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# 1984

ENGLISH Reading for  
**BEGINNERS**

# ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

## AGRADECIMENTOS

I would like to thank all of you who have taken the time to watch the 1984 Guided Reading Video Series on my YouTube channel, especially those who made the effort to leave a comment (even if it was in Português!). I appreciate every minute watched and every comment sent. I would also like to thank my student, Miguel Toscano, who did the translation of this book into Portuguese. Thank you all!

**1984**

**BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU**

Eu gostaria de agradecer a todos vocês que dedicaram um tempo para assistir a Série de Vídeos de **Leitura Guiada 1984** no meu canal do YouTube, especialmente aqueles que se esforçaram para deixar um comentário (mesmo que fosse em Português!). Agradeço cada minuto assistido e cada comentário enviado. Eu também gostaria de agradecer ao meu aluno Miguel Toscano, que fez a tradução para português. Obrigado!





# DOAR PARA AJUDAR

Hi! I'm Josh Cashill, professor de inglês no **INGLÊS ESSENCIAL**. Muito obrigado por escolher este livro. Eu tenho certeza que você vai curtir a experiência.

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CRÉDITO, DÉBITO,  
BOLETO, DEPÓSITO

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**PART**



**THOUGHTCRIME**



# CHAPTER 1

## **BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU**

It is a bright, cold day in April and the clocks are ringing thirteen. Winston Smith walks home quickly to Victory Mansions with his head down to escape the terrible wind. He does not close the door fast enough, and dust comes inside with him. The hall smells of yesterday's food.

At the end of the hall, there is a poster that covers one wall. There is an enormous face on it. It is more than a meter across. The poster shows the face of a handsome man of about forty-five years old, with a large, black mustache. The man's eyes seem to follow Winston as he moves. Below the face are the words:

**BIG BROTHER IS  
WATCHING YOU.**



Winston goes up the stairs. He does not take the elevator. It does not work very often and at the moment the electricity is turned off during the day to save money for Hate Week. The apartment is on the seventh floor. Winston is thirty-nine years old and he has a bad knee. He goes up the stairs slowly. Winston is a small man and looks much smaller in the blue overalls that Party members must wear. His hair is blond and the skin on his face is red from cheap soap, old razor blades and the cold winter that just ended.

Inside his apartment, Winston can hear a voice. It is reading numbers from a list: the amount of iron produced last year. The voice comes from a metal square on one of the walls, a telescreen. Winston turns down the volume, but it is impossible to turn the sound off completely.

He walks to the window. Outside, the world looks cold. There seems to be no color in anything, except in the posters that are everywhere. The face with the black mustache watches from every corner. There is one on the wall of the house opposite his window.

# **BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU**

it says, and the eyes look into Winston's eyes. Behind him the voice from the telescreen is still talking about iron. The telescreen has a microphone too, so the Thought Police can listen to Winston at any time of the day or night. They can also watch him through the telescreen. Nobody knows when they actually watch you, but everybody behaves correctly all the time. The Thought Police might be watching you and listening to you.

Winston does not look at the telescreen. It is safer that way - they can't see your face. He looks out the window at the city of London, the biggest city in this part of Oceania. The old houses are all falling down. There are holes in the streets from the bombs. Winston asks himself if it was always this way? He tries to think about when he was a boy, but he cannot remember anything.

He looks at the Ministry of Truth, where he works. It is one kilometer away. It is an enormous white building, three hundred meters high.

The building is much taller than the houses around it. From Winston's apartment, it is possible to see the three slogans of the Party that are written in enormous letters on the side of the building:

**WAR IS PEACE**

**FREEDOM IS SLAVERY**

**IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH**

The Ministry of Truth is called *Minitrue* in Newspeak, the new language of Oceania. They say that the *Minitrue* has more than three thousand rooms above the ground and a similar number below the ground. The people who work there work mainly on news and entertainment.

There is another building that is much taller than the other buildings around it: the Ministry of Peace, where they focus on war. It is called *Minipax* in Newspeak. And the Ministry of Plenty - *Miniplenty* - which is responsible for the economy. And he can see the Ministry of Love - *Miniluv* - which is responsible for law and order.

The Ministry of Love is the really terrifying ministry. The building has no windows. Nobody is permitted to go near it if they do not have business there. There are guards with guns in black uniforms in the streets all around the building.

Winston turns around quickly. He smiles. It is a good idea to look happy when you are facing the telescreen. He goes into his small kitchen. He didn't eat lunch before he left work, but there is no food in the kitchen. There is only a piece of hard bread. The bread is for breakfast tomorrow. He pours some gin into a dirty cup and drinks it quickly, like medicine. It burns him inside, but he feels happier afterwards.

He goes back to the living room and sits down at a small table to the left of the telescreen. It is the only place in the room where the telescreen cannot see him. From a drawer in the table he takes out a pen and a big diary with beautiful white paper. He bought the diary in a shop that sells antiques, in a poor part of the town. Party members like Winston are not allowed to go into ordinary shops, but many Party members do. It is the only way to get things like razor blades.

Winston opens the diary. This is not illegal. Nothing is illegal, because there are no laws now. But if the diary is found they will punish him with death or they will put him in prison for twenty-five years. He picks up the pen, then he stops. He feels sick. It is a decisive act to start writing.

Earlier that morning, a terrible noise from the big telescreen at the Ministry of Truth called all the workers to the center of the hall for the Two Minutes Hate. The face of Emmanuel Goldstein, Enemy of the People, was on the telescreen. It was a thin, intelligent face, with white hair and a small beard. But there was something unpleasant about it.

Goldstein began to speak in his strange voice. He criticized the Party and verbally attacked Big Brother.

In the past (nobody knew exactly when), Goldstein was almost as important in the Party as Big Brother himself, but then he worked against the Party. Before he could be punished with death, he had escaped - nobody knew how, exactly. Somewhere he is still alive, and all crimes against the Party come from his teaching.

Behind Goldstein's face on the telescreen, there were thousands of Eurasian soldiers. Oceania is always at war with either Eurasia or Eastasia. The enemy changes, but the hate for Goldstein never changes. The Thought Police find his spies every day. They are called "the Brotherhood", people say. But Winston sometimes asks himself if the Brotherhood really exists. Goldstein also wrote a book, a terrible book, a book against the Party. It has no title; it is just known as The Book.



As Goldstein's face filled the telescreen and Eurasian soldiers marched behind him, the Hate became stronger. People jumped up and down. They shouted and screamed. They could not hear Goldstein's voice. Winston was shouting too; it was impossible not to shout. A girl behind him, with dark hair, was screaming "Pig! Pig!" at Goldstein, and suddenly she picked up a heavy Newspeak dictionary and threw it at the telescreen. It hit Goldstein on the nose and fell to the floor.

Winston often sees this girl at the Ministry but he never speaks to her. He does not know her name, but he knows she works in the Fiction Department.

He sees her with tools so he guesses she is a mechanic who fixes the story-writing machines. She wears the thin red belt of the Young People's League tied around her waist.

Winston disliked her from the first moment he saw her. He dislikes nearly all women, especially young and pretty ones. The young women are always the most loyal to the Party and they are happy to spy on other people. But this girl is especially dangerous, he thinks.

Once, when he saw her in the cafeteria, she looked at him in a way that terrified him. He even thought she was working for the Thought Police. As the screaming at Goldstein became louder, Winston's dislike of the girl turned to hate. He hated her because she was young and pretty.

Suddenly he noticed someone else, sitting near the girl, wearing the black overalls of an Inner Party member. O'Brien is a large man with a thick neck and glasses. Even though he looks scary, Winston is interested in him. His face sometimes seems intelligent. That intelligence in his face suggests that - maybe - he questions the official beliefs of the Party.

Winston has seen O'Brien about twelve times over the years. Many years ago he dreamed about O'Brien. He was in a dark room and O'Brien said to him, "We will meet in the place where there is no dark." Winston did not know what that meant, but he was sure it would happen, one day.

The Hate increased. The screaming increased. The voice and face of Goldstein became the voice and face of an animal - a sheep. Then the sheep-face became an enemy soldier, walking towards them with his gun. He came so close that some people were afraid and moved back in their seats. But at the same moment the soldier became the face of Big Brother, with black hair and a mustache.

The face of Big Brother filled the telescreen. Nobody could hear what Big Brother said, but it did not matter. It was only important that he was speaking to them. Then the face of Big Brother disappeared from the telescreen and the Party slogans appeared:

**WAR IS PEACE**

**FREEDOM IS SLAVERY**

**IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH**

Then everybody started shouting "B-B! B-B!" again and again. It began slowly, with a long pause between the first B and the second. Of course Winston shouted too - you have to.

But there was a second when the look on his face showed what he was really thinking. And at that exact moment, O'Brien looked into Winston's eyes.

O'Brien was adjusting his glasses on his nose. But Winston knew - yes he knew - that O'Brien was thinking the same thing as he was. "I am with you," O'Brien seemed to say to him with his eyes. "I hate all this too." And then the moment of intelligence was gone, and O'Brien's face looked like everybody else's face.

Winston writes the date in his diary:

April 4th, 1984.

Then he stops. He does not know definitively that the year is 1984. He is thirty-nine, he believes - he was born in 1944 or 1945. But nobody can be sure of dates, not really.

“Who am I writing this diary for?” he asks himself suddenly. For the future, for the unborn. But if the future is like the present, it will not listen to him. And if it is different, his situation will have no significance.

The telescreen is playing marching music. What does he want to say? Winston looks at the page for a long time, then begins to write: Freedom is the freedom to say that two and two make four. If you have that, everything else follows... He stops. Should he go on? If he writes more or does not write more, the result will be the same. The Thought Police will get him.

Even before he writes anything, his crime is clear. *THOUGHTCRIME*, they call it.

It is always at night - the strong hand on your shoulder, the lights in your face. People simply disappear, always during the night. And then your name disappears, your existence is denied and then forgotten.

You are, in Newspeak, vaporized. Suddenly he wants to scream. He starts writing, fast:

Down with Big Brother

Down with BIG BROTHER

DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER

There is a knock on the door. Already! He sits as quietly as a mouse, hoping that they will go away. But no, there is another knock. He can not delay - that is the worst thing he can do. His heart is beating very fast, but even now his face, from habit, probably shows nothing.

He gets up and walks slowly towards the door.



# CHAPTER 2

## THE SPIES

As he opens the door, Winston sees that he left the diary open on the table.

DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER

is written in it, in letters you can almost read across the room. But everything is alright. A small, sad-looking woman is standing outside.

"Oh, Comrade Smith," she says, in a low little voice, "do you think you could come across to my flat and help me with our kitchen sink? The water is filling up the sink and ..."

It is Mrs. Parsons, his neighbor. She is about thirty but looks much older. Winston follows her into her flat. These repairs happen almost daily.

The Victory Mansions flats are old, built in about 1930, and they are falling to pieces. Unless you do the repairs yourself, the Party has to agree to them. It could take two years to get new glass in a window.

"Tom isn't home," Mrs. Parsons explains.

The Parsons' flat is bigger than Winston's and unattractive in a different way. Everything is broken. There are sports clothes and sports equipment all over the floor, and dirty dishes on the table. On the walls are the red flags of the Young People's League and the Spies and a full-sized poster of Big Brother. There is the usual smell of old food, but also the smell of old sweat. In another room someone is singing with the marching music that is still coming from the telescreen.

"It's the children," says Mrs. Parsons, looking in fear at the door to the other room. "They haven't been out of the flat today and of course..." She often stops without finishing her sentences.

In the kitchen, the sink is full of dirty, green water.

“Of course if Tom was home...” Mrs.. Parsons starts.

Tom Parsons works with Winston at the Ministry of Truth. He is a fat but active man who is unbelievably stupid and full of enthusiasm. He is a follower with no mind of his own - the type of follower that the Party needs even more than they need the Thought Police.

At thirty-five Tom Parsons was only recently dismissed from the Young People's League (desligado da Liga da Juventude), although he wanted to stay. Before that he continued in the Spies for a year beyond the official age. At the Ministry he has a job which needs no intelligence, but he works for the Party every evening, organizing walks and other activities. The smell of his sweat fills every room he is in and stays there after he leaves.

Winston repairs the sink, taking out the unpleasant ball of hair that is stopping the water from running away. He washes his hands and goes back to the other room.

“Put your hands up!” shouts a voice.

A big, handsome boy of nine is pointing a toy gun at him. His small sister, about two years younger, points a piece of wood. Both are dressed in the blue, gray and red uniforms of the Spies. Winston puts his hands up. The look of hate on the boy’s face makes him feel that it is not quite a game.

“You’re a Eurasian spy!” screams the boy.  
“You’re a thoughtcriminal! I’ll shoot you, I’ll vaporize you!”

Suddenly they are both running around him, shouting “Spy! Thoughtcriminal!” The little girl does everything seconds after her older brother. It is frightening, like the games of young, dangerous wild animals before they grow to be man-eaters.

Winston can see that the boy really wants to hit or kick him, and is nearly big enough to do so. He is glad that the gun in the boy's hand is only a toy.

"They wanted to see the Eurasian prisoners hang. But I'm too busy to take them and Tom's at..."

"We want to see them hang!" shouts the boy, and then the girl starts shouting it too.

Some Eurasian prisoners, guilty of war crimes against Oceania, are going to hang slowly in the park that evening. This happens every month or two and is a popular entertainment in the evening. Parents often take their children to see it.

Winston says goodbye to Mrs. Parsons and walks towards the door. He hears a loud noise as a bomb falls. About twenty or thirty of them are falling on London each week. Then he feels a terrible pain in the back of his neck. He turns and sees Mrs. Parsons trying to take some stones from her son's hand.

"Goldstein!" screams the boy.

But Winston is most shocked by the look of helpless terror on Mrs. Parsons' grey face.



# CHAPTER 3

## THE MINISTRY OF TRUTH

Winston pulls the speakwrite towards him and puts on his glasses. To the right of the speakwrite there is a small hole, to the left a larger one. In the office wall there is a third hole, larger than the other two.

Messages come to Winston's office through the smallest hole. Newspapers come to him through the middle hole. The largest hole is for waste paper. Hot air carries the papers away. These large holes are called "memory holes", for some reason.

Today four messages come through the smallest hole, onto his desk. The messages are about changes to the Times newspaper. For example, in Big Brother's speech in the Times of 17 March, he said that South India was safe. The Eurasians would attack North Africa.

This did not happen. The Eurasians attacked South India, not North Africa. Winston had to rewrite part of Big Brother's speech so you could read in the Times for 17 March that Big Brother knew about the attack before it happened.

When Winston finished, his changes to the Times went with the newspaper down the middle hole. A new edition would soon appear, with his changes. Every copy of the old edition would disappear. Destroyed. The message to Winston with the changes would disappear down the memory hole, to be burned.

Every day newspapers, magazines, photographs, films, posters and books are all changed. The past is changed. The Party is always right. The Party was always right. The Records Department, where they destroy all the old copies of everything, is the largest department in the Ministry of Truth, but there is no truth. The new copies are not true and the old copies were not true either.

For example, the Ministry of Plenty said they would make 145 million pairs of boots last year. Sixty-two million pairs were made. Winston changed 145 million to 57 million. So the Party made five million more boots last year than they expected to. But it is possible that no boots at all were made last year. And it is possible that nobody knows or cares how many boots were made. You can read in the newspapers that five million extra pairs of boots were made and you can see that half the people in Oceania have no boots.

Winston looks around the office. A woman with fair hair spends all day looking for the names of people who were vaporized. Each of them is, in Newspeak, an unperson. She takes their names out of every newspaper, book, letter... Her own husband was vaporized last year. She took his name out too. People disappear from the newspapers when they are vaporized and they can also appear in the newspapers when they do not exist.

Winston remembers Mr Ogilvy. He appeared in the newspapers because he led the sort of life the Party wanted.

Ogilvy joined the Spies at the age of six. At eleven he told the Thought Police that his uncle was a criminal. At seventeen he was an organizer in the Young People's League.

At nineteen he invented a new bomb which had killed thirty-one Eurasians when it was first tried. At twenty-three, Ogilvy died like a hero, fighting the Eurasians. There were photographs of Ogilvy, but there was no Ogilvy. Not really. The photographs were made at the Ministry of Truth. Ogilvy was part of a past that never happened.

Anything can be changed. A dreamy man with hairy ears called Ampleforth re-writes old poems until they support everything the Party believes in.

But all this work, all these changes, are not the main work of the Ministry of Truth. Most workers in the Ministry are busy writing everything that the people of Oceania read or see: all the newspapers, films, plays, poems, school books, telescreen programs and songs, the Newspeak dictionaries and children's spelling books.

After his morning's work, Winston goes to the cafeteria. It is full, very noisy and smells of cheap food and the gin that is sold from a hole in the wall.

"Ah, I was looking for you," says a voice behind Winston.

It is Syme, his friend from the Dictionary Department. Perhaps "friend" is not exactly the right word. You do not have friends these days, you have comrades. But some comrades are more interesting than others. Syme is working on the eleventh edition of the Newspeak Dictionary. He is a small man, even smaller than Winston, with dark hair and large eyes. These eyes are sad but they seem to laugh at you and to search your face closely when he talks to you.

"Do you have any razor blades?" asks Syme.

"None," says Winston quickly, perhaps too quickly. "I've looked for them everywhere." Everyone is asking for razor blades.

There have been none in the Party shops for months. There is always something which the Party can not make enough of. Sometimes it is buttons, sometimes it is wool; now it is razor blades. "I've been using the same blade for six weeks," he lies. He actually has two new ones at home.

The people waiting for food and gin move forward, slowly. Winston and Syme take dirty plates from the pile.

"Did you go to the park yesterday?" asks Syme. "All the Eurasian prisoners were hanged."

"I was working," says Winston. "I'll see it at the cinema."

"That's not as good," says Syme. His eyes look hard at Winston's face. "I know you," they seem to say. "I know why you didn't go to see the prisoners die."

Syme is an enthusiastic supporter of the Party's decisions about war, prisoners, thoughtcrime, the deaths in the underground rooms below the Ministry of Love. Winston always tries to move conversation with him away from all that. Syme knows a lot about Newspeak and when he talks about language he is interesting.

"The prisoners kicked when they were hanged," says Syme. "I always like that. It spoils it when their legs are tied together. And one of them had his tongue hanging right out of his mouth. It was quite a bright blue. I like that kind of detail."

"Next, please," calls the prole who is giving out the food, and Winston and Syme give her their plates. She puts some gray meat on each one. There is also some bread, a small piece of cheese and a cup of black coffee with no sugar.

"There's a table there, under that telescreen," says Syme. "Let's get a gin and sit there."

The gin is poured for them into big cups and they walk through the crowded cafeteria to a metal table. There are some pieces of meat on the table from the last person's meal.

They eat in silence. Winston drinks his gin quickly, which brings tears to his eyes.

"How's the Dictionary?" he says, speaking loudly because of the noise.

"I'm on the adjectives," says Syme. "It's wonderful work." His eyes shine with enthusiasm. He pushes his plate away, takes his bread in one hand and his cheese in the other, and puts his mouth near Winston's ear so he does not have to shout.

"The eleventh edition is the final one," he says. "We're building a new language. When we've finished, people like you will have to learn to speak again. You think the main job is inventing new words, don't you? Wrong! We're destroying words - lots of them, hundreds of them, every day. We're only leaving the really necessary ones, and they'll stay in use for a long time."



He eats his bread hungrily. His thin, dark face comes alive and his eyes are shining like the eyes of a man in love. "It's a beautiful thing to destroy words," he says. "For example, a word like 'good'. If you have 'good' in the language, you don't need 'bad'. You can say 'ungood'."

Winston smiles. It is safer not to say anything.

Syme continues. "Do you understand? The aim of Newspeak is to simplify the way you think. In the end we will make thoughtcrime impossible, because people won't have the words to think the crime. By the year 2050 there will be nobody alive who could even understand this conversation."

"Except . . ." Winston begins and then stops. He wants to say, "Except the proles," But he is not sure if the Party will accept the thought.

Syme guesses what he is going to say. "The proles are not really people," he says. "By 2050 - earlier, probably - you won't need a slogan like 'freedom is slavery'."

The word 'freedom' won't exist, so the whole idea of freedom won't exist either. The good Party member won't have ideas. If You're a good Party member, you won't need to think."

One of these days, thinks Winston, Syme will be vaporized. He is too intelligent. He sees too clearly and speaks too openly. He goes to the Chestnut Tree Cafe, where the painters and musicians go and where Goldstein himself used to go. The Party does not like people like that. One day he will disappear. It is written in his face.

Syme looks up. "Here comes Parsons," he says. You can hear his opinion of Parsons in his voice. He thinks Parsons is a fool.

Winston's neighbor from Victory Mansions is coming towards them. He is a fat, middle-sized man with fair hair and an ugly face. He looks like a little boy in a man's clothes. Winston imagines him wearing not his blue Party overalls but the uniform of the Spies.

Parsons shouts "Hello, hello" happily and sits down at the table. He smells of sweat.

Syme takes a piece of paper from his pocket with a list of words on it and studies the words with an ink-pencil in his hand.

“Look at him, working in the lunch hour!” says Parsons. “What do you have there, old boy? Something too clever for me, I imagine. Smith, old boy, I’ll tell you why I’m looking for you. You didn’t give me the money.”

“What money?” says Winston, feeling for money in his pocket. About a quarter of your earnings are paid back to the Party in different ways.

“The money for Hate Week. You know I collect the money for Victory Mansions, and We’re going to have the best flags around. Two dollars you promised me.”

Winston finds two dirty dollar notes and gives them to Parsons. Parsons writes ‘Two dollars’ very carefully in small clear letters next to Winston’s name in a little notebook. It is clear that he rarely reads or writes.

"Oh, Smith, old boy," he says. "I heard that my son threw stones at you yesterday. I talked to him about it. He won't do it again, believe me."

"I think he was angry because he couldn't see the Eurasian prisoners hang," says Winston.

"Yes! Well, that shows what good children they are, doesn't it? Both of them. They only think about the Spies - and the war, of course. Do you know what my girl did last week? She was on a walk in the country with the Spies and she saw a strange man. She and two other girls followed him and then told the police about him."

"What did they do that for?" Winston asks, shocked.

"They thought he was a Eurasian spy," says Parsons. "They noticed his shoes were different," he says proudly.

Winston looks at the dirty cafeteria, looks at all the ugly people in their ugly overalls, eats the terrible food and listens to the telescreen. A voice from the Ministry of Plenty is saying that they are all going to get more chocolate - twenty grams a week. Is he the only one who remembers that last week they got thirty grams? They are getting less chocolate, not more. But Parsons will not remember. And even a clever man like Syme finds a way to believe it.

Winston comes out of his sad dream. The girl with dark hair, who he remembers from the Two Minutes Hate, is at the next table. She is looking at him, but when he looks back at her she looks away again. Winston is suddenly afraid. Why is she watching him? Is she following him? Perhaps she is not in the Thought Police, but Party members can be even more dangerous as spies.

How did he look when the telescreen voice told them about the chocolate? It is dangerous to look disbelieving. There is even a word for it in Newspeak: facecrime, it is called.

Winston eats the terrible food and listens to the telescreen.

The girl turns her back to him again. At that moment the telescreen tells them all to return to work and the three men jump to their feet.

# CHAPTER 4

## OWNLIFE

Winston sits at the table and opens his diary. He thinks of his parents. He was, he thinks, about ten or eleven years old when his mother disappeared. She was a tall, silent woman with lovely fair hair. He cannot remember his father so well. He was dark and thin and always wore dark clothes. They were both vaporized in the 1950s. His thoughts move to other women and he starts writing in the diary:

It was three years ago. It was on a dark evening, in a small street near one of the big train stations. She had a young face with a lot of makeup. I liked the makeup. I liked her white face and the bright red lips. No woman in the Party wore makeup. There was nobody else in the street and no telescreens. She said two dollars. I...

It is too difficult to continue. Winston wants to hit his head against the wall, to kick the table over and throw the diary through the window - anything to stop the memory of that night.

It is, of course, illegal to pay a woman for sex. But the punishment is about five years in a work camp, not death. The Party knows it happens. Some prole women sell themselves for a bottle of gin and the Party doesn't worry much about that. The Party wants to stop love and pleasure in sex, not sex itself. A request to marry will be refused if a man and a woman find each other attractive. Sex, to the Party, is only necessary to make children.

He thinks of Katherine, his wife. Winston used to be married. He probably still is married; if his wife is dead, nobody told him. They lived together for about fifteen months, nine, ten, eleven years ago. Katherine was a tall, blond-haired girl who moved well. She had an interesting face, until you found out that there was almost nothing behind it. She believed everything the Party said. She had sex only because it was her duty to try and have children. When no children came, they agreed to separate.



Every two or three years since then, Winston found a prole woman who agreed to have sex for money. But he wanted his own woman. He finished the story in his diary:

When I saw her in the light she was quite an old woman. She had no teeth at all. But I had sex with her.”

He writes it down at last, but it does not help. He still wants to shout and scream.

Winston puts the pen down and remembers. He walked several kilometers that night. It was the second time in three weeks that he missed an evening at the Party Members' Club. This was not a good idea; your attendance at the Club was carefully monitored. A Party member has no free time and is never alone except in bed. It is dangerous to do anything alone, even go for a walk. There is a word for it in Newspeak: ownlife, it is called, meaning separation from everybody else.

He was walking in a prole area near a building that was, in the past, an important train station. The houses were small and dirty and reminded him of ratholes.

There were hundreds of people in the streets: pretty young girls, young men chasing the girls, fat old women (who were pretty young girls themselves ten years earlier). Dirty children with no shoes ran through the mud.

The people looked at him strangely. The blue overalls of the Party were an unusual sight in a street like this. It was not safe to be seen in places like this, unless you had a definite reason to be there. The Thought Police would stop you if they saw you.

Suddenly everybody was shouting and screaming and running back into their rathole houses. A man in a black suit ran past Winston and pointed at the sky. "Bomb," he shouted. "Up there! Bomb!"

Winston threw himself to the ground. The proles were usually right when they warned you that a bomb was falling. When he stood up, he was covered with bits of glass from broken windows. He continued walking. The bomb destroyed a group of houses two hundred meters up the street and in front of him he saw a human hand, cut off at the wrist.

He kicked it to the side of the road and turned right, away from the crowd. He was in a narrow street with a few dark little shops among the houses. He seemed to know the place. Of course! He was standing outside the shop where he bought the diary. He was afraid, suddenly. He was out of his mind to buy the diary, and he promised himself he would never come near this place again.

But he noticed that the shop was still open, although it was nearly twenty-one hours. He would be safer inside than standing there doing nothing outside, so he went in. If anyone asked, he could say he was trying to buy a razor blade.

The owner just lit a hanging oil lamp which smelled dirty but friendly. He was a small, gentle-looking man of about sixty with a long nose and heavy glasses. His hair was almost white but the rest of his face looked surprisingly young. He looked like a writer, or perhaps a musician. His voice was soft and he didn't speak like a prole.

"I recognized you when you were outside," he said immediately. "You're the gentleman who bought the diary. There's beautiful paper in that diary. No paper like that has been made for - oh, I'd say fifty years."

He looked at Winston over the top of his glasses. "Is there anything special I can do for you? Or did you just want to look around?"

"I was . . . er . . . passing," said Winston. "And I just came in. I don't want to buy anything."

"Well, that's all right," said the shop owner, "because I don't have much to sell you." He looked around the shop sadly. "Don't tell anyone I told you this, but It's difficult to get old things these days. And when you can get them nobody wants them."

The old man's shop was full of things, but they were all cheap and dirty and useless. "There's another room upstairs that you could look at," he said. Winston followed the man upstairs. The room was a bedroom with furniture in it. There was a bed under the window, taking nearly a quarter of the room.

"We lived here for thirty years until my wife died," said the old man sadly. "I'm selling the furniture, slowly. That's a beautiful bed, but perhaps it would be too big for you?"

Winston thought he could probably rent the room for a few dollars a week, if he dared to. It would be so peaceful to live as people used to live in the past, with no voice talking to you, nobody watching you... "There's no telescreen," he said.

"Ah!" said the old man. "I never had one. Too expensive."

There was a picture on the wall. It showed a London church that used to be famous, in the days when churches were famous and people still went to them. Winston did not buy the picture, but he stayed in the room talking to the old man whose name, he discovered, was Charrington.

Even when he left he was still thinking about renting the room. But then, as he stepped into the street, his heart turned to ice.

A woman in blue overalls was walking towards him, no more than ten meters away. It was the girl with dark hair, the one in the Young People's League. The girl must be following him. Even if she was not in the Thought Police, she must be a spy.

The Thought Police would come for him one night. They always came at night and they always caught you. And before they killed you, before you asked them on your knees to forgive you for your thoughtcrime, there would be a lot of pain.



# CONTRIBUA

Com a sua ajuda, eu vou poder me dedicar a mais trabalhos assim, para melhor te ajudar a aprender inglês de forma divertida e eficaz. Agradeço muito a sua contribuição.

**DOAR**

**CRÉDITO, DÉBITO,  
BOLETO, DEPÓSITO**



# PART 2



**ACTS AGAINST THE PARTY**



# CHAPTER 5

## A POLITICAL ACT

Four days later he sees the girl with dark hair again. He is walking to the toilets at the Ministry of Truth and she is coming towards him. She must have hurt her hand. It is in a plaster cast. She has probably hurt it fixing one of the story-writing machines - it is a common accident in that department.

The girl is about four meters away when she falls forward. As she falls, she hits her hand again and cries out in pain. Winston stops. The girl gets to her knees. Her face has turned a sick yellow color, making her lips look very red. She looks at him and her face seems to show more fear than pain. Winston feels a strange mix of emotions. In front of him is an enemy who is trying to kill him: in front of him, also, is a human being, in pain and perhaps with a broken bone.

Already he starts to help her. He feels that her pain is in some strange way his own. "You're hurt?" he says.

"It's nothing. My arm. It'll be alright in a second." He helps her up. "It's nothing," she repeats. "Thanks, Comrade."

She walks away quickly. Winston is standing in front of a telescreen, so he does not show any surprise on his face, although it is difficult not to. As he helped her up, she put something in his hand.

It is a piece of paper. He opens it carefully in his hand in the toilet, but he does not try to read it. You can be certain the telescreens are watching in the toilets. Back in his office, he puts the piece of paper down on his desk among the other papers. A few minutes later he pulls it towards him, with the next job he has to do. On it, in large letters, is written:

I love you

For the rest of the morning it is very difficult to work. At lunchtime in the cafeteria the fool Parsons, still smelling of sweat, does not stop talking to him about all the work he is doing for Hate Week.

He sees the girl at the other end of the cafeteria, at a table with two other girls, but she does not look in his direction. In the afternoon he looks at the words "I love you" again and life seems better. He believes her. He does not think she is in the Thought Police, not now. He wants to see her again. How? How can he arrange a meeting?

It is a week before he sees her again, in the cafeteria. He sits at her table and at that moment he sees Ampleforth, the dreamy man with hairy ears who re-writes poems. Ampleforth is walking around with his lunch, looking for a place to sit down. He will certainly sit with Winston if he sees him. Winston has about a minute to arrange something with the girl. He starts to eat the watery soup they were given for lunch.

“What time do you leave work?” he asks the girl.

“Eighteen-thirty”

“Where can we meet?”

“Victory Square, near the picture of Big Brother.”

“It’s full of telescreens.”

“It doesn’t matter if there’s a crowd. But don’t come near me until you see me with a lot of people around me. And don’t look at me. Just follow me.”

“What time?”

“Nineteen hours.”

“All right.”

Ampleforth does not see Winston and sits down at another table. Winston and the girl do not speak again and they do not look at each other.

The girl finishes her lunch quickly and leaves, while Winston stays to smoke a cigarette.

He arrives at Victory Square early. Big Brother's picture looks up at the skies where he has destroyed the Eurasian airplanes (or Eastasian airplanes – it was a few years ago) in the Great Air War.

Five minutes after the time they arranged, Winston sees the girl near Big Brother's picture, but it is not safe to move closer to her yet; there are not enough people around. But suddenly some Eurasian prisoners appear and everyone starts running across the park. Winston runs too, next to the girl, lost in the crowd.

"Can you hear me?" she says.

"Yes."

"Are you working this Sunday afternoon?"

"No."

"Then listen carefully. Go ..."

Like a general in the army she tells him exactly where to go. A half-hour train journey; turn left outside the station; two kilometers along the road; a gate; a path across a field. She seems to have a map inside her head.

"Can you remember all that?" she says, finally.

"Yes. What time?"

"About fifteen hours. You may have to wait. I'll get there by another way."

She moves away from him. But at the last moment, while the crowd is still around them, her hand touches his - though they do not dare look at each other.

• • • • •

Winston opens the gate and walks along the path across the field. The air is soft and the birds sing.

You are not safer in the country than in London. There are no telescreens of course, but there are microphones and the Thought Police often wait at train stations. But the girl is clearly experienced, which makes him feel braver.

He has no watch but it cannot be fifteen hours yet, so he starts to pick flowers. A hand touches his shoulder lightly. He looks up. It is the girl, shaking her head as a warning to stay silent. She walks ahead of him and it is clear to Winston that she has been this way before. He follows, carrying his flowers, feeling that he is not good enough for her.

They are in an open space of grass between tall trees when the girl stops and turns. "Here we are," she says. He stands quite close to her but does not dare move nearer. "I didn't want to say anything on the path because there might be microphones there. But we're alright here."

He still does not have enough courage to go near her. "We're all right here?" he repeated stupidly.

“Yes, look at the trees.” They were small and thin. “There’s nothing big enough to hide a microphone in. And I’ve been here before.”

He manages to move closer to her now. She stands in front of him with a smile on her face. His flowers have fallen to the ground. He takes her hand.

“Until now I didn’t even know what color your eyes were,” he says. They are brown, light brown. “And now that you’ve seen what I’m really like, can you even look at me?”

“Yes, easily.”

“I’m thirty-nine years old. I’ve got a wife that I can’t get rid of. I’ve got a bad knee. I’ve got five false teeth.”

“I don’t care,” says the girl.

The next moment she is in his arms on the grass. But the truth is that although he feels proud, he also feels disbelief. He has no physical desire; it is too soon. Her beauty frightens him. Perhaps he is just used to living without women...



The girl sits up and pulls a flower out of her hair. "Don't worry, dear. There's no hurry. Isn't this a wonderful place? I found it when I got lost once on a walk in the country with the Young People's League. If anyone was coming, you could hear them a hundred meters away."

"What's your name?" asks Winston.

"Julia. I know yours. It's Winston - Winston Smith. Tell me, dear, what did you think of me before I gave you the note?"

He does not even think of lying to her. It is like an offer of love to tell her the truth. "I hated the sight of you," he says. "If you really want to know, I thought you were in the Thought Police."

The girl laughs, clearly pleased that she was able to hide her true feelings so well. She pulls out some chocolate from the pocket of her overalls, breaks it in half and gives one of the pieces to Winston. It is very good chocolate.

"Where did you get it?" he asks.

“Oh, there are places,” she says. “It’s easier if you seem to be a good Party member like me. I’m good at games. I was a Group Leader in the Spies. I work three evenings a week for the Young People’s League. I spend hours and hours putting up posters all over London. I do anything they want and I always look happy about it. It’s the only way to be safe.”

The taste of the excellent chocolate is still in Winston’s mouth. “You are very young,” he says. “You’re ten or fifteen years younger than I am. What did you find attractive in a man like me?”

“It was something in your face. I thought I’d take a chance. I’m good at finding people who don’t belong. When I first saw you I knew you were against them!” When Julia said them she meant the Party, especially the Inner Party. She spoke about them with real hate, using bad words. Winston did not dislike that. It was part of her personal war against the Party.

He kisses her softly and takes her hands in his. “Have you done this before?”

"Of course. Hundreds of times - well, a lot of times."

"With Party members?"

"Yes."

"With members of the Inner Party?"

"Not with those pigs, no. But there are plenty that would if they got the chance. They're not as pure as they pretend to be."

His heart beats very fast. He hopes that the Party is weakened by a lie. "Listen. The more men you've had, the more I love you. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, perfectly."

"You like doing this? I don't mean just me. I mean the thing itself?"

"I love it."

That is what he wants to hear. The need for sex, not the love of one person, will finish the Party. He presses her down on the grass. This time there is no difficulty.

Afterwards they fall asleep and sleep for about half an hour. Their love, their sex together, has beaten the Party. It is a political act.

# CHAPTER 6

## THEY CAN'T GET INSIDE YOU

Winston looks around the little room above Mr Charrington's shop. As he thought, Mr. Charrington was happy to rent it to him. He does not even mind that Winston wants the room to meet his lover. Everyone, he said, wanted a place where they could be alone and private occasionally.

They took the room because during the month of May they made love only one more time. ("It's safe to meet anywhere twice," Julia said). Then they had to see each other in the street, in a different place every evening and never for more than half an hour at a time. The idea of having their own hiding place, indoors and near home, was exciting for both of them.

They are fools, Winston thinks again. It is impossible to come here for more than a few weeks without being caught. But he needs her and he feels he deserves her.

Julia is twenty-six years old. She lives in a Party building with thirty other girls ("Always the smell of women! I hate women!" she says) and she works, as he guessed, on the story-writing machines. She enjoys her job, looking after a powerful electric motor. She is "not clever" and "does not enjoy reading very much" but she likes machinery. Life, as she sees it, is quite simple. You want a good time, they (meaning the Party) want to stop you having it, so you break the rules as well as you can.

At that moment he hears her on the stairs outside and then she runs into the room. She is carrying a bag. She goes down on her knees, takes packets of food from the bag and puts them on the floor. She has real sugar, real bread, real jam. All the good food that nobody has seen for years. And then...

"This is the one I'm really proud of. I had to put paper around it because..."

