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Touched by Evil: Performing Theodicy in Orson Welles's Shakespeare Adaptations

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In translating a pot-boiler *roman policier*, *Badge of Evil*, into a cinematic meditation of the corrupting wages of power, Welles substituted "touch" for "badge" in his title. Fluent in a number of European languages, Welles understood "touch" in a multiplicity of ways: a dexterous riposte, as in the French *touché*; a quantity barely to be perceived; a tactile, sensory path to knowledge as the empiricists and rationalists of the Seventeenth Century postulated. The present study intends to demonstrate that throughout performing career – as a voice actor in radio and audio recordings, as a stage actor, and as the protagonist of his own films and those of other directors – Welles accepted the existence of evil and strove to illustrate its omnipresence in human affairs. He even demanded that his fellow directors allow him to play characters in his own idiosyncratic manner, and he radically revised plays and novels in order to make his protagonists more morally culpable than they are in his sources. In so doing Welles amplified the ethical conflicts deployed by his favourite authors: Conrad, Dinesen, Cervantes, Kafka, and above all, Shakespeare. Welles's tyrants and supermen owed little to Nietzsche, being more akin to those celebrated by Machiavelli and decried by Vives, Erasmus, and Montaigne. Alive to the philosophical discourses permeating Shakespeare's plays well before their elucidation by today's scholarship, and yet deeply concerned with conveying them to a wide public, Welles paid the price of having many of his Shakespearean projects unrealized. Traces of the latter exist in archives in Torino, München, Michigan and Indiana, and the present work "touches" on these as well as his extant oeuvre to illustrate the full extent of his theodicy. Jan Kott, Welles's contemporary, outlived him; but it was Welles who first re- established Shakespeare as "our contemporary."

Keywords: Orson Welles and Shakespeare, Catholicism, Machiavelli, Erasmus, Jung, adaptation, theodicy

> The last of our First Person Singular broadcasts before the name was changed to the Mercury Theatre on the Air was a work long dear to Orson's heart, but not to mine: G.K. Chesterton's *The Man Who Was Thursday*. This time, Orson said, he would write his own script: he wanted none of my cosmopolitan pussyfooting; this would be pure Catholic-Christian Chesterton as only he could understand and express it.
> – John Houseman, *Run*-Through[1]

Evil as Embodiment, or, Welles's Shakespeare as Renaissance Playwright

Many years after the all-too-brief halcyon days of the Mercury Theatre when Welles thrived on Houseman's bickering as they collaborated on an avalanche of radio shows, theatre productions, and audio recordings of Shakespeare plays, and only just as he was beginning to find purpose and meaning in a European exile, Welles had a quiet private audience with Pope Pius XII. In what we might justly mistake as a Coppola-esque gesture of benediction, the pontiff held his hand throughout the forty-minute conversation. It was Pius whose curiosity could not be contained. The conversation consisted entirely of the latest Hollywood gossip, reveals Welles, with a marked emphasis on bed-hopping and divorce. Following their meeting he was given a tour of the Vatican by the acting Secretary of State who obviously knew of Welles's Irish sojourn when he paused to point out a statue of the nationalist leader Eamon de Valera. "Eamon è cattolico?", inquired Welles incredulously. "Un cattolico fanatico!", came the reply. Welles concludes yet another of his famous anecdotes with a sly aside: "The Italians take their Catholicism so very much less seriously than the Irish do"[2].

He was reminiscing in his last months with his teacher, mentor, and life-long friend Roger Hill, and the exchanges are unusually intimate. Perhaps out of respect for Hill's religious sensitivities Welles omits to mention that one of the few Italian films that resulted in a jail sentence for its director (under recently enacted blasphemy laws), Pier-Paolo Pasolini's *La ricotta* (1963), consisted primarily of a Cruci-

1 For a more complete discussion of those early radio days, see Houseman 1972, 370 and *passim*.

2 I have condensed a recorded telephone conversation as reported by Tarbox 2013, 259-60.

fixion scene being shot by a corpulent, bullying director more concerned with recitations of Pasolini's poetry and adequate amounts of ambient light than with his actors. The film's hero, the Good Thief, decamps with his apportionment of the commissary lunch and hands it over to his malnourished family. Famished, he later makes off with the prop cheese being used for an adjacent scene of the Last Supper. Concealed in a grotto, he proceeds to devour it and other morsels hurled at him when he is discovered by the incensed crew, but is duly attached to a cross and hoisted into position alongside two others, making for a picturesque shot composition. On discovering that indigestion and physical stress have killed him and that his last words – the prescribed request of God to forgive him and accept him into heaven – were sincere, the director, played by none other than Welles, remarks with brutal candour that he had to die for his existence to be properly acknowledged. Had Pasolini been Irish one suspects that he might have served his sentence; today his Gramscian-Marxist version of the *Vangelo secondo Matteo* (1964), replete with a harrowing crucifixion scene, has been accepted by the Church – despite the ill-repute of the director – as one of the canonical cinematic versions of the New Testament story.

For all his teasing banter Welles was, in a vein akin to the more idolatrous and intense Pasolini, a *cattolico leggero*. That his Catholicism consisted of doctrine rather than observance, and that it was formed in a very peculiar (almost monastic) atmosphere redolent of Shakespeare's own day, further reinforces the central tenets of the present study[3]. Consequently, my approach here has been to explore

3 Even Welles's occasional confessions of religiosity have a certain pathos to them. Never having shed the prejudices invited by the *wunderkind* prematurity of his sensational theatrical productions, having barely endured a cinematic debacle following the 1940 release of *Citizen Kane*, and having staunchly faced the full brunt of the post-war anti-socialist campaigns, Welles in his maturity grew more guarded about personal revelations pertaining to his religious and ethical beliefs. Perhaps, as a consequence, he assiduously cultivated a Munchausenesque personal mythology that invited incredulity. Only with a younger generation of critics less averse to the possibility of Welles's ingrained religiosity has there been some small measure of reassessment. Don Jolly, for instance, makes a case for Welles as an anxious Catholic, seeking the endorsements of religious opinion leaders in his efforts to adapt the New Testament story, passages of which he knew from memory (see, for instance, Tarbox 2013, 48).

the more significant corollaries to the argument thus proposed without venturing formal proofs of a Kantian order. Like the compendia of essays by Montaigne and Bacon beloved of Welles, or the gatherings of short stories into books by writers closer to his own time, the present work remains a collection of inter-connected narratives whose effect is intended to be cumulative.

From the Director Welles plays for Pasolini we can derive one such corollary. Compelled in the later stages of his career to embark on a succession of acting jobs to finance his own films, with the most trivial being those for which he demanded the highest fees, he was prepared in this instance to participate in what was essentially an independent production offering little remuneration, playing second-fiddle to an almost unknown actor[4]. Did Welles sense that Pasolini's superficially satirical trifle makes a profound doctrinal point? Theft results not from covetousness but due to poverty and want, so this little *cortometraggio* insists that the balance of evils proposed by Thomas Aquinas (the intentional sin or fault, *culpa*, and the suffering leading to atonement, *poena*) weighed heavily in favour of the thief's redemption. Which is not to argue that Welles was a close reader of philosophy, or that he instinctively adopted Thomistic views. Save for "how to" manuals about magic tricks and other such activities, Welles's reading consisted almost entirely of fiction, whence he absorbed philosophical concepts of a surprising sophistication. Besides, keenly aware of the consequences of colonialism and given his stance on such issues as race and social equality, he would probably have taken Averroes's side favouring a universal intellect shared by humanity rather than that of Aquinas, who condemned his predecessor's interpretation of Aristotle when insisting that the differences between individual humans and between humans and the rest of creation were ordained by God. Nevertheless, given the tenor of his comment to Houseman, Welles was surely aware of Chesterton's profound engagement with Aquinas's thought that culminated in a celebrated biography of the saint.

4 Writing about the triviality of Marlon Brando's later roles, Naremore, the author of a book and numerous authoritative DVD commentaries on Welles, makes the withering remark of Brando that "he has probably appeared in more bad films than any important thespian since Orson Welles" (1991, 196).

Surprisingly, the necessary concomitant to Aquinas's argument may have exercised Welles's creative impulses to an even greater extent: if evil is a consequence of free will, as Augustine argues and Aquinas strives to explicate systematically, why would a perfect, all-knowing God permit its deleterious effects? Aquinas's response was drawn from the patristic tradition, and repeats the formulation offered, rather more diffidently, by the 9th-century Syrian patriarch, Timothy, to the recently invested al-Mahdi Caliph of Baghdad who challenged him with a series of interrogatories: why did a knowing God will the possibility of Christ's crucifixion, permit Adam to succumb to sin, and countenance the fall of the archangel Satan? Timothy provided what he felt (and Aquinas knew) to be the only rational response: evil deeds may be freely committed by knowing beings, but God in his mercy puts them to good ends[5]. In what may be Welles' paradigmatic restatement of this particular doctrine, his supposed attempt to return to the good graces of Hollywood's studio system with a money-spinning low-budget *film noir* thriller, the 1958 *Touch of Evil*, his anti-hero, the homicidally-corrupt police chief of a decaying border town plants evidence in order to convict an individual he suspects on the basis of his race rather than his actions. His hunch that proves to be correct, leading to a shocking, if appropriate restoration of moral order centering on Hank Quinlan's "comeuppance", a colloquialism Booth Tarkington substitutes for Aquinas's *poena* – one repeated with increasing emphasis in what, if not for studio interference, would have been Welles's most polished film, his 1942 adaptation of Tarkington's *The Magnificent Ambersons*. Accounts of the genesis of *Touch* are revelatory. As was typical of the early period of post-World War II studio decline, during which leading actors began to negotiate advantageous contracts and choose their own roles, the procedure of attaching "bankable" stars to film projects became the surest guarantee of financing a movie. Charlton Heston, who had begun his screen career in 1950 as a scantily clad, leggy, bare-chested Mark Antony in an independent version of *Julius Caesar* directed by

5 Augustine offers passing contemplations of evil in Books 3, 4, 5, 7, 9 and 12 of *The Confessions*, but in Chapters XII and XIII of Book 7 he argues that the good being the work of a just and omnipotent deity must be existent and that therefore evil must arise from a deprivation of the good and not a substance in itself (130-31), the argument taken up by succeeding generations of theologians.

