SIX:

CONCLUSION.
Chapter VI

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Much of Orwell's work is autobiographical. Moreover the novel proper is based upon personal experience, however imaginatively handled but ideas are impersonal and therefore the novelist whose province lies therein can set his scene either in the present or future as he feels inclined.

According to Orwell even the most propagandistic of all his books based on political writings there is much 'extra' that contributes to aesthetic experience. Apart from the message and sermon which he wants to convey, Orwell has seen with the eye of an artist, the truth about reality and is not dogmatic. In Nineteen Eightyfour, for example, long after O'Brien's speeches about the coming world have been forgotten, the reader remembers Winston's ordeal in that rat-cage when he loses all dignity and self-possession.

In Orwell's novels, he fails to bring about complete union of literature with history. History demands among other things blinding clarity, while literature can be impressionistic, frenzied or romantic. There is no conscious sacrifice on Orwell's part, but there is an evident lack of imagination, the synthetic process capable of wedding dissimilar. Having accepted naturalism as the mode for this type of novel, Orwell
foresakes those deeply felt literary experiences. Lacking Zola's tremendous intensity, he cannot compensate for what he loses through unadventurous methods.

George Orwell refused to jump on any bandwagon themes but with an obsessive clarity documented the realities of social and political life of his time. His autobiographical works, *Down and Out in Paris and London* (1935), *The Road to Wigan Pier* (1937) and *Homage to Catalonia* (1937), cut through the sentimentalities of fashionable left-wing reporting by stressing uncomfortable truths ignored by the left as well as the right.

There is an almost masochistic honesty in his work, as indeed there was in his life, for he insisted on living with the ills he exposed before exposing them. The same temperament can be discerned from his novels.

Orwell cherishes middle-class comforts and displays the situation of man, the condition of pathos and terror involved in a man caught between what he wants for himself and what the political system has to offer him. The prison life of *1984* merges with the enclosed life in the private school he attended as a young boy, both visions of what life offers.

As opposed to Kafka the nightmare or the conflict in Orwell's novel is not internal but external. He is a great writer simply because he reports impressionistically and does not attempt false objectivity. At his best he merges history and
literature. He reports as he sees it and is tinged by what he is and what he chooses to look at. Yet despite the subjectivity of much of Orwell's reporting, we are struck by the compelling clarity of his vision and the sharpness of his images. The naturalism of his methods affects both his novels and journalism, he started with an interest in large issues before the novelist took over and then became immersed in the truth of small things.

Part of Orwell's naturalistic equipment is his ability to catch the smell and taste of objects like Cillane and Beckett, his brothers in literary squalor, he can make anything seem revolting not only garbage, excrement, soiled clothing (his heritage from Zola) but also pleasant things like books, money and food.

In *Keep the Aspidistra Flying* (1936) Grodon Comstock remarks the Darwinian struggle in the world of books, which symbolizes all struggle, the novels fight poetry, the poetry fights the histories, the social tracts fight the novels. All are in battle to stay in a prominent place in the bookstore, and all seem futile if one has no money. Books which one has hitherto taken for granted now appear shoddy and useless, as Orwell handles them, untouchable products of a sterile society. Without money, he tells us, one cannot love without money one cannot even read. Therefore the novel *Keep the Aspidistra Flying* written with the quality of colloquial precision of style that marks all his writing, is a grim story of attempted escape from the rat-race of striving for material success.
Orwell is not particularly troubled by what his protagonist is or what he tries to do, he is however, much concerned with what society prevents him from doing. As in naturalistic novels of the 19th century in which the hero is caught in a trap of cause and effect, so here the hero is caught by force which reduces his desires and needs to those of the animals. He is brought to subsistence level and few elements of civilisation can do him good, for to have enough to eat is the sole luxury in which he can indulge.

Charles Dickens, the longest of his essays, should be studied carefully by any reader interested in either Dickens or Orwell for it is a perceptive exercise in literary criticism in its own right and tells us much about Orwell’s characteristic preoccupations. The essay is significant for the insights it provides into Orwell’s concerns and attitudes for in analysing Dickens’s novels he reveals inter alia his own radicalism, his interest in the surfaces of life, his curiosity, his interest in social forces and his deep-rooted class consciousness.

Central to the essay is Orwell’s discussion of two philosophical positions: the revolutionary, who argues that there can be no lasting improvement in human affairs until the system, i.e., the basic structure of society, has been radically changed; and the moralist, who asserts that human nature must itself change before social improvements can be achieved. He
demonstrates the intellectual weakness of the moralistic position as exemplified by Dickens whilst at the same time acknowledges his profound admiration for the warm humanitarian vision which animates the novels. Dickens's works continue to be read and enjoyed, he concludes, because they are inspired by a fundamental human decency and not by a political belief. Orwell is quick to perceive that Dickens was untypical of the novelists of his period in combining a radical critique of society with a nostalgic longing to return to the simplicity and picturesqueness of an earlier period. The combination of these two attitudes in one and the same person was also characteristic of Orwell himself. It can surely be no accident that Orwell and Gissing, both of whom wrote fine essays on Dickens, shared a nostalgia for the past. Gissing was also a writer whose work Orwell greatly admired. This is one illustration of the manner in which the essay continually illuminates his own attitudes and beliefs. At one point he remarks:

His radicalism is of the vaguest kind, and yet one always knows that it is there. That is the difference between being a moralist and a politician. He has no constructive suggestions, not even a clear grasp of the nature of the society he is attacking, only an emotional perception that something is wrong.

When writing this he must have been aware that much the same criticism could be made of his own novels, particularly Keep the Aspidistra Flying, and that he was by no means innocent himself of some of the charges he levels against Dickens, e.g., his failure to understand manual workers. One crying evil of his
time that Dickens says very little about is child labour. There are plenty of suffering children in his books but usually they are suffering in schools rather than in factories.

