



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Disney

Cinderella



Acknowledgments

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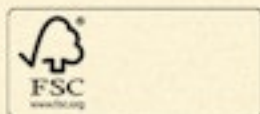
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Throughout my career I have often been asked which Disney movie influenced me the most. My answer is two: *The Reluctant Dragon* and *Cinderella*.

While each, in its own way, inspired me to become a Disney animator, *Cinderella* also captured my heart. I first saw *Cinderella* in a small theatre in Ohio in the 1960s. As a kid, I didn't completely understand the animation process, but I knew that the drawings – the painted cels – were alive. Like many people, I fell in love with this kind and courageous character and prayed for her dream to come true.

My dream of becoming a Disney animator came true in 1980. This brought me full circle, for during my training period and throughout my early years at the studio, my mentor was Eric Larson. Eric was one of Disney's 'Nine Old Men'. He was responsible for many of the studio's most memorable characters, such as Figaro from *Pinocchio* and Peg from *Lady and the Tramp*. Eric was also the hand behind many scenes of *Cinderella*. I remember how he used to speak of her, as if she were a real person. It's this kind of deep feeling for a character that best illustrates Eric's – and the studio's – philosophy that sincerity in our animation is critically important. When I was given the assignment to animate Ariel for *The Little Mermaid*, I recalled Eric's philosophy, inspiring me to think deeply about Ariel and her circumstances to make her as sincere as possible, a believable personality.

During my time as a Disney animator, I quickly learned how important *Cinderella* was to the studio's existence. Coming out of World War II, the studio needed to get back on its feet. Walt needed a hit, and he returned to where he had started: fairy tales. *Cinderella* was a budget-conscious film that was made fast, but it was these strict production parameters that helped craft a very tight and entertaining movie. *Cinderella* may not be as elaborate as some of the studio's other animated films, either before or since, but I have never tired of watching it, and few can match its heart. *Cinderella* is truly one of Disney's greatest films.

Mark Henn

Walt Disney Animation Studios



Once upon a time, in a faraway land, there was a tiny, peaceful kingdom where a widowed father and his young daughter, Cinderella, lived.

Cinderella's father eventually remarried a woman with two daughters of her own, Anastasia and Drizella.

At first, the stepmother was kind to Cinderella. But then, Cinderella's father passed away, and the stepmother's true nature was revealed. Cold, cruel and bitterly jealous of her stepdaughter, she was determined to forward the interests of her own two daughters over Cinderella.

As time went by, Cinderella's beloved home fell into disrepair. All of the family money was spent on the selfish stepsisters, while Cinderella was forced to become a servant in her own house.



And yet, through it all, Cinderella remained gentle and kind. With each dawn she found new hope that someday her dreams of happiness would come true.

..

On a summer's morning, Cinderella lay dreaming in her attic room. Two bluebirds swooped in through her open window. One lifted her golden plait, while the other tweeted into her ear.

Cinderella rose up, laughing, while the birds fluttered to the windowsill, pointing to the dawn sky.

"Yes, I know it's a lovely morning," said Cinderella, "but it was a lovely dream, too."





As she began her morning routine, Cinderella sang of wishes and dreams. Her bird and mice friends gathered in her room to hear her beautiful song.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

"Oh, that clock," said Cinderella, climbing out of bed.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

"I hear you," she said. "Come on, get up, you say. Time to start another day. Even he orders me around. Well there's one thing," she went on, addressing the mice, "they can't order me to stop dreaming."





Cinderella danced around her room, while the birds helped make her bed and plumped up her pillow, and the mice poured water into her washbasin.

While Cinderella washed, the bluebirds laid out her old, worn clothes. The mice dusted them with feathers and polished her shoes with little strips of cloth.

Then Cinderella slipped behind a screen and dressed. When she stepped out again, the bluebirds tied her apron in a bow around her back, and gave her a blue ribbon for her hair.

Then the mice scurried up her dressing table, squeaking and chattering.

"Wait a minute!" said Cinderella. "One at a time, please. Now, Jaq, what's all the fuss about?"

"New mouse in the house," said Jaq.
"Brand new. Never saw it before."

