

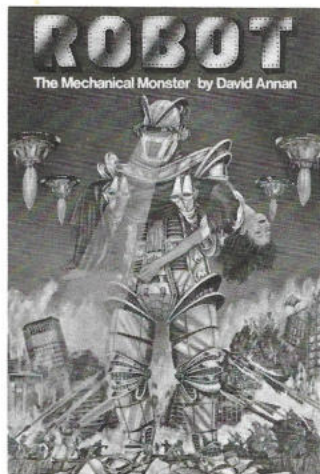
THE WAR OF THE WORLDS

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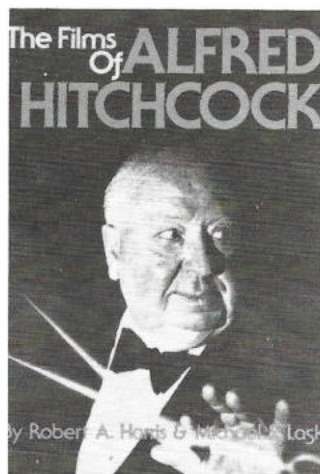
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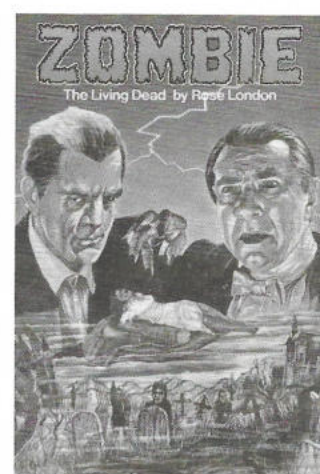
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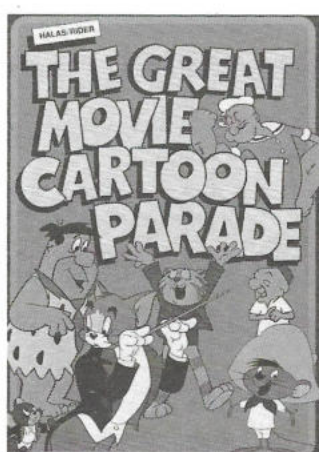
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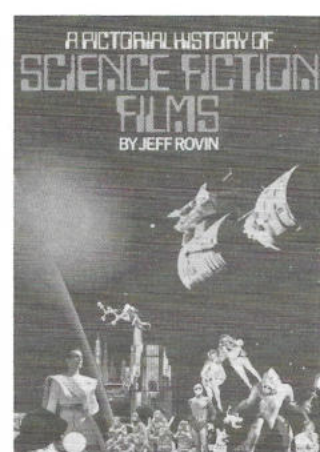
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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: The Ackerman-
sion, Columbia Pictures, Columbia Pic-
tures Television, Lyle Conway, Bill Est-
ler, Gaumont Distribution (Nicole Sonne-
ville), Hal Roach Studios (Lee Roche),
Claude & Denis Heroux, Albert Nozaki,
Paramount Pictures (Howard A. Levine),
20th Century-Fox, United Artists.

CINEFANTASTIQUE is published quar-
terly at P. O. Box 270, Oak Park, Illinois
60303. Single copies when purchased
from the publisher are \$4.00. Subscrip-
tions: one year (4 issues) \$10, two years
(8 issues) \$18, three years (12 issues)
\$25. Foreign subscriptions are available
at the same rates, but please pay by In-
ternational Postal Money Order or with a
check, draft or money order drawn on
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RETAIL DISTRIBUTION: In the United
States and Canada by B. DeBoer, 188
High Street, Nutley, New Jersey 07110.

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vasion of Earth a frighteningly realistic special effects tour de
force that has never been equaled. Steve Rubin pieces together
the production history behind this great cinematic achievement.

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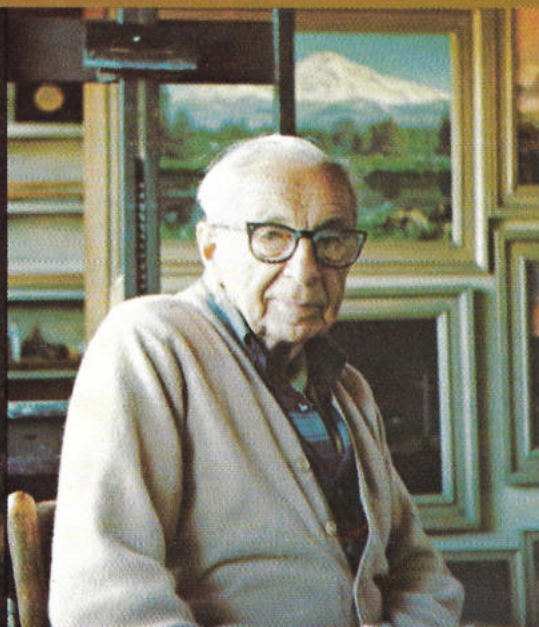
NUMBER 4

THE WAR OF

But who
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...Are we
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the world?
...And how
are all
things made
for man?

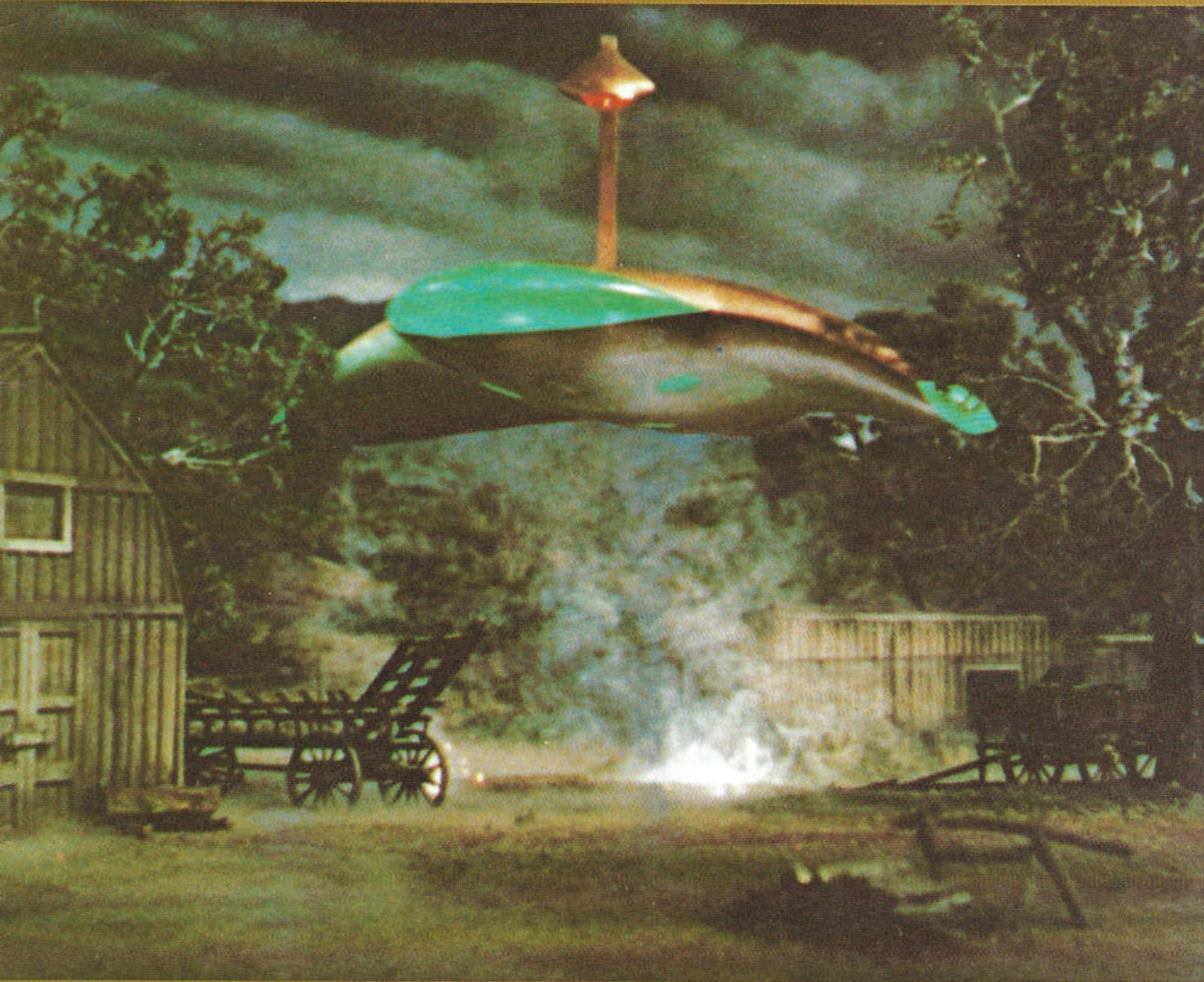
Kepler

Right: A Martian war machine hovers ominously over the wrecked farmhouse in which Sylvia and Dr. Forrester are hiding. The Martian machines were designed by the film's art director, Al Nozaki. Left: The canals of Mars and a Martian city painted for the film by special effects artist Chesley Bonestell.

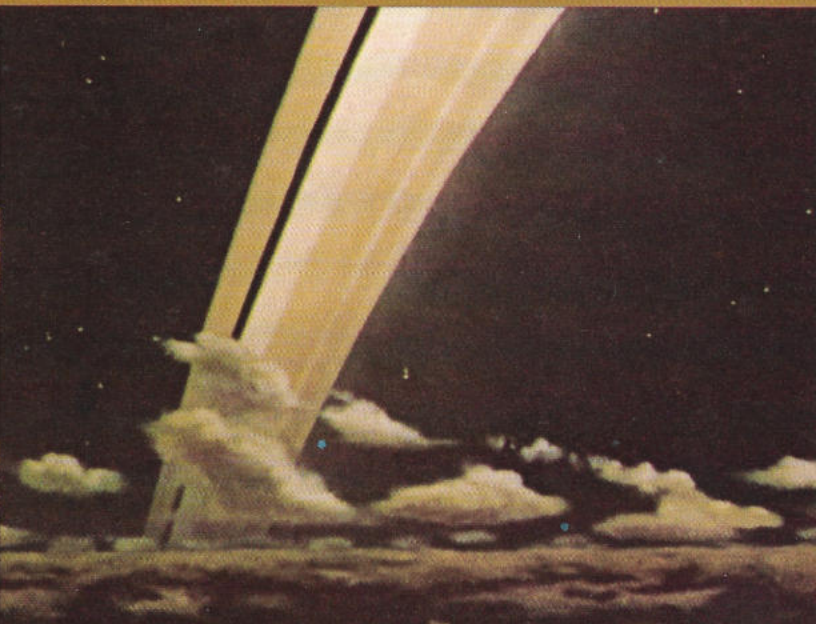


THE WORLDS

by
**Steve
Rubin**



Bottom Facing:
The A-bomb is
used against the
Martians, an effect
created by colored
flash powders
exploding on a
Paramount sound
stage. Middle:
Filming the 75-foot
mushroom cloud on
Stage 7. The effect
was later matted
into the desired
footage. Right: A
recent photo of
astronomical artist
Chesley Bonestell,
now 89, at his
studio in Carmel,
California. This
Page: Paintings
of barren Mercury
(Left) and Saturn's
rings (Right) done
by Bonestell for
the film's prolog.
(Color photos are
provided courtesy
Stephen C. Wathen.)



THE WAR OF THE WORLDS A Paramount Release. 2/53. In Technicolor. 85 minutes. Produced by George Pal. Directed by Byron Haskin. Screenplay by Barre Lyndon. Director of photography, George Barnes, ASC. Technicolor consultant, Monroe W. Burbank. Art direction, Hal Pereira and Albert Nozaki. Edited by Everett Douglas, ACE. Assistant director, Michael D. Moore. Costumes, Edith Head. Set decoration, Sam Comer and Emile Kuri. Makeup supervision, Wally Westmore. Associate producer, Frank Freeman, Jr. Music score by Leith Stevens. Sound recording by Harry Lindgren and Gene Garvin. Special photographic effects, Gordon Jennings, ASC, Paul Lerpae, ASC, Wallace Kelley, ASC, Ivyl Burks, Jan Domela, Irmin Roberts, ASC. Astronomical art by Chesley Bonestell. Martian costume and makeup by Charles Gemora. Hair stylist, Nellie Manley. Process photography, Farcoit Edouart, ASC. Miniature construction, Marcel Delgado. Special effects, Walter Hoffman. Properties, Gordon Cole. Stunt coordinators, Dale Van Sickel, David Sharpe, Fred Graham. Western Electric Recording.

Clayton Forrester Gene Barry
 Sylvia Van Buren Ann Robinson
 General Mann Les Tremayne
 Dr. Pryor Bob Cornthwaite
 Dr. Bilderbeck Sandro Giglio
 Pastor Matthew Collins Lewis Martin
 General's Aide Housely Stevenson, Jr.
 Radio Announcer Paul Frees
 Wash Perry Bill Phipps
 Colonel Heffner Vernon Rich
 Cop Henry Brandon
 Salvatore Jack Kruschen
 Professor McPherson Edgar Barrier
 Buck Monahan Ralph Dumke
 Dumb Blonde Carolyn Jones
 Man Pierre Cressoy
 Martian Charles Gemora
 Sheriff Bogany Walter Sande
 Dr. James Alex Frazer
 Dr. Duprey Ann Codee
 Dr. Gratzman Ivan Lebedeff
 Ranger Robert Rockwell
 Zippy Alvy Moore
 Alonzo Hogue Paul Birch
 Fiddler Hawkins Frank Kreig
 Well-dressed Looter Ned Glass
 M. P. Driver Anthony Warde
 Woman News Vendor Gertrude Hoffman
 Secretary of Defense Freeman Lusk
 Fire Chief Sydney Mason
 Lookout Peter Adams
 KGB Reporter Ted Hecht
 Japanese Diplomat Teru Shimada
 Chief of Staff Herbert Lytton
 Staff Sergeant Douglas Henderson
 Reporter Walter Richards
 Dr. Hettinger Alex Frazer
 Rev. Bethany Russell Conway
 Looters Dave Sharpe, Dale Van Sickel,
 Fred Graham
 1st Bum George Pal
 2nd Bum Frank Freeman, Jr.
 Prologue Narrator Paul Frees
 Commentary by Sir Cedric Hardwicke

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS is the fourth in a series of science fiction film Retrospect features written by Steve Rubin, who in past issues has covered THEM! (Vol 3 No 4), FORBIDDEN PLANET (Vol 4 No 1) and THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL (Vol 4 No 4). Rubin's next science fiction film Retrospect will be George Pal's THE TIME MACHINE.

In the latter part of the 1890s, the most frightening portrait of an alien presence in our solar system was created--a confrontation between aliens from Mars and the men of Earth: H. G. Wells' novel The War of the Worlds. Hailed as a brilliant work of fantasy, Wells (already a well-known author with published works like The Time Machine and The Island of Dr. Moreau) was soon compared to the French author Jules Verne as the master of scientific romance.

Over half a century later, Paramount producer George Pal dramatized Wells' classic story and today it is revered as one of the great science fiction films of all time. Pal's team of experts updated Wells' post-Victorian tale of alien terror and gave it a modern California setting. Enlivened by the flying saucer craze and the newfound interest in the stars, The War of the Worlds had new significance. It was no longer purely an indictment of Victorian ignorance and stubborn conservatism, but a startling portrait of the unknown dangers that could lie outside man's experience. At a time when science fiction films were accorded a limited budget, THE WAR OF THE WORLDS' success is a tribute to a crew which knew how to conserve and yet be simultaneously innovative. [For a biography of George Pal, the dean of science fiction filmmakers, see our Vol 1 No 4 issue for Dennis Johnson's article "The Five Faces of George Pal."]

It was in 1925 that Paramount film director Cecil B. DeMille purchased the film rights to The War of the Worlds. DeMille was a showman as well as a director and he was forever in love with the picturesque, exotic, colorful style in motion pictures. The colorfully violent tapestry created by Wells appealed to DeMille's aesthetic sense.

DeMille was also enthralled by costumes and liked to dress up his actors. This factor alone leads us to believe that he would have retained Wells' 19th century setting. The choice of setting was a key factor and would become a controversy in the next three decades. In any case, DeMille was not destined to go further with The War of the Worlds. While he continued to promote his silent version of THE TEN COMMANDMENTS and ponder the rumor that sound would soon revolutionize motion pictures, The War of the Worlds was relegated to the dust pile of unused material in the Paramount story department.

In 1930, Sergei Eisenstein, the Russian film director, indicated to friends, among them 26-year-old British filmmaker Ivor Montagu, that he would like to go to Hollywood where the sound film was now in its infancy. Montagu was a young filmmaker who had met H. G. Wells' son Frank in a Zoology class at Cambridge. Later when both students dropped out, a small production company was formed with Adrian Brunel as the third partner. An American producer then offered the unit financial backing if they would get H. G. Wells to write three comedy stories that could be turned into screenplays. Wells was quite willing as he was very keen that his son and Montagu make a career in films together.

In April 1930, Montagu's uncle, Capt. Lionel Montagu, a racehorse owner and partner in the family bank, offered to stake Ivor to five hundred pounds to keep him in the United States for a year while he looked for a job and helped his friend Eisenstein. Montagu, who came from a monied family and was now well acquainted with both Wells and George Bernard Shaw, went to the two writers on behalf of Eisenstein to

The late H. G. Wells (right), author of The War of the Worlds, discusses his screenplay with performers Raymond Massey (left) and Pearl Argyle (middle) during the filming of THINGS TO COME (1936). During his association with Alexander Korda on this film, Wells became intensely interested in filmmaking and even journeyed to Hollywood where he met Cecil B. DeMille, the producer who originally bought the film rights to The War of the Worlds for Paramount.

get some material.

Fortunately, both authors were familiar with Eisenstein's proletariat and revolutionary films and agreed with Montagu that the man should go to the United States. Shaw offered Eisenstein an option on his play, "The Devil's Disciple," and Wells presented him with The War of the Worlds.

With letters of introduction, and the five hundred pounds from Uncle Montagu, Ivor went to Hollywood. He soon discovered that Wells had long before sold the rights to his novel to Paramount in perpetuity and had forgotten. (Ivor could not interest anyone in the Shaw play, either, and it would be thirty years before it reached the screen as a United Artists release in 1959.)

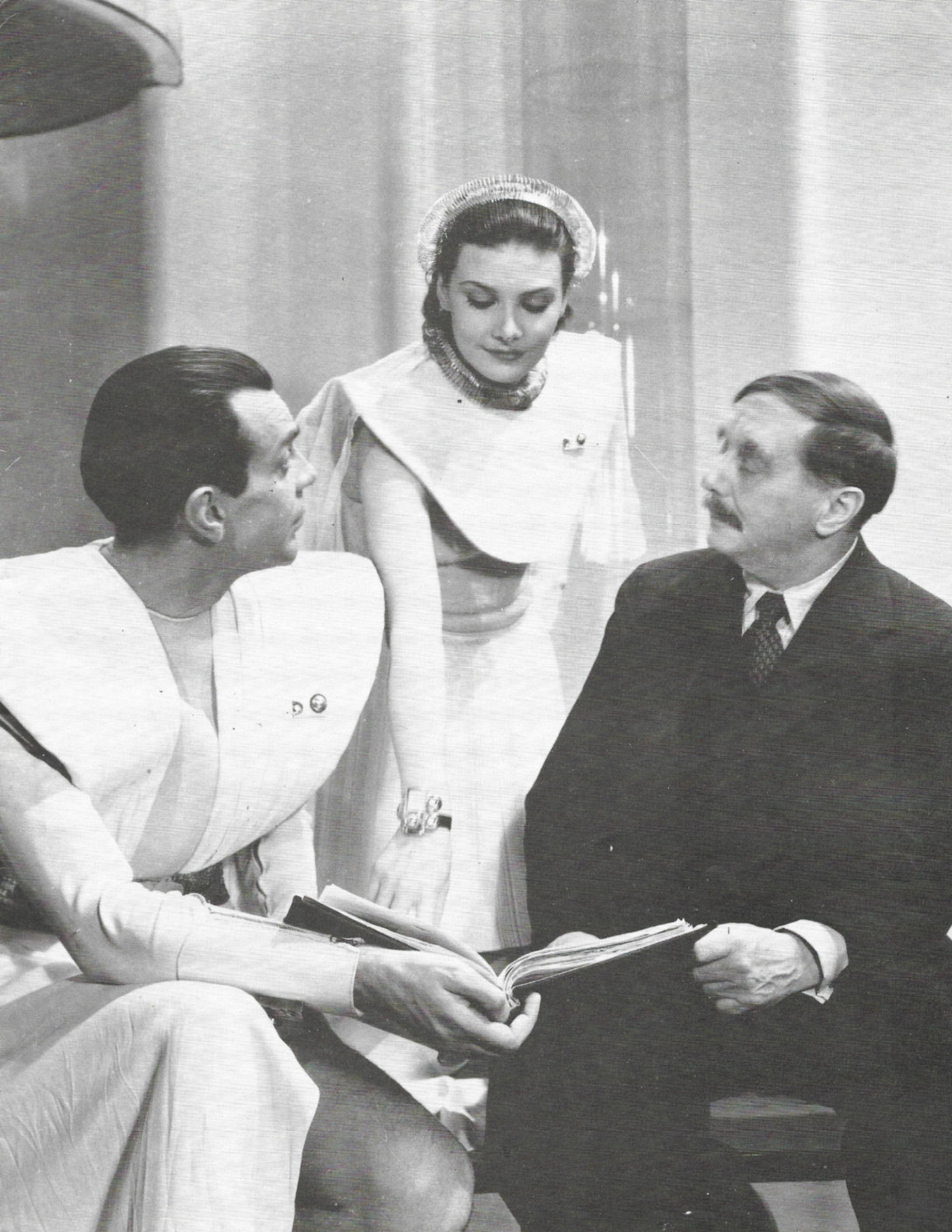
Fortunately, Paramount was one of the few studios interested in Eisenstein, and eventually Jess Lasky went to Paris to meet the Russian. Among the projects Lasky offered was THE WAR OF THE WORLDS. But after Eisenstein arrived and a script had been prepared for its production, he withdrew from the project and turned instead to QUE VIVA MEXICO (1931) which was never to be finished.

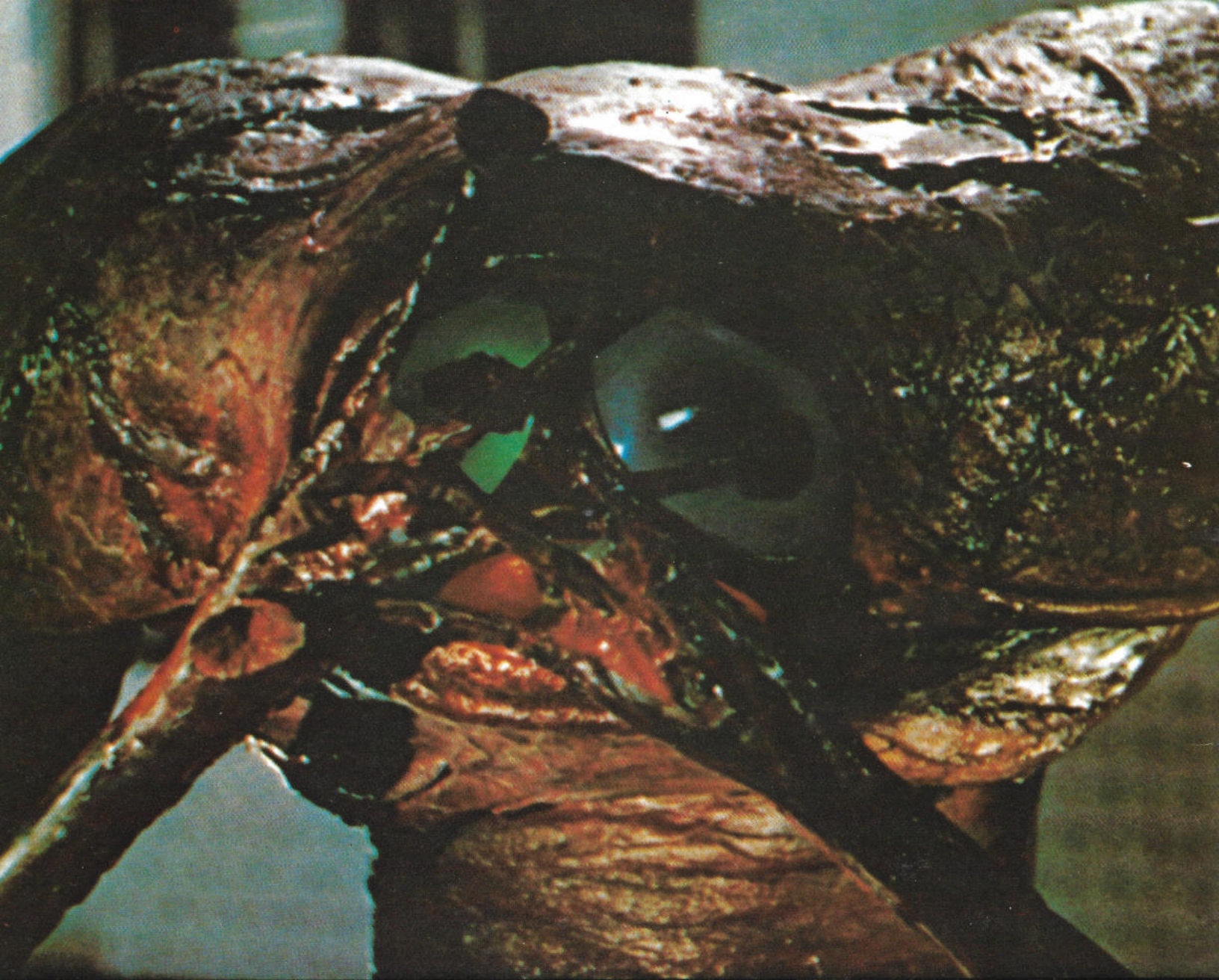
Only two years later in February 1932, THE WAR OF THE WORLDS resurfaced as a Robert Fellows production at Paramount. DeMille was once more responsible for its revival. Fellows had been his "chair boy" in 1926. "CB," Fellows recalled, "always had a dozen people following him around with scripts, pencils, megaphones and such. And when he got tired he just sat down. It was my job to see that there was a chair under him every time he looked as if he was going to relax."

Fellows rose quickly in the studio ranks and by the early 1930s was an assistant director. It was at this time that Frank Wells and Ivor Montagu tried to sell Paramount on their particular dramatization of The War of the Worlds. They interested Fellows who spoke to DeMille and the film was on the verge of being produced when Fellows accepted an offer to go to Warner Bros as a unit manager in charge of studio production. He would work on 52 Warners films from 1934 to 1939.

While THE WAR OF THE WORLDS stalled at Paramount during this period, H. G. Wells was constantly badgered by other interested directors who sought control of the controversial project. On one of his excursions to Nice in the early 1930s, Wells had lunch with a young English director who desired to adapt The War of the Worlds. Wells didn't even mention the fact that Paramount owned all the rights. He simply dismissed his story as "outdated." The young director insisted, but could not convince the elderly writer that the novel could be modernized. The mysterious director? None other than Alfred Hitchcock.

In the summer of 1934, H. G. Wells met Alexander Korda who had recently come from France with his brother Vincent. As The War of the Worlds was unavailable,





The film's only fleeting glimpse of the Martian invaders occurs when Dr. Clayton Forrester and Sylvia Van Buren are trapped within a deserted farmhouse crushed by a landing cylinder (bottom left). The creature is first seen as it scampers past a crack in the farmhouse wall (bottom right). The alien was designed by art director Al Nozaki from the description in Barre Lyndon's screenplay. Nozaki chose Charlie Gemora to build the costume, in which he also appeared.

Korda purchased Wells' latest novel, The Shape of Things to Come. It was during this period that Wells became totally involved in the motion picture business. He spent two years adapting THINGS TO COME, as the finished film was entitled. He contributed to the screenplay and the set design and he was instrumental in hiring Arthur Bliss to compose the musical score. He made many new friends among actors and directors and he was seriously talking about going on with moviemaking instead of writing new books. These new-found connections gave him the idea for a trip to Hollywood planned for the autumn of 1935 while the technical work was being completed on THINGS TO COME.

Wells arrived in California on November 26, 1935. At a rousing party at DeMille's ranch in Tujunga Canyon, Charlie Chaplin introduced Wells to the director. It was to be their only meeting. Wells discussed the progress of THINGS TO COME and his fascination with motion pictures. DeMille encouraged the writer to seriously explore his fascinations. The showman he was, DeMille also arranged a tour of Paramount Studio. Whether they passed by the story department where three dusty scripts of THE WAR OF THE WORLDS lay dormant is not known. But Wells went back to London with an out-sized portrait of life in the opulent film capitol of the world.

Time passed, and the world girded for a new war. The quiet complacency of the English was replaced with a growing fear of what was occurring on the mainland of Europe. Hitler's legions were on the march. Dive bombers were over Madrid. There were Italians in Ethiopia. China was fighting Japan. All across the planet in cafes, on street corners, in crowded bus and subway terminals, there was talk of war. In the United States the prevailing mood was isolationist, as the country tried to fight its way out of the depression.

It was at this time, nearly 40 years since H. G. Wells first conceived of the Martian invasion that another man named Welles decided to jolt another complacent nation out of its isolationist doldrums and realize that terror was at hand. Orson Welles, creator of the popular dramatic program known as the Mercury Theater Group purchased the radio rights to The War of the Worlds early in 1938. He assigned Howard Koch to adapt the circa 1890s invasion into a series of modern news bulletins. On the night of October 30, 1938, at 8:00 PM, EST, appropriately Halloween Eve, Orson Welles introduced himself and initiated one of the most terrifying moments in broadcast history.

While his Mercury Theater was broadcasting to a rather small audience, the panic spread when Walter Winchell, then on CBS, denounced the Martian invasion as a hoax. One of Winchell's listeners was the head of Warner Bros' special effects department and the future director of THE WAR OF THE WORLDS, Byron Haskin.

"Welles was broadcasting on some ob-

scure station," Haskin recalled, "that had some national release into some areas but certainly no large slice of the general audience. And they kept within the regulations of the station, periodically announcing that it was a fictional broadcast. But of course people don't hear things when they're eating or getting beer out of the icebox and very few heard the disclaimer at all.

"So someone told Winchell that there was a lot of excitement being created by this broadcast on another channel. And Winchell came on like gangbusters, saying that the broadcast was not true and that it was only a dramatization. And again people missed the 'not.' They began to wonder what Winchell was talking about. And bam! Everybody left for the mountains. It scared the hell out of America at a time when the news from abroad was already frightening. Hell, we were susceptible."

While radio broadcasting exploited The War of the Worlds to its limits making Orson Welles an overnight sensation, the film adaptation languished. There was once more talk about a rejuvenated production (by now there were four different scripts) but the fascination of the radio premiere soon waned. Between 1939 and 1945, film studios, especially Paramount, were too committed to the production of films that would bolster morale, if not help win the war by depicting the heroic sacrifice of Americans at war, to bother with science fiction, especially such a frightening story like The War of the Worlds.

H. G. Wells died in 1946 and it seemed that the prospects for a film adaptation of his most popular novel died with him. Fortunately, film producer George Pal had other ideas. While WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE was in production, Pal searched the dusty back room of Paramount's story department for a new project. He soon discovered the five adaptations of THE WAR OF THE WORLDS. Pal took the project out of mothballs and hired Barre Lyndon, an accomplished screenwriter who had just completed an association with C. B. DeMille on the latter's epic circus film THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH. "I conferred with many writers," says Pal, "but Barre came off best. He had written a very suspenseful film called THE HOUSE ON 92ND STREET [1945, a realistic semi-documentary detailing the arrest of Nazi agents in Washington D.C.] and on that basis I felt he would do well with THE WAR OF THE WORLDS."

