

Assignment 2 - Penguin/Puffin Publishing
Bookjacket cover designs.

Books

Adult: One flew over the Cuckoo's Nest
(Ken Kesey) OR

Children: Grimm's Fairy Tales
(Jacob & Wilhelm Grimm).

one design of
either:

Characters
Nurse Ratched
McMurphy
Chief Branden
Acute
Chronics

One flew Over the
Cuckoo's Nest

Asylum

pp. 58-59
rabbit & wolf
reference.

R. McMurphy knuckle
tattoo - anchor.

Grimm's fairy Tales

Authors
2 brothers
Jacob/Wilhelm
Grimm
↓
collected folklore

I'm the last one. Still strapped in the chair in the corner. McMurphy stops when he gets to me and hooks his thumbs in his pockets again and leans back to laugh, like he sees something funnier about me than about anybody else. All of a sudden I was scared he was laughing because he knew the way I was sitting there with my knees pulled up and my arms wrapped around them, staring straight ahead as though I couldn't hear a thing, was all an act.

"Hooeee," he said, "look what we got here."

I remember all this part real clear. I remember the way he closed one eye and tipped his head back and looked down across that healing wine-colored scar on his nose, laughing at me. I thought at first that he was laughing because of how funny it looked, an Indian's face and black, oily Indian's hair on somebody like me. I thought maybe he was laughing at how weak I looked. But then's when I remember thinking that he was laughing because he wasn't fooled for one minute by my deaf-and-dumb act; it didn't make any difference *how* cagey the act was, he was onto me and was laughing and winking to let me know it.

"What's your story, Big Chief? You look like Sittin' Bull on a sit-down strike." He looked over to the Acutes to see if they might laugh about his joke; when they just sniggered he looked back to me and winked again. "What's your name, Chief?"

Billy Bibbit called across the room. "His n-n-name is Bromden. Chief Bromden. Everybody calls him Chief Buh-Broom, though, because the aides have him sweeping a l-large part of the time. There's not m-much else he can do, I guess. He's deaf." Billy put his chin in hands. "If I was d-d-deaf" —he sighed—"I would kill myself."

McMurphy kept looking at me. "He gets his growth, he'll be pretty good-sized, won't he? I wonder how tall he is."

"I think somebody m-m-measured him once at s-six feet seven; but even if he is big, he's scared of his own sh-sh-shadow. Just a bi-big deaf Indian."

"When I saw him sittin' here I *thought* he looked some Indian. But Bromden ain't an Indian name. What tribe is he?"

"I don't know," Billy said. "He was here wh-when I c-c-came."

"I have information from the doctor," Harding said, "that he is only half Indian, a Columbia Indian, I believe. That's a defunct Columbia Gorge tribe. The doctor said his father was the tribal leader, hence this

fellow's title, 'Chief.' As to the 'Bromden' part of the name, I'm afraid my knowledge in Indian lore doesn't cover that."

McMurphy leaned his head down near mine where I had to look at him. "Is that right? You deaf, Chief?"

"He's de-de-deef and dumb."

McMurphy puckered his lips and looked at my face a long time. Then he straightened back up and stuck his hand out.

"Well, what the hell, he can shake hands can't he? Deef or whatever. By God, Chief, you may be big, but you shake my hand or I'll consider it an insult. And it's not a good idea to insult the new bull goose loony of the hospital."

When he said that he looked back over to Harding and Billy and made a face, but he left that hand in front of me, big as a dinner plate.

I remember real clear the way that hand looked: there was carbon under the fingernails where he'd worked once in a garage; there was an anchor tattooed back from the knuckles; there was a dirty Band-Aid on the middle knuckle, peeling up at the edge. All the rest of the knuckles were covered with scars and cuts, old and new. I remember the palm was smooth and hard as bone from hefting the wooden handles of axes and hoes, not the hand you'd think could deal cards. The palm was callused, and the calluses were cracked, and dirt was worked in the cracks.

A road map of his travels up and down the West. That palm made a scuffing sound against my hand. I remember the fingers were thick and strong closing over mine, and my hand commenced to feel peculiar and went to swelling up out there on my stick of an arm, like he was transmitting his own blood into it. It rang with blood and power. It blowed up near as big as his, I remember. . . .

"Mr. McMurry."

It's the Big Nurse.

"Mr. McMurry, could you come here please?"

It's the Big Nurse. That black boy with the thermometer has gone and got her. She stands there tapping that thermometer against her wrist watch, eyes whirring while she tries to gauge this new man. Her lips are in that triangle shape, like a doll's lips ready for a fake nipple.

"Aide Williams tells me, Mr. McMurry, that you've been somewhat difficult about your admission shower. Is this true? Please understand, I appreciate the way you've taken it upon yourself to orient with the

the first human face he ever laid eyes on. He watches while Harding's twitching and jerking slows down and the face comes up from the hands.

"You are right," Harding says, "about all of it." He looks up at the other patients who are watching him. "No one's ever dared come out and say it before, but there's not a man among us that doesn't think it, that doesn't feel just as you do about her and the whole business—feel it somewhere down deep in his scared little soul."

McMurphy frowns and asks, "What about that little fart of a doctor? He might be a little slow in the head, but not so much as not to be able to see how she's taken over and what she's doing."

Harding takes a long pull off the cigarette and lets the smoke drift out with his talk. "Doctor Spivey . . . is exactly like the rest of us, McMurphy, completely conscious of his inadequacy. He's a frightened, desperate, ineffectual **little rabbit**, totally incapable of running this ward without our Miss Ratched's help, and he knows it. And, worse, she *knows* he knows it and reminds him every chance she gets. Every time she finds he's made a little slip in the bookwork or in, say, the charting you can just imagine her in there grinding his nose in it."

"That's right," Cheswick says, coming up beside McMurphy, "grinds our noses in our mistakes."

"Why don't he fire her?"

"In this hospital," Harding says, "the doctor doesn't hold the power of hiring and firing. That power goes to the supervisor, and the supervisor is a woman, a dear old friend of Miss Ratched's; they were Army nurses together in the thirties. We are victims of a matriarchy here, my friend, and the doctor is just as helpless against it as we are. He knows that all Ratched has to do is pick up that phone you see sitting at her elbow and call the supervisor and mention, oh, say, that the doctor seems to be making a *great* number of requisitions for Demerol—"

"Hold it, Harding, I'm not up on all this shop talk."

"Demerol, my friend, is a synthetic opiate, twice as addictive as heroin. Quite common for doctors to be addicted to it."

"That little fart? Is he a dope addict?"

"I'm certain I don't know."

"Then where does she get off with accusing him of—"

"Oh, you're not paying attention, my friend. She *doesn't* accuse. She merely needs to insinuate, insinuate anything, don't you see?"

Didn't you notice today? She'll call a man to the door of the Nurses' Station and stand there and ask him about a Kleenex found under his bed. No more, just ask. And he'll feel like he's lying to her, whatever answer he gives. If he says he was cleaning a pen with it, she'll say, 'I see, a pen,' or if he says he has a cold in his nose, she'll say, 'I see, a cold,' and she'll nod her neat little gray coiffure and smile her neat little smile and turn and go back into the Nurses' Station, leave him standing there wondering just what *did* he use that Kleenex for."

He starts to tremble again, and his shoulders fold back around him.

"No. She doesn't need to accuse. She has a genius for insinuation. Did you ever hear her, in the course of our discussion today, ever *once* hear her accuse me of anything? Yet it seems I have been accused of a multitude of things, of jealousy and paranoia, of not being man enough to satisfy my wife, of having relations with male friends of mine, of holding my cigarette in an affected manner, even—it seems to me—accused of having nothing between my legs but a patch of hair—and *soft* and *downy* and *blond hair at that!* Ball-cutter? Oh, you *underestimate* her!"

Harding hushes all of a sudden and leans forward to take McMurphy's hand in both of his. His face is tilted oddly, edged, jagged purple and gray, a busted wine bottle.

"This world . . . belongs to the strong, my friend! The ritual of our existence is based on the strong getting stronger by devouring the weak. We must face up to this. No more than right that it should be this way. We must learn to accept it as a law of the natural world. The **rabbits accept their role in the ritual and recognize the wolf as the strong**. In defense, the **rabbit becomes sly and frightened** and elusive and he digs holes and **hides when the wolf is about**. And he endures, he goes on. He knows his place. He most certainly doesn't challenge the wolf to combat. Now, would that be wise? Would it?"

He lets go McMurphy's hand and leans back and crosses his legs, takes another long pull off the cigarette. He pulls the cigarette from his thin crack of a smile, and the laugh starts up again—eee-eee-eee, like a nail coming out of a plank.

"Mr. McMurphy . . . my friend . . . I'm not a chicken, I'm a rabbit. The doctor is a rabbit. Cheswick there is a rabbit. Billy Bibbit is a rabbit. All of us in here are **rabbits of varying ages and degrees**, hippity-hopping through our Walt Disney world. Oh, don't misunderstand me, **we're not in here because we are rabbits—we'd be rabbits wherever we**

were—we're all in here because we can't *adjust* to our rabbithood. We *need* a good strong wolf like the nurse to teach us our place."

