

George Orwell

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GRZEGORZ KOMERSKI



1984

Rok 1984

w wersji do nauki
angielskiego



poltext

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Wstęp

Rok 1984 to dzieło, które stało się klasyką literatury nie bez powodu. Ta ostatnia książka George’a Orwella pojawiła się na rynku niedługo po II wojnie światowej i, jak mało która powieść w historii, nie tylko się nie zestarzała, ale wręcz nabrała nowej wartości we współczesnym świecie.

Rok 1984 nie tylko oddaje grozę totalitaryzmu, bardzo żywą w pamięci czytelników i czytelniczek pierwszego wydania, lecz także niezwykle trafnie i przenikliwie przewiduje wiele z procesów, które w pełnej okazałości dały się zaobserwować dopiero niedawno.

Mowa tu przede wszystkim o inwigilacji elektronicznej. Co prawda *Rok 1984*, siłą rzeczy, nie opisuje komputerów, ale występujące w powieści „teleekrany” mają dokładnie tę samą funkcję, którą pełnią współcześnie narzędzia elektronicznego nadzoru – kamery, mikrofony, systemy rozpoznawania twarzy. Orwell ponad pół wieku temu był w stanie zauważyć, że świat pozbawiony prywatności, w którym każde nasze słowo jest podsłuchiwane i rejestrowane – choćby przez „życzliwe” korporacje produkujące nasze smartfony – to świat bezgranicznej kontroli.

Kontrola wynikająca z inwigilacji sięga u Orwella głębiej niż tylko do monitorowania gestów i zachowań. *Rok 1984* pokazuje, że w świecie bezustannego nadzoru monitorować i kształtować można także nasze postawy, uczucia i myśli. Nieprzypadkowo główną osią opowieści jest gorące uczucie protagonisty do koleżanki z pracy i ich zakazany romans: Orwell pokazuje, że mrzonki o tym, jakoby miłość zwyciężała wszystko, a także o tym, że jesteśmy w stanie zachować integralność swoich przekonań, jednocześnie będąc pozornie posłusznym bezustannej propagandzie, są jedynie pobożnym życzeniem.

Rok 1984 był źródłem niezliczonych interpretacji, nawiązań i inspiracji. Wspomnieć warto choćby niedawną książkę Harukiego Murakamiego, *1Q84*, która co prawda z treścią powieści Orwella ma związek niewielki, ale ewidentnie oddaje jej hołd w samym tytule. Książka wywarła też ogromny wpływ na język – zarówno po polsku, jak i po angielsku samo wspomnienie, że coś jest „jak z Orwella” daje bardzo niedwuznaczny obraz porównania do państwa totalitarnego, a do potocznego obiegu weszły z *Roku 1984* choćby takie sformułowania, jak „nowomowa”, „dwumyślenie”, „prole” czy „myślzbrodnia”. Popularny na całym świecie program telewizyjny „Big Brother” także przecież bezpośrednio nawiązywał do Wielkiego Brata z powieści oraz opierał się na prostym pomysle stałego podglądania zamkniętych w jednym domu uczestników i uczestniczek *reality show*. Odwołania do książki przewijały się nawet regularnie w orzeczeniach sądów USA dotyczących inwigilacji obywateli, a kiedy w 2013 roku wyszło na jaw, że NSA potajemnie szpiegowała i rejestrowała ruch w internecie, sprzedaż *Roku 1984* wzrosła siedmiokrotnie.

Nie jest do końca jasne, skąd wziął się tytuł powieści. Niektórzy twierdzą, że chodziło o drobną modyfikację roku 1948, aby zasygnalizować czytelnikom i czytelniczkom, że zagrożenie jest realne także dla nich. Zdaniem innych chodziło raczej o wybiegnięcie w odległą przyszłość – aby przestrzec przed zagrożeniem bez wskazywania tylko jednego jego źródła. Same inspiracje do książki istotnie pochodziły z różnych stron – choćby działania Ministerstwa Miłości były inspirowane opisami działań NKWD, ale już myślozbrodnie faktycznymi działaniami Kempeitai, tajnej policji japońskiej, karającej za niepatriotyczne myśli.

Do dnia dzisiejszego książka Orwella przewija się przez wiele popularnych rankingów powieści wszech czasów, w tym także np. najlepszych powieści anglojęzycznych według magazynu „Time” czy niezbędnika czytelnika BBC. Przetłumaczono ją na 65 języków – i była pierwszym tytułem anglojęzycznym, który osiągnął tak szeroki zasięg. To dodatkowo imponujące, biorąc pod uwagę, że w wielu krajach *Rok 1984*, jako ostra krytyka totalitaryzmu, obnażająca patologie politycznej kontroli i autorytarnych zapędów, był pozycją zakazaną. Było tak i w Polsce przed 1989 rokiem. Tym bardziej warto sięgnąć po tę książkę – aby odświeżyć sobie jej przekaz, jednocześnie ćwicząc język, zastanowić się nad współczesnością mediów elektronicznych, ale także oddać się refleksji nad drogą, którą przeszła Polska przez ostatnie 32 lata.

Opracowany przez nas podręcznik oparty na oryginalnym tekście powieści został skonstruowany według przejrzystego schematu.

- Na marginesach tekstu podano **objaśnienia** trudniejszych wyrazów.
- Każda część jest zakończona krótkim testem sprawdzającym stopień **rozumienia tekstu**.
- Zawarty po każdej części dział **O słowach** jest poświęcony poszerzeniu słownictwa z danej dziedziny, synonimom oraz wyrazom, które łatwo ze sobą pomylić, słowotwórstwu oraz wyrażeniom idiomatycznym.
- W dziale poświęconym **gramatyce** omówiono wybrane zagadnienia gramatyczne, ilustrowane fragmentami poszczególnych części powieści.
- Dla dociekliwych został również opracowany komentarz do wybranych zagadnień związanych z **kulturą i historią**.

Różnorodne **ćwiczenia** pozwolą Czytelnikowi powtórzyć i sprawdzić omówione w podręczniku zagadnienia leksykalne i gramatyczne. Alfabetyczny wykaz wyrazów objaśnianych na marginesie tekstu znajduje się w **słowniczku**. Odpowiedzi do wszystkich zadań zamkniętych zostały podane w **kluczu** na końcu książki.

Part One

I

SŁOWNICTWO

Chapter 1

It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen. Winston Smith, his chin **nuzzled** into his breast in an effort to escape the vile wind, slipped quickly through the glass doors of Victory Mansions, though not quickly enough to prevent a **swirl** of **gritty** dust from entering along with him.

The hallway smelt of boiled cabbage and old **rag** mats. At one end of it a coloured poster, too large for indoor display, had been **tacked** to the wall. It **depicted** simply an enormous face, more than a metre wide: the face of a man of about forty-five, with a heavy black moustache and **ruggerdly** handsome features. Winston made for the stairs. It was no use trying the lift. Even at the best of times it was seldom working, and at present the **electric current** was cut off during daylight hours. It was part of the **economy drive** in preparation for Hate Week. The flat was seven flights up, and Winston, who was thirty-nine and had a **varicose ulcer** above his right ankle, went slowly, resting several times on the way. On each **landing**, opposite the **lift-shaft**, the poster with the enormous face gazed from the wall. It was one of those pictures which are so **contrived** that the eyes follow you about when you move. BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU, the caption beneath it ran.

