

INTRODUCTION TO FILM
CITIZEN KANE

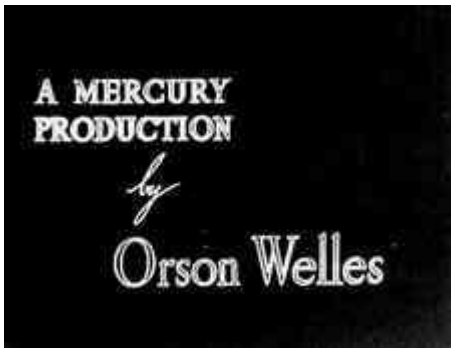
NAME _____

PERIOD _____

BASED ON INFORMATION FROM THE TEXT:

1. **WHO IS CREDITED WITH PRODUCING THE FILM, *CITIZEN KANE*?**
2. **WHAT YEAR WAS THE FILM, *CITIZEN KANE*, RELEASED?**
3. **WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE OMINOUS MUSIC SCORE FOR THE FILM, *CITIZEN KANE*?**
4. **WHAT WAS THE NAME OF KANE'S ESTATE?**
5. **WHAT DOES KANE WHISPER AS THE GLASS BUBBLE BURSTS?**
6. **WHAT IS THE NAME OF THE BLARING NEWSREEL?**
7. **WITH WHAT COMPANY DID ORSON WELLES ACT AND DIRECT?**
8. **IN WHICH COMPANY WAS HE A FOUNDER?**
9. **WHAT STORY DID ORSON WELLES USE FOR A RADIO DRAMA?**
10. **THIS RADIO BROADCAST WAS SO REALISTIC THAT _____?**
11. **WHAT AWARD DID ORSON WELLES RECEIVE IN 1975?**
12. **OF WHAT NEWSPAPER DID WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST FIRST BECOME PROPRIETOR?**
13. **IN 1903, WHO DID WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST MARRY?**

14. **WHO WAS A JOURNALISTIC INSPIRATION TO WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST?**
15. **WHERE DID HEARST BUILD HIS CASTLE?**
16. **WHAT DID HEARST DO TO UPSET THE LEFT WING IN AMERICA?**
17. **WITH WHAT IS HEARST'S NAME SYNONYMOUS?**
18. **WHAT WAS HEARST'S RESPONSE TO ILLUSTRATOR FREDERIC REMINGTON IN HAVANA?**
19. **WHO WAS HEARST'S GREATEST LOVE?**
20. **WHO DIED ABOARD WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST'S YACHT?**
21. **WHO WAS HEARST INTENDING TO SHOOT?**
22. **WHO MADE A DEAL WITH HEARST AND WAS SWORN TO SECRECY CONCERNING THE INCIDENT?**
23. **WHAT DID GOSSIP COLUMNIST HEDDA HOPPER SAY ABOUT THE MOVIE, *CITIZEN KANE*?**
24. **WHO MAY HAVE HAD A HAND IN THE SHOOTING?**
25. **HOW DID THIS WOMAN MYSTERIOUSLY DIE?**



NO TRESPASSING

That tarnished sign on a forbidding black wire fence is the first thing we see in Orson Welles' *Citizen Kane*, the rather formidable beginning of an opening sequence that's still as electrifying as any in the history of movies. Charles Foster Kane -- the eponymous tragic hero and central enigma of 1941's *Citizen Kane* -- expires moments after the movie bearing his name comes stirring to life, gasping that cryptic word Rosebud with his last breath. But *Citizen Kane*, now re-released on its 50th anniversary, is as thrillingly alive as it has ever been.

The thrills of Welles' breathtakingly exciting debut picture are multifarious. For one thing, there's the exhilaration of watching a cocky 25-year-old genius named Orson Welles explore the possibilities of the medium for the first time, playing provocatively with the properties of film as if he'd been doing it all his life. Visually and aurally -- from Gregg Toland's celebrated deep-focus cinematography to Robert Wise's crisp, complex editing to the multi-layered impressionistic/expressionistic soundtrack -- *Kane* is as stunning and sophisticated as any movie ever made, and it crackles and whizzes along at a pace that can even keep the MTV generation riveted to the screen.

Then there's the thrill of watching the exuberant young Mercury Players, among the finest actors ever to work in front of a movie camera, having the time of their lives as they projecting themselves into the future and into the past. Their fresh performances still bristle with spontaneity and an edge that few contemporary actors (Robert DeNiro comes to mind) can match. And, behind that NO TRESPASSING sign, there's also the thrill of the forbidden. For *Citizen Kane* -- in its first few images -- takes us behind that barrier, erected to keep out the public, for an intimate look at a great and powerful man who got everything he ever wanted... and then lost it.

