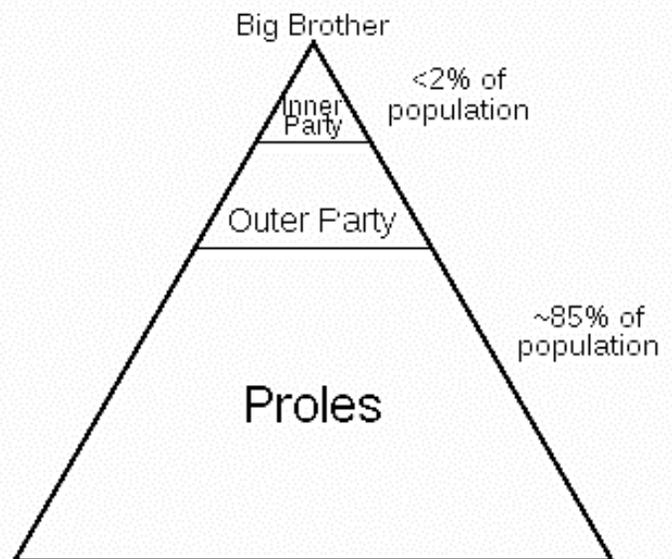


from **Nineteen Eight-Four** (1984)
by George Orwell



Introductory Notes!

- Our excerpt from George Orwell's book *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (1949) includes fictional chapters entitled "Ignorance Is Strength" and "War Is Peace" from a book called *The Theory and Practice of Oligarchical Collectivism*. In the plot of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, this book was supposedly written by fictional writer Emmanuel Goldstein, the principal enemy of the State of Oceania's ruling party. The Party portrays Goldstein as a former member of the 'Inner Party' who continually conspires to depose Big Brother and overthrow the government. Goldstein's book describes how three totalitarian governments emerged after 'a decade of national wars' in Orwell's fictional world.
- In the novel, the subversive book is read by the protagonist, Winston Smith, who recalls that "There were ... whispered stories of a terrible book, a compendium of all the heresies... People referred to it, if at all, simply as The Book." It was a crime to read The Book.
- The Book is given to Winston Smith by an important member of the Inner Party – a man named O'Brien – who *pretends* to be part of The Brotherhood, a group of Goldstein loyalists conspiring against The Party. O'Brien tells Winston that The Book reveals the true, totalitarian nature of the dystopian society that The Party established in Oceania, and that full membership to the Brotherhood requires reading The Book. In reality, O'Brien is trying to entrap Winston.
- The term 'Oligarchical Collectivism' is a Marxist term that refers to Ingsoc (*English Socialism*), the dominant ideology of Oceania, and to the ideologies of Neo-Bolshevism in Eurasia and Death Worship (Obliteration of the Self) in Eastasia. Winston reads two long excerpts from The Book that describe how the three totalitarian super-states – Eastasia, Eurasia, Oceania – emerged from a global war, thus connecting the past to his present, the year 1984. The Book explains the basic political philosophy of the totalitarianism that derived from the big government political tendencies manifested in the twentieth century. That the three, ostensibly opposing ideologies are functionally identical is the central revelation of The Book. This highlights Orwell's theme that big governments all lead to the same disastrous outcome.



From **Nineteen Eighty-Four**

Part Two - Section 9

By George Orwell



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.

He had worked more than ninety hours in five days. So had everyone else in the Ministry. Now it was all over, and he had literally nothing to do, no Party work of any description, until tomorrow morning. He could spend six hours in the hiding-place and another nine in his own bed. Slowly, in mild afternoon sunshine, he walked up a dingy street in the direction of Mr Charrington's shop, keeping one eye open for the patrols, but irrationally convinced that this afternoon there was no danger of anyone interfering with him. The heavy brief-case that he was carrying bumped against his knee at each step, sending a tingling sensation up and down the skin of his leg. Inside it was *the book*, which he had now had in his possession for six days and had not yet opened, nor even looked at.

On the sixth day of **Hate Week**, after the processions, the speeches, the shouting, the singing, the banners, the posters, the films, the waxworks, the rolling of drums and squealing of trumpets, the tramp of marching feet, the grinding of the caterpillars of tanks, the roar of massed planes, the booming of guns—after six days of this, when the great orgasm was quivering to its climax and the general hatred of Eurasia had boiled up into such delirium that if the crowd could have got their hands on the 2,000 Eurasian war-criminals who were to be publicly hanged on the last day of the proceedings, they would unquestionably have torn them to pieces—at just this moment it had been announced that Oceania was not after all at war with Eurasia. Oceania was at war with Eastasia. Eurasia was an ally.

There was, of course, no admission that any change had taken place. Merely it became known, with extreme suddenness and everywhere at once, that Eastasia and not Eurasia was the enemy.

Winston was taking part in a demonstration in one of the central London squares at the moment when it happened. It was night, and the white faces and the scarlet banners were luridly floodlit. The square was packed with several thousand people, including a block of about **a thousand schoolchildren in the uniform of the Spies**. On a scarlet-draped platform an orator

of the Inner Party, a small lean man with disproportionately long arms and a large bald skull over which a few lank locks straggled, was haranguing the crowd. A little Rumpelstiltskin figure, contorted with hatred, he gripped the neck of the microphone with one hand while the other, enormous at the end of a bony arm, clawed the air menacingly above his head. His voice, made metallic by the amplifiers, boomed forth an endless catalogue of atrocities, massacres, deportations, lootings, rapings, torture of prisoners, bombing of civilians, lying propaganda, unjust aggressions, broken treaties.

It was almost impossible to listen to him without being first convinced and then maddened. At every few moments the fury of the crowd boiled over and the voice of the speaker was drowned by a wild beast-like roaring that rose uncontrollably from thousands of throats. **The most savage yells of all came from the schoolchildren.**

The speech had been proceeding for perhaps twenty minutes when a messenger hurried on to the platform and a scrap of paper was slipped into the speaker's hand. He unrolled and read it without pausing in his speech. Nothing altered in his voice or manner, or in the content of what he was saying, but suddenly the names were different.

