

Aldous Huxley's
Brave New World Revisited

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WITH SYNCHRONIZED SCENT-ORGAN ACCOMPANIMENT

Part I

O brave new world,
That has such people in't.

-William Shakespeare, The Tempest, Act V, Scene I

...

'London, AF 632'

[Exterior (day), Central London Hatchery and Conditioning Centre]

The 'Central London Hatchery and Conditioning Centre' is a squat white building with the words '**CENTRAL LONDON HATCHERY AND CONDITIONING CENTRE**' over the main entrance, and in a shield the 'World State' motto '**COMMUNITY, IDENTITY, STABILITY**'.

...

[Interior, Fertilizing Room]

The 'Fertilizing Room' is a giant porcelain laboratory containing microscopes and numbered test-tubes. The room contains numerous workers with white lab-coats.

The Director of Hatcheries and Conditioning enters the austere room with a group of newly arrived students. The sheepish students scribble in their note-books (whenever the Director speaks).

(Director) 'And this is the Fertilizing Room.'

'Just to give you a general idea; for particulars, as everyone knows, make for virtue and happiness; generalities are intellectually necessary evils.'

'Tomorrow, you'll be settling down to serious work. You won't have time for generalities. Meanwhile...'

'I shall begin at the beginning. These, are the incubators.'

'One egg, one embryo, one adult - normality. But a Bokanovskified egg will bud, will proliferate, will divide. From eight to ninety-six buds, and every bud will grow into a perfectly formed embryo, and every embryo into a full-sized adult. Making ninety-six human beings grow where only one grew before.'

‘Essentially, Bokanovskification consists of a series of arrests of development. We check the normal growth and, paradoxically enough, the egg responds by budding.’

‘Standard men and women; in uniform batches. The whole of a small factory staffed with the products of a single Bokanovskified egg.’

‘The principle of mass production at last applied to biology.’

‘Mr. Foster, can you tell us the record for a single ovary?’

(Henry Foster) ‘Sixteen thousand and twelve in this Centre. Sixteen thousand and twelve; in one hundred and eighty-nine batches of identicals. But of course they’ve done much better, in some of the tropical Centres. Singapore has often produced over sixteen thousand five hundred; and Mombasa has actually touched the seventeen thousand mark. But then they have unfair advantages. You should see the way a Negro ovary responds to pituitary! It’s quite astonishing, when you’re used to working with European material. Still, we mean to beat them if we can.’

(Director) ‘That’s the spirit I like! Come along with us, and give these boys the benefit of your expert knowledge.’

(Henry Foster) ‘With pleasure.’

...

[Exterior (day), Courtyard]

The concrete walls of the minimalist courtyard enclose a lush tropical garden. The Director, the group of students, and Henry Foster, walk through the hemmed courtyard on a raised concrete walkway.

The tropical garden contains a wide variety of flowering trees and shrubs of different vibrant hues (including yellow, violet, deep-purple, pink, red, and white). The lush garden also contains several tree-ferns (resembling squat palm-trees).

...

[Interior, Bottling Room]

The large ‘Bottling Room’ contains a row of wooden card-catalogues, and numerous labeled glass containers.

(Henry Foster) ‘Eighty-eight cubic metres of card-index; containing all the relevant information.’

‘Optimum temperature, salinity, viscosity.’

‘The Predestinators send in their figures to the Fertilizers; who give them the embryos they ask for.’

‘If you knew the amount of overtime I had to put in after the last Japanese earthquake!’

‘T for the males, a circle for the females and for those who [are] destined to become freemartins a question mark.’

(Director) ‘For of course, in the vast majority of cases, fertility is merely a nuisance. One fertile ovary in twelve hundred-that would really be quite sufficient for our purposes. But we want to have a good choice. And of course one must always have an enormous margin of safety. So we allow as many as thirty per cent of the female embryos to develop normally. The others get a dose of male sex-hormone every twenty-four metres for the rest of the course. Result: Guaranteed sterile.’

...

[Interior, Embryo Store]

The ‘Embryo Store’ is a dark crimson room, like the darkness of closed eyes on a summer’s afternoon. There are innumerable glass bottles travelling on a conveyer, glinting with small rubies.

(Henry Foster) ‘Embryos are like photograph film, they can only stand red light.’

‘Two hundred and sixty-seven days at eight metres a day. Two thousand one hundred and thirty-six metres in all.’

‘We decant our babies as socialized human beings, as Alphas or Epsilons, as future sewage workers or future World Controllers; or future Directors of Hatcheries.’

‘The lower the caste, the shorter the oxygen.’

(Director) ‘Nothing like oxygen-shortage for keeping an embryo below par.’

‘The first organ affected [is] the brain. After that the skeleton. At seventy percent of normal oxygen you [get] dwarfs. At less than seventy eyeless monsters. Who are no use at all.’

(Henry Foster) ‘No use at all.’

(Director) ‘Whereas, if they could discover a technique for shortening the period of maturation what a triumph, what a benefaction to Society!’

(Henry Foster) ‘What a triumph.’

(Director) ‘Consider the horse. Mature at six; the elephant at ten. While at thirteen a man is not yet sexually mature; and is only full-grown at twenty.’

‘Long years of superfluous and wasted immaturity. If the physical development could be speeded up till it was as quick, say, as a cow’s, what an enormous saving to the Community!’

(Henry Foster) ‘Enormous.’

‘Well, Lenina.’

(Lenina) ‘Henry.’

(Henry Foster) ‘What are you giving them.’

(Lenina) ‘Oh, the usual [Delta] heat conditioning.’

‘[This batch is] predestined to emigrate to the tropics, to be steel workers and acetate silk spinners.’

(Henry Foster) ‘We condition [Deltas] to thrive on heat. Our colleagues upstairs will teach them to love it.’

(Director) ‘And that is the secret of happiness and virtue – liking what you’ve got to do. All conditioning aims at that: making people like their unescapable social destiny.’

(Henry Foster) ‘And now, I’d like to show you some very interesting conditioning for Alpha Plus Intellectuals. We have a big batch of them on Rack 5.’

(Director) ‘Ten to three, no time for the intellectual embryos, I’m afraid. We must go up to the Nurseries before the children have finished their afternoon sleep.’

...

Henry Foster remains in the ‘Decanting Room’ with Lenina. The Director and the group of students take an elevator to the fifth-floor. The elevator is operated by an Epsilon liftman (wearing a black uniform).

[Interior, Conditioning Room]

The ‘Conditioning Room’ is a large bare dormitory with a row of forty cots against the wall. There is a sound of light regular breathing and a continuous murmur, as of very faint voices remotely whispering. Nurses in white linen uniforms and caps silently tiptoe through the dimly lit row of sleeping children.

The words **‘NEO-PAVLOVIAN CONDITIONING ROOM’** are written on a notice board.

(Director) ‘Once upon a time, while our Fjord was still on earth, the principle of sleep-teaching, or hypnopædia, [was] discovered.’

‘The principle had been discovered; but many, many years were to elapse before that principle was usefully applied.’

‘Hypnopædia, [was] first used officially in AF 214.’

‘These early experimenters were on the wrong track. They thought that hypnopædia could be made an instrument of intellectual education.’

‘[But] you can’t learn a science unless you know what it’s all about.’

‘Whereas, if they’d only started on moral education. Moral education, which ought never, in any circumstances, to be rational.’

‘What’s the lesson this afternoon?’

(Beta Nurse) ‘Elementary Class Consciousness.’

(Director) [‘For the first two years (before the child can speak), the only two suggestions are “You are safe” and “You are loved”.]

‘But wordless conditioning is crude and wholesale; cannot bring home the finer distinctions, cannot inculcate the more complex courses of behavior. For that there must be words. In brief, hypnopædia.’

The Director pushes a switch (activating a loud-speaker).

(Recording) ‘...wear green, Alpha children wear grey. Delta children wear khaki...’

The Director pushes back the switch (silencing the tape-recorded voice).

(Director) ‘They’ll have that repeated forty or fifty times more before they wake; then again on Thursday, and again on Saturday. A hundred and twenty times three times a week for thirty months.’

‘Till at last the child’s mind is these suggestions, and the sum of the suggestions is the child’s mind. And not the child’s mind only. The adult’s mind too - all his life long. The mind that judges and desires and decides- made up of these suggestions. But all these suggestions are our suggestions! Suggestions from the State.’

‘The greatest moralizing and socializing force of all time.’

...

[Exterior (day), the Garden]

Outside in the garden, hundreds of children run with shrill yells over the manicured lawn. The roses are in bloom, and the air is drowsy with the murmur of bees and helicopters.

The Director and the students watch a game of ‘Centrifugal Bumble-puppy’. Twenty children are grouped in a circle round a chrome-steel tower, with a rapidly revolving platform. A ball is hurled through one of the numerous apertures, and then caught by the children.

(Director) ‘Strange to think that even in Our Fjord’s day most games were played without more apparatus than a ball; and perhaps a bit of netting. Nowadays the Controllers won’t approve of any new game unless it can be shown that it requires at least as much apparatus as the most complicated of existing games.’

The ‘Controller for Western Europe’ (and an official looking entourage) slowly walks towards the group.

(World Controller) ‘That’s a charming little group.’

(Director) ‘Controller! What an unexpected pleasure! Boys, this is the Controller; this is his Fjordship, Mustapha Mond.’

‘His Fjordship Mustapha Mond! The Resident Controller for Western Europe! One of the Ten World Controllers. One of the Ten.’

(World Controller) ‘You all remember I suppose, that beautiful and inspired saying of Our Fjord’s: History is bunk. History, is bunk.’

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

...

[Interior, Swimming-pool]

The communal upper-caste swimming-pool is crowded with athletic female and male bathers. The space-age indoor pool is designed in the ‘Mid-century Modernist’ architectural style. Lenina climbs out of the space-age pool, wearing a mulberry [purple] coloured one-piece bathing-suit. Lenina towels herself off, then walks towards the Woman’s Changing-room.

...

[Exterior (day), the Garden]

(World Controller) ‘That’s why you’re taught no history. But now the time has come.’

‘It’s all right, Director, I won’t corrupt them.’

‘Just try to realize it. Try to imagine what ‘living with one’s family’ meant.’

‘No air, no space; an understerilized prison; darkness, disease, and smells.’

‘For you must remember that in those days of gross viviparous reproduction, children were always brought up by their parents and not in State Conditioning Centres.’

The children have confused expressions.

‘In brief, the parents were the father and the mother.’

The children giggle at the word ‘mother’.

‘These are unpleasant facts; I know it. But then most historical facts are unpleasant.’

...

[Interior, Women’s Changing-room]

The space-age Woman’s Changing-room is crowded with half-naked youthful upper-caste Alphas and Betas. The gleaming ‘Mid-century Modernist’ spa contains several overflowing whirlpool-baths (with tinted violet or baby-blue water), ‘vibro-vacuum massage machines’, salon-style hood-hairdryers, and perfume dispensers.

Lenina adeptly removes her one-piece bathing-suit, and then walks into one of the tubular shower-stalls. The futuristic Plexiglas shower contains several spinning exfoliators (resembling car-wash friction brushes). Lenina is sprayed with hot foamy water (from multiple showerhead-nozzles).

...

[Exterior (day), the Garden]

(World Controller) ‘And home was as squalid psychically as physically. Psychically, it was a rabbit hole, a midden, hot with the frictions of tightly packed life, reeking with emotion. What suffocating intimacies, what dangerous, insane, obscene relationships between the members of the family group! Maniacally, the mother brooded over her children (her children). Brooded over them like a cat over its kittens.’

‘Yes, you may well shudder.’

...

[Interior, Women's Changing-room]

Lenina walks unclothed into one of the tubular Plexiglas dehydrators (rapidly blow-drying her long full hair).

...

[Exterior (day), the Garden]

(World Controller) 'Our [Fjord] had been the first to reveal the appalling dangers of family life. The world was full of fathers-was therefore full of misery; full of mothers-therefore of every kind of perversion from sadism to chastity; full of brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts-full of madness and suicide.'

...

[Interior, Women's Changing-room]

Lenina walks into a tinted cylindrical perfume dispenser. Lenina presses a button activating a blast of warm air (dusting her unclothed body with fine talcum powder). She then touches a photo of a lilac flower, from an illuminated display of eight different flower scents (including lilac, lavender, tulip, red-rose, jasmine, cherry-blossom, peach-blossom, and vanilla). Lenina is gently sprayed with a violet mist of *eau-de-Cologne* perfume.

...

[Exterior (day), the Garden]

'No wonder those poor pre-moderns were mad and wicked and miserable. Their world didn't allow them to take things easily, didn't allow them to be sane, virtuous, happy.'

...

[Interior, Woman's Changing Room]

Lenina walks towards a row of lockers (wrapped in a towel).

(Lenina) 'Hullo, Fanny.'

'Who are you going out with to-night?'

(Fanny) 'Nobody.'

'I've been feeling rather out of sorts lately. Dr. Wells advised me to have a Pregnancy Substitute.'

(Lenina) ‘But, my dear, you’re only nineteen. The first Pregnancy Substitute isn’t compulsory till twenty-one.’

(Fanny) ‘I know, dear. But some people are better if they begin earlier. Dr. Wells told me that brunettes with wide pelvises, like me, ought to have their first Pregnancy Substitute at seventeen. So I’m really two years late, not two years early.’

...

[Exterior (day), the Garden]

‘Wheels must turn steadily, but cannot turn untended. There must be men to tend them, men as steady as the wheels upon their axles, sane men, obedient men, stable in contentment.’

...

[Interior, Men’s Changing Room]

The undecorated upper-caste Men’s Changing-room contains wooden benches and lockers (contrasting the gleaming space-age Women’s Changing-room).

Bernard Marx is sitting alone on a bench (wrapped in a towel) with a sullen expression.

...

[Interior, Woman’s Changing Room]

Lenina casually removes her towel, and then swiftly puts-on a pair of mulberry [purple] coloured undergarments.

(Fanny) ‘Dr. Wells says that a three months’ Pregnancy Substitute now will make all the difference to my health for the next three or four years.’

(Lenina) ‘Well, I hope he’s right. But, Fanny, do you really mean to say that for the next three months you’re not supposed to..’

(Fanny) ‘Oh no, dear. Only for a week or two, that’s all. I shall spend the evening at the Club playing Musical Bridge.’

...

[Exterior (day), the Garden]

(World Controller) ‘Stability. No civilization without social stability. No social stability without individual stability.’

...

[Interior, Men's Changing-room]

(Assistant Predestinator) 'Going to the Feelies this evening, Henry? I hear the new one at the Alhambra is first-rate. There's a love scene on a bearskin rug; they say it's marvelous. Every hair of the bear reproduced. The most amazing tactual effects.'

(Henry Foster) 'I shall make a point of going.'

Bernard Marx is sitting alone on a bench (wrapped in a towel) with a sullen expression.

...

[Interior, Woman's Changing Room]

Lenina nonchalantly gets dressed.

(Fanny) 'I suppose you're going out?'

Lenina nods in the affirmative.

(Fanny) 'Who with?'

(Lenina) 'Henry Foster.'

(Fanny) 'Again? Do you mean to tell me you're still going out with Henry Foster?'

(Lenina) 'But after all, it's only about four months now since I've been having Henry.'

(Fanny) 'Only four months! I like that. And what's more, there's been nobody else except Henry all that time. Has there?'

(Lenina) 'No, there hasn't been any one else, and I jolly well don't see why there should have been.'

(Fanny) 'Oh, she jolly well doesn't see why there should have been. But seriously, I really do think you ought to be careful. It's such horribly bad form to go on and on like this with one man.'

'At forty, or thirty-five, it wouldn't be so bad. But at your age, Lenina! No, it really won't do.'

...

[Exterior (day), the Garden]

(World Controller) 'The Nine Years' War began in AF 141.'

‘The noise of fourteen thousand aeroplanes advancing in open order. But the explosion of the anthrax bombs [was] hardly louder than the popping of a paper bag.’

...

[Interior, Woman’s Changing Room]

(Fanny) ‘Of course there’s no need to give him up. Have somebody else from time to time, that’s all. He has other girls, doesn’t he?’

Lenina nods in the affirmative.

‘Of course he does. Trust Henry Foster to be the perfect gentleman-always correct. And then there’s the Director to think of. You know what a stickler.’

...

[Interior, Men’s Changing Room]

(Henry Foster) ‘Lenina Crowne. Oh, she’s a splendid girl. Wonderfully pneumatic. I’m surprised you haven’t had her.’

(Assistant Predestinator) ‘I can’t think how it is I haven’t. I certainly will. At the first opportunity.’

Bernard Marx overhears their conversation with a hostile expression.

...

[Exterior (day), the Garden]

(World Controller) ‘The Nine Years’ War, the great Economic Collapse. There was a choice between World Control and destruction. Between stability and...’

...

[Interior, Woman’s Changing Room]

(Lenina) Somehow, I hadn’t been feeling very keen on promiscuity lately. There are times when one doesn’t. Haven’t you found that too, Fanny?’

(Fanny) ‘But one’s got to make the effort, one’s got to play the game. After all, every one belongs to everyone else.’

(Lenina) ‘Yes, every one belongs to everyone else. You’re quite right, Fanny. As usual. I’ll make the effort.’

...

[Interior, Men's Changing Room]

(Henry Foster) 'Fanny Crowne's a nice girl too. Not nearly so pneumatic as Lenina.'

(Assistant Predestinator) 'Oh, not nearly.'

Bernard Marx overhears their conversation with a hostile expression.

...

[Exterior (day), the Garden]

(World Controller) 'Then came the famous British Museum Massacre. Two thousand culture fans gassed with dichlorethyl sulphide.'

'In the end, the Controllers realized that force was no good. The slower but infinitely surer methods of ectogenesis, neo-Pavlovian conditioning and hypnopædia...'

...

[Interior, Women's Changing Room]

(Lenina) 'And to tell the truth, I'm beginning to get just a tiny bit bored with nothing but Henry every day. Do you know Bernard Marx?'

(Fanny) 'You don't mean to say?'

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

(Fanny) 'But his reputation?'

(Lenina) 'What do I care about his reputation?'

(Fanny) 'They say he doesn't like Obstacle Golf.'

(Lenina) 'They say, they say..'

(Fanny) 'And then he spends most of his time by himself-alone.'

(Lenina) 'Well, he won't be alone when he's with me. And anyhow, why are people so beastly to him? I think he's rather sweet.'

...

[Interior, Men's Changing Room]

Bernard Marx is sitting alone on a bench (wrapped in a towel) with a sullen expression.

...

[Exterior (day), the Garden]

(World Controller) ‘Accompanied by a campaign against the Past; by the closing of museums, the blowing up of historical monuments (luckily most of them had already been destroyed during the Nine Years’ War); by the suppression of all books published before AF 150.’

...

[Interior, Women’s Changing Room]

(Fanny) ‘[But] he’s so ugly!’

(Lenina) ‘But I rather like his looks.’

(Fanny) ‘And then so... small.’

(Lenina) ‘I think that’s rather sweet. One feels one would like to pet him. You know. Like a cat.’

(Fanny) ‘They say somebody made a mistake when he was still in the bottle-thought he was a Gamma and put alcohol into his blood-surrogate. That’s why he’s so stunted.’

(Lenina) ‘What nonsense!’

‘Well, all I can say is that I’m going to accept his invitation.’

(Fanny) ‘You’re hopeless, Lenina, I give you up.’

...

[Interior, Men’s Changing Room]

(Henry Foster) ‘Glum, Marx, glum. What you need is a gramme of soma.’

(Bernard Marx) ‘No, thank you’.

...

[Exterior (day), the Garden]

(World Controller) ‘There were some things called the pyramids, for example. And a man called Shakespeare. You’ve never heard of them of course.’

...

[Interior, Women's Changing Room]

(Lenina) 'There, I'm ready. Let's make peace, Fanny darling.'

(Fanny) 'One of these days, you'll get into trouble.'

(Lenina) 'Do I look all right?'

(Fanny) 'Perfect! And what a perfectly sweet Malthusian belt!'

(Lenina) 'Henry Foster gave it to me. It's real Morocco-surrogate.'

(Fanny) 'I simply must get one like it. Do ask Henry where he got it.'

...

[Interior, Men's Changing Room]

(Henry Foster) 'Take it. Take it.'

(Bernard Marx) 'Damn you, damn you!'

(Henry Foster) 'Hoity-toity.'

...

[Interior, Embryo Store]

Glass bottles travel on a conveyor. Innumerable rubies glint in the red darkness.

...

[Exterior (day), the Garden]

(World Controller) 'It only remained to conquer old age.'

'[Today] all the physiological stigmata of old age have been abolished. And along with them, of course all the old man's mental peculiarities.'

'Work, play-at sixty-five our powers and tastes are what they were at seventeen.'

...

[Interior, Women's Changing Room]

(Lenina) 'Two rounds of Obstacle Golf to get through before dark. I must fly.'

(Fanny) ‘Don’t forget to ask him about that Malthusian belt.’

...

[Interior, Embryo Store]

Glass bottles travel on a conveyor. Innumerable rubies glint in the red darkness.

...

[Interior, Men’s Changing Room]

Bernard Marx sits alone with a sullen expression.

...

[Exterior (day), the Garden]

(World Controller) ‘We have the World State now. And Fjord’s Day celebrations, and Community Sings, and soma, delicious *soma*.’

...

(Narrator) ‘[*Soma*.] The perfect drug. Euphoric, narcotic, pleasantly hallucinant.’

‘Take a holiday from reality whenever you like, and come back without so much as a headache or a mythology.’

‘Half a gramme for a half-holiday, a gramme for a week-end, two grammes for a trip to the gorgeous East, three for a dark eternity on the moon; returning on the other side of the crevice, safe on solid ground.’

...

[Interior, Elevator]

Lenina enters a large gleaming elevator. The crowded elevator is operated by an Epsilon liftman (wearing a black uniform).

(Narrator) ‘The lift was crowded with men from the Alpha Changing Rooms, and Lenina's entry was greeted by many friendly nods and smiles. She was a popular girl and, at one time or another, had spent a night with almost all of them. They were dear boys, she thought, as she returned their salutations.’

Bernard Marx unhappily enters the elevator.

(Lenina) ‘Bernard! I was looking for you. I wanted to talk to you about our New Mexico plan. I’d simply love to come with you for a week in July. That is, if you still want to have me.’

(Bernard Marx) ‘Hadn’t we better talk about it somewhere else? I mean, with all these people about.’

(Lenina) ‘How funny you are! You’ll give me at least a week’s warning, won’t you. I suppose we take the Blue Pacific Rocket? Does it start from the Charing Tower? Or is it from Hampstead?’

...

[Exterior (day), Rooftop]

Lenina and Bernard exit the elevator on the rooftop.

The busy rooftop contains several moving-walkways, and escalators (leading to raised helicopter-pads).

(Bernard Marx) ‘Isn’t it beautiful!’

(Lenina) ‘Simply perfect for Obstacle Golf.’

‘And now I must fly, Bernard. Henry gets cross if I keep him waiting. Let me know in good time about the date.’

...

(Benito Hoover) ‘I should say she was pretty. Pneumatic too. And how!’

‘But, I say, you do look glum! What you need is a gramme of *soma*.’

‘One cubic centimetre cures ten gloomy. But, I say!’

Bernard Marx angrily walks away.

...

[Exterior (sunset), Helicopter-pad]

(Henry Foster) ‘Four minutes late.’

Henry and Lenina climb into a red futuristic flying-machine.

The helicopter rises vertically into the air.

...

The Red Rocket drops out of the sky (with a sonic-boom).

(Henry Foster) ‘There’s the Red Rocket, just come in from New York. Seven minutes behind time. These Atlantic services-they’re really scandalously unpunctual.’

Henry and Lenina fly over a dense ring of uniform coniferous trees (crisscrossed with elevated monorail lines).

(Narrator) ‘They were flying over the six kilometer zone of park-land that separated Central London from its first ring of satellite suburbs.’

The battery-powered helicopter then flies over a well-lit roofless stadium.

(Narrator) ‘In the Ealing stadium a Delta gymnastic display and community sing was in progress.’

...

Lenina looks down through the clear window in the floor of the helicopter.

(Lenina) [‘I just love watching the Delta workers at the end of their shifts. They always seem so happy.’]

Around a hundred male Delta factory-workers are gathered in an enormous outdoor beer-hall (containing several long wooden tables). The lower-caste workers are boisterously drinking draft-beer out of large glass mugs (including pale-lager, golden-ale, black-stout, and red). The laidback Deltas are all wearing khaki coloured 1930s-style work-clothes.

...

Henry and Lenina fly over a huge monorail junction. The raised platforms are crowded with numerous Gamma females (wearing green uniforms).

(Narrator) ‘Like aphides, the leaf-green Gamma girls stood in queues to take their places in the monorail tram-cars.’

(Lenina) ‘They must be changing the shift.’

‘My word, I’m glad I’m not a Gamma.’

...

[Exterior (sunset), Obstacle-Golf Course]

(Narrator) ‘Ten minutes later they were at Stoke Poges and had started their first round of Obstacle Golf.’

The Obstacle-Golf Course resembles a giant miniature-golf course with whimsical obstacles, including spinning windmills, castle drawbridges, tunnels, and slides. The manicured lawn has been trimmed to the appearance of Astroturf. The undulating terrain also contains trimmed hedges, flowering trees, and glowing space-age lampposts. The players use croquet-mallets to drive large colored balls over the rolling topography. The incessant buzzing of helicopters fills the twilight.

...

[Exterior (sunset), Rooftop of the 'Bureaux of Propaganda']

(Bernard Marx) 'Ring down to Mr. Helmholtz Watson, and tell him that Mr. Bernard Marx is waiting for him on the roof.'

Bernard lights a cigarette.

(Narrator) 'To have dealings with members of the lower castes was always, for Bernard, a most distressing experience.'

'He stood eight centimetres short of the standard Alpha height and was slender in proportion. Contact with members of the lower castes always reminded him painfully of this physical inadequacy. Not without reason. For Gammas, Deltas and Epsilons had been to some extent conditioned to associate corporeal mass with social superiority. Indeed, a faint hypnopædic prejudice in favour of size was universal. Hence the laughter of the women to whom he made proposals, the practical joking of his equals among the men. The mockery made him feel an outsider.'

'Feeling an outsider he behaved like one, which in turn increased his sense of being alien and alone.'

...

[Interior, the Bureaux of Propaganda]

The 'Mid-century Modernist' office space is covered with dark wood-paneling. Helmholtz Watson receives a video-intercom communication from his secretary.

(Helmholtz) 'Tell him I'm coming at once.'

(Narrator) 'He was handsome and looked, as his secretary was never tired of repeating, every centimetre an Alpha Plus.'

'By profession he was a lecturer at the College of Emotional Engineering. He wrote regularly for the [upper-caste] Hourly Radio, composed feely scenarios, and had the happiest knack for slogans and hypnopædic rhymes.'

‘Able, was the verdict of his superiors. Perhaps, a little too able.’

...

(Narrator) ‘Yes, a little too able. A mental excess had produced in Helmholtz Watson effects very similar to those which, in Bernard Marx, were the result of a physical defect.’

‘What the two men shared was the knowledge that they were individuals.’

...

[Exterior (sunset), Rooftop of the Bureaux of Propaganda]

Helmholtz Watson exits an elevator with three tall female Alphas.

(Alpha Girl 1) ‘Oh, Helmholtz, darling, do come and have a picnic supper with us on Exmoor.’

(Helmholtz) ‘No, no.’

(Alpha Girl 2) ‘We’re not inviting any other man.’

(Helmholtz) ‘No, I’m busy.’

...

(Alpha Girl 3) [‘Who does he think he is, Frankie A-go-go? or a World Controller?’]

(Alpha Girl 1) [‘I hear] that he had six hundred and forty different girls in under four years.’

...

(Helmholtz) ‘These women! These women! Too awful.’

(Bernard Marx) [Boastfully] ‘I’m taking Lenina Crowne to New Mexico with me.’

(Helmholtz) [With disinterest] ‘Are you?’

...

[Interior, Bernard’s Apartment]

The spacious ‘Mid-century Modernist’ apartment contains a sunken living-room and a space-age hooded fireplace.

(Helmholtz) ‘This last week or two, I’ve been cutting all my committees and all my girls. You can’t imagine what a hullabaloo they’ve been making about it at the College. Still, it’s been worth it, I think. The effects. Well, they’re odd, they’re very odd.’

...

(Helmholtz) ‘Did you ever feel as though you had something inside you that was only waiting for you to give it a chance to come out? Some sort of extra power that you aren’t using-you know, like all the water that goes down the falls instead of through the turbines?’

(Bernard Marx) ‘You mean all the emotions one might be feeling if things were different?’

(Helmholtz) ‘Not quite. I’m thinking of a queer feeling I sometimes get, a feeling that I’ve got something important to say and the power to say it-only I don’t know what it is, and I can’t make any use of the power.’

‘You see, I’m pretty good at inventing phrases-you know, the sort of words that suddenly make you jump, almost as though you’d sat on a pin, they seem so new and exciting even though they’re about something hypnopædically obvious. But that doesn’t seem enough. It’s not enough for the phrases to be good; what you make with them ought to be good too.’

(Bernard Marx) ‘But your things are good, Helmholtz.’

(Helmholtz) ‘Oh, as far as they go. But they go such a little way. They aren’t important enough, somehow. I feel I could do something much more important. Yes, and more intense, more violent.’

‘Words can be like X-rays, if you use them properly-they’ll go through anything. But what on earth’s the good of being pierced by an article about a Community Sing, or the latest improvement in scent organs? Can you say something about nothing? That’s what it finally boils down to.’

(Bernard Marx) ‘Hush! I believe there’s somebody at the door.’

Bernard Marx cautiously walks to the front-door.

(Bernard Marx) ‘I’m sorry, I suppose I’ve got things on my nerves a bit. When people are suspicious with you, you start being suspicious with them.’

‘If you knew what I’d had to put up with recently. If you only knew.’

...

[Exterior (night), Electromagnetic-Golf Course]

The futuristic Electromagnetic-Golf Course resembles a life-sized pinball-machine, with flashing lights, bumpers, ramps, targets, and holes. The players use croquet-mallets to launch large metallic orbs over the smooth copper surface. Electrical magnets below the metallic playfield alter the speed and trajectory of the balls. There is a background soundscape of incessant electronic tonalities, like the ambient noise of a casino slot-machine hall.

Lenina adeptly sinks her ball into an illuminated hole in the polished metal surface (activating a loud electronic 'jackpot' sound). Lenina and Henry abandon their game, and then walk towards the Club House.

Lenina and Henry climb into their flying-machine, and then take-off.

(Narrator) 'Beneath them lay the buildings of the Golf Club – the huge lower-caste barracks, and the smaller houses reserved for Alpha and Beta members.'

'The approaches to the monorail station were black with the ant-like pullulation of lower-caste activity.'

...

(Narrator) 'For the safety of night-flying planes, the four tall chimneys of the Slough Crematorium were flood-lighted.'

(Lenina) 'Why do the smoke-stacks have those things like balconies round them?'

(Henry Foster) 'Phosphorus recovery.'

'On their way up the chimney the gases go through four separate treatments. [Phosphorus] used to go right out of circulation every time they cremated someone. Now they recover over ninety-eight percent of it. Which makes the best part of four hundred tons of phosphorus every year from England alone.'

'Fine to think we can go on being socially useful even after we're dead. Making plants grow.'

(Lenina) 'Fine, but queer that Alphas and Betas won't make any more plants grow than those nasty little Gammas and Deltas and Epsilons down there.'

(Henry Foster) 'All men are physico-chemically equal. Besides, even Epsilons perform indispensable services.'

(Lenina) 'I suppose Epsilons don't really mind being Epsilons.'

(Henry Foster) 'Of course they don't. How can they? They don't know what it's like being anything else. We'd mind, of course. But then we've been differently conditioned. Besides, we start with a different heredity.'

(Lenina) 'I'm glad I'm not an Epsilon,'

(Henry Foster) 'And if you were an Epsilon, your conditioning would have made you no less thankful that you weren't a Beta or an Alpha.'

The pinnacle of one of the smoke-stacks briefly flames.

(Henry Foster) 'Do you know what that switchback was?'

'It was some human being finally and definitely disappearing. Going up in a squirt of hot gas. It would be curious to know who it was--a man or a woman, an Alpha or an Epsilon....'

'Anyhow, there's one thing we can be certain of; whoever he may have been, he was happy when he was alive. Everybody's happy now.'

(Lenina) 'Yes, everybody's happy now.'

...

[Exterior (night), 'Aphroditzeum' building rooftop]

Bernard Marx has a downcast morose expression.

(Narrator) 'Alternate Thursdays were Bernard's Solidarity Service days. After an early dinner at the Aphroditzeum (to which Helrnholtz had recently been elected under Rule Two) he took leave of his friend and, hailing a taxi on the roof told the man to fly to the Fjordson Community Singery.'

[Exterior (night), the 'Community Singery' building]

(Narrator) 'Flood-lighted, its three hundred and twenty metres of white Carrara-surrogate gleamed with a snowy incandescence over Ludgate Hill.'

The flying taxi slowly lands on one of the helicopter-platforms of the imposing ivory 'Singery' building. The façade of the well-lit sharply-angled pyramidal tower is prominently adorned with the 'World State' motto '**COMMUNITY, IDENTITY, STABILITY**'.

[Interior, the 'Community Singery' great-auditorium]

(Narrator) 'The great auditorium for Fjord's Day celebrations and other massed Community Sings was at the bottom of the building.'

The unoccupied well-lit auditorium has seating for tens of thousands of participants.

(Narrator) 'Above it, a hundred to each floor, were the seven thousand rooms used by Solidarity Groups for their fortnight services.'

[Interior, Solidarity-Group Room 3210]

There is a large circular table in the center of the dimly-lit room.

Bernard Marx inconspicuously enters the modest-sized room, and then slips into the nearest unoccupied chair.

