



mETAphor

ISSUE 1 2023

 **ETA**
ENGLISH TEACHERS ASSOCIATION NSW

English Teachers Association NSW

ETA Executive

President: Sharyn Stafford

English Curriculum Officer 7–12 DoE
Email: sharyn.stafford@det.nsw.edu.au

Vice President: Karen Yager

The Hills Grammar School
Email: karen.yager@hillsgrammar.nsw.edu.au

Treasurer: Susan Gazis

Quality Teaching NESA
Email: Susan.Gazis@bigpond.com

Secretary: Linda Gratsounas

Beverly Hills Girls High School
Email: linda.gratsounas@det.nsw.edu.au

Director: Mark Howie

Life Member ETA NSW
Email: mark.howie01@gmail.com

Director: Imelda Judge

Macquarie Fields High School
Email: imelda.judge@det.nsw.edu.au

Director: Rebecca Ross

Hurlstone Agricultural High School
Email: rebecca.ross7@det.nsw.edu.au

Director: Sarah Warby

Mackillop College, Port Macquarie
Email: sarah.warby@lism.catholic.edu.au

ETA Professional Staff

Executive Officer: Eva Gold

Mobile: 0422 214 476
Phone: 02 4784 3290
Email: evagold@englishteacher.com.au

Student Day, Coordinator: Jane Sherlock

Mobile: 0428 969 685
Email: janesherlock8@gmail.com

Publications and Education Officer: Mel Dixon

Mobile: 0477 775 796
Email: meldixon9@gmail.com

Education Officer: Ann Small

Mobile: 0412 344 609
Email: annsmall1@mac.com

ETA Working Committees

These committees are open to all ETA members. You do not need to have been elected to become a member of these committees and contribute to your professional association. Please email the nominated Committee Manager for more details.

mETAphor

Melpomene Dixon – Manager

Editor: Mel Dixon
Reviews editor: Kate Murphy
Branches: Michelle McDonald

Professional Development

Matthew Woolaston – Manager

Brigidine College Randwick
Email: matthew.woolaston@syd.catholic.edu.au

Curriculum & Assessment Committee

Lucy Rose – Manager

Barrenjoey High School
Email: lucy.boardman@det.nsw.edu.au

Publications

Mel Dixon – Manager

Mobile: 0477 775 796
Email: meldixon9@gmail.com

Communications & Social Media

James Bannerman – Co manager

St Scholastica's College, Glebe
Email: jbannerman@scholastica.nsw.edu.au

Victoria Keech – Co manager

Holy Cross College, Ryde
Email: victoria.keech@syd.catholic.edu.au

Regional Branches

Michelle McDonald – Manager

St Edwards College, East Gosford
Email: mmcDonald@stedwards.nsw.edu.au

ETA Office

Member Services Officer: Sarah Baldwin

8.00am – 4.00pm Monday to Friday
Phone: 02 9572 6900, Fax: 02 9572 9534
Email: admin@englishteacher.com.au

Events Coordinator

Email: events@englishteacher.com.au

mETAphor Issue 1 2023

| | |
|---|----|
| From the President | 2 |
| Editorial | 2 |
| Curriculum Matters: An overview of the new syllabus & how to implement it..... | 3 |
| Branching out | 5 |
| Premier’s English Teachers Association Scholarship winner: Ruth Read | 6 |
| Writing my way back Michael Ramsden..... | 7 |
| TRY THIS: Storyboarding: a differentiated approach Kate Murphy | 11 |
| On teaching spelling and vocabulary Mel Dixon | 13 |
| Contemporary Shakespeare Kath Lathouras | 22 |
| Returning to optimism through Science Fiction David Gawthorne | 27 |
| Student writes Rose Yousiph | 31 |
| TRY THIS: Writing the seasons Kira Bryant | 34 |
| Close Study of Literature for Year 11: <i>Kindred</i> by Kirli Saunders Luke Bartolo | 35 |
| Indigenous narratives re-shaping our world Casey Norden..... | 40 |
| Orwell’s Rats Darcy Moore | 44 |
| A voice of one’s own: Women and writing Kylie Holmes | 49 |
| Reviews..... | 51 |
| TRY THIS: Crafting includes grammar Mel Dixon | 54 |
| Contributions..... | 56 |

Orwell's Rats

Darcy Moore

Why is George Orwell's work so infested with rats? His fiction, reportage, correspondence, diaries and essays record this obsession, often in the most visceral of language, which intensified as he aged. Darcy Moore suggests the foundations of this ever-omnipresent fear and loathing may have originated from an experience during his first year of life, in India.