"Oh, a visitor," said Cinderella,
pulling out a tiny little yellow top from
her drawer. "He'll need a jacket and shoes..."



But Jaq began jumping up
and down. "Gotta get him
out!" he squeaked. "It's in
a rat trap!"



"In a trap?" asked Cinderella. "Well, why didn't you say so?"

She ran from her room, down the twisting wooden stairs, the mice leaping after. Cinderella lifted up the trap and opened the door.

"Oh," she said, "the poor little thing's scared to death. Jaq, maybe you'd better explain things to him."

"Zuk, zuk, Cinderelly," said Jaq, walking over to the cage. "Look, little guy. Take it easy. Nothin' to worry about. We like you. Cinderella likes you, too. She's nice, very nice. Come on, now."

And he led the new mouse out of the trap.

"Well that's better," said Cinderella, kneeling on the floor to meet him. She held up his new little yellow top and slipped it over his head.





"It is a little snug," laughed Cinderella, as the yellow top rolled itself up over his round tummy. "Now for a name. I've got one," she said, in her soft voice. "Octavius."

The little mouse blinked his eyes.

"But for short, we'll call you Gus."

"Like it?" asked Jaq.

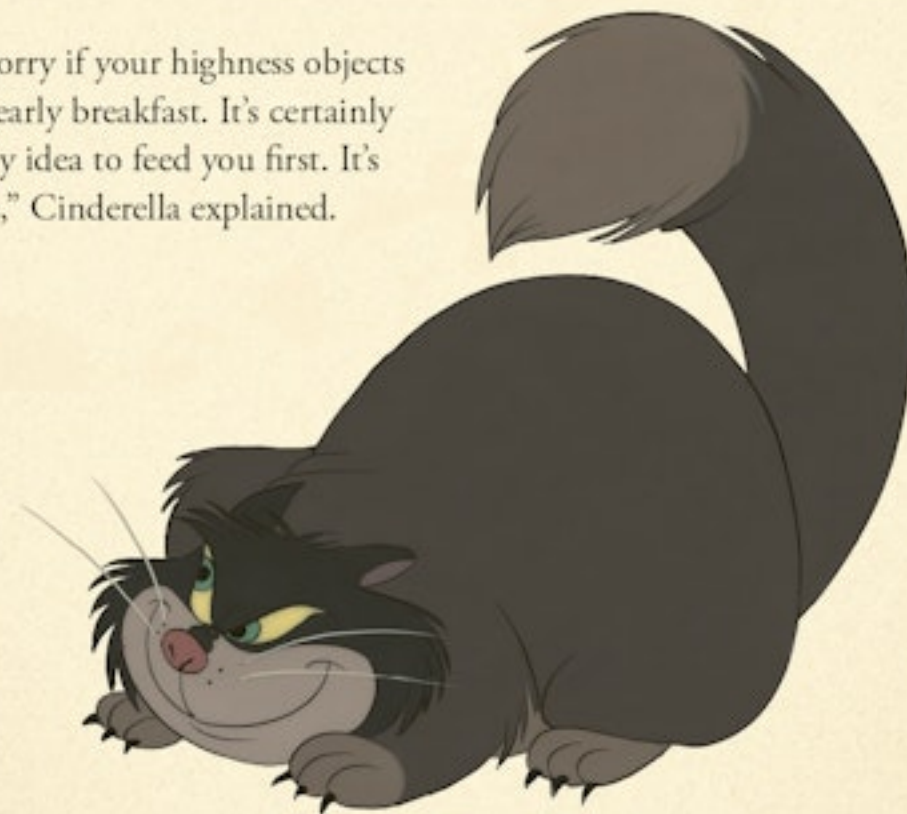
"Gus-Gus," said the little mouse, and giggled.

"Now I've got to hurry," said Cinderella, heading down the stairs again. "See that he keeps out of trouble, Jaq. And don't forget to warn him about the cat."

-- ... --

Cinderella opened the door from the servants' quarters into a long corridor and drew back the velvet curtains. Then she opened another door, painted white and gold. Inside, in a grand bed, her stepmother lay sleeping. Beside her, in a smaller, equally luxurious bed, lay a large, evil-looking cat named Lucifer. He was reluctant to wake up for his breakfast.

