

A close-up photograph of a red bubble wrap surface. The bubbles are arranged in a grid pattern and are filled with a translucent red liquid. The text "FUGITIVE TRACES" is overlaid in the center in a white, bold, sans-serif font. The lighting is bright, creating highlights and shadows on the bubbles.

FUGITIVE TRACES

A SENSE OF IRONY

One day, Werner Herzog, traveling filmmaker, wakes up to find himself transformed into a midget. *Zu einem ungeheuren Zwerg*, his comforter a stifling monstrosity. In terror, he reaches out with his toes and with his arms to see: Am I still as large as the bed is? He isn't. It is an ocean, a galaxy of a bed, and his pajamas are those of a bygone giant. Naked, he crawls to the edge of the mattress, a precipice to which the floor of his bedroom is the bottom of an abyss. He pulls out the drawers of his bedside bureau, each one just further than the next, making of the furniture an impromptu staircase by means of which he is able to descend safely to the floor. The doorknob is the next absurd obstacle. How can he go on? Then he remembers: the film. Today he must coax piglets into suckling from their slaughtered mother, a blasphemy it seems this forbidding world would go to supernatural lengths to prevent him from capturing on celluloid. A footstool and a chair grant him access to the melon of a doorknob. His reflection is that of *Freaks* director Tod Browning, and Herzog is nearly thrown to the floor in shock. When he emerges into the dizzy hallway, he's surprised to find himself *at eye level* with Hombrécito, the midget start of his film! "Let's have a drink together," Hombré squeaks. Suddenly the whole cast is there, the whole tiny town of the midgets,

and Werner Herzog knows that he is now the mayor, the elected mayor. "Let's go ride your motorcycle," they all insist, "your motorcycle, your motorcycle!" With a sound like popcorn, each in turn transforms into a monkey – some sort of a midget type of sloth, relatively rare. "Brown bears, black bears, bears bears and more bears!" They form a giant cluster over the filmmaker, biting him on the hands, arms, legs, even on the end of his nose. "Brown bears, black bears, bears bears and more bears!" As he lets out the loudest scream his shrunken lungs can muster, he feels a hand, a human hand on his shoulder. Opening his eyes, he sees a face the size of a full moon. Martje. Heart pounding, his feet find the footboard, his hand knocks the alarm clock off the bedside bureau. Safe from *Freaks*. „*Es ist ein Albtraum.*” Werner sits up in bed and remembers again the film. "Turn the pig loose," he tells Martje. "Turn the pig loose and show us something."

BY DINT

Before a girl thrown from a horse, suspended in mid-air. Your directorial debut. Before the Augustinian moment with the earthquake. Before that head rolled off and kept counting in *Aguirre* and you were in love. Before Timothy Treadwell screamed obscenities at the sky and you knew it was no accident. Before some half-drunk night when art films you didn't want to watch managed to summit your Netflix queue. Before, sitting on a toilet, you read an interview with Aronofsky about *The Fountain* and he said the name. *Can you describe the accident that occurred on your final day of shooting?* "That was not an accident, that was just something that went a little bit out of hand." Further prehistory. German class (senior year?), some sort of baffling raffle or game for the purpose of clearing off Frau Coupar's basement shelves. My prize a VHS tape of *Nosferatu*. My friend Matt, who always knew more about everything than me, was jealous. He might have even said the name – or maybe it was Kinski. One way or another, there it was on the cover: *ein Film von Werner Herzog*. Somehow I knew the name even though I'd never heard it, like something in the collective unconscious, a recurrent dream in which one of the characters knows something that you the dreamer don't, a battle cry snarl of a name, awakening a dormant brother. I watched the vampire film, found it pretty

boring, and was too much a high schooler to give it any more thought.