The apotheosis of Orwell's rat obsession, in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, his last novel, is one few readers ever forget. Deep inside the ironically named Ministry of Love, in Room 101 where political prisoners are tortured, Orwell's protagonist, Winston Smith, is confronted with 'the worst thing in the world':

There was an outburst of squeals from the cage. It seemed to reach Winston from far away. The rats were fighting; they were trying to get at each other through the partition. He heard also a deep groan of despair. That, too, seemed to come from outside himself.

O'Brien picked up the cage, and, as he did so, pressed something in it. There was a sharp click. Winston made a frantic effort to tear himself loose from the chair. It was hopeless; every part of him, even his head, was held immovably. O'Brien moved the cage nearer. It was less than a metre from Winston's face.

'I have pressed the first lever,' said O'Brien. 'You understand the construction of this cage. The mask will fit over your head, leaving no exit. When I press this other lever, the door of the cage will slide up. These starving brutes will shoot out of it like bullets. Have you ever seen a rat leap through the air? They will leap onto your face and bore straight into it. Sometimes they attack the eyes first. Sometimes they burrow through the cheeks and devour the tongue.'

(Orwell 1997 [1949]: 298–299).

Even before publication in 1949, Orwell's vivid prose deeply affected those involved in the production of the novel. Orwell's typist, Miranda Wood, found it hard to get 'the rat torture scene' out of her mind even after the manuscript of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* was dispatched to the publisher, Secker & Warburg (Orwell 1998 [1949-1950]: 306). Fredric Warburg wrote a report on that manuscript noting that it was one of the 'most terrifying books' he had ever read and that Orwell had given 'full rein to his sadism and its attendant masochism, rising (or falling) to the limits of expression in the scene where Winston [is] threatened by hungry rats which will eat into his face...' (Orwell 1998 [1947–1948]: 479–481).

Many viewers of the controversial BBC television adaptation of the novel in 1954 (including politicians who mentioned the show in parliament) had the same horrified

reaction as Wood and Warburg to the sadism and torture (Cartier 2022 [1954]; Ryan 2018: 22-38). Michael Radford, in his brilliant film adaptation, conveyed the truly awful horror of Winston's torture to a new generation (Radford 1984). The viewer experiences the sheer visceral terror of those 'old scaly' rats with their 'yellow teeth' poised to attack Winston's eyes or burrow through his cheeks to 'devour the tongue' as O'Brien torments the prisoner with his commentary (Orwell 1997 [1949]: 299).

Orwell's fascination with rats, evident for many years before the publication of this final novel, chart both his personal and vicarious, literary experiences.

Orwell's rat obsession

There are rats, rats,
Rats as big as cats,
In the quartermaster's store!

(Orwell 1997 [1938]: 54).

D. J. Taylor has explored Orwell's 'rat obsession' more thoroughly than other biographers noting, in *On Nineteen Eighty-Four: A Biography*, that it is such a fixture of his printed work 'that he can often seem like a kind of literary pied piper dancing at the head of an unappeasable furry brood that winds on from one book to the next' (Taylor 2004 [2003]: 143–146, Taylor 2019: 16–17). In the dirty kitchens of *Down and Out in Paris and London*, his first published book, rats munch on ham at the breakfast table and Orwell's obsession with trapping rodents debuts (Orwell 1997 [1933]: 105; 114). In *Burmese Days*, there is the horror, 'among the jasmine' of the 'large rat-holes' which 'led down into the graves' (Orwell 1997 [1934]: 249). In *Keep the Aspidistra Flying*, Gordon Comstock (and this is very odd even by Orwell's standards) feels that his landlady views female visitors as 'plague-rats' (Orwell 1997 [1936]: 118). Visages he does not like are 'rat-faced' and Gordon's 'hatred' of advertising finds a familiar form, as he stares at a poster for Bovex:

The idiotic grinning face, like the face of a self-satisfied rat, the slick black hair, the silly spectacles. Roland Butta, heir of the ages; victor of Waterloo, Roland Butta, Modern man as his masters want him to be. A docile little porker, sitting in the money-sty, drinking Bovex (ibid: 14).

Orwell's Rats

In *The Road to Wigan Pier*, Orwell explains how he was 'half afraid of the working class' who seem 'alien and dangerous' but desperately wanted to 'get in touch with them' and as such has to brave common lodging houses, which felt 'like going down into some dreadful subterranean place—a sewer full of rats...' (Orwell 1997 [1937-1939]: 141).

