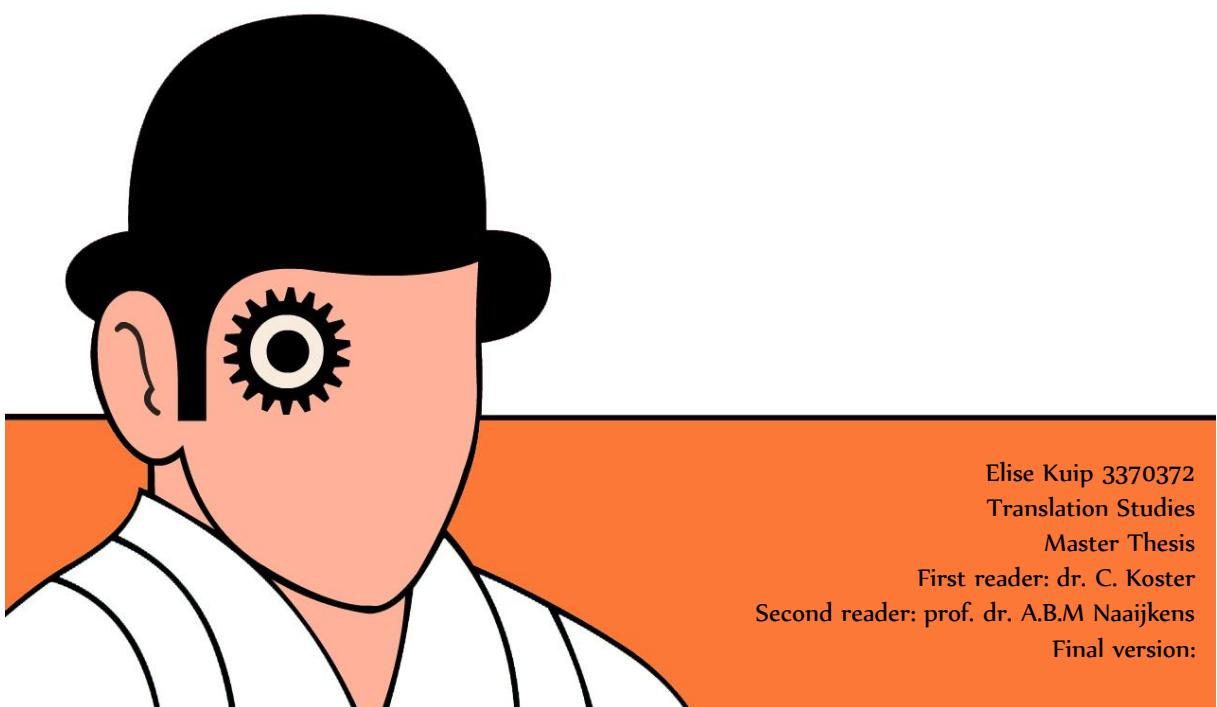


# Chelloveks, Devotchka's and Ultra-violence

Translating Anthony Burgess'  
*A Clockwork Orange*



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Master Thesis

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Final version:

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# “What’s it going to be then, eh?”

(Burgess 2000 7)

## I:Introduction

Between 1957 and 1963, a series of neurological experiments were conducted at the Allen Memorial Institute in Montreal, Canada and the Remote Neural Monitoring Facility in Maryland, United States. Funded by the CIA, research programmes were carried out to investigate electronic brain stimulation. The experiments were carried out on humans and could best be described as cruel: “They induced exhaustion and nightmares in patients; they put hoods or cones over people’s heads to broadcast voices directly into their brains; they irradiated the auditory cortex or inner ear” (Lewis 285). To this day, information about the experiments remains top-secret. However, plenty has been written about the consequences of mind control. Writer Anthony Burgess, for example, knew about the experiments and incorporated this knowledge in his novel *A Clockwork Orange*. This novel describes the neurological experiments that are performed on protagonist Alex and the effects the experiments have on him. It is not only the subject matter of *A Clockwork Orange* that is intriguing: the novel entails interesting translation problems as well. Therefore, in this study, I will answer the following question:

What are the translation problems in Anthony Burgess’ *A Clockwork Orange*, how can these problems be solved and what are the preferred strategies to do so?

To answer this question, a contextualisation must be provided first. In chapter two, I will elaborate on the novel itself. A short plot outline will be given and the various themes that can be found in *A Clockwork Orange* will be discussed. Even though this thesis focuses on translation problems, it is important to examine the themes in the novel as well. After all, themes and translation problems go hand in hand, as themes are often the cause of these problems. Moreover, as these themes must be transferred to the target text, they might guide the translator to a certain solution. In addition to the most important themes of the novel, I will also touch upon its structure and narrative style. Furthermore, I will give a quick overview of Anthony Burgess' life and works, as these are closely connected to the themes in the novel.

After the contextualisation, several translation problems will be examined in chapter three. Using Nords classification of translation problems, I will give an overview of the most important translation problems that are encountered when translating *A Clockwork Orange*. Each problem will first be defined, after which possible translation strategies will be given. Then, I will indicate which strategies I chose for my translation of *A Clockwork Orange*. The translation problems that will be discussed are culture-specific elements, the English ing-form, and the notion of idiolect.

However, the section of translation problems mainly focuses on Nadsat, the youth language that several characters in the novel use. This means the structure of this chapter is slightly different: first, a definition of the general concept of youth language plus a description of its characteristics and functions will be given. Here, I will also examine the different translation strategies that can be used to translate youth language. Second, I will define the Nadsat language itself and its functions within the novel to see whether these correspond with general youth language. As this will provide the information necessary to choose certain translation strategies, I will then discuss my chosen translation strategies.

The contextualisation and description of translation problems and their solutions form the theoretical part of my thesis. However, my thesis consists of a practical section as well. In chapter four, I will provide a translation of two excerpts of *A Clockwork Orange* myself. This translation will be accompanied by footnotes in which my translation choices will be explained. In addition, I will compare my own translation with published ones in chapter five. In this comparison, I will investigate how the translation problems of *A Clockwork Orange* have been handled by professional translators. As the main focus my analysis of the translation problems lies on the Nadsat language, I will focus on this translation problem in the comparison as well.

# **“Am I just to be like a clockwork orange?”**

(Burgess 2000 7)

## **II: Contextualisation**

The plot, themes, and structure of *A Clockwork Orange* are closely connected to the translation problems in the novel. For example, one of the reasons Alex and his friends use Nadsat is to express their individualism, which is an important theme in the novel. Because of this, I will give a short plot summary of the novel and discuss its most important themes, narrative, and structure. In addition, it is useful to place the novel in its bibliographic context. This might give clues about Burgess' motives for writing the novel which, as a consequence, could be of use for the translator, because these motives might influence certain translation choices. Therefore, I will give a short summary of Burgess' life and work as well.

### **II.I: Themes**

#### **Plot outline**

*A Clockwork Orange* is a dystopian novel about fifteen-year-old Alex. Alex and his friends, who speak in a youth language called Nadsat, roam the streets of London and fight, steal and rape as if there is no tomorrow. Eventually, Alex gets caught and is sent to prison. Here, he learns about a new treatment for criminals, Ludovico's Technique. According to the doctors, this technique cures criminals from their want for violence. After Alex has killed a prisoner, he is selected as a test subject for this new technique. Alex is cured and sent back to the real world. Here, he meets one of his former victims, F. Alexander, who tries to kill him after he

realises who Alex is. His plan fails and doctors find a way to undo the Ludovico's Technique. Alex then falls back into his old habits, but something has changed: he is no longer involved in the actual violence acts, but merely organises them and daydreams about a family and a son of his own.

### **General theme**

With regard to the main point of *A Clockwork Orange*, Burgess himself has stated: “Choice, choice is all that matters, and to impose the good is evil, to *act* evil is better than to have good imposed” (qtd. in Coale 92). According to Burgess, the novel is thus about the concept of free will and choice (Coale 92). A number of the characters in the novel express their opinions about free will as well: F. Alexander, for example, believes that freedom of choice is what makes man human: “A man who cannot choose ceases to be a man” (Burgess 2000 115). However, the characters that advocate free will are not always the “good characters” in the novel. This is apparent in the case of F. Alexander, because even though he supports the concept of free choice, he exploits Alex without the blink of an eye.

Most people in *A Clockwork Orange* lack the freedom of choice mentioned above. The citizens of London live in a “socialized nightmare,” and “live regimented lives in blocks of regimented apartments, all the same, without individuality” (DeVitis 106). Alex, however, is an individual: as DeVitis argues, Alex is the “clockwork orange” of the title, the product of English society. He lives the life that is prescribed by the English government, which is symbolised by the “clockwork,” but is able to escape this life by listening to classical music, symbolised by the “orange.” Unfortunately, Alex’ reaction to his beloved music is very physical (DeVitis 106-107). For example, when Dim makes a vulgar remark after a woman has sung a fragment of an opera, Alex punches Dim in the face without realising what he is

doing until after the blow (Burgess 2000 22). Alex' individuality, his love for music, eventually makes him fall into the hands of the police.

As a consequence, the book serves as a warning as well. According to A.A. DeVitis, *A Clockwork Orange* gives the impression of being a parable (111). Alex, who has shown signs of free will, is imprisoned and even brainwashed to become the ideal citizen. In addition, even though his free will is broken, he still encounters problems. DeVitis believes that "Burgess forces his reader to come to some logical conclusion, through his 'creeching horror-show' scenes, about the choice for rights and good action in a civilized community" (111). Individuals cannot be denied the right to choose evil, and when they do so, their "choice for good becomes meaningless" (DeVitis 111). In conclusion, *A Clockwork Orange* shows that the distinction between good and bad is not very clear-cut, but at the same time tells the reader that choices cannot be forced upon people.

## **Dualism**

According to Esther Petix, the works of Anthony Burgess always feature a certain type of dualism. The two components of this dualism differ, but the concept is always the same: there is a "head-to-head combat between equal but opposite deities who are the forces behind creation" (Petix, 128). Petix argues that Burgess uses dualism to explain "the unexplainable". His dualism consists of two gods, a good one and a bad one, which have given man his spirit and his flesh respectively. Burgess uses symbols to display the presence of these gods, for example light and dark (Petix 128). These elements are very apparent in *A Clockwork Orange* as well. The night, "the time of evil," belongs to Alex, while the day is inhabited by the police (Petix 129). However, it seems that Burgess is not consistent with his distinction between good/light and bad/dark. The evil doctors that brainwash Alex wear white, and although he is the only one in the novel who questions morality, the chaplain wears black. According to

Petix, Burgess inverts this black-white imagery for a reason: white becomes black and black becomes white when ethics are prescribed instead of chosen (Petix 130).

## Narrative

*A Clockwork Orange* is written in a first-person narration, in which Alex is the narrator. According to Leech and Short, an I-narration implies that the levels of discourse from the character and the narrator are merged (217). Consequently, the narrative in the novel is coloured by Alex' opinions and world view. For example, Alex does not get along with P.R. Deltoid and describes him as “a real gloopy nazz” (Burgess 2000 29). However, Deltoid only wants Alex to stay out of trouble and is trying to warn him for the consequences of his actions. His house visit is made with the best intentions, but Alex portrays him as a villain. This example shows that the reader must not believe everything Alex says, but must draw his own conclusions about the characters and their actions.

## Structure

*A Clockwork Orange* consists of three different parts. In part one, Alex is living his criminal life, part two describes his time in prison, and in part three, Alex is released from prison and returns to society. In addition, every part has a similar structure. For example, every first chapter starts with the same question: “What’s it going to be then, eh?” Philip E. Ray believes this heightens the reader’s awareness of the pattern in the book (134). In addition to this first sentence, chapter two in every section features a fight scene and in all of the fifth chapters, Alex is bothered by dreams and nightmares (Coale 88).

## II.II: Anthony Burgess

Within the contextualisation of a novel, it is important to know something about the author himself, as the author's life might give clues to important themes. These themes, in turn, might be connected to translation problems. John Burgess Wilson was born on 25 February 1917 in Manchester, England. His father was Joseph Wilson, a book-keeper and pianist, his mother dancer and singer Elizabeth Burgess Wilson. Burgess received his higher education at the Victoria University of Manchester, from which he graduated in 1940 with a BA in English Literature. After university, Burgess joined the Royal Army Medical Corps. In 1941, Burgess married his first wife, Llewela (Lynne) Jones, and joined another division of the army. In this division, the Army Educational Corps, Burgess gave speech therapy to patients. After being posted to various places in the United Kingdom, Burgess was sent to Gibraltar in November 1943, where he was a college lecturer in Speech and Drama (Lewis xv-xvii).

Gibraltar was Burgess' first experience abroad, but certainly not his last: although he briefly returned to England in 1950, he and Lynne travelled to Malaysia in 1954, where Burgess started working as an Education Officer for the Colonial Service. From this point onwards, Burgess resided in the East for a long time, living in Malaysia, Borneo and Brunei until 1959. In 1953, Burgess wrote his first book, *A Vision of Battlements*. However, this novel would not be published until 1965. Burgess' first published novel was *Time for a Tiger*, which was published in 1956 (Lewis xvii-xviii). This novel is part of the *Malayan Trilogy*, in which Burgess wanted to "communicate an image of a Far Eastern protectorate in a phase of transition" (DeVitis 39).

In 1959, Burgess collapsed in his classroom and was diagnosed with a brain tumor. Burgess reaction to this diagnose was peculiar, to say the least: instead of enjoying the time he

had left by travelling or spending time with his loved ones, he moved to a house in Hove and wrote numerous novels (Lewis xviii). This way, he reasoned, his wife could live off the royalties when he died (Morrison xiv-xv). It was later discovered that there was no brain tumor, but this year of marathon-writing had been very fruitful, resulting in novels such as *The Doctor is Sick* and *The Right to Answer*. Burgess had also started his most famous novel, *A Clockwork Orange*, but this book would not be published until 1962.

In 1968, Lynne, a heavy drinker, died of cardiac and liver failure. About six months after her death, Burgess married his second wife, Liliana Marcelli (Lewis xxii). In the years that followed, Burgess travelled the world, gave lectures on literature and wrote many novels and plays. He also tried his hand at translation: his translation of *Cyrano de Bergerac* was published in 1971 (Lewis xxii-xxiv). After an impressive career during which he published books and attended literary events until the very end, Anthony Burgess died of lung cancer on 22 November 1993 (Lewis xxxiv).

## “The dialect of the tribe”

(Burgess 2000 86)

### III: Translation Problems and Strategies

Now that *A Clockwork Orange* has been contextualised, I will now take a closer look at the translation problems in the novel. To classify these problems, I will use Christiane Nord’s classification. According to her, there are four types of translation problems: pragmatic translation problems, culture-specific translation problems, language pair specific translation problems, and text specific translation problems (Nord 147). As the time and place of *A Clockwork Orange* do not play a striking role in the novel and thus do not pose problems for the Dutch translator, I will omit the pragmatic translation problems from my discussion. However, I will examine problems that can be found in the remaining three categories.

With regard to culture specific translation problems, the English culture-specific elements will be examined, while the English –ing form will be discussed as a language pair specific translation problem. For Nord’s last category, text specific translation problems, I will discuss the notions of idiolect and Nadsat, the youth language in the novel. Each of these chapters will have the same lay-out: first, I will give a description of the translation problem and the several options that can be used to solve them. Second, the same is done for *A Clockwork Orange*. I will analyse the occurrences of the translation problems in the novel and possible solutions for these problems. In addition, I will also indicate which of the posed translation strategies I prefer.

The main focus of my theoretical analysis will be on Nadsat, the youth language in the novel. This means this chapter is structured slightly different. Next to the description of youth

language in general, I will in addition discuss the characteristics and function of youth language in general and Nadsat in particular.

### **III.I: Culture-specific Elements**

#### **Definition and strategies**

Defining the term culture-specific element is not an easy task. Theorists often appeal to a “collective intuition” that is applied to these terms and refrain from giving a definition (Aixelá 57). Javier Franco Aixelá does not agree with this. He believes that the lack of a definition would result in a static and random body of culture-specific elements, or culture-specific items (CSIs). Aixelá thus proposes a definition for the phenomenon: “those textually actualized items whose function and connotations in a source text involve a translation problem in their transference to a target text, whenever this problem is a product of the nonexistence of the referred item or of its different intertextual status in the cultural system of the readers of the target text” (Aixelá 58). This means translation problems differ from text to text: there is no fixed list of CSIs. Therefore, this definition results in a very flexible term.

According to Aixelá, there are two main categories of culture-specific items: proper nouns and common expressions. The latter term is used to define everything that stems from “the world of objects, institutions, habits and opinions” that is related to a certain culture (59). These two main categories can again be divided into subcategories. For proper nouns, Aixelá proposes two subcategories which are based on the work of Theo Hermans. The first subcategory is defined as “conventional nouns” (Aixelá 59). The names in this category do not carry any extra meaning: they are merely the names of the characters in a text. The names in the second category are called “loaded” and do carry extra meaning. These names can vary

from names which only hint towards a certain character trait to names that have gained a specific meaning over the years (Aixelá 59).

Aixelá states the two different strategies with which the conventional and loaded subcategories must be translated as well. Unless a “pre-established translation based on tradition” exists, proper nouns are usually repeated, transcribed or transliterated (Aixelá 60). When translating loaded names, the translator has more freedom. However, these names are often translated linguistically, especially when they are highly expressive (Aixelá 60).

Aixelá’s translation strategies for culture-specific elements are also classified in two subcategories. These two categories are “conservation,” in which case the original reference is maintained, and “substitution,” which occurs when the reference is replaced with an element that is closer to the target culture (Aixelá 60-61). These categories are again subcategorised: conservation is subdivided in “repetition,” “orthographic adaptation,” “linguistic (non-cultural) translation,” “extratextual gloss” and “intratextual gloss” (Aixelá 61-62). With regard to substitution, the subcategories “synonymy,” “limited universalization,” “absolute universalization,” “naturalization,” “deletion” and “autonomous creation” are distinguished (Aixelá 63-64).

Aixelá believes a translator does not pick a random strategy to translate a CSI: there are four parameters that guide the translator in the right direction. These are the “supratextual parameter,” “the textual parameter,” the “intratextual parameter” and “the nature of the CSI” (Aixelá 65-70). The supratextual parameter has to do with factors outside of the text. For example, why does the publisher want to translate the book, and what do the readers of the target text expect from it (Aixelá 65-66)? The answers to these kinds of questions may force the translator to opt for a certain kind of translation strategy. The textual parameter focuses on the text itself. In a text, certain elements can occur that require a specific translation strategy. For example, when images are incorporated in a text, the translator has to make sure his

translation adheres to these images (Aixelá 67). Texts that have been translated into the target culture and the canonisation of the source text influence the translation strategy as well. For example, it is often unacceptable to shorten a literary, well-known text, while this is approved of in popular literature (Aixelá 67).

The intratextual parameter discusses the function and the place of a CSI in the source text. It is important to note here that the function of the CSI in the target text does not have to be similar to that of the source text (Aixelá 69-70). The parameter has to do with the relevance and repetition of a CSI within a text. For example, when a CSI is a key term in a text, the translator will probably choose a translation strategy that maintains the CSI as much as possible, while this does not have to be the case with a CSI that is rather irrelevant to the story (Aixelá 70). The parameter that focuses on the nature of the CSI can guide a translator as well. His translation strategy might be determined by existing translations or the clarity or ideological status of the CSI (Aixelá 68-69).

### **Description and chosen translation strategies**

Within *A Clockwork Orange*, there are five main categories of CSIs; CSIs that are incorporated in the Nadsat language, CSIs that only exist inside the text world of the novel but which are not related to Nadsat, CSIs that are derived from the English language and culture, a hybrid form which combines elements of the English culture with elements that can only be found in the novel, and the proper names of the characters in the book. I will discuss my translation strategies regarding the Nadsat language in a separate chapter; however, I will give an overview of the translation strategies that can be used to translate the other four types of CSIs. I will also indicate which strategies, in my opinion, are the most favourable.

Next to the Nadsat lexicon, Alex uses invented words and phrases for the altered English society. The word “Statemart,” which is used for supermarket, is an example of this.

This word cannot be found in the standard English language, but is used by characters that do not speak Nadsat as well. As these kinds of words do not exist outside the text world, I do not have to adhere to existing translations. This means Aixelá's fourth parameter about the nature of CSIs is not applicable: the CSIs can be translated quite freely. They can, for example, be transferred to the target text directly. This transfer can be accompanied by an intratextual gloss; in the case of "Statemart," this might result in "Statemart, de staatssupermarkt." However, an English term would stand out in the text as a great deal of other CSIs, especially the Nadsat varieties, is altered to adhere to Dutch spelling. This type of CSI could also be translated by using absolute universalization; the term would then be translated with the Dutch word for "supermarket," "supermarkt." This would weaken the target text considerably; "Statemart" indicates that the supermarket is owned by the government and hints towards a communist society; using "supermarkt," this connotation is lost. Therefore, I have chosen to translate this type of CSI with Aixelá's orthographic adaptation strategy. I have decided to translate "Statemart" with "Staatsmarkt," which is basically a Dutch representation of the English word. By doing so, the communist connotation is preserved.

