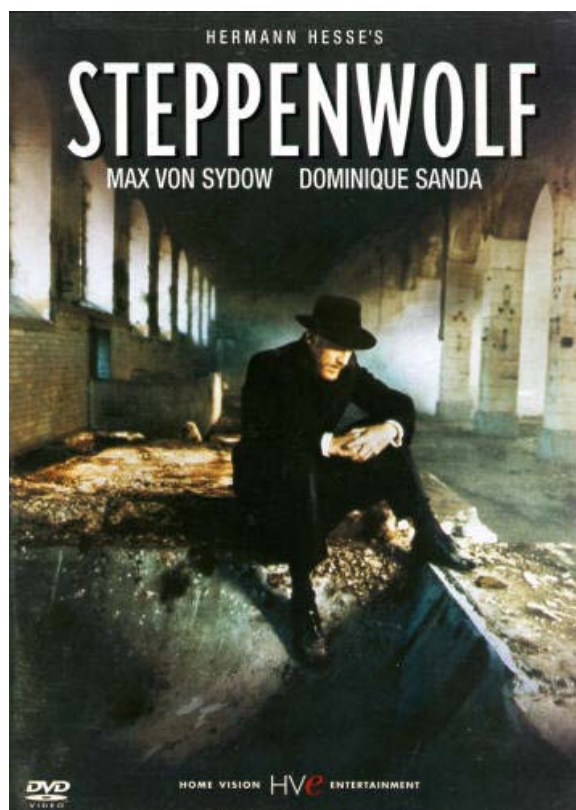


STEPPENWOLF -- ILLUSTRATED SCREENPLAY

Written and directed by Fred Haines, featuring Max Von Sydow, Dominique Sanda, and Pierre Clementi
© 1974 Peter J. Sprague

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[transcribed from the video by Tara Carreon]



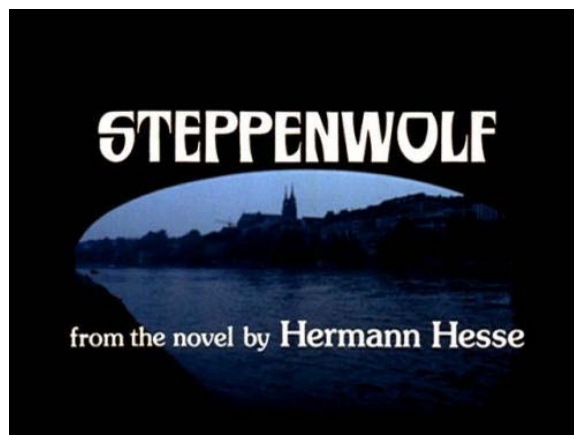
Peter J. Sprague
and
D/R Films, Inc.
Present



Max von Sydow



Dominique Sanda



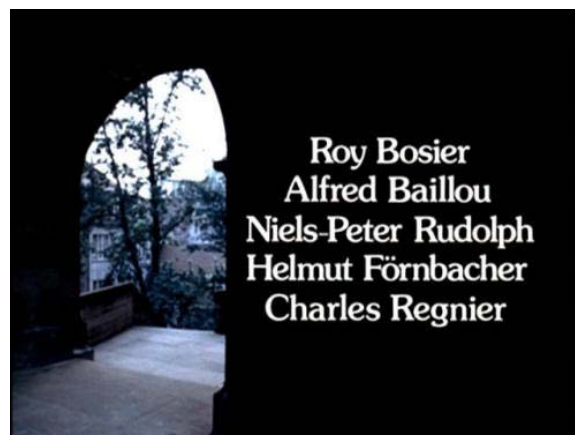
STEPPENWOLF
from the novel by Hermann Hesse



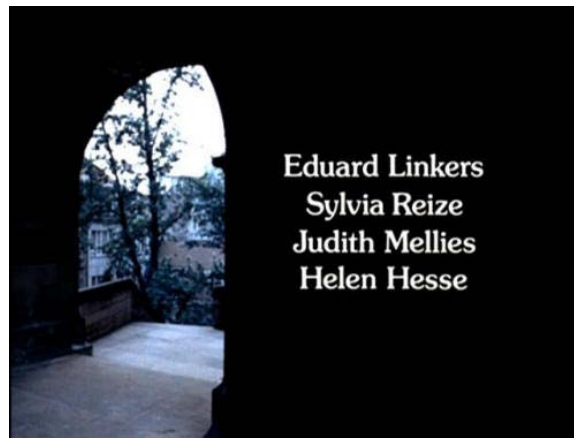
Pierre Clementi



Carla Romanelli



Roy Bosier
Alfred Baillou
Niels-Peter Rudolph
Helmut Fornbacher
Charles Regnier



Eduard Linkers
Sylvia Reize
Judith Mellies
Helen Hesse

Eduard Linkers
Sylvia Reize
Judith Mellies
Helen Hesse

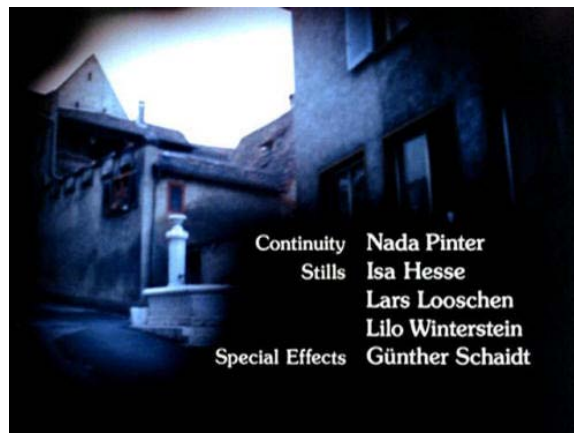


Unit Manager Lajos von Baghy
Assisted by Rolf Laveatz
Gisela Dreyer
Dietmar Pauls

Assistant Directors
Renato Romano
Ernst Bertschi
Gabria Belloni

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Gabria Belloni



Continuity Nada Pinter
Stills Isa Hesse
Lars Looschen
Lilo Winterstein
Special Effects Günther Schaidt

Continuity: Nada Pinter
Stills: Isa Hesse
Lars Looschen
Lilo Winterstein
Special Effects: Gunther Schaidt



Camera Assistants: Velija Sakota
H.J. Bunnenberg
Video Technique: Klaus-Dieter Stoltenberg
Horst Wenzel
Steve Turner
Electrician: Dieter Bollen
Props: Rika Mattmuller
Peter German
Joseph Kohn
Arno Katter
Construction: Horst Lang



Secretaries: Rena Buhl
Esther Davis
Costumes: Else Heckmann
Miss Sanda's costumes by: Aujard's
Hairdressers: Alex Archambault
Bruno Denger
Make-up: Monique Archambault
Babette Juli
Wardrobe: Anneliese Grob
Hermann Beecken
Miss Sanda's Jewelry: Vieux Saint Honore



Sound Editor: Ian Crafford
 Associate Editor: Petra von Oelffen
 Assistant Editors: Francois Jacquenod
 Roger van Engel
 John Nuth
 Janet Ashe
 Dialogue Coach: Frances Haines



Re-recording Mixer: Bill Rowe
 Location Sound: R.H. Borchardt
 Re-recording: EMI Elstree Studios
 Titles & Optical Effects: General Screen Enterprises Ltd.
 Film Processing: Geyer-Werke Hamburg
 Prints by: Technicolor
 Video ____: Vidtronics, London
 Video Sequences: Studio Hamburg
 Television International, London



Art Director: Leo Karen
 Paintings for the Magic Theatre by: Mati Klarwein
 Choreography: Roy Bosier



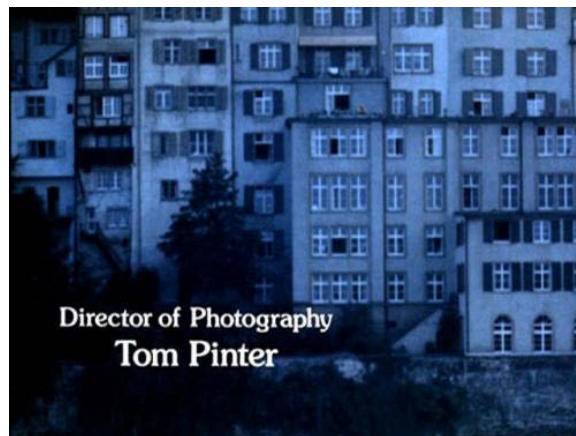
Animation Design: Jaroslav Bradac
 Animation Photography: Trigrav (Wiesbaden)



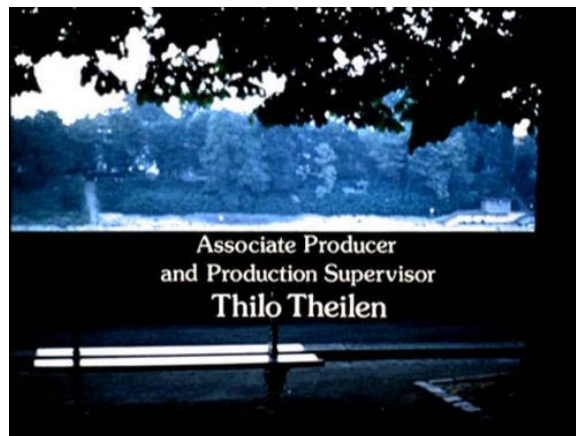
Music composed and conducted by: George Gruntz
 "Yearning-(Just For You)" by: Benny Davis and Joe Burke
 Sinfonia in D by W. F. Bach
 Pablo's Tango: Lyrics by Fred Haines; Music by George Gruntz



Editor: Irving Lerner



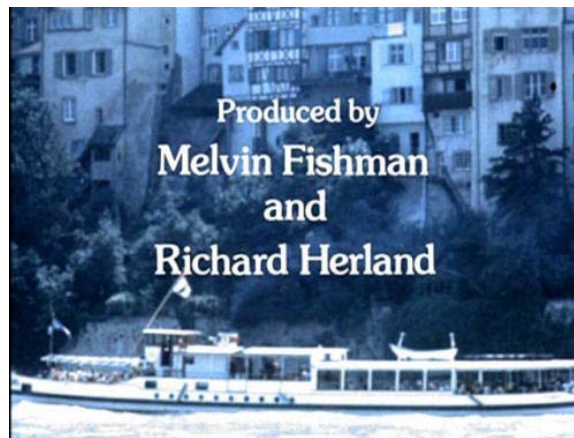
Director of Photography: Tom Pinter



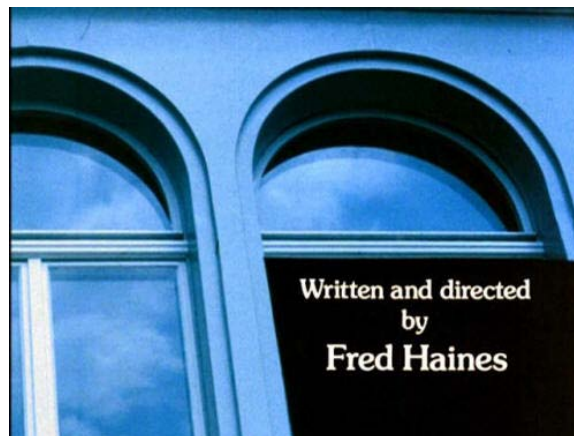
Associate Producer and Production Supervisor: Thilo Theilen



Executive Producer: Peter J. Sprague



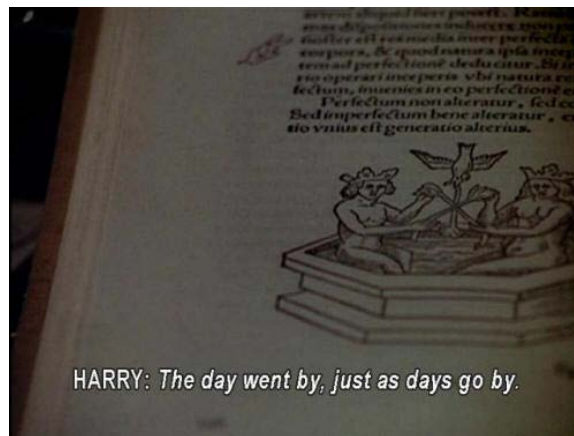
Produced by: Melvin Fishman and Richard Herland



Written and directed by: Fred Haines

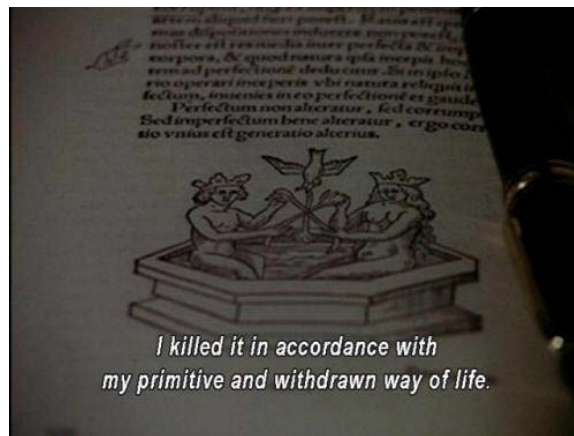


For Madmen Only!



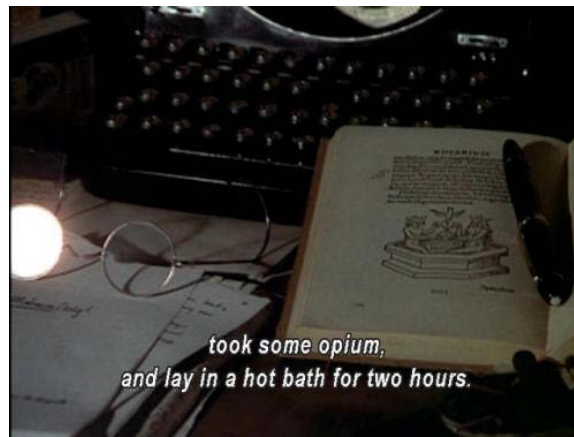
HARRY: The day went by, just as days go by.

[HARRY] The day went by, just as days go by.

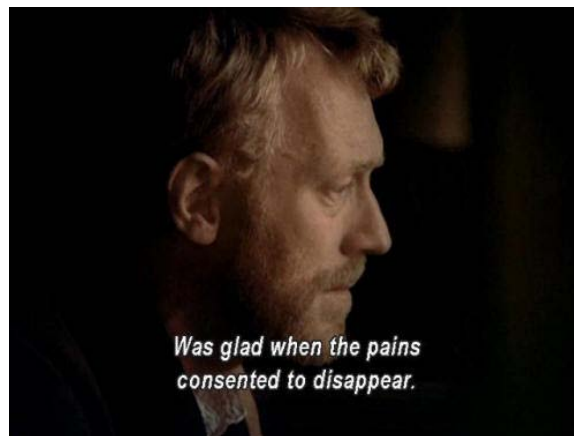


I killed it in accordance with
my primitive and withdrawn way of life.

I killed it in accordance with my primitive and withdrawn way of life.
I worked for an hour or two, I had pains ...



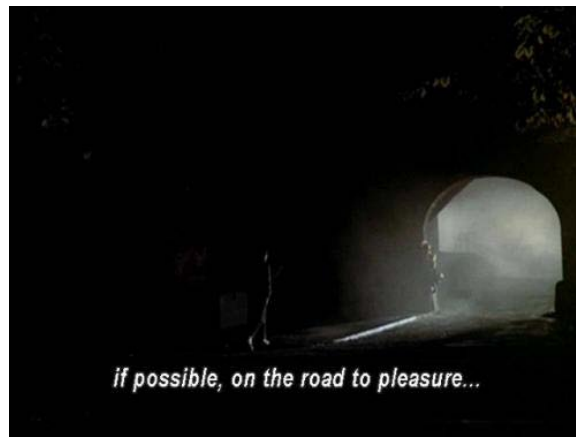
took some opium, and lay in a hot bath for two hours.



Was glad when the pains consented to disappear.
All in all, it wasn't exactly a day of rapture.
Perhaps the time has come to follow the example of Adalbert Stifter.
A fatal accident while shaving.



The pain stops.
I am content.
Contentment that fills me with loathing.
In desperation I escape into other regions ...



if possible, on the road to pleasure ...
or if that cannot be, on the road to pain.

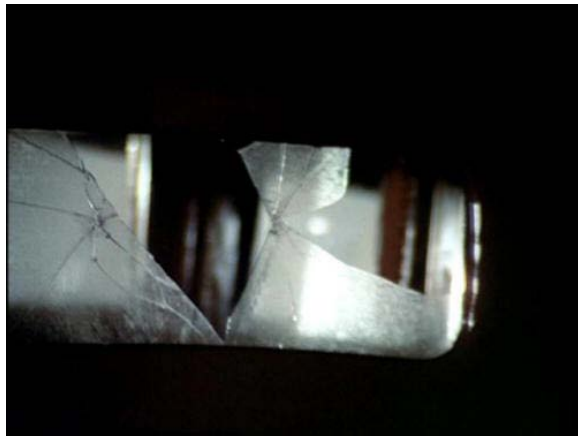
[Car horn blaring]



[Woman laughing]



[Glass shattering]



[Woman laughing]

[Woman laughing]



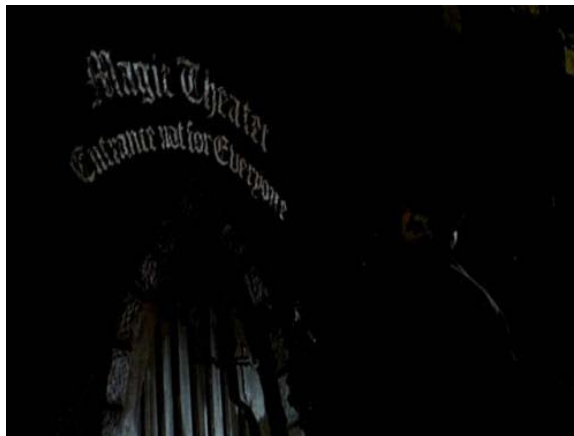
*A wild longing seethes in me
to smash and burn...*

[HARRY] A wild longing seethes in me to smash and burn ...



to destroy...

to destroy ...
pull down idols, seduce little girls ...
dynamite the established order, who cares what.



[Magic Theater]

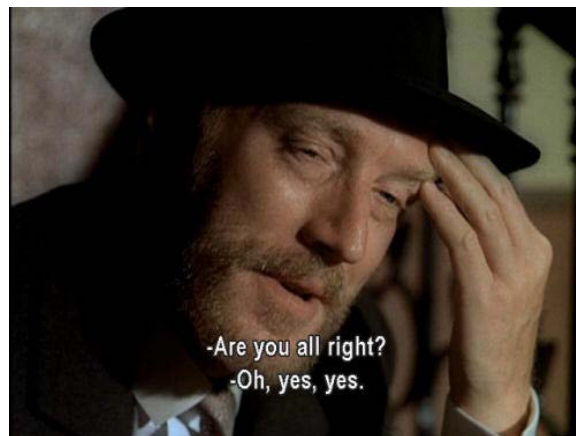


[for Madmen Only]





[FRANZ] Herr Haller.



Are you all right?

[HARRY] Oh, yes, yes.



I'm sorry if I startled you.



I didn't hear you coming up.
My thoughts were ...
wool gathering.



[FRANZ] Are you sure you're all right?
May I help you upstairs?

[HARRY] No, no, no, there's no need.
Sit down a moment, if you can spare the time.

[FRANZ] It is not my custom to sit on the stairs at other people's doors.



[HARRY] Yes, quite so.
Now you've embarrassed me.
Let me explain.
I've taken quite a fancy to this little vestibule ...



polished, scoured, glittering ...
like your aunt's below.
I always have to take a deep breath when I go by.



It reeks of peace ...



and tranquility.



I've always sought places like this to live.

I've always sought places like this to live.
You see, I need it, don't you see?



[FRANZ] But you are ill.

[HARRY] Nonsense.



Only a shabby old Steppenwolf...

Only a shabby old Steppenwolf ...
creeping up the stairs of other people's houses.



Pains I have sometimes ...
as elderly people do.



"Elderly" is a little bit exaggerated.

[FRANZ] "Elderly" is a little bit exaggerated.
You can't be 50 yet.



No, you're right, more's the pity.

[HARRY] No, you're right, more's the pity.
But not long to wait, either.



[HARRY] Wait, you, hey.
Let me see your sign.



What is this evening entertainment? Where is it?





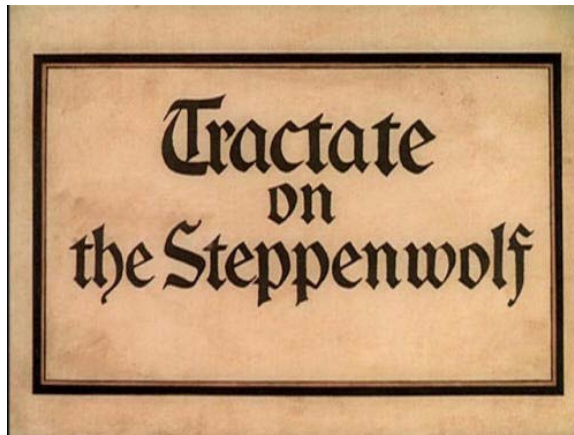
[AZTEC] Not for everybody.



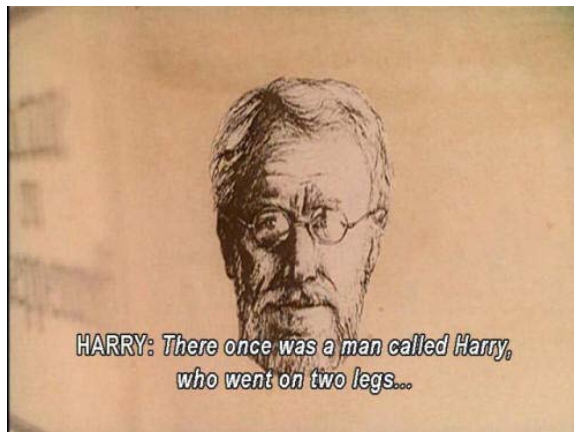
*[entertainment -
Magic Theater -
Entrance
not for everybody]*

[HARRY] Now, what do you have here? I want to buy something from you.

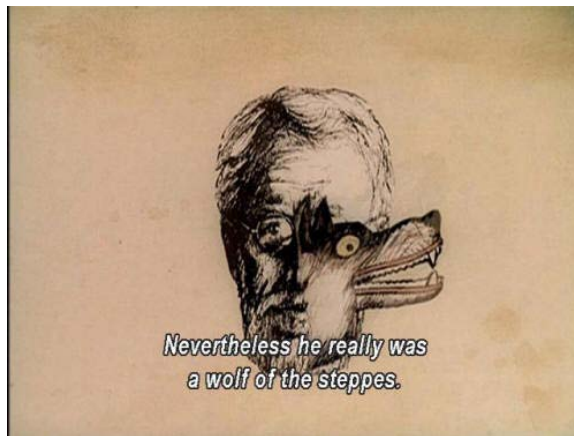
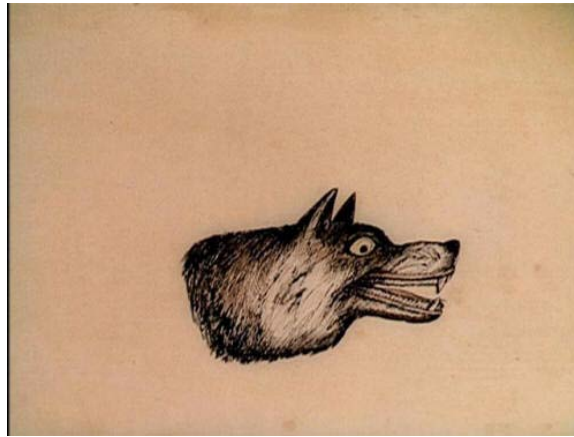




[Tractate on the Steppenwolf]



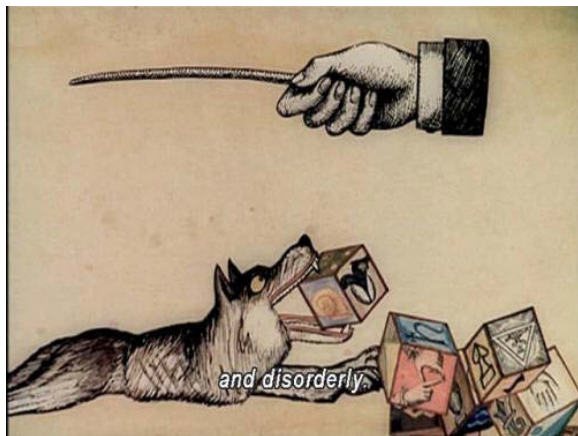
[NARRATOR] There once was a man called Harry, who went on two legs ...
wore clothes, and was a human being.



