Anthony Burgess

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE

HEINEMANN

LONDON USLBOUaNS TORONTO

William Hememann Ltd

LONDON MELBOURNE TORONTO

CAPE TOWN AUCKLAND

THE HAGUE

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'What’s it going to be then, eh?’

There was me, that is Alex, and my thiee

droogs, that is Pete, Georgie, and Dim, Dim

being really dim, and we sat in the Korova

Milkbar making up our rassoodocks what

to do with the evening, a flip dark chill winter bastard

though dry The Korova Milkbar was a milk-plus mesto,

and you may, O my brothers, have forgotten what these

mestos were like, things changing so skorry these days and

everybody very quick to forget, newspapers not being read

much neither. Well, what they sold there was milk plus

something else They had no hcence for selling hquor, but

there was no law yet against prodding some of the new

veshches which they used to put into the old moloko, so

you could peet it with vellocet or synthemesc or drencrom

or one or two other veshches which would give you a nice

quiet horrorshow fifteen minutes admirmg Bog And All

His Holy Angels And Saints in your left shoe with lights

bursting all over your mozg. Or you could peet milk with

knives in it, as we used to say, and this would sharpen you

up and make you ready for a bit of dirty twenty-to-one,

and that was what we were peering this evening I’m start-

ing off the story with.

Our pockets were full of deng, so there was no real need

from the point of view of crasting any more pretty polly to

!

tolchock some old veck in an alley and viddy him swim in

his blood while we counted the takings and divided by

fom, nor to do the ultra-violent on some shivering stany

grey-haired ptitsa m a shop and go smeckmg off with the

tiirs guts But, as they say, money isn't eveiy thing

The four of us were dressed in the heighth of fashion,

which in those days was a pair of black very tight tights

with the old ]elly mould, as we called it, fitting on the

crutch underneath the tights, this being to protect and also

a sort of a design you could viddy clear enough in a cer-

tain light, so that I had one in the shape of a spider, Pete

had a rooker (a hand, that is), Georgie had a very fancy one

of a flower, and poor old Dim had a very hound-and-horny

one of a clown's litso (face, that is), Dim not ever having

much of an idea of things and being, beyond all shadow of

a doubting thomas, the dimmest of we four. Then we wore

waisty jackets without lapels but with these very big built-

up shoulders (‘pletchoes' we called them) which were a

kind of a mockery of having real shoulders like that Then,

my brothers, we had these off-white cravats which looked

like whipped-up kartoffel or spud with a sort of a design

made on it with a fork. We woie our hair not too long and

we had flip horrorshow boots for kicking

What's it going to be then, eh?'

There were three devotchkas sitting at the counter all

together, but there were four of us malchicks and it was

usually like one for aU and all for one. These sharps were

dressed m the heighth of fashion too, with purple and

green and orange wigs on their gulhvers, each one not cost-

ing less than three or four weeks of those sharps' wages,

I should reckon, and make-up to match (rainbows round

the glazzies, that is, and the rot painted very wide) Then

they had long black very straight dresses, and on the

groody part of them they had little badges of like silver

with different malchicks’ names on them -Joe and Mike

and suchlike These were supposed to be the names of the

different malchicks they’d spatted with before they weie

fourteen. They kept looking our way and I nearly felt like

saying the three of us (out of the comer of my rot, that is)

should go off for a bit of pol and leave poor old Dim be-

hind, because it would be just a matter of kupetting Dim

a demi-litre of white but this tune with a dollop of syn-

themesc in it, but that wouldn’t really have been playing

like the game Dim was very very ugly and like his name,

but he was a horrorshow filthy fighter and very handy with

the boot

‘What’s it going to be then, eh?’

The chelloveck sitting next to me, there being this long

big plushy seat that ran round three walls, was well away

with his glazzies glazed and sort of burbling slovos like

‘Aristotle wishy washy works outing cyclamen get forficu-

late smartish’ He was in the land all right, well away, in

orbit, and I knew what it was like, having tried it like

everybody else had done, but at this time I’d got to think-

ing it was a cowardly sort of a veshch, O my brothers.

You^d lay there after you’d drunk the old moloko and then

you got the messel that everything all round you was sort

of in the past. You could viddy it all right, all of it, very

clear - tables, the stereo, the lights, the sharps and the

malchicks - but it was like some veshch that used to be

there but was not there not no more. And you were sort

of hypnotized by your boot or shoe or a finger-nail as it

might be, and at the same time you were sort of picked up

by the old scruff and shook like it might be a cat. You got

shook and shook till there was nothing left You lost your

name and your body and your self and you just didn’t care,

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and you waited till your boot or your finger-nail got yellow,

then yellower and yellower all the time Then the lights

started crackmg like atomics and the boot or finger-nail

or, as it might be, a bit of dirt on your trouser-bottom

turned into a big big big mesto, bigger than the whole

world, and you were just going to get mtroduced to old Bog

or God when it was all over. You came back to here and

now whimpering sort of, with your rot all squaring up for

a boohoohoo. Now, that’s very mce but very cowardly. You

were not put on this earth just to get in touch with God.

That sort of thing could sap all the strength and the good-

ness out of a chelloveck.

‘What’s it going to be then, eh?’

The stereo was on and you got the idea that the smger’s

goloss was moving from one part of the bar to another, fly-

ing up to the celling and then swooping down again and

whizzing from wall to wall. It was Berti Laski rasping a

real starry oldie called ‘You Blister My Paint’. One of the

three ptitsas at the counter, the one with the green wig,

kept pushing her belly out and pulling it in in time to what

they called the music. I could feel the kmves in the old

moloko starting to prick, and now I was ready for a bit of

twenty-to-one So I yelped’ ‘Out out out out! ’ like a doggie,

and then I cracked this veck who was sitting next to me

and wen away and burbling a horrorshow crack on the

ooko or earhole, but he didn’t feel it and went on with his

‘Telephonic hardware and when the farfarculule gets ruba-

dubdub’. He’d feel it all right when he came to, out of the

land.

‘Where out?’ said George

‘Oh, just to keep walking,’ I said, ‘and viddy what turns

up, O my htde brothers.’

So we scatted out into the big winter nodiy and walked

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down Marghanita Boulevard and then turned into Boothby

Avenue, and there we found what we were pretty well

looking for, a malenky jest to start off the evening with.

There was a doddery starry schoolmaster type veck, glasses

on and his rot open to the cold nochy air He had books

under his arm and a crappy umbrella and was coming

round the corner from the Public Bibho, which not many

lewdies used those days You never really saw many of the

older bourgeois type out after nightfall those days, what

with the shortage of police and we fine young malchicki-

wicks about, and this prof type chelloveck was the only one

walking in the whole of the street. So we goolied up to him,

very polite, and I said\* ‘Pardon me, brother ’

He looked a malenky bit poogly when he viddied the

four of us hke that, coming up so quiet and polite and

smiling, but he said: Tes? What is it?’ in a very loud

teacher-type goloss, as if he was trying to show us he

wasn’t poogly. I said:

‘I see you have books under your arm, brother. It is in-

deed a rare pleasure these days to come across somebody

that still reads, brother.’

‘Oh,’ he said, all shaky. ‘Is it? Oh, I see ’ And he kept

looking from one to the other of we four, finding him-

self now like in the middle of a very smiling and polite

square

‘Yes,’ I said. ‘It would mtereSt me greatly, brother, if you

would kindly allow me to see what books those are that

you have under your arm. I like nothing better in this

world than a good clean book, brother.’

‘Clean,’ he said. ‘Clean, eh^’ And then Pete skvatted

the^ three books from him and handed them round real

skorry. Bemg three, we all had one each to viddy at except

for Km. The one I had was called Elementary Ciystal-

S

lography, so I opened it up and said ‘Excellent, really

first-class,’ keeping turning the pages. Then I said in a

very shocked type goloss. ‘But what is this heie> What is

this filthy slovo? I blush to look at this word. You dis-

appoint me, brother, you do really,’

‘But,’ he tried, ‘but, but ’

‘Now,’ said George, ‘here is what I should call real dirt

There’s one slovo beginning with an f and another with a

c.’ He had a book called The Miracle of the Snowflake.

‘Oh,’ said poor old Dim, smotting over Pete’s shoulder

and going too fer, like he always did, ‘it says here what he

done to her, and there’s a picture and'all Why,’ he said,

‘you’re nothing but a filthy-minded old skitebird.’

‘An old man of your age, brother,’ I said, and I started to

rip up the book I’d got, and the others did the same with

the ones they had. Dim and Pete doing a tug-of-war with

The Rhomhohedral System. The starry prof type began to

creech: ‘But those are not mine, those are the property of

the municipality, this is sheer wantonness and vandal

work,’ or some such slovos. And he tried to sort of wrest

the books back off of us, which was like pathetic. ‘You

deserve to be taught a lesson, brother,’ I said, ‘that you do.’

This crystal book I l^d was very tough-bound and hard

to razrez to bits, being real starry and made in days when

things were made to last hke, but I managed to rip the

pages up and chuck them in handfuls of like snowflakes,

though big, all over this creeching old veck, and then the

others did the same with theirs, old Dun just dandng about

like the down he was. ‘There you are,’ said Pete. ‘There’s

the mackerel of the cornflake for you, you dirty reader of

filth and nastmess.’

Tou naughty old veck, you,’ I said, and then we began

to filly about with Mm. Pete held his rookers and Georgie

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sort of hooked hrs rot wide open for him and IXm yanked

out his false zoobies, upper and lower. He threw these down

on the pavement and then I treated them to the old boot-

crush, though they were hard bastards like, being made of

some new horrorshow plastic stufE. The old veck began to

make sort of chumbling shooms - 'wuf waf wof - so

Georgie let go of holding his goobers apart and just let

>iim have one in the toothless rot with his ringy fist, and

that made the old veck start moaning a lot then, then out

comes the blood, my brothers, real beautiful So all we did

then was to pull his outer platties off, snipping him down

to his vest and long underpants (very starry; Dim smecked

his head off near), and then Pete kicks him lovely in his

pot, and we let him go. He went sort of staggermg off, it

not havmg been too hard of a tolchock really, going ‘Oh oh

oh’, not knowing where or what was what really, and we

had a snigger at him and then riflSled through his pockets,

Dim dancing roimd with his crappy umbrella meanwhile,

but there wasn’t mudi in them There were a few starry

letters, some of them dating nght back to i960, with ‘My

dearest dearest’ in them and all that chepooka, and a key-

ring and a starry leaky pen. Old Dim gave up his umbrella

dance and of course had to start readmg one of the letters

out loud, hke to show the empty street he could read, ‘My

darling one,’ he recited, in this very high type goloss, ‘I

shall be thinking of you while you are away and hope you

will remember to wrap up warm when you go out at mght’

Then he let out a very shoomny smeck- ‘Ho ho ho’-pre-

taiding to start wiping his yahma with it. ‘AH right,’ I

said. Xet it go, O my brothers.’ In the trousers of this starry

veck there was only a malenky bit of cutter (money, that

is) - not more than three goUies - so we gave all his messy

httle coin the scatter treatment, it being hen-korm to the

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amoiint of pretty polly we had on us already Then we

smashed the umbrella and razrezzed his platues and gave

them to the blowing winds, my brothers, and then we’d

finished with the starry teacher t]^ veck. We hadn’t done

much, I know, but that was only like the start of the

evemng and I make no appy polly loggies to thee or thin e,

for that. The knives in the milk-plus were stabbing away

nice and horrorshow now.

The next thing was to do the sammy act, which was one

way to unload some of our cutter so we’d have more of an

incentive hke for some shop-crastmg, as well as it being a

way of buymg an alibi in advance, so we went into the

Duke of New York on Amis Avenue and sure enough in

the snug there were three or four old baboochkas peering

their black and suds on SA (State Aid). Now we were the

very good malchicks, smiling good evensong to one and all,

though these wrinkled old hghters started to get all shook,

their veiny old rookers all trembhng round their glasses

and making the suds spill on the table. “Leave us be, lads,’

said one of them, her face all mappy with being a thou-

sand years old, ‘we’re only poor old women.’ But we just

made with the zoobies, flash flash flash, sat down, rang the

bell, and waited for the boy to come. When he came, ail

nervous and rubbing his rookers on his grazzy apron, we

ordered us four veterans - a veteran being rum and cherry

brandy mixed, which was popular just then, some hking a

dash of hme m it, that being the Canadian variation Then

I smd to the boy:

‘Give these poor old baboodhkas over there a nourishing

something. Large Scotchmen all round and something to

take away.’ And I poured my pocket of deng all over the

table, and the other three did likewise, O my brothers. So

double fixegolds were brought in for the scared starry

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lighters, and they knew not what to do or say. One of them

got out ‘Thanks, lads,’ but you could see they thought there

was somethmg dirty like coming. Anyway, they were each

given a bottle of Yank General, cognac that is, to take

away, and I gave money for them to be delivered each a

dozen of black and suds that following morning, they to

leave their stinking old cheenas’ addresses at the counter

Then with the cutter that was left over we did purchase,

my brothers, all the meat pies, pretzels, cheeso-snacks,

cnsps and chocbars in that mesto, and those too were for

the old sharps. Tlien we said\* ‘Back in a minoota,’ and the

old ptitsas were still saying ‘Thanks, lads,’ and ‘God bless

you, boys,’ and we were gomg out without one cent of

cutter in our carmans

‘Makes you feel real dobby, that does,’ said Pete You

could viddy that poor old Dim the dim didn’t quite pony

all that, but he said nothmg for fear of being called gloopy

and a domeless wonderboy Well, we went ofiE now round

the comer to Attlee Avenue, and there was this sweets and

cancers shop soil open. We’d left them alone near three

months now and the whole district had been very quiet on

the whole, so the armed mUhcents or rozz patrols weren’t

round there much, being more north of die river these

days We put our maskies on - new jobs these were, real

horrorshow, wonderfully done really; they were like faces

of historical personalities (they gave you the name when

you bought) and I had Disraeli, Pete had Elvis Presley,

Georgie had Henry VIII and poor old Dim had a poet ve<i

called Peebee Shelley; they were a real like disguise, hair

and all, and they were some very special plastic veshch so

you could roll up when you’d done with it and hide it in

your boot— then three of us went in, Pete keeping chasso

without, not tihat there was anything to worry about out

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there. As soon as we launched on the shop we went for

Slouse who ran it, a big portwine jelly of a veck who

viddied at once what was coming and made straight for

the inside where the telephone was and perhaps his well-

oiled pooshka, complete with six dirty rounds Dim was

round that counter skorry as a bird, sending packets of

snoutie flymg and cracking over a big cut-out showing a

sharp with all her zoobies gomg flash at the customers and

her groodies near hanging out to advertise some new brand

of cancers. What you could viddy then was a sort of a big

hall rolhng into the mside of the shop behind the curtain,

this being old Dim and Slouse sort of locked in a death

struggle Then you could slooshy panting and snoring and

kicking behind the curtam and veshches falling over and

swearing and then glass going smash smash smash Mother

Slouse, the wife, was sort of froze behind the counter. We

could tell she would creech murder given one chance, so I

was round that counter very skorry and had a hold of her,

and a horrorshow big lump she was too, all nuking of scent

and with flipflop big bobbing groodies on her. I’d got my

rooker roimd her rot to stop her belting out death and

destruction to the four winds of heaven, but this lady

doggie gave me a large foul bi^ bite on it and it was me

that did the creeching, and then she opened up beautiful

with a flip yell for the millicents. Well, then she had to be

tolchocked proper with one of the weights for the scales,

and then a fair tap with a crowbar they had for opening

cases, and that brought the red out like an old friend. So

we had her down on the floor and a rip of her platties for

fun and a gentle bit of the boot tn stop her moaning. And,

viddying her lying there with her groodies on show, I won-

dered should I or not, but that was for later on in the

evening. Then we cleaned the till, and there was flip horror-

show takings that nochy, and we had a few packs of the

very best top cancers apiece, then ofE we went, my brothers

‘A real big heavy great bastard he was,’ Dim kept saying.

I didn’t hke the look of Dun, he looked duty and untidy,

like a veck who’d been m a fight, which he had been, of

course, but you should never look as though you have been

His cravat was like someone had trampled on it, his maskie

had been pulled ofE and he had floor-dut on his htso, so we

got him in an alleyway and tidied him up a malenky bit,

soaking our tashtooks in spit to cheest the dirt off. The

things we did for old Dim We were back m the Duke of

New York very skorry, and I reckoned by my watch we

hadn’t been more than ten imnutes away The starry old

baboochkas were still there on the black and suds and

Scotchmen we’d bought them, and we said: ‘Hallo there,

guhes, what’s it going to be?’ They started on the old

‘Very kind, lads, God bless you, boys,’ and so we rang the

collocoll and brought a different waiter in this time and we

ordered beers with rum in, being sore athirst, my brothers,

and whatever the old pdtsas wanted. Then I said to the old

baboochkas ‘We haven’t been out of here, have we? Been

here all the time, haven’t we^’ They all caught on real

skorry and said:

‘That’s right, lads Not been out of our sight, you

haven’t. God bless you, boys,’ drinking.

Not that it mattered much, really. About half an hour

went by before there was any agn of life among the milli-

cents, and then it was only two very young rozzes that

came in, very pink under their big copper’s shlemtmes.

One said:

‘You lot know anything about the happenings at Slouse’s

shop this mght?’

‘Us>’ I said, innocent ‘Why, what happened^’

‘Stealing and roughing. Two hospitalizations Where’ve

you lot been this evening?’

‘I don’t go for that nasty tone,’ I said ‘I don’t care much

for these nasty insinuations A very suspiaous nature all

this betokeneth, my httle brothers ’

‘They’ve been in here all mght, lads,’ the old sharps

staited to creech out ‘God bless them, there’s no better lot

of boys hving for kindness and generosity Been here all

the time they have Not seen them move we haven’t.’

‘We’re only asking,’ said the other yoimg millicent.

‘We’ve got our job to do hke anyone else.’ But they gave

us the nasty warmng look before they went out As they

were going out we handed them a bit of hp-music

brrrrzzzzrrrr. But, myself, I couldn’t help a bit of dis-

appointment at things as they were those days. Nothing to

fight against really. Everything as easy as kiss-my-sharries

Still, the night was still very young.

When we got outside of the Duke of New

York we viddied, by the mam bar^s long

hghted window, a burbling old pyahnitsa

or drunkie, howling away at the filthy songs

of his fathers and going blerp blerp in be-

tween as it might be a filthy old orchestra in his stinking

rotten guts One veshch I could never stand was that. I

could never stand to see a moodge all filthy and rolling

and burping and drunk, whatever his age might be, but

more especially when he was real starry like this one was

He was sort of flattened to the wall and his platties were a

disgrace, all creased and untidy and covered in cal and

mud and filth and stuff. So we got hold of him and cracked

him with a few good horrorshow tolchocks, but he still

went on singing The song went\*

And I will go back to my darling, my darling.

When you, my darling, are gone

But when Dim fisted him a few times on his filthy

drunkard’s rot he shut up singing and started to creech:

'Go on, do me in, you bastard cowards, I don’t want to

hve anyway, not in a stinking world like this one ^ I told

Dim to lay off a bit then, because it used to interest me

sometimes to slooshy what some of these starry decreps

had to say about life and the world. I said: 'Oh. And what’s

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stinking about it^’

He cned out ‘It’s a stinking world because it lets the young

get on to the old like you done, and there’s no law noi order

no more.’ He was creeching out loud and waving his rookers

and making real horrorshow with the slovos, only the odd

blurp blurp coming from his keeshkas, like something was

orbiting within, or hke some very rude interrupting soit

of a moodge making a shoom, so that this old veck kept

sort of threatemng it with his fists, shouting ‘It’s no world

for any old man any longer, and that means that I’m not

one bit scared of you, my boyos, because I’m too drunk to

feel the pain if you hit me, and if you kill me I’ll be glad

to be dead ’ We smecked and then grinned but said no-

thing, and then he said: ‘What sort of a world is it at all ^

Men on the moon and men spinning round the earth like

It might be midges round a lamp, and there’s not no atten-

tion paid to earthly law nor order no more. So your worst

you may do, you fflthy cowardly hooligans ’ Then he gave

us some lip-music - ‘Prrrrzzzzrrrr’ - like we’d done to those

young milhcents, and then he started singing again\*

O dear dear land, I fought for thee

And brought thee peace and victory —

So we cracked into him lovely, grinning all over our litsos,

but he still went on smging Then we tripped him so he

laid down flat and heavy and a bucketload of beer-vomit

came whooshing out. That was disgustmg so we gave him

the boot, one go each, and then it was blood, not song nor

vomit, that came out of Ms filthy old rot Then we went

on our way

It was round by the Municipal Power Plant that we

came across Billyboy and his five droogs Now in those

\*4

days, my brothers, the teammg tip was mostly by fours or

fives, these being like auto-teams, four being a comfy

number for an auto, and six being the outside limit for

gang-size. Sometimes gangs would gang up so as to make

like malenky armies for big mght-war, but mostly it was

best to roam in these like small numbers Billyboy was

something that made me want to sick just to viddy his fat

grinning litso, and he always had this von of very stale oil

that\*s been used for frying over and over, even when he was

dressed in his best platties, like now They viddied us just

as we viddied them, and there was like a very quiet kind

of watching each other now. This would be real, this would

be proper, this would be the nozh, the oozy, the britva, not

just fisties and boots Billyboy and his droogs stopped what

they were doing, which was Just getting ready to perform

something on a weepy yoimg devotchka they had there,

not more than ten, she creeching away but with her platties

still on, Billyboy holding her by one rooker and his

number-one, Leo, holding the other. They'd probably just

been doing the dirty slovo part of the act before getting

down to a malenky bit of ultra-violence When they viddied

us a-coming they let go of this boo-hoomg little ptitsa,

there being plenty more where she came from, and she ran

with her thin white legs flashing through the dark, still

going ‘Oh oh oh\*. I said, smiling very wide and droogie.

‘Well, if it isn't fat stinking billygoat Billyboy in poison

How art thou, thou globby bottle of cheap stinking

chip-oil? Come and get one in the yarbles, if you

have any yarbles, you eunuch jelly, thou ' And then we

started

There were four of us to six of them, like I have already

indicated, but poor old Dim, for aU his dimness, was worth

three of the others in sheer madness and dirty fighting.

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Dim had a real horrorshow length of oozy or cham round

his waist, twice wound round, and he unwound this and

began to swing it beautiful m the eyes or glazzies. Pete and

Georgie had good sharp nozhes, but I for my own part had

a fine starry horrorshow cut-throat bntva which, at that

time, I could flash and shine artistic So there we weie

dratsing away in the dark, the old Luna with men on it

just coming up, the stars stabbing away as it might be

knives anxious to join in the dratsmg. With my bntva I

managed to sht nght down the front of one of Billyboy’s

droog’s platties, very very neat and not even touching the

plott under the cloth. Then m the dratsing this droog of

Billyboy’s suddenly found himself all opened up like a pea-

pod, with his belly baie and his poor old yarbles showmg,

and then he got very very razdraz, waving and screaming

and losing his guard and letting m old Dim with his cham

snaking whisssssshhhhhhhhh, so that old Eflm chained

him nght in the glazzies, and this droog of Billyboy’s went

tottering off and howling his heart out. We were doing

very horrorshow, and soon we had Billyboy’s number-one

down underfoot, blinded with old Dim’s dhain and crawl-

ing and howling about like an animal, but with one fair

boot on the gulliver he was out and out and out.

Of the four of us Dim, as usual, came out the worst in

point of looks, that is to say his htso was all bloodi^ and

his platties a dirty mess, but the others of us were still

cool and whole. It was stinking fatty Billyboy I wanted

now, and there I was dandng about with my biitva like

I might be a barber on board a ship on a very rough s^

trying to get in at him with a few fair slashes on his un-

clean oily litso Billyboy had a nozh, a long flick-type, but

he was a malenky bit too slow and heavy in his move-

ments to vred anyone really bad. And, my brothers, it was

i6

real satisfaction to me to waltz - left two three, right two

three -and carve left cheeky and right cheeky, so that like

two curtains of blood seemed to pour out at the same time,

one on dther side of his fat filthy oily snout in the winter

starlight Down this blood poured in like red curtains, but

you could viddy Billyboy felt not a thing, and he went

lumbenng on hke a Mthy fatty bear, poking at me with

his nozh.

Then we slooshied the sirens and knew the millicents

were coming with pooshkas pushing out of the pohce-auto-

windows at the ready. That htde weepy devotchka had

told them, no doubt, there being a box for calling the

rozzes not too far behind the Muni Power Plant ‘Get you

soon, fear not,’ I called, ‘stinking billygoat. I’ll have your

yarbles off lovely.’ Then off they ran, slow and panting,

except for Number One Leo out snoring on the ground,

away north towards the river, and we went the other way

Just round the next turning was an alley, dark and empty

and open at both ends, and we rested there, panting fast

then slower, then breathing like normal. It was like rest-

ing between the feet of two terrific and very enormous

mountains, these being the flat-blocks, and in the windows

of all of the flats you could viddy like blue dancing light

This would be the telly. Tonight was what they called a

worldcast, meaning that the same programme was being

viddied by everybody in the world that wanted to, that

being mostly the middle-aged middle-class lewdies. There

would be some big famous stupid comic chelloveck or

black singer, and it was all being bounced off the special

telly satellites in outer space, my brothers We waited

panting, and we could slooshy the sirening millicents

going east, so we knew we were aU right now. But poor

old Dim kept looking up at the stars and planets and the

Luna with his rot wide open like a kid who’d never viddied

any such thing before, and he said'

‘What’s on them, I wonder What would be up there on

things hke that?’

I nudged him hard, saying ‘Come, gloopy bastard as

thou art Think thou not on them Theie’ll be life like

down here most likely, with some getting knifed and

others doing the knifing And now, with the nochy still

molodoy, let us be on our way, O my brothers ’ The others

smecked at this, but poor old Dim looked at me serious,

then up agam at the stars and the Luna. So we went on

our way down the alley, with the worldcast bluemg on

on either side What we needed now was an auto, so we

turned left coming out of the alley, knowing right away

we were in Priestley Place as soon as we viddied the big

bronze statue of some starry poet with an apey upper lip

and a pipe stuck in a droopy old rot. Going north we came

to the filthy old Filmdrome, peehng and dropping to bits

through nobody going there much except malchicks hke

me and my droogs, and then only for a yell or a razrez

or a bit of in-out-in-out in the dark We could viddy from

the poster on the Filmdrome’s face, a couple of fly-dirted

spots trained on it, that there was the usual cowboy riot,

with the archangels on the side of the US marshal six-

shooting at the rustlers out of hell’s fighting legions, the

kind of hound-and-horny veshch put out by Statefilm in

those days. The autos parked by the sinny weren’t all that

horrorshow, crappy starry veshches most of them, but

there was a newish Durango 95 that I thought might do.

Georgie had one of these polydefs, as they called them,

on his keyring, so we were soon aboard -Dim and Pete

at the back, puflBbng away lordly at their cancers -ahd I

turned on the ignition and started her up and she

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grumbled away real horrorshow, a nice warm vibraty

feeling grumbling all through your guttiwuts. Then I

made with the noga, and we backed out lovely, and

nobody viddied us take off

We filhed round what was called the backtown for a

bit, scaring old vecks and cheenas that were crossing the

roads and zigzagging after cats and that Then we took

the road west There wasn't much traffic about, so I kept

pushing the old noga through the floorboards near, and

the Durango 95 ate up the road like spaghetti. Soon it

was winter trees and dark, my brothers, with a country

dark, and at one place I ran over something big with a

snarling toothy rot in the headlamps, then it screamed

and squelched under and old Dim at the back near

laughed his gulliver off- ‘Ho ho ho' -at that. Then we

saw one young malchick with his sharp, lubbilubbing

under a tree, so we stopped and cheered at them, then

we bashed into them bo^ with a couple of half-hearted

tolchocks, making them cry, and on we went What we

were after now was the old surprise visit. That was a real

kick and good for smecks and lashmgs of the ultra-violent

We came at last to a sort of a village, and just outside

this village was a small sort of a cottage on its own with

a bit of a garden. The Luna was well up now, and we

could viddy this cottage fine and clear as I eased up and

put the brake on, the other three giggling like bezoomny,

and we could viddy the name on the gate of this cottage

veshch was HOME, a gloopy sort of a name. I got out

of the auto, ordering my droogs to shush their giggles and

act like serious, and I opened this malenky gate and

walked up to the front door. I knocked nice and gentle

and nobody came, so I knocked a bit more and this time

I could dooshy somebody coming, then a bolt drawn,

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then the door inched open an inch or so, then I could

viddy this one glaz looking out at me and the door was

on a cham. ‘Yes? Who is it>’ It was a sharp’s goloss, a

youngish devotchka by her sound, so I said in a very re-

fined manner of speech, a real gentleman’s goloss

‘Pardon, madam, most sorry to disturb you, but my

friend and me were out for a walk, and my friend has

taken bad all of a sudden with a very troublesome turn,

and he is out there on the road dead out and groaning

Would you have the goodness to let me use your telephone

to telephone for an ambulance?'

‘We haven’t a telephone,’ said this devotchka ‘I’m

sorry, but we haven’t. You’ll have to go somewhere else ’

From inside this malenky cottage I could slooshy the

clack clack clacky clack clack clackity clackclack of some

veck t3rping away, and then the typing stopped and

there was this chelloveck’s goloss calling. “What is it,

dear?’

‘Well,’ I said, ‘could you of your goodness please let

him have a cup of water? It’s like a famt, you see. It seems

as though he’s passed out in a sort of a fdnting fit.’

The devotchka sort of hesitated and then said: ‘Wait ’

Then she went off, and my three droogs had got out of

the auto quiet and crept up horrorshow stealthy, putting

their maskies on now, then I put name on, then it was

only a matter of me putting in the old rooker and tm-

doing the chain, me having softened up this devotchka

with my gent’s goloss, so that she hadn’t shut the door

like she should have done, us being strangers of the night.

The four of us then went roaring in, old Dim playing the

shoot as usual with his jumping up and down and sing-

ing out dirty slovos, and it was a nice malenky cottage.

I’ll say that. We all went smecking into the room with a

light on, and there was this devotchka sort of cowering, a

young pretty bit of sharp with real horrorshow groodies

on her, and with her was this chelloveck who was her

moodge, youngish too with horn-nmmed otchkies on

him, and on a table was a typewriter and all papers

scattered everywhere, but there was one htde pile of paper

like that must have been what he’d already typed, so here

was another mtelhgent type bookman type like that we’d

fiUied with some hours back, but this one was a writer

not a reader. Anyway, he said:

‘What is this? Who are you? How dare you enter my

house without penmssion.’ And all the time his goloss was

trembling and his rookers too. So I said\*

‘Never fear. If fear thou hast m thy heart, O brother,

pray banish it forthwith’ Then Georgie and Pete went

out to find the kitchen, while old Dim waited for orders,

standing next to me with his rot wide open. “What is this,

then?’ I said, picking up the pile like of taping from off of

the table, and the hom\*nmmed moodge said, dithering

‘That’s just what I want to know. What is this? What

do you want? Get out at once before I throw you out ’ So

poor old Dim, masked like Peebee Shelley, had a good

loud smeck at that, roaring like some animal.

It’s a book,’ I said. ‘It’s a book what you are writing.’ I

made the old goloss very coarse. ‘I have always had the

strongest admiration for them as can write books.’ Then

I looked at its top sheet, and there was the name -A

CLOCKWORK ORANGE -and I said; ‘That’s a fair

gloopy title. Who ever heard of a clockwork orange?’

Then I read a malenky bit out loud in a sort of very high

type preaching goloss\* ‘ — ^The attempt to impose upon

man, a creature of growth and capable of sweetness, to

ooze jmdly at the last round the bearded lips of God, to

attempt to impose, I say, laws and conditions appropriate

to a mechanical creation, against this I raise my sword-

pen — Dim made the old hp-music at that and I had to

smeck myself. Then I started to tear up the sheets and

scatter the bits over the floor, and this writer moodge

went sort of bezoomny and made for me with his zoobies

clenched and showing yellow and his nails ready for me

like claws. So that was old Dim’s cue and he went grm-

ning and going er er and a a a for this veck’s dithering

rot, crack crack, first left fistie then right, so that our dear

old droog the red -red vino on tap and the same in all

places, like it’s put out by the same big firm -started to

pour and spot the nice clean carpet and the bits of his

book that I was still ripping away at, razrez razr^. All

this time this devotchka, his loving and faithful wife, ]ust

stood hke froze by the fireplace, and then she started let-

ting out little malenky creeches, like in time to the like

music of old Dim’s fisty work. Then Georgie and Pete

came in from the kitchen, both munching away, though

with their maskies on, you could do that with them on

and no trouble, Georgie with like a cold leg of something

in one rooker and half a loaf of kleb with a big dollop of

maslo on it in the other, and Pete with a bottle of beer

frothing its guUiver ofiE and a horrorshow rookerful of like

plum cake. They went haw haw haw, viddymg old Dim

dancing round and fisting the wnter veck so that the

writer veck started to platch hke his life’s work was

ruined, going boo hoo hoo with a very square bloody rot,

but it was haw haw haw in a muffled eater’s way and you

could see bits of what they were eating. I didn’t hke that,

it bring dirty and slobbery, so I said:

'Drop that mounch. I gave no penmssion. Grab hold of

this veck here so he can viddy all and not get away.’ So

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they put down their fatty pishcha on the table among all

the flying paper and they clopped over to the writer veck

whose horn-rimmed otchkies were cracked but still hang-

ing on, with old Dim still dancing round and making

ornaments shake on the mantelpiece (I swept them all off

then and they couldn’t shake no more, little brothers)

while he Allied with the author of A Clockwork Orange^

making his Iitso all purple and dripping away like some

very special sort of a jmcy fruit 'All right, Dim,’ I said,

'Now for the other veshch. Bog help us all ’ So he did the

strong-man on the devotchka, who was still creech creech

creeching away in very horrorshow four-m-a-bar, locking

her rookers from the back, while I ripped away at this

and that and the other, the others going haw haw haw

still, and real good horrorshow groodies they were that

then exhibited their pink glazzies, O my brothers, while

I untrussed and got ready for the plunge. Plunging, I could

slooshy cries of agony and this writer bleeding veck that

Georgie and Pete held on to nearly got loose howling

bezoomny with the filthiest of slovos that I already knew

and others he was making up. Then after me it was right

old Dim should have his turn, which he did m a beasty ,

snorty howly sort of a way with his Peebee Shelley maskie

taking no notice, while I held on to her. Then there was a

changeover. Dim and me grabbing the slobbering writer

veck who was past struggling really, only just coming out

with slack sort of slovos like he was in the land in a milk-

plus bar, and Pete and Georgie had theirs. Then there was

like quiet and we were full of like hate, so smashed what

was left to be smashed - typewriter, lamp, chairs -and

Dim, it was typical of old Dim, watered the fire out and

was going to dung on the carpet, there being plenty of

paper, but I said no 'Out out out out,’ I howled. The

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c

writer veck and and his zheena were not really there,

bloody and torn and making noises. But they’d live

So we got into the waiting auto and I left it to Georgie

to take the wheel, me feeling that malenky bit shagged,

and we went back to town, running over odd squealing

things on the way.