THE ECHO AND THE WEASEL

This is Fresh Air. I'm Terry Gross. Werner Herzog, welcome back to Fresh Air. "Thank you." I'm wondering if you have ever practiced religion? "It really shook me to the core seeing an image of a horse, and it said prehistoric and stone age paintings. And I couldn't believe it, and I would pass by the window and try to earn money as a ball boy in tennis courts and I hoped that nobody would buy the book. Apparently I thought it was the only one. And finally I bought it and the kind of shudder of awe seeing these paintings is still in me somehow." *I'm wondering if you have ever practiced religion?* "The mysterious thing: next to this footprint – probably a boy, probably around eight years old – parallel to it runs the print of a wolf. Did the wolf stalk the boy, or did they walk together as friends? Or did the wolf leave its prints 5,000 years later?" *And yourself?* "It is arguably the greatest single sequence in all of film history, Fred Astaire dancing with his own shadows. And all of a sudden he stops and the shadows become independent and dance without him and he has to catch up with them. It can't get more beautiful." *And yourself?* "It was just... a moment... of complete awe. Nothing else, just awe. And, of course, surprises, because I was not prepared for the fact that the cave is so beautiful. It's like crystal cathedrals – and stalactites and stalagmites and just

like a fairy tale universe down there." *And yourself?* "Too many tourists – their exhalations, their breath – a mold on the walls, very hard to control." *And yourself?* "Fred Astaire dancing with his own shadows, and he—" *And yourself?* "Did the wolf stalk the boy, or did they walk together as friends?" *And yourself?* "Um... skulls... vertebrae... rib cages, four thousand of them." *And yourself?* "We simply do not know. We just do not know." *And yourself?* "Breath created a mold on the wall—" *And yourself?* ... *And yourself?*... *And yourself?* "Vapid babble about— Vapid babble about— Vapid babble about— Vapid babble about—" *No, no, I have to stop you. Wait, wait, wait. I'm wondering if you have ever practiced religion.* "Well, I had an intense religious phase in my adolescence, and I do understand religious sentiment. I understand the quest for something high up, something beyond us. It has been a very dramatic phase in my life, and, although I'm not a religious person anymore—" *Well, Werner Herzog, thank you for talking with us. "... Werner Herzog's new 3D documentary is called Cave of Forgotten Dreams. You can watch the scene of Fred Astaire dancing with his shadows on Fresh Air dot NPR dot org.*

FANTASY ENOUGH

Now to lift the chair he's sitting in, The Young Vish, assembling scaffolding by himself at dawn. An impossible puzzle, standards just wider than a wing-span. Even if they weren't, what third hand would affix the ledgers? Two steel poles that spin around a central axis, achieving the highest simplicity-to-unwieldiness ratio of any object ever conceived. Good foundations are essential – and impossible – on this mole-rutted prairie with two of four base plates errant. Scraps of wood serve as sole boards, but each level raised will amplify imperfections, seemingly-solid shown to be listing and hazardous. Somehow one section stands, but the Vish lugged only enough materials to gauge the futility of the endeavor. Now, back two hundred yards to where the pieces rust in a pile of tetanus, two standards at a time but oh god just barely, with two stops to re-shoulder the yoke. A bundle of ledgers, a bucket of couplers and pins. The plastic handle shatters. Pep talks himself into two more standards. Now the rented pick, the twenty dollars it represents. Even though the heating bill would hit \$150 some months, that still doesn't explain where the money went. He tries to blame himself – that's the kind of Vish he is. Drinking every night, the speeding ticket, the hospital bill after he tore his hamstring. But none of these really solve the case of the

vanishing fifteen grand. Life just does this. A Vish tries something a little bold, and life says unacceptable. It funnels you into an occupation just to survive. *To survive.* The last ledgers, the last couplers and pins. The final standards, the pieces all piled in waiting, and his joints suggest utter forfeit. But there hovers the image of the perfect mirage, built up from beneath, and The Vish realizes he should have set up a camera to memorialize his labor. Time lapse and the behind-the-scenes is the real scene and why would scaffolding erect itself in the middle of a marshy prairie? Second section done, he starts on the third. Why would angles and steel intrude on autumn, sectioning sky and treeline into geometric exercise? *So you didn't even have production insurance – in case there was an accident?* “Money always has two qualities: it is stupid and it is cowardly.” Third section done, I start on the fourth and final. For elevation, for production value, for vantage over the prairie that none will notice when the horse enters at the bottom of the frame. Fourth section done, pick in place. For simulated topography. There's a breeze up here, and he imagines his eye a camera iris.