Inside the flat a **fruity** voice was reading out a list of figures which had something to do with the production of **pig-iron**. The voice came from an oblong metal **plaque** like

nuzzle into: wtulić się

swirl: wir, podmuch

gritty: zapiaszczony

rag: szmata; szmaciany

tack: przyczepić, przypiąć,
przybić

depict: przedstawiać

ruggerdly: nieregularnie

electric current: prąd elektryczny

economy drive: akcja

oszczędzania

varicose ulcer: owrzodzenie
żylakowe

landing: półpiętro

lift-shaft: szyb windy

contrive: obmyślić

fruity: (o głosie) głęboki

pig-iron: surowka żelaza

plaque: płytka, tabliczka

dulled: zmatowiały

distinguishable: rozpoznawalny

frail: wąty, kruchy

meagreness: szczupłość,

mizerność

overalls: kombinezon

sanguine: optymistyczny; ufny

blunt: tępy

razor blade: żyłtka

eddy: wir

whirl: kręcić, obracać

plaster: przyklejać; oblepiać

blackmoustachio'd: z czarnym wąsem

commanding: tu: widoczny,

dominujący

immediately: bezpośrednio

flap: łopotać

fitfully: zrywami, nieregularnie

alternately: na przemian

hover: unosić się w powietrzu;

zawisnąć; zatrzymać się

bluebottle: mucha mięsna

snoop: węszyć, myszkować

babble away: paplać

command: rozporządzać; mieć (widok na)

wire: przewód, drut

guesswork: domysły, spekulacje

conceivable: (możliwy) do pomyślenia

at any rate: w każdym razie

a **dulled** mirror which formed part of the surface of the right-hand wall. Winston turned a switch and the voice sank somewhat, though the words were still **distinguishable**. The instrument (the telescreen, it was called) could be dimmed, but there was no way of shutting it off completely. He moved over to the window: a smallish, **frail** figure, the **meagreness** of his body merely emphasized by the blue **overalls** which were the uniform of the party. His hair was very fair, his face naturally **sanguine**, his skin roughened by coarse soap and **blunt razor blades** and the cold of the winter that had just ended.

Outside, even through the shut window-pane, the world looked cold. Down in the street little **eddies** of wind were **whirling** dust and torn paper into spirals, and though the sun was shining and the sky a harsh blue, there seemed to be no colour in anything, except the posters that were **plastered** everywhere. The **blackmoustachio'd** face gazed down from every **commanding** corner. There was one on the house-front **immediately** opposite. BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU, the caption said, while the dark eyes looked deep into Winston's own. Down at street level another poster, torn at one corner, **flapped fitfully** in the wind, alternately covering and uncovering the single word INGSOC. In the far distance a helicopter skimmed down between the roofs, **hovered** for an instant like a **bluebottle**, and darted away again with a curving flight. It was the police patrol, **snooping** into people's windows. The patrols did not matter, however. Only the Thought Police mattered.

Behind Winston's back the voice from the telescreen was still **babbling** away about pig-iron and the overfulfilment of the Ninth Three-Year Plan. The telescreen received and transmitted simultaneously. Any sound that Winston made, above the level of a very low whisper, would be picked up by it, moreover, so long as he remained within the field of vision which the metal plaque **commanded**, he could be seen as well as heard. There was of course no way of knowing whether you were being watched at any given moment. How often, or on what system, the Thought Police plugged in on any individual **wire** was **guesswork**. It was even **conceivable** that they watched everybody all the time. But at any rate they could plug in your wire whenever they wanted to. You had

to live – did live, from habit that became instinct – in the **assumption** that every sound you made was **overheard**, and, except in darkness, every movement **scrutinized**.

Winston kept his back turned to the telescreen. It was safer; though, as he well knew, even a back can be **revealing**. A kilometre away the Ministry of Truth, his place of work, **towered** vast and white above the **grimy** landscape. This, he thought with a sort of vague distaste – this was London, chief city of Airstrip One, itself the third most populous of the provinces of Oceania. He tried to squeeze out some childhood memory that should tell him whether London had always been quite like this. Were there always these **vistas** of rotting nineteenth-century houses, their sides shored up with **baulks** of **timber**, their windows patched with cardboard and their roofs with **corrugated iron**, their crazy garden walls **sagging** in all directions? And the bombed sites where the **plaster** dust **swirled** in the air and the **willow-herb** **straggled** over the heaps of rubble; and the places where the bombs had cleared a larger patch and there had sprung up **sordid** colonies of wooden dwellings like chicken-houses? But it was no use, he could not remember: nothing remained of his childhood except a series of bright-lit **tableaux** **occurring** against no background and mostly **unintelligible**.

The Ministry of Truth – Minitrue, in Newspeak [Newspeak was the official language of Oceania. For an **account** of its structure and etymology see **Appendix**.] – was startlingly different from any other object in sight. It was an enormous pyramidal structure of **glittering** white concrete, **soaring up**, terrace after terrace, 300 metres into the air. From where Winston stood it was just possible to read, picked out on its white face in elegant lettering, the three slogans of the Party:

WAR IS PEACE

FREEDOM IS SLAVERY

IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH

The Ministry of Truth contained, it was said, three thousand rooms above ground level, and **corresponding** **ramifications** below. **Scattered** about London there were just three other buildings of similar appearance and size. So completely did they **dwarf** the surrounding architecture that from the roof of Victory Mansions you could see

assumption: założenie
overhear (overheard; overheard): podsłuchiwać
scrutinize: przyglądać się
reveal: zdradzać
tower: wznosić się, górować nad
grimy: usmolony, brudny

vista: panorama; widok
balk: belka
timber: drewno
corrugated iron: blacha falista
sagging: przechylony
plaster: tynk; gips
swirl: wirować
willow-herb: (bot.) wierzbownica;
 wierzbówka
straggle: rozrastać się
rubble: gruz
sordid: obscurny; ohydny
tableau (l.m. tableaux): scena, żywy obraz
occur: przychodzić na myśl;
 pojawiać się
unintelligible: niezrozumiały
account: opis, wytłumaczenie
appendix: załącznik, apendiks
glittering: połyskujący, błyszczący
soar up: wznosić się

corresponding: odpowiedni
ramification: tu odnoga, odgałęzienie
scattered: rozrzucony, rozproszony
dwarf: przygniatać, pomniejszać

apparatus of government: aparat rządu
concern oneself with sth: zajmować się czymś
fine arts: sztuki piękne
maintain: utrzymywać

penetrate (through): przebijać się przez
barbed-wire: drut kolczasty
entanglement: plątanina, gmatwanina
roam: waleśać się, wędrować
jointed: przegubowy, składany
truncheon: pałka
abruptly: gwałtownie, raptownie

hunk: pajda

sickly: mdlący
nerve oneself for sth: zbierać siły na coś
gulp sth down: wypić coś jednym haustem
nitric acid: kwas azotowy
club: pałka

crumpled: pognieciony
incautiously: nieostrożnie
whereupon: po czym

all four of them simultaneously. They were the homes of the four Ministries between which the entire **apparatus of government** was divided. The Ministry of Truth, which **concerned itself with** news, entertainment, education, and the **fine arts**. The Ministry of Peace, which **concerned itself with** war. The Ministry of Love, which **maintained** law and order. And the Ministry of Plenty, which was responsible for economic affairs. Their names, in Newspeak: Minitrue, Minipax, Miniluv, and Miniplenty.

The Ministry of Love was the really frightening one. There were no windows in it at all. Winston had never been inside the Ministry of Love, nor within half a kilometre of it. It was a place impossible to enter except on official business, and then only by **penetrating** through a maze of **barbed-wire entanglements**, steel doors, and hidden machine-gun nests. Even the streets leading up to its outer barriers were **roamed by** gorilla-faced guards in black uniforms, armed with **jointed truncheons**.

Winston turned round **abruptly**. He had set his features into the expression of quiet optimism which it was advisable to wear when facing the telescreen. He crossed the room into the tiny kitchen. By leaving the Ministry at this time of day he had sacrificed his lunch in the canteen, and he was aware that there was no food in the kitchen except a **hunk** of dark-coloured bread which had got to be saved for tomorrow's breakfast. He took down from the shelf a bottle of colourless liquid with a plain white label marked VICTORY GIN. It gave off a **sickly**, oily smell, as of Chinese rice-spirit. Winston poured out nearly a teacupful, **nerved himself** for a shock, and **gulped it down** like a dose of medicine.

