

journey planet 3



Contents

Editorial	<i>James Bacon, Chris Garcia, Pete Young</i>	3
The LoC Box	<i>Edited by Claire Brialey, Chris Garcia</i>	6
George Orwell in the World of Science Fiction	<i>L.J. Hurst</i>	15
Captain Airstrip One	<i>Alan Moore, Chris Brasted, SMS</i>	23
Talking George Orwell with Blair at Our Feet	<i>Christian Payne, John Perivolaris</i>	28
Mathspeak	<i>Emma J. King</i>	32
Secure Beneath the Watchful Eyes	<i>Andrew F. Wood</i>	33
Orwellian London	<i>James Bacon</i>	34
“If There Is Hope...”	<i>Tony Keen</i>	42
1984: the Year that Defined the Future	<i>Christopher J. Garcia</i>	47
Some Notes on the Similarities between <i>The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen: Black Dossier</i> and <i>Nineteen Eighty-Four</i>	<i>Pádraig Ó Méalóid</i>	55
<i>Nineteen Eighty-Four</i> for Sixpence: The Penguin Cover Story	<i>James Bacon</i>	58

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Guest editor & design: Pete Young, **co-editors:** James Bacon, Claire Brialey, & Chris Garcia

Please send LoCs to journeyplanet@gmail.com, and fanzines in trade to:

James: 55 Cromwell Road, Croydon, Surrey CR0 2JZ, England

Chris: 962 West Weddell Drive., Apt. #15, Sunnyvale, CA 94089, USA

Claire: 59 Shirley Road, Croydon, Surrey CR0 7ES, England

Pete: Room #101, 22 Tippings Lane, Woodley, Berkshire RG5 4RX, England

James, Chris, Claire and Pete wish to dictate their Manifesto of Collective Eternal Gratitude (something like one of Claire's stiletto heels stamping on a human face forever, but not so pointy and far more stimulating) to all contributors for use of their doubleplusgood articles, photography and artwork. All contributions © their respective authors/creators, used by permission. James Bacon is a retired member of the Junior Anti-Sex League.



Editorial

James Bacon

I am not sure when I fell in love with Julia. I am unsure when I read *Nineteen Eighty-Four* for the first time, but it left a mark on me as a teenager. There's a rebellious streak somewhere in me, and I found the book rousing. At the time, I was in a Christian Brother Catholic school, so the ideas of sexual repression and censorship not only repulsed me, but also were focus of my teenage angst.

I hate censorship by the state, I hate the idea of them controlling, not for *us*, but for protecting the system. Fortunately the state is rather incompetent; I don't worry too much, although that incompetence can be fatal to any bystander, here or over there.

The book has influenced so many things that I also love dearly. *V* from *V for Vendetta*, perhaps my favourite comic ever, is in my mind a



successor to Winston Smith. Moore and Lloyd pay great homage to Orwell's piece, yet this is still an original take on the concept of what is a super hero. Taking the fight back to "The Leader".

Moore's recent *LOEG: Black Dossier* also beautifully amazing in its homagical setting.

The TV series *1990* by the BBC in 1977, dubbed '1984 plus six', was a great and more recent find starring Edward Woodward. *Equilibrium* and *Brazil* are truly derivative, but in a very enjoyable way. *The Matrix* strangely seems to replace a person we don't see with a computer, but I think I may be alone.

Burgess's *1985* is a great read and I love the way he breaks it down into two parts, easier for the likes of me to wrap my brain, thoughts and imagination around.

I do wish I could have gone to the Orwell Conference in Antwerp on 11 November 1983. The collection of nineteen papers I have in *Essays from Oceania and Eurasia* beginning with Burgess's 'Utopia and Science-Fiction' indicates that if one likes something enough, even the academics seem interesting.

The BBC play from 1955 is another favourite: Peter Cushing is a perfect Winston Smith, and nearly as good as the later John Hurt. I liked both Julias. She reminds me of someone. Someone I love. I wonder do I love these Julias or the book one. Romance is not strong in the book, although Orwell did like fine women.

I like the way that the novel and terms therein have pervaded throughout modern culture, and although I am sure many fans of Ozzy will know why he says what he does, watchers of the Cathode Udder probably have no idea. I do, though, and that's what matters.

It is the book, the words penned so lovingly and carefully rewritten and worked on, chiselled at until they are perfect, that is what matters. This fanzine is partly an expression of gratitude and appreciation on my part.

Is it science fiction? I'm still uncertain, but it's a cracking good read for sure.

Chris Garcia

As you'll read, I was very excited about the '1984' issue, less because of the book by George Orwell that I've never really read (I 'High School'-read it, meaning skimmed much of it and took in the Cliff Notes) but because the year 1984 was really important to me (as you'll read in my article). The '80s in general are my Golden Years (gold, whop-whop-whop). I had an incredible blast between the ages of five and fifteen, particularly the last part of the 1980s. The clothing was bright, perfect for a kid, the hair was awesome, the movies were action-packed and the food stuffs that were invented in those years rocked. Hell, even the drugs were better. Back then, it was all about cocaine, and towards the end of the decade, X. Nowadays, it's Meth. There's no class in Meth. No one ever dresses in all-white to go out partying on Meth. See, better days.

1984 was an interesting year in fandom too. The largest of the WorldCons was in 1984. The Semi-Prozine category was invented, Mike Glycer's File 770 won the Hugo for Best Fanzine and there was a crazy sense that fandom was at that peak where everything had to start spiraling away, slowly draining out below the high-water mark set in that heady year. 1989 was a big one, too. That was the year the Langford Streak began and the year of the second largest WorldCon, Noreascon III. I wasn't there, but I've heard many fine stories

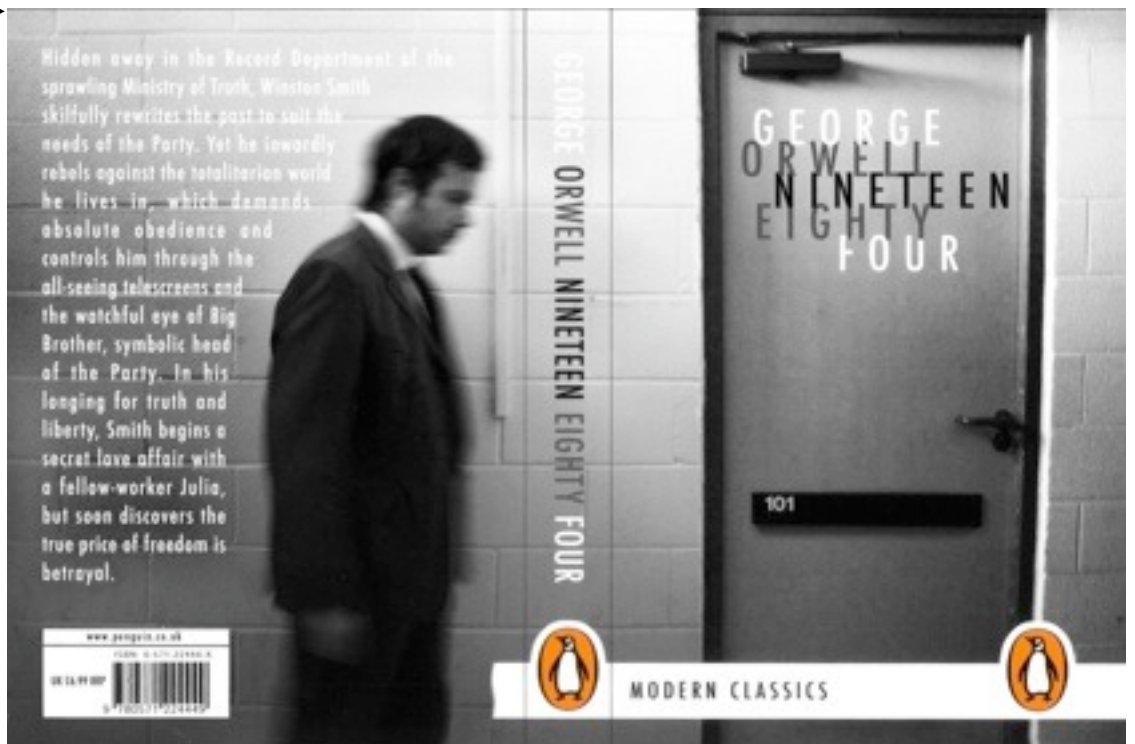
from that fine convention.

And what is the, you may ask, point?

Well, think about the 1980s. There was a lot there, a lot to play with. The 1970s were a decade of ramping up towards the '80s. And the 1990s were mostly us coming to grips with what we had been in the '80s. It's all a part of the Dominant Decade theory that many Pop Culture History-types subscribe to. You get a dominant decade that is the result of the prior decade. The 1950s were made possible because WWII had opened up territories, and given new kinds of technologies that would be fully explored and exploited in the 1950s. The 1960s were a reaction to the 1950s by going the exact opposite way for the Hipster class. The 1970s were a holding pattern. There was the boom of microelectronics and medical technologies and new materials being used in every day life. These would start to show an impact in the 1970s, but really, it was all just table-setting for the 1980s. This even shows in fandom where the WorldCons of the 1980s were huge, important things that would eventually slowly slide in the 1990s and reach a sort of stasis in the '00s.

So, the 1980s were the last Big Deal decade. This decade should be the big one, but it's not, or at least it doesn't seem to be. Maybe that's because we're all too busy looking back at the '80s and going 'Whoa!'

Not actually a real Penguin: a fine cover design by Kris Stewart



Pete Young

I've always felt it important when compiling a fanzine to go outside the usual milieu of fanzine contributors and bring into the fold some new and unexpected voices. This wasn't at all difficult on this occasion - many people not directly connected with science fiction fandom (ie. possibly just about every thinking adult in the western world) have vocal and/or written opinions on either *Nineteen Eighty-Four* or the surveillance society, because the book itself has been embraced worldwide as the proper warning to English socialism that it was meant to be. It's a more *experientially* believable dystopia than something like *Fahrenheit 451* or *A Clockwork Orange*, and in that fact lies its enduring strength (I hesitate to use the word 'appeal'). A book of such widespread importance to this

country's - *any* country's - political life doesn't just live in the minds of SF fans, it takes root everywhere; consequently there's a rich harvest of material that could be reaped worldwide from the internet alone; and with more time this fanzine could *easily* have been made ten times the length it is, probably with no loss of quality.

But to the real world. Today in Britain we have an intrusive socialist government, having fun with (and spending billions on) their expensive new digital toys, but it's mostly what's happening to the rest of us Brits that makes me uncomfortable. I'm sorely tempted to quote verbatim a recent editorial in *The Spectator*, one that (unlike many other *Spectator* editorials) was strangely hard to argue with. It pointed out how many worrisome aspects of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* have been enthusiastically *embraced* by the British public, without any need for imposition from a totalitarian state. It was an easy observation to make, but a quick look around would probably confirm much: people now subject themselves to the pervasive scrutiny of cameras voluntarily; the language drained of poetry and passion isn't Newspeak, it's the txtspk that also creeps into teenagers' examination papers; and the novel's junior spies are here in the form of kids who berate their parents for smoking and buying non-Fairtrade products. As I said, what's worth noting is that the state has not been directly involved in any of this.

This was poetically summarised long ago by the late Thomas M. Disch, in his darkly comic, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*-derived short story 'Thesis on Social Forms and Social Controls in the U.S.A.' - written in 1964 - and it took him just nine words:

*Yesterday's Laments will be
Tomorrow's Psalms in another Key*

In closing, I'll say it's been good to do a fanzine again. It doesn't feel like nearly four years since I did the last *Zoo Nation*, so I'm grateful to James for roping me in on this one. *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is indeed a book that's very close to my heart as it's one of the few fictions that we're actually beginning to see manifest itself in the real world, so I hope we've done it justice with the great selection chosen for your enjoyment here.





fence cctv [53°28'25"N 2°17'43"W]
 "Imperial War Museum North, Salford. Big Brother
 imagery is a bit obvious - but can still be effective."
 — David Dunnico

The LoC Box

John Neilsen-Hall
john.sila@virgin.net

That this issue of your relatively new zine (I never saw issue 1) should be so attended by disquiet and controversy is perhaps a good sign, but it made me feel bad. I do see and agree with the points made by Claire and Max and I feel it was an idea that was best not proceeded with, or at least not proceeded with so openly. I suppose that when there's three (or perhaps two plus one) of you it would be difficult to have an editorial plan that you could keep secret, particularly if one of you is only partly in favour, if at all. But had it been me, I would just have produced a zine where all the content was by women without making a big noise about it, and without telling anyone that was what I was doing (although, to be honest, I don't think I would have done it - I'm just suggesting that that is what might have been done, and then I would have been able to write a

LoC which didn't mention it). As it is, I feel guilty that I liked the ish as much as I did, because it may be that I'm not supposed to like it, or perhaps I'm only supposed to like it in a qualified sort of way. Most of the things said by Claire and even more so Max are things I wholly agree with - we are human beings before we are ever male or female - yet being male or female we are prone to dividing the world into those classifications, usually to the detriment of whatever it is, but not, as it happens, on this occasion.

And anyway, all this rehearsal of how this was done with so much misgiving, but still here it is, makes me feel a bit like saying, "Well, yes, but what the fuck can I do about it?" The fact is, I read the zine and I enjoyed it very much - I liked the Q +A bits, I hope you will go on doing that irrespective of gender in the future. I was very interested in Maura McHugh's article. Of course, two of the very best SF writers I have ever

read were women and won Hugos and stuff, although one of them wrote as if she was a man - I refer, of course, to James Tiptree Jr. - and the other is Ursula Le Guin. Right now I am reading an omnibus edition of Mary Gentle's *Orthe* novels. I don't think Mary Gentle has ever won any major acclaim in the SF field, but I'm not sure. Her most well known book *Ash*, being a cobbling together of shorter works, is a bit repetitive and ultimately disappoints, but I know of nobody, male or female, writing SF now who makes gender issues so much part of their work. Her novel *1610: A Sundial In A Cave*, was outstanding, if perhaps stretching credulity a bit with its intermingling of English and Japanese history. It should have been nominated for something. Having said that, if the Hugos and Nebulas are supposed to influence the book buying punters, they fail in my case, and I don't really think they matter enough to have a gender-bias crusade about.

Claire, I don't think I've ever read anyone who went to a single sex school say they thought it was the best thing for them before. Inasmuch as we may have a society divided by gender, aren't single sex schools a major contributor to such division? And can you imagine what an all boys school was like? — *John*

Mike Meara

meara810@btinternet.com

ME: What's this in the mail, then? (FX: THUMB RIPPING ENVELOPE) Oh goody, it's another fanzine, a real proper paper fanzine! Oh bugger, it's bloody A5 again, where's me magnifying glass? (FX: PAGES TURNING) Double bugger, it's a "girlie issue".

I find I can't respond directly to a lot of what's written herein; however, I do have a number of comments to make on gender-related topics, which I offer here in lieu of a proper LoC. At the end I will offer you my stefnal theory of women; well, I say "my", because I would like to claim it, but I don't think it's original to me.

I love women. I love them in every possible way (and you can interpret that however you wish; I will cheerfully refute any defamatory allegations). I am constrained only by shyness, advancing years, general lack

of physical appeal, and marital status. (Not necessarily in that order; by the way, why did I use the word "only" just there?) Perhaps my initial negativity was caused by the fact that I differentiate between "girlie" and "girly", two quite different words in my personal dictionary. I shall essay a few definitions:

GIRLY (adj.): Matters of particular relevance or interest to women, or perceived thus by men. E.g. "girly chat". Often used for humorous effect, or self-deprecatingly, by either sex.

GIRLIE (adj.): E.g. magazine whose high status derives solely from its lofty position on the newsagent's racks, sorry, shelves.

GIRLIE (n.): Young human female as perceived through the bloodshot eyes of Men In Macs, e.g. "Come here girlie, I won't hurt you."

So if you said "girlie" in your email, James, you really meant "girly". I hope.

Claire used the word "ghetto" in her opening piece, and shortly afterwards Chris mentions "ghettoisation". I don't think what you're doing here is ghettoisation, but it is compartmentalisation: 'Once we've got all these women in the box, we (the men) can decide what to do with them.' I'm not happy having thoughts like that, and I'm not happy with anything which causes or encourages me to have thoughts like that. That said, there is some good stuff here, and my tone will become more positive shortly.

You have an impressive array of female contributors here: about eighteen in all (or nineteen if you include Max, who, by the very act of stating she refuses to take part, has in fact taken part). At least, I assume they're impressive, because I have to admit I don't know any of their names. Nary a one. Perhaps it's just because I've been away for a while, because clearly I should know people who've helped organise cons, been Fan GoH and so on. Some of them even went to the same cons as I did, and I *still* have no memory of them. In a way, it helped, because I was able to read each piece without having any preconceptions about who these people were.

It's remarkable how frequently

Narnia was an early SF/Fantasy reading experience for your contributors. They are great stories, it's true - I'm partway through the set myself for the first time, and find them most enjoyable even at my age. I trust that everyone emerged untainted by Lewis's Christian subtext which is supposed to be there (I've never seen it myself, but then I'm religion-blind, or try to be).

Your mention of Susan Wood brought a pang. I met her a couple of times, was a bit in love with her (for some of the reasons above) and I can still remember the shock and disbelief I felt when I heard she had died.

As a Rankin fan meself, I really wish I'd known about Large in Derby, my home town for the last 39 of my 60 years. The Alexandra Hotel (known as the Alex) is a great pub, and was the birthplace of the Derby branch of CAMRA back in 1974 or thereabouts. There's not many people wish to know that.

For me, though, the best bits were saved till last, the star piece of the whole issue being Ulrika O'Brien's "How To Write American". The irritable, hectoring tone is just perfect. I can almost hear her reading it out loud. (Do Americans say "out loud"? Or is it "aloud"? Or what? (Note: the British shouldn't say "different to" either; unfortunately, some of them do.))

Okay, theory time, and it's this: (ahem) The human female is the closest thing to an alien being that the human male is ever likely to encounter. And vice-versa, of course. Before anyone accuses me of misogyny, the theory is based on the scientifically-proven effect of hormonal differences on brain development in the womb. In other words, men and women think differently. And since our brains are where we all live, that surely is where true alienness lies.

All the best, folks. See you at Novacon, I hope. — Mike ('n' Pat)

Chuck Connor

chuck.connor@bluebottle.com

I'm always a little suspect when it comes to jointly edited fanzines. Years, plus my own experiences with such things, have led to me understand that I do not work well as part of a fanzine editorial team.

I find that there is either a tendency for the other(s) not to work at the same frantic pace as I tend to - something created out of necessity and habit (80/90pp fanzines from conception to 250 Gestetnered copies in 10 days - a Navy leave period - three times a year, approx, 21 issues in 7 years.) Or else they try and be sensible/Sercon, when as every fool kno (in my best Whizz For Atoms voice) it's better to try and put a smile on the readers' faces (and not in a Dark Knight kind of way, either.)

There again, I also suspect that my 'fanzine' concepts are also different to those of today. The speed has always been there, albeit in a different style - the fanzine in an hour isn't anything new, just that it was done electronically, rather than a bunch of people with typing skills being thrown into the mix (I can copy and audio, as well as free type still at around 60 to 70 words per minute. I don't do dictation, and I only sit on managers knees if there's the promise of a dirty weekend in South America... Where was I?) That's not to decry the feat, just to state that I still have the habit of thinking handraulically - the end result is the same, just how it is produced has changed.

So, when I read Bad Timing from Claire and her concerns re "the girlie issue" - along with her comments about women in fandom - I was immediately saying "Well, what about the likes of *Shallow End*, which had (if memory serves me correctly) Eve Harvey, Pat Charnock and Janice Maule? What about Pam Wells and *Nutz*? What about Ethel Lindsey and *Scottishe*? What about Simone Walsh and *Seamonsters*? Heck, what about my own *Thingumybob*? That had an all-women issue, featuring the sadly late Ann Green (on the A to Z of Convention Sex), Jenny Glover on eating out, Caroline Mullan on lesbian sex (or was that the Post-Spanner issue?), a rare piece from Pat Silver on what she would put into a letter to either her granddaughter or goddaughter, and the first ever fanzine piece from Jane Carnell on AIDS and the death of a friend from it. Even the artwork was from the likes of Cathy Easthope, Leslie Ward and Ann Green. And it certainly wasn't being patronising either - otherwise I would never have had those women write a single word for me (most would have

written me two words, one of them being 'off!')

That *Thingummybob* was difficult to source/get together, mainly because Leslie Ward was doing her own *Dumble In The Works*, Ann Green was doing *Ormalu*, Caroline's zine was *The Mirror Cracked*, Jenny's was *Maverick* along with the BSFA work, Pat was organising conventions, and Jane was involved in a lot of slash fandom, plus fannish GLB group work up in Edinburgh. Missing from that issue was Maureen Speller (as was), Christina Lake, Sue Thomason, Bernie Evans, Vivica Port, Eunice Pearson, Anne Wainwright (the Plymouth one), Hazel Ashworth and Moira Shearman.

True, that issue was published in the early 90s when, I suspect, women fans (and I come from an era which readily used the term femmefen, which was a remnant of the 50s fandom) were more outspoken and more (I don't want to use the word aggressive here, but forthright and

forceful are a little on the hard side) coherent as a mutually supportive minority group/sub-group than they are today.

Again, that could well be because fandom is much larger today than it was twenty or thirty years ago, and as such it has the ability to create pockets and buffer zones which didn't have the space to evolve and exist years ago. The bigger the community the more tolerant it may appear externally because there is a greater room inside for more radical pockets to exist unchallenged.

They were aggressive-defensive in some respects, but I feel that *Bad Timing* is, in some of its attitude, just that, slightly badly timed - in that it is a little out of sequence with what I see and read from the electronic fan media today - be it from the old blood likes of Jan Stinson, or the very new blood of Kat Templeton. In fact I have asked Kat to go back and rework a piece she did for eAPA so we can run it in a more general circulation fanzine, and give it a much wider audience which it really deserves.

Am I being patronising? No. If the piece had been written by a man rather than a woman I would still have gone after it, for the very simple reason it was written from a modern new-fan viewpoint, and has the ability to openly question things which, both you, Claire, and I (in our well-worn Fandom clothes) readily accept as either tradition or unwritten law. Kat still has the innocence to ask "Why?" to things we either accept or have chosen to ignore because you and I know the old bastards are not going to change their working practices, regardless of how much you try and shame them into doing so.

And this is before we get onto *The Womens Periodical* APA - or is *TWP* a sacred Goddess not to be touched?

Moving into *The Male Gaze Turned Inwards*, and in James' first answer is my own comment - I don't genderise a piece before, during, or



← double cctv [53°29'04"N 2°14'41"W]
 "As ever, I look for CCTV cameras watching other CCTV cameras. The nearer camera is one of a number which have been painted brown to blend in with the stone of the buildings around Manchester Cathedral."
 — David Dunnico

after reading it. If an article/piece is IMHO rubbish then it is down to two people - the writer, firstly, and the editor/publisher secondly for either not asking for clarifications or even rewrites. If I felt a piece was below par then I would send it back and ask for things to be redone. A lot of people don't do that, and it shows even in some of the PDFzines I occasionally pick up and read through. [And this editor specifically does not do that with *The Drink Tank* - Chris]

I'm also a little suspect of people who sanitise their articles for publication. If you're going to say it in public then say it also in print - even if your convictions/ beliefs are perceived to be wrong at least stick to the buggers.

Of the pieces I really enjoyed? I think it was the non-sercon material which got to me more. Stacey Whittle on Rankin Sproutlore, and Ulrika O'Brien's Americana-non-communicado.

