



STANLEY KUBRICK'S

Alex (Malcolm McDowell-rear, second from right) and his three gang mates (Michael Tarn, Warren Clarke and James Marcus) sharpen up on some moloko-plus in the Korova Milkbar before beginning their night of ultra-violence





A CLOCKWORK ORANGE

Directed and produced by Stanley Kubrick, from his own screenplay based on the novel by Anthony Burgess. With Malcolm McDowell as Alex, the young tough whose principal interests are rape, violence and Beethoven's Ninth. Also with Patrick Magee, Michael Bates, Adrienne Corri, Miriam Karlin, Warren Clarke, James Marcus and Michael Tarn

Malcolm McDowell as Alex, in a world where drugs are legal and dispensed in milkbars



Feeling shagged and fagged and fashed, Dim (Warren Clarke) gets some moloko-plus from Lucy, his favourite Korova girl



Opposing gang members perform with a girl in a deserted theatre

Dim smashes a window over an opposing tough during a spectacularly choreographed Billyboy Fight, done to Rossini's 'Thieving Magpie'





The lobby of Alex's flatblock building reflects the conditions of the time on Alex's return home from his evening

Alex, in his ultra-violence gear, pauses before completing the sardonic rape of Mrs Alexander (Adrienne Corri), while Dim holds her



Alex, in his evening disguise, raises the giant phallic sculpture during his fight with Catlady





A constable (Steven Berkoff) interrogates Alex, following his arrest for murder







A CLOCKWORK ORANGE

The Minister (Anthony Sharp) chooses Alex as a suitable subject for an experiment to condition criminals against violence and enable them to return to 'society'

The Ludovico Technique works. Alex is successfully conditioned against violence and finds himself nauscated by sex before a demonstration model (Virginia Wetherell) at the press conference



Alex is saved from the old meths

drinkers by the police -his former gang mates Dim and George (James Marcus) who have joined the gun carrying force

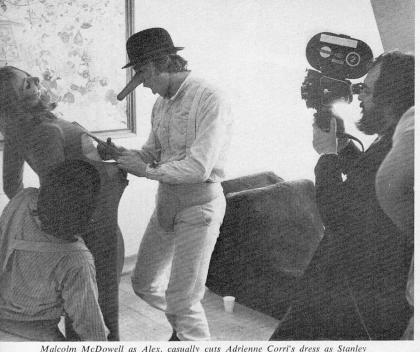


police









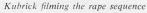
Malcolm McDowell as Alex, casually cuts Adrienne Corri's dress as Stanley Kubrick films the sardonic rape of Mrs Alexander on the first visit to HOME

▶ A CLOCKWORK ORANGE

Stanley Kubrick at work . . .



Filming one of the later scenes for the film in which Alex is visited by photographers in the hospital—all part of the authorities' plan to stop adverse publicity to their scheme





A CLOCKWORK ORANGE

reviews

Gordon Gow finds Stanley Kubrick in a society that has failed to redeem itself . . .

Directed and produced by Stanley Kubrick. Screenplay by Kubrick from the novel of the same name by Anthony Burgess. Director of photography, John Alcott. Editor, Bill Butler. Music, Walter Carlos, Beethoven, Rossini, Elgar, Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown. Terry Tucker and Erika Eigen. Art directors, Russell Hagg and Peter Sheilds. A Hawk Films production, distrbuted by Warner Bros. British. Colour. Cert. X. 136 mins.

THE GRIM FABLE of teenager Alex (Malcolm McDowell) is another of Stanley Kubrick's excursions into a future which he makes uncomfortably credible. As in Dr Strangelove and 2001: A Space Odyssey, he manages to give the impression that he is carrying us only a little way forward in time. There is a slender bridge from his last magnificent film to this new and relatively modest one: somebody says that it is wrong for man to be exploring space when there is so much trouble to be dealt with upon earth. It is a familiar sentiment. And much of what we see in A Clockwork Orange is familiar, too. The architecture of ultra-modern buildings chosen to represent the 'municipal flatblock' and the 'medical facility' will impinge upon the eye as fairly normal by now. It is their juxtaposition with certain futuristic interior sets, and the frequent but discreet applications of a lens that distorts the picture slightly towards the edges of the frame, which serve to unsettle our equilibrium, and to imply that the known world had been somehow dislocated. This is a time when the middle-aged and the old are more apathetic and vulnerable, while violence is more prevalent among the young who prowl the streets by night. Political groups grow ever more fanatical, too.