Instantly his face turned scarlet and the water ran out of his eyes. The stuff was like **nitric acid**, and moreover, in swallowing it one had the sensation of being hit on the back of the head with a rubber **club**. The next moment, however, the burning in his belly died down and the world began to look more cheerful. He took a cigarette from a **crumpled** packet marked VICTORY CIGARETTES and **incautiously** held it upright, **whereupon** the tobacco fell out on to the floor. With the next he was more successful. He went back to the living-room and sat down at a small table that stood to the left of the telescreen. From the table drawer he took

out a **penholder**, a bottle of **ink**, and a thick, **quarto-sized** blank book with a red back and a **marbled** cover.

For some reason the telescreen in the living-room was in an unusual position. Instead of being placed, as was normal, in the end wall, where it could **command** the whole room, it was in the longer wall, opposite the window. To one side of it there was a **shallow alcove** in which Winston was now sitting, and which, when the flats were built, had probably been intended to hold bookshelves. By sitting in the alcove, and keeping well back, Winston was able to remain outside the **range** of the telescreen, so far as sight went. He could be heard, of course, but so long as he stayed in his present position he could not be seen. It was partly the unusual geography of the room that had suggested to him the thing that he was now about to do.

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

The thing that he was about to do was to open a diary. This was not illegal (nothing was illegal, since there were no longer any laws), but if **detected** it was reasonably certain that it would be punished by death, or at least by twenty-five years in a forced labour camp. Winston fitted a **nib** into the penholder and **sucked** it to get the grease off. The pen was an archaic instrument, seldom used even for signatures,

penholder: obsadka; stojak na pióra

ink: atrament

quarto-sized: formatu kwarto (20 cm x 26 cm)

marbled: marmurkowy

command: obejmować, mieć widok na

shallow: płytki

alcove: wnęka, nisza, alkowa

range: zasięg

manufacture: produkować

frowsy: zapuszczony, niechlujny

junk-shop: sklep z towarami z drugiej ręki

slummy quarter: dzielnica slumsów

overwhelming: przytłaczający, ogarniający

get hold of sth: zdobyć coś

compromising: kompromitujący

detect: wykryć, odkryć

nib: stalówka

suck: ssać, zasysać

procure: zdobyć, wystarać się
(o coś)

furtively: potajemnie, ukradkowo

dip: zanurzyć

falter: zawahać się

tremor: dreszcz, wstrząs

bowels: kiszki, wnętrzności, jelita

clumsy: niezgrabny

descend upon sb: nachodzić
kogoś

magnitude: wielkość, rozmiary

undertake (undertook;

undertaken): przedsiębrać,

podejmować się (czegoś)

come home to sb: (przen.)

dotrzeć do kogoś

predicament: kłopotliwe

położenie

merely: tylko, jedynie

interminable: niekończący się

literally: dosłownie

itch: swędzieć

unbearably: nieznośnie

and he had **procured** one, **furtively** and with some difficulty, simply because of a feeling that the beautiful creamy paper deserved to be written on with a real nib instead of being scratched with an ink-pencil. Actually he was not used to writing by hand. Apart from very short notes, it was usual to dictate everything into the speak-write which was of course impossible for his present purpose. He **dipped** the pen into the ink and then **faltered** for just a second. A **tremor** had gone through his bowels. To mark the paper was the decisive act. In small **clumsy** letters he wrote:

April 4th, 1984.

He sat back. A sense of complete helplessness had **descended upon** him. To begin with, he did not know with any certainty that this was 1984. It must be round about that date, since he was fairly sure that his age was thirty-nine, and he believed that he had been born in 1944 or 1945; but it was never possible nowadays to pin down any date within a year or two.

For whom, it suddenly occurred to him to wonder, was he writing this diary? For the future, for the unborn. His mind hovered for a moment round the doubtful date on the page, and then fetched up with a bump against the Newspeak word **DOUBLETHINK**. For the first time the **magnitude** of what he had **undertaken** **came home to him**. How could you communicate with the future? It was of its nature impossible. Either the future would resemble the present, in which case it would not listen to him: or it would be different from it, and his **predicament** would be meaningless.

For some time he sat gazing stupidly at the paper. The telescreen had changed over to strident military music. It was curious that he seemed not **merely** to have lost the power of expressing himself, but even to have forgotten what it was that he had originally intended to say. For weeks past he had been making ready for this moment, and it had never crossed his mind that anything would be needed except courage. The actual writing would be easy. All he had to do was to transfer to paper the **interminable** restless monologue that had been running inside his head, **literally** for years. At this moment, however, even the monologue had dried up. Moreover his varicose ulcer had begun **itching unbearably**. He dared not scratch it, because if he did so it always became

inflamed. The seconds were ticking by. He was conscious of nothing except the blankness of the page in front of him, the itching of the skin above his ankle, the **blaring** of the music, and a slight **booziness** caused by the gin.

Suddenly he began writing in **sheer** panic, only imperfectly aware of what he was setting down. His small but childish handwriting **straggled** up and down the page, **shedding** first its capital letters and finally even its full stops:

April 4th, 1984. Last night to the flicks. All war films. One very good one of a ship full of refugees being bombed somewhere in the Mediterranean. Audience much amused by shots of a great huge fat man trying to swim away with a helicopter after him, first you saw him wallowing along in the water like a porpoise, then you saw him through the helicopters gunsights, then he was full of holes and the sea round him turned pink and he sank as suddenly as though the holes had let in the water, audience shouting with laughter when he sank. then you saw a lifeboat full of children with a helicopter hovering over it. there was a middle-aged woman might have been a jewess sitting up in the bow with a little boy about three years old in her arms. little boy screaming with fright and hiding his head between her breasts as if he was trying to burrow right into her and the woman putting her arms round him and comforting him although she was blue with fright herself, all the time covering him up as much as possible as if she thought her arms could keep the bullets off him. then the helicopter planted a 20 kilo bomb in among them terrific flash and the boat went all to matchwood. then there was a wonderful shot of a child's arm going up up up right up into the air a helicopter with a camera in its nose must have followed it up and there was a lot of applause from the party seats but a woman down in the prole part of the house suddenly started kicking up a fuss and shouting they didnt oughter of showed it not in front of kids they didnt it aint right not in front of kids it aint until the police turned her turned her out i dont suppose anything happened to her nobody cares what the proles say typical prole reaction they never --

Winston stopped writing, partly because he was suffering from **cramp**. He did not know what had made him **pour out** this stream of rubbish. But the curious thing was

inflamed: zaogniony, objęty stanem zapalnym

blaring: dudnienie, trąbienie

booziness: podchmilenie

sheer: istny, prawdziwy

straggle: rozciągać się

shed (shed; shed): rzucać, odrzucać

the flicks: (przest.) kino

wallow: taplać się, nurzać się

porpoise: (zool.) morświn

bow: dziób (łodzi itp.)

burrow into: zaszyć się w

go (all) to matchwood: rozpaść się w drzazgi

nose: dziób (helikoptera itp.)

kick up a fuss: robić awanturę, robić o coś mnóstwo hałasu
oughter of showed = ought to have shown
aint = ain't: isn't

cramp: skurcz
pour out: wylać

nebulous: mglisty
 eleven hundred: 11:00
 drag: ciągnąć
 cubicle: boks, kabina

presumably: przypuszczalnie

spanner: (tech.) klucz

swift: żwawy, zwinny
 sash: szarfa, wstęga
 wind (wound; wound): owijać

hike: wycieczka

bigoted: fanatyczny,
 świętoszkowaty
 adherent: stronnik; członek
 noser-out: tropiciel, wścibski
 unorthodoxy: nieortodoksyjność
 sidelong glance: ukradkowe
 spojrzenie
 pierce (right) into: wbijać się
 (prosto) w

that while he was doing so a totally different memory had clarified itself in his mind, to the point where he almost felt equal to writing it down. It was, he now realized, because of this other incident that he had suddenly decided to come home and begin the diary today.

