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R E - S T O R Y
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- The O.T.M.I.* project

* O.T.M.I. = Obsolete Technical/Mechanical Item

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R E - S T O R Y

Is a story about transformation
and resurrection, in which we
follow the journey of seemingly
dead things' souls.

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C A S T O F C H A R A C T E R S

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The Mad Scientist

Character: The Mad Scientist used to be completely mad, digging up the dead at the cemetery and trying to resurrect them. Since actually succeeding in creating and bringing the spark of life to a hideous monster, the life of The Mad Scientist has changed completely. More than the spark of life was found. Nowadays no longer mad but still has a temper.

Characteristics: Impatient. Pretentious. Serious.

The Friendly Monster

Character: Born in the laboratory of The Mad Scientist, The Friendly Monster was first completely helpless. The Friendly Monster had no knowledge of earlier life, or about anything really, but proved to be a fast learner. Eager to understand the world, The Friendly Monster researched every aspect of it. Learned about poetry and philosophy from a newly found friend, The Poet.

Characteristics: Curious. Gentle. Sincere.

The Poet

Character: The Poet is a true romantic, an intellectual free-spirited personality who sees good things in everything. Old friend of the Mad Scientist.

Characteristics: Epicurean. Unprejudiced. Noetic.

T H E S C E N O G R A P H I E S

The Laboratory

Interview 1: The Mad Scientist

- Tell me about your laboratory.

- It's where I do all my work and spend all of my time. Almost. Since succeeding in creating The Friendly Monster, we hang out quite a lot together at the home of The Poet. Sometimes we go to the glade by the old tree and watch the sunset, and The Poet reads us something. Oh, you wanted to know about the laboratory. It was not always like this. Before, when I was Mad, it was more of a mess, nuts and bolts everywhere. These days, I'm tidier with my workspace, but I still keep many nuts and bolts. You never know...

- This is the table where The Friendly Monster first came to life, you know. I do all my autopsies and resurrections right here on this table. The table itself is actually created out of an O.T.M.I. named Hermes, a very sturdy one. Used to be a typewriter. Contained many useful components.

- This power-tower has been improved many times with new parts found on O.T.M.I.s. Now it's just right I think, but how it works, is my secret. The levers and knobs can only be handled by me alone. Hahahahahaahhhhhhaa. Hm hm. Sorry.



The Laboratory (contd.)

Interview 2: The Friendly Monster

- Tell me about The Laboratory.

- I was born here. It's the first place I can remember. At first I was afraid of everything, even of my creator. The Mad Scientist was really MAD back then, and not happy with how I turned out. I wanted to touch everything in the laboratory, all the cogwheels, the power-tower, all the levers and knobs were so fascinating to me. But Mad Scientist stopped me, luckily, even if it felt quite brutal at the time. I didn't know anything back then and I guess I could have caused a disaster. There was a fight between us, and I ran off. By the time I returned to The Laboratory, after a long time, I had learned to read and write. I could express and accept myself. I saw my place of birth in a completely new light. I wasn't scared anymore, and The Mad Scientist and I've now become the best of friends. I can now even understand the room. I have learned how the power-tower works and I can keep my hands off the knobs and levers, even if my curiosity sometimes makes it difficult. The anatomy posters and all the unused parts are the only things in The Laboratory that still make me a little bit uncomfortable. Sad might be a better word for it. The Poet always calls me "nostalgic and soft hearted beyond belief", and I guess I am. However, if I am it's all The Poet's doing! It was The Poet who showed me the world and encouraged me to go where my curiosity wanted to lead me, but fear stopped me!

- Wait! Don't tell The Mad Scientist that I know how to operate the power-tower!

Interview 3: The Poet

- Tell me about The Laboratory.

- I actually helped The Mad Scientist to excavate the O.T.M.I.s and bring them to The Laboratory. I was persuaded and I also felt that someone needed keep an eye on The Mad Scientist. Long were the nights when we discussed natural philosophy, and studied the anatomy of the O.T.M.I.s, trying to unfold to the world the deepest mysteries of creation. This was the quest of The Mad Scientist, and a topic of great philosophical interest to me.

- I did not participate in the autopsies however. Too gruesome for my flavour, and what The Mad Scientist did in The Laboratory when I wasn't there, I do not know. I do know that The Mad Scientist spent a lot of time setting up The Laboratory. All things there originate from O.T.M.I.s. I think it's fundamental for the resurrection to work that all parts in for instance the power-tower, have had another purpose before becoming obsolete. My theory is that the parts would be charged with the essence of their earlier function, and that charge had something to do with the spark of life that resurrected The Friendly Monster. The Mad Scientist will not speak to me of this in detail. I suppose it is his secret.

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The Nature

Interview 4: The Mad Scientist

- Tell me about The Nature.