Kubrick has intensified the futurism of the Anthony Burgess novel (which was published as long ago as 1962), but he has slightly modified the difficult if quaint 'nadsat' slang. The outcome is excitingly filmic. It is savage, and yet graced with a salutary wit. Like the book, the screenplay is divided into three phases. In the first, which is perhaps a bit lengthy, Alex disports himself with companions in a sexy but oddly antiseptic milk bar, where the drinks are spiked with drugs that in-

cite the boys to their blood sports. At a country house, a brutal bashing and a fairly spectacular rape are committed to the strains of 'Singin' in the Rain'. At a deserted health farm, where the proprietress is alone with her numerous cats, between seasons, and where erotic paintings abound and a monstrously phallic objet d'art adds its grotesque element to the generally mounting atmosphere, the mood is heightened to an exact degree by Miriam Karlin's half-clownish halfpanicky portrayal of another victim. Here, in fact, one can detect most keenly the shrewdness of Kubrick in bringing a grin of sorts to our faces while he constraints us to behold visions that are far from pleasant.

Within the flatblock where Alex lives with his dull parents, and especially in the vulgar flat itself (in which his own room is a kinky oasis, with a drawer full of loot from his robberies and another drawer that houses his pet snake), there is no more than the merest hint that a drearily conformist mode of living has accentuated the violent urge.

The second phase deals with the imprisonment of Alex and his subjection to scientific therapy which has been devised to bring on feelings of revulsion at the very thought of violence or sex. The technique requires him to watch many films of a violent nature, to the accompaniment of music. This is not quite as well organised a sequence as it might have been, although there is a decidedly disturbing quality to the way the boy's eyelids are compelled to remain open by an application of small tough clamps and a liberal insertion of eye-drops. His enforced viewing is consequently more powerful in imagery than what he actually views, most of which we are left, mercifully no doubt, to imagine. The scientific choice of music seems a bit strange, but it does contain the most ironic of the jokes: the primitive Alex has always responded with a virtually orgiastic enthusiasm to Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, but after hearing it again in

conjunction with the horrific films he is thereafter nauseated by the sound of it.

This integrates nicely with the point that a human who is scientifically cured of criminality can be simultaneously and unintentionally deprived of his response to art and beauty. In the final phase of the plot, this point is joined by the viable notion that retaliation is a strong human instinct. Now we have an echo of the first section, with uncanny reverberations. Alex, being 'cured' and unable to defend himself, is set upon by his former victims . . . one of whom is virtually an intellectual echo of Alex himself, named Mr Alexander.

At the core of the argument is the unnatural eradication of anti-social attitudes. What is emphasised most strongly is the fact that by such treatment, effective though it is, the individual is robbed of the ability to choose. He does the 'good' thing, because he is unable to do otherwise. When this ethical question is raised, Kubrick minimises pictorial values, holds his camera still, and compels our attention to the words spoken by the prison chaplain, first to Alex in the library before the experiment has begun. and later more vociferously and quickly to the group that has been assembled to watch the graduation exercise, in which the proximity of violence and sex bring Alex to the point of vomiting. The ultimate effect must inevitably be depressing in its implications; but in order to let us accept those implications as a warning and an injunction to think again, the jaunty style is clever and helpful. This is laughter on the periphery of fear.

Much praise is due to Malcolm McDowell as Alex, a performance in perfect balance: a creature who is extrovert enough to be hateful, introvert enough to be pitiful. John Barry (production designer), Russell Hagg and Peter Sheilds (art directors), and John Alcott (cinematographer) seem to me also worthy of special commendation in what is essentially a director's film—and a ferociously

good one.

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