"I'm sorry if your highness objects to an early breakfast. It's certainly not my idea to feed you first. It's orders," Cinderella explained.



In the kitchen, Cinderella fed Lucifer, woke Bruno the dog, and walked out into the yard, calling, "Breakfast time. Everybody up. Hurry, hurry."

As Cinderella scattered food across the yard, hens and geese flocked to her side and the mice hurried over to join them. But Lucifer was watching... As the mice crept across the kitchen, he snuck up behind Gus, and trapped him under a cup.



Cinderella unwittingly picked up the cup and placed it onto one of the breakfast trays, then hurried back upstairs.

She brought breakfast first to her stepsisters and then to her stepmother, receiving yet more orders from each of them. But as Cinderella turned to go downstairs, Anastasia let out a piercing scream. A moment later, Gus shot out from under her door, straight into Lucifer's waiting claws.

"You did it," cried Anastasia, running from her room, looking at Cinderella accusingly. "You did it on purpose."

While Cinderella rescued Gus from Lucifer's clutches, Anastasia was busy crying to her mother.

"She put it there," Cinderella heard her say. "A big, ugly mouse, under my teacup."

With a sharp word, Cinderella was summoned to her stepmother's room. She didn't give Cinderella a chance to explain. Instead, she reeled off a long list of chores as punishment.



"There's the large carpet in the main hall. Clean it! And the windows, upstairs and down... wash them! Oh, yes. And the tapestries and the draperies."

"But I just finished—"

"Do them again! And don't forget the garden. Then scrub the terrace, sweep the halls and the stairs, clean the chimneys..." The list seemed to go on forever.

..

On the other side of town, there was another to-do taking place, but this one was in the royal palace. "My son has been avoiding his responsibilities long enough," shouted the King. "It's high time he married and settled down."



"Of course, Your Majesty," said his advisor, the Grand Duke. "But we must be patient..."

The King threw his ink pot at him. "I am patient! But I'm not getting any younger, you know. I want to see my grandchildren before I go," the King insisted. "Look, the boy's coming home today, isn't he?"

"Yes, Sire," said the Duke.

"Well, what could be more natural than a ball to celebrate his return," he said, then continued to formulate his plan. "And if all the eligible maidens in my kingdom just happened to be there... why, he's bound to show interest in one of them, isn't he?"

"Very well, Sire," murmured the Duke, "I shall arrange the ball for—"

"Tonight," declared the King.

"Tonight? Tonight!" stuttered the Duke.

"And see that every eligible maid is there. Understand?"

"Yes, Your Majesty," sighed the Duke.





In the chateau, Drizella and Anastasia were attending their morning music lesson. Drizella squawked tunelessly, while Anastasia attempted to play the flute.

Cinderella sang, too, as she scrubbed the floors, her voice soaring as effortlessly as the bubbles from her pail.

She stopped only when she saw Lucifer had deliberately made dirty paw prints all over the freshly washed floor.

"You mean old thing," she said, waving her mop at him.

But then came a knock at the door.

"An urgent message from His Imperial Majesty," said a messenger, handing Cinderella an envelope.

"What's it say?" asked Jaq and Gus, when the messenger had gone.

"I don't know," said Cinderella. "He said it's urgent. Maybe I should interrupt the 'music' lesson."





Cinderella knocked on the music room door. "Yes!" barked her stepmother. "Cinderella! I've warned you never to interrupt—"

"But this just arrived from the palace," said Cinderella, holding out the letter.

"From the palace!" cried her stepsisters. They immediately began fighting over the envelope, tearing it open.

"I'll read it," said the stepmother, plucking it from her daughter's hand. "Well, there's to be a ball. In honour of His Highness, the Prince."

"Oh, the Prince!" chorused the stepsisters.

"And, by royal command," their mother went on, "every eligible maiden is to attend."

"Why that's us!" cried Drizella.

"And I'm so eligible," added Anastasia.

"Why that means I can go too," said Cinderella.

Her stepsisters laughed at her.

"Well," said Cinderella, "why not? After all, I'm still a member of the family."



Cinderella's stepmother looked thoughtful for a moment. "Well I see no reason why you can't go... if you get all your work done."

