

### C H A P T E R   I I I

#### A N A L Y S I S

In this section, the writer will try to do his best analysis so the readers find it easier to understand it. In respect with this analysis, the writer is going to generate his own opinions and views aside from the work itself, that is, the novel. Should be noted that this analysis will be dominated by conflicts of the major character represented by "I". In addition, the conflicts to be analysed here are within novel, fictional characters although in fact represent conflicts in a certain period of time. The conflicts that the major character undergoes are mainly happening in hotel, restaurant, lodging house, spike or casual ward, pawnshop, street in which he is confronted with pressures, oppressions of owners of the hotel, restaurant representing upper class, with government and its tight rules and interventions. In this study, the writer will study on how the major character faces and experiences his serious conflicts resulting from pressures and oppressions of the upper class, government, on how his attitudes and behaviours to face all

complicated problems mentioned above.

Since these conflicts occur in two settings, namely Paris and London, the writer is going to divide this analysis into two separate parts. First, he will describe problems, then, interpret and analyze these problems critically. To achieve this purpose, he feels it necessary that characterization on the major character would be taken into account .

### III.1 The Major Character's Conflicts in Struggling His

#### Life within Upper Class-Ruled Society

#### III.1.1 The Major Character as *Plongeur* and *Cafetier* in Paris

He lives in the Coq d'Or quarter. For the first time, in this place, he contacts with starvation. A day to day he must look for a job for meeting his daily needs. Almost every day he experiences of hard-up, just six francs in a day. It is insufficient amount to live properly. The next day he has to seek the job and it means that he can eat for a while and then undergoes starved. Starvation makes him not to go laundry, given up smoking, he cannot answer a letter

from a friend of him since he cannot afford to buy a piece of stamp. For him, getting meals are the most difficult of all. Every day at meal time, he must go out ostensibly to a restaurant, and loaf an hour in Luxemburg Garden. There, he smuggle food in his pocket. He has to buy rye bread instead of household bread because the rye, although drearer, is round and easily smuggled in his pocket. In regard to psychological approach, this indicates that his superego, as source of ethics, moral and censoring agency, does not function well, rather his id does well. His very urgent needs, that is, food, defeats his normal common sense into immoral deeds leading him to guilt. This is because he considers that only food can rise people to do anything. Without adequate food, man cannot think normally, in further extent, even responsible for his death.

Some time he is in a day without food so he often sells a few of his clothes, smuggling them out of the hotel in a small pocket and taking them to a secondhand shop in the Rue de La Montagne St Genevieve. In this place, however, he is confronted with the shopman, red-haired jew, an extraordinarily disagreeable man, who used to fall into furious rages

at the sight of client coming there. He used to be angry with coming people there. He used to shout, "You here again?" Besides, he is deceived by the shopman. It is so often that the shopman preferred to exchange rather than buy and he had excellent trick of thrusting some useless articles into one's hand and then pretending that one had accepted it. He said "once I saw him take a good overcoat from an old woman, put two white billiard-balls into her hand, and then push her rapidly out of the shop before she could protest" (16). In addition, he gets unfair treatment from the shopman, his valuable articles, such as a pair of shoes, hat are bought pricely. This indicates obvious fact that his sorrowful life result from the behaviours and attitudes of his surrounding people including government-owned labours such as that shopman, in fact, that apply injustice treatment towards the powerles man, particularly him as *plongeur*. This would preserve his suffering, constituting immutable one that common lower class undergo in capitalist-ruled society.

To meet his daily needs and for the sake of his survival, he departs to a pawnshop of Paris to pawn his

clothes. Overthere, he cannot enjoy comfortable bargaining that should take place normally between buyer and seller, in this case of clerk of that pawnshop; instead he finds social injustices. The cruel clerk looks down on him who wants to sell his clothes, even the clerk calls him like a dog and always buys the clothes cheaper than it should be. He stated "as I came in the clerk called with an air of offence, '*Numero 83--here!*' and gave a little whistle and a beckon, as though calling a dog" (18)

As misery man, he has great spirits of efforts in getting a job for the sake of his survival. He goes to the Hotel Scribe and waits for an hour on the pavement, hoping that the manager would come out, but the manager doesn't. Then he dragged himself down to the Rue De Commerce, only to find that the new restaurant, which is being decorated, is shut up and the patron away. He has to walk fourteen kilometers over pavement leading to his extra-tiredness.

Day after day he goes up and down Paris, drifting at two miles an hour through the crowds, bored and hungry, but finding nothing other than being despised and humiliated, not so welcome by the manager because of his inexperience.

This provides insight that the rich represented by the manager often regards uneducated man as useless creature, outcast of the society. Nevertheless, he never gets desperated, he tries to enroll his name at agency and answers an advertisement, but walking everywhere makes him slow and misses every job by half an hour. It means he is left to obtain an opportunity since he relies heavily on his foot on walking. Indeed, he is not alone who experience such condition, almost all the poor does. Although facility is not all of everything, but its presence quite meaningful to support human activities in recent decade including in looking for job. Once he nearly gets a job swabbing out railway trucks, but at the last moment he is rejected because he is foreigner, English man. In the writer's view, this indicates racial discrimination even though all human being are equal in their dignities. The nobleness of human being is not determined by whether he is white or black, Frenchman or not, but by quality.

