

E V E R Y M A N ' S      L I B R A R Y

Jangal Publication

EVERYMAN,  
I WILL GO WITH THEE,  
AND BE THY GUIDE,  
IN THY MOST NEED  
TO GO BY THY SIDE

Jangal Publication

GEORGE ORWELL

ANIMAL  
FARM

WITH AN INTRODUCTION  
BY JULIAN SYMONS



EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY

Alfred A. Knopf New York London Toronto

150

A N I M A L F A R M

---

Jangal Publication



## I N T R O D U C T I O N

---

George Orwell called *Animal Farm* a fairy story, and it can be enjoyed simply as a tale about how animals try to take over a farm from men, and find they can't manage it. Many children read it in this way, siding with the animals against the farmer, saddened that things go wrong because of the nasty pigs, and weeping at the fate of Boxer. Perhaps in another hundred years it will be read only in such a light, as the satirical, political and social intentions behind *Gulliver's Travels* are now forgotten. But the tale Orwell called his little squib was devised as a satire on the Soviet Union, and although that country no longer exists the influence it exerted on our ways of living and thinking will be with us certainly into the twenty-first century, so that it is still important to understand the time and circumstances in which this fairy-story satire was written.

Important also to know something about the character and motivation of Eric Blair, who after 1933 used the writing name of George Orwell. He was born in 1903 and served from 1922 to 1927 with the Indian Imperial Police in Burma. After resigning from the police because he felt he had been an oppressor and had for that reason 'reduced everything to the simple theory that the oppressed are always right and the oppressors are always wrong', he lived until his death in 1950 as a freelance novelist and journalist, extending his hand to the mouths of the publishers and editors who fed him, not very well. In 1938 he fought on the Republican side in the Spanish Civil War, and was shot through the throat. Between November 1943 and February 1944 he wrote *Animal Farm*, and in 1949 published his most famous book, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*.

The Thirties turned Orwell from a rebel vaguely on the side of 'the oppressed' into a man deeply involved in Left-wing politics. His whole life after leaving Burma was spent in rejecting various orthodoxies, and in the Thirties he wrote and spoke against the mostly middle-class Left-wing attitude that liked the idea of solidarity with the workers but wanted

## ANIMAL FARM

nothing to do with them personally. Adherents of such an attitude worshipped almost everything about the Soviet Union, its liberal constitution, its Five Year Plans, and above all its leader, Stalin. The Nazi-Soviet Pact of 1939 shook the faith of many, but it was revived in June 1941 when the Germans invaded the Soviet Union. And belief in the essential benevolence of the Soviet state spread far beyond the core of Left-wingers, now that it was an ally in the fight against German and Italian Fascism. As Orwell said in the unused introduction he wrote for *Animal Farm*, one had reasonable freedom in wartime to criticize the British government and its policies, but 'any serious criticism of the Soviet régime, any disclosure of facts which the Soviet government would prefer to keep hidden, is next door to unprintable'. He remarked also that long before World War II, for most of the Thirties, 'criticism of the Soviet régime *from the Left* could only obtain a hearing with difficulty', although there was plenty of Right-wing criticism. He knew from his own Spanish experience how intent the Communist Party there was on destroying any possible Left-wing rivals, and had himself escaped arrest and imprisonment only by fleeing the country.

Such is the background from which Orwell felt the need to produce the little squib that proved so much more than that. Does it provide a good reason for writing in wartime a book so hostile to an ally? Some may feel now, as many did then, that to attempt publication of such a work in the middle of a war was something like emotional treachery to the Allied cause, but the telling of unpalatable truths was to Orwell a kind of duty. It would be wrong to deny that it was at times also a pleasure. As a friend in his last decade I was amused to hear him attacking Jewish violence in Palestine in the presence of a Zionist convinced that terrorism was necessary if a Jewish state was to be created, and deploring the machinations of the Catholic Church in the presence of an ardent Catholic.