David Bradley helming a largely amateur cast, relates one version of how Welles secured his director's chair for their first collaboration. A contract player for Paramount, in 1956 Heston received a "routine" script from one of Paramount's rivals, Universal, based on a recent *roman policier*, *Badge of Evil*, with the inducement that whereas a director had yet to be found, Orson Welles had been recruited to play the heavy. When Heston put forward Welles's candidature "it was as though I had suggested that my mother direct the film", reports Heston, reminiscing that the dumb-struck studio had to mull over the possibility before acquiescing. For his part Welles offers his own variant of the tale[6]. "They quickly called me back again and said, "will you direct this picture, we can't pay you any more", his purported response being that he would do so only if he could "rewrite the entire script". Approved, he proceeded to do so in the span of ten days, a Herculean effort that Heston suggests, with a knowing chuckle, "greatly improved the script and his own part"[7]. Heston proceeds to offer a vivid description of the admiration Welles won for his adroit direction and his subsequent ostracism due to an unnecessarily abrasive relationship with studio executives – the recurrent pattern of Welles's troubled career, according to his leading man – which in this instance led to Orson's brusque expulsion from the cutting room. Half a century had to elapse before *Touch of Evil* was restored to the form that approximates what Welles envisaged.

If we set aside the outworn trope of Welles as the stereotypical manic, self-destructive genius, however, it would be to discern the particular energies he brought to his epic ten-day endeavour. Conversant with a number of European languages, he no doubt recognized full well that his substitution of "touch" for "badge" bore a multiplicity of valences: a dexterous riposte, as in the French *touché*; a quantity barely to be perceived as in the realms of English metaphor; a tactile, sensory path to knowledge as Shakespeare's near contemporaries, the empiricists and rationalists of the Seventeenth Century, postulated; even a condition to elicit a certain sympathy, as it has become today

6 Consult the BBC interview of 1981 entitled "Charlton Heston Interview".

7 The interview in question was compiled and edited by Leslie Megahey for the Arena series hosted by the BBC and was released in 1982 as a two-part documentary entitled *The Orson Welles Story*.

in its adjectival form. He could have adopted a neutral title, *Border Town*, or the more assertive *Southern Police Corruption*. Yet, in his seemingly inconsequential transformation of *Badge of Evil* to *Touch of Evil*, Welles reemphasised the title's unchanged residue, "evil", to which end he combined or deleted characters, renamed others, relocated the action to a desolate version of a border town resembling a decaying Tijuana, omitted a welter of subplots, and made his hero, Vargas, a dashing Mexican detective newly married to an attractive northerner. The novel paints the fate of one of its transplanted characters, the victimized Consuelo, as the *exemplum gratia* of a tearful tale of successful assimilation to American life. In contrast, Welles substitutes Vargas for her assertively subaltern husband, converts her into a blonde Yankee contemptuous of the dangers presented by a roving Mexican drug gang, and turns himself into the out-sized Quinlan, the ethnocentric police chief habituated to employing violence and intimidation to confirm his intuitions. The evil of the novel, lawlessness, turns into a meditation on the corrupting wages of power deriving not only from badges of authority but also, and to an even greater extent, from the sense of corporeal superiority inherent to Quinlan's brand of racism. Both Welles and Heston had spoken openly in support of the Civil Rights movement in the US, in Welles's case to the extent of uttering bone-chilling threats on a live radio broadcast addressed to a corrupt sheriff who had beaten a black war veteran to the point of blinding concussion when the latter attempted to board a bus on his way home from active duty[8]. Scarce six years after his on-screen appearance as Vargas, Heston led the "arts" contingent in the 1963 march on Washington, DC., which culminated with Martin Luther King's "I have a dream" speech. His "conversion" to the farthest fringes of Republican politics came decades later; but surely more than chance brought them together for *Touch of Evil*.

Later in the same BBC documentary in which Welles discusses the film's genesis, his interviewer confronts him with Quinlan's repulsive appearance, which Welles concedes had been deliberate and

8 Heston's early participation in the Civil Rights struggle is amply documented, but as Jonathan Rosenbaum (2007, 8-12) points out, Welles's intervention in the case of the veteran Isaac Woodard was long misrepresented by his biographers despite his voluble intervention during the height of the Red Scare, which had effectively silenced most of Hollywood.

the result of artifice, although he hastens to add that Quinlan's character is the opposite of his own, whose sympathies are entirely for Vargas. A bloated Richard III recruited from Hollywood's B-movie lot, the limping, growling, but still observant Quinlan eats, he claims, in order not to drink because he started to drink to ease the pain in his leg, its bones shattered by a bullet taken in the line of duty. In a still earlier series of interviews with André Bazin, Welles gently chides the renowned critic for succumbing to the continental tendency to assume that he played certain kinds of characters because he had an especial empathy for them. On the contrary, Quinlan is a "master of his line of work, a master of his environment, but a detestable man", while Vargas's honesty and desire for proof make him less complex, less "Shakespearean". "And Macbeth?", Bazin provokes, seizing on Welles's earlier less corpulent, but even heavier, heavy. "Just the same", admits Welles, who abruptly cuts to the chase: "I voluntarily play lots of bad guys […] Like those French classical actors who only played kings my nature disposes me to play commanding characters"[9]. There is evidence that Welles developed this enduring self-conception early in his career. At the age of eleven he was placed in a newly rechristened "seminary", the progressive Todd School for Boys, where he encountered Roger Hill, who encouraged his many talented charges in their artistic pursuits. Soon after arriving Welles was the Virgin Mary in a Christmas pageant, but it was Hill Welles sought to emulate. "I had to learn every bit of Shakespeare because he knew it", admitted Welles in 1978, "and I had to learn the entire Bible because he knew it"[10]. Within months of entering Todd he was

9 Bazin 1992, 151-52.

10 See the Tarbox compilation (2013, 24). In a series of interviews Hill recorded over the telephone in Welles's last months, he and Welles fall to quoting the Bible and Shakespeare at considerable length. At one point Hill expresses surprise that his own daughter once asked him about the Sermon on the Mount, and then proceeds to recite it verbatim (28). For his part, Welles ridicules efforts to modernize the language of Shakespeare and the Bible (176), and weeks later launches into an impromptu quotation of the King James version of one of Paul's epistles, pausing after a few lines to inquire where it originates. "That's *Corinthians 13*, I believe", responds Hill, obtaining as response a few more lines, with Hill's own rejoinder being an excerpt of those that follow. Characteristically, Welles immediately makes merry of their solemn meditation on the loss of childhood innocence. "I've got a Gideon *Bible* I stole from a hotel somewhere. I don't know

designing sets and staging the plays in which he acted, including what should be considered part of a permanent repertoire to which he returned throughout the course of his career. Beginning with Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*, a version of *Julius Caesar*, and his first attempt at condensing Shakespeare's Histories, this one under the title *Winter of Our Discontent*, a vehicle for his assumption of the role of Richard III which was to culminate in his cinematic masterpiece, the variously released 1964-1966 Falstaff saga, *Chimes at Midnight*. At the advanced age of seventeen, with graduation impending, Welles advertised in the trade magazine *Billboard*, proclaiming his thespian interest in investing a modest amount of cash and his own services as "Heavy, Character and Juvenile"[11].

Failing to persuade the impresarios, he decamped to Ireland on a painting tour of the provinces but Shakespeare would not be denied such a Juvenile, and he wound up being hired by Hilton Edwards and Michéal MacLiammóir who ran Dublin's celebrated Gate Theatre, where as scene painter, occasional actor, and apprentice director he was involved in a whirlwind of productions of *Hamlet*, *Richard III*, *Macbeth*, *Timon of Athens* and *King John*. The early months of 1933 found him back at Todd, a seasoned actor-director. The critic and Welles specialist Jonathan Rosenbaum suggests that Welles's first film project was a 16mm colour version of his Art Deco-inspired Todd production of *Twelfth Night* in which the characters are framed by backdrops consisting of the illustrated pages of a giant book of his own design: the extracts now available to scholars appear to consist of mixed, heavily-edited footage shot from many different camera positions[12]. By the end of the summer Welles launched into a collaboration with Hill on a series of Shakespeare performance guides, given the collective title *Everybody's Shakespeare*, of which three, *Twelfth Night*, *Julius Caesar* and *The Merchant of Venice*, all annotated with his deft illustrative drawings, were initially published by the in-house Todd Press, and, with

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what sin that is. I've used this well-thumbed *Bible* to read passages on TV and at people's dinners" (186).

11 See Tarbox (2013, 9) for the advertisement, and the annotated chronology compiled by Jonathan Rosenbaum appended to the Bogdanovic interviews for the sensational 1937-38 Broadway experiments in lighting (*Faustus*) and mise-en-scène (*Julius Caesar*) (326-31).