Without words said, a wave of understanding rippled through the crowd. Oceania was at war with Eastasia! The next moment there was a tremendous commotion. The banners and posters with which the square was decorated were all wrong! Quite half of them had the wrong faces on them. **It was sabotage! The agents of Goldstein had been at work!** There was a riotous interlude while posters were ripped from the walls, banners torn to shreds and trampled underfoot. The Spies performed prodigies of activity in clambering over the rooftops and cutting the streamers that fluttered from the chimneys. But within two or three minutes it was all over.

The orator, still gripping the neck of the microphone, his shoulders hunched forward, his free hand clawing at the air, had gone straight on with his speech. One minute more, and the feral roars of rage were again bursting from the crowd. **The Hate continued exactly as before, except that the target had been changed.**

The thing that impressed Winston in looking back was that the speaker had switched from one line to the other actually in midsentence, not only without a pause, but without even breaking the syntax.

But at the moment he had other things to preoccupy him. It was during the moment of disorder while the posters were being torn down that a man whose face he did not see had tapped him on the shoulder and said, 'Excuse me, I think you've dropped your brief-case.' He took the brief-case abstractedly, without speaking. He knew that it would be days before he had an

opportunity to look inside it. The instant that the demonstration was over he went straight to the **Ministry of Truth**, though the time was now nearly twenty-three hours. The entire staff of the Ministry had done likewise. The orders already issuing from the telescreen, recalling them to their posts, were hardly necessary.

Oceania was at war with Eastasia: Oceania had always been at war with Eastasia. A large part of the political literature of five years was now completely obsolete.

Reports and records of all kinds, newspapers, books, pamphlets, films, sound-tracks, photographs—all had to be rectified at lightning speed. Although no directive was ever issued, it was known that the chiefs of the Department intended that **within one week no reference to the war with Eurasia, or the alliance with Eastasia, should remain in existence anywhere**. The work was overwhelming, all the more so because the processes that it involved could not be called by their true names.

Everyone in the Records Department worked eighteen hours in the twenty-four, with two three-hour snatches of sleep. Mattresses were brought up from the cellars and pitched all over the corridors: meals consisted of sandwiches and **Victory Coffee** wheeled round on trolleys by attendants from the canteen. Each time that Winston broke off for one of his spells of sleep he tried to leave his desk clear of work, and each time that he crawled back sticky-eyed and aching, it was to find that another shower of paper cylinders had covered the desk like a snowdrift, halfburying the speakwrite and overflowing on to the floor, so that the first job was always to stack them into a neat enough pile to give him room to work. What was worst of all was that the work was by no means purely mechanical. Often it was enough merely to substitute one name for another, but any detailed report of events demanded care and imagination. Even the geographical knowledge that one needed in **transferring the war from one part of the world to another** was considerable.

By the third day his eyes ached unbearably and his spectacles needed wiping every few minutes. It was like struggling with some crushing physical task, something which one had the right to refuse and which one was nevertheless neurotically anxious to accomplish. In so far as he had time to remember it, he was not troubled by the fact that every word he murmured into the speakwrite, every stroke of his ink-pencil, was **a deliberate lie**. *He was as anxious as anyone else in the Department that the forgery should be perfect.*

On the morning of the sixth day the dribble of cylinders slowed down. For as much as half an hour nothing came out of the tube; then one more cylinder, then nothing. Everywhere at about the same time the work was easing off. A deep and as it were secret sigh went through the Department. A mighty deed, which could never be mentioned, had been achieved. **It was now**

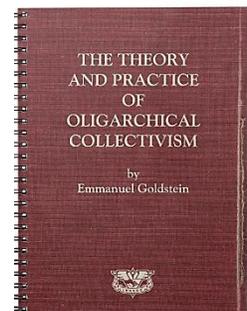
impossible for any human being to prove by documentary evidence that the war with Eurasia had ever happened.

At twelve hundred it was unexpectedly announced that all workers in the Ministry were free till tomorrow morning. Winston, still carrying the brief-case containing the book, which had remained between his feet while he worked and under his body while he slept, went home, shaved himself, and almost fell asleep in his bath, although the water was barely more than tepid.

With a sort of voluptuous creaking in his joints he climbed the stair above Mr Charrington's shop. 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. Julia would arrive presently: meanwhile there was the book. He sat down in the sluttish armchair and undid the straps of the brief-case.

A heavy black volume, amateurishly bound, with no name or title on the cover. The print also looked slightly irregular. The pages were worn at the edges, and fell apart, easily, as though the book had passed through many hands. The inscription on the title-page ran:

***THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF
OLIGARCHICAL COLLECTIVISM
by Emmanuel Goldstein***



Winston began reading:

***Chapter I
Ignorance is Strength***

Throughout recorded time, and probably since the end of the Neolithic Age, there have been three kinds of people in the world, the **High, the Middle, and the Low**. They have been subdivided in many ways, they have borne countless different names, and their relative numbers, as well as their attitude towards one another, have varied from age to age: but the essential structure of society has never altered. Even after enormous upheavals and seemingly irrevocable changes, the same pattern has always reasserted itself, just as a gyroscope will always return to equilibrium, however far it is pushed one way or the other.

The aims of these groups are entirely irreconcilable. . .

Winston stopped reading, chiefly in order to appreciate the fact that he *was* reading, in comfort and safety. He was alone: no telescreen, no ear at the keyhole, no nervous impulse to glance over his shoulder or cover the page with his hand. The sweet summer air played against his

cheek. From somewhere far away there floated the faint shouts of children: in the room itself there was no sound except the insect voice of the clock. He settled deeper into the arm-chair and put his feet up on the fender. It was bliss, it was eternity. Suddenly, as one sometimes does with a book of which one knows that one will ultimately read and re-read every word, he opened it at a different place and found himself at Chapter III. He went on reading:

Chapter III ***War is Peace***

The splitting up of the world into three great super-states was an event which could be and indeed was foreseen before the middle of the twentieth century. With the absorption of Europe by Russia and of the British Empire by the United States, two of the three existing powers, Eurasia and Oceania, were already effectively in being. The third, Eastasia, only emerged as a distinct unit after another decade of confused fighting. The frontiers between the three super-states are in some places arbitrary, and in others they fluctuate according to the fortunes of war, but in general they follow geographical lines. Eurasia comprises the whole of the northern part of the European and Asiatic land-mass, from Portugal to the Bering Strait. Oceania comprises the Americas, the Atlantic islands including the British Isles, Australasia, and the southern portion of Africa. Eastasia, smaller than the others and with a less definite western frontier, comprises China and the countries to the south of it, the Japanese islands and a large but fluctuating portion of Manchuria, Mongolia, and Tibet.

