

Cinefex

...the journal of cinematic illusions

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Dick Smith won his first job in makeup during the golden age of live television. Essentially untrained, but with boundless enthusiasm and drive, he quickly mastered his craft and branched into motion pictures. In half a century of achievement, he has contributed countless technological and aesthetic advances to the field. *Tribute by Don Shay.*

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(Photograph by Ken Regan.)

DICK SMITH
50 YEARS IN MAKEUP

tribute by
Don Shay





RICK BAKER ON DICK SMITH

I can barely remember a time when Dick Smith was not an important figure in my life.

Growing up, I was never into sports or any of the things other kids found interesting. All I wanted was to be a makeup artist. *Famous Monsters* was my textbook, and I devoured everything I could find on anyone who did makeup. I loved the work of Jack Pierce and some of the other old-timers; but of the people then in the business, it was Dick Smith I most admired. His makeups always looked especially real to me. Back when I was in grammar school, Dick did three articles in *Famous Monsters*, complete with step-by-step photos showing how he did some of his great makeups. It was from those that I learned some of the basics about making molds and such. There was also a book by Vincent Kehoe that had pictures of a lot of things that Dick had done.

Dick Smith was the king.

I was a freshman in high school when a classmate told me of a book he had seen at the newsstand about how to do monster makeup. It was by a guy named Dick something. I was so excited, I could barely contain myself. Immediately after school, I ran to the newsstand where I bought *Famous Monsters* and, sure enough, there it was — *Dick Smith's Monster Make-up Handbook*. I learned a lot from that book.

About the time I graduated from high school, my parents began talking about a family vacation to New York. I thought, "This is my chance." A couple of years before, I had been doing a library project and had come across a copy of *Who's Who in America*. I started looking up people — Boris Karloff and others — and Dick Smith was *in there!* I think he was the only makeup artist who was. I made a note of his address, and even wrote him a letter — but then I chickened out and never sent it. It was like writing to God. What was I going to say to the guy? But I was older now, and here was a chance to maybe even *meet* him.

So I wrote him a letter and sent photos of some of my stuff. There was a Quasimodo makeup and a Dorian Gray head that I had copied from his work, and some other things I had done. Incredibly, about two days later there was a reply in my mailbox. It was a big envelope, kind of spongy, and inside was a photo of a *Little Big Man* test makeup Dick had just done and a foam casting of the Quasimodo makeup I liked so much — and this *great* letter that was unbelievable. He seemed really excited about what I had sent him. It was a day I'll never forget.

I got to meet Dick on that trip to New York. I thought it was going to be: "Hello, Mr. Smith. It's really nice to meet you. I'm a big fan." Then we'd talk a bit and he would show me a few things and I'd leave.

It was not that way at all. Right off, he said to my parents: "Why don't you come back later — or, you know what, I'll get him back to you. Just tell me where you're staying, and I'll get him home." They said, "We can wait," not wanting to put him out. But he said, "No, I want to spend some time with Rick; and I don't want to have to worry about you." So they left, and we went down into his little basement workshop. At first I was kind of disappointed. I expected something more grand. I expected to see things on display. There was none of that.

Dick handed me a notebook, and said, "I'm going to tell you a lot of things, and I want you to write them all down so you don't forget them." Then he started pulling things out and showing them to me, explaining what I could do to improve my sculpting and moldmaking and the like. We were down there all day. He took me to dinner with his wife and kids; then we went back to his lab, and he continued telling me more and more things, late into the night. It was extraordinary—a one-day crash course in makeup—and when I left, I couldn't wait for the vacation to be over so I could get home and begin trying all of the things he had taught me.

That was only the beginning. We corresponded back and forth; and no matter how busy he was, Dick always took time to answer my questions and help me along. When he was doing *Little Big Man* in Los Angeles, he invited me to the VA Hospital in Westwood where they were shooting; and I got to watch him apply the old-age makeup on Dustin Hoffman. It was a fantastic experience for an eighteen-year-old kid to be able to sit there and watch him work.

A couple of years passed by and I was beginning to get work on low-budget features. One day a call came from Dick who was then doing *The Exorcist*. "Rick, all hell's broken loose here. I did all this preparation, and the director decided on the first day of shooting that he doesn't like the makeup and wants to change it." In the possession makeup that was originally approved, nearly all of Linda Blair's face was covered with appliances; and what apparently happened was that when she walked onto the set that first day, some grip or somebody said: "Oh, look. She's got her mask on now." That was all Billy Friedkin needed to hear. He said to Dick: "It's too 'masky.' Do another one." Dick had already prepared fifty sets of all the pieces—enough for the entire show—and he had to start over from scratch. He needed some help. Would I be interested in coming to New York and working with him? "Gee, I don't know, Dick. I'll have to think about that one."

I was on the first plane east.

That was the real start of my education. Dick, of course, did all the creative work and the sculpting. My job was to make the molds and run rubber for him. I began by doing it my way, which was based on things I had read and figured out for myself and a lot of things Dick had told me. Dick very quickly let me know that I had a lot yet to learn. He was extremely meticulous and particular about every aspect of every task. He would show me how to run rubber, for example, and then sit there and watch me do it, commenting and correcting me every step of the way. It was scary—a real trial by fire—but it was a great way to learn. Later I got to do a little sculpting, and I worked quite a bit on the Linda Blair dummy with the rotating head. I also got to go to Iraq and assist Dick in making up Max von Sydow. Everything about that experience was magical. Not only was I working with the man I had most admired for so many years, learning things I might never have learned on my own. I was even living in his home like a member of the family.

After the initial mad rush was over and things started settling down, I

got into a routine of running foam rubber twice a day. Since that was pretty much all I was doing by then, I had the middle part of the day free. Dick was spending most of his time at the studio at that point, so I asked him if I could go through his files. He said sure. He had file cabinet after file cabinet filled with notes and photographs—all kinds of things. Fabulous makeups I had never seen. I would leave things out and ask him about them at the end of the day, if he was still awake. "What is this Dick? This is great." And he would patiently answer all my questions. There were times, on the weekends, when he would be there and we would work together in his lab. He was always telling me about the old days of live television. It was just the best time.

The Exorcist eventually came to an end; and I returned home, much enriched. A true mentor, Dick continued to guide and assist me, even recommending me for jobs he was unable to do himself. I got to do *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman*—a major project early in my career—because Dick suggested me to the producers. My career began to take off.

I became an apostle, spreading the word of what I had learned from Dick Smith about moldmaking and foam and overlapping appliances. No one on the West Coast held Dick in much regard at that time. He was that guy from New York who was given all the time in the world to work on things and who used that stupid George Bau foam and did appliance makeups with multiple pieces when one would do just as well. I used to get furious with these people and argue with them all the time. I felt strongly that the Dick Smith way of doing things was better. This went on for the longest time; but then I slowly started seeing people come around. All of a sudden, they were beginning to realize that Dick Smith was not just this guy who demanded and got a lot of time to do things his way. He was an incredible artist who was doing things in ways that were different—and better. Today his influence is everywhere.

Probably because no one would tell him anything when he was starting out, Dick has always been the most generous of people when it comes to sharing his formulas and techniques. And he managed to instill that ethic in all of us by going around and visiting different artists and shops, spreading the pollen of information. Soon, everyone started opening up. Beyond that, Dick Smith is the person, more than anyone, who elevated the state of the art and the status of the makeup artist everywhere. He fought for integrity in the work and he fought for good screen credits. There is no one in makeup today who doesn't owe him a debt of gratitude.

Years ago, when I was just getting started, Dick Smith gave me a letter of recommendation that stated my work was very good and that in five years time I was going to surpass him. I was tremendously flattered. A couple of years later, he said: "I was wrong. You've surpassed me already." I laughed and told him: "Thanks, Dick, but that's bullshit. I'm never going to surpass you. No one will."

That was twenty years ago. I still believe it.

No one who has met Dick Smith would be surprised to learn that one of his early makeup assignments was for a television adaptation of *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. After fifty years in the business—and looking, easily, a decade younger than his age—Smith is still a vibrant and active innovator in the field he popularized and populated with several generations of accomplished protégés. Surely there must be a really ugly portrait somewhere in his attic.

Despite evidence to the contrary, however, Dick Smith is at present dispelling rumors of his demise.

For most of his half-century career, Smith and wife Jocelyn lived in a small middle-class home in residential Larchmont, New York, not far from where Smith was born on June 26, 1922. Over the years, that home—which served also as his studio and laboratory—became a mecca for makeup enthusiasts, young and old, who for decades sought information and counsel from the veteran artist. Despite the lure of warm weather and the fact that his career—which began in New York with live television—eventually became focused principally in Hollywood, Smith elected to remain in Larchmont for nearly forty years. From the basement of that modest home emerged a profusion of memorable characters and creatures for films such as *Little Big Man*, *The Exorcist*, *The Godfather I and II*, *Altered States*—and *Amadeus* which earned Smith a long-overdue Academy Award.

So it came as a surprise to many when, two years ago, he and Lyn sold the fabled homestead and moved south to Florida where they purchased a lovely replacement on the small island of Siesta Key on the gulf coast. No significance need be read into the fact that Siesta Key is accessible from the mainland only by drawbridge, for Smith has continued to be as open as ever, working on projects in his garage studio and maintaining contact with a vast network of makeup artists and acolytes around the world.

But there are always some who never get the word. When, after a year, the post office discontinued forwarding mail from Larchmont and began returning it with "Addressee Unknown" stamped across it, rumors began to circulate. Dick Smith, a lifelong New York loyalist, surely must have died.

To paraphrase Mark Twain—whose likeness in Mark Twain, Tonight! won Smith a makeup Emmy—reports of his demise were greatly exaggerated.

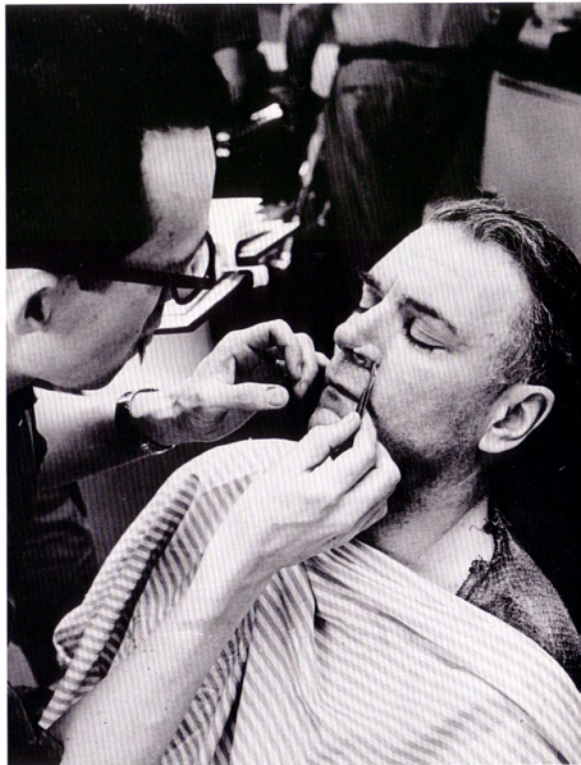
You have a reputation for being extraordinarily generous in sharing your formulas and techniques with others. Many people in the business consider you a mentor and teacher. Was there anyone like you in the field fifty years ago?

Young people can't imagine what it was like back then. In 1945, when I started out in New York, there were maybe four or five makeup artists—period. Just four or five in the whole city. None of them would give you the time of day.

Pretty much everything I learned was by experimenting and



Fifty years ago, Dick Smith was hired as the first staff makeup artist at NBC Television. One of his earliest character makeups was on Stephen Courtleigh for a live presentation of Abe Lincoln in Illinois. Jacket and tie was the attire of the day, even for messy makeup jobs. / Smith adds finishing touches to Jose Ferrer in an early production of Cyrano de Bergerac. / Smith—who provided or supervised the makeup on every show produced at NBC New York for fifteen years—applies foam latex appliances to Eli Wallach for his Sancho Panza role in Don Quixote. / In 1960, Smith left the network and spent the next two years at Talent Associates working on television productions for David Susskind. For the macabre series, Way Out, he applies a Quasimodo makeup on Alfred Ryder. / Among the highlights of the period was working with Laurence Olivier on The Power and the Glory.





trying things. The things I didn't know when I started—even basic things—would fill volumes. I remember, back in 1947, seeing an article in *Life* magazine about a movie called *The Lost Moment*, with Agnes Moorehead playing 110 years old. I'd been at NBC about two years at that point, and the previous year had tried to do a Lincoln makeup that had failed, because when I put greasepaint on my crude latex appliances, it turned all powdery. So here I am, reading *Life* magazine, which has a fantastic full-page picture of this old, old makeup done by Bud Westmore, and it says: "He used cotton and spirit gum and rubber mask grease." And I said, "What the hell is rubber mask grease?" So I wrote Max Factor and asked them about it. Sure enough, the answer came back, and it said: "It's actually called rubber mask greasepaint and it's used on rubber appliances. We make it." Eureka! That was one of the first, most important bits of information I gleaned. So that was kind of typical of the ignorance I started with.

As a rule, people tended to be secretive back then. There was not all that much makeup work in New York—and Hollywood might as well have been on another planet. No one out there was eager to share anything; and the union did its best to discourage whatever inclination there might have been. I remember, in 1951, a group of us arranged to hire Gus Norin—who was a very fine and experienced Hollywood lab man—to come to New York for two weeks and give a seminar on how to make molds and appliances. Up until then, I had no idea how to make a proper mold; so this was a major event for me and about a dozen other young New York artists. All of us chipped in to pay Gus for his time and travel and expenses—and about \$1000 that he would have to pay to the Hollywood local for breaking a rule that members could not teach anything to anybody. For a union member to let out secrets to outsiders was strictly verboten. So that was the atmosphere at the time. I thought it was terrible, and I've done my best over the years to dismantle that kind of thinking.

Your home base was always New York, but you did a lot of work over the years in Hollywood movies. How were you received out there?

My first experience working in Hollywood was when I was called out to work on it's a *Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*—the scene at the end where everyone's hanging off the collapsing fire escape. Bud Westmore was the head of Universal makeup at the time. I had met Bud and he had liked my portfolio; but the only reason I got the job was because, at the very last moment, Stanley Kramer decided that he wanted appliance makeups on all the stuntmen so that they would look more like the actors. Bud was totally occupied with *The List of Adrian Messenger* at the time; and no other appliance guy in Hollywood wanted to touch it because it was such a big job and on such short notice. So Bud decided to break the union rules and bring me out. He had very little choice, really. I accepted the job without even asking what it entailed—and I accepted union scale. When I got out there, I found that I had to do ten or eleven stuntman

masks in just three weeks. I would normally have taken three months to do that at home! It was a monstrous job. Literally, I would work twenty-three hours a day for three weeks. I would work until about midnight, then stop and walk a couple of blocks to the motel where I was staying, sleep for one hour, get up, take a quick shower, then go back to the studio and continue. That was my life for three weeks—but I was only forty then, so I could take it.

My next big experience was *Little Big Man*. Basically, I was hired to do all of Dustin Hoffman's makeups, plus a few others, while another makeup artist was brought on to take care of everything else—all the Indians and whatnot. In my presence, this fellow was perfectly affable; but I kept hearing about snide, critical things he was saying behind my back, especially about the way I was dividing the old-age makeup into overlapping pieces. That had never been done before; and everyone thought I was crazy and that it was totally unnecessary. Of course, since then, pretty much everybody has followed my lead, and I practically never see the old way done anymore. Then there was another very well-known makeup artist who was always friendly to me on visits. I used to come out, travel around and learn as much as I could. It was no one-way street, mind you, as I was open to reciprocate and exchange whatever ideas and techniques I had developed. But it got back to me later that this one chap, whom I thought was a friend, would see me coming, and say, "Oh, here comes Smith, sucking around again, snooping." So there was hostility, especially at first. I was from New York—which was considered enemy territory—and it took a long time to get accepted.

From the sixties on, your work was primarily in feature films. Why did you elect to remain in New York, rather than move to Hollywood?

I had been to Hollywood on visits many times, and had friends there and enjoyed it. So I had nothing against Los Angeles. But my roots were in New York. I was born in Larchmont; and though I didn't live there during my teenage years, still, it was home. Moving—as I well know now—is a bitch. Particularly when you have a lab—even the little lab I had in my basement. My attic in the Larchmont house was chock-a-block with storage shelving and stuff piled everywhere—molds and other materials going back years. So the idea of moving was traumatic, especially all the way out to Hollywood.

Then, too, I didn't know how I would be treated. I was an outsider, and had always been treated like one. I could work in Hollywood from time to time, as long as I went back to New York. But to come out and stay there, I would have immediately threatened people with competition—which would have been difficult. Plus I would have to go from being a big fish in a little puddle to being one of a lot of big fish in a bigger puddle. It was not a welcome thought.

There was a period during the mid-sixties, though, when I thought I would have to move to L.A. I considered myself a film artist at that point, but there was very little film work being

Smith earned his first feature film credit on Requiem for a Heavyweight, using makeup to transform Anthony Quinn into a past-his-prime prizefighter with abundant physical reminders of bouts won and lost. / When Hal Holbrook agreed to present his acclaimed one-man show of Mark Twain, Tonight on television, Smith was engaged to prepare an elaborate makeup that rendered the actor a very passable double for the noted author and humorist. Smith earned an Emmy for his work on the production. / On location at a veterans hospital, Smith adds final details to a landmark makeup which transformed Dustin Hoffman into a 121-year-old westerner whose ramblings form the basis of Little Big Man. Smith's debut employment of multiple overlapping appliances would eventually become a universal technique.

done in New York—at least my kind of work. I was constantly on the lookout for films that had anything special in them—not low-budget junk with monsters and such, but real features that people might actually go to see. In a year, there might be one film made in New York that required special makeup of some sort—one film for everybody. I remember trying *desperately* to get hired on *The Swimmer*, where the entire creative aspect would have been putting body makeup on Burt Lancaster in his bathing trunks as he swam from pool to pool—that was it. And I lost that job. Producers wouldn't hire me for an ordinary film with straight makeup. They could hire a regular makeup artist much cheaper. So there was a long period in there of relatively little creative work. Television was my salvation. Just about the time I was beginning to think that a move to Hollywood was inevitable, along came *Mark Twain, Tonight!* and a number of other projects that sustained me.

