

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WIND;

A LOST MOTHER, A MAVERICK, ROUGH MAGIC AND A MIRROR: A PSYCHOANALYTIC PERSPECTIVE ON THE CINEMA OF ORSON WELLES

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ABSTRACT

Arguably, Orson Welles is considered America's most artistic and influential filmmaker from the golden era of American movies, even though most people are only familiar with his first feature, *Citizen Kane* (1941). Any film buff can easily recognize his signature camera work, his use of lighting and overlapping dialogue, along with so many cinematic nuisances that define his artistry. Despite being on the "pantheon" (Sarris, 1969) of American directors, he never established any real sustaining commercial success. Even though he leaves behind many pieces of a giant beautiful cinematic puzzle, Welles will always be considered one of the greats. Prompted by Welles' posthumously restored last feature *The Other Side of the Wind* (2018), the time is ripe for a psychoanalytic re-evaluation of Welles' cinematic oeuvre, linking the artist's often tumultuous creative journey to the dynamic structure of Welles' early and later childhood experiences through the frame of his final film.

INTRODUCTION

From early in its invention, movies have offered the gift of escaping the grind of daily life, even when movies are sometimes about the grind of daily life. Movies move us, confront us, entertain us, break our hearts, help mend our broken hearts, teach us things, give us a place to practice empathy or express anger and point to injustice. Movies don't follow the physics of reality, they can move through space and time, bringing us to the most distant past and the most far-reaching future. They take us to the very depth of the human soul and the very edge of our imagination. Movies create an altered state, a place to go, a psychic location full of the unexpected, and the closest thing to a waking dream. And, like a dream, movies enter the mind's eye. We watch a movie absorbing its content through the lens of our consciousness and disposition. Often two people can watch the same movie and have completely different experiences, or one could watch the same movie at different times in life and experience it in a different way. As Welles once said, "movies are ribbons of a dream."

From early in his career, Welles understood movies are a product of an optical illusion, a "trick," much like how a stage magician manipulates our perception. In fact, film is based on an illusion, a

product of the rapid movement of otherwise still images in succession, known as frames per second, which gives the illusion or simulation of movement, thus giving us something that appears living, hence the original name for film was “motion pictures.” Welles often commented on the innate “deadness” of the actual film image. But even more so, movies rely on a kind of sleight of hand, and misdirection, to create further illusory experiences for the viewer. The lighting, editing, music, and the narrative are all designed to “trick” us, to manipulate our perception, suspending our attachment to outside reality, capturing our attention, often leading us to look at or experience something that is unfamiliar. At their best, movies pull us into another world full of wonder and surprise, or pain and sorrow, and all that exists in between. Welles as a young child had the good fortune to accompany his father, a stage-magic enthusiast, often taking young Orson to many magic shows by some of the greatest performers of the era, which he acknowledged left an indelible impression (McGilligan, 2015). No one understood the connection between stage magic and the power of cinema better than Orson Welles. As he made clear in *F for Fake* (1974), Welles’ last released film, he directly linked the art of magic, illusion and sleight of hand, with the art of film production, suggesting they are nearly one and the same.

If indeed cinema is magic, then there is no better place to see it realized than in Welles’ first film, *Citizen Kane* (1941). Upon its release, Kane brought a hailstorm of controversy and praise, astonishment, and contempt, both for the film and its then 25-year-old upstart director, Orson Welles. Welles was poised to redefine American cinema as being equal to any artistic enterprise the world had ever seen. Plain and simple it was an American masterpiece and time has only amplified its artistic merit, yet the director of such a marvel paid dearly for such an astonishing early success. As Welles frequently lamented, “I started at the top and have been working my way down ever since.”

If American cinema will be remembered for one film, only *Citizen Kane* would be that film. The significance of Kane has permeated the perception of all Welles subsequent films, and for that matter, has become the benchmark for all films made before and since; regularly holding the No. 1 position in the American Film Institute’s (AFI) Top 100 films of all time. Succinctly put by Jean Luc Godard about Welles, “Everyone will always owe him everything,” although the “everyone” that Godard refers to included neither the Hollywood establishment nor the film producers and financiers (Heylin, 2005).

There was great anticipation for cinema enthusiasts in the early 1970s when it was reported that Welles was embarking on a comeback project that would rival his earlier masterworks. Even its title had an air of mystery and significance, produced from an original screenplay by Welles and his partner Oja Kodar, it was to be called *The Other Side of the Wind*. This was a film that was to set the record straight,

releasing Welles from Hollywood exile, and return him to commercial success, reclaiming his artistic integrity. But that was not to happen.

Thus, it is fitting I would approach Welles' film career through one of his favorite motifs that is to begin at the end. This discussion uses *The Other Side of the Wind* (2018) Welles' final film-statement, with a nod to *Citizen Kane*'s structure; that is, to start at the "end," using Welles' final feature as a frame to consider his previous work. This is especially useful since so much of *The Other Side of the Wind* references his previous work, airing many personal grievances and insights accrued over thirty years of filmmaking. Interestingly, working backwards to discover the true nature of a person's (or in this case an artist's) life is at the very core of the psychoanalytic process itself. To be up front, Welles abhorred psychoanalyzing his work and, as it appears, he didn't see very much use for psychoanalysis in general. Welles told his biographer Barbara Leaming, "I've never, never... want to forgive myself. That's why I hate psychoanalysis. I think if you are guilty of something, you should live with it. Get rid of it – how can you get rid of real guilt? I think people should live with it, face up to it." As we will see we have some possible evidence regarding the nature of the guilt Welles refers to that one should "live with," but tragically living with guilt, especially childhood guilt associated with loss, remorse and familial breakdown, has a way of insidiously infiltrating and influencing adult consciousness. This infiltration then orchestrates repeating cycles of negative and often punitive outcomes, with which Welles was all too familiar. Welles, like the character "Georgie Amberson" in *Magnificent Ambersons* (1942), was no stranger to getting his "comeuppance." As with Herr K in *The Trial* (1962), punishment was a ready acquaintance for Welles, having nearly his entire body of cinema projects mutilated or derailed.

There may be other reasons Welles chaffed at psychoanalysis since often under the guise of objective analysis, he was often the subject of unfair and destructive criticism about his character (Kael, 1971; Higham, 1985) which has shadowed him throughout, especially in his later years which derailed any real chance of getting financing.

Before moving forward, it is important to orient the uninitiated reader to Welles film oeuvre. Despite working tirelessly on what seemed like countless film projects at every stage of his career, he only managed to get 12 feature films into theatrical release, beginning with *Citizen Kane* and ending with the posthumous *The Other Side of the Wind*, with only less than a handful considered financially successful upon release (the films are listed at the end of the paper). Now compare Welles' output to his contemporary John Huston, who directed about 45 feature films during the same time

period, often received with both critical and financial success, yet despite the paucity of completed successful features, it is Welles who holds our continued fascination as a film artist, generating numerous biographies, documentaries, and articles. Also, a second question arises, which may be the underlining conceit of this article; why such an enormous and influential talent had so little to show for it?

