

UNBEATABLE LIST! COLLECTOR'S ISSUE!

PART ONE
OF TWO
SEE PAGE 115
FOR MORE!

AUGUST 2015

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THE WORLD'S BIGGEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

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WHOSE ABS
ARE THESE?

TURN TO PAGE 43 NOW!

THE 300 GREATEST MOVIES OF ALL TIME

INSIDE LOOKS: THE MARTIAN • CRIMSON PEAK • POINT BREAK • RUBEN GUTHRIE
HOT CAREER JESSICA CHASTAIN *Plus!* WOAH, MONEYPENNY! BOND POSTERS!



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Revealing the world's biggest fan and collector of *Blade Runner* memorabilia: he's a replican, not a replican't.

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And at number one...

You love it. We know.

Credits

AUGUST 2015

AS MOVIE FANS/HOMO SAPIENS (I'LL LEAVE IT TO YOU TO decide which you are first) we are prone to classification, categorisation, criticism. Hunger and a thirst for planetary dominance may have got us trudging out of the primordial ooze, but being FIRST with an opinion on *Episode VII* or arguing the details of what Bill Murray said to Scarlett Johansson at the end of *Lost In Translation* is the stuff that keeps the soul... zesty.

Thus, for the first time since 2013, we've polled you magnificently evolved simians on the movies that matter most to you, then sent our correspondents to investigate and report. The result is a treasure trove of cinematic ephemera, full of discoveries into every aspect of filmmaking.

For the spark of inspiration, try Dan Jolin's search for the origins of the gobsmacking climax of *Planet Of The Apes* (#206; page 56). For capturing lightning in a bottle, enjoy Owen Williams's oral history of the production of *Braveheart* (#174; page 62), while Ian Nathan, with his customary erudition, gets inside director Carol Reed's management of troubled genius Orson Welles in his piece on *The Third Man* (#77; page 74).

Meanwhile, we explore ultimate fandom, marvelling at Englishman Geoff Hutchinson's remarkable collection of memorabilia from *Blade Runner* — hardly the most "figurined" of pictures, right? With a simple sentiment, he sums up the way a film can resonate with us, become part of us: "I've connected with the sadness of the film. It still gets me."

It still gets me.

The biggest feather of the 300-strong cap, George Lucas comes out of retirement to talk us through the making of the number one film in the poll — no prizes for guessing the right answer. He also comes clean on Who Shot First And Why in *Episode IV*. See page 95.

All this talk of evolution isn't just idle. Regular buyers will notice that this issue marks a subtle redesign and rejig of our sections. I have no doubt you will let us know your observations, criticisms, and what category we now fit into. It's what we puny humans do. Hopefully we still get you.

Enjoy the issue.

Dan Murphy
EDITOR
DANIEL MURPHY

"I have no idea why it was called a convention. It's not like there were booths of strippers peddling the latest in stripper technology."

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"The animal rights people accused us of doing things with horses we shouldn't be doing."

It was kind of flattering."

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"Harrison kept yelling through the whole thing, 'Kill me! Kill me! Kill me!'"

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CLASSIC LINES OF THE MONTH

EMPIRE

(... and what movie should've made 301)

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PLANET OF THE APES 1968

USP: It took a bizarre, satirical concept and somehow translated that into a blockbusting thrill-ride.