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

It was nearly eleven hundred, and in the Records Department, where Winston worked, they were dragging the chairs out of the cubicles and grouping them in the centre of the hall opposite the big telescreen, in preparation for the Two Minutes Hate. Winston was just taking his place in one of the middle rows when two people whom he knew by sight, but had never spoken to, came unexpectedly into the room. One of them was a girl whom he often passed in the corridors. He did not know her name, but he knew that she worked in the Fiction Department. Presumably – since he had sometimes seen her with oily hands and carrying a spanner – she had some mechanical job on one of the novel-writing machines. She was a bold-looking girl, of about twenty-seven, with thick hair, a freckled face, and swift, athletic movements. A narrow scarlet sash, emblem of the Junior Anti-Sex League, was wound several times round the waist of her overalls, just tightly enough to bring out the shapeliness of her hips. Winston had disliked her from the very first moment of seeing her. He knew the reason. It was because of the atmosphere of hockey-fields and cold baths and community hikes and general clean-mindedness which she managed to carry about with her. He disliked nearly all women, and especially the young and pretty ones. It was always the women, and above all the young ones, who were the most bigoted adherents of the Party, the swallows of slogans, the amateur spies and nosers-out of unorthodoxy. But this particular girl gave him the impression of being more dangerous than most. Once when they passed in the corridor she gave him a quick sidelong glance which seemed to pierce right into him and for a moment had filled him with black terror. The idea had even crossed his mind that she might be an agent of the Thought Police. That, it was true, was very unlikely. Still, he continued to feel a peculiar uneasiness, which had

fear mixed up in it as well as **hostility**, whenever she was anywhere near him.

The other person was a man named O'Brien, a member of the Inner Party and holder of some post so important and remote that Winston had only a dim idea of its nature. A momentary **hush** passed over the group of people round the chairs as they saw the black overalls of an Inner Party member approaching. O'Brien was a large, **burly** man with a thick neck and a coarse, humorous, brutal face. In spite of his **formidable** appearance he had a certain charm of manner. He had a trick of **resetting** his **spectacles** on his nose which was curiously **disarming** – in some **indefinable** way, curiously civilized. It was a gesture which, if anyone had still thought in such terms, might have recalled an eighteenth-century nobleman offering his **snuffbox**. Winston had seen O'Brien perhaps a dozen times in almost as many years. He felt deeply drawn to him, and not **solely** because he was intrigued by the contrast between O'Brien's **urbane** manner and his prize-fighter's **physique**. Much more it was because of a secretly held belief – or perhaps not even a belief, merely a hope – that O'Brien's political orthodoxy was not perfect. Something in his face suggested it **irresistibly**. And again, perhaps it was not even unorthodoxy that was written in his face, but simply intelligence. But at any rate he had the appearance of being a person that you could talk to if somehow you could cheat the telescreen and get him alone. Winston had never made the smallest effort to **verify** this guess: indeed, there was no way of doing so. At this moment O'Brien glanced at his wrist-watch, saw that it was nearly eleven hundred, and evidently decided to stay in the Records Department until the Two Minutes Hate was over. He took a chair in the same row as Winston, a couple of places away. A small, sandy-haired woman who worked in the next cubicle to Winston was between them. The girl with dark hair was sitting immediately behind.

The next moment a hideous, **grinding** speech, as of some **monstrous** machine running without oil, **burst** from the big telescreen at the end of the room. It was a noise that **set one's teeth on edge** and **bristled** the hair at the back of one's neck. The Hate had started.

hostility: wrogość

hush: cisza

burly: krzepki, korpulentny

formidable: onieśmielający,

budzący grozę

reset: poprawiać

spectacles: okulary

disarming: rozbrajający

indefinable: nieuchwytny,

nieokreślony

snuffbox: tabakiera

solely: jedynie, wyłącznie, tylko

urbane: obyty, pełen ogłady

physique: sylwetka

irresistibly: nieodparcie

verify: weryfikować

grinding: miażdżący

monstrous: gigantyczny

burst (burst; burst): wpadać z trzaskiem

set sb's teeth on

edge: denerwować kogoś

bristle: jeżyć

squeak: pisk
mingled: zmieszany
renegade: renegat, zdrajca
backslider: odstępcą
counter-revolutionary: kontrrewolucyjny
condemned (to death): skazany (na śmierć)
primal: główny
defiler: profanator
sabotage: sabotaż
heresy: herezja
deviation: dewiacja
hatch: knuć
paymaster: mocodawca, zleceniodawca
diaphragm: przepona
constricted: ściśnięty, skurczony
fuzzy: niewyraźny, rozmyty
goatee beard: kozia bródka
inherently: nieodłącznie, z natury
despicable: nikczemny
senile: starczy
perched: umiejscowiony
venomous: jadowity, trujący
exaggerated: przesadny
perverse: perwersyjny
see through sb/sth: przejrzyć kogoś/coś (na wylot)
plausible: prawdopodobny
level-headed: rozsądny, trzeźwo myślący
take sth in: nabrać się na coś
abuse: obrażać
denounce: denuncjonować, donosić; potępiać
conclusion: zakończenie
assembly: zgromadzenie
rapid: szybki, gwałtowny
polysyllabic: rozwekły; przegadany

As usual, the face of Emmanuel Goldstein, the Enemy of the People, had flashed on to the screen. There were hisses here and there among the audience. The little sandy-haired woman gave a **squeak** of **mingled** fear and disgust. Goldstein was the **renegade** and **backslider** who once, long ago (how long ago, nobody quite remembered), had been one of the leading figures of the Party, almost on a level with Big Brother himself, and then had engaged in **counter-revolutionary** activities, had been **condemned** to death, and had mysteriously escaped and disappeared. The programmes of the Two Minutes Hate varied from day to day, but there was none in which Goldstein was not the principal figure. He was the **primal** traitor, the earliest **defiler** of the Party's purity. All subsequent crimes against the Party, all treacheries, acts of **sabotage**, **heresies**, **deviations**, sprang directly out of his teaching. Somewhere or other he was still alive and **hatching** his conspiracies: perhaps somewhere beyond the sea, under the protection of his foreign **paymasters**, perhaps even – so it was occasionally rumoured – in some hiding-place in Oceania itself.

Winston's **diaphragm** was **constricted**. He could never see the face of Goldstein without a painful mixture of emotions. It was a lean Jewish face, with a great **fuzzy** aureole of white hair and a small **goatee beard** – a clever face, and yet somehow **inherently** **despicable**, with a kind of **senile** silliness in the long thin nose, near the end of which a pair of spectacles was **perched**. It resembled the face of a sheep, and the voice, too, had a sheep-like quality. Goldstein was delivering his usual **venomous** attack upon the doctrines of the Party – an attack so **exaggerated** and **perverse** that a child should have been able to see through it, and yet just **plausible** enough to fill one with an alarmed feeling that other people, less **level-headed** than oneself, might be **taken in** by it. He was **abusing** Big Brother, he was **denouncing** the dictatorship of the Party, he was demanding the immediate **conclusion** of peace with Eurasia, he was advocating freedom of speech, freedom of the Press, freedom of **assembly**, freedom of thought, he was crying hysterically that the revolution had been betrayed – and all this in **rapid polysyllabic** speech which was a sort of parody of the habitual style of the orators of the Party, and even contained Newspeak words: more Newspeak words,

indeed, than any Party member would normally use in real life. And **all the while**, **lest** one should be in any doubt as to the reality which Goldstein's **specious** **claptrap** covered, behind his head on the telescreen there marched the endless columns of the Eurasian army – row after row of solidlooking men with expressionless Asiatic faces, who swam up to the surface of the screen and vanished, to be replaced by others exactly similar. The dull rhythmic **tramp** of the soldiers' boots formed the background to Goldstein's **bleating** voice.

