

Cahiers du Cinéma

by Marcus Speh

1978

i listen to bob dylan's mournful "shelter from the storm" day and night. i find it hard to go to school because i don't want to interrupt whatever that music does to me. i light candles for the souls of dead artists, i keep the window open for visiting ghosts and i want to make love to the woman from norway who lives next door and sings in the shower at night. when i meet her on the stairs i look her in the eye and wonder if she knows that i drank her blood.

1983

a january morning. an open army truck on the way from nowhere to nowhere. i am one of six soldiers who lay on top of our own packed parachutes trying to doze in the freezing cold wind. there's an immeasurable lightness when we fall out of a helicopter hours later like hunchbacked wingless birds. on the way back we sleep again, drunken from too much air and abandon, waiting for the next time when we'll be allowed to leave our coffins and jump.

1988

the woman for whom i've flown half way around the world doesn't want me in her life. i move into a shabby hotel and live on tequila for a week, writing like mad then burning it with a grim face. when i look in the mirror, i have no shadow. this is *la plata, argentina*, city of the missing and nobody finds me odd. the huge schnitzels are called *milanese*. melancholy flies around the coniferous buildings like a bat out of hell.