"Man, you're talkin' like a fool. You mean to tell me that you're gonna sit back and let some old blue-haired woman talk you into being a rabbit?"

"Not talk me into it, no. I *was born a rabbit*. Just look at me. I simply need the nurse to make me *happy* with my role."

"You're no damned rabbit!"

"See the ears? the wiggly nose? the cute little button tail?"

"You're talking like a crazy ma—"

"Like a crazy man? How astute."

"Damn it, Harding, I didn't mean it like that. You ain't crazy that way. I mean—hell, I been surprised how sane you guys all are. As near as I can tell you're not any crazier than the average asshole on the street—"

"Ah yes, the asshole on the street."

"But not, you know, crazy like the movies paint crazy people. You're just hung up and—kind of—"

"Kind of rabbit-like, isn't that it?"

"Rabbits, *hell!* Not a thing like rabbits, goddammit."

"*Mr. Bibbit, hop around for Mr. McMurphy here. Mr. Cheswick, show him how *furry* you are.*"

Billy Bibbit and Cheswick *change into hunched-over white rabbits*, right before my eyes, but they are too ashamed to do any of the things Harding told them to do.

"Ah, they're bashful, McMurphy. Isn't that sweet? Or, perhaps, the fellows are ill at ease because they didn't stick up for their friend. Perhaps they are feeling guilty for the way they once again let her victimize them into being her interrogators. Cheer up, friends, you've no reason to feel ashamed. It is all as it should be. It's *not the rabbit's place to stick up for his fellow*. That would have been foolish. No, you were wise, cowardly but wise."

"Look here, Harding," Cheswick says.

"No, no, Cheswick. Don't get irate at the truth."

"Now look here; there's been times when I've said the same things about old lady Ratched that McMurphy has been saying."

"Yes, but you said them very quietly and took them all back later.

You are a rabbit too, don't try to avoid the truth. That's why I hold no grudge against you for the questions you asked me during the meeting today. You were only playing your role. If you had been on the carpet, or you Billy, or you Fredrickson, I would have attacked you just as cruelly as you attacked me. We mustn't be ashamed of our behavior; it's the way we little animals were meant to behave."

McMurphy turns in his chair and looks the other Acutes up and down. "I ain't so sure but what they should be ashamed. Personally, I thought it was damned crummy the way they swung in on her side against you. For a minute there I thought I was back in a Red Chinese prison camp . . ."

"Now by God, McMurphy," Cheswick says, "you listen here."

McMurphy turns and listens, but Cheswick doesn't go on. Cheswick never goes on; he's one of these guys who'll make a big fuss like he's going to lead an attack, holler charge and stomp up and down a minute, take a couple steps, and quit. McMurphy looks at him where he's been caught off base again after such a tough-sounding start, and says to him, "A hell of a lot like a Chinese prison camp."

Harding holds up his hands for peace. "Oh, no, no, that isn't right. You mustn't condemn us, my friend. No. In fact . . ."

I see that sly fever come into Harding's eye again; I think he's going to start laughing, but instead he takes his cigarette out of his mouth and points it at McMurphy—in his hand it looks like one of his thin, white fingers, smoking at the end.

... you too, Mr. McMurphy, for all your cowboy bluster and your sideshow swagger, you too, under that crusty surface, are probably just as soft and fuzzy and rabbit-souled as we are."

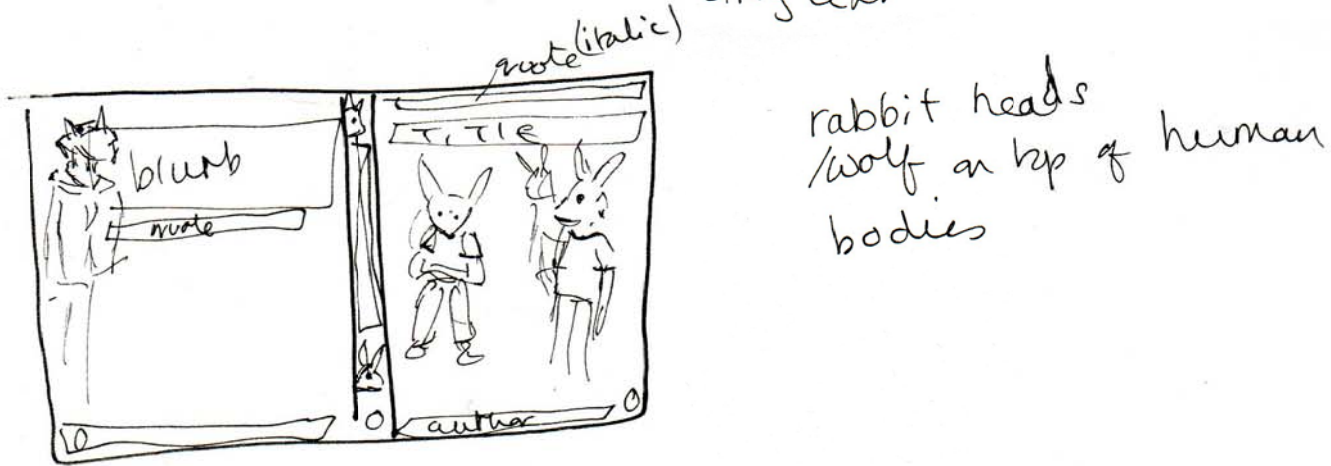
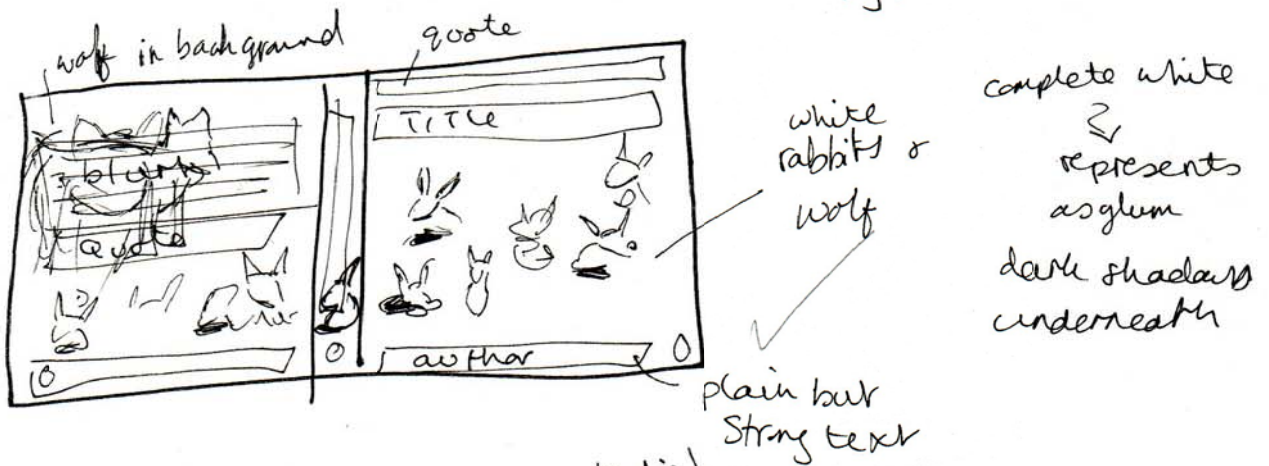
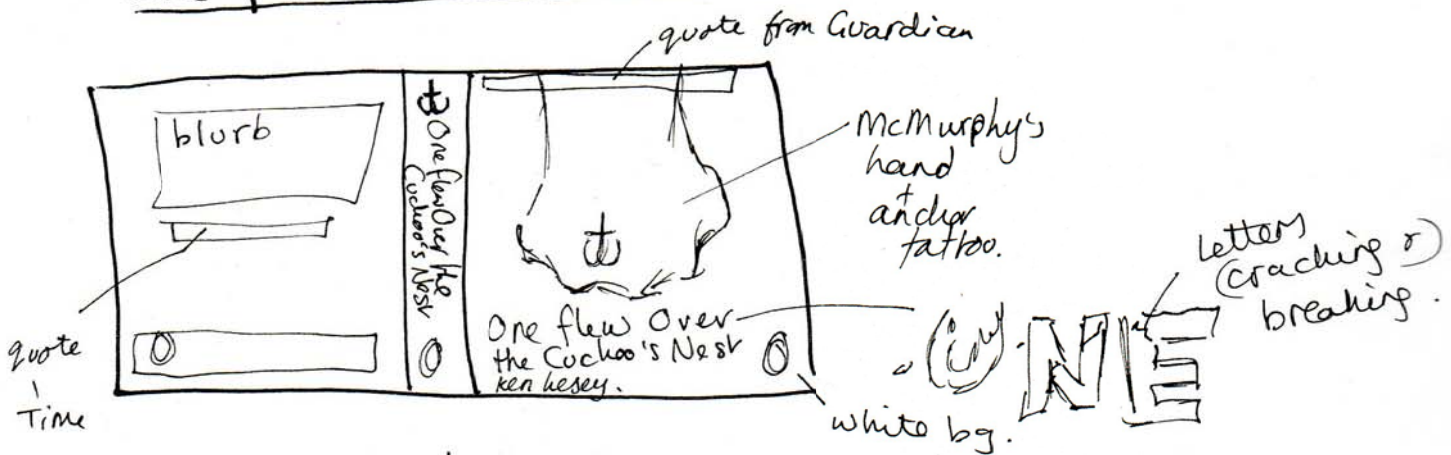
"Yeah, you bet. I'm a little cottontail. Just what is it makes me a rabbit. Harding? My psychopathic tendencies? Is it my fightin' tendencies, or my fuckin' tendencies? Must be the fuckin', mustn't it? All that whambam-thank-you-ma'am. Yeah, that whambam, that's probably what makes me a rabbit—"

"Wait; I'm afraid you've raised a point that requires some deliberation. Rabbits are noted for that certain trait, aren't they? Notorious, in fact, for their whambam. Yes. Um. But in any case, the point you bring up simply indicates that you are a healthy, functioning and adequate rabbit, whereas most of us in here even lack the sexual ability to make

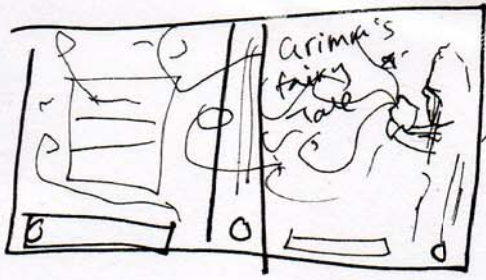
Cover Designs

front spine back } full cover jacket.

