

## OLYMPIADS SCHOOL/GRADE 10 ENGLISH/HOMEWORK 10

NAME (FIRST AND LAST): \_\_\_\_\_ GRADE: \_\_\_\_\_

DAY/TIME/TEACHER: \_\_\_\_\_

**Read these Spark Notes summaries of Chapters 2, 3, and 4 of George Orwell's 1984.**

### Chapter 2

Winston opens the door fearfully, assuming that the Thought Police have arrived to arrest him for writing in the diary. However, it is only Mrs. Parsons, a neighbor in his apartment building, needing help with the plumbing while her husband is away. In Mrs. Parsons's apartment, Winston is tormented by the fervent Parsons children, who, being Junior Spies, accuse him of thoughtcrime. The Junior Spies is an organization of children who monitor adults for disloyalty to the Party, and frequently succeed in catching them—Mrs. Parsons herself seems afraid of her zealous children. The children are very agitated because their mother won't let them go to a public hanging of some of the Party's political enemies in the park that evening. Back in his apartment, Winston remembers a dream in which a man's voice—O'Brien's, he thinks—said to him, "We shall meet in the place where there is no darkness." Winston writes in his diary that his thoughtcrime makes him a dead man, then he hides the book.

### Chapter 3

Winston dreams of being with his mother on a sinking ship. He feels strangely responsible for his mother's disappearance in a political purge almost twenty years ago. He then dreams of a place called The Golden Country, where the dark-haired girl takes off her clothes and runs toward him in an act of freedom that annihilates the whole Party. He wakes with the word "Shakespeare" on his lips, not knowing where it came from. A high-pitched whistle sounds from the telescreen, a signal that office workers must wake up. It is time for the Physical Jerks, a round of grotesque exercise.

As he exercises, Winston thinks about his childhood, which he barely remembers. Having no physical records such as photographs and documents, he thinks, makes one's life lose its outline in one's memory. Winston considers Oceania's relationship to the other countries in the world, Eurasia and Eastasia. According to official history, Oceania has always been at war with Eurasia and in alliance with Eastasia, but Winston knows that the records have been changed. Winston remembers that no one had heard of Big Brother, the leader of the Party, before 1960, but stories about him now appear in histories going back to the 1930s.

As Winston has these thoughts, a voice from the telescreen suddenly calls out his name, reprimanding him for not working hard enough at the Physical Jerks. Winston breaks out into a hot sweat and tries harder to touch his toes.

### Chapter 4

Winston goes to his job in the Records section of the Ministry of Truth, where he works with a "speakwrite" (a machine that types as he dictates into it) and destroys obsolete documents. He updates Big Brother's orders and Party records so that they match new developments—Big Brother can never be wrong. Even when the citizens of Airstrip One are forced to live with less food, they are told that they are being given more than ever and, by and large, they believe it. This day, Winston must alter the record of a speech made in December 1983, which referred to Comrade Withers, one of Big Brother's former officials who has since been vaporized. Since Comrade Withers was executed as an enemy of the Party, it is unacceptable to have a document on file praising him as a loyal Party member.

Winston invents a person named Comrade Ogilvy and substitutes him for Comrade Withers in the records. Comrade Ogilvy, though a product of Winston's imagination, is an ideal Party man, opposed to sex and suspicious of everyone. Comrade Withers has become an "unperson:" he has ceased to exist.

Watching a man named Comrade Tillotson in the cubicle across the way, Winston reflects on the activity in the Ministry of Truth, where thousands of workers correct the flow of history to make it match party ideology, and churn out endless drivel—even pornography—to pacify the brutally destitute proletariat.

## KNOWLEDGE QUESTIONS

### About Chapter 2

1. What is written all over the diary as Winston puts his hand to the door-knob?

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2. When were Victory Mansions built?

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3. Who is Mrs. Parson?

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4. What are the two children wearing?

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5. What do the two children want to see?

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6. How often does the hanging occur?

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7. Who does Winston think has spoken to him in a pitch-dark room in a dream?

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8. What are the sacred principles of INGSOC?

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9. How does Winston make sure whether or not the diary's existence has been discovered?

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**About Chapter 3**

1. Who does Winston dream of?

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2. What does Winston dream of that involves his family?

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3. What is the Golden Country?

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4. What does the girl in the recurring dream do?

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5. Which word does Winston wake up with?

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6. What does Winston think about during the Physical Jerks?

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7. At this moment, which power is Oceania's enemy and which is the ally?