Eventually, you did work in Hollywood from time to time. How did that come about, and how were you able to overcome union objections?

Because of my work on *Mad, Mad World*, I was entitled to go on the Industry Experience Roster. Do you know what that is? No.

It was an anti-labor device, really. Labor laws specified that there could not be a closed shop agreement. In other words, the union could not force the studios to hire only union members. To get around that, the contract between the unions and the studios stated that the studios would agree only to hire people from the Industry Experience Roster, meaning a list of people whom the parties to the agreement felt were qualified. Well, that was like a surrogate for the union membership, because the only people on the roster were union members. But the contract also stated that anyone who worked in Hollywood for a specific number of days as a paid makeup artist would become eligible for the roster—even if they were nonunion. There was a test to be taken, though. Because of *Mad, Mad World*, I was eligible, but I had never taken the test—never needed to. But at my low point—which would have been about 1966, when I thought I might actually have to move—someone suggested it would be a good idea. So I studied like hell and went out there to take the test—very apprehensively. I might add, because it would have been easy for people out there to crucify me. I went into the room where the test was to be taken, and Bill Tuttle happened to be the committee chairman. Bill was very cordial. He turned to the other judges, and said, "I don't think we really need to examine Dick Smith, do you?" And they all agreed. That was it! I never had to do a thing. I've been indebted to Bill Tuttle ever since for that kindness and consideration. It was really one of the nicest things that ever happened to me in Hollywood.

The final footnote to that story took place ten years later when I was out in Hollywood working on *The Fury*. Howard Smith—who was the business rep for the makeup local—showed up on the set one day, and said: "You haven't joined the union yet.

Here's an application. I want you to fill it out." I was kind of flabbergasted. I said, "I understood I had to be a resident." And he said: "Nah. You're working out here. You really should be in the union." So all of a sudden, after all those years of keeping me out, they wanted me to join. So, of course, I did. Having union cards in both New York and L.A. was a definite advantage. Phil Rhodes and I were the only two who could work either place without any union problems. Phil was Marlon Brando's makeup artist and Marlon had put pressure on the union to get him a West Coast card. For me, having both cards meant that there was even less necessity for me to move to Hollywood, because I could do preparation work in Larchmont and then travel to L.A.—or to Timbuktu, for that matter, wherever they were shooting. The only thing it meant was that when people hired me, if they were located in Hollywood and I had to go out for conferences, they had to pay my way. That was never much of an obstacle.

I think anyone who has a notion of the kinds of facilities that Rick Baker or Stan Winston or Rob Bottin have would be surprised to learn that most of your life's work came out of a small basement workshop in a middle-class home.

You know, just a few days ago, I was testing the hookups on my new television set and I put on a laserdisc I hadn't watched in years. It was one of a series done in Japan on special effects, and they had come to Larchmont to interview me for it. So I pop this thing in, and what do I see but a shot of me leading the cameraman down a narrow flight of stairs—past shelves of groceries—and into my tiny little studio. And it was really odd. For the first time, I saw it with the eyes of a stranger—and I was a bit appalled. Talk about first impressions. I thought about all the celebrities and big-name actors I had had down there over the years, and I wondered what they must have thought. It's amazing some of them didn't turn right around and leave. Fortunately, my reputation must have been sufficient to overcome the negative image.

How much work space did you actually have?

Well, the studio part, the first room, was about ten feet by fourteen feet, something like that. Then there was a back room where the furnace was that probably had about the same square footage—maybe less. Sometimes it wasn't enough. *Altered States* was the biggest project I ever had. For that one, I had to take over part of the upstairs. Our sons were grown by then, so I converted one of the larger bedrooms into a studio. My little one-car garage was also gobbled up—we put a big oven in there. We even borrowed the basement of the elderly couple who lived next door.

Ray Harryhausen has commented about how strange it is for him to go to big effects movies these days and see in the end credits that a hundred people, or more, were hired to do the work he used to do all by himself. You must have similar feelings sometimes.

The business has changed tremendously in the last twenty years. Special effects have had a profound influence on make-

The only still photograph of Linda Blair in demonic makeup for The Exorcist. In addition to the appliance makeup—which became increasingly grotesque as the film progressed—Smith employed primitive bladder technology for a scene in which the youngster's throat expanded like a frog's. Puppet replicas were constructed for other scenes in which writing appeared on her abdomen and her head turned completely around.

Using an adult double, Smith also devised a means to produce a violent vomiting effect. To preserve secrecy during production, the unit still photographer was forbidden to photograph Blair in makeup; but Smith shot a roll of film for his personal files. When he later informed director William Friedkin that he had done so, Friedkin asked to borrow the negatives so he could make prints for himself. The negatives disappeared while in his possession—and only this single print survives as a still record of the work.

up—and, in a way, I think one can trace the advent of that to *The Exorcist*. I did all of the work in *The Exorcist* with just one part-time assistant—a young guy named Rick Baker who came out and helped me. He was my total crew, except for a few assistants on the set. Now, twenty years later, Rick has a shop of his own as big as a factory, employing seventy-five people for a whole year on films like *Gremlins 2*.

Do you find more talented people in the field now?

God yes! When I started in television, I was the only makeup artist at NBC. Within five years, I had twenty others working for me—and I trained them all. None of them had any exceptional talent. In fact, they were barely adequate. Only one guy—Bob O'Bradovich—had a certain flair. But people who were attracted to the field were very different then. I had a couple of former hairdressers working for me and some ex-actors—even one guy who was an elevator operator.

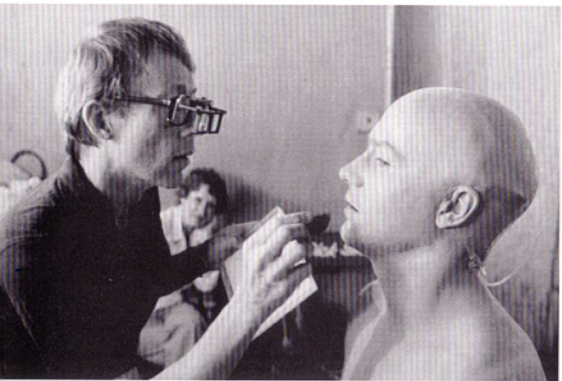
When Rick Baker came to visit me as a teenager, and I saw his very obvious talent, I was just floored. It was truly extraordinary finding someone who had, certainly, as much talent as I had—probably more—and at a far earlier age. Nothing like that had happened to me in twenty years in the business. Later, when special makeup effects came into their own in the seventies, I began seeing more and more really talented young people who were interested in makeup. Quite extraordinary, some of them—brilliant sculptors in their early twenties. I look at some of their work and marvel at it. "Jeez, I couldn't do that. That's better than any sculpture I've ever done." So it's evident that the field is attracting people who, in my day, would never have thought about it or known about it. Young people with the kind of artistic talent I see today would have become commercial artists or illustrators or ad men—maybe even genuine sculptors or painters. They would never have dreamed there was something really creative in the makeup field. But the opportunities now are just endless.

As a result, growth in the field has been enormous. In fact, I think there's probably more good people than there are jobs now; so maybe the influx of talent will die down and wither. I don't know. But the demand is still high. Even ordinary films today are using makeup and special effects or computer-generated images. So I have a feeling there will continue to be a lot of work in the field. In recent years, the big robotic creations that people have come to associate with special makeup effects have gotten the most attention. But a hell of a lot of good old-fashioned appliance makeups are still being done.

That's been a long-standing issue, particularly with regard to the Academy Awards. What constitutes makeup and what constitutes something else? The Academy has defined makeup very narrowly in recent years, but it used to be somewhat less restrictive. Greystoke, for example, was considered eligible in 1984; but four years later, Gorillas in the Mist was not.

I've always been against drawing a firm line. The only fair way to deal with it is show by show, because there are always variables. Of course, there is one clear rule—makeup must be





on an actor. A puppet is not makeup, even though so many wonderful mechanical puppets are made by makeup artists. With *Gorillas in the Mist*, I think I would have voted for that being makeup, because, as I understand it, the only difference between it and *Greystoke* or *Harry and the Hendersons* was that mechanical eyes were used rather than the actors'. I feel that the use of a mask and suit, in partnership with the makeup artist's control of the eyes and mouth expressions, is the ultimate makeup transformation, and not at all the same as an actor simply wearing a costume.

I feel that a very difficult and more frequent problem is when opticals or special effects or puppets are mixed with makeup effects so well that the audience can't tell where makeup ends and non-makeup begins. I can think of a couple of times in recent years where a film has won for makeup when, in fact, voters were probably swayed by some showy puppet or CG work.

The year I got my Oscar for *Amadeus*, my chief competitor was Rick Baker with *Greystoke*. I personally felt that Rick's work was equally worthy of the Academy Award—possibly more so. Certainly there was a lot more to it. His aging of the principal apes was just as good, just as realistic, just as fine, in some ways even more complex, than my work on F. Murray Abraham. But people relate more to humans than apes, and Murray's performance was certainly more affecting than any ape's. So I really thought I won on that. It was a very hard call; and I thought it would have been equally just if Rick had won. In fact, I felt badly for him. That was the only thing that kind of soured the glory and the joy for me.

How do you, personally, judge a good makeup?

A good makeup doesn't look like makeup. It's that simple. But to break it down into details is difficult. Sometimes you can't even put your finger on it. I remember a makeup that was done by an excellent makeup artist friend of mine—an aging makeup that was difficult because the actor had some elusive quality of youth not only in his face, but in his mannerisms. And so it really didn't work. It was done over by another makeup artist—also an excellent artist—and it was successful, but borderline in my opinion. Artistically and technically, it was a superb job, but there was still an element of youth that said this is a makeup—at least it said that to someone like me who is very critical. Now, to give you the opposite example, I remember one that knocks me out to this day—and that's Rick Baker's makeup on Eddie Murphy as the old Jew in *Coming to America*. Rick had told me that he was doing makeups for the film; and although he didn't describe them, he did mention something about an old man. When I finally saw the film, it didn't dawn on me until ten minutes or so after the scene that "Good God! Could that have been Eddie Murphy?" It was so believable, so real. Of course, Eddie Murphy's performance was vital to the success of the makeup, but makeup never even entered my mind when I saw that scene. *That* was a great makeup. Rick should have won the Academy Award that year.

The examples you've cited have been character makeups.

How about monsters? You were drawn into the business because of the monster makeup done by Jack Pierce and others. What makes for a good monster or creature makeup?

The element of believability must still be there, even when you're creating an alien or some other extreme form. It still has to make sense in terms of looking like something Mother Nature might have dreamed up. Doing an alien makeover on a human face and body is terribly difficult, because if any part of it looks too human it will not harmonize with the more extreme qualities of the rest. One has to consider every aspect of the form—arms, legs and so on. A good example is the Giger alien. Our first response is that we're taken aback and overwhelmed by the incredible elongation of its skull and by the lack of eyes and this multiple mandible device in its mouth. There's nothing human about that face at all—yet everything seems to be functional, so we buy it as real.

What do you consider your personal bests?

The list hasn't changed much over the years. I still think *The Exorcist* encompasses, in one film, an enormous amount of top-quality work. Not all of it is the best, but the makeup on Max von Sydow—the aging makeup—is very good. It works and is believable to most people; but there are many imperfections and things that I would do differently if I had it to do over. All in all, the demonic makeup and the effects that I created make that a body of work that is right up there on the top of my list. But how do you compare that with *Amadeus*, which is perhaps my best aging makeup? Or with *Little Big Man*, which was even better in some ways—one of my greatest creative efforts—but, because of the technology of the time, was not as good in others. One of the reasons that both of these makeupers are successful is the acting. F. Murray Abraham gave a rich performance with great facial expressions that really brought that makeup to life and made a truly fascinating character. Dustin Hoffman was more limited by his character; but he went as far as he could possibly go under the constraints of the role, and he was wonderful. So I was very lucky. Those three are my favorites.

*You worked on quite a few projects with Dustin Hoffman, and then had a falling out over *Tootsie*. Would you care to talk about that?*

I loved working with Dustin. He's a very funny guy, with an outrageous, ribald sense of humor. I first encountered him on a TV taping of *Star Wagon* in 1966. He had to be aged at one point; and it was an awful, slapdash makeup plagued with technical problems because I had tried to use a new spirit gum and it wasn't holding and everything was falling apart constantly. It was not a great experience.

Then along came *Midnight Cowboy*. It's like a Friday or a Saturday, and I get a call. They're going to shoot Monday, and the Rizzo makeup is not right. Can I come and help? I went in and designed that makeup right on the spot—then, after a few days, turned it over to the unit makeup artist who did it for the rest of the film. A year or so later, I get the call for *Little Big Man*. It was a Hollywood movie, and there was a long

period of negotiation about my fee; and Dustin backed me up. Without him, I wouldn't have gotten it. So that was nice. Working with Dustin on that film was quite an experience. The old-age makeup was the flashiest part, but I did all of the other makeup on him as well. He had to be young; he had to be a hermit; he had to be a drunk. It was a long shoot. We went through 100-degree weather in the summer and 32-below-zero weather in the winter. We were on location practically all the time, and Dustin went through hell in many ways. He didn't like to sit a long time for makeup, but he would do it because it was necessary. We got along well.

After *Little Big Man*, we were working together again on *Who Is Harry Kellerman* and one day, Dustin said to me: "You know, Dick, I got my first good contract on *Little Big Man*. I get a percentage after \$20 million gross; and it's almost at the point where I'm going to start getting that. I want to give you some." I said: "Dustin, you don't owe me anything. Gosh, no. You don't have to do that." He was insistent: "No, no. It's not going to be much, but I want you to have it." It turned out that what he intended to give me was one percent of what he had earned. Sure enough, in a couple of months I got a check in the mail—and it was quite substantial. That continued—semiannually or quarterly, I forget which—for a number of years, and the total ran to a very sizable amount. I have talked to other people—makeup artists and actors and so forth—and it's simply unheard of for a successful actor to share his profits with *anybody*, much less a makeup artist. So, obviously, Dustin appreciated my work. And he appreciated it in a very concrete way, for which I will always be indebted and will always love him.

Some years passed, and *Tootsie* came up. Dustin wanted me to do it; and I, of course, agreed. The film was in development for about a year and a half while the script was being rewritten many, many times; and during that period, I was involved in a number of tests—about three, as I recall—each with a different cinematographer. The last one's approach was to employ the harshest possible fluorescent lights, the reasoning being that if Dustin looked good in that light, he would look good in anything. Well, it was disastrous as far as the makeup was concerned. It showed every pore in Dustin's rather coarse, textured skin. One of the biggest problems I had was covering his 5 o'clock shadow. I was experimenting, trying to find something that was rub-proof, because at the time he was going to be wearing white nurse's uniforms and I knew there was no way we could get through even one take without them being ruined with rubber mask greasepaint. What happened next is complicated; I don't know exactly, really, what *did* happen. All I know is that we stopped communicating. I could get no communication from Dustin or the director. Then I found out that there was another makeup artist who was going to be doing some tests with Dustin. I was angered by that, my professional pride was hurt, and I quit the picture.

In retrospect, I think Dustin just wanted to be sure that he was doing everything he possibly could to make his perfor-

Smith adds final touches to an appliance makeup he devised to transform Ed Flanders into Harry S. Truman for a television production of Harry Truman, Plain Speaking, a one-man show celebrating the wit and wisdom of the former president. | Smith spent nearly two years on Altered States, only to have much of his work deleted or obscured in the final release. Near the end of a lengthy makeup session, he painstakingly blends facial appliances and a bald cap onto William Hurt. The appliances, equipped with microthin bladders, were used to create pulsating protrusions on the actor's face for scenes in which his character first shows signs of a physical transformation triggered by sensory deprivation and drugs.

manca a success. He was leaving no stone unturned. One thing we had never discussed was making him a *pretty woman*—not just a woman. Somewhere along the line, without telling me, Dustin apparently decided he wanted to look as pretty as possible. Being attractive is part and parcel of being a woman—and Dustin decided that was what he wanted. My one contribution, I guess, was the beautiful feminine teeth that he wore in the part and which helped make the transformation work. But my intent was not to make him look younger or more beautiful: I was just trying to make him look like a woman. The other makeup artist, George Masters—a beauty specialist—came in and used lifts to pull up his eyebrows to give them more of an arch, which helped with both the femininity and the attractiveness. He also used very heavy makeup—greasepaint—but by then they had gotten rid of the white uniforms, so that was not a problem. However, partway into the filming, Masters was dismissed because his makeup was inconsistent; and Allen Weisinger finished the film.

Sometimes I think I should have stuck it out, or written Dustin a letter or something—for old times sake, if nothing else—but I didn't. If the same thing were to happen today, I would handle it differently. "Sure. Let's see what this other guy can do. Maybe he has some ideas." I'm still saddened by the way these circumstances created an impasse between Dustin and me. I hope that one day fate will bring us together. Just so I can shake his hand and say: "Look, I have good feelings about so much—all of the stuff we did together. I'm really sorry that we had that misunderstanding. I don't know what was going on your side. I only know that I feel bad about it."

You've worked with a great many of the major actors of our time. Do you have some personal favorites?

Without question, my all-time favorite was Laurence Olivier. I first worked with him in 1959, shortly before I left NBC. It was a production of *The Moon and Sixpence*, and Olivier was playing the principal character who changes from a stockbroker to an artist and finally develops leprosy. I, of course, knew Olivier by reputation. I knew his love of makeup, his expertise, his perfectionism. I was scared to death.

We didn't have a lot of time in those days; so I quickly got some photographs of him and made up some sketches, just on tissue paper, of different hairstyles and beard styles and some leprosy concepts. I wanted to be prepared for him. At that time on television, nothing remotely disgusting was permitted on the air. So, literally, I had to present a design of the leprosy makeup to the head of the continuity department—the network censor—to get his approval before I could go ahead with it. My basis for the design was the leonine type of leprosy—which is characterized by bulgy kinds of deformities—not the nasty type with all the boils and the puss. That was okay. So Olivier comes and we sit down for a conference. I show him the sketches, and he's like an enthusiastic kid: "Oh, that's wonderful. Are we going to do that? Oh, I like it." I was on a cloud.

