



**Elbe Sandstone Mountains
1789-1849
Video approx. 50 min
Stephan Dillemath, 1994**

TV Studio, a presenter enters the stage through an opening in a rose-strewn trellis, flowers in his hand. An artificial rainbow in the background, an antique sculpture of a woman's head on a pillar in the foreground. The presenter places the flowers on the head.

Presenter: Good evening ladies and gentlemen. As part of this regular cultural programme on the Hamburg Free Channel we are showing you today at the usual hour a video film by the Cologne artist Stephan Dillemath about the Elbe Sandstone Mountains.

Situated south of Dresden, this bizarre landscape was a rich source of motifs for almost all the German romantics. Their images shape our romantic view today of the time between the French revolution and the March revolution in Germany.

In a journey through film and text, leading up to an Elbe Sandstone Mountains trip, we are confronted with our own projections.

Was romanticism political or was politics romantic? And what do *Journey to the Inside*, *Biedermeier* and *German revolution* mean to us today – in 1995?

Presenter turns his back on the audience and with a scream jumps over the fence and falls a long way down behind the trellis.

Cut to a singing child in a blue dress with a microphone in her hand. Location shot.

Girl:
And then I heard a voice ring out
Deep down in me,
Which in a moment rapt away
My memory...

*Cut to a Guillotine, starving populace,
Marseillaise, Guillotine threatening in the rain.*

Saint-Just: There seem to be in this assembly some delicate ears which cannot stand the sound of the word 'blood'. A few general observations should convince them that we are not more cruel than nature or the times. Nature obeys the law calmly and inexorably; Man is destroyed wherever he comes in conflict with her. A variation in the chemical composition of the air, an outbreak of subterranean fire, a change of balance in a body of water, and an epidemic, a volcanic eruption, a flood swallow up thousands. What is the result? A minor, scarcely perceptible alteration of physical nature which would have passed without trace had it not left corpses in its wake.

I ask you: Shall mind in her revolutions be more squeamish than matter? May not an idea crush opposition as a law of physics does? Above all, shall a phenomenon which is completely remoulding moral nature, that is, man, draw back at the sight of blood? History works through these arms of ours in the spiritual sphere just as, in the physical, it works through volcanoes and floods. What difference does it make if those men move their last in an epidemic or in a revolution?

Humanity's steps are slow; they can be counted only by centuries. Behind each one rise the graves of generations. The advance to the simplest of discoveries, the most rudimentary of principles, has cost the lives of millions. Is it not obvious that at a time when the pace of history is faster, more men should get out of breath?

We come to a quick and simple conclusion: since all men are created in the same circumstances, all men are equal — apart, of course, from those distinctions which nature itself has made; thus everyone is entitled to advantages but none to privileges, either as an individual or as a member

of a group. Put this sentence of mine in real terms and you find that every clause has killed its men.

It needed four years to be translated into physical terms, but in normal times it would have taken a century, and would have been punctuated with generations. Is it so remarkable that the stream of the revolution should at every bend and cataract cast up its corpses?

We shall have further clauses to add to our sentence; are a few hundred dead bodies enough to hold us back?

The revolution is like the daughters of Pelias; she dismembers mankind to make it young. Humanity will emerge from the cauldron of blood like the earth from the flood waters, with limbs primordially strong, as though from a second creation!

We call upon all the secret enemies of tyranny to share with us this sublime moment!



Scene in David's studio. In the background the unfinished Tennis Court Oath. David is drawing from a model, adding the varnish to his painting 'The Death of Marat', then walking over to Robespierre, who is getting ready to pose for a portrait.

Male voice from off: I tell you that unless they have wooden copies of everything, scattered about in theatres, concert halls, and art exhibits, people have neither eyes nor ears for it. Let someone carve out a marionette so that they can see the strings that pull it up and down and with each awkward movement from its joints hear it roar out an iambic line; what a character, they'll cry out, what consistency!

Take these same people from the theatre and put them on the street and they'll grow pained with pitiful reality.

They will forget God Almighty for his bad imitators. Creation, red-hot creation thunders and lightens in and around them at every moment; they hear and see nothing. They go to the theatre, they read poems and novels, they grimace like the puppets they find in them and turn up their noses at God's creatures. 'My dear, how commonplace!'