Lyndon was born in London on August 12, 1896 and in the 1920s and 1930s was increasingly successful in Britain as a journalist and short story writer, as novelist (Combat, Circus Dust) and playwright ("Hell for Leather"). His first big success was the London stage production of "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" in 1936 in which actor Ian Fleming played the lead. The New York City production later that year starred Sir Cedric Hardwicke as Clitterhouse and was also a success.

Lyndon left London and migrated to New York in 1938. Two years later he was a contract writer at MGM in Hollywood. In 1941, he wrote the original script for Walter Wanger's SUNDOWN which had Gene Tierney as a jungle girl and Sir Cedric Hardwicke as narrator and in 1943 he wrote the script for the highly acclaimed 20th Century-Fox film THE LODGER. Again the star was Sir Cedric Hardwicke, but the laurels went to actor Laird Cregar for his portrayal of the schizoid title character and director John Brahm for his appropriately

fog-shrouded visuals. The success of the film prompted rival studio Paramount to purchase the rights to a Lyndon play of a similar nature, which they filmed in 1943 as THE MAN IN HALF MOON STREET.

Between 1944 and 1951, Lyndon shuttled between 20th Century-Fox, where he did HANGOVER SQUARE (1945) and THE HOUSE ON 92ND STREET (1945), Warner Bros, where he did THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES (1948), MGM, for TO PLEASE A LADY (1950), and Paramount, where he collaborated on THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.

Lyndon was no stranger to the literature of Wells when Pal offered him the project early in 1951. He was actually a great admirer of Wells, and collecting Wellsiana was one of his passions. In their first meeting, Pal spelled out the direction the rejuvenated project would take. He spoke of the new interest in science fiction, the flying saucer phenomenon, the success of DESTINATION MOON and the expert special effects crew then finishing up on WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE.

"THE WAR OF THE WORLDS," recalled Pal, "was no longer as ancient as Wells had once believed. With all the talk about flying saucers, it had become especially timely. And that is one of the reasons we updated the story to the present and placed it in California--the other being the obviously limited budget and the costliness of a London period film."

As he had done on his first two scientific projects, Pal encouraged his screenwriter to sprinkle the script with scientific terminology, describing the movement of space age hardware realistically, and to fully dramatize the confrontation between the scientists and the Martians. Pal knew that he could fill movie houses with people already familiar with terms like nuclear fission, force fields, radiation and disintegration rays. Later when director Byron Haskin entered the project there were additional story conferences on the film's anticipated perspective.

"The three of us," Pal recalled of his collaboration with Haskin and Lyndon, "decided that we should do as much as we could to make the audience feel that they're actually witnessing an attack and that the Martians are really here. Of course they are going to see a movie--they know it's only make-believe, but nevertheless, I think we did capture in a small way the realism of an actual attack."

"The success of the film on this level was partly due to two reasons. First, Byron and I decided that we would never show the point-of-view of the Martians despite the pleas of the front office which kept demanding that we shoot something of how they see us. Throughout the film, we held to that concept. Secondly, to add realism, ease the logistics and simplify the effects, we had Los Angeles always in the west and the Martians always in the east. All of the movement between the Army and the invaders was east to west. This made a complicated story easier to understand visually."

Since the attack would begin in the east, in the desert where the flying saucer craze was strongest, Barre Lyndon went searching for the proper locale for his California-based story. He didn't bother rereading the original novel, he knew it well, and besides, little of the 1890s scenario would remain in the film. H. G. Wells' tale of survival in rural England under the Martian foot had become a full-blown technological warfare



Top: Producer George Pal goes over the script with director of photography George Barnes on the Paramount backlot. Middle: An early oil sketch by artist Chesley Bonestell of the Martian nest, as the aliens emerge from their cylinder to construct the war machine. Bottom: Director Byron Haskin (holding script), correspondent John Lake, producer George Pal, and associate producer Frank Freeman, Jr. Freeman was the son of the president of Paramount.

with a super-intelligent race from across the gulf of space.

In early March 1951, Lyndon loaded up his green Studebaker and accompanied by Mrs. Lyndon, her sister and their blond cocker spaniel, Mr. Corwin, headed southwest towards San Bernardino. After about an hour drive, Barre stopped in a little town nestled in the Chino Hills. This was Linda Rosa, California. Population: 2000. There was one motel, two service stations, a new market and a Sunkist agency. A marker pointed towards the Linda Rosa convent of the Dominican Order and from the intersection where he stood, Barre could see a blacktop road cut into the Chino Hills amid small orange groves scattered with old abandoned oil derricks.

Piecing together the story behind Lyndon's screenplay proved difficult until his wife led me to a copy of his original treatment dated June 7, 1951. It offers a fascinating glimpse into the early days of the adaptation when much of the dramatization was different from the final filmed concept.

It was Lyndon who engineered the film's unique opening (later complemented by the space paintings of Chesley Bonestell, augmented by the special effects department) where we visit each planet in our solar system (except for cloudy Venus) before we come to fertile, appealing Earth--target for the Martian invasion.

In the very first paragraph of the treatment, Lyndon writes, "A sky full of stars with Mars showing just above the houses and hilltops. The first page of H.G. Wells' book is superimposed and a voice with a Wells-like accent [later Lyndon's old friend, Sir Cedric Hardwicke] quotes the opening words, 'No one would have believed in the middle of the 20th Century that human affairs were being watched keenly and closely by intelligences greater than man's and yet as mortal as his own.'"

In the film, the arrival of the first cylinder is glimpsed by a small group leaving a movie. Lyndon's original opening involved a much more elaborate montage. Simultaneously, the meteor is spotted by a "lonely lofty forestry lookout, a cop, late homagers who spot it from Los Angeles streets and an air patrol pilot who is flying at 15,000 feet."

The pilot, Lyndon's main character, it is explained, "is up in the clouds because curious things have been happening. Nothing fanciful like flying saucers, or whizzing discs, but radar screens are knocked haywire at times. Nobody knows why. And there is peculiar radio interference. Sea and air defenses are alert all around the clock. Special patrols are up night and day. Like this one." Lyndon introduces the pilot as Greg Bradley, an oil prospector who puts in occasional flying hours to retain a Major's commission in the air guard.

Later, George Pal decided that Major Bradley was entirely the wrong focus in a story that dealt with science and wonder, rather than military confrontation, and Lyndon created for him the role of Dr. Clayton Forrester of Pacific Tech, a nuclear physicist, or as library student Sylvia Van Buren later states, "the man behind the new atomic engines." It is through Forrester's scientific observations that the story of an alien invasion obtains its true realism as it did in 1938 when Orson Welles portrayed Professor Pearson of Princeton. The Bradley role Pal felt was simply too macho when the true machismo was on the other side of the battlefield. He wanted nothing to distract the

An artists conception of the Martian war machine produced in the Paramount Art Department under the supervision of art director Al Nozaki. The drawing has some striking similarities to Bonestell's early sketch shown at left and reflects a midway point in the design of the Martian machines, after it was decided to abandon H.G. Wells' mechanical stilt-legged concept. The domed control room at top is as described in the early treatment by sriptor Barre Lyndon.

audience from the omnipotence of the invading Martians.

Lyndon's preliminary reconnaissance to Linda Rosa paid off handsomely. H.G. Wells' setting on the Woking common transfers nicely to California where the rural characters who first view the cylinder later instill some comedy into the film's initial moments. While the store owners discuss the potential commercialism of having a giant meteor near the town, Lyndon introduces the story's other main character, "a striking blonde whose smart foreign convertible bumps off the blacktop. The girl in it is dressed (by Dior) in an ash blonde linen, original! Not a fifty dollar copy. Handbag and shoes in copper suade. She walks with the air of a duchess. The slim and beautiful kind. This is Sylvia Ashton. Back Bay, Boston. Aristocratic, wealthy. Her family owns the White Funnel Line--Boston, Bahamas and the Cape..."

"Greg eyes her. She isn't his kind of dame. She's an orchid out of a hot house. Spoiled snooty. She looks at him. She's seen his type around her father's docks. Crude. Rude."

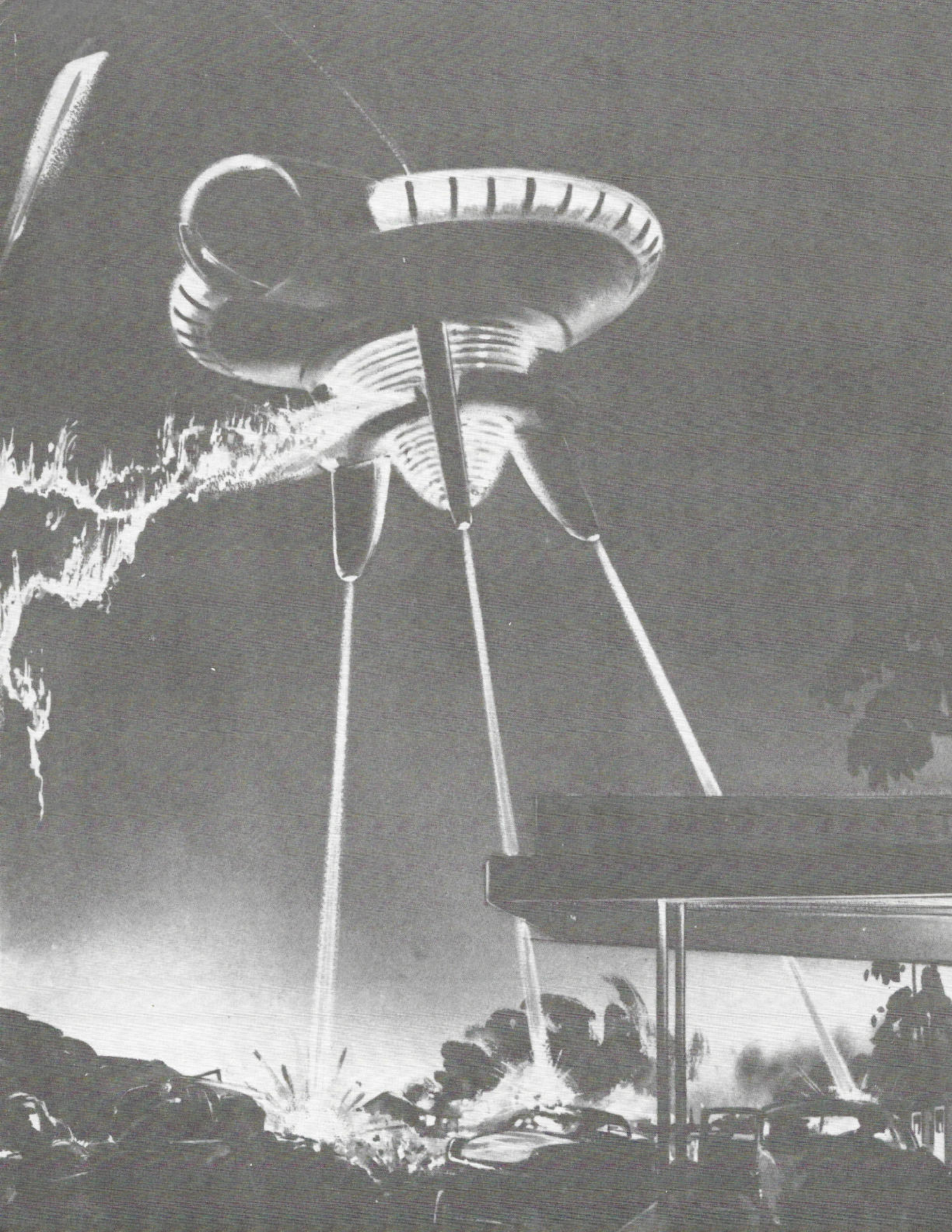
George Pal later found this meeting of opposites distracting and totally unnecessary, but he had no choice. Although it was his plan to go back to the Wells novel and recreate the story of a married man looking for his wife, there were complications initiated by the Paramount front office, as Pal recalls:

"I was fresh at Paramount and when you first come in an awful lot of people try to guide you. Some of them mean well and some of them don't, they're just throwing their weight around. And they forced on me this ridiculous story of a scientist going on a fishing trip, meeting a girl and then after only one evening, he begins this tremendous search for her, from church to church."

Most of the executive pressure was coming from Don Hartman, then vice president in charge of production at Paramount and former creator of many of the Bob Hope/Bing Crosby "Road" pictures. Hartman felt that there must be a boy/girl interest in the film for boxoffice reasons. He ordered Pal to give his male lead a female costar. Reluctantly, Pal passed the order on to Lyndon who fashioned the oil prospector/society queen relationship which was later toned down to nuclear physicist Clayton Forrester and Sylvia Van Buren, library student and small town girl.

Pal felt that it was logical to tell the story from a scientist's point of view rather than from a military man's because a scientific approach would save production expenses in the long run and would appeal to the public's insatiable taste for anything scientific. Pal yearned to produce a sprawling adventure film detailing the full-scale invasion but the appropriate funds were lacking. He had to cut corners, choosing to go with a proven formula.

Further influencing Pal's final produc-



tion design was the Lyndon treatment which places Greg Bradley square in the middle of the military defense against the Martians. He is all at once the principal military liaison at hand, a chief intelligence gatherer for the California Air National Guard, an acting police chief, a traffic director and man about small town. The recent DeMille experience behind him, linked with his fascination with Wells, and the challenge of transferring the locales successfully, Lyndon at times could not help but write dramatic but highly complex and expensive scenes.

After the Martians reveal themselves by expunging the truce party with their heat ray, Lyndon, in the treatment, switches to the main street of Linda Rosa where Bradley is directing a desperate defense. DeMille would have been proud, as Lyndon describes it:

"The intersection in Linda Rosa is a scene of disaster. Pumps at the service station are burning like powertorches. Stacked oil cans are going up. The new market was caught by the Martian beam. So was the crowd which was staring up the blacktop road. People are dead on the ground. Others are running, beating at blazing clothes. The Presbyterian church steeple is flaming against the sky. A police car screams into the main street, red light and siren working. The local hook and ladder and chemical fire truck race up and go into action. While the lone cop in the car hollers over his radio, 'Put out a disaster call. I got dead people all over the road!'"

The latter exclamation suggests another situation that called for an immediate alteration in the final shooting script: violence. If there was one element that characterized the original Wells novel, it was the author's graphic study of death and destruction in peaceful rural England. Dead people, dead horses, rotting decaying flesh, scavenging carrion birds pecking at the remains. It was all grossly detailed. Lyndon's script retained this graphic element in the early scenes of massacre at Linda Rosa, but Pal later eliminated much of the violence. Aside from the opening annihilation of the truce party, the minister and Colonel Heffner, and the later riot on a downtown Los Angeles street where Dr. Forrester is beaten up and thrown off his truck, *THE WAR OF THE WORLDS* confines its violence to a machine versus machine reality.

Lyndon's original scene of chaos in Linda Rosa becomes even more elaborate when the military arrives. While water is directed on the burning buildings, Marines arrive from El Toro Marine Air Station in Santa Ana. And then as radio commentators descend on the scene, we are introduced to local astronomer Professor Ogilvie, the only character Lyndon retained from the original novel (he was killed on Woking common during the first Martian attack). In later drafts the character's name was altered to Professor McPherson of the Canadian Meteorological Institute.

In the treatment, as in the completed shooting script, the first skirmish occurs when a reconnaissance plane drops a flare outside Linda Rosa amid the Martian nest. In the film we do not see the nest. Whether it was purely a question of budget or Pal's aforementioned decision to enshroud the Martian activities in a cloud of mystery, the entire scene is played effectively from behind the microphone of a frantic newsman (Ted Hecht) on the scene with his communications truck.

In the treatment we find the Air Guard plane is being flown by a friend of Bradley's, a chubby ex-reconnaissance pilot named Charlie Ryan. The flare he drops lights up the entire gully and reveals a scene taken right out of Wells' original novel: "The meteorlike machine has been dug clear," writes Lyndon, "leveled off and stripped of its oxidized shell. It is revealed as cylindrically rounded at the ends and it has been sliced into three segments. One is on its side, with a dome half built on it. Another section is just dropping into place. Shimmering light is arcing over it as if to seal the join. The finned snouted weapon which threw the heat ray is raised up, a guarding sentinel. A handling machine--all rods and levers, is pulling the plates and bars of tinted metal from out of the rounded tail end. And in the gully are three living creatures. Squat, everything about them sagging downward under the weight of the gravitational pull. They are thick, reddish." Moments later the recon plane is destroyed.

Lyndon's first description of the Martian war machines is through a montage of television screens as groups everywhere watch the strange alien vehicles march out of their gully. At this point, in the middle of May 1951, the war machines are pictured as Wells' mechanical tripodal giants:

"Something is rising slowly from the gully. A section of the cylinder domed. Mounted with massive bosses like the one that threw the heat ray, the Martian machine has risen higher on three legs. The glistening metal has a rare strange green blue tint. The spider thin legs are vivid red."

In the shooting script, before the Marines can open fire, Sylvia Van Buren's uncle, Pastor Collins walks out to the gully in a suicidal attempt to communicate with the Martians. By his own reckoning, the aliens are from a more advanced civilization and thus should be nearer to God for that reason. Originally, Lyndon wrote a more complex scene which resembles a small religious crusade. After the Martians unveil their disintegration ray by promptly expunging the first line of batteries, the convent monsignor is given the Marine captain's permission to appeal to the Martians and is accompanied by a rabbi, a Presbyterian minister and a group of Dominican nuns. Lyndon describes this "farewell" scene:

"While the group collectively chants the 23rd Psalm all else is quiet. Soldiers with rifles, bazookas and mortars peer from cover. Crowds are watching through field glasses as they go along the blacktop past scorched orange trees and burned wreckage... Past covered figures at the edge of the road. Their pealing 'amen' draws out through the quiet as they come with the Monsignor holding the crucifix high--the jeweled tips of the cross catching the sun brilliant. The Martian crouches spider-like still. There is a moment of suspense then comes that screaming magenta tinted ray. It cuts the 'amen' dead. And we know without seeing what it had done to the Monsignor, his companions and the Dominican Nuns."

Instead of engaging the Martians in a set piece of battle with the Marine force, as is depicted in the final shooting script, Lyndon staggers the battle sequences into a series of sharp and short-lived encounters.

Interestingly, in the treatment, the still-legged Martian machines move along on caterpillar tracks set on end. They burst through the thin line of Marine artillery.

Top: Producer George Pal, production manager Kenneth DeLand, director Byron Haskin and art director Al Nozaki refer to a production sketch during filming. Bottom: Art director Al Nozaki refers to an early prototype of the Martian war machine while producing a series of continuity sketches from Barre Lyndon's screenplay. The cobra neck is placed far back on the prototype model. Later it would be moved as far forward as possible.

The conventional firepower cannot hit the Martians since they have, as Lyndon describes, "put out short cobalt colored jets which thin as they extend and merge to form an umbrella-like envelope which drops around the machines to the ground. This impalpable transparent covering of electromagnetic energy passes over physical objects as if it were no more than mist. Yet bullets from the Marine Guards fail to penetrate, they only make sparks."

While the shooting script retains one quick stock shot of the Air Force flying in, accompanied by a brief yell by airborne Forrester ("There they are!"), Lyndon went into a detailed description of the desperate air strike against the Martian nest:

"At Greenvale, the three Martians come to the new cylinder and while their rays sweep the skies, their magnetic umbrellas expand spreading to cover the cylinder and themselves as another wave of planes roar out of the sky--jets from George Air Force Base.

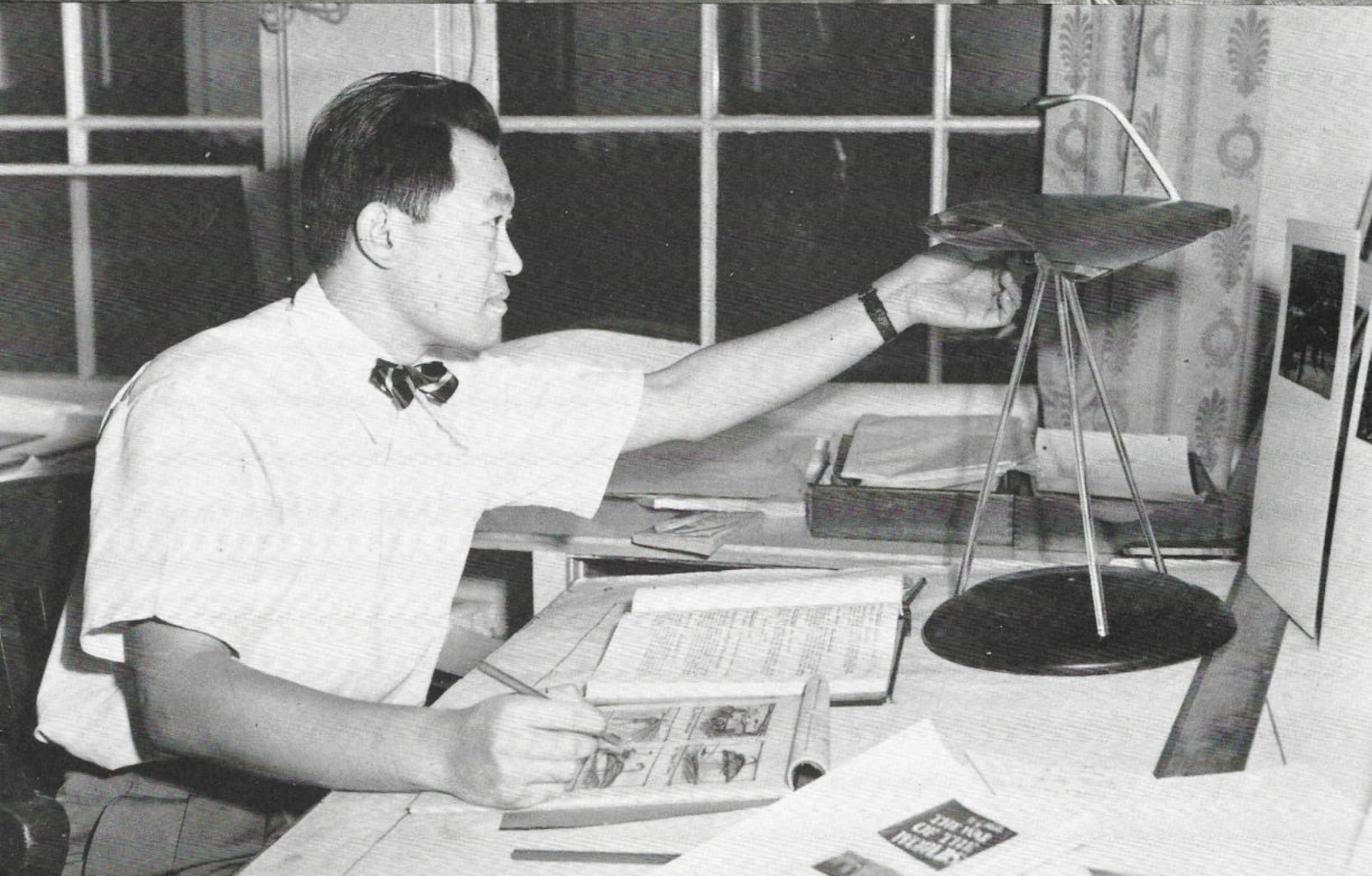
"They make a 600 mile-per-hour pass. Rays shoot upwards like fence posts merging to make a curtain into which the machines are taken by their own speed. And against which they die."

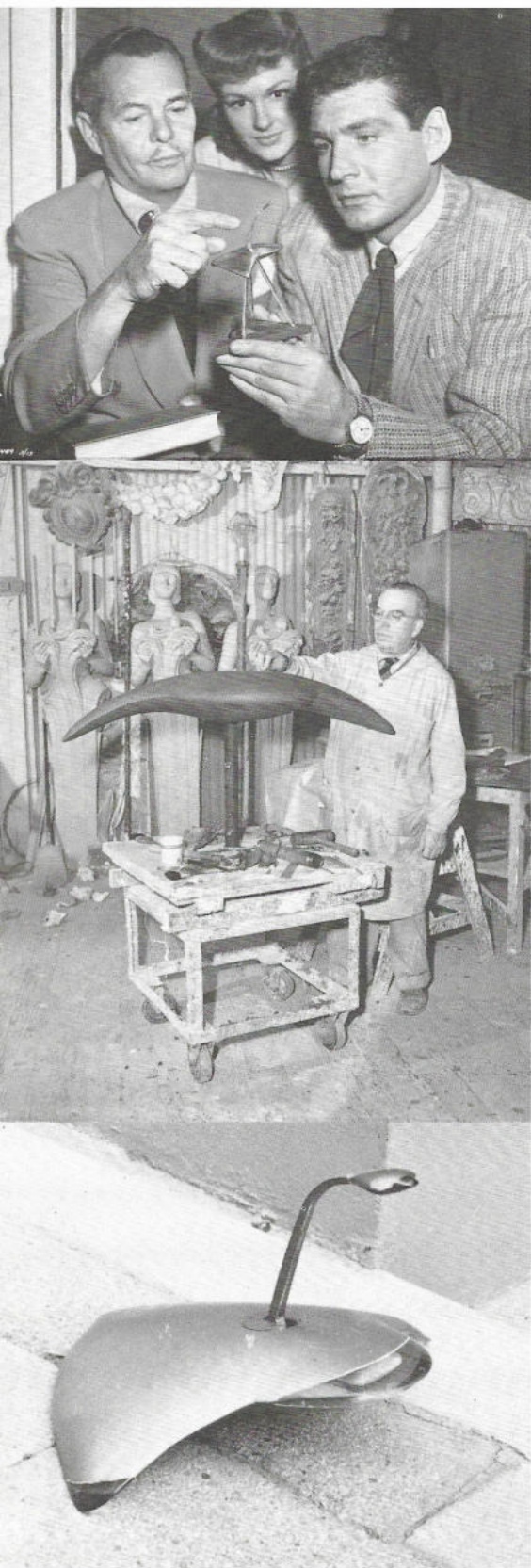
One of the more interesting "lost" sequences is the one in which Lyndon treats the naval attack on the Huntington Beach cylinder, another sharp engagement which aside from a quick mention by General Mann was also completely eliminated.

This particular sequence is viewed from an aerial perspective where Bradley's T-6 trainer is scouting enroute to Palm Springs. Below, the Navy is in action on the coast, the Huntington Beach cylinder having beached itself by the mouth of the Santa Ana River. In Wells' novel, the brother character also witnesses a naval clash in his bid to escape England, when the British ironclad Thunderchild takes on three waterborn Martians. However, while the ironclad takes two Martians with her before being ripped apart, the Navy in Lyndon's script has no success at all:

"Two destroyers are racing in at it. Two more screen a flat top which stands offshore and is skating planes into the air. A single Martian machine is moving to protect the cylinder, coming from the meteor that fell south of Corona. It's a Pentagon order now, attack all cylinders as soon as found. Before anything can get out of the cylinder, rockets flare from the bows of the racing destroyers. The fighting ships are close in when they wheel letting to with fore and aft turrets and all of the forty millimeters they can bring to bear.

"The cylinder is hidden by explosions and a narrow beam of glowing orange light streaks from the Martian machine beyond it. The beam seems to lay on the water--stiff thin as a pencil. It touches one of the destroyers. A bolt of light streaks down its shining length. Intense. Incredibly fast. It hits. Vivid yellow light explodes in great





Top: Cinematographer George Barnes explains about the positioning of the cobra neck to Ann Robinson and Gene Barry on a small model made to evaluate the new front positioning desired. Middle: A worker in Paramount's plaster shop prepares a mold form from which the actual war machines will be manufactured. Bottom: The prototype model of the Martian war machine, as it appears today, photographed outside the California home of art director Al Nozaki.

star points that dissolve into a curtain of spray. Through this, the destroyer shows, ripped asunder, sinking. Above the wreck, naval jets slash in from the flat top. Low level. The Martian is their target and they let go with rockets. They burst against the envelope ineffectual. Rays lick at the planes as they zoom away, but one pilot wheels skimming the sand.

"He flat banks and attacks with his belly scraping the roofs of the beach homes. The Martians' attention is on other planes. The machine is a sitting duck for the Navy jet. It comes in with the wick turned right up. The pilot blazes with guns, rockets. They do nothing and he sends his plane itself at the Martian. It hits the envelope, drives half-way in then crumbles as if flown into a concrete wall. High above Greg sees a plane below him caught by a ray. The plane skeletonizes as Greg wheels to escape the beam but the edge of it just catches one of his wings. Half the wing changes color and dissolves to nothing. The T-6 starts down flipping around like a sycamore seed."

In Wells' novel, the main character and a half-crazed curate discover an abandoned house in Sheen on the road to Mortlake. Shortly thereafter, the fifth cylinder crashes nearby destroying most of their shelter and burying them in the rubble. In Lyndon's treatment, Greg and Sylvia find a similar dwelling outside Corona. They watch television as a transcontinental relay takes them to New York and Gabriel Heater who, as he does so effectively in *THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL*, delivers a moody foretelling of man's desperate situation.

For the most part, Heater's monologue and the use of TV bulletins was later eliminated from the shooting script, Pal feeling that, although they were an excellent part of Orson Welles' radio broadcast, their prolonged use in a motion picture would be distracting. Much of the worldwide situation was reintroduced by narrator Sir Cedric Hardwicke who describes the Martian plan in a fascinating montage sequence which later takes the audience around the world using film clips and special effects.

In the original novel, the scenes in the ruined house where the journalist and the curate hide from the Martians were written carefully to symbolize the captivity and helplessness of mankind under the Martian foot. Through a solitary slit in one of the crumbling walls, the pair watch as the Martians build their nest, construct their war machines and devour the humans they've captured. The two captives are held in constant terror by the threat of discovery and at one time, a steel tentacle breaks through one of the walls, searching for them.

Lyndon chose this sequence as the proper atmosphere for a quick glimpse of the Martians. He replaced the probing tentacle with a creeping electronic eye which is severed by an axe-wielding Bradley. While he is examining the weird device and chipping away at the ceiling so that the pair can escape (earth has been piled against the four walls of the house), "a hand on an arm that isn't an arm comes through a broken glass door which once led to the patio. It now leads only to a tangle of fallen roofing. With the Martian machine beyond. The limb has ribbed degenerate musculature. Thick veins. It ends in a hand shape with three finger-like suckers. These fasten on Sylvia's shoulder, spreading, drawing her backwards towards the door."

"She tries to scream but horror paralyzes her voice. She is at the door before

Two preproduction sketches made by the Paramount Art Department under the supervision of art director Al Nozaki. Top: A man is about to fire on a passing Martian machine from the rooftops as Los Angeles is destroyed, a scene not filmed. Bottom: A failing Martian machine fires its destructive ray as it crashes to the ground, also not filmed. Note the far-back positioning of the cobra neck and that tripod ray supports were planned for the war machines.