Very typical of him was the reply he made in 1938 to Stephen Spender, who asked why Orwell had attacked him as a kind of 'parlour Bolshevik' without knowing anything of him, and why 'still knowing nothing of me, but having met me once or twice, you should have withdrawn the attacks'. In

## INTRODUCTION

reply Orwell said that before meeting Spender he was able to regard the poet as a type or an abstraction. He went on:

Even if when I met you I had not happened to like you, I should still have been bound to change my attitude, because when you meet anyone in the flesh you realize immediately that he is a human being not a sort of caricature embodying certain ideas. It is partly for this reason that I don't mix much in literary circles, because I know from experience that once I have met & spoken to anyone I shall never again be able to show any intellectual brutality towards him, even when I feel that I ought to, like the Labour MPs who get patted on the back by dukes & are lost forever more.

Spender was far from being the only sufferer. Before he met me Orwell called me – in print – a writer with Fascist tendencies, a remark for which he later apologized, again in print. Some took lasting offence at the casualness with which he exercised this 'intellectual brutality', others like me – and I think Spender – found his candour appealing.

The truths Orwell was drawn to tell were often unacceptable to those who believed they were on his side in desiring a Socialist society. Nor was it just a matter of upsetting or angering individuals. Orwell came to believe before the War that the Soviet Union was not a Socialist state nor on the way to becoming one, and said so loud, clear and often. No doubt the imp of perversity urged him on, for he did not mind making enemies, but that readiness to say uncomfortable things is one reason why we value him today.

He did not criticize the Soviet state from personal knowledge. He had never visited Russia, did not know the language, and was expressing views directly contrary to those of journalists and others who not only knew the country but had attended the trials of Old Bolsheviks that caused a great stir in the years before the War. One of the great liberal British newspapers of the period was the *News Chronicle*, and its chief political writer A. J. Cummings was respected for his integrity and outspokenness. Cummings attended the Moscow trials, and wrote articles expressing his certainty that the confessions made by the accused had not been extracted by torture. Some of them had argued about the accuracy of minor points, he



## ANIMAL FARM

said, and had even retracted parts of their confessions. We know now that (for example) when the Trotskyist Krestinsky repudiated his confession at the trial he was worked on overnight and next day confessed as required.

The trials were obvious frame-ups for those whose eyes were open to reality, the accusations often self-evidently absurd. Trotsky, the chief though absent accused, was alleged to have been a traitor even when commanding the Red Army with success after the Revolution; a whole series of admissions was based on an alleged meeting at a non-existent hotel; one of the accused was said to have put nails into butter to damage Soviet health. Stalin, when told that the trial of Zinoviev, formerly head of the Comintern, would have a bad effect on world opinion, said: 'Never mind, they'll swallow it', and by and large he was right.

As Robert Conquest says in *The Great Terror*, 'in the atmosphere of the later 1930s, fascism was the enemy, and a partial logic repressed or rejected any criticism of its supposed main enemy, the USSR'. Tourists visited the country in considerable numbers during these years, and saw nothing amiss. They were impressed by the Moscow Underground, taken on tours of collective farms that seemed to be splendidly productive, and, if they were sufficiently distinguished like Sidney and Beatrice Webb, might also be allowed to go round one of the model prisons kept as show-pieces. Many returned to their own countries glowing with admiration for the Soviet system, very few suspected that they were being gulled. The American Ambassador to the Soviet Union reported back to Washington about the Moscow trials that there was proof beyond doubt that the accused were guilty.

And all this was before the War. In 1943, with the Soviet Union playing a major part in the War on the Allied side, the country and its leader reached new heights of popularity in Britain, and to a lesser degree the United States. To write and attempt to publish an attack on Stalin and his country, as Orwell wished to do, was to court certain unpopularity and likely rejection.