As Bernard Herrmann's ominous score rumbles portentously on the soundtrack, the camera surmounts several layers/levels of fences and, in a series of dissolves focused on a lit window in a distant tower, moves across the dark, spooky, deserted grounds of Kane's Xanadu estate. That window remains in the same place in the frame -- upper right-hand corner -- in each successive shot, including one that turns the image upside down: a reflection in a disused boating pond. As we approach the window, a light inside (and, soon, a life) is snuffed out. Another match-dissolve takes us almost imperceptibly from outside Kane's castle to inside his room, where... it is snowing. A house sits

nestled in a soft, white landscape, but the camera pulls back rapidly and we see it's one of those little liquid globes with fake flakes inside. This wintry world held tight in the palm of his hand, Charles Foster Kane loosens his grip on life. The glass bubble bursts on the floor as his disembodied lips (in close-up) whisper: "Rosebud."

Like that shining window in the distance, Rosebud becomes the elusive focal point for a newsreel reporter's investigation into the life and times of *Citizen Kane*, an exploration which provides the plot framework for the movie. And like those shifting, sometimes inverted initial images, each person reporter Thompson (William Alland) interviews provides a different perspective, a contrasting image of the same man: Charles Foster Kane.

In one of the film's most memorable images, Kane, having torn apart in anger the bedroom of his wife (who's finally worked up the strength to leave him), walks trance-like down an echoing corridor lined with mirrors, where his reflection is multiplied a hundred-fold into the distance. *Citizen Kane* is about those images that we all reflect and project, the sum total of which -- the impressions we make on other people -- are all we that leave behind us.

And that central, unsolvable riddle of personality is at the core of what makes *Citizen Kane* so endlessly watchable. Charles Foster Kane -- despite the best efforts of Thompson and the people he interviews -- refuses to be reduced to any convenient formula. And how many contemporary movie characters can you say THAT about? *Citizen Kane* is a portrait of a public and private figure that, by design, remains tantalizingly unfinished. It's an elusive shadow-play, done in a vivid black-and-white that's far richer, more suggestive and mysterious than the neon paint-by-numbers palette of most of today's stupefying unimaginative Eastmancolor pictures.

As Thompson puts it near the end of the movie: "Perhaps Rosebud was something he couldn't get or something he lost. Anyway, it wouldn't have explained anything. I don't think any word can explain a man's life. No, I guess Rosebud is just a piece in a jigsaw puzzle." It's the mystery -- combined, of course, with the mastery of Orson Welles and his collaborators -- that draws us back to *Kane* again and again.

Kane is a movie about perception and projection. Critic David Thomson (no relation to the newsreel reporter) has even suggested that: "The whole of *Citizen Kane* might be Kane's own dreamed recollections in the last moment before his death -- his life flashing before his, and our, eyes. The fact that the film takes the form of investigations carried out by a representative of a newsreel company," Thomson writes, "could be interpreted as showing the degree to which Kane's own publicity has conditioned his attitude to himself." Indeed, the whole movie seems to take place in a kind of psychic projection room. The deathly, dreamlike hush of *Citizen Kane's* shadowy prologue jumps abruptly into that blaring newsreel ("News On the March"), which introduces us to the Official Version of the Life of Charles Foster Kane.

But when the film runs out, flipping on the reel of the projector, we're left in the dark -- in a dim screening room with shadowy faceless figures, silhouetted in front of the screen, who (like us) aren't satisfied with the portrait of Kane they've just watched.

The movie as a whole -- though as artistically satisfying as a picture can get -- also leaves us with certain unexplicated pieces of Kane's life that only we, as viewers of *Citizen Kane*, can put together for ourselves.

Yes, we eventually find a symbolic meaning for the riddle of Rosebud -- even though none of the characters in the film is ever privileged to discover it. But, in the end, the movie reverses itself and we back out of the life and works of Charles Foster Kane the same way we came in: drawing back behind the fence and coming to rest on that stubborn **NO TRESPASSING** sign, as the remains of a man's life turns to smoke in the distance.