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We yeckated back townwards, my brothers,

but just outside, not far from what they

called the Industrial Canal, we viddied

the fuel needle had hke collapsed, like our

own ha ha ha needles had, and the auto

was coughing kashl kashl kashl. Not to worry overmuch,

though, because a rail station kept flashing blue -on off

on off - just near. The point was whether to leave the auto

to be sobiratted by the rozzes or, us feeling like in a hate

and murder mood, to give it a fair tolchock into the starry

waters for a nice heavy loud plesk before the death of the

evening. This latter we decided on, so we got out and. the

brakes off, all four tolchocked it to the edge of the filthy

water that was hke treacle mixed with human hole pro-

ducts, then one good horrorshow tolchock and in she

went. We had to dash back for fear of the filth splashing

on our platties, but splussshhhh and glolp she went, down

and lovely, Tarewell, old droog,^ called Georgie, and Dim

obliged with a downy great guff-^Huh huh huh huh/

Then we made for the station to ride the one stop to

Center, as the middle of the town was called. We paid our

fares laice and polite and waited gentlemanly and quiet on

the platform, old Dim Allying with the slot machines, his

carmans being full of small malenky coin, and ready if

need be to distribute chocbars to the poor and starving,

^5

though there was none such about, and then the old

espresso rapido came lumbering in and we climbed aboard,

the tram looking to be near empty To pass the three-

minute ride we fillied about with what they called the

upholstery, doing some nice horrorshow tearmg-out of the

seats’ guts and old Dim chaimng the okno till the glass

cracked and sparkled in the winter air, but we weie all

feeling that bit shagged and fagged and fashed, it having

been an evening of some small energy expenditure, my

brothers, only Dim, like the downy animal he was, full of

the joys-of, but looking all dirtied over and too much von

of sweat on him, which was one thing I had against old

Dim.

We got out at Center and walked slow back to the

Korova Milkbar, all going yawwwww a malenky bit and

exhibiting to moon and star and lamplight our back

fillmgs, because we were still only growing malchicks and

had school in the daytime, and when we got into the

Korova we found it fuller than when we’d left earlier on

But the chelloveck that had been burbling away, in the

land, on white and synthemesc or whatever, was still on

at it, going; TJrchins of deadcast in the way-ho-hay gliU

platonic time weatherbom,’ It was probable that this was

his tihtird or fourth lot that evening, for he had that pale

inhuman look, like he’d become a thing, and like his litso

was really a piece of chalk carved Really, if he wanted to

spend so long in the land, he should have gone into one

of the jaivate cubies at the back and not stayed in the big

mesto, because here some of the malchickies would filly

about with him a malenky bit, diough not too mudi be-

cause diere were powerful bruiseboys hidden away in the

did Korova who could stop any riot. Anyway, Dun

squeezed in next to diis veck and, with his big clown’s

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yawp that showed his hanging grape, he stabbed this

veck's foot with his own large fiOlthy sabog But the veck,

my brothers, heard nought, being now all above the body.

It was nadsats mostly milking and coking and fillymg

around (nadsats were what we used to call the teens), but

there were a few of the more starry ones, vecks and

cheenas ahke (but not of the bourgeois, never them)

laughing and govoreeting at the bar. You could tell from

their barberings and loose platties (big stringy sweaters

mostly) that they’d been on rehearsal at the TV studios

round the corner. The devotchkas among them had these

very lively litsos and wide big rots, very red, showing a

lot of teeth, and smecking away and not caring about the

wicked world one whit And then the disc on the stereo

twanged off and out (it was Jonny Zhivago, a Russky

koshka, singing ‘Only Every Other Day’), and in the like

interval, the short silence before the next one came on,

one of these devotchkas - very fair and with a big smiling

led rot and in her late thirties I’d say -suddenly came

with a burst of singmg, only a bar and a half and as

though she was like giving an example of something

they’d all been govoreeting about, and it was like for a

moment, O my brothers, some great bird had flown into

the milkbar, and I felt all the htde malenky hairs on my

plott standing endwise and the shivers crawling up like

slow malenky lizards and then down again Because I

knew what she sang. It was from an opera by Friedrich

Gitterfenster called Das Bettzeug, and it was the bit where

she’s sniffing it with her throat cut, and the slovos are

‘Better like this maybe’. Anyway, I shivered.

But old Dim, as soon as he’d slooshied this dollop of

song like a lomtick of redhot meat plonked on your plate,

let off one of his vulgarities, which m this case was a lip-

^7

trump followed by a dog-howl followed by two fingers

pronging twice at the air followed by a downy gufEaw I

fdt myself all of a fever and hke drowning in redhot

blood, slooshying and viddying Dim’s vulgarity, and I

said: ‘Bastard. Filthy drooling mannerless bastard.’ Then

I leaned across Georgie, who was between me and horrible

Dim, and fisted Dim skorry on the rot Dim looked very

surprised, his rot open, wiping the krowy off of his goober

with his rook and in turn looking surprised at the red

flowing krovvy and at me ‘What for did you do that for?’

he said in Ids ignorant way. Not many viddied what I’d

done, and those that viddied cared not. The stereo was on

again and was playing a very sick electronic guitar veshch

I said;

‘For being a bastard with no manners and not the dock

of an idea how to comport yourself publicwise, O my

brother.’

Dim put on a hound-and-horny look of evil, saying- ‘I

don’t like you should do what you done then. And I’m

not your brother no more and wouldn’t want to be.’ He’d

taken a big snotty tashtook from his pocket and was mop-

ping the red flow puzzled, keeping on looking at it frown-

ing as if he thought that blood was for other vecks and

not for him. It was like he was singing blood to make up

for his vulgarity when that devotchka was sin^ng- music

But that devotchka was smecking away ha ha ha now

with her droogs at the bar, her red rot working and her

zoobies ashine, not having noticed Dim’s filtiby vulgarity.

It was me really Dim had done wrong to I said-

\*16 you don’t hke this and you wouldn’t want that, then

you know what to do, little brother.’ George said, in a

sharp way that made me look;

‘All right. Let’s not be starting.’

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That’s clean up to Dim/ I said ‘Dim can’t go on all

his jeezny being as a little child/ And I looked sharp at

Georgia. Dim said, and the red krowy was easing its flow

now

‘What natural right does he have to think he can give

the orders and tolchock me whenever he likes? Yarbles

is what I say to him, and I’d chain his glazzies out soon

as look/

‘Watch that/ I said, as quiet as I could with the stereo

bouncing all over the walls and ceiling and the in-the-land

veck beyond Dim getting loud now with his ‘Spark nearer,

ultoptimate’. I said ‘Do watch that, O Dim, if to continue

to be on live thou dost wish/

‘Yarbles,’ said Dim, sneering, ‘great bolshy yarblockos

to you. What you done then you had no right. I’ll meet

you with chain or nozh or britva any time, not having

you aiming tolchocks at me reasonless, it stands to reason

I won’t have it ’

‘A nozh scrap any time you say,’ I snarled back Pete

said:

‘Oh now, don’t, both of you malchicks Droogs, aren’t

we? It isn’t nght droogs should behave thiswise. See, there

aie some loose-lipped malchicks over there smecking at

us, leering like. We mustn’t let ourselves down/

‘Dim,’ I said, ‘has got to learn his place. Right?’

‘Wait/ said George. ‘What’s all this about place? This

is the first I ever hear about lewdies learning their

place/

Pete said: Tf the truth is known, Alex, you shouldn’t have

given old Dim that xmcalled-for tolchock. I’ll say it once and

no more. 1 say it with all respect, but if it had been me you’d

given it to you’d have to answer. I say no more ’ And he

drowned Ms litso in Ms milk-glass.

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I could feel myself getting all razdraz inside, but I med

to cover it, saying calm: ‘There has to be a leader

Discipline there has to be. Eight?’ None of them skazatted

a word or nodded even I got more razdraz inside, calmer

out. ‘I,’ I said, ‘have been in charge long now. We are all

droogs, but somebody has to be in charge. Right? Right?’

They all like nodded, wary like. Dim was osooshing the

last of the krovvy off It was Dim who said now:

‘Right, right Doobidoob A bit tired, maybe, everybody

is. Best not to say more.’ I was surprised and just that

malenky bit poogly to sloosh Dim govoreeting that wise

Dim said: ‘Bedways is nghtways now, so best we go home-

ways. Right?’ I was very surprised The other two nodded,

going right right right I said

‘You understand about that tolchock on the rot, Dun

It was the music, see. I get all bezoomny when any veck

interferes with a ptitsa singing, as it might be Like that

then.’

“Best we go off homeways and get a bit of spatchka,’

said Dim. ‘A long night for growing malchicks. Eight?’

Right right nodded the other two. I said\*

‘I think it best we go home now. Dim has made

a real horrorshow suggestion. If we don’t meet day-

wise, O my brothers, well then - same time same place to-

morrow?’

‘Oh yes,’ said Georgie. ‘I think that can be arranged ’

‘I might,’ said Dim, “be just that malenky bit late But

same place and near same time tomorrow surely.’ He was

still wiping away at his goober, thou^ no krovvy flowed

any longer now. ‘And,’ he said, ‘it’s to be hoped there

won’t be no more of them singmg pdtsas m here.’ Then

he gave his old Dim guff, a downy big hohohohoho. It

seemed like he was too dun to take much offence.

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So off we went our several ways, me belching arrrrgh

on the cold coke I’d peeted. I had my cut-throat britva

handy in case any of Billyboy’s droogs should be around

near the flatblock waiting, or for that matter any of the

other bandas or gruppas or shaikas that from time to time

were at war with one. Where I lived was with my dadda

and mum in the flats of Mumapal Flatblock i8a, between

Kingsley Avenue and Wilsonsway I got to the big mam

door with no trouble, though I did pass one young

malchick sprawling and creeching and moanmg m the

gutter, all cut about lovely , and saw in the lamplight

also streaks of blood here and there like signatures, my

brothers, of the night’s Allying. And too I saw just by i8a

a pair of devotchka’s neezhnies doubtless rudely wrenched

off in the heat of the moment, O my brothers. And so in

In the hallway was the good old mumapal paintmg on

the walls -vecks and ptitsas very well developed, stern in

the digmty of labour, at workbench and machine with

not one stitch of platties on their weU-developed plotts

But of course some of the malchicks living in i8a had, as

was to be expected, embellished and decorated the said

big painting with handy pencil and ballpomt, adding hair

and stiff rods and dirty balloomng slovos out of the digni-

fied rots of these nagoy (bare, that is) cheenas and vecks.

I went to the lift, but there was no need to press the

electric knopka to see if it was working or not, because it

had been tolchocked real horrorshow this night, the metal

doors all buckled, some feat of rare strength indeed, so

I had to walk the ten fioois up. I cursed and panted climb-

ing, being tired in plott if not so much in bram. I wanted

music very bad this evening, that sin^ng devotdika in

the Korova having perhaps started me off. I wanted hke

a big feast of it before getting my passport stamped, my

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brothers, at sleep’s frontier and the stripy shest lifted to

let me through.

I opened the door of io-8 with my own little klootch,

and inside our malenky quarters all was quiet, the pee and

em both bemg in sleepland, and mum had laid out on

the table my malenky bit of supper - a couple of lomticks

of tinned spongemeat with a shive or so of kleb and butter,

a glass of the old cold moloko Hohoho, the old moloko,

with no knives or synthemesc or drencrom in it. How

wicked, my brothers, mnocent milk must always seem to

me now Still, I drank and ate growhng, being more

hungry than I thought at first, and I got fruit-pie from

the larder and tore chunks off it to stuff mto my greedy

rot. Then I tooth-cleaned and chcked, cleamng out the old

rot with my yahzick or tongue, then I went into my own

little room or den, easing off my platties as I did so Here

was my bed and my stereo, pnde of my jeezny, and my

discs in their cupboard, and banners and flags on the wall,

these being like remembrances of my corrective school hfe

since I was eleven, O my brothers, each one shining and

blazoned with name or number: SOUTH 4, METRO

CORSKOL BLUE DIVISION; THE BOYS OF ALPHA.

The little speakers of my stereo were all arranged round

the room, on ceiling, walls, floor, so, lying on my bed

slooshying the music, I was like netted and meshed in flie

orchestra. Now what I fancied first tonight was this new

violin concerto by the American Geoffrey Plautus, played

by Odysseus Choenlos with liie Macon (Georg^) Phil-

harmonic, so I slid it from where it was neatly filed and

switched on and waited.

Then, brothers, it came Oh, bliss, bhss and heaven I

lay all nagoy to the ceding, my guUiver on my rookers on

the pillow, glazzies closed, rot open in bliss, slooshying

3 ®

the sluice of lovely sounds Oh, it was gorgeousness and

gorgeosity made flesh The trombones crunched redgold

under my bed, and behind my guUiver the trumpets three-

wise silverflamed, and there by the door the timps rolhng

through my guts and out again crunched like candy

thunder. Oh, it was wonder of wonders And then, a bird

of hke rarest spun heavenmetal, or hke silvery wine flow-

mg m a spaceship, gravity all nonsense now, came the

viohn solo above all the other strmgs, and those strings

were like a cage of silk round my bed. Then flute and

oboe bored, like worms of hke platinum, into the thick

thick toffee gold and silver. I was in such bliss, my

brothers. Pee and em in their bedroom next door had

learnt now not to knock on the wall with complaints of

what they called noise. I had taught them. Now they

would take sleep-pills. Perhaps, knovrang the joy I had in

my night music, they had already taken them. As I

slooshied, my glazzies tight shut to shut in the bliss that

was better than any synthemesc Bog or God, I knew such

lovely pictures. There were vecks and ptitsas, both young

and starry, lying on the ground screaming for mercy, and

I was smecking all over my rot and grinding my boot in

their litsos. And there were devotchkas ripped and creech-

ing against walls and I plunging like a shlaga into them,

and indeed when the music, which was one movement

only, rose to the top of its big highest tower, then, l3dng

there on my bed with glazzies tight shut and rookers be-

hind my gufliver, I broke and spattered and cried aaaaaaah

with the bliss of it. And so the lovely music glided to its

glowmg dose

After that I had lovdy Mozart, the Jupiter, and there

were new pictures of different litsos to be ground and

splashed, and it was after this that I thought I would

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have just one last disc only before crossing the border, and

I wanted something starry and strong and very firm, so

It was J. S Bach I had, the Brandenburg Concerto just for

middle and lower stimgs And, slooshying with different

bliss than before, I viddied again this name on the paper

I’d razrezzed that night, a long time ago it seemed, in

that cottage called HOME The name was about a clock-

work orange. Listening to the J. S. Bach, I began to pony

better what that meant now, and I thought, slooshying

away to the brown gorgeousness of the stairy German

master, that I would hke to have tolchocked them both

harder and ripped them to ribbons on their own floor

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The next morning I woke up at oh eight

oh oh hours, my brothers, and as I stili

felt shagged and fagged and fashed and

bashed and my glazzies were stuck together

real horrorshow with sleepglue, I thought

I would not go to schooL I thought how I would have a

malenky bit longer in the bed, an hour or two say, and

then get dressed mce and easy, perhaps even having a

splosh about in the bath, and then brew a pot of real

strong horrorshow chai and make toast for myself and

slooshy the radio or read the gazetta, all on my oddy

knocky And then in the afterlimch I might perhaps, if

I still felt like it, itty off to the old skoUiwoll and see what

was vareetmg in that great seat of gloopy useless learning,

O my brothers. I beard my papapa grumblmg and tramp-

ling and then ittymg off to the dyeworks where he

rabbited, and then my mum called in in a very respect-

ful goloss as she did now I was growmg up big and

strong:

‘It’s gone eight, son. You don’t want to be late again.’

So I called back: ‘A hit of a pain in my guUiver. Leave

us be and I’ll try to sleep it off and then I’ll be right as

dodgers for this after.’ I slooshied her ^ve a sort of a sigh

and she said:

‘I’ll put your breakfast in the oven then, son. I’ve got

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to be ofi myself now.’ Which was trae, theie being this

law for everybody not a child nor with child nor ill to

go out rabbiting. My mum worked at one of the State-

marts, as they called them, filhng up the shelves with

tinned soup and beans and all that cal. So I slooshied her

clank a plate in the gas-oven like and then she was put-

ting her shoes on and then getting her coat from behind

the door and then sighing again, then she said. ‘I’m off

now, son.’ But I let on to be back in sleepland and then I

did doze off real horrorshow, and I had a queer and very

real like sneety, dreaming for some reason of my droog

George In this sneety he’d got hke very much older and

very sharp and hard and was govoreeting about discipline

and obedience and how all the malchicks under his con-

trol had to jump hard at it and throw up the old salute

like being m the army, and there was me in line hke the

rest saying yes sir and no sir, and then I viddied clear

that Georgte had these stars on his pletchoes and he was

like a general. And then he brought in old Dim with a

whip, and Dim was a lot more starry and grey and had a

few zoobies missing as you could see when he let out a

smeck, viddying me, and then my droog George said,

pointing like at me: ‘That man has filth and cal all over

his platties,’ and it was true Then I creeched: ‘Don’t hit,

please don’t, brothers,’ and started to run. And T was run-

ning in like circles and Dim was after me, smecking his

gulliver off, cracking with the old whip, and each time I

got a real horrorshow tolchock with this whip there was

like a very loud electric bell ringringrmging, and this bell

was like a sort of a pain too.

Then I woke up real skorry, my heart going bap bap

bap, and of course there was really a bell going brrrrr, and

It was our front-door bell. I let on that nobody was at home,

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but this brrrrr still ittied on, and then I heard a goloss

shouting through the door 'Come on then, get out of it,

I know you're in bed/ I recogmzed the goloss right away

It was the goloss of P. R. Deltoid (a real gloopy nazz, that

one) what they called my Post-Corrective Adviser, an over-

worked veck with hundreds on his books I shouted right

right right, in a goloss of like pain, and I got out of bed

and attired myself, O my brothers, in a very lovely over-

gown of like silk, with designs of like great cities all over

this over-gown. Then I put my nogas into very comfy

woolly toofles, combed my lusaous glory, and was ready

for P, R. Deltoid When I opened up he came shambling

in looking shagged, a battered old shlapa on his gulliver,

his raincoat filthy. 'Ah, Alex boy,' he said to me 1 met

your mother, yes. She said something about a pain some-

where. Hence not at school, yes '

'A rather intolerable pain in the head, brother, sir,' I

said in my gentleman's goloss. 'I think it should clear by

this afternoon '

'Or certainly by this evening, yes,' said P R. Deltoid.

'The evening is the great time, isn't it, Alex boy? Sit,' he

said, 'sit, sit,’ as though this was his domy and me his

guest. And he sat in this starry rocking-chair of my dad's

and began rocking, as if that was all he'd come for. I said:

'A cup of the old chai, sir? Tea, I mean '

'No time,' he said. And he rocked, giving me the old

glint under frowning brows, as if with all the time in the

world. 'No time, yes,’ he said, gloopy. So I put the kettle

on Then I said.

'To what do I owe the extreme pleasure? Is anything

wrong, sir?'

'Wrong?' he said, very skorry and sly, sort of hunched

looking at me but still rocking away. Then he caught

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sight of an advert in the gazetta, which was on the table -

a lovely smecking young ptitsa with her groodies hanging

out to advertise, my brothers, the Glories of the Jugoslav

Beaches Then, after sort of eating her up in two swallows,

he said\* ‘Why should you think in terms of there being

anything wrong? Have you been doing something you

shouldn’t, yes?’

‘Just a manner of speech,’ I said, ‘sir ’

‘Well,’ said P. R Deltoid, ‘it’s Just a manner of speech

from me to you that you watch out, little Alex, because

next time, as you very well know, it’s not going to be the

corrective school any more Next time it’s going to be the

harry place and all my work ruined. If you have no con-

sideration for your horrible self you at least might have

some for me, who have sweated over you. A big black

mark, I tell you in confidence, for every one we don’t re-

claim, a confession of failure for every one of you that

ends up in the stripy hole ’

‘I’ve been doing nothing I shouldn’t, sir,’ I said. ‘The

millicents have nothing on me, brother, sir I mean.’

‘Cut out this clever talk about millicents,’ said P. R.

Deltoid very weary, but still rocking. ‘Just because the

pohce have not picked you up lately doesn’t, as you very

wdl know, mean you’ve not been up to some nastiness.

There was a bit of a fi^t last mght, wasn’t there? There

was a bit of shuffling with nozhes and bike-chains and

the like. One of a certain fat boy’s Mends was ambulanced

ofiE late from near the Power Plant and hospitalized, cut

about very unpleasantly, yes. Your name was mentioned.

The word has got through to me by the usual channels

Certain Mends of yours were named also. There seems to

have b^n a fair amount of assorted nastiness last mght

Oh, nobody can prove anything about anybody, as usual.

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But Fm warning you, little Alex, being a good friend to

you as always, the one man in this sore and sick com-

munity who wants to save you from yourself ’

\*1 appreciate all that, sir/ I said. Very sincerely/

‘Yes, you do, don't you?' he sort of sneered ‘J^st watch

It, that’s all, yes. We know more than you think, little

Alex/ Then he said, in a goloss of great suffering, but still

rocking away: ‘What gets into you all? We study the

problem and we've been studying it for damn well near

a century, yes, but we get no farther with our studies.

You’ve got a good home here, good loving parents, you've

got not too bad of a brain Is it some devil that crawls in-

side you?’

‘Nobody's got anything on me, sir,' I said ‘I've been out

of the rookers of the millicents for a long time now/

‘That's ]ust what worries me,’ sighed P. R. Deltoid, ‘A

bit too long of a time to be healthy. You're about due now

by my reckoning That's why Fm warning you, little Alex,

to keep your handsome young proboscis out of the dirt,

yes Do I make myself clear?'

‘As an unmuddied lake, sir,’ I said. ‘Clear as an azure

sky of deepest summer You can rely on me, sir ' And I

gave him a nice zooby smile.

But when he'd ookadeeted and I was making this very

strong pot of chai, I grinned to myself over this veshch

that P. R Deltoid and his droogs worried about. All right,

I do bad, what with crasting and toichocks and carves

with the britva and the old in-out-in-out, and if I get

loveted, well, too bad for me, O my little brothers, and

you can’t run a country with every chelloveck comporting

himself m my manner of the night. So if I get loveted and

it's three months in this mesto and another six in that,

and then, as P. R. Deltoid so kindly warns, next time, in

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spite of the great tenderness of my summers, brothers, it’s

the great unearthly zoo itself, well, I say ‘Fair, but a pity,

my loids, because I just cannot bear to be shut in. My

endeavour shall be, in such future as stretches out its

snowy and lilywhite arms to me before the nozh over-

takes or the blood spatters its final chorus in twisted metal

and smashed glass on the highroad, to not get loveted

agam ’ Which is fair speechmg. But, brothers, this biting

of their toe-nails over what is the cause of badness is

what turns me into a fine laughing malchick. They don’t

go into what is the cause of goodness, so why of the other

shop? If lewdies are good that’s because they like it, and

I wouldn’t ever interfere with their pleasures, and so of

the other shop. And I was patronizing the other shop

More, badness is of the self, tihe one, the you or me on our

oddy knockies, and that self is made by old Bog or God

and is his great pnde and radosty But the not-self c ann ot

have the bad, meaning they of the government and the

judges and the schools cannot allow the bad because they

cannot allow the self. And is not our modem history, my

brothers, the story of brave malenky selves fighting these

big inachines? I am serious with you, brothers, over this.

But what I do I do because I like to do.

So now, this smihng winter morning, I dnnk this very

strong chai with moloko and spoon after spoon after spoon

of sugar, me havmg a sladky tooth, and I dragged out of

the oven the breakfast my poor old mum had cooked for

me. It was an egg fried, that and no more, but I made

toast and ate egg and toast and jam, smacking away at it

while I read the gazetta. The gazetta was the usual about

ultra-violence and bank robberies and strikes and foot-

ballers making everybody paralytic with fright by threaten-

ing to not play next Saturday if they did not get higher

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wages, naughty malchickiwicks as they weie Also there

were more space-trips and bigger stereo TV screens and

oflEers of free packets of soapflakes in exchange for the

labels on soup-tins, amazing offer for one week only, which

made me smeck. And there was a bolshy big article on

Modern Youth (meamng me, so I gave the old bow, grin-

ning like bezoomny) by some very clever bald chelloveck

I read this with care, my brothers, slurping away at the

old chai, cup after tass after chasha, crunching my

lomticks of black toast dipped in jammiwam and eggiweg.

This learned veck said the usual veshches, about no

parental discipline, as he called it, and the shortage of real

horrorshow teachers who would lambast bloody beggary

out of their innocent poops and make them go boohoohoo

for mercy Ail this was gloopy and made me smeck, but

it was like nice to go on knowing one was making the

news all the time, O my brothers. Every day there was

something about Modern Youth, but the best veshch they

ever had m the old gazetta was by some starry pop in a

doggy collar who said that in his considered opinion and

he was govoreeting as a man of Bog IT WAS THE

DEVIL THAT WAS ABROAD and was like ferreting

his way into like young innocent flesh, and it was the

adult world that could take the responsibility for this with

their wars and bombs and nonsense. So that was all right

So he knew what he talked of, being a Godman\* So we

young innocent malchicks could take no blame. Right right

right.

When I’d gone erk erk a couple of razzes on my full

innocent stomach, I started to get out day platties from

my wardrobe, turning the radio on. There was music play-

ing, a very nice malenky string quartet, my brothers, by

Claudius Birdman, one that I knew well. I had to have a

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smeck, though, thinking of what I’d viddied once in one

of these hke articles on Modern Youth, about how Modem

Youth would be better off if A lively Appreciation Of

The Arts could be like encouraged Great Music, it said,

and Great Poetry would like quieten Modern Youth down

and naake Modem Youth more Civihzed. Civilized my

syphilised yarbles. Music always sort of sharpened me up,

O my brothers, and made me like fed hke old Bog him-

self, ready to make with the old donner and blitzen and

have vecks and ptitsas creechmg away in my ha ha power

And when I’d cheested up my litso and rookers a bit and

done dressmg (my day platties were hke student-wear the

old blue pantalomes with sweater with A for Alex) I

thought here at least was tune to itty off to the disc-bootick

(and cutter too, my pockets being full of pretty poUy) to

see about this long-promised and long-ordered stereo

Beethoven Number Nine (the Choral Symphony, that is),

recorded on Masterstroke by the Esh Sham Sinfonia under

L. Muhaiwir. So out I went, brotheis.

The day was very different from the night. The mght

belonged to me and my droogs and all the rest of the

nadsats, and the starry bourgeois lurked indoors drinking

m the gloopy worldcasts, but the day was for the starry

ones, and there always seem«i to be more rozzes or

miUicents about during the day, too. I got the autobus

&om the corner and rode to Center, and then I walked

back to Taylor Place, and there was the disc-bootick I

favoured with my inestimable custom, O my brothers. It

had the gloopy name of MELODIA, but it was a real

horrorshow mesto and skorry, most times, at getting the

new recordings I walked in and the only other customers

were two young ptitsas sucking away at ice-sticks (and this,

mark, was dead cold vrinter) and sort of shuffling through

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the new popdiscs - Johnny Bumaway, Stash Kroh, The

Mixers, Lay Quiet Awhile With Ed And Id Molotov, and

all the rest of that cal These two ptitsas couldn’t have

been more than ten, and they too, like me, it seemed,

evidently, had decided to take a mornmg o£E from the old

skolliwoll They saw themselves, you could see, as real

grown-up devotchkas already, what with the old hipswing

when they saw your Faithful Narrator, brothers, and

padded groodies and red all ploshed on their goobers I

went up to the counter, making with the pohte zooby smile

at old Andy behind it (always polite himself, always help-

ful, a real horrorshow type of a veck, though bald and

very very thin). He said:

‘Aha, I know what you want, I think. Good news, good

news It has arrived ’ And with hke big conductor’s rookers

beating time he went to get it. The two young ptitsas

started ^gglmg, as they will at that age, and I gave them

a like cold glazzy Andy was back real skorry, waving the

great shiny white sleeve of the Ninth, which had on it,

brothers, the frowmng heeded like thunderbottied Etso of

Ludwig van himself, ‘Here,’ said Andy. ‘Shall we give it

the trial spin?’ But I wanted it back home on my

stereo to slooshy on my oddy knocky, greedy as hell. I

fumbled out the deng to pay and one of the little ptitsas

said.

‘Who you getten, bratty? What biggy, what only?’

These young devotchkas had their own like way of

govoreeting. ‘The Heaven Seventeen? Luke Sterne? Goggly

Gogol?’ And both giggled, roddng and hippy. Then an

idea hit me and made me near fall over with the anguish

and ecstasy of it, O my brothers, so I could not breathe for

near ten seconds. I recovered and made vnth my new-clean

zbobies and said:

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‘What you got back home, httle sisters, to play your

fuzzy warbles on?’ Because I could viddy the discs they

were buying were these teeny pop veshches ‘I bet you got

httle save tiny portable like picnic spinners ’ And they

sort of pushed their lower lips out at that. ‘Come with

uncle,’ I said, ‘and hear all proper Hear angel trumpets

and devil trombones. You are invited.’ And I like bowed

They giggled again and one said

‘Oh, but we’re so hungiy. Oh, but we could so eat ’ The

other said: “Yah, she can say that, can’t she just ’ So I said:

‘Eat with tmcle. Name your place.’

Then they viddied themselves as real sophistoes, which

was like pathetic, and started talkmg m big-lady golosses

about the Ritz and the Bristol and the Hilton and II

Ristorante Granturco. But I stopped that with ‘Follow

uncle’, and I led them to the Pasta Parlour just round the

comer and let them fill their innocent young litsos on

spaghetti and sausages and cream-puffs and banana-splits

and hot choc-sauce, till I near sicked with the sight of it,

I, brothers, lunching but frugally off a cold ham-slice and

a growling dollop of dbilli These two yoimg ptitsas were

much alike, though not sisters They had the same ideas

or lack of, and the same colour hair -a like dyed strawy.

Well, they would grow up real today. Today I would make

a day of it. No school this afterlunch, but education

certain, Alex as teacher. Their names, they said, were

Marty and Sonietta, bezoomny enough and in the heighth

of their childish fashion, so I said:

‘JUghty right, Marty and Sometta. Time for the big

spin Come.’ When we were outside on the cold street they

thought they would not go by autobus, oh no, but by taxi,

so I ^ve them the humour, though with a real horror-

show m-grin, and I called a taxi from the rank near

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Center. The driver, a starry whiskery veck in very stained

platties, said\*

‘No tearing up, now. No nonsense with them seats Just

re-upholstered they are ’ I quieted his gloopy fears and off

we spim to Municipal Flatblock i8a, these two bold httle

ptitsas giggling and whispering So, to cut all short, we

arrived, O my brothers, and I led the way up to lO-S, and

they panted and smecked away the way up, and then they

were thirsty, they said, so I unlocked die treasure-chest in

my room and gave these ten-year-young devotchkas a real

horrorshow Scotchman apiece, though well filled with

sneezy pins-and-needles soda They sat on my bed (yet un-

made) and leg-swung, smecking and peeting their high-

balls, while I spun their like pathetic malenky discs

through my stereo Like peetmg some sweet scented kid's

drink, that was, in like very beautiful and lovely and costly

gold goblets. But they went oh oh oh and said, ‘Swoony'

and ‘Hilly’ and other weird slovos that were the heighth

of fashion m that youth group. While I spun this cal for

them I encouraged them to drink and have another, and

they were nothing loath, O my brothers So by the time

their pathetic pop-discs had been twice spun each (there

were two: ‘Honey Nose’, sung by Ike Yard, and ‘Night

After Day After Night’, moaned by two horrible yarble-

less like eunuchs whose names I forget) they were get-

ting near the pitch of like young ptitsa’s hysterics, what

with jumping all over my bed and me in the room with

them

What was actually done that afternoon th»e is no need

to describe, brothers, as you may easily guess all. Those

two were unplattied and smecking fit to crack in no time

at all, and they thought it the bolshiest fun to viddy old

0ncle Alex standing there all nagoy and pan-handled,

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squimng the hypodermic like some bare doctor, then

giving myself the old jab of growhng jungle-cat secretion

in the rooker. Then I pulled the lovely Nmth out of its

sleeve, so that Ludwig van was now nagoy too, and I set

the needle hissmg on to the last movement, which was

all bhss. There it was then, the bass strings hke govoreet-

ing away from under my bed at the rest of the orchestra,

and then the male human goloss coming in and telling

them all to be joyful, and then the lovely blissful tune all

about Joy being a glorious spark hke of heaven, and then

I felt the old tigers leap in me and then I leapt on these

two young ptitsas This time they thought nothing fun

and stopped creeching with high mirth, and had to submit

to the strange and weird desires of Alexander the Large

which, what with the Ninth and the hypo jab, were

choodessny and zammechat and very demanding, O my

brothers. But they were both very very drunken and could

hardly feel very much.

When the last movement had gone round for the second

lime with aU the banging and creechmg about Joy Joy

Joy Joy, then these two young ptitsas were not acting the

big lady sophisto no more. They were like waking up to

what was being done to their malenky persons and saymg

that they wanted to go home and like I was a wild beast

They looked like they had been in some big bitva, as in-

deed they had, and were all bruised and pouty. Well, if

they would not go to school they must stiU have their

education. And education they had had. They were crcedh-

ing and going ow ow ow as they put their plataes on, and

they were like pundupunching me with Aeir teeny fists

as I lay there dirty and nagoy and Mr shagged and fagged

on the bed. This young Sometta was creeching: ‘Beast and

hateful animal Filthy horror’ So I let them get their

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things together and get out, which they did, talking about

how the rozzes should be got on to me and all that cal

Then they were going down the stairs and I dropped ofiE

to sleep, still with the old Joy Joy Joy Joy crashing and

howlmg away.

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What happened, though, was that I woke

up late (near seven-tiurty by my watch)

and, as it turned out, that was not so

clever. You can viddy that everything in

this wicked world counts You can pony

that one thing always leads to another. Right right right.