One flew over the Cuckoo's Nest



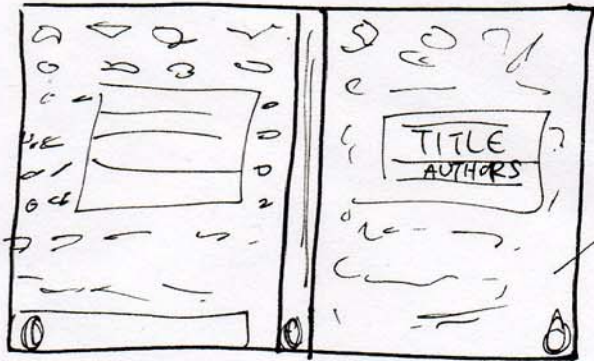
Grimms' Fairy Tales



silhouette
of person holding
book

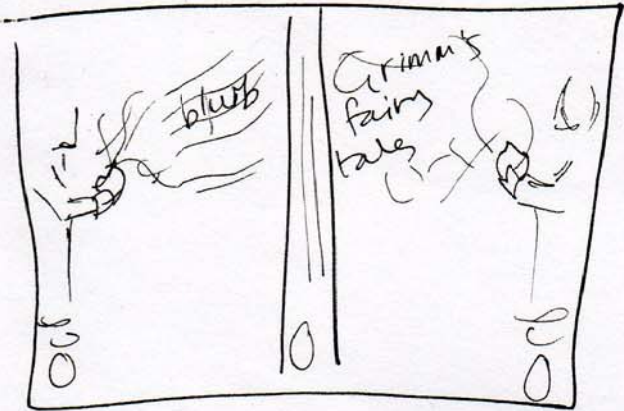
'swirls' coming out
of book

images of ~~stories~~ come out
tales



Silhouette pics
of tales

white/black color
format.



Similar to design 1

but has two silhouettes,
one on back, one on front.

of Grimm
brothers.

Do one flow over the
Cuckoo's Nest Design.

PENGUIN DESIGN AWARD 2012

PENGUIN ADULT PRIZE

Cover copy

Front cover

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest

Ken Kesey

'An attack on all forms of authority and a celebration of the free spirit' *Guardian*

[Penguin logo – as positioned on the PDF template]

Spine

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest

Ken Kesey

[Penguin logo– as positioned on the PDF template]

Back cover

'A roar of protest against middlebrow society's Rules and the Rulers who enforce them' *Time*

Tyrannical Nurse Ratched rules her ward in an Oregon State mental hospital with a strict and unbending routine, unopposed by her patients, who remain cowed by mind-numbing medication and the threat of electric shock therapy. But her regime is disrupted by the arrival of McMurphy – the swaggering, fun-loving trickster with a devilish grin who resolves to oppose her rules on behalf of his fellow inmates. His struggle is seen through the eyes of Chief Bromden, a seemingly mute half-Indian patient who understands McMurphy's heroic attempt to do battle with the powers that keep them imprisoned. Ken Kesey's extraordinary first novel is an exuberant, ribald and devastatingly honest portrayal of the boundaries between sanity and madness.

[Barcode box inc. price etc, as positioned on the PDF template]















Research of wolves

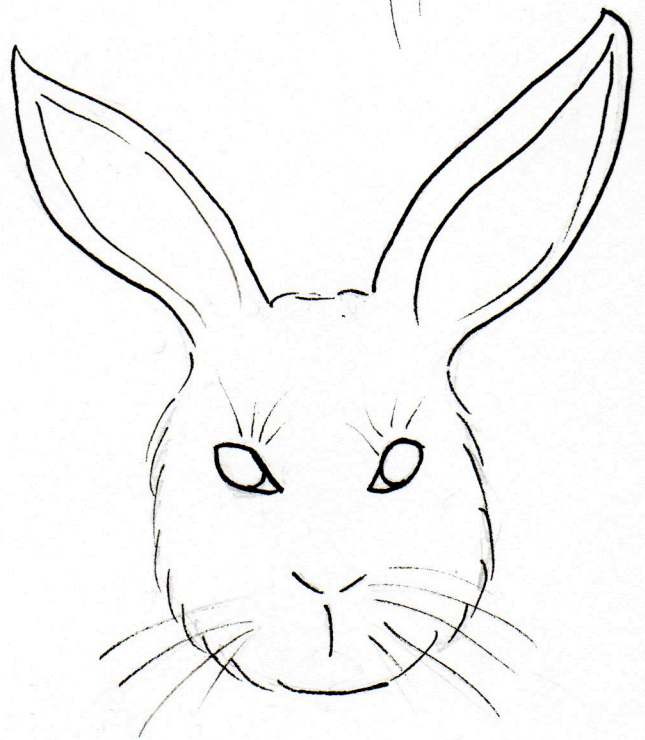
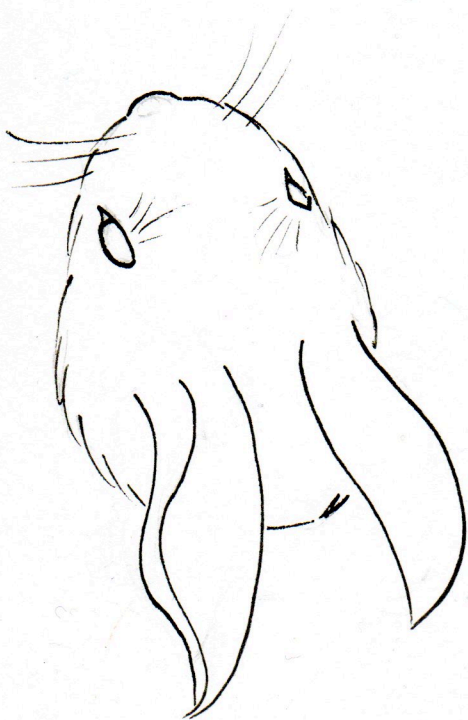
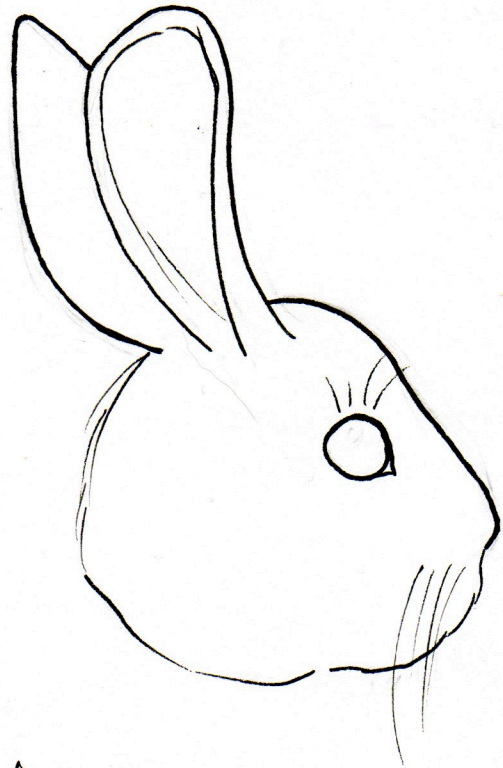
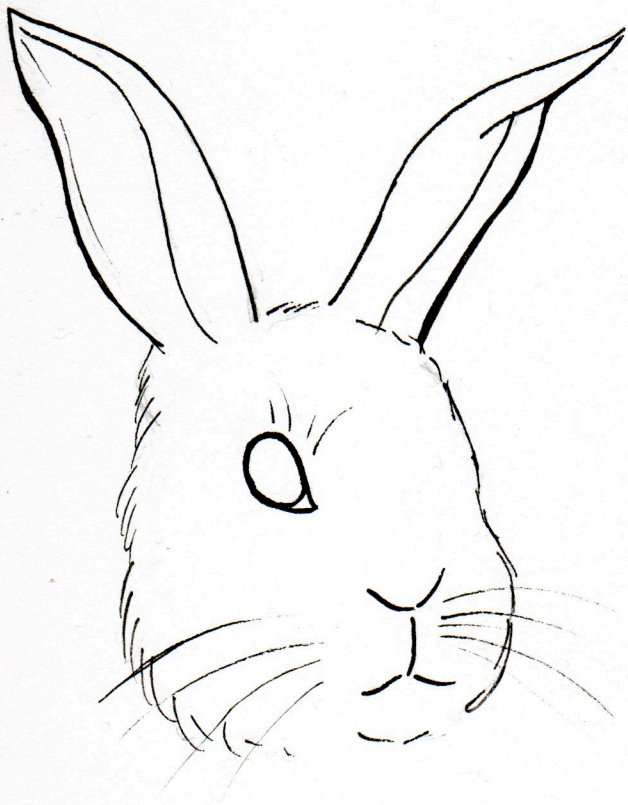


