

University of Art and Design Linz

Institute of Media

Time-based Media

# BONA FIDE IN GOOD FAITH

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supervised by

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## ABSTRACT

This book contains a non-scientific empirical study and introspective analysis of how my life has transitioned over the course of two years.

The study begins with a pseudo-psychological description of the term "bona fide" and its relation to this art project. It then delves into the nuances of past thought patterns, shaped by unaddressed depression, as well as how circumstances shifted for the better, by outlining strategies that contributed to this positive change.

Subsequently, the book discusses the album "Bona Fide", its backstories and creation process, including a detailed account of the sonic development and lyrical evolution.

The succeeding segment provides an overview of the short film "Bona Fide", accompanied by still images. The book concludes with an additional examination of familial dynamics and history, as well as adolescent social dynamics.

This work offers perspective and awareness of mental health by highlighting the significant contrast between the mindset during an untreated depression episode and the positive outlook of a new beginning.

In the fields of mental health, self-improvement, and autobiographical art, this book aims to inform and inspire.



RONA FIDE

IN GOOD FAITH

VIKTORIA LIV

2024

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1. The Psychology of  
Bona Fide
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## FOREWORD

First there was an idea, a motivation to assemble, and an untamable urge to express. "Bona Fide" as a concept has been over four years in the making, and as the album progresses, the finish line is finally in sight.

This project serves as a milestone in my transition from adolescence to womanhood - personally, artistically, and professionally. I look forward to looking back years from now, flipping through each lovingly designed page and reminiscing. This book is meant to bring joy not only to myself but more importantly, to those struggling with self-doubt. It is dedicated to the underdogs, the relentless, benevolent fighters, whose stories i know all too well. Because it is my life's story. My life's work thus far. I've held myself to the highest standards to perfect it in every way single-handedly possible. It is my attempt at authentic, sensitive, raw art. It is my childhood dream laid out before you.

Special thanks to my parents, my brother Severin for filming with me so diligently, my sister Pascalina for holding up LED-panels, and of course Anthony for offering constructive feedback during editing stages, plus a few cameos in the film. Thanks also to the haters, the slanderers, the narcissists, exploiters and opportunists. Without you, none of this would exist.

When i was about 12 years old, i happened to find a postcard in my great-grandmother's kitchen, with one of those inspirational quotes on it. I asked if i could keep the card. It was taped to the wall by my bed throughout my teenage years. Before i had mentors, it was my reminder to blindly follow my intuition. To just do. Who cares if it was Goethe or if he actually said it (words are just words and people are vessels to articulate them), it has been my ONLY guideline in life:

"Was immer du tun kannst oder erträumst zu können, beginne es jetzt"  
(Whatever you can do or wish to be able to, start it now)

- Johan Wolfgang von Goethe



## 1. THE PSYCHOLOGY OF BONA FIDE

### 1.1. bona fide:

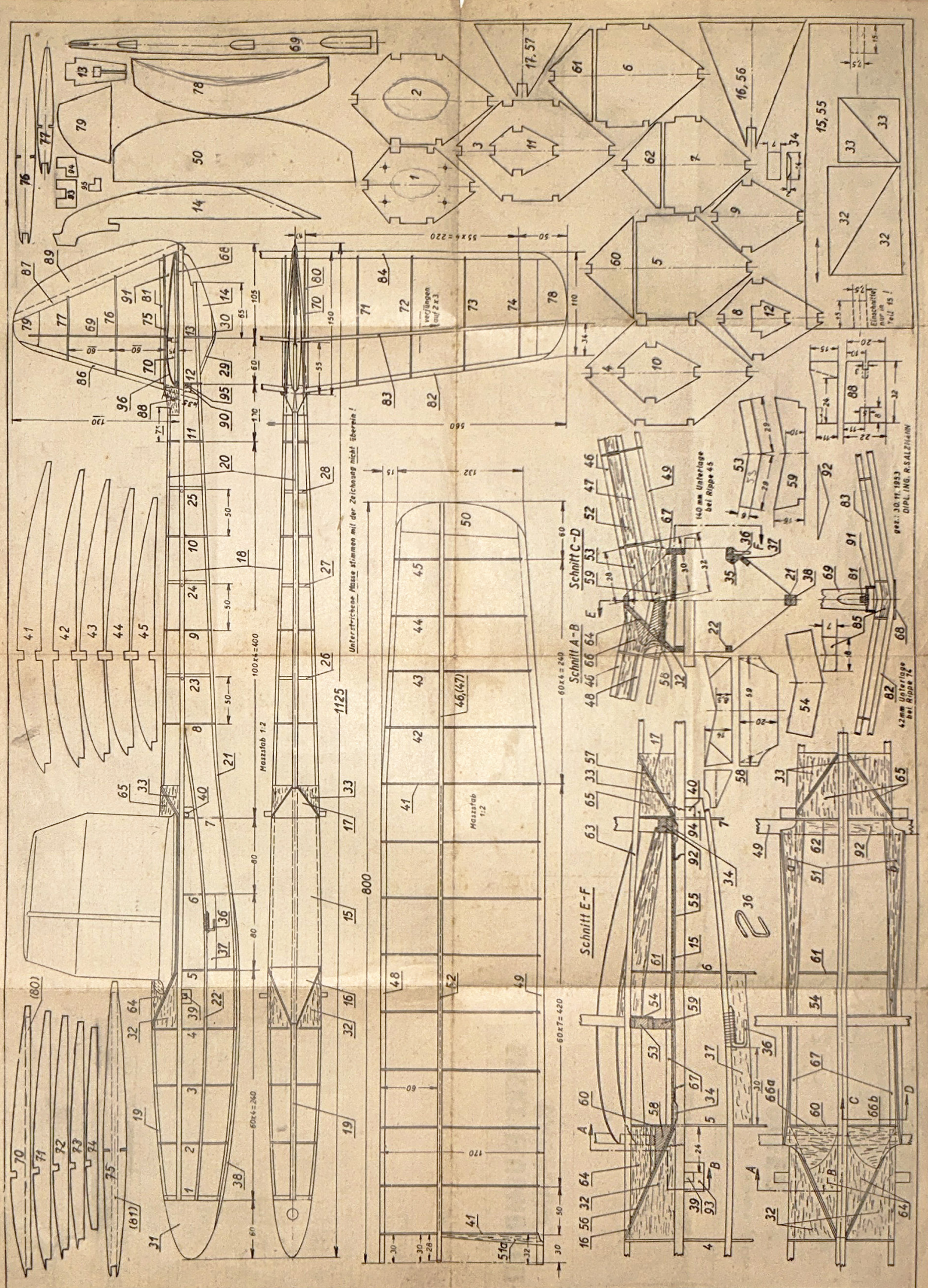
good faith, sincerity.  
the fact of being genuine.

The title for the project (and a few projects preceeding it) has become like a meditative mantra to me.

On one hand, it serves as a reminder of how far i've come to be able to say "I'm over it; let it go, you're free" - A reminder of how the dark days are now behind me and whoever may have contributed to the darkness is forgiven. Because grudges are heavy. For one to hold a grudge, they have to give away power to whoever they choose to blame. I'm over it. Whatever you did, whatever i did, i was young and didn't know any better.

On the other hand, the title states the sincerity of this project. The partially brutal honesty is nothing else but the effect of a true story being told.





## 1.2. psychology:

the scientific study of the human mind and behavior.

Ever since high school i've had a special interest in the teachings of psychology. Over the years i've become increasingly well versed and immersed in the subject, especially as new (inter-)personal challenges arose. It was not as simple as having a natural inclination to learning about the inner workings of the human mind. It was out of necessity that i sought knowledge about my own brain.

Throughout my teenage years and into my early 20s, an undiagnosed mental condition had made life frankly miserable. For the most part. The onset of depression at age 15 had rendered me a shy loner at school, a quiet outcast, unable to stand up for herself, even to my family at home.

Later came the realization that i was apparently different, as it was especially difficult for me to find "boyfriends", and if i did, they were dishonest, i was left all alone again, with nothing but a ton of self-hatred. And boy, did i let it out on myself in the shape of various harmful behaviors.

That was the only way to cope. And i "deserved it" cause it "must have been my fault no one bares to stick with me". There was no one else to blame. I was at a bitter, reckless war with myself for about a decade.

Naturally, without a friend to converse with, these strong emotions had to find another way out. And thank god they did. I'm rather certain i would not have found my way back to sanity had it not been for music. All the music i would imbibe to heighten my senses (or so i thought), to afterwards purge all wrath, frustration and hurt in form of my own little compositions.



## Bona Fide - Title Description

was grappling with self-belief / -destruction

↳ turning that around, becoming strong → self-determination

the reclamation of <sup>inner</sup> ~~sanity~~ peace lol

die ~~Rückforderung~~ inneren Friedens  
Wiedergewinnung

a musical quest to reclaim serenity / ~~sanity~~

amor fati

sweet surrender

letting it happen :)

it is what it is

### RETURN TO

sanity

autonomy

freedom, balance

justice → in good faith / Guten Glaubens



ALL STILL STAY THE SAME

DER AUGENBLICK ENTSCHEIDET

AND DEN DO MILKT EGGTZZT

# DEN HAST DU NICHT GELEBT

At the genesis of the album and the initiation of writing, i was in a completely different headspace as i am today, writing "the other half" of the songs. To elaborate, as portrayed in the following diary entries from summer 2023, i was in a default state of inferiority, lack of companionship, isolation, agony, agitation, hopelessness.

It's gonna cost you to be great. I've lost my virginity to many rich men, starved for years, shed blood, SWEAT and TEARS that could fill pools, but I have to shed more than the usual. I've lost things before I thought I couldn't live without but I'm still breathing, tho with additional effort. I don't want anyone to have died for no reason. I wanna do great and then die, all from my own hands.

at night cause i couldn't stop crying. just, ~~the~~ ~~and~~  
my entire perceived "world" signaling i should go  
f-ck myself, i'm not needed or wanted.

THAT is what it's doing to me, when i wanted connection, debate, revelation, acceptance, respect. instead i get left behind at a high rate for sharing super personal stuff.

of course the issue lies with my loneliness in the very first place, but this past month of "posting" has for the first time this year turned me suicidal again.



how do i carry myself when i'm being denied?

hissed, yelled at

when the S words i may utter in a day are too much

when my sheer existence without being at service full time is seen as a waste

when you wanted to be hugged and got bitten instead

and how do i not hang on to suicide when this is all i've known and i can't seem to find a way to break out

- to make enough money

i can't focus to build the thing that could make me money

it's like they don't want me to succeed and then i don't want me to succeed

how do i build something great when every week i

pull its pieces back out the trash? this won't work

or will it? i'm so tired again, tho i finally slept 8 (9.)

hours in one piece. this happens once a month and was preceded by a full on physical break down on Mon.

now it's Wed - my body still aches, no idea how i'll

manage Layla this year or ever. i didn't want a 'child'

did everything to fight off responsibilities and yet

they haunt me, and then bite me when i don't go above and beyond.

i feel pressure to finally reach out to people cause what if it is too late at some point.

when it's simply been too long. idk

it's just becoming rather factual that i have nothing and no one to lean on. and the strength i say i have every morning crumbles at the first blow from anyone here.

what can i do?

• continue to be the bigger person, tho it's eating at me

• let that not eat at me but learn to see another side

↳ continue to kick ass despite the fire and build the thing

↳ make money, leave and never come back

• kill myself

• sink, get bad again, waste another 6 months till i see what i want and want it again

• reach out to "people in my phone"

• forget and just make records



i wanted: no internet

no music

no screens

no bullshit

no interference

no alcohol

no harmful foods

i got : all of the above, and its Tue morning

making a semi-vow to call the Sonja therapist asap  
there obviously is no getting out of this, no matter how far  
i run.

also sad how no love is the least of my problems rn.

of course i'm part exaggerating again but these big things  
unresolved just got me this way.

i just don't know how to not ever feel a buzz like this  
again. it's all i've known for the bigger part of my life and  
everything's ok for a while, not in the morning of course -  
and if i keep doing this i can forget about a career and  
actually kill myself already if we're being real rn. this is a lot.  
but this is life apparently. no one told me i could be  
in a place i love, with all the peace and quiet i desire,

all the time and space in the world, and still be awfully  
depressed / drinking like an idiot. as much and hard  
as i've tried - i have to try harder, again.

plus consult someone.

i just know for a certain fact (!) that this whole  
week-long bout of bs originated from seeing him  
with a new gf all happy. sure, i could kms but i  
could also try again. sure, there's no one here, but that's  
how i wanted it all my life. sure, there's trolls in  
my comments, but that happens to anyone putting  
themselves out there. i somehow still have my tribe and  
my dignity within myself. i still have my death wish  
but that's bc i haven't done anything with the resources  
i have now its Tue, i've got 6 more days, well, 5

i'd fucking hate to go back more miserable than  
i came here. as much as i should be institutionalized,  
there's things i can and have to do to get better now.

people have survived a year of solitude before, haven't they



### 1.3. A CLEAR DISTINCTION

Now i can gladly say i'm quite the opposite. I'm hopeful, positive, productive, open, loving, hard-working, and generally content. Although, as adulthood is creeping up on me and time for self-care or simply going outside is dwindling, i can acknowledge and show gratitude for all the incredible things i've aquired, achieved, that are part of any new day now. This has undoubtedly come with a noticeable shift in the topics or moods i write about.

Recent diary entries are a 180 degrees different from the angsty, self-depricating, knuckle-grip-fighting loner of last year. I am thrilled to type it all out, put the story down in this book and reflect on all events that changed my life and artistic work for the better. And hopefully everlastingly.

So, what has changed? How did she do it?

### 1.4. THERAPY AND MEDICATION

At the start of October 2023, after a (detri)mental breakdown during a week alone away from home, i gathered all last strength to reach out to a therapist who had been recommended to me by a friend months before. Mid November would be my first appointment. Wow.

Although i've had to speak German, it was extremely easy for me to open up from the start, and i would leave each therapy session with a smile on my face and a defined quest to better myself till next time.

After a few sessions i was transferred to a specialist, as it became clear i was the perfect candidate for medication. So i looked for a psychiatrist, and by random selection i found my "perfect match": a sarcastic, super down-to-earth guy with a drug background himself. A clinical psychiatrist who literally specialized in my little aches and pains. I felt 100% understood and so relieved after having been so scared of that appointment for months.

As of February 2024 i have been on Sertralin and Trittico, as well as birth control for PMS (Premenstrual Syndrome). The first weeks already felt like a whole new life. A new me, or the real me that was buried and finally resurfaced. I still note that time as the actual beginning of my life, as crazy as that may seem. Because yes, i was quite insane before.

I was still suffering from PMS, where approximately two weeks before my period i would suddenly have irrationally negative thoughts, and begin to feel as if the world was turning against me all over again. Every month, a sudden flood of pessimism (or rather a sudden drop in happy hormones) brought an insufferable amount of gloom to suicidal thoughts, which rendered any previous attempt at sobriety completely useless - once every five weeks. However, those few days of despair were nothing compared to the chronically depressed state i had been stuck in for an eternity. It was life as i knew it, default.

