

MY SPIRIT OVER BERLIN



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Foreword

Dear Reader,

It is with great joy that we place in your hands this book—the fruit of our collective work, years of dreams, and unquenchable passion. *My Spirit Over Berlin* is more than just a simple tale of a Soul's journey through the ages. It is a profound reflection on the meaning of Existence, the power of love, and our fragile yet extraordinary place in the Universe.

This book tells the story of the Soul's unending voyage as it continues its mission across different incarnations, influencing the world around us. It is a history filled with emotion, poignancy, and deep thought that will surely touch your heart and mind.

The foundation of this story lies in the personal experiences of Kris Rudolf—the co-author and visionary behind the entire project. Kris, blessed with extraordinary sensitivity and imagination, originally poured this vision onto paper in the form of a screenplay. Although that film never made it to the big screen, the story pulsed within us too strongly to let it fade into oblivion. We decided to breathe new life into it, transforming cinematic frames into a literary narrative.

Together with Greg Glinka, we took on the challenge of polishing this raw, emotional material into the form of a novel. We wanted you, while reading, not only to see the images of a divided Berlin or the dark corners of history but, above all, to feel the dilemmas and emotions of the characters, which are universal to us all.

We believe that this journey—though set against specific historical backdrops—touches upon timeless matters. We invite you into a world where the boundary between the visible and the spiritual is thinner than it might seem.

We wish you an inspiring read,

The Authors.

Chapter I

The Blue Pencil

In the 1980s, Berlin was a city-scar, a living organism brutally severed by the concrete seam of the Wall. This gray, ominous barrier did not just separate the eastern and western parts of the metropolis; it represented a physical rupture in the very fabric of Existence. The West pulsed with a nervous, neon rhythm—a sanctuary for restless Souls, a dynamic stage where modernity blended with decadence amidst the fumes of apparent freedom. East Berlin, meanwhile, endured in a stifling, socialist silence, weighed down by the burden of austere architecture and the omnipresent, cold shadow of the GDR regime. Both parts of the city, though poles apart politically and economically, possessed their own unique, painful traits that defined the lives of their inhabitants in this divided Universe.

That afternoon, a silent man sat behind the wheel of a taxi. His face, frozen in a mask of professional indifference,

suggested he was in no mood for conversation. Perhaps he simply didn't feel like wasting words on idle chatter with the passengers occupying the rear of the vehicle, separated from him by a barrier of silence and cigarette smoke. Rudolf Nowacki, a man who had recently turned forty, observed the changing streets through the window with clear satisfaction, and even a certain kind of fascination. Every tenement house and every corner seemed to stir distant echoes within him, echoes he could not yet name. Beside him, Patrycja, a woman of similar age, studied the German press with focused attention. After a moment, as if bored by the loud headlines, she put the newspapers aside and opened a leather briefcase. She pulled out a stack of documents and began sorting them on her knee with mechanical precision, ignoring the landscape outside the window.

“Will you come with me?” she asked suddenly in Polish, without looking up from her papers.

“Unfortunately, I don’t have the time. Give my regards to Horst, and tell Monika I’m waiting for her in the taxi,” Rudolf announced, though his gaze continued to wander across the facades of the buildings, as if searching them for a hidden meaning or a long-lost key to his own memory.

The taxi slowly approached its destination, pushing through the thickening traffic, until it finally stopped in front of an old, proud villa. The building was surrounded by a dense, somewhat wild garden that seemed to be slowly consuming the walls, overgrown with ivy like a web of oblivion. Nowacki looked at the property with extraordinary, almost feverish intensity. The

sight of cracked plaster, carved cornices, and the patina of time drew him in ever more strongly, nearly hypnotizing him. The expression on his face shifted second by second; he looked enchanted, as if suddenly, amidst the grayness of the day, he had touched some elusive, painful truth about his Existence.

“See you then,” Patrycja said, opening the vehicle door with a firm motion.

“Wait, I’ll go with you,” Rudolf blurted out unexpectedly, yielding to a sudden, powerful impulse that urged him to cross the threshold of this particular gate.

They left the taxi and, without further thought, headed toward the villa. The house was currently serving as a film set and hummed with an artificial, frantic life. As soon as they stepped inside, they found themselves in a hallway breathing with mystery, the scent of old wood, and the chill of bygone decades. They passed room after room filled with heavy props that seemed to scream with the echoes of the Third Reich—red banners, massive furniture, and uniforms hanging on racks gave the impression that the past never wanted to leave. At one point, Patrycja asked for directions from a crew member, who, with a cable over his shoulder, pointed them in the right direction.