It is with a deep regard for Welles that I approach his body of work with the aim of offering a psychoanalytic understanding that I hope will amplify a greater appreciation of his art and encourage further interest in his film legacy. Using psychoanalysis in this way was first conceived by Freud when he did his monograph on Leonardo Da Vinci by ascribing unconscious dynamic motives to the artist as seen through his paintings. In this article, I will use both Freudian ideas and the “object relations school” (Fairbairn, R. 1952) to ascribe deeper meanings to Welles’ final film and how it links to his previous works and ultimately to his early life.

BACK-STORY TO THE *OTHER SIDE OF THE WIND*

There were many disheartening events in Welles career especially in his film work, beginning with the truncated release of *Citizen Kane*, quickly followed by the tragic mutilation of *The Magnificent Ambersons* (1942), then the disaster of *It’s All True* (1943) which will be discussed later, and in later years Pauline Kael’s ruinous article, “Raising Kane” which first came out in the New Yorker in 1971, and was later used as the foreword to the published version of the *Citizen Kane* script. Officially *Citizen Kane*’s script was co-written by Herman J. Mickiewicz and Orson Welles, landing them an Academy Award for best screenplay in 1941. In her article Kael claimed that the script for Kane was mostly written by Herman J. Mickiewicz, discounting Welles’ contribution, and further suggesting that Welles had been inappropriately taking the lion’s share of credit for the script. This article not only presented Welles unscrupulously hogging the limelight for the creation of Kane, but tarnished the one true Hollywood achievement of this maverick filmmaker’s career. In response to Kael’s poisonous article, Peter Bogdanovich (1972) wrote a brilliantly scathing rebuttal in his “The Kane Mutiny” setting the record straight regarding Welles’ significant role in the creation of the Kane script. But it was too late. Kael’s article came at a particularly vulnerable time for Welles. As Welles’ faced an uncertain future as a bankable director in 1971, Kael’s article foreclosed the significance and integrity of his legacy, casting a long shadow of doubt over any potential future projects (Rosenbaum, 2014). John Paterson says it best in 2001: “In 1971, she (Kael) reached her lowest ebb with an intemperate attack on Orson Welles in the

essay ‘Raising Kane.’” This almost hysterical jeremiad sought to demote Welles and upgrade writer Herman Mankiewicz as the true creator of *Citizen Kane*. It was slovenly, partisan journalism, was happy to suppress contradictory evidence, and to let resentment and opinion masquerade as objective truth. “Raising Kane” was later refuted almost sentence by sentence in Robert Carringer’s (1978) *The Making of Citizen Kane*, but at the time, a deeply injured Welles likened the job of cleaning up his Kael-soiled reputation to picking up shit with gloves: ‘The gloves ... wind up getting shittier – but the shit doesn’t get any glovier.’ With Kael’s article hovering over him like a dark cloud, Welles’ bitter rebuttal to Kael would become the thematic centerpiece of Welles’ next feature.

After years of creative work in Europe, yet with little commercial success, Welles was to return to the critics, like Kael, who challenged his integrity with a masterwork that would embody the antipathy and regret that has defined his years in exile. This work was titled *The Other Side of the Wind* (OSOTW); it was 1970.

Welles envisioned the *Other Side of the Wind* as a film within a film. The film within this film is also titled *The Other Side of the Wind*. So as not to confuse matters, I will refer to the film within the film as the *OSOTW-Insert Film*.

The back-story of the production difficulties, and eventual completion of *The Other Side of the Wind*, has been well documented in the excellent book by Josh Karp (2015) *Welles’ Last Movie*, and two documentaries on Netflix.

The Other Side of the Wind itself is built on a simple premise; aging maverick film director Jake Hannaford throws a 70th birthday party for himself at his sprawling house inviting the media, friends, critics, potential financiers, and hangers-on as a public relations stunt to find the money necessary to finish his current move called *The Other Side of the Wind*. The party is designed around a screening of the completed sections of his unfinished movie as a means to draw in investors and create a “happening” for journalists and critics. Due to various technical problems, the screening at the party gets interrupted, whereby the attendees are invited to see the remaining footage at a local drive-in theater. The party sequences are shot in a quasi-documentary cinema vérité style, both black and white and color, with three different formats (8, 16 and 35 mm), suggesting it was shot by both professional and amateurs. During the course of the party various grudges are aired, betrayals come to light, accusations of sexual impropriety are tossed about, and tests of loyalty emerge.

The party scenes are wrought with the feeling that Jake Hannaford’s life is a sinking ship and all those on board are either attacking each other (like the story Michael tells in the *Lady From Shanghai*,

about the sharks eating each other in a frenzy), or, those loyal to Jake, nostalgically clinging to the dream of a miraculous return to the good old days of artistic/commercial success. The lost at sea theme is reinforced by the Brooks Otterlake character (played by Peter Bogdanovich), who refers to the aging director Hannaford as “Skipper.” The “Skipper” nickname just so happens to be the nickname for Welles’ early artistic mentor Rodger Hill who ran the Todd School (a private boarding school), where the teenage Welles was sent after his struggles with public school.

The *Other Side of the Wind* carries a cynical even caustic tone from the beginning. The rapid edits and overlapping dialogue are clever, funny and striking, a kind of free association, with one idea bouncing off the other and then another and so on. This is all juxtaposed against an interesting art movie (*OSOTW-Insert Film*) of a young man chasing a beautiful woman. Originally, Welles was known for his heroic long takes (the opening to *Touch of Evil*, the party scene in the *Magnificent Ambersons*, and the walk along the parapet in *Othello*). But Welles’ quick edits, coupled with overlapping dialogue and varying perspectives was a gamble, breaking traditional rules of editing and film language. That gamble had mixed results, but Welles created something completely stylistically original with *OSOTW*.

THE MANY FACES OF ROSEBUD

In May 1915 George Orson Welles was born, and in October of 1985, at 70 years old, Welles dies, 15 years after the start of production of *OSOTW*. I mention this because *The Other Side of the Wind* is centered on the fictional director Jake Hannaford’s 70th and last birthday. It is an easy conjecture that Welles saw himself, and ultimately his fate in nearly all of his on-screen creations; from grandiose Charles Foster Kane, to the elusive Mr. Arkadin, to the oedipally possessive George Amberson, to the impossibly naïve Michael O’Hara, to the used-up police detective Hank Quinlan, to the overstuffed blustery Falstaff, and lastly and most directly to Jake Hannaford, the aging director trying to make a comeback. It is as if each character was designed to capture an element of Welles’ own persona or personal conflict, always in the existential context of *once having* then *losing*. In fact the opening of Kane begins with Kane’s death and a broken snow globe signifying the rupture of his cherished childhood, now flashing forward 30 years to Jake’s story which also begins at the end of his life in a suspicious car crash having lost his artistic relevance. It is not a far distance between *The Other Side of the Wind* and the autumnal tone at the end of *Touch of Evil* (1958) in the exchange between Marlene Dietrich and Welles, over a deck of Tarot cards:

Welles: “Come on, read my future for me.”