Before the Hate had proceeded for thirty seconds, uncontrollable exclamations of rage were breaking out from half the people in the room. The self-satisfied sheep-like face on the screen, and the terrifying power of the Eurasian army behind it, were **too much to be borne**: besides, the sight or even the thought of Goldstein produced fear and anger automatically. He was an object of hatred more constant than either Eurasia or Eastasia, since when Oceania was at war with one of these Powers it was generally at peace with the other. But what was strange was that although Goldstein was hated and **despised** by everybody, although every day and a thousand times a day, on platforms, on the telescreen, in newspapers, in books, his theories were **refuted**, smashed, **ridiculed**, held up to the general gaze for the pitiful rubbish that they were – in spite of all this, his influence never seemed to grow less. Always there were fresh **dupes** waiting to be seduced by him. A day never passed when spies and **saboteurs** acting under his directions were not unmasked by the Thought Police. He was the **commander** of a vast shadowy army, an underground network of conspirators **dedicated to the overthrow** of the State. The Brotherhood, its name was supposed to be. There were also whispered stories of a terrible book, a compendium of all the heresies, of which Goldstein was the author and which circulated **clandestinely** here and there. It was a book without a title. People referred to it, if at all, simply as THE BOOK. But one knew of such things only through vague rumours. Neither the Brotherhood nor THE BOOK was a subject that any ordinary Party member would mention if there was a way of avoiding it.

In its second minute the Hate rose to a **frenzy**. People were leaping up and down in their places and shouting **at the tops of their voices** in an effort to drown the maddening

all the while: przez cały czas
lest: na wypadek, gdyby
specious: fałszywy
claptrap: czcza gadanina

tramp: marsz, tupot
bleating: beczący

too much to be borne: zbyt wiele do zniesienia

despise: pogardzać

refute: obalać
ridicule: wyszydzać
dupe: naiwniak
seduce: uwodzić
saboteur: sabotażysta

commander: przywódca
dedicated to: oddany (sprawie)
overthrow: obalenie

clandestinely: potajemnie

frenzy: szal, gorączka
at the top of one's voice: na cały głos

landed: wyrzucony na ląd

quiver: drżeć, trząść się

stand up to sth: znosić coś,

wytrzymywać coś

assault: atak, napad

fling (flung; flung): rzucać,

ciskać

bounce off: odbijać się

inexorably: niepowstrzymanie

lucid moment: chwila

przytomności/jasności umysłu

rung: szczebel, poprzeczka

pretence: pretekst

vindictiveness: mściwość

sledge-hammer: młot kowalski

lunatic: szaleniec

blowlamp: lampa lutownicza

thus: w ten sposób, tak

deride: szydzić, drwić z

sole: jedyny

sanity: zdrowie psychiczne

invincible: niezwyciężony,

niepokonany

horde: horda, zgraja

sinister: groźny; złowrogi

enchanter: czarodziej

wreck: niszczyć, rujnować

wrench: wyrywać, szarpać

bleating voice that came from the screen. The little sandy-haired woman had turned bright pink, and her mouth was opening and shutting like that of a landed fish. Even O'Brien's heavy face was flushed. He was sitting very straight in his chair, his powerful chest swelling and quivering as though he were standing up to the assault of a wave. The darkhaired girl behind Winston had begun crying out 'Swine! Swine! Swine!' and suddenly she picked up a heavy Newspeak dictionary and flung it at the screen. It struck Goldstein's nose and bounced off; the voice continued inexorably. In a lucid moment Winston found that he was shouting with the others and kicking his heel violently against the rung of his chair. The horrible thing about the Two Minutes Hate was not that one was obliged to act a part, but, on the contrary, that it was impossible to avoid joining in. Within thirty seconds any pretence was always unnecessary. A hideous ecstasy of fear and vindictiveness, a desire to kill, to torture, to smash faces in with a sledge-hammer, seemed to flow through the whole group of people like an electric current, turning one even against one's will into a grimacing, screaming lunatic. And yet the rage that one felt was an abstract, undirected emotion which could be switched from one object to another like the flame of a blowlamp. Thus, at one moment Winston's hatred was not turned against Goldstein at all, but, on the contrary, against Big Brother, the Party, and the Thought Police; and at such moments his heart went out to the lonely, derided heretic on the screen, sole guardian of truth and sanity in a world of lies. And yet the very next instant he was at one with the people about him, and all that was said of Goldstein seemed to him to be true. At those moments his secret loathing of Big Brother changed into adoration, and Big Brother seemed to tower up, an invincible, fearless protector, standing like a rock against the hordes of Asia, and Goldstein, in spite of his isolation, his helplessness, and the doubt that hung about his very existence, seemed like some sinister enchanter, capable by the mere power of his voice of wrecking the structure of civilization.

It was even possible, at moments, to switch one's hatred this way or that by a voluntary act. Suddenly, by the sort of violent effort with which one wrenches one's head away

from the pillow in a nightmare, Winston succeeded in transferring his hatred from the face on the screen to the dark-haired girl behind him. Vivid, beautiful hallucinations flashed through his mind. He would **flog** her to death with a rubber truncheon. He would tie her naked to a **stake** and shoot her full of **arrows** like Saint Sebastian. He would **ravish** her and cut her throat at the moment of **climax**. Better than before, moreover, he realized WHY it was that he hated her. He hated her because she was young and pretty and sexless, because he wanted to go to bed with her and would never do so, because round her sweet **supple** waist, which seemed to ask you to encircle it with your arm, there was only the **odious** scarlet sash, aggressive symbol of **chastity**.

The Hate rose to its climax. The voice of Goldstein had become an actual sheep's bleat, and for an instant the face changed into that of a sheep. Then the sheep-face **melted into** the figure of a Eurasian soldier who seemed to be advancing, huge and terrible, his **sub-machine gun** roaring, and seeming to spring out of the surface of the screen, so that some of the people in the front row actually **flinched** backwards in their seats. But in the same moment, drawing a deep sigh of relief from everybody, the **hostile** figure melted into the face of Big Brother, black-haired, blackmoustachio'd, full of power and mysterious calm, and so vast that it almost filled up the screen. Nobody heard what Big Brother was saying. It was merely a few words of encouragement, the sort of words that are **uttered** in the **din** of battle, not distinguishable individually but restoring confidence by the fact of being spoken. Then the face of Big Brother faded away again, and instead the three slogans of the Party stood out in bold capitals:

WAR IS PEACE

FREEDOM IS SLAVERY

IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH

But the face of Big Brother seemed to **persist** for several seconds on the screen, as though the impact that it had made on everyone's eyeballs was too vivid to wear off immediately. The little sandyhaired woman had flung herself forward over the back of the chair in front of her. With a **tremulous** murmur that sounded like 'My Saviour!' she **extended** her arms towards the screen. Then she buried her face in her hands. It was apparent that she was uttering a prayer.

flog: chłostać
stake: pal
arrow: strzała
ravish: (przest.) gwałcić
climax: szczyt

supple: gibki, giętki

odious: ohydny, wstrętny
chastity: czystość, cnota, abstynencja seksualna
melt into: wtopić się w
sub-machine gun: pistolet maszynowy
roar: huczeć, ryczeć
flinch: wzdrygać się, drgać

hostile: wrogii

utter: wymawiać, wypowiadać, wydawać (dźwięk)
din: zgiełk

persist: trwać, nie ustępować

tremulous: drżący
saviour: zbawca, wybawiciel
extend: wyciągać

chant: skandowanie

murmurous: mrukliwy

stamp: tupot

throbbing: dudnienie

tom-tom: tam-tam

hymn: hymn, pieśń (np. religijna)

deliberate: umyślny

consciousness: świadomość

entrails: wnętrzności, trzewia

otherwise: inaczej

dissemble: ukrywać, maskować

conceivably: możliwie,

wyobrażalnie

fraction: ułamek

contempt: pogarda

inscrutable: nieprzenikniony,

nieodgadniony

sequel: ciąg dalszy

At this moment the entire group of people broke into a deep, slow, rhythmical **chant** of 'B-B! . . . B-B!' – over and over again, very slowly, with a long pause between the first 'B' and the second – a heavy, **murmurous** sound, somehow curiously savage, in the background of which one seemed to hear the **stamp** of naked feet and the **throbbing** of **tom-toms**. For perhaps as much as thirty seconds they kept it up. It was a refrain that was often heard in moments of overwhelming emotion. Partly it was a sort of **hymn** to the wisdom and majesty of Big Brother, but still more it was an act of self-hypnosis, a **deliberate** drowning of **consciousness** by means of rhythmic noise. Winston's **entrails** seemed to grow cold. In the Two Minutes Hate he could not help sharing in the general delirium, but this sub-human chanting of 'B-B! . . . B-B!' always filled him with horror. Of course he chanted with the rest: it was impossible to do **otherwise**. To **dissemble** your feelings, to control your face, to do what everyone else was doing, was an instinctive reaction. But there was a space of a couple of seconds during which the expression of his eyes might **conceivably** have betrayed him. And it was exactly at this moment that the significant thing happened – if, indeed, it did happen.