////

Thank the heavens for modern medicine, because since March of this year i have been mostly fine. Very fine! I laugh a million times more, and without questioning if i was being too loud. I speak up without feeling like i'm too much. I get what i want by saying it, without feeling a pinch of doubt of whether i deserve it. I talk to people, and without stopping myself. I have open conversations with my parents - something previously unthinkable. I've developed habits that help build my body up instead of destroying it. I (mostly) sleep at night like a normal, neurotypical person.

Sure, there still are low times, sadness, sleepless nights, nausea from overwhelm. But those are few and far between, only ever brief slip-ups, bothering me for no longer than a day or two. I usually wake up content, sometimes overjoyed, which used to be only a product of my dreams. Now i have everything i was working my whole life for. All i ever truly wanted was to wake up refreshed, positive, and excited for the day. Now i do, and i'm so thankful for all the difficult steps i finally took to get here.



## 1.5. LOVE

In my "Viktorious" Podcast from summer 2023 i did an episode on love and how it just "wasn't for me". I counted up the reasons why i "didn't need a man" and explained how i had wound up at that conclusion: A previous life of mismatched, disloyal, conditional, or purely physical "love", horrible betrayal and neglect were some of the reasons i had named, and then announced i would be "love-free" for quite a while longer.

I also said: "if the stars align (...) he's probably in my life already". Good lord, have the stars aligned since. Never had i thought of that special person to be the one friend who had coached me through the making of the first version of this project, including the podcast episodes. A friend who's been there through my absolute worst nights of last winter. Who was on top of my "call in case of emergency" list and always there to hear about my day, work in progress or, in bad cases, calm me down from crying in the middle of the night.

I'm still not sure how i was so blind to not see his affection then. But it makes sense, given all resentment i had built up against love. Luckily, he was a real trooper and let me take my time to find out for myself. And once i did, i couldn't help but care <sup>for him</sup> just as much.

Long distance (Linz-Los Angeles) isn't making things any more or less challenging than any other relationship would. It's in fact exactly what i had wished for. To have someone by my side, while retaining full independence. Someone to look forward to. Someone who takes me very seriously. Someone with a secure future.

So unlike past experiences. Which, speaking of, made the initial approach quite rocky, as i kept pushing him away, trying to "hurt him first this time", childishly. But he withstood, and after some reflection time even congratulated me on my self-awareness and eagerness to heal this rusty, broken part of me.

I am so glad i finally found the courage to open up again. To have found someone who positively encourages me further. To learn about love from a completely different angle as i had previously experienced it. To love for real this time.

## 1.6. SPIRITUALITY

The last but not least big part of healing myself has been meditation. as well as research on Buddhism. I'm not as consistent as i should be, but for the most part meditation has helped me slow down to even quiet the racing, raging thoughts in my head. As Dr. Zick put it: "Your mind is a highway". Thoughts that aren't even negative anymore, but worrying is a basic human trait i can't outrun. I can only quiet it for a bit. And i've become pretty good at it. I'm a much calmer, content, approachable, less irritable person by simply taking time to just be. Just listening, without ANY agenda. And occasionally internally repeating Buddhist mantras. Especially before sleep it's become a necessity and a fun habit i started looking forward to.


.....

Adding to my gratitude list every morning makes me automatically happier with my current state, whatever it may be. And the "5 Minute Journal" makes me proud of what i've achieved in any given day by ticking off boxes of small goals i set before breakfast.

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Now, this may be smiled at by some, but what has gotten me through the absolute worst of times have been angel numbers. I'm not religious by standard definition but i do believe i have guardian angels watching over me, wanting only what's best for me and wanting it as soon as possible. Whatever i pray for always comes true - as soon as i'm internally ready to open up again, feel rested and ready to actually take on the positive change or event that is happening for me. I always get what i truly want, or a similar version of it.





I see triple numbers everywhere i go, in the most random places. But primarily on number plates. And i refuse to believe those are just random. They were there for me to see, so i know i'm on the right path, i'm protected and good things are just around the corner.

.....

I've been familiar with the concept of manifestation for many years and have been practicing it for just as long. My idols back then would tell me i should visualize the best version of me, the hero i want to become, the life events i want to experience and career goals i want to see unfold. My childhood dream is now my job. My "American dream" is reality and my idols are now my friends. Although some of them laugh at the idea of angel numbers :p

"I want to make me proud. I accept me". Those things i never thought i would ever hear myself say. "I love me" had been the furthest from a naturally occurring thought. It might all have had to do with the unarguable effects of growing up, however, had i not taken accountability for my downward spiral, there might not have been much growing up, and even if, i might have ended up a very bitter, closed-off, cynical, pessimistic person, whose attitude would never allow for anything too good to unravel, let alone big career plans that require upholding close personal connections.

I am proud of me and the hard work that went into turning my past around. I still cannot fully acknowledge everything that has come to me in recent months. It's all very new and a lot to take in. It is simply hard to believe. Have i finally been through enough? Do i deserve goodness and love? Oh, yes. From myself in the very first place, from my friends and family, and from Anthony.

The following diary entries of summer 2024 show a clear distinction from those in 2023.



Aufbruchstimmung - atmosphere of departure

by i was addicted  
evicted from my right mind

zzzzzz stupid define sleep  
lol i-m holding up my whole life, past and future lol  
mmmh yeah, i fixed ittt!

googoo gaga

on cognitive bias: your problem is that you're smart.  
the more force of intelligence, the stronger the bias.  
that's the other end of the dunning-kruger effect.

Sept 15th - finally a tranquil morning. more&more of those pls

1olt z 666

open season

April 5th

it's April 5th and i did it  
took exactly 6 months after  
Sept 15th but i've arrived at tranquility

update May 28th 24: god damn, has life turned out alright.  
somehow i find it challenging putting "right now" into words  
also took lotta Trittico last night, in a bit of a trance still  
but it helps me focus.  
so i guess the deal is i'm currently quite exhilarated  
(as well as accelerated) by the fact shit is working out for me  
left & right. Ant would consider this state of mind "hella juiced"  
my tone is all exalted and shit cuz of this thing i'm typing on.  
alls i'm sayin is bitch i'm paid  
just gotta keep it and keep it up and never forget rest is of  
equal value as work.



June 5th

i know i love him. i just do. doesn't mean it's not terrifying, it's just as safe as it could ever be. right? i'm starting to legit fall for this loser. (endearingly, should u ever read this lol) he's quite the winner ~~fe-~~ to me, he won me after all. no one else could. not even ian, as we've worked out. i love his Jew-ness, his voice, ingenuity, humour, diplomatic skill, the way we keep up communication so well and effortlessly, that i still have all the freedom in the world and nothing to worry about, his charity, his always inviting, charming self. our many mutual friends. our past.

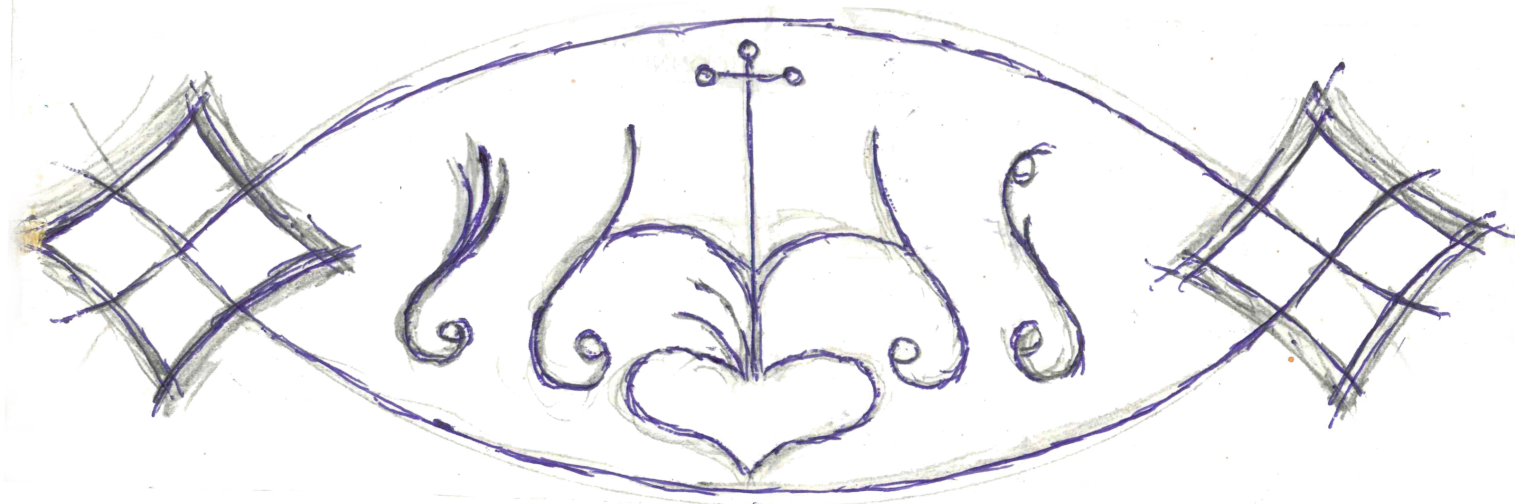
June 6th

slept a little better, tho not enough cause it got too loud around 8. had quite a lovely "experience" last night (till 3, so i'm tired, again) it was worth it. and my mouth couldn't hold in the 3 words anymore. it felt insanely real and so intense. just the way i remembered it! crazy how i still don't quite know what caused all the "hinderances" in the meantime. but that's just life i guess.

made a lot of money overnight, Prada shades arrived, they're not like my old ones but i THINK i can get used to them.. :)

so, i'm just genuinely tired but feel pretty good i'd say. almost no sipping last night!

Bona Fide as a whole still sounds bomb and i'm excited to get back around th this now.



June 9th

i think i've got it. damn, i'm tired but i'll try and explain.

2:22

there is a very certain and obvious progression of the "protagonist" if we look at diary entries from last summer / last year compared to last week! which is so Bona Fide coded cause that's exactly the narrative. deep, foundational psychological change, lasting change. letting love, light, help, acceptance, patience, compassion and true benevolence into your life. opening your heart, accepting, SURRENDERING to radical optimism. and not by spitting anger and fear in the face but by acknowledging them professionally and processing them healthily.

THAT is what the true progression and character development have been all about. that is what it is. the dream of change has turned reality, the hard inner work has been done, i'm in the process of surrendering, to different extents on different aspects - love has been slightly, tho still tough af - easier to surrender to than the substance / the VOID without the substance. i still feel like the ground may disappear beneath me if i just quit. day 9 but not really. been dry for 1 day so far. i'm so tired. it kept me up all night again. woke up restless at 6, had to get up a mio times during the night. my back hurts.. same old.

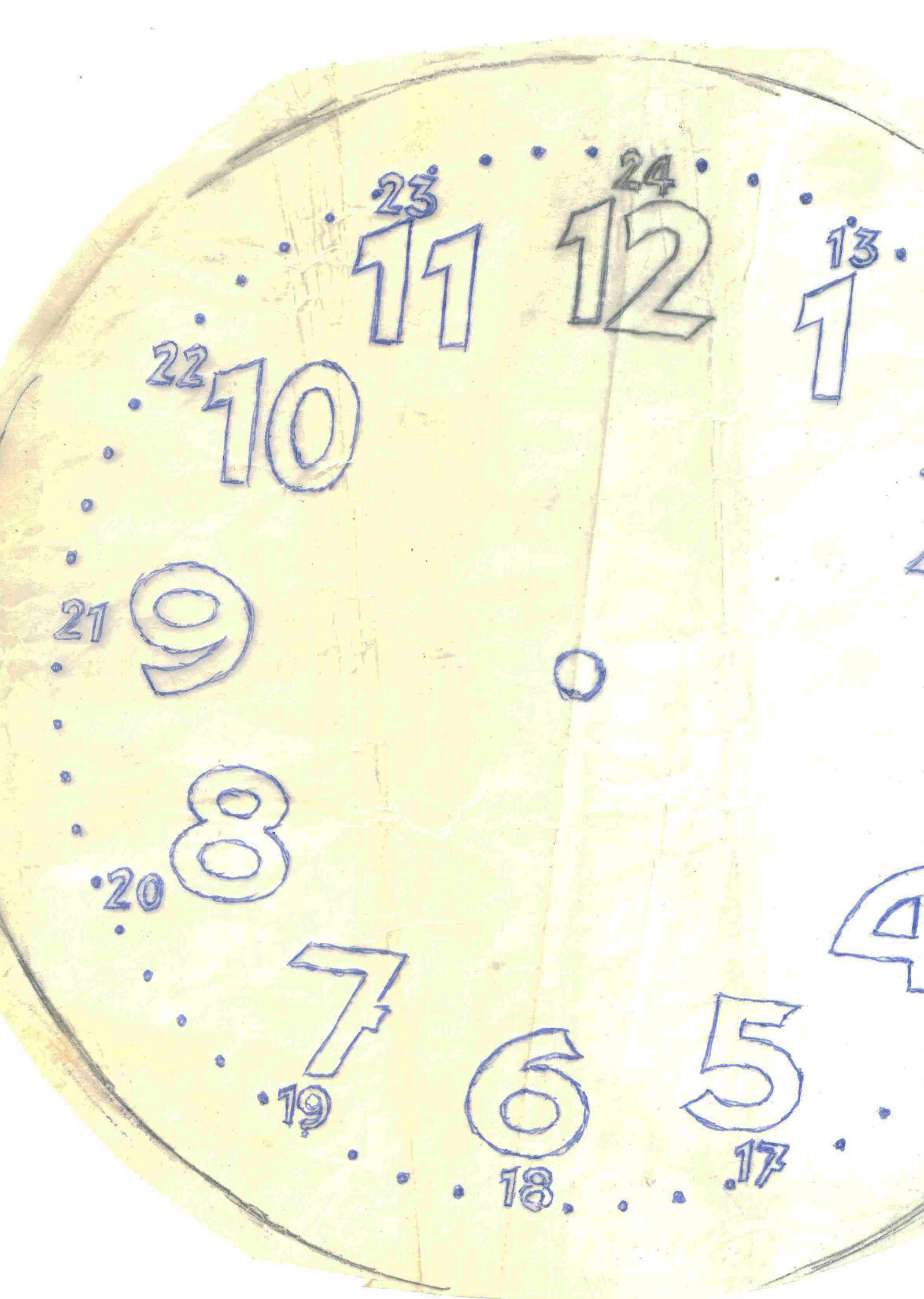
June 21st

my fingers are a bit weak, don't ask. still wanna write till they fall off. it's too hot to keep a clear train of thought but i'll try. first off, things with Ant are as good as they've ever been. woke up so so happy today! it's been a while since every day and everything has felt this right. despite the weather being unbearable today was perfect. i didn't do anything but being happy. talking to friends, declining ridiculous job offers, making people stare. they stare SOO fucking much, it gets me off. like dude, i spent 10 min on makeup and completely upstage the whole town. i gotta get the FUCK outta here. can't grow being treated like an alien. it's hilarious tho. fuck em. i can finally say it. i'll get out of here. somehow, some day soon.

111 666

more and more realizing how things that would have had me spiralling not even a year ago are just things now, occurrences that pass by.





