

# 1984



Life Magazine was the first American photographic news magazine, it was immensely popular, selling over 13 million copies a week.

It gave a big part of its 4 July 1949 issue over to an article on George Orwell's new book 'Nineteen Eighty-Four'. The article was illustrated with cartoons by Abner Dean, a well known contributor to the New Yorker magazine.

Life's right-wing editors characterized the book as anti-socialist, (which Orwell denied) and described him as "devoting all his talents to warning the world of the fate that awaits it if it confuses liberalism with regimentation".

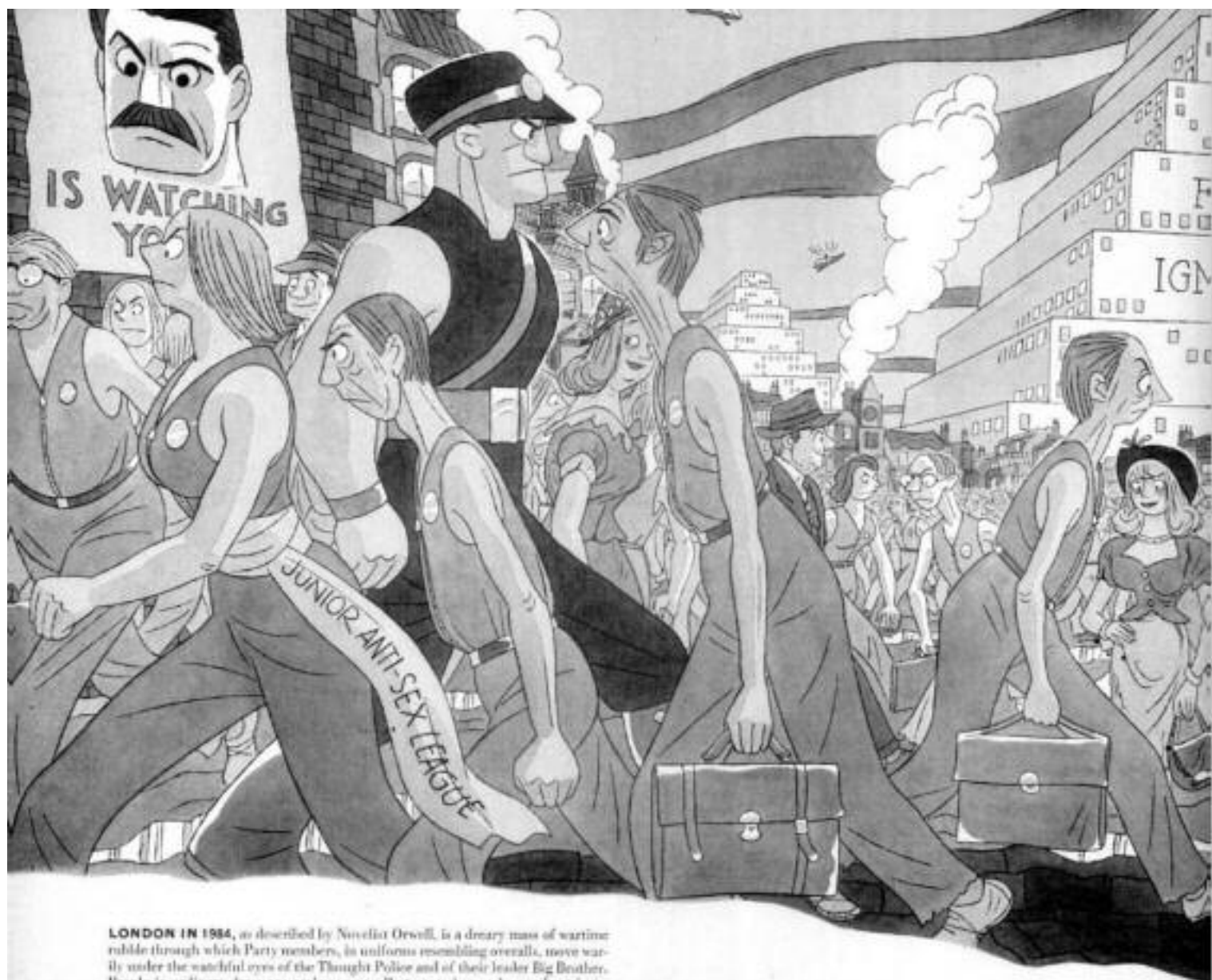
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**LONDON IN 1984**, as described by Novelist Orwell, is a dreary mass of wartime rubble through which Party members, in uniforms resembling overalls, move warily under the watchful eyes of the Thought Police and of their leader Big Brother. People in ordinary dress are *proles*, or non-Party members, who are kept in ignorance and are regarded simply as animals. Building at center with the Party's three slogans, which sound absurd but are actually believed by members, is Ministry of Truth. To the right is windowless Ministry of Love, a monument of cruelty where victims of the Thought Police are tortured out of their heretical notions.