But she does not have to tell him why she put paper around it. The smell is already filling the room. "It's coffee," he says softly. "Real coffee."

"It's Inner Party coffee. There's a whole kilo here," she says.

"How did you get it?"

"There's nothing those Inner Party pigs don't have. But of course waiters and servants steal things, and - look, I got a little packet of tea as well."

Winston opens the packet. "It's real tea, not fruit leaves." "Yes," she says. "But listen, dear. I want you to turn your back to me for three minutes. Go and sit on the other side of the bed. And don't turn around until I tell you."

Winston looks out of the window. He listens to a woman singing outside with deep feeling. Winston thinks he will be quite happy if that June evening never ends. He has never heard a member of the Party sing like that.

“You can turn around now” says Julia.

He turns around and for a second almost does not recognize her. He thinks she has taken her clothes off. But the change in her is more surprising than that. She has painted her face.

He thinks the make-up must be from a shop in the prole area. Her lips are red, her face is smooth; there is even something under her eyes to make them brighter. It is not well done, but Winston does not know that. He has never before seen a woman in the Party with make-up on. Julia looks prettier and much more like a woman. He takes her in his arms.

“Do you know what I’m going to do next?” she says. “I’m going to get a real woman’s dress from somewhere and wear it instead of these horrible overalls. In this room I’m going to be a woman, not a Party comrade.”

After they make love they fall asleep, and when Winston wakes up the hands on the clock show nearly nine - twenty-one hours. He does not move because Julia is sleeping with her head on his arm. Most of her make-up is on the pillow or on him.



They have never talked about marriage; it is impossible, even if Katherine dies. Winston told Julia about Katherine. She was “goodthinkful” (benepensante), in Newspeak, unable to think a bad thought. She did not like sex. It was just . . .

“Our duty to the Party.” Julia said it for him. Just to have children. Children who would one day spy on their parents and tell the Party if they said or did anything wrong. In this way the family had become part of the Thought Police. Katherine did not tell the Thought Police about Winston only because she was too stupid to understand his opinions.

Winston thought about killing Katherine and once nearly did. But now he and Julia are dead. When you disobey the Party you are dead. Julia wakes up and puts her hands over her eyes. “We are the dead,” Winston says.

“We’re not dead yet,” says Julia, pressing her body against his. “We may be together for another six months – a year. When they find us there will be nothing either of us can do for the other. We will tell them everything,” she says. “Everybody always does. They make you feel so much pain.”

“Even if we tell them everything, that’s not a betrayal. The betrayal would only be if they made me stop loving you.”

She thinks about that. “They can’t do that,” she says finally. “It’s the one thing they can’t do. They can make you say anything - anything - but they can’t make you believe it. They can’t get inside you.”

“No,” he says, a little more hopefully. “No, that’s quite true. They can’t get inside you.”

“I’ll get up and make some coffee,” she says. “We’ve got an hour.”

“What time do they turn the lights off at your flats?”

“Twenty-three thirty.”

“It’s twenty-three hours at the Party building. But you have to get in earlier than that because...”

She suddenly reaches down from the bed to the floor, picks up a shoe and throws it hard into the corner of the room.

“What was it?” he says in surprise.

“A rat. I saw his horrible little nose. There’s a hole down there. I frightened him, I think.”

“Rats!” says Winston quietly. “In this room!”

“They’re everywhere,” says Julia, without much interest, as she lays down again. “We’ve even got them in the kitchen at the Party building. Did you know they attack children? In some parts of London a woman can’t leave a baby alone for two minutes. The big brown ones are the worst. They...”

“Stop! Stop!” says Winston, his eyes tightly closed.

“Dearest! You’ve gone quite pale. What’s the matter?”

“They are the most horrible things in the world - rats!”

She puts her arms around him but he does not re-open his eyes immediately.

"I'm sorry," he says. "It's nothing. I don't like rats, that's all."

"Don't worry, dear. We won't have the dirty animals in here. I'll put something over the hole before we go."

Julia gets out of bed, puts on her overalls and makes the coffee. The smell is so powerful and exciting that they shut the window, worried that somebody outside will notice it and ask questions. And they can taste the real sugar in the coffee - it is even better than the taste of the coffee itself.

Julia walks round the room with one hand in her pocket and a piece of bread and jam in the other. She looks at the books without interest. She tells Winston the best way to repair the table. She sits down in the old armchair to see if it is comfortable. She smiles at the old twelve-hour clock.

"How old is that picture over there, do you think?" she asks. "A hundred years old?"

“More. Two hundred. But It’s impossible to discover the age of anything these days.”

She looks at it. “What is this place?”

“It’s a church. Well, that’s what it used to be.”  
When Winston gets out of bed it is dark. The room is a world, a past world, and they are the last two people from it who are still living.

# CHAPTER 7

## OUR LEADER, EMMANUEL GOLDSTEIN

They vaporized Syme. One morning he was not at work; a few careless people talked about his absence. On the next day nobody talked about him. His name disappeared from lists and newspapers. He did not exist. He had never existed.

Parsons is helping to organize Hate Week. He is completely happy, running around painting posters, singing the new Hate Song, smelling even more strongly of sweat in the hot weather.

Daily life no longer causes Winston pain: He has stopped drinking gin at all hours and his knee feels better. He does not want to shout angry words at the telescreen all the time.

He meets Julia four, five, six - seven times during the month of June. It is so hot at the end of the month that they lay on the bed in the room over Mr Charrington's shop without clothes on. The rat has never come back.

Sometimes they talk about a more open war against the Party, but they do not know how to begin. Winston tells her about the strange understanding that seems to exist between himself and O'Brien. He sometimes feels like going to see him, telling him he is the enemy of the Party, demanding O'Brien's help. Strangely, Julia does not think this is a wild idea. She judges people by their faces and it seems natural to her that the look in O'Brien's eyes makes Winston believe in him. Also, she thinks that everybody secretly hates the Party, although she does not believe in Goldstein and the Brotherhood; she thinks the Party has invented them.

And then at last it happens. All his life, it seems to him, he has been waiting for this: there is a message from O'Brien.

• • • • •

Winston was outside his office at the Ministry when he heard a small cough behind him and turned. It was O'Brien.

"I was reading your Newspeak article the other day. You know a lot about Newspeak, I believe."

"Oh, not really. I've never invented any of the words..."

"But you write it very well," said O'Brien.  
"That is not only my own opinion. I was talking recently to a friend of yours who knows a lot about Newspeak. I can't remember his name at the moment."

Winston's heart jumped. This could only mean Syme. But Syme was not only dead, he was vaporized, an unperson. It was dangerous to talk about an unperson; they could kill you for it. O'Brien was sharing a thoughtcrime with him.

"In your Newspeak article you used two words which we have recently taken out of the language," said O'Brien. "Have you seen the new tenth edition?"



“No,” said Winston. “We still have the ninth in the office.”

“The tenth will not be sent to offices for some months, but I have one. Would you like to see it, perhaps?”

“Yes, very much,” said Winston, who could see where this was leading.

“You will be interested, I’m sure. You will like the smaller number of verbs. Shall I send someone to you with the Dictionary? But I always forget that kind of thing. Perhaps you could collect it from my flat at a convenient time? Wait. Let me give you my address.”

They were standing in front of a telescreen which could see what he was writing. He wrote an address in a notebook, pulled out the page and gave it to Winston.

“I am usually at home in the evenings,” he said. “If not, my servant will give you the Dictionary.”

And then he was gone.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •  
They have done it, they have done it at last!  
The room is long, there is a thick carpet and a soft light; the sound from the telescreen is low. At the far end of the room O'Brien is sitting under a lamp with papers on either side of him. He does not look up when the servant shows Winston and Julia in.

Winston's heart is beating fast. It is dangerous to arrive with Julia, although they met only outside O'Brien's flat. And although O'Brien invited him, he is still afraid of the guards with black uniforms in this enormous building with its strange smells of good food and tobacco. But the guards did not order him out.

O'Brien continues to work and does not look pleased at the visit. It seems quite possible to Winston that he just made a stupid mistake. He cannot even pretend that he came only to borrow the Dictionary - if he did, why is Julia here?

O'Brien gets up slowly from his chair and comes towards them across the thick carpet. He presses a switch on the wall and the voice from the telescreen stops.

Julia gives a small cry of surprise and without thinking Winston says, "You can turn it off!"

"Yes," says O'Brien. "We can turn it off. We in the Inner Party are allowed to do that."

Nobody speaks. Without the voice from the telescreen the room is completely silent. Then O'Brien smiles.

"Do you want me to say it or do you?" he says.

"I will say it," says Winston immediately. "That thing is really turned off?"

"Yes. We are alone."

Winston pauses. He does not know exactly what he expects from O'Brien. Then he continues, "We believe that there is a secret organization working against the Party and that you are part of it. We want to join it and work for it. We are enemies of the Party. We are lovers, and we are thoughtcriminals. And now we are in your power."

O'Brien takes a bottle and fills three glasses with dark red liquid. It reminds Winston of something he saw a long time ago. Julia picks up her glass and smells the liquid with great interest.

"It is called wine," says O'Brien with a small smile. "Not much of it gets to ordinary Party members, I'm afraid." His face becomes serious again, and he lifts his glass: "To our Leader," he says. "To Emmanuel Goldstein."

Winston lifts his glass, his eyes are open wide. Wine is a thing he has read and dreamed about. For some reason he always thought it tasted sweet. But it tastes of nothing. The truth is that after years of drinking gin he can taste almost nothing.

"So Goldstein is a real person?" he says.

"Yes he is, and he is alive. Where, I do not know."

"And the Brotherhood is real, too? It was not invented by the Thought Police?"

"No, it is real. But you will never learn much more about the Brotherhood than that." He looks at his watch. "It is unwise even for me to turn the telescreen off for more than half an hour. It was a mistake for both of you to arrive here together, and you, Comrade," he looks at Julia, "will have to leave first. We have about twenty minutes. Now, what are you prepared to do?"

"Anything that we can," says Winston.

O'Brien has turned himself a little in his chair so that he is looking at Winston. He seems to think that Winston can answer for Julia.

"You are willing to give your lives?"

"Yes."

"You are willing to murder another person?"

"Yes."

"You are willing to cause the death of hundreds of innocent people?"

"Yes."

"If, for example, it would help us to blind a child and destroy its face - would you do that?"

"Yes."

"Are you willing to kill yourselves, if we order you to do so?"

"Yes."

"You are willing, the two of you, to separate and never see each other again?"

"No!" shouts Julia.

It seems to Winston that a long time passes before he answers. "No," he says finally.

"You did well to tell me," says O'Brien. "It is necessary for us to know everything."

O'Brien starts walking up and down, one hand in the pocket of his black overalls, the other holding a cigarette.

"You understand," he says, "that secrets will always be kept from you. You will receive orders and you will obey them without knowing why. Later I shall send you a book by Emmanuel Goldstein.

When you have read the book you will be full members of the Brotherhood. When you are finally caught you will get no help. Sometimes we are able to get a razor blade into the prison to silence someone, but you are more likely to tell them all you know - although you will not know very much. We are the dead. We are fighting for a better life for people in the future." He stops and looks at his watch. "It is almost time for you to leave, Comrade," he says to Julia. "Wait. There is still some wine." He fills the glasses and holds up his own glass. "What shall we drink to? To the death of Big Brother? To the future?"

"To the past," says Winston.

"Yes, the past is more important," says O'Brien seriously.

They finish the wine and a moment later Julia stands up to go. When she has left, Winston stands up and he and O'Brien shake hands. At the door he looks back, but O'Brien is already at his desk, doing his important work for the Party.

# CHAPTER 8

## DOUBLETHINK

On the sixth day of Hate Week, just before two thousand Eurasian prisoners were hanged in the park, the people of Oceania were told that they were not at war with Eurasia now. They were at war with Eastasia and Eurasia was a friend. You could hear it on the telescreens – Oceania was at war with Eastasia: Oceania had always been at war with Eastasia.

Winston has worked more than ninety hours in the last five days of Hate Week. Now he has finished and he has nothing to do, no Party work until tomorrow morning. Slowly, in the afternoon sunshine, he walks up a narrow street to Mr. Charrington's shop, watching for the Thought Police, but sure - although he has no reason to be sure - that he is safe. In his case, heavy against his legs, he carries the book, Goldstein's book. He has had it for six days but has not looked at it yet.



Tired but not sleepy, he climbs the stairs above Mr. Charrington's shop. He opens the window and puts the water on for coffee. Julia will be here soon. He takes Goldstein's book out of his case and opens it. Then he hears Julia coming up the stairs and jumps out of his chair to meet her. She puts her brown tool bag on the floor and throws herself into his arms. It has been more than a week since they saw each other.

"I've got the book", he says.

"Oh, you've got it? Good," she says without much interest, and almost immediately bends down to make the coffee.

They do not talk about the book again until they have been in bed for half an hour. It is evening and just cool enough to have a blanket over them. Julia is falling asleep by his side. Winston picks the book up from the floor and sits up in bed.

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

"You read it," she says with her eyes shut.  
"Read it to me, that's the best way. Then you can explain it to me."

The clock's hands say six, meaning eighteen. They have three or four hours ahead of them. He puts the book against his knee and begins reading:

'There have always been three kinds of people in the world, the High, the Middle and the Low. The world has changed but society always contains these three groups.'

"Julia, are you awake?" says Winston.  
"Yes, my love, I'm listening."

'The aims of the three groups are completely different. The High want to stay where they are. The Middle want to change places with the High. Sometimes the Low have no aim at all, because they are too tired from endless boring work to have an aim. If they do have one, they want to live in a new world where all people are equal.'

At the beginning of the twentieth century this equality became possible for the first time because machines did so much of the work. A dream that was held for centuries seemed to be coming true. But in the early 1930s the High group saw the danger to them of equality for all and did everything possible to stop it.

The individual suffered in ways that he had not suffered for centuries. Prisoners of war were sent into slavery or hanged. Thousands were sent to prison although they had broken no law. The populations of whole countries were forced to leave their homes. And all this was defended and even supported by people who said they believed in progress.

The people who entered the new High group were from the professions: scientists, teachers, journalists. They used newspapers, radio, film and television to control people's thoughts. When a television that could both send and receive information was invented, private life came to an end. Every individual, or at least every important individual, could be watched twenty-four hours a day.

For the first time it was possible to force people to obey the Party and to share the Party's opinion on all subjects.

After the 1950s and 1960s the danger of equality had been ended and society had regrouped itself, as always, into High, Middle and Low. But the new High group, for the first time, knew how to stay in that position forever.

First, in the middle years of the twentieth century, the Party made sure that it owned all the property – all the factories, land, houses, everything except really small pieces of personal property. This meant that a few people (the Inner Party) owned almost everything and the Middle and Low groups owned nearly nothing. There was therefore no hope of moving up in society by becoming richer and owning more.

But the problem of staying in power is more complicated than that. In the past, High groups have fallen from power either because they have lost control of the Middle or Low groups or because they have become too weak, or because they have been attacked and beaten by an army from outside.

After the middle of the century there was really no more danger from the Middle or Low groups.

The Party had made itself stronger by killing all of its first leaders (people like Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford). By 1970 Big Brother was the only leader and Emmanuel Goldstein was in hiding somewhere.

The Party then kept itself strong. The child of Inner Party parents is not born into the Inner Party; there is an examination, taken at the age of sixteen. Weak Inner Party members are moved down and clever Outer Party members are allowed to move up. Although proles do not usually move up into the Party, the Party always stops itself from becoming stupid or weak.

The Party has also made attack from the outside impossible. There are now only three great countries in the world. They are always at war but none of them can win or even wishes to win these wars.

Following the idea of “doublethink” the mind of the Party, which controls us all, both knows and does not know the aim of these wars. The aim is to use everything that a country produces without making its people richer.

If people became richer, there would be an end to the world of the High, the Middle and the Low. The Low and the Middle would not wish to stay in their places and would not need to.

The Middle and Low are kept in their places by their belief in the wars that none of the three countries can win. So the Party has to end independent thought and make people believe everything they are told. The Party must know what every person is thinking, so they never want to end the war. War continues, always and forever.

People are given somewhere to live, something to wear and something to eat. That is all they need and they must never want more. They are given work, but only the Thought Police do their work really well.

All good things in the world of Oceania today, all knowledge, all happiness, come from Big Brother. Nobody has ever seen Big Brother. He is a face on posters, a voice on the telescreen. We can be sure that he will never die. Big Brother is the way the Party shows itself to the people.

Below Big Brother comes the Inner Party, which is now six million people, less than 2% of the population of Oceania. Below the Inner Party comes the Outer Party. The Inner Party is like the mind of the Party and the Outer Party is like its hands. Below that come the millions of people we call "the proles", about 85% of the population.

A Party member lives under the eye of the Thought Police from birth to death. Even when he is alone he can never be sure he is alone. He will never make a free choice in his life.

But there is no law and there are no rules. They are not necessary. Most people know what they must do - in Newspeak they are "goodthinkers".

And since Party members were children they have been trained in three more Newspeak words: "crimestop", "blackwhite" and "doublethink".

Even young children are taught "crimestop". It means stopping before you think a wrong thought. When you are trained in "crimestop" you cannot think a thought against the Party. You think only what the Party wants you to think.

But the Party wants people to think different thoughts all the time. The important word here is "blackwhite." Like many Newspeak words, this has two meanings. Enemies say that black is white - they tell lies. But Party members say that black is white because the Party tells them to and because they believe it. They must forget that they ever had a different belief.

"Blackwhite" and "crimestop" are both part of "doublethink". "Doublethink" allows people to hold two different ideas in their minds at the same time - and to accept both of them. In this way they can live with a changing reality, including a changing past.



The past must be changed all the time because the Party can never make a mistake. That is the most important reason. It is also important that nobody can remember a time better than now and so become unhappy with the present. By using "doublethink" the Party has been able to stop history, keep power and...

"Julia?"

No answer.

"Julia, are you awake?"

No answer.

She is asleep. He shuts the book, puts it carefully on the floor, lays down and puts the blanket over both of them. The book has not told him anything he does not already know, but after reading it he knows he is not mad. He shuts his eyes. He is safe, everything is alright.

When he wakes he thinks he has slept a long time but, looking at the old clock, he sees it is only twenty-thirty. Outside he can hear singing. It is a song written in the Ministry of Truth and a prole woman is singing it.

If there is hope, thinks Winston, it is because of the proles. Even without reading the end of Goldstein's book, he knows that is his message. The future belongs to the proles; Party members are the dead.

"We are the dead," he says.

"We are the dead," agrees Julia.

"You are the dead," says a voice behind them.

They jump away from each other. Winston feels his blood go cold. Julia's face has turned a milky yellow.

"You are the dead," repeats the voice.

"It was behind the picture," breathes Julia.

"It was behind the picture," says the voice.  
"Stay exactly where you are. Do not move until we order you to."

It is starting, it is starting at last! They can do nothing except look into each other's eyes.

They do not even think of running for their lives or getting out of the house before it is too late. It is unthinkable to disobey the voice from the wall.

There is a crash of breaking glass. The picture has fallen to the floor. There is a telescreen behind it.

“Now they can see us,” says Julia.

“Now we can see you,” says the voice.  
“Stand in the middle of the room. Stand back to back. Put your hands behind your heads. Do not touch each other.”

“I suppose we should say goodbye,” says Julia.

“You should say goodbye,” says the voice. There is a crash as a ladder breaks through the window. Soldiers come in; more come crashing in through the door. Winston does not move, not even his eyes. Only one thing matters: don't give them an excuse to hit you.

One of the soldiers hits Julia hard in the stomach. She falls to the floor, fighting to breathe. Then two of them pick her up and carry her out of the room, holding her by the knees and shoulders. Winston sees her face, yellow with pain, with her eyes tightly shut as they take her away from him.

He does not move. No one has hit him yet. He wonders if they have got Mr. Charrington. He wants to go to the toilet. The clock says nine, meaning twenty-one hours, but the light seems too strong for evening. Was it really nine in the morning? Have he and Julia slept all that time?

Mr. Charrington comes into the room and Winston suddenly realizes whose voice he has heard on the telescreen.

Mr. Charrington still has his old jacket on, but his hair, which was almost white, is now black. His body is straighter and looks bigger. His face is the clear-thinking, cold face of a man of about thirty-five. Winston realizes that for the first time in his life he is looking at a member of the Thought Police.



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CRÉDITO, DÉBITO,  
BOLETO, DEPÓSITO

# PART 3



101

**INSIDE WINSTON SMITH'S HEAD**

# CHAPTER 9

## MINILUV

He does not know where he is. He thinks he is in the Ministry of Love, Miniluv, but he cannot be certain.

He is in a cell with a high ceiling and no windows. Its walls are white and made of stone. It is bright with cold light. In this place, he feels, the lights will never be turned out. One moment he feels certain that it is a bright day outside and the next moment he is equally certain that it is black night. "We shall meet in the place where there is no dark," O'Brien said to him. In the Ministry of Love there are no windows.

He thinks of O'Brien more often than Julia. He loves Julia and will not betray her, but he does not think about what is happening to her. Sometimes he thinks about what they will do to him.

He sees himself on the floor, screaming through broken teeth for them to stop hitting him. O'Brien must know he is here. O'Brien said the Brotherhood never tried to save its members. But they will send him a razor blade if they can. One cut and it will all be finished.

In his cell, there is a continuous noise from the machine that brings air in from outside. A narrow shelf goes around the wall, stopping only at the door, and at the end opposite the door there is a toilet with no seat. There are four telescreens, one in each wall.

He is hungry. It might be twenty-four hours since he has eaten, it might be thirty-six. He still does not know, probably never will, if it was morning or evening when the soldiers took him. Since then he has been given no food.

He sits on the narrow shelf without moving, with his hands crossed on his knees. He has already learned not to move too much. If you move around they shout at you from the telescreen. But he wants food so badly, especially a piece of bread.



He thinks perhaps there is a small piece in the pocket of his overalls. His need for the bread grows stronger than the fear; he puts a hand in his pocket.

“Smith!” shouts a voice from the telescreen.  
“6079 Smith W.! Hands out of pockets in the cells!”

He crosses his hands on his knee again. There is a sound of marching boots outside. A young officer, wearing a black uniform, with an emotionless face, steps into the cell. He waves to the guards behind him and they bring in a man who they are holding by the arms. It is Ampleforth, the man who re-writes poems for the Party. The cell door closes behind him.

Ampleforth walks up and down the cell. He has not yet noticed Winston. He is dirty, wears no shoes and has not shaved for several days. The hairy half-beard gives him a criminal look that is strange, with his large weak body and nervous movements.

Winston thinks quickly. He must speak to Ampleforth even if they shout at him through the telescreen. It is possible that Ampleforth has the razor blade for him. "Ampleforth," he says.

There is no shout from the telescreen. Ampleforth stops walking up and down. He seems surprised. It takes him a moment to recognize Winston.

"Ah, Smith!" he says. "You too!"

"What are you in for?"

Ampleforth puts a hand to his head, trying to remember. "There is something..." he says. "We were working on a poem and I didn't change the word 'God'. It was necessary, in the poem. There was no other word. So I left it." For a moment he looks happy, pleased with his work on the poem.

"Do you know what time of day it is?" asks Winston.

Ampleforth looks surprised. "I hadn't thought about it. They took me - it could be two days ago - perhaps three." He looks around the cell.

"There is no difference between night and day in this place. You can never know the time." They talk for a few minutes, then, for no clear reason, a voice from the telescreen tells them to be silent. Winston sits quietly, his hands crossed. Ampleforth is too large for the narrow shelf and moves from side to side. Time passes - twenty minutes, an hour. Again there is a sound of boots. Winston's stomach turns to water. Soon, very soon, perhaps now, the boots will come for him.

The door opens. The cold-faced young officer steps into the cell. He waves his arm at Ampleforth.

"Room 101," he says.

Ampleforth marches out between the guards. He looks a little worried but does not seem to understand what is happening to him.

More time passes. It seems like a long time to Winston. He has only six thoughts: the pain in his stomach; a piece of bread; the blood and the screaming; O'Brien; Julia; the razor blade.

Then his stomach turns to water again as he hears the boots outside. The door is opened and a smell of sweat comes in with the cold air. Parsons walks into the cell. "You here!" Winston cried out in surprise.

Parsons does not seem interested in Winston or surprised to see him. He looks completely without hope.

"What are you in for?" says Winston.

"Thoughtcrime" says Parsons, almost crying. "They won't shoot me, will they? I mean, they don't shoot you when you haven't done anything - just thought? And they'll know everything I've done for the Party, won't they? I'll just get five years, don't you think? Or even ten years? Someone like me could really help the Party in prison. They wouldn't shoot me for just one mistake?"

"Are you guilty?" says Winston.

"Of course I'm guilty!" says Parsons, looking at the telescreen as he speaks. "I wouldn't be here if I wasn't. Thoughtcrime is a terrible thing. Do you know how it happened? In my sleep! Yes, there I was working away for the Party - I never knew I had any bad stuff in my mind at all. And then I started talking in my sleep.

Do you know what I said? I said 'Down with Big Brother!' Do you know what I'm going to say to them? I'm going to say, 'Thank you for saving me.'"

"Who told them about you?" asks Winston.

"My little daughter," answers Parsons, sad but proud. He walks up and down a few more times, looking hard at the toilet. "Excuse me, old man," he says. "I can't help it. It's the waiting."

Parsons takes his trousers down. Winston covers his face with his hands.

"Smith!" shouts the voice from the telescreen.  
"6079 Smith W.! Uncover your face. No faces covered in the cells."

Winston uncovers his face. Parsons uses the toilet, loudly and horribly. The cell smells terrible for hours afterwards.

Parsons is taken out. More men and women are brought in and taken out again by the guards. One woman is sent to "Room 101" and seems to become smaller and change color as she hears the words.

"Comrade! Officer!" she cries. "You don't have to take me to that place! haven't I told you everything already? I'll say anything. Just write it down and I'll say it! Not Room 101."

"Room 101," says the guard.

A long time passes. Winston is alone and has been alone for hours. Sometimes he thinks of O'Brien and the razor blade, but with less and less hope. He also thinks, less clearly, of Julia. He thinks that if she is in pain and he can double his own pain to help her, he will do it.

He hears the boots again. O'Brien comes in. Winston gets to his feet. The shock makes him forget the telescreen for the first time in years.

"They've got you too!" he shouts out.

"They got me a long time ago," says O'Brien with a small smile. He steps to one side. Behind him there is a large guard with a heavy stick in his hand.

"You knew this, Winston," says O'Brien. "You have always known it."

Yes, he has always known it. But there is no time to think of that. The heavy stick in the guard's hand might hit him anywhere, on his head, ear, arm, elbow...

The elbow! He goes down on his knees. There is an explosion of yellow light. The pain is unbelievable, but the guard only hits him once. They are both looking down at him and the guard is laughing.

Well, one question is answered. You can never, for any reason on earth, wish for more pain. You only wish for one thing - that it will stop. Nothing in the world is as bad as physical pain. With pain there are no heroes, no heroes, he thinks again and again as he lays screaming on the floor, holding his useless left arm.



# CHAPTER 10

## TWO AND TWO MAKE FIVE

He is lying on a bed and he cannot move. There is a strong light in his face. The damage to his elbow was only the start of it. Five or six men in black uniforms hit him with sticks or iron bars, kicked him with their boots...

He cannot remember how many times they hit him or how long this punishment lasted. Sometimes he tells them what they want to know before they even touch him. Other times they hit him again and again before he says a word. And all this was just the start - the first stage of questioning that everyone in the cells of the Ministry of Love has to suffer.

Later the questioners are not guards but Party men in suits who ask him questions for ten to twelve hours before they let him sleep.

They make sure he is not comfortable and is in slight pain. They make a fool of him, make him cry.

Sometimes they say they will call the guards and their sticks again. Other times they call him "Comrade" and ask him in the name of Big Brother to say he is sorry.

He tells them he is responsible for every imaginable crime. He says he is an Eastasian spy. He says he murdered his wife, although they know very well she is still alive. He says he knows Goldstein...

He does not remember when the questions stopped. There is a time when everything is black and then he is in this room, lying on this bed, unable to move. O'Brien is looking down at him. His hand is on a machine.

"I told you," says O'Brien, "that if we met again it would be here."

"Yes," says Winston.

O'Brien's hand touches a lever on the machine and a wave of pain passes through Winston's body.

"That was forty," says O'Brien. "The numbers on the dial of this machine go up to a hundred. Please remember that I can make you feel a lot of pain at any time. If you lie, if you don't answer the question or even if you answer with less than your usual intelligence, you will feel pain. Do you understand that?"

"Yes," says Winston.

"Do you remember," O'Brien continues, "writing in your diary, 'Freedom is the freedom to say that two and two make four'?"

"Yes," says Winston.

O'Brien holds up his left hand, its back towards Winston, with the thumb hidden and four fingers pointing forward.

"How many fingers am I holding up, Winston?"

"Four."

"And if the Party says that it is not four but five - then how many?"

"Four."

The word ends in a shout of pain. The dial on the machine shows fifty-five. Winston cannot stop himself from crying. O'Brien touches the lever, moving it just a little, and the pain grows slightly less.

"How many fingers, Winston?"

"Four."

O'Brien moves the lever and the dial shows sixty. "How many fingers, Winston?"

"Four! Four! What else can I say? Four!"

The fingers swim in front of his eyes, unclear, but still four, four of them.

"How many fingers, Winston?"

"Four! Stop it, stop it! How can you continue? Four! Four!"

"How many fingers, Winston?"

"Five! Five! Five!"

"No, Winston. That's no use. You are lying. You still think there are four. How many fingers, please?"

“Four! Five! Four! Anything you like. Only stop it, stop the pain!”

Suddenly he is sitting up with O’Brien’s arm around his shoulders. He feels very cold and shakes uncontrollably. O’Brien holds him like a baby and he feels much better. He feels that the pain is something that comes from outside, and that O’Brien will save him from it.

“You are a slow learner, Winston,” says O’Brien gently.

“How can I help it?” cries Winston, through his tears. “How can I help seeing what is in front of my eyes? Two and two are four.”

“Sometimes, Winston. Sometimes they are five. Sometimes they are three. Sometimes they are all of them. You must try harder.”

He puts Winston back down on the bed. “Again,” he says.

The pain flames through Winston’s body. The dial is at seventy, then seventy-five. He has shut his eyes this time.

He knows that the fingers are still there, and still four. He has to stay alive until the pain is over. He does not notice whether he is crying out or not. The pain grows less again. He opens his eyes.

"How many fingers, Winston?"

"Four. I would see five if I could. I am trying to see five."

"Which do you wish: to make me believe that you see five, or really to see them?"

"Really to see them."

"Again," says O'Brien.

Perhaps the machine is at eighty - ninety. Winston can only remember now and again why the pain is happening. In front of his eyes a forest of fingers seem to be moving in a kind of dance. He is trying to count them, he cannot remember why. He knows only that it is impossible to count them and this is because four is in some strange way the same as five. He shuts his eyes again.

"How many fingers am I holding up, Winston?"

"I don't know. I don't know. You will kill me if you do that again. Four, five, six - I honestly don't know."

"Better," says O'Brien.

Winston wants to reach out his hand and touch O'Brien's arm, but he cannot move. The old feeling about him comes back. It does not matter if O'Brien is a friend or an enemy. O'Brien is a person he can talk to. Perhaps people do not want to be loved as much as understood. O'Brien has caused him unbelievable pain and soon will probably kill him. It makes no difference. They share the same experiences; there is a place where they can meet and talk. O'Brien is looking down at him with a look that suggests he feels the same thing. When he speaks, it is like talking to a friend.

"Do you know where you are, Winston?" he says.

"I don't know. I can guess. In the Ministry of Love."

"Do you know how long you have been here?"

"I don't know. Days, weeks, months - I think it is months."

"And why do you think we bring people to this place?"

"To make them tell you about their crimes."

"No, that is not the reason."

"To punish them."

"No!" shouts O'Brien. His face and voice are angry. "No! Not just to hear about your crimes. Not just to punish you. Shall I tell you why we have brought you here? To make you better. Your crimes do not interest us. Your actions do not interest us. We are interested in your thoughts. We do not destroy our enemies, we change them. We change their thoughts. Do you understand what I mean?"

"Yes," says Winston.

A man in a white coat comes into the room and puts a heavy machine behind his head. O'Brien has sat down beside the bed so he can look into Winston's eyes.



"This time it will not hurt," says O'Brien.  
"Keep looking at me." Then he turns to the man in the white coat. "Three thousand," he says.

Winston feels the machine against his head. He hears a lever pulled. Then it is like an explosion inside his head, though he is not certain if there is any noise. There is blinding light and the feeling that he has been thrown back on the bed where he already is. Something has happened inside his head. As he opens his eyes he remembers who he is, and where he is, and he recognizes the face that is looking down into his own; but something is empty inside his head. It feels like a piece has been taken out of his brain.

"Look me in the eyes," says O'Brien. He holds up the four fingers of his left hand with the thumb behind the hand. "There are five fingers there. Do you see five fingers?"

"Yes." And he does see them, just for a second. O'Brien's words fill the hole in his mind with the complete truth.

"You see now," says O'Brien, "that it is possible."

"Yes," says Winston.

O'Brien smiles. "I enjoy talking to you," he says. "Your mind is like mine, except that you are mad. Before we finish you can ask me a few questions, if you want to."

"Any question I like?"

"Anything." He sees that Winston's eyes are on the machine. "It is switched off. What is your first question?"

"What have you done with Julia?" asks Winston.

O'Brien smiles again. "She betrayed you, Winston. Immediately, completely. I have never seen anybody obey us so quickly. All her feelings against the Party have been burned out of her. She has changed herself completely."

"Did you use this machine?"

O'Brien does not answer. "Next question," he says.

"Does Big Brother exist?"

"Of course he exists. The Party exists. Big Brother is the face of the Party."

"Does he exist in the same way that I exist?"

"You do not exist," says O'Brien.

How can he not exist? But what use is it to say so? O'Brien will argue with him and win - again. "I think I exist," he says carefully. "I was born and I will die. I have arms and legs. In that sense, does Big Brother exist?"

"It is not important. But, yes, Big Brother exists."

"Will he ever die?"

"Of course not. How could he die? Next question."

"Does the Brotherhood exist?"

“That, Winston, you will never know. If we choose to free you and if you live to be ninety years old, you will never learn whether the answer to that question is Yes or No.”

Winston lays silent. His chest moves up and down as he breathes. He still has not asked the first question that came into his mind. He wants to ask it but he cannot move his tongue. O’Brien is smiling. He knows, thinks Winston suddenly, he knows what I am going to ask. As he thinks that, the words fall out of his mouth: “What is in Room 101?”

O’Brien is still smiling. “You know what is in Room 101, Winston. Everyone knows what is in Room 101.”

# CHAPTER 11

## THE LAST MAN

“There are three stages in returning you to society,” says O’Brien. “There is learning, there is understanding and there is acceptance. It is time for you to begin the second stage.”

As always, Winston is lying flat on his back. He is still tied to the bed, but these days he is not tied so tightly. The machine, too, is less frightening. He can stop them using it if he thinks quickly enough. O’Brien pulls the lever only when he says something stupid.

Winston cannot remember how long this stage has lasted - weeks possibly - or how many times he has lain down on the bed, talking to O’Brien.

“You have read the book, Goldstein’s book, or parts of it,” says O’Brien. “Did it tell you anything that you did not already know?”

"You have read it?" asks Winston.

"I wrote it. I was one of the people who wrote it. No book is written by one person, as you know."

"Is any of it true?"

"It describes our situation truthfully, yes. Its solutions make no sense at all. The proles will never attack the Party or even criticize it. Not in a thousand years or a million. They cannot. I do not have to tell you the reason: you know it already. The Party will rule for all time. Make that the starting point of your thoughts. Now, let us turn to the question of why we are ruling. What do you think?"

Winston says what he thinks O'Brien wants to hear. "You are ruling over us for our own good," he says. "You believe that people are not able to govern themselves and so..."

He screams. Pain shoots through his body. The machine shows thirty-five.

"That was stupid, Winston, stupid!" says O'Brien. "You should know better than to say a thing like that." He switches the machine off and continues. "Now I will tell you the answer to my question. The Party is only interested in power - not in the happiness of others, or money, or long life. We want power, only power, pure power. And we will never, never let it go. Now do you begin to understand me?"

Winston thinks how tired O'Brien looks. O'Brien moves forward in his chair, bringing his face close to Winston's.

"You are thinking," he says, "that my face is old and tired. You are thinking that I talk of power but I cannot stop my own body getting old. Can you not understand, Winston, that each person is only a very small part of something much bigger? And when the small part needs changing, the whole grows stronger. Do you die when you cut your hair?"

O'Brien turns away from the bed and begins to walk up and down. "You must understand that power belongs to the group, not to one person.

An individual has power only when he belongs to a group so completely that he is not an individual any more. The Party says that 'Freedom is Slavery' but the opposite is also true. Slavery is Freedom. Alone - free - a human being will die in the end. But if he can be completely part of the Party, not an individual, then he can do anything and he lives for all time. The second thing is that power means power over the human body but, above all, power over the human mind. We already control everything else."

For a moment Winston forgets about the machine. "How can you say that you control everything? You can't control the weather. You don't even control the Earth. What about Eurasia and Eastasia? You don't control them."

"Unimportant. We shall control them when we want to. And if we did not, what difference would it make? Oceania is the world. Have you forgotten doublethink?"

Winston lays back on the bed. He knows he is right. O'Brien is saying that nothing exists outside your own mind. There must be a way of showing this is wrong?



O'Brien is smiling. "The real power," he says, "is not power over things, but over men." He pauses and for a moment looks like a teacher talking to a clever schoolboy. "How does one man show that he has power over another man, Winston?"

Winston thinks. "By making him suffer," he says.