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

That was all, and he was already uncertain whether it had happened. Such incidents never had any **sequel**. All that they did was to keep alive in him the belief, or hope, that others besides himself were the enemies of the Party. Perhaps the rumours of vast underground conspiracies were true after all

– perhaps the Brotherhood really existed! It was impossible, in spite of the endless arrests and confessions and executions, to be sure that the Brotherhood was not simply a myth. Some days he believed in it, some days not. There was no evidence, only **fleeting** glimpses that might mean anything or nothing: **snatches** of **overheard** conversation, faint **scribbles** on lavatory walls – once, even, when two strangers met, a small movement of the hand which had looked as though it might be a signal of recognition. It was all guesswork: very likely he had imagined everything. He had gone back to his cubicle without looking at O'Brien again. The idea of following up their momentary contact hardly crossed his mind. It would have been **inconceivably** dangerous even if he had known how to set about doing it. For a second, two seconds, they had exchanged an **equivocal** glance, and that was the end of the story. But even that was a memorable event, in the locked loneliness in which one had to live.

Winston roused himself and sat up straighter. He let out a **belch**. The gin was rising from his stomach.

His eyes re-focused on the page. He discovered that while he sat helplessly musing he had also been writing, as though by automatic action. And it was no longer the same **cramped**, **awkward** handwriting as before. His pen had slid **voluptuously** over the smooth paper, printing in large neat capitals – DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER over and over again, filling half a page.

He could not help feeling a **twinge** of panic. It was absurd, since the writing of those particular words was not more dangerous than the initial act of opening the diary, but for a moment he was **tempted** to tear out the spoiled pages and **abandon** the **enterprise altogether**.

He did not do so, however, because he knew that it was useless. Whether he wrote DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER, or whether he **refrained from** writing it, made no difference. Whether he went on with the diary, or whether he did not go on with it, made no difference. The Thought Police would get him just the same. He had committed – would still have committed, even if he had never set pen to paper – the essential crime that contained all others in

fleeting: przelotny
snatch: urywek, strzępek
overheard: podsłuchany
scribble: bazgroł

inconceivably: niewyobrażalnie

equivocal: niejednoznaczny

belch: beknięcie

cramped: ściśnięty, ciasny
awkward: niezgrabny
voluptuously: zmysłowo, upojnie

twinge: nagle uczucie, uktucie

be tempted to: czuć pokusę, żeby
abandon: opuścić, zaniechać
enterprise: przedsięwzięcie
altogether: w sumie; w całości
refrain from: powstrzymać się od

dodge: uchylać się, robić uniki

be bound to do sth: z pewnością
mieć coś zrobić
jerk: szarpnięcie
glare: jaskrawo świecić

abolish: likwidować, usuwać
annihilate: unicestwiać,
anihilować
vaporize: wyparowywać,
zamieniać w parę
seize: ogarniać, opanować
scrawl: bazgroł

futile: próżny, bezowocny

thump: dudnić

door-knob: gałka u drzwi

legible: czytelny, dający się
odczytać
smudge: poplamieć

itself. Thoughtcrime, they called it. Thoughtcrime was not a thing that could be concealed for ever. You might **dodge** successfully for a while, even for years, but sooner or later they were **bound** to get you.

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

For a moment he was **seized** by a kind of hysteria. He began writing in a hurried untidy **scrawl**:

theyll shoot me i don't care theyll shoot me in the back of the neck i dont care down with big brother they always shoot you in the back of the neck i dont care down with big brother --

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

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

Chapter 2

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

O SŁOWACH

GODZINY

„It was nearly eleven hundred, and in the Records Department, where Winston worked, they were dragging the chairs out of the cubicles and grouping them in the centre of the hall opposite the big telescreen, in preparation for the Two Minutes Hate.”

Dlaczego 11:00 to **eleven hundred**? Przypomnijmy, jak w języku angielskim określa się czas.

Pełne godziny		
Zapis cyfrowy	Sposoby odczytania	Tłumaczenie polskie
05:00	five o'clock five five a.m. five in the morning	<i>piąta rano</i>
12:00	twelve o'clock twelve twelve a.m. twelve in the morning midday noon	<i>dwunasta; południe</i>
17:00	five o'clock five five p.m. five in the afternoon	<i>piąta po południu</i>
22:00	ten o'clock ten ten p.m. ten in the evening ten at night	<i>dziesiąta wieczorem</i>
00:00	twelve o'clock twelve twelve p.m. twelve at night midnight	<i>dwunasta w nocy; północ</i>

Uwaga! Słowa **o'clock** używa się tylko w odniesieniu do pełnych godzin.

Niepełne godziny		
Zapis cyfrowy	Sposoby odczytania	Tłumaczenie polskie
03:30/15:30	half past three three-thirty half three	<i>wpół do czwartej</i>
09:50/21:50	ten (minutes) to ten nine-fifty ten of ten (rzadkie, am.) ten before ten (am.) ten till ten (am.)	<i>za dziesięć dziesiąta</i>
08:25/20:25	twenty-five past eight twenty-five minutes past eight eight twenty-five twenty-five after eight (am.)	<i>dwadzieścia pięć po ósmej</i>
12:15/00:15	a quarter past twelve quarter past twelve twelve fifteen a quarter after twelve (am.)	<i>piętnaście po dwunastej</i>
12:45/00:45	a quarter to one quarter to one twelve forty-five a quarter of one (rzadkie, am.) a quarter before one (am.) a quarter till one (am.)	<i>za piętnaście pierwsza</i>

Zauważ, że w amerykańskim angielskim często używa się **after** zamiast brytyjskiego **past**, np.:

It's already twenty after six.

Jest już dwadzieścia po szóstej.

Również w amerykańskim angielskim zamiast **to** często spotyka się **before** i **till** oraz (rzadziej) **of**, np.:

We were supposed to meet at a quarter before eight.

Mieliśmy się spotkać za piętnaście ósma.

W krajach anglosaskich stosunkowo rzadko używa się zegara dwudziestoczworgodzinnego. Na co dzień używa się skali dwunastogodzinnej, uzupełniając ją określeniami: **in the morning** (*rano*), **in the afternoon** (*po południu*), **in the evening** (*wieczorem*), **at night** (*w nocy*) oraz skrótami **a.m.** (= *ante meridiem*, *przed południem*) i **p.m.** (= *post meridiem*, *po południu*).

Zegar dwudziestoczerogodzinny jest wykorzystywany w rozkładach lotów, jazdy i innych oficjalnych komunikatach. Używa się go również w wojsku, przez co odczytywanie godzin według tej skali nazywa się często **military time**. I przy takim właśnie odczycie zamiast **o'clock** pojawia się **hundred (hours)**. Porównaj:

Zapisy cyfrowe	Sposób odczytania
05:00 / 05.00 / 0500	five hundred (hours)
05:30 / 05.30 / 0530	oh five thirty
06:12 / 06.12 / 0612	oh six twelve
10:00 / 10.00/ 1000	ten hundred (hours)
10:04 / 10.04 / 1004	ten oh four
18:15 / 18.15 / 1815	eighteen fifteen
20:38 / 20.38 / 2038	twenty thirty-eight
23:45 / 23.45 / 2345	twenty-three forty-five

Zauważ, że **zero** w **military time** odczytuje się jako **oh** (rzadziej **zero**). Cyfra zero pojawia się w takim zapisie przed godzinami od pierwszej w nocy do dziewiątej rano i zawsze powinno się ją wymawiać.

GRAMATYKA

EXCEPT

„He did not remember his sister at all, except as a tiny, feeble baby, always silent, with large, watchful eyes.”

