OBAMA: My fellow Americans, tonight I’d like to talk with you about immigration. For more than 200 years, our tradition of welcoming immigrants from around the world has given us a tremendous advantage over other nations.

OBAMA: It’s kept us youthful, dynamic, and entrepreneurial. It has shaped our character as a people with limitless possibilities. People not trapped by our past, but able to remake ourselves as we choose.

But today, our immigration system is broken, and everybody knows it. Families who enter our country the right way and play by the rules watch others flout the rules. Business owners who offer their wages good wages benefits see the competition exploit undocumented immigrants by paying them far less. All of us take offense to anyone who reaps the rewards of living in America without taking on the responsibilities of living in America. And undocumented immigrants who desperately want to embrace those responsibilities see little option but to remain in the shadows, or risk their families being torn apart.

It’s been this way for decades. And for decades we haven’t done much about it. When I took office, I committed to fixing this broken immigration system. And I began by doing what I could to secure our borders.

Today we have more agents and technology deployed to secure our southern border than at any time in our history. And over the past six years illegal border crossings have been cut by more than half.

Although this summer there was a brief spike in unaccompanied children being apprehended at our border, the number of such children is actually lower than it’s been in nearly two years.

Overall the number of people trying to cross our border illegally is at its lowest level since the 1970s. Those are the facts.

Meanwhile, I worked with Congress on a comprehensive fix. And last year 68 Democrats, Republicans, and independents came together to pass a bipartisan bill in the Senate. It wasn’t perfect. It was a compromise. But it reflected common sense. It would have doubled the number of Border Patrol agents, while giving undocumented immigrants a pathway to citizenship, if they paid a fine, started paying their taxes and went to the back of the line. And independent experts said that it would help grow our economy and shrink our
Had the House of Representatives allowed that kind of bill a simple yes or no vote, it would have passed with support from both parties. And today it would be the law. But for a year and a half now Republican leaders in the House have refused to allow that simple vote. Now I continue to believe that the best way to solve this problem is by working together to pass that kind of common sense law. But until that happens, there are actions I have the legal authority to take as president, the same kinds of actions taken by Democratic and Republican presidents before me, that will help make our immigration system more fair and more just.

Tonight I’m announcing those actions.

OBAMA: First, we’ll build on our progress at the border with additional resources for our law enforcement personnel so that they can stem the flow of illegal crossings and speed the return of those who do cross over.

Second, I’ll make it easier and faster for high-skilled immigrants, graduates and entrepreneurs to stay and contribute to our economy, as so many business leaders proposed.

Third, we’ll take steps to deal responsibly with the millions of undocumented immigrants who already had live in our country.

I want to say more about this third issue, because it generates the most passion and controversy. Even as we are a nation of immigrants, we’re also a nation of laws. Undocumented workers broke our immigration laws, and I believe that they must be held accountable, especially those who may be dangerous.

That’s why over the past six years deportations of criminals are up 80 percent, and that’s why we’re going to keep focusing enforcement resources on actual threats to our security. Felons, not families. Criminals, not children. Gang members, not a mom who’s working hard to provide for her kids. We’ll prioritize, just like law enforcement does every day.

But even as we focus on deporting criminals, the fact is millions of immigrants in every state, of every race and nationality still live here illegally.

And let’s be honest, tracking down, rounding up and deporting millions of people isn’t realistic. Anyone who suggests otherwise isn’t being straight with you. It’s also not who we are as Americans.

After all, most of these immigrants have been here a long time. They work hard often in tough, low paying jobs. They support their families. They worship at our churches. Many of the kids are American born or spent spent most of their lives here. And their hopes, dreams, and patriotism are just like ours.

As my predecessor, President Bush, once put it, they are a part of American life.

Now here is the thing. We expect people who live in this country to play by the rules. We expect those who cut the line will not be unfairly rewarded. So we’re going to offer the following deal: If you’ve with been in America more than five years. If you have children who are American citizens or illegal residents. If you
register, pass a criminal background check and you’re willing to pay your fair share of taxes, you’ll be able to apply to stay in this country temporarily without fear of deportation. You can come out of the shadows and get right with the law. That’s what this deal is.

Now let’s be clear about what it isn’t. This deal does not apply to anyone who has come to this country recently. It does not apply to anyone who might come to America illegally in the future. It does not grant citizenship or the right to stay here permanently, or offer the same benefits that citizens receive. Only Congress can do that. All we’re saying is we’re not going to deport you.

I know some of the critics of the action call it amnesty. Well, it’s the not. Amnesty is the immigration system we have today. Millions of people who live here without paying their taxes or playing by the rules, while politicians use the issue to scare people and whip up votes at election time. That’s the real amnesty, leaving this broken system the way it is. Mass amnesty would be unfair. Mass deportation would be both impossible and contrary to our character.

What I’m describing is accountability. A common sense middle-ground approach. If you meet the criteria, you can come out of the shadows and get right with the law. If you’re a criminal, you’ll be deported. If you plan to enter the U.S. illegally, your chances of getting caught and sent back just went up.

The actions I’ve taken are not only lawful, they’re the kinds of actions taken by every single Republican president and every single Democratic president for the past half century.

And to those members of Congress who question my authority to make our immigration system work better or question the wisdom of me acting where Congress has failed, I have one answer: Pass a bill. I want to work with both parties to pass a more permanent legislative solution. And the day I sign that bill into law, the actions I take will no longer be necessary.

OBAMA: Meanwhile, don’t let a disagreement over a single issue be a deal breaker on every issue. That’s not how our Democracy works, and Congress shouldn’t shut down our government again just because we disagree on this.

Americans are tired of gridlock. What our country needs right now is a common purpose, a higher purpose. Most Americans support the types of reforms I’ve talked about tonight, but I understand with the disagreements held by many of you at home.

Millions of us, myself included, go back generations in this country, with ancestors who put in the painstaking work to become citizens. So we don’t like the notion anyone might get a free pass to American citizenship.

I know some worry immigration will change the very fabric of who we are, or take our jobs, or stick it to middle-class families at a time they already feel they’ve gotten a raw deal for over a decade. I hear those concerns, but that’s not what these steps would do.
Our history and the facts show that immigrants are a net plus for our economy and our society. And I believe it's important that all of us have this debate without impugning each other's character.

Because for all the back and forth in Washington, we have to remember that this debate is about something bigger. It’s about who we are as a country and who we want to be for future generations.

Are we a nation that tolerates the hypocrisy of a system where workers who pick our fruit and make our beds never have a chance to get right with the law? Or are we a nation that gives them a chance to make amends, take responsibility, and give their kids a better future?

Are we a nation that accepts the cruelty of ripping children from their parents’ arms, or are we a nation that values families and works together to keep them together? Are we a nation that educates the world’s best and brightest in our universities only to send them home to create businesses in countries that compete against us, or are we a nation that encourages them to stay and create jobs here, create businesses here, create industries right here in America? That’s what this debate is all about.

We need more than politics as usual when it comes to immigration. We need reasoned, thoughtful, compassionate debate that focuses on our hopes, not our fears. I know the politics of this issue are tough, but let me tell you why I have come to feel so strongly about it. Over the past years I’ve seen the determination of immigrant fathers who worked two or three jobs without taking a dime from the government, and at risk any moment of losing it all just to build a better life for their kids. I’ve seen the heartbreak and anxiety of children whose mothers might be taken away from them just because they didn’t have the right papers. I’ve seen the courage of students who except for the circumstances of their birth are as American as Malia or Sasha, students who bravely come out as undocumented in hopes they could make a difference in the country they love.

These people, our neighbors, our classmates, our friends, they did not come here in search of a free ride or an easy life. They came to work, and study and serve in our military. And, above all, contribute to American success.

Now tomorrow I’ll travel to Las Vegas and meet with some of these students, including a young woman named Astrid Silva. Astrid was brought to America when she was 4 years old. Her only possessions were a cross, her doll, and the frilly dress she had on. When she started school, she didn’t speak any English. She caught up to other kids by reading newspapers and watching PBS. And then she became a good student. Her father worked in landscaping. Her mom cleaned other people’s homes. They wouldn’t let Astrid apply to a technology magnet school, not because they didn’t love her, but because they were afraid the paperwork would out her as an undocumented immigrant. So she applied behind their back and got in.

Still, she mostly lived in the shadows until her grandmother, who visited every year from Mexico, passed away, and she couldn’t travel to the funeral without risk of being found out and deported. It was around that
time she decided to begin advocating for herself and others like her. And today Astrid Silva, a college student working on her third degree.

Are we a nation that kicks out a striving, hopeful immigrant like Astrid?

OBAMA: Or are we a nation that finds a way to welcome her in? Scripture tells us, we shall not oppress a stranger, for we know the heart of a stranger. We were strangers once, too.

My fellow Americans, we are and always will be a nation of immigrants. We were strangers once, too. And whether our forbearers were strangers who crossed the Atlantic, or the Pacific or the Rio Grande, we are here only because this country welcomed them in and taught them that to be an American is about something more than what we look like or what our last names are, or how we worship. What makes us Americans is our shared commitment to an ideal, that all of us are created equal, and all of us have the chance to make of our lives what we will. That’s the country our parents and grandparents and generations before them built for us. That’s the tradition we must uphold. That’s the legacy we must leave for those who are yet to come.

Thank you. God bless you. And God bless this country we love.
Remarks as prepared for delivery and obtained by POLITICO Wednesday night.

Thank you, Phoenix. I am so glad to be back in Arizona, a state that has a very special place in my heart.

I love the people of Arizona and, together, we are going to win the White House in November.

Tonight is not going to be a normal rally speech.

Instead, I am going to deliver a detailed policy address on one of the greatest challenges facing our country today: immigration.

I have just landed having returned from a very important and special meeting with the President of Mexico – a man I like and respect very much, and a man who truly loves his country. Just like I am a man who loves the United States.

We agreed on the importance of ending the illegal flow of drugs, cash, guns and people across our border, and to put the cartels out of business.

We also discussed the great contributions of Mexican-American citizens to our two countries, my love for the people of Mexico, and the close friendship between our two nations.

It was a thoughtful and substantive conversation. This is the first of what I expect will be many conversations in a Trump Administration about creating a new relationship between our two countries.

But to fix our immigration system, we must change our leadership in Washington. There is no other way.

The truth is, our immigration system is worse than anyone realizes. But the facts aren’t
The fundamental problem with the immigration system in our country is that it serves the needs of wealthy donors, political activists and powerful politicians. Let me tell you who it doesn’t serve: it doesn’t serve you, the American people.

When politicians talk about immigration reform, they usually mean the following: amnesty, open borders, and lower wages.

Immigration reform should mean something else entirely: it should mean improvements to our laws and policies to make life better for American citizens.

But if we are going to make our immigration system work, then we have to be prepared to talk honestly and without fear about these important and sensitive issues.

For instance, we have to listen to the concerns that working people have over the record pace of immigration and its impact on their jobs, wages, housing, schools, tax bills, and living conditions. These are valid concerns, expressed by decent and patriotic citizens from all backgrounds.

We also have to be honest about the fact that not everyone who seeks to join our country will be able to successfully assimilate. It is our right as a sovereign nation to choose immigrants that we think are the likeliest to thrive and flourish here.

Then there is the issue of security. Countless innocent American lives have been stolen because our politicians have failed in their duty to secure our borders and enforce our laws.

I have met with many of the parents who lost their children to Sanctuary Cities and open borders. They will be joining me on the stage later today.

Countless Americans who have died in recent years would be alive today if not for the open border policies of this Administration. This includes incredible Americans like 21-year-old Sarah Root. The man who killed her arrived at the border, entered federal custody, and then was released into a U.S. community under the policies of this White House. He was released again after the crime, and is now at large.

Sarah had graduated from college with a 4.0, top of her class, the day before.

Also among the victims of the Obama-Clinton open borders policies was Grant Ronnebeck...
Another victim is Kate Steinle, gunned down in the Sanctuary City of San Francisco by an illegal immigrant deported five previous times.

Then there is the case of 90 year-old Earl Olander, who was brutally beaten and left to bleed to death in his home. The perpetrators were illegal immigrants with criminal records who did not meet the Obama Administration’s priorities for removal.

In California, a 64 year-old Air Force Veteran, Marilyn Pharis, was sexually assaulted and beaten to death with a hammer. Her killer had been arrested on multiple occasions, but was never deported.

A 2011 report from the Government Accountability Office found that illegal immigrants and other non-citizens in our prisons and jails together had around 25,000 homicide arrests to their names.

On top of that, illegal immigration costs our country more than $113 billion dollars a year. For the money we are going to spend on illegal immigration over the next ten years, we could provide one million at-risk students with a school voucher.

While there are many illegal immigrants in our country who are good people, this doesn’t change the fact that most illegal immigrants are lower-skilled workers with less education who compete directly against vulnerable American workers, and that these illegal workers draw much more out from the system than they will ever pay in.

But these facts are never reported.

Instead, the media and my opponent discuss one thing, and only this one thing: the needs of people living here illegally.

The truth is, the central issue is not the needs of the 11 million illegal immigrants – or however many there may be.

That has never been the central issue. It will never be the central issue.

Anyone who tells you that the core issue is the needs of those living here illegally has simply spent too much time in Washington.
To all the politicians, donors and special interests, hear these words from me today: there is only one core issue in the immigration debate and it is this: the well-being of the American people. Nothing even comes a close second.

Hillary Clinton, for instance, talks constantly about her fears that families will be separated. But she's not talking about the American families who have been permanently separated from their loved ones because of a preventable death. No, she's only talking about families who came here in violation of the law.

We will treat everyone living or residing in our country with dignity. We will be fair, just and compassionate to all. But our greatest compassion must be for American citizens.

President Obama and Hillary Clinton have engaged in gross dereliction of duty by surrendering the safety of the American people to open borders. President Obama and Hillary Clinton support Sanctuary Cities, they support catch-and-release on the border, they support visa overstays, they support the release of dangerous criminals from detention – and they support unconstitutional executive amnesty.

Hillary Clinton has pledged amnesty in her first 100 days, and her plan will provide Obamacare, Social Security and Medicare for illegal immigrants – breaking the federal budget. On top of that, she promises uncontrolled low-skilled immigration that continues to reduce jobs and wages for American workers, especially African-American and Hispanic workers. This includes her plan to bring in 620,000 new refugees in a four-year term.

Now that you’ve heard about Hillary Clinton’s plan – about which she has not answered a single substantive question – let me tell you about my plan.

While Hillary Clinton meets only with donors and lobbyists, my plan was crafted with the input from federal immigration officers, along with top immigration experts who represent workers, not corporations. I also worked with lawmakers who’ve led on this issue on behalf of American citizens for many years, and most importantly, I’ve met with the people directly impacted by these policies.

Number One: We will build a wall along the Southern Border.

On day one, we will begin working on an impenetrable physical wall on the southern
Number Two: End Catch-And-Release

Under my Administration, anyone who illegally crosses the border will be detained until they are removed out of our country.

Number Three: Zero tolerance for criminal aliens.

According to federal data, there are at least 2 million criminal aliens now inside the country. We will begin moving them out day one, in joint operations with local, state and federal law enforcement.

Beyond the 2 million, there are a vast number of additional criminal illegal immigrants who have fled or evaded justice. But their days on the run will soon be over. They go out, and they go out fast.

Moving forward, we will issue detainers for all illegal immigrants who are arrested for any crime whatsoever, and they will be placed into immediate removal proceedings. We will terminate the Obama Administration’s deadly non-enforcement policies that allow thousands of criminal aliens to freely roam our streets.

Since 2013 alone, the Obama Administration has allowed 300,000 criminal aliens to return back into U.S. communities – these are individuals encountered or identified by ICE but who not detained or processed for deportation.

My plan also includes cooperating closely with local jurisdictions to remove criminal aliens.

We will restore the highly successful Secure Communities program. We will expand and revitalize the popular 287(g) partnerships, which will help to identify hundreds of thousands of deportable aliens in local jails. Both of these programs have been recklessly gutted by this Administration. This is yet one more area where we are headed in a totally opposite direction.

On my first day in office, I am also going to ask Congress to pass “Kate’s Law” – named for Kate Steinle – to ensure that criminal aliens convicted of illegal reentry face receive strong mandatory minimum sentences.

Another reform I am proposing is the passage of legislation named for Detective Michael
We are going to triple the number of ICE deportation officers. Within ICE, I am going to create a new special Deportation Task Force, focused on identifying and removing quickly the most dangerous criminal illegal immigrants in America who have evaded justice.

The local police know who every one of these criminals are. There’s no great mystery to it, they’ve put up with it for years. And now, finally, we will turn the tables and law enforcement will be allowed to clear up this dangerous and threatening mess.

We’re also going to hire 5,000 more Border Patrol agents, and put more of them on the border, instead of behind desks. We will expand the number of Border Patrol Stations.

I’ve had a chance to spend time with these incredible law enforcement officers, and I want to take a moment to thank them. The endorsement I’ve received from the Border Patrol officers means more to me than I can say.

Number Four: Block Funding For Sanctuary Cities

We will end the Sanctuary Cities that have resulted in so many needless deaths. Cities that refuse to cooperate with federal authorities will not receive taxpayer dollars, and we will work with Congress to pass legislation to protect those jurisdictions that do assist federal authorities.

Number Five: Cancel Unconstitutional Executive Orders & Enforce All Immigration Laws

We will immediately terminate President Obama’s two illegal executive amnesties, in which he defied federal law and the constitution to give amnesty to approximately 5 million illegal immigrants.

Hillary Clinton has pledged to keep both of these illegal amnesty programs – including the 2014 amnesty which has been blocked by the Supreme Court. Clinton has also pledged to add a third executive amnesty.

Clinton’s plan would trigger a Constitutional Crisis unlike almost anything we have ever seen before. In effect, she would be abolishing the lawmaking powers of Congress in order to write her own laws from the Oval Office.

In a Trump Administration all immigration laws will be enforced. As with any law,
Our enforcement priorities will include removing criminals, gang members, security threats, visa overstays, public charges – that is, those relying on public welfare or straining the safety net, along with millions of recent illegal arrivals and overstays who’ve come here under the current Administration.

Number Six: We Are Going To Suspend The Issuance Of Visas To Any Place Where Adequate Screening Cannot Occur

According to data provided to the Senate Subcommittee on Immigration and the National Interest, between 9/11 and the end of 2014, at least 380 foreign-born individuals were convicted in terror cases inside the United States. The number is likely higher, but the Administration refuses to provide this information to Congress.

As soon as I enter office, I am going to ask the Department of State, Homeland Security and the Department of Justice to begin a comprehensive review of these cases in order to develop a list of regions and countries from which immigration must be suspended until proven and effective vetting mechanisms can be put into place.

Countries from which immigration will be suspended would include places like Syria and Libya.

For the price of resettling 1 refugee in the United States, 12 could be resettled in a safe zone in their home region.

Another reform involves new screening tests for all applicants that include an ideological certification to make sure that those we are admitting to our country share our values and love our people.

For instance, in the last five years, we’ve admitted nearly 100,000 immigrants from Iraq and Afghanistan – in these two countries, according to Pew research, a majority of residents say that the barbaric practice of honor killings against women are often or sometimes justified.

Applicants will be asked for their views about honor killings, about respect for women and gays and minorities, attitudes on Radical Islam, and many other topics as part of the vetting procedure.
There are at least 23 countries that refuse to take their people back after they have been ordered to leave the United States, including large numbers of violent criminals. Due to a Supreme Court decision, if these violent offenders cannot be sent home, our law enforcement officers have to release them into U.S. communities. There are often terrible consequences, such as Casey Chadwick’s tragic death in Connecticut just last year. Yet, despite the existence of a law that commands the Secretary of State to stop issuing visas to these countries, Secretary Hillary Clinton ignored this law and refused to use this powerful tool to bring nations into compliance.

The result of her misconduct was the release of thousands of dangerous criminal aliens who should have been sent home.

According to a report from the Boston Globe, from the year 2008 through 2014, nearly 13,000 criminal aliens were released back into U.S. communities because their home countries would not take them back. Many of these 13,000 releases occurred on Hillary Clinton’s watch – she had the power and the duty to stop it cold and she didn’t do it.

Those released include individuals convicted of killings, sexual assault and some of the most heinous crimes imaginable, who went on to reoffend at a very high rate.

Number Eight: We will finally complete the biometric entry-exit visa tracking system.

For years, Congress has required a biometric entry-exit visa tracking system, but it has never been completed.

In my Administration, we will ensure that this system is in place at all land, air, and sea ports. Approximately half of new illegal immigrants came on temporary visas and then never left. Beyond violating our laws, visa overstays pose a substantial threat to national security. The 9/11 Commission said that this tracking system should be a high priority and “would have assisted law enforcement and intelligence officials in August and September 2001 in conducting a search for two of the 9/11 hijackers that were in the U.S. on expired visas.”

Last year alone, nearly a half a million individuals overstayed their temporary visas. Removing visa overstays will be a top priority of my Administration. If people around the world believe they can just come on a temporary visa and never leave – the Obama-Clinton
We will ensure that E-Verify is used to the fullest extent possible under existing law, and will work with Congress to strengthen and expand its use across the country.

Immigration law doesn’t exist just for the purpose of keeping out criminals. It exists to protect all aspects of American life – the worksite, the welfare office, the education system and much else. That is why immigration limits are established in the first place. If we only enforce the laws against crime, then we have an open border to the entire world.

I will enforce all of our immigration laws.

The same goes for government benefits. The Center for Immigration Studies estimates that 62 percent of households headed by illegal immigrants used some form of cash or non-cash welfare programs, like food stamps or housing assistance. This directly violates the federal public charge law designed to protect the U.S. treasury.

Those who abuse our welfare system will be priorities for removal.

Number 10: We will reform legal immigration to serve the best interests of America and its workers

We’ve admitted 59 million immigrants to the United States between 1965 and 2015. Many of these arrivals have greatly enriched our country. But we now have an obligation to them, and to their children, to control future immigration – as we have following previous immigration waves – to ensure assimilation, integration and upward mobility.

Within just a few years immigration as a share of national population is set to break all historical records.

The time has come for a new immigration commission to develop a new set of reforms to our legal immigration system in order to achieve the following goals:

· To keep immigration levels, measured by population share, within historical norms

· To select immigrants based on their likelihood of success in U.S. society, and their ability to be financially self-sufficient. We need a system that serves our needs – remember, it’s America First.
We want people to come into our country, but they have to come in legally and properly-vetted, and in a manner that serves the national interest.

We’ve been living under outdated immigration rules from decades ago. To avoid this happening in the future, I believe we should sunset our visa laws so that Congress is forced to periodically revise and revisit them. We wouldn’t put our entire federal budget on autopilot for decades, so why should we do the same for immigration?

Let’s talk about the big picture

These ten steps, if rigorously followed and enforced, will accomplish more in a matter of months than our politicians have accomplished on this issue in the last fifty years.

Because I am not a politician, because I am not beholden to any special interest, I will get this done for you and your family.

We will accomplish all of the steps outlined above, and when we do, peace and law and justice and prosperity will prevail. Crime will go down, border crossings will plummet, gangs will disappear, and welfare use will decrease. We will have a peace dividend to spend on rebuilding America, beginning with our inner cities.

For those here today illegally who are seeking legal status, they will have one route and only one route: to return home and apply for re-entry under the rules of the new legal immigration system that I have outlined above. Those who have left to seek entry under this new system will not be awarded surplus visas, but will have to enter under the immigration caps or limits that will be established.

We will break the cycle of amnesty and illegal immigration. There will be no amnesty.

Our message to the world will be this: you cannot obtain legal status, or become a citizen of the United States, by illegally entering our country.

This declaration alone will help stop the crisis of illegal crossings and illegal overstays.

People will know that you can’t just smuggle in, hunker down, and wait to be legalized. Those days are over.
only take place in an atmosphere in which illegal immigration is a memory of the past, allowing us to weigh the different options available based on the new circumstances at the time.

Right now, however, we are in the middle of a jobs crisis, a border crisis, and a terrorism crisis. All energies of the federal government and the legislative process must now be focused on immigration security. That is the only conversation we should be having at this time.

Whether it’s dangerous materials being smuggled across the border, terrorists entering on visas, or Americans losing their jobs to foreign workers, these are the problems we must now focus on fixing – and the media needs to begin demanding to hear Hillary Clinton’s answer on how her policies will affect Americans and their security.

These are matters of life-and-death for our country and its people, and we deserve answers from Hillary Clinton.

What we do know, despite the total lack of media curiosity, is that Hillary Clinton promises a radical amnesty combined with a radical reduction in immigration enforcement. The result will be millions more illegal immigrants, thousands more violent crimes, and total chaos and lawlessness.

This election is our last chance to secure the border, stop illegal immigration, and reform our laws to make your life better.

This is it. We won’t get another opportunity – it will be too late.

So I want to remind everyone what we are fighting for – and who we are fighting for.

So I am going to ask all the Angel Moms to come join me on the stage right now.

[[PAUSE FOR ANGEL MOMS – EACH Says THE NAME OF THEIR CHILD INTO THE MICROPHONE]]

Now is the time for these voices to be heard.

Now is the time for the media to begin asking questions on their behalf.
Let’s secure our border.

Let’s stop the drugs and the crime.

Let’s protect our Social Security and Medicare.

And let’s get unemployed Americans off of welfare and back to work in their own country.

Together, we can save American lives, American jobs, and American futures.

Together, we can save America itself.

Join me in this mission to Make America Great Again.

Thank you, and God Bless you all!
Elie Wiesel – Acceptance Speech

Elie Wiesel’s Acceptance Speech, on the occasion of the award of the Nobel Peace Prize in Oslo, December 10, 1986

It is with a profound sense of humility that I accept the honor you have chosen to bestow upon me. I know: your choice transcends me. This both frightens and pleases me.

It frightens me because I wonder: do I have the right to represent the multitudes who have perished? Do I have the right to accept this great honor on their behalf? ... I do not. That would be presumptuous. No one may speak for the dead, no one may interpret their mutilated dreams and visions.

It pleases me because I may say that this honor belongs to all the survivors and their children, and through us, to the Jewish people with whose destiny I have always identified.

I remember: it happened yesterday or eternities ago. A young Jewish boy discovered the kingdom of night. I remember his bewilderment, I remember his anguish. It all happened so fast. The ghetto. The deportation. The sealed cattle car. The fiery altar upon which the history of our people and the future of mankind were meant to be sacrificed.
I remember: he asked his father: “Can this be true?” This is the twentieth century, not the Middle Ages. Who would allow such crimes to be committed? How could the world remain silent?

And now the boy is turning to me: “Tell me,” he asks. “What have you done with my future? What have you done with your life?”

And I tell him that I have tried. That I have tried to keep memory alive, that I have tried to fight those who would forget. Because if we forget, we are guilty, we are accomplices.

And then I explained to him how naive we were, that the world did know and remain silent. And that is why I swore never to be silent whenever and wherever human beings endure suffering and humiliation. We must always take sides. Neutrality helps the oppressor, never the victim. Silence encourages the tormentor, never the tormented. Sometimes we must interfere. When human lives are endangered, when human dignity is in jeopardy, national borders and sensitivities become irrelevant. Wherever men or women are persecuted because of their race, religion, or political views, that place must – at that moment – become the center of the universe.

Of course, since I am a Jew profoundly rooted in my peoples’ memory and tradition, my first response is to Jewish fears, Jewish needs, Jewish crises. For I belong to a traumatized generation, one that experienced the abandonment and solitude of our people. It would be unnatural for me not to make Jewish priorities my own: Israel, Soviet Jewry, Jews in Arab lands ... But there are others as important to me. Apartheid is, in my view, as abhorrent as anti-Semitism. To me, Andrei Sakharov’s isolation is as much of a disgrace as Josef Biegun’s imprisonment. As is the denial of Solidarity and its leader Lech Walesa’s right to dissent. And Nelson Mandela’s interminable imprisonment.

There is so much injustice and suffering crying out for our attention: victims of hunger, of racism, and political persecution, writers and poets, prisoners in so many lands governed by the Left and by the Right. Human rights are being violated on every continent. More people are oppressed than free. And then, too, there are the Palestinians to whose plight I am sensitive but whose methods I deplore. Violence and terrorism are not the answer. Something must be done about their suffering, and soon. I trust Israel, for I have faith in the Jewish people. Let Israel be given a chance, let hatred and danger be removed from her horizons, and there will be peace in and around the Holy Land.
Yes, I have faith. Faith in God and even in His creation. Without it no action would be possible. And action is the only remedy to indifference: the most insidious danger of all. Isn’t this the meaning of Alfred Nobel’s legacy? Wasn’t his fear of war a shield against war?

There is much to be done, there is much that can be done. One person – a Raoul Wallenberg, an Albert Schweitzer, one person of integrity, can make a difference, a difference of life and death. As long as one dissident is in prison, our freedom will not be true. As long as one child is hungry, our lives will be filled with anguish and shame. What all these victims need above all is to know that they are not alone; that we are not forgetting them, that when their voices are stifled we shall lend them ours, that while their freedom depends on ours, the quality of our freedom depends on theirs.

This is what I say to the young Jewish boy wondering what I have done with his years. It is in his name that I speak to you and that I express to you my deepest gratitude. No one is as capable of gratitude as one who has emerged from the kingdom of night. We know that every moment is a moment of grace, every hour an offering; not to share them would mean to betray them. Our lives no longer belong to us alone; they belong to all those who need us desperately.

Thank you, Chairman Aarvik. Thank you, members of the Nobel Committee. Thank you, people of Norway, for declaring on this singular occasion that our survival has meaning for mankind.


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Elie Wiesel held his Acceptance Speech on 10 December 1986, in the Oslo City Hall, Norway.

(The speech differs somewhat from the written speech.)
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COMRADES, men of the Red Army and Red Navy, commanders and political instructors, working men and working women, collective farmers-men and women, workers in the intellectual professions, brothers and sisters in the rear of our enemy who have temporarily fallen under the yoke of the German brigands, and our valiant men and women guerillas who are destroying the rear of the German invaders!

On behalf of the Soviet Government and our Bolshevik Party I am greeting you and congratulating you on the twenty-fourth anniversary of the Great October Socialist Revolution.

Comrades, it is in strenuous circumstances that we are to-day celebrating the twenty-fourth anniversary of the October Revolution. The perfidious attack of the German brigands and the war which has been forced upon us have created a threat to our country. We have temporarily lost a number of regions, the enemy has appeared at the gates of Leningrad and Moscow. The enemy reckoned that after the very first blow our army would be dispersed, and our country would be forced to her knees. But the enemy gravely miscalculated. In spite of temporary reverses, our Army and Navy are heroically repulsing the enemy’s attacks along the entire front and inflicting heavy losses upon him, while our country—our entire country—has organized itself into one fighting camp in order, together with our Army and our Navy, to encompass the rout of the German invaders.

There were times when our country was in a still more difficult position. Remember the year 1918, when we celebrated the first anniversary of the October Revolution. Three-quarters of our country was at that time in the hands of foreign interventionists. The Ukraine, the Caucasus, Central Asia, the Urals, Siberia and the Far East were temporarily lost to us. We had no allies, we had no Red Army—we had only just begun to create it; there was a shortage of food, of armaments, of clothing for the Army. Fourteen states were pressing against our country. But we did not become despondent, we did not lose heart. In the fire of war we forged the Red Army and converted our country into a military camp. The spirit of the great Lenin animated us at that time for the war against the
interventionists. And what happened? We routed the interventionists, recovered all our lost territory, and achieved victory.

To-day the position of our country is far better than twenty-three years ago. Our country is now many times richer than it was twenty-three years ago as regards industry, food and raw materials. We now have allies, who together with us are maintaining a united front against the German invaders. We now enjoy the sympathy and support of all the nations of Europe who have fallen under the yoke of Hitler's tyranny. We now have a splendid Army and a splendid Navy, who are defending with their lives the liberty and independence of our country. We experience no serious shortage of either food, or armaments or army clothing. Our entire country, all the peoples of our country, support our Army and our Navy, helping them to smash the invading hordes of German fascists. Our reserves of man-power are inexhaustible. The spirit of the great Lenin and his victorious banner animate us now in this patriotic war just as they did twenty-three years ago.

Can there be any doubt that we can, and are bound to, defeat the German invaders?

The enemy is not so strong as some frightened little intellectuals picture him. The devil is not so terrible as he is painted. Who can deny that our Red Army has more than once put the vaunted German troops to panic flight? If one judges, not by the boastful assertions of the German propagandists, but by the actual position of Germany, it will not be difficult to understand that the German-fascist invaders are facing disaster. Hunger and impoverishment reign in Germany to-day; in four months of war Germany has lost four and a half million men; Germany is bleeding, her reserves of man-power are giving out, the spirit of indignation is spreading not only among the peoples of Europe who have fallen under the yoke of the German invaders but also among the German people themselves, who see no end to war. The German invaders are straining their last efforts. There is no doubt that Germany cannot sustain such a strain for long. Another few months, another half-year, perhaps another year, and Hitlerite Germany must burst under the pressure of her crimes.

Comrades, men of the Red Army and Red Navy, commanders and political instructors, men and women guerillas, the whole world is looking to you as the force capable of destroying the plundering hordes of German invaders. The enslaved peoples of Europe who have fallen under the yoke of the German invaders look to you as their liberators. A great liberating mission has fallen to your lot. Be worthy of this mission! The war you are waging is a war of liberation, a just war. Let the manly images of our great ancestors—Alexander Nevsky, Dimitry Donskoy, Kuzma Minin, Dimitry Pozharsky, Alexander Suvorov and Mikhail Kutuzov—inspire you in this war! May the victorious banner of the great Lenin be your lodestar!
For the complete destruction of the German invaders!

Death to the German invaders!

Long live our glorious Motherland, her liberty and her independence!

Under the banner of Lenin, forward to victory!
Extract from the Speech by Hitler, January 30, 1939

...In connection with the Jewish question I have this to say: it is a shameful spectacle to see how the whole democratic world is oozing sympathy for the poor tormented Jewish people, but remains hard-hearted and obdurate when it comes to helping them which is surely, in view of its attitude, an obvious duty. The arguments that are brought up as an excuse for not helping them actually speak for us Germans and Italians.