Charles Dickens is an entirely characteristic essay which bears upon it the stamp of Orwell’s idiosyncratic approach. There is the tendency to make sweeping generalisations unsupported by evidence, e.g., ‘All art is propaganda’, ‘His [Tolstoy’s] characters are struggling to make their souls, whereas Dickens’s are already finished and perfect’; the fascination with sociological and polemical discussion; the preoccupation with issues of class and background; the continual presence of the stimulating phrase, e.g., ‘Any writer who is not utterly lifeless moves upon a kind of parabola, and the downward curve is implied in the upper one’. What attracted him to Dickens was that the Victorian novelist represented for him the qualities of a liberal humanitarian which he so much admired: decency, honesty, generosity, compassion. Because he admired Dickens so much the essay is more balanced than his essays on Swift, Tolstoy, Kipling or Wells and is for that reason one of his finest pieces of literary criticism. He concluded his survey with an attempt to visualise Dickens’s face:

It is the face of a man who is always fighting against some thing, but who fights in the open and is not frightened, the face of a man who is generously angry - in other words, of a nineteenth-century liberal, a free intelligence, a type hated with equal hatred by all the smelly little orthodoxies which are now contending for our souls. The same is the facial expression of Orwell himself. He was a liberal in his
attitude, of free intelligence and a type who hated with all the aggressiveness the hypocrisies of the elitist society.

Boys' Weeklies belongs to a category of sociological discussion which came increasingly to fascinate Orwell and which subsequent writers, most notably Richard Hoggart in The Uses of Literacy, have made their own. It is an examination of boys' weekly papers from a sociological and literary standpoint, concentrating in particular on the stories featuring Billy Bunter and Greyfriars School. The significant aspect of the essay is not the analysis itself - much of which is highly critical and provoked a lengthy riposte from Frank Richards, the author of the Billy Bunter stories - but the fact that he felt that weekly comics were an interesting and appropriate subject for serious analysis.

The stories are analysed from the point of view of their language, their relation to real life at a public school, the literary influences upon them and the social and political attitudes implicit within them. Such an exercise had not been attempted before and here Orwell was breaking new ground. He was astute enough to see that the values implicit in the stories would be imbibed by those who read them and therefore devotes considerable attention to defining the mental outlook suggested by Greyfriars. It is an outlook, he suggests, utterly remote from the contemporary world. The mental atmosphere deduced from Gem and Magnet is that of the year 1910, a world in which 'nothing ever changes, and foreigners are funny'. This safe, secure, solid
world in which Billy Bunter and his friends have their adventures (never growing any older) bears no relationship to life in a real public school and is totally removed from the problems of the real world. It is a make-believe world in which behaviour is determined by schoolboy ethics of right and wrong and where the predominant appeal is one of snobbishness.

Boys’ Weeklies remains an impressive piece of writing which pointed the direction in which much of his finest journalism was to follow. In arguing that one’s boyhood reading was important and left an indelible impression on the mind he was drawing attention to a neglected field of sociological study and it is entirely characteristic of Orwell that he concentrates his discussion on Gem and Magnet ‘because they are more interesting psychologically than the others’ and because they had survived almost unchanged into the 1930s. It is then the work of a highly original and yet ambivalent mind, a man who was both fascinated and repelled by the sub-culture of weekly comics and attracted above all by the question of their influence on the adolescent. Orwell’s skill in assembling and ordering his material, his insight into the imaginative world of the schoolboy and his gift for presenting a discussion on which issues are examined from both a literary and a sociological standpoint. One can only applaud his courage and honesty in approaching such a large subject with his characteristic verve.
His passionate interest in and concern for literature, including the debate on 'commitment' which so exercised the writers of his generation, found renewed expression in *Inside the Whale*, a lengthy essay on which he worked during the autumn of 1939. The title owes its origin to his contention that there were two schools of thought in twentieth-century literature. On the one hand were those who, like Henry Miller, were 'inside the whale' i.e., indifferent to the world political crisis and sealed off from political affairs inside a womb-like cushioned space. Their attitude could be summarised as 'Give yourself over to the world-process, stop fighting against it or pretending that you control it; simply accept it, endure it record it'. Contrasted to this were those— including, by definition, Orwell himself—who were or strived to be 'outside the whale', that is actively involved in world affairs and committed both in writing and in personal activities to helping to change the direction of human advancement.

The point Orwell is making here is that the inexperience of life which was a feature of middle-class education meant that (for example) the excesses of the Stalin regime were condoned by many well-meaning intellectuals simply because they were incapable of grasping the reality of totalitarian government. There is a wider sense however in which the passage is peculiarly apposite to an examination of Orwell as a literary figure: that is that his unusual combination of experiences since leaving Eton
poverty in London and Paris, teaching in private schools, the bookshop, observing the life of the unemployed, Spain had inevitably given him a different perspective compared with that of his contemporaries. This can be seen, for example, in his awareness of the passivity of ordinary people.

It was perceptive of Orwell to see that this passivity had exercised a profound influence on the literature of the present century: that the most memorable books about the 1914-18 war had been written 'not by propagandists but by victims. His difference of perspective can also be seen in his assertion that every book, every work of art, has an implicit message: 'And no book is ever truly neutral. Some or other tendency is always discernible, in verse as much as in prose, even if it does no more than determine the form and the choice of imagery'. The discussion of Henry Miller leads on to an examination of the works of Housman, Lawrence and Joyce, but at each stage of the analysis his concern is with the writer's point of view, the underlying attitude which determines his themes and presentation of material. The writers of the inter-war years were characterised, he felt, by a pessimism of outlook, a 'tragic sense of life' which led them to seek escape from the concerns of the moment in remote lands or psychological problems having little or no bearing on the significant events of the period - the Russian Revolution, the rise of Nazism and Fascism, the Spanish Civil War.
This preface of some of the major themes of Nineteen Eighty-four is remarkable in a work written on the eve of the Second World War (war had been declared whilst the essay was in draft). As early as 1939 he had recognised that freedom of thought would become "a meaningless abstraction" that the individual would become "stamped out of existence", that liberalism as an idea and a political reality would perish over much of the earth. His experiences in Spain had convinced him that totalitarianism was now the most insidious menace facing mankind and that the implications of this fact upon literature and art would be far-reaching. 'Good novels', he observed, 'are written by people who are not frightened.' There could be no literature of enduring value until the present conflict and its implicit threat to the free mind had passed. Until then the only option open to the creative writer was to endure to record, to accept what happened to him without deluding himself that by his actions he could affect the shape of history.

