

Working Title: Journeys from Berlin/1971

Yvonne Rainer

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Image

Black

(Printed titles crawl upward from bottom of frame, white-on-black:)

**Working Title:
Journeys from Berlin/1971**

A Film by YVONNE RAINER (1979)

(Titles continue:)

Let's begin somewhere:

On June 16, 1953, almost half of the working population of East Germany left their places of work and rioted and demonstrated in protest against the increase in work norms and other economic exactions. American accounts of the period reported these conditions as unbearable and oppressive. On June 17, 1953, twenty-five thousand Russian troops were moved in to crush the revolt.

(Above text freezes when last line reaches mid-point of frame.)

*Yvonne Rainer. Journeys from Berlin/1971. 1979.
(Camera: John Else; frame enlargement: Francene Keery.)*

Sound

(Sounds of kitchen activity; voices of man and woman, hereafter referred to as "she" and "he" and always manifesting themselves only on the soundtrack.)

She: Mmm . . . It's good to see you.
What've you got there?

He: Close your eyes and open your mouth.
(Sound of rustling paper bag.)

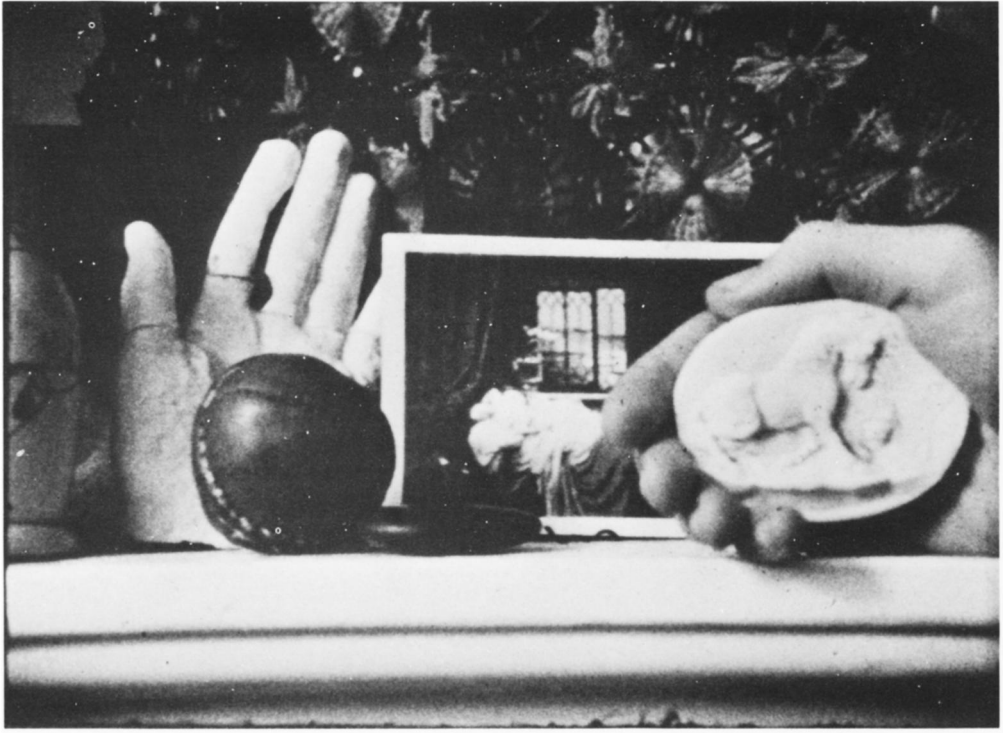
(Sounds of groceries being removed from bag continue.)

She: Ooh, strawberries . . . strawberries in winter. *(laughs)* Well, almost.

He: *(like a barker)* Fresh orange juice, Hawaiian pineapple, real strawberries . . . I'm tired.

She: *I'll* cook.

(Voice of young girl reads:) April 27th, 1951. Yesterday I went to an assembly in 306. A girl sang "Come, come, I love you truly" from *The Chocolate Soldier*. As she sang I began to feel the most peculiar sensations. Cold shivers were wracking my



Image

(Titles continue to crawl upward:)

In 1956 the Federal Republic of Germany passed a draft law requiring males between the ages of eighteen and forty-five to serve in the army for eighteen months. Residents of West Berlin were exempt from this law. As a consequence, a great number of students from other parts of Germany came to West Berlin to study.

On August 17, 1956, the Communist Party (KPD) was banned in West Germany.

On August 13, 1961, at 12:35 A.M. in the Potsdamerplatz, the first concrete blocks were laid for the wall that would separate East from West Berlin some five hours later. By some fluke you were spending the night in West Berlin.

Sound

entire body. Clammy currents ran all over me. I thought I was sick, but when she had finished, the shivers left me. Very often these sensations come to me when I hear or read of some outstanding human experience of bravery or perseverance, or a story of great emotional appeal. Sometimes these stories are absolutely corny or excessively melodramatic, like the one Louise Utis told in Oral English the other day about a G.I. who corresponds with a girl whom he intends to marry as soon as he returns from the war. His face is left badly scarred, and he is also crippled after a battle. The day before his ship is to dock in the U.S. the girl is hit by a car. She suffers a serious brain injury which results in blindness. At any rate, during the last few sentences I had the chills. I really fight against them because basically I reject such stories for their contrived nature and unreality. Intense drama is always so removed from my own life that it leaves me with an empty feeling. . . . Then what in God's name do those damned shivers mean?

He: I really don't mind. Let me do it.

*A digression for purposes of condensation and explication
(this is not part of the script begun on the preceding pages)*

“Working Title: Journeys from Berlin/1971” is a semi-quasi-narrative (a perpetually retreating narrative that proceeds as it consumes its own ashes, a narrative that sits on its tale) in which meanings emerge across the interconnectedness of its five “tracks” (image-sound, image/sound, ~~image-sound~~, and ~~image-sound~~). The five tracks consist of the following:

- (1.) Crawling titles that present historical information about Germany since 1953, culminating in the deaths of Ulrike Meinhof, Andreas Baader, Gudrun Ensslin, and Jean-Carl Raspe in prison in 1976 and 1977.
- (2.) The voice of a young woman reading from the diary kept by an American adolescent girl in the early 1950s. This voice-over is sometimes accompanied by aerial views of Stonehenge.
- (3.) The voices of a man and woman who are never seen. The voices argue and read—argue about terrorism, read from the memoirs of revolutionaries Vera Figner, Angelica Balabanoff, Emma Goldman, Vera Zasulich, and Alexander Berkman, and from a letter by Ulrike Meinhof. The voices also prepare dinner.
- (4.) Images that are illustrative of, contrapuntal, complementary, or totally unrelated to (3.) and sometimes related (complementarily, contrapuntally, etc.) to (5.).
- (5.) An on-camera monologue by a fifty-year-old woman designated “patient” that from time to time becomes a dialogue with a woman, man, or nine-year-old boy, all designated as “therapist.”

