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**"THIS IS A SPLENDID
AND HAUNTING WORK!"**

ABSOLUTELY STUNNING ... The film is incredibly rich and lush looking. Herzog is a poet who constantly surprises us with unexpected juxtapositions."

— Vincent Canby: N.Y. TIMES

"A MASTERPIECE!" — Jonathan Cott: ROLLING STONE

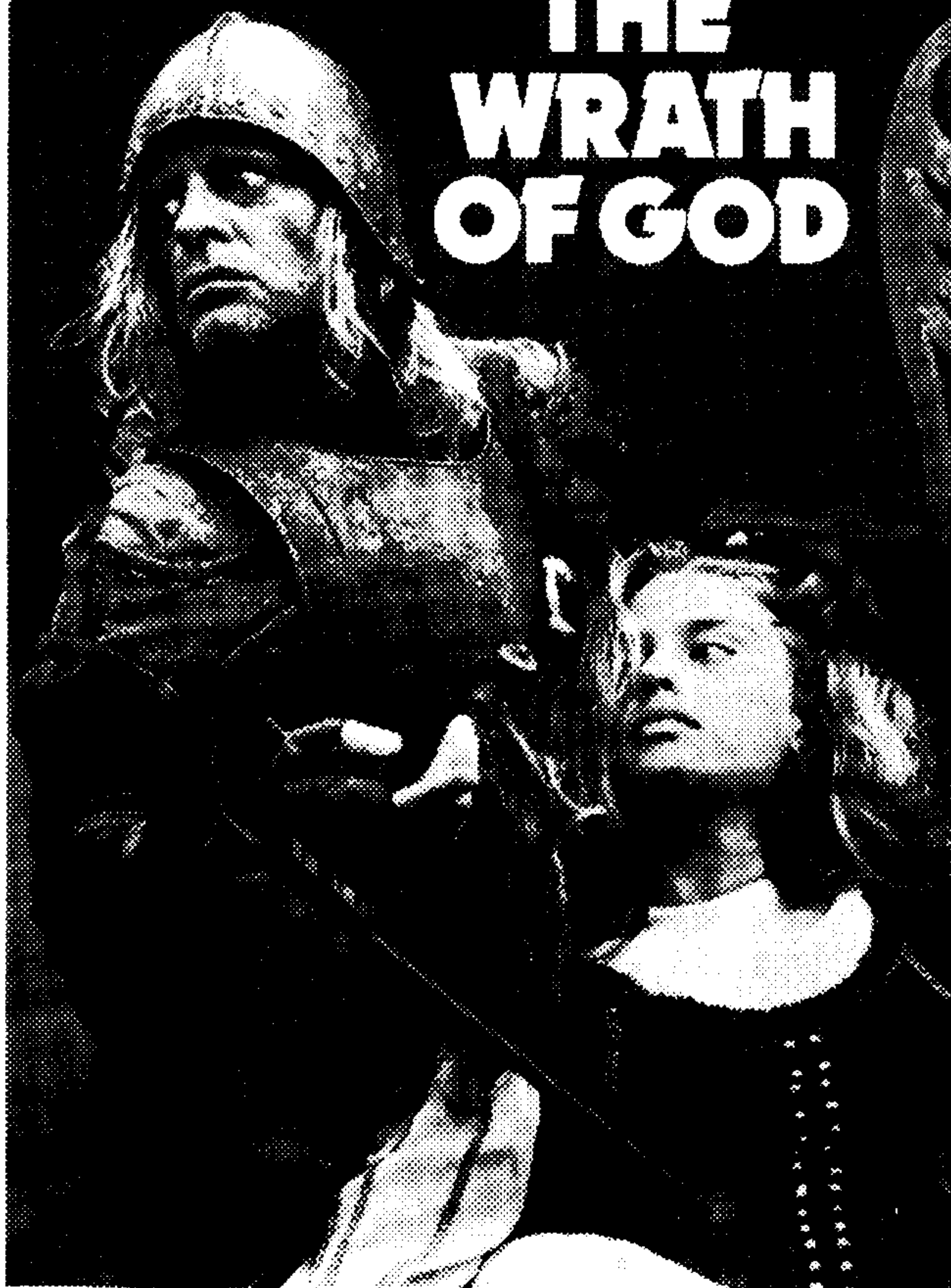
"An extraordinary movie of rare savage beauty. I recommend it."