The Lion and the Unicorn is a remarkable piece of writing in which Orwell ranges widely over the English character and attempts to define the prospects for radical social reform within its context. Part one, England Your England, is a brilliantly written summary of English national characteristics which was later reprinted separately and has become well known in its own right.
Orwell is impressed above all with the sense that, in spite of its diversity and class-consciousness, England was still emotionally one nation; he is struck by 'the tendency of nearly all its inhabitants to feel alike and act together in moments of supreme crisis'. Whilst acknowledging his sense of identity he discerns two significant trends in twentieth-century social history: the decline of ability in the English ruling class and the enlargement of the middle class through the rise of a new stratum of technicians and artisans. As evidence of the decay of ability in those in positions of power he cites the foreign policy pursued by British governments in the 1930s: the refusal to perceive the reality of Nazism and Fascism and the ambivalent attitude of Britain towards the traumatic events in Spain. This decline in integrity and intellectual grasp had been accompanied by the blurring of the old 'class' divisions. A new, indeterminate social class of technicians, engineers and publicists was emerging and this would exercise a profound influence on the future. The post-war world, he felt would be vastly different from that of 1940, but 'England will still be England, an everlasting animal stretching into the future and the past, and, like all living things, having the power to change out of recognition and yet remain the same.

In part Two, Shopkeepers at War, Orwell states the case against private capitalism and for a socialist society. His indictment of capitalism — 'that is, an economic system in which land, factories, mines and transport are owned privately and
operated solely for profit’ - is essentially that it did not work and was wholly inappropriate in wartime conditions. Socialism for him, he insists, is not only the common ownership of the means of production but also ‘approximate equality of incomes ... political democracy and abolition of all hereditary privilege, especially in education. His essential thesis is that the war and revolution are inseparable - there was no prospect of establishing a socialist society without first defeating Hitler; conversely, Hitler could not be defeated without fundamental social and economic changes.

Orwell’s central criticism is that Wells’s nineteenth-century, English, middle-class background - remarkably similar to that of Dickens - meant that he was incapable of understanding the irrationality of such men as Hitler. Wells’s advocacy of Declaration of Human Rights and a federal world control of the air was academic until Hitler and his armed forces had been eliminated. This fundamental question, Orwell urged, had never been faced by Wells who continued to believe that man would behave in rational manner. Although Orwell overstates his case somewhat - his indictment overlooks Wells’s pessimistic writings such as The Croquet Player and Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island - unquestionably there is some substance in his criticism. There is a tendency in Wells’s novels to underestimate the immense power of evil in human affairs and Orwell is one of the very few critics to have drawn attention to this fact. In his
discussion of 'The English Class System', for example, after describing the broad social classes into which the population may be classified, he adds cautiously: 'They have the virtues and vices of an old-fashioned people' contains within it a wealth of truth, and yet is expressed with conciseness of an aphorism. The English People, in fact, bears all the hallmarks of a work which has been most carefully thought out and revised. There follows an engrossing section on The English Language in which he displays all that fascination which Linguistics which came to the fore in Politics and the English Language (1946) and the Appendix on The Principles of Newspeak in Nineteen Eighty-Four. His discussion of English vocabulary and grammar is marked by a quiet erudition and an acute awareness of the subtleties of language.

Unlike Dickens who often associates moneyed values with success, Orwell associates money with the defeat of the spirit. He faces the familiar paradox that money is essential to be human, while to make money is dehumanising. The one area in which Orwell and Dickens meet is their common recognition that poverty destroys the sexual urge. The poor man feels inferior and loses his potential as male (Pip with Estella, for example), for without money or means he is, as it were, demeaned.

Gordon Comstock says in Keep the Aspidistra Flying, 'It is not that I don't want to make love to you. I do. But I tell you, I can't make love to you when I have only eight pence in my pocket. At least when you know I have only eight pence. I just can't do it. It's physically impossible.'
The physical impossibility of the sexual act under these conditions marks Gordon as a sensitive young man, worth saving.

Similarly, in Down and Out in Paris and London (1933), Orwell's first novel which paralleled his own experiences sometime after his return from the Burma police service, the narrator perceives in himself and others the nearly complete loss of a sexual self under the exhausting conditions imposed by poverty or by inhuman working conditions. Furthermore, the worker recognizes that his doing an essentially meaningless job that in no way fulfills himself and this knowledge of his uselessness acts as a deterrent sexually.

The quality of an Orwell-protagonist is his ability to perceive the hypocrisy of the world, and to react to it so that his own aims become clouded. An Orwell 'hero' rarely has any hope for the future, except perhaps for his next meal. He has few ambitions and his chief emotion, when not hungry is the sexual itch. Thus in Burmese Days (1934), Flory pursues Elizabeth, the sole available white woman in the area, despite the fact that he and she have nothing in common. Flory fails to see her as she is and this lack of clarity on his part is a measure of his agony. Everything Flory believes in is vitiated by the feeling for Elizabeth but nevertheless because of his own weakness he becomes a fool of love.
Consequently, when hypocrisy does appear it results from a character's need for something that scorches his true feelings.

