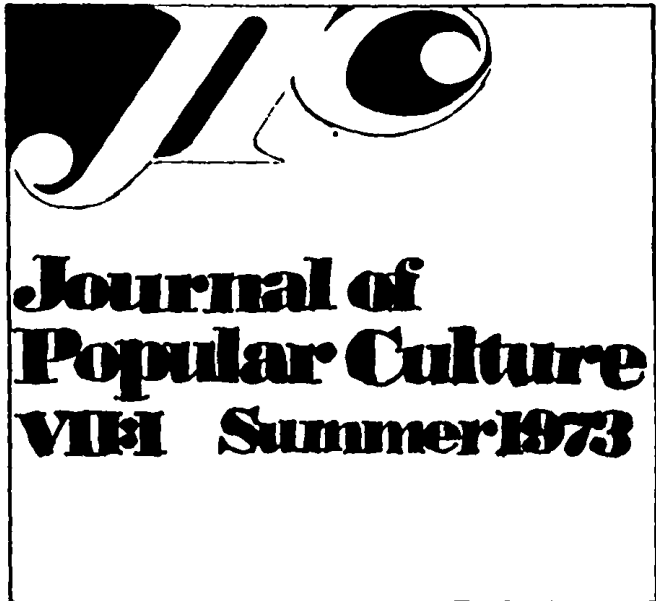


**IN-DEPTH**

**Ray Bradbury: On Hitchcock and Other Magic of the Screen**

By Arnold R. Kunert



**RAY BRADBURY:**

**ON HITCHCOCK AND OTHER MAGIC OF THE SCREEN**

**BY ARNOLD R. KUNERT**

**R**ay Bradbury's career is more diversified than any other writer's publishing today. He has written short stories and novels, for which he is best known, written and produced his own plays, both musical and non-musical, written poetry, and written for both motion pictures and television.

In spite of the fact that he had been writing steadily since he was twelve, and had loved the film medium since before that time, Bradbury did not break into scriptwriting until he was in his early thirties.

Since that time, he has worked with some of the finest directors in the world, including an extended period with Alfred Hitchcock, for whom he has a special love and respect.

The interview that follows was recorded recently at Mr. Bradbury's office in Los Angeles in 1972. In it, I hoped to trace his career in the film medium, as well as provide insights into his writing which had seldom, if ever, been explored before.

**K:** Ray, what I'd like to do is trace your writing career in film from its earliest point, 1953, with "The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms," and ask you to react to the treatments done with your works, what suggestions you would have made, given the power to do so, and so on.

**B:** Very good.

**K:** How did you happen to become involved with the film version of "The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms"?

**B:** The first recollection I have of that film is early 1952, when the producer of the film, Hal Chester, called me to Warner Brothers studio and said, "I have a screenplay here I want you to

read. Your friend, Ray Harryhausen (one of Hollywood's most respected visual effects technicians—see Appendix B) is going to be working on this film. We know that you've known each other for many years. Would you like to work with him?" I said, "God, of course! We've always wanted to do something together." Then he said, "Well, read the script, and, if you like it, maybe you can revise it or redo it or maybe even re-write the whole thing. Do you have time right now to go into the next room and give us an instant report?" I thought he was rushing things a little, but what the heck. I wanted to work with Ray, so I went into the next room and read the script, which was not very good. After I'd finished Chester asked me what I thought of it. I told him I thought it was alright, but that it was very much like an idea of mine, a short story that had been in *The Saturday Evening Post* about a year before. Well, his jaw dropped, his eyes bugged, his wig turned around three times, and then I realized that someone in the studio had "borrowed" my idea and written the script. Then they had called me in, forgetting where they had borrowed the idea, and asked me to re-write it. An incredible, ironic situation. I played it very cool and said nothing. I went away from there and the next day I received a telegram saying "We wish to buy the rights to 'The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms' for X number of dollars." So, that's how the film got under way, under these very strange circumstances. I really had nothing to do with the film. I didn't write the script. I think the studio was a little embarrassed by the whole situation. It was one of those fluke things. One hesitates to say the "borrowing" was deliberate. It's often on a subliminal level. You try to give people the benefit of the doubt and there are legitimate times when we write things that we don't realize are based on ideas we've seen in the past. I certainly have caught myself on one or two occasions, promptly dropped the story and tried to forget about it—not to repeat the mistake. Anyway, they went on and made the film.

K: Do you think you would feel differently about the whole situation had they come to you and asked you to write the script fresh?

B: I honestly don't know. You try to remember what you were doing at certain ages and how you reacted to people. People are always asking me why I make the kinds of decisions I make about films. A lot of it is loneliness, neglect, and a love for the medium. Sometimes you make decisions for strange reasons. You have to be honest about it and not make up reasons and kid people into thinking that you think certain directors were best for your films. I'll discuss it at greater length when we get to "The Illustrated Man." In the case of "The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms," that was merely an accident. I wanted to be affiliated with Ray Harryhausen. My God, we've known each other since we were both teenagers. He was the best man at my wedding. We're still extremely close friends. So the decision to sell "The Beast" was a combination of accident plus a love for Ray Harryhausen and his work. They didn't use my story very much in the finished film, and that's their fault, isn't it? I wasn't there to supervise. They didn't ask me.

K: Why hadn't you become involved in films before this time?

**B:** Well, I suppose I was afraid. I was afraid of getting involved with the studios. Afraid of giving up my loneliness. I'm a loner by instinct, and I think it's been the correct thing to do. Every time I get out in huge crowds of so-called "creative" people I am really not happy. I have no respect for other people's opinions. I wish I could say otherwise, but that's the way I am. I detest fake humble people or even half-humble people. I don't believe their humbleness. I think that we're all in the arts and crafts and that you simply cannot be humble. You must believe in creativity in order to survive and the more you do of it the more certain you are of what you can do, and the less you want to listen to other people. So, I held away from the studios for many years, even though I love motion pictures, knowing that some day I would go into filmmaking, and wanting to with all my heart, part of me wanting to because I loved films. I have seen just about every film ever made and many of them dozens of times. So, when friends used to write me in my late twenties and early thirties and ask, "Hey Ray, when are you going to write your first screenplay?", I always wrote back, half-seriously, half-humorously, "when John Huston offers me a job." Huston was my big hero. There were very few American directors of that period (late 1940's and early 1950's) I wanted to work for. Later on, there were many foreign directors that I fell in love with. David Lean was just beginning to come on the scene in London at that time.

**K:** When did you first see John Huston?

**B:** In 1949, Norman Corwin, a very dear friend for many years, invited me over to hear one of his United Nations broadcasts. Seated right behind me was John Huston and his wife. I looked up and saw him and my heart sank, and I thought, "Oh, my God, here's my hero. I want to grab his hand. I want to run up to him and say 'I love you! I love your films'. And oh, my God, employ me!" But, I held off.