Then, Boris, his friend, suggested that he should go to Les Halles and tried to get a job as porter. He is treated very unjustly by upper class represented by manager. He

is not rejected directly, but tested to lift overweighed crates, of course, he can't lift them since the crates should be lifted by four strong men. This is a perverse trick of manager to avoid inexperienced labours. The manager regards that he is no use and takes that way of getting rid from him . Orwell depicts this quite vividly as below :

You are strong, eh? he said

Very strong, I said untruly

*Bien.* Let me see you lift that crate

It was a huge wicker basket full of potatoes. I took hold of it, and found that, so far from lifting it, I could not even move it....(31)

Finally, it may be wise that perverse trick must be violated by perverse trick as well for the sake of his survival in hard and harsh atmosphere although this is not compatible with his deep soul. This is because he is forced to do so, morality is out of his consideration. Then, he applies a cunning plan for getting rid from patron's attention because of his inability of paying his rent. He succeeds to escape from patron's place and intends to pawn his clothes or overcoats. However, his difficulties do not last as well,

the receiver at the pawnshop again refuse his overcoats. The receiver tells him that he has not sufficient paper of identification; his *carte d'identite* is not enough and he must show a passport or addressed envelope. So that he cannot pawn his overcoat meaning that he is trapped into starvation again. He never gets desperated, but he tries to pawn his overcoat to the Boulevard Port Royal, while he gets there he finds it is shut off and he must walk about twelve kilometres and has no food for sixty hours.

At Hotel X, he found *chef du personnel* . He is accepted as *plongeur* because of his English competence. This does not make him to be happy but surprised by very bad situation, that is, inhumane condition where he would work. The *chef du personnel* led him down a winding staircase into a narrow passage, deep-underground, and so low that he had to stoop in places. It was stiflingly hot and very dark with only dim yellow bulbs several yard apart. There seemed to be miles of dark labyrinthine passages, --actually he supposed, a few hundred yard in all--that reminded one queerly of the lower deck of a liner; there were the same heat and cramped space and warm reek of food, and whirring noise coming from kitch-



on furnace just like whirl of engines.

Then, *chef du personnel* took him to a tiny underground den-- a cellar below cellar, as it were--where there were a sink and some gas ovens. That place was unable him to stand quite upright, and temperature was perharp 110 F degrees. His job was to fetch meals for the higher hotel employees, who fed in a small dining room above, clean their room and wash their crockery. However, the situation of workplace plays an important role in supporting the prevailing job done by the workers, including him. Yet such bad condition above would depress everyone both mentally and physically.

Being English man, Italian waiter of that hotel always looks down him, sometimes oppresses him into a certain threatens when he could not work well. Again, racial discrimination can occur in any time. He experiences this within his factual following statement :

English, eh? he said. Well, I'm in the charge here. If you work well--he made the motion of up-ending a bottle and sucked noisily. If you don't -- he gave the doorpost several vigorous kicks. To me, twisting your neck would be no more than spitting on the

floor. And if there's any trouble, they'll believe me, not you. So be careful (55).

His work was easy work but engaged in very busy activities. He was at work from seven in the morning till a quarter past nine at night; first at washing crockery, then at scrubbing the tables and floors of the employees' dining room, then at polishing the glasses and knives; then at fetching meals; then at washing crockery again, then at fetching more meals and washing more crockery- all these activities need fourteen hours a day.

Besides that, the condition of the kitchen increased his inner conflicts or mental straits. The kitchen was like nothing he had ever seen or imagined--a stifling, low ceilinged inferno of a cellar, red-lit from the fires, and the deafening with oaths and the clanging of pots and pans. It was so hot. In the middle were furnaces, where twelve cooks skipped to and fro, their faces dripping sweat in spite of their caps. Round that were counters where mob of waiters and *plongeur* clamoured with trays.

Everyone seemed to be in a hurry and a rage. He and others were supervised by the head cook, a fine scarlet man

with big moustachios, stood in the middle proudly and will be ready to curse him cruelly whenever he makes some mistakes in his work while he, as *plongeur*, is quite forbidden to let his moustache grow although having moustache is an absolute right of every human being. It was so often the head cook mock him. The author describes this fantastically below :

Do you see that? That is the type of *plongeur* they send us nowadays. Where do you come from, idiot? From Charenton, I suppose? (there is a large lunatic asylum at Charenton)

From England, I said

I might have known it well

I inform you that you are the son of a whore (56)

He, as *plongeur* never gets honour just like lower animal whose life without any honour. Essentially, every man is worth to get honour disregarding his or her social status, whether the have or the poor. *Chef du personnel* said proudly, "...Do you think that a *plongeur* can afford a sense of honour" (58). It is nothing to respect him. The big hotels are merciless towards their employees. Hotel representing

upper-class engage or discharge men as the work demands, and they sack ten percents, or more of their staffs when season is over. It is social injustice that should not be performed by them. Indeed, they have no difficulties in replacing a man who leaves at short notice, for Paris thronged by hotel employees out of work. Moreover, big hotel has strong enough position as the boss who can decide to sack everyone, while the employee, like *plongeur* without any power to do so. His occupation is quite fragile to make rebellion toward the *powers-that-be*.

