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Abstract

Writing about Werner Schroeter and his recent film *The Kingdom of Naples* (1978), Rainer Werner Fassbinder announced that "Germany thus has not only three or five or ten film directors to offer, Germany has one who has certainly been absent." Indeed, as Fassbinder knows so well, there is a certain amount of irony in this belated recognition since Schroeter has been not only the contemporary of the more celebrated German filmmakers but, in many respects, their mentor. Born in 1945, Schroeter was a seminal presence in the new wave of German cinema since its inception. He has appeared as an actor in several films, including Fassbinder's *Beware of the Holy Whore*; and, in Syberberg's *Ludwig*, he is cited, along with Rosa von Praunheim, as one of the most revolutionary artists of the age. The scope of his presence, however, extends well beyond the commercially obvious: his university training in psychology, his continuing work in theater and opera, and the politics of his homosexual perspective, all have contributed to the radical insight and influential resonances of his films from *Eika Katappa* (1969) to *Palermo or Wolfsburg* (winner of the 1980 Berlin Golden Bear award).

Disciplines

Dramatic Literature, Criticism and Theory | Film and Media Studies | Film Production | Social Influence and Political Communication

Werner Schroeter's Operatic Cinema

by Timothy Corrigan

Et de son chant peut-être ne percevez-vous que le plaisir, il y a de quoi bouleverser l'oreille et le coeur, je veux bien, mais c'est comme un miroir tournant, l'image y change de tout le mouvement qui l'habite

Aragon, *La Mise à Mort*

Writing about Werner Schroeter and his recent film *The Kingdom of Naples* (1978), Rainer Werner Fassbinder announced that "Germany thus has not only three or five or ten film directors to offer, Germany has one who has certainly been absent."¹ Indeed, as Fassbinder knows so well, there is a certain amount of irony in this belated recognition since Schroeter has been not only the contemporary of the more celebrated German filmmakers but, in many respects, their mentor. Born in 1945, Schroeter was a seminal presence in the new wave of German cinema since its inception. He has appeared as an actor in several films, including Fassbinder's *Beware of the Holy Whore*; and, in Syberberg's *Ludwig*, he is cited, along with Rosa von Praunheim, as one of the most revolutionary artists of the age. The scope of his presence, however, extends well beyond the commercially obvious: his university training in psychology, his continuing work in theater and opera, and the politics of his homosexual perspective, all have contributed to the radical insight and influential resonances of his films from *Eika Katappa* (1969) to *Palermo or Wolfsburg* (winner of the 1980 Berlin Golden Bear award). Among the second generation of German filmmakers especially, there have been as Fassbinder himself notes, "only a few who had chances to make films who didn't borrow from Schroeter." Fassbinder "definitely learned from Schroeter's films," he says, and "Daniel Schmidt is unthinkable without Schroeter." Herzog has frequently admitted the importance of Schroeter to his development;² and, according to Fassbinder, that recent demiurge of German filmmaking in America Hans-Jürgen Syberberg is little more than a "merchant of plagiarism," "an extremely capable Schroeter imitator, who while Schroeter helplessly awaited recognition competently marketed what he took from Schroeter." "There are a large



Eika Katappa



The Death of Maria Malibran

number of students from the film school in Munich," Fassbinder concludes, "whose films are fundamentally experiments on Schroeter."

What accounts for this striking disproportion of Schroeter's influence set against his audience and critical reception (particularly in this country) is without doubt the so-called "underground" dimension of his films, a dimension that erroneously aligns Schroeter with directors such as Werner Nekes. Yet Fassbinder's point of attack in his extremely important article is precisely the danger and distortion inherent in that critically fabricated label. In truth, Fassbinder writes, "there is no 'underground' film In reality there are only films and they exist in the center of a grey entirety." "The culture-business," Fassbinder continues, "has simply divided filmmakers as professionals and those it calls 'underground,' and insists on strictly maintaining this simple mathematics The resistance to the rise of a filmmaker from the 'Underground to the Big Movie Industry' is thus remarkably stubborn . . . , and this discourages many and ruins with finality a great deal of talent."

