

Dead Friend

46'52"

A few minutes before three o'clock.
DF sleeps deeply and dreams.

Dream - 3'16"

A dream he has known many times before.
The dream is gentle. DF clings to it, wishes to keep it, yet it cannot be grasped.
Reality becomes unbearable to him.
Within the dream, his desires and longings appear fulfilled, and the rift between fiction and the layers of his waking worlds widens ever further.
One of his real worlds collapses upon him when he is

Good Morning, Dear - 5'33"

awakened.
Reality is lonely, narrow, oppressive.
DF grows restless. He can no longer endure the emptiness that surrounds him and mirrors his own self. He flees

Robot Hall - 6'31"

from his feelings into his work.
A vast hall materializes before him.
Yet the monumental image is torn away by the noise of the robots.
During his labour

Doing My Work - 8'00"

sweat washes the chaos from his thoughts.
DF works. He suppresses the other layers of reality.
The empty shell that is DF begins to fill with life.
He does not know whether this awakening exists only in his imagination or belongs to reality – and if so, to which one.
There is no time to linger on such thoughts. He wants, he must

Don't Need You Anymore - 9'12"

work until he is no longer needed.
DF is replaced by a robot, empty within, just as he is.
The last refuge from his inner fracture sinks away.
One reality has caught up with him.
He leaves. DF flees

Leaving - 13'49"

from himself.
As if in a trance, he departs from Robot Hall and wanders aimlessly through the city.
Streets, houses, and people drift past him.
He no longer registers his surroundings. Everything slows. His vision grows dim. Only when he notices

Joey - 16'38"

does his sight begin to clear.

Joey seems untouched by his surroundings, like a bright, colorful sphere dancing upon the surface of a lake.

Joey impresses DF, and they come together.

Only later does DF perceive Joey's own tension – nervous gestures, restless movements.

The blue-grey light of dusk is clouded by the dirty basement window. As they

The Big Pipe – 18'04"

smoke, Joey vanishes unnoticed.

DF's legs can scarcely carry him.

He feels a wedge has split his inner being completely as he finds the door behind which steps descend further down.

Winding Up – 23'03"

DF goes down. Deeper and deeper the steps carve into the earth.

He begins to run. He strikes the walls. He staggers. He runs.

The stairs fall downward, yet DF constantly feels as though he is climbing upward, higher and higher.

Panic seizes him.

Only when his skull seems about to burst from fear do the steps come to an end.

A white door with a small window at eye level appears.

As if by itself, it opens. Fear falls away as DF enters a long white corridor without windows.

Losing Reality – 28'00"

In slow motion, DF drifts through the corridor, lit by a single neon tube.

At its end stands the same iron door that opened before.

An idea takes hold of him – an idea of escape from hostile realities and the detested dream-world.

Yet he cannot give it form; it remains only a notion.

Slowly the door opens. Street sounds reach his ears.

Standing Up High – 33'46"

DF finds himself high above the city.

Clear, cold air strikes his face. He feels free – free enough to shape the vague notion into a decision.

At last he believes he knows the solution to his problems.

Standing upon the rooftop, he suddenly feels very large.

As though upon a stage, cheered by an ecstatic audience, he imagines himself playing a melody on an invisible guitar – until he lowers his hands and becomes utterly still.

Only a Few Steps – 34'56"

Only a few steps separate DF from his goal, only a few centimeters from

The Jump – 35'21"

the abyss.

It is a pleasant sensation as the air rushes past him and he slowly begins to turn, arms and legs stretched wide, face downward.

Tumble - 42'01"

DF begins to enjoy the descent, like a walk in which one does not need to walk, in which one does not need to run, in which one cannot stop, where there is no return, no evasion, only one path – perhaps not the right one, probably the...
fear,
impact no longer felt.
Where...

Between Dying and Death - 46'30"

Was the fear always there?
A memory – was there once a feeling of shelter?
Now the path has been taken.
Too far?
Is there anything other than

Death - 46'52"

death.
No possibility left
to dream.

END