Dietrich: "You haven't got any."

Welles: "Huh? What'd ya mean?"

Dietrich: "Your future is all used up."

The "loss of a future" theme permeates Welles' characters who seem possessed by some insatiable inner drive that ultimately proves their undoing. It is as if time and tide have run out for them. This is expressionistically presented in the character Franz Kindler in the noir-ish *The Stranger*, whose obsession with clocks leads to his demise on a gothic clock tower. About half way into the 1955 film *Mr. Arkadin (aka Confidential Report)*, Welles, as the title character, tells the classic fable of the Scorpion and the Frog, commenting that in the end there is no escape from one's character.

There have been many attempts to extract the personal "rosebud" in Welles' oeuvre; "rosebud" was the childhood sled in *Kane* that signified the loss of innocence and lost family. Interestingly, Welles dismissed the pretentious psychology of the "rosebud" device in *Kane*, feeling it was a bit simple and hokey. In fact, Welles acknowledges that it was his co-writer on *Kane*, Herman J. Mankiewicz, who came up with it. Yet, the sled worked beautifully as a tight visual metaphor, and has since become an iconic cultural symbol. At the base of my discussion, and the thread that connects all of Welles' films and productions, is how early life trauma and circumstance ultimately sets the course of a person's character, and by extension creates the driver of their personal struggles.

From the numerous investigative biographies on Welles, along with Welles' own testimony, best seen in Welles' interviews with noted film director and closest friend Peter Bogdanovich (1992), the unexpected loss of his mother when he was nine remained the emotional cornerstone, the one event that proved fundamental to Welles' sensibility. In fact, Welles was drawn to *Ambersons* because of the beloved relationship that George Miniver had with his ill-fated mother (Leaming, 1985). Coincidentally, Welles' true first name was George, and before his mother died, Welles remembers her calling him "Georgie Porgie," which also appears in *Ambersons*. Welles tells Bogdanovich, "Because of her (his mother), I was some sort of Wunderkind of music, a child conductor, violinist, pianist. Then when I was nine, she died. I've never done anything in music since" (Bogdanovich, 1992). He alludes that her death forever foreclosed that part of his life, remaining in a kind of perpetual unspoken grief. I believe the guilt Welles speaks of is directly linked to the death of his mother, in fact; he goes so far to say it. Welles, in a recollection of his ninth birthday, says he was called to his mother's sick room, where she spoke to him, quoting Shakespeare, "A lovely boy, stole from an Indian King, Whoever had so sweet a changeling..." She then goes on, "That stupid birthday cake, it is just another cake and you

will have all the cakes you want. But the candles are a fairy ring. And you will never again in your whole life have just that number to blow out.” Welles injects, “She was a sorceress.” “You must puff hard” his mother said, “and you must blow out every one of them. And you must make a wish.” “I puffed very hard,” wrote Welles. “And suddenly the room was dark and my mother had vanished forever. Sometimes in the dead watches of the night, it strikes me of all my mistakes, the greatest was on that birthday, just before my mother died, when I forgot to make a wish.”

Two days later in hospital, Beatrice Ives Welles had died.

This theme is also linked to the untimely death of his father due to alcoholism during Welles’ adolescence. Welles recalled while away at the Todd School he was told not to communicate with his father indicating to young Orson that talking to him would be a form of enabling, and it would be better to keep a distance. Sadly, his father dies leaving Welles with a deep regret and guilt over losing the opportunity to see with him before his passing (McGilligan, 2015)

Returning to his mother, there is a sense of childhood omnipotent thinking in Welles’ sad recollection, as if he could have magically wished his mother into wellness. Thus we may consider that magic and invention has been a central element in and so much a part of Welles’ art and productions. For example, the story of the leftist musical *The Cradle Will Rock* (1937) was perhaps the greatest 11th hour rescue in the history of the modern theater. The *War of the Worlds* (1938) radio play was built on a Halloween prank constructed as a simulated news broadcast with incredible sound effects to capture the essence of a Martian invasion, an inventiveness which occurred years before the great inventive magic of *Citizen Kane*. John Houseman, Welles’ Mercury theater collaborator and producer, said of Welles, “Orson is a very extraordinary artist with the gift of magic” (*Sight and Sound*, 1962).

His failure to magically “wish” his mother into wellness or for that matter cure his father’s alcoholism, may well be what Welles was referring to with his comments about how one should “live with guilt.” For Welles, his remarks indicate that guilt becomes embedded, a force within that lives unspoken, a force that directs and influences the artistic process, and sadly, a force that can sabotage the artistic process. This force for Welles emerges in his films, often appearing as a failed reparative motif, and a nostalgia to return to a place before the world turned dark. As we see in *Mr. Arkadin* (1955), *The Stranger* (1945) and *Lady from Shanghai* (1947), the main characters, as a means to escape the past are driven to erase it; in *Magnificent Ambersons* and *Chimes of Midnight* the nostalgia motif permeates every frame as the world becomes darker and darker. Dynamically speaking, having failed to keep the object/mother alive after having adored and experienced being adored by her (forbidden oedipal victory)

a dark destructive force (death instinct) was set in motion. With the adored and adoring object forever lost, a profound lifelong search ensues, driving Welles to invent, create, and rescue, as a form of artistic expression reflecting, in a way, an effort to magically undo what has been done.

The shadow of Welles' ninth birthday recollection hovers over *The Other Side of the Wind* like an undertow of loss, impotence, and broken promises. Essentially Welles recreates his ninth birthday circumstance by staging yet another birthday with pretty much the same result, the death of all hope and no possibility of reclaiming artistic success. This narrative echoes throughout his many projects, which often begin as expressions of interest and cherishment, then things soon go terribly awry; the project flounders (un-wellness) and eventually dies on the vine. Further, this narrative belies many of his impossible cinematic conundrums of financing and design. By sheer invention Welles' was able to bring many of his projects, at least partially, to life (best observed in *Othello* and *Filming Othello*). Welles' never believed that when he embarked on a project like *Don Quixote* or *The Other Side of the Wind*, that these films would not be completed. Welles' had a boundless hopefulness despite his reputation as being "un-bankable" in modern Hollywood; still he pressed on never giving up on his projects in order to repair his reputation.

