Nymphomaniac: Vol. I

By Lars von Trier
Hello?
You've had an accident.
You need an ambulance.
I'll call for one.
I'll be right back.
- Lie still here.
- No.
No.
No what?
I don't need an ambulance.
I can clearly see you do.
I'll call for one.
In that case,
I'll be up and gone
before you have time
to come back.
That will hurt.
That's possible.
But it doesn't matter to me.
I assume you don't want me
to call the police either.
Yes, that's exactly right.
Is there anything you want?
I'd like a cup of tea
with some milk.
Well...
You have to come with me.
I don't serve tea in the street.
Can you walk?
Yeah.
I've even bought a cake.
Here's a pajama.
Thank you.
I've made up the bed for you.
With clean sheets.
- Sorry.
- That's okay.
There.
- I'll wash your clothes.
- Not my coat.
It smells rather badly.
It's my coat.
The smell won't come off anyway.
It's your coat.
- Do you take sugar?
- No, thank you.
There you go.
Thank you.
So what happened?
Were you robbed?
It's my own fault.
I'm just a bad human being.
I've never met
a bad human being.
Well, you have now.
Do you want to talk about it?
You wouldn't understand.
Well, try me.
But I wouldn't know where to start.
Why is that ridiculous
fishhook hanging there?
That's a fly.
I caught a fish with it once,
a rather big one.
Strangely enough.
Fly fishing
is about tying feathers
and other things to a hook
so it resembles something
the fish likes to eat.
And then because
the fly is very light,
you have to have a line
that is heavy.
It creates the velocity
when you cast.
- You fish a lot?
- Well, some.
But I don't catch much.
The locals catch a lot more.
When I was young, I...
I had a book I...
I worshipped.
It was an old book
by Izaak Walton
called "The Complete Angler."
It was like a romantic
nature bible to me.
Maybe I know where to start.
But if you're to understand, I'll...
I'll have to tell you
the whole story.
And it'll be long.
Long is good.
And moral, I'm afraid.
To begin with the bait,
I discovered my cunt
as a two-year-old.
"Cunt" is a very strong word.
Let's call it
"Pandora's Box" then.
Um... No, no, no.
"Cunt" is better.
So, I was a nymphomaniac.
Wait a moment, no.
Nobody can be a nymphomaniac
when they're only two years old.
I don't think even the strictest God
would see anything else
than a child's normal behavior.
What about fetuses?
It's common knowledge
that fetuses often touch
their genital organs.
Can a fetus somehow be sinful?
Why not?
Not according to any religion I know,
unless it's an original sin.
Ancestral.
Or perhaps according to a religion
that doesn't exist yet.
According to a god that hasn't
yet manifested himself.
But then you can imagine anything.
At an early age,
I was mechanically inclined.
Kinetic energy, for example,
has always fascinated me.
And my friend,
let's call her "B,"
always came up with the ideas.
Playing frogs was one of B's classics.
Joe, are you all right?
Just a moment.
Are you done?
For Christ's sakes, leave them alone.
I loved my father very much.
He was a doctor.
My mother's name was Katherine.
My father called her Kay.
I suppose she was what you'd call "a cold bitch."
She always had her back turned when she played solitaire.
I hated solitaire.
When we had P.E.,
I'd climb up into the ropes and hang there for ages with the rope between my legs.
"The Sensation" we called it.
I remember very distinctly this word, "sensation."
Perhaps the only difference between me and other people was that I've always demanded more from the sunset.
More spectacular colors when the sun hit the horizon.
That's perhaps my only sin.
Why are you insisting that children are sinful?
Not children.
Me.
I don't see sin anywhere.
But then I'm not religious.
Well, that's because you don't know the rest of the story.
And by the way, I'm not religious either.
Why would you take the most unsympathetic aspect of religion such as the concept of sin...
and let it survive beyond religion?
I don't understand this self-hatred.
Well, that's what I said.
- You wouldn't understand.
- No, I'm...
I'm sorry, I'll shut up.
Please continue.
Nervus... pudendus.
Nervus dorsalis clitoridis.
When the ash tree was created,
it made all the other trees
in the forest jealous.
It was the most beautiful tree.
You couldn't say
anything bad about it.
It was the World Tree
in Norse mythology.
Remember, Odin...
He hung from the ash tree,
Yggdrasil, for nine days
in order to gain insight.
The ash tree had
the strongest wood.
Then in the winter...
when the ash tree
lost all of its leaves...
all the trees noticed
its black buds,
and started laughing.
"Oh, look.
The ash tree has had
its fingers in the ashes."
See?
You can always tell
the ash tree in winter
by the black buds.
Now...
Now this is a lime tree leaf.
- Remember?
- I forgot about the lime tree.
I've told you 100 times.
My dad loved
telling me about the trees,
and their leaves,
and considered it part of a good education. He especially loved the childish educational stories he told to help me remember what I had learned. I knew how much he loved telling those stories. Sometimes I pretended I'd forgotten them. Originally, the lime tree's leaves were round. A fox had her den beneath its roots where she had four cubs. One day, she went out looking for food for them. There was a hunt in the forest. She was shot. Wounded, she crawled back to the den where she and the four cubs died. This made the lime tree so sad. And from then on, the lime tree decided to have... heart-shaped leaves. Oh, yes, that's right. Heart-shaped. Am I boring you? No, no. I'm just looking forward to how you'll get fishing weaved into your tale. You could start with the fly on the wall there. It's called a nymph. It will tie in elegantly with your discussion about nymphomania. A nymph is an early stage in the life of an insect. As a quite young nymph, it was imperative for me to get rid of my virginity. Hopla.
I kind of knew this boy, J, who had a moped. So in my eyes he was rather sophisticated. I was 15, and perhaps my girlish, romantic expectations were a bit high. But he had good, strong hands. I liked his hands. Hello?
   - Hi.
   - Hi.
If I asked you to take my virginity would that be a problem? No, I don't see a problem. So, um...
Where shall I go?
It's the fucking carburetor. I just can't work it out, you imagine that?
   - That's not very good.
   - Hmm?
   - It's not very good.
   - No, it bloody isn't. Ruins the whole idea of having a moped.
You should probably take off your knickers, yeah?
He shoved his cock inside me and humped me three times. Then he turned me over like a sack of potatoes. Then he humped me five times in the ass. I never forgot those two humiliating numbers. Three and five? Those are Fibonacci numbers. That may be. In any case, it hurt like hell. I swore I'd never sleep with anyone again. But of course that only
lasted a short while.
And now to get back
to your fishing.
A couple of years later,
I was at my friend B's,
and as always,
she had a new idea,
financed by her younger
brother's piggy banks
which she regularly emptied.
We put on clothes later known as
the "fuck me now" clothes.
The idea was a competition.
We were to go on a train trip.
B said there was
no need for tickets.
The one who would fuck
the most men
when we reached the destination
would win the chocolate sweets.
May I interrupt here?
What you were doing when you
walked down that corridor.
You were reading the river.
Most of the large
fish stay sheltered from the current
to save energy,
and to hide from the prey.
Where the fish hides in the stream
entails a very
complicated hierarchy.
The topography decides where
the most attractive places are,
and the biggest fish
choose the best positions.
What do I do?
Smile and make eye contact.
But what if it doesn't work?
If you have to talk, remember
to ask lots of "wh" questions
if you want more than
a yes or no answer.
Then it'll just happen on its own.
You just take them to the lavatory
and you have sex with them.
Oh. What if it's nasty?
Then you just think of the bag
of chocolate sweeties.
What... What time is it?
Ten.
Where do you come from?
From home.
Who knows where
the lavatory is?
Well, if you take a right,
you will arrive at a lavatory
at the end of the car.
At the same time it is
so cleverly arranged
that if you take a left turn you
will also arrive at a lavatory
since at the end of the next car
there is also one.
Let me show you
where the lavatory is.
It turned out to be
shockingly easy.
In no time,
B was ahead five to three.
And it was exactly right.
Look them in the eye and smile.
But then suddenly, it stopped.
That's a very clear parallel
to fishing in the stream.
As it happens, either none
of the fish are feeding,
or they all feed
at the same time.
They go into feeding frenzy.
All bite.
And then just as suddenly
as it started, it stops.
It's observable, but it's
highly unpredictable.
And it has to do with,
I don't know,
weather, barometric pressure,
maybe some fish psychology.
