort of the cough, and the varicose ulcer had started itching.

a youngish woman, scrawny but muscular, dressed in tunic and gym-shoes, had already appeared.

impression made by his dream, and the rhythmic movements of the exercise his face the look of grim enjoyment which was considered proper during the which had quite probably not happened, you remembered the detail of incidents without being able to recapture their atmosphere, and there were long blank periods to

at war, but it was evident that there had been a fairly long interval of peace during his childhood, because one of his early memories was of an air raid which remember his father's hand clutching his own as they hurried down, down, down



into some place deep in the earth, round and round a spiral staircase which rang under his feet and which finally so wearied his legs that he began whimpering and bundle of blankets that she was carrying: he was not certain whether his sister had

and his mother and father found themselves a place on the floor, and near them on a decent dark suit and a black cloth cap pushed back from very white hair: his seemed to breathe out of his skin in place of sweat, and one could have fancied that repeating:

remember.

was fighting whom at any given moment, would have been utterly impossible, since no written record, and no spoken word, ever made mention of any other or private utterance was it ever admitted that the three powers had at any time been that was merely a piece of furtive knowledge which he happened to possess represented absolute evil, and it followed that any past or future agreement with him was impossible.

shoulders painfully backward (with hands on hips, they were gyrating their bodies from the waist, an exercise that was supposed to be good for the back thrust its hand into the past and say of this or that event, it never happened -- that, surely, was more terrifying than mere torture and death?

know, to be conscious of complete truthfulness while telling carefully constructed lies, to hold simultaneously two opinions which cancelled out, knowing them to be contradictory and believing in both of them, to use logic against logic, to repudiate morality while laying claim to it, to believe that forget whatever it was necessary to forget, then to draw it back into memory again at the moment when it was needed, and then promptly to forget it again: and above all, to consciously to induce unconsciousness, and then, once again, to become word 'doublethink' involved the use of doublethink.

even the most obvious fact when there existed no record outside your own had been gradually pushed backwards in time until already they extended into the fabulous world of the forties and the thirties, when the capitalists in their strange he had held in his hands unmistakable documentary proof of the falsification of an watch me.'

raised her arms above her head and -- one could not say gracefully, but with remarkable neatness and efficiency -- bent over and tucked the first joint of her fingers under her toes.

don't all have the privilege of fighting in the front line, but at least we can all lunge, succeeded in touching his toes with knees unbent, for the first time in several years.

## four

speakwrite towards him, blew the dust from its mouthpiece, and put on his which had already flopped out of the pneumatic tube on the right-hand side of his desk.

speakwrite, a small pneumatic tube for written messages, to the left, a larger was due for destruction, or even when one saw a scrap of waste paper lying about,

it was an automatic action to lift the flap of the nearest memory hole and drop it in, whereupon it would be whirled away on a current of warm air to the enormous furnaces which were hidden somewhere in the recesses of the building.

contained a message of only one or two lines, in the abbreviated jargon -- not

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 doubleplusungood refs unpersons

rewrite fullwise upsub antefiling

three were routine matters, though the second one would probably mean some tedious wading through lists of figures.

one reason or another it was thought necessary to alter, or, as the official the output of various classes of consumption goods in the fourth quarter of 1983, contained a statement of the actual output, from which it appeared that the message, it referred to a very simple error which could be set right in a couple of promise (a 'categorical pledge' were the official words) that there would be no chocolate ration was to be reduced from thirty grammes to twenty at the end of the warning that it would probably be necessary to reduce the ration at some time in

unconscious, he crumpled up the original message and any notes that he himself had made, and dropped them into the memory hole to be devoured by the flames.

had been assembled and collated, that number would be reprinted, the original 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 be shown by documentary evidence to have been correct, nor was any item of news, or any expression of opinion, which conflicted with the needs of the been possible, once the deed was done, to prove that any falsification had taken place. collect all copies of books, newspapers, and other documents which had been and rewritten again and again, and were invariably reissued without any admission that received, and which he invariably got rid of as soon as he had dealt with them, never stated or implied that an act of forgery was to be committed: always the reference was to slips, errors, misprints, or misquotations which it was necessary to put right in the interests of accuracy.

anything in the real world, not even the kind of connexion that is contained in down to fifty-seven millions, so as to allow for the usual claim that the quota had shadow-world in which, finally, even the date of the year had become uncertain.

away, with a folded newspaper on his knee and his mouth very close to the

long, windowless hall, with its double row of cubicles and its endless rustle of papers and hum of voices murmuring into speakwrites, there were quite a dozen knew that in the cubicle next to him the little woman with sandy hair toiled day in who had been vaporized and were therefore considered never to have existed. juggling with rhymes and metres, was engaged 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 editors, their typography experts, and their elaborately equipped studios for the faking of producers, and its teams of actors specially chosen for their skill in imitating repositories where the corrected documents were stored, and the hidden furnaces anonymous, there were the directing brains who co-ordinated the whole effort and laid down the lines of policy which made it necessary that this fragment of the past should be preserved, that one falsified, and the other rubbed out of existence.

plays, novels -- with every conceivable kind of information, instruction, or entertainment, from a statue to a slogan, from a lyric poem to a biological treatise, not only to supply the multifarious needs of the party, but also to repeat the whole chain of separate departments dealing with proletarian literature, music, drama, and almost nothing except sport, crime and astrology, sensational five-cent novelettes, films oozing with sex, and sentimental songs which were composed entirely by producing the lowest kind of pornography, which was sent out in sealed packets look at.

working, but they were simple matters, and he had disposed of them before the side, cleaned his spectacles, and settled down to his main job of the morning.

routine, but included in it there were also jobs so difficult and intricate that you could lose yourself in them as in the depths of a mathematical problem -- delicate pieces of forgery in which you had nothing to guide you except your

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

submit your draft to higher authority before filing.

seemed, had been chiefly devoted to praising the work of an organization

expected, since it was unusual for political offenders to be put on trial or even trials of traitors and thought-criminals who made abject confession of their crimes and were afterwards executed, were special show-pieces not occurring oftener than counting his parents, had disappeared at one time or another.

person: on the other hand, to turn it over to a committee would be to admit or that, would re-edit it and set in motion the complex processes of cross-referencing that would be required, and then the chosen lie would pass into the permanent records and become truth.

simply happened because purges and vaporizations were a necessary part of allowed to remain at liberty for as much as a year or two years before being would make a ghostly reappearance at some public trial where he would implicate with its original subject.

criminals, but that was a little too obvious, while to invent a victory at the a few lines of print and a couple of faked photographs would soon bring him into existence.

pedantic, and, because of a trick of asking questions and then promptly imitate.

and leapt out of the helicopter into deep water, despatches and all -- an end, a daily hour in the gymnasium, and had taken a vow of celibacy, believing marriage

and the care of a family to be incompatible with a twenty-four-hour-a-day devotion saboteurs, thoughtcriminals, and traitors generally.

cross-referencing that it would entail.

was no way of knowing whose job would finally be adopted, but he felt a existed in the past, and when once the act of forgery was forgotten, he would exist

## five

the counter the steam of stew came pouring forth, with a sour metallic smell which was a small bar, a mere hole in the wall, where gin could be bought at ten cents the large nip.

friends nowadays, you had comrades: but there were some comrades whose mournful and derisive, which seemed to search your face closely while he was speaking to you.

of them, if at all, by scrounging more or less furtively on the 'free' market.

counter.

suppose.'

with a disagreeable gloating satisfaction of helicopter raids on enemy villages, and trials and confessions of thought-criminals, the executions in the cellars of the avoid the scrutiny of the large dark eyes.

to me.'

dumped swiftly the regulation lunch -- a metal pannikin of pinkish-grey stew, saccharine tablet.

gin on the way.'

way across the crowded room and unpacked their trays on to the metal-topped table, on one corner of which someone had left a pool of stew, a filthy liquid mess began swallowing spoonfuls of the stew, which, in among its general sloppiness, had cubes of spongy pinkish stuff which was probably a preparation of meat. continuously, a harsh gabble almost like the quacking of a duck, which pierced the general uproar of the room.

overcome the noise.

pannikin aside, took up his hunk of bread in one delicate hand and his cheese in the other, and leaned across the table so as to be able to speak without shouting.

language into its final shape -- the shape it's going to have when nobody 2050.'

animated, his eyes had lost their mocking expression and grown almost dreamy.

in the verbs and adjectives, but there are hundreds of nouns that can be got rid justification is there for a word which is simply the opposite of some other word? you want a stronger version of "good", what sense is there in having a whole string of vague useless words like "excellent" and "splendid" and all the rest of them? as an afterthought.

vocabulary gets smaller every year?'

bread, chewed it briefly, and went on:

will be expressed by exactly one word, with its meaning rigidly defined and all will be alive who could understand such a conversation as we are having now?'

himself, not feeling fully certain that this remark was not in some way something different, but actually changed into something contradictory of

sight, though he knew no more about him than that he held some important the angle at which he was sitting, his spectacles caught the light and presented to the stream of sound that poured out of his mouth it was almost impossible to not speech in the true sense: it was a noise uttered in unconsciousness, like the quacking of a duck.

rapidly on, easily audible in spite of the surrounding din.

you agree with, it is praise.'

disliked him, and was fully capable of denouncing him as a thought-criminal if not merely with sincerity but with a sort of restless zeal, an up-to-dateness of

five he was already putting on rolls of fat at neck and waistline, but his 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, grey indeed, invariably revert to shorts when a community hike or any other physical of paper on which there was a long column of words, and was studying it with an ink-pencil between his fingers.

forgot to give me.'

quarter of one's salary had to be earmarked for voluntary subscriptions, which were so numerous that it was difficult to keep track of them.

entered in a small notebook, in the neat handwriting of the illiterate.

other girls to go with her, slipped off from the hike, and spent the whole the patrols.'

went on triumphantly:

explosion.

completed of the output of all classes of consumption goods show that the workers marched out of factories and offices and paraded through the streets with

could not follow the figures, but he was aware that they were in some way a had been announced that the ration was to be reduced to twenty grammes a week. eyeless creature at the other table swallowed it fanatically, passionately, with a furious desire to track down, denounce, and vaporize anyone who should suggest possession of a memory?

with last year there was more food, more clothes, more houses, more furniture, more cooking-pots, more fuel, more ships, more helicopters, more books, more pale-coloured gravy that dribbled across the table, drawing a long streak of it out innumerable bodies; battered metal tables and chairs, placed so close together that you sat with elbows touching; bent spoons, dented trays, coarse white mugs; all surfaces greasy, grime in every crack; and a sourish, composite smell of bad gin your skin there was a sort of protest, a feeling that you had been cheated of greatly quite enough to eat, one had never had socks or underclothes that were not full of holes, furniture had always been battered and rickety, rooms underheated, tube trains crowded, houses falling to pieces, bread dark-coloured, tea a rarity, coffee

filthy-tasting, cigarettes insufficient -- nothing cheap and plentiful except synthetic this was not the natural order of things, if one's heart sickened at the discomfort and dirt and scarcity, the interminable winters, the stickiness of one's socks, the lifts that never worked, the cold water, the gritty soap, the cigarettes that came to intolerable unless one had some kind of ancestral memory that things had once been different?