12 Rosenbaum, in Welles and Bogdanovich 1998, 330.

minor additions, four years later when Welles was doing his Mercury Theatre radio and theatre productions of the same plays.

Hill was surely a Shakespearian to his very bones, because the editions offer historically informed and eminently performable versions, albeit of a more abbreviated and conventional aspect than Welles's later Shakespeare. Yet it should not be overlooked that his encouragement of Welles's early immersion in the Renaissance – for by this point his *protégé* had evidently not only encountered Shakespeare and his then-known sources but also Montaigne, Marlowe and Cervantes – proved formative in a variety of ways: throughout his career Welles was willing to remain true to aspects of the texts that could provoke modern-day discomfort just as he was willing to adapt those same texts to the circumstances of production as vigorously as Shakespeare's contemporaries did. An accomplished marginal illustration in the Mercury *Merchant of Venice* edition depicts a stentorian, dark-robed Shylock labeled "Walter Hampden", alerting younger readers to the then regnant Shakespearian's repeated efforts to revive a more authentically "Jewish" version of the play's hero-villain. Welles's accompanying stage directions are instructive: "the old Jew is regarding him [Bassanio] shrewdly. Out of the bearded face, cut with hard wrinkles, peer glittering black eyes, surprisingly keen"[13].

Fifty years would elapse before Welles's Shylock, fleshed out on borrowed and filched celluloid and shot with scarcely more equipment than available at Todd, proved to be the last of his Shakespearean assumptions to gain any measure of completion (and even that posthumously, assembled by well-meaning archivists). In marked contrast to the stripped-down Hampdenesque figure deserving of youthful emulation, the on-camera Shylock is now a richly attired but physically coarse, disheveled, nut-brown alien, just as dark in aspect as in intent, precisely as the English Renaissance demanded of its stereotype of the Levantine financiers permitted to operate in Venice's Ghetto and beyond. He is, besides, an innately paranoid misfit, compelled to interact with galleries of staring, masked Venetian Christians with vacant Modigliani eyes met fiercely by his own, which burn with rage as he hisses the many sibilants of the Rialto speech in a mock-Mizrahic accent. When having to sing for his sup-

13 Welles and Hill 1939, 9.

per on his return to Los Angeles, Welles did the same speech repeatedly on television talk shows, but invariably kitted out in a tailored tuxedo, eying the camera with amused irony and adopting a genteel and mellifluous Ashkenazic Fiddler-on-the-roof dialect. Yet it is as the cinematic revenant, despised even by his only surviving child in a city of hostile strangers, that Welles locates Shakespeare's own Shylock, one fully prepared to resist his fate with tooth and claw[14].

That Welles's shocking Shylock was not the result of a growing skepticism or a maturation into turbulent animosity can be confirmed by returning to his neophyte Richard III hewn out of an amalgamation of Shakespeare's Histories by the then teenaged editor-actor-dramatist. Photographs of him in his Todd production reveal a head that was alarmingly close to that affixed to John Hurt's Elephant Man, but perhaps described less anachronistically by Simon Callow when he opines that Welles's transformation "out Lon Chaneyed Lon Chaney […] his face unrecognizable, as if made from the spare parts of several faces stuck together […] a botched monster put together by a sadistic Frankenstein"[15]. One has only to place Welles's performances alongside actors similarly drawn to Shakespeare, whose performances like those of Laurence Olivier and Al Pacino draw on later acting traditions, to recognize Welles's literal adherence to Shakespeare's spoken text. Olivier's vigorous, sadistically charming Richard originates with Colley Cibber's 1699 adaptation which left its imprint even on such celebrated Richards as Edmund Keane and David Garrick, both of whom made much of reverting to Shakespeare's original while craftily retaining Cibber's transpositions and insertions from other plays when he en-

14 The archivists of the Deutsche Kinematek München, where two decades ago I first saw some videotape transfers of the surviving footage of *The Merchant of Venice* donated by Oja Kodar, have done their best to assemble a "recent" film (shown at the Venice Biennale) in bold defiance of its incompleteness, while for his last project, the still more ambitious *King Lear*, all that we are left with consists of scattered script material and elaborate costume designs for which he drew from his radio and theatre versions. It is largely unconnected with the belligerent, more sinning than sinned against Lear he played for Peter Brook for an abridged television version. Welles sought something of a growth in Lear's spirituality, as he intended to document with many stark close-ups, a trajectory I have attempted to document through research in a wide assortment of archives (for which see, especially, Guneratne 2016, 405-07).

15 Callow 1995, 67.

hanced the tyrant's charismatic dominance over the other characters. Even before Olivier's Gloucester seizes power Anne, played by Claire Bloom, eyes him with reluctant, silent admiration; Olivier's Shylock for Jonathan Miller's 1969 staging (filmed for television the following year) bears no trace of the occasional Commedia dell'arte plot devices Shakespeare adopts, portraying instead a serious, bespectacled, anxiously assimilated Victorian bated by his social inferiors, who resumes the manners and dress of his ancestors only as the play grinds to its inexorable conclusion, famously emitting a howl of protest and rage as he departs after the trial scene. Pacino's singular documentary, *Looking for Richard* (1996), explores a variety of approaches to each of the play's major characters, but in the scenes filmed as stage rehearsals his Gloucester is explicitly a self-satisfied thug he appropriates from the Godfather films so that his Anne, a fragile, vulnerable Winona Ryder, must succumb to his wooing more out of terror than attraction; almost a decade later, Pacino plays an initially fussy and eventually unrelenting Shylock in Michael Radford's opulent period-film *Merchant of Venice* (2005), delivering his lines in an unplaceable accent that intends to pass for that of a Venetian Ashkenazic Jew of centuries past, somehow covetously attracted to Jeremy Irons's Royal Shakespearean murmurings when being strapped into an anachronistic electric chair in preparation for his butchery.

Welles's feral Richard is not entirely of his own making. By far the most interesting in the proliferation of recent challenges to Shakespeare's authorship of the plays we ascribe to him center on an imposing series of discoveries by Dennis McCarthy and Jane Schlueter that illustrate very close parallels between numerous lines penned by the noted translator-playwright Thomas North and his translator-historian brother George, whose manuscripts and published works appear to have been available to Shakespeare during and after a number of "lost" years he may have spent in the service of the Norths or their close associates[16]. Interestingly,

16 McCarthy, who announced the initial discoveries, appears to have moved progressively from the belief that Thomas North and Shakespeare were one and the same author, then to the possibility that Shakespeare was a relentless plagiarist, and most recently to Shakespeare as a faithful updater and re-stager of the works of North family members who may have been tainted by their close association with Mary Tudor's attempt to reverse the course of Tudor history.

neither George North's *Discourse on Rebels and Rebellion* treating Richard as a warning against allowing one's actions to be determined by one's appearance, nor those devoted to Gloucester by the chronicler Raphael Holinshed (who records him as "lowly of countenance" and who follows previous chroniclers in avoiding physical description and emphasizing his powers of dissimulation) dwell on his physique[17]. Shakespeare's portrait, further amplified by the young Welles, derives from that of Henry VIII's one-time chancellor, Thomas More, who was attempting to introduce the moralizing Greco-Roman historiography (just gaining popularity in Italy and Spain) as an English Renaissance update: one of his possible models, Suetonius, delighted in parading the vices of the twelve Caesars, but found the contrast between Claudius's physical disabilities and his eccentrically prudent conduct exemplary. More's *The History of King Richard III* provides a substantial historical introduction before he goes into the details of Gloucester's incriminating appearance: "little of stature, ill featured of limbs, crook-backed, his left shoulder much higher than the right, hard favoured of visage […] he was malicious, wrathful, envious and from afore birth, ever forward […] for he came to the world with feet forward […] and (as the fame runneth) not untoothed […] a deep dissimuler […] outwardly companionable where he inwardly hated, not letting to kiss whom he thought to kill"[18]. Characteristically, Stephen Greenblatt, who finds More a deeply-conflicted adherent of the Old Religion, ever-willing to try to beat or burn the Protestantism out of his disputants, notes that Shakespeare expounds More's views in the expository soliloquy he assigns to Richard, whose self-derogations continue to gather their full weight in the later insults hurled against him by other characters[19]. In considering Welles's adoption of a hostile caricature

17 Gary Taylor, observing that Shakespeare's rather free "borrowing" from other texts would in our age of legally protected writing repeatedly infringe on copyright, suggests that "*Henry V* and most of the other History plays should bear the designation 'based on Raphael Holinshed's *Chronicles*, adapted by William Shakespeare" (2017, 21).

18 More 2021, 71.

19 See, for instance, the opening chapter of Greenblatt's *Renaissance Self-Fashioning* (1984, 11-73) and his detailed consideration of Richard's psychology in *Tyrant* (2019, 53-95). More was, in fact, deeply reticent about granting the Lu-

of Richard, *à la* More, it should be remembered that the worldly saint remained a staunch humanist to the last in his literary portraiture. Henry VIII had momentously accepted his recommendation of the progressive young Hans Holbein to serve as his personal diplomat-painter (whose convincing improvements on physical likenesses led to at least one debacle), and we can reasonably attribute to More the quibbles about proper Latin renditions of the Greek used in sacred scripture in Henry's vigorously anti-Lutheran *Defense of the Seven Sacraments* since they bear the stamp of the Humanist's career-long attempts to translate books of the Bible[20].

