

HYPertext!

THE INTERTEXTUALITIES OF GEORGE ORWELL'S
NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR

DAVID MORTON,
UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD



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West Yorkshire, LS23 7BQ
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CHAPTER ONE

THE HYPERTEXTUALITY OF *NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR*

Because I still like him, I can foresee the impatience of the *bad* reader: this is the way I name or accuse the fearful reader in a hurry to be determined, decided upon deciding (in order to annul, in other words to bring back to oneself, one has to wish to know in advance what to expect, one wishes to expect what has happened, one wishes to expect (oneself)). Now, it is bad, and I know no other definition of the bad, it is bad to predestine one's reading, it is always bad to foretell. It is bad, reader, no longer to like retracing one's steps.

Derrida, "Envois", *The Post Card*, p.4.

What happens - and what is dispensed with - when a text, for example a so-called literary fiction [...] puts truth onstage? And when, in doing so, it delimits the analytic reading, assigns the analyst his position, shows him seeking truth, and even finding it, shows him discoursing on the truth of the text, and then in general proffering the discourse on truth, the truth on truth? What happens in a text capable of such a scene? A text confident, in its program, of situating analytic activity grappling with the truth?

Derrida, "Le Facteur de la Verite", p.414.

1.1. Introduction

From the first, George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (hereafter *1984*) has been regarded as referring to something. There is little agreement, though, over what this 'something' is; Stalinism, post-WWII Britain, television, the B.B.C., the future in general, the utopian tradition in literature, Orwell's schooldays or any other part of his life, English Socialism, and the Spanish Civil War have each been suggested¹. Yet this text is a great work of fiction, and, at the same time as it has been taken to be 'about' something, it has not been taken 'seriously'. It has been generically determined, read as a fictionalisation, a satire or parody of whatever it is about.

This thesis takes *1984* seriously, takes it, that is, to be discussing the 'real world' as much as any piece of writing can. What we suggest it is 'about' is not any of the above in particular, but the possibility of writing 'about' something in general. That is, we argue that *1984* is an analysis of the relationship between truth and language, an analysis which proposes that reality, the reality of experience, is always kept at a remove by language and that the

¹Regarding *1984* as a commentary upon the Soviet Union, see *Pravda's* review (included in Meyers, ed., 1975) which assumes it to be such, and Milosz's *The Captive Mind*: '[e]ven those who know Orwell only by hearsay are amazed that a writer who never lived in Russia should have so keen a perception into its life' (p.42). Deutscher sees 'elements of Oceania in [Orwell's] own days', that is, of the post-war period when Orwell was writing *1984* ("The Mysticism of Cruelty", p.200). For *1984's* deconstruction of television as an organ of control, see Burgess's *1985*, p.22:

[T]he television screen that looks at you - Orwell had lifted that from Chaplin's *Modern Times*. But its prophetic, too. We're in the supermarket age already, with a notice saying 'Smile - you're on TV!'

Thompson notes that '[t]he Ministry of Truth is quite evidently based on the wartime B.B.C.' (*Orwell's London*, p.65). Irving Howe sees *1984* as a reaction against utopianism ("The Fiction of Anti-Utopia", p.177). Orwell himself felt the need to respond to suggestions that the book was purely 'prophecy' (see *CEJLIV/158;564*). Crick (*George Orwell: A Life*, n3 to p.41) catalogues Orwell's psychobiographers. Warburg's "Publisher's Report on *1984*" suggests the novel attacks English socialists, and 'is worth a cool million voted to the conservative party' (p.248). Trilling sees *1984* as having its 'genesis' in Orwell's experiences in the Spanish Civil War ("George Orwell and the Politics of Truth").

knowledge of this is the basis of power². Specifically, we view *1984* as concerned with what we are calling totalitarianism in general, with the idea that language can be controlled, by a state or a literary tradition or whomever, and that who controls language controls reality. Thus, we will argue, it is 'about' all of the things we list above, because it is about representation in language, and refers to Stalinism as a language-based polity just as it refers to Orwell's schooldays as he himself described them in his essays. That is it is about, at various points, all of the above, but it considers them as fictions, as realities held at an unbreachable remove by language, even if some of these fictions delimit men's lives. We shall see *1984* discuss this remove in several ways; by stretches of text that resemble essays and have all the essay's properties of argumentation (and of fictionality), by a narrative demonstration of the difference between experience and the perception or perceptions of experience, and by the citation and involvement in the text of other texts which also discuss this remove via the conventions of fiction. This thesis is entitled 'hypertext' to indicate, from the beginning, that *1984* is not going to be viewed as a single text, or as having a single *genre*; *1984* is a compendium of texts, and of approaches to its problematic of fictionality-and-truth, a form which interferes with *genre*. It is also a novel.

1.2. Argument

This thesis concerns the hypertextuality of George Orwell's final novel, *1984*. The term 'hypertext' has its origins in computer science, and has recently been appropriated by literary theory to indicate any intertextual reference which is 'not commentary'. We are using the term in its original, unbounded, sense, however, to indicate a relationship between texts which is not determined by presuppositions about those texts' *genre*. We argue that *1984* is to be taken 'seriously', that its nominal fictionality belies its rigorous analyses of political, psychological and linguistic theory. In truth, we suggest, this text articulates its analyses by means of the conventions of fiction. One of these conventions, the citation of other fictions in order to situate the text in a literary tradition, we see as serving the *telos* of *1984*: to demonstrate the control of the past. By 'literary' means, that is, using solely stylistic or imagistic textual 'signposts', we shall trace several intertexts from *1984* at length³. We use the term 'intertext' to refer to any text so cited, not solely nominal fictions, as the idea of a 'fiction' is what we are seeing questioned in *1984*. We shall call the signposts which indicate these other texts 'protocols', denoting their instructional role: they interrupt the narrative,

²This analysis, we suggest, is not the only one of *1984*'s to be comparable with Foucault's. In Ch. 2 we trace *1984*'s account of panopticism. Here, we should note Foucault's words on fiction and truth:

Fiction does not exist because language is at a distance from things. Language *is* the distance, the simulacra that gives them their sole presence; and all language that instead of forgetting this distance is maintained in it, and maintains it in itself, all language that speaks of this distance by moving into it is a language of fiction.

Foucault, "Distance, Aspect, Origin", 1963, trans. Miller, *The Passion of Michel Foucault*, p.130.

³The idea of imagistic or structural 'ungrammaticality' as a 'signpost' indicating a text wherein the image or structure is 'grammatical' originates in the work of Riffaterre. See especially "Minimal Reader Response", pp. 62 and 58.

explicate the presence of another text and request that we refer to that text to discover why it has been inserted at this point.

We hope to demonstrate that *1984*'s relationship with its intertexts goes beyond the 'intertextual', beyond the non-commentary citation of one fiction by another with which it begins, then. In tracing these texts from *1984*, we shall see *1984* as a response to ideas which they have set in train, that is, we shall trace a discourse. *1984*'s 'seriousness' does not interfere with its status as a work of fiction. Rather, we are viewing Orwell's last major work as a text which utilises the properties of fiction to articulate certain serious ideas. We argue that *1984*'s fictionality has led to its seriousness being overlooked, yet that a fiction is the proper site of a discussion of the relationship of truth and language.

The notion of the 'hypertext', then, is that the fictional and the documentary are not exclusive, at any level. Hypertextuality is opposed to the idea of determination, be it of genre or of any 'closed' interpretation. What is reiterated from its intertexts by *1984* is their relationship to truth, and their discussion of the relationship of language to truth.

We make much of the idea of 'propriety', of images and descriptive or discursive languages as being 'proper' to the text which develops them, so indicating that text whenever they are reiterated (the phrase, or idea, that 'big brother is watching you' is proper to *1984*, for example). *1984*'s intertexts, then, are re-presented in *1984* by images and phrases which are 'proper' to them, and which recall them to the reader of *1984*. What links these texts is that they each develop a 'proper' and authentic language in which to speak of totalitarianism. *1984* is, in part, a detailed response to these texts' analyses of totalitarianism, and, by intertextual citation, it incorporates these texts and their 'proper' analyses. This citation has a dual effect which this thesis investigates: it makes *1984* the site of a discourse on 'the total' in totalitarianism, a discourse involving authoritative voices, and it makes those voices 'live on'.

The intertexts which we will discuss here are not all of the ones so incorporated into *1984* - such a saturation would be impossible - but we argue that they are the most substantially cited. They are Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon* and *Arrival and Departure* (hereafter *DatN*, *A&D*), Jack London's *The Iron Heel* (*IH*), Yevgeny Zamyatin's *We*, and Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* (*BNW*). The 'authenticity' of these texts is a property of their authors' experiences. Koestler, an ex-communist and a man imprisoned several times both for his communism and for his rejection of communism, uses his 'novels' to describe the experience of imprisonment under a totalitarian regime and the psychology of adherents of such a regime; that is, he describes experiences to which he is one of very few to have had access, and he does so in a nominal fiction. In Ch. 4, we suggest that not only does this fictional frame offer protection under the law, but that it is the only possible way of describing events which end (as Koestler makes clear they ended in the cases of several of his friends, in the dedication to *DatN*) not only in the death of the central character but in the prohibition of his diaries and the rewriting of his published articles. That is, Koestler's

fictions not only describe authentically what could not be described in a nonfiction, but they open up the idea of the fictionality of documents, of 'history' being a fiction written by the state. In Chs. 3 and 4, we shall see *1984* incorporate *DatN* and its authentic descriptive language of totalitarian oppression, imprisonment and rewriting.

Jack London's *IH* similarly describes a *Western* totalitarianism, but in this text the idea of an 'oligarchy' is a descriptive tool for a nominally 'free' state in which power is economic. Like Koestler, London was politically active, and presented his 'fiction' as a thinly veiled account of what he perceived to be the 'reality' of his time, a 'reality' which would never be described in a newspaper or journal, because these were controlled by the very people who had a vested interest in the concealment of its truth. London's text, indeed, places *en abime* this idea of the suppression of the truth and the keeping-in-ignorance of the mass of the people, to show, again, what could not be explained outside the fictional frame. Despite being written as a woman's diary, it also incorporates its author's authentic voice: the speech which names the oligarchy as 'the Iron Heel' is a partial reiteration of one made by London himself⁴. In Ch. 5, we shall see *1984* discourse with *IH*'s over the psychoanalysis of power and the possibility of an exhaustion of the will-to-power; we shall see this discourse marked and articulated around *1984*'s image of the 'boot stamping on a human face' which, we suggest, inevitably cites *IH*⁵.

The 'authenticity' of *We* is a property of its author's experience of Soviet Russia. Once again, it is a fiction whose real-world referents are an open secret: Zamyatin was a dissident who not only objected to the aims of a centralised state but who also saw the Russian revolution as the first, not the last, of an endless series of revolutions. In Ch. 6, we show that *We* contains ideas Zamyatin had written in his essays, and that it articulates these ideas by representing a single state that has sought to remove the thought of revolution from its people. Not only could Zamyatin not have hoped to have such a lengthy *expose* of totalitarianism published in a nonfiction form (in the event, even the fictional frame of *We* did not save it from the Soviet censors), but, we argue, the 'total' itself could not be represented without an extended image such as the glass-walled state in which the events of the novel take place. This is because *We* concerns the possibility of an 'outside' to a totalitarian state, a contradiction such a state would not allow. This 'outside' is not another polity; Zamyatin advocated in his documentary writings neither east nor West. We shall see *1984* cite Zamyatin's authentic or proper language of totalitarianism via the extended image of the glass-wall, and return the idea of an 'outside' which this image entails to fiction. That is, we present *1984* as the only true description of 'totalitarianism': the one which not only explicates the fictions on which such states rely, but also indicts existing accounts of such states for their un-realistic 'hopes' that no state can, in fact, be total.

⁴"Introduction" to *IH*, p.9. This introduction also list other incorporations of real-life details into the 'novel'.

⁵See also 1.3, below.

We shall see *1984*, then, as a deconstruction of totalitarianism-in-general, of states which use language to deceive their subjects in order to control thought more-or-less explicitly and so maintain the *status quo*, and of texts which infect their accounts of such states with unrealistic 'hopes'. The unsupported 'hopes' of *DatN* and of *IH*, we will show, are that totalitarian states will one day cease to exist, that there will be a future in which language will be able to speak the truth, and not reflect whatever ideology prevails. *We*, describing a state which has endured for centuries and has no reason to collapse, instead hopes for an outside, an ungoverned state. By concentrating on what we shall call the 'linguisticity' of government, *1984* suggests that the state, insofar as it is a 'state of mind', a way of thinking which each subject acquires from his or her education, cannot have an outside. *BNW* re-cites *We* in a Western-capitalist frame, its authenticity derives from its author's experience of consumerism and of the science of, literally, thought-control. That is, Huxley, in his utopia, applies his knowledge of psychoactive chemicals and of behavioural conditioning to demonstrate the possibility of total state control; if people are reducible to their hedonism, and if drugs offer the greatest pleasure, they will work indefinitely in order to 'earn' this pleasure. As with the other intertexts, we will see *1984* isolate *BNW*'s failure-to-be-total, and countervail it. As *BNW* is describing a drug-induced state, in the political as well as the psychological sense, it must do so from a position of exteriority, from a fiction. To demonstrate what is at stake in its 'future', it infects the state with a 'savage', who advocates freedom; his 'freedom' is a personal, family order, exempt from control. *1984*, we shall see, demonstrates that not only is the family as conventional, therefore as controlled, a system as any polity, but that this conventionality is iterable. That is, even when it is not spoken or written, what is understood by 'the family' (not only in *BNW*, but also by family members) can be appropriated by the state, can be recited as surely as any other product of language can be. *1984* demonstrates that the family, also, is not an 'outside' of the state; on the contrary, it re-cites *BNW*'s exempt family-structure and family-language to 'turned them to account' and put them to the service of the state.

We claim, then, that *1984* cites and discourses with these texts at length. Other texts are also cited to similar effect, but are less substantially present; we refer to some of these in footnotes. By citing the intertexts we have listed, *1984* refers to their historical situation: *DatN* and *A&D* speak of the fictionalising of confessions and of 'history' at the time that this is happening; *IH* describes the press as an arm of government, and the interests behind a world war as early as 1907; *We* is an account of the depersonalising effect of centralised government and of the state's wholesale elimination of dissident individuals written before Stalin; *BNW* concerns the role of electronic media and tranquillising drugs in the perpetuation of stability, yet it dates from 1930. *1984*, in referring to these texts, then, refers also to their concerns with agents of control which are immanent to totalitarianism, yet which already exist, not only in the East, and certainly not only in 'so-called literary fictions'⁶. That

⁶We are quoting from Derrida's unanswered question, with which we preface this chapter:

is, we shall see *1984* as a composite of these *technics* which applies them to a nominal 'future' in the knowledge that they belong to the present.

This reiteration has another aspect: even though the intertexts' proper images are rewritten by *1984*, they are identifiable. *1984*, we suggest, is concerned with rewriting, with, specifically, the idea of the 'palimpsest'. *1984* keeps these texts 'authentic' and historic voices 'alive', but does so by writing over them. In the end, we shall suggest this to be *1984*'s own 'hope': that the past survives its rewriting, that it leaves an identifiable and authentic, retraceable trace, whilever the present language is composed of voices which are proper to the past. *1984*, we hope to show, in being 'about' the relationship of language to truth, in showing how truth is made inaccessible by politically-determined language and in citing texts which concern those who have been 'written out of history', finally is 'about' this wholly linguistic form of 'living on'.

1.3. Methodology

'[...] You have read *the book*, Goldstein's book, or parts of it, at least. Did it tell you anything that you did not know already?'

'You have read it?' said Winston.

'I wrote it. That is to say, I collaborated in writing it. No book is produced individually, as you know.'
'Is it true, what it says?'

O'Brien/Winston, *1984*:175

At bottom, we claim, our methodology is a retracing of *1984*'s own. We suggest that *1984*'s 'hypertextuality' is immanent to it, that rather than seeking to obscure its intertexts it explicates them precisely to situate itself among, or at the developmental end of, them. It is their supplement. We shall be separating out *1984*'s intertextual references, showing why and how they indicate a particular intertext, and arguing that the narrative of *1984* articulates a response to the concern of that intertext represented in the image or language of the reference. In Ch. 2, we shall demonstrate *1984*'s concern with re-tracing, as we extricate 'what happens' in the text's narrative by following its references to its hero, Winston Smith's, past. We shall see that not only is this retracing of 'steps' (Winston refers to the 'steps' he takes towards his own death⁷) inscribed within the text, but the idea of each word and gesture having a traceable past is also thematic to the text.

As far as possible, then, we are not determined by anything but the text's own concern with writing in the totalitarian age and its indications of other texts and of their thematisations of this subject. Our approach and the terminology we use to describe *1984*'s intertextual, composite, structure, however, are informed by more recent thinking in literary, cybernetic and linguistic theory.

What happens - and what is dispensed with - when a text, for example a so-called literary fiction [...] puts truth onstage?

⁷What was happening was only the working-out of a process that had started years ago. The first step had been a secret, involuntary thought, the second had been the opening of the diary. (*1984*:166)

Principally, we apply Derrida's 'deconstruction' of linguistics and of language's relation to truth and to fiction. We see *1984* as highlighting what Derrida calls 'writing in general', that is, the idea that not only writing in the conventional sense, but also speech is 'iterable'⁸. Indeed, in *1984*, we see this idea applied to *gestural* or 'body' language⁹. Ingsoc, the polity of *1984*, relies on writing-in-general to determine its subject's thoughts insofar as it controls the available lexicon. As we shall see, this lexicon includes gestures: individuals in the strict sense are destroyed, having been identified by their im-proper use of the words, phrases, or conventional modes of behaviour made available by the Party.

Central to *1984*'s narrative is the idea that anything that can be said or done can be interpreted in terms of its antecedence and that, conversely, everything that a person experiences, reads or sees, leaves a *trace* in his actions or language. As everything is iterable, it can be re-iterated; the Thought Police, as we shall see, gain Winston's confidence by reciting his characteristic or 'proper' language. The idea that everything leaves a trace is characteristically Derridean, as is the idea of the 'proper' in the sense we are using it here, to signify an origin that is not chronological. Intertexts are recited by their 'proper' phrases or images, and, *mise en abime*, so are the characters in *1984*. This ability to identify a person or text by their 'proper' language at once condemns them to be reiterated and sets up the hope that they will survive 'rewriting'.

An aspect of iterability which we explore at length (in Chs. 2&3), is that which has become known as the 'death of the author'¹⁰. When Winston writes for the first time as 'himself', that is, not as a Party propagandist inscribing the language of the Party on behalf of the Party, he realises that what he writes is not what he intended to write. In fact, his first diary entries betray his true concerns, with his mother's memory. He 'dies', then, when he attempts to write his thoughts down. We shall represent this incident, and numerous others in the text, as reflecting Derrida's conclusions in *Limited Inc*, that, firstly, what we say is more than we intend to say, and, secondly it is not written by 'our' language, but, inevitably and irreducibly, by the language of the other, of whomever has spoken before us.

⁸See Derrida, "Speech Event Context" and "Limited Inc abc...". We refer to these texts in detail in Ch. 3. Essentially, Derrida argues that anything that can be spoken or written must already have been spoken or written to work as language, and that, given this 'iterability', this ability to be reiterated, it can again be reiterated in a different context with a different signification, even one contradictory to the sense in which it was 'intended'. In Ch. 2, we see that 'intention' is called into question by *1984*, as Winston repeatedly says and does things which he does not intend to do.

⁹See particularly Chs. 2 and 7. We trace O'Brien's recitation of a gesture which endears him to Winston in order to throw him off guard, and Julia's repetition of a gesture which she knows will make her appear orthodox, that is, will make her appear to be speaking the 'approved' body-language. Winston 'gives himself away', in part at least, by gestures which are not approved, and which he does not know he is reiterating.

¹⁰The term and contemporary understanding of the 'death of the author' originates with Roland Barthes (see "The Death of the Author" [1967, originally published in *Aspen*, No.s 5&6, 1968], republished in *Image Music Text*, 1977). In that it is based in the idea that we cease to be responsible for our words when we write or speak them, it is related to deconstruction and iterability. We shall see that Winston encounters both this general sense and the 'metaphor' of death when he begins to write.

In Oceania, this language of the other is largely the language of the Party, a language which is *designed* not to express the thoughts of an individual. That *1984* seems to suggest that such a constraining language is possible has led to the idea of a post-Sapir/Whorfian 'Orwellian linguistics'¹¹. We will suggest that this 'linguistics' is an examination of the freedom and the control involved in a proto-iterability, and of the inevitability of the failure of expression in the language of the other. 'Orwellian linguistics', that is, here signifies the linguistics of the control of the available language, and concerns the question of whether it is possible to control the available language or whether it must always include an uncontrollable trace of the past.

The language of constraint is not what is operating under Ingsoc; Winston is identified by the Thought Police because he brings a personal supplement to the Party's language. If one is unwilling or, even against one's intention, unable to speak only the language of the prevailing ideology, one is identified as different. In the end, this complex reiteration, of not only the Party's language but of one's 'own', that is, of the language of other heretical forbears, is of greater service to the Party than a deterministic linguistics: it identifies deviants, and O'Brien makes clear that the reason the Party hold onto power is the pleasure of identifying and 'curing' such deviants.

We also see *1984* as an examination of *differance*, of the idea that reiteration involves differing and deferring-over-time. The idea of time as technological progress and ideological development is thematic to *1984* and to its relationship with other texts: it 'updates' their insights as well as crediting them for their historical 'truth', for countervailing then-prevailing orthodoxies and existing as alternative histories. It is also concerned, however, with their ideas of change: where each describes a state that will change at the border or in the future, it describes a world-wide state that intends to endure 'for ever'. As we shall see, the idea of *differance's* temporal aspect is challenged by *1984's* proposition of a state that has arrested the idea of time, the conventional idea of which change, or 'progress' is a property.

We use Derrida's insights, then, to explicate what happens within *1984*. We also rely on Derrida's idea of the 'protocol' to describe the text's deviations from narrativity. The idea of the protocol is of a structure or appropriated convention to which the reader responds in a certain way. We suggest that when *1984* incorporates an image which is not determined by its own descriptive language, that is, which refers to an 'improper' referent, one that could not be known by Winston (whose psyche we shall see provide the language of the text) or by Ingsoc, it sets up an instruction that the reader refer beyond the text. This is, we can now see, the same 'instruction' as that given by Winston, *within* the narrative, when he uses language inappropriate to orthodoxy. As, in the narrative, the Thought Police trace this to its 'proper' site - his childhood, his heretical forbears - so do we trace the 'proper' site of images, etc.,

¹¹The term 'Orwellian linguistics' indicates the analysis of Orwell's approach to language undertaken by Hodge and Fowler, 1979. Uniquely, their approach to *1984* has not been bounded by preconceptions concerning the appropriateness of its *genre* to a discussion of language's controlling function.

which are inconsistent with the text's descriptive language to an intertext. As we shall see, a piece of text can be text-cohesive, narratively relevant, and revealing of character-traits *while also being* a protocol to retrace the text's steps to an intertext.

To explicate this hypertextual idea, that words, phrases and images function intertextually at the same time as they function textually, we also make use of the work of Michael Riffaterre. He proposes that a text is constituted, in part, of 'subtexts', linked passages that, while performing their function within the narrative, activate a-narrative ideas¹². These subtexts reiterate a single image or phrase constantly, examining it, as it were, and the relation of its meaning to the text in hand. The central phrase or image they vary, Riffaterre insists, is 'ungrammatical' to the text in hand, and always strikes the reader as being 'out of place'. It in fact at once marks its difference from the 'descriptive milieu' of that text *and* it marks the text to which it is 'grammatical', the intertext in whose 'descriptive milieu' it originates. The idea of 'ungrammaticality', then, is comparable to that of 'impropriety', with the difference that it applies not to single iterations, but to a series reiteration. Similarly, Riffaterre describes these ungrammaticalities as 'signposts', in that they 'point' to both 'a difficulty that only an intertext can remedy' and 'where the intertext must be sought'¹³. These 'signposts' are comparable to the moments we are calling 'protocols'.

Riffaterre speaks of text and intertext combing via the latter's subtextual reiteration of the former's images to form 'new semiotic clusters'¹⁴. these 'clusters' are the (virtual) site of the 'discourses' which are our object of study. However, although we employ his methodology in order to show how *1984* makes use of its structure to explicate its *telos*, Riffaterre's concern is with the relationship between fictions. As we have already suggested, *1984* and the texts it cites are neither pure fictions nor pure nonfictions. We have thus avoided, where possible, terminology that suggests a determined *genre*.

What we see to be at stake in *1984*'s textual relationships is the whole definition of what kind of text *1984* is. Indeed, what is ultimately at stake is the idea of definition or determination itself, of presupposing knowledge of a text. This is why we have frequent recourse to Derrida, even from the analysis of *1984*'s subtextual structure in Ch. 2. As the epigraph to this chapter suggests, a Derridean or deconstructive reading is opposed to the idea of determination. In the case of *1984*, this opposition brings out two traits of the text which, we argue, have been obscured by conventional readings. The first is its own opposition to determination: the most convenient reading of its linguistics has *1984* arguing for the possibility of a deterministic language. To this we will show it opposing the idea that all prevailing metalanguages or occupational jargons are already deterministic to the extent that they subsume individuality in convention; we shall see *1984* assess the possibility of a language in which the individual could express himself without falling into the

¹²See Riffaterre, *Fictional Truth*, p.131.

¹³Riffaterre, "Minimal Reader Response", p.58.

¹⁴Riffaterre, "Minimal Reader Response", p.58.

predetermined patterns of expression or of thought. Winston Smith finds himself unable to think not chiefly because of the positive condition of Ingsoc's linguistics, the availability only of approved language, but because of its negative condition: the everpresence of what we might call 'noise', the 'constant babbling' of the telescreen and of his colleagues. This is what we feel has been overlooked in discussion of the language of *1984*¹⁵.

The second trait we see Derrida's highlighting of the idea of determination bring out in *1984* is its concern with freedom. There can be little doubt that, one way or another, *1984* advocates personal freedom. However, we shall see throughout this thesis how interpretative determination has restricted the text's freedom to discuss 'serious' issues seriously or, on the other hand, to be a literary text. Presuppositions annul *1984*. It has either been approached as a satiric fiction, or else via the most convenient protocol: if Big Brother's portrait resembles Stalin's, a certain logic which runs through Orwell-criticism goes, *1984* must concern Soviet Russia, and if it concerns Soviet Russia it must be condemning it. We argue, chapter-by-chapter, that *1984* is not reducible to any single allegory or analogy. There is nothing in the text to suggest that it should be: nothing, that is, except its non-serious, or fictional structure, and the fact that everyone, as they approach it, feels they already know what it says.

We turn to Derrida, then, because he provides a language and a *technic* which starts precisely where conventional approaches to texts stop. Deconstruction begins not with the predisposition of the critic, but with the text and its idiosyncrasies or inconsistencies, and this is where we shall begin. 'With the text' does not even imply a foreknowledge of what *genre* the text is. In "Signature Event Context" and in "Limited Inc abc..." particularly, Derrida demonstrates that the 'title page', upon which convention relies for its first and determining judgement of a text, is no more reliable than any other piece of language, and would not be even if we could somehow take it 'seriously' as a statement of the author's intention¹⁶. We shall see numerous reasons why the arguments which we discover in *1984*

¹⁵In Bolton's study of 'the language of *1984*', we find the conventional, naive analysis, dismissing the text as a discussion of language on the grounds that

a concept does not depend for a *specific* word for its existence. Thought is not, after all, simply the stringing together of slogans

The Language of 1984, p.36

Perhaps the problem is that *1984* is not discussing 'linguistics' proper. If 'specific words' are not only removed from the language but replaced with other words, and if these other words are the only ones in which we can communicate, thought is not made impossible, but it is ruled out, in the sense that it can never be articulated: there is no time to think, and if one does, one is identified as doing so before, hampered by the time available in which to speak to oneself in this inappropriate language, one can reach any conclusions. The 'stringing together of slogans' is not only all Winston Smith *hears*, when he is trying to think for himself, it is also what he is occupied in doing, professionally and socially, every working minute (which is almost every waking minute, as we shall see).

¹⁶Derrida is responding to Searle's contention that the title-page reflects the writer's intention that a text be considered fictionally or otherwise. His deconstruction of this idea via the linguistics of iterability and the bringing-into-question of a full and present intention not only denies the writer the possibility of deciding his text's *genre* but, by extension, denies the idea of a consistent *genre*. Truth and fiction are at least as divided as the subject who is writing. We suggest that what Derrida has demonstrated in the case of 'Anglo American linguistics' holds good for so-called 'pragmatic' analyses of literature, (see, for example Jon-K Adams' *Pragmatics of Fiction*, which claims, after Searle, that 'fiction is defined from the writer's point of view').

could only be expressed in their 'fictional' form. Chief among these, however, is the idea *1984* articulates that 'reality' itself is linguistic, that is, it is always a construct. This 'reality' can be controlled by whomever controls the prevailing norms of the language, and can be designed to keep individuals at a *specific* remove from their own experiences. This is *1984*'s seriousness: as we shall see, Winston's experience recites not only those of the diarist-heroes of *1984*'s intertexts, but also that of the journalist Orwell, who realised, even as he was writing about his experiences in Spain, that the official versions of those experiences had already been written by politically-determined historians who were not present among the action¹⁷. The writer who realises that not only is 'objective history' irrecoverably lost, but is impossible partly because of his own writing, is a recurring figure in the texts we are to discuss. Derrida points out that a 'certain fictionality' always enters into language via iterability, and we shall see that a text claiming to be a nonfiction is, if anything, at a greater remove from the truth than one appearing to be a fiction¹⁸. At least the latter, in Foucault's term, 'speaks of the distance' at which language holds reality¹⁹.

We make use of one more field of language. This is the field of 'cybernetics'. The 'hypertext', as we have seen, has been appropriated as an image by literary theory in the work of Genette (recently developed by Anne Jefferson)²⁰. It has its origins in information technology, though, or rather, in the early theory of this technology. In this field, 'hypertext' describes several texts linked together, without judgements as to *genre* or value; if there is a link, structural, linguistic, historical, authorial, a hypertext in this sense recognises it. In the computer program which is adjunctive to this thesis, we have 'mapped' each citation which is discussed in the body of this text, and several others which demonstrate *1984*'s connectedness to other discourses.

The (computer) hypertext is as old as *1984* itself: as we refer to it here, hypertext was conceived during, and first proposed shortly after, WWII²¹. In the light of what we have said about *1984* 'keeping alive' and keeping intact its intertexts, Bush's descriptive language in hypothesising the hypertext demonstrates the relevance of our using the idea here:

Bush called [the 'links' of his proposed system] a trail, analogous to the trail of mental associations in the user's mind [...he] said that the user would be able to find documents which would otherwise be lost [...] A document lives to the extent that it is somehow used. In this sense, the decision not to place a document into a [hypertext] system is to hurt the document. If the document is also not available anywhere else, it is effectively dead.²²

'Pragmatic' analyses here includes those which appropriate intertextuality as a function of either the writer or the reader: Worton and Still speak of intertextuality having two 'axes', of texts 'entering' other texts at the behest of the writer's or the reader's will ("Introduction" to *Intertextuality: Theories and Practices*, p.2).

¹⁷See "Looking Back on the Spanish War", *CEJLII*/41.

¹⁸*Limited Inc*, p.21.

¹⁹See note 4, above.

²⁰Genette, *Palimpsestes*, 1982, Jefferson, "Autobiography as Intertext", 1990.

²¹See Nyce & Kahn's article "Innovation, Pragmaticism and Technological Continuity". *1984* was conceived in 1943 or 1944, and published in 1949, see Chs. 6 and 7.

²²Rada, *Hypertext: From Text to Expertext*, pp.70, 102, 86.

The 'death' that is constituted by silence, by disappearing from history even while one lives is, as we have already suggested, thematic to *1984*, as it is to the texts *1984* cites. These, in their turn, commemorate more or less explicitly men who have 'died' physically or in this sense under Stalin or in Spain or America. Hypertext was conceived, then, in order to keep 'alive' earlier texts, much as *1984* ensures the memory and survival of its intertexts and its intertexts' originators. The 'trails' from text to text are clearly comparable to Derrida's 'traces', or to the 'traces' of missing or dead men which *1984* and *DatN* discuss²³. What hypertext lacks is an organising system, a way of linking texts which would urge the program-user to look for them:

If the connexions between documents are idiosyncratic and thus intuitively clear to one individual, then those same connexions may be unclear to another individual.²⁴

This method of connexion, we suggest here, is what deconstructive linguistics and Riffaterrean intertextuality provide: Derrida encourages us to pursue inconsistencies in texts' languages to the site of their propriety, Riffaterre sees subtexts as inevitably indicating intertexts. The computer-program which we have attached to this thesis is, then, a hypertext in the theoretical sense, made real.

In each of the chapters following our analysis of *1984*'s subtextuality and of Winston's 'discovery' of linguistic or authorial 'death', that is, in Chs. 2 through 7, we proceed as follows. We begin by identifying certain of *1984*'s 'improper' images, phrases, etc.; we identify the particular text whose language they reiterate; we then pursue the subtext *1984* builds around these reiterations, and retrace this subtext to its 'proper' site. We conclude each chapter by outlining the 'new semiotic cluster', the discourse that has been set up between the two texts, and retracing *1984*'s conclusions on whatever aspect of totalitarianism to its own narrative, where we see it articulate the distinction, the *differance* between itself and the intertext. Chapter-by-chapter, we proceed from *DatN*, which foregrounds the 'death' which is immanent to writing in a controlled language, to *IH*, which examines the psychology of and interests behind control, to *WE and BNW*, which, acknowledging the permanence of the state-of-control discovered by the first two intertexts, seek physical 'beyonds' of control.

In the computer program, we 'map' these reiterations as links between the two texts. That is, we superimpose textual theory's insights regarding where to find intertextual links and which texts to attach them to, onto the technology that not only preserves them, so keeps the texts 'alive', but also places them in their original context.

1.3.1. Methodological Considerations

²³Winston asks, rhetorically, '[h]ow could you make appeal to the future when not a trace of you, not even an anonymous word written on a piece of paper, could physically survive' (*1984*:29). *DatN*'s diarist-hero, Rubashov, faces a wall from which a photograph of his one-time colleagues, now killed by the Party, has been removed. The space on the wall is the 'trace' they have left, the absence by which they can be recalled:

He looked at the light patch on the wall, the only trace left by the men with the numbered heads.

DatN:88

²⁴Rada, *Hypertext: From Text to Expertext*, p.102.

We are attempting, then, to retrace *1984*'s own methodology. This project is limited by the space we have available, so we make reference to only the most substantial intertexts in the following chapters. In order to emphasise what we are calling the 'hypertextuality' of *1984*, however, we make use of discursive footnotes to demonstrate other intertextual relationships, principally between *1984* and less substantially intertextual texts, but also between intertext and intertext. Another thesis could have traced themes, images and phrases from text to text within an uncentred grouping of the texts we mention; as we shall see in later chapters, each text we consider here owes a debt of one kind or another to whichever of these texts precede it.

1984 invokes Freudian psychoanalysis to a remarkable but so far unremarked extent. This thesis is not Freudian in tenor, nor is it psychoanalytic, but when *1984* makes use of Freudian ideas or images, we note them. When we do so, it is the Freud of 1948 to which we refer, that is, as with other intertextual relationships, we do not superimpose later Freudianisms on Orwell's text. 'Hallucination', an idea whose application in *1984* is completely in accord with Freud's, particularly has been radically reinterpreted in the intervening years. There is no extrinsic evidence to suggest that Orwell read Freud, but we hope to show that the closeness-of-fit of the two men's ideas reveals a Freudianism in *1984* in all but name, and one which could not have been brought out by conventional analyses of *1984*, which have relied upon statements made by Orwell to identify the texts in this text (see 1.3., below).

1.3.1.1. The computer-hypertext *1984*

When this thesis was conceived and entitled, 'hypertext' was a hypothetical notion in the field of cybernetics, and had been so for over fifty years. We did not expect that our ideas would be realisable. In the last year, though, programs have begun to be available which present text on screen and 'link' it to other screens of text. The attached hypertext seems to be the most extensive use of such a program to date, in terms of length of texts linked. Available programs are not designed for such length, but for presenting brief explicatory passages 'in' texts of a few pages, such as instruction manuals.

We have 'linked' the substantial intertexts to *1984*, then, in order to augment the out-of-context quotations enabled by this conventional thesis. We have by no means 'mapped' all such links; even between *1984* and the texts with which we are concerned, we are aware of over thirty more links which considerations of relevance or technical limits have disallowed here. Bush's ideal hypertext linked all texts to each other; we would like to have made a start. As this thesis is centred on *1984*, we have restricted linkages to each intertext and *1984*, rather than include intertext-to-intertext links. Passages highlighted in blue on the screen-*1984* lead to the passages they reiterate, and 'clicking' on the 'back' button on the top-left of the screen returns the user to *1984*.

The technology is at a very early stage. New programs are beginning to appear, but so far these, like the one we have used, all have two drawbacks. Firstly, they are not designed for book-length texts; even our program runs slowly, but we have accelerated it a little by having it operate from a hard drive rather than the original CD Rom. Secondly, they are designed for use by computer scientists; writing such a program requires the learning of a lengthy computer 'language'. This in part explains the origin of the first problem. Hypertext programs are designed not to fulfil Bush's dream of permanently and freely available linked texts, but to write new texts. We suggest that, for the time being at least, the difficulty-of-writing and the designed limitedness of these programs will conspire to prevent their use not only for fulfilling Bush's dream but also for actualising intertextual theory. Yet, we believe that there is no other way of demonstrating the complexity of the discourse which is set up by a text such as *1984*. Citation is not simply a matter of invisibly quoting, it involves an endless return to earlier texts in order to understand the discourse set up, and in order that texts not be lost, physically or beneath some 'final interpretation' or other.

1.3.2 Review of the Reading

From the first reviews, correlations have been found between *1984*'s themes or language and the themes of other texts or their descriptive language. These correlations are not reducible to chance. With determined exceptions, reviewers as well as later critics have found traces in *1984* of several other texts. It is this combination of breadth and depth - a number of textual relationships each evidenced by a strong correlation - which has led to *1984* being viewed as a highly intertextual novel, one which owes its very existence to identifiable precursors.

However, we have called these analyses 'determined'. That is, we have suggested that not only are they decided without close reference to *1984* itself, but they reflect certain presuppositions about the text, chiefly as to *genre*, politics, and method-of-construction which are improper to it. In reviewing the reading on *1984* and its intertexts we will note that critics have so far used the text's derivation from other texts to draw conclusions about its author. That is, there has yet been no 'intertextual' analysis *per se* of *1984*. The method of existing criticisms which refer to other texts' presence in *1984* has been author-centred: critics have 'found' texts which they know or assume Orwell had read. Besides sidelining *1984* itself as the indicator of which texts are cited by it, this method assumes that Orwell's essays - sole evidence of his reading-matter - are purely nonfictional, telling the whole truth about what he read when and about what he felt about what he read.

Beyond this methodology, intertexts have thus far been regarded as 'sources' of images or of ideas, or of images which have proven themselves useful in expressing certain ideas. That is, nothing has been said of the consequences of *1984*'s intertextuality, rather something is assumed to have been said simply by pointing out that the text draws an image, etc., from another text. Conclusions which have been reached have, again, concerned Orwell: that he

was a man of few ideas, or, at the time of writing *1984*, of limited time²⁵. We intend to begin, then, where the following analyses conclude: by showing what happens when *1984* reiterates another text, how it frames that reiteration and responds to the intertext's conclusions. We suggest that its intertext are not 'sources' so much as, in themselves, starting-points for *1984*'s own analysis of language and power.

We claim, then, that no existing analysis is hypertextual; each is predetermined by an assumed knowledge of Orwell's reading and by an adherence to conventions of *genre*. Above all, no analysis has yet considered that the intertexts of *1984* must be illimitable; we do not claim to have traced all of them - indeed we claim such a tracing to be an impossibility, given the iterative structure of all language - but this is precisely what some existing analyses imply.

No analyses has yet made use of the insights of intertextual theory, then, yet, from the start, criticisms of *1984* have referred to other texts. Indeed, Frederick Warburg, in his "Publisher's Report" on the text, wrote 'Orwell must acknowledge a debt to Jack London's *Iron Heel*', and cites Swift: that is, he sees *1984* as a satire²⁶. He makes clear what this satire targets, 'the socialism of marxism [sic] and the managerial revolution', and goes on 'it is worth a cool million votes to the conservative party'²⁷. That is, from the first, *1984* was viewed as being intertextual with works also viewed as satiric, as using fictionality only to thinly disguise an attack on the 'real world' (the first published review, by Julian Symons in the *TLS*, set this generic determination in stone²⁸). This view of *1984* as a simple satire on totalitarianism consequently determines the intertexts to be found in it, and the attitude *1984* is supposed to take. Oxley's wide-ranging discussion of *1984* amounts to a collection of evidence to support the idea that Orwell could 'see himself as a victim', in the way that writers under totalitarian regimes were victimised; he cites *We* and *DATN* to show only that *1984* is a contribution to their *genre*, 'concentration camp literature'²⁹. That is, the view of *1984* as satire becomes mixed-up with the idea that it is autobiographical.

We shall not be considering this 'autobiographical' strain in *1984* at length in this thesis, principally because it is inevitably founded in Orwell's other writings, that is, in writings which themselves are only autobiographical to the extent that they are written by 'George Orwell', by a 'man' who only came into existence when 'his' first text was completed. These texts, what Anne Jefferson calls 'sistertexts'³⁰, are, we suggest, no more 'about' a real

²⁵Orwell 'was a man of comparatively few ideas, which he took every opportunity to put across', according to John Wain ("The Last of George Orwell", p.72); he 'wrote the novel as quickly and easily as possible', according to Meyers (*A Reader's Guide to George Orwell*, p.150). In the course of this thesis, we will repeatedly refute both of these hypotheses by demonstrating the complexity of *1984*'s 'ideas' and the rigour of their working-out.

²⁶"Publisher's Report on *Nineteen Eighty-Four*", pp.247-250 of Meyers, ed. (1975), p.247.

²⁷"Publisher's Report on *Nineteen Eighty-Four*", pp.247-250 of Meyers, ed. (1975), p.248

²⁸See Meyers, ed. (1975).

²⁹*George Orwell*, pp.127, 143.

³⁰Jefferson, 1990, p.111.

individual than is *1984*; their authority stems from a decision on their *genre*, and we find the essay's declaration of referentiality no more reliable than the novel's denial of it.

Set against the prevailing view that *1984* is satirical, and is only intertextual to the extent of 'borrowing' both the conventions of satire from earlier writers and the authenticity of texts written under the regime he is assumed to be satirising, is the idea that it is realistic. Atkins cites *1984*'s relationship to Orwell's essays, as if its fictionality had *no* effect upon it. As a result, he criticises the moment in *1984* when, for him, it suddenly becomes unrealistic: when Oceania's enemy changes, in the middle of an orator's sentence, Atkins concludes, 'Orwell slides from his prevalent realism to satire, which is completely out of place'³¹. Why this insistence upon 'Orwell', in such a text? This is only one instance of *1984*'s similarities with the essays leading to the conclusion that it is, and is no more than, an essay itself. Ironically, the intertext Atkins cites in this connexion is Chesterton's satiric novel of the future, *The Napoleon of Notting Hill*, on the grounds that it, too, is a realistic description of London life which is set in the year 1984³².

Conventional analyses, then, select among what we are viewing as *1984*'s intertexts in order to confirm what they already perceive as its *genre*: satiric, realistic, 'concentration camp literature'. We shall acknowledge *1984* as making all these acts of generic affiliation, and not restrict ourselves to the consequences of any one of them. We are interested in what results in a text which can be seen to cite so many other texts, and we argue that what results, in part, is a consideration of the restrictive uses of language. A recent treatment of *1984* places it in the 'utopian tradition', and sees it as largely derived from *We*, but because of this affiliation, it judges these texts generically, and authorially. This blinds it to its own insight. It notes that *Orwell* 'breaks down the distinction between treating [the utopia] as "satire" and treating it as "prophecy"', only to condemn such 'breaking down': after noting that this 'breaking down' is achieved by commingling the utopian form with satire and political analysis, this work concludes,

for good measure [Orwell] threw in the style and much of the content of his political essays and documentary works. Such a mixture was bound to flaw the finished work [*1984*] somewhat.³³

There are less determined analyses which consider *1984* to 'use' more than one intertext. Sheldon's recent biography of Orwell follows a lengthy consideration of the text's autobiographical sources with reference to its 'models'. These 'models', it suggests, are *IH*, *BNW*, *We*, and the texts of James Burnham; however, the dynamics of textual relationships are not considered. Sheldon goes no further than to claim that these texts 'influenced' Orwell, and concludes,

³¹George Orwell: *A Literary Study*, p.253.

³²George Orwell: *A Literary Study*, p.254

³³Krishnan Kumar, *Utopia & Anti-Utopia in Modern Times* (1987), pp. 292, 295.

[h]is distinctive style places his novel on a plane high above his various 'models'.³⁴

Rather than similarities, Shelden stresses differences, and not specific, reiterative differences.

Valerie Meyers also talks of 'literary sources'³⁵. Writing forty-three years after Warburg, she still suggests that *1984*'s reiteration of Swift does no more than ally the text with 'the rich satiric tradition of English utopian fiction'³⁶. Despite citing *1984*'s updating of *Gulliver's Travels*' writing machines, she does not see these as representing *any more than* this act of allegiance, does not, for example, see it as a part of the discussion of writing and of control begun by Swift and more urgent than ever in the totalitarian and media ages. In this connexion, she also cites Butler's *Erewhon*, whose title was constructed in a comparable way to *1984*'s, yet again fails to let this structural reiteration take her analysis beyond the generic³⁷. Without apparent contradiction, Valerie Meyers also claims, after a discussion of H.G. Wells, that 'the plot of *1984* is an ironic variant of the Wellsian pattern', only to go on to claim 'Orwell took his general plot from *We*'³⁸. We shall discuss, in Ch. 6, what results from *1984*'s inscription in what Orwell called the 'chain of utopia books'³⁹. We shall suggest that *We* derives its 'plot' from Wells' texts in order to map out specific differences, developments in the *technics* of power since Wells' day, and we shall suggest that *1984* derives its plot from *We* similarly. Valerie Meyers proceeds to note 'the themes [as opposed to plot] of *1984*, however, have much more in common with *BNW*'; in Ch. 7 we shall suggest that the 'themes' of *BNW* are themselves immanent to *We*, and that Huxley's text exists as a reiteration of them in a Western frame. We hope to get away from the critical language of 'taking', of 'in common' and of 'sources', and to begin where the idea of the source ends.

The three major works on *1984*'s relationship to other texts are Irving Howe's *Nineteen Eighty-Four: Text, Sources, Criticism*, Jeffrey Meyers *A Reader's Guide to George Orwell* and William Steinhoff's *The Road to 1984* (published in America as *George Orwell and the Origins of 1984*).

Howe's work is, as its title suggests, a 'sourcebook'. In some respects it is a proto-hypertext; it includes the complete text of *1984* and reprints thirteen essays on *1984* or on Orwell (including Deutscher's "The Mysticism of Cruelty", which insists that *1984* is no more than an Anglicisation of *We*⁴⁰). Between text and criticism, Howe includes seven 'sources'; the complete texts of three of Orwell's essays, excerpts from *BNW*, *We*, Cyril Connolly's short story *Year Nine* entire and a passage from Trotsky's *The Revolution Betrayed*. We have already questioned in what way a text written by Orwell can be a 'source' for another. It is

³⁴*Orwell: The Authorised Biography*, p.475.

³⁵*George Orwell*, p.116.

³⁶*George Orwell*, p.116.

³⁷*George Orwell*, p.116.

³⁸*George Orwell*, p.117.

³⁹"Letter to F.J. Warburg, 30.3.49", *CEJLIV*/146:546

⁴⁰See my Ch. 6, where, in addition to having demonstrated *1984*'s relationships to several other texts, we suggest that *We* is already peculiarly 'English', but that this aspect is obscured by *its* determined reading as a parody of Soviet Russia.

the whole idea of the 'source' which problematises Howe's book, however; despite following *1984* with these intertexts, Howe implies no more than that the former is drawn from the latter. We argue against such a simple view of derivation, or plagiarism. We also argue against this simply *implied* intertextuality: Connolly's text deals with the same situation as *1984*, but we find no evidence of its citation by Orwell's text. Nor does Howe. This is why we propose the idea of the hypertext *per se*, of linkage founded in intertextual methodology; there is nothing but Orwell's reading habits and his occasional personal involvement with Connolly to link these texts (see below). We argue that *1984* cites its intertexts to import their authenticity and discourse with their vision of totalitarianism's 'inside'; *Year Nine* brings no insight to the discourse on totalitarianism.

Steinhoff's work is the most thorough of the three, discussing similarities between *1984* and numerous other texts. Steinhoff's methodology is the inverse of our own; where Howe seems to select his 'sources' thematically, Steinhoff selects his on the basis of Orwell's reviews and library. That is, he looks for links among the texts Orwell is known to have read, where we trace intertexts from *1984* itself, even, as in the case of Freud, in the absence of any extrinsic evidence. The result is that, while we and Steinhoff discover many of the same texts, Steinhoff's are unattached to *1984* but by general similarities. This does not only amount to an absence of the 'discourse' on which we focus between *1984* and its intertexts, but to an absence of what we may call the specific *sites* of this discourse.

To take an example, Steinhoff links Chesterton's *The Man Who Was Thursday* (*MWWTh*) to *1984*, but does so via the two novel's heroes loneliness and an 'organised skepticism' in the former which he tries rather too hard to equate with Ingsoc's thought control⁴¹. The two texts are undoubtedly linked by reiteration, but Steinhoff's reading of either is not close enough to bring this out: Winston has a colleague called Syme, who is 'too intelligent' and 'sees too clearly and speaks too plainly' (*1984*:56), Chesterton's novel's hero is called Syme, he

was a sincere man, and in spite of his superficial airs and graces, at root a humble one. And it is always the humble man who talks too much; the proud man watches himself too closely.⁴²

Yet Steinhoff dismisses the similarity, stylistic as well as in name and concerns; '[u]nlike the Syme of *1984*, who is a philologist, Chesterton's character is a poet'⁴³. He does so in order to drive home an assumed similarity between *Winston* and Chesterton's hero. Not only are the two Symes' behaviour and their professional obsession with words comparable, however, so are the results: Chesterton's Syme becomes a 'philosophical policeman' (*MWWTh*:42) in order to 'punish heretics' (*MWWTh*:44); Winston fears *1984*'s Syme, because, despite 'read[ing] too many books' he is overzealous in his orthodoxy (*1984*:58). O'Brien makes clear that this fear was justified, when he lures Winston out of the shell of his specious orthodoxy on the evidence of Syme's evidence against him (*1984*:164). Steinhoff dismisses with this similarity

⁴¹*The Road to 1984*, p.19.

⁴²*The Man Who Was Thursday*, p.12.

⁴³*The Road to 1984*, p.17.

1984's whole incorporation of *MWWTh*'s discussion of the relationship between linguistic creativity and linguistic orthodoxy, in order to find a connexion between Winston and Chesterton's Syme. The connexion he finds is never more than thematic; he does not, for example note a link between O'Brien's damnation of Winston,

'If you are a man, Winston, you are the last man. Your kind is extinct [...]'

1984:282-283

and Syme's friend's desperate cry in the face of an apparent worldwide abandonment of reason,

[T]he human being will soon be extinct. We are the last of mankind.

MWWTh:152

Such failures, we suggest, are immanent to the extrinsic methodology of the 'sourcebook'. Determination is its greatest flaw. We have said that we can find no recitation even as explicit as those of *MWWTh*, above, of *Year Nine* in 1984. Steinhoff, aware because of Howe's inclusion of it of the thematic linkage of the two texts, determines to find proof that Orwell was familiar with *Year Nine*, as if such proof constitutes evidence that it is recited in 1984. We shall limit our view of the intertextuality of 1984 to texts which we detect as improprieties in the work itself, even if in doing so we fail to acknowledge all of the texts that are so detectable, as we must. We consider this preferable to demonstrating intertextualities by some extrinsic implication which requires a reliance on hypotheticality and comes to no other conclusion than that 1984 is plagiarised from other works (as if they in turn were not plagiaristic):

On the surface at least, a closer parallel to 1984 than any so far mentioned is Cyril Connolly's story *Year Nine* which Irving Howe called 'a capsule anticipation of Orwell's book' [1984: *Text, Sources, Criticism*, p. 169]. Seemingly, Orwell never commented on this remarkable attack against the totalitarian state, but there can be little doubt that he had read it. It was first published in the *New Statesman*, which Orwell habitually read, and it was reprinted in *The Condemned Playground*, which Orwell reviewed for the *Observer* [...] Orwell's long association with Connolly, which began in school, makes his acquaintance with the story even more likely.⁴⁴

We must note one more aspect of Steinhoff's determined reliance on Orwell's nonfiction and his library. He can find no evidence for Orwell's having read *Year Nine*, yet goes on to compare the two texts on the assumption that Orwell had in fact not only done so but had plagiarised Connolly. So determined is his reading by a negative value-judgement of such 'plagiarism', though, that when, on the other hand, he finds Orwell advocating *We* regularly and in print, he takes this as evidence *against* an intertextual relationship. That is, precisely because Orwell was open about his admiration for *We*, Steinhoff denies that this could have metamorphosed into intertextuality. As with each of the other analysts of 1984's relationships to other texts, Steinhoff places all the agency with Orwell himself, denying not only the inevitability of reiteration and its function in the constitution of texts, but also its unconscious element:

⁴⁴*The Road to 1984*, p.14.

If Orwell had borrowed as much from *We* as Deutscher says he did - in effect plagiarising it - he would not have been likely to give it so much publicity and to persist in trying to get it into print. One might argue that he could unconsciously have borrowed certain details from *We*, but unconscious borrowing on a large scale seems improbable, especially when one recalls Orwell's excellent memory and his sharp eye for literary influences.⁴⁵

Our Ch. 6 is, in part, a specific response to the claims made here (by Deutscher as well as by Steinhoff), which attempts to free *1984* from such ideas as 'plagiarism' and the value of 'conscious' or 'unconscious' 'borrowing'.

Jeffrey Meyers' review of *1984*'s 'debt' to other texts is at once the most satisfactory and the most problematic. It is satisfactory in that it merely lists images, phrases and incidents in *1984* which are to be found in earlier texts. It is determined, as have been the other criticisms, to find a certain anti-Soviet ideologue in the text, as when it traces certain incidents which could cite 'the control of history' in general to Trotsky's treatment at the hands of the Russian authorities⁴⁶, but it does face the idea that *1984* is not reducible to any sum of its parts. The problematic aspect of this analysis comes from its designed (rather than inevitable) brevity: its method is intertextual insofar as it sees *1984* reiterating not themes but images and phrases, but it is not *hypertextual*, it does not cite these reiterations in context. The result is that the interpretation of the reiterated images is neither *1984*'s nor whichever intertexts' but, once again, that of a certain convention. We shall conclude this review of 'intertextual' criticism with the retracing of an image from *1984* to some of the intertexts Meyers lists. Where he stops at the citations, however, we shall contextualise these, to suggest that *1984* does indeed transcend intertextual citation and enter the realm of metatextual criticism, even of deconstruction itself.

The example we shall pursue is of the 'sourcing' of O'Brien's notorious 'picture of the future [...] a boot stamping on a human face - for ever' (*1984*:280). In his collation of boot/face images known to be known to Orwell, Meyers represents *IH* by the sentence,

The Iron Heel will walk upon our faces.

IH:118

While it may be the most succinct reference to the boot in the face in that book, we shall see in Ch. 5 that it is in fact only an early part of the working-out of this image's truth by *IH*. In that text, this is a complex image, which by no means supports Meyers' thesis that it 'symbolised the connexion between brutality, power-worship, nationalism and totalitarianism'⁴⁷. On the contrary, we will provide textual evidence to show that *IH*'s 'hero' also feels the impulse that the boot-in-the-face symbolises, and that *1984* finds this impulse to be universal. With close inspection, though, Meyer's unilateral association is denied in

⁴⁵*The Road to 1984*, p.24.

⁴⁶Meyers traces Goldstein and the photograph which Winston considers to 'prove' the falsification of history to Trotsky, and to an incident involving Trotskyites respectively (*A Reader's Guide to George Orwell*, p.147). In Chs. 3 & 4, we suggest, having found comparable incidents in Koestler's texts, that what happened with Trotsky is only a realisation of the immanent possibilities of history- or thought-control.

⁴⁷Meyers;149

advance *each time* a sentence quoted as a 'source' of this image is allowed to bring its context to a discussion of the significance of this image. Even before London, it will never have been this simple.

Meyers list begins with Orwell, in an essay, citing *Gulliver's Travels'* Houyhnhnms 'battering the Warriors' Faces into Mummy, by terrible Yerks of their hinder Hoofs'⁴⁸. Orwell's comment on the passage is excised by Meyers; it is

Considering that Swift does not waste words, that phrase, 'battering the warriors' faces into mummy', probably indicates a secret wish to see the invincible armies of the Duke of Marlborough treated in a like manner.⁴⁹

For Orwell, and without too much textual support from Swift, the violence of the image is not exclusive to the primitive Houyhnhnms, or rather, 'the primitive' is not exclusive to those we would like to exclude as primitives. After "Politics vs Literature", Meyers cites "The Lion and The Unicorn";

[the goose-step] is simply an affirmation of naked power; contained in it, quite consciously and intentionally, is the vision of a boot crashing down upon a face'⁵⁰.

What is again cut from the citation, though, questions its amenability to simple interpretation;

[...] It is not used [in England] because the people in the street would laugh. [...] And yet the gentleness of English civilisation is mixed up with barbarities and anachronisms. [...] Over against the Nazi storm-trooper you have got to set that typically English figure, the hanging judge handing out savage sentences. In England, people are stilled hanged by the neck and flogged with the cat o' nine tails.⁵¹

Involved in the image are now the humour of cultural inappropriateness and a warning against a certain kind of literalism. The reality of the image in the goose step makes it peculiarly easy to exclude oneself from, as if its image *alone* can carry the force of authoritarianism. On the contrary, this essay suggests, the boot is a metonym for other parts of the body politic; its presence in your face indicates oppression, but its absence does not indicate freedom any more than the absence of a man called Big Brother indicates the absence of thought police.

It is Meyers' editing of Orwell's citations from the novels of James Hadley Chase, though, that specifically pervert the 'Orwellian' reading of the boot/face image. Orwell's Chase essay is contemporary with the writing of *1984*, and its viewpoint is concomitant⁵². Like *1984*, it

⁴⁸CEJLIV;244 ("Politics vs Literature"), cit. Meyers;149. The capitalisation is in CEJL.

⁴⁹CEJLIV;244

⁵⁰CEJLII;81, cit. Meyers;149.

⁵¹CEJLII;81. This recalls Anthony Burgess' analysis of *1984* as a particularly dark comedy of personal and institutional power ("1948: an old man interviewed" (sic), 1985;20).

⁵²"Raffles and Mrs Blandish" was first published in *Horizon*, October, 1944. Orwell's first contemporaneous reference to his working on *1984* is on 17.2.1944 (CEJLIII/21;118). It is, therefore, among 256 essays, articles and letters known to be coincident with the writing of *1984*. Indeed, it is impossible to be sure how many Orwell texts do *predate* any work on *1984*; Within a little over two months, in 1944, he mentions having

accepts that violence, specifically sexual (and not necessarily heterosexual) violence is universal, that the aggression contained in the boot/face image is not the sole preserve of the tyrant, and anyway involves the wish to submit to it as well as to inflict it. In the following passage from "Raffles and Miss Blandish", Meyers' quotation (p.149) from Orwell is italicised:

Ultimately there is only one motive at work throughout the whole story: the pursuit of power.

It should be noticed that the book is not in the ordinary sense pornography. Unlike most books that deal in sexual sadism, it lays the emphasis on the cruelty and not on the pleasure. [...] The scenes describing cruelty to women are comparatively perfunctory. The real highspots of the book are cruelties committed by men upon other men: above all, the third-degreering of the gangster, Eddie Schultz, who is lashed into a chair and flogged on the windpipe with truncheons, his arm broken by fresh blows as he breaks loose. In another of Mr Chase's books, *He Won't Need It Now*, the hero, who is intended to be a sympathetic and perhaps even noble character, is described as *stamping in somebody's face and then, having crushed the man's mouth in, grinding his heel round and round in it*. Even when physical incidents of this kind are not occurring, the mental atmosphere of these books is always the same. Their whole theme is the struggle for power and the triumph of the strong over the weak[...] In a book like *No Orchids* one is not, as in the old-style crime story, simply escaping from dull reality into an imaginary world of action. One's escape is essentially into cruelty and perversion. *No Orchids* is aimed at the power instinct, which *Raffles* or the Sherlock Holmes stories are not. At the same time, the English attitude towards crime is not so superior to the American as I may have seemed to imply.⁵³

The image may well represent a species of sociopolitically intolerable brutes, but Orwell views it, honestly, as - in the narrow sense at least - sympathetic. The possibility that it is designed to provoke abhorrence is not raised in this essay. Instead, it is presented as ultimately-symbolic of an escape into fantasy, the fantasy of power. Perhaps this is why, in later chapters, we will recognise it, and the rubber-truncheon images Orwell here associates with it, not only in Winston's diary but in the texts of authentic revolutionists who have fantasised about power - men such as Koestler. Meyers' list has already cited (without comment) the hero of an earlier Orwell novel as practitioner, not recipient, of fantastic violence, mentally 'smashing peoples' faces in with a spanner'⁵⁴.

We suggest that *1984* discusses this image's universality, that, far from being a condemnation of the power-impulse this image represents for Meyers, *1984* is a deconstruction of the idea of 'good' and 'bad' men, of 'the oppressed' and 'the oppressor'. Winston expresses a

thought of the novel in 1943 (*CEJLIV*/125;507) and 'in 1944 as a result of the Teheran (*sic*) conference' (*CEJLIV*/132;520). The closeness in time of these two references make a slip unlikely, rather Orwell is sourcing his novel to different events, each of which contribute to it. In November 1943 he left the B.B.C., began *Animal Farm*, and joined Tribune. It seems reasonable to date *1984* to this period: 'Room 101, in the basement of Broadcasting House, was where Orwell used to broadcast propaganda to India' (Burgess, 1985;25) and Crick (p.452) reminds us that *Animal Farm* was another response to Teheran. After the ideolinguistic constraints of propaganda broadcasts and Basic English, the "As I Please" series of articles, from the title down, celebrates the freedom *1984* is about, combining 'a radical Socialist policy with a respect for freedom of speech and a civilized attitude towards literature and the arts.' (Orwell, cit. Angus, *CEJLIII*/AppII;562). The 256 essays, etc., should be augmented to include at least this series which therefore runs from the beginning of the writing of *1984* until Orwell's trip to Jura to finish it. In the end, a book with so many points of reference cannot have a definite starting date in the life of a man who wrote copiously every day of his life, no more than any of those writings can be said to be or not to be a preparation for *1984*.

⁵³*CEJLIII*;252 - 256 (Meyers' passage is on p.253)

⁵⁴George Bowling, *Coming Up For Air*, 1962;148, cit. Meyers;149. Meyers' remaining two citations are not from collected texts.

hallucinatory desire to 'flog [Julia] to death with a rubber truncheon' (1984:17), and, reciting George Bowling before him, to 'smash[...] a pick-axe right into the middle' of a colleague's face (1984:118).

This is the distinction to be drawn between the hypertextual method and that of the 'sourcebook'; we aim to let citations bring their contexts with them, and to let 1984 discourse without determinations.

1.4. Conclusion

He indicates unequivocally how his readers should respond by convincing them of his authenticity, his accuracy and his good faith. He does not lay down the law about what is to be believed, but tells them what seems to be the truth in such a way that it has to be believed.

Jenni Calder, *Chronicles of Conscience*, p.105

This thesis has no concluding chapter. The conclusions we reach on the 'discourse' between 1984 and each of its intertexts, and on the implications of each discourse for 1984's discussion of language, are placed at the end of the appropriate chapter. There can be no overall conclusion, except, maybe, this: 1984 insists we be aware that language is irreducible to either fictionality or truth. That is, 1984 makes use of, and discusses, language as fiction and language as truth, it sees the consequences of their identity for political life and for 'history', and sees no way out of the 'doublethink'. Meyers (p.145) determines that 1984 truthfully describes Orwell's real-life experiences, and to 'prove' this, he cites the following correlation between Orwell's essay "A Hanging" and 1984:

We went towards the gallows to inspect the prisoner's body. He was dangling with his toes pointing straight downwards, very slowly revolving, as dead as a stone.

CEJLI/12:70

'It was a good hanging,' said Syme reminiscently. 'I think it spoils it when they tie their feet together. I like to see them kicking'

1984:52

We conclude that the 'real-life experience' which 1984 reflects above all others is the experience of language's inherent fictionality. Our 'hypertextual' method involves retracing the text's 'steps', seeing where they lead and invaginating this 'proper' context into 1984. Performing this gesture upon the above passage from "A Hanging", we find another correlation, and one which destabilises the idea of that essay's 'truth':

We walked out of the gallows yard, past the condemned cells with their waiting prisoners [...] The convicts, under the command of warders armed with lathis, were already receiving their breakfast. They squatted in long rows, each man holding a tin pannikin, while two warders with buckets marched around ladling out rice: it was a homely, jolly scene after the hanging.

CEJLI/12:70

Winston and Syme pushed their trays beneath the grille. Onto each was dumped swiftly the regulation lunch - a metal pannikin of pinkish grey stew.

1984:52

The link is textual before it is biographical. It is 'about' texts before it is 'about' what happened in either one of them, nominal document or nominal fiction. The repetition of the

juxtaposition of execution and mundane living-on reiterates the effectiveness of this juxtaposition in 'the first place'. If the detail of the 'pannikins' works in the first text to convince the reader of a certain authenticity, then it works in the second; if it works in the second without the first, it works in the first without the actuality of the experience. *1984* is a practical linguist's last and most substantial work on language, a work which has entered the language in numerous ways, and which, we suggests, infects every text it cites, deconstructing their assumptions about truth, fiction and 'authenticity'; what is at stake in and what results from this infection is the subject of this thesis⁵⁵.

⁵⁵ See Hodge & Fowler's study "Orwellian Linguistics" for a 'serious' treatment of *1984* as Orwell's major work on language.

CHAPTER TWO

GIVING IT AWAY: THE SUBTEXTUALITY OF *NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR*

And then the argument of the spool. I am saying argument, the legendary argument, because I do not yet know what name to give it. It is neither a narrative, nor a story, nor a myth, nor a fiction. Nor is it the system of a theoretical demonstration. It is fragmentary, without conclusion, selective in that it gives something to be read, more an argument in the sense of a schema made of dotted lines, with ellipses everywhere.

And then what is given to be read here, this legend, is already too legendary, overburdened, obliterated. [...] As for the immense literature whose investment this legendary argument has attracted to itself, I would like to attempt a partial and naive reading, as naive and spontaneous as possible. As if I were interesting myself for the first time in the first time of the thing.

Derrida, "To Speculate - On 'Freud'", p.298

2.1. Introduction

This chapter is concerned with 'subtextuality', with the idea that many texts are given to be read within *1984*, and that it contains instructions for them to be read. Our argument here is that the thematization of surveillance, via the text-device of 'the telescreen', indicates an historical, intertextual reading. The novel is written in the indirect discourse of Winston Smith, that is, it records, from his point of view, the events beginning on 'a bright cold day in April' of a fictional '1984'¹. The *narrative*, then, never strays from his consciousness. What we are tracing here are extra-narrative phenomena, or, precisely, we are tracing 'what happens' in this text of which Winston Smith is unconscious: what we trace will be the 'argument' of *1984*, in the sense named by Derrida, above.

As defined by Riffaterre, a subtext is 'a text within a text [...] strung along the main narrative line in separate successive variants [...] the story it tells and the objects it describes refer symbolically and metalinguistically to the novel as a whole or to some aspect of its significance'². The subtext is indicated by reiterations of words and ideas that refer to the background against which the narrative takes place, that is, it makes sense of what happens, makes it 'true'.

Since "Richard Sympton's" 1726 fictional preface to *Gulliver's Travels* drew attention to the 'air of truth apparent throughout the whole' of that work, the 'air of truth' is what we look for, when we approach a text we know to be a utopia, or 'dystopia', to tie the fictional content of such a text to the 'real world'. This 'truth' problematizes the genre of the whole work. The dystopia must be fictional, or else it is journalism, an essay, what we may call a *document*³. A dystopia must not only record underlying truths but it must articulate them in a consistently possible fictional world: what is true of the world that is being invaginated into

¹The second sentence of the novel, which names Winston Smith, takes us 'inside' his mind, by giving his motivation: '[...] his chin nuzzled into his breast in an effort to escape the vile wind [...]' (1984:3)

²Riffaterre, *Fictional Truth*, p.131

³See chapter 7, which puts the 'truth' of *1984* against the fictionality of Orwell's 'documentary' writing.

the work by its dystopianism must be seen to be true in the fictional world of the work. That is, the text must be, as Riffaterre puts it, *fictionally true*.⁴

We are, then, attempting to approach *1984* as if for the first time, to take it at its own word. To see what is 'behind' the narrative *and what effect this has on how it is to be read*. Because of the determination of the 'dystopian' *1984*, because of what were understood to be the politics of its author, and because of the political situation of the time, from the first reviews, it has been read as what it was already assumed or understood to be *before* it was read⁵. To read what *1984* gives to be read we must follow what we have called its protocols, the guideposts that show what is - ideologically and intertextually - at back of it, and free it from the tyranny of determination. In the end, we will see *1984* as a book written *against* the idea of determination; to find its 'truth' we must read it without being determined.

1984's subtexts provide its 'fictional truth'. They provide both the psychic and the situational context of the narrative. These remain the same while the narrative progresses and it is against them that the reader judges the verisimilitude of the narrative⁶.

Subtextuality is related to the unconscious in that it refers beyond the 'surface interpretation' of narrative events, and provides motivation for them⁷. The subtexts of *1984*, we will find, are Freudian-psychoanalytic, deconstructing the idea of a fully-present subject that is central to totalitarianism: Winston 'gives away' details about himself, details that he cannot know, revealing that ideological control cannot be total. These details, and what they reveal about 'thought control' give the novel its 'psychological truth', a truth that transcends the fictional, having consequences for the text itself as well as for its 'dystopian' telos as a deconstruction of power.

The political system, the 'world' of *1984*, is also revealed subtextually: it is not given by a preface, at the outset, but is indicated by the reiteration of its terms, usually neologisms. That is, a set of conditions, named but unknown to the reader at the outset, are *actualised* (in Riffaterre's terminology) by having a series of effects on the narrative that, when we *do* learn what they represent, could have been foreseen. They are proleptic. What we are discussing in

⁴This is the problem Orwell himself addressed in his essay "Writers and Leviathan", written during his redrafting of *1984*, with its conclusion that 'writings, in so far as they have any value, will always be the product of the [writer's] saner self that stands aside, records the things that are done and admits their necessity, but refuses to be deceived as to their *true nature*'. *CEJLIV*/108;470. My emphasis.

⁵*George Orwell: The Critical Heritage* (ed. Meyers) shows how these reviews represent either pro- or anti-communist/socialist thought, the reviewers of both camps approaching *1984* according to how they viewed Orwell - as 'one of them' or as 'the enemy'.

⁶See Riffaterre, *Fictional Truth*, pp.21ff.

⁷Riffaterre, *Fictional Truth*, p.75

this chapter is the interdependence of these two functions of subtextuality - psychic and situational. Via an embedded subtextual reading of *his* narrative, Winston's psyche is analysed by the 'Thought Police'. At the same time, Winston realises, by a series of digressions from his self-narrating 'interminable restless monologue' (1984:9), that the prevailing ideology is determining his thoughts and behaviour.

We are arguing that these two embedded readings are the two faces of *surveillance*. By thematizing 'surveillance', 1984 diverts constantly from linearity into the past and into the ideologies that are determining present actions. We will find that the significance of the book's title rests with the surveillance that has provided this reading. '1984', in the narrative, is a year like any other: the text repeatedly emphasises that Oceania does not change, precisely because the Party do not want it to⁸. In the subtext we shall trace it is the last of *seven* years of observation, and reading. In the end, this embedded 'reading', and the reader's retracing of it, will be seen to be a necessary part of the telos of 1984. This genealogical movement of the text we will be repeating, in later chapters, on the text, guided by what it has to say on the importance of antecedence and historical constraint. The interrelated *psyche* and *polis* that we discuss in this chapter will be seen to be a *mise en abime*: 1984 is always concerned with them, as the constraints on freedom, and formed between them. However, this chapter will end by claiming that this aspect of the telos has been obscured by a simple failure of text-editing⁹.

2.2. Surveillance

There are two ways in which surveillance is thematized: generically, by borrowing conventions from genres where it is what Riffaterre calls a 'given', and symbolically, by introducing agents of surveillance as constraints on the narrative. It is the way this theme is

⁸The scene Winston views at the book's opening is recognisably immediately post-WWII:

vistas of rotting nineteenth-century houses, their sides shored up with baulks of timber [...] bombed sites where the plaster dust swirled in the air and the willowherb straggled over the heaps of rubble [...] 1984:5

This is what has given rise to the folk-belief that '1984' is '1948', the year of its completion, reversed. However, we conclude this chapter with an interrogation of the novel's title-year. For the purposive stasis of Ingsoc, see Goldstein's book, for example, 'Who wields power is not important, provided that the hierarchical structure remains the same' (1984:218). In the cellars of the Ministry of Love, O'Brien, who explains that the Party have maintained the *status quo* because it enjoys the 'feeling' of power, makes clear that, for this very reason, the prevailing order will continue 'for ever' (1984:280).

⁹We have no desire to become involved in the debate surrounding Dr. Peter Dasvison's 'restoration' of the 'original text' of 1984 for the *Complete Works* edition. On the contrary, we agree with Dr. Davison's editing decisions, without which much of this thesis would not be possible. As far as it is discernible from the extant manuscripts, the 'failure' of editing to which we refer here (and at length in the closing section of this chapter) occurred well before the proofs-stage, and may have been Orwell's own. 1984 refers satirically to 'garbled versions - definitive texts, they were called' (1984:45); at some indeterminable stage, we believe, the novel has become a 'garbled version' of itself. Perhaps, in this sideswipe at editors, it acknowledges the inevitability of this. We stipulate, at the end of this chapter, why we believe there is cause to bring in the notion of 'intention' that this statement implies: this evidence is double, both structural (revealed by tracing narrative subtexts) and bibliographical (established by reference to MSS).

developed *within* the text that we are interested with here, but we must briefly indicate *1984's* indebtedness to the *roman policier*, on which it is a macabre parody.

2.2.1. The Genre of Surveillance

Generically, *1984* presents itself as a species of detective fiction - a transgressor, his female accomplice and the 'police' who detect, pursue, entrap and torture them. As we have seen in our introductory chapter, Jeffrey Meyers, in his review of *1984's* 'sources' has found an indebtedness to American 'pulp' fictions of the 'forties. Orwell himself admitted to a double fascination with the genre: he was entranced as a reader by the 'fascism' of the stories and characterisations and, as a critic, by their ability 'truthfully' to reflect political life as being about interpersonal power:

Several people, after reading [James Hadley Chase's] *No Orchids [For Miss Blandish]*, have remarked to me, 'It's pure Fascism'. This is a correct description, although the book has not the smallest connexion with politics [...] It is a day-dream appropriate to a totalitarian age. In his imagined world of gangsters Chase is presenting, as it were, a distilled version of the modern political scene, in which such things as mass bombing of civilians, the use of hostages, torture to obtain confessions, secret prisons, execution without trial, floggings with rubber truncheons, [...] systematic falsification of records and statistics, treachery, bribery and quislingism are normal and morally neutral, even admirable when they are done in a large and bold way. *The average man is not directly interested in politics and, when he reads, he wants the current struggles of the world to be translated into a simple story about individuals.*¹⁰

Here we are dealing with the 'simple story' at the heart of *1984*, and with its relationship to truth and to power. 'Airstrip One' is what we would call a 'police state'. *1984* being a book about language, the crime, and each of the conventional steps of the 'thriller' referred to above - detection, pursuance, entrapment and torture - are linguistic. The police are 'Thought Police' whose *sole* access to 'thoughts', we must note, is via words and (what we will discuss in later chapters as) the language of gestures¹¹: that is, they detect either conscious utterances, or such unconscious thoughts as disturb the conscious surface of language¹².

1984, then, is a 'psychological thriller', distinctions are blurred between victim and culprit, punishment and reward, criminal and detective. 'Thought-policing' is reading, closely,

¹⁰"Raffles and Miss Blandish", *CEJLIII/64*;259. My emphasis.

¹¹In the opening pages we are told: 'Only the Thought Police mattered. [...] Any sound that Winston made, above the 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 be seen as well as heard. [...] How often, or on what system, the Thought Police plugged in on any individual wire was guesswork. It was even conceivable that they watched everybody all the time. [...] You had to live - did live, from habit that became instinct - in the assumption that every sound you made was overheard, and, except in darkness, every movement scrutinised.' (p1984:4-5). Confirming that he has had no access to Winston's unspoken, or unarticulated thoughts, O'Brien speculates, in the closing section:

If you have ever cherished any dreams of violent insurrection, you must abandon them.

1984:174. My emphasis.

¹²There is a heavy reliance upon sleep-talking, as when the ultra-orthodox Parsons is overheard by his daughter: 'Do you know what they heard me saying? [...] "Down with Big Brother!" Yes, I said that, said it over and over again, it seems. Between you and me, old man, I'm glad they got me before it went any further.[...]' (1984:245)

(psycho-) analytically. It is also a means of control, as conventional police control behaviour by their presence: the 'Thought Police' are behaviourists for whom behaviour is a psychic phenomenon, what we may call proactive psychoanalysts¹³. The culprit in such a story, who, as we say, 'gives himself away' by his words and gestures, is a divided subject: he is not fully conscious of 'giving himself away', of asking to be arrested and interrogated/cured, let alone of what he 'gives away'.

Orwell was at pains to avoid *1984* being read 'primarily' as 'a thriller mixed up with a love story', as Roger Senhouse was originally intending to package it, suggesting instead that someone such as Bertrand Russell, a philosopher whose view of the thinking behind post-war politics and thought-control was in accord with *1984*'s analysis, should write its 'blurb'¹⁴. In going to such lengths, he was at once acknowledging the presence within his text of the *roman policier*, the genre which we have indicated above to be a play on 'thriller' conventions in a 'police state', and putting it to one side. He is saying this *genre* is subservient to the dystopian in the text, 'fictional truth' is secondary to the social truth 'Bertrand Russell' indicates (Orwell's 1939 essay on Russell may be seen as the philosophical-political 'origin' of *1984*, four years before Teheran - which he indicates in the letter to Stenhouse to have been its starting point¹⁵). In Riffaterrean terminology the 'love story' is the *narrative*, the

¹³At this stage we may note that B.F. Skinner's *Walden Two*, a utopian novel based on the author's extenuations from his researches on behaviourism into the realm of human thought, was published while *1984* was undergoing its final revisions. The books are specific ideological opposites in many respects (not only thematic - *Walden II* is a 'positive' utopia, advocating its state), but we have no evidence that they are 'aware' of each other.

