

PART 1 CHAPTER 2

He was alone. The past was dead, the future was unimaginable. What certainty had he that a single human creature now living was on his side? And what way of knowing that the dominion of the Party would not endure for ever? Like an answer, the three slogans on the white face of the Ministry of Truth came back to him:

WAR IS PEACE
FREEDOM IS SLAVERY
IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH

He took a twenty-five cent piece out of his pocket. There, too, in tiny clear lettering, the same slogans were inscribed, and on the other face of the coin the head of Big Brother. Even from the coin the eyes pursued you. On coins, on stamps, on the covers of books, on banners, on posters, and on the wrappings of a cigarette Packet -- **everywhere**. **Always the eyes watching you and the voice enveloping you.** Asleep or awake, working or eating, indoors or out of doors, in the bath or in bed - no escape. Nothing was your own except the few cubic centimetres inside your skull.

The sun had shifted round, and the myriad windows of the Ministry of Truth, with the light no longer shining on them, looked grim as the loopholes of a fortress. His heart quailed before the enormous pyramidal shape. It was too strong, it could not be stormed. A thousand rocket bombs would not batter it down. He wondered again for whom he was writing the diary. For the future, for the past - for an age that might be imaginary. And in front of him there lay not death but annihilation. The diary would be reduced to ashes and himself to vapour. Only the Thought Police would read what he had written, before they wiped it out of existence and out of memory. How could you make appeal to the future when not a trace of you, not even an anonymous word scribbled on a piece of paper, could physically survive?

The telescreen struck fourteen. He must leave in ten minutes. He had to be back at work by fourteen-thirty.

Curiously, the chiming of the hour seemed to have put new heart into him. He was a lonely ghost uttering a truth that nobody would ever hear. But so long as he uttered it, in some obscure way the continuity was not broken. It was not by making yourself heard but by staying sane that you carried on the human heritage. He went back to the table, dipped his pen, and wrote:

*To the future or to the past, to a time when thought is free, when men are different from one another and do not live alone - to a time when truth exists and what is done cannot be undone: **From the age of uniformity, from the age of solitude, from the age of Big Brother, from the age of doublethink - greetings!***

He was already dead, he reflected. It seemed to him that it was only now, when he had begun to be able to formulate his thoughts, that he had taken the decisive step. The consequences of every act are included in the act itself. He wrote:

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Thoughtcrime does not entail death: thoughtcrime IS death.

entail: involve

PART 1 CHAPTER 7

I understand HOW: I do not understand WHY.

He wondered, as he had many times wondered before, whether he himself was a lunatic. Perhaps a lunatic was simply a minority of one. At one time it had been a sign of madness to believe that the earth goes round the sun; to-day, to believe that the past is inalterable. He might be alone in holding that belief, and if alone, then a lunatic. But the thought of being a lunatic did not greatly trouble him: the horror was that he might also be wrong.

He picked up the children's history book and looked at the portrait of Big Brother which formed its frontispiece. The hypnotic eyes gazed into his own. It was as though some huge force were pressing down upon you -something that penetrated inside your skull, battering against your brain, frightening you out of your beliefs, persuading you, almost, to deny the evidence of your senses. In the end the Party would announce that two and two made five, and you would have to believe it. It was inevitable that they should make that claim sooner or later: the logic of their position demanded it. Not merely the validity of experience, but the very existence of external reality, was tacitly denied by their philosophy. The heresy of heresies was common sense. And what was terrifying was not that they would kill you for thinking otherwise, but that they might be right. For, after all, how do we know that two and two make four? Or that the force of gravity works? Or that the past is unchangeable? If both the past and the external world exist only in the mind, and if the mind itself is controllable what then?

But no! His courage seemed suddenly to stiffen of its own accord. The face of O'Brien, not called up by any obvious association, had floated into his mind. He knew, with more certainty than before, that O'Brien was on his side. He was writing the diary for O'Brien - to O'Brien: it was like an interminable letter which no one would ever read, but which was addressed to a particular person and took its colour from that fact.

