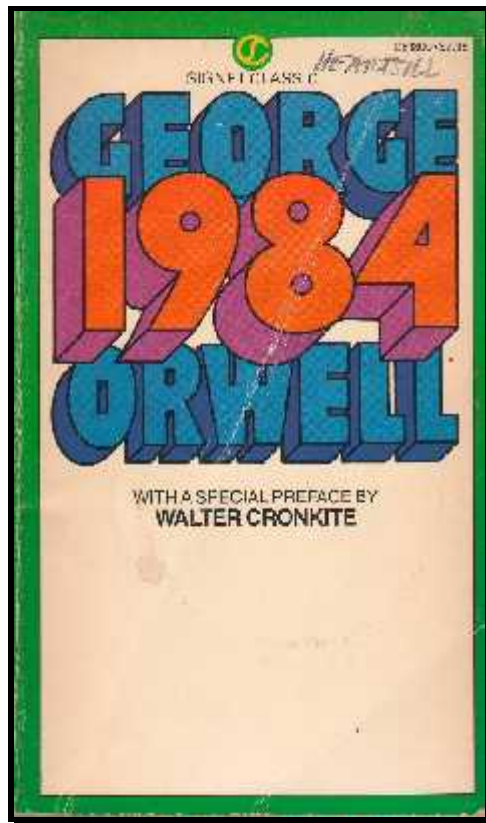


“How many fingers am I holding up, Winston?”