(Morgana Rothschild) ‘What were you playing this afternoon? Obstacle, or Electromagnetic?’

(Bernard Marx) ‘Neither.’

Morgana stares at Bernard with astonishment, followed by an awkward silence.

Sarojini Engles arrives late to the Solidarity-Service.

(Group President) ‘You’re late. Don’t let it happen again.’

(Narrator) ‘The group was now complete, the solidarity circle perfect and without flaw. Man, woman, man, in a ring of endless alternation round the table. Twelve of them ready to be made one, waiting to come together, to be fused, to lose their twelve separate identities in a larger being.’

The ‘Group President’ stands up, and then switches on a recording of electronic ‘church-organ’ music.

The ‘Group President’ ritualistically prepares a communal chalice of *soma*-infused herbal tea.

(Group President)
‘Fjord, we are twelve; oh, make us one,
Like drops within the Social River,
Oh, make us now together run
As swiftly as thy shining Flivver.’

The ‘Group President’ drinks from the communal chalice, and then ceremoniously passes the *soma*-infused tea to the woman on his left.

(Sarojini Engles) ‘I drink to my annihilation.’

The woman drinks from the communal chalice, and then ceremoniously passes the tea to the man on her left.

(Jim Bokanovsky) ‘I drink to the Greater Being.’

The man drinks from the communal chalice, and then ceremoniously passes the tea to the woman on his left.

(Morgana Rothschild) ‘I drink to the imminence of His Coming.’

The woman drinks from the communal chalice, and then ceremoniously passes the tea to Bernard Marx.

...

[Exterior (night), ‘Westminster Tower’ rooftop]

(Narrator) ‘Landing on the roof of Henry’s forty-story apartment house in Westminster, they went straight down to the dining-hall. There, in a loud and cheerful company, they ate an excellent meal.’

[Interior, ‘Westminster Tower’ dining-hall]

The ostentatious upper-caste supper-club is decorated in the ‘Mid-century Modernist’ interior-design style. The lavish dining-area contains several glittering space-age chandeliers, a lobster tank (with numerous giant lobsters), and an aquarium (containing a variety of large colourful tropical fish).

Lenina and Henry are seated at a long table with other extravagantly dressed Alpha and Beta guests. Several waiters adeptly serve a multi-course meal, consisting of white-wine and *chic* square dishes (accentuating a single jumbo-shrimp drizzled with *haute-cuisine* sauce).

There is also a selection of very fresh seafood in the center of the long table, including raw oysters on ice, bowls of beluga-caviar, cooked octopus legs, and sliced sashimi (from the belly of a large tropical fish with a twitching fin).

...

(Narrator) ‘Soma was served with the coffee. Lenina took two half-gramme tablets and Henry three.’

Lenina and Henry are now being served a carafe of steaming black coffee. The fresh seafood course has been replaced with an assortment of French deserts (including *millefeuille* pastries, chocolate-cake, a *croque-en-bouche* pyramid, and a chocolate-fondue fountain).

(Narrator) At twenty past nine they walked across the street to the newly opened Westminster Abbey Cabaret.’

[Exterior (night), outside the ‘Westminster Abbey Cabaret’]

From the façade of the new Abbey, giant electric letters invitingly glare **‘LONDON’S FINEST SCENT AND COLOUR ORGAN. ALL THE LATEST SYNTHETIC MUSIC.’**

[Interior, the 'Westminster Abbey Cabaret']

The enormous dimly-lit upper-caste dancehall is crowded with numerous extravagantly dressed revelers. The synthetic music is vaguely synchronistic with the shifting hues on the domed ceiling. The exuberant patrons are dancing a variation of 'the Charleston' (solo or with a partner).

(Narrator) 'Four hundred couples were five-stepping round the polished floor.'

'On the domed ceiling of the hall, the colour organ had momentarily painted a tropical sunset.'

'How kind, how good-looking, how delightfully amusing everyone was.'

...

[Interior, Solidarity-Group Room 3210]

(Narrator) 'By this time the *soma* had begun to work. Eyes shone, cheeks were flushed, the inner light of universal benevolence broke out on every face in happy, friendly smiles. Even Bernard felt himself a little melted.'

Morgana Rothschild beams at Bernard Marx.

(Group President)

**'Come, Greater Being, Social Friend,
Annihilating Twelve-in-One!
We long to die, for when we end,
Our larger life has but begun.'**

...

[Interior, the 'Westminster Abbey Cabaret']

(Narrator) 'Five-stepping with the other four hundred round and round Westminster Abbey, Lenina and Henry were yet dancing in another world--the warm, the richly coloured, the infinitely friendly world of a *soma*-holiday.'

(Narrator) 'They might have been twin embryos gently rocking together on the waves of a bottled ocean.'

Lenina and Henry are now slowly dancing with each other (contrasting the exuberant dancing of the other partygoers).

An explosive sunrise is painted on the domed ceiling of the dancehall, followed by sudden hushed darkness. The unlit cabaret is then gradually filled with the sounds of spontaneous applause.

The loud-speaker politely announces **‘Good-night, dear friends. Good-night, dear friends. Good-night, dear friends...’**

Lenina and Henry Foster obediently leave the building with the other patrons.

...

[Interior, Solidarity-Group Room 3210]

The electronic ‘church-organ’ music has now been replaced with a recording of frenzied Dionysian drumming (indicative of West African tribal music).

(Group President)

**‘Feel how the Greater Being comes!
Rejoice and, in rejoicings, die!
Melt in the music of the drums!
For I am you and you are I.’**

‘Listen! Listen! The feet of the Greater Being! The feet of the Greater Being are on the stairs!’

(Morgana Rothschild) ‘I hear him, I hear him!’

(Sarojini Engles) ‘He’s coming!’

(Fifi Bradlaugh) ‘Yes, he’s coming, I hear him.’

(Clara Deterding) ‘Oh, he’s coming!’

(Bernard Marx) [With feigned sincerity] ‘I hear him; He’s coming.’

(Tom Kawaguchi) ‘I hear Him, I hear Him coming!’

The dancing Group of Twelve begins to gyrate with religious fervor.

(Group President)

**‘Orgy-porgy, Fjord and fun,
Kiss the girls and make them One.
Boys at One with girls at peace;
Orgy-porgy gives release.’**

(The Group of Twelve)

**'Orgy-porgy, Fjord and fun,
Kiss the girls and make them One.
Boys at One with girls at peace;
Orgy-porgy gives release.'**

The rapturous Group of Twelve starts moving to the ring of couches (which surround the circular table).

...

[Exterior (night), outside the 'Westminster Abbey Cabaret']

(Narrator) 'Swallowed half an hour before closing time, that second dose of *soma* had raised a quite impenetrable wall between the actual universe and their minds. Bottled, they crossed the street; bottled, they took the lift up to Henry's room on the twenty-eighth floor.'

[Interior, Henry Foster's bedroom]

The plush hedonistic bedroom contains a giant king-sized bed (with four wooden bedposts, a velvet headboard, and a mirrored ceiling).

Lenina nonchalantly swallows a contraceptive-pill (from a cartridge in her belt).

(Lenina) 'Oh, and that reminds me, Fanny Crowne wants to know where you found that lovely green Morocco-surrogate Malthusian belt you gave me.'

...

[Exterior (night), the 'Community Singery' building helicopter-platform]

Bernard has an empty disappointed expression.

(Sarojini Engles) [With rapture] 'Wasn't it wonderful? Wasn't it simply wonderful?'

(Bernard Marx) [With feigned sincerity] 'Yes, I thought it was wonderful.'

'Quite wonderful.'

...

[Exterior (day), 'the Central London Hatchery and Conditioning Centre' rooftop]

(Lenina) '[How bout] a swim at the Torquay Country Club, followed by dinner at the Oxford Union?'

(Bernard Marx) [Gloomily] **'Too much of a crowd.'**

(Lenina) **'Then what about a round of Electro-magnetic Golf at St. Andrews?'**

(Bernard Marx) [Gloomily] **'Electro-magnetic Golf [is] a waste of time.'**

(Lenina) **'Then what's time for?'**

(Bernard Marx) **'[Perhaps a walk] in the Lake District.'**

'Land on the top of Skiddaw and walk for a couple of hours in the heather. Alone with you, Lenina.'

(Lenina) **'But, Bernard, we shall be alone all night.'**

(Bernard Marx) **'I meant, alone for talking.'**

(Lenina) **'Talking? But what about?'**

'Walking and talking - that [seems] a very odd way of spending an afternoon.'

(Narrator) **In the end she persuaded him, much against his will, to fly over to Amsterdam to see the Semi-Demi-Finals of the Women's [Slack-line] Championship.**

...

[Exterior (night), Amsterdam Stadium]

The colossal domed stadium is lit with powerful exterior floodlights.

[Interior, Amsterdam Stadium]

The enormous domed arena houses a soaring 'Slack-line' court (consisting of numerous tiers of suspended flexible thin wire). The acrobatic players precariously balance themselves on the anchored slack-lines (over 20 feet above a safety net). The high-wire athletes employ long racquet-poles to strike a small rubber ball (and for balance). [The objective of the game is to sink the ball into the net of the opposing team.]

Lenina is loudly cheering with the other spectators. Bernard is sitting gloomily in his chair.

(Bernard Marx) [Gloomily] **'In a crowd, as usual.'**

...

[Interior, Soma desert-bar]

The stylish upper-caste *soma* desert-bar dreamily overlooks the high-wire ‘Slack-line’ court. The space-age cafeteria serves a variety of *soma*-infused products, including *soma* tea, *soma* ice-cream sundaes, *soma* cocktails, *soma* cake, *soma* champagne, and *soma* desert specialties.

Lenina and Bernard are seated at a small table (overlooking the ‘Slack-line’ court). Lenina is eating a ‘half-gramme raspberry sundae’ (with a maraschino-cherry on top).

Lenina offers Bernard some of her *soma*-infused ice-cream.

(Bernard Marx) 'I'd rather be myself. Myself and nasty. Not somebody else, however jolly.'

(Lenina) 'A gramme in time saves nine.'

Bernard pushes away the *soma*-infused raspberry ice-cream sundae impatiently.

(Lenina) 'Now don't lose your temper. Remember, one cubic centimetre cures ten gloomy sentiments.'

(Bernard Marx) 'Oh, for Fjord's sake, be quiet!'

(Lenina) 'A gramme is always better than a damn.'

...

[Exterior (night), the English Channel]

On their way back across the Channel, Bernard stops the flying-machine within a hundred feet of the waves. The black water heaves beneath them (surrounded by the rushing emptiness of the night).

(Bernard Marx) 'Look!'

(Lenina) 'But it's horrible. Let's turn on the radio. Quick!'

Lenina reaches for the radio-knob on the dash-board.

(Radio) “...Hug me till you drug me, honey; Kiss me till I'm in a coma; Hug me, honey, snuggly bunny; Love's as good as soma...”

Bernard abruptly switches off the radio.

(Bernard Marx) 'I want to look at the sea in peace. One can't even look with that beastly noise going on.'

(Lenina) 'But it's lovely. And I don't want to look.'

(Bernard Marx) 'But I do. It makes me feel as though... as though I were more *me*, if you see what I mean. More on my own, not so completely a part of something else. Not just a cell in the social body. Doesn't it make you feel like that, Lenina?'

(Lenina) 'It's horrible, it's horrible! And how can you talk like that about not wanting to be a part of the social body? After all, every one works for everyone else. We can't do without anyone. Even Epsilons...'

(Bernard Marx) 'Yes, I know "Even Epsilons are useful"! So am I. And I damned well wish I weren't!'

(Lenina) 'Bernard! How can you?'

(Bernard Marx) 'How can I? No, the real problem is: How is it that I can't, or rather-- because, after all, I know quite well why I can't--what would it be like if I could, if I were free--not enslaved by my conditioning.'

(Lenina) 'But, Bernard, you're saying the most awful things.'

(Bernard Marx) 'Don't you wish you were free, Lenina?'

(Lenina) 'I don't know what you mean. I am free. Free to have the most wonderful time. Everybody's happy nowadays.'

(Bernard Marx) 'Yes, "Everybody's happy nowadays." We begin giving the children that at five. But wouldn't you like to be free to be happy in some other way, Lenina? In your own way, for example; not in everybody else's way.'

(Lenina) 'I don't know what you mean. Oh, do let's go back, Bernard. I do so hate it here.'

(Bernard Marx) 'Don't you like being with me?'

(Lenina) 'But of course, Bernard! It's this horrible place.'

(Bernard Marx) 'I thought we'd be more... more *together* here--with nothing but the sea and moon. More together than in that crowd, or even in my rooms. Don't you understand that?'

(Lenina) 'I don't understand anything. Nothing. Least of all, why you don't take *soma* when you have these dreadful ideas of yours. You'd forget all about them. And instead of feeling miserable, you'd be jolly. *So* jolly.'

(Bernard Marx) 'All right then, we'll go back.'

...

Bernard slowly puts his hand on Lenina's bare leg.

(Lenina) 'Feeling better?'

'Thank Fjord.'

...

[Interior, Woman's Changing Room]

Fanny loudly closes her locker-door.

(Fanny) 'I told you so. It's the alcohol they put in his surrogate.'

(Lenina) 'All the same, I do like him. He has such awfully nice hands. And the way he moves his shoulders--that's very attractive. But I wish he weren't so odd.'

(Narrator) Odd, odd, *odd*, was Lenina's verdict on Bernard Marx. So odd, indeed, that in the course of the succeeding weeks she had wondered more than once whether she shouldn't change her mind about the New Mexico holiday, and go instead to the North Pole with Benito Hoover. The trouble was that she knew the North Pole. Nothing to do, and the hotel too hopelessly old-fashioned--no television in the bedrooms, no scent organ, and not more than twenty-five Escalator-Squash Courts for over two hundred guests.'

...

[Interior, Henry Foster's bedroom]

Lenina and Henry are lying in bed together (smoking cigarettes).

(Henry Foster) 'You can't teach a rhinoceros tricks.'

'Some men are almost rhinoceroses; they don't respond properly to conditioning. Poor devils! Bernard's one of them. Luckily for him, he's pretty good at his job. Otherwise the Director would never have kept him. However, I think he's pretty harmless.'

...

Aldous Huxley's Brave New World Revisited

WITH SYNCHRONIZED SCENT-ORGAN ACCOMPANIMENT

Part II

[Interior, the Director's room]

(Bernard Marx) 'A permit for you to initial, Director.'

The Director sourly signs his initials.

(Director) 'For the New Mexican Reservation?'

Bernard nods.

(Director) 'How long ago was it? Twenty years, I suppose. Nearer twenty-five. I must have been your age...'

The Director sighs.

(Director) 'I had the same idea as you. Wanted to have a look at the savages. Got a permit for New Mexico and went there for my summer holiday. With the girl I was having at the moment. She was a Beta-Minus, and I think she had yellow hair. Well, we went there, and we looked at the savages, and we rode about on horses and all that.'

'And then--it was almost the last day of my leave--then... well, she got lost. We'd gone riding up one of those revolting mountains, and it was horribly hot and oppressive, and after lunch we went to sleep. Or at least I did. She must have gone for a walk, alone. At any rate, when I woke up, she wasn't there. And the most frightful thunderstorm I've ever seen was just bursting on us. And it poured and roared and flashed; and the horses broke loose and ran away; and I fell down, trying to catch them, and hurt my knee, so that I could hardly walk. Still, I searched and I shouted and I searched. But there was no sign of her. Then I thought she must have gone back to the rest-house by herself. So I crawled down into the valley by the way we had come. My knee was agonizingly painful, and I'd lost my *soma*. It took me hours. I didn't get back to the rest-house till after midnight. And she wasn't there; she wasn't there.'

'Well, the next day there was a search. But we couldn't find her. She must have fallen into a gully somewhere; or been eaten by a mountain lion. Fjord knows. Anyhow it was horrible. It upset me very much at the time. More than it ought to have done, I dare say. I actually dream about it sometimes. Dream of being woken up by that peal of thunder and finding her gone; dream of searching and searching for her under the trees.'

(Bernard Marx) 'You must have had a terrible shock.'

(Director) 'Don't imagine, that I'd had any indecorous relation with the girl. Nothing emotional, nothing long-drawn. It was all perfectly healthy and normal.'

'I really don't know why I bored you with this trivial anecdote.'

The Director angrily hands Bernard the permit.

(Director) 'And I should like to take this opportunity, Mr. Marx, of saying that I'm not at all pleased with the reports I receive of your behavior outside working hours. You may say that this is not my business. But it is. I have the good name of the Centre to think of. My workers must be above suspicion, particularly those of the highest castes. And so, Mr. Marx, I give you fair warning. If ever I hear again of any lapse from a proper standard of infantile decorum, I shall ask for your transference to a Sub-Centre--preferably to Iceland. Good morning.'

...

[Exterior (day), Santa Fé airport]

The Blue Pacific Rocket drops out of the sky (with a sonic-boom).

(Narrator) 'The journey was quite uneventful. The Blue Pacific Rocket was two and a half minutes early at New Orleans, lost four minutes in a tornado over Texas, but flew into a favorable air current at Longitude 95 West, and was able to land at Santa Fé less than forty seconds behind schedule time.'

(Lenina) 'Forty seconds on a six and a half hour flight. Not so bad.'

...

[Interior, hotel lobby]

The enormous 'Mid-Century Modernist' hotel lobby contains a prominent red-carpeted stairwell. The ceiling of the polished minimalist foyer is decorated with hundreds of delicately dangling light-bulbs.

An ingratiating Delta concierge with a 1930s African American accent accompanies Bernard and Lenina through the luxurious lobby.

(Delta concierge) 'Liquid air, television, radio, vibro-vacuum massage, eight different kinds of scent in every bedroom, sixty Escalator-Squash-Racquet Courts in the hotel, and Obstacle and Electro-magnetic Golf can both be played in the park.'

(Lenina) 'But it sounds simply too lovely. I almost wish we could stay here. Sixty Escalator-Squash Courts...'

(Bernard Marx) 'There won't be any in the Reservation. And no scent, no television, no hot water, even. If you feel you can't stand it, stay here till I come back.'

(Lenina) 'Of course I can stand it. I only said it was lovely here because... well, because progress is lovely, isn't it?'

(Bernard Marx) 'Very well, then.'

...

[Exterior (day), Warden's office]

The small nondescript building is surrounded by miles of rugged terrain. The barren New Mexico landscape contains several otherworldly rock outcroppings.

[Interior, Warden's office]

(Warden) '...five hundred and sixty thousand square kilometres, divided into four distinct Sub-Reservations, each surrounded by a high-tension wire fence.'

'Supplied with current from the Grand Canyon hydro-electric station.'

'Upwards of five thousand kilometres of fencing at sixty thousand volts.'

Lenina inconspicuously swallows a half a gramme of *soma*.

(Lenina) 'You don't say so.'

(Warden) 'To touch the fence is instant death. There is no escape from a Savage Reservation.'

'No escape. Those who are born in the Reservation--and remember, my dear young lady, remember that, in the Reservation, children still *are* born, yes, actually born, revolting as that may seem...'

(Lenina) 'You don't say so.'

(Warden) 'Those, I repeat, who are born in the Reservation are destined to die there.'

'...about sixty thousand Indians... absolute savages... our inspectors occasionally visit... otherwise, no communication whatever with the civilized world... still preserve their repulsive habits and customs... marriage, if you know what that is, my dear young lady; families... no conditioning... monstrous superstitions... Christianity and totemism and ancestor worship... extinct languages, such as Zuñi and Spanish and Athapascan... pumas, porcupines and other ferocious animals... infectious diseases... priests... venomous lizards...'

(Lenina) 'You don't say so.'

...

[Exterior (day), Warden's office]

Bernard and Lenina take their seats inside a futuristic flying-machine.

The plane flies over miles of rugged terrain, canyons, deserts, and rocky outcrops.

The futuristic plane eventually flies over the wire-fence frontier that separates 'civilization' from the 'Savage Reservation'. There are numerous scattered dry bones (of electrocuted animals).

(Gamma pilot) [pointing down] 'They never learn. And never will learn.'

The plane flies over several mud-brick 'savage' pueblos.

...

The flying-machine softly lands in the vicinity of a small unoccupied rest-house.

(Gamma pilot) 'Malpais. This is the rest-house. And there's a dance this afternoon at the pueblo. He'll take you there.'

The pilot points at a sullen 'savage'.

(Gamma) 'Funny, I expect. Everything they do is funny.'

'Back tomorrow. And remember, they're perfectly tame; savages won't do you any harm. They've got enough experience of gas bombs to know that they mustn't play any tricks.'

...

[Exterior (sunset), mountain]

Bernard, Lenina, and a 'savage' guide, walk uphill towards the pueblo. The top of the mesa is a flat deck of stone.

(Lenina) 'Queer. Very queer.'

'I don't like it. And I don't like that man.'

Lenina points at the sullen 'savage' guide.

(Lenina) 'Besides, he smells.'

'I wish we could have brought the plane. I hate walking. And you feel so small when you're on the ground at the bottom of a hill.'

...

Bernard and Lenina arrive at the entrance to the dusty village of Malpais. The geometrical mud-brick houses resemble the 'Native American' pueblos of New Mexico. There are piles of putrefying rubbish, flies, and emaciated stray dogs. The sound of rhythmic drumming fills the air.

(Lenina) 'I don't like it. I don't like it.'

Lenina holds her handkerchief to her nose.

(Lenina) 'But how can they live like this?'

Bernard shrugs his shoulders philosophically.

(Lenina) 'Oh! Look.'

'What's the matter with him?'

(Bernard Marx) 'He's old, that's all.'

(Lenina) 'Old? But the Director's old; lots of people are old; they're not like that.'

(Bernard Marx) 'That's because we don't allow them to be like that. We preserve them from diseases. We keep their internal secretions artificially balanced at a youthful equilibrium. We don't permit their magnesium-calcium ratio to fall below what it was at thirty. We keep their metabolism permanently stimulated. So, of course, they don't look like that. Youth almost unimpaired till sixty-five, and then, crack! the end.'

(Lenina) 'But it's terrible. It's awful. We ought not to have come here.'

Lenina discovers that her bottle of *soma* is empty.

(Lenina) 'Oh Fjord.'

...

Bernard and Lenina arrive at the crowded village square. There are numerous dark-skinned 'savages' wearing feathers and body-paint (dancing to the rhythmic drum music on a circular trampled-clay stage). There is also a 'savage' carrying a pair of long black snakes in either hand.

The circular stage contains a large carved crucifix, and a 'United States' eagle (that once adorned a flagpole). Both historical artifacts are hundreds of years old.

(Lenina) 'Let's go away. I don't like it.'

The numerous feathered dancers leave the stage, and are replaced by several 'savages' wearing frightening masks (and carrying whips).

A young dark-skinned man walks onto the circular stage. The shirtless young man is whipped by the masked 'savages'.

(Lenina) [sobbing] 'Too awful! That blood! Oh, I wish I had my soma.'

The young man eventually collapses (after seven circuits).

...

(John) [in faultless but peculiar English] 'Hullo. Good-morrow. You're civilized, aren't you? You come from the Other Place, outside the Reservation?'

The Savage is roughly twenty-five years old, with blue eyes, long blonde hair (tied in a loose braid), and a thick coarse beard. The handsome young man is dressed in primitive 'savage' clothing.

(Bernard Marx) 'Who on earth...?'

(John) 'A most unhappy gentleman.'

'Do you see that damned spot? I ought to have been there. Why wouldn't they let me be the sacrifice? I'd have gone round ten times--twelve, fifteen. Palowhtiwa only got as far as seven. They could have had twice as much blood from me. The multitudinous seas incarnadine. But they wouldn't let me. They disliked me for my complexion. It's always been like that. Always.'

(Lenina) 'Do you mean to say that you *wanted* to be hit with that whip?'

(John) 'For the sake of the pueblo--to make the rain come and the corn grow. And to please Pookong and Jesus. And then to show that I can bear pain without crying out.'

'Yes, to show that I'm a man... Oh!'

The Savage notices Lenina for the first time.

(Bernard Marx) 'Who? How? When? From where?'

(John) 'Linda and me--Linda is my mother--are strangers in the Reservation. Linda came from the Other Place long ago, before I was born, with a man who was my father.'

'She had gone walking alone in those mountains over there to the North, had fallen down a steep place and hurt her head.'

(Bernard Marx) 'Go on, go on.'

(John) 'Some hunters from Malpais found her and brought her to the pueblo. As for the man who was my father, Linda never saw him again. His name was Tomakin. He must have flown away, back to the Other Place, away without her--a bad, unkind, unnatural man.'

'And so I was born in Malpais. In Malpais.'

...

Bernard, Lenina, and John (the Savage) walk to the outskirts of the pueblo. There is a dead dog lying on a rubbish heap.

[Interior. Linda's domicile]

(John) 'Linda!'

(Linda) [from the inner room] 'Coming.'

...

(Linda) [sobbingly] 'Oh, my dear, my dear.'

Linda is middle-aged, overweight, wrinkled, and disheveled (with unkempt blonde hair).

(Linda) 'If you knew how glad--after all these years! A civilized face. Yes, and civilized clothes. Because I thought I should never see a piece of real acetate silk again.'

'And those adorable viscose velveteen shorts! Do you know, dear, I've still got my old clothes, the ones I came in, put away in a box. I'll show them you afterwards. Though, of course, the acetate has all gone into holes.'

'I suppose John told you. What I had to suffer--and not a gramme of *soma* to be had. Only a drink of *mescal* every now and then, when Popé used to bring it. Popé is a boy I used to know. But it makes you feel so bad afterwards, the *mescal* does, and you're sick; besides, it always made that awful feeling of being ashamed much worse the next day. And I *was* so ashamed. Just think of it: me, a Beta--having a baby, put yourself in my place.'

Lenina shudders uncontrollably.

(Linda) 'Though it wasn't my fault, I swear; because I still don't know how it happened, seeing that I did all the Malthusian drill--I swear it; but all the same it happened; and of

course there wasn't anything like an Abortion Centre here. Is it still down in Chelsea, by the way?'

Lenina nods.

(Linda) 'And still flood-lighted on Tuesdays and Fridays?'

Lenina nods.

(Linda) 'That lovely pink glass tower!'

'And the river at night.'

'And flying back in the evening from Stoke Poges. And then a hot bath and vibro-vacuum massage... But there.'

Linda wipes her nose with her finger. Lenina reacts with uncontrolled disgust.

(Linda) 'I oughtn't to have done that. I'm sorry. But what *are* you to do when there aren't any handkerchiefs? I remember how it used to upset me, all that dirt, and nothing being aseptic. I had an awful cut on my head when they first brought me here. You can't imagine what they used to put on it. Filth, just filth. "Civilization is Sterilization" I used to say to them as though they were children. But of course they didn't understand. How should they? And in the end I suppose I got used to it. And anyhow, how *can* you keep things clean when there isn't hot water laid on? And look at these clothes. This beastly wool isn't like acetate. It lasts and lasts. And you're supposed to mend it if it gets torn. But I'm a Beta; I worked in the Fertilizing Room; nobody ever taught me to do anything like that. Besides, it never used to be right to mend clothes. Throw them away when they've got holes in them and buy new. Isn't that right? But it's all different here. It's like living with lunatics. Everything they do is mad.'

'For instance, take the way they have one another here. Mad, I tell you, absolutely mad. Everybody belongs to every one else--don't they? don't they?'

Lenina nods.

(Linda) 'Well, here, nobody's supposed to belong to more than one person. And if you have people in the ordinary way, the others think you're wicked and anti-social. They hate and despise you. Once a lot of women came and made a scene because their men came to see me. Well, why not? And then they rushed at me... No, it was too awful. I can't tell you about it.'

'They're so hateful, the women here. Mad, mad and cruel. And of course they don't know anything about Malthusian drill, or bottles, or decanting, or anything of that sort. So they're having children all the time--like dogs. It's too revolting. And to think that I... Oh, Fjord, Fjord, Fjord!'

'And yet John *was* a great comfort to me. I don't know what I should have done without him. Even though he did get so upset whenever a man... Quite as a tiny boy, even. Once (but that was when he was bigger) he tried to kill poor Waihusiwa--or was it Popé?--just because I used to have them sometimes. Because I never *could* make him understand that that was what civilized people ought to do. Being mad's infectious, I believe. Anyhow, John seems to have caught it from the Indians. Because, of course, he was with them a lot. Even though they always were so beastly to him and wouldn't let him do all the things the other boys did.'

...

[Exterior (night), the pueblo]

(Bernard Marx) 'So hard for me to realize, to reconstruct. As though we were living on different planets, in different centuries. A mother, and all this dirt, and gods, and old age, and disease... It's almost inconceivable. I shall never understand unless you explain.'

(John) 'Explain what?'

(Bernard Marx) 'This. That. Everything. All your life.'

(John) 'But what is there to say?'

(Bernard Marx) 'From the beginning. As far back as you can remember.'

(John) 'As far back as I can remember.'

...

[Interior, Linda's domicile]

In the first 'Flashback' John is a small child and Linda is young and attractive. Linda is singing to John.

(Linda) [singing] 'A, B, C, vitamin D: The fat's in the liver, the cod's in the sea.'

...

[Interior, Linda's domicile]

In the 'Flashback' John is a small child and Linda is young. Linda is telling John about the civilized world.

(John) 'And you really can go flying, whenever you like?'

(Linda) 'Whenever you like.'

‘And [the] lovely music that comes out of a box, and all the nice games you can play, and the delicious things to eat and drink, and the pictures that you can hear and feel and smell, as well as see, and another box for making nice smells, and the pink and green and blue and silver houses as high as mountains, and everybody happy and no one ever sad or angry, and every one belonging to every one else, and babies in lovely clean bottles-- everything so clean, and no nasty smells, no dirt at all--and people never lonely, but living together and being so jolly and happy, like the summer dances here in Malpais, but much happier, and the happiness being there every day, every day....’

...

[Interior, Linda’s domicile]

In the ‘Flashback’ John is a small child and Linda is young. Linda is teaching John to read. Linda has written several simple sentences on the wall with chalk.

(John) [sounding-out each syllable] **‘THE CAT IS ON THE MAT. THE TOT IS IN THE POT.’**

...

[Interior, Linda’s domicile]

In the ‘Flashback’ John is a small child. Linda is no longer attractive. Linda is drunk on mescal. Linda angrily hurls an empty clay-mug against the wall.

(John) **‘Oh, mother, don’t!’**

Linda slaps John on the cheek.

(Linda) **‘I’m not your mother. I won’t be your mother.’**

(John) **‘But, Linda... Oh!’**

(Linda) **‘Turned into a savage. Having young ones like an animal.... ’**

(John) **‘Oh don’t, Linda, please don’t.’**

(Linda) **‘Little [savage] beast!’**

...

[Interior, Linda’s domicile]

In the 'Flashback' John is a young adolescent. Linda is now overweight. Linda is drinking mescal.

Linda casually gives John an old book.

(John) 'The Complete Works of William Shakespeare.'

(Linda) 'Popé brought it. It was lying in one of the chests of the Antelope Kiva. It's supposed to have been there for hundreds of years. I expect it's true, because I looked at it, and it seemed to be full of nonsense. Uncivilized. Still, it'll be good enough for you to practice your reading on.'

The Savage opens the book at random.

(John) [reading] 'Nay, but to live In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed...'

...

[Exterior (day), the pueblo]

In the 'Flashback' John is a young adolescent. A pretty brown-skinned girl smiles at John. The Savage bashfully smiles back at the girl.

...

[Exterior (day), the pueblo]

In the 'Flashback' John is a young adolescent. A village elder is teaching John about the Zuni creation myth.

(Village elder) [speaking in the Zuni language] 'The seed of men and all creatures, the seed of the sun and the seed of earth and the seed of the sky--Awonawilona made them all out of the Fog of Increase. Now the world has four wombs; and he laid the seeds in the lowest of the four wombs. And gradually the seeds began to grow...'

...

[Exterior (night), the pueblo]

(John) 'Alone, always alone.'

(Bernard Marx) 'So am I. Terribly alone.'

(John) 'Are you? I thought that in the Other Place... I mean, Linda always said that nobody was ever alone there.'

(Bernard Marx) 'You see, I'm rather different from most people, I suppose. If one happens to be decanted different...'

(John) 'Yes, that's just it.'

'If one's different, one's bound to be lonely. They're beastly to one. Do you know, they shut me out of absolutely everything? When the other boys were sent out to spend the night on the mountains--you know, when you have to dream which your sacred animal is--they wouldn't let me go with the others; they wouldn't tell me any of the secrets. I did it by myself, though. Didn't eat anything for five days and then went out one night alone into those mountains there.'

(Bernard Marx) [Patronizingly] 'And did you dream of anything?'

John nods.

(John) 'But I mustn't tell you what.'

'Once, I did something that none of the others did: I stood against a rock in the middle of the day, in summer, with my arms out, like Jesus on the cross.'

(Bernard Marx) 'What on earth for?'

(John) 'I wanted to know what it was like being crucified. Hanging there in the sun...'

(Bernard Marx) 'But why?'

(John) 'Why? Well... Because I felt I ought to. If Jesus could stand it. And then, if one has done something wrong... Besides, I was unhappy; that was another reason.'

(Bernard Marx) 'It seems a funny way of curing your unhappiness.'

(John) 'I fainted after a time. Fell down on my face. Do you see the mark where I cut myself?'

(Bernard Marx) [cautiously] 'I wonder if you'd like to come back to London with us?'

'Would you like that?'

(John) 'Do you really mean it?'

(Bernard Marx) 'Of course; if I can get permission, that is.'

(John) 'Linda too?'

(Bernard Marx) 'But of course!'

(John) 'To think it should be coming true--what I've dreamt of all my life. Do you remember what Miranda says?'

(Bernard Marx) 'Who's Miranda?'

(John) 'O wonder! How many goodly creatures are there here! How beauteous mankind is!'

