



Illustrations for A Clockwork Orange

Ben Jones

The output is a series of illustration commissioned by the Folio Society in 2014 to illustrate Anthony Burgesses' 'A Clockwork Orange'. It comprises of the binding and seven internal illustrations.

Research Process

The brief was to illustrate the book as the text intended rather than in the iconic style that was presented in Stanley Kubrick's film from 1971. The cover took reference from Kubrick's film with the use of a bowler hat. There is no reference to bowler hats in the book itself. The illustrations took influence from soviet and eastern European design and illustration as well as from the streets of Manchester. As Burgess quoted that the book takes place somewhere in-between Manchester (Burgess grew up in Manchester) and Moscow. Jones used collage to produce the works using contrasting elements of printmaking, drawing and found imagery. This was to mimic the slang language of Nadsat that is spoken by the characters in the book. Nadsat is a combination of UK slang and Russian.

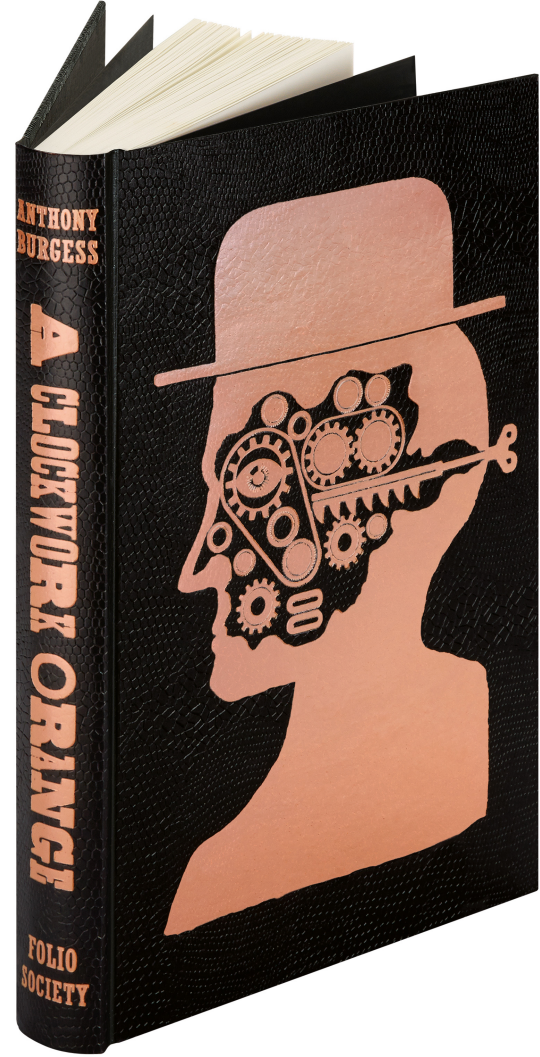
Research Insights

Stanley Kubrick's film has played a big part in how audiences think about the novel. The use of the bowler hat is significant as part of the cover illustration even though no bowler hats are mentioned in the novel. There is a sense of illustrative works that were produced under the gaze of the iron curtain. By drawing upon cautionary fairy tales and the dystopian version of the city the work conveys a subtle, possible something that exists outside the frame of illustration, something that makes the viewer feel a bit jittery.

Dissemination

The illustrations were published in the Folio Society edition of Anthony Burgesses' 'A Clockwork Orange' in 2014.

<https://www.foliosociety.com/uk/a-clockwork-orange.html>





then this nurse prima said, 'You wicked naughty little devil, you,' while she jabbed my nicker with another syringe and squirted the stuff in real brutal and nasty. And then I was wheeled off exhausted to this like hell sunny as before.

Every day, my brothers, these films were like the same, all clicking and sizzling and red red krowey dripping off of lenses and plates and spattering all over the camera boxes. It was usually grunting and snoring madicks in the height of 'indian' fashion, or the screeching jag, torturers or brutal Nazi knavery and shooters. And each day the feeling of wanting to die with the sickness and gulliver pains and aches in the zochies and horrible horrible those grew really worse. Until one morning I tried to defeat the bastards by crash crash crashing my gulliver against the wall so that I should tolchock myself unconscious, but all that happened was I felt sick with viddyng that this kind of violence was like the violence in the films, so I was just exhausted and was given the injection and was wheeled off like before.

And then there came a morning where I woke up and had my breakfast of eggs and toast and jam and very hot milky chai, and then I thought, 'It can't be much longer now. Now must be very near the end of the time. I have suffered to the heights and cannot suffer any more. And I waited and waited, brothers, for this nurse prima to bring in the syringe, but she did not come. And then the white-capped under-veck came and said:

'Today, old friend, we are letting you walk.'

'Walk?' I said. 'Where?'

'To the usual place,' he said. 'Yes, yes, look not so astonished. You are to walk to the films, me with you of course. You are no longer to be carried in a wheelchair.'