That Fassbinder focusses on the tragic waste of this situation springs no doubt from his recognition that Schroeter's films forefront a problem that many German filmmakers, including Fassbinder, share with Schroeter: the problem, that is, of reconstituting the cinematic subject outside traditional patterns yet within the boundaries of accessible formulas such as a closed narrative.³ This is certainly the direction of Schroeter's films, yet what distinguishes these films and helps explain his rather minor status is his early disregard for audience reception. As much a product of his ability to work with small budgets as a product of his radical techniques, Schroeter's films, in short, have simply not attracted a real audience. Caring more, for instance, for the honesty of his conceptions than for the avenues of distribution, Schroeter has been, according to Fassbinder, "hampered, suppressed, and at the same time, unrestrainedly exploited. His films have acquired that very convenient 'underground' label, which in a twinkling has made them into admittedly beautiful but exotic plants, flowering so far away that one basically couldn't deal with them." Schroeter's attitude, in other words, would seem to be much like Magdalena's in *Willow Springs* when she scoffs, "The moral life within me and the stars above are enough. Throw the money away."

The paradox here, I want to argue, is that unlike so many

neo-Brechtian filmmakers in Germany today, Schroeter's rather exotic strategies for reconstituting the filmic subject begin as fundamentally *non-alienating* techniques, based in the art of fascination, and have little to do initially with Brechtian notions of distanciation. That his early films have nonetheless resulted in the most unfavorable kind of alienation is a problem, moreover, that Schroeter is now attempting to counter—not by altering his perspective or aesthetic but by anchoring that perspective in a realism he calls “the humane,” in a cinematic realism bolstered significantly by a larger budget meant to lift that exotic aura from his films. Seen in this light, Schroeter's recent, more accessible films—*The Kingdom of Naples* and *Palermo or Wolfsburg*—are not a totally new departure for Schroeter but rather an attempt to integrate an argument formerly conducted, to use Lacanian terms, on a kind of imaginary level into a symbolic order, a symbolic order very much defined by economics that push the filmmaker closer to traditional narrative patterns and closer to a more receptive audience.

I'll focus my discussion here on Schroeter's film *Willow Springs* since this film is in some important ways on the border of Schroeter's two filmmaking phases, the period of experimental films and that of the more conventional narratives. Besides pinpointing some central issues about the developing narrative patterns in Schroeter's films, *Willow Springs*, moreover, elucidates his crucial concern with operatic discourse, his translation of that discourse into a kind of filmic soapopera, and finally the politics inherent in maneuvering between the two.

Made in 1973, *Willow Springs* unfolds its story around three women, the central construct in many of Schroeter's films. The film opens with a traveling shot along a desert road that leads to a lone house in the Mojave Desert of southern California. A motorcyclist arrives at the house, and in English asks the woman at the door, Magdalena, if she lives there alone. When she replies yes, he attacks and rapes her. Although the film later indicates that she becomes pregnant from the attack but loses the child, the story jumps ahead five years at this point to when three women, indicating Magdalena, live in the same house, apparently murdering men who pass along the way. With Magdalena at the center, the intense balance maintained by the women is disturbed when a teenage boy fleeing Los Angeles with dreams of Hawaii, arrives and initiates the collapse of the group. The film ends with Magdalena shooting the boy and the other women.

What this story recounts in its extraordinary elliptical and dreamlike fashion is the interaction of three women as the various dimensions of a single woman. Framed by sexual violence, this portrayal can from one angle be seen as the description of woman in her position as representation, particularly cinematic representation. For Schroeter the center of this representation becomes the intersecting point of beauty and pain, domination and servitude: Magdalena, the domatrice, being the force that binds the suffering and servility of Ilse and the musical beauty of Christine. In Christine's words, "the beauty of Magdalena's face is the beauty of pain." The three are united in a precarious harmony which the stylized shots that pervade the film literally construct themselves; and if this film has such a thing as an argument, a focal point in it is the status of a female representation generated by a male violence and maintained through a kind of tense embrace with the exile, suffering, and beauty that the pose demands.