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8. In Winston's memory, which power is Oceania's enemy and which is the ally four years ago?

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**About Chapter 4**

1. What are the three orifices?

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2. What is a memory hole?

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3. Where is Newspeak used?

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4. "All history was a \_\_\_\_\_, scraped clean and re-inscribed exactly as often as was necessary."

5. What does Winston think about as he re-adjusted the Ministry of Plenty's figures?

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6. What is Oldspeak?

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7. What indicates that Withers is already dead?

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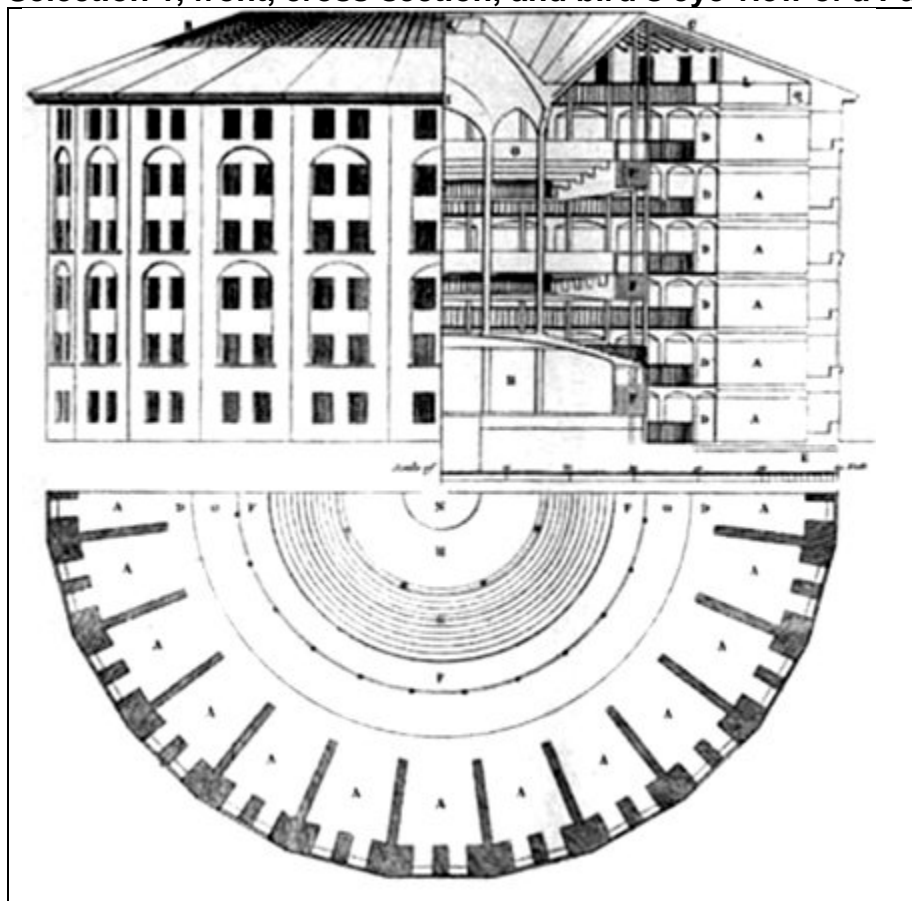
8. Who is Comrade Ogilvy?

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## LITERARY ANALYSIS

Study the following selections from and answer the questions from page 13 to 14.

**Selection 1, front, cross-section, and bird's eye view of a Panopticon penitentiary**



**Selection 2** Adapted from <http://www.theguardian.com/technology/2015/jul/23/panopticon-digital-surveillance-jeremy-bentham>

**What does the panopticon mean in the age of digital surveillance?**

The parallel between Jeremy Bentham's panopticon and CCTV may be clear, but what happens when you step into the world of data capture?

Thomas McMullan

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### **The Panopticon legacy**

As a work of architecture, the panopticon—designed by Jeremy Bentham in the late 18<sup>th</sup> century—allows a watchman to observe occupants without the occupants knowing whether or not they are being watched. As a metaphor, the panopticon was commandeered in the latter half of the 20<sup>th</sup> century as a way to trace the surveillance tendencies of disciplinarian societies. Is it still a useful way to think about surveillance

in an age of National Security Agency (NSA) and Government Communications Headquarters (GCHQ)?

The basic setup of Bentham's panopticon is this: there is a central tower surrounded by cells. In the central tower is the watchman. In the cells are prisoners - or workers, or children, depending on the use of the building. The tower shines bright light so that the watchman is able to see everyone in the cells. The people in the cells, however, aren't able to see the watchman, and therefore have to assume that they are always under observation.