"Exactly. By making him suffer. Power means causing pain. Power lies in taking human minds to pieces and putting them together again in new shapes of your own choice. Do you begin to see, then, what kind of world we are making? It is the opposite of the stupid worlds which people used to imagine, worlds of love and pleasure. We have built a world of fear and suffering and hate. We shall destroy everything else - everything. We are destroying the love between child and parent, between man and man, and between man and woman. In the future there will be no wives and no friends. Children will be taken from their mothers when they are born. There will be no love, except the love of Big Brother.

Nobody will laugh, except at an enemy they have destroyed. There will be no art, no literature, no science. If you want a picture of the future, Winston, imagine a boot stamping on a human face - forever."

Winston cannot say anything. His heart seems frozen.

O'Brien continues: "You are beginning, I can see, to understand what that world will be like. But in the end you will do more than understand it. You will accept it, welcome it, become part of it."

Winston is still just strong enough to speak. "You can't," he says weakly.

"What do you mean, Winston?"

"If a society were built on hate, it would fall to pieces."

"No, no. You think that hating is more tiring than loving. Why should it be? And even if it was true, what difference would it make?"

Winston is helpless again, unable to argue, unable to find the words to explain the horror that he feels. "Something will beat you," he says, finally. "Life will beat you."

"We control life, Winston. And we control the way people are. People can be changed very easily, you know."

"No! I know that you will fail. There is something in all human beings that will beat you."

"And are you a human being, Winston? Are you a man?"

"Yes."

"If you are a man, Winston, you are the last man. Your kind of man is finished. Do you understand that you are alone? You are outside history, you do not exist." His voice changes as he gives Winston a hard look. "And you think you are better than us, because we hate and cause pain?"

"Yes, I think I am better."

O'Brien does not speak. Two other voices are speaking. After a moment Winston recognizes one of the voices as his own. It is the conversation he had with O'Brien on the night he joined the Brotherhood. He hears himself promising to murder another person, to cause the death of hundreds of innocent people, to make a child blind and destroy its face. O'Brien presses a switch and the voices stop.

"Get up from the bed," he says. Winston gets off the bed and stands up with difficulty.

"You are the last man," says O'Brien. "Are you really better than us? You're going to see yourself as you are. Take off your clothes."

Winston takes his dirty overalls off and sees himself in a three-sided mirror at the end of the room. He cries out at the horrible sight.

"Move closer," says O'Brien. "Look at yourself closely in the three mirrors."

Winston has stopped walking towards the mirror because he is frightened. A bent, gray-colored thing is walking towards him in the mirror. His face is completely changed. He has very little hair, his back is bent, he is terribly thin. This looks like the body of an old, dying man.

"You have thought sometimes," says O'Brien, "that my face - the face of a member of the Inner Party - looks old and tired. What do you think of your own face?" He pulls out a handful of Winston's hair. "Even your hair is coming out in handfuls. Open your mouth. Nine, ten, eleven teeth left. How many did you have when you came to us? And they are dropping out of your head. Look here!"

He takes hold of one of Winston's few front teeth between his thumb and two fingers. Pain fills Winston's face. O'Brien pulled out the loose tooth. He throws it across the cell.

"You are falling to pieces," he said. "You are dirty. Did you know you smell like a dog? What are you? Just a dirty animal. Now look into that mirror again. That is the last man."

Before he knows what he was doing, Winston has sat on a small chair near the mirror and starts to cry. "You did it!" he says, through his tears. "You made me look like this."

O'Brien puts a hand on his shoulder, almost kindly. "No, Winston. You did it yourself when you stopped obeying the Party." He pauses for a moment and then continues. "We have beaten you, Winston. We have broken you. You have seen your body. Your mind is in the same state. There is nothing that we did not make you do."

Winston stops crying. "I have not betrayed Julia," he says. O'Brien looks down at him thoughtfully. "No," he says. "No, that is true. You have not betrayed Julia."

Winston thinks again how intelligent O'Brien is. Nothing, it seems, can stop him from admiring the man. O'Brien has understood that Winston still loves Julia and that means more than betraying the details of their meetings.

"Tell me," he says. "How soon will they shoot me?"

"It might be a long time," says O'Brien. "You are a difficult case. But don't give up hope. Everyone is cured sooner or later. In the end we shall shoot you."

# CHAPTER 12

## ROOM 101

He is much better. He is getting fatter and stronger every day. The new cell is more comfortable than the others he has been in. There is a bed and a chair to sit on. There is paper and an ink-pencil. They have given him a bath and they let him wash frequently in a metal bowl. They even give him warm water to wash with. They have given him new overalls, pulled out the rest of his teeth and given him new false teeth.

Weeks have passed, perhaps months. He can count time passing by his meals; he receives, he thinks, three meals in twenty-four hours. The food is surprisingly good, with meat every third meal. Once there was even a packet of cigarettes.



His mind grows more active. He sits down on his bed, his back against the wall, and begins to re-train his mind. He belongs to them now, that is agreed. As he realizes now, he has given in, he was ready to belong to them, a long time before he made the decision. From his first moment inside the Ministry of Love - and yes, even when he and Julia stood helpless in front of the telescreen in Charrington's room - he understood that it was stupid to fight against the power of the Party.

He knew that for seven years the Thought Police had watched him, looking down on him like an insect walking along a path. They knew everything that he had said or done. They had played his voice back to him, shown him photographs. Some of them were photographs of Julia and himself. Yes, even...He could not fight against the Party now. And why should he? The Party was right.

He begins to write, with big child-like letters:

FREEDOM IS SLAVERY  
TWO AND TWO MAKE FIVE

And while he works on crimestop inside his mind, he wonders when they will shoot him. They might keep him here for years, they might let him out for a short time - as they sometimes do. But one day they will shoot him. You never knew when. Often they shoot you from behind, in the back of the head.

One day - or one night perhaps - he has a dream. He is waiting for them to shoot him. He is out in the sunshine and he calls out, "Julia! Julia! My love! Julia!"

He lays back on the bed, frightened. How many years has he added to his time in this cell by shouting out her name?

There is the noise of boots outside. O'Brien walks into the cell. Behind him are the officer with the emotionless face and the black-uniformed guards.

"You have had thoughts of betraying me," he says. "That was stupid. Tell me, Winston - and tell me the truth because I will know if you are lying - tell me, what do you really think of Big Brother?"

"I hate him."

"You hate him. Good. Then the time has come for you to take the last step. You must love Big Brother."

He pushes Winston towards the guards.

"Room 101," he says.

Winston always knows if the cells are high up or low down in the building. The air is different. This place is many meters underground, as deep down as it is possible to go.

It is bigger than most of the cells he has been in. There are two small tables in front of him. One is a meter or two away, the other is near the door. He is tied to a chair so tightly that he cannot move, not even his head. He has to look straight in front of him.

O'Brien comes in. "You asked me once," he says, "what was in Room 101. I said that you knew the answer already. Everyone knows it. In Room 101 there is the worst thing in the world."

The door opens again. A guard comes in carrying a box. There is a tube at the front of it. He puts it down on the table near the door. "The worst thing in the world," says O'Brien, "is different for each person. It may be death by fire, or by water, or fifty other deaths. Sometimes it is something quite small, that does not even kill you."

He moved to one side and Winston can now see what is on the table. It is a big metal box and through holes in the sides he can see movement. Rats.

"For you," says O'Brien, "the worst thing in the world is rats."

Winston was afraid before, but suddenly he understands what the tube is for. He feels very, very sick.

“You can’t do that!” he screams. “O’Brien! What do you want me to do?”

“Pain alone,” says O’Brien quietly, “is not always enough. The rat,” he continues, like a teacher giving a lesson, “eats meat. In the poor parts of the town a mother cannot leave her baby outside because in ten minutes there will only be bones left. Rats are also very intelligent. They know when a human being is helpless.” The rats are big and brown, they are making little high cries, fighting with each other. O’Brien moves the box until it is a meter from Winston’s face.

“You understand this box and tube? One end of the tube goes into the box and the other, wider end goes over your face. When I press this switch, a door into the tube will open and the rats will run along it towards your face. Sometimes they attack the eyes first. Sometimes they eat through the face, into the tongue.” One end of the tube is put over his face. He can see the first rat, its face, its teeth. He knows there is only one hope, one last hope.

He needs to put someone else between himself and that rat. He needs to give them someone else. And he hears himself shouting, screaming, "Do it to Julia! Do it to Julia! Not me! Julia! I don't care what you do to her. Destroy her face, leave only bones. Not me! Julia! Not me!"

He hears O'Brien touch the switch and knows he has closed the door to the tube, not opened it.

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The Chestnut Tree Cafe is almost empty. It is the lonely time of fifteen hours. Music comes from the telescreens now but Winston is listening for news of the war. Oceania is at war with Eurasia. Oceania has always been at war with Eurasia. He drinks a glass of gin, although it tastes terrible. A waiter brings him that day's Times.

His finger moves on the table. He writes in the dust:

$$2+2=5$$

“They can’t get inside you,” she said. But they could get inside you. And when they did, something inside you died.

He writes in the dust:

$$2+2=5$$

He saw her; he even spoke to her. There was no danger in it. He knew that. They take no interest in him now. They can even see each other again if either of them wants to. But they do not want to.

He met her by chance in the park on a cold day in March. She was fatter now. She walked away from him at first. When he caught her, he put his arm around her waist but did not try to kiss her. He did not want to kiss her.

They sat down on two iron chairs, not too close together. There were no telescreens here but possibly hidden microphones. It did not matter.

"I betrayed you," she said.

"I betrayed you, too," he said.

"In the end they do something so terrible that you say 'don't do it to me, do it to somebody else, do it to the person I love.' You only care about yourself."

"You only care about yourself," he had agreed.

And he had meant it. He had not just said it, he had wished it. He had wanted her at the end of the tube when they...

Something changed on the telescreen in the Chestnut Tree Cafe. The music stopped and the face of Big Brother filled the telescreen. Winston looked up at the enormous face with the mustache. Tears ran down his face and he was happy. He had won the fight with himself.

**He loved Big Brother.**



**THE END**

**PART**  
**PARTE**



**THOUGHTCRIME**  
*CRIME DE PENSAMENTO*

**BIG BROTHER  
IS WATCHING YOU**  
O GRANDE IRMÃO  
ESTÁ OBSERVANDO VOCÊ

**It is a bright, cold day in April and the clocks are ringing thirteen.**

*É um dia claro e frio de abril e os relógios estão marcando treze.*

**Winston Smith walks home quickly to Victory Mansions with his head down to escape the terrible wind.**

*Winston Smith caminha para casa rapidamente rumo a Victory Mansions com a cabeça baixa para escapar do vento terrível.*

**He does not close the door fast enough, and dust comes inside with him.**

*Ele não fecha a porta rápido o suficiente, e a poeira entra com ele.*

**The hall smells of yesterday's food.**

*O corredor cheira a comida de ontem.*

**At the end of the hall, there is a poster that covers one wall.**

*No final do corredor, há um pôster que cobre uma parede.*

**There is an enormous face on it.**

*Há um rosto enorme nele.*

**It is more than a meter across.**

*Tem mais de um metro de largura.*

**The poster shows the face of a handsome man of about forty-five years old, with a large, black mustache.**

*O pôster mostra o rosto de um homem bonito de cerca de quarenta e cinco anos, com um grande bigode preto.*

**The man's eyes seem to follow Winston as he moves.**

*Os olhos do homem parecem seguir Winston enquanto ele se move.*

**Below the face are the words BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU.**

*Abaixo do rosto estão as palavras O GRANDE IRMÃO ESTÁ OBSERVANDO VOCÊ.*

**Winston goes up the stairs.**

*Winston sobe as escadas.*

**He does not take the elevator.**

*Ele não pega o elevador.*

**It does not work very often and at the moment the electricity is turned off during the day to save money for Hate Week.**

*Não funciona com muita frequência e no momento a eletricidade é desligada durante o dia para economizar dinheiro para a Semana do Ódio*

**The apartment is on the seventh floor.**

*O apartamento fica no sétimo andar.*

**Winston is thirty-nine years old and he has a bad knee.**

*Winston tem trinta e nove anos de idade e tem o joelho ruim.*

**He goes up the stairs slowly.**

*Ele sobe as escadas devagar.*

**Winston is a small man and looks much smaller in the blue overalls that Party members must wear.**

*Winston é um homem pequeno e parece muito menor com o macacão azul que os membros do Partido devem usar.*

**His hair is blond and the skin on his face is red from cheap soap, old razor blades and the cold winter that just ended.**

*Seu cabelo é loiro e a pele do rosto está vermelha por causa do sabão barato, lâminas de barbear velhas e o inverno frio que acabou de terminar.*

**Inside his apartment, Winston can hear a voice.**

*Dentro de seu apartamento, Winston pode ouvir uma voz.*

**It is reading numbers from a list: the amount of iron produced last year.**

*Está lendo números de uma lista: a quantidade de ferro produzida no ano passado.*

**The voice comes from a metal square on one of the walls, a telescreen.**

*A voz vem de um quadrado metálico em uma das paredes, uma teletela.*

**Winston turns down the volume, but it is impossible to turn the sound off completely.**

*Winston abaixa o volume, mas é impossível desligar o som completamente.*

**He walks to the window.**

*Ele caminha até a janela.*

**Outside, the world looks cold.**

*Lá fora, o mundo parece frio.*

**There seems to be no color in anything, except in the posters that are everywhere.**

*Parece não haver cor em nada, exceto nos cartazes que estão por toda parte.*

**The face with the black mustache watches from every corner.**

*O rosto com o bigode preto observa de todos os cantos.*

**There is one on the wall of the house opposite his window.**

*Há um na parede da casa em frente a sua janela.*

**BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU, it says, and the eyes look into Winston's eyes.**

*O GRANDE IRMÃO ESTÁ OBSERVANDO VOCÊ, diz, e os olhos olham dentro dos olhos de Winston.*

**Behind him the voice from the telescreen is still talking about iron.**

*Atrás dele a voz da teletela ainda está falando sobre ferro.*

**The telescreen has a microphone too, so the Thought Police can listen to Winston at any time of the day or night.**

*A teletela tem um microfone também, assim a Polícia do Pensamento pode ouvir Winston a qualquer hora do dia ou noite.*

**They can also watch him through the telescreen.**

*Eles também podem observá-lo através da teletela.*

**Nobody knows when they actually watch you, but everybody behaves correctly all the time.**

*Ninguém sabe quando eles realmente observam você, mas todos se comportam corretamente o tempo todo*

**The Thought Police might be watching you and listening to you.**

*A Polícia do Pensamento pode estar te observando e te escutando.*

**Winston does not look at the telescreen.**

*Winston não olha para a teletela.*

**It is safer that way - they can't see your face.**

*É mais seguro desse jeito - eles não podem ver seu rosto.*

**He looks out the window at the city of London, the biggest city in this part of Oceania.**

*Ele olha pela janela para a cidade de Londres, a maior cidade desta parte da Oceania.*

**The old houses are all falling down.**

*As velhas casas estão todas caindo aos pedaços.*

**There are holes in the streets from the bombs.**

*Há buracos nas ruas das bombas.*

**Winston asks himself if it was always this way.**

*Winston pergunta a si mesmo se sempre foi desse jeito.*



**He tries to think about when he was a boy, but he cannot remember anything.**

*Ele tenta pensar em quando era menino, mas não consegue se lembrar de nada.*

**He looks at the Ministry of Truth, where he works.**

*Ele olha para o Ministério da Verdade, onde ele trabalha.*

**It is one kilometer away.**

*Fica a um quilômetro de distância.*

**It is an enormous white building, three hundred meters high.**

*É um enorme prédio branco, com trezentos metros de altura.*

**The building is much taller than the houses around it.**

*O prédio é muito mais alto do que as casas ao seu redor.*

**From Winston's apartment, it is possible to see the three slogans of the Party that are written in enormous letters on the side of the building:**

*Do apartamento de Winston, é possível ver os três slogans do Partido que estão escritos em letras enormes na lateral do prédio:*

**WAR IS PEACE**  
*GUERRA É PAZ.*

**FREEDOM IS SLAVERY**  
*LIBERDADE É ESCRAVIDÃO.*

**IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH**  
*IGNORANCIA É FORÇA.*

**The Ministry of Truth is called *Minitrue* in Newspeak, the new language of Oceania.**

*O Ministério da Verdade é chamado de Minivero em Novafala, a nova língua de Oceania.*

**They say that the *Minitrue* has more than three thousand rooms above the ground and a similar number below the ground.**

*Dizem que o Minivero tem mais de três mil quartos acima do solo e um número semelhante abaixo do solo.*

**The people who work there work mainly on news and entertainment.**

*As pessoas que trabalham lá trabalham principalmente com notícias e entretenimento.*

**There is another building that is much taller than the other buildings around it: the Ministry of Peace, where they focus on war.**

*Existe outro prédio que é muito mais alto que os outros prédios ao seu redor: o Ministério da Paz, onde eles focam na guerra.*

**It is called *Minipax* in Newspeak.**  
*É chamado Minipax em Novafala*

**And the Ministry of Plenty - *Miniplenty* - which is responsible for the economy.**  
*E o Ministério da Fartura - Minifarto - que é responsável pela economia.*

**And he can see the Ministry of Love - *Miniluv* - which is responsible for law and order.**  
*E ele pode ver o Ministério do Amor - Miniamo - que é responsável pela lei e ordem.*

**The Ministry of Love is the really terrifying ministry.**  
*O Ministério do Amor é o ministério realmente aterrorizante.*

**The building has no windows.**  
*O prédio não tem janelas.*

**Nobody is permitted to go near it if they do not have business there.**  
*Ninguém é permitido se aproximar se eles não tiverem negócios lá.*

**There are guards with guns in black uniforms in the streets all around the building.**  
*Há guardas armados em uniformes pretos nas ruas ao redor do prédio.*

**Winston turns around quickly.**

*Winston se vira rapidamente.*

**He smiles. It is a good idea to look happy when you are facing the telescreen.**

*Ele sorri. É uma boa ideia parecer feliz quando você está de frente para a teletela.*

**He goes into his small kitchen.**

*Ele entra em sua pequena cozinha.*

**He didn't eat lunch before he left work, but there is no food in the kitchen.**

*Ele não almoçou antes de sair do trabalho, mas não há comida na cozinha.*

**There is only a piece of hard bread.**

*Há apenas um pedaço de pão duro.*

**The bread is for breakfast tomorrow.**

*O pão é para o café da manhã amanhã.*

**He pours some gin into a dirty cup and drinks it quickly, like medicine.**

*Ele despeja um pouco de gim em um copo sujo e bebe rapidamente, como remédio.*

**It burns him inside, but he feels happier afterwards.**

*Isso o queima por dentro, mas ele se sente mais feliz depois.*

**He goes back to the living room and sits down at a small table to the left of the telescreen.**

*Ele volta para a sala e se senta em uma pequena mesa à esquerda da teletela.*

**It is the only place in the room where the telescreen cannot see him.**

*É o único lugar na sala onde a teletela não pode vê-lo.*

**From a drawer in the table he takes out a pen and a big diary with beautiful white paper.**

*De uma gaveta na mesa ele tira uma caneta e um grande diário com um lindo papel branco.*

**He bought the diary in a shop that sells antiques, in a poor part of the town.**

*Ele comprou o diário em uma loja que vende antiguidades, em uma parte pobre da cidade.*

**Party members like Winston are not allowed to go into ordinary shops, but many Party members do.**

*Membros do Partido como Winston não têm permissão para entrar em lojas comuns, mas muitos membros do Partido entram.*

**It is the only way to get things like razor blades.**

*É a única maneira de obter coisas como lâminas de barbear.*

**Winston opens the diary.**

*Winston abre o diário.*

**This is not illegal.**

*Isso não é ilegal.*

**Nothing is illegal, because there are no laws now.**

*Nada é ilegal, porque não há leis agora.*

**But if the diary is found they will punish him with death or they will put him in prison for twenty-five years.**

*Mas se o diário for encontrado eles vão puni-lo com a morte ou eles vão colocá-lo na prisão por vinte e cinco anos.*

**He picks up the pen, then he stops.**

*Ele pega a caneta, então ele para.*

**He feels sick.**

*Ele se sente doente.*

**It is a decisive act to start writing.**

*É um ato decisivo começar a escrever.*

**Earlier that morning, a terrible noise from the big telescreen at the Ministry of Truth called all the workers to the center of the hall for the Two Minutes Hate.**

*Mais cedo naquela manhã, um barulho terrível da grande teletela do Ministério da Verdade chamou todos os trabalhadores para o centro do salão para os Dois Minutos do Ódio*

**The face of Emmanuel Goldstein, Enemy of the People, was on the telescreen.**

*O rosto de Emmanuel Goldstein, Inimigo do Povo, estava na teletela.*

**It was a thin, intelligent face, with white hair and a small beard.**

*Era um rosto magro e inteligente, com cabelos brancos e uma pequena barba*

**But there was something unpleasant about it.**

*Mas havia algo desagradável nisso.*

**Goldstein began to speak in his strange voice.**

*Goldstein começou a falar com sua voz estranha*

**He criticized the Party and verbally attacked Big Brother.**

*Ele criticou o Partido e atacou verbalmente o Grande Irmão.*

**In the past (nobody knew exactly when), Goldstein was almost as important in the Party as Big Brother himself, but then he worked against the Party.**

*No passado (ninguém sabia exatamente quando), Goldstein era quase tão importante no Partido quanto o próprio Grande Irmão, mas depois trabalhou contra o Partido.*

**Before he could be punished with death, he had escaped - nobody knew how, exactly.**

*Antes que pudesse ser punido com a morte, ele havia escapado - ninguém sabia como, exatamente.*

**Somewhere he is still alive, and all crimes against the Party come from his teaching.**

*Em algum lugar ele ainda está vivo, e todos os crimes contra o Partido vêm de seus ensinamentos*

**Behind Goldstein's face on the telescreen, there were thousands of Eurasian soldiers.**

*Atrás do rosto de Goldstein na teletela, havia milhares de soldados eurásianos.*

**Oceania is always at war with either Eurasia or Eastasia.**

*A Oceania está sempre em guerra com a Eurásia ou a Lestásia.*

**The enemy changes, but the hate for Goldstein never changes.**

*O inimigo muda, mas o ódio por Goldstein nunca muda.*

**The Thought Police find his spies every day.**

*A Polícia do Pensamento encontra seus espiões todos os dias.*

**They are called 'the Brotherhood', people say.**

*Eles são chamados de 'a Irmandade', as pessoas dizem.*



**But Winston sometimes asks himself if the Brotherhood really exists. Goldstein also wrote a book, a terrible book, a book against the Party.**

*Mas Winston às vezes se pergunta se a Irmandade realmente existe. Goldstein também escreveu um livro, um livro terrível, um livro contra o Partido.*

**It has no title; it is just known as *The Book*.**

*Não tem título; é conhecido apenas como O Livro.*

**As Goldstein's face filled the telescreen and Eurasian soldiers marched behind him, the Hate became stronger.**

*À medida que o rosto de Goldstein preenchia a teletela e os soldados eurásianos marchavam atrás dele, o Ódio tornou-se mais forte.*

**People jumped up and down.**

*Pessoas pularam para cima e para baixo.*

**They shouted and screamed.**

*Eles berraram e gritaram.*

**They could not hear Goldstein's voice.**

*Eles não podiam ouvir a voz de Goldstein.*

**Winston was shouting too; it was impossible not to shout.**

*Winston também gritava; era impossível não gritar*

**A girl behind him, with dark hair, was screaming "Pig! Pig!" at Goldstein, and suddenly she picked up a heavy Newspeak dictionary and threw it at the telescreen.**

*Uma garota atrás dele, com cabelo escuro, gritava "Porco! Porco!" para Goldstein, e de repente ela pegou um pesado dicionário de Novafala e o jogou na teletela.*

**It hit Goldstein on the nose and fell to the floor.**

*Ele atingiu Goldstein no nariz e caiu no chão.*

**Winston often sees this girl at the Ministry, but he never speaks to her.**

*Winston muitas vezes vê essa garota no Ministério, mas ele nunca fala com ela.*

**He does not know her name, but he knows she works in the Fiction Department.**

*Ele não sabe o nome dela, mas sabe que ela trabalha no Departamento de Ficção.*

**He sees her with tools so he guesses she is a mechanic who fixes the story-writing machines.**

*Ele a vê com ferramentas, então ele acha que ela é uma mecânica que conserta as máquinas de escrever histórias.*

**She wears the thin red belt of the Young People's League tied around her waist.**

*Ela usa o cinto fino da Liga da Juventude amarrado na cintura.*

**Winston disliked her from the first moment he saw her.**

*Winston não gostou dela desde o primeiro momento em que a viu.*

**He dislikes nearly all women, especially young and pretty ones.**

*Ele não gosta de quase todas as mulheres, especialmente as jovens e bonitas.*

**The young women are always the most loyal to the Party and they are happy to spy on other people.**

*As jovens são sempre as mais leais ao Partido e ficam felizes em espionar outras pessoas.*

**But this girl is especially dangerous, he thinks.**

*Mas essa garota é especialmente perigosa, ele pensa.*

**Once, when he saw her in the cafeteria, she looked at him in a way that terrified him.**

*Certa vez, quando ele a viu no refeitório, ela olhou para ele de uma forma que o aterrorizou.*

**He even thought she was working for the Thought Police.**

*Ele até pensou que ela estava trabalhando para a Polícia do Pensamento.*

**As the screaming at Goldstein became louder, Winston's dislike of the girl turned to hate.**

*À medida que os gritos contra Goldstein ficaram mais altos, a antipatia de Winston pela garota se transformou em ódio.*

**He hated her because she was young and pretty.**

*Ele a odiava porque ela era jovem e bonita.*

**Suddenly he noticed someone else, sitting near the girl, wearing the black overalls of an Inner Party member.**

*De repente, ele notou outra pessoa, sentada perto da garota, vestindo o macacão preto de um membro do Partido Interno.*

**O'Brien is a large man with a thick neck and glasses.**

*O'Brien é um homem grande com pescoço grosso e óculos.*

**Even though he looks scary, Winston is interested in him.**

*Mesmo parecendo assustador, Winston está interessado nele.*

**His face sometimes seems intelligent.**

*Seu rosto às vezes parece inteligente.*

**That intelligence in his face suggests that - maybe - he questions the official beliefs of the Party.**

*Essa inteligência em seu rosto sugere que - talvez - ele questione as crenças oficiais do Partido.*

**Winston has seen O'Brien about twelve times over the years.**

*Winston viu O'Brien cerca de doze vezes ao longo dos anos.*

**Many years ago he dreamed about O'Brien.**

*Muitos anos atrás, ele sonhou com O'Brien.*

**He was in a dark room and O'Brien said to him, "We will meet in the place where there is no dark."**

*Ele estava em um quarto escuro e O'Brien disse a ele, "Nós nos encontraremos no lugar onde não há escuridão."*

**Winston did not know what that meant, but he was sure it would happen, one day.**

*Winston não sabia o que isso significava, mas tinha certeza de que aconteceria um dia.*

**The Hate increased.**

*O Ódio aumentou.*

**The screaming increased.**

*A gritaria aumentou.*

**The voice and face of Goldstein became the voice and face of an animal - a sheep.**

*A voz e o rosto de Goldstein tornaram-se a voz e o rosto de um animal - uma ovelha.*

**Then the sheep-face became an enemy soldier, walking towards them with his gun.**

*Então o rosto de ovelha tornou-se um soldado inimigo, caminhando em direção a eles com sua arma.*

**He came so close that some people were afraid and moved back in their seats.**

*Ele chegou tão perto que algumas pessoas ficaram com medo e voltaram para seus lugares.*

**But at the same moment the soldier became the face of Big Brother, with black hair and a mustache.**

*Mas no mesmo instante o soldado se tornou o rosto do Grande Irmão, com cabelos pretos e um bigode.*

**The face of Big Brother filled the telescreen.**

*O rosto do Grande Irmão preencheu a teletela.*

**Nobody could hear what Big Brother said, but it did not matter.**

*Ninguém podia ouvir o que o Grande Irmão disse, mas não importava.*

**It was only important that he was speaking to them.**

*Era importante apenas que ele estivesse falando com eles.*

**Then the face of Big Brother disappeared from the telescreen and the Party slogans appeared:**

*Então o rosto do Grande Irmão desapareceu da teletela e os slogans do Partido apareceram:*

**WAR IS PEACE**  
*GUERRA É PAZ.*

**FREEDOM IS SLAVERY**  
*LIBERDADE É ESCRAVIDÃO.*

**IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH**  
*IGNORANCIA É FORÇA.*

**Then everybody started shouting "B-B! B-B!" again and again.**

*Então todos começaram a gritar "G-I! G-I!" de novo e de novo.*

**It began slowly, with a long pause between the first B and the second.**

*Começou devagar, com uma longa pausa entre o G e o I.*

**Of course Winston shouted too - you have to.**

*Claro que Winston gritou também - você tem que gritar.*

**But there was a second when the look on his face showed what he was really thinking.**

*Mas houve um segundo em que o olhar em seu rosto mostrou o que ele realmente estava pensando.*

**And at that exact moment, O'Brien looked into Winston's eyes.**

*E naquele exato momento, O'Brien olhou nos olhos de Winston.*

**O'Brien was adjusting his glasses on his nose.**

*O'Brien estava ajustando os óculos no nariz.*

**But Winston knew - yes he knew - that O'Brien was thinking the same thing as he was.**

*Mas Winston sabia - sim, ele sabia - que O'Brien estava pensando a mesma coisa que ele.*

**"I am with you," O'Brien seemed to say to him with his eyes. "I hate all this too."**

*"Estou com você", O'Brien parecia dizer a ele com os olhos. — "Eu também odeio tudo isso."*

**And then the moment of intelligence was gone, and O'Brien's face looked like everybody else's face.**

*E então o momento de inteligência se foi, e o rosto de O'Brien parecia com o rosto de todo mundo.*



**Winston writes the date in his diary: April 4th, 1984.**

*Winston escreve a data em seu diário: 4 de abril de 1984.*

**Then he stops.**

*Então ele para.*

**He does not know definitively that the year is 1984.**

*Ele não sabe com certeza se o ano é 1984.*

**He is thirty-nine, he believes - he was born in 1944 or 1945.**

*Ele tem trinta e nove anos, ele acredita - ele nasceu em 1944 ou 1945.*

**But nobody can be sure of dates, not really.**

*Mas ninguém pode ter certeza de datas, não de verdade.*

**"Who am I writing this diary for?" he asks himself suddenly.**

*"Para quem estou escrevendo este diário?" ele se pergunta de repente.*

**For the future, for the unborn.**

*Para o futuro, para os que ainda vão nascer.*

**But if the future is like the present, it will not listen to him.**

*Mas se o futuro for como o presente, não irá ouvi-lo.*

**And if it is different, his situation will have no significance.**

*E se for diferente, sua situação não terá significado.*

**The telescreen is playing marching music.**

*A teletela está tocando música de marcha.*

**What does he want to say?**

*O que ele quer dizer?*

**Winston looks at the page for a long time, then begins to write: *Freedom is the freedom to say that two and two make four.***

*Winston olha para a página por um longo tempo, então ele começa a escrever: A liberdade é a liberdade de dizer que dois e dois são quatro.*

**If you have that, everything else follows... He stops.**

*Se você tiver isso, tudo o mais decorre... Ele para.*

**Should he go on?**

*Ele deveria continuar?*

**If he writes more or does not write more, the result will be the same.**

*Se ele escrever mais ou não escrever mais, o resultado será o mesmo.*

**The Thought Police will get him.**

*A Polícia do Pensamento vai pegá-lo.*

**Even before he writes anything, his crime is clear.**  
*Mesmo antes de escrever qualquer coisa, seu crime é claro.*

**THOUGHTCRIME, they call it.**  
*CRIME DE PENSAMENTO, eles o chamam.*

**It is always at night - the strong hand on your shoulder, the lights in your face.**  
*É sempre à noite - a mão forte em seu ombro, as luzes em seu rosto.*

**People simply disappear, always during the night.**  
*As pessoas simplesmente desaparecem, sempre durante a noite.*

**And then your name disappears, your existence is denied and then forgotten.**  
*E então seu nome desaparece, sua existência é negada e depois esquecida.*

**You are, in Newspeak, vaporized.**  
*Você está, em Novafala, vaporizado.*

**Suddenly he wants to scream.**  
*De repente, ele quer gritar.*

**He starts writing, fast:**  
*Ele começa a escrever, rápido:*

**DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER**  
*Abaixo o Grande Irmão*

## **DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER**

*Abaixo o Grande Irmão*

## **DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER**

*Abaixo o Grande Irmão*

**There is a knock on the door.**

*Há uma batida na porta.*

**Already! He sits as quietly as a mouse, hoping that they will go away.**

*Mas já! Ele fica quieto como um rato, esperando que eles vão embora.*

**But no, there is another knock.**

*Mas não, há outra batida.*

**He can not delay - that is the worst thing he can do.**

*Ele não pode atrasar - essa é a pior coisa que ele pode fazer.*

**His heart is beating very fast, but even now his face, from habit, probably shows nothing.**

*Seu coração está batendo muito rápido, mas mesmo agora seu rosto, por hábito, provavelmente não demonstra nada.*

**He gets up and walks slowly towards the door.**

*Ele se levanta e caminha lentamente em direção à porta.*

CHAPTER  
CAPÍTULO

# 2

## THE SPIES OS ESPIÕES

**As he opens the door, Winston sees that he left the diary open on the table.**

*Ao abrir a porta, Winston vê que deixou o diário aberto sobre a mesa.*

**DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER is written in it, in letters you can almost read across the room.**

*ABAIXO O GRANDE IRMÃO está escrito nele, em letras que você quase pode ler do outro lado da sala.*

**But everything is alright. A small, sad-looking woman is standing outside.**

*Mas está tudo bem. Uma mulher pequena e de aparência triste está do lado de fora.*

**"Oh, Comrade Smith," she says, in a low little voice, "do you think you could come across to my flat and help me with our kitchen sink?"**

*"Ah, camarada Smith," ela diz, em voz baixa, "você acha que poderia vir ao meu apartamento e me ajudar com a nossa pia da cozinha?"*

**The water is filling up the sink and ..."**

*A água está enchendo a pia e..."*

**It is Mrs. Parsons, his neighbor.**

*É a Sra. Parsons, sua vizinha.*

**She is about thirty but looks much older.**

*Ela tem cerca de trinta anos mas parece muito mais velha.*

**Winston follows her into her flat.**

*Winston a segue até seu apartamento.*

**These repairs happen almost daily.**

*Esses reparos acontecem quase diariamente.*

**The Victory Mansions flats are old, built in about 1930, and they are falling to pieces.**

*Os apartamentos do Victory Mansions são antigos, construídos por volta de 1930, e estão caindo aos pedaços.*

**Unless you do the repairs yourself, the Party has to agree to them.**

*A menos que você mesmo faça os reparos, o Partido deve concordar com eles.*

**It could take two years to get new glass in a window.**

*Pode levar dois anos para conseguir um novo vidro para uma janela.*

**"Tom isn't home," Mrs. Parsons explains.**

*"Tom não está em casa," explica a Sra. Parsons.*

**The Parsons' flat is bigger than Winston's and unattractive in a different way.**

*O apartamento dos Parsons é maior que o de Winston e pouco atraente de um jeito diferente.*

**Everything is broken.**

*Tudo está quebrado.*

**There are sports clothes and sports equipment all over the floor, and dirty dishes on the table.**

*Há roupas esportivas e equipamentos esportivos por todo o chão, e pratos sujos sobre a mesa.*

**On the walls are the red flags of the Young People's League and the Spies and a full-sized poster of Big Brother.**

*Nas paredes estão as bandeiras vermelhas da Liga da Juventude e dos Espiões e um pôster em tamanho real do Grande Irmão.*

**There is the usual smell of old food, but also the smell of old sweat.**

*Há o cheiro habitual de comida velha, mas também o cheiro de suor velho.*

**In another room someone is singing with the marching music that is still coming from the telescreen.**

*Em outra sala alguém está cantando com a música de marcha que ainda vem da teletela.*

**"It's the children," says Mrs. Parsons, looking in fear at the door to the other room.**

*"São as crianças," disse a Sra. Parsons, olhando com medo para a porta do outro quarto.*

**"They haven't been out of the flat today and of course..."**

*"Eles não saíram do apartamento hoje e é claro..."*

**She often stops without finishing her sentences.**

*Ela muitas vezes para sem terminar suas frases.*

**In the kitchen, the sink is full of dirty, green water.**

*Na cozinha, a pia está cheia de água suja e verde.*

**"Of course if Tom was home..." Mrs. Parsons starts.**

*"Claro que se Tom estivesse em casa..." Sra. Parsons começa.*

**Tom Parsons works with Winston at the Ministry of Truth.**

*Tom Parsons trabalha com Winston no Ministério da Verdade.*

**He is a fat but active man who is unbelievably stupid and full of enthusiasm.**

*Ele é um homem gordo, mas ativo, incrivelmente estúpido e cheio de entusiasmo.*



**He is a follower with no mind of his own - the type of follower that the Party needs even more than they need the Thought Police.**

*Ele é um seguidor sem pensamento próprio - o tipo de seguidor que o Partido precisa ainda mais do que a Polícia do Pensamento.*

**At thirty-five Tom Parsons was only recently dismissed from the Young People's League, although he wanted to stay.**

*Aos trinta e cinco anos, Tom Parsons foi recentemente desligado da Liga da Juventude, embora quisesse ficar.*

**Before that he continued in the Spies for a year beyond the official age.**

*Antes disso, ele continuou nos Espiões por um ano além da idade oficial.*

**At the Ministry he has a job which needs no intelligence, but he works for the Party every evening, organizing walks and other activities.**