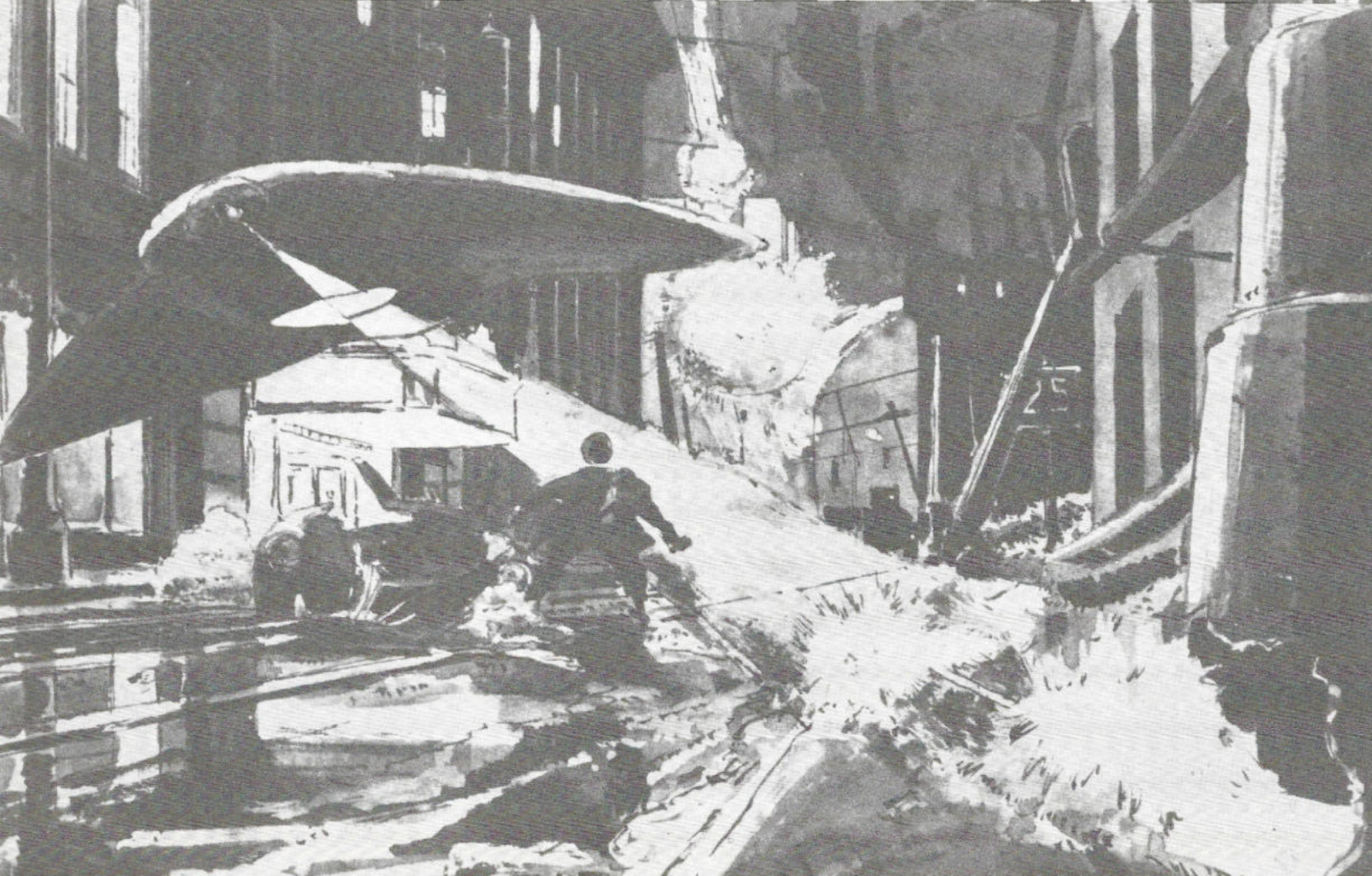
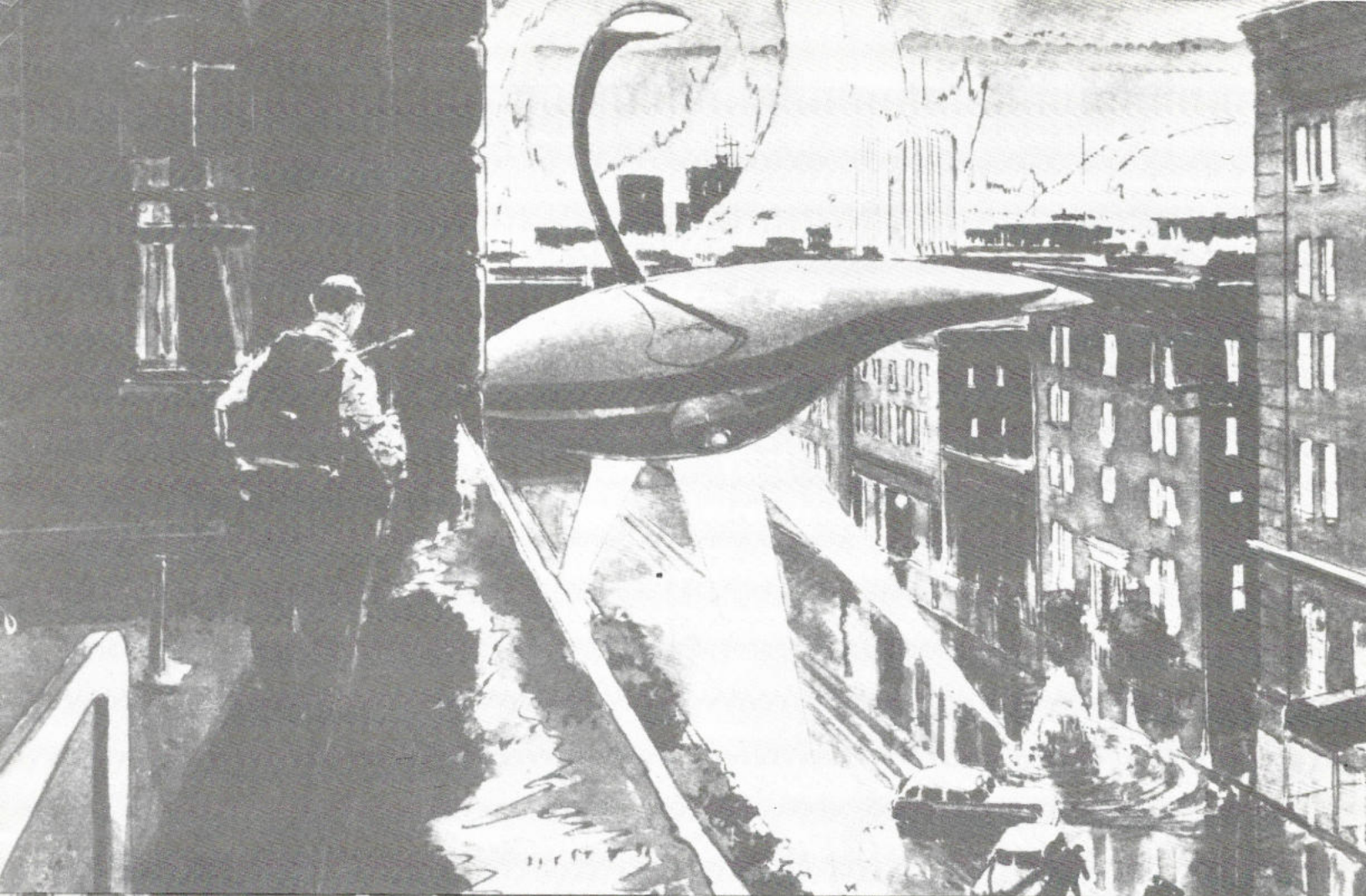
Greg knows what's happening. He empties his gun past her blasting whatever is beyond the doorway. Then he chops at the arm and cuts clear through, his axe head biting deep into the doorpost and stopping there. An inhuman scream sounds outside. The suckers still cling to the girl's shoulder. Greg pulls off what is left of the loathsome arm. The suckers tear away part of her blouse."

Pal later asked for changes in this particular scene. First, the scene called for fascination as well as terror. In the final film, Forrester sees the collapse of the house and the arrival of the Martians as a stroke of luck. "We're right in a nest of them. I must get a good look at them," he tells Sylvia Van Buren, the nice library student who would never even consider getting her blouse torn. Even the Martian went through a transformation. When his sucker touches Sylvia it is a touch of curiosity rather than belligerence. Forrester still cuts him down with an axe blade but the gun fusillade was eliminated.

As Lyndon finished the treatment, a basic problem arose. The Martian's fate had been preordained in the H. G. Wells novel, death by bacterial disease. But what of the two main characters? Lyndon had no guidelines for this aspect of the script since Wells' narrative concerned a single character who in the last line is reunited with his wife. Since Paramount executive Don Hartman had dispensed with this "non-commercial" relationship, it was thus up to Lyndon to wind down the film with what George Pal would later refer to as an "improbable sequence."

In the treatment, on the trek back from the ill-fated A-bomb attack, a disillusioned Sylvia Ashton recalls a childhood incident of being lost and awfully scared. Seeking shelter, she hid in a church until her family discovered her. Lyndon, with this as a model, found it easy to create a sequence in which the pair are separated for the first time. After a decision is reached to establish a base for further study in the Rockies, Greg and Sylvia volunteer their services as drivers to transport equipment to the base. Unfortunately, the Los Angeles city streets are in chaos and both vehicles are soon hijacked. While Los Angeles crumbles around him, Bradley searches for Sylvia, finding her in a Lutheran church. Writes Lyndon in the treatment's last paragraph:

"They fly into each other's arms. Love is where you find it and they know they've found it. A Martian machine comes into sight around a turn, lurches against a building and caroms off. They run. Get to the mountains maybe they can have a little time together yet. Around a turn they run into another machine. It has no blued envelope and its heat ray is licking out erratically. It is butting blindly into buildings. They come upon still another Martian machine as it topples in a tangle of trolley wires falling outside the church, its dome splitting open. Greg looks inside the dome. He can see a



Martian's triple-sucker hand and veined head. But the skin has turned brownish yellow. The Martian is motionless, dead." For a final tag, Lyndon removed the church wedding of Sylvia and Major Bradley in the treatment leaving only a stirring montage of the world rejoicing at the downfall of the Martian machines as the voice of narrator Sir Cedric Hardwicke gives thanks to God, saying: "And thus, after science fails man in its supreme test, it is the littlest things that God in his wisdom had put upon the Earth that save mankind."

There was still a great deal of work to be done on the script, what with the major change in characters and general emphasis on the Martian attack rather than a brawling romance, but Pal was satisfied with the way in which Lyndon had handled the material. One morning late in June, 1951, Pal returned to the office of Don Hartman to get the executive's reaction to the script. Pal was quite ready for the final confirmation so that he could acquire his production team and begin preparing the film. Pal describes production chief Hartman as "a former writer who was very good at developing different types of films but who had no appreciation whatsoever for science fiction."

"He didn't understand it," recalled Pal. "For instance, he told us during THE NAKED JUNGLE [Pal's next project which was released in 1954] to get rid of the ants and make the romance between Charlton Heston and Eleanor Parker more important! But the picture without the ants wouldn't have meant a thing. I had a big disagreement with him on THE WAR OF THE WORLDS and I almost lost the project entirely. We simply didn't see eye to eye." On that early summer morning, Pal received quite an unexpected reception from the studio vice-president.

"George," Hartman began, "this script is a piece of crap and this is where it belongs." Hartman then threw Lyndon's treatment in a nearby wastebasket.

Pal who was always a portrait of emotional control exploded, stormed around Hartman's desk and grabbed the vice-president by the lapels and proceeded to call him everything he could think of. While Hartman suffered through a Hungarian tirade of expletives, Y. Frank Freeman, president of Paramount walked into the room. He first looked around for a movie crew thinking he may have accidentally stumbled onto some sound stage, but there being none, he quickly pulled the two men apart and demanded an explanation. Freeman, a 61-year-old Georgian, had succeeded Adolph Zukor as studio production head in 1938 and in the thirteen years since had established himself as one of the motion picture industry's most respected executives. Both Pal and Hartman told their sides of the story and when they were finished, Freeman turned to Pal and said, "Go ahead and make your film, do anything you want."

Unknown to Pal, Freeman had already spoken to Cecil B. DeMille who had put in several good words for Pal. DeMille had confidence in the producer and voiced this to the studio president. Hartman sheepishly bowed to Freeman's authority and THE WAR OF THE WORLDS was placed on the production calendar. With a sigh of relief, and a parting glare at Hartman, Pal left and began assembling a crew that would finally bring H. G. Wells' classic to the screen.

Having wound up the final editing on WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE, Pal left for La Paz, Mexico on the Baja Peninsula for a

week of vacation. Paramount had announced THE WAR OF THE WORLDS officially on May 18, 1951, almost a month before the Hartman/Pal collision. The studio predicted a late summer start for the new science fiction film but with script changes and other problems, there were going to be delays.

In La Paz, Pal relaxed in the pleasant sun and contemplated Lyndon's completed script and the enormous task ahead of him. His immediate concern was for the redesign of the Martian war machines. Before leaving for La Paz, Pal had dropped off a copy of the script with art director Al Nozaki whose immediate job was to convert the words into pictures. And it was from Nozaki's preliminary sketches that Pal realized that Wells' mechanical stilted war machines were going to be difficult to film. Gordon Jennings confirmed this on Pal's return to the studio on the 25th of June. At a crucial meeting, it was decided that a new concept was definitely needed.

As Nozaki put it, "When you draw illustrations in a book or when you use the printed word, you can make the Martians do anything. And in our early production drawings, you saw the machines walking over rough terrain, or crashing through buildings. However, as Gordon [Jennings] pointed out, if you tried to do things realistically, in miniature as we planned, you were going to run into definite problems. We wanted the machines to be highly mobile but with stilted marching machines it was impossible to be smooth while crashing across gullies and wrecked streets."

To add still another creative mind to the problem, Pal assigned director Byron Haskin to the project. At 53, "Bunny" Haskin, the former head of the Warner Bros special effects department, had been signed on as a contract director at Paramount the previous March and was in the midst of directing THE DENVER AND THE RIO GRANDE, his second Western feature for producer Nat Holt. Before he left for his Rocky Mountain location, he too offered his advice on the design of the Martians: "Although we were afraid to desert the entire Wells concept, we eventually decided anything he may have written about water tanks and towers walking slowly across meadows in rural England was now ridiculous in a film sense."

While everyone was unanimous in condemning the original Wells concept, no one could offer Nozaki any concrete solutions. He simply went home and began sketching and sketching, as any art director will do to keep the ideas flowing. He soon came up with the design for one of the most sophisticated alien machines ever to be seen on the motion picture screen.

Albert Nozaki was only three years old when he came to the United States from Japan in 1915. He came through Seattle which was the port of entry in those days and then headed south, first to San Francisco and then to Los Angeles. In his teens he decided on architecture as a major and spent four years studying it at Los Angeles Polytechnic High. He later graduated USC with a bachelor's degree but, unfortunately, the timing of his graduation was wrong. It was 1933 and you couldn't buy a job in the architecture field. He soon left for the Midwest and spent the next year at the University of Illinois receiving a Masters in Architectural Engineering. He spent the next six months job hunting in Chicago, Philadelphia and New York but the picture was so gloomy that he returned home to Los Angeles.

Producer George Pal and Sir Cedric Hardwicke read over the script prior to a post-production recording session of the film's narration. The casting of Hardwicke as narrator was suggested by his friend, screenwriter Barre Lyndon, who desired to have the words of H. G. Wells delivered by the cultured tones of a fellow Englishman. The narration was suggested by Pal as an alternative to the news bulletin/Welles-style bridging device of the original treatment.

He soon entered the motion picture industry, totally by accident. As it happened, a friend of his opened a fruit and vegetable stand on West Pico as part of a big open air market (in those days all fruit and vegetable markets were run by Japanese on a sub-lease basis). His friend had a customer who each day would come in and purchase five bunches of carrots and he insisted on being waited on by Nozaki's pal. As it turned out, the carrots were for the man's horse which was tethered at Paramount Studios where this man was in charge of the Set Dressing department. One day he asked the grocery clerk whether he would like to come visit the studio. This was in October, 1934, and Nozaki was invited as well.

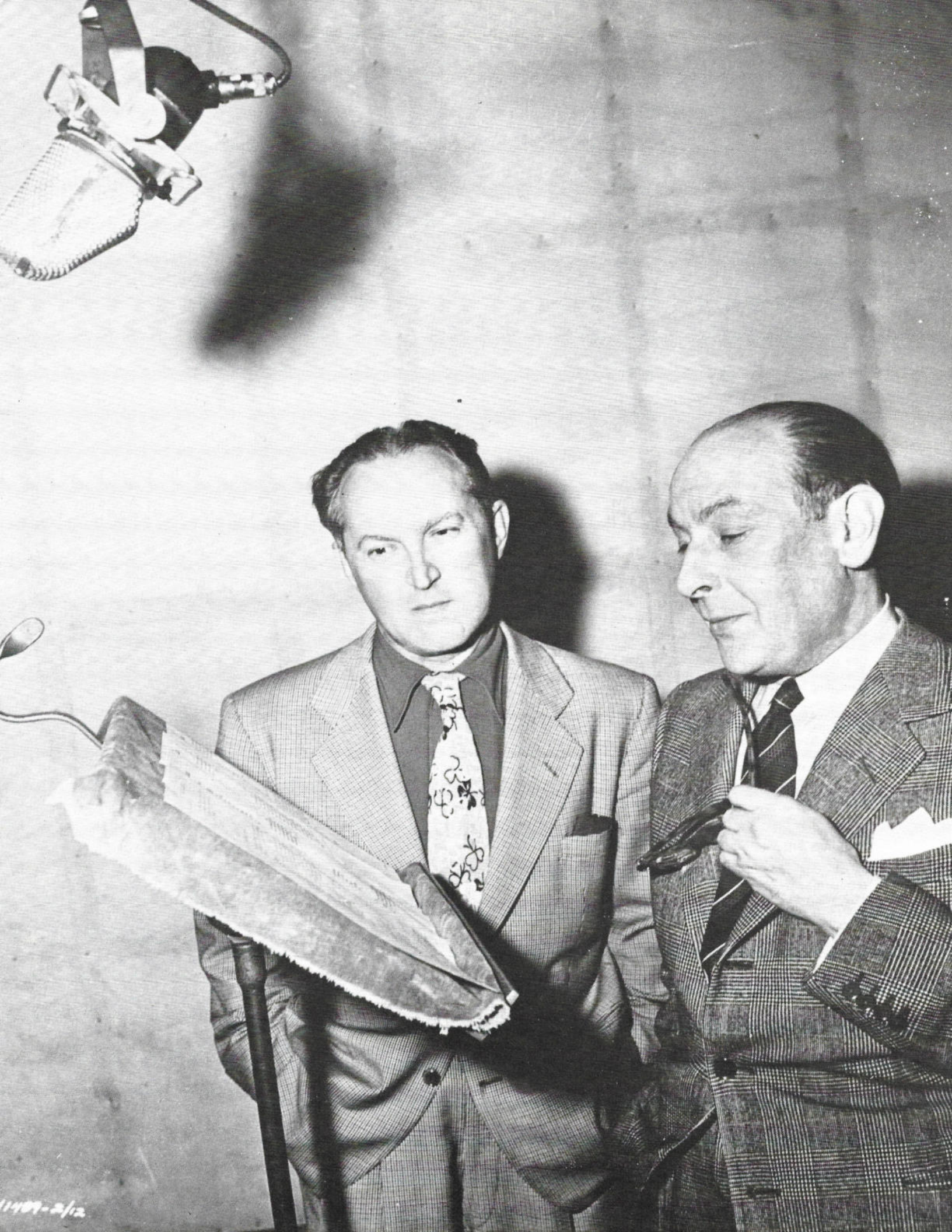
"He took us through the lot," the former art director recalled, "and in those days there was a lot of activity in the studios and I saw all of this construction. And I said to myself there must be some work available in drawing. From the set dresser I got the name of the head of the Art Department, Hans Driear. So I called up his secretary and she told me to write a letter. So I wrote and I got a call from Driear who told me to come in and bring some of my work. I brought all of my school projects and son-of-a-gun if he didn't give me a job. He said come in next Monday. As I went out, I told the secretary that I had the job and she pulled out a stack of applications six inches high, all of people who had previously applied for jobs. 'How did you get it?' she asked, and I had to admit, 'I don't know!'"

Nozaki was hired as apprentice draftsman and his first project was Cecil B. DeMille's THE CRUSADES. "In those days," Nozaki recalled, "you started out as an apprentice. But the salary was \$35 a week and to me that sounded like a million dollars!"

He worked in Hollywood until the outbreak of the Second World War when he was interned during the disgraceful relocation period in California which uprooted thousands of loyal Japanese families from their homes and their jobs. After one year, he went to Chicago (he was forbidden to work in California) and was hired as an industrial designer. Between 1942 and 1946, Nozaki designed products for the manufacturers who were readying their postwar markets. He soon became a junior partner but he missed the warm climate of southern California. When the war ended in the Fall of 1945, he wrote to Driear and was soon rehired at Paramount.

It was early in July 1951 when Nozaki hit upon the idea for his fearsome Martian war machine. It came as an inspirational flash on a Sunday afternoon. Sasy Nozaki, "If the idea came from any place it came from something like the Manta Ray and originally that cobra like control arm was coming out of the rear of the machine, like the tail of the Manta Ray. It was one of those ideas that instantly you know is right."

Nozaki took his rough drawing to the continued page 34





NETWORK

...an apocalyptic, electronic Gospel of imminent madness.

NETWORK A United Artists Release. 12/76. In Panavision and Metrocolor. 120 minutes. A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Presentation. A Howard Gottfried/Paddy Chayefsky Production. Produced by Howard Gottfried. Directed by Sidney Lumet. Original story and screenplay by Paddy Chayefsky. Director of photography, Owen Roizman, ASC. Production designer, Philip Rosenberg. Edited by Alan Heim. Original music composed and conducted by Elliot Lawrence.

Diana Christiansen Faye Dunaway
Max Schumacher William Holden
Howard Beale Peter Finch
Frank Hackett Robert Duvall
Nelson Chaney Wesley Addy
Arthur Jensen Ned Beatty
Great Ahmed Kahn Arthur Burghardt
TV Director Bill Burrows
George Bosch John Carpenter
Harry Hunter Jordan Charney
Mary Ann Gifford Kathy Cronkite

It would be foolish to call NETWORK fantasy and criminal not to. Like DAY OF THE LOCUST, it is a realistic work whose full impact can only be felt if one is aware of the fantasy elements blended into the satire.

The best word for NETWORK is apocalyptic. Its cold rage captures a mood of impending chaos; hoodlums become television stars, newsmen become prophets, and, in the ultimate irony, American capitalism is used to buy America. If this wasn't foretold in Revelations it should have been. The doomsday mood is conveyed in the marvel-

ous scene when Max Schumacher (William Holden) looks out his window at the Howard Beale audience shouting into the storm. The ambiguity is superb; have the viewers actually been inspired, are they just raising hell, or are they yelling at each other to be quiet? The sole certainty is that some great beast has been aroused.

Reality itself is breaking down. Diana Christiansen (Faye Dunaway), the girl that television made, turns Beale's madness and the ELA's crimes into mass entertainment while she runs her life like a television script. When Schumacher leaves her he seems to be breaking out of her scenario, but his melodramatic decision to maroon her in her loneliness is as false as her histrionics; he's following his own script. And reality--bank robberies--becomes fantasy on the "Mao Tse-tung Hour," and fantasy--soap opera emoting--becomes reality in the Christiansen/Schumacher love affair.

These themes, a world going mad and the breakdown of reality, collide in the story of Howard Beale, the "mad prophet of the airwaves" (a brilliant portrayal by the late Peter Finch). The disillusioned, ultimately insane, old man makes a perfect prophet for the television age. After years of playing his role nightly he dares to be an individual--and the result is madness for him and pseudo-religious frenzy for his audience.

When Beale raves against the corporation behind the Union Broadcasting System (UBS) it becomes necessary to whip the prophet into line, and we reach the core of screenwriter Paddy Chayefsky's vision and the justification for NETWORK's excesses and anger.

We expect the set for the "Howard Beale Show" to be exaggerated and church-like, but when Arthur Jensen (Ned Beatty), the chairman of the Communications Corporation of America, calls his conference room "Valhalla" he's only half joking. In one of the most electrifying scenes in modern cinema Jensen proclaims to Beale the Gospel of Money.

The idea that multinational corporations might supplant nation-states is both rooted in reality and an accepted cliché in popular entertainment. In ROLLERBALL Norman Jewison tried to depict a corporation dominated world with no more justification than vague references to the "corporate wars," but NETWORK shows the birthpangs of a possible world corporate government, and in Jensen's sermon is the rationale for half the anti-utopias in science fiction, from Brave New World to LOGAN'S RUN.

We hear of an ecology of money transcending nature and politics and evolving into "one vast ecumenical holding company" for which all will work and in which all will have a share (recall M&M Enterprises in CATCH-22?). "...all anxieties tranquilized, all boredom amused." The message is clear; our world is dying. The earth is being bought and our minds are being polluted with banalities. Ultimately even the wild, mad individualists play into the hands of the Jensens, the future gods of the brave new world.

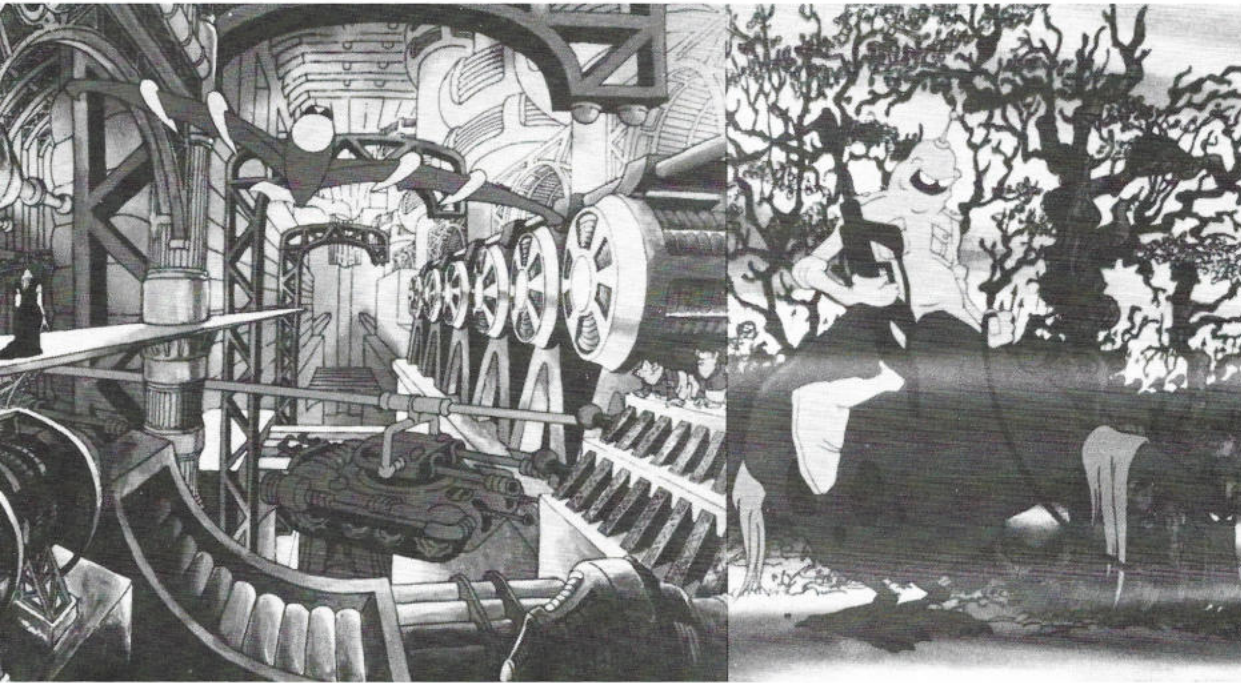
Chayefsky gives the screw a final turn. Jensen answers Beale's "Why me?" with "Because you're on television, dummy," just what Beale had heard in his first revelation. Is this a clever move by Jensen, or is he as mad, or divine, as Beale?

Instead of mutilating Revelations as THE OMEN did, Chayefsky gives us a new apocalyptic work, an electronic gospel of imminent madness. Taken just as satire NETWORK ranks with the work of Joseph Heller, Kurt Vonnegut, and Thomas Pynchon. Taken as fantasy it's a vision of the future--in as much as tomorrow morning is the future.

The final image says it all. Howard Beale, martyr for ratings, is a frozen image on our television screens just as true or false as the commercials or sitcoms. We see not a real corpse but an electronic ghost crystallized in excited fluorescent chemicals for eternity--or at least until the next commercial.

Scott William Schumack lives in Minneapolis, and is a member of the Science Fiction Writers of America. His book review of George Lucas' STAR WARS appears elsewhere in this issue.

by S. W. Schumack



Scenes from **WIZARDS**, currently in release from 20th Century-Fox. 1) Necron 99, a Blackwolf assassin and his strange steed. 2) Blackwolf strides the length of his war machine factory. 3) Elinor, Avatar and Weehawk are entertained by forest fairies. 4) The final battle at Blackwolf's Scorch headquarters, as Avatar confronts his evil brother.

WIZARDS ...the jump from art to hackery is blinding.

WIZARDS A 20th Century-Fox Release. 2/77. In DeLuxe Color. 80 minutes. Written, produced and directed by Ralph Bakshi. Director of photography, Ted C. Bemiller. Edited by Donald W. Ernst. Music by Andrew Belling. Layout, John Sparey. Sequence animation, Irven Spence. Voices, Bob Holt, Jesse Wells, Richard Romanus, David Proval, James Connell, Steve Gravers, Barbara Sloane, Angelo Grisanti, Hyman Wien, Christopher Tayback, Tina Bowman, Mark Hamil, Peter Hobbs.

Among the filmmakers trying to breathe life into recent mass-produced commercial animation, Ralph Bakshi is perhaps the most individualistic and controversial. At 28 he was head of Paramount's cartoon office in New Rochelle, New York, creating his own free-spirited animated figures between shifts on the graphic assemblyline. In 1972 he directed his first cartoon feature, an X-rated version of Robert Crumb's popular underground character, **FRITZ THE CAT**, which premiered at Cannes and went on to gross over \$20 million, of which a mere 10% was Bakshi's take. In a short time Bakshi became the darling of the New York press, who lauded him as the "X-rated Disney," a premature comparison only made significant with the side-by-side release of his second X-rated cartoon **HEAVY TRAFFIC** and Disney's firmly G-rated **ROBIN HOOD**. As the new brainchild of experimental commercial animation, he was honored with a special showing of **HEAVY TRAFFIC** at the New York Museum of Modern Art, typifying, one assumes, the New Relevance. "I want to do pictures with the same freedom that a painter paints a can-

vas," he was quoted as saying in an interview. As long as his films made money, he had carte blanche. Working with a crew of refugees from other studios (some from Disney), Bakshi created cartoons that offered the world a hard-edged vision of our time, one brimming with blue humor, raucous colloquialisms and gross exaggeration of stereotypes. If obvious in social statements, at very least, his work brought a biting and painfully real consciousness to the animated cartoon. The stylish blend of live and animated technique made the crippled perceptions more palatable to those taken aback by his jarring narrative.

Bakshi's love affair with the public faded after the success of **HEAVY TRAFFIC**. He was removed from the making of **THE NINE LIVES OF FRITZ THE CAT**, and a '75 effort, **COONSKIN**, was shelved by Paramount (proving you can't go home again, it seems), who panicked over bomb threats and Black action protest groups. His next effort, **HEY GOOD LOOKIN'** for Warner Bros, sits on the shelf, unreleased. It became critical that Bakshi attempt to bridge the artistic and commercial gap and produce a film to rescue his faltering career--thus **WIZARDS** (known previously as **WAR WIZARDS**).

In the past, most notably in **FRITZ THE CAT**, Bakshi's work radiated with a sense of waggishness, with melancholy, street-wise underpinnings. With **WIZARDS** he has done himself a grave disservice by sacrificing the lively anti-establishment attitude that has come to be his trademark, and replacing it with a banal TV cartoon intelligence.

The storyline, which is presented in dry, patronizing "once upon a time" terms by a female narrator, is set in the aftermath of an atomic war, triggered by a terrorist's nuclear device, when all humans have been reduced to a mutant state. During a period of the Earth's restoration, one of the aging fairy witches gives birth to twin sons--one cute, one repellant, symbolizing (in the most puerile and stereotypically dangerous

manner) the forces of good and evil. Over the years, the two brothers, Avatar and Blackwolf, grow to become bitter enemies, and are soon pitted against one another for leadership of the new world. Avatar maintains a humble following of righteous soldiers and travels with a female elf named Elinor (an embarrassing synthesis of Wonder Woman and Jayne Mansfield) while Blackwolf enlists the aid of an army of goblins and slithery biped amphibians. In the ruins of an ancient city, Blackwolf discovers the key to immobilizing his brother's forces: a movie projector that spews forth blaring Nazi propaganda films (a sadly unoriginal idea). The remainder of the film depicts Avatar's long journey to Blackwolf's fortress in the hopes of destroying the potent secret weapon, where a final showdown takes place in the traditional come-uppance morality of B-westerns.