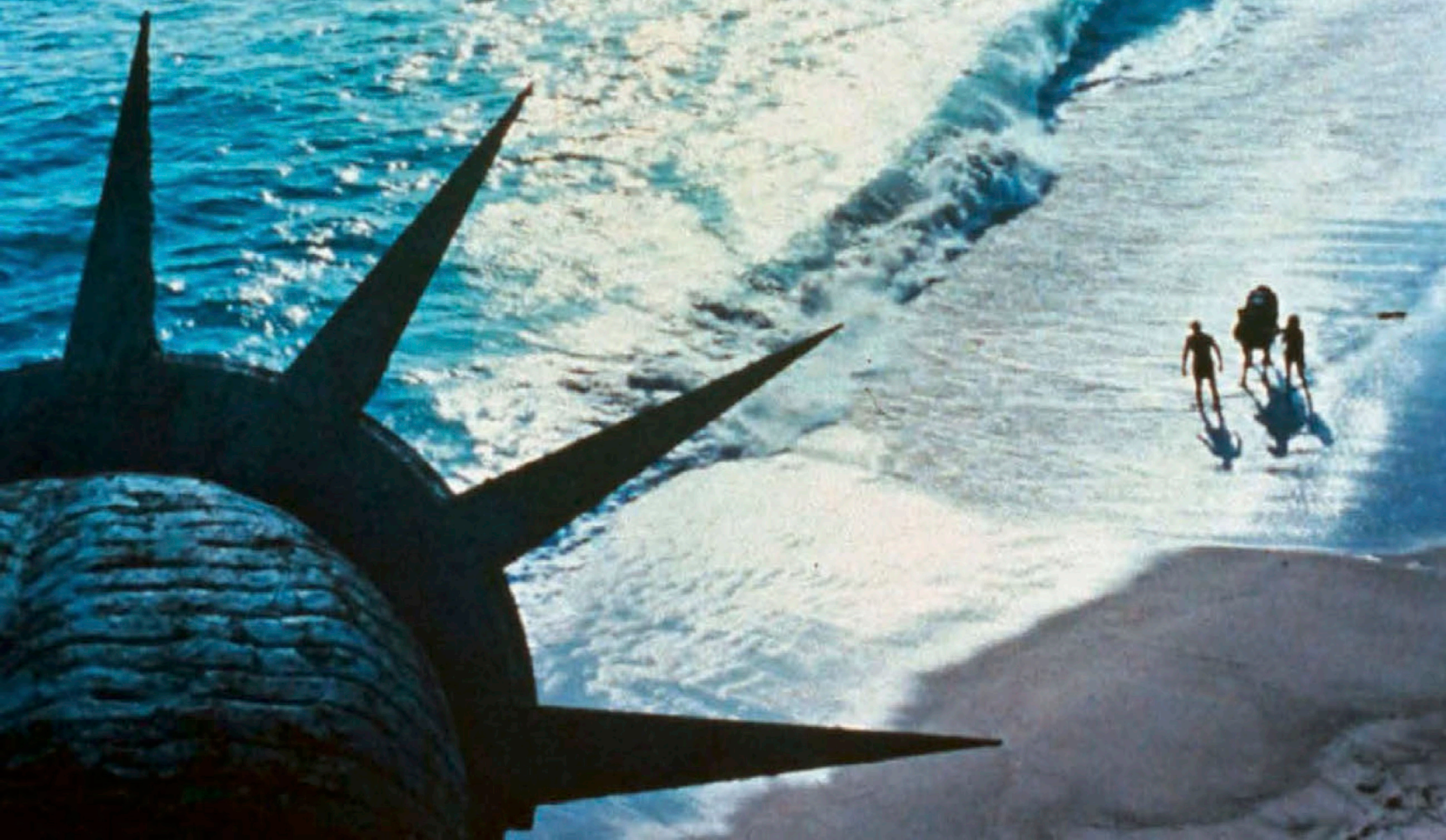
MVP: Make-up genius John Chambers, who crafted the groundbreaking ape prosthetics. Kudos.

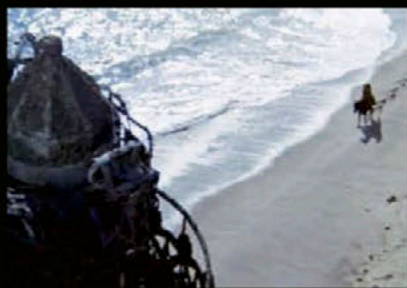
OMG: Those final minutes. Read on...

“GOD DAMN YOU ALL TO HELL...”

PLANET OF THE APES' STATUE OF LIBERTY REVEAL IS ONE OF CINEMA'S GREATEST SHOCK ENDINGS. SEVERAL PEOPLE CLAIM CREDIT, BUT WHO REALLY DREAMED IT UP?

WORDS DAN JOLIN





Charlton Heston harboured serious doubts. The day, like many on the overrunning shoot now thankfully close to wrapping, had not been going well. His director, Franklin J. Schaffner, had ordered the construction of the Statue Of Liberty's head and torch, at half-scale, on Point Dume at the end of California's isolated, cliff-sheltered Zuma Beach. But today, on August 3, 1967, thick fog had scuppered any chance of a prompt start to shooting the statue's shocking reveal, and once the mist had finally dispersed it unveiled a busy shipping channel, crowded with hulking, shot-ruining freighters. Time hadn't eased Heston's concerns. When they eventually rolled, he still wasn't convinced.

