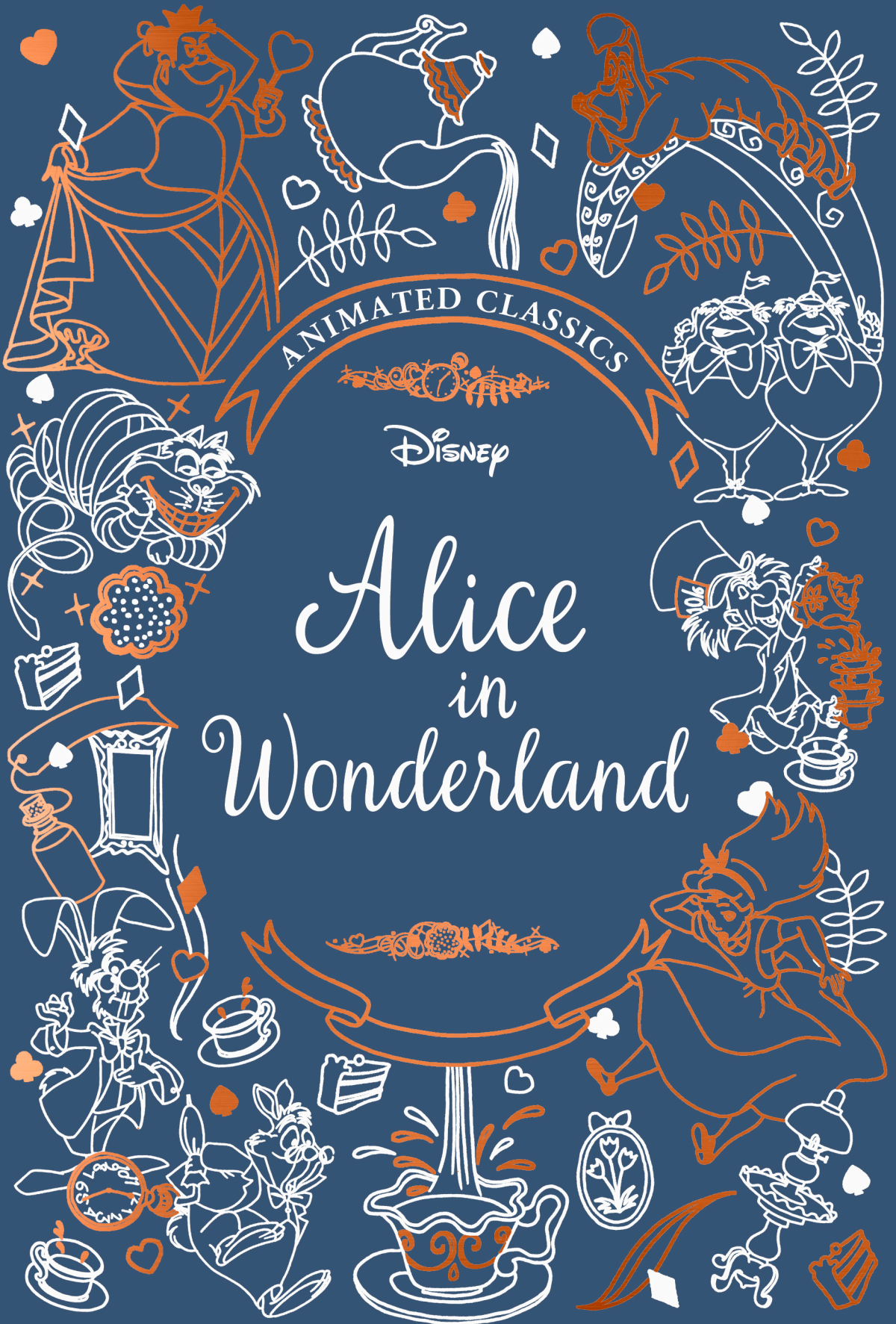
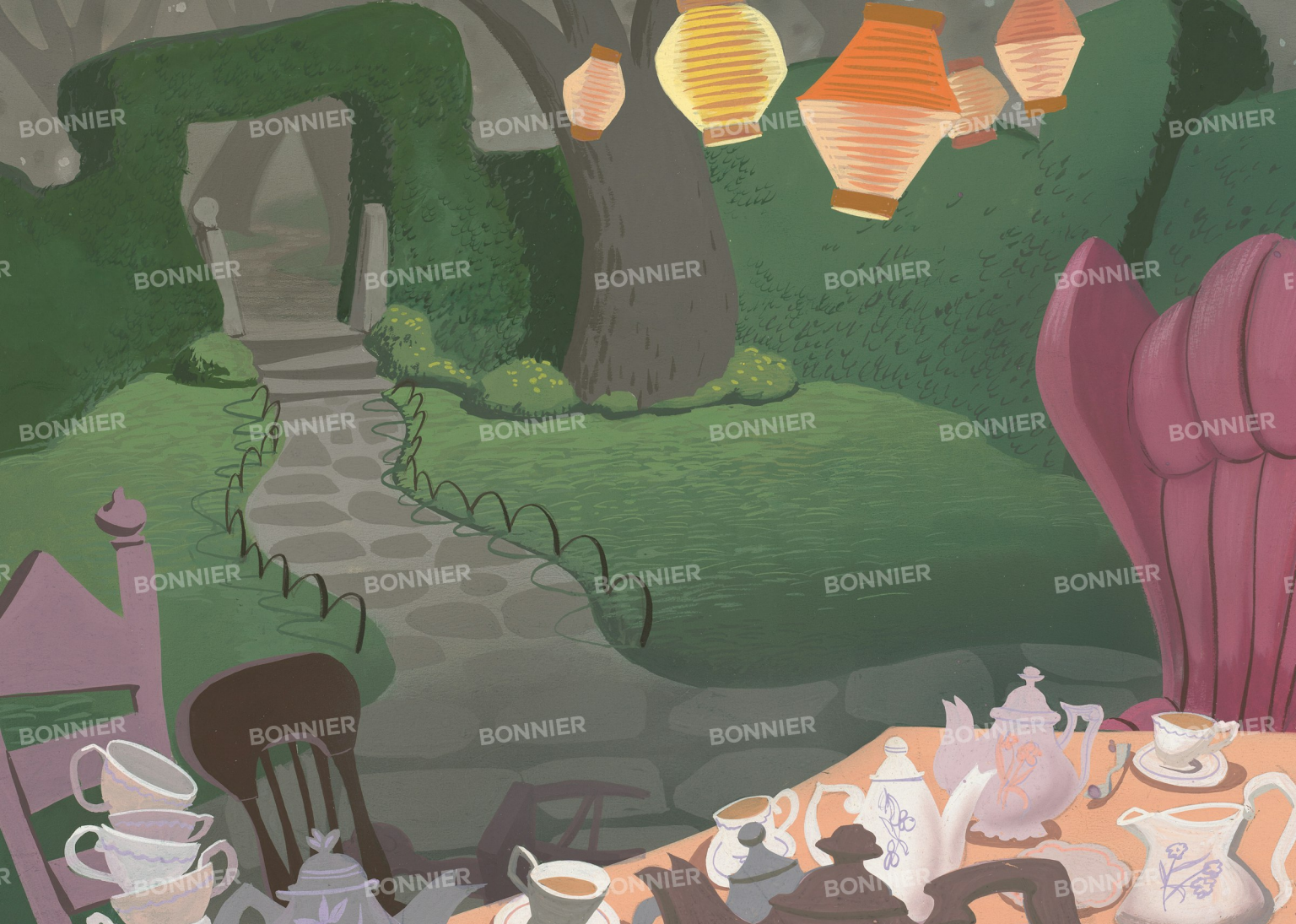