Besides, he works as *cafetier* in Hotel X. He works for eleven up to fourteen hours a day-- a standard of Paris *plongeur*. The only hardship of life was the fearful heat and stuffiness of those labyrinthine cellars. Of course, this condition is very contrast with the large and well organized hotels--where he works there.

The sphere of the cafeteria is also very contrast with the situation of that hotel which brought him and others into *neurosis*. The cafeteria is a murky cellar measuring twenty feet, by seven by eight high, and so crowded with coffee-urns, bread cutters and the like that make one could

hardly move without banging against something, directing him and others into quarrells, in turn, develop everlasting conflicts. It is lighted by one dim electric bulb, and four or five gas-fires that sent out a fierce red breath. The temperature never fell below 110 Fahrenheit-- It neared 130 at sometimes of the day.

The work in cafeteria is spasmodic. He was never idle, the real work only came in burst of two hours at a time--called *upcoup de feu*. The first coup de feu came at eight, when the guest upstairs began to wake up and demand breakfast. At this time a sudden banging and yelling would break out all through the basement; the bell rang on all sides, blue-aproned men rushed through the passages, and the waiter on all five floors began shouting Italian oaths down the stairs. His duties and other are making tea, coffee, and chocolate, fetching meals from kitchen, wine from the cellar, and fruit from dining room, slicing breads, making toasts, rolling pats of butter, boiling eggs, cooking porridges, ponding ice, grinding coffee--all these from a hundred to two hundred customers. Besides these, he had to supply the staffs with bread and coffee, and fetch the meals

for waiters upstairs. It is complicated job. He had to walk and run about fifteen miles during the day and got more mental strains than physical ones.

One had to leap and fro between a multitude of jobs. For example, he is making toast, when bang down come service lift with order for tea, rolls and three different kinds of jam and come another demanding scrambled eggs, coffee and grapefruit; he run to the kitchen for the eggs and to dining room for the fruit, going like lightning so as to back before his toast burns, and having to remember about the tea and coffee etc. It need a year to make reliable cafetier. Sometimes he is going as though he had only five minutes to live and he had only ten minutes for lunch. This indicates how busy his works are.

When dinner time comes, the charging to and fro in the narrow passages, the collisions, the yells, the struggling with crates and trays and block of ices, the heat, darkness, the furious festering quarrels. All of these make him truly understand the working of the hotel--order in all these chaos.

The joys of his holiday is saturday night, so he joins

to the bistro, getting drunk, sleeping in bed till noon. Although he can take a rest at moment, he never gets real rest that function to release the tiredness since after a while his soul is heavily disturbed by the watchman of that hotel. Author describes this in following statement:

Get up! he said. Well never mind that, the hotel's a man short. You've got to work today.

Why should I work? I protested. This is my day off.

Day off, nothing! The work's got to be done! (65)

The costrasting condition between lower class and upper class is very steep. There sat customers in all their splendour --spotless tables, clothes, bowls of flowers, mirror and gilt cornices and painted cherubim; and here-- a place he makes services to them--he in disgusting filth for it really was disgusting filth. There was no time to sweep the floor till evening, and he and others slithered about in a compound of soapy water, kettlece leaves, torn paper and trampled food. A dozen of waiters with their coats of show their sweat. The room had dirty mixed smell of food and sweats. The waiter usually wash their faces in the water which is used to clean crockery, but the customers saw

nothing of this.

*Plongeur* , a slave's slave is honourless occupation, he is not respected, has no rights to protest against inhumane condition or injustice treatment that he experiences , whenever he can be mocked when he makes some mistakes. He also has no right to let his moustache grow although having moustache is an absolute right for every human being. This constitutes oppression of the *plongeur*. Manager said :

Here, you, shave that moustache off at once! *Nom de Dieu*, who ever heard of *plongeur* with a moustache?

( 69 )

The hotel, a representation of the upper class, applies caste system in hotel. The staff, amounting to about a hundred and ten, had their prestiges graded as accurately as that of soldiers. The highest rank comes to patron (the owner of hotel), who must be serviced more carefully than those of customers, then the next higher rank comes to the manager, who can sack anybody, all the discipline of the hotel heavily depends on him, he is conscientious man, and always on the look out for slackness. Below the manager come to the *maitre d' hotel*. He didn't serve at the table, except



to a lord or someone of that kind. He is in position quite a part from the rest of the staff, and takes his meals in private room with silver on the table and two apprentices in clean white jackets to serve him, then the head cook, chef du personnel who can sack plongeur and the last, the lowest rank comes to plongeur and cafetier. He is a cafetier of very dregs of the hotel, despised and tutored by everyone. Different jobs are done by different race. Again, this is racial discrimination applied by hotel.