So it proved. The manuscript he completed in February 1944 was turned down by four publishers. We know the

## INTRODUCTION

reactions of three, and given the state of public feeling they are perfectly comprehensible. Orwell's publisher for his novels was Victor Gollancz, who had achieved tremendous success in the Thirties with the Left Book Club, a brilliant publishing idea by which members received each month at a bargain price a new book in a limp orange binding. Most of them were popularly written works related to contemporary politics, seen always from a Left-wing, sometimes openly Communist, point of view. At its peak the Club had more than 60,000 members, and in practice although not in Gollancz's intention it was a propaganda machine for the Soviet Union.

It was obvious to Orwell that Gollancz was bound to disapprove of what he called his 'fairy tale . . . with a political meaning', and he told the publisher it was 'anti-Stalin' and '(I think) completely unacceptable politically from your point of view', so that he probably wouldn't want to see it. Orwell was in some ways a naive man, and did not realize that such a suggestion was certain to rouse the curiosity of Gollancz, whose Left-wing beliefs went along happily with the keenest nose in publishing for a possible best-seller. Gollancz replied that he had been banned from the Soviet Embassy for three years as 'anti-Stalinist' because of his opposition to the Nazi-Soviet Pact, and certainly wanted to read the manuscript. One reading was enough, however. Within a week Gollancz rejected the book, telling Orwell's agent that he 'could not possibly publish a general attack of this nature'.

The manuscript then went to Jonathan Cape, whose readers were enthusiastic. Cape had no Gollanczian qualms, but showed the manuscript to 'an important official' in the Ministry of Information who said he would be 'highly ill-advised' to publish it. Cape also suggested in his own person that 'it would be less offensive if the predominant caste in the fable were not pigs', a remark against which Orwell wrote 'Balls'.

Since the political Left and Centre said no, perhaps the Right would view the work more favourably. The manuscript went to T. S. Eliot at Faber and Faber. In a long, reasoned, friendly letter of rejection Eliot said he was in favour of publishing books that went against a prevailing current

## ANIMAL FARM

providing the publisher 'believes in what it (the book) stands for', but that he felt the effect here was simply one of negation, and 'the positive point of view, which I take to be generally Trotskyite, is not convincing'. In the terminology of the time Trotskyite and Trotskyist were the words used by those unfavourable or friendly towards the ideas of the Fourth International. Eliot, not surprisingly, used the unfavourable term.

The author then contemplated publishing the book himself, and selling it through a Socialist bookshop in the Strand. He agreed a little reluctantly to send it to Secker and Warburg, who had already published his Spanish book, *Homage to Catalonia*, and because of Warburg's courage in bringing out heretical Left-wing works had the not entirely just label of 'the Trotskyite (or -ist) publishers'. Why did Orwell not send it to them in the first place? His biographer Bernard Crick suggests it was because of a desire to see it published by 'one of the two best publishing houses in England', Faber or Cape. Beside them Secker and Warburg was at that time not much more than a minnow. Crick also points out that under the wartime rationing system both Faber and Cape were much more favourably placed than a small firm. Further than this, it may have been in Orwell's mind that publication with Secker and Warburg meant that the work would run the risk of dismissal at Trotskyist propaganda, where the Faber or Cape imprint would make it respectable.

In the event Fred Warburg accepted the book, although warning Orwell that he was very short of paper. In July 1944 the author told his agent that it was important to publish the book that year if possible. *Animal Farm*, however, did not appear until August 1945, when the war in Europe had been over for three months. Whether this was because of Warburg's nervousness about reactions to the book as Orwell believed, or simply because he lacked paper, is uncertain. In any case, publication was a courageous act on Warburg's part. Orwell's difficulty in finding a publisher conveys very well the atmosphere of the time.

The first printing of what the publisher called 'a simple satire for a child of our time' was 4,500 copies, a reasonable

## INTRODUCTION

print run for the period. My copy of the first edition says publication was in 'May 1945', which may have fuelled Orwell's suspicions about a deliberate delay. This first edition sold out quickly, and the second impression in November was of 10,000 copies. The sales details up to Orwell's death are given in Peter Davison's 'Note on the Text', and of course are enormously greater now. The very large American sales before Orwell's death (in the US also a number of publishers turned the book down) were based on its selection by the Book-of-the-Month Club. In 1947 it was made into a radio play, later became a cartoon, entered the curriculum of schools, became a set subject in examinations.