My stereo was no longer on about Joy and I Embrace Ye

0 Ye Millions, so some veck had dealt it the off, and that

would be either pee or em, both of them now being quite

clear to the slooshying in the living-room and, from the

clink chnk of plates and slurp slurp of peering tea from

cups, at their tired meal after the day’s rabbiting in factory

the one, store the other. The poor old. The pitiable starry.

1 put on my over-govm and looked out, in guise of loving

only son, to say:

‘Hi hi hi, there. A lot better after the day’s rest. Ready

now for evening work to eim that little bit.’ For that’s

what they said they believed I did these days. “Yum yum,

mum. Any of that for me?’ It was like some frozen pie

that she’d unfroze and then warmed up and it looked

not so very appetitish, but I had to say what I said. Dad

looked at me with a not-so-jdeased suspicious like look

but said nothing, knowing he dared not, and mum gave

me a tired like httle smeck, to thee fruit of my womb my

only son sort of. I danced to the bathroom and had a real

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skorry cheest all over, feeling dirty and gluey, then back

to my den for the evening’s plataes. Then, shimng,

combed, brushed and gorgeous, I sat to my lomtick of

pie Papapa said\*

‘Not that I want to pry, son, but where exactly is it you

go to work of evenings?’

‘Oh,’ I chewed, ‘it’s mostly odd things, helping like

Here and there, as it nught be.’ I gave him a straight dirty

glazzy, as to say to mind his own and I’d roind mine. ‘I

never ask for money, do I? Not money for clothes or for

pleasures? All right, then, why ask?’

My dad was hke humble mumble chumble ‘Sorry, son,’

he said. ‘But I get worried sometimes Sometimes I have

dreams You can laugh if you like, but there’s a lot in

dreams. Last night I had this dream with you m it and

I didn’t like it one bit ’

‘Oh?’ He had gotten me mteressovatted now, dreaming

of me like that I had like a feehng I had had a dream,

too, but I could not remember proper what ‘Yes?’ I said,

stopping chewing my gluey pie.

‘It was vivid,’ said my dad. ‘I saw you lying on the street

and you had been beaten by other boys. These boys were

like the boys you used to go around with before you were

sent to that last Corrective School ’

‘Oh?’ I had an in-grin at that, papapa believing I had

real reformed or believing he believed And then I remem-

bered my own dream, which was a dream of that morn-

ing, of Georgie givmg his general’s orders and old Dim

smecking around toothless as he vnelded the whip. But

dreams go by opposites I was once told. ‘Never worry

about thine only son and heir, O my father,’ I said ‘Fear

not He canst taketh care of himself, verily.’

‘And,’ said my dad, ‘you weare like helpless m your blood

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and you couldn't fight back ’ That was real opposites, so

I had another quiet malenky grin within and then I took

all the deng out of my caimans and tinkled it on the saucy

table-cloth. I said'

‘Here, dad, it’s not much. It’s what I earned last mght

But perhaps for the odd peet of Scotchman in the snug

somewhere for you and mum ’

‘Thanks, son,’ he said. ‘But we don’t go out much now.

We daren’t go out much, the streets being what they are.

Young hooligans and so on. StiU, thanks. I’ll bring her

home a bottle of something tomorrow ’ And he scooped

this ill-gotten pretty into his trouser carmans, mum being

at the cheestmg of the dishes in the kitchen And I went

out with loving smiles all round.

When I got to the bottom of the stairs of the flatblock

I was somewhat surprised. I was more than that I opened

my rot like wide in the old stony gapes. They had come to

meet me. They were waiting by the all scrawled-over

municipal waU-paintiug of the nagoy dignity of labour,

bare vecks and cheenas stem at the wheels of industry,

like I said, with all this dirt pencilled from their rots by

nau^ty malchicks. Dim had a big thick like stick of black

greasepaint and was tracing filthy slovos real big over otir

municipal painting and doing the old Dim guff - wuh huh

huh - while he did it. But he turned round when (Jeorgie

and Pete gave me the well hdlo, showing their shining

droogy zoobies, and he horned out- ‘He are here, he

have arrived, hooray,’ and did a clumsy tumitoe bit of

danang.

‘We got worried,’ said George. ‘There we were, await-

ing and peering away at the old knify moloko, and you

bad not turned up. ^ then Pete here tihought how you

might have been like offended by some veshch or other.

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so round we come to yom abode. That’s right, Pete,

right?’

‘Oh, yes, nght,’ said Pete

‘Appy polly loggies,’ I said, careful. ‘I had something

of a pain m the gulhver so had to sleep. I was not wakened

when I gave orders for wakening Still, here we all are,

ready for what the old nochy offers, yes?’ I seemed to have

picked up that yes? from P. R. Deltoid, my Post-Correc-

tive Adviser. Very strange.

‘Sorry about the pam,’ said Georgie, like very concerned

‘Usmg the gulliver too much like, maybe Giving orders

and discipline and such, perhaps. Sure the pain is gone?

Sure you’ll not be happier going back to the bed?’ And

they all had a bit of a malenky grin

‘Wait,’ I said. ‘Let’s get things nice and sparkling clear

This sarcasm, if I may call it sudi, does not become you,

O my httle friends. Perhaps you have been having a bit

of a quiet govoreet behind my back, making your own

little jokes and such-like. As I am your droog and leader,

surely I am entitled to know what goes on, eh? Now then,

Dim, what does that great big horsy gape of a grin

portend?’ For Dim had his rot open in a sort of bezoomny

soundless smeck. Georgie got in very skorry with:

‘AH right, no more picking on Dim, brother. That’s

part of the new way ’

‘New way?’ I said. ‘What’s this about a new way?

There’s been some very large talk behind my sleeping

back and no error Let me slooshy more.’ And I sort of

folded my rookers and leaned comfortable to listen against

the broken banister-rail, me bemg stiU higher than them,

droogs as they called themselves, on the third stair.

“No offence, Ales.,’ said Pete, ‘but we wanted to have

thmgs more democratic like. Not like you like saymg

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what to do and what not all the time But no offence.’

Georgie said-

‘Offence is neither here nor elsewhere. It’s a matter of

who has ideas What ideas has he had^’ And he kept his

veiy bold glazzies turned full on me ‘It’s all the small

stuff, malenky veshches hke last mght We’re growing up,

brothers ’

‘More,’ I said, not moving ‘Let me slooshy more.’

‘Well,’ said Georgie, ‘if you must have it, have it then

We itty round, shop-crasting and the hke, commg out with

a pitiful rookerful of cutter each And there’s Will the

English in the Muscleman coffee mesto saying he can

fence anything that any malchick cares to try to crast.

The shiny stuff, the ice,’ he said, still with these like cold

glazzies on me ‘The big big big money is available is

what Will the English says ’

‘So,’ I said, very comfortable out hut real razdraz with-

in ‘Since when have you been consorting and comporting

with Will the Enghsh?’

‘Now and again,’ said George, ‘I get around all on my

oddy knocky. Like last Sabbath for instance I can live

my own jeezny, droo^e, right?’

I didn’t really care for any of this, my brothers. ‘And

what will you do,’ I said, ‘with the big big big deng or

money as you so highfaluting call it? Have you not every

veshch you need? If you need an auto you pluck it from

the trees. If you need pretty poUy you take it. Yes? Why

this sudden shilarny for bdng the big bloated capitalist?’

‘Ah,’ said Georgie, ‘you think and govoreet sometimes

like a little child ’ Dim went huh huh huh at that. ‘To-

night,’ said Georgie, ‘we pull a manabte crast.’

So my dream had told truth, then. Georgie the general

saying what we should do and what not do, Dim with the

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whip as min dless gnnmng bulldog. But I played with care,

with great care, the greatest, saying, smiling ‘Good. Real

horrorshow. Initiative comes to Aem as wait. I have

taught you much, httle droogie. Now teU me what you

have in mmd, Georgieboy.’

‘Oh,’ said Georgie, cuniung and crafty in his grin, ‘the

old moloko-plus first, would you not say? Something to

sharpen us up, boy, but you espeaally, we having the start

of you.’

‘You have govoreeted my thoughts for me,’ I smiled

away. ‘I was about to suggest the dear old Korova. Good

good good. Lead, little Georgie.’ And I made with a like

deep bow, smiling like bezoomny but thinking all the

time But when we got into the street I viddied that think\*

mg is for the gloopy ones and that the oomny ones use

hke mspiration and what Bog sends. For now it was lovely

music that came to my aid. There was an auto ittying by

and It had its radio on, and I could just slooshy a bar or

so of Ludwig van (it was the Violi n Concerto, last move-

ment), and I viddied right at once what to do. I said, m

hke a thick deep goloss\* ‘Right, Georgie, now,’ and I

whished out my cut-throat britva George said\* ‘Uh^’

but he was skorry enough with his nozh, the blade coming

sloosh out of the handle, and we were on to each other.

Old Dim said: ‘Oh, no, not right that isn’t,’ and made to

imcoil the chain round his tally, but Pete said, putting his

rooker firm on old Dim: ‘Leave them. It’s right like that.’

So then Georgie and Your Humble did the old quiet cat-

stalk, looking for openings, knowing each other’s style a

bit too horrorshow really, Georgie now and then going

lurch lurch with his shining nozh but not no wse connect-

ing. And all the time lewdies passed by and viddied all

this but minded their own, it being perhaps a common

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street-sight But then I counted odin dva tree and went

ak ak ak with the britva, though not at litso or glazzies

but at Georgie’s nozh-holding rooker and, my httle

brothers, he dropped. He did. He dropped his nozh with

a tinkle tankle on the hard winter sidewalk. I had just

ticklewickled his fingers with my britva, and there he was

looking at the malenky drihble of krowy that was redding

out in the lamplight. ‘Now,’ I said, and it was me that was

starting, because Pete had given old Dim the soviet not

to uncoil the oozy from round his tally and Dim had taken

it, ‘now. Dim, let’s thou and me have all this now, shall

us^’ Dim went, ‘Aaaaaaarhgh,’ like some bolshy be-

zoomny animal, and snaked out the chain from his waist

real horrorshow and skorry, so you had to admire. Now

the right style for me here was to keep low like in frog-

dancing to protect litso and glazzies, and this I did,

brothers, so that poor old Efim was a malenky bit surprised,

him being accustomed to the straight face-on lash lash

lash. Now I will say that he whished me horrible on the

back so that it stung like bezoomny, but that pain told

me to dig m skorry once and for all and be done with old

Efim. So I swished with the bntva at his left noga in its

very tight tight and I slashed two inches of doth and drew

a malenky drop of krowy to make Efim real bezoomny.

Then while he went hauvwww hauwww hauwww like a

doggie I tried the same style as for Georgia, banking all

on one move - up, cross, cut - and I felt the britva go just

deep enough in the meat of old Efim’s vmst and he

droj^d his snaking oozy yelping hke a little child. Then

he tried to dnnk in all the blood from his wrist and howl

at the same time, and there w^ too much krowy to drink

and he went bubble bubble bubble, the red like fountain-

ing out lovely, but not for very long I said:

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‘Right, my droogies, now we should know Yes, Pete?'

‘I never said anythmg," said Pete 1 never govoreeted one

slovo Look, old Dim’s bleeding to death/

‘Never,’ I said ‘One can die but once Dim died before

he was born. That red red krowy will soon stop ’ Because

I had not cut into the like main cables. And I myself took

a dean tashtook from my carman to wrap round poor old

dying Dim’s rooker, howHng and moaning as he was, and

the krovvy stopped like I said it would, O my brothers

So they knew now who was master and leader, sheep,

thought I.

It did not take long to quieten these two wounded

soldiers down in the snug of the Duke of New York, what

with large brandies (bought with their own cutter, me

having given all to\* my dad) and a vape with tashtooks

dipped in the water-jug. The old ptitsas we’d been so

horrorshow to last night were there again, going, ‘Thanks,

lads’ and ‘God bless you, boys’ hke they couldn’t stop,

though we had not repeated the old sammy act with them

But Pete said ‘What’s it to be, girls?’ and bought black

and suds for them, him seeming to have a fair amount of

pretty polly in his carmans, so they were on louder than

ever with their ‘God bless and keep you all, lads’ and ‘We’d

never split on you, boys’ and ‘The best lads breathing,

that’s what you are’. At last I said to Georgie\*

‘Now we’re back to where we were, yes^ Just like be-

fore and all forgotten, right?’

‘Right right right,’ said George. But old Dim still looked

a bit dazed and he even said\* ‘I could have got that big

bastard, see, with my oozy, only some veck got in the way/

as though he’d been dratsmg not with me but with some

other malchick. I said\*

‘Well, Georgieboy, what did you have in mind^’

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B

‘Oh/ said CJeorgie, ‘not tonight Not this nodiy, please ’

‘You’re a big strong chelloveck/ 1 said, ‘like us all. We’re

not httle children, are we, GJeorgieboy? What, then, didst

thou in thy mind have?’

‘I could have chained his glazzies real horrorshow/ said

Dim, and the old baboochkas were still on with their

‘Thanks, lads’.

‘It was this house, see,’ said Georgie ‘The one with the

two lamps outside. The one with the gloopy name, like.’

‘What gloopy name?’

‘The Mansion or the Manse or some such piece of gloop

Where this very starry pdtsa hves with her cats and all

these very starry valuable veshches ’

‘Such as?’

‘Gold and silver and hke jewels It was Will the English

who like said ’

‘I viddy,’ I said. ‘I viddy horrorshow.’ I knew where he

meant - Oldtown, just beyond Victoria Flatblock. Well,

the real horrorshow leader knows always when like to

give and show generous to his like unders. ‘Very good,

George,’ I said. ‘A good thought, and one to be followed

Let us at once itry.’ And as we were going out the old

baboochkas said. ‘We’ll say nothing, lads, ^en here all

the time you have, boys.’ So I said: ‘Good old girls Back

to buy more in ten minutes/ And so I led my three droogs

out to my doom.

Just past the Ehike of New York going

east was offices and then there was the

starry beat-up bibho and then was the

bolshy flatblock called Victoria Flathlock

after some victory or other, and then you

came to the like starry type houses of the town m what

was called Oldtown. You got some of the real horrorshow

ancient domies here, my brothers, with starry lewdies

livmg m them, thin old harking like colonels with sticks

and old ptitsas who were widows and deaf starry damas

with cats who, my brothers, had felt not the touch of any

chelloveck m the whole of their pure like Jeczmes And

here, true, there were starry veshches that would fetch

their share of cutter on the tourist market - like pictures

and jewels and other starry pre-plastic cal of that type. So

we came nice and quiet to this domy called the Manse,

and there were globe lights outside on iron stalks, like

guarding the front door on each side, and there was a light

like dim on in one of the rooms on the ground level, and

we went to a nice patch of street dark to watch through

the window what was ittying on. This window had iron

bars in front of it, like the house was a prison, but we

could viddy nice and dear what was ittying on.

What was ittying on was that this starry ptitsa, very

grey in the voloss and with a very liny like litso, was pour-

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ing the old moloko from a milk-bottle into saucers and

then setting these saucers dovm on the floor, so you could

tell there were plenty of mewmg kots and koshkas writhing

about down there. And we could viddy one or two, great

fat scoteenas, jumping up on to the table with their rots

open going mare mare mare And you could viddy this

old baboochka talking back to them, govoreeting in like

scoidy language to her pussies In the room you cquld

viddy a lot of old pictures on the walls and starry very

elaborate clocks, also some hke vases and ornaments that

looked starry and dorogoy Georgie whispered 'Real

horrorshow deng to be gotten for them, brothers Will the

Enghsh IS real anxious.’ Pete said ‘How in?’ Now it was

up to me, and skorry, before Georgie started telhng us

how. ‘First veshch,’ I whispered, ‘is to try the regular way,

the front. I will go very pohte and say that one of my

droogs has had a like funny fainting turn on the street

Georgie can be ready to show, when she opens, thatwise.

Then to ask for water or to phone the doc. Then in easy.’

Georgie said\*

‘She may not open ’ I said-

‘We’ll try it, yes?’ And he sort of shrugged his pletchoes,

making with a frog’s rot. So I add to Pete and old Dim:

‘You two droogies get either side of the door. Right?’ They

nodded in the dark right right jright ‘So,’ I said to George,

and I made bold straight for the front door There was a

bellpush and I pushed, and brrrrrrr brrrrrr sounded down

the hall inside. A like sense of slooshying followed, as

though the ptitsa and her koshkas all had their ears back

at the, brrrrrr brrrrrr, wondering So I pushed the old

zvonock a malenky bit more urgent. I then bent down to

the letter-slit and called through in a refined like goloss:

‘Help, madam, please. My friend has just had a fuimy

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turn on the street Let me phone a doctor, please ’ Then

I could viddy a hght being put on in the hall, and then I

could hear the old baboochka’s nogas going flip flap in flip-

flap slippers to nearer the front door, and I got the idea,

I don’t know why, that she had a big fat pussycat under

each arm Then she called out in a very surprising deep

like goloss.

'Go away. Go away or I shoot.’ Georgie heard that and

wanted to giggle I said, with like suffering and urgency

in my gendeman’s goloss,

'Oh, please help, madam. My friend’s very ill.’

'Go away,’ she called. T know your dirty tncks, rhaking

me open the door and then buy things I don’t want Go

away, I tell you.’ That was real lovely innocence, that was.

'Go away,’ she said again, 'or I’ll set my cats on to you ’

A malenky bit bezoomny she was, you could tell that,

through spending her jeezny all on her oddy knocky

Then I looked up and I viddied that there was a sash-

window above the front door and that it would be a lot

more skorry to just do the old pletcho chmb and get in

that way. Else there’d be this argument all the long nochy.

So I said\*

'Very well, madam. If you won’t help I must take my

suffering friend elsewhere ’ And I winked my droogies all

away quiet, only me crying out: 'All right, old friend, you

will surely meet some good Samaritan some place other.

This old lady perhaps cannot be blamed for being

suspidous with so many scoundrels and rogues of the

night about. No, indeed not.’ Then we waited again in the

dark and I whispered: 'Right Return to door. Me stand

on Dim’s pletchoes Open that window and me enter,

droogies. llien to shut up that old ptttsa and open up for

all. No trouble ’ For I was like showing who was leader

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and the chelloveck with the ideas. ‘See/ I said ‘Real

horrorshow bit of stonework over that door, a nice hold

for my nogas.’ They viddied all that, admiring perhaps I

thought, and said and nodded Right right right m the

dark.

So back tiptoe to the door. Dim was our heavy strong

malchick and Pete and Georgie like heaved me up on to

Dim’s bolshy manly pletchoes. AU this time, O thanks to

worldcasts on the gloopy TV and, more, lewdies’ night-fear

through lack of night-police, dead lay the street. Up there

on Dim’s pletchoes I viddied that this stonework above

the door would take my boots lovely I kneed up, brothers,

and there I was The window, as I had expected, was

dosed, but I outed with my britva and cracked the glass

of the wndow smart with the bony handle thereof. All

the time below my droogies were hard breathing. So I put

in my rooker through the crack and made the lower half

of the window sail up open silver-smooth and lovely. And

I was, like getting into the bath, in. And there were my

sheep down below, their rots open as they looked up, O

brothers.

I was in bumpy darkness, with beds and cupboards and

bolshy heavy stoolies and piles of boxes and books about.

But I strode manful towards the door of the room I was

in, seeing a like crack of light tmder it. The door went

squeeeeeeeeeeak and then I was on a dusty corridor with

other doors. All this waste, brothers, meaning all these

rooms and but one starry sharp and her pussies, but per-

haps the kots and koshkas had like separate bedrooms,

living on cream and fish-heads like royal queens and

princes I could hear the like muffled goloss of this old

ptitsa down below sa;^g' ‘Yes yes yes, that’s k/ but she

would be govOTceting to these mewing sidlers going

6o

maaaaaaah for more moloko Then I saw the stairs going

down to the hall and I thought to myself that I would

show these fickle and worthless droogs of mine that I was

worth the whole three of them and more. I would do all

on my oddy knocky I would perform the old ultra-violence

on the starry ptitsa and on her pusspots if need be, then

I would take fair rookerfuls of what looked like real

polf zny stuff and go waltzmg to the front door and open

up showering gold and silver on my waiting droogs. They

must learn all about leadership.

So down I ittied, slow and gentle, admiring in the stair-

well grahzny pictures of old time - devotchkas with long

hair and high collars, the like country with trees and

horses, the holy bearded veck all nagoy hanging on a cross

There was a real musty von of pussies and pussy-fish and

starry dust in this domy, different from the fiatblocks.

And then I was downstairs and I could viddy the light in

this front room where she had been dolmg moloko to the

kots and koshkas More, I could viddy these great over-

stuffed scoteenas going in and out with their tails waving

and hke rubbing themselves on the door-bottom On a like

big wooden chest m the dark hall I could viddy a nice

malenky statue that shone in the hght of the room, so I

crasted this for my own self, it being hke of a young thin

devotchka standing on one noga with her rookers out,

and I could see this was made of silver So I had this

when I Ittied into the lit-up room, saying: \*Hi hi hi. At

last we meet. Our brief govoreet through the letter-hole

was not, shall we say, satisfactory, yes? Let us admit not,

oh verily not, you stinking starry old sharp ’ And I like

blinked in the light at this room and the old ptitsa in it.

It was full of kots and koshkas all crawling to and fro over

the carpet, with bits of fur floating in the lower air, and

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these fat scoteenas were all different shapes and colours,

black, white, tabby, ginger, tortoise-shell, and of all ages,

too, so that there were kittens fillying about with each

other and there were pussies full-grown and there were real

dribbling starry ones very bad-tempered. Their mistress,

this old ptitsa, looked at me fierce like a man and said:

‘How ^d you get in? Keep your distance, you villainous

young toad, or I shall be forced to strike you.’ ^

I had a real horrorshow smeck at that, viddymg that

she had in her veiny rooker a crappy wood walking-stick

which she raised at me threatening. So, making with my

shiny zoobies, I ittied a bit nearer to her, taking my time,

and on the way I saw on a like sideboard a lovely little

veshch, the loveliest malenky veshch any malchick fond

of music like myself could ever hope to viddy with his own

two glazaes, for it was like the gulliver and pletchoes of

Ludwig van himself, what they call a bust, a hke stone

veshch with stone long hair and blind glazzies and the

big fiowy cravat. I was off for that right away, saying:

‘Well, how lovely and all for me.’ But ittying towards it

Avith my glazzies like full on it and my greedy rooker held

out, I did not see the milk saucers on the floor and into

one I went and sort of lost balance. ‘Whoops,’ I said, try-

ing to steady, but tihis old ptitsa had come up behind me

very sly and with great skorriness for her age and then she

went crack crack on my gulliver with her bit of a stick.

So I found myself on my rookers and knees trying to get

up and saymg' “Nau^ty naughty naughty.’ And then she

was going crack crack again, saying: ‘Wretched little

slummy bedbug, breaking into real people’s houses.’ I

didn’t like this crack crack eegra, so I grasped hold of one

end of her stick as it came down again and then she lost

hex balance and was trying to steady herself against the

6a

table, but tben the table-doth came off with a milk-jug

and a milk-bottle going all drunk then scattering white

splosh in ail directions, then she was down on the floor

grunting, going 'Blast you, boy, you shall suffer.’ Now ail

the cats were getting spoogy and runmng and jumping in

a like cat-panic, and some were blaming each other, hit-

ting out cat-tolchocks with the old lapa and ptaaaaa and

grrrrr and kraaaaark. I got up on to my nogas, and there

was this nasty vindictive starry forella with her wattles

ashake and grunting as she like tried to lever herself up

from the floor, so I gave her a malenky fair kick in the

litso, and she didn’t hke that, crying. Waaaaah,’ and you

could viddy her veiny mottled litso going purplewurple

where I’d landed the old noga.

As I stepped back from the kick I must have like trod

on the tail of one of these dratsing creeching pusspots,

because I slooshied a gromky yauuuuuuuuw and found

that like fur and teeth and claws had like fastened them-

selves round my leg, and there I was cursing away and

trying to shake it off holding this silver malenky statue in

one rooker and trying to climb over this old ptitsa on the

floor to reach lovely Ludwig van in frowmng like stone.

And then I was into another saucer brimful of creamy

moloko and near went flying again, the whole veshch really

a very humorous one if you could imagine it sloochatting

to some other veck and not to Your Humble Narrator,

And then the starry ptitsa on the floor reached over all

the dratsing yowling pusscats and grabbed at my noga,

still going ‘Waaaaah’ at me, and, nay balance being a bit

gone, I went really crash this time, on to sploshing

moloko and skriking koshkas, and the old forella started

to fist me on the litso, both of us being on the floor, creech-

ing: ‘Thrash him, beat him, pull out his finger-nails, the

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poisonous young beetle/ addressing her pusscats only, and

then, as if like obeying the starry old ptitsa, a couple of

koshkas got on to me and started scratching hke be-

zoomny. So then I got real bezoomny myself, brothers, and

hit out at them, but this baboochka said ‘Toad, don’t

touch my kitties,’ and hke scratched my litso. So then I

creeched ‘You filthy old soomka,’ and upped with the httle

malenky like silver statue and cracked her a fine fair tol-

chock on the gulhver and that shut her up real horror-

show and lovely

Now as I got up from the floor among all the crarking

kots and koshkas what should I slooshy but the shoom of

the old pohce-auto siren in the distance, and it dawned on

me skorry that the old forella of the pusscats had been on

the phone to the milhcents when I thought she’d been

govoreeting to the mewlers and mowlers, her having got

her suspicions skorry on the boil when I’d rung the old

zvonock pretendmg for help. So now, slooshying this fear-

some shoom of the rozz-van, I belted for the front door

and had a rabbiting time imdoing all the locks and chams

and bolts and other protective veshches. Then I got it

open, and who should be on the doorstep but old Dim,

me just being able to viddy the other two of my so-called

droogs beltmg off ‘Away,’ I creeched to Dim. ‘The rozzes

are coming/ Dim said. Tou stay to meet them huh huh

huh,’ and then I viddied that he had his oozy out, and

tiien he upped with it and it snaked whishhhhh and he

chained me gentle and artistic like on the glazhds, me

just closing them up in time. Then I was howling around

trying to viddy with this howlmg great pain, and Dm

said: T don’t like you should do what you done, old

droogy. Not right it wasn’t to get on to me like the way

you done, brat.’ And then I could slooshy his bolshy

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lumpy boots beating o£E, him going huh huh huh into the

darkmans, and it was only about seven seconds after that

I slooshied the milhcent-van draw up with a filthy great

droppmg siren-howl, like some bezoomny ammal snuflSng

It I was howhng too and like yawing about and I banged

my guUiver smack on the hall-wall, my glazzies being

tight shut and the juice astream from them, very agoniz-

ing. So there I was like groping in the hallway as the milli-

cents arrived. I couldn’t viddy them, of course, but I could

slooshy and damn near smell the von of the bastards, and

soon I could feel the bastards as they got rough and did

the old twist-arm act, carrying me out. I could also slooshy

one millicent goloss saying from like the room Fd come

out of with all the kots and koshkas m it 'She’s been

nastily knocked but she’s breathing,’ and there was loud

mewing all the time.

'A real pleasure this is,’ I heard another millicent goloss

say as I was tolchocked very rough and skorry into

the auto. ^Little Alex all to our own selves.’ I creeched

out.

I’m blind, Bog bust and bleed you, you grahzny

bastards ’

'Language, language,’ like smecked a goloss, and then I

got a like backhand tolchock with some ringy rooker or

other full on the rot. I said:

“Bog murder you, you vonny stmking hratchnies Where

are the others? Where are my stinking traitorous droogs?

One of my cursed grahzny hratties chained me on the

glazzies. Get them before they get away. It was all their

idea, brothers. They like forced me to do it I’m innocent,

Bog butcher you ’ By this time they were all having like a

good smeck at me with the heighth of like callousness, and

thej^d tolchocked me into the back of the auto, but I still

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kept on about these so-called droogs of mine and then I

viddied it would be no good, because they’d all be back

now m the snug of the Duke of New York forang black

and suds and double Scotchmen down the unprotestmg

gorloes of those stinking starry ptitsas and they saying:

Thanks, lads God bless you, boys Been here all the time

you have, lads Not been out of our sight you haven’t ’

All the time we were siremng off to the rozz-shop, me

being wedged between two milhcents and bemg given the

odd thump and malenky tolchock by these smecking

bullies Then I found I could open up my glaz-lids a

malenky bit and viddy like through all tears a kmd of a

streamy city going by, all the lights hke having run into

one another. I could viddy now through smarung glazzies

these two smecking millicents at the back with me and

the thm-necked driver and the fat-necked bastard next to

him, this one having a sarky like govoreet at me, saying:

‘Well, Alex boy, we all look forward to a pleasant evening

together, don’t we not?’ I said:

‘How do you know my name, you stinking vonny bully?

May Bog blast you to hell, grahzny bratchny as you are,

you sod.’ So they all had a smeck at that and I had my

ooko like twisted by one of these stinking milhcents at the

back with me. The fat-necked not-driver said:

‘Everybody knows little Alex and his droogs. Quite a

famous young boy our Alex has become.’

‘It\*s those others,’ I creeched. ‘Georgie and Dim and

Pete. No droogs of mine, the bastards.'

‘Well,’ said the fat-neck, ‘you’ve got the evening in front

of you to tell the whole story of the daring exploits of those

yoimg gentlemen and how they led poor little innocent

Alex astray.’ Then there was the shoom of another like

police siren passing this auto but going the other way.

66

Is that for those bastards I said. \*Are they being

picked up by you bastards?'

'That,' said fat-neck, ‘is an ambulance. Doubtless for

your old lady victim, you ghastly wretched scoundrel.'

It was all their fault,' I creeched, bhnking my smart-

ing glazzies ‘The bastards will be peetmg away in the

Duke of New York. Pick them up, blast you, you vonny

sods.'^ And then there was more smecking and another

malenky tolchock, O my brothers, on my poor smarting

rot. And then we arrived at the stinking rozz-shop and

they helped me get out of the auto with kicks and pulls

and they tolchocked me up the steps and I knew I was

going to get nothing like fair play from these stinky

grahzny bratchnies, Bog blast them

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They dragged me mto this very bright-lit

whitewashed cantora, and it had a strong

von that was a mixture of like sick and

lavatones and beery rots and disinfectant,

all coming from the barry places near by.

You could hear some of the plenmes in tibeir cells cursing

and singing and I fanaed I could slooshy one belting out:

‘And I wiU go back to my darling, my darUng,

When you, my darlmg, are gone/

But there were the golosses of nailhcents telling them to

shut it and you could even slooshy the zvook of like

somebody being tolchocked real horrorshow and going

owwwwwwwww, and it was like the goloss of a drunken

starry ptitsa, not a man. With me in this cantora were four

millicents^ all having a good loud peer of chai, a big pot

of it being on the table and they sucking and belching

away over thdr dirty bolshy mugs. Ihey didn’t ofEer me

any. All that they gave me, my brothers, was a crappy

starry mirror to look into, and indeed I was not your

handsome young Narrator any longer but a real strack of

a sight, my rot swollen and my glazzies all red and my

nose bumped a bit also. They all had a real horrorshow

smeck when they viddied my like dismay, and one of them

said ^Love’s young nightmare like/ And then a top miUi-

cent came in with hke stars on his pletchoes to show he

was high high high, and he viddied me and said ‘Hm/

So then they started I said:

‘I won’t say one single solitary slovo unless I have my

lawyer here I know the law, you bastards/ Of course they

all had a good gromky smeck at that and the stellar top

millicent said

‘Eighty right, boys, well start oiEE by showing him that

we know the law, too, but that knowing the law isn’t every-

thing ’ He had a like gentleman’s goloss and spoke in a

very weary sort of a way, and he nodded with a like droogy

smile at one very big fat bastard. This big fat bastard took

off his tunic and you could viddy he had a real big starry

pot on him, then he came up to me not too skorry and I

could get the von of the milky chai he’d been peering

when he opened his rot in a hke very tired leery grin at

me He was not too well shaved for a rozz and you could

viddy like patches of dried sweat on his shirt under the

arms, and you could get this von of like earwax from him

as he came close. Then he clenched his stinking red rooker

and let me have it right in the belly, which was unfair,

and all the other millicents smecked their gullivers off at

that, except the top one and he kept on with this weary

like bored grin. I had to lean against the whitewashed wall

so that all the white got on to my platties, trying to drag

the old breath back and in great agony, and then I wanted

to sick up the gluey pie I’d had before the start of the

evening But I couldn’t stand that sort of veshch, sicking

all over the floor, so I held it back. Then I saw that this

fatty bruiseboy was turning to his millicent droogs to have

a real horrorshow smeck at what he’d done, so I raised my

right noga and before they could creech at him to watch

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out I’d lacked him smart and lovely on the shm. And he

creeched murder, hopping aroimd.

But after that they all had a turn, bouncing me from

one to the other like some very weary bloody ball, O my

brothers, and fisting me in the yarbles and the rot and the

belly and deahng out kicks, and then at last I had to sick

up on the floor and, like some real bezoomny veck, I even

said; ‘Sorry, brothers, that was not the right thing at all.

Sorry sorry sorry.’ But they handed me starry bits of

gazetta and made me wipe it, then they made me make

with the sawdust. And then they said, almost like dear

old droogs, that I was to sit down and we’d all have a quiet

like govoreet. And then P R. Deltoid came in to have a

viddy, his office being in the same building, lookmg very

tired and grahzny, to say ‘So it’s happened, Alex boy,

yes? Just as I thought it would. Dear dear dear, yes.’ Then

he turned to the miUicents to say ‘Evening, inspector

Evening, sergeant Evening, evening, all Well, this is the

end of the line for me, yes Dear dear, this boy does look

messy, doesn’t he? Just look at the state of him ’

‘Violence makes violence,’ said the top millicent in a

very holy type goloss. ‘He resisted his lawful arresters.’

‘End of the line, yes,’ said P. R. Deltoid again. He looked

at me with very cold glazzies like I had become a thing

and was no more a bleeding very tired battered chelloveck.

T suppose I’ll have to be in court tomorrow.’

‘It wasn’t me, brother, sir,’ I said, a malenky bit weepy.

‘Speak up for me, sir, for I’m not so bad. I was led on by

the treachery of the others, sir.’

‘Sings like a linnet,’ said the top rozz, sneery. ‘Sings the

roof off lovely, he does that.’

TU speak,’ said cold P. R. Deltoid. ‘ITl be there to-

morrow, don’t worry ’

70

If you’d like to give him a bash in the chops, sir/ said

the top millicent, ‘don’t mind us. We’ll hold him down.

He must be another great disappointment to you.’