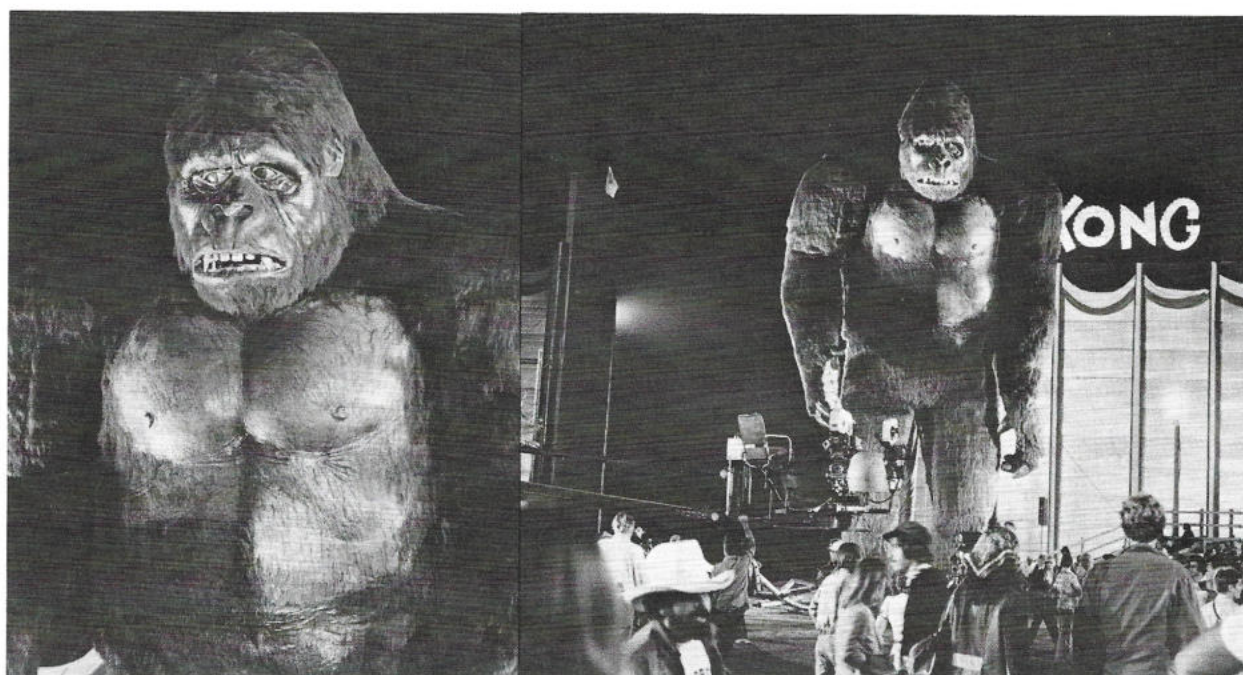
In his quest to make **WIZARDS** appeal to the largest possible number of movie-goers, Bakshi has created an unsettling clash of styles. He continually shifts from National Lampoon irreverence to Disney cuteness, something particularly offensive in an artist who purports to believe in cynical realism. One moment he illustrates the amusing antics of a nervous Blackwolf sentry who accidentally kills his patrol partner, then he strains to charm us with a group of tee-heeing forest fairies who are all too obviously modelled on Disney's Tinkerbell. Dialogue and scenes are shaped like vaudeville routines, with punchlines providing the transitions; some of them saltier than sitcom, but few of them genuinely funny. As if to indicate a faltering confidence in his off-beat characters, Bakshi lifts mannerisms from Peter Falk's Columbo for his sloppy, cigar-chomping Avatar.

Visually, the film is equally erratic, though there are impressive moments. Key scenes contain the stark beauty of Roger Dean's best album covers for the Yes rock group: open landscapes with gnarled trees continued page 21 column 3

Kyle B. Counts is a cartoonist and animation filmmaker, living in Berkeley, California.

by Kyle B. Counts

Scenes from **KING KONG**, currently in release from Paramount. 1) A close look at the 40 foot model built for the film at a cost of millions, mostly for publicity ballyhoo, used in the finished film for only a few seconds. 2) Filming the large model at MGM in Hollywood. (Photos by Robert Villard) 3) Shooting Jessica Lange in the grip of a full-sized mechanical arm. 4) William Shephard as Kong attacks an "L" car. Shephard plays Kong in an ape suit throughout the film. Rick Baker donned the suit and makeup for closeups and facial expressions.



KING KONG

KING KONG A Paramount Release. 12/76. In Panavision and Metrocolor. 134 minutes. Produced by Dino De Laurentiis. Directed by John Guillermin. Screenplay by Lorenzo Semple Jr. Executive producers, Federico De Laurentiis and Christian Ferry. Director of photography, Richard H. Kline, ASC. In charge of production, Jack Grossberg. Music composed and conducted by John Barry. Film editor, Ralph Winters, ACE. Production designed by Mario Chiari and Dale Henessy. Production manager, Terry Carr. Unit managers, Brian Frankish (Hawaii), George Goodman (New York). Art directors, David Constable, Archie J. Bacon, Bob Gundlach. Set designers, Dianne Wager, Carleton Reynolds, William Cruz. Illustrators, Mentor Huebner, David Negron. Miniature designer, Aldo Puccini. King Kong technical advisors, Rick Baker, William Shephard. King Kong creators: designer, Carlo Rambaldi. Special effects, Glen Robinson. Hair design, Michaelino. Makeup, John Truwe. Molding, Don Chandler. Supervisor of photographic effects, Frank Van Der Veer.

Dwan Jessica Lange
Prescott Jeff Bridges
Wilson Charles Grodin
Captain Ross John Randolph
Bagley Rene Auberjonois
Carnahan Ed Lauter
Timmons Mario Gallo
Garcia Jorge Moreno
Perko Jack O'Halloran
Boan Julius Harris
New York D.A. John Agar

It's like something out of **THE STING**, but on an undreamed-of scale. A bigtime con artist conspires to pull off the ultimate scam: remake the world's most famous

Bill Kelley lives in Morris Plains, New Jersey. His Peter Cushing career article and interview will appear in a future issue.

by Bill Kelley

monster movie, bilk the public into believing that most of the purported \$24 million budget is being spent on revolutionary, groundbreaking special effects, update the plot to please everyone from impressionable kids to nostalgic adults, promote the film as an instant classic which cannot help but unseat **JAWS** as the all-time box office champ--then sit back and wait for the bucks to roll in.

There's just one hitch. Dino De Laurentiis' **KING KONG**, for all the hype, the ballyhoo, the baloney, is a spectacular disaster, a complete misfire in which absolutely nothing works from beginning to end. The acting is pathetic, the script and direction reflect neither thought nor feeling, and the much-touted visual effects--well, they give the impression that one is seeing an American remake of **KING KONG VS. GODZILLA**--without **Godzilla**.

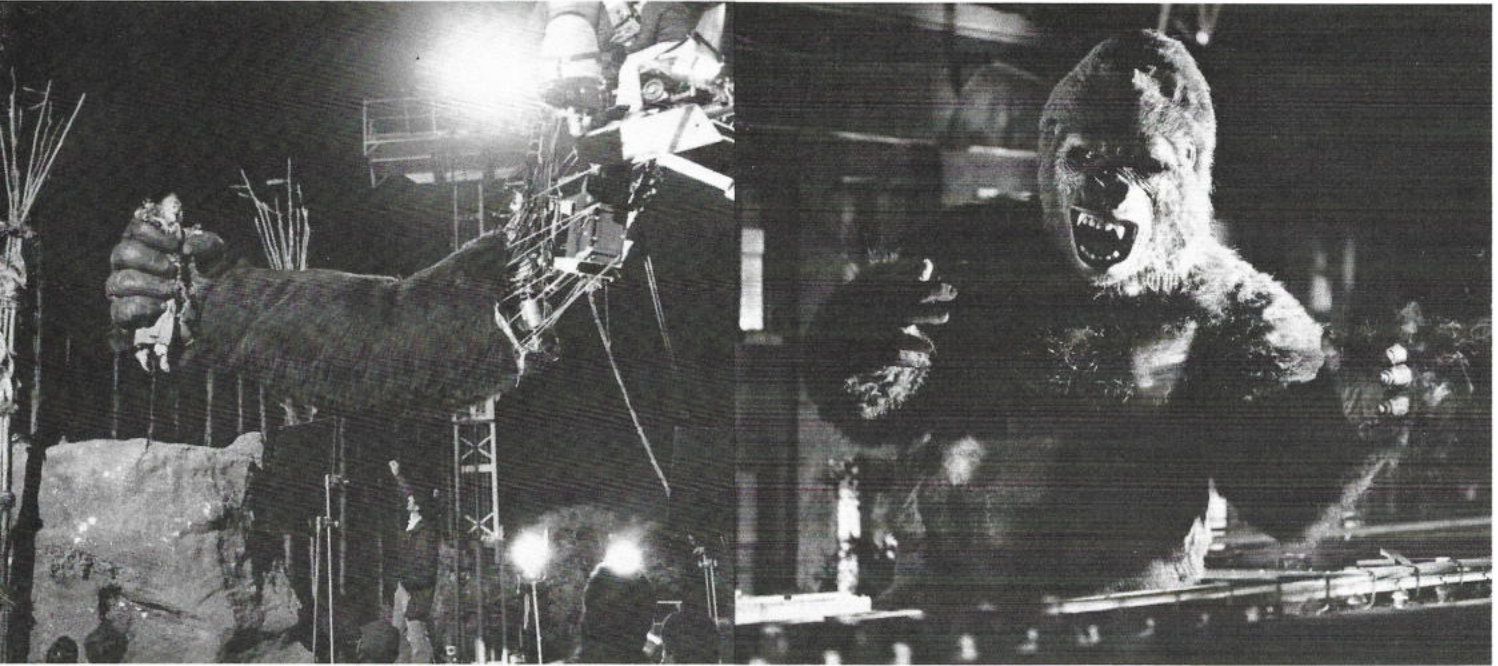
Let's face it, though. For more than a year now, this has been an easy movie to knock. Everybody seems to have a barb to hurl at De Laurentiis, as if remaking **KING KONG** with a man in a gorilla suit constituted a cardinal sin. True, his approach to the project, from the outset, has reeked of crass opportunism, and his references to the original **KING KONG** have usually been anything but respectful (he apparently abhors its supposedly "jerky" animation and narrative simplicity). Nevertheless, as the lights dimmed in the theatre for the first showing on opening day, I felt a twinge of excitement over what the most expensive monster movie in history might look like. Twenty-four million bucks, I figured, ought to buy a pretty good gorilla suit.

As it turns out, the problems with the remake have to do with a lot more than its trick photography. When Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack made the first **KING KONG**, they devised a premise which extended into the realm of fantasy various speculations they had entertained during their filmmaking safaris of the 1920s. The world was "smaller" then, less was known of its more primitive, exotic corners, and audiences were more inclined to suspend disbelief and join in the kind of "what if"

theorizing that hinged the **KING KONG** plot together. And while, faithful to the tradition of a grown-up schoolboy's fantasy, the story was a model of simplicity, it was not simpleminded. Plausible ironies and ambiguities gave shading and depth to the character relationships. But if the human interaction was rooted in plausibility, the story was in every other sense larger than life. Appropriately, nearly all the island exteriors were devised within the confines of the studio (with intricate matte work complementing most of the limited, actual outdoor photography), since no existing locale could ever resemble the fantastic, primeval terrain the imagination demanded for the tale. This was perfect early-Thirties entertainment: adventurous people whom audiences could relate to, imperiled in a world of danger and excitement that everybody wanted to believe could exist... somewhere.

The De Laurentiis version also tries to blend fantasy and reality, but the chemistry is all wrong. De Laurentiis took his cameras to Hawaii for his island footage, dispensed with dinosaurs altogether, and staged his island night sequences on flat, dull Hollywood sets that would have looked unimpressive in a **Jungle Jim B**-movie. And De Laurentiis updated everything, confronting his Kong with issues like feminism and ecology which only succeeds in making the giant ape seem pitifully anachronistic. Part of the reason why the aborted Universal remake seems so much more palatable now is that it kept the 1930s setting. Kong is a part of American movie folklore, and he is only effective in the more innocent era with which he has been associated for over 40 years. What on earth does a 40-foot ape have to do with the energy crisis, anyway?

De Laurentiis, et. al., must have realized the folly of seriously updating **KING KONG** since the majority of their stabs at contemporary relevance are satirical or broadly melodramatic. Which only makes matters worse. Charles Grodin inhabits what is left of the Robert Armstrong/Carl Denham role, but the reckless filmmaker has become a stock heavy, a ruthless lackey for an oil conglomerate; when Kong finally



...the technical effects are just plain bad...

turns on him, our response is relief, not sympathy. Jessica Lange is no Fay Wray (her knockout looks only cloud her basic lack of acting charm), but then, Miss Wray didn't have to deliver the line in which Kong is referred to as a "goddamn chauvinist pig-ape!" As if this isn't horrendous enough, Jeff Bridges, as the hero, recites dialogue that would make a statue wince. Predictably, most of this takes the form of homilies about how Grodin and his crew are corrupting nature.

Which brings us to the screenwriter who is responsible for all these bad lines and witless characterizations. Lorenzo Semple Jr. may be a cult hero because of his script for *PRETTY POISON* (1969), but he also wrote the *BATMAN* television series, and we all remember that travesty. Semple cops out of *KING KONG* in the same vulgar way he dealt with *BATMAN*. Rather than risk having people laugh at him for taking such a dumb old story seriously, he sends it up. He probably can't believe that there are people in the audience who would like to see the story unfold in a straightforward manner, without pratfalls, coarse gags and eye-rolling villains cluttering it up. It's a classic example of a writer who is befuddled by his subject matter.

In fact, this whole film has been concocted by a group of people who are completely out of touch with the genre in which they are operating. Every time De Laurentiis or director John Guillermin spout off to the press about some new element they've brought to their remake, it turns out to be something the original had already. They brag about their great accomplishment in making the new Kong a sympathetic character—but in all their research, and in all the times they presumably screened the Cooper/Schoedsack version, didn't they ever grasp the human qualities that made the original Kong such a sympathetic, indeed tragic, figure? And wasn't there anybody on the crew of this movie who had access to *THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD*, or some other, recent Ray Harryhausen film, which could have been shown to De Laurentiis to demonstrate that animation isn't

"jerky" anymore? Dino could still have built his life-size ape head and hand (another apparatus incidentally, which the mogul claims to have pioneered, while every movie buff knows the 1933 version used the same type of device)—but I can't believe, especially considering the success he has attained, that if De Laurentiis knew anything at all about animation, he would have settled for the laughable monster illusions the new *KING KONG* showcases—because the technical effects, taken on their own merits, with no comparison to any other film, are just plain bad. You can see through the edges of a lot of the process photography; Kong always looks like a man in a suit, and his movements, particularly the changes of facial expression, are too slow and deliberate to seem natural; the miniatures look tacky and have no density to them; the overall photography is thoroughly bland and lacking in any visual texture whatever. And, as most of us know by now, the 40-foot mock-up only makes about a three-second appearance, and looks about as lively as a cigar store indian on roller skates.

But what the hell, if De Laurentiis isn't enlightened enough to know that model animation has progressed beyond the days when audiences could see Willis O'Brien's fingerprints on Kong's shoulder, then let him blow \$24 million on a movie that could cost less than half that figure if he knew what he was doing.

There is an obvious rebuttal to all of this, of course: *KING KONG* is a smash hit. It is already high on *Variety's* list of the top ten moneymakers of all time, so somebody must like it? Agreed. The film does appear to be especially popular among the kiddies, and Jessica Lange's semi-nudity and the sexual symbolism of the native dancing is apparently intended to keep the rest of us awake until Kong shows up. But the issue is not simply how many people have been sucked-in by the largest movie advertising campaign in history, or how much filthy lucre will finally come to rest in Dino's hot little hands. The question is, is the film any good? It is not.

continued from page 19

leaning sinisterly over broken terrain, the overhead skies pulsating a bright pink or cool blue. Splendid too are the intricately detailed background drawings, in particular the views of Blackwolf's fortress and Scorch 1 factory. But the jump from art to hackery is blinding. From intricate travelling shots past thick jungles we move to jarring and repetitious scenes of Blackwolf's attacking army, which look like re-used footage from an old Viking epic. The indiscriminately used still sketches are particularly clumsy, and downright cheap-looking.

Technically, *WIZARDS* is Bakshi's least satisfying feature work to date. Perhaps this is keyed by the fact that the film is the first on view in which Bakshi has served as his own producer. Either Bakshi had insufficient funds to finish the picture, or he spent an ample budget unwisely, for *WIZARDS* often has the crude, static look of Saturday-morning television cartooning. It is boring enough to watch limited animation, but in *WIZARDS* we are often subjected to tedious stretches of no animation, in which the story is advanced by droning narration as the camera pans over what appear to be pre-production sketches and storyboards for entire sequences that were never even attempted. The film's groundbreaking subject matter soon palls under the weight of such incompetence.

Those familiar with Bakshi may know that he has a special fondness for children's stories and hopes one day to produce a work for children. As he has said, "Children should not be talked down to." Neither should adults, but this is the approach Bakshi takes in *WIZARDS*. For all the sledgehammer social comment and drooling vulgarity of Bakshi's other works, at least they stood on their own as playful alternatives to the cartoons—for cartoons—sake that have too long blackened our TV and cinema screens. *WIZARDS* is made, I think, by people who care about quality animation, but it shows a restrained, uncomfortable Bakshi, one that is infinitely more aggravating than any of his Italian mammas or thick-lipped ghetto dwellers.



Coke machine of the future.

THE FANTASTIC JOURNEY An NBC Television Series. Thursdays, 8:00 PM EST. 50 minutes (pilot, 75 minutes). Color. Produced by Leonard Katzman (Bruce Lansbury Productions/Columbia Pictures Television). Directed by Andrew V. McLaglen. Teleplay by Merwin Gerard, Michael Michaelian, Kathryn Michaelian Powers. With: Jared Martin, Susan Howard, Ike Eisenmann, Scott Thomas (l. to r. above), Leif Erickson, Carl Franklin, Ian McShane, Don Knight, Gary Collins, Mary Ann Mobley, Jason Evers, Karen Somerville, Scott Brady.

For those of us who wondered what science fiction series would appeal to network executives, we need wonder no more, NBC has provided the answer.

Realizing the Bermuda Triangle is "Big," having spawned several best-selling books and movies, the producers devised a story where the Triangle figures prominently. A group of marine biologists (Carl Franklin, Ike Eisenmann, Scott Thomas, Karen Somerville, and Susan Howard) on a ship commanded by a salty Leif Erickson, encounter a strange phenomenon, a weird green cloud at the edge of the horizon. Although it interferes with radio communications and is accompanied by ominous background music, no one heeds these warnings and steadily, deliberately, the ship heads on a collision course --for over a day.

By nightfall, Ike Eisenmann remarks that he's hearing bells, not without cause, for indeed musical bells and a chorus of wailing lost souls who are most decidedly tone deaf signal the disappearance of our intrepid explorers into the Bermuda Triangle.

As the second half-hour opens, the survivors find themselves on an island that "shouldn't be here" but is oblivious of the fact. The castaways set about exploring the new home, only to discover a seemingly endless landscape. Every environment on earth is represented--desert, prairie, savanna, and rainforest. One could but hope for an appearance by Marlin Perkins to relieve the tedium.

However, a refugee from an Ed Ames look-alike contest, a mute Indian clad only in soiled loin cloth, befriends young Scott and reveals the "breath-taking"

secret of the mysterious island.

First, he's not Indian. He only dresses like one during his off hours, when he's not a "man of the future." Yes, mankind in the twenty-third century has achieved true peace, happiness and harmony. This last is possible because everyone carries a glowing plastic tuning-fork which heals wounds, stuns enemies, and could conceivably double as a nite-lite. And he proudly shows the boy the pinnacle of his civilization, a computer operated soda machine made of lucite, which dispenses non-carbonated orange.

And the incredible secret? The island is a "space-time continuum" where past, present, and future coincide. What this means to the characters is a life spent bouncing from time to time like a ping-pong ball with little chance of going back home. What this means to writers of the stories is that they can make use of every formula known to the art of hack-writing, for the limbo which pervades the island pervades ideas also. There will be no cliché unturned in the course of the series, mainly since they were almost totally exhausted by the end of the first episode.

Needless to say, characterization was non-existent; women were only around by virtue of their bustline and the degree of shrillness attainable in a scream.

In the premier episode the cast battled pirates in a senseless orgy of gratuitous "family-hour" violence. In the second episode an evil brain which runs the complex of Atlantium (in actuality a futuristic hotel-complex located in L.A.) seeks to augment its waning energies with the power of young Scott's mind. Let's hope that the writers soon follow suit, and augment their own mental capacity by consulting with a ten-year-old. It's a certainty he'll have a hell of a lot greater imagination, if not writing ability.

Peter Perakos

THE LEGACY OF SATAN Damiano Films. 9/76(73). 68 minutes. Color. Produced, written, edited and directed by Gerard Damiano.

THE LEGACY OF SATAN, cleaned-up porn from Gerard Damiano.



With: Lisa Cristian, John Francis, Paul Barry.

Gerard Damiano's name means money in the cinematic marketplace. Since this effort sneaked into town unheralded, it's reasonable to assume that it predates his DEEP THROAT days--but as there's no copyright date (and no distributor) listed on the print, it's difficult to say by how much?

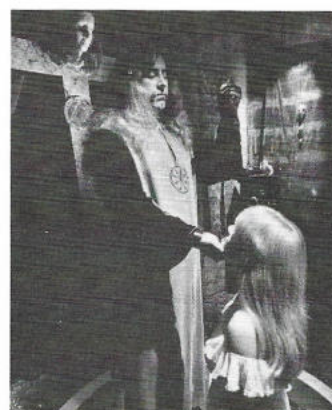
Basically, it's a standard tale of Satanism, with a bewitching young woman becoming initiated into a demonic cult, with all the attendant pageantry and ritual. Even though there's no hard core sex or nudity in this film (edited out prior to release), the style is in keeping with Damiano's more ambitious efforts. The film contains striking images (such as a painting weeping blood) which never seem to add up to much, imaginative photography which attempts to overcome the restrictions of a low budget, mediocre to poor acting, and the pacing of a crippled turtle (the film seems much longer than 68 minutes).

This time around, a little sex to go with the blood would have been a welcome intrusion. Even in this early work, it is obvious that Damiano should have been a photographer or a set designer, not a writer, director, or editor.

Frank Jackson

THE DEMON LOVER Wolf Lore Cinema. 10/76. 71 minutes. In Color & Scope. Written, produced and directed by Donald G. Jackson and Jerry Younkens. With: Christmas Robbins, Val Mayerick, Gunnar Hansen, Tom Hutton, Dave Howard, Susan Bullen, Phil Foreman, Linda Conrad, Ron Hively.

Two young filmmakers, Jerry Younkens and Donald G. Jackson have teamed up to produce their first feature film, and expectedly have produced an amateur affair with the budget restrictions revealed in every seam that shows, and there are plenty. The film displays the tendency of many low budget exploitationers in depending on violence and bloodletting to carry it along, raising the spectre of those Herschell Gordon



Christmas Robbins.

Lewis gore films of the sixties.

Picture was filmed in and around Jackson, Michigan and revolves around occultist, Laval Blessing, who vows vengeance on his followers when they decide to break off their ritualistic meetings. Laval calls forth a hideous horned demon whose first victim, Pamela Kirby, is torn to pieces and thrown on a garbage heap. The remaining members of the disbanded cult are also destroyed by Blessing's occult powers. The film is padded with irrelevant action. A long sequence at a karate school followed by a bar room brawl have little to do with the plot and appear to be a gratuitous stab at gaining the traffic of the waning kung fu trade.

The only members of the cast whose names may be recognized are Gunnar Hansen who appeared as Leatherface in THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE and Marvel comic artist Val Mayerick who is credited with creating the strange comic character Howard The Duck. Mayerick and Hansen join a cast of amateurs whose performances match their acting status. Christmas Robbins, who plays Blessing, the cult leader, and Tom Hutton as detective Frazetta have most of the dialogue and their problems with it are evident.

Some of Hutton's lines are clever, however. When he goes to interview Professor Peckinpah he is asked if he would like a bloody Mary to which he replies, "No, I've already got a bloody Pamela, a bloody Elaine and a bloody Janis," referring to the first Blessing's victims. Later when his wife admonishes him for his language he yells "Who cares how I talk. People are being murdered!" Maybe the audience. Adding to the film's problems are background sounds which often detract from the action and intrude on conversations.

The novice camera work is punctuated by overuse of the hand held camera and paucity of setups resulting in few cuts between actors in long conversation sequences. The film's comic book inspiration results in a routine story with one dimensional characters, a situation further hindered by its poor performances and inferior production values.

Dan Scapperotti

TOP RATED FILMS

MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH (3.0)
CARRIE (2.9)
THE TENANT (2.9)
THE OMEN (2.7)
FUTUREWORLD (2.5)
MURDER BY DEATH (2.4)
FAMILY PLOT (2.3)
LOGAN'S RUN (2.2)

Only films nominated by four raters at +2 or higher are given an average rating. Of films in release since March 1976, only 8 listed above received an average rating of +2 or higher.

CAPSULE COMMENTS

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (Fiedler Cook) NBC, 12/76, 75 min, color. "Solid retelling of the classic fairy-tale on 'The Hallmark Hall of Fame.' Doesn't hold a candle to Cocteau, but takes a different approach, earthy rather than poetic, concentrating on the characterizations, and George C. Scott and Trish Van Devere do well in that department. Scott's grotesque pig-face, a shuddery job complete with tusks, is courtesy of Wally Schneiderman, but its hard, stiff look makes one long to see Cocteau's soft, furry beast again." (FSC, +1)

CASANOVA (Federico Fellini) Universal, 2/77, 155 minutes, color. "Fellini's best film since THE CLOWNS is also the most indebted to fantasy since his Poe adaptation. Based deep in hysterically rewritten history, the film is a disarming statement on Man's appreciation of Woman as well as the eventual mechanization of the figure poised upon the pedestal. The English dialogue for the film is penned by Anthony Burgess, now well out from under the thumb of that old science fiction novella we have all known and loved. Flawed only by the immense length." (TL, +3)

CHATTERBOX (Tom De Simone) AIP 2/77(c76) 73 minutes, color. "All-talking, all-singing, all-dancing (sort of) vagina named Virginia and her owner Candy Rialson hit it big in Show Biz. Cute, soft-core sex comedy/fantasy with musical numbers, no

George C. Scott.



John Carradine and Arthur Kennedy in THE SENTINEL.

less; literally a wisecrack idea. And if you think it's a swell idea for hardcore porn, it was: last year's French PUSSY TALK." (DB, +2)

CRASH! (Charles Band) Charles Band Ltd, 1/77, 78 minutes, color & scope. "Unsuccessful attempt to combine car smash-up genre with the occult, as a statuette of an evil god gives a young woman (Sue Lyon) the power of remote control over her automobile to gain revenge on her husband. Perhaps an attempt to get the jump on the coming Universal release THE CAR?" (FJ, 0)

THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW (Charles Crichton) NBC, 1/77, 50 min, color. "O.K. effects provide the interest in this footnote to SPACE: 1999 from the Gerry Anderson team, which looks like a pilot for an unsold juve series. Story, about a family's interstellar voyage gone off course, has standard plot elements and acceptable character interest. The science is questionable. But alright for its intended audience on NBC's afternoon 'Special Treat.'" (JRF, +1)

THE DEVIL'S EXPRESS (Barry Rosen) Howard Mahler, 1/77(c75) 82 minutes, color & scope. "A kung-fu student steals an amulet from an ancient coffin and unleashes a demon, who retreats to the depths of the New York City subway system and begins murdering stranded passengers. Similar in concept to RAW MEAT (1973), but terrible. Part of the camera crew can be seen in one shot!" (JF, -3)

DREAM CITY (Johannes Schaaf) Peppercorn-Wormser, 12/76, 96 minutes, color. "A place of magic, of surrealism made everyday common. Schaaf's film lacks the sharp-featured poetry found in Cocteau or the outrageous shocks of Bunuel (or his wit) or the nearly unwatchable grotesqueries of Fellini (all three directors are cited in the film's ad campaign). Filmed in Czechoslovakia, Israel and Germany. In German with English sub-titles." (DB, +1)

FALSE FACE (John Grissmer) Unlited Int'l, 2/77(c76), 95 minutes, color. "The inspiration is Fran-

ju's magnificent LES YEUX SANS VISAGE, the idea swerved into a mad, murdering plastic surgeon (Bob Lansing) remaking a crude go-go dancer into his runaway daughter, who later turns up, with a fat inheritance at stake. Reasonably well played, including a dual role for Judith Chapman, if talky. First-time director John Grissmer (producer on THE BRIDE) cleverly anticipates audience expectations as to his twisty plot and plays through a slew of 'Alfred Hitchcock Presents'-type 'surprise' endings, which makes for a teasing narrative." (DB, +2)

HOLES (Pierre Tchernia) Burbank Int'l, 1/77(c76), 90 minutes, color. "French LES GASPARDS, a pleasant, low-keyed comedy of an alternate society living peacefully beneath Paris, but threatened by ceaseless excavations, street repairs and urban blight. A bucolic RAW MEAT." (DB, +2)

KISS ME MONSTER (Jesus Franco) Joseph Green, 9/76(68), 79 minutes, color. "Spanish pic involves castles, dungeons, and a hideous man-monster locked in a strange cellar. Mundane as hell. Another no-class Franco hack job to be avoided at all costs." (JF, -4)

MYSTERIES FROM BEYOND EARTH (George Gale) American Nat'l, 1/77(c75), 95 min, color. "Ridiculous attempt to integrate every weirdness you ever heard of and relate it to alien visitors. Irrelevant material (the emotional life of plants; Satanism), stock footage from FORBIDDEN PLANET, patently phoney scenes of psychic surgery, some legitimate speculation and a professorial narrator, are all haphazardly slapped together with very poor continuity. Another grabbag of outlandish theories masquerading as documentary." (JRF, -2)

NIGHTMARE IN BLOOD (John Stanley) Xeromega Prods, ss(76), 90 minutes, color & scope. "A horror film actor turns out to be a real vampire when he attends a comic book convention. Filmed in San Francisco and seeking a distributor, film carries more entertainment value than script is entitled to. Some good laughs,

though merely exploitative. Has cameo by Kerwin Matthews (in a flashback) who still has his Sinbad good looks." (JF, +2)

PROVIDENCE (Alain Resnais) Cinema V, 1/77, 104 minutes, color & scope. "Masterful, mosaic study of an aged writer's drunken, pain-filled Walpurgis Night of jottings on a new, probably last, novel (which uses members of his own family), dreams, fantasies, memories, and fears. Brilliantly acted and written by David Mercer (MORGAN). By far Resnais' most assured and moving film. There's even a werewolf!" (DB, +4)

THE SAVAGE BEES (Bruce Geller) NBC, 11/76, 100 min, color. "A solid script, tensely effective direction, and the usual fine job by Ben Johnson combine to make this account of a predicted migration of lethally hostile African bees to the U.S. much better than you would think. Even Michael Parks' overdone Louisiana accent cannot detract from the ground-level, people-focus of the storyline. Opting for a realistic treatment, rather than the eerie ambience of THE KILLER BEES (1974), Geller keeps the tension going. Kiss Irwin Allen's feature version of THE SWARM goodbye. As the saying goes: 'You can't sell what's being given away!'" (JRF, +1)

THE SENTINEL (Michael Winner) Universal, 2/77, 93 min, color. "Adaptation of Jeffrey Konvitz's best-seller about the changing of the guard who watches over the gate of Hell. Standard horror elements lived-up by Winner's usual slick, fast-paced direction. Many bizarre touches, and many gory scenes (Dick Smith at it again!), but Winner seems almost totally unconcerned with the thematic potential of it all." (FJ, +1)

TWILIGHT'S LAST GLEAMING (Robert Aldrich) Allied Artists, 2/77, 146 minutes, color. "On November 16, 1981, Lylah Clare captures a Titan missile silo and trashes the President." (DB, 0)

"Nice to see the old Aldrich iconoclasm back at work, but film is too contrived and gimmicky. Split-screen work detracts from suspense. Burt Lancaster is fine as the peace-loving general who wants the public to know the truth about the Vietnam war or he'll blow up the world!" (JM, +2)

Kerwin Matthews.



