CHAPTER-1

There was a short, gray building with only thirty-four stories. Above the main entrance were the words “CENTRAL LONDON HATCHERY AND CONDITIONING CENTRE,” and a shield with the World State’s motto, “COMMUNITY, IDENTITY, STABILITY.”

The large room on the ground floor faced north. Despite the tropical heat inside, a cold, harsh light penetrated through the windows, eagerly searching for some covered mannequin or pale academic figure, but finding only glass, nickel, and coldly shining porcelain of a laboratory. The chilliness outside matched the chilliness inside. The workers wore white overalls and their hands were covered with pale, lifeless rubber gloves. The light was frozen, lifeless, like a ghost. Only from the yellow barrels of the microscopes did it borrow a certain vibrant and living quality, resembling butter as it flowed in beautiful streaks along the polished tubes and down the worktables.

“And this,” said the Director as he opened the door, “is the Fertilizing Room.”

Bending over their instruments, three hundred Fertilizers were completely absorbed in their tasks as the Director of Hatcheries and Conditioning entered the room. The atmosphere was filled with a hushed silence, broken only by the absent-minded murmurs and whistles of concentration. A group of newly arrived students, young and inexperienced, followed the Director anxiously, almost submissively. Each of them carried a notebook, in which they frantically scribbled whenever the great man spoke. It was a rare privilege to hear directly from him. The D.H.C. for Central London always took it upon himself to personally guide his new students through the different departments.

"Just to give you a general understanding," he would explain to them. It was important for them to have some basic knowledge in order to carry out their work intelligently. However, they needed to have as little understanding as possible if they were to be good and content members of society. As everyone knows, specifics contribute to virtue and happiness, while generalities are necessary evils for the intellect. It is not philosophers, but rather those who meticulously cut wood or collect stamps, who form the backbone of society.

"Tomorrow," he would continue, smiling at them with a slightly intimidating warmth, "you will begin your serious work. You will learn the ropes and become valuable contributors to our society."

I won't have time to talk in general terms. Meanwhile...

Meanwhile, it was an honor. The information came directly from a reliable source and was quickly noted down by the boys, who scribbled rapidly.

The Director, a tall and somewhat thin man with an upright posture, entered the room. He had a long chin and noticeable, large teeth, which were barely visible when he wasn't speaking due to his full, curving lips. Was he old or young? Around thirty? Fifty? Fifty-five? It was difficult to determine, and in any case, it wasn't a question that mattered. In the year A.F. 632, a time of stability, it never occurred to anyone to ask.

"I will start from the beginning," said the Director of Hatcheries and Conditioning (D.H.C.), and the eager students noted his intention in their notebooks: Start from the beginning. He gestured with his hand and said, "These," as he opened an insulated door, "are the incubators." He revealed numerous racks filled with labeled test tubes. "These contain the week's supply of eggs," he explained, "kept at the same temperature as the human body. On the other hand, the male gametes," he opened another door, "need to be kept at a temperature of thirty-five degrees instead of thirty-seven. Full body temperature sterilizes them. Rams wrapped in thermogene do not produce lambs."

While standing by the incubators, he showed them the process of modern fertilization in simple terms. He began by discussing the surgical procedure, which individuals willingly undergo for the benefit of society and the added incentive of six months' salary. He then explained how the excised ovary is preserved and allowed to develop. He talked about the ideal conditions of temperature, salinity, and viscosity, as well as the liquid used to store the detached and ripened eggs. Moving to the work tables, he demonstrated how the liquid was carefully extracted from the test tubes and placed drop by drop onto warmed slides for microscopic examination. He showed them how the eggs were inspected for abnormalities, counted, and transferred to a porous container. Next, he led them to witness the process of immersing the container in a warm solution containing spermatozoa, ensuring a minimum concentration of one hundred thousand per cubic centimeter. After ten minutes, the container was removed, and its contents were re-examined. If any eggs remained unfertilized, the process was repeated until successful. The fertilized eggs were then returned to the incubators, where Alphas and Betas were kept until ready for bottling, while the Gammas, Deltas, and...

Epsilons were brought out again, but this time only thirty-six hours had passed since their previous procedure. This time, they were subjected to Bokanovsky's Process.

The Director emphasized the significance of "Bokanovsky's Process," and the students made sure to underline those words in their notebooks.

Normally, there is one egg, one embryo, and one adult—this is considered normal. However, when an egg undergoes Bokanovsky's Process, it will sprout, multiply, and divide. From eight to ninety-six sprouts, and each sprout will develop into a perfectly formed embryo, which in turn will become a full-sized adult. This means that instead of just one individual growing, ninety-six human beings can now be created from a single source. This is seen as progress.

The Director of Hatcheries and Conditioning concluded, "Essentially, 'bokanovskification' involves intentionally halting the natural development process. We interrupt the regular growth, and paradoxically, the egg responds by sprouting new buds."

The students diligently noted down these ideas with their pencils.

He pointed. There was a slowly moving conveyor belt carrying a rack filled with test tubes into a large metal box, while another rack emerged from it. The machinery made a faint purring sound. He explained that it took eight minutes for the tubes to pass through, which exposed them to hard X-rays equivalent to what an egg can endure. Some of the tubes didn't survive, but the ones that did divided into two or produced multiple buds. They were then returned to the incubators, where the buds started developing. After two days, the buds were suddenly chilled and checked. They continued to multiply, with two buds becoming four, and four becoming eight. Then, they were heavily dosed with alcohol, causing them to bud again. The process continued, resulting in multiple layers of buds, with further growth being generally fatal. Eventually, the embryos were left to develop undisturbed. By this time, the original egg had transformed into anywhere from eight to ninety-six embryos. This was a remarkable improvement compared to natural reproduction, which rarely resulted in more than two or three identical twins, and only through accidental egg division.

The Director emphasized the significance of this advancement, spreading his arms as if bestowing a generous gift. He exclaimed, "Scores!" However, one student had the audacity to question the benefits of this process.

"My dear boy!" The Director turned sharply towards him. "Don't you understand? Can't you see?" He raised his hand, his expression grave. "Bokanovsky's Process is one of the key tools for maintaining social stability!"

The main components of maintaining social stability are the creation of standardized individuals in large numbers. Imagine an entire small factory filled with workers who are all produced from the same type of artificially modified egg.

"Imagine having ninety-six identical twins operating ninety-six identical machines!" The speaker's voice quivered with excitement. "This is a remarkable achievement. It has never been possible before." The speaker quoted the motto of their society: "Community, Identity, Stability." These are lofty ideals. "If we could continue producing individuals in this way indefinitely, all our problems would be solved."

The solution lies in creating uniform Gammas, unvarying Deltas, and identical Epsilons. Millions of individuals who are essentially clones. Finally, the principles of mass production have been applied to biology.

"However," the Director sighed, "we cannot continue this process indefinitely."

Ninety-six seems to be the maximum limit, with seventy-two being the average. The goal is to manufacture as many batches of identical twins as possible from the same ovary and using the gametes from the same male. This is the best they can do, although it is still a challenging task.

‘Because in nature, it takes thirty years for two hundred eggs to reach maturity. However, our goal is to stabilize the population immediately, here and now. Spreading out the birth of twins over twenty-five years would be pointless.’

Clearly, there would be no benefit. However, Podsnap’s Technique has greatly expedited the maturation process. They can ensure the development of at least a hundred and fifty mature eggs within two years. By fertilizing and bokanovskifying—essentially multiplying by seventy-two—they can achieve an average of nearly eleven thousand brothers and sisters in a hundred and fifty sets of identical twins, all of the same age within two years.

‘And in exceptional cases, we can produce over fifteen thousand adult individuals from a single ovary.’

He signaled to a young man with fair hair and a ruddy complexion who happened to be passing by at that moment. ‘Mr. Foster,’ he called. The young man approached. ‘Can you inform us of the highest number achieved with a single ovary, Mr. Foster?’

‘Sixteen thousand and twelve in this facility,’ Mr. Foster promptly replied. He spoke rapidly, had lively blue eyes, and clearly enjoyed quoting statistics. ‘Sixteen thousand and twelve; in one hundred and eighty-nine sets of identicals. But of...

"Of course, they've achieved much better results," he continued, "in some of the tropical Centers. Singapore has often produced over sixteen thousand five hundred, and Mombasa has even reached the seventeen thousand mark. But they have unfair advantages there. You should see how a negro ovary responds to pituitary! It's quite astonishing, especially if you're accustomed to working with European subjects. However," he added, with a laugh (though his eyes showed determination and his lifted chin seemed challenging), "we still intend to surpass them if we can. I'm currently working on an exceptional Delta-Minus ovary. It's just eighteen months old and has already resulted in over twelve thousand seven hundred children, either decanted or in embryo. And it's still going strong. We will prevail over them in the end."

"That's the kind of attitude I appreciate!" exclaimed the Director, patting Mr. Foster on the shoulder. "Come along with us and share your expert knowledge with these young men."