— Jeffrey Lyons: WPIX-TV

"A GREAT FILM. AN IMPORTANT FILM. Visually it is totally overwhelming, but like the landscape of human consciousness, it is as terrifying as it is beautiful."

— Robb Baker: SOHO

**Werner Herzog's
AGUIRRE,
THE
WRATH
OF GOD**



New Yorker Films 43 West 61st Street New York, NY 10023 (212) 247-6110

AGUIRRE, THE WRATH OF GOD

Director:
WERNER HERZOG

Screenplay:
WERNER HERZOG

Photography:
THOMAS MAUCH

Music:
POPOL VUH

Editor:
BEATE MAINKA-JELLINGHAUS

Producer:
WERNER HERZOG

CAST

Don Lope de Aguirre:
KLAUS KINSKI

Don Pedro de Ursua:
RUY GUERRA

Brother Gaspar de Carvajal:
DEL NEGRO

Inez (wife of Ursua):
HELENA ROJO

Flores (daughter of Aguirre):
CECILIA RIVERA

Don Fernando de Guzman:
PETER BERLING

Perucho:
DANY ADES

Running Time: 90 min. Color
In German with English subtitles
A New Yorker Films Release

WERNER HERZOG

WERNER HERZOG was born (with the name Werner Stipetic) in Munich in September 1942. Largely self-taught, he wrote his first film script at the age of 15, attempted to make his first film at 17, and spent time in the Sudan during the Congo "troubles" at 18. He has been making independent shorts and features since 1962, and has pursued his studies in history and literature at Munich and Pittsburgh universities. In the U.S., Herzog tried to earn money for films by working as a factory worker, parking lot attendant, and even as a rodeo rider.

Short Films:

HERCULES (1962)
GAME IN THE SAND (1964)
THE UNPRECEDENTED DEFENSE OF THE FORTRESS DEUTSCHKREUTZ (1966)
LAST WORDS (1967)*
PRECAUTIONS AGAINST FANATICS (1969)*
THE FLYING DOCTORS OF EAST AFRICA (1969)
THE GREAT ECSTASY OF THE SCULPTOR STEINER (1974)*
HOW MUCH WOOD WOULD A WOODCHUCK CHUCK (1976)*

Features:

SIGNS OF LIFE (1967)*
EVEN DWARFS STARTED SMALL (1969)
FATA MORGANA (1970)
HANDICAPPED FUTURE (1970)
LAND OF SILENCE AND DARKNESS (1971)*
AGUIRRE, THE WRATH OF GOD (1972)*
EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF AND GOD AGAINST ALL
(The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser) (1974)
HEART OF GLASS (1976)*
STROSZEK (1977)*

* indicates films by Werner Herzog which are distributed by
New Yorker Films

'Aguirre, the Wrath of God' Haunting Film by Herzog

AGUIRRE, THE WRATH OF GOD, directed by Werner Herzog; screenplay (German with English subtitles) by Mr. Herzog; music, Popol Vuh; director of photography, Thomas Mauch; distributed by New Yorker Films. Running time: 90 minutes. At the D. W. Griffith Theater, 59th Street near Second Avenue. This film has not been rated.

Aguirre	Klaus Kinski
Don Pedro de Ursua	Ruy Guerra
Inez	Helena Rojo
Flores	Cecilia Rivera
Emperor	Peter Heiling
Slave	De Negro

By VINCENT CANBY

In 1560, not quite 20 years after the death of Francisco Pizarro, who had conquered Peru for Spain, an elaborately provisioned party of conquistadores set out from Quito to find the land of El Dorado. It was a fearful journey first to cross the Andes but even worse on the other side. Those who didn't starve, drown or die of fever in the Amazon jungles were in constant danger of being killed by Indians.

When it became apparent the entire expedition could not go on, a small task force was commissioned to continue down the Amazon for a week. In command were Pedro de Ursua and his aide, Lope de Aguirre, sometimes referred to in history books as Aguirre the Madman or Aguirre the Traitor. They never returned.

