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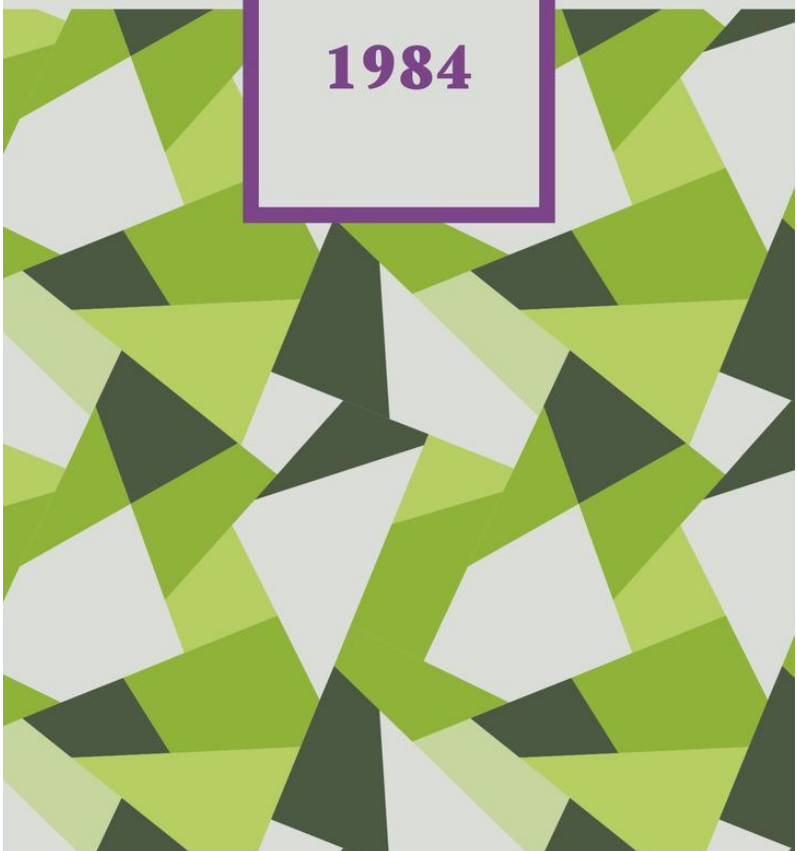
George Orwell

1984



George Orwell
1984

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Аннотация

Предлагается вниманию читателей знаменитый роман-антиутопия английского писателя Джорджа Оруэлла «1984», в котором он изобразил возможное будущее человечества как тоталитарный иерархический строй, основанный на изощренном физическом и духовном порабощении, пронизанный всеобщим страхом и ненавистью. Полный неадаптированный текст романа снабжен комментарием.Для всех изучающих английский язык и любителей современной английской литературы.

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George Orwell

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1984: книга для чтения на английском языке.

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Полный неадаптированный текст романа снабжен комментарием. Построчный перевод отдельных слов и выражений введен Кашаповым Уралом. Перевод существительных дан в единственном или множественном лице в именительном падеже; перевод глаголов прошедшего времени представлен как они есть, но в мужском роде в единственном числе; прилагательные даются в единственном числе мужского рода. Следует обращать внимание на причастия и дееприча-

стия.

Для всех изучающих английский язык и любителей современной английской литературы.

Part I

Chapter I

It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen. Winston Smith, his chin (подбородок) nuzzled (уткнулся) into his breast (грудь) in an effort to escape (избежать) the vile (мерзкий) wind, slipped (проскользнувший) quickly through the glass doors of Victory Mansions (дворец), though not quickly enough to prevent a swirl (водоворот) of gritty (песчаный) dust (пыль) from entering along with him.

The hallway (коридор) smelt (вонял) of boiled (варенный) cabbage (капуста) and old rag (тряпичный) mats (коврики). At one end of it a coloured poster (плакат), too large for indoor display (помещение), had been tacked (был прикреплен) to the wall. It depicted (изображал) simply an enormous face, more than a metre wide: the face of a man of about forty-five, with a heavy (тяжелый) black moustache (усы) and ruggedly (грубо) handsome (красивый) features. Winston made for the stairs (направился к лестнице). It was no use trying the lift. Even at the best of times it was seldom working, and at present the electric current (электричество) was cut off (было отрезано) during daylight hours. It was part of the economy drive in preparation for Hate Week. The flat (квартира) was seven

flights up (на седьмом этаже), and Winston, who was thirty-nine and had a varicose (варикозный) ulcer (язва) above his right ankle (лодыжка), went slowly, resting several times on the way. On each landing (площадка), opposite the lift-shaft (лифтная шахта), the poster with the enormous face gazed (смотрел) from the wall. It was one of those pictures which are so contrived (задуман) that the eyes follow you about when you move. BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU, the caption (надпись) beneath (под) it ran. [1]

Inside the flat a fruity (сочный) voice (голос) was reading out a list of figures which had something to do with the production of pig-iron (чугун). The voice came from an oblong (продолговатый) metal plaque (диск) like a dulled (мутный) mirror (зеркало) which formed part of the surface (поверхность) of the right-hand wall. Winston turned a switch and the voice sank (затонул) somewhat (в некотором роде), though the words were still distinguishable (различимый). The instrument (the telescreen, it was called) could be dimmed (притушен), but there was no way of shutting (отключение) it off completely. He moved over to the window: a smallish (маленькая), frail (хрупкая) figure, the meagreness (скудость) of his body merely (просто) emphasized (подчеркивался) by the blue overalls (комбинезон) which were the uniform of the party. His hair was very fair (русый), his face naturally sanguine (румяный), his skin roughened (шероховатый) by coarse (грубый) soap and

[1] made for the stairs – (разг.) направился к лестнице

blunt (тупой) razor (бритва) blades (лезвие) and the cold of the winter that had just ended.

Outside, even through the shut (закрытый) window-pane (оконное стекло), the world looked cold. Down in the street little eddies (водовороты) of wind were whirling (кружащийся) dust (пыль) and torn (разорванный) paper into spirals, and though the sun was shining (светило) and the sky a harsh (сурово) blue, there seemed to be no colour in anything, except the posters that were plastered (расклеен) everywhere. The blackmoustachio'd (черноусый) face gazed down (смотрел) from every commanding (заметный) corner. There was one on the house-front immediately opposite. BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU, the caption said, while the dark eyes looked deep into Winston's own. Down at street level another poster, torn (разорванный) at one corner, flapped (трепался) fitfully (судорожно) in the wind, alternately (попеременно) covering and uncovering (раскрывая и закрывая) the single word INGSOC. In the far distance a helicopter skimmed down (пролетел вниз) between the roofs (крыши), hovered (парил) for an instant (момент) like a bluebottle (трупная мушка), and darted away (метнулся прочь) again with a curving (изгиб) flight (полет). It was the police patrol, snooping (заглядывающий) into people's windows. The patrols did not matter (не имел значение), however. Only the Thought Police mattered.

Behind Winston's back the voice from the telescreen was still babbling away (болтал) about pig-iron and the

overfulfilment (перевыполнение) of the Ninth Three-Year Plan. The telescreen received (получал) and transmitted (передавал) simultaneously (одновременно). Any sound that Winston made, above the level of a very low whisper (шепот), would be picked up (подобрал) by it, moreover (более того), so long as he remained (оставался) within the field of vision which the metal plaque commanded, he could be seen as well as heard. There was of course no way of knowing whether you were being watched at any given moment. How often, or on what system, the Thought Police plugged (подключал) in on any individual wire (провод) was guesswork (догадка). It was even conceivable (мыслимый) that they watched everybody all the time. But at any rate (случай) they could plug (затыкать) in your wire (провод) whenever (когда бы ни) they wanted to. You had to live – did live, from habit (привычка) that became instinct – in the assumption (предположение) that every sound you made was overheard (подслушан), and, except in darkness, every movement scrutinized (тщательно исследован).

Winston kept his back turned to the telescreen. It was safer (безопаснее), though, as he well knew, even a back can be revealing (раскрыт). A kilometre away the Ministry of Truth, his place of work, towered (возвышался) vast and white above the grimy (грязный) landscape. This, he thought with a sort (своего рода) of vague (расплывчатый) distaste (отвращение) – this was London, chief city of Airstrip (взлетно-посадочная полоса) One, itself the third most populous of the

provinces of Oceania. He tried to squeeze out (выдавить) some childhood memory that should tell him whether London had always been quite like this. Were there always these vistas (вереницы) of rotting (обветшалый) nineteenth-century houses, their sides shored up (укреплен) with baulks (балки) of timber (древесина), their windows patched (залатаный) with cardboard (картон) and their roofs (крышы) with corrugated (рифленный) iron, their crazy garden walls sagging (провисающий) in all directions? And the bombed sites where the plaster (штукатурочный) dust (пыль) swirled (кружился) in the air and the willow- herb (кипрей) straggled (заблудился) over the heaps (кучи) of rubble (щебень); and the places where the bombs had cleared a larger patch (пластырь) and there had sprung up (возник вверх) sordid (грязный) colonies of wooden (деревяный) dwellings (жилища) like chicken- houses (курятники)? But it was no use, he could not remember: nothing remained of his childhood except a series of brightlit (ярко освещенный) tableaux (таблицы) occurring (происходящий) against no background (без фона) and mostly unintelligible (неразборчивый).

The Ministry of Truth-Minitrue, in Newspeak – was startlingly (поразительно) different from any other object in sight (в поле зрения). It was an enormous pyramidal structure of glittering (блестящий) white concrete (конкретный), soaring up (взмывающее вверх), terrace after terrace, 300 metres into the air. From where Winston stood it was just (просто) possible

to read, picked out (выбрал) on its white face in elegant (элегантный) lettering, the three slogans of the Party:

The Ministry of Truth contained (содержал), it was said, three thousand rooms above ground level, and corresponding (соответствующий) ramifications (разветвления) below. Scattered (разбросанный) about London there were just three other buildings of similar appearance (внешность) and size (размер). So completely did they dwarf (карлик) the surrounding architecture that from the roof of Victory Mansions you could see all four of them simultaneously (одновременно). They were the homes of the four Ministries between which the entire apparatus of government was divided. The Ministry of Truth, which concerned itself (занимавшееся) with news, entertainment (развлечения), education, and the fine (изящный) arts. The Ministry of Peace, which concerned itself with war. The Ministry of Love, which maintained (поддерживал) law and order. And the Ministry of Plenty (изобилие), which was responsible for economic affairs. Their names, in Newspeak: Minitrue, Minipax, Miniluv, and Miniplenty.

The Ministry of Love was the really frightening (пугающий) one. There were no windows in it at all. Winston had never been inside the Ministry of Love, nor within half a kilometre of it. It was a place impossible to enter except on official business, and then only by penetrating (проникнув) through a maze (лабиринт) of barbedwire (колючая проволока) entanglements (заграждения), steel doors, and hidden (скрытый) machine-gun

nests (пулеметные гнезда). Even the streets leading up to its outer (внешний) barriers (ограждения) were roamed (бродил) by gorilla-faced guards in black uniforms, armed with jointed (шарнирный) truncheons (дубинка).

Winston turned round abruptly (резко). He had set (придал) his features into the expression of quiet optimism which it was advisable (целесообразно) to wear (носить) when facing the telescreen. He crossed the room into the tiny (крошечный) kitchen. By leaving the Ministry at this time of day he had sacrificed (пожертвовал) his lunch in the canteen (столовая), and he was aware (знал) that there was no food in the kitchen except a hunk (кусок) of dark-coloured bread which had got to be saved for tomorrow's breakfast. He took down from the shelf a bottle of colourless liquid (жидкость) with a plain white label marked VICTORY GIN. It gave off (исходил) a sickly (тошнотворный), oily smell (маслянистый запах), as of Chinese rice-spirit. Winston poured out (налил) nearly a teacupful (полная чашка), nerved himself for a shock (приготовился к шоку), and gulped (проглотил) it down like a dose of medicine. [2]

Instantly (мгновенно) his face turned scarlet (стал багровым) and the water ran out of his eyes. The stuff (вещество) was like nitric acid (азотная кислота), and moreover, in swallowing it (при глотании) one had the sensation (ощущение) of being hit (удар) on the back of the head with

[2] Chinese rice-spirit – (разг.) – китайская рисовая водка

a rubber club (резиновая дубинка). The next moment, however, he burning (жжение) in his belly (живот) died down and the world began to look more cheerful (веселее). He took a cigarette from a crumpled (смятый) packet marked VICTORY CIGARETTES and incautiously (неосторожно) held it upright (поднял), whereupon (после чего) the tobacco fell out on to the floor (пол). With the next he was more successful. He went back to the living-room (гостиная) and sat down at a small table that stood to the left of the telescreen. From the table drawer (ящик стола) he took out a penholder, a bottle of ink (пузырек с чернилами), and a thick (толстый), quarto-sized (размером в четверть) blank book (чистая книга) with a red back (обложка) and a marbled (мраморный) cover.

For some reason (по какой-то причине) the telescreen in the living-room was in an unusual position. Instead of being (вместо того) placed, as was normal, in the end wall, where it could command (наблюдать) the whole room, it was in the longer wall, opposite the window. To one side of it there was a shallow (неглубокий) alcove in which Winston was now sitting, and which, when the flats were built, had probably been intended (предназначался) to hold bookshelves. By sitting in the alcove, and keeping well back, Winston was able to remain outside the range (за пределами поля зрения) of the telescreen, so far as sight went (насколько хватало взгляда). He could be heard, of course, but so long as he stayed in his present position he could not be seen. It was partly (отчасти) the unusual geography of the

room that had suggested (предложил) to him the thing that he was now about to do.

But it had also been suggested (указывал) by the book that he had just (только что) taken out of the drawer (ящик). It was a peculiarly (необыкновенно) beautiful book. Its smooth (гладкий) creamy (кремовый) paper, a little yellowed by age, was of a kind that had not been manufactured for at least forty years past. He could guess (догадаться), however, that the book was much older than that. He had seen it lying in the window of a frowsy (захудалый) little junk-shop (лавка старьевщика) in a slummy (трущобный) quarter of the town (just what quarter he did not now remember) and had been stricken (охватил) immediately by an overwhelming (непреодолимый) desire (желание) to possess (обладать) it. Party members were supposed (предполагался) not to go into ordinary shops ('dealing (торговля) on the free market', it was called), but the rule was not strictly (строго) kept, because there were various (разный) things, such as shoelaces (шнурки) and razor blades, which it was impossible to get hold of in any other way. He had given a quick (быстро) glance up and down (оглядел) the street and then had slipped (проскользнул) inside and bought the book for two dollars fifty. At the time he was not conscious (осознавал) of wanting it for any particular (конкретный) purpose. He had carried it guiltily (виновато) home in his briefcase (портфель). Even with nothing written in it, it was a compromising possession (владение).

The thing that he was about to do (собирался сделать) was

to open a diary (дневник). This was not illegal (nothing was illegal, since there were no longer any laws), but if detected it was reasonably (разумно) certain (определено) that it would be punished by death, or at least by twentyfive years in a forced-labour camp. Winston fitted (вставил) a nib (кончик) into the penholder and sucked (пососал) it to get the grease off (смыть жир). The pen was an archaic instrument, seldom used even for signatures (подписи), and he had procured one (раздобыл), furtively (украдкой) and with some difficulty, simply because of a feeling that the beautiful creamy (кремовый) paper deserved (заслуживал) to be written on with a real nib (перо) instead of being scratched (царапал) with an ink-pencil (чернильный карандаш). Actually he was not used to writing by hand. Apart from (за исключением) very short notes, it was usual to dictate everything into the speak-write which was of course impossible for his present purpose. He dipped (обмакнул) the pen into the ink and then faltered (запнулся) for just (просто) a second. A tremor (дрожь) had gone through his bowels (внутренности). To mark (пометить) the paper was the decisive (решающий) act. In small clumsy (корявый) letters he wrote: [3]

He sat back. A sense of complete helplessness had descended upon (опустился на) him. To begin with, he did not know with any certainty (уверенность) that this was 1984. It must be round about that date, since (поскольку) he was fairly (вполне) sure

[3] forced-labour camp – (разг.) – концентрационный лагерь

(уверен) that his age was thirty-nine, and he believed that he had been born in 1944 or 1945; but it was never possible nowadays (наше время) to pin down (определить) any date within a year or two.

For whom (для кого), it suddenly occurred (пришел) to him to wonder (удивление), was he writing this diary? For the future, for the unborn (нерожденные). His mind hovered (завис) for a moment round the doubtful date on the page, and then fetched up (собрался) with a bump (толчок) against the Newspeak word DOUBLETHINK. For the first time (впервые) the magnitude (масштаб) of what he had undertaken (предпринял) came home to him. How could you communicate with the future? It was of its nature impossible. Either (или) the future would resemble (напоминать) the present, in which case it would not listen to him: or it would be different from it, and his predicament (затруднительное положение) would be meaningless (бессмысленный). [4]

For some time he sat gazing (уставившись) stupidly at the paper. The telescreen had changed over (переключился) to strident (резкий) military music. It was curious (любопытно) that he seemed not merely to have lost the power of expressing himself, but even to have forgotten what it was that he had originally intended (намеревался) to say. For weeks past he had been making ready for this moment, and it had never crossed his mind that anything would be needed except courage (мужество). The actual writing would be easy. All

[4] came home to him – (разг.) дошло до него

he had (все, что ему нужно было) to do was to transfer to paper the interminable (бесконечный) restless (беспокойный) monologue that had been running inside his head, literally for years. At this moment, however, even the monologue had dried up (иссяк). Moreover his varicose ulcer had begun itching (зудеть) unbearably (нестерпимо). He dared (решался) not scratch (почесать) it, because if he did so it always became inflamed (воспалялся). The seconds were ticking by (тикал). He was conscious of nothing (он не осознавал ничего) except the blankness (пустота) of the page in front of him, the itching (зуд) of the skin above his ankle (лодыжка), the blaring (грохот) of the music, and a slight (немного) booziness (опьянение) caused (вызванный) by the gin (джинн).

Suddenly he began writing in sheer (полный) panic, only imperfectly aware of (плохо понимая) what he was setting down (устанавливал). His small but childish handwriting (почерк) straggled up and down (путался) the page, shedding (теряя) first its capital letters and finally even its full stops (точки):

April 4th, 1984.

Last night to the flicks . All war films. One very good one of a ship (корабль) full of refugees (беженцы) being bombed somewhere in the Mediterranean (Средиземном море). Audience (аудитория) much amused (позабавил) by shots (кадры) of a great huge fat (огромный жир) man trying to swim away (уплыть) with a helicopter after him, first you saw him wallowing along (барахтается) in the water like a porpoise

(морская свинья), then you saw him through the helicopters gunsights (прицел), then he was full of holes (дыры) and the sea round him turned pink (розовый) and he sank (утонул) as suddenly as though the holes (дыры) had let in the water, audience shouting with laughter (смех). when he sank (тонул). then you saw a lifeboat (спасательная шлюпка) full of children with a helicopter hovering (висел) over it. There was a middle-aged woman might have been a jewess sitting up in the bow (носовая часть) with a little boy about three years old in her arms. little boy screaming (кричал) with fright (от страха) and hiding (прятал) his head between her breasts as if he was trying to burrow (зарыться) right into her and the woman putting (обнимал) her arms round him and comforting (успокаивал) him although she was blue with fright (от страха) herself, all the time covering him up as much as possible as if she thought her arms could keep the bullets off (от пуль) him. Then the helicopter planted a 20 kilo bomb in among them terrific (потрясающий) flash (вспышка) and the boat went all to matchwood (спички). Then there was a wonderful shot of a child's arm going up up up right up into the air a helicopter with a camera in its nose must have followed it up and there was a lot of applause (аплодисменты) from the party seats but a woman down in the prole (пролловый — [5]

– пролетарский) part of the house suddenly started kicking up a fuss (поднимать шум) and shouting they didnt oughter

[5] Last night to the flicks – (разг.) – Вчера вечером ходил в кино

(не должны были) of showed it not in front of kids (при детях) they didnt it aint (правильно) right not in front of kids it aint until the police turned her turned her out i dont suppose anything happened to her nobody cares (волнует) what the proles (пролов) say typical prole reaction they never

Winston stopped writing, partly because he was suffering (страдания) from cramp (судорога). He did not know what had made him pour (излить) out this stream (поток) of rubbish (мусор). But the curious (любопытное) thing was that while he was doing so a totally different memory had clarified (прояснился) itself in his mind, to the point where he almost felt (почувствовал) equal (вправе) to writing it down. It was, he now realized, because of this other incident that he had suddenly decided to come at home and begin the diary today.

