

HOLLYWOOD



IDA'S happiest when she's loafing, calls herself "the poor man's Bette Davis"

She'd Dye Her Hair Purple

BY ROBERT CONDON

Ida Lupino does things just to surprise guests. Dinner at home is like the Mad Hatter's party

IDA LUPINO inherits her acting ability from a stage family that dates back to the 17th century. Her wackiness stems from the same source.

The original Lupinos were traveling puppeteers and merry-andrews, hailing originally from Italy but settling finally in London. For nearly three centuries there has always been a Lupino on the British stage. Ida's father was the late Stanley Lupino, a world-famous comedian. He married Connie Emerald, who came from another famous theatrical family.

Connie Lupino sets the pace for the Lupino household in Beverly Hills. Ida improves upon it. It is not a conventional household. At their parties there are always people who seem to know neither each other nor the hostess.

Recently a Hollywood agent was invited to the Lupino home on a matter of business. He was ushered to a table occupied by about 18 other people. The agent, feeling correctly that he had blundered into a

family celebration, tried to explain who he was, but Connie frowned him to a seat and continued with the long and stately harangue that he had interrupted.

She addressed herself separately to everyone at the table, expressing her warm regard for each, until it came the turn of the luckless intruder. There she paused.

"And who are you?" she demanded loudly.

Like mother, like daughter. Ida is an amiable but erratic hostess. She will invite friends to dinner and forget that she invited them. The Fuller Brush man, on the other hand, may find himself mistakenly summoned in for cocktails.

It is not unusual for Miss Lupino to spend three hours in her boudoir while the company waits. Then she'll emerge, like as not, with her hair dyed purple. She has never been satisfied with her natural auburn.

Neighbors Are Confused

THE Lupino home is bewildering to the neighbors. Ida starts the day noisily at four in the afternoon or three in the morning, depending on when she feels like getting out of bed. She has been known to ring up friends at 3 a.m. for pre-dawn cocktails.

At any hour she is a brilliant and

untiring conversationalist. Of late her talk, always amusing, has been centered on her health which, she is convinced, is quite bad. Actually she's usually in perfect health.

Her major neurosis is the vague feeling of "having forgotten something." It haunts her always, and is quite often justified. She was once scheduled to leave for New York, started out in a car for the station, and wound up mysteriously at Romanoff's, where she sat and brooded: "Now I wonder what I have forgotten this time."

Up At Six

ALL this vagueness of purpose applies, of course, to her non-working hours. On the job she drives herself hard. She will get up at 6 a.m., work all day on



the lot, and be home at seven. When supper, about which she invariably complains, is ended, she will go to her room and study her lines until close to working time again. On these occasions, a whisper in an adjoining room will bring her out raging and demanding quiet.

Her talents are many and scattered. She dances, sings, writes plays and short stories, composes music. Her "Aladdin Suite" was performed by the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra.

She is also a fine actress. At the age of 11 she was playing tragedies in evening dress and high heels — for her father's benefit. In spite of this, Hollywood cast her originally as an ingenue.

She has fought against bad roles, once broke a \$1,750-a-week contract because she was disgusted with her parts.

In her newest picture, "Deep Valley," which comes better-heralded than most, she is no ingenue. Ever since her major successes in "The Light That Failed" and "They Drive by Night," she has been playing highly emotional if not always well-integrated roles.

"I'm the poor man's Bette Davis," she says wryly.



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