"Oh, I will. I promise," said Cinderella gratefully, running to the door.

"And if you can find something suitable to wear," added her stepmother.

"I'm sure I can. Oh, thank you, Stepmother."

And she went out and shut the door.

Drizella and Anastasia were appalled. "Mother, do you realise what you just said?"

"Of course," smiled their mother. "I said 'if'."

And they all sniggered.

..



In her attic bedroom, Cinderella opened an old trunk and pulled out a dress that had belonged to her mother.

"Isn't it lovely?" she said to all the little mice, gathered around her. "Well, maybe it is a little old-fashioned, but oh I'll fix that." She opened a sewing book and began describing all the things she could do to transform the dress.

But before she could set to work, her stepmother screeched for her again. "Cinderella!" came her cry, the shrill echo climbing the stairs.



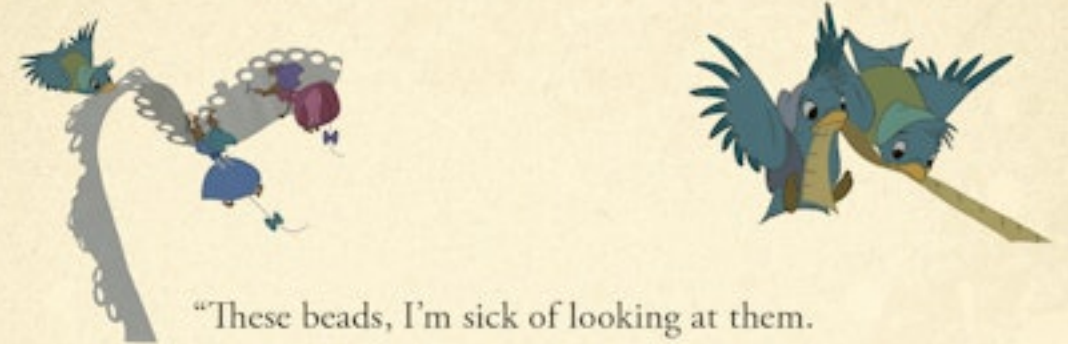


"Oh well, guess my dress will just have to wait," Cinderella said sadly, as she left the room.

"Poor Cinderelly," said Jaq.

All the mice knew the stepmother would never give Cinderella time to work on the dress. Together, they decided that they would do it.

Everyone set to work at once. Jaq and Gus hurried down behind the walls to the stepsisters' bedrooms. There, on the floor, was a lovely pink sash Anastasia had discarded and a necklace of blue beads.



"These beads, I'm sick of looking at them. Trash!" Drizella said, stomping on them.

Soon the room was empty, save for Lucifer... but with cleverness and quick thinking, Jaq and Gus were able to sneak away with the sash and beads for Cinderella's dress.



When they returned to Cinderella's room, the other birds and mice were already busy at work. They cut, sewed, pinned and sang as they transformed the old dress into a beautiful new one, trimmed with ruffles, lace and bows.



By eight o' clock that evening, the coachman had arrived, ready to take everyone to the royal ball. Cinderella was still hard at work, completing her long list of chores. She didn't know her little animal friends had made her a beautiful new dress. She thought she would never make it to the ball.

"The carriage is here," Cinderella told her stepmother, her head bowed.

"Why Cinderella," said her stepmother, pretending to be surprised. "You're not ready, child."

"I'm not going," Cinderella replied.

"Oh, what a shame," replied her stepmother. "But, of course, there will be other times."

"Yes, good night," said Cinderella, leaving her stepsisters to smirk behind her back.

..

She trudged wearily back to her attic bedroom, gazing out of her window, at the palace lit by the moonlight.

Behind her, the bluebirds slowly opened the cupboard to reveal the beautiful dress.

"Surprise! Surprise!" called the mice.

"Oh, thank you so much!" cried Cinderella, gazing in delight at the dress.





She quickly dressed and hurried down the stairs after her stepmother.

"Wait!" she called, rushing to join them. "Isn't it lovely?" she said, twirling around in her dress. "Do you like it?"

They all looked on, horrified.

"Cinderella!" gasped Drizella.