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

It was nearly eleven hundred, and in the Records Department, where Winston worked, they were dragging (вытаскивал) the chairs (стулья) out of the cubicles (кабинки) and grouping (расставлял) them in the centre of the hall opposite the big telescreen, in preparation for the Two Minutes Hate. Winston was just taking his place in one of the middle rows (ряды) when two people whom he knew by sight (в лицо), but had never spoken to, came unexpectedly (неожиданно) 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 (отделе художественной литературы). Presumably (предположительно) – since he had sometimes seen her with oily (замасленный) hands and carrying a spanner (гаечный ключ) – she had some mechanical job on one of the novel-writing (машина для написания романов.) machines. She was a bold-looking (дерзкий вид) girl, of about twenty-seven, with thick (густой) hair, a freckled (веснушчатый) face, and swift (быстрый), athletic movements. A narrow (узкий) scarlet (алый) sash (поясок), emblem of the Junior Anti-Sex League, was wound several times round the waist (талия) of her overalls (комбинезон), just tightly (туго) enough to bring out the shapeliness (стройность) of her hips (бедра). Winston had disliked (невзлюбил) her from the very first moment of seeing her. He knew the reason. It was because of the atmosphere of hockey-fields (хоккейные поля) and cold baths (ванны) and community hikes (походы) general clean-mindedness (чистоплотность) which she managed (умудрялся) to carry about with her. He disliked nearly all women, and especially the young and pretty (красивый) ones. It was always the women, and above all (прежде всего) the young ones, who were the most bigoted (фанатичный) adherents (приверженцы) of the Party, the swallowers (глотатели) of slogans, the amateur (любители) spies (шпионы) and nosers-out (лазутчики) of unorthodoxy (неортодоксы). But this particular (в частности) girl gave him the impression of being more dangerous than most. Once when they passed in the corridor she gave him

a quick sidelong (вбок) glance (взгляд) which seemed to pierce right into him and for a moment had filled him with black terror. The idea had even crossed his mind that she might be an agent of the Thought Police. That, it was true, was very unlikely (маловероятно). Still (все же), he continued to feel a peculiar (особый) uneasiness (беспокойство), which had fear mixed up (примешивался) in it as well as hostility (враждебность), whenever she was anywhere near him. [6]

The other person was a man named O'Brien, a member of the Inner (внутренней) Party and holder of some post so important and remote (отдаленный) that Winston had only a dim (тусклый) idea of its nature. A momentary hush (тишина) passed over the group of people round the chairs as they saw the black overalls (комбинезон) of an Inner Party member approaching (приближающийся). O'Brien was a large, burly (крепкий) man with a thick (толстый) neck (шея) and a coarse (грубый), humorous (забавный), brutal face. In spite (несмотря) of his formidable (грозный) appearance (вид) he had a certain charm of manner. He had a trick (уловка) of resettling (пересаживать) his spectacles (очки) on his nose which was curiously (необычайно) disarming (обезоруживал) – in some indefinable (неопределимый) way, curiously (любопытно) civilized. It was a gesture (жест) which, if anyone had still thought in such terms, might have recalled (напомнить)

[6] It was nearly eleven hundred – (разг.) Было почти одиннадцать часов (здесь и далее время указывается по-военному)

an eighteenth- century nobleman (дворянин) offering (предлагающий) his snuffbox (табакерка). Winston had seen O'Brien perhaps (наверное) a dozen times in almost as many years. He felt deeply drawn (глубокое влечение) to him, and not solely (только) because he was intrigued (заинтригован) by the contrast between O'Brien's urbane (вежливый) manner and his prize-fighter's physique (телосложение). Much more (гораздо больше) it was because of a secretly held belief – or perhaps not even a belief, merely (просто) a hope – that O'Brien's political orthodoxy was not perfect. Something in his face suggested (подсказывал) it irresistibly (неотразимо). And again, perhaps (возможно) it was not even unorthodoxy that was written in his face, but simply intelligence. But at any rate (случай) he had the appearance (впечатление) of being a person that you could talk to if somehow you could cheat (обмануть) the telescreen and get him alone (остаться с ним наедине). Winston had never made the smallest effort to verify this guess (догадка): indeed (на самом деле), there was no way of doing so. At this moment O'Brien glanced (взглянул) at his wrist-watch (наручные часы), saw that it was nearly eleven hundred, and evidently decided to stay in the Records Department until the Two Minutes Hate was over (закончился). He took a chair in the same row (ряд) as Winston, a couple (пара) of places away (дальше). A small, sandy-haired (рыжеватый волос) woman who worked in the next cubicle (кабинка) to Winston was between them. The girl with dark hair was sitting immediately behind. The next moment

a hideous (отвратительный), grinding (скрежещущий) speech, as of some monstrous machine running without oil, burst (раздался) from the big telescreen at the end of the room. It was a noise that set one's teeth on edge (зубы на грани, стиснули зубы) and bristled (зашевелился) the hair at the back of one's neck (затылок). The Hate had started.

As usual, the face of Emmanuel Goldstein, the Enemy of the People, had flashed (мелькнул) on to the screen. There were hisses (шипение) here and there among the audience. The little sandy-haired woman gave a squeak (взвизгнул) of mingled (смесь) fear and disgust (отвращение). Goldstein was the renegade and backslider (отступник) who once, long ago (how long ago, nobody quite remembered), had been one of the leading figures of the Party, almost on a level with Big Brother himself, and then had engaged (занимался) in counter revolutionary activities, had been condemned (приговорен) to death, and had mysteriously escaped (бежал) and disappeared. The programmes of the Two Minutes Hate varied from day to day, but there was none in which Goldstein was not the principal figure. He was the primal (первобытным) traitor (предатель) the earliest defiler (осквернителем) of the Party's purity (чистота). All subsequent (последующий) crimes against the Party, all treacheries (предательство), acts of sabotage, heresies (ересь), deviations (уклоны), sprang (вытекал) directly out of his teaching. Somewhere or other (где-то) he was still alive and hatching (вынашивал) his conspiracies (заговоры):

perhaps somewhere beyond the sea, under the protection of his foreign paymasters, perhaps even – so it was occasionally (иногда) rumoured (ходили слухи) – in some hidingplace (тайник) in Oceania itself.

Winston's diaphragm was constricted (сужен). He could never see the face of Goldstein without a painful mixture (болезненная смесь) of emotions. It was a lean (худощавый) Jewish face, with a great fuzzy (пушистый) aureole of white hair and a small goatee beard – a clever face, and yet (в то же время) somehow (как-то) inherently (по своей сути) despicable (презренный), with a kind of senile (до сих пор) silliness (глупость) in the long thin (тонкий) nose, near the end of which a pair (пара) of spectacles (очки) was perched (взгромоздился). It resembled the face of a sheep (овцы), and the voice, too, had a sheep-like quality (качество). Goldstein was delivering (обрушивал) his usual venomous (ядовитый) attack upon the doctrines of the Party – an attack so exaggerated (преувеличенный) and perverse (извращенный) that a child should have been able to see through it, and yet just plausible (правдоподобный) enough to fill (вызвать) one with an alarmed (тревожный) feeling that other people, less level-headed (уравновешенный) than oneself, might be taken in by it. He was abusing (ругал) Big Brother, he was denouncing (обличал) the dictatorship of the Party, he was demanding (требовал) the immediate (немедленный) conclusion (заключение) 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 (предана) – and all this in rapid polysyllabic (многосложной) speech which was a sort of parody of the habitual style of the orators of the Party, and even contained Newspeak words: more Newspeak words, indeed, than any Party member would normally use in real life. And all the while (и все это время), lest (чтобы) one should be in any doubt as to the reality, which Goldstein's specious claptrap covered, behind his head on the telescreen there marched the endless columns of the Eurasian army – row after row of solid-looking men with expressionless (невыразительный) Asiatic faces, who swam up to the surface (поверхность) of the screen and vanished (исчез), to be replaced (сменившись) by others exactly (точно) similar. The dull (глухой) rhythmic tramp (топот) of the soldiers' boots formed the background (фон) to Goldstein's bleating (блеющий) voice. [7] [8]

Before the Hate had proceeded (прошел) for thirty seconds, uncontrollable exclamations (возгласы) of rage (ярость) were breaking (вырвавшийся) out from half the people in the room. The self-satisfied sheep-like (овечье) face on the screen, and the terrifying (ужасающий) power of the Eurasian army behind it, were too much to be borne (невыносимый): besides (к тому же), the sight (вид) or even the thought of Goldstein produced fear (страх) and anger (гнев) automatically. He was

[7] a small goatee beard – (разг.) маленькая бородка (козлиная)

[8] might be taken in by it – (разг.) могут и поверить этому

an object of hatred (ненависть) more constant than either Eurasia or Eastasia, since (поскольку) when Oceania was at war with one of these Powers it was generally (обычно) at peace with the other. But what was strange (странно) was that although Goldstein was hated (ненавидел) and despised (презирал) by everybody, although every day and a thousand times a day, on platforms, on the telescreen, in newspapers, in books, his theories were refuted (опровергался), smashed (высмеивался), ridiculed (громился), held up (доводился) to the general gaze (взгляд) for the pitiful (жалкий) rubbish (дрянь) that they were – in spite (несмотря на) of all this, his influence never seemed to grow less. Always there were fresh (новый) dupes (обманщики) waiting to be seduced (был соблазнен) by him. A day never passed when spies (шпионы) and saboteurs (диверсанты) acting under his directions were not unmasked (разоблачал) by the Thought Police. He was the commander of a vast shadowy (теневой) army, an underground network (сеть) of conspirators dedicated (нацеленный) to the overthrow (свержение) of the State. The Brotherhood (братство), its name was supposed (предполагаемый) to be. There were also whispered (ходил) stories of a terrible book, a compendium (сборник) of all the heresies (ереси), of which Goldstein was the author and which circulated (распространялся) clandestinely (тайно) here and there. It was a book without a title. People referred (упоминал) to it, if at all, simply as THE BOOK. But one knew of such things only through vague (смутный) rumours (слухи). Neither

the Brotherhood nor THE BOOK was a subject that any ordinary (рядовой) Party member would mention (упомянул бы) if there was a way of avoiding (избежать) it.

In its second minute the Hate rose to a frenzy (неистовство). People were leaping up (подпрыгивали вверх) and down in their places and shouting at the tops (верхушка) of their voices in an effort to drown (утонуть) the maddening (сводящий с ума) bleating (блеющий) voice that came from the screen. The little sandy-haired (рыжеволосый) woman had turned (превращаться) bright pink, and her mouth was opening and shutting like that of a landed fish. Even O'Brien's heavy face was flushed (раскраснелся). He was sitting very straight (прямо) in his chair, his powerful chest swelling (вздымался) and quivering (подрагивал) as though (как будто) he were standing up (противостоял) to the assault (натиск) of a wave. The dark-haired girl behind Winston had begun crying out «Swine! Swine! Swine!» and suddenly she picked up (схватил) a heavy Newspeak dictionary and flung (швырнул) it at the screen. It struck (ударил) Goldstein's nose and bounced off (отскочил); the voice continued inexorably (неумолимо). In a lucid (ясный) moment Winston found that he was shouting with the others and kicking (бьет) his heel (пятка) violently against the rung (спинка) of his chair. The horrible thing about the Two Minutes Hate was not that one was obliged (обязан) to act a part, but, on the contrary, that it was impossible to avoid joining (присоединиться) in. Within (в течение) thirty seconds

any pretence (притворство) was always unnecessary (излишне). A hideous (отвратительный) ecstasy of fear and vindictiveness (мстительность), a desire to kill, to torture (пытать), to smash (разбивать) faces in with a sledgehammer (кувалда), seemed to flow (пронизывал) through the whole group of people like an electric current (ток), turning one even against one's will into a grimacing, screaming (кричащий) lunatic (сумасшедший). And yet (И все же) the rage (гнев) that one felt was an abstract, undirected emotion which could be switched (переключать) from one object to another like the flame of a blowlamp (паяльная лампа). Thus (таким образом), at one moment (в какой-то момент) Winston's hatred (ненависть) was not turned against Goldstein at all, but, on the contrary, against Big Brother, the Party, and the Thought Police; and at such moments his heart went out (тянулся) to the lonely (одинокий), derided (осмеянный) heretic (еретик) on the screen, sole (единственный) guardian (хранитель) of truth and sanity (здравомыслие) in a world of lies. And yet (и все же уже) the very next instant (мгновение) he was at one (заодно) with the people about him, and all that was said of Goldstein seemed to him to be true. At those moments his secret loathing (ненависть) of Big Brother changed into adoration (обожание), and Big Brother seemed to tower up (возвышался), an invincible (непобедимый), fearless (бесстрашный) protector (защитник), standing like a rock (скала) against the hordes (орды) of Asia, and Goldstein, in spite of his isolation, his helplessness, and the doubt

that hung (витал) about his very existence, seemed like some sinister (зловещий) enchanter (чародей), capable (способный) by the mere power of his voice of wrecking (разрушить) the structure of civilization.

It was even possible, at moments, to switch (переключить) one's hatred (ненависть) this way or that by a voluntary act. Suddenly, by the sort of violent effort with which one wrenches (отрывает) one's head away from the pillow (подушка) in a nightmare (кошмарный сон), Winston succeeded (удался) in transferring (перенести) his hatred from the face on the screen to the dark-haired girl behind him. Vivid (яркие), beautiful hallucinations flashed (пронесся) through his mind. He would flog (забьет) her to death with a rubber (резиновый) truncheon (дубинка). He would tie (привяжет) her naked (голый) to a stake (столб) and shoot (стрелять) her full of arrows (стрелы) like Saint Sebastian. He would ravish (насиловал) her and cut (перерезал) her throat (горло) at the moment of climax. Better than before (раньше), moreover (более того), he realized WHY it was that he hated her. He hated her because she was young and pretty and sexless, because he wanted to go to bed with her and would never do so, because round her sweet supple (гибкий) waist (талия), which seemed (казалось) to ask you to encircle (обнять) it with your arm, there was only the odious scarlet (алый) sash (кушак), aggressive symbol of chastity (целомудрие).

The Hate rose to its climax (апогей). The voice of Goldstein

had become an actual sheep's bleat (блеяние овец), and for an instant (на мгновение) the face changed into that of a sheep. Then the sheep-face (баранье лицо) melted (растворился) into the figure of a Eurasian soldier who seemed to be advancing (наступал), huge (огромный) and terrible (страшный), his sub-machine gun (автомат) roaring (ревущий), and seeming to spring out (выпрыгивающий) of the surface of the screen, so that some of the people in the front row actually flinched backwards (отшатнулся назад) in their seats.

But in the same moment, drawing (вызвав) a deep sigh (вздох) of relief (облегчение) from everybody, the hostile (враждебный) figure melted (слился) into the face of Big Brother, black-haired, black-moustachio'd, full of power and mysterious calm (спокойствие), and so vast that it almost filled up the screen. Nobody heard what Big Brother was saying. It was merely a few words of encouragement (ободрение), the sort of words that are uttered (произносимый) in the din (грохот) of battle, not distinguishable (различимый) individually but restoring (восстанавливающий) confidence (доверие) by the fact of being spoken. Then the face of Big Brother faded away (исчез) again, and instead (вместо) the three slogans of the Party stood out (выступил) in bold (жирный) capitals (буквы):

But the face of Big Brother seemed to persist (сохраняться) for several seconds on the screen, as though the impact (воздействие) that it had made on everyone's eyeballs (глазные яблоки) was too vivid (яркий) to wear off (исчезнуть) immediately. The

little sandy-haired woman had flung (броситься) herself forward over the back of the chair in front of her. With a tremulous (дрожащий) murmur (бормотание) that sounded like «My Saviour (Спаситель)!» she extended (протянул) her arms towards the screen. Then she buried (закрыл) her face in her hands. It was apparent that she was uttering (произносить) a prayer (молитва).

At this moment the entire (вся) group of people broke (разразился) into a deep, slow, rhythmical chant (скандирование) of «B-B!…B-B!» – over and over again (снова и снова), very slowly, with a long pause between the first «B» and the second – a heavy, murmurous (ропотный) sound, somehow (какой-то) curiously savage (дикий), in the background of which one seemed to hear the stamp (топот) of naked (босой) feet (ноги) and the throbbing (стук) of tomtoms (тамтамы). For perhaps as much as thirty seconds they kept it up (продолжал это делать). It was a refrain that was often heard in moments of overwhelming emotion. Partly (отчасти) it was a sort of hymn to the wisdom and majesty (величие) of Big Brother, but still more it was an act of self-hypnosis (самовнушение), a deliberate (преднамеренный) drowning (заглушение) of consciousness (сознание) by means (с помощью) of rhythmic noise. Winston's entrails (внутренности) seemed to grow cold (похолодел). In the Two Minutes Hate he could not help sharing (участвовать) in the general delirium (бред), but this sub-human (недочеловеческое) chanting of «B-B!…B-B!» always filled him with horror.

Of course he chanted (изменился) with the rest (остальные): it was impossible to do otherwise (иначе). To dissemble (скрывать) your feelings, to control your face, to do what everyone else was doing, was an instinctive reaction. But there was a space (промежуток) of a couple (пара) of seconds during which the expression of his eyes might conceivably (возможно) have betrayed (выдал) him. And it was exactly (именно) at this moment that the significant (важный) thing happened – if, indeed, it did happen.

Momentarily (на мгновение) he caught (поймал) O'Brien's eye. O'Brien had stood up. He had taken off his spectacles and was in the act of resettling (водружение) them on his nose with his characteristic gesture (жест). But there was a fraction (доля) of a second when their eyes met, and for as long as (столько времени, сколько) it took to happen Winston knew – yes, he KNEW! – that O'Brien was thinking the same thing as himself. An unmistakable message had passed. It was as though (как будто) their two minds had opened and the thoughts were flowing (перетекал) from one into the other through their eyes. «I am with you,» O'Brien seemed to be saying to him. «I know precisely (точно) what you are feeling. I know all about your contempt (презрение), your hatred, your disgust (отвращение). But don't worry (беспокоиться), I am on your side!» And then the flash (вспышка) of intelligence (отвращение) was gone, and O'Brien's face was as inscrutable (непроницаемый) as everybody else's.

That was all, and he was already uncertain (не уверен) whether it had happened. Such incidents never had any sequel (продолжение). All that they did was to keep alive (поддерживал) in him the belief, or hope, that others besides himself were the enemies of the Party. Perhaps the rumours (слухи) of vast underground conspiracies (заговоры) were true after all-perhaps the Brotherhood really existed! It was impossible, in spite of (несмотря на) the endless arrests and confessions (признания) and executions, to be sure that the Brotherhood was not simply a myth. Some days he believed in it, some days not. There was no evidence (доказательство), only fleeting (мимолетный) glimpses (проблески) that might mean anything or nothing: snatches (обрывки) of overheard (подслушанный) conversation (разговор), faint (слабый) scribbles (каракули) on lavatory (туалет) walls – once, even, when two strangers met, a small movement of the hand which had looked as though it might be a signal of recognition (узнавание). It was all guesswork (догадка): very likely he had imagined (вообразил) everything. He had gone back to his cubicle (кабинка) without looking at O'Brien again. The idea of following up their momentary contact hardly crossed his mind. It would have been inconceivably (невообразимо) dangerous even if he had known how to set about doing it. For a second, two seconds, they had exchanged (обменялся) an equivocal (двусмысленный) glance (взгляд), and that was the end of the story. But even that was a memorable event, in the locked (замкнутый) loneliness (оди-

ночество) in which one had to live.