For this is what they say:
1. "We," that is the democracies, "are not in a position to take in the Jews."
   Yet in these empires there are not 10 people to the square kilometer. While Germany, with her 135 inhabitants to the square kilometer, is supposed to have room for them!
2. They assure us: We cannot take them unless Germany is prepared to allow them a certain amount of capital to bring with them as immigrants.
   For hundreds of years Germany was good enough to receive these elements, although they possessed nothing except infectious political and physical diseases. What they possess today, they have by a very large extent gained at the cost of the less astute German nation by the most reprehensible manipulations.

Today we are merely paying this people what it deserves. When the German nation was, thanks to the inflation instigated and carried through by Jews, deprived of the entire savings which it had accumulated in years of honest work, when the rest of the world took away the German nation's foreign investments, when we were divested of the whole of our colonial possessions, these philanthropic considerations evidently carried little noticeable weight with democratic statesmen.

Today I can only assure these gentlemen that, thanks to the brutal education with which the democracies favored us for fifteen years, we are completely hardened to all attacks of sentiment. After more than eight hundred thousand children of the nation had died of hunger and undernourishment at the close of the War, we witnessed almost one million head of milking cows being
driven away from us in accordance with the cruel paragraphs of a dictate which the humane democratic apostles of the world forced upon us as a peace treaty. We witnessed over one million German prisoners of war being retained in confinement for no reason at all for a whole year after the War was ended. We witnessed over one and a half million Germans being torn away from all that they possessed in the territories lying on our frontiers, and being whipped out with practically only what they wore on their backs. We had to endure having millions of our fellow countrymen torn from us without their consent, and without their being afforded the slightest possibility of existence. I could supplement these examples with dozens of the most cruel kind. For this reason we ask to be spared all sentimental talk. The German nation does not wish its interests to be determined and controlled by any foreign nation. France to the French, England to the English, America to the Americans, and Germany to the Germans. We are resolved to prevent the settlement in our country of a strange people which was capable of snatching for itself all the leading positions in the land, and to oust it. For it is our will to educate our own nation for these leading positions. We have hundreds of thousands of very intelligent children of peasants and of the working classes. We shall have them educated - in fact we have already begun and we wish that one day they, and not the representatives of an alien race, may hold the leading positions in the State together with our educated classes. Above all, German culture, as its name alone shows, is German and not Jewish, and therefore its management and care will be entrusted to members of our own nation. If the rest of the world cries out with a hypocritical mien against this barbaric expulsion from Germany of such an irreplaceable and culturally eminently valuable element, we can only be astonished at the conclusions they draw from this situation. For how thankful they must be that we are releasing these precious apostles of culture, and placing them at the disposal of the rest of the world. In accordance with their own declarations they cannot find a single reason to excuse themselves for refusing to receive this most valuable race in their own countries. Nor can I see a reason why the members of this race should be imposed upon the German nation, while in the States, which are so enthusiastic about these "splendid people," their settlement should suddenly
be refused with every imaginable excuse. I think that the sooner this problem is solved the better; for Europe cannot settle down until the Jewish question is cleared up. It may very well be possible that sooner or later an agreement on this problem may be reached in Europe, even between those nations which otherwise do not so easily come together.

The world has sufficient space for settlements, but we must once and for all get rid of the opinion that the Jewish race was only created by God for the purpose of being in a certain percentage a parasite living on the body and the productive work of other nations. The Jewish race will have to adapt itself to sound constructive activity as other nations do, or sooner or later it will succumb to a crisis of an inconceivable magnitude.

One thing I should like to say on this day which may be memorable for others as well as for us Germans: In the course of my life I have very often been a prophet, and have usually been ridiculed for it. During the time of my struggle for power it was in the first instance the Jewish race which only received my prophecies with laughter when I said that I would one day take over the leadership of the State, and with it that of the whole nation, and that I would then among many other things settle the Jewish problem. Their laughter was uproarious, but I think that for some time now they have been laughing on the other side of their face. Today I will once more be a prophet: If the international Jewish financiers in and outside Europe should succeed in plunging the nations once more into a world war, then the result will not be the Bolshevization of the earth, and thus the victory of Jewry, but the annihilation of the Jewish race in Europe!

...The nations are no longer willing to die on the battlefield so that this unstable international race may profit from a war or satisfy its Old Testament vengeance. The Jewish watchword "Workers of the world unite" will be conquered by a higher realization, namely "Workers of all classes and of all nations, recognize your common enemy!"

From: Documents on the Holocaust, Selected Sources on the Destruction of the Jews of Germany and Austria, Poland and the Soviet Union, Yad Vashem, Jerusalem, 1981, Document no. 59
“The Chosen”

On the night of February 12, 1903, a long line of carriages made its way through the Imperial Gates of St. Petersburg’s Winter Palace. The great mansion, which stretched for three miles along the now-frozen Neva River, blazed with light, its massive crystal and gold chandeliers reflected a hundred times in the mirrored walls of its cathedral-size reception rooms. The light cast a welcoming glow that contrasted sharply with the snow and ice outside. Bundled in sable, ermine, or mink wraps, the passengers alighted. Bracing themselves against the icy wind howling off the Gulf of Finland, they hurried through the arched doorway.

Inside, the strains of the court orchestra greeted them. Masses of fresh roses, lilacs, and mimosa imported just for the night from the South of France perfumed the air. Handing their furs to the waiting footmen, guests paused in front of the pier glass to straighten silk skirts and pat pomaded hair into place before ascending the wide marble staircase to the second floor.

A series of halls, each more grand than the last, met the guests. Gilded ceilings and doorways. Columns of malachite and jasper. White marble statues. Through these rooms the guests wandered, plucking flutes of
champagne from silver trays, clapping each other on the back, laughing, joking, gossiping. They felt completely at ease in their opulent surroundings. That’s because they were members of the nobility—the 870 families known in Russia as the belaya kost—literally meaning “white bone,” or what we would call blue blood.

Holding titles like prince and princess, duke, baron, count and countess, the belaya kost represented only 1.5 percent of the population, but owned 90 percent of all Russia’s wealth. Educated and sophisticated, many of them could trace their family roots all the way back to the ancient princes who had ruled the country centuries before. And most lived lives of incredible luxury that were, recalled one princess, “a natural part of existence.” They built summer and winter palaces filled with fine antiques and priceless objets d’art, ordered designer gowns from Paris, vacationed in Italy or on the French Riviera, and spoke English or French (but seldom Russian because it showed a lack of breeding). Privileged from birth, the belaya kost socialized only with each other. They belonged to the same clubs, attended the same parties, frequented the same shops, restaurants, and salons. Above all, they possessed an unshakable belief in their own superiority. As one member of the upper crust explained, nobles had “a certain quality of being among the chosen, of being privileged, of not being the same as all other people.”

Tonight, they felt especially “chosen.” Weeks earlier, the court runner had hand-delivered a stiff vellum card embossed with the imperial insignia—the gold double-headed eagle—to their palaces. It was an invitation from Tsar Nicholas II—an invitation to a ball!

St. Petersburg’s upper crust buzzed. Even though the imperial couple was traditionally the center of society, Nicholas and Alexandra detested the social whirl. They rarely threw receptions or balls, preferring to remain in seclusion. This, however, was such a grand occasion—the two-hundredth anniversary of St. Petersburg’s founding as the Russian capital—that even the party-shunning royal couple could not ignore it. And so Nicholas was throwing a costume ball. Guests were told to come dressed in seventeenth-century garb.

Giddy with excitement, the nobility flocked to dressmakers and tailors, where they spent fortunes on gold silk tunics, caftans edged in sable, and headdresses studded with rubies and diamonds. Grand Duke Michael, Nicholas’s younger brother, even borrowed an egg-size diamond from the crown jewels to adorn the cap of his costume. (During the festivities, the priceless bauble fell off his costume and was never found.)

At precisely eight o’clock came a fanfare from the state trumpeters. Then the great fourteen-foot-tall mahogany doors that led to the imperial family’s private rooms swung open. The grand marshal of the court appeared. Banging his ebony staff three times, he announced, “Their Imperial Majesties!”

The room instantly fell silent. Men bowed. Women curtsied. And Tsar Nicholas II stepped into the hall.

Short, with a neatly trimmed beard and large, soft blue eyes, Nicholas hardly looked like the imposing ruler of Russia. And yet this unassuming man reigned over 130 million subjects and one-sixth of the planet’s land surface—an area so vast that as night fell along the western edge of his territory, day was already breaking on the eastern border. His realm stretched from Poland to Japan and from the Arctic Ocean to the borders of the Ottoman Empire (modern-day Turkey) and China. He was the richest monarch in the world: his family wealth was once estimated at $45 billion (in today’s U.S. currency). Every year he drew an income of 24 million gold rubles ($240 million today) from the state treasury, which derived most of its income from taxes and fees levied on the tsar’s subjects. And if he needed more, he simply appropriated it. He owned thirty palaces; estates in Finland,
Poland, and the Crimea (all part of Russia at the time); millions of acres of farmland; gold and silver mines, as well as oil and timber reserves; an endless collection of priceless paintings and sculptures; and five yachts, two private trains, and countless horses, carriages, and cars. His vaults overflowed with a fortune in jewels.

His wealth was on full display that evening. Dressed as Alexei the Mild (the gentle seventeenth-century tsar whom Nicholas nostalgically admired for having ruled, he believed, during a time of piety and morality), he wore a raspberry velvet caftan embroidered with gold thread, its collars and cuffs flashing with diamonds. He even carried the real Alexei’s iron staff and wore his sable-trimmed cap and pearl bracelets. Too bad, sniffed one grand duke. Nicholas was “not sufficiently tall to do justice to his magnificent garb.”

But it was the appearance of Empress Alexandra that caused many in the hall to gasp. Alexandra was wearing a gold brocade gown shimmering with the thousands of diamonds and pearls that had been sewn onto it—a costume that cost one million rubles ($10 million today). Her elaborate headdress glittered with diamonds and emeralds, and her pearl earrings were so heavy it was hard for her to hold up her head. Around her neck hung an enormous 400-carat blue sapphire. “[She] was just stunning,” one guest admitted. But others disagreed. “She was dressed in the heavy brocade of which she was so fond,” one catty countess recalled, “with diamonds scattered all over her in defiance of good taste and common sense.”

With the imperial couple’s arrival, the court orchestra broke into a polonaise, which was the traditional first dance, and Nicholas and Alexandra led the dancing with “appropriate pomp,” recalled one grand duke, “though [they were] hardly full of enthusiasm.” Even though he was “Emperor and Autocrat of All the Russians,” as he was formally called, Nicholas often felt shy in society, while Alexandra acted nervous and awkward.

Now their guests followed suit, swirling and dipping. “The whirl of the waltz [puffed out] the skirts,” recalled the French writer Théophile Gautier, who’d attended a ball at the palace two years earlier, “and the little gloved hands resting on the epaulettes of the waltzers looked like white camellias in vases of massive gold.”

When the orchestra began playing a quadrille, a relieved Nicholas and Alexandra left the dance floor. He moved among the crowd, greeting guests, while she uncomfortably talked with a group of ladies. The empress’s distaste for the event was obvious, leading some of the women to whisper behind their hands. “She danced badly,” remarked one princess, “and she certainly was not a brilliant conversationalist. She ... gave the impression that she was about to burst into tears.”

At midnight, guests sat down to an exquisite French supper. There was soup with truffles, and delicate puffed cheese pastries served with fruit, followed by petite chicken soufflés in a rich sauce and roast duckling. As guests ate, servants bustled about serving wine and cognac from crystal decanters and coffee from engraved silver pots. The champagne bubbled and flowed. “It was,” gushed one guest, “like a living dream!”

**ALL DOES NOT Glimmer**

But beyond the golden glow of the Winter Palace, across its graceful courtyard and through its gilded gates, past mansion-lined avenues and the spires and domes of the city, lay the railroad tracks. Farther and farther across the frozen darkness they stretched, over silent steppes and across mountains to thousands of scattered villages where primitive log huts clustered around rutted dirt roads. Here lived the peasants.
In 1903—the same year as Nicholas’s costume ball—four out of every five Russians were peasants. And yet the upper classes knew next to nothing about them. They didn’t visit the peasants’ villages or deal with the hired laborers who worked their estates. Instead, they remained comfortably ensconced in luxurious St. Petersburg. From there it was easy to romanticize the peasants’ life. Most nobility (Nicholas and Alexandra included) envisioned peasants living in simple yet cozy huts, their “cheeks glowing with good health” and their teeth “whiter than the purest ivory,” gushed one Russian writer. It was common knowledge among the nobility that the country’s fresh foods and clean air made the peasants healthier than the “vain city women who sickened themselves with rich food and tortured their bodies with laces, corsets, and shoes made only for fashion,” declared one nobleman. And it was especially pleasing to picture the peasants enjoying life’s simple pleasures “decked out in their holiday best, singing and dancing in fresh-cut meadows.”

Nothing was further from the truth. Most peasants had never slept in a proper bed, owned a pair of leather shoes, eaten off a china plate, or been examined by a doctor. Most had never been beyond the borders of their villages.

These villages were dismal places. Along narrow, unpaved streets that were muddy in the spring and dusty in the summer stood a line of crudely built one- or two-room log huts called izby. Inside each, a wood-burning clay oven used for cooking and heating filled the room, taking up as much as a fourth of the space. Its large, flat top was a favorite sleeping place for the sick or elderly. Because most izby did not have chimneys (they cost too much), the smoke from the oven filled the room, leaving everything covered in a layer of black soot.

Most had no furniture, either. Instead, long wooden benches ran along the walls. Used for seating during the day, they were converted into beds at night. Without mattresses or pillows, peasants simply took off their coats and used them as blankets. Wrote one charity worker who visited a peasant hut in the 1890s:

Stooping down, I creep through the low door, and enter the hut. A damp and suffocating air meets me, so that I am nearly fainting. A few rays of light struggle through a small window.... A woman is at the oven, busy with a stone jar in her hand. Behind her, two children, covered with rags and pale and dirty, are sitting on a bench, sucking on a hard crust. In another corner, something covered with a battered sheepskin cloak is lying on a bench.... It is a young girl, on the point of dying from starvation.

Often, there was little to eat but dark bread. It was a staple of their diet, and peasant housewives tried to stretch the loaves by mixing clay, ground straw, or birch bark into the flour. They also served a watery cabbage soup called shchi for supper, usually without meat. Recalled one elderly peasant, “It has been a year and a half since we’ve eaten any [meat].” Many peasants were so poor, even the cockroaches abandoned their huts. “A cockroach is a natural aristocrat,” explained one observer, “and requires a greater degree of comfort than can be found in the dwellings of the rural poor.”

Their poverty stemmed from a shortage of land. Most peasants did not own the land. Instead, each village had a group of elders called the commune that held title to all available acreage. It was the commune’s job to decide the number of acres each family received to plant, based on the number of members per household. Unfortunately, the commune’s holdings did not
grow along with the population. Year after year, resentful families watched the size of their parcels shrink as communes tried to provide land to everyone. By 1903, the average peasant allotment had shrunk from eleven acres to six, and one out of every five families farmed less than three.

To make this shortage even worse, a family’s parcels were usually not adjacent to one another. The acreage was scattered across a commune’s entire territory. “Strips [of land] six feet wide are by no means rare,” wrote one shocked journalist from the London Times. “Of these narrow strips, a family may possess as many as thirty in a single field!” Peasants wasted precious hours each day dragging plow and scythe from one scrap of land to another. Hitching their sons and daughters to crude wooden plows (just one in three peasants owned a horse), they struggled to furrow the muddy soil before planting their grain by hand.

But no matter how hard a peasant family worked, most could not grow enough food to get through the year. A few managed to scrape together the necessary coins to buy flour. Most, however, simply tightened their belts even further. “There are many … households that do not have the means to buy [even] cabbage,” noted one visiting physician in 1907.

Most peasants were convinced that the best way to improve their lot in life was to cultivate more acreage. And so they looked with land-hungry eyes toward the nobility’s estates. Remarked one nobleman, “Every single peasant believed from the very bottom of his soul that one day, sooner or later, the squire’s land would belong to him.”

To the peasants’ minds, the nobility—who possessed not only half the land in Russia but also the most fertile acreage—did not legitimately own their estates. Peasants believed the land should belong to those who plowed it. Since the nobility did not work their estates themselves, the peasants felt justified in taking whatever they could. They picked fruit from the squire’s orchards, fished in his ponds, and gathered mushrooms and firewood in his forests. They knew these activities were illegal, but most ignored the law. After all, what was wrong with a hungry family stealing a few apples from a man who had more than he could ever use himself? “God grew the forests for everyone,” they would say, quoting a Russian proverb.

Some peasants did eke out a living. But during the first decade of the twentieth century, hundreds of thousands more abandoned their villages. Traveling by foot along the country’s dirt roads, they searched for work in the factories and mills that had cropped up in Russia’s cities. Most were young men looking to escape grinding poverty. “All the healthy and able men ran away from our village to [the city] and took whatever jobs they could find,” said one villager. Recalled another, “Everyone is trying as hard as he can to liberate himself from [farming] and find an easier means of existence.”

Sadly, these men did not find an easier life. Instead, they crowded into city slums that reeked of human waste and unwashed bodies. Beggars stood on every corner; drunkards lolling in every doorway. Gangs of pickpockets, usually children, flitted through the crowds while prostitutes (many of them village girls who’d been unable to find work) plied their trade. In these miserable streets—beneath the constant fog of black smoke pouring from the factories’ chimneys—people worked and ate, worked and slept, too tired to do much besides visit the tavern. “I did not live, but only worked, worked, worked,” recalled metalworker Ivan Babuskin. “I worked morning, noon and night, and sometimes did not leave the factory for two days at a stretch.” The factory owner expected him there six days a week, and if he didn’t turn up, he would be fired. One’s only thought, remembered Ivan, was that “it would be work again tomorrow—heavy, continuous, killing work—but there would be no real life and no real rest to look forward to.”
For these efforts, a worker earned around eighty kopecks a day (forty cents), hardly enough to support himself when just a loaf of bread cost twenty-four kopecks and a two-room tenement without water, kitchen, or toilet cost more than an entire month's wages to rent. So to ward off starvation, a man's wife and children had little choice but to trudge to the factories as well. It was common for mothers to work eleven hours a day and earn one-third what men did. The children received even less. According to one historian, boys in Moscow's spinning mills "earned the equivalent of about a half cent for each frightening and dangerous hour spent darting in and out among the machines to tie threads, replace spindles, or oil moving gears." At the same time, children coughing through the haze of noxious fumes in Moscow's match factories earned a mere seventy cents a month!

Poisonous chemicals. Flying gears and belts. Razor-sharp graters. These posed dangers to anyone who worked in the factories. But owners did nothing to promote safety or protect their workers. Instead, they posted signs that read "In the event of an accident, the owner and director of the factory assume no responsibility." If workers thought their jobs were too dangerous, or their hours too long, they had no recourse. The tsar's government had left all decisions regarding the running of factories to their owners. And while some government inspectors did try to enforce child labor laws that had been enacted in 1897, they lacked any real power. Factory owners simply ignored them. Thus, explained one worker, "The factory owner is the absolute sovereign ... constrained by no laws, and who often simply arranges things to suit himself. The workers owe him unquestioning obedience as the rules [of the factory] proclaim."

Afraid of being fired, most workers did not complain. For as bad as being a worker was, being unemployed was worse. "We slept in gutters and doorways," recalled one worker who'd lost his job, "and we survived by theft and begging. We had no other choice. The alternative was dying of starvation."

Outside the factory, workers suffered even worse conditions. With little affordable housing in the city, they squeezed into every available space—freezing attics, leaky basements. Sometimes as many as twenty men, women, and children lived in one small room. Overcrowding led to diseases such as cholera, typhoid, and tuberculosis that cut through the city's poor. Children were especially vulnerable. Said a woman weaver, "I had eleven [children], but only three grew up. You'd go to the factory, but your soul always was in torment. Your heart always grieved for your children."

Since their meager pay did not keep up with the rise in the price of goods, workers lived on a diet of cabbage soup, dried peas, and sour black bread. They wore rags. At the neighborhood taverns, they tried to drown their misery by squandering precious kopecks on cheap vodka and watered-down beer. Only then, in that misty, drunken haze, did many of them see "reflections of a better, less unjust world."

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**BEYOND THE PALACE GATES:**

**PEASANT TURNED WORKER**

Sixteen-year-old Senka Kanatichkov arrived in Moscow in 1895. A far cry from his tiny village of Gusevo, the place both amazed and terrified him, as he recalled in his autobiography, originally titled From the Story of My Life:
Joseph Stalin

Sean McCollum
The World of Joseph Stalin

Under the dictatorship of Joseph Stalin, the Soviet Union rose from an underdeveloped empire to a global superpower—at a terrible cost to its people.
Joseph Djugashvili (later called Stalin) was born in 1879.

In 1899, Stalin became a revolutionary after he was kicked out of seminary.

Stalin helped the Bolsheviks seize power during the October Revolution of 1917.

Lenin died in 1924, and Stalin began to seize control of the Communist Party.

KEY

- Millions of peasants died in 1932–1933 in a famine caused by Stalin's policies.
- In 1945, Soviet troops destroyed an invading German army, marking a major turning point in World War II.
- In 1945, Stalin met with U.S. President Franklin Roosevelt and British Prime Minister Winston Churchill to divide Europe into "spheres of influence.
- Stalin died in his country home in 1953 after suffering a stroke.

This map is a Lambert Azimuthal equal-area projection, not a Mercator projection.
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A WICKED WEB
A look at the allies and enemies of Joseph Stalin.

Family

EKATERINA DJUGASHVILI  BESARION DJUGASHVILI
his mother            his father

EKATERINA SVANIDZE  NADYA ALLILUYEVA
his first wife        his second wife

YAKOV
his son with Ekaterina

JOSEPH STALIN

SVETLANA AND VASYL
his children with Nadya
Communist Officials

VLADIMIR LENIN
leader of the Bolshevik Revolution

LEON TROTSKY
Bolshevik leader and Stalin's main rival

SERGEI KIROV
Leningrad Party leader and potential rival

NIKOLAI YEZHOV
head of the NKVD, Stalin's secret police

GRIGORY ZINOVIEV AND LEV KAKENOV
Party leaders purged by Stalin

Other World Leaders

WINSTON CHURCHILL
prime minister of Great Britain, 1940–1945; 1951–1955

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
president of the United States, 1933–1945

HARRY S. TRUMAN
president of the United States, 1945–1953

ADOLF HITLER
ruler of Nazi Germany, 1933–1945

46
Kolpashevo, Soviet Union, May 1979

I
n 1979, the spring melt swelled the waters of the Ob River, which snakes across the frozen tundra of Siberia in central Russia. The rising waters licked away at the river's sandy banks near the town of Kolpashevo.

As the current eroded the riverbanks, it unearthed a secret that had been buried there for decades. Human skeletons began to tumble from the ground. Half-frozen, mummified bodies surfaced in the layer below the skeletons. Many of the remains slid into the river.

The secret police of the Soviet Union—the feared KGB—appeared quickly on the scene. They roped off the area and hurried to make the nightmarish vision disappear. They forced local residents to tie weights to the bodies and sink them in the river. The dead, the KGB claimed, were military deserters executed after World War II.
Although few people believed the story, no one argued with the KGB agents. Sixty years of Communist rule had taught the Soviet people to keep their mouths shut. People who dared to question official stories flirted with arrest—or worse.

But the people of Kolpashevo knew the truth. The local secret police headquarters had once stood above that spot along the broad river. In the late 1930s, friends, relatives, and neighbors had been corralled in mass arrests and led behind the gates of the headquarters. There they were shot in the back of the head and shoveled into a mass grave.

Evidence of the grisly executions lay buried in the riverbanks until that spring of 1979. “In the preserved corpses, some Kolpashevo residents recognized people they knew,” journalist Adam Hochschild reported years later, “still wearing the same shoes and clothes they had been arrested in some 40 years earlier.”

The dead of Kolpashevo had been consumed in a campaign of terror inspired by a single man: Joseph Stalin.
In his 25 years of rule—from 1928 to 1953—Stalin and the Communist leadership hammered the underdeveloped Soviet Union into an atomic superpower. But they built their empire on the bodies of millions of victims. Some died behind gates like those at Kolpashevo, executed for crimes real or imagined. Others were worked to death in bleak prison camps. Millions more died of starvation in a famine caused by Stalin’s cold-blooded policies.

The true story of Stalin’s rule, like the secrets of Kolpashevo, lay buried for decades. In recent years it has emerged as one of the greatest tragedies of the twentieth century.
IN 1940, STALIN'S SECRET POLICE EXECUTED 15,000 Polish military officers who had been taken prisoner during the first months of World War II. German officers discovered a mass grave filled with thousands of these officers in Katyn Forest in 1943 (above).
Birth of a Revolutionary
The Toughest Choirboy

Joseph uses his brains and fists to overcome a harsh childhood.

Stalin was born Joseph Djugashvili on December 6, 1878, about a hundred years before the Ob River revealed Kolpashevo's secrets. His parents, Ekaterina (Keke) Djugashvili and Besarion (Beso) Djugashvili, were thrilled by the birth of their third son. They prayed he would live longer than their first two boys, who had died before taking their first steps.
Joseph, or Soso as he was called, had his own near misses while growing up in the small town of Gori. At the age of six he survived a bout with smallpox that left his face scarred with pockmarks. Later, he injured his legs and left arm in a carriage accident, causing him to walk awkwardly for the rest of his life. He remained self-conscious about his appearance even as he grew into a dark-haired young man with piercing brown eyes.

Gori sat in a valley below the Caucasus Mountains of Georgia, a region that had been claimed by Russia in 1801. Its streets were lined with the shops of artisans who crafted furniture, clothing, carpets, and leather goods. They traded their wares for onions, sweet peppers, potatoes, beef, and lamb brought in by peasants from the countryside.

Soso’s father worked as a shoemaker in Gori. Beso was an angry man who drank heavily and beat his wife and son. Soso once threw a knife at his father in order to protect his mother from a beating. When the knife missed, Soso had to run for his life.
For most of his childhood Soso found himself at the center of a bitter battle between his parents. Beso could barely make a living as a cobbler, but he was convinced that shoemaking was good enough for his boy. Strong-willed Keke, however, had other ambitions for Soso. She was determined to see him wear the long black robes of a Russian Orthodox priest.

Soso showed enough promise to raise his mother's hopes. He rarely missed mass and sang in a sweet, high voice at church weddings. He had a quick mind and a steel-trap memory, and he got good grades in school. He read greedily, sometimes stealing books from bookshops or classmates.

The talented student also had a wild side. Georgians had a reputation for drinking hard, singing loud, and settling feuds with punches if not daggers. Soso fit right in. He led a gang of rowdy boys in the streets of Gori. He wasn't above fighting dirty if an opponent started to get the better of him. And he seemed to enjoy violence for its own sake.
AS A TEENAGER, Joseph Stalin was a bully, notorious for acts of violence and vandalism.
When Soso was 12, the tension between his parents erupted into an open battle. Beso had lost his business and taken work in a shoe factory, 45 miles away in the city of Tiflis (later called Tbilisi). On one of his visits to Gori, he insisted that Soso give up his schooling and join him as an apprentice in the factory. Keke argued stubbornly against it. But Beso snatched his son and dragged him to Tiflis.

Keke appealed to Soso's teachers, her priest, and a family friend for help. They came to the rescue, pressuring Beso into surrendering the boy. But Beso vowed never to part with another penny to support the family. Soso returned to Gori with his mother to resume his studies. He rarely saw his father after that.

Three years later, Soso once again made the journey to Tiflis. This time he went willingly. He was 15 and had aced the entrance exams for the Tiflis Spiritual Seminary. The young street brawler was going to become a priest.
THE RUSSIAN EMPire

AT THE TIME OF STALIN’S BIRTH, RUSSIA WAS ruled by hereditary emperors known as tsars. Over the previous 100 years, the kings and queens of Western Europe had given up much of their power to parliaments whose members were elected by the people. But the tsars held firm. They still had the power to make laws without consulting anyone.

The tsars ruled a large empire populated mostly by poor and illiterate peasants. But Russian cities were growing fast. New factories drew farmers to urban areas in search of jobs. Many industrial laborers worked 60-hour weeks at unsafe jobs for little pay. They lived in overcrowded barracks and struggled to feed their families.

As their numbers grew, these workers banded together to demand better conditions. They organized strikes and slowly gained power. By the time young Soso left home, some Russians were secretly plotting to overthrow the tsar.

TSAR NICHOLAS II and his wife, Alexandra, in 1903
Becoming Koba

Joseph leaves seminary and embraces revolution.

Soso's life took a sharp turn shortly after he reached seminary. At first, he did well in his classes. He wrote poetry and liked to read novels. But a different, more turbulent kind of life soon drew his attention away from school.

By the 1890s, young activists had begun to recruit laborers all across Russia. They held secret meetings in homes, meeting halls, and bookstores. They encouraged laborers to form unions and stage protests and strikes to demand better working conditions.
But for the most radical of the activists, small changes weren’t enough. They wanted workers to arm themselves and launch a violent revolution. It was time, they urged, to overthrow the tsar and seize control of the country in the name of the working class.

These were explosive ideas—in Russia and the rest of the world. The most important revolutionary thinker was a German philosopher named Karl Marx, and most of his books had been banned by the tsar. Marxist texts were smuggled into the country and passed secretly from hand to hand.

Soso discovered Marxism in Tiflis. He read all the Marxist books he could get his hands on, sneaking them into the seminary under his clothes. He also slipped out at night to attend secret meetings of railroad workers. Those meetings gave him a chance to see the “workers’ struggle” up close.

Fired by his new passion, Soso decided he needed a more appropriate nickname and started to insist that people call him “Koba.” He took the name from
a ruthless Robin Hood-like character in a popular Georgian novel, a freedom fighter with a taste for revenge. “His face shone with pride and pleasure when we called him ‘Koba,’” recalled a fellow student at the seminary.

Koba got himself kicked out of seminary in 1899 after his teachers had caught him reading banned books more than a dozen times. He would never wear the robes of a priest. But the 20-year-old found the life of a professional revolutionary more to his liking. He quickly took to the world of plots, disguises, violence, and life on the run.

Koba joined the country’s biggest Marxist group, the Russian Social-Democratic Workers’ Party. Working for the party in Georgia, he organized protests, strikes, and riots. At one point, he was suspected of setting a fire in an oil refinery.

The tsar’s secret police—known as the Okhrana—caught up to Koba in 1902. They sent him into exile in Siberia, a punishment that most revolutionaries
DEBRIS FROM STREET FIGHTING during the Revolution of 1905. Workers, peasants, and soldiers had rioted across the country to protest the rule of Tsar Nicholas II.

considered to be a badge of honor. Koba soon escaped and went back to organizing workers in Tiflis.

In 1905, Koba joined in as a wave of violent protests threw all of Russia into chaos. Peasants
lashed out at their landlords, burning their estates to the ground and torching police stations. Workers formed councils known as “soviets” to organize strikes and demonstrations. Koba and other revolutionaries created battle squads to harass and kill tsarist troops.

By October, Tsar Nicholas II was forced to compromise with the protesters. He agreed to share power with a parliament, or Duma, whose representatives would be elected by the people. At the same time, he dealt ruthlessly with anyone who continued to protest. The tsar allowed vigilante death squads called the Black Hundreds to roam the countryside and crush all signs of public protest.

Nicholas survived the uprising, which became known as the Revolution of 1905. Koba and his fellow revolutionaries had to retreat from public protests and rallies. But they had proven that the tsar’s position was shaky. It was only a matter of time before they would strike again.
MARXISM 101

OF THE TEXTS THAT KOBA AND HIS COLLEAGUES secretly passed around, the most important was Karl Marx’s *The Communist Manifesto*. To revolutionaries around the world, Marx’s skinny pamphlet was a bible. To kings, queens, presidents, and prime ministers, it was perhaps the most dangerous book ever written.

According to Marx, modern society was divided into two groups, or classes. The capitalists owned the businesses, factories, and land, and held most of the power. The laborers, or working class, depended on the capitalists for their livelihood. Capitalists grew wealthy by overworking laborers and keeping the profits for themselves.

When working conditions grew intolerable, Marx predicted, workers would rebel. Eventually, they would crush the capitalists and seize control of their property. They would then set up a communist state run by and for laborers. “From each according to their ability; to each according to their need,” would be the first principle of the new society.

That, at least, was the theory. The reality, as the Russian people would soon find out, was something entirely different.
Chapter 3

Lenin's Gangster

Koba and his gang fund LENIN'S SCHEMES, but the Bolsheviks struggle.

In November 1905, Koba traveled in disguise to Finland for a meeting of communist leaders. There he met the man he called "the mountain eagle"—Vladimir Ilyich Lenin. Lenin was the leader of the Bolsheviks, the most radical wing of the Social-Democratic Party.

Lenin, who had been exiled from Russia, described Koba as "exactly the kind of person I need." He asked Koba to raise money for the Bolsheviks. Lenin and his
followers needed funds to print underground newspapers, bribe tsarist officials, and finance assassination squads.

Koba returned to the Caucasus and took up life as a gangster. He and his gang, known simply as “the Outfit,” robbed banks, trains, and mail ships. In one murderous assault, Koba’s gangsters blew up two horse-drawn carriages carrying bags of cash for a Tiflis bank. By the time the smoke cleared, 40 people were dead and the Bolsheviks were a quarter of a million rubles richer.

The Bolsheviks used cash seized by Koba and others to support a campaign of terrorism against the tsar and his government. They sent squads of assassins armed with rifles, pistols, and homemade bombs into Russian cities. Between 1906 and 1909, the Bolsheviks and other revolutionary groups killed more than 2,600 police and government officials.