Mr. Foster smiled modestly. "Certainly, with pleasure." And they went together.

"And we coordinate every afternoon."

"Based on these calculations."

"So many individuals, of a specific quality," said Mr. Foster.

"Distributed in specific quantities."

"The optimal rate of decanting at any given moment."

"Unexpected losses are promptly replaced."

"Promptly," Mr. Foster repeated. "If you knew how much overtime I had to work after the last Japanese earthquake!" He laughed cheerfully and shook his head.

"The Predestinators provide their figures to the Fertilizers."

"Who give them the requested embryos."

"And the bottles come here to be predestined in detail."

"Afterward, they are sent to the Embryo Store."

"Let's proceed there now."

Mr. Foster opened a door and led the way downstairs into the basement.

The weather was still very hot and humid. They descended into a darkening twilight. Two doors and a winding passage ensured that no daylight could infiltrate the cellar.

Mr. Foster jokingly remarked, “Embryos are like photographic film; they can only tolerate red light.” As he opened the second door, the room they entered appeared visibly crimson, resembling the darkness when one closes their eyes on a summer afternoon. Rows of bottles lined up in bulging rows, glistening like countless rubies. Among the rubies, there were faint red figures of men and women with purple eyes and symptoms of lupus. The air was faintly stirred by the humming and rattling of machinery.

The Director, tired of talking, asked Mr. Foster to provide some figures.

Mr. Foster gladly obliged and began giving them measurements. The cellar was 220 meters long, 200 meters wide, and 10 meters high. He gestured upwards, and the students, like drinking chickens, looked up at the distant ceiling.

There were three levels of racks: ground floor, first gallery, and second gallery.

The intricate steel framework of the upper galleries disappeared into darkness in all directions. Nearby, three red spectres were diligently engaged in some activity.

Moving glass containers called demi-johns are being unloaded from a staircase that functions as an escalator. This escalator is located in the Social Predestination Room.

Each demi-john can be placed on one of fifteen racks. These racks are actually conveyor belts that move at a speed of thirty-three and a third centimeters per hour. Over a period of two hundred and sixty-seven days, the conveyor belts cover a distance of eight meters each day, resulting in a total distance of two thousand one hundred and thirty-six meters. The racks are arranged in a circuit throughout the cellar, with one circuit on the ground level, one on the first gallery, and half on the second gallery. Finally, on the two hundred and sixty-seventh morning, daylight enters the Decanting Room, signifying the end of their confinement and the beginning of their independent existence, as it is commonly referred to.

"In the meantime," Mr. Foster concluded, "we have made significant alterations to them. Oh, quite a lot indeed." He chuckled with a sense of knowing and triumph.

"That's the attitude I appreciate," the Director responded once again. "Let's take a walk. Mr. Foster, you explain everything to them."

And so, Mr. Foster proceeded to inform them as instructed.

In the Bottling Room, everything was bustling with harmony and organized activity. Flaps of fresh pig's peritoneum, already cut to the right size, were swiftly delivered in small lifts from the Organ Store located in the basement. With a whizz and a click, the lift-hatches opened, and the Bottle-Liner simply reached out a hand to take the flap, inserted it, smoothed it down. Before the lined bottle could move out of reach on the never-ending conveyor belt, another flap of peritoneum quickly shot up from below, ready to be inserted into the next bottle in the slow, never-ending procession.

Next to the Liners stood the Matriculators. The procession moved forward, and one by one, the eggs were transferred from their test tubes to larger containers. The peritoneal lining was skillfully slit, the morula (early-stage embryo) was placed inside, and the saline solution was poured in. As the bottle moved on, it was the turn of the labellers. Information such as heredity, fertilization date, and membership in the Bokanovsky Group was transferred from the test tube to the bottle. No longer anonymous, each bottle was named and identified as the procession slowly marched on. Finally, it entered the Social Predestination Room through an opening in the wall.

"Eighty-eight cubic meters of card-index," Mr. Foster said with enthusiasm as they entered.

"Containing all the relevant information," added the Director.

"Updated every morning."

I informed them about the developing embryo lying on a layer of peritoneum. I made them experience the taste of the nutrient-rich blood substitute that nourished it. I explained why it needed to be stimulated with placentin and thyroxin. I told them about the extract from the corpus luteum. I showed them the injection ports placed at every twelfth meter along the entire length of 2040 meters. I talked about the gradually increasing doses of pituitary hormones given during the final ninety-six meters. I described the artificial maternal circulation system attached to each bottle at meter 112. I showed them the reservoir of blood substitute and the centrifugal pump that kept the liquid flowing over the placenta, through the synthetic lung, and the waste-product filter.

I mentioned the embryo's tendency to develop anemia and the large doses of extract from hog's stomach and fetal foal's liver that needed to be supplied as a result.

I demonstrated the simple mechanism used to familiarize all the embryos with movement during the last two meters out of every eight. I hinted at the seriousness of the "trauma of decanting" and explained the precautions taken to minimize the risky shock through appropriate training of the bottled embryos. I told them about the sex determination tests conducted around meter 200. I explained the labeling system, with a "T" for males, a circle for females, and for those individuals who

Mr. Foster explained that they were meant to be freemartins, depicted as black on a white background, in response to a question. He stated that fertility is usually seen as a problem, and having only one fertile ovary out of twelve hundred would be sufficient for their needs. However, they wanted to have a good selection, so they allowed up to thirty percent of female embryos to develop naturally. The remaining embryos received male sex hormones every twenty-four meters during their development. As a result, these embryos were born as freemartins, who were structurally normal but sterile. They were guaranteed to be unable to reproduce. Mr. Foster noted that this process went beyond imitating nature and entered the realm of human invention, which he found more intriguing.

Mr. Foster enthusiastically explained that their methods went beyond simply hatching embryos, as any cow could do that.

'We also predestine and condition. We prepare our babies to become socialized individuals, categorizing them as Alphas or Epsilons, destined to be either sewage workers or...' He paused, realizing his mistake, and corrected himself, saying 'future Directors of Hatcheries' instead.

The Director of Hatcheries and Conditioning acknowledged the compliment with a smile.

As they passed meter 320 on rack eleven, a young Beta-Minus mechanic was busy using a screwdriver and spanner on the blood-surrogate pump of a moving bottle. The electric motor's hum deepened slightly as he tightened the nuts. Down, down... With a final twist and a glance at the revolution counter, he finished his task. He moved two steps down the line and began the same process on the next pump.

'Mr. Foster explained, 'By reducing the number of revolutions per minute, we slow down the surrogate's circulation. This means the embryo receives less oxygen as it passes through the lung at longer intervals. Oxygen deprivation is effective in keeping an embryo below average.' He rubbed his hands together again.

'But why would you want to keep the embryo below average?' asked an innocent student.

'Fool!' exclaimed the Director, breaking a long silence. 'Hasn't it occurred to you that an Epsilon embryo needs an Epsilon environment along with Epsilon heredity?'

He obviously hadn't thought about it. He was completely confused.

"According to Mr. Foster," he said, "the lower the social class, the less oxygen they receive." The brain was the first organ to be affected, followed by the skeleton. At seventy percent of normal oxygen levels, individuals became dwarfs. At levels below seventy percent, they became eyeless monsters.

"And they are completely useless," Mr. Foster concluded.

Then, in a hushed and excited tone, he continued, "Imagine if we could find a way to speed up the maturation process. What a great achievement that would be, what a gift to society!"

They pondered this idea, specifically in relation to horses.

They took a moment to consider it.

Horses matured at the age of six, elephants at ten. However, a man is not sexually mature until the age of thirteen, and only reaches full physical maturity at twenty. This, of course, is why human intelligence is a result of delayed development.

"But in the case of Epsilons," Mr. Foster rightly remarked, "we don't require human intelligence."

I didn't want it and didn't receive it. However, even though the Epsilon mind was mature at the age of ten, the Epsilon body was not capable of working until the age of eighteen. This led to many years of unnecessary and wasted immaturity. If we could accelerate the physical development to be as fast as that of a cow, for example, it would result in a tremendous saving for society!

The students murmured "enormous!" in agreement, as Mr. Foster's enthusiasm was contagious.

He delved into technical details, discussing the abnormal hormonal coordination that caused humans to grow slowly. He proposed a theory of a genetic mutation to explain it. Could this mutation be reversed? Could the individual Epsilon embryos be transformed back to the normality of dogs and cows through a suitable technique? That was the problem, and it was nearly solved.

Pilkington, in Mombasa, had achieved individuals who reached sexual maturity at the age of four and reached full physical maturity at six and a half. It was a scientific triumph. However, they were socially useless. Six-year-old men and women were too unintelligent to perform even Epsilon work. Moreover, the process was an all-or-nothing one; either you failed to modify at all or you modified completely. They were still attempting to find the ideal compromise between adults of twenty and adults of six, but so far, without success. Mr. Foster sighed and shook his head.

Their journey through the reddish twilight had led them to.