Winston roused himself (встрепенулся) and sat up straighter (сел прямее). He let out a belch (издал отрыжку). The gin was rising from his stomach (желудок).

His eyes re-focused on the page. He discovered that while (пока) he sat helplessly (беспомощно) musing (размышляя) he had also been writing, as though (как бы) by automatic action. And it was no longer (уже) the same cramped (неразборчивый), awkward (неловкий) handwriting (почерк) as before. His pen had slid (скользил) voluptuously (сладострастно) over the smooth (гладкий) paper, printing in large neat (заглавный) capitals (буквы) —

DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER (ДОЛОЙ СТАРШЕГО БРАТА)
DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER
DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER
DOWNWITH BIG BROTHER
DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER

over and over again, filling (заполняя) half a page.

He could not help feeling a twinge (приступ) of panic. It was absurd, since the writing of those particular (конкретный) words was not more dangerous than the initial (первоначальный) act of opening the diary, but for a moment he was tempted (искушенный) to tear out (вырвать) the spoiled (испорченный) pages and abandon (отказаться) the enterprise (предприятие) altogether (вообще).

He did not do so, however, because he knew that it was useless. Whether he wrote DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER, or whether he refrained from writing it, made no difference. Whether he went on with the diary, or whether he did not go on with it, made no difference. The Thought Police would get (достанет) him just the same (все равно). He had committed (совершил) – would still (все равно) have committed, even if he had never set pen to paper – the essential (важнейший) crime that contained all others in itself. Thoughtcrime, they called it. Thoughtcrime was not a thing that could be concealed (скрывать) for ever. You might dodge (уворачиваться) successfully for a while, even for years, but sooner or later they were bound to get (доберется) you.

It was always at night – the arrests invariably (неизменно) happened at night. The sudden jerk out (рывок) of sleep, the rough (грубый) hand shaking your shoulder (плечо), the lights glaring (яркий) in your eyes, the ring of hard faces round the bed. In the vast majority of cases there was no trial, no report (протокол) of the arrest. People simply disappeared, always during the night. Your name was removed (удалено) from the registers (реестры), every record of everything you had ever done was wiped out (стерт), your one-time existence was denied (отвергнут) and then forgotten. You were abolished, annihilated: VAPORIZED (ИСПАРЕНИЕ) was the usual word.

For a moment he was seized (охватил) by a kind of hysteria. He began writing in a hurried (торопливый) untidy (неаккурат-

ный) scrawl (каракули) :

theyll shoot (пристрелят) me i don't care theyll shoot me in the back of the neck (затылок) i dont care down with (долой) big brother they always shoot you in the back of the neck i dont care down with big brother.

He sat back in his chair, slightly (слегка) ashamed (стыдясь) of himself, and laid (отложил) down the pen. The next moment he started violently (яростно). There was a knocking (стук) at the door.

Already! He sat as still (неподвижно) as a mouse, in the futile (тщетный) hope that whoever it was might go away after a single attempt. But no, the knocking was repeated. The worst thing of all would be to delay (промедление). His heart was thumping (стучал) like a drum (барабан), but his face, from long habit, was probably expressionless (невыразительно). He got up (встал) and moved heavily towards the door.

WAR IS PEACE
FREEDOM IS SLAVERY
IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH

April 4th, 1984

WAR IS PEACE
FREEDOM IS SLAVERY

IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH

Chapter 2

As he put his hand to the door-knob (дверная ручка) Winston saw that he had left the diary open on the table. DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER was written all over (повсюду) it, in letters almost big enough to be legible (разборчивый) across the room. It was an inconceivably (невообразимо) stupid thing to have done. But, he realized, even in his panic he had not wanted to smudge (пачкать) the creamy (кремовый) paper by shutting (закрывая) the book while the ink (чернила) was wet (влажный).

He drew in his breath (перевел дыхание) and opened the door. Instantly (мгновенно) a warm wave of relief (облегчение) flowed (прокатился) through him. A colourless, crushed-looking (измученный) woman, with wispy (жидкий) hair and a lined (морщинистый) face, was standing outside.

«Oh, comrade,» she began in a dreary (тоскливый), whining (скулящий) sort of voice, «I thought I heard you come in. Do you think you could come across and have a look at our kitchen sink (раковина)? It's got blocked up (заблокирован) and —»

It was Mrs Parsons, the wife of a neighbour on the same floor. («Mrs' was a word somewhat (несколько) discountenanced (обесцениваемый) by the Party – you were supposed (должен был) to call everyone «comrade' – but with some women one used it instinctively (инстинктивно) She was a woman of about

thirty, but looking much older. One had the impression that there was dust (пыль) in the creases (складки) of her face. Winston followed her down the passage (проход). These amateur (любительский) repair (ремонтный) jobs were an almost daily irritation (раздражение). Victory Mansions (дома «Победы») were old flats, built in 1930 or thereabouts (около того), and were falling (разваливался) to pieces (куски). The plaster (штукатурка) flaked (осыпался) constantly from ceilings (потолки) and walls, the pipes (трубы) burst (лопался) in every hard frost (мороз), the roof (крыша) leaked (протекал) whenever (всякий раз) there was snow, the heating (отопление) system was usually running at half steam (оборот) when it was not closed down altogether (совсем) from motives of economy. Repairs (ремонт), except what you could do for yourself, had to be sanctioned (должен был санкционироваться) by remote (удаленный) committees which were liable to hold up (могли задержать) even the mending (починка) of a window-pane (оконное стекло) for two years. [9]

«Of course it's only because Tom isn't home,» said Mrs Parsons vaguely (неопределенно).

The Parsons' flat was bigger than Winston's, and dingy (грязноват) in a different way (по-другому). Everything had a battered (потрепанный), trampled-on (растоптанный) look, as though (как будто) the place had just (только что) been visited by some large violent (жестокий) animal. Games

[9] from motives of economy – (разг.) из соображений экономии

impedimenta (принадлежности) – hockey-sticks (хоккейные клюшки), boxing-gloves (боксерские перчатки), a burst (лопнувший) football, a pair (пара) of sweaty (потный) shorts (шорты) turned inside out – lay all over the floor (пол), and on the table there was a litter of dirty (грязный) dishes (посуда) and dog-eared exercise-books. On the walls were scarlet banners of the Youth League and the Spies (шпионы), and a full-sized poster of Big Brother. There was the usual boiled-cabbage (вареная капуста) smell (запах), common to the whole building, but it was shot (простреливал) through by a sharper (более резкий) reek (запах) of sweat (пот), which – one knew this at the first sniff (вдох), though it was hard to say how – was the sweat of some person not present at the moment. In another room someone (кто-то) with a comb (расческа) and a piece of toilet paper was trying to keep tune (подстроиться) with the military music which was still issuing from the telescreen. [10]

«It's the children,» said Mrs Parsons, casting (бросив) a half-apprehensive (слегка встревоженный) glance (взгляд) at the door. «They haven't been out today. And of course —»

She had a habit (привычка) of breaking off her sentences (предложения) in the middle. The kitchen sink (кухонная раковина) was full nearly to the brim (почти до краев) with filthy (грязный) greenish (зеленоватый) water which smelt (пахло) worse (хуже) than ever of cabbage. Winston knelt down (опу-

[10] dog-eared exercise-books – (разг.) тетрадки с разлохмаченными и загнутыми уголками

стился на колени) and examined (осмотрел) the angle-joint (угловое соединение) of the pipe (трубы). He hated using his hands, and he hated bending down (наклоняться), which was always liable (склонный, ответственный) to start him coughing (кашель). Mrs Parsons looked on helplessly.

«Of course if Tom was home he'd put it right (исправил) in a moment,» she said. «He loves anything like that. He's ever so good with his hands, Tom is.»

Parsons was Winston's fellow-employee (коллега) at the Ministry of Truth. He was a fattish (толстоватый) but active man of paralyzing stupidity (тупость), a mass of imbecile (слабоумный) enthusiasms – one of those completely unquestioning (глупость), devoted drudges (тяжелая работа) on whom, more even than on the Thought Police, the stability of the Party depended. At thirty-five he had just (только что) been unwillingly (неохотно) evicted (исключил) from the Youth League, and before graduating (перейти) into the Youth League he had managed to stay on in the Spies for a year beyond the statutory age (установленного законом возраста). At the Ministry he was employed in some subordinate post for which intelligence was not required (требовался), but on the other hand he was a leading figure on the Sports Committee and all the other committees engaged (занимающийся) in organizing community hikes (походы), spontaneous (стихийный) demonstrations, savings campaigns, and voluntary activities generally. He would inform you with quiet pride (гордость), between whiffs (затяж-

ки) of his pipe (трубка), that he had put in an appearance (появлялся) at the Community Centre every evening for the past four years. An overpowering (невыносимый) smell (запах) of sweat (пота), a sort of unconscious (бессознательное) testimony (свидетельство) to the strenuousness (напряженность) of his life, followed him about wherever he went, and even remained behind him after he had gone. [11]

«Have you got a spanner (гаечный ключ)?» said Winston, fiddling (вертя) with the nut (гайка) on the angle-joint (угловое соединение).

«A spanner,» said Mrs Parsons, immediately becoming invertebrate (беспозвоночный). «I don't know, I'm sure. Perhaps the children —»

There was a trampling (раздался топот) of boots (сапоги) and another blast (удар) on the comb (расческа) as the children charged into (ворвался) the living-room. Mrs Parsons brought the spanner. Winston let out (выпустил) the water and disgustedly (с отвращением) removed the clot (комок) of human hair that had blocked up the pipe. He cleaned his fingers as best he could in the cold water from the tap (кран) and went back into the other room.

«Up with your hands!» («Руки вверх!») yelled (заорал) a savage (свирепый) voice.

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[11] in some subordinate post for which intelligence was – (разг.) на какой-то незначительной должности, для которой не требовалось особого ума (сообразительности)

A handsome (красивый), tough-looking (крепкий) boy of nine had popped up (выскочил) from behind the table and was menacing (угрожал) him with a toy (игрушечный) automatic pistol, while his small sister, about two years younger, made the same gesture (жест) with a fragment of wood (деревяшка). Both of them were dressed in the blue shorts, grey shirts (рубашки), and red neckerchiefs (шейные платки) which were the uniform of the Spies. Winston raised his hands above his head, but with an uneasy feeling, so vicious (порочный) was the boy's demeanour (поведение), that it was not altogether (не совсем) a game.

«You're a traitor (предатель)!» yelled (завопил) the boy. «You're a thought-criminal! You're a Eurasian spy (шпион)! I'll shoot (застрелю) you, I'll vaporize (испарю) you, I'll send you to the salt mines (копи)!»

Suddenly they were both leaping (запрыгал) round him, shouting «Traitor!» and «Thought-criminal!» the little girl imitating her brother in every movement. It was somehow (как-то) slightly (слегка) frightening (пугающе), like the gambolling (резвость) of tiger cubs (детеныши) which will soon grow up into man-eaters (людоеды). There was a sort of calculating ferocity (свирепость) in the boy's eye, a quite evident desire (желание) to hit (ударить) or kick (пинать) Winston and a consciousness (сознание) of being very nearly big enough to do so. It was a good job (хорошо) it was not a real pistol (пистолет) he was holding, Winston thought.

Mrs Parsons' eyes flitted (перебегал) nervously from Winston

to the children, and back again. In the better light of the livingroom (гостиная) he noticed with interest that there actually was dust (пыль) in the creases (складки) of her face.

«They do get (становиться) so noisy,» she said. «They're disappointed (разочарован) because they couldn't go to see the hanging (повешение), that's what it is. I'm too busy to take them and Tom won't be back from work in time.»

«Why can't we go and see the hanging?» roared (взревел) the boy in his huge (громкий) voice.

«Want to see the hanging! Want to see the hanging!» chanted (пропел) the little girl, still capering (скача) round.

Some Eurasian prisoners, guilty (виновный) of war crimes, were to be hanged (повешен) in the Park that evening, Winston remembered. This happened about (примерно) once (раз) a month, and was a popular spectacle. Children always clamoured (требовал) to be taken to see it. He took his leave (покидать) of Mrs Parsons and made for the door. But he had not gone six steps down the passage (коридор) when something hit (ударить) the back of his neck (шея) an agonizingly painful (болезненный) blow (удар). It was as though a red-hot wire (провод) had been jabbed (воткнул) into him. He spun round (обернулся) just in time to see Mrs Parsons dragging (тащит) her son back into the doorway (дверной проем) while the boy pocketed (прятал) a catapult.

«Goldstein!» bellowed (заорал) the boy as the door closed on him. But what most struck (поразил) Winston was the look

of helpless fright (испуг) on the woman's greyish (сероватый) face.

Back in the flat he stepped quickly past the telescreen and sat down at the table again, still rubbing (потирая) his neck. The music from the telescreen had stopped. Instead (вместо этого), a clipped (отрывистый) military voice was reading out, with a sort of brutal relish (смак), a description of the armaments of the new Floating Fortress which had just been anchored (встал на якорь) between Iceland and the Faroe lslands.

With those children, he thought, that wretched (несчастный) woman must lead a life of terror. Another year, two years, and they would be watching her night and day for symptoms of unorthodoxy. Nearly all children nowadays were horrible. What was worst of all was that by means (с помощью) of such organizations as the Spies they were systematically turned into ungovernable little savages (дикари), and yet this produced in them no tendency whatever to rebel (бунтовать) against the discipline of the Party. On the contrary, they adored the Party and everything connected with it. The songs, the processions, the banners, the hiking (походы), the drilling (учения) with dummy (муляжи) rifles, the yelling (выкрикивание) of slogans, the worship (поклонение) of Big Brother – it was all a sort of glorious game to them. All their ferocity (свирепость) was turned outwards, against the enemies of the State, against foreigners, traitors, saboteurs, thought-criminals. It was almost normal for people over thirty to be frightened (бояться) of their

own children. And with good reason (и на то были веские причины), for hardly a week (не проходило и недели) passed in which «The Times' did not carry a paragraph describing how some eavesdropping (подслушивающий) little sneak (проныра) —'child hero' was the phrase generally used – had overheard (подслушал) some compromising remark and denounced (донес) its parents to the Thought Police.

The sting (жало) of the catapult bullet (пуля) had worn off (прошло). He picked up (взял) his pen half-heartedly (нерешительно), wondering (удивляясь) whether (ли) he could find something more to write in the diary. Suddenly he began thinking of O'Brien again.

Years ago – how long was it? Seven years it must be – he had dreamed that he was walking through a pitch-dark (кромешно-темный) room. And someone sitting to one side of him had said as he passed: «We shall meet in the place where there is no darkness.» It was said very quietly, almost casually (небрежно) – a statement (утверждение), not a command. He had walked on without pausing. What was curious (любопытно) was that at the time, in the dream, the words had not made much impression on him. It was only later and by degrees (постепенно) that they had seemed to take on significance (значение). He could not now remember whether it was before or after having the dream that he had seen O'Brien for the first time, nor could he remember when he had first identified the voice as O'Brien's. But at any rate (во всяком случае) the identification existed. It was O'Brien

who had spoken to him out of the dark.

Winston had never been able to feel sure – even after this morning's flash (вспышка) of the eyes it was still impossible to be sure whether O'Brien was a friend or an enemy. Nor did it even seem to matter greatly. There was a link (связь) of understanding between them, more important than affection (привязанность) or partisanship. «We shall meet in the place where there is no darkness,» he had said. Winston did not know what it meant, only that in some way or another it would come true (это сбудется).

The voice from the telescreen paused. A trumpet (трубный) call, clear and beautiful, floated (разнесся) into the stagnant (застоявшийся) air. The voice continued raspingly (хрипло):

() () () () *«Attention! Your attention, please! A newsflash новость has this moment arrived from the Malabar front. Our forces in South India have won a glorious victory. I am authorized уполномочен to say that the action we are now reporting may well bring приблизить the war within measurable ощутимый distance of its end. Here is the newsflash —»*

Bad news coming, thought Winston. And sure enough, following on a gory description (описание) of the annihilation of a Eurasian army, with stupendous (огромный) figures of killed and prisoners, came the announcement that, as from next week, the chocolate ration would be reduced (снижен) from thirty grammes to twenty. [12]

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[12] the chocolate ration – (разг.) норма выдачи (паек) шоколада

Winston belched (рыгнул) again. The gin was wearing off (заканчивался), leaving a deflated (сдутый) feeling. The telescreen – perhaps to celebrate the victory, perhaps to drown (заглушить) the memory of the lost chocolate – crashed (врезался) into «Oceania, «tis for thee' (это для тебя). You were supposed to stand to attention. However, in his present position he was invisible (невидимый). [13]

«Oceania, «tis for thee' gave way to lighter music. Winston walked over to the window, keeping his back to the telescreen. The day was still cold and clear. Somewhere far away (где-то вдалеке) a rocket (реактивный) bomb exploded (взорвался) with a dull (глухой), reverberating (раскатистый) roar (грохот). About twenty or thirty of them a week were falling on London at present.

Down (внизу) in the street the wind flapped (трепал) the torn (разорванный) poster to and fro (туда-сюда), and the word INGSOC fitfully (прерывисто) appeared and vanished (исчезал). Ingsoc. The sacred principles of Ingsoc. Newspeak, doublethink, the mutability (изменчивость) of the past. He felt (казалось) as though he were wandering (блуждает) in the forests of the sea bottom, lost (затерянный) in a monstrous world where he himself was the monster. He was alone. The past was dead, the future was unimaginable (невообразимо). What certainty (уверенность) had he that a single human creature (существо) now living was on his side? And what way of knowing

[13] to stand to attention – (воен.) встать по стойке смирно

that the dominion (господство) of the Party would not endure (терпеть) FOR EVER? Like an answer, the three slogans on the white face of the Ministry of Truth came back to him:

He took a twenty-five cent piece (монета) out of his pocket. There, too, in tiny clear lettering, the same slogans were inscribed, and on the other face of the coin the head of Big Brother. Even from the coin the eyes pursued (преследовал) you. On coins, on stamps (марки), on the covers (обложки) of books, on banners, on posters, and on the wrappings (обертки) of a cigarette packet (пачка) – everywhere. Always the eyes watching you and the voice enveloping (обволакивающий) you. Asleep (спит) or awake (бодрствует), working or eating, indoors or out of doors, in the bath or in bed – no escape (спасения нет). Nothing was your own except the few cubic centimetres inside your skull (череп).

The sun had shifted (повернулся) round, and the myriad (мириады) windows of the Ministry of Truth, with the light no longer shining (сияющий) on them, looked grim (мрачно) as the loopholes (бойницы) of a fortress (крепость). His heart quailed (затрепетал) before the enormous (огромный) pyramidal shape (форма). It was too strong, it could not be stormed (штурмовать). A thousand rocket bombs would not batter (разрушить) it down. He wondered (задался вопросом) again for whom he was writing the diary. For the future, for the past – for an age that might be imaginary (воображаемый). And in front of him there lay not death but annihilation. The diary would be reduced (пре-

вратился) to ashes (пепел) and himself to vapour (пар). Only the Thought Police would read what he had written, before they wiped it out of existence and out of memory. How could you make appeal to the future when not a trace of you, not even an anonymous word scribbled on a piece of paper, could physically survive?

The telescreen struck (пробил) fourteen. He must leave in ten minutes. He had to be back at work by fourteen-thirty.

