



Eric Blair and George Orwell

Intoduction



Course outline

Date	Topics	Writings	Notes
9/18	Introduction	Shelden and James biographies	
9/25	Becoming George Orwell	<i>Down and Out in Paris and London</i> <i>Burmese Days</i>	
	Spanish Civil War	<i>Homage to Catalonia</i>	
10/2	Life among the socialists	<i>The Road to Wigan Pier</i>	
10/9	Life During Wartime	<i>Talking to India</i>	
		<i>Animal Farm</i>	Movie by Andy Serkis: Animal Farm Animal Farm versions
10/16	How we think we know Orwell	<i>1984</i>	George Orwell's 1984 - 1954 BBC TV Movie Nineteen Eighty-four



Death

Synthetic winds have blown away
Material dust, but this one room
Rebukes the constant violet ray
And dustless sheds a dusty gloom.
Wrecked on the outmoded past
Lie North and Hillard, Virgil, Horace,
Shakespeare's bones are quiet at last,
Dead as Yeats or William Morris.
Have not the inmates earned their
rest?

A hundred circles traversed they
Complaining of the classic quest
And, each inevitable day,
Illogically trying to place
A ball within an empty space.

Birth

Every loss is now a gain
For every chance must follow reason.
A crystal palace meets the rain
That falls at its appointed season.
No book disturbs the lucid line
For sun-bronzed scholars tune their
thought
To Telepathic Station 9
From which they know just what they
ought:
The useful sciences; the arts
Of telesalesmanship and Spanish
As registered in Western parts;
Mental cremation that shall banish
Relics, philosophies and colds —
Manana-minded ten-year-olds.

The Phoenix

Worlds have died that they may live,
May plume again their fairest feathers
And in their clearest songs may give
Welcome to all spontaneous
weathers.
Bacon's colleague is called Einstein,
Huxley shares Platonic food,
Violet rays are only sunshine
Christened in the modern mood,
In this house if in no other
Past and future may agree,
Each herself, but each the other
In a curious harmony,
Finding both a proper place
In the silken gown's embrace.

Poetry, in memory of Gene McCarthy

End of the Century, 1984 by Eileen O'Shaughnessy





Poll: Reading Orwell



Non-fiction Books, in order of publication

- **1933:** Down and Out in Paris and London
- **1937:** The Road to Wigan Pier
- **1938:** Homage to Catalonia



Fiction Books, in order of publication

- **1934:** Burmese Days
- **1935:** A Clergyman's Daughter
- **1936:** Keep the Aspidistra Flying
- **1939:** Coming Up for Air
- **1945:** Animal Farm
- **1949:** 1984

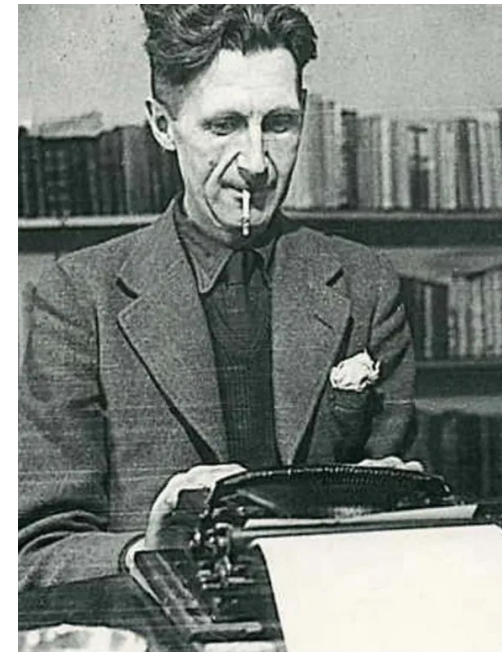


Two-in-one

Eric Arthur Blair 25-Jun-1903 – 21-Jan-1950



George Orwell 9-Jan-1933 – 21-Jan-1950



Orwell-1



Eric with mother, Ida, in India ~1903





“Lower upper-middle class”



Orwell-1



St. Cyprian's



Orwell-1



Eton Wall Game – Rugby with a wall



It is a long essay and no doubt contains some points which would not have met with Blair's approval, but in the main Shaw's criticisms sound very much in tune with Blair's attitudes after five years at St Cyprian's and five more at Eton.