Exactly what happened afterward is unclear but it seems that Aguirre murdered Ursua, declared the little band's independence from Spain and crowned a man named Fernando de Guzman, the ranking nobleman among them, "Emperor of El Dorado." He eventually murdered Guzman and was himself murdered by his own men when they at last reached South America's northeast coast.

This story, one of the more bizarre and bloody footnotes to the history of the Spanish conquests, is the basis for Werner Herzog's absolutely stunning 1972 German film, "Aguirre, the Wrath of God," which opened yesterday at the D. W. Griffith Theater. The movie was shot by Mr. Herzog ("The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser," "The Great Ecstasy of the Sculptor Steiner," "Even Dwarfs Started Small") on locations of breathtaking beauty (and, I must assume, of horrendous difficulty) in South America, but it's no ordinary, run-of-the-rapids adventure.

"Aguirre, the Wrath of God" is simultaneously a historical film (to the extent that it follows events as they are known) and a meditation upon history. Aguirre is truly mad, but as played by Klaus Kinski, whose crooked walk and undiluted evil recall Laurence Olivier's Richard III, he is the essential civilized man, a fellow who, in Mr. Herzog's vision of things, must be lunatic.

There's an eerie moment in the middle of the film when the Emperor, sitting in rags under an improvised shade on the makeshift raft that is carrying the party down the Amazon, picks at his fish dinner (the other men are starving) and thinks with satisfaction that his "empire" is now six times as large as Spain's. No matter that he too may never eat again, nor that his empire is jungle swamp, the sense of power is so intoxicating that it overwhelms all other considerations.

It's as if Mr. Herzog were saying that civilization—our assumption that we have conquered nature or even come to some accommodation with it—is as ridiculous as the Emperor's pleasure.

From the film's opening sequence, when we see the conquistadores, their women (including Ursua's wife being carried in an elegant litter) and their Indian porters making their way down an Andean slope, looking like the inhabitants of an ant palace, to the concluding shots of Aguirre on his raft in the company of hundreds of tiny marmosets, Mr. Herzog views all the proceedings with fixed detachment. He remains cool. He takes no sides. He may even be slightly amused. Mainly he is a poet who constantly surprises us with unexpected juxtapositions.

The film is incredibly rich and lush looking. It is tactile. One can feel the colors of the jungle and see the heat. The conquistadores endure terrible trials—whirlpools, Indian attacks, rebellion within their own ranks—yet the mood of the film is almost languid. Ursua's faithful, loving wife, played by a classic beauty named Helene Rojo, throws no tantrums when her husband is executed. She watches and waits, and when the opportunity arises, she walks off to her own



Klaus Kinski as Aguirre
The essential civilized man

death in the jungle as if going to a tea.

Contrasting with this peculiar languor is the radiant madness of Aguirre, who hypnotizes his soldiers into following his wildest instructions, who sneers at men who seek riches when power and fame are all that matter, who aspires to be nothing less than the wrath of God and who, at the end, is planning to create a new dynasty by marrying his dead daughter. He's mad but he's a survivor.

This is a splendid and haunting work.

Butterflies In Hell



Klaus Kinski: Between heaven and hell

Robb Baker

Aguirre, the Wrath of God **D.W. Griffith (opens Sunday)**

A swarm of ravenous monkeys in the middle of paradise. Butterflies in hell. Spectacular, mind-boggling natural beauty cut through with — split open by — human misery: pain, hunger, suffering, sudden death. A mother dog nursing newborn pups while a cannibal village burns to the ground. The layers of meaning in that. But most of all, faces convoluted in blank terror, utterly lost, but lost inside a tropical rainbow wonderland.

Werner Herzog's *Aguirre, the Wrath of God* pits a small band of 16th century conquistadors against the Peruvian jungle in search of El Dorado, the mythical City of Gold. Slow descent by makeshift caravan to a wide, raging river. Journey by water through a spectrum of screaming primary colors, bright sunlight, deep shadows and death.

The chivalric obsession doomed to failure (like in Bresson's somewhat similar *Lancelot du Lac*); the impossible dream personified by a monomaniacal madman, Aguirre (Klaus Kinski) who deems himself the wrath of God destined to found the "purest dynasty" the world has known by taking to bed his own 15-year-old daughter (Cecilia Rivera).