The warning of the future



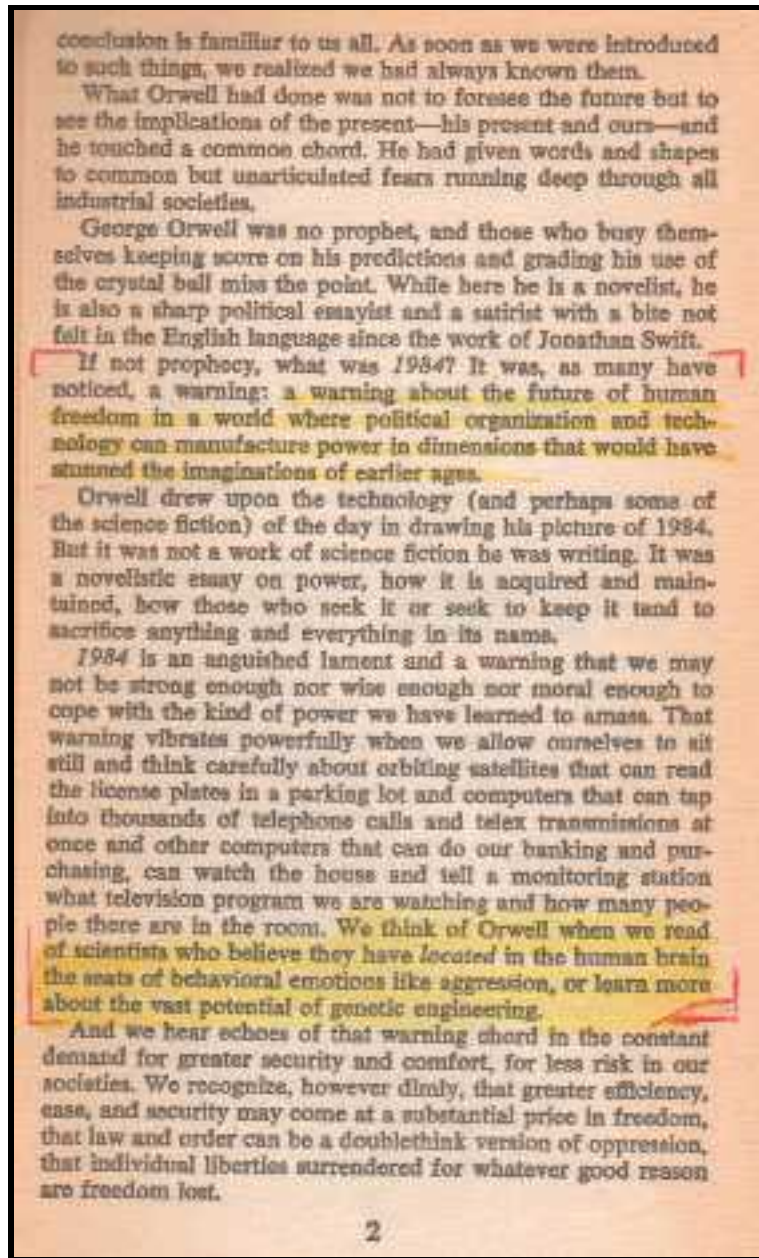
Gary Heartsill

20. Januar 2021

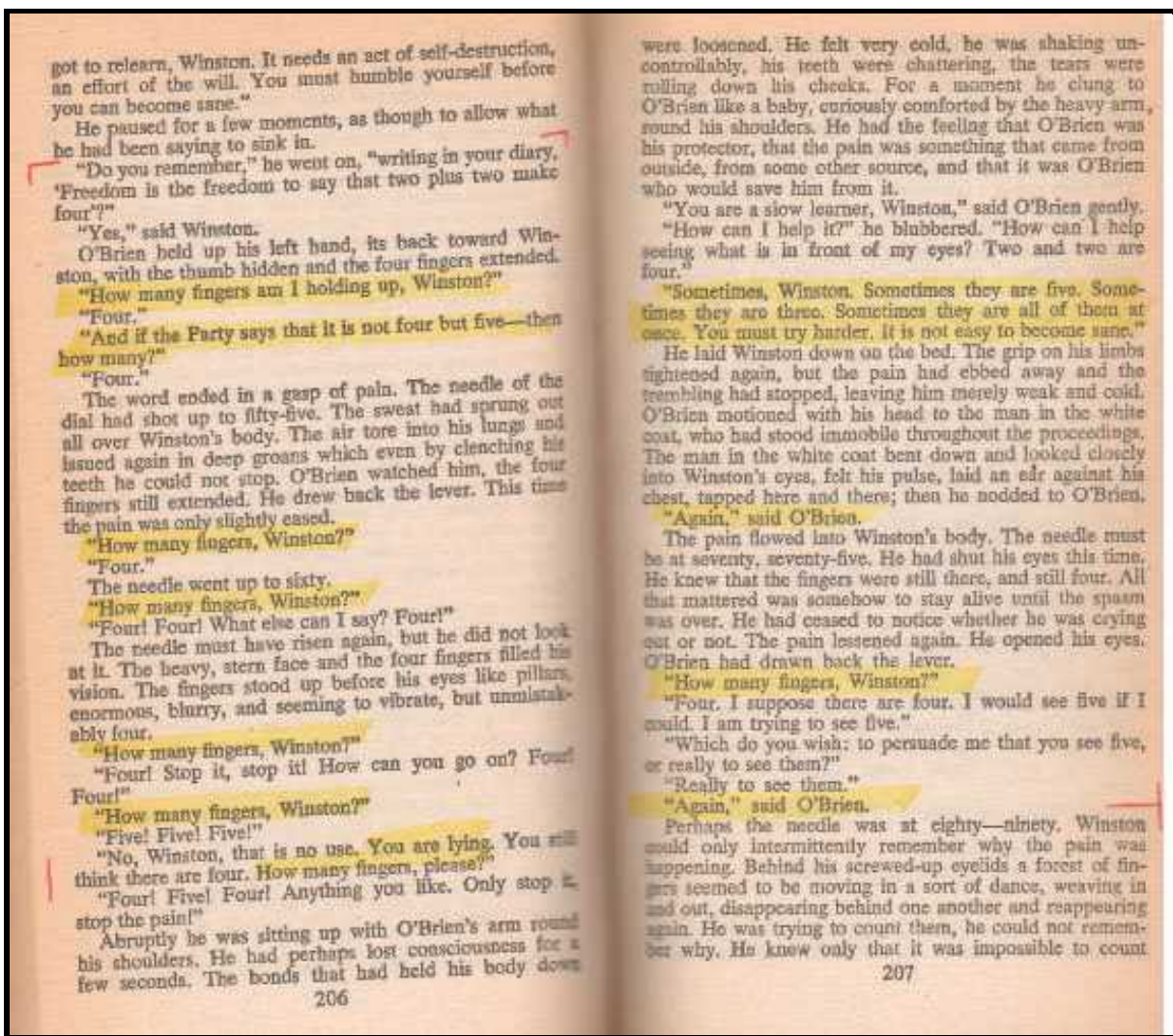
This review is focused on a few pages of a book written a long time ago (1948) but was written for this day – and what is coming. The suggestion for these pages is to show the guts of Orwell’s book without a lot of explaining in hope you may read it for yourself.