far side of the room, sitting at a table alone, a small, curiously beetle-like man was drinking a cup of coffee, his little eyes darting suspicious glances from side to side, bosomed maidens, blond-haired, vital, sunburnt, carefree -- existed and even with short legs, swift scuttling movements, and fat inscrutable faces with very small

bombardment of figures, took his pipe out of his mouth.

any razor blades you can let me have?'

instinctively who would survive and who would perish: though just what it was that made for survival, it was not easy to say.

make sure whether he was shouting loudly enough.

for as much as five minutes, and it was possible that his features had not been muttering to yourself -- anything that carried with it the suggestion of abnormality, face (to look incredulous when a victory was announced, for example) was itself a called.

following him about, perhaps it was coincidence that she had sat so close to

'about the time when those two nippers of mine set fire to the old market- our sitting-room door, and reckoned she could hear twice as much as with her ear to

## six

almost overwhelming temptation to shout a string of filthy words at the top of inkpot through the window -- to do any violent or noisy or painful thing that might black out the memory that was tormenting him.

moment the tension inside you was liable to translate itself into some visible again just as they were passing one another: it was only a twitch, a quiver, rapid as

married -- had been married, at any rate: probably he still was married, so far odour of the basement kitchen, an odour compounded of bugs and dirty clothes and his mind the smell of it was inextricably mixed up with fornication.

five years in a forced-labour camp: not more, if you had committed no other prostitution, as an outlet for instincts which could not be altogether suppressed. crimes that the accused in the great purges invariably confessed to -- it was difficult to imagine any such thing actually happening.

had to be approved by a committee appointed for the purpose, and -- though the principle was never clearly stated -- permission was always refused if the couple concerned gave the impression of being physically attracted to one another.

encouraged separation in cases where there were no children.

married life he had decided -- though perhaps it was only that he knew her more intimately than he knew most people -- that she had without exception the

thought in her head that was not a slogan, and there was no imbecility, absolutely living with her if it had not been for just one thing -- sex.

when she was clasping him against her he had the feeling that she was the performance continued to happen, once a week quite regularly, whenever it was and in the end she agreed to give up trying, and soon afterwards they parted.

cheap scent in his nostrils, and in his heart a feeling of defeat and resentment seduction, although she was his wife.

would catch him on the way out: for that matter they might be waiting outside here to do -- !

plastered so thick on her face that it looked as though it might crack like a detail was that her mouth had fallen a little open, revealing nothing except a

words at the top of his voice was as strong as ever.

## seven

possibly it might, it was inconceivable that its members could ever assemble in tremendous shout of hundreds of voices women's voices -- had burst from a hundred women crowding round the stalls of a street market, with faces as tragic as rest, were trying to make off with their saucepans while dozens of others clamoured round the stall, accusing the stall-keeper of favouritism and of having bloated women, one of them with her hair coming down, had got hold of the same never shout like that about anything that mattered?

rebelled they cannot become conscious.

capitalists, they had been starved and flogged, women had been forced to work in the coal mines (women still did work in the coal mines, as a matter of fact), inferiors who must be kept in subjection, like animals, by the application of a few they went to work at twelve, they passed through a brief blossoming-period of beauty and sexual desire, they married at twenty, they were middle-aged at thirty, children, petty quarrels with neighbours, films, football, beer, and above all, spreading false rumours and marking down and eliminating the few individuals who were judged capable of becoming dangerous; but no attempt was made to patriotism which could be appealed to whenever it was necessary to make them discontented, as they sometimes did, their discontent led nowhere, because being within-a-world of thieves, bandits, prostitutes, drug-peddlers, and racketeers of every description; but since it all happened among the proles themselves, it was of religious worship would have been permitted if the proles had shown any sign of

hardly anybody had enough to eat and where hundreds and thousands of poor older than you had to work twelve hours a day for cruel masters who flogged them with whips if they worked too slowly and fed them on nothing but stale breadcrusts and water.

houses that were lived in by rich men who had as many as thirty servants to that he is dressed in a long black coat which was called a frock coat, and a queer, they could throw them into prison, or they could take his job away and starve him

in their lawn sleeves, the judges in their ermine robes, the pillory, the stocks, by which every capitalist had the right to sleep with any woman working in one of his factories.

evidence to the contrary was the mute protest in your own bones, the instinctive feeling that the conditions you lived in were intolerable and that at some thing about modern life was not its cruelty and insecurity, but simply its bareness, not only to the lies that streamed out of the telescreens, but even to the ideals that neutral and non-political, a matter of slogging through dreary jobs, fighting for a 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 fro in leaky shoes, in patched-up nineteenth-century houses that smelt always of woman with lined face and wispy hair, fiddling helplessly with a blocked waste-pipe.

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 every word in the history books, even the things that one accepted without law as the *jus primae noctis*, or any such creature as a capitalist, or any such garment as a top hat.

really relevant date was seven or eight years earlier.

was hiding no one knew where, and of the others, a few had simply disappeared, while the majority had been executed after spectacular public trials at so that one did not know whether they were alive or dead, and then had suddenly analysing the reasons for their defection and promising to make amends.

himself, relics of the ancient world, almost the last great figures left over from and dates were growing blurry, that he had known their names years earlier than he were corpses waiting to be sent back to the grave.

they were a rehashing of the ancient themes -- slum tenements, starving children, street battles, capitalists in top hats -- even on the barricades the capitalists still seemed to cling to their top hats an endless, hopeless effort to get immensely strong; now his great body was sagging, sloping, bulging, falling away crumbling.

noticed, with a kind of inward shudder, and yet not knowing at what he

documents which had just flopped out of the pneumatic tube on to his desk when he came on a fragment of paper which had evidently been slipped in among the top half of the page, so that it included the date -- and it contained a photograph any case their names were in the caption at the bottom.

one possible conclusion: the confessions were lies.

imagined that the people who were wiped out in the purges had actually was a fragment of the abolished past, like a fossil bone which turns up in the wrong if in some way it could have been published to the world and its significance made known.



he unrolled it, it had been upside-down from the point of view of the telescreen.

not difficult, and even your breathing could be controlled, with an effort: but you could not control the beating of your heart, and the telescreen was quite tormented all the while by the fear that some accident -- a sudden draught blowing again, he dropped the photograph into the memory hole, along with some other

him to make a difference even now, when the photograph itself, as well as the he wondered, because a piece of evidence which existed no longer had once existed?

there had been other changes -- two, three, he could not remember how many. immediate advantages of falsifying the past were obvious, but the ultimate motive

sign of madness to believe that the earth goes round the sun; today, to believe horror was that he might also be wrong.

was as though some huge force were pressing down upon you -- something that penetrated inside your skull, battering against your brain, frightening you out in the mind, and if the mind itself is controllable what then?

no one would ever read, but which was addressed to a particular person and took its colour from that fact.

overthrow him in debate, the subtle arguments which he would not be able to important axiom, he wrote:

all else follows.

## eight

though it had been a sound.

was not working, eating, or sleeping he would be taking part in some kind of communal recreation: to do anything that suggested a taste for solitude, even to go south, then east, then north again, losing himself among unknown streets and hardly bothering in which direction he was going.

kept coming back to him, statement of a mystical truth and a palpable street of little two-storey houses with battered doorways which gave straight on the doorways, and down narrow alley-ways that branched off on either side, people swarmed in astonishing numbers -- girls in full bloom, with crudely lipsticked mouths, and youths who chased the girls, and swollen waddling women who showed you what the girls would be like in ten years' time, and old bent creatures shuffling along on splayed feet, and ragged barefooted children who played in the monstrous women with brick-red forearms folded across their aprons were talking

walking home by an unusual route: but it was enough to draw attention to you playing in a puddle, whipped her apron round it, and leapt back again, all in kind of instinct which told them several seconds in advance when a rocket was up he found that he was covered with fragments of glass from the nearest window.

plaster lying on the pavement ahead of him, and in the middle of it he could whitened as to resemble a plaster cast.

the bomb had affected, and the sordid swarming life of the streets was going shops which the proles frequented ('pubs', they called them) were choked with projecting house-front three men were standing very close together, the middle one of them holding a folded-up newspaper which the other two were studying over his them when suddenly the group broke up and two of the men were in violent

seven ain't won for over fourteen months!'

number ending in seven-'

you, no number-'

with its weekly pay-out of enormous prizes, was the one public event to which was a whole tribe of men who made a living simply by selling systems, forecasts, another, this was not difficult to arrange.

you put it in words it sounded reasonable: it was when you looked at the this and then ended in a flight of steps which led down into a sunken alley where a few next turning, not five minutes away, was the junk-shop where he had bought the he had bought his penholder and his bottle of ink.

alley there was a dingy little pub whose windows appeared to be frosted over white moustaches that bristled forward like those of a prawn, pushed open the man, who must be eighty at the least, had already been middle-aged when the generation had mostly been wiped out in the great purges of the fifties and sixties, and the few there was any one still alive who could give you a truthful account of conditions in better than they are now, or were they worse?'

no definite rule against talking to proles and frequenting their pubs, but it was at the other end of the room interrupted itself for perhaps as much as thirty kind of altercation with the barman, a large, stout, hook-nosed young man with enormous watching the scene.

tips of his fingers on the counter.

barman, with a glance at the other customers.

by the arm.

swing again, and the knot of men at the bar had begun talking about lottery under the window where he and the old man could talk without fear of being room, a point he had made sure of as soon as he came in.

tentatively.

the changes to have occurred.

war, of course.'

prejudice against drinking a full litre.

most terrible oppression, injustice, poverty worse than anything we can same time there were a very few people, only a few thousands -- the capitalists, they in motor-cars and four-horse carriages, they drank champagne, they wore top hats-'

these capitalists -- they and a few lawyers and priests and so forth who lived passed them?'

before answering.

usual for these people and their servants to push you off the pavement into the gutter?'

believe me, 'e puts 'is 'and on my chest and gives me a shove as pretty near going to 'ave fetched 'im one, only-

you could choose, would you prefer to live then or now?'

though the beer had mellowed him.

about to buy some more beer when the old man suddenly got up and shuffled survivors from the ancient world were incapable of comparing one age with hunt for a lost bicycle pump, the expression on a long-dead sister's face, the swirls of dust on a windy morning seventy years ago: but all the relevant facts were outside life had got to be accepted, because there did not exist, and never again could exist, any standard against which it could be tested.

the book in the beginning, and he had sworn never to come near the place the same time he noticed that although it was nearly twenty-one hours the shop was plausibly say that he was trying to buy razor blades.