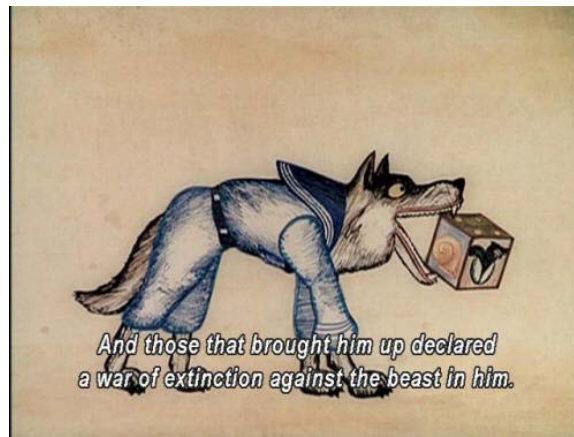
Nevertheless, he really was a wolf of the steppes.



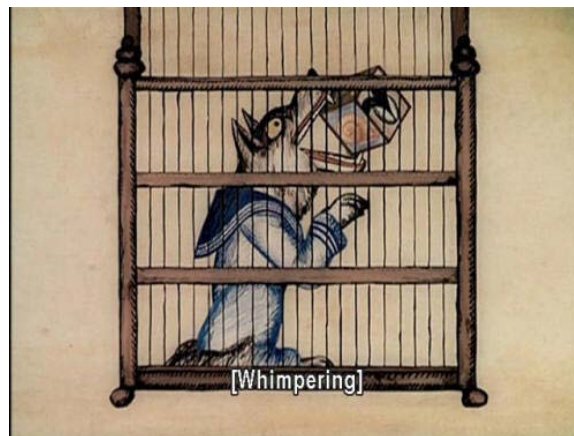
In his childhood, he was wild and disobedient ...



and disorderly.



And those that brought him up, declared a war of extinction against the beast in him.



[WOLF] [Whimpering]

[NARRATOR] And precisely this had given him the idea he really was a beast ...



with only a thin veneer of the human.



[LITTLE HARRY] [Playing tunelessly]



[NARRATOR] If Harry had a beautiful thought, or felt a fine and noble emotion ...
the wolf laughed with bitter scorn.



[WOLF] [Mocking laughter]



[NARRATOR] He knew well enough what suited him.



[WOLF] [Howling]

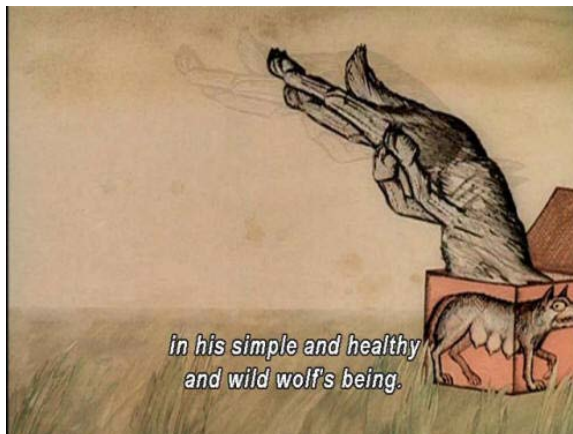




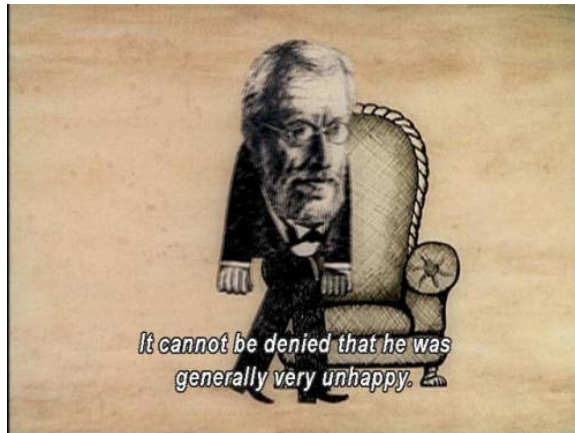
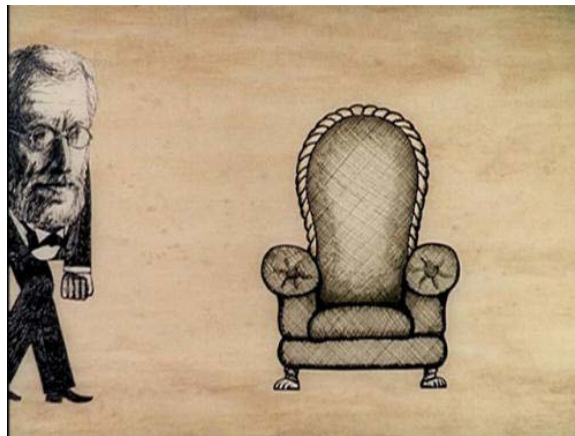
[NARRATOR] But when Harry behaved as a wolf, the human part of him lay in ambush ...



called him "brute" and "beast," and spoiled all pleasure ...

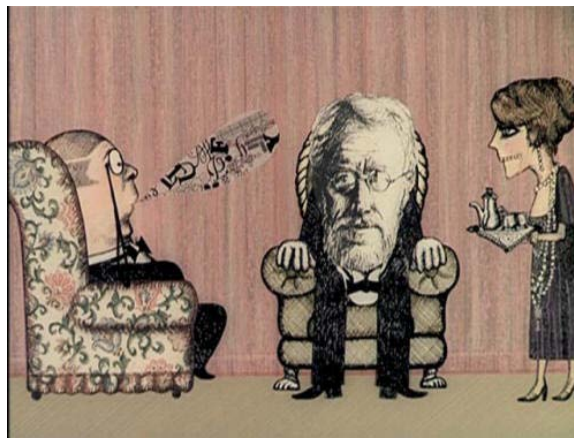


in his simple and healthy and wild wolf's being.

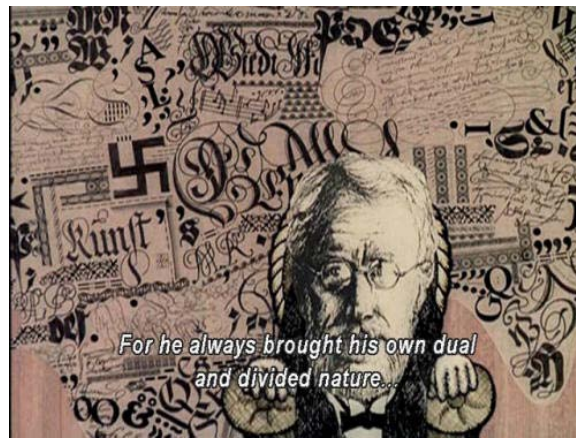


It cannot be denied that he was generally very unhappy.





And he could make others unhappy, too.



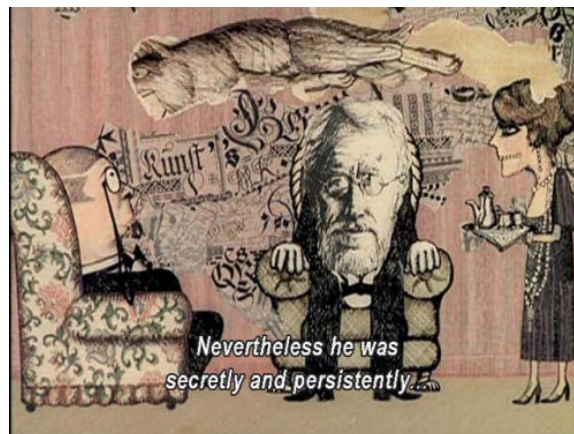
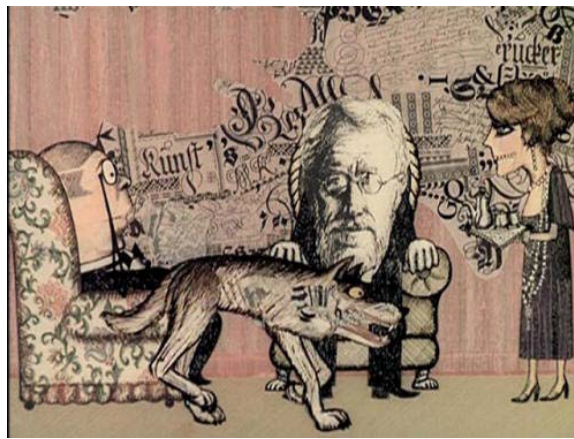
For he always brought his own dual and divided nature ...
into the destinies of others.



[WOLF] [Explosion]



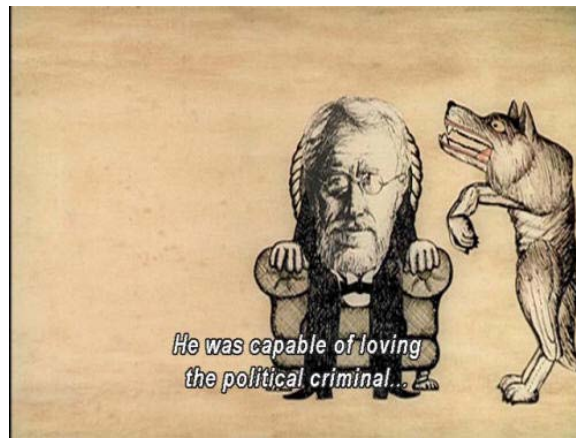
[Gulping]



[NARRATOR] Nevertheless, he was secretly and persistently ...
attracted to the bourgeois world ...
dressed respectably, had money in the bank ...



and supported poor relations.



He was capable of loving the political criminal ...



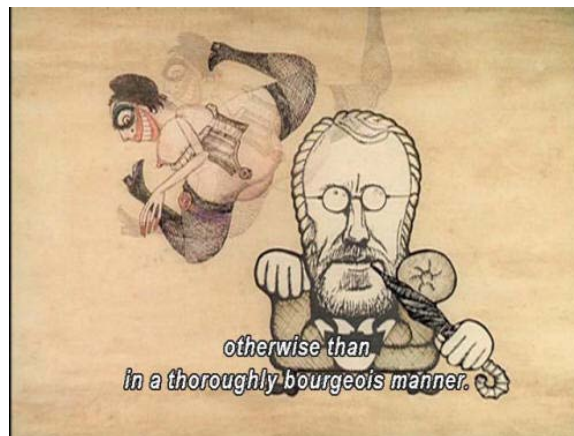
or intellectual seducer.



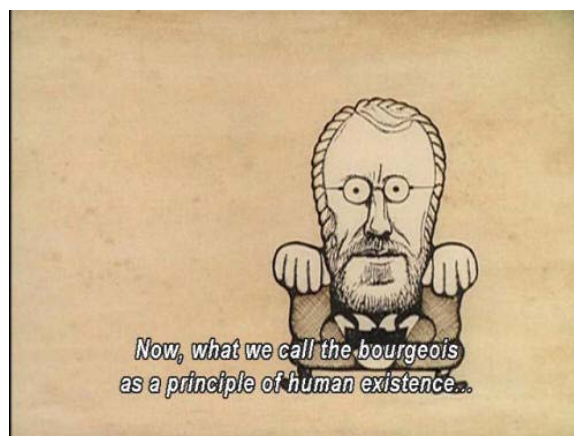
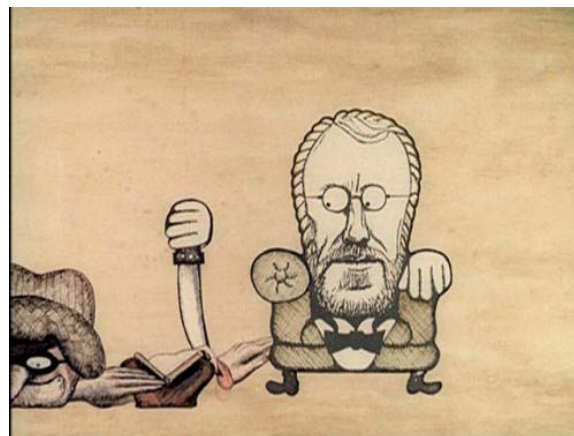
But as for theft, murder, or rape ...



he would not have known how to deplore them ...



otherwise than in a thoroughly bourgeois manner.



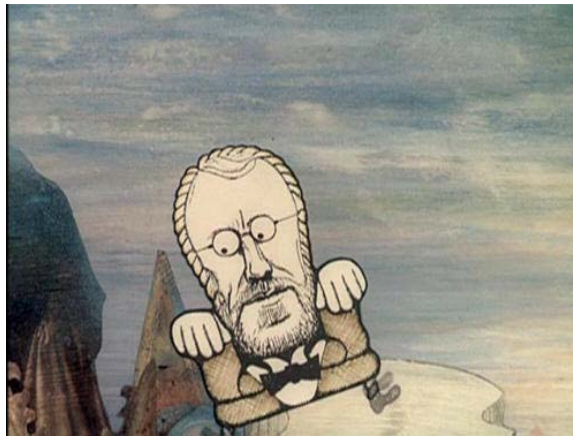
Now, what we call the bourgeois, as a principle of human existence ...



is nothing less than a search for balance.



It is in the middle of the road that the bourgeois seeks to walk.



Always ready to compromise between right and wrong, good and evil.



He will never surrender, either to the martyrdom of the spirit
or to the martyrdom of the flesh.
The vital force of the bourgeoisie resides in its outsiders.
Artists and intellectuals like Harry ...

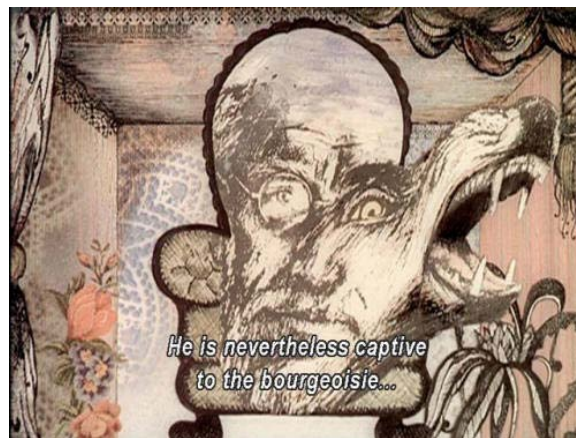


who develop far beyond the level possible to the bourgeois ...

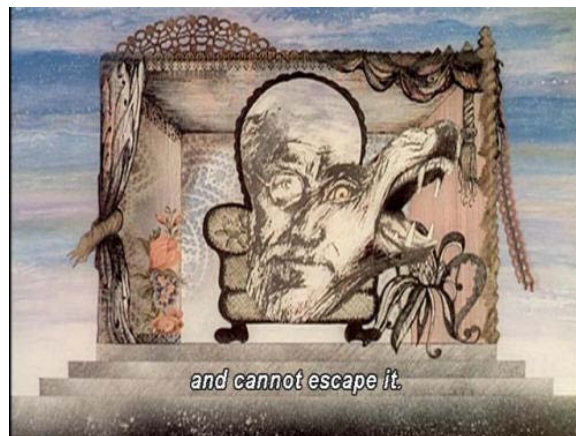
[WOLF] [Snarling]



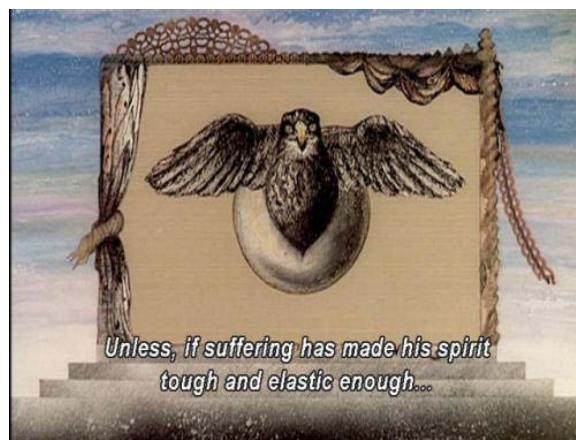
[NARRATOR] ... knowing the bliss of meditation no less than the gloomy joys of hatred and self-loathing.



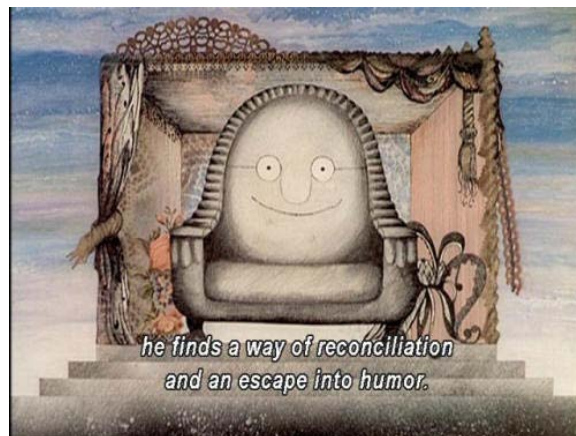
He is nevertheless captive to the bourgeoisie ...



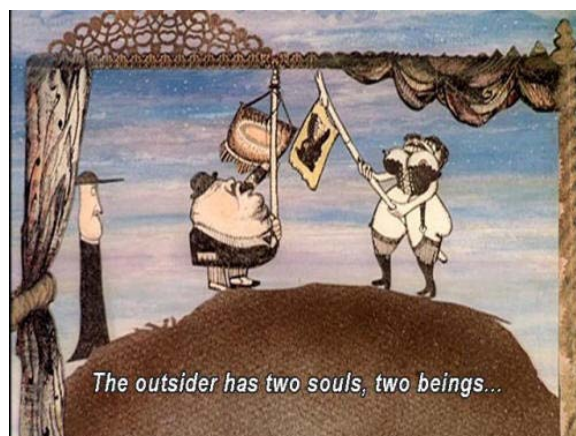
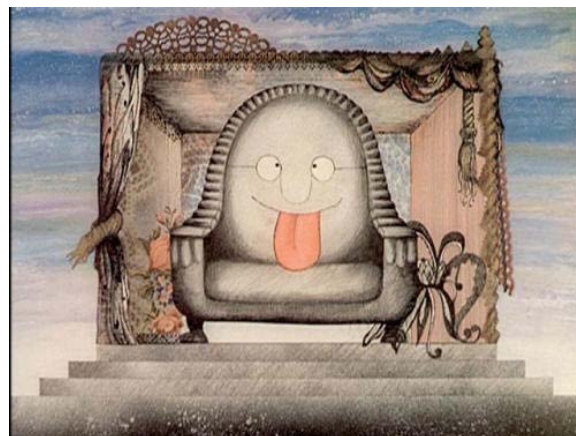
and cannot escape it.



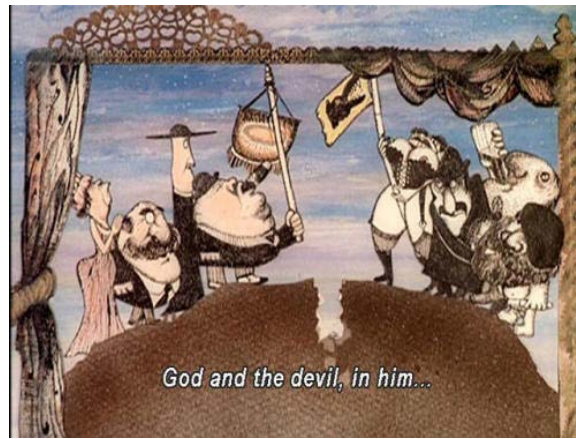
Unless, if suffering has made his spirit tough and elastic enough ...



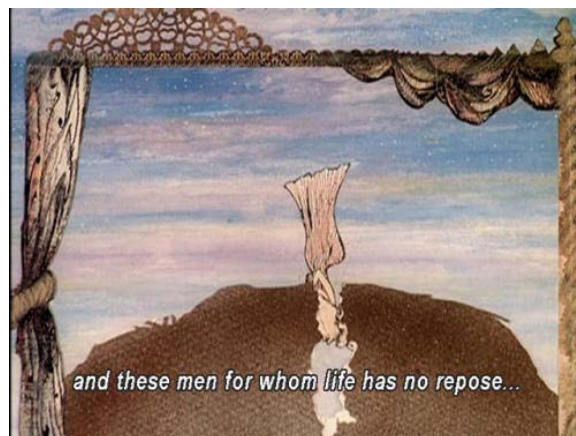
he finds a way of reconciliation, and an escape into humor.



The outsider has two souls, two beings ...



God and the devil, in him ...



and these men for whom life has no repose ...



live in their rare moments of happiness ...



with such strength, and indescribable beauty ...



the spray of their momentary ecstasy ...
is flung so high over the wide sea of suffering ...
that the light of it touches others with its enchantment.
But only the strongest of them ...



force their way through the atmosphere of the bourgeois world ...



to reach the cosmic.

There never was a man with a deeper and more passionate craving for independence ...
than Harry.



He never sold himself for money, or an easy life, or to women ...

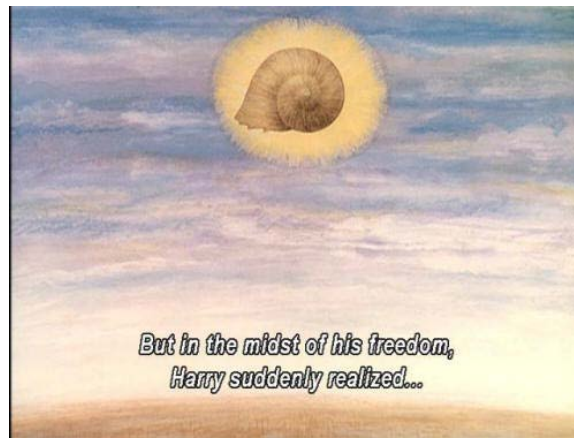


or to those in power ...
and had thrown away a hundred times his advantage in happiness ...

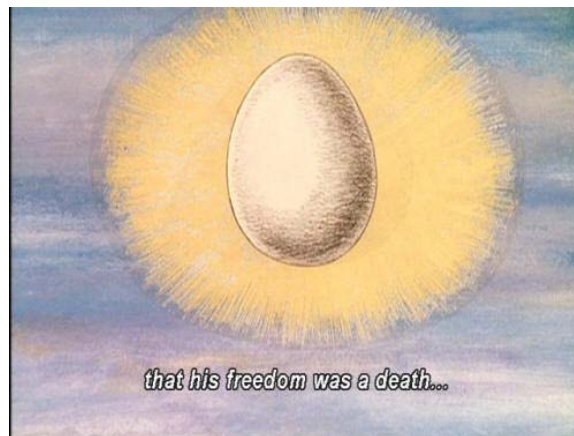


in order to safeguard his liberty.