June 22nd - Part 2

still fighting the substance but at least i've realized Trittico is (at least in combination) doing much more damage than birth control ever will. either way, today's weather is too damn beautiful to be miserable. when i was younger i wouldn't even think twice, just get up go outside and walk till my heart was fulfilled, my feet tired and the sun was setting. i miss that but i still have that option! might take it.

but first, about the dream. holy damn, the subconscious is a weirdo and i love it! it's showing me just how much i'm starting to need Anthony. and that is hands down the most odd thing i never thought i'd say, think, dream about, let alone write it on a typewriter and print it. but it makes perfect sense. and the only reason i think it's weird is bc i haven't gotten over myself or the fear of men, closure, affection, positive change - the abandonment wound still wide open from Cologne 2018. And now i'm supposed to meet my actual, first real "lover" who i can honestly fully trust in Cologne, of all places. i think that (and so much more from the past) has had my brain in a twist again and dreaming of a perfect trip but towards the end i get deeply sad, terrified, and all the scary connotations i have with good company turning into devastation came rushing in like a deadly flood and down my cheeks in front of everyone, but no one noticed a thing. Ant had gone elsewhere, away from my side, the friends i was trying to have conversation with, through my tears, acted as if i wasn't crying and in immense emotional pain. i woke up with a subtle tear in my eye and feeling so lost again.

i guess this will be the cycle. be super happy cause he's there, then be super scared cause he's not there. isn't that what "love" is? oh wait no, it is not. so i'm back in therapy and very excited to address this. it's all making sense. i was so anti-love, acting all fine on my own, being stronger than i had to be and disguising it with perfection that i was in fact petrified at the thought of love, and disguising it to myself by drinking. cause i couldn't let thoughts of Cologne 2018 re-surface. it was simply too much to bare. and this is only now becoming apparent bc of this upcoming trip! i used to always be like "Toronto was the worst, blah blah" when really it was Cologne.

but hey, just another big disgusting bite to chew. i'll manage this like all the other times and i'm genuinely excited to heal





June 23rd

last night was incredible. did everything on my to do list, the weather was perfect, hence it was cool out. after my workout at 11pm i got a call from Ant asking about my dream and i told him all about Cologne. he was sad to hear it. but we moved on from that cause "i still owed him something". so i got to work and made him very happy. which in turn had me very happy, or my body at least was thrilled. sexuality, with a loving, caring, appreciative feel - that's only been real in my fantasies before but now it's really real. i've never. felt like this before. so fulfilled, energized, confident, relaxed, a true, safe surrender. and it's not like we're still thousands of miles apart lol. still making it work! like every other dude before had me believing was "impossibly hard to do". it's not, it's thrilling, freeing, exhilarating. just the pace i needed - or pacing - things to evolve at. i'm tired today but it was worth it for once. so much is happening in a positive manner that i always knew it could and should but never when or how. it's such perfect timing and so the right person, far as i can tell rn. sure, we're vastly different. but it's as if i needed him to teach me the lesson i had avoided for so long: accepting people that aren't perfect, loving someone unconditionally, opening myself up again. surrendering. it's been so incredibly healthy and beneficial in ways i never even knew.

444 thank you

June 25

it feels like, i'm falling in love, maybe for the first time  
you're throwing me a lifeline, for this lifetime, for the first time.  
i'm not alone.

funny how i would have skipped a song like this on the radio right away  
not too long ago but now i save it in my playlists.

Trene  
und  
Glauben  
laß Dir  
nicht  
rauben





#### July 11th

capturing loneliness. long distance, longing.  
gonna shoot the scene by the window (sillhouette) with Ant on facetime  
then some writing / typewriter  
then some evening stuff  
oh, before that the floor scene and playing with the cat  
built a contraption for my suitcase to hold the camera and serve as  
a dolly to shoot at the airport next week.  
actually woke up feeling shitty today so will tap into that for the  
lonely scenes.

#### July 12th

busy day. shot the chess figures and interviews with my parents. went  
good! i think i'm really getting back into it. also made a workout work  
tho now it's 1am. lotta people been messaging checking on me but i don't  
know where to find time to hit em back. i gotta go sleep, studio shoot  
tmrw!

#### July 26th

airport and plane footage are done. the birds were paid actors of course.  
jokes aside and sure, i'm vulnerable rn cause i'm busted and beyond  
tired. at least the trip back was smooth for both of us, so far.  
15 hours and i already miss him, i might cry. it's a heavy feeling,  
an uncertainty, a stone in my belly, an uneasiness of quite an extent.  
the missing part and then not knowing when. again. and what and how.  
but one certainty i need to get into my head is that he misses me the  
same. sure he's older and all but i know how much he's depended on me for  
quite a while. years maybe. not depended, that's just dumb, but leaned  
on me for supportive words and affection.  
it's the most insane concept to think i'm actually safe this time. idk  
how or when i'll believe it but i'm at a point where i'm not afraid of  
these emotions. i stopped myself in my tracks before crying and went  
"come on, you're vulnerable rn. if you need to get it out, pls do but  
do not get immersed in sadness for no, absolutely no reason.  
i'm so excited to start editing and being back in my saddle but i hear  
his laugh in my head, feel his weight on me, the cuddles, see his cute  
face. it's always on the tip of my tongue. but we're taking it slow,  
for the very best. slow and steady, build a foundation to maybe build on  
and then maybe have it last.  
really intrigued to meet his family hopefully soon. sure, i'm leaving out  
all the bad and annoying stuff rn, the messes, the clumsiness with time  
management, i can't even put my finger on it rn but there is a lot that  
feels off and has me wondering if or how long i could realistically put  
up with it. but ik now that all love is acceptance and surrender.  
maybe a bit more so with Ant cause we're polar opposites when it comes to  
cleanliness. anyway, i'm toast. good noodle  
oh let alone the insane fact my idol is just in my life fr now like it's  
the most normal thing. i know i was manifesting all this during my hardest  
year. 333 444



## 2. THE MUSIC

I must have been 13 years old when i first played around inside a DAW (Digital Audio Workstation). It must have been Maxix Samplitude back then. I've tried everything on the market until i stuck with FL Studio for many years and finally ended up in Ableton Live. The DAW has always been a second, preferred home to me. Especially whenever my actual home, my head, became too much to handle.

Musik kann nie Dein  
Herz betrügen  
Im Reich der Töne  
gibt es keine Lügen

Countless late nights, up way past bedtime throughout my teens, basically spending my life either outside in some forest or with my head buried in some music software, sacrificing all social events for music, and what i thought brought me joy, led to a career with a few notable accolades, my own production company and many connections around the globe. "No surprise she had no friends", one might assume, "she didn't even try". I'll get into this later. Long story short, playing with other kids didn't sound half as interesting as building an international career - literally.

%/%/%/%

The first version of the (at the time of writing still unfinished) album "Bona Fide" was nothing but a fantasy i had in early 2020, that turned into a collection of demos, and i swore every year since i would finish it by October.

But once again, not quite done yet. And i'm glad i never forced it. I'm only getting better, more intuitive, more aware of what really matters. More sure about the stories i want to tell, and why.

The songs that make it will have stood the test of time, so i know they are worth sharing. They are songs i myself can't get enough of. That is a very rare occurrence.





VIVA LA MUSICA



= Es lebe die Musik

They are sonically weird, ranging from sublime chord structure and meticulous instrumentation to distorted, detuned "kill all dynamic" screamers. Lyrically ranging from poetic efforts to scattered mental lapses, disregarding all rules of grammar or syntax. Not to mention genre, which is either represented as an exotic, eclectic fusion of Pop R&B, Shoegaze and D&B, or goes missing entirely.

&&&&&

Most songs i don't remember making. Not necessarily because some time has elapsed but because those sessions were held in deep flow state, without any intention other than to bring forward the naked truth, package it into an audible parcel and here and there tie it with a pretty bow.

I'm no longer trying to showcase technical ability or musical knowledge. Important mentors have told me years ago, but it takes growing up to really internalize the fact nothing beats authenticity. No matter where you look. I'm utilizing the DAW as a tool to carry my emotions outward, using organic sounds, field recordings as well as live played instruments, more so than on past projects, and augmenting my voice only if the song demands added alienation.

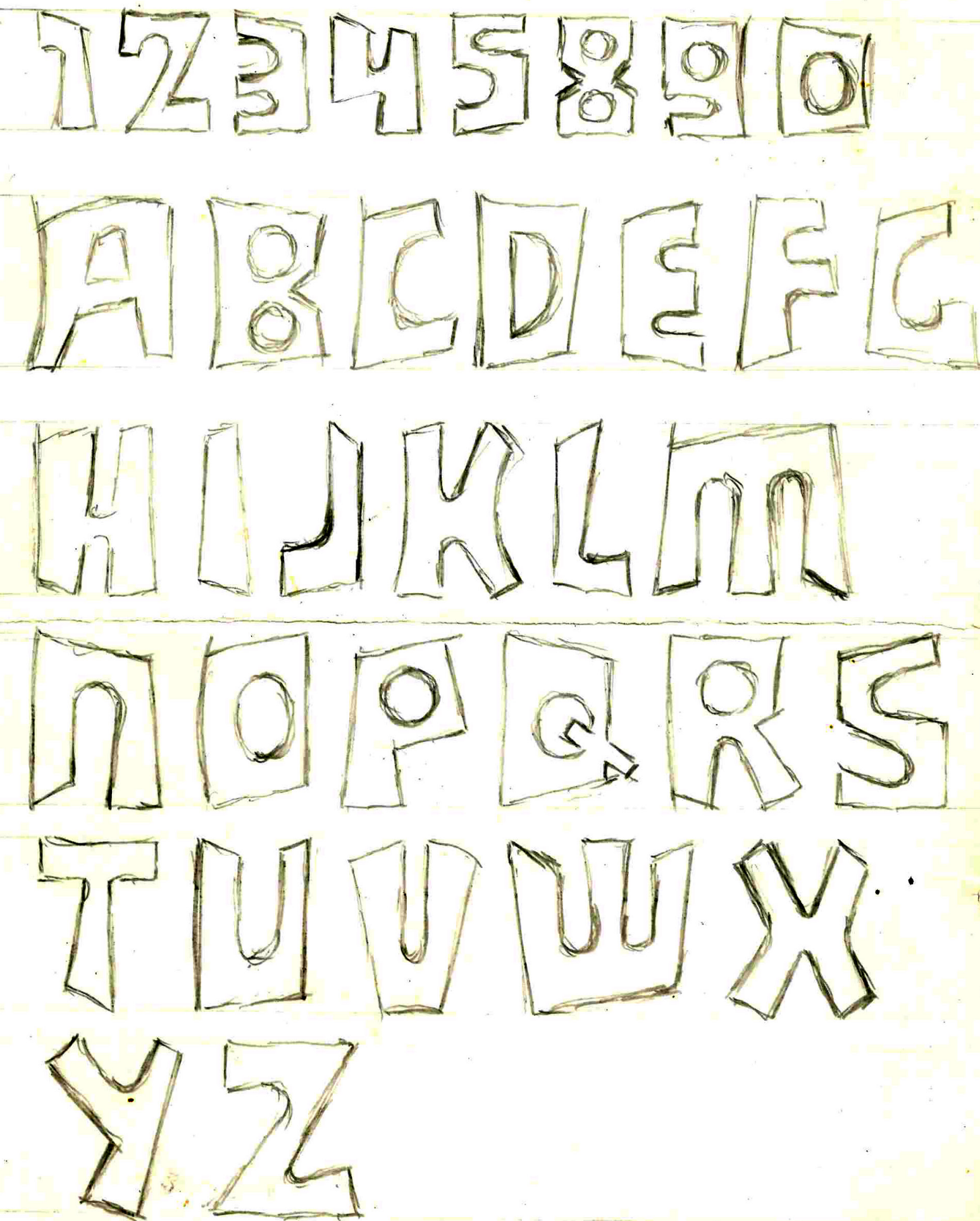
I'm also no longer attempting the art of self-irony through exaggeration. As much as life seems inherently ironic most days, this project communicates firmly, earnest and candid.

This album is a wild rollercoaster ride through the most formative, exploratory, heart-wrenching, freedom-seeking years of my adolescence discussing everything from death, loss, suicide, revenge, managing the heated fight of the god- versus inferiority complex, to letting go and making peace with situations passed, finding solace in the hereafter.

This is what the title is all about: laying bare the struggles, processing trauma, and guiding oneself toward an optimistic surrender. For sanity's sake.

MUSIK KANN NIE  
DEIN HERZ BETRÜGE  
IM REICH DER TÖN  
GIBT ES KEINE LÜGE





### 3. THE WORDS

The journey of "Bona Fide" begins with stories of retaliation:

"Viktory" and "Benevolence" demand respect, to be heard.

I'm starting the album this way because the time has finally come for me to speak, and i will most certainly use it to assert myself before i let you in on all the weak parts. They are songs for me. Instead of serving the listener with fully palatable content right of the bat, they're saying "you will listen to me now". The bad-ass, unorthodox to quirky sound design might even make it hard not to.

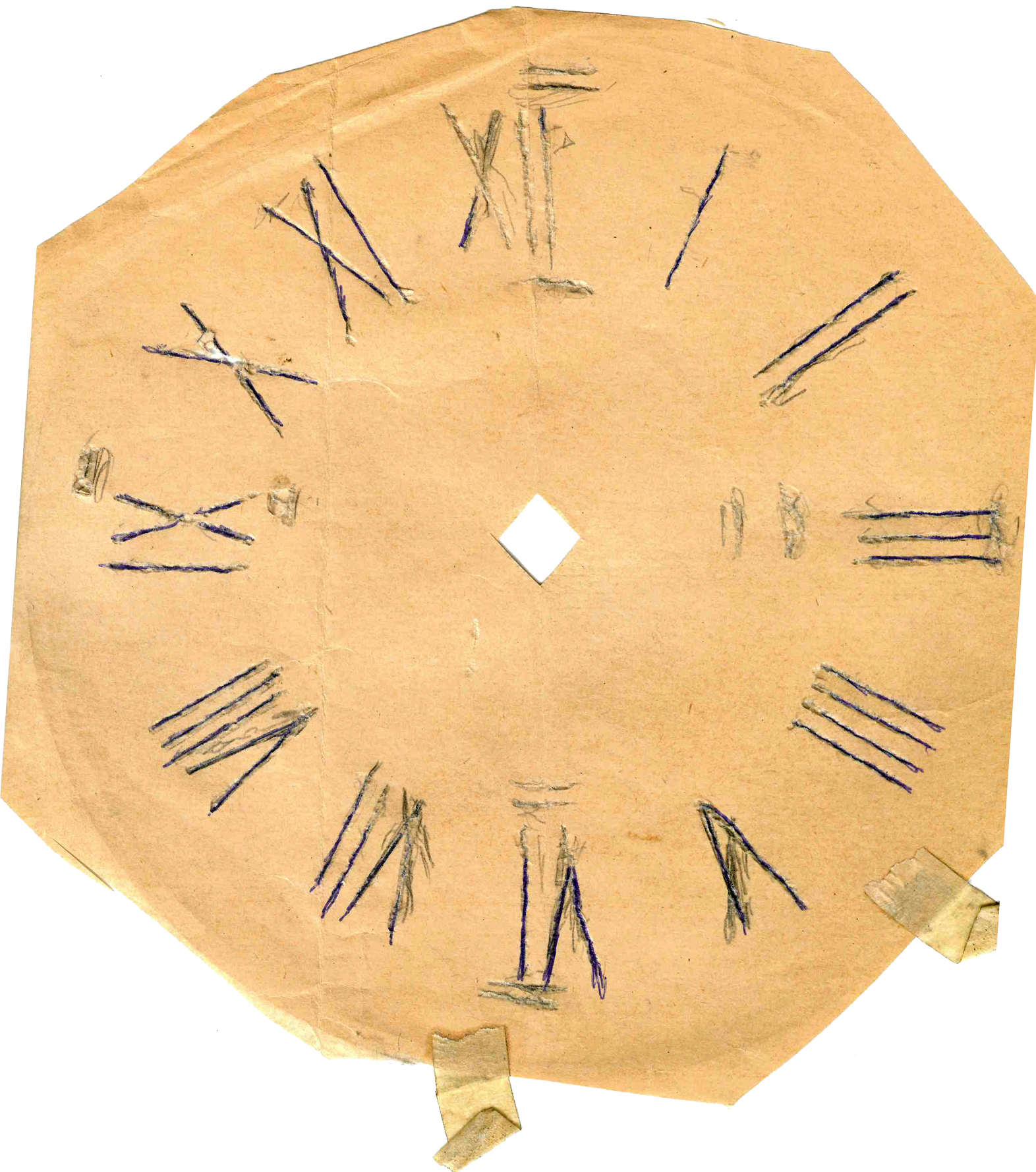
"Genesis" slows down the speeding car a bit, before crashing right into the next chapter of late night confessions, loss and loneliness. The music was drafted during another (boring) session where i ventured off into my own Live project, relying solely on the noise cancellation of my AirPods. It was originally written a love song, about what i thought was a fresh, unexpected but promising romance. Two weeks later i had to rewrite it in the opposite direction. "Endlessly grateful for your heart" turned into "watching you rip it all apart". Lush synth pads turned into brash shoegazey guitars. Good grief. Even better riddance.