¹⁴"Letter to Roger Senhouse", *CEJLIV*/132;519-520. Anthony Burgess refers to a review by Russell as being the only one contemporary with *1984*'s publication to identify the book as 'that rare thing, a philosophical novel', that is, as what we are discussing here. (see Burgess, 1985, p.21). Russell did write some paragraphs on *1984*, a year after it was published and after Orwell's death, which are pertinent here, describing as they do Orwell as a man prevented from being a prophet by his loss of hope, but who nonetheless 'preserved an impeccable love of truth, [who] allowed himself to learn even the most painful lessons' (pp.15-16 of *World Review (George Orwell Commemorative Edition)*, June 1950. My emphasis).

¹⁵Orwell's 1939 "Review of *Power: A New Social Analysis* by Bertrand Russell" (*CEJLI*/147), shows both how long *1984*'s analyses were with him, and why he thought they may be well represented by Russell. 'where this age differs from those immediately preceding it', Orwell writes, paraphrasing Russell, 'is that a liberal intelligentsia is lacking. Bully-worship, under various disguises, has become a universal religion' {cf 1984;205, on the universality of 'the same worship of a semi-divine leader}, and he notes that while Russell takes heart from the 'idea that common sense always wins in the end', so Hitler cannot endure, 'the peculiar horror of the present moment is that we cannot be sure that this is so {1984;275ff, where O'Brien explicates the self-consciousness of Ingsoc, as against Nazism, that will enable it to endure 'for ever'. *It is quite possible that we are descending into an age in which two and two will make five when the leader says so* {1984;84 '*Freedom is the freedom to say that two plus two make four. If that is granted, all else follows*', hence Winston is made to believe that 2+2=5 (1984;261ff, 290)}. *Mr Russell points out that the huge system of organised lying upon which the dictators depend keeps their followers out of contact with reality* {1984;261 "'You believe that reality is something objective, external, existing in its own right. [...] But I tell you, Winston, [...] It is impossible to see reality except by looking through the eyes of the Party'" } [...] This is true as far as it goes, but it does not prove that the slave-society at which the dictators are aiming will be unstable. *It is quite easy to imagine a state in which the ruling caste deceive their followers without deceiving themselves* (this is the essence of *1984*'s 'doublethink'). Dare anyone be sure that something of the kind is not coming into existence already? One has only to think of the sinister possibilities of the radio {cf 1984's 'telescreen'}, state-controlled

'thriller' is the *subtext*, and both are in the service of the *telos* of the psychological and social truth of power.

In this chapter are analysing how the 'thriller'-subtext of *1984* serves to reveal the dystopian 'truths' the text proposes, how it articulates them and sets them in train. More importantly, we are suggesting that it serves as an example, a demonstration of how *1984* is to be read if we are to discover what it has to say about power in the world. That is, it is *1984's* first *protocol*, an instruction to reread, to retrace our steps, not only when we are tracing the path of the 'crime', but when we are tracing the intertextual and historical path of the 'ideas'. The 'fictional truth' of this novel is a guide to its dystopian truth.

2.2.2. The Symbolism of Surveillance

Surveillance is set up in the novel's opening pages as its theme. What is to take place will do so under the 'eyes' of Big Brother, which 'follow you about when you move' (*1984:3*). By externalization, Winston constrains himself under this gaze, 'policing' himself to behave as Big Brother would have him behave: 'BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU, the caption [of the poster which 'gazed down from every commanding corner'] said, while the dark eyes looked deep into Winston's own' (*1984:4*). These first two pages also refer to the helicopter patrols 'snooping into people's windows' (*1984:4*), and to the telescreen. Not only its events, but the text's narrative itself, insofar as it is structured by Winston's psychological point-of-view, will be constrained by this 'police' presence. Such a presence is normal, here, which will have had its effect on what is available to be thought. That is, the world Winston perceives is already constrained by this 'police presence', *as is its language*: for the duration of Ingsoc's term of office, only conventional thoughts have been allowed to be expressed, and only in approved language. This constraint has had its effect on the thoughts of Winston, who, like every other citizen of Oceania, has been unable - because of the telescreen - to *utter* an unapproved word.

The profound effect this has had on his thought is suggested by the difficulty with which he begins his diary, haltingly and irrelevantly. His memory has been constrained by the absence of writing, including speech¹⁶. The language of *1984's* narrative stands in a certain if indefinable relation to Winston Smith's: as with physical 'point of view', the narrative's language may be said to be his insofar as it is constrained by his experience¹⁷. *Mise-en-*

education and so forth {*1984:139* "'I've been at school, dear. Sex-talks once a month for the over-sixteens. And in the Youth Movement. They rub it into you for years.'" } [...].

¹⁶That is speech as a species of what Derrida calls 'writing-in-general' (see Derrida, *Limited Inc*). Winston has been unable to use language in a way that could make memorable his thoughts: they cannot be recalled intact, altered, re-iterated, etc. The proof, or result of this is his inability to 'transfer [...] the interminable restless monologue that had been running inside his head, literally for years' (*1984:9-10*) onto the paper of his diary.

¹⁷That is, *1984's* writing takes into account, *mise en abime*, the idea of deterministic linguistics that is thematic to it: the physical 'point-of-view' constraint of F.I.D. is thus extended to the language in which it is expressed. This is a difficult argument, which deserves more space. Largely, the evidence for it lies in the fact

abime, this writing-in-the-face-of-the-police can easily be seen as the writer's constrainedness by his (imagined) readers and critics¹⁸. Later, we shall discuss this idea as the 'alter-ego constraint'.

We are made to know that Winston Smith will be 'spied' upon, but we are also made aware of the limits of this operation. It is these that will establish the subtextuality of *1984*: the opening pages go on to lay out what is to be 'read' by the 'Thought Police' in terms of the 'panoptic' method of control. This is the name given to the means by which potentially absolute-observation, yet actually random- (and possibly zero-), observation causes each individual to 'police' themselves, to behave *as if* those in power were watching them, that is, to behave according to the prevailing law and ideology.

It is only by coming to understand the telescreen's constraining influence, and by following the Thought Police's embedded reading which it makes available, that is by retracing the subtexts of Winston's thoughts of which he is unaware, that we can 'make sense' of his narrative.

The telescreen not only records an alternative version of 'what happens' to that presented via Winston's 'free indirect discourse', then, it also affects 'what happens' in advance. *Within* the narrative, the telescreen functions subtextually to demonstrate and then remind us of the

that the language of the narrative is 'proper' to Winston's biography, education and economic-social status. (This 'propriety' is elsewhere central to his detection, when his personal linguistic residue manifests itself in his usage of the designedly impersonal Newspeak (see *1984*:164-165)). Occasional words or phrases jar with this constraint, indeed, these are the improprieties we are reading as protocols to look to other texts *in order* to find them 'proper'. That is, our method is based on identifying those words that are not the narrator's. Other words and phrases that seem to break this convention we must leave hanging, as indeterminably Winston's F.I.D. or the text-speaker's. Possibly there is a literary-historical problem with what readerships of different periods assume to be Winston's level of education. Contentious words include 'dissemble' (1984:19), 'impedimenta' (1984:23), 'ill-favoured' (1984:63), 'etiolated' (1984:71), 'obeisance' (1984:130), 'prodigies of activity' (1984:189), 'sluttish' (describing an armchair, 1984:191). Images that transcend Winston's field-of-experience also suggest Orwell's: 'Chinese rice spirit' (1984:7), 'an artist's lay figure' (1984:168, but see our ch.7). However, for the most part, images and vocabulary explicitly recall Winston and his past that is otherwise obscure: as we are seeing, they are 'revealing'. There is only one passage where the limits of text-speaker and narrator overlap to positively demonstrate this constraint of propriety: on p1984:186-7, a series of words - 'gelatinous', 'lymph', 'debauch' - in a single, exceptionally lyrical, paragraph would strike the reader as improper to Winston-as-narrator. However, the text-speaker intervenes, to explicate Winston's psyche's mediation, at once reminding the reader of the subjectivity of language and of Winston's 'interminable, restless monologue' with which the novel implicitly, and the diary explicitly, begins (1984:9):

Winston was gelatinous with fatigue. Gelatinous was the right word. It had come into his head spontaneously. His body seemed to have not only the weakness of a jelly, but its translucency. He felt that if he held up his hand he would be able to see the light through it. All the blood and lymph had been drained out of him by an enormous debauch of work, leaving only a frail structure of nerves, bones and skin. All sensations seemed to be magnified. His overalls fretted his shoulders, the pavement tickled his feet, even the opening and closing of a hand was an effort that made his joints creak.

1984:186-187

See also our ch. 3, where we discuss *Winston's* use of the term 'yellow' to describe a 'note' in the telescreen (1984:80), and this word's recitation, to describe another such note, without attribution (1984:307).

¹⁸For the imagined 'audience' of a literary work *a priori* constraining its content and structure, see Rabinowitz, "Truth In Fiction", 1977, p.126. It is worth noting that in *The Road to Wigan Pier* Orwell repeatedly makes clear that he is writing for an 'educated middle class' audience.

conditions of life under Ingsoc, for which it is a metonym. While the narrative develops over time, the situational and psychic contexts are already-formed. What develops subtextually is the reader's *understanding* of 'what is true' at that time; this develops, indeed, until any word reiterating a subtext recalls to the reader the conditions under which the narrative is developing¹⁹. The telescreen functions subtextually in that, by regular reference to its presence, the text not only *reminds* the reader of the ideological 'truth' of Ingsoc, hence of the 'world' in which the narrative takes place, but *reveals* a little more, on each reiteration, of how Ingsoc operates on the narrative. This function is reflected *mise-en-abyme*: for Winston Smith, within the narrative, it *also* exists as a reminder of the conditions of life under Ingsoc²⁰.

How does the telescreen manages to indicate both of the subtextual givens - the psychic and the ideological/situational? We suggest here that it does so by calling up a non-fiction intertext of 1984, from the beginning, one in which such a device was *designed* to control subjects' thoughts and to relay unorthodox thought to an all powerful body whose sole function was to monitor and correct those subjects' thoughts. This device is Jeremy Bentham's *Panopticon*.

The state's observation of its subjects in '1984' has not advanced technically since 1787, the year of Bentham's 'Panopticon'. That is, while the *technology* is electronic, it is applied to the *technic* laid down for thought control almost two hundred years earlier:

The fundamental advantage of the Panopticon is so evident that one is in danger of obscuring it in the desire to prove it. To be incessantly in the eyes of the inspector is to lose in effect the power to do evil and almost the thought of wanting to do it.²¹

Occupying the minds of the 'surveyed' with the *possibility* that they are 'on camera' makes them perform as they imagine their audience would wish them to - that is, conventionally - and not as they would perform for themselves: 'if the prisoner is never sure when he was [sic.] being observed, he becomes his own guardian'²². This is what we are calling (after Ross Chambers) 'the alter-ego interpretation'²³ of behaviour, for what is important here is not the material 'presence' of this powerful audience, but its 'presence' *in the mind* of the

¹⁹See particularly, *Fictional Truth*, pp.20ff.

²⁰Dystopias are characterised by exceptional subjugation of narrative to context because of their political need to create a wholly new, if recognisable world. This is what Fredric Warburg found when, in 1948, he found himself unable to isolate the narrative of 1984 from its 'conditions' for his "Publisher's Report: *Part Two contains the plot*, a very simple one. Winston falls in love with a black-haired girl, Julia. This in itself is to be considered heretical and illegal. See Part I, sec.6 for a discussion of sex and love,[...]' (p.248, original emphasis).

²¹Jeremy Bentham, *Panopticon; or, the Inspection House*, p.39

²²Dreyfus & Rabinow, p.189

²³See Chambers, 1990. The 'alter ego' in this case refers to a perceived third party, who regulates what can be said by the speaker/writer to the hearer/reader. The *perceived* surveillance of the camera, then, restricts our discourse by imposing ideological guide-lines, but, similarly, conventionality is imposed by the day-to-day restrictions of the man-in-the-street.

surveyed. Further, Panoptic surveillance is the first step in a negative Orwellian linguistics: if this presence is perpetual, as it becomes by being *potentially* perpetual, the subjects, as Bentham suggests, have no *time* to think of wrongdoing, to formulate in speech or writing thoughts that countervail the prevailing ideology, in *1984*'s terms, they have no 'ownlife'.

The Panopticon, then, like the patrol-helicopter of *1984*, is divided *a priori* into observatory machine and symbol of observation:

The inmate cannot see if the guardian is in the tower or not, so he must behave as if surveillance is constant, unending, and total. The architectural perfection is such that even if there is no guardian present the apparatus of power is still operative.

This new power is continuous, disciplinary, and anonymous.²⁴

Is the Panopticon specifically indicated by *1984*'s opening description of Ingsoc's 'apparatus of power'? After all, as Dreyfus and Rabinow point out in their investigation of the Panopticon's history, 'Bentham was not the first to explore the techniques he used'²⁵: the Panopticon is not the original tool of surveillance. Is *1984* re-inventing surveillance, or citing this particular form of thought-control? This device is not proper to the determined, conventional view of *1984* - as an analysis of an existing oligarchy: no 'Panoptic' society has existed, in this literal sense. Rather, in its search for the 'truth' of power, already, at the outset, our text has prefaced its narrative with a total political, as well as textual constraint: what happens will be regulated (or else punished). This is how '[t]he consequences of every act are included in the act itself' (*1984*:30). *1984* has begun by transcending the mid-Twentieth Century understanding of 'totalitarianism' with this uniquely *total* surveillance that the people carry with them, that polices them policing themselves.

We suggest that what is happening in the opening pages of *1984* - as it sets up the idea that what is to be its narrative will be read, from within, by a third party, whose inferred presence will already be restricting that narrative - we suggest that what is happening here *is* a citation of the Panopticon, thirty years before its rediscovery and semanalysis by Foucault in *Discipline and Punish*. If this passage is a citation, it brings with it an indictment, one we will see recurring with each realisation of a 'literary' intertext: *it has already happened*, this 'totalitarianism', if its power holds true (in 1787) it has always been with us. Indeed, we suggest that *1984* re-presents the Panopticon as *the model* of the operation of power, to which totalitarian states must conform if they are to endure, that is, if they are to curtail revolution at the root (Ingsoc, we must remember, is presented as *post*-Stalinism, Nazism, etc.²⁶). Foucault re-iterates this point in seeing the Panopticon as the structural, if not the historical origin of the 'mechanism of power':

The Panopticon [...] must be understood as a generalisable model of functioning; a way of defining power relations in the everyday life of men. [...] It presents a cruel, ingenious cage. [...] But the

²⁴Dreyfus & Rabinow, p.189

²⁵Dreyfus & Rabinow, p.188

²⁶See *1984*:276.

Panopticon must not be understood as a dream building: it is the diagram of a mechanism of power reduced to its ideal form; its functioning, abstracted from any obstacle, resistance or friction, must be presented as a pure architectural and optical system: it is in fact a figure of political technology that may and must be detached from any specific use.²⁷

'The Panopticon', then, as the system and the name of power-as-surveillance, is re-iterable: whenever it is 'detached from any specific use', it carries the power relations which it models and names with it. Foucault goes on to note that Bentham soon came to focus on the applications of his 'invention' to the prison, indeed this is Foucault's area of interest in this text. Yet the very functions that make it the 'ideal' prison are those that invite the Panopticon's invagination into *1984*'s text on totalitarian states within-a-text:

Bentham takes the penitentiary house as his prime example [...] because it has so many functions to fulfil - safe custody, confinement, solitude, forced labour and instruction²⁸

In short, wherever the Panoptic principle is applied becomes a prison: Foucault coins the neologism 'Panopticism' to name this 'detachability' and re-citability of Panoptic function²⁹

The protocol on which we are founding the assertion that *1984* is indeed indicating the Panopticon/prison model of power-as-surveillance in its opening pages (and hence is setting up the idea of the subtext, of what happens being regulated and observed by a 'power' or police we, the readers, are yet to know) is 'the window'. As we shall see, Bentham's design definitively requires two windows, one to back-light the view of the other, and *1984* has Ingso go 'out of its way' to provide both of these. The 'telescreen' stands for the viewing window of the Panopticon:

Any sound that Winston made, above the 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 be seen as well as heard. There was of course no way of knowing whether you were being watched at any given moment. How often, or on what system, the Thought Police plugged in on any given wire was guesswork. It was even conceivable that they watched everybody all the time. But at any rate they could plug in on your wire whenever they wanted to. You had to live - did live, from habit that became instinct - in the assumption that every sound you made was overheard, and, except in darkness, every movement scrutinised.

1984:5

This is a remarkably efficient summing-up of Panopticism: the 'Thought Police' have been introduced *as a name only*, just three lines earlier. This passage specifies the context of forthcoming events, in a manner that cites the Panopticon - the prisons, the thought control, the restriction of behaviour and liberty *in general* - to any reader familiar with Bentham. It is a prolepsis, to be recalled when Winston fails to behave in an orthodox manner, as he does throughout the text, as having foretold that he would do so despite his knowledge, and that it will have been psychologically inevitable that would do so³⁰. It is also narratively improper:

²⁷Foucault, *Discipline and Punish*, p.205 (original punctuation)

²⁸Foucault, *Discipline and Punish*, p.206

²⁹Foucault, *Discipline and Punish*, pp.208ff

³⁰Riffaterre, *Fictional Truth*, p.129, defines a prolepsis in this sense as 'any segment of a narrative that either explicitly announces a future event or is remembered when this event takes place as having foretold it or as having implicitly or figuratively anticipated it'.

the 'instrument' simply *could not* broadcast constantly ('there was no way of shutting it off completely', 1984:4) and detect any sound 'above the level of a low whisper', it would drown itself out. Moreover, as Anthony Burgess notes, throughout this transmission there is in Victory Mansions a power cut; '[i]t's hard to accept the notion of two power supplies'³¹.

As Foucault has shown that the Panoptic *may* be, then, the telescreen is pure citation, existing as what-it-represents, as narrative-*function*, not as a realistic narrative-component. 'Telescreen' is what Riffaterre calls a 'nuclear word', one which, although it is constantly left to one side of the narrative, can, purely by its (re)citation 'at any time generate a story simply by transforming its implicit semes into words and letting them be organised by narrative structures.' The 'story' contained by the telescreen is that of the Panopticon: the whole story of what must happen *in the presence of* the Panopticon is present from the start.

Panopticism, then, is re-cited whenever its agent, the telescreen, is present. Telescreens are designedly everywhere - this is the *Panoptic*. Yet, to ensure the reader's awareness of the conditions under which Winston Smith (*particularly*, as we will see) is performing his unconventional acts and words, as well as, within the narrative, to remind Winston of what he is doing, key incidents take place explicitly beneath the telescreen's gaze.

Beside what Winston puts in front of the telescreen in his own apartment (where he has the option of 'hiding' in a blind-spot), the telescreen is re-cited on the occasion of the two meetings that take place in his workplace, the Ministry of Truth, with, respectively, Julia and O'Brien. In the first incident, '[a] solitary figure was coming towards him from the other end of the brightly-lit corridor' (1984:111), who turns out to be Julia, although she is not yet known by name. She falls 'four metres' away from him and, as she is wearing a sling suggesting an arm injury, he helps her up;

The whole incident could not have taken as much as half a minute. *Not to let one's feelings appear in one's face was a habit that had acquired the status of an instinct, and in any case they had been standing straight in front of a telescreen when the thing happened.* Nevertheless it 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.

1984:112. My emphasis

The telescreen has, we note, been recited with its effects: as described by the novel's opening, '[y]ou had to live - did live, from habit that became instinct - in the assumption that every sound you made was overheard and, except in darkness, every movement scrutinised' (1984:5). Can we be certain, given the subjectivity of the narrative, that this effect is complete, that 'one's feelings' are subject to conscious control, that is, given that this pseudo-internal narration represents only Winston's point-of-view does it only reflect his *belief* that he has concealed his surprise? As if to bring up this question, 'intention' is brought in -

³¹Burgess, 1985, p.22

Julia's is surmised from the evidence - before we are returned to the restrictions imposed by the telescreen:

There was no question that she had done it intentionally. It was something small and flat. As he passed through the lavatory door he transferred it to his pocket and felt it with the tips of his fingers. It was a scrap of paper folded into a square.

While he stood at the urinal he managed, with a little more fingering, to get it unfolded. Obviously there must be a message of some kind written on it. For a moment he was tempted to take it into one of the water-closets and read it at once. But that would be shocking folly, as he well knew. There was no place where you could be more certain that the telescreens were watched continuously.

1984:112

We have already referred to Winston's *un*-conventional acts and words, suggesting that the Panopticon fails its intended function of thought-control. We shall speak later in this chapter of textual evidence for a *moire* of the awareness of these Panoptic conditions, of the idea that, given the divided subject, not only can the body and language never be under *total* conscious control, but that at times - times of great emotion, let us say - *the conditions of the Panopticon will be forgotten and speech and action will be ungoverned*. The *moire* applies here. 'Eight minutes' after the incident, Winston opens the note in full view, as we are again reminded, of the telescreens:

He re-adjusted his spectacles on his nose, sighed, and drew the next batch of work towards him, with the scrap of paper on top of it. He flattened it out. On it was written, in a large unformed handwriting {recalling Winston's diary, see 1984:10}:

I love you.

For several seconds he was too stunned even to throw the incriminating thing into the memory hole. When he did so, although he knew very well the danger of showing too much interest, he could not resist reading it once again, just to make sure that the words were really there. For the rest of the morning it was very difficult to work. What was even worse than having to focus his mind on a series of niggling jobs was the need to conceal his agitation from the telescreen.

1984:113-114)

All of this visible hereticism of meetings and agitation is recalled when Winston meets O'Brien in precisely the same place, that is, on the 'brightly-lit corridor', under the telescreen and its supposed conditions. That this is a re-citation is explicated at the start:

He was walking down the long corridor at the Ministry, and he was almost at the spot where Julia had slipped the note into his hand when he became aware that someone larger than himself was walking just behind him. The person, whoever it was, gave a small cough, evidently as a prelude to speaking. Winston stopped abruptly and turned. It was O'Brien.

At last they were face to face, and it seemed that his only impulse was to run away. His heart bounded violently. He would have been incapable of speaking. O'Brien, however, had continued forward in the same movement, laying a friendly hand for a moment on Winston's arm, so that the two of them were walking side by side.

1984:164

Winston and O'Brien discuss Syme, recently disappeared and 'unpersoned' which, in Winston's eyes, 'turn[s] them into accomplices'. Winston is avoiding the evidence. Earlier, he has realised not only that 'Syme will be vaporised', but that 'if Syme grasped, even for three seconds, the nature of his, Winston's, secret opinions, he would betray him instantly to the Thought Police' (1984:58). Moreover, what O'Brien discusses with him is the 'elegance'

Syme and himself detect in Winston's use of what is designedly a non-subjective language. Elegance belongs to the past, as well as to self-expression; O'Brien goes on to tell Winston that he, Winston, has used words that have been removed from the current stock of Newspeak. There can be no doubt that Winston is repressing the indictment that is going on here. To confirm that he and his 'accomplice' are 'known to the police', the parallel with the earlier meeting (with Julia) is framed by an undecided innocence/guilt: Winston both 'plays along' with the authority of O'Brien's actions, and destroys their consequences - a handwritten note - as he did Julia's un-conventional writings. Again, intention and its appearance is to the narrative fore:

They were standing in front of a telescreen. *Somewhat absent-mindedly* O'Brien felt two of his pockets and then produced a small leather-covered notebook and a gold ink-pencil. Immediately beneath the telescreen, in such a 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 handed it to Winston.

'I am usually at home in the evenings,' he said. 'If not, my servant will give you the Dictionary.'

He was gone, leaving Winston holding the scrap of paper, which this time there was no need to conceal. Nevertheless he carefully memorised what was written on it, and some hours later dropped it into the memory hole along with a mass of other papers.

They had been talking to one another for a couple of minutes at the most.

1984:165-166

2.3. The Deconstruction of Panopticism

To demonstrate that what is being exercised/cited here is not Benthamite or *quasi*-panoptic power, to show that this is not an image but a system, bringing with it all that the Panopticon brings, *1984* makes certain the origin of its reference. The 'original' Panopticon's design hangs on *a second window*, to make indiscipline - or discipline - visible. *1984* is scrupulous on this point: 'windows', 'darkness' and 'light' are made much of.

In Winston's apartment, this second window is provided exactly as Bentham prescribes it:

For some reason the telescreen in the living room was in an unusual position. Instead of being placed, as was normal, in the end wall, where it could command the whole room, it was in the longer wall, opposite the window.

1984:7. My emphasis

What is this 'reason'? Panopticism. Yet we note here that Winston's telescreen at once satisfies Bentham's condition *and does so exceptionally*: 'window' is a syllepsis - a thing to look out of, for Winston, and one to provide the lit frame for the telescreen-view of the Thought Police. Given that the function of the telescreen itself is physically impossible (see above), this secondary meaning of 'window' is an index *for the reader* of Panoptic function, a protocol indicating Bentham. At once we are being told by this most rigorous of texts that all that is true of the Panopticon applies, and that it is being made to apply *in this case*, intentionally, '[f]or some reason'. Language must be taken seriously here, that is the thesis of this thesis: once we are told that the text concerns surveillance, every word becomes

significant, not simply because it will be interpreted by the 'Thought Police', but because it is written in their presence, under the 'alter ego' constraint.

We are told, then, that there is especial observation to be undertaken here, in Winston's apartment: 'observation' because what is especial is the Panoptic window, which *cites* as well as conventionally enabling 'observation'. The window is present in 'normal' circumstances, and will function, but here it is made to cite itself, to repeat its presence, in the 'mirror' of the telescreen: the first appearance of the telescreen which exceptionally *faces* it, is as 'an oblong metal plaque like a dulled mirror' (1984:3).

On this first citation of the telescreen its function is unknown - it appears as a mere television, by lexical association and cultural familiarity (although this is an improper determination, as at this point it is not broadcasting images, but sounds only). Yet, after 'dimming' its transmission, Winston moves 'over to the window: a smallish, frail figure, the meagreness of his body merely emphasised by the blue overalls of the Party' (1984:4). That is, we see him from the 'point of view' of the telescreen, as he backs away from it, toward the light-providing window which casts him, against it, as a silhouette.

This, we must emphasise, is the only purely external view of Winston the text provides in its 311 pages. Before it, the text follows Winston's gaze into his apartment, and subsequently: our 'point of view' is constrained by his, the text is related in a 'free indirect discourse'. This sudden description immediately sets up the presence of a third 'seer'; this is not Winston's view, or ours. Following it, we return to Winston's mediation, indeed the 'return' is emphasised by this mediation being made explicit for the first time: 'Outside, even through the shut window-pane, the world *looked cold*' (1984:4). The 'opticism', as we may call it, of what is happening here, is re-emphasised by what Winston sees - the police, spying:

In the far distance a helicopter skimmed down between the roofs, hovered for an instant like a bluebottle, and darted away again with a curving flight. It was the police patrol, snooping into people's windows.

1984:4

The 'Panoptic' subtext is established: the police's employment of modern technology has nonetheless cited Bentham's conditions (even that of systematised buildings³², as 'Victory Mansions' so nominally is), and the inference that what is to take place does so in the 'police state' of the Panopticon.

This 'snooping', then, this clumsy, noisy old-technology, is a problem. It at once confirms beyond doubt the Panoptic principle *and mocks it*. This conventional Panoptic presence, a recognisable re-iteration of how surveillance works in everyday Western life, is introduced in the language of nuisance. Eric Partridge reminds us that the English police have been called 'bluebottles' since Shakespeare, and that the term in this sense had 'considerable use in mid-

³²See Bentham, p.40

Twentieth Century'; of a sudden we rebound from the Panoptic future to 1948³³. Why this derogatory introduction? To set up a distinction between what we might understand by 'surveillance' and what is possible, that is, to deconstruct Bentham's emphasis on the 'optical', and to shift his methodology to 1984's area of concern - language. The text goes on:

The patrols did not matter, however. Only the Thought Police mattered.

1984:4

And there immediately follows the first explication of the function of the telescreen, which we have already cited ('Any sound that Winston made [...]'). 'Patrols' irritate, 'Thought Police' 'command' (this word is repeated - on 1984:5 we are told Winston can be heard and seen 'so long as he remained within the field of vision which the metal plaque *commanded*'; two pages later it is made clear that in Winston's apartment, 'it could [not] *command* the whole room', 1984:7). The distinction lies in the domain of each: 'the patrols', properly Benthamite, patrol movement, the telescreen records *language*. We have already ascertained that there is no direct access, in 1984, to 'thought' per se: thought is in language, 'language' in the widest sense. 'Commanding' the uses of language, hence of thought, is the meaning of power, here.

Though the Benthamite 'cells' already deny him an interlocutor, it is the telescreen that monitors *sounds*. Winston's potentially transgressive 'sounds' we must assume to be verbal: by the presence of the telescreen he is prevented from catechising himself, from splitting into speaker and hearer, from developing his own voice, as we say. Moreover the sincerity of the spoken words that *are* uttered can be tested by a simultaneous 'reading' of *facial expression* (see ch3) or 'body language' (see ch5). It is in this, what we will call *gestural language* that the self-policing role of the 'alter ego' and the thought-policing role of the Panopticon divide. While the conventionality of ideologically-conforming *spoken* language can be emulated, hence the 'speaking subject' emasculated, the control of the body is different. There is much that is involuntary in this gestural language, and 1984 will play on sleep-talking, nervous tics, lapses of memory leading to deviations from intended journeys, etc³⁴. The telescreen, then, allows a refinement of the Panopticon beyond the technological: it allows the 'guardians' to monitor *how successfully* the subject is controlling himself, by means of access to his unconscious movements, that is, by 'reading' more than he can know he is 'saying', let alone able to self-police. Winston will rely much on the inaccessibility of thought to surveillance - whenever surveillance is recited (reminding the reader, as well as the characters, of its omnipresence), this idea accompanies it. On each such occasion a schism occurs, between Winston's point-of-view, that of the reader (who is aware that this is not true, and that

³³Partridge, *Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English*, p102

³⁴It is Winston's conscious, but fallacious, belief that writing the diary will exorcise impulses that otherwise may take on physical expressions of this sort: 'the instant that he allowed his thoughts to wander, his feet had brought him back [to the junk shop] of their own accord. It was precisely against suicidal impulses of this kind that he had hoped to guard himself by opening the diary.' (1984:97)

someone knows the truth), and the observing someone, who knows what 'the truth' is, what is being given away:

He thought of the telescreen with its never-sleeping ear. They could spy upon you night and day, but if you kept your head you could still outwit them. With all their cleverness they had never mastered the secret of finding out what another human being was thinking.

1984:174

As we shall see, by means of this super-Panopticon, thought is effectively accessible, the unconscious is virtually conscionable. *1984* has referred to Bentham, established that Panopticism has always been with us, and, at the same time, it has transcended him, made surveillance 'total', by maintaining that language is the medium of transgression.

There is a more important element of this immanent deconstruction, though, and that is what we will turn to now. The Panopticon - Bentham/Foucault's Panopticon - suggests a fully-present subject, one who, knowing he is being observed, and knowing the punishments for transgression, will behave rationally, and conform. *1984* places in front of its telescreens a post-Freudian subject, one divided between the conscious intention to conform and unconscious drives. What if such a subject continues to transgress depersonalising norms of which he is not ignorant? The guardians see this, and, because - as we have just seen - much of their methodology relies on the unconscious action, understand and act upon it. This transforms their role from punishment to cure, so radically alters their relationship with the subject.

Does the Panopticon have any effect on its subjects, if it does not constrain actions they do not know they are making? It is the guardians' role to 'punish' this unconsciously-motivated act, but it can only be amenable to psychotherapeutic treatment, if the entire population, made ever more prone to involuntary actions by the repressive Panoptic regime, are not to be destroyed. What happens in *1984* is truly a result of the Panoptic constraints we have discussed, even insofar as it entertains the possibility that O'Brien is doing no more than his duty in 'curing' a patient who does no more than - by continuing to deviate from the norm *in the face of* the telescreens and the Thought Police - ask him to do so³⁵.

The subtext of 'surveillance' and of what is seen and heard by the Thought Police, then, is filled by the unconscious words and deeds of Winston Smith. We are tracing the Riffaterrean idea of the subtext as provider of narrative motivation, but under a very different apprehension of that word³⁶.

³⁵O'Brien will use the language of the 'talking cure' in the Ministry of Love. What is to be 'cured' in Winston is that most contemporary of psychological phenomena, defective memory:

'You are mentally deranged. You suffer from a defective memory. [...] Fortunately it is curable [...] you are clinging to your disease under the impression that it is a virtue'

1984:258

³⁶See Riffaterre, *Fictional Truth*, pp.5ff

It is here that *1984* problematizes both Bentham/Foucault's Panopticon and Riffaterre's notion of the textual frame as supplying character motivation. Winston behaves and speaks in an unorthodox manner *in the face of* the Panopticon and despite declaring his will to live: his 'motivation' as given is inconsistent with his performance. This is the deconstruction of the Panopticon, recalling Derrida's response to Searle:

it is sufficient merely to introduce, into the manger of speech acts, a few wolves of the type "indecidability" [...] or of the type "unconscious" (an unconscious pleasure may be experienced as pain, according to *Beyond The Pleasure Principle*), of the type "primary masochism", etc., for the shepherd to lose trace of his flock: one is no longer certain where to find the identity of the "speaker" or the "hearer" (visibly identified with the conscious ego), where to find the identity of an intention [...] or of an effect [...]³⁷

While Winston Smith's conscious actions are narrated, it is via the telescreen that we are shown acts of which he is unaware. As we have mentioned in our introductory chapter, Riffaterre's understanding of the unconscious is in line with Anglo-American linguistics': the unconscious is something which can be found. For Orwellian linguistics, as for Freudian analysis and for deconstruction, it cannot: it exists as a disturbance in language. In *1984* this disturbance is the index of unorthodoxy, which it is the function of the Thought Police to discover and eradicate by retracing the aetiology of the heretical psyche.

In our novel, psychoanalysis's unconscionable unconscious, despite leading to the interrogational 'cure' of Room 101, has its positive face: the fact that it will always betray itself, and that what it betrays is the 'true' past, undermines (and, textually, deconstructs) the 'total' control of totalitarianism. Winston's need to 'carry on the human heritage' (*1984*:30) by freeing his repressed urges becomes, via the telescreen's connexion to the Thought Police, a request to have those urges analysed, to 'talk them through'. Yet we must not lose sight of what this liberation constitutes. From the start, indeed *defining* the start of his discourse with the Thought Police, Winston knows it invites and precipitates his death:

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:

Thoughtcrime does not entail death: thoughtcrime IS death.

Now that he had recognised himself as a dead man it became important to stay alive as long as possible.

1984:30

Deferring this death *while behaving so as to precipitate it* (see *1984*:158) - becomes the condition of Winston's existence. Hence this chapter's epigraphic recourse to Derrida's reading of Freud. What we are tracing via the telescreen is *differance* at the origin: precisely the gesture of drawing death nearer while putting it out of mind that *Beyond The Pleasure Principle* names as the 'death wish'. This is that which is uncontrollable by 'external forces', even 'total' ones:

³⁷Derrida, *Limited Inc.*, Section r, p.75

*It seems, then, that a drive is an urge inherent in organic life to the restoration of an earlier state of things which the living entity has been obliged to abandon under the pressure of external disturbing forces.*³⁸

Derrida recognises 'differance' at work here in the personal progress towards a 'proper' death. The very act that resists the institutional death is the one that brings on one's 'own' death, which is arrived at via one's own 'detours'. This is what is demonstrated in *1984*: the language as/of the 'steps' (as Winston also calls them) towards death, and the *differance* between the 'conscious and 'unconscious' story told by the narrative and the telescreen-subtext. It is not until the material for his analysis is verbalized, told to the telescreen, that the Thought Police are ready to arrest and 'normalize' Winston - conversely, it is not until this time that he is ready to die:

The component drives are *destined to insure* that the organism dies *of its own death*, that it follows its own, proper path towards death. That it arrives by its own step at death. That are kept far from it [*sic...*] all the possibilities of a return to the inorganic which would not be 'immanent' to it. The step must occur within it, from it to it, between it and itself. Therefore one must send away the non-proper, re-appropriate oneself, make oneself come back [...] until death. Send oneself the message of one's own death.³⁹

What was happening was only the working-out of a process that had started years ago. The first step had been a secret, involuntary thought, the second had been the opening of the diary. He had moved from thoughts to words, and now from words to actions. The last step was something that would happen in the Ministry of Love. He had accepted it. The end was contained in the beginning. But it was frightening; or, more exactly, it was like a foretaste of death, like being a little less alive[....] He had the sensation of stepping into the dampness of a grave, and it was not much better because he had always know that the grave was there and waiting for him.

1984:166-167

2.4. The Presence/Absence of Panopticism

Like the unconscious - motivated by desire, constantly breaking the intended patterns of thought/language - that it cites by structural mimesis⁴⁰, surveillance regularly, rhythmically re-appears in the narrative. It does so to remind Winston (as it reminds the reader) of the 'Thought Police', hence of the thoughts he is giving away to them. The most telling marker of his repressed awareness of their presence is, as we have suggested, the telescreen/window protocol. That he at once understands the conditions of the Panopticon and considers himself, consciously at least, to be free of them has been suggested by the passages we have quoted above: Winston describes the *technic* of the telescreen with positively Foucauldian precision, yet he believes he is writing the diary out of its sight, thanks to its not being positioned 'as was normal' (in this most normative of police states), '*for some reason*' (1984:7, see above). We shall be returning to this 'reason' and Winston's awareness or otherwise of it presently.

³⁸Freud, *Beyond The Pleasure Principle*, p.36. Original emphasis.

³⁹Derrida, "To Speculate - on 'Freud'", p.355

⁴⁰'Structural mimesis' is the term Derrida uses for the protocollic action of *Beyond The Pleasure Principle*, by which its narrative cites the 'for/da' movement of the child and of the unconscious. See "To Speculate - On Freud".

First, let us examine how the telescreen/window protocol recurs, setting the rhythm of the text, demonstrating Winston's *unconscious* need to think aloud for the Panopticon.

The telescreen has been introduced as 'an oblong metal plaque like a dulled mirror' (1984:3), in which the observed can see the image of himself that is being transmitted. This description will be recalled in the only place apparently *not* to display a telescreen: Winston and Julia's 'secret room', above the shop of Mr. Charrington.

We have referred to *gestural* language's ability to go against conscious *verbal* language and 'give the subject away'. Verbal language *itself*, however, can be un-policed, spontaneous, revealing. In Mr. Charrington's room, Winston utters such an 'unintended' 'inner thought': he '*could not help* murmuring', '[t]here's no telescreen!'. Charrington replies, comically in the light of the television-analogy, but hardly sufficiently, 'I never had one of those things. Too expensive and I never seem to feel the need of it' (1984:100-101). Again, this is an index *for the reader*, for whom televisions are a possible referent, not for Winston, within the narrative, who has no recollection of 'televisions' *per se*. By this sentence, *television*, the real-world object, is made to cite the Panopticon also.

Charrington distracts Winston from this remarkable absence with talk of the utility of the room's furniture (p1984:100-101). Winston 'had already gravitated towards' an alcove, at the side of the fireplace, containing a bookcase.

The other room with/without a telescreen is immediately recalled - Winston's own:

To one side of it [that room's telescreen, that is] there was a shallow alcove in which Winston was now sitting, and which, when the flats were built, had probably been intended to hold bookshelves. By sitting in the alcove, and keeping well back, Winston was able to remain outside of the range of the telescreen, so far as sight went.

1984:7

The word 'gravitated' helps to suggest an unintentional return, an attraction which is not only to books, in Winston's movement; to suggest a familiarity (as we shall see, this familiarity may be designed). 'The old man' calls Winston from his familiar position to look at what he cannot see from there, what is *on the same wall*, 'opposite the bed', so also opposite the window⁴¹:

It was a steel engraving of an oval building with rectangular windows, and a small tower in front.

1984:101

Not only the precise, Panoptic position of the 'dulled metal plaque' is being re-cited, then, but also its form. *Mise-en-abyme* the 'engraving' is of a building with 'rectangular windows'. Driving home the idea that Winston, even if not consciously, must know what is re-appearing here, the identity and function of the building depicted, with comic irony, are explicated: Winston himself recognises the building as being 'in the middle of the street outside the

⁴¹Under the window, and occupying nearly a quarter of the room, was an enormous bed with the mattress still on it.(1984:100)

Palace of Justice', which Charrington supplements - it is '[o]utside the law courts' (1984:101). The 'engraving' will turn out to be the telescreen that betrays Winston and Julia's hereticisms.

After recording his first diary entry in the 'safe' alcove, out of sight of the telescreen, we are reminded of its presence by its secondary function - broadcasting. Winston repeats the movement which introduced it:

'Oceania, 'tis for thee' gave way to lighter music. Winston walked over to the window, keeping his back to the telescreen. The day was still cold and clear.

1984:28

The Panoptic view, explicated in the first citation (see above), is not reiterated. Rather, it is implied, that as Winston is adopting the same stance in the same position (earlier he 'kept his back to the telescreen [...] though, as he well knew, even a back can be revealing', 1984:5⁴²), he is in its view, as he was then. To make sure of the recitation, *Winston's* view is the same - of a 'cold' London, where

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

1984:4

Down in the street the wind flapped the torn poster to and fro, and the word INGSOC fitfully appeared and vanished.

1984:28

The repetition of the movement that draws our attention to the telescreen, then, is also a repetition of Winston's 'view'. To remind the reader of the presence of the whole Panoptic system the 'window' is periodically re-iterated *in exactly the form in which it has been introduced*: as he looks at the street, in sight of the telescreen, on both occasions, Winston drifts into a reverie on 'thought control', 'giving his view', on the helicopters (1984:4) or on the everpresent eyes of Big Brother, to demonstrate his point⁴³. The *moire* (above) of the word 'INGSOC' which we see through his eyes reflects upon the text as an apt expression of the presence/absence of the 'sacred principles of Ingsoc' (1984:28) in Winston's consciousness, and in the reader's consciousness, as we are alternately reminded of the Panopticon and allowed, like Winston, to 'forget' it in such would-be 'internal' reveries.

It has been suggested that the repetitions of *1984* signify a desperate shortage of time or ideas in its writing⁴⁴; we are showing that they fulfil a textual function, and one that goes beyond cohesion. This function is the demonstration and encouragement of subtextual reading. Such a reading-practice, as it moves from text-cohesion to intertextuality, is *the* means of

⁴²This 'knowledge' is picked up, pathetically, in the novel's closing pages, when Julia's back fails to 'reveal' her to a Winston 'cured' of his heretical emotions - '[p]erhaps her thickened, stiffened body was no longer recognisable from behind', 1984:306

⁴³On the second occasion, Big Brother's eyes are on a coin Winston removes from his pocket (1984:29).

⁴⁴Meyers expresses the former of these ideas - 'Orwell wrote the novel as quickly and easily as possible' (p.150) - John Wain the latter: 'Orwell was a man of comparatively few ideas, which he took every opportunity of putting across' ("The Last of George Orwell", p.72).

perpetuating the past of the real world, too, without controlling it. The above re-citation is capped by Winston's eyes settling on his workplace, the Ministry of Truth (enabling a re-citation, also of the 'sacred principles of Ingsoc', pasted upon it, which the text is alternately concerned-with and, let us say, un-conscious-of). If we have missed what is being re-marked in the mark of the window and its 'views' - Winston's physical view, his mental view, the view he intends to give the telescreen and the one he actually gives it, led away from conscious conformity by his thoughts - what is at stake is summed up there.

The Ministry is 'viewed' by Winston in the thought-revealing (to the reader, hereby implicated in 'thought policing') language of surveillance: of looking-in at windows, of 'loopholes' - an image *improper* to Winston's biography - and of the dual image of the 'fortress', signalling at once impenetrability and entrapment:

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.

1984:29. My emphasis.

In the 'safe' room above Mr Charrington's shop, Winston repeats this pensive movement, indeed Julia will be employed to draw our attention to its Panoptic implications. She turns up with a bag full of what turns out to be make-up, which Winston find, in its citational effect, more sexually-arousing than nakedness⁴⁵. (This scene directly re-cites one in Zamyatin's *We*, whose 'glass houses' represent a parody of 'alter ego' surveillance, but *by* recitation it denies that text its 'hope': that there is an 'outside' of surveillance.⁴⁶) It takes place in full view of the 'hidden' telescreen. By recitation of the window, it is confirmed that the Panopticon is to view also the sex which follows, and that this is designed by Charrington:

Beside the window the enormous bed was made up, with ragged blankets and a coverless bolster.

1984:143

Julia and Winston lay side by side on a stripped bed under the open window, naked for the sake of coolness.

1984:156⁴⁷

⁴⁵1984:148-149. Julia's make-up does not only cite pre-Revolutionary freedom and individuation. By this point in the narrative, Winston has already recorded in his diary that he visited what turned out to be a fifty-plus year old whore (1984:72) because '[s]he had a young face, painted very thick. It was the paint that appealed to me [...]' (1984:66). See ch. 7 for a discussion of the Oedipal implications of this encounter and its recitations.

⁴⁶See Ch. 6 for a full discussion of this return-to-truth of the utopian-Panoptic vision. The idea that *We* is 'Panoptic' is arrested by this critical re-citation. In that dystopia of the apparently permanently-on-view, sex takes place behind shutters - the scene being used here takes place in a room of the 'House of Antiquities' (a room which *also* features a fireplace and a mirror and a 'mahogany bed' as well as an 'antiquated' dress). This 'house' is alone in Zamyatin's text, in *not* being glass-walled, or (Pan)opticable. See *We*, pp.42-43. 1984 is denying *We* the possibility of such an exception to the Panopticon - which would undermine its 'total', '*pan*', function - precisely by repeating this scene here.

⁴⁷Winston is confronted with evidence of (his knowledge of) this telescreen-ing, after his arrest, in the Ministry of Love: '[t]hey had played sound-tracks to him, shown him photographs. Some of them were photographs of Julia and himself. Yes, even....' (1984:289).

Julia, then, undresses in the middle of the room, in front of the engraving/telescreen. Recalling the Panoptic iterations we have listed, she tells Winston to

'turn your back on me for three minutes [...] Don't go too near the window. And don't turn round till I tell you.'

1984:148

However, the text goes on:

Winston gazed abstractedly through the muslin curtain.

ibid.

Just as Julia has been used to draw attention to this repetition by its negative, which Winston inevitably, *unconsciously* disobeys, so Winston contrasts the 'prole' scene we see through his 'view' with what he expected to see and hear in 'Party' quarters. Tellingly, he establishes the contrast by referring to 'slightly unorthodox, [...] dangerous eccentricity, like talking to oneself' (ibid.). Standing in the window, Winston's repeated position, is just such a dangerous eccentricity, as Julia's warning indicates. *This window's leakage is alternately known -*

The smell that rose from the saucepan was so powerful and exciting that they shut the window lest anybody outside should notice it and become inquisitive.

1984:152

- and 'unknown' to the lovers:

He was tired, but not sleepy any longer. He opened the window, lit the dirty little oilstove and put on a pan of water for coffee.

1984:191

To conclude the tracing of the 'window' subtext, with all that it has gathered to itself, we should cite its final appearance. Immediately before his arrest, indeed signifying its coming in the eerie, defamiliarised 'view' he communicates, Winston performs his watching/being-watched movement once more:

As he fastened the belt of his overalls he strolled across to the window. The sun must have gone down behind the houses; it was not shining into the yard any longer. The flagstones were wet as though they had just been washed, and he had the feeling that the sky had been washed too, so fresh and pale was the blue between the chimney pots.

1984:228

His 'internal' reverie this time ends in a conversation with Julia - his thoughts become words - about the very thing that was on his mind in the last citation of this movement: the 'dangerous eccentricity' of 'singing'. Winston asks '[d]o you remember, [...] the thrush that sang to us, that first day, at the edge of the wood?' (1984:230). This invitation-to-remember causes us to recall what-has-been-observed throughout the text, because the thrush-image, from the start, has been a figure of the surveyed, raising speculative questions of their motivation and interpretability:

For whom, for what was the bird singing? No mate, no rival was watching it. What made it sit at the edge of the lonely wood and pour out its music into nothingness? He wondered whether after all there was a microphone hidden somewhere near. He and Julia had only spoken in low whispers [...] but it would pick up the thrush [...]

1984:130

Taking the reader back, via this memory, not only to the telescreen, without which it would be insignificant ('[a]ny sound that Winston made, above the level of a very *low whisper*,

would be picked up by it', 1984:4), but also to Winston's confessional diary ('[f]or whom, it suddenly occurred to him to wonder, was he writing this diary?', 1984:9), this analepsis becomes an *aural image*. 'Singing', as in pulp novels, as confession: the proles or the bird are compared to the Party members, as before, but this time, the image goes both global and personal.

Party members such as Winston, *against their conscious intention to conform in uncommunicative silence*, are 'singing alone and spontaneously', that is, confessing to the telescreen in isolation and unconsciously, exactly as Winston has stated on the last appearance of the window/telescreen image (1984:148) that they are not. It is at the very point where this image returns to Winston from the global sojourn of his reverie, that he is arrested. The condition for 'sharing in the future', 'singing' or communication itself is denied him, ironically, by the very explicitness of what he has communicated - himself, and by the fact that he *has* communicated it *to someone*, and not, as he would like to have thought, to himself, or no one at all:

'He wasn't singing to us,' said Julia. 'He was singing to please himself. Not even that. He was just singing.'

The birds sang, the proles sang, the Party did not sing. All round the world, in London and New York, in Africa and Brazil and in the mysterious, forbidden lands beyond the frontiers, in the streets of Paris and Berlin, in the villages of the endless Russian plain, in the bazaars of China and Japan - everywhere stood the same solid unconquerable figure, made monstrous by work and childbearing, toiling from birth to death and still singing. Out of those mighty loins a race of conscious beings must one day come. You were the dead; theirs was the future. But 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.

'We are the dead,' he said.

'We are the dead,' echoed Julia, dutifully.

'You are the dead,' said an iron voice behind them.

1984:230⁴⁸

2.5 The Undecideability of 'Giving Away'

Julia displays the same *denial* as Winston that the only room in Oceania without a telescreen has a telescreen, and her denial will, too, be couched in the language of bitter-comic irony. Walking round Charrington's room, on the occasion of *her* first visit there, she, too, betrays her unconscious recognition, noting 'I bet that picture's got bugs behind it' (1984:153). This is a safe bet, despite the frame being 'fixed' or 'screwed' to the wall (*Charrington*, 1984:101), allowing little room for the insects which the - as it were - *conscious context* would suggest.

⁴⁸Winston's observation that '[t]he birds sang, the proles sang, the Party did not sing' (1984:230), is not true. When he visits Charrington's room, unconsciously (1984:97), for a second time, he learns the nursery rhyme "Oranges and Lemons". As he leaves, finding himself in view of Julia, whom he has not met at this point,

[h]e had even started humming to an improvised tune -
'Oranges and lemons,' say the bells of St Clements [...]

1984:104

The implication is, that as 'his feet had brought him back here of his own accord' (1984:97), so has his mouth started singing 'of its own accord', and in full Panoptic view and hearing of a fellow Party member long suspected of orthodoxy and Thought Police membership (1984:12).

The term 'bugs' for 'hidden microphones' was contemporary parlance in 1948⁴⁹, coming to England and her literature, indeed, via the American 'pulp' novels, the *romans policier* from which Orwell drew part of the effect of *1984*'s torture and violence⁵⁰.

'Bug', here, then, is what Riffaterre would call a perfect syllepsis - it is at once necessary, as it was with Winston's first view of the non-telescreen, to understand the conscious and unconscious meanings indicated:

Syllepsis [...] forces us not to choose, compelling us to recognise the equal necessity and equal actualisation of both alternatives. Text generation solves this conundrum by actualising at a lexical level, in a single word, the meaning compatible with the context preceding the syllepsis [i.e., that consciously intended, 'insect'] and by actualising the other meaning, the one incompatible with that context, in the form of periphrases that are clearly equivalent to the sylleptic word and that derive from it sometimes after an interval.⁵¹

Julia goes on 'I'll take it down and give it a good clean some day' (*1984*:153). This 'potential realisation' (in Riffaterrean terms) of conscious intent, is not 'actualised', just as 'Winston [despite his avowed intent] did not buy the picture', *1984*:103. Rather, the text actualises the other meaning, the one incompatible with that context of consciousness.

The 'non-telescreen' is a hyper-image. It realises various aspects of the surveillance-of-the-unconscious subtext. It is a telescreen; a representation of a, or the, church⁵²; moreover the church pictured is St Clement's Dane, so sets in train the subtextual reiterations of 'Oranges and Lemons' which operate as 'a counter sign' (Winston, *1984*:153) between him and Julia, Charrington and O'Brien, who each recall different parts of the rhyme.

It is through the telescreen that 'Charrington', in his true voice, as a member of the Thought Police, closes the surveillance, actualising the 'hidden' meaning of the 'bug' syllepsis. He caps the rhyme, confirming what the readers - and the lovers - have known all along, that they *are* being watched, analysed. What follows ties the 'windows' into this surveillance (reconfirming their Panoptic function), and returns 'surveillance' (as it will return the surveyed) to its proper home, the Ministry of Love:

'And by the way, while we are on the subject, "Here comes a chopper to chop off your head!"'

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

1984:231

⁴⁹*O.E.D.* gives 'bug' as '[a] concealed microphone (orig. U.S.)', as first appearing in English, as opposed to American, English in 1946. The first citation *O.E.D.* provides is W.L. Gresham's *Nightmare Alley* (1947): '[t]hat would have been a beautiful place to plant a bug'.

⁵⁰See Ch. 1, also Orwell's essay "Raffles and Miss Blandish", (*CEJLIII*/64;259) where he discusses the connexion between gangsterism and Fascism.

⁵¹Riffaterre, *Fictional Truth*, p.77.

⁵²O'Brien himself credits Catholicism with the systematising of power relations, something that is implicit throughout *1984*

In the midst of the first citations of telescreens/windows-as-Panopticon, a contrastive picture of the Ministry of Love appears. It is 'the really frightening one' of the Ministries; unlike the Ministry of Truth, where Winston and Julia worked and their 'truth' was monitored, '[t]here were no windows in it at all [...e]ven the streets leading up to its outer barriers were roamed by gorilla-faced guards in black uniforms, armed with jointed truncheons' (1984:6).

The Ministry of Love has been at back of this subtext all along, or rather, its operative, O'Brien, has. Ten pages after the arrest-scene quoted above, Winston meets him there, and this 'return' to something that has been known, and known to be returning, is explicated:

In this place, he knew instinctively, the lights would never be turned out. It was the place with no darkness: he saw now why O'Brien had seemed to recognise the allusion. In the Ministry of Love there were no windows.

1984:241

2.6. Darkness Before Light: What Happens Before '1984'

In the midst of the initial account of the operation of the Panopticon, darkness has been explicated as the single condition of apparently desired invisibility. We shall now go on to trace what is involved in this re-turn, this protocol to retrace our steps in order to discover 'why O'Brien had seemed to recognise the allusion'. In doing so, we will suggest that this subtext re-writes conventional interpretations of 'what happens' in the narrative. What *truly* happens seems to have been set in train, as our understanding of the 'unconscious' nature of what the reader is being given to see would indicate, by Winston's 'suggestibility':

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

But it had also been *suggested* by the book that he had just taken out of the drawer.

1984:8

He had seen [the book] lying in the window of a frowzy little junk-shop in a slummy quarter of the town (*just what quarter he did not now remember*) and had been stricken immediately by an overwhelming *desire* to possess it.

1984:8

At the time *he was not conscious of wanting it for any particular purpose*. [...] Even with nothing written in it, it was a compromising possession.

1984:8

He did not know what had made him pour out this stream of rubbish [his first diary-entry, recording the image of the woman sinking in the ship and trying to protect her child, which will provoke and provide a vocabulary for his dreams and reminiscences of his mother⁵³]. But the curious thing was that while he was doing so a totally different memory *had clarified itself in his mind*, to the point where he almost felt equal to writing it down. *It was*, he now realised, because of this other incident that he had suddenly decided to come home and begin the diary today.

1984:11

I have emphasised words and sentences in the above passages that point to Winston's being led in opening the diary by unconscious impulse. In this chapter we are establishing *that*

⁵³See chapter 5, where this imagery is traced.

Winston is so led, and that this leading impulse is the subject of the Thought Police's scrutiny (and that the demonstration of this scrutiny serves the *telos* of 1984 both as a warning that supposedly 'internal' thoughts are policeable and as a protocol to 'look behind' the text for its 'unconscious', which is intertextual). *What* Winston 'gives away' in his unconscious moments is the stuff of later chapters, though this one will end with a demonstration of how these 'clues' lead beyond this text. Here, we will only note that the uncontrollable 'desire' that leads him to buy the book and reveal his thoughts in words is in itself re-iterated, some 90 pages later. Winston follows an old man into a pub, intending to glean some information about 'the past'; the Panopticon, and Winston's consciousness of it and its 'danger', is recited:

There was a deal table *under the window* where he and the old man could talk without fear of being overheard. It was horribly dangerous, but at any rate there was no telescreen in the room, a point he had made sure of as soon as he came in.

1984:92. My emphasis.

The old man proves a dry spring, and when he leaves to go to the toilet, Winston is in characteristic position:

Winston sat back against the window sill [...] for a minute or two gazing at his empty glass, and *hardly noticed* when *his feet carried him* out into the street again.

1984:96. My emphasis.

We follow his conscious thought for some time, until

his train of thought stopped abruptly. He halted and looked up. He was in a narrow street [...] He seemed to know the place. Of course! He was standing outside the junk-shop where he had bought the diary.

A twinge of fear went through him. [...] the instant that he had allowed his thoughts to wander, *his feet had brought him back here of their own accord*. It was precisely against suicidal impulses of this kind that he had hoped to guard himself by opening the diary.

1984:96-97. My emphasis.

The diary has a tight enough connexion, then, with the idea of a parallel-narrative, one governed by the unconscious, and indeed all the evidence required and re-cited by the Thought Police to analyse and cure Winston is provided either by it or after it is acquired. Yet, we claim here, the *first thing* that suggests the opening of the diary, the 'unusual geography of the room', has been orchestrated *in order* to provoke Winston into his particular hereticism. Removing him from the view and constraints of the Panoptic technology is a purposive act (*for some reason* the telescreen in the living room was in an unusual position', 1984:7): its purpose is to make him behave as if in safety and, at the same time, to address his behaviour toward the 'Thought Police', who require his 'conscious' diversion in order to access his 'unconscious' thoughts. The protocol instructing us to trace events prior to '1984' is this allusion to 'the place with no darkness'.

2.6.1. Seven Years of Darkness

What was happening was only the working-out of a process that had started years ago. The first step had been a secret, involuntary thought, the second had been the opening of the diary. He had moved from thoughts to words, and now from words to actions. The last step was something that would happen in the Ministry of Love. He had accepted it. The end was contained in the beginning. But it was

frightening; or, more exactly, it was like a foretaste of death, [...] He had the sensation of stepping into the dampness of a grave, and it was not much better because he had always known that the grave was there and waiting for him

1984, p.166

The panoptic mechanism arranges spatial unities that make it possible to see constantly and to recognise immediately. In short, it reverses the principle of the dungeon; or rather, of its three functions - to enclose, to deprive of light and to hide - it preserves only the first and eliminates the other two. Full lighting and the eye of a supervisor capture better than darkness, which ultimately protected. Visibility is a trap.

Foucault, *Discipline And Punish*⁵⁴

The 'allusion' to the 'place with no darkness', which recalls us to the windowless Ministry of Love, has an uncertain origin. 'Seven years' earlier, Winston has dreamt of 'a pitch-dark room', that is, a room 'safe' from surveillance, wherein 'someone sitting to one side of him had said as he [Winston] passed: "We shall meet in the place where there is no darkness"' (1984:27). Winston

could not now remember whether it was before or after having the dream that he had seen O'Brien for the first time; nor could he remember when he had first identified the voice as O'Brien's. But at any rate the identification existed. It was O'Brien who had spoken to him out of the dark.

ibid.

There is an avoidance of agency here, of consciousness, in this signal failure to remember or to accept responsibility for the association. Yet much will depend on this linkage.

At the point in the narrative where Winston recalls this dream at the instigation of thoughts about the Thought Police and a catapult-bullet having been shot into the back of his neck⁵⁵, O'Brien has already been introduced as an imaginary interlocutor. Winston has wished to speak to him (it is their nonverbal communication that Winston suddenly remembers he has intended to come home to record in his diary's opening entry), yet is equivocal about O'Brien's role as addressee, indeed is willing to accept that he (O'Brien) is not an ally:

[Winston] felt deeply drawn to [O'Brien...] because of a secretly-held belief - or perhaps not even a belief, merely a hope - that O'Brien's political orthodoxy was not perfect. [...] And again, perhaps it was not even unorthodoxy that was written in his face, but simply intelligence. But at any rate, he had the appearance of being someone you could talk to, if somehow you could cheat the telescreen and get him alone.

1984:13

This is a *demonstration* (to use Derrida's terminology of 'structural mimesis'⁵⁶) of Winston's equivocation. Unconscious associations confuse his thinking: 'secretly-held', 'perhaps', 'again, perhaps', 'at any rate'. Its conclusion, 'cheat[ing] the telescreen' ironically anticipates what is to happen, as we have seen. The link between O'Brien and the guiding voice is also anticipated: hereafter, O'Brien becomes the inspiration and addressee of Winston's diary, itself the articulation of his innermost thoughts, or 'the interminable restless monologue that had been running inside [Winston's] head, literally for years'⁵⁷. Again, though, the association

⁵⁴p.200.

⁵⁵Winston has already referred to being shot in the back of the neck in *the Ministry of Love*, and to his diary precipitating this (1984:21). The image is repeatedly used hereafter (see chapter 3).

⁵⁶See Derrida, "to Speculate - on 'Freud'"

⁵⁷1984:9. As we will see in our discussion of 1984's response to *Darkness at Noon's* psychology, Winston supports a depth model of the psyche. See, for example, 1984:303 -

is anything but voluntary: as when he finds himself outside Charrington's shop for the second time, Winston has been contemplating thought control when

The face of O'Brien, *not called up by any obvious association*, had floated into his mind. He knew [...]he was writing the diary for O'Brien - *to* [orig. emphasis] 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. [...] 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.

1984:84

It is because of the association between O'Brien and Winston that what takes place in the field of confession takes place, and it is *in truth* O'Brien who is receiving this 'interminable' monologue-to-camera (1984:9), this 'interminable' letter (1984:84) about termination. In the Ministry of Love, Winston's 'cure' will hang on his acceptance of the possibility of 'two plus two being five if the leader says so' (as Orwell sums up thought control in one of his essays⁵⁸): here he is writing O'Brien the rigid mathematics of his heresy.

The dream of seven years earlier, then, sets these fatal associations in train. In that dream, though, Winston's end in the Ministry of Love is a description of what will inevitably happen, 'a statement, not a command'. He - via unconscious acts - *will* 'give himself away'. What Freud would call Winston's own, proper death - that which he is drawn towards, and yet is unaware of - is being foretold:

Winston had never been able to feel sure [...] whether O'Brien was a friend or an enemy. Nor did it even seem to matter greatly. There was a link of understanding between them, more important than affection or partisanship. 'We shall meet in the place where there is no darkness,' he had said. *Winston did not know what it meant, only that in some way or another it would come true.*

1984:27

Later in the narrative, though, when Winston *does* meet and speak with O'Brien, beneath a telescreen, what is presented as an invitation to join the Brotherhood becomes a 'summons' to his death at O'Brien's hands (1984:166, see epigraph to this section). Winston confirms not only that he will or must 'obey' O'Brien's 'summons', but that the diary was not the start of his heresies: '[t]he first step had been a *secret, involuntary thought*, the *second* had been the opening of the diary' (ibid.). Is this 'secret thought' no more than the 'secretly-held belief[/]hope' (1984:13) in O'Brien, engendered by the dream of seven years ago? Certainly, Winston here confirms that the process of his own proper death 'had started years ago' (1984:166). '1984' is not the crucial year, here, 'if,' as Winston notes, 'it was 1984' (1984:36): the surveillance counter-narrative takes us back these 'several years'.

When Winston recalls this crucial dream, he cannot say whether it pre- or post-dates his first sight of O'Brien. Repression is operative: in the paragraph that introduces O'Brien we have

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

⁵⁸Review of *Power: A New Social Analysis* by Bertrand Russell" (CEJLI/147)

been told that 'Winston had seen O'Brien perhaps a dozen times in almost as many years' (1984:12-13). What is unclear by this point is why Winston is unconscious of so many thoughts regarding O'Brien, and why, if this was a dream, O'Brien not only recognised the allusion to it, but seemed to anticipate that allusion. Winston is alone with O'Brien after he and Julia have told O'Brien, at his home, in front of the telescreen-that-can-apparently-be-switched-off, of their heretical thoughts:

'There are a couple of minutes before you need go,' said O'Brien. 'We shall meet again - if we do meet again ----'

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

O'Brien nodded without the appearance of surprise. 'In the place where there is no darkness,' he said, as though he had recognised the allusion. [...]

1984:185

Seemingly, this aspect of the surveillance theme - containing the idea of psychically-driven predestination, and with that idea the proposition that Winston *can not help* performing as he does for the telescreen despite its Panoptic constraints - is not picked up until the third and final part of the book, when surveyed and surveyor meet in the Ministry of Love. The passage with which we have prefaced this chapter-section is, seemingly, left trailing: its protocol that the reader look back 'several years' for the 'first' of Winston's heretical acts - the 'thought' - seems to lead nowhere.

In 'the place where there is no darkness', the windowless Ministry of Love, the length of Winston's period of surveillance is confirmed to have been seven years. O'Brien refers to it, as did the voice in the dream, 'casually', in the speech that, as we shall see in subsequent chapters, brings together all the book's subtexts:

'This drama that I have played out with you during seven years will be played out over and over again, generation after generation, always in subtler forms. Always we shall have the heretic here at our mercy, screaming with pain, broken up, contemptible - and in the end utterly penitent, saved from himself, crawling to our feet of his own accord.'

1984:281

He assumes a shared referent, assumes that Winston will understand - as the text assumes that the reader will understand - what have been the 'seven years'. Winston has traced his journey to the Ministry of Love back to the dream-voice's 'summons'; during his interrogation/cure he sees, as it were, his life since that dream pass before him:

He knew now that for seven years the Thought Police had watched him like a beetle under a magnifying glass. There was no physical act, no word spoken aloud, that they had not noticed, no train of thought that they had not been able to infer. Even the speck of whitish dust on the cover of his diary they had carefully replaced. They had played sound-tracks to him, shown him photographs. Some of them were photographs of Julia and himself. Yes, even...

1984:289

This is by way of a *denouement*: all the thematization of surveillance, indicated in the sememe of the opening pages' 'telescreen' has led us to suppose about *total* visibility and the divided subject's failure to be able to control himself despite the law of the Panopticon has been actualised and is confirmed here. Winston *has* been under actual, not Benthamite, hypothetical, virtual observation. The non-telescreen of Charrington's room has seen as well

as heard, despite what thus becomes Charrington's gratuitous repetition of Julia's exclamatory 'Now we can see you' when the engraving obscuring it is smashed and the lovers are arrested⁵⁹. Winston *did* give away his thoughts between his words and his actions and because of the inability of his conscious mind to hide them; 'they' *can* 'get inside your skull'.

This last 'truth' is double, a final confirmation of the Panopticon's dual function - to observe *and* to instruct - and of how this is supplemented by the instrument of observation in 1984 being also a broadcasting instrument. On the second occasion on which Winston stands between the telescreen and the window of his apartment, he reflects on the sanctity of the mind *in the face of the evidence*:

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.

1984:29

The prevailing ideology, by its everpresence, its persistence, its prevalence, indeed, *does* get inside your skull: it structures conscious thoughts and 'reads' unconscious thoughts that block or interfere with their appropriation. Ingsoc have undertaken what psychology calls a 'black box' experiment: the unconscious need not be known, but it can be measured as a degree of interference in conscious repetition.

It is this *positive* face of 'thought control' that prevents Winston from bringing to consciousness what he understands by 'the place where there is no darkness'. After returning from Charrington's shop, where he had 'unconsciously' strayed and where he has been seen by Julia, who he still believes to be a Thought-Policewoman, he reflects on 'torture chambers', courage in the face of death, and his future:

He tried to think of O'Brien for whom, or to whom, the diary was written, but *instead* he began to think of the things that would happen to him after the Thought Police took him away. It would not matter if they killed you at once. [...] But before death (*nobody spoke of such things, yet everybody knew 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 {all of which *will* occur during Winston's torture}. Why did you have to endure it, since the end was always the same?. [...] When once you succumbed to thoughtcrime it was certain that by *a given date* you would be dead. Why then did that horror, which altered nothing, have to lie embedded in a future time?

He tried with a little more success than before to summon up the image of O'Brien. 'We shall meet in the place where there is no darkness,' O'Brien had said to him. He knew what it meant, *or thought he knew*. The place where there was no darkness was the imagined future, [...] But with the voice from the telescreen nagging at his ears he could not follow the train of thought further.

1984:107

The 'train of thought' which the telescreen, in a positive Orwellian-linguistic act, prevents Winston from following is a retracing of his own steps. He begins, here, by describing the Ministry of Love's procedures without naming the place, without bringing it to consciousness, and asks: '[w]hy then did that horror, which altered nothing, *have to* lie embedded in a *future* time?' He knows the future, but not consciously. When it arrives it does

⁵⁹1984:231

not surprise him, he has seen it coming for years, since that first thought which is seemingly not explicated.

Between his interrogation and his visit to Room 101, Winston has a 'dream' that recalls the reader as well as himself to the one of seven years ago. This dream's status, though, is in question:

once - Winston could not remember whether it was in drugged sleep, or in normal sleep, or even in a moment of wakefulness, a voice murmured in his ear: 'Don't worry, Winston; you are in my keeping. For seven years I have watched over you. Now the turning-point has come. I shall save you, I shall make you perfect.' He was not sure whether it was O'Brien's voice; but it was the same voice that had said to him, 'We shall meet in the place where there is no darkness,' in that other dream, seven years ago.

1984:256

Is it possible that O'Brien *was* talking to Winston, in his sleep, seven years earlier? Hypnopaedia? In *Brave New World* this is the only aspect of the Panoptic method to have survived; 'programming' in this key intertext of *1984* (see Ch. 7) during sleep has removed the need for surveillance. The evidence Winston is shown to convince him that he *has* been surveyed for seven years is presented in terms of scientific experimentation, as is his cure. We cannot say. It is left as an undecideable whether Winston was told that he was 'on camera' by O'Brien, in order to provide him with an addressee, or whether he incorporated O'Brien into his dream because he (O'Brien) already appeared as an attractive interlocutor, and appeared so because that was his job, to 'bring out' thoughtcrimals.

2.7. Conclusion: The Destination of 1984

What we can say is that 'seven years ago' something *did* happen, an original moment of thoughtcrime that set events in train and led to '1984' '(if it was 1984)' (1984:36). It is this event that, we suggested in the introduction to this chapter, is the 'missing' origin or destination of this theme, the absence that the reader arrives at when he retraces the narrative's 'seven years'. We should find something there, and yet the date is not mentioned. What *is* mentioned as being the beginning of Winston's disbelief in the Party and its philosophy of language is the year Winston both left his wife because of her rigid adherence to Party principles as regards sex and procreation, and 'discovered' the photograph of three ex-Party Members which provided him with concrete evidence of the falsification of the past.

This year, then, provides Winston with a sexual and a philosophico-political instigation to thoughtcrime. It would also have been the time he was rehoused, in his apartment that 'for some reason' encouraged him to feel safe enough to develop his heretical thoughts. This is how he recalls it, putting together the two events *sotto voce*, without making conscious a connexion (Winston's *conscious* thoughts are, as at each such revelatory moment, on the 'train of thought' of thought-control):

Everything faded into mist. The past was erased, the erasure was forgotten, the lie became truth. Just once in his life he had possessed - *after* the event: that was what counted - concrete, unmistakable

evidence of an act of falsification. He had held it between his fingers for as long as thirty seconds. In 1973, it must have been - at any rate, it was at about the time when he and Katherine had parted.

1984:78

This event - Winston's discovery of the photograph - is noticed by the Thought Police⁶⁰. If the Thought Police, with their conventional, random or quasi-random Panopticon, were already watching Winston in sufficient detail to retain this piece of evidence, could it be that his primary thoughtcrime preceded this event? This event itself could, from this point of view, be read as part of the 'experiment', the photograph - which seems unlikely to have 'accidentally' appeared in the wrong time and place - being planted, as we say, to test Winston's reaction, or thought. The date of the event does recall Winston's recollection of his separation, which, he explicates, was both rare and allowed on sexual-cum-linguistic/philosophic grounds. Winston is recording in his diary a visit to an elderly whore:

He thought again of Katherine. It must be nine, ten - nearly eleven years since they had parted. It was curious how seldom he thought of her. For days at a time he was capable of forgetting that he had ever been married. They had only been together for about fifteen months. The Party did not permit divorce, but it rather encouraged separation in cases where there were no children.

Very early in their married life he had decided - though perhaps it was only that he knew here more intimately than he knew most people - that she had without exception the most stupid, vulgar, empty mind that he had ever encountered. She had not a thought in her head that was not a slogan, and there was no imbecility, absolutely none, that she was not capable of swallowing if the Party handed it out to her. 'The human sound-track' he nicknamed her in his own mind. Yet he could have endured living with her if it had not been for just one thing - sex. [...] what was strange was that even when she was clasping him against her he had the feeling that she was simultaneously pushing him away with all her strength. [...] They must, she said, produce a child if they could.

1984:69-70

While the separation is contemporary with the discovery of the photograph, the thoughtcrime - the refusal to accept the Party's sexual line dictated by elementary thought control - necessarily precedes both (O'Brien is still known to Winston before either event). The original thoughtcrime is sexual.

Yet, as the text stands, these events happen *eleven* years before the narrative opens, not seven. We suggest here that they should be the destination of the protocol articulated by the 'seven years' Winston is, as it were, under observation. The circular process of text-editing has become confused, hastened dramatically as it was by Orwell's illness and his compositors' concern for his life. The manuscript gives the originally-intended year of the narrative, of the diary, that is, as '1980'. Peter Davison, editor of the MSS, explains what eventually appears, after Orwell's amendments which result in '1984' being the year and the book's title, thus:

A '2' (for 1982) is fairly clearly written beneath the '4' and there is a '2' written after the typed '0' of 1980 [...] So the progression was[:] typed '1980', amended to '1982' and then to '1984' in manuscript.⁶¹

What we are suggesting here is that a similar amendment was not followed-up throughout the manuscripts. This accounts for the discrepancy between events taking place 'eleven years ago' and Winston tracing his deviation back only 'seven years'. We mentioned above that the

⁶⁰He has it disappear and argues that there is no evidence that it previously existed, therefore it did not (1984:270).

⁶¹Peter Davison, 1984: *The Extant Manuscripts*, note to p.23.

Thought Police were at least aware of the photograph Winston saw 'at about the time when he and Katherine parted'. Within the narrative this is revealed when, in the Ministry of Love, O'Brien summons up a copy of the photograph to demonstrate thought control to Winston. On page 295 of the MSS, an early draft of this event begins with O'Brien admonishing Winston:

"Seven years ago you built up a fantasy abt [sic] three men"

This is the return the text asks us to make, and then loses sight of, ironically, by a failure of retracing its steps. This is a telling comment on the importance of the inviolate, subtextual, unconscious past to *1984*. What we have seen of the thematization of the tracing of this past in this chapter we shall be developing into an investigation of the intertextual pasts of the text and ideas of *1984*, in the remaining chapters of this thesis. The two faces of surveillance - a priori psychic control and a posteriori censorship - will be seen as the chief determinants of *1984*'s choice of intertexts, and also as its area of contention with them.

As for the 'error', or whatever it is, no change could be affected on the text now. Aside from moral or legal questions, there is no way of knowing whether the period that would reconcile events would be eleven *or* seven years: assuming events *do* take place in '*1984*', we would have to substitute '*1977*' for the year of Winston's crucial separation. The task, even hypothetical, is hopelessly confused. We maintain, though, that an error has occurred, that in altering - for whatever reason - the year of events, Orwell has lost the coherence of this crucial subtext. Or else, in failing to pursue the alteration a proofreader has done so.

This loss of coherence means that 'what happens' in *1984* cannot be understood in the way we have here presented it without recourse to the MSS. What is demonstrated, however, is Riffaterre's dictum that a subtext will indicate its own resolution by an intertext: here, perhaps uniquely, the intertext to which we are turned to confirm the meaning of the 'seven years', which we can otherwise only infer as being constituted in a lack, is *1984* itself, as originally intended.

CHAPTER THREE

'WE ARE THE DEAD': *NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR* AND WRITING

I remember saying once to Arthur Koestler, 'History stopped in 1936,' at which he nodded in immediate understanding. We were both thinking of totalitarianism in general, but more particularly of the Spanish Civil War. Early in life I had noticed that no event is ever correctly reported in a newspaper, but in Spain, for the first time, I saw newspaper reports which did not bear any relation to the facts, not even the relation which is implied in an ordinary lie. [...] I saw troops who had fought bravely denounced as cowards and traitors, and others who had never seen a shot fired hailed as heroes of imaginary victories, and I saw newspapers in London retailing these lies and eager intellectuals building emotional superstructures over events that had never happened. I saw, in fact, history being rewritten not in terms of what happened but of what ought to have happened according to various 'party lines'. [...] This kind of thing is frightening to me, because it often gives me the feeling that the very concept of objective truth is fading out of the world.

"Looking Back on the Spanish War" (Autumn, 1942)¹

in this bloody period we are living in one's only experiences *are* being mixed up in controversies, intrigues etc. I sometimes feel as if I hadn't been properly alive since abt the beginning of 1937.

"Letter to Stephen Spender" (2.4.38)²

Once it is iterable, to be sure, a mark marked with a supposedly 'positive' value ('serious', 'literal', etc.), can be mimed, cited, transformed into an 'exercise' or into 'literature', even into a 'lie' - that is it can be made to carry its other, its 'negative' double.

Derrida, Limited Inc abc...³

'It's simply a message from the past. We know nothing about the past, except through little fragments like this that happen not to have been destroyed.'

1984, Manuscript⁴

3.1. Introduction

We are suggesting throughout this thesis that *1984* applies its own analyses, which are consistent and systematic: it is these we are ultimately deriving from it. In this chapter we intend to disentangle *1984*'s analysis of writing and of 'being written' from the narrative used to articulate it. By tracing the reiterations of 'the dead' and of 'death' in *1984*, we will see that this text *en abîme* the problematic that has more recently become known as 'the death of the author'⁵. We stress, here, however, that, as with that of the Panopticon in the previous chapter, though the analysis to which these reiterations lead us will be structural, it is *1984*'s own. We are not claiming that *1984* arrived at European Structuralism's conclusions years earlier than it; on the contrary, we are suggesting that these conclusions are improper to it, and that their application to it would skew its own position. We are taking *1984* on its own terms *in order to avoid* such an historically improper reading as would arise from confusing similarity of ideas - on textuality, psychoanalysis, authenticity and sincerity - with identity. As the first of the above citations indicates, the 'death' that is immanent to writing was a 'real

¹CEJLII/41:294-295

²CEJLI/122:345-346

³Section 'r', page 70. Hereafter references to this text will be in the form 'section:page number', hence 'r:70'.