ANIMATED CLASSICS

Disney

Alice in Wonderland





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Alice in Wonderland



Acknowledgments

Special thanks to the staff at the Walt Disney Animation Research Library for their invaluable assistance and for providing the artwork for this book.



First published in the UK in 2021 by Studio Press Books,
an imprint of Bonnier Books UK,
The Plaza, 535 King's Road, London, SW10 0SZ
Owned by Bonnier Books,
Sveavägen 56, Stockholm, Sweden

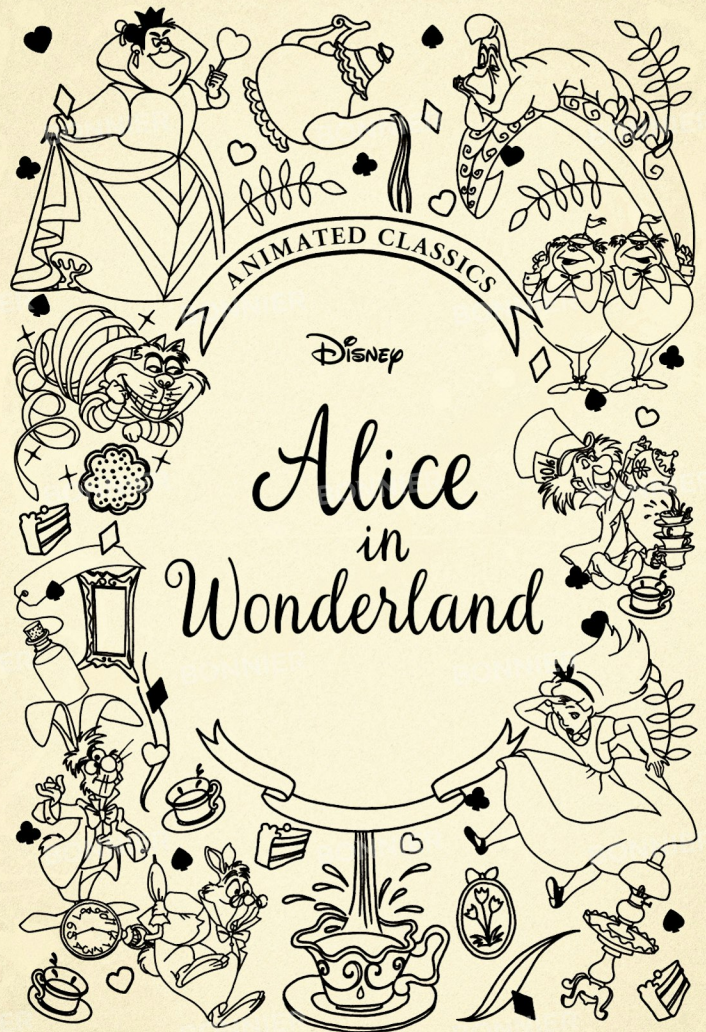
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Printed in Poland
2 4 6 8 10 9 7 5 3 1

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ISBN 978-1-78741-739-7

Text adapted by Sally Morgan
Edited by Frankie Jones and Ellie Rose
Designed by Nia Williams
Cover designed by Rob Ward
Cover illustrated by Chellie Carroll
Production by Emma Kidd





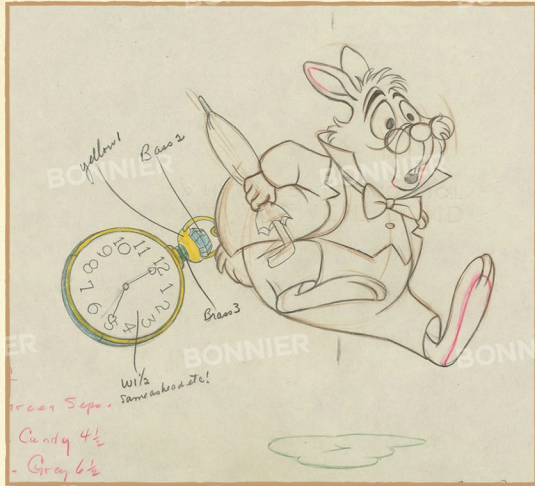
Once upon a time, on a warm afternoon, a young girl named Alice sat in a tree with her cat, Dinah, as her sister read aloud from a very boring book.