*No Ministério, ele tem um trabalho que não precisa de nenhuma inteligência, mas trabalha para o Partido todas as noites, organizando passeios e outras atividades.*

**The smell of his sweat fills every room he is in and stays there after he leaves.**

*O cheiro de seu suor preenche todo o cômodo em que ele está e fica lá depois que ele sai.*

**Winston repairs the sink, taking out the unpleasant ball of hair that is stopping the water from running away.**

*Winston conserta a pia, tirando a desagradável bola de cabelo que está impedindo a água de correr.*

**He washes his hands and goes back to the other room.**

*Ele lava as mãos e vai para o outro cômodo.*

**"Put your hands up!" shouts a voice.**

*"Levante as mãos!" grita uma voz.*

**A big, handsome boy of nine is pointing a toy gun at him.**

*Um grande e bonito menino de nove anos está apontando uma arma de brinquedo para ele.*

**His small sister, about two years younger, points a piece of wood.**

*Sua irmã caçula, cerca de dois anos mais nova, aponta um pedaço de madeira.*

**Both are dressed in the blue, gray and red uniforms of the Spies.**

*Ambos estão vestidos com os uniformes azul, cinza e vermelho dos Espiões.*

**Winston puts his hands up.**

*Winston levanta as mãos.*

**The look of hate on the boy's face makes him feel that it is not quite a game.**

*O olhar de ódio no rosto do menino o faz sentir que não é bem um jogo.*

**"You're a Eurasian spy!" screams the boy.**

*"Você é um espião eurasiático!" grita o menino.*

**"You're a thoughtcriminal ! I'll shoot you, I'll vaporize you!"**

*"Você é um ideocriminoso! Vou atirar em você, vou te vaporizar!"*

**Suddenly they are both running round him, shouting "Spy! Thoughtcriminal!"**

*De repente, ambos estão correndo em volta dele, gritando "Espião! Ideocriminoso!"*

**The little girl does everything seconds after her older brother.**

*A garotinha faz tudo segundos depois do irmão mais velho.*

**It is frightening, like the games of young, dangerous wild animals before they grow to be man-eaters.**

*É assustador, como os jogos de animais selvagens, jovens e perigosos, antes de crescerem para se tornarem comedores de homens.*

**Winston can see that the boy really wants to hit or kick him, and is nearly big enough to do so.**

*Winston pode ver que o menino realmente quer bater nele ou chutá-lo, e é quase grande o suficiente para fazê-lo.*

**He is glad that the gun in the boy's hand is only a toy.**

*Ele está feliz que a arma na mão do menino seja apenas um brinquedo.*

**"They wanted to see the Eurasian prisoners hang.**

*"Eles queriam ver os prisioneiros euroasiano sendo enforcados.*

**But I'm too busy to take them and Tom's at..."**

*Mas estou muito ocupada para levá-los e Tom está em..."*

**"We want to see them hang!" shouts the boy, and then the girl starts shouting it too.**

*"Queremos vê-los enforcados!" grita o menino, e então a menina começa a gritar também.*

**Some Eurasian prisoners, guilty of war crimes against Oceania, are going to hang slowly in the park that evening.**

*Alguns prisioneiros eurásianos, culpados de crimes de guerra contra a Oceania, vão ser enforcados lentamente no parque naquela noite.*

**This happens every month or two and is a popular entertainment in the evening.**

*Isso acontece a cada mês ou dois e é um entretenimento popular para a noite.*

**Parents often take their children to see it.**

*Os pais costumam levar os filhos para assistir.*

**Winston says goodbye to Mrs. Parsons and walks towards the door.**

*Winston se despede da Sra. Parsons e caminha em direção à porta.*

**He hears a loud noise as a bomb falls.**

*Ele ouve um barulho alto quando uma bomba cai.*

**About twenty or thirty of them are falling on London each week.**

*Cerca de vinte ou trinta delas caem em Londres a cada semana.*

**Then he feels a terrible pain in the back of his neck.**

*Então ele sente uma dor terrível na nuca.*

**He turns and sees Mrs. Parsons trying to take some stones from her son's hand.**

*Ele se vira e vê a Sra. Parsons tentando tirar algumas pedras da mão do filho.*

**"Goldstein!" screams the boy.**

*"Goldstein!" grita o garoto.*

**But Winston is most shocked by the look of helpless terror on Mrs. Parsons' grey face.**

*Mas Winston está mais chocada com a expressão de terror impotente no rosto cinza da Sra. Parsons.*

CHAPTER  
CAPÍTULO

# 3

## THE MINISTRY OF TRUTH O MINISTÉRIO DA VERDADE

**Winston pulls the speakwrite (falascreve) towards him and puts on his glasses.**

*Winston puxa o falascreve em sua direção e coloca os óculos.*

**To the right of the speakwrite (falascreve) there is a small hole, to the left a larger one.**

*À direita do falascreve há um pequeno buraco, à esquerda um maior.*

**In the office wall there is a third hole, larger than the other two.**

*Na parede do escritório há um terceiro buraco, maior que os outros dois.*

**Messages come to Winston's office through the smallest hole.**

*Mensagens chegam ao escritório de Winston pelo buraco menor.*

**Newspapers come to him through the middle hole.**

*Jornais chegam até ele pelo buraco do meio.*

**The largest hole is for waste paper.**

*O maior buraco é para restos de papel.*

**Hot air carries the papers away.**

*O ar quente leva os papéis embora.*

**These large holes are called "memory holes" (buracos da memória), for some reason.**

*Esses grandes buracos são chamados de "buracos de memória", por algum motivo.*

**Today four messages come through the smallest hole, onto his desk.**

*Hoje quatro mensagens passam pelo menor buraco, até sua mesa.*

**The messages are about changes to the Times newspaper.**

*As mensagens são sobre mudanças no jornal Times.*

**For example, in Big Brother's speech in the Times of 17 March, he said that South India was safe.**

*Por exemplo, no discurso do Grande Irmão no Times de 17 de março, ele disse que a Índia do Sul era segura.*

**The Eurasians would attack North Africa.**

*Os eurásianos atacariam a África do Norte.*

**This did not happen. The Eurasians attacked South India, not North Africa.**

*Isso não aconteceu. Os eurásianos atacaram a Índia do Sul, não a África do Norte.*



**Winston had to rewrite part of Big Brother's speech so you could read in the Times for 17 March that Big Brother knew about the attack before it happened.**

*Winston teve que reescrever parte do discurso do Grande Irmão para que você pudesse ler no Times de 17 de março que o Grande Irmão sabia do ataque antes que ele acontecesse.*

**When Winston finished, his changes to the Times went with the newspaper down the middle hole.**

*Quando Winston terminou, suas mudanças no Times foram com o jornal pelo buraco do meio.*

**A new edition would soon appear, with his changes.**

*Uma nova edição logo apareceria, com suas mudanças.*

**Every copy of the old edition would disappear. Destroyed.**

*Cada cópia da edição antiga desapareceria. Destruído.*

**The message to Winston with the changes would disappear down the memory hole, to be burned.**

*A mensagem para Winston com as mudanças desapareceria no buraco da memória, para ser queimada.*

**Every day newspapers, magazines, photographs, films, posters and books are all changed.**

*Todos os dias jornais, revistas, fotografias, filmes, cartazes e livros são alterados.*

**The past is changed.**

*O passado é alterado.*

**The Party is always right. The Party was always right.**

*O Partido está sempre certo. O Partido sempre esteve certo.*

**The Records Department (Departamento de Registro), where they destroy all the old copies of everything, is the largest department in the Ministry of Truth, but there is no truth.**

*O Departamento de Registro, onde destroem todas as cópias antigas de tudo, é o maior departamento do Ministério da Verdade, mas não há verdade.*

**The new copies are not true and the old copies were not true either.**

*As novas cópias não são verdadeiras e as cópias antigas também não eram verdadeiras.*

**For example, the Ministry of Plenty said they would make 145 million pairs of boots last year.**

*Por exemplo, o Ministério da Abundância disse que faria 145 milhões de pares de botas no ano passado.*

**Sixty-two million pairs were made.**

*Sessenta e dois milhões de pares foram feitos.*

**Winston changed 145 million to 57 million.**

*Winston mudou 145 milhões para 57 milhões.*

**So the Party made five million more boots last year than they expected to.**

*Assim, o Partido fez cinco milhões de botas a mais no ano passado do que era esperado.*

**But it is possible that no boots at all were made last year.**

*Mas é possível que nenhuma bota tenha sido feita no ano passado.*

**And it is possible that nobody knows or cares how many boots were made.**

*E é possível que ninguém saiba ou se importe com quantas botas foram feitas.*

**You can read in the newspapers that five million extra pairs of boots were made and you can see that half the people in Oceania have no boots.**

*Você pode ler nos jornais que cinco milhões de pares extras de botas foram feitos e você pode ver que metade das pessoas na Oceania não tem botas.*

**Winston looks around the office.**

*Winston olha ao redor do escritório.*

**A woman with fair hair spends all day looking for the names of people who were vaporized.**

*Uma mulher de cabelos claros passa o dia todo procurando os nomes das pessoas que foram vaporizadas.*

**Each of them is, in Newspeak, an unperson.**  
*Cada um deles é, em Novafala, uma impessoa.*

**She takes their names out of every newspaper, book, letter...**  
*Ela tira seus nomes de todos os jornais, livros, cartas...*

**Her own husband was vaporized last year. She took his name out too.**  
*O seu próprio marido foi vaporizado no ano passado. Ela tirou o nome dele também.*

**People disappear from the newspapers when they are vaporized and they can also appear in the newspapers when they do not exist.**  
*As pessoas desaparecem dos jornais quando são vaporizadas e também podem aparecer nos jornais quando não existem.*

**Winston remembers Mr Ogilvy.**  
*Winston se lembra do Sr. Ogilvy.*

**He appeared in the newspapers because he led the sort of life the Party wanted.**  
*Ele apareceu nos jornais porque levava o tipo de vida que o Partido queria.*

**Ogilvy joined the Spies at the age of six.**  
*Ogilvy se juntou aos Espiões aos seis anos de idade.*

**At eleven he told the Thought Police that his uncle was a criminal.**

*Aos onze anos, disse à Polícia do Pensamento que seu tio era um criminoso.*

**At seventeen he was an organizer in the Young People's League.**

*Aos dezessete anos ele era um organizador da Liga dos Jovens.*

**At nineteen he invented a new bomb which had killed thirty-one Eurasians when it was first tried.**

*Aos dezenove anos, ele inventou uma nova bomba que matou trinta e um eurasiáticos quando foi testada pela primeira vez.*

**At twenty-three, Ogilvy died like a hero, fighting the Eurasians.**

*Aos vinte e três anos, Ogilvy morreu como um herói, lutando contra os eurasiáticos.*

**There were photographs of Ogilvy, but there was no Ogilvy. Not really.**

*Havia fotos de Ogilvy, mas não existia nenhum Ogilvy. Não de verdade.*

**The photographs were made at the Ministry of Truth.**

*As fotos foram feitas no Ministério da Verdade.*

**Ogilvy was part of a past that never happened.**

*A Ogilvy fazia parte de um passado que nunca aconteceu.*

**Anything can be changed.**

*Qualquer coisa pode ser alterada.*

**A dreamy man with hairy ears called Ampleforth re-writes old poems until they support everything the Party believes in.**

*Um homem sonhador com orelhas peludas chamado Ampleforth reescreve poemas antigos até que eles apoiem tudo em que o Partido acredita.*

**But all this work, all these changes, are not the main work of the Ministry of Truth.**

*Mas todo esse trabalho, todas essas mudanças, não são o principal trabalho do Ministério da Verdade.*

**Most workers in the Ministry are busy writing everything that the people of Oceania read or see: all the newspapers, films, plays, poems, school books, telescreen programs and songs, the Newspeak dictionaries and children's spelling books.**

*A maioria dos funcionários do Ministério está ocupada escrevendo tudo o que o povo da Oceania lê ou vê: todos os jornais, filmes, peças de teatro, poemas, livros escolares, programas e canções de teletela, os dicionários de Novafala e livros de ortografia infantil.*

**After his morning's work, Winston goes to the cafeteria.**

*Depois do trabalho matinal, Winston vai para o refeitório.*

**It is full, very noisy and smells of cheap food and the gin that is sold from a hole in the wall.**

*Está cheio, muito barulhento e cheira a comida barata e a gim que se vende num buraco na parede.*

**"Ah, I was looking for you," says a voice behind Winston.**

*"Ah, eu estava procurando por você", diz uma voz atrás de Winston.*

**It is Syme, his friend from the Dictionary Department. Perhaps "friend" is not exactly the right word.**

*É Syme, seu amigo do Departamento de Dicionários. Talvez "amigo" não seja exatamente a palavra certa.*

**You do not have friends these days, you have comrades.**

*Você não tem amigos hoje em dia, você tem camaradas.*

**But some comrades are more interesting than others.**

*Mas alguns camaradas são mais interessantes do que outros.*

**Syme is working on the eleventh edition of the Newspeak Dictionary.**

*Syme está trabalhando na décima primeira edição do Dicionário de Novafala.*

**He is a small man, even smaller than Winston, with dark hair and large eyes.**

*Ele é um homem pequeno, ainda menor que Winston, com cabelos escuros e olhos grandes.*

**These eyes are sad but they seem to laugh at you and to search your face closely when he talks to you.**

*Esses olhos são tristes, mas parecem rir de você e examinar seu rosto de perto quando ele fala com você.*

**"Do you have any razor blades?" asks Syme.**

*"Você tem lâminas de barbear?" pergunta Syme.*

**"None," says Winston quickly, perhaps too quickly.**

*"Nenhuma", diz Winston rapidamente, talvez rápido demais.*

**"I've looked for them everywhere."**

*"Eu procurei por elas em todos os lugares."*

**Everyone is asking for razor blades.**

*Todo mundo está pedindo lâminas de barbear.*

**There have been none in the Party shops for months.**

*Não tem havido nenhuma nas lojas do Partido há meses.*



**There is always something which the Party can not make enough of.**

*Há sempre algo que o Partido não pode fazer o suficiente.*

**Sometimes it is buttons, sometimes it is wool; now it is razor blades.**

*Às vezes são botões, às vezes é lã; agora são lâminas de barbear.*

**"I've been using the same blade for six weeks," he lies.**

*"Estou usando a mesma lâmina há seis semanas", ele mente.*

**He actually has two new ones at home.**

*Na verdade, ele tem duas novas em casa.*

**The people waiting for food and gin move forward, slowly.**

*As pessoas esperando comida e gim avançam lentamente.*

**Winston and Syme take dirty plates from the pile.**

*Winston e Syme pegam pratos sujos da pilha.*

**"Did you go to the park yesterday?" asks Syme.**

*"Você foi ao parque ontem?" pergunta Syme.*

**"All the Eurasian prisoners were hanged."**

*"Todos os prisioneiros eurásianos foram enforcados."*

**"I was working," says Winston. "I'll see it at the cinema."**

*"Eu estava trabalhando", diz Winston. "Vou ver no cinema."*

**"That's not as good," says Syme. His eyes look hard at Winston's face.**

*"Assim não é tão bom", diz Syme. Seus olhos olham duramente para o rosto de Winston.*

**"I know you," they seem to say.**

*"Eu conheço você", eles parecem dizer.*

**"I know why you didn't go to see the prisoners die."**

*"Eu sei por que você não foi ver os prisioneiros morrerem."*

**Syme is an enthusiastic supporter of the Party's decisions about war, prisoners, thoughtcrime, the deaths in the underground rooms below the Ministry of Love.**

*Syme é um defensor entusiasmado das decisões do Partido sobre guerra, prisioneiros, crimes de pensamento, as mortes nas salas subterrâneas abaixo do Ministério do Amor.*

**Winston always tries to have conversations with him about other things.**

*Winston sempre tenta conversar com ele sobre outras coisas.*

**Syme knows a lot about Newspeak and when he talks about language he is interesting.**

*Syme sabe muito sobre Novafala e quando ele fala sobre linguagem ele é interessante.*

**"The prisoners kicked when they were hanged," says Syme.**

*"Os prisioneiros chutaram quando foram enforcados", diz Syme.*

**"I always like that. It spoils it when their legs are tied together.**

*"Eu sempre gosto disso. Isso estraga quando as pernas estão amarradas.*

**And one of them had his tongue hanging right out of his mouth. It was quite a bright blue. I like that kind of detail."**

*E um deles estava com a língua pendurada para fora da boca. Era um belo de um azul claro. Eu gosto desse tipo de detalhe."*

**"Next, please," calls the prole who is giving out the food, and Winston and Syme give her their plates.**

*"Próximo, por favor", chama a proletária que está distribuindo a comida, e Winston e Syme lhe entregam seus pratos.*

**She puts some gray meat on each one.**

*Ela coloca um pouco de carne cinzenta em cada um.*

**There is also some bread, a small piece of cheese and a cup of black coffee with no sugar.**

*Há também um pouco de pão, um pequeno pedaço de queijo e uma xícara de café preto sem açúcar.*

**"There's a table there, under that telescreen," says Syme. "Let's get a gin and sit there."**

*"Há uma mesa ali, sob aquela teletela", diz Syme.*

*"Vamos pegar um gim e sentar lá."*

**The gin is poured for them into big cups and they walk through the crowded cafeteria to a metal table.**

*O gim é servido para eles em copos grandes e eles caminham pelo refeitório lotado até uma mesa de metal.*

**There are some pieces of meat on the table from the last person's meal.**

*Há alguns pedaços de carne sobre a mesa da refeição da última pessoa.*

**They eat in silence.**

*Eles comem em silêncio.*

**Winston drinks his gin quickly, which brings tears to his eyes.**

*Winston bebe seu gim rapidamente, o que traz lágrimas aos seus olhos.*

**"How's the Dictionary?" he says, speaking loudly because of the noise.**

*"Como está o Dicionário?" ele diz, falando alto por causa do barulho.*

**"I'm working on the adjectives," says Syme.**

*"Estou trabalhando nos adjetivos", diz Syme.*

**"It's wonderful work." His eyes shine with enthusiasm.**

*"É um trabalho maravilhoso." Seus olhos brilham com entusiasmo.*

**He pushes his plate away, takes his bread in one hand and his cheese in the other, and puts his mouth near Winston's ear so he does not have to shout.**

*Ele afasta o prato, pega o pão em uma mão e o queijo na outra e coloca a boca perto da orelha de Winston para não ter que gritar.*

**"The eleventh edition is the final one," he says.**

*"A décima primeira edição é a final", diz ele.*

**"We're building a new language.**

*"Estamos construindo um novo idioma.*

**When we've finished, people like you will have to learn to speak again.**

*Quando terminarmos, pessoas como você terão que aprender a falar novamente.*

**You think the main job is inventing new words, don't you? Wrong!**

*Você acha que o trabalho principal é inventar novas palavras, não é? Errado!*

**We're destroying words - lots of them, hundreds of them, every day.**

*Estamos destruindo palavras - muitas delas, centenas delas, todos os dias.*

**We're only leaving the really necessary ones, and they'll stay in use for a long time."**

*Estamos deixando apenas as realmente necessárias, e elas permanecerão em uso por muito tempo."*

**He eats his bread hungrily.**

*Ele come seu pão avidamente.*

**His thin, dark face comes alive and his eyes are shining like the eyes of a man in love.**

*Seu rosto magro e escuro ganha vida e seus olhos brilham como os olhos de um homem apaixonado.*

**"It's a beautiful thing to destroy words," he says.**

*"É uma coisa linda destruir palavras", diz ele.*

**"For example, a word like 'good'. If you have 'good' in the language, you don't need 'bad'. You can say 'ungood'."**

*"Por exemplo, uma palavra como 'bom'. Se você tem 'bom' no idioma, não precisa de 'ruim'. Você pode dizer 'não bom'."*

**Winston smiles. It is safer not to say anything.**  
*Winston sorri. É mais seguro não dizer nada.*

**Syme continues. "Do you understand? The aim of Newspeak is to simplify the way you think.**  
*Syme continua. "Você entende? O objetivo da Novafala é simplificar a maneira como você pensa.*

**In the end we will make thoughtcrime impossible, because people won't have the words to think the crime.**

*No final, tornaremos o crime de pensamento impossível, porque as pessoas não terão as palavras para pensar o crime.*

**By the year 2050 there will be nobody alive who could even understand this conversation."**

*No ano de 2050, não haverá ninguém vivo que possa entender essa conversa."*

**"Except . . ." Winston begins and then stops. He wants to say, "Except the proles," But he is not sure if the Party will accept the thought.**

*"Exceto . . .". Winston começa e depois para. Ele quer dizer: "Exceto os proletários", mas não tem certeza se o Partido aceitará o pensamento.*

**Syme guesses what he is going to say. "The proles are not really people," he says.**

*Syme adivinha o que vai dizer. "Os proletários não são realmente pessoas", diz ele.*

**"By 2050 - earlier, probably - you won't need a slogan like 'freedom is slavery'.**

*"Em 2050 - mais cedo, provavelmente - você não precisará de um slogan como 'liberdade é escravidão'.*

**The word 'freedom' won't exist, so the whole idea of freedom won't exist either.**

*A palavra "liberdade" não existirá, então toda a ideia de liberdade também não existirá.*

**The good Party member won't have ideas.**

*O bom membro do Partido não terá ideias.*

**If You're a good Party member, you won't need to think."**

*Se você for um bom membro do Partido, não precisará pensar."*

**One of these days, thinks Winston, Syme will be vaporized.**

*Um dia desses, pensa Winston, Syme será vaporizado.*

**He is too intelligent.**

*Ele é inteligente demais.*

**He sees too clearly and speaks too openly.**

*Ele vê muito claramente e fala muito abertamente.*



**He goes to the Chestnut Tree Cafe, where the painters and musicians go and where Goldstein himself used to go.**

*Ele vai ao Castanheira Café, onde vão os pintores e músicos e onde o próprio Goldstein costumava ir.*

**The Party does not like people like that.**

*O Partido não gosta de gente assim.*

**One day he will disappear. It is written in his face.**

*Um dia ele vai desaparecer. Está escrito na cara dele.*

**Syme looks up. "Here comes Parsons," he says.**

*Syme olha para cima. "Lá vem Parsons", diz ele.*

**You can hear his opinion of Parsons in his voice. He thinks Parsons is a fool.**

*Você pode ouvir sua opinião sobre Parsons em sua voz. Ele acha que Parsons é um tolo.*

**Winston's neighbor from Victory Mansions is coming towards them.**

*O vizinho de Winston de Victory Mansions está vindo em direção a eles.*

**He is a fat, middle-sized man with fair hair and an ugly face.**

*Ele é um homem gordo, de tamanho médio, com cabelos louros e um rosto feio.*

**He looks like a little boy in a man's clothes.**

*Ele parece um garotinho com roupas de homem.*

**Winston imagines him wearing not his blue Party overalls but the uniform of the Spies.**

*Winston o imagina vestindo não o macacão azul do Partido, mas o uniforme dos Espiões.*

**Parsons shouts "Hello, hello" happily and sits down at the table.**

*Parsons grita "Olá, olá" alegremente e se senta à mesa.*

**He smells of sweat.**

*Ele cheira a suor.*

**Syme takes a piece of paper from his pocket with a list of words on it and studies the words with an ink-pencil in his hand.**

*Syme tira do bolso um pedaço de papel com uma lista de palavras e estuda as palavras com um lápis de tinta na mão.*

**"Look at him, working in the lunch hour!" says Parsons.**

*"Olhe para ele, trabalhando na hora do almoço!" diz Parsons.*

**"What do you have there, old boy? Something too clever for me, I imagine.**

*"O que você tem aí, meu velho? Algo inteligente demais para mim, imagino.*

**Smith, old boy, I'll tell you why I'm looking for you. You didn't give me the money."**

*Smith, meu velho, vou lhe dizer por que estou procurando por você. Você não me deu o dinheiro."*

**"What money?" says Winston, feeling for money in his pocket.**

*"Que dinheiro?" diz Winston, procurando dinheiro no bolso.*

**About a quarter of your earnings are paid back to the Party in different ways.**

*Cerca de um quarto de seus ganhos é devolvido ao Partido de diferentes maneiras.*

**"The money for Hate Week.**

*"O dinheiro para a Semana do Ódio.*

**You know I collect the money for Victory Mansions, and We're going to have the best flags around. Two dollars you promised me."**

*Você sabe que eu recebo o dinheiro para Victory Mansions, e nós vamos ter as melhores bandeiras da redondeza. Dois dólares que você me prometeu."*

**Winston finds two dirty dollar notes and gives them to Parsons.**

*Winston encontra duas notas de dólar sujas e as entrega a Parsons.*

**Parsons writes 'Two dollars' very carefully in small clear letters next to Winston's name in a little notebook.**

*Parsons escreve "Dois dólares" com muito cuidado em letras pequenas e claras ao lado do nome de Winston em um caderninho.*

**It is clear that he rarely reads or writes.**

*É claro que ele raramente lê ou escreve.*

**"Oh, Smith, old boy," he says. "I heard that my son threw stones at you yesterday.**

*"Oh, Smith, meu velho", diz ele. "Ouvi dizer que meu filho jogou pedras em você ontem.*

**I talked to him about it. He won't do it again, believe me."**

*Eu conversei com ele sobre isso. Ele não vai fazer isso de novo, acredite em mim."*

**"I think he was angry because he couldn't see the Eurasian prisoners hang," says Winston.**

*"Acho que ele estava com raiva porque não podia ver os prisioneiros eurásianos sendo enforcados", diz Winston.*

**"Yes! Well, that shows what good children they are, doesn't it? Both of them.**

*"Sim! Bem, isso mostra como eles são bons filhos, não é? Os dois.*

**They only think about the Spies - and the war, of course.**

*Eles só pensam nos Espiões - e na guerra, é claro.*

**Do you know what my girl did last week? She was on a walk in the country with the Spies and she saw a strange man.**

*Você sabe o que minha garota fez na semana passada? Ela estava passeando pelo campo com os Espiões e viu um homem estranho.*

**She and two other girls followed him and then told the police about him."**

*Ela e duas outras garotas o seguiram e depois contaram à polícia sobre ele."*

**"What did they do that for?" Winston asks, shocked.**

*"Para que elas fizeram isso?" Winston pergunta, chocado*

**"They thought he was a Eurasian spy," says Parsons.**

*"Elas pensaram que ele era um espião eurasiático", diz Parsons.*

**"They noticed his shoes were different," he says proudly.**

*"Elas notaram que seus sapatos eram diferentes", diz ele com orgulho.*

**Winston looks at the dirty cafeteria, looks at all the ugly people in their ugly overalls, eats the terrible food and listens to the telescreen.**

*Winston olha para o refeitório sujo, olha para todas as pessoas feias em seus macacões feios, come a comida horrível e ouve a teletela.*

**A voice from the Ministry of Plenty is saying that they are all going to get more chocolate - twenty grams a week.**

*Uma voz do Ministério da Abundância está dizendo que todos vão receber mais chocolate - vinte gramas por semana.*

**Is he the only one who remembers that last week they got thirty grams?**

*Ele é o único que se lembra que semana passada eles ganharam trinta gramas?*

**They are getting less chocolate, not more.**

*Eles vão receber menos chocolate, não mais.*

**But Parsons will not remember. And even a clever man like Syme finds a way to believe it.**

*Mas Parsons não vai se lembrar. E mesmo um homem inteligente como Syme encontra uma maneira de acreditar nisso.*

**Winston comes out of his sad dream.**

*Winston sai de seu sonho triste.*

**The girl with dark hair, who he remembers from the Two Minutes Hate, is at the next table.**

*A garota de cabelo escuro, que ele lembra dos Dois Minutos de Ódio, está na mesa ao lado.*

**She is looking at him, but when he looks back at her she looks away again.**

*Ela está olhando para ele, mas quando ele olha de volta para ela, ela desvia o olhar novamente.*

**Winston is suddenly afraid.**

*Winston fica com medo de repente.*

**Why is she watching him? Is she following him?**

*Por que ela está olhando para ele? Ela está seguindo ele?*

**Perhaps she is not in the Thought Police, but Party members can be even more dangerous as spies.**

*Talvez ela não esteja na Polícia do Pensamento, mas os membros do Partido podem ser ainda mais perigosos como espiões.*

**How did he look when the telescreen voice told them about the chocolate?**

*Como ele ficou quando a voz da teletela lhes contou sobre o chocolate?*

**It is dangerous to look disbelieving.**

*É perigoso parecer descrente.*

**There is even a word for it in Newspeak:  
facecrime (rostocrime), it is called.**

*Existe até uma palavra para isso em Novafala:  
rostocrime, como se chama.*

**Winston eats the terrible food and listens to the  
telescreen.**

*Winston come a comida terrível e ouve a teletela.*

**The girl turns her back to him again.**

*A garota vira as costas para ele novamente.*

**At that moment the telescreen tells them all to  
return to work and the three men jump to their  
feet.**

*Nesse momento, a teletela diz a todos para  
voltarem ao trabalho e os três homens se levantam  
de um salto.*



**CHAPTER**  
**CAPÍTULO** **4**

**OWNLIFE**  
**VIDA PRÓPRIA**

**Winston sits at the table and opens his diary.**

*Winston se senta à mesa e abre seu diário.*

**He thinks of his parents. He was, he thinks, about ten or eleven years old when his mother disappeared.**

*Ele pensa em seus pais. Ele tinha, ele pensa, cerca de dez ou onze anos quando sua mãe desapareceu.*

**She was a tall, silent woman with lovely fair hair.**

*Ela era uma mulher alta e silenciosa com lindos cabelos louros.*

**He cannot remember his father so well. He was dark and thin and always wore dark clothes.**

*Ele não consegue se lembrar de seu pai tão bem. Ele era moreno e magro e sempre usava roupas escuras.*

**They were both vaporized in the 1950s.**

*Ambos foram vaporizados na década de 1950.*

**His thoughts move to other women and he starts writing in the diary:**

*Seus pensamentos se movem para outras mulheres e ele começa a escrever no diário:*

**'It was three years ago. It was on a dark evening, in a small street near one of the big train stations.**

*'Foi há três anos. Foi em uma noite escura, em uma pequena rua perto de uma das grandes estações de trem.*

**She had a young face with a lot of makeup. I liked the makeup. I liked her white face and the bright red lips.**

*Ela tinha um rosto jovem com muita maquiagem. Eu gostei da maquiagem. Gostei do rosto branco e dos lábios vermelhos brilhantes.*

**No woman in the Party wore makeup.**

*Nenhuma mulher do Partido usava maquiagem.*

**There was nobody else in the street and no telescreens. She said two dollars. I...'**

*Não havia mais ninguém na rua e nem teletelas. Ela disse dois dólares. Eu...'*

**It is too difficult to continue.**

*É muito difícil continuar.*

**Winston wants to hit his head against the wall, to kick the table over and throw the diary through the window - anything to stop the memory of that night.**

*Winston quer bater a cabeça na parede, chutar a mesa e jogar o diário pela janela - qualquer coisa para interromper a memória daquela noite.*

**It is, of course, illegal to pay a woman for sex.**

*É, claramente, ilegal pagar uma mulher por sexo.*

**But the punishment is about five years in a work camp, not death.**

*Mas a punição é de cerca de cinco anos em um campo de trabalho, não a morte.*

**The Party knows it happens.**

*O Partido sabe que isso acontece.*

**Some prole women sell themselves for a bottle of gin and the Party doesn't worry much about that.**

*Algumas mulheres proletárias se vendem por uma garrafa de gim e o Partido não se preocupa muito com isso.*

**The Party wants to stop love and pleasure in sex, not sex itself.**

*O Partido quer acabar com o amor e o prazer no sexo, não com o sexo em si.*

**A request to marry will be refused if a man and a woman find each other attractive.**

*Um pedido de casamento será recusado se um homem e uma mulher se acharem atraentes.*

**Sex, to the Party, is only necessary to make children.**

*Sexo, para o Partido, só é necessário para fazer filhos.*

**He thinks of Katherine, his wife. Winston used to be married.**

*Ele pensa em Katherine, sua esposa. Winston costumava ser casado.*

**He probably still is married; if his wife is dead, nobody told him.**

*Ele provavelmente ainda é casado; se sua esposa está morta, ninguém lhe disse.*

**They lived together for about fifteen months, nine, ten, eleven years ago.**

*Eles viveram juntos por cerca de quinze meses, nove, dez, onze anos atrás.*

**Katherine was a tall, blond-haired girl who moved well.**

*Katherine era uma garota alta de cabelos loiros que se movia bem.*

**She had an interesting face, until you found out that there was almost nothing behind it. She believed everything the Party said.**

*Ela tinha um rosto interessante, até você descobrir que não havia quase nada por trás dele. Ela acreditava em tudo que o Partido dizia.*

**She had sex only because it was her duty to try and have children.**

*Ela só fazia sexo porque era seu dever tentar ter filhos.*

**When no children came, they agreed to separate.**

*Quando nenhuma criança veio, eles concordaram em se separar.*

**Every two or three years since then, Winston found a prole woman who agreed to have sex for money.**

*A cada dois ou três anos desde então, Winston encontrava uma proletária que aceitava fazer sexo por dinheiro.*

**But he wanted his own woman.**

*Mas ele queria sua própria mulher.*

**He finished the story in his diary:**

*Ele terminou a história em seu diário:*

**When I saw her in the light she was quite an old woman. She had no teeth at all.**

*Quando a vi na luz, ela era uma mulher bem velha. Ela não tinha nenhum dente.*

**But I had sex with her."**

*Mas eu fiz sexo com ela."*

**He writes it down at last, but it does not help.**

*Ele finalmente escreve, mas não ajuda.*

**He still wants to shout and scream.**

*Ele ainda quer gritar e berrar.*

**Winston puts the pen down and remembers.**

*Winston abaixa a caneta e se lembra.*

**He walked several kilometers that night.**

*Ele andou vários quilômetros naquela noite.*

**It was the second time in three weeks that he missed an evening at the Party Members' Club.**

*Era a segunda vez em três semanas que ele perdia uma noite no Clube de Membros do Partido.*

**This was not a good idea; your attendance at the Club was carefully monitored.**

*Essa não foi uma boa ideia; sua presença no Clube era cuidadosamente monitorada.*

**A Party member has no free time and is never alone except in bed. It is dangerous to do anything alone, even go for a walk.**

*Um membro do Partido não tem tempo livre e nunca está sozinho, exceto na cama. É perigoso fazer qualquer coisa sozinho, até mesmo dar um passeio.*

**There is a word for it in Newspeak: ownlife (vidaprópria), it is called, meaning separation from everybody else.**

*Há uma palavra para isso em Novafala: vidaprópria, é chamado, significando separação de todos os outros.*

**He was walking in a prole area near a building that was, in the past, an important train station.**

*Ele estava andando em uma área de proletários perto de um prédio que foi, no passado, uma importante estação de trem.*

**The houses were small and dirty and reminded him of ratholes.**

*As casas eram pequenas e sujas e lembravam-lhe buracos de rato.*

**There were hundreds of people in the streets: pretty young girls, young men chasing the girls, fat old women (who were pretty young girls themselves ten years earlier).**

*Havia centenas de pessoas nas ruas: moças bonitas, rapazes perseguindo as moças, velhas gordas (que eram elas mesmas moças bonitas dez anos antes).*

**Dirty children with no shoes ran through the mud.**

*Crianças sujas e sem sapatos corriam pela lama.*

**The people looked at him strangely.**

*As pessoas olhavam para ele estranhamente.*

**The blue overalls of the Party were an unusual sight in a street like this.**

*O macacão azul do Partido era uma visão incomum em uma rua como esta.*

**It was not safe to be seen in places like this, unless you had a definite reason to be there.**

*Não era seguro ser visto em lugares como este, a menos que você tivesse uma razão definida para estar lá.*

**The Thought Police would stop you if they saw you.**

*A Polícia do Pensamento iria pará-lo se o visse.*

**Suddenly everybody was shouting and screaming and running back into their rathole houses.**

*De repente, todo mundo estava gritando e berrando e correndo de volta para suas casas de buracos de ratos.*

**A man in a black suit ran past Winston and pointed at the sky.**

**"Bomb," he shouted. "Up there! Bomb!"**

*Um homem de terno preto passou por Winston e apontou para o céu.*

*"Bomba", ele gritou. "Lá em cima! Bomba!"*

**Winston threw himself to the ground.**

*Winston se jogou no chão.*



**The proles were usually right when they warned you that a bomb was falling.**

*Os proletários geralmente estavam certos quando avisavam que uma bomba estava caindo.*

**When he stood up, he was covered with bits of glass from broken windows. He continued walking.**

*Quando se levantou, estava coberto de cacos de vidro de janelas quebradas. Ele continuou andando.*

**The bomb destroyed a group of houses two hundred meters up the street and in front of him he saw a human hand, cut off at the wrist.**

*A bomba destruiu um grupo de casas a duzentos metros subindo a rua e na frente dele ele viu uma mão humana, cortada no pulso.*

**He kicked it to the side of the road and turned right, away from the crowd.**

*Ele a chutou para o canto da estrada e virou à direita, longe da multidão.*

**He was in a narrow street with a few dark little shops among the houses.**

*Ele estava em uma rua estreita com algumas lojinhas escuras entre as casas.*

**He seemed to know the place.**

*Ele parecia conhecer o lugar.*

**Of course! He was standing outside the shop where he bought the diary.**

*Claro! Ele estava do lado de fora da loja onde comprou o diário.*

**He was afraid, suddenly.**

*Ele estava com medo, de repente.*

**He was out of his mind to buy the diary, and he promised himself he would never come near this place again.**

*Ele estava fora de si para comprar o diário e prometeu a si mesmo que nunca mais chegaria perto deste lugar.*