As social novelist Orwell is less interested in man than he is in the society that has infected him. In *Keep the Aspidistra Flying* the emphasis seems to be on the protagonist, his coming to terms with himself, rather than on society. Like a good naturalist Orwell 'gets' at people through the accumulation of social detail and external phenomena. This method defines both his success and failure. As a way of realising a particular milieu, such a method has proven successful, as a way of developing people, the method leaves much to chance. Unfortunately Orwell's chief characters frequently exist only as social animals. They are indicated in terms of status, race, caste, tradition and their place in this scheme is more important than what they are.

The truth in *Down and Out in Paris and London* accordingly is the truth or falsity of the social system. The world of the first novel is economic nightmare of the individual, not much different in kind from the nightmarish quality of Orwell's last novel *1984*. In the first, the economic trap in which the narrator finds himself is equivalent to the political trap in which Winston Smith (of *1984*) is ensnared. Both systems leave little freedom for the individual, the lack of money in *Down and Out in Paris and London* and the lack of freedom of speech in *1984*. 
Though he held no religious belief, there was something of a religious element in George's socialism. It owed nothing to Marxist theory and much to the tradition of English Nonconformity. He saw it primarily as an instrument of justice. What he hated in contemporary politics, almost as much as the abuse of power, was the dishonesty and cynicism which allowed its evils to be veiled. He was to be rather dismayed by the pleasure that it gave to the enemies of any form of socialism, but with the defeat of Fascism in Germany and Italy he saw the Russian model of dictatorship as the most serious threat to the realisation of his hopes for a better world. He was not yet so pessimistic as he had become by the time of his writing Nineteen Eighty-four. His moral integrity made him hard upon himself and sometimes harsh in his judgement of other people.

A writer whose work gained greater recognition in the forties and fifties was George Orwell. Until the publication of Animal Farm in 1945, Orwell was best known as a novelist in the tradition of George Gissing. In series of rather low-toned documentary novels such as A Clergyman's Daughter (1935), Keep the Aspidistra Flying (1936), The Road to Wigan Pier (1937) and Coming up for Air, Orwell depicted the difficulties, the emptiness and squalor of life among the working classes. A reformer by nature, Orwell lacked the imaginative power to fire his work with greatness. Despite their sincerity and sense of purpose these early novels are unspirited.
Orwell wanted to work for a better world and he believed this could best be achieved through socialism. In 1935 he went to Spain but his experiences in the civil war (recorded in *Homage to Catalonia*) destroyed any belief he might have had in communism. Life, he found, was too complicated to be easily changed by political formulas. Orwell had the long sight to see through communist blue-print of a new world and find them as bad a ever, or even worse in certain aspects. The knowledge so gained helped to free him from the bitterness that had characterised his earlier work while his distrust of slogans and propaganda was further deepened by the second world war. The ending of the uneasy alliance between Russia and the West after the war gave him the idea for his political allegory *Animal Farm*.

The appearance of this fable so reminiscent in its deceptively simple style of Bunyan was well-timed and its success was enormous. *Animal Farm* has frequently been compared with *Gulliver’s Travels*, a social and political satire of the 18th century. An epitaph on wasted idealism, *Animal Farm* is an authentic satire full of profound sense of pity for human beings. The central situation depicting the revolt of animals against the farmer, the introduction of a communal state and its betrayal by the power-greedy intellectuals was interpreted as an attack on Stalinism. Orwell selected his animals with obvious felicity. Molly the pony and her bourgeois love of fine art who deserts the cause for ribbons and lumps of sugar; Boxer, the carthorse whose simplicity and honest strength are cruelly exploited by the
intellectuals: the pigs who with their leader Napoleon betray the revolution and restore the human masters. The recurrent sin of betrayal is aptly summed up in the chief tenet of the revolution: 'All animals are equal, but some are more equal than others.'

A further entire 1984 followed in 1948 and was inevitably compared with Huxley's _Ape and Essence_. Orwell was dying of consumption when he wrote it and the book exudes a sense of despair and hopelessness.

In 1984 England, known as 'Airstrip', is engaged in continuous warfare. The population is controlled by four ministries named ironically Truth, Love, Peace and Plenty. A new language Newspeak is invented 'To provide a medium of expression for the world-view and mental habits of ingsoc (English Socialism up-to-date). The word 'free' still exists in Newspeak but only in such statements such as 'this dog is free from lice' or 'this field is free from weeds'. It is no longer used in its old sense of politically free or intellectually free, since political and intellectual freedom no longer existed even as concepts. Freedom in a totalitarian state has mere physical connotation, it had nothing to do with the emotional life of an individual. In a society so organised Winston Smith, a humble clerk, attempts rebellion. Betrayed and imprisoned he finds himself forced to betray the girl whose love had first inspired him to rebel. Yet, she, he learns, has already betrayed him. Orwell's _1984_ reflected
popular notions of future warfare. Even thought was no longer private and nothing escaped the notice of Big Brother: the sinisterly benevolent dictator. Orwell, a liberal idealist who feared bureaucracy and regimentation was so depressed by his visions of the future that he vowed shortly before his death in 1950 to leave political controversy and return in his next novel to the study of human relationships. In *1984* we find something which is quite unique, a novel about the destruction of human freedom.

Orwell's meditation on language in the hands of totalitarian propagandist is without parallel. Orwell looks with horror on the shrinking of the philosophical and moral implications of language and its reduction to purely pragmatic content. Orwell expresses his despair at the politicization of language and its far-reaching castrating effects on human mind, spirit and thought.