Koba stayed active in the movement—when he wasn’t stuck in Siberia. Between 1908 and 1913 he was arrested five times and banished to tiny villages in the
far north and east of Russia. Each time he escaped, the Okhrana caught up with him and sent him away again.

While stranded in exile, Koba studied Marxism and maintained contact with Lenin and other Bolsheviks by mail. He also took yet another nickname. He published

TSARIST SECRET POLICE took these mug shots of Stalin in 1913. He had already been arrested and sent away for his revolutionary activities five times.
an article and signed it "Stalin"—Russian for "Man of Steel." This time the name stuck.

In 1913, Stalin was arrested yet again, this time in St. Petersburg. He was sentenced to four years of exile. He was locked in a train behind barred windows with other convicted revolutionaries and sent back to Siberia. Eventually, he was taken to Kureika, a frozen village along the Arctic Circle.

While Stalin fished and hunted in exile, a disastrous war was about to engulf all of Europe. Before the fighting was over it would shake the Russian Empire to its foundation and give the Bolsheviks the chance they had been waiting for.
The Russian Revolution

The Bolsheviks seize power in the midst of A WORLDWIDE WAR.

In August 1914, the greatest armies of Europe marched into the bloody four-year catastrophe known as World War I. For many of the countries involved, the war was pointless; 16 million people were killed and very little was gained.

For Nicholas II, World War I was a fatal disaster.

On the battlefield, the tsar met with one failure after another. He sent his troops to battle the Germans.
and the Austrians along Russia’s western border. For two years the army lost ground—at the cost of nearly 10,000 soldiers a week.

On the home front, the war pushed the Russian people to the breaking point. Every month, thousands of young men were drafted into the army and sent to the battlefront to die. To supply them with weapons and food, the rest of the population paid a fortune in taxes. The cost of basic goods soared. Workers in the cities had little more than porridge and bread to eat.

A PRIEST SPEAKS TO RUSSIAN SOLDIERS wounded during World War I. Russia suffered more casualties during the war than any other country.
After two and a half years of appalling bloodshed, the people's frustration exploded into violence. The Russian Revolution began. In the first phase—known as the February Revolution—workers in the cities rose up in anger.

In the capital of Petrograd (also known as St. Petersburg), women textile workers left their jobs to protest bread shortages. They marched through the city, stopping at factories to pull other workers into the streets.

The striking workers formed the Petrograd Soviet, patterned after the workers' councils formed during the Revolution of 1905. Soon 3,000 delegates were meeting to direct the revolt. Within days, nearly all of the city's factories and shops had been shut down. When the tsar sent army units to break up the strikes, thousands of soldiers mutinied and joined the rebellion.

By the beginning of March, Nicholas II had to admit that he had lost control of his country. He was forced to give up his throne. The tsar was arrested along with the rest of his family. His former subjects danced, sang,
and drank vodka in the streets. Almost four centuries of tsarist rule had come to an end.

But the question remained: What would take its place? In the early days after the February Revolution, members of the Duma took control and formed a Provisional Government. The prime minister and most of his top officials were wealthy politicians who had spent many years trying to seize power from the tsar. They wanted democracy but dragged their feet in planning free elections.

The soldiers and workers whose protests had ousted the tsar were dissatisfied. In addition to elections, they wanted higher wages, cheaper goods, and more control over their workplaces. They also wanted Russian troops called home from the front. And their representatives in the Petrograd Soviet demanded a strong role in the new government.

In March, Stalin returned from exile and thrust himself into the middle of the turmoil. Lenin arrived three weeks later and insisted that now was the time
to bring communism to Russia. He denounced the Provisional Government and demanded that all power be given to the Petrograd Soviet. Soon the streets were filled with angry crowds chanting the Bolshevik slogan “Peace! Land! Bread!”

Over the next six months, workers, peasants, and soldiers virtually took over the country. Peasants rose up against their landlords, burning homes and seizing land. Workers formed soviets in cities all across Russia and elected Bolsheviks to lead them. In September and October, strikes spread from mines to oil fields, factories, and railroad lines. The strikers were supported by the Red Guards—industrial workers who took up arms to fight for their local soviet councils.

On October 25, 1917, the Russian Revolution entered its final stage—the October Revolution. Lenin, Stalin, and other Bolshevik leaders decided they had become strong enough to seize power. They rallied the Red Guards and took over post offices and telegraph offices in Petrograd.
Just after midnight, the revolutionaries stormed the lightly defended Winter Palace, the seat of the Provisional Government. Fearful officials waited inside a conference room. "I declare all of you . . . under arrest," announced the Red Guard commander.

The October Revolution—the world's first successful communist revolt—had been completed with almost no bloodshed at all. The same would not be said for the building of the first communist state.

DURING THE OCTOBER REVOLUTION of 1917, Bolsheviks occupied the Winter Palace.
CHAPTER 5

Red Alert

The Bolsheviks fight to IMPOSE COMMUNISM on the Russian people.

The October Revolution put Lenin, Stalin, and the Bolsheviks firmly in charge of Petrograd. But their work was just beginning. They needed to establish control over 180 million people and an area twice the size of the United States. As the Bolsheviks cracked down on their opposition, the Russian people got a bitter taste of their future under communist rule.

By the end of 1917, the Bolsheviks had already made plenty of enemies. Landlords bitterly resented the
peasants who now worked the land as if it were their own. Capitalists despised the laborers who had taken over their factories. All across the country, wealthy and middle-class Russians feared for their property—and their lives.

Foreign leaders were equally alarmed by the Bolsheviks. If rough-handed peasants and factory workers were allowed to seize power in Russia, would Great Britain or the United States be next? According to British minister of war Winston Churchill, the Bolshevik Revolution had to be “strangled in its cradle.”

With help from Great Britain, France, the U.S., and Japan, anti-Bolshevik groups in Russia organized resistance to the Communists. Joined by thousands of soldiers from the tsar’s former army, they formed a loose band of forces known as the White Army.

Lenin, Stalin, and the Bolshevik leadership moved quickly to prepare for civil war. Lenin’s commissar for foreign affairs, Leon Trotsky, signed a peace agreement with the Germans and the Austrians and pulled Russia out of World War I. To replace the all-volunteer Red
Guards, Trotsky formed a disciplined new communist force, the Red Army.

As the Red Army began to do battle with the Whites, Lenin imposed communism on the Russian people. He dissolved the parliament and declared that the soviet councils now governed the country. From their new capital in Moscow, the Bolsheviks took over land from monasteries and wealthy landowners. Banks were seized by government managers, and all factories were turned over to the soviets.

**LEON TROTSKY**

(with cane) and Stalin were bitter rivals within the Bolshevik party. Trotsky believed the communist experiment in Russia would fail unless it became a "permanent revolution" that spread to Western Europe and beyond. Stalin criticized Trotsky's ideas as "permanent hopelessness."
Lenin called his new system “war communism”—and it didn’t look anything like the worker’s paradise described by Karl Marx. The Bolsheviks outlawed strikes and told police to shoot workers who defied the ban. Communist Party workers confiscated surplus crops from peasants to feed the Red Army. Food and other essential goods were all to be controlled and distributed by the government.

To defend the revolution’s new policies, Lenin created a ruthless security organization known as the Cheka. Its job would be to hunt down all enemies of the working class and even to carry out executions. The Cheka’s leaders weren’t secretive about their goals or their methods. “Without mercy, without sparing, we will kill our enemies in scores of hundreds,” they declared in a Red Army newspaper. “Let them drown themselves in their own blood.”

In May 1918, Stalin went on a mission that would reveal the tactics of the new regime in all its brutality. Government food supplies were running dangerously
low, and his job was to squeeze more grain from the peasants in the fertile farmlands of the Caucasus. He traveled south from Moscow to Tsaritsyn (which he would later rename Stalingrad) and took command of the military forces in the area.

In Tsaritsyn, Stalin proceeded to terrorize the very people the Bolsheviks claimed as their allies—the peasants. He sent army units to demand grain and other provisions from the dirt-poor farmers. Villages that failed to deliver would be burned to the ground. Anyone who resisted was to be arrested or shot on the spot. “You must be absolutely merciless,” he explained to a comrade.

Stalin was equally merciless to the Red Army troops under his command. He racked up huge casualties to secure victories against the Whites. At the first hint of dissent from his officers, he lashed out in fury. Many of the Red Army’s commanders had recently served under the tsar, and Stalin was convinced they were traitors. He had dozens of officers shot or locked up on suspicion of sabotaging the war effort.
As the acts of brutality piled up, Lenin and Trotsky grew to mistrust Stalin. But they also admitted that he was essential to the revolution. Although Stalin was hotheaded, dangerous, and stubborn, he got things done. And his use of terror was just an extreme version of official Bolshevik policy. “How can you make a revolution without firing squads?” Lenin said. “If we can’t shoot [enemy] saboteurs, what kind of revolution is this? Nothing but talk and a bowl of mush!”

By 1921, Stalin’s services on the battlefront were no longer needed. The bulk of the White Army had been defeated.

The people of the former Russian Empire were at peace for the first time in seven years. During that time, their country had been through a great upheaval. Their tsar had been deposed—and then executed by the Bolsheviks in 1918. New leaders had seized power, promising to rule in the interests of the poor.

But many people suspected they had simply exchanged one tyrannical government for another.
Last Testament

With Lenin on his deathbed, Stalin MANEUVERS FOR POWER.

As the civil war came to an end, the Bolsheviks backed away from the harsh policies of war communism. Seven years of war had left the people exhausted, starving, and angry. More than three million Russians had died in World War I. Millions more perished in the civil war, and most of the dead were civilians.

Protests broke out around the country and forced the Bolsheviks to act. In March 1921, Lenin approved the New Economic Policy (NEP) to quiet the protesters.
THESE PEASANTS in the Volga region were victims of the severe famine of 1921. Some starving people resorted to cannibalism.

The NEP abolished war communism and permitted small business owners to operate without government control. It allowed peasants to trade surplus grain instead of giving it all to the government. Workers were given shorter hours and paid in cash instead of goods.

Lenin’s new policy helped to stabilize Russia (soon to be renamed the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics—USSR). But in the meeting halls of Moscow, a battle was
about to begin for control of the Bolshevik party. The outcome of that battle would determine the future of the Soviet Union for decades to come.

In May 1922, Lenin was partially paralyzed by a stroke. Doctors ordered him to rest in his home in a suburb of Moscow, and Stalin helped coordinate his medical care. Lenin tried to run the Party from his sickbed, but he no longer had the last word.

With Lenin's death imminent, other Bolshevik leaders maneuvered for position. The Politburo—the top leadership of the Party—included Stalin, Trotsky, Grigory Zinoviev, Lev Kamenev, and Lenin. Stalin was elected general secretary of the Party, the top office. But Trotsky was widely considered to be Lenin's second-in-command. Unlike Stalin, Trotsky was a powerful speaker and a charismatic leader. And the Bolsheviks considered him a hero for leading the Red Army to victory over the Whites during the civil war.

To fight Trotsky's influence, Stalin began to maneuver behind the scenes. He installed devoted
followers at all levels of the Communist Party. He packed the secret police and other Party organizations with people he could trust. He charmed lower officials with his teasing humor and close attention. Comrades’ requests were often answered with a written note: “I am ready to help you and receive you.”

Most importantly, he made sure that his allies were rewarded for obedience. He arranged housing and distributed gifts. Before long, the Communist Party was filled with people who owed their careers and their livelihoods to Stalin. He and some fellow Party members would soon make good use of their loyalty.

In January 1924, Lenin died after suffering another stroke. Stalin managed the funeral and turned it into a public spectacle. Lenin’s body was moved to Moscow’s Red Square and put on display. Later, Stalin and some fellow Party members arranged for the corpse to be chemically preserved and exhibited permanently.

But there was one part of Lenin’s death that Stalin could not control. All the Bolshevik leaders knew that
BOLSHEVIK LEADERS surround Lenin (front row center) at a 1920 meeting of the Politburo, the Soviet Union’s supreme political body. By 1924, Stalin (circled) had forced rivals Lev Kamenev (right of Lenin) and Grigory Zinoviev (left of Lenin) out of the Party.

Lenin had written out his final instructions for the Party. The document had become known as Lenin’s Testament.

At a meeting in May, Stalin sat grim-faced while the Testament was read aloud to the Party’s leaders. Lenin warned that a power struggle following his death could destroy the revolution. He insisted that there was no single member of the Party fit to succeed him. Trotsky was too arrogant. Stalin was too rude. Others were weak politicians or poor thinkers.
In the end, Lenin recommended that his comrades share power between them. And he called for the removal of Stalin from his position as general secretary. In his place, Lenin said, the Party should appoint someone “more patient, more loyal, more courteous, and more attentive to comrades.”

These words could have meant the end of Stalin’s career, but thanks to his gang of loyal Party members, he not only survived but thrived. For the next three years, he publicly shared power with the other members of the Politburo. Privately, he schemed to get rid of his main rivals—Trotsky, Zinoviev, and Kamenev. He installed a phone in his desk that allowed him to eavesdrop on their phone calls. He sent secret police to spy on their allies.

In November 1927, Stalin struck. His allies voted Trotsky, Kamenev, and Zinoviev out of the Party. Two years later, Stalin forced Trotsky to leave the country entirely. The warning was clear to friend and foe alike: Anyone who opposed the general secretary risked losing their job—or worse.
PART 2

MAN OF STEEL
The Five-Year Plan

Stalin tries to turn the Soviet Union into an industrial power—no matter the cost.

By 1928, Stalin had a firm enough hold on power to take the country in a radical new direction. He decided it was time to transform the Soviet Union from a nation of peasants into a true industrial power.

For decades, Soviet industry had lagged behind that of Western countries like Great Britain, Germany, and France. Peasants made up three-quarters of the population, and many of them still worked their fields
with horse-drawn plows. Soviet power plants produced a fraction of the electricity generated in the West. Many factories still relied on human muscle instead of modern machines. As a result, the Soviet military lacked modern tanks, aircraft, and warships.

Stalin was convinced that if the Soviet Union did not modernize, it would be an easy target for invasion by the capitalist countries of the West. "We have fallen behind the advanced countries by fifty to a hundred years," he warned. "We must close the gap in ten years. Either we do this or we'll be crushed."

To close the gap, Stalin replaced the NEP with the Soviet Union's first Five-Year Plan. The new plan would once again put the government in control of all parts of the economy. Party workers would run factories, farms, and banks. The central government would set goals for everything the Soviet people produced, from steel to schools.

To support his industrial boom, Stalin needed cash to buy machines and other technology from more
advanced countries. To raise the cash, he proposed selling massive amounts of grain overseas.

That was bad news for Soviet peasants. They already struggled to harvest enough surplus food to meet the government's demands. Now they would be forced to produce even more.

To squeeze more food out of the countryside, Stalin completely reorganized the way peasants lived and worked. In 1929, he began to push millions of peasants off their land and onto *kolkhozes*—huge collective farms run by the government. The collectives, Stalin claimed, would allow the Party to manage agricultural production more efficiently. Confining peasants to the *kolkhozes* would also make it easier to police the countryside. Under close supervision by the Party, peasants would have trouble organizing protests or hoarding food.

The government recruited 25,000 industrial workers and sent them into the countryside to oversee the collectivization. But they soon discovered that the
WOMEN THRESH GRAIN on a collective farm. Millions of Soviet lives were devastated during forced collectivization.

peasants weren't giving in without a fight. Families slaughtered millions of their precious cattle, sheep, and horses rather than surrender them to collective farms. Some villagers took up their shotguns and pitchforks and attacked the Party workers.
Stalin sent in secret police units to crush the uprisings. The police often singled out the families of defiant peasants and executed them on the spot as a warning to their neighbors. "Don't be afraid to take extreme measures," one Party leader commanded his brigade of enforcers. "Comrade Stalin expects it of you. It's a life-and-death struggle."

Other Communists, though, were horrified by what they were being ordered to do. "I am an old Bolshevik," one secret police officer complained. "I worked in the underground against the tsar and then I fought in the civil war. Did I do all that in order that I should now surround villages with machine guns and order my men to fire into crowds of peasants? Oh, no, no, no!"
Chapter 8

Kulaks and Gulags

Stalin clears the countryside of ALL RESISTANCE.

All through 1929, Stalin’s henchmen worked their way through the countryside, forcing peasants onto collective farms. At the beginning of 1930, they received an order that would make the process even more terrifying. They were to identify peasants who were better off than average—known as kulaks—and “eliminate them as a class.”

Who exactly were the kulaks? Not even Stalin knew for sure. The Soviets defined them as farmers who used
hired labor, ran a grain mill or creamery, or rented equipment to other farmers. But the technical definition mattered little and often changed.

In practice, a kulak was anyone who resisted Stalin’s push for collectivization. Farmers accused of hoarding grain were kulaks. Peasants who refused to join a collective were kulaks. People who talked back to a Party worker were kulaks. And for many, the label was a death sentence.

On Stalin’s orders, “dekulakization” began in January 1930. The secret police invaded village after village, arresting kulaks and marking them for one of three punishments: execution, deportation, or imprisonment in a work camp. No trial was necessary; the decision of a police commander or Party boss was enough to condemn a peasant to death.

Over the next two years, nearly two million people disappeared from the countryside. Some were killed by village mobs, who were encouraged to attack kulak families. Tens of thousands more were shot by the
secret police. The rest were packed into unheated railcars and shipped like cattle to the far reaches of the Soviet Union.

Hundreds of thousands of these deportees, many of them children, ended up in labor colonies known as the *gulags*. The gulags were slave labor camps, and they expanded quickly under the Five-Year Plan. They housed not only kulaks but murderers, thieves, wealthy businessmen, and former supporters of the tsar. Inmates were forced to chop wood for timber and mine gold. They built roads, canals, and railways. They provided a vast pool of free labor to fuel Stalin’s industrial boom.
Prisoners endured hideous conditions inside the gulags. They labored for long hours at backbreaking jobs. They lived on starvation rations and received little medical care. They were purposely worked to exhaustion. They died by the thousands.

Sadistic guards punished prisoners for any reason or no reason at all, sometimes torturing them in gruesome ways. Gulag survivor Alexander Solzhenitsyn described one such torment in his book *The Gulag Archipelago*. A prisoner who had been singled out for bad behavior could be thrown in a dark closet that Solzhenitsyn called a “bedbug infested box.” Hundreds of hungry parasites would swarm the miserable victim. “At first,” Solzhenitsyn wrote, “he waged war with them strenuously, crushing them on his body and on the walls, suffocated by their stink. But after several hours he weakened and let them drink his blood without a murmur.”

Joseph Stalin, who had spent years in the tsar’s Siberian prison camps, was now sending his own people to an even worse fate. And he was just getting started.
THE GULAGS

IN 1928, WHEN THE FIVE-YEAR PLAN BEGAN, Soviet labor camps housed about 30,000 prisoners. Over the next 25 years, Stalin would send millions of people to the gulags. People could disappear into the camps for stealing a loaf of bread, failing to show up for work, or telling an anti-government joke. Many were sentenced without trial. At least one million would die in the gulags.

Stalin’s prison directors tried to manage the gulags with chilling precision. Dieticians determined how much food a prisoner would need to perform a specific task without starving. In reality, many prisoners lived on a meager ration of rye bread and potatoes.

The gulags were Stalin’s great shame. Yet the world knew little about them until the writer Alexander Solzhenitsyn emerged from eight years in a prison camp. His novel One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich would expose the brutal conditions in the camps. It was first published in 1962, nine years after Stalin’s death.

Writer Alexander Solzhenitsyn was in the gulag from 1945 to 1953.
Chapter 9

Murder by Starvation

THE FIVE-YEAR PLAN causes famine in the breadbasket of the Soviet Union.

At the end of 1932, Stalin proudly announced that the Five-Year Plan had been completed a year ahead of schedule. The achievements were astonishing. Factories produced four times as much as they had in 1928. Tractors, tanks, and airplanes rolled off newly constructed assembly lines. Nearly 12
million new laborers had been put to work. Stalin had created an industrial powerhouse, and he had done it in just four years.

The statistics, however, concealed a dark secret. While Stalin exported vast amounts of grain to pay for his new factories, millions of people in the grain-growing heartland of the Soviet Union were starving to death. The Five-Year Plan had created one of the worst famines in human history—right in the middle of the country’s most productive farmland.

Stalin had long been suspicious of the peasantry, especially those who occupied the fertile regions of Ukraine, southern Russia, and Kazakhstan. Peasants had stubbornly resisted the Red Army’s attempts to draft recruits and seize supplies during the civil war. They had rebelled against the demands of war communism. Now they were standing in the way of Stalin’s plan to modernize the Soviet Union.

When collectivization began in 1928, peasants clung stubbornly to their private farms. Stalin fought back
with equal persistence—and much greater force. Nearly one million defiant kulaks were deported to gulags in Siberia. Party officials invaded the countryside to seize grain and livestock from private farmers at gunpoint. The officials took not only food but much of the seed needed to sow crops for the coming year.

Pavlo Solodko was ten in 1932, when his family began to feel the strain. His parents had refused to join a collective, and Party workers kept returning to the family’s farm to demand higher and higher quotas of grain. “We kept some grain in order for our family to survive the winter,” he recalled. “But the brigades were walking around our farms and snooping, and gradually took away everything to the last grain.”

In the winter of 1932 to 1933, the first signs of a growing disaster emerged. Officials in the provinces of Kiev and Vinnytsya reported food shortages and hunger on a massive scale. Hospitals were clogged with cases of malnutrition. In the fields, peasants were dropping dead of starvation.
By the spring, a terrible famine had spread across the countryside. People swarmed train stations, hoping to find food in the cities. When they arrived they found no relief. Food was strictly rationed, and lines at government supply stations stretched for blocks.

Peasants resorted to desperate measures to feed themselves and their children. “They caught mice, rats, sparrows, ants, and earthworms,” reported the writer Vasily Grossman. “They ground up bones into flour. And when the grass came up, they began to dig up roots and eat the leaves and buds; they used everything there was.” When parents could no longer find anything to eat, they left their children on street corners in the hope that someone would take them in and feed them.

Reports of cannibalism leaked out from the worst affected regions. In the city of Poltava, children started mysteriously disappearing from the streets. Before long, fresh supplies of meat appeared in the normally barren city markets. Upon inspection, the meat was found to be human flesh.
As people struggled to survive, they found that they had few options. Stalin closed Ukraine’s borders in January 1933, so no one could flee in search of food. He also made sure that theft was not an option. By Stalin’s own decree, anyone caught stealing so much as five ears of corn from a collective could be put to death. His agents even inspected people’s feces for signs that they were illegally consuming grain.

Even at the cost of millions of lives, Stalin was determined to stick to his economic plan. In the midst of the famine, precious food flowed out of the Soviet Union by the shipload. Village dairies in Ukraine
churned butter and packed it for export while starving people waited in bread lines down the street. In 1932 and 1933, the worst years of the famine, the Soviet Union collected nearly 30 million tons of grain from peasants and sold it overseas.

By end of 1933, the Soviet countryside had been devastated. Once-lively villages had become ghost towns with skeleton-thin corpses lining the streets. At least three million people had died of starvation and disease. Millions more suffered in the gulags, in Siberian exile, or on collective farms.

In Stalin’s time, few people understood the extent of the disaster. Stalin banned journalists and other writers from publishing accounts of the famine.

Today, Ukrainians remember the famine as the *Holodomor*, or “murder by starvation.” Many people believe that Stalin not only allowed it to happen but deliberately caused the disaster in order to wipe out Ukrainian resistance to Communist rule.
CHAPTER 10

The Red Tsar

From inside the Kremlin, Stalin builds a CULT OF PERSONALITY.

Stalin and other members of the Politburo rarely traveled to the countryside to face the harsh consequences of their decisions. They ruled from their headquarters inside the Kremlin, a fortress in the heart of Moscow.

Soviet leaders kept apartments in the Kremlin's Poteshny Palace, a short walk from their offices. Almost daily, they dropped by each other's homes for a visit.
They ate dinner and went to movies together. On days off, they took family trips to their dachas, or country homes. They even vacationed together at resorts along the Black Sea coast.

In the early 1930s, Stalin and his fellow Politburo members resembled a big family—a mob family. Stalin, the Party’s general secretary, was the big boss. He was an extremely hard worker who demanded the same dedication from the rest of his circle. On a typical day he rose in the late morning and worked his way through stacks of government papers, puffing on his pipe and marking decisions in red and blue pencil. He rarely dressed in anything fancier than his usual military-style shirt, riding pants, and soft leather boots.

In the mid-afternoon, Stalin often had a big meal with family and friends. The gathering of comrades usually included his wife, Nadya, and their two children, Vasily and Svetlana, as well as Yakov, his son from his first marriage. Stalin enjoyed horsing around with the kids. On occasion he would wad up balls of bread to
toss at companions or plunk into their drinks. After the late lunch and perhaps a nap, he returned to the office to continue his work late into the night.

While he lived a relatively ordinary life in private, a different, almost superhuman image of Stalin was growing beyond the Kremlin walls. Official propaganda constantly reminded the Soviet people of Stalin’s supposedly tireless devotion to the country. His picture often appeared on the front page of the official Soviet newspaper, Pravda, as he presented medals to the hardest-working miners or milkmaids. “Stalin’s life is our life, our beautiful present and future,” Pravda proclaimed. Kids in the Young Pioneers—the Soviet version of the Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts—appeared on posters above the slogan, “Thank you, Comrade Stalin, for our happy childhood.”

The Party tightly controlled the way its leader was portrayed in the media. Cartoons of Stalin were forbidden in newspapers and magazines. Instead, paintings and photos showed him looking wisely into
the distance, as if planning the nation's future. He always appeared in simple clothes to make himself look like a man of the people.

Stalin was building a "cult of personality"—a heroic public image that encouraged people to idolize him without thinking critically about his policies. This hero worship served an important purpose. First of all, it

GOVERNMENT PROPAGANDA portrayed Stalin as a wise and caring leader. Here, he autographs photos for two visitors from a collective farm during their visit to Moscow in 1935.
kept Stalin in power. To many people, “Comrade Stalin” was the Soviet revolution. Without him, they believed, the nation would fall apart. Stalin’s cult of personality also bound the Soviet people to the state. Citizens who revered their leader were more likely to remain loyal to the government and follow its policies without objection.

Publicly, Stalin liked to be seen as a humble leader. But he understood all too well the value of being worshipped like a god.

In 1935, Stalin, his children, and some friends paid a surprise visit to the newly opened Metro, Moscow’s subway. Surprised commuters pressed in to get a glimpse of their leader and shout compliments.

Afterward, he described how much he had enjoyed the outing. He was inspired by the spontaneous “love of the people for their leader,” he told a friend. “The people need a tsar, whom they can worship and for whom they can live and work.”

The man who had helped to overthrow the last tsar now claimed that role for himself.
A Mysterious Murder

The assassination of Kirov
OPENS THE GATE TO TERROR.

IN JANUARY 1934, COMMUNIST PARTY delegates descended on Moscow from all parts of the Soviet Union. They made the journey every few years to elect the Party's Central Committee and discuss plans with each other. Many arrived in colorful clothing that highlighted the diversity of the Soviet people. The gathering included Cossacks outfitted in their long cherkesska coats, Kazakhs topped with fox
fur hats, and Uzbeks wearing tight turbans and gold-embroidered kaftans.

In speech after speech at the Party Congress, Communist leaders boasted about the “victories” won since the beginning of the Five-Year Plan. “Our successes are really tremendous,” gushed Politburo member Sergei Kirov. “Damn it all . . . you just want to live and live—really, just look what’s going on. It’s a fact!” Stalin joined in the booming applause.

But as the Central Committee election approached, Stalin was no longer clapping. Despite their public show of unity, regional Party leaders were tired of Stalin’s extreme measures. They had spent five years confiscating grain and forcing peasants into collectives. They were despised by their own people—and some blamed Stalin.

In the end, Stalin was easily re-elected to his position at the head of the Party. But he knew that there was opposition in the ranks. Delegates were complaining privately about his dictatorial hold on the Party. And
some regional leaders were begging for a break from the harsh demands of the Five-Year Plan.

In response, Stalin grumbled that "counter-revolutionaries"—people who opposed the results of the Communist revolution—were endangering the Party. Then he sat back and planned his revenge.

On December 1, 1934, Stalin got the excuse he needed to lash out at his enemies. Sergei Kirov, the most powerful Party leader next to Stalin, was shot dead in Leningrad by an assassin.

Some Party members suspected that Stalin had ordered Kirov's murder to get rid of a dangerous rival. Stalin ignored the rumors and used the incident to cast suspicion on anyone he did not like or trust. "To me it's already clear that a well-organized counter-revolutionary terrorist organization is active in Leningrad [formerly Petrograd]," Stalin announced. "A painstaking investigation must be made."

Less than a week after Kirov's death, Stalin had set his plan in motion. His old adversaries Zinoviev and
Kamenev were arrested and accused of masterminding the plot to kill Kirov. Within a month, they were sentenced to long prison terms, along with several of their sympathizers. Stalin also turned his secret police force loose in Leningrad. Thousands of suspected "counter-revolutionaries" were rounded up and expelled from the city.

Stalin had just fired the opening shots in a ruthless new battle against anyone who threatened his control over the country.

THIS PAINTING SHOWS a somber Stalin standing next to the coffin of Sergei Kirov. Many historians believe that Stalin ordered the murder of his rival.
The Great Terror

Stalin turns the SECRET POLICE LOOSE on the Soviet people.

In 1936, STALIN BEGAN AN ALL-OUT WAR to eliminate anyone who resisted his plans for the Soviet Union. His campaign of terror reached into every corner of the country. It targeted army officers and church leaders, Party officials and peasants.

Stalin's paranoid attack on all forms of dissent became known as the Great Terror. By the time it was over, few people dared to question the dictatorship of the "Man of Steel."
During the Great Terror, Stalin relied on his notorious secret police to do what he called the "black work." The organization's official title was the People's Commissariat for Internal Affairs, but it was better known by its Russian initials NKVD. The NKVD arrested suspects and interrogated them endlessly. Agents often tortured their prisoners into confessing and naming other suspects. Three-person NKVD commissions known as *troikas* had the power to convict prisoners and sentence them to death. NKVD guards then took care of the executions—typically, with a bullet to the back of the head.

In August 1936, Stalin turned the NKVD loose on two of his oldest rivals. He had his agents retrieve Zinoviev and Kamenev from the labor camps. He promised not to harm the two prisoners or their families, as long as they confessed to planning Kirov's assassination.

Zinoviev and Kamenev were given a show trial—a rigged hearing designed to make a public example of
STALIN’S SHOW TRIAL WORKED. Here, factory workers vote in favor of a resolution condemning Stalin adversaries Zinoviev and Kamenev. Similar resolutions were passed in thousands of other factories.

The defendants. The two prisoners did as they were told and gave their confessions. But despite Stalin’s promise, they were sentenced to death.

Early the next morning, Zinoviev and Kamenev were dragged from their cells and shot. Afterward, the bullets were removed from their brains and kept by NKVD chief Genrich Yagoda as souvenirs. Stalin also had Kamenev’s wife and two sons executed.

In September, Stalin prepared to expand the purge by placing Nikolai Yezhov in charge of the NKVD. A short, cruel man, Yezhov became the chief organizer of the arrests, the trials, and the executions.
Then Stalin announced that the Soviet Union was "encircled by hostile powers" plotting to destroy the revolution. People who had worked for the tsarist government two decades earlier were targeted for arrest. Kulaks who had returned from labor camps were to be hunted down. Anyone who had once joined a political party other than the Communist Party was also at risk.

An atmosphere of fear spread through Party offices, workplaces, and even the homes of ordinary citizens. Party members were encouraged to turn in anyone suspected of anti-Communist thoughts. Husbands and wives accused each other. Children were hailed as heroes for turning in mothers and fathers.

In every region of the country, officials were given quotas for arrests and executions. When local NKVD units met their goals, they sometimes asked permission to arrest more. The NKVD in Stalinabad, for example, was ordered to execute 6,277 people—but ended up shooting more than 13,000. Mass graves were dug.
outside of towns and cities, filled with bodies, and then bulldozed over.

One of Stalin's main targets was the Soviet military, the last organization that could possibly threaten his grip on power. Stalin accused Red Army officers of secretly collaborating with foreign powers. Then he began arresting and executing his most experienced officers. By the time he was done, he had purged more than three-quarters of his generals, field commanders, and naval admirals. It was a reckless move that would come at an incalculable price.

MEMBERS OF a human-rights group excavate a mass grave near St. Petersburg. In 2002, the group discovered the remains of 30,000 victims of Stalin's purges.
In mid-1938, Stalin slowed down his gory witch hunt. The purges were taking their toll on the Soviet economy. Too many productive workers in agriculture, mining, manufacturing, and government had simply disappeared from their jobs.

But Stalin accomplished what he had set out to do. In two years, he had erased almost everyone who could challenge his one-man dictatorship and terrorized those who survived. In 1940, an assassin even succeeded in killing Leon Trotsky, who had ended up in Mexico City after Stalin forced him into exile in 1929. Trotsky died from a blow to the head with an ice pick.

The scale of the Great Terror was staggering. At least 1.7 million Soviet citizens had been torn from their homes and imprisoned. More than 700,000 of those prisoners ended up in mass graves. The rest spent years of their lives wasting away in the gulags.

As the arrests dwindled, the Soviet people got a brief rest. But it wasn't long before they were dragged into the most destructive war in history.
ERASED FROM HISTORY

AFTER THE GREAT TERROR HAD SERVED HIS purpose, Stalin turned on the very people he had ordered to do his “black work.” In April 1939, he had the commissar of the NKVD, Nikolai Yezhov, arrested and jailed. Yezhov was blamed for the excesses of the purge. He was stripped, beaten, dragged sobbing from his cell, and shot. His body was cremated, and the ashes were dumped in a common grave. His death was kept secret for years.