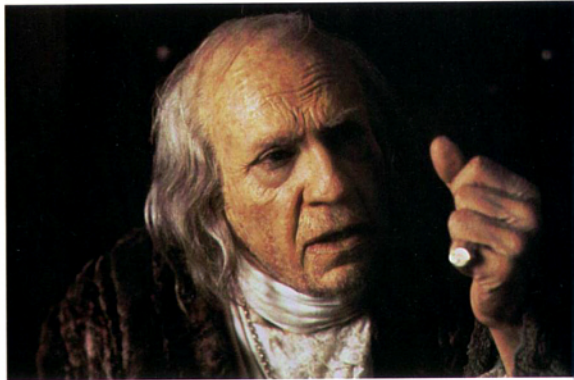
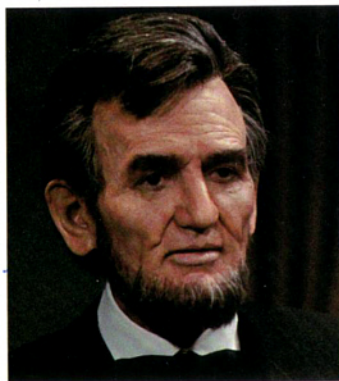
I've heard stories about Olivier being quite arrogant: but

with me, at that time in his life, he was the soul of patience and kindness and respect. The hours back then were crazy. We were up for two days, taping all day long. There were two phases of the leprosy makeup, and the second one I finished at about 3 o'clock in the morning. Olivier got up from the barber chair and looked in the mirror, and said, "Dick, it does the acting for me." I was overwhelmed! A postscript to that came sixteen years later, on *Marathon Man*. I had just come into the rehearsal hall; and Olivier was in there talking with the director, John Schlesinger. I walked over to them; and, for a moment, Olivier didn't recognize me, Schlesinger said, "This is Dick Smith," and Olivier lit up. "Oh, Dick! I'm so glad to see you." Then he turned from me to John, and said: "You know, he did the most wonderful makeup on me. It did the acting for me." He quoted himself! It was astonishing. Olivier was truly remarkable on that film. He was in very poor health at the time, with a kind of creeping paralysis of all his muscles, and he could hardly get out of a chair. But when the cameras rolled, he did things that ought to have been impossible for him, physically. And he never complained, never asked for a break. There was absolutely no self-pity in the man.

Hal Holbrook is another great favorite of mine. I asked to meet him years ago when he was off-Broadway doing *Young Mister Lincoln*. I wrote him or called him, and said I had heard what a nice job he did on his makeup and could I come and watch him put it on? He was kind of embarrassed and touched at the same time. So I went one night and watched, and he was truly very skillful with highlights and shadows—very meticulous. His illusions were wonderful. We enjoyed talking about it. I even learned a couple of things. Later, I read that he was considering doing *Mark Twain, Tonight!* on television. He'd been doing it for years on stage, but I had never seen it. So I wrote him saying—hint, hint—that he must do it and that he should not fear that it couldn't be done successfully on television because of the need to age him. I assured him that it could be done. Of course, that led to our actually working together; and *Mark Twain, Tonight!* proved to be one of the best experiences of my professional life. Hal still does Twain; and he still uses my rubber noses—though he's gotten old enough in other areas that he doesn't need appliances anymore.

An equally great favorite of mine is Max von Sydow, a dear, sweet, wonderful man, tremendously cooperative and appreciative of the makeup I did for him on *The Exorcist*. We really got to know each other when we were in Iraq filming the opening of the picture. It was supposed to be a one-week shoot; but Billy Friedkin went mad with all the ambiance and the colorfulness of the scenes, and we ended up being there for six weeks or so. We lived in the railroad station hotel—the only hotel in the second largest city in Iraq. It was a bit spartan, but otherwise fine. Max and I were thrown together a lot of the time. There was nothing to do in the evenings—no television—so we had philosophical discussions. We still keep in touch, although we see each other very infrequently.

For a scene in The Hunger, in which a modern-day vampire ages within minutes to 150 years old, a series of five progressive makeups was created for David Bowie. Smith performs on-set touch-up work on the penultimate stage in which the character was to appear to be about ninety. / On the television miniseries, North and South, Smith worked again with Hal Holbrook, this time producing an Abraham Lincoln makeup that was especially challenging because of the actor's total lack of resemblance to his subject. / Smith earned an Academy Award for his work on Amadeus in which he aged F. Murray Abraham for a showcase performance as the elderly Antonio Salieri.



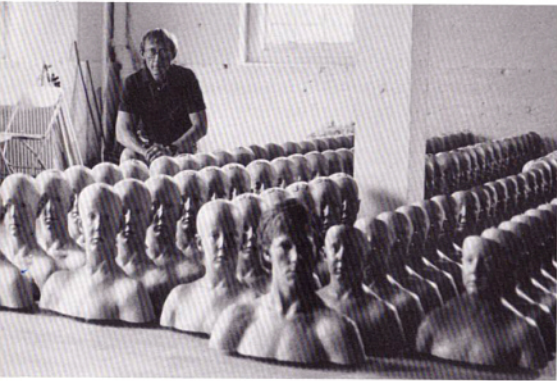


Audrey Hepburn was a delight, well deserving of her reputation for being a very sweet person. Walter Matthau was great fun to work with, as was Jack Lemmon. Oddly enough, based on real-life personalities, it should have been Walter who was the finicky half of the odd couple, not Jack. I remember the first day on *The Sunshine Boys*. We entered his star dressing room on the lot—a perfectly lovely, clean little suite—and he proceeded to unload a couple of shopping bags filled with cleaning products. Then he sanitized the toilet, gave the white glove treatment to the shelving and flooded the room with a powerful air freshener until I was choking and protesting. I told him he'd been miscast in *The Odd Couple*. Then, of course, there was Marlon Brando who had a very quirky sense of humor and loved little quiet practical jokes. Marlon was a kind and generous man, and we got along wonderfully. There are so many people I've enjoyed over the years.

How about Robert De Niro?

De Niro is such a perfectionist that he's not an easy guy to work with. He is such a perfectionist in terms of everything—including makeup—that I've never, before or since, had quite the difficult working relationship that I had with him. My first involvement with him was on *Godfather II* where he was playing young Don Corleone, the Brando role in the first film. It was a simple makeup. Basically, I just slicked his hair back and gave him a mustache. But you know how Marlon's eyebrows sometimes go up near the bridge of his nose and look kind of melancholy? I decided to do the same thing on Bobby. So I took a fine black eyebrow pencil and penciled a few hairs over his nose—just a little touch. Bobby always examined his makeup very carefully in the mirror. About the third or fourth day after I started doing this, he leaned up close to the mirror and studied it quietly for a very long time. Then he said to me: "Dick, yesterday you used fourteen strokes. Today you only used twelve." Well, I hardly knew what to say. I always thought I was a perfectionist in my work, but I felt like an amateur perfectionist compared to Bobby.

I worked with him again on *Taxi Driver*. He was super-critical, but we got along all right. Then things fell apart on *The Deer Hunter*. We were in Thailand doing the Russian roulette sequence. Bobby had very specific ideas about what he wanted for his makeup—a cut over his eyebrow, a bruise here, streaks where sweat trickled through the dirt on his face. All of this I had worked out. The problem was not his makeup, but Christopher Walken's. At that point in the film, Chris' character is practically a zombie from all the drugs he's been taking and the trauma of war. I made his skin very sallow and jaundiced looking. I made him haggard and dirty—even his teeth were grungy. And, of course, he had on dirty clothes. We're on the set, and Bobby and Chris are sitting opposite each other at this little table. The lighting is very low—which makes it difficult for the yellowish makeup to register—so I'm touching up Chris. In order to punch up the color, I'm using bright lemon yellow greasepaint, and with a sponge am stippling little speckles of



it on in order to accent certain areas of the face. As I'm doing that, Bobby leans across the table and points at one of the little dots—which happens to be two or three times larger than the other little dots, but is still less than the size of a pin—and says, "There's something wrong with the makeup." I don't mind that, really, because sometimes people have saved my life by noticing something that I didn't. But in this case, I looked at it and said: "No, that's all right. It won't show." And Bobby, if I remember this correctly, said: "Well, no. It's not all right. I can see it." So he calls the director, Michael Cimino, over. Of course, Michael is not going to fight with Bobby De Niro. Well, I got pissed. I was not in a patient mood that night, and I felt De Niro had no right to criticize another actor's makeup. It was not, in my opinion, his concern. I had had it. So I stormed off the set and left my assistant to cover for me. The next morning at the hotel, Bobby spots me in the lobby and comes over; and some words were said that I felt were insulting and impugned me as a person. So I gave a week's notice and quit the show. Everyone got very upset, but I stuck to my guns.

I don't think even Bobby understood. A year or so later, he called me about *Raging Bull*, and we had a frank conversation. He apologized for what had happened, and I said: "Look, I don't have any hard feelings; but I'll tell you frankly, Bobby, you're a pain in the ass to work with. I will, if you want, design the makeup for you; but I don't want to be putting it on, day after day. You'll have to get somebody else to do that—I can recommend someone." And that's the way it was left. Eventually, they got Mike Westmore to do the show; and he did a great job. For me, I just couldn't deal with it again. When I said that Bobby was a pain in the ass, it was not that he was unpleasant or impolite or anything like that. It was just that his endless scrutiny, and the feeling I got that he was never quite satisfied, took all of the joy out of it.

How hard are you on your own work?

I tend to be a very severe judge of myself. I see my own flaws and failures better than anyone. On the other hand, I think I've learned to appreciate what I do and enjoy it. Throughout my life, I've seen creative people who have lousy images, who don't appreciate their worth and can't accept that they're terrific. They can only see the flaws and the mistakes. I'm not like that. When I started out, I was a typical, self-doubting perfectionist. Nothing I did was ever good enough. The value of that, I suppose, is that it drives you to become as good as you possibly can. Now, however, I can see the good in what I do; and I'm happy with that.

When you started out in the business, you admit to knowing very little. You were pretty much self-taught on the job. Today there are quite a few makeup schools—even your own program which you've been running for a decade. Is it possible to produce a good makeup artist from a school?

I think, obviously, you cannot make just anybody into a makeup artist. Even talent is not enough. There has to be a real drive, which is usually caused by a great fascination and a love

of makeup. It has to be something you want to do more than anything else in the world. And people with that drive usually manage. They may not become Rick Bakers, but they can certainly become good makeup artists. Among my students, I have seen wonderful things happen. I have students whose files will show that their sculpture was pretty wooden when they began. But gradually, over time, and with the right guidance and encouragement, it becomes better and better. I've seen kids under fifteen who sculpted so naturally and so intuitively that they were just natural-born sculptors without any lessons at all. But for the person who doesn't have that natural facility, it is possible to develop one's skills until they're very good. I myself am a perfect example of that. I had no obvious artistic talents when I was young. In fact, I chose originally to be a mechanical engineer, because I thought I had no artistry in me.

With sculpting, I tell people to give themselves the luxury of time. Pick a good subject and work on it. Use reference materials constantly. When you get tired, walk away from it—but don't finish it. Keep coming back to it, examine it, try different lighting, different directions in the mirror. If you really push, you can raise yourself to a higher plateau. I think I did that to myself on *Little Big Man*. I sculpted seven weeks on that old-age makeup. I examined photographs, pictures, everything. Every wrinkle had some reference. If something was not right, I would do it over—and I did things over a lot. But the end result was worth it.

For someone who almost became a mechanical engineer, it's somewhat surprising that you never embraced the kinds of animatronic effects that have swept the makeup effects field. Did the prospect of trying to run a major animatronics show out of your basement in Larchmont have something to do with that?

That was certainly part of it. There just wasn't the room. I checked out setting up a large shop in that area years ago and found there were just not the facilities around that you can find all over in Hollywood. The best I could locate was a dirty old garage—and very expensive. Space you could get for two or three dollars a square foot in L.A. would cost ten in New York. Then there was the fact that there were hardly any experienced mechanical effects guys in the New York area. I did some mechanical things on *The Hunger* that I was very happy with, though the director didn't use them. And I did a few others for a dumb movie called *Spasms*. So I found I could do it—at least on the more simple things. I suppose if I had gotten hold of a mechanical whiz, I could have done a lot more—but it was never really my interest. The younger guys can make their mark in that area.

Over the years, I'm sure there are projects you would have loved to have done, but did not...

I can think of one immediately. *The Elephant Man*. I had run across an illustrated book on the subject way before it was considered as a film—I guess as a result of the Broadway play, which, of course, had no makeup in it. And I salivated over the

On location for Ghost Story, Smith readies a puppet he constructed to represent the corpse of a young woman drowned and entombed underwater for fifty years. Other puppets were made for scenes in which the woman's spirit returns in apparitional form to hasten the deaths of the men responsible for her premature demise. / With a crew of four, Smith created more than a hundred full-size heads—each altered incrementally from the one preceding it—for an early scene in Starman in which an adolescent boy transforms into an adult via replacement animation. Though designed to be uninterrupted, the five-second shot was cut in two and abbreviated during editing.

thought of doing that makeup. When I heard it was going to be done in England, I knew I wouldn't get the chance; but I kept in touch with my friend, Chris Tucker, who eventually did get to do it—although it turned out to be a real rush job. It seems that the director, David Lynch, wanted to do it himself! He had only done one other film at the time—*Eraserhead*—which had some kind of queer little creature that he made in it. Based on that experience, he planned to do the Elephant Man makeup. And apparently he did come up with something; but an acquaintance of Chris' who saw it described it as absolutely immovable. So two or three weeks before they were supposed to start filming, Lynch and the producer came to Chris' shop in London and practically got down on their knees on the lab floor and begged him to save their asses. And he did. But that was a project I would have loved to have done. Not that I could have done it any better than Chris—he did an excellent job. The only thing that seemed improvable to me was that it took something like seven hours to put on. But since it was done under pressure and in a rush, that kind of problem was not considered top priority.

After fifty years in the business, have you any career goals you've yet to fulfill?

There are certainly things I would still like to do. I would like, for example, to do one last extreme old-age makeup—really unbelievably old. And I would love to do it with translucent materials and gel-filled appliances. Over the years, makeup artists have done miracles with foam latex, but I think we've gone about as far as we can with it. The skill that it takes to make foam latex—to sculpt it and paint it and make it look believable—takes absolutely top work. And even at its best, it won't fool someone in person. You make up an actor and stand him in front of the director, and too often the director doesn't like what he's seeing because it doesn't look like real skin. Foam latex just doesn't have the translucency. It may look just fine on film, but the bias against it is already there. I've heard many stories of directors and producers deciding against foam latex appliances—mainly with aging makeups—and choosing instead to use old-age stipple which they feel is safer.

For the last three years, I have been talking up gel-filled appliances as the next big advance in makeup. I've even gone out to different shops and talked about it and shown samples. Everyone raves about it. With translucent materials such as these, makeups can advance to a whole new level of believability. Foam latex will still have a place, mind you. It's cheaper and quicker and easier for most people to do. But the opportunities for something new and better are endless. Can you imagine an extreme old-age makeup where you can really see the weight of thin, transparent skin and tired old flesh that has lost its memory, moving realistically as the actor moves? It could lend a quality to old-age makeups unlike anything that has ever been done before. And with it will come all new sets of rules. There will not, for example, be the shrinkage there is with foam latex, so there will be no need for overlapping appliances. In-

stead of overlapping the appliances, one could butt two thick edges together and then just cover the crack.

At the moment, Gordon Smith—who did *Jacob's Ladder* and a number of Oliver Stone's films—seems to be at the head of the pack. He doesn't use any foam latex—only all translucent materials. The replica he made of Kennedy for *JFK*—the corpse—was so realistic they had trouble getting it through customs. Recently, Gordon has done the first, perhaps landmark, makeup using silicone gel-filled appliances for *Legends of the Fall*—for scenes of the old Indian who introduces the story. The makeup itself was quite extraordinary, but the lighting and camera angle in the film did not show it to its best advantage. There's going to be a lot more of that type of work, and the prospect is very exciting. We're on the verge of a whole new era in character makeup.

Are you bullish on current trends in the field?

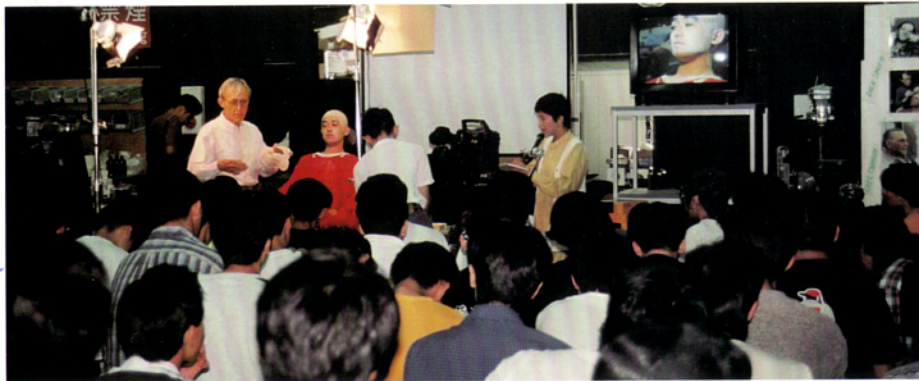
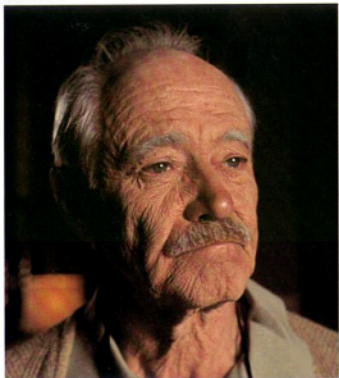
For the most part, yes. But I do have some concerns. Everyone knows my feelings about openness. Secrecy has always bugged me. When I was starting out, nobody would tell me anything—and I vowed never to be that way. As head of the makeup department at NBC, part of my job was to train new staff members—and I never held things back as some department heads used to do. What was the point? I was learning so quickly and things were changing so fast that the greatest innovations one year might well be passé the next. So why not pass them on and help others struggling to learn the profession? As my influence broadened, it was that kind of thinking that I tried to instill in young people starting out—and for quite a few years, there was a lot of sharing and exchange of information.