When they entered a spacious salon where the light struggled to pierce through dusty windowpanes, they saw a man sitting in a chair wearing a sweatshirt that read DIRECTOR. Horst was deep in a heated conversation with an attractive blonde with a magnetic gaze. This was Monika, whom Nowacki had mentioned earlier. Noticing the arrivals, the two immediately stood up to say hello, breaking the circle of intimacy they had

created around themselves. Monika kissed Rudolf with clear familiarity, while to Patrycja she only offered her hand in a cold, formal gesture that left no doubt about their relationship.

“Oh! Hallo! Good to see you,” Horst began in German, smiling broadly and gesturing energetically.

“Hello, Horst,” Rudolf replied, looking around the room with almost prayerful focus, as if he were in a temple of forgotten deities.

He inhaled deeply, taking in the specific smell of dust, old wood, and the harsh chemicals used on set.

“This house is incredible. Is the whole place preserved like this, or just the part where you're filming?” he added after a moment, not hiding a fascination that bordered on obsession.

“From the cellar to the roof. Imagine, very little has changed here since the 1930s. Time has simply stood still, as if waiting for our return.”

“Horst, could I look around a bit? I feel some... inspiration. There's something about this house that draws me in. Like a magnet,” Rudolf requested. He felt his heart begin to beat faster and his hands involuntarily tremble.

“Sure. Make yourself at home. The crew is on a break now, so no one will disturb you while you explore these walls.”

“Thanks, Horst. Call me, darling, when you're done with business. I'll look around for a bit,” Nowacki said to Monika, though his thoughts were already far beyond that salon.

He left the room, feeling a deeper, almost mystical silence envelop him with every step, muffling the sounds of the working crew. When he entered the study at the end of the hallway, he

was struck by an overwhelming sensation that he had crossed an invisible border between eras. The heavy, dark leather-upholstered furniture perfectly remembered the days of the Weimar Republic and the dark years that followed. On the walls, between the bookshelves, hung numerous photographs—black-and-white testimonies of a former Existence, imprisoned in silver frames. Nowacki examined them in deep thought, picking some up as if the touch of the glass could summon the voices of the people immortalized upon them. Closing his eyes, he breathed in the scent of his surroundings: a mixture of old paper, tobacco, floor wax, and something elusive that smelled like destiny.

When he opened his eyes, his gaze fell upon a mannequin standing in the shadows. Upon it rested a gray costume—the jacket of a Wehrmacht officer, prepared with attention to every historical detail. Rudolf, putting the photograph down, moved toward the uniform as if in a trance, led by an instinct that silenced all reason. Without a second thought, he pulled the jacket off the mannequin and began to stroke the cool metal buttons and the coarse, woven patches with reverence. He glanced nervously around the study, then shed his own clothes and put on the historical garment. It fit perfectly. The weight of the fabric on his shoulders felt soothingly familiar, as if the uniform had been tailor-made for his Soul.

Walking around the room, he gently brushed his hand against the furnishings, feeling the texture of the oak desk and the chill of the brass fittings under his fingers. At one point, he noticed a case of cigarillos lying on the desk. Taking the

opportunity, he pulled one out and lit it casually, ignoring all fire safety regulations. He inhaled the aromatic smoke and walked to the glass doors leading to the terrace. He leaned against the frame and looked through the glass at the garden in deep thought; in the afternoon sun, it seemed like a gateway to another, parallel reality.

About fifty years earlier, in this very same study, leaning against this very same frame, was twenty-four-year-old Rolf von Pertz. A man characterized by a delicate, almost feminine beauty contrasted with the austerity of his attire, he was dressed in the full uniform of a Wehrmacht officer with the rank of Hauptmann. The top button of his jacket was undone, revealing an inner restlessness and a lack of consent to the stiff corset of military discipline that galled him more and more.

Rolf inhaled the scent of the summer evening deeply, closing his eyes with satisfaction, as if he wanted to hold onto this moment of peace forever. A moment later, heedless of the fact that the cherry of his cigarillo had come dangerously close to his fingers, he stared out the window. He saw the garden drowning in the blue shadows of the early August evening. The weather was idyllic, standing in painful contrast to the darkness that Rolf carried in his Soul.