It is the sense of family and community - the sense of belonging to something external of the mundane world, and the commonality of sharing feelings with other members of the same tribe.

Except for Furry Animal Fandom.

No, sorry, I've done some seriously weird shit in my time (I'm a fully ordained minister in the Universal Church of Modesto, California, and can therefore legally marry couples in a variety of States) but Furry Animal Fandom is just one area of depravity I refuse, point blank, to dip my cloven hoof into.

Whatever, I just wanted to say I enjoyed *JP#2* as well as *JP#1* though for obvious reasons I've not had much of a chance to get into a LoCing frame of mind.

So now I'm off to try and work out how a totally computer illiterate other half, after being given a previously foolproof laptop running Mandriva Linux 2008, has managed to switch his desktop from Gnome over to KDE, even though he swears on a stack of Men's Health that he "didn't touch a thing!"

Beast Twitches! — *Chuck*

PS. A reminder for Mr. Garcia: I have not forgotten his pluralisation of me from his eAPA days and any additional letters added to my name (and thus demoting me from the true

Irish Royal Family line) will be treated with a zap gun contract - a double sawbuck from an unmarked PayPal account into any fan fund of choice... As the PDSA say, you have been wormed. [I got it right this time! I was contemplating putting an -ed at the end of your name to make you past tense, but I thought better. - Chris]

David Redd

dave_redd@hotmail.com

Dear James, [Hey, what about the rest of us! - Chris]

Thanks for *Journey Planet #2* with its collection of Good Stuff. A genuine SF/Fantasy fanzine, wow. Not exclusively feminine interest at all (although not many giant robots trashing cities there, only a lot of people discovering SF through Anne McCaffrey.) It's a good and literary assemblage. I liked the cumulative effect of the interviews, the inside story of researching the Inklings, the revelation of a swing away from the old right-wing SF (here I ought to bite my tongue and not mention John Brunner's *The Brink*), the educational piece on writing American, and most of all Yvla Spangberg's informed appreciation of Tove Jansson. I'd go along with Yvla's overview of the Moomin books and their evolution from kid stuff to adult material; may I indulge my sercon habit and enthuse some more?

There are actually three parallel Moomin universes: the text-and-art novels, the picture-books, and the comic strips. Good as the art is, I think the words are better.

To me as a child her first great masterpiece was *The Exploits of Moominpappa*: inventive, subversive, political and parodic and post-modern, funny all through, exploring the boundaries of the possible with continuous delight for the readers, for Moominpappa, and for the author/artist herself. Great fun. But the follow-up *Moominsummer Madness* seemed slower, more constrained, more self-indulgent at times in its swipes at the artistic life. On recent rereading it does seem to gather strength, first blending philosophy with playfulness and then finding its heart in an angry anti-authority tract as Snufkin - creature of the wild - fights to reclaim the park.

If *Midsummer* was a pause in

Jansson's gathering of literary skill, it was only a pause for breath before jumping into the unknown. *Moominland Midwinter* is my favourite novel. By anyone, at any time. Forget *Ulysses* or *War and Peace* or *The Tale of Genji*; this is the one. It's clearly a hymn to winter and equally clearly the story of those strange creatures who colonised the frozen north, tried to understand their inexplicable world and discovered modern society - in other words, Europeans since the Ice Age. It also enters more personal psychic territory by introducing Too-Ticky, an oddly androgynous character based on Jansson's "life partner" Tuulikki Pietilä (Jansson has been adopted as a gay/lesbian icon; she seems to have tolerated the adoration of visiting grown-up males with amused affection).

Another pause for breath came with the short story collection known in English as *Tales from Moomin Valley* and in Swedish by the more significant phrase *The Invisible Child*; Jansson's titles can be starker than their English equivalents (I treat this collection as one of the novels for its lovely opening story, "The Spring Tune"). With the next book we're in adult territory. Consider its title: *Moominpappa At Sea* is a good try by the translator, but the more literal equivalent *Papa and the Sea* derives power from *not* being "Father and Son." I should point out that all the later books begin with a confrontation with water in some form: snow, a stream, the sea, rain. The relatively long *Moominpappa at Sea* seems intended as a magnum opus, with its protagonist's midlife crisis paralleling his son's puberty crisis and the whole Moomin family dislocated from home in the antithesis of the summer voyage to contentment Moominpappa intends. My Puffin edition calls it "perhaps the most satisfying of all the Moomin stories" but this is actionable under the Trades Descriptions Act - it's wholly black and mocking, unsettling, much too gloomy for kids. *Sea* sketches a world containing dereliction of duty, the destructive power of technology, unrepentant genocide, the hostility of Nature, beauty as a fleeting illusion, a happy home life as a solipsist fantasy, and the necessity for rapprochement with cold black evil. I can't actually tell whether the story works or not, but I

know it's not for children, unless it's meant to scare the living daylight out of any child who deciphers its meaning. Moominpappa's quixotic ambition leads his family to an island which the author suggests was only fly-dirt on the map, i.e. faecal matter, i.e. shit. Oh, and even on the reconciliatory last page they don't actually get away.

After all that I much preferred *Moominvalley in November*, a bit of a classic I feel, even though it describes nothing livelier than waiting for Godot (or waiting for the year to end? The final four Moomin books run in sequence through winter, spring, summer and now autumn) and its cast contains only supporting characters, no Moomins at all except for (literally) a gleam of hope in the final lines. By the end of *November* we've been in the adult world for some time, albeit through a child's eyes, and there's no going back. Jansson had already given up the comic strip, and after this she gave up the books. Moomin books, that is. She didn't stop writing.

Before *November*, presumably written so as not to leave the Moomin future unrelievedly black, Jansson had already produced the adult story-cycle *Sculptor's Daughter* based on her own life. After *November* she produced another, *The Summer Book*, about the island life of a grandmother and small girl on holiday, soon followed by a sustained adult novel, *Sun City*, about relationships within an American retirement complex (note for SF fans: in one paragraph Jansson views SF and its readers with her usual mocking eye). But *Sun City* was the last to reach us. Although Jansson continued writing, and some books such as *The Honest Trickster* did gain European translations, no further novels appeared in the UK.

Flash-forward to the new millennium: we're starting to catch up, thanks to Sort Of Books. First they reprinted *The Summer Book* as an attractive new paperback (incidentally, "The Cat" from *Summer Book* has also appeared in a different translation - for children - in *Puffin Annual 1*, illustrated by Jansson herself).

Next, Sort Of gave us what must have seemed an obvious follow-up, *The Winter Book*, a short story collection whose snowflakes-on-blue

you are on camera [53°22'48"N 2°15'38"W]
 "Nice bloke who works as a security guard
 - he said he was often abused, he felt safer
 knowing CCTV was watching over him."
 — David Dunning

cover did not entrance and whose contents leaned rather too heavily on extracts from the admittedly hard-to-find *Sculptor's Daughter*. Not exactly a disappointment, but... but they made up for it with *Fair Play*. And how. Terrific, that one, a short but concentrated novel masquerading as a short story collection (or perhaps vice versa) woven around two ladies very like Jansson and Pietilä living in a city apartment, holidaying, observing life and art. I could have wished that page 43 included the words "the cat followed" for completeness, but that's just me - I loved every word and read each story at least twice before starting the next. Pity the cover was so like that of *Winter Book*; this book isn't blue, it's white with shadows and colour-washes and occasional telling flashes of brightness. I swiftly devised my own dust jacket based on Pietilä's Fillyjonk and have kept the book in that, thank you. This novel and *November* share a certain something; one day I'll work out what.

As for the other picture books,

the comic strips (now being collected in book form), Jansson's other work which Yvla mentions, and the whole Moomin industry from theme park to postage stamps... I'll leave it. Just take my word for it, she's good (for her art, I tried to add in some thumbnails from the lysator web collection, but they haven't taken. I'll add what else I can quickly).

Oh well, you can see I found something to stir me in *Journey Planet*! Thanks again. — David

Susan Francis

susan_shades@yahoo.co.uk

I noticed there were a lot of women's names on the contents page before I read the editorial and discovered it was policy. Good-oh. It would be an interesting experiment to invite only women without saying so, and see who noticed, but you can't do that now...

Your artist credits are missing for p.35, unless I've missed something. Jeeves?



I like the mini-interviews.

Oh look, a fanzine containing actual discussions of SF! And politics, or both at once in Farah's case. Thumbs up. — *Susan Francis*

Farah Mendlesohn

Farah.sf@gmail.com

I do not remember if you told me *Journey Planet 2* was women only. Knowing me, and my general flakiness in the past year, you told me and I didn't listen/hear. [Note: James forwarded the invite letter and it was in there - Chris] Which is a good thing because I would either have refused, or written a lengthy explanation why it was a bad idea, although possibly not as eloquently as either Claire or Max. I don't much approve of women only issues (and I find the idea of a feminist wiki just as much a ghetto: we need to get out there and start adding female writers to Wikipedia).

That said, I really like the issue. Claire and Max make excellent cases for "the issue". Diana Glycer's article is exactly the kind of thing I like to hear about and the research done by James and Maura is very important. With regard to the Hugo issue last year: I did make a list of my favourite books by women that year, and thought that actually there was only one I felt really deserved a place. More important perhaps is that when we broke down the surveys for the Inter-Galactic Playground, we found men weren't naming female authors. What we *think* happens is that presented with a list of men and women, male readers will rank without prejudice, but when it comes to selecting from memory, women are simply invisible. This is definitely affecting book stocking. WHSmiths in Kings Cross Station had not a single SF book by a woman the last time I looked.

Cheers, — *Farah*

Jim Linwood

jlinwood@aol.com

Many thanks for *JP* #2. I was intrigued by Stacey Whittle's piece about our local Brentford author Robert Rankin. While not exceptional, single fantasy author fandom must be exceedingly rare, Terry Pratchett is the only other author who springs to mind. I haven't read Rankin but, through the local press, I'm aware of the 2004

convention in Brentford and the meetings at "The Flying Swan" - actually The Bricklayers' Arms which has closed and now is up for sale. Rankin, when he lived in the area, was the "writer in residence" at the Watermans' Art Centre and even this year returned with his band to perform a charity gig at a local pub - I'm told his George Formby impression was "absolute genius". Some of the locals claim they know whom Rankin based his characters on - some even claim to be those characters. Cheers, — *Jim Linwood*
[There's a significant Larry Niven fandom, so much so they're having a big ol' Congress in NorCal coming up. - Chris]

Lloyd Penney

penneys@allstream.net

I had the opportunity to print this zine out on a colour copier, so there's a lot of purple on that contents page. Lots of interesting articles, too, by the looks of it. Claire Garcia on the artists list? I am suspicious, and will be more so should Chris Brialey appear on the list in issue 3.

Issue 2 of a one-shot isn't bad at all. I am not sure why there has to be a "girlie" issue... is this a continuation of past questions into why there aren't more women involved in fanzine production? Ah, a non-shagging disclaimer... I've missed them. We should be very concerned with gender equality, but with fanzine fandom, I think we should be happy we've got the people participating that we have. It's not like we can go and recruit to fill a quota, anyway. I'm happy to have anyone producing zines, regardless of gender, orientation or any other way we tend to pigeonhole people.

Have to agree with James, though... not only have I been happily married to Yvonne for twenty-five years now, but there are also young women I know whose company is very enjoyable. They are the friends I feel the closest to. I admire women, too, for holding families together when men just don't care, they hold up under physical, mental and emotional abuse... they are stronger than men in so many ways. Essays, articles and discussions by both genders and all peoples are necessary, IMHO; otherwise, we could be just a bunch of

chattering and posing fanboys.

There's a very fair list of contributors to the zine. I know Robbie Bourget, Janice Gelb, Elayne Pelz, Deb Geisler and Theresa Renner through my years of Worldcon involvement, and I know Persis Thorndyke through the years we were involved with our local filk convention. As I go through the responses from those questions... I was possibly at that Maplecon that Robbie Bourget speaks of. My first out-of-town convention of any kind was Maplecon 3.

I have the fine book Diana Glycer wrote, and thank you again, Diana, for that gift. Working 53-hour weeks usually means that I don't have much time for reading these days, but this book is on my to-be read shelf.

For the record, don't point out the Klingons in Montreal. They're mostly bad tempered, and I know them all, and I can point you out to them... Your only warning. However, if you must do so, "Voila, un Klingon!" And that's when I'll point you out, with an evil laugh I've been working on...

So, Ulrika, in order to speak/talk like an American, you must use active verbs instead of passive verbs. You know, a lot of that explains US foreign policy over the past 8 years... sitting in the middle in Canada, I can use the passive or active verb, plus American or British vocabulary, depending on what fanzine I'm responding to.

Was I the only one who looded this? Yours, — *Lloyd Penney*
[Claire's a cousin of mine, actually. I think technically a second cousin. I've found that many members of my family are drawers. I'm not, that's for sure, but it's good to have their stuff. And yes, you were the only LoC we got. - Chris]

Steve Jeffery

srjeffery@aol.com

OK, the gender thing.

I can see, I think, why James and Chris wanted to do it, and the twin pieces by James and Maura highlight the fact that some thirty years after Russ's *How to Suppress Women's Writing* the genre has not advanced nearly as much as it sometimes thinks. Which leads on to the second point, and echoes the reservations I

expressed to Ian Whates about the all-female selection criterion for his 2008 NewCon Press anthology, *Myth-Understandings* (though one not apparently shared by those contributors I've discussed it with): why is an all-female fanzine issue being edited, in part, by two blokes? "Because it's *our* fanzine", might come the obvious rejoinder, but one that still effectively sidesteps the question.

Unlike Max, I have nothing against all female collections, anthologies or projects. There are a number of these on my shelves, including Pamela Sargent's *Women of Wonder* and *New Women of Wonder*, McIntyre and Anderson's *Aurora: Beyond Equality* and Green and Lefanu's *In the Chinks of the World Machine*. The fact that I haven't got, and couldn't really conceive of buying, a volume that carried an "all male" tagline probably does brand me as sexist and, perhaps worse, a patronising male 'feminist sympathiser'. Unfortunately, for a male, that's a double bind that it's impossible to get out of.

To be honest, If it hadn't been for Claire's extended editorial, which addresses this same question in a more depth, that response from Geneva, and the various profile pieces scattered through this issue, I wouldn't have noticed any deliberate gender bias to this issue. *JP2* would have been a good collection of thoughtful and sometimes provocative articles by SF fans about subjects that interested or motivated them. I doubt if it would even have registered, unless it were pointed out to me, that apart from the two male editors, all the contributions were by women. Why would it? (I accept I have the same blind spot for a work in which all the contributors happened to be men, but I also suspect this is rarer in fanzines (other than perzines) than it is in published SF fiction.

So, on that basis, was *JP2* a success? As an idea, concept or an agenda, perhaps not as much as it wished; as an SF fanzine, yes. It was also particularly good to see artwork from a whole bunch of names I'd not normally expect to see in a fanzine, especially some very striking pieces from Claire Garcia, Scarlett Andrews and J. Catherine Feinburg. Thanks for that. — *Steve*



George Orwell in the World of Science Fiction

L.J. Hurst

post [53°29'02"N 2°14'27"W]

This is an attempt to examine Orwell's knowledge of science fiction, his critical theories about it, and his interaction with people involved in it in a synoptic rather than critical manner. This aspect of Orwell's life and thought is one that has tended to be ignored, but is interesting nevertheless.

Orwell read widely throughout his life: he read H.G. Wells as a schoolboy; in his early days as a struggling writer he wanted to review (among better known authors) "anything by M.P. Shiel"; in a letter he wrote that it was "a positive duty" to read Dr. Garnett's Victorian fantasy *Twilight of the Gods*, and went on to ask whether his correspondent had read J.S. Haldane's *Possible Worlds* and Guy Boothby's *Dr Nikola* [1]. (*Possible Worlds* was one of a series of scientific popularisations, by which Orwell

might have been impressed and remembered when he came to edit a series himself). And when his name became known, through *The Road to Wigan Pier*, it was through a book that ended with several chapters on scientific and technical progress and the fiction of H.G. Wells, as Kingsley Amis has pointed out.

In his essay on "Boy's Weeklies" (1939) Orwell showed that he knew the American pulps (which he probably bought in Letchworth Woolworths), regarding them and the new papers of the 'thirties as being of a higher intellectual standard than previous children's reading. It was in that essay as well, that he first contrasted the roles of Verne and Wells in SF history. And before he died he was commenting on the growth of American horror comics, which he insisted should be kept available in

his opposition to censorship.

Orwell included popular SF in his reading throughout his life, and regarded some of it as important (quite apart from the major works I want to discuss later in more detail). When he was an editor for the BBC's Far Eastern service he had scientists such as Haldane, Bernal and C.H. Waddington give talks for him. Now that Orwell's work at the BBC is available it can be seen that he placed heavy emphasis on scientific talks by practicing scientists: he usually had these talks combined into a series on some serious aspect of applied science - malnutrition, soil erosion etc. [2]

And in a 1946 letter he listed the things he accepted: "Socialism, Industrialism, the theory of evolution, psycho-therapy, universal compulsory education, radio, aeroplanes." [3] Such a list may seem general, certainly it is not complete, but it indicates Orwell's views of the social consequences of technical and scientific progress: such development in knowledge or organisation (as evolution or industrialism) will have social consequences (such as universal compulsory education). In a study of Orwell's attitude to SF this link becomes very important. But its basis is that Orwell, who is often portrayed as a vague and old-fashioned thinker, not at all scientific, was really the reverse. When he analysed books or world events his analysis was ordered and logical, he had a mind that could recognise the consequences of an event, and rejected other attitudes that could not stand up to this method (for instance he rejected all religious belief, and belief in the supernatural). It was in this sense that he criticized not only religious writers (especially when they tried to organise society on religious grounds) but SF authors as well. It was on this basis that he fell out with H.G. Wells.

Orwell has a direct contact with three authors known for SF work: Aldous Huxley, Olaf Stapledon and H.G. Wells.

Aldous Huxley was his English teacher at Eton during the Great War, and Orwell thereafter maintained an interest in Huxley's social satires, in *Brave New World* and in its politics. He was reading *Ape and Essence* just before his death. Huxley in turn replied to *Nineteen Eighty-Four* in

Brave New World Revisited. They had written distant letters to each other. (Also at Eton Orwell would sometimes have breakfast with the Provost, M.R. James. Despite this the two types of popular fiction Orwell left untouched were Westerns and Horror - Poe excepted).

Orwell's connections with Olaf Stapledon are rarely mentioned. They get a brief footnote in Bernard Crick's biography and another indirect footnote in John Atkin's study. Yet it was Orwell who was responsible for commissioning *Beyond the 'Isms'* in 1942. This statement of Stapledon's philosophy has been described as 'the best introduction for the general reader.' [4] The book was published by Secker and Warburg in their Searchlights Books series, edited by Orwell and Tosco Fyvel (who makes no reference at all to Stapledon in his *George Orwell: A Personal Memoir*). How Orwell came to know Stapledon, or why he decided to add his philosophy to a series of anti-fascist books is not clear. Certainly Orwell was always interested in books of popular scientific theory, and he may have come across *Last and First Men* when it was republished as a Penguin paperback in 1937 along with books by Sir James Jeans and Julian Huxley. His choice of Stapledon, though, tends to disprove claims of Leslie Fiedler that Stapledon was a sadistic, Stalinist stooge. Orwell had no time for Stalinists and was sometimes almost paranoid about spotting them: if he accepted Stapledon it is pretty certain that Stapledon was okay when Orwell knew him, (Secker and Warburg, whom Orwell had said were known as "the Trotskyist publishers" [5] were unlikely to be sympathetic to a Stalinist), and he gave Stapledon a chance to express himself.

Orwell's best known SF connection and the single SF author on whom he wrote most was H.G. Wells. The father of some of Orwell's childhood friends had met Wells, and the young Eric Blair was given their copy of *A Modern Utopia*, he admired it so much. At one point in the late 'thirties Orwell and his wife lived in a flat owned by Wells, and Wells sometimes came to dinner. Wells was later approached for a Searchlights book but offered nothing.

Late in life, Orwell wrote that his novel *Coming Up For Air* was

“bound to suggest Wells watered down. I have a great admiration for Wells, ie. as a writer, and he was a very early influence on me.” [6] Indeed the name that Eric Blair took for his writing alludes to Wells’ name. In several places Orwell recorded the importance of Wellsian SF in instigating a spirit of social change in his childhood and youth: “Back in the nineteen-hundreds it was a wonderful experience for a boy to discover H.G. Wells ... here was this wonderful man who could tell you about the inhabitants of the planets and the bottom of the sea, and who knew that the future was not going to be what respectable people imagined.” [7] Several times Orwell contrasted Wells with Jules Verne to Wells’ advantage. Orwell insisted that Wells, not Verne, was the father of “scientifiction”, [8] with the added benefit of being less anthropocentric. Comparing *A Journey to the Moon* with the *The First Men in the Moon* he wrote “Verne’s story is scientific, or very nearly so ... Wells’s story is pure speculation ... But it creates a universe of its own” [9], and it was this creativity that Orwell so valued. But Orwell recognised that Wells’ attitude to change affected more than his SF, and he found that even comedies like *Kipps*, *The History of Mr Polly* and *The Wheels of Chance* were peculiar because of “Wells’ belief in Science. He is saying all the time, if only that small shopkeeper could get a scientific outlook, his troubles would be ended” [10]. But this attitude raised many problems, moral and otherwise, which Orwell thought Wells could not answer: Wells’ belief in progress was actually a limitation of a sort: “(Dickens) would never admit that men are only as good as their technical developments allow them to be. At this point the gap between Dickens and his modern analogue, H.G. Wells, is at its widest. Wells wears the future round his neck like a millstone.” [11] A few years later, Orwell took this even further – “Modern Germany is far more scientific than England, and far more barbarous. Much of what Wells has imagined and worked for is there in Nazi Germany.” [12] But he did not regard Wells as inherently corrupt, (although he did think Wells was lazy, and wrongly so), instead he regarded Wells as not thinking broadly enough, and not changing his ideas when they

needed to change to remain credible. “Wells, Hitler and the World State” was a review of Wells’ now-forgotten *Guide to the New World* (which, like a later work, *'42 to '44* also shredded by Orwell, was a collection of journalism and ephemera), and Orwell details the contents as “the usual rigmarole about a World State ... [and with the addition of] ... federal world control of air power, it is the same gospel as has been preaching almost without interruption for the past forty years.” [13] It was probably after a meeting between Wells and Orwell, where Wells defended his book and Orwell showed that every point Wells had made was wrong, that Wells wrote to Orwell calling him “You shit.” [14] There are other stories about the cause of that letter, though.

And, finally, five years later still, when Orwell read a new edition of *The Island of Dr. Moreau* and still found errors he had pointed to Wells years before, which Wells had admitted existed uncorrected from the first printing, he asked “what writer of Wells’s gifts, if he had any power of self criticism or regard for his own reputation, would have poured out in fifty years a total of ninety-five books, quite two thirds of which have already ceased to be readable?” [15] (A question which implies that Orwell had read all of them once and had tried to do so again).