P. R. Deltoid then did something I never thought any

man like him who was supposed to turn us baddiwads into

real horrorshow malchicks would do, especially with all

those rozzes around He came a bit nearer and he spat

He spat. He spat full in my litso and then wiped his wet

spitty rot with the back of his rooker And I wiped and

wiped and wiped my spat-on htso with my bloody tash-

took, saying ‘Thank you, sir, thank you very much, sir,

that was very kind of you, sir, thank you.’ And then P R

Deltoid walked out without another slovo.

The millicents now got down to making this long state-

ment for me to sign, and I thought to myself, Hell and

blast you all, if all you bastards are on the side of the

Good then I’m glad I belong to the other shop ‘All right,’

I said to them, ‘you grahzny bratchmes as you are, you

vonny sods. Take it, take the lot. I’m not going to crawl

around on my brooko any more, you merzky gets. Where

do you want it taken from, you cally Tonmng animals?

From my last corrective? Horrorshow, horrorshow, here

It is, then.’ So I gave it to them, and I had this shorthand

milhcent, a very quiet and scared type chelloveck, no real

rozz at all, covering page after page after page after I gave

them the ultra-violence, the crasting, the dratsmg, the old

in-out in-out, the lot, right up to this night’s veshch with

the hugatty starry ptitsa with the mewing kots and

koshkas And I made sure my so-called droogs were in it,

right up to the shiyah When I’d got through the lot the

shorthand millicent looked a bit faint, poor old veck The

top rozz said to him, in a kind type goloss:

“Right, son, you go off and get a nice cup of chai for

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yourself and then type all that filth and rottenness out

with a clothes-peg on your nose, three copies. Then they

can be brought to our handsome young friend here for

signature And you,’ he said to me, ‘can now be shown to

your bridal suite with running water and all conveniences.

All right,’ m this weary goloss to two of the real tough

rozzes, ‘take him away.’

So I was kicked and punched and bullied off to the^ells

and put in with about ten or twelve other plennies, a lot

of them drunk. There were real oozhassny ammal t3rpe

vecks among them, one with his nose all ate away and his

rot open like a big black hole, one that was lying on the

floor snoring away and all like slime dribblmg all the time

out of his rot, and one that had like done all cal in his

pantalonies Then there were two like queer ones who both

took a fancy to me, and one of them made a jump on to

my back, and I had a real nasty bit of dratsing with him

and the von on him, hke of meth and cheap scent, made

me want to sick again, only my belly was empty now, O

my brothers. Then the other queer one started putting his

rookers on to me, and then there was a snarhng bit of

dratsing between these two, both of them wanting to get

at i^y plott. The shoom became very loud, so that a couple

of millicents came along and cracked into these two with

like truncheons, so that both sat quiet then, looking like

into space, and there was the old kxovvy gomg drip drip

drip down the litso of one of them. There were bunks in

this cdl, but all filled. I climbed up to the top one of one

tier of bunks, there being four in a tier, and there was a

starry drunken veck snoring away, most probably heaved

up there to the top by the millicents. Anyway, I heaved

him down again, him not being all that heavy, and he

collapsed on top of a fat drunk chelloveck on the floor, and

^2

both woke and started creeching and punching pathetic

at each other. So I lay down on this vonny bed, my

brothers, and went to very tired and exhausted and hurt

sleep But it was not really like sleep, it was like passing

out to another better world. And in this other better

world, O my brothers, I was m like a big field with all

flowers and trees, and there was a hke goat with a man's

litSQ playing away on a hke flute And then there rose like

the sun Ludwig van himself with thundery htso and

cravat and wild windy voloss, and then I heard the Ninth,

last movement, with the slovos all a bit mixed-up like they

knew themselves they had to be mixed-up, this being a

dream.

Boy, thou uproarious shark of heaven.

Slaughter of Elysium,

Hearts on fire, aroused, enraptured,

We will tolchock you on the rot and kick

your grahzny vonny bum

But the time was right, as I knew when I was being woke

up two or ten minutes or twenty hours or days or years

later, my watch having been taken away. There was a

millicent like miles and miles down below and he was

proddmg at me with a long stick with a spike on the end,

saying\*

Wake up, son. Wake up, my beauty. Wake to real

trouble.' I said:

‘Why? Who? Where? What is it?' And the tune of the

Joy ode in the Ninth was singing away real lovely and

horrorshow withm The millicent said\*

‘Come down and find out. There's some real lovely news

for you, my son.' So 1 scrambled down, very stiff and sore

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and not like real awake, and this rozz, who had a strong

von of cheese and onions on him, pushed me out of the

filthy snonng cell, and then along corridors, and aU the

time the old tune Joy Thou Glorious Spark Of Heaven was

sparking away within Then we came to a very neat like

cantora with typewnters and flowers on the desks, and at

the like chief desk the top millicent was situng, looking

very serious and fixing a hke very cold glazzy on jny

sleepy htso I said

‘Well well well. What makes, bratty? What ^ves, this

fine bright middle of the nochy?’ He said

‘I'll give you just ten seconds to wipe that stupid grin

ofE of your face Then I want you to listen ’

‘Well, what^’ I said, smecking. ‘Are you not satisfied

with beating me near to death and havmg me spat upon

and making me confess to cnmes for hours on end and

then shoving me among bezoomnies and vonny perverts

in that grahzny cell? Have you some new torture for me,

you bratchny?’

‘It’ll be your own torture,’ he said, serious ‘I hope to

God it’ll torture you to madness.’

And then, before he told me, I knew what it was. The

old pdtsa who had all the kots and koshkas had passed on

to a better world in one of the aty hospitals. I’d cracked

her a bit too hard, like. Well, well, that was everything.

I thought of all those kots and koshkas mewing for moloko

and getting none, not any more from their starry forella

of a mistress. That was everything. I’d done the lot, now.

And me still only fifteen.

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What’s it going to be then, eh?’

I take it up now, and this is the real

weepy and like tragic part of the story be-

ginning, my brothers and only friends, m

Staja (State Jail, that is) Number 84F, You

will have httle desire to slooshy all the cally and horrible

raskazz of the shock that sent my dad beating his bruised

and krovvy rookers against unfair like Bog in His Heaven,

and my mum squaring her rot for owwwww owwwww

owwwww in her mother’s grief at her only child and son

of her bosom like letting everybody down real horrorshow.

Then there was the starry very grim magistrate m the

lower court govoreeting some very hard slovos against your

Friend and Humble Narrator, after all the cally and

grahzny slander spat forth by P. R. Deltoid and the rozzes.

Bog blast them. Then there was being remanded in filthy

custody among vonny perverts and prestoopnicks. Then

there was the tnal in the higher court with judges and a

jury, and some very very nasty slovos indeed govoreeted

in a very like solemn way, and then Guilty and my mum

boohoohooing when they said Fourteen Years, O my

brothers So here I was now, two years just to the day of

being kicked and clanged into Staja 84F, dressed in the

hexghth of prison fashion, which was a one-piece suit of a

very filthy like cal colour, and the number sewn on the

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groody part just above the old tick-tocker and on the back

as well, so that going and coming I was 6655321 and not

your little droog Alex not no longer

‘Whafs it going to be then, eh?’

It had not been like edifying, indeed it had not, bemg

in this grahzny hellhole and like human zoo for two years,

being kicked and tolchocked by brutal bully warders and

meeting vonny leermg like criminals, some of them real

perverts and ready to dribble all over a luscious young

malchick like your story-teller. And there was having to

rabbit in the workshop at making matchboxes and itty

round and round and round the yard for like exercise, and

in the evenings sometimes some starry prof type veck

would give a talk on beetles or the Milky Way or the

Glorious Wonders of the Snowflake, and I had a good

smeck at this last one, because it reminded me of that

time of the tolchocking and Sheer Vandalism with that

ded coming from the public biblio on a winter’s night

when my droogs were still not traitors and I was hke happy

and free. Of those droogs I had slooshied but one thmg,

and that was one day when my pee and em came to visit

and I was told that Georgie was dead. Yes, dead, my

brothers. Dead as a bit of dog-cal on the road. Georgie had

led the other two into a like very rich chelloveck^s house,

and there they had kicked and tolchocked the owner on

the floor, and then Georgie had started to razrez the

cushions and curtains, and then old Dim had cracked at

some very predous ornaments, like statues and so on, and

this rich beat-up chelloveck had raged like real bezoomny

and gone for them all with a very heavy iron bar. His

being all razdraz had given him like gigantic strength, and

Dim and Pete had got out through the window but

Georgie had tnpped on the carpet and then bought this

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terrific swinging iron bar crack and splooge on the gulhver,

and that was the end of traitorous Georgie. The starry

murderer had got off with Self Defence, as was really right

and proper. Georgie bemg killed, though it was more than

than one year after me being caught by the nulhcents, it

all seemed right and proper and hke Fate.

‘What’s It going to be then, eh?’

I^was in the Wing Chapel, it being Simday morning,

and the prison charlie was govoreeting the Word of the

Lord. It was my rabbit to play the starry stereo, puttmg

on solemn music before and after and in the middle too

when hymns were sung. I was at the back of the Wing

Chapel (there were four altogether m Staja 84F) near

where the warders or chassos were standing with their

rifles and their dirty bolshy blue brutal jowls, and I could

viddy all the plennies sittmg down slooshying the Slovo

of the Lord m their horrible cal-coloured pnson platties,

and a sort of filthy von rose from them, not hke real un-

washed, not grazzy, but like a special real stinkmg von

which you only got with the criminal types, my brothers,

a like dusty, greasy, hopeless sort of a von And I was

thinking that perhaps I had this von too, having become

a real plenny myself, though still very young. So it was

very important to me, O my brothers, to get out of this

stinking grahzny zoo as soon as I could. Amd, as you will

viddy if you keep reading on, it was not long before I did.

•What’s it going to be then, eh?’ said the prison charlie

for the third raz. ‘Is it going to be in and out and in and

out of institutions like this, though more in than out for

most of you, or are you gomg to attend to the Divine

Word and realize the punishments that await the un-

repentant sinner in the next world, as well as in this? A

lot of blasted idiots you are, most of you, selling your

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birthright for a saucer of cold porridge. The thrill of

theft, of violence, the urge to hve easy -is it worth it

when we have undeniable proof, yes yes, incontrovertible

evidence that hell exists? I know, I faiow, my friends, I

have been informed in visions that there is a place, darker

than any prison, hotter than any flame of human fire,

where souls of unrepentant cnmmal smners hke your-

selves - and don’t leer at me, damn you, don’t laugh - hke

yourselves, I say, scream in endless and intolerable agony,

their noses choked with the smell of filth, their mouths

crammed with burmng ordure, their skin peehng and rot-

ting, a fireball spinning in their screaming guts. Yes, yes,

yes, I know.’

At this point, brothers, a plenny somewhere or other

near the back row let out a shoom of hp-music - ‘Prrrrxp’

- and then the brutal chassos were on the ]ob right away,

rushing real skorry to what they thought was the scene of

the shoom, then hitting out nasty and delivering tolchocks

left and right. Then they picked out one poor trembling

plenny, very thin and malenky and starry too, and dragged

him off, but all the time he kept creeching- Tt wasn’t me,

it was him, see,’ but that made no difference. He was

tolchocked real nasty and then dragged out of the Wing

Chapel creeching his gulliver off.

'Now,’ said the prison charlie, ‘listen to the Word of

the Lord.’ Then he picked up the big book and flipped

over the pages, keeping on wetting his fingers to do this

by licking them splurge splurge. He was a bolshy great

burly bastard with a very red htso, but he was very fond

of myself, me being young and also now very interested

in the big book. It had been arranged as part of my like

further education to read in the book and even have

music on the chapel stereo while I was reading, O my

8o

brothers. And that was real horrorshow They would like

lock me in and let me slooshy holy music by J. S. Bach

and G. F. Handel, and I would read of these starry yahoo-

dies tolchocking each other and then peering their Hebrew

vmo and getting on to the bed with their wives’ like hand-

maidens, real horrorshow. That kept me going, brothers.

I didn’t so much kopat the later part of the book, which

is more hke all preachy govoreeting than fighting and the

old in-ouvBut one day the charles said to me, squeezing

me hke tight with his bolshy beefy rooker- ‘Ah, 6655321,

think on the divine suffering. Meditate on that, my boy ’

And all the time he had this rich manny von of Scotch

on him, and then he went off to his little cantora to peet

some more. So I read all about the scourging and the

crowning with thorns and then the cross veshch and all

that cal, and I viddied better that there was something in

it. While the stereo played bits of lovely Bach I closed my

glazzies and viddied myself helping in and even taking

charge of the tolchocking and the naihng in, being dressed

in a hke toga that was the heighth of Roman fashion So

being in Staja 84F was not all that wasted, and the

Governor himself was very pleased to hear that I had

taken to like Religion, and that was where I had my

hopes.

This Sunday morning the charhe read out from the

book about chellovecks who slooshied the slovo and

didn’t take a blind bit bemg hke a domy built upon

sand, and then the rain came splash and the old booma-

boom cracked the sky and that was the end of that domy.

But I thought that only a very dim veck would build his

domy upon sand, and a right lot of real sneering droogs

and nasty neighbours a veck like that would have, them

not telling him how dim he was doing that sort of build-

81

mg Then the diaries creeched. ‘Right, you lot Well end

with Hymn Number 435 in the Prisoners\* Hymnal/ Then

there was a crash and plop and a whish whish whish while

the plennies picked up and dropped and lickturned the

pages of their grazzy malenky hymnbooks, and the bully

fierce warders creeched ‘Stop talking there, bastards Fm

watching you, 920537 \* Of course I had the disc ready on

the stereo, and then I let the simple music for organ only

come belting out with a growwwwowwwwowv^vw. Then

the plennies started to sing real horrible

Weak tea are we, new brewed

But stirring make all strong.

We eat no angeFs food.

Our times oiE trial are long.

They sort of howled and wept these stupid slovos with the

charhe like whipping them on with ‘Louder, damn you,

sing up,\* and the warders creeching ‘Just you wait,

7749222\*, and ‘One on the turnip coming up for you,

filth/ Then it was all over and the charhe said\* ‘May the

Holy Trinity keep you always and make you good, amen,\*

and the shamble out began to a nice choice bit of

Symphony No. 2 by Adrian Schweigselber, chosen by

your Humble Narrator, O my brothers What a lot they

were, I thought, as I stood there by the starry chapel

stereo, viddymg them all shuffle out going marrrrre and

baaaaaa like animals and up»your-piping with their

grahzny fingers at me, because it looked like I was very

special favoured. When the last one had slouched out, his

rookers hanging like an ape and the one warder left giving

him a fair loud tolchock on the back of the gulliver, and

when I had turned oflE tihie stereo, the charhe came up to

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me, puffing away at a cancer, still in his starry bogman’s

platties, all lacy and white like a devotchka’s He said:

‘Thank you as always, little 6655321. And what news

have you got for me today?’ The idea was, I knew, that

this Charlie was after becommg a very great holy chello-

veck in the world of Pnson Religion, and he wanted a real

horrorshow testimonial from the Governor, so he would

go and govoreet quietly to the Governor now and then

about wha> dark plots were brewing among the plennies,

and he would get a lot of this cal from me. A lot of it

would be all like made up, but some of it would be true,

like for instance the time it had come through to our

call on the waterpipes knock knock knockiknockiknock

knockknock that big Harriman was gomg to break. He

was going to tolchock the warder at slop-time and get out

in the warder’s platties Then there was going to be a big

throwing about of the horrible pishcha we got in the

dimng-hall, and I knew about that and told. Then the

charlie passed it on and was complimented like by the

Governor for his Public Spirit and Keen Ear. So this time

I said, and this was not true:

‘Well, sir, It has come through on the pipes that a con-

signment of cocaine has arrived by irre^ar means and

that a cell somewhere along Tier 5 is to be the centre

of distribution ’ I made all that up as I went along, like I

made up so many of these stones, but the prison charlie

was very grateful, saying: ‘Good, good, good. I shall pass

that on to Himself,’ this being what he called, the

Governor. Then I said. j

‘Sir, I have done my best, have I not?’ I always used

my very pohte gentleman’s goloss govoreeting with those

at the top. ‘I've tried, sir, haven’t I?’

‘I think,’ said the charlie, ‘that on the whole you

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have, 6655321. You’ve been veiy helpful and, I consider,

shown a genuine desire to reform. You will, if you con-

tinue in this manner, earn your remission with no trouble

at all.’

“But sir,’ I said, ‘how about this new thing they’re talk-

ing about? How about this new like treatment that gets

you out of prison in no time at all and makes sure that

you never get back in again?’

‘Oh,’ he said, very like wary, ‘Where did yoit-hear this?

Who’s been tellmg you these things?’

‘These things get around, sir,’ I said. ‘Two warders talk,

as it might be, and somebody can’t help hearing what

they say. And then somebody picks up a scrap of news-

paper in the workshops and the newspaper says aU about

it. How about you putting me in for this thmg, sir, if I

may make so bold as to make the suggestion?’

You could viddy him thinking about that while he

puffed away at his cancer, wondering how much to say

to me about what he knew about this veshch I’d men-

tioned. Then he said; ‘I take it you’re referring to Ludo-

vico’s Technique.’ He was still very wary

'I don’t know what it’s called, sir,’ I said. ‘All I know is

that it gets you out qiuckly and makes, sure that you don’t

get in again,’

‘That IS so,’ he said, his eyebrows like all beetling while

he looked down at me. ‘That is quite so, 665532 1 Of course,

it’s only in the experimental stage at the moment. It’s very

simple but very drastic.'

‘But it’s being used here, isn’t it, sir?’ I said, "Ihose new

like white buildings by the South Wall, sir. We’ve watched

those being built, sir, when we’ve been doing our exerase.’

‘It’s not been used yet,’ he said, ‘not in this prison,

6655321. Himself has grave doubts about it. I must con-

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fess I share those doubts. The question is whether such a

technique can really make a man good Goodness comes

from within, 66553^1 Goodness is something chosen.

When a man cannot choose he ceases to be a man \* He

would have gone on with a lot more of this cal, but we

could slooshy the next lot of plennies marching clank

clank down the iron stairs to come for their bit of

Religion. He said. ‘WeT have a httle chat about this

some otlw time Now you’d better start the voluntary.’

So I went over to the starry stereo and put on J S Bach’s

Wachet Auf Choral Prelude and in these grahzny vonny

bastard criminals and perverts came shambling like a lot

of broke-down apes, the warders or chassos like barking at

them and lashing them. And soon the prison charlie was

asking them ‘What’s it going to be then, eh?’ And that’s

where you came in

We had four of these lomticks of like Prison Religion

that morning, but the charles said no more to me about

this Ludovico’s Technique, whatever it was, O my brothers

When I’d finished my rabbit with the stereo he just

govoreeted a few slovos of thanks and then I was privo-

deeted back to the cell on Tier 6 which was my very vonny

and crammed home. The chasso was not really too bad of

a veck and he did not tolchock or kick me in when he’d

opened up, he just said: ‘Here we are, sonny, back to the

old waterhole ’ And there I was with my new type droogs,

all very criminal but, Bog be praised, not given to per-

versions of the body. There was Zophar on his bunk, a

very thin and brown veck who went on and on and on in

his like cancery goloss, so that nobody bothered to slooshy.

What he was saying now like to nobody was ‘And at

that time you couldn’t get hold of a poggy’ (whatever that

was, brothers), ‘not if you was to hand over ten million

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archibalds, so what do I do eh, I goes down to Turkey’s

and says Fve got this sproog on that raorrow, see, and

what can he do?’ It was all this very old-time real criminal’s

slang he spoke Also there was Wall, who had only one

glazzy, and he was tearing bits of his toe-nails ofE in

honour of Sunday. Also there was Big Jew, a very fat

sweaty veck lying flat on his bunk hke dead. In addition

there were Jojohn and The Doctor Jojohn was very mean

and keen and wiry and had specialized m Wke Sexual

Assault, and The Doctor had pretended to be able to cure

syph and gon and gleet but he had only injected water,

also he had killed off two devotchkas instead, like he had

promised, of getting rid of their unwanted loads for them.

They were a terrible grahzny lot really, and I didn’t enjoy

being with them, O my brothers, any more than you do

now, but it won’t be for much longer.

Now what I want you to know is that this cell was in-

tended for only three when it was built, but there were

six of us there, all jammed together sweaty and tight And

that was the state of all the cells m aU the prisons in

those days, brothers, and a dirty caliy disgrace it was,

there not being decent room for a chelloveck to stretch

his limbs. And you will hardly believe what I say now,

which is that on this Sunday they brosatted in another

plenny. Yes, we had had our horrible pishcha of dumplings

and vonny stew and were smoking a quiet cancer each on

our bunks when this veck was thrown into our midst He

was a chinny starry veck and it was him who started

creeching complaints before we even had a chance to viddy

the position. He tried to like shake the bars, creeching: T

demand my sodding rights, this one’s fuU-up, it’s a bleed-

ing imposidon, that’s what it is.’ But one of the chassos

came back to say that he had to make the best of it and

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share a bunk with whoever would let him, otherwise it

would have to be the floor ‘And/ said the warder, ‘it's

going to get worse, not better\* A right dirty crimmal world

you lot are trying to build/

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Well, it was the lettmg-in oS^^tdiis new

chelloveck that was really the start of my

getting out of the old Staja, for he was

such a nasty quarrelsome type of plenny,

with a very dirty mind and filthy inten-

tions, that trouble nachinatted that very same day. He was

also very boastful and started to make with a very sneery

litso at us all and a loud proud goloss. He made out that

he was the only real horrorshow prestoopnick in the T/^hole

zoo, going on that he'd done this and done the other and

killed ten rozzes with one ciack of his rooker and all that

cal. But nobody was very impressed, O my brothers. So

then he started on me, me being the youngest there, try-

ing to say that as the youngest I ought to be the one to

zasnoot on the floor and not him But all the others

were for me, creeching: Xeave him alone, you grahzny

bratchny,' and then he began the old whine about how

nobody loved him. So that same nochy I woke up to find

this horrible plenny actually lying with me on my bunk,

which was on the bottom of the three-tier and also very

narrow, and he was govoreetmg dirty like love-slovos and

stroke stroke stroking away. So then I got real bezoomny

and lashed out, though I could not viddy all that horror-

show, there being only this malenky little red light out-’

side on the landing. But I knew it was this one, the vonny

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bastard, and then when the trouble really got xmdcr way

and the hghts were turned on I could viddy his horrible

litso with all krowy dnpping from his rot where Fd hit

out with my clawing rooker

What sloochatted then, of course, was that my cell-

mates woke up and started to join in, tolchocking a bit

wild in the near-dark, and the shoom seemed to wake up

thejivhole tier, so that you could slooshy a lot of creech-

ing andj^anging about with tm mugs on the wall, as

though all the plennies in all the cells thought a big break

was about to commence, O my brothers. So then the hghts

came on and the chassos came along in their shirts and

trousers and caps, waving big sticks. We could viddy each

other’s flushed litsos and the shaking of fisty rookers, and

there was a lot of creeching and cursing. Then I put in

my complaint and every chasso said it was probably Your

Humble Narrator, brothers, that started it aU anyway, me

havmg no mark of a scratch on me but this horrible

plenny dripping red red krovvy from the rot where Fd

got him with my clawing rooker That made me real

bezoomny. I said I would not sleep another nochy in that

cell if the Prison Authorities were going to allow horrible

vonny stinking perverted prestoopnicks to leap on my

plott when I was in no position to defend myself, being

asleep. “Wait till the morning,’ they said ‘Is it a private

room with hath and television that your honour requires?

Well, all that will be seen to in the morning. But for the

present, little droog, get your bleeding gulhver down on

your straw-filled podooshka and let’s have no more trouble

from anyone. Right right right?’ Then off they went with

stem warnings for all, then soon after the lights went out,

and then I said I would sit up all the rest of the nochy,

saying first to this horrible prostoopnick: ‘Go on, get on

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my bunk if you wish it I fancy it no longer You have

made it filthy and cally with your hornble vonny plott

lying on it already’ But then the others joined in. Big

Jew said, still sweating from the bit of a bitva we’d had

m the dark

‘Not having that we’re not, brotherth. Don’t give in to

the thquirt.’ So this new one said

‘Crash your dermott, yid,’ meanmg to shut up, bijt it

was very insulting So then Big Jew got ready^iBi launch

a tolchock. The Doctor said:

‘Come on, gentlemen, we don’t want any trouble, do

we?’ in his very high-class goloss, but this new prestoop-

mck was really asking for it You could viddy that he

thought he was a very big bolshy veck and it was beneath

his dignity to be sharmg a cell with six and having to

sleep on the floor till I made this gesture at him In his

sneery way he tned to take off The Doctor, saying:

‘Owwww, yew wahnt noo moor trabble, is that it, Archi-

balls?’ So Jojohn, mean and keen and wiry, said.

‘If we can’t have sleep let’s have some education. Our

new friend here had better be taught a lesson.’ Although

he like specialized in Sexual Assault he had a nice way of

govoreetiqg, quiet and like precise. So the new plenny

sneered:

‘Kish and kosh and koosh, you little terror.’ So then it

all really started, but in a queer like gentle way, vrith

nobody raising his goloss much The new plenny creedbed

a malenky bit at first, but then Wall fisted his rot while

Big Jew held him up against the bars so that he could be

viddied in the malenky red light from the landing, and

he just went oh oh oh He was not a very strong type of

veck, bemg very feeble in his trying to tolchock back, and

I suppose he made up for this by bring shoomny in the

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goloss and very boastful Anyway, seeing the old krovvy

flow red in the red hght, I felt the old joy like rising up

in my keeshkas and I said:

‘Leave him to me, go on, let me have him now, brothers.’

So Big Jew said-

‘Yeth, yeth, boyth, that’th fair. Thlosh him then,

Alekth.’ So they all stood around while I cracked at this

preetoopmck in the near dark I fisted him all over,

dancing^about with my boots on though unlaced, and

then I topped him and he went crash crash on to the

floor. I gave him one real horrorshow kick on the gulhver

and he went ohhhhh, then he sort of snorted off to like

sleep, and The Doctor said-

‘Very well, I think that will be enough of a lesson,’

squinting to viddy this downed and beaten-up veck on the

floor. ‘Let him dream perhaps about being a better boy in

the future.’ So we all chmbed back into our bunks, bemg

very nred now. What I dreamt of, O my brothers, was of

being in some very big orchestra, hundreds and himdreds

strong, and the conductor was a like mixture of Ludwig

van and G F Handel, looking very deaf and blind and

weary of the world I was with the wind instruments, but

what I was playing was hke a white pinky bassoon made

of flesh and growing out of my plott, right in the middle

of my belly, and when I blew into it I had to smeck ha

ha ha very loud because it like tickled, and then Ludwig

van G. F. got very razdraz and bezoomny. Then he came

right up to my htso and creeched loud in my ooko, and

then I woke up like sweating. Of course, what the loud

shoom really was was the prison buzzer going brrrrr

brrrrr brrrrr. It was winta: morning and my glazzies were

all cally with sleepglue, and , when I opened up they were

very sore in the electric light that had been switched on

all over the zoo Then I looked down and viddied this new

prestoopnick lying on the floor, very bloody and bruisy

and still out out out Then I remembered about last mght

and that made me smeck a bit.

But when I got off the bunk and moved him with my

bare noga, there was a feel of like stiff coldness, so I went

over to The Doctor’s bunk and shook him, him always

bemg very slow at waking up m the morning But he 'was

off his bunk skorry enough this time, and sa^ere the

others, except for Wall who slept like dead meat. 'Very

unfortunate,’ The Doctor said. ‘A heart attack, that’s what

it must have been.’ Then he said, lookmg round at us all-

‘You really shouldn’t have gone for him like that. It was

most ill-advised really.’ Jojohn said

‘Come come, doc, you weren’t all that backward your-

self in givmg him a sly bit of fist ’ Then Big Jew turned

on me, saying

‘Alekth, you were too impetuouth. That latht kick wath

a very very nathty one.’ I began to get razdraz about this

and said:

‘Who started it, eh? I only got in at the end, didn’t I?’

I pointed at Jo]ohn and said: Tt was your idea’ WaU

snored a bit loud, so I said: ‘Wake that vonny bratchny

up. It was him that kept on at his rot while Big Jew here

had him up against the bars ’ The Doctor said:

‘Nobody will deny having a gentle httle hit at the man,

to teach him a lesson so to speak, but it’s apparent that

you, my dear boy, with the forcefulness and, shall I say,

heedlessness of youth, dealt him the coo de grass. It’s a

great pity.’

‘Traitors,’ I said. ‘Traitors and liars,’ because I could

viddy it was all like before, two years before, when my so-

caUed droogs had left me to the brutal rookers of the

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imllicents There was no trust anywhere in the world, O

my brothers, the way I could see it And Jojohn went and

woke up Wall, and Wall was only too ready to swear that

It was Your Humble Narrator that had done the real

dirty tolchocking and brutahty. When the chassos came

along, and then the Chief Chasso, and then the Governor

him self, all these cell-droogs of mine were very shoomny

wit^ tales of what I’d done to oobivat this worthless

pervert^whose krovvy<overed plott lay sacklike on the

floor.

'Hiat was a very queer day, O my brothers. The dead

plott was carried off, and then everybody m the whole

prison had to stay locked up till further orders, and there

was no pishcha given out, not even a mug of hot chai. We

just all sat there, and the warders or chassos sort of strode

up and dovra the tier, now and then creeching ‘Shut it’

or ‘Close that hole’ whenever they slooshied even a

whisper from any of the cells Then about eleven o’clock

in the morning there was a sort of like stiffemng and

excitement and like the von of fear spreading from out-

side the cell, and then we could viddy the Governor and

the Chief Chasso and some very bolshy important-looking

chellovecks walking by real skorry, govoreetmg like be-

zoomny. They seemed to walk right to the end of the

tier, then they could be slooshied walking back again, more

slow this time, and you could slooshy the Governor, a

very sweaty fetty fair-haired veck, saying slovos like ‘But,

sir — ’ and ‘Well, what can be done, sir?’ and so on. Then

the whole lot stopped at our cell and the Chief Chasso

opened up. You could viddy who was the real important

veck light away, very tall and with blue glazzies and with

real horrorshow platties on him, the most lovely suit,

brothers, I had ever viddied, absolutely in the heighth of

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fashion He just sort of looked right through us poor

plenmes, saying, in a very beautiful real educated goloss\*

‘The Government cannot be concerned any longer with

outmoded penological theories Cram cnminals together

and see what happens. You get concentrated criminality,

crime m the naidst of pumshment. Soon we may be neei

ing all our prison space for pohtical ofiEenders’ I didn’t

pony this at all, brothers, but after all he was not govojgpet-

mg to me. Then he said ‘Common criminals hke^shis un-

savoury crowd’ - (that meant me, brothers, as well as the

others, who were real prestoopnicks and treacherous with

it) - ‘can best be dealt with on a purely curative basis. Kill

the criminal reflex, that’s all. Full implementation in a

year’s time Punishment means nothing to them, you can

see that. They enjoy their so-called punishment. They start

murdermg each other.’ And he turned his stem blue

glazzies on me. So I said, bold:

‘With respect, sir, I object very strongly to what you said

then. I am not a common criminal, sir, and I am not un-

savoury. The others may be unsavoury but I am not.’ The

Chief Chasso went all pufple and creechcd'

‘You shut your bleeding hole, you. Don’t you know who

this is?’

‘All light, all right,’ said this big veck. Then he turned

to the Governor and said- ‘You can use him as a trail-

blazer. He’s young, bold, vicious Brodsky will deal with

him tomorrow and you can sit in and watch Brodsky. It

works all right, don’t worry about that. This vicious young

hoodlum will be transformed out of all recognition.’

And those hard slovos, brothers, were like the beginning

of my freedom.

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That very same evening I was dragged

down nice and gentle by brutal tolchock-

ing chassos to viddy the Governor in his

holy of holies holy ofl 5 ce. The Governor

looked very weary at me and said: 1 don't

suppose you know who that was this morning, do you,

6655321?’ And without waiting for me to say no he said

That was no less a personage than the Minister of the

Inteiior, the new Minister of the Interior and what they

call a very new broom. Well, these new ridiculous ideas

have come at last and orders are orders, though I may say

to you in confidence that I do not approve. I most

emphatically do not approve. An eye for an eye, I say. If

someone hits you you hit back, do you not? Why then

should not the State, very severely hit by you brutal hooli-

gans, not hit back also? But the new view is to say no. The

new view is that we turn the bad into the good. All of

which seems to me grossly unjust. Hm?’ So I said, trying

to be like respectful and accommodating:

"Sir/ And then the Chief Chasso, who was standing all

red and burly behind the Governor’s chair, creeched:

"Shut your filthy hole, you scum/

"All right, all right/ said the like tired and fagged-out

Governor. "You, 6655321, are to be reformed. Tomorrow

you go to this man Brodsky. It is believed that you will be

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able to leave State Custody in a little over a fortnight In

a little over a fortnight you will be out again m the big

free world, no longer a number. I suppose,’ and he snorted

a bit here, ‘that prospect pleases you’’ I said nothing so

the Chief Chasso creeched

‘Answer, you filthy young swine, when the Governor

asks you a question.’ So I said

‘Oh, yes, sir Thank you very much, sir. I’ve done„my

best here, really I have. I’m very grateful to all concerned ’

‘Don’t be,’ like sighed the Governor. ‘This is not a re-

ward. This is far from being a reward Now, there is a

foim here to be signed. It says that you are willing to

have the residue of your sentence commuted to submission

to what is called here, ridiculous expression. Reclamation

Treatment. Will you sign?’

‘Most certamly I vidll sign,’ I said, ‘sir And very many

thanks ’ So I was ^ven an ink-pencil and I signed my name

mce and flowy. The Governor said

‘Right. That’s the lot, I think.’ The Chief Chasso said:

‘The Prison Chaplain would like a word with him, sir.’

So I was marched out and off down the corridor towards

the Wing Chapel, tolchocked on the back and the gulhver

all the way by one of the chassos, but in a very like yawny

and bored manner. And I was marched across the Wing

Chapel to the little cantora of the Charles and then made

to go in. The charles was sitting at his desk, smeUmg loud

and clear of a fine manny von of expensive cancers and

Scotch. He said:

‘Ah, little 6655321, be seated ’ And to the chassos. ‘Wait

outside, eh?’ Which they did. Then he spoke in a very

hke earnest way to me, saymg: ‘One thing I want you to

understand, boy, is that this is nothing to do with me

Were it expedient, I would protest about it, but it is not

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expedient. There is the question of my own career, there

IS the question of the weakness of my own voice when set

against the shout of certain more powerful elements m the

pohty Do I make myself clear?’ He didn’t, brothers, but

I nodded that he did. ‘Very hard ethical questions are

involved,’ he went on. ‘You are to be made into a good

boy, 6655321. Never agam will you have the desire to

commit acts of violence or to offend m any way whatsoever

against The State’s Peace. I hope you take all that m. I

hope you are absolutely clear m your own mind about

that.’ I said.