Today I see signs of secrecy creeping back in. I don't blame people personally for this. It's a function of the way the business has changed. We're no longer a little band of brothers, with small shops here and there in basements and that sort of thing. Today we have these big factory-like businesses where the investments are considerable and the competition is fierce. People and companies doing experimental work are now hesitant to reveal what they've learned—at least until they've had a chance to see it through and use it in a film. That's disappointing in a way, but also understandable. Who can blame anyone for wanting to protect an advantage that might make them more salable than the next guy? But what this practice tends to do is slow the dissemination of new information, thereby slowing growth in our profession as a whole.

How would Dick Smith like to be remembered?

Certainly as an artist with a deep and all-abiding love for makeup. I have been unchanged in that regard for fifty years. Makeup has been my life. It has rewarded me enormously in all kinds of ways and I still love it with all my heart. That love for makeup extends also to a love of makeup artists. There has always been, for me, a strong sense of connection and comradeship with others in the field. So to narrow it down, I guess Dick Smith would like to be remembered as a man who loved his art and loved his colleagues.

A test photograph of Jack Lemmon in old-age makeup for Dad. In the movie, the actor would be essentially bald on top because an electric shaver, intended to maintain his meticulously thinned hair, instead cut it off. Smith received his second Academy Award nomination for the film. / Smith sculpts an underface for a melting head effect he contrived for Poltergeist III that introduced a few variations on the established technique of time-lapse photography to record the melting of a wax or gelatin head. / Annually for the past few years, Smith has lectured and presented makeup demonstrations to students at the Multi-Media Creation Academy in Tokyo.



1945

Having abandoned his studies at Yale to pursue a career in makeup, Richard Emerson Smith landed his first job in the entertainment business. Though he had no professional experience, and his knowledge of makeup was limited to what he had learned through primitive experimentation and by studying a mediocre textbook he had unearthed, Smith was nonetheless named the first staff makeup artist at NBC Television in New York. Television was in its infancy at the time, and the nascent network—operating out of a single small studio in the radio-dominated RCA Building—was on the air for only a few evening hours several times a week.

Smith spent his early months at the network in self-instructed on-the-job training, trying desperately to keep up with day-to-day work while learning the essentials of his craft. Television was a live medium then; and though most of his assignments required traditional beauty makeup rather than character makeups—his principal interest—Smith had his hands full. With the exception of a couple of makeups he had undertaken on his acquiescent mother, Smith had previously used himself almost exclusively as a subject. One of his immediate requirements, therefore, was to master the art of making up women—no small task since the black-and-white television cameras of the day had very strange response to color, turning most red tones a ghastly white.

1946

February of each year typically had at least one television drama centered on some aspect of Abraham Lincoln's life. For *Ab Lincoln in Illinois*, his first opportunity to transform an actor into the sixteenth president, Smith decided to do an appliance makeup on Stephen Courtleigh, even though he knew virtually nothing about the process. Having observed mold-making and slush-casting techniques during a six-month stint of employment at the American Museum of Natural History, Smith attempted to apply his limited knowledge of the subject to produce a more accurate likeness of Lincoln than would otherwise have been possible. He began by taking a lifecast of Courtleigh and then sculpting the additive features in clay. Next he made a plaster mold of the sculpture. The only



Stylized animal masks created by Smith for The Last War were ruined when surface netting had to be removed due to insufficient lighting./ Edgar Stehl, Bobby Clark and David Wayne—in latex masks and rubber kitchen gloves—as the oracle witches in Macbeth./ Smith prepares Jose Ferrer for his role in Cyrano de Bergerac.

latex available after World War II was synthetic; and when Smith slushed it into his molds, the resulting appliances came out hard as rock. He used them, nonetheless—for dress rehearsal—only to discover that when he attempted to blend and color them, the theatrical greasepaint he routinely employed soaked into the rubber and turned powdery white. Working in a vacuum—without benefit of information from other makeup artists—Smith did not realize that there was an existing product specifically designed to color latex masks and appliances. Consequently, he had to abandon his approach altogether and model Lincoln-esque cheekbones and nose on the actor with mortician's wax.

Quick-change makeups were often required on live television, and Smith was ever-alert to new techniques that would hasten the process. When a fellow makeup artist shared with him the fact that

K-Y lubricant could be mixed with black watercolor to make a water-soluble dirt application that could be removed quickly with a wet cloth, Smith seized on the idea and was soon extrapolating it to simulate stubble beards, bruises and black eyes, even cuts and blood. On a production of *Bill the Spirit*—the Noel Coward farce about a writer tormented by his late wives—Smith took the concept a step further by using a water-soluble makeup to hide a waterproof makeup underneath. In that way, one of the wives, played by Carol Goodner, was able to appear alive in one scene and then dead in the next simply by swabbing away her flesh-tone makeup to reveal a ghastly pale makeup beneath.

Another project—one that afforded Smith an opportunity to exercise his creative muscles—was *The Last War*. Set in the aftermath of a nuclear holocaust that has left most of the planet a lifeless wasteland, the production was a dramatic allegory postulating a scenario in which a handful of animals place the world's sole surviving human—as a representative of his species—on trial for crimes against nature. The animals would be portrayed by actors in makeup. At the time, Smith's ability to effect major facial alterations was limited to the making of slip-cast rubber masks—which were



hardly conducive to eliciting performances from actors. So he decided upon a different approach altogether. With heavy copper wire and a soldering gun, Smith built stylized wire-frame masks for each of the animal characters, then covered them over with fishnet that allowed the actors' faces to be seen within. It was not until dress rehearsal—the day before the broadcast—that anyone realized there was insufficient light on the tiny stage to penetrate the masks and reveal the performers. Additional lighting units would have exceeded the budget, so director Fred Coe ordered Smith to cut the fishnet off the masks. Without the netting to define the planar surfaces, most of the animal faces looked like nothing more than masses of twisted wire.

1947

Highlights for the year—requiring nothing extraordinary in the way of character makeups—were *Angel Street*, with Judith Evelyn and Walter Abel, and homages to Shakespeare in the form of *Twelfth Night* and *Othello*. In the title role of the latter was Michael MacLiammoir—who would later

play Iago in the Orson Welles film—whom Smith made up routinely with traditional darkened face and a crepe beard. On stage and off, the actor wore what Smith considered to be a rather obvious hairpiece—which would normally have been removed prior to affixing the wig that was to complete the trans-ethnic makeover—but as the actor seemed disinclined to acknowledge its existence, Smith opted to do likewise and simply planted the wig on top of the toupee.

1948

Early live television attracted a wealth of young talent, including many writers and directors and actors who would become household names as the medium matured and its more skillful practitioners moved on into movies. It also drew—perhaps because of its penchant for doing the classics—an astonishing roster of Broadway and Hollywood actors who embraced the fledgling medium and participated with considerable regularity.

Smith got to work with two of Broadway's biggest stars when Gertrude Lawrence appeared as the enlightened empress of Russia in *Catherine*



the Great and Dennis King assumed the role of the miserly Ebenezer Scrooge in *A Christmas Carol*. King, who had a good face for makeups and loved wigs and rubber noses, was a personal favorite. Other productions for the year included *The Late George Appley*, with Leo G. Carroll, and an encore presentation of *Angel Street*, this time starring Betty Field. Smith especially enjoyed a production of *Macbeth*—with Walter Hampden in the lead—for the opportunity it afforded him to create whimsical masks for the three oracle witches. For comedian Bobby Clark—whose trademark was glasses drawn around his eyes with greasepaint—Smith designed a mask with bony protuberances that fittingly incorporated dark sunglass lenses. Another of the witches, played by David Wayne, became a one-eyed creature with a single tooth.

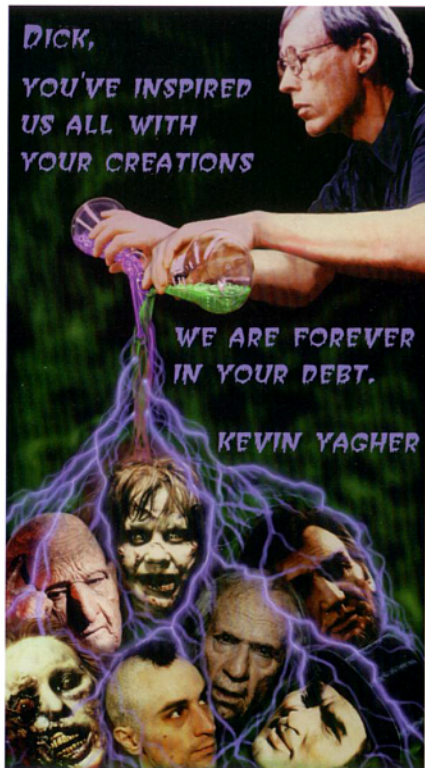
1949

Smith worked again with Dennis King, using minimal makeup to prepare him for his title role in *Napoleon*. Smith also made a small, but ever so crucial, contribution to a televised adaptation of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, producing an elongated latex

DICK,
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WE ARE FOREVER
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KEVIN YAGHER



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Congratulations
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And Thanks For Providing
So Many Great Memories!**

From The Entire Gang At
Burman Industries
Sandy, Donna, Doug & Crew

Smith made a wax replica head of Nicholas Saunders and placed it on a mannequin body for an episode of *Believe It or Not*. / Everett Sloane in the title role of *Van Gogh*.

nose for Jose Ferrer who was then winning kudos for the role on Broadway. For a production of *The Man on Half Moon Street*—a melodrama about a homicidal doctor who discovers he can perpetuate his youth with glandular secretions extracted from his victims—Smith produced his first full mask for actor John Newland who had to undergo a quick-change transformation to old age. Accustomed to doing character makeups on actors using highlights and shadows, Smith did the same with the mask, darkening every crease and fold in the latex—which he found, too late, looked dreadful on camera. It was a mistake he would not repeat. Late in the year, Smith assumed makeup chores for *The Milton Berle Show*—a weekly comedy-variety program that was to change the face of television and create its first certifiable star.

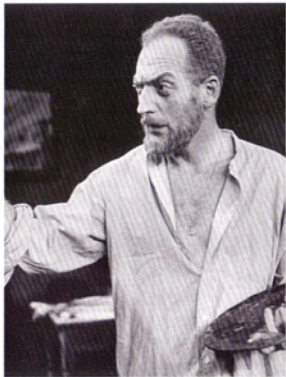
Also begun that year was a weekly anthology, *Believe It or Not*, based on stories taken from the famous newspaper feature by cartoonist Robert L. Ripley. For one of the episodes, Smith constructed his first full-size human puppet. The tale involved a married woman whose infatuation with a ventriloquist takes a bizarre twist when her husband bursts in on them and shoots the man. Only then is it revealed that the supposed ventriloquist is, in fact, the dummy and the real ventriloquist is a midget sitting on its lap. For most of the show, the man-size dummy was played by Nicholas Saunders; but for the climax, a replica was needed so that it could be shot in the head. From a lifecast of the actor, Smith fashioned two hollow wax heads—one for the dress rehearsal and one for the production—and fitted them onto a clothing mannequin. Since there were no special effects people on staff, the director brought in a sharpshooter with a rifle whose job it was to actually fire into the dummy head—mere inches above the midget actor. Safety issues aside, Smith worried that a real bullet, rather than shattering the wax head, would simply pass through it—which indeed proved to be the case during the rehearsal. The marksman felt that by notching his next bullet, the desired result would be achieved for the live telecast. As a contingency, however, the director positioned a prop man just off camera with a hammer. If the bullet failed to shatter the head, he would cut to a reaction shot and the man could step in and deliver the decisive



blow. What everyone failed to realize, however, was that there was a wall mirror behind the actors which clearly revealed the dummy on the opposite side of the room. So during the telecast, when the bullet again failed to do its job, audiences were treated to a reaction shot of the actors that also revealed, in reflection, a prop man hurrying in and smashing the dummy to bits.

1950

As the popularity of television grew and programming hours increased, so did the size of the makeup department. By the end of his first five years at the network, Smith was supervising a staff of twenty makeup artists and hairdressers, most of whom he trained as well. Operas were becoming television fare—a welcome development for the makeup department as they were generally lavish productions. Among the earliest was *Tales of Hoffmann*. Other highlights of the year included *Van Gogh*, in which Everett Sloane played the brilliant, but tortured artist. The actor had recently undergone plastic surgery to reduce the size of his nose, but was distressed because he felt that too much



of it had been removed. For the production, Smith fashioned a simple aquiline nose to heighten Sloane's resemblance to the painter; and the actor was so pleased with it that, after the show, he asked if he could take it to his surgeon to have his own nose redone just like it. Finishing out the year was another seasonal production of *A Christmas Carol*, starring as Scrooge a terrified Ralph Richardson in his first television appearance.

1951

In live television, it was often necessary to effect major makeup transformations during commercial breaks lasting only a minute or two. Such was the case with *Of Famous Memory*, in which Nancy Marchand portrayed Elizabeth I from young princess to aged matriarch. To simulate the distinctive receding hairline Elizabeth had in her later years, Smith made a rubber forehead that concealed Marchand's own hairline, then covered it with a hairpiece for her younger scenes. During the quick-change transformation to old age, all that was needed was to loosen a few hairpins and slide the wig back a couple of inches to reveal the



higher forehead. Also needed were jowl appliances. Though not yet versed in foam latex, Smith had discovered hot-melt vinyl which he could melt down to a sticky consistency and then brush into a single-piece mold. To remove rough spots and thin out the edges, he used wood-burning tools on a low setting to melt the vinyl without scorching it. Attaching the appliances proved difficult since the hot-melt secreted plasticizers which rendered it quite slippery. Smith finally discovered a medical adhesive that was extreme sticky – and difficult to remove. During the dress rehearsal – in haste – Smith used an adhesive remover he had bought at a drugstore, only to find that it burned the actress' skin. It was the only time he had ever injured a performer; and he vowed never again to use a product without thoroughly testing it first.

Hot-melt appliances gave Smith one of his worst professional scares when he was called upon to make up Vaughn Taylor as an old codger for *The Fast Dollar*. Smith attached heavy jaws, a double chin, a lower lip piece, a nose and some eye bags – all made out of hot-melt vinyl – to the veteran character actor's face. During the live production, Smith noticed that the chin piece was beginning to loosen. A short break afforded him time to rush



Taylor to the makeup room. When the chin piece was removed, water poured out from beneath the hot-melt cheeks. Taylor had been performing vigorously under the hot lights; and sweat had accumulated under the plastic appliances. Smith dried the area as best he could with a hair dryer and reapplied the chin, getting the performer back on set with only seconds to spare. Another strenuous scene followed – during which Smith, too, sweated profusely, envisioning his appliances dropping off in front of millions of viewers. Miraculously, the makeup held – but there would be no more hot-melt appliances for Dick Smith.

1952

For a television adaptation of *Pique Dame* – a Tchaikovsky opera known also as *The Queen of Spades* – opera diva Winifred Heidt starred as a countess who sells her soul to the devil in return for mastery at cards. Near the end, she is revealed as a grotesque, bald-headed crone. Assured by the director that the makeup would be prominently featured, Smith labored to produce an elaborately detailed latex mask – puffy and wrinkled – which

Smith applies hot-melt vinyl appliances to Nancy Marchand for her role as Elizabeth I in *Of Famous Memory*; Winifred Heidt as a grotesque crone in the opera *Pique Dame*.

he applied to the actress with exceptional care. When the producer saw it, however, he found the makeup so repulsive that he refused to let it be shown in closeup.

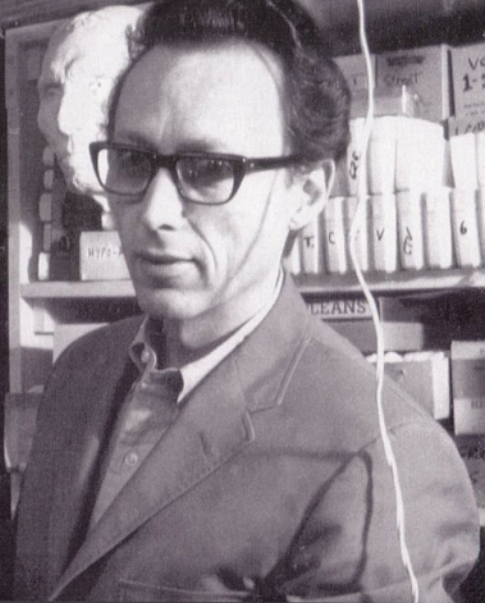
For *Brat Farrar*, Smith was tasked with making actors Robert Pastene and Richard Derr look like identical twins – an essentially impossible assignment given the technology and materials of the day. Nonetheless, he did his best, sculpting a composite character whose features were somewhat compatible with both actors, then making molds and producing pieces using a press-out polyvinyl plastic then in vogue among Hollywood makeup artists. Though translucent and easy to blend – edges could be dissolved simply with alcohol – the material was not elastic enough to be used around the mouth.

Jimmy Durante – whose oversized nose was his stock in trade – was given an even larger one for a variety show skit parodying *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Smith fashioned several out of slush-molded latex – one of which, a burlesque of the comedian's own nose, was ultimately selected. Upon discovering that Durante could not tolerate the smell of latex, Smith solved the problem by gluing a piece of cotton into the hollow nose tip and saturating it with cologne.

1953

The year offered little in the way of character makeups, but Smith enjoyed working on a number of important productions, including the now-classic Paddy Chayefsky teleplay, *Marty*, in which Rod Steiger playing a good-natured, but socially inept butcher trying to find happiness in the Bronx. Smith also made up Mary Martin and Ethel Merman for *The Ford 50th Anniversary Show*, a star-strewn salute to the Ford Motor Company in its golden anniversary year.

To Live in Peace – a drama with Ann Bancroft – was significant for Smith in that it marked his first involvement in color broadcasting. Color demanded altogether new approaches to makeup. Products effective in black-and-white were no longer usable; and even those employed in the theater and in color motion pictures were unsatisfactory because



Congratulations Dick on fifty years of outstanding achievements.

The Art of Make-up as we know it today wouldn't exist if it weren't for Dick Smith.
Thank you for twenty-six years of friendship, inspiration and advice.