⁴George Orwell, *Nineteen-Eighty Four: The Facsimile of the Extant Manuscript*, p.82(MS p.147). Winston is talking to Julia about the paperweight. The Complete Works edition of *1984* has only 'It's a little chunk of history that they've forgotten to alter. It's a message from a hundred years ago, if one knew how to read it.' (1984:152)

⁵See Barthes, "The Death of the Author"(1967), originally published (in *Aspen*, No.s 5&6) 1968, republished in *Image Music Text*, trans. & ed. Stephen Heath, London, Fontana, 1977. Sean Burke suggests that Barthes was using the ideas formulated in this essay - but not the term 'death' - as early as "On Racine", 1963 (*The Death and Return of the Author*, P.20).

world' concern of Orwell's with far-ranging and serious implications, derived, ultimately, from his experience of the 'truth' and 'history' of the Spanish Civil War.

We have seen, in the previous chapter, that what underlies Winston Smith's 'hereticism' is a certain 'death wish': the central figure of *1984* not only foresees his own death, he takes what he calls 'steps' towards it, under the gaze of those who will arrest and kill him. This chapter will trace the subtext of 'death' in *1984*, to discover what is involved in this 'wish'. We will argue that, by interwoven experiences of 'dead men', what our novel understands by 'death' is carefully articulated, and turns out to be a function of writing.

We have suggested that *1984* is an explication of the idea Derrida has called 'writing in general'⁶. For *1984*, this idea has two aspects. The first, which we traced in seeing Winston 'give himself away', is that not only writing in the narrow sense, but speech, gestures, even facial expressions are removed from the 'writer', reiterated and expropriated, and used to make of him a text that lives on without him, with significances he never intended⁷.

The second aspect of this 'writing in general' is intertextuality; the 'writer' is limited in what he can say by the language he has available. Winston 'gives himself away' unconsciously, by words, gestures, etc., of which he is not in control: his intention does not, and never can, saturate his 'text'. He is as much spoken as speaking. Moreover, to whatever extent the writer's available language is itself saturated by a prevailing ideology, it cannot be 'himself' who writes⁸. This intertextuality, what Derrida calls 'writing as an iterative structure', is exactly as old as writing itself⁹:

⁶Writing-in-general denotes all structured marks made by individuals, which, firstly, must be repetitions of earlier marks, made by others, and, secondly, are detached from the individual, by 'writing', so, thirdly, are available to be 're-iterated' by yet later others, as their 'own'. Derrida speaks of 'writing-in-general' in *Limited Inc*:

[The] structural possibility of being weaned from the referent or from the signified (hence from communication and its context) seems to me to make every mark, including those which are oral, a grapheme in general; which is to say [...] the nonpresent *remainder* of a differential mark cut off from its putative "production" or origin. [...] And I shall even extend this law to all "experience" in general if it is conceded that there is no experience consisting of *pure* presence but only of chains of differential marks.

p.10. Original emphasis

⁷See previous chapter.

⁸*Roland Barthes by Roland Barthes* implies this significance, but does not extend its argument explicitly into the realms of the politics of intertextuality, or of language-as-a-general-text:

The intertext does not comprehend only certain delicately chosen, secretly loved texts, texts that are free, discreet, generous, but also common, triumphant texts.(p.47)

Within *1984*, these 'triumphant texts' are those provided by the Party, via the telescreen-broadcasts and films as well as in books. For *1984* as a text, these 'texts' those that enforce the prevailing opinion that it, along with those of its intertexts we are discussing in this thesis, describes life under Stalin, say, and no more. *1984* has a co-incident, historical relationship to Stalinism, but, when it is read, it 'merges', in Derrida's term, with the 'general text' of Western thought - the 'text' of the media that admonishes totalitarianism as if it were constrained to Russia, or Nazi Germany. It is this 'merging' that we are seeking to sever, by identifying *1984* with its 'delicately chosen, secretly loved texts', texts which, by historical period or by scope of approach or subject matter, 'are free' of this deterministic reading.

⁹The essential drift bearing on writing as an iterative structure, cut off from all absolute responsibility, from *consciousness* as the ultimate authority, orphaned and separated at birth from the assistance of its father, is

Iterability alters, contaminating parasitically what it identifies and enables to repeat 'itself'; it leaves us no choice but to mean (to say) something that is (already, always, also) other than what we mean (to say), to say something other than what we say *and* would have wanted to say [...]¹⁰

This structure, though, is seen *in extremis* in *1984*, where thought is overtly controlled by the language which is made available by 'the Party'. This chapter analyses *1984*'s explication of how writing in the narrow sense, exemplified by Winston's diary-entries, amounts contra-intentionally to the erasing of the self, that is, to death. Following an explication of what we are calling *1984*'s 'internally intertextual' structure, we shall trace first the novel's iterations of writing-as-death, then those that, recalling Winston Smith's experiences of 'the dead', 'flesh out' this idea.

3.2. Intertexts of 'Dead Men'. Within and Beyond 1984

We have seen that *1984* is a highly subtextual novel, that is, it is made up of linked passages articulating particular themes or theses. The subtext we trace in this chapter will, in part, amount to an internal intertextual network, a structural mimesis of its relationship with other novels and with the 'real world'¹¹. Winston Smith's story is written in advance, in the biographies of the novel's other 'dead'. He is not unaware of this, in fact it is by the reiteration of words *he originally uses* to describe them that his linkage to the 'dead' of *1984* is made.

Winston is involved in writing men out of history and replacing them with others, fictional creations replete with fictional 'lives'. As our first epigraph suggests, we can trace such textual deaths to Orwell's experience of Spain, that is, to *his* simultaneous condemnation of and involvement with 'writing history':

Nazi theory indeed specifically denies that such a thing a 'the truth' exists. There is, for instance, no such thing as 'science'. There is only 'German science', 'Jewish science' etc. The implied objective of this line of thought is a nightmare world in which the Leader, or some ruling clique, controls not only the future but *the past*. *If the Leader says of such and such an event, 'It never happened' - well, it never happened.* If he says that two and two are five - well, two and two are five. This prospect frightens me much more than bombs - and after our experiences of the last few years that is not a frivolous statement.

"Looking Back on the Spanish War"¹²

1984, then, is in part an articulation of this real-world concern:

the frightening thing was that it might all be true. If the Party could thrust its hand into the past and say of this or that event, *it never happened* - that, surely, was more terrifying than torture and death?

1984:36-37

precisely what Plato condemns in the *Phaedrus*. If Plato's gesture is, as I believe, the philosophical movement *par excellence*, one can 'measure what is at stake here.' Derrida, *Signature Event Context*, p.8 (hereafter, *SEC*:8).

¹⁰r:61

¹¹'Structural mimesis' is how Derrida names Freud's textual 'gesture', in *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, of approaching-then-removing the meaning of the 'fort/da', which meaning *is* approaching-then-removing death. See "To Speculate - On "Freud"

¹²Autumn, 1942 (*CEJLIII*/41:297). I have emphasised the correlation with the following quotation.

That is, the 'biographies' of the 'dead men' of its narrative attest to the infection of history by determined fictionality: as in Spain, they are lives rewritten 'not in terms of what happened but in terms of what ought to have happened according to [...] party lines'¹³. The men are dead and cannot countervail their 'history'. As we shall see, though, the men need not be dead in the physical sense of the word for their lives' rewriting to occur; on the contrary, *1984* is clear in arguing that they 'die' *when* it occurs, and that it occurs when writing happens¹⁴. These men need only make a mark for that mark to detach from them and become amenable to manipulation. In *1984*, men are kept physically alive to lend specious authority to their fictional 'lives'.

As we shall see, then, the moment he writes, Winston recognises that he does not do so 'in his own words'. He recognises that his words, far from recording his presence, remove him from life. He also 'recognise[s] himself as a dead man' (*1984*:30), as one of these heretics who exist only in language, in fiction. By the text's conclusion, Winston has not been killed, as he has long expected to be, as would befit a tragic narrative, and as the novel's intertextual 'heroes' have¹⁵. He has, however, been removed from life, to re-enact the fate of other literally excommunicated individuals, whom he has called 'corpses waiting to be sent back to the grave' or 'ghosts'¹⁶. Are these simply images, or is removal-from-life in language as serious as death?

1984 calls history a 'palimpsest' (*1984*:42). Having traced 'the dead' whom Winston recognises himself as one of, we shall conclude this chapter by suggesting that Winston's story expresses the 'hope' of *1984*. This will be that knowledge of history's palimpsestic nature equips us with the ability to trace not only the overwriting, but what it is, 'the past', that has been written over. It is this hope that, we argue, lies behind *1984*'s method of composition by fragments of earlier texts. These texts all, in their way, address aspects of totalitarianism, countervailing general thought on the subject, as we shall see in subsequent chapters. Yet there is no intertextuality without commentary, without what Barthes calls

¹³"Looking Back on the Spanish War" (Autumn, 1942), *CEJLIII*:294-295

¹⁴Where does this break take place? To situate it, it is not necessary to imagine the death of the sender or of the receiver [...] The break intervenes from the moment that there is a mark, at once.' (Derrida, *Limited inc abc...*, 0:53)

¹⁵With the exception of *We*'s D-503, who has had his 'soul' removed, by an operation that produces the same result as Winston's psychoanalytic interrogation ('[s]omething was killed in your breast: burnt out, cauterised out', *1984*:304).

¹⁶The phrase 'corpses waiting to be sent back to the grave' is used (*1984*:79) to describe Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford, 'purged' founder-members of the Party, when Winston sees them after their interrogation and confessions, but before their executions and their 'living on' in texts alone as a warning in Party propaganda. By reiteration of the phrases he uses to describe their predicament, Winston will ally himself with it, at the end of the novel. The word 'ghosts' is used when Winston first explicates the process of being kept physically alive but *incommunicado* in order to recite the Party line:

Very occasionally, some person whom you had believed dead long since would make a ghostly re-appearance.

metatextuality: the 'truth' of each intertext is tested by its articulation in *1984's* totalitarianism. As we shall see, each one allows itself the hope that, in the end, control cannot be total. By re-citing them in its narrative, *1984* sets up a debate with each of its intertexts. This 'debate' is not 'dialogism', for the 'voice' of each text is not imported and transformed by the object-text to speak within it¹⁷; on the contrary, what happens in *1984* is a reference to them *as* untransformed, historically-situated documents. The 'authenticity' of *1984's* intertexts is a function of the time in which they were written, often before 'totalitarianism' as we know it¹⁸. Before the computer offered its realisation, then, *1984* was written as what is now known as a hypertext.

While *1984* palimpsestically rewrites its intertexts, then, their 'originals' are each identifiable by characteristic images or fragments which have entered the 'general text' from which *1984* is written¹⁹. Whichever the 'general text' is continuous with the past, whichever the language used to rewrite the past is the language of the past, 'the dead' will be retraceable. *1984*, then, restates a belief we will see as central to its narrative method, a belief in the recoverability of the past via its 'marks' despite their rewriting, by making clear references to its 'dead' authors. Conversely, the narrative can be seen as a structural mimesis of its method of composition: despite rewriting its intertexts, as it 'kills' its characters, it returns its readers, by what we are calling 'protocols', to their unrewritten forms, just as it returns us, at the end of the novel, to the 'originals' of its dead men. This is, indeed, the hope of intertextuality itself, that however constrained we are by the 'general text' and the prevailing ideology, we can, by retracing reiterations, return to a past untransformed by it:

when it activates or mobilises the intertext, the text leaves little leeway to readers and controls closely their response. It is thus that the text maintains its identity despite changing times, despite the evolution of the sociolect, and despite the ascent of relationships unforeseen by the author.²⁰

1984's intertextuality is a desperate hope for a real-world problem, then. Winston's death-in-language and removal from history commemorate, *via* their knowing re-enactment of the

¹⁷If a novel is that *genre* which can, as Bakhtin says, 'contain and juxtapose different, and indeed conflicting, discourse', (cit. Britton, 1990), *1984* is not a novel, for, as we are seeing, it advances certain hypotheses, and argues against others, rather than allowing more-or-less free play. Indeed, it does so *by* importing, or citing texts. This purposive use of its 'dialogue' is a distinction between 'novel', which we are using in a more general sense throughout this thesis, and 'dystopia', a 'mobilisation' in Derridean terms of the host-*genre* (see "'Dialanguages'", in which Derrida discusses the possibility of writing a 'book' that, taking account of 'everything' he has read, 'would be at least a crossing of multiple *genres*'; it is our thesis that *1984* is such a book). The generic constituents of *1984*, and how we can name what results will be a recurring interest for us here.

¹⁸We are thinking here, particularly, of *The Iron Heel*, written in 1908 and describing a Western/capitalist totalitarian state, but none of our texts post-date WWII and the revelation of the Final Solution, for example, although *We* forebodes such an 'operation', and *Darkness at Noon* records what was known of its program in the 'thirties.

¹⁹We are using Derrida's (1978) term 'general text' to describe the *langue* from which a writer composes text, which, must include the 'language' of specific intertexts (language, that is, which is 'specific' enough to identify those texts, to identify them merely by its citation). Derrida does not 'load' the concept with the ideological significance we are explicating here (see Frow, 1990, for a discussion of what he calls this 'important but difficult concept').

²⁰Riffaterre, Michael, "Compulsory Reader Response: the intertextual drive," p.57

fates of 1984's 'dead', real life heretics who have 'died in silence'²¹. These are political writers under Stalinism or Nazism who do not 'live on' in their works, having recanted them and seen them erased, or having replaced them with fictional confessions, or having themselves simply been killed and removed from official histories. The only traces left by such writers, in the absence of marks they could control, are the words they had to recant, or what is retraceable beneath the palpable fictions of the confessions, or whatever is left in personal memories unaffected by the propaganda of official 'truth'.

1984's commemoration of such writers takes place, as we shall see in the following chapter, in its reference to the text which records such writers' fates in terms of authorial death. This text, which centres, that is, around the problematic of 'communicating with the future' - whether this can be done by leaving a trace of oneself beneath official history's palimpsest - is Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon* (hereafter *DatN*; the other texts with which it forms a trilogy, *The Gladiators* and *Arrival and Departure* (*A&D*), also discuss this subject-matter and are generally implied here under *DatN*²²). In the following chapter, we will note, combining with the 'death' subtext we are tracing here, 'successive appearances' of references - which clearly, significantly, have no 'original' in 1984 - to *the undersea*. These will 'map out, as it were, the outline' of *DatN*, the intertext that makes analytic use of this combination. Via what Riffaterre calls 'connectives', these references 'combine the sign systems of text and intertext into new semiotic clusters', that is, they enable the text to continue thought, forming syllogisms with the texts of the dead²³.

In the remainder of this thesis, our subtext-to-intertext progression will take place in individual chapters. Here, we are demonstrating our methodology over two chapters, partly because the subtext we will be tracing here is so expansive, performing as it does, *mise-en-abîme* the problem of 1984 itself in history: given the inevitability of the authorial and physical death of the author, how can the text 'communicate with the future' without its author to speak for it²⁴? Partly, too, this exceptional length is attributable to the extent of

²¹This phrase is to be found in *DatN*; see next chapter.

²²Koestler himself, in the "Postscript" to the Danube Edition of *DatN*, refers to the three novels as a trilogy, linked by their concerns ("Postscript", *DatN*:257). As we shall see in the next chapter, they are linked by the very idea of 'political writing' and the survival of texts; *The Gladiators*, indeed, returns the problem to history itself, by trying to reconstruct events around the life of Spartacus which can never be known because of official suppressions and rewritings. Moreover, the psychology which, as we shall see there, identifies *DatN*, is expanded in the other texts. Despite these links, the first and third novels of the trilogy are seldom if ever addressed by critics of 1984, and *DatN* itself only cursorily (see Steinhoff, 1975). Slater, for example, deals with this whole intertextuality in an aside which not only ignores the trilogy *per se*, but suggests *DatN* was no more than historical source material:

It is true that [Orwell] learned much about totalitarian states from other writings on the subject - from Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*, for example [...]

Orwell: The Road to Airstrip One, p.244.

Given the two authors' concern with the rewriting of history and the unreliability of the word, this is an ironic suggestion.

²³See Riffaterre, "Compulsory Reader Response"

²⁴Derrida, in "Plato's Pharmacy", traces this problem to the birth or origin of writing. 1984 imbues it with an immediacy derived, from what has become known as another 'Derridean' concept, that of inherent fictionality,

1984's intertextualities with *DatN* which articulate a complex 'debate' between the two texts²⁵.

3.3. The Meaning of Death in 1984

Throughout the remainder of this thesis, we are referring to our novel's intertextual authors as 'the dead'. This is not an improper image: the text explicates the fate of authors who exist as products of their works, using Ingsoc as the last-case of literary history's progression. That is, in addition to the 'dead' heretics we will be tracing, actual authors are cited to suggest the seriousness of the idea that physical death is only incidental to lack of authorial control and manipulation by unforeseeable future ideologies:

'By 2050 - earlier, probably - all real knowledge of Oldspeak will have disappeared. The whole literature of the past will have been destroyed. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Byron - they'll exist only in Newspeak versions, not merely changed into something different, but actually changed into something contradictory of what they used to be. Even the literature of the Party will change.'

Syme, 1984:56

[In '1984', a] good deal of the literature of the past was, indeed, already being transformed in this way. Considerations of prestige made it desirable to preserve the memory of certain historical figures, while at the same time bringing their achievements into line with the philosophy of Ingsoc. Various writers, such as Shakespeare, Milton, Swift, Byron, Dickens and some others were therefore in process of translation: when the task had been completed, their original writings, with all else that survived of the literature of the past, would be destroyed.

"Appendix", 1984:325²⁶

The immanent *critique* on ideologically-driven criticism here is inescapable: a text need not be rewritten to be reread, or 'translated', against its author's intention. It is also anticipatory: at the beginning, 1984 spells out the impossibility of 'communicating with the future'; the future will either resemble the present and not listen, or be different from it and not understand²⁷. This 'impossibility' is, indeed, a defining characteristic of texts:

the idea that what is read as fact because it is labelled as such may be fiction (see especially *Limited Inc*, Derrida's response to an Anglo-American linguistics that would interpret 'fictionality' on the basis of the author's stated intent). Behind 1984, as we shall see, is the ideologically-motivated fictionalisation of history during the Spanish Civil War, the Stalinist Purges, etc. After the deaths of those such as Orwell and Koestler who experienced the 'truth' of Spain first-hand, there is nothing to prevent such fictions becoming 'history'. We shall be returning to this aspect of 'death'.

²⁵While, as Orwell's novel indicates Koestler's work by explicit references, it is fair to speak of an indebtedness, 1984's rigorous examination of *DatN*'s theme exonerates it from accusations of simply 'borrowing' it and its articulation of this problematic wholesale.

²⁶We must note, though, in regard of the 'biographies' we are to see Winston recall, that in '1984' this process is far from complete. 'Shakespeare', for example, still signifies the personal and the tragic, that is, the unrewritten past; Winston's dreams are articulated by his writings, and it is his name Winston speaks on the one occasion we see him 'give himself away' by talking in his sleep (1984:33).

²⁷The act of trying to 'communicate with the future' is what makes Winston realise its impossibility. He has written no more than the date in his diary when he reflects,

How could you communicate with the future? It was of its nature impossible. Either the future would resemble the present, in which case it would not listen to him: or it would be different from it, and his predicament would be meaningless

1984:9.

The importance of this formulation to the 'future' of 1984 itself is suggested by its being the most extensively reworked passage in the MSS for 1984. This redrafting seems to demonstrate Orwell's difficulty in 'communicating with the future'; its order seems to be this:

And it is [?very] difficult, he suddenly perceived, to communicate with the future, even if what you have written happens to survive. Either the future would resemble the present, in which case he would

There is no doubt that the 'permanence' or the 'survival' of the document (*scripta manent*), when and to the degree (always relative) that they take place, imply iterability and remaining in general. But the inverse is not true. Permanence is not a necessary effect of remaining. I will go even further: the structure of the remainder, implying alteration, renders all absolute permanence impossible. Ultimately, remaining and permanence are incompatible.²⁸

It is difficult to read of the treatment of these 'dead' authors without reading in them a prediction of the determined misreadings of 1984.

We must note, though, that being rewritten in one's 'radical absence' is not the sole preserve of 'literary' authors²⁹. Writing-in-general is the subject of Orwell's last work: speech, even the language of gestures, as we have seen in the previous chapter, can also be re-iterated, re-appropriated, constrained by ideology - in a word 'policed'. Living-on is a function of re-iteration; what remains of an individual are the marks he or she has made. We have seen that the de-individuation affected by 'self-consciousness' in the presence of the telescreen-Panopticon always has a personal remainder. Now we shall see how this remainder survives the *palimpsestic* nature of language-in-general in 1984:

Day by day and almost minute by minute the past was brought up to date. In this way every prediction made by the Party could 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 moment, ever allowed to remain on record. All history was a palimpsest, scraped clean and re-inscribed exactly as often as was necessary. In no case would it have been possible, once the deed was done, to prove that any falsification had taken place.

1984:42

get no sympathy; or it would be different from it, ~~in which case~~ and his predicament would be unintelligible.

But the future was inaccessible. Either it the future would resemble the present, and it would pay no heed to what he said [then as last, from semi-colon]

But it was not easy to communicate with the future [then as last, from 'Either']

But it was not so simple, this business of communicating with the future [then as last-but-one, from 'Either']

Nineteen Eighty-Four: The Facsimile of the Extant Manuscript, p.24

Beside 'communicating with the future' being the central problematic of *DatN*, this formulation of it's 'impossibility' because of the movement of literary history recalls other intertexts. *Brave New World's* 'Savage' wants 'something new that's like *Othello*, and that they [the people of *BNW's mise en scene*] could understand',

'That's what we've all been wanting to write,' said Helmholtz, breaking a long silence.

'And it's what you never will write,' said the Controller. Because, if it were really like *Othello* nobody could understand it, however new it might be. And if it were new, it couldn't possibly be like *Othello*. [...] Because our world is not the same as *Othello's* world. [...]

BNW:172-173

We re-positions the same 'impossibility' from its inverse - where Winston is writing 'to the future' and the 'Savage' is rewriting the past *in* the future, D-503 is writing, in effect, *from* the future to the past:

I have looked over everything I wrote yesterday, and I see that I did not write clearly enough. That is, it is perfectly clear to any one of us; but how is one to know - it is possible that you, whom I do not know, and to whom the Integral will come bearing these notes of mine - it is possible that you have read in the great book of civilisation only up to the very page our ancestors reached nine hundred years ago. Possibly you do not know even such A-B-Cs as The Tables of Hourly Commandments, Personal Hours, the Maternal Norm, the Green Wall, The Benefactor. I find it droll, and at the same time I find it most difficult to talk of this.

We:27

²⁸Derrida, *Limited inc abc...* p.54

²⁹The term 'radical absence' denotes the absence that takes place in writing, as opposed to the 'physical absence' of the writer or reader, at a later date. See Derrida, *SEC*, for example p.8.

3.4. 'Thoughtcrime IS Death': What Winston Recognises³⁰

We are tracing a subtext around reiterations of the word 'death' and its variants, then, from the first use of the word, when Winston Smith sits down to write a diary:

if detected it was reasonably certain that it would be punished by death, or at least by twenty-five years in a forced-labour camp.

1984:8

Something takes place between this moment when he is not even sure that opening a diary will, in the future, lead to death, and the moment when, having begun his diary, he 'recognise[s] himself as a dead man (1984:30). This 'something' is what these reiterations will outline; what and whom, having written, Winston recognises. Presently, we shall argue, Winston recognises the ways in which writing erases his being-in-the-world, and does so because he recognises writing as the site of earlier erasings. His work, indeed, is writing comrades out of history, and it is this experience which helps him understand the fallacy of other heretics' biographies, and that his own is false the moment it is written.

First, we must note that there are two different senses of the word 'dead' set in train here. In one sense, Winston expects to be killed for opening a diary; in quite another, he feels he has 'died' *when* he opens it. There are recognisable precedents in the text for both senses. Following Riffaterre, we can call 'death' a 'nuclear word', here, naming both the fate of Winston's family, whom he believes killed in political purges, and whom we may call his 'intimate dead', *and* the fate of the men whose lives are fictionalised by Ingsoc, and by Winston in his work for Ingsoc, whom we may call his 'professional dead'³¹. The sememe 'death' sets up a *moire* between two semes, then. 'Execution' we may consider as the conventional seme; the seme 'ceasing to be present in the world', we will see, results, ironically, from writing³².

In keeping with the psychological 'truth' of the divided subject that we have seen in operation in our previous chapter, Winston's reflections articulate this *moire*. He alternatively believes physical death and then 'disappearing' in words that will never be read as his own to be the more serious sense of the word:

He opened the diary[...but] began thinking of the things that would happen to him after the Thought Police took him away. It would not matter if they killed you at once. To be killed was what you expected. But before death (nobody spoke of such things, yet everybody knew of them) there was [...] the grovelling on the floor and screaming for mercy, the crack of broken bones, the smashed teeth and bloody clots of hair. Why did you have to endure it, since the end was always the same?

1984:106-107

³⁰The quotation is from 1984:30. See below.

³¹For the idea of a 'nuclear word' which contains what is to happen in advance, when what is to happen has, as here, more than one meaning, see Riffaterre, *Fictional Truth*, passim. The 'nuclear word' is to be distinguished from the 'syllepsis', in which only one sense of the word is 'activated' (ibid., see p.131).

³²As throughout this thesis, 'writing-in-general' is implied here. While this chapter concerns Winston's ceasing-to-exist as a property of his diary, Derrida suggests 'mark', spoken, gestural, has this property of detachability from its 'author', and demonstrates to the 'author' his remove from the world (see *Limited Inc, Speech and Phenomena*, etc.). This is indeed what our previous chapter's tracing of Winston's non-verbal communications has shown.

the frightening thing was that it might all be true. If the Party could thrust its hand into the past and say of this or that event, *it never happened* - that, surely, was more terrifying than torture and death?

1984:36-37

Never, for any reason on earth, could you wish for an increase of pain. Of pain you could wish only one thing: that it should stop. Nothing in the world was so bad as physical pain.

1984:251

As, by its undeniably tragic conclusion, Winston is not physically dead, 1984's iterations of 'the dead' effectively articulate a deconstruction of the conventional hierarchy of 'deaths' to which even its intertexts have subscribed³³.

3.4.1 'We Are the Dead': Death as Capitulation to Language

What does Winston recognise? The first iteration of the word 'death' foresees death-as-execution, as a consequence of transgression (not of laws but of conventions):

The thing that he was about to do was to open a diary. This was not illegal (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-five years in a forced-labour camp.

1984:8

When the diary *is* opened, though, Winston commutes his own sentence to death, and brings it forward to the present moment, the present tense. Some 'death', not the foreseen execution, has happened (we quote the following passage in full, because we will be returning to it throughout this chapter):

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:

Thoughtcrime does not entail death: thoughtcrime IS death.

Now that he had recognised himself as a dead man it became important to stay alive as long as possible.

1984:30³⁴

³³Tragedy, in all-but-one of 1984's intertexts, results from physical death, as if it is this that has prevented these texts' 'heroes' from communicating. *IH's* Ernest and Avril Everhard, as well as having their texts expropriated (by the 'Iron Heel' itself and by the future utopia respectively), are both killed; *BNW's* savage is found dead, having failed to communicate; *DatN's* Rubashov is shot, as Winston expects to be, in the back of the neck whilst walking down a corridor in his prison; 'The Gladiators' are all killed, allowing their story to be misrepresented for centuries. Of the remaining intertexts we are addressing in this thesis, *A&D's* Peter Slavek ends that novel parachuting to certain death, having been offered the opportunity of escape, and *We's* D-503, most closely resembling Winston in his end, lives on, having had his 'soul' removed by an operation.

³⁴Between the two citations of 'death' that sandwich the events to be recorded in the diary, those events supply two 'deaths' that, in advance, announce the distinction to be interrogated by the text. The first is Goldstein's *authorial* death - he has been 'condemned to death' for his heresies (1984:13), but 'lives on' as a determined fiction of the Party - and the second Julia's *physical* death. Winston foretells her punishment by the Thought

This turn in Winston's thought takes place *when he writes*: 'it was *only now*, when he had begun to be able to formulate his thoughts, that he had taken the decisive step'(my emphasis). The act of writing a diary, intended to be a means of deferring Winston's death³⁵ not only, on the contrary, brings death nearer, but *'IS death'*. As he is alive in the sense of being able to speak, the diary constitutes the division of the sememe 'death'.

What has happened? Winston has discovered, all at once, the properties of writing.

Although he writes ideologically-driven fictions for a living, when he begins his diary, Winston sees writing fail as a transcription of 'the interminable restless monologue that had been running inside his head' (1984:9), of presence³⁶. What he reads are not the thoughts he intended to record: '[h]e did not know what had made him pour out this stream of rubbish' (1984:11).

By writing he has isolated himself. Having written the diary's opening entry, he realises his text will not speak to its 'intended' addressees. He formulates thoughts that no one in the present day can understand, in the broadest sense, and that the people of a future 'when thought is free'³⁷, will never receive. He recognises that his writings' *design* is a fiction:

Police, for which he will be at least partly responsible, by 'hallucinating' 'flog[ging] her to death with rubber truncheons' (1984:17).

³⁵Among many motives for beginning it (see previous chapter), the reader discovers, when Winston puts himself in danger of detection by returning for the first time to Charrington's shop, that '[i]t was precisely against suicidal impulses of this kind that he had hoped to guard himself by opening the diary' (1984:97).

³⁶The diary is Winston's first instance of writing *per se*. Although we have referred to his job as 'writing' comrades out of history, he does this work by *speaking*. He utters his 'corrections' into a device called a 'speakwrite' which prints them out:

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

1984:42

What he thus 'writes' is in Newspeak, without, as far as possible, any trace of himself (as we have seen, he does, in fact, leave a trace, as O'Brien notes by saying 'you write [Newspeak] very elegantly, 1984:164); indeed, the writing-out-of-history of Comrade Withers and his replacement with Ogilvy, is done by Winston in the 'voice' of Big Brother:

Winston thought for a moment, then pulled the speakwrite towards him and began dictating in Big Brother's familiar style [...]

1984:49

That is, Big Brother exists *as* a 'style', defined by its iterability. Winston's only experience of handwriting is, again, in Newspeak, in 'any notes' he must make in preparation for his speakwritten 'corrections'. These are instantly despatched down what 'for some reason [...] were nicknamed memory holes' (1984:40); these holes are presumed to lead to an incinerator. However, we have seen this 'for some reason' to be a true phrase elsewhere in the text (1984:7), describing the strange positioning of Winston's apartment's telescreen; as then, this 'reason' will be that the Thought Police do in fact use what is despatched down these holes to 'remember' what people say, long after, in the absence of written *aides*, those people have themselves forgotten. Winston's newness to writing *per se* is demonstrated by his grammar and punctuation in his first diary-entry (1984:10-11).

³⁷As, in the last chapter, we have broached the idea that Winston is, unconsciously, addressing his heretical *acts* and spoken words to O'Brien/the Thought Police, so, in his written language, we will find his 'intention' unreliable. This page of the putative 'diary' is a preface to its contents, as a dedication-page or title-page of a novel is. Generically, therefore, as in Anglo-American text-linguistics, such a page is taken as law, and the intention it expresses is taken seriously as of right. As we are seeing, however, Orwell is working within a linguistics that allows fiction to enter all language at the origin: Winston's diary itself is an attempt to counter

For whom, it suddenly occurred to him to wonder, was he writing this diary? For the future, for the unborn. His mind hovered for a moment round the doubtful date on the page, and then fetched up with a bump against the Newspeak word *doublethink*. For the first time the magnitude of what he had undertaken came home to him. How could you communicate with the future? It was of its nature impossible. Either the future would resemble the present, in which case it would not listen to him: or it would be different from it, and his predicament would be meaningless.

1984:9

In truth, '[o]nly the Thought Police would read what he had written' (p.29). Not only will his text never arrive at its intended destination in the physical sense, but its true destination is the body of men responsible for the very untruth that his text is written against. The Thought Police, as we have seen, hold no truck with the idea of historical truth: not only do they determinedly distort it, but, as Newspeak-linguists, they know that, whenever it is couched in language, it *must be* distorted. The imagined Thought Police, then, bring home to Winston the ideological bias of language *per se*: even the date is uncertain³⁸.

From the start he is not in control of his writings; they must speak more than he intends. The first diary-entry is written unconsciously, and will turn out to have been inspired by his mother's death³⁹. He does not know why he has written it. This lends a piquancy to the diary's constant returns to the problem of whether isolation amounts to 'insanity', thus whether it - the diary - is any more than a confession of this 'insanity', a plea to O'Brien for its 'cure'⁴⁰.

As he realises, the Thought Police will only read his words as a confession of a certain mental illness - the belief in truth as a function of experience and memory, not of ideology⁴¹.

a fictional account of present and historical reality, which, as we have seen, strays from its intended form as soon as it is begun ('[h]e did not know what had made him pour out this stream of rubbish', p.11). We must bear in mind, when talking of this prefatory page, *Animal Farm*: in order to have this political satire published in the U.S.A., Orwell agreed to add to *its* title-page the words 'A Fairy Story' (see "Introduction" to *Collected Works* edition).

³⁸As a result of the 'control of the past', undertaken via a linguistic restriction of memory achieved by constant falsification, 'it was never possible nowadays to pin down any date within a year or two', 1984:9.

³⁹See section 3.5.1, below.

⁴⁰1984, then, does not present the simplest case of deterministic linguistics: the novel is not a demonstration of the possibility that whatever the prevailing ideology states as true *is* true, rather it is an examination of the state of mind of the individual who is not willing to accept it as true. Winston considers his own state of mind, as a 'minority of one', and asks whether this amounts to 'insanity', but without an interlocutor, this question above all is unanswerable:

He wondered, as he had many times wondered beforewhether 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: today, to believe that the past is unalterable. 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.

1984:83

⁴¹The diary does indeed become evidence of Winston's 'insanity':

'[...] How can you control memory? You have not controlled mine!'

O'Brien's manner grew stern again. He laid his hand on the dial.

'On the contrary,' he said. '*you* have not controlled it. That is what has brought you here. You are here because you have failed in humility, in self-discipline. You would not make the act of submission which is the price of sanity. You preferred to be a lunatic, a minority of one. Only the disciplined mind can see reality, Winston.[...]

1984:261

Winston, moreover, is providing the Thought Police with the form of his insanity, of his individuality. He describes his own words as 'anonymous'⁴². Even when they are read, the 'thoughts' in the diary will not be his, but will have been provided by the language he has available in which to express them. Although these already turn upon a Newspeak word/concept, 'thoughtcrime', this is not to say he will endlessly reiterate Party doctrine, but that, as we shall see, he will, consciously or not, find his images in the world determined by the Party. The second thing he writes is an account of the events of the Two Minutes Hate, that is, of his making eye-contact with O'Brien and 'realising why he hated' Julia. Yet these 'truths', which Winston begins his diary to record (1984:11), are, unbeknownst to him, already reiterated *fictions*. His commonality with O'Brien is an illusion of the undercover policeman's purposively reiterated language of facial 'expressions'; Julia's orthodoxy will turn out to be a deceit, a function of body-language and clothing-semiotics⁴³. Among other

This part of Winston's interrogation in the final section of the book is anticipated by the passage we have placed before it: there, Winston does not only realise how the narrative must unfold. He realises, too, that what is at stake is 'memory' itself, yet, already, he has tried to be selective with what his diary will commemorate and has failed (initially recording, instead, a seemingly irrelevant episode that ultimately proves to be related to his repressed memory of his mother). If this 'failure' of memory were not enough to problematise his reliance on it, this very passage, which ends with his placing of a high value upon it, in the climactic sentence 'out of existence and out of memory', sets up the *moire* which will characterise his own memory to the end. The true destination of his diary will be 'forgotten' when, moments later, he again addresses his diary to 'a time when thought is free' (p.30). As we have seen with the Panopticon (see ch. 2), the narrative, which concerns (Winston's) memories and their value depends on Winston's 'forgetting' the truth of his and his diary's destination. This remarkable 'forgetting' of death in order to live is the condition of Winston's life, and (in the previous chapter) we have already allied it with the Freudian 'death wish': it, too, is re-cited from the first of the above passages to the second, which begins

'But how can you stop people remembering things?' cried Winston, *again momentarily forgetting the dial* [by which O'Brien is regulating Winston's pain]. 'It is involuntary. It is outside oneself. How can you control memory? You have not controlled mine!'

1984:261. My emphasis

O'Brien is evidently correct to note, in riposte, '[o]n the contrary, [...] *you* have not controlled it.' (p.261. Original emphasis).

⁴²In this context, Orwell had written:

The Gestapo is said to have teams of literary critics whose job is to determine, by means of stylistic comparison, the authorship of anonymous pamphlets. I have always thought that, if only it were in a better cause, this is exactly the job I would like to have ...

CEJLIII/96;406, "As I Please", *Tribune*, 16.2.1945

⁴³When they eventually meet as lovers, Julia will tell Winston of her lack of faith in words and sign-systems generally, and belief that even the bombing of London is a fiction, fleshed out by a few bombs sent by the Oceanian government itself. After this, [s]he also stirred a sort of envy in him by telling him that during the Two Minutes Hates her great difficulty was to avoid bursting out laughing' (1984:160). To demonstrate that the act which first convinces Winston of her orthodoxy is also an iteration, it is reiterated later. When she sees the rat enter their room,

She suddenly twisted herself over in the bed, seized a shoe from the floor and sent it hurtling into the corner with a boyish jerk of her arm, exactly as he had seen her fling the dictionary at Goldstein, that morning during the Two Minutes Hate.

1984:150-151

Julia is equally aware of the reiterative power and falsity of the semiotics of the 'Anti-Sex League', which has convinced Winston of her orthodoxy and chastity:

'You thought I was a good Party member. Pure in word and deed. Banners, processions, slogans, games, community hikes - all that stuff. And you thought that if I had a quarter of a chance I'd denounce you as a thought-criminal and get you killed off?'

'Yes, something of that kind. A great many young girls are like that, you know.'

'It's this bloody thing that does it,' she said, ripping off the scarlet sash of the junior Anti-Sex League and flinging it onto a bough.

images he uses, he imagines 'flogging [Julia] to death with a rubber truncheon'; not only is sexual violence programmed by the Party⁴⁴, but this instrumentation is theirs. We have already been told that the Ministry of Truth's guards use truncheons (1984:6⁴⁵), and that, testifying to the use of this 'found' image, in swallowing Victory Gin 'one had the sensation of being hit over the back of the head with a rubber club' (1984:7). Winston is, from the first, writing in the language of the ideological other⁴⁶.

The diary, then, is an attempt to break Winston's isolation, a *mimesis* of speaking to someone - any text implies a reader⁴⁷. Yet even if this 'reader' is Winston himself, we have seen that, as Winston does not know why 'he' has written his very first entry, it is a different self from the one who writes. This is what Derrida describes as a necessary effect of writing:

*At the very moment "I" make a shopping list, I know [...] that it will only be a list if it implies my absence, [...] if it is utilisable at another time, in the absence-of-my-being-present-now [...] Yet no matter how fine this point may be, it is like the *stigma* of every mark, already split. The sender of the shopping list is not the same as the receiver, even if they bear the same name and are endowed with the identity of a single ego [...] The sender and the receiver, even if they were the self-same *subject*, each relate to a mark they experience as made to do without them [...]*⁴⁸

Without an interlocutor whose 'thought is free', Winston is insane and condemned to death. Yet the not only does the act of opening the diary accelerate Winston's death, it confirms, in his text's true, inevitable destination, the ideological isolation that amounts to death. The diary is not only a death-wish, in that in truth it confesses Winston's heresy to O'Brien and the Thought Police, it is the site of death. It places Winston *incommunicado*. Failing to transcribe his thoughts (p.9-10), and failing, from the start, to arrive at its 'intended' destination, it constitutes his removal from life: these are the senses in which, in the passage we have quoted at length above, Winston 'reflect[s]' that '[h]e was already dead' (1984:30).

We are beginning to see why 1984's 'death of the author' is not that isolated later by Structuralism. The author's lack of control of, or 'presence' in, his text, is pursued to its consequences here. These amount to the 'removal from the stream of history' not only of the author but of 'his' words - such text as survives will only be read counter to his intended

1984:127

⁴⁴See chapter five for a tracing of the way in which Winston is shown to re-enact the Party's doctrine of 'stamping on a human face'.

⁴⁵'Even the streets leading up to its outer barriers were roamed by gorilla-faced guards in black uniforms, armed with jointed truncheons.'

⁴⁶This is the problematic at the heart of Orwell's essay "Politics and The English Language". In a remarkably Derridean passage, he points out what is at stake for a writing that is only a reiteration of available phrases:

The writer either has a meaning and cannot express it, or he inadvertantly says something else, or he is almost indifferent as to whether his words mean anything or not

CEJLIII:38:158

Orwell begins this essay by condemning certain of his contemporaries for these 'faults', but concludes '[l]ook back through this essay, and for certain you will find that I have [...] committed the very faults I am protesting against' (*ibid.*, 167).

⁴⁷See Adams, pp.31ff. This does not amount to saying any text will be read, but that it includes an imagined reader, the writer's imagination of whom 'shapes' it. Later in 1984, Winston realises, true to this idea, that the reader he is implying by his text is O'Brien (see 1984:84), thus design and destination of his diary merge.

⁴⁸Derrida, *Limited Inc abc...*, n:49

meaning, according to the limits of the prevailing (psychoanalytic) ideology. In the end, the only authenticity allowed by *1984* is that of the subject who, having 'given himself away' to the Thought Police and been convinced by them of the impossibility of 'objective truth', confesses his inmost thoughts in/on the terms of the prevailing ideology. Perhaps this is what Winston, writer of fictions, is asking for, a moment of authenticity, a trading-in of death as disappearance-in-text for death as realisation-of-desire:

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

O'Brien, *1984*:266-267⁴⁹

We must return to the phrase Winston uses on having realised that writing, *qua* thoughtcrime, that is, thinking-in-words against their intended use, '*IS death*'. He 'formulate[s]' his thoughts in an agrammaticality: 'recognised himself as a dead man'. Before we trace the 'dead men' whom he does indeed recognise in this moment of realising what writing involves and what death involves, we wish to reflect upon this agrammaticality and suggest that it is not accidental. The phrase is far from meaningless, on the contrary, it is an image whose many meanings we are tracing here. Rather, in expressing these meanings in a form incompatible with the 'truth' of experience, it enacts the turn we are referring to as taking place at the discovery of writing. This 'turn' is the abandonment of phenomenal reality for its representation that takes place in writing-in-general. This particular form of 'agrammaticality' Husserl calls *Sinnlosigkeit*, language in which 'there is no language any more', that is, no expression of selfhood or relationship to phenomenal experience⁵⁰. It is a property of language-as-language, not of language-as-experience. This particular agrammaticality, we may note, is a founding formulation of Modernism's experiment with language's dissociation from 'reality'⁵¹.

⁴⁹We must note that there is a clear doublethink in operation here: what is the value of a confession that will not be heard of, indeed, whose author will be eradicated from history. Beneath this doublethink is both Winston's 'death-wish', a final moment of truth, of plenitude, and O'Brien's sadism.

⁵⁰Derrida uses the concept to exemplify the dissociability of language from its speakers, see *SEC*, p.11.

⁵¹This agrammaticality is to be found in Joyce's story "The Dead", or in a novel for which Orwell was one of the first advocates, Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*. This novel opens,

I am living at the Villa Borghese. There is not a crumb of dirt anywhere, not a chair misplaced. We are all alone here and we are dead.

p.10

This is a relevant intertext, here, for it goes on to divide the sememe 'dead' in the same way as *1984* will, by following this killing agrammaticality with its implication of 'real' death:

There will be more calamities, more death, more despair. Not the slightest indication of a change anywhere. The cancer of time is eating us away. Our heroes have killed themselves, or are killing themselves. The hero, then, is not Time, but Timelessness. We must get in step, a lock step, toward the prison of death. There is no escape. The weather will not change.

ibid.

In its way, *Tropic of Cancer* is dedicated to the relationship between writing, authenticity, death and 'living on' in language that we are tracing here, which is perhaps why Orwell came to its defence when it was originally suppressed. Miller re-cites words of Emerson as the novel's epigraph:

"These novels will give way, by and by, to diaries or autobiographies, - captivating books, if only a man knew how to choose among what he calls his experiences and how to record truth truly"

The phrasal reiteration of 'we are the dead' picks up this agrammaticality and its division of the anticipatory and the written 'deaths', and forms the frame for what we are calling the subtext of 'the dead'. It is this phrase which articulates the abandonment of the realm of the phenomenal world Winston ostensibly opens the diary to record, and the fatal entry into the linguistically-organised world where words can refer only to other words, and where 'reality' is a product of language.

On its first use, this phrase is loaded with the 'consecutional' facet of the idea that '[t]he consequences of every act are included in the act itself' (1984:30)⁵²: in it, the text's narrative is contained in advance. Winston is addressing Julia:

'[...]In this game that we're playing, we can't win. Some kinds of failure are better than other kinds, that's all.'

He felt her shoulders give a wriggle of dissent. She always contradicted him when he said anything of this kind. She would not accept it as a law of nature that the individual is always defeated. In a way she realised that she herself was doomed, that sooner or later the Thought Police would catch her and kill her, but with another part of her mind she believed that it was somehow possible to construct a secret world in which you could live as you chose. All you needed was luck and cunning and boldness. She did not understand that there was no such thing as happiness, that the only victory lay in the far future, long after you were dead, that from the moment of declaring war on the Party it was better to think of yourself as a corpse.

'We are the dead,' he said.

'We're not dead yet,' said Julia prosaically.

'Not physically. Six months, a year, five years, conceivably. I am afraid of death. You are young, so presumably you're more afraid of it than I am. Obviously we shall put it off as long as we can. But it makes very little difference. So long as human beings stay human, death and life are the same thing.'

'Oh, rubbish! Which would you sooner sleep with, me or a skeleton? Don't you enjoy being alive? Don't you like feeling: This is me, this is my hand, this is my leg, I'm real, I'm solid, I'm alive!'

1984:142

We may note that, already, along with the heretics' progression to the cellars of the Ministry of Love, is inscribed in this phrase their 'death wish', the *fort/da* movement of this progression, and the desires for which death is brought on: hope for the future (Winston), and hedonistic vitality in the present (Julia).

Julia lives for and in the pleasures, literally, of-the-flesh. That is, she lives by avoiding the realm of signification - the lovers' first long conversation amounts to an explication of this fact: she never reads, although she is involved in the production of novels (1984:136); she does not take seriously the reiterated propaganda that passes for teaching under Ingsoc⁵³; 'she

⁵²*Consecution* is how Riffaterre names this 'proceeding from one proposition or fact to another that follows it' (*Fictional Truth*, p.126), this causal-sequence aspect of the text. 'Any narrative sequence that either emphasises consecution or makes it explicit privileges inference (reasoning from a known or assumed fact to something else that follows from it) and as a result increases predictability [...]' (ibid.). It explicates the sememe by a 'before/after' process (ibid., p.44). The opening of the diary in 1984 marks the 'before/after' of Winston's path to execution, so explicating the seme 'physical extermination' of the sememe 'death', and the diary's 'textuality' marks the 'before/after' of Winston's detachment from his individually distinctive 'mark', so explicating the seme 'ceasing to be present-in-the-world'.

⁵³Julia explicates her resistance by demonstrating an awareness of the 'palimpsestic' nature of propaganda - 'they rub it into you for years':

He told her about the frigid little ceremony that Katherine had forced him to go through on the same night every week. 'She hated it, but nothing would make her stop doing it. She used to call it - but you'll never guess'

'Our duty to the Party,' said Julia promptly.

'How did you know that?'

never use[s] Newspeak words, except the ones that had passed into everyday use' (1984:138). 'With Julia, everything came back to her own sexuality' (1984:139), yet when it does so in response to Winston's 'We are the dead', it must be by a naming-of-parts:

This is me, this is my hand, this is my leg, I'm real, I'm solid, I'm alive!

1984:142, see above

By meeting Winston, not only because of his particular 'interest' in language⁵⁴, but because of the necessity of communication, Julia starts putting things into words. As soon as she does this, she effectively abandons her phenomenal existence for a linguistic one - she becomes inscribed in fictions of her own creating, not only by reducing her body to a text, but literally:

Often they gave themselves up to daydreams of escape. Their luck would hold indefinitely, and they would carry on their intrigue, just like this, for the remainder of their natural lives. Or Katherine would die, and by subtle manoeuvrings Winston and Julia would succeed in getting married. Or they would commit suicide together. Or they would disappear, alter themselves out of recognition, learn to speak with proletarian accents, get jobs in a factory and live out their lives undetected in a back-street. It was all nonsense, as they both knew.

1984:158-159⁵⁵

'I've been at school too, dear. Sex talks once a month for the over-sixteens. And in the Youth Movement. They rub it into you for years. I dare say it works in a lot of cases.'

1984:139

Later, she turns this 'astuteness' on a subject we have so far seen from Winston's more naive point-of-view (which is the narrative's):

In some ways she was far more acute than Winston, and far less susceptible to Party propaganda. Once when he happened in some connection to mention the war against Eurasia, she startled him by saying casually that in her opinion the war was not happening. The rocket bombs which fell daily on London were probably fired by the Government of Oceania itself, 'just to keep people frightened.' This was an idea that had literally never occurred to him.

1984:160

This 'idea' has never occurred in the narrative, either - when the raids on London have been described it is without comment:

Somewhere far away a rocket-bomb exploded with a dull, reverberating roar. About twenty or thirty of them a week were falling on London at present.

1984:28

This 'bombing' is, in reality, no more than an *aide-memoire* of a fictional war, a war used on the same page, to justify a reduction in the chocolate ration, via an announcement from the telescreen. The bombing's description, ironically, comes in the paragraph before Winston reflects on 'Newspeak, doublethink, the mutability of the past'. He is *already* living according to the sign-system of the prevailing ideology, living as if it had no outside.

⁵⁴It is this 'interest' that gives him away to O'Brien, we recall:

[O'Brien:]I was reading one of your Newspeak articles in the *Times* the other day. You take a scholarly interest in Newspeak, I believe?

Winston had recovered part of his self-possession. 'Hardly scholarly,' he said. 'I'm only an amateur. It's not my subject. I have never had anything to do with the actual construction of the language.'

'But you write it very elegantly,' said O'Brien. 'That is not only my own opinion. I was talking recently to a friend of yours who is certainly an expert. His name has slipped my memory for the moment.'

Again Winston's heart stirred painfully. It was inconceivable that this was anything other than a reference to Syme.

1984:164

⁵⁵This passage recalls Wells's "A Story of The Days To Come", a key intertext of Zamyatin's *We*. In this 'story', two lovers seek to escape a utopian future, first by hiding-out in the country, then by living among the working classes:

[...] they were talking, as they had talked a hundred times before, of how they might escape [...] and be at last happy together, before the appointed three years were at an end. It was, they both agreed, not only impossible but almost wicked to wait three years. 'Before that,' said Denton - and the notes of his voice told of a splendid chest - 'we might both be dead!'

p.737. Original italics

Julia's sublation of phenomena to language is immanent to her first words, in fact. Before naming her bodyparts, she had begun their affair with the most reiterated, least personally-marked phrase in the language - '*I love you*' (1984:113). 'She never used newspeak words' is qualified by 'except the ones that had passed into everyday use' (1984:138); she would not notice her 'being written' by the language. As with the 'centimetres' with which Winston describes his own mental space, such 'being written' is only explicit if that prevailing ideology, and its language, is not ours⁵⁶. Julia's final submission to the order of words, of *the other's* words, Winston's, signals her end:

You were the dead; theirs was the future. But 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.

'We are the dead,' he said.

'We are the dead,' echoed Julia, dutifully.

'You are the dead,' said an iron voice behind them.

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

'You are the dead,' repeated the iron voice.

'It was behind the picture,' breathed Julia.

'It was behind the picture,' said the voice.

1984:230⁵⁷

This 'death-that-can-be-spoken' is agrammatical, and submission to its 'logic' is abandonment of phenomenal reality in favour of a world contained in signs. 'The dead' are those who believe in the primacy of historical, or written, record over experience (as O'Brien will imply when he deconstructs the *cogito* by pointing out its reliance on language, and implying that Winston has 'ceased to exist' by means of the same reliance⁵⁸). To submit oneself to language-as-reality, to a world that can be manipulated un-truth-fully, is to die. 'We are the dead', then, is the example *par excellence* of 1984's reiterative, subtextual methodology: not only linking passages and ideas within the text, but articulating them. When Julia repeats the

⁵⁶That is, the idea that Julia's thought is being controlled is referred to by the fact that she *unconsciously* uses some Newspeak words, some words from a language designed to limit thought (see 1984's Appendix, "The Principles of Newspeak": 'The purpose of Newspeak was not only to provide a medium of expression for the world-view and mental habits proper to the devotees of Ingsoc, but to make all other modes of thought impossible', 1984:312). Winston, at the opening of his diary, has defended his intellectual freedom by claiming for himself the 'few cubic centimetres' inside his head, that is, the mind with which he proclaims his (or its) freedom is already measuring itself in *the other's*, Ingsoc's, units, or language (see 1984:29)

⁵⁷'They', here, refers to the proles, whom Winston has identified by this point in the text as the only group unaffected by the deterministic linguistics of Ingsoc.

⁵⁸Winston asks 'Does [Big Brother] exist in the same way as I exist?':

'You do not exist,' said O'Brien.

Once again the sense of helplessness assailed him. He knew, or he could imagine, the arguments which proved his own non-existence; but they were nonsense, they were only a play on words. Did not the statement, 'You do not exist', contain a logical absurdity? But what use was it to say so? His mind shrivelled as he thought of the unanswerable, mad arguments with which O'Brien would demolish him.

'I think I exist,' he said wearily. 'I am conscious of my own identity. I was born, and I shall die. I have arms and legs. I occupy a particular point in space. No other solid object can occupy the same point simultaneously. In that sense, does Big Brother exist?'

'It is of no importance. He exists.' (1984:272)

Winston has abandoned phenomenal reality and entered 'linguistic reality' by means of an identical 'logical absurdity' to 'You do not exist': 'We are the dead'. He has, that is, abandoned the conditions of the *cogito*, which he cites here, for the *textuality* of it. He has ceased to exist because he has ceased to be recorded: Big Brother, on the other hand, although not existing in the physical sense, will exist for as long as he is recorded-

'Will Big Brother ever die?'

'Of course not. How could he die? Next question.' (ibid.)

phrase, she enters the *Logos*, and finds it to be the reality of death. What she enters is, in truth, a world *contained* in language, a fiction of herself.

We argued in the previous chapter that *1984*'s reiterative method is based on the idea of surveillance, the idea that we each have a characteristic or 'proper' language that remains despite the imposition of conventions⁵⁹. This can be re-appropriated, so that those 'in power' can make a narrative of us, as a psychoanalyst might. In this final iteration of 'we are the dead', we see the *technic* of that surveillance, the panoptic telescreen *at the moment* it is supplying the 'Thought Police' with the heretic's language. The telescreen, on this occasion, repeats what it hears, because what it hears is the heretics' submission to its deterministic linguistics, to reality as 'what the leader says'⁶⁰:

'We are the dead,' he said.
'We are the dead,' echoed Julia, dutifully.
'You are the dead,' said an iron voice behind them.

1984:230⁶¹

Between these two iterations of 'we are the dead' lies another. It evidences, for Winston and Julia as well as for the reader, this surveillance, this appropriation of the heretics' proper language, that amounts to as well as brings on death. O'Brien is speaking, on the occasion of the lovers' visit to his home:

'[...] When finally you are caught, you will get no help. We never help our members. At most, when it is absolutely necessary that someone should be silenced, we are occasionally able to smuggle a razor blade into a prisoner's cell. You will have to get used to living without results and without hope. You will work for a while, you will be caught, you will confess, and then you will die. Those are the only results that you will ever see. There is no possibility that any perceptible change will happen within our own lifetime. We are the dead. Our only true life is in the future. We shall take part in it as handfuls of dust and splinters of bone. But how far away that future may be, there is no knowing. It might be a thousand years. At present nothing is possible except to extend the area of sanity little by little.

1984:183-184⁶²

⁵⁹This is the personal remainder to language, in which respect we may recall that O'Brien notes Winston's 'elegant' newspeak (1984:164), that is, he notes that Winston has a characteristic style, a supplementary mark, *and* that that mark has its origins in the unreconstructed past, whence 'elegance'.

⁶⁰This is an articulating of Orwell's real-world questioning of the hierarchies of 'deaths', linguistic and physical:

If the Leader says of such and such an event, 'It never happened' - well, it never happened. If he says that two and two are five - well, two and two are five. This prospect frightens me much more than bombs - and after our experiences of the last few years that is not a frivolous statement.

"Looking Back on the Spanish War" Autumn, 1942, *CEJLII*/41:297

⁶¹The telescreen's '[i]t was behind the picture', here, is an ironic recitation of what we have seen to be Winston's *and* Julia's 'knowledge' that they were in fact being observed (see previous chapter).

⁶²The prospect of death-by-razor blade is loaded with a certain complex irony. On the second page of the novel, we are told that such blades, in Oceania, are 'blunt' (1984:4). This is explained by their scarcity, lending a comic edge to the idea of the 'Brotherhood' having to search 'on the black market' as Winston does, for a blade to smuggle (Winston seems to be doing this when he first comes across Charrington's shop (1984:8), and prepares this as an excuse for his inadvertant return there (1984:97)). Their severe scarcity amounts to an absence among Party members who are unwilling to transgress Party lines and shop on the 'black market', thus both Syme and Parsons ask Winston if he has any spare blades (1984:51,64). He says he has not, thus missing the opportunity to 'smuggle' razor blades' to two colleagues who will be arrested and taken to the Ministry of Love (Winston thinks that Syme will disappear (1984:56), as he in fact does (1984:154), but not Parsons (1984:64), whom Winston nonetheless meets in jail (1984:244)). His colleagues ask Winston for the blades immediately after we have seen him involved in his work of 'creating dead men'

'We are the dead' is, we have seen, a distinctive formulation of Winston's, resulting from his discovery of writing and capitulation to the 'linguistic order' of life. Here, O'Brien is audaciously citing it *to* Winston, as a reminder that he is 'being read'. O'Brien cites the agrammaticality not only in the ideational context with which Winston has supplied it, but in the context of words culled from his diary-to-date: 'It was not by making yourself heard but by staying sane that you carried on the human heritage' (1984:30)⁶³. 'We are the dead', then, is re-cited as a reminder of its truth at each step towards physical death: when the lovers meet, when they meet O'Brien and are reminded by him that they are being watched, and when they are arrested. It frames the subtext of 'the dead'.

Julia, like Winston, is still nominally alive at the book's close. Does 'death' have a physical meaning, then? In the subtextual reiterations of 'the dead', is there anything more than this seemingly abstract sense of removal-from-the-world, of 'death' as a property of signs? For a physical resonance to the word, we must trace Julia's 'death', for it is she who, from the start, *embodies* 'life', as vitality and as reproductive sexuality:

He would flog her to death with a rubber truncheon. He would tie her naked to a stake and shoot her full of arrows like Saint Sebastian. He would ravish her and cut her throat at the moment of climax. Better than before, moreover, he realised *why* it was that he hated her. He 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.

1984:17

The lovers meet after the interrogation in which they have betrayed each other. This meeting is prefaced by Winston's final capitulation to Ingsoc's linguistics, in the form of his 'almost unconscious' tracing in the dust '2 + 2 = 5', and his recollection-in-negative of the words with which Julia revealed the (mistaken) belief on which her rebellion was founded:

[...] 2 + 2 = 5

'They can't get inside you,' she had said. But they could get inside you. 'What happens to you here is for ever,' O'Brien had said. That was a true word. There were things, you own acts, from which you could not recover. Something was killed in your breast: burnt out, cauterised out. He had seen her [...]

1984:303-304⁶⁴

(1984:50): his responses to their requests are the first lies we hear him utter in the personal sphere ('They don't exist any longer', 1984:51), that is, the first signs of his life-in-language that, as we are tracing in this chapter, amounts to death.

⁶³O'Brien's citation ends with a reminder of the inevitability of one's words being overheard, read, re-cited:

[...] little by little. We cannot act collectively. We can only spread our knowledge outwards from individual to individual, generation after generation. *In the face of the Thought Police, there is no other way.*

1984:184. My emphasis

⁶⁴There is a textual problem, here, referred to by Davison in his notes to the *Complete Works* edition of 1984 as an 'intentional error or authorial idiosyncrasy' (1984, "Textual Note", 'list 4', p.340). When they are arrested, the lovers are separated, 'and' the text records, 'that was the last he saw of her' (1984:232). As we have seen, this is not true, indeed, its untruth is explicated by what amounts to a recitational denial of this sentence: the post-interrogation meeting we have been addressing begins '[h]e had seen here; he had even spoken to her.' We suggest, here, that this recitation is not an 'error' but a clarification, that the 'Julia' Winston meets is not the 'Julia' he has been separated from. We have seen the *revenant*-Julia's life-less-ness in her

Winston's phenomenological formulation of '2+2=4' has been his declaration of 'freedom', recurring throughout the text, until, in the Ministry of Love, O'Brien convinces him that it is as arbitrary as any linguistic formulation, as manipulable, and as impersonal⁶⁵. Just as Winston's putative phenomenology fails in the Ministry of Love because of its reliance on words, so is Julia's hedonistic denial of language's truth *her* downfall. Winston, educated before the Revolution, has risked everything for language's ability to somehow express and record truth, falling ultimately on the truth that '2+2=4'. Julia, educated under Ingsoc, has seen the falsity of its claims, but she has overgeneralised. She has assumed that everything put into language is fiction, from the books she produces to her doctrinal education, the Hate Film, Goldstein and the bombing of London. What is recalled is that she has said, in the face of the telescreen,

uncharacteristic, cliched, fatalistic utterances, in, that is, her lack of subjectivity and surrender to language. 'He had seen her' is prefaced by an explication of this removal of subjectivity:

Almost unconsciously he traced with his finger in the dust on the table:

$$2 + 2 = 5$$

'They can't get inside you,' she had said. But they could get inside you. 'What happens to you here is for ever,' O'Brien had said. That was a true word. There were things, your own acts, from which you could not recover. Something was killed in your breast: burnt out, cauterised out.

He had seen her [...]

1984:303-304

What 'happens to you here [in the Ministry of Love]' that is 'for ever' is this 'killing': what else could be 'for ever'? It is no more 'Julia' who emerges from interrogation than it is 'Winston' who accepts that '2 + 2 = 5'.

⁶⁵This is the first instance of '2+2=4':

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 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.

1984:84

Recourse to the language of mathematics is in accord with what we are calling Winston's phenomenology. Indeed, in its ultimate reliance on sensation and the 'absolute' laws of numbers, Winston's 'phenomenology' is recognisably Husserlian, circa *The Origin of Geometry*. The passage is prefaced by the following:

The face of O'Brien, not called up by any obvious association, had floated into his mind. [...] 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.

1984:84

Winston is right to foresee the downfall of his theory, and the face of O'Brien. He is anticipating, in form as well as content, the debate in the Ministry of Love, where O'Brien turns out to be the 'Party intellectual', who will deconstruct Winston's 'phenomenology', demonstrating that, at bottom, it is grounded in language, not experience, with what amounts to an insistence upon the arbitrariness of the signifier; 2+2 *can* equal 5, if this is how we name their sum:

the swift answer crushed him like a bludgeon. And yet he knew, he *knew*, that he was in the right. The belief that nothing exists outside your own mind - surely there must be some way of demonstrating that it was false? Had it not been exposed long ago as a fallacy? There was even a name for it, which he had forgotten. A faint smile twitched the corners of O'Brien's mouth as he looked down at him.

'I told you, Winston,' he said, 'that metaphysics is not your strong point. The word you are trying to think of is solipsism. But you are mistaken. This is not solipsism. Collective solipsism, if you like. But that is a different thing: in fact, the opposite thing.'

1984:278-279

This is, of course, the method by which Derrida deconstructs Husserl; see the former's *Edmund Husserl's "The Origin of Geometry", an Introduction*.

'It's the one thing they can't do. They can make you say anything - *anything* - but they can't make you believe it. They can't get inside you.'

1984:174

The Party's ability to 'kill something inside of you' by, in O'Brien's words, 'making true' your confession⁶⁶, was unforeseen by Julia because, conversely to Winston, she believed language and truth to be mutually exclusive. They are both mistaken, and now Julia echoes Winston's realisation that they 'could get inside you':

perhaps you might pretend, afterwards, that it was only a trick and that you just said it to make them stop and didn't really mean it. But that isn't true. At the time when it happens you do mean it. You think there's no other way of saving yourself, and you're quite ready to save yourself that way. You want it to happen to the other person. You don't give a damn what they suffer. All you care about is yourself.'

'All you care about is yourself,' he echoed.

1984:305

Their final conversation is a medley of such 'echoes' -

'And after that, you don't feel the same towards the other person any longer.'

'No,' he said, 'you don't feel the same.'

'I betrayed you,' she said baldly.

'I betrayed you,' he said.

'We must meet again,' he said.

'Yes,' she said, 'we must meet again.'

1984:306, 305, 306

This not only betrays the conventionality of two individuals once defined by their unconventionality, it does so by 'echoing', with bitter irony, what had once been their characteristic iterations, when they had characters to iterate:

'We are the dead,' he said.

'We're not dead yet,' said Julia prosaically.

1984:142

Julia dies the moment she abandons her own 'proper' language for that of another. When she shows that that is possible, it is possible for everything that happens in the Ministry of Love to happen, for all that happens there is that the heretic is given a confession, *and made to mean it*. The first time she 'echoed' another was

'We are the dead,' he said.

'We are the dead,' echoed Julia, dutifully.

'You are the dead,' said an iron voice behind them.

1984:230

When they first met, she mocked the reiterative method of her education, and the word/idea 'duty' specifically; by this 'dutiful' reiteration she surrenders to another, and becomes ready to do her 'duty to the Party'⁶⁷.

⁶⁶"All the confessions that are uttered here are true. we make them true" (1984:226).

⁶⁷It is in their long conversation, when Julia dismisses one-by-one the 'truths' in which Winston has believed, that she mocks 'duty' in the person of Winston's former wife and the ideology she subscribed to:

'She hated [sex], but nothing would make her stop doing it. She used to call it - but you'll never guess'

'Our duty to the Party,' said Julia promptly.

'How did you know that?'

'I've been at school too, dear. [...] They rub it into you for years. I dare say it works in a lot of cases. But of course you can never tell; people are such hypocrites.'

Winston speaks of 'something in your breast' being 'killed' in the Ministry of Love; that 'something' is the being, the distinctive self. This 'being', inasmuch as it is thought, is iterable, removable, changeable, amenable to being 'killed' and palimpsestically replaced by argument or ECT-assisted behaviourism with a fictional, conventional self you are made to mean:

the [nuclear traits of all writing] are valid not only for all orders of 'signs' and for all languages-in-general but moreover, beyond semiolinguistic communication, for the entire field of what philosophy would call experience, even the experience of being [...] ⁶⁸

Julia's 'self', what she has experienced as her being, has been her body, so it is this that is rewritten: Julia *embodies* death. The scene of their reunion recalls their first illicit meeting, in the pastoral 'Golden Country', indeed, Julia recalls it by 'deliberately' crushing a twig:

Presently they were in among a clump of ragged leafless shrubs, useless either for concealment or as protection from the wind. They halted. It was vilely cold. The wind whistled through the twigs and fretted the occasional, dirty-looking crocuses. He put his arm round her waist.

There was no telescreen, but there must be hidden microphones [...] She made no response whatever to the clasp of his arm; she did not even try to disengage herself. He knew now what had changed in her. Her face was sallow, and there was a long scar, partly hidden by the hair, across her forehead and temple; but that was not the change. It was that her waist had grown thicker, and, in a surprising way, had stiffened. He remembered how once, after the 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 flesh. Her body felt like that. It occurred to him that the texture of her skin would be quite different from what it had once been.

[...] She moved her clumsy shoe a few centimetres and deliberately crushed a twig. Her feet seemed to have grown broader, he noticed.

1984:304-305⁶⁹

The removal of her facial beauty is 'not the change': what sticks in Winston's memory is her waist. He knows, despite his interrogation and electro-convulsive therapy, that it is a palimpsest, an overwriting of what was there before. By focussing on her waist, their dead sexual relationship is brought to mind for the reader, too: Julia's waist is the iterable figure of her vitality and her sexual attractiveness. When the two first meet as lovers, in the Golden Country, cited in negative here, it is her waist that reveals her sexual nature⁷⁰, and, later, it is holding Julia's waist that puts Winston in mind of procreation, and brings him to the fact that

1984:139

⁶⁸Derrida, *SEC*:9

⁶⁹The recitation of the 'Golden Country' is unavoidable:

They had left the clearing and were wandering again through the chequered shade, with their arms round each other's waists whenever it was wide enough to walk two abreast. He noticed how much softer her waist seemed to feel now that the sash was gone. They did not speak above a whisper. Outside the clearing, Julia said, it was better to go quietly. Presently they had reached the edge of the little wood. She stopped him.

'Don't go out into the open. There might be some- one watching. We're all right if we keep behind the boughs.'

They were standing in the shade of hazel bushes. The sunlight, filtering through innumerable leaves, was still hot on their faces.

[...] Quickly, with an occasional crackle of twigs, they threaded their way back to the clearing. When they were once inside the ring of saplings she turned and faced him.

1984:129, 131

⁷⁰See previous note, '[h]e noticed how much softer her waist seemed to feel now that the sash was gone', etc.

they cannot 'live on' via children⁷¹. The reiteration of her waist, then, repeatedly picks up the first description of Julia:

He hated her because she was young and pretty and [...] 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.

1984:17. See above.

That is, it returns us to the stimulus for Winston's sado-masochistic fantasies towards her, for his wish to kill her, and by the Thought Police's methods⁷².

There is another citation infecting this subtextual chain of Julia's 'death', however. Feeling the *revenant* Julia's waist, as they walk through the barren limbo-landscape after being temporarily released from the Ministry of Love, Winston 'remembers' that he has once held a 'corpse', and that Julia's once-vital physicality resembles it. The only incident in the text recalled by this image is when Winston has dragged *Julia herself* 'out of some ruins'. In a remarkable 'neutral' documentary style (the whole, brief passage is effectively an aside), we are told of the 'rocket bomb', and of how Winston kisses Julia, believing her to be dead:

Just once in almost a month of nightly meetings they managed to exchange a kiss. They were passing in silence down a side-street (Julia would never speak when they were away from the main streets) when there was a deafening roar, the earth heaved and the air darkened, and Winston found himself lying on his side, bruised and terrified. A rocket bomb must have dropped quite near at hand. Suddenly he became aware of Julia's face a few centimetres from his own, deathly white, as white as chalk. Even her lips were white. She was dead! He clasped her against him and found that he was kissing a live warm face. But there was some powdery stuff that got in the way of his lips. Both of their faces were thickly coated with plaster.

1984:135

This is not what Winston recalls, then, from this inverted Golden Country, but the inverse of what he recalls: we are directed backward and forward through the text to compare life-that-looks-like-death and death-that-looks-like-life. The consequence is that the inner, spiritual death, the removal of the mark (here, the vital body, the slim waist) that defines a subject comes across as more grave than the simply physical death that leaves the mark intact.

3.5. The two subtextual traces of death

3.5.1. The Intimate Dead: Winston's Mother

Whom does Winston 'recognise' himself as, then, when he 'recognise[s] himself as a dead man'?

True to the Freudian psychology of 1984, Winston's most intimate experience of death relates to his mother: alternating throughout the text with his heretical/political reflections are a

⁷¹He held Julia's supple waist easily encircled by his arm. From the hip to the knee her flank was against his. Out of their bodies no child would ever come. That was one thing they could never do. Only by word of mouth, from mind to mind, could they pass on the secret.'(1984:228)

⁷²See above, '[h]e would flog her to death with a rubber truncheon', etc (1984:17). The guards in the Ministry of Love employ the method Winston hallucinates (see 1984:252). This foreboding enhances the irony of Winston's response to Julia's note to him: 'his intellect told him that the message probably meant death - still, that was not what he believed' (1984:113. He is, consciously at least, thinking of his own death.)

series of dream-inspired memories of her last days, returning from repression. These dreams begin the day after his first diary-entry, and are structured by it:

[in his dream] his mother was sitting in some place deep down beneath him, with his young sister in her arms. [...] Both of them were looking up at him. They were down in some subterranean place - the bottom of a well, for instance, or a very deep grave - but it was a place which, already far below him, was itself moving downwards. They were in the saloon of a sinking ship, looking up at him through the darkening water. There was still air in the 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 sight for ever. He was out in the light and air while they were being sucked down to death, and they were down there *because* he was up here. He knew it and they knew it, and he could see the knowledge in their faces. There was no reproach 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.

1984:31-32

[In the film Winston records in his diary] there was a middleaged woman might have been a jewess sitting up in the bow with a little 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.

1984:107³

Memories of this primary death, then, are triggered by the diary, by Winston 'formulat[ing] his thoughts' (1984:30), putting into his own words the events of the film.

This first entry is psychologically-driven, the result already of Winston unknowingly recognising an image for his mother's death⁷⁴. Indeed, unbeknownst to Winston's consciousness, in committing himself to 'death, or at least [...] twenty-five years in a forced-labour camp' (1984:8, see above), by opening it, he is re-enacting what he believes to be her fate. After his final dream of his mother's death, he realises what this was, and that 'until this moment [he] believed [he] had murdered' her (1984:167). What he brings to consciousness is that she was arrested, and her 'death' was in fact a 'disappearance' such as his will be, for opening the diary that has recalled her:

he came back his mother had disappeared. This was already becoming normal at that time. Nothing was gone from the room except his mother and his sister. They had not taken any clothes, not even his mother's overcoat. To this day he did not know with any certainty that his mother was dead. It was perfectly possible that she had merely been sent to a forced-labour camp.

1984:170-171⁷⁵

Here is the same 'know' we have seen in operation in chapter two. Winston has 'believed' his mother dead, but unconsciously 'known' all along - even at the moment of opening his diary - that this 'death' was undecidable.

⁷³See chapter 7. Essentially, the dying woman in the film that Winston records automatically, when he intends to transcribe events at the 'Two Minutes Hate', provides an imagistic language in which he can allow himself to think of his mother's fate. Winston's punctuation in this first entry reflects his newness to writing, and/or the 'automatic' process of writing without 'intention' (see 1984:11).

⁷⁴He did not know what had made him pour out this stream of rubbish' (1984:11). Given that he uses the narrative of the dying mother to describe his own dying mother (see chapter five), and in dreams, 'what made him' record it must be the closeness-of-fit of the two 'deaths'.

⁷⁵Winston's father, who has also disappeared, is never referred to as having 'died' (see 1984:31,168).

The reality of this death lay in her absence: for the returning son, she was dead. More than this, he deserted her, following an argument, on the day she was taken: he not only did not prevent her disappearance, but by leaving, he enacted it in advance in precisely the way Freud had seen his grandson enact it - in the '*fort/da*' game on which the 'death wish' is founded⁷⁶. Psychoanalytically, it is no wonder Winston founded a belief in his mother's death and in his responsibility for it on the moment this game-of-death became (traumatically) real⁷⁷. The strength of his belief that he had killed her outweighed in his psyche the likelihood of her imprisonment, of her merely being 'dead' in the sense of 'removed from the world', or, particularly, from him, her son.

Winston constructs a whole philosophy of death around his mother. Indeed, his 'responsibility' for her death is behind his idea of an *engrenage* of individuals passing on the truth in the face of thought control: his 'decision' to open the diary in order to carry on the 'continuity' of 'human heritage' (1984:30), so also to condemn himself to death - is ultimately the repayment of a debt incurred by 'killing' her:

[...] down there *because* he was up here. He knew it and they knew it, and he could see the knowledge in their faces. There was no reproach 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.

He could not remember what had happened, but he knew in his dream that in some way the lives of his mother and his sister had been sacrificed to his own. It was one of those dreams which, while retaining the characteristic dream scenery, are a continuation of one's intellectual life [...]

1984:32

He allies her death to 'the past' of free thought and of personal values, that is, he loads it with everything that has been removed by linguistic thought-control and the telescreen's imposed isolation:

The thing that now suddenly struck Winston was that his mother's death, nearly thirty years ago, had been tragic and sorrowful in a way that was no longer possible. Tragedy, he perceived, belonged to the ancient time, to a time when there was still privacy, love and friendship, and when the members of a family stood by one another without needing to know the reason. His mother's memory tore at his heart 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 to a conception of loyalty that was private and unalterable.

1984:32

This whole theory of tragic death, formulated on the first dream of his mother - when he 'believes' not only that she is dead but that he has 'murdered' her - is the foundation of his respect for the proles, for his belief that they alone are human⁷⁸. Yet, as we are seeing, it is

⁷⁶See *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*. We have argued in chapter two (with respect to 'hallucinations') that a Freudian psychoanalysis is 'proper' to 1984. This argument will be advanced in the next chapter's consideration of the 'oceanic sense'.

⁷⁷Winston's illusory 'responsibility' is implied from the first dream: his mother was 'down there', sinking in the ship of his imagination, '*because he was up here*' (1984:32. Original emphasis).

⁷⁸See 1984:172, where this theory is explicated in detail. There is a subtextual inkling of it much earlier, on p.73, where the 'sinking ship' image, that prompts Winston's memories (and to which, in the original film, a prole woman has objected on moral grounds that at the time Winston does not understand, p.11), is applied to the proles: 'two or three hundred women crowded round the stalls of a street market, with faces as tragic as though they had been the doomed passengers on a sinking ship.'

not based on a truth but on a psychologically-motivated belief. It is not even a romantic, 'tragic' view of death *per se*, but a coping-strategy for a child's guilt.

If this analysis seems severe, in reducing death to a personal separation, let us follow this subtext of Winston's 'dead' mother and Winston's proles. Repeatedly, Winston's romantic love for, and respect of the proles, collapse when he actually confronts them⁷⁹. This applies even after Winston's panegyric on the 'humanity' and 'sanity' of the proles. When he is arrested, Winston encounters 'common criminals' (1984:239) in the cellars of the Ministry of Love. The only one of these to speak with him is '[a]n enormous wreck of a woman, aged about sixty, with great tumbling breasts and thick coils of white hair which had come down in her struggles,' (1984:239). She is a drunken prole, who vomits 'copiously on the floor (ibid.);

She revived, turned to have another look at Winston, and seemed immediately to take a fancy to him. She put a vast arm round his shoulder and drew him towards her, breathing beer and vomit into his face.

'Wass your name, dearie?' she said.

'Smith,' said Winston.

'Smith?' said the woman. 'Thass funny. My name's Smith too. Why,' she added sentimentally. 'I might be your mother!'

ibid.