“Alice, will you kindly pay attention to your history lesson?” scolded her sister.

But Alice found it hard to listen to a book without pictures. Alice told her sister that in her world books would be nothing but pictures.

“What nonsense,” Alice’s sister replied.

“Nonsense! That’s it, Dinah. If I had a world of my own, everything would be nonsense,” Alice said as she wandered towards a field of flowers. “You’d be just like people, Dinah. And all the other animals, too.”



As Alice spoke, a white rabbit hurried by. It was no ordinary rabbit.

This rabbit wore a red jacket and carried an enormous gold watch.

“Oh, my fur and whiskers!” declared the White Rabbit. “I’m late!”

Alice wondered if he was late for a party. She called for him to wait, but the White Rabbit did not stop. He hurried towards a tree and disappeared into a hole among the roots.

Alice looked into the hole. She thought it was a strange place to have a party. “You know, Dinah, we really shouldn’t be doing this,” said Alice as she squeezed into the hole.

“After all, we haven’t been invited. And curiosity often leads to trouble!”

At that very moment, Alice fell into a very deep pit.



“Goodbye, Dinah,” she called. Dinah waved goodbye.

As Alice tumbled deeper and deeper, her skirt opened up like a parachute.

The pit was very dark. As Alice floated downwards, she turned on a lamp and saw that the sides of the pit were decorated with wallpaper and pieces of furniture.



“What if I should fall right through the centre of the earth?” wondered Alice. “And come out the other side where people walk upside down?”





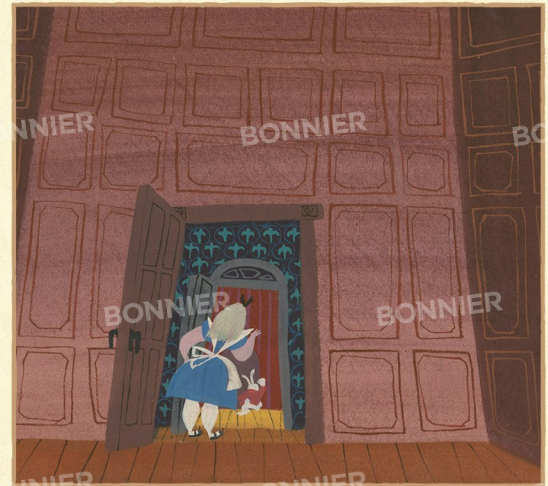
Alice did land upside down, with her feet hooked over a curtain pole.

Ahead, she saw the White Rabbit run down a topsy-turvy corridor. Alice tried to follow.

“Oh, Mr. Rabbit! Wait, please!” called Alice.

Unsure of which way he went, Alice turned to see a door closing. She opened the door only to discover that behind it lay a smaller door. Behind this door was an even smaller door, followed by another and another. Once Alice had opened all the doors, she squeezed through.

“Curiouser and curiouser,” she wondered aloud.





Alice had crawled into a room with yet another door at the end. When Alice took hold of the Doorknob it let out a mighty cry.

“Oh! I beg your pardon,” said Alice. Alice told the Doorknob that she wanted to go through to find the White Rabbit. But the Doorknob said that she was too big. He suggested she try the bottle on the table.

Alice hadn't remembered seeing a table but suddenly, one appeared. On top of the table was a bottle labelled, 'Drink me'.

When Alice took a sip, she shrank. She took another sip and shrank again and again until she was just the right size. Alice reached for the Doorknob, but found it was locked. The key was high up on the table, out of her reach.

“Whatever will I do?” asked Alice.

The Doorknob told her to try the box of little cakes that had appeared at her feet. The cakes had the words 'Eat me', written on them. Alice took a bite.



Alice grew so quickly that her head crashed into the ceiling. Now Alice was too big. She feared she would never get out of the room. Alice started to cry.

“I just can’t stop,” sobbed Alice, as her tears filled the room.

“Oh, look! The bottle,” cried the Doorknob, as the little bottle floated past.



Alice took a sip and shrank so small that she tumbled inside the bottle. Alice bobbed along on her sea of tears and slipped through the keyhole of the door.

On the other side, Alice floated upon an ocean inhabited by strange creatures. The first creature Alice saw was a dodo sailing aboard another bird. Next came a parrot, an owl and a pelican drifting upon a log, followed by a team of lobsters doing backstroke.

“Please help me!” cried Alice as they passed, but no one did.

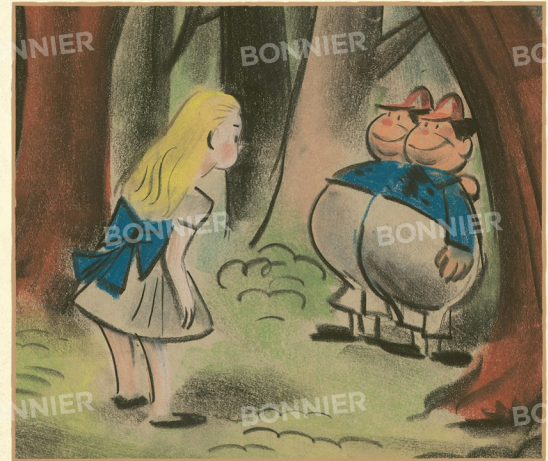
Alice washed up on a beach where she found the Dodo and the other creatures dancing to dry off. Alice joined in until she saw the White Rabbit float to shore in an umbrella and dart into the forest. She tried to follow, but she quickly lost sight of him.