Orwell's vision has always been connected to the humanistic and romantic tradition. His books suggest a kind of civilized pastoral which man fulfills himself through work without regard for money, competition and self-seeking. Orwell's socialism is that once the economic machine is controlled insist on the possibilities of man's goodness. His socialist project is not the world of *1984* as many critics antipathetic to socialism have claimed. *1984* for Orwell does not represent the socialist future but the defeat of socialist future if it
does not triumph over both capitalism and communism. When an ideology passes through human hands and is translated into reality, many unforeseen horrors weave their way with it and it turns out to be a distortion of its pure, ideological status. Orwell wants to give this warning to the world through his writing.

Both his novels Animal Farm and 1984 have become classics. But anybody would prefer Animal Farm to 1984 as the former is superior as a work of art, though the latter is more talked about. But both have gone deep into the psyche of the thinking people. They have enriched the English language giving it new words and telling phrases with noun or pronoun turning into adjectives. Hence we speak of the Orwellian salvation.

To be successful, satire has to be gay and funny - Animal Farm measures up to it with its success. There is a confident note in 1984 as he completed it on his death bed. Of course, the satirical vein continues in this his last novel and his essay on the principle of Newspeak, given as an appendix, reaches the height of satire, where Orwell has gone into jargon language Newspeak, (as opposed to Oldspeak or standard language) in a light introductory manner. At the time of Orwell’s writing, the jargonising of speech had already proved a deadly weapon through Hitler and Stalin’s invective.
Truth-teller, plain-speaker, honest man: some such formulation establishes as indispensable in defining an achievement as much moral as literary. In Orwell ethics and art are inseparable - a dozen of his own quotations could be cited in proof - and, in valuing truth above all else and to any degree of anguish, he fulfills Swift's prescription for greatness; the horror is to be deluded, a horror compounded when the condition is self-inflicted. Orwell tirelessly champions consciousness against a siren hedonism enticing man from his prime obligation. His essays on the contamination of language reveal a dread of euphemism as a strategy for numbing consciousness and stifling unpleasant truth (CEJL, iv. 166). Euphemism, by screening off reality, becomes the butcher's accomplice; from Lady Macbeth (He that's coming/Must be provided for - i.v.64-5) to the Final Solution, the aim is to authorize deeds that are verbally impossible, and Orwell accordingly insists upon describing what 'liquidation of recalcitrant elements' and 'rectification of frontiers' really mean. Speak plain or do not speak at all.

Not to be able to think clearly is a grievous misfortune, not to wish to do so is the final, unforgivable defection. The few cubic centimetres within the skull and their preservation behind a cordon sanitaire from the pestilence of the modern world - these are his fiercest commitment. Nothing will do but truth, however harsh. Confronting their own extinction, Freud and Orwell obey, in the Most Literal sense, George Eliot's injunction to live without opiates - metaphor becomes unvarnished fact in these
heroes of truth.

The addiction to truth is exigent enough for Orwell to identify it as the paramount motive of his work, and those who find his writing notable for its recording rather than inventive power, its factual rather than fictional impulse, will readily agree. Orwell declares that even as a boy he had a facility with words and a power of facing unpleasant facts. The claim is no sooner made than vindicated as he immediately faces an unpleasant fact about himself: namely, that he used his literary gift as defence and consolation against the dislike of his school companions. In addition to the egoism he detects in all writers, he discovers in himself an element of retrenchment mingled with the exhibitionism of the species, for his skill with words and on his own testimony, a mode of reprisal and he wrote to get his own back on those who slighted him as poor and uncouth.

So imperative is the pull towards truth that he denies to himself the impetus ever to produce a work of art rather than there was some lie he wished to expose, some fact to which he wanted to draw attention, and his initial concern was to get a 'hearing'. The established lie is his target and his description of his literary procedure indicates an attraction towards the unpopular, neglected, suppressed side of the argument, an aspiration to be the mouthpiece of the underdog and to vent the view of those who strive, usually in vain, to make themselves heard above the clamour of majority wisdom. The spokesman for orthodoxy has no
need to worry about getting a hearing.

Honesty is the Canossa towards which every belief is forced to journey. Its self-discomfiting quality is admirably exemplified when he contrasts his own literary gifts with Joyce's praise of the latter becomes inevitably a mode of self-denigration. Orwell acknowledges Churchill and Stalin as the dynamic men who inimitably resisted Hitler; Stalin's speech rallying the Russian people could not be battered; Churchill's achievement was to grasp at the time of Dunkirk that France was beaten and that Britain, despite appearances, was not. The British people were right to reject Churchill in 1945 but are equally congratulated for instinctively turning towards him as the Saviour when disaster threatened.

Prejudice should never warp judgement nor ideology infect justice. Orwell ridicules the silly slogan 'Cheese not Churchill' scrawled on a London wall; no one will die for cheese but Churchill inspires self-sacrifice, a fact that must be accepted however one views the man. Orwell deplores the campaign of vengeance by the Left at the end of the war. Zilliacus pursues his vendetta against Mosley to the extent of demanding Fascist-type legislation and the creation of second-class citizens, but even Mosley, helpless, deserves fair play - Orwell is against the boot in the face regardless of who's wearing it. The Dickens in Orwell prevents him from joining the witchhunt. He monitors, in himself as in others, any tendency, however minute, any velleity.
however slight, to sophisticate truth through prejudice or propaganda, repudiates the pernicious principle that there is no need to keep faith with heretics, that we should reserve truth for our friends and vilify our enemies; all men deserve justice, Stalin as much as Joyce.

Given, however, Orwell’s assumption that we are all biased, the man who calls attention to his own prejudice is as near to honesty as being human allows. Orwell denies the possibility of a serious book on the Spanish War which is not also a work of propaganda, or no privileged, objective observer sits serenely above the battle. Since everyone is partisan, everyone should be openly so—that’s honesty. The honesty of Homage to Catalonia is thus paradoxically linked to the frank admission of its ‘dishonesty’, its refusal to pose as objective history when it is really an ideological warrior, as committed to the Republican cause as any rifle-carrying Anarchist.