Curiously (любопытно), the chiming (звон) of the hour seemed to have put new heart into him. He was a lonely (одинокий) ghost (призрак) uttering (изрекающий) a truth that nobody would ever hear. But so long as he uttered (произносил) it, in some obscure (непонятный) way the continuity (непрерывность) was not broken (не нарушался). It was not by making yourself heard but by staying sane that you carried on the human heritage (наследие). He went back to the table, dipped (обмакнул) his pen, and wrote: [14]

To the future or to the past, to a time when thought is free, when men are different from one another and do not live alone – to a time when truth exists and what is done cannot be undone:

единообразиеодиночествоприветствую *From the age of uniformity ( ), from the age of solitude ( ), from the age of Big Brother, from the age of doublethink – greetings ( )!*

He was already dead, he reflected (It seemed to him that it was only now, when he had begun to be able to formulate his

[14] seemed to have put new heart into him – (разг.) казалось, вдохновило его

thoughts, that he had taken the decisive () step. The consequences () of every act are included in the act itself. He wrote: *размышлял). решающий последствия*

Thoughtcrime does not entail (влечет) death: thoughtcrime IS death.

Now he had recognized himself as a dead man it became important to stay alive (в живых) as long as possible. Two fingers of his right hand were inkstained (испачкан чернилами). It was exactly (именно) the kind of detail that might betray (выдать) you. Some nosing (любопытный) zealot (фанатик) in the Ministry (a woman, probably: someone like the little sandy-haired woman or the dark-haired girl from the Fiction Department) might start wondering (удивляться) why he had been writing during the lunch interval, why he had used an old-fashioned (старомодный) pen, WHAT he had been writing – and then drop (оставить) a hint (подсказка) in the appropriate quarter. He went to the bathroom and carefully scrubbed (смыл) the ink away with the gritty (песчаный) darkbrown (темно-коричневый) soap which rasped (скрипучий) your skin like sandpaper (наждачная бумага) and was therefore (поэтому) well adapted (подходил) for this purpose. [15]

He put the diary away in the drawer (ящик стола). It was quite useless to think of hiding (прятать) it, but he could at least make sure whether or not its existence had been discovered. A hair laid (проложенный) across the page-ends was too obvious.

[15] in the appropriate quarter – в соответствующем месте

With the tip (кончик) of his finger he picked up (подобрал) an identifiable grain (крупинка) of whitish (беловатый) dust (пыль) and deposited (отложил) it on the corner of the cover (обложка), where it was bound to be shaken off if the book was moved. [16]

WAR IS PEACE
FREEDOM IS SLAVERY
IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH

[16] where it was bound to be shaken off – (разг.) откуда она обязательно свалится

Chapter 3

Winston was dreaming of his mother. He must, he thought, have been ten or eleven years old when his mother had disappeared. She was a tall (высокий), statuesque, rather silent woman with slow movements and magnificent (великолепный) fair (светлый) hair. His father he remembered more vaguely (смутно) as dark and thin (худощавый), dressed always in neat (аккуратный) dark clothes (Winston remembered especially the very thin soles (подошвы) of his father's shoes) and wearing (носивший) spectacles. The two of them must evidently have been swallowed up (поглощенный) in one of the first great purges (чистки) of the fifties.

At this moment his mother was sitting in some place deep down beneath him, with his young sister in her arms. He did not remember his sister at all, except as a tiny (крошечный), feeble (слабый) baby, always silent, with large, watchful (настороженный) eyes. Both of them were looking up at him. They were down in some subterranean (подземный) place – the bottom (дно) of a well (колодец), for instance, or a very deep grave (могила) – but it was a place which, already far below him, was itself moving downwards (вниз). They were in the saloon (салон) of a sinking (тонущий) ship, looking up at him through the darkening water. There was still air in the saloon, they could still see him and he them, but all the while they were sinking down

(погружался), down into the green waters which in another moment must hide (скрыть) them from sight for ever. He was out in the light and air while they were being sucked down (засасывать) to death, and they were down there because he was up here. He knew it and they knew it, and he could see the knowledge in their faces. There was no reproach (упрек) either in their faces or in their hearts, only the knowledge that they must die in order that he might remain alive, and that this was part of the unavoidable (неизбежный) order of things.

He could not remember what had happened, but he knew in his dream that in some way (каким-то образом) the lives of his mother and his sister had been sacrificed to his own. It was one of those dreams which, while retaining (сохраняя) the characteristic dream scenery (сновидения), are a continuation (продолжение) of one's intellectual life, and in which one becomes aware of (знать о) facts and ideas which still seem new and valuable after one is awake (пробуждение). The thing that now suddenly struck (поразил) Winston was that his mother's death, nearly thirty years ago, had been tragic and sorrowful (прискорбный) in a way (в том смысле) that was no longer possible. Tragedy, he perceived (воспринял), belonged to the ancient time, to a time when there was still privacy, love, and friendship, and when the members of a family stood (поддерживал) by one another without needing to know the reason. His mother's memory tore (разрывал) at his heart because she had died loving him, when he was too young and selfish

(эгоистичный) to love her in return (в ответ), and because somehow (каким-то образом), he did not remember how, she had sacrificed herself to a conception of loyalty that was private and unalterable (неизменный). Such things, he saw, could not happen today. Today there were fear, hatred, and pain (боль), but no dignity (достоинство) of emotion, no deep or complex sorrows (печаль). All this he seemed to see in the large eyes of his mother and his sister, looking up at him through the green water, hundreds of fathoms (сажени) down and still sinking (все еще погружавшихся). [17]

Suddenly he was standing on short springy (пружинистый) turf (газон), on a summer evening when the slanting (косой) rays (лучи) of the sun gilded (золотил) the ground. The landscape that he was looking at recurred (повторялся) so often in his dreams that he was never fully certain whether or not he had seen it in the real world. In his waking (наяву) thoughts he called it the Golden Country. It was an old, rabbit-bitten (обглоданный кроликами) pasture (пастбище), with a foot-track (тропинка) wandering (тянулся) across it and a molehill (кротовая нора) here and there. In the ragged (неровный) hedge (живая изгородь) on the opposite side of the field the boughs (ветви) of the elm (вяз) trees were swaying (покачивался) very faintly (слабо) in the breeze (ветер), their leaves just (просто) stirring (шевелился) in dense (плотный) masses like women's

[17] without needing to know the reason – (разг.) просто так, не нуждаясь в обосновании причин

hair. Somewhere near at hand (где-то совсем рядом), though out of sight (вне поля зрения), there was a clear, slow-moving stream (течение) where dace (плотва) were swimming in the pools (пруды) under the willow (ивы) trees.

The girl with dark hair was coming towards them across the field. With what seemed a single movement she tore off (сорвал) her clothes and flung (отбросил) them disdainfully (презрительно) aside. Her body was white and smooth (гладкий), but it aroused (вызывал) no desire in him, indeed he barely (едва) looked at it. What overwhelmed (ошеломил) him in that instant (момент) was admiration (восхищение) for the gesture (жест) with which she had thrown her clothes aside. With its grace (изящество) and carelessness it seemed to annihilate a whole culture, a whole system of thought, as though Big Brother and the Party and the Thought Police could all be swept (сметены) into nothingness by a single splendid (великолепный) movement of the arm. That too was a gesture (жест) belonging to the ancient time. Winston woke up (проснулся) with the word «Shakespeare' on his lips.

The telescreen was giving forth an ear-splitting (оглушительный) whistle (свист) which continued on the same note for thirty seconds. It was nought (ноль) seven fifteen, getting-up time for office workers. Winston wrenched (рывком поднял) his body out of bed – naked (голый), for a member of the Outer (внешний) Party received only 3,000 clothing coupons (купоны) annually, and a suit of pyjamas was 600 – and seized (схва-

тил) a dingy (грязный) singlet (майка) and a pair of shorts that were lying across a chair. The Physical Jerks (толчки) would begin in three minutes. The next moment he was doubled up (согнулся пополам) by a violent coughing (приступ) fit (кашель) which nearly always attacked him soon after waking up (пробуждение). It emptied his lungs (легкие) so completely that he could only begin breathing (дышать) again by lying on his back and taking a series of deep gasps (вдохи). His veins had swelled (вздулся) with the effort of the cough (кашель), and the varicose ulcer (варикозная язва) had started itching (зудеть).

«Thirty to forty group!» yapped (тявкнул) a piercing (пронзительный) female voice. «Thirty to forty group! Take your places, please. Thirties to forties!»

Winston sprang (вскочил) to attention in front of the telescreen, upon which the image of a youngish woman, scrawny (тощий) but muscular, dressed in tunic and gym-shoes, had already appeared.

«Arms bending (сгибаются) and stretching (растягиваются)!» she rapped (выкрикнула) out. «Take your time by me. ONE, two, three, four! ONE, two, three, four! Come on, comrades, put a bit (частичка) of life into it! ONE, two, three four! ONE two, three, four!…»

The pain (боль) of the coughing (приступ) fit (кашель) had not quite driven out (вытеснил) of Winston's mind the impression made by his dream, and the rhythmic movements of the exercise restored it somewhat (в какой-то степени). As

he mechanically shot his arms back and forth, wearing (утомление) on his face the look of grim (мрачный) enjoyment (удовольствие) which was considered proper (уместный) during the Physical Jerks, he was struggling to think his way backward into the dim (смутный) period of his early childhood. It was extraordinarily difficult. Beyond the late fifties everything faded (померк). When there were no external (внешний) records that you could refer (сослаться) to, even the outline (очертание) of your own life lost its sharpness (острота). You remembered huge (огромный) events which had quite probably not happened, you remembered the detail of incidents without being able to recapture (вернуть) their atmosphere, and there were long blank (пустой) periods to which you could assign (приписать) nothing. Everything had been different (иначе) then. Even the names of countries, and their shapes (очертания) on the map, had been different. Airstrip (взлетно-посадочная полоса) One, for instance, had not been so called in those days: it had been called England or Britain, though London, he felt (чувствовал) fairly (весьма) certain, had always been called London.

Winston could not definitely (точно) remember a time when his country had not been at war, but it was evident that there had been a fairly (довольно) long interval of peace during his childhood, because one of his early memories was of an air raid (налет) which appeared to take everyone by surprise. Perhaps it was the time when the atomic bomb had fallen on Colchester. He did not remember the raid (рейд) itself, but he did remember

his father's hand clutching (сжимал) his own as they hurried down (спешил), down, down into some place deep in the earth, round and round a spiral staircase (лестница) which rang (звенел) under his feet and which finally so wearied (утомился) his legs that he began whimpering (хныкать) and they had to stop and rest. His mother, in her slow, dreamy way (манера), was following a long way behind them. She was carrying (нес) his baby sister – or perhaps it was only a bundle (сверток) of blankets (одеяла) that she was carrying: he was not certain (уверен) whether his sister had been born then. Finally they had emerged (оказался) into a noisy, crowded place which he had realized to be a Tube (станция метро) station.

There were people sitting all over the stone-flagged (каменный) floor (пол), and other people, packed (сбившись) tightly (тесно) together, were sitting on metal bunks (нары), one above the other. Winston and his mother and father found themselves a place on the floor, and near them an old man and an old woman were sitting side by side on a bunk (койка). The old man had on a decent (приличный) dark suit and a black cloth cap pushed back from (откинутый от) very white hair: his face was scarlet and his eyes were blue and full of tears (слезы). He reeked (пахло) of gin. It seemed to breathe (выдыхается) out of his skin in place of sweat (пот), and one could have fancied (можно было подумать) that the tears (слезы) welling (льющийся) from his eyes were pure (чистый) gin. But though slightly (слегка) drunk (пьяный) he was also suffering (страдал) under some grief (го-

pe) that was genuine (искренний) and unbearable (невыносимый). In his childish way Winston grasped (понял) that some terrible thing, something that was beyond (нельзя) forgiveness (простить) and could never be remedied (исправил), had just happened. It also seemed to him that he knew what it was. Someone whom (кого-то, кого) the old man loved – a little granddaughter, perhaps – had been killed. Every few minutes the old man kept repeating:

«We didn't ought (не должны были) to «ave trusted «em (им доверять). I said so, Ma, didn't I? That's what comes of trusting «em. I said so all along (я говорил это с самого начала). We didn't ought to «ave trusted the buggers (ублюдки).»

But which buggers (мерзавцы) they didn't ought to have trusted Winston could not now remember.

Since about that time, war had been literally continuous (непрерывный), though strictly (строго) speaking it had not always been the same war. For several months during his childhood there had been confused (происходил) street fighting in London itself, some of which he remembered vividly (ярко). But to trace out the history of the whole period, to say who was fighting whom at any given moment, would have been utterly (совершенно) impossible, since (поскольку) no written record, and no spoken word, ever made mention (упоминался) of any other alignment (расклад) than the existing one. At this moment, for example, in 1984 (if it was 1984), Oceania was at war with Eurasia and in alliance with Eastasia. In no public or private

utterance (заявление) was it ever admitted (признавался) that the three powers had at any time been grouped (группировался) along different lines. Actually (на самом деле), as Winston well knew, it was only four years since Oceania had been at war with Eastasia and in alliance with Eurasia. But that was merely (лишь) a piece (часть) of furtive (скрытый) knowledge which he happened to possess (владеть) because his memory was not satisfactorily under control. Officially the change of partners had never happened. Oceania was at war with Eurasia: therefore (следовательно) Oceania had always been at war with Eurasia. The enemy of the moment always represented absolute evil, and it followed that any past or future agreement with him was impossible.

The frightening (пугающий) thing, he reflected (размышлял) for the ten thousandth time as he forced (отводя) his shoulders painfully (болезненно) backward (with hands on hips (бедра), they were gyrating (вращал) their bodies from the waist (талия), an exercise that was supposed to be good for the back muscles) – the frightening thing was that it might all be true. If the Party could thrust (сунуть) its hand into the past and say of this or that event, IT NEVER HAPPENED – that, surely, was more terrifying (страшнее) than mere torture (пытки) and death? [18]

The Party said that Oceania had never been in alliance

[18] an exercise that was supposed to be good for the back muscles – (разг.) предполагалось, что это упражнение укрепляет мышцы спины

with Eurasia. He, Winston Smith, knew that Oceania had been in alliance with Eurasia as short a time as four years ago. But where did that knowledge exist? Only in his own consciousness (сознание), which in any case must soon be annihilated. And if all others accepted (принимал) the lie which the Party imposed (навязывал) – if all records told the same tale (сказка) —then the lie passed into history and became truth. «Who controls the past,» ran (гласил) the Party slogan, «controls the future: who controls the present controls the past.» And yet (все же) the past, though of its nature alterable (изменяемый), never had been altered (изменен). Whatever (что угодно) was true now was true from everlasting to everlasting (от вечности к вечности). It was quite simple. All that was needed was an unending (бесконечный) series of victories over your own memory. «Reality control', they called it: in Newspeak, «doublethink'.

«Stand easy!' barked (рявкнул) the instructress (инструкторша), a little more genially (добродушно). [19]

Winston sank (опустил) his arms to his sides and slowly refilled (наполнил) his lungs (легкие) with air. His mind slid away (ускользнул) into the labyrinthine (запутанный) world of doublethink. To know and not to know, to be conscious (осознавать) of complete truthfulness while telling carefully constructed lies, to hold simultaneously (одновременно) two opinions which cancelled out (сводятся на нет), knowing them to be contradictory (противоречивый) and believing in both

[19] Stand easy! – (воен.) Вольно!

of them, to use logic against logic, to repudiate (отвергать) morality while laying claim (претендуя) to it, to believe that democracy was impossible and that the Party was the guardian (страж) of democracy, to forget whatever (все) it was necessary to forget, then to draw it back (снова вызвать) into memory again at the moment when it was needed, and then promptly (быстро) to forget it again: and above all (превыше всего), to apply (применить) the same process to the process itself. That was the ultimate (предельный) subtlety (тонкость): consciously to induce (вызвать) unconsciousness, and then, once again, to become unconscious of the act of hypnosis you had just performed (совершил). Even to understand the word «doublethink' involved (требовался) the use of doublethink.

The instructress had called them to attention again. «And now let's see which of us can touch our toes (пальцы ног)!» she said enthusiastically. «Right over from the hips (бедра), please, comrades. ONE-two! ONE-two!…»

Winston loathed (ненавидел) this exercise, which sent (вызывал) shooting (стреляющий) pains (боли) all the way from his heels (пятки) to his buttocks (ягодицы) and often ended by bringing on another coughing (приступ) fit (кашель). The half-pleasant (наполовину приятный) quality (качество) went out of his meditations (медитации). The past, he reflected, had not merely been altered, it had been actually destroyed. For how could you establish even the most obvious (очевидный) fact when there existed no record outside your own memory?

He tried to remember in what year he had first heard mention of Big Brother. He thought it must have been at some time in the sixties, but it was impossible to be certain (уверенный). In the Party histories, of course, Big Brother figured as the leader and guardian of the Revolution since its very earliest days. His exploits (подвиги) had been gradually (постепенно) pushed (отодвигался) backwards (назад) in time until already they extended (распространился) into the fabulous (сказочный) world of the forties and the thirties, when the capitalists in their strange cylindrical hats still rode (разъезжал) through the streets of London in great gleaming motor-cars or horse carriages (экипажи) with glass sides. There was no knowing how much of this legend was true and how much invented (изобретен). Winston could not even remember at what date the Party itself had come into existence. He did not believe he had ever heard the word Ingsoc before 1960, but it was possible that in its Oldspeak form – «English Socialism', that is to say – it had been current (ходячий) earlier. Everything melted (растаял) into mist (туман). Sometimes, indeed (действительно), you could put your finger on a definite (явный) lie. It was not true, for example, as was claimed in the Party history books, that the Party had invented (изобрел) aeroplanes. He remembered aeroplanes since his earliest childhood. But you could prove (доказать) nothing. There was never any evidence (доказательство). Just once (всего один раз) in his whole life he had held in his hands unmistakable documentary proof (доказательство)

of the falsification of an historical fact. And on that occasion —

«Smith!» screamed (завопил) the shrewish (сварливый) voice from the telescreen. «6079 Smith W.! Yes, YOU! Bend lower (наклонитесь ниже), please! You can do better than that. You're not trying. Lower, please! THAT'S better, comrade. Now stand at ease, the whole squad (отделение), and watch me.»

A sudden (внезапно) hot sweat (пот) had broken out all over Winston's body. His face remained (оставался) completely inscrutable (непроницаемый). Never show dismay (смятение)! Never show resentment (обида)! A single flicker (дрожание) of the eyes could give you away (выдать тебя). He stood watching while the instructress raised her arms above her head and – one could not say gracefully (изящно), but with remarkable (поразительный) neatness (аккуратность) and efficiency – bent over (наклонилась) and tucked (подогнул) the first joint (сустав) of her fingers under her toes.

«THERE, comrades! THAT'S how I want to see you doing it. Watch me again. I'm thirty-nine and I've had four children. Now look.» She bent over again. «You see MY knees (колени) aren't bent (не согнут). You can all do it if you want to,» she added as she straightened (выпрямляясь) herself up. «Anyone (любой) under forty-five is perfectly (вполне) capable (способен) of touching his toes (пальцы ног). We don't all have the privilege of fighting in the front line, but at least (по крайней мере) we can all keep fit (поддерживать форму). Remember our boys on the Malabar front! And the sailors in the Floating Fortresses

(крепости)! Just (просто) think what THEY have to put up with (приходится мириться). Now try again. That's better, comrade, that's MUCH better,» she added encouragingly (ободряюще) as Winston, with a violent lunge (выпад), succeeded in touching his toes (пальцы ног) with knees (колени) unbent (разогнутый), for the first time in several years.

Chapter 4

With the deep, unconscious sigh which not even the nearness (близость) of the telescreen could prevent (помешать) him from uttering (издать) when his day's work started, Winston pulled (поставил) the speakwrite (диктофон) towards him, blew (сдул) the dust (пыль) from its mouthpiece (мундштук), and put on his spectacles. Then he unrolled (развернул) and clipped (скрепил) together four small cylinders of paper which had already flopped out (вылетел) of the pneumatic tube (трубка) on the right-hand side of his desk.