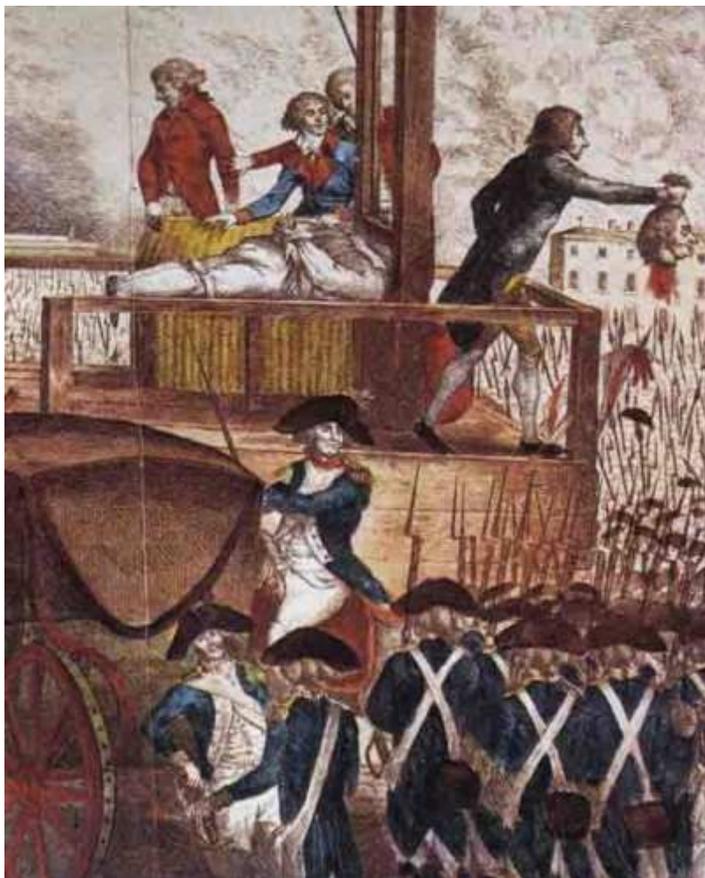
Robespierre: David, when are you going to be finished with that Tennis Court Oath?... But **Fabre** wasn't even there!

David: But he was, **Maximilien!** Believe me, his name was on the list.

Robespierre: I'm telling you, he wasn't there! What is more, he's a traitor! Take him out!

David in the window is making sketches of the cart that is taking the convicted to the guillotine. Gérard Depardieu as Danton is being brought to the scaffold.

Girl's voice from off is reading from the Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen, whilst someone is being beheaded by the guillotine.



Girl: Article 1 - Men are born and remain free and equal in rights. Social distinctions may be founded only upon the general good.

Article 2 - The aim of all political association is the preservation of the natural and imprescriptible rights of man. These rights are liberty, property, security, and resistance to oppression.

Third Article - The principle of all sovereignty resides essentially in the nation. No body nor individual may exercise any authority which does not proceed directly from the nation.

(Danton climbs onto the bloody scaffold)

The fourth Article - Liberty consists in the freedom to do everything which injures no one else...

Danton gasps: Go ahead and show my head to the people! My head is worth it!

Girl: ... hence the exercise of the natural rights of each man has no limits except those which assure to the other members of the society the enjoyment of the same rights. These limits can only be determined by law.

Article 5 - Law can only prohibit such actions as are hurtful to society. Nothing may be prevented which is not forbidden by law, and no one may be forced to do anything not provided for by law.

The guillotine crashes down and the severed head is held in up in the air, to the satisfaction of the onlookers.

Cut to living-room scene, Mother is reading 'The Wilful Child', a fairy-tale by the Brothers Grimm.

Mother: Once upon a time there was a child who was willful and would not do what her mother wished. For this reason, God had no pleasure in her, and let her become ill. No doctor could do her any good, and in a short time the child lay on her deathbed. When she had been lowered into her grave, and the earth was spread over her, all at once her little arm came out again and reached upward. And when they had pushed it back in the ground and spread fresh earth over it, it was all to no purpose, for the arm always came out again. Then the mother herself was obliged to go to the grave and strike the arm with a rod. When she had

done that, the arm was drawn in, and at last the child had to rest beneath the ground.

Cut to a snowed-in winter landscape, filmed from the inside of a moving train. The following text appears on the screen:

"With the loss of their old essential seriousness – lost in jolly Leipzig first – the Germans lost their joker. Yet we might still be serious for one or the other joke if we were stateworthy citizens rather than petty burghers. Because nothing is public here, but everything is domestic, everyone blushes when they merely see their name printed... Jean Paul 1804"

Alongside plays the song 'Spring Dream' from the 'Winter Journey' by Schubert (music) and Müller (lyrics)

I dreamt of colorful flowers
Such as bloom in May;
I dreamt of green meadows,
Of merry bird songs.