If that's possible. Anyway, the fish most readily bite at the beginning of a light rain, and I think that's because they feel safe when they swim in the stream. Because they can't be seen from above. The water's surface is disturbed. But then it started again. Although, a bit more slowly. Yeah. I think I know how. Because fly fishing can be done in several phases. And if the fish stop biting, you move on to phase two. And in phase two, you not only imitate an insect, but an insect in trouble. You pull... You pull the line. You tug it irregularly, so the fish gets the impression that it's dealing with an injured and easy prey. And then helplessly, let the fly float down the river again. Then half-heartedly, make a few jumps forward again. It can be done... It can be done very elegantly. Hey. Sorry. Nothing to feel sorry about. I'm just not feeling very well today. What could be so bad? Oh, thank you. I can't talk about it right now. Can I just sit here for awhile? Yeah. Sure. Is it better now? No. - Are you all right?
- It's Betty.
I was just told
that she's very ill.
Is Betty a close family member?
You could say that.
She's my dwarf hamster.
Dwarf hamster?
You can't be serious.
Well, what was I to do?
And then, I did have a dwarf
hamster when I was young.
That you were very close to?
Not at all.
A bloody nuisance.
Dwarf hamster?
That's not so bad.
Would have been worse
if it were a person.
Don't say that.
I'm extremely fond of my hamster.
Yes, I think that's a rather
cynical thing to say about Betty.
Yes, I made the cage nice
and cozy for her when...
- When I got her.
- I bet she liked that.
Betty was excited.
One of nature's
most meaningless creatures.
You're aware that
the choice of a dwarf hamster
possibly suggests certain
sexual connotations.
I can see that now
but it was really not
a conscious choice.
How long does a dwarf hamster
actually live?
Months, years?
Its life is much too short.
Would you show me
where the lavatory is?
I... have to blow my nose.
Just the same,
we were running out of subjects,
and B was ahead on points,
which led us to S's
first-class compartment.
Tickets, please.
Thank you. Ladies?
Tickets.
Well...
I think I might have lost it.
Perhaps.
Drop yours as well, did you?
I haven't bought a ticket
for your shitty train.
It's so bloody slow,
we should have been
at the end of the track
half an hour ago.
Regardless of delays, you still
need a ticket, sweetheart.
Eight pounds each, please.
Ooh!
I accidentally tore it up.
Can't expect me to pay
for scraps of paper.
- Have another one.
- Oh, great idea.
Oh, that one's disappeared too.
I can always just get the police
to collect your payment
at the next station...
Let's just take it easy here,
shall we?
Apparently, the young ladies
have left without any money.
If it's okay with you, I'd like
to pay for their tickets.
No, sir, it's not.
Leave your money where it is.
We'll let the police
deal with these two.
We did have sort of an agreement
that I was to pay.
I just forgot about it.
I see. Two first-class tickets...
for two first-class ladies.
Enjoy the rest of your journey.
Tickets, please.
Now that you've been
so nice to us...
we'd like to be nice to you, too.
Oh, that's very kind of you,
but there's no need.
I mean that.
You have to split them up
into whether they have
a goal and a mission or not.
That one doesn't.
Well, I've already lost anyway.
I'm willing to give you
five extra points...
if you can get that one in there.
I decided,
perhaps a bit desperately,
that the only thing
standing between me
and the bag of chocolate sweets,
was an unequivocal provocation
of this man.
Excellent. An induced take.
When all other attempts fail,
a dramatic provocation
can get an otherwise completely
passive fish to bite.
A salmon or a trout,
for example,
eats itself fat
while in salt water,
and then basically
has no need to eat
as it makes its way upstream
to the spawning grounds.
They're not hungry but they
will react instinctively
to the right provocation.
Which would not be a fly,
but for instance,
a brightly colored wobbler,
preferably red,
served immediately
in front of the fish.
The very best is one we call
the Finnish Weapon.
The so-called "Rappala."
I don't know if it's comparable,
but I decided in any case
to find out
why he hadn't taken the bait,
and to use my
psychological abilities,
which B, in my opinion,
didn't possess to the same degree.
You've bought a gift.
Yes.
It's for my wife.
- No gifts for the children?
- No.
We don't have any, actually.
Well, you seem rather well-to-do.
You travel first-class,
and you bought us our tickets.
Why then not buy a decent gift
for your wife?
I can see it comes
from the station.
Of course I should have...
bought her something...
something better, but...
Let's just say I was suddenly
in a hurry to get home.
Why would a man like you
with such an orderly life
suddenly have to hurry?
It has to do with family.
My wife and I have decided
that we...
we miss having children, after all.
And that if we are to have children,
it has to be now.
So my wife called yesterday
to say that she...
She started ovulating.
And all signs point to maximum
fertility precisely tonight.
You see?
That's why I bought her
a gift at the station.
I had to get a ticket home
as quickly as possible.
- Well, I understand now.
- What is it you understand?
Why you didn't have sex with us.
It wasn't because I didn't want to.
So you've been saving your sperm.
For weeks. I mean,
you and your wife are...
seem to be at an age
where every attempt
to become pregnant has to be
taken very seriously.
Right now, my...
My sperm quality
is at its peak, I'm told.
Please...
I'm begging you, please don't.
It's okay.
Please don't.
You've been as horny as hell.
But you wouldn't
give up your load.
Please don't.
Oh, fuck.
Wow.
In your case, it wasn't
the taste of a Madeleine cake,
moistened with lime blossom tea,
but the combination
of chocolate and sperm.
What?
That was a piece of
culturally blasphemic digression.
It's a story about memory.
How the combination
of two flavors
set off a chain of memories.
So oral sex became,
in the eye of the angler,
your... your Finnish weapon.
Is that your only comment?
What else... What else
do you want me to say?
That I behaved reprehensibly.
That already my actions exemplify
that I'm a...
I'm a terrible human being.
That's not the way I see it.
On the contrary, I saw it as a...
A very pleasurable
and humorous story.
Not at all sad, or...
or weighed down by sin.
Like all that talk
about Pandora's Box.
I've consciously used
and hurt others...
for the sake of
my own satisfaction.
And what I've told you so far
only begins to suggest that.
But when you told the story,
you were cheerful.
Full of humor.
It wasn't as if you embarked
on some tragic tale.
Well, that's the way I am.
I've always loved
the chills at the start of a fever,
knowing only too well that
sickness will soon follow.
The only thing you've done,
except giving a few people
an experience to remember,
is that you...
You relieved S from his load
in some... some youthful hubris.
I read somewhere that if you
keep the load too long
the sperm will die.
Or worse, degenerate.
Maybe thanks to you,
Mr. S and his wife
now have a healthy
and well-functioning child.
I discovered my power as a woman
and used it without
any concern for others.
That's completely unacceptable.
Oh, little darling...
Don't you "little darling" me.
No.
What I wanted to say was that
if you have wings, why not fly?
Allow me to digress.
I read a book about
Sikorski and helicopters
where the author
stressed the fact that
in order to take off, you tilt
the helicopter forward.
It looks like you're trying
to force the helicopter
down into the ground,
but the effect is the contrary.
That the velocity
takes the helicopter
and sweeps it up in the air.
The pilots say the helicopter
wants to fly.
It's like when you're
in a glider plane,
and suddenly you're lifted,
because of the spontaneous
emission of thermals.
Thermals is when the sun
is warming up the field,
and it emits a thermal bubble
of warm air that rises.
These aircraft, they want to fly.
It's just a little
unpredictable when.
You flew on that... on that train.
And that surprised you.
No more stories.
You need to sleep.
No, no.
This is beginning to amuse me.
I don't even know your name.
My name is Joe.
I'm Seligman.
What a fucking ridiculous name.
It's Jewish.
You said you weren't religious.
No, but my great-grandfather was.
And my parents gave me
the name as a sort of...
sentimental association to Judaism.
Why let the sentimental part
of religion, as you said,
outlive religion itself?
You have a point.
But we've always been anti-Zionists,
which is not the same
as being anti-Semitic,
as certain political powers
try to convince us.
Seligman...
means "the happy one."
So, are you happy then?
Well, I suppose I am.
In my own way.
Even if I'm the kind of person
who cut the nails
of the right hand first.
What does that mean?
Well, I divide humanity