In the walls of the cubicle there were three orifices (отверстия). To the right of the speakwrite, a small pneumatic tube for written messages, to the left, a larger one for newspapers; and in the side wall, within easy reach (досягаемость) of Winston's arm, a large oblong (продолговатый) slit (щель) protected by a wire (проволочный) grating (решетка). This last was for the disposal (удаление) of waste (отходы) paper. Similar slits (щели) existed in thousands or tens of thousands throughout the building, not only in every room but at short intervals in every corridor. For some reason they were nicknamed (прозвал) memory holes (дыры). When one knew that any document was due for destruction (уничтожение), or even when one saw a scrap (клочок) of waste (отход) paper lying (валяющийся) about, it was an automatic action to lift (поднимать) the flap

(крышка) of the nearest memory hole (ближайшее хранилище) and drop (бросал) it in, whereupon (после чего) it would be whirled away (уносил) on a current (поток) of warm air to the enormous (огромный) furnaces (печи) which were hidden (спрятан) somewhere in the recesses (тайники) of the building.

Winston examined the four slips (кучи) of paper which he had unrolled (развернул). Each contained (содержал) a message of only one or two lines, in the abbreviated (сокращенный) jargon (жаргон) – not actually Newspeak, but consisting largely of Newspeak words – which was used in the Ministry for internal purposes. They ran:

сообщение с ошибками (исправлен) текущий миниплен-ты (исправлять) (без упоминания) *times 17.3.84 bb speech malreported ( ) africa rectify times 19.12.83 forecasts (прогнозы) 3 yp 4th quarter 83 misprints (опечатки) verify current ( ) issue times 14.2.84 miniplenty ( ) malquoted (неправильно процитированный) chocolate rectify times 3.12.83 reporting (отчет) bb dayorder (дневной порядок) doubleplusungood (вдвойне хорошо) refs unpersons rewrite fullwise (полный мудрый) upsub antefiling (противообрастающий)*

With a faint (слабый) feeling of satisfaction Winston laid (отложил) the fourth message aside. It was an intricate (сложный) and responsible (ответственный) job and had better be dealt with last (разбираться в последнюю очередь). The other three were routine (рутинный) matters (дела), though the second one would probably mean some tedious (утомительный) wading

(блуждание) through lists of figures.

Winston dialled (набрал) «back numbers (обратные номера) ' on the telescreen and called for the appropriate (соответствующий) issues of «The Times', which slid out (выскользнул) of the pneumatic tube after only a few minutes' delay (задержка). The messages he had received (получил) referred (относился) to articles or news items (предметы) which for one reason or another it was thought necessary to alter, or, as the official phrase had it, to rectify (исправить). For example, it appeared from «The Times' of the seventeenth of March that Big Brother, in his speech of the previous (предыдущий) day, had predicted (предсказал) that the South Indian front would remain (оставался) quiet (спокойствие) but that a Eurasian offensive (наступление) would shortly (вскоре) be launched (начался) in North Africa. As it happened, the Eurasian Higher Command had launched its offensive in South India and left North Africa alone (в покое). It was therefore (поэтому) necessary to rewrite a paragraph of Big Brother's speech, in such a way (таким образом) as to make (заставить) him predict (предсказать) the thing that had actually happened. Or again, «The Times' of the nineteenth of December had published the official forecasts (прогнозы) of the output (выпуск) of various classes of consumption goods (потребительские товары) in the fourth quarter (квартал) of 1983, which was also the sixth quarter of the Ninth Three-Year Plan. Today's issue contained a statement (отчет) of the actual output (результат), from which it appeared that the forecasts (прогнозы)

were in every instance (случай) grossly (грубо) wrong (ошибочный). Winston's job was to rectify (исправить) the original figures by making them agree with the later ones. As for (что касается) the third message, it referred (упомянул) to a very simple error which could be set right (исправить) in a couple (пара) of minutes. As short a time ago (недавно) as February, the Ministry of Plenty (изобилие) had issued a promise (обещание) a «categorical pledge (обещание) ' were the official words) that there would be no reduction (сокращение) of the chocolate ration during 1984. Actually, as Winston was aware (знал), the chocolate ration was to be reduced from thirty grammes to twenty at the end of the present week. All that was needed was to substitute (заменить) for the original promise a warning (предупреждение) that it would probably be necessary to reduce the ration at some time in April.

As soon as (как только) Winston had dealt (разобрался) with each of the messages, he clipped (прикрепил) his speakwritten (исправления) corrections to the appropriate (соответствующий) copy of «The Times' and pushed (затолкал) them into the pneumatic tube. Then, with a movement which was as nearly as possible unconscious, he crumpled up (скомкал) the original message and any notes that he himself had made, and dropped (бросил) them into the memory hole (дыра памяти) to be devoured (сожрало) by the flames (пламя).

What happened in the unseen (невидимый) labyrinth (лабиринт) to which the pneumatic tubes led (вел), he did not

know in detail, but he did know in general terms (черты). As soon as (как только) all the corrections which happened to be necessary in any particular number of «The Times' had been assembled (собран) and collated (сопоставлен), that number would be reprinted, the original copy destroyed, and the corrected copy placed on the files in its stead (вместо нее). This process of continuous (непрерывный) alteration was applied (применялся) not only to newspapers, but to books, periodicals, pamphlets, posters, leaflets (листовки), films, sound-tracks, cartoons, photographs – to every kind of literature or documentation which might conceivably (предположительно) hold any political or ideological significance (значение). Day by day and almost minute by minute the past was brought up to date. In this way every prediction (предсказание) made by the Party could be shown by documentary evidence (доказательство) to have been correct, nor was any item (сообщение) of news, or any expression of opinion, which conflicted with the needs of the moment, ever allowed (когда-либо позволял) to remain (оставаться) on record. All history was a palimpsest, scraped (вычищенный) clean and reinscribed (переписываемый) exactly (ровно) as often as was necessary. In no case would it have been possible, once the deed was done, to prove that any falsification had taken place. The largest section of the Records Department (отдел документации), far larger than the one on which Winston worked, consisted simply of persons whose duty it was to track down (отслеживать) and collect all copies

of books, newspapers, and other documents which had been superseded (заменен) and were due for destruction. A number of «The Times' which might (возможно), because of changes in political alignment (расклад), or mistaken prophecies (пророчество) uttered (произнесенный) by Big Brother, have been rewritten a dozen times still stood (все еще стоял) on the files bearing (несущий) its original date, and no other copy existed to contradict (противоречить) it. Books, also, were recalled and rewritten again and again, and were invariably (неизменно) reissued without any admission that any alteration had been made. Even the written instructions which Winston received (получал), and which he invariably (неизменно) got rid (избавлялся) of as soon as (как только) he had dealt (разбирался) with them, never stated (говорилось) or implied (подразумевался) that an act of forgery (подделка) was to be committed (привержен): always the reference (ссылка) was to slips (упоминался), errors, misprints (опечатки), or misquotations (неправильные цитаты) which it was necessary to put right in the interests of accuracy (точность). [20] [21] [22]

But actually (на самом деле), he thought as he re-adjusted (корректируя) the Ministry of Plenty's figures, it was not even

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[20] the past was brought up to date – (зд.) прошлое корректировалось так, чтобы соответствовать настоящему

[21] palimpsest – (греч.) палимпсест; пергамент, с которого соскребывалось написанное для последующего его использования

[22] without any admission that any alteration had been made – (разг.) без упоминаний того, что какие-либо изменения были внесены

forgery (подделка). It was merely (просто) the substitution (замена) of one piece (часть) of nonsense for another. Most of the material that you were dealing (дело) with had no connexion (связь) with anything in the real world, not even the kind of connexion that is contained (содержался) in a direct lie. Statistics were just as much (такой же) a fantasy in their original version as in their rectified (исправленный) version. A great deal (часть) of the time you were expected to make them up out of your head. For example, the Ministry of Plenty's forecast (прогноз) had estimated (оценивался) the output (объем) of boots (ботинки) for the quarter at 145 million pairs. The actual output (объем) was given as sixty-two millions. Winston, however, in rewriting the forecast, marked (снизил) the figure down to fifty-seven millions, so as (чтобы) to allow (учесть) for the usual claim (утверждение) that the quota had been overfulfilled (перевыполнен). In any case, sixty-two millions was no nearer the truth than fifty-seven millions, or than 145 millions. Very likely (весьма вероятно) no boots had been produced at all. Likelier still (еще более вероятно), nobody knew how many had been produced, much less cared (тем более не заботился). All one knew was that (все, что было известно) every quarter astronomical numbers of boots were produced on paper, while (в то время) perhaps half the population of Oceania went barefoot (босиком). And so it was with every class of recorded (зафиксированных) fact, great or small. Everything faded away (растворилось) into a shadow-

world (мир теней) in which, finally, even the date of the year had become uncertain (неопределенный).

Winston glanced (оглядел) across the hall. In the corresponding (соответствующий) cubicle (кабинка) on the other side a small, precise-looking (аккуратного вида), darkchinned (темнокожий) man named Tillotson was working steadily (сосредоточенно) away, with a folded (сложенный) newspaper on his knee (колено) and his mouth very close to the mouthpiece (рупор) of the speakwrite. He had the air of trying to keep what he was saying a secret between himself and the telescreen. He looked up (посмотрел вверх), and his spectacles darted (метнул) a hostile (враждебный) flash (взгляд) in Winston's direction.

Winston hardly knew Tillotson, and had no idea what work he was employed on. People in the Records Department did not readily (неохотно) talk about their jobs. In the long, windowless hall, with its double row of cubicles and its endless rustle (шелест) of papers and hum (гул) of voices murmuring (бормочущий) into speakwrites, there were quite a dozen people whom Winston did not even know by name, though he daily saw them hurrying (спешил) to and fro (туда-сюда) in the corridors or gesticulating (жестикулировал) in the Two Minutes Hate. He knew that in the cubicle next to him the little woman with sandy (песочный) hair toiled (трудился) day in day out, simply at tracking down (выслеживая) and deleting (удаляя) from the Press the names of people who had been vaporized (испарил-

ся) and were therefore considered (считался) never to have existed. There was a certain fitness (логика) in this, since her own husband had been vaporized (испарился) a couple of years earlier. And a few cubicles away a mild (кроткий), ineffectual, dreamy creature (существо) named Ampleforth, with very hairy (волосатый) ears and a surprising talent for juggling (жонглирование) with rhymes (рифмы) and metres, was engaged (занимался) in producing garbled (искаженный) versions – definitive (окончательный) texts, they were called – of poems which had become ideologically offensive (оскорбительный), but which for one reason or another were to be retained (сохранено) in the anthologies. And this hall, with its fifty workers or thereabouts (около того), was only one sub-section, a single cell (ячейка), as it were (так сказать), in the huge (огромный) complexity (сложность) of the Records Department. Beyond (за ними), above (вверху), below (внизу), were other swarms (толпы) of workers engaged in an unimaginable (невообразимый) multitude (множество) of jobs. There were the huge printing-shops with their sub-editors, their typography experts, and their elaborately (тщательно) equipped (оборудованными) studios for the faking (подделка) of photographs. There was the teleprogrammes section with its engineers, its producers, and its teams of actors specially chosen for their skill (умение) in imitating voices. There were the armies of reference clerks (референты) whose job was simply to draw up (составить) lists of books and periodicals which were due for recall

(подлежал отзыву). There were the vast repositories (хранилища) where the corrected documents were stored (хранился), and the hidden (скрытый) furnaces (печи) where the original copies were destroyed. And somewhere (где-то там) or other, quite anonymous (анонимно), there were the directing brains (мозги) who co-ordinated the whole effort (усилие) and laid down (определял) the lines of policy which made it necessary that this fragment of the past should be preserved (сохранен), that one falsified, and the other rubbed (стерт) out of existence. [23]

And the Records Department, after all (в конце концов), was itself only a single branch (подразделение) of the Ministry of Truth, whose primary (основной) job was not to reconstruct the past but to supply (снабжать) the citizens of Oceania with newspapers, films, textbooks, telescreen programmes, plays, novels – with every conceivable (мыслимый) kind of information, instruction, or entertainment, from a statue to a slogan, from a lyric poem to a biological treatise (трактат), and from a child's spelling-book (детская книжка по правописанию) to a Newspeak dictionary. And the Ministry had (пришлось) not only to supply (удовлетворять) the multifarious (разнообразный) needs of the party, but also to repeat the whole operation at a lower level for the benefit of the proletariat. There was a whole chain (цепочка) of separate departments dealing (занимавшийся) with proletarian literature, music, drama, and entertainment generally. Here were produced rubbishy (дрян-

[23] day in day out – (разг.) через день

ный) newspapers containing almost nothing except sport, crime and astrology, sensational five-cent novelettes (новеллы), films oozing (пропитанный) with sex, and sentimental songs which were composed entirely (исключительно) by mechanical means on a special kind of kaleidoscope known as a versificator. There was even a whole sub-section – Pornosec, it was called in Newspeak —engaged in producing the lowest kind of pornography, which was sent out (рассылался) in sealed (запечатанный) packets (пакеты) and which no Party member, other than those who worked on it, was permitted (разрешалось) to look at. Three messages had slid out (выскользнул) of the pneumatic tube while Winston was working, but they were simple matters, and he had disposed (избавился) of them before the Two Minutes Hate interrupted (прервал) him. When the Hate was over he returned to his cubicle, took the Newspeak dictionary from the shelf (полка), pushed (отодвинул) the speakwrite to one side, cleaned his spectacles, and settled down (приступил) to his main job of the morning.

Winston's greatest pleasure in life was in his work. Most of it was a tedious (утомительный) routine, but included in it there were also jobs so difficult and intricate (запутанный) that you could lose yourself in them as in the depths (глубины) of a mathematical problem – delicate pieces (куски) of forgery (подделка) in which you had nothing to guide (чтобы направлять) you except your knowledge of the principles of Ingsoc and your estimate of what the Party wanted you to say. Winston

was good at this kind of thing. On occasion (по случаю) he had even been entrusted with the rectification of «The Times' leading articles, which were written entirely (полностью) in Newspeak. He unrolled (развернул) the message that he had set aside (отложил) earlier. It ran:

times 3.12.83 reporting (отчет) bb dayorder (дневной порядок) doubleplusungood (вдвойне хорошо) refs unpersons (неперсоны) rewrite (переписать) fullwise (полный мудрый) upsub ( ) antefiling (противообрастающий)

In Oldspeak (or standard English) this might be rendered (передан):

The reporting (сообщение) of Big Brother's Order for the Day in «The Times' of December 3rd 1983 is extremely (крайне) unsatisfactory and makes references (ссылки) to non-existent persons. Rewrite it in full and submit (отправьте) your draft (черновик) to higher authority before filing (подача заявки).

Winston read through the offending (оскорбительный) article. Big Brother's Order for the Day, it seemed, had been chiefly (в основном) devoted to praising (восхваление) the work of an organization known as FFCC, which supplied (поставлял) cigarettes and other comforts to the sailors in the Floating Fortresses. A certain (некий) Comrade Withers, a prominent (видный) member of the Inner Party, had been singled (отмечен) out for special mention and awarded a decoration (награжден орденом), the Order ofConspicuous (бросающийся в глаза) Merit (заслуги), Second Class.

Three months later FFCC had suddenly been dissolved (распущен) with no reasons given (без объяснения причин). One could assume (предположить) that Withers and his associates were now in disgrace, but there had been no report of the matter (никаких сообщений по этому поводу) in the Press or on the telescreen. That was to be expected (этого следовало ожидать), since (поскольку) it was unusual for political offenders (преступников) to be put (предстать) on trial (суд) or even publicly denounced (осудить). The great purges (чистки) involving thousands of people, with public trials of traitors and thought-criminals who made abject (униженный) confession (признание) of their crimes and were afterwards (впоследствии) executed (казнен), were special show-pieces (зрелища) not occurring (происходящий) oftener (чаще) than once in a couple of years. More commonly (чаще всего), people who had incurred (навлек на себя) the displeasure of the Party simply disappeared and were never heard of again. One never had the smallest clue (ключ) as to what had happened to them. In some cases they might not even be dead. Perhaps thirty people personally known to Winston, not counting (считая) his parents, had disappeared at one time or another. [24]

Winston stroked (погладил) his nose gently (нежно) with a paper-clip (скрепка для бумаг). In the cubicle across the way Comrade Tillotson was still crouching secretively (скрытно) over his speakwrite. He raised his head for a moment: again the

[24] were now in disgrace – (разг.) нынче были в опале

hostile (враждебный) spectacle-flash (зрелище – вспышка). Winston wondered (задался) whether Comrade Tillotson was engaged on the same job as himself. It was perfectly possible. So tricky (сложный) a piece of work would never be entrusted (доверил) to a single person: on the other hand, to turn (передать) it over to a committee would be to admit (признать) openly that an act of fabrication (фальсификация) was taking place. Very likely as many as a dozen people were now working away on rival (конкурирующий) versions of what Big Brother had actually said. And presently (вскоре) some master brain (мозг) in the Inner (внутренний) Party would select this version or that, would re-edit it and set in motion (приведенный в движение) the complex processes of cross-referencing (перекрестные ссылки) that would be required (потребовался), and then the chosen (выбранный) lie would pass into the permanent records and become truth.

Winston did not know why Withers had been disgraced (опозорен). Perhaps it was for corruption or incompetence. Perhaps Big Brother was merely getting rid (избавлялся) of a too-popular subordinate (подчиненный). Perhaps Withers or someone (кого-то) close (близкий) to him had been suspected (подозревал) of heretical tendencies (наклонности). Or perhaps – what was likeliest (вероятно) of all – the thing had simply happened because purges (чистки) and vaporizations (испарения) were a necessary part of the mechanics of government. The only real clue (зацепка) lay in the

words «refs unpersons' («судьи без лица»), which indicated that Withers was already dead. You could not invariably (неизменно) assume (предполагать) this to be the case when people were arrested. Sometimes they were released (выпущенный) and allowed (разрешалось) to remain at liberty for as much as a year or two years before being executed (казнил). Very occasionally (очень редко) some person whom you had believed dead long since would make a ghostly (призрачно) reappearance (повторное появление) at some public trial where he would implicate (уличал) hundreds of others by his testimony (показание) before vanishing (исчезновение), his time for ever. Withers, however, was already an UNPERSON (НЕЛЮДЬ). He did not exist: he had never existed. Winston decided that it would not be enough simply to reverse (обратить вспять) the tendency of Big Brother's speech. It was better to make it deal (Было бы лучше) with something totally unconnected with its original subject (тема).

He might turn the speech into the usual denunciation (осуждение) of traitors and thought-criminals, but that was a little too obvious (очевидно), while to invent (выдумать) a victory at the front, or some triumph of over-production in the Ninth Three-Year Plan, might complicate (усложнить) the records too much. What was needed was a piece of pure (чистый) fantasy. Suddenly there sprang (возник) into his mind, ready made as it were (так сказать, готовы), the image of a certain Comrade Ogilvy, who had recently (недавно) died in battle,

in heroic circumstances (обстоятельства).There were occasions (случаи) when Big Brother devoted his Order for the Day to commemorating (увековечивающий) some humble (скромный), rank-and-file Party member whose life and death he held up as an example worthy (достойный) to be followed. Today he should commemorate (почтить память) Comrade Ogilvy. It was true that there was no such person as Comrade Ogilvy, but a few lines of print and a couple of faked (поддельный) photographs would soon bring him into existence. [25]

Winston thought for a moment (на мгновение), then pulled the speakwrite towards him and began dictating in Big Brother's familiar (знакомый) style: a style at once (одновременно) military and pedantic, and, because of a trick (хитрость) of asking questions and then promptly (быстро) answering them («What lessons do we learn from this fact, comrades? The lesson – which is also one of the fundamental principles of Ingsoc – that,» etc., etc.), easy to imitate (подражать).