**K:** Why?

**B:** I knew that I wasn't ready. This is a hard thing to get over to younger people. You've got to prove yourself, and they're always saying, "Yeah, but how do you prove yourself if someone doesn't give you a chance?" Well, you make your own chances in other fields. You print something in a book, you put it in magazines, you write poetry, you paint. You've got to have proof of your ability to show someone. I simply did not feel that I had enough to show Huston, enough to prove my ability. What's the use in going up to a man and saying, "I love you," if you can't also prove you love your craft well enough. So, I sat in my seat that night at the theatre. I didn't allow myself to be introduced to Huston. I didn't want to gush, because I knew I would, and as I sat there I thought, "No, I'll write two more books, and when they are published, then I'll call my agent and tell him I'm ready to meet John Huston." All of this happened in the spring of 1949, because I hadn't gone to New York yet to sell *Martian Chronicles*. Norman Corwin persuaded me to go to New York, where I sold two collections, the *Chronicles* and *The Illustrated Man*. They were published in the next two years, and then, on the day of publication of *The Illustrated Man*, when I had three books,

---

*Dark Carnival*, *The Martian Chronicles*, and *The Illustrated Man*, I was ready. Forgive my braggadocio, but goddam it, it all makes sense. I knew exactly when I was ready. We all know this. You know when you go off half-cocked, when you're an ass, and when you do something you shouldn't do, that you haven't prepared yourself for. I *knew* I was prepared. I was turning 31, and I said to my agent, "Now call John Huston, find out where he is, I want to meet him." He put in a call, and we made one date and I went over to a small studio in Hollywood, but Huston wasn't there. He'd been called away. Something had come up on the film he was making—final cuts or something of the sort, and he left his apologies. Well, my heart sank, and I thought, "My God, I'm going to miss him." I'd heard he was leaving town soon. Well, the next day he called back and we met on February 14th, Valentine's Day. We had dinner and I said my little speech. I put my three books on the table and said, "Here they are, all signed to you. I think you're wonderful and I want to work for you someday if you like my books. If you find in them what I find in 'The Maltese Falcon,' 'Treasure of the Sierra Madre,' and so on." It was a very brief meeting. We had dinner, a few drinks, and the next night, the 15th, a preview of "Red Badge of Courage" was being held and John invited me over to see it. There was a very mixed reaction from the audience. Some people got up and walked out, but I found it to be a remarkable film, and I think that every time I've seen it since, even in the cut version, I like it very much. Well, after that I didn't see John for two years. He wrote back two months later from Africa, where he was shooting "The African Queen," and said, "Yes, I like your books. Someday we're going to work together." We wrote back and forth about twice a year for two years and then on August 15th, 1953, upon returning from a book-hunting expedition in Long Beach with Ray Harryhausen, I discovered a message from John asking me to call him. I called his hotel and he asked me to come over for a drink. He put a drink in my hand and asked me what I was up to. I said nothing. I had just finished *Fahrenheit 451*. He said, "Do you have any free time?" I replied that I did. Then he said, "Well, how would you like to go to Ireland with me and write the screenplay for *Moby Dick*?" I said, "My God, I don't know! I don't know!" He said, "What do you mean you don't know?" I said, "Well, I've never been able to read the book. I've had it around the house for years and just eight weeks ago, I picked it up, not knowing that you'd be asking me to read it. I'll go home tonight and read it, then tell you tomorrow at lunch what I decide. I don't want you to hire me and have me do a bad job." So I went to the copy of *Moby Dick* I had at home, a big, heavy, limited edition which is very hard to read. I couldn't manage with it, so I went to a local book store, bought a smaller edition, and took it home, walked in and said to my wife, "Hey, see this book! Well, depending upon what I find in it tonight, we either do or do not go to Ireland in two weeks." A dreadful thing to say, but I felt so responsible and so pulled. In a moment like that the tendency might be to lie. You don't know what's going on in your heart, because you want to work for the man you admire, and working on something of Herman Melville's, the great American novelist, makes it even more difficult. So, I sat down and tested myself the best way

---

any writer can test himself, not by opening to the first page, but by diving into the middle. I just opened the book at random and dived in. And, of course, *Moby Dick* makes for grand diving. It's an ocean of fantastic bits and pieces. It's a Shakespearean pageant with flags and pennants and fleets of ships and whales. One moment you're examining the various colors of nightmare, panics, terrors, and the next you're studying whiteness. The whiteness of the Arctic and the Antarctic, the things born beneath the sea that surface without eyes, and on and on. I finally got back to the scene where Ahab is at the rail, saying, "It's a mild-looking day and a mild-looking sky and the wind smells as if it blew from the shadow of the Andes where the mowers have lain down with their scythes," and I turned back to the beginning and read, "Call me Ishmael," and I was hooked! I didn't know why I was hooked. But, there was something vaguely familiar about the whole book. Later, I realized that I was reading Shakespeare all over again, and then, much later that I discovered, in fact, only in recent years, after I had finished the screenplay, that Melville had completely re-written *Moby Dick*, and then had thrown out the original version that he had finished sometime in the 1850's when Shakespeare had fallen into his life. A neighbor had given him an edition of Shakespeare with large type, which was very rare in those days. Most of the books then had very small type which he could not read. So he had never read Shakespeare before. All of a sudden, here is this grand poet and rhetorician impinging upon his life. So he re-wrote *Moby Dick* entirely. Shakespeare has been one of my loves since I was 14 years old. Suddenly, as I read *Moby Dick*, I found myself in familiar territory. I didn't know why I was in familiar territory. I sensed that I was reading a poet, but I didn't sense that it was the bastard son of Shakespeare, and since I had always considered myself, rightly or wrongly, to be the bastard son of Shakespeare, I think you can understand why, at two in the morning, I found myself totally absorbed in the novel. I went to John Huston the next day and said, "Yes, I think I'm old enough. I'll be turning 33 next week. I want to write the screenplay." And so John and I went to Ireland where I was to do my first screenplay. It seems to me that I'm jumping all over, but I had to explain how I got into films through Huston who, at that time, was my idol.

K: Ray, let's backtrack for a few moments. The pressbook for "It Came From Outer Space," released in 1953, states that the screenplay was based on a "treatment" by you. How extensive was that treatment?

B: Well, it was huge. I did a screenplay, really. I was so naive. They paid me \$2500 and I did the whole screenplay. I earned around \$300 dollars a week for the script.

K: Did the studio feel that the script was not commercial enough?

B: No. They liked it. But they didn't want to trust me with doing the screenplay because of my lack of experience, even though I had already done it in treatment form. It's written like a short novel. 120 pages. I think I could have done the script, but they had a screenwriter at the studio who was a professional and they wanted him to do it. Apparently, it was very easy for him.

---

K: How extensively did the screenwriter borrow from your treatment?