Alice searched a clearing. She soon discovered two short men, Tweedledum and Tweedledee, were following her.



Tweedledum and Tweedledee wanted Alice to play games with them. To stop her from leaving, they told her a tale about a walrus and a carpenter who led a group of curious baby oysters to a seafood shack, with the promise of something to eat. In the shack, however, the walrus did not feed the oysters but fed on them instead, leaving none for the carpenter.

Alice thought the story was very sad. Encouraged, Tweedledum and Tweedledee began another. While they were distracted, Alice snuck away.





“Now, I wonder who lives here,” said Alice as she approached a pink and white cottage.

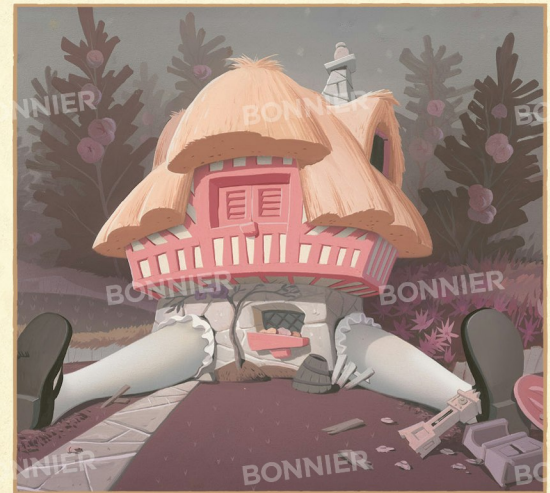
All of a sudden, the White Rabbit hurried out of the house.

“What are you doing out here?” the White Rabbit asked Alice. “Go get my gloves! I’m late!” he cried, pointing to the cottage. Alice did as she was told.

Inside the cottage, Alice found a pot filled with cakes marked, ‘Eat me,’ ‘Take one,’ and ‘Try me’.

“Don’t mind if I do,” said Alice, taking a bite. Alice grew so big, her arms stuck out of the windows and her legs stretched out through the doors of the cottage.

“Help! Monster!” cried the White Rabbit. He ran to get help.



The White Rabbit returned with the Dodo. The Dodo suggested they pull Alice out through the chimney with the help of a lizard with a ladder.

As luck would have it, at that moment Bill, a lizard with a ladder, passed by. The Dodo asked Bill to climb down the chimney and pull out the monster. Bill agreed, but changed his mind when he saw Alice peering through the window.

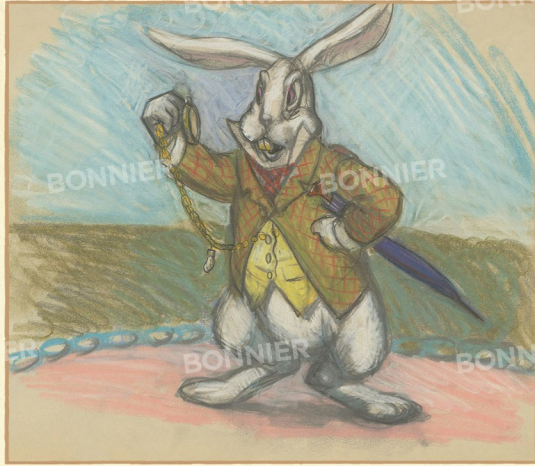
“Monster? Aah!” cried Bill.



The Dodo convinced Bill to try again by saying it could make him famous. He pushed Bill down the chimney, but soot from the chimney made Alice sneeze. Her giant sneeze blew Bill back up the chimney and high into the sky.

With Bill gone, the Dodo suggested they burn the house down.

Alice needed to think quickly.



Alice reached into the garden and pulled up a carrot, along with the White Rabbit who was trying to stop her. Alice took a bite of the carrot and shrank.

The White Rabbit looked at his watch. "Ah! I'm late!" he cried, running out of the door. He disappeared into a meadow. Alice was too small to follow him.

"Curious butterflies," said Alice as a flight fluttered by and landed on a leaf.

"You mean bread and butterflies," said a voice, as the butterflies assembled themselves into a loaf of bread. Alice looked to see who had spoken, but all she could see were flowers.

"That's nonsense," Alice said. "Flowers can't talk."

"But of course we can talk, my dear," said a rose.

"And we sing, too," added a group of pansies.



The flowers sang a lovely song, but once they were finished Alice found the flowers weren't very nice. They tried to determine what kind of flower Alice was with her peculiar petals, lack of fragrance and scrawny stems. They concluded she must be a weed.

"I'm not a weed," said Alice.

"Well, you wouldn't expect her to admit it," said a flower.

"We don't want weeds in our bed," said the pansies.

A pair of daffodils tipped water over Alice. The flowers laughed. They rudely forced Alice out of their area.





Alice walked until she came to a caterpillar.

“Who... are... you?” asked the Caterpillar.

“Well, I... I hardly know, sir. I’ve changed so many times since this morning, you see,” replied Alice. “Well, don’t you think you ought to tell me who you are first?”

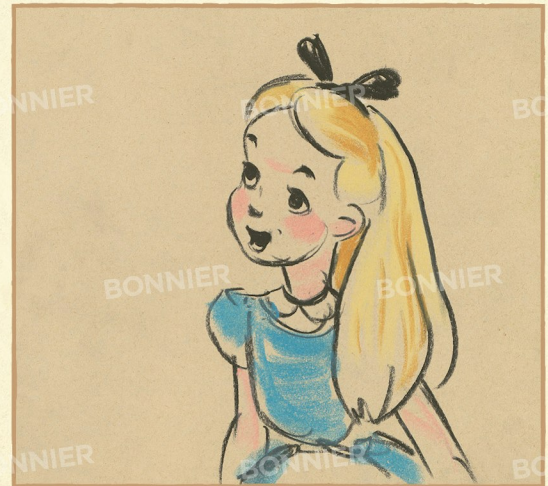
“Why?” asked the Caterpillar. Then he asked Alice to recite.