‘Oh, It will be nice to be good, sir.’ But I had a

real horrorshow smeck at that mside, brothers. He

said"

‘It may not be mce to be good, httle 6655321. It may be

horrible to be good. And when I say that to you I realize

how self-contradictory that sounds. I know I shall have

many sleepless nights about this. What does God want?

Does God want goodness or the choice of goodness? Is a

man who chooses the bad perhaps m some way better than

a man who has the good imposed upon him? Deep and

hard questions, little 6655321. But all I want to say to you

now is this: if at any time in the future you look back to

these times and remember me, the lowest and humblest of

all God’s servitors, do not, I pray, think evil of me in your

heart, thinking me in any way involved in what is now

about to happen to you. And now, talking of praying, I

realize sadly that there will be htde point m praying for

you. You are passmg now to a region where you will be

beyond the reach of the power of prayer. A temble ternble

thing to consider. And yet, in a sense, in choosing to be

deprived of the ability to make an ethical choice, you have

in a sense really dhtosen the ^od. So I shall like to think.

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So, God help us all, 6655321, I shall like to think' And

then he began to cry. But I didn't really take much notice

of that, brothers, only having a bit of a quiet smeck inside,

because you could viddy that he had been peering away

at the old whisky, and now he took a bottle from a cup-

board m his desk and started to pour himself a real horror-

show bolshy slog into a very greasy and grahzny glass He

downed it and then said: ‘All may be well, who knows ^

God works in a mysterious way ' Then he begafi to sing

away at a hymn in a real loud rich goloss. Then the door

opened and the chassos came in to tolchock me back to

my vonny cell, but the old Charles still went on singing

this hymn.

Well, the next morning I had to say goodbye to the

old Staja, and I felt a malenky bit sad as you always will

when you have to leave a place you've hke got used to But

I didn't go very far, O my brothers. I was punched and

kicked along to the new white building just beyond the

yard where we used to do our bit of exercise. This was a

very new building and it had a new cold like sizy smell

which gave you a bit of the shivers. I stood there m the

horrible bolshy bare hall and I got new vons, sniffing away

there with my like very sensitive morder or sniffer These

were like hospital vons, and the chelloveck the chassos

handed me over to had a white coat on, as he might be a

hospital man. He signed for me, and one of the brutal

chassos who had brought me said. ‘You watch this one,

sir. A right brutal bastard he has been and will be again,

in spite of all his sucking up to the Prison Chaplain and

reading the Bible/ But this new chelloveck had real horror-

show blue glazzies which like smiled when he govoreeted.

He said:

‘Oh, we don't anticipate any trouble. We're going to be

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friends, aren’t we^’ And he smiled with his glazzies and

his fine big rot which was full of shining white zoobies

and I sort of took to this veck right away. Anyway, he

passed me on to a like lesser veck in a white coat, and this

one was very nice too, and I was led off to a very nice white

clean bedroom with curtains and a bedside lamp, and just

the one bed in it, all for Your Humble Narrator So I had

a real horrorshow inner smeck at that, thinking I was

really a<^ery lucky yoimg malchickiwick. I was told to take

off my horrible prison platties and I was given a really

beautiful set of pyjamas, O my brothers, m plain green,

the heighth of bedwear fashion. And I was given a nice

%varm dressing-gown too and lovely toofles to put my bare

nogas in, and I thought 'Well, Alex boy, httle 6655321 as

was, you have copped it lucky and no mistake. You are

really going to enjoy it here ’

After I had been given a nice chasha of real horrorshow

coffee and some old gazettas and mags to look at while

peeting it, this first veck m white came in, the one who had

like signed for me, and he said 'Aha, there you are,’ a silly

sort of a veshch to say but it didn’t sound silly, this veck

being so like nice. ‘My name,’ he said, ‘is Dr Branom.

I’m Dr Brodsky’s assistant. With your permission, I’ll just

give you the usual brief overall examination/ And he took

the old stetho out of his right carman. 'We must make

sure you’re quite fit, mustn’t we^ Yes indeed, we must/

So while I lay there with my pyjama top off and he did

this, that and the other, I said:

'What exacdy is it, sir, that you’re going to do?’

‘Oh,’ said Dr Branom, his cold stetho going all down

my back, 'it’s quite simple, really. We just show you some

films.’

Tilms?’ I said, I could hardly believe my ookos, brothers,

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as you may well understand ‘You mean,’ I said, ‘it will

be just like going to the pictures?’

‘’They’ll be speaal films,’ said this Dr Branom. ‘Very

speaal films. You’ll be having the first session this after-

noon. Yes,’ he said, getting up from bending over me, ‘you

seem to be qmte a fit young boy. A bit under-nourished,

perhaps. 'That will be the fault of the prison food. Put

your pyjama top back on. After every meal,’ he said, sit-

ting on the edge of the bed, ‘we shall be givmg yqn a shot

in tibe arm. 'That should help.’ I felt really grateful to this

very nice Dr Branom. I said

‘Vitamins, sir, will it be?’

‘Something like that,’ he said, smiling real horrorshow

and friendly. ‘Just a jab in the arm after every meal.’ Then

he went out. I lay on the bed thinkmg this was like real

heaven, and I read some of the mags thejr’d given me-

Worldsport, Sinny (this bemg a fidm mag) and Goal, Then

I lay back on the bed and shut my glazzies and thought

how nice it was going to be out there again, Alex with

perhaps a mce easy job during the day, me being now too

old for the old skoUiwoU, and then perhaps getting a new

like gang together for the nochy, and the first rabbit would

be to get old I&m and Pete, if they had not been got

already by the millicents. This time I would be very care-

ful not to get loveted. They were givmg another like

chance, me having done murder and aU, and it would not

be like fair to get loveted again, after going to all this

trouble to show me films that were going to make me a

real good malchick- I had a real horrorshow smeck at

everybody’s like innocence, and I was smecking my gulliver

ofiE when they brought m my lunch on a tray The vedt

who brought it was the one who’d led me to this malenky

bedroom when I came into the mesto, and he sdd\*

lOO

It's nice to know somebody's happy' It was really a

very nice appeuzing bit of pishcha they'd laid out on the

tray - two or three lomticks of like hot roastbeef with

mashed kartoffel and vedge, then there was also ice-cream

and a mce hot chasha of chai. And there was even a cancer

to smoke and a matchbox with one match m. So this

looked like it was the life, O my brothers. Then, about

half^an hour after while I was lying a bit sleepy on the

bed, a woman nurse came in, a real nice young devotchka

with real horrorshow groodies (I had not seen such for two

years) and she had a tray and a hypodermic. I said:

‘Ah, the old vitamins, eh?' And I clickclicked at her but

she took no notice All she did was to slam the needle into

my left aim, and then swishhhh in went the vitamin stufE

Then she went out again, clack dack on her high-heeled

nogas. Then the white-coated veck who was like a male

nurse came in with a wheelchair. I was a malenky bit

surprised to viddy that, I said:

‘What giveth then, brother? I can walk, surely, to

wherever we have to itty to ' But he said:

‘Best I push you there.' And indeed, O my brothers,

when I got off the bed I found myself a malenky bit weak.

It was the under-nourishment hke Dr Branom had said,

all that horrible prison pishcha. But the vitamins in the

after-meal injection would put me right No doubt at all

about that, I thought.

Where I was wheeled to, brothers, was hke

no sinny I had ever viddied before. True

enough, one wall was all covered with

silver screen, and direct opposite was a wall

with square holes in for the projector to

project through, and there were stereo speakers stuck all

over the mesto But against the right-hand one of the other

walls was a bank of all hke httle meters, and in the middle

of the floor facmg the screen was like a dentist’s chair with

all lengths of wire runmng from it, and I had to hke crawl

from the wheelchair to this, being given some help by

another hke male nurse veck in a white coat. Then I

noticed that underneath the projection holes was hke aU

frosted glass and I thought I viddied shadows of like people

moving behind it and I thought I slooshied somebody

cough kashl kashl kashl. But then all I could like notice

was how weak I seemed to be, and I put that down to

changing over from prison pishcha to this new rich

pishcha and the vitamins injected into me. ‘Right,’ said

the wheelchair-wheeling veck, ‘now I’ll leave you. The

show will commence as soon as Dr Brodsky arrives. Hope

you enjoy it ’ To be truthful, brothers, I did not really feel

that I wanted to viddy any film-show this afternoon I was

just not m the mood. I would have liked much better to

loa

have a nice quiet spachka on the bed, nice and quiet and

all on my oddy knocky I felt very limp.

What happened now was that one white-coated veck

strapped my gulliver to a hke head-rest, singing to him-

self all the time some vonny cally pop-song. ‘What's this

for?’ I said And this veck rephed, interrupting his hke

song an instant, that it was to keep my gulhver still and

make me look at the screen. ‘But,’ I said, ‘I want to look

•«L '

at the screen. IVe been brought here to viddy films and

viddy films I shall/ And then the other white-coat veck

(there were three altogether, one of them a devotchka who

was like sitting at the bank of meters and twiddling with

knobs) had a bit of a smeck at that He said.

‘You never know. Oh, you never know. Trust us, friend

It’s better this way.’ And then I found they were strapping

my rookers to the chair-arms and my nogas were like stuck

to a foot-rest. It seemed a bit bezoomny to me but I let

them get on with what they wanted to get on with. If I

was to be a free young malchick again in a fortnight’s time

I would put up with much in the meantime, O my

brothers. One veshch I did not like, though, was when they

put like clips on the skin of my forehead, so that my top

glaz-lids were pulled up and up and up and I could not

shut my glazzies no matter how I tried, I tried to smeck

and said: ‘This must be a real horrorshow film if you’re so

keen on my viddymg it/ And one of the white-coat vecks

said, smecking:

Tlorrorshow is right, friend. A real show of horrors.’

iJien I had like a cap stuck on my gulliver and I could

viddy all wires running away from it, and they stuck a

like suction pad on my belly and one on the old tick-

tocker, and I could Just about viddy wires running away

from those. Then there w^ the shoom of a door opening

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and you could tell some very important cheUoveck was

coming m by the way the white-coated imder-vecks went

all stiff. And then I viddied this Dr Brodsky. He was a

malenky veck, very fat, with all curly hair curlmg all over

his gulliver, and on his spuddy nose he had very thick

ochkies. I could ]ust viddy that he had a real horrorshow

suit on, absolutely the heighth of fashion, and he had a

hke very dehcate and subtle von of operating-di|atres

coming from him. With him was Dr Branom, all-smilmg

hke as though to ^ve me confidence. ‘Everything ready?’

said Dr Brodsky in a very breathy goloss. Then I could

slooshy voices saying Right right right from like a distance,

then nearer to, then there was a quiet hke humming shoom

as though thmgs had been switched on. And then the

hghts went out and there was Your Humble Narrator And

Friend sitting alone in the dark, all on his fnghtened oddy

knocky, not able to move nor shut his glazzies nor any-

thing. And then, O my brothers, the film-show started off

with some very gromky atmosphere music coming from

the speakers, very fierce and full of discord. And then on

the screen the picture came on, but there was no title and

no credits. What came on was a street, as it might have

been any street in any town, and it was a real dark nochy

and the lamps were lit It was a very good like professional

piece of siimy, and there were none of these flickers and

blobs you get, say, when you viddy one of these dirty films

in somebody’s house in a back street. All the time the

music bumped out, very like sinister. And then you could

viddy an old man coming down the street, very starry,

and then there leaped out on this starry veck two mal-

chicks dressed in the heighth of fashion, as it was at this

time (still thin trousers but no like cravat any more, more

of a real tie), and then they started to filly with him. You

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could slooshy his screams and moans, very realistic, and

you could even get the like heavy breathing and panting

of the two tolchocking malchicks They made a real pud-

ding out of this starry veck, going crack crack crack at him

with their fisty rookcrs, tearmg his plataes ofE and then

finishing up by bootmg his nagoy plott (this lay all krowy-

red in the grahzny mud of the gutter) and then running

off very skorry. Then there was the close-up guUiver of

this Beafen-up starry veck, and the krovvy flowed beautiful

red. It’s funny how the colours of the like real world only

seem really real when you viddy them on the screen

Now all the time I was watching this I was beginning

to get very aware of a like not feeling all that well, and

this I put down to the under-nourishment and my stomach

not qmte ready for the nch pishcha and vitamins I was

gettmg here But I tried to forget this, concentrating on

the next film which came on at once, my brothers, with-

out any break at all This time the film hke jumped right

away on a young devotchka who was being given the old

in-out by first one malchick then another then another

then another, she creeching away very gromky through

the speakers and like very pathetic and tragic music going

on at the same time. Ttds was real, very real, though if

you thought about it properly you couldn’t imagine

lewdies actually agreeing to having all this done to them

in a film, and if these films were made by the Good or the

State you couldn’t imagme them being allowed to take

these fi lms without like interfering with what was going

on. So it must have been very clever what they call cutting

or editing or some such veshch. For it was very real. And

when it came to the sixth or seventh malchick leermg and

smecking and then going mto it and the devotchka creech-

ing on the sound-track like bezoomny, then I began to fed

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sick I had like pains all over and felt I could sick up and

at the same time not sick up, and I began to feel like in

distress, O my brothers, being fixed rigid too on this chair

When this bit of film was over I could slooshy the goloss

of this Dr Brodsky from over by the switchboard saying'

‘Reaction about twelve point five? Promismg, promismg ’

Then we shot straight into another lomtick of film, and

this time it was of just a human htso, a very iikejpale

human face held still and having different nasty veshches

done to it. I was sweating a malenky bit with the pain in

my guts and a hornble thirst and my guUiver gomg throb

throb throb, and it seemed to me that if I could not viddy

this bit of film I would perhaps be not so sick. But I could

not shut my glazzies, and even if I tried to move my glaz-

balls about I still could not get like out of the hne of fire

of this picture So I had to go on viddying what was being

done and hearing the most ghastly creechings coming from

this htso. I knew it could not really be real, but that made

no difference. I was heaving away but could not sick,

viddying first a britva cut out an eye, then sUce down the

cheek, then go rip tip rip all over, while red krowy shot

on to the camera lens Then all the teeth were like

wrenched out with a pair of pliers, and the creechmg and

the blood were terrific. Then I slooshied this very pleased

goloss of Dr Brodsky gomg. ‘Excellent, excellent, excellent '

The next lomtick of film was of an old woman who kept

a shop being kicked about amid very gromky laughter by

a lot of malchicks, and these malchicks broke up the shop

and then set fire to it. You could viddy this poor starry

ptitsa trying to crawl out of the flames, screaming and

creechmg, but having had her leg broke by these mal-

chicks kicking her she could not move. So then all the

flames went roaring round her, and you could viddy her

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agonized litso like appealing through the flames and then

disappearing m the flames, and then you could slooshy the

most gromky and agonized and agomzing screams that

ever came from a human goloss So this time I knew I had

to sick up, so I creeched:

‘I want to be sick Please let me be sick. Please bring

somethmg for me to be sick into ’ But this Dr Brodsky

call^ back:

'Imagination only. You’ve nothing to worry about Next

film coming up.’ That was perhaps meant to be a joke, for

I heard a like smeck conung from the dark. And then I

was forced to viddy a most nasty film about Japanese

torture. It was the 1939-45 War, and there were soldiers

being fixed to trees with nails and having fires lit under

them and having their yarbles cut off, and you even

viddied a gulliver being sliced off a soldier with a sword,

and then with his head rolling about and the rot and the

glazzies looking alive still, the plott of this soldier actually

ran about, krowy like a fountain out of the neck, and

then it dropped, and all the time there was very very loud

laughter from the Japanese. The pains I felt now in my

belly and the headache and the thirst were terrible, and

they all seemed to be conung out of the screen. So I

creeched'

‘Stop the film! Please, please stop it! I can’t stand any

more.’ And then the goloss of this Dr Brodsky said

‘Stop it? Stop it, did you say? Why, we’ve hardly

started.’ And he and the others smecked quite loud

I DO not wish to descnbe, brothers, what

other horrible veshches I was hke forced to

viddy that afternoon. The like minds of

this Dr Brodsky and Dr Branom and

the others in white coats, and remember

there was this devotchka twiddling with the knobs and

watching the meters, they must have been more cally and

filthy than any prestoopnick m the Staja itself Because I

did not think it was possible for any veck to even think of

making films of what I was forced to viddy, all tied to this

chair and my glazzies made to be wide open. All I could

do was to creech very gromky for them to turn it off, turn

it off, and that hke part drowned the noise of dratsmg and

Allying and also the music that went with it ail. You can

ima^e it was like a terrible relief when I’d viddied the

last bit of film and this Dr Brodsky said, in a very yawny

and bored like goloss: T think that should be enough for

Day One, don’t you, Branom?’ And there I was with the

lights switched on, my gulliver throbbing like a bolshy big

engine that makes pain, and my rot all dry and cally inside,

and feeling I could like sick up every bit of pishcha I had

ever eaten, O my brothers, since the day I was hke weaned.

'AH right,’ said this Dr Brodsky, ‘he can be taken back to

his bed.’ Then he hke patted me on the pletcho and said

‘Good, good. A very promising start,’ grinning all over his

litso, then he like waddled out, Dr Branom after him, but

Dr Branom gave me a like very droogy and sympathetic

type smile as though he had nothing to do with all this

veshch hut was hke forced into it as I was.

Anyhow, they freed my plott from the diair and they

let go the skin above my glazzies so that I could open and

shut them again, and I shut them, O my brothers, with

the ^ain and throb in my gulhver, and then I was like

carried\* to the old wheelchair and taken back to my

malenky bedroom, the under-veck who wheeled me singing

away at some hound-and-horny popsong so that I like

snarled\* ‘Shut it, thou,’ but he only smecked and said:

‘Never mind, friend,’ and then sang louder So I was put

into the bed and still felt bolnoy but could not sleep, but

soon I started to feel that soon I might start to feel that

I might soon start feeling just a malenky bit better, and

then I was brought some mce hot chai trith plenty of

moloko and sakar and, peering that, I knew that that Uke

horrible mghtmare was in the past and all over. And then

Dr Branom came in, all nice and smiling. He said:

‘Well, by my calculations you should be startmg to feel

all right again. Yes?’

‘Sir,’ I said, like wary. I did not quite kopat what he was

getting at govoreeting about calculations, seemg that get-

tmg better from feeling bolnoy is hke your own affair and

nothing to do with calculations He sat down, all nice and

droogy, on the bed’s edge and said:

‘Dr Brodsky is pleased with you. You had a very posi-

tive response. Tomorrow, of course, there’ll be two sessions,

morning and afternoon, and I should ima^ne that you’E

be feeling a bit limp at the end of the day. But we have

to be hard on you, you have to be cured.’ I said:

Tou mean I have to sit through — ? You mean I have

to look at — > Oh, no,’ I said ‘It was hornble ’

‘Of course it was horrible,’ smiled Dr Branom. ‘Violence

IS a very horrible thing That’s what you’re learning now.

Your body is learmng it ’

‘But,’ I said, ‘I don’t imderstand I don’t understand

about feehng sick like I did I never used to feel sick before

I used to feel like very the opposite. I mean, domg it or

watching it I used to feel real horrorshow I just ^on’t

understand why or how or what — ’ ''

‘Life is a very wonderful thing,’ said Dr Branom in a

like very holy goloss ‘The processes of hfe, the make-up

of the human orgamsm, who can fully understand these

miracles? Dr Brodsky is, of course, a remarkable man.

What IS happemng to you now is what should happen to

any normal healthy human organism contemplating the

actions of the forces of evil, the workings of the principle

of destruction You are being made sane, you are being

made healthy.’

‘That I will not have,’ I said, ‘nor can understand at all.

What you’ve been doing is to make me feel very very ill.\*

‘Do you feel ill now?’ he said, still with the old droogy

smile on his litso. ‘Drinking tea, resting, havmg a quiet

chat with a friend -surely you’re not feeling anything but

well?’

I like listened and felt for pain and sickness in my

gulliver and plott, in a like cautious way, but it was true,

brothers, that I felt real horrorshow and even wanting my

dinner, T don’t get it,’ I said Tfou must be doing some-

thing to me to make me feel ill.’ And I sort of frowned

about that, thinlang.

"You felt ill this afternoon/ he said, "because you're get-

ting better. When we’re healthy we respond to the presence

of the hateful with fear and nausea. You’re becoming

no

healthy, that’s all. You’ll be healthier still this time to-

morrow/ Then he patted me on the noga and went out,

and I tried to puzzle the whole veshdi out as best I could.

What it seemed to me was that the wires and other

veshches that were fixed to my plott perhaps were making

me feel ill, and that it was all a trick really I was still

puzzlmg out all this and wondering whether I should

refu§^ to be strapped down to this chair tomorrow and

start aTfeal bit of dratsing with them all, because I had my

nghts, when another cheUoveck came in to see me. He was

a like smiling starry veck who said he was what he called

the Discharge OflScer, and he carried a lot of bits of paper

with him. He said:

'Where will you go when you leave here?’ I hadn’t really

thought about that sort of veshch at all, and it only now

really began to dawn on me that I’d be a fine free malchick

very soon, and then I viddied that would only be if I

played it everybody’s way and did not start any dratsing

and creechmg and refusing and so on. I said.

'Oh, I shall go home Back to my pee and em/

'Your — He didn’t get nadsat-talk at all, so I said

‘To my parents in the dear old flatblock.’

T see,’ he said. ‘And when did you last have a visit

from your parents?’

‘A month,’ I said, ‘very near. They like suspended visit-

ing-day for a bit because of one prestoopnick getting some

blasting-powder smuggled in across the wires from his

ptitsa. A real caily trick to play on the innocent, like

punishing them as well. So it’s like near a month since I

had a visit/

T see,’ said this veck\* ‘And have your parents been in-

formed of your transfer and impending release?’ That had

a real lovely zvook that did, that slovo release, I said:

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■No.’ Then I said ‘It will be a nice surpnse for them,

that, won’t it? Me just walMng in through the door and

saymg “Here I am, hack, a free veck again” Yes, real

horrorshow ’

‘Right,’ said the Discharge OfiScer veck, ‘we’ll leave it at

that. So long as you have somewhere to hve. Now, there’s

the question of your havmg a job, isn’t there?’ And he

showed me this long list of jobs I could have, but I thqjight,

well, there would be time enough for that A mce nialenky

holiday first. I could do a crasting j'ob soon as I got out

and fill the old carmans with pretty poliy, but I would

have to be very careful and I would have to do the job

all on my oddy knocky. I did not trust so-called droogs

any more. So I told this veck to leave it a bit and we would

govoreet about it agam. He said right right right, then got

ready to leave He showed himself to be a very queer sort

of a veck, because what he did now was to like giggle and

then say. ‘Would you like to punch me in the face before

I go?’ I did not think I could possibly have slooshied that

right, so I said:

‘Eh?’

‘Would you,’ he giggled, ‘like to punch me in the face

before I go?’ I frowned like at that, very puzzled, and said:

‘Why?’

‘Oh,’ he said, ‘just to see how you’re getting on.’ And he

brought his litso real near, a fat grin all over his rot. So

I fisted up and went smack at this litso, but he puUed

himsdf away real skorry, grinning soil, and my rooker

just punched air. Very puzzling, this was, and I frowned

as he left, smecking his gulliver off. And then, my brothers,

I fdt real sick again, just like in the afternoon, just for a

couple of minootas It then passed off skorry, and when

they brought my dinner in I found I had a fair appetite

m

and was ready to crunch away at the roast chicken But

it was funny that starry chelloveck asking for a tolchock

in the litso And it was funny feehng sick like that

What was even funnier was when I went to sleep that

night, O my brothers I had a nightmare, and, as you

might expect, it was of one of those bits of film Fd viddied

in the afternoon. A dream or nightmare is really only like

a film inside your gulliver, except that it is as though you

could walk into it and be part of it. And this is what

happened to me. It was a nightmare of one of the bits of

film they showed me near the end of the afternoon like

session, all of smecking maldiicks domg the ultra-violent

on a young ptitsa who was creeching away in her red red

krovvy, her platties all razrezzed real horrorshow I was in

this ffllymg about, smeckmg away and being like the ring-

leader, dressed in the heighth of nadsat fashion And then

at the heighth of all this dratsmg and tolchocking I fdt

like paralysed and wanting to be very sick, and all the

other malchicks had a real gromky smeck at me. Then I

was dratsing my way back to being awake all through my

own krovvy, pints and quarts and gallons of it, and then

I foimd myself in my bed in this room I wanted to be

sick, so I got out of the bed all trembly so as to go off

down the corridor to the old vaysay But, behold, brothers,

the door was locked. And turning round I viddied for like

the first raz that there were bars on the wmdow. And so,

as I reached for the like pot in the malenky cupboard be-

side the bed, I viddied that there would be no escaping

from any of all this. Worse, I did not dare to go back into

my own sleeping gulliver. I soon found I did not want to

be sick after all, but then I was poogly of getting back

into bed to sleep. But soon I fell smack into deep and did

not dream any more.

”3

‘Stop it, stop it, stop it,’ I kept on creeching

out ‘Turn it off, you grahzny bastards, for

I can stand no more.’ It was the next day,

brothers, and I had truly done my best

morning and afternoon to play it their way

and sit like a horrorshow smiling co-operative malchick

in the chair of torture while they flashed nasty bits of

ultra-violence on the screen, my glazzies clipped open to

viddy all, my plott and rookers and nogas fixed to the

chair so I could not get away What I was being made to

viddy now was not really a veshch I would have thought

to be too bad before, it being only three or four malchicks

crasting in a shop and filhng their carmans with cutter,

at the same time Allying about with the creeching starry

ptitsa running the shop, tolchocking her and letting the

red red krowy flow. But the throb and like crash crash

crash crash in my gulliver and the wanting to sick and the

terrible dry rasping thirstiness in my rot, all were worse

than yesterday. ‘Oh, I’ve had enough,’ I cried. ‘It’s not fair,

you vonny sods,’ and I tried to struggle otit of the chair but

it was not possible, me being as good as smck to it.

‘First<lass,’ creeched out this Dr Brodsky. ‘You’re doing

really weU. Just one more and then we’re finished ’

What it was now was the starry 193^45 War again,

and it was a very blobby and liny and crackly film you

could viddy had been made by the Germans. It opened

with German eagles and the Nazi flag with that like

crooked cross that all malchicks at school love to draw,

and then there were very haughty and nadmenny like

German ofiBcers walking through streets that were all dust

and bomb-holes and broken buildings. Then you were

allowed to viddy lewdies being shot against walls, officers

giving the orders, and also horrible nagoy plotts left lying

m gu?t«rs, all like cages of bare ribs and white thin nogas.

Then there were lewdies being dragged off creeching

though not on the sound-track, my brothers, the only

sound being music, and being tolchocked while they were

dragged off. Then I noticed, in all my pain and sickness,

what music it was that like crackled and boomed on the

sound-track, and it was Ludwig van, the last movement of

the Fifth Symphony, and I creeched like bezoomny at

that. ‘Stop'’ I creeched. ‘Stop, you grahzny disgusting sods

It’s a sin, that’s what it is, a filthy unforgivable sin, you

bratchnies'’ They didn’t stop right away, because there

was only a minute or two more to go - lew^es being beaten

up and all krowy, then more firing squads, then the old

Nazi flag and THE END But when the lights came on

this Dr Brodsky and also Dr Branom were standing in

front of me, and Dr Brodsky said:

‘What’s all this about sin, eh?’

‘That,’ I said, very sick. ‘Using Ludwig van like that.

He did no harm to anyone. Beethoven just wrote music.’

And then I was really sick and they had to bring a bowl

that was in the shape of like a kidney.

‘Music,’ smd Dr Brodsky, like musing. ‘So you’re keen

on music. I know nothing about it myself. It’s a useful

emotional hdghtener, that’s all I know. WeU, well. What

do you think about that, eh, Branom?’

‘It can’t be helped,’ said Dr Branom. ‘Each man kills

the thing he loves, as the poet-prisoner said. Here’s the

punishment element, perhaps The Governor ought to be

pleased.’

‘Give me a drink,’ I said, ‘for Bog’s sake ’

‘Loosen him,’ ordered Dr Brodsky Tetch him a carafe

of ice-cold water.’ So then these under-vecks got to work

and soon I was peering gallons and gallons of water and it

was hke heaven, O my brothers. Dr Brodsky said:'-

‘You seem a suffiaently intelligent young man. You

seem, too, to be not without taste. You’ve just got this

violence thing, haven’t you^ Violence and theft, theft

being an aspect of violence’ I didn’t govoreet a single

slovo, brothers. I was still feeling sick, though getting a

malenky bit better now But it had been a terrible day.

‘Now, Aen,’ said Dr Brodsky, ‘how do you think this is

done? Tell me, what do you think we’re domg to you?’

‘You’re making me feel ill,’ I said. ‘I’m ill when I look

at those filthy pervert films of yours But it’s not really the

films that’s doing it. But I feel that if you’ll stop these

films I’ll stop feeling ill '

‘Right,’ said Dr Brodsky. ‘It’s association, the oldest

educational method in the world. And what really causes

you to feel ill?’

‘These grahzny sodding veshches that come out of my

guHivcr and my plott,’ I said, ‘that’s what it is ’

‘Quaint,’ said Dr Brodsky, like smiling, ‘the dialect of

the tribe. Do you know anything of its provenance,

Branom?’

‘Odd bits of old rhyming slang,’ said Dr Branom, who

did not look quite so much like a friend any more. ‘A bit

of ^psy talk, too. But most of the roots are Slav Propa-

ganda. Subliminal penetration.’

ir6

'All right, all right, all right," said Dr Brodsky, like

impatient and not interested any more ‘Well," he said to

me, ‘it isn’t the wires. It’s nothmg to do with what’s

fastened to you. Those are just for measuring your re-

actions What is it, then?"

I viddied then, of course, what a bezoomny shoot I was

not to notice that it was the hypodermic shots in the rooker

‘Oh,’ I creeched, ‘oh, I viddy all now. A filthy cally voimy

trick. V\*n act of treachery, sod you, and you won’t do it

again/

T’m glad you’ve raised your objections now,’ said Dr

Brodsky. ‘Now we can be perfectly clear about it. We can

get this stuflE of Ludovico’s mto your system in many

different ways Orally, for instance But the subcutaneous

method is the best. Don’t fight against it, please. There’s

no point in your fighting You can’t get the better of us.’

‘Grahzny bratchmes," I said, hke snivelling. Then I said

‘I don’t mind about the ultra-violence and all that cal. I

can put up with that But it’s not fair on the music. It’s

not fair I should feel ill when I’m slooshying lovely

Ludwig van and G F. Handel and others. All that shows

you’re an evil lot of bastards and I shall never forgive you,

sods/

They both looked a bit hke thoughtful. Then Dr

Brodsky said ‘Delimitation is always diiBBcult. The world

is one, life is one. The sweetest and most heavenly of

activities partake in some measure of violence -the act

of love, for instance, music, for instance You must take

your chance, boy. The choice has been all yours.’ I didn’t

understand all these slovos, hut now I said\*

^You needn’t take it any further, sir/ I’d changed my

tune a malenky bit in my cunning way. ‘You’ve proved to

me that aU this dratsing and ultra-violence and killing is

U7

wrong wrong and tembly wrong. I’ve learned my lesson,

sirs. I see now what I’ve never seen before I’m cured,

praise God.’ And I raised my glazzies in a like holy way

to the ceilmg. But both these doctors shook their gulhvers

hke sadly and Dr Brodsky said:

“You’re not cured yet. There’s still a lot to be done

Only when your body reacts promptly and violently to

violence, as to a snake, without further help from us, with-

out medication, only then — ’ I said

‘But, sir, sirs, I see that it’s ■wrong It’s wrong because

it’s against hke soaety, it’s ■wrong because every veck on

earth has the right to hve and be happy without being

beaten and tolchocked and knifed I’ve learned a lot,

oh really I have ’ But Dr Brodsky had a loud long

smeck at that, showing all his white zoobies, and

said:

‘The heresy of an age of reason,’ or some such slovos. ‘I

see what is right and approve, but I do what is wrong No,

no, my boy, you must leave it all to us. But be cheerful

about it. It will soon be all over. In less than a fortmght

now you’ll be a free man.’ Then he patted me on the

pletcho.

Less than a fortnight. O my brothers and friends, it was

like an age It was like from the beginning of the world

to the end of it. To finish the fourteen years with re-

mission in the Staja would have been nothing to it Every

day it was the same. When the devotchka mth the hypo-

dermic came round, though, four days after this govoreet-

ing with Dr Brodsky and Dr Branom, I said ‘Oh, no you

won’t,’ and tolchocked her on the rooker, and the S3?rmge

went tinkle clatter on to the floor. That was like to viddy

what they would do. What they did was to get four or five

real bolshy white-coated bastards of under-vedcs to hold

ri8

me down on the bed, tolchocking me with grinny htsos

dose to mine, and then this nurse ptitsa said ‘You wicked

naughty little devil, you,’ while she jabbed my rooker

with another syrmge and squirted this stuff m real brutal

and nasty And then I was wheeled off exhausted to this

like hell sinny as before

Every day, my brothers, these films were like the same,

all kidbng and tolchocking and red red krovvy dnpping

off of\*4jtsos and plotts and spattering all over the camera

lenses It was usually grinning and smecking ma] chicks in

the heighth of nadsat fashion, or else teeheeheeing Jap

torturers or brutal Nazi kickers and shooters. And each

day the feeling of wanting to die with the sickness and

gulliver pains and aches in the zoobies and horrible

horrible thirst grew really worse Until one morning I

tried to defeat the bastards by crash crash crashing my

gulliver against the wall so that I should tolchock myself

unconscious, but all that happened was I felt sick with

viddying that this kind of violence was hke the violence

in the films, so I was just exhausted and was given the

injection and was wheeled off like before

And then there came a mormng when I woke up and

had my breakfast off eggs and toast and jam and very hot

milky chai, and then I thought ‘It can’t be much longer

now. Now must be very near the end of the time. I have

suffered to the heighths and cannot suffer any more ’ And

I waited and waited, brothers, for this nurse ptitsa to bring

in the syringe, but she did not come And then the white-

coated under-veck came and said

‘Today, old friend, we are letting you walk ’

‘Walk?’ I said. ‘Where?’