It is important to emphasise, however, that he did not hate Eton. There were too many good things about it – the beauty of the ancient buildings, the Thames nearby, and the great romantic towers of Windsor Castle looking down on the entire scene. But best of all was the fact that, as school-prisons go, Eton allowed its inmates – especially the older ones – an uncommon degree of freedom. In later years Orwell liked to attribute this to the 'medieval chaos' of Eton's educational system. Characteristically, what he admired about the system was its lack of efficiency. As one of his contemporaries in College explained, 'If it is true that his interests even during his schooldays were not bounded by the world of Eton, Eton, I think deserves some credit for this. The general freedom of Eton life combined fortuitously with the special freedom which the regime of College allowed him. There was a kind of insolent carelessness about what was taught at Eton, arising from a confidence that the pupils would not attend to it very much anyway.'³⁷ Writing in 1948, Orwell praised this relaxed attitude as the factor most responsible for the school's 'one great virtue . . . and that is a tolerant and civilised atmosphere which gives each boy a fair chance of developing his individuality.'³⁸ He would not have been so generous in 1921, but at

Eton – “Lack of efficiency”

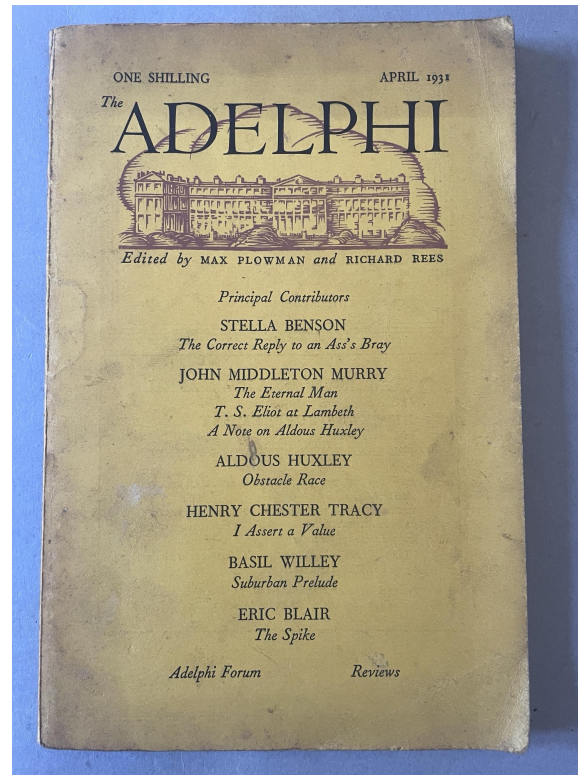




Blair in Burma

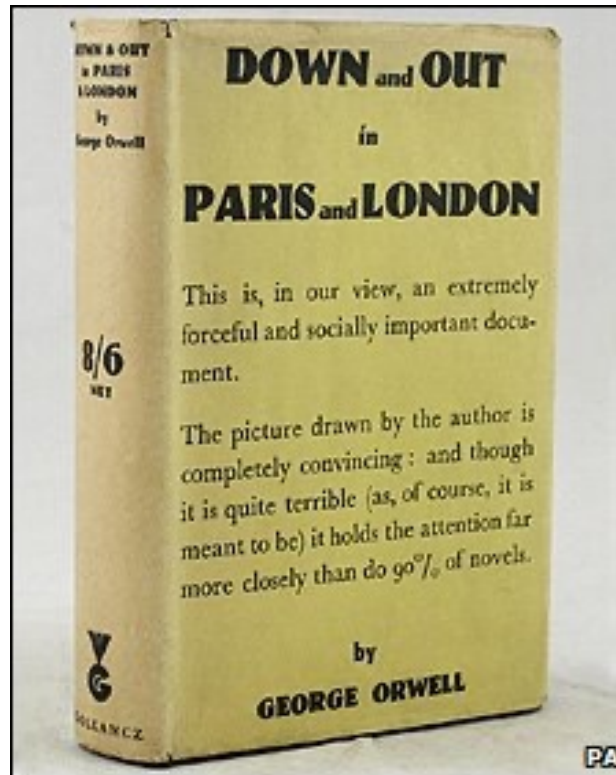


Orwell-1



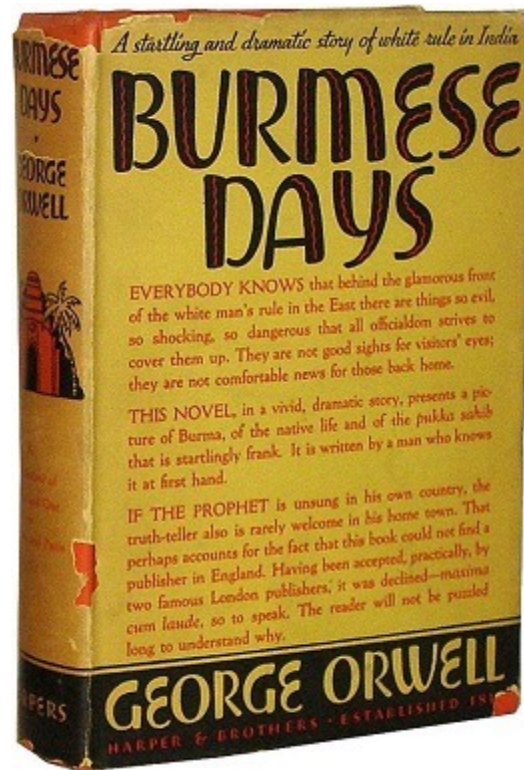
“The Spike”





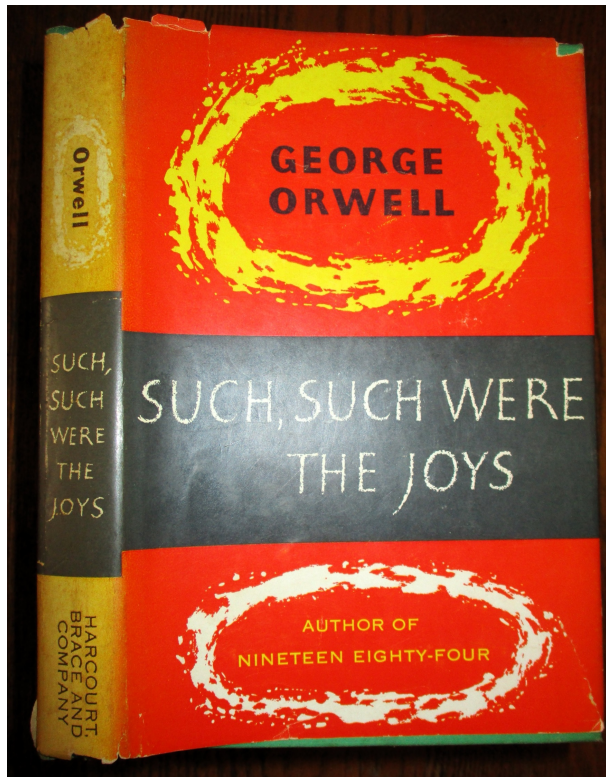
Down and Out in Paris and London





Burmese Days





Such, Such Were The Joys (1953)



“‘Whist! there is Artemus Jones with a woman who is not his wife, who must be, you know—the other thing!’ whispers a fair neighbor of mine excitedly into her bosom friend’s ear. Really, is it not surprising how certain of our fellow-countrymen behave when they come abroad. Who would suppose, by his goings on, that he was a church warden at Peckham? No one, indeed, would assume that Jones in the atmosphere of London would take so austere a job as the duties of a church warden. Here, in the atmosphere of Dieppe, on the French side of the Channel, he is the life and soul of a gay little band that haunts the Casino and turns night into day, besides betraying a most unholy delight in the society of female butterflies.”

