

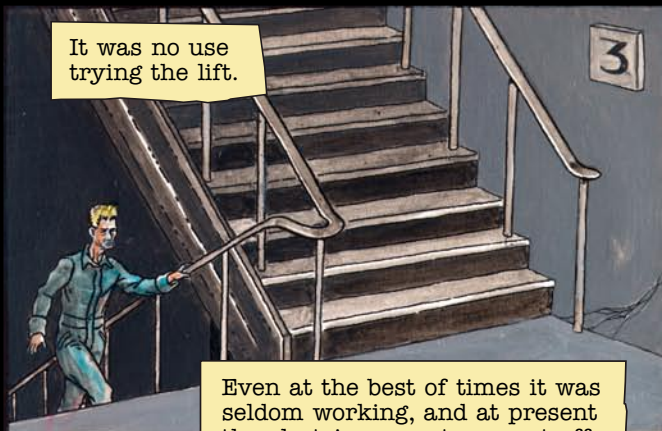
THE LAST MAN IN EUROPE



It was a bright cold day in April.



The hallway smelt of boiled cabbage and old rag mats.



It was no use trying the lift.



It was part of the economy drive in preparation for **Hate Week**.



Even at the best of times it was seldom working, and at present the electric current was cut off during daylight hours.

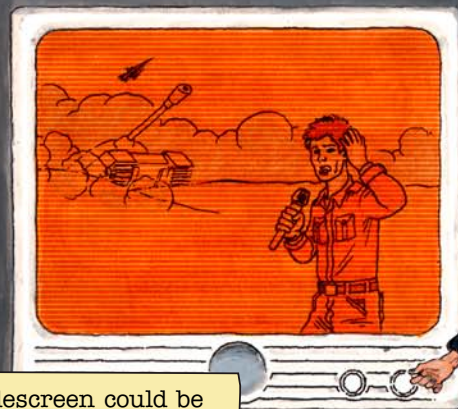


...Total non-communist pig iron production 558

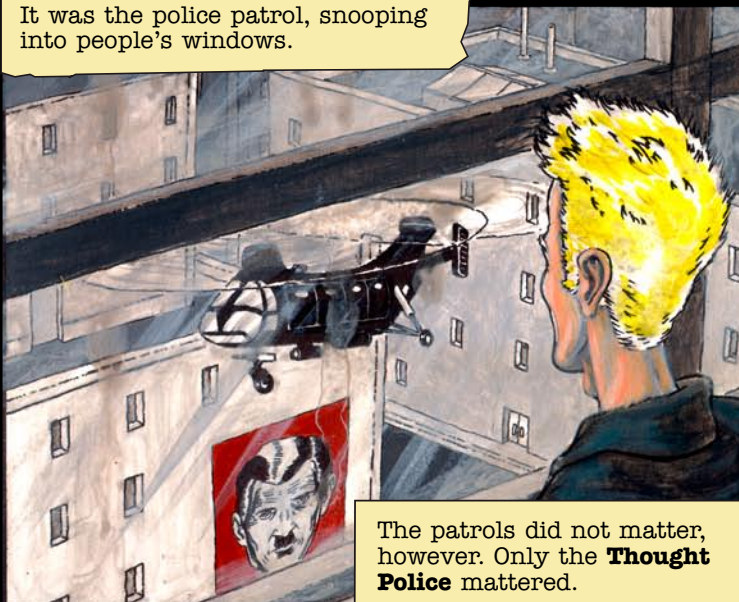
million metric tons USGS. Total communist pig iron produc



The telescreen could be dimmed, but there was no way of shutting it off completely.



It was the police patrol, snooping into people's windows.



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

The telescreen received and transmitted simultaneously.



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.

These were the homes of the four Ministries between which the entire apparatus of government was divided.

The **Ministry of Thruth** which concerned itself with news, education, and the fine arts.

The **Ministry of Peace**, which concerned itself with war.

The **Ministry of Love**, which maintained law and order.

And the **Ministry of Plenty**, which was responsible for economic affairs.

Their names, in Newspeak: Minitrueth, Minipax, Miniluv, and Miniplenty.