Opera is the key underpinning here, not simply because it is the auidial background for so much of the film but because the crisis that opera posits in a mostly descriptive and distanced manner, film retrieves on a more immediate level where the presentation of the representation short-circuits that psychoanalytic distance that is normally a part of theatrical communication. Christian Metz, Raymond Bellour, and Thierry Kuntzel have done much of the pioneering work regarding this psychoanalytic difference in filmic communication, each suggesting ways in which the filmic system of signification engages with particular effectiveness Lacan's level of imaginary perception.⁴ To be sure, there are several theoretical as well as practical problems in this approach. But, especially in the light of recent studies by Jean-Louis Baudry, Laura Mulvey, and Stephen Heath on the ideological implications of film's psychoanalytical apparatus, this model seems undeniably appropriate to Schroeter's aesthetic of fascination.⁵ The connection is clarified, furthermore, by Catherine Clement's superb essay "Le Rire de Demeter," in which she uses the Lacanian/Freudian model to discuss opera and thus to elucidate indirectly the fusing point of Schroeter's operatic and filmic discourses.⁶ What informs and structures both these discourses is an act of fascination; and it is through the manipulation of this act across the two discourses that Schroeter, in Fassbinder's words, "unfolds as much a political as poetic Drama per Musica."

"The voice of the woman in the opera," Clement argues in the essay, "bears witness to the difficult status of women in our culture." Put in place by a patriarchal society and its discourse,

“the song of the woman is of the order of the threatened object” and as such it represents a “pure sign” of the female’s distance from and transgression of the male order.⁷ “In opera,” Clement continues, “the voice gives itself up to a measured excess” which in turn “produces the myth of the singer’s death.”⁸ According to Clement the operatic song is the point of eruption where the excess of the woman’s inner world bursts onto an outer world and where the difference between the scream and the song is, as Dreyer has illustrated in *Day of Wrath*, that the latter is merely the former rendered tolerable or supportable.

In its most recognizable form, this excess as exhibited transgression manifests itself in opera as an opposition in which the violently joyful movement of the song is set against the interminable immobility of the expression. Passing from a cultural “Heimlich” to Schellings “Unheimlich,” “the euclidean space,” Clement says, “is thus perturbed, displaced” at its center; and, “just as one is whirled around space when dizzy, through the emotion of the song, certain landmarks disappear,” creating “the effect of non-sense.”⁹

This last passage indicates quite lucidly, I believe, how operatic discourse informs the visual representation in Schroeter’s film where the vertiginous and illogical movement of the film’s progression undercuts standard narrative landmarks and results in a sort of visual non-sense. In the narrative form as in the innumerable close-ups of still and staring faces, the visual exhibition of *Willow Springs* becomes a visual excess whose very point is the transgression of normal modes of euclidean representation. Just as the story line itself describes a conflict between Magdalena’s struggle to express herself and the world outside that threatens her, each shot contains an excessive signification that clashes with the representation. The terms of this conflict, moreover, are such that the beauty of the transgression is inseparable from death. Hence the film’s title. Hence, the many shots of a magnificently brilliant desertscape.