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 less debased than that of the majority of proles.

round?'

particular.'

window there were trays of nuts and bolts, worn-out chisels, penknives with broken blades, tarnished watches that did not even pretend to be in going order, litter of odds and ends -- lacquered snuffboxes, agate brooches, and the like -- wandered towards the table his eye was caught by a round, smooth thing that gleamed softly in the lamplight, and he picked it up.

surface, there was a strange, pink, convoluted object that recalled a rose or a sea anemone.

that's left?'

doubly attractive because of its apparent uselessness, though he could guess realized that he would have accepted three or even two.

upstairs.'

and worn stairs and along a tiny passage, into a room which did not give on noticed that the furniture was still arranged as though the room were meant to be and occupying nearly a quarter of the room, was an enormous bed with the mattress still on it.

little bit cumbersome.

abandoned as soon as thought of; but the room had awakened in him a sort of it felt like to sit in a room like this, in an arm-chair beside an open fire with your feet in the fender and a kettle on the hob; utterly alone, utterly secure, with nobody watching you, no voice pursuing you, no sound except the singing of the kettle and the friendly ticking of the clock.

use the flaps.'

destruction of books had been done with the same thoroughness in the prole lamp, was standing in front of a picture in a rosewood frame which hung on the other side of the fireplace, opposite the bed.

railing running round the building, and at the rear end there was what appeared though he did not remember the statue.

apologetically, as though conscious of saying something slightly ridiculous, impressive, if it was reasonably new in appearance, was automatically claimed inscriptions, memorial stones, the names of streets -- anything that might throw light upon the past had been systematically altered.

coin, looked something like a cent.'

flight of steps.'

tableaux illustrating enemy atrocities, and the like.

incongruous possession than the glass paperweight, and impossible to carry remember he had never in real life heard church bells ringing.

had already made up his mind that after a suitable interval -- a month, say -- he back here in the first place, after buying the diary and without knowing whether the project of renting the room upstairs flashed momentarily through his mind on had even started humming to an improvised tune

farthings, say the

walked quickly on as though she had not seen him.

right and walked heavily away, not noticing for the moment that he was going here, because it was not credible that by pure chance she should have happened to be walking on the same evening up the same obscure backstreet, kilometres distant

wondering vaguely what to do, then turned round and began to retrace his keep on her track till they were in some quiet place, and then smash her skull in sit down and be quiet.

sat staring at the marbled cover of the book, trying without success to shut the voice out of his consciousness.

yourself in a world where firearms, or any quick and certain poison, were uselessness of pain and fear, the treachery of the human body which always freezes silenced the dark-haired girl if only he had acted quickly enough: but precisely that in moments of crisis one is never fighting against an external enemy, but always a sinking ship, the issues that you are fighting for are always forgotten, because the body swells up until it fills the universe, and even when you are not paralysed by fright or screaming with pain, life is a moment-to-moment struggle against hunger or cold or sleeplessness, against a sour stomach or an aching tooth.

the diary was written, but instead he began thinking of the things that would spoke of such things, yet everybody knew of them) there was the 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.

that horror, which altered nothing, have to lie embedded in future time?

darkness was the imagined future, which one would never see, but which, by leaden knell the words came back at him:

## nine

lavatory.

saw that her right arm was in a sling, not noticeable at a distance because it swinging round one of the big kaleidoscopes on which the plots of novels were looked more like fear than pain.

who was trying to kill him: in front of him, also, was a human creature, in pain been as though he felt the pain in his own body.

pale.

some of her colour, and appeared very much better.

habit that had acquired the status of an instinct, and in any case they had been had been very difficult not to betray a momentary surprise, for in the two or three seconds while he was helping her up the girl had slipped something into his hand.

moment he was tempted to take it into one of the water-closets and read it at you could be more certain that the telescreens were watched continuously.

among the other papers on the desk, put on his spectacles and hitched the speakwrite towards him. 'five minutes,' he told himself, 'five minutes at the very piece of work he was engaged on was mere routine, the rectification of a long list of figures, not needing close attention.

the paper might be a threat, a summons, an order to commit suicide, a trap of the idea was absurd, but it had sprung into his mind in the very instant of feeling intellect told him that the message probably meant death -- still, that was not what he believed, and the unreasonable hope persisted, and his heart banged, and it was with difficulty that he kept his voice from trembling as he murmured his figures into the speakwrite.

showing too much interest, he could not resist reading it once again, just to make sure that the words were really there.

than having to focus his mind on a series of niggling jobs was the need to hoped to be alone for a little while during the lunch hour, but as bad luck would defeating the tinny smell of stew, and kept up a stream of talk about the appeared not to have seen him, and he did not look in that direction again.

delicate, difficult piece of work which would take several hours and production reports of two years ago, in such a way as to cast discredit on a two games of table tennis, swallowed several glasses of gin, and sat for half an hour hours, when he was home and in bed -- in the darkness, where you were safe even from the telescreen so long as you kept silent -- that he was able to think continuously.

like all the rest of them, her head stuffed with lies and hatred, her belly full of was that she would simply change her mind if he did not get in touch with her her had occurred to him within five minutes of reading the note; but now, with time to think, he went over them one by one, as though laying out a row of instruments on a table.

comparatively simple, but he had only a very dim idea whereabouts in the had known where she lived, and at what time she left work, he could have contrived to

meet her somewhere on her way home; but to try to follow her home was not safe, send, there were printed postcards with long lists of phrases, and you struck out the her at a table by herself, somewhere in the middle of the room, not too near the telescreens, and with a sufficient buzz of conversation all round -- if these conditions endured for, say, thirty seconds, it might be possible to exchange a few words.

not appear in the canteen until he was leaving it, the whistle having already afflicted with an unbearable sensitivity, a sort of transparency, which made every movement, every sound, every contact, every word that he had to speak or listen she might simply have changed her mind and decided to avoid him.

counter, then was held up for two minutes because someone in front was queue was a small, swiftly-moving, beetle-like man with a flat face and tiny, appearance suggested that he would be sufficiently attentive to his own comfort to sitting at the girl's table.

impossible that this affair should end successfully; such things did not happen up; steadily they spooned the watery stuff into their mouths, and between spoonfuls exchanged the few necessary words in low expressionless voices.

speak again, and, so far as it was possible for two people sitting on opposite any kind of scrimmage, shoved, butted, squirmed his way forward into the blocked by an enormous prole and an almost equally enormous woman, wriggled himself sideways, and with a violent lunge managed to drive his shoulder between of them.

trucks little yellow men in shabby greenish uniforms were squatting, jammed barely moving, a mere murmur easily drowned by the din of voices and the rumbling of the trucks.

kilometres along the road: a gate with the top bar missing; a path across a murmured finally.

sure you remember everything?'

guise of prisoners, and even as prisoners one never got more than a the few who were hanged as war-criminals: the others simply vanished, presumably into face a mass of grizzled hair, standing upright with wrists crossed in front of him, as them in, her hand felt for his and gave it a fleeting squeeze.

explored the long fingers, the shapely nails, the work-hardened palm with its bodies, they stared steadily in front of them, and instead of the eyes of the girl, the

## ten

of ring doves.

girl was so evidently experienced that he was less frightened than he would general you could not assume that you were much safer in the country than in concealed microphones by which your voice might be picked up and recognized; besides, it was not easy to make a journey by yourself without attracting attention. endorsed, but sometimes there were patrols hanging about the railway stations, station he had made sure by cautious backward glances that he was not being

overflowing by a single enormous family. ranging from a toothless great-grandmother to a month-old baby, going out to spend an afternoon with 'in-laws' in blackmarket butter.

pass the time away, but also from a vague idea that he would like to have a bunch and was smelling their faint sickly scent when a sound at his back froze him, lightly on his shoulder.

he must keep silent, then parted the bushes and quickly led the way along the 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 made him feel dirty and etiolated, a creature of indoors, with the sooty dust of were in a natural clearing, a tiny grassy knoll surrounded by tall saplings that shut it in nearer to her.

stupidly.

cut down and had sprouted up again into a forest of poles, none of them been here before.'

me?'

strained against his own, the mass of dark hair was against his face, and yes! clasped her arms about his neck, she was calling him darling, precious one, loved her youth and prettiness had frightened him, he was too much used to living waist.

was coming you could hear them a hundred metres away.'

offering to start off by telling the worst.

of her disguise.

probably-'

killed off?'

know.'

waist had reminded her of something, she felt in the pocket of her overalls and had stirred up some memory which he could not pin down, but which was powerful and troubling.

consciousness, something strongly felt but not reducible to definite shape, like only that it was the memory of some action which he would have liked to undo but could not.

again through the chequered shade, with their arms round each other's waists if we keep behind the boughs.'

elm trees swayed just perceptibly in the breeze, and their leaves stirred faintly there must be a stream with green pools where dace were swimming?

willow trees, waving their tails.'

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 after minute, with astonishing variations, never once repeating itself, almost as for a few seconds, spread out and resettled its wings, then swelled its speckled breast it were a kind of liquid stuff that poured all over him and got mixed up with the clatter of wings.

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 at knelt down before her and took her hands in his

members.'

infected the whole lot of them with leprosy or syphilis, how gladly he would that they were kneeling face to face.

that?'

want everyone to be corrupt to the bones.

but the animal instinct, the simple undifferentiated desire: that was the force of their breasts slowed to normal speed, and in a sort of pleasant helplessness they fell they fell asleep and slept for about half an hour.

still did not know her surname or where she lived.