This appears to be no more than a grotesque, a parody of the no less 'sentimental' memories Winston has resurrected of his mother, and of her 'death'. Indeed, his mother's characteristic pose - re-cited with each dream - as a species of the holy mother, with infant in her arms, is satirically iterated when the guards 'dump' the old prole woman 'across Winston's lap, almost breaking his thigh-bones' (1984:239). Yet the response of the mourning son, confronted with not only a real prole, receptacle of humanity, but one claiming to be his long-dead mother, is free of sentiment and of the long-held 'belief' that his mother is dead:

She might, thought Winston, be his mother. She was about the right age and physique, and it was probable that people changed somewhat after twenty years in a forced-labour camp.

1984:240

'To this day', we have been told, 'he did not know with any certainty whether his mother was dead' (1984:171, above). Now it seems that his 'belief' in - and experience of - her 'death', on which he has hung so much, is not only false. For some time at least, it has been willfully false, a self-deception to avoid the possibility of her being alive, and being like this woman. In repressing her memory to be free of his guilt, Winston has 'murdered' his mother in his own mind, replacing her with a fictional image drawn from 'the mother', Mary⁸⁰. Her death,

⁷⁹Winston watched them disgustedly' (1984:73). Later, when an old prole's memories have turned to women, rather than the political truths Winston is seeking, he reflects,

'It was no use going on. He was about to buy some more beer when the old man suddenly got up and shuffled rapidly into the stinking urinal at the side of the room. The extra half-litre was already working on him. Winston sat for a minute or two gazing at his empty glass, and hardly noticed when his feet carried him out into the street again.'

1984:96

⁸⁰Beside having died-that-he-might-live, in an inescapable analogy of Christ-ian example, Winston's mother is constantly remembered as sitting with her child (his sister) on her lap (see, for example, 1984:170 - 'His mother drew her arm round the child and pressed its face against her breast'.)

that is, is constituted already in textualisation, in a determined memory that falsifies her life, albeit inevitably. As Winston has said, indicting Ingsoc's methodology;

[a]ll history was a palimpsest, scraped clean and re-inscribed as often as was necessary. In no case would it have been possible, once the deed was done, to prove that any falsification had taken place.

1984:42-43

The scene in the cellars of the Ministry of Love has already recalled the thoughts with which Winston sits down to open his diary:

The thing that he was about to do was to open a diary. This was not illegal (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-five years in a forced-labour camp.

1984:8

The cellars' very purpose and the word 'criminals' used to describe their inhabitants returns us to the conundrum of 'nothing being illegal'. Only here, on the occasion of this 'reunion' has he let slip his 'true' belief, that he may have fabricated her death, and she may have received almost the same punishment he anticipates⁸¹, 'twenty years in a forced-labour camp' (1984:240), as against his projected 'twenty-five'. Even in this most intimate of cases, and even if it is real, death amounts to isolation, removal-from-the-world. We shall see, in the next section, how such thinking may be derived from Winston's involvement with the deterministic linguistics of Ingsoc. Here, we have seen how it is grounded in personal experience: the reality of death is absence, and Winston is doing no more than re-enacting what he has long perceived as *his own* making-absent of his mother.

3.5.2 The Authorial Dead

Now we shall turn to the genealogy of the 'authorial dead', and find that not only does Ingsoc know that death is regulated by language and employ that knowledge to 'control the present'⁸², but that Winston Smith is actively involved in this control. It is *from* Ingsoc's prevailing linguistics that he has derived these meanings of 'death'; this is *what* we have seen him recognise in his own 'death'. We shall now see as *whom* Winston recognises himself, as

⁸¹If Winston's mother *did* receive 'twenty years', this woman's identification with her is not the most serious implication for the narrative. This 'Smith' is 'aged about sixty': 'three years ago' (p.66), that is, at a time when Winston would have expected his mother to be at liberty, he has been to a prostitute who, he realised was 'fifty years old at least' (p.72). The subtextual links between these three women are traced in chapter five.

⁸²Ingsoc's method is reduced to a reiterated slogan, which Anthony Wilden, in his analysis of 'thought control' in contemporary life, has dubbed 'The Media Rule' (in *The Naming of Parts and The Twentieth Century War*). 'The past', history *as it is written*, is constituted of 'dead men' who accord with the Party's ideology. The 'present' is thus 'controlled' linguistically: by 'thought control' which dictates what happens in the place of experience, and by removal of heretical thoughts and individuals who deny this 'truth' in favour of phenomena:

'There is a Party slogan dealing with the control of the past,' [O'Brien] said. 'Repeat it, if you please.'
 "'Who controls the past controls the future: who controls the present controls the past,'" repeated Winston obediently.

"'Who controls the present controls the past,'" said O'Brien, nodding his head with slow approval. 'Is it your opinion, Winston, that the past has real existence?'

Again the feeling of helplessness descended upon Winston. His eyes flitted towards the dial. He not only did not know whether 'yes' or 'no' was the answer that would save him from pain; he did not even know which answer he believed to be the true one.

we trace his experience of those the Thought Police have already 'killed' by superimposing their language and its ideology upon their own.

3.5.2.1 Withers and Ogilvy

Immediately before Winston 'recognises himself as a dead man', we read that '[h]e was a lonely ghost uttering a truth that nobody would ever hear'(1984:30). For his work at 'the *Times*' Winston creates dead men for a living. The 'ghost' reappears here. When Winston explicates his knowledge of the meaning of authorial death he also allies himself to these 'dead' by reiteration of their 'lives'. He is entrusted with the task of 'writing out of history' a disgraced 'comrade', Withers:

the words 'refs unpersons' [...] indicated that Withers was already dead. You could not invariably assume this to be the case when people were arrested. Sometimes they were released and allowed to remain at liberty for as much as a year or two years before being executed. Very occasionally some person whom you had believed dead long since would make a *ghostly* re-appearance at some public trial where he would implicate hundreds of others by his testimony before vanishing, this time for ever. Withers, however, was already an *unperson*. He did not exist: he had never existed.

1984:48⁸³

As we have seen in the previous chapter, Winston is indeed a 'heretic' being 'allowed to remain at liberty' by the Thought Police. His 'ghost' is an apt expression, then: he, too, is a *revenant*, one allowed to return to the scene of life but not to live insofar as he cannot 'leave his mark', have any effect upon the world, communicate with others, be heard, etc.

The report that makes mention of Withers is to be changed because it refers to 'non-existent persons' (p.47), that is, it is regarded as a fiction because it is, *in fact*, true. To 'rectify' the report, Winston 'invents' Comrade Ogilvy, a non-existent person who, palimpsestically, comes into existence by being written just as Withers ceases to exist by being rubbed out:

Comrade Ogilvy, unimagined an hour ago, was now a fact. It struck him as curious that you could create dead men but not living ones. Comrade Ogilvy, who had never existed in the present, now existed in the past, and when once the act of forgery was forgotten, he would exist just as authentically, and on the same evidence, as Charlemagne or Julius Caesar.

1984:50

This fictionalisation of history is an inescapable reality (for Orwell as well as for Winston⁸⁴). In 1984, it is the reality against which Winston has no argument when he is attempting to

⁸³I have emphasised 'ghostly'. The only other iteration of the word 'ghost' in the novel is attached to Charrington. As a member of the Thought Police, he *purposively* fulfils the criteria of the 'dead' in order to attract Winston and gain his confidence - he is alone, attached to the past, is living beyond his 'proper' time, and is *incommunicado*:

[h]e led a ghostlike existence between the tiny, dark shop and an even tinier back kitchen where he prepared his meals and which contained, among other things, an unbelievably ancient gramophone with an enormous horn. *He seemed glad of the opportunity to talk.*

1984:157. My emphasis

⁸⁴I saw troops who had fought bravely denounced as cowards and traitors, and others who had never seen a shot fired hailed as heroes of imaginary victories, and I saw newspapers in London retailing these lies and eager intellectuals building emotional superstructures over events that had never happened. I saw, in fact, history being written not in terms of what happened but of what ought to have happened according to various 'party lines'. [...] the chances are that those lies, or at any rate similar lies, will pass into history. [...] What is

transcribe the 'truth' in his diary. Alongside our other understandings of his 'death' in the moment of that action, then, we must add this one: that the 'Winston Smith' he transcribes is 'a dead man' in the same way that Ogilvy is, that is, he is a creation of the page, of history. '[H]e would exist just as authentically, and on the same evidence, as Charlemagne or Julius Caesar.' The authorial dead, then, are Winston's *milieu*, the materials with which he creates history. Their names are his lexicon.

3.5.2.2. Goldstein

The text's first instance of 'living death', of the inability to speak for one's words which makes them amenable to be palimpsestically written over, is its *archi*-instance, Goldstein. He recurs throughout the text as its figure, until the process is finally explicated by O'Brien in the Ministry of Love:

'You have read *the book*, Goldstein's book, or parts of it, at least. Did it tell you anything that you did not know already?'

'You have read it?' said Winston.

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

1984:274

We have seen this 'as you know' at work in chapter two. We shall now show that Winston - as our tracing of his work would imply - 'knows' the 'truth' about Goldstein, but holds it in abeyance, just as he knows and holds in abeyance the 'truth' about his own 'book', the diary, and its destination⁸⁵.

It is only after recording the events of the Two Minutes Hate that Winston 'recognise[s]' himself as a dead man: Goldstein is the subject of this 'Hate'. He has been a living individual, indeed one 'almost on a level with Big Brother himself' in the Party, but his *being* has faded from memory in the face of his fictional reiteration⁸⁶. Despite being the 'the enemy of the people', 'Condemned to death' for his hereticisms years before the narrative begins, Goldstein is nonetheless, according to Party orthodoxy, 'still alive' in '1984'. He has never been *unpersoned*, as Withers has. His propaganda value lies in his fictionally living-on as the 'author' of all heresies, and he can be held indefinitely in this *abyss*. Yet 'his' words and re-iterable images are spoken on a film manifestly crafted by the Party⁸⁷; the propagandist's technique is explicated even while Winston admits he is moved to react to the 'Hate Film'⁸⁸:

peculiar to our own age is the abandonment of the idea that history *could* be truthfully written [...] "Looking Back on the Spanish War" (Autumn, 1942), *CEJLII/41:294-296*.

⁸⁵'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 of memory.' (1984:29)

⁸⁶'Goldstein was the renegade and backslider who once, long ago (how long ago, nobody quite remembered), had been one of the leading figures of the Party, almost on a level with Big Brother himself, and then had engaged in counter-revolutionary activities, had been condemned to death and had mysteriously escaped and disappeared.' (1984:13)

⁸⁷'Somewhere or other he was still alive and hatching his conspiracies' (1984:13). The appropriability of writing-in-general is demonstrated by the propagandic use of Goldstein's appearance and non-verbal communications:

The programmes of the Two Minutes Hate varied from day to day, but there was none in which Goldstein was not the principal figure. He was the primal traitor, the earliest defiler of the Party's purity. All subsequent crimes against the Party, all treacheries, acts of sabotage, heresies, deviations, sprang directly out of his teaching. [...] He was abusing Big Brother, he was denouncing the dictatorship of the Party, he was demanding the immediate conclusion of peace with Eurasia, he was advocating freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly, freedom of thought, he was crying hysterically that the revolution had been betrayed - and all this in rapid polysyllabic speech which was a sort of parody of the habitual style of the orators of the Party, and even contained Newspeak words: more Newspeak words, indeed, than any Party member would normally use in real life. And all the while, *lest one should be in any doubt as to the reality which Goldstein's specious claptrap covered*, behind his head on the telescreen there marched the endless columns of the Eurasian army [...]

1984:13-15. My emphasis

With bitter irony, Goldstein is made to speak authentically heretical words about dangerous freedoms, and to speak them in Newspeak, language of the Party, but (validating Winston's observation about the impossibility of communicating such thoughts - 1984:9) his audience do not 'listen to' him. This archetypal heretic, then, is, from the start, an ostensive fiction.

Winston empathises with this 'primal traitor' during the 'Hate', in terms which he will come to identify with himself: 'his heart went out to the lonely, derided heretic on the screen, sole guardian of *truth* and *sanity* in a world of lies' (1984:16-17. My emphasis). As with Withers, the Winston-Goldstein identification is made by the lexicon of the narrative. Winston's diary exists as a discourse *on* truth and sanity, to 'utter a truth' so that Winston can 'stay sane' (1984:30).

Winston, though, in allying himself with this living-dead heretic by writing of freedom, not only admits his own fate, but that 'unofficial' history under Ingsoc is as reiterative as official history, and that it is written by the same 'historians'. When he reads Goldstein's book, he finds Goldstein, in fact, to be writing his, Winston's, thoughts, and so exactly that he feels he can anticipate Goldstein's conclusions⁸⁹. We have seen that Winston turns out to have 'known' that these conclusions are scripted by O'Brien *et al.* That is, in reiterating this text-Goldstein, which rubs out and writes over the real, historical figure, he knows it is already a reiteration, a compilation of heresies-as-iterable-as-'truth', intended to inspire emulation. Whatever Winston thinks has already been thought:

Goldstein and his heresies will live for ever. Every day, at every moment, they will be defeated, discredited, ridiculed, spat upon - and yet they will always survive.

1984:281

It was a lean Jewish face, with a great fuzzy aureole of white hair and a small goatee beard - a clever face, and yet somehow inherently despicable, with a kind of senile silliness in the long thin nose near the end of which a pair of spectacles was perched. It resembled the face of a sheep, and the voice, too, had a sheeplike quality.

1984:14

⁸⁸Julia later admits that she recognises Goldstein's fictionality, even while being the most vigorous participant in the 'Hate' (1984:159)

⁸⁹'If there was hope, it lay in the proles! Without having read to the end of the book, he knew that that must be Goldstein's final message.(1984:229)

We have seen, in the previous chapter, the conventions of Winston's heretical behaviour to be scripted in advance by the Thought Police, how much more literally can this idea apply to *written* heresies?

Immediately upon recognising Goldstein as the 'sole guardian of truth', there is a crisis in Winston's thought that anticipates his collapse and O'Brien's triumph in the Ministry of Love:

...in a world of lies. And yet the very next instant he was at one with the people about him, and all that was said of Goldstein seemed to him to be true. At those moments his secret loathing of Big Brother changed into adoration, and Big Brother seemed to tower up, an invincible, fearless protector, standing like a rock against the hordes of Asia, and Goldstein, in spite of his 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 civilisation.

1984:17

Winston's thought turns, then, on the truth-of-language. Winston has grown up before the revolution, and intermittently remembers a time when 'thought was free'⁹⁰. In a *moire* with this past self, though, he is also seduced, in his present role as fictionaliser of history, by the idea that 'truth' is what everyone believes ('collective solipsism', O'Brien will call it, 1984:279). It is the linguistic nature of this 'truth' that reconciles the agrammatical observation, here: 'all that was said about Goldstein,' 'in spite of [...] the doubt that hung about his very existence' 'seemed to be true'. This is the fictional truth of Ingsoc, the idea that what is announced as so and accepted as so, *is so*:

'Then there is such a person as Goldstein?' he said.
'Yes, there is such a person, and he is alive. Where, I do not know.'

Winston/ O'Brien, 1984:179

Winston's *moire* of common sense/thought control reflects that of soldier/journalist Orwell, in Spain⁹¹

It is no wonder, then, that Winston both recognises the artificiality of Goldstein as a creation of the language of Party, and identifies with this 'lonely, derided heretic' (1984:16). His own language, as we have seen, is provided by the Party. He 'knows' that, like the film of Goldstein, 'no book is produced individually', that even his diary is an intertextual *collage* formed from the language of Ingsoc. In Goldstein he recognises his 'death', his remove-from-reality by the language of the prevailing ideology; when he writes a book he recognises it as no more than a first draft of '*the book, Goldstein's book*'. He is dead because the words

⁹⁰The diary, we must recall is dedicated to '*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.*' (1984:30. My emphasis) In 'the past', Winston did not live alone, but *en famille*, and, as he realises, the death of his mother and his part in the events that led to it, were 'tragic and sorrowful in a way that was no longer possible', [t]ragedy, he perceived, belonged to the ancient time' (1984:32). That is, it could not 'be undone' by mere linguistic fabrication. The Shakespearian language of the diary's dedication pays *homage* to such tragedy - Lady Macbeth's 'What's done is done' (*Macbeth*, III,ii,11) at the same time revealing its encapsulation by literary convention.

⁹¹"Looking Back on the Spanish War" begins '[f]irst of all the physical memories', but goes on to an analysis of 'a nightmare world in which the Leader, or some ruling clique, controls not only the future but *the past*.' 'This prospect', concludes Orwell, 'frightens me more than bombs': at the start of 1984, long before we know what it entails, Winston notes '[t]he Ministry of Love was the really frightening one' ("Looking Back on the Spanish War" (Autumn, 1942), *CEJLII/41:286,297*, 1984:6).

with which he attempts to communicate are not his own. Not only will no one listen to him, or hear him, but 'he' will not be present in the words he appropriates to write. There is an inevitable sense, then, in which Goldstein is the 'dead man' Winston 'recognises' himself as: a model, readymade by the Party, for his role as guardian of 'truth and sanity'.

3.5.2.3 Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford I

Winston's diary, then, recalls the stories of other 'dead' men, that is, other men who, though living-on in language, have no phenomenal existence. This recollection is intertextual: words such as 'ghost', or phrases such as 'truth and sanity', cite the embedded narratives in which they originate. We argue that this is a structural mimesis of intertextuality-proper, that, by directing the reader to other narratives *within* the novel, *1984* performs the gesture *mise en abîme*, of directing the reader to whole other texts. References to our final internally-intertextual 'dead men' exemplify this gesture; as we shall see in the next chapter, the incident of Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford, recalls (among other things) a subtext of Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*. Winston remembers their story, and that he saw them seven years earlier, in *1984*'s opening section. He then recalls, by intertextual citation, this memory, when, in the closing pages of *1984*, he is re-enacting their story.

In a diary-entry, between transcribing a Party history book and realising the unreconstructed past is unavailable, and forming the 'truth' '2+2=4', Winston recalls the only 'evidence' he considers himself to have seen of the falsification of the past⁹². It is not his own work, but an 'accident', that of the re-appearance of a *photograph* of three dead men - Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford⁹³:

Everything faded into mist. The past was erased, the erasure was forgotten, the lie became truth. Just once in his life he had possessed - *after* the event: that was what counted - concrete, unmistakable evidence of an act of falsification. He had held it between his fingers for as long as thirty seconds.

1984:78

Words are timeless, their provenance cannot be proved (least of all in a state that rewrites its newspapers). Holding a photograph, on the other hand, not only proves that the dead once existed, but that their death - in all the senses we have been discussing - has occurred.

The memory of this photograph sends Winston on a reverie of recollection. Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford, he recalls, were early revolutionaries; Winston recalls that they pre-dated Big Brother himself, but, in the absence of unreconstructed histories, and in the presence of reconstructed ones, he cannot be sure of this (*1984:79*). When Goldstein 'fled' to live on abroad (and in Party fictions), these men were 'purged', that is, they were arrested, interrogated, made to sign fictional confessions, and nominally 'freed' for a time, before being re-arrested and executed. It is during this last period of their lives that Winston recalls seeing the three men in the flesh, on public display outside the Chestnut Tree Cafe.

⁹²*1984:75-84.*

⁹³See previous chapter for an account of this 'accident'.

If Goldstein 'lives on' as a magnet for heretics and source of their concerns, Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford exist already as a 'warning' of the fate of the heretic: their story, indeed, is a fiction created by Ingsoc for this very purpose (1984:81). Yet Winston re-enacts their fate, as we may say, to the letter. He is aware, that is, not only of their physical execution for hereticism - the ostensive 'warning' for which the Party keeps their story on record - but of every detail of the case, even the detail of their 'authorial death' and suspended life.

His recollection explicates the 'death' involved⁹⁴. The three men, Winston recalls, having confessed to a string of impossible crimes, had temporarily been allowed to return to public life, and been 're-instated in the Party and given posts which were in fact sinecures but which sounded important' (1984:79). That is, they had been removed from public life only to be brought back, re-cited as their former selves, in the flesh, as it were, but with no authorial control.

This *revenge* extends to the present, that is, long after their physical death:

Even now, at long intervals, [Rutherford's] cartoons were appearing in the *Times*. They were simply an imitation of his earlier manner, and curiously lifeless and unconvincing. Always 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 back into the past.

⁹⁴The passage is too long to quote in full here. It extends from p.78 to p.82 of *1984*, and amounts to a carefully detailed account of the life of the *revenant* that Winston and Julia will lead. For easy reference, here are its essential points:

The story really began in the middle 'sixties, the period of the great purges in which the original leaders of the Revolution were wiped out once and for all. [...] Among the last survivors were three men named Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford. It must have been in 1965 that these three had been arrested. As often happened, they had vanished for a year or more, so that one did not know whether they were alive or dead, and then had suddenly been brought forth to incriminate themselves in the usual way. They had confessed to intelligence with the enemy [...] embezzlement of public funds, the murder of various trusted Party members, intrigues against the leadership of Big Brother which had started long before the Revolution happened, and acts of sabotage causing the deaths of hundreds of thousands of people. After confessing to these things they had been pardoned, reinstated in the Party and given posts which were in fact sinecures but which sounded important. All three had written long, abject articles in the *Times*, analysing the reasons for their defection and promising to make amends.

Some time after their release Winston had actually seen all three of them in the Chestnut Tree Cafe. [...] They were men far older than himself, relics of the ancient world, almost the last great figures left over from the heroic early days of the Party. The glamour of the underground struggle and the civil war still faintly clung to them. He had the feeling, though already at that time facts and dates were growing blurry, that he had known their names years earlier than he had known that of Big Brother. But also they were outlaws, enemies, untouchables, doomed with absolute certainty to extraction within a year or two. No one who had once fallen into the hands of the Thought Police ever escaped in the end. They were corpses waiting to be sent back to the grave.

There was no one at any of the tables nearest to them. It was not wise even to be seen in the neighbourhood of such people. They were sitting in silence before glasses of the gin flavoured with cloves which was the speciality of the cafe. Of the three, it was Rutherford whose appearance had most impressed Winston. Rutherford had once been a famous caricaturist, whose brutal cartoons had helped to inflame popular opinion before and during the Revolution. Even now, at long intervals, his cartoons were appearing in the *Times*. They were simply an imitation of his earlier manner, and curiously lifeless and unconvincing. Always 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 back into the past. [...]

A little later all three were re-arrested. It appeared that they had engaged in fresh conspiracies from the very moment of their release. At their second trial they confessed to all their old crimes over again, with a whole string of new ones. They were executed, and their fate was recorded in the Party histories, a warning to posterity.

That is, the texts of these men live on, but they have been appropriated by the Party and rewritten in accord with the prevailing ideology (in the history book, four pages of 1984 earlier, we see the Party's use of the top-hat semiotic to encapsulate capitalism's evils⁹⁵). The separation of the mark from its 'author' takes place in the instant of writing or drawing. The reiteration of the mark subsequently enables the Party to 'recite' its 'original' author, in his absence; that 'absence' applies when he is alive, and politically restrained from speaking for his mark, and continues to apply after his physical death, which is only incidental to it. Living-on as fictional entities of history, the three men cannot 'live on' as themselves; *every* mark they made in their lifetime has been palimpsestically rewritten.

Thus far, Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford demonstrate no more than Withers/Ogilvy and Goldstein have: that writing is loss-of-self, and that Winston recognises this the moment he writes, and re-enacts these other heretics putting-oneself into words. However, this final example is different. In the previous chapter, we showed that the 'accidental' delivery of the picture to Winston that 'brought them back' was no accident. Here we see what it demonstrated. By delivering the photograph to Winston, the Party recites its greatest triumph, that of taking men known as intellectuals and having them 'speak' its words. When he is being interrogated, Winston is shown by O'Brien the same photograph of the three men that has initially recalled them to mind, seven years earlier (1984:259). Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford are constantly brought back to demonstrate precisely that, by reiteration, one *can be* brought back, endlessly, and yet never have lived, if living is leaving one's 'proper' mark. Ahead of his diary, yet when he is already behaving heretically (see previous chapter for the chronology of events discussed here), Winston is 'warned' not only that death follows from transgression, but that 'thoughtcrime *IS* death'. He is warned that what will happen when he writes is that he will finally lose himself to the control of the Party. Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford are provided by Ingsoc to demonstrate the *reality* of death-in-language, that is execution-by-fictionality, to demonstrate that to be ceaselessly misrepresented is 'more frightening' than death alone. Even if the men's crimes were believed, if they were not *a priori* tainted with the brush of fiction because of their scope, the length of time they went undetected, and general implausibility, they would be unrecriminable. The warning is of the punishment alone. All that we have detailed here under the rubric of 'death' is shown to Winston to be at stake if he, or any reader under Ingsoc's 'posterity', transgresses.

3.5.2.3.1. Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford II

⁹⁵Winston copies into his diary a passage from a child's history-book:

These rich men were called capitalists. They were fat, ugly men with wicked faces, like the one in the picture on the opposite page. You can see that he is dressed in a long black coat which was called a frock coat, and a queer, shiny hat shaped like a stovepipe, which was called a top hat. This was the uniform of the capitalists, and no one else was allowed to wear it.

The particularity of the story of Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford lies in its being unmistakably recited *after* Winston's arrest and interrogation. That is, after he has capitulated to the idea of the 'mutability of the past', by, in part, the example of the photograph of the three men, which has been again destroyed by O'Brien and made never to have existed. After this capitulation, then, Winston recalls the *original*, unreconstructed story, the story-of-the-story of their fictionalisation. *1984*, we argue, thus suggests that whichever what has been rewritten is available to memory, so is the fact of its having been rewritten, and so, therefore, is the 'original'. This internal intertextuality is what we are taking as the structural mimesis of *1984's* intertextuality *per se*.

In the period we have called Winston's 'living death', his period of *revenge*, during which he realises that 'something in [his] breast' has been 'killed', and he awaits death-proper, Winston sits at the Chestnut Tree Cafe:

Something changed in the music that trickled from the telescreen. A cracked and jeering note, a yellow note, came into it. And then - perhaps it was not happening, perhaps it was only a memory taking on the semblance of sound - a voice was singing:

Under the spreading chestnut tree
I sold you and you sold me---

The tears welled up in his eyes. A passing waiter noticed that his glass was empty and came back with the gin bottle.

1984:307

What is this 'memory', so strong that it cannot be decidedly distinguished from 'reality'? It is the memory of the three men, who 220 pages, and seven years, ago, had sat here, playing chess and drinking gin, and crying:

A tinny music was trickling from the telescreens. The three men sat in their corner almost motionless, never speaking. Uncommanded, the waiter brought fresh glasses of gin. There was a chessboard on the table beside them, with the pieces set out but no game started. And then, for perhaps half a minute in all, something happened to the telescreens. The tune that they were playing changed, and the tone of the music changed too. There came into it - but it was something hard to describe. It was a peculiar, cracked, braying, jeering note: in his mind Winston called it a yellow note. And then a voice from the telescreen was singing:

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

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

1984:80-81

We spoke in the previous chapter of the 'indirect discourse' of the narrative 'betraying' Winston's thoughts⁹⁶. We suggest that such a betrayal occurs here: '*in his mind*' Winston

⁹⁶The conspicuous point of leakage in *1984* from what is called Winston's 'interminable restless monologue' (1984:9) to the narrative is the word 'gelatinous':

Winston was gelatinous with fatigue. Gelatinous was the right word. It had come into his head spontaneously.

1984:186.

Fowler (1995) notes that this crossover of narrative levels-of-discourse connects Winston with Orwell's earlier 'heroes', Gordon Comstock and George Bowling (p.188).

'called' the 'peculiar, cracked, braying, jeering note' played to Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford, 'a yellow note'. When the music is played to Winston, when it is he who has 'sold' or confessed, the join between the "narrator's" adjectives and Winston's one is seamless:

A cracked and jeering note, a yellow note, came into it.

1984:307⁹⁷

What Winston is made to re-enact, then, as he sits outside the Chestnut Tree Cafe, is not physical but spiritual death, betrayal - of his ideas, and of Julia. The 'yellow' note, the note of cowardice not instead of, but as the price of death, is followed by a song which is undecidably 'real'. Is it played to him, or does he superimpose it, is he allied with the dead, or allying himself with the dead:

*Under the spreading chestnut tree
I sold you and you sold me----*

1984:307

The song definitely occurred seven years ago, when it was played to the three men, and mocked their 'selling out'.

Winston is citing the three men's 'story' - not only the official version of it, but his professional and personal memory of it - by unconsciously reiterating a lexical item that belongs to it, in the context of a song that forms part of it. The passage Winston is recalling ends thus:

[...] he saw that his eyes were full of tears. And for the first time he noticed, with a kind of inward shudder, and yet not knowing at what he shuddered, that both Aaronson and Rutherford had broken noses.

A little later all three were re-arrested. It appeared that they had engaged in fresh conspiracies from the very moment of their release. At their second trial they confessed to all their old crimes over again, with a whole string of new ones. They were executed, and their fate was recorded in the Party histories, a warning to posterity. [...]

1984:81

What Winston shudders at is the foreboding of his own 'fate'; what he recalls to the reader's mind is its inevitability. The broken nose is the imprint of the figure of power in 1984: the 'boot in a human face - *for ever*' that O'Brien ultimately suggests to Winston is the 'picture of the future' (1984:280)⁹⁸. Evidently, from this unknowable inner recognition, Winston has 'pictured' the future so, in the most intimate sense. When Winston recites the three men, it is because his physical fate has stimulated this memory: his nose is, indeed, broken⁹⁹; he has confessed under torture to impossible crimes, as they have, indeed his confession resembles

⁹⁷'Yellow' similarly links Julia's face, when she falls and hands Winston her 'I love you' note, to the moment of her arrest (1984:111, 230/232). Beside these references, and with one notable exception, it is not emotionally-coloured, but conventional: it refers to what the pages of the diary and, later, Winston's clothes have become with age (1984:8), to the colour of Eurasian faces, including Martin's (1984:121, 177), to lemons (1984:153) and to the sun (1984:150, 200) and electric lights (1984:251). These seem to be clichéd usages which have survived the allying 'yellow' to 'disturbing' in Winston's psyche and the subsequent 'colouring' of the objectivity of the text's imagistic language. The one remaining use of the word in the text does evidence a certain such allegiance: it is the colour of the teeth of the rats in Room 101 (1984:299).

⁹⁸See next chapter for an analysis of this figure's subtextuality and intertextuality in 1984.

⁹⁹He moved closer to the glass. [...] A forlorn, jailbird's face with a nobby forehead running back into a bald scalp, a crooked nose and battered-looking cheekbones above which the eyes were fierce and watchful.[...]' (1984:284).

theirs¹⁰⁰; he too is allowed a period of 'living death', spent in between the Chestnut Tree Cafe and a 'sinecure' in a government Ministry¹⁰¹. The three men have undergone the killing of 'something inside', but, beyond that, Winston's death in the strict sense of the word is also foreseen-in-memory:

they were outlaws, enemies, untouchables, doomed with absolute certainty to extinction within a year or two. No one who had once fallen into the hands of the Thought Police ever escaped. In the end. They were corpses waiting to be sent back to the grave.

1984:79

Despite, by '1984', their finally having been killed, their words (and Rutherford's cartoons) are constantly rewritten; to 'live on' in words that are not only not theirs, but that counter their own intentions is what it means to enter history.

We have suggested that the 'dead' whom Winston encounters in his professional life provide the theoretical framework for his reflections, that it is they whom he recognises himself as when he 'recognises himself as a dead man'. If he is emulating them, given his privileged professional capacity to know of them, years before his own death, do they not also provide him with a foreboding? Could he not heed the 'warning'? We have suggested in the previous chapter that Winston's transgression of Thought Police lines is not reducible to or explicable by political motives, but is, in fact, an unconscious impulse, born of the need to communicate his 'secret thoughts'¹⁰². At the end, via the telescreen, the diary, and the interrogation in the

¹⁰⁰[Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford]

had confessed to intelligence with the enemy (at that date, too, the enemy was Eurasia), *embezzlement of public funds*, the *murder of various trusted Party members*, intrigues against the leadership of Big Brother which had started long before the Revolution happened, and acts of *sabotage* causing the deaths of hundreds of thousands of people.

1984:78-79

He became simply a mouth that uttered, a hand that signed, whatever was demanded of him. His sole concern was to find out what they wanted him to confess, and then confess it quickly, before the bullying started anew. *He confessed to the assassination of eminent Party members*, the distribution of seditious pamphlets, *embezzlement of public funds*, sale of military secrets, *sabotage* of every kind. He confessed that he had been a spy in the pay of the Eastasian government as far back as 1968.

1984:254

I have emphasised the recitations of the earlier 'confession'. We may also note that the date in Winston's confession is the date of Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford's (see 1984:81 'About five years after this, in 1973, Winston was unrolling a wad of documents [...]').

¹⁰¹'After confessing to these things they had been pardoned, reinstated in the Party and given posts which were in fact sinecures but which sounded important.' (1984:79), 'He even had a job, a sinecure [...]. He had been appointed to a sub-committee of a sub-committee which had sprouted from one of the innumerable committees dealing with minor difficulties that arose in the compilation of the Eleventh Edition of the Newspeak Dictionary. They were engaged in producing something called an Interim Report, but what it was that they were reporting on he had never definitely found out' (1984:302,307).

¹⁰²The phrase 'secret thoughts' occurs on p.178 of 1984. The diary is begun to channel Winston's 'thoughts', which, 'allowed [...] to wander' tend to 'suicidal impulses' such as returning him to Charrington's shop (1984:97). The 'moment' Winston returns home to open his diary by recording is the non-linguistic transmission of 'thoughts' between himself and O'Brien (1984:19). As we are seeing, it is the recording of his 'thoughts' about this moment that bring home to Winston the realities of his 'death' (1984:30). Despite these realities of textual and physical death, Winston not only pursues his thoughts, but directs them, consciously, via the diary as well unconsciously, via the telescreen, to O'Brien; the diary 'took its colour from that fact' (1984:94). From the start, O'Brien is identified as 'a person that you could talk to', rather than a fellow-heretic (1984:13); this fact is recorded in the diary, as O'Brien himself recalls (1984:271).

Ministry of Love, he has communicated them, and, having realised his desire, has died. Such a motivation is not amenable to the 'warning' of Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford, even if such a warning encompasses not only death but removal-from and reappropriation-by language. It is one thing to wish to submit to annihilation, another to be kept 'alive' beyond it, physically for some time, and in the language potentially for ever. In the end, what is this 'death wish', then, but writing, writing in the knowledge of the very disappearance-in-language, or 'death' the act entails?

3.6. Conclusion

The reader, then, is directed backwards and forwards throughout the text to trace the significances of these 'dead men'; as role-models, as warnings, as explications of what 'death', in Oceania, means. They are also examples in another sense: for Winston, who allies himself with them, they are representatives of what could be an endless line stretching back through time of misrepresented 'heroes'. In more than one way, this iteration continues beyond the text's nominal boundaries.

We have traced, then, what we can call 1984's 'deconstruction' of death: we have seen what is at bottom of the reiterated ungrammaticality of 'we are the dead', and why this image originates with Winston Smith's writing. In the introduction to this chapter, we suggested there was a seriousness to this apparently frivolous metaphor. This was the idea that 1984, by this reiteration, allied itself with 'concentration camp literature', the 'political writing' against and under totalitarian conditions that *in reality* leads to death. As we have seen, its discussion of authorial death goes beyond the idea of being condemned to death *for* writing against the prevailing ideology, toward an explication of the idea that such writing *is* death. The 'political' author will not be read, or understood - indeed, under a deterministic linguistics, which need not be *Newspeak*, he will be unable to write, as we understand the term. Without the ability to leave a mark that countervails 'official' language, one ceases to exist *when* one attempts to communicate by doing so.

In the introduction to this chapter, we suggested that 1984's hope, is that, despite their rewriting, the dead are not only recalled, and recalled as that-which-has-been-rewritten, but are recalled as *that-within-them-which-has-been-rewritten*. The mark, in other words, survives palimpsestic rewriting, like a 'magic writing pad'¹⁰³. We have seen Winston, after ECT and catechismic re-education, recall Julia via a citation of her waist. We have seen him recall the whole story of Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford; not only the Party fiction of their lives, but his own memory of their 'truth'. Riffaterre suggests that intertextual citation is *the method* of retracing the past, despite the palimpsestic rewriting it necessarily involves¹⁰⁴. We

¹⁰³The 'magic' or 'mystic' writing-pad, an apparatus capable of being 'written over' and, at the same time, of retaining the original trace, is Freud's analogy for the repressive mechanism. In "Freud and The Scene of Writing", Derrida 'deconstructs' the 'apparatus' as a model for writing-in-general.

¹⁰⁴See "Compulsory Reader Response"

argue that *1984* subscribes to this 'method', and that the subtext or 'internal intertext' we have traced here not only indicates other texts in which 'death' has been involved with writing, but that, by centring on a removable-from-history picture of dead or fictionally alive men, it refers to a particular text by precisely this method. That is, Winston's way of keeping the originals of 'Julia' or of 'Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford' 'alive', by reciting them, as a story, and returning us to them, is *1984*'s way of keeping its intertexts 'alive' in an unreconstructed state. The particular text in which political heretics' lives are seen to be controlled by their semioses is *Darkness at Noon*, an earlier, *authentic* novel of authorial death.

The writing-out-of-history of Goldstein, and of Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford is as serious as life itself¹⁰⁵: Meyers and Deutscher both see in this episode a reference to Stalin's rewriting of history¹⁰⁶. What is to prevent us from tracing this protocol directly to this 'reality'? Firstly, by its nature - constantly falsifying itself and obscuring its falsification - such 'reality' is unavailable: if it is successful, we can never know it happened, let alone refer to it. 'If the Leader says of such and such an event, "It never happened" - well, it never happened'¹⁰⁷. Secondly, as we have seen, *1984* concerns broader questions of authorship, authenticity and the 'living on' of individuals, as well as of objective 'history' itself. Trotsky will not be the last author to be misrepresented; this thesis is written against the reductionist approach that would read *1984* as allegorical of any one historical despotism. As we have seen, if the problematic of the falsification of history, of living only on the page, has an 'origin' for Orwell, it is not to be found in Russia, but in Spain, and it has not stopped, indeed *1984* argues that it cannot. The dystopia is too easily removed from the real world when it is consigned to 'history'.

In the next chapter, then, we shall trace a protocol through the internal intertext of Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford to the text in which the 'deaths' that took place under Stalin are seen to be not the origin, but the working-out of what we are calling 'authorial death'. *DatN* not only commemorates authors who have unintentionally 'died in silence' under totalitarian conditions, but recognises, in those who *have* written, the linguistic constraints - of inherent fictionality, iterability and appropriability - we are addressing. It is our suggestion *1984*

¹⁰⁵This 'seriousness' of fictional history, this inseparability in writing of 'truth' and 'fiction', is the concern of post-structural writing, and infects it as it infects *1984*. Thus Barthes' prefatory comments to his pseudo-autobiography, *Roland Barthes by Roland Barthes*, instructing the reader to consider 'him' a fictional construct, or Robbe-Grillet's preface to *In The Labyrinth* (p.5):

This story is fiction, not a report. It describes a reality which is not necessarily that of the reader's own experience [...] the reader should therefore see in it only the objects, the gestures, the words and the events that are told, without seeking to give them either more or less meaning than they would have in his own life, or in his own death.

Robbe-Grillet claims that this textual autonomy removes any allegorical significance from his text (*ibid.*): in the light of this autonomous text having its forebears in totalitarianism, we should rather imply that it is an allegory for history itself.

¹⁰⁶Meyers states: '[t]he illegal [*sic*] dated photograph of Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford that Winston finds is related to Trotsky and based on historical fact' (p.147). He cites Deutscher, 'A hotel in Copenhagen where three defendants [in the purges], Holtman, David and Berman-Yurin had allegedly had an appointment with Trotsky, had ceased to exist many years before' (p.373).

¹⁰⁷Orwell, "Looking Back on the Spanish War" (Autumn, 1942), *CEJLIII*:297.

directs its readers toward *DatN*, not just in grateful acknowledgment of a source of situational realism, but in order to indicate a debate over the very possibility of 'living on' in writing. *DatN*, we shall see, carefully documents the 'silencing' of a heretic, only to promise him the hope of communicating with 'the future': *1984* removes this hope by insisting on the 'totality' of totalitarianism. Moreover, *DatN*, having faced the limits of language, grasps at the possibility of extra-verbal communication. We shall conclude this two-chapter analysis of 'the dead' in *1984* with an analysis of our novel's response to this.

Arguing against the impulse to bypass Koestler's text and look to the 'real' subject of *1984*, is a textual protocol that indicates *DatN*, without referring to Stalin. This is a compelling ungrammaticality in the text of *1984* that directs us unequivocally to Koestler, an image which is 'improper' to our text, that is not drawn from the world-view of Ingsoc. As we are seeing, in accord with the deterministic linguistics of *1984*, not only conventional Party members, but so-called heretics derive their language, hence their ideas, from the prevailing ideology. At the end of the next chapter, we shall note an image that is not so provided, that, indeed, jars in the context of images which are 'ideologically proper'. As Riffaterre suggests, such images are indices of intertextuality, of other texts where they are in accord with the descriptive *milieu*¹⁰⁸.

¹⁰⁸See particularly "Compulsory Reader Response: The Intertextual Drive", where Riffaterre talks of these 'ungrammaticalities' as 'signposts [...] words and phrases indicating, on the one hand, a difficulty - an obscure or incomplete utterance in the text - that only an intertext can remedy; and, on the other hand, pointing the way to where the solution must be sought' (p.58)

CHAPTER FOUR

'DIE IN SILENCE': 1984, ARTHUR KOESTLER AND THE POSSIBILITY OF 'POLITICAL WRITING'

[T]he 'political book', a sort of enlarged pamphlet combining history with political criticism, [is] an important literary form. But the best writers in this line - Trotsky, Rauschning, Rosenberg, Silone, Borkenau, Koestler and others - have none of them been Englishmen and nearly all of them have been renegades from one or other extremist party, who have seen totalitarianism at close quarters and know the meaning of exile and persecution.

Orwell, "Wells, Hitler and the World State", (August 1941, *CEJLIII*:25:169)

I mean by ['pamphlet'] the special class of literature that has arisen out of the European political struggle since the rise of Fascism. Under this heading novels, autobiographies, books of 'reportage', sociological treatises and plain pamphlets can all be lumped together, all of them having a common origin and to a great extent the same emotional atmosphere.

Some of the outstanding figures in this school of writers are Silone, Malraux, Salvemini, Borkenau, Victor Serge and Koestler himself. Some of these are imaginative writers, some not, but they are all alike in that they are trying to write contemporary history, but unofficial history, the kind that is ignored in the text-books and lied about in the newspapers.

Orwell, "Arthur Koestler", (September, 1944, *CEJLIII*:68:271)

4.1. Introduction: 'Political Writing'

'Die in silence', with which we head this chapter, is what is written on the only note smuggled to the imprisoned and condemned Rubashov in Koestler's *Darkness at Noon* (*DatN*)¹. It is an ironical message, being from those 'outside', for whom Rubashov is, in fact, writing a diary. *For* writing for those 'outside', and against those within 'the Party', not only will Rubashov die, but his writings will be prevented from reaching their intended destination - only the police will read them². To be silent and live or to write and die, losing control of one's

¹He sat down on the bed, with his eye on the spy-hole to make sure he was not observed, extracted the bit of paper, flattened it and read it. It consisted of only three words, apparently scribbled in a great hurry:

'Die in silence.'

Rubashov threw the scrap of paper into the bucket and started again on his wanderings. It was the first message which had reached him from outside.

DatN:124-125

To 'die in silence' is precisely what Rubashov is seeking to avoid, by the same methods as Winston, that is, by writing a diary and by speaking, at first in imagination and later in person, with his interrogators. This passage is cited by 1984, by the note Winston receives from Julia:

The whole incident could not have taken as much as half a minute. [...] in the two or three seconds while he was helping her up the girl had slipped something into his hand. [...] For a moment he was tempted to take it into one of the water-closets and read it at once. But that would be shocking folly, as he well knew. There was no place where you could be more certain that the telescreens were watched continuously. [...] though his intellect told him that the message probably meant death - still, that was not what he believed, and the unreasonable hope persisted [...] Eight minutes had gone by. He re-adjusted his spectacles on his nose, sighed, and drew the next batch of work towards him, with the scrap of paper on top of it. He flattened it out. On it was written, in a large unformed handwriting:

I love you.

For several seconds he was too stunned even to throw the incriminating thing into the memory hole.

1984:112-114

Julia's note, like the barber's in *DatN*, effects a temporary silence by the diarist/heretic, only to lead to greater determination to leave a mark (see 1984:117, *DatN*:125-126).

²At the end of his interrogation, Rubashov is promised publication long after he is dead:

[Gletkin:] 'The Party promises only one thing: after the victory, one day when it can do no more harm, the material of the secret archives will be published. Then the world will learn what was in the background of this Punch and Judy show - as you called it - which we had to act to them according to history's text-book. . . .'

He hesitated a few seconds, settled his cuffs and ended rather awkwardly, while the scar on his skull reddened:

writings and the possibility of reaching one's addressees; as we have seen, this paradoxical choice is any writer's. *1984*, though, places it at its heart, in order to emphasise its relevance to that novel's concerns - with the writing of authentic experience, of heretical ideas, and of history:

How could you communicate with the future? It was of its nature impossible. Either the future would resemble the present, in which case it would not listen to him: or it would be different from it, and his predicament would be meaningless.

1984:9³

This chapter will address *DatN* as the intertext of *1984*'s view of writing as a political act.

4.2 The seriousness of 1984

Orwell called writing against the prevailing ideology 'political writing', and made clear in his essays that such writing was what he was involved in:

The Spanish war and other events in 1936-7 turned the scale and thereafter I knew where I stood. Every line of serious work that I have written since 1936 has been written, directly or indirectly, *against* totalitarianism and *for* democratic Socialism, as I understand it.⁴

In the light of the consequences of such writing in *1984*, this central *dictum* of what is perhaps Orwell's best-known essay, "Why I write", is a re-iteration of the problem of 'communicating with the future': what 'turned the scale' for Orwell against 'totalitarianism' was none of the totalitarian states *1984* has been said by critics to concern, but personal experience of 'the Spanish war'⁵. Further, he believed, at the time of writing *1984*, 'that

'And then you, and some of your friends of the older generation, will be given the sympathy and pity which are denied to you to-day.'

DatN:228

This 'promise' constitutes a desperate hope, which *1984*, re-citing the diarist's interrogation with the (Thought) policeman, denies:

[O'Brien:][...]above all we do not allow the dead to rise up against us. You must stop imagining that posterity will vindicate you, Winston. Posterity will never hear of you. You will be lifted clean out from the stream of history. We shall turn you into gas and pour you into the stratosphere. Nothing will remain of you; not a name in a register, not a memory in a living brain. You will be annihilated in the past as well as in the future. You will never have existed.'

1984:266-267

³See previous chapter. Briefly, Winston is made to realise that writing cannot communicate his thoughts as he intends it to. At first he realises the general problem of (literary/sociolinguistic) history:

For whom, it suddenly occurred to him to wonder, was he writing this diary? For the future, for the unborn. His mind hovered for a moment round the doubtful date on the page, and then fetched up with a bump against the Newspeak word *doublethink*. For the first time the magnitude of what he had undertaken came home to him. How could you communicate with the future? It was of its nature impossible. Either the future would resemble the present, in which case it would not listen to him: or it would be different from it, and his predicament would be meaningless.

1984:9

Having written, however, he re-cites this problem in the realisation of its specific relevance to writing against an all-powerful ideology:

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. [...] 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?'

1984:29

⁴"Why I Write", *CEJLI*/1:28

⁵This 'experience' was in the year Orwell suggested to Koestler that 'history stopped' (see previous chapter).

totalitarian ideas have taken root in the minds of intellectuals everywhere⁶. In a serious sense, then, *1984* is written against the prevailing ideology, an ideology informed by totalitarianism, if not strictly totalitarian. We are claiming in this thesis that Orwell's writings, particularly *1984*, have been misread when they have been conventionally interpreted as referring to Nazism, Stalinism, etc.: is this, in *1984*'s terms, because his future, our present, is different from his time, and does not recognise his 'predicament', or is it because our present 'resembles' his, and does not listen to him? "Why I Write" continues

It seems to me nonsense, in a period like our own, to think that one can avoid writing of such subjects. Everyone writes of them in one guise or another. It is simply a question of which side one takes and what approach one follows. And the more one is conscious of one's political bias, the more chance one has of acting politically without sacrificing one's aesthetic and intellectual integrity.

What I have most wanted to do throughout the last ten years is make political writing into an art. [...]⁷

As this passage suggests, all writing is political, be it for or against the *status quo*. Orwell is writing *about* the rigour and self-awareness of his writing, so that when he says '[e]veryone writes of [totalitarianism, etc.] in one guise or another [...]', he is to be taken seriously. 'Political writing' is marked as such because it is made visible - and condemns itself and its author to misreading or physical eradication. It is visible because it is un-conventional⁸:

[Ready-made phrases] will construct your sentences for you - and even think your thoughts for you, to a certain extent - and at need they will perform the important service of partially concealing your meaning even from yourself. It is at this point that the special connexion between politics and the debasement of language becomes clear.

In our time it is broadly true that political writing is bad writing. Where it is not true, it will generally be found that the writer is some kind of a rebel, expressing his private opinions, and not a 'Party line'. Orthodoxy, of whatever colour, seems to demand a lifeless, imitative style.⁹

We suggest that via *DatN*, *1984* returns its readers to an indefinite chain of heretics who have written against various 'party lines', and, *therefore*, 'died in silence'. That is, although *DatN* specifically retraces its allegorical example to Stalinist Russia, this idea encompasses others

⁶"Letter to Francis A. Henson (extract)", *CEJLIV*/158:564 (16.6.1949). Orwell wrote several letters to defend *1984* against 'misreadings' in the short time between its publication and his death; this one answers the accusation that *1984* was 'an attack on Socialism or on the British Labour Party' (ibid.). That is, a week after publication (on 8.6.1949), the novel was already seen as the inverse of what Orwell 'intended' (ibid.) it to be.

⁷"Why I Write", *CEJLI*/1:28

⁸In the third section of *1984*, prisoners are distinguished as 'politicals' and 'common criminals' (see 238-239), as if to break the law in accord with its politics were not a political act: we have shown that Winston's diary was not illegal, but un-conventional.

⁹Orwell, "Politics and The English Language", *CEJLIV*/38:165. To instance the 'lifelessness' of orthodoxy, Orwell speaks of 'gumming together long strips of words which have already been set in order by someone else' (ibid., p.163), and goes on to create a generalised figure, whose 'spectacles' turn into 'blank discs which seem to have no eyes behind them', who speaks 'appropriate noises [...] out of his larynx' (ibid., p.165). This figure is fleshed out in *1984* itself:

His head was thrown back a little, and because of the angle at which he was sitting, his spectacles caught the light and presented to Winston two blank discs instead of eyes. What was slightly horrible was that from the stream of sound that poured out of his mouth, it was almost impossible to distinguish a single word. Just once Winston caught a phrase - 'complete and final elimination of Goldsteinism' - jerked out very rapidly and, as it seemed, all in one piece, like a line of type cast solid. For the rest it was just a noise, a quack-quack-quacking. And yet, though you could not actually hear what the man was saying, you could not be in any doubt about its general nature[...] you could be certain that every word of it was pure orthodoxy, pure Ingsoc. As he watched the eyeless face with the jaw moving rapidly up and down, Winston had a curious feeling that this was not a real human being but some kind of dummy. It was not the man's brain that was speaking, it was his larynx. The stuff that was coming out of him consisted of words, but it was not speech in the true sense

who have been killed in order to be silenced: one of *DatN*'s companion-volumes, *The Gladiators*, commemorates Spartacus' suppressed chroniclers, of whom history can now never know the truth¹⁰. Beyond these heretics who have been, in *1984*'s words, 'lifted clean out of the stream of history' (*1984*:266), though, are those who lived, but, like Orwell and Koestler in Spain, whose view of history was not the prevailing one and who were 'silenced' by it:

I remember saying once to Arthur Koestler, 'History stopped in 1936,' at which he nodded in immediate understanding. We were both thinking of totalitarianism in general, but more particularly of the Spanish Civil War.[...] I saw troops who had fought bravely denounced as cowards and traitors, and others who had never seen a shot fired hailed as heroes of imaginary victories, and I saw newspapers in London retailing these lies and eager intellectuals building emotional superstructures over events that had never happened. I saw, in fact, history being rewritten not in terms of what happened but of what ought to have happened according to various 'party lines'¹¹.

We are suggesting here that *1984* exists to record a true, unofficial history. It is not, and could not be, a point-by-point renunciation of each determined fiction since Spain. Instead, it is two things: firstly, it is a demonstration, as we have seen in the previous chapter, of the determined fictionality of 'history' and of the impossibility of writing 'the truth', and, secondly, as we shall begin to see in this chapter, it is a commemoration of the texts of 'political writers'. Armed with the knowledge of what, after *1984*, we are calling history's 'palimpsestic' rewriting, we are tracing those texts that *1984* itself has rewritten. If they can live on, there is the hope, immanent, as we have seen, to *1984*, that *whatever* is written out of history lives on in the trace its writing-out leaves.

It is the problem of writing, then, that we shall see debated in this chapter between these two testaments to heretics who have 'died in silence'. After tracing *1984*'s treatment of the heretic's fatal dependence on leaving a mark to *DatN*, we shall end this chapter by noting the 'improper' imagery that *1984* attaches to this subtext: the imagery of the '*undersea*'. We shall pursue this imagery to *DatN* as its 'proper' site, and find it used to explicate a 'mystic' psychology, an alternative to Freudianism in which communication is, apparently, not bound up in language. Koestler writes authentically about both the executed and the suppressed - the dead-in-language - of Stalinism, and debates which is worse; to die in the hope of living on in one's texts, or to live and speak only the words of others. A transcendent communication, then, is the last hope of *DatN*. We shall conclude this chapter by noting how

¹⁰*DatN* is the central text of a trilogy begun with *The Gladiators* concerning the 'timeless aspects' of Stalinesque totalitarianism, as Koestler says in the Postscript to *DatN* (*DatN*:257). In the Postscript to *The Gladiators*, Koestler says the two novels 'complement each other' (p.317). In *1984*, "Goldstein's" book obliquely refers to the events of Koestler's earlier novel - the doomed setting-up of a 'Sun State' by a 'Brotherhood' of slaves (*The Gladiators*, p.164, cf. *1984*:15, where 'the Brotherhood' and 'the book' are both mentioned for the first time):

Socialism, a theory which appeared in the early nineteenth century and was the last link in a chain of thought stretching back to the slave rebellions of antiquity, was still deeply infected by the Utopianism of past ages. But in each variant of Socialism that appeared from about 1900 onwards the aim of establishing liberty and equality was more and more openly abandoned.

1984:211

¹¹"Looking Back on the Spanish War", *CEJLIII*/41:294-295 (Autumn, 1942).

1984 denies *DatN* its 'hope', as it will deny all the intertexts we are addressing, by emphasising the 'totality' of its 'totalitarianism'.

4.3. 1984's Intertextualities With *DatN*

DatN is recalled countless times by 1984. As we have already seen, the fate Winston Smith realises that he and his writings will suffer is the fate Of Rubashov and his texts. Rubashov can be seen, indeed, as the model for all of 1984's 'dead': like Goldstein, he is one of the Party's early theorists, like Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford, he appears on a photograph which is suppressed by the Party. Winston's resemblances to him are numerous; he is a diarist with an interest in the structure of language, whose writings are destined only to be read by the police. He 'gives himself away' by unconscious words and actions (actions which include responses to a psychosomatic wound) performed in their Panoptic presence, that is, between a 'spy-hole' and a window¹². 'His task' is also Winston's, 'to work his thoughts to a conclusion, to come to terms with the past and future, with the living and the dead' (*DatN*:108). Fatally, so is his method: '[h]e could only hold his thoughts by writing them down' (*ibid.*)¹³.

¹²Each of these resemblances are subtextual to *DatN*, that is, each represents a 'theme' of the novel which is articulated by Rubashov, and which will be reworked by 1984. 'When Rubashov was not working at his notes or walking up and down his cell, he stood at the window with his forehead against the pane' (*DatN*:108, see also pp. 11/12, 28, 30, 53, 58, 108, 109, 154, 245, 247), as we have seen Winston do in chapter two (1984:4, 28, 96, 144, 148, 156, 191, 228). Winston's psychosomatic wound is his 'varicose ulcer' (1984:3ff), which itches 'unbearably' when he is aggravated or writing his diary (1984:10, see also pp.10, 34, 75, 85, 94, 157, 284, 287). Rubashov's is an 'intolerable' (*DatN*:120) toothache which behaves similarly, but disappears when he is content (*DatN*:174, 253 see also pp. 22, 28, 78, 111, 119, 235). The following passage demonstrates the coming together of *DatN*'s concern with involuntary memories, linguistic structure, personal as opposed to Party loyalties, and the unconscious, both spoken and physical:

[His] reflections also had the form of a monologue, but along familiar lines; that newly discovered entity, the silent partner, did not participate in them. Although it was supposed to be the person addressed in all monologues, it remained dumb, and its existence was limited to a grammatical abstraction called the 'first person singular'. Direct questions and logical meditations did not induce it to speak; its utterances occurred without visible cause and, strangely enough, always accompanied by a sharp attack of toothache. Its mental sphere seemed to be composed of such various and disconnected parts as the folded hands of the *Pieta*, Little Loewy's cats, the tune of the song with the refrain of 'come to dust', or a particular sentence which Arlova had once spoken on a particular occasion. Its means of expression were equally fragmentary: for instance, the compulsion to rub one's pince-nez on one's sleeve, the impulse to touch the light patch on the wall of Ivanov's room, the uncontrollable movements of the lips which murmured such senseless sentences as 'I shall pay', and the dazed state induced by day-dreams of past episodes in one's life.

DatN:111

¹³The diary as *aide memoire* in times of shifting ideologies was also Orwell's own tool, but we note that, even as he commends it to others, he does so in terms which indicate 1984, and in terms of *DatN* ('2+2=4' is here set against the 'non-Euclidian world' that Rubashov discovers in his diary (*DatN*:101)):

To see what is in front of one's nose needs a constant struggle. One thing that helps towards it is to keep a diary, or, at any rate, to keep some kind of record of one's opinions about important events. Otherwise, when some particularly absurd belief is exploded by events, one may simply forget that one ever held it. Political predictions are usually wrong, but even when one makes a correct one, to discover *why* one was right can be very illuminating. In general, one is only right when either wish or fear coincides with reality. If one recognises this, one cannot, of course, get rid of one's subjective feelings, but one can to some extent insulate them from one's thinking and make predictions cold-bloodedly, by the book of arithmetic. In private life most people are fairly realistic. When one is

Ian Slater, in his study of the 'origins' of *1984*, suggests that Orwell 'learned much about totalitarian states from [...] *DatN*'¹⁴. Rather than day-to-day life, Koestler's novel is, in fact, largely concerned with prison-life for political dissidents in totalitarian states, and *1984* owes *DatN* a substantial debt for the physical 'realism' of Winston's fate. The chief distinction to be drawn is in the two figures' ends: Rubashov is executed, Winston (in the period of the text at least) is not. However, as opposed to the 'living death' Winston endures, the execution he anticipates from the first and its euphemistic naming, are traceable to *DatN*:

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

1984:21

He knew vaguely that the executions were carried out at night in the cellars, and that the delinquent was killed by a bullet in the neck; but the details of it he did not know. In the Party death was no mystery, it had no romantic aspect. It was a logical consequence, a factor with which one reckoned and which bore rather an abstract character. Also death was rarely spoken of, and the word 'execution' was hardly ever used; the customary expression was 'physical liquidation'. The words 'physical liquidation' again evoked only one concrete idea: The cessation of political activity.

DatN:134

We may note that *1984*, in reiterating this passage, makes no mention of 'death' *per se*, only of 'annihilation' which, as we have seen, does not imply physical execution. The arrest Winston is made to anticipate here is also Rubashov's; at the beginning of *DatN*, he is woken from a dream of such an arrest at the hands of Nazi guards, only to find he is indeed being arrested, but by Communist guards¹⁵. Winston is, in fact, awake when he is arrested at dusk (*1984*:228ff); Rubashov-esque arrests have become a reiterated convention in the purposive absence of truthful reports. With 'physical liquidation', *DatN* also, here, notes the deterministic vocabulary of a putative thought control, the restriction - or behaviouristic summoning-up - of connotations. The *moire* of Winston's thoughts on death - whether its physical or political-linguistic aspect is the most 'frightening' - is here *in embryo*. Rubashov knows that, under torture, he will confess, but believes it is possible to do so insincerely:

He walked up and down in his cell and let his imagination play with the idea of passing the next two years, when he would be politically excommunicated, in a kind of inner exile; his public recantation would buy him the necessary breathing-space. The outward form of capitulation did not matter much;

making out one's weekly budget, two and two invariably make four. Politics, on the other hand, is a sort of sub-atomic or non-Euclidian world where it is quite easy for the part to be greater than the whole or for two objects to be in the same place simultaneously. Hence the contradictions and absurdities I have chronicled [...], all finally traceable to a secret belief that one's political opinions, unlike the weekly budget, will not have to be tested against solid reality.

"In Front of Your Nose", 22.3.1946 (*CEJLIV*/36:154)

Orwell's "War-time Diary" for 13th April 1941 shows that he is commending what has long been his own practice, and that Winston's reliance on a diary as the site of history has a precedent:

Looking back to the early part of this diary, I see how my political predictions have been falsified, and yet, as it were, the revolutionary changes that I expected *are* happening, but in slow motion. I made an entry, I see, implying that private advertisements would have disappeared from the walls within a year. They haven't, of course [...] but they are far fewer, and the government's posters far more numerous.

CEJLII/57:446

¹⁴Orwell: *The Road to Airstrip One*, p.244

¹⁵Orwell implies the authenticity of *DatN*'s descriptions of arrest-scenes in his essay on Koestler, where he details some of that writer's imprisonments. ("Arthur Koestler", *CEJLIII*/69:278)

they should have as many *mea culpas* and declarations of faith in No. 1's infallibility as the paper would hold. That was purely a matter of etiquette

DatN:173

This is what we have seen reiterated in the mistaken belief of Winston and Julia:

'They can make you say anything - *anything* - but they can't make you believe it. They can't get inside you.'

'No,' he said a little more hopefully, 'no; that's quite true. They can't get inside you. If you can *feel* that staying human is worth while, even when it can't have any result whatever, you've beaten them.'

*1984:174*¹⁶

Rubashov realises too late that, once he has made his fictional confession, he is to be killed; history will never know that he did not mean it. With a cruel twist of the knife, he is made to recite that his final confession is, indeed, his last word; a newspaper (a further rewriting) gives the following report:

'Citizen President,' the accused Rubashov declared, 'I speak here for the last time in my life. The opposition is beaten and destroyed. If I ask myself to-day, "For what am I dying?" I am confronted by absolute nothingness. There is nothing for which one could die, if one died without having repented and unreconciled with the Party and the Movement.[...] We were politically dead long before the Citizen Prosecutor demanded our heads. Woe unto the defeated, whom history treads into the dust.'

DatN:240

O'Brien tells Winston, under the cover of a member of the Brotherhood, 'There is no possibility that any perceptible change will happen within our own lifetime. We are the dead. Our only true life is in the future. We shall take part in it as handfuls of dust and splinters of bone. But how far away that future may be, there is no knowing' (*1984:184*). What the 'dust' of this optimistic-sounding gloss on 'political death' means is demonstrated when, in the Ministry of Love, O'Brien destroys, for the second time, the photograph of Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford:

'Ashes,' he said. 'Not even identifiable ashes. Dust. It does not exist. It never existed.'

*1984:259*¹⁷

The torture-sequences in *1984* resemble those of *Arrival and Departure (A&D)* rather than *DatN*, where torture is largely verbal/psychological¹⁸. Or, rather, the 'realistic' torture

¹⁶Post-Room 101, the lovers acknowledge their mistake

'Sometimes,' she said, 'they threaten you with something - something you can't stand up to, can't even think about. And then you say, "Don't do it to me, do it to somebody else, do it to so-and-so." And perhaps you might pretend, afterwards, that it was only a trick and that you just said it to make them stop and didn't really mean it. But that isn't true. At the time when it happens you do mean it.'

1984:305

¹⁷ We recall that, in the first paragraph of *1984*, Winston is pursued by 'dust' (*1984:3*).

¹⁸The account of the psychology of Winston's *interrogation* owes much to Rubashov's:

[...] he wondered where he was, and what time of day it was. At one moment he felt certain that it was broad daylight outside, at the next equally certain that it was pitch darkness. In this place, he knew instinctively, the lights would never be turned out. It was the place with no darkness: he saw now why O'Brien had seemed to recognise the allusion. In the Ministry of Love there were no windows. His cell might be at the heart of the building or against its outer wall; it might be ten floors below ground, or thirty above it. [...] How long he had been down there he did not know. Since the moment when they arrested him he had not seen darkness or daylight. Besides, his memories were not continuous. There had been times when consciousness, even the sort of consciousness that one has in sleep, had stopped dead and started again after a blank interval. But whether the intervals were of days or weeks or only seconds, there was no way of knowing.

1984:241,252

described in *A&D* is *cited*: Peter Slavek, in that novel, is leather-strapped to a table, as Winston is, but while Peter is beaten there, Winston is given electro-convulsive therapy (ECT)¹⁹. The effect is the same:

Without any warning except a slight movement of O'Brien's hand, a wave of pain flooded his body. It was a frightening pain, because he could not see what was happening, and he had the feeling that some mortal injury was being done to him. He did not know whether the thing was really happening, or whether the effect was electrically produced; but his body was being wrenched out of shape, the joints were being slowly torn apart. Although the pain had brought the sweat out on his forehead, the worst of all was the fear that his backbone was about to snap. [...] At this moment there was a devastating explosion, or what seemed like an explosion, though it was not certain whether there was any noise. There was undoubtedly a blinding flash of light. Winston was not hurt, only prostrated. Although he had already been lying on his back when the thing happened, he had a curious feeling that he had been knocked into that position. A terrific, painless blow had flattened him out. Also something had happened inside his head. As his eyes regained their focus he remembered who he was, and where he was, and recognised 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.

1984:257,269

The first three strokes seemed to split his body into two; he had never imagined that flesh could experience such mortal pain and yet survive to feel it, and feel it repeated once more, and again; that narrow consciousness could suddenly expand into space and find room in itself for such monstrous sensations. From the fourth stroke onwards the pain seemed to have shifted from his back to the brain. Each new stroke lit up an electric bulb behind his eyeballs and caused an explosion inside his skull. He heard himself burst into long, savage screams, felt his bladder empty itself, his stomach turn and throw up its contents over the table. There was lightning and thunder, the splitting of skin [...]

A&D:105

As with the telescreen, *1984* applies a new technology to an old technique. What ties its account to *A&D*'s, though, besides these reiterated 'explosions', 'splittings' and 'tearings' in the back or the brain, are the physiological consequences of torture. Both men are marked afterwards by their broken noses, indeed are shown this in a mirror by their respective torturers (*A&D*:104, 1984:284). This is an effect reminder: Winston has recognised in the broken nose (Aaronson's and Rutherford's (1984:81) an image of torture as boot-in-the-face (1984:280) power and as the origin of psychic death. There is one remaining mark which can be traced to the torture-sequences of *A&D*: Peter's final punishment is burning with a cigar-end, which leaves on his leg a 'a round, darkish spot, like a big mole, wine-coloured, the size of a florin' (*A&D*:62). This wound is referred to at the beginning of the text; thereafter, Peter touches it regularly, to fend off memories of his torture (*A&D*:9ff). Winston

From then onwards the veil of mist over Rubashov's memory became thicker. Later, he could only remember separate fragments of his dialogue with Gletkin, which extended over several days and nights, with short intervals of an hour or two. He could not even say exactly how many days and nights it had been; they must have spread over a week. Rubashov had heard of this method of complete physical crushing of the accused, in which usually two or three examining magistrates relieved each other in turn in a continuous cross-examination. But the difference with Gletkin's method was that he never had himself relieved, and exacted as much from himself as from Rubashov. Thus he deprived Rubashov of his last psychological resort: the pathos of the maltreated, the moral superiority of the victim.

After forty-eight hours, Rubashov had lost the sense of day and night.

DatN:203

In this sense, the 'place with no darkness', where 'the lights would never be turned out' (1984:241, above), is an allusion to *Darkness at Noon* itself, where 'in every corridor of the new model prison electric light was burning' (*DatN*:19). O'Brien, like Gletkin, is in sole charge of his heretic; further, though, he is an amalgam of Gletkin and Rubashov's first interrogator, Ivanov. This dual role is reflected in his sometimes aggressive, sometimes friendly style of questioning. See also note 31, below.

¹⁹We are skipping, but not ignoring the 'real' torture of Winston Smith, in which he is beaten by 'five or six men in black uniforms' (1984:252), just as Peter Slavek is, by six men who 'all wore plain black clothes' (*A&D*:102). We will return to the consequences of these beatings.

has 'a varicose ulcer above his right ankle' which he also touches when agitated; when he is tortured, it erupts²⁰.

Rubashov 'had learned that every *known* physical pain was bearable' (*DatN*:55), so 'the Party' devise an unknown torture, the 'steambath' (*ibid.*). He knows that in the face of this 'unknown' he will be unable to maintain his cynicism:

Really bad was only the unknown, which gave one no chance to foresee one's reactions and no scale to calculate one's capacity of resistance. And the worst was the fear that one would then do or say something which could not be recalled.

DatN:55

The 'unknown' of 1984 is 'Room 101' (echoing Rubashov's cell-number, '404'²¹). Rather, 'everyone knows what is in Room 101' (1984:272-273); it is 'known' but kept out-of-mind, as the 'worst thing in the world'. 1984 advances *DatN*'s idea by personalising it, making this known unknown the object of the Thought Police's scrutiny: Winston reveals 'his' Room 101 explicitly when he says '[o]f all the horrors in the world - a rat' (1984:151). They can 'get inside you' and when 'they' make known the unknown, you betray anyone.

Winston proceeds from his thoughts on arrests to write in his diary, '*i dont care theyll shoot me in the back of the neck*' (1984:21). This, too is a truism whose basis is in *DatN*'s recording of Stalinist techniques²²:

The one certain thing was that death never came at an expected moment. The 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.

1984:292

A dull blow struck the back of his head. He had long expected it and yet it took him unawares. He felt, wondering, his knees give way and his body whirl round in a half-turn.

²⁰1984:285. This physical mark recalls *A&D*'s in a complex way. As well as recalling *DatN*'s Rubashov's 'toothache' (see note 13, above), it brings in *The Gladiators*, in which the chronicler of the 'slave revolution', used to writing in an alcove of his attic, regularly touches his head when he writes, expecting to bang it (pp.119ff).

²¹*DatN*:19ff. 'Room 101' is conventionally taken to refer to a room at the B.B.C. It is either 'in the basement of Broadcasting House, [...from] where Orwell used to broadcast propaganda to India' (Anthony Burgess, 1985:25) or where Orwell attended committee meetings, in the buildings in Portland Place (Peter Davison, "George Orwell: Dates and Origins", p.144). David Blunkett, M.P., introducing a lecture in 1984, noted that it is the Room number of the Home Secretary, that was the wartime 'Ministry of Information' ("Karl Marx Memorial Lecture", ?June, 1984).

²²The shooting-in-the-back-of-the-neck is subtextual to *DatN*. In addition to the citations we are employing here, Rubashov can never look at his lover, Arlova, without looking at her neck - she is his secretary, conventionally bent over a notepad while he stands behind her - and thinking of her fate (much as Winston has Julia recite that 'we are the dead'):

The thought would not leave him that 'over there' the condemned were shot through the back of the neck.

DatN:119

His comrades, too, are described with reference to their necks: Vassilij, his *concierge* and fellow-soldier has a 'scrofulous' neck, as a result of a war-wound (*DatN*:15); Richard, the comrade Rubashov condemns to death as a result of a change in the 'Party line', has a 'slightly bowed, reddish neck' (*DatN*:40) - he complains that they are 'breaking [their] necks' (*DatN*:49), and is last seen tightening a scarf around his neck (*DatN*:51); Paul, a dock-worker who is told by Rubashov to go against his understanding of communism for the sake of the Party also has a 'red neck' (*DatN*:75) - it has already been described at length how this ex-wrestler almost broke a policeman's neck (*DatN*:70); his colleague, Little Loewy, hangs himself; a 'political' prisoner has a 'thin neck' (*DatN*:167). The note saying 'die in silence' is slipped down Rubashov's neck (*DatN*:124).

DatN:254

Rubashov's anticipated end arrives; Winston's does not - as we have seen, he is 'killed' internally, psychically, in a manner more 'total' than mere execution. This death-as-removal-from-life, though, is already immanent to *DatN*'s description of this form of execution; Koestler is already addressing more than simply the physical reality of power. *DatN*'s 'Big Brother', who is called 'No.1'²³, has used the bullet-in-the-back-of-the-neck to remove opposition, much as Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford have been dealt with in 1984²⁴. But, as in 1984, execution is not the worst aspect of this act:

They had, between themselves, given him many names, but in the end it was No. 1 that stuck. *The horror which No. 1 emanated, above all consisted in the possibility that he was in the right*, and that all those whom he killed had to admit, even with the bullet in the back of their necks, that he conceivably might be in the right. There was no certainty; only the appeal to that mocking oracle they called History, who gave her sentence only when the jaws of the appellant had long since fallen to dust.

DatN:22. My emphasis.

The frightening thing, he reflected for the ten thousandth time [...] was that it might all be true. If the Party could thrust its hand into the past and say of this or that event, *it never happened* - that, surely, was more terrifying than torture and death?

1984:36-37

'The horror', or 'the most frightening thing', is that history does not exist; that executions done in the name of 'the Party' may not only ultimately be the best thing for humanity, but they may never have happened. There may not be a transcendental history to record the

²³At the beginning of *DatN*, when Rubashov is awoken to be arrested, he describes the colour-print of No.1, leader of the Party, which hung over his bed on the wall of his room - and on the walls of all the rooms next to, below or under his; on all the walls of the house, of the town, of the enormous country

DatN:14

This is unavoidably recalled by 1984's opening pages:

At one end of it a coloured poster, too large for indoor display, had been tacked to the wall. It 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. [...] On each landing, opposite the lift shaft, the poster with the enormous face gazed from the wall. It was one of those pictures which are so contrived that the eyes follow you about when you move. BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU, the caption beneath it ran. [...] there seemed to be no colour in anything, except the posters that were plastered everywhere. The black-moustachio'd face gazed down from every commanding corner. There was one, on the house-front immediately opposite. BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU, the caption said, while the dark eyes looked deep into Winston's own.

1984:3-4

('No.1' will later be described as having 'gradually turned into his own portrait, into that well-known colour-print, which hung over every bed or sideboard in the country and *stared at people with its frozen eyes*', *DatN*:23 - my emphasis. 'Big Brother', one-time leader of the Party, in '1984' 'exists' *only* as a reiterated image, as 'the embodiment of the Party' - 1984:272). *DatN* ends with the dying Rubashov's vision of "No.1's" 'ironic smile'; 1984 ends with Winston dreaming that he has (like Rubashov) been shot in the back of the neck: He gazed up at the enormous face. Forty years it had taken him to learn what kind of smile was hidden beneath the dark moustache. [...] it was all right, everything was all right, the struggle was finished. He had won the victory over himself. He loved Big Brother.

1984:311

²⁴Rubashov is not only a model for Winston, but for Goldstein also. He is one of those original revolutionaries, who

dreamed of power with the object of abolishing power; of ruling over the people to wean them from the habit of being ruled. All their thoughts became deeds and all their dreams were fulfilled. Where were they? Their brains, which had changed the course of the world, had each received a charge of lead. Some in the forehead, some in the back of the neck. Only two or three of them were left over, scattered throughout the world, worn out. And himself; and No. 1.

DatN:63

truth, therefore there may not be a truth. *DatN* projects a distant reckoning; in the face of 'total' control, *1984* sees no way this reckoning could come about.

If *DatN* provides the conditions of thought-control, *1984* repays its debt by taking them to the conclusions Koestler's novel fears. Already, *DatN*'s 'Party' are making 'history' impossible:

Most of the works on foreign trade and currency disappeared from the shelves - their author, the People's Commissar for Finance, had just been arrested; also nearly all old Party Congress reports treating the same subject; most books and reference-books on the history and antecedents of the Revolution; most works by living authors on jurisprudence and philosophy [...] New books arrived, too: the classics of social science appeared with new footnotes and commentaries, the old histories were replaced by new histories, the old memoirs of dead revolutionary leaders were replaced by new memoirs of the same defunct. Rubashov remarked jokingly to Arlova that the only thing left to be done was to publish a new and revised edition of the back numbers of all newspapers.

DatN:117

Rubashov is assured that 'one day' his own journal will be published, that there is a secret file wherein the 'truth' is recorded, which will be opened when it no longer jeopardises the revolution (*DatN*:228). Yet, in the light of the rewriting he already sees taking place, in what context could his journal be understood? The future will not understand him. We have seen this explicated in *1984*: *DatN*'s blackest 'joke' is Winston's job:

A number of the *Times* which might, because of changes in political alignment, or mistaken prophesies uttered by Big Brother, have been rewritten a dozen times still stood on the files bearing its original date, and no other copy existed to contradict it. Books, also, were recalled and re-written again and again, and were invariably re-issued without any admission that any alteration had been made. Even the written instructions which Winston 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.

1984:43

DatN, then, provides the specific techniques, employed under Stalin, of the 'control' which had been on Orwell's mind, as it had been on Koestler's, since Spain. In doing so, *DatN* already links ideas of isolation, writing and history to 'death'. Now we shall review *1984*'s citations of this linkage.

4.3.1 'Dead Men'

Like a colony of white men in a dark continent, they had developed their own jargon, their customs, their intrigues and jealousies. They were all escaping from the past and striving for some safe shore of the future; the present in which they lived was a no-man's-land between the two. It was perhaps this which gave them their ghost-like, unreal appearance. They had travelled through a dozen countries of Europe and never looked out of the window. Their eyes were turned inward, it was like a holiday excursion of the blind.

A&D, p.35

For all over the country there were small groups of people who called themselves 'dead men on holiday', and devoted the rest of their life to proving that they still possessed it.

DatN, pp.37-38

Why had the Old Bolsheviks, heroes and leaders of the revolution, who had so often braved death that they called themselves 'dead men on furlough', confessed to [...] absurd and hair-raising lies?

"Postscript" to *DatN*, p.261

Indeed the Commissar can be defined as the human type which has completely severed relations with the subconscious. This is the more remarkable as the constant danger in which he lives - I think Lenin

used the phrase '*We are dead men on furlough*' - is a constant temptation to communicate with those forbidden zones.