A number of prisons have incorporated panopticon elements into their design but it wasn't until the 1920s that the closest thing to a panopticon prison was built - the Presidio Modelo complex in Cuba, infamous for corruption and cruelty, now abandoned.

### **'The principle is central inspection'**

The French philosopher Michel Foucault revitalised interest in the panopticon in his 1975 book *Discipline and Punish*. Foucault used the panopticon as a way to illustrate the proclivity of disciplinary societies subjugate its citizens.

He describes the prisoner of a panopticon as being at the receiving end of asymmetrical surveillance: "He is seen, but he does not see; he is an object of information, never a subject in communication."

In many ways, the watchtower at the heart of the panopticon is a precursor to the cameras fastened to our buildings - purposely visible machines with human eyes hidden from view.

The parallels between the panopticon and CCTV may be obvious, but what happens when you step into the world of digital surveillance and data capture? Are we still "objects of information" as we swipe between cells on our smartphone screens?

### **Unlike the Panopticon, citizens don't know they are being watched**

Jake Goldenfein, researcher at the Centre for Media and Communications Law, University of Melbourne, tells me it's important to remember the corrective purposes of Bentham's panopticon when considering it as a metaphor for modern surveillance.

"The relevance of the panopticon as a metaphor begins to wither when we start thinking about whether contemporary types of visibility (effectively digital and data-driven) are analogous to the central tower concept. For example, whether this type of visibility is as asymmetrical, and - I think more importantly - being co-opted for the same political exercise. Does the fact that we don't know we're being watched mean we are being normalised in the way the panopticon was intended to correct behaviour?"

As Goldenfein suggests, the asymmetrical exposure of inmates in Bentham's building is of a different order to how government bodies such as GCHQ conduct surveillance. In the panopticon the occupants are constantly aware of the threat of being watched - this is the whole point - but state surveillance on the internet is invisible; there is no looming tower, no dead-eye lens staring at you every time you enter a URL.

Another important difference is the relative intangibility of data surveillance. With Bentham's panopticon, and to some extent CCTV, there is a physical sense of exposure in the face of authority.

In the private space of my personal browsing I do not feel exposed - I do not feel that my body of data is under surveillance because I do not know where that body begins or ends. We live so much of our lives online, share so much data, but feel nowhere near as much attachment for our data as we do for our bodies. Without physical ownership and without an explicit sense of exposure I do not normalise my actions. If anything, the supposed anonymity of the internet means I do the opposite.

### **Selection 3, from Chapter 2 of 1984**

'Have you got a spanner?' said Winston, fiddling with the nut on the angle-joint.

'A spanner,' said Mrs Parsons, immediately becoming invertebrate. 'I don't know, I'm sure. Perhaps the children—'

There was a trampling of boots and another blast on the comb as the children charged into the living-room. Mrs Parsons brought the spanner. Winston let out the water and disgustedly removed the clot of human hair that had blocked up the pipe. He cleaned his fingers as best he could in the cold water from the tap and went back into the other room.

'Up with your hands!' yelled a savage voice.

A handsome, tough-looking boy of nine had popped up from behind the table and was menacing him with a toy automatic pistol, while his small sister, about two years younger, made the same gesture with a fragment of wood. Both of them were dressed in the blue shorts, grey shirts, and red neckerchiefs which were the uniform of the Spies. Winston raised his hands above his head, but with an uneasy feeling, so vicious was the boy's demeanour, that it was not altogether a game.

'You're a traitor!' yelled the boy. 'You're a thought-criminal! You're a Eurasian spy! I'll shoot you, I'll vaporize you, I'll send you to the salt mines!'

Suddenly they were both leaping round him, shouting 'Traitor!' and 'Thought-criminal!' the little girl imitating her brother in every movement. It was somehow

slightly frightening, like the gambolling of tiger cubs which will soon grow up into man-eaters. There was a sort of calculating ferocity in the boy's eye, a quite evident desire to hit or kick Winston and a consciousness of being very nearly big enough to do so. It was a good job it was not a real pistol he was holding, Winston thought.

Mrs Parsons' eyes flitted nervously from Winston to the children, and back again. In the better light of the living-room he noticed with interest that there actually *was* dust in the creases of her face.

'They do get so noisy,' she said. 'They're disappointed because they couldn't go to see the hanging, that's what it is. I'm too busy to take them, and Tom won't be back from work in time.'

