

1984

George Orwell



War is Peace
Freedom is Slavery
Ignorance is Strength

LESSING GYMNASIUM DÜSSELDORF

COURSE: ADVANCED COURSE ENGLISH/ABDINGHOFF

BILGE SULTAN DEMIREI

1) Which question does the book leave you with? Direct your question at a particular character or ask the author of the book.

Hello Mr. Orwell,

I know that you are dead and cannot answer my questions and I guess even if you were alive you could not because a) I probably could not reach out to you and b) in a system like this it would be hard to admit, that superiors manipulate us, as it is in 1984.

Oceania is always having wars against Eurasia and Eastasia and this is actually a plan of the system. Through the permanent War between the three superpowers the citizens are distracted and do not have the chance to overthink the system and are always locked up in this daily struggle, how to survive and what to eat today.

While talking about this in class I just transferred this idea to nowadays life. Do you think that most of the wars were or are on purpose to distract us citizens? Or I know that you were inspired through the second World War, was this maybe also a political staging to manipulate those people?

Yesterday I have had an appointment for which I had to drive almost 2h, the sun was up after a long time and I was listening to one of my favourite Turkish Singer – Gökhan Türkmen-, whose concert I joined only a week ago and the atmosphere was a gentle, warm, comfortable one and it brought me into positive vibes, which is why I was really productive.

I read again a few chapters of your book and tried to produce certain ideas for my following tasks, which I have to do, like whos perspective can I rewrite as a chapter etc. During my second run I understood things way better, because I am that type of person, who can watch a movie five times and discover another detail and it is the same way by reading books, especially books, because I do not watch movies that often. Every time I got your ideas more and more and whenever I am reading a book I am thinking of the effort of an author and I try to put myself into their position, which is why I stopped every on single page. I looked up through the window and I was like ‘Wow, how can a human come up with such intelligent ideas?’. Most dystopian things I was confronted with were just little changes but your book is a completely overthought new system. In detail!

Once in philosophy class we talked about Descartes. He claimed that we never dream of completely new things, only constellations, for instance a horse with a horn: it became a big part in girly rooms and called ‘Unicorn’. My teacher said, that a constellation of things is not that difficult, as we can see in horror movies, everything actually appears in our life and like every monster is a fragment of several animals, dinosaurs or humans. ‘*The invention of something new is hard work*’, he said. He was right, I tried to imagine a colour which is not existing and guess what! I could not. And you Mr. Orwell just invented a whole new world, not only a book.

This idea and gratitude for your greatness lead to my question, what if your brain were transferred to somebody elses’ body and your brain work would work through his body

further. That. Would. Be. INSANE!! Anyway, my question was, how your books' content would look like, if you were writing a similar utopian book based on nowadays world?

(You can find the lyrics of the Songs of Gökhan Türkman, which I listened, at the End. For good vibes, listen those Songs in the following links:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=l3Cl1BtxbEE>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=57Uy0egC308>)

2) Rewrite a Chapter or section of your novel from another character's point of view.

It was the middle of the morning, and Winston had already left his cubicle to go to the lavatory, as always. Julia ran a little, she did not want to miss Winston. She was not allowed to.

One day earlier, members of the Thoughtpolice took her away and brought her to O'Brien.

'Hello, I am O'Brien.'

First, he was gentle, but Julia did not answer anyway. She sensed that he was acting.

'Why am I here? ', she asked hysterical.

'Oh, my darling, how impolite you are. Fortunately, I know your name anyway, Julia.', his smile turned into something evil 'Now listen to me, I don't have time for games. We know that in the past you met several men of the party, that you slept with them doubleplus enjoyed being with them. We knew from the very first beginning, but I instantly knew, that your crime will turn for our gods –'

'NO!', screamed Julia. O'Brien slapped her without hesitating.

'I SAID LISTEN I AM NOT HERE TO FORGIVE YOU', suddenly his aggressive face relaxed and his lips formed a smile, his voice was calm, just as he introduced himself.