At the age of three Comrade Ogilvy had refused all toys (игрушка) except a drum (барабан), a sub-machine gun (пистолет-пулемет), and a model helicopter. At six – a year early, by a special relaxation (смягчение) of the rules – he had joined the Spies (шпионы), at nine he had been a troop (отряд) leader. At eleven he had denounced his uncle to the Thought Police after overhearing a conversation (разговор) which appeared to him (как ему показалось) to have criminal tendencies (наклонно-

[25] rank-and-file Party member – (разг.) рядовой член партии

сти). At seventeen he had been a district organizer of the Junior Anti-Sex League. At nineteen he had designed (сконструировал) a hand-grenade (ручная граната) which had been adopted by the Ministry of Peace and which, at its first trial (испытание), had killed thirty-one Eurasian prisoners in one burst (взрыв). At twenty-three he had perished in action (погиб в бою). Pursued (преследуемый) by enemy jet (реактивный) planes while flying over the Indian Ocean with important despatches (донесения), he had weighted (утяжелил) his body with his machine gun and leapt out (выпрыгнул) of the helicopter into deep water, despatches and all – an end, said Big Brother, which it was impossible to contemplate (смотреть) without feelings of envy (зависть). Big Brother added a few remarks on the purity (чистота) and single-mindedness (целеустремленность) of Comrade Ogilvy's life. He was a total abstainer and a nonsmoker (некурящий), had no recreations (развлечения) except a daily hour in the gymnasium, and had taken a vow of celibacy, believing marriage and the care of a family to be incompatible (несовместимый) with a twenty-four-houra-day devotion (преданность) to duty. He had no subjects (темы) of conversation (разговор) except the principles of Ingsoc, and no aim in life except the defeat (разгром) of the Eurasian enemy and the hunting-down (охота) of spies, saboteurs, thoughtcriminals, and traitors generally. Winston debated with himself whether to award (награждать) Comrade Ogilvy the Order of Conspicuous Merit: in the end he decided against it because of the unnecessary cross-

referencing (перекрестные ссылки) that it would entail (повлекло бы за собой). [26] [27]

Once again he glanced at his rival (соперник) in the opposite cubicle. Something seemed to tell him with certainty that Tillotson was busy on the same job as himself. There was no way of knowing whose job would finally be adopted (принята), but he felt a profound (глубокий) conviction (убеждение) that it would be his own. Comrade Ogilvy, unimagined an hour ago, was now a fact. It struck (поразил) him as curious (любопытный) that you could create dead men but not living ones. Comrade Ogilvy, who had never existed in the present, now existed in the past, and when once the act of forgery (подделка) was forgotten, he would exist just as (так же) authentically (достоверно), and upon the same evidence, as Charlemagne (Карл Великий) or Julius Caesar (Юлий Цезарь).

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[26] a total abstainer – (разг.) абсолютный трезвенник

[27] had taken a vow of celibacy – (разг.) принял обет безбрачия

Chapter 5

In the low-ceilinged (с низким потолком) canteen (столовая), deep underground, the lunch queue (очередь) jerked (продвигался) slowly forward. The room was already very full and deafeningly (оглушительно) noisy. From the grille (решетка) at the counter (стойка) the steam (пар) of stew (тушенное мясо) came pouring (валил) forth (наружу), with a sour metallic smell (запах) which did not quite overcome (перебивал) the fumes (пары) of Victory Gin (джин). On the far side of the room there was a small bar, a mere hole (дырка) in the wall, where gin could be bought at ten cents the large nip (порция).

«Just the man I was looking for,» said a voice at Winston's back.

He turned round. It was his friend Syme, who worked in the Research (исследовательский) Department. Perhaps «friend' was not exactly (вполне) the right word. You did not have friends nowadays, you had comrades: but there were some comrades whose society was pleasanter (приятнее) than that of others. Syme was a philologist, a specialist in Newspeak. Indeed, he was one of the enormous team of experts now engaged in compiling (составление) the Eleventh Edition of the Newspeak Dictionary. He was a tiny (крошечный) creature (существо), smaller than Winston, with dark hair and large, protuberant (выпуклый) eyes, at once (одновременно) mournful (печальный) and derisive

(насмешливый), which seemed to search your face closely while he was speaking to you.

«I wanted to ask you whether you'd got any razor (бритвенный) blades (лезвия),» he said.

«Not one!» said Winston with a sort of guilty (виноватый) haste (поспешность).

«I've tried (перепробовал) all over the place. They don't exist any longer.»

Everyone kept asking you for razor blades. Actually he had two unused ones which he was hoarding up (копил). There had been a famine (голод) of them for months past. At any given moment there was some necessary article (товар) which the Party shops were unable to supply (поставлять). Sometimes it was buttons (пуговицы), sometimes it was darning (штопка) wool (шерсть), sometimes it was shoelaces (шнурки для ботинок); at present it was razor blades. You could only get hold (заполучить) of them, if at all, by scrounging (добывание) more or less furtively (украдкой) on the «free' market.

«I've been using the same blade for six weeks,» he added untruthfully (неправдиво). The queue (очередь) gave another jerk (рывок) forward. As they halted (остановился) he turned and faced Syme again. Each of them took a greasy (засаленный) metal tray (поднос) from a pile (стопка) at the end of the counter (стойка).

«Did you go and see the prisoners hanged yesterday?» said Syme.

«I was working,» said Winston indifferently. «I shall see it on the flicks (фильмы), I suppose (полагаю).»

«A very inadequate (неадекватный) substitute (замена),» said Syme.

His mocking (насмешливый) eyes roved over (блуждал) Winston's face. «I know you,» the eyes seemed to say, «I see through you. I know very well why you didn't go to see those prisoners hanged.» In an intellectual way, Syme was venomously (ядовито) orthodox. He would talk with a disagreeable gloating (неприятный, злорадный) satisfaction of helicopter raids on enemy villages, and trials and confessions (признания) of thought-criminals, the executions in the cellars (подвалы) of the Ministry of Love. Talking to him was largely (в значительной степени) a matter of getting (вопрос получения) him away from such subjects and entangling (запутывание) him, if possible, in the technicalities (технические тонкости) of Newspeak, on which he was authoritative and interesting. Winston turned his head a little aside to avoid (избежать) the scrutiny (взгляд) of the large dark eyes.

«It was a good hanging (повешение),» said Syme reminiscently (воспоминающе). «I think it spoils (портит) it when they tie (связывают) their feet together. I like to see them kicking (брыкаются). And above all (и самое главное), at the end, the tongue (язык) sticking (торчит) right out, and blue – a quite bright blue. That's the detail that appeals (импонирует) to me.»

«Nex' („Некс"), please!» yelled (крикнул) the white-aproned (в белом фартуке) prole (пролетарий) with the ladle (половник).

Winston and Syme pushed (просунул) their trays (подносы) beneath the grille (решетка). On to each was dumped (выложен) swiftly (быстро) the regulation lunch – a metal pannikin (миска) of pinkish-grey (розовато-серый) stew (тушенка), a hunk (ломоть) of bread, a cube of cheese, a mug (кружка) of milkless Victory Coffee, and one saccharine tablet.

«There's a table over there, under that telescreen,» said Syme. «Let's pick up (взять) a gin on the way.

«The gin was served out (подан) to them in handleless (без ручек) china mugs (кружки). They threaded (продеть) their way across the crowded room and unpacked (распаковал) their trays (подносы) on to the metal-topped (металлическая столешница) table, on one corner of which someone had left (оставил) a pool (лужа) of stew (тушеное мясо), a filthy (грязный) liquid (жидкий) mess (месиво) that had the appearance of vomit (рвота). Winston took up (взял) his mug of gin, paused for an instant (на мгновение) to collect his nerve (дух), and gulped (залпом выпил) the oily-tasting (маслянистый на вкус) stuff (жидкость) down. When he had winked (сморгнул) the tears (слезы) out of his eyes he suddenly discovered that he was hungry. He began swallowing (поглощать) spoonfuls (ложки) of the stew (рагу), which, in among its general sloppiness (неряшливость), had cubes (кубики) of spongy (губчатый) pinkish (розоватый)

stuff (масса) which was probably a preparation of meat. Neither of them (никто из них) spoke again till they had emptied (опустошил) their pannikins (миски). From the table at Winston's left, a little behind his back, someone was talking rapidly and continuously (непрерывно), a harsh (резкий) gabble (лепет) almost like the quacking (кряканье) of a duck (утка), which pierced (прорезал) the general uproar (шум) of the room.

«How is the Dictionary getting on (продвигается работа)?» said Winston, raising his voice to overcome the noise.

«Slowly,» said Syme. «I'm on the adjectives (прилагательное). It's fascinating (завораживает).»

He had brightened up (просветлел) immediately at the mention of Newspeak. He pushed his pannikin (кастрюля) aside, took up his hunk (ломоть) of bread in one delicate hand and his cheese in the other, and leaned (перегнулся) across the table so as to be able to speak without shouting.

«The Eleventh Edition is the definitive (окончательный) edition,» he said. «We're getting (придать) the language into its final shape (форма) – the shape it's going to have when nobody speaks anything else. When we've finished with it, people like you will have to learn it all over again. You think, I dare (осмелюсь) say, that our chief job is inventing (изобретать) new words. But not a bit (капелька) of it! We're destroying words – scores (многие) of them, hundreds of them, every day. We're cutting (сокращаем) the language down to the bone (кость). The Eleventh Edition won't contain (содержать) a single word that

will become obsolete (устареть) before the year 2050.»

He bit (немного) hungrily into his bread and swallowed (проглотил) a couple of mouthfuls (куски), then continued speaking, with a sort of pedant's passion (страсть). His thin (худое) dark face had become animated (оживился), his eyes had lost their mocking (насмешливый) expression and grown almost dreamy.

«It's a beautiful thing, the destruction of words. Of course the great wastage (потеря) is in the verbs and adjectives, but there are hundreds of nouns that can got rid (избавиться) of as well. It isn't only the synonyms; there are also the antonyms. After all (в конце концов), what justification (оправдание) is there for a word which is simply the opposite of some other word? A word contains its opposite in itself. Take «good', for instance (к примеру). If you have a word like «good', what need is there for a word like «bad'? «Ungood' will do just as well (подойдет так же хорошо) – better, because it's an exact (полный) opposite, which the other is not. Or again, if you want a stronger version of «good', what sense is there in having a whole string (строка) of vague (неопределенный) useless words like «excellent' («превосходно») and «splendid' («великолепно») and all the rest of them? «Plusgood' covers (охватывает) the meaning, or «doubleplusgood' if you want something stronger still. Of лcourse we use those forms already. but in the final version of Newspeak there'll be nothing else. In the end the whole notion (понятие) of goodness and badness will be covered by only six words – in reality, only one word. Don't you see the

beauty of that, Winston? It was B.B.'s idea originally, of course,» he added as an afterthought (немного).

A sort of vapid (вялый) eagerness (рвение) flitted (промелькнул) across Winston's face at the mention of Big Brother. Nevertheless (тем не менее) Syme immediately detected (обнаружил) a certain lack (отсутствие) of enthusiasm.

«You haven't a real appreciation (понимание) of Newspeak, Winston,» he said almost sadly. «Even when you write it you're still thinking in Oldspeak. I've read some of those pieces (куски) that you write in «The Times' occasionally (иногда). They're good enough, but they're translations. In your heart (душа) you'd prefer (предпочел бы) to stick (придерживаться) to Oldspeak, with all its vagueness (расплывчатость) and its useless shades (оттенки) of meaning (смысл). You don't grasp (понимать) the beauty of the destruction of words. Do you know that Newspeak is the only language in the world whose vocabulary gets (получает) smaller every year?»

Winston did know that, of course. He smiled, sympathetically he hoped, not trusting (доверяя) himself to speak. Syme bit off (откусил) another fragment of the dark-coloured bread, chewed (прожевал) it briefly (быстро), and went on:

«Don't you see that the whole aim of Newspeak is to narrow (сузить) the range (диапазон) of thought? In the end we shall make thoughtcrime literally (буквально) impossible, because there will be no words in which to express it. Every concept (концепция) that can ever be needed, will be expressed by exactly

(ровно) one word, with its meaning rigidly (жестко) defined (определенный) and all its subsidiary (вспомогательный) meanings rubbed out (стерты) and forgotten. Already, in the Eleventh Edition, we're not far from that point. But the process will still be continuing long after you and I are dead. Every year fewer (меньше) and fewer words, and the range of consciousness always a little smaller. Even now, of course, there's no reason or excuse for committing (совершение) thoughtcrime. It's merely a question of self-discipline, reality-control. But in the end there won't be any need even for that. The Revolution will be complete when the language is perfect. Newspeak is Ingsoc and Ingsoc is Newspeak,» he added with a sort of mystical satisfaction. «Has it ever occurred (когда-нибудь приходил в голову) to you, Winston, that by the year 2050, at the very latest (самое позднее), not a single human being (существо) will be alive who could understand such a conversation as we are having now?»

«Except —' began Winston doubtfully, and he stopped.

It had been on the tip (кончик) of his tongue (язык) to say «Except the proles,» but he checked himself (сдержался), not feeling fully certain that this remark was not in some way (не был в некотором роде) unorthodox. Syme, however, had divined what he was about to say (собирался сказать). «The proles are not human beings,» he said carelessly (небрежно). «By 2050 – earlier, probably – all real knowledge of Oldspeak will have disappeared. The whole literature of the past will have been destroyed. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Byron – they'll exist

only in Newspeak versions, not merely changed into something different, but actually changed into something contradictory of what they used to be. Even the literature of the Party will change. Even the slogans will change. How could you have a slogan like «freedom is slavery' when the concept of freedom has been abolished? The whole climate of thought will be different. In fact there will be no thought, as we understand it now. Orthodoxy means not thinking – not needing to think. Orthodoxy is unconsciousness. [28]

«One of these days, thought Winston with sudden deep conviction (убежденность), Syme will be vaporized (испарится). He is too intelligent. He sees too clearly and speaks too plainly (прямолинейно). The Party does not like such people. One day he will disappear. It is written in his face.

Winston had finished his bread and cheese. He turned a little sideways (боком) in his chair to drink his mug of coffee. At the table on his left the man with the strident (резкий) voice was still talking remorselessly (безжалостно) away. A young woman who was perhaps his secretary, and who was sitting with her back to Winston, was listening to him and seemed to be eagerly (охотно) agreeing with everything that he said. From time to time Winston caught (улавливал) some such remark as «I think you're so right, I do so agree with you', uttered (произнесенный) in a youthful (юношеский) and rather silly (глуповатый)

[28] Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Byron – Джефри Чосер, Уильям Шекспир, Джон Мильтон, Джордж Байрон – английские писатели

feminine voice. But the other voice never stopped for an instant (на мгновение), even when the girl was speaking. Winston knew the man by sight (в лицо), though he knew no more about him than that he held some important post in the Fiction Department. He was a man of about thirty, with a muscular throat (шея) and a large, mobile mouth. His head was thrown back a little, and because of the angle (угол) at which he was sitting, his spectacles caught (поймал) the light and presented to Winston two blank discs instead (вместо) of eyes. What was slightly (немного) horrible, was that from the stream (поток) of sound that poured out (вырывавшийся) of his mouth it was almost impossible to distinguish (различить) a single word. Just once Winston caught (уловил) a phrase —'complete and final elimination (уничтожение) of Goldsteinism' – jerked out (вырвавшийся) very rapidly (быстро) and, as it seemed, all in one piece (целиком), like a line of type cast solid (отлитый из цельного материала). For the rest (и все же) it was just a noise, a quack-quack-quacking (кря-кря-кряканье). And yet, though you could not actually hear what the man was saying, you could not be in any doubt about its general nature. He might be denouncing (осуждать) Goldstein and demanding (требовать) sterner (более суровый) measures against thought-criminals and saboteurs, he might be fulminating (осуждать) against the atrocities (зверства) of the Eurasian army, he might be praising (восхвалять) Big Brother or the heroes on the Malabar front – it made no difference. Whatever it was, you could be certain (уверен) that

every word of it was pure (чистый) orthodoxy, pure Ingsoc. As he watched the eyeless face with the jaw (челюсть) moving rapidly up and down, Winston had a curious (странный) feeling that this was not a real human being but some kind of dummy (манекен). It was not the man's brain (мозг) that was speaking, it was his larynx (гортань). The stuff (материал) that was coming out of him consisted of words, but it was not speech in the true sense: it was a noise uttered (издаваемый) in unconsciousness, like the quacking (кряканье) of a duck (утка).

Syme had fallen silent for a moment, and with the handle (ручка) of his spoon (ложка) was tracing (выводил) patterns (узоры) in the puddle (лужа) of stew (тушеное мясо). The voice from the other table quacked (крякнул) rapidly on, easily audible (услышать) in spite (несмотря на) of the surrounding (окружающий) din (шум).

«There is a word in Newspeak,» said Syme, «I don't know whether you know it: DUCKSPEAK (утиный язык), to quack (крякать) like a duck. It is one of those interesting words that have two contradictory meanings. Applied (применительно) to an opponent, it is abuse (оскорбление), applied to someone you agree with, it is praise (похвала).

«Unquestionably Syme will be vaporized (испарился), Winston thought again.

He thought it with a kind of sadness (грусть), although well knowing that Syme despised (презирал) him and slightly (слегка) disliked him, and was fully capable (способен)

of denouncing (осуждение) him as a thought-criminal if he saw any reason for doing so. There was something subtly (неуловимо) wrong with Syme. There was something that he lacked (не доставал): discretion (осмотрительность), aloofness (отчужденность), a sort of saving stupidity (глупость). You could not say that he was unorthodox. He believed in the principles of Ingsoc, he venerated (почитал) Big Brother, he rejoiced (радовался) over victories, he hated heretics, not merely with sincerity (искренность) but with a sort of restless (неугомонный) zeal (рвение), an up-to-dateness (актуальность) of information, which the ordinary Party member did not approach. Yet a faint (легкий) air (налет) of disreputability (дурная репутация) always clung (цеплялся) to him. He said things that would have been better unsaid, he had read too many books, he frequented (посещал) the Chestnut (Каштановое) Tree Cafe, haunt (пристанище) of painters and musicians. There was no law, not even an unwritten law, against frequenting (посещение) the Chestnut Tree Cafe, yet the place was somehow (каким-то) ill-omened. Old, discredited leaders of the Party had been used to gather (собираться) there before they were finally purged (изгнан). Goldstein himself, it was said, had sometimes been seen there, years and decades ago. Syme's fate (судьба) was not difficult to foresee (предвидеть). And yet it was a fact that if Syme grasped (осознал), even for three seconds, the nature of his, Winston's, secret opinions (мнения), he would betray (выдал бы) him instantly to the Thought Police. So would

anybody else, for that matter: but Syme more than most. Zeal (усердие) was not enough. Orthodoxy was unconsciousness. [29] [30]

Syme looked up (поднял глаза). «Here comes Parsons,» he said.

Something in the tone of his voice seemed to add, «that bloody fool' (этот чертов дурак). Parsons, Winston's fellow-tenant (коллега-арендатор) at Victory Mansions, was in fact threading (пробирающий) his way across the room – a tubby (коренастый), middle-sized (среднего роста) man with fair (светлый) hair and a froglike (лягушачий) face. At thirty-five he was already putting on (появился) rolls (складки) of fat (жир) at neck (шея) and waistline (талия), but his movements were brisk (быстрый) and boyish (мальчишеский). His whole appearance was that of a little boy grown (выросший) large (большой), so much so (настолько) that although he was wearing (носящий) the regulation overalls, it was almost impossible not to think of him as being dressed (одетый) in the blue shorts, grey shirt, and red neckerchief (шейный платок) of the Spies. In visualizing (представляя) him one saw always a picture of dimpled (ямочки) knees (колени) and sleeves (рукава) rolled back (закатанный) from pudgy (пухлый) forearms (предплечия). Parsons did, indeed, invariably revert (возвращался) to shorts when a community hike (поход) or any other physical activity gave him an excuse (повод) for doing so. He

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[29] was somehow (каким-то) ill-omened – (разг.) пользовалось дурной славой

[30] for that matter – (разг.) раз уж на то пошло

greeted (приветствовал) them both with a cheery (радостный) «Hullo, hullo!» and sat down at the table, giving off (источая) an intense (сильный) smell (запах) of sweat (пот). Beads (капли) of moisture (влаги) stood out all overhis (по всему) pink face. His powers of sweating (потоотделение) were extraordinary. At the Community Centre you could always tell when he had been playing table-tennis by the dampness (влажность) of the bat (бита) handle (рукоятка). Syme had produced a strip (полоска) of paper on which there was a long column of words, and was studying it with an ink-pencil between his fingers. [31]

«Look at him working away in the lunch hour,» said Parsons, nudging (подталкивая локтем) Winston. «Keenness (проницательность), eh (да)? What's that you've got there, old boy? Something a bit too (что-то слишком) brainy (умный) for me, I expect. Smith, old boy, I'll tell you why I'm chasing (преследую) you. It's that sub (подписка) you forgot to give me.»

