

**MY DREAM or LONELINESS NEVER WALKS ALONE - The waiting has an end.**

„ Waiting for Godot – the title of the famous play by Beckett from the early fifties has become a saying and describes a senseless waiting, the waiting per se.

In the philosophical, bizarre film MY DREAM OR LONELINESS NEVER WALKS ALONE by the author-director Roland Reber (known from 24/7 THE PASSION OF LIFE) the MAN simply leaves his home and meets GODOT (Mira Gittner) on a garbage dump. So waiting isn't the subject, rather the facing. GODOT - a woman who seems fresh and normal, apart of her way of life – searches the waste and excrements for something special. She hosts the MAN in her old camper and brings him, as a mentor, to look closer at his life, from which he just escaped.

The MAN, who seems to be in some kind of midlife crisis, is so exemplary, that he and the other characters don't need an individual name: the left WIFE (Marina Anna Eich) feels offended and frustrated; the LOVER (Sabrina Brencher) is interesting only because of her body. The FATHER (Torsten Münchow) commands the MAN even out of the grave, the GRANDFATHER (Wolfram Kunkel) thinks strictly German National and lets Hitler, as a Jack in the box, celebrate happy ancient times. The FRIEND (Andreas Heinzl) makes one joke after the other, etc.

The scenes of his life appear to the MAN in the shape of an expressionistic surrealistic cross-section through the media landscape, from puppet show over film projections up to talk show.

This form is appealing and draws the attention to how much the media and their formats influence our conscious and set grids in which we think and live.

In the film there are two levels: the nightly conversations, rambles and encounters of the MAN and GODOT, which rather seem to be normal, because they were shot on outdoor locations, and the looks of the MAN upon his life, which were set as mirrorings, projections or alienated upon screens, and therefore seem dream-like. Meanwhile the viewer never forgets, that all this actually is a theater play in which every word is given and stylized.

The MAN looks at his origins and relationships and judges them. This stirs him, and ever again he asks: Why? What is the sense? Seeking help, he turns towards GODOT, the only person – perhaps only his own deepest inside – with whom he can communicate completely for the first time.

GODOT answers like a character of Sartre or Camus: there is no predefined sense. The human is being thrown into his existence and invents himself through his acts, for which he is entirely responsible. Not very comforting, but there is no further certitude.

This uncommon and pleasantly out-of-time movie was produced by wtp international GmbH. In this creative team around author, director and producer Roland Reber, who doesn't even go for public funds or co-producers, actors also take over other tasks like editing, music, organization. From the production up to the public relations everything is in the same hands. This creates great independence and at the same time closeness. In any case this is not mainstream. And therefore we wish the makers success and some more of these daring projects!“

*(Barbara Wollstein, Connection)*