British libel laws – “Jones v. Hulton”



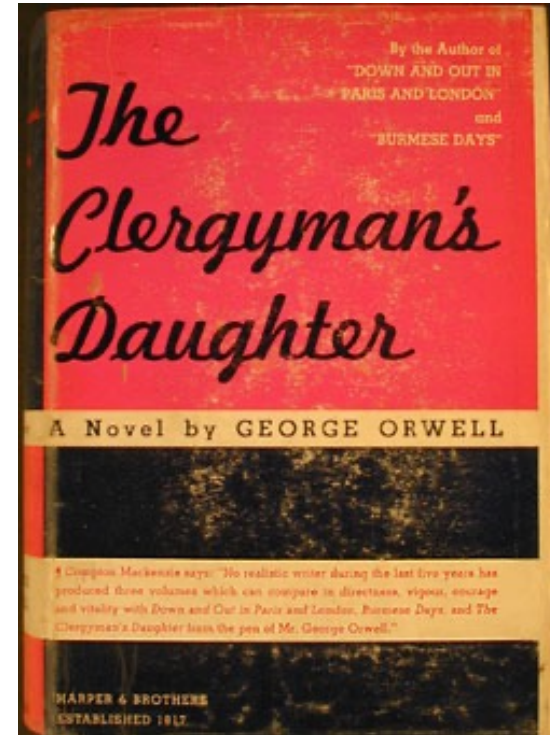
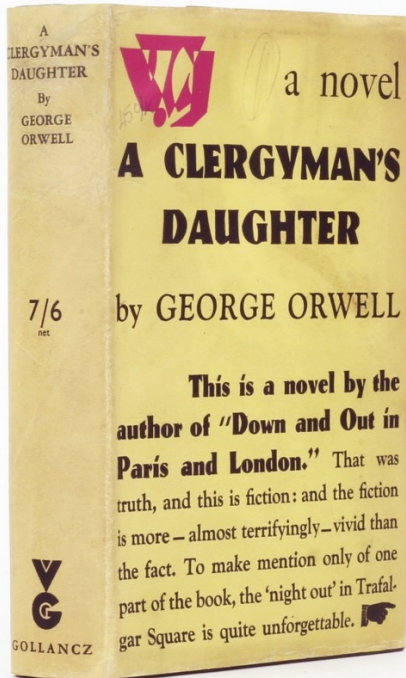
THE CIVIL COURT.

LIBEL DAMAGES OF £1,750.

An action was heard in the Civil Court, in which Mr. Justice Channell presided, in which the plaintiff was Mr. Thos. Artemus Jones, barrister, of the Middle Temple, London, who sought to recover damages for libel by Messrs. E. Hulton and Co., Ltd., proprietors of the "Sunday Chronicle." The libel was published on June 12th, in an article written by the Paris correspondent on life at Dieppe. The defence was that the name was introduced as a fictitious character, and had no reference to Mr. Jones.—The jury returned a verdict for plaintiff with £1,750 damages.

The Bolton Evening News and District Reporter
Bolton, Greater Manchester, England · Monday, November 23, 1908