A number of CSIs in *A Clockwork Orange* are difficult to translate simply because the Dutch culture does not equal the English one. For example, F. Alexander lives in a "cottage," a type of house that does not exist in the Netherlands. These CSIs can for example be translated with Aixelá's repetition strategy. However, as discussed before, this would create a term which would stand out more in the target text than the original CSI did in the source text. Naturalising this type of terms, with which "cottage" would be translated with "bungalow," for example, would create a Dutch element within an English setting. As this is confusing, this strategy is thus unfavourable as well. Therefore, I have often used Aixelá's absolute universalization strategy for these CSIs, which means I translated "cottage" with "huisje." I chose this strategy because of the intratextual parameter: the CSIs are not that important to the

story, as Alex does live in England, but in an England that does not look like the country we know. Consequently, omitting these “England specific elements” does not radically change the setting of the story, as there are other elements in the text that also convey the English setting, such as the hybrid-CSIs.

The novel also features a hybrid form of CSIs; these consist of or result in neologisms, but also contain elements that actually exist. For example, the record store Alex visits is located on “Taylor Place.” There is no such place in London; however, it probably refers to Vince Taylor, an English rock and roll singer. The names of people that were famous in the 1960s were used to name streets after. These names probably no longer ring a bell to the contemporary English reader of the novel. This means no connotation will be lost when the names are replaced with names from English celebrities of the sixties that have survived the ravages of time, for example. This would be in line with Aixelá’s limited universalization-strategy. However, Burgess incorporated the names of celebrities he disliked; by using other names, this would no longer be the case. The names could also be followed by an extratextual gloss which would explain who they were, but this would add information that the contemporary English reader would not know either. I also do not want to use names which would place the story in a Dutch setting. The readers of the translation expect a story that is set in England, which means the supratextual parameter prevents me from using a strategy such as naturalisation. As a consequence, I have decided to maintain the English elements using Aixelá’s repetition strategy. This way, the story maintains its original setting and the effect of the names will be the same on both the English and Dutch reader, as these both will not recognise the names.

As Aixelá has pointed out, there are two main types of CSIs. I have discussed the first type, common expressions, above, but I also want to pay attention to the category of proper nouns. The supratextual parameter, the existing norms in the Dutch culture, does not decide

whether these proper nouns are translated or not. The model contract for literary translations states that translations must be faithful to the original in both content and style. The proper names in a novel are part of the content, which means the contract implies that names must not be translated. However, according to the contract, the translator must also deliver an impeccable Dutch translation (“modelcontract” 1). This would suggest that names, especially those with meaning, must be translated to avoid “strange” elements in the text. The proper names in *A Clockwork Orange* are often meaningless, such as Billy-Boy or Georgie. I have decided to transfer these names to my translation without any alteration, as is common in literature (Aixelá, 199). However, there are also loaded names. For example, Burgess has named his protagonist “Alex” for a reason: as Burgess has stated himself, Alex, or Alexander, means “defender of men” (1978 93). In addition, Alex has a number of other connotations: “–*a lex*: a law (unto himself; *a lex(is)*: a vocabulary (of his own); *a* (Greek) *lex*: without a law” (Burgess 1978 92). These connotations all refer to Latin words. This suggests that the English reader of the target text probably does not grasp these connotations any better than the Dutch reader of the source text, which could be used as an argument to maintain the name Alex in the target text.

### **III.II: Ing-forms**

#### **Definition and strategies**

In the English language, the suffix –ing occurs in multiple verb forms: it can be found in gerunds, progressive verbs, and present participles. The present participle is an adjective and can thus often be translated as such: “sleeping monkey” can thus be translated with “slapende aap.” However, even though the present participle can often be translated easily with a Dutch

adjective, the gerund and the progressive do pose translation problems. Because of this, these grammatical forms will be discussed.

Gerunds can be used to indicate that two or more actions occur at the same time, for example in the sentence “As I was reading *A Clockwork Orange*, Alex called me.” As a result, the translator is often tempted to translate the gerund with “terwijl” plus the simple tense. “Terwijl,” however, does not occur in Dutch writing as frequent as the gerund does in English writing. It is thus wise to avoid this translation strategy and opt for alternatives such as the copula “en” or, in this case, the adverb “toen:” “Ik was *A Clockwork Orange* aan het lezen toen Alex belde.”

According to Flor Aarts and Herman Wekker, the progressive has three different functions: it can (1) express “limited duration,” (2) “refer to future time,” or (3) “denote persistent or continuous activity” (230). The progressive form does not correspond to one specific verb form in Dutch. Aarts and Wekker present a number of options with which the English progressive can be translated. A translator can use the simple present or past, or a verb form such as “staan/lopen/zitten te” plus the infinitive. It is important to note that this second strategy cannot be used to refer to the future. Moreover, the progressive can be translated with the verb “zijn” plus the present participle. However, this is very rare and mainly occurs in formal written language (Aarts and Wekker 234).

I believe that Even though there are various translation strategies to choose from, the simple tense is usually the best option for both ing-forms discussed. The other options Aarts and Wekker pose are only used when the duration of an event or action is very important. “I am waiting” can be translated as “Ik sta te wachten,” which indicates that the speaker is getting impatient and wants leave. However, “Ik wacht” is more neutral and does not give any information about how the speaker feels about this. The examples Aarts and Wekker give show that the progressive aspect in Dutch sentences can often be transferred to other parts of

the sentence. For example, in their translation of “The police are investigating the matter,” “De politie is bezig de zaak te onderzoeken,” the adjective “bezig” indicates that the investigation is in progress (Aarts and Wekker 234).

It is sometimes possible to translate the English gerund with a Dutch gerund. For example, “This is a clockwork orange, he said, polishing his glasses” would then be translated as “Dit is een mechanische sinaasappel, zei hij, zijn bril poetsend.” This creates sentences which are as short as possible, which might be convenient when the sentences in a text are very long. By using a Dutch gerund, the sentence remains fairly short and therefore legible.

### **Description and chosen translation strategies**

Both the gerund and the progressive form can be found in *A Clockwork Orange*. The gerunds in the novel are often used to express simultaneity. This is, for example, the case with the gerund in the sentence “‘What is this then?’ I said, picking up the pile like of typing from off of the table” (Burgess 2000 18). The first solution that comes to mind is to translate the progressive with the word “terwijl:” “‘En wat is dit?’ vroeg ik, terwijl ik de betypte stapel papieren van de tafel pakte.” However, this strategy should be used sparingly: “terwijl” is a perfectly normal Dutch word, but is not used every other sentence. The sentence can also be translated with the simple past: “‘En wat is dit?’ vroeg ik, en pakte die soort van stapel met betypte papieren van de tafel,” but this erases the simultaneity from the sentence. This way, Alex speaks first and then takes the sheets from the table. The Dutch gerund would maintain the simultaneity of the sentence and as the novel is already studded with strange elements, both lexical and grammatical, the Dutch gerund can be used here perfectly: “En wat is dit?” vroeg ik, de zeg maar betypte stapel papieren van de tafel pakkend.” The Dutch gerund might be concise, but it is quite old-fashioned; nowadays, it is not used very often. This means that by using the Dutch gerund, Alex’ language obtains a certain archaic element. Alex does use

archaic English language : “I fear thou hast in thy heart, O brother, pray banish it forthwith” (Burgess II 18). Moreover, the Dutch gerund is very concise, and as the sentences Alex utters are quite lengthy from time to time and the verb form maintains simultaneity, I believe the Dutch gerund is a good strategy to translate the gerunds in the source text with.

Even though the “strangeness” of the gerund is in line with the “strangeness” of the source text, I have not applied this strategy everywhere: the gerund can be used in Dutch, but translating every English gerund with a Dutch one would create a text that feels very translated as the verb form is quite uncommon in Dutch. This is why I also opted for the copula “en.” This does mean the simultaneity of the sentence is lost: for example, I translated “I got out of the auto, ordering my droogs to shush their giggles” with “Ik stapte uit de automobile en beval mijn droeken te stoppen met dat gegiechel” (Burgess 2000 17). The events now take place right after each other. However, I do not believe this is a problem here, because the time between the actions is negligible and it is not very important that they occur simultaneously. Transferring the effect of the progressive to another part of the sentence is a good option as well. For example, the phrase “the bits of this book that I was still ripping away at” (Burgess 2000 19) can be translated with “en de stukken van het boek dat ik nog steeds kapotscheurde.” In this sentence, “nog steeds” marks that the ripping is still going on, thus maintaining the progressive effect. It is also one of the shorter options: a translation such as “en de stukken van het boek dat ik nog steeds aan het kapotscheuren was” is much lenghtier. As the target sentence from which the phrase is derived from is quite lengthy itself, it is favourable to choose a concise solution.

### **III.III: Idiolect**

#### **Definition and strategies**

In our everyday life, we encounter a great deal of different people. None of these people speak exactly in the same manner: the same is true for the characters in a novel. Writers create different speaking styles for different characters to create a sense of realism in their work. However, the term “realism” must be nuanced: according to Geoffrey Leech and Mick Short, a “completely realistic” novel does not exist (122). A writer only uses those features of reality that support his purpose (Leech and Short 122). In addition to different idiolects, an even more realistic style can be created by incorporating “normal non-fluency” in a text (Leech and Short 130). This term is used for elements that people subconsciously use in their speech and which prohibit an “ideal” delivery of information (Leech and Short 130). For example, people often hesitate when they talk: these “hesitation pauses” can be classified as a feature of normal non-fluency (Leech and Short 130).

Non-standard language can occur in different forms such as dialect, sociolect and idiolect. Leech and Short define dialect as “varieties of language which are linguistically marked off from other varieties and which correspond to geographical, class or other divisions of society” (134). In this definition, sociolect, a non-standard language spoken by a certain social group, is a dialectal sublanguage. As I believe it is more convenient to use separate definitions for dialect and sociolect, I will not use Leech and Short’s definition, but will only refer to dialect when talking about non-standard language that is spoken in a certain geographical area. With regard to sociolect, I will use the definition created by Barbara Horvath, who defines sociolect as “a sub-division within a community of speakers that can be described both by its linguistic characteristics and by the social characteristics of its speakers” (179).

Dialects and sociolects are sublanguages which are spoken by large numbers of people. However, these speakers do not all speak in exactly the same manner. Everybody has their own “idiolect,” a certain way of speaking which functions as a “thumbprint” (Leech and

Short 134). As it is a style of speech that specifically belongs to one person, an idiolect can tell the reader something about a character (Leech and Short 137).

As the translation of dialect and sociolect is discussed in a separate chapter, I will not discuss the strategies that can be used for this translation problem here. With regard to the translation of idiolect, it is important to maintain its characteristics. As mentioned above, an idiolect can tell the reader something about the character of the speaker. When idiolect is standardised, these characteristics are lost, which could result in an ill understanding of the speaker's motives and actions. However, idiolects can pose problems for the translator. For example, when a character or uses a great deal of fillers such as "you know" or "eh," translation problems might arise: when all instances of the filler are translated, the translation might be criticised for being too repetitious. It might thus be wise to omit a number of these words or to translate them with various target language fillers.

### **Description and chosen translation strategies**

The characters in *A Clockwork Orange* do not all have the same style of speaking. Moreover, some characters even employ multiple styles. Alex, for example, mainly speaks Nadsat, but when he speaks to people of a higher status, he suddenly speaks "proper" English. When the Governor tells him he will be released from prison, Alex replies: "Oh, yes, sir. Thank you very much, sir. I've done my best here, really I have. I'm very grateful to all concerned" (Burgess 2000 70). It must be noted that this standard language does not come naturally to Alex, because his sentences sound a bit strange from time to time: "'Most certainly I will sign,' I said. 'sir. And very many thanks'" (Burgess 2000 71). It seems as if Alex tries his very best to speak in a gentlemanly manner, or at least in the manner in which he thinks a gentleman speaks. However, "very many thanks" is not a very formal or common phrase.

Instead, a phrase such as “thank you very much” would be much more appropriate. These kinds of “wobbly phrases” reveal that Alex is not a true gentleman.

The characters in *A Clockwork Orange* who do not speak Nadsat can roughly be divided into two categories: those who are of a lower class and speak in a low register, and those who are of a higher class and employ a higher register. This means the speakers in these categories can be regarded as speakers of two sociolects. The first sociolect is employed by Alex’ parents. They are simple workers, which corresponds to simple sentences with manifestations of normal non-fluency. For example, when Alex is released from prison and comes home, his father says: “I mean, Joe’s here doing a job, a contract it is, two years, and we make line an arrangement, didn’t we Joe?” (Burgess 2000 102). Alex’ father starts a sentence with a fairly simple structure (Joe’s here doing a job), but is clearly creating the sentence as he speaks. By adding extra information, the sentence becomes ungrammatical which undermines the information delivery.

By contrast, almost all of the other characters in the novel have had a proper education and accordingly speak in a high register. For example, when F. Alexander encounters Alex for the second time, he says to him: “The Government’s big boast, you see, is the way it has dealt with crime these last months... Recruiting brutal young roughs for the police. Proposing debilitating and will-sapping techniques of conditioning” (Burgess 2000 118). F. Alexander thus uses far more complicated words than Alex’ parents.

As the speakers of the two sociolects mentioned above all speak with their own idiolect, they cannot be translated with one clear strategy. However, the distinction between low and high register must be maintained. By all means, the language must not be standardised, as this would weaken the target text. Complex sentences with difficult words must be translated as such, while simple sentences must be translated with simple equivalents. Take for example the sentence “It’s gone eight son,” uttered by Alex’ mother (Burgess 2000

28). This sentence can be translated in a number of ways, for example as “Het is na achten, knul.” However, the phrase “na achten” is fairly complex. This is why I have opted for an even simpler phrase: “Knul, het is acht uur geweest.”

Every idiolect must be looked at individually, because they entail individual styles of speaking. P.R. Deltoid, for example, can be recognised by his excessive use of the filler “yes:” “I met your mother, yes. She said something about a pain somewhere. Hence not at school, yes” (Burgess 2000 29). I have a number of options for the translation of this idiolect. To avoid repetition, I could omit a number of fillers or translate these with a number of fillers from the target language, such as “ja,” “hm,” and “hè.” However, I have decided to translate all instances of the filler. I wanted to preserve this striking feature of P.R. Deltoid’s idiolect as much as possible, and as the word “ja” does not stand out in a text, I believed the many repetitions of the word do not interfere with the reading experience.

## **III.IV: Nadsat**

### **III.IV.I: General Youth Language**

#### **Definition**

A youth language is a language that is spoken by adolescents and is often part of a youth culture. Cor Hoppenbrouwers believes the development of youth culture often initiates the development of a youth language. Like-minded youths form “peer groups” in which a youth language slowly develops (Hoppenbrouwers 15). As Labov states, youth culture is “far from homogenous” (343): consequently, the term youth language is a generic name for an entire group of languages spoken by young adults. Even though the various youth languages within

the same language often differ greatly, there are words which are shared by multiple languages. Labov's study on slang, for example, revealed that more than 96 per cent of the test subjects, American college students, used the word "suck" as a term for disapproval (348).

The definition of sociolect has already been given: "a sub-division within a community of speakers that can be described both by its linguistic characteristics and by the social characteristics of its speakers" (Horvath 179). Consequently, speakers of a sociolect can not only be defined by their social class, but also by factors such as their age, wealth and religion, and race (Trudgill 24). As speakers of a youth language are often defined by their social background as well as their young age, youth language can be regarded as a sociolect. Moreover, Cornips believes that the diversity of youth language has to do with the social situation of the young adult. This situation is determined by the ethnicities within a youth culture and/or the place of residence of the adolescent (Cornips 20).

Within the field of youth language, several subcategories can be found. "Street language" is one of those categories. This term is a literal translation of the Dutch word "straattaal" and has been investigated by theorists such as René Appel and Jacomine Nortier. These theorists refer to youth language as street language. Appel states that street language has two specific characteristics. Firstly, street language contains "new" Dutch words; this entails completely new terms as well as existing words which have been assigned new meanings (Appel 86). Secondly, the language contains words from other languages such as Arabic and Sranan, a Surinam creole language (Appel 86). In standard language, loan words are often transferred from a "prestigious, dominant language" to a "nonprestigious, subordinate language" (Appel 87). However, street language does not follow this pattern as it often uses words from languages which are not very prestigious. The reason for this is

twofold; the language might have a certain prestige for the adolescents, and they might be encouraged to use a certain language because adults do not regard it very highly (Appel 87).

According to Appel, street language is based on more than two languages. As the youths who speak the language borrow words from the languages they encounter in the multi-ethnic society they live in, he describes street language as a “multiethnic youth language” (Appel 88). In addition, it is unnecessary for adolescents to have a firm understanding of the foreign languages street language consists of (Appel 88). The only elements they must comprehend are the terms and expressions they use themselves. In addition, Jacomine Nortier believes youths must have a good command of the standard language before they can use street language. Speakers of a youth language use the standard language in a creative way; when command of the standard language is not sufficient, it is very difficult to do so. This means that street language does not replace the standard language, but that the two exist next to each other (Nortier 33).

## **Characteristics**

The main component of youth language is slang. However, as the term suggests, youth language is a complete language. This means there are grammatical rules as well. The grammatical aspect of youth language is especially visible in street language, in which grammatical deviations occur more often (Nortier 23). Dutch youth languages often adapt borrowed verbs, for example: this means that English verbs are adapted to Dutch grammatical rules, creating the verbs such as “stressen” (Nortier 23). Slang, however, merely consists of words and phrases and can be defined as “words not included in formal discourse” (Labov 340). This is a fairly vague definition, because it is unclear who decides which words are included in formal discourse and what the definition of a formal discourse is. Kimberly Dumas and Jonathan Lighter have come up with four rules to distinguish slang from standard

language: (1) the word lowers the formality of a text; (2) the use of the word implies a “special familiarity” of the user with the referent or the people who use the term; (3) in standard discourse, the term is regarded as taboo language; (4) the word replaces a “well-known conventional synonym” (14-15). In order to be classified as slang, a term has to adhere to at least two of these conditions (Dumas and Lighter 15).

In addition, youth language uses a great deal of loan words; in the Netherlands, these words are often taken from the English language (Hoppenbrouwers 23). There are also many words that are derived from the languages of immigrants. However, these loan words do not cover all subject matters. There are certain subjects for which youth language usually has developed new words. Labov believes there are three main subject categories. These categories entail terms to 1) label people, 2) paint people, activities and places, both positively and negatively, and 3) describe ways of spending leisure (Labov 341). These categories cannot overlap and their descriptions are quite vague; therefore, it might not be the best device to use. In Hoppenbrouwers’ subdivision, the categories do overlap. According to Hoppenbrouwers, there are eight categories: 1) everyday life, 2) social interaction and communication, 3) emotions, 4) clothing and appearance, 5) characterization, 6) relations and sex, 7) pop music, and 8) leisure activities (35). These subdivisions show that there are no fixed categories that a non-standard language requires in order to be classified as a youth language. However, the divisions do indicate that youth language in general employs many terms that have to do with young adult life.

Another characteristic of youth language is that it changes very rapidly. Appel, who discusses Hoppenbrouwers research in his article, notices that registers that youths use are “a faster changing variety” (87). Appel gives the example of the Dutch word “vet;” this word was not used during Hoppenbrouwers investigation of the subject in 1991, but around the turn of the century, it was best known the word in Dutch youth language (87). The language

probably has such a high rate of circulation because its speakers can be influenced more easily than adults. Youths are very susceptible to trends and are not afraid to use new words in their everyday language.

## **Function**

Even though youth language comes in many different forms, its main purpose is often the same. By speaking another language, young adults want to “include insiders and exclude outsiders.” These outsiders are often adults, but speakers can also use youth language to indicate which subgroup they are in (Hoppenbrouwers 15). This means the language can exclude peers as well. Cornips calls this the “*wij*-gevoel,” which can be defined as “us against the world;” youth language creates a sense of belonging and at the same time distinguishes adolescents from other groups (20). Youth language can strengthen the solidarity of a group as well (Goyvaerts, qtd. in Appel 89): when a speaker expresses himself by means of youth language and is understood by the listener, this means the listener and the speaker share the same knowledge or even the same social background (Labov 339). This creates a feeling of unity between the speaker and the listener.

In writing, sociolects, and thus youth language as well, can add realism to a text. Roddy Doyle, an Irish writer who often uses an Irish working-class sociolect in his novels, has stated that he uses this technique to ““to capture speech as nearly as possible”” (qtd. in Horton 416). This use of youth language by adolescent characters creates a very realistic setting. In addition, when a character speaks youth language, he or she can appeal to a certain group of readers, often adolescents. When a character uses certain phrases or words that are specific to youth language, he or she can give the impression that he or she is part of the in crowd, which heightens the feeling of unity between the character and the reader.

## Translation strategies

As stated above, youth language can be regarded as a sociolect. Sociolects have many similarities with dialects and other forms of non-standard language; however, to avoid confusion, I will refer to youth language in terms of sociolect. Because of these similarities, the translation strategies for non-standard language in general can be used for sociolects as well. Consequently, the strategies proposed below are general strategies for the translation of non-standard language, but can also be applied to youth language.

According to Madeleine Strong Cincotta, a writer can opt to include “linguistic transfer” in his text (2). This is a word, phrase or even passage that differs from the main text. To indicate linguistic transfer, Cincotta uses the term “code-switching,” while the transferred elements are called “linguistic aliens” (2). Even though not every “alien” is equally strange, Cincotta believes that they can all be translated by one of the following strategies: 1) “make no distinction between the two different languages and keep the entire text in the same target language, 2) keep the transfer in the original source language, i.e. the original second source language, 3) use a slang or colloquial form of the main target language, 4) find another language or dialect, i.e. a ‘second’ target language for the passage” (2-3).