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# THE STRANGE WORLD OF 1984



NOVELIST ORWELL

AN ENGLISHMAN WRITES A FRIGHTENING SATIRE ABOUT THE CRUEL FATE OF MAN IN A REGIMENTED LEFT-WING POLICE STATE WHICH CONTROLS HIS MIND AND SOUL

British Novelist George Orwell, 46, who fought in the Spanish Civil War, saw firsthand what the Communists were up to and has since devoted all his talents to warning the world of the fate which awaits it if it confuses liberalism with regimentation. His *Animal Farm* (1946) was a deft satire of what happened to a group of barn-

yard animals who, in the delusion that living standards can be raised by surrendering freedom, placed their affairs in the hands of a dictatorial pig named Napoleon. His new novel, *Nineteen Eighty-four* (Harcourt, Brace and Company, \$3), is a terrifying forecast of what the world of human beings may be like 35 years hence. Al-



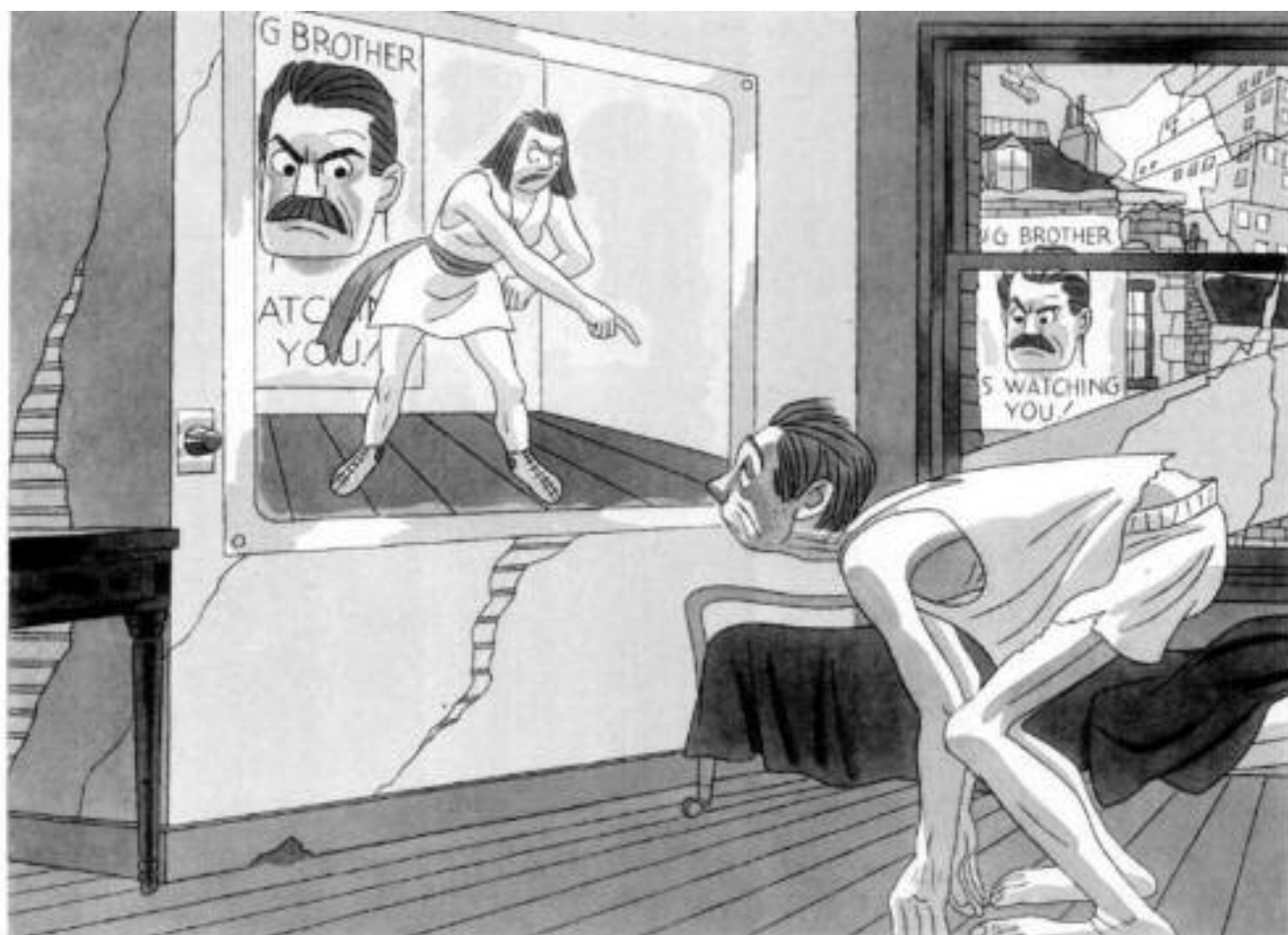
though it is not funny, like *Animal Farm*, it is even more effective. It is a July selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club and will be condensed in the September *Reader's Digest*. It is guaranteed to make the flesh creep on anything except brass monkeys and commissars.