**But he noticed that the shop was still open, although it was nearly twenty-one hours.**

*Mas ele notou que a loja ainda estava aberta, embora fosse quase vinte e uma horas.*

**He would be safer inside than standing there doing nothing outside, so he went in.**

*Ele estaria mais seguro lá dentro do que ficar ali sem fazer nada do lado de fora, então ele entrou.*

**If anyone asked, he could say he was trying to buy a razor blade.**

*Se alguém perguntasse, ele poderia dizer que estava tentando comprar uma lâmina de barbear.*

**The owner just lit a hanging oil lamp which smelled dirty but friendly.**

*O proprietário havia acabado de acender uma lâmpada de óleo pendurada que cheirava a sujeira, mas amigável.*

**He was a small, gentle-looking man of about sixty with a long nose and heavy glasses.**

*Ele era um homem pequeno, de aparência gentil, com cerca de sessenta anos, nariz comprido e óculos pesados.*

**His hair was almost white but the rest of his face looked surprisingly young.**

*Seu cabelo era quase branco, mas o resto de seu rosto parecia surpreendentemente jovem.*

**He looked like a writer, or perhaps a musician. His voice was soft and he didn't speak like a prole.**

*Ele parecia um escritor, ou talvez um músico. Sua voz era suave e ele não falava como um proletário.*

**"I recognized you when you were outside," he said immediately.**

*"Eu reconheci você quando você estava lá fora", disse ele imediatamente.*

**"You're the gentleman who bought the diary. There's beautiful paper in that diary. No paper like that has been made for - oh, I'd say fifty years."**

*"Você é o cavalheiro que comprou o diário. Há um papel lindo naquele diário. Nenhum papel como aquele foi feito há uns - ah, eu diria uns cinquenta anos."*

**He looked at Winston over the top of his glasses. "Is there anything special I can do for you? Or did you just want to look around?"**

*Ele olhou para Winston por cima dos óculos. "Há algo especial que eu possa fazer por você? Ou você só quer dar uma olhada?"*

**"I was . . . er . . . passing," said Winston. "And I just came in. I don't want to buy anything."**

*"Eu estava... er... passando", disse Winston. "E eu só entrei. Não quero comprar nada."*

**"Well, that's all right," said the shop owner, "because I don't have much to sell you."**

*"Bem, tudo bem", disse o dono da loja, "porque não tenho muito para vender a você."*

**He looked around the shop sadly.**

*Ele olhou ao redor da loja com tristeza.*

**"Don't tell anyone I told you this, but It's difficult to get old things these days.**

*"Não conte a ninguém que eu te disse isso, mas é difícil conseguir coisas velhas hoje em dia.*

**And when you can get them nobody wants them."**

*E quando você as consegue, ninguém as quer."*

**The old man's shop was full of things, but they were all cheap and dirty and useless."**

*A loja do velho estava cheia de coisas, mas todas baratas, sujas e inúteis."*

**There's another room upstairs that you could look at," he said.**

*Há outro cômodo no andar de cima que você pode olhar", disse ele.*

**Winston followed the man upstairs.**

*Winston seguiu o homem escada acima.*

**The room was a bedroom with furniture in it.**

*O cômodo era um quarto com móveis.*

**There was a bed under the window, taking nearly a quarter of the room.**

*Havia uma cama sob a janela, ocupando quase um quarto do cômodo.*

**"We lived here for thirty years until my wife died," said the old man sadly.**

*"Nós vivemos aqui por trinta anos até que minha esposa morreu", disse o velho com tristeza.*

**"I'm selling the furniture, slowly.**

*"Estou vendendo os móveis, aos poucos.*

**That's a beautiful bed, but perhaps it would be too big for you?"**

*Essa é uma cama linda, mas talvez fosse grande demais para você?"*

**Winston thought he could probably rent the room for a few dollars a week, if he dared to.**

*Winston pensou que provavelmente poderia alugar o quarto por alguns dólares por semana, se ousasse.*

**It would be so peaceful to live as people used to live in the past, with no voice talking to you, nobody watching you...**

*Seria tão tranquilo viver como as pessoas viviam no passado, sem voz falando com você, ninguém te observando...*

**"There's no telescreen," he said.**

*"Não há teletela", disse ele.*

**"Ah!" said the old man. "I never had one. Too expensive."**

*"Ah!" disse o velho. "Eu nunca tive uma. Muito caro."*

**There was a picture on the wall. It showed a London church that used to be famous, in the days when churches were famous and people still went to them.**

*Havia um quadro na parede. Mostrava uma igreja de Londres que costumava ser famosa, nos dias em que as igrejas eram famosas e as pessoas ainda iam a elas.*

**Winston did not buy the picture, but he stayed in the room talking to the old man whose name, he discovered, was Charrington.**

*Winston não comprou o quadro, mas ficou na sala conversando com o velho cujo nome, descobriu, era Charrington.*

**Even when he left he was still thinking about renting the room.**

*Mesmo quando ele saiu ele ainda estava pensando em alugar o quarto.*

**But then, as he stepped into the street, his heart turned to ice.**

*Mas então, assim que pisou na rua, seu coração gelou.*

**A woman in blue overalls was walking towards him, no more than ten meters away.**

*Uma mulher de macacão azul caminhava em sua direção, a não mais de dez metros de distância.*

**It was the girl with dark hair, the one in the Young People's League.**

*Era a garota de cabelo escuro, a da Liga dos Jovens.*

**The girl must be following him.**

*A garota deve estar seguindo ele.*

**Even if she was not in the Thought Police, she must be a spy.**

*Mesmo que ela não estivesse na Polícia do Pensamento, ela deve ser uma espiã.*

**The Thought Police would come for him one night.**

*A Polícia do Pensamento viria buscá-lo uma noite.*

**They always came at night and they always caught you.**

*Eles sempre vinham à noite e sempre pegavam você.*

**And before they killed you, before you asked them on your knees to forgive you for your thoughtcrime, there would be a lot of pain.**

*E antes que eles matassem você, antes que você pedisse a eles de joelhos para perdoá-lo por seu pensamento-crime, haveria muita dor.*



**PART  
PARTE** 2



**ACTS AGAINST THE PARTY**  
**ATOS CONTRA O PARTIDO**

CHAPTER  
CAPÍTULO

# 5

## **A POLITICAL ACT** **UM ATO POLÍTICO**

**Four days later he sees the girl with dark hair again.**

*Quatro dias depois, ele vê a garota de cabelos escuros novamente.*

**He is walking to the toilets at the Ministry of Truth and she is coming towards him.**

*Ele está caminhando para os banheiros do Ministério da Verdade e ela vem em sua direção.*

**She must have hurt her hand. It is in a plaster cast.**

*Ela deve ter machucado a mão. Está com um gesso.*

**She has probably hurt it fixing one of the story-writing machines - it is a common accident in that department.**

*Ela provavelmente a machucou consertando uma das máquinas de escrever histórias - é um acidente comum naquele departamento.*

**The girl is about four meters away when she falls forwards.**

*A menina está a cerca de quatro metros de distância quando cai para a frente.*

**As she falls, she hits her hand again and cries out in pain.**

*Quando ela cai, ela bate a mão novamente e grita de dor.*

**Winston stops. The girl gets to her knees. Her face has turned a sick yellow color, making her lips look very red.**

*Winston para. A menina fica de joelhos. Seu rosto ficou com uma cor amarela doentia, fazendo seus lábios parecerem muito vermelhos.*

**She looks at him and her face seems to show more fear than pain.**

*Ela olha para ele e seu rosto parece mostrar mais medo do que dor.*

**Winston feels a strange mix of emotions.**

*Winston sente uma estranha mistura de emoções.*

**In front of him is an enemy who is trying to kill him: in front of him, also, is a human being, in pain and perhaps with a broken bone.**

*Na frente dele está um inimigo que está tentando matá-lo: na frente dele, também, está um ser humano, com dor e talvez com um osso quebrado.*

**Already he starts to help her. He feels that her pain is in some strange way his own. "You're hurt?" he said.**

*Ele já começa a ajudá-la. Ele sente que a dor dela é dele de alguma forma estranha. "Você está ferida?" ele disse.*

**"It's nothing. My arm. It'll be alright in a second."**

*"Não é nada. Meu braço. Já vai estar bem num instante."*

**He helps her up. "It's nothing," she repeats.**

**"Thanks, Comrade."**

*Ele a ajuda a se levantar. "Não é nada," ela repete. "Obrigada, camarada."*

**She walks away quickly.**

*Ela se afasta rapidamente.*

**Winston is standing in front of a telescreen, so he does not show any surprise on his face, although it is difficult not to.**

*Winston está parado na frente de uma teletela, então ele não mostra nenhuma surpresa em seu rosto, embora seja difícil não fazê-lo.*

**As he helped her up, she put something in his hand.**

*Enquanto ele a ajudava a se levantar, ela colocou algo em sua mão.*

**It is a piece of paper. He opens it carefully in his hand in the toilet, but he does not try to read it.**

*É um pedaço de papel. Ele o abre com cuidado em sua mão no vaso sanitário, mas não tenta lê-lo.*

**You can be certain the telescreens are watching in the toilets.**

*Você pode ter certeza de que as teletelas estão observando nos banheiros.*

**Back in his office, he puts the piece of paper down on his desk among the other papers.**

*De volta ao seu escritório, ele coloca o pedaço de papel em sua mesa entre os outros papéis*

**A few minutes later he pulls it towards him, with the next job he has to do. On it, in large letters, is written:**

*Alguns minutos depois, ele o puxa para si, com o próximo trabalho que tem que fazer. Nele, em letras grandes, está escrito:*

**I love you.**

*Eu te amo.*

**For the rest of the morning it is very difficult to work.**

*Pelo resto da manhã é muito difícil trabalhar.*

**At lunchtime in the cafeteria the fool Parsons, still smelling of sweat, does not stop talking to him about all the work he is doing for Hate Week.**

*Na hora do almoço no refeitório, o tolo Parsons, ainda cheirando a suor, não para de falar com ele sobre todo o trabalho que está fazendo para a Semana do Ódio.*

**He sees the girl at the other end of the cafeteria, at a table with two other girls, but she does not look in his direction.**

*Ele vê a garota do outro lado do refeitório, em uma mesa com outras duas garotas, mas ela não olha em sua direção.*

**In the afternoon he looks at the words "I love you" again and life seems better.**

*À tarde, ele olha para as palavras "eu te amo" novamente e a vida parece melhor.*

**He believes her.**

*Ele acredita nela.*

**He does not think she is in the Thought Police, not now.**

*Ele não acha que ela está na Polícia do Pensamento, não agora.*

**He wants to see her again.**

*Ele quer vê-la novamente.*

**How? How can he arrange a meeting?**

*Como? Como ele pode marcar um encontro?*

**It is a week before he sees her again, in the cafeteria.**

*Passa-se uma semana antes que ele a veja novamente, no refeitório.*

**He sits at her table and at that moment he sees Ampleforth, the dreamy man with hairy ears who re-writes poems.**

*Ele se senta à mesa dela e nesse momento vê Ampleforth, o homem sonhador de orelhas peludas que reescreve poemas.*

**Ampleforth is walking around with his lunch, looking for a place to sit down.**

*Ampleforth está andando com seu almoço, procurando um lugar para se sentar.*

**He will certainly sit with Winston if he sees him.**

*Ele certamente se sentará com Winston se o vir.*

**Winston has about a minute to arrange something with the girl.**

*Winston tem cerca de um minuto para combinar algo com a garota.*

**He starts to eat the watery soup they were given for lunch.**

*Ele começa a tomar a sopa aguada que eles receberam de almoço.*

**"What time do you leave work?" he asks the girl.**  
*"A que horas você sai do trabalho?" ele pergunta para a garota.*

**"Eighteen-thirty"**  
*Dezoito e meia.*

**"Where can we meet?"**  
*"Onde podemos nos encontrar?"*

**"Victory Square, near the picture of Big Brother."**  
*"Praça da Vitória, perto da foto do Grande Irmão."*

**"It's full of telescreens."**  
*Está cheio de teletelas.*

**"It doesn't matter if there's a crowd.**  
*"Não importa se há uma multidão.*

**But don't come near me until you see me with a lot of people around me.**  
*Mas não se aproxime de mim até você me ver com muitas pessoas ao meu redor.*

**And don't look at me. Just follow me."**  
*E não olhe para mim. Apenas me siga."*

**"What time?"**  
*"Que horas?"*

**"Nineteen hours."**  
*"Dezenove horas."*



**"Alright."**

*"Tudo bem."*

**Ampleforth does not see Winston and sits down at another table.**

*Ampleforth não vê Winston e se senta em outra mesa.*

**Winston and the girl do not speak again and they do not look at each other.**

*Winston e a garota não se falam novamente e eles não se olham.*

**The girl finishes her lunch quickly and leaves, while Winston stays to smoke a cigarette.**

*A garota termina seu almoço rapidamente e sai, enquanto Winston fica para fumar um cigarro.*

**He arrives at Victory Square early.**

*Ele chega cedo à Praça da Vitória.*

**Big Brother's picture looks up at the skies where he has destroyed the Eurasian airplanes (or Eastasian airplanes - it was a few years ago) in the Great Air War.**

*A foto do Grande Irmão olha para os céus onde ele destruiu os aviões da Eurásia (ou aviões da Lestásia - foi há alguns anos) na Grande Guerra Aérea.*

**Five minutes after the time they arranged, Winston sees the girl near Big Brother's picture, but it is not safe to move closer to her yet; there are not enough people around.**

*Cinco minutos depois do horário combinado, Winston vê a garota perto da foto do Grande Irmão, mas ainda não é seguro se aproximar dela; não há pessoas suficientes ao redor.*

**But suddenly some Eurasian prisoners appear and everyone starts running across the park.**

*Mas de repente alguns prisioneiros eurásianos aparecem e todos começam a correr pelo parque.*

**Winston runs too, next to the girl, lost in the crowd.**

*Winston corre também, ao lado da garota, perdido na multidão.*

**"Can you hear me?" she says. "Yes."**

*"Você consegue me ouvir?" ela diz. "Sim."*

**"Are you working this Sunday afternoon?" "No."**

*"Você vai trabalhar nesse Domingo à tarde?"*

*"Não."*

**"Then listen carefully. Go ..."**

*"Então ouça com atenção. Vá..."*

**Like a general in the army she tells him exactly where to go.**

*Como um general do exército, ela lhe diz exatamente para onde ir.*

**A half-hour train journey; turn left outside the station; two kilometers along the road; a gate; a path across a field.**

*Uma viagem de trem de meia hora; vire à esquerda fora da estação; dois quilômetros ao longo da estrada; um portão; um caminho através de um campo.*

**She seems to have a map inside her head.**

*Ela parece ter um mapa dentro de sua cabeça.*

**"Can you remember all that?" she says, finally.**

**"Yes. What time?"**

*"Você consegue se lembrar de tudo isso?" ela diz, finalmente. "Sim. Que horas?"*

**"About fifteen hours. You may have to wait. I'll get there by another way."**

*"Cerca de quinze horas. Você pode ter que esperar. Vou chegar lá por outro caminho."*

**She moves away from him.**

*Ela se afasta dele.*

**But at the last moment, while the crowd is still around them, her hand touches his - though they do not dare look at each other.**

*Mas no último momento, enquanto a multidão ainda está ao redor deles, a mão dela toca a dele - embora eles não ousem olhar um para o outro.*

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**Winston opens the gate and walks along the path across the field. The air is soft and the birds sing.**

*Winston abre o portão e caminha pelo caminho do campo. O ar é suave e os pássaros cantam.*

**You are not safer in the country than in London.**

*Você não está mais seguro no campo do que em Londres.*

**There are no telescreens of course, but there are microphones and the Thought Police often wait at train stations.**

*Não há teletelas, é claro, mas há microfones e a Polícia do Pensamento costuma esperar nas estações de trem.*

**But the girl is clearly experienced, which makes him feel braver.**

*Mas a garota é claramente experiente, o que o faz se sentir mais corajoso.*

**He has no watch but it cannot be fifteen hours yet, so he starts to pick flowers.**

*Ele não tem relógio, mas ainda não deve ser quinze horas, então ele começa a colher flores.*

**A hand touches his shoulder lightly.**

*Uma mão toca seu ombro levemente.*

**He looks up. It is the girl, shaking her head as a warning to stay silent.**

*Ele olha para cima. É a garota, balançando a cabeça como um aviso para ficar em silêncio.*

**She walks ahead of him and it is clear to Winston that she has been this way before.**

*Ela caminha na frente dele e fica claro para Winston que ela já esteve nesse caminho antes.*

**He follows, carrying his flowers, feeling that he is not good enough for her.**

*Ele segue, carregando suas flores, sentindo que não é bom o suficiente para ela.*

**They are in an open space of grass between tall trees when the girl stops and turns.**

*Eles estão em um espaço aberto de grama entre árvores altas quando a garota para e se vira.*

**"Here we are," she says. He stands quite close to her but does not dare move nearer.**

*"Aqui estamos", diz ela. Ele fica bem perto dela, mas não ousa se aproximar.*

**"I didn't want to say anything on the path because there might be microphones there. But We're all right here."**

*"Eu não queria dizer nada no caminho porque pode haver microfones lá. Mas estamos bem aqui."*

**He still does not have enough courage to go near her.**

*Ele ainda não tem coragem suficiente para chegar perto dela.*

**"We're all right here?" he repeated stupidly.**

*"Estamos bem aqui?" ele repetiu estupidamente.*

**"Yes, look at the trees." They were small and thin.**

*"Sim, olhe para as árvores." Elas eram pequenas e finas.*

**"There's nothing big enough to hide a microphone in. And I've been here before."**

*"Não há nada grande o suficiente para esconder um microfone. E eu já estive aqui antes."*

**He has managed to move closer to her now.**

*Ele conseguiu se aproximar dela agora.*

**She stands in front of him with a smile on her face.**

*Ela fica na frente dele com um sorriso no rosto.*

**His flowers have fallen to the ground.**

*Suas flores caíram no chão.*

**He takes her hand.**

*Ele pega a mão dela.*

**"Until now I didn't even know what color your eyes were," he says. They are brown, light brown.**

*"Até agora eu nem sabia de que cor eram seus olhos", diz ele. Eles são castanhos, castanhos claros.*

**"And now that you've seen what I'm really like, can you even look at me?"**

*"E agora que você viu como eu realmente sou, você pode ao menos olhar para mim?"*

**"Yes, easily."**

*"Sim, facilmente."*

**"I'm thirty-nine years old."**

*"Tenho trinta e nove anos."*

**I've got a wife that I can't get rid of.**

*Tenho uma esposa da qual não consigo me livrar.*

**I've got a bad knee.**

*Tenho um joelho ruim.*

**I've got five false teeth."**

*Eu tenho cinco dentes falsos."*

**"I don't care," says the girl.**

*"Eu não me importo", diz a garota.*

**The next moment she is in his arms on the grass.**

*No momento seguinte ela está em seus braços na grama.*

**But the truth is that although he feels proud, he also feels disbelief.**

*Mas a verdade é que, embora se sinta orgulhoso, também sente descrença.*

**He has no physical desire; it is too soon.**

*Ele não tem desejo físico; é muito cedo.*

**Her beauty frightens him.**

*A beleza dela o assusta.*

**Perhaps he is just used to living without women...**

*Talvez ele esteja acostumado a viver sem mulheres...*

**The girl sits up and pulls a flower out of her hair.**

*A garota se senta e puxa uma flor do cabelo.*

**"Don't worry, dear. There's no hurry. Isn't this a wonderful place?"**

*"Não se preocupe, querido. Não há pressa. Este não é um lugar maravilhoso?"*

**I found it when I got lost once on a walk in the country with the Young People's League.**

*Encontrei quando me perdi uma vez numa caminhada pelo campo com a Liga dos Jovens.*

**If anyone was coming, you could hear them a hundred meters away."**

*Se alguém estivesse vindo, você poderia ouvi-los a cem metros de distância."*

**"What's your name?" asks Winston.**

*"Qual o seu nome?" pergunta Winston.*

**"Julia. I know yours. It's Winston - Winston Smith.**

*"Julia. Eu conheço o seu. É Winston - Winston Smith.*

**Tell me, dear, what did you think of me before I gave you the note?"**

*Diga-me, querido, o que você achou de mim antes de eu lhe dar o bilhete?"*



**He does not even think of lying to her.**

*Ele nem pensa em mentir para ela.*

**It is like an offer of love to tell her the truth. "I hated the sight of you," he says.**

*É como uma oferta de amor para lhe dizer a verdade. "Eu odiei olhar para você," diz ele.*

**"If you really want to know, I thought you were in the Thought Police."**

*"Se você realmente quer saber, eu pensei que você estava na Polícia do Pensamento."*

**The girl laughs, clearly pleased that she was able to hide her true feelings so well.**

*A garota ri, claramente satisfeita por ter conseguido esconder tão bem seus verdadeiros sentimentos.*

**She pulls out some chocolate from the pocket of her overalls, breaks it in half and gives one of the pieces to Winston. It is very good chocolate.**

*Ela tira um chocolate do bolso do macacão, parte-o ao meio e dá um dos pedaços para Winston. É um chocolate muito bom.*

**"Where did you get it?" he asks.**

*"Onde você conseguiu isso?" ele pergunta.*

**"Oh, there are places," she says.**

*"Ah, existem lugares", diz ela.*

**"It's easier if you seem to be a good Party member like me.**

*"É mais fácil se você parece ser um bom membro do Partido como eu.*

**I'm good at games.**

*Eu sou boa em jogos.*

**I was a Group Leader in the Spies.**

*Eu era uma Líder de Grupo nos Espiões.*

**I work three evenings a week for the Young People's League.**

*Trabalho três noites por semana para a Liga dos Jovens.*

**I spend hours and hours putting up posters all over London.**

*Passo horas e horas afixando cartazes por toda Londres.*

**I do anything they want and I always look happy about it. It's the only way to be safe."**

*Faço o que eles querem e sempre pareço feliz com isso. É a única maneira de estar seguro."*

**The taste of the excellent chocolate is still in Winston's mouth.**

*O sabor do excelente chocolate ainda está na boca de Winston.*

**"You are very young," he says. "You're ten or fifteen years younger than I am.**

*"Você é muito jovem", diz ele. "Você é dez ou quinze anos mais nova do que eu.*

**What did you find attractive in a man like me?"**

*O que você achou atraente em um homem como eu?"*

**"It was something in your face.**

*"Era algo no seu rosto.*

**I thought I'd take a chance.**

*Achei que valeria arriscar.*

**I'm good at finding people who don't belong.**

*Eu sou boa em encontrar pessoas que não pertencem.*

**When I first saw you I knew you were against them!"**

*Quando eu te vi pela primeira vez eu sabia que você estava contra eles!"*

**When Julia said them she meant the Party, especially the Inner Party.**

*Quando Julia disse 'eles', ela quis dizer o Partido, especialmente o Partido Interno.*

**She spoke about them with real hate, using bad words.**

*Ela falou sobre eles com verdadeiro ódio, usando palavras.*

**Winston did not dislike that.**

*Winston não 'desgostou' daquilo.*

**It was part of her personal war against the Party.**

*Era parte de sua guerra pessoal contra o Partido.*

**He kisses her softly and takes her hands in his.**

**"Have you done this before?"**

*Ele a beija suavemente e pega suas mãos nas dele.*

*"Você já fez isso antes?"*

**"Of course. Hundreds of times - well, a lot of times."**

*"Claro. Centenas de vezes - bem, muitas vezes."*

**"With Party members?" "Yes."**

*"Com membros do Partido?" "Sim."*

**"With members of the Inner Party?"**

*"Com membros do Partido Interno?"*

**"Not with those pigs, no. But there are plenty that would if they got the chance.**

*"Não com esses porcos, não. Mas há muitos que fariam isso se tivessem a chance.*

**They're not as pure as they pretend to be."**

*Eles não são tão puros quanto fingem ser."*

**His heart beats very fast.**

*Seu coração bate muito rápido.*

**He hopes that the Party is weakened by a lie.**

*Ele espera que o Partido esteja enfraquecido por uma mentira.*

**"Listen. The more men you've had, the more I love you. Do you understand that?"**

*"Ouça. Quanto mais homens você tenha tido, mais eu te amo. Você entende isso?"*

**"Yes, perfectly."**

*"Sim, perfeitamente."*

**"You like doing this? I don't mean just me. I mean the thing itself?"**

*"Você gosta de fazer isso? Não me refiro apenas a mim. Refiro-me à coisa em si?"*

**"I love it."**

*"Eu amo isso."*

**That is what he wants to hear.**

*É isso que ele quer ouvir.*

**The need for sex, not the love of one person, will finish the Party.**

*A necessidade de sexo, não o amor de uma pessoa, vai destruir o Partido.*

**He presses her down on the grass.**

*Ele a pressiona na grama.*

**This time there is no difficulty.**

*Desta vez não há dificuldade.*

**Afterwards they fall asleep and sleep for about half an hour.**

*Depois eles adormecem e dormem por cerca de meia hora.*

**Their love, their sex together, has beaten the Party.**

*Seu amor, seu sexo juntos, venceu o Partido.*

**It is a political act.**

*É um ato político.*

**CHAPTER**  
**CAPÍTULO** **6**

**THEY CAN'T GET INSIDE YOU**  
**ELES NÃO PODEM MANIPULAR SUA MENTE**

**Winston looks around the little room above Mr. Charrington's shop.**

*Winston olha ao redor da salinha acima da loja do Sr. Charrington.*

**As he thought, Mr. Charrington was happy to rent it to him.**

*Como ele imaginou, o Sr. Charrington ficou feliz em alugá-lo para ele.*

**He does not even mind that Winston wants the room to meet his lover.**

*Ele nem se importa que Winston queira o quarto para conhecer sua amante.*

**Everyone, he said, wanted a place where they could be alone and private occasionally.**

*Todos, disse ele, queriam um lugar onde pudessem ficar sozinhos e em particular ocasionalmente.*

**They took the room because during the month of May they made love only one more time. ("It's safe to meet anywhere twice," Julia said).**

*Eles ficaram com o quarto porque durante o mês de maio fizeram amor apenas mais uma vez. ("É seguro nos encontrarmos em qualquer lugar duas vezes", disse Julia).*

**Then they had to see each other in the street, in a different place every evening and never for more than half an hour at a time.**

*Depois tinham que se ver na rua, em um lugar diferente todas as noites e nunca por mais de meia hora de cada vez.*

**The idea of having their own hiding place, indoors and near home, was exciting for both of them.**

*A ideia de ter seu próprio esconderijo, em um lugar fechado e perto de casa, foi emocionante para os dois.*

**They are fools, Winston thinks again. It is impossible to come here for more than a few weeks without being caught.**

*Nós somos tolos, Winston pensa novamente. É impossível vir aqui por mais de algumas semanas sem ser pego.*

**But he needs her and he feels he deserves her.**

*Mas ele precisa dela e sente que a merece.*



**Julia is twenty-six years old. She lives in a Party building with thirty other girls ("Always the smell of women! I hate women!" she says) and she works, as he guessed, on the story-writing machines.**

*Julia tem vinte e seis anos. Ela mora em um prédio do Partido com outras trinta garotas ("Sempre cheiro de mulher! Eu odeio mulheres!", diz ela) e trabalha, como ele adivinhou, nas máquinas de escrever histórias.*

**She enjoys her job, looking after a powerful electric motor.**

*Ela gosta de seu trabalho, cuidando de um motor elétrico potente.*

**She is "not clever" and "does not enjoy reading very much" but she likes machinery.**

*Ela é "não muito inteligente" e "não gosta muito de ler", mas gosta de máquinas.*

**Life, as she sees it, is quite simple. You want a good time, they (meaning the Party) want to stop you having it, so you break the rules as well as you can.**

*A vida, como ela a vê, é bastante simples. Você quer se divertir, eles (ou seja, o Partido) querem te impedir de se divertir, então você quebra as regras da melhor maneira possível.*

**At that moment he hears her on the stairs outside and then she runs into the room.**

*Nesse momento ele a ouve nas escadas do lado de fora e então ela corre para o quarto.*

**She is carrying a bag. She goes down on her knees, takes packets of food from the bag and puts them on the floor.**

*Ela está carregando uma bolsa. Ela se ajoelha, tira os pacotes de comida da sacola e os coloca no chão.*

**She has real sugar, real bread, real jam. All the good food that nobody has seen for years. And then...**

*Ela tem açúcar de verdade, pão de verdade, geléia de verdade. Toda a boa comida que ninguém vê há anos. E então...*

**"This is the one I'm really proud of. I had to put paper around it because..."**

*"É desse que eu estou realmente orgulhosa. Eu tive que colocar papel em volta porque..."*

**But she does not have to tell him why she put paper around it.**

*Mas ela não precisa dizer a ele por que colocou papel em volta.*

**The smell is already filling the room. "It's coffee," he says softly. "Real coffee."**

*O cheiro já está enchendo a sala. "É café", diz ele suavemente. "Café de verdade."*

**"It's Inner Party coffee. There's a whole kilo here," she says.**

*"É café do Partido Interno. Tem um quilo inteiro aqui", diz ela.*

**"How did you get it?"**

*"Como você conseguiu isso?"*

**"There's nothing those Inner Party pigs don't have.**

*"Não há nada que esses porcos do Partido Interno não tenham.*

**But of course waiters and servants steal things, and - look, I got a little packet of tea as well."**

*Mas é claro que garçons e criados roubam coisas, e – veja, eu também peguei um pacotinho de chá."*

**Winston opens the packet. "It's real tea, not fruit leaves."**

*Winston abre o pacote. "É chá de verdade, não folhas de frutas."*

**"Yes," she says. "But listen, dear. I want you to turn your back to me for three minutes.**

*"Sim", ela diz. "Mas escute, querido. Eu quero que você me dê as costas por três minutos.*

**Go and sit on the other side of the bed.**

*Vá e sente-se do outro lado da cama.*

**And don't turn around until I tell you."**

*E não se vire até que eu diga."*

**Winston looks out of the window. He listens to a woman singing outside with deep feeling.**

*Winston olha pela janela. Ele ouve uma mulher cantando do lado de fora com profundo sentimento.*

**Winston thinks she will be quite happy if that June evening never ends.**

*Winston acha que ela ficará muito feliz se aquela noite de junho nunca terminar.*

**He has never heard a member of the Party sing like that.**

*Ele nunca ouviu um membro do Partido cantar assim.*

**"You can turn around now" says Julia.**

*"Você pode se virar agora", diz Julia.*

**He turns around and for a second almost does not recognize her.**

*Ele se vira e por um segundo quase não a reconhece.*

**He thinks she has taken her clothes off.**

*Ele acha que ela tirou a roupa.*

**But the change in her is more surprising than that. She has painted her face.**

*Mas a mudança nela é mais surpreendente do que isso. Ela pintou o rosto.*

**He thinks the make-up must be from a shop in the prole area.**

*Ele acha que a maquiagem deve ser de uma loja da zona proletária.*

**Her lips are red, her face is smooth; there is even something under her eyes to make them brighter.**

*Seus lábios estão vermelhos, seu rosto está suave; há até algo sob seus olhos para torná-los mais brilhantes.*

**It is not well done, but Winston does not know that.**

*Não é bem feito, mas Winston não sabe disso.*

**He has never before seen a woman in the Party with make-up on.**

*Ele nunca tinha visto uma mulher no Partido com maquiagem.*

**Julia looks prettier and much more like a woman.**

*Julia parece mais bonita e muito mais como uma mulher.*

**He takes her in his arms.**

*Ele a toma em seus braços.*

**“Do you know what I’m going to do next?” she says. “I’m going to get a real woman’s dress from somewhere and wear it instead of these horrible overalls.**

*“Você sabe o que eu vou fazer a seguir?” ela diz.*

*“Vou pegar um vestido de mulher de verdade em algum lugar e usá-lo em vez desses macacões horríveis.*

**In this room I’m going to be a woman, not a Party comrade.”**

*Neste quarto eu vou ser uma mulher, não uma camarada do Partido.”*

**After they make love they fall asleep, and when Winston wakes up the hands on the clock show nearly nine - twenty-one hours.**

*Depois que eles fazem amor, eles adormecem, e quando Winston acorda, os ponteiros do relógio mostram quase nove - vinte e uma horas.*

**He does not move because Julia is sleeping with her head on his arm.**

*Ele não se mexe porque Julia está dormindo com a cabeça no braço dele.*

**Most of her make-up is on the pillow or on him.**

*A maior parte de sua maquiagem está no travesseiro ou nele.*

**They have never talked about marriage; it is impossible, even if Katherine dies.**

*Eles nunca falaram sobre casamento; é impossível, mesmo que Katherine morra.*

**Winston told Julia about Katherine. She was "goodthinkful" (benepensante), in Newspeak, unable to think a bad thought.**

*Winston contou a Julia sobre Katherine. Ela era "benepensante", em Novafala, incapaz de pensar um pensamento ruim.*

**She did not like sex. It was just . . .**

*Ela não gostava de sexo. Foi apenas. . .*

**"Our duty to the Party." Julia said it for him. Just to have children.**

*"Nosso dever para com o Partido." Julia disse por ele. Só para ter filhos.*

**Children who would one day spy on their parents and tell the Party if they said or did anything wrong.**

*Crianças que um dia espionariam seus pais e contariam ao Partido se eles dissessem ou fizessem algo errado.*

**In this way the family had become part of the Thought Police.**

*Desta forma, a família tornou-se parte da Polícia do Pensamento.*

**Katherine did not tell the Thought Police about Winston only because she was too stupid to understand his opinions.**

*Katherine não contou à Polícia do Pensamento sobre Winston apenas porque era estúpida demais para entender suas opiniões.*

**Winston thought about killing Katherine and once nearly did.**

*Winston pensou em matar Katherine e uma vez quase o fez.*

**But now he and Julia are dead.**

*Mas agora ele e Julia estão mortos.*

**When you disobey the Party you are dead.**

*Quando você desobedece ao Partido, você está morto.*

**Julia wakes up and puts her hands over her eyes.**

**"We are the dead," Winston says.**

*Julia acorda e coloca as mãos sobre os olhos. "Nós somos os mortos", diz Winston.*

**"We're not dead yet," says Julia, pressing her body against his.**

*"Ainda não estamos mortos", diz Julia, pressionando seu corpo contra o dele.*



**"We may be together for another six months — a year.**

*"Podemos ficar juntos por mais seis meses - um ano.*

**When**

**they find us there will be nothing either of us can do for the other."**

*Quando eles nos encontrarem, não haverá nada que nenhum de nós possa fazer pelo outro."*

**"We will tell them everything," she says.**

**"Everybody always does. They make you feel so much pain."**

*"Vamos contar tudo a eles", diz ela. "Todo mundo sempre faz. Eles fazem você sentir tanta dor."*

**"Even if we tell them everything, that's not a betrayal.**

*"Mesmo que contemos tudo a eles, isso não é uma traição.*

**The betrayal would only be if they made me stop loving you."**

*A traição só seria se me fizessem deixar de te amar."*

**She thinks about that.**

*Ela pensa sobre isso.*

**"They can't do that," she says finally. "It's the one thing they can't do.**

*"Eles não podem fazer isso", diz ela finalmente. "É a única coisa que eles não podem fazer.*

**They can make you say anything - anything - but they can't make you believe it. They can't get inside you."**

*Eles podem fazer você dizer qualquer coisa - qualquer coisa - mas não podem fazer você acreditar. Eles não podem entrar em você."*

**"No," he says, a little more hopefully. "No, that's quite true. They can't get inside you."**

*"Não", diz ele, um pouco mais esperançoso. "Não, isso é bem verdade. Eles não podem entrar em você."*

**"I'll get up and make some coffee," she says. We've got an hour.**

*"Vou levantar e fazer um café", diz ela. Temos uma hora.*

**What time do they turn the lights off at your flats?"**

*A que horas eles apagam as luzes em seus apartamentos?"*

**"Twenty-three thirty."**

*"Vinte e três e trinta."*

**"It's twenty-three hours at the Party building. But you have to get in earlier than that because..."**

*"São vinte e três horas no prédio do Partido. Mas você tem que chegar mais cedo porque..."*

**She suddenly reaches down from the bed to the floor, picks up a shoe and throws it hard into the corner of the room.**

*De repente, ela desce da cama até o chão, pega um sapato e o joga com força no canto do quarto.*

**"What was it?" he says in surprise.**

*"O que foi isso?" ele diz surpreso.*

**"A rat. I saw his horrible little nose. There's a hole down there. I frightened him, I think."**

*"Um rato. Eu vi seu narizinho horrível. Há um buraco lá embaixo. Eu o assustei, eu acho."*

**"Rats!" says Winston quietly. "In this room!"**

*"Ratos!" diz Winston baixinho. "Nesse quarto!"*

**"They're everywhere," says Julia, without much interest, as she lays down again.**

*"Eles estão por toda parte", diz Julia, sem muito interesse, deitando-se novamente.*

**"We've even got them in the kitchen at the Party building.**

*"Nós até os temos na cozinha do prédio do Partido.*

**Did you know they attack children?**

*Você sabia que eles atacam crianças?*

**In some parts of London a woman can't leave a baby alone for two minutes.**

*Em algumas partes de Londres, uma mulher não pode deixar um bebê sozinho por dois minutos.*

**The big brown ones are the worst. They..."**  
*Os grandes marrons são os piores. Eles..."*

**"Stop! Stop!" says Winston, his eyes tightly closed.**

*"Para para!" diz Winston, com os olhos bem fechados.*

**"Dearest! You've gone quite pale. What's the matter?"**

*"Querido! Você ficou muito pálido. Qual é o problema?"*

**"They are the most horrible things in the world - rats!"**

*"Eles são as coisas mais horríveis do mundo - ratos!"*

**She puts her arms around him but he does not re-open his eyes immediately.**

*Ela coloca os braços em volta dele, mas ele não reabre os olhos imediatamente.*

**"I'm sorry," he says. "It's nothing. I don't like rats, that's all."**

*"Sinto muito", diz ele. "Não é nada. Eu não gosto de ratos, só isso."*

**"Don't worry, dear. We won't have the dirty animals in here. I'll put something over the hole before we go."**

*"Não se preocupe, querido. Não vamos ter os animais sujos aqui. Vou colocar algo sobre o buraco antes de irmos."*