One could only suspect that the idea of his characters having little or no future was related to the fact that both his parents died young. This most certainly relates to Beatrice Ives Welles, Orson's mother – thought by many to be the artistic and emotional center of Welles' life, dying of jaundice at age 45. Six years later, Welles' father Richard, a hard drinking world traveling, inventor, playboy, died of heart and kidney failure a result of his alcoholism. The shadow of these losses underlies the *Magnificent Ambersons* and parts of *Citizen Kane*. These films were constructed as a bittersweet love letter-homage to his idyllic time in Kenosha Wisconsin. There, with his loving parents and the can-do Midwestern upbringing, the future looked as promising as the new incandescent electric light.

As in all his films, especially *Magnificent Ambersons* and later *Falstaff*, *Chimes of Midnight*, a dark melancholy permeates the narrative. This deep melancholy casts out the natural organic pleasure of living, where money, material possession, and power, replaces love and justice, and where shadow (corruption/artistic compromise) overcomes the light of artistic expression and fair play. The films *Mr. Arkadin*, *Touch of Evil*, and *The Stranger* speak to the corruption of power and how poisonous ideologies infiltrate and suppress consciousness. In other words, it is the overcoming of light by the shadow of oppression, which is best expressed in Welles' take on Kafka's *The Trial* (1962). As Welles ruefully offers in *The Lady from Shanghai*, "it's a bright guilty world." This theme of a lost time and

“comeuppance,” permeates the narrative of *Magnificent Ambersons* and, and later *The Other Side of the Wind*, which begins and ends in a desert, a sunny barren landscape full of empty promises, unrealized dreams, and a lot of nothing. Like in *Touch of Evil*, it is already too late to change or rectify their fate, we begin at the end of the main character’s journey – it is not a question of if; it’s only a question of how and when.

A DEATH BY DESIGN

In reviewing Welles’ film for this article, I noticed a peculiar fact that nearly all of Welles’ films end in death. Whether Kane, Quinlan, Falstaff, Othello, Clay (*Immortal Story*) and now Hannaford, death is always a waiting port. One could imagine this theme as a driver that links to Welles’ earlier losses, not only the people closest to him, but of the loss of a time and place. In *Falstaff, Chimes at Midnight* (1960), there is a telling exchange:

Shallow: Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen! Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Falstaff: We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Robert Shallow.

Shallow: That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have! Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have seen! And to think how many of my old acquaintance are dead.

Mr. Silence: We shall all follow...

Shallow: Certain, 'tis certain. Death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all. All shall die.

Arthur (1989) in his article on beginnings and endings in Welles’ films also noticed the theme of death “it should be said that Welles maintained a regular and virtually unrivaled relation to the thematic of mortality, to place death in the organization of cinematic storytelling...” Welles’ minor work made in 1969, called *Immortal Story*, also, plays with the theme of facing death. In this small film, in an attempt to sustain his immortality, an old wealthy merchant, Mr. Clay, at the end of his life offers a sailor the five guineas to impregnate his wife. Perhaps, Welles related to his films as his children, his creative offspring, and his claim to immortality. Sadly few of Welles’ films were fully realized, most were disabled or compromised, and many were tragically stillborn. *The Other Side of the Wind* was destined to fall into the stillborn category if not for the heroic efforts of the team that rescued his precious final document.

The Other Side of the Wind is consistent on all fronts with Welles’ artistic sensibility, where we are born to fruitlessly search for what we have lost, where truth is often hidden by materialism and corruptive power, and where impending death and reflective nostalgia take center stage. The

inevitability is certain, but it doesn't stop the central character's desperate attempt to find a way out of the inevitable. As in the thriller *The Stranger* where the town of Harper Connecticut, a bastion of American quaintness and nostalgia, must confront the corruption of the modern world in the likes of the escaping Nazi Franz Kindler and his pursuer Nazi hunter (Edward G. Robinson) Mr. Wilson. Welles regularly commented that unlike live theater, he sees film primarily as a dead object, and filmmaking is an attempt at capturing a living thing in an inanimate dead space of film. The innate deadness of film for Welles is what he tries to overcome in his technique. In defiance of this he attempts to coax out of his actors' performances a sense of aliveness and the unexpected. Welles tells Peter Cowie about his shooting style, "The images have to be discovered in the course of the work or they are cold and lack life...He added" I do try to keep the screen as rich as possible, because I never forget that the film itself is a dead thing and for me, at least, the illusion of life fades quickly..." It is my conjecture that this tension to keep things alive, emerges from Welles' earliest days, and that fateful memory of his final "birthday" with his mother. Welles associates aliveness with movement on the screen, his restless camera, unexpected angles and cuts, overlapping dialogue, along with the physical positioning of the characters (foreground –background), all are designed to project a sense of living vitality. In *The Other Side of the Wind* this is in full effect. The film is alive with movement yet often feels distractingly rushed, choppy and discordant (probably a side effect of budgetary and shooting schedule difficulties). *OSOTW* plays like modern jazz piece where there is a lot of riffing going on sometimes at the expense of the melody line, thus dulling the films emotional resonance.

A SCREEN FULL OF MIRRORS

Welles said to a freelance writer in 1943, "at the age of six, I discovered that almost everything in this world was phony, worked with mirrors..." The motif of the mirror as both a self-reflective, literal, and figurative device alluding to the idea of multiple realities is a regular element in the Welles' oeuvre. First seen in *Kane*, when Charles walks past adjacent mirrors that reflect infinite images, reflections reveal a deeper truth, which dovetails with Carl Jung's concept of the shadow. For Jung, "the shadow is simply the black side of someone's personality. And what is black is always known only indirectly through projection" (1976). For Welles, the mirror is both a revealer and a deceiver, as in the *Lady from Shanghai's* iconic hall of mirrors final shoot-out sequence, whereby all illusions are shattered and revealing the ugly truth. This is also true for *OSOTW*. Capturing the image of a person through a lens, the public persona – is the idea behind the use of multiple cameras in *The Other Side of the Wind*,

with each camera/mirror reflecting another angle without ever knowing the full perhaps forbidden truth. Time and again *The Other Side of the Wind* uses the *OSOTW-Insert Film* as a psychic mirror of the action that is unfolding, like how a dream serves as a psyche mirror for the dreamer. Further, not only the *OSOTW- Insert Film* reflects Jake's fate but in real life Welles' fate. Film was for Welles a mirror that reflects the "bright guilty world" and the shadow that lives beneath it, like in the underground sewers that Harry Lime meets his demise in *The Third Man* (1949). For *The Other Side of the Wind* it proved not only a mirror of what was and is, but a tragic prophetic mirror of what was unfortunately yet to come. In reviewing his work, Welles declared, "A movie is a reflection of the entire culture of the man who makes it – his education, human knowledge, his breadth of understanding – all this is what informs a picture" (Cowie, 1978).