Some of this would have embarrassed Orwell had he lived. He wanted to counter the popularity gained by the Soviet Union as a wartime ally: but the sales in their tens and hundreds of thousands came when World War II was over, and the Cold War that succeeded it intensified with the Berlin airlift, defeating Stalin's attempt to force other countries out of the German city. Both *Animal Farm* and *Nineteen Eighty-Four* were used not only as anti-Soviet but also anti-Socialist propaganda and their author acclaimed, particularly in the United States, as a one-time Socialist who had seen and repented of his errors. Often what he had said or written was unscrupulously treated. The preface to a Signet paperback edition, published in 1956, which sold several million copies, quoted Orwell's statement: 'Every line I have written since 1936 has been written, directly or indirectly, against totalitarianism'. It then omitted the rest of the sentence: 'and for democratic Socialism, as I understand it.' When Orwell sent a copy of *Animal Farm* to the poet and critic William Empson, he was warned by Empson that 'you must expect to be "misunderstood" on a large scale about this book', and with both *Animal Farm* and *Nineteen Eighty-Four* that is just what happened.

The kind of hostility Orwell aroused during his life, and even more strongly because of his posthumous fame, is typically expressed in an article by D. A. N. Jones, which accused him of spending too much time on 'crafty self-praise and destructive criticism of fellow-Socialists', and said the reason

## ANIMAL FARM

*Animal Farm* was a favourite set book in British and Commonwealth schools was that it offered 'a clear-cut expression of the anti-Communist orthodoxy'.

It is true that the fairy story has sometimes been used in this way, not only in schools. But it was far from Orwell's intention to be expressing any kind of orthodoxy.

\*

Almost from the beginning, certainly from his years at Eton as a King's Scholar, Orwell was a rebel. Cyril Connolly, his contemporary at prep school and Eton, said perceptively: 'I was a stage rebel, Orwell a true one.' It was a kind of rebellion against the orthodox thing to do, as well as a Kiplingesque feeling of loyalty to the British Empire, that led Orwell to a job in the Imperial Police. Yet he was for some years a rebel who had not discovered his cause, which was to be a writer.

Some writers emerge from adolescence with their talent fully fledged, so that they only have to use it. D. H. Lawrence was a novelist of this kind, Dylan Thomas a poet. Nothing Lawrence wrote after *Sons and Lovers* and *The Rainbow* equalled those early works, and Thomas's later poems show a slow dissipation of his early force and vividness. But for another kind of writer a process of self-education is necessary. Slowly, and sometimes painfully, they discover the nature of their gift. Orwell was of this second kind.

Resignation from his work in Burma was prompted partly by disgust at his role there, but also because he wanted to be a writer, saying something about the nature of his society. How was he to do that, and also to make a living? He wrote novels, book reviews, other journalism, worked in a bookshop, married, became a village shopkeeper. He and his wife Eileen survived financially – just. When the War came he was found unfit for service in the armed forces, worked for the Indian Service of the BBC, then became literary editor of the Socialist weekly *Tribune*.

In the War his talent flowered. The essays and articles he produced for Connolly's magazine *Horizon* and other periodicals, and his random thoughts in a weekly column for *Tribune* called 'As I Please', showed a sudden astonishing development

## INTRODUCTION

of his social and literary criticism. Yet he had still not found a form that fitted his genius as a creative writer. The four works of fiction he published before the War are interesting as revelations of the writer's character rather than as novels. They reflect too directly phases of the author's life – the Burma experiences in *Burmese Days* and his period as a down-and-out in *A Clergyman's Daughter* (he left instructions, which have been ignored, that this book was not to be translated or reprinted), while *Keep the Aspidistra Flying* and *Coming Up For Air* are vehicles for statements about what Orwell saw as the state of Britain rather than novels.