Rick

Photos: Dick Smith taken by Rick Baker at their first meeting in 1969 Inset: Dick Smith and Rick Baker in 1969 in Rick's bedroom





The members of Local 798, East Coast Makeup and Hairstylists, congratulate Dick Smith on this occasion celebrating his fifty years of achievement and dedication to the craft of makeup.

We honor Dick Smith, who has contributed his experience and knowledge to his fellow artists with total generosity throughout his long career.

There are few makeup artists who have risen to fame in special effects makeup who do not owe their inspiration and foundation in their profession to Dick Smith. His love for his craft, and his excitement of new discoveries, along with his rare gift of sharing so unstintingly with his fellow artists deserve our lasting admiration and appreciation.

Dick Smith continues to be an inspiration to all those who share in his dedication to our craft.

Smith used foam latex appliances for the first time in a production of *Alice in Wonderland*. Mort Marshall as the Mad Hatter, Reginald Gardiner as the White Knight and Bobby Clark as the Duchess.

color video cameras of the day emphasized warm tones dramatically. As a result, normally healthy complexions had to be rendered pallid to read properly on television. Since there were no commercially available makeup products suited to the task, Smith responded to the challenge by melting down and mixing various shades of panstick to get the colors he required, then poured them back into their original containers. After considerable refinement, he graded them in twelve different shades that were subsequently manufactured by Max Factor and became industry standard. Later advances in color television technology required Smith to develop a second and third series of complementary makeups.

1954

Smith learned to assume nothing during a lavish production of *Macbeth* starring Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson. After the routine dress rehearsal, director George Schaefer indicated that he wanted the sergeant who opens the second scene to have wounds befitting his return from combat. Smith—who was busy with the principal performers—assigned the task to one of his relatively inexperienced assistants. An hour or more later, when the actor had not yet returned, Smith sought him out and found him still in the makeup chair, every bit of bare skin covered with simulated cuts and bruises. With no time left to remove the makeup and start again, there was no recourse but to send the man before the cameras looking more dead than alive.

1955

A major effort for the year was *The Four Poster*—a two-character play in which a couple advance through thirty-five years of married life. For this quick-change production, Smith discovered he could gray the hair of Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy in mere seconds by formulating pancake makeup in a gray-hair color and then applying it in broad strokes with a baby's hairbrush dipped in water. Facial highlights could be added or changed



with equal speed by cutting sponges to the precise shape of the desired alteration so that color could be applied with a single dab. Other productions of note included a color reprise of *Cyrano de Bergerac*—again with Jose Ferrer—and *Darkness at Noon* with Lee J. Cobb.

Most significant for Smith, however, was a big production of *Alice in Wonderland* that marked his first employment of foam latex appliances. George Bau—an innovator in the field and one of the few Hollywood makeup artists to embrace Smith as a colleague—had come to New York late the previous year and demonstrated how to run his particular formulation of foam latex. Smith experimented diligently for months before applying what he had learned—in a big way—on *Alice in Wonderland*. With designs reminiscent of the illustrations in various editions of Lewis Carroll's timeless classic,



Smith created a wealth of appliances that transformed an all-star cast into such familiar fantasy icons as the Mad Hatter and March Hare, the Mock Turtle and Caterpillar, the Cheshire Cat and the King and Queen of Hearts. Later in the year, Smith made further use of foam latex in creating a family of devils for *Griffelkin*, a comic opera written expressly for television.

1956

Color continued to impact significantly on television, RCA—the parent company of NBC—was in heated competition with other industry innovators to prove the superiority of its latest color broadcasting systems. As a consequence, vast resources were being funneled into programming.



Extravagant specials were produced on a grand scale — with four days of complete dress rehearsals, makeup included, becoming the norm as cast and crew performed to exhaustion while technicians tinkered with vast lighting systems and other color essentials.

The year was a busy one for Smith, though the slate offered little in the way of challenging character makeups. Opera continued to be a prestigious staple, with the network engaging opera star Leontyne Price for productions of *The Magic Flute* and *La Bohème*. The casting of a black woman in lead roles traditionally sung by whites was, for the time, a controversial and somewhat courageous move on the part of the network — which nonetheless hedged a bit by asking Smith to apply makeup that lightened Price's medium-black coloration. Other operatic productions included *Madame Butterfly* and *Amahl and the Night Visitors*.

Television dramas continued to draw major acting talent. Smith had the opportunity to work that year with Broadway giants Helen Hayes in *Happy Birthday* and Catherine Cornell in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*. The challenge with Cornell, then in her late fifties, was making her up to play Elizabeth Barrett at age twenty. Maurice Evans



Smith created a family of devils for the comic opera *Griffelkin*. / A foam latex mask on a double for Claire Bloom as the elderly Queen Victoria in *Victoria Regina*.

appeared in productions of *The Taming of the Shrew* and *Man and Superman*; and Mary Martin played leads in *Born Yesterday* and her signature *Peter Pan*. For Smith, the principal pleasure of the latter was putting Captain Hook's pirate gang in clown makeup, with bright colors and funny noses. Smith also made up Cedric Hardwicke and Claire Bloom in *Caesar and Cleopatra*, and had the occasion to work with one of Hollywood's biggest stars, Greer Garson, in a televised presentation of *The Little Foxes*. Other notable productions for the year included *Dodsworth* and *Jack and the Beanstalk*. The workload and pace were murderous — but in terms of the learning experience, Smith later came to appreciate, a decade of live television was worth a career in movies or the theater.

1957

Smith elevated quick-change makeup to an art form with *Victoria Regina*, in which he was called upon to progressively age Claire Bloom — then twenty-six — from a young woman in her twenties to an elderly dowager of eighty. During the first commercial break — only slightly more than three

minutes — the queen had to be recostumed and coiffed and transformed from her svelte twenties to her overweight forties. From past experience, Smith had come to realize that in the panic to get everything done, often he would not use all the time available to him. So on *Victoria Regina*, he timed the procedure down to the second and had an assistant with a stopwatch cueing each step. To insure that essential materials were conveniently within reach, Smith and assistant Bob O'Bradovich put everything they would need into trays of the sort then worn by cigarette girls. Thus equipped — and stationed on either side of the actress — they quickly applied and stipple-blended a foam rubber nose, a double chin and a jowl piece that fattened both sides of her face. Because the next change occurred within the act, Smith and crew had only slightly more than a minute to effect the transition from age forty to sixty by applying eyelids and eye bags and a lower lip and chin piece. forehead wrinkles were added with what was essentially a rubber stamp. The final eighty-year-old makeup — required for a brief closing scene — was considerably less hectic. Since the queen had no dialogue in the scene, Smith was able to use a stand-in for Bloom and make her up well in advance.

Other lavish productions included *Mayerling* — a tale of doomed lovers starring then husband and wife Mel Ferrer and Audrey Hepburn — operatic presentations of *Rigoletto* and *War and Peace*, and an adaptation of *Pinocchio* with Mickey Rooney. *Samuel Johnson* — a dramatized biography of the famed lexicographer and poet — presented Smith with one of his more unusual challenges for the year. In a casting coup, the network had managed to sign Peter Ustinov for the lead. Unlike his clean-shaven subject, however, the actor sported a full beard; and for a one-night stand on television, he would not entertain the notion of shaving it. In researching Johnson, Smith had come across political cartoons of the day that caricatured the large, jowly man with rude likenesses that were pointedly porcine. Securing approval to impart a somewhat similar look to the makeup, Smith met with the actor and made a lifemask of him after first soaking his beard and mustache with spirit gum and pressing them flat against his face. Then, in a stylized manner, Smith sculpted exaggerated



Dear Dick,

Congratulations, but more fittingly, thank you.

Thank you for the unsurpassed inspiration you have given to me and every person who has chosen our field of endeavor. Your work has been a gift to all of us; your passion to teach and share, a gift; and for me your friendship is a gift. You not only did "The Godfather" you are The Godfather.

Again thank you and congratulations,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'Stan Winston', is written over the typed name. The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long horizontal stroke extending to the right.

Stan

Dear Dick,
Thank you so much
for your
unequaled knowledge,
generous support
and
valued friendship!

Greg Cannon



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Smith made Eli Wallach into a chubby Sancho Panza for Don Quixote, / Julie Harris as a woman disfigured in an accident in Ethan Frome.

jowls and a double chin to hide the beard, plus a puffy upper lip to conceal the mustache. For the performance, Ustinov's beard was again plastered down and the appliances glued on top.

1958

The year was one of predominantly straight makeup assignments for Smith, though he did get to make up Hans Conried as a comic witch with a big nose and chin for *Hansel and Gretel*. Another memorable production was *Hans Brinker*—starring Tab Hunter and Basil Rathbone—with actual ice skating scenes shot on real ice inside the studio. Other shows included *Little Moon of Alban* with Julie Harris and *Dial M for Murder* with Maurice Evans. To promote the work being done within his department, Smith assembled a large exhibit of masks and makeup paraphernalia that was placed on display and seen by thousands of people on the NBC studio tour. Also that year, for an unusual photo spread in *Charm* magazine, Smith employed stock appliances to transform teenage starlet Carol Lynley into a withered old woman.

1959

Live television was being supplanted by videotape. Although the attendant capability to reshoot scenes eliminated the occasional on-air disaster, productions became even more grueling for actors and crew as taping sessions customarily took three or four days of oftentimes around-the-clock work. Smith took to keeping an air mattress at the studio and napping for an hour or so whenever his hectic schedule allowed. During the taping of *Don Quixote*—starring Lee J. Cobb and Eli Wallach—a late-night shoot of Sancho Panza attempting to load Quixote onto a donkey was repeatedly thwarted when the animal buckled its knees and collapsed. When the trainer explained it was past the animal's bedtime, the beast was released for the night and performed perfectly the next morning. Such consideration generally did not extend to the humans involved. Smith made Wallach into a wonderfully fat Sancho Panza for the show, but Cobb—in the Don Quixote role—refused to wear anything beyond a goatee

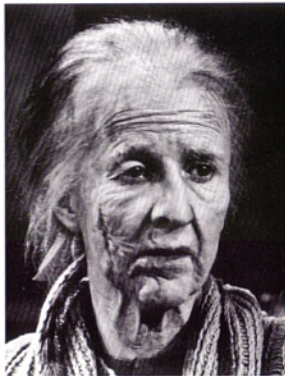


and mustache.

The year was a prestigious one, with *Body and Soul*, *Medea*, *The Bells of St. Mary* and *Miracle on 34th Street* affording Smith fine opportunities to create varied makeups for actors such as Judith Anderson, Claudette Colbert, Ben Gazzara and Ed Wynn. But the high point of the year was *The Moon and Sixpence* starring Laurence Olivier as an aging stockbroker who deserts his family to pursue an artistic career. In the course of the drama, the character becomes afflicted with leprosy; and it was up to Smith to design a prosthetic makeup that would depict the full horror of the condition without running afoul of the network censors. In researching various forms of the degenerative disease, Smith found one that he felt would convey pathos and nobility rather than revulsion. After clearing the concept, he worked closely with the actor—a devotee of makeup—to develop it in two stages using foam-latex appliances.

1960

Smith closed out a chapter of his life with *The Devil and Daniel Webster*, a courtroom melodrama



in which the noted statesman and orator, played by Edward G. Robinson, challenges the devil on behalf of a farmer trying to renege on a bargain he had made to exchange his soul for seven years of prosperity. Smith—whose fascination with monster makeups had remained essentially untapped in television—was able to indulge a bit by creating a jury of the damned comprised of rotting corpses and creepy creatures.

After nearly fifteen years at NBC, Smith left the network to pursue other options. His first motion picture job on *Misty*—a story of two orphans and their love for a wild horse—would be calamitous. On location in Maryland, Smith climbed into the back of a truck to retrieve his makeup kits and, in jumping off, caught his wedding band on a railing and tore most of the skin off the ring finger on his left hand. Gangrene developed after a week and the finger had to be amputated. A skilled plastic surgeon removed the bone all the way to his wrist, closing and narrowing the hand so that it looked aesthetically correct, even with one less digit. The makeup artist philosophically refers to it as his "Mickey Mouse" hand. Years later, when Jim Henson was producing *The Dark Crystal*—which had some three-fingered puppet characters—Smith com-



plied with pleasure to a request that his hand be photographed for reference purposes.

Though full recovery would take half a year, Smith was back to work in about a month, having accepted a choice position at Talent Associates, an independent company formed by David Susskind to provide quality programming for television. One of his first assignments there was to produce complete foam latex makeups for Sterling Hayden and Julie Harris as star-crossed lovers crippled and disfigured in an accident in *Ethan Frome*. Typical of the shooting days was one in which the actors had to remain in makeup for nearly twenty-four hours while technicians wrestled with the problem of how to keep a simulated snowstorm outside a country store set which had to remain roofless because of lighting requirements. Other prestige productions included *The Datchet Diamonds* with Rex Harrison, *Ninotchka* with Maria Schell and *Mrs. Miniver* with Maureen O'Hara. Filling out the year were *Valley of Decision*, *Arrowsmith* and *Treasure Island*, plus a trio of classic swashbucklers. *The Three Musketeers* had Maximilian Schell as D'Artagnan pitted against Vincent Price as the scheming Cardinal Richelieu. *The Prisoner of Zenda* starred Christopher Plummer in the dual role of look-alike king and commoner.



And *The Scarlet Pimpernel* featured Michael Rennie in a flamboyant role that required three character makeups, including that of an old woman.

1961

After innumerable Abraham Lincoln makeups during his tenure at NBC, Smith got to do one of his best—in terms of likeness—for *The Lincoln Murder Case*, primarily because actor Drummond Erskine had features that were ideally suited to the makeover. Other noteworthy productions for the year included *The Heiress* with Julie Harris and *Jane Eyre* with Sally Ann Howes and Zackary Scott. At the top of the list, however, was *The Power and the Glory*. Smith's second opportunity to work with Laurence Olivier. For his role as a dissolute Mexican priest pursued by a police lieutenant determined to kill him, Olivier wanted Smith to devise a suitably ethnic makeup. Smith complied by broadening his nose a bit and altering his eyes to make them look slightly oriental. Then, in response to the actor's request for somewhat fuller lips, Smith produced his first lip appliances which he attached—with grave concern about whether they would stay on—

For the *Way Out* series, Smith made up Alfred Ryder as a stage actor playing Quasimodo. In another episode, he erased two-thirds of Barry Morse's face with an elaborate mask.

using spirit gum. Smith felt especially certain that they would not survive a scene in which the fugitive priest had to ravenously consume a chicken leg; but they did—for five or six takes—thanks to Olivier's solicitous protection of the makeup.

In response to *The Twilight Zone*, then in its second successful season, David Susskind created *Way Out*, a weekly anthology of macabre tales hosted by Roald Dahl. Though the show had only a four-month run, Smith contributed significantly to three episodes. The first, *False Face*, was about a stage actor, played by Alfred Ryder, whose quest for the ultimate Quasimodo makeup leads him to duplicate the face of a horribly disfigured street derelict. After a triumphant performance, the actor discovers that the makeup is permanently affixed—and that the derelict now has his face. Smith had to produce two identical makeups: one for the derelict and one for the actor in makeup. Since both the Lon Chaney and Charles Laughton depictions of Quasimodo had included a grotesque eye, Smith decided to continue the tradition, taking it a step further by researching a disease that can literally push an eyeball out of its socket. Smith also incorporated elements from his earlier research into leprosy. The second episode, *Side Show*, required Smith only to create a severed head representing actress Margaret Phillips who was playing a headless carnival freak in the show. The third, *Soft Focus*, featured Barry Morse as a photographer who discovers a magic retouching fluid that when applied to a photograph also alters its subject. After misusing it to make his wife look older and himself look younger, he accidentally spills the fluid over his own photo and erases two-thirds of his face. To create a makeup that was completely smooth and featureless—extending from hairline to chin and obliterating the photographer's left eye, his nose and part of his mouth—Smith taped Morse's nose flat against his face, then made a lifemask. Next he sculpted a foam latex mask that extended out an inch and a half to conceal the diminished, but still present nose protrusion. And since the actor's eye was now deep inside, a glass substitute had to be incorporated. Shot head on, the makeup was startling.

Smith's last assignment for the year was *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, starring John Fraser as an

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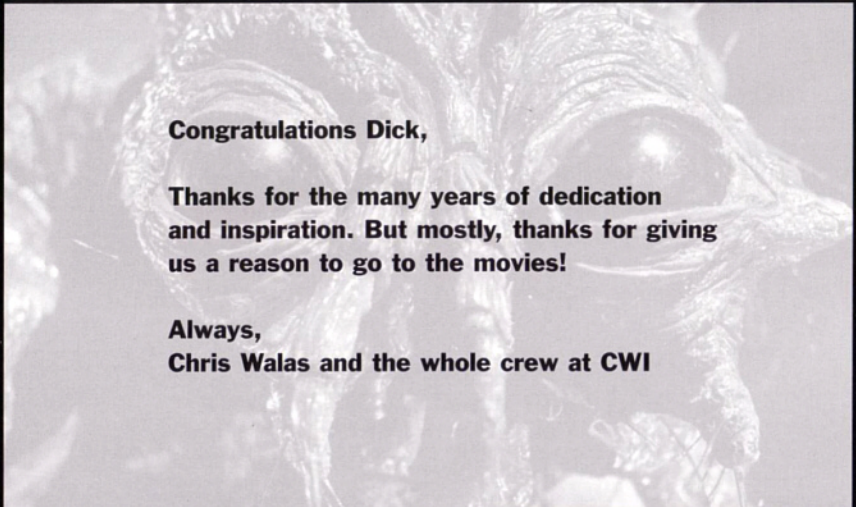
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With plasticine and mortician's wax, Smith created a grotesque dummy for the climactic scene in *The Picture of Dorian Gray*.

evil hedonist who barbers his soul for eternal youth. Only a portrait of himself that he keeps hidden grows hideous with age. At the end, he attempts to destroy the portrait, and in the process transforms into its depicted state of diseased ugliness. Working from the portrait that had been painted for the show, Smith fashioned a dummy from a plaster skull covered with sculpted plasticine and mortician's wax. Rotting skin was simulated with several layers of vinyl patterned with a sponge, and the eye sockets were filled with red melted wax and artificial orbs. Teeth sculpted in wax and a few strands of wig hair completed the grisly artifact.