“How doth the little busy bee improve each—” Alice began.

“Stop!” interrupted the Caterpillar. “That is not spoken correctly. It goes, how doth the little crocodile improve his shining tail and pour the waters of the Nile on every golden scale?”

This recitation was unlike any Alice had heard before. “Well...” Alice said. “If you ask me...”

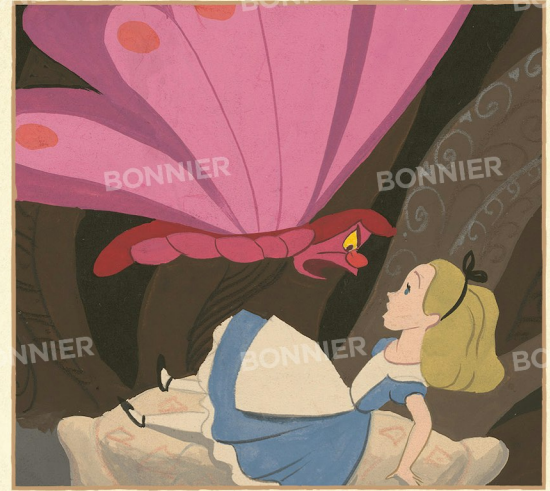
“You?” interrupted the Caterpillar. “Who are you?”



Annoyed to be back where she started, Alice left. The Caterpillar called after her and asked her what her problem was.

“I should like to be a little larger, sir,” Alice explained. “Well, after all, three inches is such a wretched height.”

“I am exactly three inches high, and it is a very good height indeed!” the Caterpillar shouted before transforming into a butterfly.



“By the way, I have a few more helpful hints. One side will make you grow taller,” he said, “and the other side will make you grow shorter.”

Alice looked down. She was sitting on a mushroom. She broke a piece from each side of it and took a bite from one of the pieces.



Alice grew through the treetops, dislodging a bird's nest along the way.

"A serpent!" cried the bird, seeing Alice's long body. "Help! Help!"

"But I'm not a serpent!" cried Alice. Alice took a bite from the other side of the mushroom and shrank. The bird and the nest fell through the air. The bird stretched out her wings to catch her precious eggs.

Once again, Alice found she was too small. Alice licked the mushroom in her right hand and grew slightly.

"There. That's much better," she said, happy with her size. Alice put the leftover mushrooms in the pockets of her apron.

Then, Alice heard singing. She looked to see where it came from.

"Lose something?" asked the voice.





Alice turned to see a wide smile without a face. Alice watched as the rest of the creature appeared. It was the Cheshire Cat. Alice asked the Cheshire Cat which way she ought to go.

“Well, that depends on where you want to get to,” said the Cheshire Cat.

“Oh, it really doesn’t matter as long as I—” said Alice.

“Then it really doesn’t matter which way you go,” replied the Cheshire Cat. “Oh, by the way, if you’d really like to know, he went... that way.”

“Who did?” asked Alice.

“The White Rabbit,” replied the Cheshire Cat.



Alice was excited to hear about the elusive White Rabbit, but soon she found herself talking in circles once again. The Cheshire Cat suggested she ask the Mad Hatter and the March Hare for more information.

“But I don’t want to go among mad people,” said Alice.

“Oh, you can’t help that. Most everyone’s mad here. You may have noticed that I’m not all there myself,” said the Cheshire Cat as he disappeared.



Alice walked towards a curious-looking cottage. In the cottage garden, she saw a table set for tea. At the table, the Mad Hatter and the March Hare sang and wished each other happy unbirthdays. When they finished, Alice clapped.

They explained that they were celebrating their unbirthdays, which was what you celebrated on all the days that weren't your actual birthday.



It was Alice's unbirthday, too. The Mad Hatter was delighted. He removed his hat to reveal an unbirthday cake with a candle already lit.

When Alice blew out the candle, the cake soared into the sky and erupted into a shower of sparks with a sleepy Dormouse at the centre.

"And now, my dear, something seems to be troubling you. Won't you tell us all about it?" the Mad Hatter asked.

"Start at the beginning," said the March Hare.

Alice told them it all started when she was sitting on the riverbank with Dinah, her cat.

On hearing the word 'cat', the Dormouse ran up the table, causing a mess. The Mad Hatter and March Hare ordered Alice to put jam on the frightened Dormouse's nose. When she did, the Dormouse fell asleep.

The Mad Hatter posed a riddle, but before Alice could solve it she was interrupted yet again. Alice was frustrated. Seeing she was upset, the March Hare offered Alice yet another cup of tea, but Alice had had enough.

"Well, I'm sorry, but I just haven't the time!" Alice said as she marched away.



“The time! The time! Who’s got the time?” called the March Hare.

“No time, no time, no time. Hello. Goodbye. I’m late! I’m late,” said the White Rabbit, dashing through the garden gate.

The Mad Hatter seized the White Rabbit’s watch and examined it.

“Well, no wonder you’re late. Why, this clock is exactly two days slow,” explained the Mad Hatter.

To fix it, the Mad Hatter dunked the watch in tea. He used a fork to pull out its wheels and springs, before spreading it with butter.

The White Rabbit tried to protest, but it was no use. By the time the Mad Hatter had finished, the watch hopped around the table spitting out springs and gears. Thinking the watch had gone mad, the March Hare struck it with a mallet.





“Oh, my watch!” lamented the White Rabbit. “And it was an unbirthday present, too.”

Delighted, the March Hare and the Mad Hatter wished him a happy unbirthday and tossed him out of the gate.