Hate festers on the raft — mutiny, fever, starvation, lust — as one by one the band is picked off (by God, by fate, by mysterious Indians, by each other) until only Aguirre is left, alone, surrounded by rotting corpses and ravenous monkeys. The camera moves back, and the simian-infested raft begins to spin and spin in the grey-brown waters of the deadly river. Man has lost, again. El Dorado was everywhere, but too powerful and too elusive for this perverse genius to grasp.

True alchemists know that the gold they seek to transmute is contained within themselves. Herzog is almost alone among contemporary directors in his willingness to unabashedly explore that frightening unknown territory — the battleground of the human soul — and his films, as a result, are devastating, shattering experiences from which it is impossible to come away whole.

Aguirre is a great film, an important film, a film that bravely grapples with demons and refuses to let go until every ounce of strength is spent. Visually it is totally overwhelming, but like the landscape of human consciousness, it is as terrifying as it is beautiful.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Gold

The New Yorker,
April 11, 1977

"It sleeps its whole life away," says the frenetic visionary hero of Werner Herzog's "Aguirre, the Wrath of God," holding up a baby sloth to his fifteen-year-old daughter. The scorn of the remark and the dozing of the sloth seem to be ways for Aguirre to justify his own manic energy. He is a sixteenth-century Hitler, bent on conquering a world while his cohorts are killed by poisoned darts. We have no reason to believe that his empire of future demagoguery exists: it is El Dorado. We are in Peru. The first shots, from a distance, are dazzling ones of an apparent ant-march down the Andes—an expedition led by Gonzalo Pizarro (half brother of Francisco) after his ransacking of the Incas. The ants curl slowly down the eastern slopes. As the camera moves in on them, we see who they are: slaves in chains; ladies in sedan chairs decorously waiting to populate the land that is promised at the end of the feverish expedition; Spanish soldiers in medieval armor as cumbersome for any job in tropical forests as steel mackintoshes. Discipline is stern by ingrained habit but now wavering in the face of the heat and the flies. The agelong European lust for far-off conquest is overreaching itself. Cannon get stuck in muddy swamps. An advance party is sent on by Pizarro to find El Dorado, and that means travelling by raft down the Amazon: the rafts look like matchboxes with logs stuck into the ends instead of matches. One of the rafts gets caught in a whirlpool. During the night, the riders on this raft are killed by darts. But darts from where? The bushy, overhanging trees must be full of enemies, but none of the Spaniards can see them, any more than they can recognize their own folly.

Herzog, a German filmmaker of thirty-four, is a reflective man. In this film he is reflecting on dictatorship, Teutonic myth-mindedness, dreams of world rule, despots. The des-

pot is Aguirre (Klaus Kinsky), second in command to Don Pedro de Ursúa, who has been chosen to lead the advance guard that is seeking riches beyond the dreams of avarice. Ursúa has his wife with him, Aguirre his daughter. The greed-driven, fragile rafts float down the river, which bubbles with the look of placid evil that clings to the film. The beautiful trees are inhabited by Indians whose poisoned darts kill at once and are all the more alarming to a European because of their small size. It seems that the darts should do no more than sting. But they kill, just as the calm-looking Amazon drowns.

"Aguirre" is about an invader driven mad by exile. The man of the title, skinny and febrile, with eyes that stare out the camera, is a nearly noble leader who has toppled into grandiose lunacies and who sets in motion events that doom him and everyone around him. The reaches of the sixteenth-century Amazon stink of twentieth-century Munich. But Aguirre is not altogether a bad man; he is mostly just mad, fated to act out overvaulting dreams of power in the company of men of mere venality. The script, by Herzog, is said by him to be based more or less on the one surviving document of the expedition, the diary of the monk Gaspar de Carvajal. The dialogue is almost like spoken recitative, breaking into the dangerous silences of the Amazon. There is a surreal shot of a wrecked boat on top of a huge tree. We are in a universe of natural extravagance and untold gold which makes the hankering of the ambitious and the merchant-minded dwindle.