Stalin tried to erase not only Yezhov’s life, but his memory as well. It became Soviet tradition to delete all evidence of people who had fallen out of favor. Friends and family members were often executed or exiled to labor camps. Officials altered records and rewrote histories to remove names. They even retouched photos to erase the victims.

That was the fate of Yezhov—one of Stalin’s deadliest butchers.
JOSEPH STALIN IN PICTURES

PEACE, LAND, BREAD

A NATION OF PEASANTS
When Stalin was born, most Russians were poor and illiterate peasants. They eked out meager livings on small farms.

THE LAST EMPEROR
Tsar Nicholas II and his wife, Alexandra, in 1903. He was all-powerful, but revolution was brewing.

GANGSTER
As a young man, Stalin was a violent revolutionary who robbed banks, trains, and mail ships to raise money for the radical Bolsheviks.
In 1917, the Bolsheviks seized power in Russia after the fall of the tsar. Led by Vladimir Lenin, they began to build the world’s first communist state.

**HAMMER AND SICKLE**

This Bolshevik emblem represented unity between factory workers and peasants. The hammer represented workers; the sickle symbolized peasants.

**CIVIL WAR BREAKS OUT**

Leon Trotsky (below left) led the Bolshevik Red Army in the civil war against the anti-Bolshevik White Army. Stalin was one of Trotsky’s most brutal commanders.
SLAVE CAMPS AND FAMINE

POWER STRUGGLE
Lenin (left) and Stalin. After Lenin died in 1924, Stalin vied with rivals for power. By 1927, he was the country's undisputed leader.

KULAKS
Peasants look at a poster depicting kulaks as pigs. Farmers who resisted collectivization were labeled kulaks.

RULE BY TERROR
Stalin's secret police crushed any dissent. Here, they arrest suspects on a Moscow street in 1928.
STALIN'S SLAVE CAMPS

Prisoners building a canal in 1933. Stalin sent millions of people to slave labor camps called gulags. Many were worked to death.

WIDESPREAD FAMINE

Stalin’s policies created one of the worst famines in history. In the Soviet Union’s richest farmland, millions starved to death.

PILES OF GRAIN

During the famine, farmers harvested enough grain to feed the starving population. But Stalin insisted on exporting part of it to pay for his new factories.
STALIN TIGHTENS HIS GRIP

PROPAGANDA
The state-run media portrayed Stalin as a wise and caring leader. Newspaper articles proclaimed him responsible for the Soviet Union’s “beautiful present and future.”

ORPHANED
During the Great Terror, children of Stalin’s victims—such as these—were given new names so they could not track down their parents.

DEATH OF TROTSKY
Exiled in Mexico, Trotsky continued to oppose Stalin from afar. But Stalin had a long reach. In 1940, one of his agents killed Trotsky with an ice pick.
WORLD WAR II
For six months, Red Army soldiers fought to save Stalingrad from the Germans. The USSR suffered 26 million deaths during the war.

UNEASY ALLIES
In 1945, Stalin met with British Prime Minister Churchill (left) and U.S. President Roosevelt (center). With troops throughout Eastern Europe, Stalin was more powerful than ever.

STALIN DIES
Joseph Stalin died in 1953. His regime was one of the bloodiest in history.
PART 3

TRIUMPH AND DECLINE
Chapter 13

Pact Between Tyrants

As war clouds gather over Europe, Stalin cuts a DEAL WITH ADOLF HITLER.

By 1939, a very real threat to Stalin’s reign had risen in Central Europe. Adolf Hitler, Nazi Germany’s führer, or leader, was building a fearsome war machine—a massive force of modern tanks and fast-flying dive bombers. It seemed only a matter of time before he turned them loose on his neighbors.
Hitler had made no secret of his desire to conquer Eastern Europe, including much of the Soviet Union. He had repeatedly declared that the Germans needed more land—and that they would eventually move east to get it. He also hated communism and viewed Russians and other Slavs as an inferior race.

But to Stalin's surprise, he received a letter from Hitler in August 1939. The Nazi führer was proposing an alliance between Germany and the USSR. Hitler intended to attack France and the other nations of Western Europe. To ensure his success, he wanted to avoid going to war on his eastern border while fighting in the west. He suggested that Germany and the Soviet Union agree not to attack each other for ten years.

The German proposal appealed to Stalin. He knew that the Red Army was not yet prepared to fight Hitler's swift and powerful attack force. Stalin also saw a chance to add territory to his own empire. In negotiations, the Germans made it clear that they had plans to attack
Poland. They would be willing to divide any conquered territory with the Soviets.

The German-Soviet treaty was signed on August 23, 1939. Stalin toasted the agreement with vodka. "I know how much the German nation loves its führer," he declared. "He's a good chap. I'd like to drink to his health."

ON AUGUST 23, 1939, Germany and the USSR signed a pact agreeing not to attack each other. Stalin (in light color jacket) watches as his foreign minister, Vyacheslav Molotov, signs the treaty.
The following week, on September 1, German forces crashed into Poland from the west. On September 17, the Red Army pushed in from the east. Within weeks, Poland ceased to exist as a country.

France and Great Britain responded by declaring war on Germany. World War II had begun.

Stalin immediately moved to extend his new gains. In October 1939, the Baltic countries of Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania were pressured into accepting thousands of Soviet troops.

In late November, the Red Army attacked Finland. Stalin's generals expected an easy victory. The gutsy Finns had other ideas. Though greatly outnumbered and outgunned, Finnish soldiers gave the Red Army all the combat it could handle. It took four months for the Soviets to force Finland into negotiations and to surrender some of its territory. Finland lost 48,000 soldiers, the Red Army more than 125,000.

The struggle in Finland revealed a big weakness in the Soviet military. Factories were producing the
DEAD SOVIET SOLDIERS LIE FROZEN in the snow after a battle in Finland in December 1939. They are surrounded by equipment left behind by fleeing Soviet troops.

tanks, aircraft, and artillery the army needed to fight a major war. But the leadership of the armed forces was a mess. Most of the Red Army’s senior officers had been dismissed or executed during Stalin’s purges.

Several hundred miles to the west, Adolf Hitler followed the war in Finland with interest. And he did not fail to notice the weakness of Stalin’s army.
The Great Patriotic War

The German blitzkrieg extends into the SOVIET UNION.

In the spring of 1940, Hitler launched his long-feared invasion of Western Europe. German troops landed in Denmark and Norway in April 1940. A month later, German tanks and dive bombers raced through Belgium to strike the Netherlands and France. This was Germany’s blitzkrieg, or “lightning war.” The
strategy relied on speed and overwhelming force to shatter the ranks of its enemies.

The results were stunning. Within two months, virtually all of Western Europe fell before the Nazi onslaught. Only a battered Great Britain held on, bracing for an invasion across the English Channel from Nazi-occupied France.

Stalin watched with apprehension as the Germans carved up the armies of Western Europe. He knew it was only a matter of time before Hitler looked eastward again. But when it finally happened, the Germans caught Stalin unprepared.

In June 1941, military intelligence began warning Stalin that German units were massing along the Soviet border. Stalin refused to believe that they would attack before Great Britain had surrendered.

Stalin ignored all warnings and refused to put the Red Army on highest alert. He did not want to do anything to increase tensions with the Germans.

The German leader, however, did not need an excuse.
On June 22, 1941, Hitler launched Operation Barbarossa—the invasion of the Soviet Union. German aircraft struck deep inside the USSR. The blitzkrieg tore huge gaps in the Red Army’s defenses. German infantry and tanks sped across Ukraine and western Russia. They took aim at Kiev, Moscow, and Leningrad. Hundreds of thousands of Red Army soldiers were cut off and captured.

Some Soviet citizens were ready to welcome the Germans as liberators from Stalin’s dictatorship. They were never given the chance. German troops brutalized both soldiers and civilians in captured territory. Special

IN JUNE 1941, thousands of German tanks poured into the Soviet Union. By October, they were closing in on Moscow.
units trailed the German army to massacre Jews, Roma, and other groups. Eventually six million Jews would perish in the Holocaust, Hitler's systematic murder of Europe's Jews. Over two million of the victims were killed on Soviet territory.

Within a month, German troops had pushed the Soviet Union to the brink of defeat. The Red Army had already lost two million men, 3,500 tanks, and more than 6,000 aircraft. The German air force was dropping bombs on Moscow by the end of July. The German army surrounded Leningrad on September 9 and captured Kiev ten days later.

With catastrophe looming, Soviet citizens rallied to defend their homelands. Workers disassembled entire factories and shipped them 1,000 miles east to the remote Ural Mountains. Collective farm workers destroyed crops rather than let them fall into German hands. Laborers put in longer hours on assembly lines and produced tanks, planes, and guns by the thousands.
Stalin did what he could to encourage the new patriotic spirit. He relaxed censorship rules. He replaced Communist Party slogans and propaganda with appeals to rescue Mother Russia. The war itself became known as the Great Patriotic War.

But while Stalin used a carrot to motivate civilians, he reserved the stick for his soldiers. Red Army officers received orders to execute deserters and troops who fled from battle. More than 150,000 soldiers were shot in 1941 and 1942 alone. Red Army troops learned to fight to the bitter end, out of fear if not courage.

In October 1941, German tanks closed in on Moscow for what Hitler insisted would be “the last, great decisive battle of the war.” Stalin, however, decided to make a stand. He ordered most Party members to evacuate the city. The bulk of the civilian population either fled or enlisted in the army. Even Lenin’s embalmed corpse was carted away to the Ural Mountains.

Stalin himself stayed in Moscow and made sure that his decision was heavily publicized. “Pass on to your
NAZI TROOPS execute two Soviets in October 1941. The victims may have been Soviet partisans, civilians who fought against the Nazis.

comrades that they should take their spades and dig their own graves,” he told an army commissar. “We . . . are not leaving Moscow.”

Stalin’s gamble paid off. The Red Army fought fiercely in the suburbs of Moscow and held the Germans off until winter arrived. When the snows finally came, the German invasion froze in place. Weapons and tanks failed in the frigid cold. Supplies ran low as
transport vehicles stalled on snowbound roads. When spring came, the people of Moscow and Leningrad were starving, but they still refused to surrender.

Stalin also had a powerful new ally: the United States. The Americans had entered the war after Japan, Germany’s ally, attacked Pearl Harbor in December 1941. Stalin had always considered the capitalist U.S. to be one of the Soviet Union’s most bitter enemies. But now he eagerly accepted the U.S. as a partner in the fight against Germany. Together with Great Britain and other countries, they formed a powerful alliance known as the Allies.

In June 1942, Hitler ordered a new assault, this time on the city of Stalingrad. German forces surged into the city but could not capture it. The buildings were blasted to rubble, and hundreds of thousands of soldiers and civilians died in one of the deadliest battles in history. Hitler demanded his men take the city or die trying.

Most died trying. In November 1942 the Red Army launched a bold counterattack code-named Operation
Uranus. Within four days, the Soviets had encircled some 330,000 enemy troops. They blocked the enemy's supply lines and fought the Germans street to street, building to building. On February 2, 1943, the top German general finally surrendered. The last 90,000 of his freezing, starving men were captured.

The Red Army had finally begun to dismantle Hitler's war machine.

RED ARMY SOLDIERS defeated the Germans at Stalingrad in February 1943, after six months of brutal fighting. Only 5,000 Germans who attacked Stalingrad survived the war to return to Germany.
CHAPTER 15

Warlord Triumphant

The Allies defeat the Nazis, and Stalin EXPANDS HIS EMPIRE.

IN NOVEMBER 1943, STALIN MET WITH U.S. President Franklin D. Roosevelt and British Prime Minister Winston Churchill in the Iranian capital of Tehran to discuss the progress of the war.

The fighting was far from over, but the Allies had the Germans on the defensive. The Red Army was driving Hitler’s troops out of the Soviet Union. The
Americans controlled the Atlantic Ocean. A combined American and British force had landed in Italy and was battling its way north.

Since 1941, Stalin had been impatiently urging Churchill and Roosevelt to launch an invasion of France. A major assault there would force Hitler to fight on a second front. He would have to pull troops out of the Soviet Union to defend the German homeland.

Stalin got his wish, but not right away. On June 6, 1944—a date that became known as D-Day—a vast fleet of troop transports crossed the English Channel. More than 160,000 Allied soldiers landed on the French coast and began fighting their way inland.

Stalin was not impressed. By now he firmly believed that the Soviets would defeat the Nazis with or without a second front. Stalin was convinced that the Americans and the British had delayed the invasion in order to weaken the Soviet army.

Whether his accusation was justified or not, Stalin was right about one thing: The Allies had become rivals.
And the war to defeat Germany had become a race for territory. The Soviets were now charging through Eastern Europe and closing in on Germany from the east. The British, Canadians, and Americans had retaken France and were pressing in from the west. Whoever occupied a country when the Germans surrendered would have tremendous influence there after the war.

The Allied leaders met again in February 1945, in the Ukrainian city of Yalta. Stalin now insisted on a Soviet “sphere of influence” in territories occupied by the Red Army. His aim was to install governments obedient to the Soviet Union in Poland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Romania.

Churchill and Roosevelt reluctantly agreed. There was little they could do to oppose Stalin in countries controlled by the Red Army. To free Eastern Europe from Soviet control would have required yet another war. They didn’t have the stomach for more combat after six years of the most destructive conflict in human history.
The Red Army captured Berlin in the early days of May 1945. Soviet troops found Hitler’s charred corpse outside the bunker where he had spent the final days of the war.

The Soviet people joyously celebrated Hitler’s death and their victory. Their country had suffered more casualties than any other during the war. The German invasion had left 26 million Soviets dead, 26 million homeless, and millions more wounded.

There was reason to hope that the people would be rewarded for their sacrifice. Stalin had given them more freedom during the war years. And hadn’t his people risen to the challenge and saved the country? The people of Leningrad, for instance, had suffered through a 900-day siege in which one million civilians lost their lives. In a sense, the Soviet people had rescued the dictator himself.

Stalin gave a patronizing thanks to everyone who had sacrificed for the war effort. “I offer a toast to those simple, ordinary, modest people,” he said, “to the ‘little cogs’ who
keep our great state mechanism in an active condition in all fields of science, economy, and military affairs.”

But there would be no gentler future for Stalin’s “little cogs.” The NKVD thugs were still doing their “black work”—and now they had all of Eastern Europe to police.

ON MAY 1, 1945, Red Army soldiers raise the Soviet flag on top of the German parliament building in Berlin. A week later, the war in Europe was over.
The Cold War Begins

FORMER ALLIES BECOME RIVALS as Stalin imposes communist rule on Eastern Europe.

THE ALLIED LEADERS MET FOR A FINAL time in July 1945, in Potsdam, Germany. President Roosevelt had died in April. He was succeeded by his vice president, Harry S. Truman.

At Potsdam, Truman tracked down Stalin for a private word. The United States, Truman said, had
developed a “new weapon of unusual destructive force.”

Stalin acted pleased but asked no questions. In fact, Soviet spies had already informed him of the Americans’ successful test of an atomic bomb. Stalin’s own top-secret nuclear program was well underway.

Soon after the conference, the U.S. dropped two of its atomic bombs on the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The devastating explosions helped force the Japanese to surrender. They also sent a warning to Stalin: 

*We have the bomb and you don’t. Watch your step.*

AN OBSERVER STANDS in the ruins left by the atomic bomb that the U.S. dropped on Hiroshima, Japan, on August 6, 1945.
The threat, however, did not stop Stalin from taking over Eastern Europe. The war had left the entire region in Stalin’s hands. As soon as the fighting stopped, the Soviets went to work installing friendly governments in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Romania, Albania, and the eastern half of Germany. Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia were simply absorbed into the USSR.

In these so-called “satellite” states, Stalin set up governments that would do his bidding. Opposition leaders were jailed and killed. Elections were rigged and pro-Soviet leaders put in charge. Private property and businesses were all taken over by the government. The Red Army and secret police stood by, waiting to crush any sign of resistance.

In March 1946, Winston Churchill lashed out at Stalin in a speech that would be quoted for years to come. The countries of Eastern Europe might remain independent in name, he said. But in reality, an “iron curtain has descended across the continent.” Eastern Europe was being absorbed into Stalin’s empire.
World War II had ended, but a new era of global tension had taken its place. This conflict became known as the Cold War, and it pitted the U.S. and other capitalist democracies against the Soviet Union and the communist governments it controlled. The two superpowers never went to war directly. But they competed viciously for allies around the globe. They sent spies to rival capitals to dig up top-secret information. And they competed in an arms race that would eventually produce enough nuclear weaponry to destroy the world many times over.

In 1948, Stalin challenged the Americans in the first major conflict of the Cold War. After World War II, the Soviets and the other Allies had split Germany between east and west. Berlin sat in the Soviet region. But the city was divided into four zones controlled by the U.S., the USSR, Great Britain, and France.

On June 24, Stalin ordered a blockade set up around the western part of Berlin—the zones controlled by the U.S., Britain, and France. All supplies entering
the zones were to be seized. Stalin hoped to force the Western powers to hand over their sections of Berlin. His old allies, he thought, would not dare risk a war by breaking through the blockade.

Stalin was right: The Western powers did not directly challenge the Soviet blockade. Instead, they flew over it in a massive airlift. Flying day and night, cargo planes delivered tons of food and supplies to the trapped people of West Berlin.

After almost 11 months of the Berlin Airlift, Stalin realized that his plan had failed. He called off the blockade. But it was only the beginning of a global conflict that would last for more than four decades.
Final Plots

As his health fails, STALIN KEEPS SCHEMING to stay in control.

The constant stress of World War II had taken its toll on Stalin, who turned 70 in 1948. Official portraitists did their best to maintain his steely-eyed public image. But his graying hair, stooped shoulders, and stumbling step betrayed his worsening health.

Stalin sometimes claimed he was ready to retire, but it was only a cruel joke. He had no intention of
giving up power. He kept a suspicious eye on other Politburo members. He had their phones tapped and rooms bugged. He was determined not to let the smallest threat go undetected.

In the early 1950s, Stalin’s paranoia found a new target: Soviet Jews. For years, Stalin had made anti-Semitic comments in private. Many people thought that Jews had been specially targeted during the purges of the 1930s. After the war, Stalin feared that the Jewish people felt allegiance to the United States. “Every Jew is a potential spy,” he supposedly warned an associate.

In 1952, Stalin dreamed up an imaginary conspiracy called the Doctors’ Plot. Several Party leaders had recently died while in the care of Jewish doctors. Stalin had jailed his own doctor when the man suggested that he retire. On this flimsy evidence, Stalin decided that medical workers around the country had been paid by the United States to poison the Soviet leadership.

Stalin revealed his suspicions at a meeting of Party leaders in December 1952. “You’re like blind kittens,”
he told the other delegates. "What will happen without me? The country will perish because you do not know how to recognize your enemies."

The following month, Pravda announced the plot to the public in an editorial titled "Evil Spies and Murderers Masked as Medical Professors." NKVD agents immediately went to work. Hundreds of doctors and medical workers—mostly Jews—were arrested and prepared for trial. People began to whisper that Stalin was preparing to deport all Soviet Jews to Siberia.

But Stalin's final crime collapsed in the early morning hours of March 1. A messenger discovered the dictator on the floor of his country estate, paralyzed after a stroke. He drifted in and out of consciousness for several days but did not speak again.

Joseph Stalin breathed his last breath on March 5, 1953. Perhaps expert medical treatment could have saved him. But the best doctors in Moscow were all in jail.

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AFTER HIS DEATH on March 5, 1953, Stalin’s body was put on display for three days. Huge crowds came to see him, and many people were trampled underfoot.
Epilogue

In 1956, Stalin’s successor, Nikita Khrushchev, stunned the delegates of the 20th Congress of the Communist Party. In a secret session, he accused Stalin of murdering thousands of faithful Party members. He went on to charge that Stalin had ignored the teachings of Lenin and built a cult of personality that betrayed the ideals of communism.

The speech left the delegates in a state of shock. For three decades, words like Khrushchev’s would have meant a death sentence to anyone foolish enough to utter them. Now, it seemed, the story of Stalin’s terror could be told—at least in part.

In 1962, Khrushchev approved the publication of Alexander Solzhenitsyn’s dismal account of life in the gulags. One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich exposed the horrors of the prison camps for all to see.

But a little bit of openness did not mean that democracy had come to the Soviet Union. The
Communist Party continued to limit freedom of speech and democracy at home and abroad. Its tanks and soldiers crushed anti-Communist rebellions in Hungary and Czechoslovakia. Solzhenitsyn was eventually arrested for his writings and labeled an "enemy of the state." He was deported from the Soviet Union in 1974.

The empire that Stalin had built began to dissolve in 1989, when East European countries claimed their independence. In 1991, the Communist Party of the Soviet Union was forced to give up its monopoly on power. Ukraine, Belorussia, Georgia, Armenia, the Baltic states, and other republics broke away. The USSR ceased to exist. A shaky form of democracy and free-market capitalism took root in the new Russian Federation.

The breakup of the Soviet Union has made some Russians nostalgic for Stalin's empire. In little more than 20 years, his brutal rule transformed an underdeveloped country into a nuclear superpower. It turned a nation of illiterate peasants into an educated people. His leadership helped to defeat Hitler, another monstrous tyrant.
The Soviet people, however, paid an incalculable price in lives and suffering to satisfy their dictator's obsessions. During Stalin's three decades in power, at least one million people were executed. Three million died of starvation. Another million or more died from forced labor. And many millions lost years of their lives in the gulags.

These are only the victims whose fates have been documented. It may well be that many millions more were murdered during Stalin's brutal regime.
TIMELINE OF TERROR

1878

December 6, 1878: Joseph Stalin is born in the Russian territory of Georgia.

1905: People across Russia protest against the tsar's government.

1914: World War I begins.

1921: The Red Army declares victory in the Russian civil war, giving the Communists full control of the country.

1928: Stalin launches his first Five-Year Plan to turn the Soviet Union into an industrial power.

1937–38: Stalin launches the Great Terror, imprisoning or executing nearly two million people.

1945–1948: Soviets impose Communist governments on Eastern Europe as the Cold War begins.

1899: Stalin is expelled from seminary and begins agitating for a communist revolution in Russia.

1906–1914: Stalin organizes a gang of revolutionaries to steal money for Lenin's Bolsheviks. Stalin is arrested several times.

1917: The Russian Revolution succeeds in ousting the tsar. Lenin, Stalin, and other revolutionary leaders set up a Communist government.

1924: Lenin dies and Stalin begins to take control of the Communist Party.

1932–33: Stalin's economic policies create a massive famine in Soviet agricultural areas.

1941–1945: Soviet troops fight off a German invasion during World War II; 26 million Soviet people die during the war.

1953: Stalin dies at the age of 74.

1953
GLOSSARY

apprehension (ap-ri-HEN-shen) noun suspicion or fear that something bad will happen

assassination (uh-sass-in-NAY-shun) noun the murder of a well-known or important person

Bolsheviks (BOHL-shuh-viks) noun Russian Marxists who established the Communist Soviet Union after the Russian tsar was overthrown in 1917

capitalists (KAP-uh-tuh-lists) noun as defined by Karl Marx, the people of a society who own the businesses, factories, and land

Cheka (CHAY-kuh) noun the security organization that Lenin formed to hunt down political opponents of Soviet regime

collectivization (kuh-lek-tuh-vi-ZAY-shun) noun during Stalin’s regime, the process of forcing farmers onto huge collective farms run by the government

commissar (KAM-ih-sar) noun until 1946, the head of a government department in the USSR

communism (KOM-yuh-niz-uhm) noun a system in which the government owns all land and property and controls the economic and political lives of its citizens

Communist (KOM-yuh-nist) noun a person supporting the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, China, or another Communist country

confiscate (KON-fih-skayt) verb to seize someone’s property or possessions

counter-revolutionary (KOUN-tur-rev-uh-LOO-shuhn-air-ee) noun in the Soviet Union, a person who opposed the changes brought about by the Communist Party after the Russian Revolution

dacha (DAH-chah) noun a Russian country house, usually used in summer

democracy (duh-MAHK-ruh-see) noun a system of government in which the people hold the power, either directly or by voting to elect representatives

deport (dee-PORT) verb the expel someone from his or her homeland

depose (di-POSE) verb to forcefully remove from office

Duma (DOO-muh) noun the legislative body in Russia between 1906 and 1917

exile (EG-zile) noun the state of being kicked out of one’s homeland

famine (FAM-uhn) noun a serious and widespread lack of food

gulags (GOO-lah-guz) noun labor camps in the Soviet Union from 1930 to 1955

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illiterate (il-LIT-ur-it) adjective not able to read or write

kolkhoz (kahl-KAWZ) noun a collective farm in the Soviet Union

kulak (KOO-lack) noun in the Soviet Union, a class of peasants who were considered slightly better off than other peasants; they were persecuted during collectivization

manifesto (man-ih-FEH-stoh) noun a public declaration of principles

Marxism (MARK-siz-im) noun the political and economic theories of Karl Marx; Marx predicted that capitalism would be replaced by a classless society

Okhrana (oh-KRAHN-uh) noun the secret police of tsarist Russia in the late 1800s and early 1900s

paranoid (PAIR-uh-noy-d) adjective irrationally suspicious

parliament (PAR-luh-muhtnt) noun an assembly of elected representatives who make the laws in some countries

provisional (pruuh-VIZH-uh-nuhl) adjective temporary or interim

purge (PURj) noun the removal or elimination of members of a group who are perceived to be disloyal

radical (RAD-i-kuhl) adjective advocating extreme political change

revolutionary (rev-uh-LOO-shuhm-air-ee) noun a person who supports the overthrow of his or her government

Russian Orthodox (RUHSH-in OR-thuh-doks) adjective describing the major church of Christianity in Russia

saboteur (sab-uh-TUR) noun someone who deliberately damages or destroys property to hinder the enemy's war efforts

sadistic (suh-DIS-tik) adjective taking pleasure from hurting others

smallpox (SMAWL-poks) noun a serious, very contagious disease that causes high fever and skin eruptions that can leave permanent scars

soviet (SOH-vee-et) noun an elected council of workers

tsar (ZAR) noun the emperor of Russia before the Revolution of 1917

tundra (TUHN-duh) noun land near the Arctic Circle where there are no trees and the ground is permanently frozen

tyrranical (tye-RAN-ih-kuhl) adjective ruling others in a cruel or unjust way

vigilante (vih-jih-LAN-tay) adjective describing a self-appointed group of citizens who take law enforcement into their own hands, without legal authority
Comrades! Men and women compatriots!

The great day of victory over Germany has come. Fascist Germany, forced to her knees by the Red Army and the troops of our Allies, has acknowledged herself defeated and declared unconditional surrender.

On May 7 the preliminary protocol on surrender was signed in the city of Rheims. On May 8 representatives of the German High Command, in the presence of representatives of the Supreme Command of the Allied troops and the Supreme Command of the Soviet Troops, signed in Berlin the final act of surrender, the execution of which began at 24.00 hours on May 8.

Being aware of the wolfish habits of the German ringleaders, who regard treaties and agreements as empty scraps of paper, we have no reason to trust their words. However, this morning, in pursuance of the act of surrender, the German troops began to lay down their arms and surrender to our troops en masse. This is no longer an empty scrap of paper. This is actual surrender of Germany’s armed forces. True, one group of German troops in the area of Czechoslovakia is still evading surrender. But I trust that the Red Army will be able to bring it to its senses.

Now we can state with full justification that the historic day of the final defeat of Germany, the day of the great victory of our people over German imperialism has come.

The great sacrifices we made in the name of the freedom and independence of our Motherland, the incalculable privations and sufferings experienced by our people in the course of the war, the intense work in the rear and at the front, placed on the altar of the Motherland, have not been in vain, and have been crowned by complete victory over the enemy. The age-long struggle of the Slav peoples for their existence and their independence has ended in victory over the German invaders and German tyranny.

Henceforth the great banner of the freedom of the peoples and peace among peoples will fly over Europe.
Three years ago Hitler declared for all to hear that his aims included the dismemberment of the Soviet Union and the wresting from it of the Caucasus, the Ukraine, Byelorussia, the Baltic lands and other areas. He declared bluntly: “We will destroy Russia so that she will never be able to rise again.” This was three years ago. However, Hitler’s crazy ideas were not fated to come true—the progress of the war scattered them to the winds. In actual fact the direct opposite of the Hitlerites’ ravings has taken place. Germany is utterly defeated. The German troops are surrendering. The Soviet Union is celebrating Victory, although it does not intend either to dismember or to destroy Germany.

Comrades! The Great Patriotic War has ended in our complete victory. The period of war in Europe is over. The period of peaceful development has begun.

I congratulate you upon victory, my dear men and women compatriots!

Glory to our heroic Red Army, which upheld the independence of our Motherland and won victory over the enemy!

Glory to our great people, the people victorious!

Eternal glory to the heroes who fell in the struggle against the enemy and gave their lives for the freedom and happiness of our people!

Source: [Historical resources](http://historicalresources.org/)

Advertisements
You are Filled With Anguish

You are filled with anguish
For the suffering of others.
And no one’s grief
Has ever passed you by.
You are relentless
Only to yourself,
Forever cold and pitiless.
But if only you could look upon
Your own sadness from a distance,
Just once with a loving soul—
Oh, how you would pity yourself.
How sadly you would weep.

—Grand Duchess Olga Nikolaevna Romanova, poem dedicated to her mother, April 23, 1917
First They Came For The Communists

First they came for the Communists,
and I didn't speak up,
because I wasn't a Communist.
Then they came for the Jews,
and I didn't speak up,
because I wasn't a Jew.
Then they came for the Catholics,
and I didn't speak up,
because I was a Protestant.
Then they came for me,
and by that time there was no one
left to speak up for me.

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First They Came For The Communists by Martin Niemoller


Jawahar Gupta - This MAY BE THE Central Theme OF THE Poem-----------------------------
---Then they came for me,
and by that time there was no one
left to speak up for me.

Jawahar Gupta - First They Came For The Communists
Nicely penned

M Adh - Great !!

Comrade Karan - This is the best poem on leftist ideology i found on allpoetry.com

- From guest S. Deering (contact)
Why is it so easy for my students to be cruel to each other? Why don't the good kids protest?

- From guest Teresa (contact)
I see this poem as meaningful today in the United States where state and federal programs that provide public good are being severely cut in favor of narrow private interests. When such a small percentage of eligible voters actually vote and actually contact their legislators about issues, we are fulfilling the poem's prophesy.

- From guest tony williamson (contact)
librarians (and readers) take note!

Likes: kevin, Dannie L Aasted, Barddylbach, Jawahar Gupta, , Huggleberry Gin, SvSoccerPlayer, Andrew Blitman
First they came for the communists, and I did not speak out—because I was not a communist; Then they came for the trade unionists, and I did not speak out—because I was not a trade unionist; Then they came for the Jews, and I did not speak out—because I was not a Jew; Then they came for me— and there was no one left to speak out for me.
just a dictator's nod from losing everything.

- From guest Gary S. (contact)
First They Came should stand as a stern warning against complacency. If one person is discriminated against, we all suffer from that discrimination. If one person's liberties and rights are circumscribed, no one's liberties and rights are safe from the same action. It is up to each of us to realize that we are all just a whim away from being deprived of all these things we take for granted.

- From guest katie (contact)
i love this poem sooo much, im only 15 and i think its wonderful and so simple, and it just really makes you think about the way you live your life.

I-Like-Rhymes - Pastor Niemoller's poem should be required reading in every civics class.

- The idea is simple: we are all connected. The phrase, "never again" has been in place since the Holocaust of WWII was revealed to the world. Yet, genocide still takes place. Yet, the poor are still with us. Yet, corrupt governments are still in place. Who speaks? Who stands? Who gives voice?
This poem is still relevant today. It is a wonderful piece to challenge complacent behaviors on the part of society, and on the part of individuals.
ANIMAL FARM

BY

GEORGE ORWELL

1945
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Mr. Jones, of the Manor Farm, had locked the hen-houses for the night, but was too drunk to remember to shut the pop-holes. With the ring of light from his lantern dancing from side to side, he lurched across the yard, kicked off his boots at the back door, drew himself a last glass of beer from the barrel in the scullery, and made his way up to bed, where Mrs. Jones was already snoring.

As soon as the light in the bedroom went out there was a stirring and a fluttering all through the farm buildings. Word had gone round during the day that old Major, the prize Middle White boar, had had a strange dream on the previous night and wished to communicate it to the other animals. It had been agreed that they should all meet in the big barn as soon as Mr. Jones was safely out of the way. Old Major (so he was always called, though the name under which he had been exhibited was Willingdon Beauty) was so highly regarded on the farm that everyone was quite ready to lose an hour’s sleep in order to hear what he had to say.

At one end of the big barn, on a sort of raised platform, Major was already ensconced on his bed of straw, under a lantern which hung from a beam. He was twelve years old and had lately grown rather stout, but he was still a majestic-looking pig, with a wise and benevolent appearance in spite of the fact that his tushes had never been cut. Before long the other animals began to arrive and make themselves comfortable after their different fashions. First came the three dogs, Bluebell, Jessie, and Pincher, and then the pigs, who settled down in the straw immediately in front of the platform. The hens perched themselves on the window-sills, the pigeons fluttered up to the rafters, the sheep and cows lay down behind the pigs and began to chew the cud. The two cart-horses, Boxer and Clover, came in together, walking very slowly and setting down their vast hairy hoofs with great care lest there should be some small animal concealed in the straw. Clover was a stout motherly mare approaching middle life, who had never quite got her figure back after her fourth foal. Boxer was an enormous beast, nearly eighteen hands high, and as strong as any two ordinary horses put together. A
white stripe down his nose gave him a somewhat stupid appearance, and in fact he was not of first-rate intelligence, but he was universally respected for his steadiness of character and tremendous powers of work. After the horses came Muriel, the white goat, and Benjamin, the donkey. Benjamin was the oldest animal on the farm, and the worst tempered. He seldom talked, and when he did, it was usually to make some cynical remark — for instance, he would say that God had given him a tail to keep the flies off, but that he would sooner have had no tail and no flies. Alone among the animals on the farm he never laughed. If asked why, he would say that he saw nothing to laugh at. Nevertheless, without openly admitting it, he was devoted to Boxer; the two of them usually spent their Sundays together in the small paddock beyond the orchard, grazing side by side and never speaking.