"Nomad" carries on the walk of broken dreams, contemplating the hopelessness of bi-continental living, and whether somebody exists who could love me from thousands of miles away. Given that past attempts at long-distance relationships had failed miserably. Is there a sweeter place, where i can "lay my ego down"?

The guitar loop was played on a left-handed Stratocaster which was all i had that one time couch surfing through LA. I hope the song doesn't sound as upside down as it was recorded.

"Rat Man" is directed at someone i've admired for over a decade, who had suddenly seemed to switch sides, speaking of unethical concepts to a large audience, at the expense of oppressed minorities, all in the name of "sarcasm" and "a good joke". It broke my heart to hear. I had to drop everything and write a song.





"Bona Fide" is a special one and most definitely the oldest track on the album. My high school physics teacher composed it for a part i once played in a musical. He also produced most of it and his daughter who was my classmate is playing cello on it.

It took three attempts, an entirely different first version and years of massaging out the lyrics. The chorus eventually came to me during one of my recent insomnia episodes. How lucky i am to have such trouble sleeping.

"Who Decided" is probably the most interesting track on the album. It was a pure cry for help and would be the last thing i'd ever make. I don't even remember making it, i was too intoxicated. But i picked it up again a year later and added the "post chorus" section, which turned around the sob story quite a bit. "No, you can't fuck me for fun". Duh? Who would ever consider such thing?? ...

"Irene" deals with the suicide of a family member a few years ago. I wrote it during the pandemic, a trying time for a wide-eyed girl who was so certain her loneliness would end. I had just gotten back from my first ever LA trip, having made lots of new friends i could not wait to see again soon. But of course, the whole world shut down and i was lonelier than ever. The words speak for themselves. I was really considering.

"Bloody Lines" talks about a similar time, where isolation took over me in the worst of ways. There are moments in overly emotional people's lives where the only way out of mental suffering seems to be physical pain.

With "Haunt You" we're back at retaliation. It's about a person who fully shaped my misery as i was coming of age, who took advantage of a naive 18-year-old just wanting to pursue her music dream. Seeing him be praised by hundreds of thousands of people still haunts me in dreams sometimes.



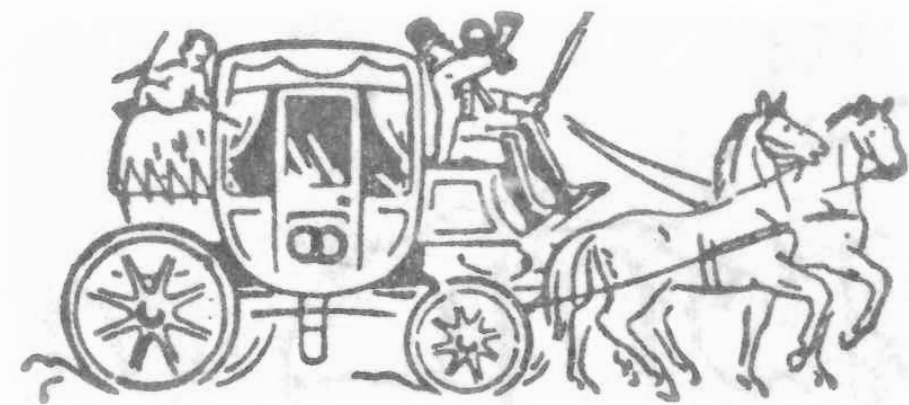


"Coming Up In Paradise" too was written during the pandemic, in a Zoom session with a very talented, knowledgeable and supportive friend and mentor, who unfortunately i have yet to meet in real life. This song sets the tone for "You See", appearing later on the album, by painting a perfect picture of the stunning, serene nature surroundings of my home town, only to then destroy it with ungrateful cynicism. At least that's how i see it now.

"You See" was directed at a young man who kept trying a bit too hard with me, all the while not fulfilling my "prerequisites" at all. I actually started the intricate intro melody from a silly demo he had made and forced onto me via email, converted the audio to midi and after lots of adjusting, ended up with the dreamy intro. Now that's one way of taking back my time and independence.