into two groups:
the people who cut the nails
on the left hand first,
and the people who cut the nails
of the right hand first.
My theory is that the people
who cut the nails
of the left hand first,
they're more light-hearted.
They have a tendency
to enjoy life more,
because they go straight
for the easiest task, and...
save the difficulties for later.
- So what do you do?
- Always the left hand first.
I don't think there's a choice.
Go for the pleasure first, always.
And then when you've
done the left hand,
only the right hand remains.
That's the easiest one left.
I never thought of it like that.
Well, you're never too old.
Never too old to learn.
That's rugelach.
Mm-hmm.
Yeah, it's a Jewish cake.
- There's that sentimentality again.
- Oh, but it's more than rugelach.
It's rugelach served
with a cake fork.
A rugelach, in my opinion, is pastry,
which there is no excuse
for eating with a cake fork.
To serve it with a cake fork
is irritatingly unmanly,
not to say downright feminine.
However, it can bring us
further with the story.
I also knew someone who
consumed rugelach every day,
almost ritually,
with a cake fork.
And although we'll be
jumping a bit in time,
I have to tell you about Jerome.
As far as I can see,
the next chapter
doesn't contain
as direct an accusation
against my person
as the rest of the story.
But as you've read
a great deal, apparently,
you know that in a story
things have to be good
before they can be bad.
The chapter will also make
a sentimental soul like you happy
as it contains observations
on the subject of love.
Can I tell you something?
Sure.
- Yeah.
- Yeah, sure.
It might not be important to you...
But it is to me.
I've never had an orgasm before.
Really?
You're my first one.
You don't know how happy
that makes me.
I love you.
You're my first.
Well, I have to admit,
quite a lot of girls say that.
The train trip
had increased my appetite,
and soon B and I started a club
that we called
"The Little Flock."
Mea vulva, mea maxima vulva.
B, of course, took the lead
as she was the most
daring of us.
She was raised Catholic.
I'm sure you're familiar
with the practices
of the Catholic Church.
...mea maxima vulva.
Mea vulva, mea...
That's interesting.
Blasphemic, satanic.
The music. The interval
between "B" and "F."
It's a tritone.
The devils interval.
It was banned from music
in the Middle Ages.
Well, the Vacuum Cleaner invented it.
She took piano lessons.
Vacuum Cleaner?
The Vacuum Cleaner possessed
a special talent for floppy cocks.
She had some kind of vacuum
in her cunt.
I was imagining something like that.
Fourteenth of the eighth.
I was at a place called The Donkey.
The boys were staring,
University hangout.
I approached the stupidest
one of the lot
and asked for directions
to the underground.
He studied literature.
I told him I read a lot,
and that I really admired people
that chose to study subjects
in depth.
As I said, he was very stupid.
Told me all about Kierkegaard.
I nodded, smiled.
Then he asked
if we could go elsewhere.
The idiot thought he'd pulled me
after five minutes of his bullshit.
I told him I was on my period,
and I took out his cock
and gave him a hand job.
Ugly, little shriveled cock,
with a tight foreskin.
When I pulled it back,
it sort of collapsed
but it worked in the end.
University boys are disgusting.
And then I jacked him off
until he shook
in that way they do, you know.
Just before they come.
Then I let go of his cock and got up.
I left him standing up against the wall
with his pants round his ankles
looking stunned.
Now, B's message wasn't exactly representational. She just had to be the tough one. It was directed at the men. It was about fucking, and about having the right to be horny. We masturbated together, that kind of thing. But it was rebellious. We weren't allowed to have boyfriends. No fucking the same guy more than once. You said you were rebellious. What did you rebel against? Love. Love? We were committed to combat the love-fixated society. I really believed in our Little Flock. But of course, that was naive of me. Over time, even the strongest couldn't stay true to our manifest. Third of the fifth. My third intercourse this week, - again with Alex. - Third? Haven't we stated that we fuck each guy once? Yes, but he was rather sweet. Sweet? - Well, you know, sexy. - Well, then, say sexy. He squeezed my earlobes. Earlobes? Great. What else did he squeeze? I don't think you can understand Alex. I don't want to. - Our relationship-- - Relationship. There you are.
The way you're describing it, which should be full of lust, is just a nauseating analysis of his future abilities as a father to your child. You think you know everything about sex. The secret ingredient to sex is love. For me, love was just lust with jealousy added. Everything else was total nonsense. For every 100 crimes committed in the name of love, only one is committed in the name of sex. That's quite a statement. Well, it all strengthened my wish for a serious education.