In the year 1984 left-wing totalitarianism rules the world. England, the scene of the novel, is known as Airstrip One, a province of a vaguely Anglo-American world power known as Oceania. The prevailing philosophy is *Ingsoc* (a perverted English socialism); the dictator is a Stalinlike character known as Big Brother, who is never seen in person and is perhaps actually a myth. Even in its physical aspects Oceania is a horrible place. The standard of living is pitifully low—in the first place the factories cannot be

run efficiently under regimentation, and in the second place it is a cardinal principle of *Ingsoc* to wage constant war to shoot away the products of the machine and keep the world in poverty and ignorance. London is mostly a mass of rubble left over from the wars which finally created the world of 1984; the only handsome buildings are those where Party members conduct the government. One is the Ministry of Truth, busy manufacturing the lies that are fed to the populace. There are also the Ministry of Love (home of the brutal secret police), the Ministry of Peace (which wages war) and the Ministry of Plenty (which is chiefly concerned with new ways of cutting rations).

The London masses, 85% of the population, are now known as proles; they live in abject poverty and ignorance and their only

function is to work, eat, breed and die. Party members are distinguished from the proles by their uniforms, a kind of suit of overalls. (In the case of women the uniform is usually set off by the red sash of the Junior Anti-Sex League; pleasure in sex is frowned on by Big Brother—as is any form of human emotion which might make Party members less frustrated and thus less amenable to discipline.) The members are also distinguished by the drab unhappiness which Artist Abner Dean has depicted in these drawings, and by the constant struggle to keep out of the toils of the Thought Police, whose methods of terror are shown on the following pages. *Ingsoc*'s dictators have finally learned the technique of perpetuating a regimentation forever—they have learned to control, in fact to eliminate, the mind and soul of man.



**THE TELESCREEN** dominates the lives of Party members; it is a kind of television set which can never be turned off, and which can pick up as well as receive images. Over it the members hear what they are supposed to do and believe—and from the other end the dreaded Thought Police can see everything they do and hear everything they say. Here Party Member Winston Smith, serial number 6079, the hero of Orwell's novel, stands before the telescreen, which has awakened

him promptly at 7:15 a.m., and is going through the compulsory setting-up exercises known as the Physical Jerks. At the other end the instructress has noted that he is not touching his toes, and she is barking, "Smith! 6079 Smith W! Yes, yes! Bend lower, please. You can do better than that. You're not trying. Lower please! That's better, comrade. . . . We don't all have the privilege of fighting in the front line, but at least we can all keep fit!" Winston is trying to conceal his distaste.

