
Se





Executive Producer – Jerry Wayne for O.R.P. Composed, Orchestrated, Conducted and Produced by Jeff Wayne for O.R.P. Lyrics by Gary Osborne (Lyrics for "Forever Autumn" by Gary Osborne and Paul Vigrass) Dramatized by Doreen Wayne Dramatic and narrative sections directed by Charles Dubin and Jerry Wayne The Journalist – Richard Burton Beth-Julie Covington* The Artilleryman - David Essex "Forever Autumn" and "The Eve of The War" performed by Justin Hayward** The Parson – Phil Lynott*** The Heat Ray – Jo Partridge "Thunder Child" – performed by Chris Thompson**** with Billy Lawrie, Gary Osborne and Paul Vigrass Guitars – Chris Spedding, ***** Jo Partridge Bass – Herbie Flowers Drums – Barry Morgan Percussion – Ray Cooper, ****** Barry Da Souza, Roy Jones Keyboards – Ken 'Prof' Freeman, Jeff Wayne Synthesizers – Ken 'Prof' Freeman Tar, Santur and Zither – George Fenton Epilogue voices by Jerry Wayne Synthesizers used – Arps, Yamahas, Rolands << and Thunderchilds <---

Musical co-ordination by Music Activity Management and The General Booking Company Art director and logo design – John Pasche All songs published by Universal Music Publishing/ Jeff Wayne Music Publishing, except "Forever Autumn" published by Leeds Music Limited/Jeff Wayne Music Publishing. Reprinted by permission. A 48 track production recorded at Advision Studios,

London by Geoff Young, assisted by Laurence Diana

Mastered by Bill Foster at Tape One, London Adapted from the H.G. Wells classic

"The War of The Worlds" Courtesy of: *Virgin Records

SFX by Pest

The Decca Record Company Limited *Phonogram

****Warner Bros Records for the U.S. and Canada, and Bronze for the rest of the world

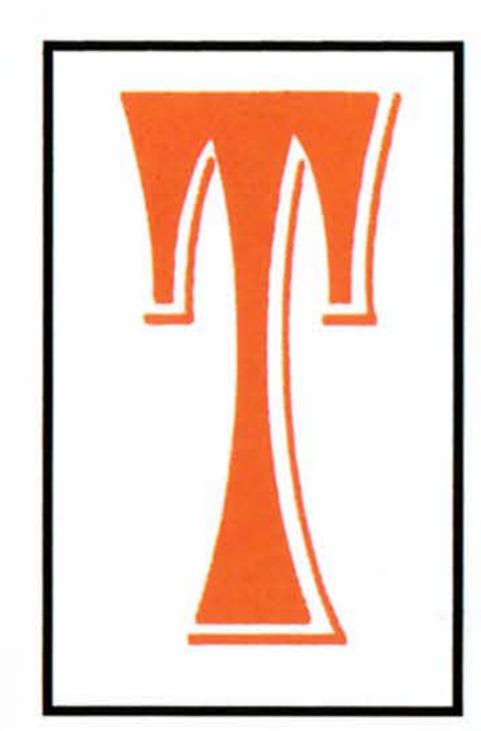
*****Rak Records

*****The Rocket Record Company Limited <-By courtesy of Broder/Jorganenson

<<< Designed by Nick Broome and Terry Relph-Knight for JWM Electronics Limited

TO MY FATHER, THIS RENDERING OF HIS IDEA





SIDE ONE:

HE EVE OF THE WAR

JOURNALIST: No one would have believed, in the last years of the nineteenth century, that human affairs were being watched from the timeless worlds of space. No one could have dreamed we were being scrutinized, as someone with a microscope studies creatures that swarm and multiply in a drop of water. Few men even considered the possibility of life on other planets and yet, across the gulf of space, minds immeasurably superior to ours regarded this Earth with envious eyes and, slowly and surely, they drew their plans against us.

At midnight on the twelfth of August, a huge mass of luminous gas erupted from Mars and sped towards Earth. Across two hundred million miles of void, invisibly hurtling towards us, came the first of the missiles that were to bring so much calamity to Earth. As I watched, there was another jet of gas. It was another missile, starting on its way.

And that's how it was for the next ten nights.

A flare, spurting out from Mars - bright green, drawing a green mist behind it – a beautiful, but somehow disturbing sight. Ogilvy, the astronomer, assured me we were in no danger. He was convinced there could be no living thing on that remote, forbidding planet.

"The chances of anything coming from Mars are a million to one," he said.

"The chances of anything coming from Mars are a million to one – but still they come!"

JOURNALIST: Then came the night the first missile approached Earth. It was thought to be an ordinary falling star, but next day there was a huge crater in the middle of the Common, and Ogilvy came to examine what lay there: a cylinder, thirty yards across, glowing hot...and with faint sounds of movement coming from within.

Suddenly the top began moving, rotating, unscrewing, and Ogilvy feared there was a man inside, trying to escape. He rushed to the cylinder, but the intense heat stopped him before he could burn himself on the metal.

"The chances of anything coming from Mars are a million to one," he said.

"The chances of anything coming from Mars are a million to one - but still they come!"

"The chances of anything coming from Mars are a million to one," he said.

"The chances of anything coming from Mars are a million to one – but still they come!"

It seems totally incredible to me now that everyone spent that evening as though it were just like any other.

From the railway station came the sound of shunting trains, ringing and rumbling, softened almost into melody by the distance.

It all seemed so safe and tranquil.



JOURNALIST: Next morning, a crowd gathered on the Common, hypnotized by the unscrewing of the cylinder. Two feet of shining screw projected when, suddenly, the lid fell off!

Two luminous, disc-like eyes appeared above the rim. A huge, rounded bulk, larger than a bear, rose up slowly, glistening like wet leather. Its lipless mouth quivered and slavered – and snake-like tentacles writhed as the clumsy body heaved and pulsated.

A few young men crept closer to the pit. A tall funnel rose, then an invisible ray of heat leapt from man to man and there was a bright glare, as each was instantly turned to fire. Every tree and bush became a mass of flames at the touch of this savage, unearthly Heat Ray.

People clawed their way off the Common, and I ran too. I felt I was being toyed with, that when I was on the very verge of safety, this mysterious death would leap after me and strike me down. At last I reached Maybury Hill and in the dim coolness of my home I wrote an account for my newspaper before I sank into a restless, haunted sleep.

I awoke to alien sounds of hammering from the pit and hurried to the railway station to buy the paper.

Around me, the daily routine of life – working, eating, sleeping – was continuing serenely, as it had for countless years.

On Horsell Common, the Martians continued hammering and stirring, sleepless, indefatigable, at work upon the machines they were making. Now and again a light, like the beam of a warship's searchlight, swept the Common – and The Heat Ray was ready to follow.

In the afternoon, a company of soldiers came through and deployed along the edge of the Common, to form a cordon.

That evening, there was a violent crash and I realized with horror that my home was now within the range of the Martian's Heat Ray.

At dawn, a falling star with a trail of green mist landed with a flash like summer lightning. This was the second cylinder.

SIDE TWO:



JOURNALIST: The hammering from the pit and the pounding of guns grew louder. My fear rose at the sound of someone creeping into the house. Then I saw it was a young artilleryman, weary, streaked with blood and dirt.

ARTILLERYMAN: Anyone here? JOURNALIST: Come in. Here – drink this.

ARTILLERYMAN: Thank you.

JOURNALIST: What's happened?

ARTILLERYMAN: They wiped us out. Hundreds dead – maybe thousands.

JOURNALIST: The Heat Ray?

ARTILLERYMAN: The Martians! They were in-

side the hoods of machines they'd made - massive metal things on legs! Giant machines that walked they attacked us! They wiped us out!

JOURNALIST: Machines?

ARTILLERYMAN: Fighting Machines! Picking up men and bashing 'em against trees. Just hunks of metal, but they knew exactly what they were doing. JOURNALIST: Mmm. There was another cylinder came last night.