It is hardly surprising that rats are omnipresent in *Homage to Catalonia*, Orwell's account of his experiences in the trenches during the Spanish Civil War. His disgust is visceral when waking up, in the chaff of a mule stable where the soldiers bedded down for the night, discovering it 'was full of breadcrusts, torn newspapers, bones, dead rats, and jagged milk tins' (Orwell 1997 [1938]: 14). Unsurprisingly, he later confesses, after an even more disgusting experience, that if there is one thing he hates 'more than another it is a rat running over me in the darkness' — but at least he manages to give 'one of them a good punch that sent him flying' (ibid: 59). Notably, an 'exasperated' Orwell takes a pot shot at a rat with his revolver causing his trench to be shelled (Taylor 2004 [2003]: 145). In *Coming Up For Air*, the rats are killed as they flee 'the threshing machine' (Orwell 1997 [1939]: 69-70). Sarah, a character in this novel, 'lived in a filthy little rat-hole of a place in the slummy street behind the brewery. The place swarmed with children like a kind of vermin' (ibid: 41). Very charitably though, rats are voted in as 'comrades' after the revolution in *Animal Farm* but, somewhat predictably, became 'troublesome that winter' and were thought 'to be in league with Snowball' (Orwell 1997 [1945]: 52).

It is instructive to examine the nooks and crannies of Orwell's lesser-known writing (letters, diaries, articles and drafts) to explore further this obsession. In his earliest written record about rats, a letter written to his friend Prosper Buddicom in 1921 while a teenager, Orwell explained his approach to killing rodents:

My dear Prosper,

Thanks for your letter. It was most awfully good your shooting the two snipe & the woodcock. You ought to get at least one of them stuffed, I think. I have bought one of those big cage-rat traps. This place is over-run with rats. It is rather good sport to catch a rat, & then let it out & shoot at it as it runs. If it gets away I think one ought to let it go & not chase it. If they are threshing the corn while you are there, I should advise you to go,—it is well worth it. The rats come out in dozens. It is also rather sport to go at night to a corn-stack with an acetylene bicycle (sic) lamp, & you can dazzle the rats that are running along the side & whack at them,—or shoot them with a rifle. I rather wish I had my rifle here, as there are no rabbits.

Au revoir, please give my regards (or whatever it is,) to your aunt & uncle & everyone.

Yours

Eric (Orwell 1998 [1903–36]: 78–79).

In a draft of *Burmese Days*, possibly written as early as 1926, Orwell describes an enormously fat, half-naked man with a 'pockmarked face' whose lantern shines on 'a bedraggled dead rat lying on the doorstep' with 'the stench' growing 'stronger each minute' (ibid: 101).

Orwell's diaries are filled with pithy comments regarding rats that most people would not bother to record, although one entry, about a character he met in 1931, while hop-picking, is memorable:

Before this he had been vermin-man to—, and he told me that the dirt and vermin in—'s kitchens, even [their headquarters], passed belief. When he worked at—'s branch in T—Street, the rats were so numerous that it was not safe to go into the kitchens at night unarmed; you had to carry a revolver (ibid: 223).

In one diary entry, written just before the outbreak of the Second World War, Orwell notes the 'rat population of G. Britain estimated at 4–5 million (Orwell 1998 [1937-1939]: 368). We can see this research data being employed in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*:

'Rats!' murmured Winston. 'In this room.'

'They're all over the place,' said Julia indifferently as she lay down again. 'We've even got them in the kitchen at the hostel. Some parts of London are swarming with them. Did you know they attack children? Yes, they do. In some streets a woman daren't leave her baby alone for two minutes. It's the great huge brown ones that do it. And the nasty thing is that the brutes always —'

'Don't go on!' said Winston, with his eyes tightly shut (Orwell 1997 [1949]: 151).

While living at Barnhill, on the Isle of Jura, where he wrote *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, Orwell noted in his diary (12 June 1947):

Saw the buzzard carrying a rat or something about that size in its claws. The first time I have seen one of these birds with prey.

Five rats (2 young ones, 2 enormous) caught in the byre during about the last fortnight. These rats seem to let themselves be caught very easily. The traps are simply set in the runs, unbaited & almost unconcealed. Also no precautions taken about handling them. I hear that recently two children at Ardlussa were bitten by rats (in the face, as usual) (Orwell 1998 [1947–1948]: 156).