**Julia gets out of bed, puts on her overalls and makes the coffee.**

*Julia levanta da cama, veste o macacão e faz o café.*

**The smell is so powerful and exciting that they shut the window, worried that somebody outside will notice it and ask questions.**

*O cheiro é tão forte e excitante que eles fecham a janela, preocupados que alguém do lado de fora perceba e faça perguntas.*

**And they can taste the real sugar in the coffee - it is even better than the taste of the coffee itself.**

*E eles podem provar o verdadeiro açúcar do café - é ainda melhor do que o sabor do próprio café.*

**Julia walks round the room with one hand in her pocket and a piece of bread and jam in the other.**

*Julia anda pela sala com uma mão no bolso e um pedaço de pão com geléia na outra.*

**She looks at the books without interest.**

*Ela olha para os livros sem interesse.*

**She tells Winston the best way to repair the table.**

*Ela diz a Winston a melhor maneira de consertar a mesa.*

**She sits down in the old armchair to see if it is comfortable.**

*Ela se senta na velha poltrona para ver se é confortável.*

**She smiles at the old twelve-hour clock.**

*Ela sorri para o velho relógio de doze horas.*

**"How old is that picture over there, do you think?" she asks. "A hundred years old?"**

*"Quantos anos tem aquela foto ali, você acha?" ela pergunta. "Cem anos?"*

**"More. Two hundred. But It's impossible to discover the age of anything these days."**

*"Mais. Duzentos. Mas é impossível descobrir a idade de qualquer coisa hoje em dia."*

**She looks at it. "What is this place?"**

*Ela olha para a foto. "O que é este lugar?"*

**"It's a church. Well, that's what it used to be."**

*"É uma igreja. Bem, isso é o que costumava ser."*

**When Winston gets out of bed it is dark.**

*Quando Winston sai da cama está escuro.*

**The room is a world, a past world, and they are the last two people from it who are still living.**

*O quarto é um mundo, um mundo passado, e eles são as duas últimas pessoas dele que ainda estão vivas.*

**CHAPTER**  
**CAPÍTULO** **7**

**OUR LEADER, EMMANUEL GOLDSTEIN**  
**NOSSO LÍDER, EMMANUEL GOLDSTEIN**

**They vaporized Syme.**

*Eles vaporizaram Syme.*

**One morning he was not at work; a few careless people talked about his absence.**

*Certa manhã, ele não estava no trabalho; algumas pessoas descuidadas falaram sobre sua ausência.*

**On the next day nobody talked about him.**

*No dia seguinte ninguém falou dele.*

**His name disappeared from lists and newspapers. He did not exist. He had never existed.**

*Seu nome desapareceu de listas e jornais. Ele não existia. Ele nunca tinha existido.*

**Parsons is helping to organize Hate Week.**

*Parsons está ajudando a organizar a Semana do Ódio.*

**He is completely happy, running around painting posters, singing the new Hate Song, smelling even more strongly of sweat in the hot weather.**

*Ele está completamente feliz, correndo por aí pintando pôsteres, cantando a nova Canção do Ódio, cheirando ainda mais forte a suor no clima quente.*

**Daily life no longer causes Winston pain: He has stopped drinking gin at all hours and his knee feels better.**

*A vida cotidiana não causa mais dor a Winston: ele parou de beber gim a toda hora e seu joelho está melhor.*

**He does not want to shout angry words at the telescreen all the time.**

*Ele não quer gritar palavras raivosas na teletela o tempo todo.*

**He meets Julia four, five, six - seven times during the month of June.**

*Ele encontra Julia quatro, cinco, seis - sete vezes durante o mês de Junho.*

**It is so hot at the end of the month that they lay on the bed in the room over Mr Charrington's shop without clothes on.**

*Faz tanto calor no final do mês que eles se deitaram na cama do quarto em cima da loja do Sr. Charrington sem roupa.*



**The rat has never come back.**

*O rato nunca mais voltou.*

**Sometimes they talk about a more open war against the Party, but they do not know how to begin.**

*Às vezes falam de uma guerra mais aberta contra o Partido, mas não sabem como começar.*

**Winston tells her about the strange understanding that seems to exist between himself and O'Brien.**

*Winston conta a ela sobre o estranho entendimento que parece existir entre ele e O'Brien.*

**He sometimes feels like going to see him, telling him he is the enemy of the Party, demanding O'Brien's help.**

*Às vezes ele sente vontade de ir vê-lo, dizer-lhe que é o inimigo do Partido, exigir a ajuda de O'Brien.*

**Strangely, Julia does not think this is a wild idea.**

*Estranhamente, Julia não acha que isso seja uma ideia maluca.*

**She judges people by their faces and it seems natural to her that the look in O'Brien's eyes makes Winston believe in him.**

*Ela julga as pessoas por seus rostos e lhe parece natural que o olhar de O'Brien faça Winston acreditar nele.*



**"Oh, not really. I've never invented any of the words..."**

*"Ah, não realmente. Eu nunca inventei nenhuma das palavras..."*

**"But you write it very well," said O'Brien. "That is not only my own opinion.**

*"Mas você escreve muito bem", disse O'Brien.*

*"Essa não é apenas minha opinião.*

**I was talking recently to a friend of yours who knows a lot about Newspeak.**

*Eu estava conversando recentemente com um amigo seu que sabe muito sobre Novafala.*

**I can't remember his name at the moment."**

*Não consigo lembrar o nome dele no momento."*

**Winston's heart jumped.**

*O coração de Winston saltou.*

**This could only mean Syme. But Syme was not only dead, he was vaporized, an unperson.**

*Isso só poderia significar Syme. Mas Syme não estava apenas morto, ele estava vaporizado, uma não-pessoa.*

**It was dangerous to talk about an unperson; they could kill you for it.**

*Era perigoso falar sobre uma não-pessoa; eles podem te matar por isso.*

**O'Brien was sharing a thoughtcrime with him.**  
*O'Brien estava compartilhando um pensamento-crime com ele.*

**"In your Newspeak article you used two words which we have recently taken out of the language," said O'Brien.**

*"Em seu artigo de Novafala você usou duas palavras que recentemente tiramos do idioma", disse O'Brien.*

**"Have you seen the new tenth edition?"**

*"Você viu a nova décima edição?"*

**"No," said Winston. "We still have the ninth in the office."**

*"Não", disse Winston. "Ainda temos o nono no escritório."*

**"The tenth will not be sent to offices for some months, but I have one.**

*"O décimo não será enviado aos escritórios por alguns meses, mas eu tenho um.*

**Would you like to see it, perhaps?"**

*Você gostaria de vê-lo, talvez?"*

**"Yes, very much," said Winston, who could see where this was leading.**

*"Sim, muito", disse Winston, que podia ver onde isso estava levando.*

**"You will be interested, I'm sure.**

*"Você vai se interessar, tenho certeza.*

**You will like the smaller number of verbs.**

*Você vai gostar do menor número de verbos.*

**Shall I send someone to you with the Dictionary?**

*Devo enviar alguém para você com o Dicionário?*

**But I always forget that kind of thing.**

*Mas eu sempre esqueço esse tipo de coisa.*

**Perhaps you could collect it from my flat at a convenient time?**

*Talvez você possa buscá-lo no meu apartamento em um momento conveniente?*

**Wait. Let me give you my address."**

*Espera. Deixa eu te dar o meu endereço."*

**They were standing in front of a telescreen which could see what he was writing.**

*Eles estavam em frente a uma teletela que podia ver o que ele estava escrevendo.*

**He wrote an address in a notebook, pulled out the page and gave it to Winston.**

*Ele escreveu um endereço em um caderno, tirou a página e deu a Winston.*

**"I am usually at home in the evenings," he said.**

*"Geralmente estou em casa à noite", disse ele.*

**"If not, my servant will give you the Dictionary."**  
*"Se não, meu servo lhe dará o Dicionário."*

**And then he was gone.**  
*E então ele se foi.*

.....

**They have done it, they have done it at last!**  
*Eles conseguiram, finalmente conseguiram!*

**The room is long, there is a thick carpet and a soft light; the sound from the telescreen is low.**  
*A sala é longa, há um tapete grosso e uma luz suave; o som da teletela está baixo.*

**At the far end of the room O'Brien is sitting under a lamp with papers on either side of him.**  
*No outro extremo da sala, O'Brien está sentado sob um abajur com papéis de cada lado dele.*

**He does not look up when the servant shows Winston and Julia in.**  
*Ele não ergue os olhos quando o criado leva Winston e Julia a entrar.*

**Winston's heart is beating fast.**  
*O coração de Winston está batendo rápido.*

**It is dangerous to arrive with Julia, although they met only outside O'Brien's flat.**

É perigoso chegar com Julia, embora eles tenham se encontrado apenas do lado de fora do apartamento de O'Brien.

**And although O'Brien invited him, he is still afraid of the guards with black uniforms in this enormous building with its strange smells of good food and tobacco.**

*E embora O'Brien o tenha convidado, ele ainda tem medo dos guardas com uniformes pretos neste edifício enorme com seus cheiros estranhos de boa comida e tabaco.*

**But the guards did not order him out.**

*Mas os guardas não o expulsaram.*

**O'Brien continues to work and does not look pleased at the visit.**

*O'Brien continua trabalhando e não parece satisfeito com a visita.*

**It seems quite possible to Winston that he just made a stupid mistake.**

*Parece bem possível para Winston que ele tenha cometido um erro estúpido.*

**He cannot even pretend that he came only to borrow the Dictionary - if he did, why is Julia here?**

*Ele não pode nem fingir que veio apenas para pedir emprestado o Dicionário - se fizesse isso, por que Julia está aqui?*

**O'Brien gets up slowly from his chair and comes towards them across the thick carpet.**

*O'Brien se levanta lentamente de sua cadeira e vem em direção a eles através do tapete grosso.*

**He presses a switch on the wall and the voice from the telescreen stops.**

*Ele aperta um botão na parede e a voz da teletela para.*

**Julia gives a small cry of surprise and without thinking Winston says, "You can turn it off!"**

*Julia dá um pequeno grito de surpresa e, sem pensar, Winston diz: "Você pode desligar!"*

**"Yes," says O'Brien. "We can turn it off. We in the Inner Party are allowed to do that."**

*"Sim", diz O'Brien. "Nós podemos desligá-lo. Nós do Partido Interno temos permissão para fazer isso."*



**Nobody speaks. Without the voice from the telescreen the room is completely silent. Then O'Brien smiles.**

*Ninguém fala. Sem a voz da teletela, a sala fica completamente silenciosa. Então O'Brien sorri.*

**"Do you want me to say it or do you?" he says.**

*"Você quer que eu diga ou você diz?" ele diz.*

**"I will say it," says Winston immediately. "That thing is really turned off?"**

*"Eu vou dizer", diz Winston imediatamente. "Essa coisa está realmente desligada?"*

**"Yes. We are alone."**

*"Sim. Estamos sozinhos."*

**Winston pauses. He does not know exactly what he expects from O'Brien.**

*Winston faz uma pausa. Ele não sabe exatamente o que espera de O'Brien.*

**Then he continues, "We believe that there is a secret organization working against the Party and that you are part of it.**

*Então ele continua: "Acreditamos que existe uma organização secreta trabalhando contra o Partido e que você faz parte dela.*

**We want to join it and work for it.**

*Queremos aderir e trabalhar para ela.*

**We are enemies of the Party.**

*Somos inimigos do Partido.*

**We are lovers, and we are thoughtcriminals.**

*Somos amantes, e somos criminosos do pensamento.*

**And now we are in your power."**

*E agora estamos em seu poder."*

**O'Brien takes a bottle and fills three glasses with dark red liquid.**

*O'Brien pega uma garrafa e enche três copos com um líquido vermelho escuro.*

**It reminds Winston of something he saw a long time ago.**

*Isso lembra Winston de algo que ele viu há muito tempo.*

**Julia picks up her glass and smells the liquid with great interest.**

*Julia pega seu copo e cheira o líquido com grande interesse.*

**"It is called wine," says O'Brien with a small smile.**

*"Chama-se vinho", diz O'Brien com um pequeno sorriso.*

**"Not much of it gets to ordinary Party members, I'm afraid."**

*"Não muito disso chega aos membros comuns do Partido, eu temo."*

**His face becomes serious again, and he lifts his glass: "To our Leader," he says. "To Emmanuel Goldstein."**

*Seu rosto fica sério novamente, e ele ergue o copo: "Ao nosso líder", diz ele. "A Emmanuel Goldstein."*

**Winston lifts his glass, his eyes are open wide.**

*Winston levanta seu copo, seus olhos estão arregalados.*

**Wine is a thing he has read and dreamed about.**

*O vinho é uma coisa que ele leu e sonhou.*

**For some reason he always thought it tasted sweet.**

*Por alguma razão, ele sempre achou que tinha um gosto doce.*

**But it tastes of nothing.**

*Mas não tem gosto de nada.*

**The truth is that after years of drinking gin he can taste almost nothing.**

*A verdade é que depois de anos bebendo gin ele não consegue sentir quase nada.*

**"So Goldstein is a real person?" he says.**

*"Então Goldstein é uma pessoa real?" ele diz.*

**"Yes he is, and he is alive. Where, I do not know."**

*"Sim, ele é, e ele está vivo. Onde, eu não sei."*

**"And the Brotherhood is real, too? It was not invented by the Thought Police?"**

*"E a Irmandade também é real? Não foi inventada pela Polícia do Pensamento?"*

**"No, it is real. But you will never learn much more about the Brotherhood than that."**

*"Não, é real. Mas você nunca aprenderá muito mais sobre a Irmandade do que isso."*

**He looks at his watch.**

*Ele olha para o relógio.*

**"It is unwise even for me to turn the telescreen off for more than half an hour.**

*"É imprudente mesmo para mim desligar a teletela por mais de meia hora.*

**It was a mistake for both of you to arrive here together, and you, Comrade," he looks at Julia, "will have to leave first.**

*Foi um erro vocês dois chegarem aqui juntos, e você, Camarada", ele olha para Julia, "terá que sair primeiro.*

**We have about twenty minutes.**

*Temos cerca de vinte minutos.*

**Now, what are you prepared to do?"**

*Agora, o que vocês estão preparados para fazer?"*

**"Anything that we can," says Winston.**

*"Qualquer coisa que pudermos", diz Winston.*

**O'Brien has turned himself a little in his chair so that he is looking at Winston.**

*O'Brien virou-se um pouco na cadeira para olhar para Winston.*

**He seems to think that Winston can answer for Julia.**

*Ele parece pensar que Winston pode responder por Julia.*

**"You are willing to give your lives?"**

**"Yes."**

*"Vocês estão dispostos a dar suas vidas?"*

*"Sim."*

**"You are willing to murder another person?"**

**"Yes."**

*"Vocês estão dispostos a matar outra pessoa?"*

*"Sim."*

**"You are willing to cause the death of hundreds of innocent people?"**

**"Yes."**

*"Vocês estão dispostos a causar a morte de centenas de pessoas inocentes?"*

*"Sim."*

**"If, for example, it would help us to blind a child and destroy its face - would you do that?"**

**"Yes."**

*"Se, por exemplo, nos ajudasse a cegar uma criança e destruir seu rosto - vocês fariam isso?"*

*"Sim."*

**"Are you willing to kill yourselves, if we order you to do so?"**

**"Yes."**

*"Vocês estão dispostos a se matarem, se nós ordenarmos que vocês façam isso?"*

*"Sim."*

**"You are willing, the two of you, to separate and never see each other again?"**

*"Vocês estão dispostos, vocês dois, a se separarem e nunca mais se verem?"*

**"No!" shouts Julia.**

*"Não!" Grita Julia.*

**It seems to Winston that a long time passes before he answers. "No," he says finally.**

*Parece a Winston que passa muito tempo antes que ele responda. "Não", ele diz finalmente.*

**"You did well to tell me," says O'Brien. "It is necessary for us to know everything."**

*"Vocês fizeram bem em me dizer", diz O'Brien. "É necessário que saibamos tudo."*

**O'Brien starts walking up and down, one hand in the pocket of his black overalls, the other holding a cigarette.**

*O'Brien começa a andar para cima e para baixo, uma mão no bolso do macacão preto, a outra segurando um cigarro.*

**"You understand," he says, "that secrets will always be kept from you.**

*"Você entende", diz ele, "que segredos sempre serão guardados de você.*

**You will receive orders and you will obey them without knowing why.**

*Vocês receberão ordens e as obedecerão sem saber por quê.*

**Later I shall send you a book by Emmanuel Goldstein.**

*Mais tarde lhes enviarei um livro de Emmanuel Goldstein.*

**When you have read the book you will be full members of the Brotherhood.**

*Quando tiverem lido o livro, vocês serão membros plenos da Irmandade.*

**When you are finally caught you will get no help.**  
*Quando vocês finalmente forem pegos, não receberão ajuda.*

**Sometimes we are able to get a razor blade into the prison to silence someone, but you are more likely to tell them all you know - although you will not know very much.**

*Às vezes, conseguimos colocar uma lâmina de barbear na prisão para silenciar alguém, mas é mais provável que vocês contem a eles tudo o que sabem - embora não saibam muito.*

**We are the dead.**

*Nós somos os mortos.*

**We are fighting for a better life for people in the future."**

*Estamos lutando por uma vida melhor para as pessoas no futuro."*

**He stops and looks at his watch.**

*Ele para e olha para o relógio.*

**"It is almost time for you to leave, Comrade," he says to Julia.**

*"Está quase na hora de você ir embora, Camarada", ele diz a Julia.*

**"Wait. There is still some wine."**

*"Espere. Ainda há um pouco de vinho."*



**He fills the glasses and holds up his own glass.**  
*Ele enche os copos e ergue seu próprio copo.*

**“What shall we drink to? To the death of Big Brother? To the future?”**

*“A que devemos beber? À morte do Grande Irmão? Ao futuro?”*

**“To the past,” says Winston.**

*“Ao passado”, diz Winston.*

**“Yes, the past is more important,” says O’Brien seriously.**

*“Sim, o passado é mais importante”, diz O’Brien seriamente.*

**They finish the wine and a moment later Julia stands up to go.**

*Eles terminam o vinho e um momento depois Julia se levanta para ir embora.*

**When she has left, Winston stands up and he and O’Brien shake hands.**

*Quando ela sai, Winston se levanta e ele e O’Brien apertam as mãos.*

**At the door he looks back, but O’Brien is already at his desk, doing his important work for the Party.**

*Na porta, ele olha para trás, mas O’Brien já está em sua mesa, fazendo seu importante trabalho para o Partido.*

CHAPTER  
CAPÍTULO

8

**DOUBLETHINK**  
*DUPLIPENSAR*

**On the sixth day of Hate Week, just before two thousand Eurasian prisoners were hanged in the park, the people of Oceania were told that they were not at war with Eurasia now.**

*No sexto dia da Semana do Ódio, pouco antes de dois mil prisioneiros eurásianos serem enforcados no parque, o povo de Oceania foi informado de que não estava em guerra com a Eurásia agora.*

**They were at war with Eastasia and Eurasia was a friend.**

*Eles estavam em guerra com a Lestásia e a Eurásia era uma amiga.*

**You could hear it on the telescreens — Oceania was at war with Eastasia: Oceania had always been at war with Eastasia.**

*Você podia ouvir nas teletelas — a Oceania estava em guerra com a Lestásia: a Oceania sempre esteve em guerra com a Lestásia.*

**Winston has worked more than ninety hours in the last five days of Hate Week.**

*Winston trabalhou mais de noventa horas nos últimos cinco dias da Semana do Ódio.*

**Now he has finished and he has nothing to do, no Party work until tomorrow morning.**

*Agora ele terminou e não tem nada para fazer, nenhum trabalho do Partido até amanhã de manhã.*

**Slowly, in the afternoon sunshine, he walks up a narrow street to Mr. Charrington's shop, watching for the Thought Police, but sure - although he has no reason to be sure - that he is safe.**

*Lentamente, sob o sol da tarde, ele caminha por uma rua estreita até a loja do Sr. Charrington, procurando a Polícia do Pensamento, mas certo - embora não tenha motivos para ter certeza - de que está seguro.*

**In his case, heavy against his legs, he carries the book, Goldstein's book.**

*Na sua maleta, pesada contra as pernas, ele carrega o livro, o livro de Goldstein.*

**He has had it for six days but has not looked at it yet.**

*Ele está com ele há seis dias, mas ainda não olhou para ele.*

**Tired but not sleepy, he climbs the stairs above Mr. Charrington's shop.**

*Cansado, mas não com sono, ele sobe as escadas acima da loja do Sr. Charrington.*

**He opens the window and puts the water on for coffee.**

*Ele abre a janela e coloca a água para o café.*

**Julia will be here soon.**

*Julia estará aqui em breve.*

**He takes Goldstein's book out of his case and opens it.**

*Ele tira o livro de Goldstein de sua maleta e o abre.*

**Then he hears Julia coming up the stairs and jumps out of his chair to meet her.**

*Então ele ouve Julia subindo as escadas e pula da cadeira para encontrá-la.*

**She puts her brown tool bag on the floor and throws herself into his arms.**

*Ela coloca sua bolsa de ferramentas marrom no chão e se joga em seus braços.*

**It has been more than a week since they saw each other.**

*Já faz mais de uma semana desde que eles se viram.*

**"I've got the book", he says.**

*"Eu peguei o livro", diz ele.*

**"Oh, you've got it? Good," she says without much interest, and almost immediately bends down to make the coffee.**

*"Ah, você pegou? Bom", ela diz sem muito interesse, e quase imediatamente se abaixa para fazer o café.*

**They do not talk about the book again until they have been in bed for half an hour.**

*Eles não falam sobre o livro novamente até que estejam na cama por meia hora.*

**It is evening and just cool enough to have a blanket over them. Julia is falling asleep by his side.**

*É noite e está fresco o suficiente para ter um cobertor sobre eles. Julia está adormecendo ao seu lado.*

**Winston picks the book up from the floor and sits up in bed.**

*Winston pega o livro do chão e se senta na cama.*

**"We must read it," he says. "You too. All members of the Brotherhood have to read it."**

*"Devemos lê-lo", diz ele. "Você também. Todos os membros da Irmandade têm que ler."*

**"You read it," she says with her eyes shut. "Read it to me, that's the best way. Then you can explain it to me."**

*"Você lê", diz ela com os olhos fechados. "Leia para mim, essa é a melhor maneira. Então você pode me explicar."*

**The clock's hands say six, meaning eighteen.**

*Os ponteiros do relógio indicam seis, o que significa dezoito.*

**They have three or four hours ahead of them.**

*Eles têm três ou quatro horas pela frente.*

**He puts the book against his knee and begins reading:**

*Ele coloca o livro contra o joelho e começa a ler:*

**'There have always been three kinds of people in the world, the High, the Middle and the Low.**

*"Sempre houve três tipos de pessoas no mundo, as Altas, as Médias e as Baixas.*

**The world has changed but society always contains these three groups.'**

*O mundo mudou, mas a sociedade sempre contém esses três grupos.'*

**"Julia, are you awake?" says Winston.**

*"Julia, você está acordada?" diz Winston.*

**"Yes, my love, I'm listening."**

*"Sim, meu amor, estou ouvindo."*

**'The aims of the three groups are completely different.**

*"Os objetivos dos três grupos são completamente diferentes.*

**The High want to stay where they are.**

*Os Altos querem ficar onde estão.*

**The Middle want to change places with the High.**

*Os Médios querem trocar de lugar com os Altos.*

**Sometimes the Low have no aim at all, because they are too tired from endless boring work to have an aim.**

*Às vezes, os Baixos não têm nenhum objetivo, porque estão cansados demais do trabalho chato e interminável para ter um objetivo.*

**If they do have one, they want to live in a new world where all people are equal.**

*Se eles têm um, eles querem viver em um novo mundo onde todas as pessoas são iguais.*

**At the beginning of the twentieth century this equality became possible for the first time because machines did so much of the work.**

*No início do século XX, essa igualdade tornou-se possível pela primeira vez porque as máquinas faziam grande parte do trabalho.*

**A dream that was held for centuries seemed to be coming true.**

*Um sonho que foi mantido por séculos parecia estar se tornando realidade.*

**But in the early 1930s the High group saw the danger to them of equality for all and did everything possible to stop it.**

*Mas no início da década de 1930, o Alto grupo viu o perigo para eles da igualdade para todos e fez todo o possível para impedir isso.*

**The individual suffered in ways that he had not suffered for centuries.**

*O indivíduo sofria de maneiras que não sofria há séculos.*

**Prisoners of war were sent into slavery or hanged. Thousands were sent to prison although they had broken no law.**

*Prisioneiros de guerra eram enviados à escravidão ou enforcados. Milhares foram enviados para a prisão, embora não tivessem infringido nenhuma lei.*

**The populations of whole countries were forced to leave their homes.**

*As populações de países inteiros foram forçadas a deixar suas casas.*



**And all this was defended and even supported by people who said they believed in progress.**

*E tudo isso foi defendido e até apoiado por pessoas que diziam acreditar no progresso.*

**The people who entered the new High group were from the professions: scientists, teachers, journalists.**

*As pessoas que entraram no novo grupo Alto eram das profissões: cientistas, professores, jornalistas.*

**They used newspapers, radio, film and television to control People's thoughts.**

*Eles usaram jornais, rádio, cinema e televisão para controlar os pensamentos das pessoas.*

**When a television that could both send and receive information was invented, private life came to an end.**

*Quando uma televisão que podia enviar e receber informações foi inventada, a vida privada chegou ao fim.*

**Every individual, or at least every important individual, could be watched twenty-four hours a day.**

*Todo indivíduo, ou pelo menos todo indivíduo importante, podia ser vigiado 24 horas por dia.*

**For the first time it was possible to force people to obey the Party and to share the Party's opinion on all subjects.**

*Pela primeira vez foi possível forçar as pessoas a obedecer ao Partido e a compartilhar a opinião do Partido em todos os assuntos.*

**After the 1950s and 1960s the danger of equality had been ended and society had re-grouped itself, as always, into High, Middle and Low.**

*Após as décadas de 1950 e 1960, o perigo da igualdade havia cessado e a sociedade se reagrupara, como sempre, em Alta, Média e Baixa.*

**But the new High group, for the first time, knew how to stay in that position forever.**

*Mas o novo Alto grupo, pela primeira vez, sabia como permanecer nessa posição para sempre.*

**First, in the middle years of the twentieth century, the Party made sure that it owned all the property — all the factories, land, houses, everything except really small pieces of personal property.**

*Primeiro, em meados do século XX, o Partido certificou-se de que possuía todas as propriedades – todas as fábricas, terrenos, casas, tudo, exceto pequenos pedaços de propriedade pessoal.*

**This meant that a few people (the Inner Party) owned almost everything and the Middle and Low groups owned nearly nothing.**

*Isso significava que algumas pessoas (o Partido Interno) possuíam quase tudo e os grupos Médio e Baixo possuíam quase nada.*

**There was therefore no hope of moving up in society by becoming richer and owning more.**

*Portanto, não havia esperança de subir na sociedade tornando-se mais rico e possuindo mais.*

**But the problem of staying in power is more complicated than that.**

*Mas o problema de se manter no poder é mais complicado do que isso.*

**In the past, High groups have fallen from power either because they have lost control of the Middle or Low groups or because they have become too weak, or because they have been attacked and beaten by an army from outside.**

*No passado, os grupos Altos caíram do poder porque perderam o controle dos grupos Médio ou Baixo ou porque se tornaram muito fracos, ou porque foram atacados e derrotados por um exército de fora.*

**After the middle of the century there was really no more danger from the Middle or Low groups.**

*Depois de meados do século, realmente não havia mais perigo dos grupos Médio ou Baixo.*

**The Party had made itself stronger by killing all of its first leaders (people like Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford).**

*O Partido se fortaleceu matando todos os seus primeiros líderes (pessoas como Jones, Aaronson e Rutherford).*

**By 1970 Big Brother was the only leader and Emmanuel Goldstein was in hiding somewhere.**

*Em 1970, o Grande Irmão era o único líder e Emmanuel Goldstein estava escondido em algum lugar.*

**The Party then kept itself strong.**

*O Partido então se manteve forte.*

**The child of Inner Party parents is not born into the Inner Party; there is an examination, taken at the age of sixteen.**

*O filho de pais do Partido Interno não nasce no Partido Interno; há um exame, feito aos dezesseis anos.*

**Weak Inner Party members are moved down and clever Outer Party members are allowed to move up.**

*Membros fracos do Partido Interno são movidos para baixo e membros inteligentes do Partido Externo podem subir.*

**Although proles do not usually move up into the Party, the Party always stops itself from becoming stupid or weak.**

*Embora os proletários geralmente não subam no Partido, o Partido sempre evita se tornar estúpido ou fraco.*

**The Party has also made attack from the outside impossible.**

*O Partido também tornou impossível o ataque de fora.*

**There are now only three great countries in the world.**

*Existem agora apenas três grandes países no mundo.*

**They are always at war but none of them can win or even wishes to win these wars.**

*Eles estão sempre em guerra, mas nenhum deles pode vencer ou mesmo deseja vencer essas guerras.*

**Following the idea of "doublethink" the mind of the Party, which controls us all, both knows and does not know the aim of these wars.**

*Seguindo a ideia de "Duplipensar", a mente do Partido, que nos controla a todos, sabe e não sabe o objetivo dessas guerras.*

**The aim is to use everything that a country produces without making its people richer.**

*O objetivo é usar tudo o que um país produz sem enriquecer seu povo.*

**If people became richer, there would be an end to the world of the High, the Middle and the Low.**

*Se as pessoas ficassem mais ricas, haveria um fim para o mundo do Alto, do Médio e do Baixo.*

**The Low and the Middle would not wish to stay in their places and would not need to.**

*O Baixo e o Médio não gostariam de ficar em seus lugares e não precisariam.*

**The Middle and Low are kept in their places by their belief in the wars that none of the three countries can win.**

*O Médio e o Baixo são mantidos em seus lugares por sua crença nas guerras que nenhum dos três países pode vencer.*

**So the Party has to end independent thought and make people believe everything they are told.**

*Portanto, o Partido tem que acabar com o pensamento independente e fazer as pessoas acreditarem em tudo o que dizem.*

**The Party must know what every person is thinking, so they never want to end the war.**

*O Partido precisa saber o que cada pessoa está pensando, para que eles nunca queiram acabar com a guerra.*

**War continues, always and forever.**

*A guerra continua, sempre e para sempre.*

**People are given somewhere to live, something to wear and something to eat.**

*As pessoas recebem um lugar para morar, algo para vestir e algo para comer.*

**That is all they need and they must never want more.**

*Isso é tudo que eles precisam e eles nunca devem querer mais.*

**They are given work, but only the Thought Police do their work really well.**

*Eles recebem trabalho, mas apenas a Polícia do Pensamento faz seu trabalho realmente bem.*

**All good things in the world of Oceania today, all knowledge, all happiness, come from Big Brother.**

*Todas as coisas boas do mundo da Oceania hoje, todo conhecimento, toda felicidade, vêm do Grande Irmão.*

**Nobody has ever seen Big Brother.**

*Ninguém nunca viu o Grande Irmão.*

**He is a face on posters, a voice on the telescreen.**

*Ele é um rosto em cartazes, uma voz na teletela.*

**We can be sure that he will never die.**

*Podemos ter certeza de que ele nunca morrerá.*

**Big Brother is the way the Party shows itself to the people.**

*O Grande Irmão é a forma como o Partido se mostra ao povo.*

**Below Big Brother comes the Inner Party, which is now six million people, less than 2% of the population of Oceania.**

*Abaixo do Grande Irmão vem o Partido Interno, que hoje tem seis milhões de pessoas, menos de 2% da população da Oceania.*

**Below the Inner Party comes the Outer Party.**

*Abaixo do Partido Interno vem o Partido Externo.*

**The Inner Party is like the mind of the Party and the Outer Party is like its hands.**

*O Partido Interno é como a mente do Partido e o Partido Externo é como suas mãos.*

**Below that come the millions of people we call "the proles", about 85% of the population.**

*Abaixo disso vêm os milhões de pessoas que chamamos de "proletários", cerca de 85% da população.*

**A Party member lives under the eye of the Thought Police from birth to death.**

*Um membro do Partido vive sob o olhar da Polícia do Pensamento desde o nascimento até a morte.*



**Even when he is alone he can never be sure he is alone. He will never make a free choice in his life.**

*Nem mesmo quando está sozinho, ele nunca pode ter certeza de que está sozinho. Ele nunca fará uma escolha livre em sua vida.*

**But there is no law and there are no rules. They are not necessary.**

*Mas não há lei e não há regras. Elas não são necessárias.*

**Most people know what they must do - in Newspeak they are "goodthinkers".**

*A maioria das pessoas sabe o que deve fazer - em Novafala eles são "benepensadores".*

**And since Party members were children they have been trained in three more Newspeak words: "crimestop", "blackwhite" and "doublethink".**

*E desde que os membros do Partido eram crianças, eles foram treinados em mais três palavras da Novafala: "parecrime", "pretobranco" e "duplipensar".*

**Even young children are taught "crimestop". It means stopping before you think a wrong thought.**

*Até as crianças pequenas são ensinadas a "parecrime". Significa parar antes de pensar um pensamento errado.*

**When you are trained in "crimestop" you cannot think a thought against the Party.**

*Quando você é treinado em "parecrime", você não pode pensar um pensamento contra o Partido.*

**You think only what the Party wants you to think.**

*Você pensa apenas o que o Partido quer que você pense.*

**But the Party wants people to think different thoughts all the time.**

*Mas o Partido quer que as pessoas tenham pensamentos diferentes o tempo todo.*

**The important word here is "blackwhite."**

*A palavra importante aqui é "pretobranco".*

**Like many Newspeak words, this has two meanings.**

*Como muitas palavras de Novafala, isso tem dois significados.*

**Enemies say that black is white - they tell lies.**

*Os inimigos dizem que preto é branco - eles contam mentiras.*

**But Party members say that black is white because the Party tells them to and because they believe it.**

*Mas os membros do Partido dizem que o preto é branco porque o Partido manda e porque acreditam nisso.*

**They must forget that they ever had a different belief.**

*Eles devem esquecer que já tiveram uma crença diferente.*

**"Blackwhite" and "crimestop" are both part of "doublethink".**

*"Pretobranco" e "parecrime" fazem parte do "duplipensar".*

**"Doublethink" allows people to hold two different ideas in their minds at the same time - and to accept both of them.**

*"Duplipensar" permite que as pessoas mantenham duas ideias diferentes em suas mentes ao mesmo tempo - e aceitem ambas.*

**In this way they can live with a changing reality, including a changing past.**

*Desta forma, eles podem viver com uma realidade em mudança, incluindo um passado em mudança.*

**The past must be changed all the time because the Party can never make a mistake.**

*O passado deve ser mudado o tempo todo porque o Partido nunca pode errar.*

**That is the most important reason. It is also important that nobody can remember a time better than now and so become unhappy with the present.**

*Essa é a razão mais importante. Também é importante que ninguém possa se lembrar de um tempo melhor do que agora e assim ficar infeliz com o presente.*

**By using "doublethink" the Party has been able to stop history, keep power and...**

*Ao usar o "duplipensar", o Partido conseguiu parar a história, manter o poder e...*

**"Julia?"**

**No answer.**

*"Julia?"*

*Sem resposta.*

**"Julia, are you awake?"**

**No answer.**

*"Julia, você está acordada?"*

*Nenhuma resposta.*

**She is asleep.**

*Ela está dormindo.*

**He shuts the book, puts it carefully on the floor, lays down and puts the blanket over both of them.**

*Ele fecha o livro, coloca-o cuidadosamente no chão, se deita e coloca o cobertor sobre os dois.*

**The book has not told him anything he does not already know, but after reading it he knows he is not mad.**

*O livro não lhe disse nada que ele já não saiba, mas depois de lê-lo ele sabe que não está louco.*

**He shuts his eyes. He is safe, everything is alright.**

*Ele fecha os olhos. Ele está seguro, está tudo bem.*

**When he wakes he thinks he has slept a long time but, looking at the old clock, he sees it is only twenty-thirty.**

*Quando acorda, pensa que dormiu muito tempo, mas, olhando para o velho relógio, vê que são apenas vinte e meia.*

**Outside he can hear singing. It is a song written in the Ministry of Truth and a proletarian woman is singing it.**

*Lá fora, ele pode ouvir um canto. É uma música escrita no Ministério da Verdade e uma mulher proletária está cantando.*

**If there is hope, thinks Winston, it is because of the proles.**

*Se há esperança, pensa Winston, é por causa dos proletários.*

**Even without reading the end of Goldstein's book, he knows that is his message.**

*Mesmo sem ler o final do livro de Goldstein, ele sabe que essa é sua mensagem.*

**The future belonged to the proles; Party members are the dead.**

*O futuro pertencia aos proletários; Os membros do partido são os mortos.*

**"We are the dead," he says.**

*"Nós somos os mortos", diz ele.*

**"We are the dead," agrees Julia.**

*"Nós somos os mortos", concorda Julia.*

**"You are the dead," says a voice behind them.**

*"Vocês são os mortos", diz uma voz atrás deles.*

**They jump away from each other.**

*Eles saltam para longe um do outro.*

**Winston feels his blood go cold. Julia's face has turned a milky yellow.**

*Winston sente seu sangue gelar. O rosto de Julia ficou amarelo leitoso.*

**"You are the dead," repeats the voice.**

*"Vocês são os mortos", repete a voz.*

**"It was behind the picture," breathes Julia.**

*"Estava por trás da foto", respira Julia.*

**"It was behind the picture," says the voice. "Stay exactly where you are. Do not move until we order you to."**

*"Estava por trás da foto", diz a voz. "Fique exatamente onde vocês estão. Não se movam até que nós ordenemos."*

**It is starting, it is starting at last!**

*Está começando, está começando finalmente!*

**They can do nothing except look into each other's eyes.**

*Eles não podem fazer nada, exceto olhar nos olhos um do outro.*

**They do not even think of running for their lives or getting out of the house before it is too late.**

*Eles nem pensam em correr para salvar suas vidas ou sair da casa antes que seja tarde demais.*

**It is unthinkable to disobey the voice from the wall.**

*É impensável desobedecer à voz da parede.*

**There is a crash of breaking glass. The picture has fallen to the floor. There is a telescreen behind it.**

*Há um estrondo de vidro quebrando. A foto caiu no chão. Há uma teletela atrás dela.*

**"Now they can see us," says Julia.**

*"Agora eles podem nos ver", diz Julia.*

**"Now we can see you," says the voice.**  
*"Agora podemos ver vocês", diz a voz.*

**"Stand in the middle of the room.**  
*"Fiquem no meio da sala.*

**Stand back to back.**  
*Fiquem de costas um para o outro.*

**Put your hands behind your heads.**  
*Coloquem as mãos atrás da cabeça.*

**Do not touch each other."**  
*Não se toquem."*

**"I suppose we should say goodbye," says Julia.**  
*"Acho que devemos dizer adeus", diz Julia.*

**"You should say goodbye," says the voice.**  
*"Vocês deveriam dizer adeus", diz a voz.*

**There is a crash as a ladder breaks through the window.**  
*Há um estrondo quando uma escada quebra a janela.*

**Soldiers come in; more come crashing in through the door.**  
*Os soldados entram; mais vêm batendo pela porta.*

**Winston does not move, not even his eyes.**  
*Winston não se move, nem mesmo os olhos.*



**Only one thing matters: don't give them an excuse to hit you.**

*Só uma coisa importa: não dê a eles uma desculpa para bater em você.*

**One of the soldiers hits Julia hard in the stomach.**

*Um dos soldados atinge Julia com força no estômago.*

**She falls to the floor, fighting to breathe.**

*Ela cai no chão, lutando para respirar.*

**Then two of them pick her up and carry her out of the room, holding her by the knees and shoulders.**

*Então dois deles a pegam e a carregam para fora da sala, segurando-a pelos joelhos e ombros.*

**Winston sees her face, yellow with pain, with her eyes tightly shut as they take her away from him.**

*Winston vê o rosto dela, amarelo de dor, com os olhos bem fechados enquanto a afastam dele.*

**He does not move. No one has hit him yet.**

*Ele não se move. Ninguém o atingiu ainda.*

**He wonders if they have got Mr. Charrington.**

*Ele se pergunta se eles pegaram o Sr. Charrington.*

**He wants to go to the toilet.**

*Ele quer ir ao banheiro.*

**The clock says nine, meaning twenty-one hours, but the light seems too strong for evening.**

*O relógio marca nove, significando vinte e uma horas, mas a luz parece forte demais para a noite.*

**Was it really nine in the morning? Have he and Julia slept all that time?**

*Eram mesmo nove da manhã? Ele e Julia dormiram todo esse tempo?*

**Mr. Charrington comes into the room and Winston suddenly realizes whose voice he has heard on the telescreen.**

*O Sr. Charrington entra no quarto e Winston de repente percebe de quem é a voz que ele ouviu na teletela.*

**Mr. Charrington still has his old jacket on, but his hair, which was almost white, is now black.**

*O Sr. Charrington ainda está com sua jaqueta velha, mas seu cabelo, que era quase branco, agora é preto.*

**His body is straighter and looks bigger.**

*Seu corpo está mais reto e parece maior.*

**His face is the clear-thinking, cold face of a man of about thirty-five.**

*Seu rosto é o rosto lúcido e frio de um homem de cerca de trinta e cinco anos.*

**Winston realizes that for the first time in his life he is looking at a member of the Thought Police.**

*Winston percebe que pela primeira vez em sua vida está olhando para um membro da Polícia do Pensamento.*



Espero que você esteja curtido este livro. Antes de continuar, faça uma contribuição para manter o conteúdo do **INGLÊS ESSENCIAL** acessível de forma gratuita!