A (The) Clergyman's Daughter



1936. Marriage solemnized at The Parish Church
of Wallington in the County

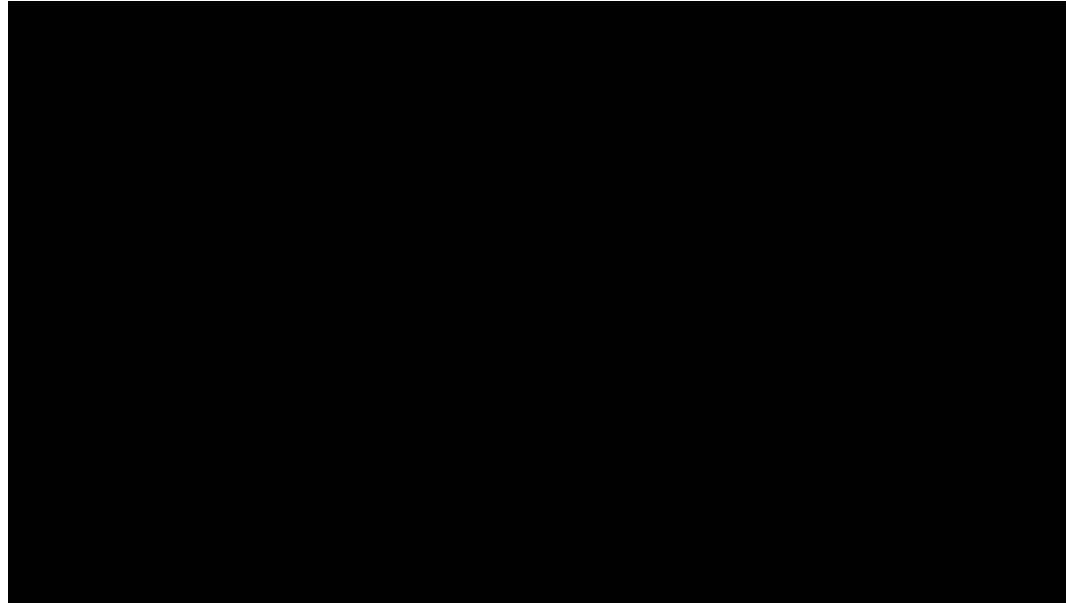
No.	When Married	Name and Surname	Age	Condition	Rank or Pr
125	9 th June	Eric Arthur Blair	33	Bachelor	Author
	1936	Eileen Mary O'Shaughnessy	30	Spinster	-

Married in the Parish Church according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the

This Marriage was solemnized between us, { Eric A. Blair
Eileen O'Shaughnessy } in the Presence of us, { R. W.
Mary O'S

Marriage to Eileen O'Shaughnessy (1936)





Eileen, the Making of Orwell

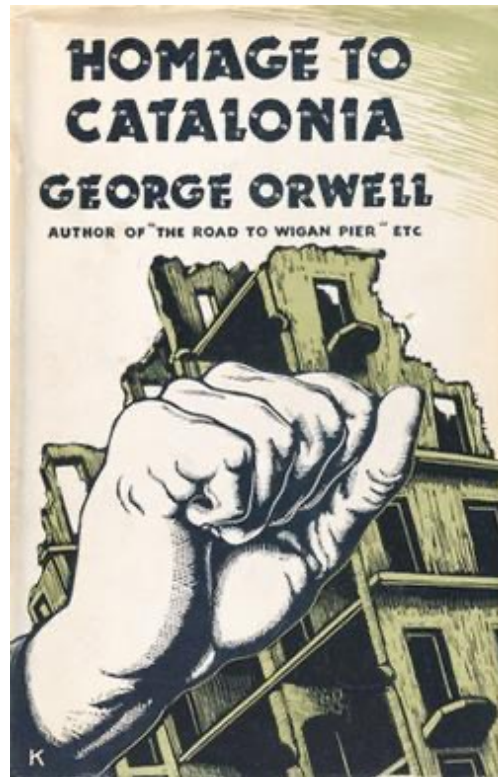


Orwell-1



Eileen and Eric in the Spanish Civil War





Homage to Catalonia (1938)