Having stumbled upon this shattered, forlorn and rusting monument, his character, Taylor, is bludgeoned by the horrifying realisation that the "upside down civilisation" of talking apes which had been tormenting him since his rocket ship crash-landed is actually located on his own home planet, far into the future, and not some other world. Despite his misanthropy, Taylor is devastated, falling to his knees, punching the wet sand in despair. Yet the shooting script in Heston's hands merely had him gasping, "My God." Which, to Heston's ears, fell horribly flat. As the hours had dragged by, he'd been scrawling his own embellishments, and he showed them to Schaffner: "Oh my God. I'm back," it now read. "I'm home. All the time I was... We finally really did it. You maniacs! You blew it up! Damn you! GOD DAMN YOU ALL TO HELL!"

Then the argument began. You can't say "God damn" in a "family entertainment picture", worried producer Arthur P. Jacobs, who couldn't risk further denting the over-budget movie's commercial prospects with a flagrant Production Code violation. Heston was genuinely flummoxed. "It's surely acceptable in the context of the speech?" he jotted in his diary that evening. "Taylor is literally calling on God to damn the destroyers of civilisation."

As it turned out, Schaffner allowed Heston to record his version as one of many variants. And, during the edit, the actor's impassioned roar won out, undeniably helping to make the final scene of *Planet Of The Apes* one of the most impactful and memorable in cinematic history — the *ne plus ultra* of shock twist endings.

Yet it could have been even more different than the "God damn"-free version Heston had scribbled over that August morning. The script went through numerous denouements (including one

that anti-climactically saw Taylor shot dead by a gorilla sniper) before settling on the conclusion that the spoiler-wary Jacobs had code-named "Rosebud", after *Citizen Kane*'s own celebrated final reveal.

However, the truth of who truly envisioned that magnificent, Lady Liberty-revealing device is as obscured as Point Dume itself was beneath that foggy shroud.

THE MOVIE WAS A

smash, with *New Yorker* critic Pauline Kael warning her readers to "go see it quickly, before your friends take the edge off it by telling you all about it. They will, because it has the ingenious kind of plotting people love to talk about." But not everybody was a fan. *Planet Of The Apes*' creator, French novelist Pierre Boulle, was its most significant detractor. "I disliked somewhat the ending that was used," he shrugged to *Cinefantastique* magazine in 1972. "The critics seemed to like [it], but personally I prefer my own."

Boulle's weird, Swiftian satire winds up with its human explorer, Ulysse Mérou, escaping from the ape planet Soror, and landing back on his own world, only to discover that it too has been dominated by highly evolved apes. (An ending recreated to no great effect by Tim Burton in his awful 2001 remake.)

Along with so much else in Boulle's book — its hi-tech ape civilisation, its message-in-a-bottle framing narrative (with its own twist), the fact that its human characters are perpetually nude — this was rejected.

The idea that Ulysse, renamed Thomas before he became Taylor, should discover the apes' world is our own originated in an act of self-plagiarism by writer Rod Serling. The man behind *The Twilight Zone* had been brought on to adapt Boulle's novel by Jacobs and newly hired director Blake Edwards (yes, the man behind the *Pink Panther* movies) while the project rested at Warner Bros. in 1964. Four years earlier, Serling had written a *Twilight Zone* episode titled *I Shot An Arrow Into The Air*, in which a group of desperate astronauts belatedly learn the mystery asteroid they're stuck on was their own dear terra firma all along. Combining that with Boulle's own concept of time dilation, he felt he could provide an improved twist ending which also fed into contemporary Cold War concerns about mutual nuclear annihilation. In Serling's first draft for Warner Bros., the big reveal comes when, during that fateful visit to the archaeological dig site in the apes' Forbidden Zone, Thomas happens upon a US Air Force film reel which depicts ▶



a nuclear explosion. "This is Earth," gasps Thomas.

Jacobs and Edwards approved of the new twist but felt, quite rightly, that it sorely lacked visual impact. Before he was replaced by other writers, Serling would turn in more than 30 further drafts.