The area around Meter 170 on Rack 9. After this point, Rack 9 was enclosed, and the bottles continued their journey through a sort of tunnel, occasionally interrupted by openings two or three meters wide.

"This is heat conditioning," Mr. Foster explained.

Hot tunnels were followed by cool tunnels. The coolness brought discomfort in the form of intense X- rays. By the time the embryos were ready to be removed, they had developed a fear of cold. They were destined to migrate to tropical regions, to work as miners, silk spinners, and steelworkers. Eventually, their minds would be shaped to align with the desires of their bodies. "We condition them to thrive in hot environments," Mr. Foster concluded. "Our colleagues upstairs will teach them to love it."

The Director interjected solemnly, "That, my friends, is the key to happiness and virtue—liking what you're destined to do. All conditioning aims to make people embrace their unavoidable social destiny."

In a space between two tunnels, a nurse delicately used a long, fine syringe to probe the gelatinous contents of a passing bottle. The students and their guides stood silently, watching her for a few moments.

Well, Lenina," said Mr. Foster, as she finally removed the syringe and stood upright.

The girl turned around suddenly. Despite her lupus and purple eyes, it was evident that she was exceptionally beautiful.

"Henry!" Her smile gleamed brightly at him, revealing a row of coral teeth.

"Delightful, delightful," whispered the Director. He gave her a few gentle pats and received in return a rather respectful smile.

"What are you administering to them?" Mr. Foster asked, adopting a professional tone.

"Oh, the usual vaccinations for typhoid and sleeping sickness."

"Tropical workers begin inoculations at meter 150," Mr. Foster explained to the students. "The embryos still possess gills. We immunize the fish against diseases that will affect future humans." Then, turning back to Lenina, he added, "As usual, ten to five on the roof this afternoon."

"Charming," the Director said once more, and with a final pat, he moved away with the others.

On Rack 10, rows of workers from the next generation were undergoing training to tolerate lead, caustic soda, tar, and chlorine. The first batch of workers was being prepared to handle these chemicals.

A group of 250 trainee engineers for rocket-planes, in their embryonic stage, were passing the 1,100- meter mark on Rack 3. They were kept in constant rotation by a special mechanism. Mr. Foster explained that this rotation was meant to enhance their sense of balance. He further clarified that performing repairs on the outside of a rocket in mid-air was a delicate task. When the engineers were upright, their circulation was reduced, resulting in partial starvation, while the flow of nutrients was doubled when they were upside down. This conditioning made them associate being upside down with well-being, and they were happiest when standing on their heads.

Mr. Foster then expressed his intention to showcase an intriguing conditioning method for highly intelligent individuals of the Alpha-Plus category. He mentioned a large group of them located on Rack 5 at the First Gallery level. However, the Director, checking his watch, indicated that there was not enough time for intellectual conditioning as the embryos had not yet lost their tails. Instead, they needed to proceed to the Nurseries before the children finished their afternoon sleep.

Mr. Foster felt disappointed but managed to persuade the Director to allow them a brief glimpse of the Decanting Room. The Director agreed, albeit indulgently, and said they could have just one quick look.

Chapter II

Mr. Foster was left alone in the Decanting Room. The Director of Hatcheries and his students entered the nearest elevator and were taken up to the fifth floor.

A sign on the notice board read: "Infant Nurseries. Neo-Pavlovian Conditioning Rooms."

The Director opened a door, revealing a large, empty room flooded with bright sunlight. The entire southern wall was made of a single window. Six nurses, dressed in the standard white uniform made of viscose-linen fabric, with their hair neatly covered by white caps, were placing bowls of roses in a long row on the floor. The bowls were filled to the brim with blossoms. Thousands of petals, fully bloomed and incredibly smooth, resembled the cheeks of countless little cherubs. However, under that bright light, the cherubs were not exclusively pink and Aryan but also radiantly Chinese, Mexican, and flushed from blowing celestial trumpets. Some cherubs were pale as death, displaying the posthumous whiteness of marble.

As the D.H.C. entered, the nurses immediately stood at attention.

"Arrange the books," he ordered abruptly.

The nurses followed his command silently. They placed the books neatly among the rose bowls, arranging a line of children's books that were opened to colorful images of animals, fish, and birds.

"Now bring in the children."

The nurses quickly left the room and returned shortly after, each pushing a tall, four-tiered trolley with wire-netted shelves. Each shelf held identical eight-month-old babies, all belonging to the Bokanovsky Group and dressed in khaki outfits, as they were from the Delta caste.

"Place them on the floor."

The babies were gently placed on the floor.

"Now turn them so they can see the flowers and books."

The babies were repositioned, and immediately they fell silent. Then they started crawling towards the vibrant colors and lively shapes on the white pages. As they approached, the sun emerged from behind a passing cloud, casting a bright light. The roses seemed to ignite with an intense passion from within, and the pages of the books took on a new and profound significance. Among the crawling babies,

The babies made little sounds of excitement, joyous gurgles, and pleasant chirps.

The Director was pleased and rubbed his hands together. "Excellent!" he exclaimed. "It's almost as if it was planned."

The fastest crawling babies had already reached their destination. Small hands reached out uncertainly, touched, and grasped the transformed roses, crumpling the glowing pages of the books. The Director waited until they were all happily occupied. Then he said, "Pay close attention." He raised his hand and gave the signal.

The Head Nurse, who stood by a switchboard at the other end of the room, pressed a small lever.

Suddenly, there was a powerful explosion. The sound of a siren grew louder and higher-pitched. Alarm bells rang with maddening persistence.

The children were startled and screamed; their faces contorted with fear.

"And now," the Director shouted (as the noise was deafening), "now we move on to reinforce the lesson with a gentle electric shock."

Lever. Suddenly, the cries of the babies changed in a way that was desperate and almost insane. Their sharp, spasmodic yelps took on a new tone. Their tiny bodies twitched and became stiff, and their limbs moved jerkily as if pulled by invisible strings.

The Director shouted, "We can electrify the entire floor strip to control them." He then signaled the nurse to stop.

The explosions ended, the bells stopped ringing, and the siren's shriek faded into silence. The infants' bodies relaxed from their stiff twitches, and their cries, which had turned into a mix of sobbing and yelping, returned to a normal expression of terror.

"Offer them the flowers and books again," the Director commanded.

The nurses followed his order, but as soon as the babies saw the roses and the brightly colored images of animals like cats, roosters, and sheep, they recoiled in horror, and their howling intensified.

"See," the Director proclaimed triumphantly, "see."

In the minds of these infants, books and loud noises, flowers and electric shocks had already become connected. The mere presence of these things caused fear and distress, as their cries now demonstrated.

The Director of Hatcheries and Conditioning (D.H.C.) patiently explained that the reason children were conditioned to scream at the sight of a rose was due to economic policies. In the past, about a century ago, Gammas, Deltas, and even Epsilons were conditioned to like flowers and nature. The intention was to make them eager to go out into the countryside whenever possible, thus ensuring they would utilize transportation.

The student asked if they indeed used transportation extensively. The D.H.C. replied, "They used quite a lot, but nothing else."

The D.H.C. pointed out a significant flaw in enjoying primroses and landscapes: it was unnecessary. Appreciating nature did not contribute to industrial production. Therefore, it was decided to eliminate the love of nature, at least among the lower classes, while retaining the inclination to use transportation. It was crucial to ensure that they continued to visit the countryside, even if they despised it. The challenge was to find a more economically viable reason for consuming transport than a simple affection for flowers and landscapes. Eventually, a solution was found.

"We condition the masses to hate the country," concluded the Director. "But simultaneously, we condition them to love all country sports. Additionally, we ensure that country sports require the use of sophisticated equipment. This way, they consume not only transportation but also manufactured goods. Thus, the use of electric [devices]."

I understand," said the student, and fell silent, filled with admiration.

There was a moment of quiet, and then the Director cleared his throat and began, "Once upon a time, when Our Ford was still alive on Earth, there was a young boy named Reuben Rabinovitch. Reuben's parents spoke Polish." The Director paused and asked, "Do you know what Polish is?"

"It's a dead language," replied another student, proudly displaying his knowledge.

"Like French and German," chimed in another student, trying to impress.

"And what does 'parent' mean?" asked the Director of Hatcheries and Conditioning.

An uneasy silence followed. Several of the boys blushed. They hadn't yet learned to distinguish between smut and pure science, which could often be subtle. Finally, one of them gathered the courage to raise his hand.

"Human beings used to..." he hesitated, his face turning red. "Well, they used to give birth."

"Exactly right," the Director nodded approvingly.

"And when the babies were brought out...

Born," came the correction.

"Well, then they were the parents—I mean, not the babies, of course; the other ones." The poor boy was overwhelmed with confusion.

In simple terms, the Director summarized, "The parents were the father and the mother." The previously disguised truth, which was actually scientific knowledge, shattered the boys' silence as they averted their eyes. "Mother," he repeated loudly, emphasizing the scientific aspect. Leaning back in his chair, he solemnly stated, "These are unpleasant facts, I know. But then, most historical facts are unpleasant."