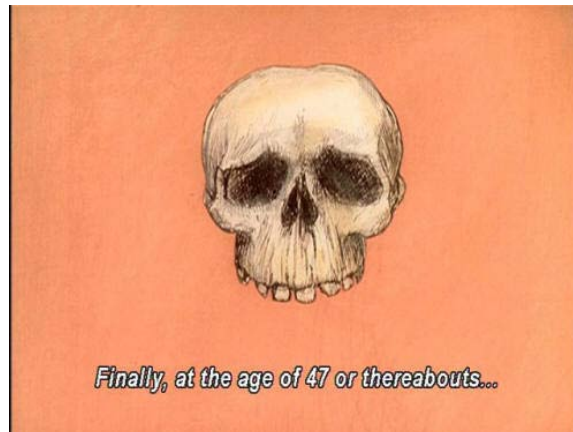
But in the midst of his freedom, Harry suddenly realized ...



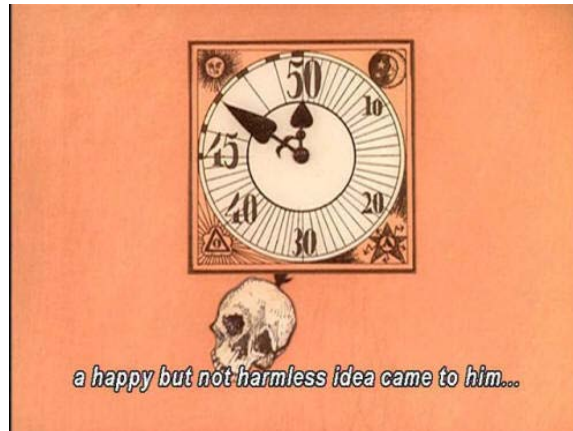
that his freedom was a death ...



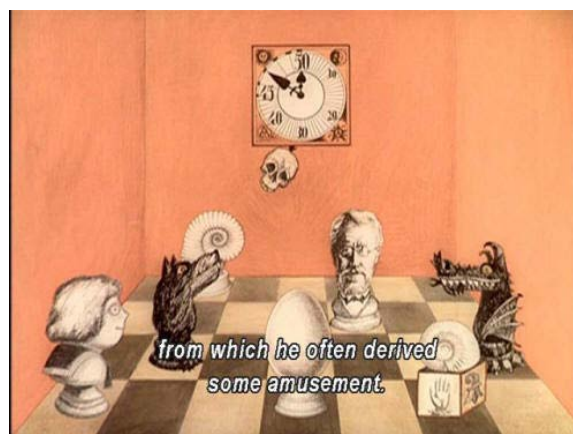
and that he stood alone.



Finally, at the age of 47 or thereabouts ...



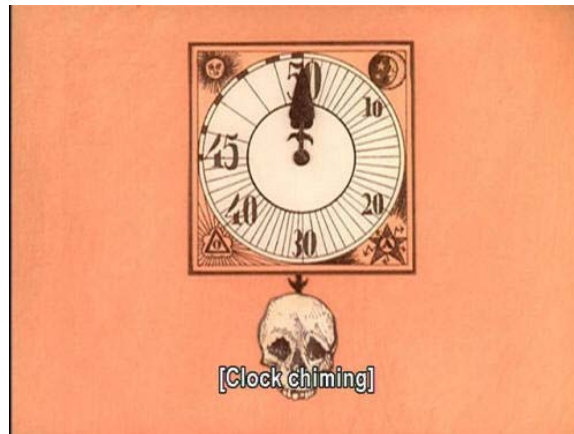
a happy but not harmless idea came to him ...



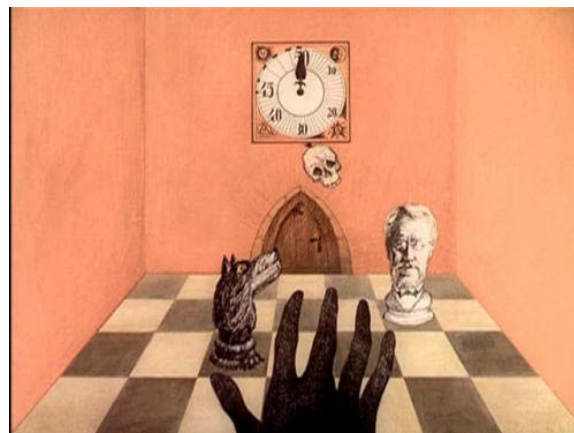
from which he often derived some amusement.
He appointed his 50th birthday as the day ...
on which he might take leave of this world.
Let happen to him what might.
He could bear any suffering ...
saying to his pain ...
"Only wait for two years ...
and I am your master."

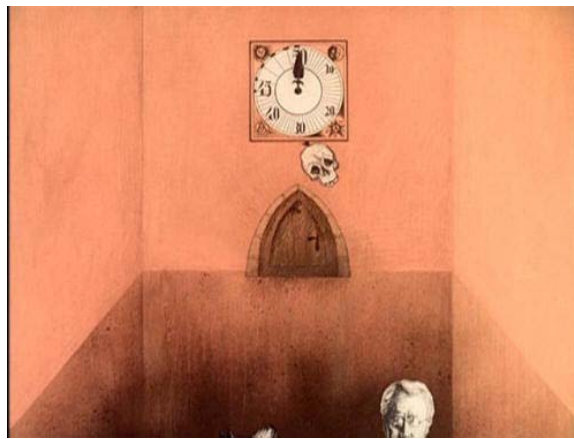


[WOLF] [Howls]

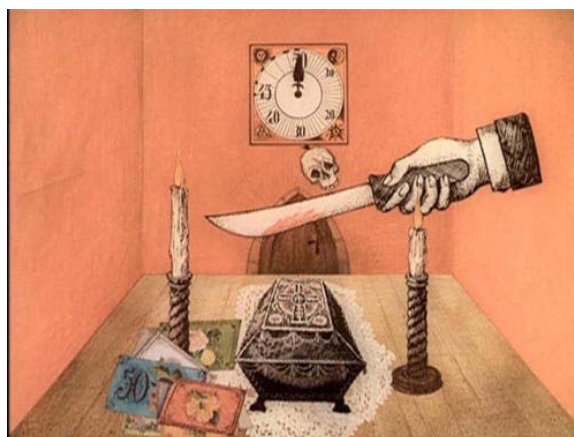
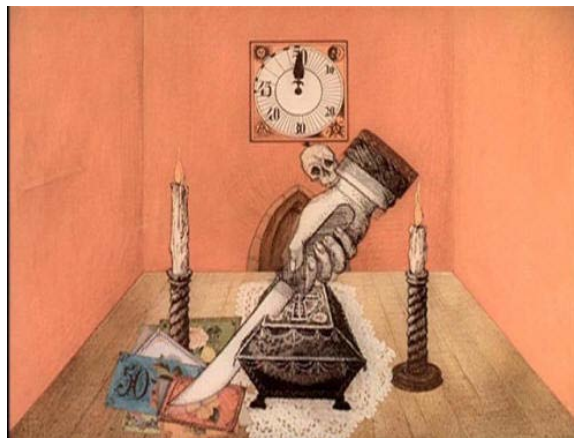


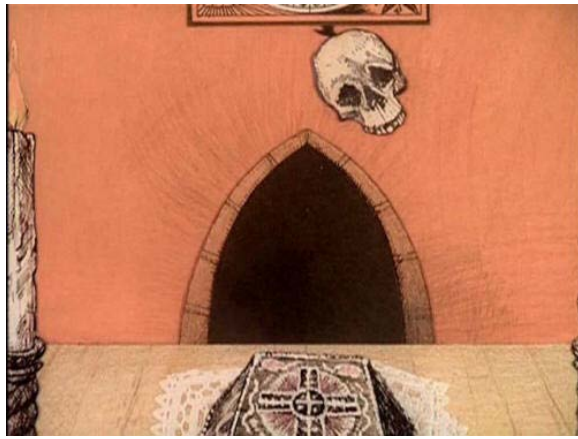
[Clock chiming]





And with this, he cherished the thought of the morning ...
of his 50th birthday.

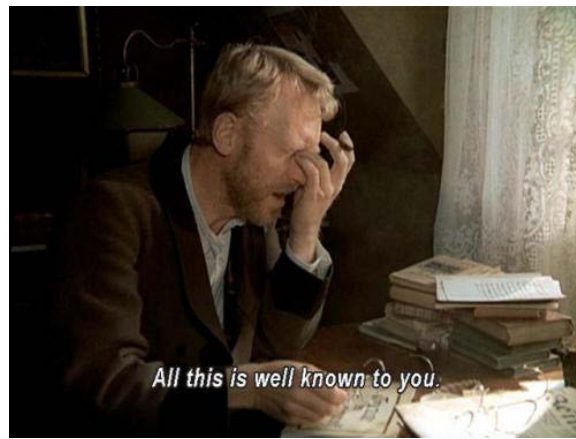




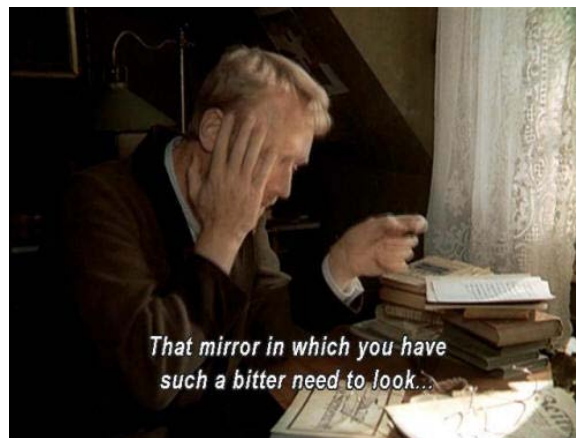
Suicide, unhappy Steppenwolf...

Suicide, unhappy Steppenwolf ...
will not serve your purpose.





All this is well known to you.
You are aware of the wisdom of the immortals.
You are aware of the Magic Theater of the self.



That mirror in which you have such a bitter need to look ...
but from which you shrink in such deathly fear.







[Church bells tolling]





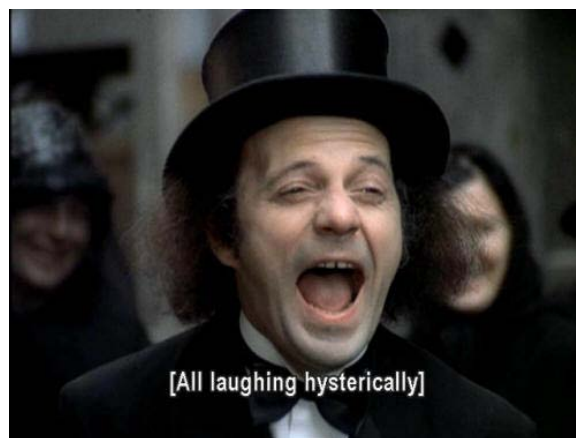


[HARRY] No show tonight?
Well, I only meant, at the theater.

[AZTEC] Try the Black Eagle, friend.
If it's a show you want ...



[HARRY] I'm sorry.
I'm afraid I mistook you for ...
I'm sorry.



[All laughing hysterically]











[HARRY] [Sighing]



[People laughing]

[HILDEGARD] My dear Herr Haller.



You've been here all this time without once coming to see us.



[HARRY] Not at all, I ...
arrived only a few days ago.



[HILDEGARD] I'm sorry to hear that.



[HARRY] And I ... I've been ...

[HEFTE] Ah, here you are, mon cher.



I've just been reading about this despicable namesake of yours ...



this Haller.

[HARRY] Who's that? A writer?

[HEFTE] A writer?



Dear me, no, a scribbler ...
a wretched scribbler.

[HARRY] Uh-huh.

[HEFTE] A publicist, a rotten patriot ...
and a sneak.
Here, just look for yourself.



It's even spelled the same way, isn't it?



[HARRY] Rather.



[HEFTE] He seems to feel that we were responsible for the war. Imagine.

[Clock chimes]

[HEFTE] Oh.



[HILDEGARD] Shall we go in, please?

[HEFTE] Yes.



[Clock ticking]



[Ticking intensifies]







A funny thing happened to me today.

[HARRY] A funny thing happened to me today.



[All laughing]

[All laughing]



HEFTE: Really?

[HEFTE] Really?

[HARRY] Yes.



Just after we parted at the library, by the way.
I haven't been able to stop thinking about it.
Well, I was climbing the last steps up ...



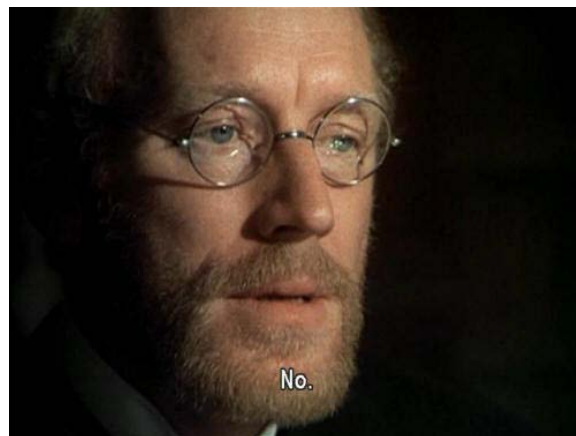
towards Martinsgasse.
When suddenly a little ...
procession came rattling by. A funeral procession.



[HILDEGARD] [Exclaiming] Oh, my dear.



[HEFTE] Come, come, come! Seigneur.



[HARRY] No.
I only mean ...



I'm sorry.



[HEFTE] I'm praying for a hero to be born among us.



Miraculous births not excluded.
To filter the minutest detail ...
the contours of the very archetype within us ...

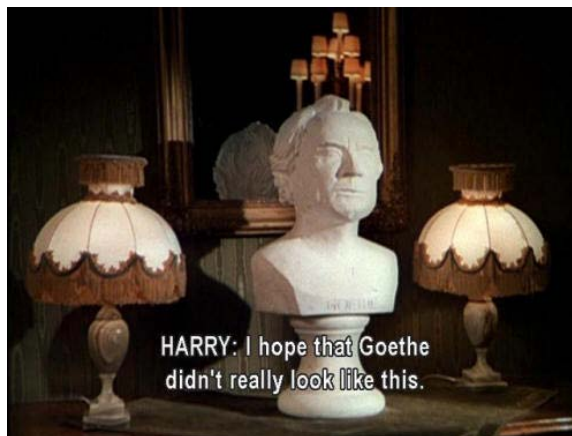


apocalypse is our only hope.



[HARRY] I see.





[HARRY] I hope that Goethe didn't really look like this.
This conceited air of nobility ...



the great man ogling the distinguished company.



His venerable pomposity is bad enough ...
but to portray him like this --



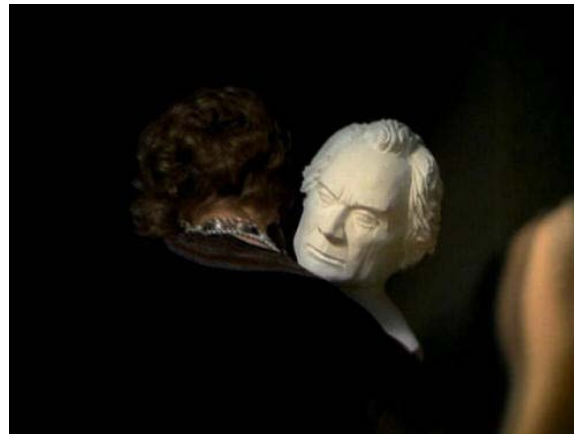
[HILDEGARD] Oh, no! My God.



[HEFTE] My dear, you're not ill?



[HILDEGARD] You'll have to take your coffee alone, gentleman.
I have to retire.





[HEFTE] She was hurt, you know.
Goethe is her dearest possession.
Nobody takes our cultural heritage more seriously than my Hildegard.

[HARRY] I'm sorry.

[HEFTE] Even if you were right ...



you needn't have been so outspoken.

[HARRY] Well, it's a vice of mine to speak my mind.
As friend Goethe did, too. At least, in his better moments.
I sincerely beg your wife's pardon and your own.



Please tell her I'm a schizophrenic.



If you will permit me, I will take my leave.

If you will permit me, I will take my leave.



But.... But your coffee, and our talk.

[HEFTE] But ... But your coffee, and our talk.
I am so looking forward to our discussion of Mithras ...
and Krishna and the others.



Unfortunately, my interest in Krishna
has vanished...

[HARRY] Unfortunately, my interest in Krishna has vanished ...
along with my passion for learned discussions.
Further, I have been lying.
I have not been in town for a few days only, but for months.
However, I am no longer fit for decent society.
I am nearly always in bad temper ...

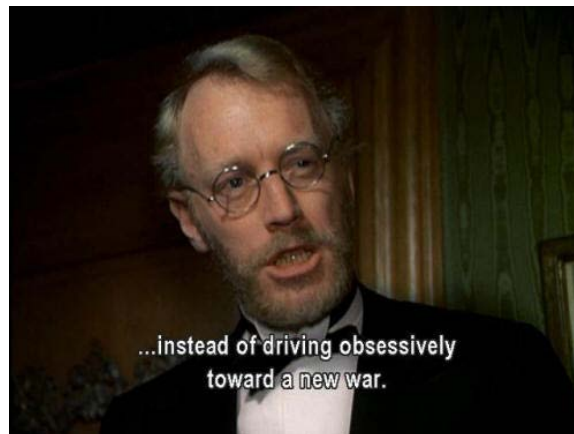


afflicted with gout, and usually quite drunk.



Lastly, you grievously insulted me earlier.
That rotten patriot named, oddly enough, Haller, stands before you unregenerate.
In fact, it would be better for the world ...
if the few of us who are still capable of thought, stood for reason ...
and the love of peace ...

[HEFTE] Hold it, mon cher --

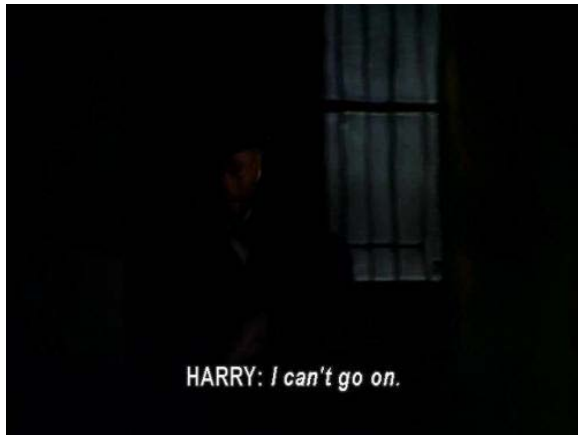


[HARRY] ... instead of driving obsessively toward a new war.



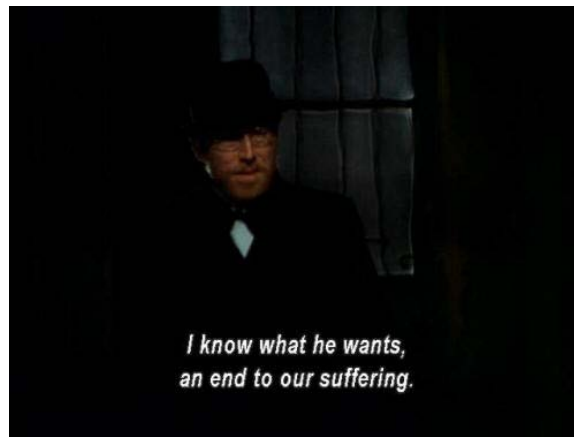
Good night.





HARRY: *I can't go on.*

[HARRY] I can't go on.
The wolf howling at my heel.



I know what he wants, an end to our suffering.
So let this evil day be our last.
But I want to live. Run, Harry, run.
But where?



Away, anywhere.



[AZTEC] It's all the same in the end.



5.38	Bern	4	5.09
7.06	Schaffhausen	3	6.03
7.25	Rom	3	6.58
7.55	Sissach	1	7.41
9.30	Wien	2	7.46
9.47	Lugano	2	7.59
10.16	Paris - Est	4	8.18

AZTEC: Go ahead and pick one, sir.

Go ahead and pick one, sir.
It all comes to the same thing in the end ...



don't it?

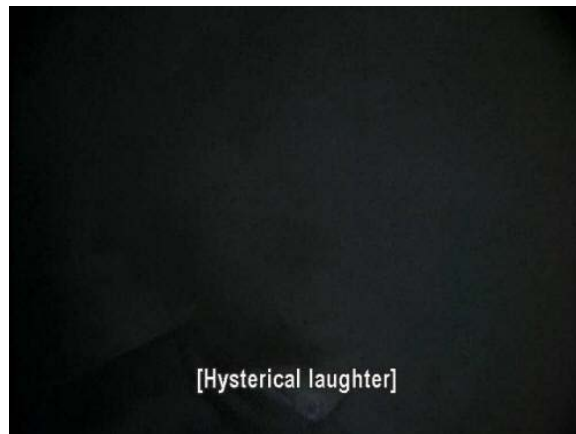
don't it?



That's what I always say.



It's all the same in the end.



[Hysterical laughter]



[Train whistle blowing]



[Roosters crowing]





HARRY: *Must go home.*

[HARRY] Must go home.



Try to remain still...

Try to remain still ...
before despair.
Go home.
Take up the razor ...

[WOLF] [Howling]

[HARRY] lay it down again.
Let cowardice once again triumph over despair.
For another hour ...
another day.



*No matter how many times
I lay the razor down...*

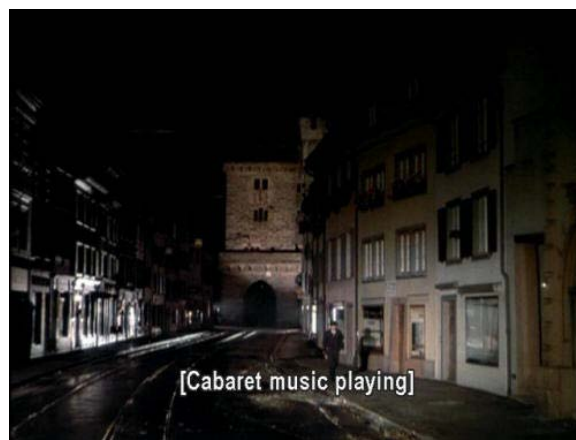
No matter how many times I lay the razor down ...
I shall take it up again ...

and again ...
until ...
finally ...



[MAN] [Playing cheerful tune]





[Cabaret music playing]

[Cabaret music playing]





[Men laughing]

[Men laughing]







[HERMINA] Hello.
Don't tell me my nose is shiny again.

That's better.
Hard night?

[HARRY] Where am I?



Where else could you be at this hour?

[HERMINA] Where else could you be at this hour?

[HARRY] I've no idea.

[HERMINA] The Black Eagle.



AZTEC: If it's a show you want....

[AZTEC] If it's a show you want ...



[Laughing]



[HERMINA] Don't panic.



I'll look after you.
What's the matter with you, anyway? Lost your way home?



[HARRY] No ... Yes.
I can't go home.



[HERMINA] Stay here if you like.



[HARRY] What's this?



[HERMINA] You could do it here, if you liked.



Oh, for heaven's sake, it's only a joke.



Get cleaned up a little is all I meant.



Look at yourself.
You're enough to give a poor girl the willies.



At least wipe your glasses.
You can't see a thing.





Now, what shall we drink?
Bourgogne?





Where did you get that.... That razor?

[HARRY] Where did you get that ... That razor?
Do you always fetch a razor along in your bag like that?



[HERMINA] Usually.

[HARRY] Why?



[HERMINA] Oh, look, it's a long, complicated, very twisted story.
I'll tell you some day.
A friend left it at my place.

[HARRY] You've got lots of friends, I suppose.

[HERMINA] Yes. Don't you?

[HARRY] No.



[HERMINA] Oh my, you are a sad case.
I'll bet it's a long time since you had to obey anyone.

[HARRY] Is that what I need?



[HERMINA] Obedience is like sex. Nothing like it if you have been without it too long.
You'll follow my orders.

[HARRY] I will?

[HERMINA] Do you have any choice?

[HARRY] No.



[HERMINA] Good. We're off to a swell start.
We've wiped your glasses, had a bite to eat.
Let's clean your boots and go dance a shimmy.

[HARRY] Oh, I don't know how to dance.