## eleven

business-like, put her clothes on, knotted the scarlet sash about her waist, and different from the one by which he had come, and brought him out at a different to wait half an hour before following her.

the coast was clear she would blow her nose when he approached; otherwise crowd, it would be safe to talk for a quarter of an hour and arrange another meeting.

love, good-bye!'

later pushed her way through the saplings and disappeared into the wood with indoors or exchange any kind of written communication.

belfry of a ruinous church in an almost-deserted stretch of country where an meet only in the streets, in a different place every evening and never for more than at one another, they carried on a curious, intermittent conversation which flicked on and off like the beams of a lighthouse, suddenly nipped into silence by the minutes later in the middle of a sentence, then abruptly cut short as they parted at the agreed spot, then continued almost without introduction on the following day. never speak when they were away from the main streets) when there was a thickly coated with plaster.

past one another without a sign, because a patrol had just come round the another of his evenings by enrolling himself for the part-time munition work which metal which were probably parts of bomb fuses, in a draughty, ill-lit workshop where the knocking of hammers mingled drearily with the music of the telescreens.

above the bells was hot and stagnant, and smelt overpoweringly of pigeon them getting up from time to time to cast a glance through the arrowslits and make sure that no one was coming.

captain of the hockey team and had won the gymnastics trophy two years remained for a year, helping to produce booklets in sealed packets with titles like proletarian youths who were under the impression that they were buying something illegal.



were less controllable than those of women, were in greater danger of being corrupted by the filth they handled.

want to rob you of your pleasures as that you should want to avoid being many others like her there might be in the younger generation people who had grown up something unalterable, like the sky, not rebelling against its authority but simply evading it, as a rabbit dodges a dog.

was hopeless even as a daydream.

orthodox, incapable of thinking a bad thought?'

touched her, the way in which she still seemed to be pushing him from her long ceased to be a painful memory and became merely a distasteful one.

to call it -- but you'll never guess.'

which was desirable because it could be transformed into war-fever and actually be abolished, and, indeed, people were encouraged to be fond of their systematically turned against their parents and taught to spy on them and report day by informers who knew him intimately.

this moment was the stifling heat of the afternoon, which had brought the or rather had failed to happen, on another sweltering summer afternoon, eleven years ago.

for a couple of minutes, but they took a wrong turning, and presently found noticed some tufts of loosestrife growing in the cracks of the cliff beneath them.

place like this the danger that there would be a hidden microphone was very

life, she did not understand that to push an inconvenient person over a cliff solves nothing.

with another part of her mind she believed that it was somehow possible to thing as happiness, that the only victory lay in the far future, long after you were yourself as a corpse.

human beings stay human, death and life are the same thing.'

some of its youth and vigour into his.

a twig from a pigeon's nest began drawing a map on the floor.

## twelve

the window the enormous bed was made up, with ragged blankets and a coverless had bought on his last visit gleamed softly out of the half-darkness.

coming at nineteen-thirty.

and spoke in generalities, with so delicate an air as to give the impression that had such a place, it was only common courtesy in anyone else who knew of it to as he did so, added that there were two entries to the house, one of them through the back yard, which gave on an alley.

red forearms and a sacking apron strapped about her middle, was stumping to and fro between a washtub and a clothes line, pegging out a series of square white corked with clothes pegs she was singing in a powerful contralto:

could hear the woman singing and the scrape of her shoes on the flagstones, and the cries of the children in the street, and somewhere in the far distance a faint

roar of traffic, and yet the room seemed curiously silent, thanks to the absence of a telescreen.

temptation of having a hiding-place that was truly their own, indoors and near distant, but the enormous, complex preparations that it entailed were throwing glance he gave her it seemed to him that she was paler than usual.

mean.'

her mouth, the feeling of her skin seemed to have got inside him, or into the that when one lived with a woman this particular disappointment must be a normal, recurring event; and a deep tenderness, such as he had not felt for her before, were doing now but openly and without fear, talking of trivialities and buying odds and could be alone together without feeling the obligation to make love every time they instead, every now and again, by a conscious, wilful act, one chose to shorten the interval before it happened.

arms, but she disengaged herself rather hurriedly, partly because she was still holding the tool-bag.

yielded wherever you touched it.

because-'

already filling the room, a rich hot smell which seemed like an emanation from his early childhood, but which one did occasionally meet with even now, blowing down a passage-way before a door slammed, or diffusing itself mysteriously in a crowded street, sniffed for an instant and then lost again.

packet of tea as well.'

red-armed woman was still marching to and fro between the washtub and the upward with the sweet summer air, very tuneful, charged with a sort of happy somewhere near the starvation level that they had anything to sing about.

cheeks rouged, her nose powdered; there was even a touch of something under that she had used; but at the moment it did not seem to matter.

to get hold of a real woman's frock from somewhere and wear it instead of

been too much ashamed of his pale and meagre body, with the varicose veins sheets, but the blanket they lay on was threadbare and smooth, and the size and been in one before, so far as she could remember.

transferred itself to his own face or the bolster, but a light stain of rouge still across the foot of the bed and lighted up the fireplace, where the water in the pan abolished past it had been a normal experience to lie in bed like this, in the cool of a summer evening, a man and a woman with no clothes on, making love when they chose, talking of what they chose, not feeling any compulsion to get up, simply herself on her elbow to look at the oilstove.

flats?'

sent it hurtling into the corner with a boyish jerk of her arm, exactly as he had sick?'

his deepest feeling was always one of self-deception, because he did in fact always woke up without discovering what it was: but somehow it was connected some plaster and bung it up properly.'

powerful and exciting that they shut the window lest anybody outside should pointing out the best way of repairing the gateleg table, plumping herself down in the ragged arm-chair to see if it was comfortable, and examining the absurd her hand, fascinated, as always, by the soft, rainwatery appearance of the glass.

wall-'would that be a hundred years old?'

age of anything nowadays.'

head!"

if he were suitably prompted.

fruit with a thick skin.'

inexhaustibly interesting thing was not the fragment of coral but the interior of inside it, and that in fact he was inside it, along with the mahogany bed and the fixed in a sort of eternity at the heart of the crystal.

## thirteen

it had looked before -- nothing had been crossed out -- but it was one name shorter.

conditioned rooms kept their normal temperature, but outside the pavements waxworks, displays, film shows, telescreen programmes all had to be organized; stands had to be erected, effigies built, slogans coined, songs written, rumours off the production of novels and was rushing out a series of atrocity pamphlets. than ever, and sometimes in the far distance there were enormous explosions which no one could explain and about which there were wild rumours.

it was called) had already been composed and was being endlessly plugged on manual work had even given him a pretext for reverting to shorts and an open shirt improvising, jollying everyone along with comradely exhortations and giving out from every fold of his body what seemed an inexhaustible supply of acrid-smelling sweat.

poster, the muzzle of the gun, magnified by the foreshortening, seemed to be apathetic about the war, were being lashed into one of their periodical frenzies of population of the neighbourhood turned out for a long, trailing funeral which went piece of waste ground which was used as a playground and several dozen children down and added to the flames, and a number of shops were looted in the turmoil; then a rumour 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.

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 for the counter-attack.

on the skin above his ankle, his fits of coughing in the early morning had that they had a secure hiding-place, almost a home, it did not even seem a hardship that 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 nose and thick spectacles and his bowed shoulders in the velvet jacket, he had faded enthusiasm he would finger this scrap of rubbish or that -- a china bottle-

stopper, the painted lid of a broken snuffbox, a pinchbeck locket containing a blackbirds, and another about a cow with a crumpled horn, and another about the would say with a deprecating little laugh whenever he produced a new fragment.

death seemed as palpable as the bed they lay on, and they would cling together with a sort of despairing sensuality, like a damned soul grasping at his last morsel they were actually in this room, they both felt, no harm could come to them. it would be possible to get inside that glassy world, and that once inside it time could would hold indefinitely, and they would carry on their intrigue, just like this, for recognition, learn to speak with proletarian accents, get jobs in a factory and live week, spinning out a present that had no future, seemed an unconquerable instinct, just as one's lungs will always draw the next breath so long as there is air available.

her of the strange intimacy that existed, or seemed to exist, between himself demonstrations, she had shouted at the top of her voice for the execution of people whose names she had never heard and in whose supposed crimes she had not the rebel against it by secret disobedience or, at most, by isolated acts of violence such as killing somebody or blowing something up.

official mythology, simply because the difference between truth and falsehood claiming the aeroplane; one generation more, and it would be claiming the steam shock to him when he discovered from some chance remark that she did not invention of aeroplanes dated from long before her birth, but the switchover in the knows the news is all lies anyway.

did not feel the abyss opening beneath her feet at the thought of lies becoming story.

barely knew them by sight.'

aren't they?'

rewritten, every picture has been repainted, every statue and street and

with it even if you had kept it?'

resistance springing up here and there -- small groups of people banding themselves together, and gradually growing, and even leaving a few records behind, so that the next generations can carry on where we leave off.'

became bored and confused and said that she never paid any attention to that persisted in talking of such subjects, she had a disconcerting habit of falling asleep. 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 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.

## fourteen

him, he had been waiting for this to happen.

actual construction of the language.'

name has slipped my memory for the moment.'

went on:

look at it, perhaps?'

position that anyone who was watching at the other end of the instrument could read what he was writing, he scribbled an address, tore out the page and you the dictionary.'

written on it, and some hours later dropped it into the memory hole along with a mass of other papers.

because except by direct enquiry it was never possible to discover where had reached the outer edges of it.

been a secret, involuntary thought, the second had been the opening of the 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.

## **fifteen**

had swum into his mind in the few seconds after waking.

was a vast, luminous dream in which his whole life seemed to stretch out 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 - indeed, in some sense it had consisted in -- a gesture of the arm made by his news film, trying to shelter the small boy from the bullets, before the helicopter blew them both to pieces.

mother?'

few moments of waking the cluster of small events surrounding it had all come have been less than ten years old, possibly twelve, when it had happened.

rubble everywhere, the unintelligible proclamations posted at street corners, the gangs of youths in shirts all the same colour, the enormous queues outside the bakeries, the intermittent machine-gun fire in the distance -- above all, the fact that 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 travelled 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 oil-cake.

cooked, washed, mended, made the bed, swept the floor, dusted the mantelpiece -- always very slowly and with a curious lack of superfluous motion, immobile on the bed, nursing his young sister, a tiny, ailing, very silent child of somehow connected with the never-mentioned thing that was about to happen.

fender, and a shelf where food was kept, and on the landing outside there was statuesque body bending over the gas ring to stir at something in a saucepan. 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 snivelling note of pathos in his efforts to get would beseech him not to be selfish and to remember that his little sister was sick stopped ladling, he would try to wrench the saucepan and spoon out of her hands,

did not stand guard, he was constantly pilfering at the wretched store of food on the shelf.

heard himself demanding in a loud booming voice that he should be given the argument that went round and round, with shouts, whines, tears, remonstrances, sister's hand and was fleeing for the door.

back her chocolate!

in his hand.

somewhat ashamed of himself and hung about in the streets for several hours, which had grown up as a result of the civil war, or she might have been sent to the labour camp along with his mother, or simply left somewhere or other to die.

the dingy whitequilted bed, with the child clinging to her, so she had sat in the sunken ship, far underneath him, and drowning deeper every minute, but still looking up at him through the darkening water.

eyes she rolled over and settled herself into a more comfortable position.

what he could remember of her, that she had been an unusual woman, still less an intelligent one; and yet she had possessed a kind of nobility, a kind of purity, someone, you loved him, and when you had nothing else to give, you still gave chocolate, it did not avert the child's death or her own; but it seemed natural to her feelings, were of no account, while at the same time robbing you of all power over did not feel, what you did or refrained from doing, made literally no difference. people of only two generations ago this would not have seemed all-important, and a completely helpless gesture, an embrace, a tear, a word spoken to a dying man, think of them merely as an inert force which would one day spring to life and apparent relevance, how a few weeks ago he had seen a severed hand lying on the pavement and had kicked it into the gutter as though it had been a cabbage-stalk.

thing for us to do would be simply to walk out of here before it's too late, and never see each other again?"

the same.'

for another fifty years.'

even that can't make the slightest difference.'

would be the real betrayal.'

result whatever, you've beaten them.'

their cleverness they had never mastered the secret of finding out what another was possible to guess: tortures, drugs, delicate instruments that registered your nervous reactions, gradual wearing-down by sleeplessness and solitude and object was not to stay alive but to stay human, what difference did it ultimately make? that you had done or said or thought; but the inner heart, whose workings were mysterious even to yourself, remained impregnable.