"Mother, she can't," wailed Anastasia.

The stepmother approached Cinderella. "These beads," she said, pointing to Cinderella's necklace, "they give it just the right touch. Don't you think so, Drizella?"

"Why, you little thief! They're my beads. Give them here," Drizella

cried as she tore the beads from Cinderella's neck.

"And look, that's my sash," said Anastasia, ripping it away.

"Oh, please!" cried Cinderella. But she couldn't stop them. The stepsisters tore at her dress until there was nothing left but rags.

"Girls! Girls! That's quite enough," said the stepmother. "Hurry along now, both of you. I won't have you upsetting yourselves."

And they went out, leaving Cinderella alone in the darkness.



Cinderella ran outside and collapsed, sobbing, in the garden. "It's just no use. No use at all. I can't believe. Not anymore. There's nothing left to believe in... Nothing."

As she wept, little glowing stars began floating through the darkness towards her, gathering together until they took on the form of a woman in a light blue cape.



"Oh, come now. Dry those tears. You can't go to the ball looking like that," said the woman. "But we'll have to hurry, because even miracles take a little time." She looked down one sleeve and then the other. "What in the world did I do with that magic wand? I was sure..."

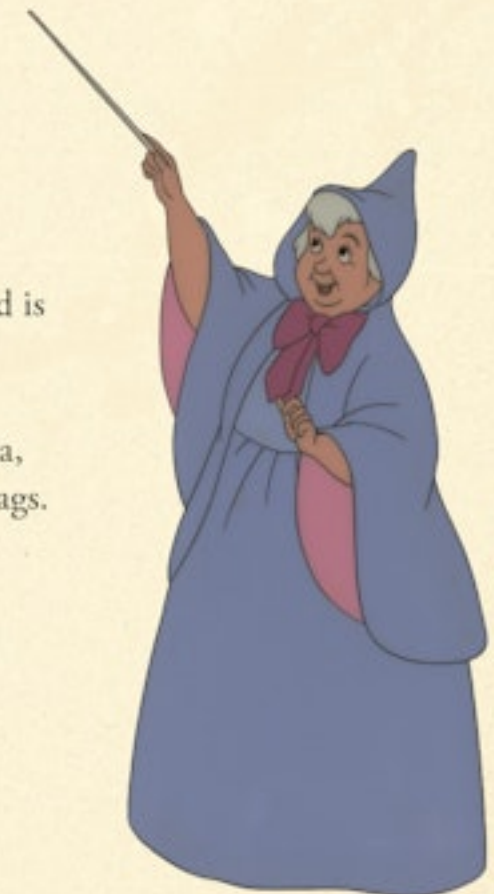
"Why then you must be..." said Cinderella.

"Your fairy godmother? Of course. Where is that wand? Oh! I forgot! I put it away."

She twiddled her fingers and drew the wand, magically, out of the air.

"I'd say the first thing you need is a pumpkin."

"A pumpkin?" asked Cinderella, looking down at her tattered rags.





The fairy pointed her wand at a pumpkin and it came bounding towards them. She waved her wand again and the pumpkin grew, and grew, until it became a sparkling carriage on four curling wheels.

"Oh, it's beautiful," said Cinderella.

Next, the fairy waved her wand at the mice and turned them into four elegant white horses. The farm horse became the coachman, with a smart blue uniform and hat, while Bruno was transformed into the footman.

It was only then that the fairy noticed Cinderella's tattered rags. "Good heavens, child!" she exclaimed. "You can't go in that!"

She waved her wand once more, and Cinderella was dressed in a shimmering silver gown.

"And look, glass slippers," said Cinderella. "Why, it's like a dream. A wonderful dream come true."



"You'll have only till midnight," warned the fairy, "On the stroke of twelve the spell will be broken, and everything will be as it was before."

"Oh I understand," said Cinderella, "but it's more than I ever hoped for."

Then she stepped into the carriage and was swept away to the ball.

-- *** --



Meanwhile, at the palace, every maiden in the land was being introduced to the Prince. The King watched closely from a nearby balcony, as the Prince greeted each one with a smothered yawn behind his white glove.