## BOY MEETS GIRL: 1984 STYLE



**A LOVE AFFAIR** leads Winston first to happiness, inevitably to tragedy. One morning, in a hallway of the Ministry of Truth the dark-haired girl, Julia, pretends to fall and thus manages to hand Winston a note. Since any strange experience is frightening in Oceania, Winston expects some kind of sinister message; instead he is amazed to find the three words, "I love you." Love, of course, is a forbidden emotion in Oceania; so he quickly throws the note down the af-



ter memory hole, a kind of automatic incinerator system used to destroy historical documents which the Party wants to forget. He then arranges to meet Julia in the midst of a crowd in Victory Square, where they elude the telescreens just long enough for her to whisper instructions for reaching a hiding place she has found in the country. Up to this point Winston, 39, once married but quickly separated from an intense Party woman whom he despised, has been terribly



**TWO MINUTES HATE** is a daily institution designed to keep Party members in a frenzy of excitement and rage against the Party's enemies. Here Winston Smith and his fellow workers hiss the telescreen image of Emmanuel Goldstein (who is to Ingosce what Trotsky is to Communism, except that he is a complete myth invented by the Party leaders). Smith is secretly a rebel against Ingosce, but he finds himself as emotional as the rest: "The horrible thing about the Two Min-

utes Hate was that it was impossible to avoid joining in. Within 30 seconds any pretense was always unnecessary. A hideous ecstasy of fear and vindictiveness, a desire to kill, to torture, to smash faces in with a sledge hammer, seemed to flow through the whole group of people like an electric current." It is on this morning that Winston notices that a girl with dark hair is watching him; he fears that she is a member of the Thought Police. For her real reason, see the drawings below.



utely. Now, in a trysting place beneath the trees he finds a kindred soul in the rebellious Julia; she removes the hateful sash of the Anti-Sex League and they enter upon one of the most furtive and pathetic little love affairs in all literature. For a time they find occasional sanctuary in a room Winston has rented over the store of a prose shopkeeper. Julia is good at smuggling forbidden pleasures; they have real coffee (not the ersatz "Victory" mixture) and chocolate, and Jul-

ia adorns herself with cosmetics and perfumes which no Party member is ever supposed to use. But eventually, of course, the Thought Police catch up with them; they discover that even the shopkeeper's room was a trap where they were watched by a hidden telescreen and all their conversations were recorded. For the unspeakable crime of indulging in a human emotion they are arrested and hauled away to repent their sins in the horrible confines of the Ministry of Love.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE 81





THE "SPEAKWRITE" is one of Oceania's better inventions. In his office cubicle, where he labors at forging history, Winston Smith merely has to talk into the speakwrite, which turns his words into writing.

## HOW THE PARTY ALTERS HISTORY

Since Ingsoe demands blind and total obedience, it must always seem to be infallibly right—the Party can never admit a mistake. Therefore the big job of the Ministry of Truth, at which Winston helps before he is purged, is to alter the records of history to conform with the newest Party line. The fascinating process by which this is done is described by Novelist Orwell in the following scene, where a message in Newspeak arrives on Winston's office desk:

Winston unrolled the message. It ran: times 3.12.83 reporting blr dayorder doubleplusungood refs unpersons rewrite fullwise upsub antefiling.

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

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

Big Brother's Order for the Day, it seemed, had been chiefly devoted to praising the work of an organization known as FFCC, which supplied cigarettes and other comforts to sailors in the Floating Fortresses. A certain Comrade Withers, a prominent member of the Inner Party, had been singled out for special mention and awarded a decoration, the Order of Conspicuous Merit, Second Class.

Three months later FFCC had suddenly been dissolved with no reasons given. One could assume that Withers and his associates were now in disgrace. The words "refs unpersons" indicated that Withers was already dead. He did not exist; he had never existed. Winston decided that it would not be enough simply to reverse the tendency of Big Brother's speech. What was needed was a piece of pure fantasy. Suddenly there sprang into his mind the image of a certain Comrade Ogilvy, who had recently died in battle. It was true that there was no such person as Comrade Ogilvy, but a few lines of print and a couple of faked photographs would soon bring him into existence.

Winston thought for a moment, then pulled the speakwrite toward him and began dictating a new Order for the Day.

At the age of 3 Comrade Ogilvy had refused all toys except a drum, submachine gun, and a model helicopter. At 11 he had denounced his uncle to the Thought Police after overhearing a conversation which appeared to him to have criminal tendencies. At 17 he had been a district organizer of the Anti-Sex League. At 23 he had perished in action. Pursued by enemy jet planes while flying over the Indian Ocean with important despatches, he had weighted his body with his machine gun and leapt into deep water, despatches and all—an end, said Big Brother, which it was impossible to contemplate without feelings of envy. Big Brother added a few remarks on the purity and singlemindedness of Comrade Ogilvy's life. He was a total abstainer and a nonsmoker, had no recreations except a daily hour in the gymnasium, and had taken a vow of celibacy. He had no subjects of conversation except the principles of Ingsoe, and no aim in life except the defeat of the Eurasian enemy and the hunting-down of spies, saboteurs, thought-criminals, and traitors generally.