"The Yogi and The Commissar", p.14

The above citations demonstrate the 'reality' of living-death, of at once being completely isolated because of one's views and aware that those views constitute a death-penalty. The third and fourth passages testify to the *historical* reality of this state: 'the phrase "dead men on furlough"' is used to link Lenin to those who made fictional confessions under Stalin. We have said that *DatN* commemorates 'real' 'dead men', and does so 'authentically': the text is 'dedicated' to the 'memory' of '[s]everal [victims of the Moscow Trials] *personally known to the author*'²⁵. Authenticity is also constituted in this re-iteration of those victims' authentic phraseology. Via *A&D*, where it is cited as 'a holiday excursion of the blind', the phrase is shown to name the 'ghostly' existence *Winston* leads, the inability to live-in-the-present which finds its form in seeking to communicate with the past or future.

These epigraphs are cited here to contextualise the working-out of the idea of 'dead men on holiday' by *DatN*:

The movement had been defeated, its members were outlawed and hunted and beaten to death. The Party was no longer a political organization; it was nothing but a thousand-armed and thousand-headed mass of bleeding flesh. As a man's hair and nails continue to grow after his death, so movement still occurred in individual cells, muscles and limbs of the dead Party. All over the country existed small groups of people who had survived the catastrophe and continued to conspire underground. They met in cellars, woods, railway stations, museums and sport clubs. [...] Each gave his life into the other's hands, and neither trusted the other an inch. They printed pamphlets in which they tried to convince themselves and others that they were still alive. [...] Only a few people ever saw the pamphlets and they threw them away quickly, for they shuddered at the message of the dead [...]

DatN:37-38

This description of those whose deaths are virtual has resonances throughout *1984*. It provides the idea of 'the Party' as Leviathan²⁶. *A&D* and *DatN* are the only intertexts of *1984* to use the general term, 'the Party', so capitalised. These novels being parables, as Koestler makes clear ("Postscript" to *DatN*, p.257), 'the Soviet-Communist Party' is implied. The phrase 'the Party', though, has a generalising effect even here, citing the relationship of the individual to the state-as-prevailing-ideology: the Hobbesian 'Leviathan' is at back of the dual meaning of authorial death as absolute living isolation and as mortal crime. Orwell suggested as much in "Writers and Leviathan", in 1948:

²⁵The dedication-page of *DatN* reads:

The characters in this book are fictitious. The historical circumstances which determined their actions are real. The life of the man N.S. Rubashov is a synthesis of the lives of a number of men who were victims of the so-called Moscow Trials. Several of them were personally known to the author. This book is dedicated to their memory.

Paris, October 1938-April 1940.

²⁶In *A&D*, 'Leviathan' names the ship on which Peter Slavek, the novel's central figure, could travel to America. True to its name, this ship becomes a symbol for the surrendering of control to external forces:

he would be on board the *Leviathan*, safe from the danger which lurked inside him. My God, he prayed, leaning against the wall, lead me safely on to that ship. Save me from my own folly which is set on destroying me. Protect me against a second fall, let me taste no more the bitter juice of those forbidden fruits - the knowledge of good and evil which drives man into sacrifice and self-destruction.

A&D:154

As this passage makes clear, for Koestler, in a text that commemorates the Jewish victims of the holocaust, Hobbesian derivations are inseparable from the Old-Testament origins of the word.

[...] *what kind* of state rules over us must depend partly on the prevailing intellectual atmosphere: meaning [...] partly on the attitude of writers and artists themselves, and on their willingness or otherwise to keep the spirit of liberalism alive. [...] does all this mean that a writer should not only refuse to be dictated to by political bosses, but also that he should refrain from writing *about* politics? [...] certainly not! There is no reason why he should not write in the most crudely political way, if he wishes to. Only he should do so as an individual, an outsider [...] ²⁷

DatN's image of the multi-limbed Party which outlives individuals is reiterated by O'Brien:

'You are thinking,' he said, 'that my face is old and tired. You are thinking that I talk of power, and yet I am not even able to prevent the decay of my own body. Can you not understand, Winston, that the individual is only a cell? The weariness of the cell is the vigour of the organism. *Do you die when you cut your fingernails?*'

He turned away from the bed and began strolling up and down again, one hand in his pocket.

'We are the priest of power,' he said. God is power.

1984:276 (reiteration of above *DatN* passage emphasised)

This returns Koestler's/Hobbes' Leviathan to its Biblical origin. We are unable to explicate the sources of Orwell's comparisons between Catholicism and totalitarianism in this thesis. Steinhoff has noted that *DatN* marks 'parallels' between Catholicism and Communism, and that these parallels 'must have caught Orwell's attention'²⁸. However, as we shall see in passing in later chapters, Orwell's equation of Catholicism with power predates *DatN*, and is at once more damning and broader than the historical approach taken by Koestler's novels²⁹.

²⁷CEJLIV/108:463,470. In this essay, Orwell reiterates the possibility of 'somebody like Zhdanov', censorious and murdering, coming to power, and that '[o]bviously, there are strong tendencies towards totalitarianism at work within the English literary intelligentsia already.' (ibid., p.463)

²⁸*The Road to 1984* (sic), p.37

²⁹Steinhoff notes (p.37) that one of *DatN's* sectional epigraphs is

'When the existence of the church is threatened, she is released from the commandments of morality. With unity as the end, the use of every means is sanctified, even cunning, treachery, violence, simony, prison, prison, death. For all order is for the sake of the community, and the individual must be sacrificed for the common good.'

DIETRICH VON NIEHEIM, BISHOP OF VERDEN: *De schismate libri III*, A.D.411

and that Rubashov's diary compares his party's methods to those of the Inquisition:

We resembled the great Inquisitors in that we persecuted the seeds of evil not only in men's deeds, but in their thoughts. We admitted no private sphere, not even inside a man's skull.

DatN:101, cit. Steinhoff, p.37

1984 draws a developmental line from the Inquisition, through Stalinism, to 'the Party', which has 'learnt' from both these predecessors' 'mistakes':

The Russians persecuted heresy more cruelly than the Inquisition had done. And they imagined that they had learned from the mistakes of the past; they knew, at any rate, that one must not make martyrs. Before they exposed their victims to public trial, they deliberately set themselves to destroy their dignity. They wore them down by torture and solitude until they were despicable, cringing wretches, confessing whatever was put into their mouths, covering themselves with abuse, accusing and sheltering behind one another, whimpering for mercy. And yet after only a few years the same thing had happened over again. The dead men had become martyrs and their degradation was forgotten. Once again, why was it? In the first place, because the confessions that they had made were obviously extorted and untrue. We do not make mistakes of that kind. All the confessions that are uttered here are true. We make them true. And above all we do not allow the dead to rise up against us.'

1984:266

That is, 1984 is *post-DatN*.

The idea of the privacy of a 'man's skull' ('Nothing was your own except the few cubic centimetres inside your skull', 1984:29), again reiterated from *DatN*, above, we have seen exploded by 1984 in Ch.2.:

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.

1984:83

The 'small groups of people who [...] continued to conspire underground', in the above citation from *DatN* are 1984's 'Brotherhood':

a vast shadowy army, an *underground* network of *conspirators* dedicated to the overthrow of the State. The Brotherhood, its name was supposed to be. There were also whispered stories of a terrible book, a compendium of all the heresies, of which Goldstein was the author and which circulated clandestinely here and there. It was a book without a title. People referred to it, if at all, simply as *the book*.

1984:15 (reiterations emphasised)

The reality of revolutionaries, that is, has become a fiction of counter-revolution; the 'pamphlets' by which *DatN*'s 'dead men' 'tried to convince themselves and others that they were still alive' have become 'the book' by which the Thought Police convince heretics that Goldstein and his co-conspirators 'live on'. Winston and Julia, 'dead' members of this fictional Brotherhood, do indeed meet in 'woods, railway stations [and] museums'³⁰. Winston's diary, as we have seen, is a 'message of the dead'.

4.3.2. Photographs and Traces

In the last chapter we saw Winston 'shudder' at a 'message of the dead': the broken noses of Aaronson, and Rutherford, which betrayed their torture, removal from history, and imminent 'return' to the grave. We suggested these men were retraceable to *DatN*. Now we shall pursue the idea they flesh out: that the dead leave a mark, from which their story can be traced.

In the context of 1984's citations of *DatN*, the photograph of the three men recalls a portrait to which Rubashov periodically refers, firstly in memory:

He shivered. A picture appeared in his mind's eye, a big photograph in a wooden frame: the delegates to the first congress of the Party. They sat at a long wooden table, some with their elbows propped on it, others with their hands on their knees; bearded and earnest, they gazed into the photographer's lens. Above each head was a small circle, enclosing a number corresponding to a name printed underneath. All were solemn, only the old man who was presiding had a sly and amused look in his slit Tartar eyes. Rubashov sat second to his right, with his pince-nez on his nose. No. 1 sat somewhere at the lower end of the table, foursquare and heavy. They looked like the meeting of a provincial town council, and were preparing the greatest revolution in human history. They were at that time a handful of men of an entirely new species: militant philosophers.

DatN:62

When Rubashov returns from service abroad, the picture commemorates not heroes, but traitors. Like Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford, they have been allied with an 'old order', and purged:

He had not been in his native country for years and found that much was changed. Half the bearded men of the photograph no longer existed. Their names might not be mentioned, their memory only invoked with curses [...] Those of the bearded men in the old photograph who were left had become unrecognizable. They were clean-shaven, worn out and disillusioned, full of cynical melancholy. From time to time No. 1 reached out for a new victim amongst them. Then they all beat their breasts and repented in chorus of their sins.

DatN:63-64

³⁰The 'Golden Country' is a clearing in a bluebell-wood behind a railway-station (1984:124-125); the lovers arrange to meet there after meeting outside St.Martin's church (1984:120), which we have already been told has become 'a museum used for propaganda displays of various kinds - scale models of rocket bombs and Floating Fortresses, wax-work tableaux illustrating enemy atrocities, and the like.' (1984:103)

What distinguishes this photograph from others apparently cited by the Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford incident³¹, is that it is removed by the Party only to be recited by a Party member, so gives rise within its text to considerations on the subject of 'leaving a trace'. Moreover, as O'Brien will resurrect the photograph of the three purged dissidents during Winston's interrogation, it is Ivanov, Rubashov's first interrogator, whom O'Brien's behaviour cites, who resurrects the purged Party-members' photograph³². Where Winston is associated with the pictured heretics by reiteration, though, Rubashov, we must note, is one of those on this photograph - he sees himself being written out of history.

Under interrogation, then, Rubashov notes 'a square patch on the wall lighter than the rest of the wall-paper', which he recognises to be the site of the photograph: it has been removed, and those it commemorated are not to be spoken of³³. Ivanov then reminds Rubashov of Rubashov's lover, Arlova, who he has betrayed, and who has been executed,

Her fate you know....'

Rubashov was silent, and noticed that his tooth was aching again. He knew her fate. Also Richard's. Also Little Loewy's. Also his own. He looked at the light patch on the wall, the only trace left by the men with the numbered heads. Their fate, too, was known to him. [...] If anything in human beings could survive destruction, the girl Arlova lay somewhere in the great emptiness, still staring with her good cow's eyes at Comrade Rubashov, who had been her idol and had sent her to her death....

DatN:88

As O'Brien will do, Ivanov himself makes reference to those in the photograph who have officially, according to his Party line, ceased-to-exist:

³¹In addition to the Meyers/Deutscher hypothesis, referred to in the preceding chapter, we should mention Peter Davison's research on the matter. He notes, firstly, Orwell's 'bitter denunciation' of a cover-up concerning French Communist Leader Maurice Thorez, who was alleged to have been in Moscow longer than Orwell knew he actually had been (p.98). Davison, having also noted that Orwell's own passport was (apparently unintentionally) falsified, then cites an incident wherein Orwell discovered a photograph of Aneurin Bevan 'smiling benignly with Soviet officials when he visited the U.S.S.R in 1930' (p.100). According to Davison, it was this photograph, 'exposing Orwell to a different view of the past from that he had held' that persuaded Orwell to stop contributing to *Tribune*, and that may have been the model for the Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford photograph/incident.

³²In the Ministry of Love, O'Brien first appears in Winston's cell:

O'Brien came in.

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

'They've got you too!' he cried.

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

'You knew this, Winston,' said O'Brien.

1984:250-251

Ivanov was standing at his bedside and blowing cigarette smoke into his face. [...] Ivanov, who had been his friend, had now also become an enemy [...]

'Have you been arrested too?' he asked.

'No,' said Ivanov quietly. 'I only came to visit you. I think you have a temperature.'

DatN:140-141

The ironies of these scenes are the same. Where O'Brien admits 'the got me a long time ago', Ivanov will himself be arrested, at Gletkin's behest, '[p]erhaps because his former friendship with Rubashov had been remembered; perhaps because he was mentally superior and too witty, and because his loyalty to No. 1 was based on logical considerations and not on blind faith' (*DatN:178*)

³³Ivanov was sitting back in his chair, smoking; he was no longer smiling. Suddenly Rubashov's eye was caught by a square patch on the wall lighter than the rest of the wall-paper. He knew at once that the picture with the bearded heads and the numbered names had hung there - Ivanov followed his glance without changing his expression.' (*DatN:83*).

'[...] The trial by the Administrative Board is secret and, as you know, somewhat summary. There is no opportunity for confrontations and that sort of thing. Think of . . .' Ivanov cited three or four names, and gave a fugitive glance at the light patch on the wall. When he turned towards Rubashov again, the latter noticed for the first time a tormented look in his face, a fixedness in his eye, as though he were not focusing him], Rubashov, but a point at some distance behind him.

Ivanov repeated again, in a lower tone, the names of their former friends. 'I knew them as well as you did,' he went on. 'But you must allow that we are as convinced that you and they would mean the end of the Revolution as you are of the reverse. That is the essential point. [...]'

DatN:93

As it will be in *1984*, the photograph, then, is recited to explain the mechanics of being removed from history, and the motivation behind such a removal. As in *1984*, also, those commemorated by the photograph are not permanently so removed, but held in the abyss, to be recalled *as* the demonstration of the death-to-history that such a remove entails.

The 'patch' is a palimpsest, a removal from history *and* testament to history's determined rewriting. This palimpsest bears a trace, though (of a photograph which has been the trace of the Party hierarchy, authorised *by* the Party, already theirs, not its subject's). 'Leaving a trace', being re-trace-able, is Winston's key problem in *1984*³⁴. The retracing of those men via this specific absence is linked to Rubashov's lover's memory, to the possibility that she, somehow, 'lives on' because he can recall her. This is the gesture *1984* will inherit, when Winston, having recalled Julia's body, recalls the heretics of the photograph. If they 'survive' (in *DatN*'s term) their overwriting because he can recall what was overwritten, so does she. When Winston first recalls the incident of the photograph, he reflects,

It was curious that the fact of having held it in his fingers seemed to him to make a difference even now, when the photograph itself, as well as the event it recorded, was only memory [*sic*]. Was the Party's hold upon the past less strong, he wondered, because a piece of evidence which existed no longer *had once* existed?

*1984:82*³⁵

We have suggested that *1984*'s hope is that 'the Party's hold upon the past' *is* less strong if something that has been overwritten can be shown, *by that act*, to have been overwritten, and to have 'once existed'. *DatN* prioritises memory-as-truth; what Rubashov recalls is not challenged, in the way that he can challenge Party history. *1984*, as we shall see, is not so confident. Just as it posits a time (the year 2050, see *1984:56,312*) by which rewriting will occur in Newspeak, so erasing all traces left in English by its writers, so it posits a possible outcome of interrogation that would invalidate memory. This possibility is what we know now as 'false memory syndrome', the idea that, as all memories are linguistic, they are subject

³⁴The 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?' (*1984:29*).

³⁵The tangibility of the photograph recites that of *DatN*'s photograph's absence:

Rubashov was silent. He was thinking over whether Ivanov was lying or sincere - and at the same time he had the strange wish, almost a physical impulse, to touch the patch on the wall with his fingers. 'Nerves,' he thought. 'Obsessions. [...]'

DatN:91

This passage is also recalled by Winston's persistent reflections on the 'sincerity' (*1984:272*) of O'Brien: 'he gave an impression of confidence and of an understanding tinged by irony' (*1984:182*), and has a 'faint trace of irony' (*1984:184*), he speaks 'with a mild, almost regretful irony' (*1984:250-251*)

to the same laws as any piece of language; there is nothing in their structure to distinguish them from fictions, so rudimentary behaviourism can convince the subject that he is not recalling, but inventing.

As we shall see in the final section of this chapter, *1984* is *post* Koestler's view of thought control. While we have seen *DatN* provide a model for the idea that language, countervailing language, is isolation and 'death', we shall now see that that novel ends with a consolation; an ostensibly nonlinguistic communion, a memory before linguistics. *1984* rewrites *DatN*, we have argued, *in order* to cite it and the 'real' dead it commemorates, to show that it survives rewriting. *1984*, though, is a *critique* of *DatN*; we have seen already how at every turn it advances *DatN*'s ideas into a truly 'totalitarian' state. We shall end this chapter by seeing *1984* robustly deny *DatN* its hope, that there is a way in which thought can be free of language.

4.3.3. The 'Oceanic' subtexts of *1984* and of *DatN*

He tried to think of O'Brien, for whom, or to whom, the diary was written, but instead he began thinking of the things that would happen to him after the Thought Police took him away. It would not matter if they killed you at once. To be killed was what you expected. But before death (nobody 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. Why did you have to endure it, since the end was always the same? Why was it not possible to cut a few days or weeks out of your life? Nobody ever escaped detection, and nobody ever failed to confess. When once you had succumbed to thoughtcrime it was certain that by a given date you would be dead. Why then did that horror, which altered nothing, have to lie embedded in future time?

He tried with a little more success than before to summon up the image of O'Brien. 'We shall meet in the place where there is no darkness,' O'Brien had said to him. He knew what it meant, or thought he knew. The place where there is no darkness was the imagined future, which one would never see, but which, by foreknowledge, one could mystically share in. But with the voice from the telescreen nagging at his ears he could not follow the train of thought further. [...] The face of Big Brother swam into his mind, displacing that of O'Brien.

1984:106-107

As we have seen in the preceding chapter, Winston's thoughts exist in a *moire* between physical and authorial death. The above passage shows the coming-together of the subtexts we have traced thus far: that 'thoughtcrime' leads inevitably to death, that 'thoughtcrime *IS* death' (*1984*:30), and that the telescreen both controls Winston's thoughts and monitors them, by its presence. It is also ridden with images drawn from *DatN*, of 'darkness', torture, and confession. We shall see, now, the relationship to all of these ideas of the 'mystical' aspects of death and communication, and of the involuntary images which 'swim' into Winston's thoughts.

We have suggested that over and above its 'borrowings' from *DatN*, *1984* indicates that text's thematisation of authorial death in a way which makes that novel's concerns, as opposed to its historicity, inescapable. We suggest here that the textual ungrammaticality which performs this protocollic function is a group of images of the undersea. These images frame the notions of death in both texts, but *belong* to *DatN*, as the first text to systematise them in

this connexion, namely, to articulate a then-contemporary psychoanalytic approach to communication.

Are there such images in *1984*, and are they significant? Certainly there are images of water, and they are employed to articulate the mechanics of Winston Smith's psyche. The metaphor of 'floating' is frequently reiterated in this connexion:

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

1984:84

[...] suicidal folly. Of all the crimes that a Party member could commit, this one was the least possible to conceal. Actually, the idea had first floated into his head in the form of a vision of the glass paperweight mirrored by the surface of the gate-leg table.

1984:143

Uncalled, a memory floated into his mind. He saw a candlelit room with a vast white-counterpaned bed, and himself, a boy of nine or ten, sitting on the floor, shaking a dice-box and laughing excitedly. His mother was sitting opposite him and also laughing.

It must have been about a month before she disappeared.

1984:308

The apparently unmotivated 'floating' memories and images relate to what we have seen over the last chapters as Winston's unconscious. Yet they also relate to his death, to his understanding of what this means, and to his desire for it. What 'floats' into his conscious thoughts is - O'Brien, the true destination of his diary, of his thoughts and their written form which precipitate his death; the idea of taking Charrington's room, so unmistakably and blatantly committing 'suicide' by appealing to the Thought Police; his mother, for whose 'death' we have seen him take responsibility, when she was happy, immediately before she disappeared and he learnt the 'meaning' of death-as-disappearance³⁶.

As we are seeing, *1984* is rigorous with its linguistics. If these are not determinist to the extent of *limiting* thought, they are, at least, determinist in that they have Ingsoc provide the lexicon for its articulation. Winston's heresy is detectable precisely because it is constituted in a radical re-arrangement of the language provided - recall his 'elegant' newspeak

³⁶We recall that Winston's project, to 'stay human' and pass on his humanity via the diary, is rooted in his belief that his mother died so that he could live on.

There is one other use of the image in this connexion. When Winston is in a drugged state in his early days in the Ministry of Love, he 'dreams', or 'recalls' the experiments performed upon him (experiments apparently designed to clarify his 'Room 101'):

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

He was strapped into a chair surrounded by dials, under dazzling lights. A man in white coat was reading the dials. There was a tramp of heavy boots outside. The door clanged open. The waxen-faced officer marched in, followed by two guards.

'Room 101,' said the officer.

The man in the white coat did not turn round. He did not look at Winston either; he was looking only at the dials.

1984:255. My emphasis

(1984:164). The only use of the word 'floating' outside of Winston's is a typically *newspeak* concrete: to describe the 'Floating Fortresses' that 'guard the sea-lanes' in the war with Eurasia (1984:194). What experience has Winston of this abstract, imagistic 'floating'³⁷? Is this suddenly a 'natural' image for one new to the realm of psychology? We suggest that the image jars, that it is 'improper' to 1984 itself, and that this impropriety is indicative of a *langue* to which the image belongs.

The image of 'floating' is not an isolated instance of this improper *langue*. It is accompanied by the image of 'swimming', which is interchangeable with it in what it describes - the action of the psyche distinguished from Winston's 'conscious' actions. In addition to 'the face of Big Brother', in this section's epigraphic citation, there are:

the dream [of his mother's disappearance] itself, and there was a memory connected with it that had swum into his mind in the few seconds after waking.

1984:167

He had the impression of swimming up into this room from some quite different world, a sort of underwater world far beneath it. How long he had been down there he did not know. Since the moment when they arrested him he had not seen darkness or daylight. Besides, his memories were not continuous. There had been times when consciousness, even the sort of consciousness that one has in sleep, had stopped dead and started again after a blank interval. But whether the intervals were of days or weeks or only seconds, there was no way of knowing.

1984:252

These images are beginning to form a subtext. The unconsciousness of Winston's calling-to-mind of O'Brien and Big Brother are attested to by the 'swimming' image, which at once removes his intention from the events and links them, hinting at the two faces' interchangeability. We have seen a memory of Winston's mother 'float' into his mind in his last moments in the novel, bringing a sense of closure of what has, after all, been a psycho-biographical narrative, running as it were from the death of the mother to the death of the son. Here we have the subtextually-linked swimming-up of an earlier memory - Winston's belief that he had murdered his mother - and the dream by which he realises that he has not. He is trying to remember, here; there is a little more volition involved in 'swimming' than in 'floating'. It is the third of these 'swimming' passages that explicates what is being referred to by this imagery: a psychoanalysis. Winston, in what is called for the first time his 'underwater world', has glimpsed non-linear thought, or rather, has recognised the realm of such thought as he has had access to in dreams and reveries. In keeping with the 'timelessness' of this world, the passage in which it is related is the most narratively complex in 1984, following his recollections from the bed on which he is to be interrogated by O'Brien, back to the initial punishment-beatings at the hands of the guards and the confessions at the hands of 'Party intellectuals', then to 'disconnected' memories with no time-locii which include him 'floating up out of his seat' (1984:255³⁸). The sequence ends with a memory - 'Winston could not remember whether it was in drugged sleep, or in normal sleep, or even in a moment of

³⁷The word 'floated' is used to describe - the trumpet note that emerges from the telescreen into his thoughts, twice (1984:28, 60); the singing of the prole woman (1984:148), and the shouts of prole children (1984:150, 192) that come into the room through the window.

³⁸See note 35, above.

wakefulness' (1984:256) - of a voice picking up the message Winston had received 'in that other dream, seven years ago' (ibid.). This 'under-water world' is not only a 'world' out-of-time but one in which Winston has been able to commune with the past, then, with the dead. In dreams, we recall, Winston has not only met O'Brien, and foreseen all that has happened, but has communed with his mother and sister, and also with Julia in the Golden Country (1984:33³⁹).

What the 'underwater world' is coming to represent, then, is a psychic realm in which those who are isolated, alone, 'dead' in the sense of *in communicado*, communicate. What are being linked here are the instances of a 'way of thinking' that is outside Ingsoc's sphere. The dream-sequences and Winston's intuitive relationship with O'Brien are all there is in 1984 that is not accounted for by the Panoptic control of the state; they are all that is private, insofar as they emerge from a 'self' undetermined by 'thought control'. Given this, can their subtextual linkage by this 'underwater' imagery be insignificant?

We may trace the 'underwater' subtext to a specific passage in 1984. It occurs during the period of the opening of the diary with which we have been concerned in the previous chapter's tracing of death-as-language.

We recall that it is following the first entry in the diary that Winston realises what is involved in opening it: the torture and death that must result, but also the 'death' of isolation in being unable to transcribe his thoughts because of intertextuality with the language of Ingsoc's

³⁹Lest we should think that it is not 'Julia' whom Winston encounters in his dream, the dream is shown to be an accurate foreboding by imagistic as well as phrasal recitation (recitations emphasised):

It was an old, rabbit-bitten pasture, with a foot-track wandering across it and a molehill here and there. In the ragged hedge on the opposite side of the field the boughs of the elm trees were swaying very faintly in the breeze, their leaves just stirring in dense masses like women's hair. Somewhere near at hand, though out of sight, there was a clear, slow-moving stream where dace were swimming in the pools under the willow trees.

The girl with dark hair was coming towards him across the field. With what seemed a single movement she tore off her clothes and flung them disdainfully aside. [...]

1984:33

Winston looked out into the field beyond, and underwent a curious, slow shock of recognition. He knew it by sight. *An old, close-bitten pasture, with a footpath wandering across it and a molehill here and there. In the ragged hedge on the opposite side the boughs of the elm trees swayed just perceptibly in the breeze, and their leaves stirred faintly in dense masses like women's hair. Surely somewhere nearby, but out of sight, there must be a stream with green pools where dace were swimming?*

'Isn't there a stream somewhere near here?' he whispered.

'That's right, there is a stream. It's at the edge of the next field, actually. There are fish in it, great big ones. You can watch them lying *in the pools under the willow trees, waving their tails.*'

[...]

When they were once inside the ring of saplings she turned and faced him. They were both breathing fast, but the smile had reappeared round the corners of her mouth. She stood looking at him for an instant, then felt at the zipper of her overalls. And, yes! it was almost as in his dream. Almost as swiftly as he had imagined it, she had torn her clothes off, and when she flung them aside it was with that same magnificent gesture by which a whole civilisation seemed to be annihilated [...]

1984:129,131

We may note that Julia repeats Winston's words, here, even if those words do only form the adjunct 'in the pools under the willow trees'.

prevailing ideology, and the 'death' of having become no more than this inauthentic text, which is open to manipulation and appropriation. The first entry, written automatically, without Winston's intention, concerns a film of the sinking of a ship, or, precisely, of a man, a woman and a child. This, then is Winston's 'experience' of the 'underwater world'. In the book's first section he will use the images of this film to recall his mother's death, in dreams⁴⁰, as well as to describe the proles⁴¹, and his own predicament:

It struck him that in moments of crisis one is never fighting against an external enemy, but always against one's own body. Even now, in spite of the gin, the dull ache in his belly made consecutive thought impossible. And it is the same, he perceived, in all seemingly heroic or tragic situations. On the battlefield, in the torture chamber, on a sinking ship, the issues that you are fighting for are always forgotten, because the body swells up until it fills the universe

1984:106

That is, the filmic image enters Winston's vocabulary⁴². This can be the only 'experience' Winston has of the sea, let alone the undersea⁴³, thus his imagery is not without foundation in the Party's propaganda, after all. His use of it as a vehicle for a topography of the psyche is, however: the undersea becomes the site not only what he remembers, but of his memories themselves, of his 'mystical' connexion to the past and to the dead⁴⁴:

[his mother and sister] 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 sight for ever. [...] It 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 aware of facts and ideas which still seem new and valuable after one is awake. The thing that now suddenly struck Winston was that his mother's death, nearly

⁴⁰See chs. 6&7. The first such dream occurs on the night following these first diary-entries: '[his mother and sister] were in the saloon of a sinking ship, looking up at him through darkening water'(1984:31)

⁴¹Winston witnesses a riot:

When he reached the spot it was to see a mob of two or three hundred women crowding round the stalls of a street market, with faces as tragic as though they had been the passengers on a sinking ship'

1984:73

⁴²It also 'enters' the vocabulary of the text's narration, further evidence that this is made up of Winston's lexicon, which is, in turn, ultimately Ingsoc's

⁴³Travel is prohibitively difficult even within London; on his sorties to the black market or Charrington's room Winston fears detection. Beyond London, it gets more complicated:

There had been no difficulties about the journey [to his first *rendezvous* with Julia], and the girl was so evidently experienced that he was less frightened than he would normally have been. [...] it was not easy to make a journey by yourself without attracting attention. For distances of less than a hundred kilometres it was not necessary to get your passport endorsed, but sometimes there were patrols hanging about the railway stations, who examined the papers of any Party member they found there and asked awkward questions.

1984:122-123

⁴⁴In addition to the occasion with which we have introduced this section, the sememe 'mystical' occurs five times in the text (once as part of the morpheme 'mystically'). Twice, it is used in connexion with others, and their 'thought control' via (Ingsoc's) language: Syme says, 'with a sort of mystical satisfaction', 'The Revolution will be complete when the language is perfect. Newspeak is Ingsoc and Ingsoc is Newspeak,' (1984:55). Goldstein's book refers to doublethink as 'mystical'(1984:200). The remaining usages all apply to Winston. Two of these describe his communion with the proles: 'if there is hope [...] it lies in the proles' occurs to him as a 'statement of a mystical truth and a palpable absurdity' (1984:85); later his attitude to the prole woman who sings constantly outside Charrington's room is described as 'mystical reverence' (1984:229). After his interrogation, when 'something was killed in [his] breast' (1984:304), his mysticism has become that of loyal Party members by applying to a sign-system, here that of chess:

'White to play and mate in two moves.' Winston looked up at the portrait of Big Brother. White always mates, he thought with a sort of cloudy mysticism.

1984:302

The 'mystical', we shall see, has its place in *Darkness at Noon*, provider of the interrogation cell as 'place where there is no darkness' and of 'the imagined future'.

thirty years ago, had been tragic and sorrowful in a way that was no longer possible. [...his mother] 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 to a conception of loyalty that was private and unalterable. Such things, he saw, could not happen today. Today there were fear, hatred and pain, but no dignity of emotion, no deep or complex sorrows. All this he seemed to see in the large eyes of his mother and his sister, looking up at him through the green water, hundreds of fathoms down and still sinking.

1984:31-32

The origin of this 'underwater' psychology is not provided by Ingsoc⁴⁵.

This brings us to the point to which we trace this *inner* 'underwater world', in this passage between Winston's intending to communicate via the diary and his realisation that such communication is impossible, that the diary is death. Winston is reflecting on the determination of his thoughts by 'the sacred principles of Ingsoc', when a distinctly improper image, removed even from the filmic images we have just noted, enters his thoughts:

Down in the street the wind flapped the torn poster to and fro, and the word INGSOC fitfully appeared and vanished. Ingsoc. The sacred principles of Ingsoc. Newspeak, doublethink, the mutability of the past. *He felt as though he were wandering in the forests of the sea bottom, lost in a monstrous world where he himself was the monster.* 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*?

1984:28-29. My emphasis

This is the point that Winston realises '[h]e was alone'; the idea has not occurred earlier in the text. It is also the point where he realises that his failure to record his 'interminable restless monologue' (1984:9) can be traced to Ingsoc's domination of his thoughts. His isolation now already contains the desperate realisation that 'thought control' can keep the Party in power *'for ever'*⁴⁶. 'For ever' is the phrase O'Brien will indeed use, in the book's final section, to describe the Party's dominion (1984:282).

The 'sea-bottom monster' image, then, is a glaring impropriety. It is just as clearly a psychoanalytic image, of 'depth', self-loathing and dividedness ('a monstrous world where he himself was the monster'). We suggest here that this image, improper to 1984's *langue*, yet at the crux of its investigation of textuality, authenticity and death, carries that investigation beyond this novel, to an intertext where such an image is proper, and in accord with a prevailing psychoanalysis. This intertext is *DatN*.

Koestler's novel, like those which it forms a trilogy, is indeed an analysis of a dying man's attempts to communicate, rather than 'die in silence'. It is distinguished from the bulk of what Orwell called 'concentration camp literature' by being more than a record of a dying heretic, albeit one based on Koestler's life-and-near-death-experience⁴⁷. It concentrates on the authorial aspects of the heretic's experience, on, precisely, the possibility of communicating

⁴⁵This psychoanalysis-via-the-underwater could be pursued by tracing the uses of images of 'sinking' in 1984. It would be seen that such images reinforce the depth-analysis of the psyche from which images of 'floating' emerge.

⁴⁶The passage goes on to record Winston's recognition of his 'alter-ego control by the Panopticon, and, in his noting '[n]othing was your own except the few *cubic centimetres* inside your skull' (1984:29. My emphasis), to reveal that this linguistic control of perception is itself already imperceptible.

⁴⁷For 'concentration-camp literature', see, for example, *CEJLIV*/114.

with 'the future' when one is to be removed from the 'stream of history'. It does, so, however, from a psychoanalytic perspective current at its time of writing, an analysis in which, communication that is reliant on language having failed *a priori*, one falls back upon what was known as the 'oceanic sense'.

DatN's Rubashov ends his journal, and the novel, in an 'oceanic state': Winston Smith begins his diary when he comprehends that his thought has been controlled by the state of 'Oceania'. The events of 1984 take place in 'Airstrip One, the third most populous of the provinces of Oceania' (1984:5). 'Oceania' conventionally refers to the agglomeration of islands in the southern hemisphere, around Australia⁴⁸. It is the only one of the three 'superstates' to have been so renamed in the book: Eastasia and Eurasia are instantly identifiable. Why this neologism? "Airstrip One's" role in the phoney war between Oceania and Eastasia/Eurasia is referred to constantly in the text, yet *no other state has been renamed*: China (1984:7), Malibar, India (1984:8), Africa (1984:40), Asia (1984:17), Mongolia, Europe (1984:122), Brazil, Russia and Japan, and even the Indian Ocean (1984:50) each retain their 'real world' identities⁴⁹. Orwell was keen that 1984's neologisms remained intact during the text's editing⁵⁰, and there must be some purpose to this most particular one: as late as October, 1948, Orwell was considering naming his novel *The Last Man in Europe*⁵¹, but, while everything we trace in this thesis indicates the ways in which Winston Smith is the 'last man', 'Oceania' does not encompass 'Europe'⁵². The only intertext we are tracing from 1984 which has a neologised setting is the other text that speaks of the 'oceanic state', *A&D*; this novel centres around 'Neutralia, the land without blackout' (*A&D*:12), that is, another place where there is no darkness⁵³. We suggest that this punning reference to the 'oceanic state' in which Koestler's heroes 'live' is a vital link, demonstrating that Winston Smith lives in the same 'state' as them: he, too, is isolated, betrayed by his writings, and consoled by an illusory 'underwater' nonlinguistic communion.

⁴⁸While the term is not much used any more, because the colonial states it described have each asserted their own identities, in Orwell's time Oceania was the '[c]ollective name for the groups of islands in the South Seas, or S. and Central Pacific Ocean.' (Hammerton, p.797). That is, in 1984's terms, part of Eastasia. In this 'real world' sense, 'Oceania' includes Burma, where Orwell once lived and worked, and set a novel and several essays. As Goldstein's 'Book' makes clear, parts of this real-world Oceania are included in the text's 'Oceania'. What was once used to denote a colony of Britain in which Orwell lived, then, is now used to denote Britain as a colony, dominated by America (1984:193).

⁴⁹That is, only Britain and Oceania have been renamed *despite* Winston reflecting that, [e]verything had been different [before the Revolution]. Even the names of countries, and their shapes on the map, had been different. Airstrip One, for instance, had not been so called in those days: it had been called England or Britain [...]

1984:34

⁵⁰As there are a lot of neologisms [in 1984] there are bound to be many printers' errors of a stupid kind, & American compositors are very tiresome to deal with as they always think they know better than the author.' ("Letter to Richard Rees", *CEJLIV*/135:533)

⁵¹See "Letter to F.J.Warburg", 22/10/48, *CEJLIV*/125:507.

⁵²*Eurasia* comprises the whole of the northern part of the European and Asiatic land-mass, from Portugal to the Bering Strait.' (1984:193. My Emphasis)

⁵³1984's naming of states is further anticipated in that *A&D* has America, not involved in the war in which 'Neuralia' is neutral, remaining 'America' (*A&D*:27, etc.).

4.3.3.1 *DatN* and the 'Oceanic'

What is this 'sense' with which, in the face of imminent death, *DatN*'s hero, Rubashov, consoles himself, and feels 'mystically' at one with all humanity? We shall quote his coming-to it, at the end of his imprisonment, after he has lent his presence to fictional confessions and realised that his own words will never be heard, at length:

He continued pacing through his cell. Since the bell of silence had sunk over him, he was puzzling over certain questions to which he would have liked to find an answer before it was too late. They were rather naive questions; they concerned the meaning of suffering [...]; applied to 'man' in the singular, to the cipher 2-4, the real human being of bone and flesh and blood and skin, the principle [that the ends justify the means] led to absurdity. As a boy, he had believed that in working for the Party he would find an answer to all questions of this sort. The work had lasted forty years, and right at the start he had forgotten the question for whose sake he had embarked upon it. Now the forty years were over and he returned to the boy's original perplexity. The Party had taken all he had to give and never supplied him with the answer. And neither did the silent partner, whose magic name he had tapped on the wall of the empty cell. He was deaf to direct questions, however urgent and desperate they might be.

And yet there were ways of approach to him. Sometimes he would respond unexpectedly to a tune, or even the memory of a tune, or of the folded hands of the *Pieta*, or of certain scenes of his childhood. As if a tuning-fork had been struck, there would be answering vibrations, and once this had started a state would be produced which the mystics call 'ecstasy' and saints 'contemplation'; the greatest and soberest of modern psychologists had recognized this state as a fact and called it the 'oceanic sense'. And, indeed, one's personality dissolved as a grain of salt in the sea; but at the same time the infinite sea seemed to be contained in the grain of salt. The grain could no longer be localized in time and space. It was a state in which thought lost its direction and started to circle, like the compass-needle at the magnetic pole; until finally it cut loose from its axis and travelled freely in space, like a bunch of light in the night [...]

DatN:243-244

The 'oceanic sense', then, takes over for Rubashov precisely where writing has failed; it gives him *unmediated* access to his self. It is the sense by which he has communed, in memories and dreams, with figures from his past, including his family. These recollections are triggered by certain stimuli to which he has not consciously attached them⁵⁴. That is, it is the sense *1984* is recalling in Winston's dreams, in the images that 'float' or 'swim' from his 'under-water world', and in the 'mystic foreknowledge' of 'the place where there is no darkness'. Before we show how *DatN* has been a building-up to this revelation by a subtextual articulation of the 'oceanic', let us be clear that *1984* is indeed citing this passage.

Rubashov begins by realising that he has been working for 'forty years' to 'find an answer to all questions' regarding suffering and truth. At the very end of *1984*, Winston

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

1984:311

The time-span of the two heretics' investigations are identical, yet whereas Rubashov has 'won the victory over himself' by abandoning the possibility of verbal communication and attaining the oceanic state, Winston, as we have seen, does so ironically, by having the very

⁵⁴The *Pieta* is a painting in front of which an incident Rubashov has long repressed took place; it has been freed from repression by the sight of a fellow prisoner's outstretched hands.

self he wished to communicate 'cauterised out'. We shall see Koestler associate the oceanic sense with the "yogi's" love of his fellow man; Winston's 'love' is at the cost of his own abnegation, it is no more - and no less - than the patient's love of the analyst.

Beside this reference are two made via the 'oceanic' and 'mystical'. Winston, we recall, purchases a paperweight, from Charrington: it cites the undersea by its content and the 'oceanic' by its effect. Here is our introduction to it:

It was a heavy lump of glass, curved on one side, flat on the other, making almost a hemi-sphere. There was a peculiar softness, as of rain-water, in both the colour and the texture of the glass. At the heart of it, magnified by the curved surface, there was a strange, pink, convoluted object that recalled a rose or a sea anemone.

'What is it?' said Winston, fascinated.

'That's coral, that is,' said the old man. 'It must have come from the Indian Ocean. They used to kind of embed it in the glass. That wasn't made less than a hundred years ago. More, by the look of it.'

'It's a beautiful thing,' said Winston.

'It is a beautiful thing,' said the other appreciatively.

1984:98-99⁵⁵

The paperweight reappears throughout the text: Winston thinks of using it to kill Julia (1984:105), when the lovers are arrested, it is smashed, and Winston is amazed at 'how small it always was' (1984:232). This amazement is an index of how important the paperweight has become. Having been, from the first, 'oceanic' inasmuch as it is a preserved piece of the past that originates in an ocean, what it has become is, in fact, a 'message from the past'⁵⁶. Julia picks it up, curious;

He took it out of her hand, fascinated, as always, by the soft, rain-watery appearance of the glass.

'What is it, do you think?' said Julia.

'I don't think it's anything - I mean, I don't think it was ever put to any use. That's what I like about it. It's a little chunk of history that they've forgotten to alter. It's a message from a hundred years ago, if one knew how to read it.'

1984:152

Like the *Pieta* in *DatN*, then, it is a stimulus not only for memories, but for memory itself⁵⁷. It is a proof that, while communicating with the future is impossible because of changing *langues* ('if one knew how to read it'), a mark can survive, and bring with it the *fact* of the past. Winston, indeed, uses the paperweight as a stimulus for a very Oceanic reverie:

He turned over towards the light and lay gazing into the glass paperweight. The inexhaustibly interesting thing was not the fragment of coral but the interior of the glass itself. There was such a depth of it, and yet it was almost as transparent as air. It was as though the surface of the glass had been the arch of the sky, enclosing a tiny world with its atmosphere complete. He had the feeling that he could get inside it, and that in fact he was inside it, along with the mahogany bed and the gate-leg table, and the clock and the steel engraving and the paperweight itself. The paperweight was the room

⁵⁵Charrington's repetition here anticipates his echoic 'you are the dead' (1984:230), and demonstrates that even here he is noting Winston's language. Winston's 'original' use of it here reiterates Syme's chilling phrase, '[i]t's a beautiful thing, the destruction of words' (1984:54), and demonstrates to Charrington his order of priorities - rather than the destruction of words, what Orwell elsewhere calls 'the surfaces of things' ("Looking Back on the Spanish War", *CEJLII*/41:286). It is, presumably, not accidental that the paperweight is smashed by 'someone' as soon as the lovers are arrested (1984:232)

⁵⁶This phrase is actually from the MSS 'original' of the passage that follows (*George Orwell, Nineteen-Eighty Four: The Facsimile of the Extant Manuscript*, p.82(MS p.147)). See epigraph No.2 to the preceding chapter.

⁵⁷When the paperweight is finally smashed, the 'coral' is described as 'like a sugar rosebud' (1984:232). Considering the importance given to films as sources of imagery (the drowning woman-and-child (1984:10-11), Goldstein), we cannot ignore the impetus behind cinema's most famous retracing of a heretic's memories to the personal, *Citizen Kane's* 'rosebud'.

he was in, and the coral was Julia's life and his own, fixed in a sort of eternity at the heart of the crystal.

1984:154

This *mise en abime* image, then, recalls the *DatN* passage: 'one's personality dissolved as a grain of salt in the sea; but at the same time the infinite sea seemed to be contained in the grain of salt'. *DatN* goes on,

He stopped at the window and leaned his forehead against the pane. Over the machine-gun tower one could see a patch of blue. It was pale, and reminded him of that particular blue which he had seen overhead when as a boy he lay on the grass in his father's park, watching the poplar branches slowly moving against the sky. Apparently even a patch of blue sky was enough to cause the 'oceanic state'.

DatN:245⁵⁸

Winston enfolds the sky into his paperweight, linking another reverie, in which the idea of the 'mystical' is included:

The mystical reverence that he felt for [the old prole woman who sang outside the window] was somehow mixed up with the aspect of the pale, cloudless sky, stretching away behind the chimney pots into interminable distances. It was curious to think that the sky was the same for everybody, in Eurasia or Eastasia as well as here. And the people under the sky were also very much the same - everywhere, 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

1984:229

This is, now, unmistakably 'oceanic', a reference to the 'psychology' Koestler formulates.

DatN has prepared this 'sense' by constant recourse to images of the underwater. There is not space enough here to trace the novel's insistent use of such images. We have seen its naming of the 'sense'; the novel ends,

It got dark, the sea carried him rocking on its nocturnal surface. Memories passed through him, like streaks of mist over the water. [...] A second, smashing blow hit him on the ear. Then all became quiet. There was the sea again with its sounds. A wave slowly lifted him up. It came from afar and travelled sedately on, a shrug of eternity.

DatN:254

Subtextually, we may note the following examples of this imagery, which, as well as anticipating the sense's naming, supply other interests we have seen related to death and communication in 1984:

'But how can the present decide, what will be judged truth in the future? We are doing the work of prophets without their gift. We replaced vision by logical deduction; but although we all started from the same point of departure, we came to divergent results. Proof disproved proof, and finally we had to recur to faith - to axiomatic faith in the rightness of one's own reasoning. That is the crucial point. We have thrown all ballast overboard; only one anchor holds us: faith in one's self. Geometry is the purest realization of human reason

DatN:101

This passage ties Winston's concern with the impossibility of communicating with the future (1984:9) in the face of the fictionability of history to his reliance on mathematics' certainties. As we have seen, it is his inability to prove these that betray his linguistic-boundedness, and enable O'Brien to defeat him by demonstrating that, even in mathematics, 'what will be judged truth in the future' will be what the Party decides is true. Winston's 'faith in one's self', his repeated insistence that he was right, which he has attached to this geometric

⁵⁸We will trace a 'sky' subtext in Ch. 6.

language, is precisely what collapses when he 'dies' in the Ministry of Love⁵⁹. Winston's 'lunacy', his belief in mathematics, and the importance to him of Julia, as the one person he will not betray, can also be traced to *DatN* via the oceanic; it is this sense's 'universal' linkage that reasserts the 'human':

Now, in the nausea which turned his stomach and drove the wet perspiration from his forehead, his past mode of thought seemed lunacy. The whimpering of Bogrov unbalanced the logical equation. Up till now Arlova had been a factor in this equation, a small factor compared to what was at stake. But the equation no longer stood. The vision of Arlova's legs in their high-heeled shoes trailing along the corridor upset the mathematical equilibrium. The unimportant factor had grown to the immeasurable, the absolute; Bogrov's whining, the inhuman sound of the voice which had called out his name, the hollow beat of the drumming, filled his ears; they smothered the thin voice of reason, covered it as the surf covers the gurgling of the drowning.

DatN:141⁶⁰

1984 refers to *DatN* by allying such images with the problematic of communication-with-the-future in *mimesis* of Koestler's text. In *DatN*, the 'oceanic' subtext encompasses all characters, uniting them in this problematic; Ivanov, the interrogator who will also be liquidated, describes another of *DatN*'s 'dead', Bogrov, thus:

He declaimed up to the very end of big tonnage [in *submarines* for which he was responsible] and world revolution. He was two decades behind the times. He would not understand that the times are against us, that Europe is passing through a period of reaction, that we are in the hollow of a wave and must wait until we are lifted by the next. In a public trial he would only have created confusion amongst the people. There was no other way possible than to liquidate him administratively.

DatN:147-148

⁵⁹Here are the steps in the downfall of Winston's phenomenology - its formulation:

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 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.

1984:84

its deconstruction:

'[...] The stars can be near or distant, according as we need them. Do you suppose our mathematicians are unequal to that? Have you forgotten doublethink?'

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. The belief that nothing exists outside your own mind - surely there must be some way of demonstrating that it was false? Had it not been exposed long ago as a fallacy? There was even a name for it, which he had forgotten. A faint smile twitched the corners of O'Brien's mouth as he looked down at him.

'I told you, Winston,' he said, 'that metaphysics is not your strong point. The word you are trying to think of is solipsism. But you are mistaken. This is not solipsism. Collective solipsism, if you like. But that is a different thing: in fact, the opposite thing.'

1984:278-279

and its crisis, when it is forgotten and palimpsestically replaced with "the Party's" 'truth':

His thoughts wandered again. Almost unconsciously he traced with his finger in the dust on the table:

$$2 + 2 = 5$$

'They can't get inside you,' she had said. But they could get inside you. 'What happens to you here is for ever,' O'Brien had said. That was a true word. There were things, your own acts, from which you could not recover. Something was killed in your breast: burnt out, cauterised out.

1984:302-303

⁶⁰The 'hollow beat of the drumming [which] filled his ears [and] smothered the thin voice of reason, covered it as the surf covers the gurgling of the drowning.' is explicitly recited by 1984's 'Two Minutes Hate',

in the background of which one seemed to hear the stamp of naked feet and the throbbing of tom-toms. For perhaps as much as thirty seconds they kept it up. It was a refrain that was often heard in moments of overwhelming emotion. Partly it was a sort of hymn to the wisdom and majesty of Big Brother, but still more it was an act of self-hypnosis, a *deliberate drowning of consciousness* by means of rhythmic noise.

1984:18-19, my emphasis

That is, he is removed from history without the opportunity to speak, as those in the photograph have been, and as Rubashov is threatened with being.

The *DatN*-passage which names the 'oceanic sense' directs the reader to 'the greatest and soberest of modern psychologists', who is not to be found in the text itself. This is another aspect of *DatN*'s 'documentary' genre⁶¹. It is referring unmistakably to Freud, who, for Koestler, has named this sense and supplied *DatN*'s imagery; in "The Yogi and The Commissar", an essay contemporate with *DatN*, he attributes the term explicitly, re-iterating the word 'sober':

In the Commissar's case judge and victim are one person and the cut-off organ [...] is [...] the Yogi's 'umbilical cord', his means of communication with the Absolute, with the 'Oceanic Feeling', to use Freud's sober term.⁶²

This essay describes the necessity of 'synthesising' the 'saint' who is 'attached to the all-one' with the 'revolutionary'; that is, it describes what happens in *DatN*. It argues for the 'Oceanic Feeling' precisely as the connexion with 'humanity' that the political heretic fails because he lacks. Winston, his failure to exorcise his repressed memories as connexions to the 'all-one' before they are noted and 'cured', is recognisable in advance:

spiritual life can be defined as the training for the acceptance of death: the Commissar [as Koestler names this revolutionary heretic] is the human type least advanced in this training and yet by force of circumstances the most advanced towards its aim. [...] This is the more remarkable as the constant danger under which he lives - I think Lenin used the phrase 'We are dead men on furlough'- is a constant temptation to communicate with those forbidden zones. In fact he is condemned to live in a constant state of repressed puberty. While in a normal curriculum the [...] great confrontation with the tragic and insoluble problems of existence occurs only once [...] the revolutionary spends all his life in this tropical climate [...] One has the feeling that his subconscious has been dealt with not on analyst's sofa but on the surgeon's table by the amputating knife. In fact one of his often-recurring problems is not to give himself away by sleep-talking or other subconscious automatisms [...]⁶³

Winston is 'the dead' Lenin, then, the revolutionary constantly at risk of giving his 'true self', his subconscious thoughts, away. Koestler here argues in advance that he *does* give himself away, and is killed, precisely because he does not give in to the feeling the subconscious provides of being in communion with oneself and others.

4.3.3.2 "The Future of An illusion": The Origins and Ends of Oceanism

⁶¹Koestler tops-and-tails his novel with protocols to read it as a thinly veiled allegory for the Stalinist purges and the real dilemmas faced by condemned men. It is dedicated to such men, and its postscript names them.

⁶²"The Yogi and The Commissar", p.15. This essay was published in 1942, between *DatN* and Koestler's other novel of the oceanic sense, *A&D*.

Unlike Rubashov, Winston knows nothing of Freud, because all pre-revolutionary texts have been destroyed (1984:101); indeed, he is unable to defend himself against O'Brien's linguistically-based philosophy for, by implication, the same reason:

The belief that nothing exists outside your own mind - surely there must be some way of demonstrating that it was false? Had it not been exposed long ago as a fallacy? There was even a name for it, which he had forgotten.

1984:279

⁶³"The Yogi and The Commissar", pp.14-15. We have noted most of the senses in which Winston is anticipated here, when discussing other aspects of the Koestler-Orwell intertextuality. We may only add here the 'sleep-talking', to which Winston is prone (he wakes up 'with the word "Shakespeare" on his lips', 1984:33).

This Oceanism does not sound like a Freudian idea, and, as we have seen, *1984* is rigorous in its Freudianism. We suggest, here, that Koestler employs Freud's name to give the idea *gravitas*, but that in so doing he undermines the idea, central to his 'parables' and to *1984*'s structure, that an overwritten citation can be retraced⁶⁴. The idea does, in fact, occur in *Civilisation and Its Discontents*, which is presumably where Koestler came across it. However, not only does Freud not originate the formulation upon which Koestler relies, he does not endorse it. Instead, he refers to the 'feeling' as having originated in another:

[...] a peculiar feeling, which, [this other person] is never without, which he finds confirmed by many others, and which he may suppose is present in millions of people. It is a feeling which he would like to call a sensation of 'eternity', a feeling of something limitless, unbounded - as it were, 'oceanic' [...] a feeling of an indissoluble bond, of being one with the external world as a whole.⁶⁵

The 'friend' with whom Freud credits the naming and formulation of the oceanic sense is Romain Rolland, the Nobel laureate. Apparently because it was first expressed to Freud in a 'private remark', this indebtedness is not made clear in his published writings, hence the ambiguity of the provenance of the 'as it were' - Koestler's attribution is readable. In a letter to Rolland, though, he admits that Rolland *is* the origin of the 'oceanic', and that its idea is troubling him:

Your letter of December 5, 1927, containing your remarks about a feeling you describe as "oceanic" has left me no peace. It happens that in a new work [*Civilisation and Its Discontents*] which lies before me still uncompleted I am making a starting point of this remark; I mention this "oceanic" feeling and am trying to interpret it from the point of view of our psychology. The essay moves on to other subjects, deals with happiness, civilisation and the sense of guilt: I don't mention your name but nevertheless drop a hint that points toward you. [...]⁶⁶

As he makes clear in a later letter to Rolland, far from authorising the 'oceanic', he is 'clearing it out of the way'⁶⁷. Yet its existence, and its absence in himself, make it the subject of yet another, altogether more personal letter, in May, 1931:

Approaching life's end, reminded of it by yet another operation, and aware that I am unlikely to see you again, I may confess to you that I have rarely experienced that mysterious attraction of one human being for another as vividly as I have with you [...]⁶⁸

Is this dissociation of the oceanic feeling from the Freudianism to which Koestler attributes it important? His *source* was correct; if it is taken as a protocol, the reader of *DatN* will find the 'oceanic'. We suggest here that this dissociation is important, because Freud cannot himself experience the 'oceanic feeling'. Koestler is playing with the idea of citation as the reiteration of authenticity. He swings 'the greatest and soberest' psychologist behind an idea in order to lend it the same authority he himself is lending to texts such as *1984* which cite his account of his authentic experiences of Stalinism and of imprisonment. Yet Freud's authority is removed, at the origin, as it were, from the 'oceanic'. If Koestler's misreading of *Civilisation and its Discontents* is not deliberate and purposive, he is himself invalidating the

⁶⁴Koestler refers to *DatN* as a 'parable - albeit thinly disguised - without naming persons or countries', and to *1984* as using 'a similar technique', in the supplementary postscript to *DatN*.

⁶⁵"The Future of an Illusion", *The Standard Edition of the Works of Sigmund Freud*, Vol. 21, pp.64-65)

⁶⁶"Letter to Romain Rolland", *The Letters of Sigmund Freud, 1873 - 1939*, No.241 (14.7.1929)

⁶⁷"Letter to Romain Rolland", *The Letters of Sigmund Freud, 1873 - 1939*, No.242 (20.7.1929)

⁶⁸"Letter to Romain Rolland", *The Letters of Sigmund Freud, 1873 - 1939*, No.261 (May, 1931)

citational basis of his and, by infection, Orwell's texts. That is, if Freud's text does not, as he tells Rolland he believes it does, indicate Rolland behind it, at the source of the idea, then the traceability of the 'original' behind the palimpsest is damned from the start.

For Freud, the 'oceanic', the idea that there is communion before language, is an illusion. Indeed, he compares it to the 'illusion', the 'madness' of being as one with a loved one. *1984*, as we have seen, carefully separates Winston and Julia from this 'illusion' by having the lovers, as their final and most painful act, 'betray' each other in Room 101. It is this act which 'kill[s] something in your breast' (*1984*:304), in the heart, seat of this 'illusory' love. Moreover, the 'illusion' of love (and here 'illusion' is a proper term, not only Freud's but *1984*'s) is juxtaposed, earlier in *1984*, with that of the timeless, oceanic world:

[...] there were also times when they had the *illusion* not only of safety but of permanence. So long as they were actually in this room, they both felt, no harm could come to them. Getting there was difficult and dangerous, but the room itself was sanctuary. It was as when Winston had gazed into the heart of the paperweight, with the feeling that it would be possible to get inside that glassy world, and that once inside it time could be arrested.

1984:158. My emphasis

It is at the end of his interrogation that Rubashov formulates the oceanic feeling, when he is about to be executed, having been interrogated and having confessed and sacrificed his ability to speak. That is, he has something left, a whole inner world of memories which connect him to the absolute; Winston, at this point, as we have seen, has nothing of himself left. This is why, unlike Rubashov, he need not be executed in the book. He has not only lost the ability to communicate and the will to love, he has lost the belief in his own memory. This is not just an implication; one more recollection does 'float[...] into his mind' as we have seen other connective memories do before he is arrested. This final moment of 'uncalled' communion with his past is a memory of a childhood game played with his mother and sister. It is as vivid as the others, and stimulated by just as uncontrollable a situation - he is playing a game, chess, in his last days. In all respects, then, it recites Rubashov's 'oceanic' memory of the family 'park', brought on moments before his end by 'a patch of blue sky'. It does not inspire any sense of communion, though, instead he rejects it entirely:

[...] For a whole afternoon they had all been happy together, as in his earlier childhood. He pushed the picture out of his mind. It was a false memory. He was troubled by false memories occasionally. They did not matter so long as one knew them for what they were. Some things had happened, others had not happened. He turned back to the chessboard and picked up the white knight again.

1984:309-310

In spite of the thoroughness of his interrogation, Rubashov has not been made to believe the Party line, its linguistics, and its psychology; Winston has. '[P]icking up the white knight again' is a behaviourist repression, a stimulus to which he responds by replacing his own 'false'/mystical' memory with the Party's: '[w]hite always mates, he thought with cloudy mysticism' (*1984*:302)⁶⁹. *1984* abandons *DatN*'s hope.

⁶⁹This is not an improper reading of Ingsoc's psychology: in the first section of the novel, Winston has 'sat for half an hour through a lecture entitled "Ingsoc in relation to chess"' (*1984*:115)

4.4. Conclusion

What *1984* insists upon, then, is that far from being its by-pass, the oceanic feeling is dependent on language, on language's structure; Rubashov 'names' the alter-ego he addresses 'the grammatical fiction' because he is the 'I' whom one *addresses* as 'I'⁷⁰. The oceanic feeling is a spoken communication, it instances writing-in-general, uses language's reiterative structure⁷¹. All uses of language are subject to the same laws; insofar as language is citational, what is being cited can be removed, or replaced with its "'negative" double'⁷². It is relatively simple behaviourism to turn a 'memory' into a 'false memory'. Signifieds can be replaced, as happens in Winston's case; the 'truths' and 'memories' he arrives at via writing are each removed from his mind by a combination of argument and ECT, and the 'truths' of Ingsoc are replaced, in their stead. This is, in all respects, the last word of the palimpsest as a method of thought control. Thus it is that the oceanic, the would-be sacrosanct site of memory, is cited when memory itself is shown to be linguistic, amenable to rewriting:

Winston worked it out. 'If he thinks he floats off the floor, and if I simultaneously think I see him do it, then the thing happens.' *Suddenly, like a lump of submerged wreckage breaking the surface of water, the thought burst into his mind: 'It doesn't really happen. We imagine it. It is hallucination.'* He pushed the thought under instantly. The fallacy was obvious. It presupposed that somewhere or other, outside oneself, there was a 'real' world where 'real' things happened. But how could there be such a world? What knowledge have we of anything, save through our own minds? All happenings are in the mind. Whatever happens in all minds, truly happens.

1984:291. My emphasis.

'The mind' is what Rubashov retains, and this is why he is shot; *his* mind is what Winston, even in the moment of recognising that all things happen there, has lost.

As O'Brien emphasises, Ingsoc is - post-Stalin, post-Nazism - the first true 'totalitarianism':

[the German Nazis and the Russian Communists] knew, at any rate, that one must not make martyrs. Before they exposed their victims to public trial, they deliberately set themselves to destroy their dignity. They wore them down by torture and solitude until they were despicable, cringing wretches, confessing whatever was put into their mouths, covering themselves with abuse, accusing and sheltering behind one another, whimpering for mercy. And yet after only a few years the same thing had happened over again. The dead men had become martyrs and their degradation was forgotten. Once again, why was it? In the first place, because the confessions that they had made were obviously extorted and untrue. We do not make mistakes of that kind. All the confessions that are uttered here are true. We make them true. And above all we do not allow the dead to rise up against us.

1984:266

That is, *1984* is post-*DatN*, the explication of the problematic of death and living-on whose last historical reference is Stalinism. *1984*'s last historical reference is *DatN*: this passage sums up the interrogational techniques *DatN* articulates⁷³. *1984* focuses on the 'oceanic'

⁷⁰He found out that those processes wrongly known as 'monologues' are really dialogues of a special kind; dialogues in which one partner remains silent while the other, against all grammatical rules, addresses him as 'I' instead of 'you', in order to creep into his confidence and to fathom his intentions; but the silent partner just remains silent, shuns observation and even refuses to be localized in time and space' (*DatN*:109).

⁷¹This structure is at work in naming, or recalling, the oceanic sense itself, by intertextual citation, of "Freud's" or Rolland's naming and development of the idea.

⁷²Once it is iterable, to be sure, a mark marked with a supposedly 'positive' value ('serious', 'literal', etc.), can be mimed, cited, transformed into an 'exercise' or into 'literature', even into a 'lie' - that is it can be made to carry its other, its 'negative' double.' (Derrida, *Limited Inc abc..r*:70)

⁷³Rubashov had heard of this method of complete physical crushing of the accused, in which usually two or three examining magistrates relieved each other in turn in a continuous cross-examination. But the difference

because it is via the 'oceanic' that Rubashov 'lives on', 'rises up against' Stalinism. We have suggested that *1984* has denied the "oceanic's" 'absoluteness'. It has, in fact, done so by returning it to Freud, to the 'source'-psychology where Koestler believed he had found it, and has made it subject, like all other impulses, to analysis and 'talking cure'⁷⁴. The Party recognises that the oceanic sense is a coping strategy, as Freud did:

['Oceanic feeling' is] a first attempt at a religious consolation, as though it were another way of disclaiming the danger which the ego recognises as threatening it from the external world⁷⁵

If it is to be total, *1984* can allow no living-on beyond the punishment of its totalitarianism. This is the sense in which *1984* is *post-DatN*; Rubashov lives beyond his interrogation precisely in the sense that he can still make a mark, even if it is only as a story told to himself. As we have seen in the previous chapter, Winston is 'dead' following *his* interrogation in exactly this sense: not only will he be written out of history, he cannot even communicate his self to himself. We can now pursue our subtext-to-intertext analyses, having explicated that what is entailed in being a 'dead' writer is, for the time being at least, while others have memories and language changes only by degrees, the capacity to live on not despite, but because, one is rewritten.

with Gletkin's method was that he never had himself relieved, and exacted as much from himself as from Rubashov. Thus he deprived Rubashov of his last psychological resort: the pathos of the maltreated, the moral superiority of the victim.' (*DatN*:203).

However, as O'Brien notes, at some time in the future the Gletkins will allow the Rubashovs, long dead, to 'rise up against' them:

The Party promises only one thing: after the victory, one day when it can do no more harm, the material of the secret archives will be published. Then the world will learn what was in the background of this Punch and Judy show - as you called it - which we had to act to them according to history's textbook. . . .'

He hesitated a few seconds, settled his cuffs and ended rather awkwardly, while the scar on his skull reddened:

'And then you, and some of your friends of the older generation, will be given the sympathy and pity which are denied to you to-day.'

DatN:228

In a sense, though, *DatN*'s condemnation is immanent to this 'promise'; there is already the awareness that it constitutes Stalinism's last weakness. The passage continues,

While he was speaking, he had pushed the prepared statement over to Rubashov, and laid his fountain-pen beside it. Rubashov stood up and said with a strained smile:

'I have always wondered what it was like when the Neanderthals became sentimental. Now I know.'

DatN:228

⁷⁴O'Brien tells Winston, at the start of the interrogation, that it will be such a 'cure', for what is repressed:

'you know perfectly well what is the matter with you. You have known it for years, though you have fought against the knowledge. You are mentally deranged. You suffer from a defective memory. You are unable to remember real events, and you persuade yourself that you remember other events which never took place. Fortunately it is curable. [...] Even now, I am well aware, you are clinging to your disease under the impression that it is a virtue. [...]

1984:258

The crushing irony is that Winston's 'defective memory' has recalled real events. It is precisely because these are couched in language, however, that they can be made to 'have never happened' (O'Brien is reiterating Orwell's words from "Looking Back on The Spanish War", see previous chapter), to appear to be fictional creations, 'false memories', like any piece of 'writing-in-general'.

⁷⁵*The Standard Edition of the Works of Sigmund Freud*, Vol. 21, p72

CHAPTER FIVE

DETERMINATION: POWER, LANGUAGE, 1984 AND *THE IRON HEEL*

However they may be as economic theories, Fascism and Nazism are psychologically far sounder than any hedonistic conception of life.

Orwell, "Review of *Mein Kampf* (unabridged translation)", *New English Weekly*, 21/3/1940¹

[B]ecause of his own streak of savagery London could grasp something that Wells apparently could not, and that is that hedonistic societies do not endure.

Orwell, "Prophecies of Fascism," *Tribune*, 12/7/1940²

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. Progress in our world will be progress towards more pain. The old civilisations 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.

O'Brien, 1984:279

5.1 Introduction

This chapter will address the language of power in *1984*, and our novel's attempt not to be determined by the conventions of this language, as it finds its intertexts to have been. Our starting point shall be O'Brien's 'picture of the future', 'a boot stamping on a human face - for ever' (1984:280)³. Spoken to Winston when he is held prone on the interrogation table of the Ministry of Love, this speech-event⁴ ostensibly represents a statement of *the Party's* intent to crush, or at least hold 'beneath' them, the people of Oceania. This 'picture' of intent, though, will recall another: that of the leader of the oligarchs in Jack London's *The Iron Heel* (1907 - hereafter *IH*):

We are in power. Nobody will deny it. By virtue of that power, we shall remain in power. [...] We will grind you revolutionists down under our heel, and we shall walk upon your faces. The world is ours, we are its lords, and ours it shall remain. As for the host of labour, it has been in the dirt since history began, and I read history aright. And in the dirt it shall remain so long as I and mine and those that come after us remain in power.

IH:69

The 'future', then, has already happened. This is not only true intertextually: *metatextually*, *1984* also cites Nazism:

The goose-step [...] is simply an affirmation of naked power; contained in it, quite consciously and intentionally, is the vision of a boot crashing down on a face. Its ugliness is part of its essence, for what it is saying is 'Yes, i *am* ugly, and you daren't laugh at me, like the bully who makes faces at his victim.

Orwell, "The Lion and The Unicorn", *CEJLII*/17;81

[O'Brien's] large ugly face came nearer, with the eyes a little narrowed. [...He] smiled slightly. 'You are a flaw in the pattern, Winston, you are a stain that must be wiped out. Did I not tell you [...] that we are different from the persecutors of the past? We are not content with negative obedience, nor

¹*CEJLII*/2;29

²*CEJLII*/11;46

³The quotation in this chapter's heading is from *The Iron Heel*, p.181.

⁴Derrida, *Limited inc*, pp.31ff. O'Brien's 'picture' demonstrates its intent by 'stating' what is manifest in the situation: his/its power over the powerless Winston.

even with the most abject submission. When finally you surrender to us it must be of your own free will. [...] What happens here is for ever. Understand that in advance. We shall crush you down to the point from which there is no coming back. Things will happen to you from which you could not recover, if you lived a thousand years. Never again will you be capable of ordinary human feeling. Everything will be dead inside you.

1984:267-268.

This chain of meta- and intertextual reference is, indeed, forged in part by this image of a future that has happened, that is contained in the present and its language; as Burnham's *Managerial Revolution*, 1984's immediate pre-text discovered, this image has articulated both the archetype of power *and* its truth, since Machiavelli, at least:

I come now to the last branch of my charge: that I teach princes villainy, and how to enslave. [...] It is not my intention to recommend that government or those men there described to the world, much less to teach men how to trample upon good men, [...] If I have been a little too punctual in describing these monsters in all their lineaments and colours, I hope mankind will know them, the better to avoid them, my treatise being both a *satire* against them, and a true *character* of them ...

Machiavelli, *From a Letter to a Friend*⁵

The generic undecideability of 'satire' and 'true character' that is carried in this image infects all texts that cite it, be they given as fiction, like *1984* and *IH*, or as something more sinister, such as Machiavelli's *The Prince*, about which he is talking here, or Hitler's *Mein Kampf*. We shall be suggesting here that, according to *1984*, this is because the image *performs a truth*.

1984's 'boot-face' image will open up the question of power, then, specifically: what is 'for ever' about its analysis of power that differentiates it from its real and fictional pre-texts, what is the *supplement* that it brings to their repetition? To answer this question of difference we will re-trace the imagistic steps that lead to this citation throughout the novel; we will find that the Party's 'future' has already happened *within* the novel, too. Following Riffaterre (1990), we will call this tracing of these anticipatory iterations of the boot-face image 'subtextuality':

Literature is indeed made of texts. Literariness, therefore, must be sought at the level where texts combine, or signify by referring to other texts rather than to less significant sign systems. [...] These references'] successive appearances map out, as it were, the outline of the intertext still to be discovered. In such cases, the reader's sense that a latent intertext exists suffices to indicate the location where this intertext will eventually become manifest. [...] when it activates or mobilises the intertext, the text leaves little leeway to readers and controls closely their response. It is thus that the text maintains its identity despite changing times, despite the evolution of the sociolect, and despite the ascent of relationships unforeseen by the author.⁶

We will find these iterations to be (in Riffaterre's term) 'ungrammatical' to our 'picture'. What has already happened is not the Party's, but the people's violence, and this deconstructs the 'picture's' conventional interpretation. Not only do the 'stamping' boots belong to all, validating O'Brien's use of the politician's conventional 'we', but they do so because, for

⁵Cited by Burnham as the epigraph to *The Managerial Revolution*.

⁶Riffaterre, Michael, "Compulsory reader response: the intertextual drive," pp.56 - 57.

1984, they articulate a *drive*, something that is there *before* the Party and its appropriation of them.

We shall find that the steps tracing this drive follow a markedly Freudian dual path. We shall trace also, the destination of this drive, the more-or-less human faces of the text, and arrive at a correlation of, in effect, two 'improper' (Derrida's 'equivalent' term to Riffaterre's 'ungrammatical') subtexts of control. We must stress that these 'subtexts' and intertexts are not 'chosen' by 'Orwell'; they are inevitable, and it is the angle of our reading which produces them, and their 'significance':

the reading must always aim at a certain relationship, unperceived by the writer, between what he commands and what he does not command in the patterns of the language that he uses. This relationship is not a certain quantitative distribution of shadow and light, of weakness or of force, but a signifying structure that critical reading should *produce*.⁷

This deconstruction infects history. We suggest that the function of the protocollic invagination, the signalling and 'enfolding', of *IH* via this image, is to demonstrate that what we have come to call 'fascism' is simply the manipulation of a psychic drive that *was known* before Hitler. Ingsoc 'faces' this truth, and the novel 'performs' it, for its characters and its readers:

Truth is performative and therefore not to be denied or ignored: again, no reader can go through these episodes without enacting the obsessive variation on a state of mind.⁸

Orwell elsewhere commemorates *IH* for such violence as we discover behind this 'picture' which re-cites that novel⁹. A secondary function of this invagination, then, is to reprimand *IH* for suppressing the truth about power. *1984* returns the language of power to *IH* to return *IH* to the truth it discovered and then covered-up about the language of power. For that novel is explicitly *determined* by ideology. Its violent realism is doubly framed, by a putative *discourse feminine* (the novel is structured as the diary of Avril Everhard, whose husband, Ernest, anticipates then leads the bloody resistance to the titular oligarchy, the 'Iron Heel') and by the footnotes of a fictional socialist-utopian editor in the *post*-'Iron Heel' future. It expresses a hope that its own truth is not immortal; *1984*, we shall see, re-employs both of these framing devices to divest the intertext that supplies them of this hope, in a return to its truth.

5.2. The intertext

The stated purpose of the 'Iron Heel' is to maintain capitalism in the U.S.A by suppressing quasi-Marxist opposition, though it finds that it can endure and expand apparently indefinitely on the techniques it has developed to do this. *IH*'s indication by our novel is

⁷Derrida, Jacques, "...That Dangerous supplement..." (pp.141 - 164 of *Of Grammatology* (1967), trans. Spivak, Gayatri, 1976, Baltimore, The Johns Hopkins University Press), p.158.

⁸Riffaterre, *Fictional Truth*, p.19.

⁹*CEJLIV7;41ff*

inescapable because of its titular image. Meyers finds not the passage we cite above but the sentence, '[t]he iron heel will walk upon our faces' to be at back of O'Brien's 'picture of the future,' 'a boot stamping on a human face - for ever.' (p.280) However, the conventional use of this reference as 'source' is a determined appropriation; removing the citation from London's text, rather than invaginating the whole text within *1984*, determines not only *IH*'s theme, or 'meaning', but, by a process of infection, that of *1984* when it re-cites *IH*. The idea that *IH* can be summated by this quotation assumes that, let us say, the heel belongs exclusively to the oppressing class and that the face has no complicity in the act. Neither of these novels, nor even, as we shall see, the image itself, is as simple as that. As we did with *1984*'s other pre-texts containing 'boot-face' images in our introductory chapter, let us now return Meyers' *IH*-citation, this single sentence, to the passage from which he sources it:

'It's no use,'[Ernest] said. 'We are beaten. The Iron Heel is here. I had hoped for a peaceable victory at the ballot-box. I was wrong. Wickson was right. We shall be robbed of our few remaining liberties; *the Iron Heel will walk upon our faces*; nothing remains but a bloody revolution of the working class. Of course we will win, but I shudder to think of it.'¹⁰

The suppression that the iron heel image represents is not submitted to. It is this that problematises *1984*'s protocols, and that makes them more than an imagistic borrowing or generic alliance; Orwell's novel does not entertain the possibility of fighting a totalitarian oligarchy, especially by 'bloody revolution' (cf p.29 '[a] thousand rocket bombs could not batter it down' - even the 'hope' of the proles doing this is admitted to have been fictional, a side-effect of a half-remembered personal loyalty). Yet, at the same time, the struggle-for-power is not ended; the 'savage' urge to stamp on those who would stamp on you is an integral part of *1984*. For this novel, this impossible, reactionary drive - a death wish combined with a will to power - cannot be led by, so result in, utopian socialism; it is, at bottom, as fascistic as the energy it would match, so will always be in the service of tyranny.

There are other significances in *1984*'s foregrounded citation of *IH*. London's book, too, is a 'realistic' defamiliarisation, not only of the time and place of its writing (in which its narrative begins), but of their prevailing ideology: '[s]trange and terrible and unbelievable things imposed on a familiar world,' as Burgess says of the opening of *1984*, '[y]ou laugh, or smile. Or shudder'¹¹. There is a certain parasitism taking place in this *technic*, even as to dates. *IH*'s strategic, impregnable architecture, designed to separate the oligarchy from the populace is erected between the year Orwell began *1984* and its titular year 'Ardis was completed in A.D. 1942, while Asgard was not completed until A.D. 1984.' (*IH*;199). Orwell dismissed *IH*'s calendar and this idea¹², but *1984*'s ministries betray him:

¹⁰*IH*;118. I have italicised Meyers' citation (NY edn, 1957, p.150). See Meyers, p.149.

¹¹"1948: an old man interviewed" (sic), 1985;20

¹²'It's dates and geography are ridiculous', he said (*CEJLIV*7;42)

The Ministry of Truth [...] was startlingly different from any other object in sight. It was an enormous pyramidal structure of glittering white concrete. [...Winston's] heart quailed before the enormous pyramidal shape. It was too strong, it could not be stormed.

1984:5,29

More relevantly for what we are calling these novels' linking 'realism', *IH* is one of the texts Orwell suggests anticipate the thinker *he* was writing against: James Burnham and his modern version of "Pareto's theory of the 'circulation of the elites'"¹³. London's description of the oligarchy's measures to head off insurrection are in accord with Orwell's understanding of Pareto's theory:

Whenever strong proletarians asserted their strength in the midst of the mass, they were drawn away from the mass by the oligarchs and given better conditions by being made members of the labour castes or of the Mercenaries. Thus discontent was lulled and the proletariat robbed of its natural leaders.

IH;198

If it is to stay in power a ruling class must constantly admit suitable recruits from below, so that the ablest men may always be at the top and a new class of power-hungry malcontents cannot come into being.

CEJLIV/46;194

By 1984, though, the theory has merged clinically with that of 'stamping out' opponents, in an acceleration of the power-process:

The Party taught that the proles were natural inferiors who must be kept in subjection, like animals, by the application of a few simple rules. [...] To keep them in control was not difficult. a few agents of the Thought Police moved always among them, spreading false rumours and marking down and eliminating the few individuals who were judged capable of becoming dangerous; but no attempt was made to indoctrinate them with the ideology of the Party

1984;74

After all, it is *IH* that has provided an etymology of this 'animal' 'proletariat':

^{fn}Derived from the Latin *proletarii*, the name given in the census of Servius Tullius to those who were of value to the state only as the rearers of offspring (proles); in other words, there were of no importance either for wealth, or position, or exceptional ability.

IH;31n

In 1984, this still-valid derivation remains implicit - '[s]o long as they continued to work and breed, their other activities were without importance' (1984;74). *IH* is the only pre-text of 1984 to explicate Burnham's three-tier social structure (whereby real and imagined wars are employed to consume wealth and keep the poor not only poor but employed, and uneducated¹⁴); after Burnham, 1984 will know *how* this structure is continuing to prevail. It

¹³In his *Publisher's Report* on 1984, Frederick Warburg is clear on this point: '1984 is among other things an attack on Burnham's managerialism; and it is worth a cool million votes to the conservative party (sic.)' (p.248). See also Orwell, *CEJLIV*/46;194-195 ("James Burnham and the Managerial Revolution"). Burnham's reformulation of Pareto is actually not in the work mentioned in the title of Orwell's essay, but in his later work, *The Machievellians: Defenders of Freedom* (pp.151ff), published in 1943, the year Orwell says he 'thought of 1984' (*CEJLIV*/125;507).