And when the roosters crowed,
My eyes awoke;
It was cold and dark,
The ravens were shrieking on the roof.

Further impressions from the journey: railway lines, mountains, arrival in Bad Schandau, boat ride on the Elbe.

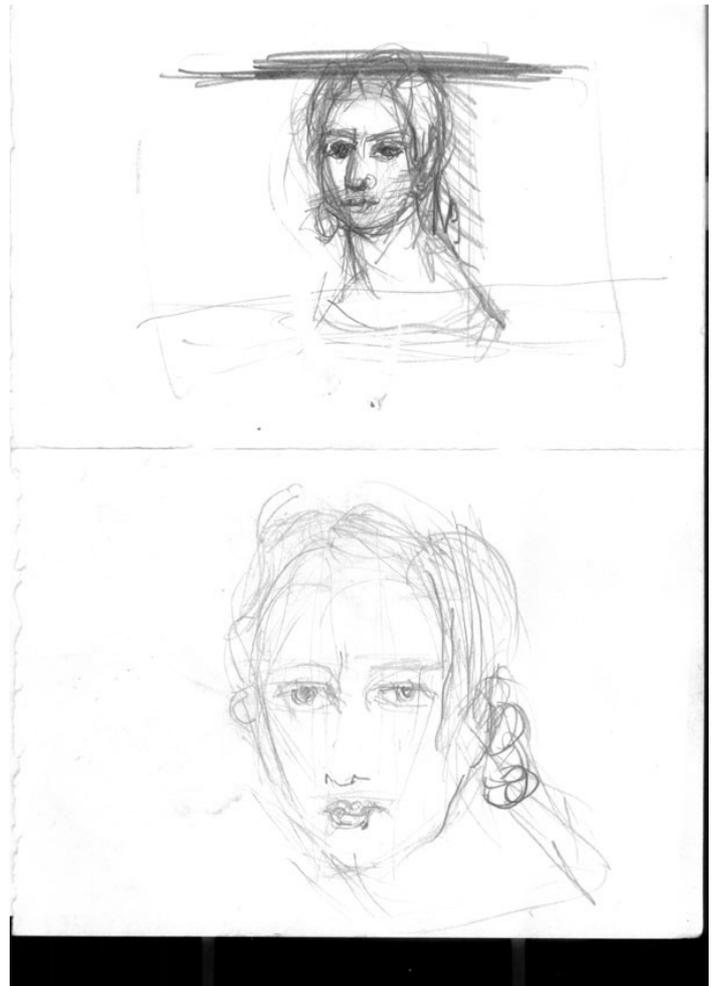
Pan shot starting from the landscape of a bed in the hotel room then flying out of the window over the Elbe Sandstone Mountains...

Speaker (tourist guide) from off: A remainder from old times, a legacy from the Cretaceous Sea. In a way it is a lump of sediment made of sand, rubble, mussels and shells of the lower marine fauna. For a hundred million years the left-over sedimentary disc has been pushed, lifted and broken by lava from the earth's interior, battered and scarred by wind and waters, the heat and the cold. What remains for the earthling of the plate that once measured a mighty six hundred metres? A miserable residue. Admittedly, a bizarre one, a pearl of nature. The Elbe Sandstone Mountains with their stones and mountains to the left and the

right of the Elbe, to the south of Dresden, reaching into Bohemia.

Cut to impressions of mountains and forests, accompanied by classical piano music. Then cut to the actual source of the music, because it is Nastassja Kinski playing Schumann.

Mother amongst the listeners to her son Robert Schumann, who is sitting next to her: Is that your music, my boy?



Herbert Grönemeyer as Schumann: Yes. My papillons, my butterflies.

Clara Wieck finishes the concert. Standing ovation from the audience.

Mother: That was just beautiful. Oh to think that I wanted to force you to quit music... I hope for you that your inspiration will never leave you.

To the pianist: Clara, your playing is wonderful! But you have to marry my Robert.

Herr Wieck to a man (introducing them): My pupil Schumann and his mother.

Cut to images of mountains, sea of clouds, wanderer in a landscape, accompanied by classical music. Shift to interior of a pub. Regulars' table, student fraternity sings nationalist songs: Dear German Fatherland etc

A: The old men can be very useful to many a young fox. Believe me my young friends, our fraternity Markomannia is just the thing for you.
Schumann: The Fatherland should be larger!

B: You don't even know the meaning of Fatherland! Homeland!

Schumann: There's also a homeland of art. The Germans and the French, the English and the Poles understand the language of music.

Insertion: fencing scene, afterwards return to the pub.