By leaving the Ministry at this time of day Winston had sacrificed his canteen...



...and he was aware that there was no food in the kitchen except a hunk of dark coloured bread which had got to be saved for tomorrow's breakfast.

Victory Gin gave off a sickly, oily smell, as of Chinese ricespirit.



It tastes like nitric acid.



In swallowing it one had the sensation of being hit on the back of the head with a rubber club.



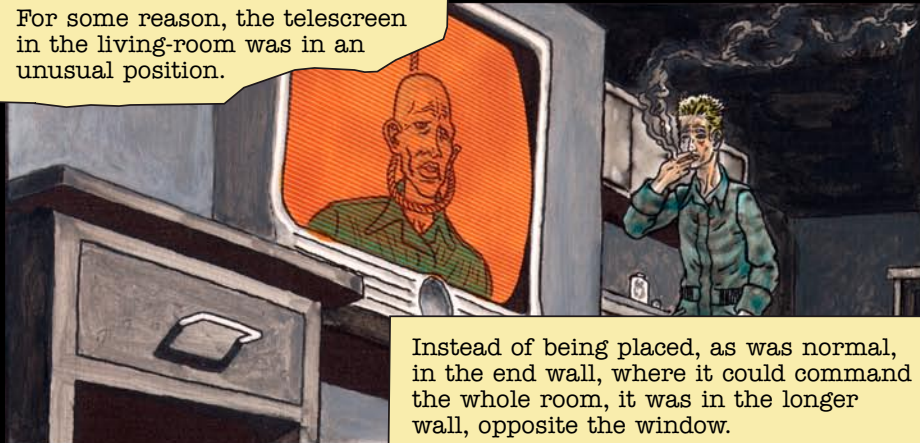
The next moment, however, the burning in Winston's belly died down...



...and the world began to look more cheerful.



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.



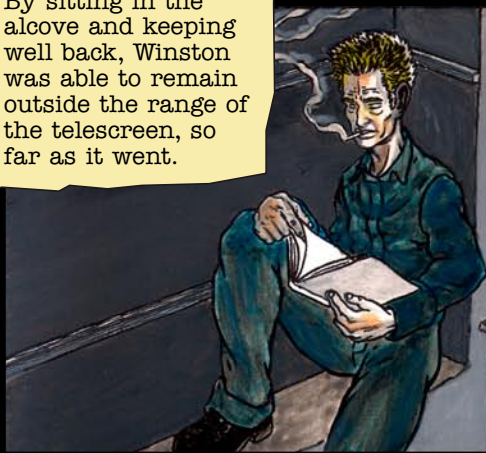
It was a peculiarly beautiful book.



Its smooth creamy paper, a little yellowed by age, was of a kind that had not been manufactured for at least forty years past.

He could guess, however, that the book was much older than that

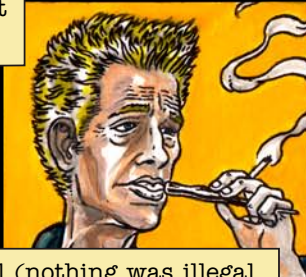
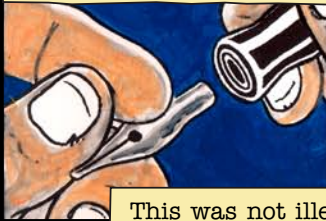
By sitting in the alcove and keeping well back, Winston was able to remain outside the range of the telescreen, so far as it went.



He could be heard, of course, but so long as he stayed in his present position he could not be seen.

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

The thing that he was about to do was to open a diary.