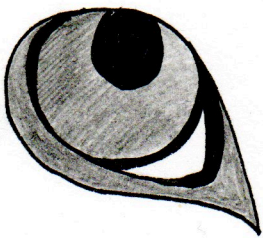


Research of wolves



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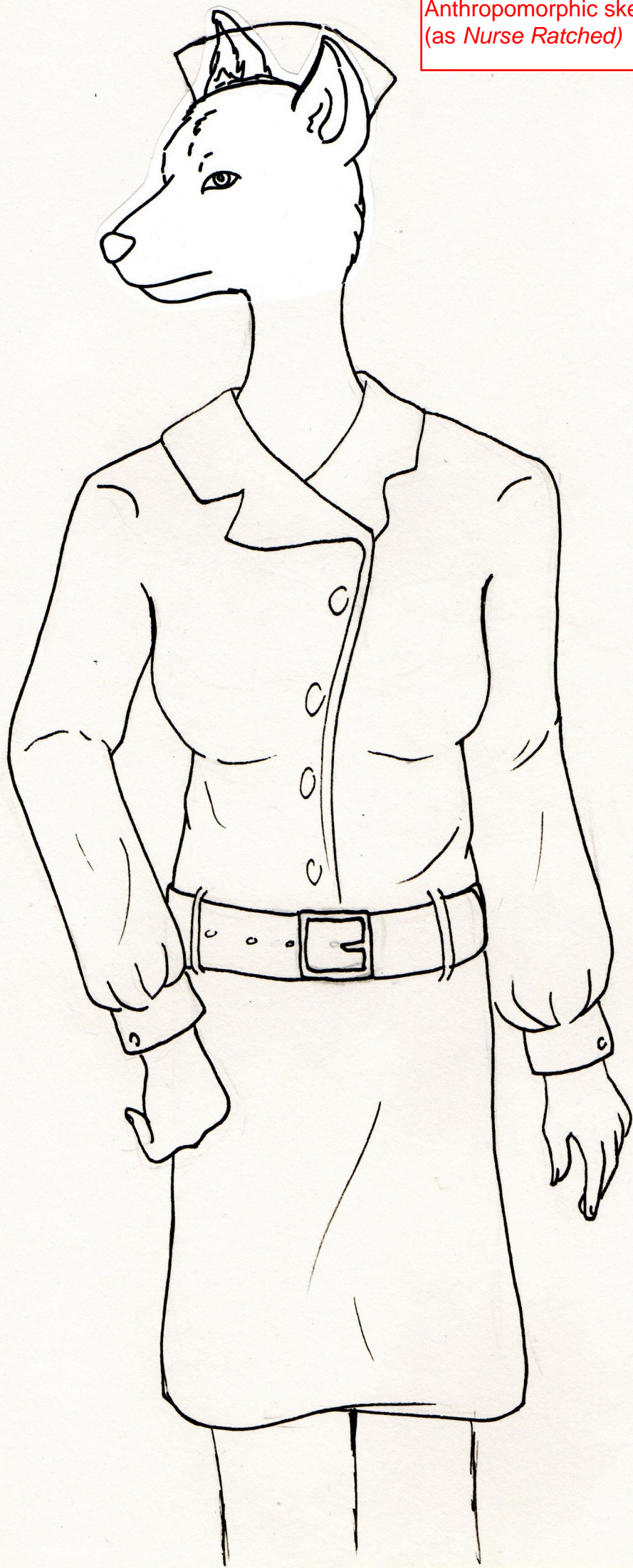




Anthropomorphic sketches of wolf postures
(as *Nurse Ratched*)



Anthropomorphic sketches of wolf postures
(as *Nurse Ratched*)



Anthropomorphic sketches of rabbit postures (as *patients*)



Anthropomorphic sketches of rabbit postures (as patients)



Anthropomorphic sketches of rabbit postures (as patients)

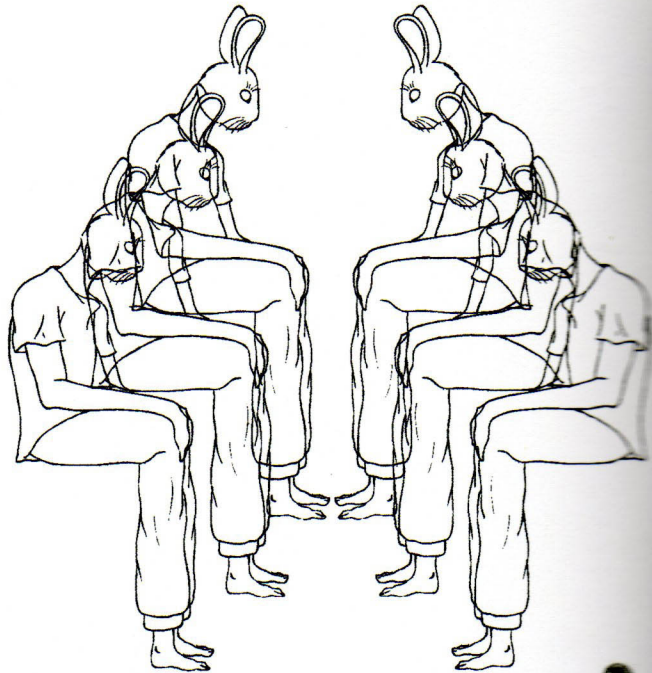


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'A roar of protest against middlebrow society's Rules and the Rulers who enforce them' - Time

One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest Ken Kesey

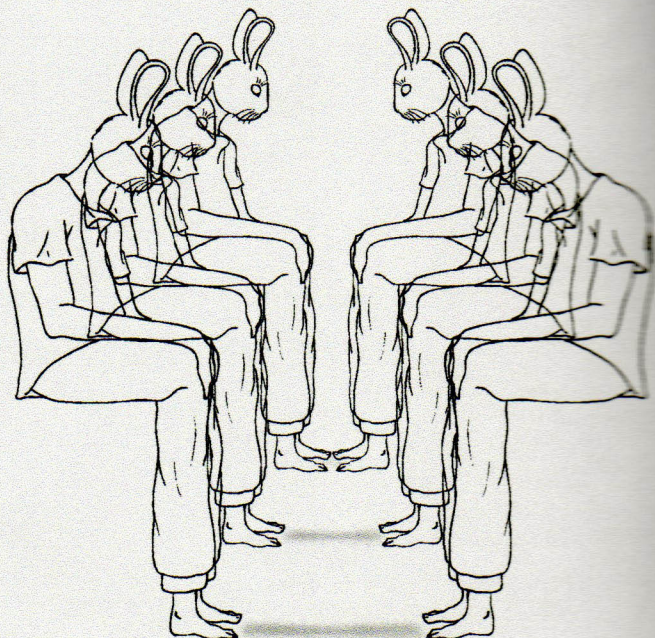
One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest



Ken Kesey

'An attack on all forms of authority and a celebration of the free spirit' - Guardian

One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest

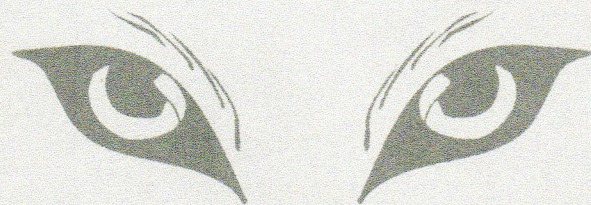


Ken Kesey

One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest Ken Kesey

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PENGUIN Fiction Cover design

U.K.: £00.00
CAN.: \$00.00
U.S.: \$00.00



1st idea: Scrap wolf - too cartoonised compared to rabbits

3rd idea: Change title & author to a more handwritten style like with drawings of rabbits

2nd idea

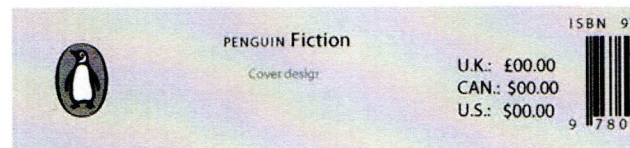
1st final design

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'A roar of protest against middlebrow society's Rules and the Rulers who enforce them'

- Scrap back cover design
 - ↳ too repetitive
 - ↳ change to wolf eyes.
- change perspective of rabbits so they're aligned
- change opacity of shadows

↳ add a colour to background.