‘To the usual place,’ he said, ‘Yes, yes, look not so

astonished You are to walk to the films, me with you

of course. You are no longer to be earned in a wheel-

chair ’

‘But,’ I said, “how about my horrible mormng injec-

tion?’ For I was really surprised at this, brothers, they

being so keen on pushing this Ludovico veshch into me,

as they said ‘Don’t I get that hornble sicky stuff rammed

into my poor suffering rooker any more?’

‘All over,’ like smecked this veck ‘For ever and ever

amen You’re on your own now, boy. Walking amT all to

the chamber of horrors. But you’re still to be strapped

down and made to see Come on then, my little uger ’ And

I had to put my over-gown and toofles on and walk down

the corridor to the like sinny mesto

Now this time, O my brothers, I was not only very sick

but very puzzled There it was agam, all the old ultra-

idolence and vecks with their gullivers smashed and torn

krovvy-dnpping putsas creeching for mercy, the like

private and individual Allying and nastiness Then there

were the prison-camps and the Jews and the grey like

foreign streets full of tanks and uniforms and vecks going

down in withering rifle-fire, this being the public side of

it And this time I could blame nothing for me feeling

sick and thirsty and full of aches except what I was forced

to viddy, my glazzies still bemg clipped open and my

nogas ' and plott fixed to the chair but this set of wires

and other veshches no longer coming out of my jflott and

gulliver. So what could it be but the films I was viddying

that were doing this to me? Except, of course, brothers,

that this Ludovico stuff was like a vaccination and there

it was cruising about in my krowy, so that I would be

sick always for ever and ever amen whenever I viddied

any of this ultra-violence So now I squared my rot and

went boo hoo hoo, and the tears like blotted out what I

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was foiced to viddy m like all blessed runny silvery dew-

drops. But these white-coat bratchnies were skorry with

their tashtooks to wipe the tears away, saying\* ‘There

there, wazzums all weepy-weepy den?’ And there it was

again all clear before my glazzies, these Germans prodding

like beseechmg and weeping Jews - vecks and cheenas and

malchicks and devotchkas - into mestos where they would

all snuff it of poison gas. Boo hoo hoo I had to go again,

and along they came to wipe the tears off, very skorry, so

I should not miss one solitary veshch of what they were

showing. It was a terrible and homble day, O my brothers

and only friends.

I was lying on the bed all alone that nochy after my

dinner of fat thick mutton stew and fruit-pie and ice-

cream, and I .thought to myself ‘Hell hell hell, there

might be a chance for me if I get out now’ I had no

weapon, though I was allowed no britva here, and I had

been shaved every other day by a fat bald-headed veck

who came to my bed before breakfast, two white<oated

bratchmes standing by to viddy I was a good non-violent

malchick The nails on my rookers had been scissored

and filed real short so I could not scratch But I was still

skorry on the attack, though they had weakened me down,

brothers, to a like shadow of what I had been in the old

free days. So now I got off the bed and went to the locked

door and began to fist it real horrorshow and hard, creech-

ing at the same time. ‘Oh, help help. I’m sick. I’m dying.

Doctor doctor doctor, qmck. Please. Oh, I’ll die, I know

I shall Help.\* My gorlo was real dry and sore before any-

one came. Then I heard nogas coimng down the corridor

and a like grumbling goloss, and then I recognized the

goloss of the white-coated veck who brought my pishcha

and like escorted me to my daily doom. He like grumbled:

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‘What IS it? What goes on^ What’s your httlc nasty

game in there’’

‘Oh, I’m dying,’ I like moaned ‘Oh, I have a ghastly

pain in my side Appendicitis, it is Ooooooh.’

‘Appendy shitehouse,’ grumbled this veck, and then to

my ]oy, brothers, I could slooshy the like clank of keys

‘If you’re trying it, little fnend, my friends and me will

beat and kick you all through the night ’ Then he ^ened

up and brought in like the sweet air of the promise of my

freedom. Now I was like behind the door when he pushed

it open, and I could viddy him in the corridor light look-

ing round for me puzzled Then I raised my two fisties to

tolchock him on the neck nasty, and then, I swear, as I

sort of viddied him in advance lymg moaning or out out

out and felt the like joy nse in my guts, it was then that

this sickness rose in me as it might be a wave and I felt

a horrible fear as if I was really going to die. I like tottered

over to the bed going urgh urgh urgh, and the veck, who

was not in his white coat but an over-gown, viddied clear

enough what I had had in my mind for he said

‘Well, everything’s a lesson, isn’t it? Learning all the

time, as you could say Come on, httle friend, get up from

that bed and hit me I want you to, yes, really. A real

good crack across the jaw. Oh, I’m dying for it, really I

am.’ But all I could do, brothers, was to just lay there

sobbing boo hoo hoo. ‘Scum,’ like sneered this veck now.

‘Filth.’ And he pulled me up by like the scnifE of my

pyjama-top, me being very weak and limp, and he raised

and swung his right rooker so that I got a feir old tolchock

clean on the litso. That,’ he said, ‘is for getting me out

of my bed, you young dirt.’ And he wiped his rookers

against each other swish swish and went out Crunch

crunch went the key in the lock.

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And what, brothers, I had to escape into sleep from then

was die horrible and wrong feelmg that it was better to

get the hit than give it. If that veck had stayed I might

even have like presented the other cheek

I COULD not believe, brothers, what I was

told. It seemed that I had been in that

vonny mesto for near ever and would be

there for near ever more But it had always

been a fortnight and now they said the

fortmght was near up They said-

‘Tomorrow, little friend, out out out’ And they made

with the old thumb, hke poinnng to freedom And then

the white-coated veck who had tolchocked me and who

had still brought me my trays of pishcha and like escorted

me to my everyday torture said: ‘But you still have one

real big day in front of you. It’s to be your passing-out

day.’ And he had a leery smeck at that

I expected this morning that I would be ittymg as usual

to the sirmy mesto in my pj^amas and toofles and over-

gown. But no. This morning I was given my shirt and

underveshches and my platties of the night and my

horrorshow kick-boots, all lovely and washed or ironed

or polished. And I was even given my cut-throat bntva

that I had used in those old hapj^r days for Allying and

dratsing. So I gave with the puzzled frown at this as I

got dressed, but the white-coated under-veck just like

grinned and would govoreet nothing, O my brothers.

I was led quite kindly to ihe same old mesto, but there

were changes there Curtains had been drawn m front of

the sinny screen and the frosted glass under the projec-

uon holes was no longer there, it having perhaps been

pushed up or folded to the sides like blind or shutters

And where there had been just the noise of coughing kashl

kashl kashl and like shadows of lewdies was now a real

audience, and m this audience there were litsos I knew.

There was the Staja Governor and the holy man, the

charli^ or Charles as he was called, and the Chief Chasso

and this very important and well-dressed chelloveck who

was the Minister of the Interior or Inferior. All the rest

I did not know. Dr Brodsky and Dr Branom were there,

though not now white-coated, instead they were dressed

as doctors would dress who were big enough to want to

dress in the heighth of fashion. Dr Branom just stood, but

Dr Brodsky stood and govoreeted m a like learned manner

to all the lewdies assembled. When he viddied me coming

in he said, ‘Aha, At this stage, gentlemen, we introduce

the subject himself He is, as you will perceive, fit and

well nourished. He comes straight from a night’s sleep

and a good breakfast, undrugged, unhypnotized Tomorrow

we send him with confidence out into the world agam, as

decent a lad as you would meet on a May morning, un-

vicious, unviolent, if anything -as you will observe -in-

clined to the kindly word and the helpful act. What a

change is here, gentlemen, from the wretched hoodlum

the State committed to unprofitable punishment some two

years ago, unchanged after two years Unchanged, do I

say? Not quite. Prison taught him the false smile, the

rubbed hands of hypocrisy, the fawning greased obsequi-

ous leer. Other vices it taught him, as well as confirming

him in those he had long practised before. But, gentle-

men, enough of words. Actions speak louder than. Action

now. Observe, all/

I2J

I was a bit dazed by all this govoreetmg and I was try-

mg to grasp in my mind that like all this was about me.

Then all the lights went out and then there came on two

like spotlights shining from the projection-squares, and

one of them was full on Your Humble and Suffering

Nariatoi And into the other spotlight there walked a

bolshy big chelloveck I had never viddied before He had

a lardy like litso and a moustache and like strips 9# hair

pasted over his near-bald gulliver. He was about thirty

or forty or fifty, some old age like that, starry He ittied

up to me and the spotlight ittied with him, and soon the

two spotlights had made like one big pool. He said to me,

very sneery 'Hello, heap of dirt Pooh, you don’t wash

much, judging from the horrible smell ’ Then, as if he

was like dancing, he stamped on my nogas, left, right,

then he gave me a finger-nail flick on the nose that hurt

like bezoomny and brought the old tears to my glazzies,

then he twisted at my left ooko like it was a radio dial

I could slooshy titters and a couple of real horrorshow

hawhawhaws coming from like the audience. My nose and

nogas and ear-hole stung and pained like bezoomny, so

I said:

'What do you do that to me for? Fve never done wrong

to you, brother/

'Oh/ this veck said, T do this’ - flickflicked nose again -

^and that’ - twisted smarting ear-hole - ‘and the other’ -

stamped nasty on right noga - ‘because I don’t care for

your horrible type. And if you want to do anything about

it, start, start, please do.’ Now I knew that Fd have to be

real skorry and get my cut-throat britva out before this

horrible killing sickness whooshed up and turned the like

joy of battle into feeling I was going to snuff it But, O

brothers, as my rooker reached for the britva in my in-

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side caiman I got this like picture in my mind's glazzy

of this insulting chelloveck howling for mercy with the

red red krovvy all streaming out of his rot, and hot after

this picture the sickness and dryness and pains were rush-

ing to overtake, and I viddied that Fd have to change the

way I felt about this rotten veck very very skorry indeed,

so I felt in my carmans foi cigarettes or for pretty polly,

and, Q my brothers, there was not either of these

veshches I said, like all howly and blubbery

Td like to give you a cigarette, brother, but I don't

seem to have any ’ This veck went

‘Wah wah Boohoohoo. Cry, baby.' Then he flickflick-

fiicked with his bolshy horny nail at my nose again, and

I could slooshy veiy loud smecks of like mirth coming

from the dark audience. I said, real desperate, trying to

be nice to this insulting and hurtful veck to stop the pains

and sickness coming up\*

'Please let me do something for you, please.' And I felt

m my carmans but could find only my cut-throat britva,

so I took this out and handed it to him and said\* 'Please

take this, please A little present Please have it/ But he

said

‘Keep your stinking bribes to yourself You can’t get

round me that way ' And he banged at my rooker and

my cut-throat britva fell on the floor. So I said:

‘Please, I must do something. Shall I clean your boots?

Look, I'll get down and lick them' And, my brothers,

believe it or kiss my sharries, I got down on my knees

and pushed my red yahzick out a mile and a half to lick

his grahzny vonny boots. But all this veck did was to kick

me not too hard on the rot. So then it seemed to me that

it would not bring on the sickness and pain if I just

gripped his ankles with my rookers tight round them and

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brought this grahzny bratchny down to the floor So I did

this and he got a real bolshy surpnse, coming down crack

amid loud laughter from the vonny audience But viddy-

ing him on the floor I could feel the whole hornble feel-

ing coming over me, so I gave him my rooker to lift him

up skorry and up he came Then just as he was going to

give me a real nasty and earnest tolchock on the litso Dr

Brodsky said

‘All right, that will do very well' Then this horrible

veck sort of bowed and danced off like an actor while the

lights came up on me blinkmg and with my rot square

for howling. Dr Brodsky said to the audience- ‘Our sub-

ject is, you see, impelled towards the good by, para-

doxically, being impelled towards evil. The mtention to

act violently is accompanied by strong feelings of physical

distress To counter these the subject has to switdh to a

diametrically opposed attitude Any questions?’

‘Choice,’ rumbled a rich deep goloss. I viddied it be-

longed to the prison charlie. ‘He has no real choice, has

he? Self-interest, fear of physical pain, drove him to that

grotesque act of self-abasement. Its insincerity was clearly

to be seen He ceases to be a wrongdoer. He ceases also to

be a creature capable of moral choice.’

"These arc subtleties,’ like smiled Dr Brodsky. ‘We are

not concerned with motive, vdth the higher ethics We are

concerned only with cutting down crime —

‘And,’ chipped in this bolshy well-dressed Minister,

‘with relieving the ghastly congestion in our prisons ’

‘Hear hear,’ said somebody.

There was a lot of govoreetmg and arguing then and I

just stood there, brothers, hke completely ignored by all

these ignorant bratchnies, so I creeched out:

‘Me, me, me How about me? Where do I come into

all this? Am I like just some animal or dog?’ And that

started them off govoreeting real loud and throwing

slovos at me So I creeched louder still, creeching 'Am I

just to be like a clockwork orange?’ I didn’t know what

made me use those slovos, brothers, which just came like

without asking into my gulliver And that shut all those

vecks up for some reason for a minoota or two Then one

very thin starry professor type chelloveck stood up, his

neck like all cables carrying like power from his gulliver

to his plott, and he said

'You have no cause to grumble, boy You made your

choice and all this is a consequence of your choice What-

ever now ensues is what you yourself have chosen ’ And

the prison charlie creeched out

'Oh, if only I could believe that ’ And you could viddy

the Governor give him a look like meaning that he would

not climb so high in like Prison Religion as he thought he

would Then loud arguing started again, and then I could

slooshy the slovo Love being thrown around, the prison

Charles himself creeching as loud as any about Perfect

Love Casteth Out Fear and all that cal And now Dr

Brodsky said, smiling all over his litso

T am glad, gentlemen, this question of Love has been

raised. Now we shall see in action a manner of Love that

was thought to be dead with the Middle Ages.’ And then

the lights went down and the spotlights came on again,

one on your poor and suffering Friend and Narrator, and

into the other there like rolled or sidled the most lovely

young devotchka you could ever hope in all your jeezny,

O my brothers, to viddy. That is to say, she had real

horrorshow groodies all of which you could like viddy,

she having on platties which came down down down off

her pletchoes. And her nogas were like Bog in His Heaven,

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and she walked like to make you groan in your keeshkas,

and yet her litso was a sweet smiling young like innocent

litso She came up towards me with the light like it was

the like light of heavenly grace and all that cal coming

with her, and the first thing that flashed into my gulliver

was that I would like to have her right down there on the

floor with the old in-out real savage, but skorry as a shot

came the sickness, like a like detective that had been

watching round a corner and now followed to m^ke his

grahzny arrest And now the von of lovely perfume

that came off her made me want to think of start-

ing to like heave m my keeshkas, so I knew I had

to think of some new like way of thinking about her

before all the pain and thirstmess and horrible sickness

come over me real horrorshow and proper So I creeched

out:

‘O most beautiful and beauteous of devotchkas, I throw

like my heart at your feet for you to like trample all ovei

If I had a rose I would give it to you. If it was all rainy

and cally now on the ground you could have my platties

to walk on so as not to cover your dainty nogas with filth

and cal.' And as I was saying all this, O my brothers, I

could feel the sickness like slinking back Xet me,’ I

creeched out, Worship you and be like your helper and

protector from the wicked like world ’ Then I thought of

the right slovo and felt better for it, saying. "Let me be

like your true knight,’ and down I went again on the old

knees, bowing and like scraping.

And then I felt real shooty and dim, it having been like

an act again, for this devotchka smiled and bowed to the

audience and like danced off, the lights coming up to a

bit of applause And the glazzies of some of these starry

vecks in the audience were like popping out at this young

devotchka with dirty and like unholy desire, O my

brothers

‘He will be your true Chiistian/ Dr Brodsky was creech-

mg out, ‘ready to turn the other cheek, ready to be cruci-

fied rather than crucify, sick to the very heart at the

thought even of killing a fly \* And that was right, brothers,

because when he said that I thought of killing a fly and

felt just that tiny bit sick, but I pushed the sickness and

pain back by thinking of the fly being fed with bits of

sugar and looked after like a bleeding pet and all that caL

‘Reclamation,’ he creeched. ‘Joy before the Angels of God ’

‘The point is,’ this Minister of the Inferior was saying

real gromky, ‘that it works ’

‘Oh,’ the prison charlie said, like sighing, ‘it works all

right, God help the lot of us ’

‘What’s u going to be then, eh^’

That, my brothers, was me asking my-

self the next morning, standing outside this

white building that was like tacked on to

the old Staja, in my platties of the night

of two years back in the grey light of dawn, with a malenky

bit of a bag with my few personal veshches in and a bit

of cutter kindly donated by the vonny Authorities to like

start me off m my new life.

The rest of the day before had been very tinng, what

with interviews to go on tape for the telenews and photo-

graphs being took flash flash flash and more like demon-

strations of me folding up in the face of ultra-violence and

all that embarrassing cal. And then I had like fallen into

the bed and then, as it looked to me, been wakened up

to be told to get off out, to itty off home, they did not want

to viddy Your Humble Narrator never not no more, O my

brothers. So there I was, very very early in the morning,

with just this bit of pretty polly in my left carman, jingle-

jangling it and wondering\*

‘What’s it going to be then, eh?’

Some breakfast some mesto, I thought, me not having

eaten at all that morning, every veck being so anxious

to tolchock me off out to freedom. A chasha of chai only

I had peeted This Staja was in a very like gloomy part of

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the town, but there were malenky workers’ cafiEs all around

and I soon found one of those, my brothers It was very

cdlly and vonny, with one bulb in the ceiling with fly-dirt

like obscuring its bit of hght, and there were early labbiters

slurping away at chai and horrible-looking sausages and

slices of kleb which they like wolfed, going wolf wolf wolf

and then creeching for more They were served by a very

cally devotchka but with very bolshy groodies on her, and

some of the eating vecks tried to grab her, going hiw haw

haw while she went he he he, and the sight of them near

made me want to sick, brothers But I asked for some toast

and jam and chai very pohtely and with my gentleman’s

goloss, then I sat in a dark comer to eat and peet

While I was doing this, a malenky little dwarf of a veck

ittied in, selling the morning’s gazettas, a twisted and

grahzny prestoopnick type with thick glasses on with steel

rims, his platties like the colour of very starry decaying

currant pudding I kupetted a gazetta, my idea being to

get ready for plunging back into normal jeezny again by

viddymg what was ittying on in the world This gazetta I

had seemed to be like a Government gazetta, for the only

news that was on the front page was about the need for

every veck to make sure he put the Government back m

again on the next General Election, which seemed to be

about two or three weeks off. There were very boastful

dovos about what the Government had done, brothers, in

the last year or so, what with increased exports and a real

horrorshow foreign policy and improved social services and

all that cal. But what the Government was really most

boastful about was the way in which they reckoned the

streets had been made safer for all peace-loving night-

walking lewdies in the last six months, what with better

pay for the police and the police getting like tougher with

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young hooligans and perveits and burglars and all that cal

Which mteressovatted Your Humble Narrator some deal

And on the second page of the gazetta there was a blurry

like photograph of somebody who looked very familial,

and it turned out to be none other than me me me. I

looked very gloomy and like scared, but that was really

with the flashbulbs going pop pop all the time What it

said imderneath my picture was that here was the first

graduate from the new State Institute for Reclamation of

Criminal Types, cured of his criminal instincts in a fort-

night only, now a good law-fearing citizen and all that cal

Then I viddied there was a very boastful article about this

Ludovico’s Technique and how clever the Government was

and all that cal. Then there was another picture of some

veck I thought I knew, and it was this Minister of the

Inferior or Interior It seemed that he had been doing a

bit of boasting, looking forward to a nice crime-free era

in which there would be no more fear of cowardly attacks

from young hooligans and perverts and burglars and all

that cal. So I went arghhhhhh and threw this gazetta on

the floor, so that it covered up stains of spilled chai and

horrible spat gobs from the cally animals that used this

caff.

‘What’s it going to be then, eh^’

What it was going to be now, brothers, was homeways

and a nice surprise for dadada and mum, their only son

and heir back in the family bosom Then I could lay back

on the bed in my own malenky den and slooshy some

lovely music, and at the same time I could think over

what to do now with my jeezny The Discharge Officer

had given me a long list day before of jobs I could try

for, and he had telephoned to different vecks about me,

but I had no intention, my brothers, of going off to rabbit

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right away A malenky bit of a rest first, yes, and a quiet

think on the bed to the sound of lovely music

And so the autobus to Center, and then the autobus to

Kingsley Avenue, the flats of Flatblock i8a being just

near. You will believe me, my brothers, when I say that

my heart was going clopclopclop with the like excitement

All was very quiet, it suU being early winter mormng, and

when I ittied into the vestibule of the flatblock there was

no veck about, only the nagoy vecks and cheenas'of the

Dignity of Labour What surprised me, brothers, was the

way that had been cleaned up, there being no longer any

dirty ballooning slovos from the rots of the Dignified

Labourers, not any dirty parts of the body added to their

naked plotts by dirty-minded penolhng malchicks. And

what also surprised me was that the lift was working It

came purring down when I pressed the electric knopka,

and when I got in I was surprised again to viddy aU was

clean inside the like cage.

So up I went to the tenth floor, and there I saw io-8 as

it had been before, and my rooker trembled and shook as

I took out of my carman the httle klootch I had for open-

ing up. But I very firmly fitted the klootch in the lock and

turned, then opened up then went in, and there I met

three pairs of surprised and almost frightened glazzies

looking at me, and it was pee and em having their break-

fest, but it was also another veck that I had never viddied

in my jeezny before, a bolshy thick veck in his shirt and

braces, quite at home, brothers, slurping away at the milky

chai and munchmunching at his eggiweg and toast. And

it was this stranger veck who spoke first, saying.

‘Who are you, friend? Where did you get hold of a key?

Out, before I push your face in. Get out there and knock.

Explain your business, quick.’

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My dad and mum sat like petrified, and I could viddy

they had not yet read the gazetta, then I remembered

that the gazetta did not arrive till papapa had gone off to

his work. But then mum said ‘Oh, you’ve broken out

You’ve escaped Whatever shall we do? We shall have the

police here, oh oh oh Oh, you bad and wicked boy, dis-

gracing us all like this ’ And, believe it or kiss my sharries,

she .sj^ted to go boo hoo So I started to try and explain,

they could ring up the Staja if they wanted, and tdl the

time this stranger veck sat there like frowning and looking

as if he could push my htso in with his hairy bolshy beefy

fist So I said

‘How about you answering a few, brother^ What are you

doing here and for how long’ I didn’t like the tone of

what you said just then Watch it. Come on, speak up’

He was a working-man type veck, very ugly, about thirty

or forty, and he sat now with his rot open at me, not

govoreeting one single slovo. Then my dad said

‘This IS all a bit bewildering, son You should have let

us know you were coming We thought it would be at

least another five or six years before they let you out Not,’

he said, and he said it very like gloomy, ‘that we’re not

very pleased to see you again and a free man, too.’

“Who is this?’ I said ‘MTiy can’t he speak up? What’s

going on in here’’

‘This is Joe,’ said my mum ‘He lives here now. The

lodger, that’s what he is Oh, dear dear dear,’ she went

‘You,’ said this Joe. ‘I’ve heard all about you, boy I

know what you’ve done, breaking the hearts of your poor

grieving parents So you’re back, eh? Back to make life a

misery for them once more, is that it’ Over my dead

corpse you will, because they’ve let me be more like a son

to them than like a lodger ’ I could nearly have smecked

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loud at that if the old razdraz within me hadn’t started

to wake up the feeling of wanting to sick, because this

veck looked about the same age as my pee and em, and

there he was like trying to put a son’s protecting rooker

round my crying mum, O my brothers

‘So,’ I said, and I near felt like collapsing m all tears my-

self ‘So that’s It, then Well, I give you five large mmootas

to clear all your horrible cally veshches out of my room ’

And I made for this room, this veck being a maltiSky bit

too slow to stop me When I opened the door my heart

cracked to the carpet, because I viddied it was no longer

like my room at all, brothers All my flags had gone off the

walls and this veck had put up pictures of boxers, also like

a team sitting smug with folded rookers and a silver hke

shield m front. And then I viddied what else was missing

My stereo and my disc-cupboard were no longer there, nor

was my locked treasure-chest that contained bottles and

drugs and two shining dean syringes ‘There’s been some

filthy vonny work going on here,’ I creeched. ‘What have

you done with my own personal veshches, you horrible

bastard?’ This was to this Joe, but it was my dad that

answered, saying:

‘That was ail took away, son, by the police. This new

regulation, see, about compensation for the victims.’

I found it very hard not to be very ill, but my gulliver

was aching shocking and my rot was so dry that I had

to take a skorry swig from the milk-bottle on the table, so

that this Joe sjud: ‘Filthy piggish manners.’ I said:

‘But she died. That one died.’

‘It was the cats, son,’ said my dad like sorrowful, ‘that

were left with nobody to look after them nil the wUl was

read, so they had to have somebody in to feed them So

the police sold your things, clothes and all, to help with

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the looking after of them That’s the law, son But you

were never much of a one for following the law ’

I had to sit down then, and this Joe said 'Ask per-

mission befoie you sit, you mannerless young swine,’ so

I cracked back skorry with a 'Shut your dirty big fat hole,

you,’ feeling sick Then I tned to he all reasonable and

smihng for my health’s sake like, so I said: ‘Well, that’s

■my,4wm, there’s no denying that This is my home also.

What suggestions have you, my pee and em, to make?’

But they just looked very glum, my mum shaking a bit,

her litso all lines and wet with hke tears, and then my

dad said:

‘All this needs thinking about, son We can’t very well

just kick Joe out, not just like that, can we? I mean, Joe’s

here doing a job, a contract it is, two years, and we made

hke an arrangement, didn’t we, Joe? I mean, son, think-

ing you were going to stay in prison a long time and that

room going begging’ He was a bit ashamed, you could

viddy that from his litso So I just smiled and like nodded,

saymg

‘I viddy all. You got used to a bit of peace and you got

used to a bit of extra pretty polly That’s the way it goes.

And your son has just been nothing but a terrible

nuisance.’ And then, my brothers, believe me or kiss my

sharries, I started to hke cry, feeling very like sorry for

myself. So my dad said

‘Well, you see, son, Joe’s paid next month’s rent already.

I mean, ■whatever we do in the future we can’t say to Joe

to get out, can we, Joe?’ This Joe said-

Tt’s you two I've got to think of, who’ve been like a

fetfaer and mother to me. Would it be right or fair to go

off and leave you to the tender meraes of this young

monster who has been like no real son at all? He’s weep-

xng now, but that’s his craft and artfulness' Let him go

off and find a room somewhere Let him learn the error of

his ways and that a bad boy like he’s been doesn’t deserve

such a good mum and dad as what he’s had.’

‘All right,’ I said, standing up m all like tears still ‘I

know how things are now. Nobody wants or loves me I’ve

sufEered and suffered and suffered and everybody wants

me to go on suffenng I know.’

‘You’ve made others suffer,’ said this Joe ‘It’s onl^ right

you should suffer proper I’ve been told everything that

you’ve done, sitting here at night round the family table,

and pretty shockmg it was to listen to Made me real sick

a lot of it did.’

‘I wish,’ I said, ‘I was back in the prison. Dear old Staja

as It was. I’m ittymg off now,’ I said. ‘You won’t ever

viddy me no more I’ll make my own way, thank you very

much. Let it lie heavy on your consciences.’ My dad said

‘Don’t take it like that, son,’ and my mum just went

boo hoo hoo, her htso all screwed up real ugly, and this

Joe put his rooker round her again, patting her and going

there there there like bezoomny. And so I just sort of

staggered'to the door and went out, leaving them to their

horrible guilt, O my brothers.

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Ittying down the street m a like aimless

soit of a way, brothers, in these night plat-

ties which lewdies like stared at as I went

by, cold too, it being a bastard cold winter

day, all I felt I wanted was to be away

from all this and not to have to think any more about

any sort of veshch at all So I got the autobus to Center,

then I walked back to Taylor Place, and there was the

disc-bootick MELODIA I had used to favour with my in-

esumable custom, O my brothers, and it looked much the

same sort of mesto as it always had, and walking in I

expected to viddy old Andy there, that bald and very very

thin helpful like veck from whom I had kupetted discs in

the old days But there was no Andy there now, brothers,

only a scream and a creech of nadsat (teenage, that is) mal-

chicks and ptitsas slooshying some new horrible popsong

and dancmg to it as well, and the veck behind the counter

not much more than a nadsat himself, clicking his

rooker-bones and smecking like bezoomny. So I went

up and waited till he hke deigned to notice me, then I

said:

Td like to hear a disc of the Mozart Number Forty.’ I

don’t know why that should have come into my gulliver,

but it did. The counter-veck said.

“Forty what, friend >’

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I said ‘Symphony Symphony Number Forty inG Minor ’

‘Ooooh,’ went one of the dancing nadsats, a malchick

with his hair all ovei his glazzies, ‘seemfunnah. Don’t it

seem funny? He wants a seemfunnah.’

I could feel myself growing all razdraz withm, but I

had to watch that, so I like smiled at the veck who had

taken over Andy’s place and at all the dancing and creech-

mg nadsats. Tlus counter-veck said ‘You go intojhaf

listen-booth over there, friend, and I’ll pipe soiflrthing

through.’

So I went over to the malenky box where you could

slooshy the discs you wanted to buy, and then this veck

put a disc on for me, but it wasn’t the Mozart Forty, it

was the Mozart ‘Prague’ - he seemingly having just picked

up any Mozart he could find on the shelf - and Aat should

have started making me real razdraz and I had to watch

that for fear of the pain and sickness, but what I’d for-

gotten was something I shouldn’t have forgotten and now

made me want to snuff it. It was that these doctor brat-

chnies had so fixed things that any music that was like for

the emotions would make me sick just hke viddying or

wanting to do violence. It was because all those violence

films had music with them And I remembered especially

that horrible Nazi film with the Beethoven Fi^, last

movement. And now here was lovely Mozart made

homble. I dashed out of the box like bezoonmy to get

away from the sickness and pain that were coming on,

and I dashed out of the shop with these nadsats smecking

after me and the counter-veck creeching: ‘Eh eh eh!’ But

I took no notice and went staggering almost like blind

across the road and roimd the comer to the Korova MSlk-

bar. I knew what I wanted.

The mesto was near empty, it being still morning. It

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looked strange too, having been painted with all red moo-

ing cows, and behmd the counter was no veck I knew But

when I said. ‘Milk plus, large,’ the veck with a hke lean

htso very newly shaved knew what I wanted I took the

large moloko plus to one of the httle cubies that were all

round this mesto, there being hke curtams to shut them

off from the main mesto, and there I sat down m the plushy

ishi^r^and sipped and sipped When Fd finished the whole

lot I oegan to feel that thmgs were happening. I had my

glazzies like fixed on a malenky bit of silver paper from

a cancer packet that was on the floor, the sweeping-up of

this mesto not being all that horrorshow, brothers This

scrap of silver began to grow and grow and grow and it

was so like bright and fiery that I had to squint my glazzies

at It It got so big that it became not only this whole cubic

I was lolling in but like the whole Korova, the whole street,

the whole city. Then it was the whole world, then it was

the whole everything, brothers, and it was like a sea wash-

ing over every veshch that had ever been made or thought

of even I could sort of slooshy myself making special sort

of shooms and govoreetmg slovos like ‘Dear dead idlewilds,

rot not in variform guises’ and all that cal Then I could

like feel the vision beating up in all this silver, and then

there were colours like nobody had ever viddied before,

and then I could viddy hke a group of statues a long long

long way ofE that was like being pushed nearer and nearer

and nearer, all lit up by very bright hght from below and

above alike, O my brothers. This group of statues was of

God or Bog and all His Holy Angels and Saints, all very

bright like bronze, with beards and bolshy great wings

that waved about in a kind of wmd, so that they could not

really be of stone or bronze, really, and the eyes or glazzies

like moved and were alive These bolshy big figures came

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nearer and nearer and nearer till they were like going to

crush me down, and I could slooshy my goloss going

‘Eeeeee’ And I felt I had got rid of everything - platues,

body, biain, name, the lot -and felt real horrorshow, like

in heaven Then there was the shoom of like crumbling

and crumpling, and Bog and the Angels and Saints sort

of shook their gullivers at me, as though to govoreet that

there wasn’t quite time now but I must try again,„p«Etr

then everything like leered and smecked and collapSed and

the big warm light giew like cold, and then there I was

as I was before, the empty glass on the table and wanting

to cry and feeling like death was the only answer to every-

thing.

And that was it, that was what I viddied qmte clear was

the thing to do, but how to do it I did not properly know,

never having thought of that before, O my brothers. In

my httle hag of personal veshches I had my cut-throat

britva, but I at once felt very sick as I thought of myself

going swishhhh at myself and all my own red red krovvy

flowing. What I wanted was not something violent but

something that would make me like just go off gentle to

sleep and that be the end of Your Humble Narrator, no

more trouble to anybody any more Perhaps, I thought, if

I ittied off to the Public Biblio round the corner I might

find some book on the best way of snuffing it with no pain

I thought of myself dead and how sorry everybody was

going to be, pee and em and that cally vonny Joe who was

a like usurper, and also Dr Brodsky and Dr Branom and

that Inferior Interior hfinister and every veck else. And

the boastful vonny Government too. So out I scatted into

the winter, and it was afternoon now, near two o’clock, as

I could viddy from the bolshy Center timepiece, so that

me being in the land with the old moloko plus must have

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took like longer than I thought I walked down Margha-

mta Boulevard and then turned into Boothby Avenue,

then round the corner again, and there was the Pubhc

Biblio

It was a starry cally sort of a mesto that I could not le-

member going into since I was a very very malenky mal-

chick, no more than about six years old, and there were

fsa^rts to it - one part to borrow books and one part to

read in^full of gazettas and mags and hke the von of very

starry old men with their plotts stmking of like old age

and poverty These were standing at the gazetta stands all

round the room, snuflflmg and belching and govoreetmg to

themselves and turmng over the pages to read the news

very sadly, or else they were sitting at the tables looking

at the mags or pretending to, some of them asleep and

one or two of them snonng real gromky I couldn’t h ke

remember what it was I wanted at fibrst, then I remembered

with a bit of shock that I had ittied here to find out how

to snuff it without pain, so I goolied over to the shelf full

of reference veshches There were a lot of books, but there

was none with a title, brothers, that would really do. There

was a medical hook that I took down, but when I opened

it it was full of drawings and photographs of horrible

wounds and diseases, and that made me want to sick just

a bit. So I put that back and then took down the big book

or Bible, as it was called, thinking that might ^ve me like

comfort as it had done in the old Staja days (not so old

really, but it seemed a very very long time ago), and I

staggered over to a chair to read m it But all I found was

about smiting seventy times seven and a lot of Jews cursing

and tolchn rldn g each other, and that made me want to

sick, too So then I near cried, so that a very starry ragged

moodge oppoate me said:

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‘What IS It, son? What’s the trouble^’

‘I want to snufE it,’ I said. ‘I’ve had it, that’s what it is

Life’s become too much for me.’