¹⁴The fictionality of the 'constant war' and its real purpose - to consume surplus goods - is subtextual to 1984, being finally explicated in 'the Book' (1984;205-209). Ironically, it is in *IH* that England remains independent of the three-way division of the world, and its economics:

will turn to *IH* to discover, from a text that saw it continuing *already*, at the origin, what Burnham is suppressing, *why*:

[h]umanity is divided into two classes: the self-seeking, hypocritical minority, and the brainless mob whose destiny is always to be led or driven, as one gets a pig back to the sty [...], according to the needs of the moment. And this beautiful pattern is to continue for ever. Individuals may pass from one category to another, [but there is] any 'iron law of oligarchy' [this *IH*-reminiscent phrase is to be found in *The Machiavellians*], which would operate even if democracy were not impossible for mechanical reasons.

It is curious that in all his talk about the struggle for power, Burnham never stops to ask *why* people want power.

CEJLIV/46;211. Original emphasis.

"Why should we want power? [...] I will tell you the answer to my question. It is this. The Party seeks power entirely for its own sake. We are not interested in the good of others; we are interested solely in power. Not wealth or luxury or long life or happiness: only power, pure power. What pure power means you will understand presently.

1984;274-275

Among the intertexts of *1984* that anticipate Burnham, *IH* alone begins with a realistic assessment of the divisions in its own society, and finds *why* they will continue: because they are not the means but the ends of power, because the action of holding-down, of *stamping on the face of*, of power, is the greatest pleasure, greater than any intellection, such as socialism. It is this idea as a *psychological* realism we will be investigating in this chapter, and why *IH* determines it by, against its own evidence, suggesting socialism, the *sharing of power* (which its own working definition of power as power-over-another makes meaningless) to be a 'realistic' future. As in *1984*, *IH*'s oligarchy literally 'makes' enemies, heretics, people who may challenge it, with the purpose of exercising power over them¹⁵.

Whatever terrors *1984* is indicating by making the boot in the face a central protocollic motif, they are not simply those of Stalinism or Fascism *as we know it*. London's 'iron heel' preceded these movements: *its* last-case scenario is of *Western* economics' triumph, even though we shall see this simple design arrive at quite different destinations:

'But suppose the trusts win this battle over the ownership of the machines, and the world?' Mr Kowlat asked.

'Such a war [between the 'iron heel' and Germany] would virtually put the Oligarchy in possession of the world-market. Also, such a war would create a long-standing army that need never be disbanded, while in the minds of the people would be substituted the issue 'America vs. Germany,' in place of 'Socialism vs. Oligarchy'.

IH;139

Later, a putative 'Oceania' of Europe and the antipodean countries are allied to the (N.American) 'iron heel'-which has taken in Canada and Latin America by helping them to 'crush' their 'Socialist revolutions' - against an 'Eastasia' united under Japan that has taken India from England. [B]ehind that event loomed the struggle between a united Asia and the world' (*IH*;153-154)

¹⁵Further, *IH* is unique in suggesting that this *desire* for a 'human face' to 'stamp on' is the motive for power, that the punishment and 're-education' of one's enemies is relished to such an extent that their destruction is held in abeyance. And not only for the oligarchs: *IH*'s 'revolutionists' capture an oligarch's son, whose 'mind was fresh and plastic' and take pleasure in 'converting' him via a contrived love-affair and lengthy interrogation. (*IH*;193)

'Then,' Ernest answered, 'you, and labour, and all of us, will be crushed under the iron heel of a despotism as relentless and terrible as any despotism that has blackened the pages of the history of man. [...]'^{fn}

^{fn}The earliest known use of that name to designate the oligarchy.

IH:104

What is being cited by the 'iron heel', then, is a social order. Where other intertexts (*We, Darkness At Noon*) can, to an extent be reduced to analyses of communism or Stalinism, at once accepting their non-fictionality and defusing their message, *IH* cannot. This is why *1984*'s iterations of it are unequivocal, not to make its object the opposite of Stalinism, but to show that Stalinism has no opposite; power is always fascism, and it is always attractive to something within a man. 'Fascism and Nazism are psychologically far sounder than any hedonistic conception of life'¹⁶.

We will conclude this chapter with *1984*'s critique of *IH*, that results from the invagination of the earlier text into our novel. The hope of *IH*, that this desire will one day be exhausted, and a more egalitarian society will emerge, is abandoned through the course of the *1984*'s narrative. This is a 'moment of truth' for *1984*; our text returns to *IH* what that novel has suppressed, that the instinct to hold power over another is stronger than the intellection to share it with them.

5.3. The pre-citations of 'a boot stamping on a human face'

By the time we reach the famous description of the future as 'a boot stamping on a human face forever', it is an inevitable image for an unavoidable drive. This section addresses this image as a bringing-together of distinct traces that have each been overdetermined in the text; the suppressive iterations of 'boots', the 'palimpsestic'(1984:42) idea of 'stamping' and 'faces' as receptacles of individualism anticipate the image and combine to make it meaningful.

5.3.1. The Boot

It is as a metonym of terror that the boot is cited by O'Brien in his 'picture of the future'. We shall trace its iterations in our novel to discover how it is imbued with this quality, to discover, in Derrida's term, 'what is re-markable about the mark' of the boot¹⁷.

In tracing the iterations in which the boot is associated with, or seen to be the agent of, terror, we will find that they alter our understanding of O'Brien's dictum. His speech is in the first person plural. We infer, on the model of those oligarchies available to us, that his 'we' is

¹⁶Orwell, *CEJLII*/2;29 ("Review of *Mein Kampf* by Adolph Hitler (unabridged translation)", *New English Weekly*, 21/3/1940)

¹⁷Derrida, "Limited Inc abc", p.70

exclusive of the subjects he is discussing: '[i]n our world there will be no emotions except fear, rage, triumph and self-abasement. Everything else we shall destroy - everything' (1984:279). What we are suggesting here is that in each iteration when the boot is loaded with the terror O'Brien will utilise in his concluding image, it is on the foot of the supposed 'subjects' of the oligarchy. This is what will constitute the iterative force of his statement; the 'we' he talks about is the whole people, it is they who will be inflicting endless restriction, suffering and fear upon each other.

We are suggesting, then, that this is the peculiar significance of the 'boot' subtext, here. It is used to articulate a drive, a will-to-power, of which boots are often the agent. For 1984, this drive is universal and psychic. Indeed, and true to Freud's modelling of repression, our novel subtextualises both a phylogenesis and an ontogenesis for this suppressive drive¹⁸. The first 'loading' of the boot-image will be with historically 'primitive' associations; in the second, children will be seen to be already wielding their boots aggressively. Both images will be complicated by what the novel suggests is the Party's awareness of this drive and its aetiologies; propaganda endlessly re-cites the boot-image to perpetuate it. This is the heart of the Party's effectiveness; it restricts the development of both societal and personal development, to keep the drive alive, to maintain fear and hatred. This immaturity is precisely what the drive wants, and its result - the violent suppression of a people by itself - is precisely what the Party wants. The 'we' of O'Brien's speech, who will perform more and more tyrannical acts, are shown to have been, by the tracing of this subtext, 'we' indeed. This is the challenging finding of the protocollic reading 1984 gives itself up to if it is considered as a rigorous work; from the final 'picture', we are re-tracing our steps, then re-applying the 'truth' of these steps to points where "bad reading's" conventional interpretations could easily prevail:

the *bad* reader: this is the way I name or accuse the fearful reader, the reader in a hurry to be determined, decided upon deciding (in order to annul, in other words to bring back to oneself, one has to wish to know in advance what to expect, one wishes to expect what has happened, one wishes to expect (oneself)). Now, it is bad, and I know no other definition of the bad, it is bad to predestine one's reading, it is always bad to foretell. It is bad, reader, no longer to like retracing one's steps.¹⁹

The first 'step' of the boot-image, then, is already *mise-en-abime*; the 'primitive' trampling-on-each-other of society is re-incited, as it will be daily, by the Two Minutes Hate film, a film of such 'trampling'. Eurasian Soldiers are marching towards those who 'face' the screen:

row after row of expressionless Asiatic faces [...] swam up to the surface of the screen [...] The dull, rhythmic tramp of the soldiers' boots formed the background to Goldstein's bleating voice.

1984;15. My emphasis.

The Party are citing the convention of the boot-as-oppressor, triggering hate via fear. Two things must be noted; the trigger already exists - film is always citation, this daily film is

¹⁸On Freud's phylogenetic and ontogenetic models, see Marcuse, 1955;34ff

¹⁹Derrida, Jacques, "Envois", p.4. Original emphasis. This is excerpted from the passage with which we preface this thesis, see my p.5.

already a ritual, and its citation already problematises 'the enemy' - the film is a propagandic fiction, it is its producers, the Party, who are inciting fear.

It is after this image that Winston observes the ritual response in 'the entire group of people': the 'rhythmical chant of 'B-B! ... B-B!' [...], somehow curiously savage, in the background of which one seemed to hear the stamp of naked feet and the throbbing of tom-toms' (1984;18). The primitive fear of attack is met with equally primitive responses, to which Winston is far from immune; before he employs this image, *he* has been, and unconsciously,

kicking his heel violently against the rung of his chair. The horrible thing about the Two Minutes Hate was not that one was obliged to act a part, but that it was impossible to avoid joining in.

1984:16

In characterising his fellow-employees' emotion, he is not only accrediting them with his 'violent' response to 'hatred', he is generalising an image that has been used to elicit that response; the primitive will-to-power is what is being cited by the on-screen 'boots'.

To understand the use of 'boots' as a tool of suppression, then, they must be seen as a symbol placed *mise en abime*: Winston, in feeling himself pursued throughout the text by them, will already be re-citing Party propaganda. This associates them with the Eurasian enemy, but it is a disseminatory image; beside the problems of origin we have already noted, we must add that the army are marching towards the Oceanic people, who are urged to *stamp out* the Eurasian enemy. Such a *mise en abime* is endless, relying, for propagandic effect on psychological fears and drives. 1984 could be deriving this endless psychoactive repetition from Burnham, or from *Mein Kampf*; it is written against both texts (see below, and epigraph to this chapter), they are part of what tie it to the 'real world':

"Any effective propaganda must be confined to a very few points, and must use these as slogans until the very last man cannot help knowing what is meant. ... Propaganda must limit itself to saying very little, and this little it must keep forever repeating. ..."20

From the start, we have seen Winston at least as prone to these drives as the next man; as with all of O'Brien's statements in the final section of the novel, his boot-face 'picture of the future' will be particularly meaningful for Winston, being 'true' to his own experience. This 'experience' is also personal, making the images Winston notes into iterations of his own aetiology. All Winston can draw back from his *suppressed* anamneses of his father ('he must have *deliberately* pushed [them] out of his consciousness over many years', 1984:167-168, my emphasis) is that he 'had disappeared some time earlier' than Winston's tenth birthday, and how he appeared to his young son:

His father he remembered more vaguely [than his mother] as dark and thin, dressed always in neat dark clothes (Winston remembered especially the very thin soles of his father's shoes) and wearing spectacles

1984:3121.

²⁰Burnham, citing Hitler, *Mein Kampf*, *The Machiavellians*, pp.141-142.

It is the family as the site of suppression - a key tenet of Ingsoc - that O'Brien is iterating before picturing the boot-in-the-face-for-ever:

Our [civilisation] 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. Already we are breaking down the habits of thought which have survived from before the Revolution. We have cut the links between child and parent, and between man and man, and between man and woman.

1984:279-280²²

In the conclusion of this chapter, we will be returning to the 'primitive' or 'savage' that is being cited in Winston's signal image of his father.

The second 'loading' of the boot-image is with the ontogenesis of what will be the Party's punishment *regime* in the cells of the Ministry of Love. It takes place in the household of the Parsons', where the children terrorise their parents in a microcosm of the totalitarian state ironically but not unseriously reversed:

There was a trampling of boots and another blast on the comb as the children charged into the living-room.

[...]

Suddenly, they were both leaping round him, shouting "Traitor!" and "Thought-criminal!", the little girl imitating her brother in every movement. It was somehow slightly frightening, like the gambolling of tiger cubs which will soon grow up into man-eaters. There was a sort of calculated ferocity in the boy's eye, a quite evident desire to hit or kick Winston and a consciousness of being very nearly big enough to do so. It was a good job it was not a real pistol he was holding, Winston thought.

[...]

He took his leave of Mrs Parsons and made for the door. But he had not gone six steps down the passage when something hit the back of his neck an astonishingly painful blow. It was as though a red-hot wire had been jabbed into him. He spun round just in time to see Mrs Parsons dragging her son back into the doorway while the boy pocketed a catapult.

1984:24-26. My emphasis.

This scene reverberates throughout the boot-face subtext. It pre-cites Winston's arrest (where the guards' boots *will* kick Winston), his imprisonment (when he *will* be denounced as a thought-criminal) and his idealisation of his execution, by 'a bullet in the back of the neck' (the catapult's projectile is described (1984:27) as a 'bullet'):

There was a stampede of boots up the stairs. The room [above Mr Charrington's shop] was full of solid men in black uniforms, with iron-shod boots on their feet and truncheons in their hands. [...] he received a violent kick on the ankle which nearly flung him off his balance.

1984:231-232. My emphasis.

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

[...]

There was a long range of crimes - espionage, sabotage and the like - to which everyone had to confess as a matter of course. The confession was a formality, though the torture was real. [...] Always there were five or six men in black uniforms at him simultaneously. Sometimes it was fists, sometimes it

²¹Winston recalls his father only twice, in a dream and in the hypnopompic moments following a dream (pp. 31 & 167ff).

²²A chief concern of Winston's is the distinction between the proles, who know and live with their families, and Party members who do not. He will associate himself with the proles' 'ancestral code' (p.124) by recalling memories of his mother's 'primitive emotions which he himself had to relearn by conscious effort' (p.172).

was truncheons, sometimes it was steel rods, sometimes it was boots. There were times when he rolled about on the 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 bone at the base of his spine. There were times when the cruel, wicked, unforgivable thing seemed to him not that the guards continued to beat him but that he could not force himself into losing consciousness.

1984:250-252

One day they would decide to shoot him. [...] It was always from behind, walking down a corridor.

1984:294

The echoes of the children in the guards are chilling. Cotextually, their boots are loaded with menace of what 'is to come' in the narrative as well as in their adulthood as guards. We must note the tying of these passages by the method of attack; the 'desire to hit or kick' which becomes the dual attack of the guards' 'iron-shod boots on their feet and truncheons in their hands', and the prison-guards' entire, identical armoury, '[s]ometimes it was fists, sometimes it was truncheons, sometimes it was steel rods, sometimes it was boots'. All this is anticipated by Winston after the Parsons-incident, and, after the prison, re-anticipated by O'Brien, implicating that what is to happen is that the cycle will continue to happen; this story, 'for ever', is happening. First, Winston, 'foreseeing' *post hoc*, after the Parsons incident, what should have been foreseen before it, what he *already knew*, the unobstructed ontogenesis of the will-to-power:

What was worst of all was that by such organisations as the Spies they were systematically turned into ungovernable little savages, and yet this produced in them no tendency whatever to rebel against the discipline of the Party. On the contrary, they adored the Party and everything connected with it. The songs, the processions, the banners, the hiking, the drilling with dummy rifles, the yelling of slogans, the worship of Big Brother - it was all a sort of a glorious game to them. All their ferocity was turned outwards, against the enemies of the State, against foreigners, traitors, saboteurs, thought-criminals. It was almost normal for people over thirty to be frightened of their own children.

1984:26-27

This primitive association of 'stamping' and personal power is not only known to the Party, but is fostered by them, lest it be played out in games. This passage, which links by the word 'savage[s]' the *enfants sauvage* to what they become *and have always been*, the adult workers of the Two Minutes Hate (who retain specifically *this* 'savage[ry]') because of the semiotics of the hate film), is invaginated in O'Brien's speech about the suppressive role of the family. Thus that speech's concern with the savage condition of 'trampling and being trampled upon' is more than symbolic:

[We are creating] a world of trampling and being trampled upon, a world which will grow not less but *more* merciless as it refines itself. Progress in our world will be progress towards more pain. [...] Already we are breaking down the habits of thought which have survived from before the Revolution. We have cut the links between child and parent [...]o- one dares trust a wife or a child or a friend any longer.

1984:279-280. Original emphasis.

This suppressive violence is real: Mrs Parsons is a 'crushed-looking woman'(1984:22), her son is a prison-guard, (one of those whose 'boots and fists' (1984:252) will 'break down' (1984:252) Winston), *in utero*. Articulating our subtext, these booted children will have

their father arrested, so commit him to the same punishments as Winston's for a 'thoughtcrime' that will be a recitation of Winston's: talking in his sleep²³, he repeats "'Down with Big Brother!' [...] over and over again' (1984:245). Before being summonsed by Mrs Parsons, Winston has written the same sentence in his diary, left open for her to see (1984:22), and he has written it 'over and over again'.

We must note, here, the psychological contexts of Winston's beating: 'the cruel, wicked, unforgivable thing seemed to him not that the guards continued to beat him but that he could not force himself into losing consciousness'. Being stamped on by a boot is mixed up, for Winston, with stamping on oneself, with suppressing one's 'consciousness'. His 'execution', his vaporisation, his removal from communion, Winston has been anticipating from the start; immediately before the incident at the Parsons' flat he writes in his diary, '*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*' (1984:21). Yet, as with his description of his impending arrest (ibid.), this is a fantasy; as he acknowledges in the same breath, the whole suppressive system realised by vaporisation is geared towards no one knowing *what* happens when a dissident is arrested:

[y]our name was removed from the registers, every record of everything you had ever done was wiped out, your one-time existence was denied and then forgotten'.

ibid.

From the first, Winston is fantasizing his own 'vaporization'. It is not that the Parsons boy anticipates the means of Winston's execution, but that he supplies Winston's desire to be 'vaporized', specifically by having his head entered and emptied, as by a 'wire': in describing the telescreen, Winston has expressed the thought, anticipating the interrogation that will come between arrest and execution, that 'they could plug in on your wire whenever they wanted to' (1984:5). Winston holds onto the 'truism' (p.84)²⁴ that the psyche is impregnable, but, as he does so, he betrays the fact that his very language is also 'supplied', so he gives his assertion the lie: '[n]othing was your own', he asserts, 'except the few *cubic centimetres* inside your skull' (1984:29, my emphasis - this doublethink would have been more explicit in non- (or pre-) metric 1948)²⁵. With the bullet-in-the-head, then, the threat of the approaching boots conforms to Winston's own symbolism of the suppression of his 'consciousness'. Winston, we recall, believes the approaching Mrs Parsons is actually the Thought Police, come because he has just opened his diary (1984:21-22).

²³The night he visits the Parsons, Winston dreams of his mother, and wakes up 'with the word 'Shakespeare' on his lips', p.33.

²⁴'Truisms are true, hold on to that!'

²⁵Psychic/linguistic autonomy is the fatal flaw of both the novel's heroes. Julia will assert 'It's the one thing they can't do. They can make you say anything - *anything* - but they can't make you believe it. They can't get inside you.' (1984:174)

To overdetermine the boot, which we have seen become a symbol of interpersonal power, turned to account by the Party, *1984* explicates the sociopolitical distribution of the boot as a commodity. Reflecting to 'before the revolution', Winston reminds us that '[h]alf of [the great mass of the people] hadn't even boots on their feet' (1984:93). Once again the fictionality of the novel is at stake; chronologically, this 'time' is that of the writing of *1984*, indeed Winston's assertion echoes Orwell in *The Road To Wigan Pier*. What is said about boots and power at the genesis of Ingsoc cannot but invaginate the power-politics, and its propaganda, of 1948, the year from which, however 'seriously', Orwell foresaw Ingsoc developing from English Socialism, into the text.

Statistics regarding boots are the only ones that are investigated by Winston, and he finds them to represent not simply a have/have-not social division of power, but a use of that power by those who 'have' to suppress the truth about this division. We have seen the boot's appropriation of ideas of personal suppression, in this incident we see them as tools of a dual social suppression. Alongside Winston's documentary 'truth' about their distribution, we have the fiction of Party propaganda. We must note that Winston is implicated in the creation of this fiction, in this constant rewriting that is not 'a direct lie':

Most of the material that you were dealing with had no connection with anything in the real world, not even the kind of connection that is contained in a direct lie. Statistics were just as much a fantasy in their original version as in their rectified version. A great deal of the time you were expected to make them up out of your head. For example, the Ministry of Plenty's forecast had estimated the output of boots for the quarter at a hundred and forty-five million pairs. The actual output was given as sixty-two millions. Winston, however, in re-writing the forecast, marked the figure down to fifty-seven millions, so as to allow for the usual claim that the quota had been over-fulfilled. [...] nobody knew how many had been produced, much less cared. All one knew was that every quarter astronomical numbers of boots were produced on paper, while perhaps half the population of Oceania went barefoot.
1984:44

The 'for ever' of the boot's stamp (it now 'stamps' 'facts' into the subjects of Ingsoc) is demonstrated in this subtext. In 'the past' '[h]alf of [the great mass of the people] hadn't even boots on their feet' (1984:93); the prohibition of the knowledge that this state of affairs continues ensures that it can continue indefinitely.

The boot can be made a symbol for Winston of the distribution and control-of-the-distribution of power, then, because it already is such a symbol. For Ingsoc, it embodies at once the suppression of *facts*, in a wholly fictional sharing-out of power, and the suppression of *individuals* by involvement in this fiction. Winston is incriminated in both of these suppressions; as well as working - and enjoying working²⁶ - on the suppression of information, he privately uses this experience, this knowledge about truth/seriousness and fiction to write the proles, and himself and Julia, into a series of fictions (of revolution, of other ways of life), albeit to suppress his reality.

²⁶Winston's greatest pleasure in life was his work.' 1984:46.

The boot-as-power has been used socially to convince everyone (even the boot-less) of their share in power. In Hate Week, for which the Two Minutes Hate has been a narrative as well as a meta-textual preparation, its carefully-honed propaganda semiotic is clearly re-cited to show that those who really do have boots really do have power, and those that really do not should be afeared:

A new poster had suddenly appeared all over London. It had no caption, and represented simply the monstrous figure of a Eurasian soldier, three or four metres high, striding forward with expressionless Mongolian face and enormous boots, a sub-machine gun pointed from his hip. From whatever angle you looked at the poster, the muzzle of the gun, magnified by the foreshortening, seemed to be pointed straight at you. The thing had been plastered on every blank space on every wall, even outnumbering the portraits of Big Brother.

1984:156.

The Party endlessly re-cites a limited stock of semioses as triggers for fear; it has reduced propaganda to essential emotions, and reduced these to the stimulus-responses that have existed for ever. This will be O'Brien's speech's 'world which will grow not less but *more* merciless as it refines itself' (1984:279, original emphasis). The 'expressionless Mongolian face' recalls the Two Minutes Hate film's 'expressionless Asiatic faces', the 'enormous boots' echo '[t]he dull rhythmic tramp of [that film's] soldiers' boots' (1984:15); the poster of Big Brother's 'face', '*enormous*' as now the enemy's 'boots' are '*enormous*', has been with us since the first page of the book,

It was one of those pictures which are so contrived that the eyes follow you about when you move. BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU, the caption beneath it ran.

1984:3

This is what is meant, here, by the boot-image as a *mise-en-abime*. Its 'savage' or 'primitive' potency is already being used by the Party as part of a semiotic of suppression. This is part of what makes it available to Winston; his interest in boot statistics and his awareness of the sound of boots pursuing him is a subtext in the free indirect discourse that structures the narrative because it has been made available to be so. The subtext demonstrates that Winston is a victim of the deterministic linguistics of Ingsoc, that the images in which it can be thought are pre-conceived.

Within the text, then, the boot-in-the-face image is already threatening, and *true*, both as psychoanalysis and socioanalysis; Winston is threatened not by the Party's 'boots', but by those of his fellow citizens. When O'Brien cites it as the 'picture of the future', the text, through the thoughts and actions of Winston, has deconstructed this image's conventional meaning. It has become a complex signifier of social relations, their manipulation, and the inseparable urges of fear-of-power and will-to-power; the Party is only the last-point in the development of the *phylos* and the *ontos* we see throughout this state. By that point in the narrative, the subtext we have traced has suggested that the 'we' who stamp on the face *means* 'we'. We must now turn to the intertext that, we suggest here, is not the 'source' of this image, but an earlier articulation of it, to discover what function is left to be performed by an

intertext, given its title's overdetermination by *1984*. We will see a discourse emerge, about truth, specifically the truth of this analysis of power and the need to be true, against ideology and hope, to it.

5.3.2 Faces

First, though, we must say a little to clarify the role of the 'face' in this 'picture'. 'Faces' in our novel mark the individuality of Party members, who are, as we are told from the beginning, otherwise obscured by 'the blue overalls that were the uniform of the Party' (1984:4)²⁷. This opportunity for individuality gives rise to a catalogue of often grotesque faces; they are 'sheep'like (Goldstein, 1984:14), 'froglike' (1984:58), 'like that of some large, harmless rodent' (1984:246), or 'skull-faced' (1984:247). Yet, we suggest here, in support of our hypothesis on the rigourousness of *1984* and its linguistics, the novel's faces are significant; as we will see to be true of physical gestures (in later chapters), they conform to a certain linguistics.

From the beginning, the play on 'expression' as verbal and facial-linguistic is made much of in the text. Natural expressions betray heretical individualism; they are 'rubbed out' and, palimpsestically, orthodox ones are 'rubbed in' in their place²⁸:

[Winston] had set his features into the expression of quiet optimism which it was advisable to wear when facing the telescreen.

1984:10.

We have seen that what is intimidating about the (fictional) enemy is their 'expressionless' faces (1984:15,156). Julia is warned by O'Brien (in his guise as co-conspirator) that if Winston 'survives', his face will be altered; the spectre of *expressionless* looms:

Winston could not help snatching another sidelong glance at Martin's Mongolian face. There were no scars that he could see. Julia had turned a shade paler, so that her freckles were showing, but she faced O'Brien boldly. She murmured something that seemed to be assent.

1984:181.

Martin, O'Brien's silent manservant, is present at this point, despite having no speaking part in the catechismic initiation to 'The Brotherhood' that is taking place. His adjunctive, supplementary role, though, is vivid: he could hardly be a more explicit living, present, recitation of the fear-inducing propaganda we have seen impress itself on 'the very last man', Winston. This is his *raison d'être*. Like the Eurasian soldiers, he has a '*completely expressionless* face which might have been that of a Chinese' (1984:175). Just such a fearsome expressionlessness could result for Winston, also; indeed Martin's may *be* such a result

[i]t occurred to Winston that a synthetic face was perhaps incapable of changing its expression'

²⁷'Inner Party' members, such as O'Brien, wear the same overall/uniform, in black (p.12)

²⁸The palimpsest and the 'rubbing in' of orthodoxy are both to be found in the text: '[a]ll history was a palimpsest' (Winston, p.42); '[t]hey rub it into you for years.' (Julia, p.139).

1984:181

Without access to facial 'utterances', we are *incommunicado*, alone, and loneliness is the original fear, the one that began Winston's desperate, indetachable communications;

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. [...]

[...] *from the age of solitude, from the age of Big Brother, from the age of doublethink - greetings!*

1984:30.

An 'Oceanic' face in our novel, then, is always an 'expression', and expressions are either of orthodoxy, and are unremarkable, or they are of unorthodoxy. Winston's colleagues, the 'beetle-like men' with '*inscrutable* faces [...] seemed to flourish best under the dominion of the Party' (1984:63). They are not expressionless, but present an expression that 'speaks' orthodoxy with no surplus of subjectivity. Yet the imposed, *conventional* expression must, paradoxically, be *sincere*. As with verbal language, if only orthodoxy is facially 'spoken', only orthodoxy has time and vocabulary to be thought²⁹.

Thus we can return to the catalogue of 'expressions' in our novel with the thought-policeman's knowledge that each *distinctive* face is a statement of individuality: Syme, who is arrested before Winston, *is* remarkable, unique, therefore 'inviting' his 'stamping-on'³⁰. He has 'large, protuberant eyes, at once mournful and derisive, which seemed to search your face closely while he was speaking to you' (1984:51)³¹.

Like Syme, the linguist, Winston cannot suppress his 'self' in his expressions. In his face there is always a leakage, 'betraying' conventional expression as being parasitic on the unconventional thought which is authoring it. 'Thought Police' are the guardians of this *differance*: we have seen in Ch. 2 how the old-world 'elegance' of Winston's Newspeak betrays his consciousness of, and lack of submission to, that definitively conventional language's rigours (1984:164). Here, again, we see that convention is not his 'instinct', even in the moment when he is assuring himself that he *has* fully internalised it:

To dissemble your feelings, to control your face, to do what everyone else was doing, was an instinctive reaction. But there was a space of a couple of seconds during which the expression in his eyes might conceivably have betrayed him.

1984:19.

²⁹Via 'doublethink', the *arch-orthodox* gesture, Orwellian linguistics goes beyond conventional determinisms in this: the subject can be aware of his suppressive action, on the condition that his awareness is, itself, suppressed when it is thought, ('[t]hat was the ultimate subtlety: constantly to induce unconsciousness, and then, once again, to become unconscious of the act of hypnosis', pp.37-38).

³⁰See p.252, where Winston admits his weakness is an 'invitation' to be kicked by the guards.

³¹This description of his individuality includes a citation - of the poster of Big Brother, archetypal policer, whose 'eyes looked deep into Winston's own' (p.4); Syme is doubly involved in the system of 'facecrime' by this description, by *being describable*, and, by this citation, capable of reading faces. This obverse/reverse is confirmed both by Winston realising 'Syme will be vaporized' (p.56) and by Syme betraying him (p.164).

Winston is *translating*; this 'instinct' is, cynically, spoken only when Winston believes it is needed: '[h]e had set his features into the expression of quiet optimism which it was advisable to wear when *facing* the telescreen,' (1984:6. My emphasis). The surplus, the *personal*, unconventional supplement with which we have seen him 'unconsciously' imbuing his *writings* in the preceding chapter is at work here: 'as in a photo for which one composes one's face - through the composition, there is a certain 'truth', as one says, that comes across'³². Winston cannot wholly suppress this 'truth' (he later confesses to an 'impulse to make faces at the telescreen' 1984:157). It is his failure to control his expressions - to speak the official facial language - alongside his belief that such language can be spoken insincerely, held in abeyance, that leads to or 'invites' Winston's arrest and re-programming³³.

When his eyes meet O'Brien's, he is unprepared for facial fiction presented convincingly as truth, precisely because, despite his intention to do so, he has not mastered the removal of his personal truth, of *himself* from his written and facial 'texts'. His 'facial-linguistic' sophistication extends only to irony, the idea that a sign reveals its own fictionality (O'Brien is linked to Julia in a constant 'ironic smile', 1984:125(J);272(O'B)). The possibility that truth and fiction cannot be determined, that irony *is* a conventional fiction available to be cited, to be 'expressed', is not known to Winston, and that limit is his undoing:

there was a fraction of a second when their eyes met, and for as long as it took to happen Winston knew - yes, he *knew!* - that O'Brien was thinking the same thing as himself. An unmistakable message had passed. It was as though their two minds had opened and the thoughts were flowing from one into the other through their eyes.

1984:19. Original emphasis.

The language of faces is as open to appropriation and as full of citation as its verbal cousin.

Thus Winston is *doubly* incompetent in the art of facecrime. His judgement of others' 'sincerity' is as poor as his own semblance of it. This is demonstrated by what Derrida terms a *dehiscence*, a productive divide³⁴, between the free indirect discourse of the narrative voice, which 'sets up' individuals as 'thought-criminals' or 'thought-policemen' in the reader's eyes, as in a detective novel, and Winston's internal 'monologue' (1984:9), which reveals his inability to read conventions so see what is in front of *his* face, too. This dehiscence, then, is the site of Winston's individuality - his imperfect, *personal* vision. Even as he diagnoses

³²Derrida, "<<Dialanguages>>", p.133.

³³If he had ever believed that he was not sublating 'expression' to 'appearance', his first rendezvous with Julia would have disavowed him of this belief:

'What could you see to attract you in a man like me?'

'It was something in your face. I thought I'd take a chance. I'm good at spotting people who don't belong. As soon as I saw you I knew you were against *them*.' (p.128. Original emphasis.)

³⁴Derrida appropriates this biological term in *Limited Inc. abc*: Dehiscence 'marks emphatically that the divided opening, in the growth of a plant, is also what, in a *positive* sense, makes production, reproduction, development possible' (p.59)

Syme, he spectacularly misdiagnoses Parsons, who will be arrested after him, and, crucially, Julia:

Mrs Parsons would be vaporized. Syme would be vaporized. Winston would be vaporized. O'Brien would be vaporized. Parsons, on the other hand, would never be vaporized. The eyeless creature with the quacking voice would never be vaporized. The little beetle-like men [...] would never be vaporized. And the girl with the dark hair [Julia] would never be vaporized either. [...] It seemed to him that he knew instinctively who would survive and who would perish [...]³⁵.

1984:64.

Winston is once more *in communicado*; he is simply not speaking the same language, for it is language that this face-reading comes down to, as his fellows. This is a 'structural mimesis' of the novel as a *roman thought-policier*: readers, too, will variously detect or miss the 'clues' Winston is presented in the faces (as well as in the words, actions, etc.) of his colleagues: such realistic, or truthful, individualism of reading is being performed here³⁶. In diagnosis as in expression, Winston is reflecting the abyss between the conventional language he believes he is thinking/speaking and the hereticism he thinks/speaks *in truth*: once more, it is when he lays claim to 'instinct' - the instinct which does indeed indicate 'who would survive and who would perish' - that he exempts himself from its domain, that is, from those who *sincerely* 'think' orthodoxy³⁷.

The face is mediator of the mind, then. Whether it be 'honest' or betraying nothing more than the willful dishonesty of conventional thought or nothing less than the pure fictionality of O'Brien, who does not believe in truth, the face shows what is *behind* it, it is always an expression. 'We' are always giving something away, and the Party have extended their

³⁵Winston 'misreads' Julia's face, to the extent that he takes her genuine empathetic glances for apparent Thought Police work (p.12ff).

³⁶Derrida uses the term 'structural mimesis' to describe *Beyond the Pleasure Principles* method of textually performing the 'fort/da' gesture it discusses ("To Speculate - On "Freud"", particularly pp.343ff). We are suggesting in this thesis that 1984 'performs' several gestures; in this section, the gesture is that of 'making faces', and its pair, 'reading faces', as in a detective novel. We must note here that the novel's publishers understood it to be such a novel, a 'thriller', to which Orwell replied, inferring what we are calling its hypertextuality, 'I didn't intend it to be *primarily* that.' ("Letter to Roger Senhouse", 26/12/1948, CEJLIV/132;520)

³⁷Winston's fatal misreading is of the incongruent facial language of Mr Charrington, '[h]e was a man of perhaps sixty, [...] with a long, benevolent nose, and mild eyes distorted by thick spectacles.' (p.97)

This combines approachability with a warning we have seen in the faces of the 'beetle-like men' (One, who 'held some important post in the Fiction Department [...] presented to Winston two blank discs instead of eyes' pp.56-57), a complex 'expression' whose 'inside' is revealed in Charrington's true identity. The old man, after having observed the lovers for enough time to discover their 'worst fears', approaches in the manner of a guard, child-spy, or thought-policeman:

There was another, lighter step in the passage [n.b. recalling the Parsons, anticipating the prison-guards]. [...] Something had also changed in Mr Charrington's appearance. [...] he was not wearing his spectacles. He gave Winston a single sharp glance, as though verifying his identity [...]. He was still recognisable, *but he was not the same person any longer*. [...] His face had undergone only slight changes that had nevertheless worked a complete transformation. The black eyebrows were less bushy, the wrinkles were gone, the whole lines of the face seemed to have altered; even the nose seemed shorter. It was the alert, cold face of a man of about five-and-thirty. It occurred to Winston that for the first time in his life, he was looking, with knowledge, at a member of the Thought Police.

1984:233-234)

linguistics to read this surplus. This is a rigorous language of 'expression', its contradictions not only deconstructed but cited by the Thought Police as a written language would be. Thus it is that they can specifically excise it, and, as a mark of their superiority, 'stamp', in its place, submission on their subjects faces. Except, as with the 'boot', it is 'we', each other, who police and impose such expressions.

As with the 'kicking of his heel', and cotextual with it, it is Winston who explicates the interpersonal 'desire', in the Two Minutes Hate, 'to smash faces in with a sledgehammer' (1984:16). This fantasy of power, but now also of smashing frustrated communication by breaking-into another person's self and imposing one's own becomes, 'by a voluntary act' (ibid.) the fantasy of smashing *Julia's* face

Suddenly, by the sort of violent effort with which one wrenches one's head away from the pillow in a nightmare, Winston succeeded in transferring his hatred from the face on the screen to the dark-haired girl behind him. Vivid, beautiful hallucinations flashed through his mind. He would flog her to death with a rubber truncheon. He would tie her naked to a stake and shoot her full of arrows like Saint Sebastian. [...]

1984:17.

This 'hallucination' articulates much that we have seen set up by the boot-face, and emphasises, but does not reduce itself to, that subtext's sado/masochistic elements' waking dreams of violent *sexual* domination are metonymising and surrogating those of dominance in-general (the foot kicking the chair) for the subject who is *in reality* dominated³⁸. Orwell is rigorous with his (psychoanalytic) language: 'hallucinations' are 'failures in "reality testing"', which tend 'to be regarded as psychotic'; the psychotic individual 'regards [the analyst] as part of himself or as an enemy'³⁹. Winston is showing (O'Brien, his alter ego/enemy) his trouble with reality control⁴⁰. The 'rubber truncheon' is indicative of Winston's *own* fantasized end; it will be, as we have seen, tied up with the boots and the fists of the guards. It also frames this scene, *is already* attached to the anticipation of Winston's fate; the 'Victory Gin' he has drunk to enable him to write/recall this event has given him 'the sensation [presumably fantastic? - 'improper' to Winston's biography as we know it, at any rate] of being hit on the back of the head with a rubber club.' (1984:7). Saint Sebastian, as well as being a Gay icon (not insignificant in the switch of gender in Winston's 'hallucinations' - see below), is 'patron saint of municipal, or local, police and neighbourhood watch schemes [...] and of physicians.'⁴¹. Winston is policing while he is smashing the police (whom he believes Julia to be), violating what he believes to be inviolate (1984:17).

³⁸Herbert Read, in his obituarial essay on Orwell, suggests that 'an element of sado-masochism [sic.] in the public may explain the strange success of this book.' (*World Review*, June, 1950, p.59)

³⁹Rycroft, p.60

⁴⁰"You would not make the submission which is the price of sanity. [...] When you delude yourself into thinking that you see something, you assume that everyone else sees the same thing as you. But I tell you, Winston, [...] reality exists in the human mind, and nowhere else. Not in the individual mind, which can make mistakes, [...]: only in the mind of the Party, which is collective and immortal." (O'Brien p.261)

⁴¹Butler, p.396

This 'hallucination' is re-cited, when another re-markable face, that of fellow-worker Wilsher, comes between the lovers':

The silly blond face beamed into his. Winston had a hallucination of himself smashing a pick-axe right into the middle of it.

1984:118

Psychoanalytically, two things define an hallucination: their internal nature (they are triggered from within, that is, not by their subjects) and their strength - they 'may be so vivid as to be mistaken for objective reality'⁴². The content of this hallucination is nearer to the truth, of (Winston's) will-to-power as we have seen it implied by his appropriation of the Party's boot-face drive and as it will be revealed by O'Brien, than the sensory reality it replaces. This 'truth' is perhaps most sententiously phrased here; the pickaxe-in-the-head inevitably recalls the assassination of Trotsky. If *1984* were ever a simple attack on Stalinism, its hero's appropriation of Stalin's ultimate tool of suppression-of-opposition as an hallucinatory fantasy would destabilise this. Finally, we must note that Winston *and* Julia pledge themselves to 'throw sulphuric acid in a child's face' (1984:180).

As with the boot-aspect of this subtext, these fantasies of 'smashing' or 'stamping (authority) on' the 'inside' via the face are realised in the prison, between Winston's arrest and his interrogation:

a short stumpy guard with enormous arms and shoulders [...] took his stand opposite the *chinless man*, and then [...] let free a frightful blow, with all the weight of his body behind it, full in the chinless man's mouth. [...] for a moment he lay as though stunned, with dark blood oozing from his mouth and nose. A very faint whimpering or squeaking, which seemed unconscious, came out of him. [...] Amid a stream of blood and saliva, the two halves of a dental plate fell out of his mouth.

1984:247-248. My emphasis.

But where do these fantasies originate? As the prison scene indicates, O'Brien's 'boot stamping on a human face' is not so much a political image as an abbreviated citation of a drive that is not only disseminated throughout the text's characters, events, and language, but is attributed to 'we'. 'We' is a pronoun of illimitable inclusivity in a work of such undecidable fictionality as *1984*. We have seen *boots* as metonymic of the 'savage' will-to-power which drives the Party, and *faces* as either already 'stamped' with conventionality or inviting such a stamp by expressing inner thoughts: both citations are, of necessity, of images which *already exist*.

⁴²Evans, Chris, p.152. Just as we are arguing throughout this thesis that words need to be taken seriously in *1984*, whose every concern comes down to the uses of language, so must we pay attention to its use of psychology and its terms. In the next chapter we will be tracing imagistic protocols to a very limited but vital discussion in then-contemporary psychoanalysis: of the Oceanic State, in which one becomes elated and at peace by hallucinating voluntarily. This state was employed by prisoners under totalitarian regimes, and Koestler centres the psychology of his trilogy around it. We also note, here, that the hypnopompic state in which Winston recalls details of his mother (see ch??) is related to both hallucination and the Oceanic State.

We shall now address the textual origin of this subtext, Jack London's *The Iron Heel*. Having traced the boot-face images into a subtext, we can now find in this intertext more than the conventional lexical correlation with *1984*. We will, in fact, suggest that this intertext is cited by our text because *IH* hints at the conventional interpersonal fascism of *1984*, because it is written around the very idea that this is *already* there in our behaviour and language. Indeed, *IH* crucially sees this societal and interpersonal suppression already involved with *linguistic* suppression.

5.4. The boot-face subtext traced to *the Iron Heel*

The discourse of struggle is not opposed to the unconscious, but to the secretive. It may not seem like much; but what if it turned out to be more than we expected? A whole series of misunderstandings relates to things that are "hidden", "repressed" and "unsaid"; and they permit the cheap "psychoanalysis" of the proper objects of struggle. It is perhaps more difficult to unearth a secret than the unconscious.

Foucault, "Intellectuals and Power"⁴³

Here we reach the central secret. As we have seen, the mystique of the Party, and above all of the Inner Party, depends upon *doublethink*. But deeper than this lies the original motive, the never-questioned instinct that first led to the seizure of power and brought *doublethink*, the Thought Police, continuous warfare and all the other necessary paraphernalia into existence afterwards. This motive really consists....

'Emmanuel Goldstein', *The Theory and Practice of Oligarchical Collectivism*, cit.
1984:226

5.4.1. *IH* and 'the fascist within us all'⁴⁴

IH is a violent novel because of the 'realism' to which it subscribes. Its account of a revolution and a counter-revolution does not evade the reality of conflict and death. Yet its realism goes beyond the documentary. As psychological realism, it suggests that power, as power over others, is a pre-ideological goal, that the role of ideology is variously to justify or to palliate this basic desire.

We have seen the 'savage' who must be constantly suppressed within oneself being manipulated by Ingsoc's propaganda. *IH* embodies the savage in the proletarian 'beast', which must be 'stamped upon' within society, yet which, as we have seen, is unleashed on one's enemies in the name of the maintenance of that society (as if to reinforce the continuing reign of the will-to-power, the period between Orwell writing *1984* and the date itself is precisely the time being discussed here⁴⁵):

An age of selfishness was dawning upon mankind. [...The Oligarchy] looked upon themselves as wild-animal trainers, rulers of beasts. From beneath their feet rose always the subterranean rumbles of revolt. [...] They were the saviours of humanity, and they regarded themselves as heroic and sacrificing labourers for the highest good.

⁴³Foucault, 1977:215

⁴⁴The term is Foucault's (1977:xiii)

⁴⁵fn Ardis was completed in A.D. 1942, while Asgard was not completed until A.D. 1984. (*IH*;199).

They, as a class, believed that they alone maintained civilisation. It was their belief that if they ever weakened, the great beast would engulf them and everything of beauty and wonder and joy and good in its cavernous and slime-dripping maw. [...] the horrid picture of anarchy was held always before their children's eyes until they in turn, obsessed by this cultivated fear, held the picture of anarchy before the eyes of the children that followed them. This was the beast to be stamped upon, and the highest duty of the aristocrat was to stamp upon it. [...]

I cannot lay too great a stress upon this high ethical righteousness of the whole oligarch class. This has been the strength of the *IH*, and too many of the comrades have been slow or loath to realise it.⁴⁶

What is being 'stamped on' is the same in object-text and intertext, the primitive lust-for-power in others, at least as it is projected by and from those who exercise it presently. The essential differences are technological - in *1984*, the oligarchy have replaced the 'picture' of the beast with the 'film' of the foreign soldier to control the 'savage' within *their* children - or would-be overthrowers. We must note the auto-suppressive *doublethink* at work here: the 'high ethical righteousness' by which the oligarchy believe that 'they alone maintained civilisation' is already a linguistic suppression comparable to *1984*'s⁴⁷. It is the holding-in-abeyance of one's true motivation, which is not to say 'denying' or *repressing* this. On the contrary, it is not diffusing the 'secret' of power in mere language. It has been suggested that Orwell, like Burnham before him, fails to answer the crucial question: 'why does the Party seek power?' We are suggesting here, that the answer is provided: in the universal gesture of the boot-in-the-face, to which we cannot but react, and not only with fear.

1984, then, works out the consequences of what *IH* thus suggests and Orwell baldly states in his review of *Mein Kampf* (*CEJLII/2*); that Fascism is (founded on) a true psychoanalysis:

We are in power. Nobody will deny it. By virtue of that power, we shall remain in power. [...] We will grind you revolutionists down under our heel, and we shall walk upon your faces. The world is ours, we are its lords, and ours it shall remain. As for the host of labour, it has been in the dirt since history began, and I read history aright. And in the dirt it shall remain so long as I and mine and those that come after us remain in power. There is the word. It is the king of words - Power. Not God, not Mammon, but Power. Pour it over your tongue till it tingles with it. Power.

'I am answered, Ernest said quietly. 'It is the only answer that could be given. Power...' Your hearts are as hard as your heels with which you tread upon the faces of the poor.

IH:69

The iron-heel-face image is as subtextual to *IH* as the boot-face one is to *1984*. The above passage is from a catechismic exchange between leader of "the oligarchs" party and Ernest on why the status quo will maintain. Thus it structurally anticipates the context of O'Brien's 'picture of the future':

'Why should we want power?'

[...] A thousand times better than Winston [O'Brien] knew what the world was really like, in what degradation the mass of human beings lived and by what lies and barbarities the Party kept them there. [...]

'Now I will tell you the answer to my question. It is this. The Party seeks power entirely for its own sake. We are not interested in the good of others; we are interested solely in power. Not wealth or luxury or long life or happiness: only power, pure power. What pure power means you will understand

⁴⁶*IH*;195-198. Orwell cites parts of this passage in *CEJLIV/7*.

⁴⁷Indeed, it is already couched in 'Newspeak': "The daily press? The daily suppressage! [...] Let me prophesy. [...] The next mention will be that he [the 'heretical' bishop who has 'disappeared'] is suffering from nervous prostration and has been given a vacation by his grateful flock" (Ernest, *IH*;81-82)

presently. We are different from all the oligarchies of the past, in that we know what we are doing. [...] We know that no one seizes power with the intention of relinquishing it. Power is not a means, it is an end. [...] He paused, and for a moment assumed again his air of a schoolmaster questioning a promising pupil: 'How does one man assert his power over another, Winston?'

Winston thought. 'By making him suffer,' he said.

1984;274-275,279

The reiteration of 'power' is anticipated by another lexical link: *IH* is the only intertext of *1984* to speak, as both texts have here, in terms of an oligarchy. In both texts, the oligarch's position endures in because it is the ideal realisation of basic human motivation. When O'Brien admonishes 'all the oligarchies of the past', he is speaking, explicitly, about the *real* past, *our* past, from the Inquisition to Stalin; in the undecidable fictionality of our novel, the oligarchs of this novel from the pre-totalitarian past are just as clearly indicated. We will see presently, why O'Brien accuses them (or Orwell accuses London) of not 'knowing what they were doing'.

Power over the many results from them being kept beneath the few, the *oligos* - this distinction defines the oligos, and its maintenance gratifies the lust-for-power. In these two novels' (psycho)analysis, 'holding' power would not only be meaningless, but, more importantly, rewardless; power *is* the assertion of power, stamping the boot, an action, or event which must be constantly happening to be gratifying. *IH's* Wickson is *performing* this gesture *by* explaining it to Ernest, just as O'Brien is, when looking down on Winston, whom he has strapped to a table beneath him. His recitation of 'the word' is a speech event, an inflicting of power in the assertion of the pure joy of doing so.

This psycholinguistic event needs a constant supply of freethinking, feeling human beings - 'men' who can feel its assertion, who can suffer, as Winston suffers, hearing/experiencing it. These 'men' are always 'the last' because by annihilating them the oligarchy has proved that it has 'triumphed', yet they must also be in steady supply, for the oligarchy depends on them, too. The freedom allowed Winston, which has puzzled commentators, seeming unrealistic, ungrammatical, even⁴⁸, is thus explained; everything that is intrinsically a man, his feelings, his psyche, above all, his language, his would-be immortal communication of his self, must be allowed - even, perhaps, encouraged - to flourish because power, self-gratification, consists in the discursive destruction of this individuality, this human *everything*, again and again:

'If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face - for ever. [...] And remember that it is for ever. The face will always be there to be stamped upon. The heretic, the enemy of society, will always be there, so that he can be defeated and humiliated again and again. [...] Goldstein [who, we recall is no more than the propagandic image of himself which the Party manipulate] and his heresies will live for ever. Every day, at every moment, they will be defeated, discredited, ridiculed, spat upon - and yet they will always survive. This drama that I have played out with you during the last seven years will be played out over and over again, generation after generation, always in subtler forms. [...] an endless pressing, pressing, pressing on the nerve of power. You are beginning, I can see, to realise what that world would be like'.

⁴⁸See Burgess, 1985;23.

Our thesis is that the realisation of 'what this world will be like', is gleaned from intertexts, which 'survive' in its protocols. *IH* contributes 'fascism' as a day-to-day motivation; this is the 'secret' of Ingsoc. But, as we have seen from the imagery of *1984*, it is also the secret, the suppressed thought, of the text, not of its 'narrative', but of its *writing*.

Orwell has written that 'London could foresee Fascism because he had a Fascist streak in himself: or at any rate a marked strain of brutality and an almost unconquerable preference for the strong man as against the weak man'⁴⁹. Finally, *IH* is realistic because it *is written* with this knowledge: it is not an uninterested description of conflict, but a performance of it.

Far from the neat divisions of the 'hedonistic utopias' to which it is opposed⁵⁰, *IH* is characterised by confusion, as violent imagery is distributed across conventional 'suppressor/suppressed' divides. There is a conflict in the ideological *telos* of the whole text: pessimism at the natural ('animal', as Orwell notes elsewhere⁵¹) power-hunger of man is juxtaposed with anticipation of or reflection from a pacific future in which, via socialism, this has been overcome. It is *this* suppression of its own psychological 'realism', that *1984* is taking the novel to task over: it amounts at once to a false hope and to *doublethink*. For *1984*, *IH* knows that the 'savage' lust-for-power is the true basis of what will come to be known as fascism, and knows that socialism is far from being immune to it:

Why, we even depended much, in our plan, on the unorganised people of the abyss. They were to be loosed on the palaces and cities of the masters. Never mind the destruction of life and property. Let the abysmal brute roar and the police and Mercenaries slay. The abysmal brute would roar anyway, and the police and Mercenaries would slay anyway. It would merely mean that various dangers to us were harmlessly destroying one another. In the meantime we would be doing our own work, largely unhampered, and gaining control of all the machinery of society.

IH;198,202

Yet it defers this knowledge, replacing it with a 'future' utopia that is inconsistent with it.

While the events and speeches of the novel are as 'red in tooth and claw' as any of London's Alaskan stories, they are framed by a 'feminine' narration, which in turn is framed by a future Socialist, Anthony Meredith. Meredith's constant interjectory footnotes are written, like *1984*'s ironic psycholinguistic appendix which they inspire, from *post*-revolutionary times of rationality such as both tales militate against even the possibility of. Not 'true' to the novel,

⁴⁹CELJIV/7;43

⁵⁰An account of the 'machine age', *IH* (1907) is written against the utopias of the late nineteenth century - Erewhon, *News From Nowhere* - that saw in machine-production an opportunity for universal leisure. See also Orwell, particularly CELJII/11;46 ("Prophecies of Fascism," *Tribune*, 12/7/1940).

⁵¹"Introduction to *Love of Life and Other Stories* by Jack London", CELJIV/7

this 'future' is its hope, deferred: *IH* allows Ernest's wolf-hunt⁵² three hundred bloody years to develop into this enlightened utopia.

For the footnotes are a kind of specious proof of the distance *IH* has achieved from its subject-matter, even from Avis's 'feminine' mediation of it; the narrator's line 'ripped out a savage oath' is footnoted with the following:

It is interesting to note the virilities of language that were common speech in that day, as indicative of the life, 'red in claw and fang'.

IH;43

This is prototypical Orwellian linguistics; a suggestion that not only is the language of the day inextricable from the thought of the day, from the prevailing ideology (or psychology), but that knowing this involves a doublethink, a caring, Socialist *alter ego* who can monitor one's words/thoughts. Each *ego* is holding its *alter* in abeyance, the revolutionist is postponing peace, like a martial St Augustine⁵³, and the Socialist is indefinitely 'exorcising' the Fascist-within via hate-fantasies? It is this issue *1984* begins by taking up, in the Hate Week scene, where the desire for peace is as weak as the fantasies of (sexual) power are strong.

1984, citing, via its 'boot-face' image, all of this interpersonal violence, deconstructs the idea of progress founded on such suppression, such holding in abeyance, by following the image with the words '*for ever*'. By this phrase, Orwell's novel puts this defining motion of power *before* '1984' or '1948': what has been shown in the years between *IH*, which showed the voracity of the image, and our novel's writing is that the former's insights are true and, being true, will never end; there is no future.

Each of *1984*'s intertexts have a 'hope' that is cited by our novel in order to draw attention to the limitedness of previous attempts at dystopian thought, here is *IH*'s; that the psychology of Fascism, however true, is an aberration that can be explained by untamed maleness and primitive times, and that it can be overcome by a willful evolution to its theoretical opposite, Socialism⁵⁴. *1984* has, even by citing *IH*, demonstrated the doublethink of conventional notions of 'the past' and 'the future'. Hope, or perhaps non-hopelessness, is what is invested in these terms. They reinstate, every time they are used, the convention of

⁵²Ernest: "I'll make them snarl like wolves", *IH*;55. The novel explicates the politically allegorical role of beasts in London's oeuvre, and inevitably informs Orwell's use of farmyard animals, in *Animal Farm* and here (the sheep-like Goldstein). For example, 'Labour became mulish' (*IH*;115); [Wickson:] "We will hunt the bear" (*IH*;69); and the description of Ernest as 'the horseshoer', whose 'arms were clutching the air like eagle's talons. He was the spirit of regnant labour [...] his hands outreaching to rend and crush his audience' inform three of *AF*'s central motifs: the hardworking, stubborn, stupid donkey, Benjamin; the farmers with their hunting-rifles; and Boxer, the muscular horse, 'admiration of everybody' (*AF*;18).

⁵³Saying, in effect, 'make me tolerant and peaceful, but not yet' - cf St Augustine's *Confessions*, Bk viii, ch 7.

⁵⁴Unlike the 'hedonistic utopias', *IH* does not present Socialism as a natural state ('Socialism has no more to do with the state of nature than has differential calculus with a Bible class' Ernest, *IH*;65.)

change, of progress, on which both capitalist progress and socialist revolutions are built. *IH* reveals capitalism to be founded on a universal drive that will not go away: it has no origin and no expiry-date. It is this contra-Marxist analysis, with its implication that Socialists must fight, not wait, for their inheritance, that earned Orwell's admiration:

the book is chiefly notable for maintaining that Capitalist society would not perish of its 'contradictions', but that the possessing class would be able to form itself into a vast corporation and even evolve a sort of perverted Socialism, sacrificing many of its privileges in order to maintain its superior status.[...] London's understanding of the nature of a ruling class - that is, the characteristics which a ruling class must have in order to survive - went very deep.⁵⁵

'The future' will not arrive, because people's lust for power will not change. It is a deferment of peace; heaven, a device needed for the present to be endured. The future *in truth*, in the truth religions and 'the media' create these deferments to conceal, and with which *1984* turns the 'iron heel' image back on its origin, is the present, 'for ever'. This is what Orwell commended, elsewhere, as the 'realism' of London's 'nonpolitical' Alaskan writings: '*vae victis* as a law of Nature.'⁵⁶

5.5. Conclusion: the will-to-power and the inheritance of suppression

The drive that our key image pictures is, then, an open secret. Beside being subtextualised in our novel, it is provided by an unavoidable intertext. Yet to discover it, Winston has sought to interrogate not himself but the Party, via its actions, as if it were not within himself. Indeed, he has staked his life on finding it⁵⁷;

The past not only changed, but changed continuously. What most afflicted him with the sense of nightmare was that he had never clearly understood *why* the huge imposture was undertaken. [...] He took up his pen again and wrote:

I understand HOW: I do not understand WHY.

He wondered, as he had many times wondered before whether he himself was a lunatic

1984:83. Original emphasis.

When he has the chance to know the motivation of those who hold power, though, when risks all to obtain 'the book' and had read it to the point where his question would be answered, he suddenly stops reading:

[']Here we reach the central secret [...], the never-questioned instinct that first led to the seizure of power and brought *doublethink*, the Thought Police, continuous warfare and all the other necessary paraphernalia into existence afterwards. This motive really consists....[']

[...] He shut the book, put it carefully on the floor, lay down and pulled the coverlet over both of them.

⁵⁵CEJLIV/7;42-43. Orwell distinguishes London's 'intellectual' Socialism from his 'instinctive' 'preference for the strong man as against the weak man' on these pages. It is safe to say that the utopia from which the footnotes to *IH* are written owes everything to optimistic intellection and nothing to instinctive belief.

⁵⁶CEJLIV/7;45

⁵⁷'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:

Thoughtcrime does not entail death: thoughtcrime IS death.

(1984;30)

He had still, he reflected, not learned the ultimate secret. He understood *how*; he did not understand *why*.

1984:226.

The secret which O'Brien divulges, like the book, tells Winston 'nothing new'. Rather, the picture is a protocol, a citation to recall *IH's* analysis that power is in the means, not the ends, or Winston's own experience:

'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.'

O'Brien, 1984:280.

Has Winston not known this pure, unmediated motive? Has it not occurred to him in his fatal wonderings? And why did he stop reading just at the point where 'the book' could have shown it to him?

More than others, Winston is indeed familiar with this sensation of 'trampling upon', as we have demonstrated. Why, then, did he ask 'why?' Because he is not O'Brien, that is to say, because he was not honest enough to face this 'secret' motivation of pressing underfoot, literally, of suppression:

'Suppress: v.t. to crush, put down: to subdue: to hold or press down (*Spens.*): to ravish (*Spens.*): to hold back, esp. from publication, circulation, divulgation, expression, development: to check, stop, restrain: to hold in, to moderate, to leave out. [*L. supprimere, suppressum, - sub, under, premere, to press*]⁵⁸.

Or at least, he could not face it without doublethink: whenever, in the course of the novel, he invites the answer to his question, he instantly pushes it away, psychologically (by 'wonder[ing...] whether he himself was a lunatic') or physically ('[h]e shut the book, put it carefully on the floor, lay down and pulled the coverlet over both of them.') Material that has undergone suppression, 'the conscious and voluntary blocking of unwanted ideas or behaviour patterns', 'can be recalled from consciousness at any time.'⁵⁹ We have seen this psychoanalytic suppression to be inseparable from the will to stamp underfoot, to suppress (others); the will to suppress is, itself, suppressed, and the novel is a (working) model of this, a warning against it. Here is Orwell talking about Hitler, his ability to appeal to our will-to-power and what happens when we suppress it:

[H]e has grasped the falseness of the hedonistic attitude to life. [...] because in his own joyless mind he feels it with exceptional strength, [he] knows that human beings *don't* only want comfort, safety, short working hours, hygiene, birth-control and, in general, common sense; they also, at least intermittently, want struggle and self-sacrifice, not to mention drums, flags, and loyalty-parades. [...] Whereas Socialism, and even capitalism in a more grudging way, have said to people 'I offer you a good time,'

⁵⁸Chambers, p.1300

⁵⁹Evans, Chris, pp.366, 307. 1984 maintains the psychoanalytic distinction between suppression, whose political and physical sense it relates to this analytic definition, and repression, the 'involuntary and totally automatic' banishment to the unconscious of personally troubling memories (Evans, Chris, p.307. My Chs. 2,3 and 7 are concerned with tracing the recovery of Winston's repressed childhood memories.)

Hitler has said to them 'I offer you struggle, danger and death,' and as a result a whole nation flings itself at his feet. [...] at this moment, 'Better an end with horror than a horror without end' is a winner. [...] we ought not to underrate its emotional appeal.

CEJLII/2;28-29.

We have seen *1984* demonstrating intertextually, by showing 'the boot in the human face' to be the textual gesture of London's novel, and subtextually, by following one man, Winston Smith, as he daily suppresses his will-to-power, in the face of the 'for ever'.

CHAPTER SIX

'AN INTERESTING LINK IN THE CHAIN OF UTOPIA BOOKS':
NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR, WE, AND FREEDOM

Never has our future been more unpredictable, never have we depended so much on political forces that cannot be trusted to follow the rules of common sense and self interest - forces that look like sheer insanity, if judged by the standards of other centuries. It is as though mankind had divided itself between those who believe in human omnipotence (who think that everything is possible if one knows how to organise it) and those for whom powerlessness has become the major experience of their lives.

Hannah Arendt, *The Origins of Totalitarianism*¹

[I]sn't it clear to you that it is only in differences - differences! [...] that life lies?

We:170

6.1. Introduction: 'The Chain of Utopia Books'

Our final two chapters address *1984*'s response to the twentieth century utopian tradition². Here, we shall see Orwell's last work's *differance* from the texts of this tradition. Any reiteration involves *differance*; we have seen *1984*, by incorporating stretches of other texts, at once mark its difference and its distance-in-time from them. *1984*'s O'Brien rewrites *IH*'s power-analysis and *DatN*'s oceanism in Freudian terms, *1984*'s Ingsoc applies a twentieth-century technology to Bentham's Panopticon *technic*. The idea of a 'tradition', however, already implies this *differance*: the text we will see *1984* referring to in this chapter, Yevgeny Zamyatin's *We*, inscribes itself in the utopian tradition by reciting and 'updating' the work of H.G. Wells. That is, it marks the inception of an authentic 'twentieth century' utopianism by having its 'future' take account of totalitarianism in the widest sense. The second text whose relationship to *1984* we address, in the next and final chapter, is Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* (hereafter *BNW*) which is, in its turn, parasitic upon *We*. The congruences between the two novels are numerous, but it is the *differances* that will interest us, *BNW*'s Western rereading of the totalitarian utopia defined by *We*.

1984 places itself in the utopian tradition by re-citing the conventions already cited by these two novels; we suggest that it advances that tradition by emphasising the *totality* immanent to utopian states. It cites *We* and *BNW* in order to show that they have allowed themselves to think of only limited states, and that their states' limits are reflections of hopes. These novels are written against the idea of the utopia as static ideal: they hope for change, for a 'beyond'.

¹"Preface to the First Edition', [1951]1973, p.vii.

²Orwell called *We* 'an interesting link in the chain of Utopia books' (30.3.1949, *CEJLIV*/146:546). See below.

1984 returns them to a static, all-conquering utopia, and, in doing so, makes its readers face a future that has no spatiotemporal beyond, no allowance for *differance*. It reveals that the totalitarian future has not, in truth, been thought before, and opens the question of what is fictional in a 'utopia'; the world being described, or the idea that this world is unreal.

6.2. 'The Utopian Mentality'

It may even be that the true predicaments of our time will assume their authentic form - though not necessarily the cruellest - only when totalitarianism has become a thing of the past.

Hannah Arendt, *The Origins of Totalitarianism*, 1951³

As we are seeing from this study of its most notorious exponent in this century, *1984*, utopian literature is not to be assigned any of literature's existing genres⁴. Instead, it relies on a *moiré* of fictionality and reference. *1984* itself has supplied the language with a term for this *moiré* of at once seeing that what is being discussed as a fictional construct and as the 'real world': *doublethink*. It places *en abîme* the idea of the utopian; by *doublethink* citizens of Oceania are asked 'to deny the evidence of [their] senses' and perceive the world according to the Party's view of it⁵. That is, 'Oceania', like any ideologically-determined state, is itself a fiction, but one which is presented as the 'real world':

How easy it was, thought Winston, if you did not look about you, to believe that the physical type set up by the Party as an ideal - tall muscular youths and deep-bosomed maidens, blond-haired, vital, sunburnt, carefree - existed and even predominated. Actually, so far as he could judge, the majority of people in Airstrip One were small, dark and ill-favoured.

1984:63

This *doublethink* is what is at bottom of Socialist or Soviet Realism, but it is not confined to socialist states. Rather, it is called upon whenever the idea of 'a people' - or 'a language' - is invoked, whenever absolute commonality between two or more individuals is postulated. The totalitarianism of this fiction which must be believed in the face of the evidence is introduced by Zamyatin's utopia's title, *We*: the central figure of this text realises that he is, heretically, 'I' - at once different and incommunicado⁶. This 'introduction' may be considered

³pub. 1973, p.460.

⁴The idea of 'the utopian mentality' derives from the work of Karl Mannheim (see "The Utopian Mentality" in *Ideology and utopia*, [1936]1968).

⁵*1984*:83

⁶The novel represents a unified state, to which is opposed a revolutionary organisation; it is this dialectic that brings D-503 to the realisation that he is not a 'member' of either 'we':

Who were we? Who was I?

We:209, original emphasis

This 'I', unthinkable in terms of a commonality, forces D- to find his own language of himself, parasitic upon the language of the 'other'. See, for example, *We*:70;

to be literary-historical: there is a clear textual link between its hereticism and that which is fatal for *DatN*'s Rubashov⁷.

Winston Smith's crime is also to invert the enforced utopia, the prevailing 'we'; as O'Brien explains to him, he has 'invented' reality and refused to accept the collective fiction as truth. Winston is a utopian, then, not only in the conventional sense of one who projects a better world, but in this deconstructive sense of one who discovers and rejects the tyranny and the interest of a convention by taking apart the workings of its language/ideology. We call this utopianism 'deconstructive' precisely because it is not critical, but positive, assertive, and because it always works independently of the ideologue in hand:

Following the conditions of its logic, [deconstruction] attacks not only the internal edifice, both semantic and formal, of philosophemes, but also what one would be wrong to assign to it as its external housing, its extrinsic conditions of practice[....] It is because deconstruction interferes with solid structures, 'material' institutions, and not only with discourses or signifying representations, that it is always distinct from an analysis or a 'critique'. And in order to be pertinent, deconstruction works as strictly as possible in that place where the supposedly 'internal' order of the philosophical is articulated [...] To the point where the concept of institution itself would be subjected to the same deconstructive treatment⁸

The link between the two ways of thinking - projecting other worlds and being unable to accept, or even see, the prevailing one - has been propounded, by Mannheim, in 1936:

A state of mind is utopian when it is incongruous with the state of reality within which it occurs.

1984's internal utopianism is, that is, a *mise-en-abîme* of the act of writing a utopian novel; just as Winston's 'state of mind' is incongruous with Ingso, so was Orwell's incongruous with English

I am in front of a mirror. And for the first time in my life (yes, precisely so: for the first time in my life) I see myself clearly, distinctly, consciously; I see myself with amazement, as if it were somebody else's I.

⁷See previous note. The anti-state implications of D-'s discovery can be seen in the alarming congruence between this 'I' and Rubashov's, whom the latter called the 'grammatical fiction' in *DatN*, a more explicitly, or more straightforwardly, anti-totalitarian novel. Rubashov's crime is summed up as saying "you" - meaning State and Party, as opposed to "I" (*DatN*:82). A hypertext of the novels with which this thesis is concerned that was not centred on 1984, or on any one of them, would reveal an extensive 'debt' owed by Koestler's text to Zamyatin's. Here we only note a crucial protocol from *DatN* to *We*: when, addressing his 'I', during a crisis of individualism similar to D-'s, Rubashov reflects on the 'Oceanic State' which allows him to do so (see my Ch. 4), he reflects that '[h]e had read [...] an illegally printed' document that claimed 'the volume of the world was finite - though space had no boundaries, it was self contained, like the surface of a sphere' (*DatN*:245). This text is *We* (in the transgeneric sense by which *DatN* is in turn the source of Winston's knowledge of arrest procedures):

'Yes, yes, I am telling you - there is no infinity. If the universe is infinite then the mean density of its matter must equal zero. But since it does not - we do know that much - it follows that the universe is finite; it is spherical in form, and the square of its radius, the square root of Y, equals the mean density of its matter multiplied by . . . [...]'

We:218

For further links between Koestler and Zamyatin, see notes 41, 42 and 30, *passim*.

⁸Derrida, *The Truth in Painting*, p.19-20

⁹Karl Mannheim, *Ideology and utopia*, [1936]1968, p.173.

Socialism. Orwell wrote the novel to suggest that, in 1948, English Socialism contained the germ of Ingsoc insofar as 'totalitarian ideas [had] taken root in the minds of intellectuals everywhere'; he could not share, or 'see' this totalitarian world-view¹⁰.

Not only *1984*, then, but the very idea of the 'utopian' goes beyond all the disciplines that mention it; even as it overflows fiction into social criticism, it is not to be confined by any notion we have of sociology. Mannheim suggests no more than we have found in tracing *1984*'s intertextualities with texts relating to language and to power, that the totalising apprehension of imaginary states throws into relief the 'institution' of psychoanalysis and its interest in the perpetuation of social stability. There is no place in society for the utopian who does not see what the majority agrees to see. To enter into a solipsistic, fictional world and present it as the actual one is to become a minority of one; to do so in an attempt to show others that this ostensive fiction is in some way the real reality is to become a dangerous heretic. In other words, to possess a utopian state of mind is to identify with, in the real sense to become, the hero or anti-hero of a utopian fiction; to live under a state - a prevailing state of mind *or* a polity - whose fictionality you are aware of but unable to communicate. Winston is a 'minority of one', and, therefore 'perhaps a lunatic', for no other reason than that he will not submit to the prevailing ideology. His lunatic reasoning emphasises this link to real-world heretics:

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

1984:83

We suggest that this invocation of Galileo, and with him the Inquisition¹¹, is mediated by another heretical utopian. 'Heretic,' was the term chosen by Yevgeny Zamyatin, writing at the birth of the totalitarian age, to denote both D-503, in *We*, and himself, in his nonfiction; he explicated his own role as one who must 'see' what the prevailing Soviet ideology attempted to obscure:

The law of revolution is red, fiery, deadly [...] the law of entropy is cold, ice blue, like the icy interplanetary infinities. [...] The sun ages into a planet, convenient for highways, stores, beds, prostitutes, prisons: this is the law. And if the planet is to be set on fire, it must be thrown off the

¹⁰My recent novel is NOT intended as an attack on Socialism or on the British Labour Party (of which I am a supporter) but as a show-up of the perversions to which a centralised economy is liable [...] I do not believe that the kind of society I describe necessarily *will* arrive, but I believe (allowing of course for the fact that the book is a satire) that something resembling it *could* arrive. I believe also that totalitarian ideas have taken root in the minds of intellectuals everywhere, and I have tried to draw these ideas out to their logical consequences. The scene of the book is laid in Britain in order to show that the English-speaking races are not innately better than anyone else and that totalitarianism, *if not fought against*, could triumph anywhere.' ("Letter to Francis A. Henson (extract)", 16.6.1949, *CEJLIV*/158:564).

¹¹It is O'Brien who makes the connexion, and who, in doing so, names 'heresy':

In the middle ages there was the inquisition. It was a failure. It set out to eradicate heresy, and ended by perpetuating it.

smooth highway [...] But someone must see this today, and speak heretically today about tomorrow. Heretics are the only (bitter) remedy against the entropy of human thought.¹²

In *We*, reiterating Zamyatin's writings on 'entropy and energy', the demonstration that there cannot be a 'final revolution' just as there cannot be a final number, names Galileo, then compounds his 'heresy':

[Our revolutionary ancestors'] error is the error of Galileo: he was right in maintaining that the earth moves around the sun, but he did not know that the entire solar system also moved about a certain centre; he did not know that the real orbit of the earth - not the relative but the real orbit - is not at all a naive circle -'

We:170¹³

Orwell, when he reviewed *We* for *Tribune*, cited the passage which leads up to this positioning of D-503 in the chain of heretics. He prefaced his citation, '[i]t is easy to see why the book was refused publication'¹⁴. That is, Orwell saw that the act of thinking and writing this passage expressed Zamyatin's utopianism, in the sense we are discussing here: saw that it isolated its author from the prevailing Soviet ideology which insisted that the final revolution had occurred. By citing and commending the passage to his readers in a journal, Orwell put his weight behind Zamyatin's freedom of expression; by citing it in 1984, he allied Winston not only with Galileo the heretic, but with D-503 - the diarist who discovers the fallacy of the final revolution just as Winston discovers the mutability of the past - and with his creator. This gesture of alliance with real-world or fictional heretics constitutes, that is, a statement of intent. 1984 is designed, in Derrida's words, to 'interfere with [...] 'material' institutions [from] the place where the supposedly 'internal' order of the philosophical is articulated by (internal *and* external) necessity'¹⁵. It is a deconstruction of the 'law' and philosophy of Ingsoc from the inside, which has its effect on the "'material" institution' of government itself. This, according to Mannheim, is precisely what the 'utopian' is:

[W]e should not regard as utopian every state of mind which is incongruous with and transcends the immediate situation (and in this sense, 'departs from reality'). Only those orientations transcending reality will be referred to by us as utopian which, when they pass over into conduct, tend to shatter, either partially or wholly, the order of things prevailing at the time.¹⁶

¹²"On Literature, Revolution, Entropy, and Other Matters" (pp.107-112 of *A Soviet Heretic*, the collection of Zamyatin's essays edited by Mirra Ginsburg).

¹³In "On Literature, Revolution, Entropy, and Other Matters" (pp.107-112 of *A Soviet Heretic*), written in the same year as *We*, Zamyatin writes of these ideas without the mediation of fiction:

Lobachevsky cracks the walls of the millennia-old Euclidean world with a single book, opening a path to innumerable no-Euclidean spaces: this is revolution.

Revolution is everywhere, in everything. It is infinite. There is no final revolution, no final number. The social revolution is only one of an infinite number of numbers: the law of revolution is not a social law, but an immeasurably greater one. It is a cosmic, universal law [...]

p.107

¹⁴"Review of *We* by E.I. Zamyatin", [pub] *Tribune*, 4.1.1946 (CEJLIV/17)

¹⁵The Truth in Painting, p.19. See above.

¹⁶Karl Mannheim, *Ideology and utopia; An introduction to the sociology of knowledge*, [1936]1968, London, Routledge, p.173.

We are arguing in this thesis that, while *1984* has infected the real world to the extent that it has provided it with a terminology and an awareness of power-relations, its very utopianism, its arguable lack of 'realism', have limited this extent. We are arguing for the 'truth' of its analyses, knowing that the view which, responding to only its simplest protocols, defers Ingsoc in space and/or in time, to some other country or imaginary future, will prevail because it is interested in the continuation of everything *1984* would change.

Winston is writing, then, from the conventional's only real outside, the realm of the 'insane'; yet it is not he who situates himself so, but the prevailing normality. He calls himself insane by a reflex action, when he recognises his intellectual exclusion. Utopian thought excludes the possibility of involvement with the world it criticises because it is a transgression of the conventions of that world, conventions of thought as well as of behaviour. Calling such thought 'insane' is another convention, as Foucault notes in his history of its treatment. It is the convention by which the utopian is contained; it is also another way of linking heretics:

Madness only exists in society [...] It lost the function of manifestation, of revelation, that it had had in the age of Shakespeare [...] (for example, Lady Macbeth begins to speak the truth when she becomes mad), it becomes laughable, delusory. Finally, the twentieth century collars madness, reduces it to a natural phenomenon, linked to the truth of the world.¹⁷

This 'outsider position' (as Foucault calls it in *Madness and Civilisation*) also has real-world parallels, in legalistic judgements regarding genre as well as in psychoanalytic judgements of authors (including those of Orwell¹⁸). These too are interested; their interest is in containment and continuation, *contra* to the utopian's incitement to freedom and change. Insisting on hard lines between 'fictions' and 'documents' is a way of disallowing *1984*'s deconstruction of thought-control and language-control - as if state-fiction and the ostensive fictionaliser's actual truth could be discussed in a 'pure' form. It may be that in the end, containing the heretic within the 'impotent' realm of literary fiction is more dangerous than the reverse case, the serious-referential treatment of fiction:

In limiting the meaning of the term 'utopia' to that type of orientation which transcends reality and which at the same time breaks the bonds of the existing order, a distinction is set up between the utopian and the ideological states of mind. [...] representatives of a given order have not in all cases taken a hostile attitude towards orientations transcending the existing order. Rather they have always aimed to control those situationally transcendent ideas and interests which are not realisable within the bounds of the present order, and thereby to render them socially impotent, so that such ideas would be confined to a world beyond history and society, where they could not affect the *status quo*.¹⁹

¹⁷Foucault, interview, "La Folie N'Existe Que Dans Une Societe", *Le Monde* 5135 (22.7.61), p.9 (trans. & cit. James Miller, 1993 p.98).

¹⁸*1984* is frequently reduced to an analogy of Orwell's experiences at school, as represented in Orwell's own essay, "Such, Such Were The Joys". Anthony West writes, 'whether he knew it or not, what [Orwell] did in *1984*, was to send everybody in England to an enormous Crossgates [the name Orwell uses for the school in that essay] to be as miserable as he had been', and, '[o]nly the existence of a hidden wound can account for such remorseless pessimism' (*Principles and Persuasions*, pp.158, 159). See also Meyers, pp.144ff.

¹⁹Karl Mannheim, *Ideology and utopia*, p.173.