Towards the ending we reach the other side where all the tough internal work pays off, acceptance and forgiveness eventually crawl back up from the dungeons i had banned them to, and lookie there: "Starting", an actual tale of finding true love and happiness!

~~~~~







## VIKTORY

years of wrath built up inside of me  
~~giving-y'all-another~~  
been too patient, this your shot  
now make it up to me

i've been lifting heavy, hypertrophy  
i'm a reject, not no upper class prodigy

throw me on the bed, let's get affectionate  
lucky that you're meeting the prerequisites  
apprentice of the gods and i deserve my spot  
i gotta win that's why my name Viktoria

shame on you  
taught me a faulty lesson  
i just had to show the lengths i go to for expression  
this two-way contradiction  
on the low, yet the ones that know me think it's fiction  
babe just listen

## ICH BIN NICHT SO WIE DIE ANDERN

VALE MUSETTE

Worte: FRANK FILIP

Musik: HANS NEFF

Valse musette

KLAVIER





## BENEVOLENCE

i'ts disrespectful  
how a couple motherfuckers ain't got the memo  
i got my people remind me of who i am though  
we cracked the damn code  
since the day my reception been set to flight mode  
life's about to get so detri-fucking-mental  
they comin' at me like they're so damn insightful  
don't know the half though

wanny come along on the ride, so  
claiming that they gon be helpful  
they want the contact high though  
acta non verba

that's our M.O  
i won't be gentle  
am i too loud?  
do i make you proud? huh?

this ain't no lucky accident  
ain't no coincidence and  
i want nothing but revenge  
cause i've been impatiently waiting  
and scraping my way to the deep end

i want benevolence, intelligence,  
predominance, cash in the bank  
benevolence, predominance,  
all evidence, of cash in the bank

calculated like computers, i'm a nerdy bitch  
when i text, i text paragraphs, i'm a wordy bitch  
bout to only identify as a dirty bitch  
only fuck him if he dirty rich  
only if it's sturdy dick

determind Vik, to myke it onto that 30 list  
long time coming, i better hurry it  
you thought of happily after like we the perfect fit  
back it off simp, i'm elite, you's irrelevant

this ain't no lucky accident ...

## GENESIS

where to begin  
is this the end  
of my suffering  
on the mend  
feel i can breathe in again  
how to react  
knowing that  
you could  
be my genesis

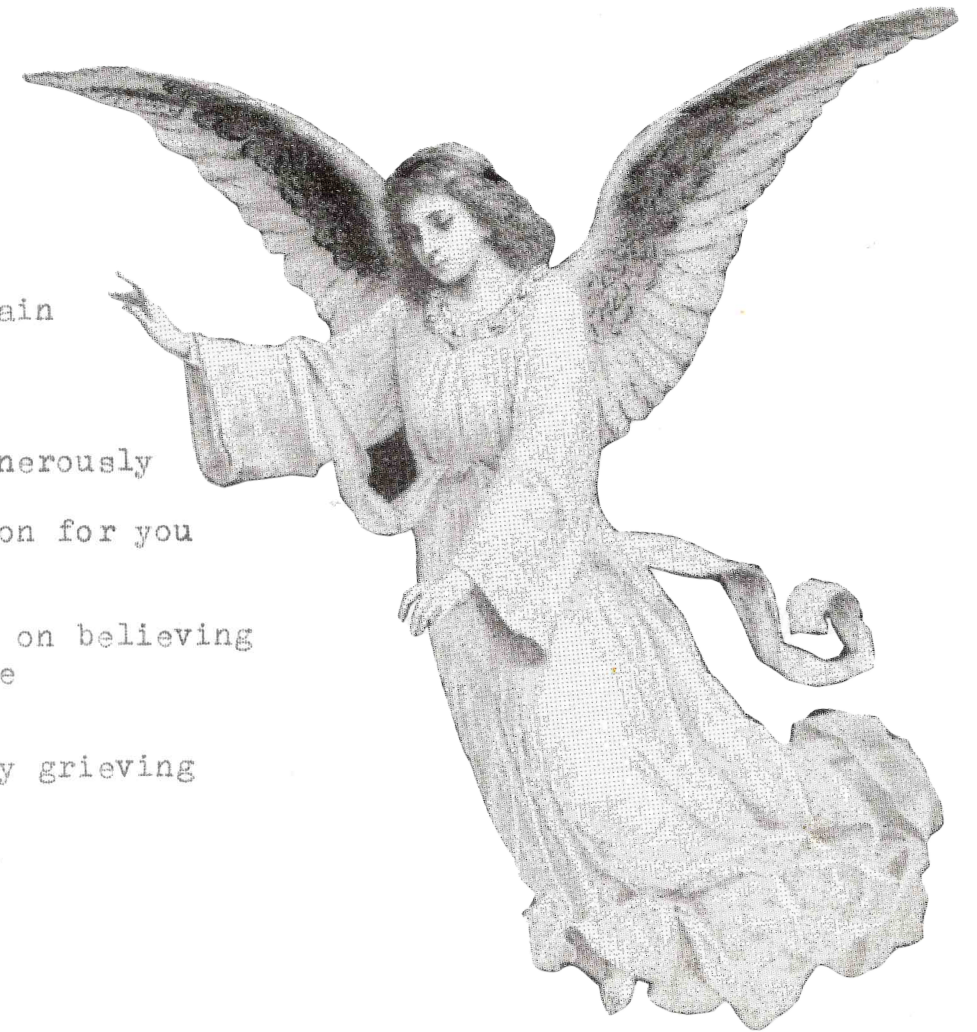
and i'm  
watching you rip it all apart  
i've been so stuck on believing  
no one would see me  
hiding and seeking  
ages of desperately grieving  
never receiving  
love that i needed

awakening  
false as the plans  
we made separate  
don't pretend  
we'd ever do it again

i was intact  
long before  
you broke me so generously

idon't have a reason for you  
just adore you

i've been so stuck on believing  
no one would see me  
hiding and seeking  
ages of desperately grieving  
never receiving  
love that i needed





## NOMAD

i got people in my phone  
they're the only ones i know  
and they keep me holding on

every night i spend alone  
floating further from a home  
where do i belong

the concept of comfort is foreign to me  
i'm running, not knowing my destiny

i tried LA-lay, London town  
Amsterdam, won't lose my frown  
forget Toronto anyhow

where can i lay my ego down  
quit this feeling singled out  
a place my broken faith's allowed

only use Vienna to leave  
Austin wasn't ready for me  
all these pretty cities and i'm stuck in self-pitty  
cause i never belonged, never belonged

down another busy street  
it's a mini-death i seek  
in the middle of the week

discontent and fallacies  
stem from basing my belief  
on a centerpiece

running through the wasteland  
stumbling on my own  
i am just a nomad  
hunting for a home

aching and staggering aimlessly  
the journey is ending in agony



## RAT MAN

good girl, crocodile tears  
went far to have you near  
grand show, gave you my cheer  
instead you then took home crook of the year  
have i made myself clear

i wish i could proove  
i don't hate myself nearly as much as required  
to give you any love of mine  
wish i could choose it and exit on you  
but lust has me tied to anything but self-control

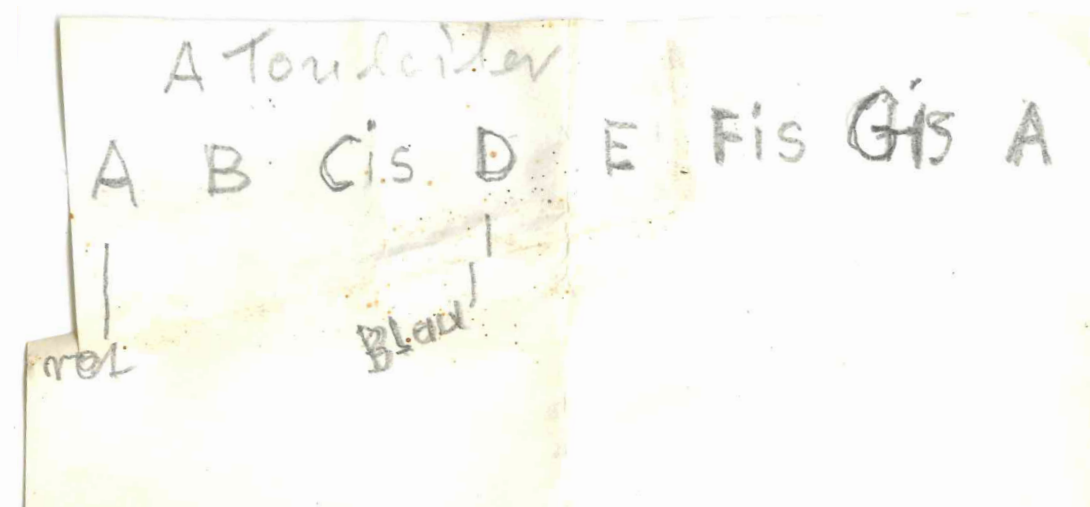
who do you think that i am  
and what a rat of a man  
could be this bottomless  
ominous utter mess  
now that there's nothing left  
will i know who i am

once again i gotta listen  
to the shitbag talk  
like a dirty dog he would never walk the walk

and i started missing you so  
guess i've acquired Stockholm Syndrome  
like all of those girls, so malleable  
devoted to a sex symbol  
can't push him of the pedestal  
man, really it's commendable

i'm still in shambles and the crook still gambles  
and the burn still sizzles and the flame it rekindles

never learned to behave, he's backed up by fame  
the more shots i take i remember i want you exactly this way  
this way





BONA FIDE

i never acted like i knew  
now what on earth am i to do  
am i to do  
knot and tightened up the noose  
i barely made it through  
why would i want someone to hold me  
if ever i am cold and scared  
i'd rather be alone, i swear

floating  
i didn't notice  
how far i was from home then  
nowhere to find

in hypnosis  
i lost my focus  
i'd rather not feel a thing  
leaving myself behind  
resigned

bona fide, bona fide, bona fight  
fight for your life  
bona fide, bona fide, bona fight  
fight for your life

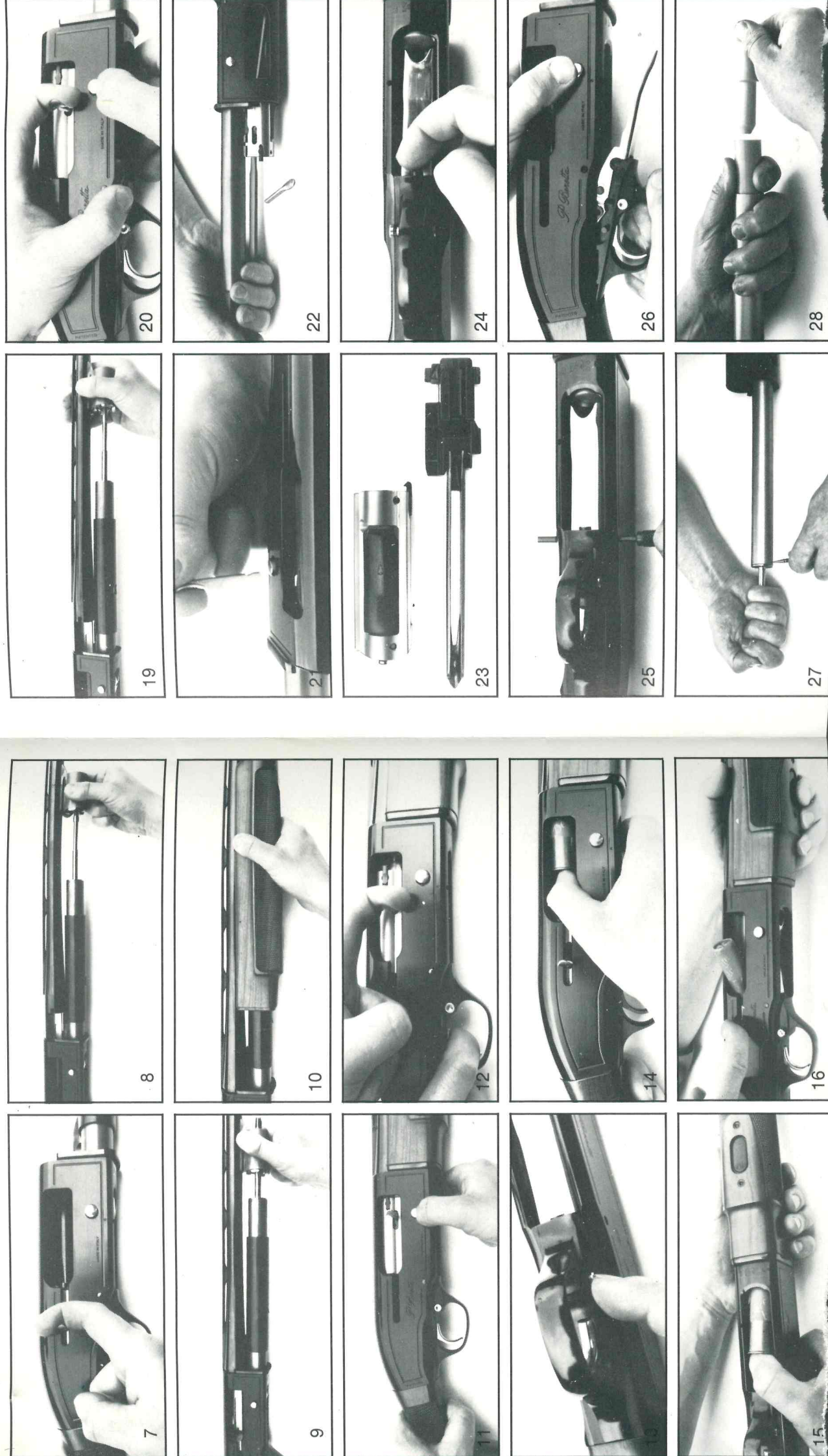
the drinks, the benzos, wicked sex  
and all the late nights and the nicotine  
tried to fuck with my divinity

floating  
i didn't notice  
how far i was from home then  
nowhere to find

in hypnosis  
i lost my focus  
i'd rather not feel a thing  
leaving myself behind

head is spinning, this ain't no living  
i keep on slipping up with no symptom  
want loving so bad, i know you know that  
i'll keep on looking  
i got it yet to find





# WHO DECIDED

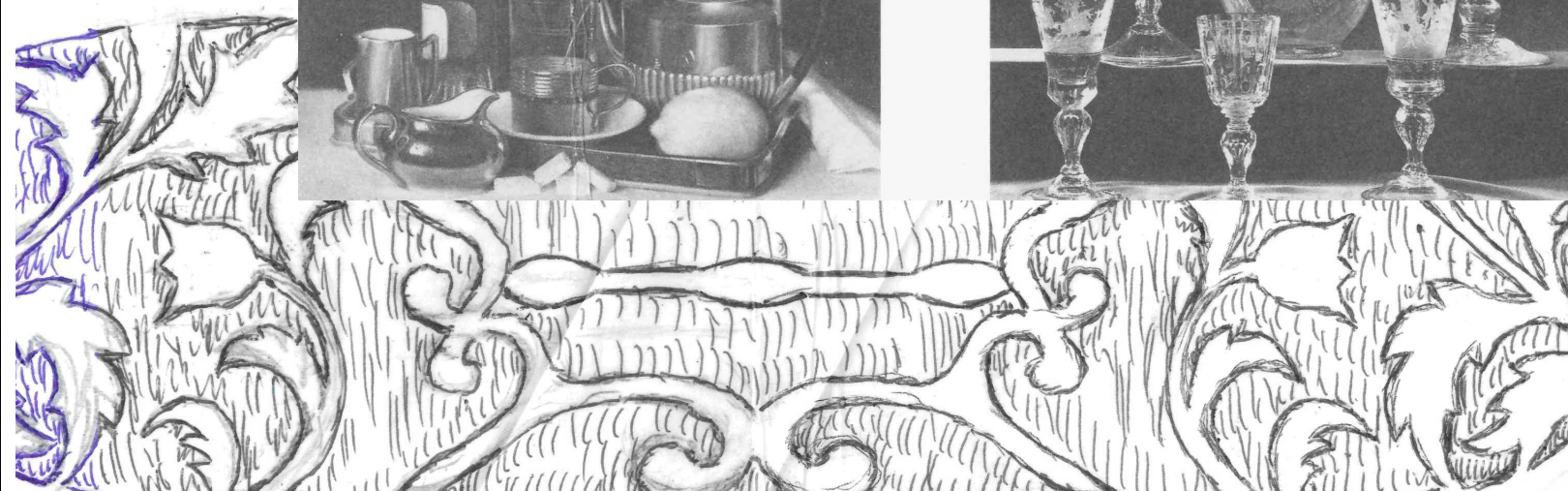
i'll never be able to trust  
i'll never reciprocate lust  
all the rich people i wanna fuck  
notice, i don't dare mentioning love

that shit don 't exist  
who decided i needed to live  
i don't ask, i just give and i give  
now go fuck yourself, don't say you miss me  
fuckin' piss me off

no you can't fuck me for fun  
no you can't fuck me for fun  
no damn chance, no  
way i'd let you abuse me again

we've gotten way too far to  
watch the curtain close  
and i've tasted rainbow shades and  
never tasted gold

no you can't fuck me for fun  
no you can't fuck me for fun  
no damn chance, no  
way i wouldn't let you, wouldn't i  