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

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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## INGSOC CATCHES THEM YOUNG

In Oceania even the children are a kind of Thought Police; the Party catches them young, gets them to join the "Spies" and intoxicates them with banners, rifle drills and the yelling of slogans until they become Big Brother's most frantic clique. Winston learns about the Spies in a conversation with his brilliant acquaintance Parsons, who has used two of them:

"Mischievous little beggars they are," [says Parsons] "but talk about keenness! All they think about is the Spies. D'you know what that little girl of mine did last Saturday, when her troop was on a hike out Berkhamstead way? She got two other girls to go with her, slipped off from the hike, and spent the whole afternoon following a strange man. They kept on his tail for two hours, right through the woods, and then, when they got into Amersham, handed him over to the patrols."

"What did they do that for?" said Winston, somewhat taken aback. Parsons went on triumphantly:

"My kid made sure he was some kind of enemy agent—might have been dropped by parachute, for instance. She spotted he was wearing a funny kind of shoes—said she'd never seen anyone wearing shoes like that before. So the chances were he was a foreigner. Pretty smart for a nipper of seven, eh?"

"What happened to the man?" said Winston.

"I wouldn't be altogether surprised if!" Parsons made the motion of aiming a rifle, and clicked his tongue for the explosion.

"Did I ever tell you, old boy," [Parsons went on] "about the time when those two nippers of mine set fire to the old market woman's skirt because they saw her wrapping up sausages in a poster of B.B.? Sneaked up behind her and set fire to it with a box of matches. Burned her quite badly, I believe. Little beggars, eh? But keen as mustard! That's a first-rate training they give them in the Spies nowadays—better than in my day, even. What d'you think the latest thing they've served them out with? Ear trumpets for listening through keyholes! Of course it's only a toy, mind you. Still, gives 'em the right ideas, eh?"

But of course Parsons' queer pride in his two little beasts, like everything else in Oceania, ends in tragedy. After Winston is jailed by the Thought Police, who should be hauled into his cell but Parsons! In amazement Winston asks, "What are you in for?" This conversation follows:

"Thoughtcrime!" said Parsons, almost blubbering. "Thoughtcrime is a dreadful thing, old man. It's insidious. It can get hold of you without your even knowing it. Do you know how it got hold of me? In my sleep! Yes, that's a fact. There I was, working away, trying to do my bit—never knew I had any bad stuff in my mind at all. And then I started talking in my sleep. Do you know what they heard me saying? 'Down with Big Brother!' Yes, I said that! Said it over and over again, it seems."

"Who denounced you?" said Winston.

"It was my little daughter," said Parsons with a sort of doleful pride. "She listened at the keyhole. Heard what I was saying, and nipped off to the patrols the very next day. Pretty smart for a nipper of 7, eh? I don't bear her any grudge for it. In fact I'm proud of her. It shows I brought her up in the right spirit, anyway."



**JUNIOR "SPIES,"** taught from the cradle to be full of love for Big Brother and hate for heretics, trail a market woman whom they suspect of deviationism. For what happens to the poor woman, see text above.

## THE SECRET OF DOUBLETHINK

The most important word in *Newspeak* is *doublethink*, meaning a *quicker mental process* which makes the *logos* philosophy possible. Orwell describes it in these words:

Doublethink means the power of holding two contradictory beliefs in one's mind simultaneously, and accepting both of them. The Party intellectual knows in 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 himself that reality is not violated. Doublethink lies at the very heart of Ingsoc, for the secret of rulership is to combine a belief in one's own infallibility with the power to learn from past mistakes. The Party rejects and vilifies every principle for which the Socialist movement originally stood, and it chooses to do this in the name of Socialism. It preaches a contempt for the working class unexampled for centuries, and it dresses its members in a uniform which was at one time peculiar to manual workers and was adopted for that reason. These contradictions are not accidental; they are deliberate exercises in doublethink. For it is only by reconciling contradictions that power can be retained indefinitely.