Cincotta’s first translation strategy can be described as domesticating as the element now becomes an element from the source culture. In addition, it neutralises the linguistic alien because the item is translated in such a way that it is in line with the rest of the text. Cincotta agrees that this is the easiest strategy of the four, but she advises translators to avoid it, as a translation made by using this strategy will lack a distinct feature of the source text (3). As a result, Cincotta’s first strategy thus creates a weaker target text with respect to the non-standard language.

If Cincotta’s first strategy is domesticating, logically, her second strategy is foreignising. After all, when using this strategy, the translator maintains the linguistic alien in

the source language. However, Cincotta is not entirely convinced that this is a good strategy, as the reader of the source text may not grasp the underlying meaning of the non-standard element (3). This could result in elements that are more foreign in the target text than in the source text.

The third strategy Cincotta states is again a neutralising strategy, as a non-standard element of the target language replaces the linguistic alien from the source language. However, the non-standard elements are maintained, which means the neutralisation of the element is not as strong as in the first strategy. Once again, Cincotta believes this is not an ideal strategy, because it transfers the source text into the target culture (3). This strategy thus has a vast and undesirable influence on the text world.

Cincotta prefers her fourth and last strategy. She admits it is a daunting task to replace a source language alien with a target language one, but at the same time believes this is the most satisfying solution (4). It is true that by using this strategy, the non-standard elements are maintained. However, there are many theorists who do not agree with this option. Levý, for example, calls this strategy “misleading” (qtd. in Mašlaň 25). He believes that dialect is too closely related to a region to represent a general non-standard language (qtd. in Mašlaň 25).

Therefore, Levý presents another strategy to translate non-standard elements with. According to him, in translation, a dialect must function as a marker which indicates that two people speak in a different manner. This can be achieved by using linguistic expressions that are merely an indication of non-standard language rather than an actual dialect. These expressions are often common to multiple dialects and are not specifically linked to a certain social class or region (qtd. in Mašlaň 26). David Horton defines this strategy as a “compromise strategy,” since it gives up “consistent adherence to the formal properties” of the source text to maintain its pragmatic force (418-19).

In addition to this “compromise strategy,” Horton believes there is a graduated scale of translation strategies which can be used to translate non-standard language. On the one end of the scale, there is a strategy that advocates “neutralisation of dialectal forms into standard modes” (Horton 418). This can be compared to Cincotta’s first translation strategy. Horton, however, does not agree with this strategy, as it “represents a violation of an important pragmatic dimension of the text” (418). On the other end of the scale, there is a strategy that converts non-standard language into “a broadly ‘comparable’ target-language dialectal form,” which is in line with Cincotta’s fourth strategy (Horton 418). This strategy is again unfavourable: it “runs the risk of misrepresentation of even illogicality” and could result in a relocation of the source text (Horton 418). Horton’s “compromise strategy” is located somewhere in between these two strategies (418).

### **III.IV.II: Nadsat**

#### **Description**

In *A Clockwork Orange*, the teenagers speak a youth language they call Nadsat. De Vitis believes this name might be an anagram for “Satan’d” (105), but according to Burgess himself, it is merely the Russian word for “teen” (Petix 124). In the novel, one of the doctors describes the language: “Odd bits of rhyming slang...A bit of gypsy talk, too. But most of the roots are Slav. Propaganda. Subliminal penetration” (Burgess 2000 86). The doctor is correct, because even though the Nadsat language also uses English slang elements, about seventy-five per cent of the words is inspired on Russian. A great deal of the Nadsat vocabulary are nouns; this is why Coale calls Nadsat “a language of objects,” since the slang words are words for “concrete and physical things or actions” (89). However, Nadsat is a complete language, which means it consists of grammar rules as well.

It is clear that Nadsat is a youth language and thus a sociolect as well, but can it be classified as a street language? At first sight, the answer would be yes. The language consists of both English neologisms and loan words from a foreign language, in this case Russian. It is unclear whether Alex and his friends understand the Russian language very well, but this is not required for street language. In addition, Nadsat also consists of loan words from other languages such as German and French, languages of which the speakers probably do not have any knowledge. However, loan words from other languages than Russian are very rare. It can thus be argued whether Nadsat is multi-ethnic; a label such as “bi-ethnic with minor European influences” might be more appropriate. Furthermore, the incorporation of Russian in the English language seems to imply that Russian has a high status. This is enforced by the occurrence of soviet elements in the texts, which seem to indicate that the Russians, or at least a Russian-based ideology, have taken over England. A highly prestigious language is thus incorporated in a subordinate language; in street language, this is often the other way around. As it does not adhere to all the characteristics of street language, Nadsat cannot be regarded as such and is merely a youth language.

The idea to use elements of the Russian language in his novel came to Burgess when he visited Russia with his first wife Lynne in 1961: “I went to Leningrad and discovered that they had these *stiljagi* there, they had teenage riots and gangs, cult of violence, so it struck me that if I could combine East and West in a single persona, teenage person, it would be appropriate to use a composite dialect that is Russian and English” (Burgess, qtd. in Coale 88-89). By using a language which is very strange and which forces the reader to turn to a Russian dictionary, Burgess wanted to brainwash the reader of the novel. As a consequence, Burgess was not amused when a glossary of Nadsat words was added to the American version of the novel (Morrison x).

Burges did not incorporate random Russian words in his invented language: he picked words that “worked in the English language” (Morrison x). The words he chose are often very ambiguous and remind the reader of words from the English Language as well. For example, he based the verb “to rabbit,” the Nadsat word for “to work,” on the Russian verb “работать” (rabotat). However, the word can also refer to the Russian word “раб” (rab), which means “slave” and sounds very similar to the word “robot,” which is essentially what the workers in *A Clockwork Orange* are (Morrison x).

## **Characteristics**

As it adheres to three of the four conditions Dumas and Lighter have posed, the Nadsat vocabulary can be regarded as slang. The words used in the language indeed lower formality, often replace conventional terms, and its users are very familiar with one another. However, the slang in the novel is not one homogenous group of words and expressions. The language consists of both Russian-inspired words and English expressions Burgess created himself, which is in accordance with the characteristics of youth language in general. In addition, the Nadsat language is quite inconsistent: conventional terms and their Nadsat equivalents are both used, sometimes even next to each other.

Burgess used one single strategy to transfer the Russian loan words to English; he translated the words in such a way that they are legible to the English reader. However, to achieve this, Burgess had to turn to different substrategies. For Russian words that already adhered to English spelling rules, he used a literal transfer-strategy. This means he incorporated the words in his text without alteration. Examples of this are “moloko” (молоко/milk) or “mesto” (место/place). About twenty per cent of the Russian-derived Nadsat words are transferred this way. When the Russian words featured letters in places in which they are uncommon in English, Burgess altered their spelling; he for example changed

the spelling of the word “kal” (кал/faeces) to “cal,” as English words do not begin with a “k” very often.

Next to these substrategies which do not alter the Russian words very much, two substrategies are used that drastically alter the Russian words. Firstly, words that were too complicated were shortened: the Russian word for “male,” for example, is “мужчина” (muzhchina). The Nadsat word for this term is “modge,” which an alteration of the first half of the Russian word. Next to shortening, certain words are also lengthened. For example, the word “радость” (radost/joy), received an additional “y,” creating the word “radosty.” The reason for this is unclear, as the word “radost” is in line with English spelling; however, the “y” might have been added to mimic the “y” in “joy.”

The Russian verbs are often translated with the “shortening”-strategy. This has a reason: most of the Russian infinitives end with “-it” or “-at,” which is very uncommon in English. For example, the verb “plakat” (плакать/to scream) is changed into “platch.” Whether they are shortened or not, the Nadsat verbs do have one common feature; they all adhere to English grammar rules. An example of this is the verb “govoreet” (говорить /to speak): “These young devotchkas had their own like way of govoreeting” (Burgess 2000 34). Again, this contributes to the legibility of the youth language.

The Nadsat words that are not inspired on the Russian language cannot be classified in one single category. Burgess used school boy speak and Cockney slang, but also invented words. For example, sex is called “in-out-in-out,” a term that does not exist outside the text world. Words derived from the French and German language are employed as well, such as “tass,” which is derived from the French word for cup, “tasse.”

Not all words in the Nadsat language are slang words: the non-standard elements are incorporated in standard language. The slang words do not refer to abstractions, especially not to those that have to do with love (Petix 125). In addition, the language gives the speaker a

great deal of freedom with regard to the choice of words; there is a Nadsat word for “big,” for example, but this does not mean the Nadsat variety always used. Moreover, the words can even occur next to each other: “bolshy big” is not an uncommon word pair and occurs in sentences such as “Bully being called Bully because of his bolshy big neck and very gromky goloss” (Burgess 2000 132).

## **Function**

Within the novel, Nadsat has different functions. For example, the language creates coherence within the group of Alex and his friends. They are the “insiders,” while those who do not speak Nadsat are the “outsiders.” This is in agreement with the general characteristics of youth language, which also creates a barrier between those who speak the language and those who do not. Even though the narratee is unfamiliar with Nadsat, Alex’ narration, in which he often addresses the narratee with the phrase “my brothers,” uses a great deal of Nadsat words and expressions. Alex’ goal by doing so is probably to gain sympathy. In combination with the I-narrative he employs, he wants the youth language to serve as a common ground between himself and the narratee. By doing so, he hopes the narratee will not condemn his actions.

However, the Nadsat language actually distances its speakers from the narratee. At the start of the novel, the language Alex and his friends use is almost incomprehensible, as it is very different from the standard language. Unlike Labov’s speaker and listener that share the same knowledge (339), the narratee cannot relate to the narrator. Coale believes Nadsat is a means to distance the narratee from the actions in the novel (89). DeVitis, however, argues that the function of Nadsat slowly changes during the course of the novel. He agrees with Coale that the language at first only creates a distance between the narratee and the narrator, but that it later becomes an enhancement of the narrative.

As Alex and his friends act more and more violent, their utterances become increasingly poetical: the contrast between the actions and the language heightens as Alex' behaviour deteriorates (DeVitis 105). For example, when Alex is alone at home, his utterances are fairly short and simple: "There was music playing, a very nice malenky string quartet, my brothers, by Claudio Birdman, one that I knew well" (Burgess 2000 32). In contrast, when Alex and his friends are paying a "surprise visit" to F. Alexander and his wife, Alex' sentences are longer, less structured and studded with Nadsat: "Plunging, I could slooshy cries of agony and this writer bleeding veck that Georgie and Pete held on to nearly got loose howling bezoomny with the filthiest of slovos that I knew and others that he was making up (Burgess 2000 20).

In the novel, slang is thus used as a means of trivialisation. This is also true for slang use in real life, as one of Appels test subjects stated: "when I use a word in a language other than Dutch, it doesn't hurt so much" (90). This would imply that speakers of Dutch youth language use slang in the same way as Nadsat slang is used in *A Clockwork Orange*. Nadsat distances the narratee from the narrator: the worse the action, the bigger the distance between the two is. Even though Alex desperately tries to involve the narratee into his actions by often addressing him or her, Nadsat thus functions as a barrier between the narrator and the narratee.

Because of the Russian origin of most words, the youth language sounds very foreign to the Western narratee. Moreover, the Cold War was in full swing when *A Clockwork Orange* was published. As a result, the language subconsciously sparks the reader's fear of dictatorial governments (Coale 89). Petix agrees with this view: she believes that "there are disquieting political undercurrents in Burgess' imposition of Slavic upon English" (125). It could be argued that the Russian elements of Nadsat serve as a warning to the reader: these boys speak the language of the enemy, which can only mean they are up to no good.

## **Chosen translation strategies**

In theory, all of Cincotta's translation strategies can be used to translate the Nadsat language.

I will use the Nadsat term “rooker” as an example. This word is adapted from the Russian word “pyka” (ruka) which means “hand.” When translating this term with Cincotta’s strategies, this might result in the following translations:

Strategy 1 hand

Strategy 2 rooker

Strategy 3 klauw

Strategy 4 fik

However, not all of these strategies are equally favourable: Cincotta’s first, third and fourth strategy would weaken the translation considerably. Strategy one would result in a target text which lacks the linguistic variations of the source text. This would severely alter the original.

As most Dutch slang is better known than the Russian-influenced words of the source text, strategy three would create a Nadsat language that is less strange than the original. This again means the original form is changed. Furthermore, by using strategy four, the translator would also familiarise the youth language, as most youth languages used in the Netherlands are less strange than the original Nadsat language, which is a “foreign” language for all Dutch readers.

In my opinion, only the second translation strategy proposed by Cincotta can be used to translate Nadsat successfully. Nadsat is such a striking feature of the novel that it must be preserved, and the only strategy that does so is strategy two. The biggest disadvantage of this strategy, illegibility, does not apply to Nadsat; the Russian-influenced words will be confusing to the reader of the target text, but these elements are also confusing to the reader of

the source text. In short, maintaining the Russian elements in my translation means that the effect of the non-standard language will be the same in both the source and target text.

There was one other strategy that crossed my mind before I settled for Cincotta's second strategy. Even though Burgess has made no remarks about it himself, the Russian-influenced Nadsat reminds a great deal of people of the Cold War. One could argue that this use of the Russian language should nowadays be replaced with the language of another superpower which "threatens" Western society, such as Chinese or Arabic. However, I have decided against this strategy, as the novel Burgess wrote does not take place in the present. Translating the youth language of the novel with Chinese- or Arabic-influenced words would change the story quite radically. The communist connotation of the Russian-based Nadsat would no longer be present, but would be replaced with a twenty-first century connotation of Chinese communism or a Muslim-connotation. As the story was written in 1960, I believe it is unfavourable to incorporate elements of the twenty-first century in the novel.

Nevertheless, I have not completely adhered to Cincotta's strategy. In the novel, Burgess has adapted most Russian words to English spelling. Consequently, the Nadsat words are strange to the reader, but not completely unpronounceable; there is a certain degree of familiarity. However, the Dutch reader does not regard this spelling as familiar. Take for example the Nadsat term for glasses, "otchkies." This word is derived from the Russian "очки," which is pronounced as "otchki." In English, The "ch"-sound more or less corresponds to the Russian "sh"-sound. In addition, the word has been pluralised to adhere to the plural form of "glasses." If the Nadsat language would be incorporated in my translation without any alteration, the Dutch reader would pronounce the word with a "g" sound and would scratch their head at the s-suffix of the word, as the Dutch word for glasses is a singular form. Thus, to provide the Dutch reader with a reading experience that is equal to that of the English reader, I based my Nadsat translations on the Russian originals and altered these to

Dutch spelling rules. Therefore, I have translated “очки” “otshkie.” This translation omits the s-suffix of the English Nadsat term and in addition adheres to Dutch spelling, as I have replaced the “ch” of the word in the source text. In Dutch, this sound is pronounced as a “g,” which is not the case in the original Russian word. This strategy supports Horton’s theory of a scale of translation strategies: maintaining the Russian language is in line with Cincotta’s fourth strategy, but altering the spelling corresponds to her first strategy that neutralises the source text.

When translating the Nadsat terms, I have come up with a number of standard rules to translate certain sounds with. For example, the “u” sound in “рука” (ruka/hand), which corresponds to an “oo” in the English Nadsat language, becomes an “oe” in Dutch Nadsat. Furthermore, Russian plurals often end with the suffix “y,” which has become “ies” in English. The Russian word for breast, “грудь,” is an example of this. The word is pronounced as “grud,” but has received a “y” in the Nadsat language. As a consequence, its plural suffix is “ies.” However, as the Russian original ends on a consonant, I have chosen to omit the “y” and “ies” from my translation and used the standard suffix “en,” resulting in “groeden.” Next to an enumeration of my Nadsat translations, a list of all the general rules I have created can be found in Appendix B.

However, I was unable to come up with a Dutch Nadsat equivalent that felt entirely Dutch for all English Nadsat words. Take for example the word “chelloveck.” This term is derived from the Russian word for “man,” “человек,” which is pronounced as “chelovek.” The initial sound of the word, “ch,” was particularly difficult to translate. I wanted to create a word that adhered to Dutch spelling, but that remained close to the Russian original as well. I could have transferred the word directly, creating “chellovek.” However, the Dutch reader would probably interpret the initial sound as a “g” sound, while this is not the case in Russian. This is why I have opted for “tjellovek,” which is a true representation of the initial sound of

the Russian original. The letter combination does not occur in Dutch very often, but as I wanted to represent the Russian original as closely as possible, I have chosen to use it in my translation. In addition, the Nadsat language is a “foreign” language and can thus encompass strange elements easier than a standard language.

It is also important to notice that not all the words of the Nadsat Language have Russian roots. Some stem from child’s language, while others are derived from cockney slang. For the first category, my strategy is to translate the elements with Dutch child’s language, which is in line with Cincotta’s fourth strategy. As child language is quite universal, I believe this will not result in unknown elements for the Dutch reader. For example, I translated “eggiweg” with “eidiederei.” I based this on a children’s story that was read to me when I was young, in which many animals received a rhyming suffix: “poesdiederdes” for “kitty,” “honddiederond” for “dog,” etcetera. In addition, I will use Levy’s unmarked linguistic expressions to translate the cockney elements of the youth language. This way, these elements will maintain their strangeness, but will not give the reader the feeling that the story suddenly takes place in Amsterdam, for example. This means I have translated an expression such as “cutter,” a derivation from the Cockney slang for “money,” that is “bread and butter,” with “specie.” This is a term which, according to *Het juiste woord*, is a synonym for “money.” The term is not linked to a specific Dutch area and is equally strange as “cutter.” In addition, like “cutter,” the word reminds the reader of chores around the house.

## “What dost thou in mind for thou little droog have?”

(Burgess 2000 120)

### IV: Translation

For my translation of *A Clockwork Orange*, I have decided to adhere to the standard rules that apply to a literary work. In the Netherlands, there is a standard contract under which translators often translate novels and other literary works. Among other elements, this contract provides guidelines for the translator in terms of how the work should be translated. According to this “modelcontract,” a translator must deliver an impeccable Dutch translation straight from the original work that is faithful to the original in both content and style (“modelcontract” 1). I will thus try to incorporate all of the elements of the source text in my translation, but at the same time, I will try to create a translation that “feels” like an original Dutch text. My translation will be accompanied by footnotes in which I will elaborate on my translation choices.

I have chosen to translate these two specific fragments from *A Clockwork Orange* for two different reasons. I have chosen the first fragment, which is a fragment from part I, chapter I, because it is a key scene in the novel. In this chapter, the violent acts of Alex and his friends are clearly on display; as discussed above, this means a great deal of Nadsat language can be found in the fragment. Moreover, the fragment poses an interesting translation problem because of the title of F. Alexander’s novel, which is also *A Clockwork Orange*. The translator has to decide whether this instance of the title of Burgess’ novel has to be translated in the same way as the book title. I have chosen the other fragment, part I, chapter IV, because it is a chapter in which Alex shows that he can speak proper English. In

addition, the dialogue with P.R. Deltoid displays an interesting instance of idiolect as well.

This means there are three main styles of speech with which the translator has to deal.

## I.II

We fillieden een tijdje in de zogenaamde achterwijk waar we oude vekken en shienas die de weg overstaken lieten schrikken en achter katten aan zigzagden enzo. Toen namen we de weg naar het westen. Er was weinig verkeer dus ik bleef die oude nogas haast door de bodem duwen en als spaghetti slorpte de Durango 95 de weg op<sup>1</sup>. Al snel was het winter bomen en donker, mijn broeders, een plattelandsdonker, en ergens reed ik over iets groots dat in de koplampen een grommende rot vol tanden had en toen schreeuwde het en werd naar beneden gezogen en die oude Dom<sup>2</sup> op de achterbank lachte zijn gulliver bijna van zijn romp – ‘Hah hah hah<sup>3</sup>.’ Toen zagen we een jonge maltjik en zijn scherpie<sup>4</sup> onder een boom

<sup>1</sup> The phrase “so I kept pushing the old nogas through the floor boards near” is ungrammatical in the source text. The phrase confuses the reader, but when he reaches the end of the sentence he does understand what the phrase is about. However, maintaining the ungrammaticality in this part of the sentence would lead to a target text which is less clear than the source text, resulting in a phrase such as “dus die oude nogas bleef ik haast door de bodem duwen.” As ungrammaticality is a characteristic of the Nadsat language in general and not merely of this phrase, I transferred the ungrammatical element to the next phrase in this sentence. This way, an important aspect of the source text is preserved, but the source text does not “feel” translated.

<sup>2</sup> In the target text, the proper name “Dim” is a loaded name: it indicates that the character is not very clever. To ensure the reader of the target text understands that the proper name is connected to a personality trait of the character, I decided to translate the name.

<sup>3</sup> In Dutch, the dash is not a very common punctuation mark: it is often replaced with an ellipsis or completely omitted. However, as this text only contains a small amount of dashes and is swarmed with strange and unknown elements, I decided to maintain the dashes in my translation.