He shifted his attention back to Little Reuben, who, one evening, had the misfortune of his father and mother accidentally leaving the radio on (crash, crash!).

("You must remember that in those days, when live birth was common, children were always raised by their parents and not in State Conditioning Centres.")

While the child was asleep, a broadcast programme from London suddenly began playing, much to the surprise of the daring boys (crash and crash).

The parents exchanged grins as they glanced at each other. Suddenly, their young child, Little Reuben, woke up and began reciting a lengthy lecture word for word. This lecture was originally given by a peculiar old writer named George Bernard Shaw, who was known for his genius and whose works were considered rare and valuable. However, Little Reuben's parents couldn't make sense of the lecture, and they became worried, thinking their child had gone mad. They promptly called a doctor who understood English. The doctor recognized the lecture as the one Shaw had broadcasted the previous evening and understood the significance of the situation. He wrote a letter to the medical press to share his findings.

The doctor revealed that the principle of sleep-teaching, also known as hypnop^dia, had been discovered. The Director of the story paused dramatically to emphasize this point.

Indeed, the principle had been discovered, but it would be many years before it was effectively put to use.

"The case of Little Reuben occurred only twenty-three years after the introduction of Our Ford's first T- Model to the market." (At this point, the Director gestured a T shape on his stomach, and all the students imitated the gesture reverently.) "And yet..."

The students were scribbling furiously. 'Hypnop^dia, first officially used in A.F. 214. Why wasn't it used before? Two reasons. (a)...'

'These early experimenters,' the D.H.C. was saying, 'were on the wrong path. They believed that hypnop^dia could be used as a tool for intellectual education...'

(A small boy sleeping on his right side, his right arm sticking out, his right hand hanging limply over the edge of the bed. Through a round grating in the side of a box, a soft voice speaks.

'The Nile is the longest river in Africa and the second longest among all the rivers in the world. Though it falls short in length compared to the Mississippi-Missouri, the Nile ranks first in terms of the length of its basin, which spans 35 degrees of latitude...'

During breakfast the next morning, someone asks, 'Tommy, do you know which river is the longest in Africa?' A shaking of the head. 'But don't you remember something that starts with: The Nile is the...'

'The-Nile-is-the-longest-river-in-Africa-and-the-second-in-length-of-all-the-rivers-of-the-globe... The words come rushing out.

'Although-falling-short-of...'

'Well, now, which river is the longest in Africa?'

The eyes are empty, expressing ignorance.

"But Tommy, what about the Nile?"

Tommy responds with tears, "I don't know!" he cries.

The Director found this cry discouraging for the early researchers. The experiments were abandoned, and they didn't make any further attempts to teach children about the length of the Nile while they slept. And rightly so, because you can't learn a subject if you don't understand its essence.

"However, if they had started with moral education," the Director remarked, leading the way towards the exit. The students followed, hastily taking notes as they walked and even in the elevator. "Moral education should never be rational, regardless of the circumstances."

As they reached the fourteenth floor, a loudspeaker whispered, "Silence, silence," and the trumpet mouths repeated the command at regular intervals along every corridor. The students and even the Director instinctively rose to their tiptoes. They were Alphas, of course, but even Alphas had been thoroughly conditioned. "Silence, silence." The entire fourteenth floor was filled with the categorical imperative.

They crept silently for fifty yards until they reached a door, which the Director opened with great caution. They crossed the threshold and entered a dimly lit dormitory, its windows covered. Eighty beds were arranged in a row against the wall. The room was filled with the gentle sound of steady breathing and a continuous murmur, like faint voices whispering from a distance.

A nurse stood up and saluted the Director as they entered.

"What subject was taught this afternoon?" he inquired.

"We had Basic Sex Education for the first forty minutes," she replied. "But now we've switched to Basic Class Awareness."

The Director walked slowly along the lengthy row of beds. The children, rosy-cheeked and peaceful in their slumber, breathed softly. There was a hushed conversation beneath each pillow. The D.H.C. stopped and leaned over one of the small beds, listening intently.

Basic Class Awareness, you said? Let's hear it again, a little louder through the loudspeaker.

At the end of the room, there was a speaker sticking out of the wall. The Director approached it and pressed a button.

"...everyone wears green," a soft but clear voice started in the middle of a sentence, "and Delta Children wear khaki. Oh no, I don't want to play with Delta children. And Epsilons are even worse. They're too dumb to read or write. Plus, they wear black, which is such an awful color. I'm so happy that I belong to the Beta class."

There was a pause, and then the voice continued.

"Alpha children wear grey. They work much harder than we do because they're extremely intelligent. I'm really glad I'm a Beta because I don't have to work as hard. And we are much superior to the Gammas and Deltas. Gammas are foolish. They all wear green, and Delta children wear khaki. Oh no, I don't want to play with Delta children. And Epsilons are even worse. They're too dumb to..."

The Director switched off the button. The voice fell silent, but its faint echo could still be heard beneath the eighty pillows.

"They will hear that repeated forty or fifty times more before they wake up; then again on Thursday and Saturday. A hundred and twenty times, three times a week, for thirty months. After that, they move on to a more advanced lesson."

Roses and electric shocks, the khaki of Deltas, and a hint of asafoetida are united inseparably before the child can speak. However, non-verbal conditioning is simplistic and universal; it cannot convey subtle nuances or teach complex behaviors. For that, words are necessary, but words without logical reasoning. In short, it is called hypnop^dia.

According to the speaker, it is "the most influential tool for moralizing and socializing in history."

The students diligently recorded these words in their notebooks, trusting the information from a reliable source.

Once again, the Director activated the switch.

The persuasive, smooth, and tireless voice continued, saying, "It's incredibly brilliant. I'm genuinely pleased to be a Beta because..."

Rather than resembling drops of water, which can gradually erode even the hardest granite, imagine drops of liquid sealing-wax. These drops adhere, encrust, and become part of whatever they fall on until the entire surface turns into a scarlet blob.

"And eventually, the child's mind becomes a product of these suggestions, and the accumulation of these suggestions becomes the child's mind. And it's not just the child's mind, but also..."

Even in the mind of an adult, throughout their entire life, their thoughts and beliefs are influenced by the suggestions they receive. This mind is responsible for making judgments, having desires, and making decisions, all shaped by these suggestions. However, it's important to recognize that these suggestions ultimately come from us, from the State. The Director emphasized this point with enthusiasm, banging on the nearby table. He was about to make a further point when he was interrupted by a noise.

"Oh, Ford!" he exclaimed, his tone changing, "I accidentally woke up the children."

CHAPTER-III

Outside, in the garden, it was time to play. Under the warm June sun, around six or seven hundred little boys and girls were running and screaming with joy on the lawns. Some were playing ball games, while others sat quietly in small groups among the blooming shrubs. The roses were in full bloom, two nightingales sang their solos in the bushes, and a cuckoo was gradually losing its tune amidst the lime trees. The air was filled with the gentle buzzing of bees and dragonflies.

The Director and his students paused for a moment to observe a game of Centrifugal Bumble-puppy. Twenty children formed a circle around a tower made of chrome steel. A ball was thrown upwards to land on the platform at the top of the tower, then it rolled down into the interior, landed on a rapidly spinning disc, and was propelled through one of the many holes in the cylindrical casing, where it had to be caught.

"How peculiar," pondered the Director, as they turned away, "it's strange to think that even in the time of Our Ford, most games were played with nothing more than a ball or two, a few sticks, and perhaps some netting. Just imagine the absurdity of allowing people to play complex games that contribute nothing to increased consumption. It's madness. Nowadays, the Controllers won't approve of any new game unless it requires at least as much equipment as the most intricate of existing games." He paused for a moment, lost in his thoughts.

That's a cute little group," he said, pointing.

In a small grassy area surrounded by tall clusters of Mediterranean heather, two children were playing very seriously, as if they were scientists engrossed in a discovery experiment. There was a little boy, around seven years old, and a slightly older girl, perhaps eight. They were engaged in a basic sexual game, giving their full attention to it.

"How charming, charming!" the Director repeated sentimentally.

"Charming," the boys politely agreed. However, their smiles were somewhat condescending. They had recently outgrown similar childish activities, so they couldn't help but look down on them now. Charming? It was just a couple of kids fooling around; that's all it was. Just kids.

"I always believe," the Director continued in the same sentimental tone, but he was interrupted by a loud crying sound.

A nurse emerged from a nearby shrubbery, leading the children away.

There was a small boy who was crying loudly as he walked. A worried-looking little girl followed closely behind him.

The Director asked, “What’s the matter?”

The nurse shrugged her shoulders and replied, “Not much, really.”

“It’s just that this little boy seems hesitant to participate in the usual playful activities. I’ve noticed it a couple of times before, and it happened again today. He started yelling just now...”

The anxious-looking little girl interjected, “Honestly, I didn’t mean to hurt him or anything. Honestly.”

