

# A nightmare teenie-bopper in Burgess' anti-utopia

Long ago, O my little brothers, before those over thirty started to make like hippies and before the Beatles got the OBE, old men worried about what was the matter with youth. They would mutter "Why?" An interesting document in the social history of this transitional period survives.

It is a novel—from the prolific pen of Anthony Burgess (of whom you have never heard.)

"A Clockwork Orange", published in paperback in Pan, is a sort of "it can happen here" written in fear and trembling. However instead of Fascists, Reds, or the yellow hordes the "they" of this particular horror story are the nadset—teenagers to you.

This grim little fantasy is written in the form of an autobiographical confession by the protagonist, Little Alex. Alex is a violent reaction to the idealized youthful rebel who has now shattered the citadel of middle-aged morality.

Alex is no hero; he is a thoroughly unpleasant little brute. His idea of a good time is a rape

("the old in-out with ultra-violence") or a good, healthy assault-and-battery on some decent old scarecrow who makes the mistake of being on the streets of swinging London at night. (His favorite opener is to extract the old boy's dentures and pound them to a powder.)

The authorities' answer to Alex and others of his peer-group is to take a few of them off the streets, uniform them and, hey presto!, the crime rate goes down. This is not a unique concept—in fact it was used with some success by the Nazis.

Alex lives with his parents, paragons of lower-middle-class British virtue. Mum and Dad have been reduced to letting Alex swill their tea preparatory to terrorizing the neighbours and everyone else.

Surprisingly, Alex has a love of classical music. This should be a redeeming virtue but in his case merely turns him on enough to go out and kick someone's teeth in.

Every dog has his day but Alex's is short. After applying

the botts con brio he is caught by (State jail). And him only fifteen.

The prison episode is disappointingly conventional—at least in terms of the rest of the book. At the State Institute for the Reclamation of Criminal Types Alex is subjected to a combination of psychological reconstruction (brainwashing) and chemical treatments which turn him into a genuine Christian.

If Alex tries to be "normal"—be savage—he becomes violently and painfully ill. Thus in order to be physically and psychologically sound he has to be non-violent to the point of making Schweitzer seem a bloodthirsty barbarian.

In short Little Alex is to everyone's relief completely incapable of moral choice.

However like other victims of totalitarian excess Little Alex will ultimately triumph.

A Clockwork Orange is an excellent satire on the cult of youth. It also makes very difficult reading (at first) because of Burgess' artificial but highly entertaining slang, most of which has its roots in Slav—a result of years of subliminal Soviet propaganda.

Here is a random example of madset-speak: "... there was no law yet against prodding some of the new vesches which they used to put in the old molocko so you could peet it... which would give a nice quiet horrorshow fifteen minootas admiring Borg and all his angels..."—which means there was no law against druggin milk and really turning on.

Once the difficulties of the dialect have been surmounted the book becomes first-rate reading. In fact a real horrorshow book, my little droogs and devotchkas.

—Roger Davies

## Hungarian foursome and more

Are you a member of the Edmonton Chamber Music Society?

If you aren't, you are probably not aware that, with the possible exception of Film Society, this series has been the most consistently meritorious and enjoyable cultural institution in the city.

Take last year, for example. Two of the three best concerts in Edmonton last season were the playing of the Schubert C Major Quintet, and a concert of ancient instruments, both offered by Chamber Music Society.

Take this year, for example, when the Society will be offering a concert by the Hungarian String Quartet, one of the best chamber ensembles in the world.

This is the year you join Chamber Music Society. If you are a normal human being, you will enjoy impressing all your friends with your esoteric knowledge of classical music, enjoy taking credit for a lot of hard work studying the styles of obscure 18th-century German composers, enjoy having a good time at little expense.

The first presentation is Oct. 26—a concert by the Beaux Arts String Quartet of New York. Student membership (the only way to join) is \$4.00 for the series and tickets are available in the Bay or Arts 321.

## Help weirdo Beardo

The Arts Page requires suave, sensitive, sentimental, sociable, sensuous, sedimentary, seductive, serpentine, sensational, sincere, sanitary, somnolent, satisfying, symmetrical, senile, startling, stolid, sexy, serious staffers.

Any combination of the above qualities will be considered.

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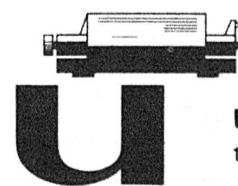
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## THE STOCKS BOX

Today I had planned to answer the two most troublesome questions of our age: Is Tarzan truly a swinger?, and Has Bugs Bunny become a Hopped-up-Hippie? But, alas, my goal has been blocked. For the Saturday Night Fooooooooootball Game (ugh) threw both Tarzan and The Bugs Bunny Show offside.

Gads! Gasp! Golly! What a disgusting sight that game was!! Everywhere, Super-Clean-Cut Athletes showing off their No-Deodorant-For-Me inverse sentimentality, their obsolescent "masculine" Beat-The-Hell-Out-Of-The-Bad-Guy concept of unequivocal Calvinist maleness.

These obsolete heroes just didn't seem to understand the notion of eroism Without Aggression.

This ugly display so disturbed my telly-habit that I knew it was time for a treatment. I must renew my faith in the Simple Honest Good Nature of Man.

Go to the Reader's Digest, you say? No!!! For I have ALWAYS found solace, faith, and inspiration in the Perpetually Renewing Spring of DISNEYLAND.

And so on Sunday night (what better time for worship-) I warmed up my set and stood erect, waiting for the entrance of (Yes, Yes, Yes) That Great Old Man Himself, BIG WALT. How colorful he was with his green face and pink hair! (God bless color telly.) How richly he spoke those inspiring words, "In the beginning I created Mickey Mouse...!"

BUT, all is not well with the Great DISNEY. (Like Dr. Morin, I must report the truth as I see it.) DISNEY is dying—right on his feet. And with him will go the Goofey Gospels of Mom-ism, Christ-ism, Patriot-ism, Nature-ism, and Common Sense-ism.

DISNEY, the ideal Success Figure (Guaranteed 100% Smug Self-Righteous Middle-Class Morality) MUST crack when all he represents—and has created—explodes around him.

Who is the killer? The insidious gooey ache of DISNEY-ISM is being clearasiled away by US—we the "New Mutants", the generation of the New Sentimentality. Will we successfully rub the old man out?

Yes, because last Sunday he couldn't make us believe that all Mexicans are simple-minded fools, modern-day Auntie Toms to their U.S. Masters. We know the Mexican Quartet cultivated its childlike attitude and accent to fool more \$ from old DISNEY.

Even the script writer sounded WALT's Passing Knell:

DISNEY: Now look. I know a lot about nature!

MEXICAN QUARTET: But you have no imagination Mr. Disney!

Next Week: Would you believe Tarzan?

—Bill Stocks