B: Very heavily. I haven't gone through to see how many scenes, pages, or paragraphs. I may have done so 18 years ago, but I've forgotten and I don't want to be unfair to the screenwriter. I do remember, however, that it very heavily leans on what I provided in my naiveté. That's O.K. Fine. It's a way of learning. It's a way of growing. "It Came From Outer Space" was, I suppose, my first *real* screenplay, even though I didn't know what I was doing.

K: Was the treatment for that film based upon any of your published or unpublished stories?

B: No. It was essentially original, even though the theme was by no means fresh. It had been done as far back as the days of Jules Verne. Probably even before that. It's a variation on ancient themes.

K: Do you feel any bitterness at not being chosen to write the screenplay from your own treatment?

B: I was a beginning writer. Especially in films. I couldn't demand to do the screenplay. Now that I'm older, I can ask for that sort of thing and quite often get it. The final version of "It Came From Outer Space" is a good film. Some parts of it are quite nice. It was one of the first films to use helicopter shots at all well. I had more of that in *my* version. I had more to do with the telephone line operators and the wires. What little was there in the film was quite evocative, though, and a bit chilling.

K: Many of the scenes appear to have a Hitchcock feeling to them.

B: That's right. Yet, there were some things in my treatment which were overdone in the film and which I simply don't believe. They're just bad. Also, I hope I didn't have in my treatment the scene where the little boy comes to the door in a Halloween outfit and the girl screams so unbelievably. No one would scream that way at a kid at the door with a ray-gun outfit. So, that's bad direction. Jack Arnold is responsible for that. He should be paddled. I'm sure he's embarrassed whenever he recalls that scene. There are also all sorts of fake dangers in the film. I told the studio in my treatment that the *suggestion* of terror would be better than *showing* the monsters. But, they insisted on showing the monster and, sure enough, there it is. If trimming in the film were possible, having the monster on screen for just half a second would probably help immensely, because you couldn't really see what it is, but, with the film now the camera is held on it for three, four, five seconds and that's plenty of time to see all the makeup dripping off. So, well what the heck, it's a good film. I having nothing to be very proud of—or ashamed of.

K: From there you went into "Moby Dick"?

B: Yes. Now *there* is a film of which I am *immensely* proud. I am sure it has many flaws that I can't see. I'm too close to it. Its basic flaw, I suppose, is in the casting of Greg Peck as Ahab. But that's interesting, too, because when I got to Ireland, and I sat down with Huston the first few weeks and he told me somewhere along the line that they had hired Greg Peck some little doubt must

---

have shattered my face. I have always admired Mr. Peck. In certain kinds of films I thought he was terrific. But I couldn't imagine him as Ahab, and I suppose I mentioned that to John. I told him that I had wanted Lawrence Olivier as Ahab. John told me that the studio told him, rightfully, that if you hired Olivier you'd lose all your money. And, of course, you would. You see, Arnold, you and I can sit here and pontificate all day about Lawrence Olivier and how much we love him. He's the greatest actor around and has been for the past 25 years. But that doesn't solve the problem of casting a film, because you could put Olivier in a film, put out four million dollars, and lose every penny. No one ever goes to see Olivier in films. I don't think he has ever had such a financial success over the years which would make a producer feel confident enough to cast him in an expensive film. Films like "Henry V" and "Richard III" made their money back over long periods of time and in special situations, like putting them in schools, herding classes to them, forcing them. Every English teacher and drama teacher in America whipped their kids into going to see these films. After they got there they enjoyed them and discovered Olivier and said, "My God, what a man. What an actor!" But, put Olivier in an ad and release it in the theatres? Forget it! When both of the films I just mentioned had their early runs in Los Angeles, the theatres were filled with classes from the nearby schools. The ordinary public wouldn't go. I want to make this point clear. People need to understand what the economics of filmmaking really are. We shouldn't kid ourselves that the average film producer is in it for aesthetic reasons. That's not why he's in there. He shouldn't be. He has too much money invested. If you're financing your own film, Arnold, then it probably doesn't make much difference, but when someone else is financing you it does indeed make a difference. Today, there is more than ever a feeling that if you don't like what someone does, find someone else to do it. Nobody is making you do anything. Anytime you don't like the world you can leave it or get another job or you can travel. This is a free society and most societies are fairly free. There are certain restrictions in every society.

K: Did Huston approach the Warner Brothers people about doing a film version of *Moby Dick* or was it the other way around?

B: I think John initiated the decision to do the film. He had worked on a screenplay with Anthony Veiller, who has been around Hollywood for some time. After we got to Ireland I told John I didn't want to see the script because I didn't want anybody saying that I had lifted anything from somebody else's script. Anyway, you're going to be following Melville, so there will be some duplication automatically. I was very careful never to let that other script near me until after I had come home from overseas and had finished my job. Then I was curious to see what Veiller had done, and as it turned out he had only done the first sixty pages or so and they weren't happy with that. I was happy to see that I had done an excellent job by comparison.

K: Did you receive any of the traditional studio interference while you were preparing the script?



---

**B:** The great thing about this is that the studio stayed absolutely away. It was the Mirisch brothers who financed the film with Warner Brothers. I only met them once while I was writing the screenplay in Dublin and then again in London when I was finishing. There was no interference of any sort. Huston simply said, "Now, look, I've hired Bradbury. I trust him." When I asked him, upon arriving in Ireland, whether he wanted the Freudian version or the Jungian version of Melville's white whale or the Melville Society's version, he simply said, "Ray, I want the Bradbury version. That's why I hired you. You're going to do the script anyway you want it. And get it done." That was great! There is a wonderfully amusing little sidelight to tie in with this, however. I had been working, oh God, I guess three months. I had about 90 or 100 pages done when a cablegram came from Warner Brothers. Huston's secretary brought it in. John read it, sat down, and put his head in his hands. I read it. It said: "Insist that strong woman's part be written into 'Moby Dick' script or refuse to proceed. Signed, Jack L. Warner." Well, I threw the cablegram on the floor and jumped on it with both feet and I swore—I rarely used such words. I must have burned the secretary's ears off. And in the middle of swearing and cursing at the Warner Brothers people and Jack Warner, I looked up and saw Huston rolling on the floor, laughing, and I realized the sonofabitch had sent the cablegram himself as a joke. So, then I called him some names! And then we all broke apart and laughed. It was a wonderful day!