CHRISTIAN BALE'S COURAGE

Bale posts bail after allegations of assault against his 61-year-old mother, Jenny, and 40-year-old sister, Sharon. "It's a family matter!" his sister shouted out the window of her Corfe Mullen home when approached by reporters. *Turn on the camera and let's get over it quickly.* "Mr. Bale, who denies the allegation, cooperated throughout, gave his account in full of the events in question, and has left the station without any charge being made against him by the police." *He just eats them. He really eats these live maggots.* I WANT YOU OFF THE SET YOU PRICK! NO, DON'T JUST BE SORRY! GIVE ME A FUCKING ANSWER ... I was looking at the light— OH GOOD FOR YOU, AND HOW WAS IT? YOU'RE A NICE GUY! YOU'RE A NICE GUY! BUT THAT DON'T FUCKIN CUT IT. *Turn on the camera and let's get over it quickly.* "It's been a terrible week for me. Listen, I know I have a potty mouth – everybody knows this now. The thing that I really want to stress is I have no confusion whatsoever. I was out of order beyond belief. I acted like a punk. Feel free to make fun of me at my expense – I deserve it completely." *He just eats them. He really eats these live maggots.* **RELATED: 'The Dark Knight Rises' Dominates Box Office** *Turn on the camera and let's get over it quickly.*



I asked him right away: would he bite a snake in half? And he said yes.

NORMAN TAKE A KNIFE

He's sick of it. Being the stooge, the foil, the fawning Glaucon. "I do not surround myself with yes-men." Right. That's how he should start each commentary: *My name is Norman Hill, Yes-Man*. "Thank you Norman I like to do that with you." But even Norman's squeaked yesses he finds a way to turn against him. "Not an *idea* of hypnosis." "And I'd also be cautious to speak of alchemy." "No, I don't see it like his daughter." He's been driving for hours after a long day in the studio, only kept awake by the task set before him. Norman Hill's hometown has aggressively thrown up a number of new buildings on Cross Street just to make sure he knows the concept of home has become an illusion at some point during his absence. "I wouldn't like to speak of energy – it's too much the language of New Age." "No I don't think so – it's only within the film." "I would be careful to speak of obsession, because I am a man too professional." *Norman Hill, Empty Vessel*. They tore down the carwash he used to work at. The city has a minor league baseball team again. "I wouldn't say nobility, because you would easily get into the terrain of noble savage." "That's all bull, it is not so." "I wouldn't speak of character. It's just good to know basic things, how to – for example – forge a document. How to break a car open." Norman had forgotten the name of the side street he short-

-cutted to high school every day. There's no place like home... especially home. And today, during the *Kaspar Hauser* sessions, a seemingly innocent question: *As the producer, did you find it difficult raising the funds for this film with a non-actor in the lead role?* You couldn't have edited in a more baffling response: "I wouldn't agree that it's a difficult subject matter. It's a subject that is somehow within all of us. But what was difficult in this case was to convince everyone of Bruno. I ran into immediate opposition." *Norman Hill, dangerous lunatic*. Across from him, a man so preoccupied with his own vision, his own voice, that he mishears his own opinion as opposition. "Careful, touch that only with a pair of pliers." His car stopped, a weight in Norman's hand. Cold metal. Not pliers. He looks up to find himself in the driveway of his childhood home. His eyelids are so heavy, his ears strained awaiting a bell from the deep. A purple gazing ball reflects and distorts the world around it. The birdfeeders need to be refilled. I was wondering if you could comment on this.