The major character's life is still aggravated by situation in his workplace, for example, there are thieves among the staff. He, as a *plongeur*, is often cheated by doorkeeper by not paying his payment even though he has overworked. His payment is corrupted by doorkeeper. He said, "the doorkeeper never paid this either, and so made away with another seventy-five francs. I only realised during my last week that I was being cheated, and, as I could prove nothing, only twenty-five francs were refunded" (72).

In the writer's opinion, the thing that astonish anyone coming for the first time into the service quarters of the hotel would be fearful and disorder during the rush hours.

It is something so different from steady work in a shop or factory. Hotel work is not particularly hard, but its nature comes in rushes and can not be economized. For example, he can not grill steak two hours before it is wanted; he must wait until the last moment, by which time a mass of other works has accumulated, and then do it all together in frantic haste. Consequently, in the meal time everyone is doing two men's work, which is impossible without noise and quarreling. It is natural that he and others often develop conflicts. Mocks, yells, quarrels are usual insight in meal time, the whole staff raged and cursed like demons.

What keeps a hotel going is the fact that the employees take genuine pride in their works. For example, the cook doesn't look upon himself as a servant but as skilled workman. He knows that he alone makes or obstructs restaurant and if he is five minutes late everything is out of gear. He despises the whole non-cooking staffs since he is a machine of the restaurant. When he is absent, the others could not work well, even the restaurant will be closed.

As *plongeur*, his job offers no prospects, needs intensely exhausting, has no skill or interest. He has no way

of escaping from this sorrowful life, idleness means starvation since he can not save a penny from his wages, and working from sixty to hundred hours in a week makes him no time to train himself. Indeed, the capitalist wants this condition persistently. *Plongeur* is a slave of being dominated by the upper class. In *Sociological Theory*, Marcus Cato said that " a slave, as Marcus Cato said in his analysis, should be working when he is not sleeping. It does not matter whether this his work is needed or not, he must work, because work in itself is good--for slave, at least. This sentiment still survives, and it has piled up mountains of useless drudgery" (77).

From description of the author, the writer believes that this instinct to perpetuate useless work is, at bottom, simply fear of the mob. The mobs are such low animals that they would be dangerous when they have leisure; it is safer to keep them too busy to think. A rich man who happens to be intellectually honest, if he is questioned about the improvement of working conditions, usually says something like this: "We know that poverty is unpleasant; in fact, since it is so remote, we rather enjoy harrowing ourselves with the

thought of its unpleasantness. But don't expect to do anything about it. We are sorry for you lower classes, just as we are sorry for a cat with the mange, but we will fight like devils against any improvement of your condition. We feel that you are much safer as you are. The present state of affairs suits us, and we are not going to take the risk of setting you free, even by an extra hour a day. So, dear brothers, since evidently you must sweat to pay for our trips to Italy, sweat and be damned to you" (Orwell, 156).

This is particularly the attitude of intelligent, cultivated people; one can read the substance of it in a hundred essays. Very few cultivated people have less than, say, four hundred pounds a year, and naturally they side with the rich, because they imagine that any liberty conceded to the poor is a threat to their own liberty. Foreseeing some dismal Marxian Utopia as the alternative, the educated man prefers to keep things as they are. Possibly he does not like his fellow rich very much, but he supposes that even the vulgarest of them are less inimical to his pleasure, more his kind of people, than the poor, and that he had better stand by them. It is this fear of a supposedly dan-

gerous mob that makes nearly all intelligent people conservative in their opinions.

Fear of the mob is a superstitious fear. It is based on the idea that there is some mysterious, fundamental difference between rich and poor, as though they were two different races, like negroes and white men. But in reality there is no such difference. The mass of the rich and the poor are differentiated by their incomes and nothing else, and the average millionaire is only the average dishwasher (*plongeur*) dressed in a new suit. Change places, and handy dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? Everyone who has mixed on equal terms with the poor knows this very well. But the trouble is that the intelligent, cultivated people, the very people who might be expected to have liberal opinions. For what do the majority of the educated people know about poverty? To sum up, *plongeur* is a slave, and wasted slave, doing stupid and largely unnecessary work. He is kept at work, ultimately, because of a vague feeling that he would be dangerous if he had leisure time. And educated people, who should be on his side, acquiesce in the process, because they know nothing about him and consequently are

afraid of him.

As *plongeur*, his life is without variation. His wage he had received does not allow him to get married. He lives in a rhythm between work and sleep without time to think other than food. Sleeping is so meaningful way of releasing his tiredness since it is so hard to get free day but work and work. Sleeping is the most important thing since it is nearly no time to get rid of work and to sleep soundly. Even when murder occurred under his floor, he can not take care about it due to his hard time. Sleeping is more valuable than having concern to others' fate. Working at hotel taught him in the light true value of sleep just as hungry taught him in account of the true value of food.