“Of course you didn’t, dear,” the nurse reassured her. Then she turned back to the Director and said, “That’s why I’m taking him to see the Assistant Superintendent of Psychology, just to check if there’s anything abnormal.”

“Exactly,” agreed the Director. “Take him there. You can stay here, little girl,” he added, as the nurse walked away with the still crying boy. “What’s your name?”

Polly Trotsky,” she replied.

"And it's a great name as well," said the Director. "Now go and see if you can find another boy to play with."

The child quickly ran off into the bushes and disappeared from sight.

"What an exquisite little creature!" the Director exclaimed, watching her go. Then he turned to his students and said, "What I'm about to tell you may sound unbelievable. But when you're not familiar with history, most facts about the past do sound incredible."

He revealed a surprising truth. For a long time before Our Ford's era, and even for some generations afterward, it was considered abnormal (laughter erupted) and even immoral (no!) to engage in erotic play between children. Consequently, it was strictly prohibited.

His listeners' faces registered astonished disbelief. Children not allowed to have fun? They couldn't believe it.

"Even adolescents like yourselves," the Director continued.

"Not possible!"

"Except for some secretive self-stimulation and homosexuality—absolutely nothing."

“Nothing?”

“Most of the time, until they reached the age of twenty.”

“Twenty years old?” exclaimed the students in disbelief, speaking in unison.

“Twenty,” the Director repeated. “I told you it would be hard to believe.”

“But what happened?” they asked. “What were the outcomes?”

“The outcomes were terrible.” A deep and resonant voice interrupted the conversation abruptly.

They looked around and saw a stranger on the outskirts of their small group. He was a man of medium height, with black hair, a hooked nose, full red lips, and dark, piercing eyes. “Terrible,” he repeated.

At that moment, the Director of Hatcheries and Conditioning had taken a seat on one of the conveniently placed steel and rubber benches in the gardens. However, upon seeing the stranger, he jumped to his feet and eagerly approached him, extending his hands and smiling with all his teeth.

“Controller! What a pleasant surprise! Boys, what are you doing? This is the Controller, His Fordship, Mustapha Mond.”

In the Centre's four thousand rooms, all the electric clocks struck four simultaneously. Voices without bodies called out from trumpet-shaped speakers.

"The main day-shift is off duty. Second day-shift, take over. Main day-shift off..."

While riding the elevator to the changing rooms, Henry Foster and the Assistant Director of Predestination intentionally ignored Bernard Marx from the Psychology Bureau, avoiding him due to his questionable reputation.

The faint sound of machinery filled the crimson air in the Embryo Store. Shifts came and went, one lupus-colored face replaced by another. Majestically and perpetually, the conveyors moved forward, carrying their load of future men and women.

Lenina Crowne walked briskly toward the door.

His Fordship Mustapha Mond! The saluting students' eyes nearly popped out of their heads. Mustapha Mond! The Resident

Controller for Western Europe! One of the Ten World Controllers. One of the Ten... and he sat down on the bench with the Director of Hatcheries and Conditioning (D.H.C.). He was going to stay, to stay, yes, and actually talk to them... straight from the horse's mouth. Straight from the mouth of Ford himself.

Two children with shrimp-brown skin emerged from a nearby shrubbery. They stared at them for a moment with wide, amazed eyes, then went back to playing among the leaves.

"You all remember," said the Controller in his strong, deep voice, "you all remember, I suppose, that beautiful and inspiring saying of Our Ford's: History is nonsense. History," he repeated slowly, "is nonsense."

He waved his hand, and it was as if he had brushed away a little dust with an invisible feather. The dust was Harappa, Ur of the Chaldees; some spider-webs, and they were Thebes, Babylon, and Cnossos, and Mycenae. Whisk, whisk—and where was Odysseus, where was Job, where were Jupiter, Gotama, and Jesus? Whisk—and those specks of ancient dirt called Athens and Rome, Jerusalem, and the Middle Kingdom—all were gone. Whisk—the place where Italy had been was empty. Whisk, whisk—the cathedrals; whisk, whisk—King Lear and the Thoughts of Pascal. Whisk, Passion: whisk, Requiem; whisk, Symphony; whisk...

“Hey Henry, are you going to the Feelies tonight?” asked the Assistant Predestinator. “I heard the new one at the Alhambra is excellent. There’s a romantic scene on a bearskin rug, and they say it’s fantastic. Every strand of hair on the bear is replicated. The tactile effects are mind-blowing.”

“That’s why they don’t teach you history,” the Controller said. “But now the time has come...”

The Director of Hatcheries and Conditioning looked at him nervously. There were rumors about old banned books hidden in a safe in the Controller’s study. Bibles, poetry—who knows what else?

Mustapha Mond caught his anxious glance, and a sarcastic smile appeared on his lips.

“Don’t worry, Director,” he said mockingly, “I won’t corrupt them.”

The Director was overwhelmed with confusion.

Those who feel they are despised would do well to show disdain in return.

Bernard Marx had a contemptuous smile on his face, showing his disdain. It was evident in every aspect of his demeanor.

"I will definitely make an effort to go," Henry Foster declared.

Mustapha Mond leaned forward and pointed his finger at them, conveying a sense of urgency. "Just try to understand," he said, and his words sent a strange shiver through their bodies. "Try to comprehend what it was like to have a mother who gave birth."

That vulgar term was mentioned once again. However, this time, none of them even thought of smiling.

"Imagine what it meant to 'live with one's family,'" he continued.

They made an attempt to envision it, but clearly failed completely.

"And do you know what a 'home' was?"

They shook their heads, indicating their lack of knowledge on the subject.

Lenina Crowne quickly ascended seventeen floors from her dark red basement, turned right upon exiting the elevator, and proceeded down a lengthy corridor. She then entered a door labeled "GIRLS' DRESSING-ROOM," immersing herself in a deafening uproar of arms, bosoms, and undergarments. A multitude of baths were being filled or drained with torrents of hot water. Eighty vibro-vacuum massage machines rumbled and hissed as they simultaneously kneaded and suctioned the taut and sun-kissed flesh of eighty stunning women. Everyone was shouting at the top of their lungs, while a Synthetic Music machine serenaded with a splendid cornet solo.

"Hello, Fanny," Lenina greeted the young woman occupying the neighboring pegs and locker.

Fanny worked in the Bottling Room and shared Lenina's surname of Crowne. However, considering the planet's two billion inhabitants had only ten thousand names to choose from, the coincidence was not particularly remarkable.

Lenina unfastened her zippers—one for her jacket, two for her trousers—pulling them downward with a firm motion. She then loosened her undergarment. Still clad in her shoes and stockings, she made her way towards the bathrooms.

Home, home—a collection of small rooms, oppressively overcrowded by

The man was surrounded by a constantly busy woman and a group of boys and girls of various ages. There was no fresh air or space, just a cramped and unsanitary prison filled with darkness, sickness, and unpleasant odors.

(The way the Controller described it was so vivid that one of the boys, who was more sensitive than the others, turned pale just from hearing the description and almost vomited.)

Lenina finished her bath, dried herself with a towel, picked up a long flexible tube connected to the wall, and pointed the nozzle at her chest as if she intended to end her life. She pressed the trigger, and a stream of warm air covered her with the finest talcum powder. There were eight different scents and colognes available, which could be dispensed through small taps above the washbasin. She chose the third one from the left, applied some chypre fragrance to herself, and then carried her shoes and stockings in her hand as she went out to check if one of the vibro-vacuum machines was available.

And the home was just as filthy mentally as it was physically. Mentally, it was a dark and chaotic place, filled with the conflicts and tensions of a tightly packed life, reeking with intense emotions. There were suffocatingly close relationships within the family group, relationships that were dangerous, insane, and obscene. The mother obsessively watched over her children, like a cat watches over its kittens. But she was a talking cat, constantly repeating, "My baby, my baby," over and over again. She would talk about her baby, the pleasure of breastfeeding, and the unspeakable joy and agony that came with it. Finally, when her baby slept, she would have a satisfied smile, with a small trace of milk on the corner of the baby's mouth.

"Yes," Mustapha Mond responded, nodding his head. "It's understandable that you would be horrified."

Lenina, looking radiant like a glowing pearl from within, returned from the vibro-vac and asked, "Who are you going out with tonight?"

"Nobody," Fanny replied.

Lenina raised her eyebrows in surprise.

"I've been feeling quite unwell lately," Fanny explained. "Dr. Wells suggested I try a Pregnancy Substitute."

"But, my dear, you're only nineteen. The first Pregnancy Substitute isn't mandatory until twenty-one."

'I understand, my dear. However, according to Dr. Wells, some people benefit from starting earlier. He told me that brunettes with wide pelvises, like myself, should have their first Pregnancy Substitute at the age of seventeen. So technically, I'm two years late rather than two years early.' She opened her locker and pointed to the row of boxes and labeled vials on the top shelf.