- I used to dislike spending time outside, but since The Poet showed me his favorite spot in the world my mind has changed. It is a glade with an old tree by a small lake. The Poet can probably describe the spot fantastically, with an excellent choice of words. I would just say it's a very serene place to me. The tree makes me feel humble. It has some peculiar branches though. Strange. But who am I to speak about strange things in nature? Heheheeee. Heehe.

- Why did you dislike spending time outside?

- Naaah. Nature is so abundant with life. And death. So many questions that scream for answers. The purpose and meaning of it all is a bit overwhelming when you're directly exposed to it, don't you think? It is distracting, really.



The Nature (contd.)

Interview 5: The Friendly Monster

- Tell me about The Nature.

- Curiosity, earnest research to learn the hidden laws of nature, gladness akin to rapture, as they were unfolded to me, are among the earliest sensations I can remember. I was deeply smitten with the thirst for knowledge. I investigated my surroundings with tremendous joy and fear at the same time. When I was new, and still knew very little, nature was the one thing that didn't confuse me but something I rather adored. First a bud, bursts into spectacular beauty, then withers, falls to the ground and merges with the soil - this seemed self-explanatory. This cyclical process also showed me the concept of time in a very tangible way. Nature itself was my first teacher.

- The word nature, I had to discuss with the poet. It seems both to inhabit the total entity of absolutely everything and at the same time suggest a boundary of some sort. A boundary between the natural and what? The even more improbable word unnatural? How can something even be that?! Un-natural. If everything existing is spawned from nature, then nothing can be un-natural can it?

- The Poet often talks about the awful and majestic in nature. Nature is at times a double edged sword. If you treat it with respect it will reward you, but it can also destroy you.

Interview 6: The Poet

- Tell me about The Nature.

- Nature. Too catastrophical to endure, too magnificent to seize. Too inscrutable to avoid. Everything spawns from nature. Everything. All of us. It is us and we are it. It's magnificence is evident in the sublime shapes of the mountains, the changes of the seasons, tempest and calm. The sight of the awful and majestic in nature indeed has always had the effect of solemnizing my mind and causing me to forget the passing cares of life. Sometimes, I feel a cold northern breeze play upon my cheeks, which braces my nerves and fills me with delight. Do you understand this feeling?

- I do. I hear you have a favourite spot?

- Certainly, I still remember the first time I entered the glade. My senses were gratified and refreshed by a thousand scents of delight and a thousand sights of spectacular bloom. The flowers and the trees formed a scene of singular beauty.

- I know The Mad Scientist "is longing to penetrate the secrets of nature. I don't. Nature should retain its secrets just like you and me. I think we ought to respect that. What magic would we still have in our lives if all was revealed?

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The Poet's Home

Interview 7: The Mad Scientist

- Tell me about The Home of The Poet.

- Oh! Next to my laboratory, The Home of The Poet is probably my favourite place! Very unencumbered atmosphere. I always feel very welcome, mad or not. But, would I declare that to the amiable character of my friend, The Poet, or to the constitution of the surroundings? That answer would require quite extensive research on the topic. I have very shallowly researched some of the materiality of The Home on behalf of The Friendly Monster, and my conclusion is that there might be components from an O.T.M.I. sewing machine in the walls and the fireplace. That is it. That is all I know about it.



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The Poet's Home (contd.)

Interview 8: The Friendly Monster

- Tell me about The Home of The Poet.

- There is a special atmosphere there. It could be a memory. I don't know how to explain it. The very first time I came to The Home of The Poet was just after I had runned from The Laboratory and The Mad Scientist. I was utterly terrified but the gentle manner of The Poet and the atmosphere of The Home calmed me down. There was a familiarity about The Home. The wallpaper pattern and the fireplace especially. But that night, my first night, I did not even know what memory was. I had none. The ephemeral sensation of a fond memory was my very first possitive sensation. And it was in the company and home of The Poet. I still don't know what the sensation is about though. The theory of The Mad Scientist is that the O.T.M.I.'s I originate from might have once been used in the same home as the O.T.M.I. that constitute the wallpaper and the fireplace. It appears to have once been a sewing maschine The Mad Scientist says. The Mad Scientist doesn't like to talk about this, I can tell. Too much of a reminder of what happened my first night I think. Not the proudest moment for The Mad Scientist.

Interview 9: The Poet

- Tell me about your home.

- It is what it is. A home. My home. This is where I reside. It has every luxury that I need; a fire to keep me warm when there's a chill in the air, lights so I can see when the sun has set. Here I can enjoy the company and speech of my dearest friends, interchanging thoughts and ideas.

- I think our placid homes and our contented hearts are regulated by the same immutable laws as nature and should be treated with the same respect. My home is like my friends; mine to protect, love and cherish.