Welles, (George) Orson (1915-1985), American actor, producer, director, and writer, most noted for directing and starring in the landmark motion picture *Citizen Kane* (1941). He was born in Kenosha, Wisconsin. Rejecting college for world travel, Welles began his acting career in Ireland in 1931 and 1932. He toured the United States with the company of American actor [Katharine Cornell](#), and he then acted and directed with the Federal Theatre Project. In 1937 he was a founder of the Mercury Theatre, which produced innovative stage and radio drama. His 1938 radio version of *The War of the Worlds* by English author [H. G. Wells](#) was so realistic that thousands believed an alien attack was actually occurring.

Welles's first completed motion picture, *Citizen Kane*, is often cited as one of the finest films ever made

Welles, then 25 years old, conscripted, starred in, and directed this psychological study of an American newspaper tycoon. His innovative expressionistic use of sound and camera techniques greatly influenced later filmmakers. The film was not commercially successful, however, and Welles spent most of the next two decades in Europe, acting and directing and continuing to experiment. He directed films that range from thrillers to television documentaries to works of English playwright [William Shakespeare](#).

After *Kane*, Welles's greatest films (nearly all of which he both directed and acted in) were *The Magnificent Ambersons* (1942), *The Stranger* (1946), *The Lady from Shanghai* (1947), *Macbeth* (1948), *Othello* (finished in 1952 but not shown in the United States until 1955; reissued in 1992), *A Touch of Evil* (1958), and *Chimes at Midnight* (1966). Other films he directed were *Journey into Fear* (1943), *Mr. Arkadin* (1955), *The Trial* (1963), *The Immortal Story* (1968; originally for French television), and the semi-documentary *F Is for Fake* (1974).

Two films that were never completed but which have been released in unfinished posthumous versions are Welles's adaptation of *Don Quixote* (1992), on which he labored from 1957 to 1960, and *It's All True* (1993), the South American film that occupied him in 1942 and 1943. His unfinished autobiographical film, *The Other Side of the Wind*, starring director and actor [John Huston](#), was a longtime project (1970-1976) that has never been released.

Welles also acted in films directed by others, most notably in *Jane Eyre* (1944), *The Third Man* (1949), and *Compulsion* (1959). In 1975 Welles received the Life Achievement Award of the American Film Institute.



William Randolph Hearst

[1863-1951]

Biography

William Randolph Hearst was born on April 29, 1863, in San Francisco, California, as the only child of George Hearst, a self-made multimillionaire miner and rancher, and Phoebe Apperson Hearst. In 1887, at 23 he became "Proprietor" of the San Francisco Examiner which his father, George Hearst, accepted as payment for a gambling debt... In 1903, Mr. Hearst married Millicent Willson in New York City. The couple had five sons together during their marriage: George, William Randolph Jr., John and twins Randolph and David. Hearst died in Beverly Hills, Calif., on Aug. 14, 1951, at age 88. He is interred at the Cypress Lawn Cemetery in Colma, California.

Inspired by the journalism of Joseph Pulitzer, Hearst turned the newspaper into a combination of reformist investigative reporting and lurid sensationalism. He soon developed a reputation for employing the best journalists available. This included Ambrose Bierce, Stephen Crane, Mark Twain, Richard Harding Davis and Jack London. Hearst was a member of the United States House of Representatives (1903-07) In the 1920s Hearst built a castle on a 240,000 acre ranch at San Simeon, California. At his peak he owned 28 major newspapers and 18 magazines, along with several radio stations and movie companies. The Great Depression

weakened his financial position and by 1940 he had lost personal control of his vast communications empire. Hearst upset the left-wing in America by being a pro-Nazi in the 1930s and a staunch anti-Communist in the 1940s.

He studied at Harvard, and then took over the San Francisco Examiner in 1887 from his father. He acquired the New York Morning Journal (1895), and launched the Evening Journal in 1896. He sensationalized journalism by the introduction of banner headlines and lavish illustrations. Believed by many to have initiated the Spanish--American War of 1898 to encourage sales of his newspaper, he also advocated political assassination in an editorial just months before the assassination of President McKinley. His national chain of newspapers and periodicals grew to include the Chicago Examiner, Boston American, Cosmopolitan, and Harper's Bazaar. His life inspired the Orson Welles film, *Citizen Kane*.

"Yellow Journalism"

Though the term was originally coined to describe the journalistic practices of Joseph Pulitzer, William Randolph Hearst proved himself worthy of the title. Today, it is his name that is synonymous with "yellow journalism."

... where "yellow journalism" got its start. In a classic example of the power of ownership, Hearst responded to illustrator Frederic Remington's request to return from a Havana that was quiet, "Please remain. You furnish the pictures and I'll furnish the war."