But Orwell is a propagandist without being a liar—his career was devoted to proving that the two should not, need not, and must not be synonymous. Just as the patient wants to live but wants, even more, the truth, so the propagandist wants to win but not at the price of perjury. Being prejudiced is no excuse for mendacity; all is not ideology so long as some men strive, however imperfectly, to serve truth.

There is no rage against the past in Orwell, rather a concern that its indisputable, indeed irreplaceable, values
should be preserved into a future age. His fear is not the standard progressive one that the past lies too stiflingly upon us, rather that we are in danger of losing it too abruptly and perhaps even catastrophically. Religion, too, he regards, like patriotism, as another ancient impulse to be redirected rather than abolished, its indispensable merit conserved in some more rationally acceptable form. He is as sharply separated from those who ridicule religion as from those who ridicule patriotism, for he sees in each the qualities which arrogant progressives miss. That his discoveries concerning patriotism and religion were distasteful to progressive piety and inconvenient to his own socialism only made them the more obligatory for him. Orwell is pre-eminently the indefatigable truth-seeker with a mission to reveal the inconvenient fact that devastate cherished theories. Self-deception is, for him, not a sectional fault but a human failing, to be found everywhere, among men of every ideological persuasion - Tory, Irish nationalist, liberal, Stalinist, Trotskyite, pacifist each with a vested interest maintaining certain delusions flattering to his own predilections. Orwell’s writings are crash course for truth-dodgers in which he compels us to confront as possible what we cannot bear to be true.

Orwell rejects the pharisaical assumption that only other people’s closets contain skeletons. As humanist he regards life as noble and man as dignified - all the more reason for
considering the contrary hypothesis of a squalid Yahoodom. As socialist he believes that a rational, 'Marxist' reorganisation of society is the one solution to economic chaos - it follows that he must show how unspeakably difficult true socialism is, how hideously easy its current perversion. As an atheist he neither believes nor needs a God - the more mandatory for him to trace the psychological scars suffered by western man at the soul's excision and to nail the lie that God's death is a non-event, too trifling to make us pause.

And so three dreadful possibilities ambush us: what if life is incurably vile, socialism an impossible dream, atheistic man insufficient to the imposed task? Blasphemies from which the orthodox shrink in pious horror are for that very reason uttered by Orwell - the more fearful they are, the more fearlessly they must be expressed; Orwell unlike the liberal, is never too afraid to imagine the worst. It is, accordingly, the more regrettable that so many of his readers fail to match this courage, but, instead, censor the writings for the sake of a faultless and doubt-free socialism.

Orwell's opposition to religion is, accordingly, axiomatic. Who could miss the barbed malice that flashes through his remark about the crucifix that J.P. Morgan considered buying? It was not at first sight a particularly interesting work of art. But it turned out that the real point was that the crucifix took to pieces and inside it was concealed a stiletto. What a
perfect symbol of the Christian religion!. Evidently we appreciate the real point of Christianity only when it is thrust treacherously into our backs. The vituperative animus of the dun is worthy of Nietzsche himself, as it unmasksthe hypocritical malice of Christianity, the malignancy parading as self-sacrifice, the specious love that fronts for ruthless aggression. The crucifix in the hands of the great robber baron, the Christian as pious Apache, Tartuffe as hit-man: the image, clearly appealing to Orwell's sense of epiphany, is not one that indicates sympathy, but sympathy is the last thing to expect from a man who defended the deliberate destruction of Spanish churches by arguing that they were just as deliberately strongholds of reaction, concealed weapons, like the stiletto-crucifix, for use against the Spanish people, and that only fools or knaves would mourn their destruction.

Yet, simultaneously, there is a curious ambivalence in this professed atheist towards religion and its relationship to morality, an attitude that clashes with the conventional leftist response to organised superstition. The undeniable animus is strange bedfellow to a surprising acknowledgement of the psychological benefits. Orwell even entertains the heretical speculation that they may be irreplaceable - that Christianity confers on man. Marx himself is daringly cited by Orwell as ally in his attempt to discover within the dung of obscurantism the single diamond that is religion's genuine legacy to suffering man.
Orwell was convinced that the managerial state was established in Russia in the name of the Proletariat Revolution which was run by a new class. But he did not want the revival of unbridled capitalism. As with his other novels, both Animal Farm and 1984 reveal the personality and the life of Orwell.

Orwell was never enamoured of communism or of the Soviet Union. Russian treachery in Spain revolted him and even, in wartime, he used to ridicule and lamabast Russians in his Tribune articles. And when he saw that the three powers had divided the world at Tehran and Yalta, he did not feel assured that good relations between Russia and the West would last long. This underlines the plot of 1984. The stimulants which inspired Orwell into writing 1984 were E. T. Zamyatin's novel We, Franz Borkman's Cockpit and the third was Burham's Managerial Revolution.

Orwell had no great expectations. He wanted freedom of speech, truthful language in politics and common decency in social life. He did not feel assured of this. Therefore, as Malcolm Muggeridge observed: "Orwell loved the past, hated the present and dreaded the future".

Any sensitive person would have the same feeling but even the hateful present, not losing one's sensitivity is what is given to us by the honest souls and writers and artists like George Orwell.
Just as seeing imperialism (*Burmese Days*) in action produced in Orwell a revulsion against the pernicious system, the Spanish Civil war, in which Orwell had the opportunity of seeing political ideologies in action, produced in him a revulsion against all forms of totalitarian regimes, Nazi, Fascist, or Communist. He was especially disillusioned about the professions of Stalin’s Russia which claimed to be the champion of the oppressed and the exploited. From now onwards Orwell was a relentless crusader against totalitarianism and dictatorship. In his essays, novels and journalistic writings he exposed the emptiness of their propaganda.