Nineteen Eight-Four is coming here.

Walter Cronkite’s words are in the preface below.



“...the vast potential of genetic engineering.”



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=31CcclqEiZw>

This sentiment for "How many fingers, Winston?" is given in the Intelligence Squared presentation of *Brave New World vs Nineteen Eighty-Four* featuring Adam Gopnik and Will Self at about 1:01 (1:35:43) under "Group Arithmetic."

Will Self is just amazing with his performance but I like the older guy Simon who can get immersed in his parts.

Watch the red shoes.

had grasped the frivolity, the shallowness of his attempt to set himself up against the power of the Party. 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 . . . He could not fight against the Party any longer. Besides, the Party was in the right. It must be so: how could the immortal, collective brain be mistaken? By what external standard could you check its judgments? Sanity was statistical. It was merely a question of learning to think as they thought. Only—!

The pencil felt thick and awkward in his fingers. He began to write down the thoughts that came into his head. He wrote first in large clumsy capitals:

FREEDOM IS SLAVERY.

Then almost without a pause he wrote beneath it:

TWO AND TWO MAKE FIVE.

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

GOD IS POWER.

He accepted everything. The past was alterable. The past never had been altered. Oceania was at war with Eastasia. Oceania had always been at war with Eastasia. Jones, Aaronson, and Rutherford were guilty of the crimes they were charged with. He had never seen the photograph that disproved their guilt. It had never existed; he had invented it. He remembered remembering contrary things, but those were false memories, products of self-deception. How easy it all was! Only surrender, and everything else followed. It was like swimming against a current that swept you

the white knight again. Almost in the same instant it dropped onto the board with a clatter. He had started as though a pin had run into him.

A shrill trumpet call had pierced the air. It was the bulletin! Victory! It always meant victory when a trumpet call preceded the news. A sort of electric thrill ran through the café. Even the waiters had started and pricked up their ears.

The trumpet call had let loose an enormous volume of noise. Already an excited voice was gabbling from the telescreen, but even as it started it was almost drowned by a roar of cheering from outside. The news had run round the streets like magic. He could hear just enough of what was issuing from the telescreen to realize that it had all happened as he had foreseen: a vast seaborne armada secretly assembled, a sudden blow in the enemy's rear, the white arrow tearing across the tail of the black. Fragments of triumphant phrases pushed themselves through the din: "Vast strategic maneuver—perfect co-ordination—utter rout—half a million prisoners—complete demoralization—control of the whole of Africa—bring the war within measurable distance of its end—victory—greatest victory in human history—victory, victory, victory!"

Under the table Winston's feet made convulsive movements. He had not stirred from his seat, but in his mind he was running, swiftly running, he was with the crowds outside, cheering himself deaf. He looked up again at the portrait of Big Brother. The colossus that bestrode the world! The rock against which the hordes of Asia dashed themselves in vain! He thought how ten minutes ago—yes, only ten minutes—there had still been equivocation in his heart as he wondered whether the news from the front would be of victory or defeat. Ah, it was more than a Eurasian army that had perished! Much had changed in him since the first day in the Ministry of Love, but the final, indispensable, healing change had never happened, until this moment.