[HERMINA] Oh, how triste.

[HARRY] I never learned.
Well, you see, I really am hopeless.



[HERMINA] Perhaps you'd better go home and hang yourself after all.



Oh, I'm sorry.



[HARRY] [Coughing]



[HERMINA] Doesn't anyone look after you?



A wife, a sweetheart?



[HARRY] I'm divorced.
A sweetheart, yes, but she doesn't live here.



And we don't get along very well anyway.



[HERMINA] Well, you are difficult.





Nobody can stand you.

[HARRY] Just don't scold me.



I know I am impossible, I'm hopeless, I'm helpless.



[HERMINA] [Singing]



[HARRY] What's this?



[HERMINA] The world's saddest song, played on the world's smallest violin.



You've got a nerve saying you've tasted life to the bottom ...
and found nothing in it.



You haven't even tried the easy, fun part yet.
All I can say is I'm certainly glad I'm not your maman.



Gee, Harry, I'm sorry ...
I've got to flee. I have a date.

[HARRY] With whom?

[HERMINA] Never you mind.



A friend.

[HARRY] Listen, I thought ...
I thought you were going to stay here with me.

[HERMINA] Oh, then you should have asked me to.

[HARRY] But I am asking you now.

[HERMINA] Too late.

[HARRY] All right, tomorrow, then.



[HERMINA] Uh-huh. Maybe.



[HARRY] But wait. Listen.
Well, tell me your name at least.



[HERMINA] Oh, now you ask. What a dreadful man you are.
You'll have to guess it.

[HARRY] Margaret.
Molly.
Madeleine.





[HERMINA] That's for next time.



Tuesday for dinner at the Old Franciscan.



[Woman speaking in German]



[HERMINA] I know, it's probably not elegant enough for you ...
But I am fond of it.



It makes me dream of St. Francis.



[HARRY] You're religious?

[HERMINA] No. Not really anymore.
But you know, when I see one of those stupid, lying ...



silly pictures of St. Francis people have ...



I really get peeved.
But then I think how disappointed St. Francis must be ...





when he looks into my heart, and sees the image I have of him.
I'm only human, anyway, and I try to be merciful.



Since you can't go home, sleep here tonight.





And take this, too.
You don't have to use it, you know.
Tu comprends?



So long, then.
And enjoy your dreams.







[Man laughing]

[Man laughing]



His Excellency will see you now.

[AZTEC] His Excellency will see you now.







[HARRY] Would you mind just telling Herr Goethe that I'm only a journalist come for an interview?
Never mind about the other stuff.



[AZTEC] What other stuff?



[Mocking laughter]



[GOETHE] You young people.



[HARRY] Oh, Herr Goethe. I mean, of course, Your Excellency.

[GOETHE] Don't care a fig for us old folks, do you?

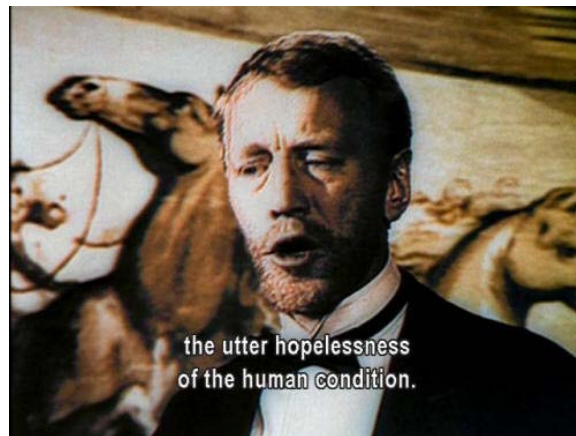
[HARRY] But we do, Your Excellency.
We just think you're a little bit too vain ...
or pompous, or not forthright enough, that's it.



[GOETHE] Will you be so kind as to explain?



[HARRY] Well, for example ...
well, you clearly recognized ...



the utter hopelessness of the human condition.



[GOETHE] I did?

[HARRY] Yes ...



but you preached the exact opposite: faith, optimism ...
the illusion that our spiritual strivings mean something, that they endure.



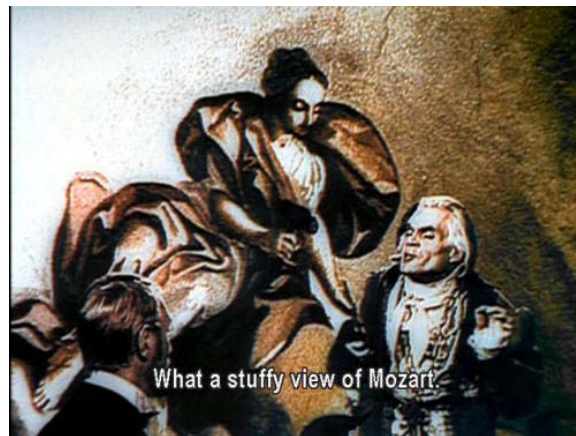
[GOETHE] I imagine you don't much care for Mozart's Magic Flute?



[HARRY] How dare you, sir.

[GOETHE] It preaches optimism and faith.

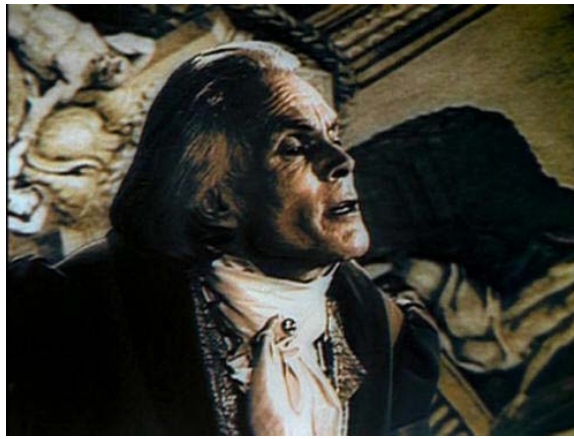
[HARRY] Yes, but Mozart didn't live to be 82.
He sang his divine melodies and died.
With no pretensions to the enduring and the orderly ...
and to exalted dignity like yours.



[GOETHE] What a stuffy view of Mozart.
You should have been a schoolmaster, my dear.



[HARRY] That's not fair.

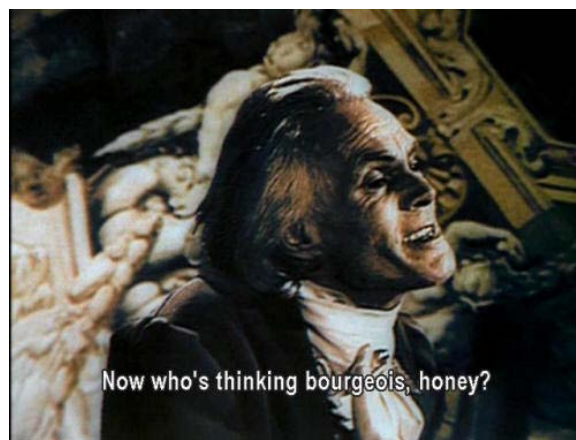


[GOETHE] You see his perfected being ...
as a supreme and special gift ...



that cost him nothing.
Aren't you forgetting his patience ...
under the last extremes of loneliness ...
his surrender, his suffering?





Now who's thinking bourgeois, honey?

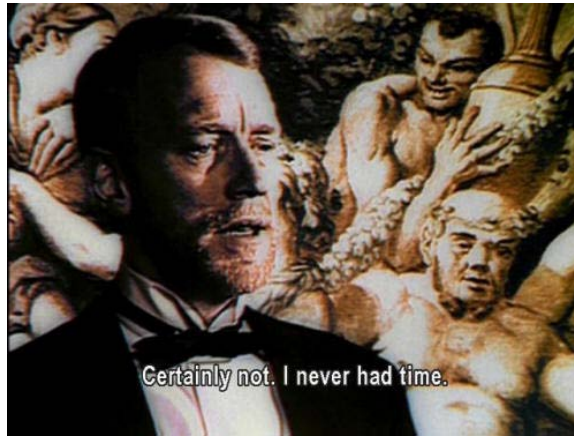
Now who's thinking bourgeois, honey?



[Dancing]



Do you know the black bottom?



[HARRY] Certainly not. I never had time.



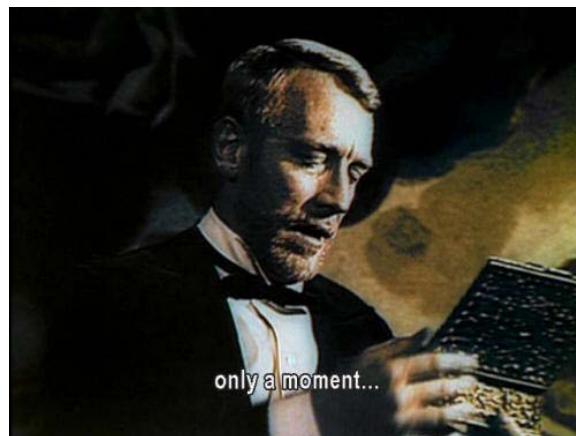
[GOETHE] Oh, no wonder you're so grouchy.



If you're going to take time seriously.



There is no time in eternity ...



only a moment ...



just time for a joke.



[Laughing]



[Man laughing]







[

HERMINA] Orchids.
Oh, Harry, you are an idiot.



[HARRY] I'm sorry if you don't like them.



[HERMINA] It's not that.
I suppose orchids were the only flowers expensive enough.

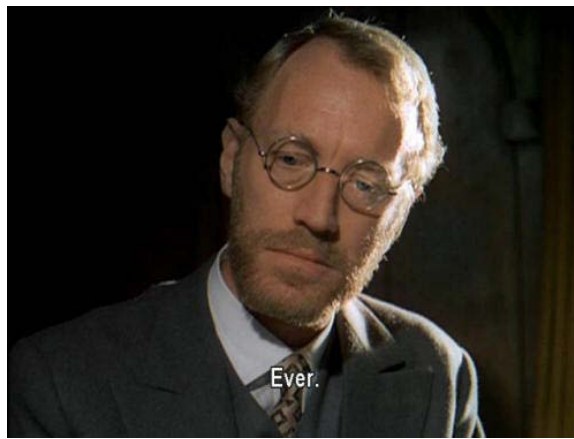


Well, anyway, thank you ever so much, but never again, okay?
I won't take gifts from you.



[HARRY] I'm sorry. I only meant --

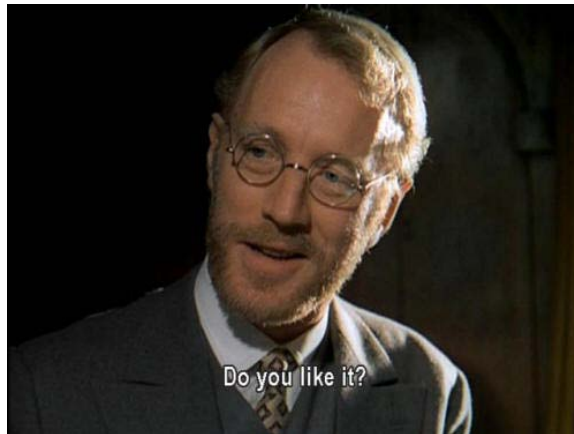
[HERMINA] I know what you meant.
Listen ...
I live on men, true, but I won't live on you.



Ever.



Don't you look swell today.
Now that we've managed to get you down from the gallows.



[HARRY] Do you like it?

[HERMINA] Well, it needs a bit of style ...



a bit of flash, you know ...
but I like it. It's a start.
Have you carried out my orders yet?

[HARRY] What orders?



[HERMINA] You mean you haven't learned the foxtrot yet?



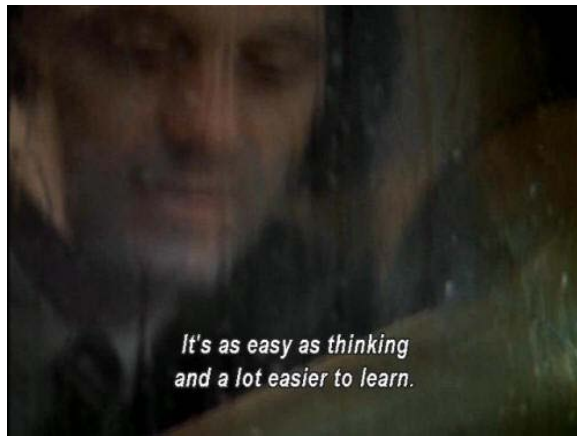
[HARRY] Oh, I've only had two days.



[HERMINA] You could learn it in an hour.
The black bottom in two.



The tango takes longer, but you don't need it.



It's as easy as thinking, and a lot easier to learn.



[Music playing on gramophone]



[HERMINA] [Dancing]





We'll take this one.

[HARRY] We could have bought it three hours ago and four shops back ...



since it was the first one we looked at.

[HERMINA] Then we wouldn't have had the fun of shopping for it.



Thank you.

[HARRY] Thank you.



Bye-bye.





[HARRY] Now you know the entire scandalous truth about me ...



and I don't even know your name.



[HERMINA] But you do. Look.



[HARRY] No. Yes, you do remind me of someone.



Someone a long time ago. Is it ...
No, not Rosa Kreisler.



She had dark hair.



[HERMINA] Who was Rosa Kreisler?



My first love.

[HARRY] My first love.
We were 14.
Mind you, she didn't even know about it.



-Not a word?

-No.

[HERMINA] Not a word?

[HARRY] No.





[HERMINA] Oh, Harry, how sad.
She was probably crazy about you.



[HARRY] Anyway, not Rosa.
Now tell me.

[HERMINA] Guess.



[HARRY] I can't.

[HERMINA] You can.



[HARRY] Hermann.
Hermann.



Hermina.



[HERMINA] There, you see, that wasn't so hard, was it?



But how did you...

[HARRY] But how did you ...
do that to me?



-Don't forget what you promised.
-What?

[HERMINA] Don't forget what you promised.

[HARRY] What?



You'll obey all my orders.

[HERMINA] You'll obey all my orders.



[HARRY] Yes.



[HERMINA] Most of them will be fun.
And easy enough.
But in the end, as you call it ...
you will have to fulfill my last wish as well.



[HARRY] Yes. What will that be?



[HERMINA] Cross your heart and hope to die?
Do it.



[HARRY] Cross my heart and hope to die.



Yes, I need you right now, because I am desperate.
You will have to throw me into the water before I swim.
The water will bring me back to life again.



[HERMINA] But I need you, too.
Not now, later ...
when you have fallen in love with me.
I need you for something very important and very beautiful.
It will be my last command.



[HARRY] What must I do then?



[HERMINA] Kill me.





[HARRY & HERMINA] [Dancing]







[Glass shattering]





[Record skipping]



[Hermine chuckling]

[HERMINA] [Chuckling]

[HARRY] Well, you can't say I didn't warn you.





I'm sorry.

[HERMINA] [Laughing]
Who's this?



[HARRY] Erica.

[HERMINA] Isn't she pretty.

[HARRY] Yes.





[HERMINA] And this one?



[HARRY] Now it's your turn to guess.



[HERMINA] Well, it's Hermann, of course.
Who was he, anyway?



[HARRY] My only friend at the seminary, which we both hated.
He only lasted six months there.
That was all he could take of maths, New Testament Greek ...
and ice in the washbowls.
We both agreed that they didn't really want to educate anyone there.
All they wanted, in fact, was ...
a lot of obedient corporals and sergeants for the state.
Then one day he went over the wall, and I didn't see him since.



[HERMINA] And?

[HARRY] Oh, he worked as an apprentice in a clock factory ...
and as an assistant in a Tübingen bookstore.
He published a promising book of poems ...



and shot himself in the head.



[HERMINA] I suppose you admire that.



[HARRY] At least he saved himself the pains and horrors of the Great War.



Not to mention quite a few others.



Yes, I admired him. I adored him.
I don't suppose a day has gone by since then ...
that I didn't somehow think of him.

[Clock chiming]



[HARRY] You're not going are you?

[HERMINA] I must.



We'll go dancing at the Balances Hotel tomorrow.

[HARRY] Oh, listen, I cannot dance.

[HERMINA] Oh, cabbage.



No, one needs talents to dance...

[HARRY] No, one needs talents to dance ...
like gaiety, innocence ...
frivolity, elasticity, talents I've never had and never will.

[HERMINA] Don't be so cocksure.
Remember ...
you're under orders.

[HARRY] What makes you so cocksure I'll obey your orders?







[PABLO] [Singing]
"What turned the trick you'll never know ...

[Tango music playing]

[PABLO] You're on your way
You long to go
Time is turning into space
What a trip to Pablo's place







How hard you fall, how soft you land ...



Ecstasy is in your hand ...



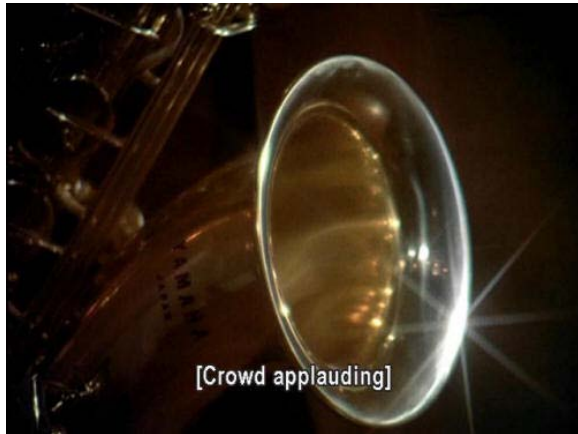
The glass reveals your secret face ...
You won't come back from Pablo's place
When Pablo plays, the senses reel
No one knows how weird you feel



Except those who fade without a trace
Last seen on route to Pablo's place"







[Crowd applauding]

[Crowd applauding]



[Jazzy instrumental music playing]

[Jazzy instrumental music playing]





[HERMINA] Well, don't just sit there, go and dance.

[HARRY] But I don't know anyone.

[HERMINA] Ask anybody.
Nobody here pretty enough for you?



[HARRY] Of course.



[HERMINA] How about ...



[HARRY] I can't. She'll think I'm a dirty old man.

[HERMINA] You are a big baby.

[HARRY] Why, she'll laugh.

[HERMINA] Poor Harry, nasty girl might laugh at him.
Come on, take a chance for once.

[HARRY] I can't.



[HERMINA] Go.







[HARRY] May I have a dance?





[MARIA] As a matter of fact, I'm engaged for this one.



[HARRY] Oh, I'm sorry.



[MARIA] But my beau seems to have got stranded at the bar.



So let's go.



[HARRY] I'm just learning.



[MARIA] Doesn't matter, just relax a little.







[Crowd applauding]



[PABLO] [Speaking French]



Pablo, my friend Harry.

[HERMINA] Pablo, my friend Harry.

[PABLO] Enchante. Enchante.



[Speaking French]

[Speaking French]





Cigarette? No?

Cigarette? No?
You'll be sorry.





He is rich?

[HERMINA] No.



[PABLO] But he's very beautiful.

[HERMINA] Yes. Very beautiful.





[PABLO] Jimmy was around yesterday looking for you.



Hello, Harry. Do you like music?

[HARRY] Well, yes and no.
I mean, I never thought I would be able to enjoy this kind of music.

[PABLO] What kind of music?

[HARRY] Well, jazz, I suppose. It is jazz, isn't it?



[PABLO] If you want to call it names.



[HARRY] Well, I mean, it is very different from our symphonic tradition, isn't it?

[PABLO] I guess, I guess. All right.





[HARRY] How do you know I'm not in love with you already?

[HERMINA] Oh, you like me, I can see that.



Because I broke through your isolation.

Because I broke through your isolation.
You're grateful to me.
But you're not in love with me yet.



Maybe that's the same thing.

[HARRY] Maybe that's the same thing.



Which shows how little you know about it.

[HERMINA] Which shows how little you know about it.



No, I mean to make you fall in love with me.



[HARRY] Why?



[HERMINA] Because it's my calling and my nature ...
to make men fall in love with me.



[Crowd applauding]



[MAN 1] Bravo!

[MAN 2] Bravo!



[PABLO] Thank you, thank you, thank you.
Thank you. Thank you.



[HERMINA] Very well.



She is lovely, isn't she?



Why don't you make love to her?

Why don't you make love to her?



[HARRY] Do what?



[HERMINA] Don't be such a prude.
No one's asking you to marry her.
You don't have to take all love that seriously.



I say it's high time ...



you slept with a pretty dolly again, Herr Steppenwolf.

[HARRY] Believe me, I've no such aspiration.









[PABLO] Ciao, Alfredo. Bye.

[ALFREDO] Thank you.

[PABLO] [Speaking French]



Let's grab a bite to eat somewhere.
After, we're playing at the City Bar again.

[HARRY] All night?

[PABLO] Why not?



[HARRY] Well, I'm a little tired.

[PABLO] I can fix that.
Oh, pardon me, sir.



I wonder if you'd be so kind, just for a moment.



[HERMINA] Pablo can fix you anything.

[HARRY] Anything?

[HERMINA] Anything you like.



[PABLO] It's good.
[Inhaling]



[HARRY] [Inhaling]



[HERMINA] [Inhaling]





[PABLO] You can't always get what you want, but you can always get what you need.



[HARRY] Well, what are we waiting for?

[PABLO] Let's go.



[Singing]



HARRY: Now we're off to
the *Kunsthalle*, then.

[HARRY] Now we're off to the Kunsthalle, then.

[HERMINA] [Laughing]

[HARRY] [Laughing]



[PABLO] Hey!



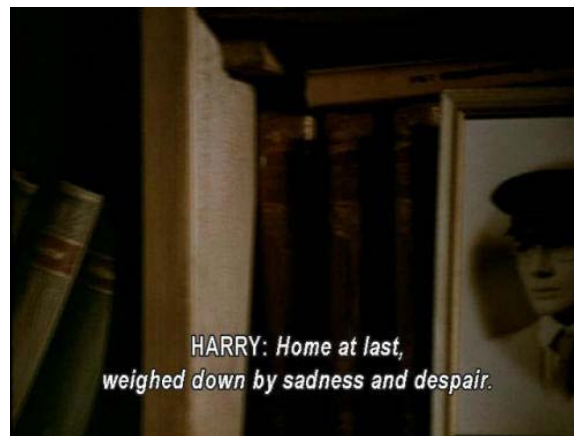


[Classical instrumental music playing]

[Classical instrumental music playing]



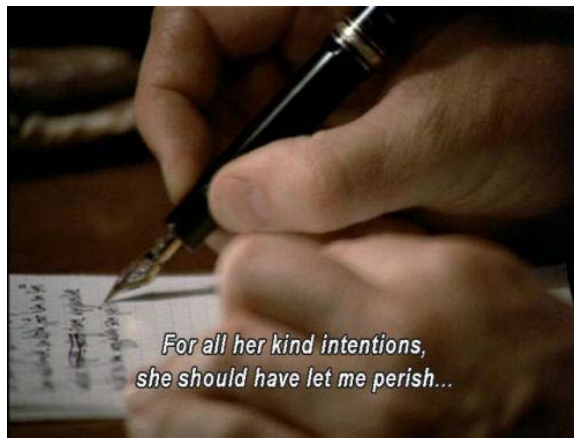




[HARRY] Home at last, weighed down by sadness and despair.



When I think of tomorrow's appointment at the Cecil Bar ...
I think with bitterness not only of myself, but of Hermina too.



For all her kind intentions, she should have let me perish ...
instead of sweeping me into this frivolity ...



where I shall never be anything but an alien ...
and where the best in me is demoralized and lowered.

[MARIA] [Sighing]





[Maria yawning]

[Yawning]



Hello, you.

Hello, you.



Shh.

[HARRY] Shh.



[Thunder rumbling]



[HARRY] How the hell did you get --

[MARIA] Shh.





















[Music box playing]







[HARRY] Tell me, is Pablo ...
Is he one of your lovers, too?



[MARIA] Jealous?

[HARRY] No.





He always seems so sleepy.