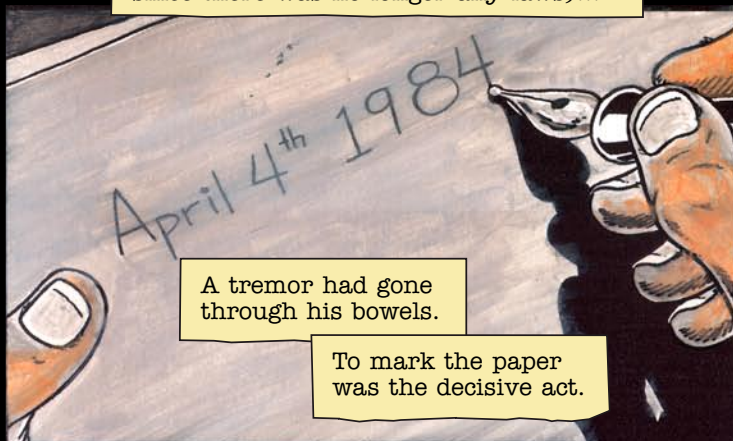
This was not illegal (nothing was illegal since there was no longer any laws)...



...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.

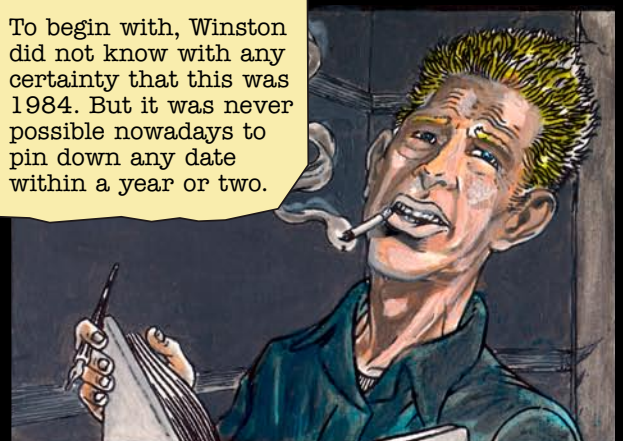


To begin with, Winston did not know with any certainty that this was 1984. But it was never possible nowadays to pin down any date within a year or two.

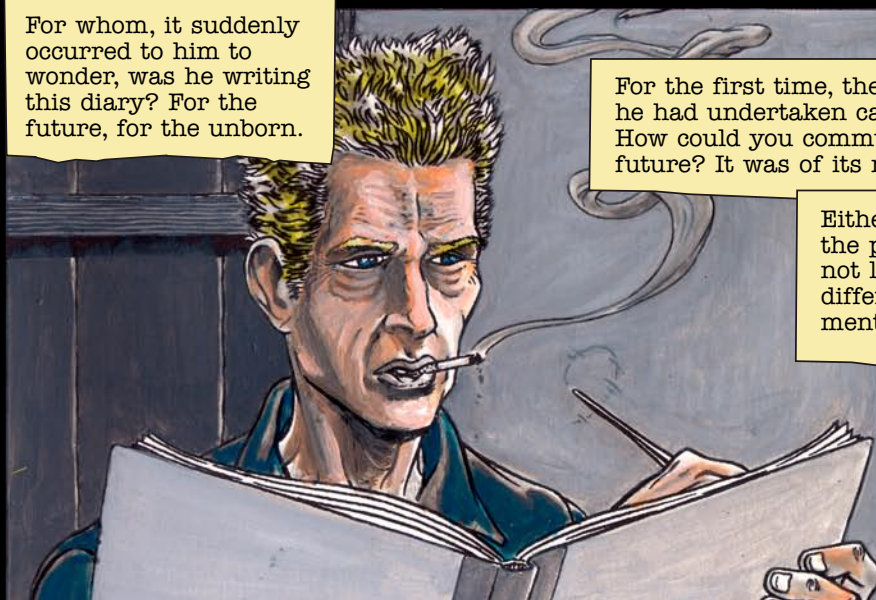


A tremor had gone through his bowels.

To mark the paper was the decisive act.