2nd idea

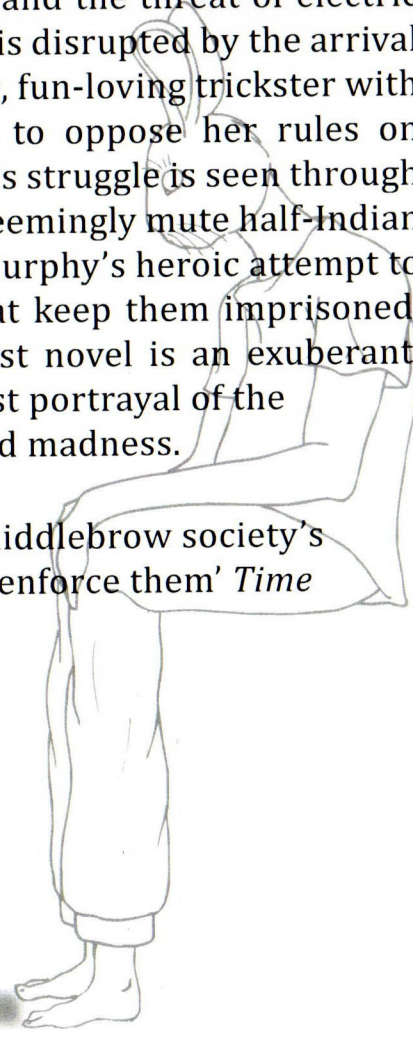
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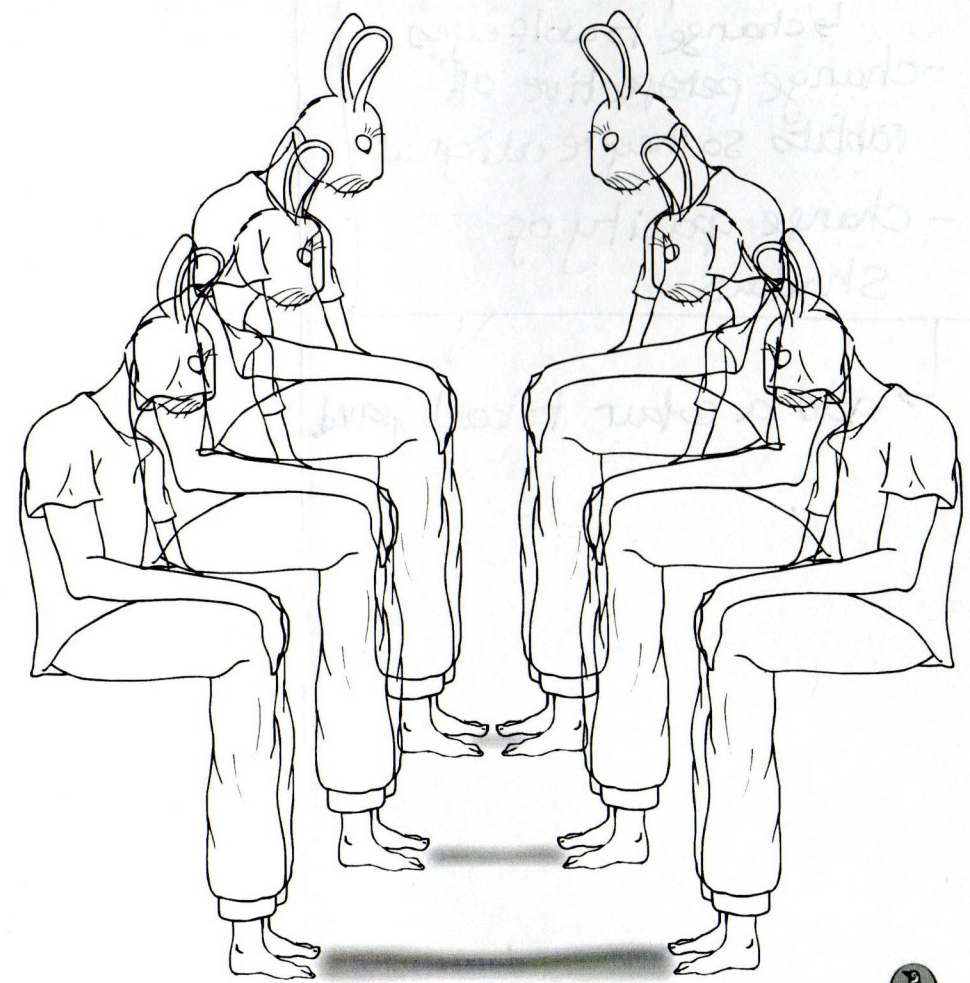
'A roar of protest against middlebrow society's Rules and the Rulers who enforce them' *Time*



One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest Ken Kesey

'An attack on all forms of authority and a celebration of the free spirit' *Guardian*

One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest



Ken Kesey

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43.2 pt. leading
94 kerning
36pt Cambria

Ken Kesey

51pt leading
94 kerning
50pt Birch Std

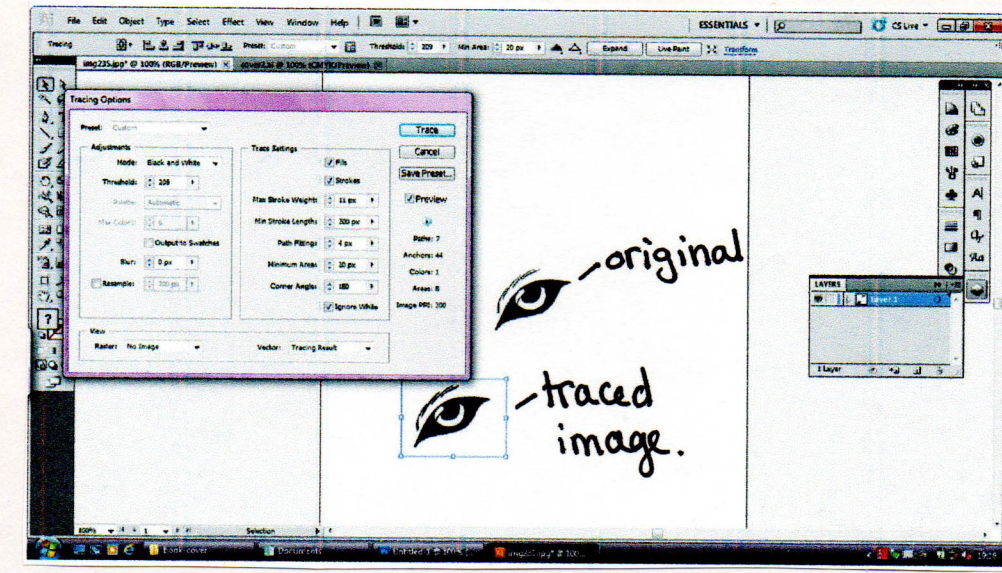
One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest



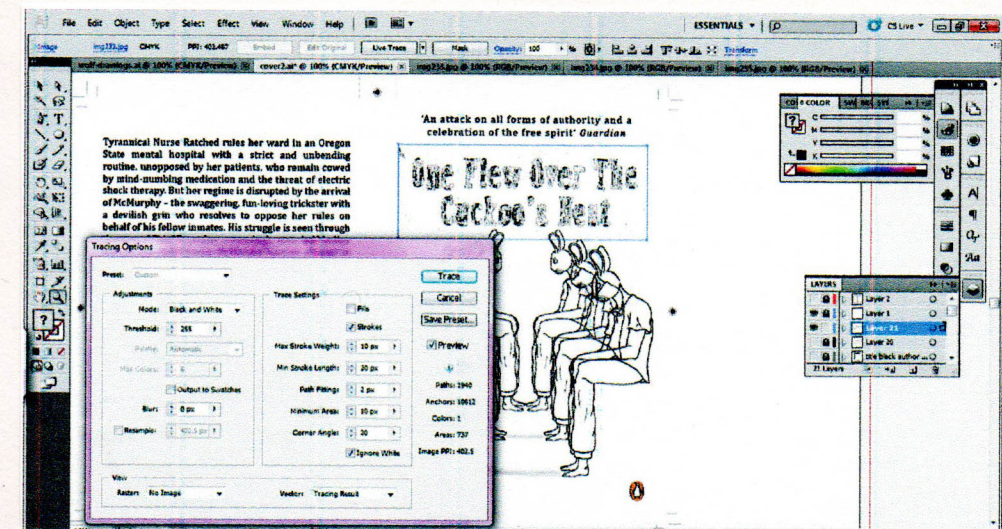
Ken Kesey

One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest

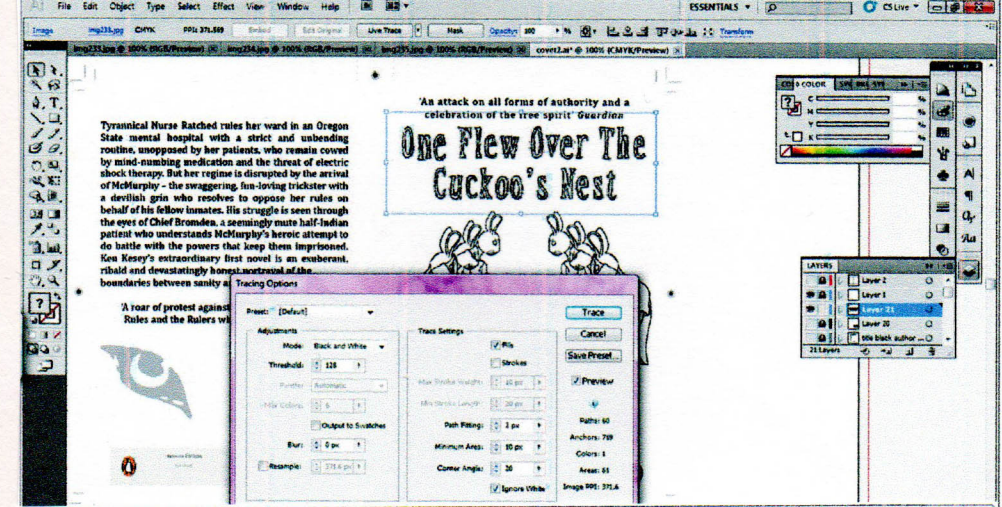
Used layout pad to trace outline of letters + wolf eye for more hand-drawn effect.