**K:** Huston had probably had something that ridiculous actually happen on more than one of his films.

**B:** Oh, sure. And that's why he knew I'd believe it and be sucked right in. That was the first of a series of practical jokes John would pull on me. They got a little worse later. Let's get back to the casting for a moment. I said I'd wanted Olivier and John said there was no way to make back the investment, but then he said, "Now, look, I really think I can get a performance out of Peck. Did you see 'Red Badge of Courage'?" I said I had. "What did you think of Audie Murphy?" I said it was a new Audie Murphy. He said, "Now, what about 'The African Queen'?" I said I thought it was a new Bogart. In fact, many of the Bogart fans don't like that film because it's not Bogart to them. But I think it's just delicious. It's so good! I've seen it at least six times. So, on the strength of what John had said to me I said O.K. He said, "Ray, if I have to put strings on Greg, I'll get the performance I want." I really believed John could do it. Anyway, when you're with a director you love and admire you fall under his spell. Anything he says is right. It's like being with God. And this is true for every director I've ever been with. That can be good and bad. It must be a terrible burden on them. They must be perfect human beings. They can't truly be themselves. Human beings. They are on a pedestal and cannot let down their guards. Anyway, here I was with John. He cast Peck and now when I look at the film that seems to be the film's major failing.

**K:** When did you first see the completed film?

**B:** I first saw it at the studio about two years after I finished the script. I

---

finished in April of 1954 and came back to the United States almost immediately afterward.

**K:** Why didn't you stay on to see how the film was done?

**B:** Primarily because by the time I had finished the script I was exhausted. I had been working 12 hours a day, seven days a week, for six or seven months and I was going mad to see my family. My family was down in Sicily. The weather had been so bad up in Dublin. The snow, the cold, and the fog and the poverty. Ireland really is a dreadful place. It's just beautiful and the people are wonderful, but the weather is horrible. And the rain comes down day after day for 30 or 40 days, no sun for weeks. You get suicidal. That time in my life I can point to and say I honestly had suicidal feelings which I can look back upon now and realize were a combination of many different things: the weather, being away from home for the first time in my life, all the people I knew and loved. We knew no one in Ireland. Working on Herman Melville was a huge burden. I didn't know it was going to be such a burden. I didn't know that all these things were the result of carrying the weight of the albatross and *THE WHALE* on my shoulders, plus John Huston. Here I was, working for my hero and, God, how I wanted to do well. I wanted to show off and write brilliantly all the time. But you can't do that. That's not the way writing happens. You hope it happens every day, but it's a matter of luck. You just go to the typewriter and get to work—hoping for the best. About 60 days into writing the script, right around Thanksgiving of 1953, I had finished about 55 pages and John had seen none of it yet. He had been so wonderfully patient. We had had lot of dinners together, gone on a few fox hunts, and met a few of John's friends, but I had had these terrible despressions day after day and never had anything like it before. A few when I was younger, but I had always known, or had enough sense, when I was in my teens and twenties, to shift gears and go do something else and the despressions went right away. It's a great secret to know that many people are unaware of. Just go jump in a pool, swim, hike, ride, do something different. Write poetry instead of short stories, write a novel instead of a play. Do something different. Change your mood. Don't put up with it. It's nonsense. But, in Ireland I couldn't change my mood. I was stuck with Melville. I was stuck with *The Whale*. I was stuck with Huston. I was stuck with Ireland. So, I went to John and turned in the first 55 pages and said, "Now look, I have a 26-week contract, but I don't want to honor that contract if I'm not doing good work. I could stay on and take your money and do a bad job, but I don't work that way. I couldn't live with myself. Read the script, and if you don't like what you read, fire me. I don't want to go on with this if I'm not doing well." John went into the big room of his big house in Kilcock to read the script and I went upstairs to wait for two hours. Then one of the most beautiful things I've ever heard in my life came about when John came to the foot of the stairs and called up, "Ray, come down and finish the script." Isn't that a great way of waying "you're hired permanently?" I was practically in tears. I came down and I was so relieved that the despressions went away. And I realized then that I'd been living under the shadow of Huston and Melville and all of these things had got through to me. This huge weight came

---

off my soul and I was able to work even better from then on.

K: Did Huston collaborate with you on any part of the script?

B: No, there was never any collaboration, in spite of the fact that his name appears on the credits.

K: How did he manage to get his name on the credits?

B: That's a long story. John wrote a few scenes to show me ways of going. Certain kinds of things. But he's not a screenwriter. He's always been a collaborator in the past, supposedly, but I don't know, since I wasn't there, how or what the collaboration consisted of. But on this film there was a very clear definition of our respective roles. He was producer and director and I was the screenwriter. I worked six or seven months on the screenplay. I did 18 or 20 outlines and thousands of pages of materials, as I recall, to wind up with a script which was 150 pages long. And all of this was typed up by Huston's secretary and by Huston's office staff, with Huston's mimeograph material. All the copies of the script you will find anywhere in the world say "Screenplay by Ray Bradbury." There's no mention of anyone else there. Why would Huston's secretary type my name on there if I hadn't done the script alone. If it were my secretary it would have been suspicious. So I finished up and the last day before I left London I went to John and said, "Hey, this has been a great experience in my life. I know it's going to change my life forever and I'm deeply grateful. To show my gratitude for your help along the way, I would like you to share the screen credit." He said, "Oh, Ray, cut it out. No, you did the screenplay. You deserve the credit alone." But, I offered out of my love and overwhelming gratitude, even though he did nothing on the screenplay. I wanted to share screen credit, but he refused. So that's nice and clean cut, O.K.? A year later, I received a special delivery letter from Warner Brothers: "If you do not contest this in 24 hours, the screenplay credit will read as follows 'Screenplay by John Huston and Ray Bradbury.'" Well, I fell right over, and I got mad and thought, "My God, why would he pull this sort of thing?"

K: Did Huston put in for the equal billing?

B: Yes. And the studio went along with it because they believed John. I went over to the Screen Writers' Guild immediately. I said he didn't write the screenplay and couldn't ask for it. I was furious. I was murderous at that point. If he had accepted the day I had offered it to him I would not have objected. But this way was different. It was going the other way and it was thievery. So, I filed through the Screen Writers' Guild. We had readings of the scripts by three people who then judged and I won. I got sole credit on all the early ads for "Moby Dick." Then John came back from Europe, went to the Screen Writers' Guild, and said he wanted the case reopened because he wasn't there when the decision had been reached and he had new evidence. And they reopened the case. Now that's not allowed! It's against the rules of the Screen Writers' Guild. Once the case is settled, and one of the parties isn't there, that's his hard cheese. But they did reopen, and John submitted as his evidence of what he had done a copy of my screenplay with my name on it, in which he

had gone through with a red pencil and indicated sections that he had *supposedly* written. What kind of evidence is that? Against my 2000 pages of corrected script that I have put away. I have them all in my basement at home. Plus all my notes and outlines. But I lost. I saw the letters from the second group of judges, which said: "If judged on the material alone we would have to give the credit to Bradbury. But the fact that Huston is such a famous director makes us lean over backward."

K: You eventually got top billing even though it was a split credit.

B: That's right.

K: Was this typical of Huston's behavior?

