Poogly

Devotchkas

We sat in the Korova Milkbar making up our rassoodocks with what to do with the evening, a flip dark chill winter bastard though dry. What they sold there was milk, plus something else. They had no licence for selling liquor, but there was no law yet against prodding some of the new veshches which they used to put into the old moloko, so you could peet it with vellocet or synthemesc or drencrom or one or two other veshches which would give you a nice quiet horrorshow fifteen minutes admiring Bog And All His Holy Angels And Saints in your left shoe with lights bursting all over your mozg.There were three devotchkas sitting at the counter all together, but there were four of us malchicks and it was usually like all for all and one for one. These sharps were dressed in the heigth of fashion too, with purple and green and orange wigs on their gullivers. each one not costing less than three or four weeks of those sharps' wages, I should reckon, and make-up to match, rainbows round their glazzies, that is, and rots painted very wide. Then they had long black very straight dresses, and on the groody part of them they had little badges of the like, silver with different malchicks names on them. Joe and Mike and such like. They were supposed to be the names of different malchicks they'ed spattered with before they were fourteen.There was a dinary starry school-master type vec with glasses on his rot and taraguchi hair. He looked a milanky bit poogly....What the fuck does poogly mean??
I dunno.. But this Anthony Burgess guy sure seems to like it.

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