## sixteen

was dimmed to a low murmur; the richness of the dark-blue carpet gave one at had been a rash act to come here at all, and sheer folly to arrive together; atmosphere of the huge block of flats, the richness and spaciousness of everything,

the unfamiliar smells of good food and good tobacco, the silent and incredibly rapid lifts sliding up and down, the white-jacketed servants hurrying to and fro -- was haunted at every step by the fear that a black-uniformed guard would suddenly appear from round the corner, demand his papers, and order him to get out. small, dark-haired man in a white jacket, with a diamond-shaped, completely which he led them was softly carpeted, with cream-papered walls and white wainscoting, all have seen a passageway whose walls were not grimy from the contact of human bodies.

contained item six doubleplus ridiculous verging crimethink cancel stop unproceed constructionwise antegetting plusfull estimates machinery overheads stop end message.'

flash of the eyes and a single equivocal remark: beyond that, only his own that he was simply a busy man wondering irritably why he had been must sound both feeble and pretentious: any other way, we are ready.'

vast bottle composed of electric lights which seemed to move up and down pick up her glass and sniff at it with frank curiosity.

remembered rhymes, it belonged to the vanished, romantic past, the olden time of wine as having an intensely sweet taste, like that of blackberry jam and an general terms, what are you prepared to do?'

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.

innocent people?'

children, to distribute habit-forming drugs, to encourage prostitution, to disseminate venereal diseases -- to do anything which is likely to cause

in a child's face -- are you prepared to do that?'

waiter or a dock-worker?'

again?'

worked soundlessly, forming the opening syllables first of one word, then of everything.'

expression in it:

limb.'

murmured something that seemed to be assent.

were very good cigarettes, very thick and well-packed, with an unfamiliar memorizing their appearance, but he felt no interest in them, or appeared to one hand in the pocket of his black overalls, the other holding his cigarette.

nature of the society we live in, and the strategy by which we shall destroy it. between the general aims that we are fighting for and the immediate tasks of the personal knowledge you will never be able to say that it numbers even as many as

gesture with which he thrust a hand into his pocket, or manipulated a cigarette. murder, suicide, venereal disease, amputated limbs, and altered faces, it was with a face, so ugly and yet so civilized, it was impossible to believe that he could be

underworld of conspirators, meeting secretly in cellars, scribbling messages on walls, recognizing one another by codewords or by special movements of the hand.

recognizing one another, and it is impossible for any one member to be aware of should be silenced, we are occasionally able to smuggle a razor blade into a spread our knowledge outwards from individual to individual, generation after generation.

decanter is still half full.'

took a small box from the top of a cabinet and handed her a flat white tablet up and down, then stopped.

of some kind?'

cannot give a date -- one of the messages among your morning's work will return it within fourteen days.'

meet again -- if we do meet again-'

hesitantly.

question?.'

his mind a sort of composite picture of the dark bedroom where his mother random he said:

writing-table with its green- shaded lamp and the speakwrite and the wire

## seventeen

enormous debauch of work, leaving only a frail structure of nerves, bones, and pavement tickled his feet, even the opening and closing of a hand was an effort that made his joints creak.

eye open for the patrols, but irrationally convinced that this afternoon there carrying bumped against his knee at each step, sending a tingling sensation up and possession for six days and had not yet opened, nor even looked at.

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 orgasm was quivering to its climax publicly hanged on the last day of the proceedings, they would unquestionably was an ally.

packed with several thousand people, including a block of about a thousand microphone with one hand while the other, enormous at the end of a bony arm, amplifiers, boomed forth an endless catalogue of atrocities, massacres, deportations, lootings, rapings, torture of prisoners, bombing of civilians, lying the fury of the crowd boiled over and the voice of the speaker was drowned by a wild for perhaps twenty minutes when a messenger hurried on to the platform and a activity in clambering over the rooftops and cutting the streamers that fluttered gripping the neck of the microphone, his shoulders hunched forward, his free hand as before, except that the target had been changed.

switched from one line to the other actually in midsentence, not only without a being torn down that a man whose face he did not see had tapped him on the issuing from the telescreen, recalling them to their posts, were hardly necessary.

the more so because the processes that it involved could not be called by their from the cellars and pitched all over the corridors: meals consisted of sandwiches



clear of work, and each time that he crawled back sticky-eyed and aching, it was to find that another shower of paper cylinders had covered the desk like a snowdrift, halfburying the speakwrite and overflowing on to the floor, so that the first job was enough merely to substitute one name for another, but any detailed report of events in transferring the war from one part of the world to another was considerable.

something which one had the right to refuse and which one was nevertheless not troubled by the fact that every word he murmured into the speakwrite, every remained between his feet while he worked and under his body while he slept, went home, shaved himself, and almost fell asleep in his bath, although the water was barely more than tepid.

armchair and undid the straps of the brief-case.

inscription on the title-page ran:

by

different names, and their relative numbers, as well as their attitude towards one another, have varied from age to age: but the essential structure of society has 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.

no nervous impulse to glance over his shoulder or cover the page with his there floated the faint shouts of children: in the room itself there was no sound does with a book of which one knows that one will ultimately read and re-read every on reading:

arbitrary, and in others they fluctuate according to the fortunes of war, but in

desperate, annihilating struggle that it was in the early decades of the twentieth destroy one another, have no material cause for fighting and are not divided by any the prevailing attitude towards it, has become less bloodthirsty or more chivalrous. acts as raping, looting, the slaughter of children, the reduction of whole populations to slavery, and reprisals against prisoners which extend even to boiling and burying alive, are looked upon as normal, and, when they are committed by involves very small numbers of people, mostly highly-trained specialists, and on the vague frontiers whose whereabouts the average man can only guess at, or centres of civilization war means no more than a continuous shortage of consumption goods, and the occasional crash of a rocket bomb which may cause a reasons for which war is waged have changed in their order of importance. early twentieth century have now become dominant and are consciously recognized and acted upon.

which occurs every few years, it is always the same war -- one must realize in establishment of self-contained economies, in which production and consumption are geared to one another, the scramble for markets which was a main cause of previous wars has come to an end, while the competition for raw materials is no vast that it can obtain almost all the materials that it needs within its own possession of any of them, there lies a rough quadrilateral with its corners at regions, and of the northern ice-cap, that the three powers are constantly that

fragment by a sudden stroke of treachery that dictates the endless changes of alignment.

yield important vegetable products such as rubber which in colder climates it openly to the status of slaves, pass continually from conqueror to conqueror, and are expended like so much coal or oil in the race to turn out more armaments, to capture more territory, to control more labour power, to turn out more armaments, claim to enormous territories which in fact are largely uninhabited and unexplored: but the balance of power always remains roughly even, and the territory which produce is used for purposes of war, and the object of waging a war is always to be did not exist, the structure of world society, and the process by which it maintains itself, would not be essentially different.

doublethink, this aim is simultaneously recognized and not recognized by the the problem of what to do with the surplus of consumption goods has been latent in this problem is obviously not urgent, and it might not have become so, even if no hungry, dilapidated place compared with the world that existed before 1914, and still more so if compared with the imaginary future to which the people of that unbelievably rich, leisured, orderly, and efficient -- a glittering antiseptic world of glass and steel and snow-white concrete -- was part of the consciousness of nearly failed to happen, partly because of the impoverishment caused by a long series of wars and revolutions, partly because scientific and technical progress depended on the empirical habit of thought, which could not survive in a strictly regimented connected with warfare and police espionage, have been developed, but experiment and invention have largely stopped, and the ravages of the atomic war made its appearance it was clear to all thinking people that the need for human the machine were used deliberately for that end, hunger, overwork, dirt, illiteracy, and used for any such purpose, but by a sort of automatic process -- by producing wealth which it was sometimes impossible not 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 centuries.

destruction -- indeed, in some sense was the destruction -- of a hierarchical in a house with a bathroom and a refrigerator, and possessed a motor-car or even an aeroplane, the most obvious and perhaps the most important form of inequality the sense of personal possessions and luxuries, should be evenly distributed, while alike, the great mass of human beings who are normally stupefied by poverty would become literate and would learn to think for themselves; and when once they had done this, they would sooner or later realize that the privileged minority agricultural past, as some thinkers about the beginning of the twentieth century towards mechanization which had 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 rivals.

allowed to stagnate, land went out of cultivation, capital equipment was not added to, great blocks of the population were prevented from working and kept

privations it inflicted were obviously unnecessary, it made opposition inevitable. warfare.

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, manufacture is still a convenient way of expending labour power without it is scrapped as obsolete, never having brought any material benefit to anybody, and war effort is always so planned as to eat up any surplus that might exist after are always underestimated, with the result that there is a chronic shortage of half the keep even the favoured groups somewhere near the brink of hardship, because a general state of scarcity increases the importance of small privileges and thus well-appointed flat, the better texture of his clothes, the better quality of his food and drink and tobacco, his two or three servants, his private motor-car or helicopter -- where the possession of a lump of horseflesh makes the difference between wealth in danger, makes the handing-over of all power to a small caste seem the natural, unavoidable condition of survival.

waste the surplus labour of the world by building temples and pyramids, by digging holes and filling them up again, or even by producing vast quantities of morale of masses, whose attitude is unimportant so long as they are kept steadily at 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 does not matter whether the war is actually happening, and, since no decisive atmosphere of war, is now almost universal, but the higher up the ranks one goes, news is untruthful, and he may often be aware that the entire war is spurious and is either not happening or is being waged for purposes quite other than the declared ones: but such knowledge is easily neutralized by the technique of doublethink. undisputed master of the entire world.

so building up an overwhelming preponderance of power, or by the discovery unceasingly, and is one of the very few remaining activities in which the inventive achievements of the past were founded, is opposed to the most fundamental matters of vital importance -- meaning, in effect, war and police espionage -- the what another human being is thinking, and the other is how to kill several hundred either a mixture of psychologist and inquisitor, studying with real ordinary minuteness the meaning of facial expressions, gestures, and tones of voice, and testing the truth-producing effects of drugs, shock therapy, hypnosis, and physical torture; or he is chemist, physicist, or biologist concerned only with such branches logistics of future wars; others devise larger and larger rocket bombs, more and more powerful explosives, and more and more impenetrable armour-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 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 aeroplane 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 kilometres away in space, or producing artificial earthquakes and tidal waves by tapping the heat at the earth's centre.