The Death of Maria Malibran



Eika Katappa

As with the mesmerizing voice of the opera, the images and movement of *Willow Springs* attract and hold the spectator by means of an hypnotic fascination put in place by the exhibition of an excess. Instead of distancing or alienating the viewer, the film thus absorbs the viewer directly into the exhibition itself. Yet, in *Willow Springs*, this fascination changes significantly its terms, and in doing so discovers a different expression, an expression parallel to the fascination of the song or scream and best described psychoanalytically as a kind of laugh.¹⁰ In *Willow Springs* the mise-en-scene of that scream/song, in short, shifts registers rather imperceptibly so that the anguish of the image becomes at once exaggerated and trivialized, translated along the way into a blend of camp, kitsch, melodrama, and soapopera. Present in the embellished reliefs of so much posturing, the internal frames and reflections, and the flagrant aestheticism of each image in which colors, faces, and the dialogue itself remain in a strikingly beautiful but unnatural tension, this is indeed the heart of Schroeter's cinema. For what these techniques create is a mise-en-scene in which, while the fascination of the scene remains intact, the strain and artificiality of putting that scene into place becomes part of hypnotic attraction. The act of fascination is thus seen from the inside where the spectator watches both the terrific image and the man behind the curtain. Highlighting the materiality of the composition, Schroeter thus draws the spectator into a visual ceremony which is the very making of the spectacle.

In *Willow Springs*, there are numerous examples of these representational strategies, such as the scratching on the records that fuses like a seam with the intangible qualities of the song on the soundtrack or the dark barroom in which the women meet, as in carnivalesque seance parlor, to be reflected in a large mirror whose outline of lightbulbs makes each face blow artificially. Yet the best example may be a series of shots early in the film. Here, Magdalena puts an aria from an Italian opera on a phonograph and then looks directly into the camera for an inordinately long time; the next shot is an extreme close-up of Ilse staring off wistfully while a tear rolls off her face; the door to the room then closes to reveal a rather tacky poster of Cupid below a group of clothes hangers. With painstaking attention, these images literally exhibit themselves as *about* the poignancy of love and pain; yet in so aggressively exhibiting its excess the representation serves ultimately to deflate itself, so that, like the Cupid poster, the portrayal contains that excess only at the cost of admitting the inadequacy of the medium. The tension at the base of the cinematic representation between the transgressing expression of

woman and its trivialization thus parallels that within the image between the Italian aria and the tattered poster of love. In both cases, what is at work is more than a Brechtian examination of the image; rather, what is being mockingly interrogated is finally the terms of visual fascination itself—and the violence of its strictures.

That this interrogation of the terms of fascination pervades a film that at the same time tends more clearly than Schroeter's earlier films toward a conventional narrative suggests, finally, the tension or movement that I described earlier: a tension between the problem of investigating and reconstituting the filmic subject on a primarily psychoanalytic level and the effort to investigate that subject within more conventional or symbolic modes. In one sense, *Willow Springs* provides a description of the movement between the two registers at the end of the film. Here, while watching Ilse and the boy make love, Magdalena dreams of murdering them as they attempt to leave. Just after a police car arrives, questions Magdalena, and then departs, the couple does attempt to flee, increasingly afraid of Magdalena's world. At this point the dream becomes reality and the two registers merge, tied together significantly by the appearance of the law. From a different angle, Magdalena acts again the murder sequence, shifting the action from the realm of imaginative desire to that of symbolic realism. The final cut is from the triangle of the three dead bodies in front of the house to the same scene emptied, as Magdalena leaves the house and walks down the road, arms spread. In effect Magdalena thus violently destroys the triangular structure, that representation of fascination, which male violence initiated at the start of the film. And she accordingly moves outward from the house toward a larger world.

In *Willow Springs*, Magdalena in one sense reconstitutes or frees herself from one extremely closed structure of representation and turns outward towards another. Whether conscious or not, this gesture is coincidental, I'd suggest, with the historical progression of Schroeter's films themselves as they have moved closer to a filmic realism defined more and more clearly in terms of a filmic narrative, a narrative formula that, in turn, opens avenues for a wider and more conscious reception of his films. In its formal patterns no less than in its diegetic material, *Willow Springs* moves Schroeter closer to the audience codes of America, not (as in his *Bomber Pilot*) in order to attack its capitalistic aesthetic but to ground that attack in a more communicable expression. In this regard, the story of the making of *Willow Springs*



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coincides neatly with the film that is *Willow Springs*: with funds for a film about Marilyn Monroe Schroeter set out for Los Angeles to make the film; there, however, “everything was too obvious” and Schroeter made instead *Willow Springs*, a film in which, as I’ve been indicating the spectre of Marilyn Monroe as the epitome of a cinematic type might be considered part of the polemic. Schroeter’s outright detour from Hollywood here in order to explore the less obvious is indeed what best characterizes his early films; and by way of this detour Schroeter has been able to examine and exhibit crucial questions about the constitution of the filmic spectator and the representation of the cinematic subject, questions that would certainly never occur in a Hollywood film such as Altman’s *Three Women*.