Alice tried to follow the White Rabbit, but he was nowhere in sight. Alice wanted to go home. She walked into the dark forest.

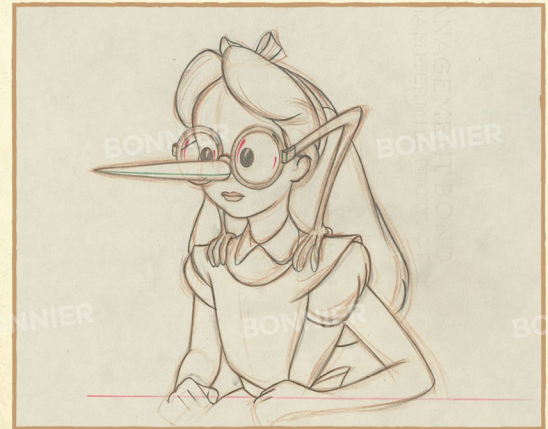
“Curious, I don’t remember this,” said Alice, reading a sign.

As she spoke, set after set of glowing eyes appeared in the darkness. A pair of birdlike glasses stepped forward and hopped onto Alice’s shoulders. It covered her eyes with its lenses.

“No, no, please,” Alice said. “No more nonsense.”

The woods were filled with strange sounds and odd-looking creatures. It was getting dark and nothing looked familiar.

“It would be so nice if something would make sense for a change,” said Alice.



Alice waited as birds with hammers for heads nailed up a sign.

“DON’T STEP ON THE MOME RATHS,” Alice read.

Alice looked down to see a group of fuzzy-headed creatures. The creatures pointed towards a path.



“Oh, thank goodness,” Alice said. She hurried down the path and through the forest. “I just can’t wait ‘til I... Oh!” Alice gasped as a broom-faced dog swept away the path ahead.

“Oh, dear. Now I shall never get out,” said Alice. “Well, when one’s lost, I suppose it’s good advice to stay where you are until someone finds you.”

Alice wept. She realised if she had taken her own advice earlier, she wouldn’t be lost in the forest.



As Alice sobbed, the strange birds of the forest cried with her before fading into the darkness. Then, a crescent moon rose in the sky and transformed into a grin. It was the Cheshire Cat. Alice told the Cheshire Cat that she wanted to go home, but she couldn't find her way.

“Naturally, that’s because you have no way,” said the Cheshire Cat. “All ways here, you see, are the Queen’s ways.”

The Cheshire Cat told Alice that she must meet the Queen.

“She’ll be mad about you, simply mad,” he said with a laugh.

He pulled on a lever-like branch and opened up a door in a tree. Alice stepped through the doorway and into a garden maze.

Through a gap in the hedge, Alice saw playing cards using red paint to change the colour of the white blooms of a rose bush. The cards sang as they worked. Alice joined them.

Suddenly, there was a fanfare. “The Queen!” shouted the playing cards before grovelling.

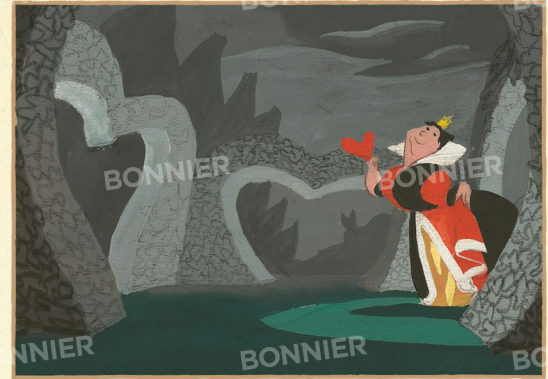


The White Rabbit ran towards them. “Her imperial highness. Her grace, her excellency, her royal majesty, the Queen of Hearts,” he announced.

The Queen of Hearts walked forward carrying a heart-shaped sceptre. A small figure stepped out behind her and gave the White Rabbit a tap on his shoulder.

“And the King,” sighed the White Rabbit.

The Queen looked about her garden and marched towards an unevenly painted rose. She demanded to know who was responsible for painting the flowers. Each card claimed it was the others’ fault, but the Queen didn’t want to listen. Instead she yelled, “That’s enough! Off with their heads!”



Alice begged the Queen to spare the card soldiers.

“And who is this?” demanded the Queen. Once she realised Alice was a little girl, the Queen instructed Alice on how to behave and told her to always say, “Yes, your majesty!”

“Now, where do you come from and where are you going?” asked the Queen.



“I’m trying to find my way home,” explained Alice.

“Your way? All ways here are my ways!” roared the Queen. “Do you play croquet?”

As soon as Alice confirmed that she did, in fact, know how to play, the game began.

A stack of cards shuffled and dealt themselves onto the field and bent into wickets. For a mallet, the Queen selected a green, long-legged bird. For a ball, the White Rabbit put down a hedgehog.

It was the Queen’s turn first. She swung her mallet and missed. To help, the King encouraged the hedgehog to run. The cards scuttled around so that the hedgehog made it through each wicket. The crowd cheered. This would not be a fair game for Alice.

The Queen took a second turn. The cards moved to ensure the hedgehog rolled through each hoop, but one card was too slow.

“Off with his head!” shouted the Queen.

When Alice’s turn came, her pink bird would not cooperate. Alice tried her best. She made her shot, but the wickets moved out of the way. Alice’s hedgehog didn’t make it through a single one.

On the Queen’s turn, the Cheshire Cat appeared, sitting on the Queen’s back.

“I say, how are you getting on?” the Cheshire Cat asked Alice.

“Not at all,” replied Alice.



The Queen demanded to know who Alice was talking to just as the Cheshire Cat disappeared. The Queen warned Alice not to make her lose her temper.

“You know, we could make her really angry,” the Cheshire Cat said as he reappeared. “Shall we try?”