He mused for so long that a sudden, timid knock at the door finally roused him from his lethargy. He did not react at once, as if the sound came from another Universe to which he no longer had entry. After a moment, the heavy wing of the door creaked open and Gertruda, his mother, appeared in the study. For a split second, the voices of laughing guests and the muffled

sounds of a radio broadcast drifted in from the adjacent room, but they ceased abruptly as the woman closed the door behind her, cutting them off from the rest of the world.

“Come join us, son. Everyone is waiting for you,” she said quietly, looking at Rolf with a mixture of boundless pride and a paralyzing fear she could not hide.

“Just a moment longer, mother. I haven’t been home for so long that I’d forgotten what it smells like...” he replied in a moved tone, his eyes never leaving the garden. “Tomorrow I must be back with my unit. We are heading to the front.”

“So it’s true? We are going to have a war,” Gertruda whispered, her face turning white as a mask in an instant.

“Yes, mother. It is inevitable; the machinery is already in motion.”

“I will talk to your father, have him arrange a transfer for you. Somewhere safe, in the rear, far from the line of fire. After all, he has influence...”

“That is not the best idea, mother. Father would never allow it, and I don’t want to be a coward in his eyes.”

“Let me try. I’ll speak with him this evening.”

“Let it be. There’s no point in changing anything now. My destiny in the Universe has already been sketched out, and this uniform is my shroud.”

“I am so afraid for you, son. I feel it in my bones that this war will take everything we love.”

“We’d better go; the guests are waiting. It’s not right to neglect them any longer since they came here for me.”

A moment later, they both went to the dining room, where several people were feasting at a table groaning under the weight of meats and spirits. Among them was the beautiful Trudi, Rolf's sister, who had inherited her radiant beauty from her mother. Also present was Wolfgang von Pertz—a lawyer and high-ranking state official nearing sixty, whose stern authority and icy gaze commanded respect from everyone in the household. Beside Trudi sat Alfred Mahler, Rolf's friend from the unit. This tall man in a carelessly unbuttoned Oberleutnant's uniform was clearly already emboldened by alcohol, and his boisterous laughter echoed throughout the entire floor.

"You are nearly ten minutes late," Wolfgang began coldly, demonstratively looking at a heavy, gold pocket watch. "We started without you because you know our rules and that punctuality is an officer's virtue. Surely you aren't surprised?"

"I'm sorry. Memories caught up with me, and I lost track of time," Rolf replied, taking a vacant seat at the table and avoiding his father's gaze.

"Well... fine. Apology accepted, though the bad taste remains. In that case, let me propose a toast. To the new captain of the Wehrmacht, my son, Rolf von Pertz!"

"To your promotion, brother!" interjected a joyful Trudi, raising her champagne glass high. "And to yours, Mahler!" she added a moment later, sending him a flirtatious smile that did not escape her brother's notice.

"I'd also like to propose a toast! To my only friend Rolf and his gorgeous, dazzling sister! Prosit!" Mahler shouted back, staring at the girl with undisguised admiration.

The feast gained momentum by the minute. Alcohol loosened tongues and fueled the guests' arrogance, but throughout it all, Rolf seemed absent, as if he were merely a ghost at the table. His Soul wandered elsewhere, among unpainted pictures, unable to join in the brutal joy of the moment.

“Son, tell us about your promotion. Is it true that the Führer himself promoted you in person?” Wolfgang probed, looking for confirmation of his own name’s prestige in the story.

“You know well how it was, father. I have a strong feeling, however, that it only happened because I bear your name and occupy the right place in the hierarchy,” Rolf stated with a bitter smile.

“It’s a pity I couldn't be there in person. I am proud that you received your stripes from the Leader himself. It is an honor for our entire family and ultimate proof of our place in the brave new world order.”

“A few years ago, no one would have believed that Rolf would become a professional soldier, let alone an officer. After all, he always just dreamed of easels and painted those strange little pictures of his,” Trudi mocked, wanting to break the tension, though her words only deepened her brother's sadness.

“And I, my dear, always knew that he would eventually come to his senses and understand what truly matters in a man's Existence: service, honor, and blood,” Wolfgang announced with deep satisfaction.

“People in the city are saying that war with Poland is a matter of days, maybe even hours. Father, do you know anything more

from the ministry?” the girl asked, though her voice carried a thrill of excitement rather than a shadow of fear.