The two horses had just lain down when a brood of ducklings, which had lost their mother, filed into the barn, cheeping feebly and wandering from side to side to find some place where they would not be trodden on. Clover made a sort of wall round them with her great foreleg, and the ducklings nestled down inside it and promptly fell asleep. At the last moment Mollie, the foolish, pretty white mare who drew Mr. Jones’s trap, came mincing daintily in, chewing at a lump of sugar. She took a place near the front and began flirting her white mane, hoping to draw attention to the red ribbons it was plaited with. Last of all came the cat, who looked round, as usual, for the warmest place, and finally squeezed herself in between Boxer and Clover; there she purred contentedly throughout Major’s speech without listening to a word of what he was saying.

All the animals were now present except Moses, the tame raven, who slept on a perch behind the back door. When Major saw that they had all made themselves comfortable and were waiting attentively, he cleared his throat and began:

“Comrades, you have heard already about the strange dream that I had last night. But I will come to the dream later. I have something else to say first. I do not think, comrades, that I shall be with you for many months longer, and before I die, I feel it my duty to pass on to you such wisdom as I have acquired. I have had a long life, I have had much time for thought as I lay alone in my stall, and I think I may say that I
understand the nature of life on this earth as well as any animal now living. It is about this that I wish to speak to you.

"Now, comrades, what is the nature of this life of ours? Let us face it: our lives are miserable, laborious, and short. We are born, we are given just so much food as will keep the breath in our bodies, and those of us who are capable of it are forced to work to the last atom of our strength; and the very instant that our usefulness has come to an end we are slaughtered with hideous cruelty. No animal in England knows the meaning of happiness or leisure after he is a year old. No animal in England is free. The life of an animal is misery and slavery: that is the plain truth.

"But is this simply part of the order of nature? Is it because this land of ours is so poor that it cannot afford a decent life to those who dwell upon it? No, comrades, a thousand times no! The soil of England is fertile, its climate is good, it is capable of affording food in abundance to an enormously greater number of animals than now inhabit it. This single farm of ours would support a dozen horses, twenty cows, hundreds of sheep — and all of them living in a comfort and a dignity that are now almost beyond our imagining. Why then do we continue in this miserable condition? Because nearly the whole of the produce of our labour is stolen from us by human beings. There, comrades, is the answer to all our problems. It is summed up in a single word — Man. Man is the only real enemy we have. Remove Man from the scene, and the root cause of hunger and overwork is abolished for ever.

"Man is the only creature that consumes without producing. He does not give milk, he does not lay eggs, he is too weak to pull the plough, he cannot run fast enough to catch rabbits. Yet he is lord of all the animals. He sets them to work, he gives back to them the bare minimum that will prevent them from starving, and the rest he keeps for himself. Our labour tills the soil, our dung fertilises it, and yet there is not one of us that owns more than his bare skin. You cows that I see before me, how many thousands of gallons of milk have you given during this last year? And what has happened to that milk which should have been breeding up sturdy calves? Every drop of it has gone down the throats of our enemies. And you hens, how many eggs have you laid in this last year, and how many of those eggs ever hatched into chickens? The rest have
all gone to market to bring in money for Jones and his men. And you, Clover, where are those four foals you bore, who should have been the support and pleasure of your old age? Each was sold at a year old — you will never see one of them again. In return for your four confinements and all your labour in the fields, what have you ever had except your bare rations and a stall?

“And even the miserable lives we lead are not allowed to reach their natural span. For myself I do not grumble, for I am one of the lucky ones. I am twelve years old and have had over four hundred children. Such is the natural life of a pig. But no animal escapes the cruel knife in the end. You young porkers who are sitting in front of me, every one of you will scream your lives out at the block within a year. To that horror we all must come — cows, pigs, hens, sheep, everyone. Even the horses and the dogs have no better fate. You, Boxer, the very day that those great muscles of yours lose their power, Jones will sell you to the knacker, who will cut your throat and boil you down for the foxhounds. As for the dogs, when they grow old and toothless, Jones ties a brick round their necks and drowns them in the nearest pond.

“Is it not crystal clear, then, comrades, that all the evils of this life of ours spring from the tyranny of human beings? Only get rid of Man, and the produce of our labour would be our own. Almost overnight we could become rich and free. What then must we do? Why, work night and day, body and soul, for the overthrow of the human race! That is my message to you, comrades: Rebellion! I do not know when that Rebellion will come, it might be in a week or in a hundred years, but I know, as surely as I see this straw beneath my feet, that sooner or later justice will be done. Fix your eyes on that, comrades, throughout the short remainder of your lives! And above all, pass on this message of mine to those who come after you, so that future generations shall carry on the struggle until it is victorious.

“And remember, comrades, your resolution must never falter. No argument must lead you astray. Never listen when they tell you that Man and the animals have a common interest, that the prosperity of the one is the prosperity of the others. It is all lies. Man serves the interests of no creature except himself. And among us animals let there be perfect unity,
perfect comradeship in the struggle. All men are enemies. All animals are
comrades."

At this moment there was a tremendous uproar. While Major was
speaking four large rats had crept out of their holes and were sitting on
their hindquarters, listening to him. The dogs had suddenly caught sight
of them, and it was only by a swift dash for their holes that the rats saved
their lives. Major raised his trotter for silence.

“Comrades,” he said, “here is a point that must be settled. The wild
creatures, such as rats and rabbits — are they our friends or our
enemies? Let us put it to the vote. I propose this question to the meeting:
Are rats comrades?”

The vote was taken at once, and it was agreed by an overwhelming
majority that rats were comrades. There were only four dissentients, the
three dogs and the cat, who was afterwards discovered to have voted on
both sides. Major continued:

“I have little more to say. I merely repeat, remember always your duty of
enmity towards Man and all his ways. Whatever goes upon two legs is an
enemy. Whatever goes upon four legs, or has wings, is a friend. And
remember also that in fighting against Man, we must not come to
resemble him. Even when you have conquered him, do not adopt his
vices. No animal must ever live in a house, or sleep in a bed, or wear
clothes, or drink alcohol, or smoke tobacco, or touch money, or engage in
trade. All the habits of Man are evil. And, above all, no animal must ever
tyrranise over his own kind. Weak or strong, clever or simple, we are all
brothers. No animal must ever kill any other animal. All animals are
equal.

“And now, comrades, I will tell you about my dream of last night. I
cannot describe that dream to you. It was a dream of the earth as it will
be when Man has vanished. But it reminded me of something that I had
long forgotten. Many years ago, when I was a little pig, my mother and
the other sows used to sing an old song of which they knew only the tune
and the first three words. I had known that tune in my infancy, but it had
long since passed out of my mind. Last night, however, it came back to
me in my dream. And what is more, the words of the song also came
back-words, I am certain, which were sung by the animals of long ago
and have been lost to memory for generations. I will sing you that song now, comrades. I am old and my voice is hoarse, but when I have taught you the tune, you can sing it better for yourselves. It is called ‘Beasts of England’.”

Old Major cleared his throat and began to sing. As he had said, his voice was hoarse, but he sang well enough, and it was a stirring tune, something between ‘Clementine’ and ‘La Cucaracha’. The words ran:

Beasts of England, beasts of Ireland,
Beasts of every land and clime,
Hearken to my joyful tidings
Of the golden future time.
Soon or late the day is coming,
Tyrant Man shall be o’erthrown,
And the fruitful fields of England
Shall be trod by beasts alone.
Rings shall vanish from our noses,
And the harness from our back,
Bit and spur shall rust forever,
Cruel whips no more shall crack.
Riches more than mind can picture,
Wheat and barley, oats and hay,
Clover, beans, and mangel-wurzels
Shall be ours upon that day.
Bright will shine the fields of England,
Purer shall its waters be,
Sweeter yet shall blow its breezes
On the day that sets us free.
For that day we all must labour,
Though we die before it break;
Cows and horses, geese and turkeys,
All must toil for freedom’s sake.
Beasts of England, beasts of Ireland,
Beasts of every land and clime,
Hearken well and spread my tidings
Of the golden future time.

The singing of this song threw the animals into the wildest excitement. Almost before Major had reached the end, they had begun singing it for themselves. Even the stupidest of them had already picked up the tune and a few of the words, and as for the clever ones, such as the pigs and dogs, they had the entire song by heart within a few minutes. And then, after a few preliminary tries, the whole farm burst out into ‘Beasts of England’ in tremendous unison. The cows lowed it, the dogs whined it, the sheep bleated it, the horses whinnied it, the ducks quacked it. They were so delighted with the song that they sang it right through five times in succession, and might have continued singing it all night if they had not been interrupted.

Unfortunately, the uproar awoke Mr. Jones, who sprang out of bed, making sure that there was a fox in the yard. He seized the gun which always stood in a corner of his bedroom, and let fly a charge of number 6 shot into the darkness. The pellets buried themselves in the wall of the barn and the meeting broke up hurriedly. Everyone fled to his own sleeping-place. The birds jumped on to their perches, the animals settled down in the straw, and the whole farm was asleep in a moment.
CHAPTER 2

Three nights later old Major died peacefully in his sleep. His body was buried at the foot of the orchard.

This was early in March. During the next three months there was much secret activity. Major’s speech had given to the more intelligent animals on the farm a completely new outlook on life. They did not know when the Rebellion predicted by Major would take place, they had no reason for thinking that it would be within their own lifetime, but they saw clearly that it was their duty to prepare for it. The work of teaching and organising the others fell naturally upon the pigs, who were generally recognised as being the cleverest of the animals. Pre-eminent among the pigs were two young boars named Snowball and Napoleon, whom Mr. Jones was breeding up for sale. Napoleon was a large, rather fierce-looking Berkshire boar, the only Berkshire on the farm, not much of a talker, but with a reputation for getting his own way. Snowball was a more vivacious pig than Napoleon, quicker in speech and more inventive, but was not considered to have the same depth of character. All the other male pigs on the farm were porkers. The best known among them was a small fat pig named Squealer, with very round cheeks, twinkling eyes, nimble movements, and a shrill voice. He was a brilliant talker, and when he was arguing some difficult point he had a way of skipping from side to side and whisking his tail which was somehow very persuasive. The others said of Squealer that he could turn black into white.

These three had elaborated old Major’s teachings into a complete system of thought, to which they gave the name of Animalism. Several nights a week, after Mr. Jones was asleep, they held secret meetings in the barn and expounded the principles of Animalism to the others. At the beginning they met with much stupidity and apathy. Some of the animals talked of the duty of loyalty to Mr. Jones, whom they referred to as “Master,” or made elementary remarks such as “Mr. Jones feeds us. If he were gone, we should starve to death.” Others asked such questions as “Why should we care what happens after we are dead?” or “If this Rebellion is to happen anyway, what difference does it make whether we
work for it or not?”, and the pigs had great difficulty in making them see that this was contrary to the spirit of Animalism. The stupidest questions of all were asked by Mollie, the white mare. The very first question she asked Snowball was: “Will there still be sugar after the Rebellion?”

“No,” said Snowball firmly. “We have no means of making sugar on this farm. Besides, you do not need sugar. You will have all the oats and hay you want.”

“And shall I still be allowed to wear ribbons in my mane?” asked Mollie.

“Comrade,” said Snowball, “those ribbons that you are so devoted to are the badge of slavery. Can you not understand that liberty is worth more than ribbons?”

Mollie agreed, but she did not sound very convinced.

The pigs had an even harder struggle to counteract the lies put about by Moses, the tame raven. Moses, who was Mr. Jones’s especial pet, was a spy and a tale-bearer, but he was also a clever talker. He claimed to know of the existence of a mysterious country called Sugarcandy Mountain, to which all animals went when they died. It was situated somewhere up in the sky, a little distance beyond the clouds, Moses said. In Sugarcandy Mountain it was Sunday seven days a week, clover was in season all the year round, and lump sugar and linseed cake grew on the hedges. The animals hated Moses because he told tales and did no work, but some of them believed in Sugarcandy Mountain, and the pigs had to argue very hard to persuade them that there was no such place.

Their most faithful disciples were the two cart-horses, Boxer and Clover. These two had great difficulty in thinking anything out for themselves, but having once accepted the pigs as their teachers, they absorbed everything that they were told, and passed it on to the other animals by simple arguments. They were unfailing in their attendance at the secret meetings in the barn, and led the singing of ‘Beasts of England’, with which the meetings always ended.

Now, as it turned out, the Rebellion was achieved much earlier and more easily than anyone had expected. In past years Mr. Jones, although a hard master, had been a capable farmer, but of late he had fallen on evil days. He had become much disheartened after losing money in a lawsuit,
and had taken to drinking more than was good for him. For whole days at a time he would lounge in his Windsor chair in the kitchen, reading the newspapers, drinking, and occasionally feeding Moses on crusts of bread soaked in beer. His men were idle and dishonest, the fields were full of weeds, the buildings wanted roofing, the hedges were neglected, and the animals were underfed.

June came and the hay was almost ready for cutting. On Midsummer’s Eve, which was a Saturday, Mr. Jones went into Willingdon and got so drunk at the Red Lion that he did not come back till midday on Sunday. The men had milked the cows in the early morning and then had gone out rabbiting, without bothering to feed the animals. When Mr. Jones got back he immediately went to sleep on the drawing-room sofa with the News of the World over his face, so that when evening came, the animals were still unfed. At last they could stand it no longer. One of the cows broke in the door of the store-shed with her horn and all the animals began to help themselves from the bins. It was just then that Mr. Jones woke up. The next moment he and his four men were in the store-shed with whips in their hands, lashing out in all directions. This was more than the hungry animals could bear. With one accord, though nothing of the kind had been planned beforehand, they flung themselves upon their tormentors. Jones and his men suddenly found themselves being butted and kicked from all sides. The situation was quite out of their control. They had never seen animals behave like this before, and this sudden uprising of creatures whom they were used to thrashing and maltreating just as they chose, frightened them almost out of their wits. After only a moment or two they gave up trying to defend themselves and took to their heels. A minute later all five of them were in full flight down the cart-track that led to the main road, with the animals pursuing them in triumph.

Mrs. Jones looked out of the bedroom window, saw what was happening, hurriedly flung a few possessions into a carpet bag, and slipped out of the farm by another way. Moses sprang off his perch and flapped after her, croaking loudly. Meanwhile the animals had chased Jones and his men out on to the road and slammed the five-barred gate behind them. And so, almost before they knew what was happening, the Rebellion had been successfully carried through: Jones was expelled, and the Manor Farm was theirs.
For the first few minutes the animals could hardly believe in their good fortune. Their first act was to gallop in a body right round the boundaries of the farm, as though to make quite sure that no human being was hiding anywhere upon it; then they raced back to the farm buildings to wipe out the last traces of Jones’s hated reign. The harness-room at the end of the stables was broken open; the bits, the nose-rings, the dog-chains, the cruel knives with which Mr. Jones had been used to castrate the pigs and lambs, were all flung down the well. The reins, the halters, the blinkers, the degrading nosebags, were thrown on to the rubbish fire which was burning in the yard. So were the whips. All the animals capered with joy when they saw the whips going up in flames. Snowball also threw on to the fire the ribbons with which the horses’ manes and tails had usually been decorated on market days.

“Ribbons,” he said, “should be considered as clothes, which are the mark of a human being. All animals should go naked.”

When Boxer heard this he fetched the small straw hat which he wore in summer to keep the flies out of his ears, and flung it on to the fire with the rest.

In a very little while the animals had destroyed everything that reminded them of Mr. Jones. Napoleon then led them back to the store-shed and served out a double ration of corn to everybody, with two biscuits for each dog. Then they sang ‘Beasts of England’ from end to end seven times running, and after that they settled down for the night and slept as they had never slept before.

But they woke at dawn as usual, and suddenly remembering the glorious thing that had happened, they all raced out into the pasture together. A little way down the pasture there was a knoll that commanded a view of most of the farm. The animals rushed to the top of it and gazed round them in the clear morning light. Yes, it was theirs — everything that they could see was theirs! In the ecstasy of that thought they gambolled round and round, they hurled themselves into the air in great leaps of excitement. They rolled in the dew, they cropped mouthfuls of the sweet summer grass, they kicked up clods of the black earth and snuffed its rich scent. Then they made a tour of inspection of the whole farm and surveyed with speechless admiration the ploughland, the hayfield, the orchard, the pool, the spinney. It was as though they had never seen
these things before, and even now they could hardly believe that it was all their own.

Then they filed back to the farm buildings and halted in silence outside the door of the farmhouse. That was theirs too, but they were frightened to go inside. After a moment, however, Snowball and Napoleon butted the door open with their shoulders and the animals entered in single file, walking with the utmost care for fear of disturbing anything. They tiptoed from room to room, afraid to speak above a whisper and gazing with a kind of awe at the unbelievable luxury, at the beds with their feather mattresses, the looking-glasses, the horsehair sofa, the Brussels carpet, the lithograph of Queen Victoria over the drawing-room mantelpiece. They were lust coming down the stairs when Mollie was discovered to be missing. Going back, the others found that she had remained behind in the best bedroom. She had taken a piece of blue ribbon from Mrs. Jones’s dressing-table, and was holding it against her shoulder and admiring herself in the glass in a very foolish manner. The others reproached her sharply, and they went outside. Some hams hanging in the kitchen were taken out for burial, and the barrel of beer in the scullery was stove in with a kick from Boxer’s hoof, otherwise nothing in the house was touched. A unanimous resolution was passed on the spot that the farmhouse should be preserved as a museum. All were agreed that no animal must ever live there.

The animals had their breakfast, and then Snowball and Napoleon called them together again.

“Comrades,” said Snowball, “it is half-past six and we have a long day before us. Today we begin the hay harvest. But there is another matter that must be attended to first.”

The pigs now revealed that during the past three months they had taught themselves to read and write from an old spelling book which had belonged to Mr. Jones’s children and which had been thrown on the rubbish heap. Napoleon sent for pots of black and white paint and led the way down to the five-barred gate that gave on to the main road. Then Snowball (for it was Snowball who was best at writing) took a brush between the two knuckles of his trotter, painted out MANOR FARM from the top bar of the gate and in its place painted ANIMAL FARM. This was to be the name of the farm from now onwards. After this they
went back to the farm buildings, where Snowball and Napoleon sent for a ladder which they caused to be set against the end wall of the big barn. They explained that by their studies of the past three months the pigs had succeeded in reducing the principles of Animalism to Seven Commandments. These Seven Commandments would now be inscribed on the wall; they would form an unalterable law by which all the animals on Animal Farm must live for ever after. With some difficulty (for it is not easy for a pig to balance himself on a ladder) Snowball climbed up and set to work, with Squealer a few rungs below him holding the paint-pot. The Commandments were written on the tarred wall in great white letters that could be read thirty yards away. They ran thus:

THE SEVEN COMMANDMENTS

1. Whatever goes upon two legs is an enemy.
2. Whatever goes upon four legs, or has wings, is a friend.
3. No animal shall wear clothes.
4. No animal shall sleep in a bed.
5. No animal shall drink alcohol.
6. No animal shall kill any other animal.
7. All animals are equal.

It was very neatly written, and except that “friend” was written “freind” and one of the “S’s” was the wrong way round, the spelling was correct all the way through. Snowball read it aloud for the benefit of the others. All the animals nodded in complete agreement, and the cleverer ones at once began to learn the Commandments by heart.

“Now, comrades,” cried Snowball, throwing down the paint-brush, “to the hayfield! Let us make it a point of honour to get in the harvest more quickly than Jones and his men could do.”

But at this moment the three cows, who had seemed uneasy for some time past, set up a loud lowing. They had not been milked for twenty-four hours, and their udders were almost bursting. After a little thought, the pigs sent for buckets and milked the cows fairly successfully, their trotters being well adapted to this task. Soon there were five buckets of
frothing creamy milk at which many of the animals looked with considerable interest.

“What is going to happen to all that milk?” said someone.

“Jones used sometimes to mix some of it in our mash,” said one of the hens.

“Never mind the milk, comrades!” cried Napoleon, placing himself in front of the buckets. “That will be attended to. The harvest is more important. Comrade Snowball will lead the way. I shall follow in a few minutes. Forward, comrades! The hay is waiting.”

So the animals trooped down to the hayfield to begin the harvest, and when they came back in the evening it was noticed that the milk had disappeared.
Chapter 3

How they toiled and sweated to get the hay in! But their efforts were rewarded, for the harvest was an even bigger success than they had hoped.

Sometimes the work was hard; the implements had been designed for human beings and not for animals, and it was a great drawback that no animal was able to use any tool that involved standing on his hind legs. But the pigs were so clever that they could think of a way round every difficulty. As for the horses, they knew every inch of the field, and in fact understood the business of mowing and raking far better than Jones and his men had ever done. The pigs did not actually work, but directed and supervised the others. With their superior knowledge it was natural that they should assume the leadership. Boxer and Clover would harness themselves to the cutter or the horse-rake (no bits or reins were needed in these days, of course) and tramp steadily round and round the field with a pig walking behind and calling out “Gee up, comrade!” or “Whoa back, comrade!” as the case might be. And every animal down to the humblest worked at turning the hay and gathering it. Even the ducks and hens toiled to and fro all day in the sun, carrying tiny wisps of hay in their beaks. In the end they finished the harvest in two days’ less time than it had usually taken Jones and his men. Moreover, it was the biggest harvest that the farm had ever seen. There was no wastage whatever; the hens and ducks with their sharp eyes had gathered up the very last stalk. And not an animal on the farm had stolen so much as a mouthful.

All through that summer the work of the farm went like clockwork. The animals were happy as they had never conceived it possible to be. Every mouthful of food was an acute positive pleasure, now that it was truly their own food, produced by themselves and for themselves, not doled out to them by a grudging master. With the worthless parasitical human beings gone, there was more for everyone to eat. There was more leisure too, inexperienced though the animals were. They met with many difficulties — for instance, later in the year, when they harvested the corn, they had to tread it out in the ancient style and blow away the chaff.
with their breath, since the farm possessed no threshing machine — but 
the pigs with their cleverness and Boxer with his tremendous muscles 
always pulled them through. Boxer was the admiration of everybody. He 
had been a hard worker even in Jones’s time, but now he seemed more 
like three horses than one; there were days when the entire work of the 
farm seemed to rest on his mighty shoulders. From morning to night he 
was pushing and pulling, always at the spot where the work was hardest. 
He had made an arrangement with one of the cockerels to call him in the 
mornings half an hour earlier than anyone else, and would put in some 
volunteer labour at whatever seemed to be most needed, before the 
regular day’s work began. His answer to every problem, every setback, 
was “I will work harder!” — which he had adopted as his personal motto.

But everyone worked according to his capacity. The hens and ducks, for 
instance, saved five bushels of corn at the harvest by gathering up the 
stray grains. Nobody stole, nobody grumbled over his rations, the 
quarrelling and biting and jealousy which had been normal features of 
life in the old days had almost disappeared. Nobody shirked — or almost 
nobody. Mollie, it was true, was not good at getting up in the mornings, 
and had a way of leaving work early on the ground that there was a stone 
in her hoof. And the behaviour of the cat was somewhat peculiar. It was 
soon noticed that when there was work to be done the cat could never be 
found. She would vanish for hours on end, and then reappear at meal-
times, or in the evening after work was over, as though nothing had 
happened. But she always made such excellent excuses, and purred so 
affectionately, that it was impossible not to believe in her good 
intentions. Old Benjamin, the donkey, seemed quite unchanged since the 
Rebellion. He did his work in the same slow obstinate way as he had 
done it in Jones’s time, never shirking and never volunteering for extra 
work either. About the Rebellion and its results he would express no 
opinion. When asked whether he was not happier now that Jones was 
gone, he would say only “Donkeys live a long time. None of you has ever 
seen a dead donkey,” and the others had to be content with this cryptic 
answer.

On Sundays there was no work. Breakfast was an hour later than usual, 
and after breakfast there was a ceremony which was observed every week 
without fail. First came the hoisting of the flag. Snowball had found in 
the harness-room an old green tablecloth of Mrs. Jones’s and had
painted on it a hoof and a horn in white. This was run up the flagstaff in the farmhouse garden every Sunday morning. The flag was green, Snowball explained, to represent the green fields of England, while the hoof and horn signified the future Republic of the Animals which would arise when the human race had been finally overthrown. After the hoisting of the flag all the animals trooped into the big barn for a general assembly which was known as the Meeting. Here the work of the coming week was planned out and resolutions were put forward and debated. It was always the pigs who put forward the resolutions. The other animals understood how to vote, but could never think of any resolutions of their own. Snowball and Napoleon were by far the most active in the debates. But it was noticed that these two were never in agreement: whatever suggestion either of them made, the other could be counted on to oppose it. Even when it was resolved — a thing no one could object to in itself — to set aside the small paddock behind the orchard as a home of rest for animals who were past work, there was a stormy debate over the correct retiring age for each class of animal. The Meeting always ended with the singing of ‘Beasts of England’, and the afternoon was given up to recreation.

The pigs had set aside the harness-room as a headquarters for themselves. Here, in the evenings, they studied blacksmithing, carpentering, and other necessary arts from books which they had brought out of the farmhouse. Snowball also busied himself with organising the other animals into what he called Animal Committees. He was indefatigable at this. He formed the Egg Production Committee for the hens, the Clean Tails League for the cows, the Wild Comrades’ Re-education Committee (the object of this was to tame the rats and rabbits), the Whiter Wool Movement for the sheep, and various others, besides instituting classes in reading and writing. On the whole, these projects were a failure. The attempt to tame the wild creatures, for instance, broke down almost immediately. They continued to behave very much as before, and when treated with generosity, simply took advantage of it. The cat joined the Re-education Committee and was very active in it for some days. She was seen one day sitting on a roof and talking to some sparrows who were just out of her reach. She was telling them that all animals were now comrades and that any sparrow who
chose could come and perch on her paw; but the sparrows kept their
distance.

The reading and writing classes, however, were a great success. By the
autumn almost every animal on the farm was literate in some degree.

As for the pigs, they could already read and write perfectly. The dogs
learned to read fairly well, but were not interested in reading anything
except the Seven Commandments. Muriel, the goat, could read
somewhat better than the dogs, and sometimes used to read to the others
in the evenings from scraps of newspaper which she found on the
rubbish heap. Benjamin could read as well as any pig, but never
exercised his faculty. So far as he knew, he said, there was nothing worth
reading. Clover learnt the whole alphabet, but could not put words
together. Boxer could not get beyond the letter D. He would trace out A,
B, C, D, in the dust with his great hoof, and then would stand staring at
the letters with his ears back, sometimes shaking his forelock, trying with
all his might to remember what came next and never succeeding. On
several occasions, indeed, he did learn E, F, G, H, but by the time he
knew them, it was always discovered that he had forgotten A, B, C, and
D. Finally he decided to be content with the first four letters, and used to
write them out once or twice every day to refresh his memory. Mollie
refused to learn any but the six letters which spelt her own name. She
would form these very neatly out of pieces of twig, and would then
decorate them with a flower or two and walk round them admiring them.

None of the other animals on the farm could get further than the letter A.
It was also found that the stupider animals, such as the sheep, hens, and
ducks, were unable to learn the Seven Commandments by heart. After
much thought Snowball declared that the Seven Commandments could
in effect be reduced to a single maxim, namely: “Four legs good, two legs
bad.” This, he said, contained the essential principle of Animalism.
Whoever had thoroughly grasped it would be safe from human
influences. The birds at first objected, since it seemed to them that they
also had two legs, but Snowball proved to them that this was not so.

“A bird’s wing, comrades,” he said, “is an organ of propulsion and not of
manipulation. It should therefore be regarded as a leg. The
distinguishing mark of man is the HAND, the instrument with which he
does all his mischief.”
The birds did not understand Snowball’s long words, but they accepted
his explanation, and all the humbler animals set to work to learn the new
maxim by heart. FOUR LEGS GOOD, TWO LEGS BAD, was inscribed on
the end wall of the barn, above the Seven Commandments and in bigger
letters. When they had once got it by heart, the sheep developed a great
liking for this maxim, and often as they lay in the field they would all
start bleating “Four legs good, two legs bad! Four legs good, two legs
bad!” and keep it up for hours on end, never growing tired of it.

Napoleon took no interest in Snowball’s committees. He said that the
education of the young was more important than anything that could be
done for those who were already grown up. It happened that Jessie and
Bluebell had both whelped soon after the hay harvest, giving birth
between them to nine sturdy puppies. As soon as they were weaned,
Napoleon took them away from their mothers, saying that he would
make himself responsible for their education. He took them up into a loft
which could only be reached by a ladder from the harness-room, and
there kept them in such seclusion that the rest of the farm soon forgot
their existence.

The mystery of where the milk went to was soon cleared up. It was mixed
every day into the pigs’ mash. The early apples were now ripening, and
the grass of the orchard was littered with windfalls. The animals had
assumed as a matter of course that these would be shared out equally;
one day, however, the order went forth that all the windfalls were to be
collected and brought to the harness-room for the use of the pigs. At this
some of the other animals murmured, but it was no use. All the pigs were
in full agreement on this point, even Snowball and Napoleon. Squealer
was sent to make the necessary explanations to the others.

“Comrades!” he cried. “You do not imagine, I hope, that we pigs are
doing this in a spirit of selfishness and privilege? Many of us actually
dislike milk and apples. I dislike them myself. Our sole object in taking
these things is to preserve our health. Milk and apples (this has been
proved by Science, comrades) contain substances absolutely necessary to
the well-being of a pig. We pigs are brainworkers. The whole
management and organisation of this farm depend on us. Day and night
we are watching over your welfare. It is for YOUR sake that we drink that
milk and eat those apples. Do you know what would happen if we pigs
failed in our duty? Jones would come back! Yes, Jones would come back! Surely, comrades,” cried Squealer almost pleadingly, skipping from side to side and whisking his tail, “surely there is no one among you who wants to see Jones come back?”

Now if there was one thing that the animals were completely certain of, it was that they did not want Jones back. When it was put to them in this light, they had no more to say. The importance of keeping the pigs in good health was all too obvious. So it was agreed without further argument that the milk and the windfall apples (and also the main crop of apples when they ripened) should be reserved for the pigs alone.
By the late summer the news of what had happened on Animal Farm had spread across half the county. Every day Snowball and Napoleon sent out flights of pigeons whose instructions were to mingle with the animals on neighbouring farms, tell them the story of the Rebellion, and teach them the tune of ‘Beasts of England’.

Most of this time Mr. Jones had spent sitting in the taproom of the Red Lion at Willingdon, complaining to anyone who would listen of the monstrous injustice he had suffered in being turned out of his property by a pack of good-for-nothing animals. The other farmers sympathised in principle, but they did not at first give him much help. At heart, each of them was secretly wondering whether he could not somehow turn Jones’s misfortune to his own advantage. It was lucky that the owners of the two farms which adjoined Animal Farm were on permanently bad terms. One of them, which was named Foxwood, was a large, neglected, old-fashioned farm, much overgrown by woodland, with all its pastures worn out and its hedges in a disgraceful condition. Its owner, Mr. Pilkington, was an easy-going gentleman farmer who spent most of his time in fishing or hunting according to the season. The other farm, which was called Pinchfield, was smaller and better kept. Its owner was a Mr. Frederick, a tough, shrewd man, perpetually involved in lawsuits and with a name for driving hard bargains. These two disliked each other so much that it was difficult for them to come to any agreement, even in defence of their own interests.

Nevertheless, they were both thoroughly frightened by the rebellion on Animal Farm, and very anxious to prevent their own animals from learning too much about it. At first they pretended to laugh to scorn the idea of animals managing a farm for themselves. The whole thing would be over in a fortnight, they said. They put it about that the animals on the Manor Farm (they insisted on calling it the Manor Farm; they would not tolerate the name “Animal Farm”) were perpetually fighting among themselves and were also rapidly starving to death. When time passed and the animals had evidently not starved to death, Frederick and Pilkington changed their tune and began to talk of the terrible
wickedness that now flourished on Animal Farm. It was given out that the animals there practised cannibalism, tortured one another with red-hot horseshoes, and had their females in common. This was what came of rebelling against the laws of Nature, Frederick and Pilkington said.

However, these stories were never fully believed. Rumours of a wonderful farm, where the human beings had been turned out and the animals managed their own affairs, continued to circulate in vague and distorted forms, and throughout that year a wave of rebelliousness ran through the countryside. Bulls which had always been tractable suddenly turned savage, sheep broke down hedges and devoured the clover, cows kicked the pail over, hunters refused their fences and shot their riders on to the other side. Above all, the tune and even the words of ‘Beasts of England’ were known everywhere. It had spread with astonishing speed. The human beings could not contain their rage when they heard this song, though they pretended to think it merely ridiculous. They could not understand, they said, how even animals could bring themselves to sing such contemptible rubbish. Any animal caught singing it was given a flogging on the spot. And yet the song was irrepressible. The blackbirds whistled it in the hedges, the pigeons cooed it in the elms, it got into the din of the smithies and the tune of the church bells. And when the human beings listened to it, they secretly trembled, hearing in it a prophecy of their future doom.

Early in October, when the corn was cut and stacked and some of it was already threshed, a flight of pigeons came whirling through the air and alighted in the yard of Animal Farm in the wildest excitement. Jones and all his men, with half a dozen others from Foxwood and Pinchfield, had entered the five-barred gate and were coming up the cart-track that led to the farm. They were all carrying sticks, except Jones, who was marching ahead with a gun in his hands. Obviously they were going to attempt the recapture of the farm.