let you abuse me again







# VIKTIM

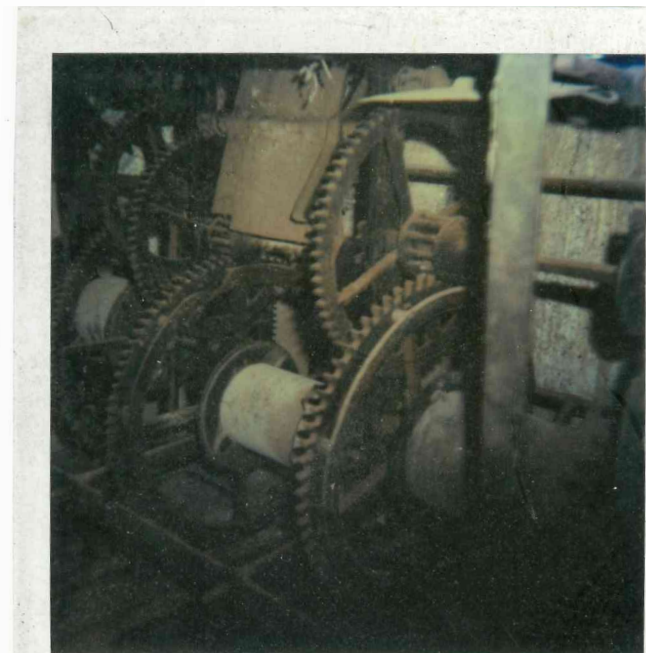
i been on  
zen shit, friendship, check flipped  
and my pocket's filling  
got so many people on my dick  
that shit might break, no kidding  
secrecy is part of me and eating at my sanity  
but ain't no spilling  
let you in on something though we all be feeling

ever had a dyke  
wrecking your whole life  
suddenly play nice  
had to check my sight  
see them on they knees  
for a piece of V  
now they wanna be like me  
bitch, i am your enemy, fuck all of 'em

i ain't gonna lie, no  
only gonna say it one time, no  
i ain't gonna steal your guy, though  
he's got a wanderin' eye

tryna break my stride, no  
petty girls i don't like, don't  
care if you ain't on my side, no  
we know who's in the right

now ask yourself why



|                 |    |    |    |
|-----------------|----|----|----|
| E               | A  | D  | G  |
| 29              | 22 | 17 | 14 |
| Dominant        |    |    |    |
| K Bass (ganzel) |    |    |    |
| 104cm Menzner   |    |    |    |
| Tomastic        |    |    |    |



YOU SEE

mountain views, mountain views  
no, you can't step in my shoes

my heart's gone numb  
picture perfect was never fun

let me be me, i wanna be free  
won't let you micromanage or take advantage  
you're getting way too eager  
good things come to those who let go

everything you don't know  
everything you don't know  
got you high on me, high on me, high on me

"Vik, you're so beautiful"  
fantasies you aim for  
baby, they don't lead, they don't lead  
don't lead to paradise, you see

lunar, lunar views  
moving painfully slowly  
you'll never know me  
or what it takes to get me off  
you're stuck on level one  
and that won't do  
even if i get there  
who said i'll take care of you

decades have passed  
haven't you grasped  
don't hold your breath

everything you don't know...



IRENE

till the morning i stayed up  
but the sun it never came up  
still i wonder why you gave up  
must be sickening to

be unsure of why you're waiting  
for someone to get acquainted  
windless sails, you barely float  
in that case i'm in the same boat

the art i write, ain't it all so depressing  
the affection i can't find, it makes my self-worth lessen, i know  
ruthless nights of hastily undressing  
and evenings after of unhealthily obsessing, i know  
on the brink, bloody cutters on the sink  
you're well determined and too numb to overthink it, i know  
ain't it haunting how i felt just that way  
we're one and the same

oh Irene, explain to me  
isn't there a reason i still breathe  
i pray you found your place so quiet and serene  
some way i can't change but i can dream  
don't assume no one knew what you mean

all the strength that i had mustered up  
still the family's in a clusterfuck  
tho it only comes in phases  
i hate the way i love the aching

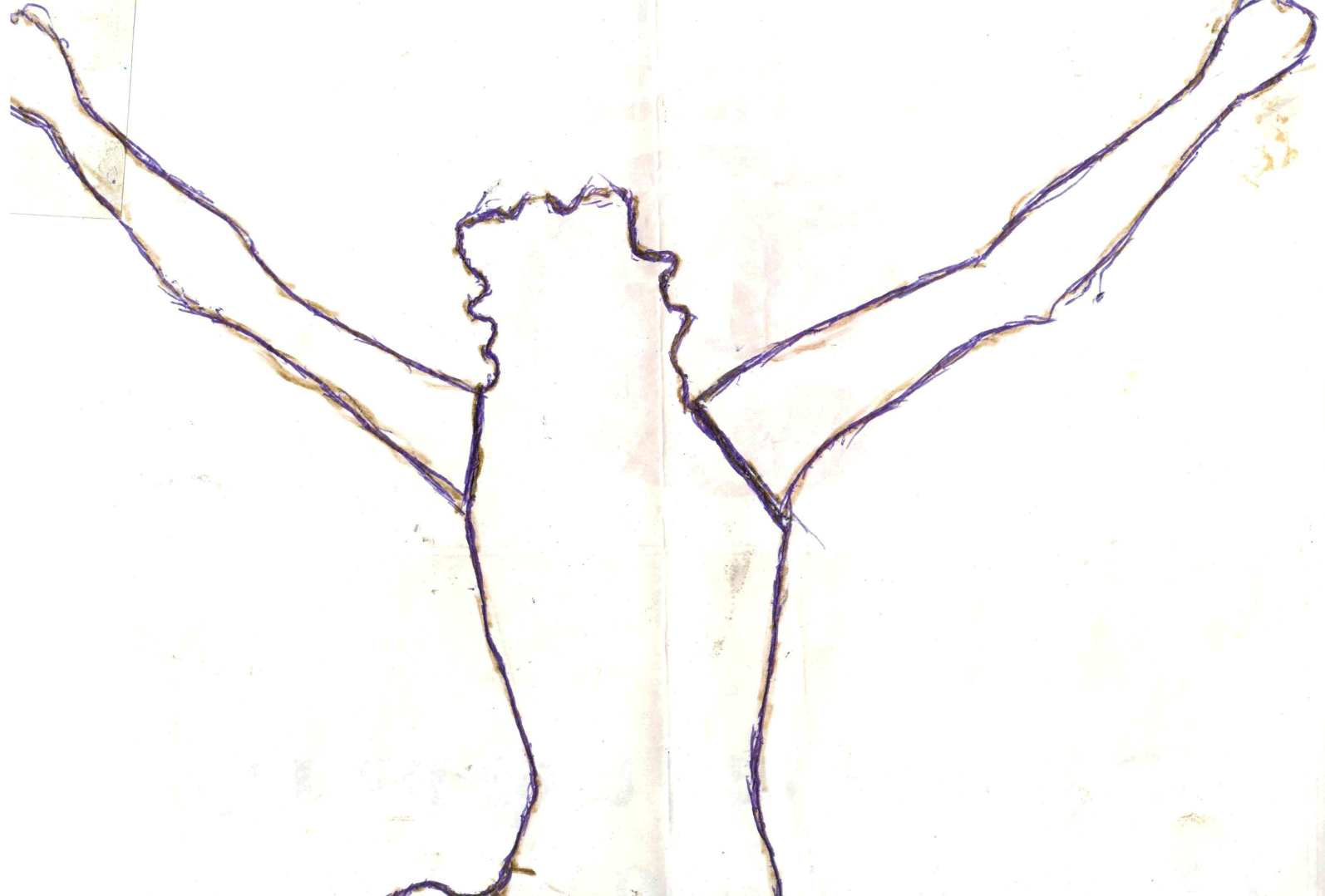
i take my feelings and i dunk 'em in blue  
that's how i deal with 'em, i peg 'em as a sucker, i do  
rejection burns like a flare match  
and the burns became the reason for the itch i scratch

some people love, some will lose  
some people always do but who am i to tell  
from what i know i feel unworthy of it  
especially from myself

oh Irene ...







## BLOODY LINES

more i'm tired, the more restless  
more used up, the more i'm reckless  
equally to every second  
i would kill just to go back

bloody lines, taking what i can find  
i'm itching under my skin  
denting it in  
make my body bleed

muddy eyes, twisted thoughts on my mind  
i'm missing all of the signs  
did i go blind?  
give me some relief

that pain in my heart  
i'll abuse it tonight  
i know i'm gonna find you and fight through

i need harder drugs, i need deeper talks  
used to how it cuts, yeah  
sweep it under, sweep it under the rug

i need longer hugs and a better buzz  
used to how it cuts, yeah  
i'm a paradox, sweep it under, sweep it under the rug

concerning my inflictions  
guess i'm turning my own victim  
it's in my bones, i feel it skin deep echoing  
i contemplate these times  
as i play with these

bloody lines, causing temporal high  
i'm itching under my skin, picking it thin  
make my body bleed

muddy eyes, was i meant be defined by  
toxicants in my veins, am i insane?  
give me some relief

RESISTANCE





Lith. Druck u. Verlag v. W. H. H. H. in Berlin.

1796



## HAUNT YOU

was made to make a fool of me  
let me be abused only  
to hear you say you can't make it  
"i've been meaning to tell you, Vik"

taunted for saying too much  
i was crying for help and you silenced me  
promised me you'd make it up  
counted all the years i wasted in fear  
though i ain't dead yet

i hope i haunt you, i hope i haunt you  
i hope i haunt you in your sleep

so many horror scenes  
of many other women  
if i had it in me to make 'em believe  
i would have made me scream  
but i stay quiet still  
cause raising hell is toxic  
and that's the reason why i kept my shit in boxes

i've been prepared to run  
ain't it fucked up, i got, i got all these options  
fuck, i know we bottled up the same, same shame  
compensate, zip it and take the blame

i hope i haunt you, i hope i haunt you  
i hope i haunt you in your sleep

1796





### COMING UP IN PARADISE

no more playtime, i just crossed the last line  
isn't it a shame love, everything's a tradeoff  
thought that life was made of  
something greater

things used to be simple, now this ain't what i planned  
big dreams since a kiddo but i'm stuck in dreamland  
so shy, living timid in my open spaces  
can't fly if the limit is a golden cage

i know i could have it all  
i'm that bitch if i recall  
i know there's no way i'm ungrateful

staring at the pink sky  
feel a little wide-eyed  
am i bout to go blind, i i

am i way too desperate  
when my life is perfect  
am i gonna make it alive  
ash and red wine, oh my my  
by my bedside

no, this ain't the first time  
welcome to my low life  
shouldn't i be all fine  
coming up in paradise

if i can't connect, i'mma try be more articulate  
chronically lonely, it's getting to me  
it's getting gloomy in utopia

been craving escape from prison and keep my innocence  
maintaining the same indifferent  
staring at the pink sky...



STARTING

(am i starting to)  
engage in the old me  
in my head, in my psyche  
wondering what it might be

(am i starting to)  
tremble at a light breeze  
dance around like the 90s  
won't attempt taking lightly  
(how i'm starting to)

see you for things that you're not  
hate you for flaking and sayin' you forgot  
haven't i been through enough  
last thing i'm asking was falling in love, uh uh