MAVERICKS

Of all American filmmakers of any merit, it is my contention that Welles most regularly drew from memory and intimate circumstance to inspire his creative output, often at the expense of commercial success. It is a great irony, (of many) that Welles enlisted John Huston to play the maverick director Jake Hannaford for *The Other Side of the Wind*. Huston, a contemporary of Welles, also had a reputation as quite the rogue; yet despite his ornery disposition he was a terrific narrative film director. Huston could tell a tall tale with bluntness and humor, and most importantly, without the sense that Huston was psychologically injecting himself into the material (*Treasure of Sierra Madre*, *Maltese Falcon*, *The Man Who Would Be King*, *Key Largo*, *Moulin Rouge*, *African Queen*, etc.). Thus, it is not surprising that Huston's Freud film, *Freud, The Secret Passion* (1962), proved overwrought and without much interior depth. Welles and Huston's relationship went back a long way, and in fact, Welles gave an electrifying performance in Huston's *Moby Dick* (1956) as the impassioned Father Mapple. Huston returns the favor offering Welles perhaps his best screen performance, (alongside his brilliant similar performance as Noah Cross in Polanski's 1974 *Chinatown*) playing the lecherous maverick Jake Hannaford. He portrays him as a wounded lion facing his final days, weakened and desperate, yet still dangerous.

After the controversy surrounding the creation and release of *Citizen Kane*, which was seen as an attack on newspaper tycoon William Randolph Hearst, Welles never lost the moniker of "maverick. Much like in his conception of Don Quixote, Welles identified himself a dreamer on a quest of fighting modern commercialism in pursuit of artistic integrity and freedom of expression. His reputation of

being against the system was both a badge of honor (amongst other artists and with European cineastes) and a curse, especially when it came to the moneymen of Hollywood.

Welles the maverick had its roots in the unconventional childhood in which he was raised. Touted as a boy genius from early on he never followed a natural path of young Midwestern child but rather he was seen as a child prodigy where great things were expected. (McGilligan, 2015) Following the death of his mother he moved with his father to Chicago and close family friend Dr. Maurice Bernstein, and was placed in public school, which quickly proved problematic. Dr. Bernstein recalled, “Orson did not fit in with the usual boys...he didn’t join sports and games and was taunted”. The theme of not fitting in and being taunted in a nutshell encapsulates and embodies Welles’ experience in Hollywood. From the outset Welles was never raised to fit in, but rather invent and pursue his creative interests as far as they would take him, often without restriction. In the progressive Todd School Welles as a teenager was given free rein to explore and create with the encouragement and support of the school’s headmaster Rodger “Skipper” Hill, who remained a close friend and mentor throughout Welles’ life. In my estimation the label of maverick was merely a label slapped on by the Hollywood establishment in an effort to discredit Welles insinuating he was a reckless spendthrift and difficult to work with. As Charlton Heston recognized when they worked together on *Touch of Evil*, “he was an independent filmmaker in an era when there were no independent filmmakers.” Although Welles paid a terrible price for being considered a “maverick,” yet in later years, it became a label he would speak of with a sense of defiant pride (AFI Tribute).

THE SEARCH TO CATCH THE WIND

In many ways the concept of the “search” is at heart of the object relations school of psychoanalysis. Another maverick, Ronald Fairburn (1952) theorized that from infancy, the “search for the object,” is the essential drive of humanity, where the sexual and aggressive instincts (Freudian drives) are the primary elements that define the shape and structure of that search. Fairburn along with Bowlby viewed the infant as basically a searcher, hungry for attachment, and connection, yet profoundly vulnerable to the dangers of that attachment. Fairburn would use the analogy of a moth to a flame when discussing pathological states, such as addiction or obsessive compulsive issues. The moth seeking the flame is instinctually activated to approach, as the moth draws closer it is burnt to death. Fairburn explains that the moth is instinctually activated and seeks the illumination without considering the deadly consequence; such is the thematic undercurrent at the core of the cinema of Orson Welles.

In Welles' case, that "search", which is universal in nature, but exquisitely actualized in Welles' art, centers on the belief that there was an earlier time in one's life that the world was right, and love was abundant. For example, in *Kane* he highlights memories of a happy childhood with both his parents and the sled, in *Falstaff* the memories of his time cavorting with the prince before he becomes king, for *Quinlan*, the time he was married and was a good cop, for *George Amberson*, when he was a carefree young man, and for *Jake Hannaford* the memories of a time his films were respected. Then, inevitably the world changes, and what was once true is no longer. With this occurrence a darkness pervades, setting forth a quest to repair the loss and make the world right again. But it often proves to be a hopeless quest, as in Welles' aborted *Don Quixote* (1955, incomplete) film. This hopelessness is also seen with *Kane* dying alone, a broken man with the reporter never discovering his secret, and finally, when *Jake Hannaford* is left with an unfinished film and an empty screen.

With the completion of *The Other Side of the Wind* we can look at Welles in a broad perspective, where *Citizen Kane* represents the beginning and *The Other Side of the Wind* becomes his final statement – like bookends. In *Kane*, the interpretation of the "search motif" is easily recognized since the film is built on a reporter's investigation of *Kane's* enigmatic last word. The reporter's search to discover the secret of "rosebud", transforms into a parable about a man's desperate search for love in an ocean of empty material objects or objects that have been drained of their meaning. A clear example of this is *Johnny Dale* in a barren landscape of derelict buildings and empty deserts chasing after *Kodak*. *Hannaford* laments at the end of *The Other Side of the Wind*, "Who knows? Maybe you can stare too hard at something, huh? Drain out the virtue, suck out the living juice. You shoot the great places and the pretty people, all those girls and boys – shoot 'em dead".

The Other Side of the Wind presents the maverick filmmaker's heretofore unfinished hallucinatory vision, built on a game of hide and seek where a boy sets out on a quest to capture an exotic "Native American" woman. I believe Welles was also having some fun with the *OSOTW* -Insert Film, first by spoofing the European art cinema ala *Antonioni*, and more subtly creating a story about a young man searching for a "native American" woman, which happens to be the theme of *John Ford's* classic *The Searchers*. This reference is supported by the fact that Welles often spoke of the great influence *Ford* had on him, especially watching *Stagecoach* many times while preparing for *Citizen Kane*. And of course, I would be remiss if I didn't mention the most obvious reference to *Ford*; the main character in *OSOTW* is named *Jake* (often a nickname for *John*) *Hanna-ford*.

A DREAM WITHIN A FILM

Welles once said, “The cinema has no boundary; it is a ribbon of a dream”. Welles had often linked film image with dream work. The dream ribbon weaves throughout the *The Other Side of the Wind*. Specifically, the *OSOTW-Insert Film* could be thought of as a dream, Jake’s dream, or for that matter Welles’ dream. The demise of the aging alcoholic director (perhaps a reference to Welles’ alcoholic father) who predatorily lechers after a young woman at the party, is juxtaposed against a vision of young virile man (Jake’s envious wish), restlessly stalking an older desirous woman only to have the tables turned when she captures him. In their first physical encounter, in the front seat of a car, they have frenzied intercourse while the woman’s boyfriend sits in the driver’s seat (which is the most erotically charged scene in Welles’ body of work). Soon, after copulation, the boy is hostilely tossed out of the car on his ass into the muddy street, which then starts the search anew, analogous to Welles short lived love affair with Hollywood.