Orwell also had the chance to learn the effect of Wells’ work in real life when he reviewed Hadley Cantril’s *The Invasion From Mars* in 1940, a sociological study of the panic after the Orson Welles “War of the Worlds” broadcast. [16]

In the first years of the Second World War, Orwell was working at the BBC, editing the Searchlights Books, and writing rare articles and reviews. Rather strangely, his two principle subjects were poetry and SF; SF particularly dealing with “Prophecies of Fascism”. Repeatedly Orwell examined Huxley’s *Brave New World*, Jack London’s *The Iron Heel*, and works by Wells and others. He had referred to some of these books and the problems they raised in *The Road To Wigan Pier*, and he was to refer to them again as late as “Second Thoughts on James Burnham” in 1946. At first he was concerned only with the debilitating effects of

technological progress – “Barring wars and unforeseen disasters, the future is envisaged as an ever more rapid march of mechanical progress; machines to save work, machines to save thought, machines to save pain, hygiene, efficiency, organisation, more hygiene, more efficiency, more organisation, more machines – until finally you land up in the by now familiar Wellsian Utopia, aptly caricatured by Huxley in *Brave New World*, the paradise of little fat men” [17] but three years later Orwell began to state the need for a social side to technological progress. *Brave New World* and *The Sleeper Wakes*, he wrote, “had no relation to the actual future. What we are moving towards at this moment is something more like the Spanish Inquisition, and probably far worse, thanks to the radio and secret police. There is very little chance of escaping it unless we can reinstate the belief in human brotherhood.” [18]

In the essay “Prophecies of Fascism” Orwell examined Jack London’s *The Iron Heel*, pointing out its failures, but also London’s ability to see the form and ideology that a repressive government must have: “A ruling class has to have a strict morality, a quasi-religious belief in itself, a mystique. London was aware of this, and though he describes the caste of plutocrats who rule the world for seven centuries as inhuman monsters, he does not describe them as idlers or sensualists. They can only maintain their position while they honestly believe that civilisation depends on themselves alone.” [19] London was not a pure Marxist so he did not make the errors of most communists: “He knew that economic laws do not operate in the same way as the law of gravity, that they can be held up for long periods by people who, like Hitler, believe in their destiny.” [20] This was in contrast to H.G. Wells (although Wells was not a Marxist either) – “London could grasp something that Wells apparently could not, and that is that hedonistic societies do not endure.” [21]

Orwell concluded the essay with an examination of *The Secret of the League* (1907) by Ernest Bramah (now known only for his Rival of Sherlock Holmes, the blind detective Max Carrados): “The author imagines a labour government coming into

office ... Over a period of two years the upper-class conspirators secretly hoard fuel-oil; then suddenly boycott ... the coal industry ... there is vast unemployment and distress ending in civil war, in which (thirty years before General Franco) the upper classes receive foreign aid. After their victory they abolish the trade unions and institute a ‘strong’ non-parliamentary regime ...

“Why should a decent and kindly writer like Ernest Bramah find the crushing of the proletariat a pleasant vision? It is simply the reaction of a struggling class which felt itself menaced not so much in its economic position as in its code of conduct and way of life.” [22]

Orwell wrote little more on SF until “Wells, Hitler and the World State”, but he had begun to develop his theories of the psychology of totalitarianism. In a broadcast he said “The peculiarity of the totalitarian state is that though it controls thought, it does not fix it. It sets up unquestionable dogmas, and it alters them from day to day. It needs the dogmas, because it needs absolute obedience from its subjects, but it cannot avoid the changes, which are dictated by needs of power politics” [23] and in “Looking Back on the Spanish War” he began to study the massive falsification of history that the fascists had begun, so that no objective history would be possible. Some of O’Brien’s ideas appeared in a 1944 column: “The really frightening thing about totalitarianism is not that it commits ‘atrocities’ but that it attacks the concept of objective truth: it claims to control the past as well as the future”. [24]

So by 1944, several years before he began to write *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, all its main themes had been expounded in Orwell’s journalism and essays, and in his letters (see for instance the six hundred word letter to an unknown Mr Willmet). [25]

Late in 1945 Orwell managed to borrow a French edition of Zamyatin’s *We (Nous Autres)*. His review stated that Huxley must have drawn part of *Brave New World* from it, but went on to say “It is this intuitive grasp of the irrational side of totalitarianism – human sacrifice, cruelty as an end in itself, the worship of a Leader who is created with divine attributes – that makes Zamyatin’s book superior to

Huxley's". [26] Some people have claimed that Orwell stole *Nineteen Eighty-Four* from *We* but to read Orwell's analysis shows that he appreciated the book partly because it echoed ideas he had already developed: "Zamyatin did not intend the Soviet regime to be the special target of his satire. Writing at about the time of Lenin's death, he cannot have had the Stalin dictatorship in mind, and conditions in Russia were not such that anyone would revolt against them on the ground that life was becoming too safe and comfortable. What Zamyatin seems to be aiming at is not any particular country but the implied aims of industrial civilisation" [27], ie. the same point that Orwell had made in *The Road to Wigan Pier*.

Orwell here also made the point, which later academic critics have also made, of treating an SF work as satire (or vice versa). But when he came to one of his last major essays, a 1945 examination of the proto-SF *Gulliver's Travels*, "Politics vs Literature" [28], he made little study of Swift's satirical intent (especially since, while he referred to contemporary comic satirists, he made no suggestion that Swift's work was ironic or comic), but placed his emphasis on Swift's political background, and how that shaped Gulliver's four voyages. This emphasis turned into an analysis of Swift's philosophical logic and his attitude to science. Orwell was not old-fashioned, nor an anti-rationalist; throughout his last decade he wrote regularly about the consequences of scientific, mechanical and technological development, and wrote at the end of the War an essay, "What is Science", in which he argued that everyone can be scientifically educated, since it does mean being technically trained but taught to think logically. He applied this logical analysis to *Gulliver's Travels*, and shows that Swift's personal and political background lead to major flaws in his satire on humankind - "In effect we are told that Yahoos are fantastically different from men, and yet are the same. Swift has overreached himself in his fury, and is shouting at his fellow creatures: 'You are filthier than you are!'" [29]

However, this analytical position is not incredibly different from an earlier statement.

Immediately following his restatement of the 1937 little fat men's vision ("Barring wars and unforeseen disasters") Orwell pointed out "the huge contradiction which is usually present in the idea of progress. The tendency of mechanical progress is to make your environment safe and soft; and yet you are striving to keep yourself brave and hard. You are at the same moment furiously pressing forward and desperately holding back ... So in the last analysis the champion of progress is also the champion of anachronisms." [30]

Orwell's criticism was rarely muddled and was 'scientific' in the sense that his arguments were logically based: two contradictory positions could not both be true at the same time. He said that "scientific education ought to mean the implanting of a rational, sceptical, experimental habit of mind. It ought to mean acquiring a *method* - a method that can be used on any problem one meets - and not simply a piling up of a lot of facts" [31] (emphasis in original), and Orwell's work exemplifies the use of this method. Whether he learned anything from Stapledon (a philosophy lecturer at Liverpool University) is unknown, he had come to know A.J. Ayer, the Logical Positivist, though.

Nineteen Eighty-Four was an original work: Orwell found his beliefs and analyses asserted in other works but he did not steal them: he had them before reading those other works. At the same time, when he came to write an SF novel, he was aware of developments in SF, and he was as 'scientific' in his outlook as any other SF author who had then appeared or was appearing in Oceania.

Although he died after the publication of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, he did not work himself to death to finish it, nor did he think it would be his last: "I have my next novel mapped out" [32], he wrote two months before *Nineteen Eighty-Four* was published. Although he was suffering from TB he died when a blood vessel burst in his lung (ie. he drowned in his own blood). This was not something that his doctors expected and with a night nurse nearer might have been prevented.

Nineteen Eighty-Four was Orwell's vision of a possible future but he did not regard it as certain. The

publication of the book could help to stave off the possibility, and he regarded work for the prevention of it as a personal responsibility, hence his working while ill, but he had thoughts of other possibilities. The bleakness of Winston Smith's life was not Orwell's bleak view of human life.

Orwell was not a pessimist (he regarded pessimism as a feature of Conservatives, Fascists and occultists), and from the beginning of the war until his death, he insisted on the need to consider the arguments put forward by the pessimists about pain and suffering being necessary and inescapable. Hedonism, Orwell said, had been identified with Socialism, but in theory and practice, hedonism had been shown to fail: when Hitler insisted on austerity, Nazi Germany rose to power, when the Allies fell into a war economy and a better moral position, they too could find the strength to fight. But rejecting Hedonism did not mean rejecting socialism.

Socialism tended to mean the centralisation of power but "collectivism is not inherently democratic, but on the contrary gives to a tyrannical minority such powers as the Spanish Inquisition never dreamed of" and "every seeming advance towards democracy simply means the coming age of tyranny and privilege a bit nearer" [33], or so it could seem.

These points were expanded in a review of Cyril Connolly's *The Unquiet Grave*: the pessimist feels "The Beehive State is upon us, the individual will be stamped out of existence, the future is with the holiday camp, the doodlebug and the secret police ... He sees, or thinks he sees, ways in which order and liberty, reason and myth, might be combined, but he does not believe that is the turn civilisation will take. "This outlook, product of totalitarianism and the perversion of science, is probably gaining ground ... Its error lies in assuming that a collectivist society would destroy human individuality ...

"It does not occur to [Pessimists and Communists] that the so-called collectivist systems existing only try to wipe out the individual because they are not really collectivist and certainly not egalitarian - because, in fact, they are a sham

covering a new form of class privilege. If one can see this, one can defy the insect-men with a good conscience." [34]

In that strange, inclusive phrase "holiday camp, the doodlebug and the secret police", a rare voice is heard. The metaphor of an insect-like living of technical inhuman roles and the idea of true individualism reaches forward to as different works as Silverberg's *The World Inside* and Le Guin's *The Dispossessed* (see below) but Orwell did not have to distance them, he saw them inherent in contemporary life. SF described what was already threatening.

Orwell, late in his life, offered a mild reproof and refutation of this view - "before writing off our own age as irrevocably damned, is it not worth remembering that Matthew Arnold and Swift and Shakespeare - to carry the story back only three centuries - were all equally certain that they lived in a period of decline" [35].

From *The Road to Wigan Pier* onwards, Orwell had raised an alternative argument that economics would force a more austere lifestyle on Britain as Britain ceased to be a major world industrial/trading nation. He sometimes tied this to a vision of communities surviving and growing in this fashion. Towards the end of the war discussion of post-war reconstruction encouraged this debate, and Orwell reviewed The Reilly Plan for communal living in 1945. [36] This sort of strain was not alien to him and he could be imagined to go and write a better version of *The Dispossessed*. He never looked at his austere future with any sense of dismay (nor did he welcome it for its own sake) but it was a feature of his writing after 1939.

Some critics have decided that *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is only a novel about nineteen forty-eight. This can be refuted on a couple of grounds - firstly, that the manuscript shows other dates were used originally, and the year 1948 meant nothing special to Orwell. He had definitely begun planning the book in 1944 or before, while it was published in 1949. Secondly, the minor treatment of time (changes in clocks, dates of events forgotten and unascertainable) in the book ties up with the treatment of time in the earlier *Coming Up For Air*. George Bowling in that book has

flashes of prescience when he sees future events, he also gives major accounts of his past (Time Regained, as it has been called), whose relevance has been pointed out in Amis's *New Maps of Hell*. Time and memory are reversed from one to the next - they are themes in both.

Orwell had been influenced by political novels such as Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*, and more baroque thrillers such as John Mair's *Never Come Back*. [37] But in 1939 another novel of English catastrophe had appeared, in which Britain was subject to devastating air attack and social fragmentation (like the London of Orwell's wartime diaries and *Nineteen Eighty-Four*) which Orwell may have read in 1940. In that year he reviewed Nevil Shute's next novel, *Landfall* [38], and announced his intention of looking for Shute's other work. In the phoney war period of literary dearth he may have read Shute's previous novel, the quasi-SF *What Happened to the Corbetts*, written in 1938 but set after the outbreak of war (described as happening other than it actually came to be). The vision of near-immediate disaster was a characteristic of Orwell's and one that links his last novel to periods before its writing (that is, before the Second World War) when he was still physically fit, and not necessarily planning anything like it.

While Orwell's greatest work is limited by SF critics to a sub-school called Utopias and Dystopias it is worth noticing similar works in the genre. Orwell discussed Koestler's *The Gladiators*, an account of a historical attempt at Utopia, but rejected all of William Morris's works and ideas without mentioning the excellently reasoned, though utopian, *News From Nowhere* (written as a reply to Bellamy's *Looking Backward*). However, the dystopia of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (which is O'Brien's Utopia) is a work of scientific analysis illuminated by some esoteric thought (the subjectivity of time, for instance, or the link between sexual energy and politics) on the application of technological breakthroughs to social vents and political control. He had read widely and examined many forms of ideas to achieve this.

In a number of arguments he called on Samuel Butler's satirical

dystopia *Erewhon*, especially for anti-supernatural arguments, but one can see him directly at work in more general way still making the same point. In 1945 Orwell reviewed C.S. Lewis' *That Hideous Strength* (allegedly Lewis' own attack on Wells) and again criticised the use of supernaturalism: "[Mr Lewis] is entitled to his beliefs but they weaken his story, not only because they offend the average reader's sense of probability but because in effect they decide the issue in advance". [39] This implies both that literature should in some way be testable ("probability") and that events in a novel should be stochastic to some degree (not decided in advance by the author's external bias). Both Orwell's *Animal Farm* and *That Hideous Strength* are subtitled "A Fairy Story", but Orwell did not allow Lewis to use that as an excuse: Orwell was maintaining the same standard of criticism as he used of major authors. The tone of the review recalls Orwell's consideration of Dickens - "Psychologically the latter part of *Great Expectations* is about the best thing Dickens ever did; throughout this part of the book one feels 'Yes, that is just how Pip would have behaved'". [40] In other words Orwell was demanding from SF as high a standard as mainstream literature, but in Lewis not finding it.

Orwell wrote about the irrational in modern life because he was concerned to maintain the rational. He asserted the continuity of literature, and the value of the enquiring mind. There was no literature alien to him, and his works show an appreciation of a field that was not then widely regarded. For his most important novel he chose an SF medium, and in turn it showed the value of scientific extrapolation, and the poverty of many works written without Orwell's thought and ability.

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The author would like to thank David V. Barrett, former editor of *VECTOR: The Critical Journal of the British Science Fiction Association*, for his comments.

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[3] Letter to the Reverend Herbert Rogers CEJL Vol 4 p129

[4] See the entry "Stapledon, Olaf" in *The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction*

- [5] CEJL vol 1 p331
- [6] Letter to Julian Symons CEJL vol 4 p480
- [7] "Wells, Hitler and the World State" was first published in *Horizon* August 1941 CEJL vol 2 p 171
- [8] "Boys Weeklies" CEJL vol 1 p521
- [9] *New Statesman* January 18 1941 Unwelcome Guerilla p42
- [10] "The Rediscovery of Europe" a talk broadcast 10 March 1942 CEJL vol 2 p234
- [11] "Charles Dickens" CEJL vol 1 p488
- [12] "Wells, Hitler and the World State" CEJL vol 2 p170
- [13] op cit p167
- [14] Wartime diary 27 March 1942 CEJL vol 2 p 469 and Crick's *Life* pp292-294. See also Michael Mayer's alternate account in *Remembering Orwell* pp135-137
- [15] *Tribune* 7 February 1947 CEJL vol 4 pp326-327
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- [17] *The Road to Wigan Pier* p225 18 CEJL vol 2 pp32-33
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- [20] op cit p47
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- [23] "Literature and Totalitarianism", a broadcast talk, CEJL vol 2 p162
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- [27] op cit p99
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- [31] "What is Science" *Tribune* 25 October 1946 CEJL vol 4 p29
- [32] Letter to Robert Giroux CEJL vol 4 p557
- [33] CEJL vol 3 p121
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- [35] *Observer* 28 November 1948 CEJL vol 4 p57
- [36] *Tribune* 25 January 1946 CEJL vol 4 pp113-117

[37] Reviewed together *New Statesman* January 4 1941, Unwelcome Guerilla pp39-41

[38] *New Statesman* December 7 1940 Unwelcome Guerilla pp36-37

[39] *Manchester Evening News* August 16 1942 quoted by Kath Filmer p161

[40] CEJL vol 1 p477

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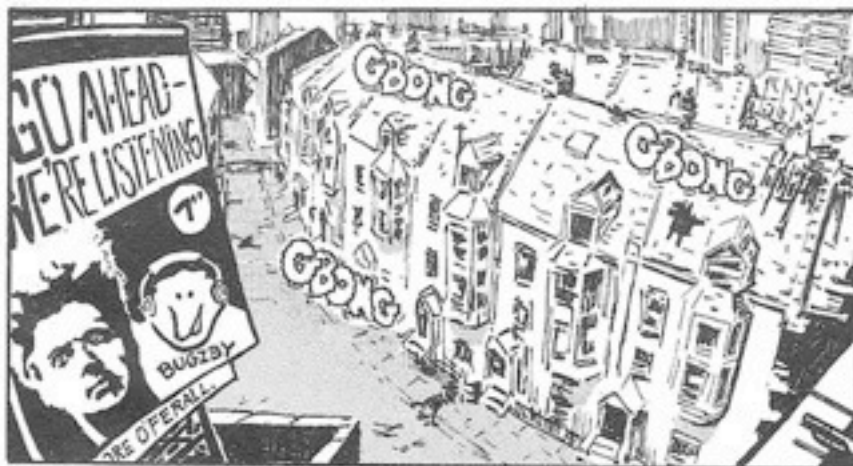
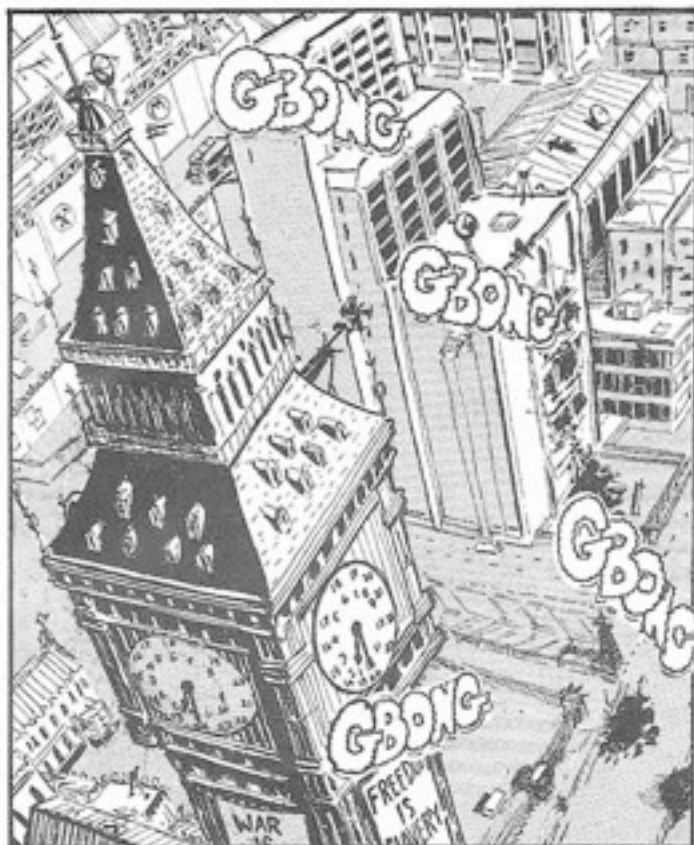
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This essay was written before the publication of the twenty volume *Complete Works* (edited by Peter Davison). That shows, for instance, that Orwell and Nevil Shute started a correspondence after Orwell reviewed *Landfall*. "Mr Willmet" has also been identified.

Captain Airstrip One

Alan Moore, Chris Brasted & SMS





Captain Airstrip One © Alan Moore/Alan Davis



In his introduction to the *Captain Britain* graphic novel Alan Moore says "...the parallel world notion taken to absurd lengths is funny. *Captain Airstrip One* remains a special favourite." *Captain Airstrip One* has a recognisable literary origin. Marvel UK published the *Mighty World of Marvel* in 1983, where *Captain Britain* by Alan Moore and >>



PLUSLATE IN SHOW, WE'LL BE BRINGING YOU THE
FLAD-THINKERS JUST RE-INSTRUCTED
BY CAP. A-1 FOR PUBLIC
PUTTING OF HEAD IN CAGE
WITH BOLAND RAT.

BUT NOW, LETS OUT/ABOUT-GO
FOR ONSPOT INTERSPEAK WITH STREETPROLES...



UNWORKFORCE FIGURES HAVE DOWNMOVED TO EIGHT MILLION
WHAT THINK ON SUBJECT

PLUS GOOD.

AND YOU SIR?

DOUBLE-PLUS GOOD!

OH.. YES! THAT'S WHAT I HEANT TO SAY!

DOUBLE-PLUS GOOD!

NOT JUST PLUS GOOD!

ESTACHA
JUKS!

IT WAS A MISTAKE...!



I'M SORRY SIR, IT'S PLUS LATE NOW
BACK TO YOU IN STUDIO, FRANK...

PLUSGOODDAY! DOUBLE-PLUS GOOD NEWS FROM JUNIOR ANTI-SEX LEAGUE!

BROMIDE INJECTIONS FOR UNDER TWELVES GLORIOUS SUCCESS!

SHUT-THINK DOWNMOVE TO JOZ! ALL CHEER!

SELENA..?



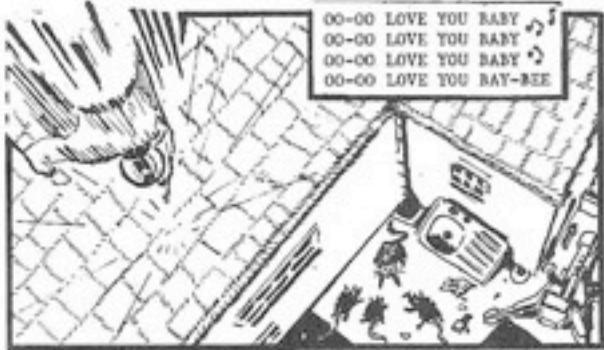
SOUNDS LIKE ANTI-SEXUAL
CHEMISTRY TO ME, FRANK!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!

LETS HAVE SOME NUZIK...



OO-OO LOVE YOU BAY-BE
OO-OO LOVE YOU BEE BEE
OO-OO LOVE YOU BEE BEE



OO-OO LOVE YOU BABY
OO-OO LOVE YOU BABY
OO-OO LOVE YOU BABY
OO-OO LOVE YOU BAY-BEE

Chris Brasted appeared. In issue 13 we see him at the funeral of Merlin; it was then reprinted in *X-Men Archives #7*. In this issue we see him a number of times, mourning, but he is one of the many gathered who speaks to Captain Britain, and he says "CapBrit! Doubleplusgood us meet." In *Excalibur Vol. 1*, pp.43, 44, 46 & 47 Captain Britain is on trial, >>



and Captain Airstrip One is one of the jurors. This series was drawn by Chris Brasted and appeared in *Mad Dog #10*, published by Oddmags in 1985. They heard that we got permission, first from SMS, who worked on it, and then by Alan Moore himself, to republish. We are really grateful for their permission to use it.



Talking George Orwell with Blair at our Feet

Christian Payne & John Perivolaris

An edited transcript of a conversation about George Orwell and the surveillance society, held at the grave of Eric Arthur Blair on 25 June 2007.

Christian Payne: Today I find myself in a small village ten miles south of Oxford in a village called Sutton Courtenay, and I'm in a graveyard, funnily enough, and I'm now actually standing in the rain at a grave. I'm at the grave of Eric Arthur Blair, but you probably know him as George Orwell, and today it's his birthday...

We've picked this peaceful place in the countryside away from the glare of the ever-watching network of CCTV that riddles the country as a whole to talk about Orwell's predictions of a surveillance society, where liberty is constrained by politics of fear and perpetual wars overseas. I'm joined here by John Perivolaris who is an editorial and fine art photographer, a person I met in Manchester at a recent symposium entitled 'The Democratic Image'. John, how are you?