But when it came to the stepsisters' turn, the Prince looked up... and saw Cinderella standing at the end of the great hall. Without a moment's hesitation, he left the stepsisters and walked towards Cinderella.

It was as if he knew at once that she was the girl of his dreams.



The King looked on delighted. He ordered the band to strike up a waltz, and the Prince and Cinderella began to dance.

"Well, now for a good night's sleep," said the King, knowing his work was done. "See they're not disturbed," he told the Duke, "and when the boy proposes, notify me immediately."

The Prince and Cinderella continued dancing while the crowd watched. Cinderella's stepsisters tried hard to discover who this mysterious woman was. "Wait, there is something familiar about her," said the stepmother, as the pair waltzed past. But then they disappeared from view, dancing out of the ballroom into a beautiful courtyard.

The Prince and Cinderella spent the evening talking by the starlit fountains, walking across the moonlit lawn, and twirling beneath the stars.



Lost in her dream, Cinderella forgot the fairy's warning until she heard the clock strike midnight.

"Oh. Oh, my goodness," she said, turning to leave. "It's midnight—"

"No, no, wait," said the Prince. "You can't go now, it's only..."

"Oh, I must," said Cinderella. "Please—"

"But why?" asked the Prince.



Cinderella tried desperately to think of a reason. "Oh, the Prince," she said, "I haven't met the Prince."

"The Prince? But didn't you know..." the Prince began.

The clock chimed again, and this time, Cinderella couldn't wait. She hurried away.

"I don't even know your name," the Prince called after her. "How will I find you?"



Cinderella didn't stop. She dashed down the palace steps, losing her glass slipper as she ran. Then she leapt into her waiting carriage just as the Duke cried, "Stop that coach!"

Her horses charged through the gates and away into the night, with the royal guards chasing after. On the final stroke of midnight, before they had reached home, the carriage turned back into a pumpkin and Cinderella was once again in tattered rags.

Cinderella and her friends had no choice but to hurry into the forest, to avoid the guards.

"I'm sorry," Cinderella apologised to the animals. "I guess I forgot about everything, even the time. But it was so wonderful..."



The mice jumped up and down in excitement. "Cinderelly!" they cried, pointing to the single glass slipper, which still sparkled beneath her rags.

Cinderella cradled the slipper in her hands and gazed up at the stars. "Thank you so much, for everything," she said.

..

At the palace, the King was peacefully asleep, while the Duke hovered outside his door, trying to summon the courage to knock.

When at last he did, the King tumbled from his bed with a start. "So he's proposed already?" he cried. The King leapt around his room, full of excitement, chattering about the wedding, the invitations, even a national holiday.



"Sire?" said the Duke, interrupting him at last, "she got away."

The King's face turned puce with anger. "You traitor!" he shouted, wielding a sword.

"I tried to stop her," said the Duke. "All we could find was this glass slipper."

"The whole thing was a plot!" cried the King.

"But Sire, he loves her. He won't rest till he finds her. He's determined to marry her!"



On hearing this, the King's face broke into a smile. "Ha ha! We've got him!" he said, grabbing the slipper and kissing it. "You'll try this on every maid in my kingdom. And if the shoe fits, bring her in."

And so a proclamation went out across the land, that the Prince would propose marriage to the girl whose foot fit the glass slipper.

..

In Cinderella's house, her stepmother was urgently waking her daughters from their sleep.

"Everyone's talking about it," she said, "the whole kingdom." And she told her daughters how the Grand Duke had been hunting all night for the girl who lost her slipper at the ball, and how the Prince was madly in love with her.

At that moment, Cinderella entered the room. She had heard every word. The breakfast tray she was holding dropped to the floor. "The Prince!" she gasped, finally realising that he was the man she had danced with at the ball.





As her stepsisters flung clothes and commands at her, Cinderella stood as if in a dream, smiling.

"You clumsy little fool! Clean that up, and then help my daughters dress."

"If he's in love with that girl, why should we even bother?" asked Anastasia.

"No one, not even the Prince, knows who that girl is," Cinderella's stepmother explained. "The glass slipper is their only clue. Now, the Duke has been ordered to try it on every girl in the kingdom. And if one can be found whom the slipper fits, then, by the King's command, that girl shall be the Prince's bride."