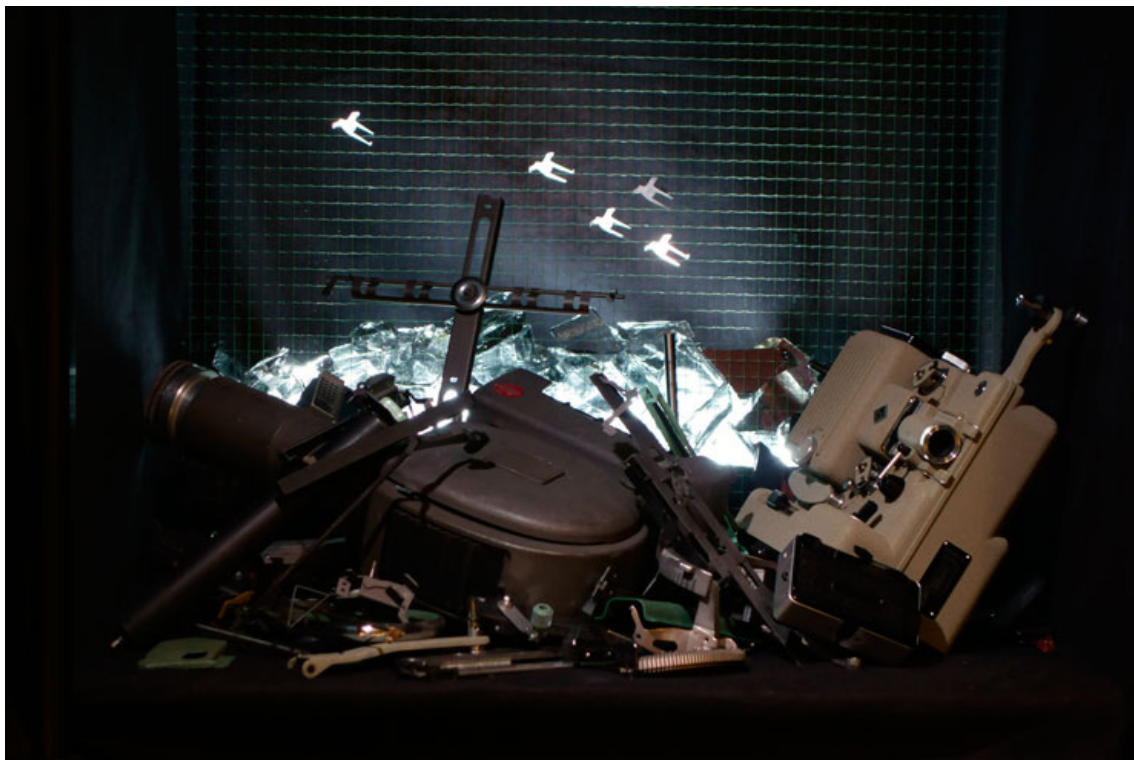
- The Friendly Monster has the habit of bringing home firing sufficient for the consumption of several days, which vastly contributes to the warmth in my home in more than a physical way. Dear Monster.

The Cemetery

Interview 10: The Mad Scientist

- Tell me about The Cemetery.

- To examine the cause of life, we must first have recourse to death. Life and death appeared to me ideal bounds, which I should first break through, and pour a torrent of light into our dark world. What place could be more ideal than the cemetery? What more could a scientist ask for? A place abundant with excellent specimens of O.T.M.I.s, charged with usage and affection from previous owners. I was at the cemetery excavating suitable components when the idea about usage charging came to me. If the O.T.M.I.s excavated had become obsolete due to the passing of time just as a flower withers, rather than it malfunctioning it may contain parts still suitable for life, I thought. The Cemetery was, and still is, to me the greatest source of inspiration and where I found a possible answer to the question, "What makes life?".



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The Cemetery (contd.)

Interview 11: The Friendly Monster

- Tell me about The Cemetery.

- The Cemetery is where the O.T.M.I. end up when their original manufacturing purpose has been spent. Truly sad if you ask me. I was there once with The Poet, and it nearly broke my heart. Wait! Do I have a heart?! I'll have to ask The Mad Scientist. My curiosity drew me there though. I wanted to understand what made these meticulously created items end up in such a dismal place. Many of them still seem to possess functional qualities, but they are just lying there doing nothing, unwanted.

- The Poet says it has to do with nature. The constant improvements nature always creates new demands. The Poet is very pragmatic about the whole thing, says it's the way nature works. Birth, life, death and improvements in between. Good or bad? I don't think even The Poet can answer that question. Perhaps nature can...

Interview 12: The Poet

- Tell me about The Cemetery.

- It is a manifestation of the passing of time. The cycle of life. Where the O.T.M.I.s have ended up when unwanted. Time has taken them away from their intended function and placed them here. Like when the flower is at its most beautiful and splendid stage and then only moments later letting go of its stem, whirling to the ground and withering away.