John Perivolaris: I'm very well, and a bit wet... and very pleased to be here on George Orwell's birthday to commemorate his memory, and to be free of any CCTV surveillance. I can't see any... we're in the old cemetery of Sutton Courtenay which seems to be CCTV-free. Earlier I got lost on the way here and went to the new cemetery which I notice *is* under CCTV surveillance, so I think Eric Arthur Blair is very lucky to be lying here.

CP: Yeah, I too went to the other graveyard, and just above the sign of Sutton Courtenay local council was the CCTV looking down upon me. I thought, how poignant, but I think Eric Blair has possibly had something written into his will. He was very forward thinking... he'd invented CCTV along time ago, hadn't he?

JP: Yeah, not only CCTV but many ideas, especially in *Nineteen Eighty-Four* which to me are astounding how prescient he was in many ways, not just CCTV but the idea that we would have a screen in every house which, in

the book, becomes an instrument of surveillance, and I think one of the interesting issues of surveillance which we might not think of as surveillance is the idea of 'user profiles' over the internet on which we spend a large amount of our days in front of screens, giving over our information, most often voluntarily, it has to be said!

CP: Yeah, it's often said there are two schools of thought as to how this should be approached by anybody actually aware of all this data-mining and information gathering, and I believe you're at a crossroads at the moment as to whether or not we should be 100% transparent with everything we do or we should just try and be a little bit restrictive in what we're willing to put online.

JP: Yeah, I don't know whether this is my vanity or whether it's fatalism, but there is a school of thought at the moment that maybe the battle for privacy is already lost and that rather than resist it we should make the most of it and put online our entire lives - in fact a lot of us already are, to a large extent, online and in full view of everybody. For some like the late French theorist Jean Baudrillard this is actually a very good strategy because his idea is that if everyone puts all their information and all their lives online, in the end you overload the system so much that it might collapse under the burden of so much information, thus fulfilling in a roundabout way Marx's idea that capitalism in the end will collapse under the weight of its own contradictions. I'm not sure I'm entirely convinced by that argument...!

CP: I wish it were possible but I really don't think that with today's computing power we can even begin to imagine how many processors are being used every second of every hour of every day. Years ago when we had the Cray MP-32 supercomputers grinding away in their air-conditioned rooms, we thought that was pretty

impressive. We have that kind of computing power - or pretty close to it - in our homes now, and I think that if we all willingly submitted every single second of every single day in documented form on what we're doing and what we're thinking, I think they would quite easily manage to at least archive it, whether or not they could process it. And it's the 'bringing up of your name' and suddenly knowing who you associate with, and all these webs of networks... it's very easy for you to be implicated without really having to do anything. There was a case just this week of under-15 year-olds putting sexual content of themselves on their MySpace pages which automatically becomes a part of *your* MySpace page, and which automatically, and technically, makes you a paedophile! Maybe we should restrict exactly how open we are and who we allow as our online friends.

JP: Yeah, you may well have a point, but I notice that we both have Facebook pages and what we say here will largely be distributed via that and via your own podcast, so yeah, I think we might all be hopelessly compromised. It's a matter of being *aware* that we are, and maybe that gives you some measure of control.

CP: I think that's the whole point of

doing it *and* putting it out on the web... it's finding that balance between the ability to communicate to the world and pretty much publish to every computer screen that wants to have a look, and keeping it to yourself. I think it's important that everybody knows just exactly the state that we've got to regarding the state of surveillance. I'm not a paranoid person, but I do have moments when I'm walking down the road thinking, wow, In my town there's at least twelve cameras that I counted from one point, but in London you could probably be covered from every single angle quite easily. It is kind of a moment-stopper for me, and not that I think the person on the other side of the camera is going to be doing anything with his view of me but it very invasive.

JP: Yeah, certainly... standing here I've actually just noticed something very nice about Eric Arthur Blair's gravestone, in that it's very discretely hidden behind a rosebush. In a way, this speaks volumes about Orwell himself, the way he didn't like to be under scrutiny and hid in many ways, either behind rosebushes of which he was very much in favour - he planted them wherever he could, and I don't know if this rosebush was planted in fact under his own instructions, I



think it probably was - but the information we give about ourselves and our public visibility is something I think he was very much aware of and played with, from hiding behind rosebushes after his death to using pen-names and keeping different aspects of his life very secret. He was a very secretive man. At the same time what's astounding, particularly about *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, was that he predicted everything we're talking about today in terms of us being not only under surveillance twenty-four hours a day but that the information is stored in its entirety. In that respect I think we're living in an age which is far more Orwellian than it is Foucauldian or Benthamesque in terms of panoptica, or other theories which emerged in the Nineteenth Century about surveillance. I think Orwell had a suspicion of technology and an awareness that he was living in a modern age where the technologies of surveillance would develop to the stage where we're at now. Hence hiding behind a rosebush in an idyllic graveyard with not a sign of modern technology in sight, apart from our recorder here!

CP: Do you think he was a technophobe at the same time, then? Do you think he feared the powers that technology could have in the future?

JP: I just wish that he were alive - although, maybe he wouldn't wish he were alive today! - I think he could see the direction things were going but that technology, although it was accelerating in its development at the time, hadn't reached that dizzying speed it reached subsequently, after the Second World War or during the Cold War. From my reading I think that he was more of a technophobe than anything else!

CP: So, he's mostly famous for *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, yet the year seemed to come and go without too much trouble, didn't it?

JP: Yeah, in a way he was suspicious of the media as well as part of these new technologies which he saw as only serving propaganda, really, and totalitarianism, so in a way it's fitting that *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, the book,

didn't actually fit into an easy marketing package, which only really kicked in from the early Eighties onwards, with films coming out and a lot of advertising campaigns using the coming of 1984 as a selling point, and Orwell I think would have very pleased that actually their hopes for more sales were disappointed. And I don't know whether he would have been pleased - he was perverse in many ways, maybe he is pleased, maybe he's chuckling at this very moment wherever he is! - that so much of what he wrote about in that book has come true, including the irony of our departing Prime Minister's name coinciding with his own.

CP: I wasn't sure whether or not Orwell named his book *Nineteen Eighty-Four* because he was writing it in 1948 and he just decided to flip the last two numbers over. I know it was eventually published in '49 but he finished it in '48, I think.

JP: He was very ill at the time, of course, with his chest complaints, bronchitis and tuberculosis as well, and I think he was so ill that the publishing date kept getting pushed further and further back, because initially I think the book was going to have an earlier year as its title. I can't remember which one it was, whether it was '45 or '46, but it took him so long to write the book that in the end the year kept getting pushed further and further back.

CP: What year would you have given it, if you could give it its perfect title?

JP: I think he more or less got it right, in that that title is a good title because not only does it point to the future but it also points to the moment in which all the things he's predicting are already in play, but it also implies that it's not too late to do something about these tendencies and that we need to be made aware of them. I think he's probably the major British political thinker, particularly in literature, of the Twentieth Century.

What makes him such a great figure is that he not only anticipated a lot of things that have happened in society subsequently after his death, but that he created great art out of them, that he took all these diverse

elements out of his life and grounded them very much in England and Englishness and in the English language which was his great concern; English as an instrument not only of producing beautiful language and literature but also as an instrument of control, an instrument of propaganda, and we have to remember that he worked as a propagandist to a large extent, working on BBC radio during the Second World War, writing for left-wing magazines and newspapers... so I think it's the way he took aspects of totalitarianism and its attendant surveillance techniques which he'd observed in different places, starting off in Burma where he worked as a policeman. Even earlier than that, in fact, starting in his public school experience at Eton, and subsequently his bitter experiences in the Spanish Civil War where he was placed on a death list by the Communists at the time when that great purging of Trotskyists and anarchists was taking place across Europe. Coincidentally he feared for his life even when he was in London; he thought "Trotsky got a pick-axe in the back of his head. I might be next." He always feared that he might be assassinated in London so he had a very paranoid view of life... founded on his experience, actually, so maybe paranoid is the wrong word.

CP: Back to some of the words that he came up with... working at the BBC, for example, he was working quite close to a room with the numbers '101'.

JP: Yes, '101' was the room where the committee which decided on disciplinary actions at the BBC convened, so he stole that. I don't want to give the wrong impression but I think he was very happy at the BBC in a very perverse kind of way. He also observed in a satirical way the way a large media organisation is able to control its employees and control its message, so I think he was very finely tuned onto that, which in another way is very relevant to our own time when we talk about the feral beasts of the media, it comes out of an entire background of spin, control, controversies over tabloid journalism, whether the media - who are owned by very powerful men - are ideologically driven and to what extent are they independent and who

are they serving? All of these were his concerns as well.

CP: And rightly so, when we think of there being only five or so people that control the world's media, you got to look at the people behind the companies, definitely.

JP: Both Blairs, Eric and Tony, I think were very media-savvy in different ways, and I think maybe that's their only similarity!

CP: Eric Blair seemed to fit an awful lot into forty-seven years, not even reaching his fiftieth birthday, and here we are standing at his grave talking about him in the year 2007. It's kind of interesting to also know that he really didn't make an awful lot of money out of this huge body of work, in fact 'missing millions' were talked about in a documentary not so long ago. What do you think happened to his income? Did he just die before it had time to accumulate?

JP: Yes, he'd had moderate successes both as a novelist and as a journalist, but I think his career as a best-selling author started off with his last two books, *Animal Farm* and *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, which had enormous international resonance in the way that nothing else he had written up to that point had, so I think he was just unlucky enough - and we are unlucky enough - that he died so soon before he fulfilled the great promise that those last two novels anticipated.

CP: Well I must say that I definitely respect his choice of words in so many of his writings and I now am enjoying his choice of resting place... it's a wonderful place, and as ever the church is built next door to what looks like a very welcoming pub. I think maybe she would head over there now and drink a toast to the life of Eric Arthur Blair.

JP: Yep, I'd second that. We'll drink a toast to the great man...

An MP3 of the complete conversation can be heard at:
<http://ourmaninside.com/2007/06/26/talking-george-orwell-with-blair-at-our-feet>

Mathspeak

Emma J. King

When James dropped me an e-mail to ask for an article about *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, I had no idea what to write about. I usually stick to nice, safe topics like maths and physics, but my main recollections of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, which stemmed from reading it at school as a teenager, were about Winston (not quite) having his face eaten by rats. I guess that's the sort of thing that teenagers tend to remember. I briefly toyed with the idea of writing something about phobias (my own being dead spiders). [1] but I really don't know the first thing about them. I never re-read a book, so I got hold of a copy of the film to watch to refresh my memory. Unsurprisingly, given my mathematical bent, one thing jumped out at me - the exercise in doublethink that Winston is forced to perform at the end to convince himself that, if the Party says so, $2 + 2 = 5$...

This got me thinking about maths, and Newspeak, and doublethink. By coincidence I am in the middle of writing a novel for NaNoWriMo (to my distress, I don't think these words count toward that!), and, having mentioned this on Facebook, a brief conversation took place between an old school friend of mine who studied English and my PhD supervisor, who is a physicist, about semicolons.

She suggested I make use of them in my writing as, in her opinion, they are underused, particularly in fantasy. He thought that too many covariant derivatives (which is what a semi-colon is used for in maths) in a fantasy novel might not be such a good idea. For my part, I made a flippant comment about writing an entire novel in mathematical notation.

The idea isn't quite as daft as it sounds. [2] I'm always telling my students that mathematical notation is just short-hand that allows us to take tedious, long-winded things like "If I buy three apples, each of which costs x pence, and four pears, each of which costs y pence, then given x and y , how much change will I get from a fiver?", and condense it to $c = 500 -$

$(3x + 4y)$, and there is mathematical notation for an awful lot of things. Examples that spring to mind include because (\because), therefore (\therefore), for all (\forall), there exists (\exists), real (\mathbb{R}), imaginary (\mathbb{I}), implies (\Rightarrow), a subset of (\subset), greater than ($>$), less than ($<$), infinite (∞), and so on - the list goes on for quite a way. It could certainly be used to construct simple sentences, if you weren't too picky about the grammar. But if you tried to write an entire work of fiction in mathematical notation, you would be very constrained in the ideas you could express. As wonderful as maths is, to those of us who like such things, it takes a certain eye to appreciate how the Fibonacci series relates to the arrangement of branches on a tree, or leaves on a branch, and, however much we might wax lyrical about the beauty of maths, it doesn't quite convey the same thing to the reader as an eloquent description of the vivid green of new leaves in spring as sunlight passes through them. In this sense, maths reminds me rather a lot of Newspeak, the entire purpose of which is to condense the English language to as few words as possible in order to allow people to express, precisely and succinctly, those things which it is vital to communicate, without allowing them any freedom of self-expression. They could have done away with the Newspeak committee and just had Mathspeak instead.

Now, you might think that with maths being all, you know, logical and mathsy and true, that while it would be great for limiting expressions of love or rebellion, it's going to be no good at all for doublethink. After all, $2 + 2 = 4$, and that's all there is to it, right? Wrong! Unless you're very, very careful...

It is remarkably easy to prove or disprove things using maths, whether they're true or not [3]. Statisticians are notorious for this, and are renowned for twisting the figures to suit whatever it was they were trying to show in the first place, but other branches of maths can play tricks on you, too, if you're not paying close

attention, so it's wise to be cautious of believing things just because they're couched in equations.

For example, here is an algebraic proof [4] that $2 + 2 = 5$:

Let $a = b = 2$. It follows that $a^2 = b^2$ and $5a = 5b$, and hence that

$$a^2 - 5a = b^2 - 5b.$$

Rearranging this gives:

$$a^2 - b^2 = 5a - 5b.$$

Factorising the left hand side (difference of two squares) and taking out a common factor on the right hand side gives:

$$(a + b)(a - b) = 5(a - b)$$

which cancels to:

$$a + b = 5.$$

But, since $a = b = 2$, this is equivalent to $2 + 2 = 5$...

Of course, there is a flaw in the algebra - the mathematically inclined have probably spotted it already [5] as it's not a particularly well hidden one, and it employs a common trick used in many of these apparent 'proofs' of nonsense results, but you can use the same method to show that $2 + 2 =$

whatever you want, which just goes to show that algebra is perfectly suited to doublethink.

Personally I would have thought this was a more effective way for the Ministry of Love to demonstrate the fickleness of reality than torture, not to mention being considerably less painful, although I appreciate that some people might disagree, especially on the second point.

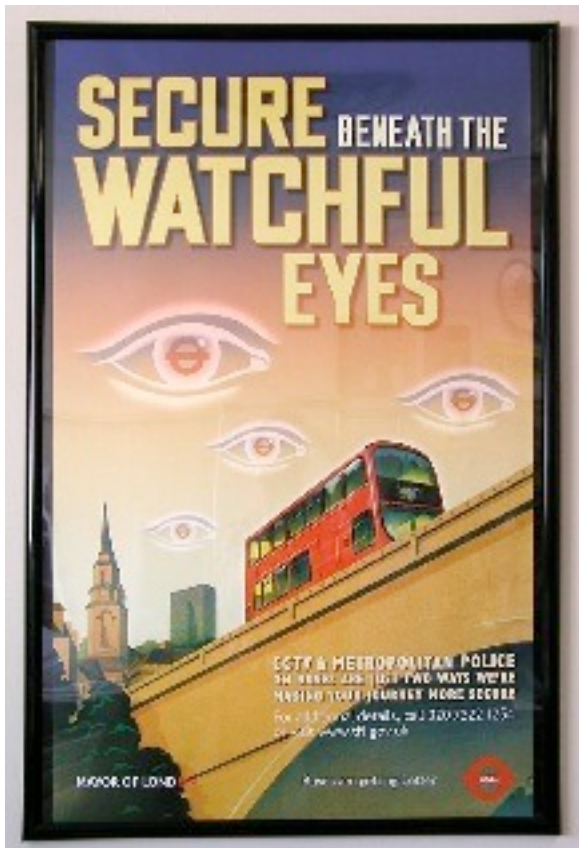
[1] Yes, you read me correctly, dead spiders. Love 'em when they're alive, totally terrified of them when they're dead. You don't need to tell me it's ridiculous - don't you think I already know that? It's not like everyone else hasn't pointed it out already.

[2] Okay, it's nearly as daft as it sounds, but not quite. Honest!

[3] Provided you're not using the word 'proof' in the strict mathematical sense, of course. Being a physicist, I tend to be somewhat casual in my use of the word 'proof'. I am aware that this irritates mathematicians, but they're just going to have to learn to live with it.

[4] That's a physics 'proof', not a maths 'proof'.

[5] And for those of you who haven't, the last step is equivalent to dividing by zero, which is a big no-no...



“Here is a framed print of the infamous ‘Secure Beneath the Watchful Eyes’ poster produced by Transport For London a year after the 9/11 attacks. In this effort to sell the value of a surveillance society to an understandably frightened public, the designer managed to create an oddly (maybe even purposefully) Orwellian image, complete with all-seeing eyes composed both of flesh and technology.

As you'd imagine, a number of friends (and strangers on the bus when I was delivering the poster to my office) exclaimed, "Cool! 1984!" I then had the pleasure of announcing, "Nope, this is the real thing." I'd read somewhere that William Gibson labeled this poster "madly hip." I admit it: I had to have it immediately thereafter. I visited the TFL museum store online, but found no joy. Lots of other posters, but none of this image. Undeterred, I emailed them a query and found, delightfully, that they did indeed have a few of these laying around. I phoned them with my credit card info and within days I received my own copy in a durable mailing tube. Now, thanks to TFL, my office is more secure!" — 7 March 2008

— [Andrew F. Wood](#) is the author of *City Ubiquitous: Place, Communication and the Rise of Omnitopia*, and is director of the San José State University Peer Mentor Program. His preferred attire includes aloha shirts and flip-flops.

Orwellian London

James Bacon

A city in ruins following a battle, neglect and corruption, or a book reader's visit to a writer's places.

Having spent quite a bit of time reading, taking notes and then mapping out the workplaces, homes, drinking holes and other places of significance to Eric Arthur Blair (better known to us as George Orwell) in London, the city that I am now very proud to call my home, I decided I would take it upon myself to visit some of them.

I had a sort of plan and a free tourist map, one that I could write all over: the *Central London Bus Guide*, courtesy of Transport for London. It's a useful map as it has major streets, the bus routes, and also the railway, tube lines and stations clearly on it. It's one of the few maps of the underground that maps it as it lies (and yes, the Victoria line does go under Buckingham Palace).

I armed myself with John Thompson's *Orwell's London*, my bible for this journey; Bernard Crick's book *Orwell: A Life*, my hand-written notes, a really excellent and recent A-Z map of London, my camera, and a London Connections train map which covers all sorts of lines and is useful as I was hoping to stray beyond the central area.

I started from Croydon station, a short fifteen minute walk from home, and knew I could get a train to within a short distance of my first destination. I took a train from East Croydon to Charing Cross Station, just north of the Thames in the West End of London. From there I had a short walk up the Strand and turned left up to Bedford Street, and I stood across the road from No. 2. This was once the Bodega restaurant, mentioned in Thompson's book; no longer, it's now a print centre, a pretty decent one, at both 2 and 3. I popped in, looked about, took a business card and was off up Bedford Street. Shortly, a right hand turn brought me onto Henrietta Street, where the offices of Victor



Former Victor Gollancz offices, Henrietta Street

Gollancz publishers once were. In fairness today, Orion House is only about a ten minute walk away, and this is where books with VG on the spine are produced.

It must have been as if they knew some day people would be looking for this fine three-storey Georgian House which is immaculate. The stone work is clean but I reckoned it must be in private ownership, perhaps a discreet business.

I walked around Covent Garden and back down to the Strand and started making my way east towards Fleet Street. I was looking for Essex Street, where the publishers Secker & Warburg had their offices in the 1940s. The building I was looking for was No. 22, described as a grey building, and as I walked down I found Nos. 21 and 23, but no 22. The numbers ran in sequential order with 23 and then 24-27 wrapping around the left hand bottom side of the road, the buildings creating a U and forming a dead-end.

In the building facing the mouth

of the road, was an ornate and beautiful archway with stone steps, leading down to a lane way that leads to the embankment. I went into No. 21, now legal offices. No one had an idea where No. 22 was, but all suggested next-door, and at No. 23 it was confirmed to me that the numbers did run in sequential order, but no answers except to check back at No. 21.

Dave Mansfield had said he would join me on part of my wander around Orwellian London, although I think every bit of it has been carpeted, cleaned and heated up, and the term is redundant. A second set of eyes was helpful, and he too read over the passage about Secker & Warburg, and looked at the numbers.

A restaurant called The Steps was mentioned in *Orwell's London*, and it is no more, but Dave reckoned he found where it could have been. Orwell described that from where he worked it was visible from his window, so we reckoned that the numbers changed as buildings expanded. Not yards from where we reckoned it was, given the view Orwell described, there was a CCTV camera with protective steel teeth to prevent interference. We found that amusing.

Next was Louis Simmonds's Bookshop, on the Strand itself. As a reviewer, Orwell sold review copies to Louis, and no doubt being a bookish man he called in regardless. The

Wildy & Sons bookshop, the Strand



bookshop is at the junction with Chancery Lane and it's housed in a building neatly squeezed in between two, more formidable structures. Inside it was almost exactly the same as a photo taken in 1983 except that now a small cash desk has replaced the boxes in the corner next to the front window, and it's changed from a general bookshop into a legal one. We waited inside the very tidy shop in silence until the manager Len Jiggins came long. The bookshop is called Wildy & Sons, a company established in 1830, and Louis bought the lease of the business elsewhere on Fleet Street.

Len knew of the connection and we enjoyed chatting, but he'd never seen *Orwell's London*, so I promised some photocopies of relevant pages and in return he gave us a copy of the 1994 obituary of Louis, standing outside. Louis is said to have read the manuscript of *Animal Farm*, and the obit says "Orwell made playful acknowledgment of his help by putting 'Alfred Simmonds, Horse Slaughterer and Glue Boiler' on the side of the knacker's van which comes for heroic Boxer."

I took some photos and breathed in that special aroma that is books. I love bookshops, they are calm and nice places. My only disappointment was that there wasn't an old Penguin edition of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* to be seen, something that would have been beyond belief.

At this stage, Dave went on his way, and I continued on to Tudor Street looking for *The Observer's* offices. My walk was fruitless. 20 Tudor Street is long gone, the grey granite and ornate doorway replaced with clean modern brick and glass. No. 20 has been subsumed into No. 22, and is no more.

I had missed the Outer Temple Chambers, so doubled back and walked past Simmonds's Bookshop to them. Strangely, they were next to a very ornate bank I had looked at on the way down the street. Directly across from the Law Courts, the Chambers were in a fantastic building, and still today the offices, which once house *The Tribune* where Orwell worked, are business and legal offices.

I again doubled back, walked up Chancery Lane and took a left onto Holborn, not a stones throw from where the monthly London Circle meetings of science fiction fans take

place, and walked down toward Lion Street. Here was situated the Freedom Bookshop, though now it's a Chinese Restaurant, Kam Fung. Around the corner was Red Lion Square, and there was Conway Hall that several months before had been the location for the British Science Fiction Association's AGM. (That was a good day and I enjoyed the liquid lunch, but a day full of promise, and like many speeches, lectures or even hopes uttered in this building, not everything comes through).

Another long walk and I was at Corams Fields and looking for Lansdowne Terrace, where the Horizon offices once were. These were definitely Georgian town houses (and I went to school in one). There was a short row, all with black doors and no numbers. The house in question was called Selwyn House, and the offices were at No. 6. Confusing. I looked to *Orwell's London* to guide me, and I studied the photo of Sir Stephen Spender, who has assisted Cyril Connolly with editing. The chequered tiling on the path to the doorway, and

a particular type of embellishment into the door, led me to the right one. The buildings are part of some larger affair, with a sign stating that keys are to be found round the corner at the main office. The house itself looks like a run-down dwelling rather than a busy office, where pretty women like Sonia Brownell once worked.