remarkable is that all three powers already possess, in the atomic bomb, a weapon far more powerful than any that their present researches are likely to produce. Atomic bombs first appeared as early as the nineteen-forties, and were first used on a few more atomic bombs would mean the end of organized society, and hence of the production of atomic bombs and store them up against the decisive opportunity which they were formerly, bombing planes have been largely superseded by self-propelled projectiles, and the fragile movable battleship has given way to the hundreds of thousands or even millions of men were often killed in a few weeks, have never been repeated.

combination of fighting, bargaining, and well-timed strokes of treachery, to acquire a ring of bases completely encircling one or other of the rival states, and then to sign a pact of friendship with that rival and remain on peaceful terms for so long that atomic bombs can be assembled at all the strategic spots; finally they will all be fired simultaneously, with effects so devastating as to make retaliation impossible. This would violate the principle, followed on all sides though never formulated, of non-interference with the inhabitants, a task of great physical difficulty, or to assimilate a population of about a hundred million people, who, so far as technical development goes, are absolutely necessary to their structure that there should be no contact with foreigners, except, to a limited extent, with war prisoners and coloured slaves. Creatures similar to himself and that most of what he has been told about them is change hands, the main frontiers must never be crossed by anything except bombs.

upon: namely, that the conditions of life in all three super-states are very much other two philosophies, but he is taught to execrate them as barbarous outrages distinguishable, and the social systems which they support are not distinguishable that the three super-states not only cannot conquer one another, but would gain no all three powers are simultaneously aware and unaware of what they are doing. That there is no danger of conquest makes possible the denial of reality which is the repeat what has been said earlier, that by becoming continuous war has fundamentally changed its character.

was one of the main instruments by which human societies were kept in touch with the world upon their followers, but they could not afford to encourage any illusion that independence, or some other result generally held to be undesirable, the philosophy, or religion, or ethics, or politics, two and two might make five, but nations were always conquered sooner or later, and the struggle for efficiency was from the past, which meant having a fairly accurate idea of what had happened in the past, but falsification of the kind that is practised today would have been were be won or lost, no ruling class could be completely irresponsible.

have seen, researches that could be called scientific are still carried out for the purposes of war, but they are essentially a kind of daydreaming, and their failure to recognize that the three super-states is unconquerable, each is in effect a separate universe within its pressure through the needs of everyday life -- the need to eat and drink, to get shelter and clothing, to avoid swallowing poison or stepping out of top-storey

interstellar space, who has no way of knowing which direction is up and which is numbers large enough to be inconvenient, and they are obliged to remain at the same low level of military technique as their rivals; but once that minimum is achieved, they can twist reality into whatever shape they choose.

helps to preserve the special mental atmosphere that a hierarchical society groups of all countries, although they might recognize their common interest and therefore limit the destructiveness of war, did fight against one another, and the subjects, and the object of the war is not to make or prevent conquests of territory, same if the three super-states, instead of fighting one another, should agree to live would still be a self-contained universe, freed for ever from the sobering influence

physical sensations, mixed up somehow with the tiredness of his body, the softness of the chair, the touch of the faint breeze from the window that played what he would have said, if it had been possible for him to set his scattered more than a week since they had seen one another.

immediately knelt down beside the oilstove to make the coffee.

of daylight when she was not marching to and fro between the washtub and the line, alternately gagging herself with clothes pegs and breaking forth into lusty up against the bedhead.

read it.'

different names, and their relative numbers, as well as their attitude towards one another, have varied from age to age: but the essential structure of society has 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

than intermittently conscious of anything outside their daily lives -- is to throughout history a struggle which is the same in its main outlines recurs over and later there always comes a moment when they lose either their belief in themselves wealth, no softening of manners, no reform or revolution has ever brought human has ever meant much more than a change in the name of their masters.

history as a cyclical process and claimed to show that inequality was the adherents, but in the manner in which it was now put forward there was a and by the priests, lawyers, and the like who were parasitical upon them, and it had generally been softened by promises of compensation in an imaginary world concept of human brotherhood began to be assailed by people who were not yet in 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 1900 onwards the aim of establishing liberty and equality was more and more permanently.

knowledge, and the growth of the historical sense, which had hardly existed the principal, underlying cause was that, as early as the beginning of the twentieth were not equal in their native talents and that functions had to be specialized in ways that favoured some individuals against others; but there was no longer any kinds of work, it was no longer necessary for them to live at different social or the point of seizing power, human equality was no longer an ideal to be striven after, paradise in which men should live together in a state of brotherhood, without laws

and without brute labour, had haunted the human imagination for thousands of revolutions had partly believed in their own phrases about the rights of man, freedom of speech, equality before the law, and the like, and have even allowed the earthly paradise had been discredited at exactly the moment when it became 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.

systems, generally called totalitarian, which had appeared earlier in the century, and the main outlines of the world which would emerge from the part of bureaucrats, scientists, technicians, trade-union organizers, publicity experts, whose origins lay in the salaried middle class and the upper grades of the working class, had been shaped and brought together by the barren world of monopoly 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 ruling groups were always infected to some extent by liberal ideas, and were content to leave loose ends everywhere, to regard only the overt act and to be uninterested in invention of print, however, made it easier to manipulate public opinion, and the and the technical advance which made it possible to receive and transmit 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, opinion on all subjects, now existed for the first time.

its forerunners, did not act upon instinct but knew what was needed to in the middle years of the century meant, in effect, the concentration of property in far fewer hands than before: but with this difference, that the new owners were a commanding position almost unopposed, because the whole process was everything had been taken away from them: and since these things were no longer intended beforehand, that economic inequality has been made permanent.

conquered from without, or it governs so inefficiently that the masses are ruling class which could guard against all of them would remain in power class itself.

unconquerable, and could only become conquerable through slow as they are not permitted to have standards of comparison, they never even become aware that unnecessary and are not now permitted to happen, but other and equally large dislocations can and do happen without having political results, because there is no overproduction, which has been latent in our society since the development of the point of view of our present rulers, therefore, the only genuine dangers are the splitting-off of a new group of able, under-employed, power-hungry people, and both of the directing group and of the larger executive group that lies immediately negative way.

achievement, every victory, every scientific discovery, all knowledge, all wisdom, all happiness, all virtue, are held to issue directly from his leadership and as a focusing point for love, fear, and reverence, emotions which are more easily

equatorial lands who pass constantly from conqueror to conqueror, are not a permanent or necessary part of the structure.

less to-and-fro movement between the different groups than happened under there is a certain amount of interchange, but only so much as will ensure that not aim at transmitting power to its own children, as such; and if there were no other way of keeping the ablest people at the top, it would be perfectly prepared to something called 'class privilege' assumed that what is not hereditary cannot be nor did he pause to reflect that hereditary aristocracies have always been short-lived, to-son inheritance, but the persistence of a certain world-view and a certain way of that the hierarchical structure remains always the same.

generation to generation and from century to century, working, breeding, and dying, not only without any impulse to rebel, but without the power of grasping advance of industrial technique made it necessary to educate them more highly; but, since military and commercial rivalry are no longer important, the level of even the smallest deviation of opinion on the most unimportant subject can be tolerated.

asleep or awake, working or resting, in his bath or in bed, he can be inspected and children, the expression of his face when he is alone, the words he mutters in sleep, even the characteristic movements of his body, are all jealously scrutinized. change of habits, any nervous mannerism that could possibly be the symptom of an 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 plainly stated, and could not be stated without laying bare the contradictions goodthinker), he will in all circumstances know, without taking thought, what is crimestop, blackwhite, and doublethink, makes him unwilling and unable to think too deeply on any subject whatever.

enemies and internal traitors, triumph over victories, and self-abasement unsatisfying life are deliberately turned outwards and dissipated by such devices as sceptical or rebellious attitude are killed in advance by his early acquired inner of includes the power of not grasping analogies, of failing to perceive logical errors, being bored or repelled by any train of thought which is capable of leading in a one's own mental processes as complete as that of a contortionist over his body. an opponent, it means the habit of impudently claiming that black is white, in means also the ability to believe that black is white, and more, to know that black is white, alteration of the past, made possible by the system of thought which really

member, like the proletarian, tolerates present-day conditions partly because 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 speeches, statistics, and records of every kind must be constantly brought up to stability of the regime as the work of repression and espionage carried out by the

argued, have no objective existence, but survive only in written records and in at the moment, then this new version is the past, and no different past can ever

necessary to rearrange one's memories or to tamper with written records, then it is doublethink comprises much else as well.

which direction his memories must be altered; he therefore knows that he is playing tricks with reality; but by the exercise of doublethink he also satisfies be carried out with sufficient precision, but it also has to be unconscious, or it would deliberate lies while genuinely believing in them, to forget any fact that has become inconvenient, and then, when it becomes necessary again, to draw it back from oblivion for just so long as it is needed, to deny the existence of objective reality and all the while to take account of the reality which one denies -- all this is reality; by a fresh act of doublethink one erases this knowledge; and so on continue to be able for thousands of years -- to arrest the course of history.

themselves to changing circumstances, and were overthrown; or they became liberal and cowardly, made concessions when they should have used force, and is to rule, and to continue ruling, one must be able to dislocate the sense of reality.

our society, those who have the best knowledge of what is happening are also clear illustration of this is the fact that war hysteria increases in intensity as one is simply a continuous calamity which sweeps to and fro over their bodies like a tidal aware that a change of overlordship means simply that they will be doing the same work as before for new masters who treat them in the same manner as the old ones. frenzies of fear and hatred, but when left to themselves they are capable of peculiar linking-together of opposites -- knowledge with ignorance, cynicism with ideology contempt for the working class unexampled for centuries past, and it dresses its members in a uniform which was at one time peculiar to manual workers and was and it calls its leader by a name which is a direct appeal to the sentiment of family accidental, nor do they result from ordinary hypocrisy; they are deliberate to keep their places permanently -- then the prevailing mental condition must be controlled insanity.

process have been rightly described, what is the motive for this huge, accurately planned effort to freeze history at a particular moment of time?

lies the original motive, the never-questioned instinct that first led to the was lying on her side, naked from the waist upwards, with her cheek pillowed on her and regularly.

down, and pulled the coverlet over both of them.

anything that he did not know, it had merely systematized the knowledge that was truth and there was untruth, and if you clung to the truth even against the face and the girl's smooth body touching his own gave him a strong, sleepy, confident not statistical,' with the feeling that this remark contained in it a profound wisdom. dozing for a while; then the usual deep-lunged singing struck up from the yard below;

herself luxuriously, and got out of bed.

sun must have gone down behind the houses; it was not shining into the yard had the feeling that the sky had been washed too, so fresh and pale was the blue uncorking herself, singing and falling silent, and pegging out more diapers, and side; together they gazed down with a sort of fascination at the sturdy figure below.