*End of digression. Those parts of the script that lead into,
and out of, and deal with (5.) now follow:*

Image

Sound

Cut to view through window of train moving through industrial landscape (color).

She: . . . was the first time I realized that someone’s life might be in my hands. You know, I was quite prepared to fulfill my civic duty . . . not that I felt particularly qualified, not like the pious schoolteacher I met in the hall who said, “Better us than others less qualified.” Then you realize

Image

Cut to room: two women are seated on the other side of half-closed double sliding doors. The space between the doors and the camera is empty and barely visible, while the other room is brilliantly lit. One person is teaching the other how to play a baroque recorder. The shot is in color.

Sound

when the lawyers finally question you that this is hardly the point, and that you've got to psych out the lawyers' game and be prepared to lie if you want to get on a case. There was a rape case . . .

(This story is now interwoven with the sync sound of the music lesson.)

I was asked if I thought I could deliver an unbiased verdict. I said, "I'm not sure." "Is there anything in this case that might prevent you from being impartial?" I said,



*Yvonne Rainer. Journeys from Berlin/1971. 1979.
(Camera: Wolfgang Senn; frame enlargement:
Francene Keery.)*

Image

Cut to a long barn-like interior, roughly 50 × 125 feet. The camera shoots from one end down the length of it. In the foreground one side of the frame is blocked by the back of a woman's head. She is seated behind a desk upon which are arranged

Sound

“Well, yes. The charge of rape is highly emotional, and I've never been in this situation before.” Naturally I was dumped. The people who were accepted as jurors said yes or no and that was that. Then I heard of this case which the judge had dismissed. He said the testimony of the main witness was unreliable because the guy hadn't paid any taxes last year. Imagine that! Half of Harlem probably doesn't pay taxes. Why should they?! Then they ask you stuff like “Would you believe the testimony of a witness who had a criminal record?” For God's sake, I'm a respectable girl . . . I've never *known anyone* with a criminal record!

Patient (*voice over*): First it was just a sense of the bed trembling and an image of a slightly swaying road experienced from the interior of a moving car, along with the words “What a silly notion, an earthquake in Germany.” And I hardly paid any attention because I knew it must be a dream because I kept on falling asleep. Then there came a sound somewhere between the skittering of leaves on a sidewalk and the rhythmic pitter-pattering of rain or mouse feet and it got louder and louder along with stronger shaking of the bed until it was right by my head and by that time I was brushing it away with my hand and throwing off the covers and shouting “Hey!” It rapidly receded as I turned on the light. I pursued my dominant thought that it was a mouse—even though nothing had touched me and I know that a mouse on a bed makes a different sound. I looked behind the floor-length curtains, closed the

Image

various objects: a child's pail and shovel, photographs, drawings, a telephone, books, medications (vials of pills), a neolithic stone implement. On the other side of the desk another woman, about fifty, is seated, facing the camera. She has not been seen before. Although she doesn't speak, one somehow associates the voice on the soundtrack with her presence. She is, indeed, the "patient," and the woman with her back to the camera is the "therapist." Way in the background can be seen shadowy figures, lit as though from light filtering in through the windows that look out onto a busy street. At the beginning of the shot four or five of these people are seen to be lowering a bed that had been standing upright—with a person strapped into it—and facing the camera. Others sit in chairs scattered about. Some read. There are about eight of these figures in the background.

The framing of this scene never changes horizontally, only vertically. Since the focal axis of the camera corresponds to the line of focus between patient and therapist—just to the left and neither above nor below—a slightly sloping, wedge-shaped platform is used to change the vertical framing. When the therapist is played by the man (taller than the patient) the desk and two chairs are placed on the platform so that his angle of vision (and that of the camera) slopes down toward her with the result that in the upper part of the frame is seen only floor with the feet of the background figures occasionally walking in. When the boy plays therapist the position of the platform is reversed to slope up away from the camera, thus revealing the ceiling of the

Sound

double doors, saying to myself—perhaps aloud—"So that's how they get in." Then I heard the people upstairs. It was 3:00 in the morning and they were up, in itself an unusual occurrence. Had my "Hey" awakened them, or had they had the same experience? Had "it" gone through the whole building? A thought intruded: that it was a visitation, in much milder form, of the conflagration of twenty-five years previous. Periodically the old building shuddered in recollection.

Image

space. In this instance woman and boy are the only people in the frame. We are not mistaken in reading “superior” and “inferior” into these positionings.

Sound

The text of the “session” now begins. Unless otherwise indicated the patient’s words are always in sync and spoken in front of the camera. She is always played by the same performer. The words within the square brackets have been elided from the soundtrack.

1. Patient (*She begins to speak as soon as her voice-over has ended—“... shuddered in recollection.”*): I’d like to keep going. Maybe something productive will come of don’t be surprised at anything you hear. . . . So . . . living with contradiction. You know I’ve never threatened you with. . . . I’ve never held the threat of [suicide] over your head . . . an average of five or six blacks executed by hanging every Monday morning for political terrorism at Pretoria’s central prison, according to reliable reports . . . rejection and disappointment are two things I’ve always found impossible to take. Look, it’s very simple. We got married to get his first wife’s demands for more child support off his back. Marriage didn’t mean shit to me—neither commitment nor capitulation. My mother and father had already had two children before they got married. It was strictly a legal formality dictated by embarrassment and linguistic [ignorance]. And you know something else? There appears to be no instance in nineteenth-century Russia in which a man followed his wife into exile in Siberia. So what about feelings? Once they are revealed, the future is as closed as ever. Then I went to bed. Shortly afterward he came over and was ready to leave but I said, “Oh come on in.” Then I put in my diaphragm. We talked. He said, “I’m not a sex machine.” We talked. Ok, ok. Rapport-achievement time was exactly thirty-two minutes and ten seconds a chronically retreating promise, a promise that finally could no longer be invoked to justify habit. An exemplary life lacks the eagerness of a mistreated dog. (*Pause. She opens her mouth, moves forward in chair as if to speak, then leans back without having said anything. Dissolve.*)