Yet Schroeter now seems prepared to integrate these questions and problems onto a level of discourse markedly informed by more traditional notions of accessibility and by what he himself labels a new social humanism. In Fassbinder’s words, Schroeter is now on the verge of breaking out of the “Devil’s Circle” of the culture-business that made him economically “dependent . . . and well-behaved”; he is now, says Fassbinder, ready to make “films for the people.” Describing this change, Schroeter writes that “the time of independence is passed”:

I think that people who began by making experimental films invented a new expression. But, after a period one begins to understand life better; one can't remain forever in the cinema of youth. When I look at my films up to *Goldenflochen*, I see for myself that these are films by someone very young, films that I nonetheless like very much. But it is normal that at the end of a period one works in a different manner and one attempts to valorize an expression a bit less elaborate yet more humanly significant. One values more the spiritual level than the aesthetic.¹¹

As I have suggested, this artistic development does not mean abandonment of an earlier vision, merely a translation of it. "The idea is the same in my last film as in the precedent ones," Schroeter claims. What has altered, though, are the expressive codes, codes now more attentive to an accepted, symbolic communication. Notwithstanding his belief that "all cinema must be subversive in relation to a public that holds to a story and established narrative form," "it is much more subversive," Schroeter now argues, "to play with the content rather than the aesthetics of the image" and to reframe his perspective "in a work more linear, more neo-realist."¹²

In suggesting this change, I am certainly not making the priggish claim that Schroeter has in some sense sold out to commercial cinema—although this is one point of view in Germany today.¹³ What I am suggesting is that he has, for the moment at least, adopted a position towards his audience that has been implicit in the politics of his aesthetics from the beginning: if Schroeter's chief concerns have in the past been the internal workings of fascination and its role in cinematic representation, he recently has simply grounded those concerns in a symbolic reality defined by a cultural and historical accessibility, making the political implications of those earlier films more discursively explicit. Linking the unrealities of Schroeter's first films and the historical realities of his more recent films is, in short, Brecht's comment that "in today's society, it is unthinkable to exclude traditional opera. For the illusions that it offers fill a social need of the highest importance."¹⁴

FOOTNOTES

¹*Frankfurter Rundschau* (February 24, 1979), p. 2. The translation is mine, and further quotations from Fassbinder are from this article.

²See for example *Images at the Horizon*, ed. Gene Walsh (New York: New York Zoetrope, 1979), p. 33.

³I have touched on this issue in a broader context in *Quarterly Review of Film Studies*, 5 (Spring 1980), 205-216.

⁴Metz's *Le signifiant imaginaire* (Paris: 10/18, 1977) is the major work in this regard, but Bellour and Kuntzel among others have added considerably to an understanding of the problems and solutions.

⁵Jean-Louis Baudry, "Ideological Effects of the Basic Cinematographic Apparatus," *Film Quarterly*, 28 (Winter 1974-75); Laura Mulvey, "Visual Pleasure and Narrative Cinema," *Screen*, 16 (Autumn 1975), 6-18; Stephen Heath, "Difference," *Screen*, 19 (Autumn 1978), 51-112.

⁶"Le rire de Déméter," *Critique*, no. 323 (April 1974), pp. 306-325.

⁷Clement, p. 320 and p. 322. The translation is mine.

⁸Clement, p. 308.