"Wake up, stupid!" said Drizella.

"We've got to get dressed," added Anastasia.

Cinderella handed back their clothes. "Oh yes. Oh, we must get dressed..."

And she wandered away, dancing like she had the night before.

The stepmother watched her, narrowing her green eyes. In that moment, she realised: Cinderella was the girl at the ball!





Cinderella climbed the stairs to her attic room. Her stepmother followed, the mice hurrying after to see what she might do.

"Cinderelly!" cried the mice. But they were too late. The stepmother closed Cinderella's door... and locked it.

"Let me out!" pleaded Cinderella. But the stepmother pocketed the key, and left.

"We gotta get the key, Gus-Gus," said Jaq. "We just gotta get that key."

..

When the royal carriage arrived at Cinderella's house, the stepmother turned to her daughters. "Now, remember," she said, "this is your last chance. Don't fail me."



Then she curtsied low to the Duke, welcoming him inside. The Duke began to read the Royal Proclamation, while the palace footman held up the glass slipper.

"Why, that's my slipper!" cried Drizella.

"It's my slipper!" screeched Anastasia.

"Girls! Girls!" warned their mother, her voice like steel. "Your manners."



The mice were waiting nearby for their chance. At that moment, Jaq hurried over a table and reached into the stepmother's pocket to steal the key.

Meanwhile, Anastasia tried on the slipper. It only fit over her toes.

While she desperately tried to squeeze in the rest of her foot, Gus and Jaq heaved the key out of the pocket and up the stairs to the attic. But just as they finally reached Cinderella's door, Lucifer arrived.

With a smile of extreme satisfaction, he trapped Gus and the key beneath a cup. Cinderella begged Lucifer to let Gus go as the other mice and birds attacked with plates and forks and candles. But their efforts were no match for Lucifer. He refused to budge.

"Get Bruno!" urged Cinderella, watching through the keyhole. The bluebirds flew down to the yard and woke him, just as Drizella was desperately trying, and failing, to squeeze her foot into the shoe.

Bruno raced up the stairs and leapt at Lucifer, while Jaq and Gus slid the key under the door to Cinderella.



The Duke was preparing to leave. "You are the only ladies of the household I hope... I presume," said the Duke.

"There's no one else, Your Grace," lied the stepmother.

"Your Grace!" called Cinderella, from the top of the stairs. "Your Grace, please, wait. May I try it on?"

"Oh, pay no attention to her," snapped the stepmother.

"Madam," said the Duke, "my orders were every maiden." He led Cinderella over to a chair, but before the footman could reach her with the slipper, the stepmother tripped him up and the glass slipper shattered on the hard floor.



"Oh no! No, no, no," cried the Duke. "Oh, this is terrible. The King, what will he say?"

The stepmother smiled, deeply satisfied.

"But perhaps, if it would help..." said Cinderella, and she held out the other glass slipper.

The Duke took it and slipped it onto her foot. It was a perfect fit.



On the day Cinderella and the Prince were married, the wedding bells pealed throughout the kingdom. Bluebirds carried Cinderella's veil as she glided down the palace steps, hand in hand with her Prince. And when one of her shoes fell from her foot, the King, hurrying after, bent to slip it back on again.

Cinderella had not forgotten her old friends. The mice were there too, dressed specially for the occasion in little suits, joyfully throwing confetti. The wedding carriage was pulled by the old farm horse, and Bruno proudly led the way.

As the royal carriage swept down the streets, Cinderella and the Prince waved at the crowds. Dreams, it seemed, could come true, after all...

Cinderella and her Prince lived
happily ever after.



The End

The Art of Disney Cinderella

Released in 1950, *Cinderella* was the twelfth animated feature film from the Walt Disney Studios. Following financial difficulties owing to World War II, the studios needed the film to be a hit. *Cinderella* was a commercial and critical success, receiving three Academy Award® nominations. It was the first film on which all of Disney's famous "Nine Old Men" worked together as directing animators. The artists worked from live-action references, following the movements of actors for Cinderella, Prince Charming and the Fairy Godmother. There were no live-action references for the animal characters, with animator Ward Kimball instead drawing inspiration from his family cat for his animation of Lucifer. 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 on which she worked 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 attractions, "It's a Small World", creating the distinct colour scheme and the look of the dolls. Concept art on pages 4, 8, 10, 13, 18, 22, 25, 26, 28, 30, 34, 40, 45, 46, 48, 50, 53, 54, 56, 59, 63, 64, 67 and 69.