In one combination or another, these three super-states are permanently at war, and have been so for the past twenty-five years. War, however, is no longer the desperate, annihilating struggle that it was in the early decades of the twentieth century. It is a warfare of limited aims between combatants who are unable to destroy one another, have no material cause for fighting and are not divided by any genuine ideological difference. This is not to say that either the conduct of war, or the prevailing attitude towards it, has become less bloodthirsty or more chivalrous. On the contrary, war hysteria is continuous and universal in all countries, and such acts as raping, looting, the slaughter of children, the reduction of whole populations to slavery, and reprisals against prisoners which extend even to boiling and burying alive, are looked upon as normal, and, when they are committed by one's own side and not by the enemy, meritorious. But in a physical sense war involves very small numbers of people, mostly highly-trained specialists, and causes comparatively few casualties. The fighting, when there is any, takes place on the vague frontiers whose whereabouts the average man can only guess at, or round the Floating Fortresses which guard strategic spots on the sea lanes. In the centres of civilization war means no more than a continuous shortage of consumption goods, and the occasional crash of a rocket bomb which may cause a

few scores of deaths. War has in fact changed its character. More exactly, the reasons for which war is waged have changed in their order of importance. Motives which were already present to some small extent in the great wars of the early twentieth century have now become dominant and are consciously recognized and acted upon.

To understand the nature of the present war—for in spite of the regrouping which occurs every few years, it is always the same war—one must realize in the **first** place that it is impossible for it to be decisive. None of the three super-states could be definitively conquered even by the other two in combination. They are too evenly matched, and their natural defences are too formidable. Eurasia is protected by its vast land spaces. Oceania by the width of the Atlantic and the Pacific, Eastasia by the fecundity and industriousness of its inhabitants. **Secondly, there is no longer, in a material sense, anything to fight about.** With the establishment of self-contained economies, in which production and consumption are geared to one another, the scramble for markets which was a main cause of previous wars has come to an end, while the competition for raw materials is no longer a matter of life and death. In any case each of the three super-states is so vast that it can obtain almost all the materials that it needs within its own boundaries. In so far as the war has a direct economic purpose, it is a **war for labour power.**

... All of the disputed territories contain valuable minerals, and some of them yield important vegetable products such as rubber which in colder climates it is necessary to synthesize by comparatively expensive methods. But above all they contain a bottomless reserve of cheap labour. Whichever power controls equatorial Africa, or the countries of the Middle East, or Southern India, or the Indonesian Archipelago, disposes also of the bodies of scores or hundreds of millions of ill-paid and hard-working coolies. **The inhabitants of these areas, reduced more or less openly to the status of slaves, pass continually from conqueror to conqueror,** and are expended like so much coal or oil in the race to turn out more armaments, to capture more territory, to control more labour power, to turn out more armaments, to capture more territory, and so on indefinitely...

...**The primary aim of modern warfare** (in accordance with the principles of **doublethink**, this aim is simultaneously recognized and not recognized by the directing brains of the Inner Party) is to **use up the products of the machine without raising the general standard of living.** Ever since the end of the nineteenth century, the problem of what to do with the surplus of consumption goods has been latent in industrial society. At present, when few human beings even have enough to eat, this problem is obviously not urgent, and it might not have become so, even if no artificial processes of destruction had been at work.

The world of today is a bare, hungry, dilapidated place compared with the world that existed before 1914, and still more so if compared with the imaginary future to which the people of that period looked forward. 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. Science and technology were developing at a prodigious speed, and it seemed natural to assume that they would go on developing. This failed to happen, partly because of the impoverishment caused by a long series of wars and revolutions, partly because **scientific and technical progress depended on the empirical habit of thought, which could not survive in a strictly regimented society.**

As a whole the world is more primitive today than it was fifty years ago. Certain backward areas have advanced, and various devices, always in some way connected with warfare and police espionage, have been developed, but experiment and invention have largely stopped, and the ravages of the atomic war of the nineteen-fifties have never been fully repaired.

Nevertheless, the dangers inherent in **the machine** are still there. From the moment when the machine first made its appearance it was clear to all thinking people that the need for human drudgery, and therefore to a great extent for human inequality, had disappeared. If the machine were used deliberately for that end, hunger, overwork, dirt, illiteracy, and disease could be eliminated within a few generations. And in fact, without being used for any such purpose, but by a sort of automatic process—by producing wealth which it was sometimes impossible not to distribute—the machine did raise the living standards of the average human being very greatly over a period of about fifty years at the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth centuries.

But it was also clear that an **all-round increase in wealth threatened the destruction**—indeed, in some sense was the destruction—**of a hierarchical society.** In a world in which everyone worked short hours, had enough to eat, lived in a house with a bathroom and a refrigerator, and possessed a motor-car or even an aeroplane, the most obvious and perhaps the most important form of inequality would already have disappeared. If it once became general, wealth would confer no distinction.

It was possible, no doubt, to imagine a society in which wealth, in the sense of personal possessions and luxuries, should be evenly distributed, while power remained in the hands of a small privileged caste. But in practice such a society could not long remain stable.

For if leisure and security were enjoyed by all alike, **the great mass of human beings who are normally stupefied by poverty would become literate and would learn to think for themselves;** and when once they had done this, **they would sooner or later realize that the privileged minority had no function, and they would sweep it away.** In the long run, a hierarchical society was only possible on a basis of poverty and ignorance...