The truth is that he did not have the interest in character, or in the intricacies of human relationships, that mark a true novelist. That he came to a reluctant realization of this is shown by his feelings about *A Clergyman's Daughter*, and a remark in a letter to me that he was not a 'real novelist'. His interests were wide, and not by any means confined to politics and the likely future of Britain. They included such matters as the best way to make tea and roast potatoes: but it would not be much overstating the case to say they did not include other people. He could be generous and helpful to them, and felt special sympathy for lame ducks (at *Tribune* he found it hard to reject pieces by little-known writers), but was little concerned with their characters or emotions. Curiosity about the lives and backgrounds of other people was simply absent from his make-up, and he might have felt it to be objectionably intrusive. Yet such curiosity is almost an essential part of a novelist's make-up.

I believe he had come to understand this, and to realize accordingly that his gift could best be employed in narratives where the people were symbols rather than realistically drawn characters. In *Nineteen Eighty-Four* our concern for Winston Smith is about his fate as an opponent of Big Brother. As a character he is the merest shade. And *Animal Farm* is such a total success in part because it contains no human beings, for Mr Jones the farmer is only a name. It is about animals, who are characterized with the simplicity a child might use: Major is the wise old boar, Boxer the gallant worker, frisky Clover the vain silly mare. Orwell's appreciation of animals and of

## ANIMAL FARM

natural beauty was intense, his love of the countryside and in particular of fishing and country walks something he tried awkwardly to incorporate into the pre-war novels. It emerges even in *Nineteen Eighty-Four* as he describes the lane of dappled light and shade and the ground 'misty with bluebells' down which Winston walks to meet Julia, and comes also in her description of the nearby stream with big fish in it, 'lying in the pools under the willow trees, waving their tails'. Wyndham Lewis had a comic point when he said that 'all love with Orwell takes place out of doors . . . and it is always the same woman, a sort of land-girl, who is the leading lady'. The point is made uncharitably: there was a childlike simplicity about Orwell, both in his life and his writing, which was sometimes absurd but more often attractive, and in *Animal Farm* the blend of sophistication and simplicity in his nature led him to produce a perfect work of art.

By his own account the story had its origins when he saw a small boy driving a cart-horse along a narrow track. As the boy whipped the horse when it tried to turn, Orwell thought that if such animals became aware of their strength human beings would no longer have power over them. Perhaps something like that incident occurred (Orwell was not always literally accurate in such matters), but really the basis of the fable lay in the writer's personality.

The book was written very quickly, if we bear in mind that he was also working three days a week at *Tribune*, and writing a weekly book column for the *Manchester Evening News*. Quickly and easily, and in a language beautifully fitting to the story. With the exception of an occasional word like 'dissentient' it poses no problems for a child of ten or even younger. We don't know whether parallels between events at Animal Farm and in the Soviet Union were worked out in detail before writing began, but they fit together marvellously well – bearing in mind, of course, that this *is* a fairy story, so that such an event as the attempted invasion of Russia by the Allies after World War I to defeat the Revolution is represented by the Battle of the Cowshed when the attempt by Jones and his allies to recapture the farm is defeated. Yet there is no sense that the parallels are absurdly disproportionate, because of the

## INTRODUCTION

supreme tact with which the incidents are handled. The touch throughout could hardly be more delicate, something painfully obvious to those who have seen the crude cartoon version. At the end of this sad fairy story those of Orwell's own political persuasion may weep for the betrayal of revolutionary idealism, but children's tears will be shed for the defeat and death of the good animals and the triumph of the evil.

The charm of the manner and the perfection of the story are undoubted, but a question remains: what is being told us in this allegory, what understanding are we meant to take away from it? The simplest answer is that given by the political Right-wingers already mentioned, who have done their best to appropriate Orwell as a prophet whose message was that to disturb the social order always ends in totalitarian dictatorship. That, however, is certainly not the reading of his work Orwell intended. Shortly before his death, much distressed by the way in which American reviewers in particular had greeted *Nineteen Eighty-Four* as a polemic against all kinds of Socialism, he issued a statement specifically praising the liberal attitudes and intentions of the British Labour Party government of the time (1949), a statement which was generally ignored. It should not have been disregarded. Orwell remained a Socialist until his death, and *Animal Farm* was not meant to be a parable giving comfort to the Right wing.