"These are the medications," Lenina read aloud. "SYRUP OF CORPUS LUTEUM. OVARIN, GUARANTEED FRESH: NOT TO BE USED AFTER AUGUST 1ST, A.F. 632. MAMMARY GLAND EXTRACT: TO BE TAKEN THREE TIMES DAILY, BEFORE MEALS, WITH A LITTLE WATER. PLACENTIN: 5CC TO BE INJECTED INTRAVENOUSLY EVERY THIRD DAY... Ugh!" Lenina shuddered. "I really dislike intravenous injections, don't you?"

"Yes, but when they have a positive effect..." Fanny was a particularly practical girl.

Our Ford—or rather, Our Freud, as he inexplicably chose to call himself when discussing psychological matters—was the first to expose the dreadful dangers of family life. The world was filled with fathers, leading to immense suffering; filled with mothers, resulting in various perversions ranging from sadism to chastity; filled with brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts—full of madness and suicide.

'And still, among the uncivilized people of Samoa, in certain islands near the coast of New Guinea...'

The warm tropical sun bathed the naked bodies of children playing freely amidst the hibiscus flowers, resembling golden honey. Home could be found in any of the twenty houses with palm-thatched roofs. In the Trobriands, conception was believed to be the result of ancestral spirits, and the concept of a father was unknown.

'Opposites,' stated the Controller, 'intersect. And they were designed to intersect for a good reason.'

'Dr. Wells claims that using a three-month Pregnancy Substitute now will significantly impact my health for the next three or four years.'

'Well, I hope he's correct,' replied Lenina. 'But, Fanny, are you really saying that for the next three months, you're not supposed to...'

'Oh no, dear. Just for a week or two, that's all. I'll spend the evening at the Club playing Musical Bridge. I assume you're going out?'

Lenina agreed with a nod.

"With whom?" asked Fanny.

"Henry Foster," Lenina replied.

Fanny's kind face, which resembled the moon, showed a surprising mix of pain and disapproval. "Are you still dating Henry Foster?" she asked incredulously.

There were parents, siblings, husbands, wives, and lovers in this society. Monogamy and romance existed as well.

"Although you probably don't know what those are," Mustapha Mond remarked.

Both Lenina and Fanny shook their heads.

Family, monogamy, and romance were present, but everywhere there was exclusivity and a narrow focus of interest. Impulses and energy were channeled in specific ways.

"But everyone belongs to everyone else," Mustapha Mond concluded, quoting a hypnopaedic proverb.

The students vigorously nodded, fully accepting the statement. They had heard it repeated over sixty- two thousand times in the dark, and it had become not only true but also unquestionable and self- evident to them.
'But in the end,' Lenina protested, 'it's only been about four months since I've been with Henry.'

'Only four months! I find that amusing. And what's more,' Fanny continued, pointing an accusing finger, 'you've only been with Henry during that entire time, right?'

Lenina blushed deeply, but her eyes and her voice remained defiant. 'Yes, there hasn't been anyone else,' she answered, almost aggressively. 'And I don't see why there should have been.'

'Oh, she doesn't see why there should have been,' Fanny repeated, as if speaking to an invisible listener behind Lenina's left shoulder. Then, with a sudden change in tone, she said, 'But seriously, I think you should be careful. It's considered terribly improper to stick with one man like this. At forty or thirty-five, it wouldn't be so bad. But at your age, Lenina! No, it's really not acceptable. And you know how strongly the Director of Hatcheries and Conditioning objects to anything intense or.

Lengthy. Henry Foster had been without another man for four months, and he would be extremely angry if he found out...

Imagine water flowing forcefully through a pipe. They visualized it. “I puncture it once,” said the Controller. “What a powerful stream!”

He punctured it twenty times, resulting in twenty weak little fountains.

“My darling. My darling...!”

“Mother!” The madness is contagious.

“My love, my one and only, precious, precious...!”

Mother, monogamy, romance. The fountain spurts high; the wild stream is fierce and frothy. The urge has only one way out. My love, my darling. No wonder those poor people from the past were insane, wicked, and miserable. Their world didn’t allow them to take things lightly, didn’t allow them to be rational, virtuous, or happy. With the constraints of motherhood and romantic relationships, with the rules they were not conditioned to follow, with the temptations and the lonely regrets, with all the diseases and the perpetual isolating pain, with the uncertainties and the poverty—they were compelled to feel deeply. And by feeling deeply (and deeply, moreover, in solitude, in hopelessly individual isolation), how could they remain stable?

'Of course, there's no need to break up with him. Just have someone else occasionally, that's all. After all, he has other girls, doesn't he?'

Lenina agreed.

'Of course he does. Trust Henry Foster to be the perfect gentleman—always proper. And then we have to consider the Director. You know how strict he is...'

Nodding, Lenina said, 'He patted me on the backside this afternoon.'

'There you go!' Fanny exclaimed triumphantly. 'That shows what he represents. The utmost conformity.'

'Stability,' declared the Controller, 'stability. There can be no civilization without social stability. And there can be no social stability without individual stability.' His voice boomed like a trumpet. As they listened, they felt bigger, warmer.

The machine spins, spins, and must keep on spinning—for eternity. It is death if it stops. Billions of people scrape the surface of the

Earth. The spinning of the wheels began. In a span of one hundred and fifty years, the population reached two billion. Suddenly, halt the wheels! Within one hundred and fifty weeks, the population drops back to only one billion; a billion people have died from starvation.

The wheels must keep turning steadily, but they cannot turn without care. There need to be men to tend to them, men who are as reliable as the wheels on their axles, rational men, obedient men, content in their stability.

Crying out: "My baby, my mother, my only, only love!" Groaning: "My sins, my fearsome God!" Screaming in pain, muttering with fever, lamenting old age and poverty—how can they take care of the wheels? And if they cannot tend to the wheels... The task of burying or cremating the corpses of a billion people would be overwhelming.

"And, ultimately," Fanny's voice was persuasive, "there's nothing painful or unpleasant about having one or two men in addition to Henry. Considering that, you should be a bit more open-minded....."

'Stability,' the Controller insisted, 'stability. It is the most fundamental and essential requirement. Stability. That's why all of this exists.'

He gestured with his hand, pointing towards the gardens, the massive structure of the Conditioning Center, and the unclothed children hiding in the bushes or playing on the lawns.

Lenina shook her head and pondered, "Somehow, I haven't been feeling particularly enthusiastic about promiscuity lately. There are times when one simply doesn't feel inclined towards it. Haven't you experienced that as well, Fanny?"

Fanny nodded, showing her sympathy and understanding. "But we have to make an effort," she said with a serious tone, "we have to conform. After all, everyone belongs to everyone else."

"Yes, everyone belongs to everyone else," Lenina repeated slowly and sighed, falling silent for a moment. Then she gently squeezed Fanny's hand, saying, "You're absolutely right, Fanny. As always. I'll make the effort."

Impulses that are suppressed accumulate and eventually overflow, leading to a flood of emotions, passion, and sometimes even madness. The intensity of this flood depends on the strength of the current and the height and solidity of the barriers in place. The unrestrained stream..

The liquid smoothly moves down its designated pathways into a state of tranquility and well-being. (The developing organism is experiencing hunger consistently, and the artificial blood pump tirelessly rotates at a rate of eight hundred revolutions per minute. The newborn baby cries out, and immediately a nurse appears with a bottle of external secretion. The sensation lingers in the gap between desire and fulfillment. Reduce that time interval, eliminate all those outdated and unnecessary barriers.)

"Fortunate boys!" the Controller exclaimed. "No effort has been spared to ensure that your lives are emotionally comfortable—making every attempt to shield you, as much as possible, from experiencing emotions altogether."

"The world is in perfect order," the Director of Hatcheries and Conditioning whispered. "Ford is driving his car."

"Lenina Crowne?" Henry Foster repeated the question posed by the Assistant Predestinator as he zipped up his trousers. "Oh, she's a remarkable girl. Incredibly attractive. I'm surprised you haven't been with her yet."

'I can't believe I haven't thought of it,' said the Assistant Predestinator. 'I definitely will. As soon as I get the chance.'

Bernard Marx, who was sitting across the changing-room aisle, overheard their conversation and became pale.

"To be honest," Lenina said, "I'm starting to get a little bored with Henry every day." She pulled on her left stocking. "Do you know Bernard Marx?" she asked, trying to sound casual, but it was clear she was forcing it.

Fanny looked surprised. "You don't mean...?"

"Why not? Bernard is an Alpha-Plus. Besides, he asked me to go to one of the Savage Reservations with him. I've always wanted to see a Savage Reservation."

"But what about his reputation?"

"Why should I care about his reputation?"

"They say he doesn't like Obstacle Golf."

"They say, they say," Lenina mocked.

"And they also say he spends most of his time alone." Fanny's voice carried a hint of horror.

Well, he won't be alone when he's with me. And besides, why are
"Why are people treating him so badly? I actually find him quite nice," she thought to herself, smiling. She found it ridiculous how shy he had been, almost as if she were a powerful leader and he was just a subordinate.