SIGNALEMENT

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Front **moy.**

Nez **rect.**

Bouche **moy;**

Menton **rond**

Visage **ovale**

Cheveux **cht.**

Barbe **rasée**

Corpulence **moy.**

Yeux **cht.**

Teint **clair**



SIGNALEMENT

Taille **1.65**

Front **bombé**

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Menton **rond**

Visage **ovale**

Cheveux **chat.**

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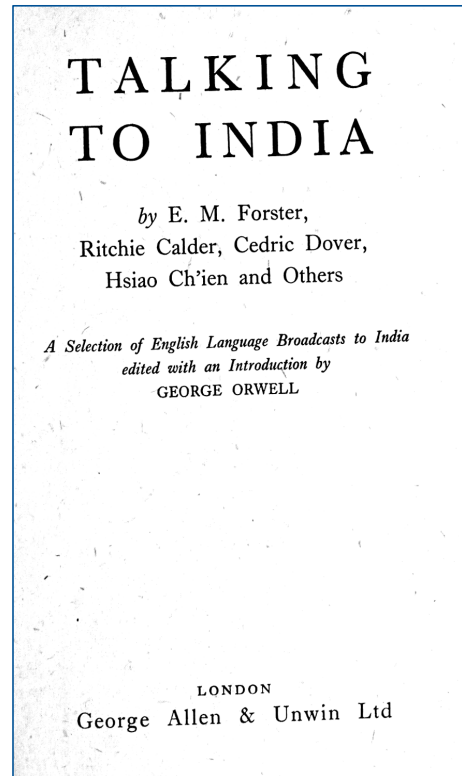
Yeux **ch.**

Teint **clair**



Eric and Eileen's ID cards in Marrakech (1938)





BBC World Service during World War II





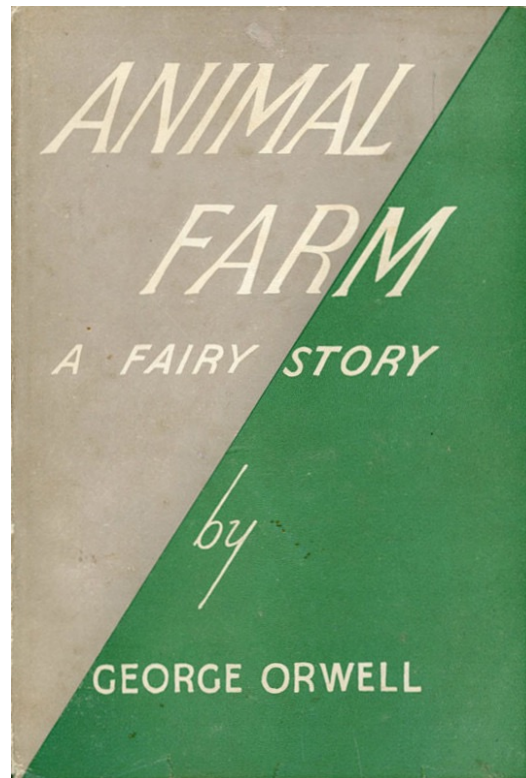
George and Eileen with adopted son, Richard Horatio Blair (14 May 1944 -)