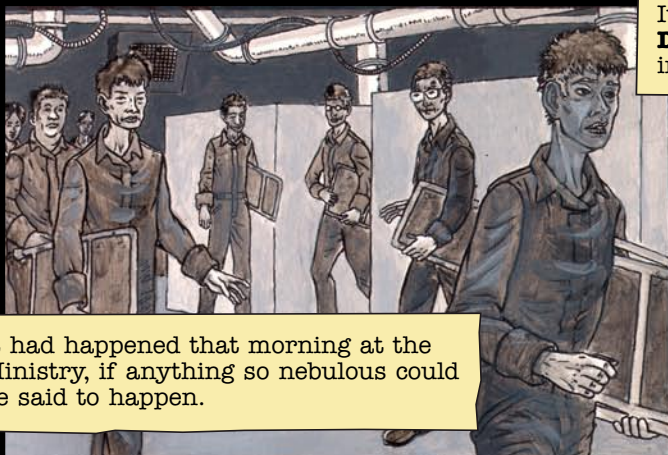
For whom, it suddenly occurred to him to wonder, was he writing this diary? For the future, for the unborn.



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.

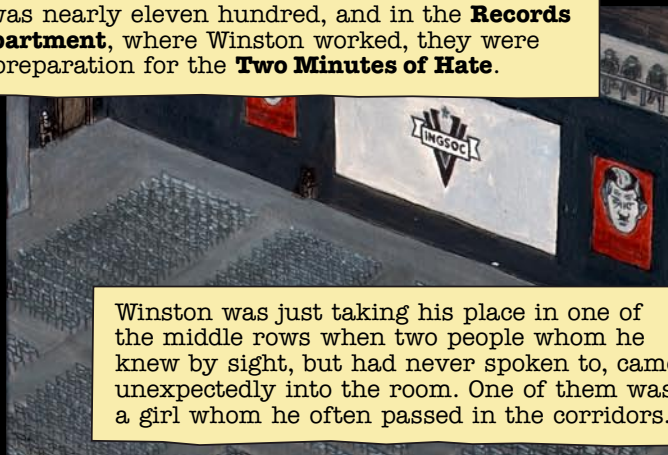
Either the future would resemble the present, in which case it would not listen to him: or it would be different from it, and his predicament would be meaningless.

It was, now he realized, because of this other incident that he suddenly decided to come home and begin the diary.

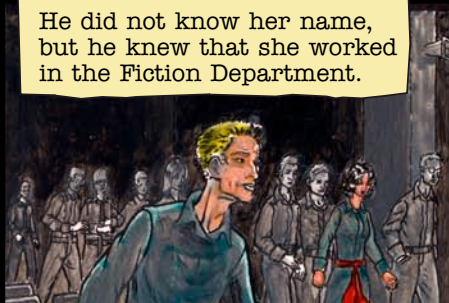


It was nearly eleven hundred, and in the **Records Department**, where Winston worked, they were in preparation for the **Two Minutes of Hate**.

It had happened that morning at the Ministry, if anything so nebulous could be said to happen.



Winston was just taking his place in one of the middle rows when two people whom he knew by sight, but had never spoken to, came unexpectedly into the room. One of them was a girl whom he often passed in the corridors.



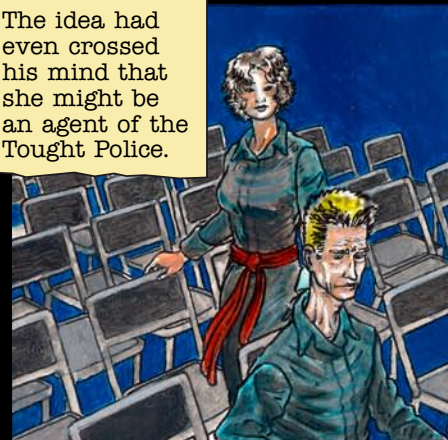
He did not know her name, but he knew that she worked in the Fiction Department.

...who were the most **begoted adherents of the Party**, the swallows of slogans, the amateur spies and nosers-out of unorthodoxy.



But this particular girl gave him the impression of being more dangerous than most.

The idea had even crossed his mind that she might be an agent of the Thought Police.



Winston had disliked her from the every first moment of seeing her. He disliked nearly all women, and especially the young and pretty ones...

The other person was a man named O'Brien, a member of the Inner Party.



Winston had seen him a dozen times in almost as many years.

He felt deeply drawn to him.



But at any rate, O'Brien had the appearance of being a person that you could talk to if somehow you could cheat the telescreen and get him alone.