2. If I seem to have gained a hard-won dignity, it’s thin ice over a bottomless lake of disbelief. When the first test of my weight shatters the ice, I can say, “See, what did I tell you? You sell fata morgana.” Being moved isn’t going to get us anywhere, either, not anymore anyway. The funny thing is that if I behave as though I’m not so [fragile, then it is] more a matter of deploying the bourgeois artist even at the expense of artistic activity. Might not the interruption of my artistic career be an essential part of a new function? But what do you know from symbolic illumination? Bupkiss. Forgive me, I have no right to blame you for my not being in a situation where I can say, “We have begun a great thing. Two generations perhaps will succumb in the task,

and yet it must be done.” (*Pause.*) And don’t give me that blindfold look, without expression, like a dead rabbit’s. Well, yes, every now and then I would get a shooting pain somewhere deep inside, like in an organ, and then there would be nothing. But now it makes me think of *her*, and her last days, monitoring her diseased body as she must have done, and waiting for her chance—taxes paid, son’s day off, it had to be done before Passover. Mayakovsky wrote, “I don’t recommend it for others.” *He* would rather daydream about a golden future than focus on the frustrating present, whereas I would rather focus on the tolerable present than think about the terrible future. (*This is spoken in unison by patient and therapist:*) You must think that’s funny. (*From here to “desires” she “baby-talks.”*) Yes. Sometimes I lie on my back with my legs up when the sun is out. Not making babies. I’ve got a sun dress and white knickers and new shoes. It’s all on the wrong foot. I can’t see you because you are black; when I am away from you I don’t think about you. I’m not going to remember if I can help it. Ah, what’s this? (*She picks up something from the desk.*) This is nice. Mender, teacher, cook, dustbin, other. What’s this? (*She picks up something else.*) Prosecutor, banker, industrialist. It’s no good. Have you got a seashell anywhere? I want the sound. I am the wind. I am American. I have no desires. (*The phone rings.*) Look out. (*Female therapist answers phone. A male voice says, “Breathing.”*)

3. (*Male therapist hangs up receiver. From here to “. . . person I invent” the film has been flipped left to right in the editing so that the patient herself appears to be “talking out of the wrong side of her mouth.”*) Patient: I know, the essential element in being alive. You have a large mouth that can approximate a smile when one corner rises at the end of a sniff. But it doesn’t fool anyone. It is really a sneer. You always seem to be talking out of the side of your mouth. You too are the person I invent.

They said only the most guilty would be chosen as targets. Body into words, words into action, maybe later. . . . No, I *didn’t* hear of anyone voting for the metric system, if only to make new mistakes, invent moral facts, transcend Duchamp’s beauty of indifference, [violate] children, understand the motives that prompted my act, think about The People, holy causes, the war of humanity against its enemies, maybe later. Think about the earmarks of leaping through hoops, consuming debts, things worth the trouble, tests of devotion, genetic codes for opening refrigerator doors, onward onward, simple precautions against [suicide], but not before I have come to an understanding of motive and purpose, patient patience, in the case of Sofia Bardina, 1883, in exile in Geneva, physically deteriorated, without friends, in the case of Alexander Berkman, harassment, neglect, sick, despondent, 1936, in Nice, apropos of which I’ve been noticing [that many people are a lot nicer] when they are tired [or sad]. I mean being . . . no, going . . . mm, or doing . . . making . . . (*long pause; then she looks straight at therapist*) . . . living forever.

Therapist: A bad cold would cure me of that desire.

Patient: Actually, West Berlin has the highest suicide rate in the world. (*Fade-out; end of Section I.*)

A Brief Excerpt from Section II

(Crawling titles rise from bottom of frame, white-on-black:)

In January, 1972, the minister-presidents of the ten states that comprise the Federal Republic of Germany decided to exclude Marxist teachers, lawyers, would-be civil servants—even bus drivers—from public employment. Such blackballing was seen as a weapon against rapidly increasing successes by the Left in West German education. Chancellor Willy Brandt himself signed a *Berufsverbot*.

In May, 1972, bombs exploded in the officers' mess of the Fifth U.S. Army Corps in Frankfurt; at police headquarters in Augsburg; in the car of the wife of Federal Judge Wolfgang Buddenberg, who had signed most of the warrants for the arrest of Baader-Meinhof members; in the lavatories of the Springer building in Hamburg; in front of the clubhouse of the U.S. Army Supreme Headquarters in Heidelberg. In all, thirty-six people were injured and four died. The Red Army Faction claimed responsibility. In the following month you were surrounded by police as your lover cut your hair by a country road near Cologne. Your activity—along with the sticks of rhubarb lying on the back seat of your car—marked you both as suspicious characters.

On Thursday, June 2, 1972, at 7:30 A.M., Andreas Baader, Holger Meins, and Jean-Carl Raspe were captured in Frankfurt.

On Tuesday, June 7, 1972, at 1:30 P.M., Gudrun Ensslin was captured in Hamburg.

On Wednesday, June 15, 1972, at 7:00 P.M., Ulrike Meinhof was captured in Hanover.

(The recurrent images that accompany the following voices-over include aerial tracking over Stonehenge and the Berlin Wall; views from train windows and apartment windows in Berlin, London, and New York City; tracking along Berlin streets; objects on a mantelpiece; and interior architectural details.)

She: *(reads)* "I was invited to become an agent of the Executive Committee of the People's Will. I agreed. My past experience had convinced me that the only way to change the existing order was by force. If any group in our society had shown me a path other than violence, perhaps I would have followed it; at the very least, I would have tried it out. But, as you know, we didn't have a free press in our country, and so ideas could not be spread by the written word. I saw no signs of protest—neither in the rural governments nor in the courts, nor in any of the other organized groups of our society; nor was literature producing changes in our social life. And so I concluded that violence was the only solution. I could not follow the peaceful path." *(Sound of cabinet doors opening and closing.)* What're you looking for?

He: Flour.

She: There . . . no, lower.

He: Ah, got it. . . . Who wrote that?

She: Vera Figner.

He: Y' know, there's really no basis for comparison. . . .

She: Mmm . . . It's interesting: one of the first violent things Meinhof did was to lead a bunch of people in tearing up that house in Hamburg where she had lived with her husband and two children. He had been unfaithful to her. . . . It would be so easy to make a connection. . . .

He: Gossip, pure gossip. And it's *not* that interesting. It has nothing to do with her politics.

She: What—his infidelities or her tearing up the house?

He: Both. She didn't turn to violence as a political option because of *him*. And even if she had . . .

She: But such things can't be entirely ignored. . . .

He: If you ask *me*, they *should* be. . . . Well, tell me, why not?

She: Because they happened, that's why. Because it shows a muddled vindictive streak in her nature that got in the way of her social thinking. A lot of their violent acts were carried out in a spirit of personal revenge rather than social justice, or even expediency.

He: Do . . . you . . . have (*rattling of silverware*)

She: What?

He: Never mind . . . paring knife . . . um . . . yes . . . so . . . cial . . . justice. . . . You're still thinking of your beloved nineteenth-century Russians, aren't you?