'Are you married to her?'

(Bernard Marx) 'Am I what?'

(John) 'Married. You know--for ever. They say "for ever" in the Indian words; it can't be broken.'

(Bernard Marx) [laughing] 'Fjord, no!'

(John) 'O brave new world. O brave new world that has such people in it. Let's start at once.'

(Bernard Marx) 'You have a most peculiar way of talking sometimes. And, anyhow, hadn't you better wait till you actually see the new world?'

...

[Interior, rest-house]

(Narrator) 'Lenina felt herself entitled, after this day of queerness and horror, to a complete and absolute holiday. As soon as they got back to the rest-house, she swallowed six half-gramme tablets of *soma*, lay down on her bed, and within ten minutes had embarked for lunar eternity. It would be eighteen hours at the least before she was in time again.'

[Exterior (day), rest-house]

(Bernard Marx) 'Miss Crowne's gone on *soma*-holiday. Can hardly be back before five. Which leaves us seven hours.'

'She'll be quite safe here by herself?'

(Gamma pilot) 'Safe as helicopters.'

Bernard and the Gamma pilot take their seats inside a futuristic flying-machine.

...

[Interior, Santa Fé post-office]

Bernard is speaking with the World Controller for Western Europe (through a futuristic video-telephone screen).

(Bernard Marx) 'I ventured to think that your Fjordship might find the matter of sufficient scientific interest...'

(Mustapha Mond) 'Yes, I do find it of sufficient scientific interest. Bring these two individuals back to London with you.'

(Bernard) 'Your Fjordship is aware that I shall need a special permit...'

(Mustapha Mond) 'The necessary orders are being [faxed] to the Warden of the Reservation at this moment. You will proceed at once to the Warden's Office. Good-morning, Mr. Marx.'

The Controller abruptly disconnects the video-call.

...

[Exterior (day), rest-house]

The Savage curiously looks through the windows of the house.

[Interior, rest-house]

The Savage cautiously enters the rest-house.

(John) 'Bernard?'

The Savage discovers a suitcase with the initials L.C. on the lid. John opens the suitcase, and then carefully examines the contents. The Savage smells a handkerchief.

(John) [whispered] 'Lenina'.

...

The Savage discovers Lenina fast asleep on a bed. The Savage gazes at Lenina.

(John) [whispered]

**'On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand, may seize
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.'**

The Savage hears the sound of a helicopter landing, and then rushes out of the house.

...

[Exterior (day), London airport]

The Blue Pacific Rocket drops out of the sky (with a sonic-boom).

...

[Interior, the Fertilizing Room]

(Director) 'A public example. In this room, because it contains more high-caste workers than any other in the Centre. I have told him to meet me here at half-past two.'

(Henry Foster) 'He does his work very well.'

(Director) 'I know. But that's all the more reason for severity. His intellectual eminence carries with it corresponding moral responsibilities. The greater a man's talents, the greater his power to lead astray. It is better that one should suffer than that many should be corrupted. Consider the matter dispassionately, Mr. Foster, and you will see that no offence is so heinous as unorthodoxy of behavior. Murder kills only the individual--and, after all, what is an individual?'

'We can make a new one with the greatest ease--as many as we like. Unorthodoxy threatens more than the life of a mere individual; it strikes at Society itself. Yes, at Society itself.'

'Ah, but here he comes.'

Bernard Marx enters the room.

(Bernard Marx) 'Good-morning, Director.'

'You asked me to come and speak to you here.'

(Director) 'Yes, Mr. Marx.'

'I did ask you to come to me here. You returned from your holiday last night, I understand.'

(Bernard Marx) 'Yes.'

(Director) 'Yes-s.'

'Ladies and gentlemen. ladies and gentlemen.'

'Ladies and gentlemen, excuse me for thus interrupting your labours. A painful duty constrains me. The security and stability of Society are in danger. Yes, in danger, ladies and gentlemen. This man, this man who stands before you here, this Alpha-Plus to whom so much has been given, and from whom, in consequence, so much must be expected, this colleague of yours--or should I anticipate and say this ex-colleague?--has grossly betrayed the trust imposed in him. By his heretical views on sport and *soma*, by the scandalous unorthodoxy of his sex-life, by his refusal to obey the teachings of Our Fjord, he has proved himself an enemy of Society, a subverter, ladies and gentlemen, of all Order and Stability, a conspirator against Civilization itself. For this reason I propose to dismiss him, to dismiss him with ignominy from the post he has held in this Centre; I propose forthwith to apply for his transference to a Sub-Centre of the lowest order and, that his punishment may serve the best interest of Society, as far as possible removed from any important Centre of population. In Iceland he will have small opportunity to lead others astray.'

'Marx, can you show any reason why I should not now execute the judgment passed upon you?'

(Bernard Marx) 'Yes, I can.'

(Director) 'Then show it.'

(Bernard Marx) 'Certainly. But it's in the passage. One moment.'

Bernard hurries to the door.

(Bernard Marx) 'Come in.'

Linda advances into the room. Bernard walks beside her.

There are gasps of horror, murmurs of astonishment, and a young girl screams.

(Bernard Marx) [pointing at the Director] 'There he is.'

(Linda) 'Did you think I didn't recognize him?'

'Of course I knew you; Tomakin, I should have known you anywhere, among a thousand. But perhaps you've forgotten me. Don't you remember? Don't you remember, Tomakin? Your Linda. Don't you remember, Tomakin?'

(Director) 'What's the meaning of this monstrous...'

(Linda) 'Tomakin!'

A howl of laughter erupts.

(Director) '...this monstrous practical joke.'

(Linda) 'But I'm Linda, I'm Linda.'

'You made me have a baby.'

'Yes, a baby--and I was its mother.'

There is a collective gasp.

(Linda) 'It wasn't my fault, Tomakin... I don't know how... If you knew how awful, Tomakin... But he was a comfort to me, all the same.'

(Linda) [turning towards the door] 'John! John!'

John slowly enters the room.

The Savage falls on his knees in front of the Director.

(John) 'My father!'

A howl of laughter erupts.

The humiliated Director rushes out of the room.

Bernard smiles victoriously.

Aldous Huxley's Brave New World Revisited

WITH SYNCHRONIZED SCENT-ORGAN ACCOMPANIMENT

Part III

[Exterior (night), red-carpet event]

The Savage, Bernard Marx, and Lenina step out onto a red carpet. (John is now clean shaven, and wearing grey 'civilized' clothing.) There is a large cheering crowd on the other side of velvet-ropes.

(Narrator) 'After the scene in the Fertilizing Room, all upper-caste London was wild to see this delicious creature who had fallen on his knees before the Director of Hatcheries and Conditioning--or rather the ex-Director, for the poor man had resigned immediately afterwards and never set foot inside the Centre again.'

Numerous paparazzi enthusiastically take photographs of the VIP guests with loud bright flash-bulbs. The Savage appears uncomfortable at the glitzy red-carpet event. Bernard seems to be relishing the adulation.

(Narrator) 'As it was only through Bernard, his accredited guardian, that John could be seen, Bernard now found himself, for the first time in his life, treated not merely normally, but as a person of outstanding importance. There was no more talk of the alcohol in his blood-surrogate, no gibes at his personal appearance.'

[Exterior (night), amusement-park]

(Narrator) 'As for the women, Bernard had only to hint at the possibility of an invitation, and he could have whichever of them he liked.'

The words '**TUNNEL OF LOVE**' are written in luminous pink letters above the exit to a dimly-lit water filled canal. Bernard and his tall Alpha mistress slowly float out of the indoor amusement-park ride (aboard a plush two-person watercraft). The interior of the spacious guided-vehicle is covered with hot-pink shag-carpeting. Bernard and his date conspicuously straighten their clothing.

...

[Exterior (day), Weather Department]

(Bernard) [authoritatively] '...the said Savage to be shown civilized life in all its aspects...'

Bernard hands the Station Manager a circular letter-of-recommendation from the Controller.

The Weather Department's captive balloon shines rosily in the sunshine, like a pearl in the sky.

(Bernard) [pointing upwards] '**Lighter than air.**'

The Bombay Green Rocket drops out of the sky (with a sonic-boom).

(Station Master) '**Twelve hundred and fifty kilometres an hour. What do you think of that, Mr. Savage?**'

(John) [murmured] '**Still,**'

...

[Interior, Controller's study]

The Controller silently reads Bernard's letter. There is an Alpha personal-assistant standing with a notepad.

(Bernard's letter) '**The Savage shows surprisingly little astonishment at, or awe of, civilized inventions. This is partly due, no doubt, to the fact that he has heard them talked about by the woman Linda, his m----.**'

Bernard awkwardly clears his throat before saying the word 'mother'.

(Mustapha Mond) '**Does the fool think I'm too squeamish to see the word [mother] written out at full length?**'

...

[Interior, Hospice]

Linda is sitting in a plush 'Mid-Century Modernist' chair. She is staring blissfully at a white egg-shaped tube television set (with a proportionally small display screen). John is lovingly holding her hand (with a concerned expression).

(Narrator) '**The return to civilization was for [Linda] the return to *soma*, was the possibility of lying in bed and taking holiday after holiday.**'

'Greedily she clamored for ever larger, ever more frequent doses.'

Bernard and Dr. Shaw discreetly discuss the condition of Linda.

(Dr. Shaw) '**...As much as twenty grammes a day. Which will finish her off in a month or two. One day the respiratory centre will be paralysed. No more breathing. Finished. If we could rejuvenate, of course it would be different. But we can't.**'

Bernard discreetly nods with understanding.

(Dr. Shaw) 'No, we can't rejuvenate. But I'm very glad to have had this opportunity to see an example of senility in a human being. Thank you so much for calling me in.'

...

(John) 'But aren't you shortening her life by giving her so much?'

(Dr. Shaw) 'In one sense, yes. But in another we're actually lengthening it. *Soma* may make you lose a few years in time. But think of the enormous, immeasurable durations it can give you out of time. Every *soma*-holiday is a bit of what our ancestors used to call eternity.'

(John) [murmured] 'Eternity was in our lips and eyes.'

(Dr. Shaw) 'Eh?'

(John) 'Nothing,'

(Dr. Shaw) 'Of course, you can't allow people to go popping off into eternity if they've got any serious work to do. But as she hasn't got any serious work...'

(John) 'All the same, I don't believe it's right.'

(Dr. Shaw) 'Well, of course, if you prefer to have her screaming mad all the time...'

(Narrator) 'In the end John was forced to give in. Linda got her *soma*. Thenceforward she remained in her little room, with the television always on.'

'There she remained; and yet wasn't there at all, was all the time away, infinitely far away, on holiday; on holiday in some other world, where the [dancing images of the television box were] a labyrinth of sonorous colours, a sliding, palpitating labyrinth, that led (by what beautifully inevitable windings) to a bright centre of absolute conviction.'

...

[Interior, the Controller's study]

The Controller silently reads Bernard's letter. There is an Alpha personal-assistant standing with a notepad.

(Bernard's letter) 'The Savage refuses to take *soma*, and seems much distressed because the woman Linda, his m----, remains permanently on holiday.'

Bernard awkwardly clears his throat before saying the word 'mother'.

...

[Interior, Woman's Changing-Room]

(Fanny) 'Bernard's asked me to meet the Savage [again] next Wednesday.'

(Lenina) 'I'm so glad. And now you must admit that you were wrong about Bernard. Don't you think he's really rather sweet?'

(Fanny) 'And I must say, I was quite agreeably surprised.'

...

[Exterior (day), hydroelectric dam]

The Savage, Bernard Marx (and an official-looking entourage) walk along the top of a long shallow hydroelectric dam.

(Narrator) 'The days passed. Success went fizzily to Bernard's head, and in the process completely reconciled him (as any good intoxicant should do) to a world which, up till then, he had found very unsatisfactory.'

[Interior, hydroelectric power-station]

The Savage, Bernard Marx (and an official-looking entourage) walk through a humming hydroelectric power-station. The enormous room contains several hulking turbine-generators. Bernard walks with an air of self-importance.

(Narrator) 'In so far as it recognized him as important, the order of things was good. But, reconciled by his success, he yet refused to forgo the privilege of criticizing this order. For the act of criticizing heightened his sense of importance.'

(Station Master) 'That young man will come to a bad end.'

(Station Forman) 'He won't find another Savage to help him out a second time.'

...

[Interior, the Controller's study]

The Controller silently reads Bernard's letter. There is an Alpha personal-assistant standing with a notepad.

(Bernard's letter) '...though I must admit, that I agree with the Savage in finding civilized infantility too easy or, as he puts it, not expensive enough; and I would like to take this opportunity of drawing your Fjordship's attention to...'

The Controller laughs aloud.

(Mustapha Mond) 'The man must have gone mad. I ought to give him a lesson.'

...

[Interior, Helmholtz's apartment]

(Bernard) [boastfully] 'And I had six girls last week.'

'One on Monday, two on Tuesday, two more on Friday, and one on Saturday. And if I'd had the time or the inclination, there were at least a dozen more who were only too anxious...'

Helmholtz listens gloomily in silence.

(Bernard) 'You're envious!'

(Helmholtz) 'I'm rather sad, that's all.'

Bernard leaves angrily in a huff.

...

[Interior, Nuclear power-plant control-room]

The large space-age room resembles the control-room of a 1960s nuclear power-plant (with numerous dials and gauges on the walls). There are several Gamma identical-twins operating the equipment.

(Bernard) 'And this is the [Atomic-Reactor Control-Room].'

(Chief Technician) 'Each process is carried out, so far as possible, by a single Bokanovsky Group.'

['Two gigawatts of electricity. Power in abundance.']

[Exterior (day), Nuclear power-plant]

The nuclear power-plant consists of a giant white half-sphere reactor building, and two giant white cooling towers. The facility is surrounded by an expansive well-tended garden.

(Bernard) 'Do you mind waiting here a moment while I go and telephone?'

Bernard leaves to make a telephone call (leaving the Savage on his own).

A multitude of red-haired Delta identical-twin workers (wearing khaki uniforms) exit the reactor building in single-file. The Savage stares at the column of identical-twins with apprehension.

(John) 'O brave new world...'

'O brave new world that has such people in it.'

The Savage violently retches behind a clump of laurels.

...

[Exterior (day), Eton campus]

Bernard and the Savage alight from a helicopter on the roof of the Upper School. On the opposite side of the School Yard, Lupton's Tower gleams white in the sunshine.

(John) [apprehensively] 'Do you have many twins here?'

(Miss Keate) 'Oh no. Eton is reserved exclusively for upper-caste boys and girls. One egg, one adult. It makes education more difficult, of course. But as they'll be called upon to take responsibilities and deal with unexpected emergencies, it can't be helped.'

[Interior, Eton geography room]

The dark lecture-hall contains numerous upper-caste Alpha Plus students. A photographic-slide of a 'savage reservation' pueblo is projected on a large screen.

(Bernard) [discreetly] 'If you're free any Monday, Wednesday, or Friday evening.'

(Miss Keate) 'Thank you; would be delighted to come to one of [your] parties.'

(Provost) 'A savage reservation is a place which, owing to unfavourable climatic or geological conditions, or poverty of natural resources, has not been worth the expense of civilizing.'

The Provost projects a photographic-slide of a 'savage' wearing a feathered bird costume.

The upper-caste Alpha Plus students erupt with laughter.

(John) [bewildered] 'But why do they laugh?'

(Provost) 'Why? *Why?* But because it's so extraordinarily funny.'

(Ms. Keate) 'Perhaps we had better go on.'

[Interior, Eton Library]

(Bernard) 'And this is the [School Library].'

The library contains hundreds of paper sound-track rolls ranged in shelves round three sides of the room.

(Bernard) 'You slip the roll in here, press down this switch...'

(Ms. Keate) 'No, that one.'

(Bernard) 'That one, then. The roll unwinds. The selenium cells transform the light impulses into sound waves, and...'

'And there you are.'

(John) 'Do they read Shakespeare?'

(Ms. Keate) 'Certainly not.'

'Our library contains only books of reference. If our young people need distraction, they can get it at the feelies. We don't encourage them to indulge in any solitary amusements.'

...

[Exterior (night), drive-in restaurant]

The space-age drive-in restaurant resembles a giant chrome 'flying-saucer' (with decorative neon-lights). The crowded eatery is surrounded by numerous parked futuristic automobiles.

Lenina and Fanny are sitting in a red futuristic open-top vehicle, resembling the streamlined concept car 'Cadillac Cyclone' (1959). The spacious interior of the vehicle is covered with mulberry (purple) shag-carpeting.

A Gamma waitress on roller-skates attaches a serving tray to the window of the vehicle. Fanny is served a large all-dressed hamburger, and a cherry-cola. Lenina is served a large '*soma*-infused' banana-split ice-cream sundae.

(Lenina) '[The Savage is] terribly good-looking; don't you think so?'

Fanny nods, while eating.

(Fanny) 'But doesn't he like you?'

(Lenina) 'Sometimes I think he does and sometimes I think he doesn't. He always does his best to avoid me; goes out of the room when I come in; won't touch me; won't even look at me. But sometimes if I turn round suddenly, I catch him staring; and then--well, you know how men look when they like you.'

Fanny nods, while eating.

(Lenina) 'I can't make it out.'

'Because, you see, Fanny, I like him.'

'I like him--more than anybody I've ever known.'

...

[Interior, scent-palace]

The dimly-lit upper-caste scent-palace contains numerous plush couches (arranged in curved tiers like an amphitheater). The fanciful scent-organ resembles a musical pipe-organ (with each pipe producing a different scent).

John and Lenina are awkwardly sitting far apart on one of the plush couches.

(Narrator) 'The scent organ was playing a delightfully refreshing Herbal Capriccio--rippling arpeggios of thyme and lavender, of rosemary, basil, myrtle, tarragon; a series of daring modulations through the spice keys into ambergris; and a slow return through sandalwood, camphor, cedar and new-mown hay.'

John stares at Lenina in the darkness with an intense longing expression. Lenina suddenly turns around, and catches John staring. The Savage immediately looks away.

(Narrator) 'In the synthetic music machine the sound-track roll began to unwind. It was a trio for hyper-violin, super-'cello and oboe-surrogate that now filled the air with its agreeable languor. Thirty or forty bars--and then, against this instrumental background, a much more than human voice began to warble.'

'Sunk in their pneumatic stalls, Lenina and the Savage sniffed and listened.'

...

[Interior, the Controller's study]

Mustapha Mond finishes reading a paper entitled "A New Theory of Biology by Helmholtz Watson". The Controller writes on the title-page "Not to be published".

The Controller then dictates a letter to an Alpha personal-assistant with a notepad.

(Mustapha Mond) 'The author's mathematical treatment of the conception of purpose is novel and highly ingenious, but heretical and, so far as the present social order is concerned, dangerous and potentially subversive.'

'The author will be kept under supervision. His transference to the Marine Biological Station of St. Helena may become necessary.'

The Controller underlines the words **"Not to be published"**.

...

[Interior, Hospice]

Linda stares at the television-screen with a blissful detached expression. The pupils of her eyes are almost completely closed. The television is showing a woman singing a generic pop song.

[Eunice Wilson – 'I Don't Know Why' - *An All-Colored Vaudeville Show (1935)*]

...

[Interior, Woman's Changing-Room]

Lenina comes into the Changing-Room singing.

(Lenina) [singing] **'Hug me till you drug me, honey; Kiss me till I'm in a coma: Hug me, honey, snuggly bunny; Love's as good as *soma*.'**

(Fanny) **'You seem very pleased with yourself.'**

(Lenina) **'I *am* pleased. Bernard rang up half an hour ago. He has an unexpected engagement. Asked me if I'd take the Savage to the feelies this evening. I must fly.'**

(Fanny) **'Lucky girl.'**

...

[Exterior (night), outside the Alhambra]

Lenina and the Savage enter a gigantic upper-caste feely-palace. The words **'THE ALHAMBRA'** are written in giant glowing letters above the entrance.

[Interior, the Alhambra]

Lenina and the Savage are sitting on a plush velvet loveseat. There are metal knobs on the arms of the couch.

The house lights go down. Fiery letters appear in the darkness.

“THREE WEEKS IN A HELICOPTER. AN ALL-SUPER-SINGING, SYNTHETIC-TALKING, COLOURED, STEREOSCOPIC FEELY. WITH SYNCHRONIZED SCENT-ORGAN ACCOMPANIMENT”

The fiery letters disappear; leaving complete darkness. The dazzling three-dimensional images of a man and a woman suddenly appear.

(Narrator) ‘Far more real than reality, there stood the stereoscopic images, locked in one another’s arms, of a gigantic negro and a golden-haired young brachycephalic Beta-Plus female.’

(Lenina) [whispered] ‘Take hold of those metal knobs on the arms of your chair. Otherwise you won’t get any of the feely effects.’

The Savage takes hold of the metal knob attached to the armrest of the velvet couch. John feels a sensation on his lips. The Savage releases the metal knob, and lifts his hand to his mouth. The titillation abruptly ceases. John lets his hand fall back on the metal knob.

(Narrator) ‘The stereoscopic lips came together again, and once more the facial erogenous zones of the six hundred spectators in the Alhambra tingled with almost intolerable galvanic pleasure.’

‘The plot of the film was extremely simple. A few minutes after the first Ooh’s and Aah’s (a duet having been sung and a little love made on that famous bearskin, every hair of which could be separately and distinctly felt), the negro had a helicopter accident, fell on his head.’

‘The concussion knocked all the negro’s conditioning into a cocked hat. He developed for the Beta blonde an exclusive and maniacal passion. She protested. He persisted. There were struggles, pursuits, an assault on a rival, finally a sensational kidnapping. The Beta blonde was ravished away into the sky and kept there, hovering, for three weeks in a wildly anti-social tête-à-tête with the black madman. Finally, after a whole series of adventures and much aerial acrobacy, three handsome young Alphas succeeded in rescuing her. The negro was packed off to an Adult Re-conditioning Centre and the film ended happily and decorously, with the Beta blonde becoming the mistress of all her three rescuers.’

...

[Exterior (night), outside the Alhambra]

(John) ‘I don’t think you ought to see things like that.’

(Lenina) ‘Things like what, John?’

(John) ‘Like this horrible film.’

(Lenina) 'Horrible? But I thought it was lovely.'

(John) 'It was base, it was ignoble.'

(Lenina) 'I don't know what you mean.'

...

[Exterior (night), the rooftop of Lenina's apartment]

The flying taxi lands on the rooftop of Lenina's apartment-building. Lenina and John exit the helicopter.

(Lenina) [expectantly] 'Good-night.'

(John) [awkwardly] 'Good-night, Lenina,'

(Lenina) 'But, John... I thought you were... I mean, aren't you?...'

John abruptly shuts the door of the taxi. The cab shoots up into the air.

...

[Interior, John's room]

Bernard is shouting through the locked door of John's room.

(Bernard) 'But everybody's there, waiting for you.'

(John) 'Let them wait.'

(Bernard) 'But you know quite well, John. I asked them on purpose to meet you.'

(John) 'You ought to have asked *me* first whether I wanted to meet *them*.'

(Bernard) 'But you always came before, John.'

(John) 'That's precisely why I don't want to come again.'

(Bernard) 'Just to please me. Won't you come to please me?'

(John) 'No.'

(Bernard) 'Do you seriously mean it?'

(John) 'Yes.'

(Bernard) [despairingly] 'But what shall I do?'

(John) 'Go to hell!'

(Bernard) 'But the Arch-Community-Songster of Canterbury is there to-night.'

(John) 'Ai yaa *tákwa!*'

'*Háni! Sons éso tse-ná.*'

The Savage spits on the ground.

...

[Interior, Bernard's apartment]

Bernard's spacious 'Mid-Century Modernist' apartment is crowded with numerous upper-caste guests. The upscale party contains several tables covered with lavish *hors d'oeuvres* and glasses of champagne.

(Bernard) [nervously] '[Ladies and gentlemen, Arch-Songster], the Savage will not be appearing this evening.'

The news is received with indignation. The guests talk to one another about Bernard, loudly and offensively as though he were not there. Bernard moves amongst his guests, stammering incoherent apologies.

(Ms. Keate) 'It really is a bit *too* thick. When I think that I actually...'

(Fanny) 'Yes, it's absolutely true about the alcohol. Someone I know knew someone who was working in the Embryo Store at the time. She said to my friend, and my friend said to me...'

(Henry Foster) 'Too bad, too bad. It may interest you to know that our ex-Director was on the point of transferring him to Iceland.'

(Arch-Community-Songster) 'To play such a joke on me, on *me!*'

The Arch-Community-Songster resembles a freaky 1960s L.S.D. guru (dressed in madcap colourful 'hippie' robes and flamboyant jewelry). He has long shoulder-length hair, a thick trimmed beard, and wild manic eyes.

(Bernard) 'I assure you that next time the Savage will certainly be here.'

‘[Please] sit down and take a carotine sandwich, a slice of vitamin A *pâté*, a glass of champagne-surrogate.’

Lenina has a downcast distant expression.

(Arch-Community-Songster) 'And now, my friends. Now, my friends, I think perhaps the time has come...'

(Bernard) ‘Must you really, Arch-Songster?... It’s very early still. I’d hoped you would...’

[stammering] **'I'd so much hoped...'**

(Arch-Community-Songster) 'My young friend. Let me give you a word of advice. Before it's too late. A word of good advice. Mend your ways, my young friend, mend your ways.'

'Lenina, my dear. Come with me.'

Lenina obediently walks out of the room with the Arch-Community-Songster of Canterbury. The other guests follow at a respectful interval. The last of them slams the door. Bernard is left all alone.

Utterly deflated, Bernard drops into a chair and covers his face with his hands. A few moments later, Bernard takes four tablets of *soma*.

...

[Interior, John’s room]

The Savage looks longingly at a souvenir photograph of himself and Lenina (taken at an amusement-park). In the photograph John has a tortured intense expression, and Lenina is smiling casually.

The Savage begins reading from the play *‘Romeo and Juliet’*.

(John)

**“O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear....”**

...

[Exterior (night), the rooftop of Bernard’s apartment]

Lenina and the Arch-Community-Songster step out onto the roof of the building.

Lenina looks longingly at the full moon.

(Lenina) [whispered] **'John...'**

...

(Arch-Community-Songster) **'Hurry up, my young friend--I mean, Lenina,'**

(Lenina) **['I just remembered. I'm busy tonight.']**

...

[Interior, Helmholtz's apartment]

The Savage, Helmholtz, and Bernard are gathered in the sunken living-room of Helmholtz's spacious 'Mid-Century Modernist' apartment.

(John) **'You're more like what you were at Malpais. Do you remember when we first talked together? Outside the little house. You're like what you were then.'**

(Bernard) **'Because I'm unhappy again; that's why.'**

(John) **'Well, I'd rather be unhappy than have the sort of false, lying happiness you were having here.'**

(Bernard) **'I like that. When it's you who were the cause of it all. Refusing to come to my party and so turning them all against me!'**

...

(Helmholtz) **'I was giving my usual course of Advanced Emotional Engineering for Third Year Students. Twelve lectures, of which the seventh is about rhymes. "On the Use of Rhymes in Moral Propaganda and Advertisement," to be precise. I always illustrate my lecture with a lot of technical examples. This time I thought I'd give them one I'd just written myself. Pure madness, of course; but I couldn't resist it.'**

Helmholtz laughs.

(Helmholtz) **'I was curious to see what their reactions would be. Besides, I wanted to do a bit of propaganda; I was trying to engineer them into feeling as I'd felt when I wrote the rhymes. Fjord! What an outcry there was! The Principal had me up and threatened to hand me the immediate sack. I'm a marked man.'**

(Bernard) **'But what were your rhymes?'**

(Helmholtz) **'They were about being alone.'**

Helmholtz hands the Savage a copy of his rhymes.

(Helmholtz) 'They reported me to the Principal.'

(Bernard) 'I'm not surprised. It's flatly against all their sleep-teaching. Remember, they've had at least a quarter of a million warnings against solitude.'

(Helmholtz) 'I know. But I thought I'd like to see what the effect would be.'

(Bernard) 'Well, you've seen now.'

Helmholtz laughs.

(Helmholtz) 'I feel as though I were just beginning to have something to write about. As though I were beginning to be able to use that power I feel I've got inside me--that extra, latent power. Something seems to be coming to me.'

...

(Helmholtz) 'What do you think of them?'

(John) 'Listen to *this*,

The Savage retrieves his book of Shakespeare from a drawer. The Savage begins reading aloud the poem 'The Phoenix and the Turtle' by William Shakespeare.

(John) "Let the bird of loudest lay

On the sole Arabian tree

Herald sad and trumpet be,

To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,

Foul precurrer of the fiend,

Augur of the fever's end,

To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict

**Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king;
Keep the obsequy so strict."**

(Helmholtz) 'That old fellow, he makes our best propaganda technicians look absolutely silly.'

Helmholtz sighs.

'No, it won't do. We need some other kind of madness and violence. But what? What? Where can one find it?'

...

[Interior, Embryo Store]

(Henry Foster) 'Like to come to a feely this evening?'

Lenina shakes her head without speaking.

(Henry Foster) 'Going out with someone else? Is it Benito?'

Lenina shakes her head again.

(Henry Foster) 'You're not feeling ill, are you?'

Lenina shakes her head again.

(Henry Foster) 'Anyhow, you ought to go and see the doctor. Perhaps you need a Pregnancy Substitute. Or else an extra-strong V.P.S. treatment. Sometimes, you know, the standard passion-surrogate isn't quite...'

(Lenina) 'Oh, for Fjord's sake shut up!'

...

[Interior, Woman's Changing Room]

(Lenina) 'And yet I'm absolutely sure he really does rather like me. I'm sure...'

(Fanny) 'But it's absurd to let yourself get into a state like this. Simply absurd. And what about? A man--one man.'

(Lenina) 'But he's the one I want.'

(Fanny) 'As though there weren't millions of other men in the world.'

(Lenina) 'But I don't want them.'

(Fanny) 'Well, you must persevere. Nothing can be achieved without perseverance.'

(Lenina) 'But meanwhile...'

(Fanny) 'Don't think of him.'

(Lenina) 'I can't help it.'

(Fanny) 'Take *soma*, then.'

(Lenina) 'I do.'

(Fanny) 'Well, go on.'

(Lenina) 'But in the intervals I still like him. I shall always like him.'

(Fanny) 'All the more reason for taking a firm line.'

(Lenina) 'It's all very well to *say* that.'

(Fanny) 'Don't stand any nonsense. Act. Yes, act--at once. Do it now.'

(Lenina) 'I'd be scared.'

(Fanny) 'Well, you've only got to take half a gramme of *soma* first. And now I'm going to have my bath.'

Fanny removes her towel, and then climbs unclothed into a bubbling whirlpool bathtub (with violet soapy water).

Lenina walks into a cylindrical space-age perfume dispenser (wearing mulberry [purple] coloured undergarments). Lenina presses a button activating a blast of sparkling glitter. Lenina is then gently sprayed with a violet mist of *eau-de-Cologne* perfume.

...

[Interior, John's apartment]

The doorbell rings, and the Savage opens the door.

On the threshold stands Lenina.

(John) 'Oh!'

(Lenina) 'Hullo, John.'

Lenina walks past him into the room. John closes the door.

(Lenina) 'You don't seem very glad to see me, John.'

(John) 'Not glad?'

John takes Lenina's hand, and then reverently kisses it.

(John) 'Not glad? Oh, if you only knew.'

'Admired Lenina, indeed the top of admiration, worth what's dearest in the world.'

'Oh, you so perfect, so perfect and so peerless are created of every creature's best.'

Lenina leans towards him with parted lips. John abruptly turns away.

(John) 'That's why, I wanted to *do* something first... I mean, to show I was worthy of you. Not that I could ever really be that. But at any rate to show I wasn't absolutely *unworthy*. I wanted to do *something*.'

(Lenina) 'Why should you think it necessary...'

(John) 'At Malpais, you had to bring her the skin of a mountain lion--I mean, when you wanted to marry someone. Or else a wolf.'

(Lenina) 'There aren't any lions in England.'

(John) 'I'll do anything. Anything you tell me. That's what I feel. I mean I'd sweep the floor if you wanted.'

(Lenina) [bewildered] 'But we've got vacuum cleaners here. It isn't necessary.'

(John) 'No, of course it isn't *necessary*. But some kinds of baseness are nobly undergone. I'd like to undergo something nobly. Don't you see?'

(Lenina) 'But if there *are* vacuum cleaners...'

(John) 'That's not the point.'

(Lenina) 'Well, really, *why*?'

(John) 'Why? But for you, for *you*. Just to show that I...'

(Lenina) 'And what on earth vacuum cleaners have got to do with lions...'

(John) 'To show how much...'

(Lenina) 'Or lions with being glad to see *me*...'

(John) [desperately] 'How much I love you, Lenina.'

(Lenina) 'Do you mean it, John?'

(John) 'But I hadn't meant to say so. Not until... Listen, Lenina; in Malpais people get married.'

(Lenina) 'Get what?'

(John) 'For always. They make a promise to live together for always.'

(Lenina) [shocked] 'What a horrible idea!'

(John) 'It's like that in Shakespeare too. "Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind that doth renew swifter than blood decays."'"

(Lenina) 'For Fjord's sake, John, talk sense. I can't understand a word you say. First it's vacuum cleaners. You're driving me crazy.'

'Answer me this question: do you really like me, or don't you?'

(John) 'I love you more than anything in the world.'

(Lenina) 'Then why on earth didn't you say so? Instead of drivelling away about vacuum cleaners and lions, and making me miserable for weeks and weeks.'

'If I didn't like you so much, I'd be furious with you.'

Lenina puts her arms round his neck and then kisses him.

(Lenina) [whispered] 'Why didn't you say so?'

John abruptly untwines her arms.

(John) 'The murkiest den, the most opportune place, the strongest suggestion our worsen genius can, shall never melt mine honour into lust. Never, never!'