The Party told you to reject the evidence of your eyes and ears. It was their final, most essential command. His heart sank as he thought of the enormous power arrayed against him, the ease with which any Party intellectual would overthrow him in debate, the subtle arguments which he would not be able to understand, much less answer. And yet he was in the right! They were wrong and he was right. The obvious, the silly, and the true had got to be defended. Truisms are true, hold on to that! The solid world exists, its laws do not change. Stones are hard, water is wet, objects unsupported fall

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

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

PART 3 CHAPTER 3

WINSTON: but how can you control matter? You don't even control the climate or the law of gravity. And there are disease, pain, death.

O'BRIEN: we control matter because we control the mind. Reality is inside the skull. You will learn by degrees, Winston. There is nothing that we could not do.

Invisibility, levitation... everything. I could float off this floor like a soap bubble if I wished to. I don't wish to, because the Party doesn't wish it.

You must get rid of those nineteenth-century ideas about the laws of nature. We make the laws of nature.

WINSTON: but you don't! You are not even masters of this planet. What about Eurasia and Eastasia? You have not conquered them yet.

O'BREIN: unimportant. We shall conquer them when it suits us. And if we did not, what difference would it make? We can shut them out of existence. Oceania is the world.

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

O'BREIN: nonsense. The earth is as old as we are, no older. How could it be older? Nothing exists except through human consciousness.

WINSTON: but the rocks are full of the bones of extinct animals... mammoths and mastodons and enormous reptiles, which lived here long before man, were even heard of.

O'BREIN: have you ever seen those bones. Winston? Of course not. Nineteenth century biologicals invented them. Before man there was nothing. After man, if he could come to an end, there would be nothing. Outside man there is nothing.[...]

Winston shrank back upon the bed. Whatever he said, the swift answer crushed him like a bludgeon. And yet he knew, he knew, that he was in the right.[...]

O'BREIN: the real power, the power we have to fight for night and day, is not power over things, but over men.

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

WINSTON: by making him suffer.

O'BREIN: exactly. By making him suffer [...]. Power is in inflicting pain and humiliation. Power is in tearing human minds to pieces and putting them together again in new shapes of your own choosing. Do you begin to see, then, what kind of world we are creating? It is the exact opposite of the stupid hedonistic Utopias that the old reformers imagined. A world of fear and treachery and torment, a world of trampling and being trampled upon a world which will grow not less but more merciless as it refines itself.

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Progress in our world will be progress toward more pain. The old civilizations claimed that they were founded on love and justice. Ours are founded upon hatred. In our world there will be no emotions except fear, rage, triumph, and self-abasement [...]. We have cut the link between child and parents, and between man and man, and between man and woman. No one dares trust a wife or a child or a friend any longer. But in the future there will be no wives and no friends. Children will be taken from their mothers at birth, as one takes eggs from a hen. The sex instinct will be eradicated. Procreation will be an annual formality like the renewal of a ration card. We shall abolish the orgasm. There will be no loyalty except the loyalty toward the Party. There will be no love, except the love of Big Brother. There will be no laughter, except the laugh of triumph over a defeated enemy. There will be no art, no literature, no science. When we are omnipotent we shall have no more need of science. There will be no distinction between beauty and ugliness. There will be no curiosity, no enjoyment of the process of life. All competing pleasures will be destroyed. But always...do not forget this, Winston... always there will be the intoxication of power, constantly increasing and constantly growing subtler. Always, at every moment, there will be the thrill of victory, the sensation of trampling on an enemy who is helpless. If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face ... forever!

GLOSSARY:

SKULL: cranio

FLOAT: librarsi

GET RID: liberarsi

SPECK OF DUST: granello di polvere

SHRANK BACK: rannicchiarsi

SWIFT: secco/ veloce

BLUDGEON: mazza/ randello

TO TEAR: strappare

TREACHERY: tradimento

TO TRAMPLE: calpestare

MERCILESS: spietato

SELF-ABASEMENT: auto mortificazione

RATION CARD: tessera annonaria

DEFEATED: sconfitto

THRILL: brivido

STAMPING: calpestare

TEAR (TORE, TORN): lacerare

MATTER: argomento