The following year, Orwell is concerned that rats are in the haystack again (ibid: 470). Another family member,

Orwell's Rats



Orwell's room, Jura. Image: Darcy Moore

his sister Avril, noted (she took over writing in Orwell's diary when he was in hospital and had the challenge of managing the property alone) her limited success poisoning rodents and finding an 'almost fossilised' one in the rubbish (ibid: 489-491). Always a close observer of nature, Orwell expressed surprise in a *Tribune* article that 'they bred so late in the year' (Orwell 1998 [1943-1944]: 176) and is justifiably impressed that 'a barn owl destroys between 1,000 and 2,000 rats and mice in a year' (Orwell 1998 [1947-1948]: 434).

Orwell is rarely anything less than a contradictory, paradoxical figure. In 1948, he replied from his bed in Hairmyres Hospital to a letter from Celia Kirwan with the most remarkable, surprisingly counter-intuitive rodent anecdote from his time in Paris, during the 1920s, one could conceivably imagine:

How I wish I were with you in Paris, now that spring is there. Do you ever go to the Jardin des Plantes? I used to love it, though there was really nothing of interest except the rats, which at one time overran it & were so tame that they would almost eat out of your hand. In the end they got to be such a nuisance that they introduced cats & more or less wiped them out (ibid: 344).

Sadly, Orwell was allergic to an experimental tuberculosis drug that would have saved his life. Around the same time he wrote to Kirwan, Orwell explained to another friend, employing another striking image, his plight:

I am a lot better, but I had a bad fortnight with the secondary effects of the streptomycin. I suppose with all these drugs it's rather a case of sinking the ship to get rid of the rats (ibid: 321-322).

He must have liked the turn of phrase, as he was still using it the following year in correspondence:

If necessary I can have another go of streptomycin, which certainly seemed to improve me last time, but the

secondary effects are so unpleasant that it's a bit like sinking the ship to drown the rats (Orwell 1998 [1949-1950]: 16).

Why rats?

'I don't like rats, that's all' (Orwell 1997 [1949]: 151).

Why was Orwell so obsessed with rats? What was the root cause (if any) of his revulsion and why did rodents occupy his thoughts and fuel his creative energy so vividly? Taylor suggests 'some of the roots of this fixation lay in literature' and lists Beatrix Potter, a poem by W. H. Davies and a short story by M. R. James as examples (Taylor 2004: 143-144). Orwell could not escape rats in comics either. In 'Boys' weeklies, his ground-breaking essay on popular culture, he describes memorable cover illustrations:

On one a cowboy is clinging by his toes to the wing of an aeroplane in mid-air and shooting down another aeroplane with his revolver. On another a Chinese is swimming for his life down a sewer with a swarm of ravenous-looking rats swimming after him. On another an engineer is lighting a stick of dynamite while a steel robot feels for him with its claws. On another a man in airman's costume is fighting barehanded against a rat somewhat larger than a donkey (Orwell 1998 [1940-1941]: 68).

Whatever the source of this distaste, and literature was of fundamental importance to Orwell's childhood, the record of his personal experience with rats is extensive and, as we have seen, rodents scurry through most of his standard published works.

Orwell is particularly obsessed with babies being menaced by rats. *Gulliver's Travels*, a book he esteemed highly, as we can see from his essay, 'Politics vs. literature: An examination of *Gulliver's Travels*', was read and re-read, from boyhood until the last years of his life:

I read it first when I was eight – one day short of eight, to be exact, for I stole and furtively read the copy which was to be given me next day on my eighth birthday – and I have certainly not read it less than half a dozen times since. Its fascination seems inexhaustible. If I had to make a list of six books which were to be preserved when all others were destroyed, I would certainly put *Gulliver's Travels* among them. This raises the question: what is the relationship between agreement with a writer's opinions, and enjoyment of his work? (Orwell 1998 [1946]: 428).

Swift's satire has an episode that is particularly pertinent, as we will see, considering his own childhood experience:

... I awaked and found myself alone in a vast Room, between two and three Hundred Foot wide, and above