At the same time, Gertruda and Rolf remained silent, feeling like foreign extras in a spectacle that terrified them. They listened to the voices but did not hear the words, as if a thick glass wall separated them from the rest of the table. The boy's mother was suddenly transported back in memory to the early 1920s, to a time when the world still seemed safe and full of grace. She saw herself in an exclusive café in Sopot, where the scent of freshly roasted coffee and expensive French perfume filled the sunny air. She was browsing a fashion magazine when she suddenly spotted Antie—her dearest friend, who was walking toward her with characteristic grace, squinting against the seaside sun.

“Oh! There you are, dear Antie. You look simply wonderful. I see the trip to Zoppot has done you exceptionally well. Sit down and tell me everything immediately; I want to hear all the latest gossip!” Gertruda welcomed her in her luminous memory.

“You won’t guess who I met there! It’s absolutely unbelievable!” Antie was beaming with excitement, fanning herself with her hand.

“Who?! Tell me quickly, I’m bursting with curiosity!”

“Well, you won’t guess... It’s a figure from our shared past.”

“Speak, Antie, don't keep me in this cruel suspense!”

“Well, a few days ago... on the pier in Zoppot... I met an old acquaintance of yours. Sigmund Hirsch.”

Gertruda's face changed instantly, as if the shadow of an approaching storm had passed over it. Mirth gave way to a

somber dullness, only to transform after a heartbeat into a state of intense, almost feverish excitement.

"I didn't know you knew each other; you never told me about him," Antie continued, narrowing her eyes over her cup and sensing the sudden change in the conversation's temperature.

"I had almost forgotten about him; it's an old acquaintance, buried under layers of years," Gertruda began, her voice becoming lower, steeped in nostalgia. "We met in Breslau when the world still seemed a safe place and I was a young lady with a head full of dreams. I was working in the theater then—amateur, true, but for us, those boards meant the entire Universe. Hirsch did the stage designs for us. He had something of a fallen angel about him... he was the most handsome man I had ever known."

"Were you in love with him?" Antie whispered.

"We were all in love with him; we gave him our young Souls in every glance, but he... he chose me. And then? Then fate mocked us both. He acted like a coward, suddenly leaving without a word of goodbye, and all trace of him was lost in the shadows of history."

"You didn't wait for him to be found?"

"Everything was happening at a frantic pace then, like a fast-forwarded movie. Out of nowhere, Wolfgang appeared in my life. He came with promises of stability, with a vision of the great world that completely turned my head. I forgot about Hirsch, or at least I thought so then. Immediately after the wedding, Wolfgang took me to Berlin, and shortly after, Rolf was born."

Gertruda paused, then asked with a sudden glint in her eye:

“Tell me... is he still so handsome?”

“Who?”

“Well, Hirsch. We are talking about him, aren't we.”

“Ah, him...” Antie sighed heavily, her gaze escaping toward the sea. “His face is still beautiful, the same features that broke hearts, but...”

“But what? What happened? He is still young, in his prime.”

“War, my dear. War is a monster that consumes everything beautiful. They made a cripple of him, a Soul trapped in a shattered body.”

“Poor thing...” Gertruda whispered, feeling a painful sting in her chest. “Can he... can he still paint?”

“Unfortunately not; his hands refuse to obey him. But he is still in touch with art; it keeps him in Existence. He runs a small gallery and gives painting lessons to those who have the courage to dream. Imagine, he has been living here in Berlin for years.”

This information struck Gertruda von Pertz with the force of a lightning bolt. A second was enough for her to make a decision. She left the restaurant almost at a run, feeling she had to take matters into her own hands before the past blurred away completely. That very same day, driven by unrest, she went to the address she had been given, deeply believing she would find Hirsch there.

The street where the gallery was located pulsed with an aggressive, metropolitan rhythm. The traffic was so heavy that the woman had to arm herself with patience, waiting for a break in the stream of cars and carriages to cross to the other side. When she finally succeeded, she stood by the building's window.

Through the dirty glass, she tried to peek discreetly inside, but the interior was bathed in twilight. She decided to enter through the main door, trying to maintain some semblance of calm.

A bell chimed above the door, its high tone echoing through the austere, empty-looking room. The heavy scent of turpentine and old canvas hung in the air. At first, no one answered; a dead silence prevailed. Only after a long moment did a man emerge from behind a dusty curtain. He was slightly stooped, and every step seemed to be a struggle against gravity. He leaned on a cane with an intricately carved handle—the only trace of his former elegance. When his gaze rested on Gertruda, a silent, boundless surprise painted itself across his face.