Alice begged him to stop, but the Cheshire Cat hooked the Queen’s mallet beneath her dress. When the Queen took her swing, her mallet tipped her head over heels.

“Someone’s head will roll for this,” the Queen roared. She pointed at Alice. “Off with her—”



“But, consider, my dear. Couldn’t she have a trial first?” interrupted the King.

The Queen ordered the trial to begin immediately.

In the courtroom, the White Rabbit listed the lengthy charges against Alice.

The first witness called was the March Hare. The King asked the March Hare what he knew.

“Nothing,” said the March Hare, stirring his tea. The Queen demanded the jury write that very important information down.



The second witness was the Dormouse, who was sleeping inside his teapot.

“What have you to say about this?” whispered the Queen.

“Twinkle, twinkle little bat, how I wonder...” said the Dormouse before falling asleep. The Queen demanded the jury write this down, too.

The third witness to be called was the Mad Hatter. The Mad Hatter told the King that today was his unbirthday.

“Why, my dear,” the King said to the Queen, “today is your unbirthday, too.”

Delighted, the Mad Hatter rolled out a tablecloth with several teapots and a large cake.

When the Queen blew out her candles, the cake turned into a gift, with a crown inside. The Queen placed the crown on her head. Alice watched the crown transform into the Cheshire Cat.

“Look! There he is now,” said Alice, pointing to the cat.

“What? Who?” asked the Queen.



“The Cheshire Cat,” Alice replied.

On hearing the word cat, the Dormouse dashed out of the teapot.

The Mad Hatter cried out for someone to fetch the jam. Alice took the jam from the table and the March Hare pulled out a spoonful.

“Let me have it,” demanded the Queen of Hearts.

A large blob of jam splattered across the Queen’s face before the King, attempting to catch the Dormouse, hit her on the head with the gavel.



“Somebody’s head is going to roll for this!” roared the Queen of Hearts. Her eyes rested on Alice, who was left holding both the gavel and the jam.

Thinking fast, Alice remembered the mushrooms in her pockets. She took them out and ate them. The Queen gasped as Alice grew taller than the courtroom ceiling. The cards advanced and tried to attack.

“Oh, pooh. I’m not afraid of you,” said Alice, scattering them. “Why, you’re nothing but a pack of cards.”

“And as for you, Your Majesty,” Alice said to the Queen of Hearts. “Why you’re not a queen. You’re just a fat, pompous, bad-tempered old ty...tyrant.”



As Alice spoke, the second mushroom she had eaten made her shrink.

“Off with her head!” screamed the Queen.

Alice ran as the Queen and her card soldiers chased after her. Alice sped across the garden, weaved around the maze and raced through the forest. She ran over the Mad Hatter’s table, where she fell into a cup of tea.

Alice found herself swimming across an ocean of tea. She caught sight of a familiar face floating on a mushroom. It was the Caterpillar.

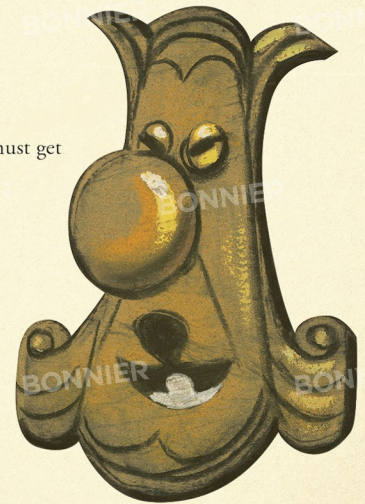
“Mr. Caterpillar what will I do?” Alice begged, clinging to the top of the mushroom.

“Who are you?” replied the Caterpillar.

Next, Alice found herself running down a tunnel with the Queen of Hearts and her army close behind. Alice ran towards a floating door and reached for the handle. It looked just like the one from the beginning of her journey.

“Still locked, you know,” complained the Doorknob.

“But the Queen. I simply must get out,” begged Alice.



“But you are outside,” said the Doorknob, opening the keyhole wide enough so that Alice could take a look.

Through the keyhole, Alice was amazed to see herself, sleeping beneath a tree with Dinah in her lap. Alice looked over her shoulder at the advancing Queen.



“Please wake up, Alice!” she cried to the Alice beyond the door. “Alice! Alice!”

As the sound of her name grew louder, the vision of the Queen and the guards blurred into a vision of colours and shapes.

“Alice, will you kindly pay attention and recite your lesson?” asked Alice’s sister.

Alice woke with a start. She spoke the recitation taught to her by the Caterpillar.

“How doth the little crocodile improve his shining tail and pour the waters of...” Alice said.

Her sister thought she was talking nonsense. “Oh, well. Come along. It’s time for tea,” Alice’s sister said. Alice gathered up Dinah and followed her sister home.

Alice, Dinah and her sister... and the White Rabbit... lived

happily ever after.



The End

The Art of Disney's Alice in Wonderland

Alice in Wonderland was released in 1951 as the thirteenth animated feature from the Walt Disney Studios. The film is based on Lewis Carroll's books *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass*. On first release, the film was not a critical or popular success; however, upon being subsequently re-released in both 1974 and 1981, *Alice in Wonderland* went on to become one of Disney's most commercially successful animated films and is now regarded as a classic of its time. Throughout this book you can see concept art, story sketches, animation cels and more from the following Disney Studio artists.



Mary Blair

It is difficult to miss Mary Blair's influence on the films she worked on during her decade with the Walt Disney Studios. Between 1943 and 1953 Blair contributed to many animated classics, bringing her vibrant colours and stylised designs to the development of the films. Blair is credited with the colour styling on *Cinderella*, *Alice in Wonderland* and *Peter Pan* as well as several shorts including *Susie the Little Blue Coupe* and *The Little House*. Blair also contributed to one of Disneyland's most famous rides, 'It's a Small World', creating the bright colour scheme and the look of the dolls.