Section III

(Again the enormous space that contains the "essential relationships": patient to therapist, daughter to parent, mother to child, person to person, spoken fantasy to filmic illusion, interior to light of day, individual to society. The therapist is still male.)

4. Patient: Mariannenplatz. No dreams. All this Berlin nostalgia. Cheek frozen to a mirror for five days. The pit above my left eye grew terrifyingly large, a gaping hole through which I could see my brain lying there like a piece of stale bread beside the tracks of the old tramline that emerge from beneath the Wall and disappear into the asphalt hardly six feet away. . . . (*She keels forward, immediately sits up.*) Ugh. No dreams. Much spaghetti, pulpy mass. Must stay alert, the head is the first sense to go. Talking cures. Walls of waterlogged palindromes. Days filled with nonevents: train stations, aching shoulders, three days of carbohydrate-and-sugar consumption. Some people don't seem to notice their own body changes. Changes of the spirit, the weather, sleeping cycles, dreams. But when they awaken their bodies are still gone. They eat without hunger and their food is digested in their absence. No gas, no swelling, no awareness of minute changes in the

distribution of weight. One day they can't button their pants and they say, "Oh I must have gained weight." Or one day they find one leg shorter than the other. Drink wine, eat salt, quell untidy desire with candy kisses. I can predict exactly where new pressures of clothing will occur the next day— buttocks, thighs, belly, breasts— what new topography will appear on my face: creases and barrows as conspicuous as the scars slashed by two world wars into the soil of Europe. Then one day they electrocute themselves on a fan in a hotel room in Bangkok. Now it is women who die forlorn and solitary deaths in warm climates, isn't it? (*She stops talking, pauses, unwraps a stick of gum, puts it in mouth.*)

Girl's voice: Friday, September 28. What did I put down that date for? The tears are here again. Brush them away. Something just happened. Mama just finished listening to one of those one-hour dramas, a real tragedy. She said, "I shouldn't listen to those stories, they really move me too much. But I don't know what else to do with my time." And the tears came. Sometimes I feel an overwhelming tenderness for her. I don't know if it's love. Right now I am being strangely moved by my feeling for her. Daddy is away. I am relieved when he goes away, yet I often pity him. I look at the picture of them on my dresser. I have always loved that photograph. He was thirty-four and she was twenty-nine. They were young once and joyous together. What happened?

Patient: What? What do I know about family life? Family life. . . . In families everyone talks very fast. Everyone changes the subject. Everyone talks louder than everyone else. Everyone asks for things. Everyone tells everyone else what to do and what's what. Everyone knows what love is. Some members of the family don't say anything. (*She removes gum and continues to talk. We don't hear her.*)

Girl's voice: Bitterness and anger have claimed my father, and my mother has become petty with her physical grievances. I gaze at their youth and try to fathom something that is much too big for me. What are my troubles but inconspicuous nonentities when placed beside this titanic force that haunts and dwarfs me? What a funny phrase— inconspicuous nonentities. Nonentities are extremely inconspicuous.

5. Patient: Rueful smile. Once when we were making love the thought came to me— what a waste that the flow of our pleasure should begin and end with ourselves. Just once. And once before that as I started to masturbate, my mind was invaded by the image of American soliders forcing a hand grenade into the vagina of a Vietnamese woman. Only once such a thought. He had the biggest hard-on I had ever seen in my life. I admit I had been indiscreet, but you have to realize how young and innocent I was then. I did whatever anyone wanted me to do. My friend— this guy I had gone to the party with— we got very drunk and it just seemed like the most natural thing in the world to go into the back room and . . . and then it seemed perfectly natural to tell the guy I was living with about it the next day. After all, I told him everything, didn't I? Well, he got pretty mad, but the very night he also got such an enormous erection as I had never seen the likes of. It scared me half to death. What in God's name had turned

him on like that? It couldn't have been *me*. Shall I now subsume history under memory, confuse memory with dreaming, call dreaming seeing? Or push for some cheap theatrical effects and simply reverse at a moment's notice? Listen: (*She reads.*) "I walked twice around the room. Then I said to him, 'I greatly value our good relations, but I don't love you.'" (*She stops reading.*) We came back through the checkpoint at midnight. It was like rushing to avoid turning into a pumpkin. We went immediately to a bar. While there, we went out twice and came back with pizza. There was a franticness and restlessness. Later when we talked about it he said he always felt cold when he came back. (*She again reads.*) "But now she was beginning to lie. She spoke with passion, but she didn't believe what she was saying." (*She stops reading.*) Now it is women who have obscure crises of will in cold climates, isn't it? (*Dissolve.*)

6. (*Therapist is now a woman, as before.*) Patient: Mariannenplatz. I saw two women sitting by the Wall. One woman's right hand and forearm were covered with mud. Linger on their faces where their beauty lies like a fish in sand and the unique stupidity that comes with a certain kind of self-absorption or that excess of sensitivity that comes so early and stays so long. Freud lived in an unpretentious building of eclectic design. The facade of the lower part is Renaissance style while the upper part is decorated with classical-revival detail. Marble fasciae, sunburst ebony inlays, carved white oak depositories. The famous director had lunch with the famous conductor and said, "There are no poor people here in Berlin, are there?" Embossed mirrors, ivory-inlaid cornices, mahogany paneling, marble hips. Georgian survival, gilded scagliola, granite piers, the results are in: you, being a properly constituted authority, can lead me to believe I am completely lacking in redeeming social value. Pure white Pentelic marble, twenty-three carat gold leaf, marble dust stucco flaking from a lifetime of ignoring male workers, avoiding their sexual stares. The *Gästarbeiters* in West Berlin—the immigrant Turks, Yugoslavs, Greeks—were no different in this respect from anywhere else. What I mean is that I have to be careful. I find the idea of an authoritarian regime expropriating individual moral responsibility—I find this much too attractive. Such expropriation is just one step removed from institutionalized proof of one's worth, or being rewarded for talent and effort which is like being congratulated for living, and being congratulated for breathing by duly constituted authority is just one step away from institutionalized proof of my expendability. All this is much too irresistible, don't ask me why just now. How do I get from here to . . . How do I get from here to egalitarian relations? I'll just *pretend* I'm there: True equality means extreme uncertainty. Who knows, true equality might even lead to a struggle for . . . you know, I can't even imagine what it might lead to. How do I get from here to loyalty, commitment, and relatedness to people? Well, you may be right when you say my capacity for these things is as fishy as the glue that holds together the cooling pipes in nuclear reactors. So what should I do, trade in my overriding contempt for a little despair? (*Dissolve.*)

7. (*A man is standing on a chair in the background. Female therapist remains.*) Patient: I tried that already. And people *still* exist for me rather than *with* me. (*She stops talking.*)

She (*voice-over*): Emma Goldman describes visiting a factory in Petrograd in 1920. She found it in a forlorn state, many of the machines deserted, the place filthy and neglected. A new decree had just been enacted “militarizing” labor. She saw armed soldiers, the same men who had fought side by side with the workers during the October days, now installed over the workers as watchdogs. The number of officials and overseers had also increased. She writes, “‘Of the seven thousand employed here, only two thousand are actual producers,’ an old worker near me remarked. It had been hard enough to work on empty stomachs when they were not being driven. Now with the presence of the soldiers and the inequality of the rations it was altogether impossible.”