1. Our sauna
2. Small greenhouse, non-functional
3. Outhouse, somehow circa 2007, inside walls tacked with Buddhist prayers, icons
4. Chicken thunderdome, where I fought hawk for chicken
5. Where I held the chicken while Chris cut her head off
6. Farmhouse I wished I could afford to live in (laundry machines in the basement)
7. Field that looks like field but is water
8. Pond that looks like water but is field
9. Tetanus
10. Nettles, fucking nettles
11. Weird plywood pyramidal freemason-looking shit left over from hippie commune
12. Weird fiberglass octagonal moon structure from the same
13. Nameless creek you will come to hate nature trying to reach
14. Where they raised and slaughtered rabbits and you can still hear

15. Chapel, hollow-floored and perilous
16. Eliot's garden
17. The Young Vish (current relative location)
18. A very remote place
19. All issues of National Geographic from 1917 to 1982, waterlogged
20. Stick fragment broke off in your calf you had to do Civil War surgery on
21. Chris and Chloe's place
22. Basketball hoop made from half a garbage can nailed to tree
23. Where Geta's dog killed our chicken and she didn't apologize
24. POTLUCK!
25. Scaffolding
26. Site of disaster (film)
27. Site of disaster (where N. fell off the horse)
28. Where I put N. back on the horse, again and again and again
29. © Google

THE LAST POETRY OF CAPITALISM

The week before, his horse fell through. The Young Vish. His horse fell through the week before – by phone, by e-mail he can't recall. No horse, no finale, no film. No horse, no Western flair for Midwestern farm film of indistinct accent and era. Some tell that horse-having friend's wife was willing to transport horse for sake of short horror film. But beg/borrow/steal when offered and how can you get very mad at horse-having friend when you're not paying? No horse, no film, and harder than haggling a horse is the ease of not doing so. *It seems to me the actor could have just walked into the field.* "I do not have explanations like people would give in a class of screenwriting or so." Enter the true horror film: taking initiative: finding horse source: asking horse hoarder: forking funds. Even with a horse ranch neighboring the farm barn where he sleeps, even with sign visible driving by, an inviting phone number, even with up well after dawn, bi-weekly meditation of unhealthy breakfast, even with a phone call returned, an unknown number The Young Vish knows must be the horse hoarder's. Why is it so difficult to answer a call he wants to receive to offer them money for the goods they provide? But something happens with me and money. No, not the usual next-round's-on-me free wheelin' story of dissipation. The more money I have, the more neurotic I get, the

more I have physiological reactions to the dwindling numbers. So I somehow lose the money while being anxious and careful and not having fun. My monthly costs did not seem significant. I moved into the barn for the paltry rent of \$250 a month. The money I made working at the rabbit sanctuary should have covered that. \$50 for the first health insurance I'd ever paid for in my life – just catastrophic coverage. \$20 for internet. Eliot, who lived on the second floor of the farmhouse, installed a router, and the signal amazingly made it over the rutted driveway all the way back to the barn. (I saw to the matter of internet before I had heat or water.) But heat was a variable I didn't anticipate. Sure I fixed the old furnace and made sure I probably wouldn't die of carbon monoxide. But the cost of making that drafty old barn habitable was significant – even though my room hovered at sixty degrees, the kitchen and bathroom more like forty-five, the stairway that connected them perpetually below freezing. I kept a container in my room to piss in at night so I wouldn't have to walk down those stairs. Sleep-pissed once in Bandit's litter box I'm pretty sure.

A VERY REMOTE PLACE

Born from bombs, walled from war by mountains, Herzog pulled himself fully-formed from beneath a thick layer of glass shards and brick debris. Almost immediately invented breathing. Soon, and without being exposed to prior demonstration, walking. Herzog: *Origins*. Herzog: *Begins*. Herzog: *Port of Call München*. Very late in life, at the age of eight, he crossed the Alps to Bavaria's only movie house where he would make with his hands the reverse of most masks, pressing his fingers over his eyes – his middle digits swirling constellations onto the black back of his eyelids, his pinkies plugging his nostrils, thumbs deafening his ears. In this way, he was guarded from education, guarded from influence. In this way, it would be Herzog pulling Murnau from beneath the glass shards and brick debris. It would be his own tiny town of the midgets inspiring Tod Browning's earlier *Freaks*. Herzog, the Father Grimm. He would likewise stare at and abstain from using telephones, forks, tanks, or any other instruments of civilization. His peers would sing out „*Ein Kraftwagen! Ein Kraftwagen!*“ and he would turn back to face the ruins. „*Ein Vater! Ein Vater!*“ and the city he alone possessed. I still don't think you realize how remote the place truly was, or the thickness of the brick debris for that matter. Can you in today's world even understand the idea of 1940s remoteness? By