## THE BOOT ON THE HUMAN FACE

The terrible climax of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* takes place in the *Ministry of Love*, where Winston Smith is finally broken into accepting the basic philosophy of Ingsoc. He had written in his diary, "Freedom is the freedom to say that two plus two make four." Now he learns on the torture table that two and two are whatever the Party says—three, five or nothing at all. There can be no truths in Ingsoc, only doctrines. Nor can there be any happiness, or kindness, or humanity. The sole goal of a totalitarianism is power—sheer, naked and brutal power. Now that Winston is broken, his tormentor talks to him frankly, in words that summarize the end stages of the totalitarian philosophy:

"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. The old civilizations claimed that they were founded on love or justice. Ours is founded upon hatred. In our world there will be no emotions except fear, rage, triumph, and self-abasement. Everything else we shall destroy—everything. 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. There will be no loyalty, except loyalty toward the Party. There will be no love, except the love of Big Brother. There will be no laughter, except the laugh of triumph over a defeated enemy. There will be no art, no literature, no science. There will be no curiosity, no enjoyment of the process of life. But 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."



**TORTURE TABLE** on which Winston is placed by Thought Police in the Ministry of Love is a racklike invention which administers any desired degree of pain, without killing or maiming, at mere flick of a dial.

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James Joyce, in the person of Stephen Dedalus, made a now famous distinction between static and kinetic art. Great art is static in its effects; it exists in itself, it demands nothing beyond itself. Kinetic art exists in order to demand; not self-contained, it requires either loathing or desire to achieve its function. The quarrel about the fourth book of "Gulliver's Travels" that continues to bubble among scholars – was Swift's loathing of men so great, so hot, so far beyond the bounds of all propriety and objectivity that in this book he may make us loathe them and indubitably makes us loathe his imagination? – is really a quarrel founded on this distinction. It has always seemed to the present writer that the fourth book of "Gulliver's Travels" is a great work of static art; no less, it would seem to him that George Orwell's new novel, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, is a great work of kinetic art. This may mean that its greatness is only immediate, its power for us alone, now, in this generation, this decade, this year, that it is doomed to be the pawn of time. Nevertheless it is probable that no other work of this generation has made us desire freedom more earnestly or loathe tyranny with such fullness.

"*Nineteen Eighty-four*" appears at first glance to fall into that long-established tradition of satirical fiction, set either in future times or in imagined places or both, that contains works so diverse as "Gulliver's Travels" itself, Butler's "Erewhon," and Huxley's "Brave New World." Yet before one has finished reading the nearly bemused first page, it is evident that this is fiction of another order, and presently one makes the distinctly unpleasant discovery that it is not to be satire at all.

In the excesses of satire one may take a certain comfort. They provide a distance from the human condition as we meet it in our daily life that preserves our habitual refuge in sloth or blindness or self-righteousness. Mr. Orwell's earlier book, *Animal Farm*, is such a work. Its characters are animals, and its content is therefore fabulous, and its horror, shading into comedy, remains in the generalized realm of intellect, from which our feelings need fear no onslaught. But "*Nineteen Eighty-four*" is a work of pure horror, and its horror is crushingly immediate.

The motives that seem to have caused the difference between these two novels provide an instructive lesson in the operations of the literary imagination. "*Animal Farm*" was, for all its ingenuity, a rather mechanical allegory; it was an expression of Mr. Orwell's moral and intellectual indignation before the concept of totalitarianism as localized in Russia. It was also bare and somewhat cold and, without being really very funny, undid its potential gravity and the very real gravity of its subject, through its comic devices. "*Nineteen Eighty-four*" is likewise an expression of Mr. Orwell's moral and intellectual indignation before the concept of totalitarianism, but it is not only that.

It is also – and this is no doubt the hurdle over which many loyal liberals will stumble – it is also an expression of Mr. Orwell's irritation at many facets of British socialism, and most particularly, trivial as this may seem, at the drab gray pall that life in Britain today has drawn across the civilized amenities of life before the war.

In 1984, the world has been divided into three great super-states – Eastasia, Eurasia, and Oceania. Eurasia followed upon "the absorption of Europe by Russia," and Oceania, "of the British Empire by the United States."

England is known as Airstrip One, and London is its capital. The English language is being transformed into something called Newspeak, a devastating bureaucratic jargon whose aim is to reduce the vocabulary to the minimum number of words so that ultimately there will be no tools for thinking outside the concepts provided by the state.