Schumann: ... the little masters of the pedal. Beethoven, Weber and Schubert have only been dead a few years. We have to help all that is young and has a future. The poetry of art has to come back to glory.

C: Schumann is right!

Schumann: It's not enough for us to agree. We have to convince the public of our ideas. So we need a mouthpiece. A magazine. A new magazine for music, as I have demanded a dozen times before. We can count on you, Herr Wieck?

Wieck: I hear you are no longer frequenting music director Dorn, Schumann?

Schumann: I will never get on with Dorn. For him music is nothing but a fugue.

Wieck: Are you saying that you are giving up on all the theory?

Schumann: The theory study itself is quite good, but firstly, I lack the money and secondly, music does not only consist of technique.

Waitress brings beer for the whole table: A round from Hertel, the publisher!

Puts beers down.

You, too, Herr Wieck?

Wieck: No. Unfortunately I have to go.
Goodnight.

Gets up and leaves.

Nature, mountains, trees, ravens. Scene in the castle. French soldiers come in. Talking to each other in French. Carrying several chests and taking them away.

Man with top hat: It's a disgrace.

Off1: We are no longer the masters of our own houses. Our king still hesitates. They say his favourite kind of time is the time to think it over.

Off2: He adheres to the contracts with Napoleon. But the people are getting together ... and the best minds are with us in Petersburg. Baron vom Stein, Ernst Moritz Arndt ... you know Arndt, don't you?

Off1: Arndt the poet? Of course. "The God who let iron be grown wanted no servants."
We are being plundered. And it's completely legal. And the king of Prussia does not even have the money left to pay his artists...

Double exposure with landscape shots. Shots of a battlefield.

Off3: The fugitives are rushing towards their homeland. The crop is trampled, the fruits of the fields are devastated, cultivated plots and villages turned to rubble and ash by sinful hands.

Soldier lonely in the forest. Room inside the castle. Two men talking.

Arndt: Did you know that a third of the six hundred thousand led into the Russian winter by Napoleon were Germans? Germans sold to Napoleon the parvenu by our blue-blooded gentlemen.

D: We chased away the big tyrant but swapped him for many small ones. Today I don't even dare print your books any more. Every day I have to

reckon on a new search of my house. They come looking for demagogic writings.

Arndt: He who fights tyrants is a holy man in my eyes. Governments now rule even more autocratically and inhumanly than Napoleon ever did.

D: And almost all of those who deserve to be called German are on remand. For demagogic activities.

Arndt: Yes. One proscription after another.

Professor's wife to the soldiers searching the house: Vandals!!

Soldier: But Herr Professor! Herr Professor

Arndt, if you would please tell your wife, we are only doing our duty.

Cut to Schumann sitting at the piano and playing. Conversation with a friend.

Schumann: No, I would leave it like that. Just like that...maybe a little...
They both continue the melody in singing.
And then on with the theme...

André Heller: And below strings or

Schumann: ...strings, yes...strings but the wind instruments all the way up front. This I would ... yes, that's better.

Black image, white writing: "INTERMISSION". Then the following text running from top to bottom, in front of changing classical print graphics from the relevant time. Kettledrum music.

CHRONOLOGY

1789

*French Revolution
US Constitution*

1804

Napoleon Emperor

1805

*Austerlitz: Nap. defeats
Russia and Austria
Sertürner discovers
morphine*

1806

*Jena and Auerstedt: Prussia is defeated
Hegel: Phenomenology of Spirit,
Runge paints his parents.
Germany has 29 m inhabitants*

1809

*Austria rises up against Napoleon: failure of
Andreas Hofer et al.*

1811

*Avogadro: molecular theory
Upper-class ladies' fashion:
gowns with a deep décolleté;
gentlemen wear bavarroys,
breeches and gaiters.*

1812/13

Napoleon defeated in Russia

1813

War of the Sixth Coalition

1814

*Prussians and Russians occupy Paris.
Fichte dies.
First steam trains in England.*

1815

*Napoleon returns for 100 days, Waterloo.
Congress of Vienna*

1817

*Wartburg festival
Fashion: traditional costume*

1819

*Kotzebue killed by Sand.
Reaction: Carlsbad Decrees, closure of open-air
gymnasia, arrests.
Schopenhauer: The World as Will and
Representation.*

1821

Napoleon dies

von Weber: Der Freischütz

1830

*July revolution in Paris spreads to other countries;
constitutional laws introduced after uprisings in Germany
Concert trips by Clara Wieck,
Men's fashion: "Patricide"(a special kind of collar)
Brown discovers cell nucleus*