By very I mean abysmally, I mean impregnably, supernaturally, I mean very very very. For Americans it sounds totally bizarre. You're listening for owls, a stream, the clapping of horses, and it's really the groans of an ancient freight elevator. Herzog invented chewing gum so we could sit at the slope of the mountain and love it together, and I suggested to Herzog that maybe a contradiction-based aesthetic is a way to avoid and ridicule the ironic/genuine dichotomy. He responded by walking around the border of Albania. It's one big film he's always worked on and – I add this for the fun of you – the production is the production and – I add this for the fun of you – there is no film history.

THE ECSTATIC TRUTH

Enter a YOUNG VISH (27) lugging a BOOM POLE made from a CRUTCH. But examine his original screenplay please and point to the place: Enter TINY YOUNG INNOCENT GIRL (12) on TERRIFYING HORSE. The show is so all-consuming, who has eyes enough for the sideshow? Cut, cut, cut... Landlords' daughters do *not* go on the horses. I don't care if the horse trainer put her there. I don't care if her father is watching. Until that moment of something wrong, an indistinct danger like the first whiff of melting plastic, the instant The Young Vish realized that this day would be different than all the others, split-second humdrum comfort collapsing into atavistic panic. Scan scaffolding, scan prairie, pulse impossibly quickens. See: Auxiliary Horse stumbled across the route home, could remember previous gallops down this path, could smell awaiting hay, and never mind this featherweight clinging to my neck. It's but a burr, leaning forward, clutching tighter, horse language for gallop faster. *Why was it even necessary to have a horse in your film?* "I do not know exactly what it is, and everything I say would sound pretentious. We have to be very careful. It's an area which I do not like to discuss." The horse trainer holds up a hand, halting the humans, using the same type of body language that controls dumb animals. We would only frighten the

horse. We can only wait, can only listen to her screams, can only—

The girl falls off, the girl separates from horse, and there is a moment when she is not on horse and not on land. The girl falls off, is in air, *is* air, is awaiting the result of impact, as we wait.

SCRATCH WHERE IT ITCHES

October 10th, Errol Morris country, and Errol Morris has failed to show up at the cemetery. Something like twenty below zero, not John Ford country, but a monument valley still. Spade turning up tractor parts. Talk about a farmer who had disappeared on his tractor was never found until this very day. He's gone. Never found. Nobody ever found him. This is a different type of patriotism. All the good ones: Ernest Hemingway from Kansas City Star, Marlon Brando probably from the middle of the country somewhere, Bob Dylan from Minnesota, Ed Gein from Plainfield, Wisconsin, one of those focal points of the United States. Strange points where every line, every thread seems to come together. One of these places would be the Wall Street Stock Exchange, one of these would be Disneyland, one would be Las Vegas, one would be Plainfield. A place 480 inhabitants spread out in open field and twenty or thirty become serial murderers within a week's time. People are very kind, very big hearts. Down to earth, hardworking, no bullshit. I mean a nightmare, a place where all the nightmare comes together. He likes the winterly aspect of America. There is a sense of adventure, of doing things they've never done before. Oh yeah sure, we are going to do it for you. And are we going to be on TV? Fearless, full of optimism, frontier spirit, loyalty. This