(Lenina) 'You silly boy! I wanted you so much. And if you wanted me too, why didn't you?...'

Lenina swiftly removes her outfit.

(John) 'Lenina...'

Lenina slowly removes her undergarments.

(John) 'Lenina, what *are* you doing?'

Still wearing her shoes and socks, Lenina advanced towards him.

(Lenina) 'Darling. *Darling!* If only you'd said so before!'

The Savage retreated against the wall.

(Lenina) 'Sweet! Put your arms round me.'

'Hug me till you drug me, honey. Kiss me; kiss me till I'm in a coma. Love's as good as soma...'

The Savage roughly grabs her wrists.

(Lenina) 'Ow, you're hurting me, you're... oh!'

'But what is it, John? What is it?'

(John) 'Whore! Whore! Impudent strumpet!'

(Lenina) 'Oh, don't, do-on't!'

(John) 'Whore!'

(Lenina) 'Plea-ease.'

(John) 'Damned whore!'

The Savage pushed her away with such force that she staggers and falls.

(John) 'Go, get out of my sight or I'll kill you!'

John clenched his fists. Lenina defensively raises her arm to cover her face.

(Lenina) 'No, please don't, John...'

(John) 'Hurry up. Quick!'

Lenina scrambles to her feet, and then runs into the nearby bathroom (and locks the door).

(Lenina) 'John?'

(John) 'O thou weed, who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet that the sense aches at thee. Was this most goodly book made to write "whore" upon? Heaven stops the nose at it...'

(Lenina) 'John?'

(John) 'Impudent strumpet, impudent strumpet, impudent strumpet.'

(Lenina) 'John, do you think I might have my clothes?'

John picks up her clothes.

(John) 'Open!'

(Lenina) [defiantly] 'No, I won't.'

(John) 'Well, how do you expect me to give them to you?'

(Lenina) 'Push them through the ventilator over the door.'

John pushes her clothes through the vent above the door.

(John) 'Impudent strumpet, impudent strumpet.'

(Lenina) 'John?'

'John?'

(John) [gruffly] 'What is it?'

(Lenina) 'I wonder if you'd mind giving me my Malthusian belt.'

The telephone rings in the other room.

...

(John) 'Hullo.'

.....

(John) 'Yes.'

.....

(John) 'If I do not usurp myself, I am.'

.....

(John) 'Yes, didn't you hear me say so? Mr. Savage speaking.'

.....

(John) 'What? Who's ill? Of course it interests me.'

.....

(John) 'But is it serious? Is she really bad? I'll go at once....'

.....

(John) 'Not in her rooms any more? Where has she been taken?'

.....

(John) 'Oh, my God! What's the address?'

.....

(John) 'Three Park Lane--is that it? Three? Thanks.'

Lenina hears the sound of hurrying steps, and then a door slamming. Lenina cautiously opens the bathroom door, and then tiptoes out of the apartment.

...

[Interior, Hospital for the Dying]

The large bright sunny room is painted yellow, and contains twenty beds.

(John) 'Where is she?'

(Gamma nurse) 'You *are* in a hurry.'

(John) 'Is there any hope?'

(Gamma nurse) 'You mean, of her not dying?'

John nods sullenly.

(Gamma nurse) 'No, of course there isn't. When somebody's sent here, there's no...'

John looks bereaved.

(Gamma nurse) 'Why, whatever is the matter? You're not feeling ill, are you?'

(John) 'Take me to her.'

Linda is lying in the last bed next to the wall (with a Television).

The Savage sits down beside the bed.

(John) 'Linda.'

At the sound of her name, Linda opens her eyes.

(John) [tearfully] 'A, B, C, vitamin D: The fat's in the liver, the cod's in the sea.'

A sudden noise of shrill voices fills the room. John hastily brushes away his tears.

A stream of identical eight-year-old East-Asian male twins pours into the room.

The Gamma identical-twins crawl over the beds, and make faces at the patients.

(Gamma child) 'Oh, look, look! Whatever is the matter with her? Why is she so fat?'

'Isn't she awful? Look at her teeth!'

One of the identical-twins begins peering into Linda's lethargic face.

The Savage seizes the twin by the collar, lifted him off the bed

(Gamma nurse) 'What have you been doing to him? I won't have you striking the children.'

(John) 'Well, then, keep them away from this bed. What are these filthy little brats doing here at all? It's disgraceful!'

(Gamma nurse) 'Disgraceful? But what do you mean? They're being death-conditioned. And I tell you, if I have any more of your interference with their conditioning, I'll send for the porters and have you thrown out.'

...

(John) 'Linda! Don't you know me?'

(Linda) 'Pope!'

(John) 'But I'm John! I'm John!'

(Linda) 'John!'

'Every one belongs to every...'

Linda passes away.

The Savage silently rises to his feet, and slowly walks towards the door.

(Gamma nurse) 'Is she dead?'

The Savage silently walks out the door.

...

[Interior, vestibule of the Hospital]

(Narrator) 'The menial staff of the Park Lane Hospital for the Dying consisted of one hundred and sixty-two Deltas divided into two Bokanovsky Groups of eighty-four red-headed female and seventy-eight dark dolichocephalic male twins, respectively. At six, when their working day was over, the two Groups assembled in the vestibule of the Hospital and were served by the Deputy Sub-Bursar with their *soma* ration.'

(John) [whispered] 'O brave new world, O brave new world...'

'Listen, I beg you. Lend me your ears...'

'Don't take that horrible stuff. It's poison, it's poison.'

'Poison to soul as well as body.'

'Throw it all away, that horrible poison.'

'I come to bring you freedom. I come...'

...

[Interior, Helmholtz's apartment]

(Bernard) 'Not in his own rooms. Not in mine, not in yours. Not at the Aphroditæum; not at the Centre or the College. Where can he have got to?'

(Helmholtz) 'We'll give him five more minutes. If he doesn't turn up by then, we'll...'

The telephone rings. Helmholtz picks up the receiver.

(Helmholtz) 'Hullo. Speaking.'

'Fjord! I'll come at once.'

(Bernard) 'What is it?'

(Helmholtz) 'A fellow I know at the Park Lane Hospital. The Savage is there. Seems to have gone mad.'

...

[Interior, vestibule of the Hospital]

A group of Delta workers (wearing khaki uniforms) are docilely lining-up to receive their *soma* rations.

(John) 'But do you like being slaves?!'

'Do you like being babies?!'

'Don't you want to be free and men? Don't you even understand what manhood and freedom are?!'

'Very well, then. I'll teach you; I'll *make* you be free whether you want to or not.'

John pushes open a window (overlooking the inner courtyard of the Hospital).

John begins to throw the pill-boxes of *soma* tablets out the window.

(John) 'Free, free!'

The Delta workers begin scuffling with the Savage.

Bernard and Helmholtz arrive at the Hospital.

(Bernard) 'He's mad.'

Helmholtz pushes his way through the angry crowd.

(John) 'Good old Helmholtz! Men at last!'

John and Helmholtz scuffle with the angry crowd of Delta workers.

...

Three burly policemen (wearing gasmasks and goggles) promptly arrive on the scene. The policemen spray the angry crowd with a thick pink cloud of powerful anesthetic vapor.

The crowd rapidly becomes docile.

(Police Sergeant) 'Will you come quietly? Or must we anaesthetize?'

(Helmholtz) 'Oh, we'll come quietly.'

The Savage nods in confirmation (while dabbing a cut above his bruised eye).

...

[Interior, the Controller's study]

The white bare space-age room contains a large molded-plastic desk and several 'Mid-Century Modernist' chairs.

John, Helmholtz, and Bernard are politely shown into the Controller's study.

(Gamma butler) 'His Fjordship will be down in a moment.'

Helmholtz laughs aloud.

(Helmholtz) 'It's more like a caffeine-solution party than a trial. Cheer up, Bernard.'

The Resident World Controller for Western Europe walks briskly into the room.

Mustapha Mond cordially shakes hands with John.

(Mustapha Mond) 'So you don't much like civilization, Mr. Savage.'

(John) 'No.'

'Of course, there are some very nice things. All that music in the air, for instance...'

(Mustapha Mond) 'Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments will hum about my ears, and sometimes voices.'

(John) 'Have you read [Shakespeare] too? I thought nobody knew about [him] here, in England.'

(Mustapha Mond) 'Almost nobody. I'm one of the very few. It's prohibited, you see. But as I make the laws here, I can also break them. With impunity, Mr. Marx. Which I'm afraid you *can't* do.'

Bernard sinks into his chair with an expression of hopeless misery.

(John) 'But why is it prohibited?'

(Mustapha Mond) 'Because it's old; that's the chief reason. We haven't any use for old things here.'

(John) 'Even when they're beautiful?'

(Mustapha Mond) 'Particularly when they're beautiful. Beauty's attractive, and we don't want people to be attracted by old things. We want them to like the new ones.'

(John) 'But the new ones are so stupid and horrible. Those plays, where there's nothing but helicopters flying about and you *feel* the people kissing.'

'Why don't you let them see *Othello* instead?'

(Mustapha Mond) 'I've told you; it's old. Besides, they couldn't understand it.'

(John) 'Well, then, something new that's like *Othello*, and that they could understand.'

(Helmholtz) 'That's what we've all been wanting to write.'

(Mustapha Mond) 'And it's what you never will write. Because, if it were really like *Othello* nobody could understand it, however new it might be. And if it were new, it couldn't possibly be like *Othello*.'

(John) 'Why not?'

(Helmholtz) 'Yes, why not?'

(Mustapha Mond) 'Because our world is not the same as *Othello*'s world. You can't make tragedies without social instability. The world's stable now. People are happy; they get what they want, and they never want what they can't get. They're well off; they're safe; they're never ill; they're not afraid of death; they're blissfully ignorant of passion and old age; they're plagued with no mothers or fathers; they're so conditioned that they practically can't help behaving as they ought to behave.'

'And if anything should go wrong, there's *soma*. Which you go and chuck out of the window in the name of liberty, Mr. Savage. *Liberty!* Expecting Deltas to know what liberty is! And now expecting them to understand *Othello!* My good boy!'

(John) 'All the same, *Othello*'s good, *Othello*'s better than those feelies.'

(Mustapha Mond) 'Of course it is. But that's the price we have to pay for stability. You've got to choose between happiness and what people used to call high art. We've sacrificed the high art. We have the feelies and the scent organ instead.'

(John) 'But they don't mean anything.'

(Mustapha Mond) 'They mean a lot of agreeable sensations to the audience.'

(John) 'But they're... they're told by an idiot.'

The Controller chuckles.

(Mustapha Mond) 'You're not being very polite to your friend, Mr. Watson. One of our most distinguished Emotional Engineers...'

(Helmholtz) 'But he's right. Because it *is* idiotic. Writing when there's nothing to say...'

(Mustapha Mond) 'Precisely. But that requires the most enormous ingenuity. You're making works of art out of practically nothing but pure sensation.'

(John) 'It all seems to me quite horrible.'

(Mustapha Mond) 'Of course it does. Actual happiness always looks pretty squalid in comparison with the over-compensations for misery. And, of course, stability isn't nearly so spectacular as instability. And being contented has none of the glamour of a good fight against misfortune, none of the picturesqueness of a struggle with temptation, or a fatal overthrow by passion or doubt. Happiness is never grand.'

(John) 'I suppose not. But need it be quite so bad as those twins?'

'Horrible!'

(Mustapha Mond) 'But how useful! I see you don't like our Bokanovsky Groups; but, I assure you, they're the foundation on which everything else is built. They're the gyroscope that stabilizes the rocket plane of state on its unswerving course.'

(John) 'I was wondering why you had them at all--seeing that you can get whatever you want out of those bottles. Why don't you make everybody an Alpha Double Plus while you're about it?'

The Controller laughs.

(Mustapha Mond) 'Because we have no wish to have our throats cut.'

'Imagine a factory staffed by Alphas--that is to say by separate and unrelated individuals of good heredity and conditioned so as to be capable (within limits) of making a free choice and assuming responsibilities. Imagine it!'

'It's an absurdity. An Alpha-decanted, Alpha-conditioned man would go mad if he had to do Epsilon Semi-Moron work--go mad. Alphas can be completely socialized--but only on condition that you make them do Alpha work. Only an Epsilon can be expected to make Epsilon sacrifices, for the good reason that for him they aren't sacrifices; they're the line of least resistance. His conditioning has laid down rails along which he's got to run. He can't help himself; he's foredoomed. Even after decanting, he's still inside a bottle--an invisible bottle of infantile and embryonic fixations. Each one of us, of course, goes through life inside a bottle. But if we happen to be Alphas, our bottles are, relatively speaking, enormous. We should suffer acutely if we were confined in a narrower space. You cannot pour upper-caste champagne-surrogate into lower-caste bottles.'

'The optimum population is modelled on the iceberg--eight-ninths below the water line, one-ninth above.'

(John) 'And they're happy below the water line?'

(Mustapha Mond) 'Happier than above it. Happier than your friends here, for example.'

(John) 'In spite of that awful work?'

(Mustapha Mond) 'Awful? *They* don't find it so. On the contrary, they like it. It's light, it's childishly simple. No strain on the mind or the muscles. Seven and a half hours of mild, unexhausting labour, and then the *soma* ration and games and the feelies. What more can they ask for?'

'True, they might ask for shorter hours. And of course we could give them shorter hours. Technically, it would be perfectly simple to reduce all lower-caste working hours to three or four a day. But would they be any the happier for that? No, they wouldn't.'

'The experiment was tried, more than a century and a half ago. The whole of Ireland was put on to the four-hour day. What was the result? A large increase in the consumption of *soma*; that was all. Those three and a half hours of extra leisure were so far from being a source of happiness, that people felt constrained to take a holiday from them.'

'The Inventions Office is stuffed with plans for labour-saving processes. Thousands of them. And why don't we put them into execution? For the sake of the labourers.'

'It's the same with agriculture. We could synthesize every morsel of food, if we wanted to. But we don't. We prefer to keep a third of the population on the land. For their own sakes.'

'Besides, we have our stability to think of. We don't want to change. Every change is a menace to stability. That's another reason why we're so chary of applying new inventions.'

Every discovery in pure science is potentially subversive; even science must sometimes be treated as a possible enemy. Yes, even science.'

(Helmholtz) 'Science?'

(Mustapha Mond) 'Yes, that's another item in the cost of stability. It isn't only art that's incompatible with happiness; it's also science. Science is dangerous; we have to keep it most carefully chained and muzzled.'

(Helmholtz) 'What? But we're always saying that science is everything. It's a hypnopædic platitude.'

'And all the science propaganda we do at the College...'

(Mustapha Mond) 'Yes; but what sort of science?'

'You've had no scientific training, so you can't judge. I was a pretty good physicist in my time. Too good--good enough to realize that all our science is just a cookery book, with an orthodox theory of cooking that nobody's allowed to question, and a list of recipes that mustn't be added to except by special permission from the head cook. I'm the head cook now. But I was an inquisitive young scullion once. I started doing a bit of cooking on my own. Unorthodox cooking, illicit cooking. A bit of real science, in fact.'

(Helmholtz) 'What happened?'

(Mustapha Mond) 'Very nearly what's going to happen to you young men. I was on the point of being sent to an island.'

(Bernard Marx) 'Send *me* to an island?' You can't send *me*. I haven't done anything. It was the others. I swear it was the others. Oh, please don't send me to Iceland. I promise I'll do what I ought to do. Give me another chance. Please give me another chance. I tell you, it's their fault. And not to Iceland! Oh, please, your Fjordship, please...'

The Controller contacts his secretary through a video intercom.

(Mustapha Mond) 'Bring three men, and take Mr. Marx into a bedroom. Give him a good soma vaporization and then put him to bed and leave him.'

Three Gama security-guards (wearing green-uniforms) promptly enter the room.

Bernard Marx is forcefully escorted out of the room (leaving John, Helmholtz, and the Controller alone in the study).

(Mustapha Mond) 'One would think he was going to have his throat cut.'

'Whereas, if he had the smallest sense, he'd understand that his punishment is really a reward. He's being sent to an island. That's to say, he's being sent to a place where he'll meet the most interesting set of men and women to be found anywhere in the world. All the people who, for one reason or another, have got too self-consciously individual to fit into community-life. All the people who aren't satisfied with orthodoxy, who've got independent ideas of their own. Every one, in a word, who's any one. I almost envy you, Mr. Watson.'

(Helmholtz) 'Then why aren't you on an island yourself?'

(Mustapha Mond) 'Because, finally, I preferred this. I was given the choice: to be sent to an island, where I could have got on with my pure science, or to be taken on to the Controllers' Council with the prospect of succeeding in due course to an actual Controllership. I chose this and let the science go.'

'It's curious to read what people in the time of Our Fjord used to write about scientific progress. They seemed to have imagined that it could be allowed to go on indefinitely, regardless of everything else.'

'Right up to the time of the Nine Years' War. *That* made them change their tune all right. What's the point of truth or beauty or knowledge when the anthrax bombs are popping all around you? That was when science first began to be controlled--after the Nine Years' War. We've gone on controlling ever since. It hasn't been very good for truth, of course. But it's been very good for happiness. One can't have something for nothing.'

'Happiness has got to be paid for. You're paying for it, Mr. Watson--paying because you happen to be too much interested in beauty. I was too much interested in truth; I paid too.'

(Helmholtz) 'But *you* didn't go to an island.'

(Mustapha Mond) 'That's how I paid. By choosing to serve happiness. Other people's--not mine. It's lucky that there are such a lot of islands in the world. I don't know what we should do without them. Put you all in the lethal chamber, I suppose. By the way, Mr. Watson, would you like a tropical climate? The Marquesas, for example; or Samoa? Or something rather more bracing?'

(Helmholtz) 'I should like a thoroughly bad climate. I believe one would write better if the climate were bad. If there were a lot of wind and storms, for example...'

(Mustapha Mond) 'I like your spirit, Mr. Watson. I like it very much indeed. As much as I officially disapprove of it. What about the Falkland Islands?'

(Helmholtz) 'Yes, I think that will do. And now, if you don't mind, I'll go and see how poor Bernard's getting on.'

Helmholtz leaves the room (leaving John and the Controller alone in the study).

(John) 'Art, science--you seem to have paid a fairly high price for your happiness. Anything else?'

(Mustapha Mond) 'Well, religion, of course. There used to be something called God--before the Nine Years' War. But I was forgetting; you know all about God, I suppose.'

(John) 'Well...'

The Controller walks to the other side of the room and unlocks a large safe in the wall between the bookshelves.

(Mustapha Mond) 'It's a subject that has always had a great interest for me. You've never read this, for example.'

(John) '*The Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments.*'

(Mustapha Mond) 'Nor this.'

(John) '*The Imitation of Christ.*'

(Mustapha Mond) 'Ah, here's the book.'

(John) '*The Varieties of Religious Experience. By William James.*'

(Mustapha Mond) 'And while I'm about it, take this one too. It's by a man called Maine de Biran. He was a philosopher, if you know what that was.'

(John) 'A man who dreams of fewer things than there are in heaven and earth,'

(Mustapha Mond) 'Quite so.'

'And I've got plenty more. A whole collection of pornographic old books. God in the safe and Fjord on the shelves.'

(John) 'But if you know about God, why don't you tell them? Why don't you give them these books about God?'

(Mustapha Mond) 'For the same reason as we don't give them *Othello*: they're old; they're about God hundreds of years ago. Not about God now.'

(John) 'But God doesn't change.'

(Mustapha Mond) 'Men do, though.'

(John) 'What difference does that make?'

(Mustapha Mond) 'All the difference in the world.'

'One of the numerous things in heaven and earth that these philosophers didn't dream about was this, us, the modern world.'

(John) 'Then you think there is no God?'

(Mustapha Mond) 'No, I think there quite probably is one.'

(John) 'Then why?...'

(Mustapha Mond) 'Call it the fault of civilization. God isn't compatible with machinery and scientific medicine and universal happiness. You must make your choice. Our civilization has chosen machinery and medicine and happiness. That's why I have to keep these books locked up in the safe. They're smut. People would be shocked if...'

(John) 'But value dwells not in particular will. It holds his estimate and dignity as well wherein 'tis precious of itself as in the prizer.'

(Mustapha Mond) 'Come, come, that's going rather far, isn't it?'

(John) 'If you allowed yourselves to think of God, you wouldn't allow yourselves to be degraded by pleasant vices. You'd have a reason for bearing things patiently, for doing things with courage. I've seen it with the Indians.'

(Mustapha Mond) 'I'm sure you have. But then we aren't Indians. There isn't any need for a civilized man to bear anything that's seriously unpleasant.'

(John) 'What about self-denial, then? If you had a God, you'd have a reason for self-denial. You'd have a reason for chastity!'

(Mustapha Mond) 'But chastity means passion, chastity means neurasthenia. And passion and neurasthenia mean instability. And instability means the end of civilization. You can't have a lasting civilization without plenty of pleasant vices.'

'Civilization has absolutely no need of nobility or heroism. These things are symptoms of political inefficiency. In a properly organized society like ours, nobody has any opportunities for being noble or heroic. Conditions have got to be thoroughly unstable before the occasion can arise.'

'Where there are wars, where there are divided allegiances, where there are temptations to be resisted, objects of love to be fought for or defended--there, obviously, nobility and heroism have some sense.'

(John) 'But the tears are necessary. Don't you remember what Othello said? "If after every tempest come such calms, may the winds blow till they have wakened death."'

(Mustapha Mond) 'Charming! But in civilized countries, there aren't any flies or mosquitoes to sting you. We got rid of them all centuries ago.'

(John) 'You got rid of them. Yes, that's just like you. Getting rid of everything unpleasant instead of learning to put up with it. Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or to take arms against a sea of troubles and by opposing end them.... But you don't do either. Neither suffer nor oppose. You just abolish the slings and arrows. It's too easy.'

'What you need is something *with* tears for a change. Nothing costs enough here.'

(Mustapha Mond) 'We prefer to do things comfortably.'

(John) 'But I don't want comfort. I want God, I want poetry, I want real danger, I want freedom. I want goodness. I want sin.'

(Mustapha Mond) 'In fact, you're claiming the right to be unhappy.'

(John) 'All right, then, I'm claiming the right to be unhappy.'

(Mustapha Mond) 'Not to mention the right to grow old and ugly; the right to have too little to eat; the right to live in constant apprehension of what may happen to-morrow; the right to catch typhoid; the right to be tortured by unspeakable pains of every kind.'

(John) 'I claim them all.'

(Mustapha Mond) 'You're welcome.'

...

[Interior, John's room]

Bernard and Helmholtz enter the room. From within the adjoining bathroom come the sounds of vomiting.

(Helmholtz) 'John!'

The bathroom door opens, and the Savage emerges.

(Helmholtz) 'Is there anything the matter?'

'I say, you *do* look ill, John!'

(Bernard) 'Did you eat something that didn't agree with you?'

(John) 'I ate civilization.'

(Helmholtz) 'What?'

(John) 'It poisoned me; I was defiled. And then, I ate my own wickedness.'

'I shall rest for a few minutes. I'm rather tired.'

(Helmholtz) 'Well, I'm not surprised.'

...

(Helmholtz) 'We've come to say good-bye. We're off to-morrow morning.'

(Bernard) 'Yes, we're off to-morrow.'

'And by the way, John, I want to say how sorry I am about everything that happened yesterday. How ashamed, how really...'

The Savage affectionately presses the shoulder of Bernard.

(Bernard) 'Helmholtz was wonderful to me. If it hadn't been for him, I should...'

(Helmholtz) 'Now, now.'

...

(John) 'I went to see the Controller this morning.'

(Helmholtz) 'What for?'

(John) 'To ask if I mightn't go to the islands with you.'

(Helmholtz) 'And what did he say?'

(John) 'He wouldn't let me.'

(Helmholtz) 'Why not?'

(John) 'He said he wanted to go on with the experiment. But I'm damned, I'm damned if I'll go on being experimented with. Not for all the Controllers in the world. I shall go away to-morrow too.'

(Helmholtz) 'But where?'

(John) 'Anywhere. I don't care. So long as I can be alone.'

...

[Exterior (sunset), rooftop]

The Savage climbs into Bernard's black battery-powered helicopter. The futuristic flying-machine shoots up into the air.

John rapidly flies away from Central London, then over a dense ring of uniform coniferous trees, then over the first ring of satellite suburbs, then over a vast park-land, then over the uniform tower-blocks of the lower-caste district, and then over the outskirts of the city (and the last monorail station).

The Savage flies over miles of uninhabited wilderness. The flying-machine lands in the vicinity of a deserted lighthouse. The red and white checkerboard pattern lighthouse is roughly thirty meters tall. John exits the helicopter carrying a makeshift cloth sack and five old books.

(Narrator) 'The Savage had chosen as his hermitage the old lighthouse which stood on the crest of the hill between Puttenham and Elstead. The building was in excellent condition--almost too comfortable.'

...

[Interior, the lighthouse lantern-room]

The small glass-pane room (at the top of the abandoned lighthouse) contains a large electric lamp.

The Savage is sitting on the hard floor (reading the book 'The Imitation of Christ'). There is a thick blanket laid out, and a small pile of canned food.

...

[Exterior (day), rocky cliff]

John is standing on a rocky cliff with his arms outstretched in a crucified posture. The Savage is shirtless, and now has a thick coarse beard.

(John) 'Oh, forgive me! Oh, make me pure! Oh, help me to be good!'

The Savage eventually collapses with exhaustion.

...

[Exterior (night), outside the lighthouse]

The Savage is sitting on the ground near a small campfire (with a primitive bow-and-arrow). There is a skinned rabbit cooking on a makeshift barbecue-spit.

The Savage is methodically carving a wooden whip with a knife.

...

[Exterior (day), outside the lighthouse]

The Savage is whipping himself with a wooden whip. His bare back is marked with numerous streaks of blood.

(John) ‘Oh, Lenina, forgive me. Forgive me, God.’

A futuristic helicopter flies overhead. A passenger aboard the flying-machine takes a photograph of the flagellation.

...

[Exterior (night), Central London newsstand]

Lenina stops in front of a Central London upper-caste newsstand (nearby a moving-walkway). Lenina picks up a broadsheet printed newspaper. The front-page of the periodical has the headline **‘THE SAVAGE OF SURREY’**; accompanied with a black-and-white photograph of John whipping himself. Lenina has a downcast concerned expression.

...

[Interior, the lighthouse lantern-room]

John awakens to the sound of numerous helicopters. The Savage walks out onto the narrow balcony (that encircles the lantern-room). John discovers numerous flying-machines hovering around the lighthouse.

[Exterior (day), outside the lighthouse]

The Savage angrily exits the front-doorway of the lighthouse. There is a large crowd of reporters and onlookers gathered in front of the abandoned lighthouse. There are numerous helicopters flying above the crowd.

(John) ‘What do you want with me? What do you want with me?!’

(the crowd) ‘The whip! The whip!’

(John) ‘Go away!’

(the crowd) ‘The whip! The whip!’

A futuristic flying-machine slowly lands in the midst of the large crowd. Lenina exits the helicopter.

(Lenina) [drowned out by the noise of the crowd] ‘John! John!’

(the crowd) ‘We—want—the whip! We—want—the whip! We—want—the whip!’

(Lenina) [drowned out by the noise of the crowd] ‘I want *you* John! I want only you! For always!’

(the crowd) ‘We—want—the whip! We—want—the whip! We—want—the whip!’

(Lenina) [drowned out by the noise of the crowd] ‘John! John, I love you! I love you John!’

(the crowd) ‘We—want—the whip! We—want—the whip! We—want—the whip!’

(John) ‘Forgive me Lenina. My Juliet. My love. Forgive me God.’

(the crowd) ‘We—want—the whip! We—want—the whip! We—want—the whip!’

(John) [whispered] “O, here, Will I set up my everlasting rest, And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars, From this world-wearied flesh.”

(Lenina) [desperately] ‘John! John!’

(the crowd) ‘We—want—the whip! We—want—the whip! We—want—the whip!’

(John) ‘Goodbye Lenina. I will always love you.’

(Lenina) [desperately] ‘John! John!’

John retreats back into the lighthouse (and shuts the door).

...

[Exterior (dusk), outside the lighthouse]

The large crowd of reporters and onlookers has now dispersed. There remain only a handful of lingering reporters and helicopters.

A Beta reporter cautiously knocks on the front-doorway of the lighthouse.

(Beta reporter) ‘Mr. Savage?’

The Beta reporter cautiously enters the lighthouse.

[Interior, lighthouse tower]

(Beta reporter) ‘Mr. Savage?’

The Beta reporter discovers the Savage hanging by his neck. The body slowly swings back and forth.

(Beta reporter) ‘Oh Fjord.’

Aldous Huxley's Brave New World Revisited

WITH SYNCHRONIZED SCENT-ORGAN ACCOMPANIMENT

Part IV

[Exterior (night), outside the lighthouse]

The red and white checkerboard pattern lighthouse is surrounded by a crowd of onlookers and journalists. There is a futuristic (battery-powered) medical helicopter topped with spinning (red and blue) emergency-lights.

The Savage is being carefully wheeled out of the lighthouse on an ambulance-stretcher (by several uniformed Beta paramedics). John has a rigid cervical-collar around his neck and a mechanical-ventilator over his mouth and nose. John is securely strapped into the wheeled gurney.

(Mustapha Mond) 'So you don't much like civilization, Mr. Savage. So be it.'

[curtly] **'You will be alright after a few weeks of recovery.'**

The Savage visually acknowledges the World Controller.

The ambulance-stretcher is carefully lifted into the futuristic medical flying-machine.

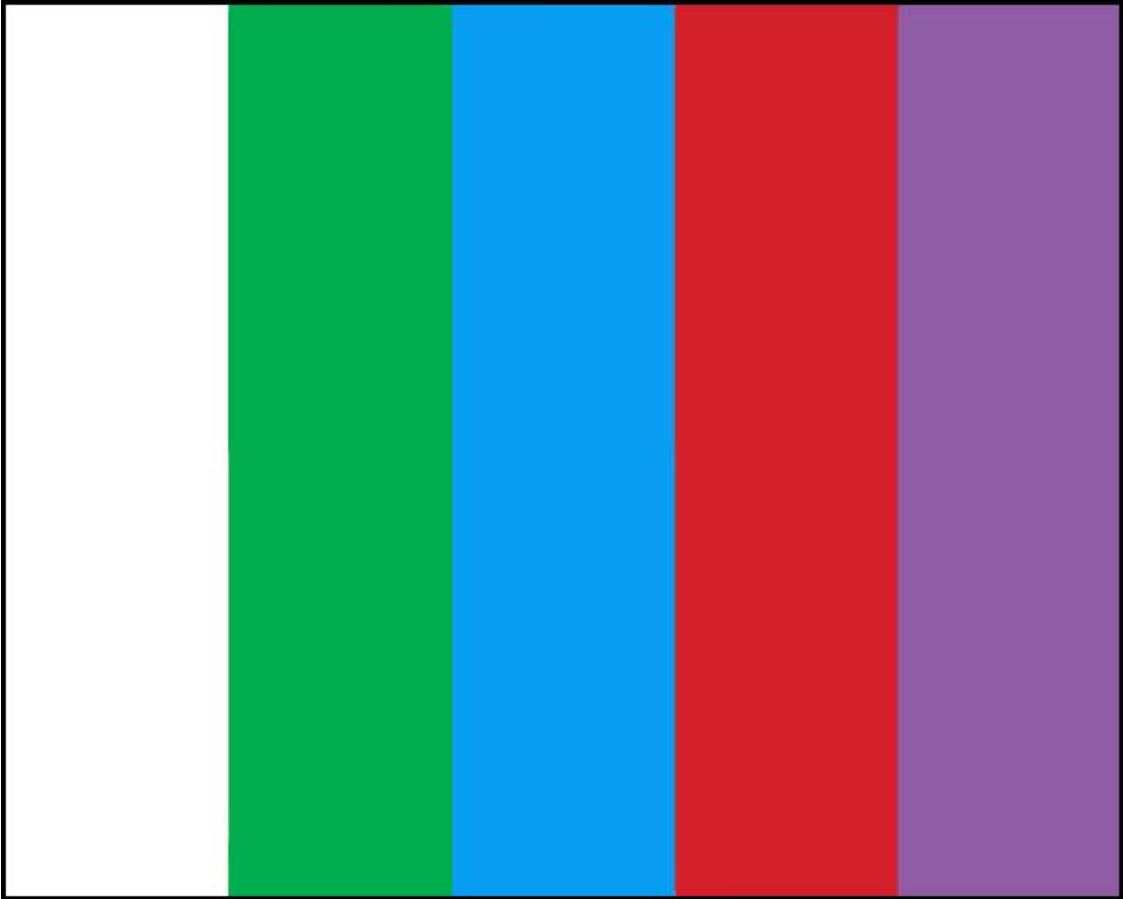
(Mustapha Mond) 'Send the Savage to the Falkland Islands (with Helmholtz Watson).'

(Alpha Assistant) 'As you instruct, Controller.'

(Mustapha Mond) 'Let's see how the Savage adjusts to life on Pala.'

'And so, the experiment goes on.'

...



[Exterior (day), the beach]

A gleaming white futuristic hydrofoil glides softly towards a tropical beach.

[Exterior (day), the beach]

John lands on the picturesque beach (amidst blinding sunlight).

John is wearing a rigid neck-brace, and is carrying five antique books (wrapped with a leather book-strap). The Savage still has a thick beard, but no longer has long-hair.

...

Helmholtz Watson, Dr. Robert, and Susila MacPhail are waiting on the beach.

John warmly greets Helmholtz Watson.

(John) ‘Good old Helmholtz.’

(Helmholtz) ‘It’s really good to see you again John.’

The Savage affectionately presses the shoulder of Helmholtz.

(John) ‘It’s really good to see you too Helmholtz.’

‘You seem different.’

(Helmholtz) ‘I *am* different. A lot has happened since I left London.’