'I will give you a chance, beauty. There is a man who tries to betray us too, oh how dumb to think of. You will contact him, will sleep with him – I guess it won't be a problem since you are acting like a whore, will find out every single detail of his thoughts and eventually betray him and I guess again that it won't be a problem either since you are acting like a traitor. This is your chance to stay alive. I could have killed you, too, but look how merciful und full of forgiveness I am. If you resist, I will torment you. I will give you enough food to survive each day and as little as possible to torture. Plus, I will chain you in a half open wood box with milk inside and will put some honey in your face so insects and bees will eat you step by step and you will watch your death slowly sitting in your own milk bath mixed with your urine and feces', he became with every single word louder and stressed certain words. Julia was scared, still, she slapped him with her right hand in his face. She would do whatever they wanted to, but nobody could hit her. O'Brien turned her back, grabbed her right arm, breathed on her neck and licked her neck along, while he made a movement. Julia screamed for brief milliseconds and tried to silence herself. Her pale face turned red and her veins on her forehead squeezed out.

She let herself fall, as settled, in front of the telescreen, so O'Brien could watch her first steps strictly. She screamed louder than it actually hurt and risen to her knees. Winston stopped, hesitated and Julia thought for one moment that he will pass her. She hoped so.

'You're hurt?' she heard asking him.

'It's nothing. My arm. It'll be all right in a second.', she felt how pale she became.

'You haven't broken anything?'

'No, I'm all right. It hurt for a moment, that's all.', this was the moment, she held out her free hand to him and he helped her up. While their hands were clutched she slipped the sheet of paper in his hand.

'It's nothing, I only gave my wrist a bit of a band. Thanks, comrade!', she said and walked away. When she was back her co-workers looked disconcerted in her face

'Where have you been? You wanted to go to the lavatory, now it's been 8,37 minutes. It actually takes you 3,09 minutes. When you ate beans maximum 4,29 minutes. Where have you been the rest time?', asked the head of department.

Julia became hot and pale at the same time, she wondered how this was physically possible, but there was no time for wondering.

'I feel on my arm, you know that I am actually not clumsy but since yesterday something's wrong with me. Sorry for that, I can stay longer today.'

'Yes. 1 hour for being pluslong on lavatory than actually. What did you eat girl?', she asked and everybody laughed.

[...]

'My sheet of paper is torn; a piece is missing! Who was that?', screamed a girl out of the blue. Julia had the urge to cut her own head and to look where her brain was.

'Again sorry, that was me. The ink of my typewriter leaked. Just grabbed the first useful thing next to me.'

On her way home, she was thinking of Winston, how ugly and thin he was, his bony hands, his grey skin-color, his yellow nails and his breath like death mixed with the smell of cigarettes and gin. She was supposed to kiss him, sleep with him, she was going to call him dear and is committed to dump her lover, with whom she has planned a future for two years since now. They were waiting for another safe meeting but obviously it is not going to happen. O'Brien was right, she slept with somebody of the party, she fell in love with him and consequently she enjoyed his company and sexual spirits. She would never see him again, instead she would have to see Winston and betray her love with this bony, stinky, old Men.

When everybody was sleeping she started crying. That was the only time and place to be safe, not even the telescreen could see you, that was the only time in which you could think without being afraid of being watched.

3) *If you could change places with one of the characters, who would it be? Why? Write a full explanation including story details to support your reasons.*

If I could change places with one of the characters, it would be Winston. Winston is the character in the novel with whom I can identify. For instance, his scepticism towards the system equals mine. Well, we do not live in a system like it is given in 1984 – or maybe we do? – but I have always doubts and criticise, too. Besides of the political acts in the world, and more the hidden, one's unknown acts to us – which are way more worse than the obvious worst acts – I criticise mostly me, myself. Maybe this is what was missing by Winston, if he had also criticised himself he would not have trusted Julia or O'Brien so easily. He would watch his steps. On the other hand, I admired the courage of him, his braveness of going straight to O'Brien and talking first about the Brotherhood and that he wants join them. This was a part which also was similar to my attitude. Always a little bit rebelling and mostly doing the first steps. Winston wanted to live his maturity and thinks different than the others. This was also a point where I saw myself. Maybe I am not that beware of the manipulations of the system, but I am at least aware of these manipulations, although I don't know what quality they have.

If I were Winston I would not spend my money on cigarettes but I would also believe that O'Brien is somehow connected with me. I even believe of being connected with certain People without being Winston. :D Winston is a hero though he was naïve and monstrous in his childhood.

If I could change places with another character, it would be O'Brien. Maybe in this way I will understand why and how people are so evil and have no humanity. I never got why things happen, just as Winston, I understood how but not why, maybe when I am O'Brien for a day I would know. Know how it is to be powerful and evil. If people like O'Brien have a shame, little bit emotions, that would be my research. If it is intelligence or simply silliness combined with knowledge, would be my other question.