The “boy” and the woman’s second encounter become more abstract, with a great chase scene reminiscent of the murder scene in the bathhouse of *Othello*. The scene ends on a bed frame, then a scissor appears, and castration seems eminent. Set up as faux art cinema, Welles humorously plays out his dream, with the boy escaping in humiliation with Jake in mocking pursuit. We periodically see scenes of the *OSOTW-Insert Film* cutting to Huston watching his “dream” film with knowing intent. Desire for the forbidden object, the quest, then the fleeting sexual connection, fear of castration, then the enviable humiliating casting out is textbook Oedipus, and Welles knows it. Like George Amberson and like Charles Foster Kane, Jake was a man who had it all and lost it all (like Welles’ father); and now, he is merely a shadow of his former self. As the Marlene Dietrich laments to Welles in *Touch of Evil*, “Your future is all used up” – a perfect elegy.

IT’S ALL TRUE

The film that Welles became involved in for the war effort was a location shoot in South America, called *It’s All True* (1942 incomplete). That film was also lost until film researchers were able to piece together enough segments for a feature length release. That film proved to be Welles’ undoing, since it resulted in the abandonment of the final editing of his masterwork *Magnificent Ambersons* (Stam, Ryan, & Benamou, 1989). *Magnificent Ambersons* was designed as a somber and elegant telling of the Pulitzer winning novel by Booth Tarkington. It was to be Welles’ true emergence as an artistic presence, and to disprove that Kane wasn’t a fluke; it would extend his creative muscle in the

Hollywood system. But there was a war raging in Europe, and under pressure to shore up South American relations, Welles was commissioned to shoot a documentary under the aegis of Nelson Rockefeller's Office, Inter-American Affairs. Welles, feeling a strong patriotic duty, and also thinking he could manage the final edit of *Ambersons* from abroad, left for Rio. This was a fatal mistake for Welles' vision of *Ambersons*. The studio did some test screenings and got mixed responses and in a panic they decided to slash 20 minutes from the film, then reshot new footage (not directed by Welles) thereby derailing the entire mood and final act of this film drama, this was 1942. Welles never recovered his artistic and commercial presence again in Hollywood as director, despite some acting successes, and like the loss of his mother at nine, he never recovered from the loss of that film (Bogdanovich, 1992). It was hard to imagine just a year before Welles had the world on a string, the "boy genius" makes good, yet soon after the completion of *Kane*, and within a year Welles had nearly lost all of his artistic independence.

It was also true that this story of having it all and losing it all was a reflection of an earlier time. The biographical accounts from Welles himself state that as a child he "had it all." He was a prodigy, with a prodigious doting artistic mother, and an inventor/raconteur father who seized the world by the coat, taking young Orson on many trips to exotic places. This childhood lifestyle very much paralleled Welles' nomadic adult life. The Welles' were small town celebrities and their movements were regularly chronicled in the local paper. So deftly portrayed in *Ambersons*, the magic glow of a bucolic past was coming to an end, and a future, full of gray automation and melancholy, was just around the corner. In truth Welles' parents divorced, Beatrice became ill and died ending her promising musical career, and Dick (partially reflected in the Eugene character in *Ambersons*) turns fully to alcohol and a careless existence. Welles was therefore left in the guardianship of a close family friend, Dr. Maurice Bernstein (a name later used in *Kane* for his right hand at the newspaper).

The magic world of Orson Welles did not end with his mother's passing. He had some good years with his father and guardian Dr. Bernstein, who were incredibly well traveled and cultured men. As a rambunctious teenager he thrived at The Todd School under the guidance of Rodger Hill (the original Skipper). From Todd, he set out to Ireland to paint, and landed an acting job at the Gate Theater in Dublin. Under the stewardship of Michael McLiamor, who became cherished friend and collaborator, (years later McLiamor gave a spectacular screen performance as Iago in Welles' *Othello*) Welles returned to America to act and direct, establishing the Mercury Theater in New York (in late 1930s).

From Ireland to the New York stage (in *Black Macbeth*, *Faustus*, *Caesar*, the mythic *Cradle Will Rock*, plus many more) to radio (*War of the Worlds*; *Around the World in 80 days*; *The Shadow*; plus many more) – there seemed no medium that Welles couldn't apply his magic. Welles' path was clear, boy genius to audacious actor-director, it was only a matter of time the moguls of Hollywood would be conquered. Yet, as Welles soon found out, Hollywood was an altogether different beast, where the harsh reality of commercialism took precedent over any artistic vision. The line was drawn for Welles. Despite pressure, Welles clung to his artistic control, which I believe linked him directly to his childhood at Todd and his early maternal bond, where artistic pursuit was cherished above all else (McGilligan, 2015; Callow, 1995). This of course proved to be his undoing in commercial cinema.

Welles' last years were very troubled incurring mounting debt, and his weight massively out of control. All of his projects were either derailed, held hostage, or unrealized. Yet, despite these challenges, Welles' last years were not like those of Kane, Falstaff or Quinlan. He continued to press on, and was often surrounded by loyal people who loved him, like Peter Bogdanovich, Henry Jaglom (also both in *OSOTW*), his steadfast cameraman Gary Graver, his daughter Beatrice, and most of all, the love of his life, Oja Kodar, the co-writer of *The Other Side of the Wind*. The public first sees Kodar in Welles' "essay" documentary film *F for Fake* (1975) as the stunning muse for Picasso. Slightly earlier she is cast as an alluring and exotic "Native American" woman in *The Other Side of the Wind*. Her presence on the screen is nothing short of mesmerizing. She remained Welles' loyal companion, true life muse and artistic collaborator until he died. Through Kodar Welles found his oedipal victory, the woman of his life who cherished him as much as he cherished her. He died while he was breathlessly working on his next screenplay, not surrounded by sycophants and "dummies".

Perhaps the greatest irony of Welles' career was how the studio editors and money men, the ones who stole Welles' most cherished film *Magnificent Ambersons*, became today's rescuers of *The Other Side of the Wind*. The film was restored by a new studio system championed by Netflix. The restoration was the heroic work of Frank Marshal and Peter Bogdanovich, along with Bob Murawski as editor, Scott Millan as sound mixer, Daniel Saxlid sound editor, and Mo Henry as negative cutter. It was exquisitely finished with a haunting jazz infused score by Academy Award winner Michel Legrand.

A ROUGH MAGICIAN

There has been some speculation on the title of this film as to what Welles' was suggesting. Clearly there is no "other side" to the wind, meaning Welles could never get the financing to finish his

films; thus there is no wind at his back as he approached his productions. *The Trial*, which was completed in the mid-60s, was an especially arduous production, something akin to a broken rollercoaster. It was no different when he chased financing and distribution money for his dream project *Chimes at Midnight* (*Falstaff*, UK title) combining various history plays from Shakespeare around the deteriorating relation between Falstaff and Prince Hal.