<sup>4</sup> In the source text, this slang word for female is “sharp.” The origin of most Nadsat words is clear: they are usually derived from either English slang or Russian, but the origin of “sharp” is unknown. This is why I believed the word could be translated in a less strict fashion than

lubberdelubberen, dus we stopten en joelden naar ze en toen beukten we wat op ze in met een paar halfbakken toltsjokken, wat ze aan het huilen maakte, en gingen er weer vandoor. Waar we nu op uit waren was het oude verrassingsbezoek. Dat gaf ons echt een kick en was goed voor gesmiecht en ultragewelddadige uitbarstingen. Uiteindelijk kwamen we aan bij een soort dorpje en net buiten dit dorpje stond een soort klein vrijstaand huisje met iets van een tuin eromheen. De Loena<sup>5</sup> stond al hoog en we konden het huisje duidelijk zien toen ik vaart minderde en remde, de andere drie giechelden als bezoemies en we viedden dat de naam op het hek van dit huisjesvesh<sup>6</sup> THUIS was, een treurig soort naam. Ik stapte uit de automobile<sup>7</sup> en beval mijn droeken te stoppen met dat gegiechel en zeg maar serieus te doen en ik opende dat malenkie hek en liep naar de voordeur. Ik klopte heel beschaafd aan maar er kwam niemand, dus ik klopte nog wat en nu sloeshte ik iemand komen, er werd aan een rendel getrokken, de deur ging heel langzaam een klein stukje open en toen kon ik een oog zien dat naar me keek en de ketting zat nog op de deur. ‘Ja? Wie is daar?’ Het was de golos van

for example the Russian-derived words, which must be retraceable to their Russian predecessor. I have chosen to use the word “scherpie:” it can be related to the English word “sharp,” but has an authentic Dutch “feel” because of the “sch”-sound.

<sup>5</sup> I have thought about maintaining the “u” in the word “luna.” Most Dutch readers are probably acquainted with the word, since it is also the Italian and Spanish word for “moon.” However, this is the reason I have decided against this strategy: in this novel, the word is derived from Russian and should be regarded as so. Maintaining the word “luna” would evoke Italian or Spanish connotations, which is unfavourable.

<sup>6</sup> Even though the Russian word is phonetically spelled “veshch,” the “ch”-sound at the end of the word is hardly noticeable. Therefore, as very few words end with a “g”-sound in Dutch, I decided to omit this “ch”-element in my translation to improve the authenticity of the word.

<sup>7</sup> The Russian word for “car” is phonetically spelled as “avtomobil,” which Burgess has shortened to “auto.” However, the word “auto” is a common Dutch word, which would neutralise the somewhat strange element of the source text. As I decided against strategies that would weaken the target text and would like to maintain the Russian element, I opted for the word “automobile.” This way, the word is still recognisable to the Dutch reader, but the changed spelling of “mobile” indicates the word’s foreign origin.

een scherpie, een aardig jonge devoesjka<sup>8</sup> aan haar stem te horen, dus ik zei heel beleefd, met de golos van een ware heer:

‘Excuseer, mevrouw, zeer vervelend om u te moeten storen, maar ik en mijn vriend<sup>9</sup> maakten een ommetje en ineens werd mijn vriend plotseling onwel en nu ligt hij daar halfdood en kermend op straat. Zou u zo vriendelijk willen zijn om mij uw telefoon te lenen zodat ik een ambulance kan optelefoneren<sup>10</sup>?’

‘We hebben geen telefoon,’ zei de devoesjka. ‘Het spijt me, maar die hebben we niet. U zal het ergens anders moeten proberen.’ Vanuit dit malenkie huisje kon ik het tik tik tikketik tik tik tikkerdetiktik sloeshen van een of andere typende vek, en toen stopte het getik en riep er een tjellovekgolos: ‘Lieverd, is er iets?’

‘Nou,’ zei ik, ‘zou u zo rechtvaardig<sup>11</sup> willen zijn om hem dan alstublieft een glas water te geven? Het is een soort flauwte, ziet u. Het lijkt erop dat hij bewusteloos is geraakt tijdens een aanval van flauwte.’

<sup>8</sup> The Russian phonetic representation of “devotchka” is “devushka;” this means Burgess has inserted the “tch” himself, probably to increase legibility. As I have based my representation of the word on the Russian language, I have chosen to translate the word with “devoesjka.” The Dutch “oe”-sound is similar to the Russian “u” and as the original word does not have a “t” in it, I have excluded this from my translation as well. To mimic the Dutch spelling of “baboesjka,” I have changed the “sh” in “devushka” of the word into “sj” as well.

<sup>9</sup> Here, the source text is ungrammatical: “my friend and I” is the correct phrase. In Dutch, you normally name yourself last, but it is a common mistake to name yourself first. By translating “me and my friend” with “ik en mijn vriend,” the ungrammatical feature in the source text is translated with a similar and ungrammatical feature in the target text.

<sup>10</sup> By using words such as “ommetje” and “onwel,” I have tried to recreate the higher register Alex employs here. However, the word “optelefoneren” indicates that this style of speech does not come naturally to Alex. The word, which cannot be found in the Van Dale, mirrors the repetition of “telephone” in “let me use your telephone to telephone an ambulance.” In addition, it corresponds to the strangeness of the source text: Alex believes this sentence sounds very gentleman-like, but a real gentleman probably would not utter it.

<sup>11</sup> “You and your goodness” is a phrase which occurs regularly in English Christian psalms, for example in psalm 71: “I will tell about your greatness, Lord my Master. I will talk only about you and your goodness.” In the Dutch psalm 71, for example the one in the

De devoesjka aarzelde een soort van en zei toen: ‘Wacht.’ Toen liep ze weg en mijn drie droeken waren stilletjes uit de automobile gestapt en slopen horrorshow<sup>12</sup> onopvallend dichterbij en zetten nu hun maskies op, ik zette de mijne op en toen was het een kwestie van die oude roek naar binnen steken en de ketting losmaken, want ik had die devoesjka laten verslappen met mijn herengolos waardoor ze de deur niet had dichtgedaan zoals dat hoort voor ons nachtelijke vreemdelingen. Toen gingen wij viertjes brullend naar binnen, die oude Dom zoals gewoonlijk de sjoet spelend door op en neer te springen en vieze slovos te schreeuwen en het was een mooi malenkie huisje, eerlijk is eerlijk. We gingen allemaal smiechend de kamer in waar een licht aan was en daar stond die devoesjka een soort in elkaar gedoken, een jong, mooi stukje scherpie met vet horrorshowe groeden en naast haar stond een tjelovek die haar moesh was, ook aardig jong met een hoornen otshkie en er stond een schrijfmachine op een tafel en overal lag papier, maar er was één stapeltje dat zeg maar moest zijn wat hij al had getypt, dus hier hadden we nog zo'n intelligent type boekentype net zoals die ene waar we een paar uur geleden mee hadden gefillied, maar dit was een schrijver en geen lezer. Maar goed, hij vroeg:

‘Wat is dit? Wie bent u? Hoe durf je mijn huis binnen te komen zonder mijn toestemming.’ En de hele tijd trilde zijn golos en zijn roeken ook. Dus ik antwoordde:  
 ‘Wees niet bang. Als angst uw hart verzwaart, O broeder, verban deze dan terstond.’  
 Toen gingen Georgie en Pete op zoek naar de keuken terwijl die oude Dom naast me met

Statenvertaling, the phrase merely refers to “goodness.” “Ik zal heengaen in de mogendheden des Heeren HEEREN; ik zal Uw gerechtigheid vermelden, de Uwe alleen.” “Gerechtigheid,” however, is not a human characteristic; therefore, I cannot use it in this context. I also found a number of translations which translate “goodness” with “rechtvaardigheid.” As “rechtvaardig” is a human characteristic, I opted for this word.

<sup>12</sup> Most people know the story of A Clockwork Orange because of Stanley Kubrick’s 1972 film version. In this film, the word “horrorshow” is used very often: when people think of the Nadsat language, they often think of this word. This is why I have used Aixelá’s repetition strategy here, which transfers the word to the target text without any alteration.

wijdopen rot op bevelen wachtte. ‘En wat is dit?’ vroeg ik, de zeg maar betypte stapel papieren van de tafel pakkend en de behoornde moesh zei bevend:

‘Dat is nou precies wat ik ook wil weten. Wat *is* dit? Wat willen jullie? Ga weg, voor ik jullie eruit gooij.’ Dus die arme oude Dom, vermomd als PieBie Shelley<sup>13</sup>, smiechte hier hard om, brullend als een of ander beest.

‘Het is een boek,’ zei ik. ‘Het is een boek dat jij aan het schrijven bent.’ Ik veranderde de toon van die oude golos in onbehouwen. ‘Ik heb de grootste bewondering voor hun<sup>14</sup> die boeken kunnen schrijven, altijd al gehad.’ Toen keek ik naar het bovenste vel en daar stond de naam van het boek – EEN MACHINALE SINAASAPPEL<sup>15</sup> – en ik zei: ‘Dat is nog eens een gloepie titel. Wie heeft er ooit gehoord van een machinale sinaasappel?’ Toen las ik een malenkie stukje hardop voor in een soort hoogstaande preekgолос: ‘– De poging om de mens, een wezen van groei dat in staat is tot goedheid, ten langen leste te dwingen als sap langs

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<sup>13</sup> “PeeBee” is the phonetic representation of P.B. As the author P.B. Shelley is an Englishman, and his name is pronounced in English fashion in the Netherland as well, the phonetic representation in my translation is of the English instead of the Dutch initials, which would have been “PeeBee.”

<sup>14</sup> In the sentence “I have always had the strongest admiration for them as can write books,” the word “as” is ungrammatical. I have maintained this grammatical element by using “hun” instead of “hen.” This is a mistake many Dutch speakers make. It is thus an ungrammatical element, but one that is actually made in everyday language. Therefore, it is in line with Cincotta’s third strategy: the linguistic alien replaced of the source text is translated with a colloquial form from the main target language.

<sup>15</sup> Translating the work “clockwork” proved to be very difficult. In Dutch, the words with which this term can be translated, for example “radarwerk,” are often associated with clocks only and cannot easily be used as adjectives. The book title also poses problems because it returns in the text in another chapter. When “the new and improved” Alex is presented he shouts at his doctors: “Am I just like some animal or dog?... Am I just to be like a clock-work orange?” (Burgess II 94). This is why I have opted for “machinale.” According to the Van Dale, the definition of this term is “met machines werkend, verricht of vervaardigd.” This corresponds to the “clockwork orange” that Alex refers to. He is a manufactured product and now acts as a machine. Furthermore, Van Dale gives a second definition for “machinaal:” “gedachteloos.” This can also be applied to Alex: he is now conditioned to respond to violence in a certain manner, he no longer uses his own mind. Because of these two definitions, I have decided to use “machinale” in my translation.

God's bebaarde lippen te vloeien in een poging de mens te dwingen tot wetten en voorwaarden die mijns inziens slechts geschikt zijn voor mechanische scheppingen, hiertegen hef ik mijn pennenzwaard –' Dom maakte hierbij die oude lipmuziek en ik moest smiechen. Toen scheurde ik de vellen aan stukken en strooide ze uit over de vloer, en die schrijvermoesh werd een soort bezoomie en haalde naar me uit met zijn zoeken op elkaar geklemd zodat er geel te zien was en zijn nagels stonden op scherp alsof het klauwen waren. Dus dat was het startsein voor die oude Dom en hij stortte zich grijnzend op de bevende rot van die vek waarbij hij ging van er er en ah ah ah, eerst linker vuistie toen rechter, krak krak<sup>16</sup>, zodat onze goeie oude droek rood – rode vieno van de tap die overal hetzelfde is alsof het door dezelfde grote firma wordt verspreid – begon te stromen en vlekken maakte op het mooie schone tapijt en de stukken van dat boek dat ik nog steeds kapotscheurde, ratsrats ratsrats. De hele tijd stond die devoesjka, zijn liefhebbende en toegewijde vrouw, zeg maar als bevroren bij de open haard en toen begon ze kleine malenkie krietsjes te slaken, zeg maar op de maat van de zeg maar muziek van Doms vuistiewerk. Toen kwamen Georgie en Pete allebei kauwend terug uit de keuken ook al hadden ze hun maskies op, maar dat kon gewoon zonder problemen, Georgie met zeg maar een koude poot van een beest in de ene roek en een half glep met een grote klont maslo erop in de ander en Pete met een flesje bier dat zijn gulliver eraf schuimde en een horrorshowe roekvol met zeg maar pruimentaart. Ze deden ha ha ha toen ze viedden hoe die oude Dom ronddanste en de schrijvervek vuistte zodat de schrijvervek begon te plaken alsof zijn levenswerk was verwoest, hij deed boehoehoe met een

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<sup>16</sup> In the source text, Dim “went grinning and going er er and a a a for this veck’s dithering rot.” In order to maintain the legibility of the sentence, I have taken the liberty to change the word order. As a consequence, I had to change the place of “crack crack.” If I had not, the sentence would have had the utterances “er er and a a a” and “crack crack” directly next to each other.

erg verbeten bloederige rot, maar het was ha ha ha op een gedempte etensmanier en je kon stukjes zien van wat ze aten. Dat vond ik maar niks, het was vies en slobberig, dus ik zei:

‘Hou op met dat geknauw. Ik heb geen toestemming gegeven. Hou deze vek hier vast zodat hij alles kan vieden en niet weg kan.’ Dus ze legden hun vettige pisha tussen al het wegvliegende papier op de tafel en bonkten<sup>17</sup> naar de schrijvervek wiens hoornen otshkie was gebroken maar nog wel op zijn neus stond, en die oude Dom danste nog steeds in het rond en liet de decoraties op de schoorsteenmantel schudden (ik zwiepte ze er toen allemaal vanaf en toen konden ze niet meer schudden, broedertjes) terwijl hij met de auteur van *Een machinale sinaasappel* filliede waardoor zijn litso helemaal paars was en droop als een heel speciaal soort sappig fruit. ‘Oké Dom,’ zei ik. ‘En dan nu dat andere vesh, Bog help ons allen.’ Dus hij voerde de sterkeman uit op de devoesjka die nog steeds aan het kriets kriets krietsen was in een erg horrorshowe vier-in-een-bar en klemde haar roeken achter haar rug terwijl ik het een en ander kapotscheurde, de anderen deden nog steeds ha ha ha, en het waren vet goede horrorshowe groeden die toen hun roze glazzen toonden, O mijn broeders, toen ik wat veshen losknoopte en me opmaakte voor de sprong. Springend kon ik kreten van pijn sloeshen en die bloedende schrijvervek die Georgie en Pete vashadden raakte bijna los en gierde als een bezoemie de smerigste slovos die ik al kende en anderen die hij ter plekke verzon. Na mij was die oude Dom natuurlijk aan de beurt en hij ging dan ook op een beestachtig gnuivende gierende manier tekeer terwijl zijn PieBie Shelley masker er geen aandacht aan schonk en ik haar vasthield. Toen wisselden we van plaats, Dom en ik grepen de snotterende schrijvervek

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<sup>17</sup> In my opinion, “clopped” is an onomatopoeia: it refers to the heavy sound Pete and Georgies shoes make when they walk up to F. Alexander. However, the word is used later in the novel as well. When Alex returns home after prison, he tells the reader: “my heart was going clopclopclop with the like excitement.” Therefore, in my translation, the word must be suitable to translate both instances of “clopclopclop.” I have opted for the word “bonken:” this is the sound big shoes can make, but is used to express that a heart is beating very fast as well.

die het gevecht had opgegeven en waar alleen nog maar een soort zwakke woorden uitkwamen alsof hij in het land in een melkplusbar was, en Pete en Georgie namen hun deel. Toen was het zeg maar stil en zaten we vol met zeg maar woede, dus we vernielden alles wat nog vernield kon worden – de schrijfmachine, de lamp, de stoelen – en Dom, typisch weer die oude Dom, waterde het vuur uit en wilde op het tapijt schijten, er was tenslotte genoeg papier, maar ik zei nee. ‘Uit uit uit uit,’ gierde ik. De schrijvervek en zijn ziena waren een soort afwezig, bloederig en opengereten en geluidjes makend. Maar ze zouden het overleven.

Dus we stapten in de wachtende automobile en ik liet het stuur aan Georgie over, me een malenkie beetje sufgenaaid voelend, en we gingen terug naar de stad waarbij we onderweg over vreemd krijsende dingen heen reden.

## I.IV

De volgende morgen werd ik wakker om nul acht nul nul uur, mijn broeders, en omdat ik me nog steeds afgemat en afgeplat en dolgedraaid en sufgenaaid<sup>18</sup> voelde en mijn glazzen vet horrorshow zaten dichtgekleefd met slaaplijm bedacht ik me dat ik niet naar school zou gaan. Ik bedacht me dat ik nog een malenkie beetje langer in het bed zou blijven liggen, zeg een uurtje of twee, me dan op mijn gemakje zou aankleden, misschien zelfs even in het bad zou plonzen, wat brood zou roosteren en naar de radio zou sloeshen of de gazetta zou lezen, helemaal in mijn oddie-nokkie. En misschien kon ik dan in de nalunch, als ik er nog steeds voor in de stemming was, naar die oude scholliewollie ietten<sup>19</sup> om eens te kijken wat ze daar in dat grote centrum van gloepie nutteloze wetenschap aan het variëten waren, O mijn broeders. Ik hoorde mijn vavava brommen en rondstampen en toen naar de ververij ietten waar hij robot, en mijn moeder riep in een zeer eerbiedige golos, die ze gebruikte nu ik groot en sterk aan het groeien was:

‘Knul, het is acht uur geweest. Je wil niet weer te laat komen.’

<sup>18</sup> When translating the phrase “shagged and fagged and fashed and bashed,” I mainly focussed on the rhyme. The Dutch words I have chosen all indicate a state of tiredness, but are not one-on-one translations for the English words. However, I really wanted to represent the word “shagged” in my translation. I did this with the word “sufgenaaid.” As I believe the second rhyme group of “dolgedraaid en sufgenaaid” is the most convincing word pair, I chose to put these in the second position, even though “shagged” is the first word in the source text. This way, the utterance is more powerful.

<sup>19</sup> The Russian word for “to go” is “идти,” which is more or less pronounced as “idti.” As the English language very rarely uses an –i at the end of a word, it is not surprising that Burgess spelled the word as “itty.” However, to end the Dutch translation with a –y results in a strange verb. The English verb is regular, and if this strategy is followed in the target text, this means the Dutch infinitive would be “ittiën.” As it is very uncommon in Dutch to end a verb with “iën,” I decided to drop the –i. I believe this is justifiable as Burgess himself also adds or removes letters for his convenience.

Dus ik riep terug: ‘Een beetje pijn in mijn gulliver<sup>20</sup>. Laat ons maar met rust, misschien gaat het beter na wat slaap en dan ben ik hierna weer zo kwiek als een slingeraap<sup>21</sup>.

Ik sloeshde haar een soort zucht slaken en ze zei:

‘Dan zet ik je ontbijt in de oven, knul. Ik moet nu weg.’ Dat was waar, want er was een wet die iedereen die geen kind was noch kreeg noch ziek was verplichtte te robotten. Mijn moeder werkte bij een van de zogeheten Staatsmarkten waar ze de planken vulde met soep en bonen in blik en meer van dat soort kal. Dus ik sloeshde haar zeg maar een bord in de gasoven kletteren en toen deed ze haar schoenen aan en haalde haar jas achter de deur vandaan en toen zuchtte ze opnieuw en zei ze: ‘Ik ga nu, knul.’ Maar ik deed net alsof ik weer in het land der slapenden was en toen dutte ik inderdaad vet horrorshow weer in en had ik een vreemde en hele realistische snietsa waarin ik om de een of andere reden over mijn droek Georgie droomde. In deze snietsa was hij zeg maar veel ouder geworden en erg streng en hard en hij.govoriette over discipline en gehoorzaamheid en hoe alle maltjiks onder zijn gezag er harder voor moesten springen en het oude saluut moesten heffen alsof ze in het leger zaten, en daar stond ik in de rij net als de rest en zei ja meneer en nee meneer en toen viedde ik opeens duidelijk dat Georgie van die sterren op zijn pletsjo’s had en dat hij zeg maar een generaal was. En toen haalde hij die oude Dom erbij met een zweep, en Dom was veel starriër en

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<sup>20</sup> The source of “gulliver” is “голова,” which is pronounced as “golova.” However, I have decided to maintain the English spelling of the word, as “gulliver” reminds the reader of the novel *Gulliver’s Travels*. I wanted to maintain this connotation, and the only way to do this is to transfer the word directly to the target text.

<sup>21</sup> The expression “right as dodgers” is probably made up by Burgess. When Googling it, only one link appeared that did not refer to *A Clockwork Orange*. According to this website, the expression is Irish slang. As the internet indicates that the phrase is not very common and is possibly created by the author himself, I believe it must be translated with an uncommon or non-existing expressing. This is why I opted for “zo kwiek als een slingeraap.” This expression was used as context for the word “kwiek” in the *Woordenboek der Nederlandsche Taal* in 1907. Here, it was not actually used as an expression, but it seems fitting here.

grijzer en miste een paar zoeben, wat je goed kon zien toen hij smiechte<sup>22</sup> omdat hij me viedde, en toen zei mijn droek Georgie, terwijl hij naar me wees: ‘De platten van die man zitten vol met vuil en kal’ en dat was waar. Toen krietste ik: ‘Niet slaan broeders, alsjeblieft,’ en begon te rennen. En ik rende zeg maar rondjes en Dom zat achter me aan, zijn gulliver van zijn romp smiechend en knallend met die oude zweep, en iedere keer dat ik een vet horrorshowe toltsjok kreeg met die zweep klonk zeg maar het geluid van een hele luide elektrische bel tringtringtringring, en die bel was zeg maar ook een soort pijn.