1962

With game shows supplanting television drama, Talent Associates soon evaporated and Smith began casting about for motion picture assignments. David Susskind — who, like him, had refocused his attention — was embarking on a film version of *Requiem for a Heavyweight*, one of the high-water marks of live television's golden age. Smith was promptly enlisted to produce the makeup for Anthony Quinn's broken-down prizefighter, using nine appliance pieces to give the boxer battered eyebrows and cheekbones, an oft-broken nose and cauliflower ears. Having been brainwashed over the years to believe that film work was much more exacting than television, Smith took great pains to make the most precise and perfect molds, only to find that the appliances he cast from them had unacceptably thick edges. Hopeful that he could solve the problem before production began, he applied the imperfect pieces for a film test and then cringed in the screening room waiting for his deficient work to draw fire. To his amazement and delight, the makeup — which would have never passed muster on television — looked flawless on the big screen. Nonetheless, he persisted in trying to correct its shortcomings, eventually coming to the realization that the molds had been made so precisely that bits of excess foam latex were being compressed within, causing a hydraulic effect that separated the mold halves just enough to thicken the appliance edges. Once identified, the problem was resolved simply by drilling a quarter-inch hole into each positive core. Excess foam would flow



into the hole and, after curing, could be easily trimmed from the back of the appliance.

A last-minute dictate afforded Smith his first opportunity to work in Hollywood. The epic comedy *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World* was well into production when director Stanley Kramer decided that stuntmen doubling for the lead performers in the climactic fire escape collapse needed prosthetic makeups to withstand the scrutiny of his Cinerama cameras. No one in the Hollywood makeup union was available or willing to take on the short-notice assignment, so Smith was offered the job. With only three weeks to manufacture nearly a dozen masks resembling comic actors ranging from Mickey Rooney to Jonathan Winters, Smith worked himself to exhaustion — almost literally around the clock — then supervised the on-set application. His final feature for the year, *All the Way Home* — a period drama filmed in Tennessee with Robert Preston and Jean Simmons — involved only straight makeup.

1963

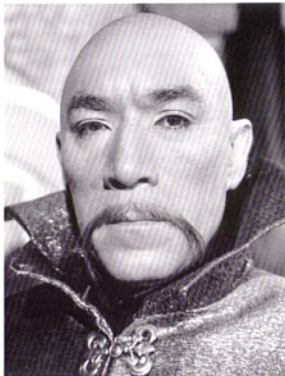
The Cardinal — an Otto Preminger picture shot on location in Vienna — presented Smith with his

first opportunity to do aging makeup for a feature film. Tom Tryon starred as a dedicated young priest who advances through countless trials and tribulations to become a papal appointee to the College of Cardinals. Smith was called upon to add a slim thirteen years to the actor for his final scenes. The minor transformation was effected with old-age stipple around the eyes, plus subtle appliances to produce naso-labial folds, a slightly longer nose and a small double chin. When the director and cinematographer insisted that the appliances made Tryon's nose look too fat, Smith had to show them that their complaint was with the actor's own nose and not the makeup.

Later in the year, Smith campaigned for the makeup assignment on *The World of Henry Orient* because of his great admiration for its star, Peter Sellers — a comic genius — was no joy to work with, however. He wanted to look glamorous for his role as an eccentric pianist idolized by a pair of teenage girls, so Smith developed a makeup that reduced his double chin and gave him a small mustache and a flowing hairpiece. Though he professed to like the concept, Sellers berated Smith throughout the shoot, complaining about the time Smith took with the application and impugning his professional competence. When Smith finally suggested that Sellers might be happier with another artist, the actor summarily agreed — but the producer refused to accept Smith's resignation. About five years later, when Smith was approached to do a series of big-budget commercials for Trans World Airlines, he nearly declined when he was told that Peter Sellers would be in them. Explaining to the agency representatives that Sellers would never agree to his involvement, Smith was informed that the actor had specifically asked for him.

1964

Smith was sought by the producers of *Marco the Magnificent* — a multinational production starring Horst Buchholz as the thirteenth-century adventurer Marco Polo — at the behest of Anthony Quinn, who wanted him to create his makeup for the role of Kublai Khan. Smith — who had found Quinn a difficult subject in *Requiem for a Heavyweight* — was hesitant to take the assignment, which would require weeks of location filming in Yugoslavia. Rather than turn it down outright and risk being branded as temperamental, Smith decided to squelch the offer by quoting a price that



was double his normal fee. The producers accepted, and he found himself committed. Smith employed oriental eye corners and foam rubber nostrils and cheekbones – plus a bald cap – to effect Quinn’s transformation into the founder of the Mongol dynasty in China. Smith finished out the year doing straight makeup on the lightweight comedy *Harvey Middleman*. *Fireman* – shot in New York and New Jersey – about a married firefighter who becomes infatuated with a young woman he saves from a burning building.

1965

Smith put his career on hold for nearly a year to write a manual for young makeup enthusiasts that sprang from his desire to share his knowledge with others and as an expression of affection for the classic monster makeups of his youth. To illustrate the text, Smith included hundreds of drawings and step-by-step photographs – using his young sons, Douglas and David, as subjects, augmenting them with others recruited from the local high school. The book was issued in magazine form as *Famous Monsters’ Do-It-Yourself Monster Make-up*



Handbook by Warren Publishing – publishers of *Famous Monsters of Filmland* – and twenty years later was revised and updated for a trade paperback retitled *Dick Smith’s Do-It-Yourself Monster Make-up* published by Harmony Books. Many of today’s top makeup artists credit the book with getting them started – a consolation for Smith who earned virtually nothing from the endeavor.

1966

After his writing hiatus, Smith reentered the television arena upon encountering a dearth of feature film opportunities. His return production was *Star Wagon*, a fantasy calling for an ensemble of predominantly young actors – Dustin Hoffman among them – to be transformed through magical happenstance to late middle-age. Since the project had a small budget and there were about fifteen performers to age, Smith used stock appliances wherever possible, running new pieces out of molds he had retained from earlier, better-funded productions. It was a technique he used often on commercial assignments.

In *The Good Lieutenant*, a public television

Anthony Quinn as Kublai Khan in Marco the Magnificent. / Smith aged Jean Simmons more than thirty years for *Soldier in Love*.

drama, Fritz Weaver played a character patterned after literary giant Ezra Pound, whose fervid pro-Nazi stance during the second World War resulted in his subsequent arrest and incarceration in an insane asylum. Smith aged Weaver for the part, using appliances to suggest a rugged, wrinkled countenance which he then covered with a thick beard. Since the actor was highly allergic to spirit gum, Smith had to cut the foundation for the beard into small sections and adhere them with latex. Smith finished out the year with straight makeup assignments on *The Diary of Anne Frank* – a David Susskind production with Diana Davilla in the title role, and Max von Sydow and Lilli Palmer as her parents – and *The Lesson* starring Fred Gwynne.

1967

As a freelance artist, Smith returned to NBC for a lavish period piece, *Soldier in Love*, starring Claire Bloom as Queen Anne and Jean Simmons and Keith Michell as the Duchess and Duke of Marlborough. It was a heavy makeup show, with the final scene requiring all three characters to be aged into their sixties and seventies. Smith devised the elaborate appliance makeups and, in a far cry from his days in live television, spent three hours painstakingly applying them to Simmons, while two other artists – Lee Baygan (who had taken over the makeup department at the network) and Scott Cunningham – did Michell and Bloom.

Accustomed to the rushed working conditions typical of both television and feature work, Smith luxuriated in the ample time he was given to test and refine his makeup for *Mark Twain, Tonight!*, a television presentation of the one-man show Hal Holbrook had perfected on stage over a period of years. Holbrook, an accomplished makeup artist in his own right, was accustomed to using theatrical makeup techniques to create a serviceable resemblance to the noted humorist and author. It was realized by all, however, that more extensive makeup would be required to sustain the illusion in televised closeups. Working over a lifecycle of the actor, and with constant reference to historical photographs, Smith sculpted a striking likeness of Mark Twain. A four-hour application covered Holbrook’s entire face with foam latex pieces, yet

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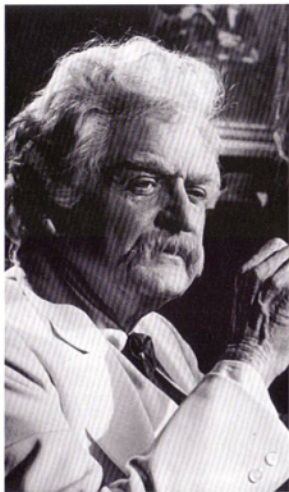
*Always,
Jack Lemmon*

*Dear Friend,
Remember the clown dancing
over that bit of "cosmic dust"?
I never forget.*

*Blessings,
William Hurt*

*Dear Dick,
I salute your years of
excellence in makeup!*

Ve Neill



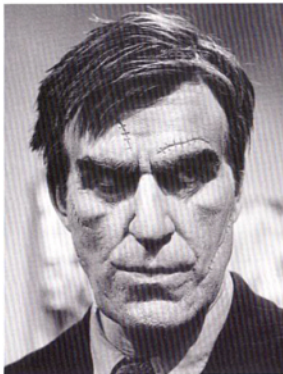
Smith won an Emmy for his makeup on *Hal Holbrook in Mark Twain, Tonight!* / *For The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Smith devised a Hyde makeup for Jason Robards. When the part was recast, he developed a new concept for Jack Palance. / Jonathan Frid as an ancient vampire in the television soap opera *Dark Shadows*.

still gave him freedom of expression. One element of the makeup was a plastic piece that elevated the actor's natural hairline to resemble that of his older subject. Commenting that the hairline piece looked a bit too smooth, Holbrook suggested adding liver spots to the area. Smith did so; and the technique has since become near-standard on old-age makeups. Costuming for the show prompted the development of a new rub-proof makeup paint. Holbrook was to wear a white suit—a Twain trade-

mark during public appearances—and Smith realized that traditional rubber mask greasepaint would rub off visibly on the neck and cuffs. The problem was solved with a mixture of latex and acrylic paint. *Mark Twain, Tonight!* earned Smith an Emmy for best makeup.

The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde was the first of several involvements Smith would have with producer Dan Curtis. Jason Robards was cast in the lead, and Smith devised an elaborate makeup to transform his beneficent Jekyll into the miscreant Hyde. After only a few days of shooting in London, however, a strike shut the production down and Curtis ordered the company back to the United States. The project resurfaced a few months later with a new script and a new director—and a new actor since Robards was no longer available. The casting of Jack Palance forced Smith to recon-

ceive the Hyde makeup. Since Palance already had an enormous head and face, an extensive additive makeup of the sort he had devised for Robards would have looked unbelievable. After much consideration, Smith was struck with the notion of patterning the makeup on classic representations of a mythological satyr. Though still requiring major appliances, the makeup was considerably more subtle than previous concepts and its design origin seemed apropos to the psychosexual subtext of the script. Palance—whose own nose had been severely broken—also underwent appliance makeup for his scenes as Jekyll, with Smith providing him a foam latex substitute that was straighter and more handsome. Soon after completing the Jekyll and Hyde project—which earned him an Emmy nomination—Smith was engaged again by Dan Curtis to produce an extreme old-age makeup for



the supernatural soap opera, *Dark Shadows*. Actor Jonathan Frid – playing a 175-year-old vampire – was to be rendered his character's true age for a special episode. Though a rush job, it was a valuable training exercise that would serve Smith well in years to come.

1968

Just days before director John Schlesinger was to start principal photography on *Midnight Cowboy* – a dark and poignant drama of New York street life – Smith received a panic call from the producers asking him to redesign the makeup they had for the seedy hustler being played by Dustin Hoffman. Improvising as he went, Smith began by giving the actor a butchered haircut. Then, to impart a matted, unwashed-for-months look to the hair, he massaged in white mustache wax thinned with alcohol and hot water – a concoction inspired by a waxy paste used by kabuki dancers on their traditional wigs – which, when dry, produced the desired grungy effect. Smith next applied a dirty-brown stain to Hoffman's face, working it into his skin and stubble beard to further convey an un-



washed appearance. A prosthetic sty and milky eye drops completed the makeover. Smith refined the look during the first week of shooting and then turned the makeup over to Irving Buckman to complete the film.

For a television production of *Arsenic and Old Lace* – starring Helen Hayes and Lillian Gish as spinster sisters with a penchant for poisoning gentlemen boarders – Smith was enlisted to devise a makeup for Fred Gwynne whose murderous character bristles whenever his uncanny likeness to Boris Karloff is noted. Smith had conceptual problem in that Gwynne – who had already spoofed the Frankenstein monster for two seasons on *The Munsters* – possessed an essentially comic face that seemed inappropriate for the psychotic killer he was depicting in *Arsenic and Old Lace*. To enhance his likeness to Karloff, Gwynne was given appliances to broaden his face, making it heavier and bonier, and others to extend and widen his forehead. His hairline was receded at the temples, and he was provided a new nose, heavy eyebrows and a long upper lip. Completing the job were large facial scars with crude stitch marks.

Smith faced an opposite challenge on his next feature assignment – *Me, Natalie* – in which he was

Fred Gwynne as the ominous Jonathan Brewster in Arsenic and Old Lace. / Smith invented overlapping appliances for his extreme old-age makeup of Dustin Hoffman in Little Big Man.

called upon to transform Patty Duke into a plain jane who, in the course of the film, makes a subtle transformation into a lovely young woman. To accomplish his objective with minimal cheating, he gave the actress a slightly enlarged nose and fitted her with dentures to make her front teeth more prominent. Other alterations were achieved with straight makeup and hair styling.

1969

Little Big Man was Smith's first big break on a Hollywood movie and one of his most significant life achievements. Hired by director Arthur Penn – with whom he had worked on numerous television productions during the NBC years – Smith was tasked with designing and applying makeup for Dustin Hoffman as a 121-year-old dotard whose reminiscences, revealed in flashback to a journalist, tie him to many of the pivotal events and personages of the Old West. In the course of the narrative, Smith had to transform Hoffman – then thirty-one years old – into a teenager, a gunslinger, a cavalry scout and a town drunk. Most challenging, however, were the scenes of him as the aged storyteller. Although single-piece appliances were the norm – even for full-face makeups – difficulty in applying them, coupled with the tendency of foam latex to shrink, led Smith to devise a new approach involving multiple overlapping pieces. Crucial to its aesthetic success was his concurrent development of a technique whereby the makeup could be sculpted intact on a single lifecast, then sliced into separate pieces and placed individually on secondary lifecasts where the edges could be feathered and overlapped. After much experimentation, Smith discovered that a thin coat of dental separator, applied to the lifecast prior to covering it with clay, would allow the finished sculpture to be removed from its plaster form simply by soaking it for a while in water. In addition to eight separate appliance pieces, Hoffman was fitted with another Smith innovation in the form of blinking eyelid appliances. Extremely thin foam latex pieces, the eyelids were attached at the top – just under the eyebrow – and at the bottom slightly above the eyelash. The area in between was not glued down.

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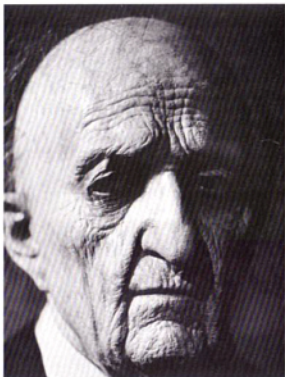
For *House of Dark Shadows*, Smith revised his earlier concept for aging Jonathan Frid, / Hair coloring and stipple—plus a dental plumper—aged Marlon Brando in *The Godfather*.

Thus, whenever Hoffman blinked, the eyelid would fold and unfold realistically. Contact lenses were employed to give the eyes themselves an aged appearance. The five-hour makeup was rendered complete with shoulder pads and old-age hand appliances which accentuated the actor's knuckles to make his fingers look thin and frail. Smith's overlapping appliances—though derided by many of his contemporaries at the time—have since become the industry standard.

1970

Dan Curtis directed and produced *House of Dark Shadows*—a feature film extension of his television soap opera, then winding down after a five-year run. For a scene in which the celebrated vampire—again played by Jonathan Frid—reverts physically to his true age after the failure of an experimental procedure to cure him, Smith was called upon to recreate the aging makeup he had provided for the television show. Freed of some of the constraints he had faced on the earlier assignment, Smith took the makeup somewhat further, rendering the vampire essentially bald, rather than just graying. Cognizant of the film's limited budget, Smith was pleased to be able to reuse the folding eyelids and part of the bald head he had created for Dustin Hoffman on *Little Big Man*, as well as some of the appliances he had fashioned for Frid three years before. Another of his tasks was developing realistic bite marks—an obsession with Curtis who scoffed at the tiny pin-pricks usually seen on vampire victims' necks. After several unsuccessful attempts at sculpting a convincing wound, Smith opted for the more direct approach of biting into a piece of raw veal, enlarging the canine incisions a bit and making a casting of the meat.

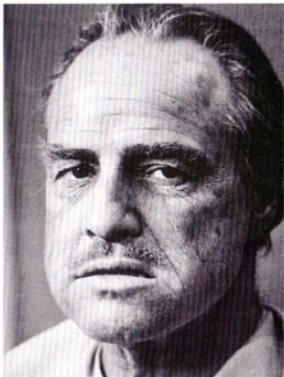
A more subtle aging makeup was required for his next film project *Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?* In the surrealist comedy directed by Ulu Grosbard, Dustin Hoffman played a successful middle-age composer tormented by loneliness and depression. Since the aging was not extreme, Smith was able to achieve the desired effect with a little old-age stipple around the eyes to complement subtle eye



bag and naso-labial fold appliances. A graying mustache, sideburns and a curly wig completed the illusion.