His only free day is on Saturday, since in this day he enjoys his temporal joys. He spends his sparetime in the bistro to release or relax his mental strain having worked through the days. There, he drank and danced with the girls, spending out his trace money. This may be as his short compensation disregarding moral and ethic. Again, being linked to the psychological approach, that is, psychoanalytic one, it is understood that every human being has to

undergo a repression in some degrees of what Freud called the *pleasure principle*. Indeed, to get pleasure, everyone must do anything, thus he or she must get repressed in any degree. For example, to read, understand a piece of poem, and then interpret its meaning, one cannot do all those activities without learning about literature, say, we learn a literary work at university degree. This means that we must go to that university every morning, do homework in line with literature, make thesis and so on. This needs much times, energies, and minds, meaning that we get any repression during study period. However, reading poem itself is enjoyable, namely pleasure for those who are fond of reading it. But note that when that repression become excessive, it may bring us to be ill. We may stand to experience repression as long as we see that there is something in it for us; if it is too much, however, we are likely vulnerable to ill called neurosis. Therefore, it is so frequent ones get relaxation by going to night girls ignoring morality, values, norms since they are compelled to do so without other solutions as alternative ones, for instance, religious consideration.

Having tried to have a job almost five days, he is accepted at Auberge de Jehan Cottard. Again, he undergoes depression and stress because he found inhumane condition in his new workplace. For example, a condition behind the kitchen door is suitable for pigsty. The kitchen measured fifteen feet long by eight broad, and half of this space was taken up by stoves and tables. All the pots had to be kept on shelves out of reach, and there was only one room for one dusbin. This dusbin used to be cramped fully by midday, and the floor was normally an inch deep in a compost of cramped food. The appliances used in the kitchen were inadequate to cook properly. For firing, for instance, he had nothing except three gas-stoves, without oven. There was not larder instead of half roofed shed in the yard, with tree growing in the middle of it. The meats, vegetables and so forth lay there on the bare earth, raided by rats and cats.

All these are as result of starting a restaurant on insufficient capital but the upper class represented by the owners of the restaurants or hotel required to build them to pursue benefits without concerning its results imposing the lower classes. In insufficient condition of those res-



taurants or hotels, he and others are to serve thirty or forty meals a day and may be serving a hundred customers. He had to work from seven in the morning till half past twelve the next morning, seventeen and half hours, almost without break. He had no time to sit down till five in the afternoon. Because the space was so narrow and full of dirt, devices, there was no seat for him except a top of the dusbin. He remains to work at hotel since he is unskilled labour. Working means his survival, otherwise, he may die from starvation. It is true that he becomes a victim of the upper class.

His sufferings never end as long as he still works at the hotel. For example, on the zenith of crowd, he becomes a game, just like ping-pong of the cook and patron. When he began washing the plates, the cook would take him away from plates to begin skinning onions, and when he had begun on onions, the patron would send him out to buy cabbages, when he came back with cabbages, the patron's wife would tell him to go to some shops half a mile away and buy a pot of rouge and soon. However, the patron, the owner of the hotel, does not feel guilty, rather proudly to see *plongeur*, powerless

race, as his victim, as if he is the innocent. Furthermore, although he has done these well, his compensation is not money or other valuable goods, but a glass of brandy. Besides, he quite often gets mock, disdain, cruelty of the cook, and ultimately his humane feeling is damaged. He himself witnesses this in his workplace as below :

"Unspeakable idiot! How many time have I told you not to bleed beetroot? Quick, let me get to the sink! Put those knives away; get on with the potatoes. What have you done with my strainer? Oh, leave those potatoes alone. Didn't I tell you to skim *bouillon*? Take that can of water off the stove. Never mind the washing up, chop this celery. No, not like that, you fool, like this. There! Look at you letting those peas boil over! Now get to work and scale these herrings. Look, do you call this plate clean? Wipe it on your apron. Put that salad on the floor. That's right, put it where I am bound to step in it! Look out, that pot's boiling over! Get me down that saucepan. No, the other one. Put this on the grill. Throw those potatoes

away. Don't waste time, throw them on the floor. Tread them in. Now throw down some sawdust; this floor's like a skating-rink. Look, you fool, that steak's burning! *Non Dieu*, why did they send me an idiot for a *plongeur*? Who are you talking to? Do you realise that my aunt was a Russian countess?"  
etc,ect. (109-110)

However, at last, he can't bear working for seventeen hours in a day persistently. He tries to get escaped from this condition. He wants to obtain more times for sleeping, personal stillness, although he does not have any money. He begins to have desires of enjoying his life, at least, he could sleep five hours within a day not as though five minutes before. He writes a letter to a friend of him, named B, in London asking for him if he could get him a job of some sort--anything, as long as it allows more than five hours sleep. This may be as his ultimate solution of his internal conflicts.