This had long been expected, and all preparations had been made. Snowball, who had studied an old book of Julius Caesar’s campaigns which he had found in the farmhouse, was in charge of the defensive operations. He gave his orders quickly, and in a couple of minutes every animal was at his post.
As the human beings approached the farm buildings, Snowball launched his first attack. All the pigeons, to the number of thirty-five, flew to and fro over the men’s heads and muted upon them from mid-air; and while the men were dealing with this, the geese, who had been hiding behind the hedge, rushed out and pecked viciously at the calves of their legs. However, this was only a light skirmishing manoeuvre, intended to create a little disorder, and the men easily drove the geese off with their sticks. Snowball now launched his second line of attack. Muriel, Benjamin, and all the sheep, with Snowball at the head of them, rushed forward and prodded and butted the men from every side, while Benjamin turned around and lashed at them with his small hoofs. But once again the men, with their sticks and their hobnailed boots, were too strong for them; and suddenly, at a squeal from Snowball, which was the signal for retreat, all the animals turned and fled through the gateway into the yard.

The men gave a shout of triumph. They saw, as they imagined, their enemies in flight, and they rushed after them in disorder. This was just what Snowball had intended. As soon as they were well inside the yard, the three horses, the three cows, and the rest of the pigs, who had been lying in ambush in the cowshed, suddenly emerged in their rear, cutting them off. Snowball now gave the signal for the charge. He himself dashed straight for Jones. Jones saw him coming, raised his gun and fired. The pellets scored bloody streaks along Snowball’s back, and a sheep dropped dead. Without halting for an instant, Snowball flung his fifteen stone against Jones’s legs. Jones was hurled into a pile of dung and his gun flew out of his hands. But the most terrifying spectacle of all was Boxer, rearing up on his hind legs and striking out with his great iron-shod hoofs like a stallion. His very first blow took a stable-lad from Foxwood on the skull and stretched him lifeless in the mud. At the sight, several men dropped their sticks and tried to run. Panic overtook them, and the next moment all the animals together were chasing them round and round the yard. They were gored, kicked, bitten, trampled on. There was not an animal on the farm that did not take vengeance on them after his own fashion. Even the cat suddenly leapt off a roof onto a cowman’s shoulders and sank her claws in his neck, at which he yelled horribly. At a moment when the opening was clear, the men were glad enough to rush out of the yard and make a bolt for the main road. And so within
five minutes of their invasion they were in ignominious retreat by the same way as they had come, with a flock of geese hissing after them and pecking at their calves all the way.

All the men were gone except one. Back in the yard Boxer was pawing with his hoof at the stable-lad who lay face down in the mud, trying to turn him over. The boy did not stir.

“He is dead,” said Boxer sorrowfully. “I had no intention of doing that. I forgot that I was wearing iron shoes. Who will believe that I did not do this on purpose?”

“No sentimentality, comrade!” cried Snowball from whose wounds the blood was still dripping. “War is war. The only good human being is a dead one.”

“I have no wish to take life, not even human life,” repeated Boxer, and his eyes were full of tears.

“Where is Mollie?” exclaimed somebody.

Mollie in fact was missing. For a moment there was great alarm; it was feared that the men might have harmed her in some way, or even carried her off with them. In the end, however, she was found hiding in her stall with her head buried among the hay in the manger. She had taken to flight as soon as the gun went off. And when the others came back from looking for her, it was to find that the stable-lad, who in fact was only stunned, had already recovered and made off.

The animals had now reassembled in the wildest excitement, each recounting his own exploits in the battle at the top of his voice. An impromptu celebration of the victory was held immediately. The flag was run up and ‘Beasts of England’ was sung a number of times, then the sheep who had been killed was given a solemn funeral, a hawthorn bush being planted on her grave. At the graveside Snowball made a little speech, emphasising the need for all animals to be ready to die for Animal Farm if need be.

The animals decided unanimously to create a military decoration, “Animal Hero, First Class,” which was conferred there and then on Snowball and Boxer. It consisted of a brass medal (they were really some
old horse-brasses which had been found in the harness-room), to be worn on Sundays and holidays. There was also “Animal Hero, Second Class,” which was conferred posthumously on the dead sheep.

There was much discussion as to what the battle should be called. In the end, it was named the Battle of the Cowshed, since that was where the ambush had been sprung. Mr. Jones’s gun had been found lying in the mud, and it was known that there was a supply of cartridges in the farmhouse. It was decided to set the gun up at the foot of the Flagstaff, like a piece of artillery, and to fire it twice a year — once on October the twelfth, the anniversary of the Battle of the Cowshed, and once on Midsummer Day, the anniversary of the Rebellion.
As winter drew on, Mollie became more and more troublesome. She was late for work every morning and excused herself by saying that she had overslept, and she complained of mysterious pains, although her appetite was excellent. On every kind of pretext she would run away from work and go to the drinking pool, where she would stand foolishly gazing at her own reflection in the water. But there were also rumours of something more serious. One day, as Mollie strolled blithely into the yard, flirting her long tail and chewing at a stalk of hay, Clover took her aside.

“Mollie,” she said, “I have something very serious to say to you. This morning I saw you looking over the hedge that divides Animal Farm from Foxwood. One of Mr. Pilkington’s men was standing on the other side of the hedge. And — I was a long way away, but I am almost certain I saw this — he was talking to you and you were allowing him to stroke your nose. What does that mean, Mollie?”

“He didn’t! I wasn’t! It isn’t true!” cried Mollie, beginning to prance about and paw the ground.

“Mollie! Look me in the face. Do you give me your word of honour that that man was not stroking your nose?”

“It isn’t true!” repeated Mollie, but she could not look Clover in the face, and the next moment she took to her heels and galloped away into the field.

A thought struck Clover. Without saying anything to the others, she went to Mollie’s stall and turned over the straw with her hoof. Hidden under the straw was a little pile of lump sugar and several bunches of ribbon of different colours.

Three days later Mollie disappeared. For some weeks nothing was known of her whereabouts, then the pigeons reported that they had seen her on the other side of Willingdon. She was between the shafts of a smart dogcart painted red and black, which was standing outside a public-house. A fat red-faced man in check breeches and gaiters, who looked
like a publican, was stroking her nose and feeding her with sugar. Her coat was newly clipped and she wore a scarlet ribbon round her forelock. She appeared to be enjoying herself, so the pigeons said. None of the animals ever mentioned Mollie again.

In January there came bitterly hard weather. The earth was like iron, and nothing could be done in the fields. Many meetings were held in the big barn, and the pigs occupied themselves with planning out the work of the coming season. It had come to be accepted that the pigs, who were manifestly cleverer than the other animals, should decide all questions of farm policy, though their decisions had to be ratified by a majority vote. This arrangement would have worked well enough if it had not been for the disputes between Snowball and Napoleon. These two disagreed at every point where disagreement was possible. If one of them suggested sowing a bigger acreage with barley, the other was certain to demand a bigger acreage of oats, and if one of them said that such and such a field was just right for cabbages, the other would declare that it was useless for anything except roots. Each had his own following, and there were some violent debates. At the Meetings Snowball often won over the majority by his brilliant speeches, but Napoleon was better at canvassing support for himself in between times. He was especially successful with the sheep. Of late the sheep had taken to bleating “Four legs good, two legs bad” both in and out of season, and they often interrupted the Meeting with this. It was noticed that they were especially liable to break into “Four legs good, two legs bad” at crucial moments in Snowball’s speeches. Snowball had made a close study of some back numbers of the ‘Farmer and Stockbreeder’ which he had found in the farmhouse, and was full of plans for innovations and improvements. He talked learnedly about field drains, silage, and basic slag, and had worked out a complicated scheme for all the animals to drop their dung directly in the fields, at a different spot every day, to save the labour of cartage. Napoleon produced no schemes of his own, but said quietly that Snowball’s would come to nothing, and seemed to be biding his time. But of all their controversies, none was so bitter as the one that took place over the windmill.

In the long pasture, not far from the farm buildings, there was a small knoll which was the highest point on the farm. After surveying the ground, Snowball declared that this was just the place for a windmill,
which could be made to operate a dynamo and supply the farm with
electrical power. This would light the stalls and warm them in winter,
and would also run a circular saw, a chaff-cutter, a mangel-slicer, and an
electric milking machine. The animals had never heard of anything of
this kind before (for the farm was an old-fashioned one and had only the
most primitive machinery), and they listened in astonishment while
Snowball conjured up pictures of fantastic machines which would do
their work for them while they grazed at their ease in the fields or
improved their minds with reading and conversation.

Within a few weeks Snowball’s plans for the windmill were fully worked
out. The mechanical details came mostly from three books which had
belonged to Mr. Jones — ‘One Thousand Useful Things to Do About the
House’, ‘Every Man His Own Bricklayer’, and ‘Electricity for Beginners’.
Snowball used as his study a shed which had once been used for
incubators and had a smooth wooden floor, suitable for drawing on. He
was closeted there for hours at a time. With his books held open by a
stone, and with a piece of chalk gripped between the knuckles of his
trotter, he would move rapidly to and fro, drawing in line after line and
uttering little whimpers of excitement. Gradually the plans grew into a
complicated mass of cranks and cog-wheels, covering more than half the
floor, which the other animals found completely unintelligible but very
impressive. All of them came to look at Snowball’s drawings at least once
a day. Even the hens and ducks came, and were at pains not to tread on
the chalk marks. Only Napoleon held aloof. He had declared himself
against the windmill from the start. One day, however, he arrived
unexpectedly to examine the plans. He walked heavily round the shed,
looked closely at every detail of the plans and snuffed at them once or
twice, then stood for a little while contemplating them out of the corner
of his eye; then suddenly he lifted his leg, urinated over the plans, and
walked out without uttering a word.

The whole farm was deeply divided on the subject of the windmill.
Snowball did not deny that to build it would be a difficult business. Stone
would have to be carried and built up into walls, then the sails would
have to be made and after that there would be need for dynamos and
cables. (How these were to be procured, Snowball did not say.) But he
maintained that it could all be done in a year. And thereafter, he
declared, so much labour would be saved that the animals would only
need to work three days a week. Napoleon, on the other hand, argued that the great need of the moment was to increase food production, and that if they wasted time on the windmill they would all starve to death. The animals formed themselves into two factions under the slogan, “Vote for Snowball and the three-day week” and “Vote for Napoleon and the full manger.” Benjamin was the only animal who did not side with either faction. He refused to believe either that food would become more plentiful or that the windmill would save work. Windmill or no windmill, he said, life would go on as it had always gone on — that is, badly.

Apart from the disputes over the windmill, there was the question of the defence of the farm. It was fully realised that though the human beings had been defeated in the Battle of the Cowshed they might make another and more determined attempt to recapture the farm and reinstate Mr. Jones. They had all the more reason for doing so because the news of their defeat had spread across the countryside and made the animals on the neighbouring farms more restive than ever. As usual, Snowball and Napoleon were in disagreement. According to Napoleon, what the animals must do was to procure firearms and train themselves in the use of them. According to Snowball, they must send out more and more pigeons and stir up rebellion among the animals on the other farms. The one argued that if they could not defend themselves they were bound to be conquered, the other argued that if rebellions happened everywhere they would have no need to defend themselves. The animals listened first to Napoleon, then to Snowball, and could not make up their minds which was right; indeed, they always found themselves in agreement with the one who was speaking at the moment.

At last the day came when Snowball’s plans were completed. At the Meeting on the following Sunday the question of whether or not to begin work on the windmill was to be put to the vote. When the animals had assembled in the big barn, Snowball stood up and, though occasionally interrupted by bleating from the sheep, set forth his reasons for advocating the building of the windmill. Then Napoleon stood up to reply. He said very quietly that the windmill was nonsense and that he advised nobody to vote for it, and promptly sat down again; he had spoken for barely thirty seconds, and seemed almost indifferent as to the effect he produced. At this Snowball sprang to his feet, and shouting down the sheep, who had begun bleating again, broke into a passionate
appeal in favour of the windmill. Until now the animals had been about equally divided in their sympathies, but in a moment Snowball’s eloquence had carried them away. In glowing sentences he painted a picture of Animal Farm as it might be when sordid labour was lifted from the animals’ backs. His imagination had now run far beyond chaff-cutters and turnip-slicers. Electricity, he said, could operate threshing machines, ploughs, harrows, rollers, and reapers and binders, besides supplying every stall with its own electric light, hot and cold water, and an electric heater. By the time he had finished speaking, there was no doubt as to which way the vote would go. But just at this moment Napoleon stood up and, casting a peculiar sidelong look at Snowball, uttered a high-pitched whimper of a kind no one had ever heard him utter before.

At this there was a terrible baying sound outside, and nine enormous dogs wearing brass-studded collars came bounding into the barn. They dashed straight for Snowball, who only sprang from his place just in time to escape their snapping jaws. In a moment he was out of the door and they were after him. Too amazed and frightened to speak, all the animals crowded through the door to watch the chase. Snowball was racing across the long pasture that led to the road. He was running as only a pig can run, but the dogs were close on his heels. Suddenly he slipped and it seemed certain that they had him. Then he was up again, running faster than ever, then the dogs were gaining on him again. One of them all but closed his jaws on Snowball’s tail, but Snowball whisked it free just in time. Then he put on an extra spurt and, with a few inches to spare, slipped through a hole in the hedge and was seen no more.

Silent and terrified, the animals crept back into the barn. In a moment the dogs came bounding back. At first no one had been able to imagine where these creatures came from, but the problem was soon solved: they were the puppies whom Napoleon had taken away from their mothers and reared privately. Though not yet full-grown, they were huge dogs, and as fierce-looking as wolves. They kept close to Napoleon. It was noticed that they wagged their tails to him in the same way as the other dogs had been used to do to Mr. Jones.

Napoleon, with the dogs following him, now mounted on to the raised portion of the floor where Major had previously stood to deliver his
speech. He announced that from now on the Sunday-morning Meetings would come to an end. They were unnecessary, he said, and wasted time. In future all questions relating to the working of the farm would be settled by a special committee of pigs, presided over by himself. These would meet in private and afterwards communicate their decisions to the others. The animals would still assemble on Sunday mornings to salute the flag, sing ‘Beasts of England’, and receive their orders for the week; but there would be no more debates.

In spite of the shock that Snowball’s expulsion had given them, the animals were dismayed by this announcement. Several of them would have protested if they could have found the right arguments. Even Boxer was vaguely troubled. He set his ears back, shook his forelock several times, and tried hard to marshal his thoughts; but in the end he could not think of anything to say. Some of the pigs themselves, however, were more articulate. Four young porkers in the front row uttered shrill squeals of disapproval, and all four of them sprang to their feet and began speaking at once. But suddenly the dogs sitting round Napoleon let out deep, menacing growls, and the pigs fell silent and sat down again. Then the sheep broke out into a tremendous bleating of “Four legs good, two legs bad!” which went on for nearly a quarter of an hour and put an end to any chance of discussion.

Afterwards Squealer was sent round the farm to explain the new arrangement to the others.

“Comrades,” he said, “I trust that every animal here appreciates the sacrifice that Comrade Napoleon has made in taking this extra labour upon himself. Do not imagine, comrades, that leadership is a pleasure! On the contrary, it is a deep and heavy responsibility. No one believes more firmly than Comrade Napoleon that all animals are equal. He would be only too happy to let you make your decisions for yourselves. But sometimes you might make the wrong decisions, comrades, and then where should we be? Suppose you had decided to follow Snowball, with his moonshine of windmills — Snowball, who, as we now know, was no better than a criminal?”

“He fought bravely at the Battle of the Cowshed,” said somebody.
“Bravery is not enough,” said Squealer. “Loyalty and obedience are more important. And as to the Battle of the Cowshed, I believe the time will come when we shall find that Snowball’s part in it was much exaggerated. Discipline, comrades, iron discipline! That is the watchword for today. One false step, and our enemies would be upon us. Surely, comrades, you do not want Jones back?”

Once again this argument was unanswerable. Certainly the animals did not want Jones back; if the holding of debates on Sunday mornings was liable to bring him back, then the debates must stop. Boxer, who had now had time to think things over, voiced the general feeling by saying: “If Comrade Napoleon says it, it must be right.” And from then on he adopted the maxim, “Napoleon is always right,” in addition to his private motto of “I will work harder.”

By this time the weather had broken and the spring ploughing had begun. The shed where Snowball had drawn his plans of the windmill had been shut up and it was assumed that the plans had been rubbed off the floor. Every Sunday morning at ten o’clock the animals assembled in the big barn to receive their orders for the week. The skull of old Major, now clean of flesh, had been disinterred from the orchard and set up on a stump at the foot of the flagstaff, beside the gun. After the hoisting of the flag, the animals were required to file past the skull in a reverent manner before entering the barn. Nowadays they did not sit all together as they had done in the past. Napoleon, with Squealer and another pig named Minimus, who had a remarkable gift for composing songs and poems, sat on the front of the raised platform, with the nine young dogs forming a semicircle round them, and the other pigs sitting behind. The rest of the animals sat facing them in the main body of the barn. Napoleon read out the orders for the week in a gruff soldierly style, and after a single singing of ‘Beasts of England’, all the animals dispersed.

On the third Sunday after Snowball’s expulsion, the animals were somewhat surprised to hear Napoleon announce that the windmill was to be built after all. He did not give any reason for having changed his mind, but merely warned the animals that this extra task would mean very hard work, it might even be necessary to reduce their rations. The plans, however, had all been prepared, down to the last detail. A special committee of pigs had been at work upon them for the past three weeks.
The building of the windmill, with various other improvements, was expected to take two years.

That evening Squealer explained privately to the other animals that Napoleon had never in reality been opposed to the windmill. On the contrary, it was he who had advocated it in the beginning, and the plan which Snowball had drawn on the floor of the incubator shed had actually been stolen from among Napoleon’s papers. The windmill was, in fact, Napoleon’s own creation. Why, then, asked somebody, had he spoken so strongly against it? Here Squealer looked very sly. That, he said, was Comrade Napoleon’s cunning. He had SEEMED to oppose the windmill, simply as a manoeuvre to get rid of Snowball, who was a dangerous character and a bad influence. Now that Snowball was out of the way, the plan could go forward without his interference. This, said Squealer, was something called tactics. He repeated a number of times, “Tactics, comrades, tactics!” skipping round and whisking his tail with a merry laugh. The animals were not certain what the word meant, but Squealer spoke so persuasively, and the three dogs who happened to be with him growled so threateningly, that they accepted his explanation without further questions.
CHAPTER 6

All that year the animals worked like slaves. But they were happy in their work; they grudged no effort or sacrifice, well aware that everything that they did was for the benefit of themselves and those of their kind who would come after them, and not for a pack of idle, thieving human beings.

Throughout the spring and summer they worked a sixty-hour week, and in August Napoleon announced that there would be work on Sunday afternoons as well. This work was strictly voluntary, but any animal who absented himself from it would have his rations reduced by half. Even so, it was found necessary to leave certain tasks undone. The harvest was a little less successful than in the previous year, and two fields which should have been sown with roots in the early summer were not sown because the ploughing had not been completed early enough. It was possible to foresee that the coming winter would be a hard one.

The windmill presented unexpected difficulties. There was a good quarry of limestone on the farm, and plenty of sand and cement had been found in one of the outhouses, so that all the materials for building were at hand. But the problem the animals could not at first solve was how to break up the stone into pieces of suitable size. There seemed no way of doing this except with picks and crowbars, which no animal could use, because no animal could stand on his hind legs. Only after weeks of vain effort did the right idea occur to somebody—namely, to utilise the force of gravity. Huge boulders, far too big to be used as they were, were lying all over the bed of the quarry. The animals lashed ropes round these, and then all together, cows, horses, sheep, any animal that could lay hold of the rope — even the pigs sometimes joined in at critical moments — they dragged them with desperate slowness up the slope to the top of the quarry, where they were toppled over the edge, to shatter to pieces below. Transporting the stone when it was once broken was comparatively simple. The horses carried it off in cart-loads, the sheep dragged single blocks, even Muriel and Benjamin yoked themselves into an old governess-cart and did their share. By late summer a sufficient
store of stone had accumulated, and then the building began, under the superintendence of the pigs.

But it was a slow, laborious process. Frequently it took a whole day of exhausting effort to drag a single boulder to the top of the quarry, and sometimes when it was pushed over the edge it failed to break. Nothing could have been achieved without Boxer, whose strength seemed equal to that of all the rest of the animals put together. When the boulder began to slip and the animals cried out in despair at finding themselves dragged down the hill, it was always Boxer who strained himself against the rope and brought the boulder to a stop. To see him toiling up the slope inch by inch, his breath coming fast, the tips of his hoofs clawing at the ground, and his great sides matted with sweat, filled everyone with admiration. Clover warned him sometimes to be careful not to overstrain himself, but Boxer would never listen to her. His two slogans, “I will work harder” and “Napoleon is always right,” seemed to him a sufficient answer to all problems. He had made arrangements with the cockerel to call him three-quarters of an hour earlier in the mornings instead of half an hour. And in his spare moments, of which there were not many nowadays, he would go alone to the quarry, collect a load of broken stone, and drag it down to the site of the windmill unassisted.

The animals were not badly off throughout that summer, in spite of the hardness of their work. If they had no more food than they had had in Jones’s day, at least they did not have less. The advantage of only having to feed themselves, and not having to support five extravagant human beings as well, was so great that it would have taken a lot of failures to outweigh it. And in many ways the animal method of doing things was more efficient and saved labour. Such jobs as weeding, for instance, could be done with a thoroughness impossible to human beings. And again, since no animal now stole, it was unnecessary to fence off pasture from arable land, which saved a lot of labour on the upkeep of hedges and gates. Nevertheless, as the summer wore on, various unforeseen shortages began to make themselves felt. There was need of paraffin oil, nails, string, dog biscuits, and iron for the horses’ shoes, none of which could be produced on the farm. Later there would also be need for seeds and artificial manures, besides various tools and, finally, the machinery for the windmill. How these were to be procured, no one was able to imagine.
One Sunday morning, when the animals assembled to receive their orders, Napoleon announced that he had decided upon a new policy. From now onwards Animal Farm would engage in trade with the neighbouring farms: not, of course, for any commercial purpose, but simply in order to obtain certain materials which were urgently necessary. The needs of the windmill must override everything else, he said. He was therefore making arrangements to sell a stack of hay and part of the current year’s wheat crop, and later on, if more money were needed, it would have to be made up by the sale of eggs, for which there was always a market in Willingdon. The hens, said Napoleon, should welcome this sacrifice as their own special contribution towards the building of the windmill.

Once again the animals were conscious of a vague uneasiness. Never to have any dealings with human beings, never to engage in trade, never to make use of money — had not these been among the earliest resolutions passed at that first triumphant Meeting after Jones was expelled? All the animals remembered passing such resolutions: or at least they thought that they remembered it. The four young pigs who had protested when Napoleon abolished the Meetings raised their voices timidly, but they were promptly silenced by a tremendous growling from the dogs. Then, as usual, the sheep broke into “Four legs good, two legs bad!” and the momentary awkwardness was smoothed over. Finally Napoleon raised his trotter for silence and announced that he had already made all the arrangements. There would be no need for any of the animals to come in contact with human beings, which would clearly be most undesirable. He intended to take the whole burden upon his own shoulders. A Mr. Whymper, a solicitor living in Willingdon, had agreed to act as intermediary between Animal Farm and the outside world, and would visit the farm every Monday morning to receive his instructions. Napoleon ended his speech with his usual cry of “Long live Animal Farm!” and after the singing of ‘Beasts of England’ the animals were dismissed.

Afterwards Squealer made a round of the farm and set the animals’ minds at rest. He assured them that the resolution against engaging in trade and using money had never been passed, or even suggested. It was pure imagination, probably traceable in the beginning to lies circulated by Snowball. A few animals still felt faintly doubtful, but Squealer asked
them shrewdly, “Are you certain that this is not something that you have
dreamed, comrades? Have you any record of such a resolution? Is it
written down anywhere?” And since it was certainly true that nothing of
the kind existed in writing, the animals were satisfied that they had been
mistaken.

Every Monday Mr. Whymper visited the farm as had been arranged. He
was a sly-looking little man with side whiskers, a solicitor in a very small
way of business, but sharp enough to have realised earlier than anyone
else that Animal Farm would need a broker and that the commissions
would be worth having. The animals watched his coming and going with
a kind of dread, and avoided him as much as possible. Nevertheless, the
sight of Napoleon, on all fours, delivering orders to Whymper, who stood
on two legs, roused their pride and partly reconciled them to the new
arrangement. Their relations with the human race were now not quite
the same as they had been before. The human beings did not hate
Animal Farm any less now that it was prospering; indeed, they hated it
more than ever. Every human being held it as an article of faith that the
farm would go bankrupt sooner or later, and, above all, that the windmill
would be a failure. They would meet in the public-houses and prove to
one another by means of diagrams that the windmill was bound to fall
down, or that if it did stand up, then that it would never work. And yet,
against their will, they had developed a certain respect for the efficiency
with which the animals were managing their own affairs. One symptom
of this was that they had begun to call Animal Farm by its proper name
and ceased to pretend that it was called the Manor Farm. They had also
dropped their championship of Jones, who had given up hope of getting
his farm back and gone to live in another part of the county. Except
through Whymper, there was as yet no contact between Animal Farm
and the outside world, but there were constant rumours that Napoleon
was about to enter into a definite business agreement either with Mr.
Pilkington of Foxwood or with Mr. Frederick of Pinchfield — but never, it
was noticed, with both simultaneously.

It was about this time that the pigs suddenly moved into the farmhouse
and took up their residence there. Again the animals seemed to
remember that a resolution against this had been passed in the early
days, and again Squealer was able to convince them that this was not the
case. It was absolutely necessary, he said, that the pigs, who were the
brains of the farm, should have a quiet place to work in. It was also more suited to the dignity of the Leader (for of late he had taken to speaking of Napoleon under the title of “Leader”) to live in a house than in a mere sty. Nevertheless, some of the animals were disturbed when they heard that the pigs not only took their meals in the kitchen and used the drawing-room as a recreation room, but also slept in the beds. Boxer passed it off as usual with “Napoleon is always right!”, but Clover, who thought she remembered a definite ruling against beds, went to the end of the barn and tried to puzzle out the Seven Commandments which were inscribed there. Finding herself unable to read more than individual letters, she fetched Muriel.

“Muriel,” she said, “read me the Fourth Commandment. Does it not say something about never sleeping in a bed?”

With some difficulty Muriel spelt it out.

“It says, ‘No animal shall sleep in a bed with sheets,’” she announced finally.

Curiously enough, Clover had not remembered that the Fourth Commandment mentioned sheets; but as it was there on the wall, it must have done so. And Squealer, who happened to be passing at this moment, attended by two or three dogs, was able to put the whole matter in its proper perspective.

“You have heard then, comrades,” he said, “that we pigs now sleep in the beds of the farmhouse? And why not? You did not suppose, surely, that there was ever a ruling against beds? A bed merely means a place to sleep in. A pile of straw in a stall is a bed, properly regarded. The rule was against sheets, which are a human invention. We have removed the sheets from the farmhouse beds, and sleep between blankets. And very comfortable beds they are too! But not more comfortable than we need, I can tell you, comrades, with all the brainwork we have to do nowadays. You would not rob us of our repose, would you, comrades? You would not have us too tired to carry out our duties? Surely none of you wishes to see Jones back?”

The animals reassured him on this point immediately, and no more was said about the pigs sleeping in the farmhouse beds. And when, some days afterwards, it was announced that from now on the pigs would get
up an hour later in the mornings than the other animals, no complaint was made about that either.

By the autumn the animals were tired but happy. They had had a hard year, and after the sale of part of the hay and corn, the stores of food for the winter were none too plentiful, but the windmill compensated for everything. It was almost half built now. After the harvest there was a stretch of clear dry weather, and the animals toiled harder than ever, thinking it well worth while to plod to and fro all day with blocks of stone if by doing so they could raise the walls another foot. Boxer would even come out at nights and work for an hour or two on his own by the light of the harvest moon. In their spare moments the animals would walk round and round the half-finished mill, admiring the strength and perpendicularity of its walls and marvelling that they should ever have been able to build anything so imposing. Only old Benjamin refused to grow enthusiastic about the windmill, though, as usual, he would utter nothing beyond the cryptic remark that donkeys live a long time.

November came, with raging south-west winds. Building had to stop because it was now too wet to mix the cement. Finally there came a night when the gale was so violent that the farm buildings rocked on their foundations and several tiles were blown off the roof of the barn. The hens woke up squawking with terror because they had all dreamed simultaneously of hearing a gun go off in the distance. In the morning the animals came out of their stalls to find that the flagstaff had been blown down and an elm tree at the foot of the orchard had been plucked up like a radish. They had just noticed this when a cry of despair broke from every animal’s throat. A terrible sight had met their eyes. The windmill was in ruins.

With one accord they dashed down to the spot. Napoleon, who seldom moved out of a walk, raced ahead of them all. Yes, there it lay, the fruit of all their struggles, levelled to its foundations, the stones they had broken and carried so laboriously scattered all around. Unable at first to speak, they stood gazing mournfully at the litter of fallen stone. Napoleon paced to and fro in silence, occasionally snuffing at the ground. His tail had grown rigid and twitched sharply from side to side, a sign in him of intense mental activity. Suddenly he halted as though his mind were made up.
“Comrades,” he said quietly, “do you know who is responsible for this? Do you know the enemy who has come in the night and overthrown our windmill? SNOWBALL!” he suddenly roared in a voice of thunder.

“Snowball has done this thing! In sheer malignity, thinking to set back our plans and avenge himself for his ignominious expulsion, this traitor has crept here under cover of night and destroyed our work of nearly a year. Comrades, here and now I pronounce the death sentence upon Snowball. ‘Animal Hero, Second Class,’ and half a bushel of apples to any animal who brings him to justice. A full bushel to anyone who captures him alive!”

The animals were shocked beyond measure to learn that even Snowball could be guilty of such an action. There was a cry of indignation, and everyone began thinking out ways of catching Snowball if he should ever come back. Almost immediately the footprints of a pig were discovered in the grass at a little distance from the knoll. They could only be traced for a few yards, but appeared to lead to a hole in the hedge. Napoleon snuffed deeply at them and pronounced them to be Snowball’s. He gave it as his opinion that Snowball had probably come from the direction of Foxwood Farm.

“No more delays, comrades!” cried Napoleon when the footprints had been examined. “There is work to be done. This very morning we begin rebuilding the windmill, and we will build all through the winter, rain or shine. We will teach this miserable traitor that he cannot undo our work so easily. Remember, comrades, there must be no alteration in our plans: they shall be carried out to the day. Forward, comrades! Long live the windmill! Long live Animal Farm!”
CHAPTER 7

It was a bitter winter. The stormy weather was followed by sleet and snow, and then by a hard frost which did not break till well into February. The animals carried on as best they could with the rebuilding of the windmill, well knowing that the outside world was watching them and that the envious human beings would rejoice and triumph if the mill were not finished on time.

Out of spite, the human beings pretended not to believe that it was Snowball who had destroyed the windmill: they said that it had fallen down because the walls were too thin. The animals knew that this was not the case. Still, it had been decided to build the walls three feet thick this time instead of eighteen inches as before, which meant collecting much larger quantities of stone. For a long time the quarry was full of snowdrifts and nothing could be done. Some progress was made in the dry frosty weather that followed, but it was cruel work, and the animals could not feel so hopeful about it as they had felt before. They were always cold, and usually hungry as well. Only Boxer and Clover never lost heart. Squealer made excellent speeches on the joy of service and the dignity of labour, but the other animals found more inspiration in Boxer’s strength and his never-failing cry of “I will work harder!”

In January food fell short. The corn ration was drastically reduced, and it was announced that an extra potato ration would be issued to make up for it. Then it was discovered that the greater part of the potato crop had been frosted in the clamps, which had not been covered thickly enough. The potatoes had become soft and discoloured, and only a few were edible. For days at a time the animals had nothing to eat but chaff and mangels. Starvation seemed to stare them in the face.

It was vitally necessary to conceal this fact from the outside world. Emboldened by the collapse of the windmill, the human beings were inventing fresh lies about Animal Farm. Once again it was being put about that all the animals were dying of famine and disease, and that they were continually fighting among themselves and had resorted to cannibalism and infanticide. Napoleon was well aware of the bad results
that might follow if the real facts of the food situation were known, and he decided to make use of Mr. Whymper to spread a contrary impression. Hitherto the animals had had little or no contact with Whymper on his weekly visits: now, however, a few selected animals, mostly sheep, were instructed to remark casually in his hearing that rations had been increased. In addition, Napoleon ordered the almost empty bins in the store-shed to be filled nearly to the brim with sand, which was then covered up with what remained of the grain and meal. On some suitable pretext Whymper was led through the store-shed and allowed to catch a glimpse of the bins. He was deceived, and continued to report to the outside world that there was no food shortage on Animal Farm.

Nevertheless, towards the end of January it became obvious that it would be necessary to procure some more grain from somewhere. In these days Napoleon rarely appeared in public, but spent all his time in the farmhouse, which was guarded at each door by fierce-looking dogs. When he did emerge, it was in a ceremonial manner, with an escort of six dogs who closely surrounded him and growled if anyone came too near. Frequently he did not even appear on Sunday mornings, but issued his orders through one of the other pigs, usually Squealer.

One Sunday morning Squealer announced that the hens, who had just come in to lay again, must surrender their eggs. Napoleon had accepted, through Whymper, a contract for four hundred eggs a week. The price of these would pay for enough grain and meal to keep the farm going till summer came on and conditions were easier.

When the hens heard this, they raised a terrible outcry. They had been warned earlier that this sacrifice might be necessary, but had not believed that it would really happen. They were just getting their clutches ready for the spring sitting, and they protested that to take the eggs away now was murder. For the first time since the expulsion of Jones, there was something resembling a rebellion. Led by three young Black Minorca pullets, the hens made a determined effort to thwart Napoleon’s wishes. Their method was to fly up to the rafters and there lay their eggs, which smashed to pieces on the floor. Napoleon acted swiftly and ruthlessly. He ordered the hens’ rations to be stopped, and decreed that any animal giving so much as a grain of corn to a hen should be punished.
by death. The dogs saw to it that these orders were carried out. For five
days the hens held out, then they capitulated and went back to their
nesting boxes. Nine hens had died in the meantime. Their bodies were
buried in the orchard, and it was given out that they had died of
coccidiosis. Whymper heard nothing of this affair, and the eggs were
duly delivered, a grocer’s van driving up to the farm once a week to take
them away.