As a prophecy 1984 is suspect, because it assumes that certain aspects of the Soviet regime in 1948, when the novel was written would set the pattern for the whole world, within the next forty years. Furthermore by including England among the communist tyrannies of the near future, Orwell was contradicting the perceptive observations he had made for the English people in *The Road to Wigan Pier* (1937), *Inside the Whale* (1941) and *The Lion and the Unicorn* (1941) - strikingly original books where he has dispelled the marxist myth that there was a ‘proletariat’ in England avid to follow the lead of their communist betters and had stressed instead the thoroughly ‘bourgeois’ nature of the English people. In *Nineteen Eighty-four* (1948) all this is suddenly changed; the bourgeois English people become ‘proles’ after the marxist pattern and all power is in the hands of just
the kind of 'Comrade', whose pitiful nonsense the author had exposed.

The impression that George Orwell made on his generation has been remarkable. More than any of his contemporaries he became, as Fritchelt called him, 'the conscience of his generation'. He produced on the basis of a simple belief. He had faith in decency, justice and liberty. He was essentially a preacher with the ability to make these familiar terms shine with meaning. His way of raising a problem and discussing it makes us feel that we were just going to think of it on those lines for ourselves.

The greatest gift of Orwell remains the clarity of his style. His prose is a true mirror of the man and his character against a particular political system. The mastery of his prose astonishes every reader. Sense and sound are blended in such a way that words on a page become vivid mental and emotional experience. His remarkable gift for writing was dispersed equally amongst social commentary, memoirs, cultural criticism, political journalism and fiction. But paradoxically the combination of Orwell's social awareness and his gift for writing in a wide range of genres, has had an adverse effect upon his literary legacy. It is highly impossible to separate Orwellian documentary and Orwellian fiction. Orwell keeps histrionics out of his attitude as well as his style.
His style is a neutral one - good, limpid, contemporary and always matched to its purposes. That describes exactly the cold, clear prose which was appropriate to the subjects he handled. Good prose always carries with it the accent of hard-work, the hallmark of greatness. Orwell’s prose is so precise and atheletic that it breathes to the common reader an air of naturalness and intimacy. His genius took infinite pains to prune off all superfluous words so that every sentence tells. This account for his greater concern for the English language. After politics, language, the medium of oral and written communication engaged his attention most. He has numerous essays and articles on problems concerned with language. He knew how language can be used and abused. His appendix to 1984 on ‘The principles of Newspeak’, the official language of Oceania is quite famous. He was aware that language can be elevated to the status of an instrument of emancipation and liberation of mankind and may lead to the purpose of blunting and removing the very edge of human thought. Language can be used to destroy the semantic properties of language acquired over centuries of human culture. Humanity and intelligence, clarity and humour are all to be found in his crystalline prose. As artist of the contemporary political and social scene, he comes in the grand line of Dryden and Swift. In his intelligence to see things clearly, in his gift of writing stimulating prose and in his earnestness to use his gifts for the benefit of society. George Orwell is a model of the soldier who fights the good fight with a broad smile.
In all these books Orwell's intelligence clears things up and his clear way of writing shows us that he experienced what we are experiencing and he was looking for the solution in just the way we must ourselves look for. Orwell is not particularly notable for skill in characterization. There is hardly a trace of character development in his stories. He manages plots and characters not from the heart but from the brain. While his characters are flat, his plots are closely woven, part answering part.

Orwell had thought over totalitarianism deeply and had dealt with the subject in several articles and reviews. His oft-quoted statement is: 'The sin of nearly all left-wingers from 1933 onwards is that they wanted to be anti-fascist without being anti-totalitarian. Orwell is a writer who will gain in relevance and significance with each accumulating decade. As men became clever manipulators of human mind, Orwell's fears and nightmares (as in 1984) take up menacing shapes. In 1984 we find something which is quite unique: a novel about the destruction of human freedom which is also a parable about the destruction of the novel as also the future of tragedy. Throughtout his writing, Orwell has been concentrating on the basic issue of the relation between an individual and the system. An individual can not exist without a system. The system which is labled out to him under the name of socialism only comes with a different lable and a different face. It also seeks to suppress him and tyrannise
over him only under the name of socialism. If a system tries to
over-power the individual, even to the point of twisting his
thought-process, it is a questionable good. Orwell can look
beyond the naive socialism but not beyond the despair created by
the actual experience of the socialist systems. His basic
honesty as an artist and as an individual, his sense of reality
and realism, his concern with the human condition as such
particularly is defined in social structures force him into an
unredeemable despair.

Orwell is like a road-sign, a danger signal that will
give mankind a pause in its headlong march:

In such a benediction lies our safety. In the last
analysis Orwell was neither for nor against party, nor
against communism, capitalism, fascism (even though
almost by definition it meant death) but against
oppression ‘in any form’. He stood for life-giving
things. We should read the work of this sick man more
frequently because he did so much to defend them for
us.

Orwell’s journey in his works was towards the mirage of a
better world, of a neater and more equitable social structure.

Orwell was totally disillusioned with all kind of
systems. In his distrust of Communism he has proved himself to
be a great prophet in 1980s. Any political party however perfect
it may be theoretically it is a failure in practice and so it
turns into a nightmare and freedom becomes a myth. Because
supression, opperssion and manipulation is the outcome of any
system. Since the name of the political parties may change but
the result remains the same. Orwell did not believe in any system. He was a political pessimist who feared the future when communism will manipulate language and also human freedom. As a social novelist Orwell is less interested in man than he is in the society that has infected him.

Orwell's *1984* is certainly and to a large extent, an attack on Soviet Communism. But Orwell did not have only Soviet Communism in mind when he wrote this book. What he wants to say is something like this: Russia with its socialist revolution has developed into a police state. But the threat of the Russian type of totalitarianism exists almost everywhere today. Orwell's book has therefore a wider significance than is generally thought. In the novel the extreme form of totalitarianism is depicted with all its attendant evils. *1984* is an authentic epitome of Orwell's denunciation of totalitarianism. But the dangers visualized in the novel have not materialized.