Glasgow. Aberdeen.

Why are you smiling? Well, I just pictured how an education would be conveyed in your storytelling. Well, that's nothing to smile about. Oh, I understand that. So what kind of education did you get? I began studying medicine, like my father. Today we are going to perform the procedure that's called an abortion. We open up our cervical channel to enter the uterus, and to get access to the fetus, for which we use the so-called Hegal sticks. We enter the vagina tract, and go into the cervical channel. We start with a small sized stick to cause a minimum of damage to the tissue. And then we increase
the size of the stick. But it was harder and harder for me to concentrate, so I studied less and less, till finally I dropped out. My dad was very disappointed when I stopped. But it was the only time I saw my mother really smile when she said, "What did I tell you?" So instead, I began to look for a job. It turned out it was hard to get a job that paid even halfway decently. I didn't really know how to do anything. So I didn't have high hopes when I applied for a position as an assistant at a printing house. So, could you tell me a little bit more about your background? Um...
- Education-wise.
- Oh.
Well, I finished high school, and decided to study medicine. But I didn't finish. I know it sounds a bit pointless coming here.
- Right.
- I just really need a job. And I've tried everywhere. I don't usually give jobs to people just because they need one. What about secretarial skills? Do you have any of those? No, I didn't think you needed skills. You didn't think you needed skills for this position
- as a secretary?
  - No.
Can you open an envelope?
Yes, I... Yes, I think
I can open an envelope.
Well, I'm glad to hear that.
I shall discuss this conversation
with Mr. Jerome, my boss.
Do you think
there's a chance?
  - I doubt it.
  - Oh.
Well, apparently,
having absolutely no experience
is absolutely fine for this job.
You've got it.
Does that mean
I should start tomorrow?
Yeah, I suppose it does.
  - Good morning.
  - Right.
Yes?
  - Good morning, sir.
  - Good morning.
I just wanted to introduce you
to our new junior secretary.
Joe? I believe you wanted
to explain her work duties.
  - Hi.
  - This is the new junior secretary.
Liz, can I have another coffee?
  - Yes, of course, sir.
  - Thank you.
Hi.
  - Jerome.
  - Your first love.
I bet you didn't think I'd make
something of myself, right?
And now, here I sit.
The director's chair
of M & J Morris, Ltd.
  - Yeah, it's quite surprising.
  - Surprising?
It's a sign from God.
You know, I've thought about you often since then. Have you thought of me?
- Well...
- What?

Usually, you know, my uncle sits here. But he's developed a bit of a tummy problem, so he's at the spa, taking long baths, drinking lots of water, poor guy. And no one knows for how long. So now I'm the "J" in M & J Morris, Ltd. How about that?

We print cards and envelopes, nonsense like that. It's a bloody complicated business, you know. I don't understand a word of it. Come, I'll show you around. Yes?
- Ladies?
- Yes, sir.

Oh, look, there you are. Good job.

Every time you do a good job, I say, "Good job, Liz."
- Thank you, sir.
- What's her name?
- Liz.
- Good job, Liz.
- Good job, Liz.
- Good job, Liz.

It stopped.

Fuck.

Yes.
- Well, isn't there an alarm?
- Which?
- Isn't there...
- Alarm, right, yes.

Good thinking.

Imagine...
you look just as great
all these years later.
Oh, no.
- No.
- No?
No, Jerome, this won't work.
- Which won't work?
- This.
Why not?
You're not really my type.
That's how it's gonna be?
- Yes.
- All right.
Fuck's sake.
Okay.
Um...
Give me your hand.
We'll do fireman's grip.
- You okay?
- Yeah.
Why didn't you
have sex with him?
You must have had sex
in a lift before.
I'm not quite sure.
I've shagged lots of idiots.
Including worse idiots than him.
Of course, I...
I regretted that it had
been him back then.
But that's just sentimental drivel.
And I'm not sentimental.
I suppose he fired you then.
No. If he had fired me,
then he would have lost.
As I didn't recall anyone
having defined my work duties,
I decided to clean up in order
to smooth the waters.
Good morning, sir.
- Any calls?
- No, sir.
- What have you done?
- Oh. I cleaned up.
You cleaned up.
- It was quite messy, and--
- Liz?
- Yes, sir?
- She cleaned up.
I know, I... I didn't know, sir.
- I was away from my desk.
- Are you completely mad?
What is the tea
and pastry doing here?
I thought that's
what you wanted for--
You thought?
You're not supposed to think.
I don't pay you to think, do I?
This is a do-over.
- A do-over...
- Right.
Pick it up. Take it outside.
And do it again.
One moment.
Come in.
Would now be a good time
for some tea and cake?
Sure, why not?
Where the fuck's my cake fork?
- Cake fork?
- Right.
Well, I would have got you one,
but it just... feels inappropriate.
Unmanly.
Feminine.
Well, on the other hand,
you must say that a cake fork
is a rather practical tool.
It's like a cross between
a knife and a fork.
The point is that you're
supposed to be able
to hold the cake dish
with one hand
and then cut it with the other.
And then eat it with the fork.
It's not feminine,
it's at least bourgeois.
It's said that the Bolsheviks, during their rampage through Russia, to separate the men from the boys, or rather the bourgeoisie from the proletariat, they brought a boy, and before burning down a house they sent him in to make sure they had cake forks. That's not true. I don't have the story first-hand.