‘There is much to talk about, but first...’

Helmholtz Watson politely introduces John (the Savage) to Dr. Robert and Susila MacPhail.

(John) ‘How do you do?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘How do you do, John?’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Welcome to Pala.’

‘[Pala is] a society composed of freely co-operating individuals devoted to the pursuit of sanity.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘[Thus far, you have been] offered only two alternatives, an insane life in [the World State], or the life of a primitive in [the Savage Reservation], a life more human in some respects, but in others hardly less queer and abnormal.’

‘[In short, a choice] between insanity on the one hand and lunacy on the other.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘[Here on Pala, we offer] a third alternative. The possibility of sanity...’

...

(Susila MacPhail) ‘In this community economics [is] decentralist [and socialistic], *politics* co-operative [and democratic]. Science and technology [are] used as though, like the Sabbath, they [have] been made for man, *not* [like in the World State] as though man were to be adapted and enslaved to them. Religion [is] the conscious and intelligent pursuit of man's Final End, the unitive knowledge of the immanent Tao or Logos, the transcendent Godhead or Brahman. And the prevailing philosophy of life [is] a kind of Higher Utilitarian, in which the Greatest Happiness principle [is] secondary to the Final End principle.’

...

(Dr. Robert) ‘You must have a million questions.’

‘There is a small teahouse three minutes’ walk from here. Shall we adjourn for a glass of our local Palanese chai?’

(John) ‘Alright...’

...

[Exterior (day), tropical garden]

John (the Savage), Helmholtz Watson, Dr. Robert, and Susila MacPhail slowly walk through a lush tropical garden towards a small teahouse.

A golden mynah bird (with yellow and black plumage) mimics human speech.

(mynah bird) ‘Attention! Attention!’

(John) ‘Do you have many of these talking birds?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘There must be at least a thousand of them flying about the island. It was the Old Raja's idea. He thought it would do people good. Maybe it does.’

...

[Exterior (day), Teahouse]

John, Helmholtz Watson, Dr. Robert, and Susila MacPhail arrive at a modest outdoor teahouse (containing several wooden tables, wicker chairs, and a small thatch-roof kitchen). There is a small flag draped over the thatch-roof consisting of five vertical stripes (white, green, blue, red, and purple). Nearby stands a short electric lamppost (with a single spherical lamp).

Susila MacPhail orders four glasses of Palanese chai from a little brown-skinned South-Asian girl. The Palanese child speaks in a jumbled incomprehensible language (similar to an indecipherable West-Indies Patois).

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Palanese is a Bengali-based creole language (with grammar and vocabulary from all over the World State.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Palanese developed as a means of communication between linguistically diverse ‘exiles’.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘We are a bi-lingual people.’

‘We speak Palanese when we’re cooking, when we’re telling funny stories. But when it comes to business, or science, or speculative philosophy, we generally speak English. And most of us prefer to write in English.’

The little brown-skinned girl informally places four tall glasses of Palanese chai [milk tea] on the wooden table.

(Palanese child) ‘Did you come to Pala by the aeroplane?’

(John) ‘I came out of the sea.’

(Palanese child) ‘Out of the sea? Do you have a boat?’

(John) ‘I did have one.’

A golden mynah bird (with yellow and black plumage) mimics human speech.

(mynah bird) ‘Attention! Attention! ‘Here and now!’

The golden mynah bird casually lands on the finger of the little girl. The Palanese child then feeds the talking bird a fennel seed.

(John) ‘Is that your bird?’

The little girl shakes her head.

(Palanese child) ‘Mynahs are like the electric light. They don’t belong to anybody.’

The little girl gestures at the nearby lamppost.

(John) ‘Why does he say those things?’

(Palanese child) ‘Because somebody taught him.’

(John) ‘But why did they teach him *those* things? Why 'Attention'? Why 'Here and now'?’

(Palanese child) ‘Well... That's what you always forget, isn't it? I mean, you forget to pay attention to what's happening. And that's the same as not being here and now.’

(John) ‘And the mynahs fly about reminding you--is that it?’

The little girl nods.

...

(Dr. Robert) ‘Over the course of the next few weeks and months, everything will become clearer.’

‘For the moment, do you have any immediate pressing questions?’

(John) ‘Do people get married? I mean, do people make a promise to live together for always?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Oh, we do, we do.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Not all of us, of course. But a good many do.’

...

(John) [apprehensively] ‘Do you have twins in bottles here?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘I take it you are referring to the Bokanovsky process.’

‘Here on Pala, babies are born the old-fashioned way.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Viviparous reproduction.’

(John) ‘Thank God’.

(Dr. Robert) ‘Quite’.

...

(John) ‘Is Bernard Marx also here on this island?’

(Helmholtz) ‘Bernard opted to live on the tropical Marine Biological Station of St. Helena. The wind and storms of Pala were too bracing for his delicate constitution.’

(John) ‘Wherever he is, I hope he is like he was in Malpais.’

(Helmholtz) ‘Agreed.’

...

(John) ‘Incidentally, how many people live on this island?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Here on Pala, we support a population of roughly sixty thousand individuals, of which, roughly sixteen thousand are exiles from the World State.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘All those people who, for whatever reason or another, aren’t satisfied with orthodoxy.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘[Here on Pala] the population [has] been stable, more or less, for a century.’

‘Nobody has more than three [children], and most people stop at two; with the result that our population is increasing at less than a third of one per cent per annum.’

‘Not being over-populated, we have plenty. But although we have plenty, we’ve managed to resist the temptation that the [World State] has succumbed to--the temptation to over-consume.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘We don’t hypnotize ourselves into believing that two television sets will make us twice as happy as one television set.’

...

Dr. Robert briefly explains how the World State is different from Pala.

(Dr. Robert) ‘The completely organized society, the scientific caste system, the abolition of free will by methodical conditioning, the servitude made acceptable by regular doses of chemically induced happiness, the orthodoxies drummed in by nightly courses of sleep-teaching.’

...

(Dr. Robert) ‘[As you can see, here on Pala] we allow ourselves to age naturally. We don’t keep our metabolism permanently stimulated. We don’t keep our internal secretions artificially balanced at a youthful equilibrium.’

‘With the result, that our average life-expectancy is more than twenty years longer than in the World State.’

...

(Dr. Robert) ‘[Here on Pala we have taken] the road of limited production and selective industrialization.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘No heavy industries to be made more competitive, no armaments to be made more diabolical, not the faintest desire to land on the backside of the moon. Only the modest ambition to live as fully human beings in harmony with the rest of life on this island at this latitude on this planet.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘‘Electromagnetic-golf’, ‘Escalator Squash’, and ‘the Feelies’ are among the things--the very numerous things--we simply can't afford.’

...

Dr. Robert explains that Pala has some superficial things in common with the World State, including indoor-plumbing, soap, hot-water, vaccines, penicillin, and electricity.

(John) ‘[And] all that lovely music in the air?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Yes, we also have radio and phonograph-machines.’

...

Dr. Robert places several coins on the wooden table.

(John) ‘‘Give to Caesar what is Caesar's, and to God what is God's”. Is that it?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Quite.’

John examines one of the coins with evident interest.

(Dr. Robert) ‘The image on the obverse-side is that of the Rani of Pala.’ [The ‘reverse-side’ of the coin has an image of the ‘Vitruvian Man’.]

(Dr. Robert) ‘[The government of Pala consists of] the Cabinet, the House of Representatives and then, representing [the Rani], the Privy Council.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Pala is a constitutional monarchy.’

(John) ‘In other words, [the Rani is] a symbolic figurehead--to reign, but not rule.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘No, *no*, the [Rani] of Pala doesn't just reign; [she] rules. [She] rules constitutionally; but, by God, [she] rules.’

Helmholtz chuckles.

(Helmholtz) It's true, she does.

...

Dr. Robert gestures to the small flag draped over the thatch-roof of the outdoor kitchen. The flag consists of five vertical stripes (white, green, blue, red, and purple).

Dr. Robert explains that the five colours of the flag represent the five pillars that Palanese society is built upon; Peace [white], Ecology [green], Liberty [blue], Socialism [red], and Democracy [purple].

...

[Exterior (day), the Library]

John (the Savage), Helmholtz Watson, and Dr. Robert arrive at an architecturally minimalist Library built on a hillside (above a natural waterfall). The modest-sized building is integrated with the natural setting like the famous modernist 'Fallingwater' house designed by architect Frank Lloyd Wright.

John, Helmholtz Watson, and Dr. Robert alight from an open-top futuristic vehicle.

(Dr. Robert) 'The Library was originally designed as a private vacation residence (when the island of Pala was a luxury holiday destination).'

...

[Interior, the Library common-room]

John, Helmholtz Watson, and Dr. Robert enter the spacious architecturally minimalist common-room of the Library. The wall-to-wall carpeted second-floor common-room contains a sunken living-room, plush 'Mid-century Modernist' sitting-chairs, and several doors leading to adjacent rooms.

(Dr. Robert) 'This is Leela Rao. Our librarian, secretary, treasurer and general keeper-in-order. Without her we'd be lost.'

(Helmholtz) 'And in the intervals of librarianship, instructing the young.'

(John) 'How do you do, Ms. Rao.'

(Leela Rao) 'How do you do, John.'

...

(Dr. Robert) 'Almost all of the books in the Library were discovered in a single buried storage-container. The container was buried for posterity sometime after the 'Nine Years' War' (with the suppression of all books published before AF 150, and the blowing up of all historical monuments).'

(John) ‘Does the World State know you have this library?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Yes’

(John) ‘How much contact does Pala have with the World State?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Almost none.’

‘We [are] left to go our own way and take responsibility for our own affairs.’

...

Dr. Robert thanks John for his donation of four antique books.

(Dr. Robert) ‘The Library of Pala already has copies of ‘*The Holy Bible*’, ‘*The Imitation of Christ*’, and ‘*The Varieties of Religious Experience*’, but does not contain any copies of ‘*The Philosophical Works of Maine de Biran*’.’

‘I very much look forward to reading the new addition to the Library.’

...

[Interior, the Literature Library]

John, Helmholtz Watson, and Dr. Robert enter the Literature [and Poetry] Library.

The modest-sized room contains roughly 200 antique books (circa 1880-1930). The aged hardcover books have assorted thicknesses (and various dark shades). Below the antique books are roughly 400 books with modern uniform bindings.

(Dr. Robert) ‘And this is the Literature Library, which holds all the literature and poetry texts.’

‘The books on the bottom shelf are duplicates (that can be borrowed).’

(John) ‘Have you read all the books in the Literature Library?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘I have read most of them, but I must confess, I have actually never finished ‘*The Brothers Karamazov*’.’

Dr. Robert removes a copy of the ‘*the Complete Works of William Shakespeare*’. The large antique book is in near perfect condition. John examines the Shakespeare text (with evident interest).

(John) ‘My tattered copy of *‘the Complete Works of William Shakespeare’* is missing the end of the play ‘The Merry Wives of Windsor’. I would very much like to know how the play ends.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘And so you shall.’

Dr. Robert recommends the works of Charles Dickens (and removes several books from the bottom shelf).

Dr. Robert shows John three books that were found in a beached travel-trunk; *‘Anne of Green Gables’* (1908), *‘Tarzan of the Apes’* (1912), and *‘The Purple Prince of Oz’* (1932). Dr. Robert briefly summarizes the storyline of the three books.

(Dr. Robert) ‘The Purple Prince of Oz has the distinction of being the most recent publication in the entire Library.’

(John) ‘The illustrations are wonderful.’

John, Helmholtz Watson, and Dr. Robert exit the Literature Library.

...

[Interior, the Theology Library]

John, Helmholtz Watson, and Dr. Robert enter the Theology [and Philosophy] Library.

The modest-sized room contains roughly 300 antique books (circa 1880-1930). The aged hardcover books have assorted thicknesses (and various dark shades). Below the antique books are roughly 600 duplicate books with modern uniform bindings.

The room is decorated with a small copper statue of the Hindu god Shiva (as the divine cosmic dancer) and a small stone statue of Gautama Buddha (sheltered by a Naga snake).

(Dr. Robert) ‘And this is the Theology Library, which holds all the theology and philosophy texts.’

‘The Theology holdings are divided into two sections (the Western and the Eastern).’

(John) ‘The ‘Eastern’ section looks much larger than the ‘Western’.

(Dr. Robert) ‘Indeed.’

‘The ‘Eastern’ section contains an abundance of Hindu scriptures, including all *‘the Vedas’*, *‘the Upanishads’*, *‘the Agamas’*, the 18 *‘Major Puranas’* (including *‘the Devi Mahatmya’*), and the 18 *‘Minor Puranas’*. In addition, the Library contains the two major Sanskrit epics; *‘the Ramayana’* and *‘the Mahabharata’*.’

Dr. Robert removes a copy of *'The Song Celestial: A Poetic Version of the Bhagavad-Gita'* (1885) translated into English by Sir Edwin Arnold.

Dr. Robert briefly summarizes the Theology holdings in the 'Western' section, including 'the Summa Theologica' by Thomas Aquinas, the major works of Augustine of Hippo, and Martin Luther's 'Ninety-Five Theses'.

...

(Dr. Robert) 'The Philosophy holdings are also divided into two sections (the Western and the Eastern).'

(John) 'The 'Western' Philosophy section is a lot larger than the 'Eastern'.

(Dr. Robert) 'Western philosophers, even the best of them – they're nothing more than good talkers. Eastern philosophers are often rather bad talkers, but that doesn't matter. Talk isn't the point.'

Dr. Robert briefly summarizes the Philosophy holdings in the 'Western' section, including important works by Plato and Aristotle.

(John) 'What is this?'

'It's a small replica of the Buddha in the station Compound.'

'It signifies communion between man and nature.'

(John) 'And what is this?'

(Dr. Robert) 'A [small] copper statue of Shiva-Nataraja, the Lord of the Dance; frozen in mid-ecstasy.'

(John) 'What does it signify?'

(Dr. Robert) 'Look at the great round halo, fringed with the symbols of fire. It stands for Nature, for the world of mass and energy.'

'In his upper right hand he holds the drum that calls the world into existence, and in his upper left hand he carries the destroying fire; life and death, order and disintegration.'

'But now look at Shiva's other pair of hands. The lower right hand is raised and the palm is turned outwards.'

(John) 'What does that gesture signify?'

(Dr. Robert) 'It signifies, 'Don't be afraid; it's All Right.'

(John) ‘But how can anyone in his senses fail to be afraid? How can anyone pretend that evil and suffering are all right, when it's so obvious that they're all wrong?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Nataraja has the answer. Look now at his lower left hand. He's using it to point down at his feet.’

(John) ‘And what are his feet doing?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Look closely and you'll see that the right foot is planted squarely on a horrible little subhuman creature--the demon, Muyalaka. A dwarf, but immensely powerful in his malignity, Muyalaka is the embodiment of ignorance, the manifestation of greedy, possessive selfhood.’

(John) ‘Stamp on him, break his back!’

(Dr. Robert) ‘And that's precisely what Nataraja is doing. Trampling the little monster down under his right foot. But notice that it isn't at this trampling right foot that he points his finger; it's at the left foot, the foot that, as he dances, he's in the act of raising from the ground.’

(John) ‘And why does he point at it?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Why? That lifted foot, that dancing defiance of the force of gravity--it's the symbol of release, of *moksha*, of liberation.’

John, Helmholtz Watson, and Dr. Robert exit the Theology Library.

...

[Interior, the Reference Library]

John, Helmholtz Watson, and Dr. Robert enter the Reference [and History] Library.

The modest-sized unadorned room contains roughly 100 antique books (circa 1880-1930). Below the antique books are roughly 200 duplicate books with modern uniform bindings. The room also contains a stationary slide-viewer and a carousel slide-projector.

(Dr. Robert) ‘The Reference Library contains several sets of encyclopedias (that provide summaries of general knowledge).’

Dr. Robert demonstrates how to use an alphabetical ‘Encyclopedia Britannica’ by reading the article for the word ‘dromedary’. [The concise encyclopedia article also contains a drawing of a dromedary.]

(Dr. Robert) ‘*Camelus dromedaries*. Arabian one-humped riding camel.’

‘The Reference Library also contains many history textbooks, including; the six volume *‘The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire’* by Edward Gibbon, the six volume *‘The History of England’* by David Hume, and the *‘Monumenta Germaniae Historica’*.

‘Some of the History texts are more fantastic than factual, such as the *‘Histories’* of Herodotus.’

Dr. Robert recommends the three-volume work *‘The French Revolution: A History’* (1837).

(Dr. Robert) ‘History as something experienced can never be fully recorded. For, obviously, there are as many such histories as there have been experiencing human beings. The nearest approach to a general history would be an anthology of a great variety of personal documents. [Here on Pala we have] compiled a number of excellent anthologies of this kind covering the medieval period. They should be read by anyone who wants to know, not what historians think about the Middle Ages, but what it actually felt like to be a contemporary of St. Francis, or Dante, or Chaucer.’

...

(Dr. Robert) ‘The most important lesson of history, it has been said, is that nobody ever learns history’s lessons.’

‘[Here on Pala, we make the best of *all* the possible worlds--the worlds already realized [throughout history] and, beyond them, the worlds of still unrealized potentialities.’

‘But thesis always invites antithesis.’

‘[Our] really revolutionary revolution is achieved, not in the external world, but in the souls and flesh of human beings.’

...

‘Robespierre had achieved the most superficial kind of revolution, the political. Going a little deeper, Babeuf had attempted the economic revolution.’

‘Living as he did in a revolutionary period, the Marquis de Sade very naturally made use of this theory of revolutions in order to rationalize his peculiar brand of insanity.’

‘Sade was a lunatic and the more or less conscious goal of his revolution was universal chaos and destruction. The people who govern the [World State] may not be sane (in what may be called the absolute sense of that word); but they are not madmen, and their aim is not anarchy but social stability.’

...

(Dr. Robert) ‘The Reference Library also contains hundreds of historical photographic slides.’

Dr. Robert demonstrates how to use the stationary slide-viewer, by displaying a black-and-white photographic slide of the 1900 Paris Exposition.

Dr. Robert shows John a handheld wooden stereoscope (a device used for creating the illusion of depth in an image by means of stereopsis).

(Dr. Robert) ‘The left 2-D image is presented to the left eye and the right 2-D image is presented to the right eye (giving the viewer the perception of 3-D depth).’

John looks into the handheld stereoscope, and then reacts to the stereoscopic image with surprise and amazement.

(Dr. Robert) ‘You are looking at an historical photograph of the Giza Pyramids (that once stood in Egypt before the blowing up of all historical monuments).’

John, Helmholtz Watson, and Dr. Robert exit the Reference Library.

...

[Interior, the fine-arts Library]

John, Helmholtz Watson, and Dr. Robert enter the fine-arts Library.

The modest-sized room is decorated with numerous phonograph-record album-covers, and reproductions of several famous paintings, including; ‘The Great Wave off Kanagawa’ (1831) by Katsushika Hokusai, ‘The Starry Night’ (1889) by Vincent van Gogh, ‘The Scream’ (1893) by Edvard Munch, and ‘Les Demoiselles d’Avignon’ (1907) by Pablo Picasso. The antique record-sleeves are adorned with the stern portraits of various Classical composers. The room also contains a space-age stationary slide-viewer and an antique windup record-player.

(Dr. Robert) ‘The fine-arts Library contains all the art and music holdings.’

The modest-sized room contains roughly 400 antique twelve-inch shellac phonograph-records (circa 1880-1930). Below the antique records are roughly 800 duplicate twelve-inch records (with uniform covers).

(Dr. Robert) ‘The phonograph-records on the bottom shelf are duplicates (that can be borrowed).’

Dr. Robert shows John a duplicate shellac phonograph-record of ‘the 1812 Overture’ by composer Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky.

(Dr. Robert) ‘The inscribed modulated grooves on the surface produce audio when played on a spinning turntable.’

‘The principle is the same as the modern cylinders used in the World State, except the grooves are engraved on a flat disk (rather than on the outside surface of a cylinder).’

Dr. Robert shows John how to operate the antique windup spinning record-player. Dr. Robert demonstrates the function of the speed-dial and the volume-control.

Dr. Robert shows John a small bookshelf containing several art-history books.

Dr. Robert shows John a large art-book of ‘French Impressionist’ paintings (with modern binding). John examines the colourful art-book (with evident interest). Dr. Robert recommends the works of the ‘Italian Renaissance’ painters.

(Dr. Robert) ‘There are no masterpieces [in the World State]; for masterpieces appeal only to a limited audience, and the commercial propagandist is out to captivate the majority.’

...

(Dr. Robert) ‘The fine-arts Library also contains hundreds of photographic slides (that can be viewed on a stationary slide-viewer or a portable carousel slide-projector).’

John, Helmholtz Watson, and Dr. Robert exit the fine-arts Library.

...

[Interior, the Library common-room]

Leela Rao gives John a glass of herbal-tea.

(Leela Rao) ‘Drink this.’

(John) ‘What is it?’

(Leela Rao) ‘It helps people to stop worrying, without making them sleepy. We give it to convalescents. It's useful, too, in mental cases.’

(John) ‘Which am I! Mental or convalescent?’

(Leela Rao) ‘Both.’

John laughs.

(Leela Rao) ‘I didn't mean to be rude. All I meant was that I've never met anybody from the outside who wasn't a mental case.’

‘Pala is a small island completely surrounded by twenty-nine hundred million mental cases.’

...

(John) ‘Were you born here [on Pala]?’

(Leela Rao) ‘Yes, but my parents are both ‘exiles’ from the World State.’

‘My father was an Alpha-Plus atomic-physicist from Canton, and my mother was an Alpha-Plus lecturer at Leningrad University.’

...

John asks Dr. Robert if he is a medical doctor.

(Dr Robert) ‘Except in emergencies, I don’t practice medicine anymore.’

‘I [now] work at the Agricultural Experimental Station; studying soil science and plant breeding.’

‘The High Altitude Experimental Station was founded by the Old Raja.’

...

(John) ‘Incidentally, who is the Old Raja?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Who *was* he, I’m afraid. The Old Raja died --after a reign three years longer than Queen Victoria’s. His eldest son died before he did, and he was succeeded by his grandson --the Raja of the Reform, we call him.’

‘The present [Rani] is [the Old Raja’s] great-granddaughter.’

‘[The Old Raja] invented modern Pala. The [Raja of the Reform] consolidated [his] work and carried it further. And today we’re doing our best to follow in [their] footsteps.’

...

‘There’s a picture of [the Old Raja] somewhere. Here we are.’

Dr. Robert shows John a faded black-and-white photograph of a diminutive South Asian man wearing a Bengali turban and a pajama.

‘His ideal was pure experimental science at one end of the spectrum, and pure experimental mysticism at the other. Direct experience on every level.’

‘[He was] a man of intellect and the most exquisite refinement; a man also of deep religious experience and spiritual insight.’

...

(Dr. Robert) ‘One of our student nurses will come in around twelve to give you your injection and get you something to eat.’

‘And in the afternoon, as soon as she's finished her work at the school, Susila will be dropping in again. And now I must be going.’

...

(Dr. Robert) ‘I almost forgot to give you this. It's the Old Raja's '*Notes on What's What*’.

(John) '*Notes on What's What, and on What it Might be Reasonable to Do About What's What*.’

‘What an admirable title!’

(Dr. Robert) ‘And you'll like the contents, too. Just a few pages, that's all. But if you want to know what Pala is all about, there's no better introduction.’

(John) ‘Does this give the history of the reforms?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘It merely states the underlying principles. Read about those first. When I get back from Shivapuram this evening, I'll give you a taste of the history. You'll have a better understanding of what was actually done, if you start by knowing what had to be done-- what always and everywhere has to be done by anyone who has a clear idea about what's what. So read it, read it. And don't forget to drink your fruit juice at eleven.’

John begins reading the text (at a random page).

(the Old Raja) ‘[Poverty, pollution, and war;] these things aren't like gravity or the second law of thermo-dynamics; they don't *have* to happen. They happen only if people allow them to happen.’

...

[Exterior (night), the Library]

[Interior, the Library common-room]

(Narrator) ‘Over the course of the first month, the Savage read voraciously; sleeping only one or two hours a night.’

‘He read ‘Great Expectations’, ‘David Copperfield’, and ‘Oliver Twist’. He read ‘A Tale of Two Cities’, ‘Bleak House’, and ‘A Christmas Carol’. He read ‘Perceval’, ‘Tristan and Iseult’, ‘Sir Gawain and the Green Knight’, and ‘The Death of Author’. He read ‘Ivanhoe’ and ‘The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood’. He read ‘A Thousand and One Arabian Nights’ and ‘The Complete Grimm’s Fairy Tales’. He read ‘Les Misérables’, ‘The Hunchback of Notre-Dame’, ‘The Three Musketeers’ and ‘The Count of Monte Cristo’.’

John is sitting alone in the Library common-room reading the book ‘A Thousand and One Arabian Nights’ (1706) with a transfixed expression. John is still wearing a rigid neck-brace.

...

[Exterior (day), outdoor-restaurant] ON PEACE x1

John, Helmholtz Watson, Dr. Robert, and Susila MacPhail are seated around a large wooden table (with a flower-vase containing a bouquet of white roses). John is now wearing a soft neck brace.

There is a small flag draped over the thatch-roof of the outdoor-kitchen. The flag consists of five vertical stripes (white, green, blue, red, and purple).

(Dr. Robert) ‘Do you remember what the five colours represent on the flag of Pala?’

(John) [methodically] ‘Peace, Ecology, Liberty, Socialism, and Democracy.’

[‘But I am not entirely sure what all the words mean.’]

(Dr. Robert) ‘Let us begin with the first of these items.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Peace.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Every road towards a better state of society is blocked, sooner or later, by war, by threats of war, by preparations for war. That is the truth, the odious and inescapable truth, that emerges, plain for all to see.’

...

(Dr. Robert) ‘War is a purely human phenomenon.’

‘War is not a law of nature, nor even a law of human nature. It exists because men wish it to exist.’

‘In nature, it is only among the social insects, such as the ants and termites that we meet with anything resembling war.’

‘Man is unique [among the higher organisms] in [perpetrating] the mass murder of his own species.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Mass murder is no more a necessity than individual murder.’

...

(John) ‘What is the cause of war?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘The causes of war are economic, political, [and] psychological.’

‘In the past, many wars were fought for the sake of the glory resulting from victory. The Assyrian monarchs fought for glory; so did Alexander the Great; so did many mediaeval kings and lords; so did Louis XIV and the dynasts of eighteenth-century Europe; so did Napoleon.’

‘Where countries are ruled by a single individual at the head of a military oligarchy, there is always a danger that personal vanity and the thirst for glory may act as motives driving him to embroil his country in war.’

(John) ‘I see.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Wars may be made for the purpose of furthering a religious or political creed. The Mohammedan invasions, the Crusades, the Wars of Religion during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the French Revolutionary Wars, the Spanish Civil War are all examples of what may be called ideological wars.’

(John) ‘I think I understand.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘In modern times wars have been fought for the possession or control of raw materials indispensable to industry.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Under [laissez-faire] capitalism all highly industrialized countries need foreign markets. The reason for this is that, where production is carried on for profit, it is difficult or impossible to distribute enough purchasing power to enable people to buy the things they themselves have produced. Defects in domestic purchasing power have to be made up by finding foreign markets. The imperialistic activities of the great powers during the nineteenth century were directed in large measure towards securing markets for their productions.’

(John) ‘I see.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘The first of the political causes of war is war itself.’

‘The possession of an army, navy and air force is in itself a reason for going to war.’

‘All statesmen insist that the armaments of their own country are solely for purposes of defense. At the same time, all statesmen insist that the existence of armaments in a foreign country constitutes a reason for the creation of new armaments at home. Every nation is perpetually taking more and more elaborate defensive measures against the more and more elaborate defensive measures of all other nations. The armament race would go on ad infinitum, if it did not inevitably and invariably lead to war.’

(John) ‘I see.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘The fact that armaments are to a great extent manufactured by private firms and that these private firms have a financial interest in selling weapons of war to their own (and foreign) governments is also a contributory cause of war.’

‘This brings us to an extremely important cause of war the pursuit by politically powerful minorities within each nation of their own private interests. The worst, or at any rate the most conspicuous, offenders in this respect are the manufacturers of armaments.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘The manufacturers of armaments are not the only merchants of death.’

‘Less spectacularly mischievous than the armament makers, but in reality hardly less harmful, are the speculative investors; the small, but politically powerful, minority of financiers and industrialists.’

‘The quarrels between the various financial interests concerned become quarrels between states.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘The peace of the world has frequently been endangered, in order that oil magnates might grow a little richer.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘In the press, which is owned by rich men, the interests of the investing minority are always identified with those of the nation as a whole. Constantly repeated statements come to be accepted as truths. Innocent and ignorant, most newspaper readers are convinced that the private interests of the rich are really public interests and become indignant whenever these interests are menaced by a foreign power.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘The interests at stake are the interests of the few; but the public opinion which demands the protection of these interests is often a genuine expression of mass emotion. The many really feel and believe that the dividends of the few are worth fighting for.’

(John) ‘I see.’

...

(Dr. Robert) ‘Another important point to be remembered is that the preparation for war and sometimes even war itself are things which a highly centralized government finds very useful for its own totalitarian purposes.’

‘When things go badly at home, when popular discontent becomes inconveniently articulate, it is always possible, in a world where war-making remains an almost sacred habit, to shift the people’s attention away from domestic to foreign and military affairs. A flood of xenophobic or imperialistic propaganda is released by the government-controlled instrument of persuasion. An appeal for ‘national unity’ is launched (in other words, unquestioning obedience to the ruling oligarchy), and at once it becomes unpatriotic for anybody to voice even the most justifiable complaints against mismanagement or oppression.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘It should be remarked that under the [past] dispensation, armaments [were] the only goods that [were] given away without consideration of costs or profits. Modern war [was], among other things, a competition among nations as to which can hand out, free, gratis and for nothing, the largest amount of capital goods in the shortest time.’

‘These capital goods are all maleficent and unproductive; but the thought occurs to one that something resembling wartime prosperity might be made permanent if there were more giving away at cost, or even for nothing, and less selling at a profit and paying of interest.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Armaments, universal debt, and planned obsolescence - those are the three pillars of [capitalist] prosperity.’

...

[Exterior (night), outdoor-cafe]

John (the Savage), Dr. Robert, and Susila MacPhail are seated around a large wooden table (with a white tablecloth).

(Dr. Robert) ‘A principal cause of war is nationalism.’

‘The aim of modern nationalistic propaganda is to transform men's normal affection for their home into a fiercely exclusive worship of the deified nation.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Every nationalism is an idolatrous religion, in which the god is the personified state.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Nationalism is immensely popular because it is [so] psychologically satisfying to [the] individual nationalist.’

‘Any man who believes strongly enough in the local nationalistic idolatry can find in his faith an antidote against even the most acute inferiority complex.’

‘[Governments] feed the flames of national vanity and reap their reward in the gratitude of millions to whom the conviction that they are participants in the glory of the divine nation brings relief from the gnawing consciousness of poverty, social unimportance and personal insignificance.’

‘[Nationalism] is also loved because it panders to the lowest elements in human nature and because men and women like to have excuses to feel pride and hatred.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘[Pride] and hatred are exciting emotions, emotions from which people get a kick.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Nationalism leads to moral ruin because it denies universality, denies the existence of a single God, denies the value of the human being as a human being; and because, at the same time, it affirms exclusiveness; encourages vanity, pride and self-satisfaction, stimulates hatred and proclaims the necessity and the rightness of war.’

‘Nationalism is wholly incompatible with pacifism and can never be anything else.’

(John) ‘I understand.’

...

(Dr. Robert) ‘There is one other common justification for war. In its crude form this doctrine merely consists in the statement that a given people is justified in attacking its neighbours, because it is superior to them. Hegel disguised it in an elaborate fancy dress of metaphysics. But even when disguised it remains the expression of national vanity and egotism.’

‘[Nationalism and Racialism are two branches of the same tree.]’

(John) ‘What is “racialism”?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Racialism is the belief that certain human groups, commonly and often erroneously called races, have in respect of all their members innate mental or moral differences from other groups.’

(John) ‘I think I understand. In Malpais, the Indians disliked me for my complexion, and shut me out of absolutely everything. They were very beastly to me.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘I’m sorry.’

(John) ‘Thank you.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘That such a doctrine should be believed and taught by tyrants is not surprising. The odd, the profoundly depressing fact is that it should be accepted as true by millions who are not tyrants.’

...

[Exterior (night), the Library]

[Interior, the Library common-room]

John, Helmholtz Watson, and Leela Rao are sitting on a plush sofa in the common-room (watching a succession of colour photographic-slides on a large projection-screen).

The carousel slide-projector is displaying a succession of Pablo Picasso oil paintings. The photographic-slides show paintings from Picasso’s ‘Rose Period’ (circa 1904-1906). Helmholtz displays the Pablo Picasso painting ‘Acrobat and Young Harlequin’ (1905).

(Helmholtz) ‘Pablo Picasso is the ‘greatest of the great.’

(Leela Rao) ‘Agreed.’

‘Pablo Picasso or Kazimir Malevich.’

‘Picasso’s ‘Rose Period’ is spectacular, but Picasso’s ‘Blue Period’ is still slightly better.’

(Helmholtz) ‘Agreed. By the same token, Picasso’s ‘Analytic-Cubism’ is slightly better than his ‘Pure-Cubism’.

(Leela Rao) ‘Agreed.’

Leela Rao casually lights a cannabis-cigarette.

Leela Rao offers the cannabis-cigarette to John.

(Leela Rao) ‘The plant is called ‘cannabis sativa’. It contains a natural psychoactive agent.’

(Helmholtz) ‘It is a natural plant. Not like the chemically induced happiness of *soma*.’

(John) ‘I know what it is. We call it cáñamo in Mailpais.’

John begins casually smoking the cannabis-cigarette.