1831

*Cholera pandemic
Hegel and Gneisenau dead
Delacroix: Liberty Leads the People.
Faraday: law of induction*

1832

*Hambach festival in response to renewed measures taken against freedom of association and gatherings and of the press.
Membership of fraternities is high treason.*

1833

Storming of the Hauptwache square in Frankfurt

1834

*Büchner in Giessen
Society for Human Rights.*

1837

*"Göttingen Seven" Protests by professors against the suspension of the constitution by Augustm von Hannover.
Samuel Morse: wire telegraph system
Büchner dies*

1844

*Revolt of the Silesian weavers
Marx meets Engels*

1846

*First congress of German scholars in Römer.
Crop failure, growth of pauperism.*

1847/48

Famine: Cologne has 100.000 inhabitants and 25.000 paupers.

1848

Marx/Engels: The Communist Manifesto

July Monarchy overthrown in France

Germany: March revolution

Prussia undertakes German unification and drafting of constitution.

May: National Assembly at the Paulskirche Frankfurt (Main).

Gold is found in California

First appendectomy

1849

Prussian king refuses the Imperial German crown. National Assembly is not recognised and dissolves.

Cut to a scene with two men sitting next to each other on a couch. To the left S.D. wearing sunglasses and a cardigan, to the right E.S. wearing nerdy glasses and a black hat.

ES: In order to arrive at a satisfying explanation of the phenomenon of the state of soul and mind misleadingly called Romanticism, we have to start with a political military observation.

SD: Er, and what would that be? I was expecting something to do with folklore, religion.

An experimental film by SD about painting in the 1980s is shown.

[conversation continues from off]

ES: All of our "Romantics" – you can hear I am putting this least appropriate of all terms in quotation marks – were born around 1775. Thus they are still at school at the time of the event with which modernity begins: the French revolution of 1789. And from this point on all generations experience 26 years of war, until 1815. They experience billeting of troops, military units marching through, pillage and arson. Drunks wave pistols around and shoot, refugees beg their way through. Those with anything to give do so hastily, distractedly. They will soon be walking the same way themselves, like a higher class of gypsy.

Rushed attempts to flee are made at night, dodging army encampments and advancing troops. There are waves of inflation, devaluation or whatever other technical terms the government keeps coming up with. What it means is a skeleton fanning itself with a bunch of banknotes.

All the writers have sat in basements on little suitcases full of manuscripts and listened to the bombs falling above. They have all seen heirlooms disappear in minutes like smoke in strong wind.

SD: "Throw him out, throw him out! He's tearing my heart apart", as Rothschild demanded of his servant regarding that whining beggar. Well then. 30 years or so of permanent mobilization and all-consuming flames are disastrous for the middle and lower classes. We know this from our own experience. The rich of course still have a castle to run to. Manors out in the Poznan' province. Plus, if there is any compensation paid out, they are always the first to get the most out of it. Because they have lost the biggest amounts! Long live logic! And for a born desperado war is fulfilment, of course. In a way it is a continuation of his ancestral calling. One which he can follow in complete legitimacy ... legitimacy.

But why don't you continue with your deductions.

ES: Germany's third age of instability is dawning. Already there was the Thirty Years War and that of 1740-63. People suffered these fairly quietly.

The Third and Fourth Estates had not yet learned to read and write. At least not in such numbers that, according to the theory of probability, there could have emerged enough representative speakers for them not to be ignored. This changes around the year 1800. Now the middle class is more educated. There are enough reporters, doubters, singers. Over the volcanic ground of political events, the tremors, lava, flames, smoke and geysers, romanticism's tropically coloured vegetation grows at hothouse speed: true *Yellowstone*. The migrant's inner life comes to be recognised and accepted as that of the essential artist, and one acts and writes accordingly...

SD: STOP!! First objection. Everyone was subjected to these outside influences, which you narrate into existence and which no doubt actually existed. Our Weimar classicists for example!

ES: To some extent, sure. But in relation to them we also encounter some unpleasant new things. Our classicists, with Goethe unfortunately at the forefront as usual, are unrealistic. They persuade themselves of a stable world in the face of 30 years of chaos, an absurd illusion even in times of peace, and then they ask their readers to let themselves be seduced by this. Something the bourgeois will of course immediately excitedly

do. 99 per cent of readers don't want a representation of reality, they want to take part in formally perfect celebrations. In honour of a stability of being which does not exist. Classicism is the term for one of several supposedly infallible procedures to remove the chaos which surrounds and pervades us by calling it *Cosmos*.