Shakespeare's Stratford contemporary, Richard Field, who set up as a printer in London having apprenticed to the most renowned of the Huguenot expatriate practitioners of the craft, Thomas Vautrollier, married into his master's family, inherited his typefaces, and published in Greek, Latin and modern European languages, acquiring posthumous fame for having printed Shakespeare's longer narrative poems. Field's worthiness to serve such an apprenticeship could hardly be doubted and has been used as evidence that Shakespeare must also have had a superior education: Stratford's city corporation, in which Shakespeare's father John occasionally played a prominent role, chose its schoolmasters carefully, and Jonathan Bate suggests that as a young man Shakespeare may have casually encountered such works as the books of advice of William Lily of St. Paul, but that the established curriculum would have necessitated months of immersion in Terence, Aesop, Virgil, Tully, Ovid and Erasmus, adding that the mature writer's association with Field would have included exposure to the latter's recent edition of Holinshed's *Chronicles of the Kings and Queens of England*, Thomas North's "newly-Englished"

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theran cause publicity and sought to suppress what he felt to be outbreaks with minimal advertisements of the fact, in marked contrast to Erasmus who at the instigation of humanist friends and clerics invited Luther to a battle of the printing presses with the first salvo in their long debate, *Of the Freedom of the Will* (*De Libero Arbitrio*, 1524). By a strange twist of fate, it was the more circumspect More who cautioned Erasmus against such polemics (see Bentley-Taylor ed. 2002, 205).

20 More's efforts to secure a vernacular bible that accorded with the teachings of the Church (in opposition to Tyndale's reformist Bible translation) and his attention to precise renderings of the Greek original are documented by Hutchinson 1941, 1-10.

reassessment of Plutarch's *Lives*, as well as John Florio's efforts as a lexicographer and translator of Montaigne[21].

There is no evidential reason to assume that beyond his editorial duties Welles actively sought out Shakespeare's sources in his early youth; indeed, when we judge the matter retrospectively, today's digitization of texts and advances in textual forensics have brought to light sources no budding Shakespearian of the 1920s could even have imagined. Nevertheless, there is convincing evidence that Welles read widely and incessantly, adapting novel after novel for his radio broadcasts and film projects, and that he was as fully entitled as any of his fellow actor-directors to claim Shakespeare as a special province in his directorial terrain. In comparison, the best-known of his contemporaries, Grigory Kozintsev, Laurence Olivier and Akira Kurosawa, relied variously on well-known poets (such as Boris Pasternak), talented textual editors (on the order of Alan Dent), or teams of translator-script-writers (who wrestled with and reshaped Shakespeare's "un-Japanese" historical views) to provide the substrate for their adaptations. Welles alone undertook the complex processes of abridgement, condensation and transposition that his approach required, leading to the conclusion that his familiarity with Aquinas, More and other writers familiar to Elizabethans was rooted in Shakespeare rather than the result of entirely independent study. Such an early Shakespeare immersion may also explain his subsequent attraction to writers to whom he returned repeatedly, notably Melville, Conrad, Kafka and Dinesen, all of them drawn to metaphysical themes and a propensity to try the souls of their protagonists. Shaped by the deeply troubling times in which they lived, none amongst Welles's personal canon of writers sought a proof of the existence of a deity through Leibnizian optimism (i.e., since only God, however generous, could attain to perfection, our imperfect world can only be the best of all possible worlds); nor could any of them take refuge in the ridicule Voltaire heaped on such a theodicy when he offered *Candide* as a refutation, gleefully illustrating the full panoply of divine malice.

21 Bate 2009, 71-99. Through such sources Shakespeare is likely to have encountered Aquinas's thought, even at second hand, and Greenblatt notes that the Ghost of Hamlet's father appears to have studied either Jacobus de Voragine or Aquinas when he describes the horrors encountered in Purgatory (Greenblatt 2001, 16-21).

Frequently knowing literary sources better than those who directed him, Welles habitually bullied even the best of his fellow film directors and seized control over the scenes in which he acted. The list of his victims in this regard is formidable, and includes Henry King, Carol Reed, Gregory Ratoff, Mike Nichols and Fred Zinnemann, each of whom won more Hollywood accolades than he did. His intercessions in their films invariably injected elements of authentic sources for the authorial collages in the scripts they presented to him, the side-effect being an aggrandizement of his own role if only to make his character more devious, insidious, or morally culpable. In 1949, for instance, he shot fragments of his own *Othello* in Morocco and then commuted between countries and locations while he simultaneously played Harry Lime for Reed in *The Third Man* and Cesare Borgia for King in *The Prince of Foxes*. Reed's best-known scene is uncharacteristic. The cinematography, accomplished in cramped quarters and dependent on natural light, is riskier and more frenetic than in previous scenes. The location, an enclosed car on an all-but-abandoned carousel, too, remains a particularly piquant example of Welles's habitual use of certain visually-distinctive spaces as confessional ones, a narrative technique he employs to telling climactic effect in *The Magnificent Ambersons*, *The Stranger*, *Mr, Arkadin*, *Touch of Evil*, *The Trial*, and *F for Fake*. Harry Lime's parting aside for Reed, a self-referential Welles improvisation delivered with a sardonic smile dismissing the injuries done to children by his adulterated vaccines, won the admiration of the novelist-screenwriter Graham Greene. "In Italy, for thirty years under the Borgias, they had terror, murder and bloodshed, but they produced Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci and the Renaissance. In Switzerland they had brotherly love, they had five hundred years of democracy and peace, and what did that produce? The cuckoo clock".

Likewise, his hand is evident in the crypt-like cell of a monastery in which Zinnemann's Cardinal Wolsey breathes his last in *A Man for All Seasons* (1966). Robert Bolt's stage play, the basis for the film, makes much of the protean narrator, the Common Man, who adopts a tone of clinical disinterest when announcing Wolsey's offstage demise and More's immediate assumption of his duties. The film replaces the Common Man with supernumerary characters, but an interpolated scene shows Welles at his most memorable, confess-

ing moral compromise with his last rasping breath in lines he has craftily purloined from Shakespeare. The claustrophobic scene is shot entirely in Welles's fashion (with light bounced off walls and ceilings, as the cinematographer Gregg Toland had taught him during the making of *Citizen Kane*). The seemingly static camera, which frames a doorway and then tilts down sharply to reveal a head-first foreshortening of the supine Wolsey, precisely inverts the angle the painter Andrea Mantegna had used for his *Dead Christ* gripped by rigor mortis. Unexpectedly, the camera tilts upwards once more to capture the brusque entry of a scowling Duke of Norfolk, only to pan to the left as he, now Lord Protector, seizes the Chancellor's chain and badge of office. The departing Norfolk pauses just as the camera begins to follow him back to the doorway, to demand whether the prisoner has anything to say to his king. Actors from Beerbohm Tree and Henry Irving to Hampden had coveted Shakespeare's Wolsey, the playwright's most self-aware exemplification of the *de casibus virorum* theme introduced into literature by Boccaccio. Wolsey's Icaresque fall brings to an end the first episode of Shakespeare's *All Is True*. In the film another uneasy moment passes and the supine Welles, whose livid countenance we have seen in an inverted close-up, gasps: "if I had served God one half so well as I had served my king, God would not have left me here to die in this place", to which Norfolk, staring into the camera in a sharply canted close-up, responds that he should thank God since the King would have had him die in the Tower. Who but Welles would have drawn *in extremis* from the lines in the lament that Shakespeare grants the fallen Wolsey?: "O Cromwell, Cromwell, / Had I but served my God with half the zeal / I served my King, he would not in mine age / Have left me naked to mine enemies" (IV.i.454-57)[22].

As for Machiavelli, his rigorously proscribed works could only have circulated as a kind of *samizdat* among England's nobility during Shakespeare's time, although a considerable body of scholar-

22 Welles could have been eyeing Shakespeare's Wolsey even earlier since the title he used for his intended 1941 Latin American quartet of films, *It's All True*, is a transparent metathesis of the one initially given to Shakespeare's collaboration with Fletcher on the last of his Tudor plays, an ill-fated one because a prop canon discharged during Wolsey's banquet (in which Henry first eyes Anne Boleyn) caused a fire that burned the Globe to the ground.

ship exists to show that part of his *oeuvre* was not unfamiliar to Elizabeth's courtiers. From Marlowe to Webster and beyond, herds of Machiavels populated London's stages, among them Shakespeare's Aaron, Richard, Hamlet, Iago and Edmund. Machiavelli's most outrageous and probably satirical assertions consisted of advocating cruelty, dissimulation, treachery, and vengefulness as apt methods of statecraft. Prominent among his examples of such princely conduct was the rapacious, habitually deceitful Borgia pope, Alexander VI, the cunning fox in his extended metaphor of the lion and the fox in *The Prince*[23]. The most obvious source available to Shakespeare, although one possibly unfamiliar to Welles, was Innocent Gentillet, whose contribution to the ever-popular genre of advice to rulers consisted of a detailed contestation, *Anti-Machiavel*, that achieved print in English translation within Elizabeth's lifetime. Gentillet devotes substantial parts of three chapters to Machiavelli's exemplar Cesare Borgia in which, *en passant*, he levels the charge of necromancy against Alexander (as a supplement to the usual, less-surprising accusations that also involved his illegitimate children Cesare and Lucrezia – wanton cruelty, territorial ambition, simony, parricide and incest), findings duly put to spectacularly sordid effect by Barnabe Barnes in *The Devil's Charter* which was performed before King James towards Christmas in 1606, some months after the participants in the Gunpowder Plot had met a terrible fate[24]. With no less

23 As each Medici ascent into the nobility was punctuated by months'-long festivities, the Florentine hegemons set the agenda for theatrical and musical innovation in the peninsula, and such exotic acquisitions as giraffes drew admiration from many quarters, but their staged animal combats in Florentine public spaces involving lions proved spectacular failures that set the local literati atwitter. They no doubt took comfort in their collections of art and books, among which a fifteenth-century illuminated Greek manuscript of Aesop's *Fables* prized by both Lorenzo and his ill-fated son Piero won particular renown: in a Gentillet-esque turn of historical justice, it now resides in the New York Public Library. Dennis McCarthy and June Schlueter (2021) suggests that Shakespeare paraphrases North's reworking of "Doni" in a number of plays, most notably *All Is True* and *A Winter's Tale* (74-79; 154-55). Shakespeare also treats the wolf as the ravenous enemy of the fox (notably in the Histories), and foxes as stealthy and cunning (throughout his *oeuvre*).

