

## **My Dream or Loneliness never walks alone – attempt of an interpretation**

“Roland Reber is a filmmaker who doesn’t bother about conventions, rules and principles. He doesn’t even get his films financially supported. Instead he shoots what he wants to and how he wants it. And it worked again. A dogma without fuss?

When this blog was young (younger) and I was still wet (wetter) behind the ears, I wrote that wtp had accomplished the shootings to this film and what I expected from this newest film. What I imagined could come. ...

Let me try chronologically: at the first impression the past two hours appear to me like a demanding stage play. After the performance I step out into the cold night (with a long coat that I didn’t wear for a long time), driven by the vague idea to get myself a cheeseburger on my way to the city train. But while my steps lead me in direction to the city, I soon forget the cheeseburger: my brain is still busy with the film. One defining scene after the other strikes my mind’s eye, the echo of dialogues (or rather monologues) believed begone gets louder, I feel like a climber on a wall: I know where I am, what I do and where I want to go but I can’t find hold. I miss the small crack into which I can dig my fingers, the little ledge on which I can place my foot, the small chink in which I can plant my anchor.

It’s not that I don’t understand the film: a man leaves his present life, driven by the overgrowing banality and norm problems of his family and friends, of which nobody except him seems to understand the senselessness.

He meets a mentor in the shape of a woman (?), who searches the waste and sewage for intentionally forgotten things, for things other people (right these people most often call themselves „normal“) don’t want to deal with anymore, which they repress, ignore, get rid of, flush down, literally shit on.

This woman who calls herself Godot („The waiting has an end“ she comments) leads the man - who initially struggles a bit disorientated with the insight „I left“, which he and the few people he meets at the start don’t seem to understand – first to her camper, then to herself (not sexually, only mentally) and finally to himself.

During our last personal get-together Roland Reber explained to me that he wanted to tell a phantasmagoria (or did he want to make one? That’d be good to know now, as there is quite a difference), anyhow a film full of clips and flashbacks, which represented the memories of the main character, in all their subjective perverseness and far away from what is commonly regarded as truth. And that I should be in suspense, it would be very weird and intense.

Well, this man sits in front of a pile of televisions together with Godot and on this trip, one can’t express it differently, he is being presented his own life.

A likeable but somehow greasy talk show host (sorry, Antonio, you’re just acting too well) leads through the show, of which the soundtrack is cheap and catchy (let’s say „popular“) like the one of the real TV emission.

In the show several figures from the man’s past appear: father, mother, grandfather, wife, lover, and so on, all completely overdone, almost like in school theater, when hormone annoyed teenagers high from lemonade get hysterical, insider jokes can only be understood by best friends and even experienced pedagogues get the pedagogical emergency kit, but here with sense and meaning.

These figures throw around their most incisive, for the man’s (or still boy) life formative sayings and like this hold up a mirror to him: like this your brain justifies what you became. „Sorry I’m just here to remember“, it seems to say, „You have to solve the problem yourself“. But some memories are not being presented to the man, but to the audience: true distorted pictures (very well visualized, I think) of memories literally jump from the screen, let the viewer share the screwy thinking of the memory, which neglects the man or is neglected by him (who knows?) or that simply isn’t

(wasn't) properly set up in his conscious.

The topic of the subjective truth has ever been a primeval source of inspiration for authors, dramaturges, comedians and actually everybody.

Finally the man experiences a change, a sort of series of aha-experiences.

For example he deals with the funeral of his father (an anyhow difficult relationship), which he missed because he couldn't go, or didn't want to, with his sexual awakening and the

temptation through another woman, which he gave in to, how could a normal man act differently.

He finally asks Godot for advice directly, gets a telling-off, which we should all remember, and understands the for him significant meaning behind the question, which already has been answered with „42“elsewhere. Then follows an epilogue of deceived memories that don't want to be forgotten and try to answer their own question about the sense individually, a fulminant guest appearance of the winner of a minor part which has been raffled among the visitors during the anniversary of the last wtp- film 24/7THE PASSION OF LIFE, and gives a side blow to the glitter and glamour industry, then the story leads back to the primitive game show, from which there is no escape anyway. At least one can see some sweet apples there. Godot disappears, the man goes home. No empty phrases, only one, and it is profound: do it well.

Only... what does Roland Reber want to tell me with it? Remain true to yourself?

Don't deny yourself? You are always alone? Do it well, no matter what you do?

I think the trick is, not to ask this question and not to search for an answer. Because life is like a beautiful holiday, the journey is the goal. That's exactly how I interpret all this.

I try to leave my errors and mistakes behind me with dignity and without bad blood, I try not to be a burden to anyone (that doesn't really work until now), I want to do „it“, whatever it might be, well. Unfortunately this is in contrast to the thought of profit maximization, which nowadays seems to be fixed firmly in everybody's mind.

So it could become thrilling. But who said, that life isn't supposed to be thrilling?"

*(Julian Reischl, filmjournalisten.de)*