He doesn't take care even though people regard working seventeen hours in a day is so common and they take it for granted. After only a week he is neurasthemic with fatigue.

He can't bear hearing storms of abuse every few minutes, that is, in his deep soul, disturbing his mind very much, his dignity as honour human being. Every minutes he is overshadowed by mockery, scorns resulting from his surrounding before his leaving to London.

Get me down that saucepan, idiot! and he would answer, Get it down yourself, you old whore .(113)

Fool ! Why do you wash that plate? Wipe it on your trouser. Who cares about the customers? They don't know what's going on what is restaurant work? You are carving a chicken and it falls on the floor...(115)

His friend, B, replied his letter and provided him a certain job. He dreams of getting times for ten hour sleep. His leaving makes patron misses him so much. After this, the *plongeur's* work had been cut down to fifteen hours a day. This may be as a fruit of his protest by leaving his position as *plongeur*, then he departs to London. Below that no one could have cut it. This may be as his great efforts in so far even if only two hours of work hours having been cut. Last note, on his leaving to his homeland, London, the

proprietor of hotel has counted benefits, in fact, he obtains great advantages. Ironically, people can say, under filth, dirt, very bad condition for humane senses, the hotel called *Auberge de Jehan Cottard* has succeeded materially disregarding human rights to enjoy proper life, such as *plongeur's* life.

### III.1.2 The Major Character as Tramp In England

He is so pleased to be getting home after being hard-up for several months in slum areas in Paris. Initially, England seemed to him a sort of paradise. He said "I was so pleased to be getting home, after being hard up for months in a foreign city, that England seemed to me a sort of Paradise" (127).

His dream of getting proper life in London seems just dream without reality. Like in Paris he experiences starvation nearly in all his days, he sold his clothes in a shop of Lambeth, but again he found bad treatments, mocks, scorn and sort the like.

Nevertheless, his dreaming on getting five hour sleep did fail, he could not sleep well, as he wished after leaving

for Paris. He became a tramp and he always slept in a kip, capitalist-owned place for sleeping of the homelessmen. Although condition of the kip was not as bad as that of the restaurant in Paris hotel, but its essence was just the same, that is, inhumane condition. It was lighted staircase to a bedroom. It has a sweetish reek of paregoric and foul linen, the window seemed to be tight shut, and the air was almost suffocating at firts. There was a candle burning and the room measured fifteen square by eight height, and had eight beds in it. There were already six lodger on the bed, queer lumpy shapes with all their own clothes, their boots, piled on top of them that makes him feel very disgusting. Everyone of them were coughing in a loathsome manner in one corner.

This is still worsened by condition of the spike or casual ward . For example, the pillow was as hard as a board, it was hard cylinder like a block of wood. It was rather worse than sleeping on the table, and the mattress was convex, so he had to hold on to avoid falling out. The sheet stank so horribly of sweat that he couldn't bear them near his nose. The noises so often recurred throughout the night.

About once in an hour the man of his left--sailor wake up and lighted a cigarette. Another man, a victim of bladder disease, got up and noisily used his chamber-pot half dozen times during the night. The man in the corner had coughing in every twenty minutes. That man was very old, with a grey, sunken face like that of a corpse, and he was wearing his trouser wrapped round his head as a nightcap, a thing that for some reasons disgusted him very much. Through the night, he could sleep for an hour.

He, then, moved to lodging house in Pennyfield. Its room had accomodation for fifty or hundred men. Its kitchen was a low ceiled-cellar, deep-underground, very hot and drawsy with coke fumes, and lighted only by fires. All days he loafed in the street; east as far as wapping, west as far as white chapel. It was queer after Paris, everything was so much cleaner, quiter and drearier than that of Paris. There were less drunkness, less dirt, less quarrelling, but more idling owing to he has nothing to do. There was quarrelling between the old man and stevedore because that old man lost his bread and margarine. Again, food business becomes most important thing within the poor'life. Food business cause

inhabitants of that lodging house to quarrel each other, depressing much the major character's life.

He must live in the spike, not in the street like beggars in other countries of that time. It was against the law to enter the spike with more than eight pences, and any some less than this one was supposed to hand over at the gate. But as a rule, as a tramp, he preferred to smuggle their money in, tying it tight in a piece of cloth so that it will not clink. Generally he put it in the bag of tea and sugar that every tramp carried.

After registering at the office, he was led into the spike by an official known as *Tramp Major* who treated him like a cattle. The spike condition, it consisted of a bathroom and lavatory and along double row of stone cells, perhaps a hundred cells in all, it was bare, glooming place of stone and white wash, unwillingly clean, with smell of soft soap, jeyes' fluid and latrine.