B: He has done this on more than one occasion and I don't know what all the motives are. I don't know the circumstances. One cannot judge all the other things. But, in case after case, he has shared screen credit, which makes me wonder how much he has contributed. I really don't know. The best way to find out if there was a real 50-50 thing there is to contact all the other screenwriters. The credit on "The Maltese Falcon" is very mysterious. I've heard all kinds of things about it, but I hesitate to gossip. It's ridiculous. I *know* about *this* case. I was there.

K: Were you able to write anything immediately following your completion of the "Moby Dick" script?

B: No. When you get to the end of a project as big as that you're exhausted. I just wanted to go somewhere and lie down. It was the first time I had ever had a day off from writing in 21 years. I had been writing since I was twelve and for the first time I really felt the need of a vacation. So, I took two or three weeks off. My family and I toured through Sicily, and up through France. By the time I got back to New York I was well again. I was recovered from Melville.

K: It took you several years to put your Irish experiences on paper with "The Anthem Sprinters" and other stories. Was this because of your over-involvement with Ireland during the "Moby Dick" period?

B: Yes. All of that came out much later than it ordinarily would have. The experience with "Moby Dick" is a very mixed one. It did indeed change my life. I'm still immensely grateful. I think it was brave and wonderful of John to hire me. He liked to tell people he had hired me for the shock value. That was part of it. People would say, "The Science Fiction writer is going to write 'Moby Dick'?" and John would laugh and they would think it was a joke. Then they found out I really was working on the script. I'm sure that must have been about one per cent of the reason for John's hiring me. The extra joke element. As I've said, John enjoyed joking around. But I am quite sure that the greatest part of his decision to hire me was based on his reading of some of my work and seeing that I did have something poetic to say. At least, people tell me I'm poetic. Over the years such people as Aldous Huxley have come to me and said, "You're a poet. It's right there in the *Martian Chronicles* stories. Let me read this to you."

---

I was quite surprised by that. My life has been a surprise to me. And I guess that's a great way to live. To surprise yourself and have others surprise you.

K: Do you feel any resentment toward those who regard science fiction literature as *less* than poetic?

B: No. But many fine writers have been sorely neglected over the years because they have *chosen* to write science fiction or imaginative literature.

K: Do you see a change in that attitude today?

B: Well, we are still fighting the fight. It's amazing how many people still come up to me and say, "Hey, I've put off reading you because I thought that you were a science fiction writer and science fiction wasn't good." I've actually heard this from librarians *and* English teachers.

K: How many years passed after you finished "Moby Dick" before you did another script or treatment for television or motion pictures?

B: My first work in script writing after "Moby Dick" was in television. I didn't get into television until after about ten years from its beginnings in the late 1940's. I recall first doing a story for The Jane Wyman Theatre, a fantasy about a carnival man and his wife, called "The Bullet Trick." The wife was having an affair and they have to go through a bullet trick routine in which the husband forces the lover through some means to fire a bullet at the end of the story, which the wife is supposed to catch in her teeth. We have a feeling at the fade out that maybe the husband substituted a real bullet for the blank so that when the lover fires the wife will be killed. Joseph Wiseman played the husband, who was quite good. It was fair. That was my first television show. I was afraid of television, and for good reason. Quality has rarely been there. At least when you make films, even if they're magnificent failures, there's a helluva lot more quality. "The Illustrated Man," for example, is not a good film, but it has a lot of good stuff in it. It's beautifully photographed, the set design is quite interesting, and so on. Everything is there except the film. It's beautiful to look at, and the music by Jerry Goldsmith is gorgeous. The performances are mixed, but occasionally just right. It should have worked, but it didn't have either a screenplay or a director who knew how to direct. With T.V., my God, your chances are even smaller. When the Hitchcock television people came along, however, I began to work once or twice a year on television. We had a beautiful relationship. In fact, I still do, with Joan Harrison, Norman Lloyd, and Mr. Hitchcock himself. I didn't get to know Mr. Hitchcock too well until quite recently, actually. In fact, I've spent more time with him recently because I was helping Arthur Knight interview Mr. Hitchcock at the studio. That was glorious. He is a super-enthusiast.

K: How many shows did you do for Hitchcock over the years?

B: I would say at least 12.

K: That many?

B: Yes. Around 8 or 9 half-hour stories and three hour shows. One of the

---

three hour shows was for Alcoa Premiere on a segment produced by the Hitchcock people.

K: That would have been "The Jail," in 1961.

B: That's right. And that show has never been repeated since it was first shown. There were one or two letters from religious groups around the country because I transferred souls. Isn't that ridiculous? And the most ridiculous thing is not that the letters were written—I respect anyone's writing a letter, what the hell—but that anyone at the network would listen to them seems absurd. I don't think you'd have that sort of thing today, but 11 years ago, when the show first came on, there was static and they cancelled any further showings of it.

K: How did you happen to hit upon the idea of "The Jail?"

B: It goes back about 20 years. A friend of mine brought a tape recorder to a writer's meeting. I asked him if I could play around with it. I hadn't seen many at the time. I wanted to see if I could dictate a story and I had this idea about a society jailing people in other people's bodies, which I thought was fascinating. I guess the idea originally came from going to a hospital. When you go to a hospital you're so glad to be out. The people there are trapped. Their bodies are where they don't want them to be. They are incarcerated in an environment where they don't want to be. From the hospital I got the idea of the personal jail and then I got the idea of the society that says, "O.K., we've got news for you. We're going to take your nice, fresh body and give it to someone else more deserving and then we're going to trade souls and you're going to wind up with that fellow's soul. This way we don't need executions." And it had a kind of a wonderful justice about it. What worse punishment could there be than being jailed in someone else's sick body and they, in turn, if they're worthy, having a different body. No execution. No electric chairs. No switches pulled. I think it's a fascinating idea. I did a tape of this idea which I still have somewhere, and then I had it put on a record later, and didn't think about it for eight years. The Hitchcock people called me and told me they were going to do a show for the Alcoa Premiere series. I went to lunch with them and, as usual, I described two or three ideas, and asked them to pick the one they liked. They liked "The Jail," I wrote the script, and it went on just as we had discussed it. This was the best part about working with the Hitchcock people. They respected my opinions and I respected theirs. No one slighted anyone. You must have this when you are writing.

K: How many of the 12 or so Hitchcock scripts were written by you and how many were adapted by other writers from your work?

B: I did most of the half-hour scripts myself.

K: What were some of those shows?