...Nor was it a satisfactory solution to keep the masses in poverty by restricting the output of goods. This happened to a great extent during the **final phase of capitalism**, roughly between 1920 and 1940. The economy of many countries was allowed to stagnate, land went out of cultivation, capital equipment was not added to, great blocks of the population were prevented from working and kept half alive by State charity. But this, too, entailed military weakness, and since the privations it inflicted were obviously unnecessary, it made opposition inevitable. *The problem was how to keep the wheels of industry turning without increasing the real wealth of the world.* Goods must be produced, but they must not be distributed. And in practice the only way of achieving this was by **continuous warfare.**

The **essential act of war is destruction**, not necessarily of human lives, but of the **products of human labour.** War is a way of shattering to pieces, or pouring into the stratosphere, or sinking in the depths of the sea, materials which might otherwise be used to make the masses **too comfortable**, and hence, in the long run, **too intelligent...**

...It is deliberate policy to keep even the favoured groups somewhere near the brink of hardship, because a general state of scarcity increases the importance of small privileges and thus magnifies the distinction between one group and another. By the standards of the early twentieth century, even a member of the Inner Party lives an austere, laborious kind of life. Nevertheless, the few luxuries that he does enjoy his large, well-appointed flat, the better texture of his clothes, the better quality of his food and drink and tobacco, his two or three servants, his private motor-car or helicopter—set him in a different world from a member of the Outer Party, and the members of the Outer Party have a similar advantage in comparison with the submerged masses whom we call ‘the proles’. The social atmosphere is that of a besieged city, where the possession of a lump of horseflesh makes the difference between wealth and poverty. And at the same time the consciousness of being at war, and therefore in danger, makes **the handing-over of all power to a small caste** seem the natural, unavoidable condition of survival.

War, it will be seen, accomplishes the necessary destruction, but accomplishes it in a **psychologically acceptable way.** In principle it would be quite simple to waste the surplus labour of the world by building temples and pyramids, by digging holes and

filling them up again, or even by producing vast quantities of goods and then setting fire to them. But this would provide only the economic and not the **emotional basis for a hierarchical society**.

What is concerned here is not the morale of masses, whose attitude is unimportant so long as they are kept steadily at work, but **the morale of the Party itself**. Even the humblest Party member is expected to be competent, industrious, and even intelligent within narrow limits, but it is also necessary that he should be a **credulous and ignorant fanatic whose prevailing moods are fear, hatred, adulation**, and orgiastic triumph. In other words it is necessary that he should have the mentality appropriate to a state of war... The splitting of the intelligence which the Party requires of its members, and which is more easily achieved in an atmosphere of war, is now almost universal, but the higher up the ranks one goes, the more marked it becomes.

It is precisely in the Inner Party that war hysteria and **hatred of the enemy** are strongest. In his capacity as an administrator, it is often necessary for a member of the Inner Party to know that this or that item of war news is untruthful, and he may often be aware that the entire war is spurious and is either not happening or is being waged for purposes quite other than the declared ones: but such knowledge is easily neutralized by **the technique of doublethink**. Meanwhile no Inner Party member wavers for an instant in his mystical belief that the war is real, and that it is bound to end victoriously, with Oceania the undisputed master of the entire world.

All members of the Inner Party believe in this coming conquest as an article of faith.... In Oceania at the present day, Science, in the old sense, has almost ceased to exist. In Newspeak there is no word for 'Science'. The **empirical method of thought**, on which all the scientific achievements of the past were founded, **is opposed to the most fundamental principles of Ingsoc...**

... But in matters of vital importance—meaning, in effect, war and police espionage—the empirical approach is still encouraged, or at least tolerated. **The two aims of the Party are to conquer the whole surface of the earth and to *extinguish once and for all the possibility of independent thought*.**



There are therefore **two great problems** which the Party is concerned to solve. **One** is how to discover, against his will, what another human being is thinking, and **the other** is how to kill several hundred million people in a few seconds without giving warning beforehand.

In so far as scientific research still continues, this is its subject matter. **The scientist of today is either a mixture of psychologist and inquisitor**, studying with real ordinary minuteness the meaning of facial expressions, gestures, and tones of voice, and testing the truth-producing effects of drugs, shock therapy, hypnosis, and physical torture; or he is chemist, physicist, or biologist concerned only with such branches of his special subject as are relevant to the taking of life.

In the vast laboratories of the Ministry of Peace, and in the experimental stations hidden in the Brazilian forests, or in the Australian desert, or on lost islands of the Antarctic, the teams of experts are indefatigably at work. Some are concerned simply with planning the logistics of future wars; others devise larger and larger rocket bombs, more and more powerful explosives, and more and more impenetrable armour-plating; others search for new and deadlier gases, or for soluble poisons capable of being produced in such quantities as to destroy the vegetation of whole continents, or for **breeds of disease germs** immunized against all possible antibodies; others strive to produce a vehicle that shall bore its way under the soil like a submarine under the water, or an aeroplane as independent of its base as a sailing-ship; others explore even remoter possibilities such as focusing the sun's rays through lenses suspended thousands of kilometres away in space, or producing artificial earthquakes and tidal waves by tapping the heat at the earth's centre.

But none of these projects ever comes anywhere near realization, and none of the three super-states ever gains a significant lead on the others. What is more remarkable is that all three powers already possess, in the atomic bomb, a weapon far more powerful than any that their present researches are likely to discover. Although the Party, according to its habit, claims the invention for itself, atomic bombs first appeared as early as the nineteen-forties, and were first used on a large scale about ten years later. At that time some hundreds of bombs were dropped on industrial centres, chiefly in European Russia, Western Europe, and North America. The effect was to convince the ruling groups of all countries that a few more atomic bombs would mean the end of organized society, and hence of their own power...

... The problem is the same for all three super-states. It is absolutely necessary to their structure that there should be no contact with foreigners.... [T]he main frontiers must never be crossed by anything except bombs... Under this lies a fact never mentioned aloud, but tacitly understood and acted upon: namely, that *the conditions of life in all three super-states are very much the same*. In **Oceania** the prevailing philosophy is called **Ingsoc**, in **Eurasia** it is called **Neo-Bolshevism**, and in **Eastasia** it is called by a Chinese name usually translated as **Death-Worship**, but perhaps better rendered as Obliteration of the Self.

The citizen of Oceania is not allowed to know anything of the tenets of the other two philosophies, but he is taught to execrate them as barbarous outrages upon morality and common sense.

Actually, the **three philosophies are barely distinguishable**, and the social systems which they support are not distinguishable at all.

Everywhere there is **the same pyramidal structure**, the same worship of semi-divine leader, *the same economy existing by and for continuous warfare*.

It follows that the three super-states not only cannot conquer one another but would gain no advantage by doing so. On the contrary, so long as they remain in conflict, they prop one another up, like three sheaves of corn. And, as usual, the ruling groups of all three powers are simultaneously aware and unaware of what they are doing. Their lives are dedicated to world conquest, but they also know that it is necessary that the war should continue everlastingly and without victory...