CRÉDITO, DÉBITO,  
BOLETO, DEPÓSITO

**PART  
PARTE 3**

A dark, atmospheric photograph of a hallway. A door is slightly ajar, casting a soft glow. The number '101' is visible on the wall to the left of the door.

101

**INSIDE WINSTON SMITH'S HEAD**  
*DENTRO DA CABEÇA DE WINSTON SMITH*

**CHAPTER**  
**CAPÍTULO** **9**

**MINILUV**  
**MINIAMO**

**He does not know where he is. He thinks he is in the Ministry of Love, Miniluv, but he cannot be certain.**

*Ele não sabe onde está. Ele pensa que está no Ministério do Amor, Miniamo, mas não pode ter certeza.*

**He is in a cell with a high ceiling and no windows.**

*Ele está em uma cela com teto alto e sem janelas.*

**Its walls are white and made of stone. It is bright with cold light.**

*Suas paredes são brancas e feitas de pedra. É brilhante com luz fria.*

**In this place, he feels, the lights will never be turned out.**

*Neste lugar, ele sente, as luzes nunca serão apagadas.*

**One moment he feels certain that it is a bright day outside and the next moment he is equally certain that it is black night.**

*Em um momento ele tem certeza de que é um dia claro lá fora e no momento seguinte ele tem a mesma certeza de que é uma noite escura.*

**"We shall meet in the place where there is no dark," O'Brien said to him.**

*"Vamos nos encontrar no lugar onde não há escuridão", disse O'Brien a ele.*

**In the Ministry of Love there are no windows.**

*No Ministério do Amor não há janelas.*

**He thinks of O'Brien more often than Julia.**

*Ele pensa em O'Brien com mais frequência do que em Julia.*

**He loves Julia and will not betray her, but he does not think about what is happening to her.**

*Ele ama Julia e não vai traí-la, mas não pensa no que está acontecendo com ela.*

**Sometimes he thinks about what they will do to him.**

*Às vezes ele pensa sobre o que eles vão fazer com ele.*

**He sees himself on the floor, screaming through broken teeth for them to stop hitting him.**

*Ele se vê no chão, gritando com os dentes quebrados para que parem de bater nele.*

**O'Brien must know he is here.**

*O'Brien deve saber que ele está aqui.*

**O'Brien said the Brotherhood never tried to save its members.**

*O'Brien disse que a Irmandade nunca tentou salvar seus membros.*

**But they will send him a razor blade if they can. One cut and it will all be finished.**

*Mas eles vão enviar-lhe uma lâmina de barbear, se puderem. Um corte e tudo estará terminado.*

**In his cell, there is a continuous noise from the machine that brings air in from outside.**

*Em sua cela, há um ruído contínuo da máquina que traz ar de fora.*

**A narrow shelf goes round the wall, stopping only at the door, and at the end opposite the door there is a toilet with no seat.**

*Uma prateleira estreita contorna a parede, parando apenas na porta, e na extremidade oposta à porta há um vaso sanitário sem assento.*

**There are four telescreens, one in each wall.**

*Há quatro teletelas, uma em cada parede.*



**He is hungry. It might be twenty-four hours since he has eaten, it might be thirty-six.**

*Ele está com fome. Podem ser vinte e quatro horas desde que ele comeu, podem ser trinta e seis.*

**He still does not know, probably never will know, if it was morning or evening when the soldiers took him.**

*Ele ainda não sabe, provavelmente nunca saberá, se era de manhã ou de noite quando os soldados o levaram.*

**Since then he has been given no food.**

*Desde então, ele não recebeu comida.*

**He sits on the narrow shelf without moving, with his hands crossed on his knees.**

*Ele está sentado na prateleira estreita sem se mexer, com as mãos cruzadas sobre os joelhos.*

**He has already learned not to move too much.**

*Ele já aprendeu a não se mexer muito.*

**If you move around they shout at you from the telescreen.**

*Se você se mexer, eles gritam com você da teletela.*

**But he wants food so badly, especially a piece of bread.**

*Mas ele quer tanto comida, especialmente um pedaço de pão.*

**He thinks perhaps there is a small piece in the pocket of his overalls.**

*Ele acha que talvez haja um pequeno pedaço no bolso de seu macacão.*

**His need for the bread grows stronger than the fear; he puts a hand in his pocket.**

*Sua necessidade do pão torna-se mais forte do que o medo; ele coloca a mão no bolso.*

**"Smith!" shouts a voice from the telescreen.**

*"Smith!" grita uma voz da teletela.*

**"6079 Smith W.! Hands out of pockets in the cells!"**

*"6079 Smith W.! Mãos fora dos bolsos nas celas!"*

**He crosses his hands on his knee again.**

*Ele cruza as mãos no joelho novamente.*

**There is a sound of marching boots outside.**

*Há um som de botas marchando lá fora.*

**A young officer, wearing a black uniform, with an emotionless face, steps into the cell.**

*Um jovem oficial, vestindo um uniforme preto, com um rosto sem emoção, entra na cela.*

**He waves to the guards behind him and they bring in a man who they are holding by the arms.**

*Ele acena para os guardas atrás dele e eles trazem um homem que estão segurando pelos braços.*

**It is Ampleforth, the man who re-writes poems for the Party.**

*É Ampleforth, o homem que reescreve poemas para o Partido.*

**The cell door closes behind him.**

*A porta da cela se fecha atrás dele.*

**Ampleforth walks up and down the cell.**

*Ampleforth anda para cima e para baixo na cela.*

**He has not yet noticed Winston.**

*Ele ainda não notou Winston.*

**He is dirty, wears no shoes and has not shaved for several days.**

*Ele está sujo, não usa sapatos e não se barbeia há vários dias.*

**The hairy half-beard gives him a criminal look that is strange, with his large weak body and nervous movements.**

*A meia-barba peluda dá-lhe um olhar criminoso que é estranho, com seu corpo grande e fraco e movimentos nervosos.*

**Winston thinks quickly. He must speak to Ampleforth even if they shout at him through the telescreen.**

*Winston pensa rapidamente. Ele deve falar com Ampleforth mesmo que eles gritem com ele através da teletela.*

**It is possible that Ampleforth has the razor blade for him.**

É possível que Ampleforth tenha a lâmina de barbear para ele.

**"Ampleforth," he says.**

*"Ampleforth", diz ele.*

**There is no shout from the telescreen.**

*Não há grito da teletela.*

**Ampleforth stops walking up and down.**

*Ampleforth para de andar para cima e para baixo.*

**He seems surprised.**

*Ele parece surpreso.*

**It takes him a moment to recognize Winston.**

*Ele leva um momento para reconhecer Winston.*

**"Ah, Smith!" he says. "You too!" "What are you in for?"**

*"Ah, Smith!" ele diz. "Você também!" "O que você fez?"*

**Ampleforth puts a hand to his head, trying to remember. "There is something..." he says.**

*Ampleforth coloca a mão na cabeça, tentando se lembrar. "Tem alguma coisa..." ele diz.*

**"We were working on a poem and I didn't change the word "God".**

*"Estávamos trabalhando em um poema e eu não mudei a palavra "Deus".*

**It was necessary, in the poem. There was no other word. So I left it."**

*Era necessário, no poema. Não havia outra palavra. Então eu deixei."*

**For a moment he looks happy, pleased with his work on the poem.**

*Por um momento ele parece feliz, satisfeito com seu trabalho no poema.*

**"Do you know what time of day it is?" asks Winston.**

*"Você sabe que hora do dia é?" pergunta Winston.*

**Ampleforth looks surprised. "I hadn't thought about it. They took me - it could be two days ago - perhaps three." He looks around the cell.**

*Ampleforth parece surpreso. "Eu não tinha pensado nisso. Eles me levaram - pode ser há dois dias - talvez três." Ele olha ao redor da cela.*

**"There is no difference between night and day in this place. You can never know the time."**

*"Não há diferença entre noite e dia neste lugar. Você nunca pode saber a hora."*

**They talk for a few minutes, then, for no clear reason, a voice from the telescreen tells them to be silent.**

*Eles conversam por alguns minutos, então, sem nenhuma razão clara, uma voz da teletela lhes diz para ficarem em silêncio.*

**Winston sits quietly, his hands crossed.**

*Winston está sentado em silêncio, com as mãos cruzadas.*

**Ampleforth is too large for the narrow shelf and moves from side to side.**

*Ampleforth é muito grande para a prateleira estreita e se move de um lado para o outro.*

**Time passes - twenty minutes, an hour.**

*O tempo passa - vinte minutos, uma hora.*

**Again there is a sound of boots.**

*Novamente há um som de botas.*

**Winston's stomach turns to water.**

*O estômago de Winston vira água.*

**Soon, very soon, perhaps now, the boots will come for him.**

*Em breve, muito em breve, talvez agora, as botas chegarão para ele.*

**The door opens. The cold-faced young officer steps into the cell. He waves his arm at Ampleforth.**

*A porta se abre. O jovem oficial de rosto frio entra na cela. Ele acena com o braço para Ampleforth.*

**"Room 101," he says.**

*"Quarto 101", diz ele.*

**Ampleforth marches out between the guards.**

*Ampleforth marcha entre os guardas.*

**He looks a little worried but does not seem to understand what is happening to him.**

*Ele parece um pouco preocupado, mas não parece entender o que está acontecendo com ele.*

**More time passes. It seems like a long time to Winston.**

*Mais tempo passa. Parece muito tempo para Winston.*

**He has only six thoughts: the pain in his stomach; a piece of bread; the blood and the screaming; O'Brien; Julia; the razor blade.**

*Ele tem apenas seis pensamentos: a dor no estômago; um pedaço de pão; o sangue e os gritos; O'Brien; Julia; a lâmina de barbear.*

**Then his stomach turns to water again as he hears the boots outside.**

*Então seu estômago vira água novamente quando ele ouve as botas do lado de fora.*

**The door is opened and a smell of sweat comes in with the cold air. Parsons walks into the cell.**

*A porta é aberta e um cheiro de suor entra com o ar frio. Parsons entra na cela.*

**"You here!" Winston cried out in surprise.**

*"Você aqui!" Winston gritou de surpresa.*

**Parsons does not seem interested in Winston or surprised to see him. He looks completely without hope.**

*Parsons não parece interessado em Winston ou surpreso ao vê-lo. Ele parece completamente sem esperança.*

**"What are you in for?" says Winston.**

*"O que você está fazendo?" diz Winston.*

**"Thoughtcrime" says Parsons, almost crying.**

*"Crime de pensamento" diz Parsons, quase chorando.*

**"They won't shoot me, will they?"**

*"Eles não vão atirar em mim, vão?"*



**I mean, they don't shoot you when you haven't done anything - just thought?**

*Quero dizer, eles não atiram em você quando você não fez nada - apenas pensou?*

**And they'll know everything I've done for the Party, won't they?**

*E eles saberão tudo o que fiz pelo Partido, não saberão?*

**I'll just get five years, don't you think?**

*Eu só vou pegar cinco anos, você não acha?*

**Or even ten years?**

*Ou mesmo dez anos?*

**Someone like me could really help the Party in prison.**

*Alguém como eu poderia realmente ajudar o Partido na prisão.*

**They wouldn't shoot me for just one mistake?"**

*Eles não atirariam em mim por apenas um erro?"*

**"Are you guilty?" says Winston.**

*"Você é culpado?" diz Winston.*

**"Of course I'm guilty!" says Parsons, looking at the telescreen as he speaks.**

*"Claro que sou culpado!" diz Parsons, olhando para a teletela enquanto fala.*

**"I wouldn't be here if I wasn't.**

*"Eu não estaria aqui se não fosse.*

**Thoughtcrime is a terrible thing.**

*O Crime de Pensamento é uma coisa terrível.*

**Do you know how it happened? In my sleep!**

*Você sabe como aconteceu? No meu sono!*

**Yes, there I was working away for the Party - I never knew I had any bad stuff in my mind at all.**

*Sim, lá estava eu trabalhando para o Partido - nunca soube que tinha coisas ruins em minha mente.*

**And then I started talking in my sleep.**

*E então comecei a falar dormindo.*

**Do you know what I said? I said "Down with Big Brother!"**

*Você sabe o que eu disse? Eu disse "Abaixo o Grande Irmão!"*

**Do you know what I'm going to say to them? I'm going to say, 'Thank you for saving me.'"**

*Sabe o que vou dizer a eles? Eu vou dizer: 'Obrigado por me salvarem.'"*

**"Who told them about you?" asks Winston.**

*"Quem contou a eles sobre você?" pergunta Winston.*

**"My little daughter," answers Parsons, sad but proud.**

*"Minha filhinha", responde Parsons, triste, mas orgulhoso.*

**He walks up and down a few more times, looking hard at the toilet.**

*Ele anda para cima e para baixo mais algumas vezes, olhando fixamente para o vaso sanitário.*

**"Excuse me, old man," he says. "I can't help it. It's the waiting."**

*"Desculpe-me, meu velho", diz ele. "Eu não posso evitar. É a espera."*

**Parsons takes his trousers down.**

*Parsons abaixa as calças.*

**Winston covers his face with his hands.**

*Winston cobre o rosto com as mãos.*

**"Smith!" shouts the voice from the telescreen.**

**"6079 Smith W.!"**

**Uncover your face. No faces covered in the cells."**

*"Smith!" grita a voz da teletela. "6079 Smith W.!  
Descubra seu rosto. Nenhum rosto coberto nas celas."*

**Winston uncovers his face.**

*Winston descobre seu rosto.*

**Parsons uses the toilet, loudly and horribly. The cell smells terrible for hours afterwards.**

*Parsons usa o banheiro, barulhento e horrivelmente. A cela cheira terrível por horas depois.*

**Parsons is taken out.**

*Parsons é retirado.*

**More men and women are brought in and taken out again by the guards.**

*Mais homens e mulheres são trazidos e retirados novamente pelos guardas.*

**One woman is sent to "Room 101" and seems to become smaller and change color as she hears the words.**

*Uma mulher é enviada para o "Quarto 101" e parece ficar menor e mudar de cor ao ouvir as palavras.*

**"Comrade! Officer!" she cries. "You don't have to take me to that place! haven't I told you everything already?"**

*"Camarada! Oficial!" ela chora. "Você não precisa me levar para aquele lugar! Eu já não te contei tudo?"*

**I'll say anything. Just write it down and I'll say it! Not Room 101."**

*eu digo qualquer coisa. Apenas escreva e eu direi! Não o quarto 101."*

**"Room 101," says the guard.**

*"Quarto 101", diz o guarda.*

**A long time passes. Winston is alone and has been alone for hours.**

*Muito tempo passa. Winston está sozinho e está sozinho há horas.*

**Sometimes he thinks of O'Brien and the razor blade, but with less and less hope.**

*Às vezes ele pensa em O'Brien e na lâmina de barbear, mas com cada vez menos esperança.*

**He also thinks, less clearly, of Julia.**

*Ele também pensa, menos claramente, em Julia.*

**He thinks that if she is in pain and he can double his own pain to help her, he will do it.**

*Ele acha que se ela está com dor e ele pode dobrar sua própria dor para ajudá-la, ele o fará.*

**He hears the boots again. O'Brien comes in.**

*Ele ouve as botas novamente. O'Brien entra.*

**Winston gets to his feet.**

*Winston se levanta.*

**The shock makes him forget the telescreen for the first time in years.**

*O choque o faz esquecer a teletela pela primeira vez em anos.*

**"They've got you too!" he shouts out.**

*"Eles pegaram você também!" ele grita.*

**"They got me a long time ago," says O'Brien with a small smile.**

*"Eles me pegaram há muito tempo", diz O'Brien com um pequeno sorriso.*

**He steps to one side.**

*Ele dá um passo para um lado.*

**Behind him there is a large guard with a heavy stick in his hand.**

*Atrás dele há um guarda grande com um porrete pesado na mão.*

**"You knew this, Winston," says O'Brien. "You have always known it."**

*"Você sabia disso, Winston", diz O'Brien. "Você sempre soube disso."*

**Yes, he has always known it.**

*Sim, ele sempre soube disso.*

**But there is no time to think of that.**

*Mas não há tempo para pensar nisso.*

**The heavy stick in the guard's hand might hit him anywhere, on his head, ear, arm, elbow...**

*O porrete pesado na mão do guarda poderia atingi-lo em qualquer lugar, na cabeça, orelha, braço, cotovelo...*

**The elbow! He goes down on his knees.**

*O cotovelo! Ele cai de joelhos.*

**There is an explosion of yellow light. The pain is unbelievable, but the guard only hits him once.**

*Há uma explosão de luz amarela. A dor é inacreditável, mas o guarda só o atinge uma vez.*

**They are both looking down at him and the guard is laughing.**

*Ambos estão olhando para ele e o guarda está rindo.*

**Well, one question is answered. You can never, for any reason on earth, wish for more pain.**

*Bem, uma pergunta está respondida. Você nunca pode, por qualquer motivo na terra, desejar mais dor.*

**You only wish for one thing - that it will stop. Nothing in the world is as bad as physical pain.**

*Você só deseja uma coisa - que isso pare. Nada no mundo é tão ruim quanto a dor física.*

**With pain there are no heroes, no heroes, he thinks again and again as he lays screaming on the floor, holding his useless left arm.**

*Com a dor não há heróis, não há heróis, ele pensa de novo e de novo enquanto ele grita no chão, segurando seu braço esquerdo inútil.*

CHAPTER  
CAPÍTULO

# 10

## **TWO AND TWO MAKE FIVE** **DOIS E DOIS SÃO CINCO**

**He is lying on a bed and he cannot move. There is a strong light in his face.**

*Ele está deitado em uma cama e ele não pode se mover. Há uma luz forte em seu rosto.*

**The damage to his elbow was only the start of it.**

*O dano em seu cotovelo foi apenas o começo.*

**Five or six men in black uniforms hit him with sticks or iron bars, kicked him with their boots...**

*Cinco ou seis homens de uniforme preto bateram nele com paus ou barras de ferro, chutaram-no com as botas...*

**He cannot remember how many times they hit him or how long this punishment lasted.**

*Ele não consegue se lembrar de quantas vezes eles bateram nele ou quanto tempo durou esse castigo.*

**Sometimes he tells them what they want to know before they even touch him.**

*Às vezes, ele diz a eles o que eles querem saber antes mesmo de tocá-lo.*



**Other times they hit him again and again before he says a word.**

*Outras vezes, batem nele de novo e de novo antes que ele diga uma palavra.*

**And all this was just the start - the first stage of questioning that everyone in the cells of the Ministry of Love has to suffer.**

*E tudo isso foi apenas o começo - a primeira etapa do questionamento que todos nas celas do Ministério do Amor têm que sofrer.*

**Later the questioners are not guards but Party men in suits who ask him questions for ten to twelve hours before they let him sleep.**

*Mais tarde, os questionadores não são guardas, mas homens de terno do Partido que lhe fazem perguntas por dez a doze horas antes de deixá-lo dormir.*

**They make sure he is not comfortable and is in slight pain. They make a fool of him, make him cry.**

*Eles se certificam de que ele não está confortável e está com uma leve dor. Fazem-no de tolo, fazem-no chorar.*

**Sometimes they say they will call the guards and their sticks again.**

*Às vezes eles dizem que vão chamar os guardas e seus porretes novamente.*

**Other times they call him “Comrade” and ask him in the name of Big Brother to say he is sorry.**

*Outras vezes, o chamam de “camarada” e lhe pedem em nome do Grande Irmão que peça desculpas.*

**He tells them he is responsible for every imaginable crime.**

*Ele diz a eles que é responsável por todos os crimes imagináveis.*

**He says he is an Eastasian spy.**

*Ele diz que ele é um espião Lestasiiano.*

**He says he murdered his wife, although they know very well she is still alive.**

*Ele diz que assassinou sua esposa, embora saibam muito bem que ela ainda está viva.*

**He says he knows Goldstein...**

*Ele diz que conhece Goldstein...*

**He does not remember when the questions stopped.**

*Ele não se lembra quando as perguntas pararam.*

**There is a time when everything is black and then he is in this room, lying on this bed, unable to move.**

*Há um momento em que tudo está escuro e então ele está neste quarto, deitado nesta cama, incapaz de se mexer.*

**O'Brien is looking down at him.**

*O'Brien está olhando para ele.*

**His hand is on a machine.**

*Sua mão está em uma máquina.*

**"I told you," says O'Brien, "that if we met again it would be here."**

**Yes," says Winston.**

*"Eu disse a você", diz O'Brien, "que se nos encontrássemos novamente, seria aqui." Sim", diz Winston.*

**O'Brien's hand touches a lever on the machine and a wave of pain passes through Winston's body.**

*A mão de O'Brien toca uma alavanca na máquina e uma onda de dor passa pelo corpo de Winston.*

**"That was forty," says O'Brien. "The numbers on the dial of this machine go up to a hundred.**

*"Isso foi quarenta", diz O'Brien. "Os números no mostrador desta máquina vão até cem.*

**Please remember that I can make you feel a lot of pain at any time.**

*Por favor, lembre-se que eu posso fazer você sentir muita dor a qualquer momento.*

**If you lie, if you don't answer the question or even if you answer with less than your usual intelligence, you will feel pain. Do you understand that?" "Yes," said Winston.**

*Se você mentir, se não responder à pergunta ou mesmo se responder com menos inteligência do que o habitual, sentirá dor. Você entende isso?" "Sim", disse Winston.*

**"Do you remember," O'Brien continues, "writing in your diary, 'Freedom is the freedom to say that two and two make four'?" "Yes," says Winston.**

*"Você se lembra", continua O'Brien, "de escrever em seu diário: 'Liberdade é a liberdade de dizer que dois mais dois são quatro'?" "Sim", diz Winston.*

**O'Brien holds up his left hand, its back towards Winston, with the thumb hidden and four fingers pointing forward.**

*O'Brien levanta a mão esquerda, de costas para Winston, com o polegar escondido e quatro dedos apontando para a frente.*

**"How many fingers am I holding up, Winston?"**

**"Four."**

*"Quantos dedos estou segurando, Winston?"*

*"Quatro."*

**"And if the Party says that it is not four but five - then how many?"**

**"Four."**

*"E se o Partido diz que não são quatro, mas cinco, então quantos?"*

*"Quatro".*

**The word ends in a shout of pain.**

*A palavra termina em um grito de dor.*

**The dial on the machine shows fifty-five.**

*O mostrador da máquina mostra cinquenta e cinco.*

**Winston cannot stop himself from crying.**

*Winston não consegue se impedir de chorar.*

**O'Brien touches the lever, moving it just a little, and the pain grows slightly less.**

*O'Brien toca a alavanca, movendo-a um pouco, e a dor diminui um pouco.*

**"How many fingers, Winston?"**

**"Four."**

*"Quantos dedos, Winston?"*

*"Quatro."*

**O'Brien moves the lever and the dial shows sixty.**

**"How many fingers, Winston?"**

**"Four! Four! What else can I say? Four!"**

*O'Brien move a alavanca e o mostrador mostra sessenta. "Quantos dedos, Winston?" "Quatro! Quatro! O que mais posso dizer? Quatro!"*

**The fingers swim in front of his eyes, unclear, but still four, four of them.**

*Os dedos nadam na frente de seus olhos, claros, mas ainda quatro, quatro deles.*

**"How many fingers, Winston?"**

**"Four! Stop it, stop it! How can you continue?"**

**Four! Four!"**

*"Quantos dedos, Winston?"*

*"Quatro! Pare com isso, pare com isso! Como você pode continuar? Quatro! Quatro!"*

**"How many fingers, Winston?"**

**"Five! Five! Five!"**

*"Quantos dedos, Winston?"*

*Cinco! Cinco! Cinco!"*

**"No, Winston. That's no use. You are lying. You still think there are four. How many fingers, please?"**

*"Não, Winston. Isso não adianta. Você está mentindo. Você ainda acha que são quatro. Quantos dedos, por favor?"*

**"Four! Five! Four! Anything you like. Only stop it, stop the pain!"**

*"Quatro! Cinco! Quatro! Qualquer coisa que você quiser. Apenas pare com isso, pare com a dor!"*

**Suddenly he is sitting up with O'Brien's arm round his shoulders.**

*De repente, ele está sentado com o braço de O'Brien em volta de seus ombros.*

**He feels very cold and shakes uncontrollably.**

*Ele sente muito frio e treme incontrolavelmente.*

**O'Brien holds him like a baby and he feels much better.**

*O'Brien o segura como um bebê e ele se sente muito melhor.*

**He feels that the pain is something that comes from outside, and that O'Brien will save him from it.**

*Ele sente que a dor é algo que vem de fora, e que O'Brien vai salvá-lo dela.*

**"You are a slow learner, Winston," says O'Brien gently.**

*"Você aprende devagar, Winston", diz O'Brien gentilmente.*

**"How can I help it?" cries Winston, through his tears.**

*"Como posso deixar?" grita Winston, em meio às lágrimas.*

**"How can I help seeing what is in front of my eyes? Two and two are four."**

*"Como posso deixar de ver o que está diante dos meus olhos? Dois e dois são quatro."*

**"Sometimes, Winston. Sometimes they are five. Sometimes they are three. Sometimes they are all of them. You must try harder."**

*"Às vezes, Winston. Às vezes são cinco. Às vezes são três. Às vezes são todos eles. Você deve se esforçar mais."*

**He puts Winston back down on the bed. "Again," he said.**

*Ele coloca Winston de volta na cama. "De novo", disse ele.*

**The pain flames through Winston's body.**

*A dor queima através do corpo de Winston.*

**The dial is at seventy, then seventy-five.**

*O mostrador está em setenta, depois setenta e cinco.*

**He has shut his eyes this time.**

*Ele fechou os olhos desta vez.*

**He knows that the fingers are still there, and still four.**

*Ele sabe que os dedos ainda estão lá, e ainda quatro.*

**He has to stay alive until the pain is over.**

*Ele tem que ficar vivo até que a dor passe.*



**He does not notice whether he is crying out or not.**

*Ele não percebe se está chorando ou não.*

**The pain grows less again. He opens his eyes.**

*A dor diminui novamente. Ele abre os olhos.*

**"How many fingers, Winston?"**

**"Four. I would see five if I could. I am trying to see five."**

*"Quantos dedos, Winston?" "Quatro. Eu veria cinco se pudesse. Estou tentando ver cinco."*

**"Which do you wish: to make me believe that you see five, or really to see them?"**

**"Really to see them."**

*"O que você deseja: fazer-me acreditar que você vê cinco, ou realmente vê-los?" "Realmente para vê-los."*

**"Again," says O'Brien.**

*"De novo", diz O'Brien.*

**Perhaps the machine is at eighty - ninety.**

*Talvez a máquina esteja em oitenta - noventa.*

**Winston can remember only now and again why the pain is happening.**

*Winston só consegue se lembrar de vez em quando por que a dor está acontecendo.*

**In front of his eyes a forest of fingers seem to be moving in a kind of dance.**

*Diante de seus olhos uma floresta de dedos parece se mover em uma espécie de dança.*

**He is trying to count them, he cannot remember why.**

*Ele está tentando contá-los, ele não consegue se lembrar por quê.*

**He knows only that it is impossible to count them and this is because four is in some strange way the same as five. He shuts his eyes again.**

*Ele sabe apenas que é impossível contá-los e isso porque quatro é, de alguma forma estranha, o mesmo que cinco. Ele fecha os olhos novamente.*

**"How many fingers am I holding up, Winston?"**

**"I don't know. I don't know. You will kill me if you do that again. Four, five, six - I honestly don't know."**

*"Quantos dedos estou segurando, Winston?" "Eu não sei. Eu não sei. Você vai me matar se fizer isso de novo. Quatro, cinco, seis - eu honestamente não sei."*

**"Better," says O'Brien.**

*"Melhor", diz O'Brien.*

**Winston wants to reach out his hand and touch O'Brien's arm, but he cannot move.**

*Winston quer estender a mão e tocar o braço de O'Brien, mas não consegue se mexer.*

**The old feeling about him comes back.**

*O velho sentimento sobre ele retorna.*

**It does not matter if O'Brien is a friend or an enemy.**

*Não importa se O'Brien é amigo ou inimigo.*

**O'Brien is a person he can talk to.**

*O'Brien é uma pessoa com quem ele pode conversar.*

**Perhaps people do not want to be loved as much as understood.**

*Talvez as pessoas não queiram ser amadas tanto quanto compreendidas.*

**O'Brien has caused him unbelievable pain and soon will probably kill him. It makes no difference.**

*O'Brien lhe causou uma dor inacreditável e em breve provavelmente o matará. Não faz diferença.*

**They share the same experiences; there is a place where they can meet and talk.**

*Eles compartilham as mesmas experiências; há um lugar onde eles podem se encontrar e conversar.*

**O'Brien is looking down at him with a look that suggests he feels the same thing.**

*O'Brien está olhando para ele com um olhar que sugere que ele sente a mesma coisa.*

**When he speaks, it is like talking to a friend.**  
*Quando ele fala, é como falar com um amigo.*

**"Do you know where you are, Winston?" he says.**  
**"I don't know. I can guess. In the Ministry of Love."**

*"Você sabe onde está, Winston?" ele diz.*

*"Não sei. Posso adivinhar. No Ministério do Amor."*

**"Do you know how long you have been here?"**  
**"I don't know. Days, weeks, months - I think it is months."**

*"Você sabe há quanto tempo está aqui?"*

*"Eu não sei. Dias, semanas, meses - acho que são meses."*

**"And why do you think we bring people to this place?"**

**"To make them tell you about their crimes."**

*"E por que você acha que trazemos as pessoas para este lugar?"*

*"Para fazê-los contar sobre seus crimes."*

**"No, that is not the reason."**

**"To punish them."**

*"Não, essa não é a razão."*

*"Para puni-los."*

**"No!" shouts O'Brien. His face and voice are angry.**

*"Não!" grita O'Brien. Seu rosto e sua voz estão zangados.*

**"No! Not just to hear about your crimes. Not just to punish you.**

*"Não! Não apenas para ouvir sobre seus crimes. Não apenas para puni-lo.*

**Shall I tell you why we have brought you here? To make you better.**

*Devo dizer-lhe por que o trouxemos aqui? Para te fazer melhor.*

**Your crimes do not interest us. Your actions do not interest us.**

*Seus crimes não nos interessam. Suas ações não nos interessam.*

**We are interested in your thoughts.**

*Estamos interessados em seus pensamentos.*

**We do not destroy our enemies, we change them.**

*Nós não destruimos nossos inimigos, nós os transformamos.*

**We change their thoughts. Do you understand what I mean?"**

**"Yes," says Winston.**

*Mudamos seus pensamentos. Você entende o que quero dizer?" "Sim", diz Winston.*

**A man in a white coat comes into the room and puts a heavy machine behind his head.**

*Um homem de jaleco branco entra na sala e coloca uma máquina pesada atrás da cabeça de Winston.*

**O'Brien has sat down beside the bed so he can look into Winston's eyes.**

*O'Brien se sentou ao lado da cama para poder olhar nos olhos de Winston.*

**"This time it will not hurt," says O'Brien. "Keep looking at me."**

*"Desta vez não vai doer", diz O'Brien. "Continue olhando para mim."*

**Then he turns to the man in the white coat.**

**"Three thousand," he says.**

*Então ele se vira para o homem de jaleco branco. "Três mil", diz ele.*

**Winston feels the machine against his head. He hears a lever pulled.**

*Winston sente a máquina contra sua cabeça. Ele ouve uma alavanca ser puxada.*

**Then it is like an explosion inside his head, though he is not certain if there is any noise.**

*Então é como uma explosão dentro de sua cabeça, embora ele não tenha certeza se há algum barulho.*

**There is blinding light and the feeling that he has been thrown back on the bed where he already is.**

*Há uma luz ofuscante e a sensação de que ele foi jogado de volta na cama onde já está.*

**Something has happened inside his head.**

*Algo aconteceu dentro de sua cabeça.*

**As he opens his eyes he remembers who he is, and where he is, and he recognizes the face that is looking down into his own; but something is empty inside his head.**

*Ao abrir os olhos, ele se lembra de quem é e onde está, e reconhece o rosto que está olhando para o seu; mas algo está vazio dentro de sua cabeça.*

**It feels like a piece has been taken out of his brain.**

*Parece que um pedaço foi tirado de seu cérebro.*

**"Look me in the eyes," says O'Brien.**

*"Olhe-me nos olhos", diz O'Brien.*

**He holds up the four fingers of his left hand with the thumb behind the hand. "There are five fingers there. Do you see five fingers?"**

*Ele ergue os quatro dedos da mão esquerda com o polegar atrás da mão. "Há cinco dedos lá. Você vê cinco dedos?"*

**"Yes." And he does see them, just for a second.**

*"Sim." E ele os vê, apenas por um segundo.*

**O'Brien's words fill the hole in his mind with the complete truth.**

*As palavras de O'Brien preenchem o buraco em sua mente com a verdade completa.*

**"You see now," says O'Brien, "that it is possible."**

**"Yes," said Winston.**

*"Você vê agora", diz O'Brien, "que é possível."*

*"Sim", disse Winston.*

**O'Brien smiles. "I enjoy talking to you," he says.**

*O'Brien sorri. "Eu gosto de falar com você", diz ele.*

**"Your mind is like mine, except that you are mad.**

*"Sua mente é como a minha, exceto que você é louco.*

**Before we finish you can ask me a few questions, if you want to."**

*Antes de terminarmos, você pode me fazer algumas perguntas, se quiser.*

**"Any question I like?"**

*"Qualquer pergunta que eu quiser?"*

**"Anything." He sees that Winston's eyes are on the machine.**

*"Qualquer uma." Ele vê que os olhos de Winston estão na máquina.*

**"It is switched off. What is your first question?"**

*"Está desligada. Qual é a sua primeira pergunta?"*

**"What have you done with Julia?" asks Winston.**

*"O que você fez com Julia?" pergunta Winston.*



**O'Brien smiles again. "She betrayed you, Winston. Immediately, completely. I have never seen anybody obey us so quickly.**