B: Oh, we did "And So Died Riabouchinska," the story of a man and his puppet. The man murders and the puppet, inside his mind, makes him give himself up. At the end, the puppet turns against him and won't speak. The lead was played by Claude Rains. It was not a *great* half hour, but it was such a pleasure to see Claude

---

Rains in something I had done. And then we did "Marionettes Inc." and Norman Lloyd acted in that and played the two parts of the robot and the husband. I think Robert Stevens directed that. Then we did the story, "Looking for Death," about two old insurance salesmen who theorize that when the temperature hits Fahrenheit 92 more murders are supposed to occur than at any other time. There was a Mrs. Shrike who lived upstairs, who screams at everyone because she knows she's going to get killed that day. The husband comes home at the end of the day with a longshoreman's hook dangling from his pocket and we know that he's going to kill her. The two insurance men are murder preventers. Jo Van Fleet played Mrs. Shrike, and she did quite well with it. Then I did "Aaron Menafy," which was an adaptation of a Stanley Ellin story. Then, "The Life Work of Juan Diaz," an hour show, and then "The Jar," which was adapted by James Bridges, who recently did "The Forbin Project." I should have done the adaptation for "The Jar" myself. I don't recall now why I allowed anyone else to do it. I suppose I was busy on something else at the time.

K: It worked quite well, in spite of the fact that you didn't write the script. It has some fine scenes in it.

B: Oh, it was a fine adaptation. Pat Buttram was very good. I just played it again the other night at home. After "The Jar" came "The Jail" with John Gavin and Bettye Ackerman and James Barton as the old man. It was one of the last things Barton did before he died. I still hear from his widow, God bless her. She writes me every Christmas "from Jim in Heaven and Mrs. Barton." Isn't that nice? She's a darling, sweet lady. I was lucky in television and as soon as Hitchcock quit, I quit. I had some bad luck with Rod Serling on the one script I had written for "The Twilight Zone."

K: "I Sing the Body Electric."

B: Yes.

K: What happened to that script?

B: Well, I adapted it for the half-hour show and I was very excited about it. I asked Mr. Serling if I could count on it being filmed exactly as I had written it, as had always been the case with Hitchcock, and he assured me that it would be. So, the night the show aired I had all my friends tune in. We discovered that the most important part of the script had been cut. The speech where the grandmother explains what she is—a robot. The moment of truth. That's the time that I realized that all major studios working in television have a man they call "The Truth Dentist," who extracts all the good stuff from every script—just pulls it out by the bloody roots and throws it away. Every studio has a dentist, a dummy who says "Oh, this is slow. Let's rip that page out." In my particular case, that was the page that explained the whole story. Without it, the story has no meaning. Who cares about a robot grandmother if she doesn't have meaning? You want to go to someone, anyone, and ask Who are you? What are you? What are you doing here? Where have you been? Where are you going? And they answer, and that gives meaning to them. Friendships are based on an accumulation

---

of data about one another. You get to know each other and then, based on what we learn, usually in a few hours, we make new friends. So, here in "I Sing the Body Electric" I had the robot grandmother explaining the dream of Fantoccini, Inc., what makes the fabulous electric marionettes so beautiful, what their common humanity is. Machines are not inhuman if they embody humanity. If you put a dream into a machine, it becomes more than a machine. It becomes part of the dream. We can create good machines and bad machines and that's the whole idea of the story. Motion pictures are not machines—they're dreams. Mechanical dreams that are fabulous and change our lives and make us better. Make us behave better. Good God, this is a Christian device then, isn't it? It does more, in many cases, than all the preachers in history have been able to do. Since they came into widespread use 60 or 70 years ago, motion pictures have been able to do more good than almost any other device or human being that ever lived, by showing us examples of other ways of living so that we say, "Hey, that Russian is a human being, that Jew is a human being, that Catholic is a human being, that woman is a human being, that man is a human being." And so we get away from labels and we relax and say Jesus God, let's forgive each other. The data collecting that goes into hating is simple and direct, the data collecting that goes into loving takes more time and energy. Staying in love takes effort. We are tempted to throw up our arms and scream, "This is madness!" But most of us don't. We do make it to the end. We do stay sane. We *do* forgive one another and we *do* keep trying.

K: Then, of course, you forgive Jack Smight for what he did to "The Illustrated Man".

B: Oh, certainly. Let me tell you about that film. The reason I sold *The Illustrated Man* to Smight and the Warner Brothers is because no one else wanted it. That project was around for 16 years or more. I first conceived of using *The Illustrated Man* as a radio series even before television. I wrote some preliminary radio ideas about *The Illustrated Man*. It is kind of crazy using *The Illustrated Man* on radio because, of course, it isn't a visual medium. But he could be described anyway. I think it could have worked. But it is *really* made for television. Producer Jerry Wald was interested in making a film version about 15 years ago. Jerry and I got along fine. He was a vulgar, nice man. He was what we used to think of as the typical Hollywood producer. Now that I look back, he's Jesus Christ by comparison to some of the people I see today at the studios. The barracudas have taken over. He was a saint. And he was a smart cookie, too. He did something which most other producers had never thought to do. He wrote all the libraries in America and asked them to tell him which books were being borrowed. He didn't want to know the best sellers. He could have got best seller lists from publishers. No. He wanted to know what the people in Waukeegan, Podunk, and so on were reading. He got 20,000 lists back. He added them all up, got the 20 most-often-borrowed books, which had nothing to do with best seller lists—some of them were 50 years old, some 20 years old, some by Willa Cather, some by Thomas Wolfe. Then he went out and bought up all the books he could from his list of the most borrowed. Some couldn't be purchased for legal reasons, others had already been



sold. Now, that is a brilliant man. Nobody had ever thought to do this before. So, my meeting with Jerry Wald was very convivial. He wanted to do *The Illustrated Man*, so I did an outline and a screen treatment, but nothing ever came of it, because he couldn't sell the studio on the idea. Ten years went by. Nobody in the whole damned country approached me again about doing *The Illustrated Man*. You get tired of waiting. You get tired of no one loving you or paying attention to you. So, finally, when Jack Smight showed up, even though he didn't have a huge reputation as a director, he had to be the greatest man in the world to me. He *had* done some good things in television.

K: "Harper" is quite good.

B: Yes. It was fine. Not a great film. I like it less now than when I first saw it. It had some nice things in it, but it needed a little better script. Well, anyway. Think of how I felt after ten years of neglect. I knew the property was important and good, but *no one else* did.

K: Were any conditions, such as script approval, attached to the sale of the book to the studio?

B: No, Arnold, the book was sold with only one condition—that I be allowed to choose the lead. So, Smight said, "Sure, make up a list." I sat down and wrote Burt Lancaster, Jack Palance, Kirk Douglas, Rod Steiger, and two others. All good people. All fine actors. A couple of months later, Rod Steiger called and said, "Hey. I'm in your film!" I was very happy. But no one said anything about the script. I wasn't asked to do it. The script was very bad and the film, as a result, couldn't be much better than the script. Steiger tried to revise as he went along. No one asked me to read the script. They knew I would jump all over it. I had no intention of interfering unless I was asked. I had sold the book and I had no business with it. I could have revised the script and it would have turned out much better, I think. It's too long. It's filled with cliches. It gives away climaxes too soon. One of the stories, "The Veldt," starts in the middle. You shouldn't go into the veldt for at least half an hour. You need to prepare the house, the characters, and then go in. You must milk the material. Milk it! Let it out, point by point. Instant by instant. Keep us on that hook! This is all good and honorable and right and beautiful. God, you can see this perfectly in a film like Hitchcock's "Rebecca," where the information is paid out and you are made to wait and build and build and build. It's a long film. It gives you a lot of information and not much *seems* to happen, except that it does! It's magical the way the character of Rebecca, this ghost, comes before you and you really know her by the end of the film. When she's halfway through she turns into a monster. You *were* admiring a lovely woman. All of a sudden, you realize this is a monster, *hated* by her husband, who reveals this in the course of the film. So, God how I admire Hitchcock and his screenwriters for what they do.