...In past ages, a war, almost by definition, was something that sooner or later came to an end, usually in unmistakable victory or defeat. ... All rulers in all ages have tried to impose a false view of the world upon their followers... Newspapers and history books were, of course, always coloured and biased, but **falsification** of the kind that is practised today would have been impossible.... While wars could be won or lost, no ruling class could be completely irresponsible.

But when war becomes literally continuous, it also ceases to be dangerous. When war is continuous there is no such thing as military necessity.... Efficiency, even military efficiency, is no longer needed. Nothing is efficient in Oceania except the **Thought Police**. Since 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...

...Cut off from contact with the outer world, and with the past, the citizen of Oceania is like a man in interstellar space, who has no way of knowing which direction is up and which is down. The rulers of such a state are absolute, as the Pharaohs or the Caesars could not be. *They are obliged to prevent their followers from starving to death in numbers large enough to be inconvenient*, and they are obliged to remain at the same low level of military technique as their rivals; but once that minimum is achieved, they can twist reality into whatever shape they choose.

The war, therefore, if we judge it by the standards of previous wars, is merely an imposture... But though it is unreal it is not meaningless. It eats up the surplus of

consumable goods, and it helps to **preserve the special mental atmosphere that a hierarchical society needs**. War, it will be seen, is now a purely internal affair.

In the past, the ruling groups of all countries, although they might recognize their common interest and therefore limit the destructiveness of war, did fight against one another, and the victor always plundered the vanquished.

In our own day they are not fighting against one another at all. ***The war is waged by each ruling group against its own subjects, and the object of the war is not to make or prevent conquests of territory, but to keep the structure of society intact.***

The very word 'war', therefore, has become misleading. It would probably be accurate to say that by becoming continuous war has ceased to exist.... A peace that was truly permanent would be the same as a permanent war. This—although the vast majority of Party members understand it only in a shallower sense—is the inner meaning of the Party slogan: **War is Peace**.

Winston stopped reading for a moment. Somewhere in remote distance a rocket bomb thundered. The blissful feeling of being alone with the forbidden book, in a room with no telescreen, had not worn off. Solitude and safety were physical sensations, mixed up somehow with the tiredness of his body, the softness of the chair, the touch of the faint breeze from the window that played upon his cheek. The book fascinated him, or more exactly it reassured him. In a sense it told him nothing that was new, but that was part of the attraction. It said what he would have said, if it had been possible for him to set his scattered thoughts in order. It was the product of a mind similar to his own, but enormously more powerful, more systematic, less fear-ridden. The best books, he perceived, are those that tell you what you know already.

He had just turned back to Chapter I when he heard Julia's footstep on the stair and started out of his chair to meet her. She dumped her brown tool-bag on the floor and flung herself into his arms. It was more than a week since they had seen one another.

'I've got **the book**,' he said...

'Oh, you've got it? Good,' she said without much interest, and almost immediately knelt down beside the oilstove to make the coffee...

'We must read it,' he said. 'You too. All members of the Brotherhood have to read it.'

'You read it,' she said with her eyes shut. 'Read it aloud. That's the best way. Then you can explain it to me as you go.'

The clock's hands said six, meaning eighteen. They had three or four hours ahead of them. He propped the book against his knees and began reading:

Chapter I
Ignorance is Strength

Throughout recorded time, and probably since the end of the Neolithic Age, there have been three kinds of people in the world, the High, the Middle, and the Low. They have been subdivided in many ways, they have borne countless different names, and their relative numbers, as well as their attitude towards one another, have varied from age to age: but the essential structure of society has never altered. Even after enormous upheavals and seemingly irrevocable changes, the same pattern has always reasserted itself, just as a gyroscope will always return to equilibrium, however far it is pushed one way or the other

'Julia, are you awake?' said Winston.

'Yes, my love, I'm listening. Go on. It's marvellous.'

He continued reading:

The aims of these three groups are entirely irreconcilable. The aim of the High is to remain where they are. The aim of the Middle is to change places with the High. The aim of the Low, when they have an aim—for it is an abiding characteristic of the Low that they are too much crushed by drudgery to be more than intermittently conscious of anything outside their daily lives—is to abolish all distinctions and create a society in which all men shall be equal.

Thus throughout history a struggle which is the same in its main outlines recurs over and over again. For long periods the High seem to be securely in power, but sooner or later there always comes a moment when they lose either their belief in themselves or their capacity to govern efficiently, or both. ***They are then overthrown by the Middle, who enlist the Low on their side by pretending to them that they are fighting for liberty and justice.*** As soon as they have reached their objective, the Middle thrust the Low back into their old position of servitude, and themselves become the High.

Presently a new Middle group splits off from one of the other groups, or from both of them, and the struggle begins over again. Of the three groups, only the Low are never even temporarily successful in achieving their aims. It would be an exaggeration to say that throughout history there has been no progress of a material kind. Even today, in a

period of decline, the average human being is physically better off than he was a few centuries ago. But no advance in wealth, no softening of manners, no reform or revolution has ever brought human equality a millimetre nearer. From the point of view of the Low, no historic change has ever meant much more than a change in the name of their masters.

... The Middle, so long as it was struggling for power, had **always made use of such terms as freedom, justice, and fraternity**.... In the past the Middle had made revolutions under the banner of equality, and then had *established a fresh tyranny* as soon as the old one was overthrown.

The new Middle groups in effect proclaimed their tyranny beforehand. **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... Therefore, from the point of view of the new groups who were on the point of seizing power, human equality was no longer an ideal to be striven after, but a danger to be averted...

... Every new political theory, by whatever name it called itself, led back to hierarchy and regimentation. *And in the general hardening of outlook that set in round about 1930, practices which had been long abandoned, in some cases for hundreds of years— imprisonment without trial, the use of war prisoners as slaves, public executions, torture to extract confessions, the use of hostages, and the deportation of whole populations— not only became common again, but were **tolerated and even defended by people who considered themselves enlightened and progressive.***

** It was only after a decade of national wars, civil wars, revolutions, and counter-revolutions in all parts of the world that Ingsoc and its rivals emerged as fully worked-

out political theories. But they had been foreshadowed by the various systems, generally called **totalitarian**, which had appeared earlier in the century, and the main outlines of the world which would emerge from the prevailing chaos had long been obvious.