i've been so lost in your ocean eyes  
got my heart crossed and i hope to die  
wanted to run, it's no use cause i  
i've been starting to  
need you

wanna get bad again (i wanna relapse)  
wanna feel fuckin' sad again (i wanna feel it)  
far apart but you hog my brain  
less i get, more i need your face

making sweet love in your bed  
shit got me feelin' like somebody else  
nervous to get it out verbally yet  
fuck it, i'm hearing the bells, it's like  
i've been so lost in your ocean eyes  
...

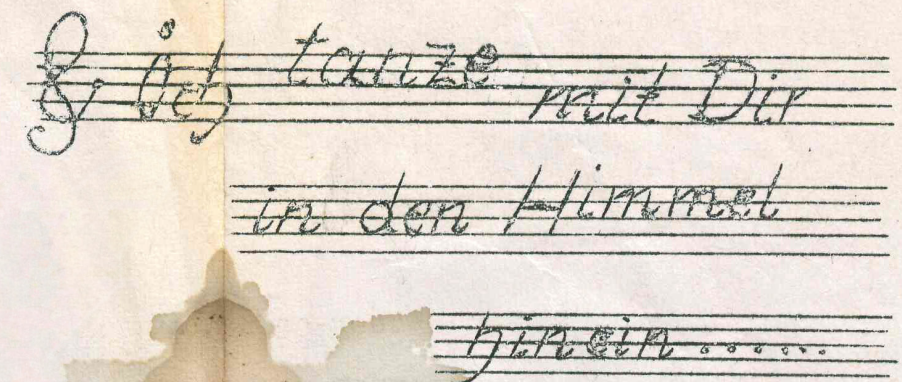
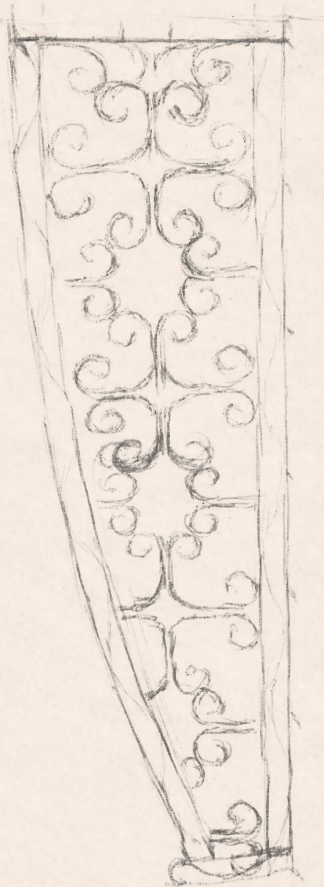


oh, i know how you love me  
and i'm getting so antsy  
cause you can't seem to tell me  
(you've been starting to)

kiss it so gently  
treat me intently  
guess that's enough  
when i just want eternity

i've been so lost in your ocean eyes  
got my heart crossed and i hope to die  
wanted to run, it's no use cause i  
i've been starting to

let myself fall, it's the last thing i'm  
giving my all just to save this life  
i was so dumb to be wondering why  
i've been starting to  
need you









#### 4. THE FILM

"Bona Fide", the short film tells the same story as the songs on the album do, although in a less emotional but more factual, objective way. It is primarily narrated through conversations during a therapy session.

The first half shows the protagonist's struggle with a mean inner voice, the multiple personality dynamic and resulting bad habits. It attempts to identify the underlying problem, revealing that she feels very lonely but can't explain it to herself, as she is constantly trying to maintain perfection.





# Docu Topics Brainstorm

work ethic (experiences), workouts, staying at it

LA vs. rural Austria

Ant call / Nat call → to include for double life topic

Where i grew up → why i felt out of place\* → what i did  
to change that

→ how a not so lucky incident changed everything

\* where the title comes from - making peace with my isolated past

how nature / this place influenced everything

how parents influenced my musical interests, how i techn. started

how grandparents / the house i grew up in influenced me

(how hard i tried for recognition around here but was "too much"  
or "too little" so i let go, left, just don't care anymore)

✓ how the internet is the only reason any of this is possible  
and how i like art that discusses "online relationships"

\* how i owe everything / the continuation of my life to music  
and how it's been my only safe place / friend for the better half  
of my life

it's not just a fucking hobby plus i'm far too good

fuck off, oh and talk about how my rage stems  
from everything i want to forget.

glitching

have ~~flickering~~ kind of effect

and blurry, time delayed vision

to signal i'm barely here anymore\* /

the concept of the girl you're looking at rn

is NOT who I am. I am who I am in LA

\* i'm in another place mentally / the double life  
is coming to an end - like i'm being teleported  
to LA and the girl here is vanishing slowly

and one of the episodes should explain that!

the dissonance / difference in where i'm from / at

and where i'm going / i belong.

have artsy interludes that signal leaving this place

and also appreciation for the past - a 100% dreamy

childhood, shitty teenage years, slowly the best adulthood  
i always dreamed of.

talk Tinashe's inspo in the booklet!





The film begins in the early morning hours as the sun just starts to rise. One may not notice upon first view that there is a bird, flying through every shot, left to right. It mingles with their flock and carries on the journey with a friend. Now it is two birds flying from left to right.

Until the idyllic soundscape turns into rattling jet engines and a plane is taking off into the morning sky, foreshadowing a possible future journey of the protagonist herself. Or, symbolizing her wish to fly, as the lullaby accompanying the scene reveals.





Short black and white sequences show various forms  
of escapism and serve as an introduction to each chapter.







Duality 1) Ep1 : "i hate love, it's not for me" (Ant)

\* ) "da is hiemad" (Therapy)

WHO DECIDED!

Ep2 : "i'm excited to see you" (Ant)

"es is so schön (dass i ihn hab]..."  
(Therapy)

STARTING?

2) Ep1 "Monad" / Genesis

Ep2 "Bona Fide" / I love to love / Upbeat

3) Ep1 : sitting in writing room drinking, ignoring cat

Ep2 : -||- working on something, smiling, playing with cat

4) Ep1 : no other people

Ep2 : parents, Ant, travel

5) i'm an athlete AND an alcoholic

6) Ep1 : i'm stuck, alone, moving slow, pessimistic

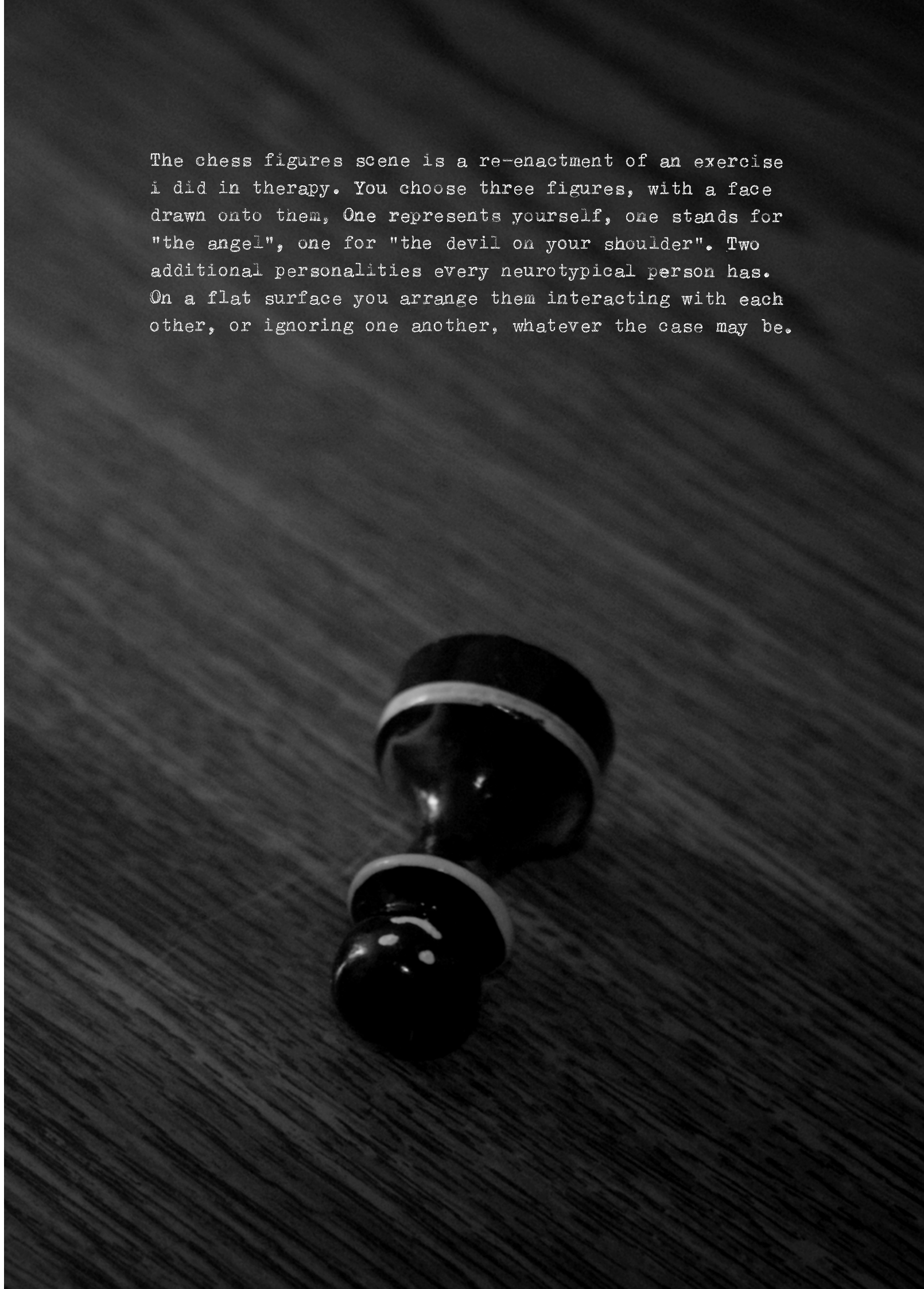
Ep2 : i'm leaving / traveling, seeing people, so excited and jolly

\* ) it's picture perfect here but i'm sad and wanna leave





The chess figures scene is a re-enactment of an exercise I did in therapy. You choose three figures, with a face drawn onto them. One represents yourself, one stands for "the angel", one for "the devil on your shoulder". Two additional personalities every neurotypical person has. On a flat surface you arrange them interacting with each other, or ignoring one another, whatever the case may be.







stumbling back into bad habits after a failed attempt at falling asleep



## Get-away segments (NOT URSA)

✓ Birds flying, deer running (morning)

- Me sprinting (~~in nature but with crowd cheering on audio~~)

✓ Planes in sky

~~2 cars~~

- Horse Hooves (~~stock~~?)

- Plane to DE (~~take off stock footage?~~)  
(~~suitcase on conveyor belt~~)

- ~~Clips from past LA trips?~~

- ~~Airport Footage (stock of take off)~~







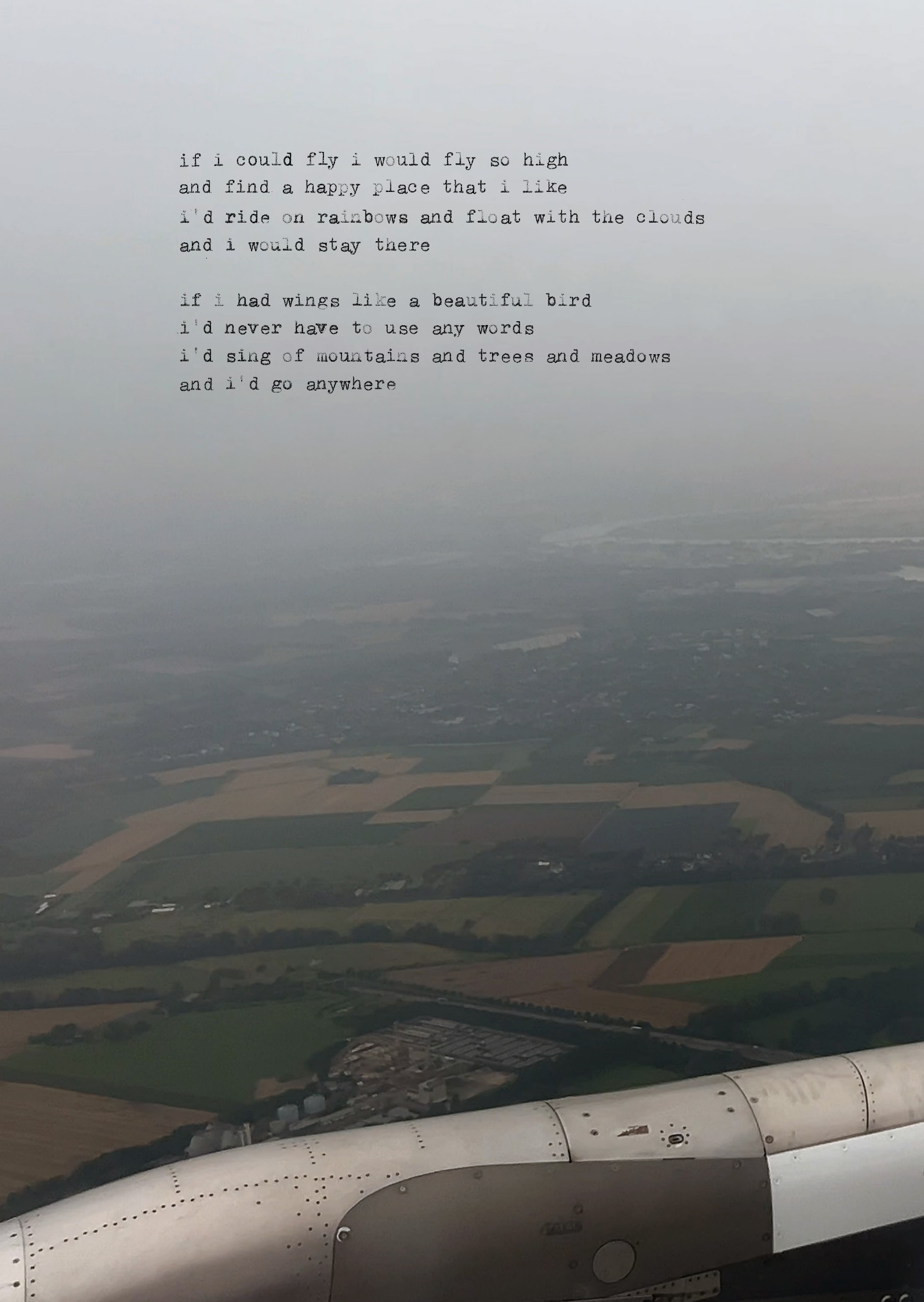
The second half is dedicated to the positive change medication has brought about. Reclaiming her sanity and serenity, the protagonist is able to enjoy simple things again, show grace for the people in her life, and find acceptance from herself. By the end she even finds true love. Something she never saw coming.





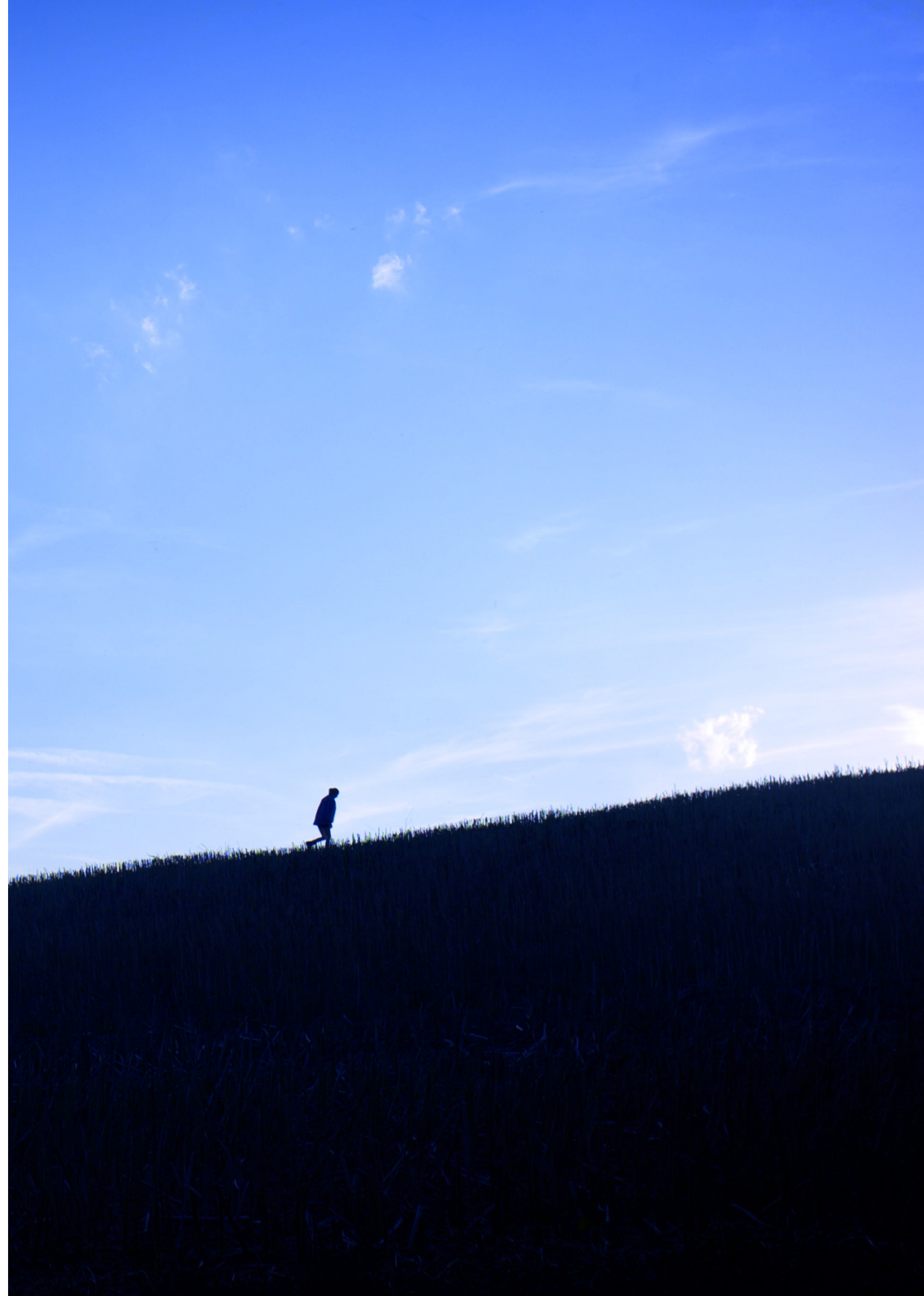
if i could fly i would fly so high  
and find a happy place that i like  
i'd ride on rainbows and float with the clouds  
and i would stay there

if i had wings like a beautiful bird  
i'd never have to use any words  
i'd sing of mountains and trees and meadows  
and i'd go anywhere





Images of the wide shot at the end of the film have lived  
in my head for years. Intuition guided the creation process.



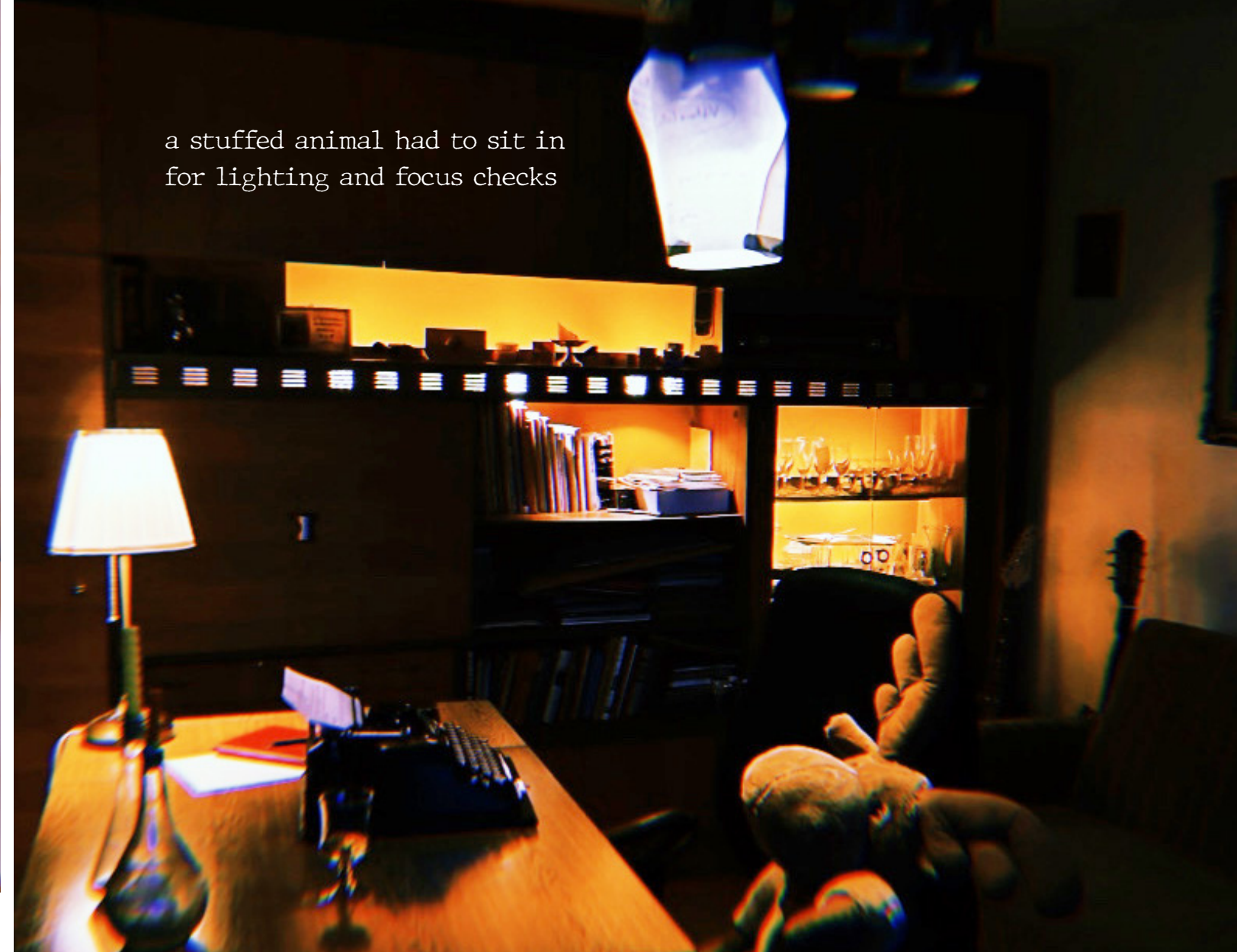




props for the initial black and white transition



setting up the studio scene

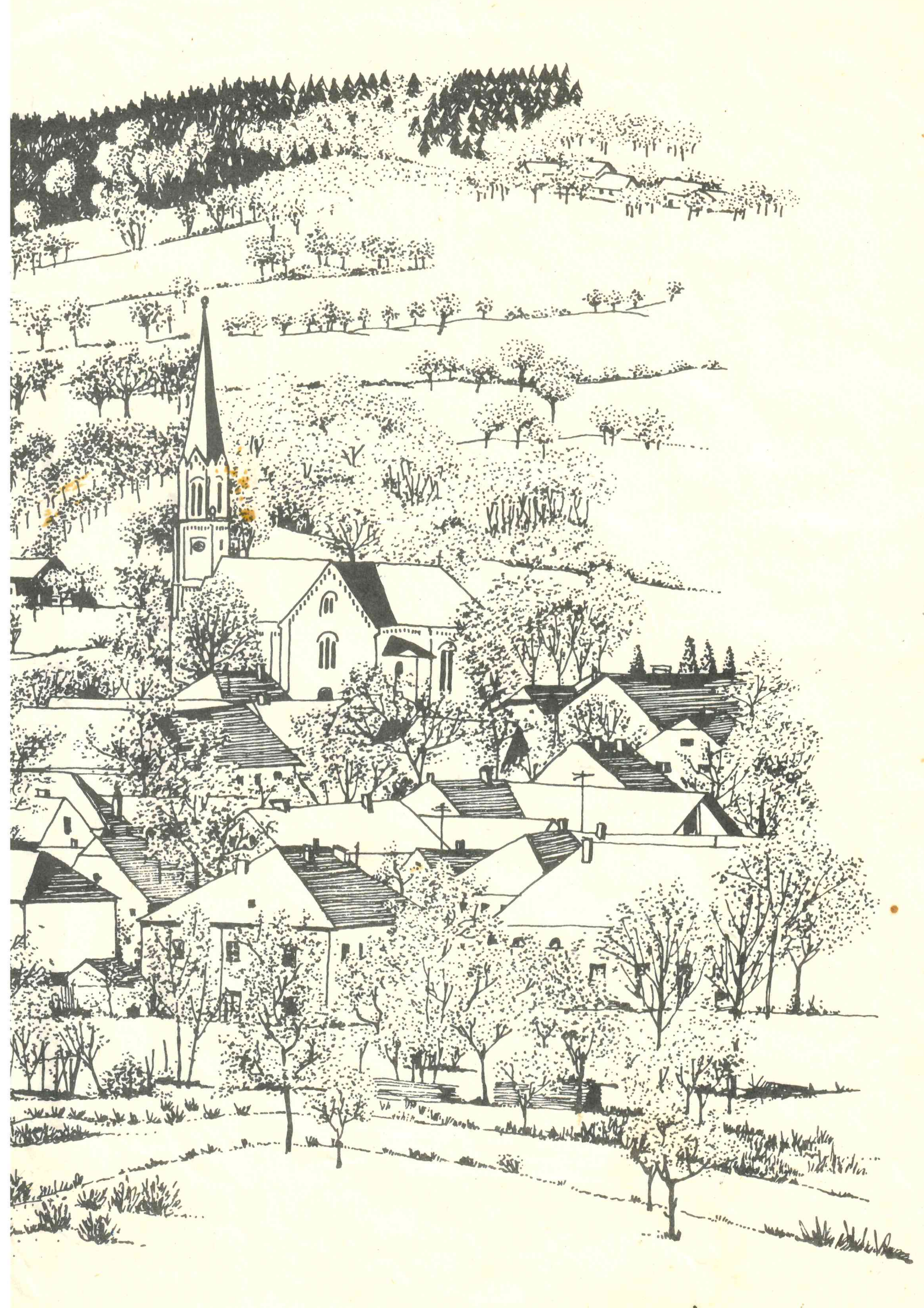
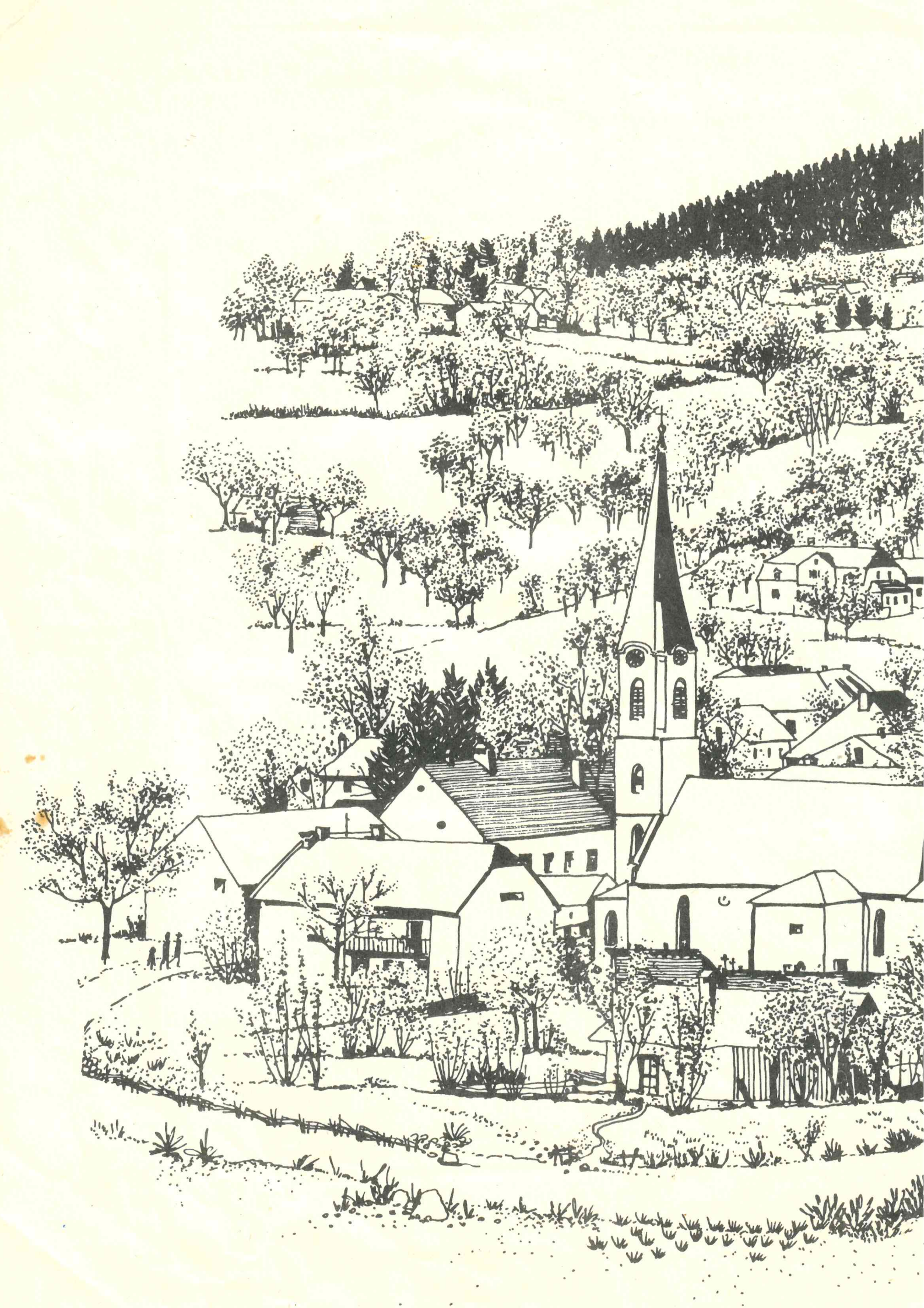


a stuffed animal had to sit in for lighting and focus checks



safety precautions for the glass shattering shot