up for the line, her powerful mare-like buttocks protruded, it struck him for the of a woman of fifty, blown up to monstrous dimensions by childbearing, then hardened, roughened by work till it was coarse in the grain like an over-ripe turnip, could be body, like a block of granite, and the rasping red skin, bore the same relation to the the flower?

momentary flowering, a year, perhaps, of wild-rose beauty and then she had suddenly swollen like a fertilized fruit and grown hard and red and coarse, and then her life had been laundering, scrubbing, darning, cooking, sweeping, polishing, mending, scrubbing, laundering, first for children, then for grandchildren, over that he felt for her was somehow mixed up with the aspect of the pale, cloudless sky, all over the world, hundreds of thousands of millions of people just like this, people ignorant of one another's existence, held apart by walls of hatred and lies, and yet almost exactly the same -- people who had never learned to think but who were storing up in their hearts and bellies and muscles the power that would one it would stay alive against all the odds, like birds, passing on from body to body the edge of the wood?'

same solid unconquerable figure, made monstrous by work and childbearing, you could share in that future if you kept alive the mind as they kept alive the body, and passed on the secret doctrine that two plus two make four.

almost as though unconnected with the skin beneath.

telescreen behind it.

another.'

flung across the yard, and then a confusion of angry shouts which ended in a yell of pain.

bye,' she said.

comes a candle to light you to bed, here comes a chopper to chop off your head"!"

room was full of solid men in black uniforms, with iron-shod boots on their feet and truncheons in their hands.

thing alone mattered; to keep still, to keep still and not give them an excuse to slit paused opposite him balancing his truncheon meditatively between thumb and man protruded the tip of a white tongue, licked the place where his lips should the glass paperweight from the table and smashed it to pieces on the hearth-stone.

millimetre, but sometimes her livid, gasping face came within the angle of his the deadly pain which nevertheless was less urgent than the struggle to get back all the while but could not be suffered yet, because before all else it was necessary to down, yellow and contorted, with the eyes shut, and still with a smear of rouge on either cheek; and that was the last he saw of her.

slept the clock round and thought it was twenty-thirty when really it was on the fragments of the glass paperweight.

suddenly realized whose voice it was that he had heard a few moments ago on gone, the whole lines of the face seemed to have altered; even the nose seemed

# eighteen

and there was a low, steady humming sound which he supposed had something to wall, broken only by the door and, at the end opposite the door, a lavatory pan with was arrested he had not been fed.

this because from time to time something seemed to tickle his leg -- that there overcame his fear; he slipped a hand into his pocket.

pockets in the cells!

had been taken to another place which must have been an ordinary prison or a there; some hours at any rate; with no clocks and no daylight it was hard to gauge the one he was now in, but filthily dirty and at all times crowded by ten or fifteen bodies, too preoccupied by fear and the pain in his belly to take much interest in his surroundings, but still noticing the astonishing difference in demeanour yelled insults at the guards, fought back fiercely when their belongings were impounded, wrote obscene words on the floor, ate smuggled food which they produced from mysterious hiding-places in their clothes, and even shouted down the telescreen good terms with the guards, called them by nicknames, and tried to wheedle criminals with a certain forbearance, even when they had to handle them roughly. racketeering of every kind, there was homosexuality and prostitution, there was to the common criminals, especially the gangsters and the murderers, who formed a

drunks were so violent that the other prisoners had to combine to suppress breasts and thick coils of white hair which had come down in her struggles, was carried in, kicking and shouting, by four guards, who had hold of her one at each knees on to the bench.

towards her, breathing beer and vomit into his face.

physique, and it was probable that people changed somewhat after twenty years in a forced-labour camp.

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.

pain in his belly never went away, but sometimes it grew better and sometimes would happen to him with such actuality that his heart galloped and his breath shins; he saw himself grovelling on the floor, screaming for mercy through broken and would not betray her; but that was only a fact, known as he knew the rules of from moment to moment, accepting another ten minutes' life even with the certainty that there was torture at the end of it.

one moment he felt certain that it was broad daylight outside, and at the next mentally from place to place, and tried to determine by the feeling of his body whether he was perched high in the air or buried deep underground.

over with polished leather, and whose pale, straight-featured face was like a

though having some idea that there was another door to go out of, and then his face to the cheekbones, giving him an air of ruffianism that went oddly with his large weak frame and nervous movements.

trying to remember something.

pedant who has found out some useless fact, shone through the dirt and scrubby hair.

circumstances, did it strike him as very important or interesting.

tramp of boots would mean that his own turn had come.

perturbed, but uncomprehending.

door opened, the wave of air that it created brought in a powerful smell of cold shirt.

prevent himself from gazing at something in the middle distance.

at once a complete admission of his guilt and a sort of incredulous horror that don't shoot you if you haven't actually done anything -- only thoughts, which you going off the rails just once?"

face grew calmer, and even took on a slightly sanctimonious expression.

obscenity.

late."

with his hands.

hours afterwards.

morning when he was brought here, it would be afternoon; or if it had been so pouched at the bottom that it was difficult not to believe that he had little stores of turned quickly away again when he caught anyone's eye.

the mouth and eyes looked disproportionately large, and the eyes seemed filled with a murderous, unappeasable hatred of somebody or something.

not look at him again, but the tormented, skull-like face was as vivid in his skull-faced man, then turning guiltily away, then being dragged back by an waddled clumsily across the cell, dug down into the pocket of his overalls, and, with an abashed air, held out a grimy piece of bread to the skull- faced man.

back, as though demonstrating to all the world that he refused the gift.

movement.'

aside, there emerged from behind him a short stumpy guard with enormous signal from the officer, let free a frightful blow, with all the weight of his body of a dental plate fell out of his mouth.

black hole in the middle of it.

grey eyes still flitted from face to face, more guiltily than ever, as though he were trying to discover how much the others despised him for his humiliation.

man.

himself on his knees on the floor, with his hand clasped together.

me!'

moment he flung himself across the floor of the cell and grabbed one of the prisoners sat quiet, their hands crossed on their knees, looking straight in front of crushed hand, all the fight had gone out of him.

ache in his bones was no longer bearable, and then would sit down again almost at once because he was too dizzy to make sure of staying on his feet. thinkable that the razor blade might arrive concealed in his food, if he were ever question was not answerable yet.

long black truncheon in his hand.

it -- you have always known it.'

anywhere; on the crown, on the tip of the ear, on the upper arm, on the elbow-- he writhed on the floor, clutching uselessly at his disabled left arm.

## nineteen

the ground and that he was fixed down in some way so that he could not move. white coat, holding a hypodermic syringe.

had the impression of swimming up into this room from some quite different times when consciousness, even the sort of consciousness that one has in sleep, had were of days or weeks or only seconds, there was no way of knowing.

realize that all that then happened was merely a preliminary, a routine of crimes -- espionage, sabotage, and the like -- to which everyone had to confess as a many times he had been beaten, how long the beatings had continued, he could not floor, as shameless as an animal, writhing his body this way and that in an endless, hopeless effort to dodge the kicks, and simply inviting more and yet more kicks, in his ribs, in his belly, on his elbows, on his shins, in his groin, in his testicles, on the cruel, wicked, unforgivable thing seemed to him not that the guards continued to times when his nerve so forsook him that he began shouting for mercy even before the beating began, when the mere sight of a fist drawn back for a blow was enough other times when he started out with the resolve of confessing nothing, when every word had to be forced out of him between gasps of pain, and there were times he could hardly stand, then flung like a sack of potatoes on to the stone floor of a cell, shelf sticking out from the wall, and a tin wash-basin, and meals of hot soup and chin and crop his hair, and businesslike, unsympathetic men in white coats feeling his pulse, tapping his reflexes, turning up his eyelids, running harsh fingers over him in search for broken bones, and shooting needles into his arm to make him sleep.

rotund men with quick movements and flashing spectacles, who worked on him in relays over periods which lasted -- he thought, he could not be sure -- ten or wrung his ears. pulled his hair, made him stand on one leg, refused him leave to urinate, shone glaring lights in his face until his eyes ran with water; but the aim of this was simply to humiliate him and destroy his power of arguing and reasoning. hour, tripping him up, laying traps for him, twisting everything that he said, convicting him at every step of lies and self-contradiction until he began weeping threatened at every hesitation to deliver him over to the guards again; but sometimes they would suddenly change their tune, call him comrade, appeal to him simply a mouth that uttered, a hand that signed, whatever was demanded of him. although he knew, and his questioners must have known, that his wife was still had been a member of an underground organization which had included almost every the thought and the deed.

disconnectedly, like pictures with blackness all round them.

he floated out of his seat, dived into the eyes, and was swallowed up.

guards.

either; he was looking only at the dials.

golden light, roaring with laughter and shouting out confessions at the top of was all right, there was no more pain, the last detail of his life was laid bare, understood, forgiven.

scream with pain, when he should have a respite, when he should be fed, when remember whether it was in drugged sleep, or in normal sleep, or even in a shall meet in the place where there is no darkness,' in that other dream, seven years ago.

blackness and then the cell, or room, in which he now was had gradually lever on top and figures running round the face.

happening, and he had the feeling that some mortal injury was being done to effect was electrically produced; but his body was being wrenched out of shape, out on his forehead, the worst of all was the fear that his backbone was about to long as possible.

pain receded almost as quickly as it had come.

understand that?

persuade rather than to punish.

events and you persuade yourself that you remember other events which never it not?

remember.'

making the fullest possible confession -- were not guilty of the crimes they

he wanted was to hold the photograph in his fingers again, or at least to see it.

the wall.

existed.'

remember it.'

really happen: that was the thought that defeated him.

of a teacher taking pains with a wayward but promising child.

if you please.'

would save him from pain; he did not even know which answer he believed to be the true one.

other a place, a world of solid objects, where the past is still happening?'

yourself into thinking that you see something, you assume that everyone else which can make mistakes, and in any case soon perishes: only in the mind of the become sane.'

sink in.

freedom to say that two plus two make four"?''

hidden and the four fingers extended.

and issued again in deep groans which even by clenching his teeth he could pillars, enormous, blurry, and seeming to vibrate, but unmistakably four.

many fingers, please?'

save him from it.

become sane.'

the pain had ebbed away and the trembling had stopped, leaving him merely five.'

fingers seemed to be moving in a sort of dance, weaving in and out, them, and never loved him so deeply as at this moment, and not merely because he had deeper than friendship, they were intimates: somewhere or other, although the actual words might never be spoken, there was a place where they could meet and conversational tone.

continued less vehemently:

open, and killed them while they were still unrepentant: in fact, it killed them victims to public trial, they deliberately set themselves to destroy their dignity. wretches, confessing whatever was put into their mouths, covering themselves with the first place, because the confessions that they had made were obviously extorted have existed.'

nothing that you say or do can make the smallest difference -- in that case, thinking, was it not?'

whimpering, grovelling, weeping -- and in the end it was not with pain or fear, begged to be shot quickly, so that they could die while their minds were still clean.'

voice had grown stern again.

chose to let you live out the natural term of your life, still you would never will happen to you from which you could not recover, if you lived a thousand shall squeeze you empty, and then we shall fill you with ourselves.'

white coat.

regained their 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.

war with?'

any war.

you remember that?'

normal again, and the old fear, the hatred, and the bewilderment came thirty had filled up a patch of emptiness and become absolute truth, and when two and it, he could remember it, as one remembers a vivid experience at some period of one's life when one was in effect a different person.

on his nose.

choose.'

textbook case.'

imagine, the arguments which proved his own nonexistence; but they were would demolish him.

have finished with you, and if you live to be ninety years old, still you will will be an unsolved riddle in your mind.'

words burst out of him:

101.'