What kind of people would control this world had been equally obvious. The **new aristocracy** was made up for the most part of bureaucrats, scientists, technicians, trade-union organizers, publicity experts, sociologists, teachers, journalists, and professional politicians.

These people, whose origins lay in the salaried middle class and the upper grades of the working class, had been shaped and brought together by the barren world of monopoly industry and **centralized government**. As compared with their opposite numbers in past ages, they were less avaricious, less tempted by luxury, hungrier for pure power, and, above all, more conscious of what they were doing and **more intent on crushing opposition**. This last difference was cardinal. By comparison with that existing today, all the tyrannies of the past were half-hearted and inefficient. The ruling groups were always infected to some extent by liberal ideas, and were content to leave loose ends everywhere, to regard only the overt act and to be uninterested in what their subjects were thinking. Even the Catholic Church of the Middle Ages was tolerant by modern standards.

Part of the reason for this was that **in the past no government had the power to keep its citizens under constant surveillance**. The invention of print, however, made it *easier to manipulate public opinion*, and the film and the radio carried the process further. With the development of television, and the technical advance which made it possible to receive and transmit simultaneously on the same instrument, **private life came to an end**.

Every citizen, or at least every citizen important enough to be worth watching, could be kept for twenty-four hours a day under the eyes of the police and in the sound of official propaganda, with all other channels of communication closed. The possibility of enforcing not only **complete obedience to the will of the State**, but **complete uniformity of opinion on all subjects**, now existed for the first time.

After the revolutionary period of the fifties and sixties, society regrouped itself, as always, into High, Middle, and Low. But the new High group, unlike all its forerunners, did not act upon instinct but knew what was needed to safeguard its position. It had long been realized that the **only secure basis for oligarchy is collectivism**. Wealth and privilege are most easily defended when they are possessed jointly. The so-called

'abolition of private property' which took place in the middle years of the century meant, in effect, the concentration of property in far fewer hands than before: but with this difference, that the *new owners were a group instead of a mass of individuals*.

Individually, no member of the Party owns anything, except petty personal belongings. **Collectively, the Party owns everything in Oceania, because it controls everything, and disposes of the products as it thinks fit.** In the years following the Revolution it was able to step into this commanding position almost unopposed, because the whole process was represented as an act of collectivization. It had always been assumed that if the capitalist class were expropriated, Socialism must follow: and unquestionably the capitalists had been expropriated. Factories, mines, land, houses, transport—everything had been taken away from them: and *since these things were no longer private property, it followed that they must be public property*. Ingsoc, which grew out of the earlier Socialist movement and inherited its phraseology, has in fact carried out the main item in the Socialist programme; with the result, foreseen and intended beforehand, that *economic inequality has been made permanent*.

But the problems of perpetuating a hierarchical society go deeper than this. There are only **four ways in which a ruling group can fall from power**. Either it is conquered from without, or it governs so inefficiently that the masses are stirred to revolt, or it allows a strong and discontented Middle group to come into being, or it loses its own self-confidence and willingness to govern. These causes do not operate singly, and as a rule all four of them are present in some degree. A ruling class which could guard against all of them would remain in power permanently. **Ultimately the determining factor is the mental attitude of the ruling class itself.**

After the middle of the present century, the **first** danger had in reality disappeared. Each of the three powers which now divide the world is in fact unconquerable, and could only become conquerable through slow demographic changes which a government with wide powers can easily avert.

The **second** danger, also, is only a theoretical one. The masses never revolt of their own accord, and they never revolt merely because they are oppressed. Indeed, **so long as they are not permitted to have standards of comparison, they never even become aware that they are oppressed**. The recurrent economic crises of past times were totally unnecessary and are not now permitted to happen, but other and equally large dislocations can and do happen without having political results, because there is **no way in which discontent can become articulate**. As for the problem of overproduction, which has been latent in our society since the development of machine technique, it is

solved by the device of continuous warfare (see Chapter III), which is also useful in keying up public morale to the necessary pitch.

From the point of view of our present rulers, therefore, the only genuine dangers are the splitting-off of a new group of able, underemployed, power-hungry people, and the growth of liberalism and skepticism in their own ranks. The problem, that is to say, is **educational**. It is a problem of **continuously molding the consciousness** both of the directing group and of the larger executive group that lies immediately below it. ***The consciousness of the masses needs only to be influenced in a negative way.***

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**.

Big Brother is infallible and all-powerful. Every success, every achievement, every victory, every scientific discovery, all knowledge, all wisdom, all happiness, all virtue, are held to issue directly from his leadership and inspiration. Nobody has ever seen Big Brother. He is a face on the hoardings, a voice on the telescreen. We may be reasonably sure that he will never die, and there is already considerable uncertainty as to when he was born. Big Brother is the guise in which the Party chooses to exhibit itself to the world. **His function is to act as a focusing point for love, fear, and reverence, emotions which are more easily felt towards an individual than towards an organization.**

Below Big Brother comes the **Inner Party**, its numbers limited to six millions, or something less than 2 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**', numbering perhaps 85 per cent of the population. In the terms of our earlier classification, the proles are the Low: for the slave population of the equatorial lands who pass constantly from conqueror to conqueror, are not a permanent or necessary part of the structure.

In principle, membership of these three groups is not hereditary. The child of Inner Party parents is in theory not born into the Inner Party. *Admission to either branch of the Party is by examination, taken at the age of sixteen.* Nor is there any racial discrimination, or any marked domination of one province by another. Jews, Negroes, South Americans of pure Indian blood are to be found in the highest ranks of the Party, and the administrators of any area are always drawn from the inhabitants of that area. In no part of Oceania do the inhabitants have the feeling that they are a colonial

population ruled from a distant capital. Oceania has no capital, and its titular head is a person whose whereabouts nobody knows.