A scene in the bathroom was extraordinary repulsive. About fifty dirty, stark-naked men elbowing each other in a room twenty feet square, with only two bath-tubs and two slimy roller towels between them all. Their feet were very



dirty. A half of them bathed and another washed their faces and feet. The water was insufficient for them all. So many men had to bathe in water where others had washed their feet. When his turn came for bath, he asked if he might swill out the tub, which was *streaked* with dirt, before using it. But the porter answered, "Shut yer f--mouth and get on yer bath! That set the social tone of the place, and I did not speak again"(146). This gives views to the writer that he is really powerless man to improve his condition. Even he cannot afford to protest against porter as well even though he is right. Consequently, he is often confronted with porter, and bullied frequently, meaning sociological conflicts. In addition, his right to smoke is confined. He is quite forbidden to smoke, if he does, he must be out of the spike while he is not allowed to sleep freely in the streets. When he is found to sleep in the street, he would be sentenced into a jail since it is against the laws to sleep in the street in London. Author says this as government's intervention. In fact, it is another trick of government and upper class to control them in order not to make instable condition. At his ultimate attempt, leading to

being able to smoke in the spike, he has to smuggle the tobacco in his ankle boot.

He slept on the floor, no beds in the spike. He rolled up his coats and used them as a mat for sleeping.' He and others layed a foot apart, breathing into one another's face, with his naked limbs constantly touching, and rolling against one another whenever he felt asleep. He could sleep, but not for more than ten minutes on end. Besides, he felt being very teased his friend who tried making sexual attempt to him. Of course, it was impossible for him to go sleeping again . The most disturbing for him was homosexual deeds in every midnight, a nasty and very disgusting experience. Almost everynight he was naked shivering and ill because of under-nourished.

His meal ticket was brought to a coffee-shop. The shop usually cheated the tramp of two pences of each ticket, having tickets instead of money, he could not protest or go to elsewhere. This is also a cunning trick of the government and upper class to control him and others.

Ultimately, tramps are cut from women because there are very few women at their level of society. It is abvious what

the result of this must be : homosexuality, for instance, and occasional rape cases. But deeper than these, there is the degradation worked in a man who knows that he is not even considered fit for marriage. The sexual impulse, not put it any higher, is a fundamental impulse, and starvation of it can be almost as demoralising as physical hunger. The evil of poverty, that the major character undergoes, is not so much that it makes a man suffers as that it rots him physically and spiritually. And there can be no doubt that sexual starvation contributes to this rotting process. Cut off from the whole race of women, a tramp feels himself degraded to the rank of a cripple or a lunatic. No humilitation could do more damage to a man's self-respect.

### III.2 Analysis of The Conflicts Among The Lower and The Upper Classes Reflected Within Down and Out in Paris and London

After analyzing this work comprehensively, the writer found that the conflicts among the *plongeur*, *cafetier* and tramp, who are represented by the major character in this study, and the proprietor of the hotels, restaurants truly

reflect conflicts among the lower and the upper classes. This also indicates conflicts between labor and capitalist, in the form of superordination and subordination.

According to Carl Marx, an existence of the society is a result of contractual agreement made by individuals in line with the best way of pursuing respective interests. Another doctrine stated that the prosperity of the society will be guaranteed successfully by letting individuals to pursue their interests freely as possible. This approach, called *laissez-faire*, is developed and recognized as significant improvement for the human being independent.

By virtue of dialectical philosophy of Hegel, Carl Marx makes conclusion from his study on *laissez-faire* capitalist. He is discontent with the most influential individuals against the poor and free trade systems in coping with the social linkages. He sees that these great influences result in human being as commodious goods in a market, whose energies are negotiable as virtual commodities disregarding humane sense involved in those processes. As a result, human being feels being alienated from his comrade and from his dignity. Alienation also result from an absence of individu-

al control towards his resourceful activities and products that he has produced. The work is undertaken as a commitment for survival only and not as vehicles to develop and express his competencies in the sake of the improved life. Individuals feels hopeless to develop their abilities since they have no access to do so, they are never given chances to change their destinies. They are always engaged in very busy works.

Similiarly, the lost of control over productive activities means that they can not use the products that they have produced to meet their needs themselves, although their products represent their live-energies. Otherwise, the labors produce commodities to be exchanged within market systems. As result, they are confrontated with products and their energies in an alienated form, as objects in external markets in which they can not control them. In short, the labors in capitalist system are indoctrinated to undertake a job which do not allow them to develop their personality as normal human being, degenerate their self-regards, in which they can not obtain profits at all.

In *Sociological Theory*, Mark declares that the laws in

account of supply and demands within economy impersonally slacken wages and salaries into extent where the labors merely can survive by working with work-hours as much as possible. This is because the capitalists have economical interests in perpetuating the costs of production as low as possible, the wages that they give, will be rather high simply to attract the labors for trading their energies. Nevertheless, the labors nearly have no other choices since they do not have means of production; thus, the only thing that they can do is to provide their energies with insufficient wages (Johnson,1981 : 262).