We note here the distinction between the 'ideological' in literature and the 'utopian,' as between the accepted and the unacceptable. We have seen that *1984* is generically unrestricted in its range of intertexts, referring as freely to real-world institutions such as the Panopticon or the Inquisition as it does to fictions. This is what is unacceptable, because it breaks the conventions of the prevailing ideologue. Winston's 'heretical' repetition of Orwell's essays, by the same token, breaks with the idea of a predeterminable genre. Structurally, at bottom, *1984* denies the necessity of an ideologue, however literal, that we all must be bound by. (This binding still prevails - the most recent treatment of *1984* and *We* in the 'utopian tradition', judges these texts 'generically'. Orwell's 'break[ing] down [of] the distinction between treating [the utopia] as "satire" and treating it as "prophecy"', is condemned in the name of conventional, and specious, homogeneity: '[s]uch a mixture was bound to flaw the finished work [*1984*] somewhat'²⁰.)

6.3. Extrinsic Links: *1984*, *Brave New World* and *We* in general

When Emmanuel Goldstein, the author of the Book in *1984*, says, "In the early twentieth century, the vision of a future society 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 every literate person," [*1984*:196] that vision epitomised Wells's utopias.²¹

The above claim is made, in his review of the 'utopias and other fictions' which preceded *1984*, by William Steinhoff²². We suggest that, in fact, *1984* means what it says, and that it is by pointing up the ideological fiction of this 'vision' that it links itself to the tradition Wells set in train. 'Every literate person' denotes every individual amenable to writing-in-general: as much now as then, such a 'future society' is the *métier* of advertising as well as of politics. In the West, the very idea of progress has come to mean progress towards money, leisure and efficiency. In 'the early twentieth century', so-called totalitarian states excelled democracies in holding this 'future society' as a carrot before their workers. This 'vision', then, *is* a fiction; we have seen *1984* insist on the desire for power that holds it in abeyance and prevents it ever being realised. It is - on a par with television advertising or Socialist Realism, or the

²⁰Krishnan Kumar, *Utopia & anti-utopia in modern times* (1987), pp. 292, 295. The infighting over Zamyatin at least as much as that over Orwell would benefit from a protocollitic analysis that accepted that a writer was more than either his intentions or our determination; 'Collins [...] sees Zamyatin too exclusively as a *reaction* to Wells rather than, as Zamyatin himself saw things, a continuation of him' (ibid. note to p.226).

²¹Steinhoff, *The Road to 1984*, p.5.

²²"Utopias and Other Fictions" is the chapter-heading Steinhoff gives this review (*The Road to 1984*, pp.3-30).

fictional image of his fellow men and women with which Winston Smith is familiar from posters and literature - 'easy [...] if you did not look about you, to believe'²³. Such a vision is a part of the modern ideologue.

The 'vision' is specifically not Wells', however. Those involved in the writing of this 'chain of Utopia books' recognised that *utopian* visions carry with them an inseparable element of criticism. Writing about Wells, Zamyatin called this 'the minus sign':

["Wells' novels of socio-fantasy"] are preceded not by a plus but by a minus sign; what is more the subject-matter is always dynamic, made up of clash and struggle [...] Wells used this form almost exclusively in order to reveal the defects of the existing social structure and not in order to construct some paradise of the future. [His books] are, in fact, social pamphlets disguised as science-fiction novels [...]²⁴

That Steinhoff has succeeded in removing this 'minus sign' from Wells' vision attests to that vision's iterability, to its ability to be cited 'out of context' as what Derrida calls its "'negative" double'²⁵. Such a reiteration, without this deconstructive element, is a gesture of the determination to which this thesis is opposed. It is a gesture which Steinhoff repeats to oppose Zamyatin's own utopia, *We*, and the text which reinterprets *We* in a western context, *BNW*, to 1984:

For most people in Huxley's world the worst thing is to be deprived of soma [the pacific drug which is universally distributed in that novel's world]; in *We* the worst thing is to die.²⁶

These are readings which refuse to take their texts seriously. If these texts were simple fictions, such deprivations may be their 'worst things' (a curious phrase to use casually when discussing 1984, in which it is used rigorously, to denote that which is in Room 101 and is more horrific than all others²⁷). Such readings, isolating utopian texts from the world they are discussing, are dangerous. In *We* the 'worst thing' is not to die, as it is, say, in *DatN*, where only the ending of life guarantees the end of communication. On the contrary, *We*'s

²³In the canteen of the Ministry of Truth,

How easy it was, thought Winston, if you did not look about you, to believe that the physical type set up by the Party as an ideal - tall muscular youths and deep-bosomed maidens, blond-haired, vital, sunburnt, carefree - existed and even pre-dominated. Actually, so far as he could judge, the majority of people in Airstrip One were small, dark and ill favoured. It was curious how that beetle-like type proliferated in the Ministries: little dumpy men, growing stout very early in life, with short legs, swift scuttling movements, and fat inscrutable faces with very small eyes. It was the type that seemed to flourish best under the dominion of the Party.

1984:63

The source of these 'ideals' is never explicated; the implication is that readers are all familiar with one species of institutionalised idealisation.

²⁴Yevgeny Zamyatin, "H.G. Wells", p.17.

²⁵Once it is iterable, to be sure, a mark marked with a supposedly 'positive' value ('serious', 'literal', etc.), can be mimed, cited, transformed into an 'exercise' or into 'literature', even into a 'lie' - that is it can be made to carry its other, its 'negative' double.' Derrida, *Limited Inc abc...*, r:70. See Ch. 3.

²⁶Steinhoff, p.217.

²⁷"You asked me once," said O'Brien, "what was in Room 101. I told you that you knew the answer already. Everyone knows it. The thing that is in Room 101 is the worst thing in the world." (1984:296).

central figure does not die, but lives on having had his 'soul' or individuality removed by an 'operation', as, in *1984*, Winston lives on having had 'something [...] killed [...] burnt out, cauterised out'²⁸ after his experience with the rats. *Living death* is precisely the 'worst thing' that can and does happen in *We*. Similarly, in *BNW*, it is made clear that the 'worst thing' is not the deprivation of *soma* (we retain the italics with which Huxley indicated his neologism), but the deprivation of individual freedom consequential upon taking *soma*. Both of these novels place the 'minus sign' before their worlds, but, as Steinhoff's naive reading indicates, this sign is never more than implied; if it were, the text would lose its fictional status, and all that status achieves (freedom of distribution, freedom from statistical or academic rigour, freedom - in some states - of publication itself, but also freedom to take reality less-than seriously, to show by re-presentation its congruence with fiction).

6.3.1. Orwell's Public-ation of *We*

Conventional interpretations of *We* insist upon its being a *critique* of Soviet Russia²⁹. As Zamyatin recognised Well's project, however, Orwell recognised Zamyatin's; recognised, indeed, that utopias are in-determinable, and cannot be reduced to analyses of any one nation-state:

Writing at about the time of Lenin's death, [Zamyatin] cannot have had the Stalin dictatorship in mind, and conditions in Russia in 1923 were not such that anyone would revolt against them on the ground that life was becoming too safe and comfortable. What Zamyatin seems to be aiming at is not any particular country but the implied aims of industrialised civilisation. [...*We*] is in effect a study of the Machine, the genie that man has thoughtlessly let out of its bottle and cannot put back in again.³⁰

We suggest that Orwell sought to link *1984* to *We*, and to *BNW*, despite the ostensible differences with Oceania of the worlds they describe. Further, we claim that he did so in order to make his dystopianism - his utopianism with this removable irremovable minus-sign

²⁸*1984*:304

²⁹Barrat's introduction to the most recent edition of *We* (not the one we are using here) reviews this naive opinion, and concurs:

The reputation of *We* as an 'anti-Soviet' novel was established from the moment it was written [...] Although it purports to depict a 'future' world, *We* is transparently a picture of the society in which it was created, an imaginative projection of the situation in Russia at the end of the Civil War.

"introduction to *We*", 1994, p.v.

There is a world of difference between 'a picture of the society in which it was created' and 'an imaginative projection' etc. Notwithstanding this inconsistency, which is immanent to any objectified reading of a utopia, we must note that little in the antiseptic 'One State' resembles Leninist Russia, nor could anybody have seriously foreseen it coming to do so. See Orwell's review of *We*, which follows this note.

³⁰"Review of *We* by E.I. Zamyatin", [pub] *Tribune*, 4.1.1946 (*CEJLIV*/17). The co-texts of this review are worth noting. Preceding it is "The Prevention of Literature", Orwell's discussion of censorship via 'political climate', which saw English intellectuals as inclined to totalitarian-style repression. Following it is a letter to Arthur Koestler, concerning the two men's intention to form a species of proto-Amnesty International. The parallels between Koestler and Zamyatin, hence their linkage by the 'chain of Utopia books' cannot but have been in Orwell's mind when, at the end of this review, he lists Zamyatin's history of imprisonments.

- clear. As we shall see, *1984* irrefutably cites details from both of these texts, before explicating its differences with their analyses: where they see 'outsides' of the machine-age, where freedom is possible, it does not.

Before the publication of *1984*, whose textual protocols would indicate it, Orwell took steps to ensure that *We* would be an available intertext to his English readers. Having favourably reviewed the French edition (entitled, in a testament to the heretical otherness of its author and hero, *Nous Autres*), he concluded '[t]his is a book to look out for when an English version appears'³¹.

Orwell then worked to see that such a version did appear, speaking of *We* as 'an interesting link in the chain of Utopia books' in a letter to F.J. Warburg, suggesting that 'it might be worth your while & at any rate ought to be re-issued by somebody'³². Besides *We*, the letter refers to both *BNW* (as being 'plagiarized from it to some extent', p.547) and *The Iron Heel*. In the previous month, Orwell had called *1984* 'a Utopia in the form of a novel'³³. The letter advocating *We* was written to his own publisher, less than two months before the publication of *1984* on the 8th of June. Orwell, that is, was hardly hiding his sources; rather, he was placing his own text at the end of this 'chain'. Steinhoff suggests that if Orwell 'borrowed' heavily from *We* 'he would not have been likely to give it so much publicity'³⁴: we are suggesting the opposite, that *1984* is a hypertext, a commemoration-by-rewriting of its heretical forebears. If anything, *1984* is Orwell's most successful step towards getting an 'English version' of Zamyatin's novel into print: *We* is chiefly known now as an intertext, of *BNW* as well as of *1984*, and in the 'real-world' year 1984 a new edition appeared with a postscript dating Orwell's reading of it³⁵.

6.4. Intrinsic Links: *1984*'s differential reiterations of *We*

Orwell made no secret of *We*, then: even when he knew it only in outline, he said that he was 'interested in that kind of book, and [...] keep making notes for one'³⁶. Presumably these 'notes' continued apace when he 'at last' read *We*, for we find many reiterations from it³⁷.

³¹CEJLIV/17:99

³²30.3.1949, CEJLIV/146:546

³³"Letter to Julian Symons", 4.2.1949, CEJLIV/137:536

³⁴p.24

³⁵This is the edition of *We*, translated by B.G. Guerny and introduced and postscripted by Michael Glenny, which we are using in this thesis.

³⁶CEJLIII/21:118

³⁷Orwell's review of *We* begins, '[s]everal years after hearing of its existence, I have at last got my hands on a copy of Zamyatin's *We*' (CEJLIV/17:95); if Orwell is telling the truth (Steinhoff (p.225-226, n.74 to p.24)

Presently, we will trace a subtext - of the pastoral border - from *1984* to *We*: where our novel's 'realist' intertexts have placed their hopes in the future, Zamyatin's novel is of the future, of the future which has achieved stasis, arrested development. The temporal element of *differance* is thus removed, so *We* situates its hope in physical difference, and in escape, in the transgression of "The One State's" boundaries. First, we shall indicate the protocols by which *1984* directs its readers to *We* as surely as Orwell's review does.

6.4.1 'I Am Simply Transcribing': *We* in *1984*

I found out that they had taken along three numbers. However, nobody speaks of this out loud, just as they don't talk aloud about all the things now taking place (here you have the educational influence of the Guardians, who are invisibly present in our midst). Conversations deal for the most part with the rapidly falling barometer and the change in the weather.

We:164

Syme had vanished. A morning came, and he was missing from work: a few thoughtless people commented on his absence. On the next day nobody mentioned him.

1984:154

We, as the above quotation from it shows, is not unaware of totalitarian *technic*. This quotation also shows that it already contains the 'Englishness' which the chief advocate of its thematic intertextuality with *1984* suggests was all that remained for Orwell to bring to it³⁸. However, unlike *DatN*, for example, it frames this with a classic utopian *mise en scene*: a

records the evidence suggesting Orwell had in fact read *We* earlier), it was in Gleb Struve's *25 Years of Soviet Russian Literature* that he first heard of *We* (see CEJLIII/21).

³⁸This advocate, Isaac Deutscher, is simultaneously one of *1984*'s strongest critics. Indeed, his criticism is founded upon the intertextuality with *We*, which he believes to be almost total, and a bad thing in itself:

[*1984*'s] lack of originality is illustrated by the fact that Orwell borrowed the idea [...], the plot, the chief characters, the symbols, and the whole climate of his story from a Russian writer who has remained almost unknown in the West. [...] Orwell's work is a thoroughly English variation on Zamyatin's theme; and it is perhaps only the thoroughness of Orwell's English approach that gives to his work the originality it possesses.

"*1984* - The Mysticism of Cruelty", p.197

Deutscher claims *We* to be *1984*'s sole source, and we hope to have shown that this is far from true. As for Zamyatin remaining 'unknown', although this still obtained in 1954, when the essay was written (the first English, as opposed to American, edition of *We* appeared in 1970), we have seen Orwell, ahead of *1984*, attempt to rectify the situation; Deutscher cites Orwell's review of *We* but only to show that the latter 'knew the novel and was fascinated by it' (*ibid.*, p.198), without a thought as to Orwell's motives or effects in sharing this knowledge and fascination with a world already anxiously awaiting his next work. Finally, as our juxtaposition of quotations regarding 'disappearances' in the two novels indicates, although all of the intertexts we have so far discussed in this thesis feature 'disappearances', Zamyatin already frames them with an iterable, even clichéd 'Englishness'. Deutscher writes as if *We* were any more 'original', any less 'borrowed' than *1984*: as we have suggested, and as Zamyatin pointed out, he carried on the *genre* of 'negative utopia' from where an English writer, Wells, had left it. Besides this, he lived for a time in England, and his earlier novel, *The Islanders*, which contains *in utero* the obsession with timetabling and conventionality, was set, convincingly, in England. It is the purpose of this thesis to demonstrate that *1984*'s 'originality' lies not in any textualised Englishness, which was already known to the *genre*, but, in fact, in its variation upon, its *differantiation* of, the themes and 'futures' of numerous texts, *genres* and traditions. (For Zamyatin's life and 'Englishness', see Michael Glenn's essay, appended to *We* (1984) as an introduction)

distant 'science-fiction' future³⁹. As we are seeing, *We* sets the agenda for twentieth century utopian fictions in the broader sense, of 'outsider' novels: it is written in the form of a diary which begins with a transcription, and thereafter demonstrates the impossibility of 'writing oneself' in the "other's" language, a language designed only for collective, conventional thought⁴⁰. Before *DatN*, it has this diary destined for future readers despite its heretical content; like *IH*, it re-presents this diary framed by footnotes, to indicate that it has reached its destination⁴¹. It also provides, properly and authentically, the image of the twentieth-century challenge to God by the State's mathematical efficiency:

God of the ancients created ancient man (i.e. man capable of error), and consequently He Himself had erred. The multiplication table is wiser, more absolute than the God of the ancients: it never (never - do you understand?) errs. And there is no greater happiness than that of figures, existing in accordance with the harmonious, eternal laws of multiplication tables. No vacillations, no delusions. There is but one truth, and but one true path; and that truth is: two times two; and that true path is: four. And would it not be an absurdity if these happily, ideally multiplied twos were to get notions about some sort of freedom - i.e. about what is, clearly, an error? [...]

At this point I again felt [...] a warm, gentle whiff of my Guardian angel. Evidently he had noted that the book, now closed, was on my lap and that my thoughts were far away. But no matter: I was ready to lay open before him, right then and there, the pages of my brain - such a tranquil, comforting feeling, that. I remember I actually turned around to look at him, I gave him an insistent, beseeching look, but he failed to understand me or did not want to understand; he did not ask me about anything. There is only one thing left me: to tell everything to you, my unknown readers (right now you are as dear to me, and as near and unattainable, as he was at that moment).

We:76-77⁴²

Winston's 'freedom to say that two plus two equals four' (1984:84), then, which we have seen (in chapters 3&4) to be insubstantiable as an absolute because it is linguistic - arbitrary,

³⁹D-503 introduces himself to the reader as 'the builder of the Integral', a spaceship designed to travel the solar system. This naively futuristic role is itself returned to the Soviet: 'the builder' seems to be no more important a worker than any other (see, for example, *We*:90-91).

⁴⁰*We* begins with the words 'I am simply transcribing' (*We*:19).

⁴¹D-503's diary has a physical as well as a temporal destination: it is to be sent on the rocket-ship 'Integral', as part of a colonising (integrating) project. The framing device of the footnotes, which we have seen used in *IH* (Ch. 5) as well as in 1984's note on Newspeak, indicate at once that the destination has been physically reached and that, in 1984's MSS's words, 'it was not so simple, this business of communicating with the future' (p.24). *We*'s footnotes are written by 'Researcher 566316, Venusian Bureau of Multilinguistics': the destination already has numbers for names, and, despite a knowledge of 'multilinguistics', does not know the connotations of 'Leviathan':

I roamed near the building where she lives. Numbers, rank after rank, paced past. Thousands of feet pattered in time; million-pedal Leviathan,* swaying, was floating past. But I - I was alone, cast up by a lash of the storm on an uninhabited island, and my eyes were searching, searching the grey-blue waves.

*Behemoth [?] - Researcher 565316, Venusian Bureau of Multilinguistics.

We:93

This 'Leviathan' is precisely the image we have seen 1984 and Koestler's trilogy understand and explicate (see Ch. 4).

⁴²This image is 'proper' to *We* because it's diarist is a civil engineer, whose *langue* is mathematical: Rubashov, the revolutionary and historian has no more text-cohesive reason to recourse to mathematics than does Winston, who is a journalist. Zamyatin's 'authenticity' in this image was two-fold: he was a civil engineer, as well as a Soviet citizen.

subject to being 'rewritten' - is, in this 'proper' usage, already a component of a language.

Even more explicitly than it is in *newspeak's* affixative, copular construction, mathematics is the language of power in the 'One State', that by which the state proves its totality and opposes 'freedom'. Yet, even by citing it, *1984* is at once damning Winston's putative 'freedom', equating it with D-503's 'unfreedom' when he lauds the mathematical 'law', and stressing ostensive fiction of power: if the basis of power is linguistic, or mathematic-linguistic, the state is arbitrary.

1984 is differing with *We*, returning its utopia to fiction: in *truth* 'the object of power' is not logic, or the unerring service of the many, but 'power' (*1984:276*). 'God' is a persistent fiction in both texts, an anachronism whose very anachronicity makes appropriate his equation to power-that-was - as we have seen, both texts cite the Inquisition. Yet, while *We* talks of the State as surpassing God, O'Brien, in *1984*, can reiterate that 'God is power' (*1984:276*). By using the copula construction, whose role in Ingsoc's linguistics he demonstrates by reversing the slogan 'freedom is slavery', he emphasises the idea that 'God' is simply the most venerable of the many names for power by which the truth of the power-motive is kept at a remove⁴³. The 'guardian angels' of *We* are its Thought Police, accessing D-503's thoughts via his diary: just as Winston *destines* his 'interminable letter' to O'Brien, while ostensibly writing it to 'the future'⁴⁴, so D- knows that, even as he writes to these 'unknown readers', the Guardian Angels are his thoughts' destination, or his own destiny. This metaphor's Christianity is what is deconstructed when O'Brien says 'We [the Thought Police] are the priests of power' (*1984:276*); while *We* maintains the illusion of a beneficent state, calling its 'Big Brother' 'The Benefactor', *1984* returns the idea of the 'priest' to 'one who serves power', *having first debunked We's illusion*. Winston, that is, has lived under the belief that the Thought Police, like the 'Guardians' of the One State, consider themselves beneficent despite their methods, but his interview with O'Brien returns him to the truth of power:

He knew in advance what O'Brien would say. That the Party did not seek power for its own ends, but only for the good of the majority. That it sought power because men in the mass were frail cowardly creatures who could not endure liberty or face truth, and must be ruled over and systematically deceived by others who were stronger than themselves. That the choice for mankind lay between freedom and happiness, and that, for the great bulk of mankind, happiness was better. *That the Party*

⁴³"You know the Party slogan: "Freedom is Slavery." Has it ever occurred to you that it is reversible? Slavery is freedom. Alone - free - the human being is always defeated. It must be so, because every human being is doomed to die, which is the greatest of all failures. But if he can make complete, utter submission, if he can escape from his identity, if he can merge himself in the Party so that he *is* the Party, then he is all-powerful and immortal." *1984:277*

⁴⁴*1984:84, 9.*

was the eternal guardian of the weak, a dedicated sect doing evil that good might come, sacrificing its own happiness to that of others. [...]

'You are ruling over us for our own good,' he said feebly. 'You believe that human beings are not fit to govern themselves, and therefore-----'

He started and almost cried out. A pang of pain had shot through his body. O'Brien had pushed the lever of the dial up to thirty-five.

'That was stupid, Winston, stupid!' he said. You should know better than to say a thing like that.'

1984:275, my emphasis.

As we have suggested, *We* is the only one of 1984's intertexts that has its heretic live on *post* his interrogation. As in 1984, the central figure is subjected to a catechismic interview and then 'operated' upon: D-503 undergoes a species of lobotomy, a 'fantasiesctomy'⁴⁵. As in 1984, then, it is not D-503 in the proper sense who lives on, but an automaton: *We*, with its historical incorporation of 'God' can name what is 'operationed' a 'soul', where in 1984 it is an unnameable 'something in [Winston's] breast'⁴⁶. It is testament to the idea that D-503 is told, and convinced, that his 'operation' is for his 'own good' that it is painless, where Winston's 'burn[ing] out' (*ibid.*) is deliberately and sadistically painful⁴⁷. This automaton witnesses the torture of his lover, whom he has betrayed:

she threw her head back, half closing her eyes and compressing her lips: this reminded me of something.

We:221

The living-dead Winston, as we have seen in chapter 3, is also reminded of *his* lover's once-sexual nature. Feeling Julia's body, which has been changed, like his own, by the ordeal of interrogation, he remembers her waist, which had been the object of his admiration, and he also remembers the feel of a corpse:

He knew now what had changed in her. [...] It was that her waist had grown thicker, and, in a surprising way, had stiffened. He remembered how once, after the 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 flesh. Her body felt like that.

1984:304-305

At the moment of the lovers' arrest, Julia has said 'I suppose we may as well say good-bye' (1984:231). In *We*, the lovers final meeting before their arrest and interrogation ends

⁴⁵*We*:220

⁴⁶*We*:220, 1984:304

⁴⁷Deutscher reduces this *differance*, which we are representing as a divergence in the (honesty regarding) power-motives in texts written before and after the 'reality' of totalitarianism in the purges and the death-camps was known, to a 'masochistic-sadistic' (p.199) streak in Orwell himself, which he evidences with his personal experience of Orwell's 'Freudian sublimation of persecution mania' (p.202). We may note here Peter Slavek's conclusions, in *Arrival and Departure*, that psychoanalysis and political analysis are no more, in such cases, than different descriptions of the same, at bottom unnameable, thing. Assuming Deutscher's psychoanalysis to be at all accurate (given its slender evidence) then Orwell's 'masochism-sadism' is what was needed to debunk the idea of a state performing violent acts not for the *feeling* of power, but for pleasant outcomes.

similarly. The connexion of parting to both memoration and death is contained in the one event:

Should I say farewell to her? I shuffled my feet [...] ran into the chair - it overturned, dead, like that other one there in her room. Her lips were cold - one time, 'way back, the floor had been just as cold right here, in my room, near the bed.

We:213

As with Winston, the occasion D- is in fact remembering is a moment of lovemaking⁴⁸.

The tragic difference from D-'s case is that *post-interrogation*, Winston is able to formulate his memory as D- could only *before* his operation, to recall what he has lost. D- does not even remember forgetting, let alone that, at the end of the lovemaking he recalled on their last meeting as lovers (above), he has been as asked not to forget:

She took my hand, squeezing it hard. 'Tell me: you won't forget me? You will always remember me?'
'Why do you say such things? What are you hinting at. E-darling?'

We:134

The lover-relationship in a totalitarian age, that is, in an age of imposed conformity and of subsequently repressed desire, is itself presaged in *We*. Specifically, it demonstrates the fiction of interpersonal love in the face of a State that demands everything of its subjects, even their love. D- promises to remember E-, only to discover the One State, and not himself, has control over his memory. *1984* recites this fictional speech-act, this 'promise', in relation not to memory, which is pressed into service in the interests of the Party's conception of power, but to 'betrayal':

'We shall be utterly without power of any kind. The one thing that matters is that we shouldn't betray one another, although even that can't make the slightest difference. [...] I don't mean confessing. Confession is not betrayal. What you say or do doesn't matter: only feelings matter. If they could make me stop loving you - that would be the real betrayal.'

She thought it over. 'They can't do that,' she said finally. 'It's the one thing they can't do.'

1984:173-174

'I betrayed you,' she said baldly.

'I betrayed you,' he said.

She gave him another quick look of dislike.

1984:305

D-503, as is normal in his time, has several sexual partners. As we have seen *1984* conflate several heretical figures from *DatN* into one, however, so does it explicate each of the aspects of this relationship, to which *We* devotes several female characters, via Julia. Her sashed waist and Winston's transferral of his psychosexual 'death wish' to her, run together D-503's

⁴⁸See Ch. 3. Winston's half-remembered 'corpse' is Julia, whom he has pulled out of a ruined building and kissed, believing her to be dead (1984:135). D- is recalling the occasion on which he knelt on the floor beside his bed and made love to E-; this is the same occasion that ended with E-'s request that he should not forget her (We:132-135).

apprehension of an anonymous woman and his contemporaneous thoughts of the lover he is about to commit to her death:

A narrow scarlet sash, emblem of the Junior Anti-Sex League, was wound several times round the waist of her overalls, just tightly enough to bring out the shapeliness of her hips. [...] It was even possible, at moments, to switch one's hatred this way or that by a voluntary act. [...] Vivid, beautiful hallucinations flashed through his mind. He would flog her to death with a rubber truncheon. He would tie her naked to a stake and shoot her full of arrows like Saint Sebastian. He would ravish her and cut her throat at the moment of climax. Better than before, moreover, he realised *why* it was that he hated her [...] 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.

1984:11,17⁴⁹

Some female number or other, tightly drawn in by the belt over her unif, had both of her gluteal hemispheres jutting out distinctly and was constantly rolling them from side to side, as though it was precisely there that her eyes were located [...] It seems to me that I always hated her, from the very beginning. I struggled ... However - no, no, don't believe me: I could have saved myself and did not want to be saved; I wanted to perish, a notion which was most precious of all to me - well, not to perish, exactly, but that she should -

We:215,216

At the end of the first 'Part' of *1984*, Winston finds Julia 'following' him: believing that she is a spy of the Thought Police, he intends to kill her. This scene, and its relation to sex, recalls D-503's intention to kill one U-, who pursues him and intends that he turn himself in to the Guardians, yet who is also keen to 'register' him, that is, to have sex with him⁵⁰. D-, like Winston, has a symbolic object to hand which will serve his purpose:

I am thinking of but one, never varying, thing: killing U-. Killing U- [...] The idea of braining this creature brings a sensation of something disgustingly sweet to my mouth and I can't swallow my saliva [...] I headed her off and, breathing loudly, without taking my eyes for a second from that spot on her head -

'You've - you've gone out of your mind! Don't you dare-' She was backing away, sat down (or rather fell) on the bed, tremblingly thrust her hands, pressed palm to palm, between her knees. All wound up like a spring, holding her as firmly as ever on the leash with my eyes, I slowly stretched my hand towards the table (only my hand moved), seized the piston rod.

⁴⁹Winston wishes to 'flog her to death' in the manner that the Thought Police will flog him. See Ch. 2.

⁵⁰We also has its 'spies' (We:50), who denounce others to the 'Guardians'. In *1984*, this term, initially capitalised, names the children's organisation, in which Julia has been a 'troop-leader' (1984:128), to which the Parsons' children belong:

With those children, he thought, that wretched woman must lead a life of terror. Another year, two years, and they would be watching her night and day for symptoms of unorthodoxy. Nearly all children nowadays were horrible. What was worst of all was that by means of such organisations as the Spies they were systematically turned into ungovernable little savages, and yet this produced in them no tendency whatever to rebel against the discipline of the Party. On the contrary, they adored the Party and everything concerned with it. The songs, the processions, the banners, the hiking, the drilling with dummy rifles, the yelling of slogans, the worship of Big Brother - it was all a sort of glorious game to them. All their ferocity was turned outwards, against the enemies of the State, against foreigners, traitors, saboteurs, thought-criminals. It was almost normal for people over thirty to be frightened of their own children. And with good reason, for hardly a week passed in which the *Times* did not carry a paragraph describing how some eavesdropping little sneak - 'child hero' was the phrase generally used - had overheard some compromising remark and denounced his parents to the Thought Police.

1984:25-26

The street was a blind alley. Winston halted, stood for several seconds wondering vaguely what to do, then turned round and began to retrace his steps. As he turned it occurred to him that the girl had only passed him three minutes ago and that by running he could probably catch up with her. He could keep on her track till they were in some quiet place, and then smash her skull in with a cobblestone. The piece of glass in his pocket would be heavy enough for the job.

1984:105

Winston does not act on this impulse, but, instead, 'abandon[s] the idea immediately' (ibid.), suggesting that his earlier 'hallucination' of killing Julia was, indeed, a sexual transference. D-'s attempt, on the other hand, collapses when he realises it is being mistaken by its 'victim' for a rape. Both texts thus distinguish between sexually-driven 'hatred' (of E-, and Julia) and the wish to kill enemies (U-, Wilsher⁵¹).

D-503's attitude to his true lover, then, is ambiguous in the way Winston's will be:

This E- female number irritates me, repels me - almost frightens me. But precisely for these reasons I told her
'Yes.'

We:39

Winston 'continued to feel a peculiar uneasiness, which had fear mixed up in it as well as hostility, whenever she was anywhere near him' (1984:12), yet he also says 'yes' to a rendezvous. And, once at the appointed place, is introduced to physicality-as-hereticism. *We* provides the image of one 'pouring into' another; but it also ties this illusion of the lovers' nonlinguistic communion to death:

She drew nearer, let her shoulder nestle against mine - and we were one. *Something of her pouring into me* [my emphasis] - and I knew that that was as it should be. Knew it with every nerve, every hair, with every stroke of my heart, so delectable that it hurt. And it was such a joy to submit to this *as it should be*. Probably it is just as joyous for a bit of iron to submit to an inevitable, infallible law and to cleave to a magnet. Or for a stone, tossed upward, to hesitate a second and then plunge impetuously to earth. And to a man, after his agony, to breathe his final breath at last - and die.

We:80

'We are the dead,' he said.

'We're not dead yet,' said Julia prosaically.

[...]

She twisted herself round and pressed her bosom against him. He could feel her breasts, ripe yet firm, through her overalls. *Her body seemed to be pouring some of its youth and vigour into his.*

'Yes, I like that,' he said.

'Then stop talking about dying. [...]

1984:142-143. My emphasis

⁵¹Wilsher, we recall from Ch. 2, is Winston's 'co-worker', whom he 'hallucinates' killing in order to be able to make contact with Julia:

He sat down with a friendly smile. The silly blond face beamed into his. Winston had a hallucination of himself smashing a pick-axe right into the middle of it. The girl's table filled up a few minutes later.

1984:118

D-503's lover also has other lovers, but furtively, illegally, not in the approved, polyandrous sense. In this, Julia again recalls her⁵². E- has achieved this, as Julia will, by a talent for what *1984* calls 'facecrime', at once appearing orthodox and being sensitive to the signs of unorthodoxy in others. E-, indeed, first appears (*We*:23) alongside S-, the 'Guardian' who will read D-'s face, as he will read his words, on behalf of the State; Julia's *debut* is alongside O'Brien, in the Two Minutes Hate scene, when her 'sidelong glance' at Winston (*1984*:12), which convinces him that she is a Thought Policewoman, prefaces O'Brien's⁵³. Via this dual talent, this facial language, then, *We* opens up the idea we have seen worked out in *1984* (see Ch. 2) of 'reading' people, and the attendant idea of the facial-linguistic deviance that 'identifies' individuals as heretics, or as lovers:

[I]t struck me that it had not been the generations upon generations before me but I - precisely I - who had conquered the old God and the old life: that it was precisely I who had created all this. [...] I turned my head: directly before my eyes were white (extraordinarily white and sharp) teeth, and an unfamiliar feminine face.

'Do forgive me,' said she, 'but you were surveying everything with such an inspired air - like some mythological God on the seventh day of creation. To me you seem so certain that you, and no one but you, created me along with all the rest. I feel so very flattered -'

All this without a smile - even with a certain deference, I would say (perhaps she was aware that I am the builder of the Integral). [...] This was an astounding intersection of thoughts: she had uttered - almost in my very words - what I had been writing down before the walk.

'[...] nobody is *one*, but *one of*. We are so alike -'

'You are sure?' she put in.

We:23-24

'You are very young,' he said. 'You are ten or fifteen years younger than I am. What could you see to attract you in a man like me?'

'It was something in your face. I thought I'd take a chance. I'm good at spotting people who don't belong. As soon as I saw you I knew you were against them.'

Them, it appeared, meant the Party [...]

1984:128

In *1984*, the above conversation is prefaced by Julia producing a piece of 'black market' chocolate; later, she procures 'real' tea and coffee, also⁵⁴. E-330 is also adept at such

⁵²Winston asks:

'Have you done this before?'

To which Julia replies

'Of course. Hundreds of times-well, scores of times, anyway.'

1984:131

⁵³[O'Brien] took a chair in the same row as Winston, a couple of places away [...] there was a fraction of a second when their eyes met' (*1984*:13, 19). Winston is predetermining the 'meanings' of these two looks, tragically, almost comically: a look of identification from Julia is misread as a policing act, whereas O'Brien's look, which *is* the look of a Thought Policeman, is misread as one of identification with Winston's unorthodoxy.

⁵⁴*1984*: 147-148. We must note here what no critic seems to have noted: that, by the reiteration of this 'real coffee', the text implies that Winston and Julia are not the only illicit lovers in Airstrip One. Part I, section viii, opens '[f]rom somewhere at the bottom of a passage the smell of roasting coffee - real coffee, not Victory Coffee - came floating out into the street. Winston paused involuntarily.' (*1984*:85 - as has Julia's chocolate, this coffee causes Winston to think of his childhood)

procuration, but her source is explicated, where Julia's is only implied, or rather, in the face of her lover, is effaced. Julia changes the subject:

'Where ... where did you get this - this poison [wine]?'

'Oh, that! Easy: a certain medico, one of my -'

One of my - one of my WHAT? And that other I of mine suddenly popped out and began yelling, 'I won't have it! I won't have anybody else but me ... I'll kill anyone who Because I - I lo -'

We:68

'How did you manage to get hold of all these things?'

'It's all Inner Party stuff. There's nothing those swine don't have, nothing. But of course waiters and servants and people pinch things, and - look, I got a little packet of tea as well.'

1984:147-148

These scenes are linked by more than subject-matter and a view of feminine loyalty and deviousness. *We's* takes place in a room in the 'House of Antiquity', *1984's* in the room over Charrington's junk-shop. *We's* room is a repository, designed by the State more explicitly than *1984's* will be. It holds old books (*We:41*), divans, a fireplace and 'a vast bed of mahogany' (*We:42*); Charrington's room's speciously antiquarian books are inauthentic (*1984:101*), but it does hold a 'slatternly armchair drawn up to the fireplace' (*1984:100*), and its bed (placed, as we have seen in Ch. 2, opposite the telescreen) is the real thing:

Under the window, and occupying nearly a quarter of the room, was an enormous bed with the mattress still on it.

'We lived here till my wife died,' said the old man half apologetically. 'I'm selling the furniture off by little and little. Now that's a beautiful *mahogany* bed, or at least it would be if you could get the bugs out of it.'

1984:100. My emphasis⁵⁵

On the first visit to their room, E- sends D- out while she dresses for him in authentic 'ancient' clothes; this scene is recalled by *1984* when Julia has Winston 'turn around' so that she can repeat the gesture:

From the other room came the click of a wardrobe door, the swish of silk; I restrained myself with difficulty from going there and - I don't recall exactly: probably I wanted to deliver a whole string of exceedingly cutting remarks for her benefit. But at that point she had already emerged. She had on a black hat, a short, antiquated, glaringly yellow dress, black stockings. The dress was of light silk: I could clearly see that the stockings were very long, reaching considerably above her knees, while the neckline was low, revealing that shadow between her -

We:43

'You can turn round now,' said Julia.

He turned round, and for a second almost failed to recognise her. What he had actually expected was to see her naked. But she was not naked. The transformation that had happened was much more surprising than that. She had painted her face.

She must have slipped into some shop in the proletarian quarters and bought herself a complete set of make-up materials. [...]

'[...] And do you know what I'm going to do next? I'm going to get hold of a real woman's frock from somewhere and wear it instead of these bloody trousers. I'll wear silk stockings and high-heeled shoes! In this room I'm going to be a woman, not a Party comrade.'

1984:148-149

⁵⁵In Ch. 2 we noted the double meaning of 'bugs' - insects and microphones - which ironises Charrington's description here, with respect to Julia's apprehension of the telescreen/engraving in this room.

The recitation is unmistakable. So, however, is the *differance*; while *We* preserves the possibility of a 'safe place', *1984*, in its totalising gesture of rewriting, includes this supplement within the state itself. Charrington's room, as we have seen elsewhere, is a purposive *illusion* of a safe place, it cites the past *in order* to persuade heretics to be themselves, to cast of their self-effacing pretence of orthodoxy. Whichever freedom has such an iterable form as a 'mahogany bed', *1984* reminds *We*, it can be reiterated to the Party's benefit.

So much for the tenor of *We*, which *1984* has noted and returned to its psychoanalysis of power. Specific narratological details cite *We* unmistakably. For all its satirical references to twentieth century totalitarian states, *1984* is, in the utopian tradition, set in the future, and this future is recognisably *We*'s. The famous opening image of *1984*, '[i]t was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen' (*1984*:3), as Burgess notes, it sets up 'the best kind of ogre story - one in which strange and terrible and unbelievable things are imposed upon a familiar world'⁵⁶. This defamiliarising image recalls the ordered, timetabled One State, wherein each hour is filled with preordained duties, thus (as it will be in Ingsoc) thought is controlled by subjects' intellectual presence being constantly demanded for mundane tasks⁵⁷. The line being recalled, however, is not thematic to *We* in the way an opening line is thematic: at the beginning of D-503's 'second [diary] entry', we are told that it is a windy cloudless spring day, only four pages later are we told,

The big bell of the Accumulator Tower was booming 17.00

We:25⁵⁸

⁵⁶1985:20

⁵⁷'Each morning, with six-wheeled precision, at the very same minute and the very same second we, in our millions, arise as one. At the very same hour we mono-millionedly begin, work - and, when we finish it, we do so mono-millionedly. And, merging into but one body with multi-millioned hands, at the very second designated by The Tables of Hourly Commandments we bring our spoons up to our mouths; at the very same second, likewise, we set out for a walk, or go to an auditorium, or the Hall of Taylor Exercises, or retire to sleep.' (*We*:28-29). The start of Winston's day is similarly timetabled:

The telescreen was giving forth an ear-splitting whistle which continued on the same note for thirty seconds. It was nought seven fifteen, getting-up time for office workers.

1984:33

Having risen, and allowed time to change, '[t]he Physical Jerks [...] begin in three minutes' (*1984*:33). These daily exercises have a demonstrated control function; apart from when Charrington confirms 'you are the dead' (*1984*:230), it is only during them that Winston is shown that he is being observed by the telescreen because it addresses him (*1984*:39). While *1984* does not explicate its full timetable of thought control, it does feature 'Community hikes' (*1984*:12ff - Julia's imagined and Parson's real orthodoxy are signified by their 'air of community hikes'), and 'community centres' (for example, *1984*:115, where the centre's role as auditoria is made clear, by Winston's listening to a lecture).

⁵⁸The chapter/entry' begins

Spring. From beyond the Green Wall, from the wild plains that lie out of sight, the wind brings the honeyed yellow pollen of certain flowers. The lips become dry from this pollen [...]

But then, what a sky! Blue, unmarred by a single cloud

We:21

This idea, then, is proper to *We* as an 'authentic' utopia, one working within the fantastic conventions of the genre.

Other aspects of the *property* of *We* of which *1984* makes use also occur on the latter's opening pages, as if by their citation it places itself within the utopian genre, only to thwart readers' expectations with a return to realism. The first of these recited properties of *We* is the wearing of uniforms: in Zamyatin's *pastiche* soviet realism, people are called numbers, and '[t]he numbers [are] all in lights blue unifs [...] pacing along in even ranks of four each, exaltedly pounding their feet in time to the music' (*We*:22 - a footnote indicates 'the ancient word *uniform*'). In *1984*'s bitter realism,

[Winston] moved over to the window: a smallish, frail figure, the meagreness of his body merely emphasised by the blue overalls which were the uniform of the Party.

1984:4

We's uniformity, that is, is undone by *1984*'s observation that uniforms in reality distinguish their wearers' differences.

The above sentence from *1984* is preceded by the text's first reference to the telescreen. Not only a putative telescreen but the idea of the Panopticon in general is the second 'futuristic' aspect of *1984* to be found in *We*. As Winston works on the manipulation of the language, so does D-503 work on a 'street membrane':

[T]hese membranes, elegantly camouflaged, are now placed along all the avenues and record for the Bureau of Guardians all conversations carried on out of doors [...]

We:65.

1984's telescreen-proper, though, surpasses this universal microphone in two ways: it broadcasts, and it *sees*⁵⁹. Despite this vital property of *opticism*, though, Winston later refers to the device's 'never-sleeping ear' (*1984*:174, my emphasis), and goes on to comfort himself with the idea that it cannot acquire his thoughts: as we have seen in our chapter devoted to the Panopticon, if it were only an 'ear', as it is in *We*, lacking access to body-language which is less easily falsified than spoken language, this would be true. In *1984* it is not so, and by this reference, Orwell's novel not only updates Zamyatin's technically, effectively post-dating its distant future with the aid of the television which was unthought in 1923, but also indicts its naiveté.

⁵⁹Any sound that Winston made, above the 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 be seen as well as heard' (*1984*:4).

The *Panoptic*, surveillant aspect of the telescreen, is, after all, immanent to *We*: the One State's houses are made of glass, so what we have called the 'alter ego' process of control - doing in front of one's neighbours only what you believe they wish you to do - applies:

[W]e constantly live in full sight of all, constantly bathed in light and surrounded by our glass walls that seem to be woven of coruscating air. We have nothing to conceal from one another. Besides, this lack of concealment lightens the onerous and exalted work of the Guardians. Otherwise, who can tell what things may happen?

We:35

The relation in which these glass houses stand to the telescreen can be seen in Orwell's review of *We*: [t]hey [the people of the One State] live in glass houses (this was before television was invented), which enables the political police [...] to supervise them more easily⁶⁰. This 'supervision' need not, as we have seen, amount to a two-way television: Bentham's Panopticon was as much about 'alter ego' normalisation as it was about visibility, and even without sight a television confers this via ceaselessly reiterating prevailing cultural norms. It is when the normalising function of visibility fails to operate, as it does in the cases of D- and Winston, that less generalised techniques than either broadcasting or alter-ego control are required. The One State allows its subjects specific moments of privacy: during the 'personal hours' of 'Sexual Days', blinds are drawn, covering the glass walls. As in the House of Antiquity (which has opaque walls - *We*:42), it is precisely in these 'personal' times that deviation, or individuation, occurs⁶¹. *1984*, in acknowledgement precisely of this effect of freedom from the Panopticon, has, as we have seen (Ch. 2), a functioning but obscured telescreen facing the mahogany bed of Charrington's room. D- finds himself 'able to write these very lines [his diary] in peace', when he is 'isolated by the blinds' (*We*:121); this freedom-to-write (oneself) is the 'reason' for the *illusion* that Winston's alcove, wherein he writes his diary, is out of sight of the Thought Police⁶². Where The One State's allowance of privacy is a failure of Panopticism, *1984*'s, being illusory and designed to resemble such a failure, is a triumph of the principle.

⁶⁰CEJLIV/17:96

⁶¹This 'deviation' is not necessarily sexual, although D- and E-'s passion, like Winston and Julia's (see *1984*:68), is heretical enough in itself. As well as wearing non-uniform clothing and drinking wine (*We*:65), *We*'s lovers also use the cover of the blinds to freely discuss revolutionary ideas (*ibid.*).

⁶²We have discussed this 'reason' in chapter 2. Here is the relevant passage from *1984*, showing that Winston's seeming-isolation encourages him to begin his diary:

For some reason the telescreen in the living room was in an unusual position. Instead of being placed, as was normal, in the end wall, where it could command the whole room, it was in the longer wall, opposite the window. To one side of it there was a shallow alcove in which Winston was now sitting, and which, when the flats were built, had probably been intended to hold book-shelves. By sitting in the alcove, and keeping well back, Winston was able to remain outside the range of the telescreen [...] It was partly the unusual geography of the room that had suggested to him the thing that he was now about to do.

6.4.2 (Re)turning the Outside in: 1984's Subtextual Indication of *We*

E.J. Brown, in his study of *We* and its intertexts, suggests that 'Zamyatin might be characterised as a writer who persistently negates "the city" and who finds his own most congenial matter for [*sic*] formulation among the precivilised and the primitive'⁶³. We have seen that Zamyatin argued against the social stasis of the 'positive' utopia, and situated himself in the Wellsian tradition, satirising such static societies and placing in them heretical forces that necessitated change. In *We*, these forces are primitivist in a dual sense. Firstly, they relate to the 'wild' natural borderlands of the city-state, 'beyond the Green Wall':

The sun - it was no longer that sun of ours, proportionately distributed over the mirror-like surface of the pavements; this sun consisted of some sort of living splinters of incessantly bobbing spots which blinded one's eyes, made one's head go round. And the trees - like candles thrusting into the very sky, like spiders squatting flat against the earth on their gnarled paws, like mute fountains jetting green [...] I could not make a step, because the surface underfoot was not a flat plane - not a flat plane, you understand, but something repulsively soft, yielding, alive, green, springy. [...] My feet were weaving, slipping. There, ahead, were cawing, moss, tussocks, gurgling, boughs, tree trunks, wings, leaves, whistling ...

And - the trees scattered. A bright meadow. On the meadow - people ... or - really I don't know how to put it - perhaps it would be more correct to call them creatures.

We:152-153

'Primitive' in *We*, though, also, and properly, relates to the past. As in 1984, the past is invoked as a time of freedom; D-503's difference from his peers is, as Winston's will be, an allegiance with the people of the past, but where Winston's connexion will be linguistic (his 'elegant' newspeak, 1984:164, see Ch. 2), D-'s is in the blood: he has uniquely hairy hands, a characteristic he speaks of as an 'atavism'⁶⁴. He is right to so connect himself with the primitive, for when he arrives at the 'meadow', he finds that the 'creatures'

were all unclothed and all were grown over with short, glossy pelage, somewhat like that of the stuffed horse which anyone may see at the Prehistoric Museum.

We:153

We suggest that 1984 indicates *We* as the text which places its hopes on an outside. The intertexts we have addressed thus far each hope for a *temporal* 'beyond', a future that is different from the present: *IH* implies that not only did its heroine's diary survive, but that it survived to a socialist future where its thesis was understood; *DatN* has its diarist-hero offered publication when such a future has been achieved by the developing state. True to Zamyatin's definition of a utopia as a stable society, *We* describes a state which is not going to change. On the contrary, the One State is devoted, like Ingsoc, to the continuation of the *status quo*, and devoted, to this end, to searching out and destroying would-be agents of

⁶³*Brave New World, 1984 and We*, p.20.

⁶⁴"I can't bear to have people looking at my hands; they're all grown over with hair, shaggy - some sort of ridiculous atavism. I held out my hands and said, making my voice as objective as I could, "They're simian." (*We*:25)

change. The utopia, that is, deconstructs the notion of *differance*, of time as a property of difference. The problem of communicating with the future, which has been immanent to the intertexts we have discussed, is eradicated by *We*: it contributes, in fact, Winston's alternative future when he arrives at this problem, the future which will resemble the present and not listen to him (see 1984:9). In a truly stable ideology, there is no future, as we understand the term.

In *We*, then, freedom is the past, which is expressed in the idea of a physical border, a green space which contains another age and the whole possibility of dialectic progress. Does 1984 speak of an outside, and one which can be said to recall *We*? We suggest that it does, despite the impropriety of such an image.

We's pastoral vision is recited in 1984's 'Golden Country'. This is the 'landscape' which Winston dreams of and then finds realised in the place to which Julia directs him for their first rendezvous. The place of origin of Winston's conception of the 'Golden Country' - whether in memory or in dreams alone - is at first undetermined. By describing it in terms of the sun's rays, the trees, and the ground's texture, though, Winston's 'pasture' recalls D-'s 'meadow':

[T]his sun consisted of some sort of living splinters of incessantly bobbing spots which blinded one's eyes, made one's head go round. And the trees - like candles thrusting into the very sky, like spiders squatting flat against the earth on their gnarled paws, like mute fountains jetting green [...] I could not make a step, because the surface underfoot was not a flat plane - not a flat plane, you understand, but something repulsively soft, yielding, alive, green, springy.

We:152

Suddenly he was standing on short springy turf, on a summer evening when the slanting rays of the sun gilded the ground. The landscape that he was looking at recurred so often in his dreams that he was never fully certain whether or not he had seen it in the real world. In his waking thoughts he called it the Golden Country. It was an old, rabbit-bitten pasture, with a foot-track wandering across it and a molehill here and there. In the ragged hedge on the opposite side of the field the boughs of the elm trees were swaying very faintly in the breeze, their leaves just stirring in dense masses like women's hair.

1984:32-33

Whatever its origin, Winston's 'Golden Country' is a dream, an idealisation. This is what is being emphasised by its first appearance as a dreamscape; *in reality* there is no outside to Ingsoc.

Where *We*'s meadow is a forbidden zone, the Golden Country is, in fact, invaginated into the city-order. The site at which Winston arrives and which he recognises from his dream has been 'discovered' by Julia on a 'Community Hike': it is already a supplement to the state⁶⁵.

⁶⁵This idea of exercise's supplementarity is itself to be found in *We*. The prescribed 'march' is named by the state the 'supplementary walk' (*We*:22), as the reader discovers in the same paragraph which introduces the idea that all individuals wear uniforms in the One State.

Such hikes have been introduced in the text as occasions for spying: Winston's colleague Parsons has told how, on such a hike, his daughter has had a man who strayed into the country arrested, and, in all probability killed, for his inappropriateness, his unconvictionality⁶⁶. When Winston arrives at the appointed rendezvous,

a sound at his back froze him, the unmistakable crackle of a foot on twigs. He went on picking bluebells. It was the best thing to do. It might be the girl, or he might have been followed after all. To look round was to show guilt. He picked another and another. A hand fell lightly on his shoulder.

1984:124

This recalls Parsons' daughter, and the idea that one is designedly never out of sight of one's neighbours, not least because one carries their judgement at all times. *We's* Panopticism is, we may say, *realised*: by 'exercise' and alter-ego internalisation, the Party has its members patrol the green spaces to which The One State forbids its subjects entrance. Further, the passage continues,

He looked up. It was the girl. She shook her head, evidently as a warning that he must keep silent [...] *ibid.*

1984's country, is perceived by city eyes - Winston and Julia behave there largely as they would at home, that is, as if they were being watched, or overheard:

'I didn't want to say anything in the lane,' she went on, 'in case there's a mike hidden there. I don't suppose there is, but there could be. There's always the chance of one of those swine recognising your voice.[...]

1984:125

The 'alter ego' self-control *technic* of the Panopticon, that is, is incorporated. Where *We's* One State is made up of Panoptic dwellings, 1984, as we have seen in chapter 2, has made Panopticism a state-of-mind; *We's* citizens can leave their state, Ingsoc's cannot.

1984, then, is returning *We* to its own truth - it is *We* that has set forth the idea of living 'in full sight of all, constantly bathed in light and surrounded by our glass walls' (*We*:35).

⁶⁶The arrested man's unconvictionality is pedal, involving him in a subtext that links Winston's father ('Winston remembered especially the very thin soles of his father's shoes', 1984:31), and the deceived masses, half of whom 'went barefoot' (1984:44) while being persuaded of a vast overproduction of shoes: non-uniform footwear denotes the past, as well as individuality. Here is Parson's tale:

'[...]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. But here's the point, old boy. What do you think put her onto him In the first place? 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.

'Ah, that I couldn't say, of course. But I wouldn't be altogether surprised if ----' Parsons made the motion of aiming a rifle, and clicked his tongue for the explosion.

1984:60

Particularly, Orwell's text is stressing that an outside of this alter-ego regulation is a dream, a fantasy. As soon as Winston names this real 'pasture' as the Golden Country, he determines it by his own imagistic conception. To demonstrate the incorporation that this determination involves, he immediately performs the same gesture on the most 'natural' element of the pastoral scene: a singing bird. Winston has wondered '[f]or whom [...] was he writing this diary?' (1984:9). He has come to realise that, in fact, he is communicating with the Thought Police; now, this would-be purely pastoral moment becomes an analogy for his own case:

A thrush had alighted on a bough not five metres away, almost at the level of their faces. Perhaps it had not seen them. It was in the sun, they in the shade. It spread out its wings, fitted them carefully into place again, ducked its head for a moment, as though making a sort of obeisance to the sun, and then began to pour forth a torrent of song. In the afternoon hush the volume of sound was startling. Winston and Julia clung together, fascinated. The music went on and on, minute after minute, with astonishing variations, never once repeating itself, almost as though the bird were deliberately showing off its virtuosity.[...] Winston watched it with a sort of vague reverence. *For whom, for what, was that bird singing?* No mate, no rival was watching it. What made it sit at the edge of the lonely wood and pour its music into nothingness? He wondered whether after all there was a microphone hidden somewhere near. He and Julia had only spoken in low whispers, and it would not pick up what they had said, but it would pick up the thrush. Perhaps at the other end of the instrument some small, beetle-like man was listening intently - listening to *that*.

1984:130. My emphasis

Winston is incapable of leaving Ingsoc behind. The Party has determined his thinking, his perception, has made him, in his turn, determine the world according to their *technic*.

The sun, a crucial component of Winston's idea of a *Golden Country* is later used to subtextually recite this specious outside. As with the thrush, Winston has appropriated (the symbol of) the most unchanging reality, has reduced *the* phenomenal given to a property of language. The sun is mentioned twice more while the lovers languish in the Golden Country, once to explicitly tie this scene to Winston's dream of it⁶⁷, and again to explicate the pathetic fallacy that the dream entailed:

He pressed her down upon the grass, among the fallen bluebells. This time there was no difficulty. Presently the rising and falling of their breasts slowed to normal speed, and in a sort of pleasant helplessness they fell apart. *The sun seemed to have grown hotter*. They were both sleepy. He reached out for the discarded overalls and pulled them partly over her. Almost immediately they fell asleep and slept for about half an hour.

1984:132

At the climax of Winston's story concerning the 'Community Hike' he took years earlier with his wife, at the point where she looks over a cliff and he realises he could kill her, this fallacious sun reappears, emphasising its narratological function as well as folding this earlier idyll into the would-be Golden Country:

⁶⁷'Almost as swiftly as he had imagined it, she had torn her clothes off, and when she flung them aside it was with that same magnificent gesture by which a whole civilisation seemed to be annihilated. Her body gleamed white in the sun.' (1984:131)

[I]t suddenly occurred to him how completely alone they were. There was not a human creature anywhere, not a leaf stirring, not even a bird awake. In a place like this the danger that there would be a hidden microphone was very small, and even if there was a microphone it would only pick up sounds. It was the hottest, sleepest hour of the afternoon. The sun blazed down upon them, the sweat tickled his face. And the thought struck him....

'Why didn't you give her a good shove?' said Julia. 'I would have.'

1984:141

When the sun is cited later in the narrative it recalls this illusory Country *and* this pathetic fallacy. It re-presents the 'natural' which it names as supplementary to the urban. It comes into the lovers' room, speciously marking this very naturalness, this timelessness which no longer seems as if it could have been natural:

A yellow ray from the sinking sun fell across the foot of the bed and lighted up the fireplace, where the water in the pan was boiling fast. [...] He wondered vaguely whether in the 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 lying there and listening to peaceful sounds outside. Surely there could never have been a time when that seemed ordinary?

1984:150

A yellow beam from the sinking sun slanted in through the window and fell across the pillow. He shut his eyes. The sun on his face and the girl's smooth body touching his own gave him a strong, sleepy, confident feeling. He was safe, everything was all right. He fell asleep murmuring 'Sanity is not statistical,' with the feeling that this remark contained in it a profound wisdom.

1984:226

Why this insistence upon the place of the sun? Simply to recite the fallacy of a Golden place where thought is free? We suggest that the image recalls *We* to any reader with any familiarity with it: the remaining citations of 'the sun' in *1984* concern the Galilean heresy, which we have already seen to be central to *We* and to recall Zamyatin himself, the heretical essayist at back of that text. The sun is thematicised, that is, as everpresent symbol of freedom of thought; we have already seen Winston connect Galileo's heresy to his own, that is, to believing that the past cannot be altered by language. Now we have seen how Winston, by reducing the sun to a property of language has, in fact, shown himself to be involved in that alteration-of-reality. He has done no more or less than reiterate the oldest such alteration, the one which links everyone's (false) memories of 'golden' summers to every authors' use of the pathetic fallacy. *1984* is not unaware of the sun's role in thought control. On the contrary, O'Brien proves the linguistic-basedness of all experience by reverting to a specifically pre-Galilean universe:

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

1984:278

Burgess has pointed out (1985:41) that O'Brien's specious logic in general recalls another Shakespearean intertext which concerns this use of the *arche*-reality as *arche*-symbol:

'I know it is the moon'
'Nay then you lie; it is the blessed sun'

"Then God be blest, it is the blessed sun,
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,"

Katherina/Petruchio, *The Taming of The Shrew*, V.iii.

The sun is subtextual to *We* itself, though, and for similar, heretical reasons: as well as being *exemplum* of Galilean heresy, it is that which is 'beyond the Green Wall'. Within the One State, climate is controlled - a raging sun is symbolic of the freedom to *feel*, to feel the sun proper:

The two of us were walking - as one. Somewhere far off the sun was singing. its song coming ever so faintly through the fog; all things were swelling with yielding pigments: nacreous aureate, roseate, red. All the universe was one unembraceable woman and we were in her very womb; we were as yet unborn - we were joyously ripening. And it was clear to me, incontrovertibly clear, that all things were intended for me: the sun, the fog, the roseate, the aureate - all were intended for me.

We:81

Immediately before their arrest, Winston is holding Julia's 'supple waist' as the lovers admire the old woman - 'a metre across the hips' - who sings in the sun, and as they remember the singing thrush. 'The sun [has] gone down behind the houses'; as Winston 'encircles' Julia's waist, he ponders on the number of children the 'enormous' woman has had, and realises that '[o]ut of their bodies no child would ever come'. In this final scene of the lovers' affair, each of *We*'s themes are cited as (Winston's) fatal illusions; 'it was curious to think', he thinks, 'that the sky was the same for everybody', and that people were all the same, although

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 day overturn the world.

1984:229

This is the hope of *We* - that the physically superior, 'primitive' mephi will overrun the *Green Wall*:

the day has come for us to raze this Wall - all walls - so that the green wind may blow over all the earth, from one end of it to the other.

We:154

This passage of Winston's, then, is his most worked-out statement of this hope before O'Brien divests him of it by showing him that there is no outside from which rebellion could originate, just as there will be no future, because the Party are devoted to the perpetuation of the *status quo*. Winston's reflections are framed by singing - the old woman's fateful song⁶⁸

⁶⁸The song, which Winston first describes as 'dreadful rubbish' (1984:145), has become, by this point in the narrative, a solemn refrain of 1984's themes. 'Dread-ful' is right:

*It was only an 'opeless fancy,
It passed like an Ipril dye,
But a look an' a word an' the dreams they stirred
They 'ave stolen my 'eart awye!*

[...]

They sye that time 'eals all things,

begins them, and they end with Winston recalling Julia to the Golden Country's singing thrush. The sun, singing, embraceable and unembraceable women are already commingled in *We*, like sanity and statistical norms. As with the destinably/indestinably singing thrush, *We* has birds signify the invagination of the natural order into the city: when the Green Wall is breached, it is by their 'hoarse, throaty sounds', and then their presence (*We*:208). *1984* makes clear the irony of Winston's reciting *We*'s hope. Winston mentally unites all the proles of the world in the single idealisation of the old woman, and even speaks of the 'mysterious forbidden lands beyond the frontiers' (*1984*:230); 'theirs was the future', he ends,

But 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.

1984:230

The 'future' he idealises, then, is the end of *We*'s narrative: a 'breaking down' of walls followed by the re-imposition, more total than before, in scope and depth, of the arbitrary order of 'rationality'. Winston is hoping for what O'Brien will show him to be arbitrary, and crushing, The One State's mathematical rule:

There is but one truth, and but one true path; and that truth is: two times two; and that true path is: four. And would it not be an absurdity if these happily, ideally multiplied twos were to get notions about some sort of freedom - i.e. about what is, clearly, an error?

We:76

The return to *We* is to the idea of the inevitability not of revolutions, but of their consequence: hierarchical order. The 'utopian', the individual unable to find a place in the given order, is a revolutionist, one who wishes for a new order, which, *1984* shows, must be the same one.

There is a final subtextual citation of the outside-inside distinction that for *We* is freedom and for *1984* is another object of thought control. The paperweight which Winston purchases from Charrington becomes, by an imagistic sequence no less fantastic than the dream of the Golden Country, an *aide-memoire* of the lovers' freedom and of its constraints. It is literally a *mise-en-abîme*: Winston sees himself and Julia *inside* the paperweight, recalling *We*'s glass-walled state from a position of specious exteriority. *We*, which is about outsides and outsiders, about time and the arrest of time, is finally and unmistakably cited as the contained world that is fictional, because from it escape is possible:

The room was darkening. He turned over towards the light and lay gazing into the glass paperweight. The inexhaustibly interesting thing was not the fragment of coral but the interior of the glass itself. There was such a depth of it, and yet it was almost as transparent as air. It was as though the surface of

*They say you can always forget;
But the smiles an' the tears across the years
They twist my 'eart-strings yet!*

1984:144-145, at the beginning of the lovers' affair, and p. 227, at its end.

the glass had been the arch of the sky, enclosing a tiny world with its atmosphere complete. He had the feeling that he could get inside it, and that in fact he was inside it, along with the mahogany bed and the gate-leg table, and the clock and the steel engraving and the paper-weight itself. The paperweight was the room he was in, and the coral was Julia's life and his own, fixed in a sort of eternity at the heart of the crystal.

1984:153-154

The over-arching sky, 'with its atmosphere complete' recalls The One State's controlled atmosphere, as surely as the 'mahogany bed' recalls the House of Antiquity, or the 'crystal' recalls D-'s 'descriptive milieu' (in Riffaterre's term), as he kneels at his lover's feet:

I was on the floor, embracing her legs; my head was on her knees. We were silent. Stillness; the pulse racing. And so: I was a crystal, and I was dissolving in her, in E-. I felt with perfect clarity how the polished facets defining me in space were dissolving, constantly dissolving; I was vanishing, dissolving in her knees, in her; I was becoming smaller and smaller - and at the same time expanding, increasing more and more, becoming more and more unencompassable. Inasmuch as she was not she but the whole universe.

We:132

6.5. Conclusion: The Utopianist in Utopia

1984 specifically does not allow an 'outside' to its state. Zamyatin, following Wells, has used the utopian convention of stasis to show the unworkability of determined states in the face of 'dynamic' individuals; 1984, on the contrary, shows such a state to be workable *if it is total*. Ingsoc is not a stable state in the naive sense of nineteenth-century utopianism, rather, it is stable because it is *post* the Wells/Zamyatin challenge to such states by dynamism: it has faced the necessity of change, of eternal revolutions, and devoted its energies to tracing and containing the agents of change (much as Lenin 'contained' Zamyatin himself, by refusing him publication). Goldstein's book explicates this historical position which amounts to the stopping of history itself, and, indicating its seriousness, does so by invaginating *Orwell's* lexicon of 'chains' of 'utopias':

Socialism, a theory which appeared in the early nineteenth century and was the last link in a chain of thought stretching back to the slave rebellions of antiquity, was still deeply infected by the Utopianism of past ages. But in each variant of Socialism that appeared from about 1900 onwards the aim of establishing liberty and equality was more and more openly abandoned. The new movements which appeared in the middle years of the century, Ingsoc in Oceania, Neo-Bolshevism in Eurasia, Death-Worship, as it is commonly called, in Eastasia, had the conscious aim of perpetuating *unfreedom* and *inequality*. These new movements, of course, grew out of the old ones and tended to keep their names and pay lip-service to their ideology. But the purpose of all of them was to arrest progress and freeze history at a chosen moment. The familiar pendulum swing was to happen once more, and then stop. As usual, the High were to be turned out by the Middle, who would then become the High; but this time, by conscious strategy, the High would be able to maintain their position permanently.

1984:211⁶⁹

⁶⁹There is a further indication of the 'seriousness' of this post-utopian position in the correlations between Goldstein's 'book' and the works of James Burnham: the interchangeability of the 'High' and the 'Middle' as an historical pattern, and how it could be coming to an end was Burnham's theme in *The Managerial Revolution* and in *The Machiavellians* (see especially *The Machiavellians*, pp.154ff). This is the aspect of Burnham's work, his development of Pareto's idea of the 'circulation of the elites', upon which Orwell focused in his essay "James Burnham and The Managerial Revolution" (*CEJLIV*/46:192-215, [Pub (as "Second Thoughts on James Burnham") May 1946]). Testifying to the undecidable line between fictions and theories, this essay acknowledges Zamyatin's post-utopianism in the context of Burnham's sociology:

There is no 'beyond' of Ingsoc, no hoped-for 'mysterious forbidden lands beyond the frontiers'; under different names it covers the globe⁷⁰. More pertinently to *We's* pastoral vision, it saturates the green spaces of the world.

1984, then, is the only 'totalitarian' utopia. It overwrites each of the protocols which indicate intertexts with this totalitarianism. Politically, it alone deals with a *sufficient* state; linguistically, it suggests that all intellectual rebellion can be contained, or at least revealed, by massive conventionality; psychologically, in the subtextual ramifications of the boot-in-the-face, it comprehends the universality of the domination-impulse and the death-wish. And all this is '*for ever*' (*1984*:280, my emphasis): time is arrested because change, like memory, is forbidden. There is no future, as there is no past. We have seen Winston 'dream' the Golden Country. The text also returns to the vision of the inside of the paperweight to show that this, too, is an illusion; the illusion of the utopianist, of the individual who, unable to live in the 'real world', invents one of his own. Zamyatin, the heretic who could not live in Soviet Russia, so invented a world inside a glass wall, is inescapably cited, a doomed dreamer:

Both of them knew - in a way, it was never out of their minds - that what was now happening could not last long. There were times when the fact of impending 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 of pleasure when the clock is within five minutes of striking. But there were also times when they had the illusion not only of safety but of permanence. So long as they were actually in this room, they both felt, no harm could come to them [...] the room itself was sanctuary. It was as when Winston had gazed into the heart of the paperweight, with the feeling that it would be possible to get inside that glassy world, and that once inside it time could be arrested. Often they gave themselves up to day-dreams of escape. [...] they would disappear, alter themselves out of recognition, learn to speak with proletarian accents, get jobs in a factory and live out their lives undetected in a back-street. It was all nonsense, as they both knew. In reality there was no escape. Even if the fabulous Brotherhood was a reality, there still remained the difficulty of finding one's way into it.

1984:158-159

1984, that is, returns *We* to the utopian; it returns the 'glassy world' not only to its illusory origin, but to Wells' nineteenth-century utopias⁷¹. Utopia is an illusion, we might say an *illudion* - *illudere*, to trick. It is, as we said in our discussion of the 'utopian mentality' (6.2.), a *doublethink*, a trick played knowingly/unknowingly on oneself. *1984* is aware of this process; the lovers 'know' the truth, yet persist in their illusion, just as they must 'know' the

It will be seen that Burnham's theory is not, strictly speaking, a new one. [...] such books as Well's *The Sleeper Awakes* (1900), Zamyatin's *We* (1923), and Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* (1930), all describe imaginary worlds in which the special problems of capitalism have been solved without bringing liberty, equality, or true happiness any nearer.

p.195

⁷⁰Since each of the three super-states is unconquerable, each is in effect a separate universe within which almost any perversion of thought can be safely practised.' (Goldstein's book, *1984*:206)

⁷¹Well's *Story of the Days to Come*, for example, concerns a couple who plan to 'escape' and live their lives as 'proletarians', working among them and speaking as they do.

meaning of 'Brotherhood', (Big) Brother-state, and its 'fabul-ous', fictional nature⁷². *Doublethink* is the notion by which *1984*'s utopianism has changed our world; at bottom the thinking simultaneously of contradictory thoughts which it popularly names is precisely utopianism, or wishful thinking in the face of the facts. Such thinking is inescapable as well as being heretical, heroic, foolish; and the glass world of *We*, which articulated Zamyatin's thoughts of endless revolutions in the face of the Soviet machine, is a fitting icon by which to indicate this: in Derrida's words, it is 'that place where the supposedly "internal" order [...] is articulated by (internal *and* external) necessity'⁷³. *1984* deconstructs this 'place' from within, showing its 'outside' to be specious and its 'inside' to be the true object of the utopian, of the revolutionary or heretic who, like Galileo or Hitler, replaces one order with another. When Winston is arrested, his utopianism is destroyed; the paperweight, and the illusion of an alternative world, is smashed, and returned to reality. As he sees what, *in truth*, was contained by it,

How small, thought Winston, how small it always was!

1984:232

⁷²'Hood' is Old English 'had', still active in German 'heit' (*Chambers*, p.603). For all his disclaimers, Winston is a linguist - the appendix to *1984*, on newspeak, makes his status clear: 'The leading articles in the *Times* were written in it but this was a *tour de force* which could only be carried out by a specialist.' (1984:312)

⁷³*The Truth in Painting*, p.19. See above.

CHAPTER SEVEN

FAMILY, SANITY, INSTINCT AND OTHER FICTIONS: *1984* AND *BRAVE NEW WORLD*

But to return to the future ... If I were now to rewrite the book, I would offer the Savage a third alternative. Between the utopian and the primitive horns of his dilemma would lie the possibility of sanity - a possibility already actualised, to some extent, in a community of exiles and refugees from the *Brave New World*, living within the border of the Reservation. [...the Savage] would not be transported to Utopia until he had had an opportunity of learning something at first hand about the nature of a society composed of freely co-operating individuals devoted to the pursuit of sanity. Thus altered, *Brave New World* would possess an artistic and (if it is permissible to use so large a word in connexion with a work of fiction) a philosophical completeness, which in its present form it evidently lacks.

Huxley, "Foreword to *Brave New World*", 1946, pp.8-9

For that legend applies to us, to our present time. Yes - you just think it over! Those two in Paradise were offered a choice: of happiness without freedom or freedom without happiness. They were not offered a third. They, the dunderheads, chose freedom - and what do you think happened? Naturally, for ages thereafter, they longed for shackles. For shackles, you understand - that's what *Weltschmerz* is all about.

We:72

Fiction does not exist because language is at a distance from things. Language is the distance, the simulacra that gives them their sole presence; and all language that instead of forgetting this distance is maintained in it, and maintains it in itself, all language that speaks of this distance by moving into it is a language of fiction.

Foucault, "Distance, Aspect, Origin", 1963, cit. & trans. Miller, *The Passion of Michel Foucault*, p.130.

7.1. Introduction

As all texts are intertexts, composed of citations, how can we determine references to them? We have suggested in this thesis that the answer to this question is: via the 'proper'. Protocols - subtexts, images and words that jar with the milieu of the text in hand - indicate not an area of thought in general, but the language, imagistic, lexical, syntactic, that a particular text uses to address that area. In this chapter we shall be concerned with *1984*'s relationship to *BNW*. We spoke in the preceding chapter of the *differential* function of utopias, of, particularly, *Brave New World* (*BNW*) as a reiteration of *We*'s themes and images which alters and advances them. We shall now see *BNW* as the link, in the 'chain of utopia books', between *We* and *1984*; that is, it cites *We*'s 'hope', of the beyond of the state, but rejects it only to posit a new hope for the survival of the past. What is 'proper' to *BNW*, what lives-on at its border, is the family and the language of filiation. We have referred in passing

to the textualisation of the family and to the appropriability, the purposive reiterability, of 'body language'; in this final chapter we shall see these two themes of *1984* come together to form a subtext which refers to *BNW*, and damns that novel's last hope.

BNW is a 'negative' utopia of the West; where *We* takes Soviet Communism at its word and traces the future of its intent, Huxley's novel does the same for consumerism. In doing so, it also foresees a global state, where Zamyatin's could not. We have discussed the One State's 'beyond' as being in its green spaces; *BNW*'s 'Controller' contains these by, contrary to the dictates of the Benefactor, encouraging his subjects to visit them, *at a cost*:

Not so very long ago (a century or thereabouts), Gammas, Deltas, even Epsilons, had been conditioned to like flowers - flowers in particular and wild nature in general. The idea was to make them want to be going out into the country at every available opportunity, and so compel them to consume transport. [...now] We condition the masses to hate the country [...] But simultaneously we condition them to love all country sports. At the same time, we see to it that all country sports shall entail the use of elaborate apparatus. So that they consume manufactured articles as well as transport.

BNW:29

7.1.1. *BNW*'s Positioning on the 'Chain of Utopia Books'

BNW, then, is a highly intertextual text. It is almost saturated by what Riffaterre calls 'signposts [...] words and phrases indicating, on the one hand, a difficulty - an obscure or incomplete utterance in the text - that only an intertext can remedy; and, on the other hand, pointing the way to where the solution must be sought'. All of *BNW*'s 'utopian' 'signposts' point to *We*: it is a supplement, an annotation, a translation, a sequel. For *1984* to be seen to cite it, it must cite the *differances* with which *BNW* supplements Zamyatin's text.

The 'signposts' from *BNW* to *We* as *the* technologically and politically twentieth century utopia are, for the most part, not only unmistakable but unhidden. The conventional method of transport, and of observation, for example, in *We*, is the 'aero', a species of helicopter with immanent insect-like qualities:

From above, not too high (about fifty metres), came the droning of aëros. I recognized them by their slow flight, their low altitude and the observation tubes hanging down like black proboscises; I recognized them as belonging to the Guardians. There weren't just two or three of them, as usual, but from ten to twelve (I regret having to confine myself to an approximate number).

We:123

In *BNW*, the 'aeros' are called 'helicopters', and the insect-element is simply expatiated upon:

It was warm and bright on the roof. The summer afternoon was drowsy with the hum of passing helicopters [...] Henry accelerated; the humming of the propeller shrilled from hornet to wasp, from wasp to mosquito; the speedometer showed that they were rising at the best part of two kilometres a minute. London diminished beneath them.

BNW:56-57

¹"Compulsory Reader Response: The Intertextual Drive", p.58.

1984 draws on the associations generated by both texts. the passage from *We* goes on to explicate the 'prophylactic' function of the Guardian's aeros, while, by having them 'snoop[...] into people's windows' *1984* relates its "police patrol's" 'bluebottle'-like helicopters to the Panopticon (*1984*:4). *BNW*, on the other hand, uses its helicopters to provide an aerial view of London; *1984* follows Winston's gaze from the helicopters to the London streets he sees from his seventh-floor apartment. The two 'futuristic' worlds are markedly different:

London diminished beneath them. The huge table-topped buildings were no more, in a few seconds, than a bed of geometrical mushrooms sprouting from the green of park and garden. In the midst of them, thin-stalked, a taller, slenderer fungus, the Charing-T Tower lifted towards the sky a disk of shining concrete. [...] Lenina looked down through the window in the floor between her feet. They were flying over the six kilometre zone of parkland that separated Central London from its first ring of satellite suburbs.

The green was maggoty with foreshortened life. Forests of Centrifugal Bumble-puppy towers gleamed between the trees. Near Shepherd's Bush two thousand Beta-Minus mixed doubles were playing Riemann-surface tennis. A double row of Escalator-Fives Courts lined the main road from Notting Hill to Willesden. In the Ealing stadium a Delta gymnastic display and community sing was in progress. [...] a black and khaki army of labourers was busy revitrifying the surface of the Great West Road. One of the huge travelling crucibles was being tapped as they flew over. The molten stone poured out in a stream of dazzling incandescence across the road; the asbestos rollers came and went; at the tail of an insulated watering-cart the steam rose in white clouds.

BNW:57-59

A kilometre away the Ministry of Truth, his place of work, towered vast and white above the grimy landscape. This, he thought with a sort of vague distaste - this was London, chief city of Airstrip One, itself the third most populous of the provinces of Oceania. [...] Were there always these vistas of rotting nineteenth-century houses, their 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 directions? And the bombed sites where the plaster dust swirled in the air and the willowherb 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 like chicken-houses?

1984:5

Although both societies are designed around distraction, *1984* has replaced time-and-money-consuming pleasures with the day-to-day mental occupation of work; there need not be change, the second convention of the utopia, while there is control, its first convention. Indeed, the only similarity in the two views is the 'towering' structure, *organon* of control, around which these future Londons are centred. As Huxley's text 'views' the possibility of a Western world-state, Orwell's re-views 'Westernness', going beyond its advertised self-image to show that it does not, in reality, equvalate to architectural and technological progress.

Zamyatin's text, with its central insistence on 'we', on commonality, is as we have seen, is the 'proper' site of the universal wearing of uniforms:

As always, the Musical Factory was chanting with all its pipes The March of The One State. The numbers - hundreds, thousands of numbers - all in light-blue unifs,* all with gold badges on their chests, each badge bearing the State number of the particular he or she - the numbers were pacing along in even ranks of four each, exaltedly pounding their feet in time to the music. [...]

*Probably from the ancient word uniform.

We:22

BNW reiterates this motif with the *differance* of class, of hierarchy; the uniforms are ranked by colour, and as, in the eyes of the wearers at least, they are to emphasise differences and not similarities, they are not *called* uniforms:

'... all wear green,' said a soft but very distinct voice, beginning in the middle of a sentence, 'and Delta children wear khaki. Oh no, I don't want to play with Delta children. And Epsilons are still worse. They're too stupid to be able to read or write. Besides, they wear black, which is such a beastly colour. I'm so glad I'm a Beta.'

There was a pause; then the voice began again.

'Alpha children wear grey. They work much harder than we do, because they're so frightfully clever. [...] Gammas are stupid. They all wear green, and Delta children wear khaki. Oh no, I don't want to play with Delta children. And Epsilons are still worse. They're too stupid to be able. . .'