All this while no more had been seen of Snowball. He was rumoured to
be hiding on one of the neighbouring farms, either Foxwood or
Pinchfield. Napoleon was by this time on slightly better terms with the
other farmers than before. It happened that there was in the yard a pile
of timber which had been stacked there ten years earlier when a beech
spinney was cleared. It was well seasoned, and Whymper had advised
Napoleon to sell it; both Mr. Pilkington and Mr. Frederick were anxious
to buy it. Napoleon was hesitating between the two, unable to make up
his mind. It was noticed that whenever he seemed on the point of coming
to an agreement with Frederick, Snowball was declared to be in hiding at
Foxwood, while, when he inclined toward Pilkington, Snowball was said
to be at Pinchfield.

Suddenly, early in the spring, an alarming thing was discovered.
Snowball was secretly frequenting the farm by night! The animals were
so disturbed that they could hardly sleep in their stalls. Every night, it
was said, he came creeping in under cover of darkness and performed all
kinds of mischief. He stole the corn, he upset the milk-pails, he broke the
eggs, he trampled the seedbeds, he gnawed the bark off the fruit trees.
Whenever anything went wrong it became usual to attribute it to
Snowball. If a window was broken or a drain was blocked up, someone
was certain to say that Snowball had come in the night and done it, and
when the key of the store-shed was lost, the whole farm was convinced
that Snowball had thrown it down the well. Curiously enough, they went
on believing this even after the mislaid key was found under a sack of
meal. The cows declared unanimously that Snowball crept into their
stalls and milked them in their sleep. The rats, which had been
troublesome that winter, were also said to be in league with Snowball.

Napoleon decreed that there should be a full investigation into
Snowball’s activities. With his dogs in attendance he set out and made a
careful tour of inspection of the farm buildings, the other animals following at a respectful distance. At every few steps Napoleon stopped and snuffed the ground for traces of Snowball's footsteps, which, he said, he could detect by the smell. He snuffed in every corner, in the barn, in the cow-shed, in the henhouses, in the vegetable garden, and found traces of Snowball almost everywhere. He would put his snout to the ground, give several deep sniffs, and exclaim in a terrible voice, “Snowball! He has been here! I can smell him distinctly!” and at the word “Snowball” all the dogs let out blood-curdling growls and showed their side teeth.

The animals were thoroughly frightened. It seemed to them as though Snowball were some kind of invisible influence, pervading the air about them and menacing them with all kinds of dangers. In the evening Squealer called them together, and with an alarmed expression on his face told them that he had some serious news to report.

“Comrades!” cried Squealer, making little nervous skips, “a most terrible thing has been discovered. Snowball has sold himself to Frederick of Pinchfield Farm, who is even now plotting to attack us and take our farm away from us! Snowball is to act as his guide when the attack begins. But there is worse than that. We had thought that Snowball’s rebellion was caused simply by his vanity and ambition. But we were wrong, comrades. Do you know what the real reason was? Snowball was in league with Jones from the very start! He was Jones’s secret agent all the time. It has all been proved by documents which he left behind him and which we have only just discovered. To my mind this explains a great deal, comrades. Did we not see for ourselves how he attempted — fortunately without success — to get us defeated and destroyed at the Battle of the Cowshed?”

The animals were stupefied. This was a wickedness far outdoing Snowball’s destruction of the windmill. But it was some minutes before they could fully take it in. They all remembered, or thought they remembered, how they had seen Snowball charging ahead of them at the Battle of the Cowshed, how he had rallied and encouraged them at every turn, and how he had not paused for an instant even when the pellets from Jones’s gun had wounded his back. At first it was a little difficult to see how this fitted in with his being on Jones’s side. Even Boxer, who
seldom asked questions, was puzzled. He lay down, tucked his fore hoofs beneath him, shut his eyes, and with a hard effort managed to formulate his thoughts.

“I do not believe that,” he said. “Snowball fought bravely at the Battle of the Cowshed. I saw him myself. Did we not give him ‘Animal Hero, first Class,’ immediately afterwards?”

“That was our mistake, comrade. For we know now — it is all written down in the secret documents that we have found — that in reality he was trying to lure us to our doom.”

“But he was wounded,” said Boxer. “We all saw him running with blood.”

“That was part of the arrangement!” cried Squealer. “Jones’s shot only grazed him. I could show you this in his own writing, if you were able to read it. The plot was for Snowball, at the critical moment, to give the signal for flight and leave the field to the enemy. And he very nearly succeeded — I will even say, comrades, he WOULD have succeeded if it had not been for our heroic Leader, Comrade Napoleon. Do you not remember how, just at the moment when Jones and his men had got inside the yard, Snowball suddenly turned and fled, and many animals followed him? And do you not remember, too, that it was just at that moment, when panic was spreading and all seemed lost, that Comrade Napoleon sprang forward with a cry of ‘Death to Humanity!’ and sank his teeth in Jones’s leg? Surely you remember THAT, comrades?” exclaimed Squealer, frisking from side to side.

Now when Squealer described the scene so graphically, it seemed to the animals that they did remember it. At any rate, they remembered that at the critical moment of the battle Snowball had turned to flee. But Boxer was still a little uneasy.

“I do not believe that Snowball was a traitor at the beginning,” he said finally. “What he has done since is different. But I believe that at the Battle of the Cowshed he was a good comrade.”

“Our Leader, Comrade Napoleon,” announced Squealer, speaking very slowly and firmly, “has stated categorically — categorically, comrade — that Snowball was Jones’s agent from the very beginning — yes, and from long before the Rebellion was ever thought of.”
“Ah, that is different!” said Boxer. “If Comrade Napoleon says it, it must be right.”

“That is the true spirit, comrade!” cried Squealer, but it was noticed he cast a very ugly look at Boxer with his little twinkling eyes. He turned to go, then paused and added impressively: “I warn every animal on this farm to keep his eyes very wide open. For we have reason to think that some of Snowball’s secret agents are lurking among us at this moment!”

Four days later, in the late afternoon, Napoleon ordered all the animals to assemble in the yard. When they were all gathered together, Napoleon emerged from the farmhouse, wearing both his medals (for he had recently awarded himself “Animal Hero, First Class”, and “Animal Hero, Second Class”), with his nine huge dogs frisking round him and uttering growls that sent shivers down all the animals’ spines. They all cowered silently in their places, seeming to know in advance that some terrible thing was about to happen.

Napoleon stood sternly surveying his audience; then he uttered a high-pitched whimper. Immediately the dogs bounded forward, seized four of the pigs by the ear and dragged them, squealing with pain and terror, to Napoleon’s feet. The pigs’ ears were bleeding, the dogs had tasted blood, and for a few moments they appeared to go quite mad. To the amazement of everybody, three of them flung themselves upon Boxer. Boxer saw them coming and put out his great hoof, caught a dog in mid-air, and pinned him to the ground. The dog shrieked for mercy and the other two fled with their tails between their legs. Boxer looked at Napoleon to know whether he should crush the dog to death or let it go. Napoleon appeared to change countenance, and sharply ordered Boxer to let the dog go, whereat Boxer lifted his hoof, and the dog slunk away, bruised and howling.

Presently the tumult died down. The four pigs waited, trembling, with guilt written on every line of their countenances. Napoleon now called upon them to confess their crimes. They were the same four pigs as had protested when Napoleon abolished the Sunday Meetings. Without any further prompting they confessed that they had been secretly in touch with Snowball ever since his expulsion, that they had collaborated with him in destroying the windmill, and that they had entered into an agreement with him to hand over Animal Farm to Mr. Frederick. They
added that Snowball had privately admitted to them that he had been Jones’s secret agent for years past. When they had finished their confession, the dogs promptly tore their throats out, and in a terrible voice Napoleon demanded whether any other animal had anything to confess.

The three hens who had been the ringleaders in the attempted rebellion over the eggs now came forward and stated that Snowball had appeared to them in a dream and incited them to disobey Napoleon’s orders. They, too, were slaughtered. Then a goose came forward and confessed to having secreted six ears of corn during the last year’s harvest and eaten them in the night. Then a sheep confessed to having urinated in the drinking pool — urged to do this, so she said, by Snowball — and two other sheep confessed to having murdered an old ram, an especially devoted follower of Napoleon, by chasing him round and round a bonfire when he was suffering from a cough. They were all slain on the spot. And so the tale of confessions and executions went on, until there was a pile of corpses lying before Napoleon’s feet and the air was heavy with the smell of blood, which had been unknown there since the expulsion of Jones.

When it was all over, the remaining animals, except for the pigs and dogs, crept away in a body. They were shaken and miserable. They did not know which was more shocking — the treachery of the animals who had leagued themselves with Snowball, or the cruel retribution they had just witnessed. In the old days there had often been scenes of bloodshed equally terrible, but it seemed to all of them that it was far worse now that it was happening among themselves. Since Jones had left the farm, until today, no animal had killed another animal. Not even a rat had been killed. They had made their way on to the little knoll where the half-finished windmill stood, and with one accord they all lay down as though huddling together for warmth — Clover, Muriel, Benjamin, the cows, the sheep, and a whole flock of geese and hens — everyone, indeed, except the cat, who had suddenly disappeared just before Napoleon ordered the animals to assemble. For some time nobody spoke. Only Boxer remained on his feet. He fidgeted to and fro, swishing his long black tail against his sides and occasionally uttering a little whinny of surprise. Finally he said:
“I do not understand it. I would not have believed that such things could happen on our farm. It must be due to some fault in ourselves. The solution, as I see it, is to work harder. From now onwards I shall get up a full hour earlier in the mornings.”

And he moved off at his lumbering trot and made for the quarry. Having got there, he collected two successive loads of stone and dragged them down to the windmill before retiring for the night.

The animals huddled about Clover, not speaking. The knoll where they were lying gave them a wide prospect across the countryside. Most of Animal Farm was within their view — the long pasture stretching down to the main road, the hayfield, the spinney, the drinking pool, the ploughed fields where the young wheat was thick and green, and the red roofs of the farm buildings with the smoke curling from the chimneys. It was a clear spring evening. The grass and the bursting hedges were gilded by the level rays of the sun. Never had the farm — and with a kind of surprise they remembered that it was their own farm, every inch of it their own property — appeared to the animals so desirable a place. As Clover looked down the hillside her eyes filled with tears. If she could have spoken her thoughts, it would have been to say that this was not what they had aimed at when they had set themselves years ago to work for the overthrow of the human race.

These scenes of terror and slaughter were not what they had looked forward to on that night when old Major first stirred them to rebellion. If she herself had had any picture of the future, it had been of a society of animals set free from hunger and the whip, all equal, each working according to his capacity, the strong protecting the weak, as she had protected the lost brood of ducklings with her foreleg on the night of Major’s speech.

Instead — she did not know why — they had come to a time when no one dared speak his mind, when fierce, growling dogs roamed everywhere, and when you had to watch your comrades torn to pieces after confessing to shocking crimes.

There was no thought of rebellion or disobedience in her mind. She knew that, even as things were, they were far better off than they had been in the days of Jones, and that before all else it was needful to prevent the
return of the human beings. Whatever happened she would remain faithful, work hard, carry out the orders that were given to her, and accept the leadership of Napoleon. But still, it was not for this that she and all the other animals had hoped and toiled. It was not for this that they had built the windmill and faced the bullets of Jones’s gun. Such were her thoughts, though she lacked the words to express them.

At last, feeling this to be in some way a substitute for the words she was unable to find, she began to sing ‘Beasts of England’. The other animals sitting round her took it up, and they sang it three times over — very tunefully, but slowly and mournfully, in a way they had never sung it before.

They had just finished singing it for the third time when Squealer, attended by two dogs, approached them with the air of having something important to say. He announced that, by a special decree of Comrade Napoleon, ‘Beasts of England’ had been abolished. From now onwards it was forbidden to sing it.

The animals were taken aback.

“Why?” cried Muriel.

“It’s no longer needed, comrade,” said Squealer stiffly. “‘Beasts of England’ was the song of the Rebellion. But the Rebellion is now completed. The execution of the traitors this afternoon was the final act. The enemy both external and internal has been defeated. In ‘Beasts of England’ we expressed our longing for a better society in days to come. But that society has now been established. Clearly this song has no longer any purpose.”

Frightened though they were, some of the animals might possibly have protested, but at this moment the sheep set up their usual bleating of “Four legs good, two legs bad,” which went on for several minutes and put an end to the discussion.

So ‘Beasts of England’ was heard no more. In its place Minimus, the poet, had composed another song which began:

Animal Farm, Animal Farm,

Never through me shalt thou come to harm!
and this was sung every Sunday morning after the hoisting of the flag. But somehow neither the words nor the tune ever seemed to the animals to come up to ‘Beasts of England’.
A few days later, when the terror caused by the executions had died down, some of the animals remembered — or thought they remembered — that the Sixth Commandment decreed “No animal shall kill any other animal.” And though no one cared to mention it in the hearing of the pigs or the dogs, it was felt that the killings which had taken place did not square with this. Clover asked Benjamin to read her the Sixth Commandment, and when Benjamin, as usual, said that he refused to meddle in such matters, she fetched Muriel. Muriel read the Commandment for her. It ran: “No animal shall kill any other animal WITHOUT CAUSE.” Somehow or other, the last two words had slipped out of the animals’ memory. But they saw now that the Commandment had not been violated; for clearly there was good reason for killing the traitors who had leagued themselves with Snowball.

Throughout the year the animals worked even harder than they had worked in the previous year. To rebuild the windmill, with walls twice as thick as before, and to finish it by the appointed date, together with the regular work of the farm, was a tremendous labour. There were times when it seemed to the animals that they worked longer hours and fed no better than they had done in Jones’s day. On Sunday mornings Squealer, holding down a long strip of paper with his trotter, would read out to them lists of figures proving that the production of every class of foodstuff had increased by two hundred per cent, three hundred per cent, or five hundred per cent, as the case might be. The animals saw no reason to disbelieve him, especially as they could no longer remember very clearly what conditions had been like before the Rebellion. All the same, there were days when they felt that they would sooner have had less figures and more food.

All orders were now issued through Squealer or one of the other pigs. Napoleon himself was not seen in public as often as once in a fortnight. When he did appear, he was attended not only by his retinue of dogs but by a black cockerel who marched in front of him and acted as a kind of trumpeter, letting out a loud “cock-a-doodle-doo” before Napoleon spoke. Even in the farmhouse, it was said, Napoleon inhabited separate
apartments from the others. He took his meals alone, with two dogs to wait upon him, and always ate from the Crown Derby dinner service which had been in the glass cupboard in the drawing-room. It was also announced that the gun would be fired every year on Napoleon’s birthday, as well as on the other two anniversaries.

Napoleon was now never spoken of simply as “Napoleon.” He was always referred to in formal style as “our Leader, Comrade Napoleon,” and this pigs liked to invent for him such titles as Father of All Animals, Terror of Mankind, Protector of the Sheep-fold, Ducklings’ Friend, and the like. In his speeches, Squealer would talk with the tears rolling down his cheeks of Napoleon’s wisdom the goodness of his heart, and the deep love he bore to all animals everywhere, even and especially the unhappy animals who still lived in ignorance and slavery on other farms. It had become usual to give Napoleon the credit for every successful achievement and every stroke of good fortune. You would often hear one hen remark to another, “Under the guidance of our Leader, Comrade Napoleon, I have laid five eggs in six days”; or two cows, enjoying a drink at the pool, would exclaim, “Thanks to the leadership of Comrade Napoleon, how excellent this water tastes!” The general feeling on the farm was well expressed in a poem entitled Comrade Napoleon, which was composed by Minimus and which ran as follows:

Friend of fatherless!
Fountain of happiness!
Lord of the swill-bucket! Oh, how my soul is on
Fire when I gaze at thy
Calm and commanding eye,
Like the sun in the sky,
Comrade Napoleon!
Thou are the giver of
All that thy creatures love,
Full belly twice a day, clean straw to roll upon;
Every beast great or small
Sleeps at peace in his stall,
Thou watchest over all,
Comrade Napoleon!
Had I a sucking-pig,
Ere he had grown as big
Even as a pint bottle or as a rolling-pin,
He should have learned to be
Faithful and true to thee,
Yes, his first squeak should be
“Comrade Napoleon!”

Napoleon approved of this poem and caused it to be inscribed on the wall of the big barn, at the opposite end from the Seven Commandments. It was surmounted by a portrait of Napoleon, in profile, executed by Squealer in white paint.

Meanwhile, through the agency of Whymper, Napoleon was engaged in complicated negotiations with Frederick and Pilkington. The pile of timber was still unsold. Of the two, Frederick was the more anxious to get hold of it, but he would not offer a reasonable price. At the same time there were renewed rumours that Frederick and his men were plotting to attack Animal Farm and to destroy the windmill, the building of which had aroused furious jealousy in him. Snowball was known to be still skulking on Pinchfield Farm. In the middle of the summer the animals were alarmed to hear that three hens had come forward and confessed that, inspired by Snowball, they had entered into a plot to murder Napoleon. They were executed immediately, and fresh precautions for Napoleon’s safety were taken. Four dogs guarded his bed at night, one at each corner, and a young pig named Pinkeye was given the task of tasting all his food before he ate it, lest it should be poisoned.

At about the same time it was given out that Napoleon had arranged to sell the pile of timber to Mr. Pilkington; he was also going to enter into a
regular agreement for the exchange of certain products between Animal Farm and Foxwood. The relations between Napoleon and Pilkington, though they were only conducted through Whymper, were now almost friendly. The animals distrusted Pilkington, as a human being, but greatly preferred him to Frederick, whom they both feared and hated. As the summer wore on, and the windmill neared completion, the rumours of an impending treacherous attack grew stronger and stronger. Frederick, it was said, intended to bring against them twenty men all armed with guns, and he had already bribed the magistrates and police, so that if he could once get hold of the title-deeds of Animal Farm they would ask no questions. Moreover, terrible stories were leaking out from Pinchfield about the cruelties that Frederick practised upon his animals. He had flogged an old horse to death, he starved his cows, he had killed a dog by throwing it into the furnace, he amused himself in the evenings by making cocks fight with splinters of razor-blade tied to their spurs. The animals’ blood boiled with rage when they heard of these things being done to their comrades, and sometimes they clamoured to be allowed to go out in a body and attack Pinchfield Farm, drive out the humans, and set the animals free. But Squealer counselled them to avoid rash actions and trust in Comrade Napoleon’s strategy.

Nevertheless, feeling against Frederick continued to run high. One Sunday morning Napoleon appeared in the barn and explained that he had never at any time contemplated selling the pile of timber to Frederick; he considered it beneath his dignity, he said, to have dealings with scoundrels of that description. The pigeons who were still sent out to spread tidings of the Rebellion were forbidden to set foot anywhere on Foxwood, and were also ordered to drop their former slogan of “Death to Humanity” in favour of “Death to Frederick.” In the late summer yet another of Snowball’s machinations was laid bare. The wheat crop was full of weeds, and it was discovered that on one of his nocturnal visits Snowball had mixed weed seeds with the seed corn. A gander who had been privy to the plot had confessed his guilt to Squealer and immediately committed suicide by swallowing deadly nightshade berries. The animals now also learned that Snowball had never — as many of them had believed hitherto — received the order of “Animal Hero, First Class.” This was merely a legend which had been spread some time after the Battle of the Cowshed by Snowball himself. So far from being
decorated, he had been censured for showing cowardice in the battle. Once again some of the animals heard this with a certain bewilderment, but Squealer was soon able to convince them that their memories had been at fault.

In the autumn, by a tremendous, exhausting effort — for the harvest had to be gathered at almost the same time — the windmill was finished. The machinery had still to be installed, and Whymper was negotiating the purchase of it, but the structure was completed. In the teeth of every difficulty, in spite of inexperience, of primitive implements, of bad luck and of Snowball’s treachery, the work had been finished punctually to the very day! Tired out but proud, the animals walked round and round their masterpiece, which appeared even more beautiful in their eyes than when it had been built the first time. Moreover, the walls were twice as thick as before. Nothing short of explosives would lay them low this time! And when they thought of how they had laboured, what discouragements they had overcome, and the enormous difference that would be made in their lives when the sails were turning and the dynamos running — when they thought of all this, their tiredness forsook them and they gambolled round and round the windmill, uttering cries of triumph. Napoleon himself, attended by his dogs and his cockerel, came down to inspect the completed work; he personally congratulated the animals on their achievement, and announced that the mill would be named Napoleon Mill.

Two days later the animals were called together for a special meeting in the barn. They were struck dumb with surprise when Napoleon announced that he had sold the pile of timber to Frederick. Tomorrow Frederick’s wagons would arrive and begin carting it away. Throughout the whole period of his seeming friendship with Pilkington, Napoleon had really been in secret agreement with Frederick.

All relations with Foxwood had been broken off; insulting messages had been sent to Pilkington. The pigeons had been told to avoid Pinchfield Farm and to alter their slogan from “Death to Frederick” to “Death to Pilkington.” At the same time Napoleon assured the animals that the stories of an impending attack on Animal Farm were completely untrue, and that the tales about Frederick’s cruelty to his own animals had been greatly exaggerated. All these rumours had probably originated with
Snowball and his agents. It now appeared that Snowball was not, after all, hiding on Pinchfield Farm, and in fact had never been there in his life: he was living — in considerable luxury, so it was said — at Foxwood, and had in reality been a pensioner of Pilkington for years past.

The pigs were in ecstasies over Napoleon's cunning. By seeming to be friendly with Pilkington he had forced Frederick to raise his price by twelve pounds. But the superior quality of Napoleon's mind, said Squealer, was shown in the fact that he trusted nobody, not even Frederick. Frederick had wanted to pay for the timber with something called a cheque, which, it seemed, was a piece of paper with a promise to pay written upon it. But Napoleon was too clever for him. He had demanded payment in real five-pound notes, which were to be handed over before the timber was removed. Already Frederick had paid up; and the sum he had paid was just enough to buy the machinery for the windmill.

Meanwhile the timber was being carted away at high speed. When it was all gone, another special meeting was held in the barn for the animals to inspect Frederick's bank-notes. Smiling beatifically, and wearing both his decorations, Napoleon reposed on a bed of straw on the platform, with the money at his side, neatly piled on a china dish from the farmhouse kitchen. The animals filed slowly past, and each gazed his fill. And Boxer put out his nose to sniff at the bank-notes, and the flimsy white things stirred and rustled in his breath.

Three days later there was a terrible hullabaloo. Whymper, his face deadly pale, came racing up the path on his bicycle, flung it down in the yard and rushed straight into the farmhouse. The next moment a choking roar of rage sounded from Napoleon's apartments. The news of what had happened sped round the farm like wildfire. The banknotes were forgeries! Frederick had got the timber for nothing!

Napoleon called the animals together immediately and in a terrible voice pronounced the death sentence upon Frederick. When captured, he said, Frederick should be boiled alive. At the same time he warned them that after this treacherous deed the worst was to be expected. Frederick and his men might make their long-expected attack at any moment. Sentinels were placed at all the approaches to the farm. In addition, four pigeons
were sent to Foxwood with a conciliatory message, which it was hoped might re-establish good relations with Pilkington.

The very next morning the attack came. The animals were at breakfast when the look-outs came racing in with the news that Frederick and his followers had already come through the five-barred gate. Boldly enough the animals sallied forth to meet them, but this time they did not have the easy victory that they had had in the Battle of the Cowshed. There were fifteen men, with half a dozen guns between them, and they opened fire as soon as they got within fifty yards. The animals could not face the terrible explosions and the stinging pellets, and in spite of the efforts of Napoleon and Boxer to rally them, they were soon driven back. A number of them were already wounded. They took refuge in the farm buildings and peeped cautiously out from chinks and knot-holes. The whole of the big pasture, including the windmill, was in the hands of the enemy. For the moment even Napoleon seemed at a loss. He paced up and down without a word, his tail rigid and twitching. Wistful glances were sent in the direction of Foxwood. If Pilkington and his men would help them, the day might yet be won. But at this moment the four pigeons, who had been sent out on the day before, returned, one of them bearing a scrap of paper from Pilkington. On it was pencilled the words: “Serves you right.”

Meanwhile Frederick and his men had halted about the windmill. The animals watched them, and a murmur of dismay went round. Two of the men had produced a crowbar and a sledge hammer. They were going to knock the windmill down.

“Impossible!” cried Napoleon. “We have built the walls far too thick for that. They could not knock it down in a week. Courage, comrades!”

But Benjamin was watching the movements of the men intently. The two with the hammer and the crowbar were drilling a hole near the base of the windmill. Slowly, and with an air almost of amusement, Benjamin nodded his long muzzle.

“I thought so,” he said. “Do you not see what they are doing? In another moment they are going to pack blasting powder into that hole.”

Terrified, the animals waited. It was impossible now to venture out of the shelter of the buildings. After a few minutes the men were seen to be
running in all directions. Then there was a deafening roar. The pigeons swirled into the air, and all the animals, except Napoleon, flung themselves flat on their bellies and hid their faces. When they got up again, a huge cloud of black smoke was hanging where the windmill had been. Slowly the breeze drifted it away. The windmill had ceased to exist!

At this sight the animals’ courage returned to them. The fear and despair they had felt a moment earlier were drowned in their rage against this vile, contemptible act. A mighty cry for vengeance went up, and without waiting for further orders they charged forth in a body and made straight for the enemy. This time they did not heed the cruel pellets that swept over them like hail. It was a savage, bitter battle. The men fired again and again, and, when the animals got to close quarters, lashed out with their sticks and their heavy boots. A cow, three sheep, and two geese were killed, and nearly everyone was wounded. Even Napoleon, who was directing operations from the rear, had the tip of his tail chipped by a pellet. But the men did not go unscathed either. Three of them had their heads broken by blows from Boxer’s hoofs; another was gored in the belly by a cow’s horn; another had his trousers nearly torn off by Jessie and Bluebell. And when the nine dogs of Napoleon’s own bodyguard, whom he had instructed to make a detour under cover of the hedge, suddenly appeared on the men’s flank, baying ferociously, panic overtook them. They saw that they were in danger of being surrounded. Frederick shouted to his men to get out while the going was good, and the next moment the cowardly enemy was running for dear life. The animals chased them right down to the bottom of the field, and got in some last kicks at them as they forced their way through the thorn hedge.

They had won, but they were weary and bleeding. Slowly they began to limp back towards the farm. The sight of their dead comrades stretched upon the grass moved some of them to tears. And for a little while they halted in sorrowful silence at the place where the windmill had once stood. Yes, it was gone; almost the last trace of their labour was gone! Even the foundations were partially destroyed. And in rebuilding it they could not this time, as before, make use of the fallen stones. This time the stones had vanished too. The force of the explosion had flung them to distances of hundreds of yards. It was as though the windmill had never been.
As they approached the farm Squealer, who had unaccountably been absent during the fighting, came skipping towards them, whisking his tail and beaming with satisfaction. And the animals heard, from the direction of the farm buildings, the solemn booming of a gun.

“What is that gun firing for?” said Boxer.

“To celebrate our victory!” cried Squealer.

“What victory?” said Boxer. His knees were bleeding, he had lost a shoe and split his hoof, and a dozen pellets had lodged themselves in his hind leg.

“What victory, comrade? Have we not driven the enemy off our soil — the sacred soil of Animal Farm?”

“But they have destroyed the windmill. And we had worked on it for two years!”

“What matter? We will build another windmill. We will build six windmills if we feel like it. You do not appreciate, comrade, the mighty thing that we have done. The enemy was in occupation of this very ground that we stand upon. And now — thanks to the leadership of Comrade Napoleon — we have won every inch of it back again!”

“Then we have won back what we had before,” said Boxer.

“That is our victory,” said Squealer.

They limped into the yard. The pellets under the skin of Boxer’s leg smarted painfully. He saw ahead of him the heavy labour of rebuilding the windmill from the foundations, and already in imagination he braced himself for the task. But for the first time it occurred to him that he was eleven years old and that perhaps his great muscles were not quite what they had once been.

But when the animals saw the green flag flying, and heard the gun firing again — seven times it was fired in all — and heard the speech that Napoleon made, congratulating them on their conduct, it did seem to them after all that they had won a great victory. The animals slain in the battle were given a solemn funeral. Boxer and Clover pulled the wagon which served as a hearse, and Napoleon himself walked at the head of
the procession. Two whole days were given over to celebrations. There were songs, speeches, and more firing of the gun, and a special gift of an apple was bestowed on every animal, with two ounces of corn for each bird and three biscuits for each dog. It was announced that the battle would be called the Battle of the Windmill, and that Napoleon had created a new decoration, the Order of the Green Banner, which he had conferred upon himself. In the general rejoicings the unfortunate affair of the banknotes was forgotten.

It was a few days later than this that the pigs came upon a case of whisky in the cellars of the farmhouse. It had been overlooked at the time when the house was first occupied. That night there came from the farmhouse the sound of loud singing, in which, to everyone’s surprise, the strains of ‘Beasts of England’ were mixed up. At about half past nine Napoleon, wearing an old bowler hat of Mr. Jones’s, was distinctly seen to emerge from the back door, gallop rapidly round the yard, and disappear indoors again. But in the morning a deep silence hung over the farmhouse. Not a pig appeared to be stirring. It was nearly nine o’clock when Squealer made his appearance, walking slowly and dejectedly, his eyes dull, his tail hanging limply behind him, and with every appearance of being seriously ill. He called the animals together and told them that he had a terrible piece of news to impart. Comrade Napoleon was dying!

A cry of lamentation went up. Straw was laid down outside the doors of the farmhouse, and the animals walked on tiptoe. With tears in their eyes they asked one another what they should do if their Leader were taken away from them. A rumour went round that Snowball had after all contrived to introduce poison into Napoleon’s food. At eleven o’clock Squealer came out to make another announcement. As his last act upon earth, Comrade Napoleon had pronounced a solemn decree: the drinking of alcohol was to be punished by death.

By the evening, however, Napoleon appeared to be somewhat better, and the following morning Squealer was able to tell them that he was well on the way to recovery. By the evening of that day Napoleon was back at work, and on the next day it was learned that he had instructed Whymper to purchase in Willingdon some booklets on brewing and distilling. A week later Napoleon gave orders that the small paddock beyond the orchard, which it had previously been intended to set aside as
a grazing-ground for animals who were past work, was to be ploughed up. It was given out that the pasture was exhausted and needed re-seeding; but it soon became known that Napoleon intended to sow it with barley.

About this time there occurred a strange incident which hardly anyone was able to understand. One night at about twelve o’clock there was a loud crash in the yard, and the animals rushed out of their stalls. It was a moonlit night. At the foot of the end wall of the big barn, where the Seven Commandments were written, there lay a ladder broken in two pieces. Squealer, temporarily stunned, was sprawling beside it, and near at hand there lay a lantern, a paint-brush, and an overturned pot of white paint. The dogs immediately made a ring round Squealer, and escorted him back to the farmhouse as soon as he was able to walk. None of the animals could form any idea as to what this meant, except old Benjamin, who nodded his muzzle with a knowing air, and seemed to understand, but would say nothing.

But a few days later Muriel, reading over the Seven Commandments to herself, noticed that there was yet another of them which the animals had remembered wrong. They had thought the Fifth Commandment was “No animal shall drink alcohol,” but there were two words that they had forgotten. Actually the Commandment read: “No animal shall drink alcohol TO EXCESS.”
Boxer's split hoof was a long time in healing. They had started the rebuilding of the windmill the day after the victory celebrations were ended. Boxer refused to take even a day off work, and made it a point of honour not to let it be seen that he was in pain. In the evenings he would admit privately to Clover that the hoof troubled him a great deal. Clover treated the hoof with poultices of herbs which she prepared by chewing them, and both she and Benjamin urged Boxer to work less hard. "A horse's lungs do not last for ever," she said to him. But Boxer would not listen. He had, he said, only one real ambition left — to see the windmill well under way before he reached the age for retirement.

At the beginning, when the laws of Animal Farm were first formulated, the retiring age had been fixed for horses and pigs at twelve, for cows at fourteen, for dogs at nine, for sheep at seven, and for hens and geese at five. Liberal old-age pensions had been agreed upon. As yet no animal had actually retired on pension, but of late the subject had been discussed more and more. Now that the small field beyond the orchard had been set aside for barley, it was rumoured that a corner of the large pasture was to be fenced off and turned into a grazing-ground for superannuated animals. For a horse, it was said, the pension would be five pounds of corn a day and, in winter, fifteen pounds of hay, with a carrot or possibly an apple on public holidays. Boxer's twelfth birthday was due in the late summer of the following year.

Meanwhile life was hard. The winter was as cold as the last one had been, and food was even shorter. Once again all rations were reduced, except those of the pigs and the dogs. A too rigid equality in rations, Squealer explained, would have been contrary to the principles of Animalism. In any case he had no difficulty in proving to the other animals that they were NOT in reality short of food, whatever the appearances might be. For the time being, certainly, it had been found necessary to make a readjustment of rations (Squealer always spoke of it as a "readjustment," never as a "reduction"), but in comparison with the days of Jones, the improvement was enormous. Reading out the figures in a shrill, rapid voice, he proved to them in detail that they had more
oats, more hay, more turnips than they had had in Jones’s day, that they worked shorter hours, that their drinking water was of better quality, that they lived longer, that a larger proportion of their young ones survived infancy, and that they had more straw in their stalls and suffered less from fleas. The animals believed every word of it. Truth to tell, Jones and all he stood for had almost faded out of their memories. They knew that life nowadays was harsh and bare, that they were often hungry and often cold, and that they were usually working when they were not asleep. But doubtless it had been worse in the old days. They were glad to believe so. Besides, in those days they had been slaves and now they were free, and that made all the difference, as Squealer did not fail to point out.