*O'Brien sorri novamente. "Ela traiu você, Winston. Imediatamente, completamente. Eu nunca vi ninguém nos obedecer tão rapidamente.*

**All her feelings against the Party have been burned out of her. She has changed herself completely."**

*Todos os seus sentimentos contra o Partido foram queimados. Ela mudou a si mesma completamente."*

**"Did you use this machine?"**

*"Você usou esta máquina?"*

**O'Brien does not answer. "Next question," he says.**

*O'Brien não responde. "Próxima pergunta", diz ele.*

**"Does Big Brother exist?"**

*"O Grande Irmão existe?"*

**"Of course he exists. The Party exists. Big Brother is the face of the Party."**

*"Claro que ele existe. O Partido existe. O Grande Irmão é a cara do Partido."*

**"Does he exist in the same way that I exist?"**

*"Ele existe da mesma forma que eu existo?"*

**"You do not exist," says O'Brien.**

*"Você não existe", diz O'Brien.*

**How can he not exist?**

*Como ele pode não existir?*

**But what use is it to say so? O'Brien will argue with him and win - again.**

*Mas de que adianta dizer isso? O'Brien discutirá com ele e vencerá - novamente.*

**"I think I exist," he says carefully. "I was born and I will die. I have arms and legs. In that sense, does Big Brother exist?"**

*"Acho que existo", diz ele com cuidado. "Nasci e vou morrer. Tenho braços e pernas. Nesse sentido, o Grande Irmão existe?"*

**"It is not important. But, yes, Big Brother exists."**

*"Não é importante. Mas, sim, o Grande Irmão existe."*

**"Will he ever die?"**

*"Ele vai morrer algum dia?"*

**"Of course not. How could he die? Next question."**

*"Claro que não. Como ele poderia morrer? Próxima pergunta."*

**"Does the Brotherhood exist?"**

*"A Irmandade existe?"*

**"That, Winston, you will never know.**

*"Isso, Winston, você nunca saberá.*

**If we choose to free you and if you live to be ninety years old, you will never learn whether the answer to that question is Yes or No."**

*Se escolhermos libertá-lo e você viver até os noventa anos, nunca saberá se a resposta a essa pergunta é Sim ou Não."*

**Winston lays silent. His chest moves up and down as he breathes.**

*Winston fica em silêncio. Seu peito se move para cima e para baixo enquanto ele respira.*

**He still has not asked the first question that came into his mind.**

*Ele ainda não fez a primeira pergunta que lhe veio à mente.*

**He wants to ask it but he cannot move his tongue. O'Brien is smiling.**

*Ele quer perguntar, mas não consegue mover a língua. O'Brien está sorrindo.*

**He knows, thinks Winston suddenly, he knows what I am going to ask.**

*Ele sabe, pensa Winston de repente, ele sabe o que vou perguntar.*

**As he thinks that, the words fall out of his mouth:  
"What is in Room 101?"**

*Enquanto ele pensa isso, as palavras saem de sua boca: "O que há no quarto 101?"*

**O'Brien is still smiling. "You know what is in Room 101, Winston. Everyone knows what is in Room 101."**

*O'Brien ainda está sorrindo. "Você sabe o que está no quarto 101, Winston. Todo mundo sabe o que está no quarto 101."*

**CHAPTER**  
**CAPÍTULO**

**11**

**THE LAST MAN**  
**O ÚLTIMO HOMEM**

**"There are three stages in returning you to society," says O'Brien.**

*"Existem três etapas para retornar você à sociedade", diz O'Brien.*

**"There is learning, there is understanding and there is acceptance.**

*"Há aprendizagem, há compreensão e há aceitação.*

**It is time for you to begin the second stage."**

*É hora de você começar a segunda etapa."*

**As always, Winston is lying flat on his back.**

*Como sempre, Winston está deitado de costas.*

**He is still tied to the bed, but these days he is not tied so tightly.**

*Ele ainda está amarrado à cama, mas nesses dias ele não tem estado amarrado tão forte.*

**The machine, too, is less frightening.**

*A máquina também é menos assustadora.*

**He can stop them using it if he thinks quickly enough.**

*Ele pode impedi-los de usá-lo se pensar rápido o suficiente.*

**O'Brien pulls the lever only when he says something stupid.**

*O'Brien puxa a alavanca apenas quando diz algo estúpido.*

**Winston cannot remember how long this stage has lasted - weeks possibly - or how many times he has lain down on the bed, talking to O'Brien.**

*Winston não se lembra de quanto tempo durou esse estágio - semanas possivelmente - ou quantas vezes ele se deitou na cama, conversando com O'Brien.*

**"You have read the book, Goldstein's book, or parts of it," says O'Brien.**

*"Você leu o livro, o livro de Goldstein, ou partes dele", diz O'Brien.*

**"Did it tell you anything that you did not know already?"**

*"Ele lhe disse alguma coisa que você já não sabia?"*

**"You have read it?" asks Winston.**

*"Você o leu?" pergunta Winston.*

**"I wrote it. I was one of the people who wrote it. No book is written by one person, as you know."**

*"Eu o escrevi. Fui uma das pessoas que o escreveu. Nenhum livro é escrito por uma pessoa, como você sabe."*

**"Is any of it true?"**

*"Alguma coisa é verdade?"*

**"It describes our situation truthfully, yes."**

*"Descreve nossa situação com verdade, sim."*

**Its solutions make no sense at all.**

*Suas soluções não fazem o menor sentido.*

**The proles will never attack the Party or even criticize it. Not in a thousand years or a million. They cannot.**

*Os proletários nunca atacarão o Partido ou sequer o criticarão. Nem em mil anos ou um milhão. Eles não podem.*

**I do not have to tell you the reason: you know it already.**

*Não preciso lhe dizer o motivo: você já sabe.*

**The Party will rule for all time. Make that the starting point of your thoughts.**

*O Partido governará para sempre. Faça disso o ponto de partida de seus pensamentos.*

**Now, let us turn to the question of why we are ruling. What do you think?"**

*Agora, vamos nos voltar para a questão de por que estamos governando. O que você acha?"*

**Winston says what he thinks O'Brien wants to hear. "You are ruling over us for our own good," he says.**

*Winston diz o que acha que O'Brien quer ouvir. "Vocês estão governando sobre nós para o nosso próprio bem", diz ele.*

**"You believe that people are not able to govern themselves and so..."**

*"Vocês acreditam que as pessoas não são capazes de se governar e assim..."*

**He screams. Pain shoots through his body. The machine shows thirty-five.**

*Ele grita. A dor percorre seu corpo. A máquina mostra trinta e cinco.*

**"That was stupid, Winston, stupid!" says O'Brien.**

*"Isso foi estúpido, Winston, estúpido!" diz O'Brien.*

**"You should know better than to say a thing like that."**

*"Você deveria saber que não pode dizer uma coisa dessas."*

**He switches the machine off and continues.**

*Ele desliga a máquina e continua.*



**"Now I will tell you the answer to my question.**

*"Agora vou lhe dizer a resposta à minha pergunta.*

**The Party is only interested in power - not in the happiness of others, or money, or long life.**

*O Partido está interessado apenas no poder - não na felicidade dos outros, ou dinheiro, ou vida longa.*

**We want power, only power, pure power.**

*Queremos poder, só poder, poder puro.*

**And we will never, never let it go. Now do you begin to understand me?"**

*E nós nunca, nunca vamos deixá-lo ir. Agora você começa a me entender?"*

**Winston thinks how tired O'Brien looks.**

*Winston pensa em como O'Brien parece cansado.*

**O'Brien moves forward in his chair, bringing his face close to Winston's.**

*O'Brien avança em sua cadeira, aproximando seu rosto do de Winston.*

**"You are thinking," he says, "that my face is old and tired.**

*"Você está pensando", diz ele, "que meu rosto está velho e cansado.*

**You are thinking that I talk of power but I cannot stop my own body getting old.**

*Você está pensando que falo de poder, mas não posso impedir que meu próprio corpo envelheça.*

**Can you not understand, Winston, that each person is only a very small part of something much bigger?**

*Você não consegue entender, Winston, que cada pessoa é apenas uma parte muito pequena de algo muito maior?*

**And when the small part needs changing, the whole grows stronger.**

*E quando a pequena parte precisa mudar, o todo se fortalece.*

**Do you die when you cut your hair?"**

*Você morre quando corta o cabelo?"*

**O'Brien turns away from the bed and begins to walk up and down.**

*O'Brien se afasta da cama e começa a andar para cima e para baixo.*

**"You must understand that power belongs to the group, not to one person.**

*"Você deve entender que o poder pertence ao grupo, não a uma pessoa.*

**An individual has power only when he belongs to a group so completely that he is not an individual any more.**

*Um indivíduo só tem poder quando pertence a um grupo tão completamente que não é mais um indivíduo.*

**The Party says that 'Freedom is Slavery' but the opposite is also true. Slavery is Freedom.**

*O Partido diz que "Liberdade é Escravidão", mas o oposto também é verdadeiro. Escravidão é Liberdade.*

**Alone - free - a human being will die in the end.**

*Sozinho - livre - um ser humano morrerá no final.*

**But if he can be completely part of the Party, not an individual, then he can do anything and he lives for all time.**

*Mas se ele pode ser completamente parte do Partido, não um indivíduo, então ele pode fazer qualquer coisa e viver para sempre.*

**The second thing is that power means power over the human body but, above all, power over the human mind.**

*A segunda coisa é que poder significa poder sobre o corpo humano, mas, acima de tudo, poder sobre a mente humana.*

**We already control everything else."**

*Já controlamos todo o resto."*

**For a moment Winston forgets about the machine.**

*Por um momento Winston se esquece da máquina.*

**"How can you say that you control everything?**

*"Como você pode dizer que controlam tudo?"*

**You can't control the weather.**

*Vocês não podem controlar o clima.*

**You don't even control the Earth.**

*Vocês nem mesmo controlam a Terra.*

**What about Eurasia and Eastasia? You don't control them."**

*E a Eurásia e a Lestásia? Vocês não os controlam."*

**"Unimportant. We shall control them when we want to.**

*"Sem importância. Vamos controlá-los quando quisermos.*

**And if we did not, what difference would it make?**

*E se não o fizéssemos, que diferença faria?*

**Oceania is the world. Have you forgotten doublethink?"**

*A Oceania é o mundo. Você esqueceu do duplipensar?"*

**Winston lays back on the bed. He knows he is right.**

*Winston se deita na cama. Ele sabe que está certo.*

**O'Brien is saying that nothing exists outside your own mind.**

*O'Brien está dizendo que nada existe fora de sua própria mente.*

**There must be a way of showing this is wrong?**  
*Deve haver uma maneira de mostrar que isso está errado?*

**O'Brien is smiling. "The real power," he says, "is not power over things, but over men."**

*O'Brien está sorrindo. "O verdadeiro poder", diz ele, "não é o poder sobre as coisas, mas sobre os homens".*

**He pauses and for a moment looks like a teacher talking to a clever schoolboy.**

*Ele faz uma pausa e por um momento parece um professor conversando com um estudante inteligente.*

**"How does one man show that he has power over another man, Winston?"**

*"Como um homem mostra que tem poder sobre outro homem, Winston?"*

**Winston thinks. "By making him suffer," he says.**  
*Winston pensa. "Fazendo-o sofrer", diz ele.*

**"Exactly. By making him suffer.**

*"Exatamente. Fazendo-o sofrer.*

**Power means causing pain.**

*Poder significa causar dor.*

**Power lies in taking human minds to pieces and putting them together again in new shapes of your own choice.**

*O poder está em desmontar mentes humanas e juntá-las novamente em novas formas de sua própria escolha.*

**Do you begin to see, then, what kind of world we are making?**

*Você começa a ver, então, que tipo de mundo estamos fazendo?*

**It is the opposite of the stupid worlds which people used to imagine, worlds of love and pleasure.**

*É o oposto dos mundos estúpidos que as pessoas costumavam imaginar, mundos de amor e prazer.*

**We have built a world of fear and suffering and hate.**

*Construímos um mundo de medo, sofrimento e ódio.*

**We shall destroy everything else - everything.**

*Destruiremos todo o resto - tudo.*

**We are destroying the love between child and parent, between man and man, and between man and woman.**

*Estamos destruindo o amor entre filho e pai, entre homem e homem, e entre homem e mulher.*

**In the future there will be no wives and no friends.**

*No futuro não haverá esposas nem amigos.*

**Children will be taken from their mothers when they are born.**

*As crianças serão tiradas de suas mães quando nascerem.*

**There will be no love, except the love of Big Brother.**

*Não haverá amor, exceto o amor do Grande Irmão.*

**Nobody will laugh, except at an enemy they have destroyed.**

*Ninguém vai rir, exceto de um inimigo que eles destruíram.*

**There will be no art, no literature, no science.**

*Não haverá arte, nem literatura, nem ciência.*

**If you want a picture of the future, Winston, imagine a boot stamping on a human face - forever."**

*Se você quer uma imagem do futuro, Winston, imagine uma bota pisando em um rosto humano - para sempre."*

**Winston cannot say anything. His heart seems frozen.**

*Winston não pode dizer nada. Seu coração parece congelado.*

**O'Brien continues: "You are beginning, I can see, to understand what that world will be like.**

*O'Brien continua: "Você está começando, posso ver, a entender como será esse mundo.*

**But in the end you will do more than understand it.**

*Mas no final você fará mais do que compreendê-lo.*

**You will accept it, welcome it, become part of it."**

*Você vai aceitá-lo, recebê-lo, tornar-se parte disso."*

**Winston is still just strong enough to speak. "You can't," he says weakly.**

*Winston ainda é forte o suficiente para falar. "Você não pode", ele diz fracamente.*

**"What do you mean, Winston?"**

*"O que você quer dizer, Winston?"*

**"If a society were built on hate, it would fall to pieces."**

*"Se uma sociedade fosse construída sobre o ódio, ela cairia em pedaços."*

**"No, no. You think that hating is more tiring than loving.**

*"Não, não. Você acha que odiar é mais cansativo do que amar.*



**Why should it be?**

*Por que deveria ser?*

**And even if it was true, what difference would it make?"**

*E mesmo que fosse verdade, que diferença faria?"*

**Winston is helpless again, unable to argue, unable to find the words to explain the horror that he feels.**

*Winston está novamente impotente, incapaz de argumentar, incapaz de encontrar as palavras para explicar o horror que ele sente.*

**"Something will beat you," he says, finally. "Life will beat you."**

*"Algo vai superar vocês", diz ele, finalmente. "A vida vai superar vocês."*

**"We control life, Winston. And we control the way people are.**

*"Nós controlamos a vida, Winston. E controlamos a forma como as pessoas são.*

**People can be changed very easily, you know."**

*As pessoas podem ser mudadas muito facilmente, você sabe."*

**"No! I know that you will fail.**

*"Não! Eu sei que vocês vão falhar.*

**There is something in all human beings that will beat you."**

*Há algo em todos os seres humanos que irá vencê-lo."*

**"And are you a human being, Winston? Are you a man?"**

**"Yes."**

*"E você é um ser humano, Winston? Você é um homem?"*

*"Sim."*

**"If you are a man, Winston, you are the last man.**

*"Se você é um homem, Winston, você é o último homem.*

**Your kind of man is finished. Do you understand that you are alone?**

*Seu tipo de homem está acabado. Você entende que está sozinho?*

**You are outside history, you do not exist."**

*Você está fora da história, você não existe."*

**His voice changes as he gives Winston a hard look.**

*Sua voz muda quando ele dá a Winston um olhar duro.*

**"And you think you are better than us, because we hate and cause pain?"**

*"E você acha que é melhor do que nós, porque nós odiamos e causamos dor?"*

**"Yes, I think I am better."**

*"Sim, eu acho que eu sou melhor."*

**O'Brien does not speak.**

*O'Brien não fala.*

**Two other voices are speaking.**

*Duas outras vozes estão falando.*

**After a moment Winston recognizes one of the voices as his own.**

*Depois de um momento, Winston reconhece uma das vozes como sendo sua.*

**It is the conversation he had with O'Brien on the night he joined the Brotherhood.**

*É a conversa que ele teve com O'Brien na noite em que se juntou à Irmandade.*

**He hears himself promising to murder another person, to cause the death of hundreds of innocent people, to make a child blind and destroy its face.**

*Ele se ouve prometendo matar outra pessoa, causar a morte de centenas de pessoas inocentes, cegar uma criança e destruir seu rosto.*

**O'Brien presses a switch and the voices stop.**

*O'Brien aperta um botão e as vozes param.*

**"Get up from the bed," he says.**

*"Levante-se da cama", diz ele.*

**Winston gets off the bed and stands up with difficulty.**

*Winston sai da cama e se levanta com dificuldade.*

**"You are the last man," says O'Brien.**

*"Você é o último homem", diz O'Brien.*

**"Are you really better than us?"**

*"Você é realmente melhor do que nós?"*

**You're going to see yourself as you are. Take off your clothes."**

*Você vai se ver como você é. Tire suas roupas."*

**Winston takes his dirty overalls off and sees himself in a three-sided mirror at the end of the room.**

*Winston tira o macacão sujo e se vê em um espelho de três lados no final da sala.*

**He cries out at the horrible sight.**

*Ele grita com a visão horrível.*

**"Move closer," says O'Brien. "Look at yourself closely in the three mirrors."**

*"Aproxime-se", diz O'Brien. "Olhe-se de perto nos três espelhos."*

**Winston has stopped walking towards the mirror because he is frightened.**

*Winston parou de caminhar em direção ao espelho porque está com medo.*

**A bent, gray-colored thing is walking towards him in the mirror.**

*Uma coisa curvada e acinzentada está caminhando em direção a ele no espelho.*

**His face is completely changed.**

*Seu rosto está completamente mudado.*

**He has very little hair, his back is bent, he is terribly thin.**

*Ele tem muito pouco cabelo, suas costas são curvadas, ele é terrivelmente magro.*

**This looks like the body of an old, dying man.**

*Isto parece o corpo de um velho moribundo.*

**"You have thought sometimes," says O'Brien, "that my face - the face of a member of the Inner Party - looks old and tired.**

*"Às vezes você pensa", diz O'Brien, "que meu rosto - o rosto de um membro do Partido Interno - parece velho e cansado.*

**What do you think of your own face?"**

*O que você acha do seu próprio rosto?"*

**He pulls out a handful of Winston's hair. "Even your hair is coming out in handfuls.**

*Ele puxa um punhado do cabelo de Winston. "Até seu cabelo está caindo aos punhados.*

**Open your mouth. Nine, ten, eleven teeth left.**  
*Abra sua boca. Nove, dez, onze dentes restantes.*

**How many did you have when you came to us?**  
*Quantos você tinha quando veio até nós?*

**And they are dropping out of your head. Look here!"**

*E eles estão saindo da sua cabeça. Olhe aqui!"*

**He takes hold of one of Winston's few front teeth between his thumb and two fingers.**

*Ele segura um dos poucos dentes da frente de Winston entre o polegar e os dois dedos.*

**Pain fills Winston's face.**

*A dor enche o rosto de Winston.*

**O'Brien pulled out the loose tooth. He throws it across the cell.**

*O'Brien arrancou o dente frouxo. Ele o joga pela cela.*

**"You are falling to pieces," he said.**

*"Você está caindo aos pedaços", disse ele.*

**"You are dirty. Did you know you smell like a dog?"**

*"Você está sujo. Você sabia que cheira como um cachorro?"*

**What are you? Just a dirty animal.**

*O que você é? Apenas um animal sujo.*

**Now look into that mirror again. That is the last man."**

*Agora olhe para aquele espelho novamente. Esse é o último homem."*

**Before he knows what he was doing, Winston has sat on a small chair near the mirror and starts to cry.**

*Antes que ele soubesse o que estava fazendo, Winston se sentou em uma pequena cadeira perto do espelho e começou a chorar.*

**"You did it!" he says, through his tears. "You made me look like this."**

*"Você fez isso!" ele diz, através de suas lágrimas.  
"Você me fez ficar assim."*

**O'Brien puts a hand on his shoulder, almost kindly.**

*O'Brien coloca a mão em seu ombro, quase gentilmente.*

**"No, Winston. You did it yourself when you stopped obeying the Party."**

*"Não, Winston. Você mesmo fez isso quando parou de obedecer ao Partido."*

**He pauses for a moment and then continues.**

*Ele faz uma pausa por um momento e depois continua.*

**"We have beaten you, Winston.**  
*"Nós derrotamos você, Winston.*

**We have broken you.**  
*Nós quebramos você.*

**You have seen your body.**  
*Você viu seu corpo.*

**Your mind is in the same state.**  
*Sua mente está no mesmo estado.*

**There is nothing that we did not make you do."**  
*Não há nada que não tenhamos feito você fazer."*

**Winston stops crying. "I have not betrayed Julia," he says.**  
*Winston para de chorar. "Eu não traí Julia", diz ele.*

**O'Brien looks down at him thoughtfully. "No," he says. "No, that is true. You have not betrayed Julia."**  
*O'Brien olha para ele pensativo. "Não", diz ele. "Não, isso é verdade. Você não traiu Julia."*

**Winston thinks again how intelligent O'Brien is.**  
*Winston pensa novamente como O'Brien é inteligente.*

**Nothing, it seems, can stop him from admiring the man.**  
*Nada, ao que parece, pode impedi-lo de admirar o homem.*



**O'Brien has understood that Winston still loves Julia and that means more than betraying the details of their meetings.**

*O'Brien entendeu que Winston ainda ama Julia e isso significa mais do que trair os detalhes de seus encontros.*

**"Tell me," he says. "How soon will they shoot me?"**

*"Diga-me", diz ele. "Em quanto tempo eles vão atirar em mim?"*

**"It might be a long time," says O'Brien. "You are a difficult case.**

*"Pode demorar", diz O'Brien. "Você é um caso difícil.*

**But don't give up hope. Everyone is cured sooner or later. In the end we shall shoot you."**

*Mas não perca a esperança. Todos são curados mais cedo ou mais tarde. No final, vamos atirar em você."*

**CHAPTER**  
**CAPÍTULO** **12**

**ROOM 101**  
**QUARTO 101**

**He is much better. He is getting fatter and stronger every day.**

*Ele é muito melhor. Ele está ficando mais gordo e mais forte a cada dia.*

**The new cell is more comfortable than the others he has been in.**

*A nova cela é mais confortável do que as outras em que ele esteve.*

**There is a bed and a chair to sit on.**

*Há uma cama e uma cadeira para sentar.*

**There is paper and an ink-pencil.**

*Há papel e uma caneta.*

**They have given him a bath and they let him wash frequently in a metal bowl.**

*Deram-lhe um banho e o deixam se lavar frequentemente numa bacia de metal.*

**They even give him warm water to wash with.**

*Eles até lhe dão água morna para se lavar.*

**They have given him new overalls, pulled out the rest of his teeth and given him new false teeth.**

*Eles lhe deram um macacão novo, arrancaram o resto de seus dentes e lhe deram novas dentaduras postiças.*

**Weeks have passed, perhaps months.**

*Semanas se passaram, talvez meses.*

**He can count time passing by his meals; he receives, he thinks, three meals in twenty-four hours.**

*Ele pode contar o tempo passando por suas refeições; ele recebe, pensa ele, três refeições em vinte e quatro horas.*

**The food is surprisingly good, with meat every third meal.**

*A comida é surpreendentemente boa, com carne a cada três refeições.*

**Once there was even a packet of cigarettes.**

*Uma vez havia até um maço de cigarros.*

**His mind grows more active.**

*Sua mente fica mais ativa.*

**He sits down on his bed, his back against the wall, and begins to re-train his mind.**

*Ele se senta na cama, de costas para a parede, e começa a treinar sua mente novamente.*

**He belongs to them now, that is agreed.**

*Ele pertence a eles agora, isso está combinado.*

**As he realizes now, he has given in, he was ready to belong to them, a long time before he made the decision.**

*Como ele percebe agora, ele cedeu, estava pronto para pertencer a eles, muito antes de tomar a decisão.*

**From his first moment inside the Ministry of Love - and yes, even when he and Julia stood helpless in front of the telescreen in Charrington's room - he understood that it was stupid to fight against the power of the Party.**

*Desde seu primeiro momento dentro do Ministério do Amor - e sim, mesmo quando ele e Julia ficaram impotentes diante da teletela no quarto de Charrington - ele entendeu que era estúpido lutar contra o poder do Partido.*

**He knew that for seven years the Thought Police had watched him, looking down on him like an insect walking along a path.**

*Ele sabia que por sete anos a Polícia do Pensamento o observava, olhando para ele como um inseto andando por um caminho.*

**They knew everything that he had said or done.**

*Eles sabiam tudo o que ele havia dito ou feito.*

**They had played his voice back to him, shown him photographs.**

*Eles haviam reproduzido sua voz para ele, mostrando fotografias.*

**Some of them were photographs of Julia and himself.**

*Algumas delas eram fotografias dele e de Julia.*

**Yes, even...He could not fight against the Party now.**

*Sim, até... Ele não podia lutar contra o Partido agora.*

**And why should he? The Party was right.**

*E por que deveria? O Partido estava certo.*

**He begins to write, with big child-like letters:**

*Ele começa a escrever, com grandes letras infantis:*

**FREEDOM IS SLAVERY**

*LIBERDADE É ESCRAVIDÃO*

**TWO AND TWO MAKE FIVE**

*DOIS E DOIS DÃO CINCO*

**And while he works on crimestop inside his mind, he wonders when they will shoot him.**

*E enquanto ele trabalha em parecrime dentro de sua mente, ele se pergunta quando eles vão atirar nele.*

**They might keep him here for years, they might let him out for a short time - as they sometimes do.**

*Eles podem mantê-lo aqui por anos, eles podem deixá-lo sair por um curto período de tempo - como às vezes fazem.*

**But one day they will shoot him. You never knew when.**

*Mas um dia eles vão atirar nele. Você nunca sabe quando.*

**Often they shoot you from behind, in the back of the head.**

*Muitas vezes eles atiram por trás, na parte de trás da cabeça.*

**One day - or one night perhaps - he has a dream.**

*Um dia - ou talvez uma noite - ele tem um sonho.*

**He is waiting for them to shoot him.**

*Ele está esperando que eles atirem nele.*

**He is out in the sunshine and he calls out, "Julia! Julia! My love! Julia!"**

*Ele está no sol e grita: "Julia! Júlia! Meu amor! Júlia!"*

**He lays back on the bed, frightened.**

*Ele se deita na cama, assustado.*

**How many years has he added to his time in this cell by shouting out her name?**

*Quantos anos ele acrescentou ao seu tempo nesta cela gritando o nome dela?*

**There is the noise of boots outside. O'Brien walks into the cell.**

*Há o barulho de botas lá fora. O'Brien entra na cela.*

**Behind him are the officer with the emotionless face and the black-uniformed guards.**

*Atrás dele estão o oficial com o rosto sem emoção e os guardas de uniforme preto.*

**"You have had thoughts of betraying me," he says. "That was stupid.**

*"Você teve pensamentos de me trair", diz ele. "Isso foi estúpido.*

**Tell me, Winston - and tell me the truth because I will know if you are lying - tell me, what do you really think of Big Brother?"**

*Diga-me, Winston - e diga-me a verdade porque eu saberei se você estiver mentindo - diga-me, o que você realmente acha do Grande Irmão?"*

**"I hate him."**

*"Eu o odeio."*

**"You hate him. Good. Then the time has come for you to take the last step.**

*"Você o odeia. Bom. Então chegou a hora de você dar o último passo.*

**You must love Big Brother."**

*Você deve amar o Grande Irmão."*

**He pushes Winston towards the guards. "Room 101," he says.**

*Ele empurra Winston em direção aos guardas.*

*"Quarto 101", diz ele.*

**Winston always knows if the cells are high up or low down in the building. The air is different.**

*Winston sempre sabe se as celas estão no alto ou no fundo do prédio. O ar é diferente.*

**This place is many meters underground, as deep down as it is possible to go.**

*Este lugar fica a muitos metros de profundidade, o mais fundo possível.*

**It is bigger than most of the cells he has been in.**

*É maior do que a maioria das celas em que ele esteve.*

**There are two small tables in front of him.**

*Há duas pequenas mesas na frente dele.*



**One is a meter or two away, the other is near the door.**

*Uma está a um ou dois metros de distância, a outra está perto da porta.*

**He is tied to a chair so tightly that he cannot move, not even his head.**

*Ele está amarrado a uma cadeira com tanta força que não consegue se mexer, nem mesmo a cabeça.*

**He has to look straight in front of him.**

*Ele tem que olhar diretamente a frente dele.*

**O'Brien comes in. "You asked me once," he says, "what was in Room 101.**

*O'Brien entra. "Você me perguntou uma vez", diz ele, "o que havia no Quarto 101.*

**I said that you knew the answer already. Everyone knows it.**

*Eu disse que você já sabia a resposta. Todo mundo sabe disso.*

**In Room 101 there is the worst thing in the world."**

*No Quarto 101 está a pior coisa do mundo."*

**The door opens again. A guard comes in carrying a box.**

*A porta se abre novamente. Um guarda entra carregando uma caixa.*

**There is a tube at the front of it. He puts it down on the table near the door.**

*Há um tubo na frente dela. Ele a coloca sobre a mesa perto da porta.*

**"The worst thing in the world," says O'Brien, "is different for each person.**

*"A pior coisa do mundo", diz O'Brien, "é diferente para cada pessoa.*

**It may be death by fire, or by water, or fifty other deaths.**

*Pode ser a morte pelo fogo, ou pela água, ou cinquenta outras mortes.*

**Sometimes it is something quite small, that does not even kill you."**

*Às vezes é algo bem pequeno, que nem te mata."*

**He moved to one side and Winston can now see what is on the table.**

*Ele se moveu para um lado e Winston agora pode ver o que está sobre a mesa.*

**It is a big metal box and through holes in the sides he can see movement. Rats.**

*É uma grande caixa de metal e através de furos nas laterais ele pode ver o movimento. Ratos.*

**"For you," says O'Brien, "the worst thing in the world is rats."**

*"Para você", diz O'Brien, "a pior coisa do mundo são os ratos".*

**Winston was afraid before, but suddenly he understands what the tube is for. He feels very, very sick.**

*Winston estava com medo antes, mas de repente ele entende para que serve o tubo. Ele se sente muito, muito enjoado.*

**"You can't do that!" he screams. "O'Brien! What do you want me to do?"**

*"Você não pode fazer isso!" ele grita. "O'Brien! O que você quer que eu faça?"*

**"Pain alone," says O'Brien quietly, "is not always enough. The rat," he continues, like a teacher giving a lesson, "eats meat.**

*"Somente a dor", diz O'Brien calmamente, "nem sempre é suficiente. O rato", continua ele, como um professor dando uma aula, "come carne.*

**In the poor parts of the town a mother cannot leave her baby outside because in ten minutes there will only be bones left.**

*Nas partes pobres da cidade uma mãe não pode deixar seu bebê do lado de fora porque em dez minutos só restarão ossos.*

**Rats are also very intelligent. They know when a human being is helpless."**

*Os ratos também são muito inteligentes. Eles sabem quando um ser humano é indefeso."*

**The rats are big and brown, they are making little high cries, fighting with each other.**

*Os ratos são grandes e marrons, estão dando guinchos altos, brigando uns com os outros.*

**O'Brien moves the box until it is a meter from Winston's face.**

*O'Brien move a caixa até que esteja a um metro do rosto de Winston.*

**"You understand this box and tube?"**

*"Você entende esta caixa e tubo?"*

**One end of the tube goes into the box and the other, wider end goes over your face.**

*Uma extremidade do tubo vai para a caixa e a outra, mais larga, vai para seu rosto.*

**When I press this switch, a door into the tube will open and the rats will run along it towards your face.**

*Quando eu apertar este botão, uma porta no tubo se abrirá e os ratos correrão ao longo dela em direção ao seu rosto.*

**Sometimes they attack the eyes first. Sometimes they eat through the face, into the tongue."**

*Às vezes eles atacam os olhos primeiro. Às vezes eles comem através do rosto, na língua."*

**One end of the tube is put over his face. He can see the first rat, its face, its teeth.**

*Uma extremidade do tubo é colocada sobre seu rosto. Ele pode ver o primeiro rato, seu rosto, seus dentes.*

**He knows there is only one hope, one last hope.**

*Ele sabe que há apenas uma esperança, uma última esperança.*

**He needs to put someone else between himself and that rat.**

*Ele precisa colocar outra pessoa entre ele e aquele rato.*

**He needs to give them someone else.**

*Ele precisa dar-lhes outra pessoa.*

**And he hears himself shouting, screaming, "Do it to Julia! Do it to Julia! Not me! Julia! I don't care what you do to her.**

*E ele se ouve gritando, berrando: "Faça isso com Julia! Faça isso com Julia! Eu não! Julia! Eu não me importo com o que você faz com ela.*

**Destroy her face, leave only bones. Not me! Julia! Not me!"**

*Destrua o rosto dela, deixe apenas ossos. Eu não! Júlia! Eu não!"*

**He hears O'Brien touch the switch and knows he has closed the door to the tube, not opened it.**

*Ele ouve O'Brien tocar no interruptor e sabe que fechou a porta do tubo, não a abriu.*

●●●●●●●● ●●●●●●●●

**The Chestnut Tree Cafe is almost empty.**

*O Chestnut Tree Cafe está quase vazio.*

**It is the lonely time of fifteen hours.**

*É a hora solitária das quinze horas.*

**Music comes from the telescreens now but Winston is listening for news of the war.**

*A música vem das teletelas agora, mas Winston está ouvindo as notícias da guerra.*

**Oceania is at war with Eurasia.**

*A Oceania está em guerra com a Eurásia.*

**Oceania has always been at war with Eurasia.**

*A Oceania sempre esteve em guerra com a Eurásia.*

**He drinks a glass of gin, although it tastes terrible.**

*Ele bebe um copo de gim, embora tenha um gosto terrível.*

**A waiter brings him that day's Times.**

*Um garçom lhe traz o Times daquele dia.*

**His finger moves on the table. He writes in the dust:  $2 + 2 = 5$**

*Seu dedo se move sobre a mesa. Ele escreve na poeira:  $2 + 2 = 5$*

**"They can't get inside you," she said. But they could get inside you. And when they did, something inside you died.**

*"Eles não podem entrar em você", disse ela. Mas eles podem entrar em você. E quando o fizeram, algo dentro de você morreu.*

**He writes in the dust:  $2+2 = 5$**

*Ele escreve na poeira:  $2+2 = 5$*

**He saw her; he even spoke to her.**

*Ele a viu; ele até falou com ela.*

**There was no danger in it. He knew that.**

*Não havia perigo nisso. Ele sabia disso.*

**They take no interest in him now.**

*Eles não se interessam por ele agora.*

**They can even see each other again if either of them wants to.**

*Eles podem até se ver novamente se algum deles quiser.*

**But they do not want to.**

*Mas eles não querem.*

**He met her by chance in the park on a cold day in March.**

*Ele a encontrou por acaso no parque em um dia frio de março.*

**She was fatter now.**

*Ela estava mais gorda agora.*

**She walked away from him t.**

*Ela se afastou dele.*

**When he caught her, he put his arm around her waist but did not try to kiss her.**

*Quando ele a alcançou, ele colocou o braço em volta da cintura dela, mas não tentou beijá-la.*

**He did not want to kiss her.**

*Ele não queria beijá-la.*

**They sat down on two iron chairs, not too close together.**

*Sentaram-se em duas cadeiras de ferro, não muito próximas umas das outras.*

**There were no telescreens here but possibly hidden microphones. It did not matter.**

*Não havia teletelas aqui, mas possivelmente microfones escondidos. Isso não importava.*

**"I betrayed you," she said.**

*"Eu traí você", disse ela.*



**"I betrayed you, too," he said.**

*"Eu traí você também", disse ele.*

**"In the end they do something so terrible that you say 'don't do it to me, do it to somebody else, do it to the person I love.' You only care about yourself."**

*"No final, eles fazem algo tão terrível que você diz 'não faça isso comigo, faça isso com outra pessoa, faça isso com a pessoa que eu amo'. Você só se importa consigo mesmo."*

**"You only care about yourself," he had agreed.**

*"Você só se importa consigo mesmo", ele concordou.*

**And he had meant it.**

*E ele quis dizer isso.*

**He had not just said it, he had wished it.**

*Ele não apenas disse isso, ele desejou isso.*

**He had wanted her at the end of the tube when they...**

*Ele a queria no final do tubo quando eles...*

**Something changed on the telescreen in the Chestnut Tree Cafe.**

*Alguma coisa mudou na teletela do Chestnut Tree Cafe.*

**The music stopped and the face of Big Brother filled the telescreen.**

*A música parou e o rosto do Grande Irmão encheu a teletela.*

**Winston looked up at the enormous face with the mustache.**

*Winston ergueu os olhos para o enorme rosto de bigode.*

**Tears ran down his face and he was happy.**

*Lágrimas escorriam pelo seu rosto e ele estava feliz.*

**He had won the fight with himself.**

*Ele havia vencido a luta consigo mesmo.*

**He loved Big Brother.**

*Ele amava o Grande Irmão.*