WAS IT SERLING'S

idea to replace his first draft's film canister with the blackened torch of Lady Liberty? Serling himself told *Cinefantastique*'s Dale Winogura in 1972 that, "I always believed that was my idea." Although he doesn't sound as certain as one might expect. A later Serling draft presents Thomas spying the statue's "GIANT METAL ARM" through the window of an ape helicopter, but there have been other claims staked to the insertion of that powerful symbol. One of which was driven into the soil by Arthur P. Jacobs himself.

A former publicist, Jacobs (Apjac to his pals) was a savvy, well-connected indie producer and a *chutzpah*-imbued showman-salesman who could talk the hind legs of a donkey into thinking they were the forelegs.

Without his front, persistence and sheer hucksterism, *Apes* would never have been green-lit. And, if you believe Jacobs, without him it also never would have had that ending.

Frustrated by the problems with Serling's "predictable" drafts, Jacobs and Edwards had one day retired to Burbank's Yugo Kosherama delicatessen, just across the road from the Warner Bros. lot. As the pair chewed on their sandwiches, Jacobs's eyes lit up. "What if..." Jacobs ventured, "what if he was on Earth the whole time and doesn't know it, and the audience doesn't know it?"

"That's terrific!" spluttered Edwards. "Let's get a hold of Rod."

The pair called for the cheque, then, as they were bustling out, their eyes settled upon a picture of the Statue Of Liberty which had long graced the deli's wall. They



"IT'S A LIE! JACOBS HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE STATUE OF LIBERTY!"