Someone who has a lot of knowledge can still be silly. How it works? I guess we can see it almost everywhere.

- 4) ***You have become a character in your novel. Write a diary entry about how you felt when things were happening and you had no control over. Describe this in detail.***

The food is not plenty for both of them ... My daughter is going to die if Winston does not reduce his hunger. He is acting too selfish. When did he become so?

Why am I wondering? I can understand him, he is hungry, all the time and never gets well-fed. It is all my fault, I should gain money, but how? I have to take care of my Daughter, otherwise Winston will eat everything away! I wish Winston would be little bit older before his father left. So, he could work and buy us something to eat.

Oh my god, how am I acting? I am wondering how selfish Winston became, but look at me! I would send my little son to work.

I always fight and argue with Winston. He is so aggressive like his father. No companion. No emotions except hunger and hate.

[a few days later when the chocolate ratio was issued]

Today chocolate ratio was issued and we were supposed to share in three equal big pieces of chocolate. After Winston rebelled again, I renounced and gave my portion to Winston. He did not have enough, so he grabbed the whole chocolate and ran out of the house. I loved my son, but I could not let my babygirl die. I knew Winston would survive, he could live without me. But I could not live with a bad conscience, if my daughter dies. This is why I decided to leave Winston. I prayed many times; may God give me faith and strength. May God give money and food. At least may God take Winston's selfishness away. But God did nothing. None of them. God is neither good at giving things, nor taking habits away. I did not lose my belief, I am simply disappointed by God. I know, I heard of it, we humans always try to find someone to blame, always try to find a casualty, because otherwise we would drive totally crazy. If blaming God guards my mind against madness, I am totally fine with it. First you took my husband away, then you let my daughter become ill and my son selfish, afterwards you took our food away and now you let me become crazy and take my son away. Some decisions we seem to make, are indeed yours God! If you can't give and can't take, let at least my son in peace. He will make it, without your help...

Olmadı / it did not happen

Bu dünyada yerim yok ki göç etmeden öldüm anlamadım

I have no place in this world, I died without to immigrate and I did not understand

Aklın varsa bu sevdadan vazgeç dediler bir gün aldırmadım

One day, they said, if you are smart you should give up on this love, but I did not mind

Eskiden olsa söyledin bana

in Old-times you would tell me

Aklından geçenleri naranınaynam

what is crossing through your mind naranınaynam

Kalbin boş mu diye sordu yerim doldu diye durdu

She asked if my heart is empty, was afraid that her place is refilled

Dolmadı, olmadı... Yerin dolmadı

It did not fill, it did not... Your place did not fill.

Sen olanları ne sanıyorsun

What do you think of the happenings?

Bir anda dolmaz bunu sen de biliyorsun

It will not fill in one moment and you know it, too

Dolmadı, olmadı... Yerin dolmadı...

It did not fill, it did not... Your place did not fill.

Dolmadı, sensiz olmadı... Yerin dolmadı

It did not fill, it did not without you... Your place did not fill.

Olabilir / could be

Benim yüzümden mi bu hallere düştük;

aşk olsun!

Is it my fault that we have fallen in these cases?

ask olsun (is a slogan in Turkish and equals shame on you, literally translated:

Ask=Love / olsun= it should be)

Senin yüzünden ben bu hallere düştüm;

yazıklar olsun!

It is your fault that I have fallen in these cases!

Shame on you!

Kalbim durdu seni gördüğüm zaman

My heart stopped, when I saw you

Aklım gitti başımdan aman aman!

My mind got blow oh oh (in the sense of might God help)

Bu yüzden olabilir, sevebilir sırf bu yüzden

This is the reason why it can be, s/he can love, just because of that

Bu yüzden gelebilir, olabilir sırf bu yüzden

This is the reason why s/he can come, it can be, only because of that

Benimle olabilir, kalabilir sırf bu yüzden

Can be with me, can stay, only because of that

Bu yüzden olabilir, aşk olabilir sırf bu yüzden

this is the reason why it can be, it can be love, just because of that

(well after I've translated I realized how depressing these songs are hahahha maybe you should simply listen to the whole song :D)

Sources:

You can retrieve the image on the frontpage on this URL:

http://www.atuttascuola.it/tesine/files/i_mezzi_di_comunicazione4.htm