ARTILLERYMAN: Yes. It looked bound for London.

JOURNALIST: London! Carrie! I hadn't dreamed there could be danger to Carrie and her father, so many miles away.

I must go to London at once.

ARTILLERYMAN: And me. Got to report to Headquarters – if there's anything left of it.

JOURNALIST: At Byfleet we came upon an Inn, but it was deserted.

ARTILLERYMAN: Is everybody dead?

JOURNALIST: Not everybody. Look! Six cannons, with gunners standing by.

ARTILLERYMAN: It's bows and arrows against the lightning. They haven't seen The Heat Ray yet. JOURNALIST: We hurried along the road to Weybridge. Suddenly, there was a heavy explosion. The ground heaved, windows shattered and gusts of smoke erupted into the air.

ARTILLERYMAN: Look! There they are! What did I tell you?

JOURNALIST: Quickly, one after the other, four of the Fighting Machines appeared. Monstrous tripods, higher than the tallest steeple, striding over the pine trees and smashing them. Walking engines of glittering metal. Each carried a huge funnel and I realized with horror that I'd seen this awful thing before.

A fifth machine appeared on the far bank. It raised itself to full height, flourished the funnel high in the air – and the ghostly, terrible Heat Ray struck the town.

JOURNALIST: As it struck, all five Fighting Machines exulted, emitting deafening howls which roared like thunder.

MARTIANS: Ulla! Ulla!

JOURNALIST: The six guns we had seen now fired simultaneously, decapitating a Fighting Machine. The Martian inside the hood was slain, splashed to the four winds, and the body, nothing now but an intricate device of metal, went whirling to destruction. As the other Monsters advanced, people ran away blindly, The Artilleryman among them, but I jumped into the water and hid until forced up to breathe. Now the guns spoke again, but this time The Heat Ray sent them to oblivion.

MARTIANS: Ulla!

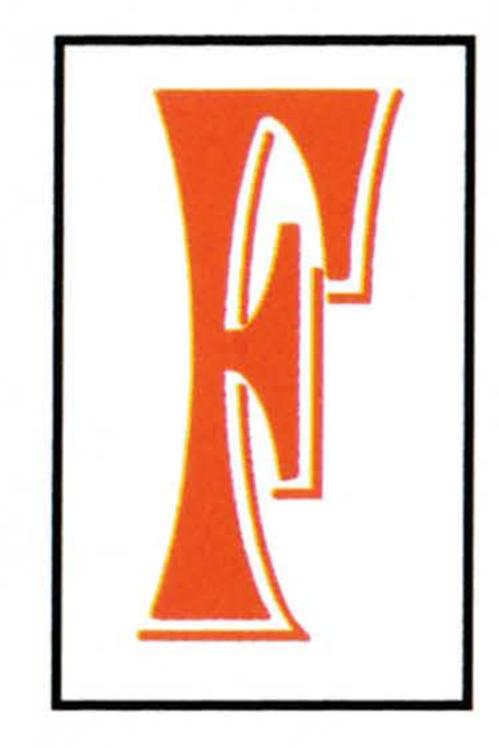
JOURNALIST: With a white flash, The Heat Ray swept across the river. Scalded, half-blinded and agonized, I staggered through leaping, hissing water towards the shore. I fell helplessly, in full sight of the Martians, expecting nothing but death. The foot of a Fighting Machine came down close to my head, then lifted again, as the four Martians carried away the debris of their fallen comrade...and I realized that by a miracle, I had escaped.

MARTIANS: Ulla! Ulla! Ulla!



JOURNALIST: For three days I fought my way along roads packed with refugees, the homeless, burdened with boxes and bundles containing their

valuables. All that was of value to me was in London, but by the time I reached their little red-brick house, Carrie and her father were gone.



OREVER AUTUMN

The summer sun is fading as the year grows old And darker days are drawing near The winter winds will be much colder Now you're not here.

I watch the birds fly south across the autumn

And one by one they disappear I wish that I was flying with them Now you're not here.

Like the sun through the trees you came to love me

Like a leaf on a breeze you blew away. Through autumn's golden gown we used to kick our way

You always loved this time of year Those fallen leaves lie undisturbed now 'cause you're not here 'cause you're not here 'cause you're not here.

JOURNALIST: Fire suddenly leapt from house to As the steamer pulled away house, the population panicked and ran – and I was swept along with them, aimless and lost without Carrie. Finally, I headed Eastward for the ocean, and my only hope of survival – a boat out of England.

Like the sun through the trees you came to love me

Like a leaf on a breeze you blew away. A gentle rain falls softly on my weary eyes As if to hide a lonely tear My life will be Forever Autumn 'cause you're not here 'cause you're not here 'cause you're not here.

JOURNALIST: As I hastened through Covent Garden, Blackfriars and Billingsgate, more and more people joined the painful exodus. Sad, weary women, their children stumbling and streaked with tears, their men bitter and angry, the rich rubbing shoulders with beggars and outcasts. Dogs snarled and whined, the horses' bits were covered with foam...and here and there were wounded soldiers, as helpless as the rest.

We saw tripods wading up the Thames, cutting through bridges as though they were paper -Waterloo Bridge, Westminster Bridge...One appeared above Big Ben.

MARTIANS: Ulla!

JOURNALIST: Never before in the history of the world had such a mass of human beings moved and suffered together. This was no disciplined march – it was a stampede – without order and without a goal, six million people unarmed and unprovisioned, driving headlong. It was the beginning of the rout of civilisation, of the massacre of mankind.

A vast crowd buffeted me towards the already packed steamer. I looked up enviously at those safely on board - straight into the eyes of my beloved Carrie! At sight of me she began to fight her way along the packed deck to the gangplank. At MARTIANS: Ulla! that very moment it was raised, and I caught a last glimpse of her despairing face as the crowd swept me away from her.

Like the sun through the trees you came to love me

Like a leaf on a breeze you blew away.

Through autumn's golden gown we used to kick our way You always loved this time of year Those fallen leaves lie undisturbed now

'cause you're not here 'cause you're not here 'cause you're not here.

MARTIANS: Ulla!

JOURNALIST: The steamer began to move slowly away – but on the landward horizon appeared the silhouette of a Fighting Machine. Another came, and another, striding over hills and trees, plunging far out to sea and blocking the exit of the steamer. Between them lay the silent, grey Ironclad 'Thunder Child.' Slowly it moved towards shore, then with a deafening roar and whoosh of spray, it swung about and drove at full speed towards the waiting Martians.



HUNDER CHILD

PEOPLE: There were ships of shapes and sizes Scattered out along the bay And I thought I heard her calling The Invaders must have seen them As across the coast they filed Standing firm between them There lay Thunder Child

Moving swiftly through the waters Cannons blazing as she came Brought a mighty metal War-Lord Crashing down in sheets of flame Sensing victory was nearing Thinking fortune must have smiled People started cheering 'Come on Thunder Child' 'Come on Thunder Child.'

JOURNALIST: The Martians released their Black Smoke, but the ship sped on, cutting down one of the tripod figures. Instantly, the others raised their Heat Rays and melted the Thunder Child's valiant heart.

PEOPLE: Lashing ropes and smashing timbers Flashing Heat Rays pierced the deck Dashing hopes for our deliverance As we watched the sinking wreck With the smoke of battle clearing Over graves in waves defiled Slowly disappearing Farewell Thunder Child! Slowly disappearing Farewell Thunder Child! Farewell Thunder Child! Farewell Thunder Child!

IOURNALIST: When the smoke cleared, the little steamer had reached the misty horizon, and Carrie was safe. But the Thunder Child had vanished forever, taking with her man's last hope of victory. The leaden sky was lit by green flashes, cylinder following cylinder, and no one and nothing was left now to fight them. The Earth belonged to the Martians.

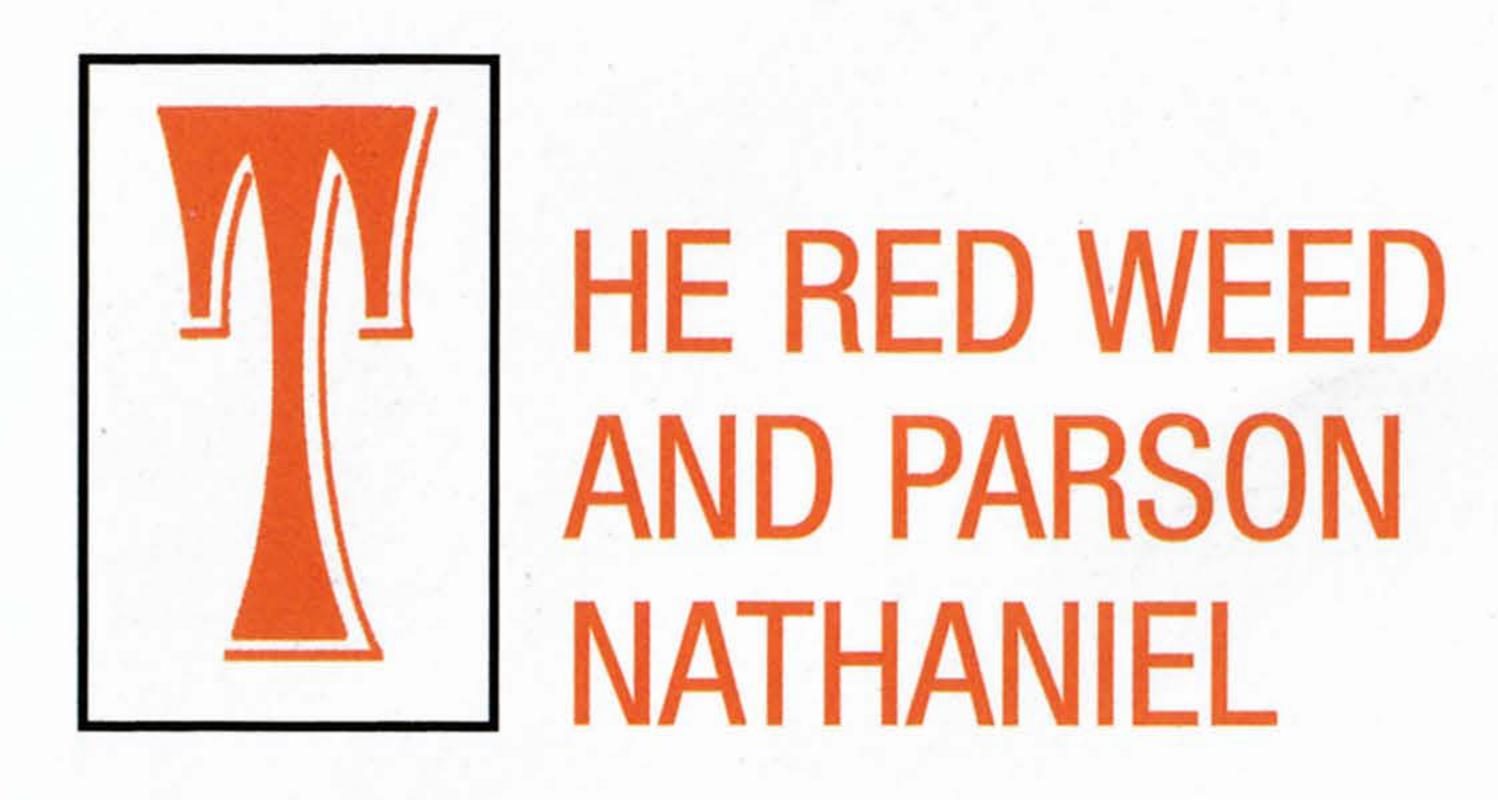
END OF RECORD ONE



PANIC IN THE STREETS "...the beginning of the rout of civilization, the massacre of Mankind."



SIDE THREE:



JOURNALIST: Next day, the dawn was a brilliant fiery red and I wandered through the weird and lurid landscape of another planet; for the vegetation which gives Mars its red appearance had taken root on Earth. As Man had succumbed to the Martians, so our land now succumbed to The Red Weed.

Wherever there was a stream, The Red Weed clung and grew with frightening voraciousness, its claw-like fronds choking the movement of the water; and then it began to creep like a slimy red animal across the land, covering field and ditch and tree and hedgerow with living scarlet feelers, crawling! crawling!

I suddenly noticed the body of a Parson, lying on the ground in a ruined churchyard. I felt unable to leave him to the mercy of The Red Weed and decided to bury him decently.

BETH: Nathaniel! Nathaniel!

JOURNALIST: The Parson's eyes flickered open. He was alive!

BETH: Nathaniel! I saw the church burst into flame! Are you all right?

PARSON: Don't touch me!

BETH: But it's me – Beth. Your wife.

PARSON: No. You're one of them. A devil!

BETH: (to JOURNALIST) He's delirious!

DARCONI. I joel I com the devil's sign

PARSON: Lies! I saw the devil's sign.

BETH: What are you saying?

PARSON: The green flash in the sky. His demons were here all along – in our hearts and souls – just waiting for a sign from him. And now they're destroying our world.

BETH: But they're *not* devils – they're Martians.

JOURNALIST: We must leave here.

BETH: Look! A house still standing! Come, Nathaniel, quickly!

JOURNALIST: We took shelter in a cottage and Black Smoke spread, hemming us in. Then a Fighting Machine came across the fields, spraying jets of steam that turned the smoke into thick, black dust.

MARTIANS: Ulla!

BETH: Dear God - help us!

PARSON: The voice of the devil is heard in our land!



PARSON: Listen, do you hear them drawing near in their search for the sinners?

Feeding on the power of our fear and the evil within us.

Incarnation of Satan's creation of all that we dread When the demons arrive those alive would be better off dead!

BETH: There must be something worth living for There must be something worth trying for Even some things worth dying for And if one man can stand tall

There must be hope for us all Somewhere, somewhere in The Spirit of Man

PARSON: Once there was a time when I believed without hesitation

That the power of love and truth could conquer all in the name of salvation

Tell me what kind of weapon is love, when it comes to the fight

And just how much protection is truth against all Satan's might

BETH: There must be something worth living for There must be something worth trying for Even some things worth dying for And if one man can stand tall There must be hope for us all

Somewhere, somewhere in The Spirit of Man. People loved you and trusted you, came to you

for help.

PARSON: Didn't I warn them this would happen? Be on your guard, I said

For the Evil One never rests
I said exorcise the devil

But no, they wouldn't listen

The demons inside them grow as

The demons inside them grew and grew Until Satan gave his signal

And destroyed the world we knew.

BETH: No Nathaniel

Oh no Nathaniel

No, Nathaniel, no

There must be more to life

There has to be a way

That we can restore to life

The love we used to know

Nathaniel, no

There must be more to life There has to be a way

That we can restore to life

The light that we have lost

PARSON: Now darkness has descended on our land and all your prayers cannot save us

Like fools we've let the devil take command of the souls that God gave us

To the altar of evil like lambs to the slaughter we're led

When the demons arrive, the survivors will envy the dead!

BETH: There must be something worth living for.

PARSON: No, there is nothing!

BETH: There must be something worth trying for.

PARSON: I don't believe it's so.
BETH: Even some things worth dying for

If just one man could stand tall

There would be some hope for us all Somewhere, somewhere in The Spirit of Man.

PARSON: Forget about goodness and mercy – they're gone.

Didn't I warn them...

Pray I said

Destroy the devil, I said...

They wouldn't listen

I could have saved the world

But now it's too late

Too late!!!

BETH: No Nathaniel

Oh no, Nathaniel

No, Nathaniel, no

There must be more to life

There has to be a way

That we can restore to life

The love we used to know

Nathaniel, no

There must be more to life
There has to be a way

That we can restore to life
The light that we have lost.

PARSON: Dear God! A cylinder has landed on the house! And we're underneath it – in the pit!

JOURNALIST: The Martians spent the night making a new machine. It was a squat, metallic spider with huge articulated claws – but it, too, had a hood in which a Martian sat. I watched it pursuing some people across a field. It caught them nimbly and tossed them into a great metal basket upon its back.

PARSON: Beth! She's dead! Buried under the rubble. Why? Satan! Why did you take one of your own?

There is a curse on Mankind
We may as well be resigned
To let the devil, the devil take in The Spirit of
Man.

JOURNALIST: As time passed in our dark and dusty prison, the Parson wrestled endlessly with his doubts. His outcries invited death for us both – and yet I pitied him.

Then, on the ninth day, we saw the Martians eating. Inside the hood of their new machine, they were draining the fresh, living blood of men and women and injecting it into their own veins.

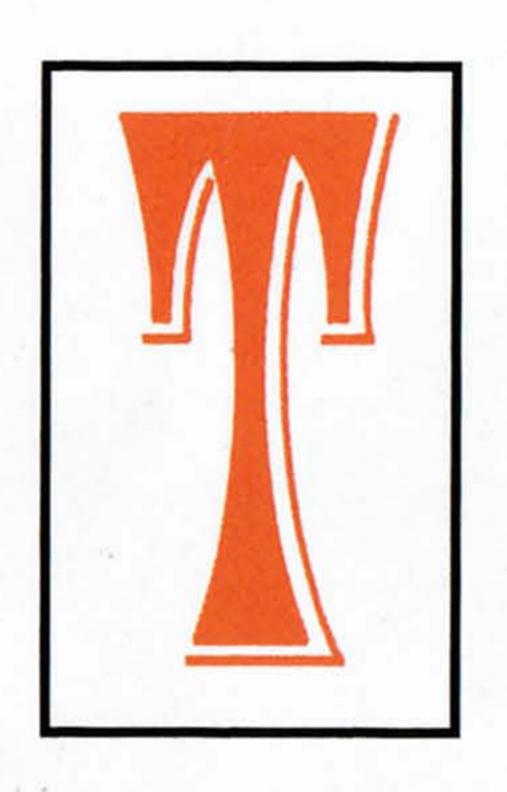
PARSON: It's a sign! I've been given a sign! They must be cast out and I have been chosen to do it. I must confront them now!

JOURNALIST: No, Parson, no!

PARSON: Those machines are just demons in another form! I shall destroy them with my prayers! I shall burn them with my Holy Cross! I shall –

JOURNALIST: The curious eye of a Martian appeared at the window-slit, and a menacing claw explored the room. I dragged the Parson down to the coal cellar. I heard the Martian fumbling at the latch. In the darkness I could see the claw touching things: walls, coal, wood – and then it touched my boot! I almost shouted! For a time it was still and then, with a click, it gripped something. The Parson! With slow, deliberate movements, his unconscious body was dragged away... and there was nothing I could do to prevent it.

I crept to the blocked window-slit and peered through the creeper. The Martians and all their machinery had gone! Trembling, I dug my way out and clambered to the top of the mound. Not a Martian in sight! The day seemed dazzling bright after my imprisonment, and the sky a glowing blue. Red Weed covered every scrap of ground, but a gentle breeze kept it swaying and oh, the sweetness of the air!



HE ARTILLERYMAN RETURNS

JOURNALIST: Again, I was on my way to London, through towns and villages that were blackened ruins, totally silent, desolate, deserted. Man's empire had passed away, taken swiftly and without error, by these creatures who were composed entirely of brain. Unhampered by the complex systems which make up man, they made and used different bodies according to their needs. They never tired, never slept and never suffered, having long since eliminated from their planet the bacteria which cause all fevers and other morbidities.

ARTILLERYMAN: Halt! Who goes there?

JOURNALIST: Er – friend.

ARTILLERYMAN: Be on your way. This is my territory. **JOURNALIST:** Your territory? What do you mean? **ARTILLERYMAN:** Wait a minute – it's you! The

man from Maybury Hill!

JOURNALIST: Good heavens! The Artilleryman! I thought you surely burned.

ARTILLERYMAN: I thought you surely drowned,

JOURNALIST: Have you seen any Martians?

ARTILLERYMAN: Everywhere. We're done for, all right.

JOURNALIST: We can't just give up.

ARTILLERYMAN: 'Course we can't. It's now we've got to start fighting – but not against *them*, 'cos we can't win. Now we've got to fight for *survival*, and I reckon we can make it. I've got a plan.

SIDE FOUR:



RAVE NEW WORLD AND DEAD LONDON

ARTILLERYMAN: We're gonna build a whole new world for ourselves. Look, they clap eyes on us and we're dead, right? So we gotta make a new life where they'll never find us. You know where? *Underground*.

You should see it down there – hundreds of miles of drains – sweet and clean now after the rain, dark, quiet, safe. We can build houses and everything, start again from scratch.

And what's so bad about living underground, eh? It's not been so great living up here, if you want my opinion.

Take a look around you at the world we've come to know

Does it seem to be much more than a crazy circus show

But maybe from the madness something beautiful will grow

In a Brave New World

With just a handful of men

We'll start – we'll start all over again – all over again – all over again – all over again.

We'll build shops and hospitals and barracks, right under their noses – right under their feet! Everything we need – banks, prisons, and schools... We'll send scouting parties to collect books and stuff, and men like you'll teach the kids. Not poems and rubbish – *science*, so we can get everything working. We'll build villages and towns and...and...we'll play each other at cricket! Listen, maybe one day we'll capture a Fighting Machine, eh? Learn how to make 'em ourselves and then wallop! *Our* turn to do some wiping out! Whoosh with *our* Heat Ray – Whoosh! And *them* running and dying, beaten at their own game. Man on top again!

Now our domination of the

Earth is fading fast

And out of the confusion the chance has come at last To build a better future from the ashes of the past

In a Brave New World

With just a handful of men

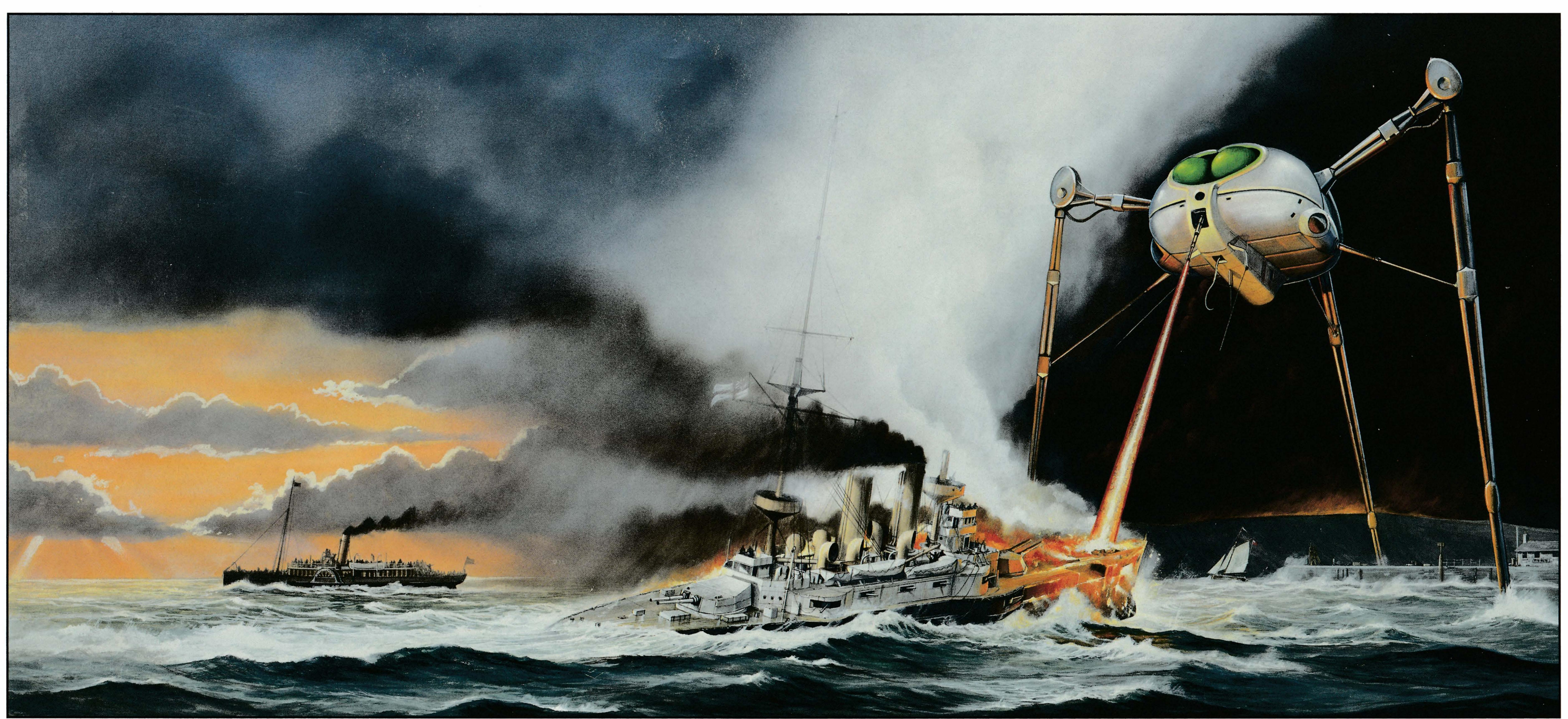
We'll start all over again

Look – Man is born in freedom but he soon becomes a slave

In cages of convention from the cradle to the grave
The weak fall by the wayside but the strong will be
saved

In a Brave New World
With just a handful of men
We'll start all over again
I'm not trying to tell you what to be
Oh no, oh no, not me
But if mankind is to survive
The people left alive
They're gonna have to build this world

They're gonna have to build this world anew And it's going to have to start with me and you.



THUNDER CHILD "...the Thunder Child vanished forever, taking with her Man's last hope of victory. The Earth belonged to the Mar-

Painting by Michael Trim

Yes!

I'm not trying to tell you what to be
Oh no, oh no, not me
But if mankind is to survive
The people left alive
They're gonna have to build this world anew
Yes and we will have to be the chosen few

Yes and we will have to be the chosen few
Just think of all the poverty, the hatred and the lies
And imagine the destruction of all that you despise

Slowly from the ashes the phoenix will arise

In a Brave New World With just a handful of men

We'll start all over again

Take a look around you at the world you've loved so well

And bid the ageing Empire of Man a last farewell
It may not sound like Heaven but at least it isn't
Hell

It's a Brave New World
With just a handful of men
We'll start – we'll start all over again – all over again –
all over again – all over again.

I've got a plan!

and his powers.

Can't you just see it? Civilization starting all over again – a second chance. We'll even build a railway and tunnel to the coast, go there for our holidays. Nothing can stop men like us. I've made a start already. Come on down here and have a look. **JOURNALIST:** In the cellar was a tunnel scarcely ten yards long, that had taken him a week to dig. I could have dug that much in a day, and I suddenly had my first inkling of the gulf between his dreams

ARTILLERYMAN: It's doing the workin' and the thinkin' that wears a feller out. I'm ready for a bit of a rest. How about a drink, eh? Nothing but champagne, now I'm the boss.

JOURNALIST: We drank and then he insisted upon playing cards. With our species on the edge of extermination, with no prospect but a horrible death, we actually played games.

Later, he talked more of his plan, but I saw flames flashing in the deep blue night, Red Weed glowing, tripod figures moving distantly – and I put down my champagne glass. I felt a traitor to my kind and I knew I must leave this strange dreamer.

ARTILLERYMAN: Take a look around you at the world we've come to know

Does it seem to be much more than a crazy circus show

Maybe from the madness something beautiful will grow...



EAD LONDON

JOURNALIST: There were a dozen dead bodies in the Euston Road, their outlines softened by the Black Dust. All was still, houses locked and empty, shops closed – but looters had helped themselves to wine and food, and outside a jewellers' some gold chains and a watch were scattered on the pavement. MARTIANS: Ulla!

JOURNALIST: I stopped, staring towards the sound. It seemed as if that mighty desert of houses had found a voice for its fear and solitude.

MARTIANS: Ulla!

JOURNALIST: The desolating cry worked upon my mind. The wailing took possession of me. I was intensely weary, footsore, hungry and thirsty. Why was I wandering alone in this city of the dead? Why was I alive, when London was lying in state in its black shroud? I felt intolerably lonely, drifting from street to empty street, drawn inexorably towards that cry.

MARTIANS: Ulla!

JOURNALIST: I saw, over the trees on Primrose Hill, the Fighting Machine from which the howling came. I crossed Regents Canal. There stood a second machine, upright, but as still as the first.

MARTIANS: Ulla! Ul-!

JOURNALIST: Abruptly, the sound ceased. Suddenly the desolation, the solitude, became unendurable. While that voice sounded, London had still seemed alive. Now, suddenly, there was a change, the passing of something – and all that remained was this gaunt quiet.

I looked up and saw a third machine. It was erect and motionless, like the others. An insane resolve possessed me.

I would give my life to the Martians, here and now.

I marched recklessly towards the Titan and saw that a multitude of black birds was circling and clustering about the hood. I began running along the road. I felt no fear, only a wild, trembling exultation, as I ran up the hill towards the motionless monster. Out of the hood hung red shreds, at which the hungry birds now pecked and tore.

I scrambled up to the crest of Primrose Hill, and the Martian's camp was below me. A mighty space it was, and scattered about in it, in their overturned machines, were the Martians – *dead*...slain, after all man's devices had failed, by the humblest things upon the Earth. Bacteria. Minute, invisible, bacteria!

Directly the Invaders arrived and drank and fed, our microscopic allies attacked them. From that moment – they were doomed!

JOURNALIST: The torment was ended. The people scattered over the country, desperate, leaderless, starved...the thousands who had fled by sea – including the one most dear to me – all would return. The pulse of life, growing stronger and stronger, would beat again.

As life returns to normal, the question of another attack from Mars causes universal concern. Is

our planet safe, or is this time of peace merely a reprieve? It may be that, across the immensity of space, they have learned their lessons and even now await their opportunity. Perhaps the future belongs not to us – but to the Martians?



PILOGUE

PASADENA CONTROL: It's looking good. It's going good. We're getting great pictures here at NASA Control, Pasadena. The landing-craft touched down on Mars 28 kilometres from the aim-point. We're looking at a remarkable landscape, littered with different kinds of rocks - red, purple...How 'bout that, Bermuda?

BERMUDA CONTROL: Fantastic! Look at the dune-field.

PASADENA CONTROL: Hey, wait, I'm getting a no-go signal. Now I'm losing one of the craft. Hey, Bermuda, you getting it?

BERMUDA CONTROL: No, I lost contact. There's a lot of dust blowing up there.

PASADENA CONTROL: Now I've lost the second craft. We got problems.

BERMUDA CONTROL: All contact lost, Pasadena. Maybe the antenna's...

PASADENA CONTROL: What's that flare? See it? A green flare, coming from Mars, kind of a green mist behind it. It's getting closer. You see it, Bermuda? Come in, Bermuda! Houston, come in! What's going on? Tracking station 43, Canberra, come in, Canberra! Tracking station 63, can you hear me, Madrid? Can anybody hear me? Come in, come in.....

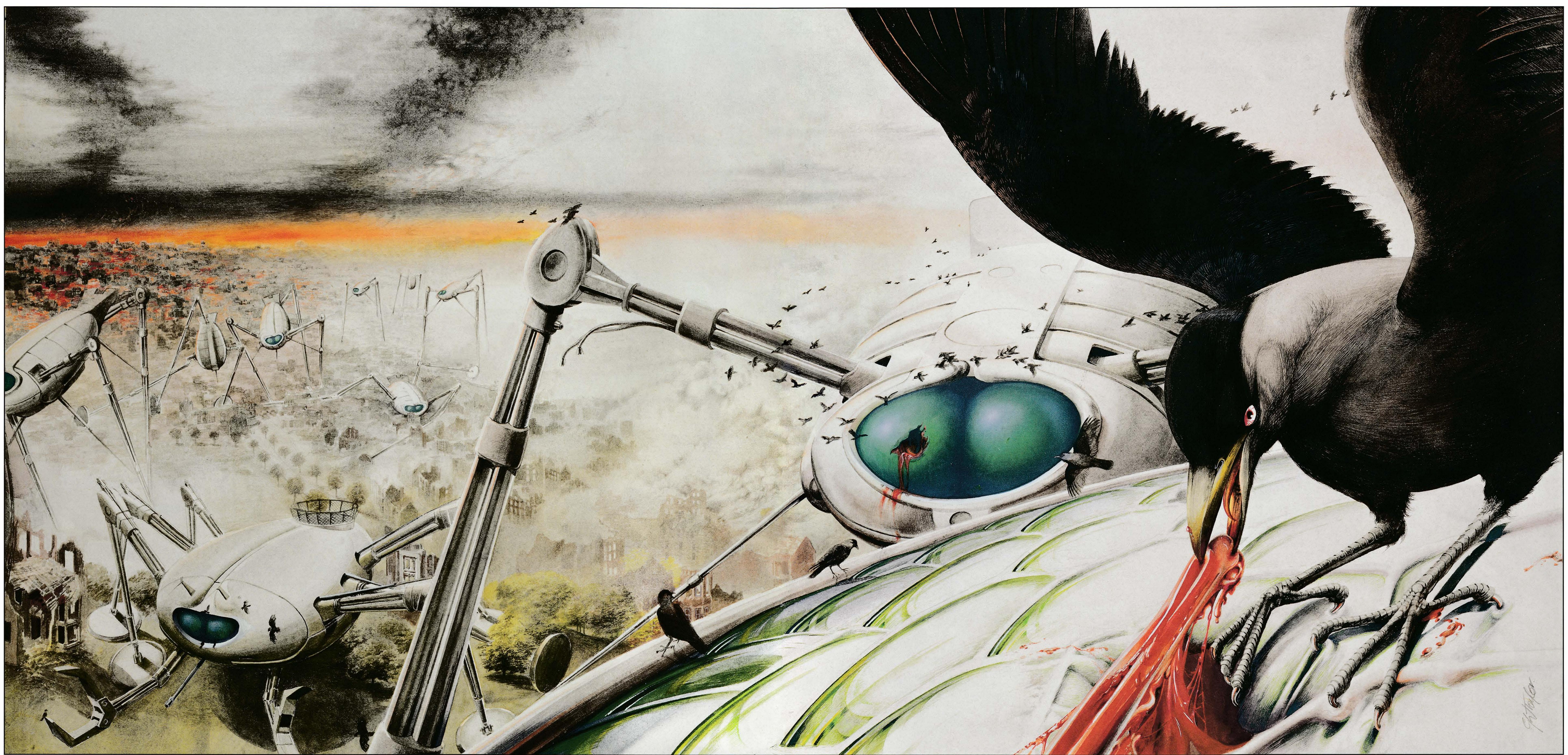




PARSON NATHANIEL "...they must be cast out – and I have been chosen to do it!"

Painting by Peter Goodfellow





DEAD LONDON "...out of the hood hung red shreds at which the hungry birds now pecked and tore."



RICHARD BURTON

The Journalist

Few dramatic actors have ever achieved the level of international recognition afforded to Richard Burton. Most recently, he played Dr. Martin Dysart in Peter Shaffer's "Equus." His performance won him nightly standing ovations on Broadway and critical raves for his recreation of the role on

Born Richard Jenkins into a South Wales family of 13 children, Richard's career began at 16 when he read for a part in "The Druid's Rest" and made his professional debut in ring role in Godspell and the play. It ran for seven the hit single "Day By months in London and Day." The singer/actress toured for three months. then showed her flair for Upon turning profession- comedy in "The Rocky al, he changed his name Horror Show," followed by to Richard Burton, out of gratitude to and admiration appearances culminating in for a high school teacher the award-winning TV prenamed Philip Burton, sentation, "Rock Follies." whom Richard calls a "sec- In 1976 she became a Naond father" and who has tional Theatre Player, a had an enormous effect on great honor, and shortly his career.

and a stint with the R.A.F., Burton began his acting career in earnest – a career that now includes nearly 40 feature films and innumerable plays.

Burton's film debut came in 1949 with "The Last Days Of Dolwyn," followed by his first Broadway appearance in 1950 in "The Lady's Not For Burning." His performance in - Most Promising New "Hamlet" in 1964 is undoubtedly his most famous role. The show broke every existing record for length of run and box-office prosperity. The same season, he co-starred with Elizabeth Taylor in an evening of poetry readings, a most distinguished theatrical event. In the course of his work, Richard Burton has received six Academy Award

nominations. Among his many talents and abilities, it is perhaps

Richard Burton's voice that constitutes his most distinguishing characteristic. In its rich magnificence it is immediately identifiable; on several occasions Burton has lent his voice to poetic and historical readings, both live and on record. In his role of narrator/journ-



JULIE COVINGTON

Richard Burton's commanding voice adds excitement tremendous to The War of The Worlds. - JULIE COVINGTON -

Julie Covington's first "The Beautiful Changes," led to her starseveral successful dramatic afterwards played the lead After a year at Oxford on the LP "Evita" with her worldwide hit single, "Don't Cry For Me, Argen-

> In 1977, Julie's career peaked with her winning three major awards:

Britannia Award - Best New Female Singer

TV Times Top 10 – Most

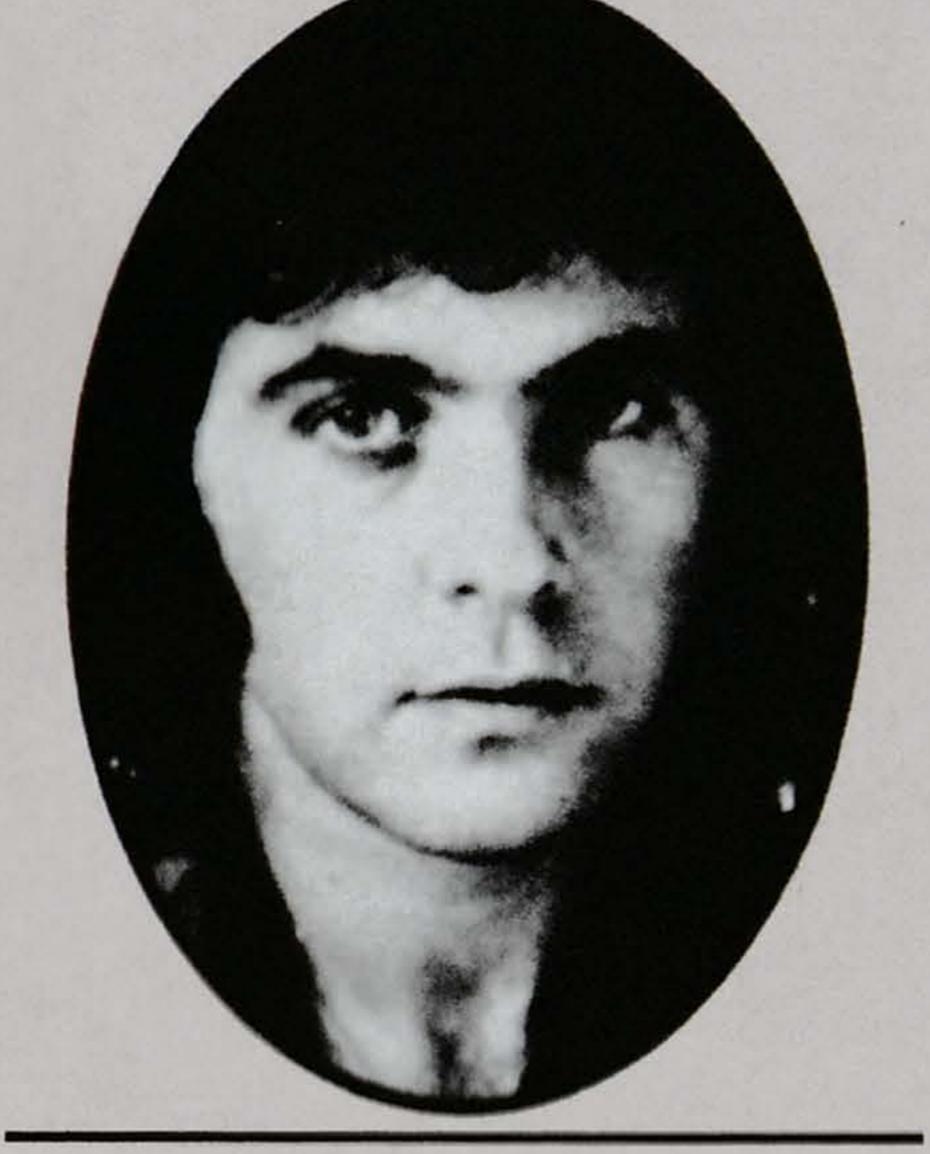
Plays and Players Award

- DAVID ESSEX -The Artilleryman

For David Essex, the road to international stardom began at the age of 16. Singing and playing drums with a semi-pro blues band in one of London's East End pubs, David was seen performing by Derek Bowman, his future manager and the man who first launched and guided David Essex's now famous solo

David's was not, however, an overnight success story. He cut a few singles and did some work on television, but it wasn't until 1971 when he landed the part of Jesus Christ in Godspell that his career began taking form. David's performance was acclaimed to be "the best in London" by Britain's top drama critic Harold Hobson.

David Essex's first starring role in movies came during the Godspell success with his portrayal of Jim Maclaine in That'll Be The Day. One of 1973's top-ten



DAVID ESSEX

box office successes, David's role in the film won him the Variety Club Of Great Britain's "Most Promising Newcomer Of The Year"

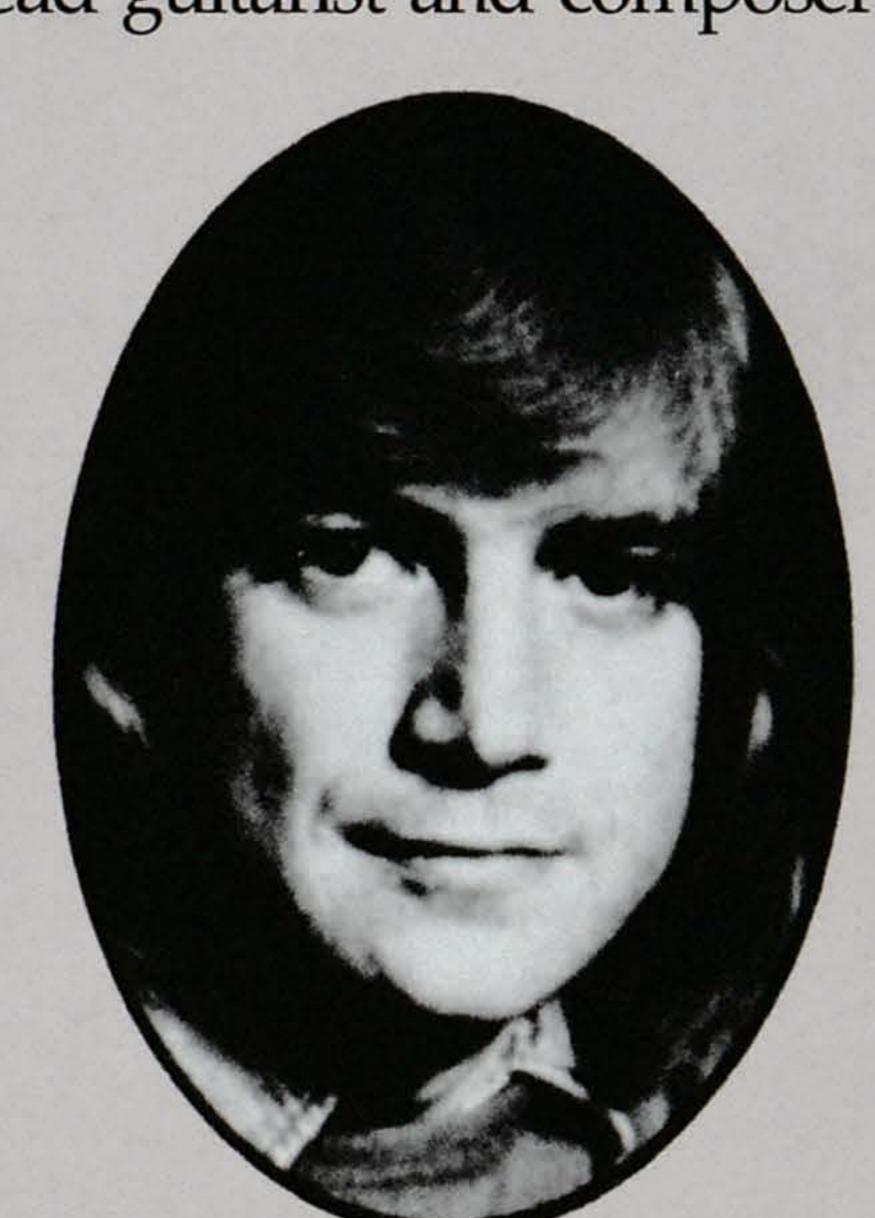
When filming on That'll Be The Day was completed, David collaborated with producer Jeff Wayne on the recording of his self-penned song, "Rock On." A contract with CBS Records followed and "Rock On" shot to number one in Britain and went silver. In America, "Rock On" repeated the number one position, went gold, (as did David's first album of the same title) and received a Grammy Award nomination. David has since collected a string of gold and silver records for his singles and has received gold records for each of his albums.

David Essex's tours and live and TV appearances have sparked scenes reminiscent of Beatlemania and have inspired repeated S.R.O performances all over the worlds. As The Artilleryman on The War of The Worlds, David provides a brilliant example of the talents that have made him the international star he is.

- JUSTIN HAYWARD -

No one who has ever seen or heard Justin Hayward singing in front of soaring quality of his voice

lead guitarist and composer



JUSTIN HAYWARD

for The Moody Blues during an era that spanned ten years and sold twenty mil-



PHILIP LYNOTT

lion copies of seven phenomenal albums. He wrote their two-million seller, "Nights in White Satin," and earned the group gold records for his compositions, "Question" "Tuesday Afternoon." An unprecedented succession of platinum, gold and silver records, as well as numerous awards, followed.

In 1974, Justin received an A.S.C.A.P. award for his work as a songwriter. It is this award that he treasures most, for it represents recognition from his peers.

With his beautiful melodies, unique guitar phrases and a kaleidoscope of musical styles and textures, Justin Hayward stepped into a solo career in 1977 with an LP called Songwriter.

Both The Moody Blues and in his own solo career, Justin has built a reputation as one of the finest vocalists and composers in the music world

-PHILIP LYNOTT -Parson Nathaniel Charismatic Philip Lyn-

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those vast audiences who ott has long been in the the U.S. with such artists have attended The Moody public eye as front man as Steely Dan, The Beach Blues concerts will have for the British band, Thin Boys and Elton John, and forgotten the plaintive, Lizzy. Vocalist, writer, recording the album, "I've and bass player, Philip Got The Music In Me." or the crystal clear guitar formed the group in 1970. When the band split in and has taken it through 1975, he went on to tour Justin was the vocalist, the paces to numerous hit and record with David Esrecordings and internation- sex, and then Steve Harley's al recognition. Thin Lizzy's Cockney Rebel. Nightlife LP in 1974 and Fighting in 1975 gained entry for the band to U.S. charts. By 1976, with a cut from Jailbreak called "The Boys Are Back In Town," Thin Lizzy simultaneously had a top-ten hit single and album. During their U.S.



JO PARTRIDGE

tour in 1976, Thin Lizzy received rave critical acclaim and ended up as nominees for Don Kirshner's "Best New Group of '76" award.

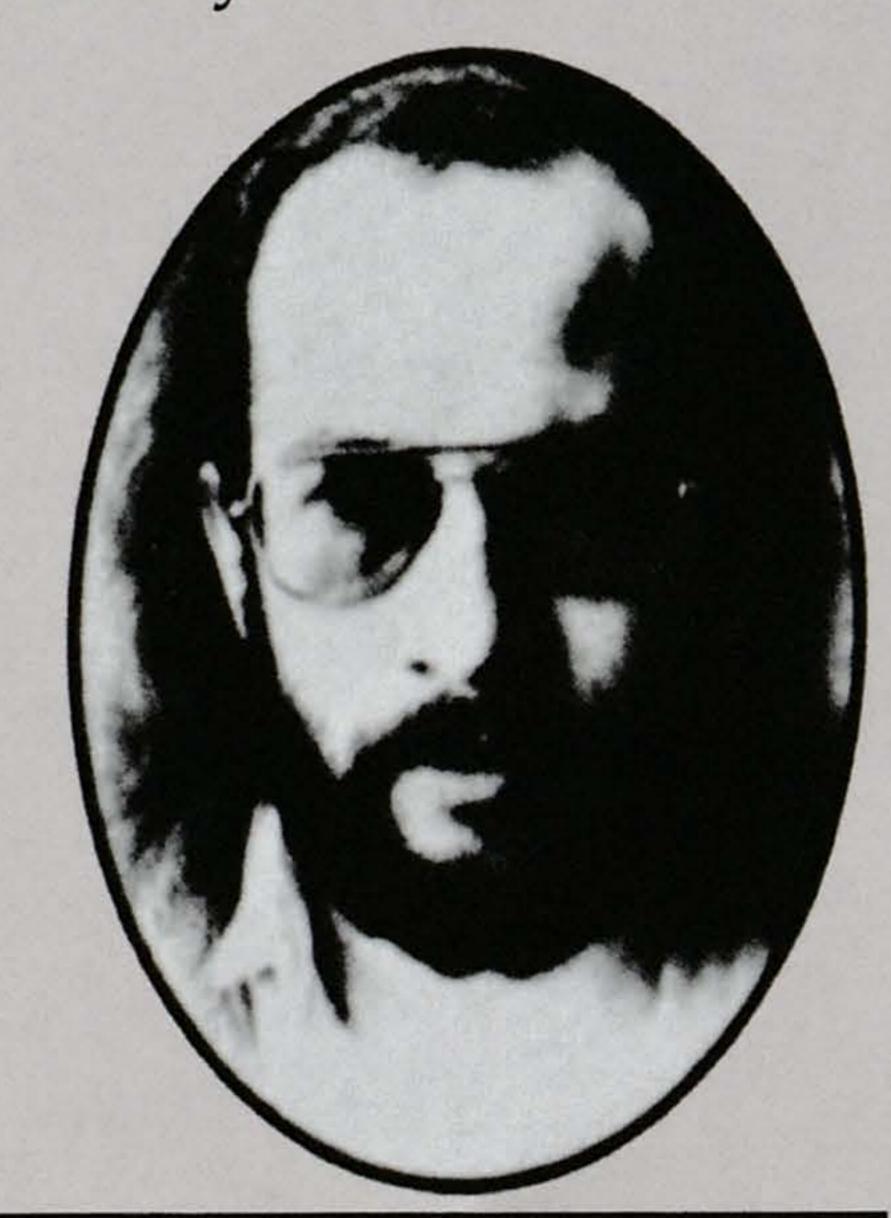
On his return to England (and despite an illness which cut the group's U.S. tour short) Philip Lynott recorded a half-hour documentary for Irish Television entitled "A Man And His Music" on which, in addition to singing, he read a selection of poems from his book Songs For While I'm Away.

As Thin Lizzy's leader, Philip Lynott is often described as possessing that rare quality that only stars are made of. He speaks with a soft lilting Irish accent - matched by a personal charm that endears him to critics and admirers

-JOPARTRIDGE -The Heat Ray

Born a Cornish farmer's son, Jo started his professional life at 16, playing guitar for singer Colin Scott and Philip Goodhand-Tait before joining Joan Armatrading in promoting her first album, "Whatever's For Us."

The Kiki Dee Band from its inception in the summer of parents and stayed for four 1973, touring the U.K. and years. On returning to New



CHRIS THOMPSON

During 1977 Jo was Steve Harley's Cockney Rebel. In August, Jo was invited to the U.S. to work with Elton John's backup band, China, culminating in a U.K. tour and Elton's farewell concert at Wembley, London.

- CHRIS THOMPSON -

After a varied career in New Zealand, Chris moved to England in 1974. He toured extensively and did numerous sessions before joining Manfred Mann's Earth Band.

Since becoming a member of the band, Chris has sung on international hits such as "Blinded By The Light," which reached No. in the U.S. and earned the band a gold record.

The Earth Band spent the early part of 1977 on a sell-out, coast to coast U.S. tour and then returned to Europe to play selected dates in England and other major European countries. They are currently recording a new album for release early in 1978.

- JEFF WAYNE -

Jeff Wayne was born and raised in New York. He studied classical piano from an early age and later on jazz with John Mehegan of the Juilliard School of



JEFF WAYNE

York, he went to Forest Hills High School and then graduated from college in California with a journalism degree, which was highlighted by an all-college award for his interview with the late Martin Luther King Jr. During his high school and college years he held various jobs, ranging kept busy working with from the assembly line in Jeff Wayne on the com- a rubber mat factory to pletion of The War of The teaching tennis and playing Worlds album, in addition tournaments. It was during to intermittent work with this period that he began writing and arranging songs for numerous artists.

> In 1966 Jeff returned to England and studied at the Trinity College of Music. Since then, he has played keyboards and been Musical Director of various bands, as well as composing, arranging and producing music for numerous commercials, records, a West End musical, and documentary and feature films. His productions of his long-time friend, David Essex, gained for Jeff much recognition within the recording industry, as well as the New Musical Express award for "Rock On" as the Best Produced Pop Single of 1974.

"The War of The Worlds" is the first in a series of works by Jeff, and has taken since late 1975 for him and his father, writer and theatrical producer, Jerry Wayne, to develop. The appearances of the many highly-respected artists, the brilliant musicianship, and the overall contributions by the entire production team on "The War of The Worlds" is the culmination of nearly two and a half years' work.

Jeff lives with Geraldine (Mrs. Wayne) and they are expecting their first child in July 1978. Jeff's offices and studio are based Jo played lead guitar in Music. He first moved to in North West London at England in 1953 with his Oliver House, a building named after his Old English Sheepdog, Ollie.