«Which sub is that?» said Winston, automatically feeling (нащупывая) for money. About a quarter of one's salary (около четверти зарплаты) had to be earmarked (выделять) for voluntary subscriptions (подписки), which were so numerous that it was difficult to keep track (уследить) of them.

«For Hate Week. You know – the house-by-house fund. I'm treasurer for our block. We're making an all-out effort – going to put on a tremendous show. I tell you, it won't be my fault

[31] the regulation overalls – (воен.) форма, форменная одежда установленного образца

if old Victory Mansions doesn't have the biggest outfit (количество) of flags in the whole street. Two dollars you promised (обещал) me.»

Winston found and handed over (передал) two creased (мятый) and filthy (замызганный) notes, which Parsons entered in a small notebook, in the neat (аккуратный) handwriting (почерк) of the illiterate (неграмотный).

«By the way (кстати), old boy,» he said. «I hear that little beggar of mine (мой нищий -попрошайка) let fly (запустил) at you with his catapult (катапульта) yesterday. I gave him a good dressing-down for it. In fact I told him I'd take the catapult away if he does it again.» [32]

«I think he was a little upset (расстроен) at not going to the execution (казнь),» said Winston.

«Ah, well – what I mean to say, shows the right spirit (настрой), doesn't it? Mischievous (озорной) little beggars (попрошайки) they are, both of them, but talk about keenness (чуткость)! All they think about is the Spies, and the war, of course. D'you know what that little girl of mine did last Saturday, when her troop (отряд) was on a hike (поход) out Berkhamsted way? She got two other girls to go with her, slipped off (ускользнул) from the hike, and spent the whole afternoon following a strange (незнакомый) man. They kept on his tail (хвост) for two hours, right through the woods (леса), and then, when they got into Amersham, handed (вручил) him over to the patrols.»

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[32] gave him a good dressing-down – (разг.) задал хорошую взбучку

«What did they do that for?» said Winston, somewhat taken aback. Parsons went on triumphantly: [33]

«My kid made sure he was some kind of enemy agent – might have been dropped (сбросил) by parachute, for instance (например). But here's the point, old boy. What do you think put her on to him in the first place? She spotted (запятнал – заметил) he was wearing (носил) a funny (забавный) kind of shoes – said she'd never seen anyone wearing shoes like that before. So the chances were he was a foreigner. Pretty smart for a nipper of seven, eh? (неплохо для семилетнего возраста, а?)»

«What happened to the man?» said Winston.

«Ah, that I couldn't say, of course. But I wouldn't be altogether (вообще) surprised if —' Parsons made the motion of aiming a rifle, and clicked (щелкнул) his tongue (язык) for the explosion (взрыв).

«Good,» said Syme abstractedly (рассеянно), without looking up from his strip (полоска) of paper.

«Of course we can't afford to take chances,» agreed Winston dutifully (послушно). [34]

«What I mean to say, there is a war on,» said Parsons.

As though (словно) in confirmation (подтверждение) of this, a trumpet (трубный) call floated (проплыл) from the telescreen just above (над) their heads. However, it was not the proclamation of a military victory this time, but merely an

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[33] somewhat taken aback – (разг.) слегка ошарашенно

[34] we can't afford to take chances – (разг.) мы не можем позволить себе рисковать

announcement (объявление) from the Ministry of Plenty.

«Comrades!» cried (воскликнул) an eager (энергичный) youthful voice. «Attention, comrades! We have glorious news for you. We have won the battle for production! Returns (отчеты) now completed of the output (выпуск) of all classes of consumption goods show that the standard of living has risen by no less than 20 per cent over the past year. All over (по всей) Oceania this morning there were irrepressible (неудержимый) spontaneous (спонтанный) demonstrations when workers marched out of factories and offices and paraded (прошли) through the streets with banners voicing (выражающий) their gratitude (благодарность) to Big Brother for the new, happy life which his wise (мудрый) leadership has bestowed upon us (даровал). Here are some of the completed (законченный) figures. Foodstuffs (продовольственные товары) —»

The phrase «our new, happy life' recurred (повторялся) several times. It had been a favourite of late (в последнее время) with the Ministry of Plenty. Parsons, his attention caught (привлек) by the trumpet (труба) call, sat listening with a sort of gaping (зияющий) solemnity (торжественность), a sort of edified (назидательный) boredom (скука). He could not follow the figures, but he was aware that they were in some way a cause for satisfaction. He had lugged (вытащил) out a huge (огромный) and filthy (грязный) pipe (трубка) which was already half full of charred (обгоревший) tobacco. With the tobacco ration at 100 grammes a week it was seldom

possible to fill (набить) a pipe (трубка) to the top (доверху). Winston was smoking a Victory Cigarette which he held carefully horizontal. The new ration did not start till tomorrow and he had only four cigarettes left (остался). For the moment he had shut his ears to the remoter (прислушивался) noises and was listening to the stuff (материал) that streamed (лился) out of the telescreen. It appeared (оказался) that there had even been demonstrations to thank Big Brother for raising the chocolate ration to twenty grammes a week. And only yesterday, he reflected (подумал), it had been announced that the ration was to be REDUCED (СОКРАЩЕН) to twenty grammes a week. Was it possible that they could swallow (проглотить) that, after only twenty-four hours? Yes, they swallowed it. Parsons swallowed it easily, with the stupidity (глупость) of an animal. The eyeless (безглазый) creature at the other table swallowed it fanatically, passionately (страстно), with a furious (бешеный) desire to track down (выследить), denounce (разоблачить), and vaporize (испарить) anyone who should suggest (предположит) that last week the ration had been thirty grammes. Syme, too – in some more complex way (сложным способом), involving (включающий) doublethink, Syme swallowed it. Was he, then (значит), ALONE in the possession of a memory?

The fabulous (невероятный) statistics continued to pour (литься) out of the telescreen. As compared (по сравнению) with last year there was more food, more clothes, more houses, more furniture, more cooking-pots (кастрюль), more

fuel (топливо), more ships, more helicopters, more books, more babies —more of everything except disease (болезнь), crime, and insanity (безумие). Year by year and minute by minute, everybody and everything was whizzing (устремлялся) rapidly upwards (вверх). As Syme had done earlier Winston had taken up his spoon (ложка) and was dabbling (принялся возиться) in the pale-coloured (бледный) gravy (соус) that dribbled (растекался) across the table, drawing a long streak (полоса) of it out into a pattern (узор). He meditated resentfully (обиженно) on the physical texture (структура) of life. Had it always been like this? Had food always tasted (пробовал) like this? He looked round the canteen (столовая). A low-ceilinged (низкий потолок), crowded (тесный) room, its walls grimy (грязный) from the contact of innumerable (бесчисленный) bodies; battered (потрепанный) metal tables and chairs, placed so close together that you sat with elbows (локти) touching; bent (гнутый) spoons (ложка), dented (помятый) trays (подносы), coarse (грубый) white mugs (кружки); all surfaces (поверхности) greasy (жирный), grime (грязь) in every crack (щель); and a sourish (кисловатый), composite (сложный) smell (запах) of bad gin and bad coffee and metallic stew (похлебка) and dirty clothes. Always in your stomach (живот) and in your skin (кожа) there was a sort of protest, a feeling that you had been cheated (лишил) of something that you had a right to. It was true that he had no memories of anything greatly different. In any time that he could accurately (точно) remember, there had never been quite

enough to eat, one had never had socks (носки) or underclothes (нижнее белье) that were not full of holes (дыры), furniture had always been battered (потрепанный) and rickety (расшатанный), rooms underheated (неотапливаемый), tube (трубка) trains (поезда – метро) crowded, houses falling to pieces (куски), bread dark-coloured, tea a rarity (редкость), coffee filthy-tasting (скверный на вкус), cigarettes insufficient (недостаточный) – nothing cheap and plentiful (обильный) except synthetic gin. And though, of course, it grew worse as one's body aged (по мере старения тела оно становилось все хуже), was it not a sign that this was NOT the natural order of things, if one's heart sickened (тошнил) at the discomfort and dirt and scarcity (неудобство), the interminable (бесконечный) winters (зимы), the stickiness (липкость) of one's socks, the lifts that never worked, the cold water, the gritty (песчанный) soap, the cigarettes that came to pieces, the food with its strange (странный). Why should one feel (чувствовать) it to be intolerable (невыносимый) unless (если) one had some kind of ancestral (родовой) memory that things had once been different?

He looked round the canteen again. Nearly (почти) everyone (все) was ugly (уродливый), and would still have been ugly even if dressed (одет) otherwise (иначе) than in the uniform (форменный) blue overalls (комбинезоны). On the far side of the room, sitting at a table alone, a small, curiously (странно) beetle-like (похожий на жука) man was drinking a cup of coffee, his little eyes darting (бегал) suspicious (подозрительно) glances

(глазки) from side to side. How easy it was, thought Winston, if you did not look about you, to believe that the physical type set up (созданный) by the Party as an ideal – tall (высокий) muscular youths and deep-bosomed (пышногрудый) maidens (девушки), blond-haired, vital (живой), sunburnt (загорелый), carefree – existed and even predominated (преобладал). Actually, so far as he could judge (насколько он мог судить), the majority of people in Airstrip One were small, dark, and ill-favoured (некрасивый). It was curious (любопытно) how that beetle-like type (жукоподобный тип) proliferated (размножился) in the Ministries: little dumpy (коренастый) men, growing stout (толстый) very early in life, with short legs, swift (быстрый) scuttling (бегущий) movements, and fat (толстый) inscrutable (непроницаемый) faces with very small eyes. It was the type that seemed to flourish (процветать) best under the dominion of the Party.

The announcement from the Ministry of Plenty ended on another trumpet (трубный) call (зов) and gave way to tinny (жестяной) music. Parsons, stirred (перемешал) to vague (расплываться) enthusiasm by the bombardment (обилие) of figures, took his pipe (рот) out of his mouth.

«The Ministry of Plenty's certainly done a good job this year,» he said with a knowing shake (покачав) of his head. «By the way (кстати), Smith old boy, I suppose (полагать) you haven't got any razor blades (бритвенные лезвия) you can let me have?» [35]

«Not one,» said Winston. «I've been using the same blade for

[35] old boy – (разг.) старина, дружище

six weeks myself.»

«Ah, well – just (просто) thought I'd ask you, old boy.»

«Sorry,» said Winston.

The quacking (крякающий) voice from the next table, temporarily (временно) silenced during the Ministry's announcement (объявление), had started up again, as loud as ever (громко, как всегда). For some reason Winston suddenly found himself thinking of Mrs Parsons, with her wispy (вьющийся) hair and the dust in the creases (складки) of her face. Within two years those children would be denouncing (доносить) her to the Thought Police. Mrs Parsons would be vaporized (испарится). Syme would be vaporized. Winston would be vaporized. O'Brien would be vaporized. Parsons, on the other hand, would never be vaporized. The eyeless creature (существо) with the quacking (крякающий) voice would never be vaporized. The little beetle-like (похожие на жуков) men who scuttle (носятся) so nimbly (проворно) through the labyrinthine (лабиринтный) corridors of Ministries they, too, would never be vaporized. And the girl with dark hair, the girl from the Fiction Department – she would never be vaporized either. It seemed to him that he knew instinctively (инстинктивно) who would survive and who would perish (погибнет): though just what it was that made for survival, it was not easy to say.

At this moment he was dragged (вырвал) out of his reverie (задумчивость) with a violent jerk (рывок). The girl at the next table had turned partly round and was looking at him. It was the

girl with dark hair. She was looking at him in a sidelong way (искоса), but with curious (любопытный) intensity (внимание). The instant (момент) she caught (поймал) his eye she looked away again.

The sweat (пот) started out on Winston's backbone (позвоночник). A horrible (страшный) pang (приступ) of terror went through him. It was gone almost at once, but it left (оставил) a sort of nagging (щемящий) uneasiness (беспокойство) behind. Why was she watching him? Why did she keep following him about? Unfortunately he could not remember whether she had already been at the table when he arrived, or had come there afterwards (потом). But yesterday, at any rate (случай), during the Two Minutes Hate, she had sat immediately behind him when there was no apparent (очевидный) need to do so. Quite likely (вероятно) her real object had been to listen to him and make sure whether he was shouting loudly (громко) enough.

His earlier thought returned to him: probably she was not actually a member of the Thought Police, but then it was precisely (именно) the amateur (любитель) spy who was the greatest danger of all. He did not know how long she had been looking at him, but perhaps for as much as five minutes, and it was possible that his features had not been perfectly under control. It was terribly dangerous to let your thoughts wander (блуждать) when you were in any public place or within range (досягаемость) of a telescreen. The smallest thing could give you away (выдать вас). A nervous tic, an unconscious look

of anxiety (беспокойство), a habit of muttering (бормотание) to yourself – anything that carried with it the suggestion (намек) of abnormality (ненормальность), of having something to hide (скрывать). In any case, to wear (носить) an improper (неподходящий) expression on your face (to look incredulous (недоверчивый) when a victory was announced, for example) was itself a punishable offence (наказуемое преступление). There was even a word for it in Newspeak: FACECRIME (ПРЕСТУПЛЕНИЕ ЛИЦА), it was called.

The girl had turned her back on him again. Perhaps after all (все-таки) she was not really following him about, perhaps it was coincidence (совпадение) that she had sat so close to him two days running. His cigarette had gone out (погас), and he laid it carefully on the edge (край) of the table. He would finish smoking it after work, if he could keep the tobacco in it. Quite likely the person at the next table was a spy of the Thought Police, and quite likely he would be in the cellars (подвалы) of the Ministry of Love within three days, but a cigarette end must not be wasted (потрачен). Syme had folded up (сложил) his strip (полоска) of paper and stowed (сунул) it away in his pocket. Parsons had begun talking again. [36]

«Did I ever tell you, old boy,» he said, chuckling (посмеиваясь) round the stem (мундштук) of his pipe (трубка) «about the time when those two nippers of mine (мои кусачки) set fire (подожгли) to the old market-woman's skirt (юбка) because

[36] two days running – (разг.) два дня подряд

they saw her wrapping up (заворачивает) sausages (сосиски) in a poster of B.B.? Sneaked up (подкрался) behind her and set fire (поджег) to it with a box of matches (спички). Burned (обжег) her quite badly, I believe. Little beggars (попрошайки), eh? But keen as mustard! That's a first-rate (первоклассный) training (подготовка) they give them in the Spies nowadays (сейчас) – better than in my day, even. What d'you think's the latest thing they've served them out with? Ear (ушные) trumpets (трубы) for listening through keyholes (замочные скважины)! My little girl brought one (ушные трубки) home the other night – tried it out (попробовал) on our sitting-room (гостиная) door, and reckoned (прикинул) she could hear twice as much as (в два раза больше) with her ear to the hole (дырка). Of course it's only a toy (игрушка), mind you (заметьте). Still (Тем не менее), gives «em (им) the right idea, eh?» [37]

At this moment the telescreen let out (издал) a piercing (пронзительный) whistle (свист). It was the signal to return to work. All three men sprang (свист) to their feet to join in the struggle round the lifts, and the remaining (остатки) tobacco fell out (высыпался) of Winston's cigarette.

[37] keen as mustard – (разг.) энтузиасты своего дела

Chapter 6

Winston was writing in his diary:

It was three years ago. It was on a dark evening, in a narrow side-street near one of the big railway stations. She was standing near a doorway (дверной проем) in the wall, under a street lamp that hardly gave any light. She had a young face, painted very thick (толстый). It was really the paint that appealed (понравился) to me, the whiteness (белизна) of it, like a mask, and the bright red lips (губы). Party women (тусовщицы) never paint their faces. There was nobody else in the street, and no telescreens. She said two dollars. I —

For the moment it was too difficult to go on. He shut (закрыл) hiseyes and pressed his fingers against them, trying to squeeze(выдавить) out the vision that kept recurring (повторяющийся). He had an almost overwhelming(непреодолимый) temptation (искушение) to shout a string (ряд) of filthy (грязный) words at thetop (весь) of his voice. Or to bang (стукнуть) his head against the wall, to kickover (опрокинуть) the table, and hurl (швырнуть) the inkpot (чернильница) through the window – to do any violent or noisy or painful (шумный) thing that might black out (затемнить) the memory that was tormenting (мучивший) him.

Your worst (злейший) enemy, he reflected, was your own nervous system. At any moment the tension (напряжение) inside

you was liable to translate (вылиться) itself into some visible (видимый) symptom. He thought of a man whom he had passed (прошел) in the street a few weeks back; a quite ordinary-looking man, a Party member, aged thirty-five to forty, tallish (высокий) and thin (худощавый), carrying a brief-case (портфель). They were a few metres apart (в стороне) when the left side of the man's face was suddenly contorted by a sort of spasm (спазм). It happened again just as they were passing one another: it was only a twitch (подергивание), a quiver (дрожь), rapid (быстрый) as the clicking (щелчок) of a camera shutter (фотоаппарат), but obviously (явно) habitual (привычный). He remembered thinking at the time: That poor devil is done for. And what was frightening (пугащий) was that the action was quite possibly unconscious. The most deadly (смертельный) danger of all was talking in your sleep. There was no way (никакого способа) of guarding (защититься) against that, so far as he could see (насколько он мог видеть). [38]

He drew (перевел) his breath (дыхание) and went on writing:

I went with her through the doorway and across a backyard (задний двор) into a basement (подвальный) kitchen. There was a bed against the wall, and a lamp on the table, turned down (повернутый) very low. She —

His teeth were set on edge. He would have liked to spit (плюнуть). Simultaneously (одновременно) with the woman in the basement kitchen he thought of Katharine, his wife. Winston

[38] That poor devil is done for – (разг.) С этим бедолагой покончено

was married – had been married, at any rate (во всяком случае): probably he still was married, so far as he knew his wife was not dead. He seemed to breathe (вдохнуть) again the warm stuffy (душный) odour (запах) of the basement kitchen, an odour (аромат) compounded (смешанный) of bugs (клопы) and dirty clothes and villainous (гнусный) cheap scent (запах), but nevertheless (тем не менее) alluring (манящий), because no woman of the Party ever used scent, or could be imagined as doing so. Only the proles used scent (запах). In his mind the smell (запах) of it was inextricably (неразрывно) mixed up with fornication (прелюбодеяние). [39]

When he had gone with that woman it had been his first lapse (промах) in two years or thereabouts (около того). Consorting (общение) with prostitutes was forbidden (запрещен), of course, but it was one of those rules that you could occasionally (иногда) nerve (смелость, наглость) yourself to break (нарушить). It was dangerous, but it was not a life-and-death matter. To be caught (пойманный) with a prostitute might mean five years in a forcedlabour (исправительно-трудовой) camp: not more, if you had committed (совершил) no other offence (правонарушение). And it was easy enough, provided that you could avoid being caught in the act. The poorer (бедный) quarters (кварталы) swarmed (кишел) with women who were ready to sell themselves. Some could even be purchased (мог быть куплен) for a bottle of gin, which the proles were

[39] His teeth were set on edge – (разг.) Он здорово разозлился

not supposed (не предполагается) to drink. Tacitly (негласно) the Party was even inclined (склонен) to encourage (поощрять) prostitution, as an outlet (выход) for instincts which could not be altogether (полностью) suppressed (подавить). Mere (простой) debauchery (разврат) did not matter very much, so long as (пока) it was furtive (тайный) and joyless and only involved (касался) the women of a submerged (низший) and despised (презираемый) class. The unforgivable (непростительный) crime was promiscuity (распущенность) between Party members. But though this was one of the crimes that the accused (обвиняемый) in the great purges (чистки) invariably confessed (признавался) to it was difficult to imagine any such thing actually happening. [40]

The aim of the Party was not merely to prevent men and women from forming loyalties (лояльность) which it might not be able to control. Its real, undeclared purpose was to remove (лишить) all pleasure (удовольствие) from the sexual act. Not love so much (столько) as eroticism was the enemy, inside marriage as well as outside it. All marriages between Party members had (должен) to be approved (одобрен) by a committee appointed (назначенный) for the purpose, and though the principle was never clearly stated permission (разрешение) was always refused if the couple (пара) concerned (заинтересованный) gave (производил) the impression of being

[40] provided that you could avoid being caught in the act – при условии, что вас не застукают на месте

physically attracted (влечение) to one another (друг к другу). The only recognized purpose of marriage was to beget (зачать) children for the service of the Party. Sexual intercourse (половой акт) was to be looked on as a slightly (слегка) disgusting (отвратительный) minor (мелкий) operation, like having an enema (клизма). This again was never put (выражался) into plain (прямой) words, but in an indirect way it was rubbed (внушался) into every Party member from childhood onwards (вперед). There were even organizations such as the Junior Anti-Sex League, which advocated (выступавший) complete celibacy (безбрачие) for both sexes. All children were to be begotten (зачат) by artificial (искусственный) insemination (оплодотворение) (ARTSEM, it was called in Newspeak) and brought up (воспитываться) in public institutions. This, Winston was aware (понимал), was not meant (иметь ввиду) altogether (вообще) seriously, but somehow (каким-то образом) it fitted (соответствовал) in with the general ideology of the Party. The Party was trying to kill the sex instinct, or, if it could not be killed, then to distort (извратить) it and dirty (запачкать) it. He did not know why this was so, but it seemed natural that it should be so. And as far as the women were concerned (имел отношение), the Party's efforts were largely successful.