Marc Davis

One of Disney's 'Nine Old Men', a core group of renowned animators for the Walt Disney Studios, Marc Davis was honoured as a Disney Legend in 1989. Davis's speciality was character design, and throughout his career he designed and animated some of Disney's most beloved characters, such as Tinker Bell in *Peter Pan*, Aurora and Maleficent in *Sleeping Beauty* and Cruella De Vil in *One Hundred and One Dalmatians*. For *Cinderella*, Davis designed and animated the title character. Concept art on pages 16 and 55.

Bill Peet

One of the most legendary story sketch artists in the legacy of Disney animation, Bill Peet joined the Walt Disney Studios in 1938, first as an in-betweener, providing the essential fill-in drawings that make characters such as Pinocchio appear to move. Peet quickly proved his skill and, transitioning to the story department, contributed to the Olympian fantasy segment in *Fantasia*, as well as producing character and story sketches for *Dumbo*. Peet was inspired to create Dumbo's cuddly form following the birth of his first son. As a story artist and writer, Peet helped bring about many Disney classics before leaving the company during the early development of *The Jungle Book*. For *Cinderella*, Peet developed and created many of the story sketches for the humorous segments between Lucifer the cat and the mice. Story sketches on pages 17, 21 and 58.

Milt Kahl

Often considered the finest draftsman of the Disney animators, Milt Kahl is another member of Disney's 'Nine Old Men'. For many films, Kahl was responsible for the final look of Disney's animated characters. Kahl's ability to infuse the characters he drew with both energy and charm is unparalleled. In *Cinderella*, Kahl is credited with the character look of the Fairy Godmother, the King, the Grand Duke and Prince Charming. Animation drawing on page 24.

Frank Thomas

Another one of Disney's 'Nine Old Men', Frank Thomas joined the Walt Disney Studios in 1934 as employee number 224. Thomas's 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 *Sword in the Stone*, and the three fairies in *Sleeping Beauty*. Thomas also excelled with villains as directing animator for Lady Tremaine in *Cinderella*, Queen of Hearts in *Alice in Wonderland*, Captain Hook in *Peter Pan* and Aunt Sarah in *Lady and the Tramp*.

Animation drawing on page 36.

Les Clark

The first of Disney's 'Nine Old Men', Les Clark joined the Walt Disney Studios in 1927 and worked on the origins of Mickey Mouse with Ub Iwerks, the original animator of Mickey Mouse. Clark was hired by Walt Disney straight out of high school and stayed with the company for nearly half a century. Clark operated the animation camera and created in-between drawings for *Steamboat Willie* before his animation debut in 1929 with *The Skeleton Dance*, which was the first of the *Silly Symphonies*. Throughout his career, Clark worked on many well-known animated films, including *Dumbo*, *Cinderella*, *Alice in Wonderland* and *One Hundred and One Dalmatians*. After becoming a directing animator and art director, and subsequently directing numerous shorts and episodes for Disney television programs, Clark retired from the studio in 1976.

Animation drawing on page 61; rough animation drawing on page 62.



Animation drawing: an illustration created for the final animation, ready to be traced onto a cel or, in later traditional animated features, scanned into a computer for digital inking and painting.

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.

Colour key: establishes the look and feel of a background painting and the overall colour of a scene. Colour keys help filmmakers to avoid any colour overlaps or clashes when situating characters and objects on backgrounds.

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.

Layout drawing: a pencil drawing of the staging and background elements in a scene, capturing all of its details and perspective.

Model sheet: used when many artists are involved in animating a character or an object, this document helps to standardise the appearance and poses of such characters or objects. The model sheet for a character typically shows that character's face and body from multiple angles.

Rough animation drawing: a drawing created very early in the animation process to sort out the action of a scene in animation.

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





GLUED DOWN