The voice from the telescreen was still pouring forth its tale of prisoners and booty and slaughter, but the shouting outside had died down a little. The waiters were turning back to their work. One of them approached with the gin bottle. Winston, sitting in a blissful dream, paid no attention as his glass was filled up. He was not running or cheering any longer. He was back in the Ministry of Love, with everything forgiven, his soul white as snow. He was in

the public dock, confessing everything, implicating everybody. He was walking down the white-tiled corridor, with the feeling of walking in sunlight, and an armed guard at his back. The long-hoped-for bullet was entering his brain.

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

THE END

My library copy of 1984 Kelly gave me for my birthday in 1983 had an article about Orwell from **The Sunday Oklahoman**.

THE SUNDAY OKLAHOMAN Section A December 25, 1983 27

Tributes to Orwell

From Madame Tussaud's wax museum in London to college campuses in the United States, the new year is bringing tributes to novelist George Orwell and an examination of the totalitarian life he depicted in "Nineteen Eighty-Four."

As the fateful year looms, international interest in Orwell is "really becoming crazy," said biographer Bernard Crick in London.

"What's humorous is that George originally wanted to call his book, 'The Last Man in Europe,'" said Tosco Fyvel, a longtime friend and the last person to speak to Orwell before his death in 1950. "If he had done that, there'd be none of this to do."

In London, a wax likeness of Orwell's cadaverous face and gaunt, 6-foot-3 frame was unveiled this week at Madame Tussaud's museum.

In Washington, the Library of Congress plans a two-day conference starting April 30 on the theme "Nineteen Eighty-Four: Its Meaning in 1984."

Among American colleges and universities planning special Orwell events, Washington University in St. Louis is holding a series of Saturday lectures on "Nineteen Eighty-Four" in January.

Evergreen State College in Olympia, Wash., has devoted an entire academic program on the book this school year, including seminars, lectures and films. Pennsylvania State University in State College, Pa., is offering two courses looking at the society depicted by Orwell compared to life in 1984.

At Sutton Courtney, the Berkshire village 55 miles west of London where the writer born Eric Blair is buried, the parish garden club plans to bedeck All Saints Church in flowers "to depict the themes of Orwell's books, especially 'Nineteen Eighty-Four,'" said the Rev. Chris Clarke. "Don't ask me how they're going to do that," he added.

Even Jura, the rugged island in the Scottish Hebrides where the moribund Orwell wrote, revised and retyped the final manuscript of "Nineteen Eighty-Four," hopes to profit from Orwellmania. Four weeklong programs have been scheduled at the Jura Hotel in Craigshouse starting April 21, including a film and a talk by Orwell's former landlady.

In Britain and the United States, 1984 will bring a reissue of Orwell's complete works.

As the Orwellian year nears, reporters and photographers are scouring the length and breadth of the British Isles, hunting for insights into the writer's life and knocking on the doors of surviving friends and colleagues.

Susan Watson, who cooked the writer's oatmeal and tended his adopted son, entertains a steady stream of correspondents in her London apartment. "I'll be tending to my own business and get a call from a reporter in Switzerland who wants to know what George was like," she says. "At times, I want to go live in a lighthouse."

The Associated Press

1984: Vision of Future Penned by Man Without One

ISLE OF JURA, Scotland (AP) — It was here, on a mournful plain overlooking a jade-hued sea, that the ailing George Orwell imagined the twilight of the future, which he saw as coming in the year 1984.

In the stone farmhouse where he lived in Jura's desolate north, Orwell would sometimes awake screaming in the night. Night and day, his typewriter clattered on as he put his chilling vision of an inhuman tomorrow on paper.