[MARIA] He can be waked up.



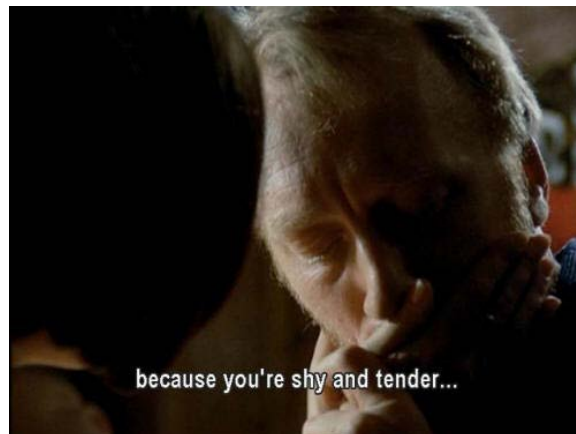
[HARRY] Uh-huh.
So, what are you doing with an old man like me?

[MARIA] You're not in competition, you know.

[HARRY] Oh.



[MARIA] I love you ...



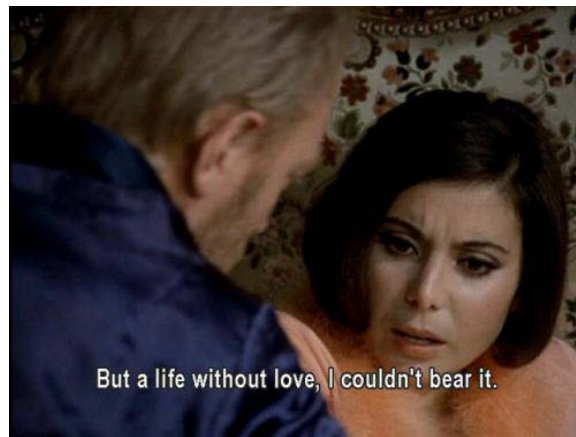
because you're shy and tender ...
and because I can see in your eyes ...



that you are pleased that I am so pretty.



With another, it might be exactly the opposite.
I'd be thrilled if he used me, and didn't care a fig for me.



But a life without love, I couldn't bear it.





[HARRY] Maria, I love you.





[MARIA] You know, Pablo said I must treat you nicely ...



because you are so very unhappy.

[HARRY] How did he come to this extraordinary conclusion?



[MARIA] He said, "Look at his eyes. He doesn't know how to laugh."



[Horn blaring]



[PABLO] Herr Harry, come for a spin in my motorcar.



[Car engine revving]



[HARRY] Pablo, hello.

[PABLO] What I want to ask you for, champ, is a loan of 20 francs ...
and you can have Maria again tonight, if you want.



[HARRY] Barter for a woman is counted among us as the last degradation, Herr Pablo.
I have not heard your proposal.



Where on earth did you get this car?



[PABLO] Look, don't sleep with Maria if you want to invent troubles ...
but loan me the money anyway, okay?
It's for little Augustino with the violin, you know. He's sick.



[HARRY] You should have said so.
But you still didn't answer about the car.



[PABLO] Oh, I borrowed it, you know.



[HARRY] Who from?

[PABLO] I don't know.
[Cursing in French]



[HARRY] Good Lord, why did you have to borrow such a highly visible car?



[PABLO] Listen, this car has deux cent soixante chevaux (two hundred and sixty horses).



They may see you, but they'll never catch me.



[HARRY] Oh, for Christ's sake.

[PABLO] Hello.



Harry, quick. Quick, quick, quick.



[AZTEC] Hey.



[PABLO] [Whoops]

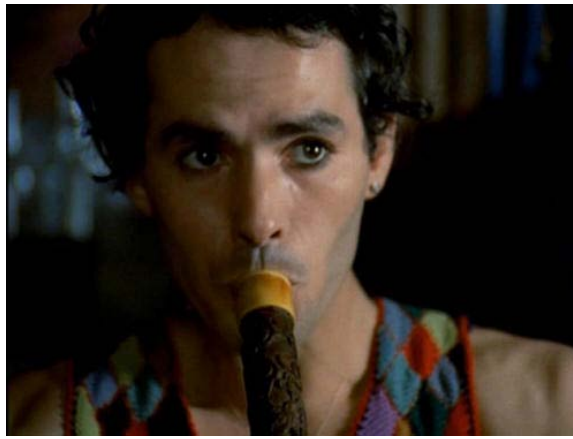


[AZTEC] Halt!

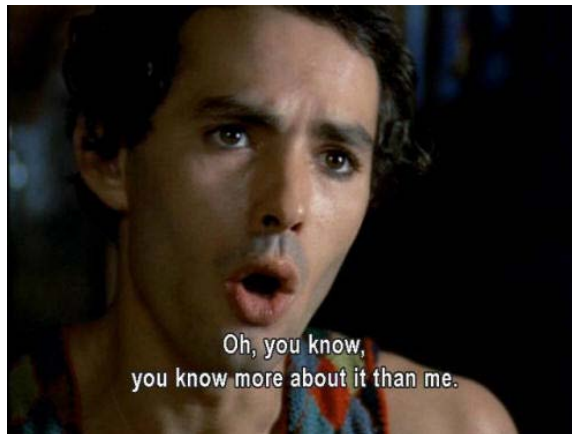




[HARRY] Tell me, Pablo ...



why is it that you don't care to discuss music with me?



Oh, you know,
you know more about it than me.

[PABLO] Oh, you know, you know more about it than me.
I just play.
It's all the same to me.



But it isn't all the same, is it?

[HARRY] But it isn't all the same, is it?
You can't put Mozart on the same level with ...
the latest foxtrot, or whatever, can you?



[PABLO] I don't put nothing on any level at all.
I just play whatever comes to me.



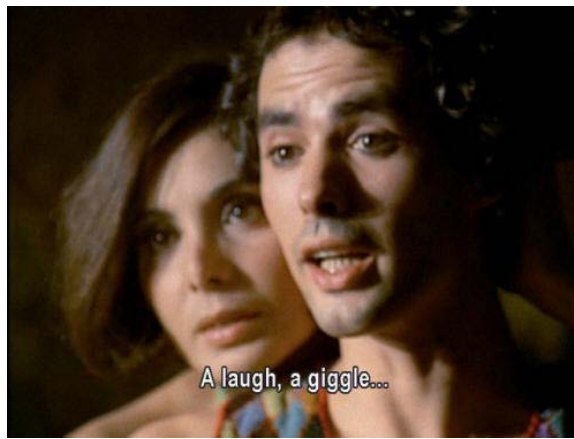
[MARIA] Pablo.



[HARRY] Tell me, Pablo. What is it you want out of life, hmm?
Out of music?



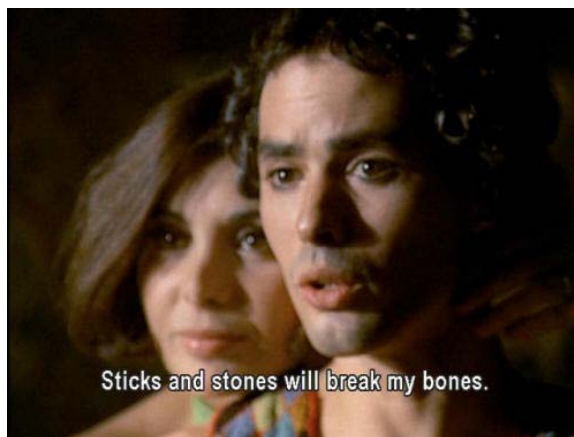
[PABLO] Je ne sais pas, moi.



A laugh, a giggle ...
kick the gong around now and then ...
beaucoup de pouie.



[HARRY] I see. A hedonist.



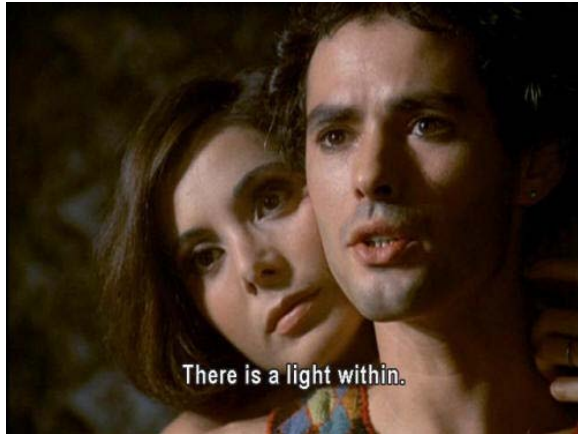
[PABLO] Sticks and stones will break my bones.



Your turn now.
What is it you want?



[HARRY] Light.



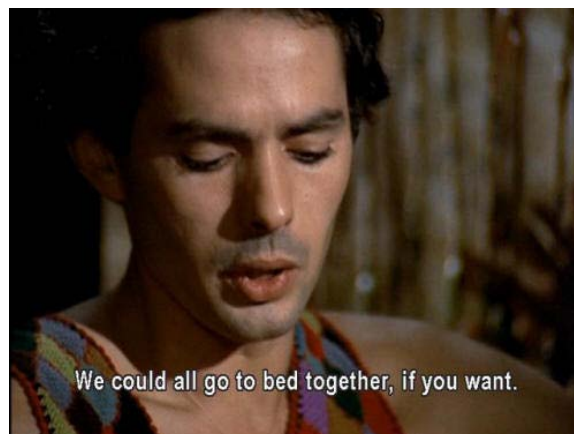
[PABLO] There is a light within.



You need only step out of your own shadows to see it.



[PABLO] [Playing classical tune]



We could all go to bed together, if you want.



[HARRY] No.
No, thanks.



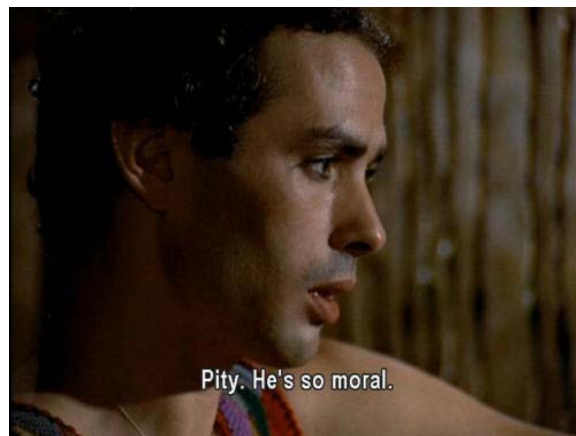
We're all friends.

[PABLO] We're all friends.



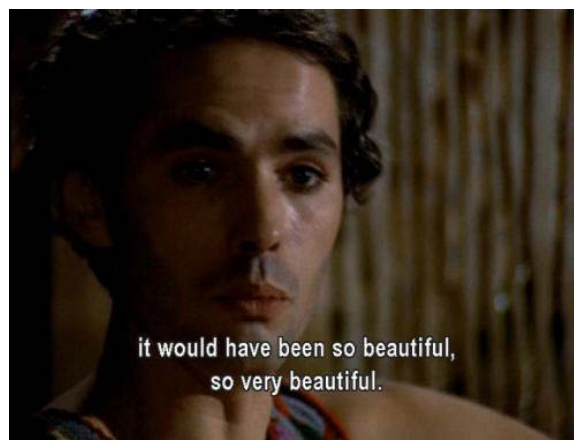
If he doesn't want to....

[MARIA] If he doesn't want to ...

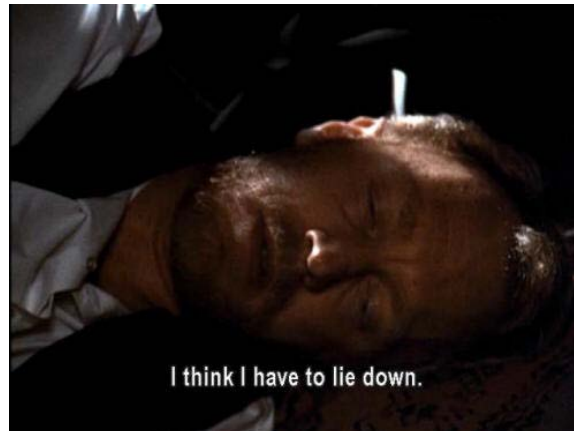


Pity. He's so moral.

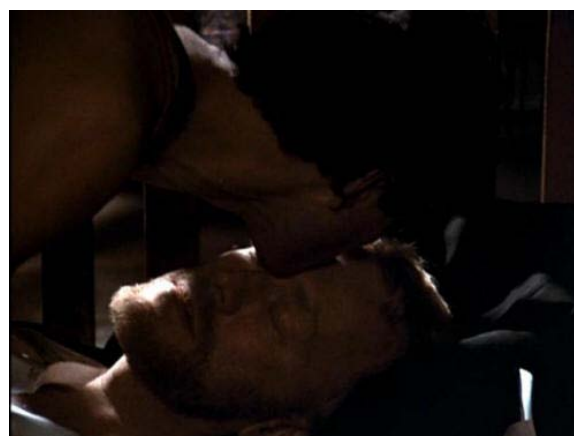
[PABLO] Pity. He's so moral.
All the same ...



it would have been so beautiful, so very beautiful.



[HARRY] I think I have to lie down.







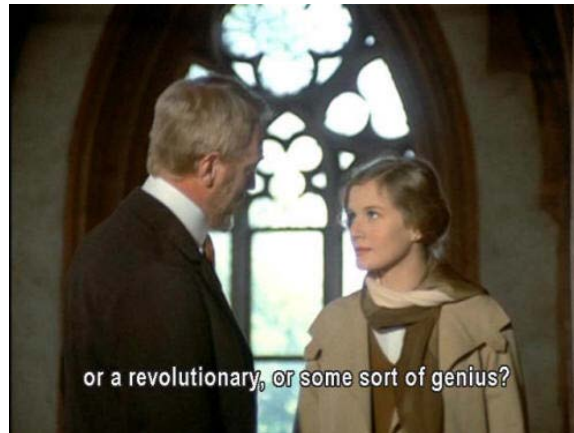
[Church bells tolling]

[Church bells tolling]





[HARRY] Why is it that you aren't already the wife of a king ...



or a revolutionary, or some sort of genius?



[HERMINA] I have been a courtesan of fairly good taste.
That's what life has allowed me.



[HARRY] Did you ever demand more?

[HERMINA] Always.

[HARRY] What?

[HERMINA] Eternity.



[HARRY] Where did you hope to find that?

[HERMINA] In a special kingdom ...
on the other side of appearances.
The kingdom of God, if you're pious, but it doesn't matter.
Whatever you call it, it's where we belong, our home.



Oh, Harry ...
so much dirt and humbug we have to slog through ...
in order to get home ...
and no guide but our homesickness.



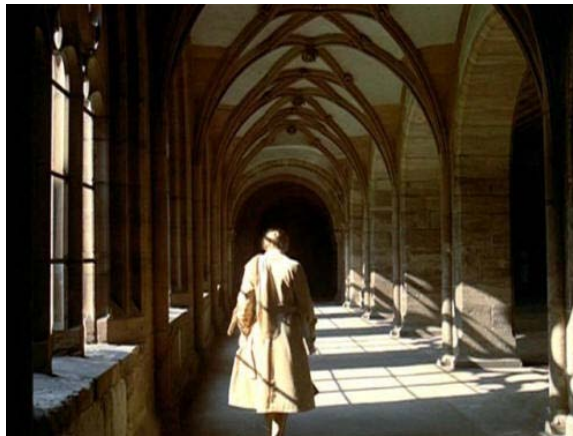


[HERMINA] And now, me, I am off.





So, friends and lovers, have a divine evening ...
and I'll see you at the ball.





[Parade music playing]



[HARRY] Please.







[WOMAN] Please.

[HARRY] Sorry.









Harry.

[PABLO] Harry.



[Speaking French]

[Speaking French]



Have you seen Hermine?

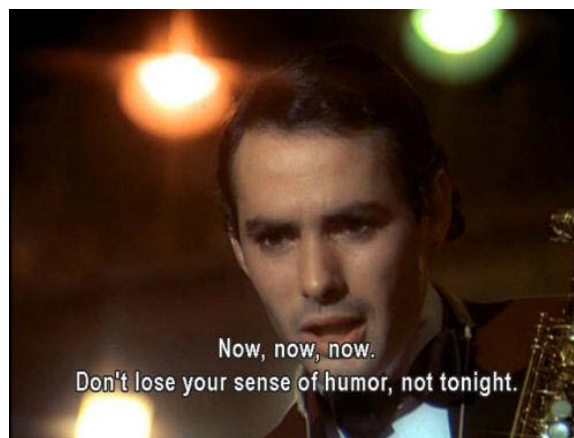
[HARRY] Have you seen Hermina?
I've been searching all night. It's hopeless.
Can you at least tell me what her costume is like?



[PABLO] Just look for yourself. You'll find her.



[HARRY] So what the devil is that supposed to mean?



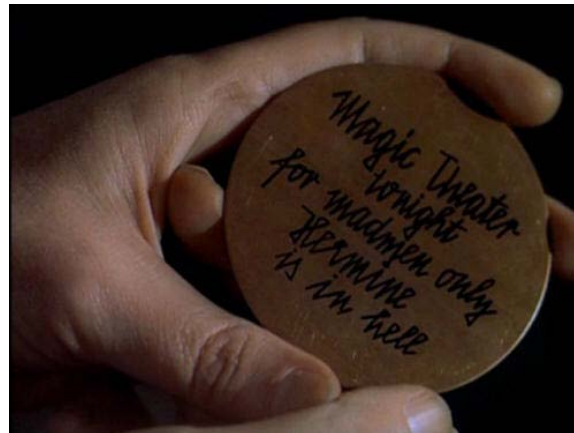
[PABLO] Now, now, now. Don't lose your sense of humor, not tonight.







[GOETHE] Lost your number? Take mine.



[Magic Theater tonight for madmen only Hermina is in hell]





[MARIA] Hey, dance with me.



[HARRY] I can't.



I'm on my way to hell.

[MARIA] Come on.

[Laughing]



[HARRY] Maria.



[Waltz instrumental music playing]





Hermine is waiting for me in hell.

[HARRY] Hermina is waiting for me in hell.

[MARIA] I know, my darling. Run along.
And farewell, Harry. I won't forget you. Ever.

[HARRY] Farewell.



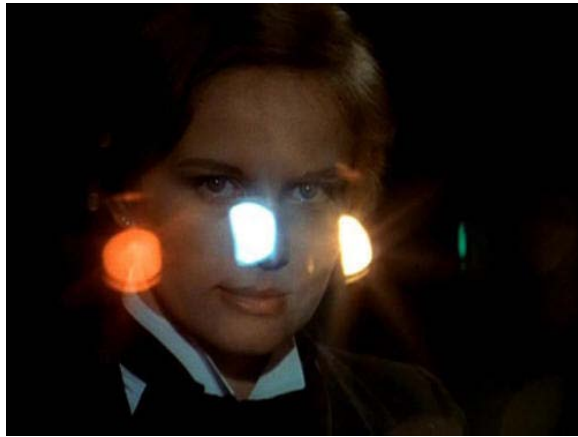
[Upbeat jazzy instrumental music playing]

[Upbeat jazzy instrumental music playing]









[HARRY] Hermina.



[HERMINA] So, you've found me at last.



[HARRY] Is this the way you mean to make me fall in love with you?



[HERMINA] You are even ready to go through hell to find me?



[HARRY] Is there any other way?



[HERMINA] You dreamed of escape.



You have a longing to forsake this world ...



to penetrate to a world beyond time.
You know this other world exists.



[PABLO] I can give you nothing that isn't already within you.



All I can give you is the chance.



Brother Harry, I invite you to a little entertainment.



For madmen only, and one price only.



Your mind. Are you ready?

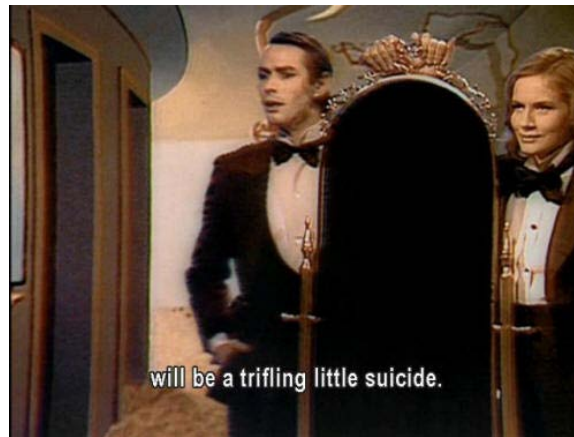




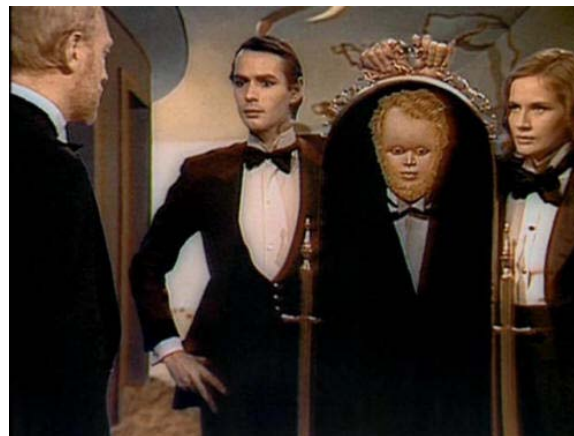
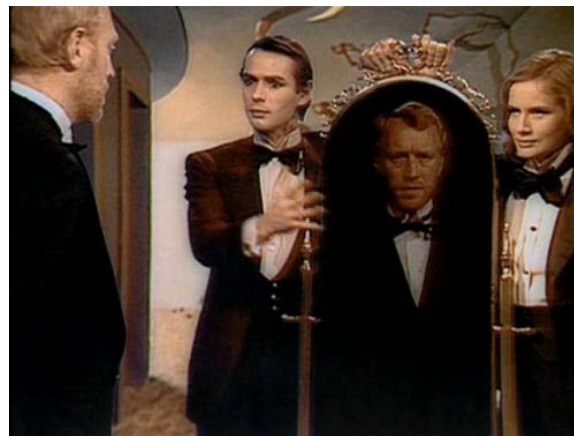
And now I'll show you our little Magic Theater.

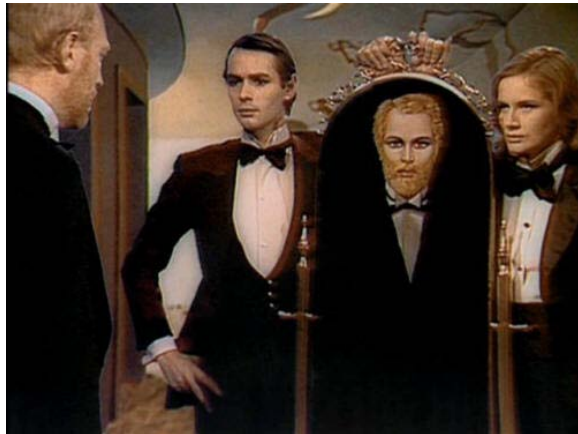


But the price of admission ...

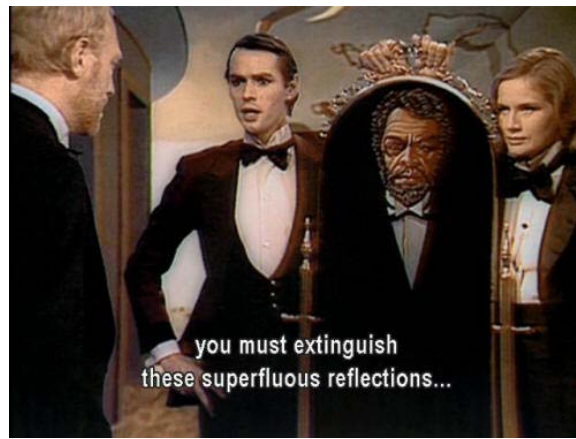


will be a trifling little suicide.
You don't mind, do you?