country allowed me to fly – they fulfilled my dreams. Not only had murdered people, but had dug up graves of freshly buried people and made throne seats of their flesh and all sorts of things. And I like it, I like the country, I like America. Good people, solidly underground, generous. You start as a lowly waitress, but if you work hard, if you do it well, if you have a perspective and a vision, you can make it big. Had excavated or dug up corpses in a perfect circle – the very center was the grave of his mother. And it was not known: had he dug up his mother as well or not? We'll find out by digging there ourselves. That's the great thing about America, that it takes you by your own value. There's a big story behind it: German auteur filmmaker Werner Herzog, abandoned by his protégé Errol Morris, digging in a graveyard in rural Wisconsin as October 10th becomes October 11th, in hopes of exhuming the corpse of serial killer Ed Gein's mother. It's so easy to do the America bashing.

SLALOM

A click of the mouse somehow responsible for depositing him travel-worn and febrile in the remote town of Puerto Jimenez. The Young Vish... The trip was almost over. They would leave at four A.M. on the *collectivo* for a ten-hour bus ride north to San Jose. He was on the porch of the hostel, reading Herzog's published journals from the set of *Fitzcarraldo*. Be my memory as my eyes pass over the words: "Sweat, storm clouds overhead, sleeping dogs. There is a smell of stale urine. In my soup, ants and bugs were swimming around globules of fat—"

And that's when it happened. I'm from the flattest expanse on Earth, unpracticed in all earthquake etiquette. Where do I grope? Describing an earthquake forces a writer to use clichés, so I'll at least steal a good one: nature shivered economically, a poised avalanche. I looked at my friend, another Joe S., who had been reading a travel book. A sort of glee. Lonely Planet glee. And we were unhurt, pieces of buildings were not falling on us, power lines were not roiling on the ground, and so we both turned back to our books. When a surprise jolts us from reading, we don't remember just where we left off. Help a Vish search for the last words he remembers reading. "Sweat, storm clouds," yes. "Smell of stale urine," this is all achingly familiar to him. "Globules," how can a

person forget a word as disgusting as globules—"Lord Almighty, send us
an earthquake."

No. The last sentence in Herzog's entry from August 19, 1979, thirty years minus ten days before the day it had seemed to summon an earthquake. I promise: the earthquake had interrupted me at this very moment. Nothing remarkable ever happens, of course, but here was something so coincidental that logic and reason were momentarily stunned. The word miracle had drunk itself sober. Similarly, why send this coward¹⁷ an earthquake? The Young Vish felt more giddy than epiphany-struck, but he made a vow that the earthquake would jolt his determination as it had the Osa Peninsula. Never would The Vish lack guts again.

FREEDOM

The entertainment world was shaken today as German art house film director Werner Herzog revealed that he is, in fact, Michael Bay. In a stunning display, Herzog pulled off one mask after another: Michael Bay – Joel Schumacher – Paul W.S. Anderson – Peter Jackson – Tony Scott – McG – Rob L. Cohen – James Cameron – Kathryn Bigelow... “I have secretly been making mainstream films for the past thirty, forty years,” he laughed. His announcement does help explain some of the recent projects of Hollywood’s major players: *Turtle*, Steven Sommers’s three-hour epic about a turtle in Peru trying unsuccessfully to crawl under a fence; *Hamletlet*, Chris Columbus’s unabridged version of the Bard’s masterpiece delivered in under fourteen minutes by cattle auctioneers; and *Abysmal Dignity*, a CGI documentary from Ed Zemeckis about the last living speaker of an obscure Mayan dialect and the unlikely friendship he forms with a defunct payphone. Herzog also defended his recent contribution to the Bill and Ted cannon, *Bill and Ted’s Absurd Views on Questing*: “Of course Bill and Ted are something that frightens me because they are so stupid. It’s this kind of bottomless stupidity, this profound stupidity. When you really take a close look into the eyes of Bill and Ted... it’s really really weird. Of course Bill and Ted may appear as outsiders, but they are also

very deeply inside of us. We somehow recognize ourselves in them.” This weekend, it is estimated that Herzog-helmed pictures comprised eight of the top ten moneymakers at the box office, and it is reported that Chris Pine is in talks to put his own spin on Jonathan Harker in *Nosferatu: Inhale the Light*, the upcoming sequel to Herzog’s 1979 boomeranging homage to F.W. Murnau. Some speculate that Herzog’s face, when he pulled off his Bryan Singer mask at the end of the press conference, was likewise just another sagging mask, leading many to eagerly anticipate the seventy-four-year-old’s next sloughing.