He thought again of Katharine. It must be nine, ten nearly eleven years since they had parted (расстался). It was curious (любопытно) how seldom he thought of her. For days at a time he was capable of forgetting that he had ever been married. They

had only been together for about fifteen months. The Party did not permit (разрешал) divorce (развод), but it rather encouraged (поощрял) separation in cases (случай) where there were no children.

Katharine was a tall (высокий), fair-haired (светловолосый) girl, very straight (прямой), with splendid (великолепный) movements. She had a bold (смелый), aquiline (орлиный) face, a face that one might have called noble (благородный) until one discovered that there was as nearly as possible nothing behind it (за ним почти ничего не скрывалось). Very early in her married life he had decided – though perhaps it was only that he knew her more intimately (близко) than he knew most people – that she had without exception (исключение) the most stupid, vulgar, empty mind that he had ever encountered (встречал). She had not a thought in her head that was not a slogan, and there was no imbecility (дурь), absolutely none that she was not capable of swallowing (глотание) if the Party handed (вручил) it out to her. «The human sound-track' he nicknamed her in his own mind. Yet (все же) he could have endured (вынес) living with her if it had not been for just (только) one thing – sex.

As soon as (как только) he touched her she seemed to wince (вздрогнуть) and stiffen (напрячься). To embrace (обнять) her was like embracing a jointed (сочлененный) wooden (деревянный) image (статуя). And what was strange (странный) was that even when she was clasping (прижимал) him against her he had the feeling that she was simultaneously (одновре-

менно) pushing (отталкивает) him away with all her strength (сила). The rigidlty (скованность) of her muscles managed to convey (передать) that impression. She would lie there with shut eyes, neither resisting (сопротивляясь) nor co-operating but SUBMITTING (ПОДЧИНЯЯСЬ). It was extraordinarily embarrassing, and, after a while, horrible. But even then he could have borne (рожденный?) living with her if it had been agreed that they should remain (оставаться, хранить) celibate (целомудрие). But curiously enough it was Katharine who refused this. They must, she said, produce a child if they could. So the performance continued to happen, once (раз) a week quite regularily, whenever it was not impossible. She even used to remind him of it in the morning, as something which had to be done that evening and which must not be forgotten. She had two names for it. One was «making a baby', and the other was «our duty to the Party' (yes, she had actually used that phrase). Quite soon he grew to have a feeling of positive dread (страх) when the appointed (назначенный) day came round (наступил). But luckily (к счастью) no child appeared, and in the end she agreed to give up trying (бросить попытки), and soon afterwards they parted (расстался).

Winston sighed (вздохнул) inaudibly (невнятно). He picked up (взял) his pen again and wrote:

She threw herself down on the bed, and at once (тотчас), without any kind of preliminary (подготовительное мероприятие) in the most coarse (грубый), horrible way you can imagine,

pulled up (задрала) her skirt (юбка). I —

He saw himself standing there in the dim (тусклый) lamplight, with the smell (запах) of bugs (жуки) and cheap scent (духи) in his nostrils (ноздри), and in his heart a feeling of defeat (поражение) and resentment (обида) which even at that moment was mixed up with the thought of Katharine's white body, frozen (застывший) for ever by the hypnotic power of the Party. Why did it always have to be like this? Why could he not have a woman of his own instead of these filthy (грязный) scuffles (потасовка) at intervals of years? But a real love affair (связь) was an almost unthinkable event. The women of the Party were all alike (одинаковый). Chastity (целомудрие) was as deep ingrained (укоренено) in them as Party loyalty. By careful (тщательным) early conditioning (воспитание), by games and cold water, by the rubbish (вздор) that was dinned (вбивал) into them at school and in the Spies and the Youth League, by lectures, parades, songs, slogans, and martial (боевой) music, the natural feeling had been driven out (вытеснен) of them. His reason (разум) told him that there must be exceptions (исключения), but his heart did not believe it. They were all impregnable (неприступный), as the Party intended (предполагал) that they should be. And what he wanted, more even than to be loved, was to break down that wall of virtue (добродетель), even if it were only once in his whole life. The sexual act, successfully performed (выполненный), was rebellion (бунт). Desire (желание) was thoughtcrime. Even to have awakened (разбуженный) Katharine, if he could

have achieved it, would have been like a seduction (соблазнение), although she was his wife.

But the rest of the story had got to be written down. He wrote:

I turned up the lamp. When I saw her in the light —

After the darkness the feeble (слабый) light of the paraffin lamp had seemed very bright. For the first time he could see the woman properly (должным образом). He had taken a step towards her and then halted, full of lust (вожделение) and terror. He was painfully (болезненно) conscious of the risk he had taken in coming here. It was perfectly possible that the patrols would catch (поймают) him on the way out (на выходе): for that matter (если уж на то пошло) they might be waiting outside the door at this moment. If he went away without even doing what he had come here to do —!

It had got to be written down, it had got to be confessed (это нужно было признать). What he had suddenly seen in the lamplight was that the woman was OLD. The paint was plastered (оштукатурил) so thick (толстый) on her face that it looked as though it might crack (треснет) like a cardboard mask. There were streaks (пряди) of white in her hair; but the truly (по-настоящему) dreadful (ужасный) detail was that her mouth had fallen (приоткрылся) a little open, revealing (открывая) nothing except a cavernous (кавернозный) blackness. She had no teeth (зубы) at all.

He wrote hurriedly (торопливо), in scrabbling (корявый) handwriting (почерк):

When I saw her in the light she was quite an old woman, fifty years old at least. But I went ahead (вперед) and did it just the same.

He pressed his fingers against his eyelids (веки) again. He had written it down at last (наконец), but it made no difference. The therapy (терапия) had not worked. The urge (желание) to shout filthy (грязный) words at the top of his voice (во весь голос) was as strong as ever.

Chapter 7

«If there is hope,» wrote Winston, «it lies in the proles (пролетариат – по Дж. Оруэллу).»

If there was hope, it MUST lie in the proles, because only there in those swarming (роящийся) disregarded (заброшенный) masses, 85 per cent of the population of Oceania, could the force to destroy the Party ever be generated (зародиться). The Party could not be overthrown (свергнуть) from within (изнутри). Its enemies, if it had any enemies, had no way of coming together or even of identifying one another. Even if the legendary Brotherhood existed, as just possibly it might, it was inconceivable (немыслимый) that its members could ever assemble in larger numbers than twos and threes. Rebellion meant a look in the eyes, an inflexion (интонация) of the voice, at the most, an occasional whispered (прошептанный) word. But the proles, if only they could somehow become conscious of their own strength. would have no need to conspire (заговор). They needed only to rise up and shake themselves like a horse shaking off flies (мухи). If they chose (выбрал) they could blow (взорвать) the Party to pieces (куски) tomorrow morning. Surely (конечно) sooner (раньше) or later it must occur (прийти в голову) to them to do it? And yet —!

He remembered how once he had been walking down a crowded street when a tremendous shout of hundreds of voices

women's voices – had burst (взрыв) from a side-street (переулок) a little way ahead (впереди). It was a great formidable (громадный) cry of anger (гнев) and despair (отчаяние), a deep, loud (громкий) «Oh-o-o-o-oh!» that went humming (гудеть) on like the reverberation (реверберация) of a bell. His heart had leapt (подпрыгнуть). It's start ed! he had thought. A riot (бунт)! The proles are breaking loose (вырвались на свободу) at last! When he had reached the spot (место) it was to see a mob (толпа) of two or three hundred women crowding round the stalls (киоски) of a street market, with faces as tragic as though they had been the doomed (обреченный) passengers on a sinking (тонущий) ship. But at this moment the general despair (отчаяние) broke down into a multitude (множество) of individual quarrels (ссора). It appeared (оказался) that one of the stalls had been selling tin (жестяной) saucepans (кастрюли). They were wretched (жалкий), flimsy (хлипкий) things, but cooking-pots (кастрюли) of any kind were always difficult to get. Now the supply (запас) had unexpectedly (неожиданно) given out (закончился). The successful women, bumped (наталкиваемый) and jostled (теснимый) by the rest (остальные), were trying to make off (удрать) with their saucepans (кастрюли) while dozens of others clamoured (шумел) round the stall, accusing (обвиняя) the stall-keeper (продавец) of favouritism and of having more saucepans (кастрюли) somewhere in reserve (запас). There was a fresh (новый) outburst (взрыв) of yells (крики). Two bloated (обрюзгший)

women, one of them with her hair coming down, had got hold (схватился) of the same saucepan and were trying to tear (вырвать) it out of one another's hands. For a moment they were both tugging (дергал), and then the handle (ручка) came off (оторвался). Winston watched them disgustedly (с отвращением). And yet, just for a moment, what almost frightening (пугающий) power (сила) had sounded in that cry from only a few hundred throats (глотки)! Why was it that they could never shout like that about anything that mattered (о чем-то важном)?

He wrote:

Until (пока) they become conscious they will never rebel (бунтовать), and until after they have rebelled they cannot become conscious.

That, he reflected, might almost have been a transcription from one of the Party textbooks. The Party claimed (утверждал), ofcourse, to have liberated the proles from bondage (кабала). Beforethe Revolution they had been hideously (жестоко) oppressed (притеснял) by thecapitalists, they had been starved (морил голодом) and flogged (порол), women hadbeen forced (заставлял) to work in the coal mines (шахты) (women still did workin the coal mines, as a matter of fact) (в самом деле), children had beensold into the factories at the age of six. But simultaneously (в то же время), true to the Principles of doublethink, the Party taught (учил) that the proles were natural inferiors (низшие) who must be kept in subjection (подчинение), like animals, by the application (с помощью)

of a few simple rules. In reality very little was known about the proles. It was not necessary to know much. So long as (пока) they continued to work and breed (размножаться), their other activities were without importance. Left to themselves (предоставленные сами себе), like cattle (скот) turned loose (выброшенный на волю) upon the plains (равнины) of Argentina, they had reverted (вернулся) to a style of life that appeared to be natural to them, a sort of ancestral (род) pattern (предок). They were born, they grew up in the gutters (трущобы), theywent to work at twelve, they passed through a brief (краткий) blossoming-period (период расцвета) of beauty and sexual desire, they married at twenty, they were middle-aged at thirty, they died, for the most part, at sixty. Heavy physical work, the care of homeand children, petty (мелкий) (ссоры) with neighbours, films, football, beer, and above all, gambling (азартные игры), filled up (заполнил) the horizon of their minds. To keep them in control was not difficult. A few agents of the Thought Police moved always among them, spreading (распространяя) false (ложный) rumours (слухи) and marking down (отмечая) and eliminating (устраняя) the few individuals who were judged (считался) capable of becoming dangerous; but no attempt was made to indoctrinate (внушить) them with the ideology of the Party. It was not desirable (нежелательно) that the proles should have strong political feelings. All that was required (требовался) of them was a primitive patriotism which could be appealed (обратиться) to whenever

it was necessary to make them accept (согласиться) longer (более) working-hours or shorter rations (пайки). And even when they became discontented (недовольный), as they sometimes did, their discontent led nowhere (никуда не вело), because being without general ideas, they could only focus it on petty (мелкий) specific grievances (обиды). The larger evils (беды) invariably escaped (ускользал) their notice (внимание). The great majority of proles did not even have telescreens in their homes. Even the civil police interfered (мешал) with them very little. There was a vast amount (количество) of criminality in London, a whole world-within-a-world of thieves (воры), bandits, prostitutes, drug-peddlers (торговцы наркотиками), and racketeers of every description (сорт); but since it all happened among the proles themselves, it wasof no importance. In all questions of morals they were allowed (разрешался) to follow their ancestral (родовой) code (кодекс). The sexual Puritanism of the Party was not imposed (навязывался) upon them. Promiscuity (промискуитет) went unpunished (безнаказанный), divorce (развод) was permitted (разрешался). For that matter (если на то пошло), even religious worship (поклонение) would have been permitted (разрешен) if the proles had shown any sign of needing or wanting it. They were beneath (вне) suspicion (подозрение). As the Party slogan put it (гласил): «Proles and animals are free.» Winston reached down (наклонился) and cautiously scratched (почесал) hisvaricose (варикозная) ulcer (язва). It had begun itching (чесаться) again.

The thing you invariably came back to was the impossibility of knowing what life before the Revolution had really been like. He took out (достал) of the drawer (ящик стола) a copy of a children's history textbookwhich he had borrowed (позаимствовал) from Mrs Parsons, and began copying (переписывать) a passage (отрывок) into the diary:

(*In the old days (it ran), before the glorious Revolution, London was not the beautiful city that we know today. It was a dark, dirty, miserable (убогий) place where hardly anybody had enough to eat and where hundreds and thousands of poor people had no boots on their feet and not even a roof (крыша) to sleep under. Children no older than you had to work twelve hours a day for cruel (жестокий) masters (хозяева) who flogged (стегал) them with whips кнут) if they worked too slowly and fed (кормил) them on nothing but stale (черствый) breadcrusts (корки) and water. But in among all this terrible poverty there were just (всего) a few great big beautiful houses that were lived in by rich men who had as many as thirty servants to look after them. These rich men were called capitalists. They were fat (толстый), ugly men with wicked (злой) faces, like the one in the picture on the opposite page. You can see that he is dressed in a long black coat which was called a frock coat (сюртук), and a queer (странный), shiny (блестящий) hat (шляпа) shaped (одет) like a stovepipe (дымоход), which was called a top hat (цилиндр). This was the uniform of the capitalists, and no one else was allowed (разрешался) to wear (носить) it. The capitalists owned*

everything in the world, and everyone else was their slave. They owned all the land, all the houses, all the factories, and all the money. If anyone disobeyed (подчинялся) them they could throw them into prison, or they could take his job away (лишить) and starve (уморить) him to death. When any ordinary person spoke to a capitalist he had to cringe (съеживаться) and bow (кланяться) to him, and take off his cap and address him as «Sir'. The chief of all the capitalists was called the King, and —

But he knew the rest (остальная часть) of the catalogue. There would be mention (будут упомянут) of the bishops (епископы) in their lawn (батистовый) sleeves (рукава), the judges (судьи) in their ermine (горностаевый) robes (мантии), the pillory (позорный столб), the stocks (колодки), the treadmill (беговая дорожка), the cat-o'-nine tails (девятихвостая кошка), the Lord Mayor's Banquet (банкет), and the practice of kissing the Pope's toe (палец ноги). There was also something called the JUS PRIMAE NOCTIS (право первой ночи), which would probably not be mentioned (упомянут) in a textbook for children. It was the law by which every capitalist had the right to sleep with any woman working in one of his factories.

How could you tell how much of it was lies (ложь)? It MIGHT be true that the average (средний) human being was better off now than he had been before the Revolution. The only evidence (свидетельство) to the contrary (обратный) was the mute (немой) protest in your own bones (кости), the instinctive feeling that the conditions you lived in were intolerable (невы-

носимый) and that at some other time they must have been different. It struck (пришло в голову) him that the truly (действительно) characteristic thing (черта) about modern life was not its cruelty (жестокость) and insecurity (ненадежность), but simply its bareness (нагота), its dinginess (вялость), its listlessness (вялость). Life, if you looked about you, bore no resemblance (не имел ничего общего) not only to the lies that streamed (лился) out of the telescreens, but even to the ideals that the Party was trying to achieve. Great areas of it, even for a Party member, were neutral and non-political, a matter of slogging (это было связано) through dreary (утомительный) jobs, fighting for a place on the Tube (метро), darning (штопка) a worn-out (изношенный) sock, (носок) cadging (вымогание) a saccharine tablet, saving a cigarette end. The ideal set up (установленный) by the Party was something huge, terrible, and glittering (блестящий) – a world of steel and concrete (бетон), of monstrous machines and terrifying weapons – a nation of warriors (воины) and fanatics, marching forward in perfect unity, all thinking the same thoughts and shouting the same slogans, perpetually working, fighting, triumphing, persecuting (преследующий) – three hundred million people all with the same face. The reality was decaying (разлагающийся), dingy (грязный) cities at where underfed (недокормленный) people shuffled (шаркал) to and fro (туда-сюда) in leaky (дырявый) shoes, in patched-up (залатанный) nineteenth-century houses that smelt (пахло) always of cabbage and bad lavatories (туа-

леты). He seemed (казалось) to see (представить) a vision (видение) of London, vast and ruinous (разрушенный), city of a million dustbins (мусорные баки), and mixed up with it was a picture of Mrs Parsons, a woman with lined (морщинистый) face and wispy (редкий) hair, fiddling (возившийся) helplessly with a blocked waste-pipe (канализационная труба).

He reached down (наклонился) and scratched (почесал) his ankle (лодыжка) again. Day and night the telescreens bruised (терзал) your ears with statistics proving (доказывающий) that people today had more food, more clothes, better houses, better recreations – that they lived longer, worked shorter hours, were bigger, healthier, stronger, happier, more intelligent, better educated, than the people of fifty years ago. Not a word of it could ever be proved or disproved (быть опровергнутым). The Party claimed (утверждал), for example, that today 40 per cent of adult proles were literate (грамотный): before the Revolution, it was said, the number had only been 15 per cent. The Party claimed that the infant mortality (детская смертность) rate (норма) was now only 160 per thousand, whereas before the Revolution it had been 300 – and so it went on (и так далее). It was like a single equation (уравнение) with two unknowns. It might very well be (очень может быть) that literally (буквально) every word in the history books, even the things that one accepted (принимался) without question, was pure (чистейший) fantasy. For all (насколько) he knew there might never have been any such law as the JUS PRIMAE NOCTIS

(ПРАВО ПЕРВОЙ НОЧИ), or any such creature (создание) as a capitalist, or any such garment (предмет одежды) as a top hat (цилиндр).

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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