A starry reading veck next to me said ‘Shhhh,’ without

looking up from some bezoomny mag he had full of draw-

ings of like bolshy geometrical veshches. That rang a bell

somehow This other moodge said

‘You’re too young for that, son. Why, you’ve got

thmg m front of you.’

‘Yes,’ I said, bitter. ‘Like a pair of false groodies ’ This

mag-reading veck said ‘Shhhh’ agam, looking up this

time, and something clicked for both of us I viddied who

It was He said, real gromky

‘I never forget a shape, by God I never forget the shape

of anything. By God, you young swine. I’ve got you now.’

Crystallography, that was it That was what he’d been

taking away from the Biblio that time. False teeth cnmched

up real horrorshow. Flatties tom off. His books razrezzed,

aU about Crystallography. I thought I had best get out of

here real skorry, brothers But this starry old moodge was

on his feet, creeching hke bezoomny to all the starry old

coughers at the gazettas round the walls and to them

dozing over mags at the tables 'We have him,’ he

creeched. \*1116 poisonous young swine who ruined the

books on Crystallography, rare books, books not to be

obtamed ever again, anywhere ’ This had a terrible mad

dioom about it, as though this old veck was really off his

gulliver ‘A prize specimen of the cowardly brutal young,’

he creeched. ‘Here in our midst and at our mercy. He and

his friends beat me and kicked me and thumped me. They

stripped me and tore out my teeth. They laughed at my

blood and my moans. They kicked me off home, dazed and

naked.’ All this wasn’t quite tme, as you know, brothers.

He had some platties on, he hadn’t been completely nagoy

I creeched back ‘That was over two years ago I’ve been

punished since then I’ve learned my lesson See over theie -

my picture’s in the papers ’

‘Pumshment, eh?’ said one starry like ex-soldier type.

‘You lot should be exterminated Like so many noisome

pests Punishment, indeed ’

-4^11 right, all right,’ I said. ‘Everybody’s entitled to his

opinion? Forgive me, all I must go now’ And I started to

itty out of this mesto of bezoomny old men, Aspinn, that

was It. You could snuflE it on a hundred aspirin. Aspinn

from the old drugstore But the crystallography veck

creeched'

‘Don’t let him go. We’ll teach him all about punish-

ment, the murderous young pig Get him ’ And, believe

It, brothers, or do the other veshch, two or three starry

dodderers, about ninety years old apiece, grabbed me with

their trembly old lookers, and I was like made sick by the

von of old age and disease which came from these near-

dead moodges. The crystal veck was on to me now, start-

ing to deal me malenky weak tolchocks on my litso, and I

tried to get away and itty out, but these starry rookers that

held me were stronger than I had thought. Then other

starry vecks came hobbling from the gazettas to have a go

at Your Humble Narrator. They were creeching veshchcs

like: ‘Edll him, stamp on him, murder him, kick his teeth

in,’ and all that cal, and I could viddy what it was clear

enough. It was old age having a go at youth, that’s what

it was. But some of them were saying' “Poor old Jack, near

killed poor old Jack he did, this is the young swine’ and

so on, as though it had all happened yesterday. Which to

them I suppose it had. There was now like a sea of vonny

runny dirty old men trying to get at me with their like

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feeble rookers and horny old claws, creeching and panting

on to me, but our crystal droog was there in front, dealing

out tolchock after tolchock And I daren’t do a solitary

single veshch, O my brothers, it being better to be hit at

like that than to want to sick and feel that homble pain,

but of course the fact that there was violence going on

made me feel that the sickness was peeping round the

comer to viddy whether to come out into the ooen

roar away

Then an attendant veck came along, a youngish veck,

and he creeched ‘What goes on here? Stop it at once This

is a leading-room ’ But nobody took any notice So the

attendant veck said ‘Right, I shall phone the pohce ’ So

I creeched, and I never thought I would ever do that in

all my jeezny

‘Yes yes yes, do that, protect me from these old mad-

men/ I noticed that the attendant veck was not too anxious

to join in the dratsing and rescue me from the rage and

madness of these starry vecks’ claws, he just scatted o£E to

his like office or wherever the telephone was Now these old

men were panting a lot now, and I felt I could just flick

at them and they would all fall over, but I just let myself

be held, very patient, by these starry rookers, my glazzies

closed, and feel the feeble tolchocks on my litso, also

slooshy the panting breathy old golosses creeching: ‘Young

swine, young murderer, hooligan, thug, kill him/ Then I

got such a real painful tolchock on the nose that I said to

myself to hell to hell, and I opened my glazzies up and

started to struggle to get free, which was not hard, brothers,

and I tore, off creeching to the sort of hallway outside the

reading-room. But these starry avengers still came after

me, panting like dying, with thdr animal daws all

trembling to get at your friend and Humble Narrator.

Then I was tripped up and was on the floor and was being

kicked at, then I slooshied golosses of young vecks creech-

ing ‘All right, all nght, stop it now,’ and I knew the police

had arrived

I WAS like dazed, O my brothers, and could

not viddy very clear, but I was sure I had

met these millicents some mesto before.

The one who had hold of me, going

There there there,’ just by the front door

of the Public Bibho, him I did not know at all, but it

seemed to me he was hke very young to be a rozz But the

other two had backs that I was sure I had viddied before

They were lashing into these starry old vecks with great

bolshy glee and joy, swishing away with malenky whips,

creeching: There, you naughty boys That should teach

you to stop noting and breaking the State’s Peace, you

wicked villains, you’ So they drove these panting and

wheezing and near dying starry avengers back into the

reading-room, then they turned round, smecking with the

fun they’d had, to viddy me The older one of the two

said:

‘Well well well well well well well If it isn’t little Alex.

Very long time no viddy, droog. How goes>’ I was like

dazed, the uniform and the shlem or helmet making it

hard to viddy who this was, though litso and goloss were

very familiar. Then I looked at the other one, and about

him, with his grinning bezoorany litso, there was no doubt

Then, all numb and growing number, I looked back at the

well well welling one This one was then fatty old Billyboy,

my old enemy The other was, of course, Dim, who had

used to be my droog and also the enemy of stmking fatty

goaty Billyboy, but was now a milhcent with uniform and

shlem and whip to keep order I said

‘Oh no.’

‘Surprise, eh^’ And old Dim came out with the old guff

I remembered so horrorshow ‘Huh huh huh ’

‘It’s impossible,’ I said. ‘It can’t be so I don’t believe it ’

‘Evidence of the old glazzies,’ grinned Billyboy ‘Nothing

up our sleeves. No magic, droog A Job for two who are

now of job-age. The poUce.’

‘You’re too young,’ I said ‘Much too young 'They don’t

make rozzes of malchicks of your age ’

‘Was young,’ went old millicent Dim I could not get

over it, lirothers, I really could not ‘That’s what we was,

young droogie And you it was that was always the

youngest And here now we are ’

‘I still can’t bcheve it,’ I said Then Billyboy, rozz Billy-

boy that I couldn’t get over, said to this young millicent

that was like holding on to me and that I did not know:

‘More good would be done, I think, Rex, if we doled out

a bit of the old summary. Boys will be boys, as always was.

No need to go through the old station routine. This one

here has been up to his old tricks, as we can well remem-

ber though you, of course, can’t. He has been attaddng

the aged and defenceless, and they have properly been

retaliating. But we must have our say in the State’s name.’

‘What is all this?’ I said, not able hardly to bdieve my

ookos. ‘It was them that went for me, brothers You’re not

on thdr side and can’t be You can’t be. Dim. It was a

veck we fiUied witib once in the old days trying to get his

own malenky bit of revenge after all this long time.’

Tiong time is right,’ said Dim. ‘I don’t remember them

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days too horrorshow Don’t call nae Dim no more, either.

Officer call me.’

‘Enough IS remembeied, thou^,’ Billyboy kept noddmg.

He was not so fatty as he had been. ‘Naughty little mal-

chicks handy with cut-throat bntvas - these must be kept

under.’ And they took me in a real strong grip and hke

walked me out of the Bibho There was a millicent patrol-

car waiting outside, and this veck they called Rex waS\*

the driver They like tolchocked me into the bacE of this

auto, and I couldn’t help feeling it was all really like a joke,

and that Dim anyway would pull his shlem off his gulliver

and go haw haw haw But he didn’t I said, trying to fight

the strack inside me-

‘And old Pete, what happened to old Pete? It was sad

about Georgie,’ I said ‘I slooshied all about that.’

‘Pete, oh yes, Pete,’ said Efim ‘I seem to remember hke

the name’ I could viddy we were driving out of town

I said'

‘Where are we supposed to be going?’

Billyboy turned round from the front to say. ‘It’s light

still. A little drive into the country, all winter-bare but

lonely and lovely. It is not right, not always, for lewdies

in the town to viddy too much of our summary pumsh-

ment. Streets must be kept clean in more than one way ’

And he turned to the front again.

‘Come,’ I said. ‘I just don’t get this at ail. The old days

are dead and gone days. For what I did in the past I have

been punished. I have been cured.’

‘That was read out to us,’ said Dim. ‘The Super read all

that out to us. He said it was a very good way.’

•Read to you,’ I said, a malenky bit nasty. Tou still too

dim to read for yotusdf, O brother?’

‘Ah, no,’ said Efim, very like gentle and like regretful.

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‘Not to speak like that Not no more, droogie ’ And he

launched a bolshy tolchock right on my cluve, so that all

red red nose-krovvy started to drip drip drip

‘There was never any trust,’ I said, bitter, wiping oflE the

krovvy with my rooker 1 was always on my oddy knocky ’

‘This will do,’ said Billyboy. We were now in the country

and it was all bare trees and a few odd distant like twitters,

and in the distance there was some like farm machine

making a whirring shoom It was getting all dusk now, this

being the heighth of winter There were no lewdies about,

nor no animals. There was just the four. ‘Get out, Alex

boy,’ said Dim, ‘Just a malenky bit of summary ’

All through what they did this driver veck just sat at

the wheel of the auto, smoking a cancer, reading a malenky

bit of a book. He had the light on in the auto to viddy

by He took no notice of what Billyboy and"^Dim did to

your Humble Narrator I will not go into what they did,

but It was all like panting and thudding against this like

background of whirring farm engines and the twittwit-

twittering m the baie or nagoy branches You could viddy

a bit of smoky breath in the auto light, this driver turn-

ing the pages over quite calm. And they were on to me

all the time, O my brothers. Then Billyboy or Dim, I

couldn’t say which one, said ‘About enough, droogie, I

should think, shouldn’t you?’ Then they gave me one

final tolchock on the htso each and I fell over and just

laid there on the grass It was cold but I was not feeling

the cold. Then they dusted their rookers and put back on

their shlems and tunics which they had taken off, and then

they got back into the auto ‘Be viddying you some more

sometime, Alex,’ said Billyboy, and Dim just gave one of

his old downy guffs. The driver finished the page he was

reading and put his book away, then he started the auto

and they were off townwards, my ex-droog and ex-enemy

waving But I just laid there, fagged and shagged

After a bit I was hurtmg bad, and then the rain started,

all icy I could viddy no lewdies in sight, nor no hghts of

houses. Where was I to go, who had no home and not

much cutter in my carmans? I cried for myself boo hoo

hoo Then I got up and began walking

Home, home, home, it was home I was

wanting, and it was HOME I came to,

brothers. I walked through the dark and

followed not the town way but the way

where the shoom of a like farm machme

had been commg from. This brought me to a sort of

village I felt I had viddied before, but was perhaps be-

cause all villages look the same, in the dark especially

Here were houses and there was a like drinking mesto,

and right at the end of the village there was a malenky

cottage on its oddy knocky, and I could viddy its name

shining white on the gate HOME, it said I was all drip-

ping wet with this icy rain, so that my platties were no

longer in the heighth of fashion but real miserable and

like pathetic, and my luscious glory was a wet tangled

cally mess all spread over my gulliver, and I was sure there

were cuts and bruises all over my litso, and a couple of

my zoobies sort of joggled loose when I touched them

with my tongue or yahzick And I was sore all over my

plott and very thirsty, so that I kept opening my rot to

the cold rain, and my stomach growled grrrrr all the time

with not having had any pishcha since morning and then

not very much, O my brothers.

HOME, it said, and perhaps here wotild be some veck

to help. I opened the gate and sort of slithered down the

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path, the lain hke turning to ice, and then I knocked

gentle and pathetic on the door. No veck came, so I

knocked a malenky bit longer and louder, and then I

heard the shoom of nogas coming to the door. Then the

door opened and a male goloss said ‘Yes, what is it^’

‘Oh,’ I said, ‘please help I’ve been beaten up by the

police and ]ust left to die on the road Oh, please give me

a drink of something and a sit by the fire, please, sir,’

The door opened full then, and I could viddy likfe warm

light and a fire going crackle crackle within ‘Come in,’

said this veck, ‘whoever you are. God help you, you poor

victim, come in and let’s have a look at you ’ So I like

staggered in, and it was no big act I was putang on,

brothers, I really felt done and finished. This kind veck

put his rookers round my pletchoes and pulled me into

this room where the fire was, and of course I knew nght

away now where it was and why HOME on the gate looked

so familiar. I looked at this veck and he looked at me in a

kind sort of way, and I remembered him well now Of

course he would not remember me, for in those carefree

days I and my so-called droogs did all our bolshy dratsing

and fillymg and crasting m maskies which were real horror-

show disguises. He was a shortish veck in middle age,

thirty, forty, fifty, and he had ochkies on. ‘Sit down by the

fire,’ he said, ‘and I’ll get you some whisky and warm

water. Dear dear dear, somebody has been beating you

up.’ And he gave a like tender look at my gulliver and

litso.

‘The police,’ I said. ‘The horrible ghastly police.’

‘Another victim,’ he said, like sighing. ‘A victim of the

modern age I’ll go and get you that whisky and then I

must dean up your wounds a little.’ And off he went. I

had a look round this malenky comfortable room. It was

nearly all books now and a fire and a couple of chairs, and

you could viddy somehow that there wasn’t a woman livmg

there On the table was a typewriter and a lot of like

tumbled papers, and I remembered that this veck was a

writer veck. A Clockwork Orange, that had been it. It was

funny that that stuck in my mind. I must not let on,

though, for I needed help and kindness now Those

horrible grahzny bratchnies in that terrible white mesto

had dohe that to me, makmg me need help and kindness

now and forcing me to want to give help and kindness

myself, if anybody would take it

‘Here we are, then,’ said this veck returning He gave

me this hot stimulating glassful to peet, and it made me

feel better, and then he cleaned up these cuts on my litso

Then he said\* “You have a nice hot bath. I’ll draw it for

you, and then you can tell me all about it over a nice hot

supper which I’ll get ready while you’re having the bath ’

O my brothers, I could have wept at his kindness, and I

think he must have viddied the old tears in my glazzies,

for he said ‘There there there,’ patting me on the pletcho

Anyway, I went up and had this hot bath, and he

brought in pyjamas and an over-gown for me to put on,

all warmed by the fire, also a very worn pair of toofles.

And now, brothers, though I was aching and full of pains

all over, I felt I would soon feel a lot better I ittied down-

stairs and viddied that in the kitchen he had set the table

with knives and forks and a fine big loaf of kleb, also a

bottle of PjRIMA SAUCE, and soon he served out a nice

fry of eggiwegs and lomticks of ham and bursting sausages

and big bolshy mugs of hot sweet milky chai. It was mce

sitting there in the warm, eating, and I found I was Tery

hungry, so that after the fry I had to eat lomdck after lom-

tick of kleb and butter spread with strawberry jam out of

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a bolshy great pot. ‘A lot better,’ I said ‘How can I ever

repay?’

‘I think I know who you are,’ he said ‘If you are who

I think you are, then you’ve come, my friend, to the nght

place Wasn’t that your picture m the papers this morn-

ing? Are you the poor victim of this hornble new

technique? If so, then you have been sent here by Provi-

dence Tortured in prison, then thrown out to be tortured

by the police. My heart goes out to you, poor poOr boy ’

Brothers, I could not get a slovo in, though I had my rot

wide open to answer his questions ‘You are not the first

to come here in distress,’ he said ‘The police are fond of

bringing their victims to the outskirts of this village. But

it is providential that you, who are also another kind of

victim, should come here Perhaps, then, you have heard

of me?’

I had to be very careful, brothers. I said: ‘I have heard

of A Clockwork Orange. I have not read it, but I have

heard of it ’

‘Ah,’ he said, and his litso shone like the sun in its

flaming morning glory. ‘Now tell me about yourself.’

‘Little enough to teU, sir,’ I said, all humble. ‘There was

a foolish and boyish prank, my soealled friends persuad-

ing or rather foremg me to break into the house of an

old ptitsa - lady, I mean. There was no real harm meant

Unfortunately the lady strmned her good old heart in

trying to throw me out, though I was quite leady to go of

my own accord, and then she died. I was accused of being

the cause of her death. So I was sent to prison, sir,’

‘Yes yes yes, go on.’

‘Then I was picked out by the Minister of the Inferior

or Interior to have this Ludovico’s veshch tried out on me.’

‘Tell me all about it,’ he said, leaning forward eager,

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his pullover elbows with all strawberry jam on them from

the plate I’d pushed to one side So I told him all about it

I told him the lot, all, my brothers He was very eager

to hear all, his glazzies like shining and his goobers apart,

while the grease on the plates grew harder harder harder

When I had finished he got up from the table, nodding a

lot and going hm hm hm, picking up the plates and other

veshches from the table and taking them to the sink for

washing up. I said.

‘I will do that, sir, and gladly ’

‘Rest, rest, poor lad,’ he said, turning the tap on so that

all steam came burping out. ‘You’ve sinned, I suppose, but

your punishment has been out of all proportion. They

have turned you into something other than a human being

You have no power of choice any longer You are com-

mitted to socially acceptable acts, a little machine capable

only of good. And I see that clearly -that business about

the marginal conditionings Music and the sexual act,

literature and art, all must be a source now not of pleasure

but of pain ’

‘That’s right, sir,’ I said, smoking one of this kind man’s

cork-tipped cancers.

‘They always bite off too much,’ he said, drying a plate

like absent-mindedly ‘But the essential intention is the

real sin A man who cannot choose ceases to be a man.’

‘That’s what the Charles said, sir,’ I said. ‘The prison

chaplain, I mean.’

‘Did he, did he? Of course he did He’d have to,

wouldn’t he, bang a Christian? Well, now then,’ he said,

still mping the same plate he’d been wiping ten minutes

ago, ‘we shall have a few people in to see you tomorrow I

think you can be used, poor boy I think that you can

help dislodge this overbearing (^vemment. To turn a

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decent young man into a piece of clockwork should not,

surely, be seen as any triumph for any government, save

one that boasts of its repressiveness.’ He was still wiping

this same plate. I said.

‘Sir, you’re still wiping that same plate I agree with you,

sir, about boasting. This Government seems to be very

boastful.’

‘Oh,’ he said, hke viddymg this plate for the first time

and then putting it down ‘I’m still not too handy,’ he said,

‘with domestic chores. My wife used to do them all and

leave me to my writing ’

‘Your wife, sir>’ I said. ‘Has she gone and left you?’ I

really wanted to know about his wife, remembering very

well

‘Yes, left me,’ he said, in a hke loud and bitter goloss.

‘She died, you see She was brutally raped and beaten The

shock was very great It was in this house,’ his rookers

were trembling, holding a vidping-up cloth, ‘in that room

next door. I have had to steel myself to continue to live

here, but she would have wished me to stay where her

fragrant memory still lingers. Yes yes yes Poor little girl ’

I viddied all clearly, my brothers, what had happened

that far-off nochy, and viddying myself on that job, I

began to feel I wanted to sick and the pain started up in

my gulliver. This veck viddied this, because my litso felt

it was all drained of red red krovvy, very pale, and he

would be able to viddy this, ‘You go to bed now,’ he said

kindly. ‘I’ve got the spare room ready. Poor poor boy, you

must have had a terrible time. A victim of the modem

age, just as she was. Poor poor poor ^rl.’

I HAD a real horrorshow mght’s sleep,

brotliers, with no dreams at all, and the

morning was very clear and hke frosty, and

there was the very pleasant like von of

breakfast frymg away down below It took

me some little time to remember where I was, as it always

does, but It soon came back to me and then I felt like

warmed and protected. But, as I laid there m the bed,

waiting to be called down to breakfast, it struck me that I

ought to get to know the name of this kind protecting and

like motherly veck, so I had a pad round in my nagoy nogas

looking for A Clockwork Orange, which would be bound

to have his eemya in, he being the author. There was

nothing in my bedroom except a bed and a chair and a

light, so I ittied next door to this veck’s own room, and

there I viddied his wife on the wall, a bolshy blown-up

photo, so I felt a malenky bit sick remembering But there

were two or three shelves of books there too, and there

was, as I thought there must be, a copy of A Clockwork

Orange, and on the back of the book, like on the spine,

was the author’s eemya -F Alexander Good Bog, I

thought, he is another Alex. Then I leafed through, stand-

ing in my pyjamas and bare nogas but not feelmg one

malenky bit cold, the cottage being warm all through, and

I could not viddy what the book was about. It seemed

written m a very bezoomny like style, full of Ah and Oh

and that cal, but what seemed to come out of it was that

all lewdies nowadays were being turned into machines and

that they were really -you and me and him and kiss-my-

sharries - more hke a natural growth like a frurt. F. Alex-

ander seemed to think that we all like grow on what he

called the world-tree in the world-orchard that like Bog

or God planted, and we were there because Bog or God

had need of us to quench his thirsty love, or soifte such

cal I didn’t like the shoom of this at all, O my brothers,

and wondered how bezoomny this F Alexander really

was, perhaps driven bezoomny by his wife’s snuffing it.

But then he called me down in a hke sane veck’s goloss,

full of joy and love and all that cal, so down Your Humble

Narrator went

‘You’ve slept long,’ he said, ladling out boiled eggs and

pulling black toast from under the grill ‘It’s nearly ten

already I’ve been up hours, working.’

‘Writing another book, sir?’ I said

‘No no, not that now,’ he said, and we sat down nice

and droogy to the old crack crack crack of eggs and

crackle crunch crimch of this black toast, very milky chai

standing by in bolshy great morning mugs. ‘No, I’ve been

on the phone to various people.’

‘I thought you didn’t have a phone,’ I said, spooning

egg in and not watching out what I was saying.

‘Why?’ he said, very alert like some skorry animal with

an egg-spoon in its rooker. ‘Why shouldn’t you think I

have a phone?’

‘Nothing,’ I said, ‘nothing, nothing.’ And I wondered,

brothers, how much he remembered of the earlier part of

that distant nochy, me coming to the door with ^e old

tale and saying to phone the doctor and she sajnng no

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phone He took a very close smot at me but then went

back to being like kind and cheerful and spooning up the

old eggiweg Munching away, he said

‘Yes, I’ve rung up various people who will be interested

in your case. You can be a very potent weapon, you see, in

ensunng that this present evil and wicked Government is

not returned in the forthcoming election. The Govern-

ment’s big boast, you see, is the way it has dealt with

crime these last months ’ He looked at me very close again

over his steaming egg, and I wondered again if he was

viddying what part I had so far played in his jeezny

But he said: ‘Recruiting brutal young roughs for the police

Proposing debilitating and will-sapping techmques of con-

ditioning ’ All these long slovos, brothers, and a like mad

or bezoomny look in his glazzies ‘We’ve seen it all before,’

he said, ‘in other countncs. The thin end of the wedge

Before we know where we are we shall have the full

apparatus of totalitarianism ’ ‘Dear dear dear,’ I thought,

egging away and toast-crunching. I said

‘Where do I come into all this, sir?’

‘You,’ he said, still with this bezoomny look, ‘are a hving

wdtness to these diabolical proposals. The people, the

common people must know, must see.’ He got up from

his breakfast and started to walk up and down the Idtchen,

from the sink to the like larder, saying very gromky

‘Would they like their sons to become what you, poor

victim, have become? Will not the Government itself now

decide what is and what is not crime and pump out the

life and guts and will of whoever sees fit to displease the

Government?’ He became quieter but did not go back to

his egg. Tve written an article,’ he said, ‘this mommg,

while you were sleeping That will be out in a dky or so,

together with your unhappy picture. You shall sign it.

poor boy, a record of what they have done to you ’ I said

‘And what do you get out of all this, sir? I mean, besides

the pretty polly you’ll get for the article, as you call it? I

mean, why are you so hot and strong against this Govern-

ment, if I may make like so bold as to ask?’

He gripped the edge of the table and said, gritting his

zoobies, which were very cally and all stained with cancer-

smoke ‘Some of us have to fight. There are great tradi-

tions of liberty to defend. I am no partisan man Where I

see the infamy I seek to erase it Party names mean

nothing. The tradition of hberty means all. The common

people will let it go, oh yes They will sell liberty

for a quieter life That is why they must be prodded,

prodded — ’ And here, brothers, he picked up a fork and

stuck it two or three razzes into the wall, so that it all got

bent. Then he threw it on the floor Very kindly he said

‘Eat well, poor boy, poor victim of the modern world,’

and I could viddy quite clear he was going off his gulhver.

‘Eat, eat. Eat my egg as well.’ But I said-

‘And what do I get out of this? Do I get cured of the

way I am? Do I find myself able to slooshy the old Choral

Symphony without being sick once more? Can I live like

a normal jeezny again? What, sir, happens to me?’

He looked at me, brothers, as if he hadn’t thought of

that before and, anyway, it didn’t matter compared with

Liberty and all that cal, and he had a look of surprise at

me saying what I said, as though I was being like selfish

in wanting something for myself Then he said: ‘Oh, as I

say, you’re a living witness, poor boy. Eat up ail your

breakfast and then come and see what I’ve written, for

it’s going into The Weekly Trumpet under your name,

you unfortunate victim.’

Well, brothers, what he had written was a very lopg

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and very weepy piece of writing, and as I read it I felt

very sorry for the poor malchick who was govoreeting

about his sufferings and how the Government had sapped

his will and how it was up to all lewdies to not let such a

rotten and evil Government rule them again, and then of

course I realized that the poor suffering malchick was none

other than Y.H N. ‘Very good,’ I said. ‘Real horrorshow.

Written well thou hast, O sir ’ And then he looked at me

very naj;row and said

‘What?’ It was like he had not slooshied me before

‘Oh, that,’ I said, ‘is what we call nadsat talk. All the

teens use that, sir ’ So then he ittied off to the kitchen to

wash up the dishes, and I was left in these borrowed night

platties and toofles, waiting to have done to me what was

going to be done to me, because I had no plans for myself,

O my brothers

While the great F Alexander was in the kitchen a

dingalingaling came at the door. ‘Ah,’ he creeched, coming

out wiping his rookers, ‘it will be these people. I’ll go ’ So

he went and let them in, a kind of rumbling hahaha of

talk and hallo and filthy weather and how are things in

the hallway, then they itned into the room with the fire

and the books and the article about how I had suffered,

viddying me and going Aaaaah as they did it. There were

three lewdies, and F. Alex gave me their eemyas. Z. Dolin

was a very wheezy smoky kind of a veck, coughing kashl

kashl kashl with the end of a cancer in his rot, spilling

ash all down his platties and then brushing it away with

like very impatient rookers He was a malenky round veck,

fat, with big thick-framed ochkies on. Then there was

Something Something Rubinstein, a very tall and polite

chelloveck with a real gentleman’s goloss, very starry with

a like eggy beard. And lastly there was D B da Silva who

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was like skorry in his movements and had this strong von

of scent coming from him. They all had a real horror-

show look at me and seemed like overjoyed with what

they viddied Z Dolin said

‘All right, all right, eh^ What, a superb device he can

be, this boy If anything, of course, he could for preference

look even iller and more zombyish than he does Any-

thing for the cause No doubt we can think of something.’

I did not like that crack about zombyish, brothers, and

so I said: ‘What goes on, brames? What dost thou in mind

for thy httle droog have?’ And then F Alexander

swooshed in with.

‘Strange, strange, that manner of voice pricks me We’ve

come into contact before, I’m sure we have’ And he

brooded, like frowmng I would have to watch this, O my

brothers. D. B da Silva said

‘Public meetings, mainly To exhibit you at pubhc

meetings will be a tremendous help And, of course, the

newspaper angle is all tied up. A ruined life is the

approach. We must inflame all hearts.’ He showed his

thirty-odd zoobies, very white against his dark-coloured

htso, he looking a malenky bit like some foreigner. I

said:

‘Nobody will tell me what I get out of all this Tortured

in jail, thrown out of my home by my own patents and

their filthy overbearing lodger, beaten by old men and

near-killed by the millicents - what is to laecome of me?’

The Rubinstem veck came in with:

Tou will see, boy, that the Party will not be ungrateful.

Oh, no. At the end of it all there wiE be some very accept-

able little surprise for you. Just you wait and see.’

‘There’s only one veshch I require,’ I creeched out, ‘and

that’s to be normal and healthy as I was in the starry days,

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having my malenky bit of fun with real droogs and not

those who just call themselves that and are really more

like traitors. Can you do that, eh? Can any veck restore

me to what I was? That's what I want and that’s what I

want to know ’

Kashi kashl kashl, coughed this Z Dolin ‘A martyr to

the cause of Liberty/ he said Ton have your part to play

and don’t forget it. Meanwhile, we shall look after you ’

And he\*began to stroke my left rooker as if I was like an

idiot, grinning in a bezoonmy way I creeched-

\*Stop treating me like a thing that’s like got to be just

used I’m not an idiot you can impose on, you stupid

bratchmes. Ordinary prestoopnicks are stupid, but I’m not

ordinary and nor am I dim Do you slooshy?’

'Dim,’ said F Alexander, like musing. 'Dim. That was

a name somewhere. Dim’

'Eh^’ I said 'What’s Dim got to do with it? What do

you know about Dim?’ And then I said 'Oh, Bog help

us ’ I didn’t like the like look in F Alexander’s glazzies

I made for the door, wanting to go upstairs and get my

platties and then itty off

'I could almost believe,’ said F Alexandei, showing his

stained zoobies, his glazzies mad 'But such things are

impossible. For, by Christ, if he were I’d tear him. I’d

split him, by God, yes yes, so I would ’

'There/ said D B da Silva, stroking his chest like he

was a doggie to calm him down. 'It’s all in the past It was

other people altogether We must help this poor victim.

That’s what we must do now, remembering the Future

and our Cause ’

'I’ll just get my platues,’ I said, at the stair-foot, 'that

is to say dothes, and then 111 be ittying off all on my oddy

knocky, I moan, my gratitude for all, but I have my own

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jeezny to live ' Because, bi others, I wanted to get out of

here real skorry But Z. Dolin said.

‘Ah, no. We have you, fnend, and we keep you. You

come with us Everything will be all right, you’ll see ’ And

he came up to me like to grab hold of my rooker again

Then, brothers, I thought of fight, but thinking of fight

made me like want to collapse and sick, so I just stood

And then I saw this like madness in F, Alexander’s

glazzies and said •

‘Whatever you say. I am m your rookers But let’s get

it started and all over, brothers ’ Because what I wanted

now was to get out of this mesto called HOME I was

beginmng not to like the like look of the glazzies of F

Alexander one malenky bit

‘Good,’ said this Rubinstein ‘Get dressed and let’s get

started.’

‘Dim dim dim,’ F Alexander kept saying in a hke low

mutter ‘What or who was this Dim?’ I ittied upstairs real

skorry and dressed in near two seconds flat. Then I was

out with these three and into an auto, Rubinstein one

side of me and Z. Dolin coughing kashl kashl kashl the

other side, D B da Silva doing the driving, into the town

and to a flatblack not really all that distant from what

had used to be my own flatblock or home. ‘Come, boy,

out,’ said Z. Dolin, coughing to make the cancer-end in

his rot glow red like some malenky furnace. ‘This is where

you shall be installed.’ So we ittied m, and there was hke

another of these Dignity of Labour vcshches on the wall

of the vestibule, and we upped in the lift, brothers, and

then went into a flat like all the flats of all the flatblocks

of the town. Very very malenky, with two bedrooms and

one live-eat-work-room, the table of this all covered with

books and papers and ink and bottles and all that cal.

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‘Here is your new home,’ said D B. da Silva ‘Settle here,

boy Food is in the food-cupboard Pyjamas are in a

drawer Rest, rest, perturbed spirit’

‘Eh?’ I said, not quite ponying that.

‘All right,’ said Rubinstein, with his starry goloss ‘We

are now leaving you Work has to be done. We’ll be with

you later Occupy yourself as best you can ’

‘One thing,' coughed Z Dohn kashl kashl kashl ‘You

saw wh3t stirred in the tortured memory of our friend F

Alexander. Was it, by any chance — ? That is to say, did

you — ? I think you know what I mean We won’t let it go

any further’

‘I’ve paid,’ I said ‘Bog knows I’ve paid for what I did

I’ve paid not only like for myself hut for those hratchnies

too that called themselves ray droogs’ I felt violent so

then I felt a bit sick ‘I’ll lay down a hit,’ I said ‘I’ve been

through terrible terrible times.’

‘You have,’ said D. B. da Silva, showing all his thirty

zoobies. ‘You do that ’

So they left me, brothers They ittied off about their

business, which I took to be about politics and all that cal,

and I was on the bed, all on my oddy knocky with every-

thing very very quiet I just laid there with my sabo^

kicked off my nogas and my tie loose, like all bewildered

and not knowing what sort of a jeezny I was going to live

now. And all sorts of like pictures kept like passmg

through my gulliver, of the different chellovecks I’d met

at school and in the Staja, and the different veshches that

had happened to me, and how there was not one v«:k you

could trust in the whole bolshy world. And then I like

dozed off, brothers.

When I woke up I could slooshy music coming out of

the wall, real gromky, and it was that that had dragged

me out of my bit of like sleep It was a symphony that I

knew real horrorshow but had not slooshied for many a

year, namely the Symphony Number Three of the Danish

veck Otto Skadelig, a very gromky and violent piece,

especially in the first movement, which was what was play-

ing now I slooshied for two seconds in like interest and

]oy, but then it all came over me, the start of the pain and

the sickness, and I began to groan deep down in my

keeshkas And then there I was, me who had loved music

so much, crawling ofE the bed and going oh oh oh to my-

self, and then bang bang banging on the wall creechmg\*

‘Stop, stop It, turn it off I’ But it went on and it seemed to

be like louder So I crashed at the wall till my knuckles

were all red red krowy and torn skm, creechmg and

creechmg, but the music did not stop. Then I thought I

had to get away from it, so I lurched out of the malenky

bedroom and ittied skorry to the front door of the flat,

but this had been locked from the outside and I could

not get out. And all the time the music got more and more

gromky, like it was all a deliberate torture, O my brothers.