Toen werd ik heel skorrie wakker, mijn hart ging van doefdoefdoef en natuurlijk was er echt een bel die trrrrrrrr deed en dat was onze deurbel. Ik deed net alsof er niemand thuis was, maar die trrrrrr iette maar door en toen hoorde ik door de deur heen een golos schreeuwen: ‘Schiet op, kom eruit, ik weet dat je in bed ligt.’ Ik herkende de golos meteen. Het was de golos van P.R. Deltoid (een vet gloepie nazad), mijn zogeheten Post-Correctie Adviseur, een overwerkte vek met honderden in zijn boeken<sup>23</sup>. Ik schreeuwde okee okee okee, in een golos zeg maar doordrongen van pijn, en ik stapte uit bed en hulde mij, O mijn broeders, in een prachtige kamerjas van zijde, en deze kamerjas had zeg maar een patroon van beroemde steden. Toen stopte ik mijn nogas in een paar erg comfortabele, wollen toeffels, kamde mijn pluimage en was klaar voor P.R. Deltoid. Toen ik opendeed schuifelde hij naar

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<sup>22</sup> Burgess was not always very precise when it came down to Anglicizing Russian words. He based the verb “smeck” on the phonetic representation of the Russian word for “laugh.” In my opinion, however, the word sounds more like “smiegh,” which is why I translated it with “smiechen.” This word probably reminds the Dutch reader of the word “smiecht,” a word that is used to describe a mean person. This extra meaning is very fitting, as the characters that laugh the most are Alex and his friends, who are essentially mean people.

<sup>23</sup> “With hundreds on his books” is again a expression that Burgess created himself; it can only be found within the context of *A Clockwork Orange*. In my opinion, Burgess means that Deltoid has been in education for quite some time and has worked with a great deal of children. In my translation, I have tried to convey this, while maintaining the vagueness of the source text at the same time. This is why I chose to translate the phrase with “honderden in zijn boeken.”

binnen, hij zag er sufgenaaid uit met een gehavende oude shlapa op zijn gulliver en een smerige regenjas. ‘Ah, Alex, m’n jongen,’ zei hij tegen me. ‘Ik heb je moeder ontmoet, ja. Ze zei iets over pijn ergens. Vandaar niet op school, ja.’

‘Een tamelijk onverdraaglijke pijn in het hoofd, broeder, meneer,’ zei ik in mijn herengolos. ‘Ik denk dat het vanmiddag zal zijn weggetrokken.’

‘Of dan in ieder geval vanavond, ja,’ zei P.R. Deltoid. ‘De avond is het mooiste moment van de dag, nietwaar Alex, m’n jongen? Zit,’ zei hij, ‘zit, zit,’ alsof dit zijn doom was en ik zijn gast. En hij ging zitten in die starrie schommelstoel van mijn vader en begon te schommelen, alsof hij daarvoor was gekomen. Ik zei: ‘Een kopje van die oude chai, meneer? Ik bedoel thee.’

‘Geen tijd,’ zei hij. En hij schommelde en schonk me die oude blik vanonder een stel fronsende wenkbauwen, alsof hij alle tijd in de wereld had. ‘Geen tijd, ja,’ zei hij gloepie. Dus ik zette te ketel op. Toen zei ik:

‘Waaraan heb ik dit meer dan welkombe bezoek te danken? Is er iets mis, meneer?’  
 ‘Mis?’ antwoordde hij erg skorrie en sluw, terwijl hij een soort van ineengedoken naar me keek maar wel bleef schommelen. Toen viel zijn blik op een advertentie in de gazetta die op de tafel lag – een prachtige, smiechtende jonge ptitsa die, mijn broeders, haar groeden uitstalde om reclame te maken voor de Trots van de Joegoslavische Strand. Nadat hij haar zo ongeveer in twee happen had verorberd zei hij: ‘Waarom denk je gelijk dat er iets mis is? Heb je dingen gedaan die niet mogen, ja?’

‘Slechts bij wijze van uitspreken<sup>24</sup> meneer,’ antwoordde ik.

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<sup>24</sup> Alex utters “Just a manner of speech,” but this is not the correct expression; it should be “manner of speaking.” This is again an example of Alex failing to speak in a refined manner. The source text is thus slightly off, but not in such a way that a reader will notice it straight away. I wanted to maintain this in my translation, which is why I opted for “slechts bij wijze van uitspreken,” instead of the correct “bij wijze van spreken.” This is in correspondence with

‘Nou,’ zei P.R. Deltoid, ‘dan het is ook slechts bij wijze van mijn uitspreken dat je moet uitkijken kleine Alex, want je weet dondersgoed dat je de volgende keer niet meer naar de correctieschool wordt gestuurd. De volgende keer moet je naar het huis van gevang en dan is al mijn werk voor niets geweest. Als je geen rekening houdt met dat verschrikkelijke zelf van je kan je ten minste een beetje rekening houden met mij, degene die zich voor je in het zweet heeft gewerkt. Een grote zwarte aantekening, vertel ik je in vertrouwen, voor een ieder die we niet kunnen reden, ieder van jullie die eindigt in dat met strepen vergeven oord is een erkenning van ons falen.’

Ik heb niets gedaan wat niet mag meneer,’ zei ik. ‘De millicenten kunnen me niets maken broeder, ik bedoel meneer.’

‘Hou op met die bijdehante praatjes over millicenten,’ zei P.R. Deltoid erg vermoeid, ook al schommelde hij nog steeds. ‘Dat de politie je de laatste tijd met rust heeft gelaten betekent niet dat je geen rottigheid hebt uitgehaald, dat weet je dondersgoed. Gisteravond is er wat gevachten, of niet soms? Er was een schermutseling met nozzen en fietskettingen enzovoorts. Een van de vrienden van een zekere dikke jongen werd laat op de avond in de buurt van de krachtcentrale akelig bewerkt<sup>25</sup> naar het ziekenhuis gebracht door een ambulance, ja. Jouw naam werd genoemd. Het nieuws bereikte me via de gebruikelijke kanalen. Zekere vrienden van je werden ook genoemd. Het lijkt erop dat er gisteravond een behoorlijk scala aan rottigheid heeft plaatsgevonden. Zoals gewoonlijk kan natuurlijk niemand iets over iemand bewijzen. Maar ik waarschuw je, kleine Alex, ik ben tenslotte je

the source text, as a “manner of speech” is the way in which you speak (and pronounce words).

<sup>25</sup> According to the Oxford English Dictionary, “to cut about” is “To damage or disfigure by random cutting and chipping of the surface.” This is a strange action to inflict upon a person. As the source text employs a word that is used for objects, I wanted to maintain this in the target text. This is why I used the word “bewerkt,” which is often used for objects as well.

vriend, de enige in deze misselijke en mistroostige gemeenschap die je voor jezelf wil behoeden.'

'Dat waardeer ik oprecht, meneer,' zei ik.

'Ja, dat waardeer je wel hè?' sneerde hij een soort van. 'Let maar gewoon goed op je tellen, ja. We weten meer dan je denkt, kleine Alex.' Toen zei hij, met een golos alsof hij verschrikkelijk leed, al schommelde hij nog steeds een eind weg: 'Wat hebben jullie toch allemaal? We onderzoeken het probleem en we onderzoeken het verdomme al bijna honderd jaar, ja, maar die onderzoeken leveren niets op. Je hebt hier een prima thuis, prima ouders die van je houden, je hebt een redelijk stel hersens. Neemt een duivel soms bezit van jullie?'

Niemand kan me iets maken, meneer,' zei ik. Ik weet al heel lang uit de roeken van de millicenten te blijven.'

'Dat is nou juist precies wat me zorgen baart,' zuchtte P.R. Deltoid. 'Een beetje te lang om goed voor je te zijn. Het zal wel snel gebeuren schat ik zo. Daarom waarschuw ik je, kleine Alex, om je knappe snuitje uit de problemen te houden. Is dat helder?'

'Als een uitgebaggerd meer, meneer,' zei ik. Zo helder als een strakblauwe lucht in hartje zomer. U kunt op me rekenen, meneer.' En ik schonk hem een glimlach met veel zoeken.

Maar toen hij was verokadiet en ik een hele sterke pot chai aan het maken was grijnsde ik inwendig over dit vesh waar P.R. Deltoid en zijn droeken zich zorgen over maakten. Ik doe slechte dingen, dat is waar, met al dat krasten en toltsjokken en snedes met het britva en dat oude in-uit-in-uit, en als ik wordt geloviet, nou, dat is dan jammer voor me, O mijn broedertjes, en je kunt geen land besturen als iedere tjellovek zich net zo gedraagt als ik me 's nachts gedraag. Dus als ik wordt geloviet en ik drie maanden naar deze mesto moet en daarna nog zes naar die, en het dan, broeders, zoals P.R. Deltoid me zo vriendelijk waarschuwt, de volgende keer de grote mysterieuze dierentuin zelf is ondanks de prilheid van

mijn lentes, nou, dan zeg ik: ‘Begrijpelijk, maar wat spijtig nou, mijn heren, dat ik opsluiting gewoonweg niet kan verdragen. Ik zal me inspannen om, in de toekomst die zich met zijn sneeuwitte en lelieblanke armen naar me uitstrekkt voordat het noz me inhaalt of het bloed zijn laatste couplet in verwrongen metaal en gebroken glas op de hoofdweg spettert, nooit meer geloviet te worden.’ Wat ware uitspraken zijn. Maar, broeders, wat me echt een lachende maltjik maakt is dat ze hun teenagels er bijna afknagen omdat ze zo graag willen weten waardoor slechtheid wordt *veroorzaakt*. Ze zijn niet geïnteresseerd in de oorzaak van *deugdzaamheid*, dus waarom dan wel in de andere afdeling? Als loeden goed zijn is dat omdat ze dat fijn vinden, en ik zou hun pleziertjes nooit willen verstoren, en hetzelfde geldt voor de andere afdeling. En ik was de beschermengel van de andere afdeling. Daarnaast is slechtheid iets van jezelf, de ware, jou of mij in ons oddie-nokkie, en dat zelf is gemaakt door die oude Bog of God en is zijn grote trots en radost. Maar de niet-zelven kunnen niet slecht zijn, wat betekent dat zij van de regering en de rechters en de scholen slechtheid niet kunnen toestaan omdat ze het zelf niet kunnen toestaan. En vertelt onze moderne geschiedenis, mijn broeders, niet het verhaal van dappere, malenkie zelven die tegen grote machines vechten? Ik maak hierover geen grapjes, broeders. Maar ik doe wat ik doe omdat ik het graag doe.

Dus nu, op deze glimlachende wintermorgen, drink ik hele sterke chai met moloko en schepje na schepje na schepje suiker aangezien ik een slattekauw ben en trok ik het ontbijt uit de oven dat mijn arme oude moedertje voor me had gemaakt. Het was een ei, gebakken<sup>26</sup>, niets meer en niets minder, maar ik roosterde brood en at ei en toast en jam en smakte een eind weg terwijl ik de gazetta las. In de gazetta stond het gebruikelijke over ultrageweld en

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<sup>26</sup> It is quite uncommon to say “egg fried” in English. However, it sounds more natural than its Dutch equivalent “ei gebakken.” As the text is already very exotic because of the Nadsat words, I have decided against a literal translation. Instead, I translated the word pair with “een ei, gebakken,” which is grammatical, but which would not be the usual way to describe a fried egg.

bankovervallen en stakingen en voetballers die iedereen verlamden van angst door te dreigen volgende week zaterdag niet te spelen als hun loon niet werd verhoogd, stoute maltjikkiwijs dat het waren. Ook waren er meer ruimtereisjes en grotere stereo-televiesieschermen en werden er gratis pakjes zeepvlokken aangeboden in ruil voor soepblik-etiketten, dit geweldige aanbod is slechts één week geldig, wat me aan het smiechen maakte. En er was een bolshoi groot artikel over de Jeugd van Tegenwoordig (over mij dus, en daarom maakte ik grijnzend als een bezoemie de oude buing) door een of andere hele slimme, kale tjelovek. Ik las dit aandachtig, mijn broeders, slurpend van die oude chai, kop na tasse na tjaska, mijn zwartgeroosterde lomtiks brood vermalend die ik in jamdiederam en eidiederei had gedoopt. Deze geleerde vek had het over de gebruikelijke veshen, over het gebrek aan ouderlijk gezag, zoals hij het noemde, en het tekort aan vet horrorshowe leraren die verdomme smeekbedes uit hun onschuldige poepies zouden rammen en hen om genade zouden laten boehoehoe-en. Dit was allemaal nogal gloepie en maakte me aan het smiechen, maar het was zeg maar wel leuk om te weten dat men constant het nieuws haalde, O mijn broeders. Elke dag stond er wel iets over de Jeugd van Tegenwoordig, maar het beste vesh dat ze ooit in die oude gazetta hadden gezet was geschreven door een of andere starrie grijsaard met een hondse ketting die zei dat hij er zonder meer van overtuigd was, en hij sprak als een man van Bog, dat HET DE DUIVEL IN AANTOCHT WAS en die zich zeg maar een weg baande door zeg maar jong en onschuldig vlees, en dat de wereld van de volwassenen hier verantwoordelijk voor was door hun oorlogen en bommen en andere onzin. Dus dat was natuurlijk juist. Dus hij als Godspersoon wist waar hij het over had. Dus het kon niet op ons jonge en onschuldige maltjiks worden afgeschoven. Juist juist juist<sup>27</sup>.

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<sup>27</sup> Alex has used this exclamation before: when P.R. Deltoid visits him, he also shouts “right right right” at him. However, I could not translate these two utterances with the same phrase. In the first case, Alex uses the exclamation to indicate that he has heard Deltoid scream through the door and that he is coming to open it. In the second case, Alex is indicating that

Toen ik een paar rassen op mijn volle, onschuldige maag had geërk-erkt haalde ik wat dagplatten uit mijn kledingkast en zette de radio aan. Er speelde muziek, een erg mooi malenkie strijkkwartetje, mijn broeders, door Claudius Birdman, een die ik goed kende. Toch moest ik smiechen toen ik dacht aan wat ik een keer in één van die artikelen over de Jeugd van Tegenwoordig had geviet, namelijk dat de Jeugd van Tegenwoordig er beter aan toe zou zijn als Een Actieve Waardering Van De Kunsten zeg maar zou worden aangemoedigd. Er had gestaan dat Uitmuntende Muziek en Uitmuntende Poëzie de Jeugd van Tegenwoordig zeg maar tot rust zou brengen en de Jeugd van Tegenwoordig beschaafder zou maken. Zo beschaafd als mijn geschaafde jablikken zeker. Door muziek verscherpte ik altijd een soort van, O mijn broeders, en daardoor voelde ik me net die oude Bog zelf, klaar om aan de slag te gaan met die oude donner en blitzen<sup>28</sup> en veks en ptitsas te zien belijden onder mijn ha-macht. En toen ik mijn litso en roekers een beetje had getjest en me had aangekleed (mijn dagplatten waren zeg maar leerlingkledij: die oude, blauwe pantalonnie en trui met de A van Alex) bedacht ik me dat er nog genoeg tijd was om naar de diskboetik te ietten (en genoeg specie<sup>29</sup>, want mijn zakken zaten vol met een flink zakcynthiaatje) om te gaan kijken naar die langverwachte en langbeloofde stereo van Beethoven Nummer Negen (dat wil zeggen de

he agrees with the author of the article. In English, “right” can be used on both occasions, but there is no Dutch word that does the same.

<sup>28</sup> “Donner and blitzen” are the names of two of Santa’s reindeer. Burgess has probably let Alex utter them to again indicate that Alex is not as smart as he pretends to be. He probably believes he is naming two mythological creatures, but he is not. Moreover, he is using the names in modernised spelling, as the reindeer were called “Dunder” and “Blixem” in the original poem from 1823 by Henry Livingston Jr.

<sup>29</sup> “Cutter” is a word which is not used in the English language very often. It is probably cockney slang derived from “bread-and-butter.” According to *Het juiste woord*, “specie” is a synonym for money as well. Using this word mimics the word in the source text, as they are both uncommon words to use for money. In addition, the words both have to do with chores around the house.

Koorsymfonie) die was opgenomen op Masterstroke door de Esh Shim Sham Simfonia onder leiding van L. Muhaiwir. Dus, broeders, verliet ik het huis.

De dag was heel anders dan de nacht. De nacht was van mij en mijn droeken en de rest van de nadzats, en de starrie middenstand loerde onopgemerkt vanuit de huiskamer en absorbeerde de gloepie werelduitzendingen, maar de dag was voor de starries en er leken overdag ook altijd meer rossen en millicenten te zijn. Op de hoek reed ik met de autobus naar het Centrum en toen liep ik terug naar Taylor Place en daar was de diskboetik die ik met mijn onschatbare klandizie vereerde, O mijn broeders. De afdeling droeg de gloepie naam MELODIA, maar het was een vet horrorshowe mesto en had meestal skorrie de nieuwste opnames. Ik liep naar binnen en de enige andere klanten waren twee jonge ptitsas die op ijsstokjes zogen (let wel, het was hartje winter en bladerde een soort door de nieuwe popdisks – Johnny Burnaway, Stah Kroh, De Mixers, Blijf rustig liggen met Ed en Id Molotov en meer van dat soort kal).

## “Written well thou hast, O Sir”

(Burgess 2000 49)

### V: Comparing Translations

*A Clockwork Orange* has been translated into Dutch twice. In 1978, a translation by Cees Buddingh and his son Wiebe was published, and in 2012, a translation by Harm Damsma and Niek Miedema saw the light of day. However, in 1997, Marcel Otten also created a translation, or adaptation, of the novel. This adaptation was meant to be performed at theatres. In this comparison, I will compare and contrast an excerpt of these three translations of *A Clockwork Orange*. As it has been the main focus of my thesis, the main focus of this comparison will be the Nadsat language. I will compare the translations of a fragment of part I, chapter II, which I have also translated myself. Because of this, I can compare the three “professional” translations with my own translation as well.

#### **The Buddingh translation**

In this first Dutch translation of *A Clockwork Orange*, the youth language of the novel is “Dutchified;” the translators have ignored the Russian origins of the Nadsat language and have changed these words in such a way that they refer to the Dutch language instead of the Russian one. For example, “tubbilubbing,” the Nadsat word for making love, is translated as “snoezepoezen.” Now, the verb reminds the Dutch reader of “snoezepoes,” the Dutch word for “honey,” instead of the Russian verb. In addition, Budding and son also maintain a few English characteristics of the source text, albeit in adapted form. The adjective “real,” for example, is translated as “riel:” “... en daar stond deze ninoska als het ware tegen de muur

ineengekrompen, een knap jong vinniestuk met riel drekkula kroedies aan haar lijf” (Burgess 1978 24). This contributes to the “foreign” character of the youth language, but is not in line with the source text: there, these elements are more or less general English.

The 1978 translation also omits a number of fillers. In the sentence “maar er lag één stapeltje papier dat eruitzag alsof hij dat had zitten typen,” the filler “like” has been omitted (Burgess 1978 24). When the fillers are maintained, they are not always translated in the same way. For example, the filler “like” is translated as “zogeheten” in the phrase “en een drekkula roekervol zogeheten vruchtcake” and as “als het ware” in the phrase “en wij zaten als het ware vol haat” (Burgess 1978 26-27).

### **The Damsma & Miedema translation**

Unlike the translation by Cees and Wiebe Buddingh, Damsma and Miedema have paid a great deal of attention to the fact that Nadsat originates in the Russian language. They have traced the underlying Russian words and “Dutchified” these instead of the Nadsat ones. With regard to “lubbilubbing,” for example, this resulted in the Dutch Nadsat word “ljoebitten.” It must be noted that this results in a youth language which is less understandable than the Nadsat in the 1978 translation, which used words of which the meaning was more or less clear. However, because of the strategy Damsma and Miedema have chosen, the reading experience of the Dutch reader is equals that of the reader of the source text, as both texts feature very “foreign” elements.

To compensate for the complicated youth language, it seems that Damsma and Miedema have tried to create a target text that is as “smooth” as possible. For example, they have omitted even more fillers than Buddingh and Buddingh: for example, “... maar nu slaakte ze malenke krietsjes, zeg maar in de maat met Doms timmerwerk” “(Burgess 2012 32) omits the filler “like” in “to the like music of old Dim’s fistework” (Burgess 2000 19). This

way, the target becomes more standardised, which makes it easier to read. In addition, Damsma and Miedema do not shy away from cutting up sentences to increase legibility. An example can be found in the following sentences:

Toen liep ze weg, terwijl mijn drie droeken stilletjes uit de mobiel waren gestapt en horrorshow stiekem dichterbij waren geslopen. Ze deden hun mombakkesen op en ik deed het mijne ook op, en toen was het alleen nog maar een kwestie van mijn roeker door de kier steken en de ketting losmaken, want ik had die dewotsjka al helemaal ontdooid met mijn keurige kolos, zodat ze de deur niet weer dicht had gedaan, zoals ze had moeten doen, omdat wij vreemden in het donker waren (Burgess 2012 30).

These two sentences are one very long sentence in the target text. As it is Alex' way of speaking, Damsma and Miedema have not used this strategy for every long sentence in the fragment. However, by cutting up the most difficult sentences, they create a translation that is more accessible to the reader.

### **The Otten adaptation**

The translation of *A Clockwork Orange* by Marcel Otten is the odd man out for a number of reasons. Firstly, the translation is not meant to be read, but meant to be performed: it is a theatre script. Secondly, therefore, it can be regarded as an adaptation. Moreover, it is described as such by the translator, who states that the script is an adaptation of the novel *A Clockwork Orange*, the play by the Royal Shakespeare Company and the film by Stanley Kubrick. This has far-reaching consequences for the events in the novel and its language.

With regard to the events in the novel, Otten's adaptation does not follow the book. The plot is more or less the same, but from time to time, it differs from Burgess' novel.