Oceania is controlled by the Inner Party. The Party itself comprises 25 per cent of the population, and only the select members of the Inner Party do not live in total slavery. The bulk of the population is composed of the "proles," a depraved mass encouraged in a gross, inexpensive debauchery. For Party members, sexual love, like all love, is a crime, and female chastity has been institutionalized in the Anti-Sex League.

Party members cannot escape official opinion or official observation, for every room is equipped with a telescreen that cannot be shut off; it not only broadcasts at all hours, but it also registers precisely with the Thought Police every image and

voice; it also controls all the activities that keep the private life public, such as morning callisthenics beside one's bed. It is the perpetually open eye and mouth. The dictator, who may or may not be alive but whose poster picture looks down from almost every open space, is known as B. B., or Big Brother, and the political form is called Ingsoc, the Newspeak equivalent of English socialism. One cannot briefly outline the whole of Mr. Orwell's enormously careful and complete account of life in the super-state, nor do more than indicate its originality. He would seem to have thought of everything, and with vast skill he has woven everything into the life of one man, a minor Party member, one of perhaps hundreds of others who are in charge of the alteration of documents necessary to the preservation of the "truth" of the moment.

Through this life we are instructed in the intricate workings of what is called "thoughtcrime" (here Mr. Orwell would seem to have learned from Koestler's "Darkness at Noon"), but through this life we are likewise instructed in more public matters such as the devious economic structure of Oceania, and the nature and necessity of permanent war as two of the great super-states ally themselves against a third in an ever-shifting and ever-denied pattern of change. But most important, we are ourselves swept into the meaning and the means of a society which has as its single aim the total destruction of the individual identity.

To say more is to tell the personal history of Winston Smith in what is probably his thirty-ninth year, and one is not disposed to rob the reader of a fresh experience of the terrific, long crescendo and the quick decrescendo that George Orwell has made of this struggle for survival and the final extinction of a personality. It is in the intimate history, of course, that he reveals his stature as a novelist, for it is here that the moral and the psychological values with which he is concerned are brought out of the realm of political prophecy into that of personalized drama.

"Nineteen Eighty-four," the most contemporary novel of this year and who knows of how many past and to come, is a great examination into and dramatization of Lord Acton's famous apothegm, "Power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely."

Though all "thinking people," as they are still sometimes called, must by now have more than a vague idea of the dangers which mankind runs from modern techniques, George Orwell, like Aldous Huxley, feels that the more precise we are in our apprehensions the better. Huxley's "Ape and Essence" was in the main a warning of the biological evils the split atom may have in store for us; Orwell's Nineteen Eighty-Four speaks of the psychological breaking-in process to which an up-to-date dictatorship can subject non-cooperators.

The story is brilliantly constructed and told. Winston Smith, of the Party (but not the Inner Party) kicks against the pricks, with what results we shall leave readers to find out for themselves. It has become a dreadful occasion of anguish today conjecturing how much torture even a saint can put up with if the end is certainly not to be a spectacular martyrdom - but "vaporisation." The less you are familiar with the idea of the agent provocateur as an instrument of oppression and rule the more you will shudder at the wiles used by the Ministry of Love in Mr. Orwell's London of 1984, "chief city of Airstrip One, Oceania." An example of the way things are managed: Emmanuel Goldstein, the proscribed Opposition leader, is a fiction artfully sustained by the authorities to lure deviationists into giving themselves away. It is an instructive book; there is a good deal of What Every Young Person Ought to Know - not in 1984, but 1949. Mr. Orwell's analysis of the lust for power is one of the less satisfactory contributions to our enlightenment, and he also leaves us in doubt as to how much he means by poor Smith's "faith" in the people (or "proles"). Smith is rather let down by the 1984 Common Man, and yet there is some insinuation that common humanity remains to be extinguished.

Thirty-Five Years Hence

Orwell predicts tyranny  
unlimited if we don't resist

LIFE 1984

George Orwell's novel *Nineteen Eighty-four* (pp. 78-85) is one of the most remarkable books of our day. It is so good indeed—so artfully contrived and intricate in its pattern, so full of excitement and horror—that there is some danger that its message will be ignored. This would be a pity, for the warning which lies in *Nineteen Eighty-four* is the most urgent to which the 20th Century can listen. It is particularly significant because in this case it comes from a left-winger who is cautioning his fellow intellectuals of the left to beware lest their desire to help the common man wind up in trapping him in hopeless misery.