John, Helmholtz Watson, and Leela Rao continue to view a succession of photographic-slides on a large projection-screen. The photographic-slides show paintings from Picasso’s ‘African Period’ (circa 1907-1909).

(Leela Rao) ‘So how does our humble Palanese cannabis compare to the ‘cáñamo’ in the pueblo.’

(John) ‘This is much stronger.’

John casually passes the cannabis-cigarette back to Leela Rao.

(Leela Rao) ‘It is grown indoors at ‘the High Altitude Station’.

‘You can ask Dr. Robert to show you the greenhouses.’

...

[Exterior (day), outdoor-restaurant] ON PEACE x2

John, Helmholtz Watson, Dr. Robert, and Susila MacPhail are seated around a large wooden table (with a flower-vase containing a bouquet of white carnations).

There is a small flag draped over the thatch-roof consisting of five vertical stripes (white, green, blue, red, and purple).

(John) ‘What can be done about war?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘There is, first, the possibility of negative action in the form of refusal, on conscientious grounds, to participate in work having as its purpose the killing, torture or enslavement of human beings.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘There are certain professions so intricately harmful that no individual ought to practice them. In the eyes of medieval Catholic theologians, for example, the profession of money lender or speculator was beyond the pale: they held that a man could not live by usury and the manipulation of the commodity markets, and still be regarded as a Christian. Similarly for Buddha and his followers, a man could not be regarded as a Buddhist, if he made his living by the manufacture of arms or intoxicants.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Negative action is good so far as it goes, but it needs to be supplemented by action of a positive and constructive kind.’

‘In South Africa and, later, in India, Gandhi and his followers were confronted by an oppressive government armed with overwhelming military might. Gandhi, who [was] not only an idealist and a man of principal, but also an intensely practical politician, attempted to cope with this seemingly desperate situation by organizing a non-violent form of direct action, which he called *Satyagraha*.’

‘Like war, *Satyagraha* demands public spirit, self-sacrifice, organization and discipline for its successful operation.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Perhaps the best craftsmen in the art of violence may still be the most effective wielders of non-violent direct action.’

(Helmholtz) ‘That’s interesting.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘It is often argued that *Satyagraha* cannot work against an organization whose leaders are prepared to exploit their military superiority without qualm or scruple. And of course this may very well be the case. No more than any form of political action, violent or otherwise, can *Satyagraha* guarantee success. But even though, against an entirely ruthless and fanatical opponent, noncooperation, and what Thoreau called ‘civil disobedience’, coupled with a disciplined willingness to accept and even court sacrificial suffering, may prove unavailing, the resulting situation cannot be, materially, any worse than it would have been if resisted unavailingly by force.’

(John) ‘I suppose that’s true.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Non-violent direct action, in this age of scientific progress, [is] humanity’s only practical substitute for hopeless revolution and suicidal war.’

...

(Dr. Robert) ‘One of the most common arguments against the pacifist case consists in a denial that persuasion can ever be fully effective. Fear and greed, it is [argued], are the only two persistent motives of human conduct.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘This is the common way of seeing, but not the only way.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘It is to a great extent a matter of choice whether we construct a world of fear and greed or a world of trust and love.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘The world described by Machiavelli is not the only possible world.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Men of exceptional moral force and even ordinary people, when strengthened by intense conviction, have demonstrated over and over again in the course of history the power of non-violence to overcome evil, to turn aside anger and hatred’.

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Confronted by huge masses determined not to co-operate and equally determined not to use violence, even the most ruthless dictatorship is nonplussed.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘A display of non-violent resistance has the effect of emphasizing among all concerned the great truth of human solidarity. The fact that noble behavior should have power to evoke a [noble] response, even among the enemies of those who are so behaving, is a most reassuring reminder that all men are at one in a profound spiritual unity.’

‘True, there is no pacifist technique for arresting shells in mid-trajectory or even for persuading the airmen circling above a city to refrain from dropping their bombs. Pacifism

is in the main preventive. If the principles of Pacifism are consistently put into practice the big guns will never be let off and the airmen will never be ordered to drop their bombs.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘The best way of dealing with typhoid is not to cure it, but to prevent its breaking out.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘If you treat other people well, other people will generally treat you well. It is possible to go further and to say that, if you have the opportunity of going on treating them well, they will at last invariably reciprocate your treatment.’

‘This fact, the truth of which we have all had occasion to demonstrate in our relations with our fellows, is the sure foundation upon which the theory and [techniques] of pacifism are based.’

...

[Exterior (night), outdoor-cafe]

John, Dr. Robert, and Susila MacPhail are seated around a large wooden table (with a white tablecloth).

(Dr. Robert) ‘The [orthodox Marxist] thinks that social and economic justice can best be secured by violent revolution – in other words, by forms of war. [Here on Pala, we] reject this method, not only because [we] believe it to be ethically wrong, but also for the good practical reason that the bad, violent means are bound to produce results like themselves and quite unlike the ends originally proposed.’

‘The ends do not justify the means; on the contrary, the means determine the ends. If peace and justice are the ends at which you aim, you must employ means that are themselves pacifist and just.’

‘A violent revolution does not result in any fundamental change in human relations; it results merely in a confirmation of the old, bad relations of oppressor and oppressed, of irresponsible tyranny and irresponsible passive obedience.’

‘Such is the lesson; unmistakably clear to anyone who considers the evidence without prejudice, of all the violent revolutions of the past.’

(John) ‘What about Religion?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘History shows that [organized religion is] not only compatible with war but actually encourages the war-like passions of the believer. The deity might be theoretically universal, the father of all men; but particular groups [often] believe that their own views of the deity’s nature are the only correct views. Strong in this belief, they proceed to classify all those who think differently as ‘heretics’. Heretics can be thought of abstractly,

not as human beings, but as representatives of a principle which is by definition a principle of evil.'

'Most people would hesitate to torture or kill a human being like themselves, but when the human being is spoken of as though he were not a human being, but as the representative of some wicked principle, we lose our scruples, we forget our humanity.'

'Religion has been in the past more often the enemy of pacifism than its friend. It can become its friend only on one condition; that the doctrine of the essential spiritual unity of man be taken seriously, that God be regarded and, if possible, experienced as a psychological fact, present at least potentially in every human being.'

...

[Exterior (night), outdoor-bar]

John, Dr. Robert, and Susila MacPhail are seated around a large wooden table (sipping tall glasses of pale-ale).

(Dr. Robert) 'All war propaganda consists in substituting diabolical abstractions for human beings. Similarly, those who defend war have invented a pleasant-sounding vocabulary of abstractions in which to describe the process of mass murder.'

'Consider the phrase which was on everybody's lips in 1917 – the phrase "war of attrition". Nothing could be more genteel, less calculated to shock the sensibilities. The word suggests the delicate polishing of a telescope lens. There is no hint of individuals suffering pain, going mad, being killed.'

'War is unescapably war; calling it "police action" or "collective security" or "national defense" or a "crusade", makes not the smallest difference.'

'The concrete facts of war are always murder, mangling and destruction on the physical plane, together with organized lying and the stirring up of hatred on the psychological plane.'

'No amount of verbal fancy dress should ever be allowed to disguise this fundamental truth.'

'The abstractions are meant to conceal the fact that the hostile nation consists of individual men and women, having the same potentialities for good and evil as ourselves.'

(Susila MacPhail) 'At any and every moment we must be prepared to see the individual realities behind our abstractions and generalizations. If we do this we shall retain our sanity.'

...

[Exterior (night), the Library]

[Interior, the Library common-room]

John and Helmholtz Watson are sitting in the plush common-room of the Library. The last three minutes of Ludwig van Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata (First Movement) plays on a spinning record-player.

John is listening to the somber piano music with closed-eyes and an intense expression. Helmholtz is watching a succession of historical photographic-slides on a large projection-screen. Helmholtz is holding a lit cigarette.

The carousel slide-projector is displaying historical black-and-white photographs from Europe and North America (circa 1880-1930). The photographic-slides show bygone urban architecture, 'universal-exhibitions', urban street-scenes, 'blue-collar' workers, and domestic-servants. (The plumes of cigarette smoke visibly defuse in the stark light of the slide-projector.)

Following the final two weighty notes of the stirring Beethoven piano sonata, there is a very long contemplative silence.

(John) 'I don't know.'

'I really don't know.'

After another pause

(Helmholtz) 'I don't know either.'

'Perhaps that's the point.'

After another long pause

(John) 'Perhaps.'

...

[Exterior (day), outdoor-restaurant] **ON ECOLOGY x1**

John (the Savage), Helmholtz Watson, Dr. Robert, and Susila MacPhail are seated around a large wooden table.

There is a small flag draped over the thatch-roof of the outdoor-kitchen. The flag consists of five vertical stripes (white, green, blue, red, and purple).

(Dr. Robert) 'Do you remember what the colour green represents on the flag of Pala?'

(John) 'I know the colour green represents 'ecology', but I'm not entirely sure what the word means.'

(Dr. Robert) 'Ecology is the science of the mutual relations of organisms with their environment and with one another.'

(John) 'I see.'

...

(Susila MacPhail) 'Do we propose to live on this planet in symbiotic harmony with our environment? Or, preferring to be wantonly stupid, shall we choose to live like murderous and suicidal parasites that kill their host and so destroy themselves?'

'We shall be permitted to live on this planet only for as long as we treat all nature with compassion and intelligence.'

(Dr. Robert) 'Treat Nature well, and Nature will treat you well. Hurt or destroy Nature, and Nature will soon destroy you.'

'The Golden Rule applies to our dealings with nature no less than to our dealings with our fellow-men.'

...

(Dr. Robert) 'Here on Pala, we practice what is called 'ecological-capitalism', which is to say, capitalism that is *purposeful*.'

(John) 'I see.'

(Susila MacPhail) '...Capitalism that is directed towards a specific *purpose*, namely; the preservation and restoration of the planetary environment, and the *welfare*, liberty and peace of the individuals composing the human race.'

(John) 'I see.'

...

(Dr. Robert) 'In the past dispensation, the dominant economic system was free-market *laissez-faire* capitalism, also known as 'Invisible Hand' capitalism.'

(John) 'What is that?'

(Susila MacPhail) '*Laissez-faire*, loosely translated from French means "to leave alone".'

(Dr. Robert) ‘Proponents of this doctrine argue that economies function best when there is little or no interference by the government. In other words, the market economy should be left alone.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘...Left alone to poison the soil; left alone to poison the air and the clouds; left alone to poison the rivers, the lakes, and the oceans...’

(John) ‘That’s madness.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘There are many ideas and philosophies contained in the Library of Pala. We make use of some of these ideas, and reject others.’

‘Unrestrained ‘Invisible-Hand’ capitalism is one philosophy that we categorically reject outright.’

(John) ‘I’m glad to hear that.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Talking about [profits] in the present [ecological] crisis is like fiddling while Rome burns.’

...

(Dr. Robert) ‘The tree is known by its fruits, and the fruits of ‘ecological-capitalism’ are all around us.’

Dr. Robert gestures to the leafy green forest that surrounds the small outdoor-restaurant.

[Exterior (day), forest]

(Dr. Robert) ‘Every single tree that you see was *purposefully* planted and nurtured.’

‘Every fruit tree, every conifer, every oak, elm, and maple tree.’

[Exterior (day), outdoor-restaurant]

(Susila MacPhail) ‘[Nurtured] while the wounded and exhausted earth is being gradually nursed back, if that is still feasible, to health and restored fertility.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘There are no species of trees native to the Falkland Islands.’

(John) ‘Remarkable.’

[Exterior (day), forest]

(Dr. Robert) ‘Look closely, and you will see that the entire forest floor is crisscrossed with piping and sprinklers.’

[Exterior (day), outdoor-restaurant]

(John) 'Remarkable.'

(Dr. Robert) 'The so-called 'Invisible-Hand' of *laissez-faire* capitalism is guided exclusively by short-term profits (with absolutely no mechanism for long-term environmental sustainability). In stark contrast, ecological-capitalism recognizes both long-term and short-term enlightened self-interest.'

...

(Dr. Robert) 'Here on Pala, *purposeful* 'ecological-capitalism' is also used to achieve regional self-sufficiency in food.'

'To the orthodox Free Trader the ideal of national self-sufficiency is absurd.'

'Countries should exchange the commodities they produce most easily against the commodities which they cannot produce or can produce only with difficulty, but which can be easily produced elsewhere. So runs the Free Trader's argument; and an eminently sensible argument it is or, perhaps it would be truer to say, it was.'

'First of all, modern transportation methods break down whenever the power politicians resort to modern war, and remain disrupted long enough to guarantee the starvation of millions of persons.'

'[An acute and prolonged disruption of global trade, whether precipitated by war, civil-strife, or a natural disaster,] would be sufficient to reduce any of the great metropolitan centers to a state of plague-stricken starving chaos.'

(Susila MacPhail) '...Millions of starving inhabitants embroiled in an inescapable urban meltdown.'

(Dr. Robert) 'Hence the desirability of reducing the international [food] trade to a minimum.'

'As a first step in this direction, scientific and technical means must be found for making it possible for even the most densely populated countries to feed their inhabitants.'

'The improvement of existing food plants and domestic animals; the acclimatization of hitherto inhospitable regions of plants that have proved useful elsewhere; the reduction of the present enormous waste of food by improvement of insect controls and the multiplication of refrigeration units; the more systematic exploitation of seas and lakes as sources of food; the development of entirely new foods.'

‘The more rapidly and the more systematically we make use of these discoveries, the better for all concerned.’

‘Hardly more important than regional self-sufficiency in food is self-sufficiency in power for industry, agriculture and transportation.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘The storage of the potentialities of power is almost as important as the production of power.’

...

(Susila MacPhail) ‘If we hope to be well treated by nature we must start treating our planet with intelligence and consideration.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Do as you would be done by. The Golden Rule in relation to plants and animals and the earth that supports them.’

‘Committing that sin, which the Greeks called hubris, we behave as though we were not members of earth's ecological community, as though we were privileged and, in some sort, supernatural beings [that can] throw our weight around like gods. But in fact we are, among other things, animals - emergent parts of the natural order.’

(John) ‘I see.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Reality cannot be ignored except at a price; and the longer the ignorance is persisted in, the higher and more terrible becomes the price that must be paid.’

...

[Exterior (day), the Library]

[Interior, the Library common-room]

Leela Rao is busy dusting the common-room with a feather-duster. John and Helmholtz Watson are sitting in the plush common-room of the Library. John is reading a book of poetry.

Helmholtz is viewing a succession of historical black-and-white photographs (circa 1880-1930) on a large projection-screen. The photographic-slides show traditional indigenous villages and peoples, including Ainu, Inuit, Haida, Hopi, Shoshone, Navajo, Maori, Australian Aboriginal, Dayak, San, Sami, etc.

(John) ‘Listen to this.’

John begins reading an extract from the poem ‘A Poet’s Death Is His Life’ by Khalil Gibran.

“Then, at the bedside of the dying poet appeared an angel who possessed a supernatural and divine beauty, holding in her hand a wreath of lilies.”

John pauses for dramatic effect.

“She impressed a deep and long and gently withdrawn kiss that left an eternal smile of fulfillment upon his lips.”

...

(Leela Rao) ‘Outstanding! Superb pros-poetry.’

(Helmholtz) ‘Agreed.’

...

(Helmholtz) ‘Leela, play something from your pile of music.’

(Leela Rao) ‘Alright.’

Leela Rao begins playing the French folk song ‘Au clair de la lune’ (recorded in 1929 by singer Yvonne Printemps) on a spinning record-player.

The brief haunting song plays in its entirety (1:50 minutes).

Helmholtz continues to view a succession of photographic-slides on a large projection-screen. The photographic-slides show traditional indigenous peoples and villages.

(At the end of the brief song) John has tears in his eyes, and a tortured melancholic expression.

(Leela Rao) ‘Are you alright John?’

John nods (unable to speak without releasing a sob).

(Leela Rao) ‘I know. It’s haunting.’

‘It’s like listening to the voice of a ghost. The voice of someone that lived, loved, and suffered hundreds of years ago.’

John winces at the word ‘suffered’.

(John) ‘Centuries of artists and poets suffering for their art, so that ‘babies in bottles’ can play Electromagnetic Golf and Centrifugal Bubble-puppy.’

(Leela Rao) ‘I know.’

(John) ‘Don't you sometimes despair [about the state of the world]?’

(Leela Rao) ‘[Here on Pala] we don't despair because we know that things don't necessarily *have* to be as bad as in fact they've always been.’

‘We know that they can be a great deal better.’

‘Know it because they already *are* a great deal better, here and now, on this absurd little island.’

‘But whether we shall be able to persuade [the World State] to follow our example, or whether we shall even be able to preserve our tiny oasis of humanity in the midst of [a] world-wide wilderness of [insanity]--that, alas, is another question. One's justified in feeling extremely pessimistic about the current situation; but despair, radical despair--no, I can't see any justification for that.’

‘This island justifies a certain kind of optimism.’

...

[Exterior (night), the Library]

[Interior, the Library common-room]

John and Helmholtz Watson are sitting alone in the common-room of the Library (facing each other). Helmholtz is holding a large history textbook.

(Helmholtz) ‘The early Benedictines revived agricultural life after the collapse of the Roman Empire; re-colonized the land that had been deserted, re-introduced industrial techniques in places where they had been almost lost.’

‘Under their influence, swamps were drained and brought under the plough; [and] the breeds of horses and cattle were greatly improved.’

‘For many centuries education and the dissemination of knowledge through written books was mainly in the hands of the Benedictines.’

...

[Exterior (night), the Library]

[Interior, the Library common-room]

John and Helmholtz Watson are sitting alone in the common-room of the Library (facing each other).

(Helmholtz) ‘Something I hadn't intended to talk about to anybody. But now I feel that perhaps I have a duty, an obligation to tell you about this very private experience. Perhaps the telling may help you.

‘Half an hour after swallowing the [moksha-medicine] I became aware of a slow dance of golden lights.’

[Flashback, Interior, sitting-room]

The room glows with a subtle golden twilight.

[Interior, the Library common-room]

‘The perspective looked rather odd, and the walls of the room no longer seemed to meet in right angles.’

‘An hour and a half later, I was looking intently at a small glass vase.’

[Flashback, Interior, sitting-room]

Watson is staring intently at a flower-vase, containing a rose, a carnation, and an iris.

‘At breakfast that morning I had been struck by the lively dissonance of its colours.’

‘But that was no longer the point. I was not looking now at an unusual flower arrangement. I was seeing the miracle moment by moment, of naked existence.’

‘Understanding of everything but without knowledge of anything.’

‘Neither spectacle nor spectator.’

[Interior, the Library common-room]

‘I continued to look at the flowers, and in their living light I seemed to detect the qualitative equivalent of breathing – but of a breathing without returns to a starting point, with no recurrent ebbs but only a repeated flow from beauty to heightened beauty, from deeper to ever deeper meaning.’

[Flashback, Interior, sitting-room]

Watson is now staring intently at a bookshelf. The books on the bookshelf are glowing brightly like colored Christmas-tree bulbs.

‘The books, like the flowers, glowed when I looked at them, with brighter colours, a profounder significance. Books whose colour was so intense, so intrinsically meaningful, that they seemed to be on the point of leaving the shelves.’

[Interior, the Library common-room]

‘I saw the books, but was not at all concerned with their positions in space. What I noticed, what impressed itself upon my mind was the fact that all of them glowed with living light and that in some the glory was more manifest than in others. In this context, position and the three dimensions were beside the point.’

[Flashback, Interior, sitting-room]

Watson is staring intently at a bookshelf. The books on the bookshelf are glowing brightly like colored Christmas-tree bulbs.

‘And what strange jewelry! Narrow slabs of emerald and topaz, of ruby and sapphire and lapis lazuli, blazing away, row above row, like so many bricks in a wall of the New Jerusalem.’

[Interior, the Library common-room]

‘A little later there were sumptuous red surfaces swelling and expanding from bright nodes of energy that [vibrated] with a continuously changing, patterned life.’

...

[Flashback, Interior, sitting-room]

‘Three hours after swallowing the [moksha-medicine we began the Initiation].’

Helmholtz Watson is now sitting on the carpeted floor in a meditative posture (with his eyes closed).

Susila MacPhail lights a frankincense incense-stick.

(Susila MacPhail) ‘The nature of psychological compulsion is such that those who act under constraint remain under the impression that they are acting on their own initiative. The victim of mind-manipulation does not know that he is a victim. To him, the walls of his prison are invisible, and he believes himself to be free.’

...

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Alpha children wear grey. Beta children wear mulberry.’

[Flashback, Watson’s ‘mind’s eye’]

‘Gamma children wear green. Delta children wear khaki. Epsilons children wear black.’

The mental image of five complex grey structures appears in Watson's 'mind's eye'; vaguely synchronistic with his thoughts.

(Helmholtz) 'The closing of my eyes revealed a complex of grey structures [vaguely synchronistic with my thoughts].'

(Susila MacPhail) 'And release.'

The mental image of the five complex grey structures rapidly plummets out of existence.

[Flashback, Interior, sitting-room]

(Susila MacPhail) 'I'm really awfully glad I'm an Alpha. Alphas are so frightfully clever.'

[Interior, the Library common-room]

(Helmholtz) 'One hundred repetitions three nights a week for four years. Sixty-two thousand four hundred repetitions.'

[Flashback, Interior, sitting-room]

(Susila MacPhail) 'And release.'

[Flashback, Watson's 'mind's eye']

The mental image of the two complex grey structures rapidly plummets out of existence.

[Flashback, Interior, sitting-room]

(Susila MacPhail) 'I don't want to play with Delta children, and Epsilons are still worse.'

[Flashback, Watson's 'mind's eye']

The mental image of two complex grey structures appears in Watson's 'mind's eye'; vaguely synchronistic with his thoughts.

(Susila MacPhail) 'And release.'

The mental image of the two complex grey structures rapidly plummets out of existence.

[Flashback, Interior, sitting-room]

(Susila MacPhail) 'We always throw away old clothes. Ending is better than mending.'

'And release.'

...

[Interior, the Library common-room]

(Helmholtz) ‘After three hours of unremitting directed meditation (and six hours after swallowing the *moksha*-medicine) the focus of the Initiation subtly shifted.’

‘The shift was like the seamless change of tempo in a complex musical-composition, or like the imperceptible sleight-of-hand of a master stage-magician.’

[Flashback, Watson’s ‘mind’s eye’]

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Your possessions and keepsakes.’

The mental image of two complex grey structures appears in Watson’s ‘mind’s eye’.

(Susila MacPhail) ‘And release.’

The mental image of the two complex grey structures rapidly plummets out of existence.

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Your coworkers and colleagues.’

The mental image of two complex grey structures appears in Watson’s ‘mind’s eye’.

(Susila MacPhail) ‘And release.’

The mental image of the two complex grey structures rapidly plummets out of existence.

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Your friends.’

The mental image of a complex grey structure appears in Watson’s ‘mind’s eye’.

(Susila MacPhail) ‘And release.’

The mental image of a complex grey structure rapidly plummets out of existence.

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Your lovers.’

The mental image of numerous grey structures appears in Watson’s ‘mind’s eye’.

(Susila MacPhail) ‘And release.’

The mental image of numerous grey structures rapidly plummets out of existence.

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Your caste.’

The mental image of a large grey structure appears in Watson's 'mind's eye'.

(Susila MacPhail) 'And release.'

The mental image of a large grey structure rapidly plummets out of existence.

(Susila MacPhail) 'Your self.'

The mental image of an enormous grey structure appears in Watson's 'mind's eye'.

(Susila MacPhail) 'And release.'

The mental image of an enormous grey structure rapidly plummets out of existence.

Watson's 'mind's eye' is immediately transformed into a random pixel pattern of fluctuating static, resembling the analog static of a television-set (when there is no transmission signal obtained by the antenna receiver). The static 'white-noise' is accompanied by a loud unremitting high-pitched tone.

[Flashback, Interior, sitting-room]

Helmholtz Watson is sitting on the carpeted floor in a meditative posture (with his eyes closed and an extremely intense expression).

(Susila MacPhail) 'Pure [Nirvana], one hundred percent proof.'

'The fruit of ignorance of good and evil.'

'The absolute polar-opposite of Brahman.'

'Bodhisattvas dilute their Nirvana with equal parts of love and work.'

(Helmholtz) 'It's like an electric current.'

[Flashback, Watson's 'mind's eye']

Watson's 'mind's eye' consists exclusively of dazzling bright static, and a loud continuous tone.

[Flashback, Interior, sitting-room]

(Susila MacPhail) 'Open your eyes.'

Watson slowly opens his eyes.

[Flashback, Watson's 'mind's eye']

The fluctuating static is partially superimposed over Watson's 'first-person' perspective of the room. The high-pitched tone also continues (albeit somewhat abated).

[Flashback, Interior, sitting-room]

(Susila MacPhail) 'Don't worry about your vision and hearing. They will both return to normal before long.'

'The *moksha*-medicine can give you a succession of beatific glimpses, an hour or two of enlightening and liberating grace. It remains for you to decide whether you'll co-operate with the grace and take those opportunities.'

...

[Exterior (day), outdoor-restaurant] ON LIBERTY x1

John (the Savage), Helmholtz Watson, Dr. Robert, and Susila MacPhail are seated around a large wooden table (with a flower-vase containing a bouquet of blue Himalayan-poppies).

There is a small flag draped over the thatch-roof of the outdoor-kitchen. The flag consists of five vertical stripes (white, green, blue, red, and purple).

(Dr. Robert) 'Do you remember what the colour blue represents on the flag of Pala?'

(John) 'Liberty.'

'Like the blue, white and red tricolor of the French Republic.'

(Helmholtz) 'Liberté, égalité, fraternité!'

'You must admit, it sounds better in French.'

(Dr. Robert) 'Agreed.'

(Susila MacPhail) 'Liberté/Liberty, however you want to call it, here on Pala it means freedom.'

(Dr. Robert) '[Here on Pala, we] believe that, without freedom, human beings cannot become fully human and that freedom is therefore supremely valuable.'

(John) 'You mentioned there are some words (such as Freedom, Liberty, and Democracy) that have been used as pretexts for foreign invasions and domestic oppression.'

(Dr. Robert) 'Yes; and the word Socialism.'

‘Such words carry with them old associations and traditional meaning which have nothing whatever to do with [life here on Pala].’

(John) ‘I see.’

‘So, what exactly *does* the word Liberty mean here on Pala?’

A brown-skinned Palanese girl abruptly places four tall glasses of milk-tea onto the wooden table.

(Vijaya) ‘Four glasses of Palanese chai.’

...

(Dr. Robert) ‘Vijaya, what does freedom mean to you?’

(Vijaya) ‘We don’t want anyone telling us what to do.’

‘We don’t want anyone pushing us around.’

‘We want to have a good time, without being hassled by the man.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Does that answer your question?’

(John) ‘Somewhat.’

Susila MacPhail and the girl exchange a few words in Palanese (comparable to an indecipherable West-Indies Patois).

(Susila MacPhail) ‘This concern with the basic condition of freedom - the absence of physical constraint - is unquestionably necessary, but is not all that is necessary. It is perfectly possible for a man to be out of prison, and yet not free.’

(John) ‘I see.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘In the words of the French ‘Declaration of the Rights of Man (and of the Citizens)’ Liberty consists of doing anything which does not harm others.’

(John) ‘I think I understand.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Our ‘Palanese Charter of Freedoms’ has several articles in common with the Declaration of Jefferson and Lafayette, including; Freedom of Religion, Freedom of Speech, Freedom of the Press, and the Right of the people to peaceably assemble.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Needless to say, we go quite a bit further on this absurd little island.

(Dr. Robert) ‘Here on Pala, every human-being has certain entrenched absolute freedoms (that cannot be taken away for any reason).

(John) ‘Such as...’

(Dr. Robert) ‘The ‘Freedom of Bodily Autonomy’, the ‘Freedom of artistic expression and derivation’, the ‘Freedom to Vote, and directly participate in government’, the ‘Freedom of Imagination and Fantasy’, the ‘Freedom from all forms of forced labour, both direct and indirect’.

(Susila MacPhail) ‘The ‘Freedom to access the Commons’, the ‘Freedom to grow any seed or spore’, the ‘Freedom to consume alcohol and natural intoxicants’, the sacred ‘Freedom of Life’, and many more such articles.’

(John) ‘I take it there is no capital-punishment on Pala.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Correct.’

‘We do not hang people, we do not shoot people, we do not gas people, and we do not electrocute people.’

‘Here on Pala, these entrenched absolute freedoms are applied, and applied to the extreme practical limit.’

(John) ‘I think I understand.’

...

(Dr. Robert) ‘Societies are composed of individuals and are good only insofar as they help individuals to realize their potentialities and to lead a happy and creative life.’

Dr. Robert gestures at a long column of large ants on the ground.

[Exterior (day), column of ants]

‘For the individual [ant], service to the ‘anthill’ is perfect freedom. But human beings are not completely social; they are only moderately gregarious. Their societies are not organisms, like the hive or the anthill; they are organizations.

[Exterior (day), outdoor-restaurant]

‘An organization is neither conscious nor alive. Its value is instrumental and derivative. It is not good in itself; it is good only to the extent that it promotes the good of the individuals who are the parts of the collective whole.’

‘[In the World State, the] basic assumption is that the social whole has greater worth and significance than its individual parts, that inborn biological differences should be sacrificed to cultural uniformity.’

[Exterior (day), column of ants]

‘A great gulf separates the social insect from the not too gregarious, big-brained mammal; and even though the mammal should do his best to imitate the insect, the gulf would remain.’

[Exterior (day), outdoor-restaurant]

‘[In human beings] the range of individual variation from the statistical norm is amazingly wide. And the statistical norm, let us remember, is useful only in actuarial calculations, not in real life. In real life there is no such person as the average man.’

‘Every individual is biologically unique and unlike all other individuals. Freedom is therefore a great good, tolerance a great virtue and regimentation a great misfortune.’

‘Any culture which, in the interests of efficiency or in the name of some political or religious dogma, seeks to standardize the human individual commits an outrage against man's biological nature.’

(John) ‘I see.’

...

[Exterior (day), column of ants]

(Dr. Robert) ‘[In the World State] the attempt to re-create human beings in the likeness of [insects] has been pushed almost to the limits of the possible.’

[Exterior (day), outdoor-restaurant]

(Dr. Robert) ‘Too much organization transforms men and women into automata, suffocates the creative spirit and abolishes the very possibility of freedom.’

‘Man is not made to be an automaton, and if he becomes one, the basis for mental health is destroyed.’

‘[Neurotic] symptoms as such are not our enemy, but our friend; where there are symptoms there is conflict, and conflict always indicates that the forces of life which strive for integration and happiness are still fighting. The really hopeless victims of mental illness are to be found [in the World State] among those who appear to be most normal.’

(Susila MacPhail) 'Because their human voice has been silenced so early in their lives.'

(Dr. Robert) 'They are normal not in what may be called the absolute sense of the word; they are normal only in relation to a profoundly abnormal society. Their perfect adjustment to that abnormal society is a measure of their mental sickness. These millions of abnormally normal people, living without fuss in a society to which, if they were fully human beings, they ought not to be adjusted.'

(John) 'I think I understand.'

...

(Dr. Robert) 'These blind impersonal forces are not the only enemies of individual liberty and democratic institutions. There are also forces of another, less abstract character, forces that can be deliberately used by power-seeking individuals whose aim is to establish partial or complete control over their fellows.'

'In the past, personal and political liberty depended to a considerable extent upon governmental inefficiency. The spirit of tyranny was always more than willing; but its organization and material equipment were generally weak. Progressive science and technology have changed all this completely. Today, if the central executive wishes to act oppressively, it finds an almost miraculously efficient machine of coercion standing ready to be set in motion.'

(Susila MacPhail) '[Under the past dispensation] the politicians and their propagandists [preferred] to make nonsense of democratic procedures by appealing almost exclusively to the ignorance and irrationality of the electors; by censoring or distorting the facts, and by appealing, not to reason, not to enlightened self-interest, but to passion and prejudice.'

(Dr. Robert) 'To paraphrase "Our Fjord", the propagandist should adopt a systematically one-sided attitude towards every problem that has to be dealt with. He must never admit that he might be wrong or that people with a different point of view might be even partially right.'

(John) 'What can be done?'

(Dr. Robert) 'There is no remedy for the evil except personal self-denial. Reading [partisan] newspapers and listening to the radio are psychological addictions; and psychological addictions, like the physiological addictions to drugs, tobacco and alcohol, can only be put an end to by a voluntary effort on the part of the addict.'

'So deeply prejudiced are we in favour of people of similar opinions to our own, that we are rarely able to command the necessary dispassion.'

(Susila MacPhail) ‘It is enormously difficult to change our wishes in this matter, but the enormously difficult is not the impossible.’

A brown-skinned Palanese girl abruptly places two plates of food onto the wooden table.

(Vijaya) ‘Toasted breadfruit with pumelo marmalade.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Thank you, Vijaya.’

Susila MacPhail and the girl exchange a few words in Palanese (comparable to an indecipherable West-Indies Patois).

(Dr. Robert) ‘But liberty, as we all know, cannot flourish in a country that is permanently on a war footing, or even a near-war footing. Permanent crisis justifies permanent control of everybody and everything by the agencies of the central government.’

‘If offered the choice between liberty and security, most people would almost unhesitatingly vote for security.’

‘Similar situations have occurred at other periods of history. Thus, in the years that witnessed the final disintegration of the Roman Empire, the insecurity of life and property was such that many hitherto free peasants and yeomen voluntarily made over their land and even their persons to the nearest great lord, in exchange for his protection.’

(John) ‘No Liberty without Peace.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Precisely.’

...

[Exterior (day), the Library]

[Interior, the Library common-room]

John (the Savage) and Helmholtz Watson are sitting in the plush common-room of the Library. John is reading the book ‘The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes’ (1892). Leela Rao is busy brewing tea. The first 1:40 minutes of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart’s Ein Kleine Nachtmusik (Second Movement) plays on a spinning record-player.