"Think about your own lives," Mustapha Mond said. "Have any of you ever faced an impossible obstacle?"

The question was met with silence. "Have any of you experienced a long wait between wanting something and actually getting it?"

"Well," one of the boys began, hesitating.

"Speak up," the D.H.C. urged. "Don't keep his lordship waiting."

"There was once a time when I had to wait almost four weeks for a girl I liked to agree to be with me."

"And did you feel a strong emotion as a result?"

"It was awful!"

"Awful, exactly," said the Controller. "Our ancestors were so foolish and narrow-minded that when the first reformers came and offered to free them from those terrible emotions, they rejected them completely."
Bernard clenched his teeth, infuriated by the way they spoke of her as if she were

mere meat. They treated her like a piece of mutton, degrading her. She had promised to consider his proposal and give him an answer this week, but now he felt frustrated. He couldn't help but think of Ford, and how he wished to confront them and deliver powerful blows to their faces, over and over again.

Henry Foster advised, "I really think you should give her a try."

"They had developed the complete technique of Ectogenesis," Bernard continued. "Pfitzner and Kawaguchi had it all figured out. But the governments refused to consider it because of something called Christianity. Women were still forced to bear children."

"He's so unattractive!" Fanny exclaimed.

"But I actually find him appealing," Bernard replied.

Fanny wrinkled her nose disapprovingly. Being small was seen as repulsive and clearly associated with the lower caste

“I think it’s really cute,” said Lenina. “You know, it makes me want to pet him, like a cat.”

Fanny was shocked. “They say someone made a mistake when he was still in the test tube, thinking he was a Gamma and accidentally added alcohol to his blood surrogate. That’s why he’s so small.”

“What nonsense!” Lenina was outraged.

“Sleep teaching was actually forbidden in England. There was something called liberalism. The Parliament, if you know what that was, passed a law against it. The records still exist, with speeches about the freedom of the individual. The freedom to be inefficient and unhappy. The freedom to be a misfit.”

“But my dear friend, you’re welcome here, I assure you. Everyone belongs to everyone else, after all,” Henry Foster comforted the Assistant Predestinator by patting his shoulder.

“One hundred repetitions, three nights a week, for four years,” thought Bernard Marx, who specialized in hypnopaedia. “Sixty-two thousand four hundred repetitions make one truth. Idiots!”

"Or the Caste System. Always suggested, always rejected. There existed this thing called democracy. As if men were more than just physically and chemically equal."

"Well, all I can say is that I'm going to accept his invitation."

Bernard despised them, despised them. But they were two, they were powerful, they were dominant.

"The Nine Years' War started in A.F. 141."

"Not even if it turned out to be true about the alcohol in his artificial blood."

“Phosgene, chloropicrin, ethyl iodoacetate, diphenylcyanarsine, trichloroethylene chloroformate, chloranthy sulphide. Not to mention hydrocyanic acid.”
Lenina reached a conclusion by saying, “I simply don’t believe that.

She described the scenario as follows, “The sound of fourteen thousand airplanes advancing in a scattered formation. However, in Kurfurstendamm and the Eighth Arrondissement, the detonation of anthrax bombs is hardly louder than the sound of a paper bag popping.”

She expressed her desire by saying, “Because I really want to visit a Savage Reservation.”

Regarding the chemical equation $CH3C6H2(NO2)3 + Hg(CNO)2$, it results in something catastrophic: “Well, what? An enormous hole in the ground, a pile of

debris, fragments of flesh and mucus, a foot still wearing a boot, soaring through the air and landing with a flop amidst the geraniums - the scarlet ones. It's such a spectacular sight during the summer!"

Frustrated, the speaker exclaimed, "You're hopeless, Lenina. I give up on you."

“The Russian method of contaminating water supplies was exceptionally clever.”

With their backs turned to each other, Fanny and Lenina continued changing in silence.

“The Nine Years’ War, the devastating Economic Collapse. There was a choice between global control and annihilation. Between stability and...”

“Fanny Crowne is also a pleasant girl,” the Assistant Predestinator interjected.

In the nurseries, the lesson on Elementary Class Consciousness had concluded, and the voices were adapting future demand to future industrial supply. “I truly enjoy flying,” they whispered, “I truly enjoy having new clothes, I truly enjoy...”

“Liberalism, of course, had succumbed to anthrax, but nevertheless, you couldn’t accomplish things through force.”

“Not nearly as curvaceous as Lenina. Oh, definitely not.”

“But wearing old clothes is awful,” the persistent whisper continued. “We always throw away old clothes. Discarding is better than repairing, discarding is better than repairing, discarding is better...”

“Governance is about strategizing, not violence. You rule with intelligence and influence, never with physical force. For instance, there was the compulsory consumption.”

“There, I’m ready,” said Lenina, but Fanny remained silent and turned away. “Let’s reconcile, my dear Fanny.”

“Every individual, regardless of age or gender, forced to consume a certain amount each year. In the name of promoting industry. The only outcome...”

“Discarding is better than repairing. The more repairs, the less wealth; the more repairs...”

One of these days,” Fanny said with a gloomy tone, “you’ll find yourself in trouble.

"Massive rejection of social responsibility. Doing everything possible to avoid consuming. Returning to a more natural way of life."

"I really enjoy traveling by plane, I really do."

"Embracing cultural activities. Actually immersing oneself in culture. You can't consume much if you stay still and dedicate yourself to reading books."

"Lenina asked if she looked good. She wore a jacket made of bottle-green synthetic fabric with green faux fur on the cuffs and collar."

"Eight hundred individuals leading a simple life were brutally killed by machine guns in Golders Green."

“The act of bringing something to an end is preferable to repairing it, the act of bringing something to an end is preferable to repairing it.”

Lenina was wearing green corduroy shorts and white viscose-woollen stockings that were folded below her knees.

“Afterward, there was the well-known incident at the British Museum. Two thousand enthusiasts of culture were affected by a gas called dichlorethyl sulphide.”

Lenina had a jockey cap in green and white, which shaded her eyes. Her shoes were bright green and had a glossy finish.

“In the end,” Mustapha Mond stated, “the Controllers realized that using force was ineffective. They opted for slower but more certain methods such as ectogenesis, Neo-Pavlovian conditioning, and hypnop^dia...”***

Around her waist, Lenina had a silver-mounted green morocco-surrogate cartridge belt. It was filled (because Lenina was not a freemartin) with the required amount of contraceptives as per regulations.

"The discoveries of Pfitzner and Kawaguchi were finally put into action. A vigorous campaign against live birth reproduction..."

"Excellent!" exclaimed Fanny with great enthusiasm. She couldn't resist Lenina's charm for long. "And what a wonderfully cute Malthusian belt!"

"This campaign was accompanied by efforts against the preservation of the past. Museums were closed, historical monuments were destroyed (fortunately, most of them were already ruined during the Nine Years' War), and all books published before A.F. 150 were banned."

"I absolutely must get one like it," said Fanny.

"There were certain structures known as pyramids, for instance."

"My old black-patent bandolier..."

'And there was this guy named Shakespeare. Obviously, you have no idea who he is.'

'It's a complete shame - that belt of mine.'

'These are the benefits of having a truly scientific education.'

'The more repairs, the less wealth; the more repairs, the less...'

'The launch of the first T-Model by Our Ford...'

'I've owned it for almost three months.'

'Selected as the starting point of the new era.'

'Ending is preferable to fixing; ending is preferable...'

'There used to be this thing, as I mentioned earlier, called Christianity.'

“Stopping or concluding is preferable to repairing or fixing.”

“The moral principles and philosophical ideas of consuming less...”

“I have a great affection for fresh garments, I adore them, I can’t get enough...”

“It used to be crucial during times of limited production, but in an era of automation and the artificial production of nitrogen—clearly a detrimental act towards society.”

“Henry Foster presented it to me.”

“All crucifixes had their upper parts removed and transformed into T’s. There was also a concept known as God.”

“It’s like a substitute for the real Morocco.”

“Nowadays, we live in the World State. We celebrate Ford’s Day, participate in Community Sings, and attend Solidarity Services.”

“God, how I despise them!” Bernard Marx thought to himself.

“People used to believe in Heaven, but they still consumed large amounts of alcohol.”

“Treating others like mere pieces of meat.”

“People used to believe in the existence of the soul and the concept of immortality.”

“Make sure to inquire Henry about where he acquired it.”
‘However, they used to consume morphine and cocaine.’

‘Furthermore, what worsens the situation is that she perceives herself as mere flesh.’

‘Two thousand experts in pharmacology and biochemistry received financial support

in A.F. 178.'

'He appears unhappy,' commented the Assistant Predestinator, gesturing towards Bernard Marx.

'Six years later, it became available for commercial production. The ideal drug.'

'Let's provoke him.'

'Blissful, sedative, pleasantly hallucinogenic.'

'Downcast, Marx, downcast.' The forceful pat on the shoulder startled him, causing him to look up. It was that brutish Henry Foster. 'What you need is a gram of soma.'