THE POWER OF SUGGESTION

It is winter and Abbot Clewell is dead, and Brother W has deigned to live again among us for a time. To descend from his perch on Skellig where he subsists, they say, on nightcrawlers and moss – this latitude’s yield of locusts and honey – and where he devotes his life to carving a message to God on its bare emerald escarpments. We suspect Jörg brings him rations – but he also brings us news on Brother W’s progress. After five years: WHY CAN. “Have you had another vision, Brother?” Brother D greets W’s purposeful entrance into the conclave where we’ve been mired in deliberation for weeks. “I don’t have visions,” is Brother W’s reply. “I have vision.” A familiar scene is playing itself out. Each of Brother W’s proposals are more outlandish than the one before: that we dye the town’s rats snow white, that clergy convicted of sexual indiscretions be made to take a flying leap into a tangle of imported cactuses, that the upholstery of every divan in Cluny be gutted in search of the lost secret of the ruby glass. “A wild child wandered into Cluny on the night Abbot Clewell died.” This was a strictly guarded secret; we’d been keeping him in the stable as we taught and learned from the boy. I speak up: “Who told you this?” Brother W closes the Book he’d been holding open in his hands. “This boy is our new abbot.” The room disagrees. “He’s a

child.” “He has no name.” “The Abbot is in charge of the treasury.” “He bites.” Even as I feared that one of the younger monks – who are susceptible to Brother W’s brand of mysticism, fanaticism – would close his Book in solidarity, Brother W’s eyes lock with mine. Me, the most likely successor to Abbot Clewell and the least likely ally to Brother W. “Maarten,” he says to me, his voice melancholy but emphatic, “you are my *plechtanker*.” The boy, the wild child, raised by wolves – he has his mother’s eyes. The room takes a vow of loudness as I shut the Book in front of me, satisfied. “We have got a ballot now,” Brother W announces. “Thirty against, two for. Thirty cowardly and indifferent, two with the feverish and absolute knowledge that it must be done for the better of the praise of God. I declare us the *melior pas*” – the better part. “The two of us have won the ballot.”

SOMETHING PROFESSIONAL

This is how disasters happen. This is how lives are ruined. the young wish. What thoughts occupy his mind? The girl's safety, of course. (He is vicious but not a monster.) But his thoughts don't stop – or even start – there. His film is over, the shooting day shot, his nascent filmmaking dreams stunted, the question of litigation suddenly raised. *I understand that, after the girl fell off the horse, you continued with your shooting schedule.* “Sometimes as a director, you've gotta be vile and you have to use the weird tricks to trigger something like that.” By a signature, a signature flourished with the unthinking brazenness of young filmmaking, a signature clearing the horse trainer – at this point, a questionable title – from liability. Once she hit the ground, they were off, pounding through the prairie, hoping to see movement of every limb, any limb. The horse trainer galloped off to retrieve Auxiliary, by now repentant, having perceived some misstep. *Did you feel remorse?* “Things never got out of hand. That is plainly the truth. Accidents that happened were never recklessly created. They happened as they happened.” Landlord picked up his daughter, comforting her away from these awful people and their movie, prodding parts in search of wincing. “She's okay,” Landlord told me. I swear I thought he said, “You're okay.”