Winston had never made the smallest effort to verify this guess: indeed, there was no way of doing so.

The Hate had started.

As usual, the face of Emmanuel Goldstein, the Enemy of the people, had flashed on the screen.

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 level with Big Brother himself, and he had engaged in counter-revolutionary activities, had been condemned to death, and had mysteriously escaped and disappeared.

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. Somewhere or other he was still alive and hatching his conspiracies: perhaps even – so it was occasionally rumored – in some hiding-place in Oceania itself.

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.

He was the commander of 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.

Neither the Brotherhood nor the book was a subject that any ordinary Party member would mention if there was a way of avoiding it.

A hideous ecstasy of fear and vindictiveness, a desire to kill, torture, to smash faces in with a sledge-hammer, seemed to flow through the whole group of people.



The rage that one felt was an abstract, undirected emotion which could be switched from one object to another like the flame of a blowlamp.

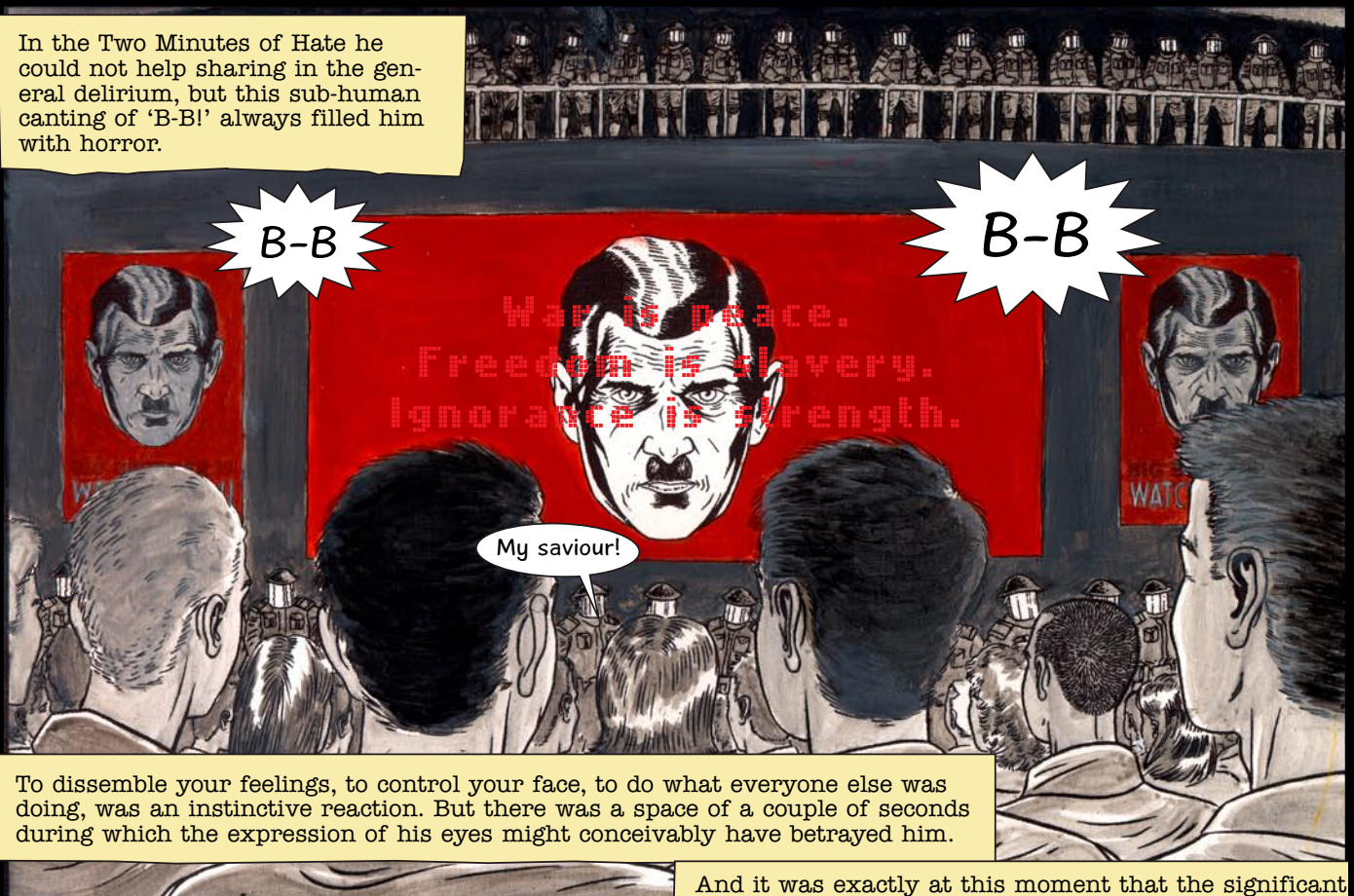
Thus, at one moment Winston's hatred was not turned against Goldstein at all, but, on the contrary, against Big Brother, the Party, and the Thought Police.