Russia, where a great revolution (The October Revolution) took place seventy years ago, is an ancient country with a unique history, filled with searchings, accomplishments and tragic events. It has given the world many discoveries and outstanding personalities.

Huge productive forces, a powerful intellectual potential, a highly advanced culture, a unique community of over one hundred nations and other nationalities and firm social protection for 280 million people on a territory forming one
sixth of the earth — such were the great and indisputable achievements and the Soviet people are justly proud of them. The country could progress only because of the revolution. It is a product of the revolution — the fruit of socialism, the new social system, and the result of the historical choice made by the people of Russia. Socialism according to the historical laws has more relevance to the working class. The moral and economic ends of socialism were seen as the elimination of social friction and injustice by the common ownership of the means of production and distribution and exchange.

But in the later half of the seventies something happened that was at first sight inexplicable. The country began to lose momentum. Economic failures became more frequent. Difficulties began to accumulate and deteriorate and unresolved problems to multiply. Elements of what we call stagnation and other phenomena aligned to socialism began to appear in the life of society. And all this happened at a time when scientific and technological revolution opened up new prospects for economic and social progress.

In order to usher in progress in the process of development in a socialist society, Perestroika which means restructuring is most essential. Any delay in the beginning would lead to social, economic an political crisis in the near future.
Perestroika and Glasnost were the concepts introduced by Mikhail Gorbachev. Mikhail Gorbachev was elected in 1970 to the Supreme Soviet of the USSR. In 1971 he was elected a member of the CPSU Central Committee at its 24th congress, and in 1978 he was elected the secretary. He moved to Moscow at this time and became an alternate member of the Politburo in 1979 and then a member in 1980. Today he is the President of USSR.

Perestroika means overcoming the stagnation process, breaking down the breaking mechanism, creating a dependable and effective mechanism for the acceleration of social and economic progress and giving it greater dynamism.

Perestroika means mass-initiative. It is the comprehensive development of democracy, socialist self-government, encouragement of initiative and creative endeavour, improved order and discipline. Glasnost means criticism and self-criticism in all spheres of our society. It is the most respect for the individual and consideration for personal dignity.

Perestroika is the all round intensification of the Soviet economy, the revival and development of the principles of democratic centralism in running the national economy, the universal introduction of economic methods, the renunciation of management by injunction and by administrative methods and the overall encouragement of innovation and socialist enterprise.

Speaking of the political aspect of the breaking
mechanism. one cannot fail to see that a paradoxical situation
developed. Educated and talented people committed to socialism
could not make full use of the potentialities inherent in
socialism; of the right to take real part in the administration
of state affairs. Of course, workers, farmers and intellectuals
have always been represented in all bodies of authority and
management, but they were not always drawn into the making and
adoption of decisions to the extent required for the healthy
development of socialist society. The masses had been prepared
for more active political effort, but there was no room for this.
although socialism grown stronger precisely because it involves
ever greater number of people in political activity.

The breaking mechanism in the economy with all its social
and ideological consequences, led to bureaucracy-ridden public
structures and to expansion at every level of bureaucracy. And
this bureaucracy acquired too great an influence in all state,
administrative and even public affairs.

It goes without saying that in these conditions Lenin's
valuable ideas on management and self-management, profit and loss
accounting, and the linking of public and personal interest
failed to be applied and developed properly. This is only one
example of ossified social thought that is divorced from reality.

Perestroika set new tasks for our politics and our social
thought. They include putting an end to the ossification of
social thought, in order to give it wider scope and to overcome
completely the consequences of that monopoly on theory typical of the period of the personality cult. At that time the forms of developments of socialist society that had come into being under extreme conditions were made by Stalin's authority into something absolute, and were regarded as the only possible forms for socialism. A drastic change must be made in social and political thought, and here we must learn from Lenin. He had the rare ability to sense at the right time the need for the radical changes, for a reassessment of values, for a revision of theoretical directives and political slogans. This kind of dialectics in political thinking inspired them to launch Perestroika.

Perestroika meets the vital interests of Soviet people. It is designed to bring society to new frontiers and raise it to a qualitatively new level. We shall have to make sacrifices, which will not be easy. The disappearance of something customary provokes protest. The established ideas and habits are disintegrating before our eyes. Conservatism does not want to give way, but all this can and must be overcome if we want to meet the long term interests of society and every individual.

Today, Glasnost is a vivid example of a normal and favourable spiritual and moral atmosphere in society, which makes it possible for people to understand better what happened in the past, what is taking place now, what we are striving for and what our plans are, and all this basis of understanding to
participate in the restructuring effort consciously. Democratization of atmosphere in society and social and economic changes are gaining momentum largely, thanks to the development of Glasnost.

The press must become even more effective. It should not leave in peace loafers, profit-seekers, time-servers, suppressors of criticism, and demagogues; it should more actively help those who are selflessly working for perestroika. A lot here depends on the local party committees. If the party committee reorganizes its work, the press does so too.

The press should unite and mobilize people rather than disuniting them and generating offence and a lack of confidence. Glasnost is aimed at strengthening our society. Glasnost, criticism and self-criticism are not just a new campaign. They have been proclaimed and must become a norm in the Soviet way of life. The virus of Gorbachev’s new political awakening are gradually spreading over to other countries like Hungary and China, where the political ideologies are undergoing slow but steady transformation.

Thus, contrary to Orwell’s nightmarish prophecy and fear in 1984 about the future of the political system it has turned out to be better. Therefore Orwell’s dreams for a better world have been fulfilled and the freedom of the individual is also not curbed in any form in the modern world.
REFERENCES

Chapter VI


2. Ibid., p. 476.