24 A practicing lawyer who fled Paris for Geneva following the St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre in 1572, Gentillet begins Chapters 3.6, 3.7 and 3.8 with

effrontery than his precursor, Gentillet dedicated his work to the Duke of Alençon, Queen Elizabeth's French suitor, just as Machiavelli had dedicated *The Prince* to Alençon's grandfather Lorenzo de' Medici, and it is from Gentillet's text that the *de casibus* trope of the disgraceful end of the perfidious and "murderous" Machiavels appears to have found its way by allusion not only into Shakespeare's dramas (the early Histories, such as *3Henry VI* in which the future Richard III promises to "set the murderous Machiavel to school", *Measure for Measure* and *Hamlet*), but also into the works of Marlowe, Greene, Thomas Andrewe and Francis Bacon[25]. The psychopathic delight Welles takes in inflicting terror in *The Prince of Foxes* obviously focuses on Machiavelli's theme of a politic prince's ascent rather than Gentillet's of a doomed tyrant's downfall, and might have surprised even the worldly Shakespeare. Jovially, the splendidly-attired Cesare holds court in a manicured Renaissance garden as he arranges noble marriages while shredding apart a portion of roast fowl with his fingers; diabolically, at a later banquet he compels his unwilling mistress to look on whilst her erstwhile lover, Andrea Orsini (played with a justifiable lack of enthusiasm by Tyrone Power), has his eyes all but gouged out in front of his wailing mother. "Set in the time of the Borgias", writes Jeanine Basinger (taking issue with Naremore), "the movie had solid assets in European location shooting, still new to American audiences, and in Orson Welles, who is awesome as Cesare Borgia, a role he was born to play"[26]. The film ends abruptly, and titles precede the closing credits informing us of Cesare's impending comeuppance or, in Gentillet's words, "God's just judgment" (Basinger 2007, 230).

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a reference to Machiavelli's apparently laudatory portrait of Cesare, responding with counterexamples and logical arguments as well as copious expressions of moral indignation.

25 See, for instance, the list of possible influences furnished in the Preface to the 1602 English translation of *Anti-Machiavel* xv-xviii. Montaigne, John Florio and Francis Bacon were also engaged readers of Gentillet.

26 See 2007, 171, although Basinger regards Power's ghastly appearance during the supposed eye-gouging as less the result of undergoing hideous tortures than of studio mismanagement.

Evil as Allegory, or, Shakespeare as Contemporary Commentator

Welles's European period began with yet another of his periodic fiascos, the culmination of a three-year period of intense tumult. Things had been heating up for the American left following the dropping of atomic bombs on Nagasaki and Hiroshima, which remained an abiding concern for Welles as proved by visions of nuclear catastrophe raised in *The Trial* (1962) and the unfinished *Don Quixote* (1957-1960s). At war's end the Supreme Court had again taken up the dormant case of US vs. Paramount, et al., and by 1948 had endorsed sweeping measures that spelled the end of the formal studio system. The Breen Office of censorship established in the 1930s now assumed unfettered powers to determine the content of films, and Hollywood began its own internal investigations to flush out left-oriented suspects who were duly turned over to the newly formed Congressional House Un-American Activities Committee (in two significant purges from 1947-48 and 1951-52) for public interrogation by such figures as Senator Joseph McCarthy and his acolyte, Federal prosecutor Roy Cohn, whose vaunted list of suspects only stopped mushrooming when exposed as a hoax during a 1954 cross-examination by attorney Joseph Welch. Hollywood's writers were particularly suspect, and some chose to employ others to front their work: the persistent Shakespearian, Philip Yordan, thrived in the latter role and may even have made fun of Welles[27]. Some Hollywood personnel steadfastly refused to testify before HUAC, preferring incarceration; still others "named names", even to the extent of boosting their careers, as was true of stage and film director Elia Kazan who, in his turn, was reviled as a "traitor" by Welles in later interviews.

Welles was probably on more than one list of suspects. On the release of Chaplin's 1946 *Monsieur Verdoux*, which adapted a Welles

27 File 242 of the Philip Yordan Papers now housed in the Fairbanks Special Collections of the Margaret Herrick Library dates the screenplay for *The Prince of Darkness* to April 24, 1948, a few months following Welles's Utah staging of *Macbeth*. When shooting Welles had catered gourmet delights brought to his sets, and in one scene a figure meant to refer to the Thane of Cawdor, Dutch, a corpulent gangster boss, downs platefuls of seafood, only to be poisoned with some crêpes suzettes. *The Prince of Darkness* was possibly updated for the occasion from an unproduced play Yordan had already written in 1941.

story about a comfortably middle-class bluebeard who maintains his family's well-being by marrying and then discreetly disposing of a series of wealthy widows, J. Edgar Hoover planted shills in the test audiences to interrupt the film and heckle those scheduled to promote the première. Chaplin made a permanent departure for Europe soon thereafter. Despite growing rifts with an understandably skittish Rita Hayworth, Welles persevered with her as his *femme fatale* in one of his now acclaimed *films noirs*, *The Lady from Shanghai*, releasing it in May of 1948. As he waited for the finalization of their divorce, he planned his most experimental Shakespearean feature film. Arriving at an agreement with the theatre hosting the Utah Centennial Festival, Welles hurriedly assembled the cast for a new film project based on Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, adapting elements from his celebrated Voodoo Macbeth production that had caused a sensation in Harlem during its 1936-1937 run. At the time of the original production, Welles's substitution of Haitian Vodou for Shakespeare's incorporation of elements of King James's published tracts on daemonology, and his use of a complex mix of Virgil Thompson's musical interjections and the pounding drumbeats of Haitian Vodou practitioners (the latter drowning out the former as the revolutionary forces gathered around Macbeth's fortress), only raised concerns over the desecration of Shakespeare's canonical play (with the white "establishment" taking more censorious views than leaders of the black press)[28]. More

28 Among Welles biographers, Simon Callow takes an especial interest in the genesis of the *Voodoo Macbeth* and provides an engaging, at times gossipy account of the details of Houseman's and Welles's attempt to resuscitate the Federal Theatre Project's mandate after two disappointing productions: by the FTP's estimation the project, soon known as the *Voodoo Macbeth*, was a smash hit, employing upwards of 300 personnel (among them an entirely black cast), the only production in that season that brought sold out houses and which traveled to major non-segregated urban centers throughout the US. He treats the largely dubious reviews by the major theatre reviewers as something more than the defense of the Shakespearean cultural patrimony, but does acknowledge the widespread support and encouragement offered by leading periodicals aimed at a black readership (see Callow 1995, 216-245). For his part, Welles was fond of the anecdote that he gave his assent to a Haitian Vodou drummer who having learned that one of the more prominent Broadway critics, Percy Hammond, had questioned the use of such a "musical race" in such an exalted play, suggested that they subject him to *beri-beri* – contributing to his unexpected demise a few

recently, Welles and his partner Houseman, have been taken to task for their appropriations of Haiti's turbulent post-colonial years and adopting a one-set, Conrad-esque jungle *mise-en-scène* rather than for thumbing their noses at Stratfordians[29].

The new *Macbeth* took place amidst primordial rocky outcrops and dripping canyon walls that amplified the clatter of horses' hooves and the echoes of voices, further amplified by Welles's addition of an all-purpose stairway. Given just three weeks of shooting time by Republic Films (which specialized in scrubland Westerns), he economized by having the actors prerecord their lines in a stone-age Scottish burr to which they lip-synced during filming, thereby freeing the camera to wander with Horror-movie menace. He relied on some post-synchronized shrieks and clashes of metal for the necessary sound effects, while trusting to the notable modernist composer Jacques Ibert and his timpanists to pull off the brilliantly Eisensteinian montage in which the condemned Thane of Cawdor, hauled to the block in silhouette, is deprived of his head at the stroke of a Neo-Haitian drumbeat. Ranged against these medieval forces of mayhem is a new, invented character, the Holy Father, a foil to a trio of weird sisters who at the outset craft a phallic clay image of a king over which they periodically utter prophetic incantations. At one point the Holy Father even makes them recoil in terror, while preserving the vociferous characteristics of a grotesque amalgamation of Joe McCarthy, J. Edgar Hoover, and Joseph Breen as he brandishes a talismanic pseudo-Celtic cross adopted by a tribe of followers who display a thirst for Christian rectitude that affirms nothing so much as the extraordinary piety of the Ku Klux Klan. As the Holy Father's forces encircle Dunsinane, Macbeth (now now attired in garb Michael Anderegg justly compares to that of the Statue of Liberty) takes his last stand on the castle parapet and hurls a javelin loosely modeled on Liberty's flame

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days later. Pathé made a newsreel of the close of the production that must have involved Welles's cooperation and, at one point, perhaps his voice (I offer the evidence in Guneratne 2016, 405-06); the audience, also included in some of the shots, is fully-engaged and unfailingly respectful prior to a burst of celebratory merriment at the end.