A more cogent point was made by T. S. Eliot when rejecting the story, one saying in effect: we see clearly what you are *against*, Stalin and his dictatorship, but what are you *for*? Eliot's assumption was that Orwell's viewpoint was 'generally Trotskyite' and thus 'not convincing'. Communist parties in several countries denounced both the man and the book on the same basis. This also, however, is a misreading. Orwell had sympathy for Trotsky as a persecuted and courageous individual, but very little interest in the Trotskyist movement and no sympathy with the theory of 'permanent revolution'. He was a pragmatic, down-to-earth thinker who distrusted all theorists. Napoleon and Snowball in the story roughly represent Stalin and Trotsky, and Snowball/Trotsky's heroic role in the Battle of the Cowshed is acknowledged, but Orwell



## ANIMAL FARM

emphasizes Snowball's bloodthirstiness ('The only good human being is a dead one') and pointed out to several friends that Snowball was privy to the first moment of corruption, when the pigs commandeered for themselves the farm's milk and apples.

If Right- and Left-wing interpretations are both mistaken, what did Orwell intend us to think after reading the story? He certainly wanted to point up the parallels between reality and fable, something made clear in the introduction to the Ukrainian edition, when he says the scene at the end between the pigs and the farmers referred to the false goodwill shown at the Teheran Conference. His own explanation of the fable's 'meaning', quoted by Peter Davison, was that violent revolutions are always made by power-hungry people, and that if a radical improvement in human living was ever to be effected the masses should 'know how to chuck out their leaders as soon as the latter have done their job'. This unconvincing answer (any power-hungry leader will have made provision against an attempt to chuck him out) does not truly suggest the feeling of the book. Two things are conveyed in it: the exultation felt by the animals on achieving their freedom, and the bitterness of the pigs' betrayal that leads to Napoleon's rule and the establishment of a totalitarian state. It is nowhere implied that Animal Farm is unworkable by the animals, only that corruption defeats their aspirations.

The satire is savage, and many of the phrases so memorable that they have passed into the language ('Some Animals are more equal than others'). The satire is reasonably compared with Swift's, although Orwell does not share Swift's scatological obsessions, nor does he fit his own description of Swift in a fine essay as 'a Tory anarchist, despising authority while disbelieving in liberty'. Behind Swift's satire is hatred of humanity, at the back of Orwell's a basic optimism about the ability of human beings to improve their condition – or at least a wistful hope that this may be true. The colours of *Animal Farm* are much less dark than those of *Gulliver's Travels*, and the nearest thing I know to it in imaginative literature is Anatole France's *L'Île des pingouins*. France, like Orwell, was a Socialist, his satirical view of the development of human society views

## INTRODUCTION

birds anthropomorphically as Orwell does animals, and the result is often marvellously funny. There is a difference, however. France's brilliant good-humoured satire is written always with a sense of amused superiority to what he describes. His viewpoint is cynical, Orwell's remains idealistic. *Animal Farm* is an idealistic satire, something unique in British literature. It has a particular relevance in a century when all the revolutions have gone wrong.

Julian Symons

JULIAN SYMONS, who died in 1994, was a biographer and social historian, whose many diverse publications include *Thomas Carlyle: the Life and Ideas of a Prophet*, *The General Strike* and *The Detective Story in Britain*. He was also a well-known crime novelist.

## S E L E C T   B I B L I O G R A P H Y

---

### THE WORKS

#### *Fiction*

- Down and Out in Paris and London*, Gollancz, 1933.  
*Burmese Days*, Gollancz, 1934.  
*A Clergyman's Daughter*, Gollancz, 1935.  
*Keep the Aspidistra Flying*, Gollancz, 1936.  
*Coming Up for Air*, Gollancz, 1939.  
*Animal Farm*, Secker, 1945.  
*Nineteen Eighty-Four*, Secker, 1949.