As the film goes on, Aguirre's madness grows. Hazard feeds his disdain for the world. He dreams that he will make history as some write drama. Swept up in delusions of the empire he will found, he appoints a fat puppet as emperor of his fantasized El Dorado: the emperor is crowned while he is in an infant tantrum, sitting on a log. His first imperial act is to weep. His subjects begin to behave as though they were in a nightmare. They start to treat the darts in their fellows' bodies as imaginary. Their eyeballs are singed by the nearly incredible sunlight. Only Aguirre's fervor and severity make the possibility of El Dorado seem actual in this murderous paradise. In the end, after Aguirre has christened himself the Wrath of God, with the inverted religiosity that one connects with medie-

val notions of witchcraft, he is alone on his raft with his dead daughter. His men have all died earlier, of poisoned darts and disease. The raft is suddenly swarming with tiny wild monkeys, who are like some mimetic meeker dream of the dead human beings. Aguirre's daughter has always looked beautiful but immobile: insane, possibly. Aguirre's wild promise to the skies, when she is already lost to him, is that he will populate El Dorado by marrying her.

Herzog and his lucid photographer, Thomas Mauch, have made on a mesmerizing scale a film about blasphemous power. The film has us in its clutches, making us as oppressed as the characters are by the Indians who are never seen but are always there. We are almost as crazed as the conquistadores are by the signs they find of cannibalism. The visual style of "Aguirre" is more musing than illustrative, and so is its atmosphere. We are dragged into a demonic fantasy, keeping company with a courtly Spanish fanatic who is on the track of a fortune that will always be beyond his fingers. The El Dorado of which he has crowned his plump puppet the emperor is Herzog's vividly imagined country of Fascist conceits. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

Broad new audience for the astonishing 'Aguirre'

By David Sterritt

Werner Herzog has gained a sizable reputation as a "cult" filmmaker. This means not many people have seen his movies yet, but those who have seen them think they are terrific.

His fans have waited years for the picture that would push him into mainstream popularity, and there is at least one candidate that just might do the trick: the astonishing "Aguirre, Wrath of God," first shown in 1973, but just released commercially in the United States. Its story is exciting and its setting is exotic. And it ingeniously combines Herzog's gift for deep irony, his strong social awareness, and his worthy ambition to fashion a whole new visual perspective on the world around us via mystical, evocative, yet oddly direct imagery. It is a brilliant cinematic achievement.

The year is 1560. Spanish conquistadores cross the Sierras of Peru in search of the golden Inca city, El Dorado. The jungle

Film review

becomes impassable, and the commander, Gonzalez Pizarro, sends a crew down-river to find out what is in store. Included in the party are a leader and his wife, a self-indulgent nobleman, and the talented but loutish Aguirre with his young daughter.

A mutiny staged

Aguirre stages a mutiny and presses on in the name of his own power — a proto-Hitler with a gospel of force and a lust for conquest. He organizes a primitive tyranny with a puppet emperor and a grotesque rule of law. Delusions of grandeur and paranoia grow hand-in-hand; he invokes missionary principles one moment, defies the very forces of nature the next. In the end this self-styled "Wrath of God" refutes even his own senses, proclaiming tempestuous glory in the midst of death and ruin he is powerless to prevent. The jungle balefully yawns as his becalmed raft floats aimlessly on the mysterious river that is his avenue to oblivion; his empire fades into a swarm of silent monkeys.

Clearly this is Herzog's "Heart of Darkness." It is also a subtle comment on the Fascistic urge that he and other young West German filmmakers occasionally find necessary to concern themselves with, often on a detached and quizzical level.

Yet "Aguirre" operates as grippingly as most thrillers even



**Klaus Kinski in title role of 'Aguirre':
comment on Fascism?**

as it spins its allegories, aided by a series of deeply emphatic performances (most notably that of Klaus Kinski in the title role). And it movingly carries on Herzog's exploration of the motion-picture image, a continuing study of cinematic nuance aimed at penetrating our jaded preconception and ultimately redefining the signs, meanings, and qualities of light that characterize our visual environment. In sum, picturing things as if they had never been seen before.

Herzog's goals are ambitious, and he has found only limited success so far in such films as "Fata Morgana" and "Every Man for Himself and God Against All" (also known as "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser"). The startling "Aguirre" is his first widely seen film to meld a visual acuity that seems almost ethereal (a couple of rather grisly moments aside) with a firm sense of narrative adventure. Herzog still has a long road to travel if his stated aims are to be realized enough to redeem him entirely from charges of pretentious theorizing. "Aguirre" is so forceful a work on so many levels, however, as to mark its maker a major talent. One hopes it will find its deserved success, thus sparking belated international release of other Herzog films not yet seen by that "cult" which grows larger with each passing year.