Hello.
- Hi.
- Hi.
I was wondering if you could help me.
It's suddenly gone very dirty.
See, yes?
See, you've got your dirty fingers on there.
Maybe we should wash your hands.
Yeah, better.
Mm-hmm.
- You must be very talented.
- Yeah, sure.
Hmm.
You see, here's got a stain.
If you'd asked Jerome, he would have said that I was the one who'd declared war.
Many times he'd take me into town just so I could hold his coat.
- There.
- Where?
There, behind the green car.
- It's not big enough.
- It is, there's plenty of space.
I saw it, it's not enough space.
I'm telling you, there's plenty of space.
No. It's too small a space.
for such a long car.
Can I try?
- Can you try?
- I'm a wizard at this.
I just tried, it's not enough space, Joe.
You just saw me do it.
It's not enough space, okay?
- Can I try?
- Fuck. You want to try?
Why not?
Stupid.
It was about
this time that a dramatic change
happened inside of me.
I could suddenly see a kind
of order in the mess.
Are you just standing here looking?
Yeah. I've begun to like his mess.
How do you mean?
Well, these are all things
placed by Jerome.
I mean, by Jerome's hands.
Sounds to me like you would like
to be handled by Mr. Jerome.
Darling, you're in love with him.
It was all very, very wrong.
I wanted to be one of Jerome's things.
I wanted to be picked up
and put down, again and again.
I wanted to be
treated by his hands
according to some
sophisticated principle
that I didn't understand.
His strong hands?
Yes, but now it was no longer
just about his hands.
It's as if everything
about him was different,
which, of course, it wasn't
and I knew that in my head.
And I scolded myself
for seeing him in this new light.
- Love is blind.
- No, no, no, it's worse.
Love distorts things.
Or even worse...
love is something
you've never asked for.
The erotic was something I asked for,
or even demanded of men.
But this idiotic love...
I felt humiliated by it,
and all the dishonesty that follows.
The erotic is about saying yes.
Love appeals to
the lowest instincts,
wrapped up in lies.
How do you say "yes"
when you mean "no," and vice versa.
I'm ashamed of what I became.
But it was beyond my control.
- You know what you're doing now?
- No, what am I doing?
You're defending your personality.
I thought the point was to reveal it.
- Thank you.
- You're welcome.
Thank you meaning, "That's all."
You can go now.
Goodbye, Joe.
At this time,
I took up walking again.
You walked in the forest?
Yes, I walked in the forest.
The forest of my childhood.
I took the same walk
again and again.
Right turn after the gatehouse,
and right again by the ash tree,
which has the most beautiful leaves
in the forest,
and further on,
past a lady with her poodle,
and the old man on the bench.
I couldn't free myself
of the image of Jerome
and his careless elegance.
And during this time, when I was with other men, I forbade them to touch my body with their hands. And soon, I stopped having sex altogether. I tried to meet him all the time. I found out where he lived, but of course, never dared ring his doorbell. I even started humiliating myself on purpose in order for him to notice me. You broke a taillight. I did. I thought you were such a wizard at parking. So did I.

It'll be deducted from your salary. It's a long car. I worked for a long time on a letter in which I told him about my feelings for him, but couldn't bring myself to hand it over.

- Bye.

A month would pass before I had built up enough courage to deliver it. Well, I've written him a letter after all. Do you think that the letter is a bad idea? No, I think it's the right thing to do. I'm just... I think maybe you should wait until Friday. Why?