So I stuck my little fingers real deep in my ookos, but

the trombones and kettledrums blasted through gromky

enough. So I creeched again for them to stop and went

hammer hammer hammer on the wall, but it made not

one malenky bit of difference. ‘Oh, what am I to do?’ I

boohooed to myself. ‘Oh, Bog in Heaven help me ’ I was

like wandering all over the fiat in pain and sickness, try-

ing to shut out the music and like groaning deep out of

my guts, and then on top of the pile of books and papers

and all that cal that was on the table in the living-room

I viddied what I had to do and what I had wanted to do

until those old men m the Public Bibho and then' Dim

and BBlyboy disguised as rozzes stopped me, and that was

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to do myself in, to snuff it, to blast off foi ever out of this

wicked and cruel world What I viddied was the\* slovo

DEATH on the cover of a like pamphlet, even though it

was only DEATH TO THE GOVERNMENT And like

It was Fate there was another like malenky booklet which

had an open window on the cover, and it said ‘Open the

window to fresh air, fresh ideas, a new way of living ’ And

so I knew that was hke tellmg me to iBnish it all off by

jumping; out One moment of pain, perhaps, and then

sleep for ever and ever and ever.

The music was still pouring in all brass and drums and

the violins miles up through the wall. The window in the

room where I had laid down was open I ittied to it and

viddied a fair drop to the autos and buses and walking

chellovecks below I creeched out to the world’ ‘Goodbye,

goodbye, may Bog forgive you for a ruined life ' Then I

got on to the sill, the music blasting away to my left, and

I shut my glazzies and felt the cold wind on my litso, then

I jumped

I JUMPED, O my brothers, and I feK on the

sidewalk hard, hut I did not snufE it, oh no

If I had snuffed it I would not be here to

write what I written have. It seems that

the jump was not from a big enough

heighth to kill But I cracked my back and my wrists

and nogas and felt very bolshy pam before I passed out,

brothers, with astonished and surprised litsos of chello-

vecks in the streets looking at me from above And just

before I passed out I viddied clear that not one chello-

veck in the whole hornd world was for me and that that

music through the wall had all been hke arranged by

those who were supposed to be my hke new droogs and

that it was some veshch like this that they wanted for

their horrible selfish and boastful politics All that was in

like a million millionth part of one minoota before I threw

over the world and the sky and the litsos of the staring

chellovecks that were above me.

Where I was when I came back to jeezny after a long

black black gap of it might have been a million years was

a hosjntal, all white and with this von of hospitals you

^t, all like sour and smug and clean. These antiseptic

veshches you get in hospitals should have a real horror-

show von of like fiTing onions or of flowers. I came very

slow back to knowing who I was and I was all bound up

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in white and I could not feel anything in my plott, pain

nor sensation nor any veshch at all. All round my guUiver

was a bandage and there were bits of stuff hke stuck to

my litso, and my rookcrs were all in bandages and like

bits of stick were hke fixed to my fingers like on it might

be flowers to make them grow straight, and my poor old

nogas were all straightened out too, and it was all

bandages and wire cages and into my right rooker, near

the plftcho, was red red krowy dripping from a jar up-

side down But I could not feel anything, O my brothers

There was a nurse simng by my bed and she was reading

some book that was all like very dim print and you could

viddy It was a story because of a lot of inverted commas,

and she was like breathing hard uh uh uh over it, so it

must have been a story about the old in-out in-out She

was a real horrorshow devotchka, this nurse, with a very

red rot and like long lashes over her glazzies, and under

her hke very stiff umform you could viddy she had very

horrorshow groodies So I said to her “What gives, O my

little sister? Come thou and have a nice lay-down with

your malenky droog in this bed.’ But the slovos didn’t

come out horrorshow at all, it being as though my rot

was all stiffened up, and I could feel with my yahzick that

some of my zoobies were no longer there But this nurse

like jumped and dropped her book on the floor and

said

‘Oh, you’ve recovered consciousness.’

That was like a big rotful for a malenky ptitsa hke her,

and I tried to say so, but the slovos came out only like er

cr er. She ittied off and left me on my oddy knocky, and I

could viddy now that I was in a malenky room of my own,

not in one of these long wards like I had been m as a

very little malchick, full of coughing dymg starry vecks

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all round to make you want to get well and fit again

It had been like diphtheria I had had then, O my

brothers.

It was like now as though I could not hold to being

consaous all that long, because I was like asleep again

almost right away, very skorry, but in a minoota or two

I was sure that this nurse ptitsa had come back and had

brought chellovecks in white coats with her and they were

viddying me very frowning and going hm hm hm at Your

Humble Narrator. And with them I was sure there was

the old Charles from the Staja govoreeting" ‘Oh my son,

my son,’ breathing a like very stale von of whisky on to

me and then saymg- “But I would not stay, oh no. I could

not in no wise subscribe to what those bratchmes are

going to do to other poor prestoopmcks. So I got out and

am preaching sermons now about it all, my little beloved

son in J.C ’

I woke up again later on and who should I viddy there

round the bed but the three from whose flat I had jumped

out, namely D. B. da Silva and Something Something

Rubinstdin and Z. Dolin. ‘Friend,’ one of these vecks was

saying, hut I could not viddy or slooshy horrorshow

which one, ‘Mend, little Mend,’ this goloss was saying,

‘the people are on fire with indignanon You have killed

those horrible boastful villains’ chances of re-election.

They will go and will go for ever and ever You have

served Liberty well.’ I tried to say\*

‘If I had died it would have been even better for you

political bratchmes, would it not, pretending and treacher-

ous droogs as you arc.’ But all that came out was er er

er. Then one of these three seemed to hold out a lot of

bits cut from gazettas and what I could viddy was a

horrible picture of me all krowy on a stretcher being

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carried off and I seemed to like remember a kind of a pop-

ping of lights which must have been photographer vecks.

Out of one glazz I could read like headlines which were

sort of trembling in the rooker of the chelloveck that held

them, like BOY VICTIM OF CRIMINAL REFORM

SCHEME and GOVERNMENT AS MURDERER and

then there was like a picture of a veck that looked faimliar

to me and it said OUT OUT OUT, and that would be

the Minister of the Inferior or Interior Then the nurse

ptitsa said ’

Tou shouldn’t be exciting him like that. You shouldn’t

be doing anything that will make him upset. Now come

on, let’s have you out ’ I tried to say:

\*Out out out/ but it was er er er again Anyway, these

three political vecks went And I went, too, only back to

the land, back to all blackness lit up by like odd dreams

which I didn’t know whether they were dreams or not,

O my brothers. Like for instance I had this idea of my

whole plott or body being like emptied of as it might be

dirty water and then filled up again with clean And then

there were really lovely and horrorshow dreams of being

in some veck’s auto that had been crasted by me and driv^

ing up and down the world all on my oddy knocky run-

ning lewdies down and hearing them creech they were

dying, and in me no pain and no sickness\* And also there

were dreams of doing the old m-out in-out with devotchkas,

forcing like them down on the ground and making them

have it and everybody standing roxmd clapping their

rookers and cheering like bezoomny. And then I woke up

again and it was my pee and em come to viddy their ill

son, my em boohooing real horrorshow. I could govoreet

a lot better now and could say:

\*Well well well well well, what gives? What makes you

think you are like welcome?’ My papapa said, in a like

ashamed way:

‘You were m the papers, son It said they had done

great wrong to you It said how the Government drove

you to try and do yourself in. And it was our fault too,

in a way, son Your home’s your home, when all’s said

and done, son ’ And my mum kept on going boohoohoo

and looking ugly as kiss-my-sharries So I said

‘And how beeth thy new son Joe? Well and heallSiy and

prosperous, I trust and pray’ My mum said\*

‘Oh, Alex Alex Owwwwwwww ’ My papapa said

‘A very awkward thing, son. He got into a bit of trouble

with the police and was done by the pohce ’

‘Really?’ I said. ‘Really? Such a good sort of chelloveck

and all Amazed proper I am, honest ’

‘Minding his own business he was,' said my pee ‘And

the police told him to move on. Waiting at a corner he

was, son, to see a ^rl he was going to meet. And they

told him to move on and he said he had rights like every-

body else, and then they sort of fell on top of him and

hit him about cruel.’

‘Terrible,’ I said. ‘Really terrible And where is the poor

boy now?’

‘Owwwww,’ boohooed my mum. ‘Gone back owww-

wwwme.’

‘Yes,’ said dad ‘He’s gone back to his own home town

to get better. They’ve had to ^ve his job here to some-

body else.’

‘So now,’ I said, ‘you’re willing for me to move back in

again and things be like they were before.’

Tes, son,’ said my papapa ‘Please, son ’

‘I’ll consider it,’ I said Til thmk about it real careful '

‘Owwwww,’ went my mum

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"Ah, shut it,’ I said, "or Til give you something proper

to yowl and creech about. Kick your zoobies in I will ’

And, O my brothers, saying that made me feel a malenky

bit better, as if all like fresh red red krovvy was flowing

all through my plott That was something I had to think

about It was like as though to get better I had had to get

worse

"That’s no way to speak to your mother, son,’ said my

papapgp, "After all, she brought you into the world ’

"Yes,’ I said, "and a right grahzny vonny world too.’ I

shut my glazzies tight m like pain and said’ "Go away

now. I’ll think about coming back. But things will have

to be very different.’

‘Yes, son,’ said my pee "Anything you say.’

‘You’ll have to make up your mind,\* I said, "who’s to

be boss ’

"Owwwwww,\* my mum went on

‘Very good, son,’ said my papapa ‘Things will be as

you like Only get well,’

When they had gone I laid and thought a bit about

different veshches, hke all different pictures passing

through my gulliver, and when the nurse ptitsa came

back in and like straightened the sheets on the bed I said

to her.

"How long is it I’ve been in here?’

"A week or so,’ she said

"And what have they been domg to me?’

‘Well,’ she said, "you were aU broken up and bruised

and had sustained severe concussion and had lost a lot of

blood. They’ve had to put all that right, haven’t they?’

"But/ I said, "has anyone been doing anything with my

gulliver^ What I mean is, have they been playing around

with inside like my brain?’

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‘Whatever they’ve done,’ she said, ‘it’ll all be for the

best ’

But a couple of days later a couple of like doctor vecks

came in, both youngish vecks with these very sladky

smiles, and they had hke a picture book with them. One

of them said ‘We want you to have a look at these and

to tell us what you think about them. All right^’

‘What giveth, O httle droo^es?’ I said. ‘What new

bezoomny idea dost thou in mind have?’ So thiy both

had a like embarrassed smeck at that and then they sat

down either side of the bed and opened up this book On

the first page there was like a photograph of a bird-nest

full of eggs.

‘Yes?’ one of these doctor vecks said

‘A bird-nest,’ I said, ‘full of like eggs Very very mce.’

‘And what would you like to do about it?’ the other one

said.

‘Oh,\* I said, ‘smash them. Kck up the lot and like throw

them against a wall or a chff or something and then viddy

them aH smash up real horrorshow ’

‘Good good,’ they both said, and then the page was

turned. It was like a picture of one of these bolshy great

birds called peacocks with all its tail spread out in all

colours in a very boastful way. ‘Yes?’ said one of these

vecks.

‘I would Uke,’ I said, ‘to pull out hke all those feathers

in its tail and slooshy it creech blue murder For being so

like boastful ’

‘Good,’ they both said, ‘good good good ’ And they went

on turning the pages. There were like pictures of real

horrorshow devotchkas, and I said I would like to give

them the old in-out in-out with lots of ultra-violence.

There were like pictures of chellovecks being given the

tSo

boot straight in the litso and all red red krovvy every-

where and I said I would like to be in on that. And there

was a picture of the old nagoy droog of the prison charhe’s

carrying his cross up a hill, and I said I would hke to have

the old hammer and nails Good good good I said-

‘What IS all this?’

‘Deep hypnopaedia,’ or some such slovo, said one of

these two vecks. ‘You seem to be cured.’

‘Cured?’ I said. ‘Me tied down to this bed like this and

you say cured? Eliss my sharries is what I say ’

‘Wait,’ the other said ‘It won’t be long now ’

So I waited and, O my brothers, I got a lot better,

munchmg away at eggiwegs and lomticks of toast and

peeting bolshy great mugs of milky chai, and then one

day they said I was going to have a very very very special

visitor.

‘Who?’ I said, while they straightened the bed and

combed my luscious glory for me, me having the bandage

ofE now from my gulliver and the hair growing again.

‘You’ll see, you’ll see,’ they said. And I viddied all right.

At two-thirty of the afternoon there were like all photo-

graphers and men from gazettas with notebooks and

pencils and all that cal. And, brothers, they near

trumpeted a bolshy fanfare for this great and important

veck who was coming to viddy Your Humble Narrator.

And in he came, and of course it was none other than the

Minister of the Interior or Inferior, dressed in the heighth

of fashion and with this very upper-class haw haw haw

goloss. Flash flash bang went the cameras when he put out

his rooker to me to shake it. I said:

‘Well well well well well. What ^veth then, old

droo^e?’ Nobody seemed to quite pony that, but some-

body said in a like harsh goloss.

‘Be more respectful, boy, in addressing the Mimster ’

‘Yarbles,’ I said, like snarling like a doggie ‘Bolshy

great yarblockos to thee and thine \*

‘All right, all right,’ said the Interior Inferior one very

skorry ‘He speaks to me as a fnend, don’t you, son?’

‘I am everyone’s friend,’ I said ‘Except to my enemies.’

‘And who are your enemies?’ said the Minister, while

all the gazetta vecks went scribble scribble scribble. ‘Tell

us that, my boy ’

‘All who do me wrong,’ I said, ‘are my enemies ’

‘Well,’ said the Int Inf Min, sitting down by my bed ‘I

and the Government of which I am a member want you

to regard us as friends. Yes, friends We have put you

right, yes? You are gettmg the best of treatment. We never

wished you harm, but there are some who did and do. And

I think you know who those are ’

‘All who do me wrong,’ I said, ‘are my enemies.’

‘Yes yes yes,\* he said. ‘There are certain men who

wanted to use you, yes, use you for pohtical ends. They

would have been glad, yes, glad for you to be dead, for

they thought they could then blame it all on the Govern-

ment. I think you know who those men are ’

T did not,’ I said, ‘like the look of them.’

‘There is a man,’ said the Intinfmin, ‘called F

Alexander, a writer of subversive literature, who has been

howling for your blood He has been mad with desire to

stick a kmfe in you. But you’re safe from him now We

put him away’

‘He was supposed to be like a droogie,’ I said ‘Like a

mother to me was what he was.’

‘He found out that you had done wrong to him. At

least,’ said the Min very very skorry, ‘he believed you had

done wrong. He formed this idea in his mind that you

i8a

had been responsible for the death of someone near and

dear to him ’

‘What you mean/ I said, ‘is that he was told/

‘He had this idea,’ said the Min ‘He was a menace. We

put him away for his own protection. And also,’ he said,

‘for yours ’

‘Kind,’ I said ‘Most kind of thou ’

‘When you leave here,’ said the Min, ‘you will have no

worries AVe shall see to everything A good job on a good

salary. Because you are helpmg us ’

‘Am I?’ I said

‘We always help our friends, don’t we?’ And then he

took my rooker and some veck creeched ‘Smile 1’ and I

smiled hke bezoomny without thinking, and then flash

flash crack flash bang there were pictures being taken of

me and the Intinfmin all droogy together. ‘Good boy/ said

this great chelloveck ‘Good good boy. And now, see, a

present ’

What was brought in now, brothers, was a big shiny

box, and I viddied clear what sort of a veshch it was. It

was a stereo. It was put down next to the bed and opened

up and some veck plugged its lead into the wall-socket.

'Wbat shall it be?’ asked a veck with ochkies on his

nose, and he had in his rookers lovely shiny sleeves

full of music ‘Mozart? Beethoven? Schoenberg? Carl

Orff?’

‘The Ninth,’ I said ‘The glorious Ninth.’

And the Ninth it was, O my brothers- Everybody began

to leave nice and quiet while I laid there with my glazzies

closed, sloQshying the lovely music The Min said. ‘Good

good boy,’ patting me on the pletcho, then he ittied off.

Only one veck was left, saying ‘Sign here, please.\* I opened

my glazzies up to sign, not knowing what I was signing

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and not, O my brothers, caring either Then I was left

alone with the glorious Ninth of Ludwig van

Oh, it was gorgeosity and yumyumyum When it came

to the Scherzo I could viddy myself very clear running

and running on like very light and mysterious nogas,

carving the whole litso of the creeching world with my

cut-throat britva And there was the slow movement and

the lovely last singing movement still to come, I was cured

all light

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“What’s it going to be then, eh?’

There was me, Your Humble Narrator,

and my three droogs, that is Len, Rick,

and Bully, Bully being called Bully be-

cause of his bolshy big neck and very

gromky goloss which was just hke some bolshy great bull

bellowing auuuuuuuuh We were sitting m the Korova

Milkbar making up our rassoodocks what to do with the

evening, a flip dark chill winter bastard though dry. All

round were chellovecks well away on milk plus vellocet

and synthemesc and drencrom and other veshches which

take you far far far away from this wicked and real world

into the land to viddy Bog And All His Holy Angels And

Saints m your left sabog with Ughts bursting and spurting

all over your mozg What we were peering was the old

moloko with knives in it, as we used to say, to sharpen

you up and make you ready for a bit of dirty twenty-to-

one, but Fve told you all that before

We were dressed in the heighth of fashion, which in

those days was these very wide trousers and a very loose

black shiny leather like jerkin over an open-necked shirt

with a like scarf tucked in. At this ume too it was the

heighth of fashion to use the old britva on the gullivcr,

so that most of the gulliver was like bald and there was

hair only on the sides But it was always the same on the

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old nogas -real horrorshow bolshy big boots for kicking

litsos in

‘What’s It going to be then, eh?’

I was like the oldest of we four, and they all looked up

to me as their leader, but I got the idea sometimes that

Bully had the thought in his guUiver that he would like

to take over, this being because of his bigness and the

gromky goloss that bellowed out of him when he was on

the warpath. But all the ideas came from Your Humble,

O my brothers, and also there was this veshch that I had

been famous and had had my picture and articles and all

that cal in the gazettas. Also I had by far the best job of

all we four, being in the National Gramodisc Archives

on the music side with a real horrorshow carman full of

pretty poUy at the week’s end and a lot of nice free discs

for my own malenky self on the side

This evening in the Korova there was a fair number of

vecks and ptitsas and devotchkas and malchicks smecking

and peeting away, and cutting through their govoreeting

and the burbhng of the in-the-landers with their ‘Gorgor

fallatuke and the worm sprays in filltip slaughterballs’ and

all that cal you could slooshy a popdisc on the stereo, this

being Ned Achimota singing ‘That Day, Yeah, That Day’

At the counter were three devotchkas dressed in the

heighth of nadsat fashion, that is to say long uncombed

hair dyed white and false groodies sticking out a metre or

more and very very tight short skirts with all like frothy

white underneath, and Bully kept saying ‘Hey, get in

there we could, three of us Old I,en is not like interested

Leave old Len alone with his God.' And Len kept saying

TTarbles yarbles. Where is the spint of all for one and

one for all, eh boy?’ Suddenly I felt both very very tired

and also full of tingly energy, and I said\*

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‘Out out out out out ’

‘Where to^’ said Rick, who had a litso like a frog’s

‘Oh, ]ust to viddy what’s doing in the great outside,’ I

said But somehow, my brothers, I felt very bored and a

bit hopeless, and I had been feeling that a lot these days.

So I turned to the chelloveck nearest me on the big

plush seat that ran nght round the whole mesto, a chello-

veck, that is, who was burbhng away under the influence,

and I fisted him real skorry ack ack ack in the belly. But

he felt it not, brothers, only burbling away with his ‘Cart

cart virtue, where in toptails heth the poppoppicoms?’ So

we scatted out into the big winter nochy

We walked down Marghanita Boulevard and there were

no miUicents patrolling that way, so when we met a starry

veck coming away from a news-kiosk where he had been

kupetnng a gazetta I said to Bully ‘All nght, Bully boy,

thou canst if thou like wishest.’ More and more these days

I had been just giving the orders and standing back to

viddy them being carried out. So Bully cracked into him

er er er, and the other two tripped him and kicked at him,

smecking away, while he was down and then let him crawl

off to where he lived, like whimpenng to himself. Bully

said;

‘How about a mce yummy glass of something to keep out

the cold, O Alex^’ For we were not too far from the Duke

of New York The other two nodded yes yes yes but all

looked at me to viddy whether that was all ri^t. I nodded

too and so off we ittied. Inside the snug there were these

starry ptitsas or sharps or baboochkas you will remember

from the be^nning and they aU started on their ‘Evening,

lads, God bless you, boys, best lads living, that’s what you

are,’ waiting for us to say: ‘What’s it going to be, girls?’

Bully rang the coUocoll and a waiter came in rubbing his

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rookers on his grazzy apron ‘Cutter on the table, droogies,’

said Bully, pulling out his own rattling and chinking

mound of deng ‘Scotchmen for us and the same for the

old bahoochkas, eh?’ And then I said

‘Ah, to hell Let them buy their own ’ I didn’t know

what It was, but these last days I had become hke mean

There had come into my guUiver a like desire to keep all

my pretty polly to myself, to like hoard it all up for some

reason Bully said: \*’

‘What ^ves, biatty? What’s coming over old Alex?’

‘Ah, to hell,’ I said. ‘I don’t know I don’t know What

it is IS I don’t hke just throwing away my hard-earned

pretty polly, that’s what it is ’

‘Earned?’ said Rick ‘Earned? It doesn’t have to be

earned, as well thou knowest, old droogie Took, that’s all,

just took, like ’ And he smecked real gromky and I

viddied one or two of his zoobies weren’t all that horror-

show.

‘Ah,’ I said, Tvc got some thinking to do ’ But viddy-

ing these baboochkas looking all eager hke for some free

ale, I hke shrugged my pletchoes and pulled out my

own cutter from my trouser carman, notes and coin all

mixed together, and plonked it tinkle crackle on the

table.

‘Scotchmen all round, right,’ said the waiter. But for

some reason I said:

‘No, boy, for me make it one small beer, right’ Len

said’

‘This I do not much go for,’ and he began to put his

rooker on my gulliver, like kiddmg I must have fever,

but I hke snarled doggy\*wise for him to give over skorry.

‘All right, all right, droog,’ he said. ‘As thou like sayest.’

But Bully was having a smot with his rot open at some-

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thing that had come out of my carman with the pretty

polly I’d put on the table. He said

‘Well well well And we never knew ’

‘Give me that/ I snarled and grabbed it skorry I

couldn't explain how it had got there, brothers, but it

was a photograph I had scissored out of the old gazetta

and it was of a baby. It was of a baby gurgling goo goo

goo with all like moloko dnbbhng from its rot and look-

ing upland like smecking at everybody, and it was all

nagoy and its flesh was like in all folds with being a very

fat baby. There was then like a bit of haw haw haw

struggling to get hold of this bit of paper from me, so I

had to snarl again at them and I grabbed the photo and

tore It up into tiny teeny pieces and let it fall like a bit of

snow on to the floor The whisky came in then and the

starry baboochkas said. ‘Good health, lads, God bless you,

boys, the best lads living, that's what you are,' and all

that cal And one of them who was all lines and wrinkles

and no zoobies in her shrunken old rot said ‘Don't tear

up money, son If you don't need it give it them as

does,' which was very bold and forward of her But Rick

said:

‘Money that was not, O baboochka It was a picture of

a dear little itsy witsy bitsy bit of a baby.' I said.

I'm getting just that bit tired, that I am. It's you who's

the babies, you lot. Scoffing and grinning and all you can

do is smeck and give people bolshy cowardly tolchocks

when they can't give them back.' Bully said

‘Well now, we always thought it was you who was the

king of that and also the teacher Not well, that’s the

trouble with thou, old droogie.'

I viddied this sloppy glass of beer I had on the table m

front of me and felt like all vomity within, so I went

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‘Aaaaah’ and poured all the frothy vonny cal all over the

floor One of the starry putsas said

‘Waste not want not/ I said

‘Look, droogies Listen, Tonight I am somehow just not

in the mood I know not why or how it is, but there it is

You three go your own ways this night wise, leaving me

out Tomorrow we shall meet same place same time, me

hoping to be hke a lot better ’

‘Oh/ said Bully, ‘right sorry I am ' But you could viddy

a hke gleam in his glazzies, because now he would be

taking over for this nochy Power power, everybody hke

wants power. ‘We can postpone till tomorrow,’ said Bully,

‘what we in mind had. Namely, that bit of shop-crasting

in Gagarin Street Flip horrorshow takings there, droog,

for the having’

‘No/ I said ‘You postpone nothing. You just carry on

in your own hke style Now,’ I said, ‘I itty off.’ And I got

up from my chair

‘Where to, then?’ asked Rick.

‘That know I not,’ I said ‘Just to be on hke my own

and sort things out ’ You could viddy the old baboochkas

were real puzzled at me going out hke that and like all

morose and not the bright and smecking malchickiwick

you will remember But I said ‘Ah, to hell, to hell,’ and

scatted out all on my oddy knocky into the street.

It was dark and there was a wind sharp as a nozh get-

ting up, and there were very very few lewdies about. There

were these patrol cars with brutal rozzes inside them like

cruising about, and now and then on the corner you would

viddy a couple of very young millicents stamping against,

the bitchy cold and letting out steam breath on the winter

air, O my brothers I suppose really a lot of the old ultra-

violence and crasting was dying out now, the rozzes being

so brutal with who they caught, though it had become

like a fight between naughty nadsats and the rozzes who

could be more skorry with the nozh and the britva and

the stick and even the gun. But what was the matter with

me these days was that I didn’t like care much It was like

something soft getting into me and I could not pony why

What I wanted these days I did not know Even the music

I liked to slooshy in my own malenky den was what I

would have smecked at before, brothers I was slooshying

more like malenky romantic songs, what they call Lteder,

just a goloss and a piano, very qmet and like yeamy,

different from when it had been all bolshy orchestras and

me lying on the bed between the violins and the trom-

bones and kettledrums There was something happemng

inside me, and I wondered if it was like some disease

or if It was what they had done to me that time

upsetting my gulliver and perhaps going to make me

real bezoomny

So thinking hke this with my gulliver bent and my

rookers stuck in my trouser carmans I walked the town,

brothers, and at last I began to feel very tired and also in

great need of a nice bolshy chasha of milky chai. Think-

ing about tMs chai, I got a sudden like picture of me sit-

ting before a bolshy fire in an armchair peering away at

this chai, and what was funny and very very strange was

that I seemed to have turned into a very starry chelloveck,

about seventy years old, because I could viddy my own

voloss, which was very grey, and I also had whiskers, and

these were very grey too. I could nddy myself as an old

man, sitting by a fire, and then the like picture vanished

But it was very like strange.

I came to one of these tea-and-coffiee mestos, brothers,

and I could viddy through the long long window that it

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was full of very dull lewdies, like ordinary, who had these

very patient and expressionless htsos and would do no

harm to no one, all situng there and govoreetmg like

quietly and peeting away at their nice harmless chai and

coffee I ittied inside and went up to the counter and

bought me a nice hot chai with plenty of moloko, then I

Ittied to one of these tables and sat down to peet it There

was a like young couple at this table, peeting and smoking

filter-tip cancers, and govoreetmg and smeckmg very

quietly between themselves, but I took no notice of them

and just went on peeting away and like dreaming and

wondering what it was in me that was like changing and

what was going to happen to me. But I viddied that the

devotchka at this table who was with this chelloveck was

real horrorshow, not the sort you would want to hke throw

down and give the old in-out in-out to, but with a horror-

show plott and litso and a smiling rot and very very fair

volpss and all that cal And then the veck with her, who

had a hat on his gulliver and had his litso like turned

away from me, swivelled round to viddy the bolshy big

clock they had on the wall in this mesto, and then I

viddied who he was and then he viddied who I was. It

was Pete, one of my three droogs from those days when

It was Georgie and Dim and him and me. It was Pete like

looking a lot older though he could not now be more than

nineteen and a fait, and he had a bit of a moustache and

an ordinary day-suit and this hat on I said:

‘Well well well, droo^e, what gives? Very veiy long

time no viddy/ He said"

It's little Alex, isn't it?'

‘None other/ I said. \*A long long long time since those

dead and gone good days\* And now poor Georgie, they

told me, is underground and old Dim is a brutal milUcent,

and here is thou and here is I, and what news hast thou,

old droogie?’

‘He talks funny, doesn’t he^’ said this devotchka, like

gigglmg

‘This,’ said Pete to the devotchka, ‘is an old fnend

His name is Alex May I,’ he said to me, ‘introduce my

wife?’

My rot fell wide open then. ‘Wife?’ I like gaped. ‘Wife

wife wife? AH no, that cannot be Too young art thou to

be married, old droog Impossible impossible ’

This devotchka who was like Pete’s wife (impossible

impossible) giggled again and said to Pete ‘Did you used

to talk like that too?’

‘Well,’ said Pete, and he hke smiled ‘I’m nearly twenty.

Old enough to be hitched, and it’s been two months

already You were very young and very forward, re-

member.’

‘Well,’ I like gaped still ‘Over this get can I not, old

droogie. Pete married. Well well well ’

‘We have a small flat,’ said Pete ‘I am earning very

small money at State Marine Insurance, but things wiU

get better, that I know And Georgina here —

‘What again is that name^’ I said, rot still open like

bezoomny. Pete’s wife (wife, brothers) like giggled again

‘Georgina,’ said Pete. ‘Georgina works too Typing, you

know We manage, we manage ’ I could not, brothers, take

my glazzies off him, really He was like grown up now,

with a grown-up goloss and all. Tfou must,’ said Pete,

‘come and see us sometime. You still,’ he said, ‘look very

young, despite all your terrible experiences. Yes yes yes,

we’ve read aU about them. But, of course, you tne very

young still.’

‘Eighteen,’ I said, ‘just gone.’

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‘Eighteen, eh?’ said Pete ‘As old as that Well well well

Now,’ he said, ‘we have to be going ’ And he like gave this

Georgina of his a like loving look and pressed one of her

rookers between his and she gave him one of these looks

back, O my brothers ‘Yes,’ said Pete, turmng back to me,

‘we’re ofE to a little party at Greg’s ’

‘Greg?’ I said

‘Oh, of course,’ said Pete, ‘you wouldn’t know Greg,

would you? Greg is after your time While you were away

Greg came into the picture He runs little parties, you

know. Mostly wme-cup and word-games But very mce,

very pleasant, you know Harmless, if you see what I mean ’

‘Yes,’ I said ‘Harmless Yes yes, I viddy that real horror-

show ’ And this Georgina devotchka giggled again at my

slovos. And then these two ittied off to their vonny word-

games at this Greg’s, whoever he was I was left all on my

oddy knocky with my milky chai, which was gettmg cold

now, hke thinking and wondering

Perhaps that was it, I kept thinking Perhaps I was get-

ting too old for the sort of jeezny I had been leading,

brothers. I was eighteen now, just gone. Eighteen was not

a young age. At eighteen old Wolfgang Amadeus had

written concertos and symphonies and operas and

oratorios and all that cal, no, not cal, heavenly music.

And then there was old Felix M with his Midsummer

Ntghfs Dream Overture. And there were others And

there was this hke French poet set by old Benjy Britt, who

had done all his best poetry by the age of fifteen. O my

brothers Arthur, his first name. Eighteen was not all that

young an age, then. But what was I gomg to do?

Walking the dark chill bastards of wmter streets after

ittying off from this chm and coffee m®to, I kept viddy-

ing like visions, like these cartoons in the g^ettas. There

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was Your Humble Narrator Alex coming home from

work to a good hot plate of dinner, and there was this

putsa all welcoming and greeting like loving But I could

not viddy her all that horrorshow, brothers, I could not

think who it might be But I had this sudden very strong

idea that if I walked into the room next to this room where

the fire was burning away and my hot dinner laid on the

table, there I should find what I really wanted, and now

it all tied up, that picture scissored out of the gazetta and

meeting old Pete like that For in that other room in a

cot was laying gurghng goo goo goo my son Yes yes yes,

brothers, my son And now I felt this bolshy big hollow

inside my plott, feeling very surprised too at myself I

knew what was happening, O my brothers. I was like

growing up

Yes yes yes, there it was Youth must go, ah yes. But

youth IS only being in a way like it might be an ammal

No, It is not just like being an animal so much as being

like one of these malenky toys you viddy being sold in

the streets, hke little chellovecks made out of tin and with

a spring inside and then a winding handle on the outside

and you wind it up grrr grrr grrr and off it itties, like walk-

ing, O my brothers But it itties in a straight hne and

bangs straight into things bang bang and it cannot help

what It is doing Being young is like being like one of these

malenky machines.

My son, my son. When I had my son I would explain

all that to him when he was starry enough to like under-

stand But then I knew he would not understand or would

not want to understand at all and would do all the veshches

I had done, yes perhaps even killing some poor starry

forella surrounded with mewing kots and koshkas, and t

would not he able to really stop him. And nor would he

be able to stop his own son, brothers. And so it would itty

on to like the end of the world, round and round and

round, hke some bolshy gigantic like chelloveck, like old

Bog Himself (by courtesy of Korova Milkbar) turning and

turning and turning a vonny grahzny orange in his

gigantic rookers

But first of all, brothers, there was this veshch of find-

ing some devotchka or other who would be a mother to

this son I would have to start on that tomorrow/\* I kept

thinking. That was something like new to do. That was

somethmg I would have to get started on, a new like

chapter beginning

That’s what it’s going to be then, brothers, as I come to

the like end of this tale You have been everywhere with

your little droog Alex, suffering with him, and you have

viddied some of the most grahzny bratchnies old Bog ever

made, all on to your old droog Alex And all it was was

that I was young But now as I end this story, brothers, I

am not young, not no longer, oh no Alex like groweth up,

oh yes.

But where I itty now, O my brothers, is all on my oddy

knocky, where you cannot go Tomorrow is all like sweet

flowers and the turning vonny earth and the stars and the

old Luna up there and your old droog Alex all on his

oddy knocky seeking like a mate And all that cal A

terrible grahzny voxmy world, really, O my brothers. And

so farewell from your little droog And to ail others in

this story profound shooms of lip-music brrrrrr. And they

can kiss my shames. But you, O my brothers, remember

sometimes thy little Alex that was. Amen. And all that cal