

BRITANSKA ANGLEŠČINA

(bere dr. Oliver Currie)

George Orwell , *Animal Farm*

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."

George Orwell , *Živalska farma*

Zdaj so bile tu že vse živali, razen Mojzesa, udomačenega kroatja, ki je dremal na gredo za zadnjimi vrati. In ko je Major videl, da so se vsi udobno namestili in da pozorno čakajo, se je odkašljaj in začel:

»Tovariši in tovarišice! Slišali ste že, da se mi je ponoči nekaj čudnega sanjalo. Toda o teh sanjah bom govoril pozneje. Najprej vam moram povedati nekaj drugega. Mislim, drage tovarišice in tovariši, da ne bom več dolgo živel med vami, in zdi se mi, da je moja dolžnost, da vam, preden umrem, sporočim vso modrost, ki sem si jo pridobil. Dolgo življenje je že za menoj, in ko sem takole poležaval v svojem svinjaku, sem imel dovolj časa za razmišljanje. Mislim, da zdaj razumem bistvo življenja na tej zemlji – bolj kot katerakoli živeča žival. In o tem vam želim govoriti.

Torej – tovarišice in tovariši – kaj je bistvo tega našega življenja? Naj povemo brez strahu: naša življenja so bedna, garaška in kratka. Rojeni smo, hrane dobimo samo toliko, da nam duša ne uide iz telesa, za delo sposobni se morajo napenjati do poslednjega atome svoje moči. In v trenutku, ko naša koristnost premine, nas s sramotno okrutnostjo zakoljejo. Nobena žival v vsej širni Angliji po letu življenja ne ve, kaj je sreča in prosti čas. Nobena žival v Angliji ni svobodna. Življenje živali je beda in sužnost. Taka je čista resnica!

Toda – ali že po naravi mora biti tako? Ali je zato, ker je ta dežela tako uboga in tistim, ki tu prebivajo, ne more nuditi dostojnega življenja? Ne, tovarišice in tovariši, tisočkrat ne! Angleška tla so rodovitna, podnebje je dobro in pridelek in tolikšen, da bi zadostoval še za mnogo večje število živali, kot jih danes tu prebiva. Samo na tejle naši farmi bi se lahko hranijo ducat konjev, dvajset krav, na stotine ovac – in visi bi lahko živeli tako udobno in lepo, da si tega sploh ne moremo predstavljati. Zakaj pa potem živimo v teh bednih razmerah? Zato, ker nam človeška bitja ukradejo skoraj ves proizvod našega dela. Tukaj – tovarišice in tovariši – je odgovor na vse naše probleme. Izrazimo ga lahko z eno samo besedo – Človek. Človek je edini resnični sovražnik, ki ga imamo! Odstranite človeka in odstranili boste temeljni vzrok lakote in garanja za vse večne čase!

Človek je edino bitje, ki troši, ne da bi kaj proizvajal. Ne daje mleka, ne leže jajc, preslaboten je, da bi vlekel plug, prepočasen je, da bi ujel zajca. Pa vendar je gospodar vseh živali! Priganja jih k delu in jim daje samo toliko hrane, da žive – vse ostale pa zadrži zase. Mi smo tisti, ki obdelujemo zemljo, naš gnoj jo dela rodovitno – in vendar nihče od nas nima kaj več kot svojo golo kožo! Ve krave, ki vas vidim tu pred seboj, koliko tisoč litrov mleka ste mu letos dale? In kaj se je zgodilo s tem mlekom, ki bi njim lahko dojile svoje teličke? Vsaka njegova kaplja je stekla po grlih naših sovražnikov. In ve kokoške, koliko jajc ste znesle v tem letu in koliko jih je bilo, iz katerih so se izvalili piščanci? Vsa druga jajca so šla na trg in prinesla so denar Jonesu in njegovim ljudem. In tebe, Detelja, vprašam, kje so tisto štirje žrebički, ki si jih rodila, ki bi ti morali biti v podporo in srečno na stara leta? Vsi po vrsti so bili podani, ko jim je bilo komaj leto dni – nikoli več ne boš nobenega videla! In kaj si dobila v zameno za svoje potomce, za svoje garanje, kaj si dobila razen tistih nekaj otepov sena in prostora v hleva?

In celo teh svojih bednih življenj ne smemo živeti do naravnega konca! Zase se ne bom pritoževal, kajti jaz sem eden od srečnežev. Dvanajst let sem star in imel se več kot štiristo otrok. Takšno je pač naravno življenje prašiča. Toda okrutnemu nožu ne uteče nobena žival. Vi mladi pujski, ki sedite tukaj pred menoj, vsakdo od vas bo še letos v klavnici cvileč oddal

svoje življenje. Ta groza čaka nas vse – krave, prasce, kokoši, ovce – vsakogar. Boljša usoda ne čaka niti konjev niti psov. Tebe, Boksač, bo gospodar prodal konjedercu, ki ti bo prerezal vrat in te razkosal za hrano lovskim psom, brž ko bo moč tvojih silnih mišic popustila. In psom, ki se postarajo in začno izgubljeni zobe, gospodar priveže kamen okrog vratu in jih utopi v bližnjem ribniku.

Ali ni torej jasno, tovariši in tovarišice, kristalno jasno, da prihaja vse zlo našega življenja od tiranije človeških bitij? Iznebimo se človeka in proizvod našega lastnega dela bo naš! Skoraj čez noč lahko postanemo bogati in svobodni. Kaj naj torej storimo? Delamo noč in dan, z dušo in telesom za zrušenje človeške rase! Tovariši in tovarišice, moj poziv je: Upor! Ne vem, kdaj bo napočil čas za ta veliki Upor, to se lahko zgodi čez en teden ali pa šele čez sto let, vem pa, tako zagotovo vem, kakor zagotovo vidim tole slamico pred svojimi nogami, da bo do pravice prej ali slej prišlo! Tovariši in tovarišice, premišlujte o tem vse svoje kratke življenje! In predvsem – sporočajte ta moj poziv vsem tistim, ko bodo prišli z vami, tako da bodo prihodnje generacije ta boj nadaljevale – vse do končne zmage!

Prevedel Boris Grabnar.