There were many more mouths to feed now. In the autumn the four sows had all littered about simultaneously, producing thirty-one young pigs between them. The young pigs were piebald, and as Napoleon was the only boar on the farm, it was possible to guess at their parentage. It was announced that later, when bricks and timber had been purchased, a schoolroom would be built in the farmhouse garden. For the time being, the young pigs were given their instruction by Napoleon himself in the farmhouse kitchen. They took their exercise in the garden, and were discouraged from playing with the other young animals. About this time, too, it was laid down as a rule that when a pig and any other animal met on the path, the other animal must stand aside: and also that all pigs, of whatever degree, were to have the privilege of wearing green ribbons on their tails on Sundays.

The farm had had a fairly successful year, but was still short of money. There were the bricks, sand, and lime for the schoolroom to be purchased, and it would also be necessary to begin saving up again for the machinery for the windmill. Then there were lamp oil and candles for the house, sugar for Napoleon’s own table (he forbade this to the other pigs, on the ground that it made them fat), and all the usual replacements such as tools, nails, string, coal, wire, scrap-iron, and dog biscuits. A stump of hay and part of the potato crop were sold off, and the contract for eggs was increased to six hundred a week, so that that year the hens barely hatched enough chicks to keep their numbers at the same level. Rations, reduced in December, were reduced again in February, and lanterns in the stalls were forbidden to save oil. But the
pigs seemed comfortable enough, and in fact were putting on weight if anything. One afternoon in late February a warm, rich, appetising scent, such as the animals had never smelt before, wafted itself across the yard from the little brew-house, which had been disused in Jones’s time, and which stood beyond the kitchen. Someone said it was the smell of cooking barley. The animals sniffed the air hungrily and wondered whether a warm mash was being prepared for their supper. But no warm mash appeared, and on the following Sunday it was announced that from now onwards all barley would be reserved for the pigs. The field beyond the orchard had already been sown with barley. And the news soon leaked out that every pig was now receiving a ration of a pint of beer daily, with half a gallon for Napoleon himself, which was always served to him in the Crown Derby soup tureen.

But if there were hardships to be borne, they were partly offset by the fact that life nowadays had a greater dignity than it had had before. There were more songs, more speeches, more processions. Napoleon had commanded that once a week there should be held something called a Spontaneous Demonstration, the object of which was to celebrate the struggles and triumphs of Animal Farm. At the appointed time the animals would leave their work and march round the precincts of the farm in military formation, with the pigs leading, then the horses, then the cows, then the sheep, and then the poultry. The dogs flanked the procession and at the head of all marched Napoleon’s black cockerel. Boxer and Clover always carried between them a green banner marked with the hoof and the horn and the caption, “Long live Comrade Napoleon!” Afterwards there were recitations of poems composed in Napoleon’s honour, and a speech by Squealer giving particulars of the latest increases in the production of foodstuffs, and on occasion a shot was fired from the gun. The sheep were the greatest devotees of the Spontaneous Demonstration, and if anyone complained (as a few animals sometimes did, when no pigs or dogs were near) that they wasted time and meant a lot of standing about in the cold, the sheep were sure to silence him with a tremendous bleating of “Four legs good, two legs bad!” But by and large the animals enjoyed these celebrations. They found it comforting to be reminded that, after all, they were truly their own masters and that the work they did was for their own benefit. So that, what with the songs, the processions, Squealer’s lists of figures,
the thunder of the gun, the crowing of the cockerel, and the fluttering of
the flag, they were able to forget that their bellies were empty, at least
part of the time.

In April, Animal Farm was proclaimed a Republic, and it became
necessary to elect a President. There was only one candidate, Napoleon,
who was elected unanimously. On the same day it was given out that
fresh documents had been discovered which revealed further details
about Snowball’s complicity with Jones. It now appeared that Snowball
had not, as the animals had previously imagined, merely attempted to
lose the Battle of the Cowshed by means of a stratagem, but had been
openly fighting on Jones’s side. In fact, it was he who had actually been
the leader of the human forces, and had charged into battle with the
words “Long live Humanity!” on his lips. The wounds on Snowball’s
back, which a few of the animals still remembered to have seen, had been
inflicted by Napoleon’s teeth.

In the middle of the summer Moses the raven suddenly reappeared on
the farm, after an absence of several years. He was quite unchanged, still
did no work, and talked in the same strain as ever about Sugarcandy
Mountain. He would perch on a stump, flap his black wings, and talk by
the hour to anyone who would listen. “Up there, comrades,” he would
say solemnly, pointing to the sky with his large beak — “up there, just on
the other side of that dark cloud that you can see — there it lies,
Sugarcandy Mountain, that happy country where we poor animals shall
rest for ever from our labours!” He even claimed to have been there on
one of his higher flights, and to have seen the everlasting fields of clover
and the linseed cake and lump sugar growing on the hedges. Many of the
animals believed him. Their lives now, they reasoned, were hungry and
laborious; was it not right and just that a better world should exist
somewhere else? A thing that was difficult to determine was the attitude
of the pigs towards Moses. They all declared contemptuously that his
stories about Sugarcandy Mountain were lies, and yet they allowed him
to remain on the farm, not working, with an allowance of a gill of beer a
day.

After his hoof had healed up, Boxer worked harder than ever. Indeed, all
the animals worked like slaves that year. Apart from the regular work of
the farm, and the rebuilding of the windmill, there was the schoolhouse
for the young pigs, which was started in March. Sometimes the long hours on insufficient food were hard to bear, but Boxer never faltered. In nothing that he said or did was there any sign that his strength was not what it had been. It was only his appearance that was a little altered; his hide was less shiny than it had used to be, and his great haunches seemed to have shrunken. The others said, “Boxer will pick up when the spring grass comes on”; but the spring came and Boxer grew no fatter. Sometimes on the slope leading to the top of the quarry, when he braced his muscles against the weight of some vast boulder, it seemed that nothing kept him on his feet except the will to continue. At such times his lips were seen to form the words, “I will work harder”; he had no voice left. Once again Clover and Benjamin warned him to take care of his health, but Boxer paid no attention. His twelfth birthday was approaching. He did not care what happened so long as a good store of stone was accumulated before he went on pension.

Late one evening in the summer, a sudden rumour ran round the farm that something had happened to Boxer. He had gone out alone to drag a load of stone down to the windmill. And sure enough, the rumour was true. A few minutes later two pigeons came racing in with the news; “Boxer has fallen! He is lying on his side and can’t get up!”

About half the animals on the farm rushed out to the knoll where the windmill stood. There lay Boxer, between the shafts of the cart, his neck stretched out, unable even to raise his head. His eyes were glazed, his sides matted with sweat. A thin stream of blood had trickled out of his mouth. Clover dropped to her knees at his side.

“Boxer!” she cried, “how are you?”

“It is my lung,” said Boxer in a weak voice. “It does not matter. I think you will be able to finish the windmill without me. There is a pretty good store of stone accumulated. I had only another month to go in any case. To tell you the truth, I had been looking forward to my retirement. And perhaps, as Benjamin is growing old too, they will let him retire at the same time and be a companion to me.”

“We must get help at once,” said Clover. “Run, somebody, and tell Squealer what has happened.”
All the other animals immediately raced back to the farmhouse to give Squealer the news. Only Clover remained, and Benjamin who lay down at Boxer’s side, and, without speaking, kept the flies off him with his long tail. After about a quarter of an hour Squealer appeared, full of sympathy and concern. He said that Comrade Napoleon had learned with the very deepest distress of this misfortune to one of the most loyal workers on the farm, and was already making arrangements to send Boxer to be treated in the hospital at Willingdon. The animals felt a little uneasy at this. Except for Mollie and Snowball, no other animal had ever left the farm, and they did not like to think of their sick comrade in the hands of human beings. However, Squealer easily convinced them that the veterinary surgeon in Willingdon could treat Boxer’s case more satisfactorily than could be done on the farm. And about half an hour later, when Boxer had somewhat recovered, he was with difficulty got on to his feet, and managed to limp back to his stall, where Clover and Benjamin had prepared a good bed of straw for him.

For the next two days Boxer remained in his stall. The pigs had sent out a large bottle of pink medicine which they had found in the medicine chest in the bathroom, and Clover administered it to Boxer twice a day after meals. In the evenings she lay in his stall and talked to him, while Benjamin kept the flies off him. Boxer professed not to be sorry for what had happened. If he made a good recovery, he might expect to live another three years, and he looked forward to the peaceful days that he would spend in the corner of the big pasture. It would be the first time that he had had leisure to study and improve his mind. He intended, he said, to devote the rest of his life to learning the remaining twenty-two letters of the alphabet.

However, Benjamin and Clover could only be with Boxer after working hours, and it was in the middle of the day when the van came to take him away. The animals were all at work weeding turnips under the supervision of a pig, when they were astonished to see Benjamin come galloping from the direction of the farm buildings, braying at the top of his voice. It was the first time that they had ever seen Benjamin excited — indeed, it was the first time that anyone had ever seen him gallop. “Quick, quick!” he shouted. “Come at once! They’re taking Boxer away!” Without waiting for orders from the pig, the animals broke off work and raced back to the farm buildings. Sure enough, there in the yard was a
large closed van, drawn by two horses, with lettering on its side and a sly-looking man in a low-crowned bowler hat sitting on the driver’s seat. And Boxer’s stall was empty.

The animals crowded round the van. “Good-bye, Boxer!” they chorused, “good-bye!”

“Fools! Fools!” shouted Benjamin, prancing round them and stamping the earth with his small hoofs. “Fools! Do you not see what is written on the side of that van?”

That gave the animals pause, and there was a hush. Muriel began to spell out the words. But Benjamin pushed her aside and in the midst of a deadly silence he read:

“‘Alfred Simmonds, Horse Slaughterer and Glue Boiler, Willingdon. Dealer in Hides and Bone-Meal. Kennels Supplied.’ Do you not understand what that means? They are taking Boxer to the knacker’s!”

A cry of horror burst from all the animals. At this moment the man on the box whipped up his horses and the van moved out of the yard at a smart trot. All the animals followed, crying out at the tops of their voices. Clover forced her way to the front. The van began to gather speed. Clover tried to stir her stout limbs to a gallop, and achieved a canter. “Boxer!” she cried. “Boxer! Boxer! Boxer!” And just at this moment, as though he had heard the uproar outside, Boxer’s face, with the white stripe down his nose, appeared at the small window at the back of the van.

“Boxer!” cried Clover in a terrible voice. “Boxer! Get out! Get out quickly! They’re taking you to your death!”

All the animals took up the cry of “Get out, Boxer, get out!” But the van was already gathering speed and drawing away from them. It was uncertain whether Boxer had understood what Clover had said. But a moment later his face disappeared from the window and there was the sound of a tremendous drumming of hoofs inside the van. He was trying to kick his way out. The time had been when a few kicks from Boxer’s hoofs would have smashed the van to matchwood. But alas! his strength had left him; and in a few moments the sound of drumming hoofs grew fainter and died away. In desperation the animals began appealing to the two horses which drew the van to stop. “Comrades, comrades!” they
shouted. “Don’t take your own brother to his death! “But the stupid brutes, too ignorant to realise what was happening, merely set back their ears and quickened their pace. Boxer’s face did not reappear at the window. Too late, someone thought of racing ahead and shutting the five-barred gate; but in another moment the van was through it and rapidly disappearing down the road. Boxer was never seen again.

Three days later it was announced that he had died in the hospital at Willingdon, in spite of receiving every attention a horse could have. Squealer came to announce the news to the others. He had, he said, been present during Boxer’s last hours.

“IT was the most affecting sight I have ever seen!” said Squealer, lifting his trotter and wiping away a tear. “I was at his bedside at the very last. And at the end, almost too weak to speak, he whispered in my ear that his sole sorrow was to have passed on before the windmill was finished. ‘Forward, comrades!’ he whispered. ‘Forward in the name of the Rebellion. Long live Animal Farm! Long live Comrade Napoleon! Napoleon is always right.’ Those were his very last words, comrades.”

Here Squealer’s demeanour suddenly changed. He fell silent for a moment, and his little eyes darted suspicious glances from side to side before he proceeded.

It had come to his knowledge, he said, that a foolish and wicked rumour had been circulated at the time of Boxer’s removal. Some of the animals had noticed that the van which took Boxer away was marked “Horse Slaught erer,” and had actually jumped to the conclusion that Boxer was being sent to the knacker’s. It was almost unbelievable, said Squealer, that any animal could be so stupid. Surely, he cried indignantly, whisking his tail and skipping from side to side, surely they knew their beloved Leader, Comrade Napoleon, better than that? But the explanation was really very simple. The van had previously been the property of the knacker, and had been bought by the veterinary surgeon, who had not yet painted the old name out. That was how the mistake had arisen.

The animals were enormously relieved to hear this. And when Squealer went on to give further graphic details of Boxer’s death-bed, the admirable care he had received, and the expensive medicines for which
Napoleon had paid without a thought as to the cost, their last doubts disappeared and the sorrow that they felt for their comrade’s death was tempered by the thought that at least he had died happy.

Napoleon himself appeared at the meeting on the following Sunday morning and pronounced a short oration in Boxer’s honour. It had not been possible, he said, to bring back their lamented comrade’s remains for interment on the farm, but he had ordered a large wreath to be made from the laurels in the farmhouse garden and sent down to be placed on Boxer’s grave. And in a few days’ time the pigs intended to hold a memorial banquet in Boxer’s honour. Napoleon ended his speech with a reminder of Boxer’s two favourite maxims, “I will work harder” and “Comrade Napoleon is always right”— maxims, he said, which every animal would do well to adopt as his own.

On the day appointed for the banquet, a grocer’s van drove up from Willingdon and delivered a large wooden crate at the farmhouse. That night there was the sound of uproarious singing, which was followed by what sounded like a violent quarrel and ended at about eleven o’clock with a tremendous crash of glass. No one stirred in the farmhouse before noon on the following day, and the word went round that from somewhere or other the pigs had acquired the money to buy themselves another case of whisky.
Years passed. The seasons came and went, the short animal lives fled by. A time came when there was no one who remembered the old days before the Rebellion, except Clover, Benjamin, Moses the raven, and a number of the pigs.

Muriel was dead; Bluebell, Jessie, and Pincher were dead. Jones too was dead — he had died in an inebriates’ home in another part of the country. Snowball was forgotten. Boxer was forgotten, except by the few who had known him. Clover was an old stout mare now, stiff in the joints and with a tendency to rheumy eyes. She was two years past the retiring age, but in fact no animal had ever actually retired. The talk of setting aside a corner of the pasture for superannuated animals had long since been dropped. Napoleon was now a mature boar of twenty-four stone. Squealer was so fat that he could with difficulty see out of his eyes. Only old Benjamin was much the same as ever, except for being a little greyer about the muzzle, and, since Boxer’s death, more morose and taciturn than ever.

There were many more creatures on the farm now, though the increase was not so great as had been expected in earlier years. Many animals had been born to whom the Rebellion was only a dim tradition, passed on by word of mouth, and others had been bought who had never heard mention of such a thing before their arrival. The farm possessed three horses now besides Clover. They were fine upstanding beasts, willing workers and good comrades, but very stupid. None of them proved able to learn the alphabet beyond the letter B. They accepted everything that they were told about the Rebellion and the principles of Animalism, especially from Clover, for whom they had an almost filial respect; but it was doubtful whether they understood very much of it.

The farm was more prosperous now, and better organised: it had even been enlarged by two fields which had been bought from Mr. Pilkington. The windmill had been successfully completed at last, and the farm possessed a threshing machine and a hay elevator of its own, and various new buildings had been added to it. Whymper had bought himself a
dogcart. The windmill, however, had not after all been used for generating electrical power. It was used for milling corn, and brought in a handsome money profit. The animals were hard at work building yet another windmill; when that one was finished, so it was said, the dynamos would be installed. But the luxuries of which Snowball had once taught the animals to dream, the stalls with electric light and hot and cold water, and the three-day week, were no longer talked about. Napoleon had denounced such ideas as contrary to the spirit of Animalism. The truest happiness, he said, lay in working hard and living frugally.

Somehow it seemed as though the farm had grown richer without making the animals themselves any richer—except, of course, for the pigs and the dogs. Perhaps this was partly because there were so many pigs and so many dogs. It was not that these creatures did not work, after their fashion. There was, as Squealer was never tired of explaining, endless work in the supervision and organisation of the farm. Much of this work was of a kind that the other animals were too ignorant to understand. For example, Squealer told them that the pigs had to expend enormous labours every day upon mysterious things called “files,” “reports,” “minutes,” and “memoranda”. These were large sheets of paper which had to be closely covered with writing, and as soon as they were so covered, they were burnt in the furnace. This was of the highest importance for the welfare of the farm, Squealer said. But still, neither pigs nor dogs produced any food by their own labour; and there were very many of them, and their appetites were always good.

As for the others, their life, so far as they knew, was as it had always been. They were generally hungry, they slept on straw, they drank from the pool, they laboured in the fields; in winter they were troubled by the cold, and in summer by the flies. Sometimes the older ones among them racked their dim memories and tried to determine whether in the early days of the Rebellion, when Jones’s expulsion was still recent, things had been better or worse than now. They could not remember. There was nothing with which they could compare their present lives: they had nothing to go upon except Squealer’s lists of figures, which invariably demonstrated that everything was getting better and better. The animals found the problem insoluble; in any case, they had little time for speculating on such things now. Only old Benjamin professed to
remember every detail of his long life and to know that things never had been, nor ever could be much better or much worse — hunger, hardship, and disappointment being, so he said, the unalterable law of life.

And yet the animals never gave up hope. More, they never lost, even for an instant, their sense of honour and privilege in being members of Animal Farm. They were still the only farm in the whole county — in all England! — owned and operated by animals. Not one of them, not even the youngest, not even the newcomers who had been brought from farms ten or twenty miles away, ever ceased to marvel at that. And when they heard the gun booming and saw the green flag fluttering at the masthead, their hearts swelled with imperishable pride, and the talk turned always towards the old heroic days, the expulsion of Jones, the writing of the Seven Commandments, the great battles in which the human invaders had been defeated. None of the old dreams had been abandoned. The Republic of the Animals which Major had foretold, when the green fields of England should be untrodden by human feet, was still believed in. Some day it was coming: it might not be soon, it might not be with in the lifetime of any animal now living, but still it was coming. Even the tune of ‘Beasts of England’ was perhaps hummed secretly here and there: at any rate, it was a fact that every animal on the farm knew it, though no one would have dared to sing it aloud. It might be that their lives were hard and that not all of their hopes had been fulfilled; but they were conscious that they were not as other animals. If they went hungry, it was not from feeding tyrannical human beings; if they worked hard, at least they worked for themselves. No creature among them went upon two legs. No creature called any other creature “Master.” All animals were equal.

One day in early summer Squealer ordered the sheep to follow him, and led them out to a piece of waste ground at the other end of the farm, which had become overgrown with birch saplings. The sheep spent the whole day there browsing at the leaves under Squealer’s supervision. In the evening he returned to the farmhouse himself, but, as it was warm weather, told the sheep to stay where they were. It ended by their remaining there for a whole week, during which time the other animals saw nothing of them. Squealer was with them for the greater part of every day. He was, he said, teaching them to sing a new song, for which privacy was needed.
It was just after the sheep had returned, on a pleasant evening when the animals had finished work and were making their way back to the farm buildings, that the terrified neighing of a horse sounded from the yard. Startled, the animals stopped in their tracks. It was Clover’s voice. She neighed again, and all the animals broke into a gallop and rushed into the yard. Then they saw what Clover had seen.

It was a pig walking on his hind legs.

Yes, it was Squealer. A little awkwardly, as though not quite used to supporting his considerable bulk in that position, but with perfect balance, he was strolling across the yard. And a moment later, out from the door of the farmhouse came a long file of pigs, all walking on their hind legs. Some did it better than others, one or two were even a trifle unsteady and looked as though they would have liked the support of a stick, but every one of them made his way right round the yard successfully. And finally there was a tremendous baying of dogs and a shrill crowing from the black cockerel, and out came Napoleon himself, majestically upright, casting haughty glances from side to side, and with his dogs gambolling round him.

He carried a whip in his trotter.

There was a deadly silence. Amazed, terrified, huddling together, the animals watched the long line of pigs march slowly round the yard. It was as though the world had turned upside-down. Then there came a moment when the first shock had worn off and when, in spite of everything—in spite of their terror of the dogs, and of the habit, developed through long years, of never complaining, never criticising, no matter what happened—they might have uttered some word of protest. But just at that moment, as though at a signal, all the sheep burst out into a tremendous bleating of—

“Four legs good, two legs BETTER! Four legs good, two legs BETTER! Four legs good, two legs BETTER!”

It went on for five minutes without stopping. And by the time the sheep had quieted down, the chance to utter any protest had passed, for the pigs had marched back into the farmhouse.
Benjamin felt a nose nuzzling at his shoulder. He looked round. It was Clover. Her old eyes looked dimmer than ever. Without saying anything, she tugged gently at his mane and led him round to the end of the big barn, where the Seven Commandments were written. For a minute or two they stood gazing at the tatted wall with its white lettering.

“My sight is failing,” she said finally. “Even when I was young I could not have read what was written there. But it appears to me that that wall looks different. Are the Seven Commandments the same as they used to be, Benjamin?”

For once Benjamin consented to break his rule, and he read out to her what was written on the wall. There was nothing there now except a single Commandment. It ran:

ALL ANIMALS ARE EQUAL
BUT SOME ANIMALS ARE MORE EQUAL THAN OTHERS

After that it did not seem strange when next day the pigs who were supervising the work of the farm all carried whips in their trotters. It did not seem strange to learn that the pigs had bought themselves a wireless set, were arranging to install a telephone, and had taken out subscriptions to ‘John Bull’, ‘Tit-Bits’, and the ‘Daily Mirror’. It did not seem strange when Napoleon was seen strolling in the farmhouse garden with a pipe in his mouth — no, not even when the pigs took Mr. Jones’s clothes out of the wardrobes and put them on, Napoleon himself appearing in a black coat, ratcatcher breeches, and leather leggings, while his favourite sow appeared in the watered silk dress which Mrs. Jones had been used to wearing on Sundays.

A week later, in the afternoon, a number of dog-carts drove up to the farm. A deputation of neighbouring farmers had been invited to make a tour of inspection. They were shown all over the farm, and expressed great admiration for everything they saw, especially the windmill. The animals were weeding the turnip field. They worked diligently hardly raising their faces from the ground, and not knowing whether to be more frightened of the pigs or of the human visitors.

That evening loud laughter and bursts of singing came from the farmhouse. And suddenly, at the sound of the mingled voices, the animals were stricken with curiosity. What could be happening in there,
now that for the first time animals and human beings were meeting on terms of equality? With one accord they began to creep as quietly as possible into the farmhouse garden.

At the gate they paused, half frightened to go on but Clover led the way in. They tiptoed up to the house, and such animals as were tall enough peered in at the dining-room window. There, round the long table, sat half a dozen farmers and half a dozen of the more eminent pigs, Napoleon himself occupying the seat of honour at the head of the table. The pigs appeared completely at ease in their chairs. The company had been enjoying a game of cards but had broken off for the moment, evidently in order to drink a toast. A large jug was circulating, and the mugs were being refilled with beer. No one noticed the wondering faces of the animals that gazed in at the window.

Mr. Pilkington, of Foxwood, had stood up, his mug in his hand. In a moment, he said, he would ask the present company to drink a toast. But before doing so, there were a few words that he felt it incumbent upon him to say.

It was a source of great satisfaction to him, he said — and, he was sure, to all others present — to feel that a long period of mistrust and misunderstanding had now come to an end. There had been a time — not that he, or any of the present company, had shared such sentiments — but there had been a time when the respected proprietors of Animal Farm had been regarded, he would not say with hostility, but perhaps with a certain measure of misgiving, by their human neighbours. Unfortunate incidents had occurred, mistaken ideas had been current. It had been felt that the existence of a farm owned and operated by pigs was somehow abnormal and was liable to have an unsettling effect in the neighbourhood. Too many farmers had assumed, without due enquiry, that on such a farm a spirit of licence and indiscipline would prevail. They had been nervous about the effects upon their own animals, or even upon their human employees. But all such doubts were now dispelled. Today he and his friends had visited Animal Farm and inspected every inch of it with their own eyes, and what did they find? Not only the most up-to-date methods, but a discipline and an orderliness which should be an example to all farmers everywhere. He believed that he was right in saying that the lower animals on Animal Farm did more work and
received less food than any animals in the county. Indeed, he and his fellow-visitors today had observed many features which they intended to introduce on their own farms immediately.

He would end his remarks, he said, by emphasising once again the friendly feelings that subsisted, and ought to subsist, between Animal Farm and its neighbours. Between pigs and human beings there was not, and there need not be, any clash of interests whatever. Their struggles and their difficulties were one. Was not the labour problem the same everywhere? Here it became apparent that Mr. Pilkington was about to spring some carefully prepared witticism on the company, but for a moment he was too overcome by amusement to be able to utter it. After much choking, during which his various chins turned purple, he managed to get it out: “If you have your lower animals to contend with,” he said, “we have our lower classes!” This BON MOT set the table in a roar; and Mr. Pilkington once again congratulated the pigs on the low rations, the long working hours, and the general absence of pampering which he had observed on Animal Farm.

And now, he said finally, he would ask the company to rise to their feet and make certain that their glasses were full. “Gentlemen,” concluded Mr. Pilkington, “gentlemen, I give you a toast: To the prosperity of Animal Farm!”

There was enthusiastic cheering and stamping of feet. Napoleon was so gratified that he left his place and came round the table to clink his mug against Mr. Pilkington’s before emptying it. When the cheering had died down, Napoleon, who had remained on his feet, intimated that he too had a few words to say.

Like all of Napoleon’s speeches, it was short and to the point. He too, he said, was happy that the period of misunderstanding was at an end. For a long time there had been rumours — circulated, he had reason to think, by some malignant enemy — that there was something subversive and even revolutionary in the outlook of himself and his colleagues. They had been credited with attempting to stir up rebellion among the animals on neighbouring farms. Nothing could be further from the truth! Their sole wish, now and in the past, was to live at peace and in normal business relations with their neighbours. This farm which he had the honour to
control, he added, was a co-operative enterprise. The title-deeds, which were in his own possession, were owned by the pigs jointly.

He did not believe, he said, that any of the old suspicions still lingered, but certain changes had been made recently in the routine of the farm which should have the effect of promoting confidence still further. Hitherto the animals on the farm had had a rather foolish custom of addressing one another as “Comrade.” This was to be suppressed. There had also been a very strange custom, whose origin was unknown, of marching every Sunday morning past a boar’s skull which was nailed to a post in the garden. This, too, would be suppressed, and the skull had already been buried. His visitors might have observed, too, the green flag which flew from the masthead. If so, they would perhaps have noted that the white hoof and horn with which it had previously been marked had now been removed. It would be a plain green flag from now onwards.

He had only one criticism, he said, to make of Mr. Pilkington’s excellent and neighbourly speech. Mr. Pilkington had referred throughout to “Animal Farm.” He could not of course know — for he, Napoleon, was only now for the first time announcing it — that the name “Animal Farm” had been abolished. Henceforward the farm was to be known as “The Manor Farm”— which, he believed, was its correct and original name.

“Gentlemen,” concluded Napoleon, “I will give you the same toast as before, but in a different form. Fill your glasses to the brim. Gentlemen, here is my toast: To the prosperity of The Manor Farm!”

There was the same hearty cheering as before, and the mugs were emptied to the dregs. But as the animals outside gazed at the scene, it seemed to them that some strange thing was happening. What was it that had altered in the faces of the pigs? Clover’s old dim eyes flitted from one face to another. Some of them had five chins, some had four, some had three. But what was it that seemed to be melting and changing? Then, the applause having come to an end, the company took up their cards and continued the game that had been interrupted, and the animals crept silently away.

But they had not gone twenty yards when they stopped short. An uproar of voices was coming from the farmhouse. They rushed back and looked through the window again. Yes, a violent quarrel was in progress. There
were shoutings, bangings on the table, sharp suspicious glances, furious
denials. The source of the trouble appeared to be that Napoleon and Mr.
Pilkington had each played an ace of spades simultaneously.

Twelve voices were shouting in anger, and they were all alike. No
question, now, what had happened to the faces of the pigs. The creatures
outside looked from pig to man, and from man to pig, and from pig to
man again; but already it was impossible to say which was which.

*November 1943-February 1944*

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In 1946, The New Republic Panned George Orwell's 'Animal Farm'

September 2, 1946

By GEORGE SOULE
September 26, 2013

In honor of Banned Books Week, we're publishing our original reviews of frequently banned books. In 1946, our critic George Soules read Animal Farm with disgust, calling the book "on the whole dull...a creaking machine...clumsy." We imagine he may have lived to regret these judgments.

George Orwell in his critical writings shows imagination and taste; his wit is both edged and human. Few writers of any period have been able to use the English language so simply and
accurately to say what they mean, and at the same time to mean something. The news that he had
written a satirical allegory, telling the story of a revolution by farm animals against their cruel
and dissolute master, and of their subsequent fortunes, was like the smell of a roast from a
kitchen ruled by a good cook, near the end of a hungry morning. The further news that this book
had been chosen and was being pushed by the Book of the Month Club, though it occasioned
surprise, was pleasant because it seemed to herald one of those instances when unusual talent of
the sort rarely popular receives recognition and a great tangible reward.

There are times when a reviewer is happy to report that a book is bad because it fulfills his hope
that the author will expose himself in a way that permits a long deserved castigation. This is not
one of them, I was expecting that Orwell would again give pleasure and that his satire of the sort
of thing which democrats deplore in the Soviet Union would be keen and cleansing. Instead, the
book puzzled and saddened me. It seemed on the whole dull. The allegory turned out to be a
creaking machine for saying in a clumsy way things that have been said better directly. And many
of the things said are not instantly recognized as the essence of truth, but are of the sort which
start endless and boring controversy.

Orwell does know his farm animals and gives them vivid personalities. Many will recognize
Benjamin, the donkey who never commits himself, never hurries and thinks that in the end
nothing much matters. Mollie the saddle horse, who wanders from the puritanical path of the
revolution to seek ribbons for her mane, the cat who never does any work, the hens who sabotage
by laying their eggs in the rafters, Clover and Boxer, the powerful, trusting and honest draught
horses, are all real enough. But these spontaneous creatures seem in action like circus animals
performing mechanically to the crack of the story-teller's whip.

Part of the trouble lies in the fact that the story is too close to recent historical events without
being close enough. Major, the aged pig who on his deathbed tells the animals of their oppression
and prophesies revolution, must be Karl Marx. His two followers who lead the revolution,
Napoleon and Snowball, are then readily identified as Lenin and Trotsky. This identification turns
out to be correct in the case of Snowball, but the reader soon begins to puzzle over the fact that
Napoleon disapproves the project of building a windmill—an obvious symbol for electrification
and industrialization—whereas this was Lenin's program. The puzzlement is increased when
Napoleon chases out Snowball as a traitor; it was Stalin who did this.

And so it goes through incident after incident. The young dogs are alone selected for schooling;
later they appear as the secret police. Is this a picture of Soviet education? The pigs not only keep
the best food for themselves, but also become drunkards, taking over the pasture reserved for
retirement of the superannuated in order to raise the necessary barley. Of course prohibition was abolished early in the revolution, but have the leaders drunk too much and has social insurance been abolished? There is a pathetic incident when Boxer, the sturdy and loyal old work horse, is sent off to be slaughtered and turned into dog food and bone meal, under the pretext that he is being hospitalized. Just what part of Soviet history corresponds to this?

Nobody would suppose that good allegory is literally accurate, but when the reader is continually led to wonder who is who and what aspect of reality is being satirized, he is prevented either from enjoying the story as a story or from valuing it as a comment. Masters like Swift and Anatole France, with whom Orwell is compared in the blurbs, were not guilty of this fault. They told good stories, the interest of which did not lie wholly in their caricature. And their satire, however barbed, was not dependent on identification of historical personages or specific events.

The thoughtful reader must be further disturbed by the lack of clarity in the main intention of the author. Obviously he is convinced that the animals had just cause for revolt and that for a time their condition was improved under the new regime. But they are betrayed by their scoundrelly, piggish leaders. In the end, the pigs become indistinguishable from the men who run the other nearby farms; they walk on two legs, have double and triple chins, wear clothes and carry whips. *Animal Farm* reverts to the old Manor Farm in both name and reality.

No doubt this is what George Orwell thinks has happened in Russia. But if he wants to tell us why it happened, he has failed. Does he mean to say that not these pigs, but Snowball, should have been on top? Or that all the animals should have been merged in a common primitive communism without leaders or organization? Or that it was a mistake to try to industrialize, because pastoral simplicity is the condition of equality and cooperation? Or that, as in the old saw criticizing socialism, the possibility of a better society is a pipe-dream, because if property were distributed equally, the more clever and selfish would soon get a larger share and things would go
on as of old? Though I am sure he did not intend this moral, the chances are that a sample poll of
the book-club readers in the United States would indicate that a large majority think so and will
heartily approve the book on that account.

There is no question that Orwell hates tyranny, sycophancy, deceitful propaganda, sheeplike
acceptance of empty political formulas. His exposures of these detestable vices constitute the best
passages in the book. There have been plenty of such abuses in Russia, They also crop up in other
places. It is difficult to believe that they determined the whole issue of the Russian revolution, or
that Russia is now just like every other nation. No doubt in some respects she is worse than most;
in other respects she may be better.

It seems to me that the failure of this book (commercially it is already assured of tremendous
success) arises from the fact that the satire deals not with something the author has experienced,
but rather with stereotyped ideas about a country which he probably does not know very well.
The plan for the allegory, which must have seemed a good one when be first thought of it, became
mechanical in execution. It almost appears as if he had lost his zest before be got very far with the
writing. He should try again, a

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