SD: Hmm... It's true. In his old age Goethe really was an apologist for the state. But I'm going to remember your heresy about the unrealistic classics! It will still be a shocker to some people!

ES: Hah! Understandably this theory of the classics and their stable, noble simplicity, their quiet grandeur, is strongly encouraged by the state. But the precondition for any civil servant's mentality is another technique of "*make believe*", which rests on the assumption that after 40 diligent years of service one will enjoy one's retirement living like in Elysium. Of course if one falls before ... well... that is simply God's mysterious will. And the family will still benefit. But back to the poet! Everyone has to decide for himself whether he wants to be honest or classical.

SD: And by honest you mean... you mean, as I've come to assume, the attitude of the Romantics. The things one hears in life! You haven't quite forgotten that the common understanding of the term 'Romanticism' is opposed to you?

ES: *Ro-manticism!* With its disreputable volatility, its carelessness, its seemingly childlike magic character. What the hell! Let's use the German scholars' favourite joke **ES:** Romantic irony, arbitrariness and poetic injustice are rather the expression of the most daring realism in life and art. The underlying insight, namely that all existence consists of a lifelong rabbit-run, perpetual flight from the danger of being eaten, is by no means superficial. He who arranges his life accordingly is by no means frivolous, and the poet who strives to represent this chaos candidly is by no means irresponsible.

SD: I see! You interpret romanticism as the conscious attempt to find artistic expression for the belief in the instability of the world and of individual existence. Thematically, formally, linguistically.

ES: That's almost right! This is precisely what proponents of Volk-and-Fatherland at the time and since have vilified as characteristic of rootless big city literati. It's even possible that in a gradual

way the romantics were consciously and systematically degraded to insignificant fairy-tale fools. Likeable fools that one can take dreamily by the hand some twilight hour, with an understanding smile. For in truth the romantics were extremely dangerous people, from the point of view of the *Gestapo*. Persistently unstable, secretly endowed with the talent to counter the non-sense of government actions with the non-sense of art. The faint, brave noise echoing through the teeth of the rocks of existence.

SD: Meaning that so-called romantic arbitrariness is really the conscious affirmation of chaos!

ES: That would have to be a real nasty boy who affirms chaos. No, no, the Romantics are simply too lucid to introduce by stealth something like a meaning or even a direction into the wild Polish-plait of history and the Rat-king of an individual life. They see a meaningless, purely contingent game and take revenge in the most laudable human way. They describe chaos with such artistry and in such vicious detail that, should chaos ever have had enough and want to stop, it could still be reconstructed from their works.

SD: Let me ask this first: We constantly work with the term Romantics. Who do you count on to support your theory?

ES: I distingu...



SD: No, wait, again...

Let me ask you this first: We constantly work with the term Romantics. Whom do you count amongst them, to support your theory?

ES: I distinguish between true Romantics who are to be taken seriously and those who merely followed the mediocre, easily-copied new

fashion. True Romantics, that means genuine masters. I can only think of four who have also left behind such an extensive oeuvre that it is possible to judge. In order of artistic merit: Tieck, Hoffmann, Brentano, Fouqué. In terms of the Germans' influence abroad: Fouqué, Hoffmann, Tieck, Brentano.

SD: Eichendorff?

ES: Epigone. Senior civil servant who plays with the romantic apparatus. Typically shallow flow, still the best from the short breath of a lyricist. I'm not doing my argument any favours by not using him in my demonstration. But his haberdashery-colourfulness is fake and inorganic.

SD: The Schlegels?

ES: Both just theoreticians, 4th-grade people! I'll help you, neither Novalis, nor Arnim, nor Hauff. At most Werner and Schäfer.

SD: Very conclusive, of course, because no-one knows them.

ES: Which is why I'm not yet using them today. But let's quickly prove the representation of chaos by the big four, in no particular order: Fouqué, the gigantic, endlessly intricate tapestry of his novels of chivalry. There is always war, confusion, swords clashing against magic wands. Brentano's notorious flightiness. In Hoffmann, is he invoking something like order when he sets witches and sorcerers wreaking constant havoc? And Tieck? Well, we will talk about him at more length.

SD: Very well. I emphatically ask for such an elaboration. So that we don't get entrapped in particular formulations, no matter how elegant they may be.

ES: May I direct your attention to expressionism, which is still almost contemporary for us, in order to get you more acquainted with a disconcerting phenomenon? Here also we have a deeply unsettled wartime and postwar generation. Here also we have the artistic expression of those for whom the world was reeling drastically for years and who now pay the world back for this with mistrustful realism. By announcing the new insight that military and civilian life bear unpleasant similarities to one another. It is the same most familiar confusion, the same over-exertion of language, ranging from a genius for coupling hitherto unassociated words all the way to speaking in tongues and skid-talking.