29 In this context the round-table discussion in Hilb's *Afro-Haitian-American Ritual Power: Vodou in the Welles-FTP Voodoo Macbeth"* remains instructive (Hilb 2014, 649-81).

at the raging Holy Father whose chest it enters with a fatal, sickening thud[30]. Placed in competition at the 1948 Venice Film Festival with Laurence Olivier's stately *Hamlet*, *Macbeth* proved a public humiliation: in his documentary *Filming Othello* (1978) Welles claims that representatives of the State Department persuaded him to withdraw it weeks before the event, leading to condemnation by the press.

Welles's belief in the tangible presence of forces of darkness seems unlikely, despite the nefarious activities of his fellow filmmakers; Maya Deren, his contemporary, was one of the few converts who treated Vodou seriously, but most other representations were of the order of the hocus-pocus that went on apace at Universal, in some corners of Mario Bava's Italy, and in the backwater of England's Hammer Studios. Even within a Renaissance context Welles would have understood *Macbeth* as Shakespeare's panicked reaction to the unfolding events of the Gunpowder Plot[31]. In his earlier plays, Joan de Pucelle's conjurations of demons meet with scant success (*1Henry VI*, 5.iii) and Richard III's numerous accusations of witchcraft are fraudulent and levelled at political enemies. The old Queen may have placed excess faith in learned astrologers and scryers such as John Dee, but the new King, who had assumed patronage of Shakespeare's company upon accession, conducted debates with cardinals over theological matters, and continued to defend the doctrines advanced in Heinrich Kramer's best-selling witch-hunting manual *Malleus Maleficarum* (1484). Even as late as 1587, well in advance of James's accession, the English parliamentarian Reginald Scot wrote a scathing refutation of the *Malleus*, *The Discoverie of Witchcraft*, fearing the further spread of the witch-hunting mania that overtook both Catholic and Protestant communities in the wake of Luther's break

30 Anderegg's observations on the film and its failure to participate in the "high culture" associations of Shakespeare, and his noteworthy recognition that the film commented on the introduction of a "new religion", should be kept in mind in the context of Welles's unattainable determination to convey the sentiments shared by Shakespeare's first audiences (1999, 74-97).

31 Perhaps the finest pages of Richard Wilson's *Secret Shakespeare* treat the nature and extent of this panic (2004, 186-205), and Welles is fully aware of the perils of impending damnation because when Macbeth first gallops home to Inverness and embraces Lady Macbeth on dismounting, a rotting corpse on a gibbet is suspended in the background.

from Rome in 1517[32]. When Father Henry Garnet, a confessor to some of the Gunpowder plotters, felt justified in refusing to offer incriminations on the basis of mental reservation, he accidentally let slip the Jesuit doctrine pertaining to that procedure, "equivocation", a term the drunken porter of Inverness ridicules even as he admits a group of homicidal guests into the castle, where, soon enough, crimes of particular interest to James are revealed by the attenuation of the dialogue: the shedding of the "golden blood" of Duncan (an allusion to James's argument for legitimation through "divine right"), and the speedy fulfillment of the Weird Sisters' prophetic utterances through the agency of the demon-invocator Lady Macbeth who speeds the Thane, her spouse, to his state as "king hereafter". In *Macbeth*, the unchaste subjects of James's non-fictional theories of demonism were duly fleshed-forth and paraded on stage in all their Catholic and feminine atavisms, with the earliest recorded performances taking place before the miraculously preserved apotheosis of the Stuart royal line. Welles's actual views on the material reality of witchcraft can best be extrapolated from his conversations with Bazin, wherein he declares Michel Montaigne to be the most perfect writer the world has yet produced, to whom he had returned repeatedly since first acquaintance because he regarded him a closer, less violent companion than Shakespeare (165). Once a judge for the Parlement of Bordeaux, it was Montaigne who in a famous passage in the *Essais* declared human life to be of such preeminent value that absolute proof must be furnished before any capital judgement should even be permitted, asserting in this very context that the witches of his province faced mortal danger whenever a new accuser attested the truth of their visions[33]. In the *Malleus*, Kramer advocates shaving the entire body of a witch in order to establish some scar or mark that proved her allegiance to the

32 The best estimate for the cost in lives is probably that of historian Brian P. Levack, who dismisses many of the higher figures as self-promotion on the part of witch-hunters, but settles on informed estimates and incontrovertible documentation to come to the figures of about 110,000 prosecutions in Western Europe between 1500 and 1700, with 60,000 of the arraignments leading to executions. He remarks also that outbreaks of witchcraft often led to the decimation of village and city populations and long term social and economic consequences (1991, 19-62).

33 See Donald Frame's literal translation of a passage in Montaigne's essay "Of the Lame" that Welles could not have missed (2003, 959-61).

devil; in his unjustly neglected essay, "On Physiognomy", Montaigne granted the Platonic notion that physical beauty may be a path to the appreciation of the true Form of Beauty, but also pointed out that the human mind can discern little from actual appearance, noting with no little irony that the great influence on his life, his friend Étienne de la Boétie, had a profound, revolutionary mind, despite his physical defects. Nietzsche called Shakespeare Montaigne's best reader, as Peter Platt observes in his introduction to a work suggestively entitled *Shakespeare's Montaigne*, which implies that Shakespeare might have known Florio's admired translation in manuscript well in advance of its 1603 publication[34]. Welles would have encountered Montaigne as Shakespeare first did, in French, and they both did so in a world rife with political intolerance.

It was to Bazin, also, that Welles revealed the key to his methods of characterization, by then having passed years in reflection upon taking up his peripatetic European existence. He had initiated shooting *Othello* in the North of Italy soon after submitting and then withdrawing his *Macbeth* at the Venice festival. He presently redid the initial footage, hampered by a combination of circumstances. By far the most famous Othello of his time, Paul Robeson, who had triumphed in the role on stages in London and New York by representing a towering figure brought down by racial animosity, languished in the United States, his passport confiscated in 1950 at the height of the McCarthyist witch-hunts; but in any event Robeson could not have played the liminal, cross-cultural figure envisaged by Welles, one who engaged in passionate, physical love at just the moment when the Breen Office preemptively informed the film's potential backers that neither a black man nor one in black-face would be allowed to kiss a white woman[35]. The warning was probably irrelevant: having

34 Platt and his co-author Greenblatt note that Ben Jonson and the free-thinking Giordano Bruno had known connections with Florio, and Shakespeare's familiarity with "Of Cannibals" and its gentle mockery in *The Tempest* make his familiarity with Florio's translation probable. Yet, despite a considerable literature treating Montaigne's influence on Shakespeare, the precise point at which the young playwright encountered the older writer's work has not been established with any certainty.

35 Anderegg details the censors' preemptive action, possibly because of Robeson's strong stand on Civil Rights and the fame of his Othello (in which the

travelled the Orient since childhood in the company of his father, but then observing swathes of Europe, North Africa and Latin America at various stages of life, Welles was already broadening the scope of his social critique, as perceptive critics have recognized. In his later documentary *Filming Othello*, Welles cites Bazin and Jack J. Jorgens with approval: Bazin for deducing that *Othello's* virtuosity of technique involving complex shots matched across continents and the lapse of months served to create an autonomous world for the characters, and Jorgens for recognizing that as Othello he plays a regal, dignified and restrained leader whose world precipitously collapses. Jorgens was the first to observe that the seemingly repeated shot framings foretell Othello's disintegration, the film's enveloping shadows and vertiginous framings being signifiers of a betrayed grandeur[36].

With astonishing speed Welles gathered together a seasoned cast of Shakespearians and a determined, multi-national film crew recruited in Italy, England, France and Morocco, many prepared in advance for the rigours of piecemeal shooting in Venice, Viterbo, Essaouira, Safi, and, most memorably, the labyrinthine Moroccan fortress of Mogador which served as Shakespeare's Cypriot citadel. His Irish mentors of yore were soon at hand, Hilton Edwards as Desdemona's inconsolably dismayed father, Brabantio, and Michéal MacLiammóir as the most mysterious of any of a score of Iagos committed to film (some years later the celebrated comic actor Totò was to play an urbane Iago for Pasolini in a puppet-theatre version that toyed with the entire tradition of Shakespearean filmmaking)[37]. Problems beset the shooting schedule: production ground to a halt as financial backers withdrew; costumes failed to arrive, and a sequence was improvised in which Iago corners Roderigo in a steam bath, while Welles donned makeshift European armour and the traditional djellabas worn since antiquity by Morocco's mixed-race Berber elites (who had sent prominent emissaries to Elizabeth's court). An entire flock of Desdemonas proved unsatisfactory, fortu-

kisses planted on Peggy Ashcroft and Uta Hagen brought trans-Atlantic waves of conservative protest and death threats) (1999, 115).

36 Note, particularly, the early pages of Jorgens's chapter (1977, 175-90) from which Welles quotes extracts.

37 For a more analytical account of Pasolini's unexampled riposte to both Welles and Shakespeare, see the pages I devote to it in Guneratne 2008, 226-31.

nate happenstance vouchsafing the enigmatic young Quebecoise, Suzanne Cloutier, who speedily metamorphosed into his uncomprehending *femme fatale*, becoming, as in Shakespeare's premonition, a "moth", albeit not one condemned to "peace" (I.iii.254), but to serve as tantalizing bait fluttering on Iago's fatal web.