BNW:33

When this hierarchical dress-code arrives in 1984, there is only a tow-way distinction, between Inner and Outer Party members, in accord with the class-structure Burnham saw arriving: High and Middle (the proles, or 'Low' 'are not human beings', 1984:56, and are not distinguished by uniforms)². In truth, *BNW* already contains the idea of this distinction, and 'the Controller' describes it, in private, in terms Big Brother would recognise:

'The optimum population', said Mustapha Mond, 'is modelled on the iceberg - eight-ninths below the water line, one-ninth above.'

'And they're happy below the water line?'

'Happier than above it. Happier than your friends here, for example.' He pointed.

'In spite of that awful work?'

'Awful? They don't find it so. On the contrary, they like it. It's light, it's childishly simple. No strain on the mind or the muscles.'

BNW:175-176

From 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 the growth of liberalism and scepticism in their own ranks. The problem, that is to say, is educational. It is a problem of continuously moulding the consciousness both of the directing group and of the larger executive group that lies immediately below it. [...]

Given this background, one could infer, if one did not know it already, the general structure of Oceanic society. At the apex of the pyramid comes Big Brother. [...] Below Big Brother comes the Inner Party, its numbers limited to six millions, or something less than two per cent of the population of Oceania. Below the Inner Party comes the Outer Party, which, if the Inner Party is described as the brain of the State, may be justly likened to the hands. Below that come the dumb masses whom we habitually refer to as 'the proles' [...]

'Goldstein's Book', 1984:216-217

That is to say, 1984's 'pyramid' is the naked truth of *BNW*'s 'iceberg': it emphasises the subjugation, by conditioning (or 'education') and by constant occupation that the 'childishly

²See Burnham's *The New Machiavellians*, Orwell's essays on this American thinker, contemporaneous with the writing of 1984 ("James Burnham and the Managerial Revolution" and "Burnham's view of the Contemporary world Struggle", *CEJLIV*/46&82), and the appropriate sections of Goldstein's 'book' in 1984 itself, pp.210-217.

simple' labour of the lower castes of *BNW* obscures. The multi-layered structure of *BNW*'s society is a purposive illusion, designed to provide all but the lowest orders with a feeling of superiority; Ingsoc militates precisely such a dissemination of feelings, founding its Hate displays and impossible workloads on the subjugation of discontents³. Black, *BNW*'s uniform colour for the lowest-of-the-low, has become, in *1984*, the label of seniority:

A momentary hush passed over the group of people round the chairs as they saw the black overalls of an Inner Party member approaching.

1984:12

As well as 'inverting' the social order of *BNW*, semiotically this recites the Nazi blackshirts and S.S. who came to power in the years between the two novels, as well as lending historic *gravitas* to O'Brien's description of himself as a 'priest of power' (*1984*:276. My emphasis).

The timetabled existence of the One State's subjects persist in *BNW*, but the state has been decentralised; where 'numbers' meet under a single clock, 'workers' are regulated in the workplace by numerous clocks (anticipating *1984* in multiplicity as *We* does in twenty-four hour clock efficiency):

The big bell of the Accumulator Tower was booming 17.00. The Personal Hour was over.

We:25

In the four thousand rooms of the Centre the four thousand electric clocks simultaneously struck four. Discarnate voices called from the trumpet mouths.

'Main Day-shift off duty. Second Day-shift take over. Main Day shift off..'

BNW:37

We have seen (in the previous chapter) *1984* thematicise *We*'s 'booking' twenty-four hour clock. Here, we may note in addition that it, too, pluralises the noun. Winston is out-of-doors at the opening of the novel: as *BNW* organises a factory-full of workers under the old-style twelve-hour 'clock', *1984* has the 'futuristic' and efficient timekeeping of Zamyatin's novel disseminated throughout London, and possibly Oceania:

It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen.

³In his review of *We*, Orwell noted:

[N]o clear reason is given why [*BNW*'s] society should be stratified in the elaborate way that is described. The aim is not economic exploitation, but the desire to bully and dominate does not seem to be a motive either. There is no power-hunger, no sadism, no hardness of any kind. Those at the top have no strong motive for staying at the top [...] life has become so pointless that it is difficult to believe that such a society could endure.

CEJLIV/17:97

His implied answer to the 'why' of power, 'the desire to bully and dominate', which in turn structures Oceanic society, was also his answer to what he perceived as another text which left the question open, but from the instinctual, rather than the conditioned viewpoint: Burnham's *Managerial Revolution* (see *CEJLIV*/46:211, 'Burnham never stops to ask *why* people want power. He seems to assume that power hunger [...] is a natural instinct that does not have to be explained')

Such comparisons are limitless: *BNW* is a compendium of *WE*-citations⁴. However, the clearest reference from *BNW* to *We* is in the sexual atmosphere which is a subtextually-developed theme in both of the two books. The One State has abolished marriage in favour of a rationing of sex, involving 'registration' (*We*:25) and 'coupons':

Your case is subjected to thorough research in the laboratories of the Sexual Bureau, the content of sexual hormones is determined with the utmost exactitude, and a corresponding Table of Sexual Days is worked out for you. After obtaining this you fill out an application, stating that on your Sexual Days you desire to avail yourself of such and such a number (or such and such numbers) and receive the appropriate book of coupons (it is pink). And that's all there is to it.

We:37

In *BNW*, this idea is recited in a Western frame; again, there is no marriage (marriage 'for ever' is considered primitive, unthinkable, *BNW*:114), and promiscuity is the norm, but here it is deregulated, as it were, a practice enforced by market forces and peer-pressure:

Lenina shook her head. 'Somehow,' she mused, 'I hadn't been feeling very keen on promiscuity lately. There are times when one doesn't. Haven't you found that too, Fanny?'

Fanny nodded her sympathy and understanding. 'But one's got to make the effort,' she said sententiously, 'one's got to play the game. After all, everyone belongs to everyone else.'

BNW:45

We suggest that, from its sexual *more* *BNW* develops a subtext of the family, specifically of mother-and-son relationship, which is only suggested by *We*, and which becomes 'proper' to Huxley's novel. That is, where other themes of *BNW* remain citations of *We*, we may speak of the mother-son subtext as belonging to *BNW*'s descriptive milieu alone. *We* provides only the core idea of this subtext: *BNW*'s mother and son originate in the wild borderlands of the state, while, in *We*, D-503 takes his pregnant lover to the state's borderlands in order for her to have her child. This is the more literal sense in which we could speak of *BNW* as a 'sequel' to *We*. The core of the former's subtext is also present, though, in D-503's moment-of-crisis:

If I only had a mother - as the ancients did: a mother of my own - yes, precisely, *my own* ... And if only I were, as far as she was concerned, not the builder of the Integral, and not a number, D-503, and not a molecule of The One State, but a bit of common humanity, a bit of her own self - a trampled-upon, crushed, cast-off bit ... And whether I was crucifying or being crucified (perhaps both are one and the same), if she would only hear what no one hears, if only her lips, a crone's lips, grown over with wrinkles -

We:206

In *We*'s rogorously divided worlds, this must remain a wish, however: the novel's *punctum* is the State's isolation from the natural order. *BNW* recites this heartfelt lack, and its

⁴Valerie Meyers notes that 'Huxley's novel, like Zamyatin's, is set six hundred years hence' (p.117). There are also correlations between the heroes of the two books. We have seen (ch. 6) that D-503 has an 'atavism' (*We*:25, etc); *BNW*'s Bernard is 'decanted different' (*BNW*:112), that is, he too has a genetic explanation for his abnormality. D- is also diagnosed with having a 'soul' (*WE*:95); *BNW*'s 'savage', who shares the heretical role in *BNW* with Bernard, uses the same term for his dysfunction (*BNW*:128).

complement, the lack of a child, and does so in the face of an old woman quite as unattractive as the 'crone' upon whom D- has based his fantastic mother:

'What a wonderfully intimate relationship,' he said, deliberately outrageous. 'And what an intensity of feeling it must generate. I often think one may have missed something in not having had a mother. And perhaps you've missed something in not being a mother, Lenina. Imagine yourself sitting there with a little baby of your own. . .'

'Bernard! How can you?' The passage of an old woman with ophthalmia and a disease of the skin distracted her from her indignation.

BNW:93

The difference between the two texts though, is that *BNW* grants this wish to its central character, specifically by having him born in its supplementary area, the 'reservation', a wild space visited by his parents on an approved vacation from the city (his mother has been left in this place by mischance, and is not, as Valerie Meyers asserts, a 'member of a remote American Indian tribe'⁵). That is, having, for a time, visited a citizen of the future on the past, on Zamyatin's would-be primitive/outside, *BNW* infects its future with a representative of this past in which the family-order prevailed. This 'future', we must note, is specifically the one 1984's Ingsoc is moving towards, as O'Brien explains:

'[I]n 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.'

1984:280

What this single family opens up in *BNW* is a distinction between women as mothers and as sexual partners which is of necessity unconsidered by *We*, and which will be reconsidered, in the light of *BNW*'s insistence on universal conditioning, by 1984. We note, ahead of what we will see to be Winston's textualisation of mothers as holding their children to their breasts in a 'helpless gesture', that what inspire's Bernard Marx's description of motherhood as a 'wonderfully intimate relationship', above, is '[t]he spectacle of two young women giving the breast to their babies' (*BNW:93*).

BNW's narrative movement in visiting the past and revisiting it upon the preset/future is the same one we have seen *We* perform with its infection of the city by the city's wild past: *We*'s primitives have been named the 'mephi' and organised into a revolutionary force by a woman from the city-state, D-'s lover E-⁶. Just as 1984 cited this movement in *We* in order to show

⁵George Orwell, p.118

⁶When D- finds his way 'underground' to the 'meadow' where the meeting of the horse-like creatures (*We:153*) is underway, he sees 'her':

'Brothers [she was saying] - brothers! There, in the city within the Wall, they are building the Integral. And you know that the day has come for us to raze this Wall - all walls - so that the green wind may blow over all the earth, from one end of it to the other. But the Integral is going to carry those walls upward, into thousands of other earths whose lights will this night come murmuring to you through the black nocturnal leaves -'

Waves, spume, wind beat against the boulder: 'Down with the Integral! Down with it!'

'No, brothers - not "down with it!" The Integral must be ours instead.

the fictionality of return to a pastoral past, to show that the very wish for such a return is dangerous utopianism, so it cites *BNW* via what is proper to it, the family. We have seen *1984* investigate the functioning of power in the control of the individual (the Panopticon), of language (*DatN*), of interpersonal relationships (*IH*), and of time (*We*). Via *BNW*, we shall finally see it address the control of the family; where Huxley's novel perpetuates the idea of the family as a beyond of the state, *1984* explicates the family's textualisation and appropriation by the state.

7.2. Campaigns against the past: *BNW* and Shakespeare and *1984* and writing-in-general

We have seen that *BNW*, like *1984*, asserts its utopian credentials by a parasitic relationship with Zamyatin's *We*. Part of the movement of this filiation is an appropriation of the idea of a future state founded on post-war ruins, that is, of a crisis, a motivated forgetting of the past. D- explains to his imaginary readers that the glass wall of the One State is as profound a relative advance as a jacket would be to a savage, and has become as unthought and as necessary as one:

I feel certain that the savage must have reflected as he viewed a *jacket*, 'There, what's that for? It's nothing but a nuisance!' It seems to me that your views, too, will be every bit the same as that savage's when I tell you that not a one of us since the times of the Two Hundred Years' War has set foot beyond the Green Wall. But, dear friends, you will have to think - at least to some extent. It does help, quite a lot.

We:27

BNW reduces the length of time taken for such a crucial war by bringing to it an awareness of technological advances (it cites, for example, '[t]he Russian technique for infecting water supplies', *BNW*:48); but the choices which bring it to an end are the same:

'The Nine Years' War, the great Economic Collapse. There was a choice between World Control and destruction. Between stability and ...'

BNW:48

(*1984*, written between 1943 and 1948, ends *its* world war with the post-*BNW*, and then-ultimate martial technology, 'atomic bombs', including one on Colchester.⁷)

We:154

That is, E-330 appropriates the simple destructive forces of the 'mephi' to very civilised, revolutionary/counter-revolutionary ends. Linda, the mother in *BNW*, brings with her to the Indian Reservation what we may now call the 'sexual revolution', disrupting the community with her belief, conventional whilst she was at home in London, that, sexually 'everyone belongs to everyone else' (*BNW*:162, see also note 5, above).

'[O]ne of his early memories was of an air-raid which appeared to take everyone by surprise. Perhaps it was the time when the atomic bomb had fallen on Colchester.' (*1984*:35); 'another hiding-place known to Julia, the belfry of a ruinous church in an almost-deserted stretch of country where an atomic bomb had fallen thirty years earlier.' (*1984*:134); 'the ravages of the atomic war of the nineteen-fifties have never been fully repaired.' (*1984*:197).

For *1984* being begun in 1943, see Orwell's "Letter to F.J. Warburg", 22.10.1948 (*CEJLIV*/125:507). Orwell was later to say that he 'thought of [*1984*] in 1944 as a result of the Teheran Conference' ("Letter to Roger Senhouse", 26.12.1948, *CEJLIV*/132). We do not see any contradiction here, rather a reflection of the

BNW's 'stability' is achieved by 'a campaign against the past' (*BNW*:50), which contains the germ of 1984's 'control of the past'. Where *BNW*'s 'Controller' implies that war necessitated a single-party state in the name of 'stability', 1984's O'Brien explicates the truth of this point: "[o]ne does not establish a dictatorship in order to safeguard a revolution; one makes the revolution in order to establish the dictatorship" (1984:276) Again, we may view this as an updating: behind O'Brien's confession is the Teheran conference, one of the 'real world' inspirations for 1984 which, like the atomic bomb, post-dates *BNW*. *BNW*'s 'campaign' is instanced by

the blowing up of historical monuments (luckily most of them had already been destroyed during the Nine Years' War); by the suppression of all books published before A.F. 150.

BNW:50-51

Those of 1984's monuments which have not been destroyed (see previous note), have been, as it were, *rewritten*: Nelson's Column has become Big Brother's Column (1984:119¹⁰). The

unconscious genesis of a text, such as, *mise en abîme*, we have seen Winston confess to in the early pages of 1984 itself, where he claims to have begun his diary because of 'the unusual geography of the room' (1984:7), then because of seeing the book in Charrington's shop (1984:8), and later to 'guard against' unconscious slips (1984:97).

"[T]he control of the past depends above all on the training of memory. To make sure that all written records agree with the orthodoxy of the moment is merely a mechanical act. But it is also necessary to remember that events happened in the desired manner. And if it is necessary to re-arrange one's memories or to tamper with written records, then it is necessary to forget that one has done so. The trick of doing this can be learned like any other mental technique. It is learned by the majority of Party members, and certainly by all who are intelligent as well as orthodox. In Oldspeak it is called, quite frankly, 'reality control'. In Newspeak it is called *doublethink*, though *doublethink* comprises much else as well.' Goldstein's 'book', 1984:222-223

'In December, 1948, Orwell wrote that '[w]hat [1984] is really meant to do is to discuss the implications of dividing the world up into 'Zones of Influence' (I thought of it in 1944 as a result of the Teheran Conference), & in addition to indicate by parodying them the intellectual implications of totalitarianism.' (*CEJLIV*/132:520). On leaving that conference, Anthony Eden justified that division onto 'zones', and each of the states charged with 'policing' it, in terms O'Brien would recognise (we recall that Winston lives in 'Victory Mansions', 1984:3):

Victory is only a means to an end, and that end a peace that will last. This recurrent threat of war can only be met if there is an international order firmer in strength and unity than any enemy that can seek to challenge it. Is there now then, not the Possibility of creating such an order? Do the foundations exist? Six months ago I could not have given you any certain answer. It might have been so, it might not have been so. But to-day I can give you the answer. It is an emphatic 'Yes.'

cit. Priestley & Betts, *The Momentous Years*, p.194.

The atomic 'mutually assured destruction', which Eden's 'order' in effect named, is prevailing in '1984':

The effect [of the nuclear war of the 1950's] was to convince the ruling groups of all countries that a few more atomic bombs would mean the end of organised society, and hence of their own power. Thereafter, although no formal agreement was ever made or hinted at, no more bombs were dropped. All three powers merely continue to produce atomic bombs and store them up against the decisive opportunity which they all believe will come sooner or later.

1984:202-203

Deutscher (note to p.202) suggests that Orwell's prediction of a three-way division of the world post-Teheran, was a the result of a psychological failing, a 'Freudian sublimation of persecution mania'. Whatever; writing in 1953, at least five years after Orwell wrote of such ideas, Deutscher was unwilling to see the superpower confrontation, M.A.D., or the rise of Eastasia.

¹⁰From the top of 'his' column, Big Brother is supposed to be viewing the sight of his victory over Eurasian/Eastasian aeroplanes, recalling *BNW*'s vision of warplanes dropping anthrax on 'the Kurfurstendamm', *BNW*:48

nearby church of St.Martin's, by which Winston is first to meet Julia (1984:120), is now, palimpsestically, 'a museum used for propaganda displays of various kinds' (1984:103). Thus, ironically, *BNW* finally commemorates *We*, as 1984 commemorates its intertexts, by stressing the abolition of the past in which *We*, like *DatN*, et al., originate¹¹.

We have said, though, that *BNW* is a highly intertextual novel. What we mean to indicate by this is more than the text's generic relationship to *We*. *BNW* is about the past, about the 'campaign' to annihilate it and about its recoverability in the face of this. To articulate this *telos*, its 'campaign' involves 'the suppression of all books published before A.F. 150.' (*BNW*:51, see above); Ingsoc's unspoken campaign has the same methodology:

The hunting-down and destruction of books had been done with the same thoroughness in the prole quarters as everywhere else. It was very unlikely that there existed anywhere in Oceania a copy of a book printed earlier than 1960.

1984:101

The effect of *BNW*'s "World State's" campaign is dramatic and intentional; it is to remove all pre-'Fordian' ideas, and language that expressed them, from its subjects. The result, as we have seen in Oceania, is a limited *langue*, one designed to express orthodox ideas and incapable of expressing, or understanding, unorthodox ones; if under Ingsoc such ideas involve the discussion of the unaltered past, under the world state they involve tragedy, passion and the family. That is, censorship has been undertaken of texts which discuss, and, at bottom, advocate, states that have been forbidden by having been rendered impossible. *BNW* provides 1984 with the whole idea of 'proper' language. Intertextual reference is reference to the forbidden past.

The 'Savage', the child born in the wilds, brings with him a rigorous knowledge of Shakespeare. Thus the language of Shakespeare stands as emblematic of the past, the past of tragedy and intimacy and passion, just as the language of Zamyatin represents the future that does without this past, the future of ease and anonymity. Shakespeare, that is, as well as being constantly 'cited', is intertextual to *BNW* in the same sense that *We* is intertextual to it: his language is 'used', invisibly, *texturally*, we may say to indicate a descriptive milieu and, with it, the intellectual and emotional world it describes¹².

¹¹Valerie Meyers refers to 1984's churches as being 'defaced by ideology' (p.120). This view fails to take account of the complexity of the 'palimpsestic' treatment of the past in the novel: for Party members, the churches simply do not exist, they are not 'defaced', but *effaced*, and renamed, rewritten as something (as Syme says of pre-Party literature) 'not merely different, but actually [...] contradictory of what they used to be' (1984:56). The 'churches' are resurrected by Charrington's, and Winston's, ability to retrace them *via* their palimpsestic overwriting. This resurrection is the gesture we are suggesting 1984 performs on its intertexts: obscuring them only to provide clues as to their 'origins'.

¹²We have placed 'cited' and 'used' in quotation marks here to highlight the distinction suggested by Searle, in "How To Do Things With Words". The distinction is not tenable - when is a 'citation' not a 'use', and how

In *1984*, Shakespeare fulfils a similar function, as an index of a past order; lacking a savage-figure, though, Shakespeare is *only* present in *1984* as something which is already censored, already cancelled-out, already absent. Winston Smith wakes up 'with the word "Shakespeare" on his lips' (*1984*:33), yet, in '1984', in a properly totalitarian world where *all* loyalties are to the Party and where the past is constantly changed, what can Shakespeare's works mean to him? In a surprising testament to 'Orwellian linguistics', George Steiner has asked:

Can the *newspeak* of George Orwell's *1984* [sic] (and that year is already upon us) serve the needs of tragic drama? I think not [...]¹³

In *1984*, Shakespeare's 'tragic drama' is not to be rewritten in *newspeak* until c.2050, in which year Steiner's speculation would be more than justified:

'By 2050 - earlier, probably - all real knowledge of Oldspeak will have disappeared. The whole literature of the past will have been destroyed. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Byron - they'll exist only in Newspeak versions, not merely changed into something different, but actually changed into something contradictory of what they used to be. [...]

Syme, *1984*:56

As we have seen in previous chapters, *1984* is framed by the 'problem of communicating with the future'; the inverse of Steiner's speculation is that a speaker of *newspeak* would be unable to understand 'tragic drama'. Censorship of Shakespeare is not undertaken by his limited availability alone, but by his meaninglessness, the irrelevance not only of his language but also of his subject-matter.

Winston, indeed, immediately on having faced this problem of the *differance* implicit in the idea of 'the future' (although not in the 'future' of Ingsoc, which, as we have seen in our preceding chapter, involves no change of policy or of relationships), notes that in '1984', even before its linguistics, tragedy is no longer an option. He writes his first diary-entries, to the illusory future 'or to the past' in a distinctly Shakespearian tone:

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

1984:30, my emphasis

This improper style imports Lady Macbeth (*Macbeth*, I,viii,1ff) into his world, *as* a figure improper to it, as one who represents another time, another order; one of family, of irreversible events which, as indicated by the 'unconscious' use of her voice rather than any other, are tragic. Having written this, Winston dreams, and his dream is an idealisation

could we say which 'use' was a (conscious) 'citation' - but is resurrected here to stress that Shakespeare's language is not only present in the sections of *BNW* which explicitly quote it.

¹³The Death of Tragedy, p.316.

(recalling D-503's wish, above) of his mother's death, which marks the *differance* between his time and hers as being defined by the meaningfulness of 'tragedy':

It 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 aware of facts and ideas which still seem new and valuable after one is awake. *The thing that now suddenly struck Winston was that his mother's death, nearly thirty years ago, had been tragic and sorrowful in a way that was no longer possible. Tragedy, he perceived, belonged to the ancient time, to a time when there was still privacy, love and friendship, and when the members of a family stood by one another without needing to know the reason.*

1984:32. My emphasis

It is at the end of this dream that Winston wakes with the word 'Shakespeare' on his lips (1984:33, see above). Where he enlists Shakespeare in his struggle with the idea of communicating with the future, *BNW*, as a text set in the distant future, does so to explicate the problem in hindsight. Huxley's text, that is, uses this very inappropriateness of Shakespeare in the World State that abolished lovers and family in the name of commonality and stability:

How could you communicate with the future? It was of its nature impossible. Either the future would resemble the present, in which case it would not listen to him: or it would be different from it, and his predicament would be meaningless.

1984:9

'[...] something new that's like *Othello*, and that [people] could understand.'

'That's what we've all been wanting to write,' said Helmholtz, breaking a long silence.

'And it's what you never will write,' said the Controller. 'Because, if it were really like *Othello* nobody could understand it, however new it might be. And if it were new, it couldn't possibly be like *Othello*. [...] Because our world is not the same as *Othello*'s world. [...] you can't make tragedies without social instability. The world's stable now.

BNW:172-173

What is being cited when Winston wakes up, at the end of the dream that begins with his mother's death, 'with the word "Shakespeare" on his lips'? We suggest it is this whole tragic past order that is 'no longer possible', yet that shall shape the narrative of 1984: the order of Oedipal revenge (see ch. 3), and of doomed lovers - the young Julia as Juliette, replacing the stubborn wife Katherine. We suggest that, as Galileo and the control of the past and of referents was cited via *We*, so this citation is made via *BNW* and its explication of what is at stake, its detailing of what is lost when Shakespeare is lost, in terms of the personal quotient in the language as well as in life. Winston's dream closes with an image of Julia, or rather of a gesture of Julia's. Presently, we shall go on to trace the idea of a gestural language, which we have seen to be appropriated by Ingsoc (ch. 2), to an idealisation of the mother-figure, and hence to *BNW*. Here, we note that this gesture cites its opposite in *BNW* (as Winston's wish to live in glass walls cited the opposite wish in the glass-walled state of *We*), that is, that the gesture which is linked to 'Shakespeare' inescapably cites the one in *BNW* which casts Shakespeare away :

What overwhelmed him in that instant was admiration for the gesture with which she had thrown her clothes aside. With its grace and carelessness it seemed to annihilate a whole culture, a whole system of thought, as though Big Brother and the Party and the Thought Police could all be swept into nothingness by a single splendid movement of the arm. That too was a gesture belonging to the ancient time. Winston woke up with the word 'Shakespeare' on his lips.

1984:33

'You all remember,' said the Controller, in his strong deep voice, 'you all remember, I suppose, that beautiful and inspired saying of Our Ford's: History is bunk. History', he repeated slowly, 'is bunk.'

He waved his hand; and it was as though, with an invisible feather whisk, he had brushed away a little dust, and the dust was Harappa, was Ur of the Chaldees; some spider-webs, and they were Thebes and Babylon and Cnossos and Mycenae. Whisk, whisk - and where was Odysseus, where was job, where were Jupiter and Gotama and Jesus? Whisk - and those specks of antique dirt called Athens and Rome, Jerusalem, and the Middle Kingdom - all were gone.. Whisk - the place where Italy had been was empty. Whisk, the cathedrals; whisk, whisk, King Lear and the Thoughts of Pascal. Whisk, Passion; whisk, Requiem; whisk, Symphony; whisk ...

BNW:38

We shall now go on to trace the subtextual linkage of Julia, her gesture here, and Winston's mother and *her* characteristic gesture. We shall see the emergence of a gestural language, another instance of 1984's insistence on 'writing-in-general', and we shall return this to the text which insists on the authenticity of the family as a primary, prelinguistic, unit; *BNW*.

7.2.1 The (Sub)Textualisation of the Female Characters in 1984

You were lifted clean out of the stream of history. And yet to the people of only two generations ago, this would not have seemed all-important, because they were not attempting to alter history. They were governed by private loyalties which they did not question. What mattered were individual relationships, and a completely helpless gesture, an embrace, a tear, a word spoken to a dying man, could have value in itself.

1984:172

The 'completely helpless gesture' referred to here is Winston's mother's. Or, rather, Winston believes it is. We shall argue here, that by reducing her to this gesture which she may or may not have made, Winston is *textualising* his mother, fictionalising her, so annihilating her reality, her subjectivity. We must recall that (as we saw in ch. 2) Ingsoc is aware of the language of gestures, and 'speaks' it as another species of 'writing in general'; O'Brien appears to Winston to be approachable specifically because he has mastered the gestural language of the past:

He had a trick of re-settling his spectacles on his nose which was curiously *disarming* - in some indefinable way, curiously civilised. It was a *gesture* which, if anyone had still thought in such terms, might have recalled an eighteenth-century nobleman offering his snuff-box.

1984:12, my emphases¹⁴

¹⁴Charrington assumes a similar disguise:

He was a man of perhaps sixty, frail and bowed, with a long, benevolent nose, and mild eyes distorted by thick spectacles. His hair was almost white, but his eyebrows were bushy and still black. His spectacles, his gentle, fussy movements and the fact that he was wearing an aged jacket of black velvet, gave him a vague air of intellectuality, as though he had been some kind of literary man [...]

1984:97

When it first appears, the 'completely helpless gesture' is not performed by Winston's mother, but by a character in a film made by the Party. She is, though, *a* mother, and Winston's record of her gesture at once makes it central to the film and defines it as maternal, that is, as protective and, in the face of the state, ineffective. The reader has no experience of this gesture, or of its thematicity to the film, but through Winston's film-diary record of it. The gesture is what Winston comes home to record in his diary, although he denies this, even to himself ('[h]e did not know what had made him pour out this stream of rubbish'):

there was a middleaged woman might have been a jewess sitting up in the bow with a little 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.

1984:10

The ungrammatical language of this passage reflects its status as automatic writing, specifically the automatic writing of an infantilised, *regressed* mind: 'he began writing in sheer panic, only imperfectly aware of what he was setting down [...h]is small but *childish* handwriting straggled up and down the page,' (1984:10). When Winston dreams, on the night following this diary-entry (that is the night after the cinema-visit¹⁵), he dreams of his mother, 'in the saloon of a sinking ship' (1984:31). Although the time-locus of his dream is the present day, from which Winston 'could not remember what had happened' (1984:32), his point-of-view is that of himself-as-a-child, and what he sees is the 'helpless gesture':

At this moment his mother was sitting in some place deep down beneath him, with his young sister in her arms. He did not remember his sister at all, except as a tiny, feeble baby, always silent, with large, watchful eyes. Both of them were looking up at him.

1984:31

The hints - inconsistent hair/facial hair colouration, the *distortion* of the eyes - are provided that this is indeed a disguise, which will be removed in classic horror/thriller style when Winston is arrested:

Mr Charrington was still wearing his old velvet jacket, but his hair, which had been almost white, had turned black. Also he was not wearing his spectacles. He gave Winston a single sharp glance, as though verifying his identity, and then paid no more attention to him. He was still recognisable, but he was not the same person any longer.

1984:233

On their first meetings, Winston is evidently not looking for such details, although he sees them, but for kinship, which is also provided, by Charrington's appropriation of the 'air' of a 'literary man'. It is worth noting that, as we have seen (in ch. 4) O'Brien pander to Winston's verbal imagery between the opening of the diary and the arrest, so Charrington, during the time Winston is using his room, shows Winston the lid of a 'snuff-box' (1984:158), the very thing, improper in '1984', that Winston has imagined O'Brien's gesture to suggest.

¹⁵The diary opens 'April 4th, 1984. Last night to the flicks.' (1984:10)

This idealisation of the mother-figure is followed, in the same dream, by Julia's appearance, and her '*gesture*', whereby she 'flung' off her clothes and which, 'with its grace and carelessness [...] seemed to annihilate a whole culture'. This, too, is an idealisation parasitic upon fiction, albeit fiction of another *genre*, another form of writing-in-general: Winston has not yet met Julia, but he *has* seen her, out of the corner of his eye, 'fling' 'a heavy Newspeak dictionary at the screen' (1984:16) whereon Goldstein appeared. That is, he has reduced Julia, too, to a *gesture*, a reiteration of body-language, and he has done so in the Golden Country, in a landscape which he has repressed since childhood¹⁶.

What if he has? Julia, when the lovers do meet, will reiterate her dream-*gesture*, 'almost':

[Y]es! it was *almost* as in his dream. Almost as swiftly as he had imagined it, she had torn her clothes off, and when she flung them aside it was with that same magnificent *gesture* by which a whole civilisation seemed to be annihilated.

1984:131. My emphasis

This 'almost' is crucial; it indicates Winston's wishful-thinking, his textualisation of Julia, his reduction of her to a single item of body-language which belongs in *his* imagistic vocabulary. By seeing the 'almost' of what he wants to see, he does not see what actually happens, does not see the 'real' Julia. This is pre-determination, bad subjectivity. As we have shown in the previous chapter (note 53), Winston predetermines Julia from the beginning, radically misinterpreting her first 'glance' at him according to what he expected in advance that it would mean. 'It is bad, and I know no other definition of the bad, it is bad to predestine one's reading, it is always bad to foretell'¹⁷.

In representing the female characters of 'his' world by nothing more than gestures - gestures that they may or may not perform - Winston is overwriting them. Not that gestures are not already a species of writing-in-general: later, in the room over Charrington's shop, Julia herself demonstrates the fictionality of her *archi-gesture*. What appeared to be a spontaneous iteration of hate was, in truth, a reiteration that cites 'hate'

She suddenly twisted herself over in the bed, seized a shoe from the floor and sent it hurtling into the corner with a boyish jerk of her arm, exactly as he had seen her fling the dictionary at Goldstein, that morning during the Two Minutes Hate. [...] She knew when to cheer and when to boo, and that was all one needed.

1984:150-151, 163

¹⁶Winston is at first unsure whether the Golden Country is wholly dreamt, or 'he had seen it in the real world' (1984:33). As he later does visit it, it must, in fact, be remembered, or, rather, unrepressed, as Winston does not know he is remembering it (he speaks of 'pools of gold' on first seeing the real Golden Country, but it is several pages later when the recognition is made conscious, and put beyond doubt by the checking of details, 1984:123, 129).

¹⁷Derrida, "Envois", *The Post Card*, p.4.

As we have seen in the case of O'Brien, whose gesture was designed as an *entree* for Winston, gestures are as carefully scripted as words. Winston, who gives himself away by failing to control his movements, is simply un-conscious of this.

Winston's mother and Julia, then, are opposed in Winston's mind. They are a pair: their gestures portray opposing movements, pulling-towards and flinging-away, but these also reflect a careful physical opposition. Winston's mother

was a tall, statuesque, rather silent woman with slow movements and magnificent fair hair.

1984:31

Whereas Julia

was a bold-looking girl, of about twenty-seven, with thick dark hair, a freckled face and swift, athletic movements. A narrow scarlet sash, emblem of the Junior Anti-Sex League, was wound several times round the waist of her overalls, just tightly enough to bring out the shapeliness of her hips.

1984:11

Between these *illudionary* poles, Winston places every woman in his life. His wife Katherine resembles his mother: 'a tall, fair-haired girl, very straight, with splendid movements' (1984:69). She cannot *be* a mother, despite constant efforts¹⁸, yet Winston's image of her, in its determined way, cites motherhood:

To embrace [Katherine] was like embracing a jointed wooden image.

1984:70

[His mother] did everything [...] very slowly and with a curious lack of superfluous motion, like an artist's lay-figure moving of its own accord.

1984:168

Winston's memoration of his mother does not only tie her to his wife. It is succeeded by a reiteration of her defining gesture and its surrogacy for spoken language ('Very occasionally she would take Winston in her arms and press him against her for a long time without saying anything', 1984:168-169), and by the gesture's implication of death

[as a child, h]e was aware, in spite of his youthfulness and selfishness, that this was somehow connected with the never-mentioned thing that was about to happen'

1984:169

Winston's account of the dream/memory is prefaced by the explication of this gesture's function, of subtextually linking in his own mind mothers and their deaths¹⁹:

¹⁸Katherine's lovemaking has been devoted, exclusively but without success, to procreation:

he could have borne living with her if it had been agreed that they should remain celibate. But curiously enough it was Katherine who refused this. They must, she said, produce a child if they could. So the performance continued to happen, once a week quite regularly, whenever it was not impossible. [...] But luckily no child appeared, and in the end she agreed to give up trying, and soon afterwards they parted.

1984:70

¹⁹What Winston describes is undecidedly dream or memory. It is prelinguistic, but organised as a language, the language of the gesture:

The dream had also been comprehended by - indeed, in some sense it had consisted in - a gesture of the arm made by his mother, and made again thirty years later by the Jewish woman he had seen on the news film, trying to shelter the small boy from the bullets, before the helicopters blew them both to pieces.

1984:167

The gesture by which Winston recalls Katherine to this chain of mothers, though, is infected by Julia's:

[W] was strange was that even when she was clasping him against her he had the feeling that she was simultaneously pushing him away with all her strength. The rigidity of her muscles managed to convey that impression.

1984:70

This gestural language is developing a symbolic vocabulary: pushing-away is associated with lovemaking, while pulling-towards does not indicate protection, but its failure, death.

We have seen (ch. 3), that the woman who constantly works and sings outside Charrington's room, recalls Winston to the fact that Julia will never be a mother. Her hips, 'a metre across', suggest Julia's slim but unproductive waist, the waist that Winston notices before he knows Julia herself (see 1984:11, above)²⁰. This is not their only link. As the lovers peruse the woman below, what *Winston* observes is the *fort* of the lover and the *da* of the mother:

Julia had come across to his side; together they gazed down with a sort of fascination at the sturdy figure below. As he looked at the woman in her characteristic attitude, her thick arms reaching up for the line, her powerful mare-like buttocks protruded, it struck him for the first time that she was beautiful. It had never before occurred to him that the body 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 beautiful. But it was so, and after all, he thought, why not? The solid, contourless body, like a block of granite, and the rasping red skin, bore the same relation to the body of a girl as the rose-hip to the rose. Why should the fruit be held inferior to the flower? [...] *The woman down there had no mind, she had only strong arms, a warm heart and a fertile belly.*

1984:228

Winston's reduction of women to their body-language, then, is finally explicated by this scene; gestures, however meaningful to him, require for their articulation, 'no mind'. We shall return to this idea, or idealisation.

We have commented elsewhere (ch. 3), on the implications for the narrative of Winston's discovery, in the cells of the Ministry of Love, of a woman who 'might [...] be his mother'

'I dreamt-' he began, and stopped short. It was too complex to put into words. There was the dream itself, and there was a memory connected with it that had swum into his mind in the few seconds after waking.

1984:167

²⁰Here is the conversation between the two lovers observing the woman for the last time:

'She's a metre across the hips, easily,' said Julia.

'That is her style of beauty,' said Winston.

He held Julia's supple waist easily encircled by his arm. From the hip to the knee her flank was against his. Out of their bodies no child would ever come. That was one thing they could never do.

1984:228

(1984:240): she is only a little older than the whore whom he has visited, and who was disguised by make-up. The Oedipal implications of his visit to the whore are advanced by her 'mask', Winston's self-blinding gesture, and his admission that 'writing it down' is a 'therapy':

'She had a young face, painted very thick. It was really the paint that appealed to me, the whiteness of it, like a mask [...] When I saw her in the light she was quite an old woman, fifty years old at least. But I went ahead and did it just the same.

He pressed his fingers against his eyelids again. He had written it down at last, but it made no difference. The therapy had not worked.

1984:66,72

When he discovers that the woman in the yard, 'a woman of fifty, blown up to monstrous dimensions by childbearing, then hardened [...] could be beautiful' (1984:228, above), he closes this subtext. But does he stop deceiving himself about women, stop limiting them, simply because he finally allows them to be at once mother and lover?

Winston has his women 'speak' in gestures because he refuses to have them speak in words. None of the women develop an expression of their subjectivities in spoken or written language while all of the male characters with whom he is concerned not only express themselves, but also work with it²¹.

Julia, although she works in the Fiction Department, is only a mechanic (we note that it is her *arm* which is hurt when she slips the definitively reiterative, *a*subjective 'I love you' note to Winston, 1984:111). Indeed, in the space of two pages, it is reiterated that she "'didn't much care for reading'" (1984:136), is "'not clever'" and is 'not literary [...] enough' even to rewrite junk novels with six plots 'swapped around' by machinery (1984:137). We have seen that she is a stranger to language, having preferred, before meeting Winston, to communicate with her body wherever possible. She is 'good' at behaving in an orthodox manner (1984:127), and at 'spotting people who don't belong' (1984:128); that is, she reads facial expressions and gestural languages as well as speaking them.

As he admires the prole woman's arms, Winston assumes she has 'no mind' (1984:228, above). Even as he is making the same assumption about his own mother (and it is an

²¹Winston writes articles for the *Times* (1984:40ff); Syme is involved in the compilation of the 'definitive edition' of the Newspeak dictionary (1984:53); Parsons works 'in some subordinate post [at the Ministry of Truth] for which intelligence was not required', 'but on the other hand', the text adds with a justificatory plethora of qualifiers, 'he was a leading figure on the Sports Committee and all the other committees engaged in organising [...]' (1984:24). The poet Ampleforth, 'engaged in producing garbled versions - definitive texts' (1984:44-45), even discusses linguistic problems in prison (1984:242-243). In the Ministry of Love, O'Brien demonstrates the reducibility of all problems to language.

assumption, not a memory), he is castigating Julia for being unable to follow a verbal narrative:

'I expect you were a beastly little swine in those days,' she said indistinctly. 'All children are swine.'
'Yes. But the real point of the story----'

From her breathing it was evident that she was going off to sleep again. He would have liked to continue talking about his mother. *He did not suppose*, from what he could remember of her, that she had been an unusual woman, still less an intelligent one [...]

1984:171. My emphasis

Julia similarly recites Katherine's vacuousness. His wife's appearance, like Julia's, has been deceptive to a man used to taking people at face value:

She had a bold, aquiline face, a face that one might have called noble until one discovered that there was as nearly as possible nothing behind it. Very early in their 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 most stupid, vulgar, empty mind that he had ever encountered. She had not a thought in her head that was not a slogan, and there was no imbecility, absolutely none, that she was not capable of swallowing if the Party handed it out to her. 'The human sound-track' he nicknamed her in his own mind.

1984:69-70

Unlike D-'s affair with E-', who explains to him, among other things, the flaw in the theory of the final revolution (*We*:170), Winston's relationship with Julia is not cerebral. We suggest this difference is attributable to the intervention of *BNW* between *We* and 1984. Winston's own concerns are irreducibly linguistic, as we have seen: upon opening his diary, he names them as '[t]he sacred principles of Ingsoc. Newspeak, doublethink, the mutability of the past' (1984:28). 'Orthodoxy', or conventionality, is what he is opposing. Julia is specifically unable to *discuss* these male concerns, but it is this very inability that has ensured her survival thus far²²:

Whenever he began to talk of the *principles of Ingsoc, doublethink, the mutability of the past* and the denial of objective reality, and to use Newspeak words, she became bored and confused and said that she never paid any attention to that kind of thing. One knew that it was all rubbish, so why let oneself be worried by it? She knew when to cheer and when to boo, and that was all one needed. If he persisted in talking of such subjects, she had a disconcerting habit of falling asleep. [...] Talking to her, he realised how easy it was to present an appearance of orthodoxy while having no grasp whatever of what orthodoxy meant. In a way, the world-view of the Party imposed itself most successfully on people incapable of understanding it.

1984:163, my emphasis

²²Julia has been having affairs since the age of sixteen (1984:137), and is now twenty-six (1984:136). It is, as we have argued elsewhere (ch. 3), her commitment to Winston and her acceptance of his linguistic order which lead to her arrest. There is a deep irony, then, in the context of her insistence that she is a survivor:

'[...] You look normal and innocent. If you keep clear of people like me, you might stay alive for another fifty years.'

'No. I've thought it all out. What you do, I'm going to do. And don't be too downhearted. I'm rather good at staying alive.'

1984:173

What lies at back of this subtextual discussion of women is Winston's interest in a return-to-truth that is positively Nietzschean. He is removing women from the (written or spoken) language, seeing mothers opposing to linguistic manipulability a 'natural', prelinguistic order, which has survived among the proles, where motherhood thrives²³. This distance, what Derrida calls the 'distantiation' of women from language is, Nietzsche insists, the source and the form of their idealisation:

Supposing truth to be a woman - what? is the suspicion not well-founded that all philosophers, when they have been dogmatists, have been misunderstanding as to women? [...] The enchantment and the most powerful effect of woman is, to use the language of the philosopher, an effect at a distance [...]²⁴

7.2.1.1. Language-users vs. Linguists: women and men in 1984 and in BNW

Impulse arrested spills over, and the flood is feeling, the flood is passion, the flood is even madness: it depends on the force of the current, the height and strength of the barrier. The unchecked stream flows smoothly down its appointed channels into a calm well-being.

BNW:45

For how could the fear, the hatred and the lunatic credulity which the Party needed in its members be kept at the right pitch, except by bottling down some powerful instinct and using it as a driving force?

1984:140

²³[His mother's] feelings were her own, and could not be altered from outside. It would not have occurred to her that an action which is ineffectual thereby becomes meaningless. If you loved someone, you loved him, and when you had nothing else to give, you still gave him love. When the last of the chocolate was gone, his mother had clasped the child in her arms. It was no use, it changed nothing, it did not produce more chocolate, it did not avert the child's death or her own; but it seemed natural to her to do it. The refugee woman in the boat had also covered the little boy with her arm, which was no more use against the bullets than a sheet of paper' (1984:171-172). This final image itself reveals Winston's position: he is limited by the world of writing, of 'paper'.

Winston has already attributed the proles with the possession of 'instincts':

They seemed to possess some kind of instinct which told them several seconds in advance when a rocket was coming, although the rockets supposedly travelled faster than sound.

1984:87

²⁴ Quotations are from the opening of *Beyond Good and Evil*, cit Derrida, *Spurs*, pp.55 & 47. 'Distantiation' is Derrida's translation of Heidegger's 'Entfernung' (ibid, p.50). Derrida also points to a passage in *Joyful Wisdom* on 'the powerful contralto voice' which 'appears to transcend the difference between the sexes and incarnate the ideal':

these voices still contain a tinge of the motherly and housewifely character, and most of all when love is in their tone [...]

Joyful Wisdom, p.70, cit *Spurs*, p.43

We may recall the 'monstrous woman, solid as a Norman pillar, with brawny red forearms and a sacking apron strapped about her middle':

Whenever her mouth was not corked with clothes pegs she was singing *in a powerful contralto* [my emphasis]:

*It was only an 'opeless fancy,
It passed like an Ipril dye,
But a look an' a word an' the dreams they stirred
They 'ave stolen my 'eart awye!*

1984:144

We prefaced this section by saying that this subtext, which we now see as a linking of 1984's female characters by their lack of what we may call *linguisticity*, was traceable to *BNW*. It is this novel, among 1984's substantial intertexts, which sets up the opposition between male and female responses to doctrine, as well as the opposition between mothers and lovers. Presently, we shall see this latter opposition to be related to *BNW*'s Freudianism, and 1984's citation of it. First, let us examine the distinction between *BNW*'s male and female characters' responses to language and its controlling function.

We have seen Winston regard his wife and lover as incapable of discourse. At back of this view is, in fact, a Party doctrine. When Winston is talking to Julia about her work, that is, when she insists three times that she is unintelligent, which she equates to being unlitrary (1984:136-137, see above), it is revealed that 'all the workers in Pornosec, except the head of the department, were girls':

The theory was that men, whose sex instincts were less controllable than those of women, were in greater danger of being corrupted by the filth they handled.

1984:137

Winston has already experienced this distinction by 'instinct'. Julia's 'instinctive' orthodox appearance and judgement of others by their appearance is reliable, his is not: he uses the term to describe both his own method of appearing conventional and of detecting his colleagues' unconventionality, and is fatally mistaken in doing so on both counts²⁵. Indeed, he more than supports a gender distinction in 'instinctual' approaches to sex, he looks for it as surely as he looks for Julia's gesture. His own approach to sex is positively strategic:

what he wanted, more even than to be loved, was to break down that wall of virtue, even if it were only once in his whole life. The sexual act, successfully performed, was rebellion. Desire was thoughtcrime.

1984:71

His apprehension of the 'act' he 'successfully performs' generalises this approach to the entire male gender, that is, to all those enmeshed in language:

In the old days, he thought, a man looked at a girl's body and saw that it was desirable, and that was the end of the story. But you could not have pure love or pure lust nowadays. No emotion was pure, because everything was mixed up with fear and hatred. Their embrace had been a battle, the climax a victory. It was a blow struck against the Party. It was a political act.

1984:133

²⁵We have seen (ch. 2), that when Winston is mistaken when he believes that, for him, to dissemble your feelings, to control your face, to do what everyone else was doing, was an instinctive reaction.

1984:19

Looking at Syme and Parsons, Winston reflects, '[i]t seemed to him that he knew *instinctively* who would survive and who would perish' (1984:64); his meetings with those he 'instinctively' believes will survive, in the Ministry of Love, where they are to be killed, bears out the fallacy of using this word/belief.

Julia's approach to the same 'act', though, is, just as Winston idealises it to be, not at all intellectual, but instinctual:

'You like doing this? I don't mean simply me: I mean the thing in itself?'

'I adore it.'

That was above all what he wanted to hear. Not merely the love of one person, but the animal instinct, the simple undifferentiated desire: that was the force that would tear the Party to pieces.

1984:132

It is Julia's 'sex instinct' that makes her unique among the female characters of the novel. Ingsoc is operating a recognisibly *BNW*ian program, rewritten so as to replace enforced pleasure with displeasure:

All children were to be begotten by artificial insemination (*artsem*, it was called in Newspeak) and brought up in public institutions. This, Winston was aware, was not meant altogether seriously, but somehow it fitted in with the general ideology of the Party. The Party was trying to kill the sex instinct, or, if it could not be killed, then to distort it and dirty it.

1984:69

The immanent *critique* of *BNW* is equally evident; 'not meant altogether seriously, but somehow it fitted in with the general ideology of the Party'. It is Winston's final, supplementary observation that at once draws the gender distinction and evidences it, however. He adds; 'so far as the women were concerned, the Party's efforts were largely successful. He thought again of Katherine.' (1984:69). Interlined with his diary-entry concerning his visit to the whore are his memories of his wife's sexual pull-push gesture. His generalising conclusion from these memories returns us to the methodology of *BNW*'s future, again applied to opposite ends:

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

1984:71

It is not only 'careful early conditioning' that cites *BNW* here; that novel's women are, specifically and uniquely, 'impregnable', in a procreative sense not intended by Winston. *BNW*'s women's 'morals' are, indeed, 'conditioned' hypnopaedically from birth, as are the men's. However, Huxley presents us with no men who accept their conditioning unquestioningly, despite the ostensible universality of the method. On the contrary, Bernard Marx, the central character of the novel's first section, is constantly aware of his conditioning, and he challenges its results generally; he strives not only for individuality (*BNW*:84), but for conversation, which no woman can provide:

'Alone with you, Lenina.'

'But, Bernard, we shall be alone all night.'

Bernard blushed and looked away. 'I meant, alone for talking,' he mumbled.

'Talking? But what about?' [...] that seemed a very odd way of spending an afternoon.

BNW:77

This is the same failure of spoken discourse we have seen arise between Winston and Julia. As Winston with O'Brien, Bernard can only converse with another man, in his case, one Helmholtz Watson, who, besides linking the condemned poets of *We* and *1984*²⁶, bears a certain resemblance to O'Brien which goes beyond the implications of his job in the 'College of Emotional Engineering (Department of Writing)':

He was a powerfully built man, deep-chested, broad-shouldered, massive, and yet quick in his movements, springy and agile. The round strong pillar of his neck supported a beautifully shaped head. His hair was dark and curly, his features strongly marked. In a forcible emphatic way, he was handsome [...] 'Able,' was the verdict of his superiors. 'Perhaps' (and they would shake their heads, would significantly lower their voices) 'a little too able.' [...] What the two men shared was the knowledge that they were individuals.

BNW:61

O'Brien was a large, burly, man with a thick neck and a coarse, humorous brutal face. In spite of his formidable appearance he had a certain charm of manner. [...] Winston] felt deeply drawn to him, and not solely because he was intrigued by the contrast between O'Brien's urbane manner and his prize-fighter's physique. Much more it was because of a secretly-held belief - or perhaps not even a belief, merely a hope - that O'Brien's political orthodoxy was not perfect. [...] But at any rate he had the appearance of being a person that you could talk to [...]

1984:12-13

This is not the only piece of text O'Brien cites: in the second section of the novel, John Savage, who, like Winston, remembers and employs Shakespearian language, holds a lengthy catechism with the Controller, as does Winston with O'Brien. The Controller not only outwits the heretic precisely by the breadth of his reading and the profundity of his philosophy, but he has read Shakespeare, as O'Brien has read 'the book':

'Sometimes, a thousand twanging instruments will hum about my ears, and sometimes voices.'

The savage's face lit up with sudden pleasure. 'Have you read it too?' He asked. 'I thought nobody knew about that book here, in England.'

'Almost nobody. I'm one of the very few. It's prohibited, you see. But as I make the laws here, [...]

BNW:172

'[...] You have read *the book*, Goldstein's book, or parts of it, at least. Did it tell you anything that you did not know already?'

'You have read it?' said Winston.

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

'Is it true, what it says?'

1984:274

²⁶*We* features a poet, D-'s friend R-13, writing the 'death sentence' for another, who has condemned himself to death by declaring his 'genius', or individuality (*We*:55). Helmholtz, also a poet, 'had also come into conflict with Authority [...] over some rhymes' which he has, against the rules, composed by *himself* (BNW:143-144). This hereticism is recited by *1984*'s poet, Ampleforth, whom Winston meets in the cellars of the Ministry of Love. Ampleforth has 'allowed the word "God" to remain at the end of a line' (1984:242), whilst translating Kipling; that is, like Helmholtz, he has allowed his personal residue, his choice, to remain in a text that should reflect Party policy.

The reason *BNW*'s women are more orthodox is that their 'conditioning' is more rigorous, or, rather, more continuous. Lenina and Fanny are, to use *1984*'s word, 'impregnable' because they take a proto-contraceptive pill: '[y]ears of intensive hypnopaedia and, from twelve to seventeen, Malthusian drill three times a week had made the taking of these precautions almost as automatic and inevitable as blinking' (*BNW*:69). This is the 'dinning in' to which Winston refers in *1984*, a literally catechismic education (*Katacheein* - to din into the ears) which continues in *BNW*'s alter-ego haranguing of the 'girls' by each other (*BNW*:40-47). Julia explicates the method, with a variant on the image - 'rubbing' for 'dinning':

'[Katherine] hated [sex], but nothing would make her stop doing it. She used to call it - but you'll never guess.'

'Our duty to the Party,' said Julia promptly.

'How did you know that?'

'I've been at school too, dear. Sex talks once a month for the over-sixteens. And in the Youth Movement. They rub it into you for years. I dare say it works in a lot of cases.'

1984:139

The method is linguistic only insofar as it involves the repetition of phrases. This is why Winston has called Katherine the 'human sound-track' (*1984*:69): like *BNW*'s women, she could only repeat what had been 'dinned' or 'rubbed' into her for years, the phrases are set solid, she has no access to language as a system²⁷. Why does the same method not work in Julia's case? Because of the Party's conservative timetabling: '[s]ex talks once a month for the *over-sixteens*' - Julia 'had had her first love affair when she was sixteen' (*1984*:137. My emphasis). She has acquired the same uncritical attitude as Katherine to language, but not to sex which, for her, comes before language in this sense. Her seeming-orthodoxy is a result of a perfect education before this age, as she makes clear to Winston (*1984*:136-137).

BNW, then, is inscribed in *1984*'s future: earlier education and *artsem*. However, these will be rewritten, determined, by Ingsoc. *BNW*'s Controller introduces his 'moral education' in order to diffuse desire, to induce equanimity:

'Stability,' said the Controller, 'Stability. No civilization without social stability. No social stability without individual stability. [...] Impulse arrested spills over, and the flood is feeling, the flood is passion, the flood is even madness: it depends on the force of the current, the height and strength of the barrier. The unchecked stream flows smoothly down its appointed channels into a calm well-being.'

BNW:45

²⁷'The Controller' makes clear that hypnopaedic repetition is only appropriate for '[m]oral education, which ought never, in any circumstances, to be rational' (*BNW*:32). This is because of its operant nature: it is only activated, or recalled, when a specific trigger-situation, such as sexual intercourse, is faced. It cannot be triggered by 'intellectual' means, such as discourse or vague appropriateness. For the same reason, although it employs language, it cannot be said to be linguistic: 'the Controller' offers the example of (real world) hypnopaedic experiments in which students could repeat strings of sentences to order, but remember neither their meaning nor words taken from them (*BNW*:31-32).

Ingsoc has no desire for stability of this nature. *1984* returns *BNW* to its first premise: what would result from this 'flood'? Julia's equanimity is the result of *BNW*ian promiscuity²⁸, and she makes clear what this means to the Party: '[w]hen you make love you're using up energy [...t]hey want you to be bursting with energy all the time [...a]ll this marching up and down and cheering and waving flags is simply sex gone sour' (*1984*:139). O'Brien, even as he describes the future which is recognisable as *BNW*, emphasises that its illimitable eugenics will be used not to diffuse the 'flood' of feelings, but to build it up to ever greater levels of frustration:

[I]n the future there will be no wives and no friends. Children will be taken from their mothers at birth, as one takes eggs from a hen. The sex instinct will be eradicated. Procreation will be an annual formality like the renewal of a ration card. We shall abolish the orgasm. Our neurologists are at work upon it now. There will be no loyalty except loyalty towards 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.

1984:280

'Art, science - you seem to have paid a fairly high price for your happiness,' says the 'savage' after *his* explication of the future at the hands of his interrogator (*BNW*:180), '[a]nything else?' O'Brien, at this climactic point of Winston's interrogation, immediately before he states that the future will be 'a boot stamping on a human face - for ever' (*ibid.*), answers his question.

7.2.1.2 The Return of The Mother from *1984* to *BNW*

In Huxley's novel we find the hope for a 'natural' order based on motherhood, opposed to the 'conditioned' order whose women are designed to subjugate their instincts to polyandrous sex in order to 'uncheck' the 'stream' of the male sex instinct. This conditioned order, to which Ingsoc is working, is already the *status quo* in the World State, and this state's Controller makes clear that it is so at the expense of the family. He also makes clear, ahead of *1984*, that the family's abolition is 'for ever':

[...] No civilization without social stability. No social stability without individual stability. [...] The machine turns, turns and must keep on turning - for ever. [...] Wheels must turn steadily, but cannot turn untended. There must be men to tend them, men as steady as the wheels upon their axles, sane men, obedient men, stable in contentment.

Crying: My baby, my mother, my only, only love; groaning My sin, my terrible God [...] how can they tend the wheels? And if they cannot tend the wheels ... [*sic*]

BNW:44

²⁸"Have you done this before?"

"Of course. Hundreds of times - well, scores of times, anyway." (*1984*:131)

We are suggesting here that, just as Orwell was aware of the role of the 'primitive' in *We* as a desperate alternative to the 'Machine', so he is aware that that role in *BNW* is fulfilled by the family²⁹.

BNW's central figure, 'John Savage' is unique in having a mother. It is he who brings to this stable state the 'natural' family-order that explicitly opposes it, as one 'for ever' against another:

'Are you married to her?' he asked.

'Am I what?'

'Married. You know - for ever. They say "for ever" in the Indian words; it can't be broken.'

'Ford, no!' Bernard couldn't help laughing.

John also laughed, but for another reason - laughed for pure joy. 'O brave new world,' he repeated. 'O brave new world that has such people in it. Let's start at once.'

'You have a most peculiar way of talking sometimes,' said Bernard, staring at the young man in perplexed astonishment. 'And, anyhow, hadn't you better wait till you actually see the new world?'

BNW:114

Just as Winston is unique in *1984* remembering his mother, so is John's distinctiveness posited upon the relationship between the family and memory, or, specifically, upon the son's trauma at the death of the mother:

The Savage was on his feet, bent over her. 'What is it, Linda? What is it?' His voice was imploring; it was as though he were begging to be reassured.

The look she gave him was charged with an unspeakable terror - with terror and, it seemed to him, reproach.

[...]

'Something's happened. I've killed her.'

BNW:162

He was out in the light and air while they were being sucked down to death, and they were down there *because* he was up here. He knew it and they knew it, and he could see the knowledge in their faces. There was no reproach 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.

He could not remember what had happened

[...]

'Do you know,' he said, 'that until this moment I believed I had murdered my mother?'

'Why did you murder her?' said Julia, almost asleep.

'I didn't murder her, not physically'

In the dream he had remembered his last glimpse of his mother [...]

1984:32,167

BNW is concerned with 'instinct', with its possibility. It represents a world in which behaviour is controlled by behavioural conditioning, and opposes this, as we have seen, to the world of the family. As it is self-conscious concerning its political references (naming, for

²⁹What Zamyatin seems to be aiming at is not any particular country but the implied aims of industrial civilisation. [...] It is evident from *We* that he had a strong leaning towards primitivism. [...*We*] is in effect a study of the Machine [...]. 'In Huxley's book the problem of 'human nature' is in a sense solved, because it assumes that by pre-natal treatment, drugs and hypnotic suggestion the human organism can be specialised in any way that is desired.' ('Review of *We* by E.I. Zamyatin', *CEJLIV*/17:99, 97).

example, its characters after Lenin, Marx and Engels, but also after Wells, Hoover and Rothschild³⁰), so it makes direct reference to Freud. Its 'Controller' allies Freud's analysis of the family to Ford's rejection of the past:

[H]ome was as squalid psychically as physically. [...] What suffocating intimacies, what dangerous, insane, obscene relationships between the members of the family group! Maniacally, the mother brooded over her children (*her* children) [...] Our Freud had been the first to reveal the appalling dangers of family life. The world was full of fathers - was therefore full of misery; full of mothers - therefore of every kind of perversion from sadism to chastity [...]

BNW:40-41

We have argued in this thesis that *1984* is rigorous in its Freudianism. Not only can Winston's 'death-wish' be validly explained as a repayment of the debt incurred by his mother's death; so can his 'perversions' (in the word of *BNW*), his desire to rape and impregnate the 'chaste' Julia (*1984*:17) and his Oedipal experience with the aged whore. This analysis is not improper to *1984*; before the reader encounters any of the text's women comes the attitude with which Winston will view them:

He disliked nearly all women, and especially the young and pretty ones. It was always the women, and above all the young ones, who were the most bigoted adherents of the Party, the swallows of slogans, the amateur spies and nosers-out of unorthodoxy.

1984:12

This description prefaces his desire to 'flog' Julia 'to death with a rubber truncheon' (*1984*:17), which we saw in the last chapter to be the expression of a sexual desire, and which we saw in chapter 2 to be the transference of his own 'death wish' - to submit *himself* to be 'flogged' by the guards. It is on the night following this 'hallucinat[ed]' (*ibid.*) scene that Winston implies his Oedipal debt, speaking of his mother as dying that he might live (*1984*:32³¹). His 'therapy' (*1984*:72) of writing down his experiences, particularly the visit to the whore, in order to exorcise his 'urge to shout filthy words' (*ibid.*) is implicitly Freudian, as is O'Brien's prescription of a talking cure for Winston's 'defective memory'³². Above all, though, it is Winston's 'belief' that he killed his mother which invokes Freud. This belief, as the second dream makes clear, is founded on Winston's memory of leaving his mother in her room, only to return and find her gone: this is, we might say, a text-book case of the Freudian *fort/da*, basis of all 'death wishes'³³. As the characters of both novels are limited in

³⁰The central female character is *Lenina* Crowne (*BNW*:23ff), her lover *Bernard Marx* (*BNW*:37ff). *Dr. Wells* is the doctor who administers 'pregnancy substitutes' (*BNW*:41), so not only commemorates Wells' utopian visions but his advocacy of 'free love'. For Engels, Hoover and Rothschild (and Bakunin) as some of the 'ten thousand names' allowed by the Controller for his subjects (*BNW*:39), see *BNW*:70.

³¹As he makes clear when describing the second dream, which recites and comments upon this one, at this time he 'believed [he] had murdered [his] mother' (*1984*:167).

³²"You know perfectly well what is the matter with you. You have known it for years, though you have fought against the knowledge. You are mentally deranged. You suffer from a defective memory. You are unable to remember real events, and you persuade yourself that you remember other events which never happened. Fortunately it is curable." (*1984*:258)

³³The '*fort/da*' [away!/here!] is the game of his grandson's from which Freud derives the idea of the 'beyond' of the pleasure principle which is the 'death drive' (what we are calling here, citing the popular translation, the

their explicit references by the availability of pre-Revolutionary texts, however, Winston has no access to 'Freud' in explicating his psyche.

BNW, on the contrary, having merged the ideas of Freud and Ford, represents a species of post-Freudian civilisation³⁴. It is *BNW*, then, which explicates the connexion between the commemoration of the mother and 'perverse' attitudes to lovers. The death of his mother recalls John, the 'Savage', to tragedy, to the '*natural* [feeling] that there is a God' (*BNW*:183, orig. emphasis), to the idea of personal loyalties and to memory itself.

Finding no language in this post-Freudian utopia to express the positive aspects of such ideas, he returns to the other 'intertext' he has available, Shakespeare. We have seen this death-trauma effect the same recollection for Winston in his first dream, that begins with the mothers' gesture and ends with the word 'Shakespeare'³⁵:

'death wish'). It involves, in part, the sending away of the father, on the expectation of his return, as when Ernst (Freud's grandson) cried 'go to the war':

He had heard at that time that his absent father was 'at the war,' and was far from regretting his absence; on the contrary he gave the clearest indication that he had no desire to be disturbed in his exclusive possession of his mother'

Beyond The Pleasure Principle, p.16

This 'exclusive possession' is disturbed by the arrival of 'a second child'. Winston's 'father had disappeared some time earlier; how much earlier, he could not now remember' (*1984*:168), and the incident of which he dreams is the stealing of his 'two or three' year-old sister's chocolate (ibid. he is between ten and twelve years old at the time of this incident). At a crucial point in the development of the game, which is coming to represent the sending away of the parents, a 'playing at' their deaths, Ernst's mother dies. Derrida ("To Speculate - On 'Freud'", p.328) points out that Freud writes at the time that '[s]he is dead "as if she had never been"'. The young Winston has left the room (which so closely resembles Charrington's that the later could almost be modelled upon it, see *1984*:169) expecting to find his mother there when he returns. What he in fact finds on his return is his mother's disappearance, which he believes, with the egocentricism of a child, for all of the intervening years, to be her death, and his fault: '[n]othing was gone from the room except his mother and his sister[...they had not taken any clothes, not even his mother's overcoat' (*1984*:171). We are suggesting that the reiteration of Freud's details cite *Beyond* in all but name (which name, like 'Freud' itself, is unavailable to the descriptive milieu of *1984*, controlled as it is by Ingsoc's censorship). These details frame the game which the young Winston is playing as the '*fort/da*', that is, the putative 'death wish'.

³⁴It is relevant that G.B. Shaw, whose works relate to Freud as well as to Nietzsche and who spoke on linguistic reform, is referred to in *BNW* as 'one of the very few [pre-war writers] whose works have been permitted to come down to us' (*BNW*:31)

³⁵Winston does not invoke 'God'. This is not to say God is not part of the link between the two novels, indeed in their parallel catechisms, between Winston and O'Brien and between John and the Controller, the question of his existence is crucial. The crux of Winston's case is his argument for humanism:

'Do you believe in God, Winston?'

'No.'

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

'I don't know. The spirit of Man.'

'And do you consider yourself a man?'

'Yes.'

'If you are a man, Winston, you are the last man. [...]'

1984:282

The same question, in *BNW*, hinges on naturalism, on the possibility of anything in human beings being unconditioned:

'Then you think there is no God?'

The thing that now suddenly struck Winston was that his mother's death, nearly thirty years ago, had been tragic and sorrowful in a way that was no longer possible. Tragedy, he perceived, belonged to the ancient time, to a time when there was still privacy, love and friendship, and when the members of a family stood by one another without needing to know the reason. His mother's memory tore at his heart because she had died loving him [...]

1984:32

In *BNW*'s dialogue of Freud and Shakespeare, the trauma - at once 'death wish' and 'perversion' - attached to this recollection is more explicit, and more explicitly fatal:

suddenly the thought of Lenina was a real presence, naked and tangible, saying 'Sweet!' and 'Put your arms round me!' - in shoes and socks, perfumed. Impudent strumpet! But oh, oh, her arms round his neck [...] Lenina ... No, no, no, no! He sprang to his feet and, half naked as he was, ran out of the house. At the edge of the heath stood a clump of hoary juniper bushes. He flung himself against them, he embraced, not the smooth body of his desires, but an armful of green spikes. Sharp, with a thousand points, they pricked him. He tried to think of poor Linda, breathless and dumb, with her clutching hands and the unutterable terror in her eyes. Poor Linda whom he had sworn to remember. But it was still the presence of Lenina that haunted him. Lenina whom he had promised to forget.

BNW:195-196⁴

We have argued that, in John, *BNW* has introduced a 'past' into a *We*-esque future. By his (Shakespearian) memory, his memory which has been made possible by the family and the language of the family-order proper to the past, John brings back to the future the reality of tragedy. At the end of *BNW* he takes his own life, as none of our other intertexts' heroes have. He does this because, unlike D-, whose memory has been wiped clean so that he can live happily forever in the present, he 'suddenly remembered - everything' (BNW:200). Winston's end is suspended between life and death, between living-on and tragedy. He, too, spends the last pages of his novel remembering, but his palimpsestic conditioning has been thorough; after a long description of his childhood, emphasising everything he has lost, the loyalty of a mother which both *We* and *BNW* have idealised, he

pushed the picture out of his mind. It was a false memory. He was troubled by false memories occasionally. They did not matter so long as one knew them for what they were. Some things had happened, others had not happened.

1984:309

'No, I think there quite probably is one.'

[...]

The Savage interrupted him. 'But isn't it *natural* to feel there's a God?'

'You might as well ask if it's natural to do up one's trousers with zippers,' said the Controller sarcastically. 'You remind me of another of those old fellows called Bradley. He defined philosophy as the finding of bad reasons for what one believes by instinct. As if one believed anything by instinct! One believes things because one has been conditioned to believe them.'

BNW:182-183

³⁶Recall here the psychosexual aggression of Winston's initial desire towards Julia, to flog her to death with a rubber truncheon. He would tie her naked to a stake and shoot her full of arrows like Saint Sebastian. He would ravish her and cut her throat at the moment of climax. Better than before, moreover, he realised *why* it was that he hated her [...] 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.

1984:17

BNW's rebirth of tragedy in the totalitarian age depends upon memory; *1984* kills it again, by having the memory of 'everything' surface only, as a function of language, for its truth to be denied.

BNW knows, then, that the family is the cause of what we might call dysfunction and of tragedy. Yet it is precisely *as* such a cause that the family is re-introduced into the society that has done away with mothers: John, having experienced this 'ancient' way of life, claims 'the right to grow old and ugly and impotent; the right to have syphilis and cancer; die right to have too little to eat; the right to be lousy; the right to live in constant apprehension of what may happen tomorrow; the right to catch typhoid; the right to be tortured by unspeakable pains of every kind' (*BNW*:187). As we have seen, although all of these recall his familial existence with his mother in the Reservation, he is only allowed by the Controller to exercise the last 'right'. Winston, too, chooses the 'ancient', outmoded, inappropriate way of tragedy (*1984*:32), falling in love and committing himself to pain and death, and he, too, credits his way to his mother's example.

In doing so, however, it is *BNW*'s hope which he expresses, that this is a way of being 'free', free from conditioning, from language, free from history, that is, from control (John has said 'I don't want comfort [...] I want real danger, I want freedom, I want goodness, I want sin', *BNW*:187):

You were lifted clean out of the stream of history. And yet to the people of only two generations ago, this would not have seemed all-important, because they were not attempting to alter history. They were governed by private loyalties which they did not question. What mattered were individual relationships, and a completely helpless gesture, an embrace, a tear, a word spoken to a dying man, could have value in itself. [...] They had held on to the primitive emotions which he himself had to re-learn by conscious effort.

1984:172

We have traced the 'value' of this 'completely helpless gesture'. For Winston, it represents nothing less than a whole way of life which is outside the Party's linguistic control of thought and of life: '[h]er feelings were her own and could not be altered from outside' (*1984*:171). Winston's mother's life had 'value' precisely because it was outside the Party. The hope of *BNW* is for such a personal scale of values, a 'freedom' from outside determination, from, in its word, conditioning; we recall here that *BNW*'s first glimpsed mothers, *origin* of emotions, are performing the mother's gesture:

The spectacle of two young women giving the breast to their babies made her blush and turn away her face. She had never seen anything so indecent in her life. And what made it worse was that, instead of tactfully ignoring it, Bernard proceeded to make open comments on this revoltingly viviparous scene. [...]

'What a wonderfully intimate relationship,' he said, deliberately outrageous. 'And what an intensity of feeling it must generate. I often think one may have missed something in not having had a mother. And perhaps you've missed something in not being a mother, Lenina.'

BNW:93

The freedom John and Winston aspire to is not an easy option. On the contrary, it is 'tragic': using the example of *Othello's* irrelevance, the Controller explains that not only is tragedy impossible without the experience of the family, but, without such experience, it is 'meaningless'. In truth, this 'freedom' is also miserable; Winston's familial childhood is materially poorer and less secure than his life under the Party (it is, in fact, spent in the second world war³⁷).

What is to be gained by this return, then? Truth. This is what is at back of *BNW's* analysis, that *Soma*, 'free' sex, and the removal of literature annul the truth-of-experience, and do so deliberately. This removal-from-experience, we have consistently argued throughout this thesis, is, in *1984*, the function of language; language is used knowingly by the Party, to produce the same effect as *Soma*, etc., in *BNW*, that is, to hold the population at a *particular* remove from 'reality'. In both texts the populace are held in a 'better' world; where *BNW's* is drugged and orgiastic, *1984's* is 'falsely' described, and that 'false' description is enforced as 'reality'. WE argued in the preceding chapter that the decision as to which 'world' was the true one - the drugged/described vision or the one perceived by the individual - was a function of power: inscribed in language, both visions are fictions, incompatible utopias, but one is the vision of the prevailing *dogma*.³⁸

³⁷Winston is 'about forty-five' (*1984:3*) in '1984', so was born approximately at the onset of (World)war(II):

He remembered [...] the rackety, uneasy circumstances of the time: the periodical panics about air-raids and the sheltering in Tube stations, the piles of rubble everywhere, the unintelligible proclamations posted at street corners, the gangs of youths in shirts all the same colour, the enormous queues outside the bakeries, the intermittent machine-gun fire in the distance - above all, the fact that there was never enough to eat. He remembered long afternoons spent with other boys in scrounging round dustbins and rubbish heaps, picking out the ribs of cabbage leaves, potato peelings, sometimes even scraps of stale breadcrust from which they carefully scraped away the cinders [...]

1984:168

³⁸See, for example, the canteen scene:

How easy it was, thought Winston, if you did not look about you, to believe that the physical type set up by the Party as an ideal - tall muscular youths and deep-bosomed maidens, blond-haired, vital, sunburnt, carefree - existed and even predominated. Actually, so far as he could judge, the majority of people in Airstrip One were small, dark and ill-favoured.

1984:63

What destines Winston to the Ministry of Love is, at bottom, his replacement of one set of falsehoods, or utopia, with another, as O'Brien makes clear to him:

You are mentally deranged. You suffer from a defective memory. You are unable to remember real events, and you persuade yourself that you remember other events which never happened. Fortunately it is curable. You have never cured yourself of it, because you did not choose to. There was a small effort of the will that you were not willing to make. Even now, I am well aware, you are clinging to your disease under the impression that it is a virtue.

1984:258

Winston describes his mother's feeling as 'her own', they 'could not be altered from outside' (1984:171, above). This *authenticity* is, as we have seen throughout this thesis that it must be, at the expense of entering the language; 'yet [...] this would not have seemed all-important, for [she] was not attempting to alter history' (1984:172). That is, she was not *writing*. This is why she has been so 'silent': in the name of this ideal, she has not been allowed to speak.

We have argued elsewhere (ch. 3) that Winston 'kills' his mother not by deserting her on the day she is arrested by the Thought Police as he has believed, but by reducing her to a gesture. We may now see this gesture *in itself* as linguistic.

7.3. Conclusion: History, Freedom and Language

In its insistence on the universality of conditioning, *BNW* has deconstructed the idea of the 'natural' or the 'instinctual': 1984's Winston has demonstrated that not only does 'instinct' name something that is learned, but that what is learned may be fallacious. Winston's mother's 'natural' gesture is not, in truth, her own, it is not authentic. It is common to all the text's mothers, indeed, it is a representation of motherhood as old as the Virgin Mary, or as old as breast-feeding, as *BNW*'s own first experience of it testifies.

We have traced other instances of this 'writing-in-general', this body-language: what is reiterated - O'Brien's 'characteristic gesture' (1984:177) of resettling his glasses, which *gives* him a 'character', that of 'an eighteenth-century nobleman' (1984:12), Julia's 'flinging' of dictionaries, clothes or shoes (1984:12, 33, 150), is necessarily appropriable. Even if Winston's mother's gesture, on which the book's last hope for authenticity hangs, is 'natural' in the sense of 'unthought', it cites motherhood, reduces it already to a text. If it can be so reduced, and the Party has shown that it can, by providing it in the film which inspires Winston's diary as an *aide memoire* for Winston's individuation, it can be appropriated: as Winston himself demonstrates, if it can be appropriated, it can be turned to account. Winston's last hope for freedom from language, is returned, via *BNW*'s demonstration that what is involved in the family is already a (Freudian) text, to language itself.

This gestural language, though, as we have seen, is not Winston's. It maintains its distance, despite his claim to understanding. The passage in which he insists he has 're-learn[ed] by conscious effort' the 'primitive emotions' his mother, and all mothers, 'held on to', ends:

in thinking this he remembered, without 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 if it had been a cabbage-stalk.

1984:172

Where his mother 'clasps' (*ibid.*), he kicks. He has not only failed to breach the chasm between authentic humanity and his education as a Party member, which denies the love of others; by reducing his own gesture to a lexical item in the vocabulary of body-language, he has failed to breach the abyss between authentic experience and language *per se*.

Maintaining one's truth is achievable only by maintaining one's silence: if one is 'attempting to alter history' (1984:172, above) in any way, one must enter the language, and invoke more than one species of death. In this thesis, we have seen language, spoken, written and gestural, 'turned to account'. In this final chapter we have seen the totalitarian uses of 'instincts', also. In the end, absolute silence, absolute conventionality, absolute invisibility is the only defence against the Thought Police. It is the absolute orthodoxy of Winston's mother's motherhood that, in the end, saves her from matricide; Winston does not kill her, as for many years he believes he has done, simply because she has no language that he understands, no personal surplus to her prescribed role. Other mothers will not be so silent, orthodox, or fortunate:

With those children, he thought, that wretched woman [his neighbour, Mrs. Parsons] must lead a life of terror. Another year, two years, and they would be watching her night and day for symptoms of unorthodoxy. Nearly all children nowadays were horrible.

1984:26

He told Julia the story of his mother's disappearance. Without opening her eyes, she rolled over and settled herself into a more comfortable position.

'I expect you were a beastly little swine in those days,' she said indistinctly. 'All children are swine.'
'Yes. [...]

1984:171³⁹

What *BNW* shows can be done with 'the sex impulse', its turning against 'nature' in the name of 'stability' and in the interests of the state, 1984 shows to be possible with *BNW*'s one exception - opposition, even, - to this conditioning, the family. Indeed, the text suggests via the universal resonances of Winston's idealisations, the totalitarian impulse, the *unpersoning* of others, even the most intimate others, has always already happened. No Brave New World need arise; the first and final message of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is that - neighbour, lover, friend, child, big brother (Winston *is*, or was, a big brother) - we are all watching you:

³⁹By the time Winston arrives in the cellars of the Ministry of Love, the Parsons' daughter has already committed her *father* to death for his spoken heresy, restarting novel's tragic *fort/da* cycle:

'D'you know what they heard me saying? [...] "Down with Big Brother!" [...] Said it over and over again, it seems [...] It was my little daughter,' said Parsons with a sort of doleful pride. 'She listened at the keyhole. Heard what I was saying, and nipped off to the patrols the very next day. Pretty smart for a nipper of seven, eh? [...] It shows I brought her up in the right spirit, anyway.'

1984:245

The sex impulse was dangerous to the Party, and the Party had turned it to account. They had played a similar trick with the instinct of parenthood. The family could not actually be abolished, and, indeed, people were encouraged to be fond of their children in almost the old-fashioned way. The children, on the other hand, were systematically turned against their parents and taught to spy on them and report their deviations. The family had become in effect an extension of the Thought Police. It was a device by means of which everyone could be surrounded night and day by informers who knew him intimately.

1984:140

'No one dares trust a wife or a child or a friend any longer.'

O'Brien, 1984:280

BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU

1984:3ff

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