K: You had better luck with *Fahrenheit 451* three years before "The Illustrated Man."

---

B: Yes. I thought Francois Truffaut did a fine job with "Fahrenheit 451." I loved the adventure, the chase, the way he handled his actors.

K: You have said in another interview that you thought the film could have contained a few more minutes of chase sequence.

B: Yes. Montag gets out of the city too easily. You can't get out of any city that easily.

K: Did you envision Truffaut's doing the film with as little background action as it has? The critics who complained about the film cited this as one of its major faults.

B: No, I respect Truffaut's aesthetics and way of doing things. Now, this is a different case from the one with Jack Smight and "The Illustrated Man." I had given it to Jack because no one else would pay any attention. My motives for selling *Fahrenheit 451* were much more complex. Number one, Truffaut was an established, new, young director with a very huge reputation and everyone in the world was talking about him, so I was very flattered when he showed up and wanted to do the film. It took quite a long time to set up the agreement and get backing. Finally, he asked me if I wanted to do the screenplay. I told him I didn't because I had done the stage version in Los Angeles five years earlier and I was tired of it. I told him I thought I would be a danger to him and that he should not let me near the script. I found out later that Oskar Werner turned down Truffaut's script at first because he didn't feel it was close enough to the original text, but after Truffaut couldn't get Jean-Paul Belmondo and one or two others, he came back to Werner and Werner insisted that he rewrite the script closer to the original novel. Truffaut agreed, but even along the way, they began to fight because Werner wanted even more from my book. I can't very well criticize Werner, can I? I'm glad I didn't fly over to see the filming. I was invited by Truffaut, but thought better of it. Additionally, it was the middle of winter and I could not see myself flying to Europe in the middle of winter. The studio was upset with me because they wanted me to make a promotion film. When the film came out there were very mixed reactions. It did very well in all of its initial openings, in college towns. In fact, were the film coming out today it would probably go into all the college towns and do extremely well. I've seen this coming for 13 or 14 years and I've tried to tell the studios, but, of course, they haven't listened much. Wherever they played this film in college towns it did well. Wherever they didn't, it failed.

K: The film seems to improve with age. Do you find this to be the case with you as well.

B: Yes. There are many fine little throwaway items that one often misses on the first viewing. Truffaut probably didn't have the city congested with people, for example, because he wanted to suggest that everyone was inside—watching television. The only part of the film that I really object to is in the center of the film when it gets a little too explanatory. The school environment and the conversations between Montag and the girl don't work well for me. Many of the scenes, however, are very poignant. The little scenes. For example, the first

---

night that Montag reads a book, sitting by the television set, and using the light from the set to read is a great touch. That isn't even in my book. And the careful articulation of the words from Dickens, running his finger over every word, stumbling. This is a *great* scene.

K: You have said that the conclusion of the film is among the most beautiful in the history of film.

B: Yes. I've gone around and around with people about that. People have told me, "Oh, well, you wouldn't go around like that reciting books." That's not the point! They're a living metaphor. Anyway, people don't do a lot of things we see in films. But you wish they could do them and you help what you see take that extra step. That's what art is all about. It's the dreams we wish we'd had. It's the lives we would like to lead. It's knowing that we go around with books in our heads. So these people at the ending of the film only articulate as walking metaphors what *we* are as people. Each of us has some part of some book in our heads. Some of us have good memories. Some of us have poor memories. But we all have memories of a book and how it changed our lives. So, to me, that ending is beautiful. It's a lovely movie. It's a haunting movie. And the great thing he does when he burns the book is that he traps each of us with our own prejudices. There must be at least one book for each of us which, when we see it burning, we say, "Yeah. That's O.K., burn *that* one." Then we catch ourselves and say "Wait a minute. Stop!"

K: The specific scene where Truffaut actually shows specific books being eaten by the flames draws a strong reaction from my students. Even if it is intended merely as a part of the film, many of them are outraged that books are being burned at all.

B: I can believe it. But that was precisely the reaction Truffaut was hoping to achieve, wasn't it? What's worse, there are probably certain elements in today's society who would gladly burn books, given the opportunity.

K: In 1968 and 1969, in addition to having *The Illustrated Man* adapted, one of your short stories, "The Picasso Summer," was sold to Warner Brothers. What happened to that film? I recently saw it on network television.

B: That project began as a half-hour television show. It would have been beautiful. Just the right length with some animation to illustrate Picasso's work. But, we couldn't get anyone to finance it. Eventually, it evolved into a feature film. I fought the idea. I didn't know how it could possibly be done as an hour and a half film. But they told me I could do the screenplay, so I thought maybe it could work. They hired Albert Finney, a fine actor, and we went to work on the film. When I had finished the script, the studio people said they loved it. The director jumped up and down. Fantastic! Brilliant! All the superlatives. Just before the crew left for Europe to shoot the film I asked the director if he wanted me to change any parts of the script. He told me that they would shoot it as it was written. I believed him. As it turned out, the director threw out many key scenes in the script as he shot and when he returned to the studio he had nothing to edit. It was a total disaster. Eventually,

---

I got him fired and we tried to piece the film together. I even offered my time free to try to salvage the film with a new director. It didn't work. The studio didn't even release the film to the theatres. Finally, last year, it was sold to television. When I heard it had been sold to television I asked for the privilege of editing it. I was turned down and the print that eventually aired recently was absolutely horrible. Some of the scenes that had originally worked were missing—they'd been cut—and the rest of the film just fell into a heap.

K: The screenplay credit lists Douglas Spaulding, your alter ego in *Dandelion Wine*, and another writer. Who was he?

B: A gag writer from television who was brought in by the studio to inject what the studio called "humor" into the film. I don't even remember his name. He couldn't have made much of an impression on me.

K: What was your primary reason for keeping your name attached to the film, albeit in a pseudonym?

B: It's always a good idea to keep the rights to anything if you can. Even if it's bad. At least, you know you own it and no one can tamper with it.

K: Your most recent work to be done on film was Jack Smight's "The Screaming Woman," last season on ABC's *Movie of the Weekend*. How did you like it?

B: It's a much nicer film than what Jack had done with "The Illustrated Man." It had a much better script and that really shows on the screen.