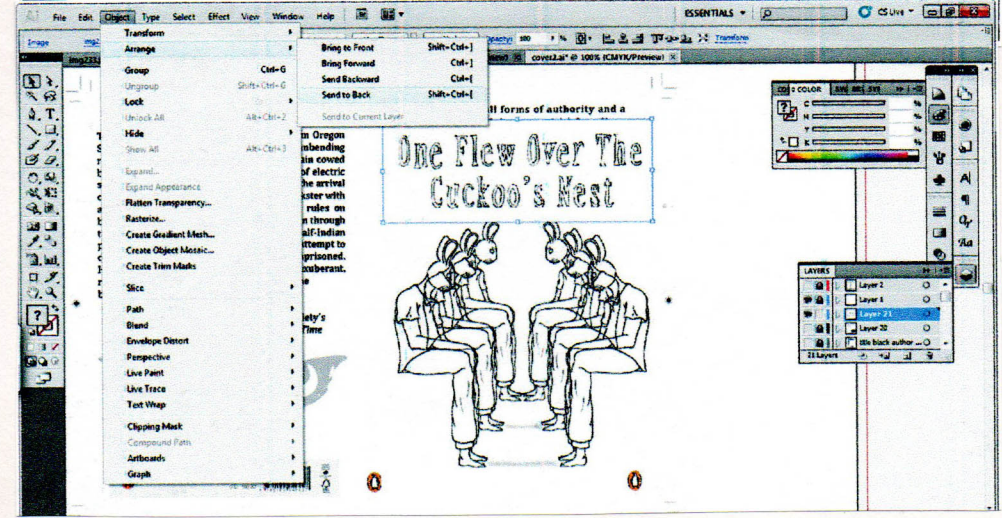
1. Same process with drawings of rabbits → Scan image in → Object > Live Trace > Tracing options > Ignore white (tick) > OK (Trace)



2. Similar process, Scan words in > Object > Live Trace > Tracing options > 255 Threshold > (tick only) strokes > 10, 20, 2, 10, 20 px > (tick) Ignore white > Trace > effect of 'scribbles'



3. Select original word image again > Object > Live Trace > Tracing Options > 128 Threshold > (tick only) Fills > 1, 10, 30 px > Ignore white > Trace > outline of letters



4. Bring outline letters to back > Object > Arrange > Send to Back

Repeat process for author's name (steps 2-4).

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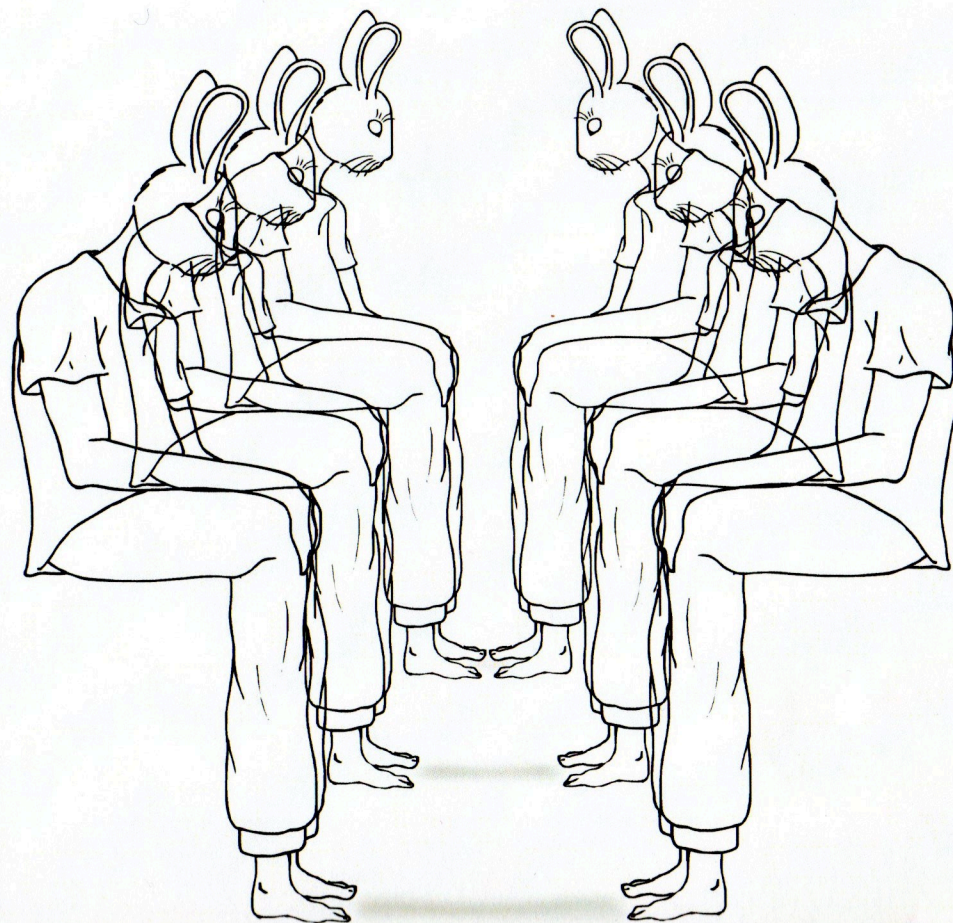
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One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest



Ken Kesey

4th idea; 2nd final



PENGUIN Fiction
Cover design

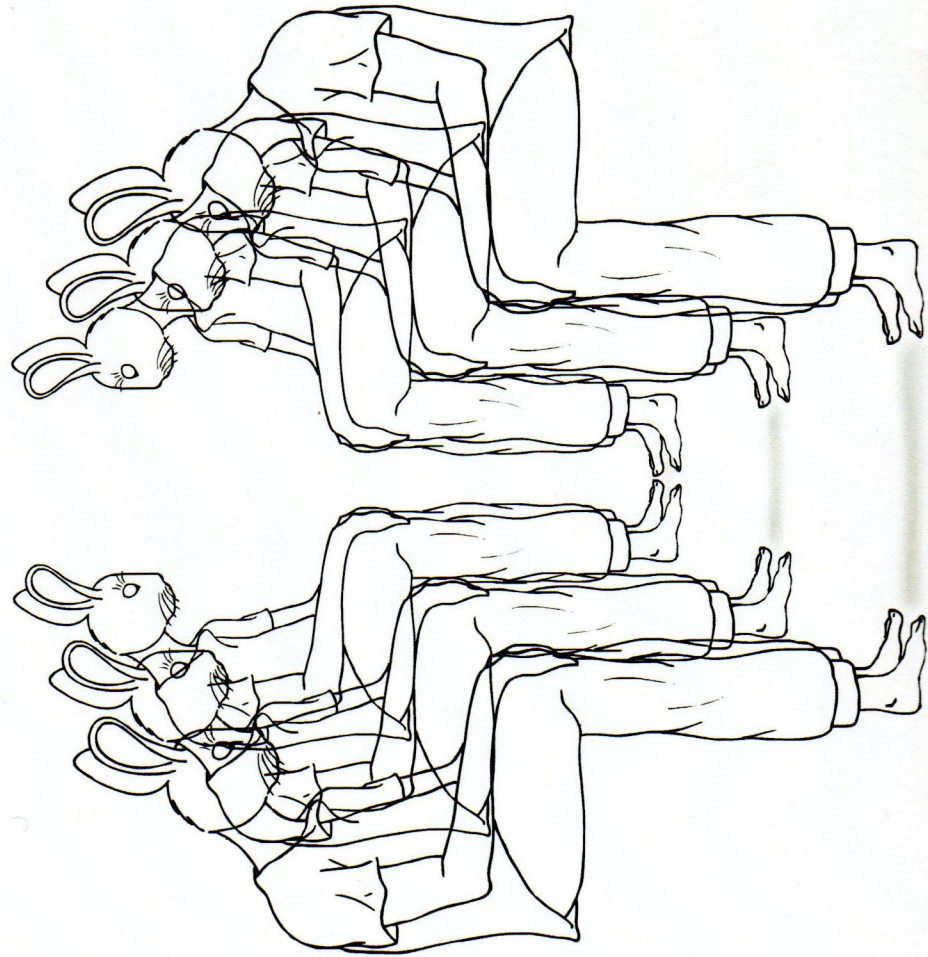
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One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest

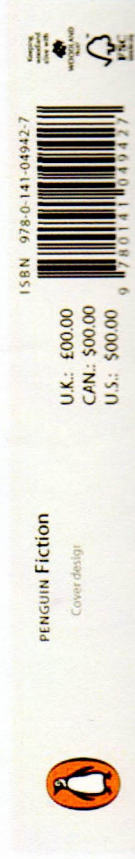


Ken Kesey

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Development

Add colour → same colour orange as Penguin logo

orange title + author detracts illustration
black helps to stand it out.