“Ah, it’s you...” Hirsch began hoarsely, and in his voice one could hear a shame that had ripened over the years. “Thousands of times I thought about seeking you out, about standing before you and trying to explain it all.”

“Hello, Sigmund. You don’t have to explain anything; time passed its verdict long ago,” Gertruda announced, looking him straight in the eye and searching for that boy from Breslau she once knew.

“It all overwhelmed me back then. I simply snapped. I didn’t know what to do; pure panic seized me. I fled to where death seemed the only solution—to the army, straight to the front,” he continued, lifting a trembling, useless hand that was now merely a dead memory of talent. “But fate punished me for that cowardice. I have a quiet hope that someday, in some other Existence, you will forgive me.”

"I haven't held a grudge against you for a long time, Sigmund. We were very young then, wild... and terrified of what was germinating within us. It could not have worked in that Universe."

Gertruda took a step toward him, and Hirsch, limping with effort, moved to meet her. They greeted each other awkwardly, a half-gesture in which forgiveness mingled with regret. They did not hide the tears that welled up in their eyes.

"In that case... what brings you to me after all these years?" he asked at last.

"Tell me, please, Sigmund—honestly, as an artist. What do you think of them?" she spoke, placing a portfolio on the dusty table. She took out several drawings and spread them before him like cards of destiny.

Hirsch leaned over the works. He stared at them with growing interest, his professional eye instantly catching every line and shadow.

"They are very good..." he whispered after a long while, and his voice carried genuine admiration. "Of course, the anatomy could be improved, this or that could be refined, but it must be admitted that a true talent shines from them. Who painted them? Are these your works, Gertruda?"

"My son's, Rolf's."

"Oh! You have a son..." Hirsch fell silent for a moment, and a heavy silence once again filled the room. "Ah, I see. How old is the boy now?"

"He was born roughly a year after... your disappearance," she replied, and their gazes met in a telling silence.

“The boy has great talent, a pure divine spark. Who is teaching him to paint? Who is guiding this hand?” Hirsch stammered, unable to hide the embarrassment that made him lean more heavily on his cane.

Three years later, ten-year-old Rolf was walking down one of Berlin's side streets, shrouded in dense, gray dust. Under his arm, he clutched a portfolio of drawings, as if his entire young life depended on that stack of cardboard. A huge woolen cap slipped down over his eyes, limiting his vision and giving him the appearance of a lost elf who had accidentally wandered into a concrete jungle. Approaching an intersection, he looked around uncertainly until, out of the corner of his eye, he spotted the sign for a tavern: *At the Black Piglet*. This was that legendary place whispered about in circles of the artistic bohemia—a sanctuary for those who saw more.

However, he lacked the courage to push open the heavy oak doors. Instead, he simply approached the storefront and pressed his nose against the cold glass. Inside, a thick blue mist of tobacco smoke hung in the air, which, combined with the layer of grime on the glass, created a nearly impenetrable barrier between worlds. Rolf stood on his tiptoes, holding his breath. His attention focused on a table in the back where a man sat, drawing something on a scrap of paper with wild passion, arguing vehemently with someone invisible. Suddenly, the artist, with a grimace of rage on his face, whispering curses under his breath, crumpled the drawing into a tight ball and flung it to the floor. Then, with one greedy gulp, he emptied a glass of wine,

chased it with a heavy beer, and once again, with almost inhuman energy, grabbed his pencil.

Rolf, seized by a sudden urge to see the discarded sketch, tried to climb onto the window ledge. Suddenly, he felt a strong, wiry hand grab him by the coat collar. A brutal jerk brought him down onto the hard sidewalk. The boy lost his balance, the portfolio fell from his hands, and the drawings scattered across the dirty pavement like a flock of wounded white birds. Standing over him was a man who reeked of stale alcohol, sweat, and cheap tobacco. His unshaven, bloated face looked menacing and repulsive in the twilight.

“What are you looking for there, brat? This is no place for punks like you! People drink and suffer here, they don't peek through windows!” the man roared, still holding the boy in an iron grip.

Rolf, paralyzed with fear, managed to break free after a few seconds. He fell to his knees and began hurriedly gathering his works, feeling a stinging behind his eyelids and a shame that burned more than the pain.