During the visit to F. Alexander and his wife, for example, Pete and Georgie do not leave the room to find the kitchen (Burgess 1997 13). Next to omitting certain events, some actions are more elaborate than in the novel, such as the rape of F. Alexander's wife. In Otten's theatre script, Alex is more explicit about the rape than he is in the novel: "...en terwijl ik de magische woorden sprak 'Sesam Open U' schoof ik mijn willie in haar vochtige stal" (Otten 14). During the "surprise-visit," Alex and Pjotr also sing the song "Singing in the Rain," which is not featured in Burgess' novel but is only sung in the film adaptation.

The Nadsat in Otten's adaptation also makes very clear that we have to do with an adaptation. The first thing that strikes the reader is that Otten often uses words from the youth language in places the target text employs standard English. For example, the village in the neighbourhood of F. Alexander's house is called a "kaboutergat," while it is merely described as a "village" in the source text. In addition, unlike the literary translations, Otten has created a youth language that largely omits the Russian influences the source text has. Otten often converts these Russian-inspired words into words that sound very Dutch: for example, the Nadsat word for "voice," "goloss," is translated with "kwaak." He also uses English words to embellish the language with: he for example uses the word "brake" for the brakes of a car. However, just as the 1978 translation, Otten uses a Dutchified form as well. For example, the word "vjoew" is employed as a translation for the verb "view." Otten still uses Russian as well, but these Russian words are not always used in the source text. For example, the house F. Alexander lives in is described as a "datsja," a Russian word for a small house on the countryside, while this is a "cottage" in the target text. The result of all these Dutch, or very Dutch-sounding, words is that the text obtains a high level of authenticity. This is convenient for the theatre, where the audience has to be drawn into the play. This is easier when they can relate to the story, and they will relate better to a story which contains many recognisable

words (even if they are in an unrecognisable context) than a story with an incomprehensible language.

### **My own translation**

When comparing my own translation of A Clockwork Orange to the translations that already exist, there is one striking difference: the “professional” translators have handled the text far more freely than I have done. Cees and Wiebe Buddingh have not shied away from Dutchifying the youth language, Damsma and Miedema were not afraid to omit the numerous fillers of the source text, and Otten’s translation is so freely translated that it must be called an adaptation. I think this difference has to do with experience. Experienced translators will probably know how far they can go with a text, while I, as a starting translator, am afraid to divert too much from the source text.

With regard to the Nadsat language, I have used more or less the same strategy as Damsma and Miedema. I looked up the Russian predecessor of the Nadsat word, and tried to find a Dutch spelling for thus Russian word. However, I have not followed the strategy with which they have translated the fillers in the text, as I maintained most of these. Here, my strategy was thus more in line with that of Buddingh and Buddingh, although they have translated these fillers with a certain degree of variation. My strategy again makes clear that I have not had much experience in the translation field, as I stayed very close to the source text in this respect.

## **“That’s what it’s going to be then”**

(Burgess 2000 141)

## **VI: Conclusion**

As I have now reached the end of this thesis, it is time to answer the research question I posed in the introduction:

What are the translation problems in Anthony Burgess’ *A Clockwork Orange*, how can these problems be solved and what are the preferred strategies to do so?

To answer this question, the novel first had to be contextualised. This enabled me to discern the important aspects of the novel, which thus needed extra attention in my translation, from the ones that were less important. For example, the distinction between light and dark in the novel had to be maintained, as these two elements symbolise the concepts good and bad.

Next, it was time to analyse the numerous translation problems, find possible translation strategies and decide which of these strategies could best be used for my own translation of *A Clockwork Orange*. The translation problems I found were in line with Nord’s classification of translation problems: I analysed and found translation strategies for culture-specific elements (culture specific), the English ing-form (language pair specific), and idiolect and the Nadsat language (text specific). This last translation problem, the youth language of the novel, proved to be most difficult: the language is based on Russian, but is altered to fit the English spelling norms.

In general, it could be argued that I chose translation strategies that provided Dutch-speaking readers of my translation with the same reading experience as English-speaking readers of the target text. This can be seen clearly in my translation of the Nadsat language. The Nadsat in Burgess' novel might be strange, its "strangeness" is reduced by the use of English spelling rules. Likewise, I have tried to adhere to the spelling rules that are used in the Dutch language. Not all of my translation strategies have followed this general strategy this strict. For example, I sometimes used Aixelá's absolute universalisation strategy to translate culture-specific elements with, which more or less weakens the meaning of the CSI. However, I believe this type of translation is the exception that confirms the rule.

Comparing the several existing translations of *A Clockwork Orange* made clear that the novel can be translated in various ways. In fact, especially with regard to Nadsat, the possibilities seem endless. The English Nadsat can be used as a starting-point for a Dutch translation of the youth language, but this language can be based on the original Russian words as well. Moreover, the translator can also throw the entire non-standard language and create a youth language of his own. In all of these cases, however, it becomes clear that the translator must be creative. In addition, he or she can digress quite far from the source text. When comparing my translations to the existing ones, it was striking to see that professional, more experienced translators had less trouble doing so than I had as an inexperienced translator,

It can be concluded that *A Clockwork Orange* is quite a challenge to translate, which can mainly be blamed on the youth language in the novel. However, this challenge can be very rewarding, as the novel calls for a very creative translation, which could be of great pleasure for the translator and can result in great and very diverse translations. Burgess did not think very highly of translation: "... to be translated is horrific, and the more ignorant the author is of foreign languages the better off he is" (Burgess 1993). It is a pity Burgess has

never read any of the Dutch translations, as the creative gems that are featured in these text might have changed his opinion once and for all.

## VII: Appendix

### VI.A: Source Texts Translation

#### I.II

We fillied round what was called the backtown for a bit, scaring old vecks and cheenas that were crossing the roads and zigzagging after cats and that. Then we took the road west. There wasn't much traffic about, so I kept pushing the old noga through the floorboards near, and the Durango 95 ate up the road like spaghetti. Soon it was winter trees and dark, my brothers, with a country dark, and at one place I ran over something big with a snarling toothy rot in the headlamps, then it screamed and squelched under and old Dim at the back near laughed his gulliver off – ‘Ho ho ho’ – at that. Then we saw one young malchick with his sharp, lubbilubbing under a tree, so we stopped and cheered at them, then we bashed into them both with a couple of half-hearted tolchocks, making them cry, and on we went. What we were after now was the old surprise visit. That was a real kick and good for smecks and lashings of the ultra-violent. We came at last to a sort of village, and just outside this village was a small sort of a cottage on its own with a bit of garden. The Luna was well up now, and we could viddy this cottage fine and clear as I eased up and put the brake on, the other three giggling like bezoomny, and we could viddy the name on the gate of this cottage veshch was HOME, a gloomy sort of a name. I got out of the auto, ordering my droogs to shush their giggles and act like serious, and I opened this malenky gate and walked up to the front door. I knocked nice and gentle and nobody came, so I knocked a bit more and this time I could slooshy somebody coming, then a bolt drawn, then the door inched open an inch or so, then I could viddy this one glazz looking out at me and the door was on a chain. ‘Yes? Who is it?’ It was a sharp’s goloss, a youngish devotchka by her sound, so I said in a very refined manner of speech, a real gentleman’s goloss:

‘Pardon, madam, most sorry to disturb you, but my friend and me were out for a walk, and my friend has taken bad all of a sudden with a very troublesome turn, and he is out there on the road dead out and groaning. Would you have the goodness to let me use your telephone to telephone for an ambulance?’

‘We haven’t a telephone,’ said this devotchka. ‘I’m sorry, but we haven’t. You’ll have to go somewhere else.’ From inside this malenky cottage I could slooshy the clack clack clacky clack clack clackity clackclack of some veck typing away, and then the typing stopped and there was this chelloveck’s goloss calling: ‘What is it, dear?’

‘Well,’ I said, ‘could you of your goodness please let him have a cup of water? It’s like a faint, you see. It seems as though he’s passed out in a sort of a fainting fit.’

The devotchka sort of hesitated and then said: 'Wait.' Then she went off, and my three droogs had got out of the auto quiet and crept up horrorshow stealthy, putting their maskies on now, then I put mine on, then it was only a matter of me putting in the old rooker and undoing the chain, me having softened up this devotchka with my gent's goloss, so that she hadn't shut the door like she should have done, us being strangers of the night. The four of us then went roaring in, old Dim playing the shoot as usual with his jumping up and down and singing out dirty slovos, and it was a nice malenky cottage, I'll say that. We all went smacking into the room with a light on, and there was this devotchka sort of cowering, a young pretty bit of sharp with real horrorshow goodies on her, and with her was this chelloveck who was her moodge, youngish too with horn-rimmed otchkies on him, and on a table was a typewriter and all papers scattered everywhere, but there was one little pile of paper like that must have been what he'd already typed, so here was another intelligent type bookman type like that we'd fillied with some hours back, but this one was a writer not a reader. Anyway, he said:

'What is this? Who are you? How dare you enter my house without permission.' And all the time his goloss was trembling and his rookers too. So I said:

'Never fear. If fear thou hast in thy heart, O brother, pray banish it forthwith.' Then Georgie and Pete went out to find the kitchen, while old Dim waited for orders, standing next to me with his rot wide open. 'What is this, then?' I said, picking up the pile like of typing from off of the table, and the hornrimmed moodge said, dithering:

'That's just what I want to know. What *is* this? What do you want? Get out at once before I throw you out.' So poor old Dim, masked like Peebee Shelley, had a good loud smack at that, roaring like some animal.

'It's a book,' I said. 'It's a book what you are writing.' I made the old goloss very coarse. 'I have always had the strongest admiration for them as can write books.' Then I looked at its top sheet, and there was the name – A CLOCKWORK ORANGE – and I said: 'That's a fair gloopy title. Who ever heard of a clockwork orange?' Then I read a malenky bit out loud in a sort of very high type preaching goloss: '– The attempt to impose upon man, a creature of growth and capable of sweetness, to ooze juicily at the last round the bearded lips of God, to attempt to impose, I say, laws and conditions appropriate to a mechanical creation, against this I raise my sword-pen –' Dim made the old lip-music at that and I had to smack myself. Then I started to tear up the sheets and scatter the bits over the floor, and this writer moodge went sort of bezoomny and made for me with his zoobies clenched and showing yellow and his nails ready for me like claws. So that was old Dim's cue and he went grinning and going er er and a a a for this veck's dithering rot, crack crack, first left fistie then right, so that our dear old droog the red – red vino on tap and the same in all places, like it's put out by the same big firm – started to pour and spot the nice clean carpet and the bits of this book that I was still ripping away at, razrez razrez. All this time this devotchka, his loving and faithful wife, just stood like froze by the fireplace, and then she started letting out little malenky creeches, like in time to the like music of old Dim's fisty work. Then Georgie and Pete came in from the kitchen, both munching away, though with their maskies on, you could do that with them on and no trouble, Georgie with like a cold leg of something in one rooker and half a loaf of kleb with a big dollop of maslo on it in the other, and Pete with a bottle of beer

frothing its Gulliver off and a horrorshow rookerful of like plum cake. They went haw haw haw, viddying old Dim dancing round and fisting the writer veck so that the writer veck started to platch like his life's work was ruined, going boo hoo hoo with a very square bloody rot, but it was haw haw haw in a muffled eater's way and you could see bits of what they were eating. I didn't like that, it being dirty and slobbery, so I said:

'Drop that mounch. I gave no permission. Grab hold of this veck here so he can viddy all and not get away.' So they put down their fatty pishcha on the table among all the flying paper and they clopped over to the writer veck whose hornrimmed otchkies were cracked but still hanging on, with old Dim still dancing round and making ornaments shake on the mantelpiece (I swept them all off then and they couldn't shake no more, little brothers) while he fillied with the author of *A Clockwork Orange*, making his litso all purple and dripping away like some very special sort of a juicy fruit. 'All right, Dim,' I said. 'Now for the other veshch, Bog help us all.' So he did the strong-man on the devotchka, who was still creech creeching away in very horrorshow four-in-a-bar, locking her rookers from the back, while I ripped away at this and that and the other, the others going haw haw haw still, and real good horrorshow groodies they were that then exhibited their pink glazzies, O my brothers, while I untrussed and got ready for the plunge. Plunging, I could slooshy cries of agony and this writer bleeding veck that Georgie and Pete held on to nearly got loose howling bezoomny with the filthiest of slovos that I already knew and others he was making up. Then after me it was right old Dim should have his turn, which he did in a beastly snorty howly sort of a way with his Peebee Shelley maskie taking no notice, while I held on to her. Then there was a changeover, Dim and me grabbing the slobbering writer veck who was past struggling really, only just coming out with slack sort of slovos like he was in the land in a milk-plus bar, and Pete and Georgie had theirs. Then there was like quiet and we were full of like hate, so smashed what was left to be smashed – typewriter, lamp, chairs – and Dim, it was typical of old Dim, watered the fire out and was going to dung on the carpet, there being plenty of paper, but I said no. 'Out out out out,' I howled. The writer veck and his zheena were not really there, bloody and torn and making noises. But they'd live.

So we got into the waiting auto and I left it to Georgie to take the wheel, me feeling that malenky bit shagged, and we went back to town, running over odd squealing things on the way.

## I.IV

The next morning I woke up at oh eight oh oh hours, my brothers, and as I still felt shagged and fagged and fashed and bashed and my glazzies were stuck together real horrorshow with sleepglue, I thought I would not go to school. I thought how I would have a malenky bit longer in the bed, an hour or two say, and then get dressed nice and easy, perhaps even having a splosh about in the bath, make toast for myself and slooshy the radio or read the gazetta, all on my oddy knocky. And then in the afterlunch I might perhaps, if I still felt like it, itty off to the old skolliwoll and see what was vareeting in that great seat of gloopy useless learning, O

my brothers. I heard my papapa grumbling and trampling and then ittying off to the dyeworks where he rabbited, and then my mum called in in a very respectful goloss as she did now I was growing up big and strong:

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

So I called back: ‘A bit of pain in my gulliver. Leave us be and I’ll try to sleep it off and then I’ll be right as dodgers for this after.’ I slooshied her give a sort of a sigh and she said:

‘I’ll put your breakfast in the oven then, son. I’ve got to be off myself now.’ Which was true, there being this law for everybody not a child nor with child nor ill to go out rabbitting. My mum worked at one of the Statemarts, as they called them, filling up the shelves with tinned soup and beans and all that cal. So I slooshied her clank a plate in the gas-oven like and then she was putting her shoes on and then getting her coat from behind the door and then sighing again, then she said: ‘I’m off now, son.’ But I let on to be back in sleepland and then I did doze off real horrorshow, and I had a queer and very real like sneety, dreaming for some reason of my droog Georgie. In this sneety he’d got like very much older and very sharp and hard and was govoreeting about discipline and obedience and how all the malchicks under his control had to jump hard at it and throw up the old salute like being in the army, and there was me in line like the rest saying yes sir and no sir, and then I viddied clear that Georgie had these stars on his pletchoes and he was like a general. And then he brought in old Dim with a whip, and Dim was a lot more starry and grey and had a few zoobies missing as you could see when he let out a smeck, viddying me, and then my droog Georgie said, pointing like at me: ‘That man has filth and cal all over his platties,’ and it was true. Then I creeched: ‘Don’t hit, please don’t, brothers,’ and started to run. And I was running in like circles and Dim was after me, smacking his gulliver off, cracking with the old whip, and each time I got a real horrorshow tolchock with this whip there was like a very loud electric bell ringringringring, and this bell was like a sort of a pain too.

Then I woke up real skorry, my heart going bap bap bap, and of course there was really a bell going brrrrr, and it was our front-door bell. I let on that nobody was at home, but this brrrrr still itted on, and then I heard a goloss shouting through the door: ‘Come on then, get out of it, I know you’re in bed.’ I recognized the goloss right away. It was the goloss of P. R. Deltoid (a real gloopy nazz, that one) what they called my Post-Corrective Adviser, an overworked veck with hundreds on his books. I shouted right right right, in a goloss of like pain, and I got out of bed and attired myself, O my brothers, in a very lovely over-gown of like silk, with designs of like great cities all over this over-gown. Then I put my nogas into very comfy wooly toofles, combed my luscious glory, and was ready for P. R. Deltoid. When I opened up he came shambling in looking shagged, a battered old shlapa on his gulliver, his raincoat filthy. ‘Ah, Alex boy,’ he said to me. ‘I met your mother, yes. She said something about a pain somewhere. Hence not at school, yes.’

‘A rather intolerable pain in the head, brother, sir,’ I said in my gentleman’s goloss. ‘I think it should clear by this afternoon.’

‘Or certainly by this evening, yes,’ said P. R. Deltoid. ‘The evening is the great time, isn’t it, Alex boy? Sit,’ he said, ‘sit, sit,’ as though this was his domy and me his guest. And

he sat in this starry rocking-chair of my dad's and began rocking, as if that was all he had come for. I said:

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

'No time,' he said. And he rocked, giving me the old glint under frowning brows, as if with all the time in the world. 'No time, yes,' he said, gloopy. So I put the kettle on. Then I said:

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

'Wrong?' he said, very skorry and sly, sort of hunched looking at me but still rocking away. Then he caught sight of an advert in the gazetta, which was on the table – a lovely smacking young ptitsa with her goodies hanging out to advertise, my brothers, the Glories of the Jugoslav Beaches. Then, after sort of eating her up in two swallows, he said: 'Why should you think in terms of there being anything wrong? Have you been doing something you shouldn't, yes?'

'Just a manner of speech,' I said, 'sir.'

'Well,' said P. R. Deltoid, 'it's just a manner of speech from me to you that you watch out, little Alex, because next time, as you very well know, it's not going to be the corrective school any more. Next time it's going to be the barry place and all my work ruined. If you have no consideration for your horrible self you at least might have some for me, who have sweated over you. A big black mark, I tell you in confidence, for every one we don't reclaim, a confession of failure for every one of you that ends up in the stripy hole.'

'I've been doing nothing I shouldn't, sir,' I said. 'The millicents have nothing on me, brother, sir I mean.'

'Cut out this clever talk about millicents,' said P. R. Deltoid very weary, but still rocking. 'Just because the police have not picked you up lately doesn't, as you very well know, mean you've not been up to some nastiness. There was a bit of a fight last night, wasn't there? There was a bit of shuffling with nozhes and bike-chains and the like. One of a certain fat boy's friends was ambulanced off late from near the Power Plant and hospitalized, cut about very unpleasantly, yes. Your name was mentioned. The word has got through to me by the usual channels. Certain friends of yours were named also. There seems to have been a fair amount of assorted nastiness last night. Oh, nobody can prove anything about anybody, as usual. But I'm warning you, little Alex, being a good friend to you as always, the one man in this sick and sore community who wants to save you from yourself.'

'I appreciate all that, sir,' I said, 'very sincerely.'

'Yes, you do, don't you?' he sort of sneered. 'Just watch it, that's all, yes. We know more than you think, little Alex.' Then he said, in a goloss of great suffering, but still rocking away: 'What gets into you all? We study the problem and we've been studying it for damn well near a century, yes, but we get no further with our studies. You've got a good home here, good loving parents, you've got not too bad of a brain. Is it some devil that crawls inside you?'

'Nobody's got anything on me, sir,' I said. 'I've been out of the rookers of the millicents for a long time now.'

'That's just what worries me,' sighed P. R. Deltoid. 'A bit too long of a time to be healthy. You're about due now by my reckoning. That's why I'm warning you, little Alex, to keep your handsome young proboscis out of the dirt, yes. Do I make myself clear?'

'As an unmuddied lake, sir,' I said. 'Clear as an azure sky of deepest summer. You can rely on me, sir.' And I gave him a nice zooby smile.

But when he'd ookadeeted and I was making this very strong pot of chai, I grinned to myself over this veshch that P. R. Deltoid and his droogs worried about. All right, I do bad, what with crasting and tolchocks and carves with the britva and the old in-out-in-out, and if I get loveted, well, too bad for me, O my little brothers, and you can't run a country with every chelloveck comporting himself in my manner of the night. So if I get loveted and it's three months in this mesto and another six in that, and then, as P. R. Deltoid so kindly warns, next time, in spite of the great tenderness of my summers, brothers, it's the great unearthly zoo itself, well, I say: 'Fair, but a pity, my lords, because I just cannot bear to be shut in. My endeavour shall be, in such future as stretches out its snowy and lilywhite arms to me before the nozh overtakes or the blood spatters its final chorus in twisted metal and smashed glass on the highroad, to not get loveted again.' Which is fair speeching. But, brothers, this biting of their toe-nails over what is the *cause* of badness is what turns me into a fine laughing malchick. They don't go into the cause of *goodness*, so why the other shop? If lewdies are good that's because they like it, and I wouldn't ever interfere with their pleasures, and so of the other shop. And I was patronizing the other shop. More, badness is of the self, the one, the you or me on our oddy knockies, and that self is made by old Bog or God and is his great pride and radosty. But the not-self cannot have the bad, meaning they of the government and the judges and the schools cannot allow the bad because they cannot allow the self. And is not our modern history, my brothers, the story of brave malenky selves fighting these big machines? I am serious with you, brothers, over this. But what I do I do because I like to do.