To conquer time and reality ...



you must extinguish these superfluous reflections ...
you call your personality.



All it takes is a hearty laugh.

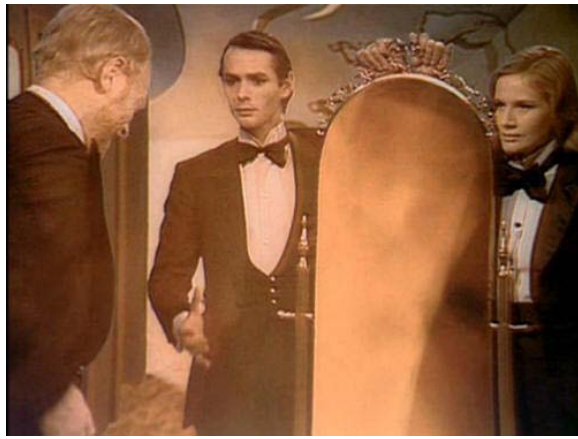


[HARRY] [Laughing]



[PABLO] Excellent, Harry.





Excellent, Harry.



You'll laugh like the immortals yet.



[AZTEC] Penetrate to a world beyond time.

[PABLO] It's all an illusion, the Magic Theater, not reality.
... nothing that isn't already within you.



[HARRY] Pablo!



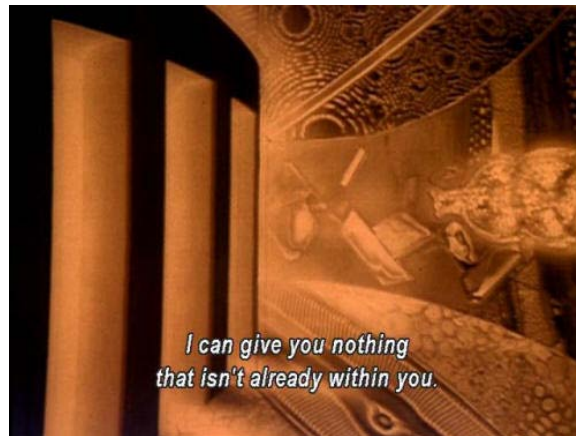
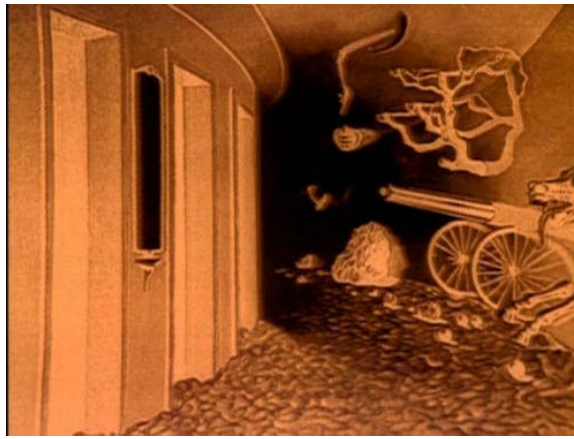
Hermine!





[HERMINA] You have a longing to forsake this world.

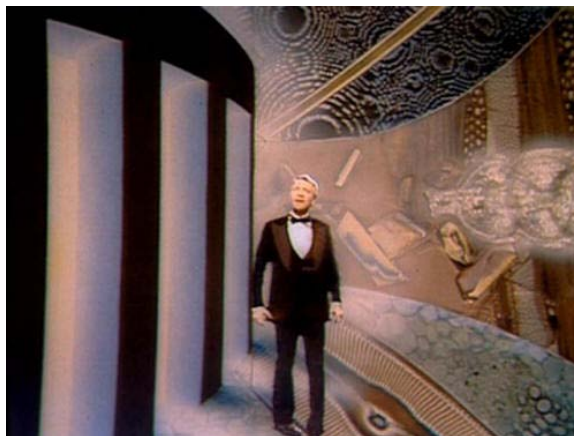




[PABLO] I can give you nothing that isn't already within you.



... chance. The impulse.





I help you make your movie ...



[AZTEC] As many doors as you like.



And behind ...



[TODAY: KAMASUTRAM]



[MAN] Mutant transformation into any animal or plant you please.



The great Automobile Hunt.

[WOMAN] Transformation from time into space.

[MAN] Compendium of art.





Oh.

[HARRY] Oh.
Gustav! Good Lord!



Fancy meeting you here.
What are you doing?

[GUSTAV] Fancy meeting you here. What are you doing?



[Gunfire]

[Gunfire]



[GUSTAV] I'm a professor of theology, Harry.



Got that son of a bitch that time.

[HARRY] What's going on?

[GUSTAV] It's war.
At long last, the war against the machine.



Come on.



So it's just what you
have been waiting for, Harry.

So it's just what you have been waiting for, Harry.

[HARRY] What?

[GUSTAV] War against the machine.



[HEFTE] Don't listen to him.



You are obliged to stem the rising tide of anarchy ...



fomented by effete intellectuals ...
who cynically reject the blessings ...
of order, work and private property.

[HARRY] What's that got to do with machines, then?



[HEFTE] Technology is the most sublime creation of the human mind ...
that will eventually set man free.



[HARRY] What do you think?

[GUSTAV] Six off one, a half a dozen off the other.





[HEFTE] Villains. Traitors. After all we've done for you.



[GUSTAV] Come on. Get out. Come on.
Out. Go!



[Airplane approaching]

[HEFTE] I think you ought to know ...

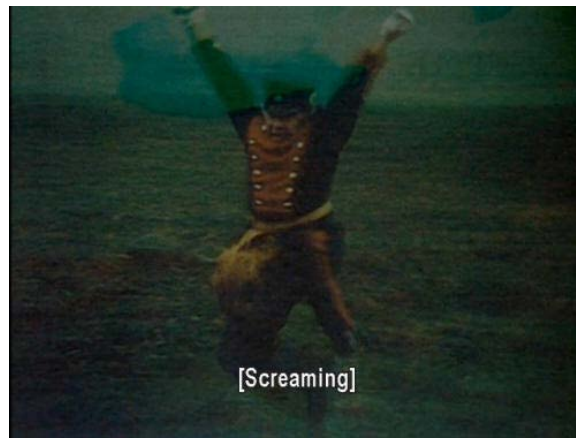


I don't consider this very patriotic of you fellows.



[GUSTAV & HARRY] [Shooting]





[Screaming]

[HEFTE] [Screaming]





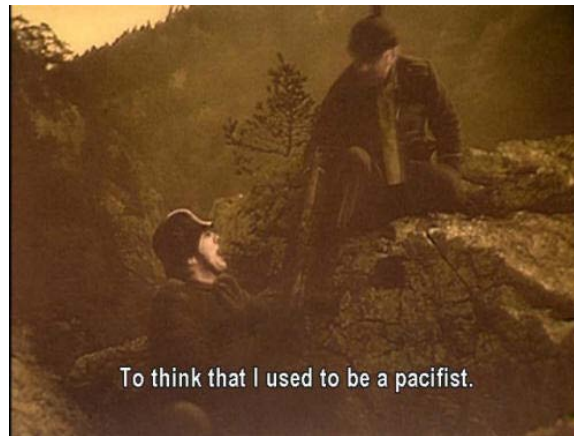
[Distant gunfire]



[GUSTAV] Look.



Here, help me with this stuff.
We want to be ready for them when they come.



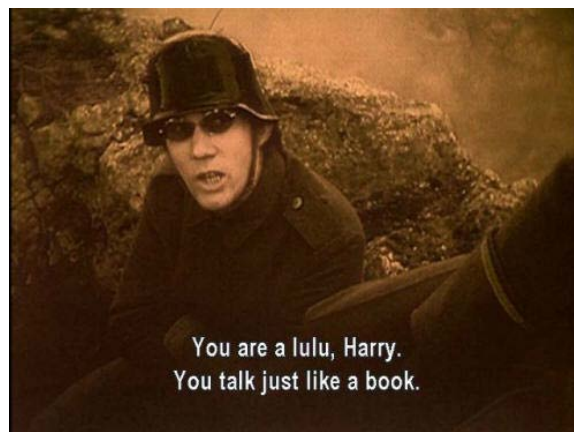
[HARRY] To think that I used to be a pacifist.
Where does this bloodlust come from? I'm sure it's not rational.

[GUSTAV] Of course it isn't. It's pure childishness.
That's war, childishness on a gigantic scale.

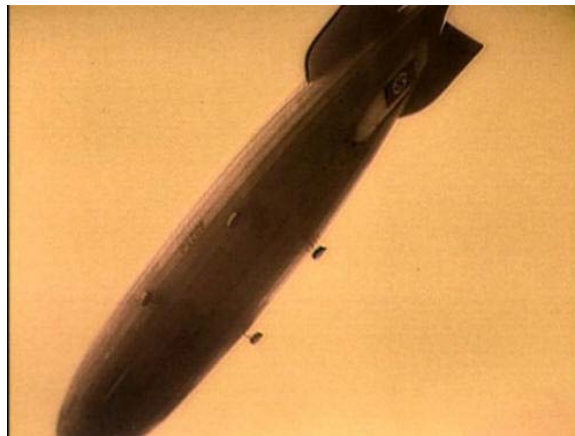
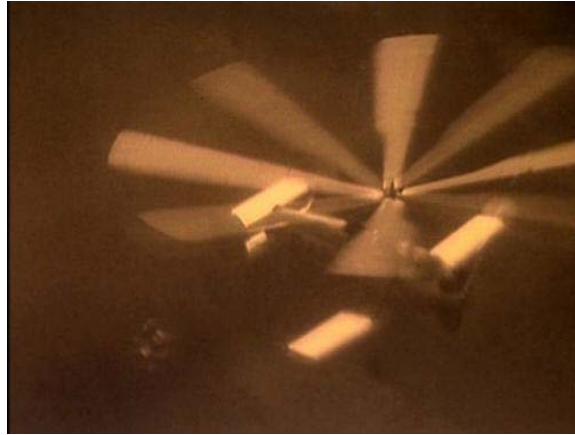
[HARRY] Yes.



We must not always reduce the irrational to the rational ...
as do the Americans, and the Bolsheviks, too.
They are both extraordinarily rational ...
and they both produce a frightful oppression and impoverishment of life.

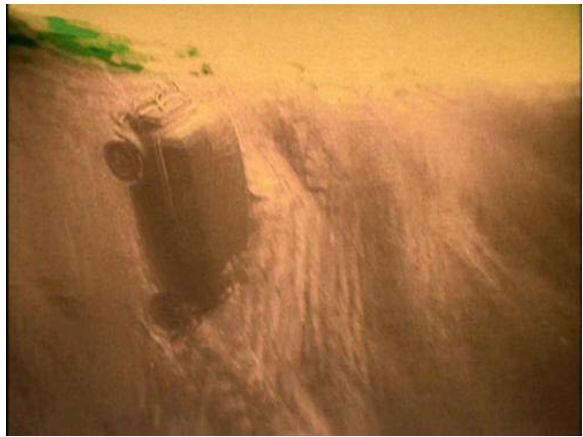


[GUSTAV] You are a lulu, Harry. You talk just like a book.
But we'll bag no cars with philosophy.
All hands to battle stations.











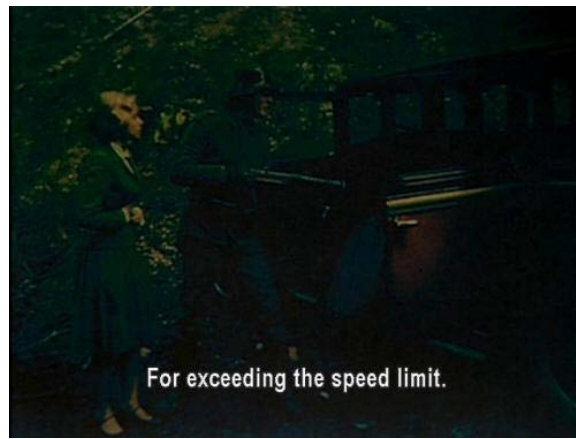
Bravo! Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!



[LOERING] [Coughing]



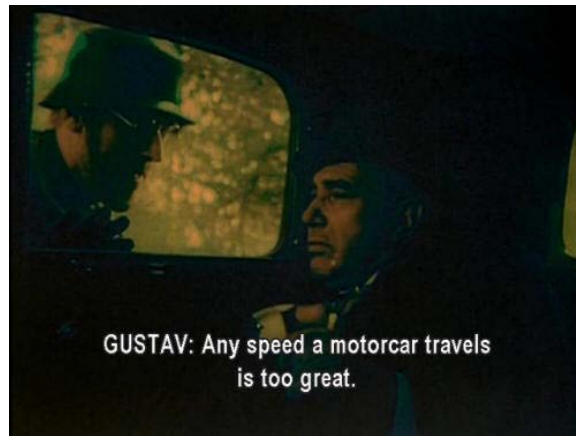
I am Attorney-General Loering.
Why did you fire upon us?



[GUSTAV] For exceeding the speed limit.

[LOERING] We were only doing the normal speed.

[GUSTAV] What was normal yesterday is no longer normal today.



Any speed a motorcar travels is too great.
And now, will you be so kind as to get out, as your motorcar will be destroyed.



[LOERING] I prefer to be destroyed with it.

[GUSTAV] As you like.
God knows as public prosecutor ...



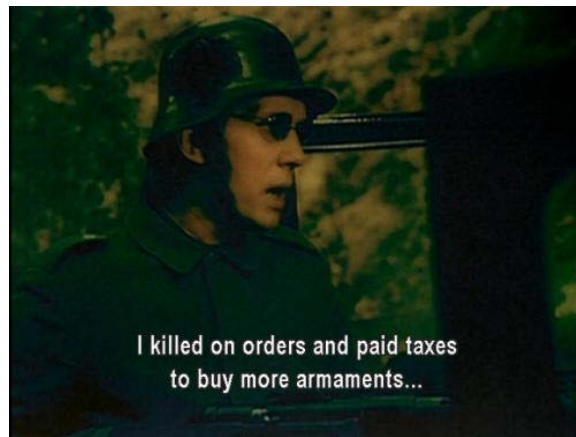
you've murdered your share of poor devils in your day.



[LOERING] It was my duty.
A conception obviously unknown to you.



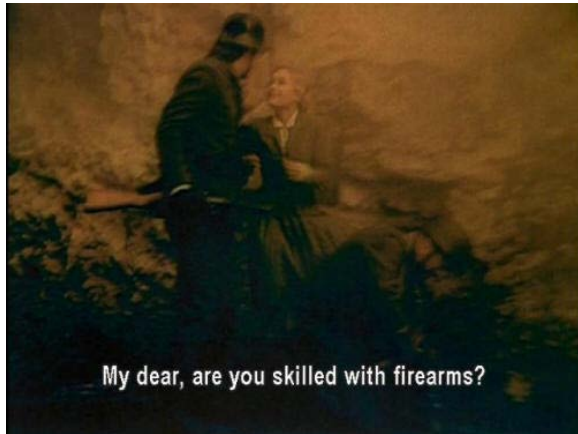
[GUSTAV] What duty?
I belonged to the state, I served as a soldier ...



I killed on orders and paid taxes to buy more armaments ...
until I couldn't get up in the morning without throwing up.

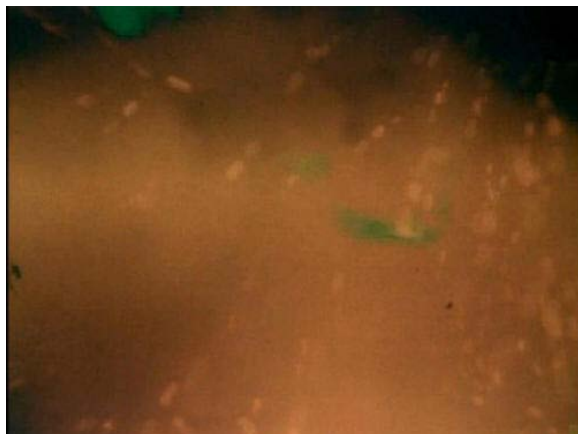


[LOERING] You bore me.
Be so kind as to get on with your job.



[GUSTAV] My dear, are you skilled with firearms?

[GIRL] You could teach me.



[GUSTAV] [Laughing] I imagine you'll be wanting lunch soon.

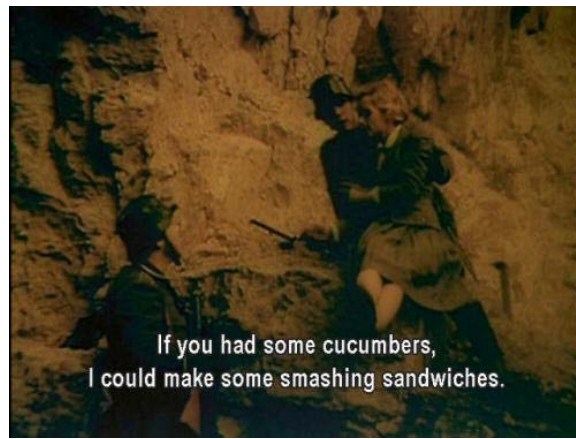


[GIRL] Have you got a court plaster for my finger?
It's bleeding like anything.
Whatever is to become of us?

[GUSTAV] I don't know.
But my friend Harry knows. He's fond of pretty girls.



He'll look after you. Come on.



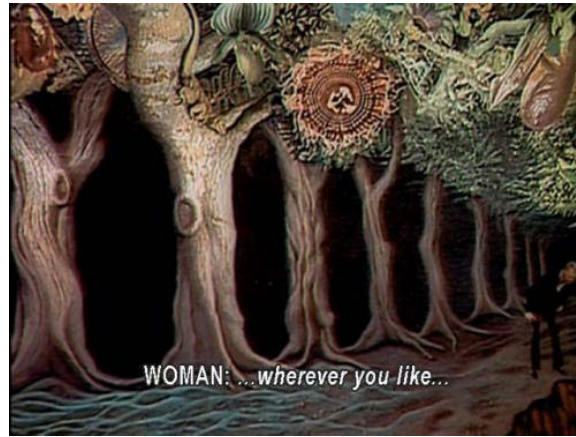
[GIRL] If you had some cucumbers, I could make some smashing sandwiches.



[Explosion]



[Meanwhile ...]



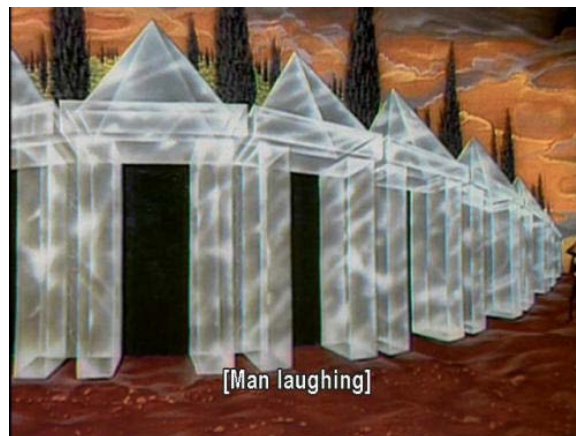
[WOMAN] ... wherever you like ...
and behind each door ...
You have a longing to forsake this world, to penetrate to a world beyond time.

[MAN] Downfall of the west, moderate prices, never surpassed.

[Birds calling]



[WOMAN] Delightful suicide, laugh yourself to bits.



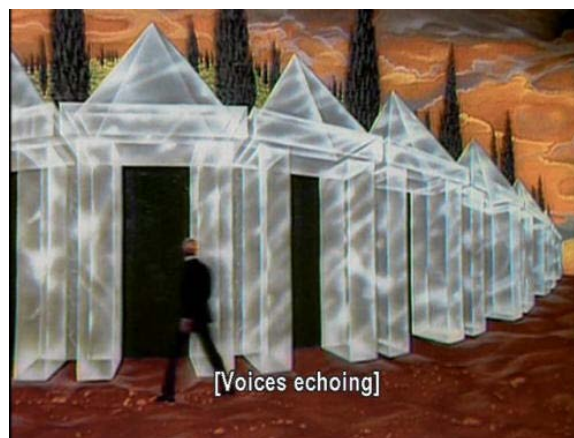
[Man laughing]

[Woman laughing]

[WOMAN] ... Great Automobile Hunt ...



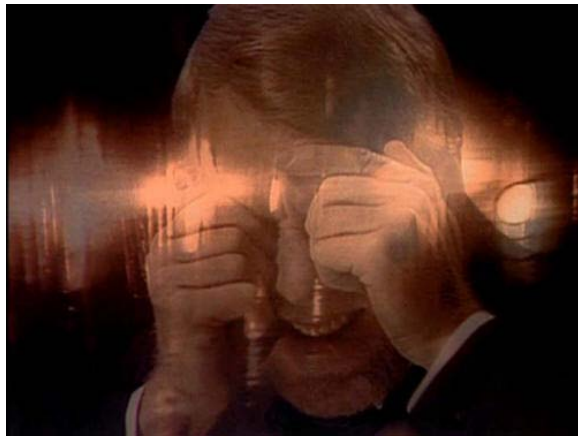
These Kamasutra ... Instructions ...



[Voices echoing]

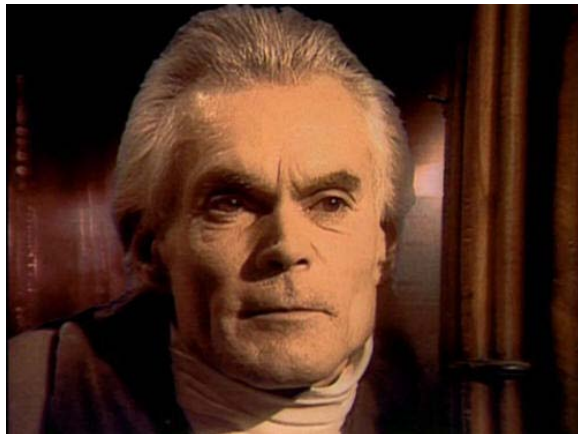


[AZTEC] As many doors as you like.



Pablo?

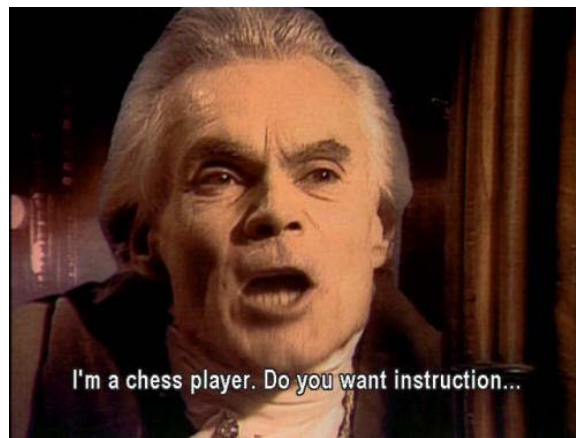
[HARRY] Pablo?





Who are you?

[GOETHE] I'm not anybody.



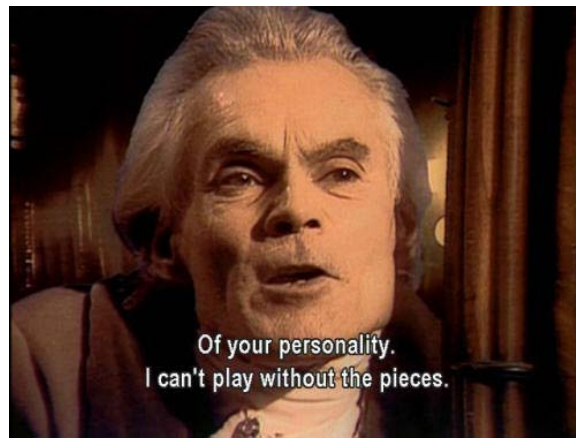
I'm a chess player. Do you want instruction ...
in building up your personality?