I headed west on Guildford Street and soon the imposing structure of the Senate House, or at least the uppermost part of it, was visible. (I walked around Russell Square where I soon failed to make a toilet work, and worried that the floor would open and I would be bleached, so I decided to hold it - now that is indeed Orwellian. They even give you an 0845 number to call to report your lost 20p, which is perhaps more *Brazil* than *Nineteen-Eighty-Four*). As I rounded part of Russell Square I could see why the Senate House had left a mark in Orwell's mind. When I turned and looked directly at it, it was very impressive with wings that reach forward trying to envelope as much space as possible. It towers around

*The Senate House,
Bloomsbury*



the houses on Russell Square, but it's even more impressive from the west side as there are rows of two- and three-storey houses that are dwarfed by this nineteen-storey behemoth. I walked through it, taking some photos as I went and stealing a look about the place: the massive use of marble, and dark hard wood and the glass door panes, reminding me of similar ones I saw in Broadway. A cold building, though, with no warmth, and just as I used it as a short cut on my way westward, there was something that made me feel that the reception hall just could have been a little more than what it was.

I moved west, repeatedly turning to look back at the tall structure. The road I was following was facing the building, and as I walked through Bloomsbury I pondered the buildings on Bloomsbury Street, associated as they were with Orwell (as, these days, are many a book), and it did feel more bustling than I had expected.

On to Tottenham Court Road, down Percy Street, and into an area steeped in places Orwellian. First was Sonia Brownell's former flat, up for lease, a lovely looking set of rooms (offices now, I imagine) in a pretty terraced house. Two pretty girls lived here who were of interest to Orwell. This end of the street hints at the activity one is walking towards. The flat is above a nice looking off-licence now, and it's not a stone's throw from

The door to Sonia Brownell's flat, Percy Street



the Elysees Greek Restaurant where Orwell ate, according to Thompson. The restaurant looks like it may not have changed a huge amount. I viewed the menu but it was too early yet for a stop, and I also wanted to imbibe in some of Orwell's favourite pubs, so on I went.

I first go up to the Fitzroy. It's near to Bertini's, such a stylish and expensive looking place although they had a lunch on offer for about £20, a bit too much for my pocket. The Fitzroy is warmly carpeted, and has a large rectangle bar that loops around two sides. I asked if I could take photos and the very nice barmaid agreed without hesitation. I also ordered a drink. It is indeed a nice pub, although the walls are covered in photos of interesting folk, occurrences, and of the pub itself, which I must admit looked like the type of draughty drinker's bar of which I used to know many in Dublin, more functional than comfortable. On the stairs on the way down to a basement for hire, there's a famous photo of Orwell at work over a desk in Morocco.

I went down to The Wheatsheaf, and this was empty save for a businessman with too much drink in him and too full of himself as well. I asked the barman, who also seemed to be the owner, if I could take some pictures. The landlord talked about Dylan Thomas being a regular more so than Orwell, who was not a heavy drinker but more of a lunchtime drinker. How such knowledge, which I had read in books, could be passed down by word of mouth, to circle and come back again to me, I found fascinating. This was better than reading books alone. After another drink I noted that the Wheatsheaf, with its narrow bar on one side with a wooden floor area and upstairs and rear rooms, had probably changed little in all this time, and as the rather inebriated guy had to exit for a smoke, I realised that it wasn't any wonder that Orwell had chest problems, this smoky bar must have been like a chimney flue.

Outside again it was but a few steps to the Marquis of Granby. This pub was very open with a central bar to the back of the open room, and I wondered if there had at one stage been rows of cubicles, now removed to increase the productivity and

capacity of this very modern feeling place. Again a pretty bargirl confirmed I could take some photos, and after a swift drink I did so.

A short walk, and I was at The Newman Arms. I had had three quick drinks and thought that was enough, so I peered in through the distorted glass windows and reckoned that this pub might be the closest to what it may have been like in Orwell's day. It was darker (although that may have been the tint of the glass), and it was busier, not so tidy. Next to it was the lane, and I took this to Newman Street and turned south for Oxford Street.

Here I meant to try to photograph 200 Oxford Street, now a clutch of very fashionable shops. It was once the offices of the BBC's Far Eastern Service. The building remains the same, with the ground floor façade being the only real change. Then to The Argyle, which was fighting away scaffolding and hoardings, as next-door's renovations tried to encroach on its small frontage on this, one of the largest groupings of retail shops in Europe. The pub was full of a mixture of tourists and locals, I assumed, who had either forgotten that they were due back at work or who were having a meeting in the Argyle. It was a brisk place.

I was coming to the realisation that I had walked a lot. The day was passing by, and I had mainly been looking at work places connected to Orwell. My plan was to go north to his deathbed hospital accommodation. I skipped that and went to my circular rail part of the journey.

First, from Oxford Circus I jumped on a Bakerloo Line train to Baker Street. People don't realise how important this station actually is to the Tube: the Baker Street to Waterloo line is now just over a hundred years old, Baker Street has a variety of platforms, as busy as any mainline station with a myriad of facilities, from restaurants to clean toilets, the offices upstairs and the lost-and-found at the west side. It's a massive edifice dedicated to the London commuter.

Out the west side I went, and soon enough after a couple of turns, I was on Chagford Street. Not that it's a street at all, rather the mews of fine buildings to the west and the back of some large older flats to the right. I was looking for Dorset Chambers. I

walked up and down and could find no such place. They were a very modern looking mews, now superb open plan offices with wide windows, and casually dressed deskbound people wondering what I was doing, with my maps and books and no doubt disconcerting Irish demeanour. I was flummoxed. I paused to again refer to *Orwell's London* where there was a picture of the building I was looking for. It was now Chagford House, the exact same, save for a few changes to colouring and the bollards outside, and I looked in and saw that it now resembled some private flats, with a pushchair at the bottom of the stairs. This building could have been a massive gentleman's home.

Back to the tube, and on to St. John's Wood on the Jubilee Line, wondering as I pass the heavy steel door what exactly it's for, and how a flood could reach there, yet this side has no door. The tiles are all emblazoned with the man in a deerstalker hat offering me no clues at all to this wondrous Tube mystery.

At St. John's Wood I suddenly realised that the Abbey Road (in my notes of the next home of Orwell's), was also the Abbey Road of Beatles fame. I was focussed, and had enjoyed a cheese and ham roll purchased for a pound in a deli, so with the few drinks and bite to eat actually keeping at bay any fatigue, I strode onward. I was looking for Langford Place, but first had to negotiate the school collection time on Loudon Street. The pristine school uniforms, all neat and colourful, the childminders who were walking and the moms who were double-parking, all waiting for their loved ones. I counted only six black heavy set Range Rovers blocking entrances, on corners all about and awaiting their precious loads.

Langford Court is a very large block, a massive 1930s build with a tiny hint of art deco curve, and neat rectangular window panes. It's now a fine place to live, with brass bell buttons for all the flats and a garden immaculately preened, and even now, in a cold January, filled with colour and time consumption. This was meant to have been the model for *Nineteen Eighty-Four's* Victory Mansions, not a home for winners in society. Of course, with modern use in such an affluent area it means that

now the flats all smell of roses, not washed-out cabbage.

I knew the type of building; I had visited one very recently, near Wimbledon, with an exact same design, though perhaps not so deep. The wooden and brass doors and window panes, the curve as the building stretches out a bit from its entranceway. On that occasion, I was impressed with the look from the



Langford Court

outside, but disappointed first by the functionality of the place, the lack of décor, save for the doors, the plainness of the corridors, the starkness of the solid flat doors, the smallness of the flats, and the tiny kitchen. Although the olfactory assault from one flat, which smelled like a strange cross-breed between a zoo's reptile house and pet shop, at the time held no resonance. Now I looked at this ostensibly fine building and tried to put it into context: how with a little neglect and the imposition of some questionable and uncharitable neighbours, some broken lifts and misfiring heating, how it could resemble a defeated shell of a building, one that that could easily be Winston Smith's residence.

Back I went as light was starting to fade. My circuitous route, which I had pondered as I pored over my railway map and my colourful plan of action, was looking more and more like an impossible mission.

I got back on the Jubilee Line and changed at Finchley Road, and walked the little bit up to Frogal, another station, but on the

overground north London line. I travelled east, my final destination intended to be the station at Highbury and Islington, but now at past four o'clock, I hoped to reach a mid-stop point at Hampstead Heath.

I got off the train and walked north, up the steep suburban road that is Parliament Hill. Right at the top of this road at the end of the row of houses on the left was a large house, one of the few on the street that had been turned into flats, it seemed. It was right next to a vast heath that obscured any distance. It was indeed a pleasant billet, and as I wandered in the heath and sought an angle to photograph the rear part, I wondered what sort of spectre I made, in the coarseness of gorse and catchy spiny things, footing around to find the right angle, the light slowly fading. On the front of the house, directly above the door was the recognition that Orwell had been and gone: a blue plaque placed by the local authorities.

With gravity now on my side and the cold starting to bite, my trip back down the hill towards the busier and more commercial part of Hampstead Heath was a quick walk. Past the station and south I went, just as Orwell must have done himself on his way to work. A nice walk I thought, and a nice pub, I reckoned, as I passed one. I would fail today to make Islington; that would be another day's mission, but I yearned to see the bookshop, Booklover's Corner - what

Parliament Hill





The site of the bookshop where Orwell once worked, Booklover's Corner

once was a bookshop at least, and now I understood to be a fine burger restaurant, no doubt too expensive for my pocket (but I thought that a quiet word, the Irish lilt and cheeky smile might ingratiate a coffee on this occasion).

I was soon unsure of where I was. I was on the corner of Pond Street and South End Road, and no building matched that which Orwell's London displayed. Behind me was a

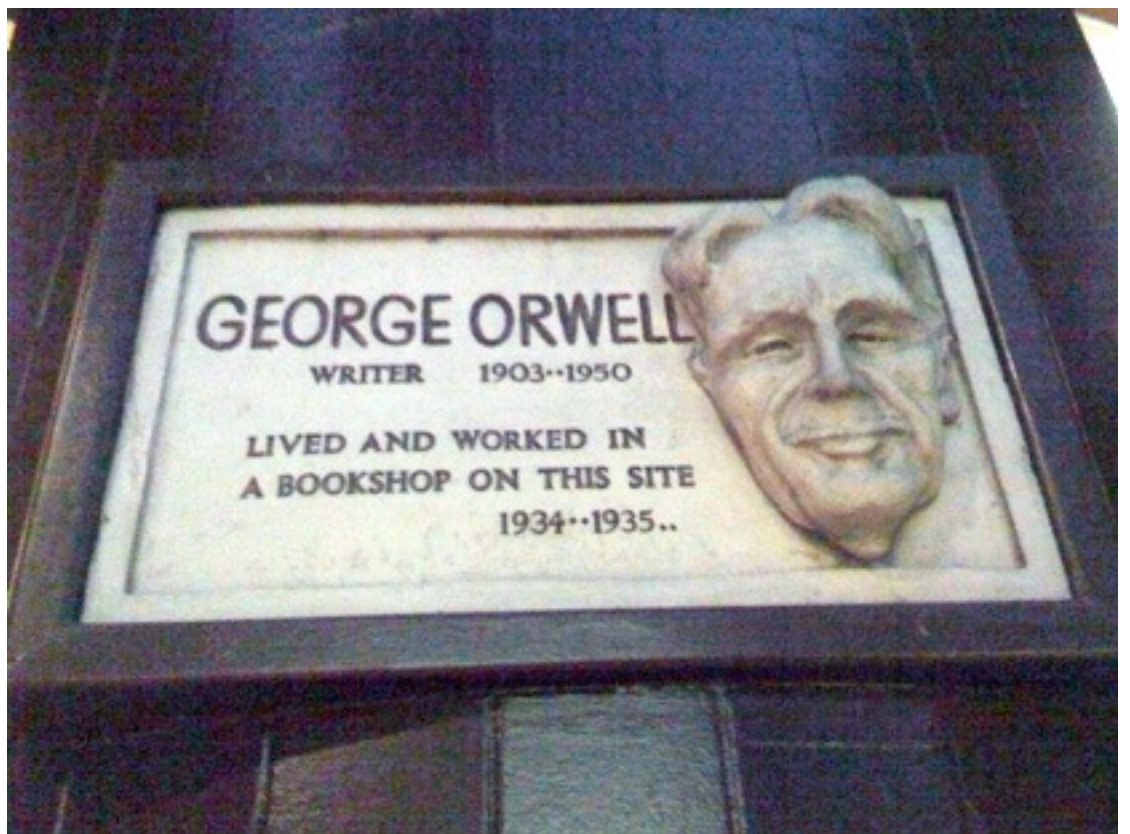
large open area, a triangle nearly, or roadway, and parking places and a bus stop, and over there on the other side was a building that was familiar, now shining brightly in the dusk.

I approached, and it was no longer a burger restaurant, it was now some sort of French place. *Mon dieu*, I thought. I went up to the wall next to the door, and there, his visage looking out, slightly turned, is a sculpture of his face on a stone rectangular plaque, with his name and "1903-1950", and underneath a simple statement: "Lived and worked in a bookshop on this site, 1934-1935".

It's an excellent sculpture, Orwell has a somewhat benevolent look, but the rendition of the distinctive hair, fine upper lip pencil moustache and deep lined face is perfect. The angle of the head gives it some life - and here was once a bookshop.

I walked away from the building, across the road and took some photos. My camera trying its best to suck in any light that was left in the sky. I wondered what it must have looked like some seventy-five years ago: it must have been a nice spot to work, and I expect it was quieter. I crossed back over and studied the menu in the window. The place was now a French restaurant, I reckoned,

The plaque



but it looked really nice. I checked what coinage I had in my pocket and reckoned I could get a coffee, and relax.

I walked into the well-lit place. To one side a dresser, a counter, more dressers, all light wood and stainless steel lampshades, stained glass in wood panels, a dresser full of jars and colourful odd-shaped bottles on the counter and in front of the massive coffee machine. French boxed cakes, and a display of sweet pastries and chocolates and jars and tarts. Really nice.

A long wooden table down the middle of the room took centre place, with tables and chairs facing the window, and along the window a continuous bench. I asked for a coffee after a lady ahead of me had bought a chocolate bar for about £3. There were shelves with neat things all stacked and tidy, and very foreign.

I asked for it in a paper cup, their logo and brand all over it, and I sat down at the large table, at the end an older couple were speaking gently in French, a smart looking girl was reading at one end of the window, and at the other a couple of girls were chatting intently. The man who served me was French and I said I wanted to sit, but wanted a paper cup. The waitress who brought me my coffee was also French, and the ambience, décor and sounds of French being spoken just immersed me into another culture.

I tried to listen to the couple talking next to me, but like my teenage virginity, any scrap of French had long departed, and I was none the wiser. I asked the waitress about the place's name, she explained it was *Le Pain Quotidien*, "Everyday Bread", and that it was a *boulangerie et table commune*, and indicated the table, a bakery. They serve everything: breakfast, dinner, wine, sweet and soft pastries.

I gently drank my coffee and wondered what Orwell would have made of his bookish work location, now a superb piece of transposed France. After being a bookshop, it was *The Prompt café*, a place for chess players, later it was *Perfect Pizza*, but now perhaps I wonder would it have passed muster, not an English cup of tea in sight, but of its authenticities I am sure he would have approved.



The present-day interior of Booklover's Corner, now Le Pain Quotidien

With a vibration from my mobile phone, I'm returned to the present: it is neither *Cafe René* nor *Le Candide*, *Auberge de Jehan Cottard*, nor *Gloserie des Lilas*, it's my wife, my anchor to sanity and tether to reality and she's wondering where I am. I gather myself quickly and start to depart. Trains, I say, trains.

My plan, with the map of railway movements, had been to continue in an arc eastward to Islington also on the North London line, visit his home and locale there, and then head back west on the Victoria Line, changing at Oxford Circus for the Central Line and head to Notting Hill, where Orwell's mother had lived, and where not far away he had also lived. From there, a train at Kensington Olympia would have taken me home. But the day had slipped away quickly, I needed that thirteenth hour that was eluding me, so instead, I went to West Hampstead, and jumped a direct train to East Croydon.

No matter; another day will see me spending perhaps a more relaxed moment in the Fitzrovia, and I can stop the next time I drive through Notting Hill on a weekend on the way to work, and I was in Islington before and will be again; but Mr John Thompson, Mr Bernard Crick, and even Mr Eric Blair himself had guided my day around the city, and it was not bad at all.

"If there is hope..."

An optimistic reading of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

Tony Keen

If there is hope, wrote Winston, *it lies in the proles.*

— *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, Part One, Chapter 7) [1]

After I'd accepted James' invitation to contribute to this issue of *Journey Planet*, I sought out my copy of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, a 1969 Penguin printing with a striking cover taken from a 1942 painting by the British war artist William Roberts. [2] I no doubt acquired this copy in a second-hand bookshop at some point. Or did someone give it to me? I can't recall now. I've certainly had this copy since at least 2003, but it's not the copy I first read the novel in – that was an earlier Penguin edition, I think one with a man with a megaphone, that I had either borrowed from a library or, more probably, a flatmate.

Anyway, out of this copy dropped a newspaper cutting.

This was an excellent discovery. It was "The Road to 1984", an edited extract from the introduction to the Penguin Orwell Centenary Edition of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* that was written by reclusive American novelist Thomas Pynchon, and published in *The Guardian's* Review section for 3rd May 2003 (an SF-heavy edition; the feature interview was with William Gibson). I had evidently kept it. This was good news, for what I had said to James was that I would revise something I wrote for the sadly-missed literary APA *Acnestis* back in my first contribution (for the July 2003 mailing). [3] Obviously it would be useful to read Pynchon's piece again, and though I had some small hope that it might still be on the webpage, this was unrealistic – reprints from copyrighted material like this don't last up there.

So what follows is a heavily revised version of that *Acnestis* piece, with a number of digressions.

One section of Pynchon's article particularly struck me. Towards the end of the piece (it's pp. xxii-xxiv of the introduction if you can get hold of

the relevant edition) Pynchon dwells on the fact that the novel actually ends not at the point of Winston Smith's final mental and emotional submission to Big Brother, but with an appendix, a scholarly excursus entitled "The Principles of Newspeak". Newspeak is, of course, the fictional language, contracted from English, which is devised by the Party to eliminate the possibility of thinking deviant thoughts. It's no doubt discussed elsewhere in these pages.

First digression: Personally, I find it interesting that, in the notion underlying Newspeak that concepts can only be held if they can be expressed in language, Orwell anticipates the arguments of Lacan that our experience of the world is structured by language, and many of the other notions of post-modernism. Orwell had presumably read Heidegger, whose rejection of the concepts of "subjectivity" and "objectivity" informs the discussions the interrogator O'Brien has with Winston. This is not surprising, given Heidegger's association with the Nazis, one of the totalitarian regimes that Orwell drew upon for his depiction of the 1980s (the other main one being, of course, the Stalinist Soviet Union). I also think Newspeak is influenced by writings on spelling reform of the English language, a cause to which George Bernard Shaw attached his name.

But to get back to Pynchon, he draws attention not only to the position of the appendix, but also to the fact that, when asked to remove it for an American Book-of-the-Month Club edition, Orwell flatly refused. He wrote a reply making it clear that he saw the appendix as an integral part of the novel's structure. This appendix, then, was not as dispensable to Orwell as those in *Lord of the Rings*, which Tolkien expected those solely interested in the story to overlook, and "very properly," as he wrote in a letter of 1955. [4]

Pynchon goes on to highlight the

tense in which the appendix is written.

From its first sentence, "The Principles of Newspeak" is written consistently in the past tense, as if to suggest some later piece of history, post-1984, in which Newspeak has become literally a thing of the past ... perhaps "The Principles of Newspeak" serves as a way to brighten an otherwise bleakly pessimistic ending.

As I read this, I realized that Pynchon had possibly identified something that always lay in the back of my mind, unsettling my relationship to the novel, and that this passage enabled me to reconcile myself to Orwell's work.

I had, of course, known of the existence of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* since an early age. So many terms and concepts - Big Brother, Room 101, the Thought Police, just to start with - have passed into common parlance. I have a vivid memory of the final sequence in Room 101 with the rats, seen in some documentary, but probably originally from the 1954 BBC version (starring Peter Cushing as Winston Smith and scripted by Nigel Kneale), though it may possibly have been from the 1955 film (directed by Michael Anderson). But I don't think I first read the whole novel until the late 1980s. In fact, I'm pretty sure I saw the 1984 film version, starring John Hurt as Winston Smith and Richard Burton as O'Brien (directed by Michael Radford), before reading the book, and even that I didn't see in the year of its release.

I have always been, by nature, an optimist (however much I may sometimes pretend otherwise). I want to believe, however much rationally I know this to be against all historical evidence, that human society can progress, and that things do get better. That's probably evidence of an excessive adherence to positivism, an adherence I know in my head to be wrong.

So, when reading *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, I wanted to believe that this bleak dystopian dictatorship could not endure. The main text of the novel offers no such hope. There is no external power to overthrow Oceania's order either through military action or offering a more attractive alternative - Eurasia and Eastasia, inasmuch as any idea of them can be gained, differ politically only in meaningless details.

Internal dissent movements are infiltrated, manipulated, even created by the Party for its own ends. The proletariat, the only place where Winston Smith can see hope of changing the order, have no motivation or collective consciousness of their power, neutered by social control mechanisms that have their origins in the "bread and circuses" that the Roman poet Juvenal mentions in his Tenth Satire. There is, finally, no hope to be found in the indomitable human spirit - as the climactic events in Room 101 show, the human spirit can be crushed. As the reader approaches the final caption of THE END, Winston Smith comes to feel unconditional love for Big Brother, to actually join in the fervour of the masses, not just pretend, to eagerly anticipate the moment that he will be shot. (My natural optimism had tried to mould this for me, leaving me for a long time with the idea that Winston survives in body, if not in spirit. I failed to spot, until this last rereading, the signs that he remains under sentence of death.)

Second digression: An interesting comparison can be drawn here with Alan Moore and David Lloyd's similarly dystopian *V for Vendetta*, a work undoubtedly influenced by Orwell in so many different ways, such that *V for Vendetta* could not possibly exist had *Nineteen Eighty-Four* not been written first (partly this is because *V* was conceived in the early 1980s, when the approach of 1984 was encouraging an obsession with all things Orwellian). Here I want to look at the prison ordeals undergone by the respective protagonists, Evey and Winston. Both are interrogated and tortured (even if in *V* it is not actually the authorities doing it, though Evey thinks it is). In Moore's story, Evey discovers that there is one inch inside her that the totalitarian rulers can never get to, no matter how hard they try. Understanding that, there is nothing left that she can be threatened with, and she is truly free. Orwell's message is that they can always get inside you, that they will always destroy the one thing, in Winston's case his love for Julia, that you thought they could never reach.

Anyway, back to the main argument. The fact that I could find no hope in *Nineteen Eighty-Four* left

me feeling ill-at-ease with the novel. But Pynchon's essay would suggest that the hope was there all the time. "The Principles of Newspeak" talks of how the intentions were to adopt Newspeak by 2050, and to destroy all of pre-Newspeak literature once certain classics - Milton, Shakespeare, etc. - had been "translated". But all of this is put in a past subjunctive: "the literature of the past *would* be destroyed"; "Newspeak *would* have finally superseded Oldspeak ... by ... 2050." (My italics.) There are further indications that the writer does not live in a world dominated by the system depicted in the main text of the novel. The writer certainly does not speak the same language. Phrases like "in comparison with the present-day English vocabulary" and "Relative to our own..."