So now, this smiling winter morning, I drink this very strong chai with moloko and spoon after spoon after spoon of sugar, me having a sladky tooth, and I dragged out of the oven the breakfast my poor old mum had cooked for me. It was an egg fried, that and no more, but I made toast and ate egg and toast and jam, smacking away at it while I read the gazetta. The gazetta was the usual about ultra-violence and bank robberies and strikes and footballers making everybody paralytic with fright by threatening to not play next Saturday if they did not get higher wages, naughty malchickiwicks as they were. Also there were more space-trips and bigger stereo TV screens and offers of free packets of soapflakes in exchange for the labels on soup-tins, amazing offer for one week only, which made me smeck. And there was a bolshy big article on Modern Youth (meaning me, so I gave the old bow, grinning like bezoomny) by some very clever bald chelloveck. I read this with care, my brothers, slurping away at the old chai, cup after tass after chasha, crunching my lomticks of black toast dipped in jammiwam and eggiweg. This learned veck said the usual veshches, about no parental discipline, as he called it, and the shortage of real horrorshow teachers who would lambast bloody beggary out of their innocent poops and make them go boohoohoo for mercy. All this was gloopy and made me smeck, but it was like nice to go on knowing one was making the news all the time, O my brothers. Every day there was something about Modern Youth, but the best veshch they ever had in the old gazetta was by some starry pop in a doggy

collar who said that in his considered opinion and he was govoreeting as a man of Bog IT WAS THE DEVIL THAT WAS ABROAD and was like ferreting his way into like young innocent flesh, and it was the adult world that could take the responsibility for this with their wars and bombs and nonsense. So that was all right. So he knew what he talked of, being a Godman. So we young innocent malchicks could take no blame. Right right right.

When I'd gone erk erk a couple of razzes on my full innocent stomach, I started to get out day platties from my wardrobe, turning the radio on. There was music playing, a very nice malenky string quartet, my brothers, by Claudius Birdman, one that I knew well. I had to have a smeck, though, thinking of what I'd viddied once in one of these like articles on Modern Youth, about how Modern Youth would be better off if A Lively Appreciation Of The Arts could be like encouraged. Great Music, it said, and Great Poetry would like quieten Modern Youth down and make Modern Youth more Civilized. Civilized my syphilised yarbles. Music always sort of sharpened me up, O my brothers, and made me feel like old Bog himself, ready to make with the old donner and blitzen and have vecks and ptitsas creeching away in my ha ha power. And when I'd cheested up my litso and rookers a bit and done dressing (my day platties were like student-wear: the old blue pantalonies with sweater with A for Alex) I thought here at last was time to itty off to the disc-bootick (and cutter too, my pockets being full of pretty polly) to see about this long-promised and long-ordered stereo Beethoven Number Nine (the Choral Symphony, that is), recorded on Masterstroke by the Esh Sham Sinfonia under L. Muhaiwir. So out I went, brothers.

The day was very different from the night. The night belonged to me and my droogs and all the rest of the nadsats, and the starry bourgeois lurked indoors drinking in the gloopy worldcasts, but the day was for the starry ones, and there always seemed to be more rozzes or millicents about during the day, too. I got the autobus from the corner and rode to Center, and then I walked back to Taylor Place, and there was the disc-bootick I favoured with my inestimable custom, O my brothers. It had the gloopy name of MELODIA, but it was a real horrorshow mesto and skorry, most times, at getting the new recordings. I walked in and the only other customers were two young ptitsas sucking away at ice-sticks (and this, mark, was dead cold winter and sort of shuffling through the new pop-discs – Johnny Burnaway, Stash Kroh, The Mixers, Lay Quit Awhile With Ed And Id Molotov, and all the rest of that cal).

## VII.B: Nadsat Glossary and General Rules

### VII.B.A: Glossary

Nadsat	Meaning	Origin	Dutch
bezoomy	mad	Russian: безумный (bezumnyj)	bezoemie
Bog	God	Russian: бог (bog)	Bog
bolshy	big	Russian: большой (bolshoi)	bolshoi
britva	razor	Russian: бритва (britva)	britva
cal	shit	Russian: кал (kal)	kal
chai	tea	Russian: чай (chai)	chai
		Enlish slang: cha	
chasha	cup	Russian: чашка (chashka)	tjaska
cheena	woman	Russian: женщина (zhenshchina)	shiena
To cheest	to wash	Russian: чистить (chistit)	tjiessen
chelloveck	fellow	Russian: человек (chelovek)	tjelovek
To crast	to steal	Russian: красть (krast)	krasten
To creech	to scream	Russian: кричать (krichat)	krietsen
cutter	money	Cockney: bread and butter	specie
devotchkha	girl	Russian: девушка (devushka)	devoesjka
disk-bootik	record store	Russian: диск (disk) + бутик (butik)	diskboetik
domy	house	Russian: дом (dom)	doom
droog	friend	Russian: друг (drug)	droek
eggiweg	egg	school boy speak	eidiederei
fagged	tired	English slang	dolgedraaid
to filly	to play	unknown	fillien
fistie	fist	school boy speak	vuistie
four-in-a-bar	unknown	unknown	vier-in-een-bar
gazetta	newspaper	Russian: газета (gazeta)	gazetta
glazz	eye	Russian: глаз (glaz)	glas
gloopy	stupid	Russian: глупый (glupiy)	gloepie
goloss	voice	Russian: голос (golos)	golos
to govoreet	to speak/talk	Russian: говорить (govorit)	govorieten
groodies	breasts	Russian: грудь (grud)	groeden
gulliver	head	Russian: голова (golova)	gulliver
horrorshow	good/well	Russian: хорошо (khorosho)	horroshow
in-out-in-out	sex	invented slang	in-uit-in-uit
to itty off	to go	Russian: идти (idti)	ietten
jammiwam	jam	school boy speak	jamdiederam
kleb	bread	Russian: хлеб (khleb)	glep

lewdies	people	Russian: люди (lyudi)	loedies
litso	face	Russian: лицо (litso)	litso
lomtick	slice	Russian: ломтик (lomtik)	lomtik
to lovet	to catch	Russian: ловить (lovit)	lovieten
lubbilubbing	making love	Russian: любовь (lyubov)	lubberdelubberen
luna	moon	Russian: луна (luna)	loena
lushious glory	hair	rhyming slang: upper story	pluimage
malchick	boy	Russian: мальчик (malchik)	maltjik
malenky	little	Russian: маленький (malenkiĭ)	malenkie
masky	mask	school boy speak	maskie
maslo	butter	Russian: масло (maslo)	maslo
mesto	place	Russian: место (mesto)	mesto
millicent	policeman	Russian: милиция (miličiya)	millicent
moloko	milk	Russian: молоко (moloko)	moloko
moodge	man	Russian: муж (muzh)	moesh
mounch	snack	invented slang	geknauw
nazz	fool	Russian: назад (nazad)	nazad
noga	foot	Russian: нога (noga)	noga
nozh	knife	Russian: нож (nozh)	noz
oddy-knocky	lonesome	Russian: одинокий (odinokiĭ)	oddie-nokkie
to ookadeet	to leave	Russian: отходить (otkhodit)	okadieten
otchkies	glasses	Russian: очки (ochki)	otshkie
pishcha	food	Russian: пища (pishcha)	pisha
to platch	to cry	Russian: плакать (plakat)	plaken
platties	clothes	Russian: платье (plate)	platten
pletcho	shoulder	Russian: плечо (plecho)	pletsjo
pretty polly	money	rhyming slang: lolly	zakcynthiaatje
ptitsa	girl	Russian: птица (ptitsa)	ptitsa
to rabbit	to work	Russian: работать (rabotat)	robotten
radosty	joy	Russian: радость (radost)	radost
to razrez	to rip	Russian: разрывать (razryvat)	ratsratsen
razz	time	Russian: раз (raz)	ras
rooker	hand	Russian: рука (ruka)	roek
rot	mouth	Russian: пот (rot)	rot
rozz	policeman	Cockney: rozzer	ros
sharp	female	unknown	scherpie
shlapa	hat	Russian: шляпа (shlyapa)	shlapa
skolliewoll	school	school boy speak	scholliewol
skorry	quick	Russian: скорый (skoryi)	skorrie
sladky	sweet	Russian: сладкий (sladkiĭ)	slatte
to slooshy	to hear	Russian: слышать (slyshat)	sloeshen

slovo	word	Russian: слово (slovo)	slovo
to smeck	to laugh	Russian: смех (smekh)	smiechen
sneety	dream	Russian: сниться (snitsya)	snietsa
starry	old	Russian: старый (staryi)	starrie
tass	cup	French: tasse	tasse
to tolchock	to hit	Russian: толчок (tolchok)	toltsjokken
toofles	slippers	Russian: туфля (tuflya)	toeffels
to vareet	to cook up	Russian: варить (varit)	varieten
veck	guy	Russian: человек (chelovek)	vek
veshch	thing	Russian: вещь (veshch)	vesh
to viddy	to see	Russian: видеть (videt)	vieden
vino	wine	Russian: вино (vino)	vieno
yarbles	balls/testicles	Russian: яблоки (яблоки)	jablikken
zheena	wife	Russian: жена (zhena)	shiena
zoobies	teeth	Russian: зубы (zuby)	zoeben

## VII.B.B: General Rules

	Nadsat	Russian	Dutch
<b>suffix</b>	y/ies	no suffix/y	no suffix/en
<b>example</b>	zooby/zoobies	zub/zuby	zoeb/zoeken

<b>vowel</b>	oo	u	oe
<b>example</b>	rooker	ruka	roek

<b>vowel</b>	ee	i	ie
<b>example</b>	to cheest	chistit	tjiessen

<b>suffix</b>	y	iǐ	ie
<b>example</b>	malenky	malenkii	malenkie

<b>consonant</b>	ch	ch	sh/tj
<b>example 1</b>	otchkies	ochki	otshkie
<b>example 2</b>	malchick	malchik	maltjik

## VII.C: Source Texts Comparison

### VII.C.A Source Text Wiebe and Cees Buddingh

#### I.II

We dartelden een beetje door wat de oude buitenwijk werd genoemd, ouwe veks en zjina's die de weg overstaken de stuipen op het lijf jagend en achter katten en dat soort mirakels aan zigzaggend. Daarna namen we de weg naar het westen. Er was niet veel verkeer, dus bleef ik die oude noga zo'n beetje door de vloer heen duwen, en de Durango 95 vrat de weg als evenzoveel spaghetti. Weldra was het winterse bomen en duisternis, mijn broederlijns, riel landelijk duister, en op één plek reed ik over iets groots met een grauwende boets vol tanden in de koplampen, dan blubberde het krijsende kopje onder en die ouwe Maf op de achterbank spleet haast in tweeën van de lach – ‘ho ho ho’ – toen hij dat hoorde. Daarna zagen we een jonge maltsik met z'n vinnie snoezepoezen onder een boom, dus stopten we en moedigden ze aan, en daarna verkochten we ze allebei een paar luchtige tallewatten, zodat ze aan het huilen sloegen, en reden toen weer verder. Wat we nu in de zin hadden was het ouwe onbeleefdheidsbezoek. Dat gaf je pas een echte kick en was altijd goed voor een smets en een puik nummertje riel ultra. We kwamen ten slotte bij een soort dorp, en vlak buiten dit dorp was een klein soort laag huisje, dat alleen stond met een lapje tuin eromheen. De Loena stond nu hoog aan de hemel, en we konden dit huisje puik en duidelijk vitsen toen ik vaart minderde en op de rem trapte, waarbij de anderen als bezjoemenen giechelden, en we vitsten dat de naam op dit zogeheten huisje ONS EIGEN HONK was, een naargeestig soort naam. Ik stapte uit, terwijl ik m'n mieskies gelastte hun gesmiechel te staken en als het ware de ernst des levens weer in te zien, en ik duwde dit mallekie hek open en liep naar de voordeur. Ik klopte heel hoofs en beleefd aan en er kwam niemand, dus ik klopte nog eens een keertje en ditmaal sloesde ik iemand aankomen, dan werd er een rendel weggeschoven, dan ging de deur een paar centimeter of zo open, dan vitste ik die ene glimmer die mij aankeek en dat de deur met een ketting dichtzat.

‘Ja? Wie is daar?’ Het was de kallos van een vinnie, een jonge ninoska zo te horen, dus zei ik op uiterst beschaafde toon, met de kallos van een riel gentleman: ‘Neem me niet kwalijk, spijt me verschrikkelijk u lastig te vallen, maar mijn vriend en ik waren een wandeling aan het maken, en mijn vriend is plotseling heel erg naar en niet goed geworden, en ligt daarginds op de weg volkommen bewusteloos en te kreunen. Zou u zo goed willen zijn om mij gebruik te laten maken van uw telefoon op een ziekenauto te bellen?’

‘Wij hebben geen telefoon,’ zei deze ninoska. ‘Het spijt me, maar we hebben er geen. U zult ergens anders heen moeten gaan.’ Ergens in dit mallekie huisje sloesde ik het

klikklikklikeklikklikkerklik van een of andere vek die er ferm op los zat te typen, en dan hield het getyp op en riep de kallos van deze kellovek: ‘Wat is er, liefste?’

‘Hoort u eens,’ zei ik, ‘zoudt u in uw goedheid dan alstublieft een glaasje water voor hem hebben? Het ziet ernaar uit dat hij flauwgevallen is, ziet u. Het lijkt alsof hij een flauwte heeft gehad en daardoor bewusteloos is geraakt.’

De ninoska aarzelde als het ware en zei dan: ‘Wacht.’ Daarna liep ze weg, en mijn drie mieskies waren uit de auto gestapt en slopen drekkula stilletjes op het huis af en deden nu hun maskies voor, toen deed ik het mijne ook voor, en toen hoefde ik alleen de ouwe roeker nog maar naar binnen te steken en de ketting los te maken, omdat ik deze ninoska zo vermurwd had met mijn aristocratische kallos dat ze de deur niet dichtgedaan had zoals ze had horen te doen, wij waren tenslotte vreemden en het uur bereids laat. Toen stormden we met ons vieren naar binnen, waarbij die ouwe Maf zich als altijd weer ontzettend uitsloofde door gekke bokkesprongen te maken en smerige slowo’s te schreeuwen, en het was een alleraardigst mallekie huisje, dat moet ik zeggen. We liepen allemaal smetsend de kamer in waar licht brandde, en daar stond deze ninoska als het ware tegen de muur ineengekrompen, een knap jong vinniestuk met riel drekkula kroedies aan haar lijf, en bij haar was deze kellovek die haar moetsj was, ook nog vrij jong met een hoornen oskie op, en op een tafel stond een schrijfmachine en overal lagen papieren, maar er lag één klein stapeltje papier dat eruitzag alsof hij dat had zitten typen, zodat we hier weer zo’n intelligent tiep van het geslacht boekenwurm voor ons hadden net als degeen waarmee we eerder op de avond hadden staan klauwtjegooiden, alleen was dit een schrijver, niet een lezer. Hoe dat ook mag wezen, hij zei: ‘Wat heeft dit te betekenen? Wie zijn jullie? Hoe durven jullie zonder toestemming mijn huis binnen te dringen?’ En al die tijd trilde z’n kallos en z’n roekers ook.

Dus zei ik: ‘Vreest niet. Indien gjij vrees in uw hart ronddraagt, O broederlijn, ik bid u, ban die dan terstondelijk uit.’ Toen gingen Georgie en Pete op zoek naar de keuken, terwijl die ouwe Maf, die met z’n boets wijd open naast mij stond, op orders wachtte. ‘Wat mag dit also zo zijn?’ zei ik, het stapeltje zogeheten betypte vellen van tafel pakkend, en de moetsj met de hoorden oskie zei trillend en bevend: ‘Dat zou ik wel eens willen weten, ja. Wat heeft dit te betekenen? Wat willen jullie? Maak dat je wegkomt voordat ik jullie eruit gooii.’ Daarom moest die arme ouwe Maf, die z’n Piebie Shelley-masker voor had, wel even riel smakelijk smetsen, en hij brulde het uit als een of ander dier.

‘Het is een boek,’ zei ik. ‘Het is een boek wat je aan het schrijven ben.’ Ik sprak expres met een heel ordinaire kallos. ‘Ik heb altijd de grootste bewondering gehad voor diegenen alsdat boeken kennen schrijven.’ Toen keek ik naar het bovenste velletje, en daar stond de naam – EEN MECHANISCHE SINAASAPPEL – en ik zei: ‘Dat is maar een gloepie titel, broederlijn. Wie heeft er ooit van een mechanische sinaasappel gehoord?’ Daarna las ik een mallekie stukje voor met een soort heel hoge zogeheten preekstem: ‘– De poging om van de mens, een wezen bekwaam tot groei en in staat tot goedertierenheid, te verlangen dat hij voor de laatste gongslag de behaarde lippen van God vol geestdrift bekwijlt, de poging, zeg ik, te verlangen dat hij zich zal schikken naar wetten en omstandigheden die eigen zijn aan een mechanische schepping, tegen dit alles hef ik het zwaard van mijn pen –’ Maf liet, terwijl ik dat voorlas, de ouwe lipmuziek horen en zelf moest ik ook smetsen. Daarna begon ik de vellen papier aan snippers te scheuren en die over de grond te strooien, en deze schrijver-

moetsj raakte als het ware helemaal bezjoemene en stormde op me af met op elkaar geklemde zoebies en een gemene uitdrukking op z'n litso en z'n nagels als klauwen naar mij uitgestoken. Dit was also het teken waarop de ouwe Maf gewacht had en hij maaide grinnikend van uh uh uh en ah ah ah op die vek z'n trillende en bevende boets in, beng beng, eerst linkerfiskie, dan rechterfiskie, zodat onze goeie ouwe mieskie rosso – vino rosso van de tap en overal dezelfde kwaliteit, want allemaal van één en dezelfde firma – begon te stromen en het mooie schone vloerkleed vol vlekken maakte en de stukjes van dit boek dat ik nog steeds aan snippers stond te razzeren. Al die tijd was deze ninoska, zijn trouwe en liefhebbende echtgenote, als het ware verstijfd bij de haard blijven staan, en toen begon ze kleine mallekie krietsjes te slaken, als het ware op de maat van het fiskiewerk van die ouwe Maf. Toen kwamen Georgie en Pete terug uit de keuken, allebei knabbelend en kauwend, maar nog wel met hun maskies voor, dat kon ook als je ze voor had, zonder een centje pijn zelfs, en Georgie met een kouwe poot van het een of ander in één roeker en een enorm stuk klep met een ferme klont maslo erop in de andere, en Pete met een fles bier waar het schuim half overheen spoot en een drekkula roekervol zogeheten vruchtcake. Het was hihi voor en haha na toen ze die ouwe Maf vitsten ronddansen en op deze schrijvervek in timmeren zodat deze schrijvervek met een heel vierkante bebloede boets van boe hoe hoe begon te plakatten dat z'n levenswerk vernietigd was, maar het was hihihi hahaha op een gedempte hap- en kauwtoon en je kon stukjes zien van wat ze aten. Dat stond me niet aan, omdat het vies en varkenskotachtig was, dus zei ik: 'Weg met die knauwerij. Ik heb geen toestemming gegeven. Pak deze vek hier beet zodat hij alles kan vitsen niet er niet vandoor gaan.' Dus legden ze hun vettige piesja op de tafel tussen al het ronddwarrelende papier en ze stiefelden op de schrijversvek af wiens hoornen oskie wel kapot was maar nog op z'n neus bleef hangen, terwijl die ouwe Maf ronddansen bleef zodat de mooie spulletjes op de schoorsteenmantel stonden te trillen (ik veegde ze er toen allemaal af en toen konden ze niet meer trillen, kleine broederlijns) terwijl hij klauwtjegooid met de auteur van *Een Mechanische Sinaasappel*, en zijn gezicht helemaal paars maakte en aan alle kanten druipend als een of ander heel speciaal soort sappige vrucht. 'Zo is het genoeg, Maf,' zei ik. 'Nu het volgende programmapunt, Bog helpe ons allen.' Dus ging hij even op de gorillatoer bij de ninoska, die er nog steeds op los kriets kriets krietste in een riel drekkula vier-vierde ritme, en klemde haar roekers samen op haar rug, terwijl ik dit en dat en de rest ook openscheurde, onder het gehihihih en gehahaha van de anderen, en het waren riel lekkere drekkula kroedies die toen hun roze glitters ten toon spreidden, O mijn broederlijns, terwijl ik de broekriem losgespte en me gereedmaakte voor het schoon karwei. Terwijl ik bezig was sloesde ik hartverscheurende kreten en deze schrijverkelerevek die Georgie en Pete vasthielden wist zich bijna los te rukken en jammerde en brulde de smerigste slowo's die ik al kende en nog een heel stel andere die hij zelf bedacht. Na mij was het toen heel gepast dat die ouwe Maf een beurt kreeg, wat hij op een beestachtig jankende en puffende en proestende manier deed zonder dat z'n Piebie Shelley-maskie zich er veel van aan scheen te trekken, terwijl ik haar stevig beethield. Daarna wisselden we, en grepen Maf en ik de wauwelende schrijvervek beet die eigenlijk nauwelijks meer verzet bood en enkel nog een slap soort slowo's murmelde alsof hij far out was in een melkplus bar, en was de beurt aan Pete en Georgie. Daarna was het stil als het ware, en wij zaten als het ware vol haat, dus sloegen we in elkaar wat nog niet in elkaar geslagen was – schrijfmachine, lamp,

stoelen – en Maf, het was weer typisch voor die ouwe Maf, waterde het vuur uit en wilde ook nog op het vloerkleed schijten, maar ik zei nee. ‘Weg weg weg weg,’ schreeuwde ik. Tot schrijvervek en zijn zjina drong het allemaal niet meer zo door, hun zwabbes waren helemaal kapot en ze zaten onder het bloed en stootten geluiden uit. Maar in leven zouden ze wel blijven.