KLAUS KINSKI AS THE DOOMED, POWER-MAD SPANISH EXPLORER IN *AGUIRRE*
A singular, haunting journey of obsessions and delusions.

Meditation on Madness

AGUIRRE, THE WRATH OF GOD

Directed and Written by **WERNER HERZOG**

In 1560 a party of Spanish explorers, pursuing their curious national dream of El Dorado, are stopped by the fierce mountains and jungles of Peru. The commander detaches a smaller group to proceed down a rather forbidding river to see if they can discover some easy way out of this bad country.

The leader of this party is a gentle spirit, dignified and impractical. To him there is nothing ridiculous in the sight of his men toiling along treacherous trails, weighted down by armor, struggling to transport an entirely useless cannon. He has brought his wife with him and his second in command's daughter. What begins as an obviously dangerous journey soon turns into a manifestly self-destructive one. The rafts built to navigate the river are inadequate to its currents. And then, of course, there are the Indians, always in the shadows, picking off stragglers. But the worst danger derives from the Spaniards' delusions, and the most deluded of all is that second in command, the Aguirre of the title. He foments a mutiny, places the one nobleman present in nominal charge of the expedition and, acting in that pliable gentleman's name, proceeds to tyrannize his ever dwindling band.

Before long, he creates a government, complete with constitution and courts. He declares independence from Spain and claim to the vast land he and his group are dreamily yet viciously

floating through, starving as the Indians grow bolder. In the end, no one is left but Aguirre, who is last seen shouting his plan for the conquest of the entire continent to the indifferent jungle, as hundreds of marmosets swarm over his waterlogged raft.

It is a magnificent image of the will to power running mad. But it is only one of a hundred such images distinguishing this singular and haunting film. Director Werner Herzog, 35, is German, and it is clear that he was drawn to this story, which derives from a historical incident, because he sees in it a parable applicable to his country's recent past. That, however, is not something he insists on, any more than he insists on the absurdity of the activities he patiently, unemphatically records in a movie that unfolds slowly but never slackly. The most admirable thing about *Aguirre* may be the discipline with which Herzog tells his tale. He does not indulge himself in any comments on the action or insist, as most historical dramatists do, on the obvious parallels between his material and modern issues. He does the audience the honor of allowing it to discover the blindnesses and obsessions, the sober lunacies he quietly lays out on the screen. Well acted, most notably by Klaus Kinski in the title role, gloriously photographed by Thomas Mauch, *Aguirre* is, not to put too fine a point on it, a movie that makes a convincing claim to greatness. **Richard Schickel**

Magnificent Obsessions

★★★★ *Aguirre, The Wrath of God*

Written and directed by Werner Herzog. With Klaus Kinski, Ruy Guerra, Helena Rojo, Peter Berling. *Opens Wednesday at the Orson Welles.*

By David Ansen

Werner Herzog once walked 600 miles from Munich to Paris as a tribute to the German film historian Lotte Eisner, who was in the hospital at the time. Somehow he thought his three-week walk would get her out. That's the kind of man Herzog is, and that's the kind of movies he makes. Dwarves, the autistic, the blind, prophets and demagogues — these are the subjects Herzog is drawn to with an obsessional fervor that dovetails ambiguously into the obsessional fervor that is his subject.

From the astounding opening sequence of *Aguirre, The Wrath of God*, one feels a sense of awe that is hard to locate precisely — it's as much at *what* we are seeing as at the fact that someone (Herzog) has actually staged the scene. We are in the Andes. The time is 1560. Through the mist-shrouded mountains we barely discern a line of men, women, animals descending an almost sheer cliff. We move closer and discover Spanish conquistadores in heavy metal armor, Indian slaves bearing cannons and sedan chairs, aristocratic women with fluted collars gingerly treading the mountain path, llamas, pigs and a Catholic monk. On and on they come, the members of Pizarro's retinue, bearing their symbols of European culture — the cross and the cannon — into the jungle where they hope to find El Dorado.