Patient: Here we are, locked in this hermetic, sclerotic embrace, beholden to no one. So *what* if we are the world? You owe me everything; I owe you nothing. Nothing but money. Paying you money gets me off the hook. What else do you want? Hm, funny thing for me to be asking *you*. But if equality between you and me is the issue, no one is measuring the virtues and achievements of one against those of the other. . . . (*Five-second pause*). Except maybe me. Oh Christ, why won't an asteroid land on us now? Why won't someone please get me off the cusp of this plague, this ellipsis, suspension, anticipation, this retraction, denial, digression, irony, this ravenousness for admiration, this contemptuousness of those who provide it. It's probably true that this contagion started spreading in the seventeenth century when they brought in silvered mirrors, self-portraits, chairs instead of benches, the self-contemplative self, and the personal as a . . . slave? . . . the personal as a slave of autonomy and perfectibility. By now it's quite clear that where proleptic capitalism is concerned, both self-discovery and speaking past each other are express stops on the way to carpeting the ceiling. I asked them how to say “bow-wow” in German. His friend said to him, “Why is she asking that?” The reply came back, “Oh you know these Americans: they're curious about everything.” Do you know that every time your pulse throbs, one more human being has come into the world?

8. (*Cut to new shot. Therapist is now a nine-year-old boy. Man still standing on chair.*)
Therapist (*barks*): Wau-wau!

Patient: I had room for one elective, so I signed up for a course with Bob Hope. His first line was so ridiculous that I walked out.

Therapist: What did he say?

Patient: The course was called “The American Presence in Berlin” and his first words were: quote, a slow and protracted copulation which gave equal pleasure to both parties, unquote. Let's put it this way: You can't feel motherly and horny at the same time. Intake, fertilization, gestation, exhaust. It must sound a little gross to use the internal combustion engine as a model for procreation; it makes the newborn sound like a piece of shit. Mm . . . it wasn't supposed to come off quite that way. I'm very sensitive to something you quoted from Virginia Woolf sometime back, something nice about motherhood. . . . No,

can't remember. Anyway, since motherhood has always been as alien to me as manhood. . . . (*She continues to talk. We don't hear her.*)

9. (*Dissolve into new shot. Boy is replaced by woman therapist. Man continues to stand on chair in background. He gets down after "stink-cabbage."*) Patient (*talks for about ten seconds; we don't hear her*): Oh God, here it is again: equality. If you and I are equal, then I owe you nothing. Yes, I think I've finally got it: If you and I are on the same footing, I owe you nothing because, as a consequence, you then become like me—a shit, in my eyes. However, if I am more than you, then insofar as I am an ethical person I will be generous toward you. And if I am less than you I will be grateful and beholden, especially if I need you. But just you watch out when I feel like your equal: I'll walk out without a backward glance and why should you *mind*? After all, if I am as good as you then you are no better than me, which makes both of us into shits, [so why bother? Aaaa]aaahhhh (*long wail with flailing of hands*). How much longer must passion and intellect be put off by such stink-cabbage?! (*Ten-second pause.*) No, we're not nearly there. The worst of my malignancies are still to come. At the risk of bragging, let me put it this way: You know how I hate famous people, especially live ones. What I am about to confess is so embarrassing that I must resort to the third person singular. I must also emphasize that this person—whoever she is—is the embodiment of a specific social malaise for which neither she nor I can be held accountable. Much as I would have liked to believe I am unaffected by the corruptions of modern life—and we're talking about *me* now—me, your original independent woman earning her own living, thinking her own thoughts, carving her own coattails. Then one day whadyya know, there she is being courted by Samuel Beckett, pursued across the ocean by Samuel Beckett, fallen in love with by Samuel Beckett. And then guess what? The very next day—and this is after two days of sex and loving companionship with Samuel Beckett *très délicieux*—There he is, buying her clothes, with her along of course, in . . . in . . .

Therapist: Bloomingdale's?

Patient: Ok, Bloomingdale's . . . and all she ever really wanted was [a hug] and a cuddle. Not shoes, believe me, not shoes. Look, you can tell me till you're blue in the face that you're not God. I may agree momentarily, but I'm not going to believe you, not for love or money. And I can talk to you until I'm blue in the face all about modes of production and exchange, surplus value, commodity fetishism, and object-cathexis. But when the chips are down who do we find in Bloomingdale's spending the sperm?

Therapist: What did you say?

Patient: You heard me. I said, ["spending the sperm."] And then to top it off I said to him, "I don't want to harden myself against my distress as the only way of coping with it." He misunderstood and thought I wanted to pardon myself for my new dress.

Therapist: *Who misunderstood?*

Patient: Samuel Beckett, goddammit, Samuel Beckett! (*She is shouting.*) And furthermore, my cunt is *not* a castrated cock. If anything, it's a heartless asshole! (*At "castrated cock" the contents of a bucket of water are thrown across the frame, left to right, in slow-motion, without sound.*)

(*The phone rings. Therapist answers. A male voice speaks:*) "My daddy called me Cookie. I'm really a good girl. I'll go along with anything as long as you'll like me a little. I'll even promise not to bring up all that business about being such a low element, such primeval slime, such. . . ." (*Woman therapist bangs down receiver.*)

10. (*It rings immediately. Boy therapist picks it up. There is now a rowboat on the desk, and the patient is wearing "slinky glasses." Same male voice continues:*) ". . . such an amoeba, such an edible *thing*. I'm not one for fussing. Not like those movie women: Katy Hepburn facing the dawn in her posh pad with stiff upper chin. Merle Oberon facing the Nazi night with hair billowing in the electric breeze. Roz Russell sockin' the words 'n' the whiskey to the best of them. Rita Hayworth getting shot in the mirror and getting her man. Jane Wyman smiling through tears. I never faced the music, much less the dawn; I stayed in bed. I never socked anything to anybody; why rock the boat? I never set out to get my man, even in the mirror; they all got me. I never smiled through my tears; I choked down my terror. I never had to face the Nazis, much less their night. Not for me that succumbing in the great task because it must be done; not for me the heart beating in incomprehensible joy; not for me the vicissitudes of class struggle; not for me the uncertainties of political thought. . . .