Concept art on pages 4, 8, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18, 20, 22, 27, 28, 29, 30, 32, 33, 35, 39, 41, 43, 46, 50, 51, 52, 53, 55, 57, 60, 63, 64, 68, 69

Marc Davis

One of the 'Nine Old Men', the nickname for the famous core animators of the Walt Disney Studios, Marc Davis was honoured as a Disney Legend in 1989. Davis' specialty was character design, and throughout his career he designed and animated some of Disney's most iconic characters, such as Tinker Bell and Maleficent.

Animation drawing on page 45

Milt Kahl

Often considered the finest draughtsman of the Disney animators, Milt Kahl was responsible for the final look of Disney's characters for many films. Another member of Disney's 'Nine Old Men', Kahl's ability to infuse the characters he draws with both energy and charm is unparalleled.

Animation drawings on pages 37

Hal King

Starting out as an inbetweener on Disney shorts in the late 1930s, Hal King's first feature animation work was on *The Three Caballeros*. Following this, King worked on *Cinderella*, animating the mice and contributing to the sequence in which Cinderella puts on the glass slipper. King took on the role of directing animator for *Lady and the Tramp*, and is responsible for scenes such as Lady looking through the window, and Lady alerting Darling and Jim Dear to the rat. King also worked as a character animator on *One Hundred and One Dalmatians*.

Animation drawing on page 10

Frank Thomas

Another of Disney's 'Nine Old Men', Frank Thomas joined the Walt Disney Studios in 1934 as employee number 224. Thomas' work as an animator on Disney's feature films includes an impressive number of iconic moments, such as Pinocchio at the marionette theatre, Lady and Tramp eating spaghetti, Merlin and Arthur as squirrels in *The Sword in the Stone* and the three fairies in *Sleeping Beauty*. Thomas also excelled with villains as directing animator for Lady Tremaine in *Cinderella*, the Queen of Hearts in *Alice and Wonderland*, Captain Hook in *Peter Pan* and Aunt Sarah in *Lady and the Tramp*.

Animation drawings on pages 47, 58

David Hall

An early draft of *Alice in Wonderland* was produced in 1939 with artwork and storyboards by British visual development artist, David Hall. While ultimately this artwork was not used in the final film, much of Hall's art has been displayed in more recent years.

Concept art on pages 34, 59

Ward Kimball

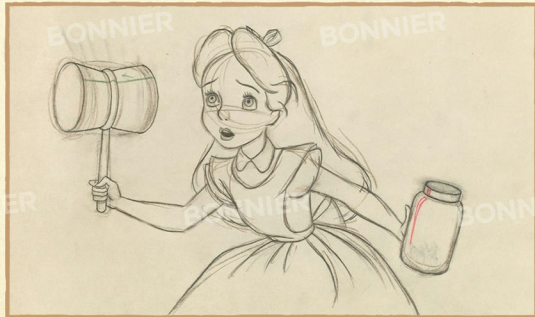
Ward Kimball joined the Walt Disney Studios in 1934 and contributed to many of its animated features, television and short film projects up until his retirement in 1973. Among the many memorable Disney characters he brought to life are Jiminy Cricket in *Pinocchio*, Tweedledee and Tweedledum, the Mad Hatter and the Cheshire Cat in *Alice in Wonderland*, and Lucifer the cat in *Cinderella*. He directed numerous educational short films such as *Mars and Beyond* and *Man in Space* as well as *It's Tough to Be a Bird*. One of Disney's renowned 'Nine Old Men', Kimball was named a Disney Legend in 1989.

Animation drawing on page 42

John Lounsbery

John Lounsbery, another of Disney's famous 'Nine Old Men', joined the Walt Disney Studios in 1935 as an assistant animator on *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. As well as working on many shorts and features from the 1940s to the 1970s, Lounsbery contributed to many of Disney's most famous feature-length animated films including *Dumbo*, *Peter Pan*, *Sleeping Beauty*, *One Hundred and One Dalmatians* and *Robin Hood*. In the 1970s, Lounsbery co-directed *Winnie the Pooh and Tigger Too* and *The Rescuers*. He was named a Disney Legend in 1989.

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Animation drawing: an illustration created for the final animation, ready to be traced on to a cel.

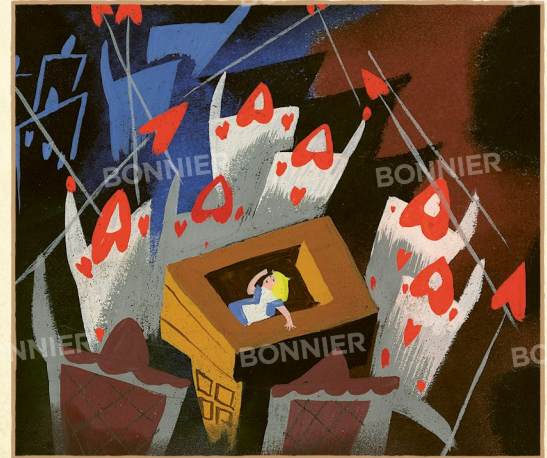
Background painting: establishes the colour, style and mood of a scene. They're combined with cels for cel set-ups or for the finished scene.

Cel: a sheet of clear celluloid, on which animation drawings are traced using ink and painted with colour. To create a finished frame of a scene, the cel is photographed against the background painting, which shows through the unpainted areas.

Cel set-up: a combination of one or more cels and a background painting, forming a frame of the finished scene.

Concept art: drawings, paintings or sketches prepared in the early stages of a film's development. Concept art is often used to inspire the staging, mood and atmosphere of scenes.

Story sketch: shows the action that's happening in a scene, as well as presenting the emotion of the story moment. Story sketches help visualise the film before expensive resources are committed to its production.





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