As Welles stated repeatedly in later interviews, he drew inspiration for his film from the operatic adaptation through which Arrigo Boito convinced the long-retired Giuseppe Verdi to resume composing. Welles translates Boito's narrative inventions into visual ones (Iago's confessional aria, claiming demonic powers, turns into a pastiche of whispered peripatetic insinuations of a relentlessly sexual nature; an effect of light in a bedroom in Mogador's defensive tower replaces the sensuous Act I love duet Boito invented for Otello and Desdemona). In contrast, Sergei Yutkevich, whose opulent colour version of *Othello* won the highest honours at Cannes a mere four years after the triumph of Welles's film, observed the musical conventions more faithfully: his Stalinesque Iago soliloquizes, confessing his evil outside the action of the plot and, as is conventional in staging Verdi, triumphantly placing his foot on the prostrate Othello; Desdemona sings a "farewell" aria in lieu of the Willow Song[38]. For his part, Welles amplifies the animal imagery deployed by Iago, the ever-present spider who will ensnare "so great a fly as Michael Cassio": Othello is "an old black ram" who tups the scandalized Brabantio's "white ewe"; the ineffectual Roderigo, pining piteously for Desdemona, should drown cats and blind puppies rather than himself, and, having called his bluff, Iago thrusts an obedient lapdog, the Tenerife depicted by such Venetian painters as Carpaccio, into his unwilling arms; sea gulls dive into shots as characters de-

38 Predictably, it was left to Franco Zeffirelli, a prolific adapter of Shakespeare, to traverse the full arc with his 1986 adaptation of Verdi's *Otello*, which borrows many visual motifs of entrapment from Welles but recreates almost the entire Boito-Welles opera with remarkably charismatic performances by singers Plácido Domingo, Katia Riciarelli and Justino Diaz. In addition to borrowing Welles's gratings and enclosures as signifiers of the presence of evil, Zeffirelli frequently makes use of images of the cross of Christ's crucifixion, borrowed from his earlier *Romeo and Juliet* where they signify the fragility of even the most intense spiritual love, an effect heightened by creating sympathetic back stories (in flashback) for Othello and Desdemona.

liver their lines; Iago's concluding punishment is to be stuffed into a bear cage, winch-hoisted over the ramparts of Mogador, "for daws to peck at". Coleridge was sufficiently baffled by Iago to call his a "motiveless malignity". Welles locates the ensign's psychopathy in a hatred for fecundity, for the proliferation of animals to whom he attributes dangerous characteristics, and most of all for the sexually potent men and women, Cassio and Bianca, Othello and Desdemona, and a host of Cypriot revelers whose laughter mocks his sterility. He prods his minion Rodrigo with a stick before dispatching him with a rapier through the wooden slats of a Turkish Bath, he stabs the drunken Cassio and fells his wife Emilia before his capture: his compensations are transparently Freudian. Welles achieves two aims with his mature trilogy of Shakespeare films, a depth of individual characterization within Shakespeare's dramatic form, and an allegorical function in which style and genre comment on contemporary cultural landscapes. Here the *film noir* serves the function of a commentary on mid-century black-white relations that draws attention to the particular forms of prejudice that would diminish a Robeson, a Marion Anderson, a W.B. DuBois, or a Malcolm X, each exploited in a particular way just as Iago pathologically and to his eventual ruin exploits Roderigo's malleability, Cassio's fondness for drink, Desdemona's excessive trust and Othello's susceptibility to manufactured proofs.

Welles remained grateful to Bazin and his disciples whose contributions to the journal he founded, the *Cahiers du Cinéma*, helped *Othello* to its 1952 victory at Cannes. Asked by Bazin a few years later about the film's technical features, he offered a comprehensive interpretation by teasing apart an incident in his next film, *Mr. Arkadin* (also destined to consist of alternative versions compiled over an editorial span of three years, 1953-1955). In *Arkadin* the nature of evil seems straightforward: a high-flying arms dealer whose profession once consisted of luring, kidnapping, and exporting young Polish women to South America, fears that his cherished daughter could discover the secret that predated his ascent from 1927 onwards into a magnate who owns castles. Grigory Arkadin contrives to solve two problems at once by hiring a smuggler with a wide network of underworld connections to ferret out his past with the aim of disposing of witnesses and accomplices who could reveal the original source of his immense fortune. At

one moment, as the masked revelers in a surreal ball taking place in his castle surround him, Arkadin offers a toast with a fable that is decidedly more Machiavellian than Aesopian:

> Now I am going to tell you about a scorpion. This scorpion wanted to cross a river, so he asked the frog to carry him. "No", said the frog. "No thank you. If I let you on my back, you may sting me, and the sting of the scorpion is death". "Now where", asked the scorpion, "is the logic of that?" (For scorpions always try to be logical). "If I sting you, you will die and I will drown". So the frog was convinced and took the scorpion on his back. But just in the middle of the river he felt a terrible pain and realized that, after all, the scorpion *had* stung him. "Logic", cried the dying frog as he started under, bearing the scorpion down with him. "There is no logic in this!" "I know", said the scorpion, "but I can't help it – it's my character". Let's *drink* to character.

Peter Bogdanovich recognizes the narrative preeminence of this fable in Welles's *oeuvre*, no less determinative than Machiavelli's Borgia beasts in *The Prince*. Nevertheless, he understands it in a contradictory way. Initially, he makes Welles's antagonists exemplary character types, each species akin to the individual who is his own worst enemy: Charlie Kane and Harry Lime are doomed scorpions; Othello and Falstaff are victim frogs; Quinlan is that *rara avis*, the scorpion frog, although he, too, comes to a bad end. Bogdanovich cannot resist adding that in the early days of their acquaintance, "Welles and I played scorpion and frog to each other more than once", rejecting the idea of character types in favour of roles that any character may assume in a given circumstance[39]. A more consistent reading of the characters who inhabit Welles's worlds would be as individuals whose ego constitution results from an admixture of subconscious archetypes that predispose them to certain patterns of behaviour[40].

39 See the introduction to Wells and Bogdanovich 1998, xiii-xiv.

40 Interestingly, S. V. Feaver, in his premonitory *In Search of the Rose* (1994), recognized that Welles, whose major works coincided with those of Jung's mature writings, may have drawn from Jung's theories of the archetype. He offers such a complex range of archetypes for the characters in each major Welles film that it seems entirely unlikely that Welles could have known or intuited them, but his self-published book remains (despite its many errors large and small) an early effort to probe the sophistication of Welles's thought. Welles had already encountered the concept of the "shadow" (the counterpart to all other archetypes), early in his career. By chance he spent a season in 1937-38 voicing the radio narrator

C.G. Jung names as the "shadow" the archetypal force whose contradictory and self-destructive urges may overwhelm the ego. Being a close reader of myth and fable, Jung would discern immediately that the trusting frog who asks for no recompense for the favor he grants conforms to the archetype of the caregiver, whose shadow momentarily warns him of the danger of extending charity to one with evil intent. In contrast, the more interesting scorpion is a trickster, ever-willing to deceive and overturn a moral order, whose shadow drives him to become the assassin and the saboteur[41]. Welles takes great pains in this regard to disabuse Bazin of any simple good/evil dichotomy, pointing out that the Frog is asinine (comparing him to the duped sailor O'Hara vamped by *femme fatale* Rita Hayworth in another of this cluster of *films noirs*, the 1947 *Lady from Shanghai*), adding that in his films he defends the points of view of his enemies because rich characterisation is not a question of morality but one of charm, a successfully charming man being able to draw on his feminine side (or anima), his aristocratic side, his anarchist side, and by defying the world's expectations in this way, attaining a tragic dignity as does the scorpion[42].

Within this context Jung's discussion of evil both affirms and interrogates the nature of the theodicy to which Welles subscribes. By offering a negative proof of a supervening force for justice that inevitably imposes an apt comeuppance both for Nietzschean amorality and unthinking immorality, Jung challenges the elegance of the Dantesque *contrapasso* by which a character such as Welles's Franz Kindler, the disguised Nazi commandant in *The Stranger* (1946), is impaled by a crusading figure on a clocktower he has barely succeeded in repairing (i.e., offering the hope that time itself undoes the ba-

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of a detective crime drama popularly known as "The Shadow", an omniscient presence in the criminal world. As he staged the denouement to each of the capers, Welles's Shadow announced: "Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men. The Shadow knows".

41 M. V. Adams (2005) suggests that although Jung never mentions the "saboteur" as an archetype, it must exist as self-sabotage is a common psychical tendency; but it is quite possible that Jung would have regarded Iago's self-sabotage as deriving from the archetype of the mocking trickster overwhelmed by its shadow – the fatal end point of the kind of deception undertaken by Iago.

42 See, in particular, Adams 2025, 178-81.

nality of evil). In "Christ, a Symbol of Self", a chapter of *Aion* (1951), Jung dismisses the foundations of Leibniz's theodicy, disputing the contention that God and his earthly figuration Christ (i.e. God made man) could be the *summum bonum* originally proposed by Irenaeus and subsequently offered as axiomatic by Augustine (who in consequence argues that evil can only be a form of *privatio boni*). For Jung this cannot be so because if Satan disobeyed God of his own free will, then evil predates the existence of mankind or the creation of a material world, and such a challenge to Augustine in turn complicates Aquinas's argument that evil is either of natural or human origin. Satan and the Anti-Christ are but shadows of that force which encompasses both good and evil[43].