He's always in a good mood on Fridays. Okay. I'm sorry, isn't this...
Jerome's office?
I'm happy to say that this
never has been
and never will be Jerome's office.
My nephew has been standing in for me
while I've been unwell.
What's that? A letter for him?
Yes.
Give it to me
and I'll make sure he gets it.
Can't promise when that might be
because he's long gone.
How the young finance
their irrepressible desire
for travel is a mystery to me.
- So he's gone?
- Deserted us, yes.
Raving about a trip around the world,
- and married, and all.
- Married?
Marriage, yes.
Flown the coop with my secretary.
Liz.
And your job?
Well, it turned out
that Jerome's uncle
demanded a bit more knowledge
about the business, so...
I see.
Well, as for evidence of you
being a bad human being,
there wasn't much to go on
in this chapter.
Yes, as I said.
At least superficially.
- I suppose you were jealous.
- No, I wasn't jealous.
I didn't know that feeling.
It's almost superhuman
not to feel jealousy.
Well, that was the end of love, then?
Well, maybe not quite as simple.
But more about that later,
as they say in the novels.
And Jerome just disappeared?
Yes. Though I'd tried to keep him
in my own way, mentally,
as I masturbated on the train
amongst other people.
You masturbated on the train,
on the seat?
- Yes, of course.
- And that's possible?
Easily.
You just put your coat in your lap.
It can be done silently
without expression.
The only thing
that could give me away
and mostly to women,
was my open mouth when I came.
I did a jigsaw puzzle.
A jigsaw puzzle?
I found details
in the other passengers
that reminded me of Jerome.
But in the long run,
I couldn't hold onto
the details of him,
no matter how hard I tried.
So, you could say that in a way,
Jerome followed you
as a kind of silhouette.
Yes, but gradually disappearing
as a sexual being.
Maybe that's how it is with memory.
You remember silhouettes.
The essentials.
But that's not necessarily
a bad thing.
Of course
there's silhouettes in the winter.
The trees are difficult
to tell apart.
These buds...
My father
wrestled courageously
with his flora
and tree type guides.
It's actually...
the souls of the trees
we see in the winter.
In summer, everything's
green and idyllic,
but in the winter, the branches
and the trunks, they all stand out.
Look at how crooked they all are.
The branches have to carry
all of the leaves into the sunlight.
It's one long struggle for survival.
My father surprised
me by calling the naked trunks
the souls of the trees.
A poetic thought
that was rare for him,
as by his own account, he preferred
the empirical sciences.
And after Jerome?
I reacted, um...
Well, let's just say... aggressively.
- How?
- By intensifying my hunt for men.
You know
these supermarket doors
that open and close by way
of some kind of sensor?
Now compare these doors
to my cunt,
and add an extraordinarily
sensitive sensor.
My sensitive door opening
gave me an opportunity
to develop my morphological studies
from knees to genitals.
I embarked on a trip through, what,
in the lingo of children's books,
one might call, "The Country
of the Big, Bad Cocks."
"The Country of the Small
Yellow Cocks," and so on.
And most of all, I battled my way
through an untold number
of circumcised cocks.
By the way, did you know that if you combine all the foreskin cut off through history, it would reach to Mars and back again?
"Mrs. H."
By now, I had built up a sizable circle of men, and was starting to have trouble remembering who was who.
Hello, sweetheart.
Want to meet?
It's Fisher.
I'm lying here thinking of you and what you said.
I'm not angry at all if that's what you're thinking.
Hi, Joe. It's Rob again.
I had a really good time seeing you.
Give me a... Give me a call.
Hi, Joe.
I left a couple of messages.
Is everything all right?
I quickly gave up trying to remember the individual relationships.
It was impossible.
And impossible to predict what they wanted to hear.
So I invented a method.
It was all based on chance.
A one meant an overly loving answer.
A two, not quite as passionate, but still positive.
And so on, up to five, which was a complete rejection.
And six, no answer at all.
The trick with this method was that I didn't have to worry about the individual relationships,
but instead became
completely unpredictable,
which, of course,
drove the men even wilder.
Hey, Eddie, it's me.
Listen, I've given this
a lot of thought,
and I've come to the conclusion
that we're done. Bye.
I was just wondering
if you wanted to come back,
and maybe we can
do something nice.
Hi, Patrick, it's Joe.
I had a really lovely time with you,
and I'd love for you to come back.
If you're interested,
let me know. Bye.
I really don't think we match,
and you're quite annoying,
so I don't want to see you anymore.
Please don't call back.
That sounds rather stressful.
Yes, actually, it was.
But fortunately, I had
my little book of comfort.
When I needed comfort or peace,
I took out my herbarium
and looked at my favorite leaves.
Ash, trembling aspen and lime.
When you're dealing
with a larger group of lovers
as I was, there will typically be
a difference in their qualities.
H was a sticky bastard.
I had invited A for dinner,
as he was my favorite,
while H, who was present,
had become quite irritating.
You have to leave.
I've got guests for dinner.
But he's not coming until seven.
No. But seven isn't that far away.
Do you love me?
A was to arrive at seven, 
and I needed to get H 
out of there. 
I love you too much. 
You keep promising, 
but I understand now 
that you'll never leave 
your family for my sake. 
It's sad, but... 
it's your choice. 
It's not satisfying for me that 
I can't have you completely. 
Which is why we can't 
see each other any longer. 
Goodbye. 
Look... 
Have a nice life. 
My darling, I'm yours. 
I've left her. 
- Has he gone inside? 
- Yes. 
Is the door closed? 
- Uh, hello. 
- Hello. 
Apologize. We, uh... 
had promised not to come up. 
We just wanted to... 
make sure he got here safely, 
now that he's... 
made the big decision. 
May the children see him inside? 
They say that the experience 
of saying goodbye 
can be very useful later 
when dealing with trauma. 
What a nice place. 
It's, uh... so bohemian. 
We used to have a place 
like this before we were... 
we were married. 
Before the children, 
me and my husband. 
Oh, I'm sorry. 
He isn't anymore, is he?
It's all so new and confusing.
He wanted to give us everything, but, uh...
Of course we couldn't accept that.
Oh, that's right.
- You need the car key.
- No, I don't need the car.
Oh, yes, you do.
He likes the car.
Here.
- Please, just take it.
- I don't want it.
- Just take it.
- I don't want the fucking car!
It's all right.
We'll get the bus home.
Children might as well get used to public transport now, right?
Of course, their standard of living won't be the same anymore, but...
I'm not saying that to bother anyone.
One has to be realistic.
Hey.
What's this?
It's a present.
A pillow he has embroidered himself.
- And who's it for?
- Daddy.
I do hope it's all right if the children call their father "Daddy" here.
If you prefer, they can call him...
"him," or simply, "the man."
Whatever.
"Whatever."
Must be hard when you've got everything, to know what to say.
To be honest, my first thought was never, ever to let either of you see the children, but then I changed my mind.
I thought it only right that their father be confronted by the little people whose lives he's destroyed. Give Daddy your present. It's a car the little dear has embroidered. I'm aware that not everyone can see it, but... with the heart one can see much, however unimportant that information may be to you. Would it be all right if I show the children the whoring bed? After all, they also had a stake in this event. You need to see it. Right? Let's go see Daddy's favorite place. Come on, boys. Oh! So this is where it all happened. You should try to memorize this room. Especially the bed. It'll stand you in good stead later in therapy. Oh. Here I sit rambling on about therapy without a thought of what it might cost. I do hope you don't think we're here to beg. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Being silly. Mommy's being silly. Let's have a cup of tea. Hope it's not too weak. Afraid I'm rather nervous. The children's father likes two lumps of sugar in his tea. Mm-mm. I'll get it.
Mm-mm.
- No, no, please, please.
- Hello.
- Hello.
- Yes?
- Uh...
How nice. Lovely.
- Boys, come here.
- Is Joe here?
This might be interesting.
- This is my son.
- Yes.
- Yes.
- Hello, hello.
- Look him in the eyes.
- I'm Andy. Hello.
- Friend of Joe's then?
- Yeah.
- You known each other long?
- Uh... Not that long, no.
- Not very long?
- No.
Oh.
A menage-a-trois.
It's all so exotic.
So broad-minded.
On that point... I failed.
No doubt about it.
Boys, now is the time to be alert,
and ask all the questions
your heart's desire.
Because...
I hope that you shall
never have to encounter
such people or be in such
a situation ever again.
Well, hmm?
You don't have any questions?
No?
Well, I'll start, shall I?
Approximately, how many lives...
do you think she has time
to destroy in one day?
Five? 50?
It sounds improbable, but where there's a will there's a way.

Look, this is just a big misunderstanding.