Since the supply for labors exceed demand of the capitalist for their services, then the law of supply and demand in economy affirm that the wages remained to be low as possible. The linkages between labor and employer or capitalist take a form economically, ignoring humane senses. Finally, the labors become a commodity, whose their duties determined by capitalist to reach the advantages as much as possible and by productive machinery. The labors served machines than otherwise; in wider sense, the labors served the capitalist.

Unfortunately, there are no valid efforts to improve the labors' lives, instead capitalists argued that since they have means of production, they are entitled to control the products that the labors have produced. To solve these matters of exploitation and griefs of the working classes, it is not simply to increase their wages. The increment of wages might reduce their burdens materially, but will not overcome the consequences of labor divisions and personal proprietorship alienately. Essentially, the labors would be as commodity, without any opportunity to develop their individualities, abilities as human being.

The writer argues that relationships mentioned above also demonstrate two contradictory forces, that is, superordination and subordination. Subordination, that the labors undergo, depress and disregard independence of the subordinates. For them, getting independence appeared to have claimed the absence of discrimination between superordinate and subordinate. Therefore, the social movements which represent the subordinate's struggle to achieve independence also means endeavor to reach equality. For the subordinate, freedom is intended to have privileges that the superordinate

belong to, but these privileges including to have domination. Thus, virtual purposes of the reform movement or revolution are not to alleviate forms of the superordination and subordination, but to allow the subordinated to attain superordinate's position. The experiences indicated that, in fact, a success of the revolutionary movement is not accompanied by equality, but by replacement of a number of *powers-that-be*. In the case of the writer's thesis, the major character represents one who is subordinated by the owners of hotels, restaurants, representing upper class or capitalist. He, who represent lower class, is really powerless since his life is engaged in very busy works so he and others have no chances to develop their potencies. The activities that he can do are ones that do not threat the upper classes' prosperity.

It has been stated that demands of the groups to be free from state's domination, actually it suggests that group are able to control their members by themselves. In short, the virtual purpose of the group who demand independence was not to get freedom for *individual*, but freedom for *group* to dominate their members. But the government often



intervened their such purposes, since the freedom of the group to dominate their members meaning a threat for the government. In line with this analysis, for example, tramps represented by the major character, are always controlled by government in order not to form powerful group or even organization. The government always constraints the tramps' activities. There are tremendous fears for government if they are free to do their activities. For this reason in line with the thesis, government controls them into government-owned lodging houses or gives them mealtickets since a freedom for them means a threat for government.

Dissimilarities amongs human beings should be accepted as natural thing and could not be eluded, therefore absolute equality among people are not realistic purpose. Furthermore, existence of the society needs a pattern of superordination and subordination. But it should be noted that such social pattern should be established in such a way so the subordinate do not feel being oppressed. The pattern of superordination should be made to prevent the subordinate from inferior senses. However, positions such as superordination and subordination must exist as technical requirement

or as organizational one to achieve certain purposes. So forms of superordination and subordination are useful for organizing society better since both are mutual relationships. Both positions need each other. In the sense that, in one field, one must be at position as superordinate and, in another field, as subordinate. In a certain organization, for instance, one must be as general manager, manager, assistance manager, one must be as clerk, cleaning service etc.

Although conflicts occur naturally and can not be abstained in our social lives but, at least, conflicts could be reduced. It is frequent that our lives reflect rhythm of compromise, conflict, companionship and hostility. The motives to terminate conflicts may happen because due to tiredness, or desires to allocate energy to do anything else that is more useful. Return to my analysis of this work, for example, the major character leave for Paris, where he collapse to get improved life, to London, namely his homeland. This is because he can not bear to face and experience oppressions and pressures of the upper class. It is possible that at the beginning he may dream of getting better life by

allocating his energy to another promising job, at least not to *plongeur*, *cafetier* like when he lives in Paris. Even though, eventually, he fails to improve his life in London owing to his hopelessness. Nevertheless, he doesn't feel being defeated since the triumph of one party doesn't always mean ruin of another party. He had proved it to struggle and struggle although it is too difficult to escape from remorse resulting from oppression of the upper class.

It appears that solution of conflicts between lower and upper classes will be challenging to be undertaken. The writer finds that conflicts will be always happening amidst working class society. From the author's description in his novel entitled Down and Out in Paris and London, he can grasp that to alleviate poverty that genuinely result in conflicts among lower and upper classes in capitalist-ruled society is socialism. It is Orwell's experiences among the poor and outcast in Paris and London that makes him aware of the need for that radical change which involves not only a more equitable distribution of wealth, but also a sincere concern for the welfare of the impoverished people. Orwell give wonderful statement below:

If one judges capitalism by what it has actually achieved--the horrors of the Industrial Revolution, the destruction of one culture after another, the piling-up of millions of human being in hideous ant-heap of cities, and above all, the enslavement of the coloured races--it is difficult to feel that in itself it is superior to feudalism (79).

From this statement, the writer can grasp that the author, George Orwell, actually campaigns socialism or classless society to improve welfares of the poor. Indeed, it is very difficult to do in our time recently.

## **CHAPTER IV**

### **CONCLUSION**