SD: Ohh, but surely there is a big difference!

ES: Namely this one: between 1800 and 1910 the lower orders had learned to talk. This is the class that has to bear the actual, the most dreadful burdens, the one that provides the soldiers, the workers under surveillance in the arms industry, the haggard snow-shovellers and the refugees on foot.

SD: Thus the tone must have been considerably louder. Even more forceful, more reckless. Because even though the Romantics may have lived through a lot they experienced neither trenches nor barrages. As far as I know only Fouqué was a soldier, and that mostly during peacetime.

ES: And now for the most detailed proof of the proposed theses.

Zoom out of the TV programme which shows SD and ES reading and pan to a couch with a sleeping person on it. Then cut to living room scene. Grandmother and granddaughter sit next to each other on the sofa, the grandmother is reading the fairy tale from Georg Büchner's "Woyzeck".

Granddaughter: Granny, tell the story!



Grandmother: Gather...gather round then, small fry. Once upon a time there was a poor little boy who had no father or mother. Everything was dead and there was nobody left in the whole wide world. Everything was dead, and he went away and searched day and night. And because there was nobody left on earth he thought he'd go up to heaven. And the moon looked at him so kindly! But when he reached the moon he found it was a piece of rotten wood. And then he went to the

sun, and when he reached the sun he found it was a withered sunflower. And when he came to the stars they were little golden gnats that a shrike had stuck on a blackthorn. And when he came back to earth... wanted to go back to earth... earth was an upturned pot. And he was all alone. And he sat down and cried, and he's sitting there still, all alone.

Cut to wanderer in a winter landscape. Followed by rapidly edited forest footage, music by Can. Subjective camera, up the mountain.

Danton (from off):

I was riding the earth like a wild horse;
it was careering breathlessly along
and I, with gigantic limbs,
clung to its mane and flanks,
my head was thrown back,
and my hair streamed out into the void.
Thus it dragged me along,
then I screamed out in terror
and woke up and ran to the window.

SD as wanderer on a snowy mountain peak, above a sea of clouds.

A from off: Why, what's the matter with you?

B from off: Oh, nothing, nothing at all! Would you reach me your hand, sir! The puddles in the street, you know. There! Thank you, sir! I almost didn't get across them! It could have been dangerous!

A from off: Surely you weren't afraid?

B from off: Well, you see, sir, the earth has nothing but a thin crust--a thin, thin crust. I always fancy I might fall through a hole like that if I were to step into it--One must be careful where one steps. One might break through! But you must go to see the play. . . .

SD from off: You loving swans;
And drunk with kisses
You dip your heads into water ...

SD (with microphone, reads Hölderlin): Once again:

With yellow pears hangs down

And full of wild roses
The land into the lake,
You loving swans
And drunk with kisses
You dip your heads
Into water, the holy-and-sober.

But oh, where shall I find
When winter comes, the flowers, and where
The sunshine
And shade of the earth?
The walls loom
Speechless and cold, in the wind
Weathercocks clatter.

The next one is also by Hölderlin.

In the shade outside his cottage sits ... no, once
again.

Next is also Hölderlin.

At peace the ploughman sits in the shade outside
His cottage; smoke curls up from his modest
hearth.

A traveller hears the bell for vespers
Welcome him into a quiet village.

Now too the boatmen make for the harbour pool,
In distant towns the market's gay noise and throng
Subside; a glittering meal awaits the
Friends in the garden's most hidden arbour.

As if that foolish plea had dispersed it, though,
The spell breaks; darkness falls, and lonely
under the heavens I stand as always –

Now you come, slentle geep... gentle sleep! For
the heart demands
Too much; but youth at last, you the dreamy,
wild,
Unquiet, will burn out, and leave me
All my late years for serene contentment.