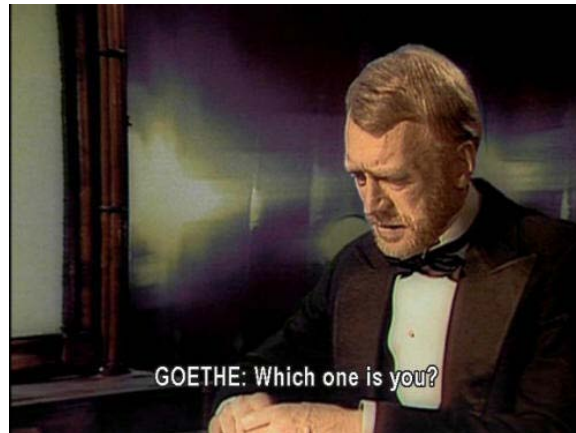
[HARRY] Yes, please.

[GOETHE] May I see your pieces, please?

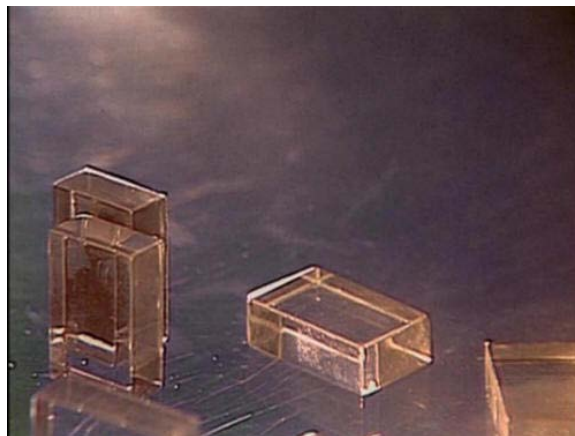
[HARRY] Pieces?



[GOETHE] Of your personality. I can't play without the pieces.



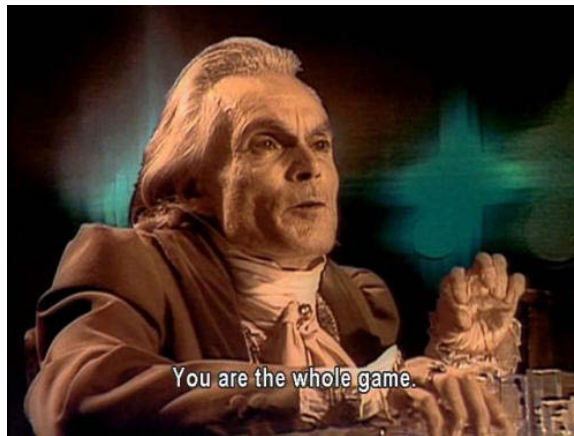
Which one is you?





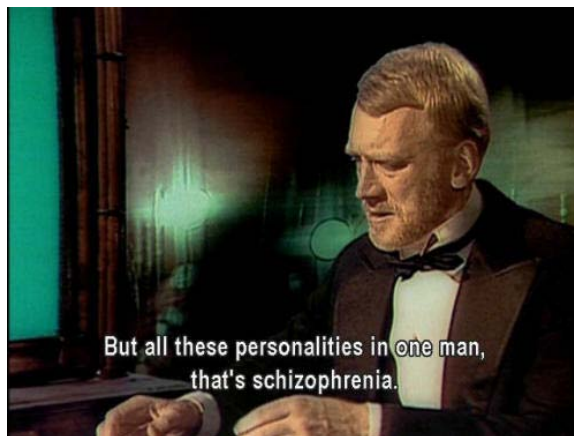
Wrong.

Wrong.



You are the whole game.

You are the whole game.

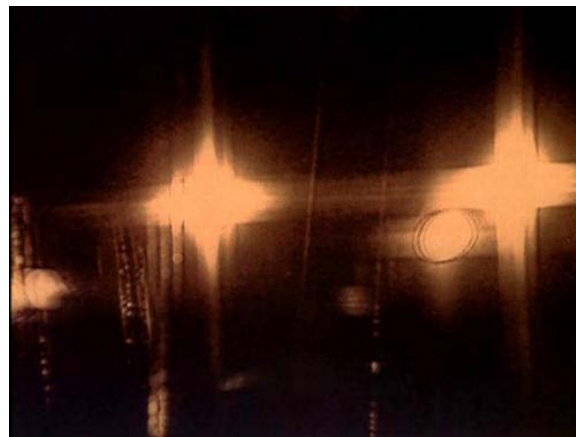


But all these personalities in one man,
that's schizophrenia.

[HARRY] But all these personalities in one man, that's schizophrenia.

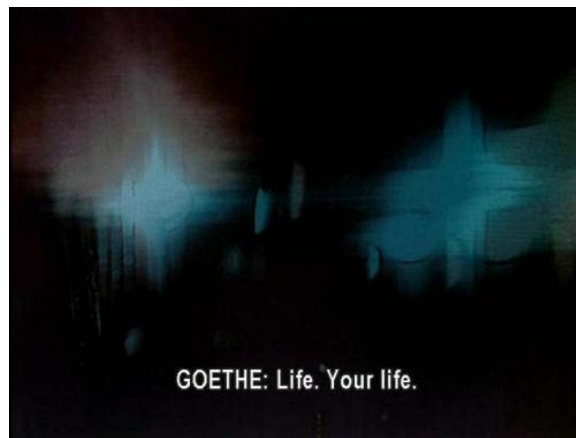


[GOETHE] It don't matter, honey.
Watch.





[HARRY] What is it called, this game?



[GOETHE] Life. Your life.



Complicate it or enrich it as you please.



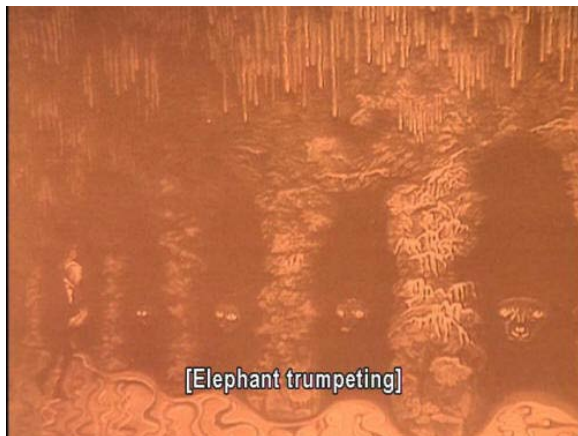
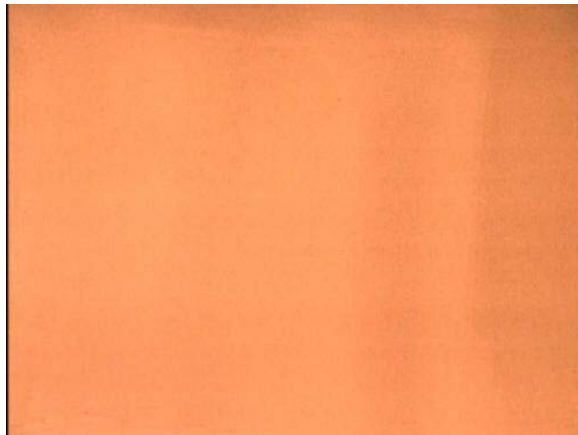
Your soul has fallen to bits and pieces.



Good. Rearrange them to suit yourself.



[Laughing]

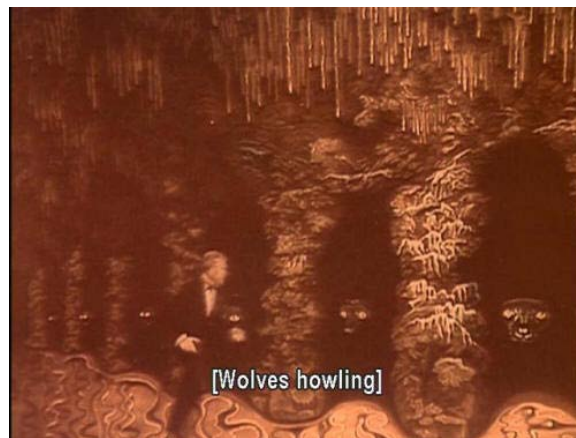


[Elephant trumpeting]

[Elephant trumpeting]

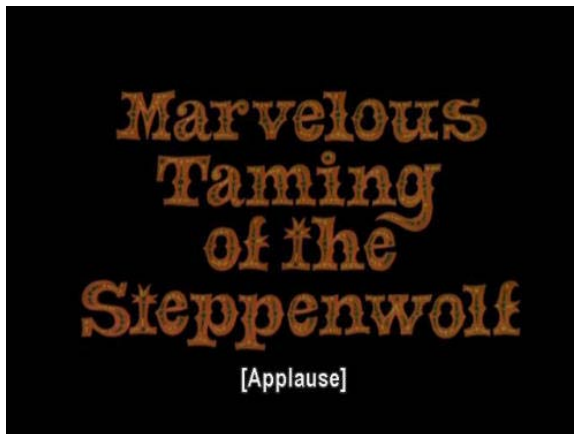


[Lion roaring]



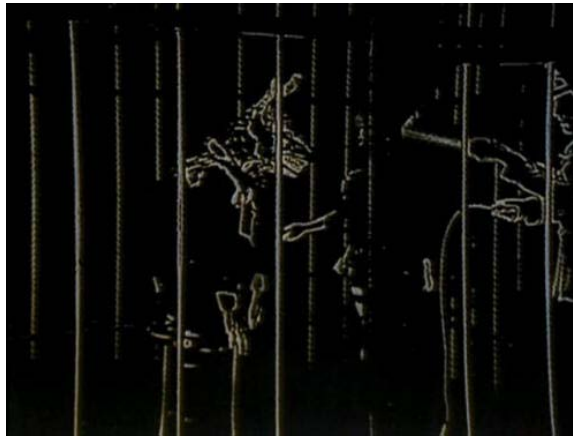
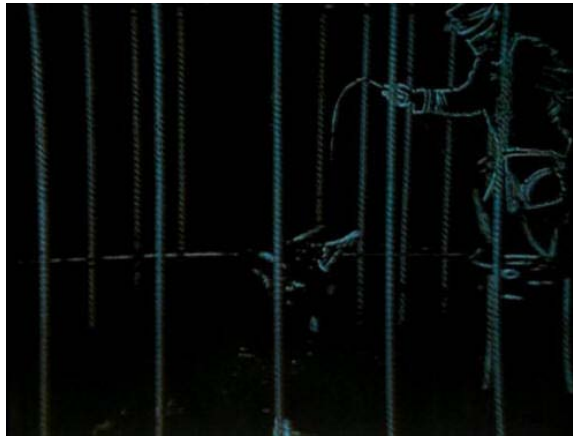
[Wolves howling]





[Marvelous Taming of the Steppenwolf]

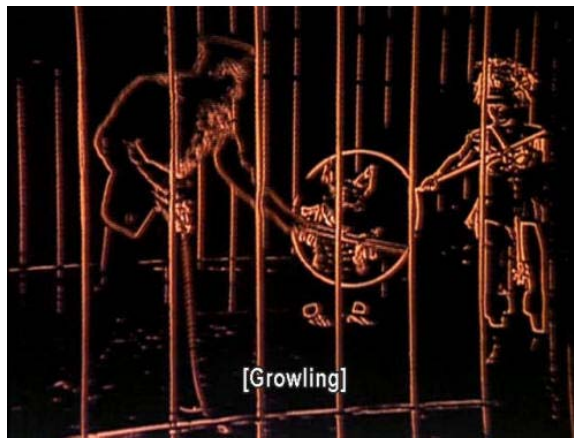
[Applause]



[Steppenwolf howling]

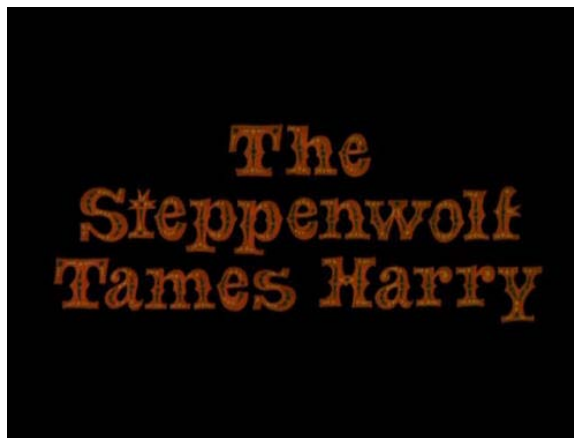
[Audience applauding]





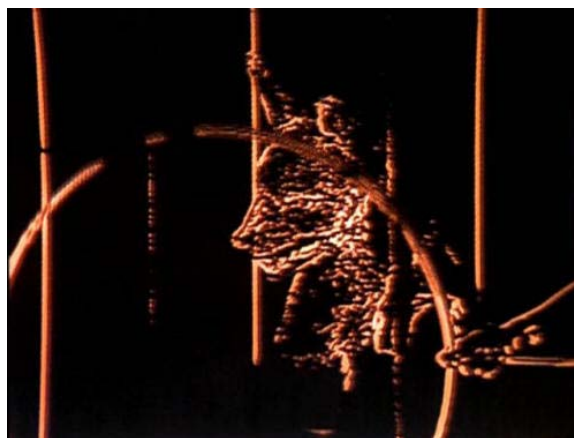
[Growling]

[Audience applauding]



[The Steppenwolf Tames Harry]

[Audience laughing]



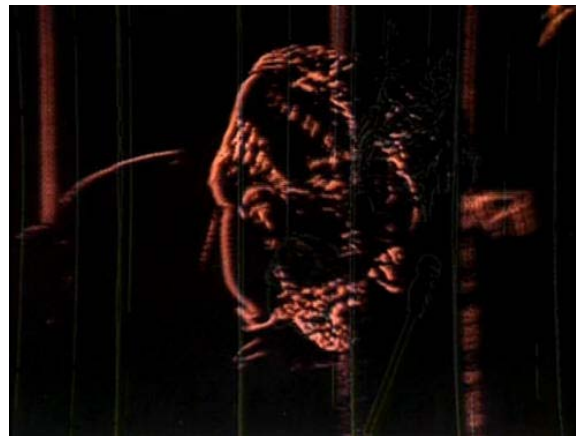


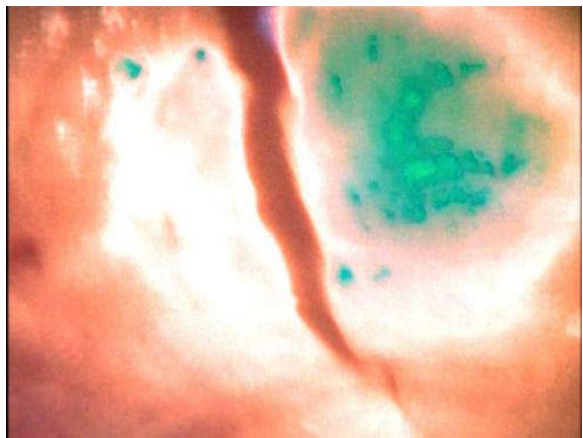
[Audience applauding]

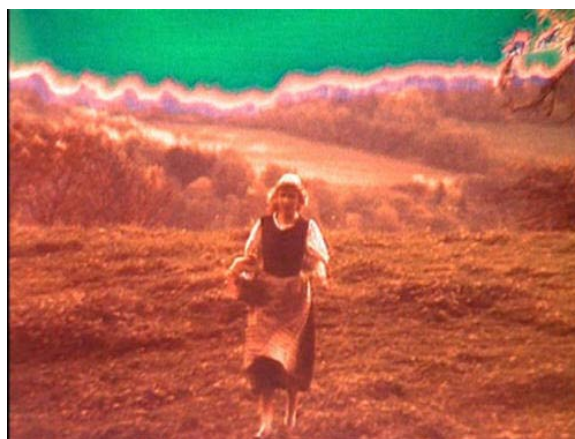
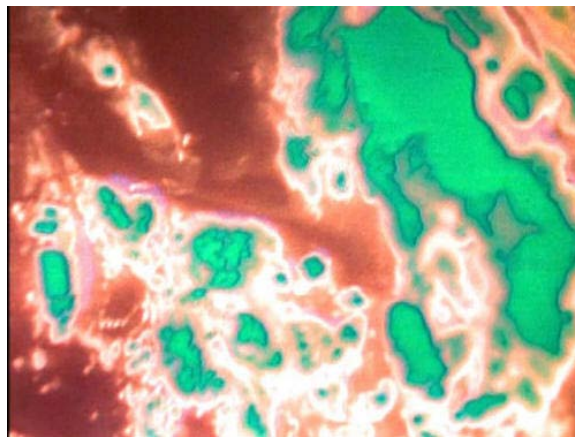




[HARRY] [Growling]







[ROSA] Harry!



What on earth are you doing in there?

What on earth are you doing in there?



My goodness, you've gone and hurt yourself.

My goodness, you've gone and hurt yourself.



Yes.

[HARRY] Yes.

[ROSA] Poor, dear Harry.
I've always wondered what became of you. All these years.

[HARRY] You haven't changed a bit, Rosa.



The last time I saw you here,
that spring afternoon...

[ROSA] The last time I saw you here, that spring afternoon ...
you wouldn't even speak.



I meant to. I wanted to.

[HARRY] I meant to, I wanted to.
But I was afraid. I was only 15.

[ROSA] My heart trembled so.

[HARRY] Did it? Really?



I cried myself to sleep that night.

[ROSA] I cried myself to sleep that night.
And then I began to forget.
Never quite, though, you know.



[HARRY] But you never knew me.
Listen, Rosa, I could have destroyed you.
You see, sometimes I'm ...
There are terrible compulsions, urges that come over me.



[ROSA] You might have let me take the risk myself.



[All Women Are Yours!]



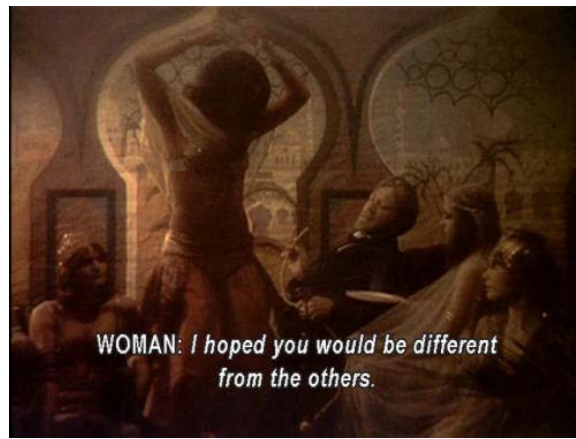


[WOMAN] I used to dream that I was having your child.



You never asked. You never listened.





[WOMAN] I hoped you would be different from the others.

















[HARRY] Hermina!



Hermina!

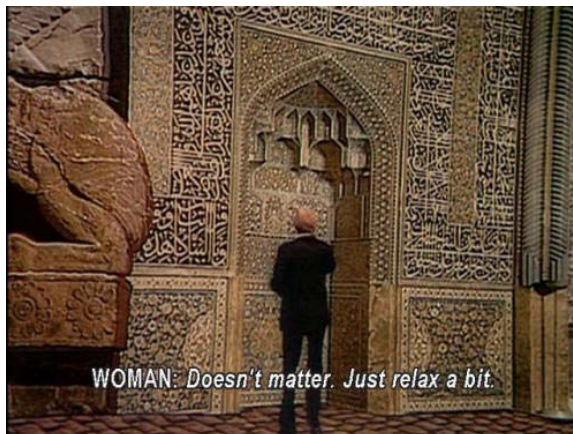


[HERMINA] So long, then, and enjoy your dreams.



[Hermine laughing]

[Laughing]

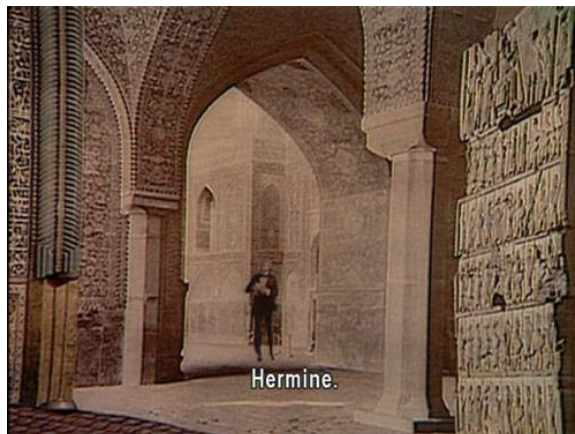


WOMAN: Doesn't matter. Just relax a bit.

[MARIA] Doesn't matter. Just relax a bit.



[HARRY] Hermina!

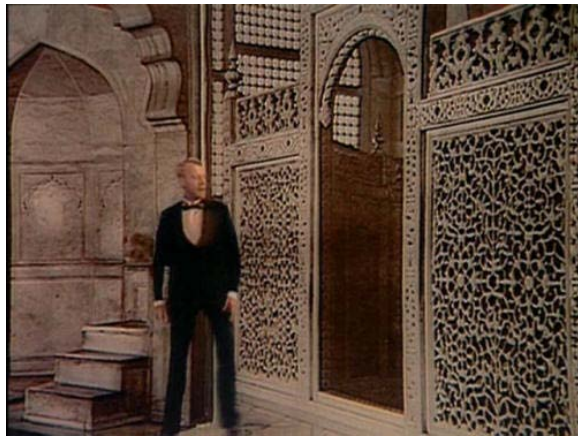


Hermína.

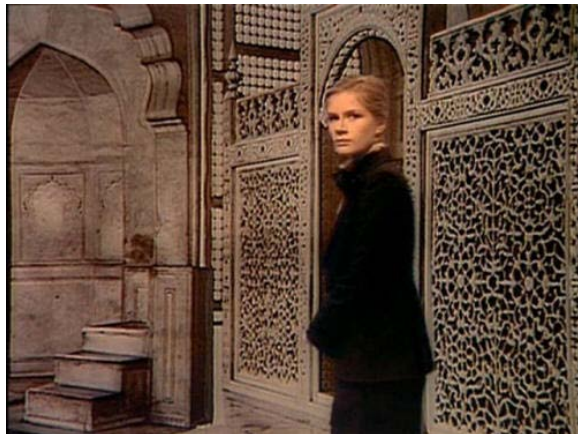


[HERMINE] But I need you, too.





Don't forget what you promised.





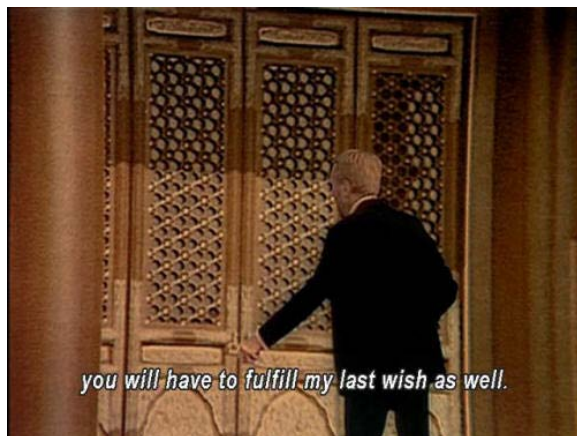
*...for something very important
and very beautiful.*

... for something very important and very beautiful.





But in the end, as you call it ...



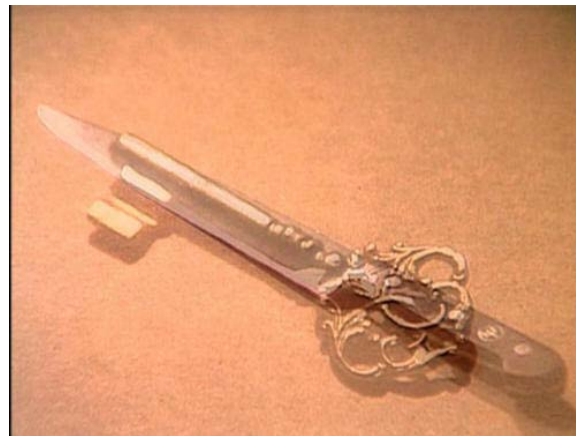
you will have to fulfill my last wish as well.