While this argument contributes to an understanding of Welles's fascination with the archetype of the Iagoesque scorpion, Jung's formulations find more subtle and pervasive reflection in *Chimes at Midnight* (1965), the last of Welles's fully-realised Shakespeare films. It

43 See Storr ed. 2013, 299-309, wherein Jung insists that monotheism requires that Satan is presupposed by God's goodness, just as the Anti-Christ is necessary for the existence of a redemptive Christ – pointing out that it was only the late Middle Ages and beyond (in the present context the Tudor period in England) that Satan and the Anti-Christ assumed independent identities and powers of agency. Joseph Campbell, whose work on myth was deeply influential in the world of filmmaking, collaborated with Jung on the translation of the "Answer to Job" (1954) in which the psychologist advanced the controversial hypothesis that since God is eternal and unchanging, he was incapable of growth or conscious self-realization. Job's transgression is his gradual recognition of the duality of Yahweh's character. Tendentiously, Jung offers (and endeavors to explain as illusory) two dogmatic paradoxes: his friends afford Job no consolation but only damning advice. Bereft and abandoned, he has no legitimate recourse except to appeal to Yahweh against Yahweh. So, also, God's "salvationist" project that required Christ to suffer, die, and undergo resurrection in order that humankind could be redeemed from a punishment that he had himself inflicted. It is God, therefore, who is the source of all, thus of all goodness and evil, and it is correct to fear and love him since he is a *coincidentia oppositorum*, the archetype and the shadow, the source of goodness and joy and of vengeance and castigation. This summarizes long arguments for which Jung offers a rich range of citations both of scripture and of patristic theology (see 519-615), but I have selectively shaped my précis towards the archetypes of the scorpion and the frog and the psychological and metaphysical dimensions these had for Welles, which herein I endeavor to place in the context of Jung's discussion of evil.

was shot entirely in Spain at the height of the dictatorship of Generalissimo Francisco Franco, at a moment in which the government encouraged foreign productions and proved more permissive to them than to native fare. Welles prepared with a reworked version of *Five Kings*, foregrounding his intended role, Falstaff, initiating that sequence with preparatory stage presentations in Dublin in 1960 amidst a welter of projects great and small (Melville's *Moby Dick* and other classics for stage productions commissioned by Olivier, but also magic shows and inconsequential acting gigs). Welles's friendship with a national icon, the matador Antonio Ordoñez, further insulated him from official proscription. In 1937 the anti-Falangist documentary, Joris Ivens's *The Spanish Earth*, had dwelt on Franco's atrocities during the Civil War, and Welles treated the narration furnished by another Ordoñez admirer, Ernest Hemingway, as unnecessarily sentimental: Welles offered differing accounts of the quarrel that erupted, but Hemingway caused an altercation since he did not believe it was a matter of free will, eventually rerecording it himself[44]. Like a metaphorical shadow, Franco's long dictatorship, during which public discussions of the Spanish Civil War were strictly forbidden (with film censorship being particularly rigorous), extended over a vast cultural and geographic terrain. Welles's judicious use of the iconic Shakespearian Ralph Richardson as an invisible narrator draws telling (if similarly invisible) parallels between the Wars of the Roses and the Spanish Civil War from the film's outset. Historical allegory – a quintessential Shakespearean tactic as Jan Kott and other commentators have long noted – served as Welles's renewed, rather muted contribution to his activism[45].

It is at a narrative level, however, that Welles is decidedly revolutionary. In marked contrast to Shakespeare's carefully staged trajectory of maturation (requiring him to dispose of Falstaff quietly between plays in order to transform a devious but feckless princeling into the regal and unyielding conqueror of national myth, Henry

44 My own research into this topic suggests that Welles probably exaggerated the physicality of the quarrel for dramatic effect since they remained on cordial terms despite withering, well-attested remarks by Hemingway.

45 In a chapter of *Shakespeare, Film Studies, and the Visual Cultures of Modernity* devoted to Welles, I attempt to elucidate the nature of historical allegory in *Chimes* and its Spanish variant *Falstaff* (2008, 173-209).

V), Welles neatly inverts the priorities of characterization, creating two rival fathers and two rival sons. Through intense concision he suppresses Shakespeare's sly parodies of the principal Lollard arguments against those same Catholic sacraments – so ably defended by Henry VIII and More – as reflected in Falstaff's evasions that the playwright treats with carnivalesque ribaldry[46]. Instead, Welles foregrounds the Prince's scorpion-like foreknowledge of his Oedipalism and the betrayed Falstaff's jovial but unamusing innocence, explicitly pairing them with a dashing Hotspur (humanized by his affectionate relationship with his teasing wife) and a Henry Bolingbroke, now Henry IV, consumed by the shadow of the ruler archetype, who from the early scenes of the film accepts his guilt for Richard II's murder and refuses, despite Hotspur's angry insistence, to ransom the true heir, Edmund Mortimer. The great speeches Shakespearians associate with the characters are transposed to the early scenes and spliced into dialogue, prefaced by a procession of foot soldiers trudging towards hastily assembled gibbets bearing pendant corpses. Hearing that Hotspur has raised an army of 50, 000 Bolingbroke expresses his envy of Northumberland for having so gallant a son, wondering whether his own represents God's punishment for his dynastic ambitions. For their part, at various times Hotspur, Hal and Falstaff imitate Gielgud's regal vocal mannerisms, and never to greater effect than in a scene done extempore in the central gallery at the Boar's Head amidst a throng of Falstaff's cronies. Seated on a makeshift wooden throne, Falstaff plays the King, sporting an inverted saucepan for a crown, inviting gales of laughter while neatly deflecting Hal's insulting remarks in the plumiest of Gielgud's tones.

Yet the film's spectators cannot share such mirth. In an early scene we witness Hal's celebrated soliloquy in which he abjures his wanton

46 Falstaff would have been known to Shakespeare's audience as a compound of Lollard leaders and was originally called John Oldcastle after a prominent, cruelly executed leader of an abortive rebellion; upon objections by his descendants, the playwright teasingly renamed him after another reformer, John Fastolf, whose notoriety stemmed from his proprietorship of the riotous Boar's Head inn and for his propensity to retreat from danger during Henry's French campaign, but who survived him. "Falstaff" puns on "Shakespeare", and in his performance Welles appropriates the idea of Falstaff as the author or choreographer of components of the action.

ways, except that it begins as a two-shot with the Prince in close-up on the left of the frame and Falstaff, who has accidentally stepped through a doorway and remains to listen in dismay at right in the background. And then, as Hal announces the transformation that will redeem him, he spins around in a deft 180-degree cut, to speak the closing lines to his observer who must have betrayed his own continued presence. Hal knows full-well that he is destined to play the scorpion, and, innovatively, Falstaff shares the foreknowledge that he is doomed to play the frog who will drown in laughter. Asked by Juan Cobos and Miguel Rubio why the film lacked gaiety, Welles responded that the more he read the sequence of plays the less funny he found Falstaff for he was "the greatest good man in all of drama" in that he is "defending a force – the old England – which is going down" as is exemplified by the death of Hotspur, which is the "death of chivalry" (261-2). A century would elapse before Machiavelli and yet another before Cervantes, but they lurk in the background both to lament the passing of an ante-bellum age and to anticipate the violently reconstituted world into which Welles's film was born.

Late in his career, in the process of endeavoring to prove the surpassing felicity of the apocalyptic vision Akira Kurosawa presents in *Ran*, a simultaneous adaptation of *Lear* and episodes of Japanese history, Jan Kott published his semi-autobiographical thoughts on the Shakespeare film, mentioning *en passant* an action performed by both Welles and Scofield for Peter Brook's screen adaptations of *King Lear* (143-51). Had he been more attentive to Welles (who is not even mentioned by name in *The Bottom Translation*), he might have concluded otherwise. Latitudinarian in religious sentiment and yet diffident in their assessment of human possibility, he and Welles were perhaps too similar in temperament for such acknowledgement. Like Montaigne they made themselves the subject of their thoughts on art and culture; and yet, left unmoored in the world's chaos and with no safe haven for quiet reflection, they saw evil just as Jung did, as an emanation of the conscious mind already overwhelmed by the shadows welling up from the realm of the archetypes that constitute the collective unconscious. "Sub omni Lapide Scorpius dormit", warns Erasmus in the *Adagia* that formed as an essential component of Shakespeare's grammar school curriculum. Macbeth's lament, "O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife" (III.ii.35), knowing that Banquo and Fleance still live, would have

struck his audience (which included King James) as an Erasmian metaphor for the evil thoughts that lead to evil action. The remedy that Erasmus and More offered, and in turn Shakespeare and Welles, was not a pattern of belief that merely summons God to the rescue, but rather a faith fruitful in good works. It is here that Welles anticipates Kott in declaring that Shakespeare is indeed our contemporary[47].

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47 These pages have been enriched by the holdings of a number of Welles collections and film archives of note and by the suggestions of the archivists who introduced me to them: Zoran Sinobad and Mike Mashon at the Library of Congress in Washington, DC, David Frasier and Joel Silver at Indianan University's Lilly Library, Ray Wemmlinger of the Hampden-Booth Library of The Players, Laura White at the Special Collections of the University of Michigan, Genevieve Maxwell of the Margaret Herrick Library of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, and Carla Ceresa of the Archivio del Museo Nazionale del Cinema, Torino. Above all, I owe many thanks to the generous and meticulous editors of this volume, Alessandra Marzola and Rosy Colombo.

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