FILM RATINGS

THE RATINGS

High

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0

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Low

THE RATERS

DB David Bartholomew

FJ Frank Jackson

FSC Frederick S. Clarke

JF Jeffrey Frentzen

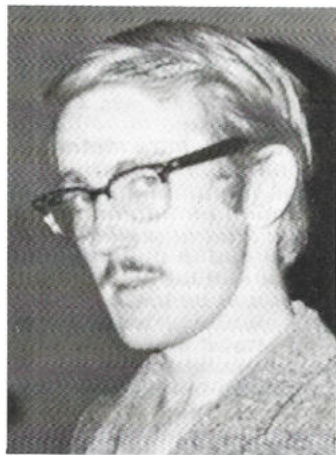
JM John McCarty

JRF Jordan R. Fox

TL Tim Lucas

THE

\$25,000,000



Jim Danforth

On February 8th, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences announced that the Academy Board of Governors had voted to give Special Achievement Awards (Oscars) for visual effects to both KING KONG and LOGAN'S RUN, to be handed out at the Oscar ceremonies March 28th.

The following week, Jim Danforth announced his resignation from the Academy and returned his own Oscar nomination plaques for work on SEVEN FACES OF DR. LAO and WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH. The move was an act of conscience prompted by the fact that the Board of Governor's unprecedented award to KING KONG was made without the recommendation of the Academy's special effects nominating committee, of which Danforth was a member.

In this interview, Danforth reveals more fully the reasons behind his Academy resignation and speaks-out on the travesty of awarding KING KONG an Oscar for its special effects. In his view, the award is being made not on the merits of the effects themselves but on the notoriety they have received from mostly false publicity. In Hollywood, money talks, and Dino De Laurentiis spent \$25,000,000 to make KING KONG in Hollywood. That kind of success the Academy understands.

Jim Danforth on KING KONG

CFQ: Why did you resign from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences?

DANFORTH: For four reasons, primarily. 1) Even if KING KONG had been what I consider worthy, I would have thought it somewhat amiss for the Board of Governors to have awarded an Oscar without regard to the recommendation of the effects nominating committee. It's their right or prerogative to do so if they choose according to the bylaws of the Academy, but it makes the function of the special effects nominating committee superfluous, or just a joke. That's one aspect that has nothing to do with the content of the film in question, but I think their action is suspect simply because they have never done this before.

2) Since they have never done this before, why should they do it now for a film which certainly can't be considered as good or as difficult as some of the films they have passed over? I think of films like THE BIRDS or SHIP OF FOOLS or any of Ray Harryhausen's pictures--several of them were terrific and didn't get a nomination. Ray Harryhausen and Charles Schneer made a picture which also did very well at the boxoffice and which had five artificially animated creatures in it, and the whole picture, including the effects, was made for less money than Dino wasted on the robot that didn't work. Yet the Board of Governors didn't feel particularly moved to give a special award to THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD when it didn't get recommended for an award.

3) I didn't even feel that LOGAN'S RUN was worthy of an award, and I personally voted for "no award" this year. This is one of the options that is possible for voters on the committee, ever since they changed the rules and did away with picking nominations for the entire Academy to vote on. And I know of at least one or two other people who had voted this way. But the consensus was that LOGAN'S RUN should get an award. Since I felt the award was not justified, I listed a number of reasons for the Academy. If you saw the picture they were kind of obvious: the out-of-focus opening shot, really out-of-focus; the color mismatch on the matte paintings; the jiggly registration on some of the mattes; and the scale of the water in the miniatures, the fact that it had been shot at 24 frames instead of at 92. These defects were all technical in nature. I thought the design of the effects, and what they wanted to do, was good.

4) But the clincher was that the Academy would give this ex-

tra award to KING KONG for which, in my opinion, the effects are a joke, just absolutely terrible. In contrast to LOGAN'S RUN, some of the effects in KING KONG are fairly-well executed, but the conception, design and planning of the effects in general are just the worst they can be. When the Academy gives an Oscar for KING KONG, it just isn't worth being a part of it anymore.

I know that not all the members of the Board were in favor of the KING KONG award. I got a call from a member who had personally been unable to attend the meeting that evening because he was working on a film. Had he known that anyone was going to propose KING KONG for an award he would have dropped what he was doing and run right over there to put on a filibuster against it.

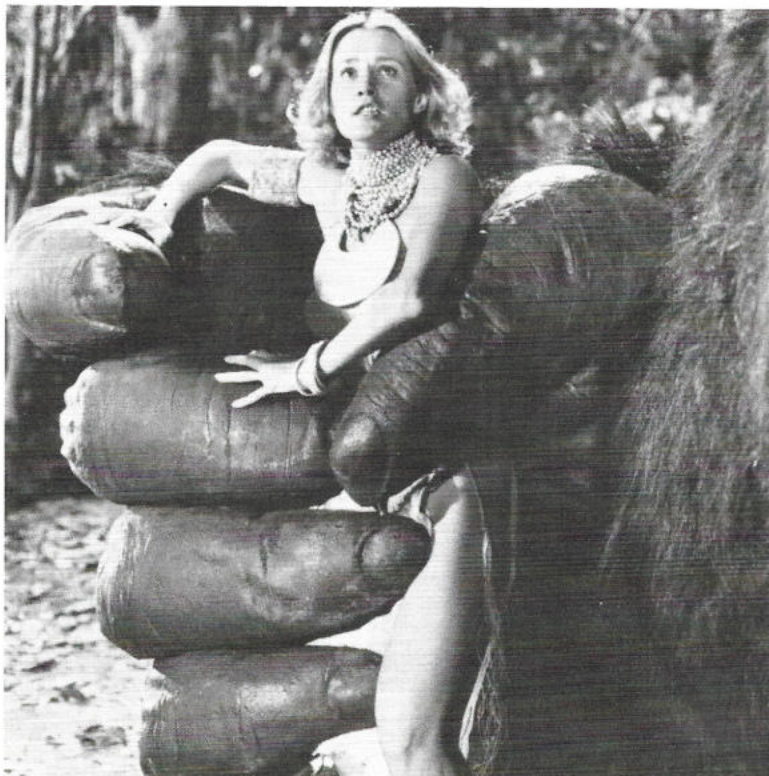
I wrote a letter to the Board to explain to them why I felt their actions were not justified. I went to great lengths to point out that Rick Baker was not in any way in my opinion to be considered a "special visual effect." No more than Bert Lahr could be considered a special effect when he played the Cowardly Lion in THE WIZARD OF OZ. Or no more than a real Gorilla would be considered a special effect if you

put that in front of a blue screen and made it look 50 feet tall. You certainly wouldn't claim the Gorilla was a special effect, only the optical part of it or the miniature part of it. If you follow that logic, then that eliminates the monkey suit from consideration and leaves only the full-size mechanical Kong or the separate hand, as far as the Kong effects were concerned, discounting for the moment the other effects like travelling mattes or matte paintings. And I told them the full-size Kong didn't work. It just plain didn't work. Anytime they saw Kong move or act or bend or do anything that resembled acting, that was Rick Baker.

CFQ: In defending the Academy's action, Linwood Dunn stated in *Variety* that KING KONG came in a "very close" second to LOGAN'S RUN in the balloting of the effects nominating committee.

DANFORTH: It didn't come in a close second. It only qualified in one category, which was Full-Size Mechanical Effects. They threw out Optical, Miniature and Matte Paintings as far as it was concerned. LOGAN'S RUN qualified in all four categories, but they have a ruling that they'll only give three awards to a single film, so they had to disqualify the fourth category, which was Optical, even though it got the requisite eight-plus point average in the balloting. So LOGAN'S RUN qualified for an Oscar in four categories, KING KONG in only one --I really don't think it's fair to

Jessica Lange in the grip of King Kong's full-size mechanical hand, an effect Jim Danforth terms as "pretty marvelous."



UNDERSTANDING

NEWSBREAK

say that KING KONG came in a close second!

CFQ: What specifically qualified KING KONG in the Full-Size Mechanical Effects category?

DANFORTH: Full-Size Mechanical effects covers anything that involves a rigging, explosions, wire work, constructions of any kind other than miniatures. The category involves a lot of the things that go on with miniatures, but the size and scale of what is being manipulated is the determining factor.

As far as what the committee considered in KING KONG to be worthy of an award in this category, I don't know. There's never any discussion about this. I don't know if they were voting for the full-size robot, or if they were voting for the mechanical hand, which I think was pretty marvelous, or whether in fact they were voting for Rick Baker in the monkey suit under the delusion that it was the robot!

CFQ: But wouldn't Baker's suit come under makeup rather than special effects?

DANFORTH: It was proposed that Rick Baker be qualified for a special Board of Governor's award for makeup which they've given in the past to films like SEVEN FACES OF DR. LAO and PLANET OF THE APES. Bill Taylor, one of the effects committee members, actually wrote a formal letter to the Board of Governors to officially propose that Baker get such an award and they turned it down.

CFQ: One of your complaints, per items in *Variety* and the *Los Angeles Times* was "pressure" exerted on the Academy by the Dino De Laurentiis organization. What did you mean by this?

DANFORTH: I must say that I did not actually say that. Both *Variety* and *The Times* went out of their way to play up what was sort of a minor theme of mine, the major theme being that the Board of Governors were out of line, the minor theme being, isn't it curious that the only time this has happened was in the case of the most expensive film ever made in Hollywood, which was also one of the most highly publicized films of all time?

CFQ: Then you have no first-hand knowledge of pressure exerted on the Academy?

DANFORTH: I have first-hand knowledge that someone at the Dino De Laurentiis organization did send a letter to the Board of Governors after the effects committee had voted not to give them the award, saying in effect 'Aw c'mon, folks, let's reconsider this.' That is an absolute fact.

But the point is that pressure was put on, but not directly. It's simply the pressure of prejudicial publicity. The kind of pressure that in a criminal trial can be cause for a change of venue,

The 40-foot full-size mechanical Kong, an effect which "just didn't work," according to Jim Danforth. (Photo by Robert Villard)

when a court decides that it is impossible for someone to get a fair trial because of the publicity surrounding the crime. That's not to say that anyone's bribing the jury. That simply means that there has been a bias created by the reporting of the event. That is what I think we have in the case of KING KONG. We have so much publicity started by the De Laurentiis organization telling us what a great movie it is, that it has washed the brains of some of the top critics of this country like Charles Champlin, Arthur Knight, Richard Schickel, and others, and the Board of Governors read all of this. That's what I'm talking about. That is pressure.

It's the kind of thing that will make Richard Schickel write a glowing review for *Time* magazine of a film that he hasn't even seen. And the person who did see it for *Time* magazine didn't see it all, and yet they're able to say that the man-in-the-suit is so skillfully integrated with the full-size mechanical model that it's impossible to tell where the one stops and the other one begins! I know for an absolute fact from people who were there, such as Rick Baker, that the person from *Time* magazine saw no part of the film which contained the full-size mechanical model, and yet they feel no compunction about making the statement that it's so perfectly integrated that you can't tell the difference!

And why do they do that? Because Dino gives a big party or who knows what? I'm just supposing that. But this is how it happens. Press conferences are set up and food is served, and liquor is served, and everybody gets to see what a great guy this is, and what an event this is, and they go home and write something that has nothing to do with the motion picture at all.

One of the reviewers out here in California, for a local paper, said 'I would like to give my GREAT GATSBY award this year to all the reviewers who reviewed all the promotional material for KING KONG instead of the film.' And I think that absolutely sums up what the problem was. If KING KONG hadn't been the subject of an intensive publicity campaign centering on the visual effects, we would have passed it by just the way we passed by all those Japanese monster pictures that were released over here.

CFQ: Has anyone brought up the fact that your actions may be prompted by a "sour grapes" attitude over the fact that the Universal remake, for which you were to do the effects, was cancelled because the Dino De Lau-

"When the Academy gives an Oscar for KING KONG, it just isn't worth being part of it anymore."

rentiis film was made instead?

DANFORTH: No one has mentioned it but you.

CFQ: Would it be a valid criticism?

DANFORTH: No. First, because I made a lot of money "not working" on the Universal KING KONG. Because of a strange contractual arrangement I got paid for it anyway. Secondly, because I had the opportunity to work on the De Laurentiis KING KONG. Dino personally offered me the opportunity to work on his film. I sat six feet from him inside his office and he said, 'Here's the script. Take it home. You read the script. Kong fights one monster in this picture. We give you one whole sequence to do. You go 'way. Do it your way. Bring it back to us. You come back tomorrow. Tell me what you want to do. And we start you.' I could have worked on the picture, but I read the script and it was such a total piece of rubbish that I wanted nothing to do with it. So this is not "sour grapes" on my part.

But I am very disappointed and very annoyed that these people who are able in this industry to have the ability to cause a film like KING KONG to be remade, are the ones who have no comprehension of what the film was originally about and what made it a memorable film. So in that regard you might say I have a feeling of "sour grapes," that someone with integrity didn't remake it, if it was going to be remade. And I think Universal was a thousand miles closer to doing it right than Dino De Laurentiis ever was. I am pleased to have been involved that that project to the extent that I was.

CFQ



Hollywood homogenizes Zelazny

Beyond the striking idea of a trip through an atom-blasted America almost nothing of Roger Zelazny's novel *Damnation Alley* has survived adaptation to the screen. Even Zelazny's powerful title has been watered-down to *SURVIVAL RUN*, and after *LOGAN'S*, why would anyone want to use "run" in a science fiction film title?

Hell is the name of Zelazny's bearded, brutal Hell's Angel hero who becomes the film's Air Force officer played by pretty Jan-Michael Vincent. The armored convoy Hell leads across a radioactive inferno to deliver drugs to the plague-infested east coast becomes one huge tank that Vincent and fellow airman George Peppard use to search post-World War III America for other survivors. The girl hood Hell picks up

Principal photography for the 20th Century-Fox, seven million dollar, Panavision, and DeLuxe color film was finished in August but special effects work has delayed the release of the film until the Christmas season, placing *SURVIVAL RUN* in direct competition with *CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND*, Columbia Pictures' science fiction film big-budgeter. Of course, both films will have followed *DEMON SEED* (United Artists/MGM for April, see 5:3:37) and *STAR WARS* (20th Century-Fox for June), indicating that 1977 will be the year that will make or break the science fiction film boom in Hollywood.

SURVIVAL RUN is directed by Jack Smight whose credits include the excellent *HARPER* and *NO WAY TO TREAT A LADY* and the disappointing film adaptation

The film promises to create a post-holocaust world of fire belts, buried cities, bizarre cloud formations, big bugs, huge craters, and forests of cyclones. While the press release statement that the film will strive for "scientific accuracy" must be taken with salt (the supposed transformation of America has taken only 2 years) the movie does promise plenty of thrills and action. Whether it will be an improvement over the original novel remains to be seen.

In the sixties Roger Zelazny emerged as a great science fiction writer with novels like *This Immortal* and *Lord of Light* and short fiction like "A Rose for Ecclesiastes" and "The Graveyard Heart." Since 1969 his work has lacked the humor, imagination, and brilliant style that marked his early writing, but he's still

scorpions. (Some people have no respect for Art.) Zelazny's giant bats, glass deserts, and rains of garbage will probably have to wait for another film.

Hopefully, even though *SURVIVAL RUN* will have little to do with Zelazny it will draw attention to his work and perhaps lead to other film adaptations. With his background in Jacobean and Elizabethan drama and strong visual feeling, Zelazny's work is a natural for film. The comic strip mythology of *Lord of Light* and *Creatures of Light and Darkness*, the film noir sword and sorcery of the "Amber" series, and the almost Raymond Chandler inspired mood of *This Immortal* and *Isle of the Dead* would be excellent on film if there were filmmakers equal to the material.

A few years ago Zelazny stat-



Scenes from *SURVIVAL RUN*, an upcoming film from 20th Century-Fox. Left: Jackie Earle Haley, Dominique Sanda, Jan-Michael Vincent, George Peppard and the "Land Master." Right: A radiation ravaged survivor.

Top: A victim of the swarming mutated cockroaches which scour the desert. Middle: Jan-Michael Vincent cycles through a pack of giant scorpions. Bottom: The "Land Master" also takes to the sea, and is equipped with an arsenal of weapons.

as a companion becomes the exquisite French actress Dominique Sanda, lauded for *GARDEN OF THE FINZI-CONTINIS* and *THE CONFORMIST*, who is making her Hollywood debut following Rosalind Cash, Inger Stevens, Susan Douglas, and Betsy Jones-Moreland by playing the Last Woman on Earth. Also featured are seasoned actors Paul Winfield and Murray Hamilton and one of *THE BAD NEWS BEARS*, Jackie Earle Haley.

But the real "star" of *SURVIVAL RUN* is the "Land Master," a sort of combination tank, battleship and Winnebago camper, in which the heroes tool about the barren landscape of bombed-out America, supposedly searching for other survivors who might have made the grade with just the family car. The vehicle is a huge prop, 35' long, 10.6' high, 12.6' wide, weighing more than ten tons, built by stunt coordinator Dean Jeffries at a cost of some \$300,000.

of Ray Bradbury's *THE ILLUS-TRATED MAN*. Coproducing are Jerome Zeitman and Paul Maslansky with Hal Landers and Bobby Roberts as executive producers. Lukas Heller and Alan Sharp adapted the novel to the screen. Special photographic effects are being done by Don Weed, Frank Van Der Veer, and Linwood Dunn—who started making films in 1923 and built the first modern optical printer for effects work. Ken Middleham, who handled bugs for *PHASE IV*, *THE HELLSTROM CHRONICLE* and *BUG*, and plants for *MUTATIONS*, is filming insects for the picture, including cockroaches and scorpions, the latter to stand-in for some giant-sized mechanical models in the action scenes. The film utilizes a new quadrophonic sound system called Sound 360 which will permit audiences to be immersed in Jerry Goldsmith's score as well as the sound of roaches as they swarm around their victims, a nice William Castle touch.

one of the best active science fiction writers. He has won four Nebula and three Hugo awards, making him one of the most honored writers in the field.

Damnation Alley, written in two weeks, published in 1969 as a Putnam hardcover, was the first of Zelazny's books to be anything other than a masterpiece. Still one of the least of his novels, it does tell a gripping adventure yarn even though it is saddled with the superficial, clichéd plot of the criminal loner who acquires social responsibility under stress and becomes a hero. Presumably what attracted the filmmakers to the novel were the chances for action and special effects the story offers—certainly Zelazny's main theme, Hell's relationship to society, has been discarded—but oddly, except for the cyclone forest apparently so have most of the ingenious perils Zelazny devised in the novel. Zelazny's giant Gila monsters have apparently been replaced by giant

ed that *The Dream Master*, an excellent non-melodramatic novel, had been optioned for filming. Nothing has been heard of the project since and that's tragic, for this novel, with its layers of symbolism, strong elements from Greek tragedy, and mind bending artificial dream sequences would make a great film; certainly it would help dispell the bug-eyed monster image of the science fiction film.

But, back to bug-eyed monsters, beyond the promise of lots of action and special effects *SURVIVAL RUN* appears to have little to offer. Perhaps it will be of passing interest to see what Hollywood can accomplish with a minor book by a top writer. We can only hope that the film doesn't end with Adam/Jan-Michael Vincent and Eve/Dominique Sanda motorcycling into the multicolored sunset to repopulate the world. Hm, come to think of it, that's probably just how it will end!

S. W. Schumack



THE LORD OF THE RINGS got a pink slip at MGM, but animator Ralph Bakshi rebounded with the project and found a home at United Artists, allied with producer Saul Zaentz, whose Fantasy Films made ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST. Film began production January 17 in Los Angeles from script by Chris Conkling. Meanwhile, the puppet animated Rankin/Bass production of THE HOBBIT is nearing completion for telecast in the Fall on NBC. Voices for the 90 minute special are being supplied by John Huston (Gandalf), Orson Bean (Bilbo), Hans Conreid (Thorin), Cyril Ritchard (Elrond), Otto Preminger (Elf King) and Richard Boone (Smaug, the Dragon) (5:2:37)...

THE MANITOU has been acquired for filming by producer William Girdler. Property is a novel now in paperback from Pinnacle publishing company, written by Graham Masterton. Book is termed a "terrifying tale of the reincarnation of an ancient Indian medicine man returned to avenge the sins of our early American settlers. A powerful novel of horror, vengeance, and sorcery." The Manitou possesses the body of a young woman, sort of a mix-

ture of THE EXORCIST and last year's tepid SHADOW OF THE HAWK. Girdler will direct and has scripted with Jon Cedar. The producer/director has done several horror films in the past, none of them good, notably AB-BY (1974) and GRIZZLY (1976). Film rolls April 18 in San Francisco, with holographic effects being developed by Houston Intertronics company...

MARTIN is the unspectacular title of director George A. Romero's new horror film, a modern vampire tale. Romero is the director of the now classic NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD. Romero shot the film last September in seven weeks in the decaying steel producing community of Braddock, near Pittsburgh. Film is not about your ordinary cape-wearing, sunlight-fearing vampire creature of legend, but is instead about a troubled young man who must have blood to exist. The screenplay is by Romero, a pet project he has wanted to do for years. Film was shot in black & white at a cost of \$75,000 and is now being readied for Easter release, though no distribution deal has been announced. Film may be Romero's BLOOD, announced as a co-pro-



Superman ready to fly, but can he act?

Producers Ilya and Alexander Salkind have signed unknown New York actor Christopher Reeve for the title role in SUPERMAN. The casting publicity on the film had begun to take on monumental proportions unmatched since David O. Selznick put out the dragnet for Scarlet O'Hara. Names reportedly under consideration during the past few months for the title role included Robert Redford, Burt Reynolds, James Brodin, James Caan, Sylvester Stallone, Terrence Hill, Denny Miller—even Neil Diamond. All were either found to be unsuitable, or turned down the part. It therefore came as quite a surprise after all that name-dropping when the producers signed a complete unknown for the role!

Marlon Brando had been signed previously to play Superman's father Jor-El, who dies when the planet Krypton explodes, but not before he succeeds in rocketing his infant son toward Earth. For what amounts to nothing more than a cameo role Brando is getting \$2 million. And the Krypton sets for his sequence will reportedly cost \$3 to \$4 million more.

For another \$2 million, Gene Hackman has been signed as Luthor, one of the film's principal heavies. The script follows the current comic book plotline in that the Daily Planet has folded, and Clark Kent is now a noted TV anchorman. Guy Hamilton, who directed many of the early James

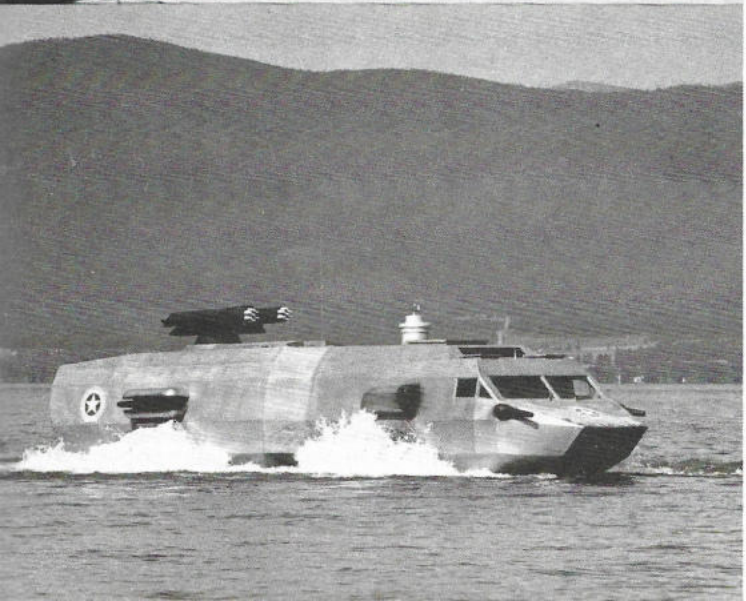
Bond pictures, had been set to direct, but when the production shifted from Rome to London, Hamilton was forced to back out due to the extreme tax burden of working on his home turf. Richard Donner, who last directed THE OMEN, has been signed to take over.

Mario Puzo, whose original screenplay has been reworked by three other writers, maintains that the script is not a parody or light-hearted treatment, and that pains have been taken to humanize the Man of Steel—to the point of involving him sexually with ace reporter Lois Lane.

Current estimate of the budget now rests at \$26.5 million, with a hefty amount set aside for effects to be handled by Wally Veevers, Colin Chilvers, Les Bowie and Roy Field. Veevers was part of the now legendary 2001 effects team, and Bowie has been a regular effects supplier for Hammer Films, where he never had a budget like this!

The film's ever-receding start date for production has now slipped to March 29, but the project seems finally ready to go after more than two years of talk and planning. Warner Bros has forked-over a hefty but undisclosed amount for distribution rights in the U.S., Canada, France and Japan. The parent company, Warner Communications, owns DC, the publisher of the Superman comic books.

Don Shay



Welcome to the twentieth issue of CINEFANTASTIQUE (sin-eh-faun-tass-teek'), the magazine with a "sense of wonder," devoted to the examination of horror, fantasy and science fiction in the cinema and related media.

Steve Rubin's greatly anticipated Retrospect of THE WAR OF THE WORLDS makes its appearance at last in this issue. And Rubin has outdone himself again this time in providing the most complete and comprehensive article on the making of the film ever published.

Rubin uncovered the story behind the filming of THE WAR OF THE WORLDS with the help of many of those who worked on the film. Chief among them was the producer, George Pal, who remains active today in the same genre he pioneered nearly three decades ago, readying a sequel to his 1960 production of THE TIME MACHINE. Pal contributed a lot of time, answering questions on every aspect of the film, and helped locate others who were among his production team.

Director Byron Haskin is now living in retirement in Monterey, California, about 20 miles south of Santa Barbara. Haskin recalled his work on the film and the Orson Welles broadcast that inspired Paramount Pictures to revive the film project briefly in the late '30s. Mickey Moore, Haskin's

assistant director, told about the second unit work completed outside Florence, Arizona in the fall of 1951.

Albert Nozaki, the film's art director, is now retired and living in the Silver Lake district of Los Angeles. He was a virtual mine of information. As chief production designer, Nozaki was involved in every area of production, from continuity sketching to the design of each set, the Martian miniatures, and the Martian itself. It was tragic to learn that today the 65-year-old former art director is almost totally blind.

Commenting on Nozaki's sad affliction, Vincent Di Fate, this issue's cover artist, noted: "I am only now beginning to realize the profound influence that Nozaki's visualization of an alien technology has had on my own career. The graceful, efficient horror of it lingers in my memory, from the day I, as an awe-struck 7-year-old boy, sat in a darkened movie theater. To my way of thinking, the greatest credit for the film's success goes to Nozaki's lethally elegant warships and Gordon Jennings' resourceful and inventive special effects. To think that a man of such vision should now be sightless, pains me deeply."

Special effects genius Gordon Jennings died of a heart attack soon after the film was completed

in 1953, but members of his effects crew survive and were located by Rubin. Wallace Kelley, Jennings' special effects cameraman is retired and living in Sherman Oaks, California. He discussed the film's use of miniature photography. Paul Lerpae, Jennings' optical effects expert, explained the techniques used to create many of the film's special photographic effects. Lerpae now lives in retirement in sunny Palm Springs.

Rubin found many of the film's technicians still at work at Paramount Studios. Lee Vasque, now in charge of Paramount's prop shop, was a prop technician in the early '50s when he worked on the Martian machine miniatures under Ivyl Burks' supervision, along with Romaine Brickmeyer, who also works in the prop shop today. Gene Garvin and Howard Beal were also at Paramount, and recalled their imaginative techniques in creating sound effects for the film.

Rubin contacted astronomical artist Chesley Bonestell at his home in Carmel, California, to discuss the space art used in the film. The 89-year-old artist had been a frequent collaborator with George Pal until his retirement in the mid-fifties.

Scriptwriter Barre (say berry) Lyndon died in 1972, but his widow, Cherry, who lives in Cold-

water Canyon, led Rubin to the film's original story treatment--an invaluable document which detailed Lyndon's original concept for the dramatization of Wells' novel.

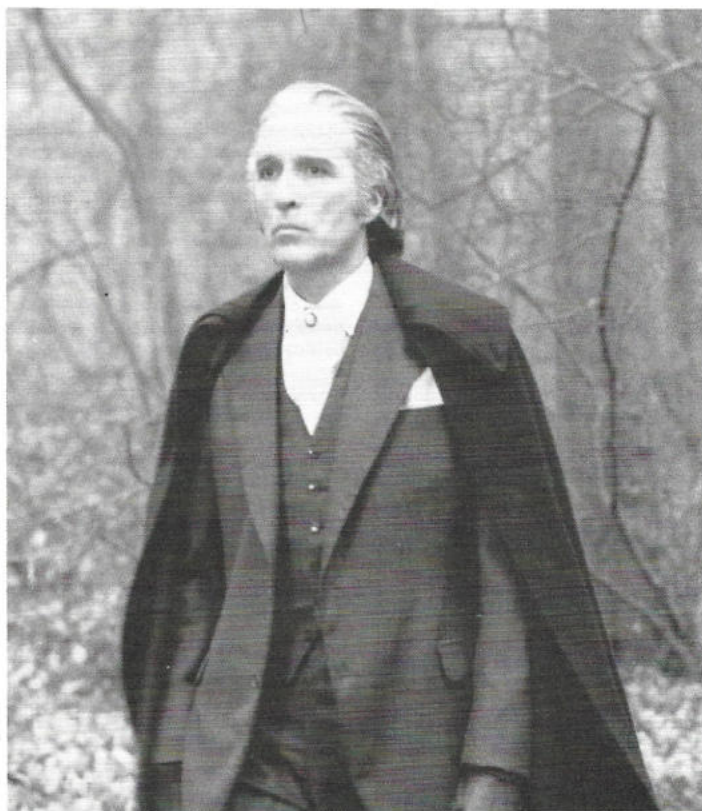
Rubin contacted Frank Wells in London, the son of H. G. Wells and an author in his own right, to investigate the history behind the sale of the original novel to Paramount.

Actor Gene Barry was happy to discuss his contribution to the film, and Rubin also contacted Les Tremayne, who played General Mann, Houseley Stevenson Jr., who played the General's aide, Alvy Moore, who played the young hot-rod who spots the first Martian cylinder, and narrator Paul Frees.

The disappearance of actress Ann Robinson was the one mystery surrounding THE WAR OF THE WORLDS that Rubin could not clear-up. According to the files of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, she divorced bullfighter Jaime Bravo in 1966 and hasn't been heard from since!

Finally, it is fitting that in an issue so devoted to special effects, we have published an interview with animator Jim Danforth, "The \$25,000,000 Understanding," which labels the special effects Oscar given to KING KONG for what it is: a sham.

Christopher Lee plays Dracula for the last time...again!



Christopher Lee plays a vampire called "The Count" in the Gaumont International/Production 2000 film called DRACULA, PERE ET FILS (Dracula, Father and Son) shot last year in France by director Edouard Molinaro. Lee has on several occasions vowed never to play the Dracula character again, unless the production was mounted "properly." DRACULA, PERE ET FILS is a comedy. However, per director Molinaro, "This sort of Dracula is once removed," referring to the film's send-up nature, "and as Lee refuses to play the role again this is his official farewell to The Count." Wanna bet?

Film, written by Molinaro with Jean-Marie Poire and Alain Godard and based loosely on the novel Paris Vampire written by Claude Klotz, follows the Prince of Darkness and his son, as they are driven from their castle in Transylvania by the Communist government. The Count ends up in London where he becomes a star of horror films, while the son finds his way to Paris where he becomes an immigrant labor-

er. A chance meeting brings them together again, and Lee sets out to straighten-out his misfit son, played by Bernard Menez.