Helmholtz Watson is watching a succession of historical black-and-white photographic-slides (circa 1880-1930) on a large projection-screen.

The photographic-slides show the ruins of the ancient world, including the Parthenon (Greece), the Giza necropolis (Egypt), Abu Simbel (Egypt), Baalbek (Lebanon), the Ziggurat of Ur (Iraq), Persepolis (Iran), etc.

A large red light begins to silently flash on a telefax machine (indicating that there is an incoming message). Leela Rao tears away the printed paper, and then silently reads the fax-machine message.

Leela Rao abruptly lifts the turntable needle (creating a scratching sound).

Leela Rao announces that the Rani of Pala is on her way to the Library (and will arrive momentarily).

John quotes William Shakespeare.

Leela Rao lights a sandalwood oil incense-stick.

The Rani of Pala abruptly enters the common-room of the Library. The tall exceedingly extraverted Rani is wearing a thick ankle-length pleated-dress, and a modest silver tiara.

Leela Rao cordially greets the Rani, and then exchanges a few friendly words (in Palanese).

(Leela Rao) 'Did you *walk* here?'

(the Rani) 'All the way?'

'I had one of my Impulses. My Little Voice said, 'Go and see this Stranger and [Mr. Watson at the library]. Go!' 'Now!'

'So here I am, Mr. Watson. With hand outstretched and surrounded by a powerful aura of sandalwood oil.'

(Watson) 'Ma'am.'

(John) 'Your Highness.'

John bows.

(the Rani) 'And now, first of all, how *are* you John?'

(John) 'As you see, ma'am, in very good shape.'

(the Rani) 'I can see that you're the kind of heroically considerate man who will go on reassuring his friends even on his deathbed.'

(John) 'Your Highness, if I may be permitted to say so, is much too kind to me.'

(the Rani) 'I hope you don't feel that my visit is an intrusion. I would have given warning, but my Little Voice says, 'No--you must go now.' Why? I cannot say. But no doubt we shall find out in due course.'

...

The Rani brashly scrutinizes a pile of books.

(John) [promptly] **‘Those are all Helmholtz’s books.’**

(the Rani) **‘The Memorial of Saint Helena’, ‘The Book of the Law’, ‘Seven Pillars of Wisdom’, and ‘Thus Spake Zarathustra’.**

[deadpan] **‘Interesting choice of reading material.’**

The Rani brashly scrutinizes the phonograph-record on the turntable.

(the Rani) **‘I always like to know what music my friends are listening to. It is usually more revealing than asking someone how they are feeling.’**

‘Ein Kleine Nachtmusik (Second Movement) by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. One of my favorites.’

[matter-of-factly] **‘Of course, Mozart had the advantage that he was a prophet.’**

(Helmholtz) **‘Leela says the same thing about Mozart.’**

(Leela Rao) **‘I think there is generally consensus when it comes to what music we listen to.’**

(Helmholtz) **‘She does tend to listen to more ‘Sergei Rachmaninoff’ than I would.’**

Watson chuckles.

(Leela Rao) **‘And Helmholtz listens to a lot more ‘Richard Wagner’ than I would.’**

‘He is very good of course, but everything in moderation.’

(Helmholtz) **‘If it were only up to John, we would listen to nothing but ‘Scott Joplin’.’**

(John) **‘It’s true. When I am alone, I will often listen to the ‘Maple Leaf Rag’ over and over again.’**

...

A large red light begins to silently flash on the telefax machine (indicating that there is an incoming message). Leela Rao tears away the printed paper, and then hands the message to the Rani.

(the Rani) **‘I have to drive down to Shivapuram for a meeting of the Privy Council.’**

‘[The government of Pala consists of] the Cabinet, the House of Representatives and then, representing me, the Privy Council.’

(the Rani) ‘Be an angel, and go and fetch the [communal] car. My Little Voice doesn't say anything about *walking* back to the [palace]. It's only a few hundred yards, but in this heat, and at my age...’

(Helmholtz) ‘Of course, Ma'am’.

The Rani slyly exchanges a few words with Leela (in Palanese). Leela Rao then conspicuously announces (in English) that she will accompany Helmholtz Watson .

Helmholtz Watson and Leela Rao swiftly exit the Library, leaving John alone with the Rani.

(the Rani) ‘Now we are alone.’

...

(the Rani) ‘Pala has never had an exile from a ‘Savage Reservation’. It seems you are destined to be unique everywhere you go.’

(John) [melancholically] ‘Always an outsider, always.’

(the Rani) ‘Since you were not raised in the World State, it is not strictly-speaking *necessary* to deprogram your automatic reflex conditioning.’

(John) ‘You’re talking about the First Initiation.’

(the Rani) ‘So you've heard about the *moksha*-medicine?’

(John) ‘Not exactly.’

(the Rani) ‘It's made out of toadstools.’

(John) ‘[Like] those lovely red toadstools that gnomes sit on [in Fairytales].’

(the Rani) ‘No, these are yellow. People used to go out and collect them in the mountains. Nowadays the things are grown in special fungus beds at the High Altitude Experimental Station.’

‘In theological terms, the *moksha*-medicine prepares one for the reception of gratuitous graces – pre-mystical visions or the full-blown mystical experiences.’

...

‘There are five possible Initiations, but most people do not go further than the Second.’

‘Your friend Mr. Watson has taken the 1st Initiation. The librarian Ms. Rao has taken the 2nd Initiation. Dr. Robert and Susila MacPhail have both taken the 3rd Initiation. And I myself have taken the 4th Initiation.’

...

‘Administered in suitable doses, the *moksha*-medicine changes the quality of consciousness more profoundly and yet is less toxic than any other substance in the pharmacologist’s repertory.’

‘Interest in space is diminished and interest in time falls almost to zero.’

‘Visual impressions are greatly intensified and the eye recovers some of the perceptual innocence of childhood, when the sensum was not immediately and automatically subordinated to the concept.’

‘In some cases only swirls of patterned colour are seen. In others there may be vivid recalls of past experiences.’

(John) [melancholically] ‘I see.’

...

(the Rani) ‘One third, more or less, of all the sorrow that [a] person must endure is unavoidable. It is the sorrow inherent in the human condition, the price we must pay for being sentient and self-conscious organisms.’

‘The remaining two thirds of all sorrow is home-made and, so far as the universe is concerned, unnecessary.’

(John) ‘What if the unavoidable one-third of sorrow is still too painful to endure?’

(the Rani) ‘I show you sorrow, said the Buddha realistically. But he also showed the ending of sorrow - self-knowledge, total acceptance, the blessed experience of [oneness].’

(John) ‘I see.’

(the Rani) ‘[Or you are free to choose the path of] maniacal self-torture and despairing suicide.’

‘And so they died miserably ever after.’

...

‘My car has come for me. I must be getting back to Shivapuram.’

...

[Exterior (night), the Library]

[Interior, the Library common-room]

(Narrator) ‘Over the course of the next month, the Savage continued to read voraciously.

‘He read ‘Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland’ and ‘Through the Looking Glass’. He read ‘The Importance of Being Earnest’ and ‘The Picture of Dorian Gray’. He read ‘Frankenstein’, ‘Dracula’, ‘The Invisible Man’, and ‘The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde’. He read ‘Pride and Prejudice’, ‘Wuthering Heights’, and ‘Orlando’. He read ‘The Iliad’ and ‘The Odyssey’. He read the ‘Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám’ and ‘the Masnavi of Rumi’. He read ‘The Complete Works of Edgar Allan Poe’.’

John is sitting alone in the Library common-room reading the book ‘The Picture of Dorian Gray’ (1890) with a transfixed expression. John is still wearing a soft neck-brace.

[Interior, the Librarian-quarters]

(Narrator) ‘Also during this interval, Helmholtz Watson moved into the librarian-quarters with Leela Rao.’

The austere minimalist room contains reproductions of several paintings by Russian avant-garde artist Kazimir Malevich, including: ‘Suprematism’ (1915), ‘Suprematist Composition’ (1916), and ‘Suprematist Composition: White on White’ (1918).

Leela Rao and Helmholtz Watson are lying in bed smoking cigarettes. Leela Rao is wearing an alluring silver negligee. Helmholtz Watson is shirtless.

...

[Exterior (day), Open-top automobile]

John, Helmholtz Watson, Dr. Robert, and Susila MacPhail drive through the fertile countryside in an open-top vehicle.

John is no longer wearing a soft neck brace. The Savage still has a thick beard (and short hair).

(Dr. Robert) ‘Tomorrow, I’ll show you the sights of the village, and the still more remarkable sight of my family eating their lunch.’

‘Today we have an appointment in the mountains.’

...

[Exterior (day), Open-top automobile]

(Dr. Robert) 'It isn't far. We'll be there in a few minutes.'

(John) 'Where's 'there'?'

(Dr. Robert) 'The Experimental Station. It's like Rothamsted. Did you ever go to Rothamsted when you were in England?'

John shakes his head.

(Dr. Robert) 'It's been going for more than a hundred years.'

(Susila MacPhail) 'A hundred and eighteen, to be precise.'

...

[Exterior (day), Open-top automobile]

The open-top vehicle passes an aging cement-plant.

(Dr. Robert) 'When I was [around your age] I put in four months at that cement-plant, and after that, ten weeks making superphosphates, and then a six month stint at a water-purification plant.'

'After which I had a taste of the sea on a fishing boat.'

'Sampling all kinds of work--it's part of everybody's education. One learns an enormous amount that way--about things and skills and organizations, about all kinds of people and their ways of thinking.'

(John) 'Does that kind of part-time system work well?'

(Dr. Robert) 'It depends what you mean by 'well'. It doesn't result in maximum efficiency. But then in Pala maximum efficiency isn't the categorical imperative that it is [in the World State]. [The World Controllers] think first of getting the biggest possible output in the shortest possible time. We think first of human beings and their satisfactions.'

(Susila MacPhail) 'If it's a choice between mechanical efficiency and human satisfaction, we choose satisfaction.'

(Dr. Robert) '[Here on Pala] we have always chosen to adapt our economy and technology to human beings--not our human beings to somebody else's economy and technology.'

...

[Exterior (day), Open-top automobile]

(Dr. Robert) ‘That's the High Altitude Station, seven thousand feet up, with more than five thousand acres of good flat land, where we can grow practically anything that grows in southern Europe. Wheat and barley; green peas and cabbages, lettuce and tomatoes; gooseberries, strawberries, walnuts, greengages, peaches, apricots. Plus all the valuable plants that are native to high mountains at this latitude.’

The High Altitude Station rests on the flattened summit of a tall mountain. The giant domed building is surrounded by numerous glass greenhouses, and terraced farmland.

...

[Exterior (day), the High Altitude Station]

John, Helmholtz Watson, Susila MacPhail, and Dr. Robert alight from an open-top vehicle, and then slowly walk towards the imposing glass-and-steel building.

[Interior, the High Altitude Station]

The enormous pavilion contains a giant optical-telescope in the center of the expansive circular room.

Dr. Robert shows John a detailed map of Pala [the Falkland Islands].

(Dr. Robert) ‘Most of the population lives on the southern archipelago, and the entire north island is a giant Puma sanctuary.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘We call the northern island Rendang.’

(Dr. Robert) [proudly] ‘The north island supports a thriving population of more than three thousand healthy mountain lions.’

(John) [‘Our Father; *hallowed* be thy name.’]

(Dr. Robert) [‘Thy Kingdom; on *Earth* as it is in Heaven.’]

(Susila MacPhail) ‘*True* socialism.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Precisely.’

...

(Dr. Robert) ‘The north island also supports a thriving population of wild horses.’

‘If you ever want to know what *true* freedom looks like, just watch a herd of wild horses galloping along the shoreline (without saddle or bridle).’

Dr. Robert points-out where all the offshore wind-turbines are located.

(Dr. Robert) ‘Pala is a small island. We don’t have any nuclear-reactors.’

...

[Exterior (day), the High Altitude Station]

[Interior, the High Altitude Station]

(Dr. Robert) ‘...Centralized finance begot centralized industry, and in due course the profits of centralized industry increased the power of centralized finance, so that it was able to proceed ever further in the direction of completely centralized production and distribution.’

‘The man who pays the piper always calls the tune. In [laissez-faire] capitalist democracies the popular press supports its advertisers by inculcating the benefits of centralized industry and finance, coupled with as much centralized government as will enable these institutions to function at a profit.’

‘In a world where the concentration of economic power is advantageous to the ruling minority, it is only natural that the results of disinterested scientific research should be applied in such a way as to foster large scale mass production and mass distribution.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Here on Pala, scientific research is anything but disinterested.’

(John) ‘I think I understand. On Pala, scientific research is *purposeful*, in the same way that ‘ecological-capitalism’ is *purposeful*.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Precisely...’

...

(Dr. Robert) ‘[In the past dispensation] before embarking upon practice, all physicians [swore] a professional oath - the oath of Hippocrates - that they will not take improper advantage of their position, but always remember their responsibilities toward suffering humanity. [Here on Pala], technicians and scientists take a similar oath.’

(John) ‘May I hear the oath?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Certainly.’

‘I pledge myself that I will use my knowledge for the good of humanity and against the destructive forces of the world and the ruthless intent of men; and that I will work together with my fellow scientists of whatever nation, creed or colour for these our common ends.’

‘If the world is to be saved, scientific methods must be combined with good intentions and devotion. By themselves, neither goodness nor intelligence are equal to the task of changing society and individuals for the better.’

...

John, Helmholtz Watson, Susila MacPhail, and Dr. Robert walk over to a large table (containing numerous cacti and exotic-plants).

Dr. Robert shows John several jars containing dried yellowish psilocybin-mushrooms.

(Dr. Robert) ‘Modern pharmacology has given us a host of new synthetics, but in the field of the naturally occurring mind changers it has made no radical discoveries. All the botanical sedatives, stimulants, vision revealers, and cosmic-consciousness arousers were found out thousands of years ago, before the dawn of history.’

(Helmholtz) ‘With the exception of the *moksha*-medicine.’

(Dr Robert) ‘Correct.’

‘A century of research on the *moksha*-medicine, and we've found a lot of answers.

‘For example, we've found that the people whose EEC doesn't show any alpha-wave activity when they're relaxed, aren't likely to respond significantly to the *moksha*-medicine. That means that, for about fifteen per cent of the population, we have to find other approaches to liberation.’

‘Another thing we're just beginning to understand is the neurological relationship between brain and consciousness.’

‘What's happening in the brain when you pass from a pre-mystical to a genuinely mystical state of mind?’

(John) ‘Do you know?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘‘Know’ is a big word. Let's say we're in a position to make some plausible guesses.’

‘[The French philosopher Henri Bergson theorized that] the function of the brain and nervous system is in the main *eliminative* and not *productive*.’

‘According to such a theory, each one of us is potentially Mind at Large.’

‘To make biological survival possible, Mind at Large has to be funneled through the reducing valve of the brain and nervous system; to protect us from being overwhelmed and confused.’

‘Most people, most of the time, know only what comes through the [cerebral] reducing valve.’

‘[With four hundred milligrams of *moksha*-medicine in the bloodstream] Mind at Large seeps past the no longer watertight valve.’

‘That Archetypal World, where men have always found the raw materials of myth and religion.’

‘As I myself believe, visionary experiences enter our consciousness from somewhere “out there” in the infinity of Mind-at-Large.’

(Helmholtz) ‘That’s interesting.’

...

(Dr Robert) ‘And now, I want to show you the view.’

John (the Savage), Helmholtz Watson, Dr. Robert, and Susila MacPhail walk onto the expansive flattened terrace.

...

[Exterior (day), the High Altitude Station]

‘There’s Shivapuram. And that complex of buildings on the hill beyond the river--that’s the great Buddhist temple.’

...

[Exterior (day), Buddhist Hall]

The futuristic open-top vehicle stops in front of the great Buddhist Hall.

John, Helmholtz Watson, Dr. Robert, and Susila MacPhail alight from the open-top vehicle.

The great Buddhist Hall resembles a traditional Japanese temple, with a large outdoor statue of Gautama Buddha (sheltered by a Naga snake).

A little brown-skinned Palanese girl places a bouquet of white orchids below the statue of the Buddha.

(John) ‘Offerings of white orchids to an image of compassion and enlightenment--it certainly seems harmless enough.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Given the nature of human beings men can't help making symbols. That's what the human brain is there for--to turn the chaos of given experience into a set of manageable symbols.’

‘One of my favorites. You know about the Bodhi Tree, of course?’

(John) ‘Yes, I know about the Bodhi Tree.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Well, that wasn't the only tree that Gautama sat under at the time of his enlightenment. After the Bodhi Tree, he sat for seven days under... the Tree of Muchalinda.’

(John) ‘Who was Muchalinda?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Muchalinda was the King of the Snakes. So when the Buddha sat down under his tree, the Snake King crawled out of his hole, yards and yards of him, to pay Nature's homage to Wisdom. Then a great storm blew up from the west. The divine cobra wrapped its coils round the more than divine man's body, spread its hood over his head and, for seven days his contemplation lasted, sheltered the Tathagata from the wind and rain.’

‘So there he sits to this day, with cobra beneath him, cobra above him.’

...

[Interior, Buddhist Hall]

John, Helmholtz Watson, Dr. Robert, and Susila MacPhail enter a giant meditation hall (and then immediately remove their shoes). There are several large landscape paintings hanging on the walls.

(John) ‘My word! Who is it by?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Gobind Singh.’

(John) ‘And who's Gobind Singh?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘The best landscape painter Pala ever produced.’

‘He studied with a Cantonese painter who was living in Pala. And of course he'd seen plenty of reproductions of Sung landscapes.’

(John) ‘One might have guessed as much from this extraordinary richness of texture.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘It’s a picture, incidentally, of the next valley to the west, Painted from the place where the power lines disappear over the ridge.’

‘[It] reminds us that there’s a lot more to the universe than just people.’

(John) ‘Always landscapes?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Almost always.’

...

[Exterior (day), Open-top automobile]

The open-top vehicle passes through fields of lush rice-terraces.

(Dr. Robert) ‘Palanese agriculture has always been an affair of terracing and irrigation. But terracing and irrigation call for pooled efforts and friendly agreements. Cut throat competition isn't compatible with rice-growing.’

...

[Exterior (day), Open-top automobile]

The open-top vehicle passes an old mendicant sadhu meditating under a tree (on top of a nearby grassy hill). The emaciated ascetic monk is of Indo-Dravidian descent with a long matted grey beard (and three vertical white lines painted on his forehead). The austere sadhu is clothed only with a short loincloth.

(John) ‘Who is that man over there?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘The mendicant is a Tirthankara (someone that has taken the fifth initiation).’

(John) ‘Are there many people like him (who have taken the fifth initiation)?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘There are around a hundred Tirthankaras on Pala, and many of them are centenarians.’

...

[Exterior (day), Open-top automobile]

‘The school's on the other side of the village. We have to take the by-pass. It goes down and then up again.’

The open-top vehicle passes under an underpass. The narrow by-pass travels underneath a broad wooded animal-crossing.

...

[Exterior (day), New Rothamsted primary-school]

John (the Savage), Helmholtz Watson, Dr. Robert, and Susila MacPhail alight from an open-top vehicle.

Dr. Robert politely introduces John to Mr. Chandra Menon.

(Dr. Robert) ‘Mr. Chandra Menon, is our Under-Secretary of Education.’

(Mr. Menon) ‘Are you specially interested in education?’

(John) ‘Specially ignorant would be more like it. I was merely brought up, never educated. That's why I'd like to have a look at the genuine article.’

(Mr. Menon) ‘Well, you've come to the right place. New Rothamsted is one of our best schools.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘If [you want] to know about Palanese education, [you have] only to ask Mr. Menon. Nobody [is] better qualified to act as a guide and instructor.’

(Mr. Menon) ‘Would you like to visit some of the classrooms?’

(John) ‘Yes; very much so.’

...

(Mr. Menon) ‘Education has to deal with individuals in all their diversity of shape, size, temperament, gifts and deficiencies.’

‘[Here on Pala] we begin by the frankest, the most objectively scientific acceptance of the fact that human beings belong to different types.’

‘Is he a visualizer or a non-visualizer? Does his mind work with images or with words, with both at once, or with neither? How close to the surface is his story-telling faculty?’

‘Does he show signs of having a talent for music, for mathematics, for handling words, for observing accurately and for thinking logically and imaginatively about what he has observed?’

‘Having accepted the fact that human beings belong to different types, are gifted with different talents and have different degrees of intelligence, we must attempt to give each the education best calculated to develop his or her capacities to their utmost.’

...

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Where intelligence is permitted to exercise itself freely, there will always be a few people prepared to use their wits for the purpose of judging traditional ends as well as for devising effective means to those ends.’

...

[Exterior (day), outdoor-classroom]

(Dr. Robert) ‘In the first half of the nineteenth century, secondary education for the middle classes was enormously extended; in the second half, primary education was made universally compulsory. For the first time, all children were subjected to strict, systematic, unremitting discipline; the kind of discipline that produces a militaristic mentality, at once obedient and domineering.’

‘The early educational reformers believed that universal primary and, if possible, secondary education would free the world from its chains and make it safe for democracy.’

‘On the contrary, it merely prepared the world for dictatorship and universal war. The reason is extremely simple.’

‘If your goal is liberty and democracy, then you must teach people the arts of being free and of governing themselves. If you teach them instead the arts of bullying and passive obedience, then you will not achieve the liberty and democracy at which you are aiming.’

‘Our aim is to train up human beings for freedom, for justice, for peace.’

‘Here the children grow up in a world that’s a working model of society at large; a large, inclusive, voluntary family.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘A working model of the better society imagined by the prophets.’

...

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Traditional education is training for life in a hierarchical, militaristic society.’

‘[According to] Dr. Maria Montessori, the child who has never learned to act alone, to direct his own actions, to govern his own will, grows into an adult who is easily led.’

‘Dr. Montessori might have added; implicit obedience, a ridiculously subservient behavior towards teachers, and passive rather than active methods of acquiring knowledge.’

‘The obedience which is expected of a child in school prepares the man to be docile to blind forces.’

‘[Here on Pala] we train up our young children to be free, self-governing individuals; for actualization, for being turned into full-blown human beings.’

...

(Dr. Robert) ‘Early conditioning, as I have pointed out, does not irrevocably and completely determine adult behavior; but it does unquestionably make it difficult for individuals to think, feel and act otherwise than as they have been taught to do in childhood.’

...

(Mr. Menon) ‘The children have just returned from a fieldtrip to the marsh.’

‘The glass water-jars they are holding contain tadpoles and frog-eggs.’

(John) ‘What’s the lesson?’

(Mr. Menon) ‘Elementary Ecology.’

(John) ‘Ecology? Isn't that a bit complicated?’

(Mr. Menon) ‘That's precisely the reason why we begin with it. Never give children a chance of imagining that anything exists in isolation.’

‘Make it plain from the very first that all living is relationship. Show them relationships in the woods, in the fields, in the ponds and streams, in the village and the country around it. Rub it in.’

‘And let me add, that we always teach the science of relationship in conjunction with the ethics of relationship. Balance, give and take, no excesses - it's the rule in nature and, translated out of fact into morality, it *ought* to be the rule among people.’

‘It's easy for the child to see the need for conservation and then to go on from conservation to morality - easy for him to go on from the Golden Rule in relation to plants and animals and the earth that supports them to the Golden Rule in relation to human beings. And here's another important point. Ecology is a universal ethic. There are no Chosen People in nature, no Holy Lands, [and] no Unique Historical Revelations. Conservation morality gives nobody an excuse for feeling superior or claiming special privileges.’

...

(Dr. Robert) ‘[Here on Pala, we insist] on the necessity of bodily health. What happens in the body affects the mind. Physical strains set up psychological strains.’

‘For example, chronic vitamin deficiency, if it isn’t recognized and treated, will lower [a child’s] vitality, darken his mood, make him see ugliness, [and] feel boredom.’

‘No meaningful learning can occur if a child is hungry.’

...

[Exterior (day), Open-top automobile]

The open-top vehicle passes under an underpass. There is a family of deer serenely walking across the wooded animal-crossing.

...

[Exterior (night), rooftop-terrace] ON SOCIALISM x1

The crowded rooftop-terrace overlooks a number of smaller buildings. The upscale establishment contains several wooden tables, a small dance-floor, and a well-stocked bar.

John, Helmholtz Watson, Dr. Robert, and Susila MacPhail are seated around a large wooden table (sipping tall glasses of white-wine). There are two platters of raw oysters (on ice) in the center of the table.

(Dr. Robert) ‘Human beings have certain physical and psychological wants. They require food, clothing and shelter; and, for moral and mental health, they need to be given the opportunity to develop their latent potentialities to the fullest degree compatible with the freedom and well-being of others.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘In a word: socialism.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘If the word [‘socialism’] is too unpleasantly associated with ideas of domestic oppression and foreign war, with irresponsible domination and no less irresponsible submission, then by all means let us call the necessary social machinery by some other name. For the present there is no general agreement as to what that name should be; I shall therefore go on using the bad old word, until some better one is invented.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘For the sake of discussion, let us call the autocratic programs carried out by the Soviet Union ‘state socialism’, and let us call the socialism practiced here on Pala ‘true socialism’.

(Dr. Robert) ‘Agreed.’

(John) ‘So what exactly *is* true socialism?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘In the words of Charles Darwin, “The small strength and speed of man and his want to natural weapons are more than counterbalanced, firstly, by his intellectual

faculties, and secondly, by those social qualities which led him to give and receive aid from his fellowmen.””

(John) ‘To give and receive aid.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘...To work for the welfare, liberty and peace of the individuals composing the human race; without, in the process, ruining and befouling the planetary environment.’

(John) ‘I see.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Here on Pala, we have transformed a capitalist society, in which the profit motive predominates, into a [true] socialist society, in which the first consideration is the common good.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘A compassionate meritocratic society...’

...

(Dr. Robert) ‘There are limits beyond which incomes and personal accumulations of capital ought not to go.’

‘What is the degree of economic inequality that should be allowed to exist in any community? Clearly, there can be no universally valid answer.’

‘Here on Pala, Capital is what is left over after the primary needs of a population have been satisfied.’

(John) ‘I think I understand.’

...

(Dr. Robert) ‘Here on Pala, every human being has the entrenched absolute Right to basic food, clothing, and shelter.’

‘Every human-being does *not* have the absolute Right to live in a mansion or a manor, but everyone *does* have the Right to sleep someplace with a roof over their head, and a lock on the door.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Likewise, everybody is *not* entitled to eat fresh oysters for dinner (without spending capital).’

Susila MacPhail gestures to the plates of raw oysters on the table.

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Even so, every human-being *is* fully entitled to eat a basic, but nutritious, meal of rice, legumes, and seasonal vegetables.’

(John) ‘I understand.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘In the same way, basic, but durable, clothing is distributed by the government. Free, gratis and for nothing - except of course that they have to be paid for out of [the Tithe].’

(John) ‘I see.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Needless to say, we go far beyond the primary needs of a population.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘...Healthcare, education, transportation, sanitation, recycling, recreation, research, and much more...’

(Dr. Robert) ‘...Equipment, like those transmission lines and the generators at the other end.’

...

(Dr. Robert) ‘To love one’s neighbor as oneself may mean much or little, according to our interpretation of the word "neighbor”. It is left to us to decide whether that interpretation shall be narrow or broad.’

...

[Exterior (night), the Library]

[Interior, the Library common-room]

Leela Rao methodically prepares three glasses of Palanese tea. The first three minutes of Frederic Chopin’s Nocturne (No. 2) plays on a spinning record-player. The sound of unremitting rainfall accompanies the soothing solo piano music.

John is engrossed in reading the book ‘Tarzan of the Apes’ (1912). Helmholtz is standing on the outside balcony watching the rain (at night). Helmholtz is smoking a cannabis-cigarette.

Leela Rao silently places a glass of tea nearby John.

Leela Rao walks outside onto the outdoor balcony of the Library (carrying two glasses of tea). Leela Rao silently hands Helmholtz a glass of tea. Helmholtz silently hands Leela Rao a lit cannabis-cigarette.

Leela Rao and Helmholtz Watson silently watch the rain.

Fade to black

...

[Exterior (night), shadow-puppet theatre] ON SOCIALISM x2

The crowded outdoor shadow-puppet show is performed by hidden puppeteers (between a light source and a large translucent screen). The detailed cut-out shadow-puppets are staging a story from the Hindu Sanskrit epic the Ramayana. There are several small children sitting in front of the platform stage.

John, Dr. Robert, and Susila MacPhail are seated around a large table (sipping tall glasses of Palanese chai).

(John) ‘How can existent society be transformed into the ideal society described by the prophets?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘The only effective methods for carrying out large-scale social reforms are non-violent methods. Violence produces only the results of violence and the attempt to impose reforms by violent methods is therefore foredoomed to failure.’

‘The end cannot justify the means, for the simple and obvious reason that the means employed determine the nature of the ends produced.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘A violent revolution cannot achieve anything except the inevitable results of violence.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘[In France,] the Terror was the fruit of sordid quarrels for power among the revolutionaries themselves and its results were the extinction of the republic and the rise, first, of the Directory, then of Napoleon’s military dictatorship.’

‘In Russia, the end proposed was [socialism]. Ruthless and prolonged violence was used to achieve that end. With what result? That [the Soviet Union was] not [socialistic]; it [was] an elaborately hierarchical society, ruled by a small group of men who [were] ready to employ the extremes of physical and economical coercion against those who disagree with their views; a society in which the principle of authority [was] accepted without question, and [state] violence [was] taken for granted.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘As the revolution was violent and coercive, it could not be otherwise. The violent means so conditioned the end proposed that it was impossible for that end to be what the revolutionaries had intended it to be--that is, [socialism] within the country and international co-operation without its borders.’

‘The means we employ infallibly determine the ends we actually achieve; it follows, therefore that the ends can never justify the means.’

(John) ‘I understand.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘If [true socialism] is to be achieved it can only be by non-violent means.’

...

(John) ‘Can non-violent means be truly effective?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘There is enough historical evidence to show that [non-violent resistance] is unquestionably effective.’

‘For example, the principles of non-violence were used by the Christians against the authorities of the Roman Empire – with complete success.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘We have the case of Gandhi, whose non-violent methods were remarkably effective in South Africa.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘A striking example of the way in which even a threat of non-violent non-cooperation can avert war was provided by the British Labour Movement in 1920.’

‘The Council of Action warned the government that if it persisted in its scheme of sending British troops to Poland for an attack upon the Russians, a general strike would be called, labour would refuse to transport munitions or men, and a complete boycott of the war would be declared. Faced by this ultimatum, the Lloyd George government abandoned its plans for levying war on Russia.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Non-violence presents the only hope of salvation. But, in order to resist the assaults of a numerous and efficient police, or, in the case of foreign invasion, of soldiers, non-violent movements will have to be well organized and widely spread.’

‘Those who would use non-violence must practice self-control, must learn moral as well as physical courage, must pit against anger and malice a steady good will and a patient determination to understand and to sympathize. Violence makes men worse; non-violence makes them better.’

...

[Exterior (night), shadow-puppet screen]

In the shadow-puppet show, the avatar Rama marries the beautiful princess Sita. The crowd reacts with loud applause.

...

[Exterior (night), shadow-puppet theatre]

(Dr. Robert) ‘[In the past] an armed revolution still had some chance of success. In the context of modern weaponry a popular uprising is foredoomed. Crowds armed with rifles and home-made grenades are no match for tanks, bombers, and flame-flowers.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘In any armed conflict, the side which has the tanks, bombers and flame-throwers cannot fail to defeat the side which is armed at the very best only with small arms.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘All over the world the police are able to act with a rapidity a precision and a foresight never matched in the past. The days of the barricade are over.’

(John) ‘I see.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘No weapons available to the masses can compete with those in the arsenals controlled by the ruling minority. Consequently, if any resistance is to be offered by the many to the few, it must be offered in a field in which technological superiority does not count.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘The only methods by which a people can protect itself against the tyranny of rulers possessing a modern police force are the non-violent methods of massive non-co-operation and civil disobedience. Such methods are the only ones which give the people a chance of taking advantage of its numerical superiority to the ruling [minority] and to discount its manifest inferiority in armaments.’

...

[Exterior (night), shadow-puppet screen]

In the shadow-puppet show, the avatar Rama kills the demon-king Ravana. The crowd reacts with loud applause.

...

[Exterior (night), shadow-puppet theatre]

(Dr. Robert) ‘A more efficient police force is not the only obstacle which technological progress has put in the way of desirable change; unhappily, modern technology has put into the hands of the ruling minorities new instruments for influencing public opinion incomparably more efficient than anything possessed by the tyrants of the past.’

‘What Mark Antony could do to the mob assembled round Caesar’s corpse, his modern counterpart can do to entire nations.’

‘In their anti-rational propaganda the enemies of freedom systematically pervert the resources of language in order to wheedle or stampede their victims into thinking, feeling and acting as they, the mind-manipulators, want them to think, feel and act.’

‘Most of this organized lying takes the form of propaganda, inculcating hatred and vanity, and preparing men’s minds for war.’

‘Mindlessness and moral idiocy are not characteristically human attributes; they are symptoms of herd-poisoning.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Propaganda in favor of action that is consonant with enlightened self-interest appeals to reason by means of logical arguments based upon the best available evidence fully and honestly set forth. Propaganda in favor of action dictated by the impulses that are below self-interest offers false, garbled or incomplete evidence, avoids logical argument and seeks to influence its victims by the mere repetition of catchwords, by the furious denunciation of foreign or domestic scapegoats, and by cunningly associating the lowest passions with the highest ideals.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘The effectiveness of political and religious propaganda depends upon the methods employed, not upon the doctrines taught. These doctrines may be true or false, wholesome or pernicious—it makes little or no difference.’