“Enjoy all the benefits of Christianity and alcohol without any of their drawbacks.”

“I want to kill Ford!” But all he said was, “No, thank you,” and pushed away the offered tube of tablets.

“You can escape from reality whenever you want, and return without even a headache or a set of beliefs.”

“Accept it,” Henry Foster insisted, “accept it.”

“Stability was almost guaranteed.”

“The Assistant Predestinator stated a simple hypnopaedic truth: ‘One cubic centimetre cures ten gloomy feelings.’”

“The only thing left to conquer was old age.”

Curse you, curse you!' yelled Bernard Marx.

'Oh, how fancy.'

'Gonadal hormones, infusion of young blood, magnesium salts...'

'And always remember that a gram is more valuable than a curse.' They left, laughing.

'All the physical signs of old age have been eliminated. And along with them, of course...'

'Don't forget to inquire about that Malthusian belt,' Fanny added.

'And along with the physical signs, all the idiosyncrasies of old age disappear. Personalities remain constant throughout an entire lifetime

...there are two rounds of Obstacle Golf left before it gets dark. I need to hurry and fly.

'Work, play - when we reach sixty, our abilities and preferences remain the same as when we were seventeen. In the past, old men used to give up, retire, turn to religion, and spend their time reading and thinking... thinking!'

'Idiots, fools!' Bernard Marx muttered to himself as he walked down the corridor towards the elevator.

'Now, thanks to progress, the old men work, the old men have sex, the old men have no time, no leisure to sit down and think. And if, by some unfortunate chance, they do find a moment of free time amidst their constant distractions, there is always soma, delightful soma. Half a gram for a short break, a gram for the weekend, two grams for a trip to the beautiful East, three grams for an everlasting darkness on the moon. But when they return, they find themselves back on the other side, safely grounded in their daily routines and distractions, rushing from one entertainment to another, from one pneumatic girl to another, from Electro-magnetic Golf Course to...'

'Leave, little girl!' the D.H.C. angrily shouted. 'Leave, little boy! Can't you see that His Fordship is busy? Go and play somewhere else.'

'Poor little children,' said the Controller.

Slowly, with a majestic humming of machinery, the Conveyors moved forward at a pace of thirty-three centimeters per hour. Countless rubies glistened in the red darkness.
The elevator was full of men from the Alpha Changing Rooms, and when Lenina entered, she was greeted with friendly nods and smiles. She was well-liked and had been intimate with almost all of them at some point.

"They are nice guys," she thought as she acknowledged their greetings. "Charming guys!" However, she couldn't help but wish that George Edzel didn't have such big ears (maybe he received too much parathyroid at meter 328?). And when she looked at Benito Hoover, she couldn't forget how hairy he was when naked.

Turning her gaze, slightly saddened by the memory of Benito's curly hairiness, she noticed Bernard Marx in a corner. He had a small, thin body and a melancholic face.

"Bernard!" she approached him. "I was looking for you." Her voice cut through the noise of the rising elevator, and the others turned to look curiously. "I wanted to talk to you about our plan for New Mexico." From the corner of her eye, she could see Benito Hoover gaping in astonishment. His surprise annoyed her. "He must be surprised that I'm not begging to go with him again!" she thought to herself. Then, speaking aloud and even more warmly, she continued, "I would absolutely love to accompany you for a week in July." (At least publicly, she was showing her disloyalty to Henry. Fanny should be pleased, even if it was with Bernard.) "That is," Lenina gave him a significant smile, "if you still want me."

Bernard's pale face turned red. "Why on earth?" she wondered, both astonished and touched by this peculiar tribute to her influence.

"Shouldn't we talk about it somewhere else?" he stammered, looking incredibly uncomfortable.

Lenina thought, “He seems as if I’ve said something scandalous. He couldn’t look more upset if I had told a dirty joke or asked about his mother or something.”

“I mean, with all these people around...” He was choked with confusion.

Lenina’s laugh was genuine and completely harmless. “How funny you
“Are!” she exclaimed, genuinely finding him amusing. “Will you give me at least a week’s notice?” she continued in a different tone. “I assume we’ll be taking the Blue Pacific Rocket? Does it depart from the Charing-T Tower? Or is it from Hampstead?”

Before Bernard could respond, the elevator came to a stop.

“Roof!” called out a creaky voice.

The elevator operator was a small creature resembling a monkey, wearing the black uniform of an Epsilon-Minus Semi-Moron.

“Roof!”

He opened the elevator doors, and the warm, glorious sunlight outside caused him to start and blink his eyes. “Oh, the roof!” he exclaimed with delight. It was as if he had suddenly and joyfully awakened from a dark, annihilating stupor. “Roof!”

He smiled up at his passengers with a dog-like adoration, expecting something from them. Talking and laughing among themselves, they stepped out into the sunlight. The elevator operator watched them.

“Roof?” he asked once again, in a questioning manner.

Then a bell rang, and a loudspeaker mounted on the elevator ceiling began to issue its commands, softly but imperiously.

“Go down,” it said, “go down. Floor Eighteen. Go down, go down. Floor Eighteen. Go down, go...”
The elevator operator forcefully closed the doors, pressed a button, and swiftly descended into the monotonous darkness of the elevator shaft, succumbing to his usual state of dullness.

On the rooftop, it was warm and bright. The summer afternoon was peaceful, filled with the buzzing sound of helicopters passing by. The distant hum of rocket planes, speeding invisibly through the clear sky several miles above, felt like a gentle caress in the serene air. Bernard Marx took a deep breath, gazing upwards at the sky, then scanning the blue horizon, and finally, his eyes settled on Lenina’s face.

“Isn’t it magnificent!” his voice quivered slightly.

Lenina smiled at him, her expression filled with deep understanding. “Absolutely perfect for Obstacle Golf,” she exclaimed enthusiastically. “Now, I must hurry, Bernard. Henry gets annoyed if I make him wait. Let me know in advance about the date.” With a wave of her hand, she swiftly departed, running across the expansive flat roof towards the hangars. Bernard stood there, observing the fading sparkle of her white stockings, the lively movement of her sun-kissed knees, bending and straightening, again and again.

And the gentle, rolling sensation of those perfectly fitting corduroy shorts under the deep green jacket. His face showed signs of discomfort.

"I must say she was quite attractive," a loud and cheerful voice spoke from behind him.

Bernard jumped and turned around. Benito Hoover's round, red face was radiating with sincere warmth. Benito was known for his good nature. Some claimed he could navigate through life without ever needing soma. He never experienced the malice and bad temper that plagued others. For Benito, reality was always sunny.

"She was also quite voluptuous. Oh, yes!" Benito continued in a different tone. "But, hey, you look miserable! What you need is a gram of soma." Reaching into his right trouser pocket, Benito pulled out a small bottle. "One cubic centimeter cures ten moments of gloom... But, wait!"

Bernard abruptly turned and hurried away.

Benito stared after him. "What could be bothering that guy?" he wondered, and shaking his head, he concluded that the rumor about alcohol being mixed into the poor fellow's blood surrogate must be true. "Must have affected his brain, I suppose."

He put away the soma bottle and took out a packet of chewing gum infused with sex hormones. He placed a piece in his cheek and walked slowly towards the hangars, lost in thought.

Henry Foster had his aircraft brought out from storage, and when Lenina arrived, he was already seated in the cockpit, waiting.

"You're four minutes late," he commented as she climbed in beside him. He started the engines and engaged the helicopter blades. The machine shot up into the air. Henry increased the speed; the humming of the propeller escalated from a hornet to a wasp, and then to a mosquito. The speedometer indicated that they were ascending at a rate of nearly two kilometers per minute. London shrank beneath them. The towering buildings transformed into mere clusters of geometric mushrooms sprouting from the green parks and gardens. Among them, a taller and slimmer structure, the Charing-T Tower, reached upward like a shiny concrete disc.

Large, fleshy clouds resembling the indistinct torsos of mythical athletes floated lazily in the blue sky above them. Suddenly, a small scarlet insect descended from one of the clouds, buzzing as it fell.

"There's the Red Rocket," Henry said, "it just arrived from New York."

Glancing at his watch, he remarked, "We're running seven minutes late," and shook his head. "These transatlantic flights are disgracefully unpunctual."

He released pressure from the accelerator pedal. The sound of the rotating blades above gradually decreased in pitch, transitioning from a wasp-like buzz to a hornet's hum, then to the buzz of a bumblebee, and finally to the low rumble of a stag beetle. The ascending movement of the aircraft began to slow down until they eventually hovered motionless in the air. Henry pushed a lever, causing a clicking sound. The propeller in front of them started to spin, initially at a slow pace, then gradually gaining speed until it formed a blurred circle before their eyes. The wind produced by their horizontal movement whistled louder and louder through the aircraft's structure. Henry closely monitored the revolution counter, and when the needle reached twelve hundred, he disengaged the helicopter rotors. The aircraft had enough forward momentum to continue flying using its wings.