Running low on supplies, Pizarro dispatches a smaller band of men under Don Pedro de Ursua to find information about the location of El Dorado. If they do not return in a week, he will assume they are lost. Among the band is Don Lope de Aguirre. One look at him and you know you are in the presence of a man possessed by treachery and ambition; his eyes have a murderous visionary glint, he walks with a tilt that sets him at odds with gravity itself.

Aguirre is "the great traitor," a malignant overreacher whose lust for power and fame drives him to foment a mutiny against Ursua when Ursua, in the face of Indian attacks and a rising river that washes away their rafts, decides to turn back. Aguirre sets up a pathetic nobleman as the puppet king of their expedition, and declares their independence from the Hapsburg crown. It is his aim to conquer a continent — to "produce history the way others produce plays."

Herzog's approach to this adventure is a far cry from the historical pageants we're used to. If the conquistadores had brought a cameraman along with them, instead of a monk to convert the Indians, his footage might have looked like this: it's almost like a home-movie epic. Almost, but not quite. Herzog's images may have the impartiality of a documentary; his dramatic construction may avoid all the rhetorical devices of Hollywood epics, but the distance finally yields a powerfully subjective, almost hallucinatory effect. Without sympathizing with Aguirre's obsession, we begin to share it. The sinister silences of the jungle, the eerie calm of the river, the sense of being totally adrift from any recognizable signposts of civilization has rarely been conveyed with such tactile immediacy. Clearly Herzog believes these men deserve their doom; just as clearly he commands us to acknowledge the perverse beauty of such *folie de grandeur*.

He conveys this in images that are literally unforgettable. A raft caught in a whirlpool. The blank stare of an Indian playing ancient wood pipes. A hooded horse, thrown off the raft by the impetuous nobleman, standing motionless in the jungle, deserted by its masters. A woman, dressed in finery, walking trancelike into the jungle to meet her fate, oblivious to the battle around her. A "savage," having been told that the Bible contains the word of God, holding the book — the first book he has ever seen — to his ear. As food becomes ever more scarce, and more men fall to the poison arrows that fly silently from the riverbank, the men can no longer distinguish between reality and hallucination. In fact, it is all real; it is just that reality has become hallucinatory, a condition of the tropics one finds in the books of Garcia Marquez. A boat rests in the tree-tops 40 feet above ground, a canoe dangling

from its stern: could the river have risen that high, or are we dreaming? The men doubt their eyes; we don't. Finally, the denial of reality becomes their last sanctuary. In a scene all the more breathtaking for being pitched on the edge of the absurd, one of the last survivors on the desolate raft gets shot in the leg by an Indian arrow. "That is no arrow. That is not rain. That is no forest," he intones like a chant — the last prayer in a litany of delusion. Though Herzog never milks his story for emotional effect, the final passage of *Aguirre* is a deeply moving meditation on man's deranged lust to imprint himself on history. I have seen it three times now, and each time I broke out in goosebumps. The closing shot alone is worth the price of admission: the grandest, most chilling image of raging solipsism ever filmed.

Herzog is more a poet than a storyteller, and *Aguirre* has a few lapses as a narrative that may throw people off. One of Aguirre's prisoners escapes and we never find out what happens to him. Having made the point that no one can open the captive Ursua's closed fist to discover what he is holding, we expect a fascinating revelation. It never comes. It's not a seamless film, not a particularly subtle one. But that is not the point. Herzog is not a director of nuance. His strokes are broad, his vision is grand, and in *Aguirre* his power is enormous. In another context, the leering, savage performance of Klaus Kinski might seem ludicrously melodramatic; here it is chillingly apt. It may be a knee-jerk response upon hearing the word "Führer" to think of Hitler, but surely we're intended to see him looming behind this fable of a man who dreams of wedding his own daughter and founding "the purest dynasty the world has ever seen." Kinski's Aguirre is both specific and abstract; he's a man who sees himself as a force of nature, "the wrath of God," but it is nature that conquers him.

Finally, one must mention the superb photography of Thomas Mauch, accomplished under the most difficult circumstances, and the simple, hauntingly beautiful choral score by Popol Vuh, which contributes enormously to the impact of the film. *Aguirre, The Wrath of God*, made in 1972, when Herzog was only 29, is a masterpiece of the New German Cinema and, I suspect, a film for all time. ■