‘Mass communication, in a word, is neither good nor bad; it is simply a force and, like any other force, it can be used either well or ill.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Mental and social energy is comparable to the energy of falling water; it can be used for any purpose that men choose to put it to; for bullying the weak and exploiting the poor just as well as for exploring the secrets of nature, for creating masterpieces of art or for establishing union with ultimate Reality.’

...

[Exterior (dawn/early-morning), outdoor-restaurant]

John, Dr. Robert, and Susila MacPhail are seated around a large wooden table.

There is a small flag draped over the thatch-roof consisting of five vertical stripes (white, green, blue, red, and purple).

(Dr. Robert) ‘Mass unemployment and periodical slumps have a variety of interlocking causes.’

‘In [laissez-faire] capitalist countries the nature of the monetary and financial systems has been such that, whenever a boom gets under way, the issuers of credit are compelled by the traditional rules of banking to withdraw credit and so convert the boom into a slump.’

‘And so on, ad infinitum or, rather, until the crash comes.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘In the long run the persons displaced, as the result of [periodical slumps,] may find themselves reabsorbed by other industries or even by the industry from which they were discharged. But what may happen in the long run is of little interest to the

victims of [mass unemployment]. For such persons the chief consequence of [‘Invisible-Hand’ capitalism] is a chronic social and economic insecurity.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘State socialists hold that the remedy for these evils can be found only in the nationalization of banking, land and Industry.’

‘By nationalizing, or at least by rigidly controlling, industry, agriculture and banking, the state could probably get rid of periodical depressions and would be in a position to mitigate, by financial and political measures, the worst consequences of scientific progress. But everything has its price, and it seems unlikely that security achieved in this way could for long coexist with liberty.’

‘We must remember that any government enjoying a monopoly of political and economic power is exposed to almost irresistible temptations to tyranny. There has never been a time when too much power did not corrupt its possessors, and there is absolutely no reason to suppose that, in this respect, the future behavior of human beings will be in any way different from their behavior in the past and at the present time.’

‘Socialism by autocracy or oligarchy is not socialism, or anything like it. It is just benevolent despotism; and there is nothing in the record of history to justify us in the belief that any benevolent despotism will for long remain its benevolence.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘No Socialism without Liberty’.

(John) ‘I understand.’

...

(Susila MacPhail) ‘[Karl] Marx believed that, after the revolution, the state would, in due course, automatically wither away.’

‘A highly centralized dictatorial state may be smashed by war or overturned by a revolution from below; [but] there is not the smallest reason to suppose that it will wither.’

‘State Socialism tends to produce a single, centralized, totalitarian dictatorship, wielding absolute authority over all its subjects through a hierarchy of bureaucratic agents.’

‘Dictatorship of the proletariat is in actual fact dictatorship by a small privileged minority; and dictatorship by a small privileged minority does not lead to liberty, [social] justice, [and] peace.’

...

[Exterior (day), the Library]

[Interior, the Library common-room]

Helmholtz Watson and Leela Rao are watching the Charlie Chaplin silent-film ‘Shoulder Arms’ (1918) on a large projection-screen. The silent-film shows the Charlie Chaplin character in a First World War trench (wearing a steel combat helmet). The Little Tramp is overstatedly performing military drill commands.

John is reading the book ‘The Last of the Mohicans’ (1826) in a plush sitting-chair.

Helmholtz Watson and Leela Rao continue watching the Charlie Chaplin silent-film ‘Shoulder Arms’ (1918). The Charlie Chaplin character (now disguised as a German officer) is greeted with applause and praise by the Allied troops. The Little Tramp then kicks the Kaiser on his backside. A silent-film slate with the text ‘**Peace on earth – goodwill to all mankind**’ appears on the screen. The film ends with the Charlie Chaplin character awakening back at boot-camp (revealing that the events of the film were all a dream). A silent-film slate with the text ‘**The End**’ appears on the screen.

(Helmholtz) ‘That old fellow is a marvelous propaganda technician.’

(Leela Rao) ‘And awfully funny.’

(Helmholtz) ‘Agreed.’

...

[Exterior (day), outdoor-restaurant] ON DEMOCRACY x1

John, Helmholtz Watson, Dr. Robert, and Susila MacPhail are seated around a large wooden table (with a flower-vase containing a bouquet of purple irises).

There is a small flag draped over the thatch-roof consisting of five vertical stripes (white, green, blue, red, and purple).

(Dr. Robert) ‘[Here on Pala we believe that] most men and women are probably decent enough and sensible enough to be trusted with the direction of their own destinies.’

...

(Dr. Robert) ‘[Here on Pala we believe that] given a fair chance, human beings can govern themselves, and govern themselves better, though perhaps with less mechanical efficiency, than they can be governed by authorities independent of their will.’

‘Given a fair chance, I repeat; for the fair chance is an indispensable prerequisite.’

‘No people in a precarious economic condition has a fair chance of being able to govern itself democratically.’

‘Public health and social [justice] are the indispensable preconditions of any kind of general enlightenment.’

(John) ‘No Democracy without Socialism.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Precisely.’

...

(Dr. Robert) ‘Democratic institutions are devices for reconciling social order with individual freedom and initiative, and for making the immediate power of a country's rulers subject to the ultimate power of the ruled.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Since very few human beings are prepared to pay the price of sanctity and very few saints desire power, mere common sense demands that the amount of power wielded by any individual or organization of individuals should be strictly limited and that the principle of self-government should be applied.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘We must create and maintain institutions that make it difficult for the powerful to be led into those temptations which, succumbed to, transform them into tyrants at home and imperialists abroad.’

...

(Dr. Robert) ‘Too often the framers of democratic constitutions have acted as though man were made for democracy, not democracy for man.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘A democratic constitution is a device for preventing the local rulers from yielding to those particularly dangerous temptations that arise when too much power is concentrated in too few hands.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘But there is no governmental institution that cannot be abused. Elected parliaments have been used as instruments of oppression; plebiscites have served to confirm and strengthen tyranny; courts of justice have been transformed into Star Chambers and military tribunals.’

‘Meanwhile we must content ourselves by putting merely legal and administrative obstacles in the way of the [overly] ambitious. They are a great deal better than nothing; but they can never be completely effective.’

(John) ‘I see.’

...

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Here on Pala, every human being has the entrenched absolute ‘Freedom to Vote, and to directly participate in government.’

‘Here on Pala, the Right to Vote cannot be taken away for any reason.’

(Dr. Robert) “‘What about Jack the Ripper?’” says our imaginary heckler “‘Surely democratic institutions can survive if one homicidal maniac is deprived of his Right to Vote’. And of course this may very well be the case. But where do you draw the line in the sand? What about the “social undesirable” that robbed from the poor-box? And then who? And then who else?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘In the end, we decided that the absolute ‘Freedom to Vote’ should be applied, and applied to the extreme practicable limit.’

(John) ‘I understand.’

...

(Dr. Robert) ‘Self-government is in inverse ratio to numbers; the larger the constituency, the less the value of any particular vote.’

‘On Pala, every vote is represented proportionately in Parliament. For example, if a political-party receives 41% of the votes, that party will receive 41% of the seats in Parliament.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘If a political-party receives 39.25% of the votes, that party will have a 39.25% say in government.’

(John) ‘I think I understand.’

...

(Dr. Robert) ‘In the past dispensation, there were many so-called democratic countries that practiced the very undemocratic ‘winner-take-all’ electoral system.’

(John) ‘What’s that?’

Dr. Robert empties a small bowl of fennel-seeds onto the table.

(Dr. Robert) ‘For the sake of discussion, let us say that each one of these fennel-seeds represents one human-being.’

(John) ‘Alright.’

Dr. Robert carefully separates the fennel-seeds into four small piles.

(Dr. Robert) ‘Imagine that ‘Party A’ receives 32% of the votes; ‘Party B’ receives 26%; ‘Party C’ 24%; and ‘Party D’ 18%.’

‘Under the ‘winner-take-all’ electoral system, the party that receives more votes than any other single party is the winner. Accordingly, ‘Party A’ is the exclusive winner.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘It doesn’t matter that ‘Party A’ received only 32% of the votes.’

(John) ‘That’s ridiculous.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Of course it is.’

‘The ‘winner-take-all’ system has more in common with a rigged television game-show than it does with *true* democracy.’

...

(Dr. Robert) ‘‘Winner-take-all’ elections tend to produce a two-party system, which calls for strategic-voting, which leads to voter apathy, dissatisfaction, and division.’

‘In contrast, free and fair proportional representation tends to produce a multi-party system (which is the principle of the division of power, the balancing and compromise of independent forces).’

Dr. Robert carefully separates the fennel-seeds into two near equal piles.

(Dr. Robert) ‘Now imagine that ‘Party A’ received 52% of the votes, and ‘Party B’ received 48%.’

‘Under the ‘winner-take-all’ system, ‘Party B’ is the loser, and therefore has absolutely no say in government. All the votes cast for the losing party simply do not count.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘It doesn’t matter that ‘Party B’ received almost half the popular vote.’

(John) ‘I see’.

...

(Dr. Robert) ‘Here on Pala, there are no losers. On Pala, every vote counts.’

(John) ‘A political-party that has 26% of the votes, has a 26% say in government.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Precisely.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘*True* Democracy.’

(John) ‘Why did people accept the highly undemocratic ‘winner-take-all’ electoral-system?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘The reasons for this extraordinary state of things are many and various. There is ignorance, first of all. Those who know of no electoral-system other than the undemocratic are unaware that their lot might be improved. Then there is fear. Men know that their electoral-system is unjust, but are afraid of the consequences of change.’

‘Mere habit and the force of inertia are also extremely powerful. To get out of a rut, even an uncomfortable rut, requires more effort than most people are prepared to make.’

...

[Exterior (night), outdoor-cafe]

John, Dr. Robert, and Susila MacPhail are seated around a large wooden table (with a purple tablecloth).

(Dr. Robert) ‘Bad leadership is undesirable at any level. And yet, where the destinies of whole nations are at stake, we do not hesitate to entrust the direction of affairs to men of notoriously bad character; to men sodden with alcohol; to men, so old and infirm that they can't do their work or even understand what it is about; to men [who are imbeciles].’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Imbeciles rise to power either by hereditary right or, if the system of choice is elective, because they possess certain demagogic talents, or very often, because it suits certain powerful interests within the community to have an imbecile in office.’

...

(Dr. Robert) ‘Wars, we are told, are made by capitalists and armament makers for their own private interests. But capitalists and armament makers need troops to do the fighting, an electorate to back their policy. They get their troops and their electorate because the violent divisive passions of nationalistic pride, vanity and hatred are present in the masses of their countrymen.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Meanwhile the ruling oligarchy and its highly trained elite of soldiers, policemen, thought-manufacturers and mind-manipulators quietly run the show as they see fit.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘It is not the munitions makers but the masses, who by their votes elect and support governments and administrations committed to the pursuit of [war and tyranny].’

‘Almost all of us long for peace and freedom; but very few of us have much enthusiasm for the thoughts, feelings and actions that make for peace and freedom. Conversely almost nobody wants war or tyranny; but a great many people find an intense pleasure in the thoughts, feelings and actions that make for [foreign invasions and domestic oppression].’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘[People] find a vicarious satisfaction for these impulses through films and stories about [war and criminality].’

...

(Dr. Robert) ‘[On Pala] there may be arguments about the best way of raising wheat in a cold climate or of reforesting a denuded mountain. But such arguments never lead to organized slaughter.’

(John) ‘I understand.’

...

[Exterior (night), the Library]

[Interior, the Library common-room]

Helmholtz Watson and Leela Rao are watching the Walter Ruttmann German avant-garde silent-film ‘Opus 1’ (1921) on a large projection-screen. Helmholtz Watson and Leela Rao are both studying the abstract colour animation with attentive pensive expressions.

(Helmholtz) ‘Interesting.’

(Leela Rao) ‘Good use of colour.’

John appears to be reading the book ‘Paradise Lost’ (1667), but in actuality is gazing longingly at a souvenir photograph of Lenina Crowne and himself (taken at an amusement-park).

...

[Exterior (day), outdoor-cafe] ON DEMOCRACY x2

John, Helmholtz Watson, Dr. Robert, and Susila MacPhail are seated around a large wooden table (with a flower-vase containing a bouquet of purple lavender).

There is a small flag draped over the thatch-roof consisting of five vertical stripes (white, green, blue, red, and purple).

(Dr. Robert) ‘The survival of democracy depends on the ability of large numbers of people to make realistic choices in the light of adequate information.’

‘Nature as well as nurture has set great gulfs between us. Suggestibility is one of the qualities that vary significantly from individual to individual.’

‘[Unfortunately] extreme resistance to suggestion is rather rare.’

‘Extreme suggestibility is probably about as rare as extreme un-suggestibility. And this is fortunate. For if most people were as responsive to outside suggestions as the men and women at the extreme limits of suggestibility, free, rational choice would become, for the majority of the electorate, virtually impossible, and democratic institutions could not survive.’

‘[Approximately] one-fifth of every electorate can be hypnotized almost in the twinkling of an eye, one-seventh can be relieved of pain by injections of water, one-quarter will respond promptly and enthusiastically to hypnopaedia. And to these all too co-operative minorities must be added the slow-starting majorities, whose less extreme suggestibility can be effectually exploited by anyone who knows his business and is prepared to take the necessary time and trouble.’

‘The ideals of democracy and freedom confront the brute fact of human suggestibility.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Is individual freedom compatible with a high degree of individual suggestibility? Can democratic institutions survive the subversion from within of skilled mind-manipulators trained in the science and art of exploiting the suggestibility both of individuals and of crowds? To what extent can the inborn tendency to be too suggestible for one's own good or the good of a democratic society be [offset] by education? How far can the exploitation of inordinate suggestibility by businessmen and ecclesiastics, by politicians in and out of power, be controlled by law?’

(Dr. Robert) ‘We are on the horns of an ethical dilemma, and to find the middle way will require all our intelligence and all our good will.’

...

(John) ‘I know why the colour ‘blue’ was chosen to represent ‘Liberty’, and ‘red’ to represent ‘Socialism’, but I don’t understand why ‘purple’ was chosen to represent ‘Democracy’.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘...Because the colour purple is symbolic of authority.’

‘The Roman Emperors wore purple, so did the Popes of the Middle-Ages.’

‘The word ‘purple’ is even sometimes used as a metonym for the office of Caesar.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Take Caesar’s purple, for who can rule men if not he who holds their conscience.’

‘...Says the Grand Inquisitor in Dostoevsky’s parable.’

(John) ‘I think I understand. On Pala, the people have the authority.’

(Dr. Robert) ‘Precisely.’

...

[Exterior (night), the Library]

[Interior, the Library common-room]

John, Helmholtz Watson, and Leela Rao are sitting in the plush common-room of the Library.

(Leela Rao) ‘After the Fourth Initiation, as one advances along the Path, all the psychic gifts and miraculous powers develop spontaneously.’

(John) ‘Is that so?’

(Leela Rao) ‘The Rani can do the most fantastic things.’

John laughs.

(Leela Rao) ‘But it's the truth.’

(John) ‘I believe you. That’s why I’m laughing’

(Leela Rao) ‘Her Highness *does* do the *most* fantastic things.’

‘[But] these are things one doesn’t talk about.’

...

Helmholtz Watson casually lights a cannabis-cigarette.

(Leela Rao) ‘Take it easy honey. Tomorrow is a big day.’

‘Remember, the Rani has invited John to the Palace.’

...

[Exterior (night), Open-top automobile]

The Rani of Pala, John (the Savage), Helmholtz Watson, and Susila MacPhail drive through the pitch-black countryside in an open-top vehicle.

(the Rani) ‘I'm sorry we can't provide more comfortable transportation.’

‘The best that this highly civilized country can provide for its royal family.’

...

[Exterior (night), the Palace]

The futuristic open-top vehicle stops in front of the main entrance to the palace.

The façade of the palace consists of five coloured Doric columns (white, green, blue, red, and purple). The word ‘PALA’ is written on the frieze. The pediment is adorned with an image of the Vitruvian Man. [The image to the left depicts the corresponding woman, fitting her body to a circle. The image to the right depicts the corresponding man, fitting his body to a square.]

The Rani of Pala, John (the Savage), Helmholtz Watson, and Susila MacPhail alight from the open-top vehicle.

(the Rani) ‘The Palace of Pala was originally designed as a luxury vacation residence for visiting dignitaries (from the World State).’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘...Such as World Controllers and Arch-Community Songsters.’

The Modernist five story building is architecturally at odds with the Neo-classical façade (emphasizing that the original structure has been repurposed and expanded).

The Rani explains that the five coloured columns represent the five pillars that Palanese society is built upon (Peace, Ecology, Liberty, Socialism, and Democracy).

(John) ‘No Liberty without Peace. No Democracy without Socialism. No Socialism without Liberty.’

(the Rani) ‘No Socialism without Ecology. No Democracy without Peace.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘No Democracy without Liberty.’

(the Rani) ‘No Liberty without Ecology. No Ecology without Peace.’

The Rani, John, Helmholtz, and Susila MacPhail enter the imposing stone building.

...

[Interior, palace entrance hall]

The enormous entrance-hall is designed in the ‘Mid-Century Modernist’ architectural style. The polished stone foyer contains a prominent double-staircase (facing the entrance). There is a giant flag of Pala hanging above the gleaming stairwell.

(the Rani) ‘The Palace houses the chamber of ‘the House of Representatives’, ‘the cabinet-room’, and of course, my humble residence.’

Susila MacPhail ‘The Palace of Pala also houses a small museum of assorted archaeological and ethnological artifacts.’

(the Rani) ‘Most of the historical artifacts in the museum were discovered in a single buried storage-container (which also contained almost all the books and phonograph-records in the Pala Library).’

‘The storage-container was buried for posterity sometime after the ‘Nine Years’ War’ and the famous ‘British Museum Massacre’ (in which two thousand culture fans were gassed with dichloroethyl sulphide).’

...

[Interior, palace museum]

The Rani, John, Helmholtz, and Susila MacPhail enter the modest palace museum.

The small museum contains an assortment of archaeological and ethnological artifacts from Polynesia, West Africa, East-Africa, Ancient Egypt, Ancient Greece, Rome, the Near East, Central America, South America, East-Asia, Australasia, and Paleolithic Europe.

The palace museum also contains a section devoted to early mechanical machines from Europe and North America (circa 1700-1900).

The Rani tells John the origin and approximate age of various ethnological artifacts, including; a Mayan stone calendar, an Egyptian sarcophagus, an Australian didgeridoo, an assortment of Polynesian carved wooden masks, an assortment of Iroquois carved wooden masks, an Incan stone statue of a deity, a Roman tile mosaic, a Sumerian cuneiform clay tablet, a Ghanaian bronze bust of a monarch, a Maasai leather shield, a Japanese suit-of-armor, and several Hellenic vases.

The Rani proudly shows John a small stone Paleolithic Venus figurine. The faceless Goddess has exaggerated maternal attributes (including breasts and hips).

(the Rani) [proudly] ‘The stone statue is more than twenty thousand years old.’

The Rani then shows John the section of the museum devoted to early mechanical machines.

The Rani tells John the age and function of some of the pioneering technology.

...

[Interior, palace gold-museum]

The Rani, John, Helmholtz, and Susila MacPhail enter the adjoining dimly-lit gold-museum.

The dark room contains several well-lit gold artifacts, including; coins, jewelry, figurines, daggers, and crowns.

The Rani proudly shows John ‘the Golden Raft of El Dorado’ (fashioned by the Chibcha indigenous people of Colombia). The twenty centimeter long gold figurine is comprised of eleven human figures on top of an oval-shaped reed raft. John examines the exquisite workmanship with evident interest.

...

[Interior, palace cabinet-room]

The Rani, John, Helmholtz, and Susila MacPhail enter the modest-sized cabinet-room.

The stately cabinet-room contains a large round table and five wooden chairs (representing the five ministries of the government).

(John) ‘Like ‘the Knights of the Round Table’ in King Arthur’s Camelot.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Quite.’

(the Rani) ‘The round table is a symbol of the equality of its members.’

The Rani suggests viewing the chamber of ‘the House of Representatives’, and then having a glass of Palanese wine on the Palace veranda, before driving down to Shivapuram.

...

[Exterior (night), Shiva Hall]

The futuristic open-top vehicle stops in front of the main entrance to the Shiva Hall.

The Rani, John, Helmholtz, and Susila MacPhail alight from the open-top vehicle.

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Shivapuram is my second-favorite place on all of Pala.’

The Rani fumbles with a ring of numerous keys, and then unlocks the front-door with one of the many keys.

The Rani of Pala, John (the Savage), Helmholtz Watson, and Susila MacPhail enter the Shiva Hall.

...

[Interior, Shiva Hall]

There is a large bronze statue of the Hindu god Shiva at the far-end of the enormous hall.

(the Rani) ‘[Shiva-Nataraja] surrounded by a flame-fringed glory, his four arms gesturing, his braided hair wildly flying.’

‘Dancing through time and out of time, dancing everlastingly and in the eternal now. Dancing and dancing in all the worlds at once.’

‘Shiva-Nataraja at play among the stars and in the atoms. But also at play within every living thing, every sentient creature, every child and man and woman.’

‘Shiva-Nataraja fills the universe, *is* the universe.’

(John) ‘But Nataraja only dances. His play is a play impartially of death and of life, of all evils as well as of all goods.’

(the Rani) ‘What you would really like is a God who never destroys what he has created. Or if there must be pain and death, let them be meted out by a God of righteousness, who will punish the wicked and reward the good with everlasting happiness.’

‘The Godhead described by the prophets.’

(John) ‘Does a merciful and companionate transcendent-God truly exist?’

(the Rani) ‘Yes, of course. Absolutely!’

‘And so does Para-Brahman and Pari-Nirvana. So does immanent Logos and the Tao. So does the Buddha and the Christ. There are no contradictions.’

‘After the ‘Third Initiation’ this becomes as clear as Euclid.’

[Exterior (night), Shiva Hall]

[Interior, Shiva Hall]

(the Rani) ‘I go by what my Little Voice tells me. Tonight, it's saying; Mr. Watson should take the Second Initiation.’

‘This is an experience of inestimable value; especially to the intellectual.’

(Helmholtz) ‘I bow, to Your Highness's superior insight.’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘[The Second Initiation should be] directed by somebody with an exceptional degree of insight.’

‘Somebody [that has taken the] third initiation or higher.’

‘You are in very good hands.’

(Helmholtz) ‘I am honored.’

...

Helmholtz Watson is sitting on the hardwood floor in a meditative posture with his eyes closed.

(the Rani) ‘The *moksha*-medicine of the Second Initiation takes full effect in a matter of minutes’.

‘It is like the Red-Rocket in from New York.’

‘Isn’t that the fashionable *argot* in your part of the world?’

(Watson) [with trepidation] ‘Yes.’

Susila MacPhail places an ornate tray at the feet of Helmholtz Watson (with roughly one gram of dried psilocybin-mushrooms, a glass of hot herbal-tea, and a small bowl of sugar cubes).

(Susila MacPhail) ‘As you well know, the *moksha*-medicine tastes very bitter. I suggest drinking your tea with sugar.’

Helmholtz places a sugar-cube into the small glass of herbal-tea.

Helmholtz quickly chews and swallows the yellowish psilocybin-mushrooms, and then immediately washes it down with sweetened tea.

(the Rani) ‘For a little while, thanks to the *moksha*-medicine, you will know what it's like to be what in fact you are, what in fact you always have been. But, like everything else, this timelessness is transient. Like everything else, it will pass. And when it has passed, what will you do with this experience? Will you merely enjoy [it] as you would enjoy an evening at the shadow-puppet show? Or, having glimpsed, will you devote [yourself] to the business, not at all as usual, of being what you are in fact?’

The Rani lights a Myrrh incense-stick.

(the Rani) ‘Breathe deeply, and as you breathe, pay attention to this smell of incense. Pay your whole attention to it.’

...

[Watson’s ‘mind’s eye’]

Watson's 'first-person' perspective rapidly hurtles past innumerable coloured stars and exotic galaxies, like the ambiguous psychedelic imagery at the end of the film '2001: A Space Odyssey' (1968).

Watson's 'first-person' perspective rapidly hurtles towards an immeasurably enormous white luminous star.

Watson's 'mind's eye' is abruptly transformed into an unremitting explosion of bright white light, like a thousand exploding flashbulbs.

[Interior, Shiva Hall]

Helmholtz Watson is sitting on the hardwood floor in a meditative posture (with his eyes closed and an extremely intense expression).

(Narrator) 'There was [now] only a luminous bliss, only a knowledgeable understanding, only union with unity in limitless, undifferentiated awareness.'

'He had been unmade into pure mind, mind in its natural state.'

'In a succession of revelations, the light grew brighter, the understanding deepened, the bliss became more impossibly, more unbearably intense.'

[Watson's 'mind's eye']

Watson's 'mind's eye' is a continuous torrent of bright white light, accompanied by the loud unremitting sound of a roaring ocean.

[Interior, Shiva Hall]

Helmholtz Watson is sitting on the hardwood floor in a meditative posture (with his eyes closed and an extremely intense expression).

(the Rani) 'I'm going to wean you by easy stages.'

The Rani walks over to a sleek luminous space-age jukebox. The futuristic music-playing device is decorated with tiers of glowing coloured lights.

The Rani presses several buttons on the front of the illuminated jukebox (to select a specific musical composition). The automated machine robotically grasps a white cylindrical-record, and then robotically places the cylinder onto a spinning futuristic phonograph.

Johann Sebastian Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 4 begins playing on the shimmering jukebox. The Baroque music is played on an electronic Moog-synthesizer (in the style of musician Wendy Carlos).

(the Rani) ‘Johann Sebastian Bach. The music that’s closest to silence, closest, in spite of its being so highly organized, to pure, hundred percent proof [Mind-at-Large].’

The notes of the electronic music are synchronized with the tiers of glowing coloured lights on the space-age jukebox (the higher the pitch of the note the more coloured lights are illuminated).

[Watson’s ‘mind’s eye’]

(Narrator) ‘Silver and rose, yellow and pale green gentian blue, an endless succession of luminous spheres came swimming up from some hidden source of forms and, in time with the music, purposefully constellated themselves into arrays of unbelievable complexity and beauty. An inexhaustible fountain that sprayed out into conscious patternings, into lattices of living stars.’

‘It was undifferentiated awareness broken up into notes and phrases and yet still all comprehendingly itself.’

‘Like a blind man newly healed and confronted for the first time by the mystery of light and colour, he stared in uncomprehending astonishment.’

The shifting kaleidoscopic pattern is vaguely synchronistic with the notes of the Bach Concerto.

[Exterior (night), Shiva Hall]

[Interior, Shiva Hall]

Helmholtz Watson is sitting on the hardwood floor in a meditative posture (with his eyes closed and an extremely intense expression).

(the Rani) ‘You’re making progress. But you’ve still got a long way to go.’

The Rani tells John that the ‘Second Initiation’ will last another eight hours, and that there is no reason for him to stay awake that long.

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Don’t worry about your friend. He is in good hands.’

‘Come on, I’ll show you my favorite place on all of Pala.’

John and Susila MacPhail exit the Shiva Hall, leaving Helmholtz Watson alone with the Rani of Pala.

...

[Exterior (dawn), the coastline]

John and Susila MacPhail arrive at the rugged coastline of the island. The roar of the surf is exceedingly audible from their vantage point.

John (the Savage) and Susila MacPhai alight from the futuristic open-top vehicle, and then walk slowly towards the shore.

There is a giant Easter Island 'Moai' facing the tempestuous ocean.

(Susila MacPhail) 'This is my favorite place on all of Pala.'

'There were once around a thousand Moai statues on Easter Island before the 'Nine Years' War' and the blowing up of all historical monuments.'

'Miraculously, ten Moai statues have been unearthed since Rapa Nui became an 'exile island'.'

'King Hotu Matua of Rapa Nui generously bestowed one of the ten existent Moai statues to the people of Pala (as a symbol of friendship).'

'In return, Pala gave Rapa Nui copies of all the books and phonograph-records in the Pala Library (as well as a copy of the Old Raja's 'Notes on What's What').'

John and Susila MacPhail silently watch the Sun slowly rise above the horizon.

...

[Exterior (day), Offices of the Resident Controller for Western Europe]

"London"

The 'Offices of the Resident Controller for Western Europe' is a squat white building with the 'World State' motto **'COMMUNITY, IDENTITY, STABILITY'** written over the main entrance. A futuristic flying-machine slowly lands on the rooftop of the pristine building.

[Interior, the Controller's study]

The white bare space-age room contains a large molded-plastic desk and several 'Mid-Century Modernist' chairs.

An Alpha Assistant hands Mustapha Mond a paper dossier.

(Mustapha Mond) 'Ah, Ms. Crowne again.'

(Alpha Assistant) 'She still refuses to go out with anyone other than the Savage.'

(Mustapha Mond) 'I see.'

(Alpha Assistant) ‘Her wildly antisocial behavior is subversive (and could potentially lead others astray).’

‘This heinous scandalous unorthodoxy strikes at the Order and Stability of society itself.’

‘After all, everyone belongs to everyone else.’

(Mustapha Mond) ‘Indeed.’

(Alpha Assistant) ‘Should I arrange to have Ms. Crowne sent to an Adult Reconditioning Centre?’

(Mustapha Mond) ‘No, send her to Pala with the Savage.’

(Alpha Assistant) ‘As you instruct, Controller.’

(Mustapha Mond) ‘And so, the experiment goes on.’

‘I almost envy the Savage. What a wonderfully intimate relationship. And what an intensity of feeling it must generate!’

(Alpha Assistant) ‘Surely, your Fjordship is joking.’

(Mustapha Mond) ‘Yes, of course.’

[Exterior (day), Offices of the Resident Controller for Western Europe]

The air is filled with the murmur of numerous futuristic flying-machines.

...

[Interior, the Library common-room]

John is sitting on a plush sofa, with tears in his eyes. ‘Love Dream’ [Liebestraum] by composer Franz Liszt is playing on a spinning turntable.

The Savage is now clean-shaven, with short hair.

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Drawbridge let fall, 'tis the Lord of us all, The Dreamer whose dreams come true!’

(John) ‘Why should one cry when one’s grateful?’

(Susila MacPhail) ‘Goodness knows. But one does.’

‘Gratitude is heaven itself. And all the more heavenly, for being on earth and not heaven in heaven.’

A golden mynah bird mimics human speech.

(mynah bird) ‘Attention! Attention! ‘Here and now!’

(John) ‘That bloody bird again!’

...

[Exterior (day), the beach]

‘Love Dream’ [Liebestraum] by composer Franz Liszt continues to play.

A gleaming white futuristic hydrofoil glides softly towards a tropical beach. Lenina Crowne is standing on the bow of the sleek watercraft.

John (the Savage) swiftly climbs onto the deck of the futuristic hydrofoil.

(John) ‘Forgive me Lenina. My Juliet. My love.’

(Lenina) ‘I want you John. I want only you, for always. I love you John.’

(John) ‘Lenina, I love you more than anything in the world.’

(Lenina) ‘Darling! Darling!’

John and Lenina affectionately kiss and embrace.

(John) [satirically] ‘Hug me till you drug me, honey; Kiss me till I’m in a coma; Love’s as good as soma.’

John and Lenina passionately kiss.

Cut to credits.

[Eunice Wilson – ‘I Don’t Know Why’ - *An All-Colored Vaudeville Show (1935)*]

Characters:

London

Bernard Marx - (Alpha-Plus) 1930s English accent, short, diminutive-build

Helmholtz Watson - (Alpha-Plus) African descent, 1930s English accent, tall, athletic build, attractive

Lenina Crowne - (Beta-Plus) 1930s English accent, auburn hair, pale, purple eyes, curvaceous build, attractive

Mustapha Mond (Resident World Controller of Western Europe) - (Alpha-Plus) Middle-Eastern descent, 1930s English accent, tall, bearded

Henry Foster - (Alpha-Plus) 1930s English accent, tall

Fanny Crowne - (Beta-Plus) 1930s English accent, black hair, curvaceous build, attractive

Thomas Grahambell (Director of Hatcheries and Conditioning) - (Alpha-Plus) 1930s English accent, tall, bearded

[Benito Hoover, Dr. Shaw, the Arch-Community-Songster of Canterbury, Miss Keate, Morgana Rothschild, Sarojini Engles, Alpha assistant, Beta nurse]

Malpais

John (the Savage) - (Alpha-Plus/Beta-Minus) peculiar accent, tall, blonde hair, athletic build, attractive

Linda - (Beta-Minus) 1930s English accent, blonde hair

[Delta concierge, Beta warden, Gama pilot, village elder]

Pala

Dr. Robert (Narrator) - (Alpha-Plus) 1930s English accent, elderly, tall

Susila MacPhail (Narrator) - (Alpha-Plus) 1930s English accent, elderly, tall

Leela Rao - (Alpha-Plus/Alpha-Plus) East-Asian descent, North-American accent, tall, skinny build, attractive

The Rani of Pala - South Asian (Indian) descent, Indian accent, elderly, tall

[Mr. Menon, Vijaya, Palanese girl]

Aldous Huxley Excerpts:

Brave New World (1932)

Pacifism and Philosophy (1935)

Getting Rid of Militarism (1936)

Misleading Verbiage (1936)

What Are You Going to Do About It? The Case for Constructive Peace (1936)

An Encyclopedia of Pacifism [edited by] (1937)

Ends and Means: an Enquiry into the Nature of Ideals and into the Methods employed for their Realization (1937)

Brave New World [Forward] (1946)

Science, Liberty and Peace (1946)

Themes and Variations (1950)

The Doors of Perception (1954)

Heaven and Hell (1956)

Drugs that Shape Men's Minds (1958)

Brave New World Revisited (1958)

Island (1962)

The Ultimate Revolution (1962)

The Politics of Ecology: The Question of Survival (1963)