Orwell's Rats

two Hundred high; lying in a Bed twenty Yards wide. My mistress was gone about her household Affairs, and had locked me in. The Bed was eight Yards from the Floor. Some natural Necessities required to get down: I durst not presume to call, and if I had, it would have been in vain with such a Voice as mine at so great a Distance from the Room where I lay, to the Kitchen where the Family kept. While I was under these Circumstances, two Rats crept up the Curtains, and ran smelling backwards and forwards on the Bed: One of them came up almost to my Face; whereupon I rose in a Fright, and drew out my Hanger to defend my self. These horrible Animals had the Boldness to attack me on both Sides, and one of them held his Fore-feet at my Collar; but I had the good Fortune to rip up his Belly before he could do me any Mischief. He fell down at my Feet; and the other seeing the Fate of his Comrade, made his Escape, but not without one good Wound on the Back, which I gave him as he fled, and made the Blood run trickling from him. After this Exploit I walked gently to and fro on the Bed, to recover my Breath and Loss of Spirits. These Creatures were of the Size of a large Mastiff, but infinitely more nimble and fierce; so that if I had taken off my Belt before I went to sleep, I must have infallibly been torn to Pieces and devoured. I measured the Tail of the dead Rat, and found it to be two Yards long, wanting an Inch; but it went against my Stomach to drag the Carcass off the Bed, where it lay still bleeding; I observed it had yet some Life, but with a strong Slash cross the Neck, I thoroughly dispatched it.

Soon after, my Mistress came into the Room, who seeing me all bloody, ran and took me up in her Hand. I pointed to the dead *Rat*, smiling and making other Signs to shew I was not hurt; whereat she was extremely rejoiced, calling the Maid to take up the dead *Rat* with a Pair of Tongs, and throw it out of the Window. Then she set me on a Table, where I showed her my Hanger all bloody, and wiping it on the Lappet of my coat, returned it to the Scabbard (Swift 2022 [1726]: 132–133, emphasis in the original).

Orwell's parents met in India and married during 1897. Eric, their only son, was born in 1903 in Motihari, where Richard Blair, his father, was stationed. However, Orwell was not to stay long on the sub-continent; it was completely routine for the children of the officials working in the Indian Civil Service to return to be schooled in England, while the men remained at their posts. Ida Blair, his mother, fled India with her two children sometime in 1904 (Bowker 2004 [2003]: 10). A pressing public health issue and disturbing event in her home hastened this departure. The district was being ravaged by plague (ibid: 9).

Orwell in cot bitten by rat during plague

From 1896, India suffered two decades of high death rates from this disease and low monsoonal rains and the cooler temperatures in the north of Bihar, where Orwell's family were stationed, made the rapid spread inevitable (Klein 1988: 727). The family had been living in one of the three colonial bungalows, at the European edge of the town, known as 'Miscourt' (an amalgam of 'mess' and 'court') overlooking the fields when an incident that would horrify any parent occurred (Harding 2000). Orwell, sleeping in his cot, was bitten on the leg by a rat (Venables 2022). Understandably, this horrifying incident must have hastened his mother's departure with her children to England.

Prosper Buddicom enjoyed teasing Eric Blair about his fear of rats (ibid). Family diaries reveal youthful conflict and rivalry between Prosper and Eric (Buddicom 1917). Eventually, in way of explanation, Eric revealed a tiny scar was on his leg (Venables 2022). Prosper's sister, Jacintha Buddicom, was cynical that a rat had caused the injury when told this by the young Orwell and felt he was exaggerating (ibid). Her younger sister, Guinever, believed him (ibid).

This oral anecdote (discussed by both Guinever and Jacintha Buddicom multiple times with their cousin, Dione Venables) about the infant Orwell being bitten by a rat does make a great deal of sense considering Orwell's life-long obsession with killing rats and concerns about the vulnerability of babies:

'The rat,' said O'Brien, still addressing his invisible audience, 'although a rodent is carnivorous. You are aware of that. You will have heard of the things that happen in the poor quarters of this town. In some streets a woman dare not leave her baby alone in the house, even for five minutes. The rats are certain to attack it. Within quite a small time they will strip it to the bones. They also attack sick or dying people. They show astonishing intelligence in knowing when a human being is helpless' (Orwell 1997 [1949]: 298).

Generations of readers have asked the question: Did Orwell really shoot an elephant or witness a hanging in Burma? There has been considerable effort expended attempting to find autobiographical evidence that these two events happened and although neither has been definitively verified, it is generally accepted that the answer to both questions is – probably yes!

Did Orwell tell his childhood friends the *truth* about being bitten by a rat? Probably! But either way, it certainly seems to be a large piece of the puzzle as to why Orwell was so obsessively interested in rats!

Orwell's Rats

Special thanks to Dione Venables and Lady Jennifer Brown for their kindness and intellectual generosity in sharing the letters and diaries in their possession.

This article also appeared in *George Orwell Studies*, Volume 6 No 1, 2021.