Except (oprócz, z wyjątkiem) używa się, kiedy mowa o wyjątkach czy odstępstwach od reguły. Wyraz ten w niektórych użyciach musi występować w połączeniu z przyimkiem **for**. Wyrażenie **except for** oznacza *pomijając, z wyjątkiem*, np.:

Except for Reva, everybody turned up at the meeting.

Pomijając Revę, wszyscy pojawili się na spotkaniu.

Jeśli zdanie rozpoczynamy od słowa **except**, przyimek **for** jest obligatoryjny. Jeśli jednak **except** występuje w środku zdania, **for** można pominąć, np.:

Everybody turned up at the meeting except (for) Reva.

Wszyscy pojawili się na spotkaniu, pomijając Revę.

Przed innymi przyimkami i spójnikami – jak w cytowanym fragmencie – używamy zawsze **except**, a nie **except for**, np.:

He usually goes commando at home except on really cold days. (nie: ...**except for on really cold days.**)

Zazwyczaj chodzi nago po domu z wyjątkiem naprawdę zimnych dni.

She complains about bungling physicians and work-shy nurses except when she's at the clinic.

Narzeka na nieudolnych lekarzy i leniwe pielęgniarki, o ile nie jest akurat w lecznicy.

Po **except (for)** zaimki osobowe występują w funkcji dopełnienia (**me, him** itd.), np.:

Everyone was beginning to feel a little antsy except for him. (nie: ~~...except for he.~~)

Wszyscy zaczęli czuć się nieco nerwowo oprócz niego.

Except for może mieć czasem znaczenie zbliżone do **but for** (*gdyby nie*), np.:

Joan would have quit the job except for her sick mother she had to provide for.

Joan rzuciłaby tę pracę, gdyby nie jej chora matka, o którą musiała dbać.

KULTURA I HISTORIA

THE TUBE

The Tube, jak swoje metro nazywają londyńczycy, jest pierwszą koleją podziemną świata, zbudowaną w XIX wieku w odpowiedzi na gwałtowny rozwój miasta. Składające się na *the Tube* tunele liczą łącznie dwieście czterdzieści dziewięć mil, a pędzące nimi pociągi przewożą olbrzymie rzesze pasażerów (dziennie bywa ich nawet pięć milionów). Przyjrzyjmy się historii tego metra.

Trwająca w Wielkiej Brytanii od końca XVIII wieku rewolucja przemysłowa sprawiła, że ludność wiejska masowo ruszyła do miast, gdzie znajdowała zatrudnienie w rosnących jak grzyby po deszczu fabrykach. Doprowadziło to do skokowego wzrostu zaludnienia brytyjskich metropolii. W naturalny sposób najbardziej zwiększyła się ludność Londynu (w latach 1801–1861 aż trzykrotnie, z miliona do trzech milionów mieszkańców). Nowi mieszkańcy, osiedlający się przeważnie na ówczesnych przedmieściach stolicy i w jej miejscowościach satelickich potrzebowali wygodnego dojazdu do pracy, a siedem zbiegających się w centrum miasta głównych linii kolejowych kraju, zwożących do londyńskiego City około 200 tysięcy osób, powoli przestało skutecznie odgrywać tę rolę.

Rozwiązaniem problemu miała być sieć kolei parowej, poprowadzonej podziemnymi tunelami. Techniczne podstawy nowego systemu istniały w Wielkiej Brytanii już od pewnego czasu. Napędzane mocą pary pociągi krążyły po Wyspach od lat 30. XIX stulecia, a między 1825 i 1843 konstruktor i inżynier Isambard Kingdom Brunel (1806–1859) wraz z politykiem i wojskowym Thomasem Cochrane'em (1775–1860) stworzyli technologię pozwalającą na kopanie tuneli biegnących pod Tamizą, łączących obie strony Londynu.

Jako pierwszy połączył oba fakty pracujący dla londyńskiego ratusza prawnik Charles Pearson, który w 1845 roku rozpoczął kampanię na rzecz budowy sieci transportu podziemnego. Co ciekawe, według pierwotnego projektu wagony tej kolei miały być napędzane energią sprężonego w szczelnych tunelach powietrza.

Idea Pearsona nie od razu zyskała poklask. Udziału w rozwoju projektu początkowo odmawiało miasto, potem niezbędne do jego realizacji spółki kolejowe. Ostatecznie jednak, po wielu zabiegach i trudnościach związanych ze zdobyciem finansowania w czasie trwającej

właśnie wojny krymskiej, w 1863 roku rozpoczęła działalność podziemna linia zwana Metropolitan Railway, łącząca centrum Londynu z dworcami kolejowymi Paddington, Euston i King's Cross. Już pierwszego dnia obsługujące tę trasę pociągi przewiozły aż 38 tysięcy pasażerów, co nie mogłoby się udać, gdyby nie wypożyczono dodatkowych wagonów od innych działających w mieście spółek. W pierwszym roku z usług Metropolitan Railway skorzystało 9,5 miliona chętnych, rok później było ich już 12 milionów.

Wyraźny sukces pierwszej linii sprawił, że zainteresowanie inwestorów wzrosło i wkrótce, bo w 1868 roku powstała konkurencyjna linia podziemna tzw. District Line, komunikująca ze sobą dzielnice Westminster i South Kensington.

Z biegiem czasu obie linie rozrastały się i powoli zaczęły ze sobą łączyć, aczkolwiek naturalna rywalizacja ich właścicieli, Jamesa Forbesa (Metropolitan) i Edwarda Watkina (District) sprawiła, że proces scalania sieci dobiegł ostatecznie końca dopiero w 1933 roku.

W ciągu następnych dziesięcioleci budowano kolejne linie. Pierwszą naprawdę podziemną (pociągi Metropolitan i District krążyły jeszcze nie w tunelach, a w głębokich, krytych dachem wykopach) była otwarta w 1890 Northern Railway, łącząca pierwotnie King William Street ze Stockwell i będąca fundamentem obecnej Northern Line. Mniej więcej w tamtym okresie lokomotywy parowe londyńskiego metra zaczęły ustępować pola elektrycznym (aczkolwiek z niektórych pociągów para buchała jeszcze w latach 60. XX wieku).

Energię elektryczną zapewniała rozwijającej się kolei miejskiej założona w 1902 roku przez amerykańskiego finansistę Charlesa Tysona Yerkesa firma Underground Electric Railways Company of London (UERL).

UERL dość szybko przejęła całą stołeczną sieć komunikacji podziemnej i zajęła się dalszym jej rozwojem oraz elektryfikacją. Postępujące zjednoczenie londyńskiego metra wymogło również inne zmiany – w 1908 roku Frank Pick, pracownik działu reklamy UERL, zaprojektował znane do dziś okrągłe, opatrzone napisem The Underground logo londyńskiego metra, a także wprowadził ujednolicony system znakowania stacji i pociągów wraz z zasadami umieszczania w metrze reklam.

Kolejnym istotnym etapem rozwoju the Tube było opracowanie w 1931 roku przez byłego pracownika UERL, Harry'ego Becka, charakterystycznej i również stosowanej do dziś graficznej stylistyki planu podziemnej kolei. Poprzednie przypominały mapy znane z atlasów geograficznych i z uwagi na znaczną gęstość i komplikację sieci metra, nie ułatwiały orientacji. Beck natomiast wyprostował na papierze bieg linii, wprowadził nowatorskie ukośne połączenia między stacjami i ujednolicił dzielące je odległości. Pomysł zaczerpnął podobno ze schematów sieci elektrycznych. W efekcie powstał plan prosty i elegancki, znacznie łatwiejszy do zrozumienia przez pasażerów.

Beck sprzedał swój projekt firmie UERL za stosunkowo skromną sumę 9 funtów (równowartość dzisiejszych sześciuset), która w miarę upływu czasu wprowadziła w nim kilka zmian, lecz oryginalna koncepcja pozostaje w mocy do dziś.