When an explosion sank the Maine and killed hundreds of sailors in the Havana Harbor on 15 February 1898, journalists, including those from the Journal, recommended caution in speculating the cause of the disaster. Hearst had other ideas. When he learned of the explosion, he called the Journal city desk and asked the editor on duty what other stories were to be played on the front page. When the editor replied "just the other big news," Hearst exploded that there was no other big news and the sinking of the Maine meant war. Two days later the Journal was banging the war drum with such headlines as "War? Sure!" Coverage of the Spanish-American War, soon to become the Journal's war, established a template for the next century of how journalists were to cover significant events. After thirty-five years of this type of journalism, newsmen and women at competing papers were amused when Hearst issued a

bulletin in 1933 that established editorial guidelines for his newsrooms across the country.

Ernest L. Meyer wrote: "Mr. Hearst in his long and not laudable career has inflamed Americans against Spaniards, Americans against Japanese, Americans against Filipinos, Americans against Russians, and in the pursuit of his incendiary campaign he has printed downright lies, forged documents, faked atrocity stories, inflammatory editorials, sensational cartoons and photographs and other devices by which he abetted his jingoistic ends."

Marion Davies



History often remembers Marion only for her association with magnate William Randolph Hearst, their story is truly one of America's greatest love stories of all time.

Marion Davies, born Marion Cecilea Douras on January 3, 1897, ... When Marion moved to California, she had already met William Randolph Hearst. They lived together at San Simeon, a very elaborate mansion, nicknamed Hearst's Castle, which stands as a California landmark today. At San Simeon, they threw very elaborate formal parties and LOTS of costume parties. Guests included Carole Lombard, Mary Pickford, Sonja Henie, Dolores Del Rio, basically all of Hollywood. Also other people like the Mayor of New York City and Charles Lindbergh. ... She went through a lot, even getting polio in the 1940's. She got cancer of the jaw, which is what finally killed her.

The rumor mill ...

[Thomas] Ince died in November 1924, while celebrating his forty-third birthday aboard William Randolph Hearst's yacht. The abruptness of his death and his stature in the industry generated a series of sensational rumors. The most enduring is

that Hearst caught his mistress, Marion Davies, kissing Charlie Chaplin and shot at him, accidentally hitting and killing Ince. The small party on board--including Louella Parsons, who later made a deal with Hearst for a syndicated gossip column--was sworn to secrecy .

William Randolph Hearst hated minorities, and he used his chain of newspapers to aggravate racial tensions at every opportunity. Hearst especially hated Mexicans. Hearst papers portrayed Mexicans as lazy, degenerate, and violent, and as marijuana smokers and job stealers. The real motive behind this prejudice may well have been that Hearst had lost 800,000 acres of prime timberland to the rebel Pancho Villa, suggesting that Hearst's racism was fueled by Mexican threat to his empire.

The morning papers would headline "Movie producer shot on Hearst yacht!". The evening papers would not carry that headline and the rival Hearst paper would print the next day that Ince died of acute indigestion. The mysterious bullet, if there was one, in Ince may have been meant for Charles Chaplin, who was allegedly carrying on with Hearst's mistress, Marion Davies .

Pioneer film producer, Thomas H. Ince who was born on November 6, 1882, died under mysterious circumstances on board William Randolph Hearst's yacht on November 19, 1924. On board were also actress Marion Davies and actor Charles Chaplin

Inceville, located where Sunset Boulevard reaches the Pacific Ocean, is named for Thomas H. Ince. It was in Inceville that he established his first studio, before moving his studio to Culver City.

According to other incidents and guests surrounding the infamous party weekend of Thomas Ince's death, Marion Davies' secretary, Abigail Kinsolving, may have had a hand in the shooting death of Thomas Ince. Although hushed at the time, Abigail supposedly confessed to having been raped by Ince that weekend and both parties were seen to have bruises from a struggle. She was to become the number 1 suspect but she was not convicted. Abigail gave birth to a child out of wedlock and mysteriously died in a car "accident" near the San Simeon castle soon after. A suicide note found in the car had several inconsistencies from her handwriting and her body was suspiciously found immediately by two of Randolph Hearst's strongarm bodyguard's. The daughter, Louise, was sent to an orphanage and was supported by funds directly paid by Marion Davies. The original investigator whose suspicions about the shooting went unheeded still lives in a retirement home near Morrow Bay, CA and still believes in the innocence of Abigail. The case is closed and unsolved.