'Why can't we go and see the hanging?' roared the boy in his huge voice.

'Want to see the hanging! Want to see the hanging!' chanted the little girl, still capering round.

Some Eurasian prisoners, guilty of war crimes, were to be hanged in the Park that evening, Winston remembered. This happened about once a month, and was a popular spectacle. Children always clamoured to be taken to see it. He took his leave of Mrs Parsons and made for the door. But he had not gone six steps down the passage when something hit the back of his neck an agonizingly painful blow. It was as though a red-hot wire had been jabbed into him. He spun round just in time to see Mrs Parsons dragging her son back into the doorway while the boy pocketed a catapult.

'Goldstein!' bellowed the boy as the door closed on him. But what most struck Winston was the look of helpless fright on the woman's greyish face.

Back in the flat he stepped quickly past the telescreen and sat down at the table again, still rubbing his neck. The music from the telescreen had stopped. Instead, a clipped military voice was reading out, with a sort of brutal relish, a description of the armaments of the new Floating Fortress which had just been anchored between Iceland and the Faroe Islands.



**Selection 4, from Chapter 3 of 1984****CHAPTER 3**

Winston was dreaming of his mother.

He must, he thought, have been ten or eleven years old when his mother had disappeared. She was a tall, statuesque, rather silent woman with slow movements and magnificent fair hair. His father he remembered more vaguely as dark and thin, dressed always in neat dark clothes (Winston remembered especially the very thin soles of his father's shoes) and wearing spectacles. The two of them must evidently have been swallowed up in one of the first great purges of the 'fifties.

At this moment his mother was sitting in some place deep down beneath him, with his young sister in her arms. He did not remember his sister at all, except as a tiny, feeble baby, always silent, with large, watchful eyes. Both of them were looking up at him. They were down in some subterranean place—the bottom of a well, for instance, or a very deep grave—but it was a place which, already far below him, was itself moving downwards. They were in the saloon of a sinking ship, looking up at him through the darkening water. There was still air in the saloon, they could still see him and he them, but all the while they were sinking down, down into the green waters which in another moment must hide them from sight for ever. He was out in the light and air while they were being sucked down to death, and they were down there *because* he was up here. He knew it and they knew it, and he could see the knowledge in their faces. There was no reproach either in their faces or in their hearts, only the knowledge that they must die in order that he might remain alive, and that this was part of the unavoidable order of things.

He could not remember what had happened, but he knew in his dream that in some way the lives of his mother and his sister had been sacrificed to his own. It

was one of those dreams which, while retaining the characteristic dream scenery, are a continuation of one's intellectual life, and in which one becomes aware of facts and ideas which still seem new and valuable after one is awake. The thing that now suddenly struck Winston was that his mother's death, nearly thirty years ago, had been tragic and sorrowful in a way that was no longer possible. Tragedy, he perceived, belonged to the ancient time, to a time when there was still privacy, love, and friendship, and when the members of a family stood by one another without needing to know the reason. His mother's memory tore at his heart because she had died loving him, when he was too young and selfish to love her in return, and because somehow, he did not remember how, she had sacrificed herself to a conception of loyalty that was private and unalterable. Such things, he saw, could not happen today. Today there were fear, hatred and pain, but no dignity of emotion, no deep or complex sorrows. All this he seemed to see in the large eyes of his mother and his sister, looking up at him through the green water, hundreds of fathoms down and still sinking.

Suddenly he was standing on short springy turf, on a summer evening when the slanting rays of the sun gilded the ground. The landscape that he was looking at recurred so often in his dreams that he was never fully certain whether or not he had seen it in the real world. In his waking thoughts he called it the Golden Country. It was an old, rabbit-bitten pasture, with a foot-track wandering across it and a molehill here and there. In the ragged hedge on the opposite side of the field the boughs of the elm trees were swaying very faintly in the breeze, their leaves just stirring in dense masses like women's hair. Somewhere near at hand, though out of sight, there was a clear, slow-moving stream where dace were swimming in the pools under the willow trees.

The girl with dark hair was coming towards them across the field. With what seemed a single movement she tore off her clothes and flung them disdainfully aside. Her body was white and smooth, but it aroused no desire in him, indeed he

barely looked at it. What overwhelmed him in that instant was admiration for the gesture with which she had thrown her clothes aside. With its grace and carelessness it seemed to annihilate a whole culture, a whole system of thought, as though Big Brother and the Party and the Thought Police could all be swept into nothingness by a single splendid movement of the arm. That too was a gesture belonging to the ancient time. Winston woke up with the word 'Shakespeare' on his lips.