⁹Clement, pp. 314-315. "Heimlich" and "Unheimlich" suggest respectively the notions (cultural and psychoanalytical) of the hidden or secret and the revealed or exposed. Very pertinent to this movement in Schroeter's film is Thierry Kuntzel's "Le Defilement: A View in Close Up," *Camera Obscura*, 2 (1977), pp. 51-65.

¹⁰See Levi-Strauss's *L'Homme nu* (Paris: Plon, 1971) in which he discusses the laugh situated between the scream and music.

¹¹"Propos Rompus," *Cahiers du Cinema*, no. 307 (January 1980), 30.

¹²Schroeter, p. 30.

¹³See Rosa von Prauheim's account of *The Kingdom of Naples* in *filmkritik* (January 1979), pp. 2-5.

¹⁴Quoted in Clement, p. 308.

The Films of Werner Schroeter

Werner Schroeter was born April 7, 1945 in Gotha. He began making films in 1968. His production office is now in Munich: 8 München 40, Kraepelinstrasse 63.

FILMOGRAPHY:

- MARIA CALLAS PORTRAIT. 1968. 8mm. 17 mins. color. separate magnetic sound.
- CALLAS WALKING LUCIA. 1968. 8 mm. 3 mins. b&w. silent.
- MARIA CALLAS SINGT 1957 REZITATIV UND ARIE DER ELVIRA AUS ERNANI 1844 VON GIUSEPPE VERDI. 1968. 8mm. 15 mins. b&w. separate magnetic sound.
- MONA LISA. 1968. 8mm. 35 mins. b&w and color. separate magnetic sound.
- LA MORTE D'ISOTTA. 1968. 8mm. 50 mins. color. separate magnetic sound. With Rita Bauer, Marlene Koch, Werner Schroeter, J. Bauer, Truula Bartek. Music by Berlioz, Mozart, Wagner. Text from Lautreamont.
- PAULA - JE REVIENS. 1968. 8mm. 35 mins. color. separate magnetic sound. With Heidi Lorenzo, Suzanne Sheed, Marlene Koch, Rita Bauer, Truula Bartek, Werner Schroeter. Music by Soler and Beethoven.
- HIMMEL HOCH. 1968. 8mm. 12 mins. b&w. separate magnetic sound. With Steven Adamczewski, Rita and Joachim Bauer. Music: Leontyne Price singing Christmas songs.
- GROTESK-BURLESK-PITTORESK. 1968. 8mm. b&w and color. silent. 55 mins. Co-directed by Rosa von Praunheim. With Rosa von Praunheim and Magdalena Montezuma. Unreleased.

- VIRGINIA'S DEATH.** 1968. 16mm. 9 mins. b&w. silent. With Magdalena Montezuma, Waltraut Wail.
- ARGILA.** 1968. 16mm. 36 mins. double screen projection. color magnetic sound track. With Gisela Trowe, Magdalena Montezuma, Carla Aulaulu, Sigurd Salto.
- AGGRESSION.** 1968. 16mm. 30 mins. b&w. double-system print only. With Heidi Lorenz, Marlene Koch.
- NEURASIA.** 1968. 16mm. 47 mins. b&w. magnetic sound track. With Carla Aulaulu, Magdalena Montezuma, Steven Adamszewski, Rita Bauer.
- EIKA KATAPPA.** 1969. 16mm. 142 mins. color. magnetic sound track. Assistant: Rosa von Praunheim. With Gisela Trowe, Carla Aulaulu, Magdalena Montezuma, Rita Bauer, Stefan von Haugk, Rene Schonenberger.
- NICARAGUA.** 1969. 14 mins. 35mm Cinemascope. b&w. optical sound. Unreleased. Produced by Peter Berling. With Carla Aulaulu, Magdalena Montezuma, Gavin Campbell.
- DER BOMBERPILOT.** 1970. 16mm. 72 mins. color. magnetic sound track. Produced by Werner Schroeter for TV (ZDF). Assistant: Daniel Schmid. With Magdalena Montezuma, Mascha Elm Rabben, Carla Aulaulu.
- ANGLIA.** 1970. 16mm. 120 mins. color. Double system print only. Unreleased. Produced by Ulli Lommel. Assistant: Ulli Lommel. Camera: Schmid-Reitwein. With Magdalena Montezuma, Carla Aulaulu, Mascha Elm Rabben.
- SALOME.** 1971. 16mm. 81 mins. color. magnetic sound track. Produced by German TV's Second Channel (ZDF). Assistant: Harry Baer. Camera: Robert van Ackeren. Editing: Ila von Hasperg. With Mascha Elm Rabben, Magdalena Montezuma, Ellen Umlauf.
- MACBETH.** 1971. Video. 61 mins. color. sound. Produced by Hessischer Rundfunk, Frankfurt (TV). Assistant: Mascha Elm Rabben. Costumes by Magdalena Montezuma and Werner Schroeter. With Magdalena Montezuma, Annette Thirier, Stefan von Haugk, Susi, Michael Boltze, Susanne Sheed.
- FUNKAUSSTELLUNG 1971—HITPARADE.** 1971. Video. 40 mins. b&w. sound. Unreleased. Produced by German TV's Second Channel (ZDF). With Christian Anders, Mary Roos, Erik Silvester, Kostas Kordalis.