K: Merwin Gerard, the script writer, has done some fine work over the years, hasn't he?

B: Yes, he had. Particularly in a series called "One Step Beyond." I made a point of seeking him out the night of the preview of "Screaming Woman" and shaking his hand and thanking him for the fine things he had done with my story.

K: Do you object to the use of an older woman in the role of the youngster from the original story?

B: No, because Smight's and Gerard's reasons for the change were valid. They told me it was difficult to cast the part of a child who could sustain interest throughout the entire story, which ran about 75 minutes.

K: It probably would have made a marvelous half-hour shown with Hitchcock or someone with his imagination.

B: Oh, yes. But, I like what has been done, anyway. I loved watching Olivia de Havilland. And the ending really works! Especially when you see it in a projection room. When that hand came up and grabbed Olivia's hand, everyone jumped! I did, too. It scared the hell out of me! Even though I should have expected it.

K: Ray, I'd like to conclude this interview by having you discuss some of your unrealized or upcoming projects. You've written at least one script for *The Martian Chronicles*. What has happened to it?

B: Actually, I've done two scripts for *Chronicles*. One for M-G-M and one for Pakula-Mulligan Productions. Apparently, it's just too expensive. The budget

we got on it was between 8 and 14 million. People are very chary of Mars these days, too, since the Mariner rocket program began and the planet has been photographed. I like the script pretty well, though. I doubt whether we'll ever get it made.

K: Was your long short story "Lost City of Mars" a part of your script?

B: Actually, it was originally only a story insert and Bill Nolan, a good friend, told me that I had a great short story, so I wrote the short story from that and had it published.

K: How does *Something Wicked This Way Comes* look as a future project? You mentioned a few months ago that you were negotiating with Sam Peckinpah to do it with you.

B: I've been trying to get that book filmed for the past eight or nine years. The latest dealing is with Sam Peckinpah. He told me he will shoot the book. But it isn't going to be quite that easy. I'm in the middle of doing the screenplay now. He and I get on beautifully.

K: Peckinpah has been severely criticized for the violence in his films and yet he has made some extremely sensitive and beautiful films over the years.

B: Yes, he is constantly being misinterpreted. For example, in "Straw Dogs," everyone has screamed about the Fascists *inside* the house, when it is the Fascists *outside* that Peckinpah is concerned with. There are no Fascists inside. They're outside trying to get in. Past a certain point you'd better not let them. They'll rape your wife and kill you. This is the message Hitler taught the world. We took it too long. We finally had to stand up.

K: How complete is the contract on *Something Wicked This Way Comes*?

B: Oh, it's really just a matter of finding a studio to release and finance. I feel very good about it.

K: "And the Rock Cried Out" was to have been done several years ago. What happened to that project?

B: Much of that story says things which are still pertinent, but I think it reached its prime some time back. I doubt whether it will ever be filmed.

K: You and Chuck Jones have discussed doing an animated version of your new novel, *The Halloween Tree*. Do you still plan to do it?

B: Yes. I've written the screenplay already. The problem now seems to be getting the animation for it. Most of the studios have closed down their animation departments to save money—Chuck was the head of his department at one of the studios, as you know—and it will probably take some time before we can work something out.

K: You recently did a musical version of *Dandelion Wine* at Cal State Fullerton. Do you plan to go into film with it?

B: I haven't really thought about it. It might be nice. I'm very close to the play. It has some flaws. Everything I've done is flawed. Most of what is written or has

been written over the years is flawed in some way. *Moby Dick* is flawed. Shakespeare's plays are flawed, full of carbuncles, acne, and pimples. They just happen to be brilliant and eternal. So, what the hell! You go with your own flaws. It's part of growing. Getting accustomed to the way you look is growing. We would all like to be Steve Reeves and lift 400 pounds, I suppose, but that's not our destiny. Some of my literary children are very common and plain. Some are quite beautiful with moles on their cheeks. I really have a very relaxed attitude toward my screenplays, my plays, my novels, and so on.

K: Do you think you've been treated fairly over the years by those who have been involved with your works?

B: Oh, I think so. Sure. People do the best they can. There are the rare villains, but I honestly think Smight, Huston and the others thought they were doing the best they could do. It's very difficult for me to hate *anybody*. Except outright villains.

K: What do you see as the future of science fiction and fantasy in the film medium?

B: Oh, we're just beginning to make progress. The area is becoming more accepted all the time. I'm very optimistic about everything. I intend to keep working in film as long as I am wanted.

K: Thank you very much, Ray. You've been more than generous with your time.

B: You're quite welcome. I hope I've been of some assistance.

## APPENDIX A

### Filmography

- 1953 "The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms," Screenplay by Lou Morheim and Fred Freiberger, from a story by Ray Bradbury, directed by Eugene Lourie.
- 1953 "It Came From Outer Space," Screenplay by Harry Essex, from a treatment by Ray Bradbury, directed by Jack Arnold.
- 1956 "Moby Dick," Screenplay by Ray Bradbury and John Huston, from the novel by Herman Melville, directed by John Huston.

#### *Television Work: 1955 through 1961*

Jane Wyman Theatre: "The Bullet Trick"

Alfred Hitchcock Presents: 9 half-hour segments  
2 hour segments

Alcoa Premiere: "The Jail"

Twilight Zone: "I Sing the Body Electric"

- 1960 Uncredited sequences written for "King of Kings"

- 
- 1966 "Fahrenheit 451," Screenplay by Francois Truffaut and Jean Louis Richard, from the novel by Ray Bradbury, directed by Francois Truffaut.
- 1969 "The Picasso Summer," Screenplay by Douglas Spaulding (Ray Bradbury) and Edwin Boyd, from a story by Ray Bradbury, directed by Serge Bourguignon (original) and Robert Sallin (replacement).
- 1969 "The Illustrated Man," Screenplay by Howard B. Kreitsek, from the book by Ray Bradbury, directed by Jack Smight.
- 1971 "The Screaming Woman" (ABC Movie of the Weekend) Screenplay by Merwin Gerard, from the story by Ray Bradbury, directed by Jack Smight.

*Projected:*

"Something Wicked this Way Comes," Screenplay by Ray Bradbury, from his novel, directed by Sam Peckinpah.

## APPENDIX B

## Ray Harryhausen Filmography

- 1949 Mighty Joe Young  
 1953 The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms  
 1955 It Came From Beneath the Sea  
 1956 Earth vs. the Flying Saucers  
 1956 Animal World (Introductory Sequences)  
 1957 20 Million Miles to Earth  
 1958 Seventh Voyage of Sinbad  
 1960 Three Worlds of Gulliver  
 1961 Mysterious Island  
 1962 Jason and the Argonauts  
 1963 First Men in the Moon  
 1966 One Million Years, B.C.  
 1969 The Valley of Gwangi  
 1973 Golden Voyage of Sinbad