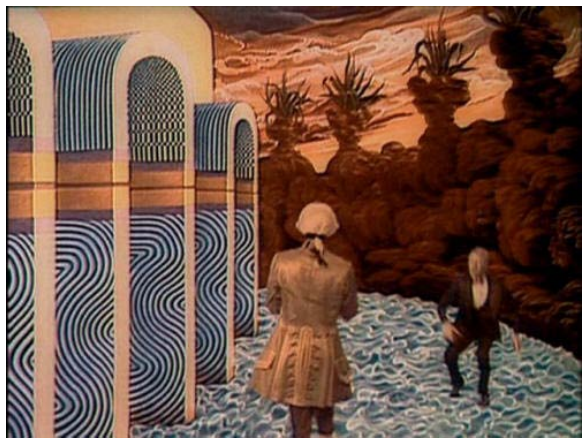
Kill me.



Kill me.



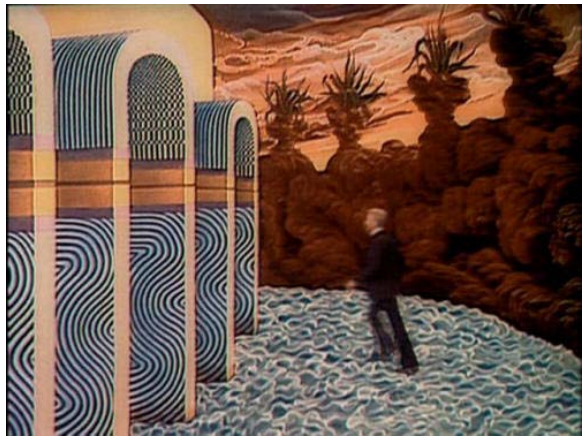






[HARRY] Mozart.





[Classical instrumental music playing]

[Classical instrumental music playing]



[MOZART] You see? It goes all right without the saxophone.
Though, to be sure, I shouldn't want to tread on the toes ...
of that famous instrument.

[HARRY] Where are we?

[MOZART] In the last act.



Liberello is on his knees.
There's a lot in it that's very human, certainly ...



but you can hear the other world in it, too ...
the laughter, hmm?

[HARRY] Plentitude. Power.



It's the last great music ever written.



[MOZART] Don't strain yourself.



You are a musician?
I've retired myself, but I do like to drop in from time to time ...



to see how the business is getting on.





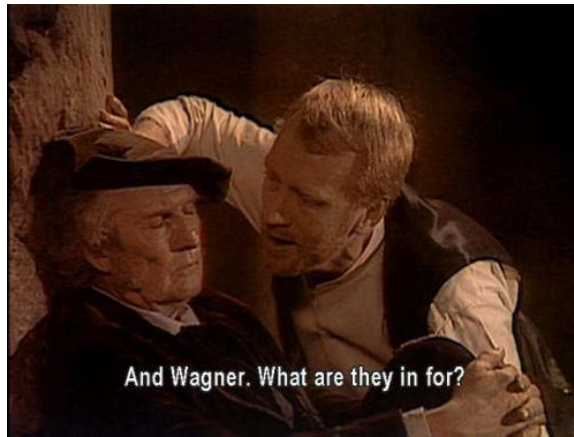
[Orchestra playing]





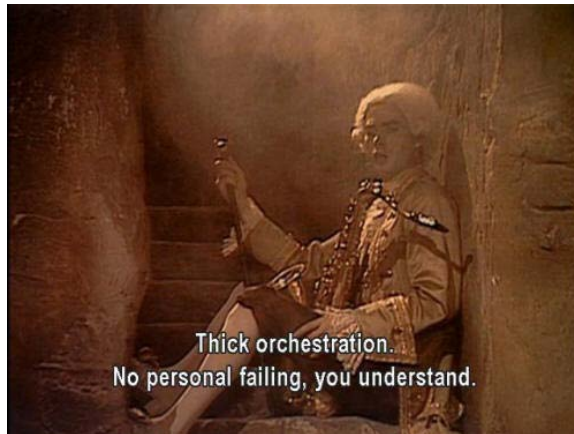
Look, there is Brahms,
striving for redemption.

[MOZART] Look, there is Brahms, striving for redemption.
He'll be at it for quite a time yet.



And Wagner. What are they in for?

[HARRY] And Wagner. What are they in for?



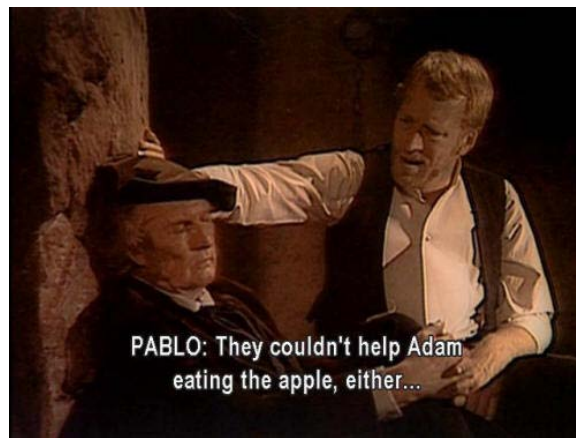
Thick orchestration.
No personal failing, you understand.

[MOZART] Thick orchestration. No personal failing, you understand.



It was a fault of the time.

[HARRY] But they can't help it.



[MOZART] They couldn't help Adam eating the apple, either
but they have to pay for it.

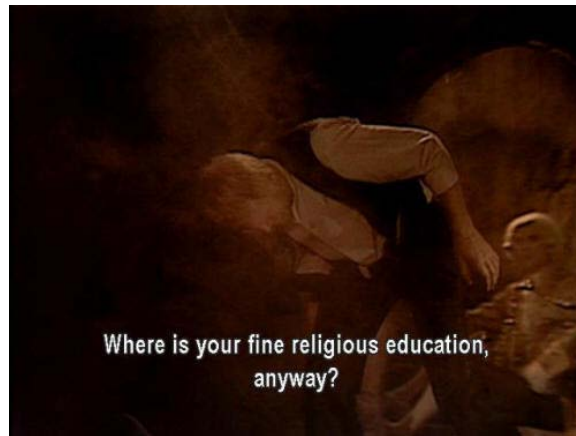
[HARRY] But it's frightful.



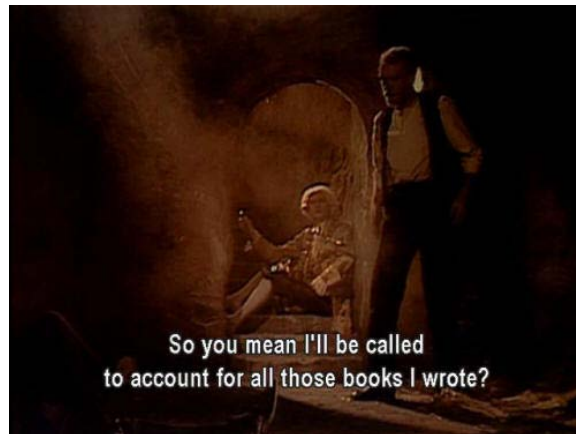
[MOZART] Oh, life always is.
We can't help it, but we are responsible anyway.



One is born, and at once, one is guilty.



Where is your fine religious education, anyway?



[HARRY] So you mean I'll be called to account for all those books I wrote?



[MOZART] [Laughing]



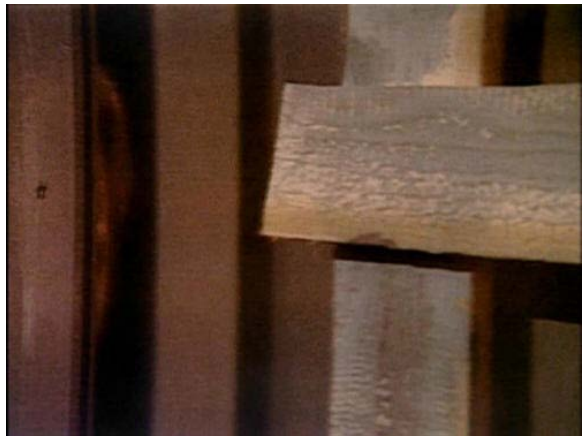
[Women laughing]

[Train approaching]



[Train whistle blowing]













[HERMINA] [Screaming]





[Knife clattering]



[Distorted music playing on radio]



[HARRY] Herr Mozart?

[MOZART] Shh.

Munich's coming through. It's a symphony by Friedemann Bach.



What are you doing? Listen to it.



[HARRY] This infernal machine murders music.



Belt up and listen, my friend.

[MOZART] Belt up and listen, my friend.

Listen past the wireless to the music.

It's just like life.

You must see through the appearance to the reality beneath.

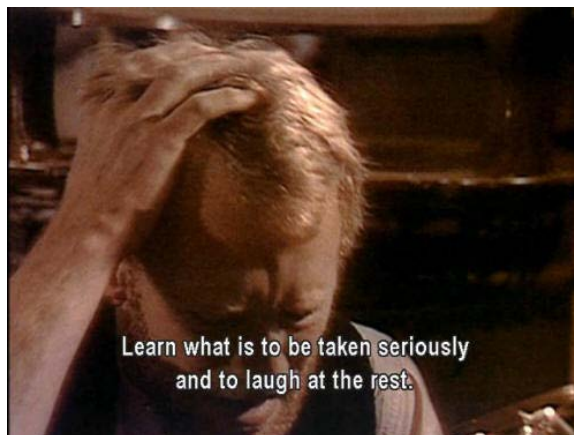


Anyway, it little becomes you
to be a critic of radio...

Anyway, it little becomes you to be a critic of radio ...

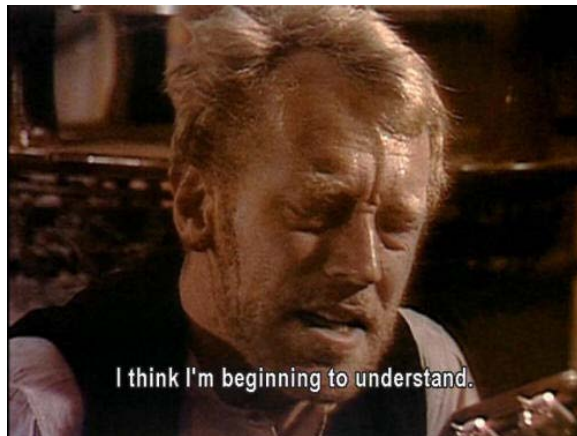
or of life, either.

Learn to listen first.



Learn what is to be taken seriously
and to laugh at the rest.

Learn what is to be taken seriously, and to laugh at the rest.



I think I'm beginning to understand.

[HARRY] I think I'm beginning to understand.



You are a great joker, Harry, huh?

[MOZART] You are a great joker, Harry, huh?



What's this mess, now?

What's this mess, now?



You couldn't think of anything better to do ...
with this enchanting young lady than this?
I expect you are now looking for a way ...



to evade the consequences of this dreary butchery.

[HARRY] You don't understand, Herr Mozart.



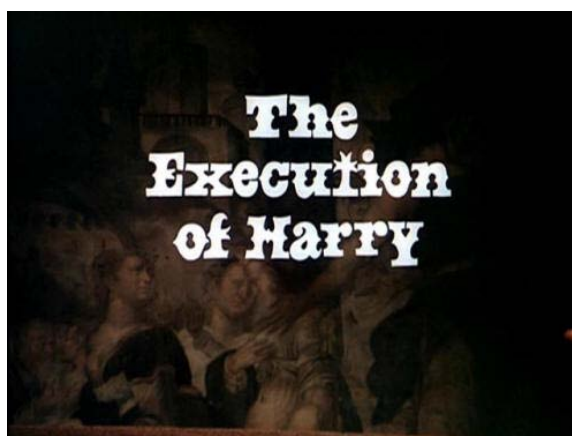
I want to pay. I want to pay and pay again for what I've done.
I want to lay my head under the axe.



[MOZART] What a pathetic cringe you are, Harry.
But you'll learn humor yet.

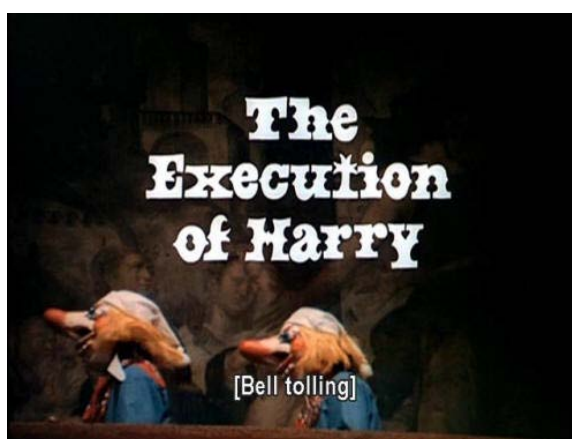


Gallows humor.



[The Execution of Harry]

[Playing ceremonial instrumental music]



[Bell tolling]





[PABLO] All humor is gallows humor.



Ready, my friend?

[HARRY] I'm ready.

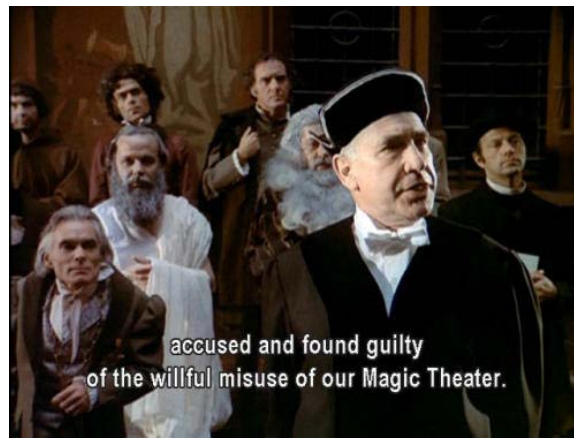


[JUDGE] Gentlemen ...



there stands before you Harry Haller ...





accused and found guilty
of the willful misuse of our Magic Theater.

accused and found guilty of the willful misuse of our Magic Theater.
Haller has not alone insulted the majesty of art ...
in that he confounded ...



our beautiful picture gallery
with so called reality...

our beautiful picture gallery with so called reality ...



and stabbed to death the reflection of a girl
with the reflection of a knife.

and stabbed to death the reflection of a girl with the reflection of a knife.

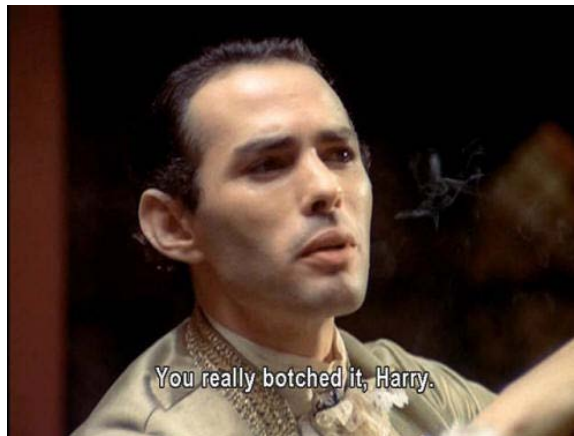
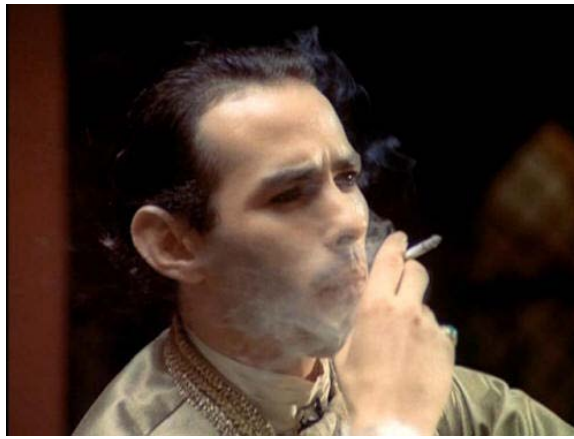


He has, in addition, displayed the intention to use our theater ...
as a mechanism of suicide ...
and shown himself devoid of humor.



Therefore, we condemn Haller ...
to eternal life ...
and suspend for 12 hours his permission to enter our theater.



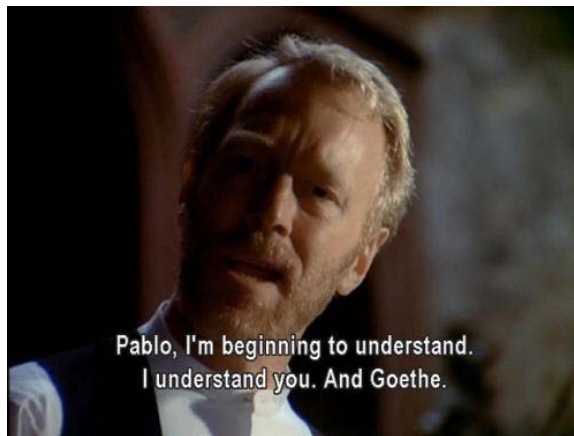


[PABLO] You really botched it, Harry.

You lost your sense of humor.

All that messy business with the knife, and your ugly reality.

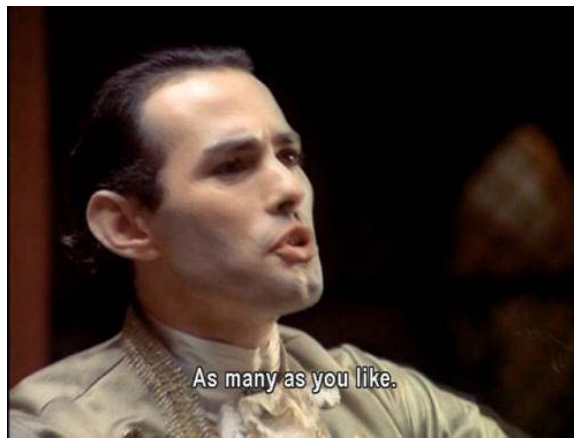
Je pensais que vous auriez mieux joué le jeu que ça (I believe that you have a better side than that.)



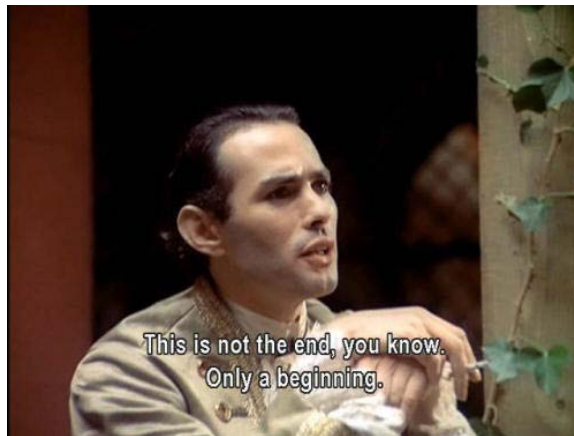
[HARRY] Pablo, I'm beginning to understand. I understand you. And Goethe.

I've still got all the pieces in my pocket.

If I only had another chance.



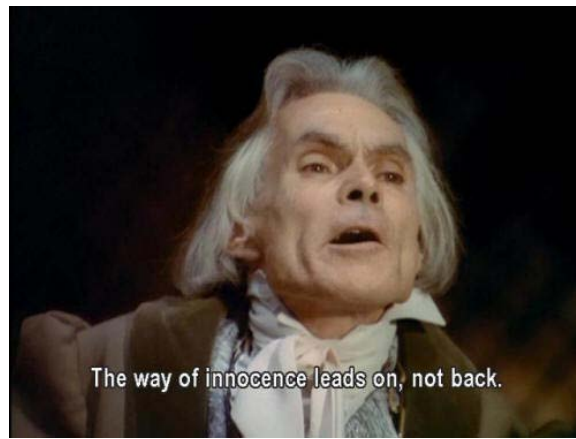
[PABLO] As many as you like.



This is not the end, you know. Only a beginning.



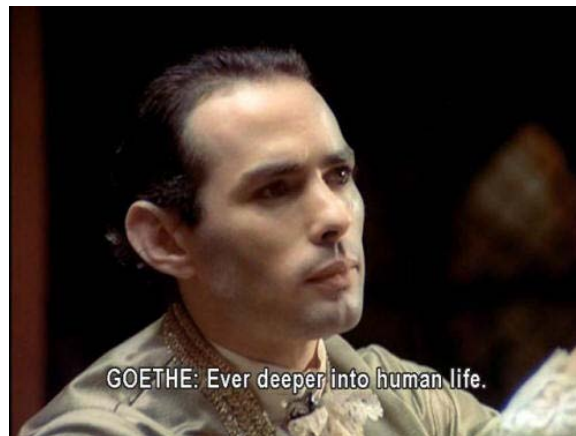
[HARRY] Where do I have to go from here?



[GOETHE] The way of innocence leads on, not back.
Not back to the world of the child ...

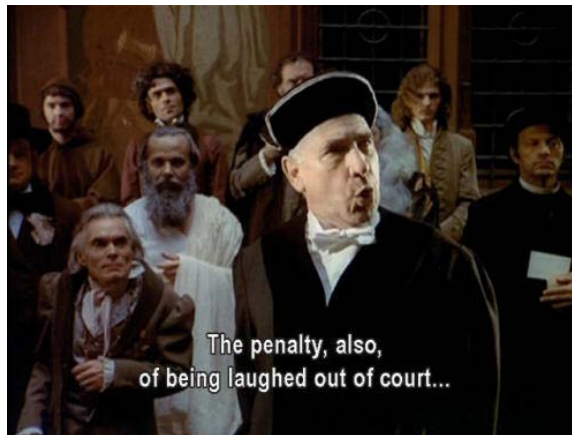


but even further into sin.



Ever deeper into human life.

[Fast-paced drumming]



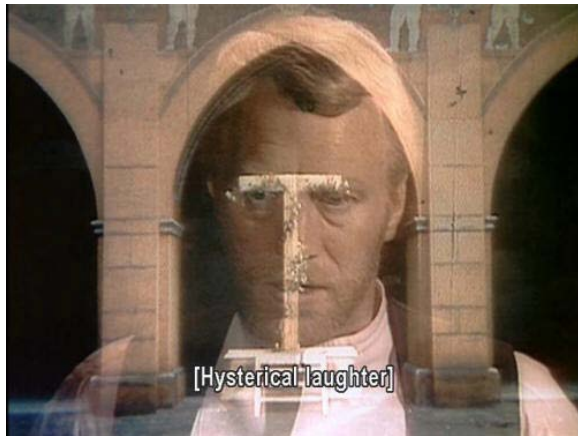
[JUDGE] The penalty, also, of being laughed out of court ...
may not be remitted.



Gentlemen, all together ...
one, two, three.



[All Laughing]

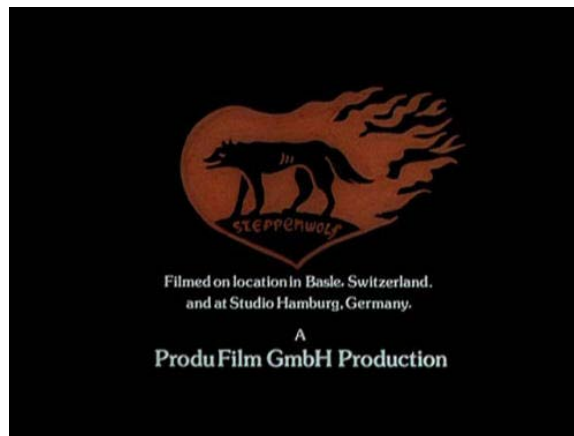


[Hysterical laughter]



[Laughing]





Filmed on location in Basle, Switzerland, and at Studio Hamburg, Germany. A ProduFilm GmbH Production