The Thought Police, The Two Minute Hate, The Junior Anti-Sex League, "War is Peace" and "Freedom is Slavery," The Spies, And Big Brother, the all-pervading, all-powerful leader of the nightmare society Orwell imagined as he wrote his masterwork on totalitarianism, "Nineteen Eighty-Four."

His lungs eaten away by tuberculosis, Orwell survived the novel's publication by only seven months. "I think he put all of himself into that book," said longtime friend Tesco Fyvel, now 76, the last person to talk to Orwell before his death. "He sacrificed himself for the book."

When he came to live in this misty, wind-whipped island in the Inner Hebrides in 1946, the 43-year-old writer was very sick and may have known he was dying. The 40 black shag cigarettes he smoked daily, a bullet wound in the neck suffered in the Spanish Civil War and merciless work habits had aggravated his chronic tuberculosis.

But Orwell, shaken over the recent death of his wife, Eileen, wanted desperately to get out of grim, post-war London. "I can work here with fewer interruptions, and I think we shall be



George Orwell

Sound of Jura and began writing.

The thunder of the typewriter and Orwell's hacking, constant cough echoed throughout the house. "He typed in a steady stream, not in fits and starts," said Mrs. Watson, 65. "But he never talked about what he was writing. It might have been any old article, a review for the Tribune or something, instead of the book of the century."

Often, Orwell would stand in the lot.

"He was withdrawn and unfriendly," Miss McKechnie said. "He seemed angry a lot."

But others remember a simple neighbor who always kept the kettles boiling, dispensed whiskey to passers-by and rejoiced in gardening, fishing and digging peat for fuel. "He had a certain warmth," said Mrs. Fletcher-Melton. "George was quirky, shy and had a sardonic sense of humor, but was kind and considerate," agreed his former housekeeper.

In October 1947, after completing a rough draft of his novel, he had a relapse of tuberculosis. Jura had only one doctor, so he was hospitalized near Glasgow. He rallied sufficiently, however, to return to his island home by July 1948.

That October he wrote Warburg, his publisher, that the revision of his novel was almost complete. "I haven't definitely fixed on the title but I am hesitating between 'Nineteen Eighty-Four' and 'The Last Man in Europe.'"

He finally settled on the former, simply by switching the digits of 1948 around. Orwell asked Warburg to find a typist to transcribe the text, but no one could be found in labor-short London to make the arduous 11-hour journey to Jura. Brutal on himself as ever, the convalescing Orwell sat up in bed and spent at least two weeks retyping a clean copy plus two carbons.

The effort of punching out 5,000 words a day proved the final blow. Orwell collapsed in December 1948, and took to bed for the final time.

Orwell's dream of Jura faded away.

The moribund novelist was hospitalized, first at a sanitarium in the Cotswold hills in south England, later in London.

Despite general critical acclaim, Orwell remained unsatisfied to the end with "Nineteen Eighty-Four." He had doubted the book would be successful. "I suppose one can be sure of 10,000 anyway," he told his publisher.

The waten-faced man whose 5-foot-7 frame lay on a brass bed at University College Hospital continued to scribble notes for essays on Evelyn Waugh, Joseph Conrad and a piece on bigotry set aboard a luxury liner. Orwell was so emaciated nurses had trouble finding flesh on his thigh for shots, but he remarried from his bed in October 1949, choosing a beautiful member of the London literary set, Sonia Brownell, as his bride.

In January 1950, the 46-year-old Orwell and his 31-year-old wife decided to fly to the Alps where doctors thought the rarified air would weigh lighter on his fragile lungs.

Fyvel visited Orwell on the eve of the final attack. They talked about Orwell's school days and about his past, which included stints as an imperial policeman, a dishwasher in Paris, a bum in London and years of fighting rejection slips while he was maturing as a writer and thinker.

"This dream of the Alps, it had become George's 'Zauberberg,' his magic mountain," Fyvel said. "It was something he made himself believe in."

Orwell never was to make the climb. Early on Jan. 21, 1950, his only working lung, the left one, hemorrhaged and he died unattended.