Chimes at Midnight mostly shot in Spain, was as strenuous as it was artistically successful (some say his greatest work, although post production and distribution remained a problem). The next project, *The Deep*, was designed as tight potboiler with a small cast and one location (basically a couple on a sailboat), an easy jump to commercial cinema. *The Deep* (1969) floundered for two years, and with the death of the lead actor (Lawrence Harvey), the film was abandoned. With *The Deep* derailed, Welles turned to America with the hope of resurrecting his career. America seemed open to filmmakers with an independent vision. With the huge success of *Easy Rider* and other independent film, (plus the resurgence of European personal cinema such as Fellini's masterwork *8 1/2* and Antonioni's *Blow Up*), the time was ripe for the original maverick. This time there will be wind in his sails, and this time Welles would be on the other side of it.

The fate of Oedipus informs many of Welles' important films. Nearly all his films involve the inevitable eventual demise of the central male figure usually, a result of their own self-sabotage. In *Othello* for example, Welles shows us that it was not Iago's deceitful manipulations that destroy his king, but rather Othello's jealousy that proves his undoing. In Welles' first film, it's Kane's hubris, treating people as objects and draining the humanity from all that surrounds him that proves his undoing. The oedipal theme of a powerful man being supplanted or defeated by another younger man is seen in *Mr. Arkadin*, *Touch of Evil*, *Chimes at Midnight*, *The Immortal Story* and now *The Other Side of the Wind*. *Magnificent Ambersons* directly expresses Welles' oedipal situation displaying the most autobiographical element in Welles cinema until *The Other Side of the Wind*. The repartee between Bogdanovich and Huston (Brooks and Jake) in the final scenes of *OSOTW* are colored by sharp sarcasm, and jousting. Welles, as usual, took from his own life experience in several scenes where it is evident that the younger director has overshadowed his older mentor. *The Other Side of the Wind* was in the works at the time of Bogdanovich's feature *The Last Picture Show* (1971), which was heralded a great artistic and financial success.

Nearing the end of the film, Welles sets the scene with Jake at the drive-in, watching naked Kodar strolling about with a deflating phallus in *OSOTW -Insert Film* – then, Brooks appears at the side

of Hannaford's car, and some sharp banter erupts between them, riffing on a quote from Shakespeare's *Tempest*:

Brooks to Jake: "He's a rough magician, (commenting on his mentors cinematic skills) this rough magic I here abjure..." (quoting Shakespeare)

Jake, half drunk, pushes back on Brooks claiming he doesn't know the meaning of the word "abjure," (to give up).

Then, younger Brooks retaliates with, "not giving up, never" leading to a comment about being rebels. Sensing Jake's disdain with the whole conversation, Brooks asks with a note of sarcasm, "What'd I do wrong daddy?"

The older Jake stings back, "You can kiss my sweet ass."

In the production history, Welles wanted Bogdanovich to play the scene with Huston as if he was talking to him, to use their relationship as the motivation. What Otterlake did wrong was to supplant his aging mentor, thus sending "Skipper" to the junk heap of obsolescence and its signifier, an empty drive—in theater. This was a direct reflection of what was happening between them in real life. It was rumored that Welles did carry an actual grudge against Bogdanovich who at the time didn't cast him in a role that netted Ben Johnson an academy award for best supporting actor in *The Last Picture Show*, which became hugely successful and made Bogdanovich a film celebrity.

It becomes evident mid-way through, that the *OSOTW- Insert Film* is designed as a symbolic commentary on Jake's failing prospects, and the erosion of his artistic and masculine credibility. There is a frequent "back and forth," whereby the cross cutting between the party and the *OSOTW-Insert Film* presents as a critical commentary. This is amplified through the impinging presence of the castrating film critic Julie Rich (a stand-in for the movie critic Pauline Kael). The notion of machismo and the false bravado of the masculine, weaves its way through the film, with frequent homophobic innuendo. Also present is the erosion of the old ideas of Hollywood manhood, which are replaced by a new more feminized androgynous sense of masculinity. This new sense of masculinity is perceived in the character Johnny Dale. Further, Welles suggests that it is in Kodar's character, in her naked, silent, observant, cat-like presence, where the true power resides. *The Other Side of the Wind* ends on a specifically, albeit symbolically abstract presentation of and deflating flaccid phallus. It is literally blowing in the wind, deflating under the eyes of the watchful sensuous beauty of Kodar. The film then becomes about the failure of machismo, that it is a game that men play when they have no real sustaining power in this

world. In the end, it is the women all along who are on the other side of the wind. Kodar co-wrote the script, Welles' other side.

Psychoanalytically, the unconscious could be described as the "other side of the wind," meaning it is untouchable, ephemeral, impossible to directly observe. Knowing the unconscious would be to remember forgotten things, to make unspoken things spoken, to make the unconscious conscious which indeed would mean that it would not be unconscious anymore. Thus, knowing the existence of the unconscious is ultimately impossible. The "other side of the wind" is an allegory and no better way to describe the ephemeral nature of the unconscious process that directs our being in the world. In psychoanalysis the question often arises as to whose unconscious we are speaking through, the oedipal unconscious of Freud or the pre-oedipal unconscious of Fairbairn/Winnicott (and others). In Welles' body of work, the unconscious appears to speak to these two rivers of unconscious process. The first of these rivers is the pre-oedipal attempt to overcome the irreparable loss of a cherished object, creating an insatiable drive to spend one's life searching. The second is the fate of Oedipus, which is to be destroyed by his own hubris, and forbidden sexual desire (Kane with Susan Alexander, George Miniver and his mother, and John Dale with the "actress" (Oja Kodar).

The Other Side of the Wind presents as an authentic maverick classic and a bitter elegy. Welles returns to America to slap the face of the naysayers, moneymen, and bourgeois-disingenuous-critics who challenged his authorship of Kane, and his artistic integrity. Furthermore, the old rumors that he was self-destructive, lacked self-discipline, and worst yet, was too distracted to complete a real movie continued to circulate. *The Other Side of the Wind* would be Welles' rebuttal. Although his sleight of hand is present in every scene, and his creativity abounds, the complexity and the design became unruly and as in his previous efforts the production money disappeared and in the case of *OSOTW* held hostage. Welles was forced to use his inventiveness to cut corners, and make do, much like with his *Don Quixote*. With no money to finish the film, the production plodded on, and Welles' most creatively ambitious project began to unravel. As the project came apart his chance to make his mark on American cinema slipped away.