Yet to Americans especially, the terrible left-wing police state of 1984 as described by Orwell may seem like sheer fantasy, the product of an artist's imagination. What American, free to hiss a political speech or write an angry letter to his editor, can really believe in a dictator so fiendishly clever, power-hungry and oppressive, such a mating of Hitler and Stalin, as Orwell's "Big Brother"? What American, reveling in a standard of living that makes the old kings impoverished by comparison, can fully conceive of a world so tawdry and barren in material comforts as the bureaucracy-ridden and inefficient nation of Oceania in 1984? And how can any American feel in his bones the awful terror of a world in which Big Brother, his totalitarian philosophy and his omnipotent Thought Police have squeezed man's soul so dry that he can scarcely even think of rebellion?

Abroad, the message will be more readily understood. Liberal Germans, having lived in a world where it was a crime to believe that a Jew was a human being, will not be surprised by a world where *nobody* is allowed to be a human being. Italians who suffered from Mussolini's castor oil or watched him try to teach little children to be beasts will not have their credulity strained by the torture scenes in 1984, nor by the 7-year-old "Spies" who are taught by Big Brother to turn their parents in to the Thought Police. Behind the Iron Curtain, if the book can ever be smuggled there, the completely regimented and fear-ridden world of 1984 will not seem strange or imaginative at all.

Even in England it will have familiar overtones. There is some doubt whether Orwell could have written so feelingly about the physical discomforts of Oceania—the rationed clothing, the tasteless food, the rugless "Victory apartments" and the nauseous "Victory gin"—if he had not lived under British austerity. Many readers in England will find that his book reinforces a growing suspicion that some of the British Laborites revel in austerity and would love to preserve it—just as the more fervent New Dealers in the U.S. often seemed to have the secret hope that the depression mentality of the '30s, source of their power and excuse for their experiments, would never end.

Even in the U.S. there have been incidents which make the world of Orwell's 1984 seem like the obvious end product of trends already at work. Some of the most dedicated

of the U.S. proponents of the welfare state—Henry Wallace being one—have appeared almost as remote from their followers, and almost as determined to remake mankind into a new pattern regardless of man's own wishes, as Oceania's Big Brother. The do-good psychology has taken some queer and ominous forms. There was the time, for example, when Mayor LaGuardia of New York, battling the bookmakers with any weapon at hand, urged the city's children to write to him about any father who played the horses. Gambling is often an evil, but never such an evil as turning babies into Thought Police against their parents, whether as Spies for a Big Brother or as stool pigeons for a Little Flower. The reader should take note that Orwell does not exempt the U.S. when he writes, "By the fourth decade of the 20th Century all the main currents of political thought were authoritarian."

In fact Orwell's book is not so notable for its imagination as for its relentless logic. "Humanitarian idealism," even as it has been perverted in our own time, can lead us to Orwellian horror. As students of the history and perils of human freedom will note, there is nothing in Orwell's world of 1984 except the threats of today carried to their ultimate conclusion. For example, the matter of the continual, never-ending warfare which Oceania wages in 1984, to the great detriment of its citizens. This may seem like fantasy, but it has been known for a long time by political philosophers that the absolute planned state, regardless of its original motives, can exist only in preparation for or in conduct of war. (The best layman's exposition of this fact, Walter Lippmann's *The Good Society*, was published as far back as 1936.)

There is one other danger in Orwell's book, which is that, like all satire, it offers no alternative. Too many readers, feeling the physical revulsion that any sensitive man must experience when finishing the last paragraph, may decide that Orwell's message is like the one propounded by Jonathan Swift in his story of the Yahoos in another bitter satire called *Gulliver's Travels*—namely that men are essentially bad and that there is no hope for the world. This is not true. There is a defense against the world of 1984—against the dictators, the regimenters, the left-wing totalitarians, against all the ambitious men who wish to impose their will on others. The defense is simple and it can be impregnable.

In a moment of rebellion the hero of Orwell's novel writes in his diary, "Freedom is the freedom to say that two plus two make four." This is a meager description, as it must be, coming from a man who has been cut off from the philosophy and religion of the past. Yet it is not a bad description at that. If men continue to believe in such facts as can be tested and to reverence the spirit of truth in seeking greater knowledge, they can never be fully enslaved. If in addition they will fight for their freedom to worship God, to love a woman, to cherish an ill child, to stand up for the dignity of man and man's humanity to man, then the evil world of Orwell's 1984 can never come to pass.