Boys?
I don't... I don't love your father.
She's just saying that to make us feel better.
I'm sure you understand that.
Because if it were a joke, I mean...
If... this were really a joke, then it would be a joke so cruel.
No one can be that cruel.
They say that even the Huns on their rampage were rather unreserved, but to split up a family...
To destroy a mesh of feelings woven over 20 years is no joke, I can assure you.
Well...
If three's a crowd, then seven must be a bit of a challenge for the pretty miss.
I must say I have a hard time picturing her enjoying loneliness.
I think we better grab the chance to get away before things become grotesque.
No, no, no!
You wouldn't want to give your father a guilty conscience now, would you?
So how did this episode affect your life?
Not at all.
- Not at all?
- No.
You can't make an omelet without breaking a few eggs.
Well, that's true.
Some people... blame the addict.  
Other people feel sorry  
for the addict.  
But I was an addict out of lust,  
not out of need.  
You would say that, wouldn't you?  
And lust that led to  
deruction around me,  
everywhere I went.  
Well, addiction  
sometimes leads to an...  
absence of empathy.  
You can't fight a lion  
and blow the noses  
of your children at the same time.  
For me, nymphomania  
was callousness.  
You're very stubborn.  
But what about yourself?  
How did you feel during all this?  
Did you feel good,  
or did you feel bad?  
It's funny because  
when I think about my life  
as a whole, I can only say  
that I felt good.  
But when I try and remember  
a specific episode,  
I'd say that just then  
I felt rather bad.  
In what way?  
Mrs. H was right  
about the loneliness.  
I'd be lying if I said it hadn't  
been my constant companion.  
So you were with all  
these men, and you still felt alone?  
I didn't want to tell you about it.  
But you've led me into a trap.  
It was a certain feeling.  
Oh, how awful that everything  
has to be so trivial.  
When I was seven  
I had to have an operation.
Nothing serious, but it did require anesthesia.
I had already been pre-medicated, and was feeling all right.
But when I looked into the room where the doctors and nurses were preparing for the operation, it was as if had to pass through an impenetrable gate all by myself.
It wasn't just that I missed my mom.
I don't think I missed my dad, even though he was the nice one.
It was as if I was completely alone in the universe.
As if my whole body was filled with loneliness and tears.
And I'm still not allowed to feel sorry for you?
Shall we go on?
What are you reading?
I'm not reading it really, I'm just... reacquainting myself with Edgar Allan Poe.
I don't know him.
Well, he was a... very anxiety-ridden man.
He died in the most fearful way you can imagine, in something called delirium tremens.
It occurs when the long-time abuse of alcohol is followed by... by a sudden abstinence.
Your body goes into some kind of hyper-sensitive shock.
You can see the most horrifying hallucinations or rats and snakes, and cockroaches coming out of the floor, and worms slithering the walls.
One's entire nervous system
is on high alert, 
and you have a constant 
panic and paranoia. 
And then the 
circulatory system fails. 
But the panic and horror... 
remains until 
the moment of death. 
I know what delirium is. 
"During the whole 
of a dull, dark and soundless day 
in the autumn of the year, 
when the clouds hung 
oppressively low in the heavens, 
I had been passing alone 
on horseback 
through a singularly 
dreary tract of country; 
and at length found myself 
as the shades of 
the evening drew on, 
within view of the melancholy 
House of Usher."
Hey, Dad. 
Hi, love. 
How are you? 
I fought with Mom. 
She's... She's not coming. 
You ought not to fight with her. 
You know Kay's fear of hospitals. 
I know 
she's not coming. 
We already said everything 
we needed to say. 
Kay and I said goodbye at home. 
I don't want her here at all. 
- I can't accept that. 
- You'll have to. 
She's a cowardly, stupid bitch. 
No, she's not. 
- Yeah. 
- No, she's not. 
- Yes. 
- No, she's not.
Yes, she is.
You've never understood that.
Doesn't it scare you?
No.
How can you not be afraid?
I've seen so many die.
And there's that Epicurus quote about not fearing death.
"When we are, death has not come. When death has come... we are not."
You know it's going to happen.
I also know all the drugs the doctors have to offer.
So, no.
I am not...
I am not afraid.
Hmm. My beautiful girl.
Beautiful dad.
Hello, Doctor.
Hello, Doctor.
This is my daughter Joe.
- Hey, Joe.
- Hi.
Do you need anything?
As I've said, I've decided to be an exemplary patient, completely subjecting myself to doctor's orders.
- Are you in pain?
I don't think so, no.
We're going to give you a splash all the same.
Your hair is longer.
No, it's not.
They're giving you too much medication.
No.
Dad.
It's okay, Dad.
You're just dreaming.
You're having a nightmare.
It's okay.
It's okay, it's okay, it's okay.
Okay. Don't worry, I'm going
to get the doctor. Don't worry.
You must be exhausted.
I'm fine.
I think you should go home,
get some rest.
No. Someone needs to be here.
Perhaps you could share
with some other family members.
There aren't any others.
Kay!
Daddy, it's okay.
Kay?
Kay.
Kay. Kay.
Kay.
Kay! Kay.
- Kay!
- I'm going to get the doctor.
Kay!
I'm going to get the doctor, Daddy.
Excuse me. My dad is really unwell.
Sit. I'll go have a look.
Maybe you could give him
some more morphine.
There's something
I'd like to explain.
I can certainly give him
more morphine,
but most likely it won't
make much difference.
Most deaths, fortunately,
are uneventful,
as long as you medicate the patients
to keep them free of fear and pain.
In a few cases,
the process of dying
causes brain damage,
which triggers
what we call delirium.
That's not something we can soften
with morphine, unfortunately.
Daddy.
It's gonna be okay.
I don't know
what's happening to me.
Don't you want to take a little walk?
I'll stay with your father
in the meantime.
You'll stay?
You'll stay here?
Yes.
Ash tree leaves.
Where did you find them?
They were in the park.
It truly is the most beautiful
tree in the forest.
But Dad...
How do you recognize it
in winter?
Told you 100 times.
I can't remember.
When the ash tree was created...
it made all the other trees
in the forest jealous,
because it was...
It was the most beautiful tree
in the forest.
It had the strongest wood.
It could be used for anything.
It was the World Tree
in Norse mythology.
You couldn't say
anything bad about it.
And then when all the other
trees saw the ash tree
with its black buds...
they all started laughing.
"Oh, look.
The ash tree's had its fingers
in the ashes."
Dad. Daddy!
Daddy. Daddy, what's wrong?
Daddy, what's wrong?
Daddy, it's me!
It's me, then. It's me!
Help! Help!
Okay.
Okay.
Okay. It's okay, it's okay.
It's all right.
It's all right.
We have to fixate him.
What are you doing?
What are you doing to me?
Joe! What are you doing to me?