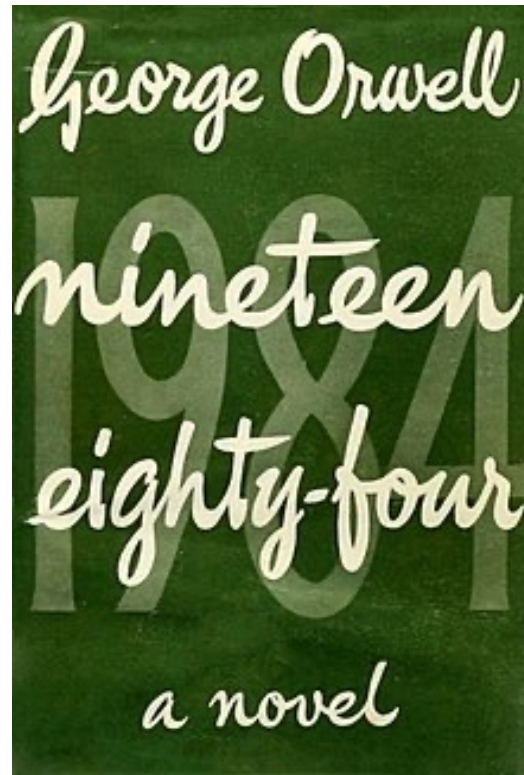
Sonia Brownell





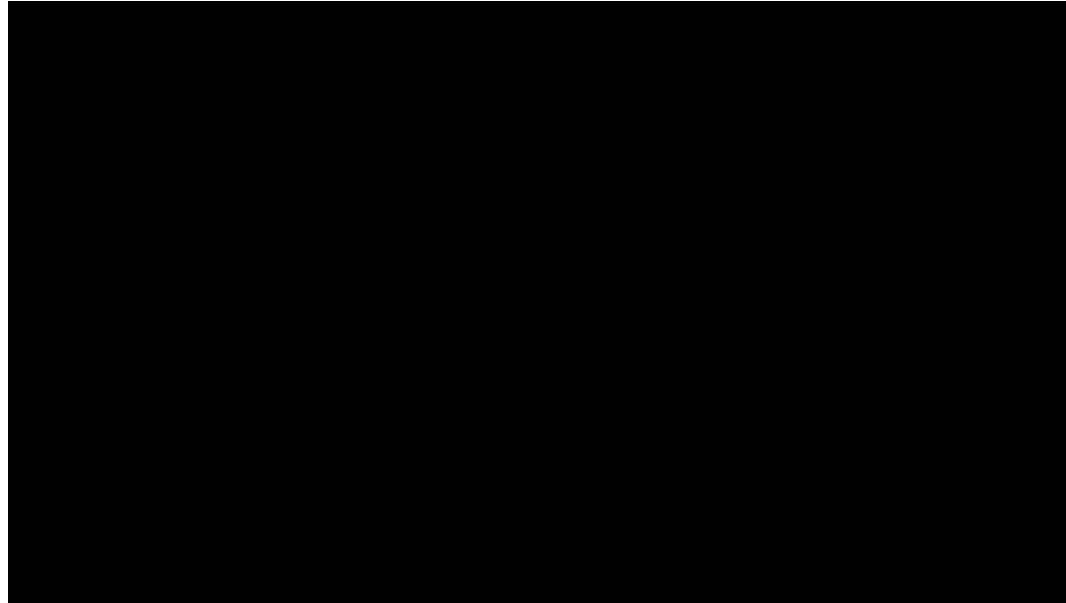
Animal Farm, 17-Aug-1945





Nineteen Eighty-Four, 8-Jun-1949





Marriage to Sonia Brownell (13-Oct1949)



GEORGE ORWELL, AUTHOR, 46, DEAD

British Writer, Acclaimed for
His '1984' and 'Animal Farm,'
Is Victim of Tuberculosis

Special to The New York Times.
LONDON, Jan. 21.—George Orwell, noted British novelist, died of tuberculosis in a hospital here today at the age of 46.

The author of "Nineteen Eighty-Four" and "Animal Farm," he had been "virtually an invalid for the last three years and most of his recent writing had been done in sanitariums, to which his illness forced him to retreat. Last October he married his second wife, Sonia Brownell, assistant editor of the literary magazine, Horizon, at his bedside in a hospital.

George Orwell was the pen name of Eric Blair, whose father and grandfather were members of the Indian Civil Service. Born in India, he attended Eton College and later joined the Burmese police service, seeing duty in remote stations for several years. These experiences resulted in "Burmese Days," which was recently reprinted in Great Britain and the United States.

Mr. Orwell knew hunger and poverty in Europe, and his later books, "Down and Out in London and Paris," among them, were reflections of his personal adventures and observations. They showed an unconventional attitude toward left-wing politics and a burning passion for truth.

He fought on the Republican side in the Spanish civil war, but chose to join an anarchist unit in preference to the Communist-led International Brigade. He was severely wounded.

During World War II, he broadcast to India for the British Broadcasting Corporation, served in the Home Guard, and did part-time night work in a factory until his health failed.

His first wife, the former Eileen O'Shaughnessy, died in 1945. He leaves an adopted son, Richard, in addition to his second wife.