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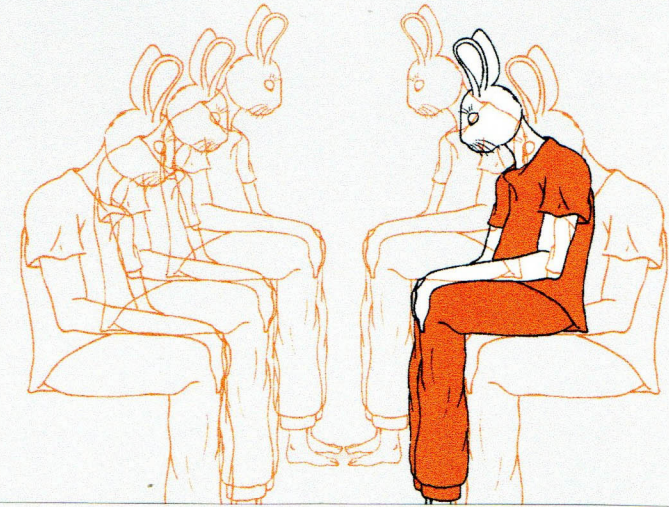
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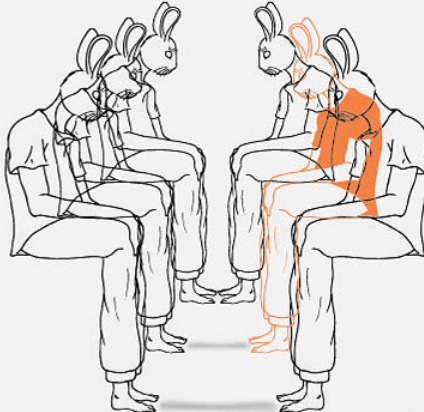


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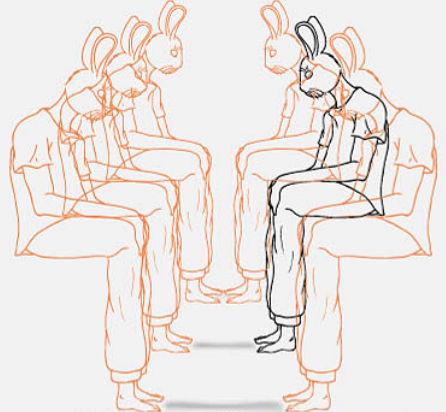


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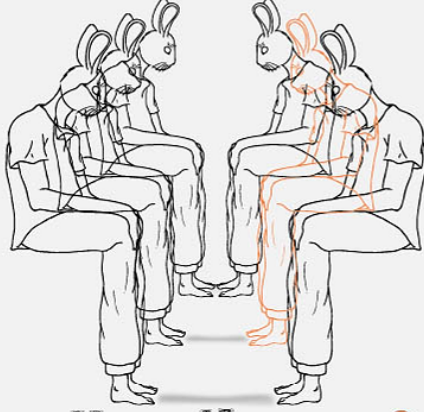


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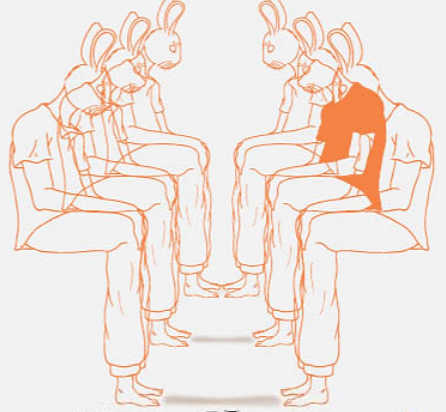