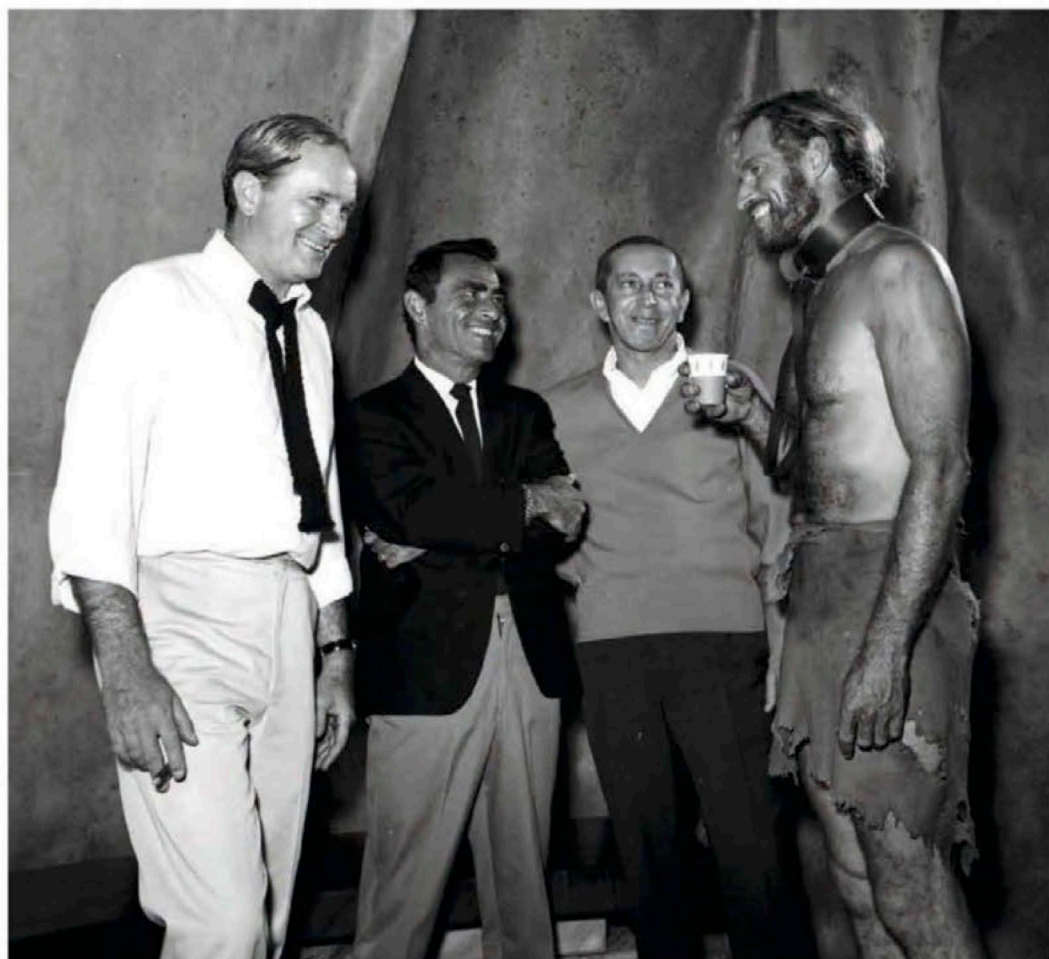
BLAKE EDWARDS

turned to each other and simultaneously said: "Rosebud."

"If we'd never had lunch in that delicatessen," Jacobs insisted to Dale Winogura, "I doubt that we would have had the Statue Of Liberty at the end of the picture. I sent the finished script to Boule, and he wrote back saying he thought it was more inventive than his own ending..."

Which is all clearly horseshit. Jacobs here cast himself not only as the man who (alongside Edwards) inserted the statue, but also who somehow moved the story to a future Earth after Serling had already established that device in his initial draft.

Decades later, in 2001, Edwards would



Far left: Cast and crew prepare at the troublesome Zuma Beach location.

Main: Constructing the scaffolding for the iconic Statue Of Liberty reveal.

Above: Franklin J. Schaffner, Rod Serling, Arthur P. Jacobs and Charlton Heston catch up while filming.

splutter that this story was “the biggest... most elaborate... lie that could be made! He had nothing to do with the Statue Of Liberty.” Although Edwards himself did, he insisted, play a pivotal role.

BLAKE EDWARDS'S

involvement with *Planet Of The Apes* was brief, but his role as a key player in the movie's genesis shouldn't be overlooked. Before Warner Bros. ditched the project due to unfeasible costings (a decision which led to Edwards's own resignation), the director strove to coalesce a strong vision of the apes' civilisation — even if it would ultimately be rejected in favour of

screenwriter Michael Wilson, director Franklin J. Schaffner and production designer William Creber's formation of a rather more primitive (and therefore cost-effective) ape world.

And it is Edwards who perhaps holds the solution to this little enigma. When interviewed by writer Brian Pendreigh 13 years ago, Edwards surprisingly stated the Liberty reveal “originated between myself and an artist called Don Peters. If I had to give anybody most of the credit, as I recall, it was pretty much Don.”

Peters is a little-known screenwriter and artist who had worked with Edwards on *The Great Race*, and was hired by Jacobs to help sell the film to studios through an impressive concept look-book (impressive enough to convince Chuck Heston to don that loincloth).

Working with Jacobs, Peters had come up with more than 100 paintings based on Serling's early scripts, which furnished the apes with bubble-domed tanks and Sikorsky-like choppers. None of which made the finished picture, of course, but among them there were, indeed, images of the Statue Of Liberty's head, torch and shoulders — part covered in scaffolding, alongside a digger, a car and a helicopter.

Pendreigh tracked Peters down to elicit the only on-record comment he's given on the matter: “It was my idea,” he said. “At

least three of the paintings I did were the Statue Of Liberty.” But unlike Jacobs, Peters was no glory hog. “I never asked for credits,” he shrugged.

They say that, just as failure is an orphan, success has many fathers. And the success of *Planet Of The Apes* was massive, due in no small part to the sheer psychological heft that ending exerted on an American society which, at the time, was tearing itself apart. Amid widespread civil unrest and flag-burning protests against the Vietnam War, it suddenly didn't seem like such an out-there fantasy that the country's most potent symbol should one day wind up slumped amid a crazy society of humanity-hating brutes.

It is unlikely that Peters was the sole conjurer of that stunning final image. Serling, Edwards and, yes, even pinch-of-salt Jacobs all contributed to its presence. Then, of course, there was Heston's addition — after all, as Taylor, he had to sell the moment through his reaction. And finally, we shouldn't forget Schaffner, nor his editor Hugh S. Fowler. For it was their decision to hold on Lady Liberty (actually a painting by Fox's chief matte artist Emil Kosa Jr.) for 10, full, agonising seconds before the screen fades to black, leaving only the desolate sound of the crashing tide — that unending, remorseless force of erosion. ▶