Third digression: Rereading *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, it struck me how very English it is. The British empire has been absorbed into the United States of America, and Britain renamed Airstrip One. But there's little sense of Britain as a colonized territory. It is English Socialism (IngSoc), not American Socialism, that rules. America is barely mentioned. No Americans are in London. One doesn't get the feeling that the Ministry of Truth or any of the other Ministries in London are satellites of ministries in Washington. The heroes of the revolution appear to be English. If anything dates the novel, it is this; one cannot imagine a similar dystopia being written today that did not also involve a greater degree of Americanization. Instead Orwell gives a vision of a parochial totalitarianism, based partly on his own experiences. The London of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is the London of the post-war Austerity years, all bombed-out buildings and ration cards. Into this he imports a vision of what he knows about Stalin's Soviet Union, together with elements borrowed from Nazi Germany (especially the anti-Semitism inherent in the casting of Emmanuel Goldstein as the chief figure of hate). I'd also guess that Orwell was rather overawed by the possibilities television seemed to offer for social control. He was wrong, at least in detail, but Jae Leslie Adams commented in a later *Acnestis* mailing that television has a way of imposing a degree of linguistic uniformity. As an example, my

grandfather once told me that before television, "Coventry" was pronounced (presumably amongst his acquaintances) as if the first syllable rhymed with "dove". At the time he told me this story, Received Pronunciation was to rhyme it with "of", though the "dove"-pronunciation does seem to have made something of a comeback.

To resume, once again. The writer of the appendix cannot be viewing Oceania from outside, from Eurasia or Eastasia. According to Goldstein's *The Theory and Practice of Oligarchical Collectivism*, the incredibly subversive tome referred to only as the book, the political systems in those nations differ from English socialism only in name. (It does not matter, for the purposes of this argument, that the book is actually a creation of the Party. The descriptions of how the system works, the only bits that Orwell lets us read, are confirmed by O'Brien, one of the authors, to be accurate - though how far anything O'Brien tells us to be relied upon is open to question, of course.) The implication must therefore be that, from the perspective of the writer of the appendix, certain things intended by the Party did not happen; Newspeak did not replace English, the literature of the past was not destroyed. Since the adoption of Newspeak is integral to the perpetuation of Oceania's political system, it must follow that the whole system, including Eastasia and Eurasia, collapses.

This all puts a different light on one of the key sequences in the book, the debate in the Ministry of Love between Winston and O'Brien (Part Three, Chapter 3), where the latter counters every argument that the Party's rule cannot endure. Winston tries to cling to a belief that people cannot be micromanaged for ever in the way that the Party believes. He does not know Lincoln's saying, "You may fool all the people some of the time, you can even fool some of the people all the time; but you can't fool all of the people all the time." But this is the basis of his argument. O'Brien rejects this. The Party does control everything. It controls the past, hence it controls the future (he would have no truck with the notion that you cannot learn from history and avoid repeating its mistakes if you eradicate

history). The Party even controls disease, so that a sudden attack of plague, a notion Winston advances, would be no threat. O'Brien gives us one of the novel's enduring images: "If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face - for ever."

Fourth and final digression: I've noticed that liberals, wanting a sage quote to illustrate some argument about the dangers of totalitarianism, have a habit of turning to the words of people like Adolf Hitler, Hermann Goering or Joseph Goebbels. There is an implicit assumption that because Hitler says "the broad mass of a nation ... will more easily fall victim to a big lie than to a small one," that makes it true. What seems to slip through the net in these discussions is that these people were intellectual lightweights who got lucky. They created a system that was seriously self-destructive, and was partially responsible for its own collapse. When I look at the Party structures as depicted in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, the sheer self-destructiveness of that strikes me.

Every gambit Winston attempts fails. O'Brien comprehensively wins the argument. Yet if Pynchon's interpretation of "The Principles of Newspeak" is correct, in the long run it is O'Brien, not Winston, who is deluding himself.

Winston will not live to see the end of the Party. His fate has been foreshadowed. O'Brien has told him that eventually he will be shot, and we last see him in The Chestnut Tree café, having his glass refilled with gin as the telescreen plays a tune:

*Under the spreading chestnut tree
I sold you and you sold me*

We have watched this scene before. That time Winston was the observer, and the people being served gin were the disgraced Party heroes Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford. Soon after they were rearrested and executed. This will happen to Winston. He knows it, accepts it, even welcomes and desires it.

But O'Brien may see what happens. In the final paragraph of the appendix, it is said that "it was not expected that [the translations of major authors such as Shakespeare and Dickens into Newspeak] would be finished before the first or second

decade of the twenty-first century." Note again that "would". No hint that the project actually reached the early 2000s. So sometime between 1984 and 2000, IngSoc falls.

The appendix presents no inkling of how this has come about. In the first version of this piece, I wrote "possibly [Orwell] could not himself see how the system he envisaged might fall, but nevertheless believed that sooner or later it must." I now think, however, that Orwell shows the beginning of the end in the novel. In that final scene in *The Chestnut Tree*, Smith is listening to a bulletin about the war. Oceanic forces have smashed a Eurasian army that was in danger of conquering the whole of Africa. It is easy to see this as just the usual war propaganda that has been seen throughout the novel. But it is different. Winston notes to himself that this is the first time in the war that the actual territory of Oceania was threatened. Orwell is therefore signalling that this is something new. Indeed, it is something that should not happen, according to Goldstein's book. The fighting should only occur in disputed areas around the Equator and at the North Pole. Actually invading the enemy's core territory would cause a series of problems that would risk the war coming to an end - and since the Party (in each nation) relies on the unending war to maintain its authority, through the continued consumption of resources, an end of war would end the system. So the threat to Southern Africa, core territory of Oceania, may indicate that things have got out of the control of the leaders. The party is not, after all, omniscient. (Of course, if O'Brien did live to see this, he would survive. His involvement in a secret organization working against Big Brother would cease to be a lie designed to entrap subversives, and become the truth.)

The problem is, of course, that the view I'm proposing is not a common reading of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. Most accounts focus on the futility of Winston's personal struggle, and depict the system as never-ending. In the entry for George Orwell in *The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction*, John Clute says that *Nineteen Eighty-Four's* "pessimism was both distressing and salutary." Perhaps this arises from something that Kingsley

Amis (who seems not to have liked the novel much) notes in *New Maps of Hell*; that *Nineteen Eighty-Four* resists allowing the sort of ray of hope that a more traditional SF novel might include. Certainly, it lacks the tinge of optimism found in the conclusion of *Fahrenheit 451*, a near-contemporary (so much so that it may be a deliberate reaction to Orwell) novel written by Ray Bradbury from within the mainstream SF genre.

But I want to go along with Pynchon, and argue that, though occluded, there is optimism in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, at least on a societal level, if not personally for Winston. Perhaps, like me, Orwell was trying to reconcile an unsentimental observation of the world about him with an undimmmable optimism. Maybe, as well, the reason why the appendix is signalled in a note at the very beginning of the book is to allow the following narrative to be read in the knowledge of the system's ultimate impermanence. Whatever, I feel that the final message of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is that, however terrible and hopeless the fate of Winston Smith, one should not believe that Big Brother, The Party, O'Brien and all their works will last.

If my amplification of Pynchon's comments on *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is correct (and obviously, I wouldn't say it if I didn't believe it, but equally obviously, like many academic theories relating to literary criticism, it is impossible to have an empirical

proof), then I find it a fascinating insight into Orwell's character, highlighting a conflict between sides of his personality that did and did not take a fundamentally optimistic view of the human condition. On the other hand, maybe Orwell is simply making the point that to those in an oppressive situation, it is often difficult to see any hope. How many of the citizens of, for example, South Africa in the 1980s could foresee how swiftly the Apartheid regime would be brought to an end? Yet that did end. I shall conclude with a line from the end of Peter Watkins' bleak 1965 dystopian film, *The War Game*:

*There is hope in any unresolved
and unpredictable situation.*

[1] p.72 of the 2000 Penguin printing.

[2] *The Control Room, Civil Defence Headquarters*, Salford Museum and Art Gallery.

[3] *Acnestis* was run for several years by Maureen Kincaid Speller, until it was wound up in 2005. I found being in the APA an extremely valuable experience, that allowed me time to sharpen the critical skills I now employ in the likes of *Vector* and *Strange Horizons*, though I suppose you could argue that it was the start of me moving away from the sort of fannish fanzine writing that I had previously done in the pages of various fanzines.

[4] *The Letters of J.R.R. Tolkien*, London: George Allen & Unwin, 1981, p.210.

→
yo charlie [53°
26'43"N 2°11'27"W]
"One of the main things I'm interested in is the way CCTV has become part of urban culture. Even the Prince's Trust is getting in on the act and using a gritty image as shorthand for exclusion."
(The Prince's Trust is a charity run by Charles, the Prince of Wales)
— David Dunnico



1984: the Year that Defined the Future

Christopher J. Garcia

Many feel that 1984 was nearly as bad as Orwell predicted. I don't agree. I loved Reagan, I loved the fashion, the music, the fun. I turned ten on 21st October 1984, the day the Monterey Bay Aquarium opened, then the largest in the world, and the day my good friend Shannon was born. She had a kid a couple of years ago, got a degree from a good university and found herself a job at a law firm after she left the Computer History Museum. When I realise I'm exactly ten year older than her, I notice that I've done nothing with my life.

Back to the story. I was ten years old and I was in the most open mental period of my life. My family was in its last year as a regular, all-American clan. The following year the first real cracks in my parents marriage were obvious. Hell, even I saw them. That was the last year that my family did anything fannish together. It was the year we went to the movies at least once a week, saw just about everything released, and I watched a ton of television. All of it, and so much more, built the year up into something that resembles the kind of year that television series turn into long runs with narrators who whine and exalt in equal measures.

And so this series of pieces will explain how the guy who is typing this turned out to be the way he is because of a year called 1984.

1984: The Year in Chris Garcia's Movie Watching

I've loved movies from the day I was born. I saw *The Godfather Part 2* when I was far too young to realise that they weren't real people up there on the screen. My dad loved movies. My mom loved movies. My entire family has been steeped in film since times immemorial... or at least the 1920s when my Gramma started going with her Dad every week. My dad dragged us to the films every weekend. 1984 was no different than any other year, but it's the first year I can fully

document. I know for a fact that every week, we saw a movie. I've been back and forth through various websites a few years back and figured out when I saw various films. I saw seventy-eight films from 1984 during the year 1984 (give or take a few weeks at the start or finish of the year) and most of them I saw opening weekend. Several of the films I saw would deeply influence my film opinions.

Science fiction was big in 1984. There were two that were really big on my list. The first was another *Star Trek* movie. This one was *The Search for Spock*. *The Wrath of Khan* was the best of the early ones, but *The Search for Spock* was a big deal. You had the brilliant Genesis effect CGI segment. I had seen a piece on Entertainment Tonight that talked about how they did it and that little piece was amazing. I had seen it at least a month before the film came out, it was a big deal at the time and there was a long build-up on the release, and the Genesis effect was talked about a lot. I remember not being able to wait to see it. There had already been *Tron*, but any time you put something new with *Star Trek*, you made it far more awesome and sticky. I was so jazzed the day of the release and it was one of the films we saw at an indoor theatre, which was a big deal as we tended to go to the Winchester Drive-In for most other movies. Seeing something at the Century 21, the huge domed theatre in San Jose, was a treat.

The movie was wonderful and I still remember that we waited outside for the opening night's show. It was a long wait and we had a lot of *Trek* fans out there with us. I think I buried my nose in a copy of the *Star Trek Concordance*. We got in and we got our favourite seats: right in the middle, and we ate popcorn and I drank Coke. I always had popcorn and Coke. The theatre got dark and I distinctly remember that there were no previews. They did that sometimes with the big movies for the first weekend. They also showed the thing

in 70mm format. The Century 21 was built as a Cinerama theatre and when they showed 70mm prints there, there was nothing better. It ruined me for many theatres for the rest of my life.

In the end, I saw *The Search for Spock* some ten times at the Drive-In later, but that first time was easily the best.

The other science fiction film of 1984 that really made an impact was from a director named W.D. Richter. It had been previewed in theatres for months with any film that meant anything. I had loved the previews and it starred a friend of my Uncle Wayne: John Lithgow. The film was *The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai Across The 8th Dimension!*

There was a lot to love about this film and sadly my life may have been more influenced than my film taste. The main character, Dr. Buckaroo Banzai, is a neurosurgeon, a test pilot, a rock 'n roll superstar, a theoretical physicist, a lover and an all around nice guy who surrounded himself with great, talented people. If you replaced the neurosurgeon with fanzine writer, the test pilot with digital film producer, the rock 'n roll superstar with pro wrestling historian, the theoretical physicist with computer historian, and left the last two, you'd have me! Anyhow, the story is brilliant and I remember my Uncle Wayne got off from his stint teaching at Sunnyvale Junior High and I was waiting at home, on the porch, for him to get back so that we could go to the Pruneyard Theatres and see *Buckaroo Banzai*. It was awesome. There were about three other people in the theatre with us. We watched it and it was awesome. I totally missed a ton of the jokes, but it was so much fun, it was my favorite movie for years after. As soon as the videotape was released, I made my family buy it. That was back in the days when you had to pay a lot for videos.

I remember that we left the theatre and went to have dinner at Bob's Big Boy, the one by my Grandma's house. Every time I go to Camera 7 that occupies the old Pruneyard Theatres, I remember the time Uncle Wayne took me to see *Buckaroo Banzai*. In fact, I believe I've only seen one other film in that particular theatre, *Vampires Anonymous* as a part of Cinequest in 2003.

The final film may have pretty much made my sense of humor forever surreal. It was a film that would go on to win every Oscar for the following ten years. It was a film so good, it had such legends as Omar Sharif and Peter Cushing doing brilliant material. It also starred a dude named Val Kilmer. It was *Top Secret!*, one of the great Zucker-Abrahams-Zucker films that were all so good in the late '70s and 1980s. It was the story of a rock 'n roller who was doing a tour of East Germany and got tied up in a strange story about the French Resistance. It was weird because it was more or less a World War II tale told with rock 'n roll and so much more. It was bizarre, but brilliant. The music was even better. There was the song 'Skeet Surfing' that was a catchy tune about catching a wave and shooting a little skeet. There was also the brilliant Macys ad that was preceded by the phrase "There was a sale in pre-teen maternity." and even a song called 'You Gotta Straighten The Rug' that was followed with the phrase "This is not Mel Tormé!"

The film was really funny and strange. We saw it for the first time at the Century 21 on opening night. There was no line so we went across the parking lot to the Bob's Big Boy. I know exactly what I had: a Fisherman's Special (breaded fried cod piece, a few fried scallops and some shrimp) and a Hot Fudge Ice Cream Cake. It's what I always had. I didn't have the hamburger until I was almost thirteen. We went and my Mom hated it. She really despised it. Dad and I laughed like mad men. I still give it the heartiest of laughs when I rewatch it. If you've ever noticed how I sometimes rely on non-sequiturs, weird constructions and timelines that don't at all jibe with reality all as a part of my comedy palette, you can blame *Top Secret!*.

My dad also took me to see *A Nightmare on Elm Street*, which is why I'm still terrified of so many of these horror films to this day.

1984: The Year in Chris Garcia's Love of Politics

1984 was an election year. For me, it was the first election I remember following closely. I used to watch the news with my Gramma who lived with

us at the time. She hated Ronald Reagan, only slightly less than our Governor of California at the time, George Doukmajian. She would go on rants about Reagan committing this or that crime against humanity, and he was evil and twisted and not worth the air he was breathing. I, on the other hand, loved him. I loved the hair, the fact that he spoke like a movie star, and movie stars were the biggest thing in my eyes.

By this time, I started to understand how politics worked and how Mr. Reagan was dealing with the Russians and the threat they represented to us. I remember loving the fact that he was keeping our taxes low and dealt with everything in a way that was right and American. I know, I know, but in my defense, I was young. I loved Ronald Reagan and he was running for President, and that meant everything. He was up against a Dude named Walter Mondale. He was the former Vice-President under Jimmy Carter, a President I remember losing to Reagan in 1980 and thinking that he was uncool because he'd been attacked by a bunny.

The strange thing is that California was the focus of attention that entire summer. The Olympics were in LA and the Democratic National Convention was being held in San Francisco. My dad was a Limo Driver at the time and he got a lot of business during the convention. I watched it on TV and he named Geraldine Ferraro as his running mate. She was the first woman to run for Vice-President. I remember thinking that she was the best thing that had ever happened to the political world. Even though I loved Reagan, I wanted Ferraro to be his Vice-President. Walter Mondale was the kind of guy that represented pure evil: he was old and seemed crumpy. Reagan was old, but he seemed to have a sort of youth... maybe it was his hair.

The 1984 primaries were also the first time I knew of Jesse Jackson. He was the Obama of his time. He had an amazing presence and could talk in ways that were impressive to the kid who didn't understand all the issues, but loved the promises he made and even knew that he represented something very different. He never could have won because he was far too scary to the middle of America. Times have changed.

I watched both conventions, one of which I saw from the hotel room we were staying in during our annual trip to Disneyland. I remember watching the democratic convention and being amazed at the indoor fireworks that went off in the Moscone Centre in SF. I was so excited I remember saying to my Gramma that it was the coolest thing ever. She said that's why it was the Democrats. They knew how to throw a party. Every time I go back to the Moscone for AppleWorld or Wondercon, I always think of seeing those fireworks.

Ever since that fateful election, I've been a Republican, if not by strict definition, by membership in the party or voting record. Yeah, I'm not big on their social agenda, and I really disagree with a lot of their thoughts about The American Family, but so many of their economic plans are exactly what we need. The party was founded as a non-traditionalist party that fought for unpopular things like abolition. If only we could get Republican politicians to believe in all of that again.

1984: The Year in Chris Garcia's Television Watching

1984 was a year of great television. There were more wonderful series on the air than any other year in the 1980s. There were science fiction shows like *V* and *Knight Rider*, there were cop shows like *Hill Street Blues* and *Cagney & Lacey*, and perfect sitcoms like *Newhart*, *Alice*, *Silver Spoons* and *Night Court*. It was a great time but there were three things on TV that really made me a fan of TV for the rest of my life.

The first was *Ripley's Believe it or Not*. In my life, there'd already been a couple of reality shows, notably *Real People* and *That's Incredible*, but *Ripley's* was the kind of wonderful show that made me take notice. I've always been a fan of the strange world around us, and it was heightened by the fact that I could get a look at it through the lens of *Ripley's*. Jack Palance was the host, and he was much like Reagan in the fact that he was old yet young at the same time. He was a bad ass, a tough guy and mysterious. I loved to watch him say 'Believe it...or not'. I have rewatched a few of the episodes over the last few years and they're just like I remember

them: strange and fun and funny and deadly serious with the only wink coming in the fact that Palance was so serious that there was no way you could take it seriously!

The Dukes of Hazzard was a show that only Americans can really understand. It was about a pair of brothers who would drive around real fast, run away from the cops, represented by Boss Hogg and Roscoe P. Coltrane, and occasionally chat with their cousin Daisy who was really cute even to a ten year old who thought that girls were the leading cause of cooties. It was an amazing show for the time. Watching it now, you can see what it led to, but the 1960s had been the years of the appreciation of the country culture, and there was nothing more country than *The Dukes of Hazzard*. The chase show, I'm thinking of things like *Ride*, was certainly invented with *Dukes* more than with *The Fugitive*. I was very much into the whole thing. I declared that every gift at my birthday party had to be *Dukes of Hazzard* related, and everyone complied. I was quite pleased. To this day, the action concept for television is based on the *Dukes*, and even though they made a terrible movie out of the show, two in fact, it hasn't knocked it out of my memory as a brilliant piece of television.

For the life of me, I can't think of a more stupid television show than *Riptide*. It was perfectly awful. I've tried to rewatch it several times and it's not at all good, but it's the show that got me into detective shows, the show that got me into sarcasm and the show that got me loving television as more than just that thing you watch. I used to go out to play and pretend I was one of the *Riptide* guys, and I'd always reenact the show from the previous night, but I'd finish it right. I'd make the right choices and things would end normally. I'd talk to my Mom about things in the show and we'd look at what worked and didn't. At the time, you could see the ratings from the night before on *Entertainment Tonight*, and I'd always watch that part and complain about what was first or second for the night. Since then, I've been keeping track of ratings, largely for wrestling, but I've very carefully watched all the seasonal ratings ever since I've found the sites to check them on the internet. If there

had been *Riptide* fandom, I'd certainly have been a part of it.

So again, 1984 was the year that changed me.

1984: The Year in Chris Garcia's Love of Wrestling

1984 was the year of Hulk Hogan. It started with Hogan winning the belt and it ended with Hogan standing up as a God to the World. There were many contenders who stepped to Mount Saint Hogan, but none really came close to winning the belt. 1984 was the year that established Hogan as the biggest thing in the wrestling world.

Hogan had become a star in the 1980 time frame when he came out of Florida and started working in the WWF in New York and for Verne Gagne's AWA in Minnesota. He became an even bigger deal when he showed up as Thungerlips in *Rocky III*. That launched him into the stratosphere and made him a big drawing star on shows in the AWA, drawing as a face against Nick Bockwinkel, the holder of the World Championship. They drew some big houses in Minneapolis, Chicago and even Duluth. In 1983, he was the star for the AWA.

And just as suddenly, he was over to Vince McMahon's WWF and that meant that he was on a bigger national stage. Vince was going national, becoming the guy who took over the timeslots of all the other local promotions that used to have timeslots and house shows in the area. They made the entire country their territory, and Hogan was the biggest draw, the back on which the promotion stood. He won the World Title in his first match in Madison Square Garden at the first MSG show of 1984. And when McMahon went to challenge Gagne and run shows in Minneapolis, he had Hogan face Dr. D David Schultz, a former AWA wrestler and a St. Paul native. The match signaled the nails for Gagne's coffin were in the mail.

I watched wrestling once in a while during this period. It was on MTV sometimes. It was on USA Network on the weekends. I could even turn to TBS and see the WWF. It was a heady time and Hogan was the star. It was the year 1984 that made it all happen, the fifteen years of Hogan as the biggest star in wrestling.

1984: The Year in Chris Garcia's Love of Sport

1984 was the year for California in Politics, but it was also the year of our Olympics: Los Angeles, 1984. It was the best Olympics ever for the US. The Russians took the choice of boycotting, at least partly in revenge for the US boycotting in 1980. And that meant that the US won golds in places they had never been a big deal before, like gymnastics. We played soccer, we wrestled, and everyone watched.

And the biggest deal leading up to the games was the running of the torch around the USA. It went everywhere, touching down in every state and running through California for something like three weeks before it arrived in Los Angeles. One of those weeks, it ran the El Camino, the King's Highway, and that ran less than a mile from my house. We walked over to where it was going to pass and staked out seats right next to the point where the next torchbearer would be getting her torch lit. That meant that there was a torch, a real Olympic torch, unlit less than a foot from where we were standing.

At the time, I was nine and did a week-long camp called Santa Clara Sports Camp. It was a lot of fun, we learned baseball, basketball and soccer. It was fun, and we all got camp shirts we had to wear everyday. In the center of the logos of the various sports were the Olympic rings, completely done without permission and against the laws of copyright in the USA. That didn't stop them. Since we went over there right after camp, I was still wearing my shirt.

Now, there was security, and when I stepped forward, my Mom obviously thought I was going to get pushed back by the officer, but instead he let me through and I got to stand next to the woman who would be running the torch. I guess he looked at my shirt and figured hey, if he's wearing the Olympic rings, a protected trademark, he must be with the show. The runner was stretching, but she looked down at me and smiled. I'll never forget that face. She was a very cute Asian woman and I saw her many times over the following twenty years since she was a local artist and activist. She passed away from cancer at forty-one a few years



back. Her name was Carla Ling. She was stretching and there was an official Olympic guy holding the torch, which was what I wanted to get a look at. Carla walked over to him and took the torch, brought it over to where I was and handed it to me.