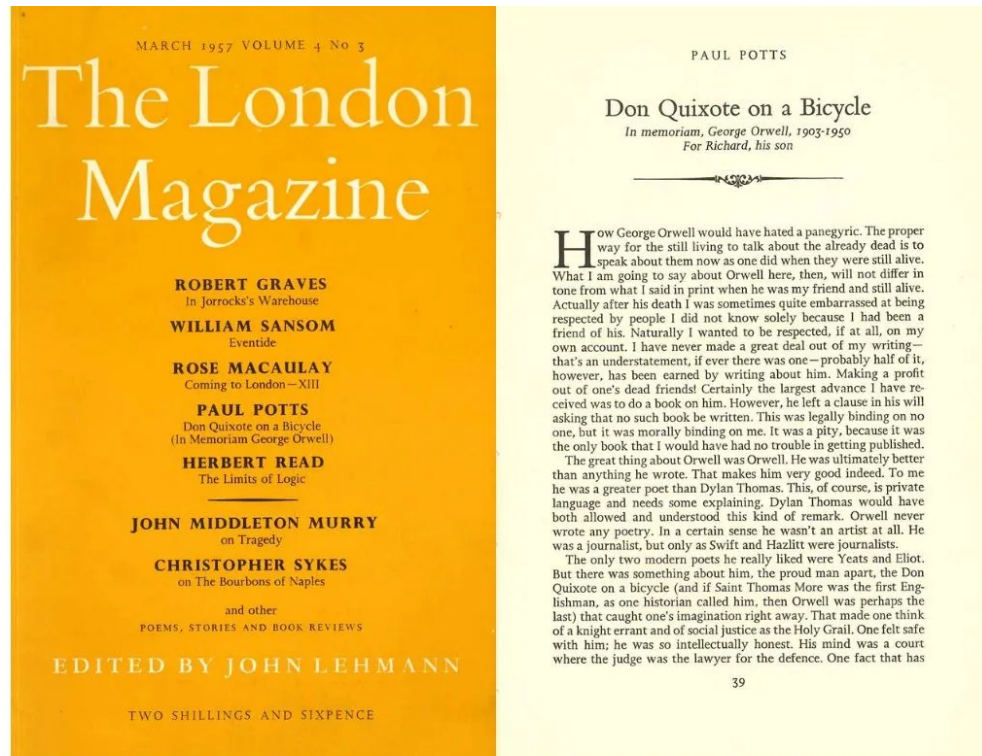
GEORGE ORWELL

The New York Times
Published January 22, 1950
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New York Times, 21-Jan-1950





PAUL POTTS

Don Quixote on a Bicycle

In memoriam, George Orwell, 1903-1950
For Richard, his son

How George Orwell would have hated a panegyric. The proper way for the still living to talk about the already dead is to speak about them now as one did when they were still alive. What I am going to say about Orwell here, then, will not differ in tone from what I said in print when he was my friend and still alive. Actually after his death I was sometimes quite embarrassed at being respected by people I did not know solely because I had been a friend of his. Naturally I wanted to be respected, if at all, on my own account. I have never made a great deal out of my writing—that's an understatement, if ever there was one—probably half of it, however, has been earned by writing about him. Making a profit out of one's dead friends! Certainly the largest advance I have received was to do a book on him. However, he left a clause in his will asking that no such book be written. This was legally binding on no one, but it was morally binding on me. It was a pity, because it was the only book that I would have had no trouble in getting published. The great thing about Orwell was Orwell. He was ultimately better than anything he wrote. That makes him very good indeed. To me he was a greater poet than Dylan Thomas. This, of course, is private language and needs some explaining. Dylan Thomas would have both allowed and understood this kind of remark. Orwell never wrote any poetry. In a certain sense he wasn't an artist at all. He was a journalist, but only as Swift and Hazlitt were journalists. The only two modern poets he really liked were Yeats and Eliot. But there was something about him, the proud man apart, the Don Quixote on a bicycle (and if Saint Thomas More was the first Englishman, as one historian called him, then Orwell was perhaps the last) that caught one's imagination right away. That made one think of a knight errant and of social justice as the Holy Grail. One felt safe with him; he was so intellectually honest. His mind was a court where the judge was the lawyer for the defence. One fact that has

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Next week