HERZOG IN LIKE

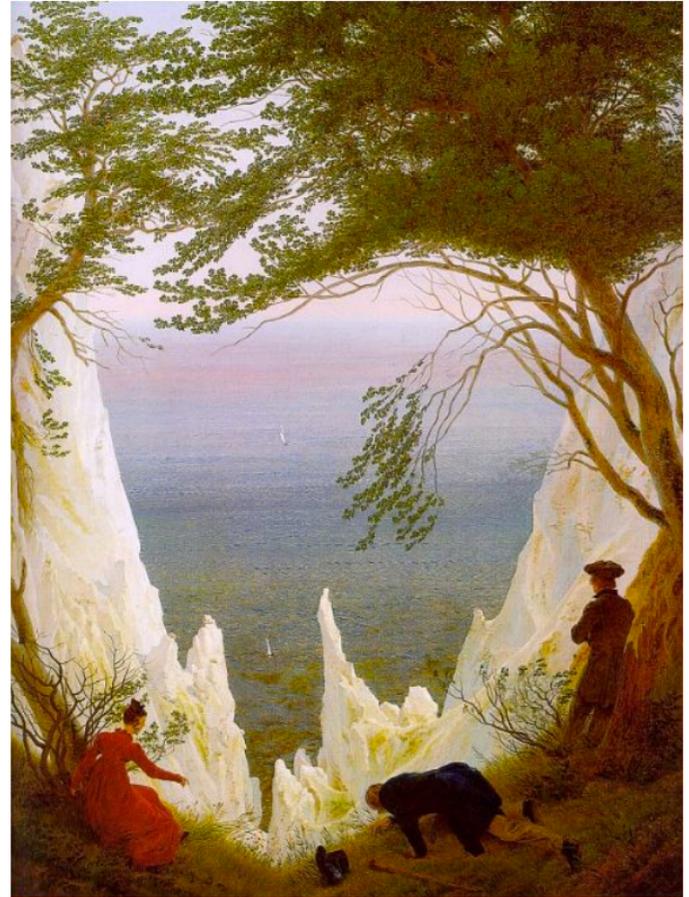
Almost assumed tragic proportions. Here for example she managed to get up on the bed. That was a very very difficult moment for me as a director. What was the tragic element exactly? I kept telling him you must not laugh. Love is not possible anymore. Over six feet tall, blond, very handsome, very charming. Let's have a drink together! The world is created in a way that is not theirs. Almost assumed tragic proportions. He the midget does not manage to jump as high or climb onto the bed. Love is not possible. What was the tragic element exactly that happened? Something like two feet and something. You don't find midgets that size easily. At the same time you bite your own tongue. None of us really saw the seriousness of it all. A blissful mutual relationship that might eventually end up in marriage. You know you better shouldn't laugh. Over six feet tall, blond, very handsome, very charming man. It is a statement that there is something ultimately wrong with creation itself. The gloomiest of gloom. She just had the height of his knees. Lanzarota! What happened? What was the tragic element exactly? What was the tragic element exactly that happened? Almost assumed tragic proportions. You must understand. That was a very difficult moment. She managed to get up on the bed. Exactly. The world is created in a way that is not theirs. Almost assumed tragic

proportions. Something like two feet and something. And of course there was no way. That was a very very difficult moment for me. You bite your own tongue. Almost assumed tragic proportions. Let's have a drink together! He the midget does not manage to jump as high. You know you better shouldn't laugh. Bite your tongue. Something like two feet and something. The world is created in a way that is not theirs. Almost assumed tragic proportions. A blissful mutual relationship that might eventually end up in marriage. What was the tragic element exactly that happened? She fell in love with one of our production people. The gloomiest of gloom. Charming, handsome, blond, six feet tall. And of course there was no way. She just had the height of his knees. None of us really saw the seriousness of it until it almost assumed tragic proportions. Let's have a drink together! Lanzarota.

VAPID BABBLE



And here this vista is a little bit like the romantic painter Caspar David Friedrich looking down from the rocks of Rügen Island. And because of that image I have been somehow put into association with German romantic painting or culture. And I really don't belong there. My heart isn't there.





And here that tiny little figure is self-description: the one that doubts, the one that holds out on the rocks and stares into the distance.

A black circle containing the text "PUNCTUM RECORDS" in white, bold, sans-serif font. The text is centered within the circle and arranged in two lines.

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