"That's your Mom over there, right?" she said.

"Yes." I said.

She handed me the torch. That's right, I was holding the Olympic torch as a ten year old. My Mom was stunned, but my Uncle Wayne grabbed the camera and snapped a picture, a photo of me holding the Olympic torch.

And my eyes were closed.

How many times in my life did I encounter potential magic, only to go through it with closed eyes?

1984: The Year in Chris Garcia's Love of the Irony

"It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen." The opening line from George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four*.

It was a weird line, but one that really showed how strange a world

they were really living in. A stranger world than that can only be imagined when our most mundane of worlds imitates those that are purposefully weird. Such a thing happened in San Jose in April 1984.

The Winchester Mystery House has done Flashlight Tours every Friday 13th since the early 1980s. The old, twisted, bizarre Victorian is really pretty creepy when you're looking at it without any daylight coming through. There was a special thing they put because Sarah Winchester had come out to California in 1884 and the 100th anniversary was being celebrated.

Sarah Winchester was weird. She moved out to California after a Boston psychic told her to go west to avoid the ghosts of those who were killed by the Winchester Repeating Rifle, which was where her money had come from. Sarah bought an unfinished farmhouse and built over it and through it for more than forty years. She had things built to confuse ghosts like doors to nowhere, stairs that led to the ceiling and all sorts of stuff so she could keep an eye on her staff. She was multi-paranoid.

And she was eccentric. She loved the number thirteen. There are tons of thirteens built into the house. She loved daisies and they were carved into all sorts of areas, always with

thirteen petals. There were always thirteen candles on every chandelier, and when one she bought only had twelve, she insisted one be tied to it to make it thirteen. There are drains with thirteen holes, rooms with thirteen vents, all of them things that she insisted on. Since she was really big on ghosts, she would have a nightly seance starting at midnight. She'd have a bell rung at midnight.

So, when it came time to honor her, they arranged for that bell to be rung... thirteen times.

Now, read that opening phrase from *Nineteen Eighty-Four*.

And that is why I love irony.

1984: The Year in Chris Garcia's Fannish History

I don't remember much about the 1984 WorldCon in Anaheim. It was the last WorldCon I'd make it to until 1993's ConFrancisco. Dad wanted to go and we combined it with our annual trip to Disneyland. We got a room at the Candy Cane Inn, the place where we stayed every year. Dad hated it, but Mom loved it. I've only stayed there once in the years since our annual trips stopped. I was in Anaheim for a Student Leadership convention in 1996 and had to stay there for the last night before flying off. I slept there for five hours, after

control 4 [53°29'02"N
2°14'20"W]

"Getting access to control rooms can be difficult - there's obviously a combination of suspicion about your motives and a need to follow legislation such as the data protection act, but I think that the pictures I've taken of various control rooms are some of the more interesting ones in this series. Generally I've found public bodies such as the Highways Agency want to be seen as being open and accountable, but private companies such as shops just want you to go away. Mind you, some councils said no as well."

— David Dunnico



partying around Disneyland for more than fourteen hours. The funny thing is that was also three days before the 1996 WorldCon where I ended up for one day, driving down with my friend Chuck.

I remember going in and getting our badges. Dad was a lot like me. He always had some fake name or another he'd register under. That was his way. I don't remember much specifically about the con. I remember walking around and running into BJo Trimble and my Dad introducing me to her.

"Crittly, this is the woman who saved *Star Trek*." Dad said.

"Thanks You." I said to her.

Dad and BJo talked for a while and I wandered around. When I talked with Dad about that years later, he said it wasn't at WorldCon but at BayCon. He also often remembered me going with him to the 1968 WorldCon, which was six years before I was born.

The Masquerade I remember. We went and there was a lot of funky costumes. I remember seeing one in particular: A Night on Bald Mountain. It was a recreation of the classic piece from *Fantasia*. I had limited memory of it, but I met a couple named the Neffs who were a part of the team that built and presented it. They're good folks and volunteers at the museum. I recently found some photos of it, which are really cool.

I remember fanzines from around then. There's *Holier Than Thou*, *Warhoon*, *NIEKAS*, *File 770* and *Locus* were ones I remember from my Dad's collection. I can't remember many specific things from them, but I sometimes read an old issue that ends up on-line or is given to me for the Fanzine Lounge, I feel like I'm reading these things for the second or third time.

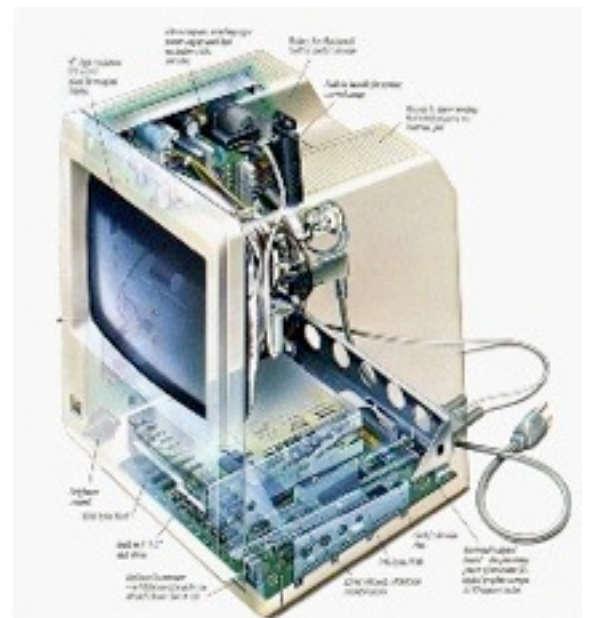
1984: The Year in Chris Garcia's Love/Hate for Computers

I work with computers. Dead ones. I hate computers, live ones. It's hard to express the feelings I have for these infernal machines. I love what they can do, what they allow me to do, but I hate the way they work, the way they force humans to bend to their will by only having specific needs and demands. You may not know it, but people have been fundamentally

changed by the flow of computation. Watch the way that people sit at a desk both with or without a computer today and compare it to the way people sat at them in the 1800s and you'll notice a huge difference. 1984 was one of the years that led to great change.

The prevailing machines in the US were annoying and they stuck around for a long time. The IBM PC running DOS with a variety of software options was popular with both business and individuals. It was the machine most responsible for the explosion of computers into business and homes. The Apple II was seven years old at this point and I believe 1984 was its peak year for sales. The machine was legendary in schools, which is where my generation mostly first encountered computers that they could use. Schools were given Apple IIs in the late 1970s and they tended to hold on to them for years, at least into the 1990s with games like *Oregon Trail* being used as teaching tools for nearly twenty years. Games were popular with the Apple II, since it was in more homes than the IBM PC, but in even more homes, and eventually becoming the biggest selling computer of all-time, was the Commodore 64.

The C64 was released in 1982 and sold incredibly well. It was cheap, and there was a giant rout of companies that offered games. The use of the C64 as a home computer was far less important than its use as a gaming system. I've located more than two thousand companies that offered games for the C64 by 1986. It was a great system for playing games,



and I've gone back to it for *Seven Cities of Gold* (released in 1984 for the C64) many times.

But the biggest story came with the commercial that really announced that the 1984 that Orwell scared the hell out of us with, would never come about.

Apple had made enough money off of the Apple II that it had room to explore new concepts. Steve Jobs had hired a lot of people who had once worked at Xerox PARC. Jobs and Co. made a deal with Xerox to see one of their projects, the Alto running an application called Smalltalk. This led Steve Jobs to change the concept they were working on and release a computer with a Graphical User Interface. That led to the 1982 Lisa which was an expensive flop, but then they came up with the Macintosh.

That was the moment everything changed.

The night of the 1984 Super

Bowl, Apple showed the most famous commercial of the twentieth century. It was a direct strike at IBM showing a huge screen with a dictator who was preaching to a group of mindless, grey followers. A woman carrying a hammer and wearing bright orange shorts and a Mac t-shirt. She ran, being chased by some secret police, but managing to make it close enough to throw the hammer and destroy the screen. It was as clear a reference as you could find. They spent millions getting Ridley Scott to direct it and showed it only once. That got people talking.

The Mac, with its mouse, GUI and small footprint, became the default computer for graphic design and with the introduction of MIDI, for almost all the arts. Microsoft, who feared (needlessly) that DOS would be made obsolete by the MAC OS, released Windows and that led to the modern personal computing world.

Who's cctv
[50°0'56"N 5°42'48"W]
 "(Almost) the most south westerly CCTV camera in mainland Britain, and definitely the most south westerly Tardis."
 — David Dunnico



Some Notes on the Similarities between 'The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen: Black Dossier' and 'Nineteen Eighty-Four'

Pádraig Ó Méalóid

In all of Alan Moore and Kevin O'Neill's *League of Extraordinary Gentlemen* series of works, there are literary texts that are used as backgrounds for the action to spring from. The first volume uses the 'Fu Manchu' novels of Sax Rohmer and H.G. Wells's *The First Men on the Moon* amongst much else; the second volume uses Wells's *The War of the Worlds* as its primary text; and *Black Dossier*, the third book – although not the third volume of the series per se – uses Frank Richards's 'Greyfriars' school stories and, in particular, George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four*.

The main action of *Black Dossier* takes place in 1958, in an immediately post-*Nineteen Eighty-Four* world – this is possible due to the authorly conceit that the action of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* actually took place in 1948, the year the book was written, with the date being changed by the publisher by the simple expedient of switching the last two digits – and features the two main protagonists from the two previous volumes, Mina Murray and Allan Quatermain, on a quest to first find the mysterious – not to mention eponymous – Black Dossier and then safely transport it to the Blazing World. The secondary action of the book is concerned with various extracts from the Black Dossier which, whilst interesting in themselves, don't have any real bearing on this article, so will be ignored henceforth. [If I'm referring to the *Black Dossier*, with italics, I'm meaning the book written by Alan Moore and illustrated by Kevin O'Neill; if I'm referring to the Black Dossier, without italics, I'm referring to the fictional book that Mina Murray and Allan Quatermain are dealing with in *Black Dossier*. I hope this helps to illuminate matters...]

So, what are the similarities between the two works? First of all, there's an actual physical resemblance. In *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, Winston Smith spends quite an amount of time reading from *The Book*, as he refers to Emmanuel

Goldstein's *The Theory and Practice of Oligarchical Collectivism*. He describes this as "A heavy black volume, amateurishly bound, with no name or title on the cover." This is reflected not only in the volume we see Murray and Quatermain with in *Black Dossier*, but is also reflected by the physical volume itself, as I look at it now in front of me, with the obvious exception of being "amateurishly bound." If you remove the dustjacket from the book, the black cover had been deliberately left without printing on it, although the title is indented into the spine, but without ink of any kind. This allows it to be a double for both *The Book* from *Nineteen Eighty-Four* and the book Murray and Quatermain have in *Black Dossier*. This is an incredibly intricate piece of thinking, allowing a physical entity from not just one but two books to intrude into the real world for our inspection.

The next piece of parallelism between *Black Dossier* and *Nineteen Eighty-Four* that I liked was Mina and Allan's lodgings in the early part of the book. In *Nineteen Eighty-Four* Winston Smith rents a room from a Mr. Charrington, and it is in this room that Smith reads extracts from *The Book*. Meanwhile, in *Black Dossier*, Mina and Allan are renting a room from a Mrs. C, where they read at least some of the Black Dossier. While it's implicit from other references in the text that Mrs. C is actually the mother of Michael Moorcock's Jerry Cornelius, there's certainly room in Moore's writing for more than one interpretation. The pretty terrifying physical presence of Mrs. C as we see her in *Black Dossier* is described by Moore in his script in this way, "Her hair is dark and is probably in a hair-do that was done by a local stylist a good six weeks ago and needs doing again. Her legs, knotted with purpling varicosae, are encased in a pair of wrinkled and baggy tan tights, which seem to sag around the thick, swollen ankles. Mrs. C is a howling oedipal nightmare of a woman, the archetypal

working class monstrous matriarch. She is at once cheery, vulgar, brutal, god-like and utterly terrifying.” This has an echo in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, where there is a woman hanging out the washing just below the window of Winston and Julia’s room, who we could presume to be Mrs. Charrington. She is described thus: “...a monstrous woman, solid as a Norman pillar, with brawny red forearms and a sacking apron strapped around her middle...” So, if Mrs. C can be seen as being related to Mr. Carrington, this would further lead us to the presumption that the room Mina and Allan are using is actually the same room Winston and Julia used ten years previously, and is being used at least some of the time for the same purpose, reading from a forbidden book. Again, a very neat piece of juxtaposition between the two texts.

There are a number of other, more easily evident, similarities between the two works, which I’ll mention briefly here: In a pub scene, we see Mina smoking Victory Cigarettes, and we see an advertising sign saying “Victory Gin: It’s Doubleplus Good For You” (This also echoes the famous advertising slogan ‘Guinness is Good For You’, said to have been written by British crime novelist Dorothy L. Sayers when she worked as a copywriter for Benson’s Advertising). There is a very telling scene where Jimmy – the *Black Dossier* equivalent of James Bond – is beaten up by Mina in Room 101, perhaps showing that this is what he’s most afraid of, and that fear of women is what’s behind his appalling misogyny, which is certainly evident in the books, if not in the films. We see buildings and hoardings with slogans like ‘Freedom is Slavery’ on them, and



some advertising posters that have obviously been put up over older offerings that said things like INGSOC and Junior Anti-Sex League. Most intriguingly, we see the slogan ‘Big Brother is Watching You’ written on walls, probably as graffiti, in several places throughout the book, but it is never seen in its entirety, but only in snatches, in exactly the same way that the graffitied ‘Who Watches the Watchmen’ in Moore and Gibbons’s *Watchmen* is only ever partially seen.

As well as all this, Moore gets to write a Tijuana Bible in Newspeak, which is supposedly produced by Pornosec, the department Julia works for in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. According to my copy, “She [Julia] had even (an infallible mark of good reputation) been picked out to work in Pornosec, the sub-section of the Fiction Department which turned out cheap pornography for distribution among

the proles. It was nicknamed Muck House by the people who worked there, she remarked. There she remained for a year, helping to produce booklets in sealed packets with titles like *Spanking Stories* or *One Night in a Girls' School*, to be bought furtively by proletarian youths who were under the impression that they were buying something illegal."

(Moore has certainly been interested in Tijuana Bibles for quite some time, as there are references to them in *Watchmen* from 1986, and even some pages from one shown there. My real



A Tijuana Bible

problem with one being included in *Black Dossier* is that Tijuana Bibles were an exclusively American phenomenon, and really shouldn't be appearing in a quintessentially British story. Yes, this is a different timeline and so on, but I still think this is really a case of Moore wanting to put this in, and fudging the rules for himself a little. Still, if he can't, who can? However, leaving my misgivings aside, this is a very good example of the type. Tijuana Bibles were also known as eight-pagers, which is how many pages you have here. They usually featured well

known personalities or cartoon characters in sexual encounters. They were crudely made and badly printed, usually appeared in the 4"-wide by 3"-high format seen here, but they sold in vast amounts, especially in the 1930s and 1940s. They didn't come from Tijuana, though, and very little is known about their creators. A genuine American folk art movement. There is a very good book about them by Bob Adelman, called simply *Tijuana Bibles*, published by Simon & Schuster in 2004.)

And that's about all I have to say about the similarities between the two book at this point. I'm not going to mention Moore's earlier dabbling with *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, in the person of Captain Airstrip-One, as seen in various Marvel Comics UK titles in the early 1980s, and subsequently in *Mad Dog #10* in 1985, as I believe that's adequately covered elsewhere in this fine periodical. I was going to draw some comparisons between the different types of family relationships that crop up in *Black Dossier*, what with references to Big Brother, *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*, *Mother*, and so on, but I think I'll leave that as an exercise for the curious.

If you take the trouble to read *Nineteen Eighty-Four* and *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen: Black Dossier*, you'll be able to find a few more parallels for yourself. I strongly recommend both titles to you as being doubleplusgood.

Graffiti, East Reading, Berkshire



Nineteen Eighty-Four for Sixpence: The Penguin Cover Story

James Bacon

I like book covers, and I often wonder a lot about them.

Nineteen Eighty-Four is a book that seems to frequently have just the title in words in one style or another as the cover illustration. This was the way with the Secker and Warburg first edition in London, the first edition in America from Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York, and since then, so far a further twenty five editions that I have tracked also seem to have just the words or numbers as the cover illustration.

I decided to look in more detail at the Penguin covers, mostly because they are probably the editions readers of this article will recognise, but also because I like them so much. It's their simplicity and variety that is pleasing and I am always fooled into looking through neat shelves of Penguins in secondhand bookshops, but not always successful in finding titles to my liking. That's brand marketing in real terms.

Alan Lane was a smart fellow. Well, it must have been in the blood, his uncle worked at The Bodley Head publishers, as did he, and while waiting at Exeter train station he could find no books to read, at least no recent ones or ones that he was interested in. I know that experience.

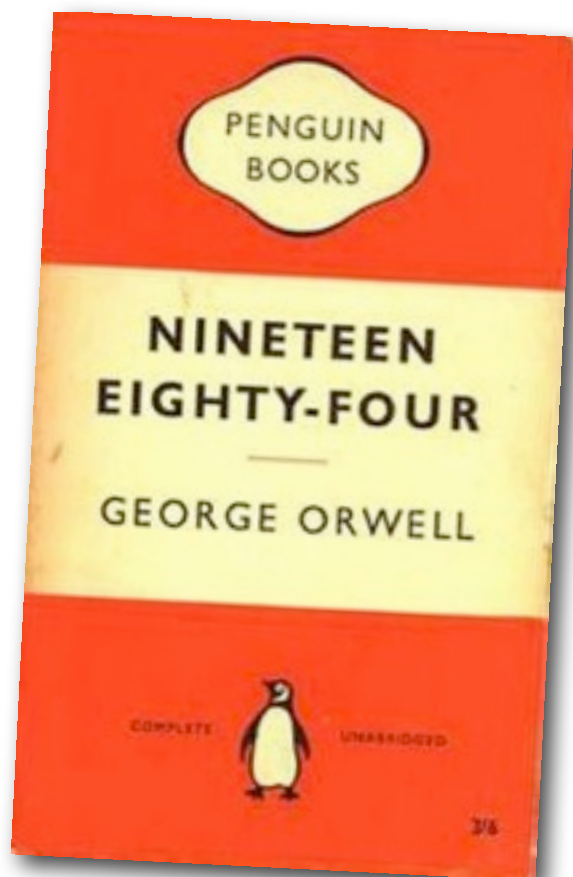
So he came up with the idea of cheap paperback books sold at sixpence each, which was allegedly the price of a pack of ten cigarettes. No one expected it to be successful so he bought rights cheaply. The cover design was his own: a horizontal coloured grid with the title in the middle white grid, and Edward Young produced it. Young also did the original Penguin design and would later write the 1,000th Penguin book. Colours were identifiers, with orange for fiction, cerise for travel and adventure, green for crime and blue for biography and essays.

Despite this uniformity there were inconsistencies in the design and elements would move about, such as the letter spacing might be a bit off or to one side. This is especially noticeable if one lines up a rookery of

early Penguins - they are not aligned and the cover typography varies.

German typographer Jan Tschichold joined the company in 1946 and made a big impression. He sat down with Lane and came up with sets of rules, even down to designing the Penguin for the covers. Tschichold was quietly assertive and a consistent cover was demanded and required from the printers, editors and typographers all working on the books. Then in 1949 Hans Schmoller took over the position of head designer.

Schmoller continued to use the horizontal grid format and in 1951 introduced the vertical grid. This allowed an updating to the books, without losing their colour-coded branding. This long white central space allowed for larger black-and-white images - woodcuttings in some cases - to be used as a complementary illustrations. Even so, the first Penguin edition of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* was published in 1954 in the traditional horizontal orange grid



format. This was published in association with Secker and Warburg, although they had already had their own paperback edition in 1951.

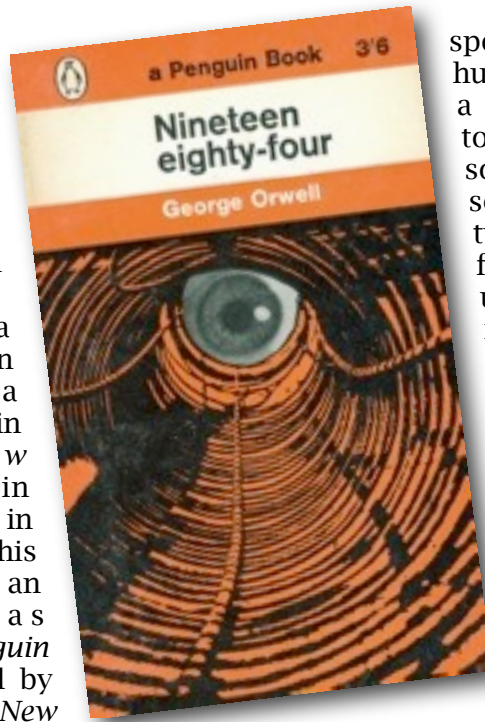
Orwell had a Penguin connection already. He wrote a review of 'Penguin Books' for *New English Weekly* in March 1936, and in November 1940 his essay 'Shooting an Elephant' was reprinted in *Penguin New Writing*, edited by John Lehmann. In *New English Weekly* Orwell wrote that the first ten Penguins are "splendid value for six pence each". He described them "as inoffensive as any sixpenny books could be". [1]

According to Bernard Crick who wrote of *Down and Out in Paris and London*, "Its great fame came only in 1940 when Penguin printed 55,000 sixpenny copies, classifying it both on the cover and in their trade list as 'fiction'." [2].

Penguin were the first to publish the full original text of *Burmese Days* in May 1944, and *Animal Farm* was also published by Penguin in 1951.

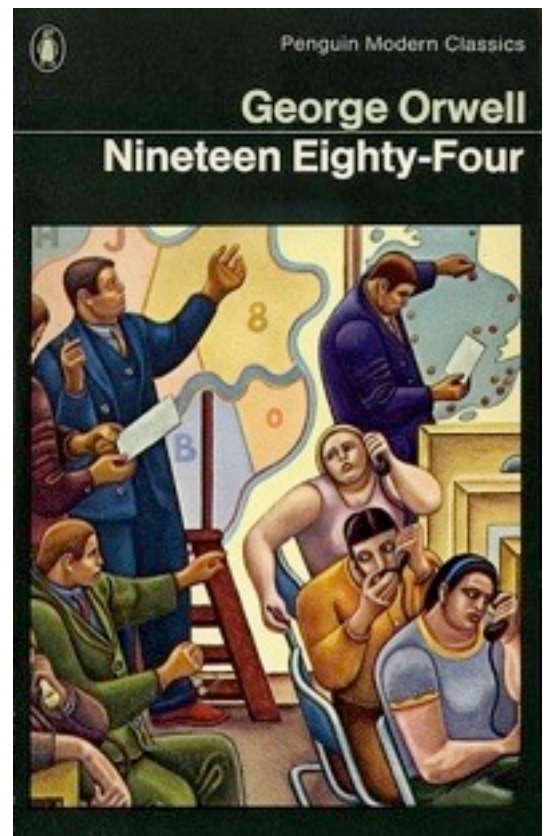
The Penguin collection *Seven Hundred Penguins* has three *Nineteen Eighty-Four* covers in its selection. Initially, the cover of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* seems to have remained the same, despite many reprints, until Italian designer Germano Facetti joined the company as the new head of design in 1961. With the Pole Romek Marber he instituted a major redesign of the cover, starting with Crime fiction, creating a standard where the top horizontal band stayed with the logo, series and price, the title, the author, with the lower area then being an illustration. This resulted in one of my favourite Penguin covers, Paul Brickhill's *Great Escape*. It was not widely adopted. The Marber grid, on the other hand, became the brand look.