The telescreen was giving forth an ear-splitting whistle which continued on the same note for thirty seconds. It was nought seven fifteen, getting-up time for office workers. Winston wrenched his body out of bed—naked, for a member of the Outer Party received only three thousand clothing coupons annually, and a suit of pyjamas was six hundred—and seized a dingy singlet and a pair of shorts that were lying across a chair. The Physical Jerks would begin in three minutes. The next moment he was doubled up by a violent coughing fit which nearly always attacked him soon after waking up. It emptied his lungs so completely that he could only begin breathing again by lying on his back and taking a series of deep gasps. His veins had swelled with the effort of the cough, and the varicose ulcer had started itching.

'Thirty to forty group!' yapped a piercing female voice. 'Thirty to forty group! Take your places, please. Thirties to forties!'

Winston sprang to attention in front of the telescreen, upon which the image of a youngish woman, scrawny but muscular, dressed in tunic and gym-shoes, had already appeared.

'Arms bending and stretching!' she rapped out. 'Take your time by me. *One*, two, three, four! *One*, two, three, four! Come on, comrades, put a bit of life into it! *One*, two, three, four! *One*, two, three, four!...

The pain of the coughing fit had not quite driven out of Winston's mind the impression made by his dream, and the rhythmic movements of the exercise restored it somewhat. As he mechanically shot his arms back and forth, wearing on

**Selection 5, from an online resource about one of Sigmund Freud's theories:**

<http://www.dreammoods.com/dreaminformation/dreamtheory/freud.htm>

**Sigmund Freud**



Considered the father of psychoanalysis, Sigmund Freud (1856-1939) revolutionizes the study of dreams with his work *The Interpretation Of Dreams*. Freud begins to analyze dreams in order to understand aspects of personality as they relate to pathology. He believes that nothing you do occurs by chance; every action and thought is motivated by your unconscious at some level. In order to live in a civilized society, you have a tendency to hold back our urges and repress our impulses.

However, these urges and impulses must be released in some way; they have a way of coming to the surface in disguised forms.

One way these urges and impulses are released is through your dreams. Because the content of the unconscious may be extremely disturbing or harmful, Freud believes that the unconscious expresses itself in a symbolic language.

Freud categorizes aspects of the mind into three parts:

**Id** - centered around primal impulses, pleasures, desires, unchecked urges and wish fulfillment.

**Ego** - concerned with the conscious, the rational, the moral and the self-aware aspect of the mind.

**Superego** - the censor for the id, which is also responsible for enforcing the moral codes of the ego.

When you are awake, the impulses and desires of the id are suppressed by the *superego*. Through dreams, you are able to get a glimpse into your unconscious or the id. Because your guards are down during the dream state, your unconscious has the opportunity to act out and express the hidden desires of the id. However, the desires of the id can, at times, be so disturbing and even psychologically harmful that a "censor" comes into play and translates the id's disturbing content into a more acceptable symbolic form. This helps to preserve sleep and prevent you from waking up shocked at the images. As a result, confusing and cryptic dream images occur. According to Freud, the reason you struggle to remember your dreams, is because the superego is at work. It is doing its job by protecting the conscious mind from the disturbing images and desires conjured by the unconscious.

**Refer back to the selections in the previous pages to help you answer the questions below. Feel free to use evidence/examples from other parts of the novel. Try to fill up all the lines provided. Try to sound as coherent and analytical as you can. Structure your responses whenever possible, beginning with a point (topic sentence), followed by a discussion of evidence/examples/details that support your point, and then ending with a clincher sentence.**

**Selection 1 and 2**

1. Explain how the Panopticon, designed by Jeremy Bentham in the late 18<sup>th</sup> century, works.

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2. How may a Panopticon (as revitalized by Michel Foucault) serve as a metaphor to help us understand our modern world?

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**Selection 1, 2, 3, and 4**

1. How does George Orwell extend the Panopticon to encompass the whole of society in Airstrip One?

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**Selections 1, 2, and 5**

Bring Sigmund Freud's theory of the mind to bear on Michel Foucault's theory of the Panopticon. To what extent can a Panopticon fully regulate a person's every thought and action? Carefully explain your inference without referring to 1984.

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**Selection 1, 2, 4, and 5**

To what extent does Big Brother succeed in fully regulating Winston Smith's every thought and action? Incorporate Freud's terminology (i.e., id, ego, and superego) from Selection 5 into your response.

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**THE END**