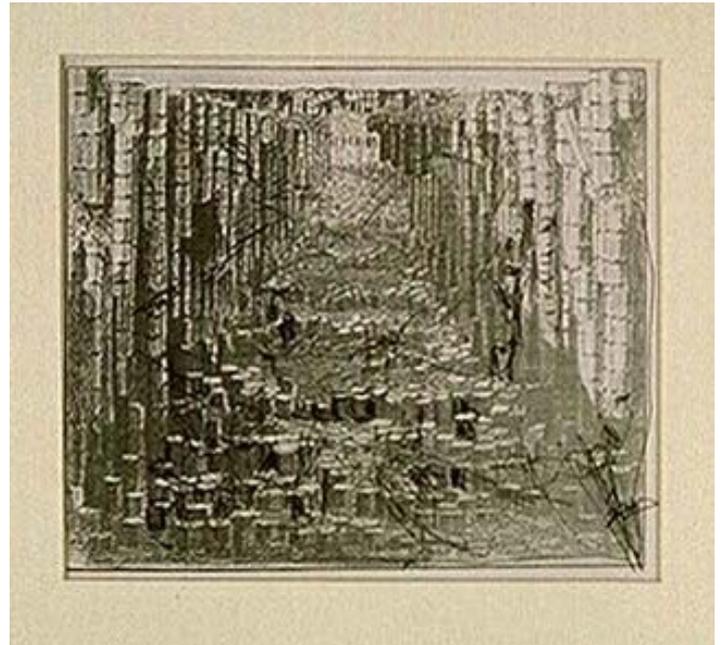
People...

*SD leaves the screen with microphone. Forest
footage shot with subjective camera. Trip,
improvised music...*

SD (from off): Now I'll walk on... little tree ...
there a tree ...

*SD drawing nature, speaks partly from off, partly
looking at the camera:*

Now we are drawing this basalt ...er...this basalt
grotto, which is in front of us. This is quite good
because, it can be seen here, how it's going to
look later on...here to draw these small formations
... they're there in front of the mental eye, we've
studied the eye before, it sometimes dilates quite
a bit. It's important that we ...



Well, what we see here in front of us is not really
a proper...it's meant to become... a basalt grotto...
Now watch out. Once again, get it? This is the
basalt, and there is the ...you can just draw it on.
Here there is that stone down there, there the
other one next to it. Then here is this...mess...a
little bit like this... now this way. That actually
looks quite good now ... a copy...and now here
this ... this spruce is coming out there, it's called
birch nowadays...down there roots ... there next to
this stone ... and on top we've got this, what do
you call it, this little tree...you don't know what to
focus on, do you...I knew it, you...either up front
here or there...camera you're really indecisive
here. Ok, back there there's this slate, kind of
diagonal...and then here the little trees come out
again...like this, yeah? Ok?

Good soil structure ... and then this poor little
tripod lying there... all alone in the forest...

There it's lying on the soil... and here forest...

I...here...alone...in the forest....right in the middle....what does the stupid camera know of it?

Nothing...nothing...nothing!

Rapidly circulating pans through the forest and through Caspar David Friedrich's studio. Further on through the snowy psychedelic forest

Hah, now it's turning Rubezahl-style!

Look at it, come on! Take your machinic eye and look at it.

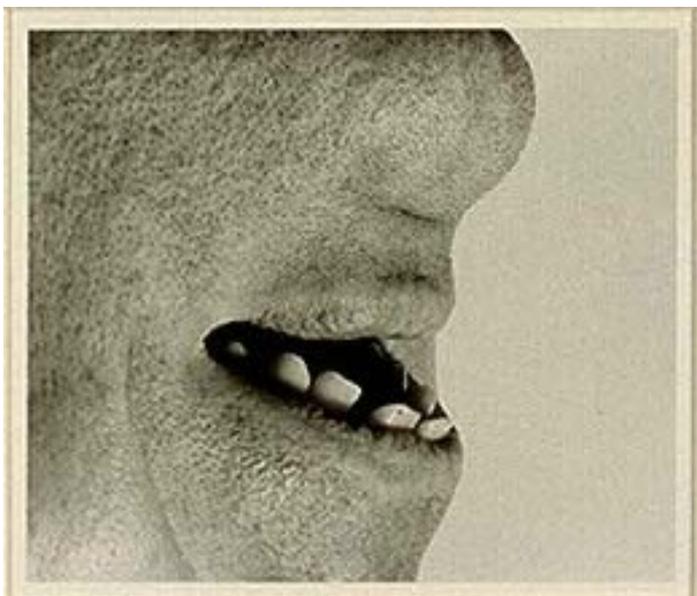
I can't believe that's still here!

That was here long before the S, the O, the N and the Y were even invented – huh?

Perspective!

So machine eye – how are you? And you eye eye?

And how am I?



By the Elbe, accompanied by sweet piano music, end credits roll unhurriedly:

Thank you:

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Villa in the dark – text:

**The tempest's gone, the wind is mild
At home it's fallen still once more;
Germania that great big child,
Enjoys his christmas tree just as before.**

H.Heine, Oct. 1849

Wanderer following the fence, walks onto the street, then turns around again. Moon in tree. Zooms in. Wanderer searches in the garden. The moon in the tree – explodes.