The 1963 edition of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, using a Marber Grid,



sports a Facetti cover: a huge eye looks out through a funnel that opens towards the reader, like some strange version of a screenless cathode ray tube, and this was the first and often-repeated use of an eye that indicates to the observer the oppression of the continuous scrutiny that exists in the book.

It was short lived. Alan Aldridge under Tony Goodwin saw a new cover instituted. *The Control Room, Civil Defence Headquarters* by William Roberts was the cover illustration of a number of editions from 1966 onwards. Roberts, an original imaginative artist and portraitist, did this piece in 1941 as war work for the artists' advisory committee, he had been a war artist in the First World War after serving on the front. The image is not obviously that of a Second World War scene because of its civilian nature, and this works well to the book's advantage. Orwell no doubt had been influenced by many behaviours in war time that were the basis for an oppressive civil



governance and Roberts's image somehow reflects this - who exactly is being controlled by the people in this room? - and the detail of a furtive phone call being made just adds to the paranoia of it all.

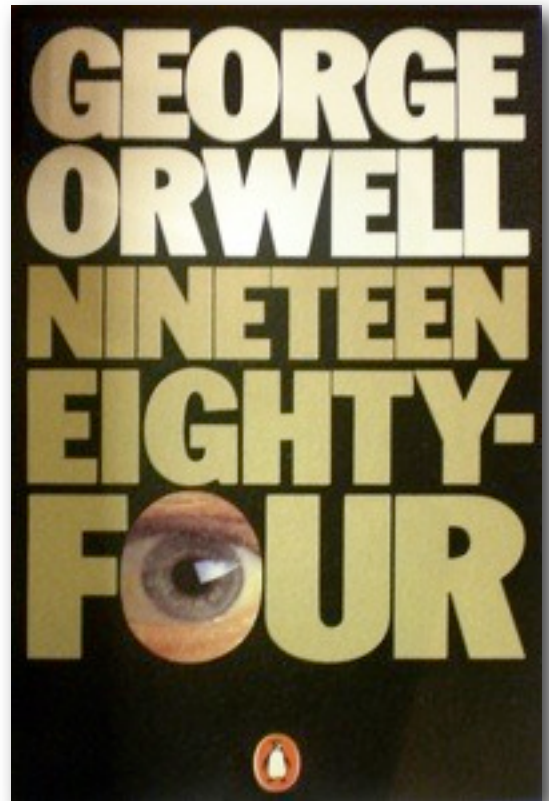
There were a number of versions of this book. Firstly we have a black top bar, with an oversized Penguin logo in an orange oval to denote 'fiction', 'Penguin Book' in small writing, the price, *Nineteen Eighty-Four* in orange and George Orwell in white. An internal row within Penguin saw a 'panic' period during 1967 and 1968, and the 1968 edition sees the typography changed with a massive 'Penguin Book' across the top part of the black grid, a much smaller logo and no price. This was brought about by Goodwin and Aldridge exiting Penguin and a concern that the brand was being lost.

Calm was restored with the appointment of David Pelham. Penguin had been producing a series of Modern Classics since 1961, with grey, white or black across the top grid. In 1969 the Roberts illustration again graced the cover of just such a Modern Classics edition, with the grey title on the black bar, white line, white author's name and logo. This was the neatest of all editions with this illustration that I have seen, following on from *Animal Farm* which had already had the Modern Classics treatment in 1963 with a very striking Paul Hogarth cover, whom I often wish had been allowed to have a go at doing *Nineteen Eighty-Four*.

The 1975 edition had a photo on the cover by Humphrey Sutton in a singular style, a trait shared across all the Orwell books. This was a common approach at the time, with individual authors having specific artists, typography and styles (Evelyn Waugh or Heinrich Böll covers of this era mirror the approach). The image has a black-clad person whose face is obscured behind a large red

megaphone. In the background there is a light tower and barbed wire. I am not so keen on this cover; it is readily available today in secondhand shops but it didn't really get the message across, and it makes me think more about Paul Brickhill than George Orwell.

In 1983 it was all go for Orwell fans: 1984 was approaching and there was no shortage of awareness. The Virgin Films movie of the book with Richard Burton and John Hurt was a big deal, and to mark this Penguin produced a book with images from the film as the cover. The lettering is large and red, Big Brother is the main background image, with John Hurt as Winston Smith to the left hand side of the cover, and a 'book of the movie' corner star on the right hand side. There is a cast photo on the back cover, including Richard Burton.

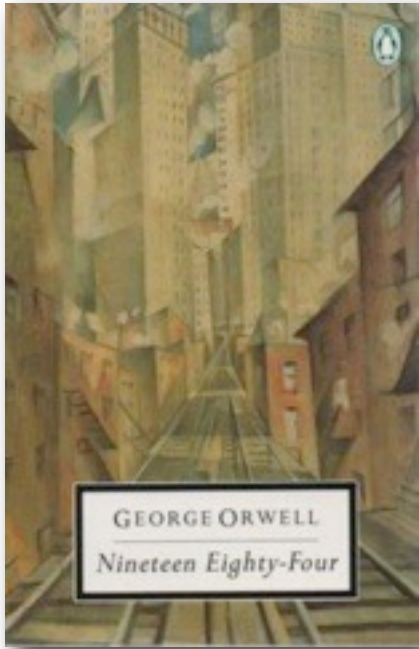


Of course a movie tie-in was only one aspect and also in this year the version of the book (that I now remember from my childhood) was released. This was a black book, with the author name in huge font in white, and the title equally as large filling the rest of the cover. Instead of the O there is a photo of an eye, looking out in full colour. Still with the classic idea, but its a striking cover and one of my favourites, designed by Carroll

and Dempsey Ltd. It continues on from Facetti's 1963 idea, but it is a very different typographic rendition.

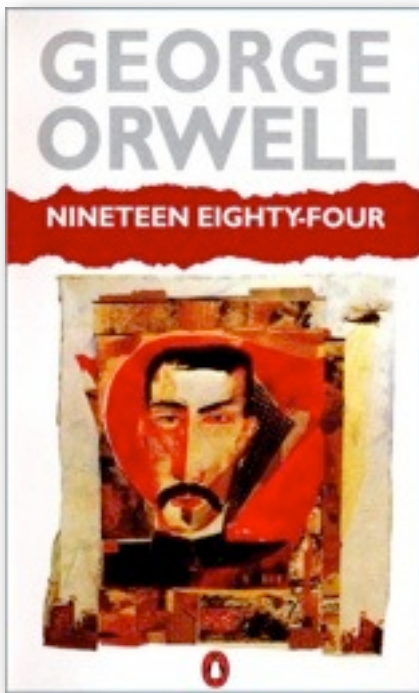
1989 and 1990 saw two editions, as Penguin moved some titles into their 20th Century Classics, a B-format series, starting in 1990 with a light pale Eau De Nile green spine and back, while making A-format still available with an orange spine. Two very different covers were in the offing.

The cover painting *The Soul of the Soulless City* (1920) by Christopher Richard Wynne Nevinson, is thus described by the Tate Gallery where it resides: "The skyscrapers and railways of New York epitomised the dynamism of the modern metropolis. This painting, originally titled *New York - An Abstraction*, shows Nevinson's enthusiastic response, in which the urgency of the city is matched with a modernist style of painting derived from Futurism. However, Nevinson's work did not receive the success for which he had hoped, and his initial excitement gave way to the disillusion indicated by his revised title." [3]



I found this a little odd. I personally thought was a poor choice, given that the city looks rather well, if a bit faceless. I can see the attraction, but would have preferred something in a more Futurist style, or even broken Victorian.

In comparison, the Christopher Corr cover painting has a very Dave McKean-ish style, showing the edge of the paint media. The main image is of Big Brother and is really quite beautiful. A tiny helicopter gives it the modern touch, but it is strong and the use of a goatee helps prevent it from appearing too Stalin-like. Corr, like Sutton, produced covers across the books, and I also liked his very colourful *Homage to Catalonia* and *Animal*



Farm, which was a bit more abstract but featured the green animals flag.

In 1997 a new art director reinvigorated some core titles, creating a series of diverse and well-recognised books called Penguin Essentials. These A-format books included *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, *Down and Out in Paris and London* and *Animal Farm*. *Nineteen Eighty-Four* received a side-on treatment with an image of eyes looking out from a camera wrapped around the cover, with three quotes and a blurb. They are credited to Darren Haggart and Dominic Bridges. There is a photo of a stairwell on part of the rear. There are some nice touches. The blurb is in a orange band on the back and a thin orange stripe goes down the length of the spine with the logo enclosed at the bottom, while the logo on the cover is in a blue-ish green that compliments the screen colour. It's a shame the same series made such a mess of Philip K. Dick's *The Man in the High Castle*.



In 2000 Penguin did away with the 20th Century Classics series, something that would probably cause confusion from 2001 onwards, and brought back the Penguin Modern Classics. Although not grey, they used a silver bar across the bottom with title author and logo, and an illustration above. The 2000 edition of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* has a painted illustration of a suited man under three clocks showing differing times, next to a desk with a phone on it. It could so easily be Winston Smith. The painting in oils is by Stephen Conroy, and it's better



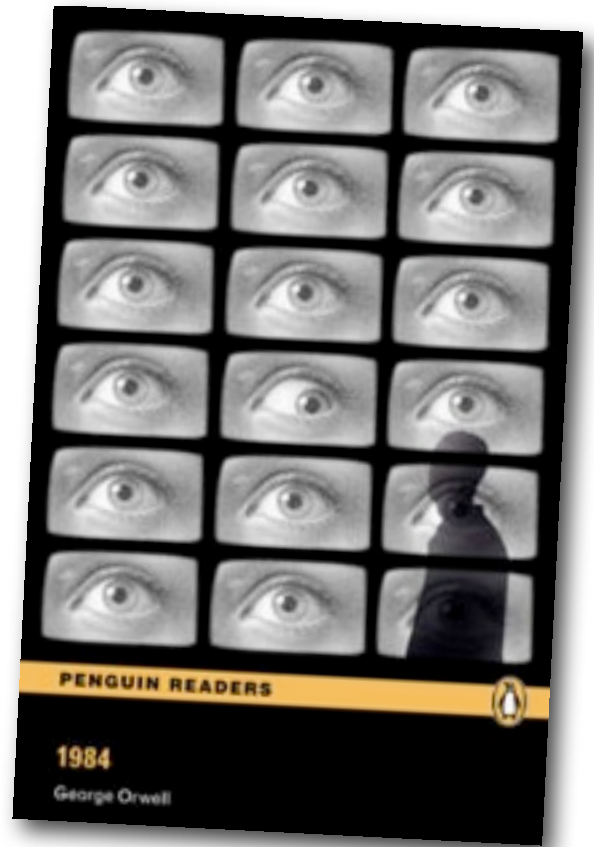
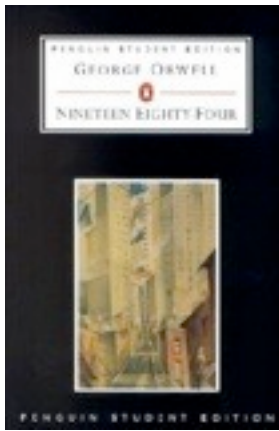
explained by Marlborough Fine Art: "The ironically titled *Abstract Painting* (1992) constitutes a turning-point. Here we see the isolated figure of modern man, solitary, beset by precision clocks and the telephone, which looks as if it might ring at any moment and announce that the permitted time is up." [4] It's a good choice of cover.

In 2002 Penguin released a student edition of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. Thankfully this is an unabridged edition, and is a black cover with a small illustration rectangle in the middle, where Penguin reused the *Soulless City* image.

2003 saw another excuse to celebrate and Centenary editions of Orwell's books were created, in B-format. Eyeball time again, this time by Keenan: four small coloured circles encompass the title, author and a very discrete logo. The mainly white cover has a large eye looking out using four-colour dots of varying sizes, and the colour of the above circles: its clearly an eye. I think it is perhaps the most boring cover and the eye doesn't work: it's actually too pretty, not sinister enough. The use of dots on a minimalist cover has since been copied in a recent release by Gollancz of several Philip K. Dick books, with small coloured circles on the rear. I guess you can't keep a crap marketing idea down.

In 2003 Penguin also released a Reader's Edition, an abridged version for students. This book cover is a strong, striking red, in bold typography the title is in numerals across the top, and a very clear photo of an eye looking out at the reader surrounded by shadowing. It's a better, stronger and more striking cover than the Keenan eye, for sure.

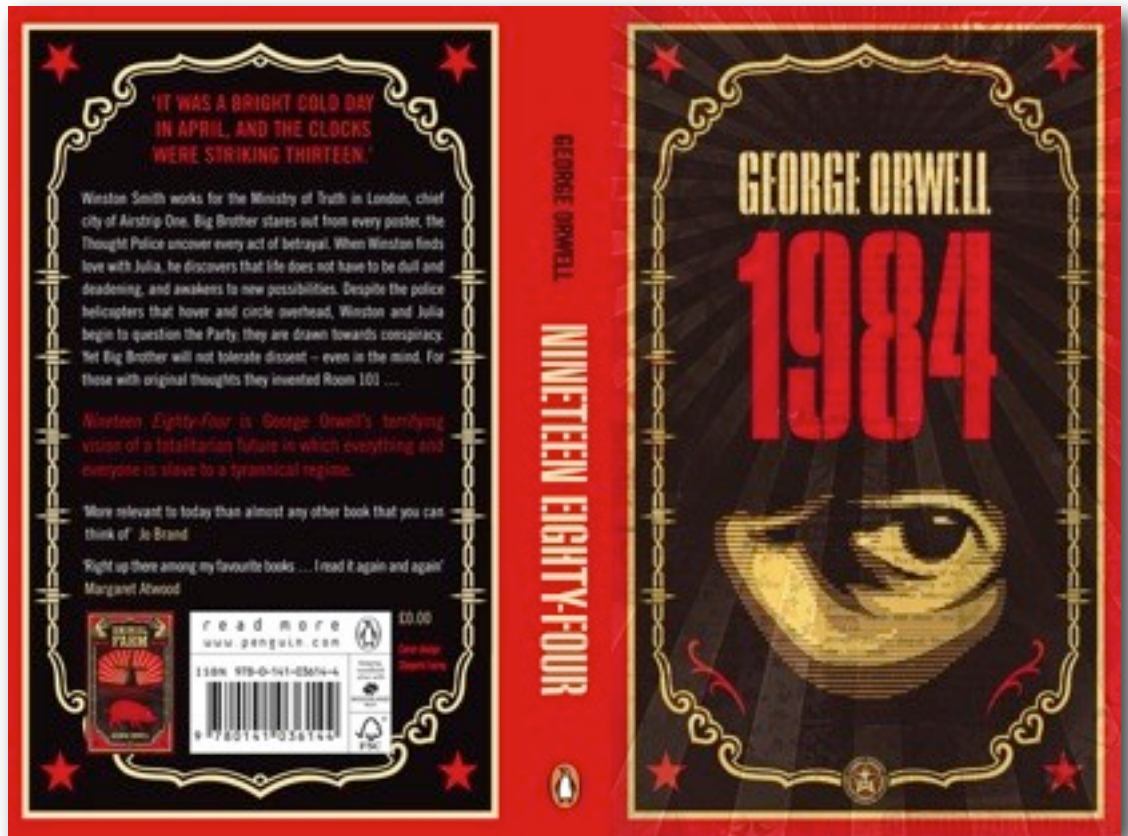
In 2004 a new Penguin Modern Classics cover was used, with a photo of a row of plastic looking seats, in a very concrete modern urban building. In monochrome it doesn't really say very much, except that it's grey and dull, and not very oppressive. The title and author are in a silver band grid across the bottom and as a separator there is a white strip above this, with the logo and Penguin Modern Classics. I have also just seen this image on a new version as Penguin have recently been reissuing these books with a different cover layout. This time the photo fills the page, with the title and



author on the cover in grey and white in larger sans-serif type. The spine is now white with black writing and the gloss paper is gone with a more tactile matt cover being used. This edition is from 2008.

Longmans produced a readers edition in 2008 in conjunction with Penguin. This cover is quite good, with a stack of TV screens all with eyes looking forward, except for one which is looking in the direction of a shadowy man. A great illustration, again the title is numerical as with the previous abridged version, but it has a black grid with the author at the bottom and an orange stripe with 'Penguin Readers' in black and the logo giving the Penguin branding.

In 2008 Penguin commissioned American designer Shepard Fairey to do new covers for both *Animal Farm* and *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. The eye features as the centre point, with words in shadow writing within the image, but this mainly black cover has a Soviet feel about it, with a stylised border of barbed wired and oriental curves, red stars in the corners and a star in the bottom as part of the border. The title in numerals is in large red bold type, a red edging to the book and a red spine, creating a dark and foreign feeling. It's a good version of an old trick and the design feels just right. Penguin produced a



print of the cover by this very current artist, and it was sold out in no time.

Before I end I would like to mention a few other non-*Nineteen Eighty-Four* covers. Penguin have released *The Girl from the Fiction Department*, a portrait of Orwell's wife Sonia by Hilary Spurling. They used the classic horizontal grids, although with a modern typographical layout and a woodcut-style reproduction of a photo of Sonia in the central white area.

Penguin have also released three 'Great Ideas' collections of twenty books each. The first series had red as its cover colour, and Orwell's *Why I Write* was released in the classic late 50s vertical style of Penguin Books. The third series, in green, also featured another Orwell choice, *Books*

vs. *Cigarettes*, and as a departure allowed red on the cover. This book follows the Marber design, so looks like classic crime Penguin, and the illustration is a number of circles. Marber did the cover of *Daughter of Time* by Josephine Tey also with some red and is very similar, as well as doing quite a few Pelican illustrations, including ones with circles. It's a nice tribute, in a way, to the past styles of a particular time.

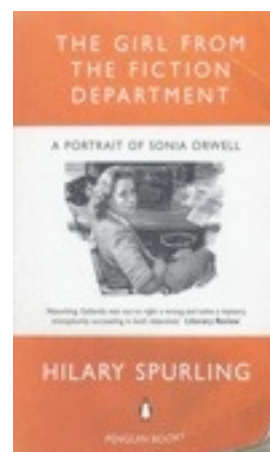
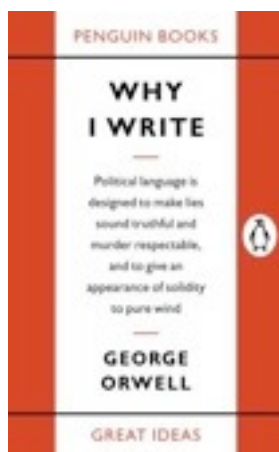
One day, I will gather all these books and place them in a deep frame as my own tribute.

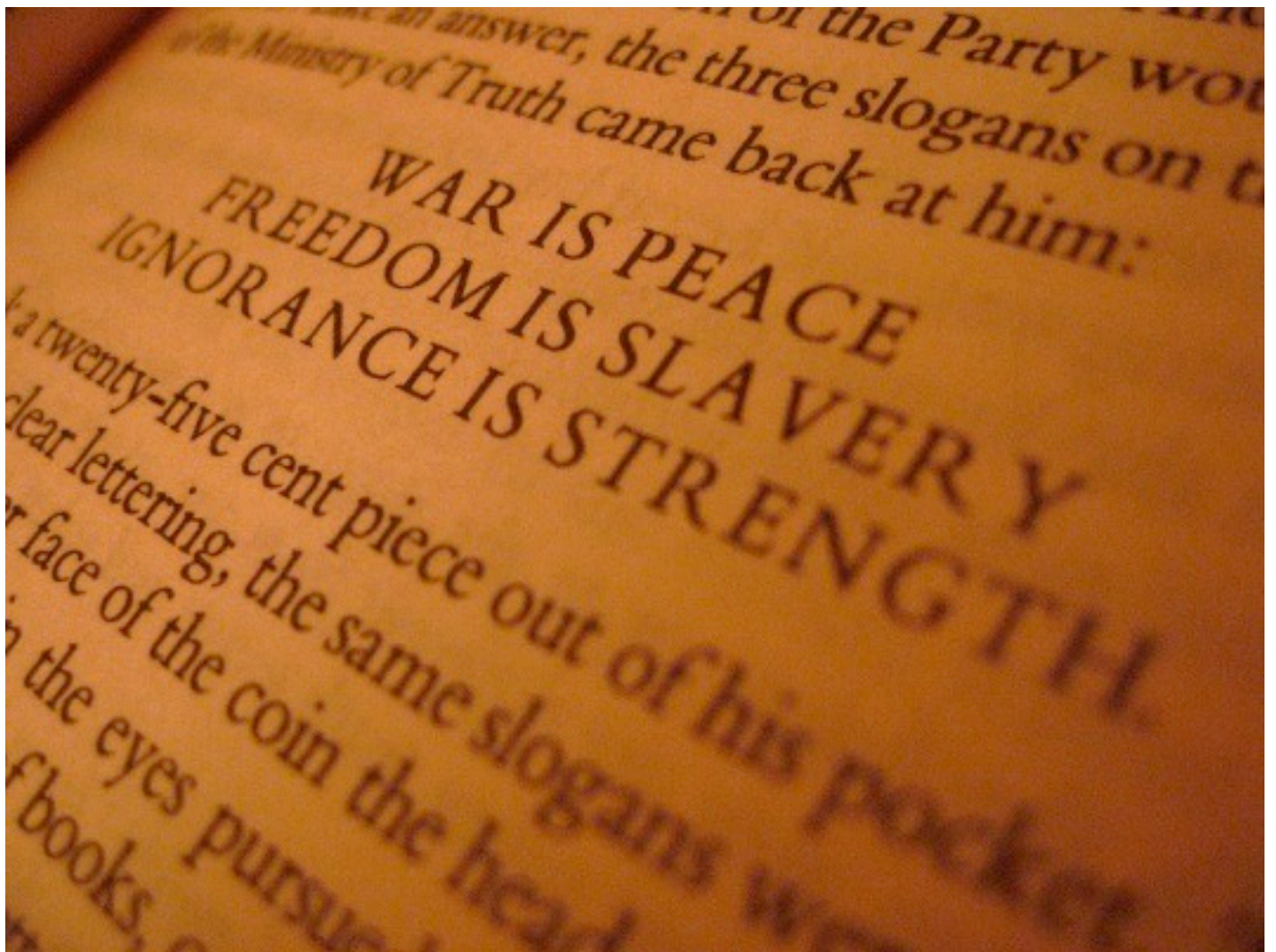
Notes

- [1] Toby Clements, *Daily Telegraph* books feature on the Penguin archive, 21 Feb 2009
- [2] Bernard Crick, *George Orwell: A Life*, Secker & Warburg, 1980
- [3] Display caption, Tate Gallery, London, September 2004
- [4] www.marlboroughfineart.com

Sources

- Russell Edwards, *The Penguin Collector's Companion*, Penguin Collector's Society 1997
- Phil Baines, *Penguin By Design: A Cover Story 1935-2005*, Penguin 2005
- Jim Stoddart, *Seven Hundred Penguins*, Penguin 2007





Journey Planet 3

James Bacon

Chris Garcia

L.J. Hurst

Tony Keen

Emma J. King

Pádraig Ó Méalóid

Alan Moore, Chris Brasted & SMS

Christian Payne & John Perivolaris

Andrew F. Wood