It was even possible, at moments, to switch one's hatred this way or that by a voluntary act.

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.



In the Two Minutes of Hate he could not help sharing in the general delirium, but this sub-human canting of 'B-B!' always filled him with horror.



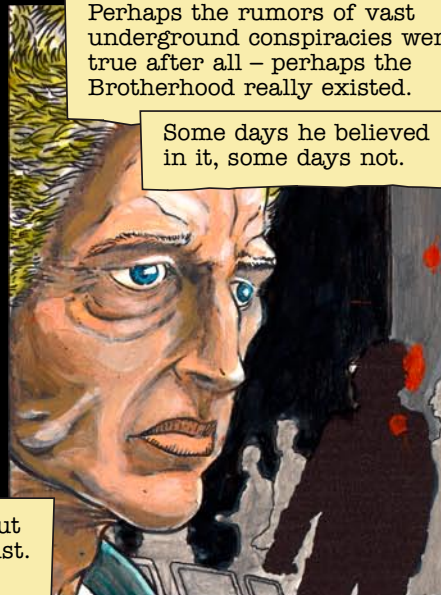
Momentarily he caught O'Brien's eye.

O'Brien was thinking the same thing as himself. An unmistakable message had passed.



Perhaps the rumors of vast underground conspiracies were true after all – perhaps the Brotherhood really existed.

Some days he believed in it, some days not.

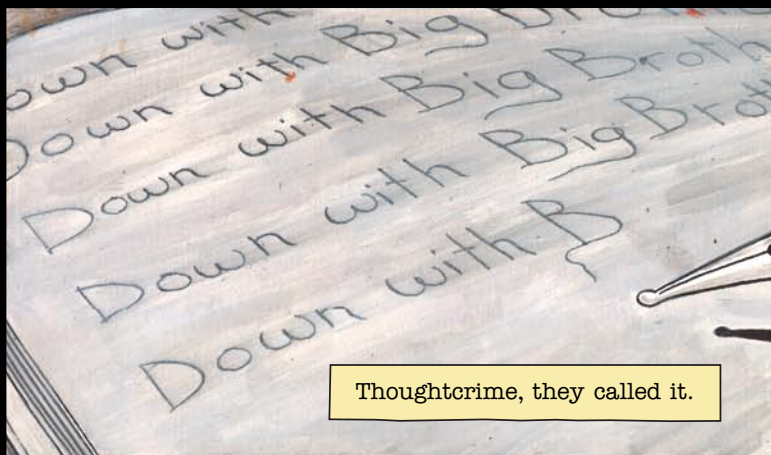


He seemed to be saying 'I know all about your contempt, your hatred, your disgust. But don't worry, I am on your side!'



The gin was rising from Winston's stomach.

BURP!



Thoughtcrime, they called it.

Thoughtcrime was not a thing that could be concealed forever. You might dodge it successfully for a while, even for years, but sooner or later they were bound to get you.



They'll shoot me, I don't care! They'll shoot me in the back of the neck, I don't care! Down with Big Brother! They always shoot you in the back of the neck. I don't care! Down with Big Brother!



Already!?



You were abolished, annihilated: vaporized was the usual word.

TO BE CONTINUED...