### **VII.C.B Source Text Harm Damsma & Niek Miedema**

#### **I.II**

We fiedelden wat rond in wat bekendstond als de dooie buurt, joegen wat overstekende ouwe wekken en zensjies de stuipen op het lijf, en zigzagden wat achter loslopende katten aan. Toen namen we de weg de stad uit. Er was weinig verkeer, dus trapte ik mijn noka zowat door de vloer, zodat de Durango 95 de weg opvrat als spaghetti. Al snel zaten we tussen de winterbomen en in het donker, mijn broeders, echt plattelandsdonker, en onderweg overreed ik nog iets groots, met een grauwende rot vol tanden in het licht van de koplampen, waarna het krijsde en werd geplet, zodat Dom achterin zich ziek smeetste (ho ho ho). Toen zagen we een jonge maltsjiek die met zijn spiets onder een boom lag te ljoebitten, dus stopten we even om ze toe te juichen en daarna trakteerden we ze allebei op een paar halfslachtige toltsjokken, waar ze van moesten huilen, en toen gingen we weer. Waar we op uit waren was een leuk verrassingsbezoekje. Dat was echt kicken en leverde altijd een hoop gesmeets en spetterend ultrageweld op. We kwamen uiteindelijk uit bij een soort dorpje en net buiten dat dorpje stond een soort vrijstaand arbeidershuisje met een stukje tuin erbij. De loena stond intussen flink hoog en we smotten dat huisje heel duidelijk toen ik langzaam stopte en de wagen op de handrem zette, terwijl de andere drie als bezoomd zaten te giechelen, en we smotten dat de naam op het tuinhek van dat arbeidersdommetje ONS THUIS luidde, wat een onheilspellend soort naam was. Ik stapte uit de mobiel, zei tegen mijn droeken dat ze hun gchiechel moesten dimmen en even serieus moesten doen, waarna ik dat malenke tuinhekje openmaakte en naar de voordeur liep. Ik klopte heel bescheiden aan, maar er verscheen niemand, dus klopte ik nog eens en deze keer sloesjte ik iemand aan komen sloffen, en toen werd er een grendel weggetrokken en ging de deur voorzichtig op een kier en smotte ik een glaz dat naar me tuurde, terwijl de deur nog op de ketting zat. ‘Ja? Wie is daar?’ het was een spietsenkolos, zo te sloesjen van een vrij jonge dewotsjka, dus zei ik op hoogst beschAAFde toon, met mijn keurignette kolos: ‘pardon mevrouw, het spijt me vreselijk dat ik u moet storen, maar mijn vriend en ik waren een eindje aan het wandelen toen mijn vriend ineens verschrikkelijk onwel werd en nu ligt hij daar hulpeloos op straat te kermen. Zou ik alstublieft even van uw telefoon gebruik mogen maken om een ambulance te bellen?’

‘Wij hebben geen telefoon,’ zei die dewotsjka. ‘Het spijt me, maar we hebben er geen. U moet het maar ergens anders proberen.’ In dat malenke huisje sloesjte ik het klak klak

klakkerdeklak klak klakker klakkerdeklak van een of andere wek die zat te typen en toen hield het typen op en klonk een wekkenkolos: ‘Wat is er, lieverd?’

‘Ach,’ zei ik, ‘zou u dan zo goed willen zijn hem alstublieft een glaasje water te geven? Het is een soort flauwte, begrijpt u. Volgens mij is hij op de een of andere manier van zijn stokje gegaan.’

De dewotsjka aarzelde en zei toen: ‘Een ogenblikje.’ Toen liep ze weg, terwijl mijn drie droeken stiljetjes uit de mobiel waren gestapt en horrorshow stiekem dichterbij waren geslopen. Ze deden hun mombakkesen op en ik deed het mijne ook op, en toen was het alleen nog maar een kwestie van mijn roeker door de kier steken en de ketting losmaken, want ik had die dewotsjka al helemaal ontdooid met mijn keurige kolos, zodat ze de deur niet weer dicht had gedaan, zoals ze had moeten doen, omdat wij vreemden in het donker waren. We stormden met ons vieren naar binnen, en Dom deed zoals altijd weer zo sjoet als een deur, want hij sprong als een dolle in het rond en riep vieze slowo’s, maar het was een geinig malenk huisje, dat geef ik toe. We liepen allemaal smeetsend de kamer in waar licht brandde, en daar zat die dewotsjka angstig te kijken, een knappe jonge spiets met horrorshowe kroeten, en de tsjellowek die haar moes was zat daar ook, ook vrij jong, met een hoornen otsjkie op zijn neus, en op tafel stond een typemachine en overal lagen papieren, maar er was een stapeltje papier met wat hij zo te zien al getikt had, dus we hadden hier alweer te maken met zo’n bollebos van een boekenwurm, net als die waar we een paar uur eerder mee gefiedeld hadden, alleen was dit een schrijver en geen lezer. Hoe dan ook, hij zei: ‘Wat heeft dit te betekenen? Wie zijn jullie? Hoe durven jullie zomaar ongevraagd mijn huis binnen te dringen?’ Dit alles met bevende kolos en rokers.

Dus zei ik: ‘Vrees niet. Indien gij vrees in uw hart gevoelt, o broeder, ban deze dan terstond uit, wat ik u bidden mag.’ Toen gingen Georgie en Pete op zoek naar de keuken terwijl Dom met wijd open rot naast me op nadere orders bleef staan wachten. ‘Wat is dit?’ vroeg ik en pakte de stapel papier van de tafel, waarop de moes met hoornen otsjkie aarzelend zei: ‘Dat vraag ik me ook af. Wat is dit? Wat moeten jullie? Wegwezen, als de donder, anders smijt ik jullie eruit.’ Daar moest die sukkel van een Dom, achter zijn mombakkes van Peebee Shelley, smakelijk om smeetsen. Hij brulde het uit als een dier.

‘Het is een boek,’ zei ik. ‘Het is een boek wat je aan het schrijven bent.’ Ik zette een heel platte kolos op. ‘Ik heb altijd de grootst mogelijke bewondering gehad voor mensen wat boeken kennen schrijven.’ Toen bekeek ik de bladzijde die bovenop lag en daar stond de naam op – A CLOCKWORK ORANGE – en ik zei: ‘Dat is een knap gloepige titel. Wie heeft er nou ooit van een opwindsinaasappel gehoord?’ Daarna las ik in een hoge soort domineeskolos een malenk stukje voor: ‘...De poging om de mens, een wezen dat tot groei geschapen en tot liefdevolle daden in staat is, en dat in ultimo sappig kan gedijen aan de bebaarde lippen Gods, de poging om de mens, ik zeg het met nadruk, wetten en voorwaarden op te leggen die behoren bij een mechanische schepping, is iets waartegen ik mijn pennezwaard verhef...’ Bij het horen hiervan liet Dom zijn welbekende lipscheten horen en ook ik moest smeetsen. Toen begon ik de vellen papier te verscheuren en de snippers op de grond te gooien, waardoor die schrijvermoes zeg maar helemaal bezoomd werd en me te lijf wilde, met opeengeklemde, gele zoebies en als klauwen uitgestoken nagels. Dom had geen verdere aansporing nodig en haalde grijnzend en uh-uh en ah-ah-ah-klanken uitstotend uit

naar de bibberige rot van die wek, bam bam, eerst met het linkervuistje en toen met het rechter, zodat onze trouwe droek, het rode sap – rode huisvino van de tap, overal gelijk, alsof hij door dezelfde grote firma wordt geleverd – begon te gutsen en vlekken maakte op het fraaie, schone tapijt en op de snippers van het boek dat ik nog steeds, rjezat rjezat, aan het verscheuren was. Al die tijd had de dewotsjka, zijn liefhebbende en trouwe echtgenote, zeg maar versteend bij de haard gestaan, maar nu slaakte ze malenke krietsjes, zeg maar in de maat met Doms timmerwerk. Toen kwamen Georgie en Pete terug uit de keuken, allebei met malende kaken, hoewel ze hun mombakkesen op hadden, dat ging prima met die wesjes op, Georgie met een koude bout van het een of ander in de ene roeker en een half gleb met een dot maslo erop in de andere, en Pete met een flesje bier dat schuimde als een bezoemde en een horrorshowe roekervol pruimentaart. Ze riepen olé olé olé toen ze Dom rond smotten dansen en die schrijverswek van kapok zagen geven, terwijl de schrijverswek luidkeels platste dat zijn levenswerk werd verwoest en met een platgeslagen, bekrofte rot boehoehoe deed, maar het was wel zo'n gedempete olé olé van tsjellowekken met hun mond vol en je kon ook stukken zien van wat ze aan het eten waren. Dat beviel me niet, want het was smerig en onsmakelijk, dus ik zei: ‘Laat vallen die hap. Ik heb niet gezegd dat het mocht. Pak die wek hier maar stevig beet zodat hij alles kan smotten en niet kan weglopen.’ Dus smeten ze hun vettige piesja tussen de papierwinkel op tafel en klepperden naar de schrijverswek, wiens hoornen otsjkie gebroken was, maar nog wel aan zijn oren hing, en Dom danste nog steeds in het rond, waardoor de snuisterijen op de schoorsteenmantel trilden (ik veegde ze er allemaal vanaf, mijn broedertjes, zodat ze niet meer konden trillen) en was ondertussen lekker aan het fiedelen met de schrijver A Clockwork Orange, die nu helemaal een paars gezicht had als een speciaal soort rijpe vrucht waar het rode sap aan alle kanten uit liep. ‘Oké, Dom,’ zei ik, ‘Nu de rest nog, Bok sta ons bij.’ Dus deed hij zijn spierballenwerk op de dewotsjka, die nog steeds hartstikke horrorshow in vierkwartsmaat van je krietsjum krietsjum ging, en hield haar roekers strak achter haar rug terwijl ik links en rechts van alles losscheurde, nog steeds onder olé-geroep van de anderen, en mooi dat ze een paar lekkere horrorshowe kroeten had, met roze glazzies erop, o mijn broeders, terwijl ik de boel open knoopte en me klaarmaakte voor de stoot. Al stotend sloesjte ik kreten van pijn en die verrekte schrijverswek die door Georgie en Pete werd vastgehouden rukte zich bijna los en brulde als een bezoemde de goorste slowo's die ik al kende en nog andere die hij er zelf bij verzon. Na mij mocht als eerste Dom, die zijn beurt op een dierlijke, snuivende, brullerige manier pakte, onverstoordbaar als altijd met zijn Peebee Shelley-mombakkes, terwijl ik haar vasthield. Toen wisselden we, en namen Dom en ik de snotterende schrijverswek over, die zich onderhand niet meer verzette en enkel nog wat slappe slowo's uitkraamde, alsof hij in Verwiggistan was in een melkplussalon, en pakten Pete en Georgie hun beurt. Daarna viel alles even stil en voelden we ons zeg maar vervuld van haat, dus sloegen we alles wat nog niet kapotgesmeten was kapot – typemachine, lamp, stoelen – en waterde Dom, typisch Dom, het haardvuur uit. Ook wilde hij nog op het tapijt schijten, papier zat nietwaar, maar ik zei niet doen. ‘Weg weg weg weg,’ schreeuwde ik. De schrijverswek en zijn zensjie waren er niet echt meer bij, ze lagen bekroft en gescheurd te steunen en te kreunen. Maar die kwamen er wel weer bovenop.

Dus stapten we in de wachtende mobiel – ik liet het rijden aan Georgie over, want ik voelde me een malenk beetje afgeraggd – en reden we terug naar de stad, en overreden onderweg nog was rare, krijsende wesjes.

### VII.C.C Source Text Marcel Otten

#### Vierde tafereel

Rondo. Vivace.

We knalden wat rond in de buitenringen, joegen hier en daar een prolurk of tuthola die op dit uur van el noche nog durfden te zebraën de stuipen op het lijf en zigzagden achter poesjka's en ander pluimvee aan. Toen namen we de weg westwaarts. Er was niet veel verkeer, dus ik pushte het pedaal bijna door de vloer heen en de Durango 95 vrat de weg op als spaghetti. Dra werden het winterse bomen en donker, broeders, echt dat plattelandsduister dat je als citykid niet kent. Ergens kreeg ik een grauwende braai in mijn headbeams, toen werd die baai geel en vervolgens zjompte -ie weg onder mijn Michelins en Knots lachte zijn maalkaak bijna van zijn treiter af: 'Haw – haw – haw!'. Waar we naar op zoek waren was een ouderwets onbeleefdheidsbezoekje. Dat was altijd een heavy kick: een shot van het nonplusultra wrede. Eindelijk kwamen we in een rustiek dorpje en een wee-wee beetje buiten dat kaboutergat stond een kleine datsja helemaal vrij met een kaveltje groen erbij. El Luna stond nu in zijn hoogste schuif en vanuit ons mobiel vjoewden wij de datsja duidelijk, terwijl ik de Michelins zachtjes uit liet rollen en op de brakes zette. Mijn drie kieffers giechelden als tiepmiepen toen ze de naam van de datsja spotten op het hek: OOST WEST, een nevelige naam. Ik kroop uit het mobiel, beval mijn kieffers het gekir te dimmen en zere neus te wezen en ik maakte het hek een wee-wee stukje open en liep naar de voordeur. Ik klopte zacht en vriendelijk en niemand kwam, dus ik klopte wat steviger en this time kwam er iemand aan geklikklakt, een rendel ging eraf, de deur kierde open en ik schouwde in een peertje dat priemend op mij scheen en de deur bleef op de ketting.

Vrouw

Ja? Wat wilt u?

Alex

Het was de kwaak van een parkietje, een jonge devosjka te oordelen naar haar sono's, dus ik zei heel beschaafd, echt met een kartoffel in mijn put: 'Pardon, mevrouw, het spijt mij zeer u te moeten storen, maar mijn vriend en ik waren aan de wandeling en nu is mijn vriend plotseling onwel geworden, echt heel naar en hij ligt bewusteloos te kreunen op de weg. Zou u zo vriendelijk willen zijn om van uw telefoon gebruik te laten maken zodat ik een ambulance kan bellen?'

- Vrouw Wij hebben geen telefoon. Het spijt mij zeer, maar wij hebben er uit principe geen. Je zult het ergens anders moeten proberen.
- Alex Met mijn voelsprieten scande ik binnenin de datsja het tiktiktikkerdetaktik van een of andere kneus die zijn P.C. aan het maltriteren was en toen stopte het getik en ik hoorde de kwaak van een knakker roepen.
- Alexander Wat is er, liefje?
- Alex Als u hem dan als gebaar van uw goedertierenheid een glasje water zou willen geven? Hij lijkt te zijn flauwgevallen, ziet u. Alsof hij weggegleden is.
- Vrouw Wacht.
- Alex Toen liep ze weg en mijn drie kieffers waren inmiddels het mobiel uitgeslopen en slopen echt horrorshow stiljetjes naar de voordeur. We zetten onze maskertjes op – nieuwe speeltjes dit keer, echt horrorshow, goed vakwerk, de ponems van historische personages, ik had de kop van een oosterse gook die Mao heette, Pjotr had Prins Charles, Georg Beatrix en die arme ouwe Knots had natuurlijk een eeuwige mislukkeling: Donald Duck. Het was een wrede vermomming, met toept en al, gemaakt van het nieuwe flinterdunne caoutchouc dus je kon hem oprollen als je klaar was en ‘m in je Dr. Martens stoppen. Toen was het enkel een kwestie van mijn flambouw naar binnen steken en de ketting uit zijn holletje te hengelen, want ik had de devosjka week gekregen met mijn gentlemans kwaak, dus dat had de deur niet dicht gedaan zoals ze eigenlijk had moeten doen, want wij waren toch strangers in the night. We brulden gevieren inside en Knots hing zoals gewoonlijk weer de primaat uit met z’n op en neer gespring en gore slovo’s. Het was een schattig datsjaatje, dat kan ik u wel vertellen.  
Lollapaloosa stoven we de kamer binnen die verlicht was en we zagen de devosjka net de hoek induiken, een strak pannetje zo te zien met een redelijk stel jemmers en daar zat ook die knakker, klaarblijkelijk d’r brogem, met gehoornde lunetten op zijn snotkoker. Op de tafel stond een cool L.C.D.schermpje met ergonomische display en in de hoek stond de printer te spugen wat -ie net bij elkaar gerammeld had, dus hier zat nog zo’n intellecteweterige ondercategorie boekman net zo een als die straks z’n brinta had gekregen, met dien verstandelijk dat dit geen lezer was maar schrijver. Hoe het ook weze, hij zei:
- Alexander Wat betekent dit? Wie zijn jullie? Hoe durven jullie zonder toestemming mijn huis binnen te komen?
- Alex Heb geen vrees. Als vreze uw hart regeert, broeder, ban dees dan terstond uit uw lijf... En wat moge dit dan wel wezen?  
*(Haalt papier uit de printer)*
- Alexander Dat is precies wat ik wil weten. Wat is dit? Wat wil je? Ga onmiddellijk mijn woning uit of ik gooi jullie eruit!
- Knots Grrr...Wraf...wraf...
- Alex Ten tweede male, wat is dit?

Alexander Eh...een boek... een boek dat ik aan het schrijven ben...

Alex Ik heb altijd de grootste bewondering gehad voor mensen die boeken schrijven.

Eens kijken: A Clockwork Orange... Dat is een behoorlijk straffe titel. Ooit gehoord van A Clockwork Orange? Lees eens voor, belegen floppy.

Alexander Dit lijkt mij nou niet het gelegen moment...

Alex Voor boeken is het moment altijd belegen, nietwaar kieffers?

Georg Abso.

Pjotr Multo gaaf.

Knots Een schoon moment.

Alex Lees, zwakhannes.

Alexander T... te... tegen de poging, eh, tegen de poging om de mens, eh, een schepsel tot groei en zoete dingen in staat, eh, wetten op te leggen die eigen zijn aan een mechanische schepping en hem te beschouwen als een levend opwindmechanisme, als A Clockwork Orange, hiertegen hef ik mijn pen als zwaard.

Knots Huh...?

Georg Hi... hi...

Pjotr Ha... ha... ha...

Alex Voorwaar, het werd een vrolijke boel. Ik begon de blederen te ritsratsen en de snippers rond te strooien terwijl Pjotr en Georg P.C., L.C.D. en ergo de Dr.Martensbehandeling gaven. Het intellect raakte helemaal bezoomy en stormde op mij af met plombo's als pitbulls en nagels als wijven. Dat was het sein voor Knots en onder het slaken van slovo's als 'Wraah wraah' en 'Ughr ughr' hakte -ie los op de trillende maalkaak, eerst een linker boets dan een rechter, zodat het rode spul – de bekende vino classico, allemaal dezelfde slijter – begon te stromen en het witte tapijt beklekte, terwijl zijn liefhebbende zheena er als een stalagmiet bij stond en wee-wee kreetjes slaakte op het ritme van Knots knuistenwerk en dit alles – het ritmische trappen, de warrelende snippers, het ah-ah van de devosjka deden bij mij een zoete melodie opborrelen, een scheef muzakje uit lang vervlogen tijden:

'I'm singing in the rain  
 Just singing in the rain  
 What a glorious feeling  
 I'm happy again...'

En onder van tussen ontgulpte ik al zingend mijn hozen:

'I'm laughing at the clouds  
 So dark up above  
 The sun's in my heart  
 And I'm ready for love'

Alex Check, Georg, nu het kipje. Pjotr en Knots, jullie houden het intellect vast zodat hij een betere vjoew op de zaak heeft, zo waarlijk helpe ons Grote Klaas. Dus Georg ving het kipje dat over de vloer poogde weg te kruip kruip kruipen in een steile driekwartsmaat, draaide haar preisnijders op haar rug op slot en vervolgens scheurden we links en rechts wat overtollige confectie aar reepsels en een wreed stel jemmers lag voor het graaien in de bazaar en Georg vond achter haar toko een plekje om zijn bestelbusje te parkeren. Ik pakte met de ene hand mijn konijn in z'n nekvel, met de andere haar staart in een paard en terwijl ik de magische woorden sprak ‘Sesam, Open U’ schoof ik mijn willie in haar vochtige stal. Georg maaide het sappige gras in haar achtertuin en Beatrix zag dat het biek was. Terwijl mijn willie aldus gerost werd hoorde ik de krak raken van d'r bloedende brogem die een ietsiewietsie teveel vino classico op had en hij brak met primaatslovo's bijna los uit zijn kooi. Dus Knots rukte de hozen van zijn banketwinkel en ramde zijn dork zo de alkoof in: nooit geweten dat -ie in de zwarte handel zat. Ik vond het maar onsmakelijk, maar bewaarde dat voor later. Pjotr had nog een hand vrij, dus hij zette het Onan Olympisch in.

'Let the stormy clouds chase  
 Everyone from the place  
 Come on with the rain  
 I've a smile on my face  
 I'll walk down the lane  
 With a happy refrain  
 And I'm singing, just singing  
 In the rain.'

We hadden allen de flens uitgeklopt en stonden nog steeds stijf van de haat, dus voor de finale sloopten we het trendy intec, maar toen Knots zijn slingerschijt op het tapijt wou laten fledderen vond ik het welletjes: we waren immers geen dieren. De homo sapiens subcategorie schrijver en zijn zheena waren niet echt meer op de Dikke Puist, helemaal uitgetornd, onder de drang en zwakke slovo's slakend. Hoe dan ook, het leefde.

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