Except that English is its chief lingua franca and **Newspeak** its official language, it is not centralized in any way. Its rulers are not held together by blood-ties but by adherence to a common doctrine. It is true that our society is stratified, and very rigidly stratified, on what at first sight appear to be hereditary lines. There is far less to- and-fro movement between the different groups than happened under capitalism or even in the pre-industrial age. Between the two branches of the Party there is a certain amount of interchange, but only so much as will ensure that weaklings are excluded from the Inner Party and that *ambitious members of the Outer Party are made harmless by allowing them to rise.*

Proletarians, in practice, are not allowed to graduate into the Party. **The most gifted among them, who might possibly become nuclei of discontent, are simply marked down by the Thought Police and eliminated.**

But this state of affairs is not necessarily permanent, nor is it a matter of principle. The Party is not a class in the old sense of the word. It does not aim at transmitting power to its own children, as such; and if there were no other way of keeping the ablest people at the top, it would be perfectly prepared to recruit an entire new generation from the ranks of the proletariat. In the crucial years, the fact that the Party was not a hereditary body did a great deal to neutralize opposition.

The older kind of Socialist, who had been trained to fight against something called 'class privilege' assumed that what is not hereditary cannot be permanent. He did not see that the continuity of an oligarchy need not be physical, nor did he pause to reflect that hereditary aristocracies have always been short-lived, whereas adoptive organizations such as the Catholic Church have sometimes lasted for hundreds or thousands of years. **The essence of oligarchical rule** is not father-to-son inheritance, but the persistence of a certain **world-view** and a certain way of life, imposed by the dead upon the living. A ruling group is a ruling group so long as it can nominate its successors. ***The Party is not concerned with perpetuating its blood but with perpetuating itself.*** Who wields power is not important, provided that the hierarchical structure remains always the same.

All the beliefs, habits, tastes, emotions, mental attitudes that characterize our time are really designed to *sustain the mystique of the Party and prevent the true nature of present-day society from being perceived.*

Physical rebellion, or any preliminary move towards rebellion, is at present not possible. From the proletarians nothing is to be feared. Left to themselves, they will continue from generation to generation and from century to century, working, breeding, and dying, not only without any impulse to rebel, but **without the power of grasping that the world could be other than it is.**

They could only become dangerous if the advance of industrial technique made it necessary to educate them more highly; but, since military and commercial rivalry are no longer important, the level of popular education is actually declining. What opinions the masses hold, or do not hold, is looked on as a matter of indifference. ***They can be granted intellectual liberty because they have no intellect.***

In a Party member, on the other hand, not even the smallest deviation of opinion on the most unimportant subject can be tolerated.

A Party member lives from birth to death under the eye of the Thought Police. Even when he is alone, he can never be sure that he is alone. Wherever he may be, asleep or awake, working or resting, in his bath or in bed, he can be inspected without warning and without knowing that he is being inspected. Nothing that he does is indifferent. His friendships, his relaxations, his behaviour towards his wife and children, the expression of his face when he is alone, the words he mutters in sleep, even the characteristic movements of his body, are all jealously scrutinized. Not only any actual misdemeanour, but any eccentricity, however small, any change of habits, any nervous mannerism that could possibly be the symptom of an inner struggle, is certain to be detected. *He has no freedom of choice in any direction whatever.*

On the other hand his actions are not regulated by law or by any clearly formulated code of behaviour. In Oceania there is no law. Thoughts and actions which, when detected, mean certain death are not formally forbidden, and the **endless purges, arrests, tortures, imprisonments, and vaporizations** are not inflicted as punishment for crimes which have actually been committed, but are **merely the wiping-out of persons** who might perhaps commit a crime at some time in the future.

A Party member is required to have not only the **right opinions**, but the **right instincts**. Many of the beliefs and attitudes demanded of him are never plainly stated, and could not be stated without laying bare the contradictions inherent in Ingsoc. If he is a person naturally orthodox (in Newspeak a **goodthinker**), *he will in all circumstances know, without taking thought, what is the true belief or the desirable emotion.* But in any case, an elaborate mental training, undergone in childhood and grouping itself round the

Newspeak words **crimestop**, **blackwhite**, and **doublethink**, makes him unwilling and unable to think too deeply on any subject whatever.

A Party member is expected to have no private emotions and no respites from enthusiasm. He is supposed to live in a **continuous frenzy of hatred** of foreign enemies and internal traitors, triumph over victories, and self-abasement before the **power and wisdom of the Party**. The discontents produced by his bare, unsatisfying life are deliberately turned outwards and dissipated by such devices as **the Two Minutes Hate**, and the speculations which might possibly induce a skeptical or rebellious attitude are killed in advance by his early acquired inner discipline.

The first and simplest stage in the discipline, which can be **taught even to young children**, is called, in Newspeak, *crimestop*. **Crimestop** means the faculty of stopping short, as though by instinct, at the threshold of any dangerous thought. It includes the power of not grasping analogies, of failing to perceive logical errors, of misunderstanding the simplest arguments if they are inimical to Ingsoc, and of being bored or repelled by any train of thought which is capable of leading in a heretical direction.

Crimestop, in short, means protective stupidity. But stupidity is not enough.

On the contrary, orthodoxy in the full sense demands a control over one's own mental processes as complete as that of a contortionist over his body. Oceanic society rests ultimately on the belief that Big Brother is omnipotent and that the Party is infallible. But since in reality Big Brother is not omnipotent and the party is not infallible, there is need for an unwearying, moment-to-moment flexibility in the treatment of facts. The keyword here is **blackwhite**.

Like so many Newspeak words, this word has two mutually contradictory meanings. Applied to an opponent, it means *the habit of impudently claiming that black is white, in contradiction of the plain facts*. **Applied to a Party member, it means a loyal willingness to say that black is white when Party discipline demands this.**

But it means also the ability to believe that black is white, and more, to know that black is white, and to forget that one has ever believed the contrary. This demands a continuous alteration of the past, made possible by the system of thought which really embraces all the rest, and which is known in Newspeak as **doublethink**.

The alteration of the past is necessary for two reasons, one of which is subsidiary and, so to speak, precautionary. The subsidiary reason is that the Party member, like the proletarian, *tolerates present-day conditions partly because he has no standards of*

comparison. He must be cut off from the past, just as he must be cut off from foreign countries, because it is necessary for him to believe that he is better off than his ancestors and that the average level of material comfort is constantly rising.