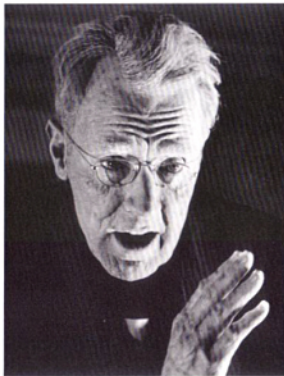
1971

Smith was hired onto writer-director Francis Ford Coppola's sprawling gangster epic, *The Godfather*, principally because of his acknowledged expertise in old-age makeups. Marlon Brando, then forty-seven, had to be aged twenty some years for his title role as the ruthless, but principled, Mafia don. When Brando proved unresponsive to facial appliances, Smith instead used old-age stipple to create suitable wrinkles. The actor's naturally light hair was dyed black, then highlighted with gray. Subtle jowls were simulated with a dental plumper that fit snugly between his lower teeth and cheeks. For a brutal gangland execution, Smith created the impression of facial bullet hits on actor James Caan by affixing blood-filled blister appliances that would rupture when monofilament trigger lines—invisible to the camera—were pulled. When a problem scuttled the first take—after the blisters had already broken—the labor-intensive illusion



had to be abandoned for lack of setup time. Smith simplified the effect for a later execution. A small explosive squib was placed over a protective metal plate attached to Sterling Hayden's forehead, which was then covered completely with foam latex skin. Smith next used a hypodermic needle to inject fake blood into a shallow cavity under the appliance. When the squib was fired, the rubber skin ruptured and the blood poured out. *The Godfather* marked the first large-scale employment of a simple, yet effective movie blood Smith had formulated from Karo syrup and food coloring.

Harriet—one of Smith's biggest TV projects—starred Kitty Winn and Richard Dysart in the life story of abolitionist and author Harriet Beecher Stowe. Four stages of appliance makeup were needed to advance Winn from her late twenties to middle eighties. Depending on the extent of the makeup, overlapping or multiple isolated appliances were employed. For Smith, the principal shortcoming of the makeup was that there was no budget for old-age contact lenses, and Winn's dark brown eyes seemed somewhat incongruous staring out of an ancient face. Dysart also required aging makeup—in five stages—and Smith had other actors to age as well.



1972

Smith began the year with *Particular Men*—a quasi-historical television drama—in which he made up Stacy Keach for a role that was patterned after physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer who headed the Manhattan Project to produce the world's first atomic bomb. No attempt was made to make Keach look like Oppenheimer, but subtle appliances were employed to conceal the actor's surgically-repaired harelip and to render his face more angular and a bit older looking. For scenes of his character as a young man, Keach needed only a moderate hair-piece to fill in his receding hairline.

Though it was the assignment of a lifetime, the pivotal makeup for *The Exorcist* proved torturous for Smith, who submitted a dozen concepts to director William Friedkin before one was agreed upon. Especially challenging for him was the task of sublimating the fresh-faced innocence of twelve-year-old Linda Blair and transforming her into a frightened—and frightening—victim of demonic possession. The early-stage makeup consisted of multiple appliances designed to simulate facial



scratches. During the course of the film, the lacerations were made progressively worse and were supplemented with other appliances that distorted her features. Bruises and demonic contact lenses were incorporated in later scenes. Smith employed primitive bladder technology—a condom glued to the underside of a foam-latex appliance—for a scene in which the youngster's throat needed to distend almost like a frog's. He also worked with adult actress Eileen Dietz who was hired to double for Blair in some of the film's more difficult scenes—including a shocker in which she had to spew green vomit onto a priest. Smith ran flat tubing up the sides of the woman's face and into the corners of her mouth so that the openings faced outward. Appliance pieces and a partial mask concealed the tubing, which ran beneath her ears and through her hair to a pressure pump filled with pea soup. For a scene of the child's head turning completely around, Smith and assistant Rick Baker fashioned a dummy made from full-body castings taken of Blair. Head and facial movements were achieved with radio-control mechanisms devised by Marcel Vercoutere. Arms and legs were positionable, but nonarticulated. Smith also designed the makeup worn by Max von Sydow for his title role in the film.

Smith used appliance pieces and stipple to age Max von Sydow for his title role in The Exorcist. / For a scene in The Stepford Wives, Smith fitted Katherine Ross with enlarged foam latex breasts.

To add thirty years to the actor, Smith employed appliance pieces and old-age stipple, combining and blending the two with great finesse. Aware that filming was to take place in a blistering desert and on sub-freezing soundstages, Smith worried that traditional stipple would flake or peel away. After confirmation and extensive testing, he concocted three formulas of his own which continued to serve him admirably for years. Since Smith was busy with Linda Blair, fellow artists Robert Laden and Reg Tackley applied the von Sydow makeup for most of the shoot.

1973

Further avenues for creative mayhem were explored in *The Godfather Part II*. For a scene in which a petty Mafia don has his throat slashed by street punks, Smith fitted actor Gaston Moschin with a precut neck appliance held together lightly with a sticky syrup. When the actor's neck jerked back, the severed appliance would split open. Compressed air sent blood gushing through tubes into the piece, with Moschin himself triggering the flow via a hand control. The complex scene, ultimately relegated to the cutting room floor, was reinstated when Francis Ford Coppola reedited and expanded the first two films into *The Godfather Saga* for home video. Though the don survives the assault, he is not so fortunate later when Robert De Niro sticks a gun in his mouth and blows the back of his head off. Smith oversaw the execution, as well as other bloodletting for the sequel. He also employed minimal makeup to heighten De Niro's likeness to Marlon Brando, whose character in the first film he was portraying at a younger age.

1974

Smith had a most unusual assignment on *The Stepford Wives*—a Bryan Forbes film in which a young woman, played by Katherine Ross, moves with her family to a small New England town whose male residents are systematically replacing their wives with replica robots that are more perfect in every respect. For a climactic scene in which she

discovers her own mechanical clone, not yet fully completed, both characters were to be played by Ross. As the robot, the actress would be wearing a see-through nightgown revealing breasts that were clearly more ample than her own. It was up to Smith to effect the enhancement. Years earlier, he had been given a similar assignment by director Mike Nichols who was then considering Karen Black for the role eventually played by Ann-Margret in *Carnal Knowledge*. Nudity was required, and Black was not considered adequately endowed for the role: so Smith made a casting of her breasts, sculpted new ones for her and produced them in foam latex. For whatever reason, Black did not get the role and the breasts were never used. Smith was prepared to repeat the process with Ross, but decided first to see if the Karen Black breasts would be serviceable—and with minor alterations, they were. To increase the eeriness of the scene, it was decided that the robot's eye sockets should be empty. With careful lighting to avoid reflections, Smith felt that black scleral contact lenses would produce the desired effect. With the way the scene was shot, however, reflections proved unavoidable: so instead of empty eye sockets, the incomplete robot appears to have shiny black orbs.

1975

For *The Sunshine Boys*—a Herbert Ross film of the Neil Simon play about two estranged vaudeville partners reunited for a television special—actor Walter Matthau had to be aged twenty years for his role as an irascible septuagenarian. The most difficult aspect of the process for Smith was that Matthau had a low hairline—rendering the use of a wig problematic—and a full head of black hair that would have been difficult to gray. To create a balding head, Smith—using a technique that he invented—spent three hours with scissors and a magnifying glass snipping individual hairs from the actor's scalp until a natural balding pattern was simulated. The remaining hair was then dyed gray. Daily touchups with a fine-screened electric shaver kept the stubble trimmed while leaving the longer hairs unshorn. Matthau's face was aged rather simply with stipple and liver spots.

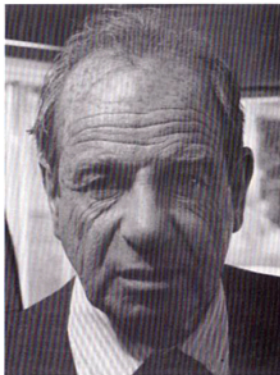
On *Taxi Driver*—director Martin Scorsese's study of inarticulate rage and violence—Smith contributed heavily to the bloody final act. For scenes in which Robert De Niro's sociopathic cab driver shaves his head and goes out into the mean

Smith devised a hair-thinning technique to age Walter Matthau for *The Sunshine Boys*.

streets with mayhem on his mind, Smith made a bald cap for the actor with a Mohawk-style roach running up the center. To suggest a residue of hair stubble on the shaved areas, Smith had to concoct a slow-drying adhesive that would stick to the plastic cap, hold the chopped hair and yet not be shiny. Armed to the teeth, De Niro storms a den of iniquity, ostensibly to rescue a young prostitute; and a murderous bloodbath ensues when her pimp and his cronies resist. Though he found the script's violence abhorrent, Smith detached himself from it sufficiently to produce an array of gory effects. For a scene in which one of the thugs has half of his hand blown away by a gunshot, Smith fabricated the hand—minus four fingers and part of the palm—out of rubber and rigged it with blood tubes. The sections to be severed were then cast in wax and fitted into place on the hand. Worn as an arm extension by the actor, the fake hand was rigged with explosive squibs that were detonated on cue to blast away the fingers and start the blood flow. For another man, shot in the face four times, Smith refined his *Godfather* technique, attaching facial appliances with small recesses that could be filled with blood from a hypodermic needle and then popped open using a monofilament line invisible to the camera. Elsewhere in the sequence, Smith had to provide a blood-spurting appliance for a scene in which De Niro is shot in the neck.

Smith renewed his association with director John Schlesinger on *Marathon Man*, a taut thriller in which Dustin Hoffman, playing a college student and Olympic hopeful, runs afoul of a former Nazi war criminal and dentist who tortures him by drilling into his front teeth. So the scene could be effectively conveyed, Smith took castings of the actor's teeth and then had a dentist make removable veneers that fit over the front six. Hoffman wore them throughout the production so there would be no evident difference before and after the drilling scene. For Roy Scheider, Smith prepared a gelatin appliance laced with blood passageways, which was fitted onto the back of the actor's hand and sliced open during a scene in which a thug attempts to garrote him.

Other projects for the year included making up Lorne Greene as George Washington for an Imax film sponsored by Eastman Kodak and exhibited in Washington D.C. during the nation's bicentennial celebration. Smith also stepped in, during postpro-



duction, to help with *Burnt Offerings*. Dissatisfied with the ending of his haunted house film, Dan Curtis asked Smith to create a really evil-looking old-age makeup for actress Karen Black. Smith traveled to Los Angeles and devised three different concepts, one of which was selected and shot as an insert.

1976

For a TV production of *Harry Truman, Plain Speaking*—another one-man show in the vein of *Mark Twain, Tonight!*—Smith was called upon to transform actor Ed Flanders into a passable double for the colorful and outspoken chief executive. He began by stripping the actor's natural hair color to render it white. Even though Flanders was considerably younger than the man he was portraying, his hairline had already receded further than the former president's, so a small hairpiece was used to compensate. Also employed were appliances for the tip of his nose and for his neck and the sides of his face. The makeover also required a pair of thick eyeglasses—which were problematic since Flanders could barely see while wearing them.



Smith resolved the difficulty by fitting the actor with contact lenses that effectively counteracted the glasses' extreme magnification.

Director Michael Winner pushed a reluctant Smith to new heights of gratuitous bloodletting on *The Sentinel*, a horror film centered upon the premise of an apartment building in New York being the gateway to hell. In the end, the gateway is breached and the building overrun by hoards of ghoulish monstrosities returned from the dead. One especially gory encounter had the lead character fending off her father's reanimated corpse by plunging a butcher knife into its arm and chest, then stabbing its eye and slashing off its nose. For the chest stab, Smith cast torsos out of styrofoam and fitted them with pressurized blood chambers. For the facial mutilations, he made a life cast of the actor and then fabricated a head with replaceable eyes and noses made from gelatin. Smith also produced makeup effects for a number of players who had been recruited, specifically and tactlessly, because of physical deformities or missing limbs. Smith's commitment to *The Sentinel* limited his participation in the concurrent — and later much maligned — *Exorcist II: The Heretic* directed by John Boorman. He did, however, manage a reprise



of his demonic makeup — this time on a double for Linda Blair, whose contract disallowed special makeups — as well as appliance work for a young African undergoing exorcism, and aging makeup for a cameo appearance by Max von Sydow.

1977

Though hesitant to take a third consecutive horror film, Smith agreed to design the makeup effects for *The Fury* provided that the fabrication work be turned over to Rick Baker and the application to Bill Tuttle who was doing makeup on the show. The Brian De Palma film — about a pair of telekinetic teenagers victimized by an opportunist who endeavors to develop their psychic powers for his own dark purposes — involved numerous instances of spontaneous bleeding caused by psychic projection. Smith devised means to create convincing nosebleeds and bleeding fingernails — also massive hemorrhaging from the mouth and nose for a scene in the film's bloody finale. He also designed and built forehead appliances for actor Andrew Stevens using a translucent plastic material through which he ran inflatable air chan-

Appliance makeup on Ed Flanders for his title role in Harry Truman. Flain Speaking. / Between takes. Smith repairs a puppet head he created for a gruesome mutilation scene in The Sentinel.

nels to suggest pulsing veins. These, too, were turned over to Tuttle for application. Delays in the production would eventually force a scheduling conflict for Smith who was forced to move on before shooting was finished, leaving the effects-heavy deaths of villains John Cassavetes and Fiona Lewis solely in the hands of Baker and physical effects veteran A.D. Flowers. Feeling his abbreviated involvement did not warrant recognition, Smith declined to take a credit on the film.

His involvement in *The Deer Hunter* would also be abbreviated. For the Michael Cimino film — a searing wartime saga of friends transported from the steel mills of Pennsylvania to the jungles of Vietnam — Smith was hired to design the principal makeups and related effects. Having worked twice before with Robert De Niro, Smith was aware of the actor's insistent perfectionism and had come to terms with it. However, during shooting of the pivotal Russian roulette sequence in Thailand, a falling out of major proportions occurred over an

Smith applies one of three mutation suits—with accompanying facial appliances—designed and built for William Hurt in *Altered States*.

aesthetic issue Smith felt De Niro had no right to pursue. Harsh words were exchanged and the makeup artist resigned from the film.

1978-1979

Smith spent the better part of two years on *Altered States*, a high-profile project scripted by Paddy Chayefsky from his novel about a young psychophysicologist whose experiments in extreme sensory deprivation coupled with hallucinatory psychedelic drugs alter his state of consciousness and, ultimately, his mental and physical being. For the earliest stage of the physical transformation, Smith and associate Carl Fullerton pioneered the use of inflatable microthin bladders, incorporated into facial and forearm appliances, to produce pulsating protuberances on William Hurt. A later altered state required three contorted body suits, with accompanying prosthetic appliances. In progressive stages of mutation. Since the positions Hurt would have to hold during body-casting for the suits were awkward and painful, Smith devised a technique by which the process—normally requiring a minimum of fifteen minutes—could be completed in less than five. Also constructed was a suit for costar Blair Brown which was sculpted to look as though her flesh were seared and cracking, revealing an eerie glow within that was produced by painting scotchlike material into the cracks and projecting lava imagery onto it. Other fabrications included a vastly larger-than-life head of Hurt in mid-scream and ape-like foot appendages for a psychedelic flashback. A full ape-man makeup—applied to a slight dancer for a sequence in which the hallucinating scientist regresses to a primal state—entailed full facial appliances, with yak hair pasted directly onto the performer's body by makeup associate Craig Reardon. Smith went into the film anticipating it would be the kind of career high-point *The Exorcist* had been. Such was not the case. The original director, Arthur Penn, was fired off the picture late in preproduction and replaced by Ken Russell. Most of the original creative team also departed, voluntarily or otherwise, leaving a continuity vacuum that impacted adversely on the production. Much of the work Smith had done required significant changes during the chaotic



shoot; and, in the end, little of it was seen. One of his transformation suits was deleted entirely, and the other two were largely obscured by opticals.

1980

Early in the Sylvester Stallone action thriller *Nighthawks*, an international terrorist played by Rutger Hauer undergoes extensive plastic surgery to alter his appearance. Smith reversed the process by altering Hauer for his opening scenes so that in the rest of the film he would require no special makeup. Appliances were employed to make the actor's lean face more round and to twist his nose slightly. Dentures changed his teeth and puffed out his upper lip a bit. Hauer's naturally blond hair was dyed brown and restyled, and his blue eyes were darkened with contact lenses. Smith also had the singular task of making undercover cop Stallone into a woman decoy. Since the actor had grown a beard for the film, Smith had little recourse but to use a mask rather than appliances. For a sequence in which a female terrorist is shot in the head by a police sharpshooter, director Bruce Malmuth specified that he wanted to see both entrance and

exit wounds in the same shot. Smith labored over the tricky assignment, experimenting endlessly with explosive squibs and blood sacks to produce the illusion without risk of injury to actress Persis Khambatta. The effect would be one of his few career failures. After placing a blood-filled baggy and a small squib on a protective metal plate, Smith affixed the plate to Khambatta's scalp using blood paste—a thickened version of his corn syrup blood. He had not, however, taken into account all the weather contingencies. A light rain during the shoot rendered the paste too slippery to adhere, and the shot had to be reconceived and cheated on the spot.

Other assignments included special makeup for Christopher Walken in his role as an American mercenary enlisted to overthrow a small African government in *The Dogs of War*. Smith also supplied the appliances needed to age Richard Lynch thirty years for his appearance in *The Formula* as a former Nazi officer in possession of an invaluable formula for synthetic fuel. And in *The Fan*—about a famous actress stalked by an obsessive admirer—Smith provided the requisite mayhem including a conceptually complex blood-spurting dummy for a scene in which one of the characters is stabbed in the throat.

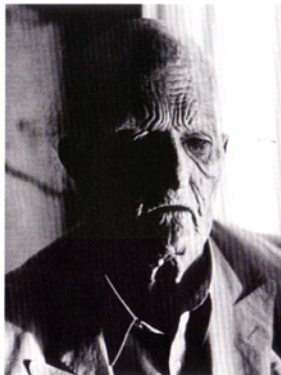
Smith had been approached a year earlier to provide makeup and effects for *Scanners*—a David Cronenberg picture about chemically engineered telepaths who can not only transmit and receive thoughts, but also use their psychic enhancements to cause grievous physiological harm. Having just completed *Altered States*, Smith felt burned out and incapable of tackling another major effects film; so he declined, and the work eventually went to Chris Walas and Stefan Dupuis. During postproduction, Cronenberg decided to incorporate a new ending in which the two principal protagonists—Michael Ironside and Stephen Lack—engage in a deadly telepathic duel. Smith was contacted again and agreed to participate. Modifying the pulsating vein concept he had developed for *The Fury*, he constructed facial and arm appliances for the two actors through which blood, rather than air, would be pumped. Visible through the translucent appliances, the blood could, when required, be made to rupture the vessels and bleed externally. Smith also fashioned a replica of Lack's head for a scene in which his character projects an organic energy stream at his adversary. Further puppet work was required for scenes of Lack gouging flesh from his own face and then self-immolating. Final shots of



his remains were realized by fashioning bread dough around a plastic skeleton and then baking it until it was charred. Makeup was applied to suggest raw flesh beneath the surface.