References

- Bowker, Gordon (2004 [2003]) *George Orwell*, London: Abacus
- Buddicom, Lilian (Jacintha's aunt) (1917) Diary (unpublished)
- Cartier, Rudolph (2022 [1954]) *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (Bluray), London: BFI
- Crick, Bernard (1992 [1980]) *George Orwell: A Life*, Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin, second edition
- Davison, Peter (2013) *George Orwell: A Life in Letters*, New York: Liveright
- Harding, Luke (2000) Shadows of Orwell, *Guardian*, 24 June. Available online at <https://www.theguardian.com/books/2000/jun/24/georgeorwell.classics>, accessed on 23 July 2022
- Klein, Ira (1988) Plague, policy and popular unrest in British India, *Modern Asian Studies*, Vol. 22, No. 4 pp 723–755. Available online at <http://www.jstor.org/stable/312523>, accessed on 23 July 2022
- Orwell, George (1997 [1933]) *Down and Out in Paris and London, The Complete Works of George Orwell – Vol. I*, Davison, Peter (ed.) London: Secker & Warburg
- Orwell, George (1997 [1934]) *Burmese Days, The Complete Works of George Orwell – Vol. II*, Davison, Peter (ed.) London: Secker & Warburg
- Orwell, George (1997 [1937]) *The Road to Wigan Pier, The Complete Works of George Orwell – Vol. V*, Davison, Peter (ed.) London: Secker & Warburg
- Orwell, George (1997 [1938]) *Homage to Catalonia, The Complete Works of George Orwell – Vol. VI*, Davison, Peter (ed.) London: Secker & Warburg
- Orwell, George (1997 [1945]) *Animal Farm, The Complete Works of George Orwell – Vol. VIII*, Davison, Peter (ed.) London: Secker & Warburg
- Orwell, George (1997 [1949]) *Nineteen Eighty-Four, The Complete Works of George Orwell – Vol. IX*, Davison, Peter (ed.) London: Secker & Warburg
- Orwell, George (1998 [1903-1936]) *A Kind of Compulsion: The Complete Works of George Orwell, Vol. X*, Davison, Peter (ed.) London: Secker & Warburg
- Orwell, George (1998 [1937–1939]) *Facing Unpleasant Facts: The Complete Works of George Orwell – Vol. XI*, Davison, Peter (ed.) London: Secker & Warburg
- Orwell, George (1998 [1940-1941]) *A Patriot After All: The Complete Works of George Orwell – Vol. XII*, Davison, Peter (ed.) London: Secker & Warburg
- Orwell, George (1998 [1943-1944]) *I Have Tried to Tell the Truth: The Complete Works of George Orwell, Vol. XVI*, Davison, Peter (ed.) London: Secker & Warburg
- Orwell, George (1998 [1946]) *Smothered Under Journalism: The Complete Works of George Orwell, Vol. XVIII*, Davison, Peter (ed.) London: Secker & Warburg
- Orwell, George (1998 [1947-1948]) *It Is What I Think: The Complete Works of George Orwell, Vol. XIX*, Davison, Peter (ed.) London: Secker & Warburg
- Orwell, George (1998 [1949-1950]) *Our Job Is to Make Life Worth Living: The Complete Works of George Orwell – Vol. XX*, Davison, Peter (ed.) London: Secker & Warburg
- Radford, Michael (2015 [1984]) *1984* (Bluray), London: 20th Century Fox
- Rogers, Leonard (1928) The yearly variations in plague in India in relation to climate: Forecasting epidemics, *Proceedings of the Royal Society of London. Series B, Containing Papers of a Biological Character*, Vol. 103, No. 721 pp 42-72. Available online at <http://www.jstor.org/stable/81315>, accessed on 23 July 2022
- Ryan, David (2018) *George Orwell on Screen*, Jefferson: McFarland & Company Inc.
- Swift, Jonathan (2022 [1726]) *Gulliver's Travels: The Cambridge Edition of the Works of Jonathan Swift*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press
- Taylor, D. J. (2004 [2003]) *Orwell – The Life*, London: Vintage
- Taylor, D. J. (2019) *On Nineteen Eighty-Four: A Biography*, New York: Harry N. Abrams. Kindle Edition
- Venables, Dione (2022) Interview, 9 July

Note on the contributor

Darcy Moore is a deputy principal at Dapto High School. He blogs at darcymoore.net and his Twitter handle is @Darcy1968. His Orwell Studies Library can be accessed at darcymoore.net/orwell-collection/.