Patient: It isn't as though I haven't been through pain. I've been in the hospital, woken up screaming from the surgeon's knife, shivered and rattled all night between the ice blankets. No matter how bad it gets in the hospital, you know that no one wants to make it worse. This may be thin consolation at the moment of pain, yet it is light years away from. . . . (*She continues to talk; we don't hear her.*)

She (*voice-over*): This is by Angelica Balabanoff: "I knew that I was a very fortunate person. The suffering and struggle of these intervening years—unlike those of my childhood and youth—had meaning and dignity because they were linked to those of humanity."

(*Patient stops talking. Boy therapist still has receiver pressed to his ear. Same male voice continues:*) ". . . not for me a struggle for meaning and dignity. As for humanity, save it for the Marines, not for me. I'm nothing but a. . . ." (*Boy therapist slams down the receiver.*)

11. (*As it lands he is replaced by woman therapist. The rowboat also disappears; the desk is now empty save for the patient's purse.*) He (*voice-over*): He thought it would be

easy, because weak women had done it. Shortly before he died he spoke of plans to carpet the ceiling. (*Patient reaches for comb in her purse, which is on the desk.*)

12. *Series of six close-ups tracing the passage of comb to hand, to head, to other hand, to other side of head, and back to purse.*

13. *Close-up of patient's hand flicking lint from sweater or jacket.*

14. *Close-up of startled bird flying up into the air. Black-and-white, with sound.*

15. *Slow-motion dummy auto crash test. Fade out; end of Section III.*

Section V

Image

(Printed titles rise from bottom of frame:)

Early in the morning of Sunday, May 9, 1976, Ulrike Meinhof allegedly hanged herself in her Stammheim prison cell in Stuttgart. She was forty-one years of age.

On April 28, 1977, Andreas Baader, Gudrun Ensslin, and Jean-Carl Raspe were sentenced to life-long imprisonment for murder in four cases and attempted murder in thirty-four cases.

On the morning of Tuesday, October 18, 1977, Baader and Raspe shot themselves and Ensslin hanged herself in their Stammheim prison cells. Baader was thirty-four years of age, Raspe thirty-three, Ensslin thirty-seven. The manner of their deaths has been questioned in some quarters.

(Titles disappear at the top of frame.)

Sound

Sounds of eating, silverware, plates, etc.

Also muffled sounds from the "neighbors" which are heard intermittently throughout the film when "he" and "she" speak.

He: It might have been the guards. . . . I doubt if the government conspired. . . .

She: . . . something really fishy about those deaths. . . . How did the guns . . . specially constructed penitentiary. . . . The place was built expressly for *them*. . . .

Image

Fade in on close-up of woman therapist's hands handling 8 × 10 photos of "Russian Amazons," movie stars (Hayworth, Oberon, Hepburn, etc.) and Ulrike Meinhof, Emma Goldman, and Alexander Berkman. Camera dollies back to original position. People in the background are now looking out of the windows, and the patient is reading a book. There is a new set in the background: a staircase going nowhere. Nearby a heavy wooden desk over which is suspended a lamp. A man is seated at the desk, reading.

Sound

He: It might have been easy to smuggle stuff in. Baader had 800 books in his cell, a tape recorder, record player, TV set . . . but the matter of Irmgard Möller . . . she survived after . . . nothing's been heard. . . .

She: If it's true, what a tour de force, huh? All four together. . . . Communiqués have been published supposedly written by them: "Our last and strongest weapon is our bodies, a weapon which we have used collectively and with which we have threatened . . ."

He: This one is attributed to Baader: "They can't prevent a prisoner dying—which means in any case—they will be responsible . . . in the eyes of the public (and it will happen in public) this murder will remain their responsibility."

She: . . . that hoodlum.

Patient: All right. Mariannenplatz, 1971. Come to a full stop. Turn your back on noisy self-effacement; declare your memories bankrupt; put your papers in order; pay all the bills; feed the cat; conduct a perfectly calm, productive meeting, even make a few jokes. What's the difference: the decision has been made, no need to fear that your mind will be changed. It was even possible to stand my own company—the first time in weeks—now that the decision had been made. It really doesn't matter what the circumstances were—love, work, money, exile—self-imposed or otherwise. It's always one or two of those, isn't it, or three. . . . So why did I choose the option, that monstrous flight, that search for a final exit? . . . Like the search for the unicorn that may eventually be captured in Nepal, affection grows more difficult than it used to be . . . and regard for life.

*Image**Sound*

Stonehenge.

Girl's voice: October 3rd. Yesterday I had a driving lesson. There were only the three of us: Mr. Hyinke, Margot, and I. We were out in the Parkside somewhere, around Thirty-seventh and Rivera. I was driving. I was slowing down at an intersection, looking to the left and then to the right. There on the lawn across the street were two dogs having sexual intercourse. The male was crouched over the bitch, straining and pushing. I had never seen two dogs in the sex act, and I was interested. But the others were there, and immediately after seeing the dogs I felt like an electric shock this terrible shame. I could feel it, see it, taste it, smell it. I was possessed by shame. Why, why? In these last one or two years, even while I have come to look upon sexual love as necessary to life and happiness and have broadened my ideas about sex so much, I have developed an overwhelming fear of and perhaps unconscious aversion to it. This state is certainly a paradox, but nevertheless true.

Therapy session.

Patient: I walked to the drugstore to get the last prescription filled, impervious to the brilliant fall sky.

Apotheke across
a Berlin street.

She: . . . unlike the victim of torture in Iran who, in her choicelessness, was able to write, "I know that I shall never see another sunset. In a sense, I am glad. The burns on my feet are all infected and the pliers used on me have left nasty gashes. . . ."

Patient: It never crossed my mind that I might never see another brilliant fall sky.

She: Later on she writes, "It is your strength against theirs. It is your faith in a high cause, namely the defeat of an inhuman enemy who has forgotten all feelings of kindness, understanding, and compassion."

Therapy session.

Patient: Why remark on the sky when it would have not the slightest effect on my decision!

Tracking over objects.

She: What do you suppose people mean when they use the word "humanity?" It sounds so pretentious. Here, for instance: ". . . for to torture without compunction requires the complete denial of one's own humanity."

He: What's pretentious about it? The word simply describes

Image

Sound

Therapy session.

what one has in common with other people—being human, capable of joy and suffering.

Patient: I suspect the worst: There never was any humanity there to deny.

Therapist: Your suspicions aren't evidence.

Patient: I disagree. In this case my suspicions are the very *corpus delicti*. I plead guilty to an absence of humanity.

Therapist: Yes, I do seem to remember your saying that even your asshole had no heart.