1981

Sizable segments of Smith's work were deleted from *Ghost Story*, a John Irvin movie about four lifelong friends who are haunted by the ghost of a young woman whose drowning death they caused fifty years earlier and then covered up. One by one, the old men begin to pay for their guilty secret as frightening apparitions of the woman appear and trigger their premature deaths. Since most of the apparitions were to be seen in tight closeup, Smith reasoned that he would have far more flexibility in creating the desired effects if he produced puppet characters rather than use appliance makeups on actors. He therefore constructed a number of head-and-shoulder puppets—most looking somewhat like drowned corpses—that became increasingly more ghastly as the film progressed. Smith effected minimal facial movement manually by inserting his hand from below to articulate the head and jaws.



His most visceral apparition—a nude torso topped with a head that had no facial features save for a gaping mouth filled with rotting teeth—was cut during postproduction and replaced with a more conventional decaying corpse created on short notice. Never filmed for lack of time was a replica of actor Douglas Fairbanks Jr., constructed for his character's fall from a bridge. For a climactic scene in which the woman's body is at last exhumed from the sunken auto where it has been entombed for half a century, Smith and associate Carl Fullerton built a final puppet whose flesh had to slide off its skull on cue. To achieve the effect, gelatin appliances held loosely in place on a plastic skull were released by monofilament wires.

Although he preferred to avoid animatronics, Smith utilized the burgeoning technology to good effect in *Spasms*—a low-budget Canadian film known also as *Death Bite*. For the death scene of a man bitten by a demonic serpent, Smith—again working with Carl Fullerton—took a lifemask of actor Al Waxman and then prepared a makeup consisting of ultrathin facial appliances designed to conceal eight, independently-operated bladders. When filled with air, the bladders would expand to simulate the victim's face swelling grotesquely into

For a spectral apparition in Ghost Story—eventually cut from the film—Smith created a nude puppet that had no facial features except for a gaping maw. / The last of five progressive aging makeups for David Bowie in The Hunger.

a lumpy mass. A matching puppet was then constructed, with cable mechanisms to create mouth and tongue articulation and bulging eyes. To complete the effect of facial flesh swelling until it splits open, Smith employed trichloroethane—a chemical solvent that causes foam rubber to expand and distort—which, on cue, was pumped through tiny tubes built into the puppet.

1982

For *The Hunger*—director Tony Scott's feature debut about an immortal vampire and her consort who must kill to maintain youthfulness—Smith was engaged to produce progressive makeups for a scene in which David Bowie was to age rapidly to 150 years old. Smith achieved the illusion with five discreet makeups. The first two employed subtle appliances and alterations to the hair and hairline, while the remaining three required full prosthetic coverage of the face. The final two stages further incorporated blinking eyelids and appliances for the hands. For the last stage, in which the vampire is completely hairless, Smith devised a means of casting a foam latex bald head using a core that he could disassemble and remove from the mold to produce a seamless one-piece appliance. Another innovation came about as a result of his having to surmount the problem of affixing a stubble beard to the foam latex appliances—an impossibility over the rubber mask greasepaint customarily used to color such appliances. Smith developed a new coloring medium—derived from an acrylic medical adhesive mixed with paint—that remained tacky until powdered. The sticky surface proved ideal for applying the stubble. The new paint—which Smith named FAX—proved advantageous over rubber mask greasepaint in many regards and is now used widely in the makeup community. In the climax of the film, the female vampire's former consorts—tucked away in her attic after succumbing to the inevitability of extreme old age—return to life to take vengeance upon her. Smith created foam latex mummy suits for seven slender performers and, for shots of their disintegration, duplicated portions of the mummies in a crumbling material.

Smith was honored with an Academy Award for his elaborate aging makeup on E. Murray Abraham in *Amadeus*.

1983

Brought to the screen by director Milos Forman, *Amadeus* was a lavish depiction of the fictional interplay between real-life composers Antonio Salieri and Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Smith was called upon to age E. Murray Abraham into the elderly Salieri whose flashback confession to complicity in the decline and fall of his musical rival provides the film with its narrative structure. Everything but the actor's nose was covered by appliances. To obtain a realistic wrinkle pattern for the forehead appliance, Smith made a wax casting of his own forehead and then accentuated the existing wrinkles while adding further detail and texture. Other appliances were sculpted from scratch. Disappointed with the results he had been getting of late from traditional gypsum molds – attributable, he determined, to a deterioration in quality of the gypsum itself – Smith elected on *Amadeus* to use epoxy resin molds for the larger pieces and gypsum laced with a concrete adhesive for the smaller ones. After successful film testing, Smith manufactured and prepacked all of the appliance pieces he would need in New York, then traveled to Austria where he applied the four-hour makeup about twenty times during the shoot. A balding hairpiece and old-age contact lenses completed the facial makeover. Hands were aged with one of his stipple formulations. Representing the culmination of everything Smith had learned in nearly forty years of aging actors on film, *Amadeus* earned him an Academy Award for best makeup. He was likewise honored by the British Academy of Film and Television Arts.

Smith finished out the year with a small job on *The Cotton Club*. Francis Ford Coppola's fact-and-fiction gangster film set against the period glitz of the famed Harlem nightspot. James Remar, cast in the role of Dutch Schultz, was a bit young for the part, so Smith was engaged to age him a few years without elaborate makeup. He did so by designing a novel dental plumper that not only extended below the gum line to create a jowl-like bulge, but also slightly upward to flesh out the side of the actor's lean face. Smith also reemployed the hair-thinning technique he had used on Walter Matthau in *The Sunshine Boys*. No appliances were used.



1984

Smith was approached to provide an unusual transformation for the John Carpenter production, *Starman*, an interspecies love story about an alien in human form trying to rendezvous with his starship. In an early sequence, the alien is introduced as a quasi-human baby that grows overnight to full adult size. Smith devised a means to achieve the rapid-growth effect in three separate stages, then persuaded Rick Baker and Stan Winston, working independently, to deliver the first two. He himself provided the final stage in which the alien transformed, in a single uninterrupted shot, from adolescence to adulthood. Using replacement animation, Smith fabricated more than one hundred full-size heads, each conveying a minute step in the transition. Beginning with lifecasts of Jeff Bridges – who would be playing the alien as an adult – and a twelve-year-old boy with somewhat similar features, Smith and a crew of four created intermediate forms by casting replicas in soft urethane that were then stretched and elongated, in tiny increments, using a mechanical armature.

Molds were made of each stage and individual heads cast in rigid plastic for filming. Sculpting was employed to effect facial transition once the boy's head reached adult dimensions. Six months were required to complete the tedious endeavor. Photographed sequentially – each head occupying only a single frame of film – the result was a fluid, five-second transformation enlivened with eye blinks and a slight head turn. Smith was terribly disappointed when the shot was cut in two and abbreviated during postproduction.

Always in demand for old-age assignments, Smith was hired to design the makeup for William Hickey in his role as an elderly Mafia don in *Prizzi's Honor*, director John Huston's black comedy about a hitman who makes the mistake of falling for a woman in the same profession. Already in his late fifties, Hickey required only bleached hair and a light application of old-age stipple. Robert Laden, a frequent Smith collaborator, handled the day-to-day work on set.

1985-1986

After forty years in the makeup business – many of them as a mentor and informal teacher to beginners and colleagues alike – Smith decided to begin passing on the knowledge he had acquired more systematically by means of a comprehensive written course geared specifically toward the working professional and the occasional advanced amateur. He would spend much of the next two years developing the course.

One of his few interruptions was to work on *North and South* – an epic twelve-part television miniseries aired in two sections half a year apart – about two families in the turbulent period before and during the Civil War. Hal Holbrook had been cast in the role of Abraham Lincoln, and Smith welcomed the opportunity to work with the actor once again. Since Holbrook's facial structure bore little resemblance to his subject's, however, Smith had to be especially careful in designing the extensive appliances to produce a convincing Lincoln likeness. An oversight resulted in his accidental omission from the production's screen credits.

1987

Smith completed his 'Advanced Professional Make-up Course' – a comprehensive text of some



Smith employed appliance makeup to subtly age Dennis Quaid to his mid-forties for *Everybody's All-American*.

that the melted wax would run around the back of the head rather than drizzling off the chin. At the same time, the paint he used formed a thin skin that remained intact as the wax flowed out from under it, creating the impression that the flesh was shriveling onto the skull rather than simply melting and dripping off. Smith also devised a simple string mechanism to suggest that the eyes were rolling up into the head just moments before melting. Though cleverly conceived, the melting head was photographed indifferently and lost much of its impact.

Smith's next assignment was more sublime. For *Everybody's All-American*—a drama about a group of friends whose lives are chronicled from college to middle age—director Taylor Hackford wanted his characters to show signs of progressive aging, even though the time span of the film was only twenty-five years. For his role as a former athlete whose muscle has turned to fat, Dennis Quaid was fitted with appliances to fill out his face and a foam rubber stomach to fill out his shirt. As his college sweetheart and wife, Jessica Lange was already somewhat older than her costar. For her early scenes, therefore, she was subtly de-aged with permanently capped teeth and routine beauty makeup. Timothy Hutton—youngest of the three principals—required only minor appliance work to suggest middle-age. Supporting players similarly aged included John Goodman and Carl Lumbly.

1988

Juzo Itami—a successful Japanese filmmaker and actor with aspirations to produce a big-budget effects movie in the Hollywood style—approached Smith to participate in the making of *Sweet Home*. Smith agreed to consult on the project—primarily by fax—and upon his recommendation, makeup artist Tom Culnan was hired to establish a shop in Tokyo and produce the effects. As script pages came over the phone line, Smith realized that the slim ghost story plotline was only a weak excuse to support a procession of copycat effects from favorite American movies. There was even a character whose head turned around backward. Smith offered suggestions for improvement—some of which were accepted—but eventually succumbed

to the momentum of the project. Just prior to principal photography, he flew to Japan for two weeks to lend moral support and assistance to the makeup crew. While there, he designed the makeup for Itami—playing a renowned parapsychologist—who informed the artist that he wanted to look like Charlton Heston. Though well mounted and brimming with fine effects, the film nonetheless failed to spark much interest in Japan and went unreleased in the United States.

Smith was concurrently engaged to consult on *Monsters*—an anthology of horror stories—which aired in syndication for three seasons. His principal function on the series was to devise low-budget means of fulfilling creature and makeup requirements—a task he much enjoyed because it demanded reliance on ingenuity rather than technology—and to then find qualified people to do the work. Smith found the show an excellent opportunity to promote some of the young talent he had nurtured over the years. Most of the work ended up being done by John Dods, whose speed and proficiency was such that little was required of Smith after the first season.

1989

Fifteen years after the second outing, Francis Ford Coppola mounted *The Godfather Part III*, reassembling many of the original films' cast and crew members. Twenty years were to have passed in the storyline, but since most of the actors did not look appreciably older, Smith was persuaded to design the requisite makeups for subsequent-onset application by Robert Laden. His principal task was to age Al Pacino whose character was now in his sixties and in failing health. After considerable testing, Smith devised a makeup that employed subtle appliances and thinning hair, later rejected in favor of old-age stipple and a graying crew cut. Smith ultimately withdrew from the picture and the simplified makeup was handled in Rome by Fabrizio Sforza.

Smith was called upon next to design the old-age makeups in *Dad*—a bittersweet drama in which a frail old man, played by Jack Lemmon, finds his world turned upside-down when his wife of many years suffers a heart attack, leaving him with no one but an indifferent grown-up son to look after him. Shortly after signing on to the production, Smith requested that a selection of photographs of Lemmon be sent to him for study. On a cel overlay

five hundred illustrated pages detailing all aspects of creating appliance makeup and mechanical makeup effects—and commenced marketing it to students with demonstrated potential for advancement in or into the field. In subsequent years, the text has been updated with an additional hundred pages of information and supplemented with color slides and a videotape.

After a long hiatus, Smith returned to film with *Pottergeist III*—the final chapter in the horror saga of a family plagued by escalating supernatural disturbances—on which he was hired as a consultant and contributor to backdrop top two of his young protégés, John Caglione and Doug Drexler. While Smith characterized his participation as that of an idea man and kibitzer, he was directly involved in a number of key effects. Including an appliance makeup on child actress Heather O'Rourke for an apparition in which she was to take on the appearance of an evil old preacher. He also contrived some refinements for a standard melting-head gag normally achieved via time-lapse photography of a wax or gelatin replica subjected to heat. Though Smith retained the essentials of the established approach, he added touches such as positioning the head horizontally and shooting down on it so

attached to one of the shots, he designed a look for the makeup which was then approved by director Gary David Goldberg and the actor. Shortly before principal photography, using scissors and a magnifying glass, Smith repeated the thinning hair trick he had initiated years earlier on Walter Matthau. It would not be seen on film. Maintenance required removal of new growth with a fine-screen electric shaver that would cut the stubble but leave the longer hairs intact. In performing the daily ritual, however, the actor's wife unwittingly employed the wrong type of shaver — efficiently severing everything in its path. Lennon played the part totally bald on top. Facial aging was simulated effectively with old-age stipple. Stipple was likewise employed on Olympia Dukakis for her role as the stricken wife. Once the makeups were deemed satisfactory, Smith left the day-to-day application to artists Ken Diaz and Greg Nelson. All three would receive Oscar nominations for the work.

Smith used the hair-thinning technique again on Jeremy Irons for his role as the enigmatic multi-millionaire Claus von Bulow, accused of murdering his socialite wife in *Reversal of Fortune*. Smith also employed hair whitener and a bit of old-age stipple on the actor. As with his previous project, Smith was engaged only to design the makeup. On-set application for the Barbet Schroeder picture was performed by Allen Weisinger.

1990

Smith was called in as a consultant on *True Identity* — a comedy about an aspiring black actor masquerading as a white man to avoid extermination by the mob — when the producers began to worry that the trans-racial makeup being designed by John Caglione and Doug Drexler would not be convincing. Smith accepted the job, although it placed him in the awkward position of having to evaluate and critique the work of colleagues and friends. When he saw footage of the most current test makeup Caglione had devised, he surmised immediately that the producers' unfavorable reaction to it had more to do with a makeshift wig than with the makeup itself. Having learned that even the most experienced filmmakers will panic when they see an incomplete makeup, Smith was able to reassure the producers that the work was on track and that the final result would be satisfactory. He made no design input and only supported the existing makeup team.

1991

The main character in *The Golden Years* — a seven-part TV miniseries written by Stephen King and directed by Kenneth Fink — was an elderly janitor at a government research facility who is exposed to a substance that causes him to grow progressively younger. Since the only feasible way to do the show was to hire a young actor and make him up for his older scenes, Smith was approached to participate. He agreed to consult on the project and, on his recommendation, Carl Fullerton was hired as the principal artist. In a rare departure from the norm, Smith and Fullerton were asked to suggest which of several actors being considered for the role would best suit their purposes. Their choice was Keith Szarabajka, who was indeed cast. Several stages of appliance makeup were created, with Fullerton doing the work.

Smith was next called upon to consult on *Death Becomes Her*, a black comedy from director Robert Zemeckis about a pair of feuding middle-age women who accept the promise of youthful immortality without first considering its unsavory consequences. For scenes in which Meryl Streep had to be aged about fifteen years, Smith recommended Kevin Haney, who provided some subtle appliances which were blended in place and combined with a traditional beauty makeup. Subtlety was not an issue for fellow artist Lance Anderson, who was commissioned to transform petite Goldie Hawn into bloated obesity through a combination of appliances and a jiggly fat suit made from a highly plasticized urethane discovered by Smith. For a scene in which Streep falls down a long flight of stairs — and lives, despite breaking her neck and twisting her head completely around — Smith tested ways of achieving her backward-facing head with prosthetics and animatronics. Zemeckis eventually opted to achieve the effect through digital means rather than physical.

1992

Smith next hired on as a consultant for *Forever Young*, a Steve Miner film in which Mel Gibson was cast as a test pilot who volunteers for a cryogenic sleep experiment, only to awaken some fifty years later. For a while he looks no older, but time eventually catches up with him and he undergoes an

accelerated aging process. Greg Cannom did the principal appliance work — but the concept had to be softened a bit because of concerns on the part of the producer that making Gibson look too old would not be in keeping with his image as a romantic action star. Consequently, the makeup — which, stonywise, should have aged the character to about ninety years old — was revised to make him look more like seventy-five.

During the year, Smith was invited to establish an ongoing makeup effects class — based on his "Advanced Professional Make-up Course" — at the Yoyogi Animation School in Tokyo. In addition to lecturing at the start of each school year, Smith spends six to eight weeks annually preparing an original appliance makeup demonstration — a commitment he relishes for the opportunity it affords him to experiment with new materials and techniques.

1993-1995

After nearly fifty years of doggedly resisting any suggestion that he move from his longtime residence and studio in New York, Smith uprooted and relocated with his wife to Florida. Though one of his first official acts after settling in was to establish a studio and workshop, the move must have sent a message to Hollywood — unintended by the artist — that he had decided to retire, for few job offers have followed him south.

A passionate advocate of makeup and its practitioners, Smith assiduously keeps current with technology and materials, incorporating the latest developments into updates for his encyclopedic text, recently rechristened "Advanced Professional Make-up Techniques." More than four hundred students in twenty-three countries have completed, or are enrolled in, the career-enriching program. His attendant course at the Yoyogi Animation School — since renamed the Multi-Media Creation Academy — is currently in its fourth year. On the motion picture front, Smith is presently involved in preliminary discussions about the aging makeups required for *I'm Not Rappaport* — an upcoming Herb Gardner film starring Walter Matthau and Lou Gossett Jr. as park-bench eccentrics resisting the consequences of old age.

All photographs in this special tribute are from the personal collection of Dick Smith. Title page photograph by Angel Mora.