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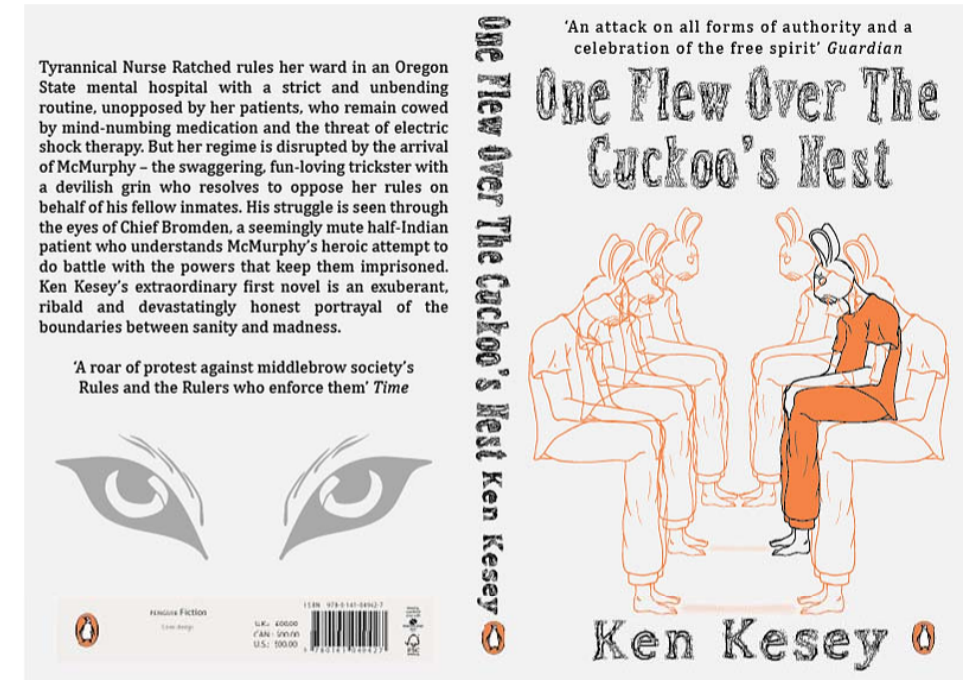
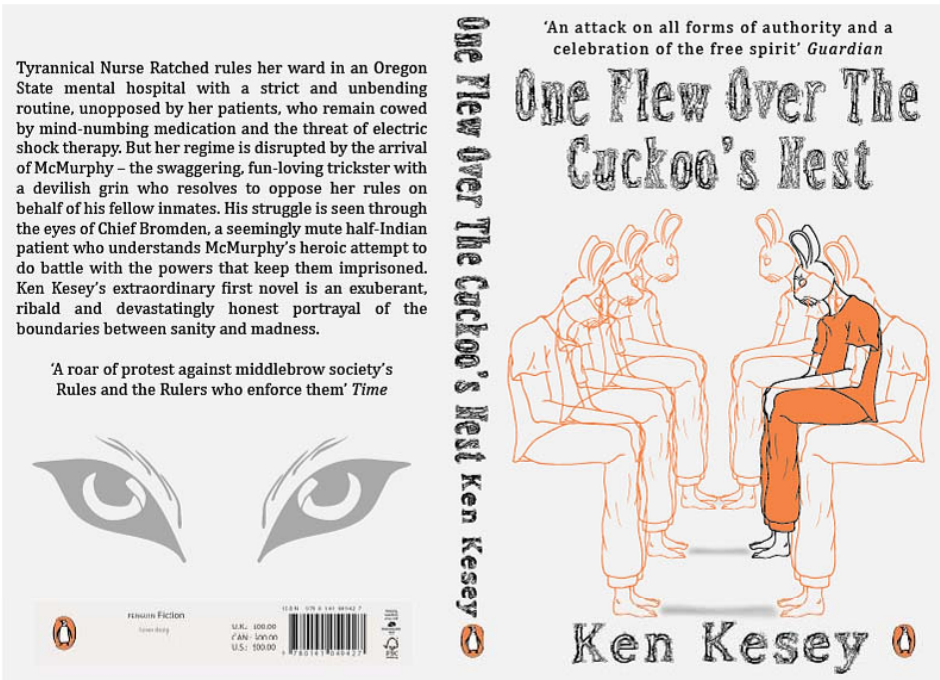
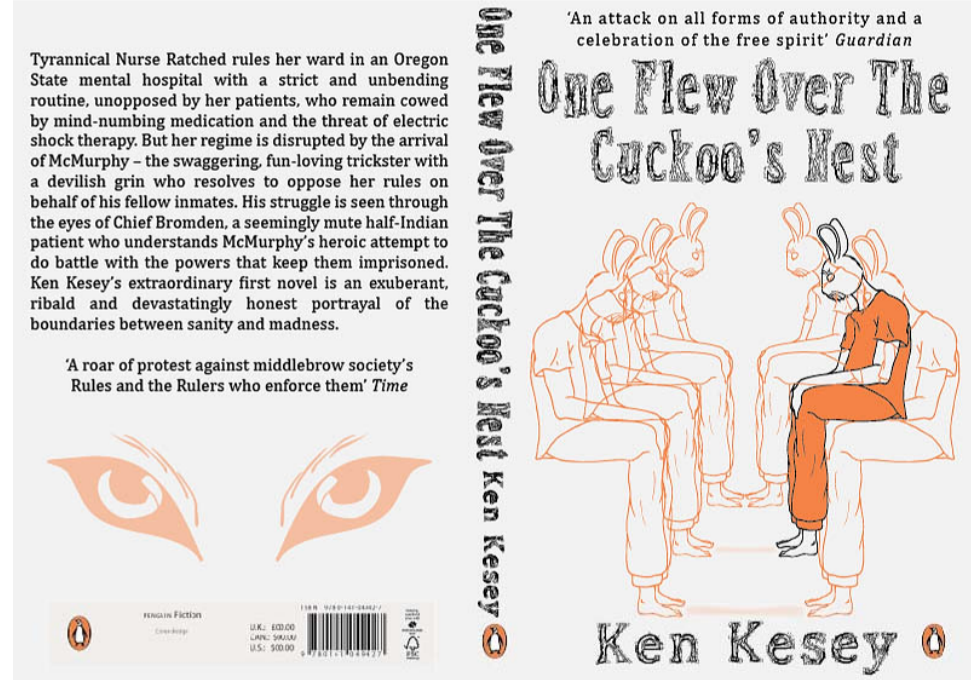
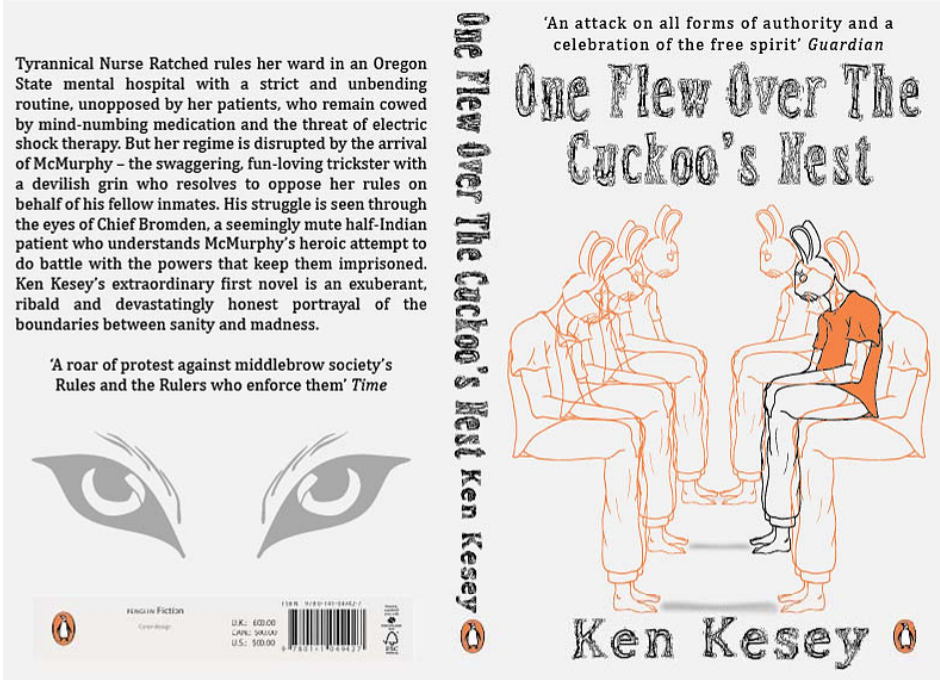
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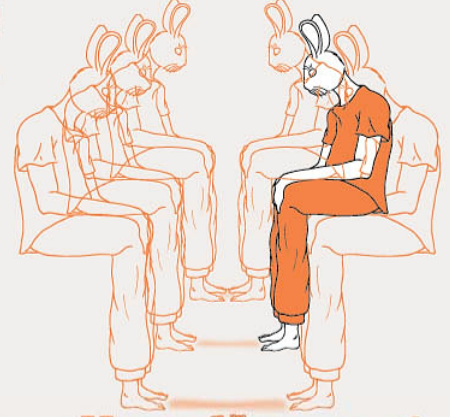
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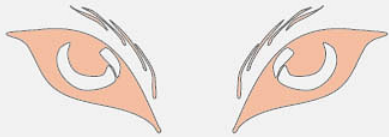
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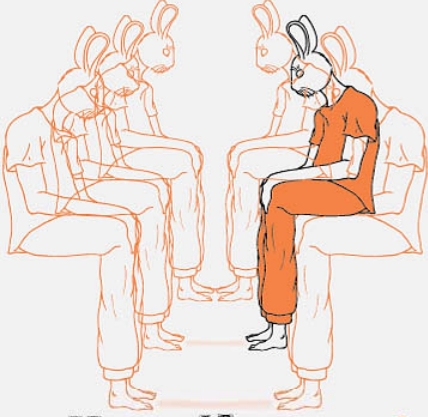
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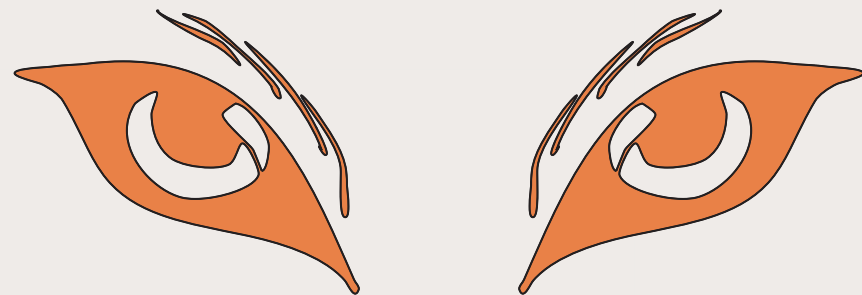
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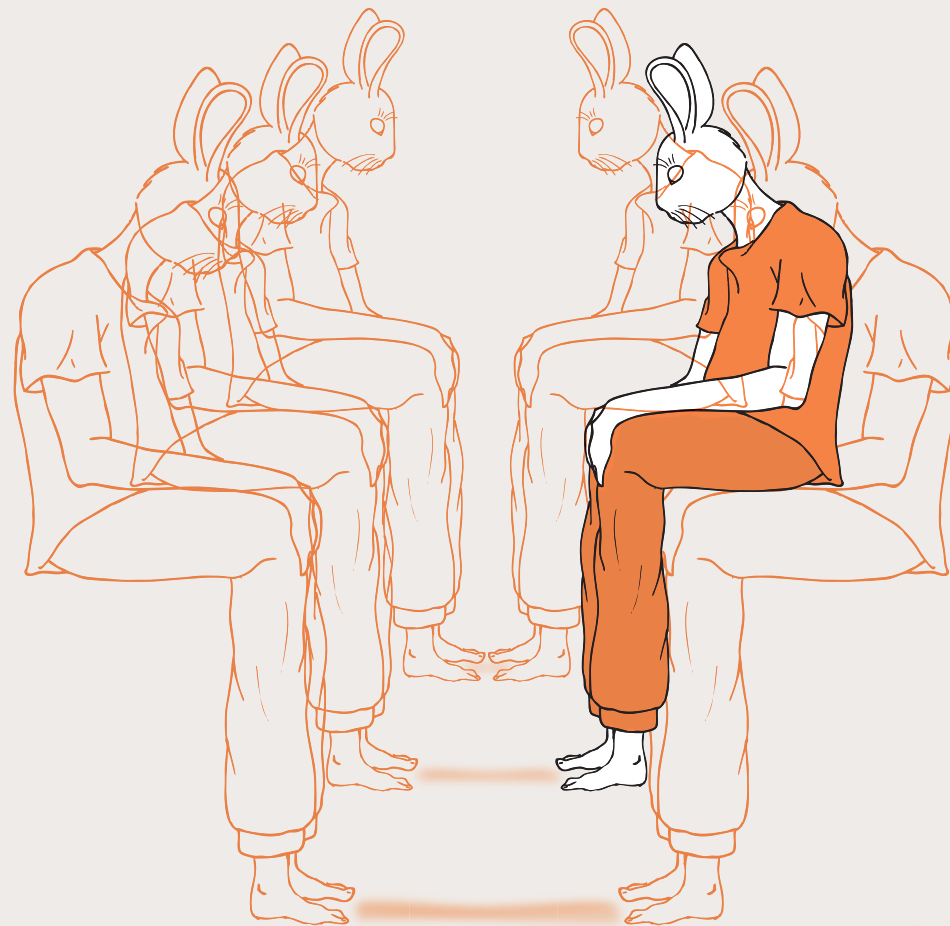
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One rabbit is blocked in with colour to represent MacMurphey, who is the headstrong character that brings change to the psychiatric unit.

Although he is the only one that stands out, he is in the same posture as the other "rabbits" due to the conclusion of the book.

However, it could also represent Chief Bromden, who is the narrator and pinnacle of the story.

The wolf eyes represents *Nurse Ratched*, who is described as being the wolf that takes control and watches over "its prey".

The 'scribble-style' of the lettering represents the mixed up world of whether these rabbits really are what others consider to be "mental".