Copping his plea about doing the picture Lee maintained that he fought against the titling of the film to exploit his Dracula image (it was originally called simply PERE ET FILS), saying "It is totally misleading. I do not play the part of Dracula in the picture. I don't particularly look like him. I play comedy! I am not frightening or savage or ferocious or terrifying. I am sad--I am romantic--I am comic--I am amusing--I am lyrical--I am charming..." Yes, but is he believable? Lee, who has often said, with sincerity dripping from every word, that he has only done about a dozen horror films in his career, when he has done four score at least, is developing a credibility gap that would make either Lyndon Johnson or Richard Nixon blush.

Lee goes on to say, "The reason I did it was not to parody myself, which I do not do, but because by doing this I can close the door very firmly on the vampire. Let's put it that way. And I feel this is my last word on the subject, if I may say so?" Yes, Chris, but is it your last picture on the subject?

Christopher Lee in DRACULA, PERE ET FILS. Who, me? opines Lee, "I don't even look like him."

Harryhausen's Sinbad for June

SINBAD AND THE EYE OF THE TIGER has been set for release this June by Columbia Pictures, third in a series of films by special effects master Ray Harryhausen teamed with producer Charles H. Schneer. The film marks the first time the pair have produced a sequel back-to-back, having in the past decided on a more varied filmmaking agenda, but Sinbad is what the public wants or at least what Columbia was buying.

Patrick Wayne plays Sinbad, and Jane Seymour, Taryn Power, and Margaret Whiting handle the distaff roles. While the film promises to be similar to the previous films in the Arabian Nights series, third film will be Sinbad's first encounter with a villainess, the evil and ambitious Zenobia, played by Margaret Whiting. She casts a spell on a young Caliph which transforms him into a baboon. Sinbad, in love with the Caliph's sister, sets out to break the spell with the aid of Melanthius, the Hermit of Casgar. Sin-

bad's voyage takes him to the land beyond the North Wind where he encounters a huge lumbering prehistoric walrus, one of the film's many special effects created with Harryhausen's Dynarama process--better known as model animation.

The film's other effects include a Minotaur, the mythological creature of ancient Crete with the body of a man and the head of a bull, or rather a ten foot bronze statue of same which is brought to life via Zenobia's magic; a ferocious-looking but amiable troglodyte reminiscent of the famous cyclops (pictured back cover top); a huge hornet with a deadly stinger; and a sabre-toothed tiger of the title, revided from an icy grave by Zenobia to thwart Sinbad, who is rescued by the troglodyte (pictured back cover bottom). The traditional Dynarama sword fight sequence this time pits Sinbad against a group of spectral ghouls which look like a cross between the skeletons and Selenites from previous Harryhausen films.

Polar scenes for the film were shot atop the Pyrenees Mountains in a remote glacial region known as Picos de Europa. Extensive principal photography took place in Spain, a favorite locale of producer Schneer. Although live action filming was completed last year, Harryhausen only finished work on the film's effects sequences this February.

Dan Scapperotti

Three Dynarama special effects sequences from Columbia's SINBAD AND THE EYE OF THE TIGER. Top: The Minotaur impales one of Sinbad's crew with a javelin. Middle: A giant walrus, only one of the menaces encountered by Sinbad at the North Pole. Bottom: Three wraith-like assassins enter Sinbad's tent to engage him with blade, axe and mace.

duction with Joseph Brenner's New York distributery in 1975 (see 4:3:46), however Brenner was reluctant to discuss the matter, saying only that there was a "conflict" on the project though "it is still on the books." The conflict mentioned could be Romero's use of black & white film, something distributors, both the majors and the indies, just don't want to handle. Romero is being very courageous, artistically, in choosing to go with black & white but it could prevent his film from reaching commercial audiences...

LOGAN'S RUN will turn-up on TV this fall, not the MGM feature of last year, but a 60 minute pilot for a television series based on the film, being produced by MGM Television. The pilot is written by Saul David, who produced the MGM feature, and William F. Nolan, co-author of the original novel on which all of this is based. David was also to produce the pilot, but exited, or was ousted from his position at MGM in January in a legal hassle over merchandising rights on the series. He is currently suing MGM

for \$2,000,000 over the affair. In the meantime, Ivan Goff and Ben Roberts have replaced him and preparation for filming continues. Goff and Roberts produced MANNIX and the pilot for this year's hit CHARLIE'S ANGELS. Pilot film is being made for CBS telecast, and the network has ordered three scripts developed beyond the pilot in case they decide to give the series a green light for production. William F. Nolan is working on a second script, an episode titled "The Thunder Sentinels" in collaboration with Dennis Etchison...

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND SAUCY JACK is a script by John Hopkins which pits fiction's greatest detective against Jack the Ripper. A STUDY IN TERROR (1966) did that some years ago, but new film is based on The Ripper File by Elwyn Jones and John Lloyd which implicates the Duke of Clarence and the British Royal Family in the Ripper murders. Bob Clark is set to direct the Anglo-Canadian coproduction to be filmed in London in August on a budget of some \$4,000,000. Clark directed the horror sleep-



Star Wars: Space Opera Grafitti

A tall, massive figure strides the halls of the Death Star, the ultimate weapon. He steps before a huge wall projection of the galaxy; the stars he hopes to kill are reflected in his black armor and skull mask. He is Darth Vader, Dark Lord of the Sith, renegade Jedi Knight, and the deadliest being alive. Opposing him are a crazy old man, a clod footed farm boy, a spoiled rich girl, a rakish pirate, a robot fop, a mechanical ash can, and a giant Wookiee.

Director George Lucas and his producer Gary Kurtz were unaware that the film they were making, *AMERICAN GRAFITTI*, would be one of the all-time best money makers when they discussed how much fun it would be to do a modern version of Flash Gordon. Four rewrites and nine

princess from an evil war lord. Joined by two robots and some smugglers, they battle a huge space fort and foil the villain's plans for planetary genocide.

Clearly Lucas knows the literary forebears of the genre. His space battles recall the yarns of Edmond Hamilton and John W. Campbell were spinning in the thirties, and the Jedi Knights resemble another corps of psionic lawmen, Edward E. Smith's Lensmen. The device of a naive boy who is a pawn/knight in space war and politics could have been lifted from Robert A. Heinlein juveniles like *Between Planets* and *Citizen of the Galaxy*. Luke's planet, Tatooine, blends Arakis, from Frank Herbert's *Dune*, with the sordid worlds frequented by Leigh Brackett's Eric John Stark.

nough for the story to do the adapting himself—but did he? A report from a reliable source indicates the book was ghost-written by someone else. If Lucas did care beyond seeing his own name on the cover, he might have been better off relinquishing credit for the novel and working with an experienced prose writer.

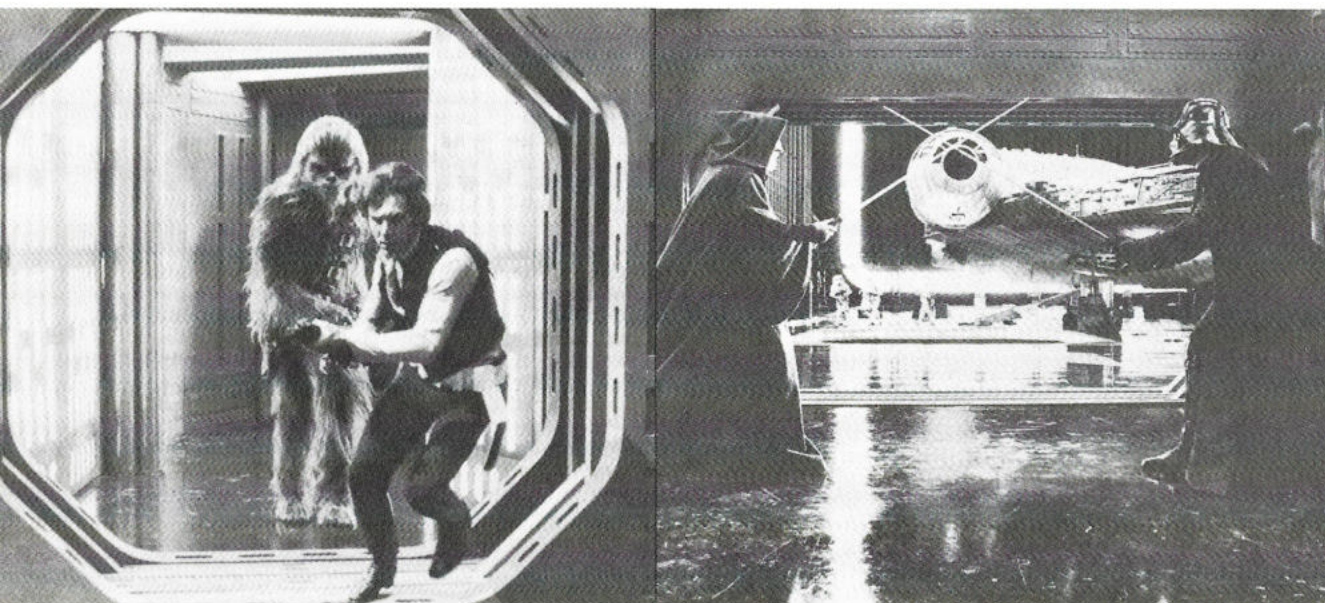
Beyond the stylistic flaws is Lucas' often unsatisfying notion of adventure. Too much of the action consists of legions of faceless spear carriers being blasted by heroes who never even get their eyebrows singed. The Death Star, a planet-sized fortress, is a potentially fascinating device, but it comes across on paper as just a mobile army base, and the way the heroes roam it undetected and defeat hordes of troops on

tan human/alien relationships.

For instance, Lucas' climactic space battle has been done better a hundred times in prose science fiction. In film the only comparison is the fights in Japanese movies like *BATTLE IN OUTER SPACE*.

From the novel *STAR WARS* could best be called a comedy-adventure. Except for the robots there is little in the story that is specifically comic, but to succeed the film will need a light-hearted air that will seduce the audience into accepting the story while the visual power overwhelms them into doing the same.

It would be hard enough to film a straight space opera; Lucas is trying something far harder. *STAR WARS* is intentionally hokey. He speaks of it as, "A ro-



Scenes from *STAR WARS*, George Lucas' forthcoming space opera spectacular from 20th Century-Fox. Left: Mark Hamill as Luke Skywalker and his furry ally, a Wookiee. Right: Alec Guinness (left) crosses swords with Darth Vader.

Top: A production painting by Ralph M. McQuarrie depicting Luke, his Wookiee and robot allies, against the ominous visage of Darth Vader, renegade Jedi Knight. Bottom: Carrie Fisher and Mark Hamill inside the Death Star. Film will screen in June.

million dollars later *STAR WARS* is ready to bring space opera to the screen for the first time.

If Lucas' novel version of his screenplay (Ballentine Books, 220 pages, \$1.50) is accurate, *STAR WARS* will be the most important science fiction film since 2001 and potentially the worst since the appearance of *TEENAGERS FROM OUTER SPACE*. For Lucas hasn't stopped at "merely" presenting a space opera, a large scale space adventure; he has reached for a delicate mood and style, and the results will walk the narrow line between the vapid and the sublime. If he succeeds *STAR WARS* will be a gripping fantasy of power and adventure--the Wizard of Oz meets 007--but if he fails it will be a camp monstrosity, an opulent joke like Dino De Laurentiis' *KING KONG*.

The story told by the novel is pure wish fulfillment fantasy. A farmboy on a backwater planet, Luke Skywalker, and his mentor, a desert rat who is really chief of the Jedi Knights, fight to save a

The tyrannical galactic empire and rebel worlds background suggests Isaac Asimov's Foundation Trilogy or Poul Anderson's *Terran Empire*. The ray gun fights and alien thugs would fit into any issue of the old *Planet Stories* pulp magazine of the '40s.

In short, the novel is a huge cliché, and a poorly written cliché at that. A problem is Lucas' poor prose style. He is wordy and almost always overwrites; while saying a lot he oddly fails to give much visual feeling. He is annoyingly arch and selfconscious; he often describes aliens as "outlandish" or "monstrous." Outlandish to whom? Certainly not to themselves or the other inhabitants of this cosmopolitan universe. They are outlandish to George Lucas, who should be in the background where a storyteller belongs.

Star Wars is one of the few film novelizations to have been written by anyone involved in the movie being adapted. It is pleasing that Lucas evidently cared e-

their own ground is unbelievable and uninteresting.

Despite these faults the *STAR WARS* film could be sensational. Repeatedly while reading the book one has to remind oneself that this is a film; if Lucas puts half the book's action, spectacle, and gimmickry on the screen the result will be overpowering. Simply nothing like it has been done before. The possibilities for special effects, makeup, sets, and all the other trappings of cinema are limitless.

In prose science fiction the story is old hat; on film it is unique. Space opera has been around since Edward E. Smith's *The Skylark of Space* in 1928, but the closest film has come to this long-lasting science fiction subgenre is *FORBIDDEN PLANET* and odd items like *BARBARELLA* and *MOON ZERO TWO*. On television only *STAR TREK* has given a halfway convincing view of the space opera world of commonplace space travel, interplanetary war and politics, and cosmopol-

itanic fantasy about as serious as a spaghetti Western. A sword-and-sorcery film. Oddly, the least pretentious goals are often the hardest to reach; consider almost all of what passes as children's entertainment. Lucas is aiming for a care-free, daydream mood. A farmboy saves the princess from an evil wizard. No one could take it seriously, but isn't it something we have all dreamed about? Ideally movies should be able to realize peoples' dreams, and *AMERICAN GRAFITTI* proved Lucas capable of tapping nostalgia and fantasy wishes, but how often a captured dream looks silly and embarrassing!

Good dreams are rare today; we can only hope Lucas knows what he's doing. If he does, our favorite fairy tales will be wedded with science fiction by way of the comic books, and the screen will again be a suburb of that area of the mind where bad guys lose, good guys win, and there's always room for a sequel.

S. W. Schumack

er DEAD OF NIGHT and Canadian horror film SILENT NIGHT, EVIL NIGHT, among others...

THE WATER BABIES is a live action/cartoon feature shot in London by director Lionel Jeffries, that delightful British actor who played Cavor in Ray Harryhausen's FIRST MEN IN THE MOON. Film is based on the children's story by Charles Kingsley, about kids who find a glorious fantasy world beneath the pond on their country home. Animation, to be done in Poland from storyboarded action provided by Tony Cuthbert's Cartoons Ltd of London, is used whenever child stars Tom Pender and Samantha Gates go beneath the waters. Live action filming, about half the picture, has been completed with James Mason, Billie Whitelaw, Bernard Cribbins, Joan Greenwood and David Tomlinson for producer Ben Arbedt. Peter Shaw is exec producing the independent feature for Easter 1978 release...

THE WICKER MAN has been acquired for U.S. distribution by Abraxas Films of New Orleans, and is planned for release this spring and summer. The film, which stars Christopher Lee and

Britt Ekland, was produced in 1973 by Peter Snell and has become something of a "cult, must see" item among enthusiasts because of its reported high calibre and the fact that it was abandoned, unjustly, by its original U.S. distributor, Warner Bros. The film, perhaps the most literate, intelligent horror film ever made, was written by Anthony Shaffer, the scriptwriter of SLEUTH (1972), and its spell-binding thriller plot coupled with philosophical musings on religion, mysticism, morality and predestination deserve Shaffer an Academy Award (the film has not yet had its qualifying Oscar run in Los Angeles). The film is ably directed by Robin Hardy, and one of the projects the film's new owners plan is for director Hardy to supervise the restoration of 22 minutes cut from the film's original running time of 108 minutes. Abraxas also now controls the music rights to the film's songs and score by Paul Giovanni, derived from old Welsh folk tunes, a haunting musical contribution that plays a key role in the film's impact and lingers long in the memory, and Abraxas has plans to issue a soundtrack album. Do not miss this unique film if you must travel 100 miles to see it (5:2:35)...

Trumbull on Close Encounters

Post-production delays and the need to establish a solid promotional campaign have prompted Columbia Pictures to shift the release date of CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND from Easter to December. Special effects coordinator for the film, Douglas Trumbull, was reticent to discuss his work in detail but outspoken in his enthusiasm for the project: "Up until recently, I've always been in a big drive to make extreme futuristic pictures --to really go way off and have spaceships, and cities of the future, and all this stuff. But I just decided that it creates such a barrier between what you're trying to say and the audience that's looking at it, that I'm much more apt to start from a contemporary premise now. That's the reason I've taken on CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND. I think it's one of the most fantastic scripts I've ever read. It's very contemporary, and it's understandable, and it's meaningful, and exciting. It's the kind of thing I like to have, because it takes you from a common viewpoint that everyone understands, and yet draws you into a realization that the universe is a pretty gigantic place and there are mind boggling things going on."

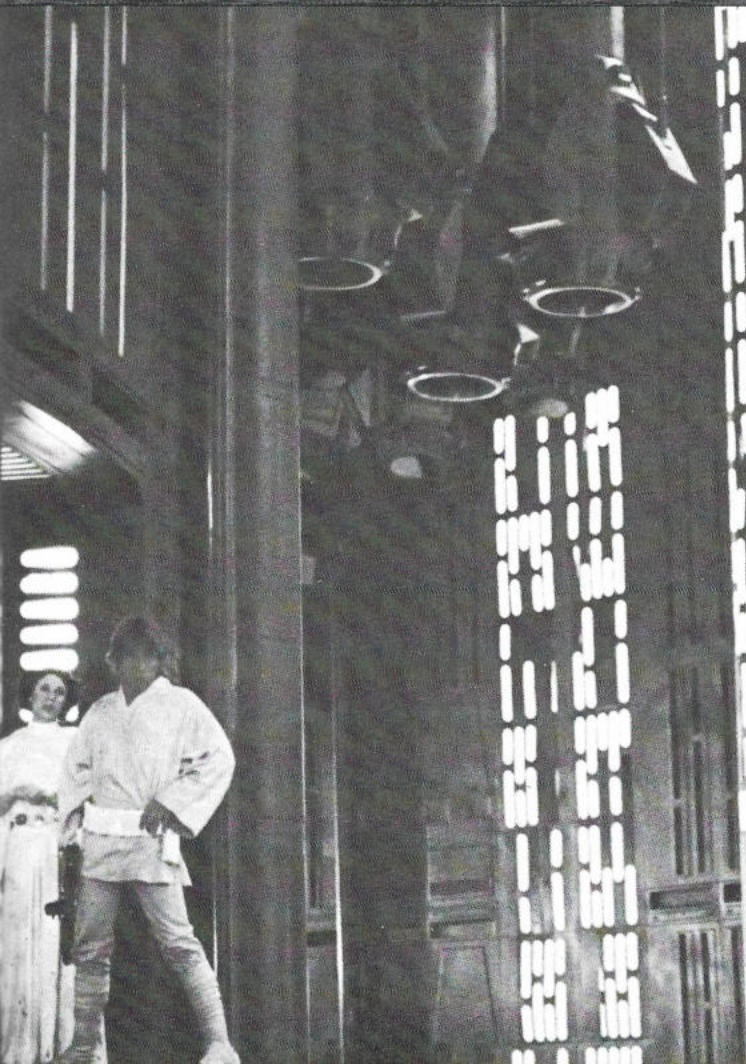
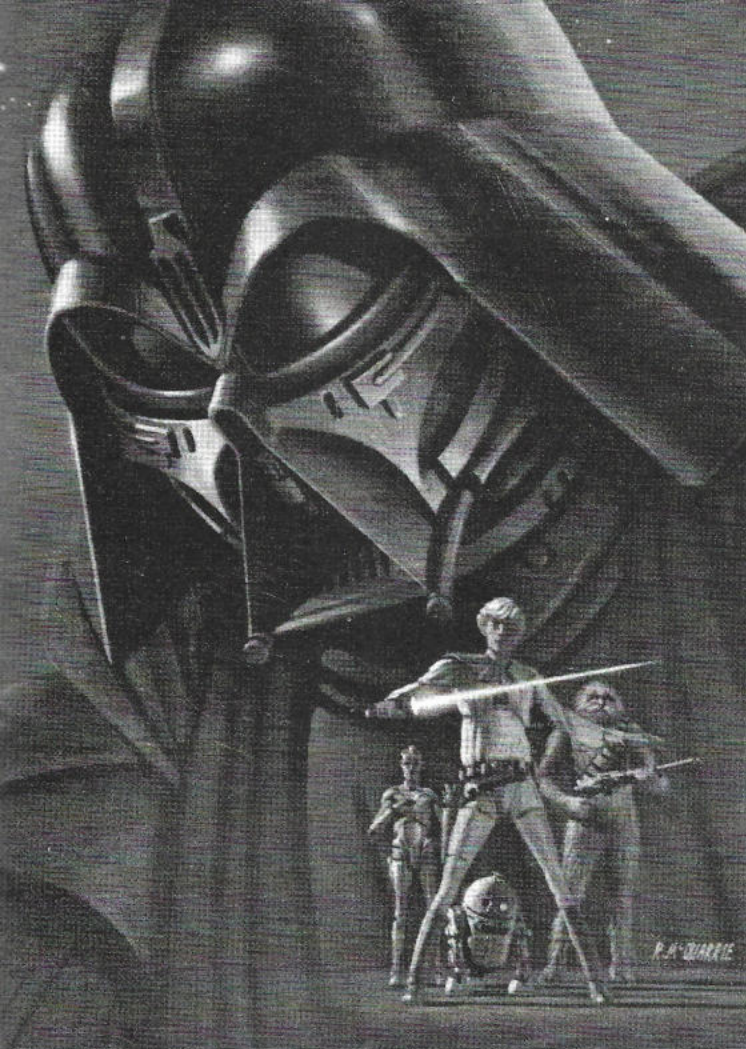
Future General Corporation, Trumbull's own effects company, is on sub-contract to provide all the photographic visual effects

for the Steven Spielberg film. Indications are that the flying saucers in the film will not be models in the established sense, but rather less tangible creations derived from pure light in modified applications of the scanning techniques Trumbull devised for 2001 and since used on countless commercials.

"Plus," added Trumbull, "we are also involved in the more ordinary problems of matte shots and miniature opticals--the basic illusions of making a set photographed in Mobile, Alabama, appear to be in Wyoming. These are done, and I think they're fabulous --some of the best effects anybody's ever done. I think it's superior to anything in 2001. And there's a whole sequence at the end of the picture that will really blow your mind, and I think it's much more powerful than 2001. 2001 was so abstract that I think it lost a lot of people, whereas CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND keeps a firm grip on emotions and drama and involvement with the characters."

Yes, but what is it about? Douglas Trumbull isn't saying, and neither is anyone else officially at Columbia, but rumor has leaked out that the plot of the film involves a government cover-up, a la Watergate, that is implemented after a spectacular UFO landing and encounter.

Dón Shay



I share your sense of outrage and disgust at the revisionist KING KONG (significantly, the only two people I know who liked it had somehow missed the original), but I wish these reactions had extended to CARRIE (5:3:20), which struck me as ugly and overwrought, devoid of atmosphere, suspense, or any feeling for the supernatural. Consider the setting, for example. Suburban California may have been perfect for LORD LOVE A DUCK, but in De Palma's hands it just seems bland and boring, populated by a gallery of "types" from other movies: Piper Laurie's eye-rolling Religious Fanatic, babbling about Sex and Sin...the Sneering, Bullying English Teacher...the scheming Slut...the Scheming Slut's Sidekick, who wears a baseball cap in every scene for easy identification. (Indeed, virtually all the high school students in this film are right out of central casting: for all their sophomoric dialogue they appear to be in their mid-twenties.) Yet look at how contemptuously De Palma dismisses the gym teacher, the one really "nice" character in the film; in the midst of the chaotic prom sequence her death comes as a kind of afterthought. In fact, when I recall how De Palma's camera dwells on Sissy Spacek's naked body, on her preparations for the prom, and on her glowingly happy face just before the bucket of blood drops on her, I can't help seeing the entire film as an exercise in directorial sadism.

If Bill Kelley really thinks that

the prom scene comes as an "explosion," he ought to be writing p.r. For me those squirting firehoses, the obtrusive use of red filters and split screens, proved to be a dreadful anticlimax, the efforts of a director who's out of his depth. And who's inept, too, in matters of simple exposition: until the cruel trick is actually played on Carrie it's impossible to tell which characters are in on the scheme and which ones are innocent. In fact, the only thing that works the way it ought to is the final "shock" gimmick of the hand emerging from the rubble. Typically, this is a steal from REPULSION by way of DELIVERANCE, but I suppose that in De Palma's case we're supposed to shrug and call it "homage."

T.E.D. KLEIN
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In his review of Mario Bava's THE HOUSE OF EXORCISM (5:3:29), Tim Lucas seems to assume that the film was a 1975, post-Friedkin effort. This struck me as incorrect, and armed with my library card and several old issues of Variety I set out to investigate. My findings confirm what I had suspected from viewing the film--that Bava's original LISA AND THE DEVIL has been severely tampered with for U.S. release.

In the May 8, 1973 *Variety*, on page 72, there appears an ad for LISA AND THE DEVIL, with an

accompanying blurb announcing that it's "ready for release." The advertised stars are Telly Savalas, Elke Sommer, Sylva Koscina, and Alida Valli. Robert Alda is not mentioned at all. The production company is Alfredo Leone's Euro-American which also produced Bava's BARON BLOOD. In the May 7, 1975 issue of *Variety*, Leone advertises his "new" production HOUSE OF EXORCISM, this time with Robert Alda as Father Michaels. I therefore assume that Leone added the scenes featuring Alda after the release and returns for THE EXORCIST were in. No doubt the producer wished to reteam Elke Sommer and director Mario Bava after the success of BARON BLOOD, but found the result, LISA AND THE DEVIL unsaleable. But after the phenomenal success of THE EXORCIST Leone decided to add the vomit and scatology scenes with Alda to beef-up the film's marketability. Perhaps he wrote the sequences, explaining his screen-play credit.

In all likelihood, Bava was not called in for these additional sequences--even if he was, his original intentions were hopelessly compromised. Far from being "Bava's most accomplished success since DANGER: DIABOLIK," THE HOUSE OF EXORCISM is a particularly odious Friedkin rip-off, redeemed only by occasional flashes of Bava brilliance.

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DePalma has the power!



Next in CINEFANTASTIQUE, director Brian De Palma discusses the filming of CARRIE, the most potent horror film shocker of 1976. In an interview by London correspondent Mike Childs, De Palma describes the evolution of the CARRIE project as it progressed through the writing, casting, filming and special effects phases of production, illustrated with exclusive, full-color, behind-the-scenes photos. De Palma discusses his entire career at length and his recent tendency toward specialization in the realm of *cinefantastique*. Also featured is an interview with Carrie herself, actress Sissy Spacek, the first performer since Fredric March in 1932 to be nominated for an Oscar for Best Performance in a *horror film*! Prepare yourself: order Vol 4 No 2 with David Bartholomew's career length interview "De Palma of the Paradise."

And if you were impressed by Steve Rubin's exhaustive coverage of WAR OF THE WORLDS in this issue, be sure and get copies of his past science fiction film Retrospects while they last: THEM! (Vol 3 No 4), FORBIDDEN PLANET (Vol 4 No 1) and THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL (Vol 4 No 4). And for George Pal fans there's Vol 1 No 4 with Dennis S. Johnson's detailed career article "The Five Faces of George Pal." An illustrated brochure listing the contents of all nineteen back issues available is sent free with each order.

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In a genre that is often rejuvenated by sequels and remakes, it strikes me as absurd that a genre magazine like yours would become as hostile as it has to a remake of KING KONG. Your admiration for a classic fantasy film seems to have degenerated into a kind of fanatic idolatry. Mr. Mandell's (5:1:40) dogmatism in presuming that the only way to accomplish a remake is to employ the same methodology used in the original--methodology that he assures us probably cannot be equaled anyway--only serves to reinforce his bias that no remake should be attempted. He would further have us believe that any methodology other than stop-motion animation such as life-size models or live-action in miniaturized sets is doomed to failure because previous efforts in these areas failed. The assumption is ridiculous to begin with, and it is totally unfounded in light of the satisfactory results achieved by De Laurentiis and company.

KING KONG '76 is a great picture, not only in terms of its sheer entertainment value but also in the way it complements and expands on the themes of the original. Indeed the new version is a kind of sequel to the original in the sense that it follows up both on a modern technology that was epitomized in 1933 by the brand new Empire State Building and on the exploitative pursuits of American enterprise, manifested in the original by Carl Denham. In

1976 such technology and American enterprise has given us the World Trade Center and oil companies like Petrox. Contrary to Mr. Scapperotti's snide remark (5:3:35), I find it extremely fitting that Kong should climb the World Trade Center, not only because it symbolizes the kind of "world trade" that often exploits third world countries (including Kong's homeland) for the benefit of the richer nations. Likewise I found it easier to identify with an updated King Kong, especially as he is trapped in the empty hull of a huge super tanker, his fate (like ours) in the hands of the oil industry!

As for the technical effects, the new film has its disappointments, including, yes, Mr. Warren (5:3:34) the scene with the giant model, but much of the live-action scenes and life-size hand holding Jessica Lange were absolutely terrific. I especially liked the little touches like the wiggling toes of Kong as Dwan walks away between his legs in the hull of the tanker. I was also impressed with how much of Kong's size and power were conveyed with close-ups, subjective shots, and sound effects rather than full-body shots. One of the most effective scenes in the film is the buildup to Kong's grand entrance, in which a series of cuts from the altar up to the trees, to a pair of eyes moving along at tree level, to a subjective shot as Kong nears the altar, underscored by John Bar-

ry's driving, incessant orchestration, quite literally put the audience on the edge of its seat.

Remakes and sequels in the fantasy genre are part of its life-blood. It is ridiculous and rather naive to assume that a remake of KING KONG--even one technically less perfect than the original--somehow prostitutes the genre and taints the original. If anything it will give the fantasy industry a shot in the arm and spur interest in the original. Thus my advice to Mandell, Scapperotti and Warren is to 1) at least see the film before panning it, and 2) abandon the myth that the only good remake is an exact replica of the original.

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Even with all its advertising, if De Laurentiis' film were called something other than KING KONG would people still flock to see it? Are crowds lining up to see the new film on its own merits or because of their love affair with the original? The answer is obvious.

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studio the next day, had a model made and then showed the strange little machine to Pal, Haskin and Jennings. Everyone bought the concept immediately. As special effects men, Haskin and Jennings admired its fluid simplicity and Pal was impressed by the ominous manta ray quality as well as its alien design. Haskin who refers to the ships as "tear drops" agreed with Jennings that they would build the machines in miniature and hang them from wires suspended from the roof of a sound stage, like puppets. Pal, a veteran puppeteer, was delighted. He secretly confided to himself that *THE WAR OF THE WORLDS* was on its way.

While Nozaki reworked the film's continuity with a new series of sketches, Haskin returned to his Western in Colorado, Pal began casting, and Jennings, with Nozaki's little plastic model tucked under his arm, took over. His special effects crew consisted of Wallace Kelley, a special effects cameraman who had replaced Jennings' brother Deveraux when the latter had died, Irmin Roberts, another cinematographer whose job was to photograph glass shots, still drawings and many of the composites arranged by the crew's resident artist, Jan Domela. It was Domela who arranged Bonestell's paintings in the film's opening prologue. When mattes were involved, Jennings relied on Paul Lerpae, a 27-year veteran who handled the film's optical effects. Finally, Jennings was forever allied to Ivyl Burks' prop department which constructed all the film's miniatures. Under Burks were special effects men like Milt Olson, Charlie Davies, Lee Vasque and Romaine Brickmeyer.

First, Jennings took Nozaki's model to Burks who assigned a modeler to construct a 42-inch clay composite from which to mold the three articulate war machines, flat semi-disk shaped objects (that Pal hoped would convey the flying saucer image) with three distinct operating features: a long movable cobra neck which emitted the heat ray; an electrical TV camera-type scanner which emerged from the body of the machine; and wing tip skeleton rays. Although each machine had a rotating neck, only the main machine could drop its neck as it does when it cinders Pastor Collins, and only one machine had the TV scanner, used during the ruined farmhouse sequence.