Właścicielska mozaika i „rozbicie dzielnicowe” londyńskiego metra zakończyło się na dobre w 1933 roku, kiedy wszystkie spółki zostały połączone w jedną London Passenger Transport Board, zwaną najczęściej London Transport.

Londyńskie metro zasłużyło się miastu także w czasie obu wojen światowych, kiedy to ludność cywilna chroniła się w tunelach przed niemieckimi bombardowaniami. Podziemia pomogły też wtedy instytucjom rządowym, które przechowywały w nich skarby narodowe

i urzędały tymczasowe biura. W niektórych stacjach działały nawet niewielkie fabryki wytwarzające amunicję i części samolotów.

Po drugiej wojnie światowej, na fali prowadzonej przez rząd premiera Clementa Atlee (1883–1967) nacjonalizacji licznych gałęzi przemysłu, zostało upaństwowione również londyńskie *the Tube* (1948). Rozpoczęto wtedy budowę dwóch nowych linii: Victoria Line (otwartej w 1968 roku) i Jubilee Line (1977 roku).

Z kolei słynną na cały świat przestrogę „*Mind the Gap*” („Uwaga na szczelinę” – chodzi oczywiście o szczelinę między podłogą wagonu a peronem) słychać w londyńskim metrze od 1969 roku. Pomysł nagrania informacji powstał, kiedy stale rosnąca liczba pasażerów fizycznie uniemożliwiła osobiste ich ostrzeganie przez motorniczych i obsługę stacji.

Określenie *the Tube* pojawiło się na początku XX stulecia jako skrót potocznej nazwy *The Twopenny Tube*, nadanej przez londyńczyków linii Central Line, przejazd którą kosztował właśnie dwa pensy.

ĆWICZENIA

- Połącz wyrazy 1–10 z ich synonimami i definicjami (A–J).

1. blunt	A. to attract and tempt somebody sexually
2. contrive	B. to disprove; to abolish
3. depict	C. typical of very old people
4. hover	D. to show, to illustrate
5. occur	E. quick, moving fast
6. refute	F. to make up, to invent
7. seduce	G. not sharp
8. senile	H. to stay in the same place, especially in the air
9. swift	I. to happen; to come to sb's mind
10. swirl	J. to quickly move in circles
- Połącz zapisy z kolumny lewej (1–10) z zapisami z kolumny prawej (A–J) tak, aby wyrażenia w obrębie utworzonych par wskazywały na te same godziny, np.:
10.00 – ten o'clock

1. 00:00	A. 20:37
2. 04:47	B. 9 a.m.
3. 05:45	C. a quarter of six
4. 1115	D. eleven fifteen
5. 12:00	E. half four
6. 16:30	F. midnight
7. 19:35	G. nine p.m.
8. eight thirty-seven in the evening	H. noon
9. nine in the morning	I. oh four forty-seven
10. twenty-one hundred	J. twenty five before eight

3. Zaznacz właściwą formę lub wyraz.

- a. The child feels anxious all the time **except for/except** in her own bedroom.
- b. Ivo chose to devote his life to the study of **fine/beautiful** arts.
- c. **Except/Except for** his fine moustache and a **goatee/goat's** beard I remember nothing.
- d. Mother was slowly stirring gravy in a huge brass pot, **all the while/the whole while** casting sidelong glances at Stephen.
- e. I haven't complained so far, but your latest idea is too much to be **borne/born**.
- f. While his mother was cooking, Stephen sat quietly, fiddling **at/away/with** the tablecloth.
- g. Stephen's father was in the living room, pacing **from and to/to and from/to and fro**.
- h. This silly smile of yours is going to give you **away/in/up**.

4. Wybierz jeden z tematów eseju (około 350 słów):

- A. Describe Victoria Mansions.
- B. Contemporary 'Victoria Mansions'.
- C. (How) Does our immediate area affect our attitudes?

5. Rozwiąż krzyżówkę.

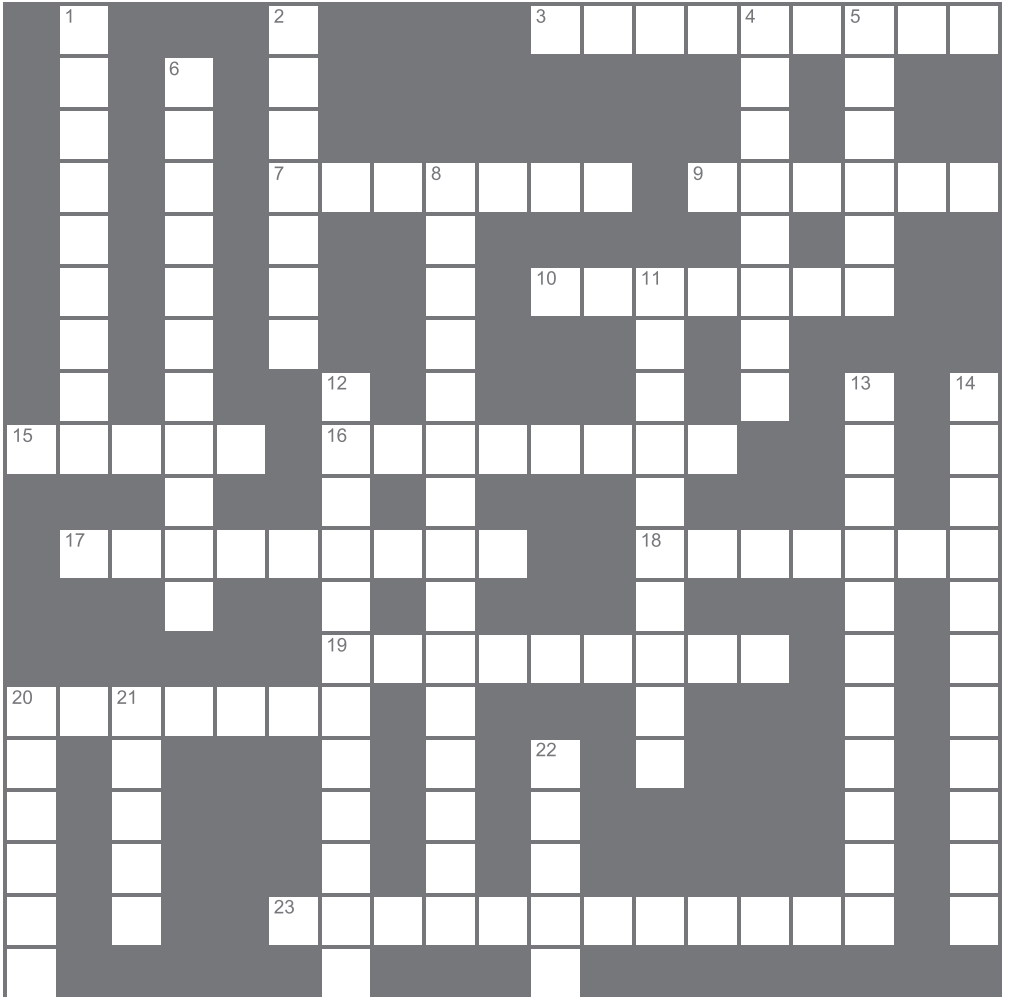
Across

- 3 mocodawca, zleceniodawca (9)*
- 7 półpiętro (7)
- 9 gruz (6)
- 10 tynk; gips (7)
- 15 usmolony, brudny (5)
- 16 jadowity, trujący (8)
- 17 gigantyczny (9)
- 18 zdobyć, wystarać się (o coś) (7)
- 19 wrogość (9)
- 20 pogardzać (7)
- 23 niekończący się (12)

Down

- 1 przywódca (9)
- 2 płytki (7)
- 4 gwałtownie, raptownie (8)
- 5 drewno (6)
- 6 kłopotliwe położenie (11)
- 8 rozpoznawalny (15)
- 11 założenie (10)
- 12 przytłaczający (12)
- 13 produkować (11)
- 14 na przemian (11)
- 20 przedstawiać (6)
- 21 wir, podmuch (5)
- 22 skurcz (5)

* Cyfra w nawiasie odpowiada liczbie liter danego hasła.



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