#### *Non-Fiction*

- The Road to Wigan Pier*, Gollancz, 1937.  
*Homage to Catalonia*, Secker, 1938.  
*Inside the Whale*, Gollancz, 1940.  
*The Lion and the Unicorn*, Secker, 1941.  
*Critical Essays*, Secker, 1946.  
*Shooting an Elephant*, Secker, 1950.  
*England Your England*, Secker, 1953.

#### *Letters, Biographies, Memoirs*

*Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters*, 4 vols., edited by Sonia Orwell and Ian Angus, Secker and Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, 1968. 'Collected', but not complete. The volumes include a considerable selection from the letters, some of the journalism, 'Such, Such Were the Joys', the piece about Orwell's prep school published in 1947, 'The Lion and the Unicorn', and essays and articles some of which appeared later in volume form. The four volumes contain material of great interest to any Orwell student.

CRICK, BERNARD, *George Orwell*, Secker, 1980 and Little Brown, 1981. The invaluable standard biography, which contains almost everything it is essential to know about Orwell as man and writer. Particularly good on the political development, which is traced in detail.

SHELDEN, MICHAEL, *George Orwell*, Heinemann and Harper Collins, 1991. Lighter and more easily readable than Crick, adding some personal details and correcting him on minor points. Better on the personality than the politics.

STANSKY, PETER, and ABRAHAMS, WILLIAM, *The Unknown Orwell and Orwell: The Transformation*, Constable, 1972 and 1979. Interesting on Orwell's life in Burma, but limited in value because of refusal by the Orwell estate to permit quotation from letters and other material.

WADHAMS, STEPHEN, *Remembering Orwell*, Penguin, 1984, and COP-PARD, AUDREY, and CRICK, BERNARD, BBC, 1984. Recollections from many people, the first based on a radio biography put out by Canadian Broadcasting, the second on the BBC's *Arena* programmes on TV.

BUDDICOM, JACINTHA, *Eric and Us*, Frewin, 1974.

HOLLIS, CHRISTOPHER, *A Study of George Orwell*, Hollis & Carter, 1956.

FYVEL, T. R., *George Orwell, a Personal Memoir*, Weidenfeld, 1982. Three memoirs by people who knew him, respectively in his boyhood, at Eton, and in his days at *Tribune* and later.

LEWIS, PETER, *George Orwell, the Road to 1984*, Heinemann, 1984. Excellent short biography, well illustrated.

### *Criticism*

WOODCOCK, GEORGE, *The Crystal Spirit*, Cape, 1967. Like much of the criticism this also contains biographical material. Woodcock, an anarchist who knew Orwell in his last decade, offers penetrating comments on the work from a Left viewpoint.

ATKINS, JOHN, *George Orwell*, Calder, 1954. The first book-length study, stressing the importance of 'decency' and morality in Orwell.

WILLIAMS, RAYMOND, *Orwell*, Collins, 1971. Short book by well-known social critic influenced by Orwell in youth, who decided he had succumbed to a mistaken belief in 'capitalist democracy'.

*The World of George Orwell*, edited by Miriam Gross, Weidenfeld, 1971. Collection of essays and articles, mostly about the life and background, some highly critical. Contributors include Raymond Carr (on Orwell and Spain), William Empson (life at the BBC in wartime), Malcolm Muggeridge, John Wain, Ian Hamilton.

RODDEN, JOHN, *The Politics of Literary Reputation*, Oxford University Press, 1989. Fascinating study of the growth of Orwell's reputation in several countries, including the Soviet Union and Germany. Much detailed information not to be found elsewhere.

ORWELL, the War Broadcasts and ORWELL, the War Commentaries, edited by W. J. West, Duckworth/BBC, 1985. Details of Orwell's work at the BBC during World War II, and the texts of the war broadcasts, some literary and others giving an account of wartime events. Mostly written, and some delivered on air, by Orwell.