Patient: Don't worry; I'm well aware of more plausible excuses: such as my injurious past. A cruel father, a doting father, an indifferent mother, a dead mother; I was the only child, first child, youngest, middle; I grew up in poverty, wealth, the nineteenth century? My daddy called me Cookie? My grandfather fled a pogrom?

Tracking over objects.

She: Angelica Balabanoff was the youngest of nine children. Olga Liubatovich's mother died when she was an adolescent. Elizaveta Kovalskaia's mother was a serf. Emma Goldman's father beat her. Vera Figner had elegance, education, intelligence, and the ability to conduct herself properly in all social circles. Vera Zasluch's father never sat her on his knee or called her Cookie. A racial bigot who had been accused and acquitted of bombing a synagogue burst into tears one day and sobbed that his mother always hated him and somehow he was getting back at her.

Stonehenge.

Girl's voice: Everything I've written has been put down for the benefit of some potential reader. It is a titanic task to be frank with myself. I fear my own censure. Even my thoughts sometimes appear to my consciousness in a certain form for the benefit of an imaginary mind reader. And strangely enough, *I* am that reader of these pages; *I* am that reader of this mind. I have very strong impressions of my childhood "acting." Up to a few years ago, whenever I was alone I would "perform." I don't think I did anything unusual or dramatic at these times, but the things I did do I did with the thought in mind that I was being watched. Now this reaction is becoming more and more unconscious, having been transmitted to my actions,

*Image**Sound*

speech, writing, and my thoughts. This last is the most unfortunate of all.

Therapy session.

Therapist: All right. All right. For the sake of argument I'll concede your point. You're inhuman and no better than the torturer. . . . So! (*very grandly*) What is to be done?! (*pause, then laughing*) How about a stake through the heart?

Stonehenge.

Girl's voice: Sunday, November 18th. How hard I try to convince myself that man is intrinsically good. If this were not so, what would be the use of trying to be good oneself? I think that by a good person I mean one who does not feel compelled to satisfy the demands of his ego. Such a one will be at peace at least with himself and will be able to accept himself as he is. Only then will he be able to love others. It is only with the conviction that his love will arouse the Good that lies dormant behind every soul's facade of hypocrisy and selfishness that one should seriously try to eradicate the querulous cries of the ego. For hypocrisy is itself hypocrisy, murky water that obscures the face of the seeking self.

Therapy session.

Therapist: . . . or an enema of gentian root, garlic, and bezoar stone every morning for ten days?

Stonehenge.

Girl's voice: I saw my ego staring me in the face. I ceased to listen to what they were saying because I saw that what I had been saying did not come from myself. What is my self and what is my ego? Who is the I and the self and the ego? Show me this monster who claws my senses and I will rend him to pieces.

Therapy session.

Therapist (*reading aloud*): "Freud said that the ego can kill itself only if, owing to the return of the object-cathexis, it can treat itself as an object. . . . In the two most opposed situations of being most intensely in love and of suicide, the ego is overwhelmed by the object, though in totally different ways."

View through gallery windows.

She: Energetic, cheerful, and serene, Isaev always enlivened the group. At the same time, he was sternly conscientious; according to him, serving the revolution inevitably meant restricting your personal life. "Personal renunciation," he would say, "doesn't mean renouncing one's identity, but rather

Image

Sound

renouncing one's egoism." All of Isaev's life forces and human aspirations were directed to the revolutionary cause. "Our task, our supreme task, is to gain justice for our Russian people," he frequently repeated.

Tracking over objects.

Patient: It was almost like having a sense of mission. If a stone can have conviction and purpose, then that describes the way I moved unswervingly toward my objective.

Therapy session.

Therapist: . . . (*laughing*) or should we apply a plaster of pigeon dung to your feet? . . . Come on, Annette, (*in exasperation*) sit up straight, sit up.

Patient: How little I want to know what lies ahead. (*She leans forward.*) Listen to me, will you? I'm trying to get at something . . . the matter of conscious choice. For me the exercise of choice always meant disregard of feelings. It still does, only now for different reasons.

Tracking over objects.

She: Political imperatives have always been meaningless to me unless I started from scratch.

He: How so?

She: I don't easily empathize with other people's lives. Each time, I had to struggle for that as though for the first time. It never became a habitual reflex.

Therapy session.

Patient: You always gave me the benefit of the doubt, didn't you? You accorded me the dignity which you thought I might eventually allow myself and others. I waited for that day to arrive, but it never did.

Neither your efforts nor the things I achieved by my own—here and outside—ever brought about the change I so longed for.

View through loft windows.

He: What about something like abortion rights? You had no trouble at all knowing where you stood on legislation cutting off abortion funds for poor women. I mean, you were able to empathize with poor women without batting an eye. So what's all this starting-from-zero stuff?

Therapy session.

Patient: Somehow I always thought that that great American invention, "being in touch with your feelings," would make a

Image

View through loft windows.

Therapy session.

Tracking over objects.

Therapy session.

Sound

better person out of me. What a shock to discover that feelings can erode not only one's best interests but one's conscience. How shocking to discover that decisions are often so much easier to make without "being in touch" with one's fear, anger, and envy.

She: But that's just the point: I *don't* empathize with poor women, even on *that* issue. Some things are easy to take a stand on because they're so obviously unjust, and one has moral obligations and habits. What I'd really like to have are moral, or ethical, *feelings*, maybe even instincts, if that were only possible.

He: What do you think of this: "Principles and the inner life are alibis the moment they cease to animate external and everyday life." That's Merleau-Ponty, 1947.

She: Read it again?

He: "Principles and the inner life are alibis the moment they cease to animate external and everyday life."

Patient: . . . and yes, how shocked I was to discover that some feelings are just plain foreign to me, so foreign that I find it hard to say the words for them. (*Pause.*)

Therapist: Are you going to try?

She: Nnoo. . . . It doesn't apply. I'm not looking for a way out. I don't spend time every morning worrying about who picked the coffee beans that went into the coffee I'm drinking, whether he's sick or well, whether he has a radio, a wife and eight children, whether he works twelve or fourteen hours a day, whether he's working or sleeping while I linger over my second cup of coffee.

(*Patient doesn't speak, but looks blankly at the desk.*) Patient's voice-over: Kindness, understanding, . . . compassion.

Therapist (*reading*): "There is another principle which, having been bestowed on us to moderate, on certain occasions, the impetuosity of egoism, or, before its birth, the desire of self-preservation, tempers the ardour with which we pursue our own welfare, by an innate repugnance at seeing a fellow creature suffer. I think I need not fear contradiction in holding humans to be possessed of the only natural virtue, which could

Image

Sound

not be denied them by the most violent detractor of human virtue. I am speaking of compassion, which is a disposition suitable to creatures so weak and subject to so many evils as we certainly are: by so much the more universal and useful to humanity, as it comes before any kind of reflection; and at the same time so natural, that the very brutes themselves sometimes give evident proofs of it.”