“I'm sorry, I didn't mean to... I'm just looking for Mr. Sigmund Hirsch. My name is Rolf von Pertz!” he gasped, trying to control the trembling in his voice.

Suddenly, the stranger froze. He leaned over the boy and, surprisingly, began helping him gather the drawings. His gaze rested on a sketch depicting a Germanic goddess—Freya was proud and fierce even on that crumpled piece of cardboard. The drunkard stared at the graphic for a long moment with almost prayerful reverence.

“And what do you want with old Hirsch?” he asked much more quietly, looking through the other works. “Is this his? Really not bad; the boy has an eye for detail.”

“No, these are my sketches. Mr. Hirsch is my teacher; he teaches me painting,” Rolf replied, regaining some confidence in the presence of someone who could appreciate his line.

“A whole pantheon of gods... I see Freya here, Thor is sulking over there, and that mischievous one must be Loki. Can't you draw anything else but these old fables?”

“I can, but this is my favorite subject. They are... eternal,” the boy replied.

“And how old are you exactly, little artist?”

“Ten.”

“Hmm. Ten? You're not pulling my leg, are you? You have the line of an older man. You have an old Soul in you.”

The boy nodded with a gravity that did not fit his age. Then the grubby alcoholic smiled, revealing rotten teeth, and extended his hand in a gesture of brotherly bond.

“They call me Schweini and... believe it or not, I'm an artist too. Though the world forgot about that a long time ago. Come inside, kid. I'll buy you a beer—or rather, you'll buy me one—and we'll find that Hirsch of yours,” he stated, placing a heavy, smelly hand on the boy's shoulder.

Shortly after, they crossed the threshold of the establishment, immersing themselves in the din of voices and thick fumes. Schweini led him to a table where the rest of his fallen comrades were feasting.

“Greetings, comrades! I’ve brought you a new colleague; he’s a protégé of Hirsch!” Schweini announced, thumping his fist on the table until the glasses jumped. “Show them your work, boy. He claims he drew this himself, even though he looks like he just stopped sucking his thumb!” he added, winking suggestively to his companions.

The disoriented boy stood out significantly against the background of his newly met colleagues—marginalized people with faces furrowed by life and war. After a moment of hesitation, he finally decided to place his drawing pad on the salt-stained table. Schweini’s friends, feeling the breath of fresh, crystalline talent, commented lively on Rolf’s work, but he himself paid them no attention at all. His Soul was already elsewhere.

Slowly, almost holding his breath, he approached the table he had previously observed with such fascination from behind the glass on his tiptoes. He stood right beside it, blending into the shadow cast by the wall; his heart pounded in his chest like a trapped bird. Discreetly glancing around the littered floor, he searched for the discarded drawing, that crumpled ball of paper which, to him, possessed the value of a relic. Meanwhile, he eavesdropped on a conversation involving the legends of the Berlin bohemia: the nearly thirty-year-old draftsman George Grosz, with his piercing, cynical gaze, and a dark blonde man with a long face and the eyes of a visionary—Friedrich Murnau. Beside them, amidst the clouds of smoke, sat the dramatist Bertolt Brecht, nervously chewing a cigar, and the sixty-year-old

esotericist Rudolf Steiner, whose presence seemed to alter the very structure of the air in the establishment.

“Murnau, why do you believe that only film is capable of captivating the masses?” Grosz inquired, leaning over the table with provocation in his voice. “Do you think other fields of art have already lost their primal power of expression? That painting or theater are merely dead exhibits?”

“They have power, George, but it’s only a fraction of what cinema can do. It’s a new religion,” Murnau replied, treating himself to a long draught of the golden brew. “Remember what happened with Max Schreck? It was enough that he played a vampire for me in *Nosferatu*, and already millions of mortals believed that a monster truly lurked beneath his human skin. Film doesn’t describe reality; it creates it in the minds of the viewers.”

“You, Bertolt! What do you think about this?” Grosz wound himself up, seeking an ally in Brecht.

“Murnau is right, whether we like it or not. Cinema is the art of the future, a mass machine for producing dreams, and therefore barbarically strong and dangerous. Personally, though, I prefer intimate settings, the smell of the stage boards, and the living breath of the audience, so I’ll likely stick with theater. Although even theater must change to survive in this new Existence.”

“Grosz! Ask Doctor Steiner about it. As far as I know, he is a visionary who sees what we only guess at, so he should know the answer.”