But by far the more important reason for the readjustment of the past is **the need to safeguard the infallibility of the Party**. It is not merely that speeches, statistics, and records of every kind must be constantly brought up to date in order to show that the predictions of the Party were in all cases right. It is also that no change in doctrine or in political alignment can ever be admitted. For to change one's mind, or even one's policy, is a confession of weakness. If, for example, Eurasia or Eastasia (whichever it may be) is the enemy today, then that country must always have been the enemy. And *if the facts say otherwise then the facts must be altered. Thus history is continuously rewritten.* This **day- to-day falsification of the past**, carried out by the **Ministry of Truth**, is as necessary to the stability of the régime as the work of repression and espionage carried out by the **Ministry of Love**.

The mutability of the past is the central tenet of Ingsoc. Past events, it is argued, have no objective existence, but survive only in written records and in human memories. The past is whatever the records and the memories agree upon. And since the **Party is in full control of all records and in equally full control of the minds of its members**, it follows that *the past is whatever the Party chooses to make it.*

It also follows that though the past is alterable, it never has been altered in any specific instance. For when it has been recreated in whatever shape is needed at the moment, then this new version *is* the past, and no different past can ever have existed. This holds good even when, as often happens, the same event has to be altered out of recognition several times in the course of a year.

At all times the Party is in possession of absolute truth, and clearly the absolute can never have been different from what it is now. *It will be seen that the 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 rearrange 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.

Doublethink means the power of holding two contradictory beliefs in one's mind simultaneously, and accepting both of them. The Party intellectual knows in which direction his memories must be altered; he therefore knows that he is playing tricks with reality; but by the exercise of *doublethink* he also satisfies himself that reality is not violated. The process has to be conscious, or it would not be carried out with sufficient precision, but it also has to be unconscious, or it would bring with it a feeling of falsity and hence of guilt.

Doublethink lies at the very heart of Ingsoc, since *the essential act of the Party is to use conscious deception* while retaining the firmness of purpose that goes with complete honesty. **To tell deliberate lies while genuinely believing in them**, to forget any fact that has become inconvenient, and then, when it becomes necessary again, to draw it back from oblivion for just so long as it is needed, to deny the existence of objective reality and all the while to take account of the reality which one denies—all this is indispensably necessary.

Even in using the word *doublethink* it is necessary to exercise *doublethink*. **For by using the word one admits that one is tampering with reality; by a fresh act of *doublethink*, erases this knowledge**; and so on indefinitely, with the lie always one leap ahead of the truth. Ultimately it is by means of *doublethink* that the Party has been able—and may, for all we know, continue to be able for thousands of years—to arrest the course of history....

... It need hardly be said that the subtlest practitioners of *doublethink* are those who invented *doublethink* and know that it **is a vast system of mental cheating**. In our society, **those who have the best knowledge of what is happening are also those who are furthest from seeing the world as it is**. In general, *the greater the understanding, the greater the delusion; the more intelligent, the less sane*.

One clear illustration of this is the fact that war hysteria increases in intensity as one rises in the social scale. Those whose attitude towards the war is most nearly rational are the subject peoples of the disputed territories. To these people the war is simply a continuous calamity which sweeps to and fro over their bodies like a tidal wave. Which side is winning is a matter of complete indifference to them. They are aware that a change of overlordship means simply that they will be doing the same work as before for new masters who treat them in the same manner as the old ones.

The slightly more favoured workers whom we call 'the proles' are only intermittently conscious of the war. When it is necessary, they can be prodded into frenzies of fear and

hatred, but when left to themselves they are capable of forgetting for long periods that the war is happening.

It is in the ranks of the Party, and above all of the **Inner Party**, that the true war enthusiasm is found. World-conquest is believed in most firmly by those who know it to be impossible. This peculiar linking-together of opposites—knowledge with ignorance, cynicism with fanaticism—is one of the chief distinguishing marks of Oceanic society. The official ideology abounds with contradictions even when there is no practical reason for them.

Thus, **the Party rejects and vilifies every principle for which the Socialist movement originally stood, and it chooses to do this in the name of Socialism.** It preaches a contempt for the working class unexampled for centuries past, and it dresses its members in a uniform which was at one time peculiar to manual workers and was adopted for that reason. It **systematically undermines the solidarity of the family**, and it *calls its leader by a name which is a direct appeal to the sentiment of family loyalty.*

Even the names of the four Ministries by which we are governed exhibit a sort of impudence in their deliberate reversal of the facts. The **Ministry of Peace** concerns itself with war, the **Ministry of Truth** with lies, the **Ministry of Love** with torture and the **Ministry of Plenty** with starvation. These contradictions are not accidental, nor do they result from ordinary hypocrisy; they are deliberate exercises in *doublethink*. For it is only by reconciling contradictions that power can be retained indefinitely. In no other way could the ancient cycle be broken. If human equality is to be forever averted—if the **High, as we have called them, are to keep their places permanently—then the prevailing mental condition must be controlled insanity.**

But there is one question which until this moment we have almost ignored. It is; *why* should human equality be averted? Supposing that the mechanics of the process have been rightly described, what is the motive for this **huge, accurately planned effort to freeze history at a particular moment of time?**

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 . . .

Winston became aware of silence, as one becomes aware of a new sound. It seemed to him that Julia had been very still for some time past.

'Julia.'

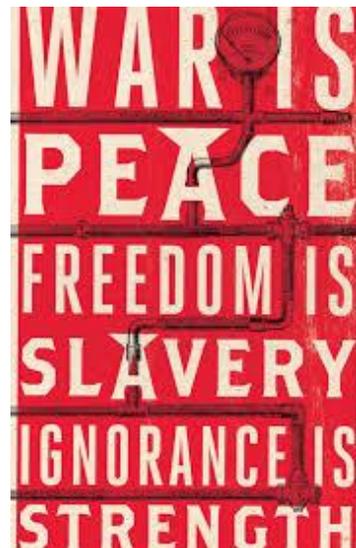
No answer.

'Julia, are you awake?'

No answer. She was asleep. He shut the book, put it carefully on the floor...

He had still, he reflected, not learned the ultimate secret. He understood *how*; he did not understand *why*. Chapter I, like Chapter III, had not actually told him anything that he did not know, it had merely systematized the knowledge that he possessed already.

But after reading it he knew better than before that he was not mad. Being in a minority, even a minority of one, did not make you mad. **There was truth and there was untruth, and if you clung to the truth even against the whole world, you were not mad....**



"The Party told you
to reject all evidence
of your eyes and ears.
It was their final, most
essential command."
1984 - George Orwell