Burks fashioned the machines out of copper which gave them a reddish tint symbolic of their origin. And it was the use of color, in almost every facet of the special effects, the colorfully yellow heat rays, the rainbow effect of the pulsing cobra neck, the green disintegrator beams, and later, the multi-colored Martian, that gave the finished film a distinctly alien feel.

Lee Vasque worked on the electronic hardware that went into each machine which possessed thousands of dollars worth of intricate wiring and circuitry connecting the motors and lights to power generators hidden in the rafters.

A concept which was later abandoned as being too dangerous involved the use of electronic beams to simulate the war machines' means of support. The idea was to use a high voltage electrical discharge of one million volts, fed down into wires suspended from overhead generators to form leg-like electronic beams. Jennings tested the effect near his office on Stage 2 and it worked fine, however, the concept was later abandoned as Pal explains: "It would have been too easy for the sparks to jump to any

dust, metal or dirt on a large stage. It could have killed someone, perhaps set the studio on fire, so we reluctantly gave up the idea although a great deal of hard work had already been done."

But the electrical experience was not entirely wasted as each vehicle was expertly attached to fifteen hair-fine piano wires that connected to a device on an overhead track. Electricity was fed through these wires to the operating mechanisms. Other wires later transported the machines across soundstages where effects cinematographer Wallace Kelley recorded them on film with his high speed cameras.

For closeups, Jennings had Burks construct out of plaster a larger model of the triple-lensed, pulsating scanner with hexagonal holes cut through it. Behind these in the plastic shell, his electricians placed rotating light shutters and an electric fan which gave off the flickering effect.

In the Lyndon script, the Martians were equipped with two distinct weapons: a fiery heat ray which was used in the destruction of the cities; and a skeleton beam that disintegrated man's conventional weapons. Although Lerpae handled most of the optical work which matted in the effects of these powerful alien weapons, Jennings used live burning welding wire to simulate the fiery heat ray on the miniature stage. As the wire melted, a blower set up behind the machines forced sparks toward the camera.

As the machines were being constructed in the prop shop, Nozaki completed his continuity sketching for the miniature sets, always mindful of Pal's limited budget. Still it was to be an expensive film, thanks to the success of *DESTINATION MOON*, the anticipated success of *WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE*, and the support of Y. Frank Freeman, which allowed Pal a budget of \$1 million, a sum that indicated that major studios were beginning to accept the science fiction genre seriously. Typically, Pal allotted the major portion of his budget to special effects. "With a wizard like Jennings, you did the best you could to give him all the money he needed," recalled Pal.

In May Paramount reported in the trade press that Pal intended to use as his principal actors members of Paramount's young stock company, "The Golden Circle." Says Pal, "I have always been partial to working with unknowns because they give more realism to the story line, especially in a film like this where the Martians are the real stars."

Throughout the late summer, Pal looked at actors and actresses for his two leading character parts: Dr. Clayton Forrester and Sylvia Van Buren. In late September, Paramount signed a Broadway actor named Gene Barry on his first film contract. After years on the New York stage, Barry was hardly a fledgling, and his first contract offered him \$1000 a week based on that experience. Pal soon grabbed him for the role of Forrester.

For Sylvia, Pal asked Barry to read with several young starlets from "The Golden Circle." For the test, Pal placed his actors in the "fishbowl"—a soundproof glass-partitioned stage which allowed the audience to observe without themselves being seen. By looking at the actors in this way, it gave Pal the impression of looking up at a screen. The producer decided the best test scene was in the farmhouse where a frightened Sylvia recalls the childhood incident of being lost.

Pal and director Haskin were both im-

The Martian war machine miniatures, each suspended from fifteen fine piano wires, operated from overhead tracks placed in the rafters to guide their movements and supply electrical power. The three 42" models were constructed of copper by Ivyl Burks' prop shop, each with a remote-controlled rotating cobra neck. The miniature set of the gully is dotted with the smoking craters of some of the 200 explosive charges used in the sequence, a special effects milestone.

pressed by a young girl named Ann Robinson. At 24, she was mature enough to play a rural school marm and yet she was pretty and appealing as well. A native Californian, the young actress had made her debut in George Stevens' *A PLACE IN THE SUN* and had just completed a part in Buddy Boetticher's Western *CIMARRON KID*. She was quickly signed to play Sylvia Van Buren.

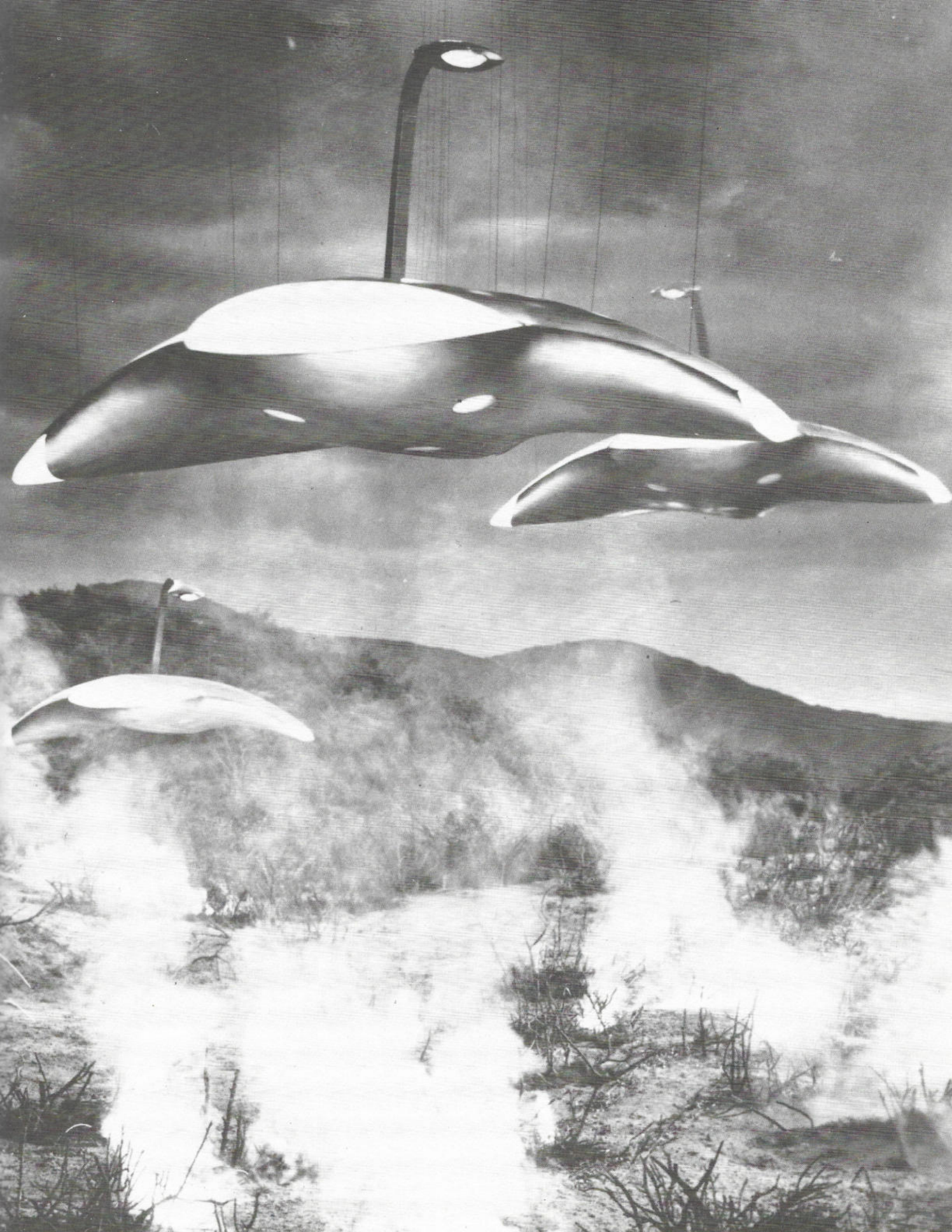
The delay in designing the Martian war machines had cost Pal a good month. Paramount had postponed the film's start to December 1, 1951. Meanwhile, so as not to keep their new star idle, Paramount gave Barry the leading role in Joseph Siström's *LOS ALAMOS*. Barry would return from the New Mexico location in mid-October. Pal was now also working on a new project, a film dramatizing the life of turn-of-the-century escape artist Harry Houdini. However, he continued to cast *THE WAR OF THE WORLDS*.

Les Tremayne, a prominent star in radio and considered by many in the early 1940s to be radio's top dramatic actor, was signed to play General Mann of 6th Army Command. Pal was searching for a personality who not only looked like a general but who spoke with authority as well. Mann's lecture in Washington describing how the Martian machines link up in groups of three and sweep across the country like scythes was to be one of the film's key dramatic scenes.

"Les Tremayne," recalled Pal, "gave a speech about the Martian strategy which must have read very boring but it is a perfect example of how a script can offer only one perspective. That scene had to be acted out to convey interest. It was difficult to convince executives like Don Hartman that this material would make an involving film and there were long stretches in the script where there was no dialogue at all. But once you had Les Tremayne, on film, in uniform, sweeping a piece of colored chalk across a blackboard, we convinced everyone."

Another "voice of authority" was that of Paul Frees who was signed for a part as narrator as well as an on-camera role. Easily one of Hollywood's most renowned narrators and presently noted for his commercial voice-overs (he is the voice of the Pillsbury doughboy), Frees' authoritative speech was a featured part of films like *THE TIME MACHINE* (where he gave voice to the talking rings), *TARAS BULBA*, *ATLANTIS, THE LOST CONTINENT*, and recently *MIDWAY*, in which he dubbed the voice of Admiral Yamamoto. "I'm George's good luck charm," says Frees today, "and he has had me in every film since 1952."

In *THE WAR OF THE WORLDS*, Frees opens the film as the "voice of doom" narrating Pal's precredits newsreel montage. Frees speaks while the drums of war pound forth in the background. Later in the film, Frees appears as the radio commentator broadcasting from the A-bomb site. His au-



dience: "Future generations, if any."

One vestige of H.G. Wells' original concept was retained when, on Lyndon's advice, Pal hired venerable Sir Cedric Hardwicke to narrate the film. It is thus an Englishman who speaks Wells' very words about the coming of the Martians, against a vivid background of space paintings created by Chesley Bonestell. Lyndon's information on surface conditions on seven neighboring planets was later corroborated by Dr. Robert Richardson, solar specialist at the Mt. Wilson Observatory. Bonestell's excellent space paintings were also based on the latest data as researched with Richardson.

Al Nozaki had spent a great deal of time in designing the Martian that frightens Sylvia in the farmhouse sequence. The art director had two basic guidelines. The Martian had to be cheap, but realistic. In Lyndon's script, Nozaki noted that the Martians were physically weak but possessed tremendous mental capacity. Lyndon had also established the concept of a three-lensed eye and long sucker-like limbs. Once more, he went to the drawing paper and this time sketched out an alien being. The next day he approached Charlie Gemora with his rough sketch of a mushroom-like creature.

Little Manila-born Charlie Gemora was noted for his expertise as a sculptor/painter and had been working in makeup at Paramount since 1932. Shuttling between makeup and the plaster shop, he had worked on films at every major studio and had helped design the Notre Dame Cathedral miniature for Universal's remake of *THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME* in 1939. In 1945 his reproductions of "Blue Boy" and "Pinky" were featured as the works of Gainsborough in the Paramount release *KITTY*. After *THE WAR OF THE WORLDS*, he would don a gorilla suit many times and continue to work on films like Warner Bros' *THE PHANTOM OF THE RUE MORGUE* until his death in 1962.

In a little shed behind Stage 5, Gemora gathered together his materials for the Martian invader--chicken wire, latex rubber, tubing and red paint. He constructed a little costume with added features like a wire control that allowed him to operate the fingers and make them pulsate. It was a strange mound of rubber that Gemora eventually carried into Pal's office one morning in late October 1951. Nozaki was there and expressed his delight immediately. Pal was equally pleased and since Gemora had designed the costume for someone his own size, Pal asked him to play the part of the Martian in the film.

In early November, Pal left Hollywood for a ten day eastern tour promoting *WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE* which premiered in Buffalo, New York on November 6, 1951. With principal photography on *THE WAR OF THE WORLDS* now set for January 14th, Byron Haskin began his own preproduction work. Lyndon's original script concept had been toned down considerably. Considering the cost of the special effects crew, there was now little money to spend on sweeping DeMille-like location work. Economy was the prime factor and a search had already begun for newsreel and stock shots to dramatize the rout of mankind. Haskin had enough money for a limited amount of location work and several factors allowed him to make the most of it.

As in many of the early science fiction films of the period, Haskin needed military cooperation. The final Lyndon screenplay had eliminated all references to the Navy,

all but a few stock shots of the Air Force but the Army was still needed in strength, especially for the key confrontation against the first cylinder outside Linda Rosa. Unfortunately, there was a problem. The California National Guard which offered combat units to film crews as "training exercises" (they had most recently journeyed to 20th Century-Fox to greet Kilauea) disapproved of *THE WAR OF THE WORLDS*.

Ever aware of their national image as it appeared in countless films, the California military retreated from a project which depicted a helpless military, especially at a time when American soldiers were fighting in Korea. Haskin suggested to Pal that they instead contact the Arizona National Guard which later proved more gutsy than their California comrades in arms.

In December, Haskin, Pal, assistant director Mickey Moore, director of photography George Barnes and a small crew left for Phoenix and ten days on location. Lyndon's rural Linda Rosa was duplicated about 50 miles southwest of Phoenix near Florence, Arizona. Here arrived elements of the National Guard headquartered in Phoenix proper. Haskin was interested in movement and night after night he filmed speeding armored columns crashing down rural tracks, tearing into tree-sheltered groves where guns were unlimbered, men scurried for cover and preparations were made to give the Martians a warm reception. Each night and sometimes, as Moore recalled, early in the morning, they drove back to Phoenix to prepare another shooting day. The Phoenix based military units offered them everything they needed.

On his return, Haskin took another crew up into the hills surrounding Simi Valley, about 40 miles northwest of downtown Los Angeles and filmed the exodus as well as scenes of people waiting for the A-bomb to explode. Process photography, courtesy of Lerpae's optical team, later multiplied Haskin's extra contingent, making 50 look like 500. In January only a few weeks before principal photography would commence on Stage 18, where Ivyl Burks' prop shop crew was now digging out a simulated gully, Haskin was able to film a segment of the exodus on an unfinished portion of the Hollywood Freeway four-level interchange.

Clearly the most interesting location work was done in downtown Los Angeles early on a Sunday morning after Christmas. While he planned to shoot much of the action in a hastily evacuated Los Angeles on Paramount's New York Street, a standing set on the backlot, Haskin wanted to take a crew out with Gene Barry and show an actually deserted metropolis.

In the film's most atmospheric sequence, ironically one of the few involving a principal actor in an outdoor setting, Gene Barry, as Clayton Forrester, after being thrown off the Pacific Tech supply truck, begins a desperate running search for Sylvia. Later many of the scenes showing Barry racing up deserted boulevards, down sidestreets, past smashed automobiles and unheeded traffic signals, were matched on the backlot.

To create such a lonely sequence, Haskin asked for and received permission from the Los Angeles Police Department to rope off a section of Hill St. between midnight and 7 AM. Haskin's crew arrived in the darkened downtown section promptly around 11 PM and began dressing their huge set. A crew from the prop shop began spreading selected bits of trash on the street. Assistant director Mickey Moore set up a camera on a

Top: Effects technician Chester Pate (left) assists special effects director Gordon Jennings (right) in assembling a Martian war machine. Bottom: Filming the Martian machines as they fan out across a bean field in the Chino Hills: adjusting Martian machine (l.t.r.) Bob Springfield, Eddie Sutherland, Charlie Davies; kneeling left, effects technician Milt Olson; at the camera, Wallace Kelley; kneeling right, gaffer Soldier Graham; standing right is Gordon Jennings.

high-rise building. Byron Haskin readied his principal crew aboard a utility camera truck to film Barry, both in the Pacific Tech truck as it was tearing around corners, and on foot.

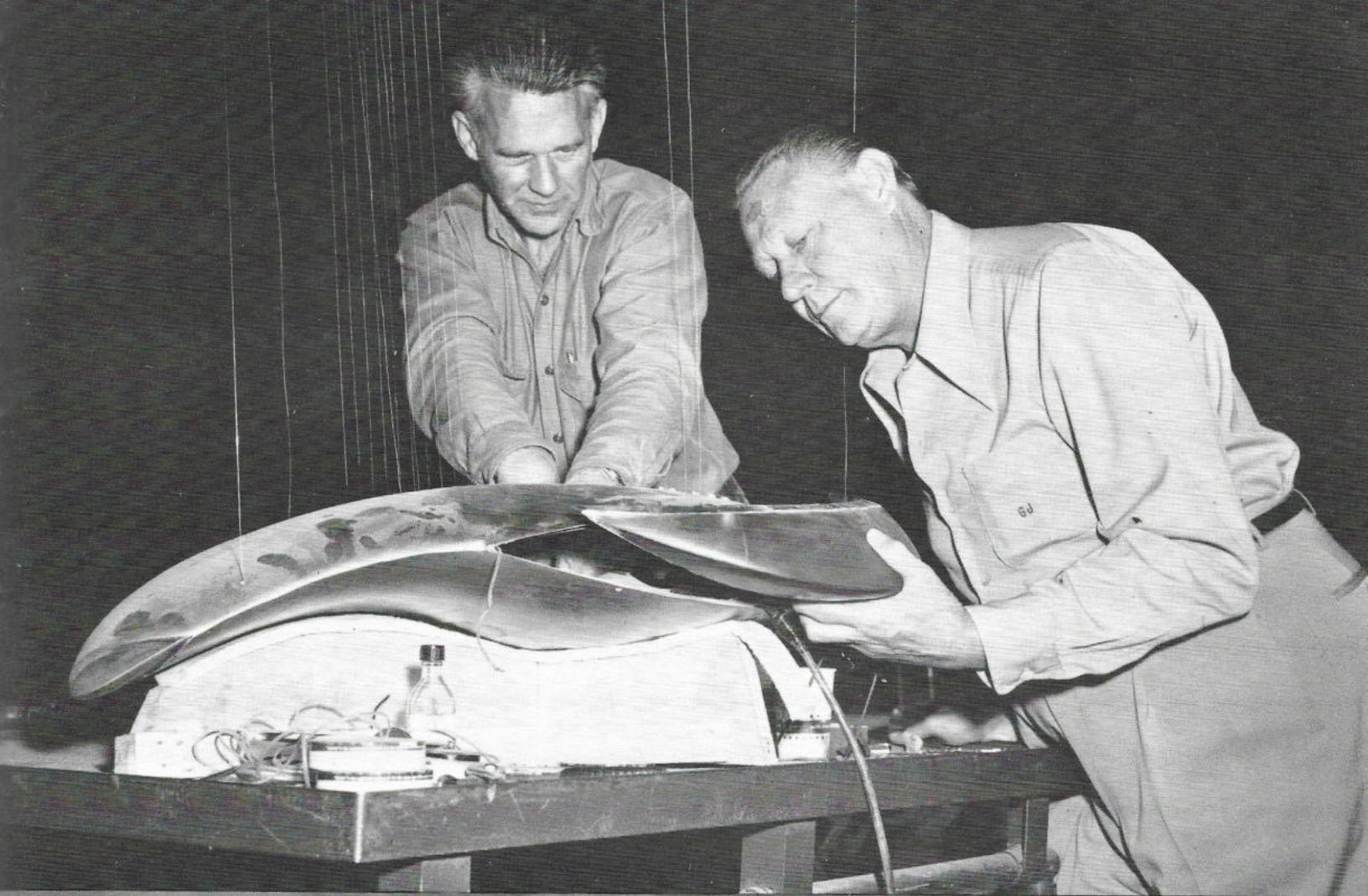
By 5 AM Haskin was ready and police officers with walkie talkies informed him that the streets were clear. So as to look properly disheveled, a makeup man touched up Barry's black eye and once more tore his coat. The camera truck was cranked up and Dr. Clayton Forrester began his desperate search. During momentary breathers, Haskin would offer bits of advice and then send the panting professor off once more. Barry would dodge across boulevards, race across sidewalks, jump curbs; lean on lamp posts, and call Sylvia's name in a rapidly diminishing voice. After each successive take, the prop crewmen would dash around like halftime basketball cheerleaders, picking up the bits of debris that symbolized abandoned Los Angeles. Later, on the Paramount back lot, the Art Department created the actual "wreckage" through which Barry passes on his search, the overturned cars, cracked windows, crumbling buildings, falling debris and looted stores.

After the New Year, Haskin prepared for principal photography on Stage 18. Visible over a great expanse was the handiwork of Ivyl Burks' prop shop, the set dressers, the scenic painters, the nursery specialists and many others who had been working diligently for three weeks. Here under the artificial lights was the Linda Rosa Gully into which the first cylinder would fall. Earth was piled everywhere, trees had been planted and it was becoming a believable rural roadside. There were cars parked off the side of the road and a scenic backing showed the Chino Hills off in the distance.

"On Stage 18 we built a basic set," recalled Nozaki who designed the stage setting. "It's a matter of economy because a small picture doesn't get too many sound stages from which to operate." Nozaki designed the layout with a ramp platform on the south side which went the entire length of the stage. This was to allow for the gully where the meteor landed.

Burks' Prop Department and other special effects technicians responsible for the set revamped the scene each time the script called for a change in the setting while retaining the same sky backing and scaffolding. Here Haskin finished shooting of the landing sequences, the headquarters of the Marine detachment under Colonel Heffner, the bean field into which the Forrester airplane crashes, and the short sequence in which Forrester and Sylvia are racing away from the doomed farmhouse.

At different times, autos and trucks were driven up the ramp and in the military sequences, a half track and a dummy rocket launcher were used. By utilizing different types of brush and scenery, the changes appeared more realistic. The studio nursery provided scrub brush, eucalyptus, bean





Continuity sketches prepared by the Paramount Art Department from Barre Lyndon's screenplay under the direction of Al Nozaki. The sequence illustrated depicts Pastor Collins confrontation with the Martians. 1) Scene 128, Martian sinks, SPD (Special Photographic Department). 2) Scene 129, Pastor brings out cross. 3) Scene 133 continued, SPD plus live figure, continues a pan shot from the Pastor to the Martian. 4) Scene 134, Ray strikes, SPD.

fields and some oak trees. The wrecked farmhouse was constructed on another stage where Haskin planned to use real lath and plaster.

"There are various ways in which to wreck a house," explained Nozaki, "but as we were using real materials it would have been too expensive to shoot a reconstructable set. We decided to shoot one take and create the most realistic crash possible. It was risky, considering that anything can go wrong, but it eventually saved a lot of time and money. It all comes down to the director, he knows he's got to do it in one shot, so he rehearses it very carefully. He communicates this to everyone working on the stage so everything is checked and rechecked."

Using wires which were attached to every movable prop, Haskin's crew simply collapsed the set around the two principal actors. Earth was also thrown up against the walls to simulate the crash and skid of the new cylinder. Gene Barry and Ann Robinson actually appear only for a second in the crash sequence with much of the demolition being put in later when they appear surrounded by the wreckage.

Since economy was the order of the day, Nozaki improvised wherever he could, using as much of the Paramount back lot as possible. While the dance hall was on the same stage as the wrecked house, the exterior was out on the New York street, a standing set at Paramount used whenever a city street was needed. Since the camera was facing the street, there was no need to create the facade of the dance hall building. Nozaki simply created a raised platform which became a porch, stuck up a couple of porch posts and that was the entire set. Down below the camera scanned the approaching police cars and the rush of people. The same setting was used in the beginning of the film when the first meteor flashed over Linda Rosa. Only this time there is a little facade of a movie theater complete with a box office, the camera taking in the silhouettes of buildings across the street as well. Nozaki had the A-bomb bunker constructed at the south end of the New York street under the scenic loft which appeared as the mouth of a highway tunnel in the Chino Hills. The exterior of Pacific Tech was actually the Paramount Lemon Grove Gate off Van Ness Avenue. Again economies were utilized. All Nozaki did for the closeups of the Tech exterior was make a stairway and have the camera pan down it toward the loading trucks. Says Nozaki, "You never see the building from which the stairway came. You simply see the people coming from camera right and taking their equipment and boxes and things down the stairway. As far as the audience was concerned there was an actual building."

After Les Tremayne was signed to play General Mann on December 24th (he had just completed a starring role in Universal's *FRANCIS GOES TO WEST POINT*), the producer found the ubiquitous Lewis Martin an excellent choice for Pastor Collins. Martin was appearing in his twelfth film in eight months.

Before the end of January, Pal would fill the remaining roles with Paramount contract players. On January 11th he signed William Phipps to play store owner Wash Perry, a volunteer fireman who greets Clayton Forrester at the scientists' camp and who later becomes one of the first casualties of the heat ray. On the 22nd he signed Paul Birch who played another heat ray

Former art director Al Nozaki poses with the prototype model for the Martian war machines outside of his Los Angeles home in 1976. Working under Art Department head Hal Pereira in 1951, Nozaki served as the film's chief production designer and was involved in nearly every facet of its planning and execution, from preproduction continuity sketching to the design of each set, the Martian machine miniatures and even the Martian itself. Nozaki is 65 and retired.

casualty, storekeeper Alonzo Hogue. Ralph Dumke was also hired that day to play Buck Monahan, the man with a shovel who considers the meteor's arrival like "having a gold mine in our own back yard." The latter three supporting players were signed first because shooting was ready to begin on the gully sequence.

Monday January 15, 1952 dawned cold and rainy. It had been a stormy weekend in Los Angeles, especially for lead actor Gene Barry whose home in Benedict Canyon was struck by a terrible mud slide. Since much of the highway into Hollywood was washed out, Paramount sent a surplus weapons carrier up into the mountains to take Barry to the studio. Scenes of his wrecked home were later featured in *Time*. Haskin was in his third day of shooting when the head of the legal department came running onto the stage.

"You have to stop shooting--right now!" Pal who was nearby came rushing up. "What's the matter?"

"There's been some kind of oversight, Mr. Pal. Paramount doesn't own the talkie rights to The War of the Worlds."

"What?!" shouted Pal.

"That's right," the nervous lawyer repeated. "DeMille only purchased the silent rights in the '20s. We have no legal right to do a picture based on the Wells novel."

It was true. Pal, however, told Haskin to keep shooting while he phoned the Wells estate in London. Wells' son Frank was very cordial and quickly arranged for the sale of the needed rights. Delighted that work was finally progressing on a project he had once been involved in himself, Wells asked a reasonable \$7000 for the controversial rights. Because of his fascination with the project, the younger Wells became immediate friends with Pal, a friendship that would later be instrumental in securing for Pal the rights to Wells' earlier novel, *The Time Machine*.

Legal hassles out of the way, Pal watched as Haskin scurried through the brief shooting schedule. By the 11th day of shooting (Friday, January 25th) the military had arrived and Les Tremayne, Housely Stevenson, Jr., and Vernon Rich (as Colonel Heffner) began organizing the desperate defense against the Martians.

Thanks to the prop shop and special effects department, proper realism was instilled on the set where Marine headquarters is annihilated by the fiery heat ray. Stuntman Mushy Callahan, a former professional boxer, portrays the lone soldier struck by fire. He had come over from Columbia where he'd recently taught Montgomery Clift how to box for scenes in *FROM HERE TO ETERNITY*. In the fire sequence, Callahan wore an absorbent suit. The fire spread too quickly however, and it was only through the quick thinking of Les Tremayne, who came running with blankets, that saved the stuntman from serious facial burns.

On Monday February 4th, Haskin having



completed his interiors took his crew outdoors to stage the attack on the Pacific Tech trucks and several other key sequences which were to be filmed on the Paramount back lot.

Thanks to the Art Department which had transformed a segment of the New York Street set into a riot torn Los Angeles thoroughfare, Haskin was able to recreate one of the original novel's most terrifying moments, mankind reduced to a panicky rabble. The fight was staged in the morning with extras who would later report to Billy Wilder for outdoor work on STALAG 17.

Principal photography on THE WAR OF THE WORLDS was completed during the week of February 16, 1952. No sooner were the live actors through than the special effects crew began bulldozing the full-sized gully on Stage 18 and constructing a miniature set of their own. One of those present was a set dresser and prop man named Romaine Brickmeyer who worked under Ivyl Burks' supervision.

"We constructed an entire set," recalled Brickmeyer, "on a miniature scale. We hauled in dirt, brush and rocks. Much of this was built up with lumber and chicken wire and plaster was used to create the little mountains that would represent the Chin Hills. There was also a sky backing."

Stage 18 was actually divided into four miniature sets, the gully where the Martians are first seen and attacked by the Marines, the crash site of Forrester's private plane (fortunately, as Forrester remarks, "the insurance was paid up"), the farmhouse where Clayton Forrester and Sylvia Van Buren are trapped by the Martians, and the downtown Los Angeles street through which the Martians rampage until they finally fall from the sky riddled with disease.

The prop shop crewmen planted their brush carefully, recreating the gully in all its realism. The wrecked farmhouse was an exquisite miniature, complete with picket fence, graveled walkways, smashed weathervane and trampled gardens. The downtown street was constructed on a raised platform which allowed the special effects cameraman, Wallace Kelley, a street level perspective.

Kelley was a twenty-year veteran of special effects at Paramount. He had started in 1933, running the optical printer in the old transparency department where rear projection was revered as the premier optical process. Kelley's first problem on the miniature set was to find the proper position for the camera. He was using the same type of camera as principal photographer George Barnes except for one major modification, Kelley could shoot four times normal speed, a technique intrinsic to miniature photography.

"Now this was a three strip Technicolor camera," recalled Kelley, "which meant that even if you set the camera on the ground it would still be two or three feet high. In scale with the miniatures, that would be about six feet high, much too high for this kind of setup. So one of the first things I did for Gordon [Jennings] was develop a technique for lowering the camera. After all we couldn't dig a hole because we were working on a stage and, besides, the camera had to move around to keep close with the miniatures."

To solve the problem, Kelley designed a first-service mirror that was attached to the camera lens and reflected an image down to another mirror very close to the ground, a technique that effectively lowered

the lens height. Like a periscope, the strange but valuable modification proved an important aide in filming realistically on the varied miniature settings.

For the downtown sequences, Kelley took advantage of the miniature's built-up nature and was able to shoot them without mirrors. He also worked out the lighting for the entire stage with studio electricians like Soldier Graham who was chief gaffer on THE WAR OF THE WORLDS. The miniature set required a high level of light because of the high speed cameras.

The brilliant lights coupled with the fast shooting smoothed out the jerky movements of Jennings' Martian machines. With a variety of lenses that presented different perspectives, Kelley was able to capture a unique sense of realism while filming the movement of the Martians, a deliberate, though cautious movement that kept the audience guessing. He had to be careful however, especially of the wires that suspended the machines. Says Kelley: "Naturally you had to camouflage the wires so they don't pick up on camera. You simply paint them so they will blend into the background. Also, you try not to cross the wires in front of a light source. That would have revealed them immediately."

In the finished film, the Martians are viewed for the first time rising from the gully and moving against the Marine positions. To simulate the violent confrontation between conventional weapons and Martian supertechnology, Jennings, Burks, and 81-year-old powder man Walter Hoffman began preparing the miniature stage with explosives which were buried in the ground, strung on thin wires or simply lofted into the air like hand grenades. Eventually the special effects team would plant 200 of them. To protect their machines from harm the Martians employ electromagnetic fields which form impenetrable barriers. To simulate these, the prop shop designed a group of three lucite domes. These were first filmed on the stage alone as they battered away each and every explosion. The Martian war machines were matted into the film later as it was impossible to shoot the explosions and the Martian machines at the same time. The miniatures would have been blown to bits.