# twenty

second stage.'

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.

individually, as you know.'

accumulation of knowledge -- a gradual spread of enlightenment -- ultimately could not endure liberty or face the truth, and must be ruled over and choice for mankind lay between freedom and happiness, and that, for the great bulk of weak, a dedicated sect doing evil that good might come, sacrificing its own world was really like, in what degradation the mass of human beings lived and by what who gives your arguments a fair hearing and then simply persists in his lunacy?

human beings are not fit to govern themselves, and therefore-

say a thing like that.'

different from all the oligarchies of the past, in that we know what we are in their methods, but they never had the courage to recognize their own motives. unwillingly and for a limited time, and that just round the corner there lay a

over him, deliberately bringing the worn face nearer.

fingernails?'

in his pocket.

himself into a sitting position, and merely succeeded in wrenching his body painfully.

world.'

mastodons and enormous reptiles which lived here long before man was ever heard of.'

or when we predict an eclipse, we often find it convenient to assume that the earth goes round the sun and that the stars are millions upon millions of kilometres

power, the power we have to fight for night and day, is not power over things,

is torment, a world of trampling and being trampled upon, a world which will the intoxication of power, constantly increasing and constantly growing subtler. a boot stamping on a human face -- for ever.'

betrayals, the arrests, the tortures, the executions, the disappearances will every moment, they will be defeated, discredited, ridiculed, spat upon and yet they will be played out over and over again generation after generation, always in pain, broken up, contemptible -- and in the end utterly penitent, saved from himself,

weakly.

is impossible.'

never endure.'

immortal.'

the attack.

something called human nature which will be outraged by what we do and will perhaps you have returned to your old idea that the proletarians or the slaves will what you are, and then they will tear you to pieces.'

yourself morally superior to us, with our lies and our cruelty?'  
to encourage drug-taking and prostitution, to disseminate venereal diseases, to the voices stopped.

stood up unsteadily.

overalls his body was looped with filthy yellowish rags, just recognizable as the side view as well.'

jailbird's face with a nobby forehead running back into a bald scalp, a crooked nose, and battered-looking cheekbones above which his eyes were fierce and was his own face, but it seemed to him that it had changed more than he had changed under the dirt there were the red scars of wounds, and near the ankle the varicose narrow as that of a skeleton: the legs had shrunk so that the knees were thicker than so as to make a cavity of the chest, the scraggy neck seemed to be bending double a man of sixty, suffering from some malignant disease.

face?'

know that you have lost twenty-five kilograms since you have been in our clothes on again.'

suddenly as he fixed the miserable rags round himself a feeling of pity for his his ugliness, his gracelessness, a bundle of bones in filthy underclothes sitting on his shoulder, almost kindly.

happened that you did not foresee.'

screamed with pain, you have rolled on the floor in your own blood and vomit. you think of a single degradation that has not happened to you?'

knew about her, her habits, her character, her past life; he had confessed in the most trivial detail everything that had happened at their meetings, all that he had said to her and she to him, their black-market meals, their adulteries, their vague need for explanation.

## twenty-one

to speak of days.

count of the passage of time, if he had felt any interest in doing so, since he three meals in the twenty-four hours; sometimes he wondered dimly whether he 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.

asleep, sometimes waking into vague reveries in which it was too much not to be beaten or questioned, to have enough to eat, and to be clean all over, was completely satisfying.

was established beyond a doubt that he was growing fatter; his thighs were attempted more elaborate exercises, and was astonished and humiliated to find squatted down on his heels, and found that with agonizing pains in thigh and calf to grow actually proud of his body, and to cherish an intermittent belief that his bald scalp did he remember the seamed, ruined face that had looked back at him out of the mirror.



wall and the slate on his knees, and set to work deliberately at the task of re-educating himself.

what to do -- he had grasped the frivolity, the shallowness of his attempt to set no physical act, no word spoken aloud, that they had not noticed, no train of wrote:

current that swept you backwards however hard you struggled, and then suddenly deciding to turn round and go with the current instead of opposing it.

lump of submerged wreckage breaking the surface of water, the thought burst somewhere or other, outside oneself, there was a 'real' world where 'real' things happens in all minds, truly happens.

than water' -- and trained himself in not seeing or not understanding the needed also a sort of athleticism of mind, an ability at one moment to make the most delicate use of logic and at the next to be unconscious of the crudest logical

confinement, they might send him to a labour-camp, they might release him the whole drama of his arrest and interrogation would be enacted all over again. tradition -- the unspoken tradition: somehow you knew it, though you never heard it said-was that they shot you from behind; always in the back of the head, without warning, as you walked down a corridor from cell to cell.

could feel the short springy turf under his feet and the gentle sunshine on his beyond that was the stream where the dace lay in the green pools under the willows.

other she was still alive and needed his help.

many years had he added to his servitude by that moment of weakness?

foolish cry.

not easy to preserve inscrutability when you did not know what your face time he perceived that if you want to keep a secret you must also hide it from yourself. let it emerge into your consciousness in any shape that could be given a name. which was part of himself and yet unconnected with the rest of him, a kind of cyst.

without a check in his step, without the changing of a line in his face -- suddenly the camouflage would be down and bang! would go the batteries of his

posters he always thought of it as being a metre wide), with its heavy black moustache and the eyes that followed you to and fro, seemed to float into his mind

officer and the black-uniformed guards.

strong hands and looked at him closely.

## twenty-two

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

head from behind, forcing him to look straight in front of him.

worst thing in the world.'

thing, not even fatal.'

could see that the cage was divided lengthways into two compartments, and

moment the meaning of the mask-like attachment in front of it suddenly sank

that were on the other side of the wall.'

everyone there is something unendurable -- something that cannot be what is required of you.

great empty plain, a flat desert drenched with sunlight, across which all sounds rat's muzzle grows blunt and fierce and his fur brown instead of grey.

human being is helpless.'

from outside himself.

body of another human being, between himself and the rats.

grandfather of the sewers, stood up, with his pink hands against the bars, and as ever.

he had suddenly understood that in the whole world there was just one person to whom he could transfer his punishment -- one body that he could thrust between

still strapped in the chair, but he had fallen through the floor, through the walls of the building, through the earth, through the oceans, through the atmosphere, into outer space, into the gulfs between the stars -- always away, away, away from the enveloped him he heard another metallic click, and knew that the cage door had clicked shut and not open.

## twenty-three

from the telescreens.

café.

of it, but there was a possibility that at any moment there might be a special not mentioned any definite area, but it was probable that already the mouth of the was menaced.

days he could never fix his mind on any one subject for more than a few and saccharine, themselves disgusting enough in their sickly way, could not disguise the flat oily smell; and what was worst of all was that the smell of gin, which dwelt with him night and day, was inextricably mixed up in his mind with the smell of those-

thickened, the skin on nose and cheekbones was coarsely red, even the bald always waiting for him, his corner table was always reserved; even when the place was full he had it to himself, since nobody cared to be seen sitting too close to him. him with a dirty slip of paper which they said was the bill, but he had the even had a job, a sinecure, more highly-paid than his old job had been.

cent.

southward he saw another force, mysteriously assembled, suddenly planted in rather it was successive layers of feeling, in which one could not say which layer was undermost struggled inside him.

dust on the table: 2+2=

killed in your breast: burnt out, cauterized out.

knew as though instinctively that they now took almost no interest in his dead and there was not a bud anywhere except a few crocuses which had pushed among a clump of ragged leafless shrubs, useless either for concealment or as protection waist.

sallower, and there was a long scar, partly hidden by the hair, across her explosion of a rocket bomb, he had helped to drag a corpse out of some ruins, and had been astonished not only by the incredible weight of the thing, but by its rigidity and awkwardness to handle, which made it seem more like stone than be quite different from what it had once been.

came purely out of the past or whether it was inspired also by his bloated face that it was only a trick and that you just said it to make them stop and didn't think there's no other way of saving yourself, and you're quite ready to save

vision of his corner table, with the newspaper and the chessboard and the ever-altogether by accident, he allowed himself to become separated from her by a her thickened, stiffened body was no longer recognizable from behind.

should be delivered over to the-

happening, perhaps it was only a memory taking on the semblance of sound -- a voice was singing:

empty and came back with the gin bottle.

eleven hundred, with gummed-up eyelids and fiery mouth and a back that seemed to be broken, it would have been impossible even to rise from the horizontal if it had not been for the bottle and teacup placed beside the bed committee which had sprouted from one of the innumerable committees dealing promptly dispersed again, frankly admitting to one another that there was not really work almost eagerly, making a tremendous show of entering up their minutes and drafting long memoranda which were never finished -- when the argument as to what they were supposedly arguing about grew extraordinarily involved and abstruse, with subtle haggling over definitions, enormous digressions, quarrels out of them and they would sit round the table looking at one another with extinct eyes, like ghosts fading at cock-crow.

tearing vertically southward, and a white arrow horizontally eastward, across move, because

vast white-counterpaned bed, and himself, a boy of nine or ten, sitting on the him and also laughing.

reconciliation, when the nagging hunger in his belly was forgotten and his pelting, drenching day when the water streamed down the window-pane and the demands for food, fretted about the room pulling everything out of place and kicking the wainscoting until the neighbours banged on the wall, while the younger little general shop which was still sporadically open nearby, and came back with a and the tiny wooden dice were so ill-cut that they would hardly lie on their sides. and shouting with laughter as the tiddly-winks climbed hopefully up the ladders what the game was about, had sat propped up against a bolster, laughing because as in his earlier childhood.

run into him.

excited voice was gabbling from the telescreen, but even as it started it was telescreen to realize that it had all happened, as he had foreseen; a vast seaborne armada had secretly assembled a sudden blow in the enemy's rear, the white arrow

utter rout -- half a million prisoners -- complete demoralization -- control of the greatest victory in human history -- victory, victory, victory!"

stirred from his seat, but in his mind he was running, swiftly running, he was only ten minutes -- there had still been equivocation in his heart as he wondered happened, until this moment.

longhoped-for bullet was entering his brain.