Joe!
Joe!
I'm sorry.
You should take a break.
Excuse me.
Okay, don't worry.
Just clean that up.
Ready?
When he died,
I had no feelings left.
Well,
that's certainly understandable.
No. I don't know
what happened to me.
It was very shameful.
Shameful?
I don't understand.
I lubricated.
I know you like to present
yourself in a negative way,
and that you have this,
kind of dark bias
that you're worse
than everyone else.
But this story doesn't
add to that belief.
It's extremely common
to react sexually in a crisis.
It may be shameful to you, but...
in literature,
there is many worse examples.
But I did inherit
my father's caliper.
I found it so beautiful
and worn by its use.
What else did you receive?
Nothing.
I didn't have the strength
to argue with my mother,
so I wrote off any further
part of my inheritance.
Really?
Well, that's a dramatic gesture.
- You listen to music, I see?
- Yes.
I like it a lot.
Shall I find a tape?
No, if there's a tape already
in the machine? I'd like to hear that.
It's something I've been
listening to a lot lately,
though it's not an entirely complete
recording, unfortunately.
- What is it?
- It's Bach.
From his little organ book.
The theme is originally a hymn,
Bach rearranged it
and embellished it a little.
He was the master at polyphony,
if you know what that is.
No, yet another thing I don't know.
Polyphony is
from the Middle Ages.
It's an entirely European phenomenon.
It's distinguished
by the idea that,
every voice is its own melody,
but together in harmony.
Bach's forerunner, Palestrina,
he wrote many words
for several choirs at the same time,
wallowing in polyphony.
But in my eyes, Bach perfected
the melodic expression
and the harmony.
And also mixed up with some
rather incomprehensible
mystique regarding numbers,
most likely based on
the Fibonacci Sequence.
You know the one that
starts with the zero,
and then comes the one.
The sequence is created by
adding the two previous numbers
to create the new one,
so it's zero plus one makes one.
and one plus one makes two,
and two plus one makes three
and three plus two makes five,
and five plus three makes eight,
and eight plus five makes 13.
The sequence has an
interesting connection
to Pythagoras' theorem
of the Golden Section.
It was all about finding out
a divine methodology
in art and architecture.
A bit like the way a tri-tone,
which was played on the piano
in your little club
was supposed to be
a satanic interval.
The sum of the numeric values
represented in Bach's name is 14,
a number he often used
in his compositions.
The clever thing about Bach's name
is that the numeric value
of the individual letters
are all Fibonacci numbers.
This piece has three voices:
the bass voice...
The second voice
played with the left hand.
The first voice played
with the right hand.
That is called
Cantus Firmus, or Cantu firmus.
And together, these three voices
create the polyphony.
Well, if I should compare
this with my story,
it's reminiscent of
a quality of nymphomania,
which is normally ignored,
but nonetheless essential,
and namely the relationship
between the various intercourses.
That's interesting.
They create a... a completeness?
As, for example, the handshake,
which for all people
is the sum of
all the different handshakes
that together
form our view
of what a handshake is.
The good, the bad handshake,
the firm, the limp.
Normally, a nymphomaniac
is seen as...
someone who can't get enough,
and therefore, has sex
with many different people.
Well, that, of course, is true,
but if I'm to be honest,
I see it precisely as
the sum of all these different
sexual experiences.
So in that way,
I have only one lover.
Since the music
has three voices,
I will limit myself to talking
about three lovers.
The bass is easy.
That's F.
F had a red car
that he'd bought used.
As I was having sex
with seven or eight men
every night at the time,
scheduling was tricky.
And they all had to have
precise appointments.
F was a good man. If he was scheduled for ten o'clock, he always showed up around nine and parked down in the street. I always smiled when I saw him. Often I took pity on him, and gave him a cup of coffee, although I was finishing with the one before. It's hard to say why I'm choosing to talk about F, but he was reassuring, and he knew exactly what I wanted when we had sex. No, I'd go even further, and say that there was a kind of telepathy going on when we had sex. Without words, he knew exactly what I wanted, where he should touch me and what he should do. The most sacred goal for F was my orgasm. Why? And then... the swans answered in the same voice. And granted him privileges none of the others received. F was the bass voice. Monotone, predictable and ritualistic. No doubt about it. But also the foundation that is so important, even if on its own it doesn't mean much. G was quite different. The only one I had to, and wanted to wait for. When he finally turned up and I opened the door, he didn't immediately enter,
the way a cat doesn't
when you let it in.
As if,
one the door is open,
it has all the time
in the world.
But he was more
than a cat.
He was like some kind
of jaguar, or leopard.
He moved like them,
which turned me on no end.
When he laid down on my bed,
it was clear to me that
I should approach him,
and not the other way round.
And when I did touch him,
it was with some hesitation,
as his reactions
were unpredictable.
He was in charge.
That's the way it was.
Despite my success in managing
the complicated logistics
involved with arranging
up to ten daily
sexual satisfactions,
while also having
a full-time job,
I was still prone to
a certain sadness.
So when my busy life
allowed a few breaks,
I used them
to take my walks.
These repeated walks
became a kind of metaphor
for my life.
Monotonous and pointless.
Yes, precisely like the
movements of a caged animal.
Basically, we're all waiting
for permission to die.
No.
No, no, no. No, there...
There are some completely
unrealistic coincidences
in your story about Jerome.
First, by chance, he hires you as...
As an assistant.
And then you take a walk in a forest,
and it's littered
with photographs of him.
And not only that... he's present.
And then like a god,
pulls you up to him through the clouds.
So what?
That's the way this story goes.
And I'm the one telling it,
and I know what happened.
Do you want to hear it or not?
Goodness gracious.
What a strange way to meet.
Yes.
It's a very strange way.
Jerome was there
because he'd just had a fight
with his wife, who in anger
tore up the photographs
they just had developed
from their travels.
I don't know if I can believe this.
Which way
do you think you'd get the most
out of my story?
By believing in it
or not believing in it?
Yeah, you're right.
You might have a point
with all this.
The secret ingredient
to sex is love.
The third voice,
the secret ingredient.
Cantus Firmus.
Fill all my holes.
What's wrong?
Hmm?
- I can't feel anything.
- Huh?
I can't feel anything.
I can't feel anything.
I can't... anything.