Seen today, *The Other Side of the Wind* presents as an artifact of another time, a bitter farewell, with decay and death, corruption and contempt, rebuttal and retribution. It sadly ends with an empty screen as the last stop in Jake's decline. This depressing ending feels like a nod to Welles' great friend Peter Bogdanovich, who supported him in his later years, making good on his promise to finish the film. In a very real way it was Welles' "last picture show".

A VISIT FROM AN OLD FRIEND

I believe I made a clear case to observe the linkages between the tragedies of Welles' early losses and circumstance, particularly his days of being swept up in the aura of "boy genius" with a beautiful talented mother and dashing father in tow, only to have it cruelly ripped from him, resulting in a reservoir of pain as well as a fountain of creativity, which no doubt influenced his unique artistic vision. The rough magic of Welles' cinema and the motifs of the *mirror* and the *search* resonate throughout his work, capturing both oedipal (retribution for attaining the forbidden) and object relational (searching for the lost object) dynamics. Welles was a maverick filmmaker in the era that the idea of a maverick filmmaker didn't exist. Charlton Heston viewed Welles as one of the first "independent" filmmakers, "ahead of his time." It is important to note Welles didn't intend for *OSOTW* to be his final film statement. In fact, this was a transitional film for Welles, demonstrating to the world that he was still relevant. *The Other Side of the Wind* is a purge of the past with his eye toward the future. At the time of filming, Welles had been preparing many more projects, particularly *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Cradle Will Rock* and the *Big Brass Ring*, to name a few. *The Other Side of the Wind* is populated with a convergence of old and new people from Welles' life. People from his past include, Mercedes McCambridge (*Touch of Evil*), Norman Foster (*Journey into Fear*, *It's All True*), John Huston (*Moby Dick*, *The Stranger*), Paul Stewart, and Richard Wilson (*Citizen Kane*). Those from his then current life were Peter Bogdanovich, Henry Jaglom, Claude Chabrol, Joseph McBride, Gary Graver, Frank Marshal and of course, Oja Kodar. There was also a collection of people standing in for others, past and present (e.g., Susan Strasberg for Pauline Kael, Lillie Palmer for Marlene Dietrich). In *OSOTW*, and all too often in Welles' overall career, what seemed like a relatively easy undertaking became a monumental marathon, resulting in yet another unfinished jig-saw puzzle project, and the never-ending search for financing.

Welles described film as merely a ribbon of a dream, and in many cases (like in *The Trial*) a nightmare. Dream logic is also a regular motif in Welles' film-work (*Hearts of Age*, *Don Quixote*, *Touch of Evil*, *The Stranger*, *The Lady from Shanghai*, *The Other Side of the Wind*). It is here Welles and Freud meet, and if I had control of space and time they would be sitting together over a glass of brandy with a couple of cigars, discussing the relationship between dream analysis, free association, and film editing. Although Welles never seemed a fan of psychoanalysis, I see Welles as the most psychoanalytic of directors from the classic period of American cinema. What I mean by "psychoanalytic" is that beginning with *Citizen Kane* and now ending with *The Other Side of the*

Wind, we can see a persistence of an artistic self-reflective vision which follows a continuous undercurrent of dynamic narrative motifs and images often drawn from the well of his own psyche. It is as if we can study Welles' films from the point of view that each film is essentially a remembered dream built on an idiosyncratic drive to work through or express the deep reservoir of joy, pain, and loss that was so much part of his complex childhood. For Welles each film became a challenge of creative invention, a kind of magic show, aimed as both entertainment while simultaneously a device for self-reflection. It is the element of self-reflection that brings Welles and Freud together. It could also be said that self-reflection, as in Freud's self-analysis, remains at the very foundation of psychoanalysis.

Freud and Welles had one specific thing in common, and that was their love of Shakespeare. For Freud he began reading Shakespeare when he was eight years old and frequently quoted from the plays in letters to his friends and colleagues. Most importantly Freud saw in Shakespeare's plays the very essence of human nature and conflict from which he was able to extrapolate and utilize in his work on unconscious motivation. For Welles, Shakespeare was never far from his mind (Anderegg, 1998), from his days at the Todd School, to his work in the theater and radio and, of course in film (*Macbeth*, *Othello*, and *Chimes at Midnight*). Vincent Canby the noted film critic of the New York Times (1992) reviewed Welles' *Chimes at Midnight* saying it "may be the greatest Shakespearian film ever made, bar none." Both Freud and Welles frequently drew inspiration and insight from the bard at nearly every phase of their respective careers. They viewed the individual's fate as a product of their own unconscious and conscious design, not some hand of a higher power. Concerning human nature, I believe, they would readily agree with this quote by Cassius from the play *Julius Caesar*: "Men at some time are masters of their fates:/ The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,/ But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

In the final analysis, to understand Welles' artistic vision and the trouble he encountered, it would be necessary to understand the difference between the intentions of a fine artist and of a commercial artist. Welles often compared his films to other artistic endeavors like painting or music. Yet, Welles was painfully aware that his canvas relied on great sums of money to realize his art. That was a conundrum since the money was in the hands of the studios who were not in the business of funding artists, but rather in the business of creating commercial product. For Welles to restructure and edit his work to appease commercial purposes would be akin to telling Picasso to try to make his images more life-like and accessible, and if he didn't comply others would modify his paintings. As nonsensical as that sounds, that it is exactly what the studio system was saying and doing

to Welles. But in a way, neither Welles' artistic temperament nor the studios' hunger for commercial success were at fault, they just were chronically at cross purposes. Welles, coming from a theater background, believed perhaps naively, that he could win commercial success (like in radio and the stage) by creating works of compelling cinematic art, which of course horrified the studios. Yet, there was a moment that the "rough magic" of Welles actually came to life, where the artist's intention and the commercial product became one (which we take for granted today). *Citizen Kane* was that moment and will forever be etched into the pantheon of the best of the best.

If you connect with the "rough magic" of Welles' cinema, you feel like part of a club that *gets the joke*. And Welles, as our "Skipper," always gets the last laugh. He anticipates the respect he would receive posthumously in his now famous quote, "they'll love me when I'm dead," which is also the name of a great documentary on the rescuing and production of *The Other Side of the Wind*. If I could have one wish regarding Welles, it would have been to tell him how much I admire and am inspired by his body of work while he was alive. Seeing *The Other Side of the Wind* was an unexpected gift, the gift of being allowed to spend time with a beloved and extraordinary old friend I believed was forever lost, and the chance to express gratitude for sharing his many ribbons of a dream.

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- Don Quixote (incomplete)
- Touch of Evil (1958)
- The Trial (1962)
- Chimes at Midnight (1965)
- The Immortal Story (TV Film 1969)
- F For Fake (1975)
- Filming Othello (1978)
- Other Side of the Wind (started 1970 completed 2018)

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Schwartz, J. (2019). *The Other Side of the Wind...*A psychoanalytic perspective on the cinema of Orson Welles. *MindConsiliums*, 19(8), 1-25.