Tracking over objects.

She: Well, all right, obviously I do occasionally think of those coffee beans. Mmm. . . . (*long pause*) This is going to sound sappy, but I’ll say it anyway. . . . I’d like permission to make mistakes. . . .

He (*after pause*): Who’s stopping you?

Stonehenge.

Girl’s voice: I will learn to love myself; then I will love humanity.

Therapy session.

Patient: I had no compassion for the life I wanted to end. I had succeeded in suppressing everything—thought, feeling, doubt—everything. I had achieved complete autonomy and perfect detachment. I was a free agent. I was empty and impregnable at one and the same time.

Tracking over objects.

She: I just now made up my mind: I’m going to stop trying to become a better person. There’s no adding up correct social behavior like revolutions on a prayer wheel. It’s hopeless. They’ll never let me in, so I might just as well attend to what has to be done right now, whether or not I myself benefit.

He: What kind of benefit did you want?

View through loft windows.

She: Oh . . . right feeling, passion maybe—the kind of passionate conviction the Russian Amazons had. I know it’s pure fantasy.

He: And what about mistakes?

Therapy session.

Patient: Nothing has changed.

She: Well, if you accept your own fallibility, and don’t have such a stake in your own . . .

Patient: It could happen again.

Loft windows.

She: . . . in your own development . . . one might conceivably take greater risks . . .

<i>Image</i>	<i>Sound</i>
Therapy session.	Therapist: You're the one who used the word "invention." She: . . . in argument . . . Patient: Huh? Oh, you mean if there were no compassion we would have to invent it!
Loft windows.	She: . . . risks in using one's power . . .
Therapy session.	Patient: Hmm. . . . Suicide, then, can be seen as a failure of imagination . . .
Loft windows.	She: . . . for the benefit of others . . .
Therapy session.	Patient: . . . a failure to imagine what may lie outside one's own experience . . . She: . . . working with people . . . Patient: . . . a failure to imagine a world . . .
Loft windows.	She: . . . inhabiting one's own history . . . Patient: . . . where conscious choice . . . She: . . . resisting inequities close at hand . . .
Therapy session.	Patient: . . . and effort . . . She: . . . risks in love . . . Patient: . . . might produce mutual respect . . . She: . . . mistakes . . . Patient: . . . between you and me.
Loft windows.	She: I'd like to read one last thing: a letter from Meinhof to Hannah Krabbe when they were in prison, Meinhof in Stammheim and Krabbe in Ossendorf. He: Who's Hannah Krabbe? She: She was a member of the Socialist Patients' Collective that originated in the Psychiatric-Neurological Clinic of Heidelberg University. . . . Uh, she and some others blew up the German Embassy in Stockholm, uh, in 1975 when the German government refused to meet their demand for the release of imprisoned RAF people. The letter is dated March 23, 1976, less than two months before Meinhof died.

Converted video footage: A woman—identifiable as one of the two from the music lesson—sits in medium close-up in a very dark room and addresses someone just to the left of the camera. From her tearful monologue (which begins “Dear Mama”) we learn that she is living in Berlin and has just seen a film, Morgen Beginnt das Leben, directed by Werner Hochbaum in Berlin in 1935. She describes the gasps and murmurs she heard as members of the audience recognize street signs of neighborhoods that were otherwise unrecognizable. The film is their link to pre-War Berlin, a city “that is no more.” By itself the monologue is somewhat sentimental. The reading of the Meinhof letter (which follows) is inserted—in segments—so that it replaces parts of the on-camera monologue.

She (reads): “That’s bullshit—‘psychiatric’ wing. Like everywhere else a policy of destruction is being followed at Ossendorf, and the psychiatrists are cooperating, just as they have designed the methods of the secret police. Psychiatry, like imperialist science in general, is a means, not an end. Psychiatrification, as a device . . .”

He: What?

She: That’s what it says. “Psychiatrification, as a device of psychological warfare, aims to persuade the destroyed fighter of the pointlessness of revolutionary politics, to destroy the fighter’s credibility. At the same time it is a police tactic designed to insure that political prisoners sprung by—as Buback puts it—compulsory liberation—will be of no use as recruits.” Uh—Siegfried Buback was the Federal Prosecutor who was assassinated in April ’77 by the RAF.

“What Bücker is doing there is not psychiatrification, it is terror. He wants to wear you down. In using terms such as therapy, brainwashing attempts, your reasoning is off, you’re understanding things in psychological jargon, you are merely interpreting, whereas the attack is a frontal one.

“The Ossendorf method—like the prison method in general, except that in this case it is made aseptic, total by the perfection of the building and the penitentiary concept embodied in it and represented by Bücker and Lodt—consists in choking the prisoner until he loses his dignity,” (actually the German was more like “becomes shitty”) “his idea of himself, his ability to perceive terror. It’s about destruction. Psychiatrification is just one aspect, one of the vehicles among others. If you allow yourself to become mesmerized by them, like a rabbit by a snake, you’ll no longer notice the other goings-on.

“‘No windows’—sure. But that complaint reveals your shock at the sadism with which isolation was thought out, the perfection of its execution, the totality of the destructive will of the authorities, disbelief at the intensity of the antagonism which we encountered as fighters, finally, disbelief at the fact that fascism is effectively ruling here. In fact

this is not just an allegation of ours but the exact term to describe the repression that hits you if you get involved in revolutionary politics in this state.

“They can’t psychiatrize anyone who doesn’t allow it. Your wailing about psychiatry mystifies isolation. One has to fight against its effectiveness, and of course you people have to wage war against the chicanery of Bückner.

“So you had better demand—no acoustical monitoring, only visual monitoring at lock-up time, just as in Stammheim. But here also we had to fight for it, until we got rid of the pig who was listening in and could squat on the floor, etc. Repression is all you’re going to get unless you make an effort.

“You’re an ass; you’re trotting out from your sewing box the demand that we should all be put in one prison and the line ‘war prisoners’ as if these demands could actually be used as a threat against Müller. That’s nonsense. ‘We’ll have to concentrate and go for the application of the Geneva Convention.’ What the hell do you expect from Müller?

“We are fighting against them, and the fight will never end. They will never ease up the conditions of the fight. If you’re only reasoning on the level of bourgeois morality you’ll soon run short of ammunition, it’s foolish. So watch yourself, for no one can do that for you while you’re in isolation—not even Bernd.

Ulrike”

Half-way through the reading of the above letter, the video footage is replaced by the music lesson seen earlier, and the sounds of someone practicing a piece for baroque flute gradually become louder. The reading ends. Shortly afterwards the scene fades to black.

(Credits rise from bottom of frame.)