Sound effects and classy matte processes that gave the machines their high powered heat rays and disintegration beams, helped make successful this powerful opening sequence. Later the prop shop and special effects departments paid similar attention to the spectacular Martian invasion of Los Angeles. The powder experts blew buildings (such as the eight foot miniature of the Los Angeles City Hall which was ignited on a raised platform in the train shed), water tanks, and power lines and spread fire among the miniature streets. The city sequences were also enhanced by sound and visual effects as well as Haskin's interspersed live-action on the back lot where the New York Street was buffeted by flying debris and raging fire.

One of Jennings' more difficult assignments was to simulate an atomic bomb blast on a sound stage. On Stage 7 he gathered his powder experts who came up with the proper mixture, and then, to align his cameras and lighting, Jennings found a 10x40 foot nylon sleeve as a standin for the cloud. When he was ready the nylon sleeve was rolled away and with his cameras grinding at four times normal speed, the explosion was ripped out of an air-tight metal drum.

Top: A closeup of a Martian war machine as it lowers its scanning electronic eye. Only one of the three machine models was outfitted to perform this operation. Left: Two machines reconnoiter at the site of Forrester's downed Piper Cub, one of four detailed miniature sets constructed on Stage 18 by Ivyl Burks' prop shop. Right: The first view of the sleek Martian craft, as they ascend from the cylinder pit and fan out to survey the gully.

The colored explosive powders reached a height of seventy-five feet, creating a perfect mushroom cloud which was later matted in with stock footage of the real thing.

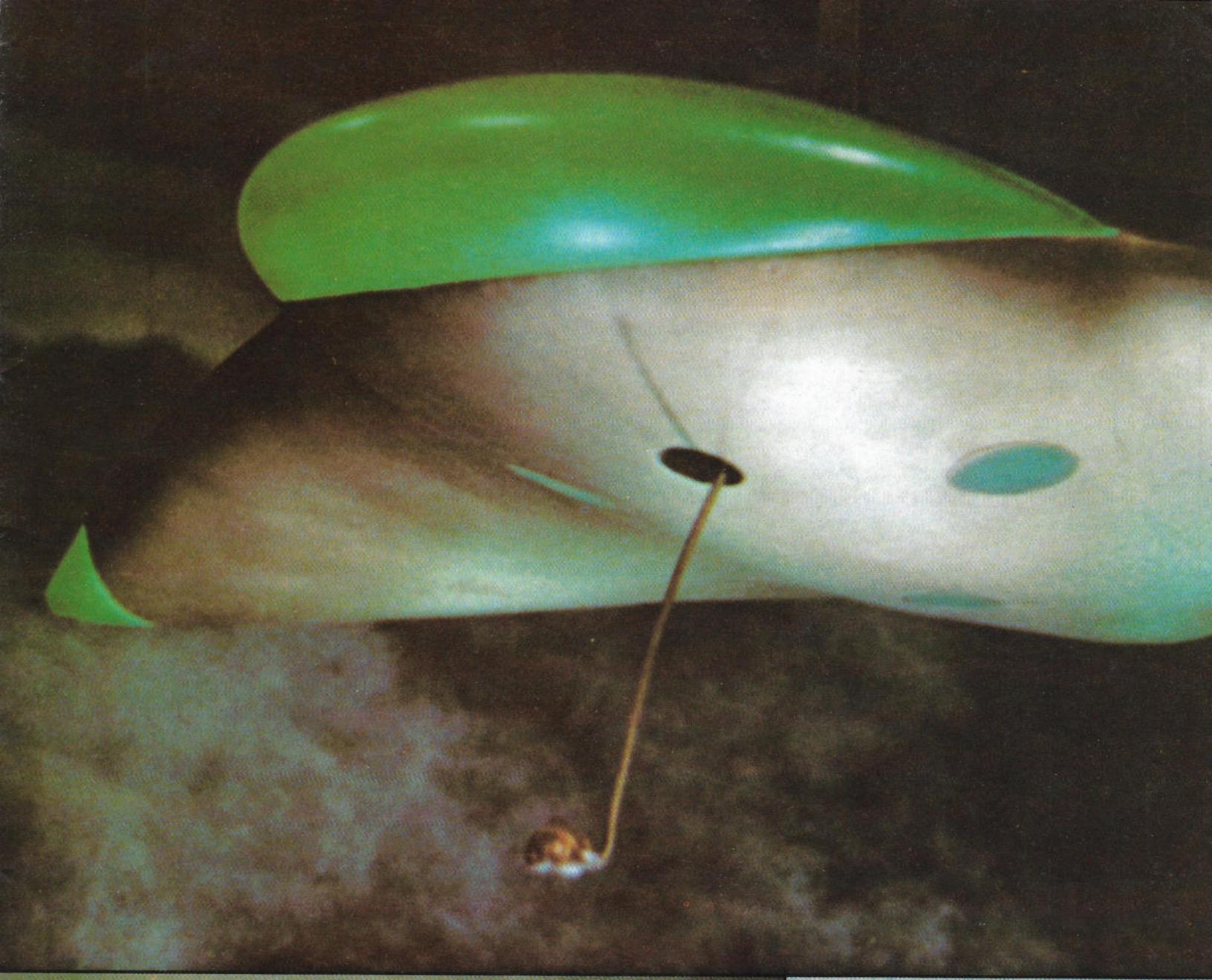
By the middle of August 1952 work was already beginning on the film's optical effects. Paul Lerpae, Aubrey Law and Jack Caldwell would be the principal matte photographers while Jan Domela, Irmin Roberts and Chesley Bonestell were the painters. It was the latter's paintings that opened the film, showing the individual surfaces of eight planets (including a long shot of the Earth) with added special effects that gave the space paintings a three-dimensional quality.

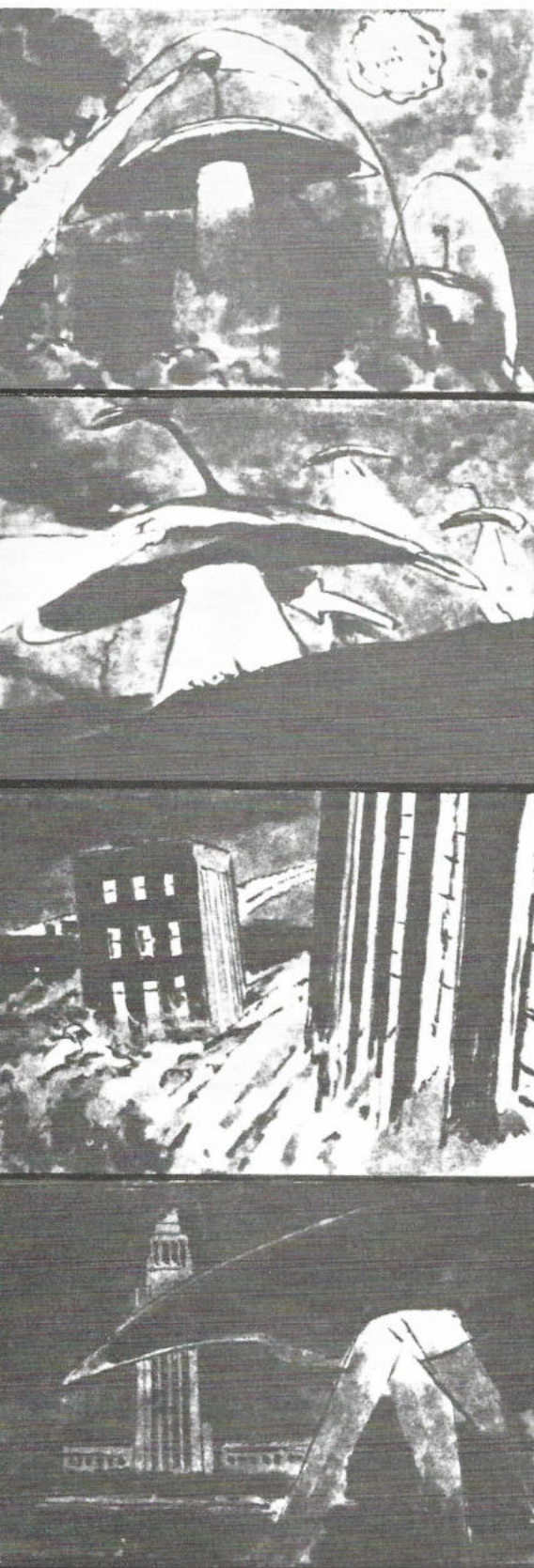
Chesley Bonestell was nine years old and living on Nob Hill in San Francisco when the H.G. Wells novel was first published. Three years later he began drawing pictorial scenes for a little magazine published by the Southern Pacific Sunset Railroad. He was paid in free passes and on one trip he and a friend traveled to Mt. Hamilton where Chesley visited the world famous Lick Observatory. Through the wonderful magic of a 12-inch refracting telescope, young Chesley was mesmerized by all the planets and their unusual characteristics--the redness of Mars, the rings of Saturn, the clouds of Venus, and the darkness of the outer planets, Uranus and Neptune. He had always been fascinated by the heavens, and each evening he would walk home from his grandfather's wholesale paper warehouse in San Francisco and watch the skies. But the picture painted for him by the Lick Observatory left a much deeper impression.

Bonestell lived through the terrible San Francisco earthquake of 1906, though his house was gutted by fire. While his parents rebuilt, Chesley contemplated a career in architecture. While studying in New York at Columbia University in 1907, he began to draw pictures of the planet Mars, influenced primarily by the teachings of Percival Lowell who believed there were water canals on Mars. However, Lowell's theories were dismissed by Columbia's professors, as were Bonestell's fanciful drawings.

Bonestell continued his education in London from 1922-26 and returned to the United States during the Great Depression. Like Albert Nozaki, he too entered the movie business by accident. William Van Allen, the architect who had just designed the Chrysler Building in New York, was impressed by Bonestell's architectural work and through his contacts with the General Electric Company found him a job in the RKO Art Department in 1938.

His first picture was William Dieterle's remake of THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME (one of his colleagues was Charlie Gemora). It was Bonestell who painted the matte depicting the entire front of the famous Notre Dame Cathedral to coincide with the lower half which was actually constructed on the RKO back lot. He later also designed the interior of the Hearst-inspired





Continuity sketches prepared by the Paramount Art Department under the direction of Al Nozaki. Two sequences illustrated are the Martians being attacked as they leave the pit in the gully, and the destruction of Los Angeles at the end of the film. 1) Scene 145b, Martians with explosions lessening, SPD. 2) Scene 145e, Martians start into action. 3) Scene 276c, Bldgs. collapse, SPD. 4) Scene 276d, City Hall background as Martian Mach. enters right, locat. + SPD.

Xanadu for Orson Welles' *CITIZEN KANE*. In 1939 he drew the coast of Chile for Howard Hawks' *ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS*. He also designed the family house for 20th Century-Fox's *THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS*, several mattes for *SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON*, and was credited for work on *HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY* in 1941. In 1949 he began work with George Pal on *DESTINATION MOON* and it was Bonestell who designed the rocket in *WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE*.

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS was one of Bonestell's last film projects. He completed eight different paintings depicting the surface of Pluto, Mars, Saturn, Neptune, Uranus, Jupiter, Mercury and the Earth, as seen from out in space. In several, including the Mars painting, the special effects department created a little live set into which were placed the appropriate rocks, sand and smoke to give the paintings a three-dimensional quality. As in most of the films he had worked on, the studio tampered with Bonestell's work.

"Mars," he laments, "was depicted by large lumps of coal, hunks of broken glass and red dyed sawdust. I told them Mars looked nothing like that but they paid no attention."

In the case of giant Jupiter, Bonestell painted on glass, creating a mural seven by four feet, showing Jupiter's rugged terrain leaving cut-out areas in order that the special effects department could insert life-like streams of molten lava coursing down the mountainsides, added via cartoon animation.

Considering his slim budget, George Pal decided early to utilize matte paintings, stock shots and trick photography to create the general effect of a planet-wide invasion. His optical team had the critical task of matching Jennings' special effects with live action photography supplied by Haskin, and Pal himself, who had been combing Hollywood for the proper stock material. The optical team was also in charge of Martian weaponry--they would create the rays and their effects on Marine tanks and artillery.

For these assignments, Paul Lerpae's optical effects team was well prepared. Lerpae himself was a veteran of nearly thirty years in the photography department. Hollywood had come a long way from the days of plain front and rear projection. Now technicians were using optical printers, mounted on lathes, that could position photographed images to a tolerance as small as 1/10,000th of an inch.

Recalled Lerpae, "We shot *THE WAR OF THE WORLDS* in three strip Technicolor, which was a method whereby you used three different strips of negative film, each representing the primary colors. It involved a very bulky camera which shot through a prism, separating the primary colors into three distinct images and projecting them onto a piece of film.

"This procedure, though expensive, permitted a tremendous color control. You could always go back to your negative and make color corrections, especially if something went wrong. That's why the later Technicolor was so beautiful, you had this control. You could shade the film over to whatever color you wanted, in the lab. And then as an offshoot to this we discovered the blue screen.

"Hollywood discovered that if a certain color blue was used in the backing, it would provide an automatic traveling matte. You could get the image of your live action on

Lee Vasque, one of the technicians working under Ivyl Burks' in the Paramount Prop Shop, installs the electrical wiring and mechanism which operates the Martian war machine's rotating cobra neck. While all machines were fitted with rotating cobra necks, only one machine was equipped to also raise and lower its neck as happens in the scene in which Pastor Collins is blasted by the Martians. Vasque now heads the Prop Shop at Paramount himself.

the film, but the blue screen would negate everything else. As a result you could use the blue screen method for all of the miniature work, which we did in *THE WAR OF THE WORLDS*.

"Each time you see the Martian machines with live action in the foreground you are seeing the blue screen process. We were very concise on *THE WAR OF THE WORLDS* because we had Nozaki's continuity sketches guiding us, telling us when and where a matte was called for."

Lerpae's crew eventually painted between three and four thousand single frames to create everything from the fiery flash of the Martian heat ray, to the disintegration of an Army tank, to the brief scene where Colonel Heffner (Vernon Rich) is blasted by the Martian ray. The latter effect took exactly 144 mattes of the Colonel's inked-in figure to accomplish the skeletal transformation which reduces the poor officer to flaming dust.

The rough cut of *THE WAR OF THE WORLDS* was completed a week before Thanksgiving 1952. Sound department chief Tommy Middleton, Gene Garvin, Howard Beal and others then sat down to discuss the sound effects with George Pal. The Paramount sound engineers were by now well aware of the effect achieved by electronic oscillation, the type of "music" that would soon be featured so well in MGM's *FORBIDDEN PLANET*.

The alien sounds produced by the Martian war machines, the sinister power surge and resulting enfilade, was an effect achieved entirely by electric guitars. Garvin, Beal, dubbing mixer Dan Johnson (creator of the Johnson pet door) and Walter Oberst would record the high pitched electronic screeching and edit it down, playing it backwards as well, adjusting the volume and tone until they found the proper effect. Meanwhile, in the oscillation room, a carefully created panel of sound apparatus was duplicating and perfecting alien sound-feedback. Using these sound circuits, the engineers perfected the spine tingling "Ping, ping, ping" of the heat ray generator as it prepares to fire, the steady "thump, thump" of the skeleton ray, the searching sound of the electronic eye, and the electronic whine of the crashing war machines.

To recreate the unearthly scream of the film's only Martian, the engineers simply recorded the voice of a Paramount actress and slowed it down to give it a more manly quality and then speeded it up, playing it backwards as well. Certain sound sequences were aided by a proven method, the scrapping of a contact microphone on dry ice. This effect was used primarily to complement the guitar-produced wailing of the heat ray.

When Pal had a rough cut ready for viewing, with the completely integrated soundtrack (including an evocative musical score by Leigh Stevens) he took it to a children's matinee for a preview at the Paradise Theater in Westchester, California.







Far Left: A martian war machine glides supremely down a ruined Los Angeles street, leveling whatever stands in its way. The wires suspending the five-foot copper model appear as light vertical streaks, and while often visible in still photographs they are generally undetectable in the film. The heat-ray emanating from the ship's cobra neck is added in post-production with cel animation. Near Left: The Los Angeles street miniature, built on a raised platform on Stage 18 at Paramount. From scaffolding surrounding the set, technicians manipulate the Martian machine with wires, ignite buildings on fire and create other effects as needed. The camera (not pictured) is at far right and below the set to position the lens for a street-level perspective. The miniature is filmed at four times normal speed, and requires highly intense lighting. Below Facing: Colonel Heffner (Vernon Rich) is caught in a Martian "skeleton ray," so named for the imaginative effect pictured. In a series of 140 cel drawings, the actor brightens up like an x-ray picture and then fades away into nothingness. Below Left: Charges are planted on the six-foot, hollow plaster miniature of Los Angeles City Hall by 81 year-old powder man Walter Hoffman. Below Right: The spectacular result, filmed at high speed and lighted to simulate the glowing presence of its Martian destroyer.





Top: Producer George Pal today, the dean of science fiction filmmakers, still active in the field at the age of 69, currently preparing the filming of *TIME MACHINE II*. Middle: Charles Gemora, the makeup artist and modeler who played the film's only Martian, working on an unidentified '30s film project. Gemora passed away in 1962. Bottom: Screenwriter Barre Lyndon, circa 1940. Lyndon's last film was *THE INTRUDER* (1965). He passed away in 1972.

The sounds created by the Paramount technicians were so terrifying that half the frightened parents fled the theater with their children.

It was film editor Everett Douglas who cut the footage down to an extremely tight eighty-five minutes. Haskin had maintained a driving pace throughout the live action shooting schedule and Douglas retained this quality in the finished film. Instead of shifting settings by the use of awkward pauses, Haskin had used Lyndon's dialogue to introduce new scenes.

At the gully, Pastor Collins (Lewis Martin) mentions "square dance" and we are in the middle of one. At the press conference in Los Angeles, a reporter mentions Clayton Forrester's disappearance and we are rocketed back to desolate Corona where Clayton and Sylvia are trapped in the farmhouse. At the gully, Heffner mentions reinforcements and they are already on the highway. Haskin, today, is still impressed by the film's pace and realism: "I still feel that if you took the Martians out we could have easily inserted the Red Chinese or the Russians, the battle sequences were that realistic."

Pal officially premiered *THE WAR OF THE WORLDS* in Hollywood on February 20, 1953, although it would not screen nationwide until the Fall of 1953. The film was released in a process known as Panoramic screen which cropped the normal 1.33:1 aspect ratio down to approximately 1.47:1, making for a wider screen image. The picture's soundtrack was also recorded on Western Electric's new Multi-track Magnetic Stereophonic Sound System, a marvel that few filmgoers would appreciate because only a handful of theatres nationwide were equipped to play magnetic stereo prints.

It should be pointed out that in modernizing the 1896 H.G. Wells novel, and submitting his project to the whims of the Paramount front office, namely Don Hartman, Pal was constantly handicapped in attempting to bring realism to the film's character portraits. And in a film which featured such impressive special effects, it was nearly impossible to maintain the level of heightened realism during the live action.

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS was both a commercial and critical success and it affected its participants in differing ways. For George Pal, it provided continued acclaim but no new-found freedom at Paramount. With only tentative creative control he remained at the studio until 1957, fighting interference and producing *HOUDINI*, *THE NAKED JUNGLE*, and *CONQUEST OF SPACE*. During this time he developed ideas for *TOM THUMB*, *THE TIME MACHINE*, *THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF THE BROTHERS GRIMM* and *ATLANTIS*, all of which Paramount declined to sponsor but which were later produced by Pal at MGM.

Inspired by the success of *STAR TREK*, in 1970 Pal prepared a television series proposal based on *THE WAR OF THE WORLDS*. Like *STAR TREK*, Pal's concept followed the adventures of a starship, the Pegasus, and its pursuit of the invaders, who this time hail from Alpha Centauri, not Mars. But the series had little to do with the original Paramount film, other than its proposed use of Al Nozaki's wonderfully menacing war machines, and it failed to sell.

For director Byron Haskin, the success of *THE WAR OF THE WORLDS* gave his directing career a needed shot in the arm. It was indeed a turning point and he soon turn-

ed full force into the science fiction genre, collaborating on three other films with Pal, including *CONQUEST OF SPACE* (1955) and *THE POWER* (1967). Haskin also directed *ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS* (1964) and "Demon With A Glass Hand" (1964) the most acclaimed episode of television's *THE OUTER LIMITS*, written by Harlan Ellison.

Despite renewed interest now shown in *THE WAR OF THE WORLDS*, to Al Nozaki, its art director, it was simply one of many films he did for Paramount. He would next spend two years on Cecil B. DeMille's *THE TEN COMMANDMENTS* for which he would be nominated for an Academy Award.

For Gordon Jennings success came posthumously in the form of his third Academy Award, for supervising the film's special effects. Jennings had died shortly after the film was completed in 1953, the victim of a heart attack.

For Gene Barry, *THE WAR OF THE WORLDS* did little to further his film career. Although he starred in several other films, including *THE 27TH DAY* in 1957, another science fiction entry, it was clear that by the end of the decade his destiny lay in another medium entirely, television, in which the popular *BAT MASTERSON* show would boost him to eventual stardom and other series like *BURKE'S LAW* and the critically acclaimed *THE NAME OF THE GAME*.

Barre Lyndon's work on *THE WAR OF THE WORLDS* is overshadowed by the film's spectacular special effects. However, the film's success is a tribute to his prowess in adapting a project that was once called archaic and out-of-date, which had remained on the dusty shelves at Paramount for nearly three decades. While he would later vary his writing from the spectacular study of Attila the Hun in *SIGN OF THE PAGAN* to the subtle intimacy of *THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME*, Lyndon could never quite shake a premier fascination with the thriller genre. *THE LODGER* type of character so popular in the 1940s would appear in three of Barre's last seven films, *THE MAN IN THE ATTIC* (1954), *THE MAN WHO COULD CHEAT DEATH* (1959) and Lyndon's last film, *DARK INTRUDER* (1965). He passed away in 1972.

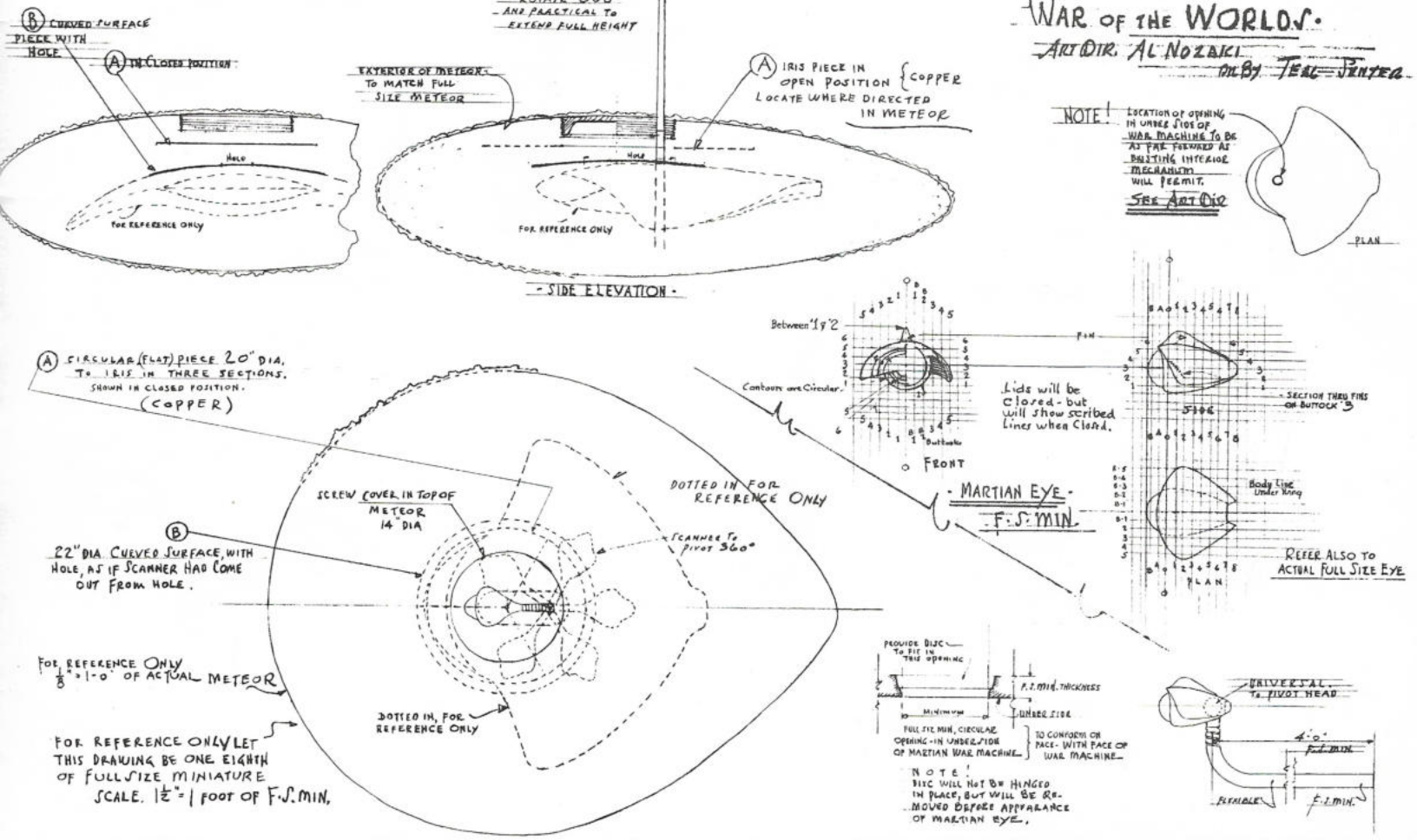
It has been a quarter of a century since *THE WAR OF THE WORLDS* went into production on that rainy morning in February 1952. And yet, like other classic fantasy films, *KING KONG*, *THE WIZARD OF OZ*, and *THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL*, *THE WAR OF THE WORLDS* continues to enthrall new audiences every year. Given man's everlasting fascination with the heavens, this imaginative science fiction film generates a sense of wonder at a time when our space missions are actually finding the solar system in which we live a very sterile frontier. Thank you, Mr. Pal, for that alternative.

OCFQ



MARTIAN WAR MACHINE

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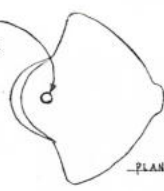
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WAR OF THE WORLDS

ART DIR. AL NOZAKI

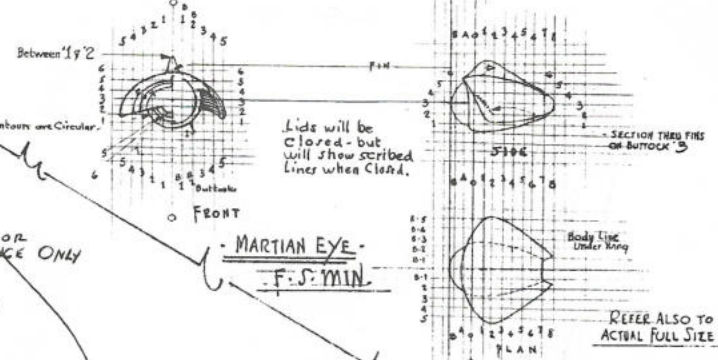
BY TERA JENSEN

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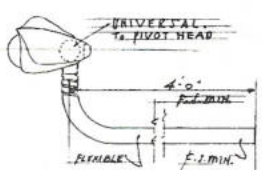
- SIDE ELEVATION -



MARTIAN EYE
F.S. MIN.

REFER ALSO TO ACTUAL FULL SIZE EYE

NOTE: PROVIDE DUCT TO FIT IN THIS OPENING. FULL 1/4 MIN. THICKNESS. FULL 1/4 MIN. CIRCULAR OPENING IN UNDER SIDE OF MARTIAN WAR MACHINE. TO CONFORM TO FACE WITH FACE OF WAR MACHINE. NOTE: PIECE WILL NOT BE HINGED IN PLACE, BUT WILL BE REMOVED BEFORE APPEARANCE OF MARTIAN EYE.



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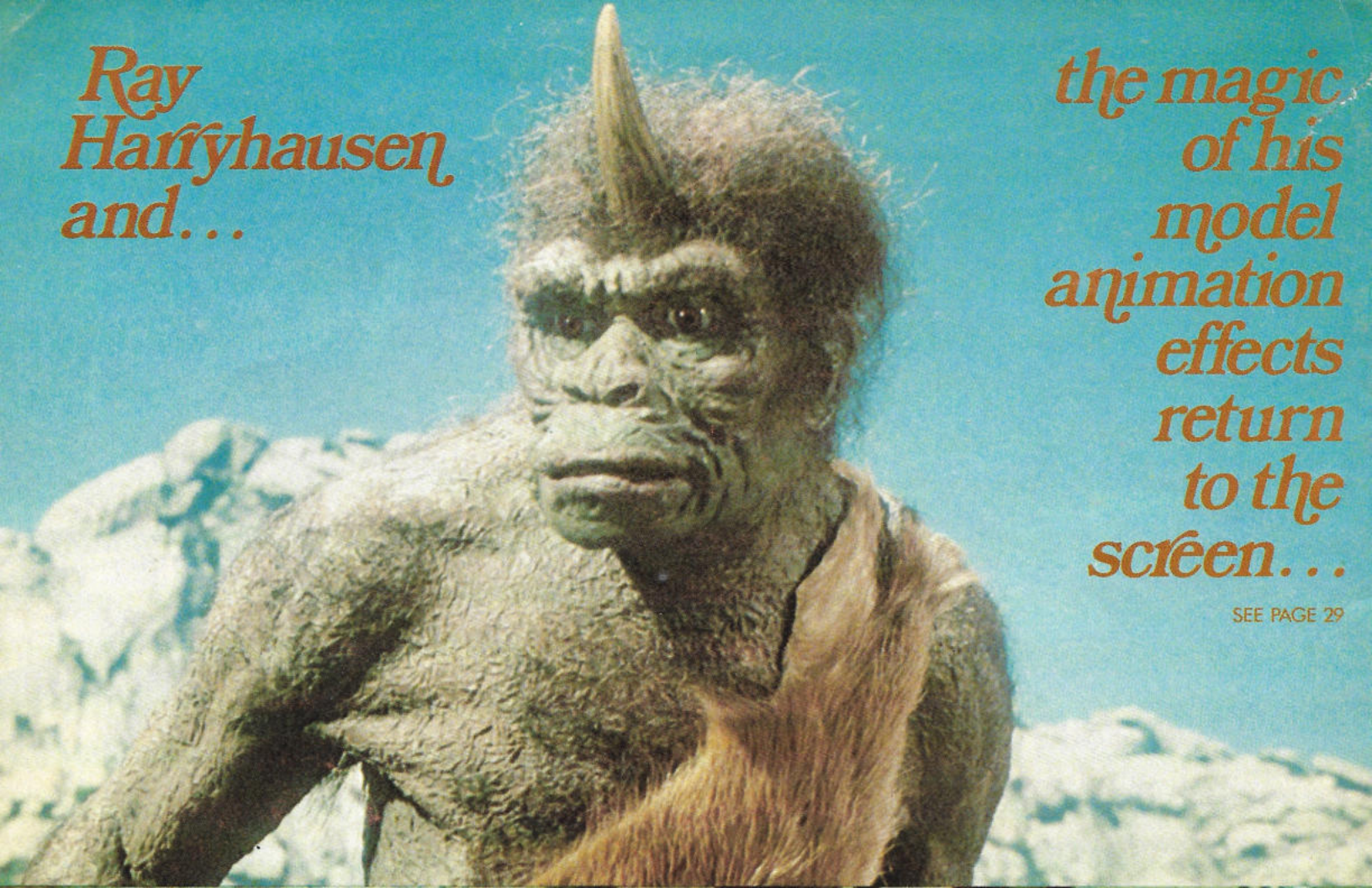
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1.0" F.S. MIN.

*Ray
Harryhausen
and...*

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of his
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return
to the
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SEE PAGE 29



Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger