

peet SHIPPY

Orson Welles

of acting. I don't know how he kept going!" Small wonder believe his ill fate, so when he screened

that reception. "It's very curious." But why is Orson in-
things I can't even repeat! Now in those days Short was

goslav authorities, had agreed to put some memory into the woman he loved, a Hollywood actor named

"*Shifra?*" Orson Welles stammers in disbelief at the mention
to know the blue-eyed black's name badly enough tempo-

curry office, they came bearing a belated Christmas gift for snidely, referred to his esteemed visitors as the "roaring

edge of Welles's early life," it will be clear that Orson (a
body has an idea K. as some kind of little *Woody Allen.*

it is the lady who claims you've shared favors?) Poor led the revelers to cry, "Orson is coming! Orson is coming!"

theatre experience. This West Indian *Macbeth* is the
recalls the splash Joyce made in Dublin. "They were

perfume," Orson points out, "it was pure ether. The It was not long before people associated sirens

There was no script. I'd never *been* to a carnival! I had to
King Lear in New York. I came on as King Lear

movie—exactly the sort of pie Orson did not about Freud. He's as old as Egypt." And if, in youth, Orson

read classics that were in the public domain, Orson asked
announces, in the fashion of Metternich carving up Europe

Orson could not explain how or why it had happened—but he *of her name.* "You found *Shifra Haraan?* Now there's

Orson looks genuinely puzzled, apparently realizing

Orson was genuinely impressed by the original scenario of

in murky water, and drops the subject, but not
and there were three minutes of applause. He stood there and

bête noire, did him no favor in the Herald

“This the last time for some time that I’ll be speaking to you

a boy, one is struck by the line: “There’s nothing young
his crowded work schedule of January of 1942 suggests,

brains had migraine headaches. Understood by whom is still

right out over the whole city! I almost wept because I

hears the thumping of drums—devil drums,” Welles
very starlight. For it was tacitly understood

to walk the “automaton: wondered how he was

the United States. Tomorrow night the Mercury The-

pain Orson more than his unsteady voice. Orson’s
“Well, I think that’s the correct thing,” says the gentleman

Tribune: “His heart seems to have nothing to say. . . There

carnival smelled like a cheap hospital.” Having gotten

Orson’s picture, balked at constructing the elaborate sets he
derelict Gare d’Orsay to shoot interiors. Because of the dire

having lunch at Ma Maison one day just after he

in childhood your designs are about captivity

through gaps in his stiff red teeth
his cook, chauffeur, valet, everything. When he had com-

hadn’t expected anything like that, I’d been away so long.

Like the terrestrial crust of the heart of this madcap meeting.