- THE DEATH OF MARIA MALIBRAN.** 1971-72. 16mm. 104 mins. color. magnetic sound track. Produced by Werner Schroeter for German TV (ZDF). Assistant and editor: Ila von Hasperg. With Magdalena Montezuma, Christine Kaufmann, Candy Darling, Manuela Riva, Ingrid Caven, Kurt Jungmann, Annette Thirier, Einon Hanfstaengl, Gabor Lessner.
- WILLOW SPRINGS.** 1972-73. 16mm. 80 mins. color. magnetic sound track. Produced by Werner Schroeter for German TV (ZDF). Assistant and editor: Ila von Hasperg. With Magdalena Montezuma, Christine Kaufmann, Ila von Hasperg, Michael O'Daniels.
- THE BLACK ANGEL.** 1973-74. 16mm. 80 mins. color. magnetic sound track. Assistant: Luis Urquidi. Editor: Christel Leyrer. With Magdalena Montezuma, Ellen Umlauf.
- LES FLOCONS D'OR.** 1977. 16mm. color and b&cw. With Magdalena Montezuma, Andrea Ferriol, Bulle Ogier, Christine Kaufmann.
- IL REGNO DI NAPOLI.** 1978. Scenario by Werner Schroeter. Director of Photography, Thomas Mauch, Editors, Werner Schroeter and Ursula West. Music, Roberto Predagio. Costumes, Alberte Barsacq. Producer, Dieter Geissler Films (Munich), ZDF (Mainz). With Antonio Orlando, Liana Trouche, Margareth Clementi, Dino Mele, Cristina Donadio, Renata Zamengo, Laura Sodano, Raoul Gimenez, Ida Benedetto, Maria Antonietta, Riegel, Romero Ciro, Gerardo d'Andrea.
- TOUS LES MARINS DU MONDE.** April 1978. With Margareth Clementi. Camerawork, Werner Schroeter.
- WOLFSBURG ODER NEAPEL.** 1978. With Antonio Orlando, Nicholas Selbo, Magdalena Montezuma.
- PALERMO.** 1980. Scenario, Werner Schroeter and Giuseppa Fava. Director of Photography, Thomas Mauch. Sound, Heiko von Swieykowski. Montage, Werner Schroeter and Ursula West. Sets and costumes, Edwin Wergobowski, Alberte Barsacq, Roberto Laguna and Magdalena Montezuma. Produced by Thomas Mauch Films, Production Berlin and Eric Franck. With Nicola Zarbo, Calogera Arancio, Padre Pace, Cavaliere Comparato, Brigitte Tilg, Gisela Hann, Antonio Orlando, Ida di Benedetto, Magdalena Montezuma.