sorting through image material in up to over 100 year old files

## 5. THE HISTORY

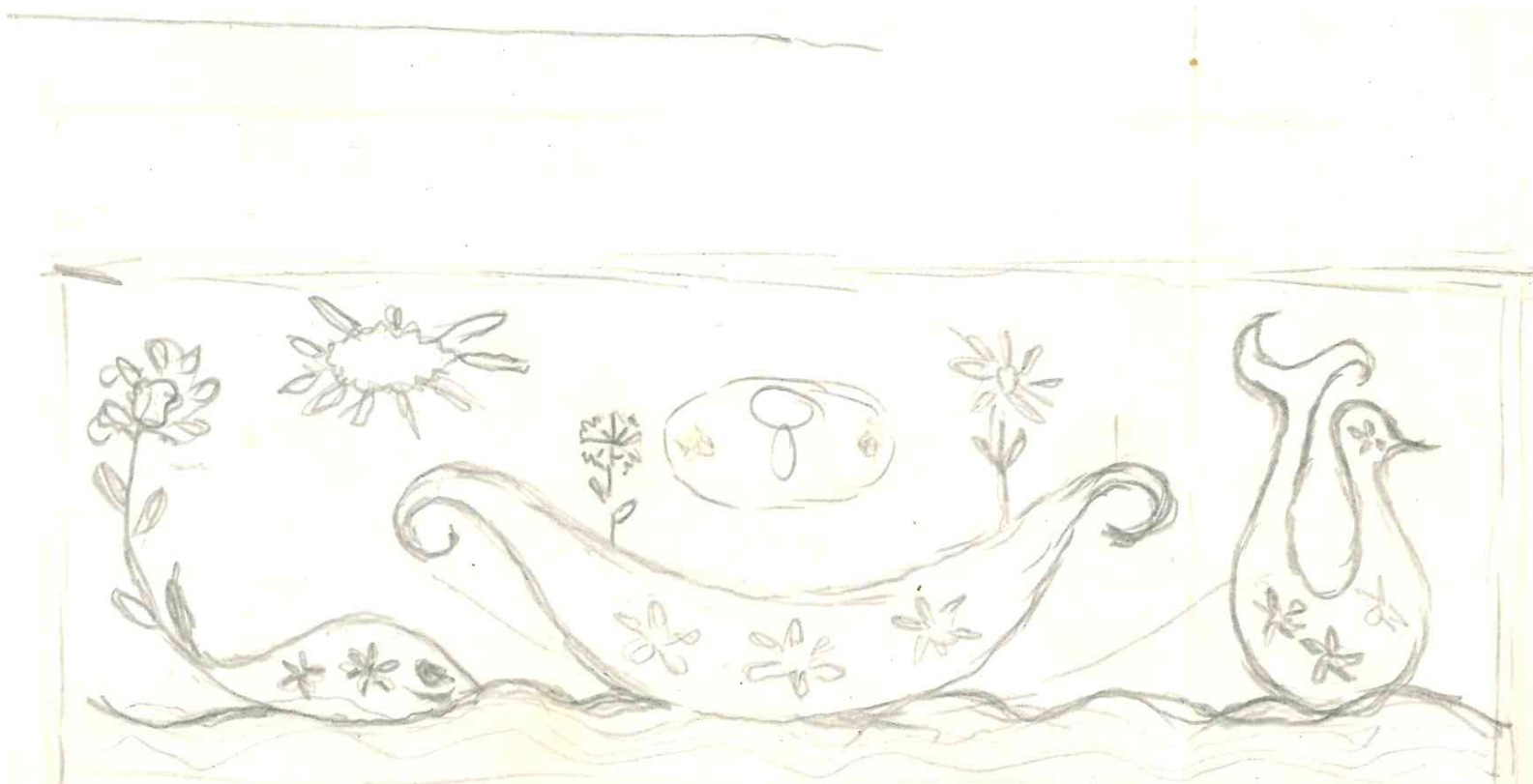
Given the terms and phrases "loneliness", "discontent with my environment" and "there is no one here" are strongly represented in this book, i thought it appropriate to offer some context:

I was born into paradise. A small picture book town in rural Austria, where the population of cows and horses largely outgrows the number of people. Heading south, you'll discover the tranquil, traditional town center, home to not one but two churches, the town's hallmarks. Heading north, you'll be walking a good 30 minutes to find the next house.

The house i grew up in was first recorded in 1787 and is surrounded by nothing but fields. Until my US visa gets figured out, it is the place i'm still "stuck" in.

Behind the house is the barn, harboring our two horses, Layla and Chili, and over a dozen chickens. Also part of the family are our cats: Elvis, the handsome vagabondm, and Dodo, who has a lot of growing up to do :)

45 minutes up north is another farm house, still under construction, that my parents have been turning into their retirement home for the past 15 years, piece by piece, brick by brick. As it's possible that one or two of my three siblings wish to stay here - the best spot on earth - the parents might eventually have to "get out".





one of more recent retrofits during the 90s



My great-grandfather lived here for most of his life and until i was 5 years old. He was popular in the area for always offering his artisanship and handi-craft work.

My great-grandmother was around till i was 24. It was going to be her 98th birthday, two days after she passed. Up into her early 90s she was climbing trees and ladders to harvest the cherries each June.

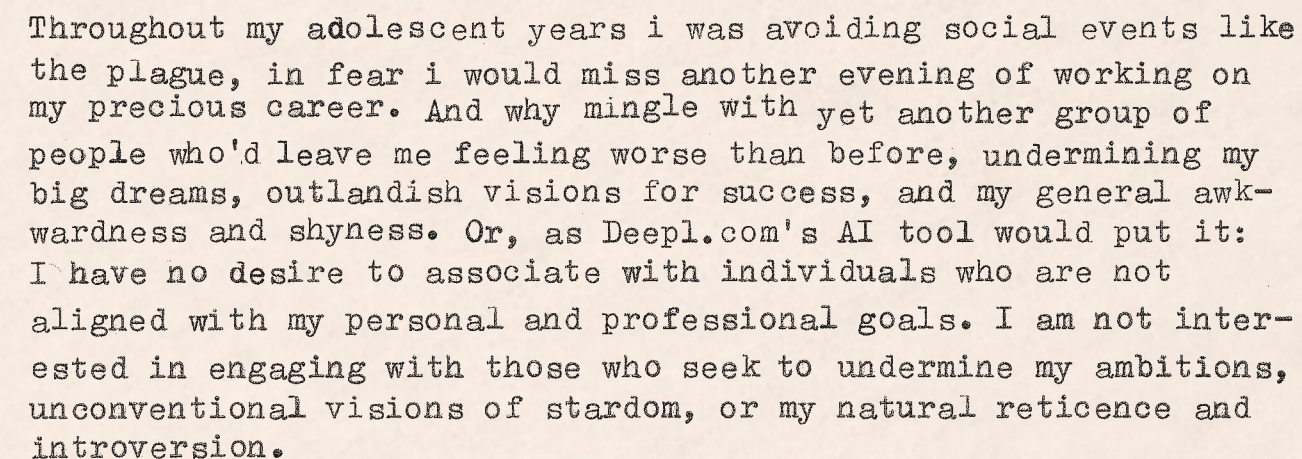
My parents have been happily married since i was born and i have three younger siblings who i'm pretty close with. I've had the picture perfect upbringing in a safe home. And yet, depression, dark thoughts and addiction have intruded somehow. Something was missing. Tremendously.

%%%%

Since i was around 12 years old i've only had one place in mind: America, and finding my luck there. For as long as i can remember i've dreamed of California, where people drive nice cars instead of tractors and dirty pickup trucks. Where i could be the sparkling star that desires to be esteemed instead of scorned for being too flamboyant. Where tradition is as vaguely defined as anyone's career path, and it's okay to be artsy, anxious and awkward. As long as you're bringing a lucrative talent to the table.

And that I've been honing ever since. But at a cost to my mental health. To this day i'm not sure whether my depression was of a hereditary source or if i've cultivated it myself. By socially isolating and steady looking for ways to exaggerate any arising emotion in order to exploit it for art.  
(Damn, i AM a real artist, huh?)





I had everything a kid's heart could desire. I even had my first pony at 13 - the loveliest creature ever. We had a cat then too. I had excellent grades, a loving (although often misunderstanding) family, financial security, vast meadows and forests to explore and the healthiest organic food growing in the yard. But i've had yet to find "my people". Friends. Which i wouldn't for a few more years. And so i would escape my reality in any way possible, mainly through music.

And i'm glad i made it through that time. I've made it out, with an immeasurable amount of patience and work. I've turned music into my job, one i absolutely love doing. One that no longer manifests as just a cry for help and approval.

It got really hard at times but i always believed. When i was 19 one of my then biggest idols assured me he could see my vision, that i would get my wish. If i just kept at it, diligently and humbly working towards the goal - blinders on.

I'm so close now i can taste it.

| Sequence/<br>Sequenz | Seat/<br>Sitzplatz | Fare/<br>Tarif |
|----------------------|--------------------|----------------|
| 108                  | 6E                 | BASIC          |





the possibly original build of the house. circa 1930



building a whole new story and roof in 1955



far left the old barn i would still play in as a toddler  
is visible behind the house here. circa 1960





## LETTER TO GREAT-GRAMPA

You were an odd fellow. Although i only knew you for five tender years of my early childhood, i remember you quite well. Possibly because i am you, a little bit. I'm pretty sure those genes of the happy go lucky, experimental, childishly playful, artsy weirdo made it right over to me. Anyone close to me would verify without a second thought. And although it's quite a burden to bare, being the odd one of the family, i'm glad those genes found me. It may have been a struggle living with my differentness but i'm finally grown and taught myself how to handle it. More than just that, i'm putting my best foot forward to turn it into art the world can enjoy and connect with. No idea where else i'd have it from, if not from you.

I'm thankful for the art you left us to admire. The countless paintings, clocks, photos, trinkets, statues, drawings, scribbles, and even musical recordings. I only have to gaze across the room and see the work of your life laid out on the shelves and hung to the walls. There used to not be a single spot bare in here.

I'm grateful to now be working in such a historical place, radiating with creative energy and communion. The corner where the lunch table used to be is now my music spot, my studio, my sanctuary. Not once in the past year have i had to try to come up with something good. It's just already there, every time. And boy, if you knew where i'm at these days.. you might be the only one in the family who'd really get it, be proud and supportive, and impressed as i am, with how far i've come already.

Although there is a tremendous lot i don't know, i'm immensely proud to now be the outgoing, innovative, stubborn weirdo, and i choose to remember you as my creative inner spirit. An inexhaustible pool of inspiration that is in my blood, and i'll undoubtedly make good art. Cause i'll keep putting creation first, keep showing up and being a vessel for greatness.

Oh, and i'll keep flying, like you did.  
Until i find my place

P





## Illustrations

Drawings, scribbles, clock drafts, as well as most photos by my late great-grandfather Josef.

Bird photos:

Bernatzik: Vogelparadies; Schlüsselverlag 1947.

Photo of Fighter Planes in the sky:

Heinkel: Meine Flugzeuge im Großdeutschen Freiheitskampf, 3. Auflage; Wiking Verlag, Berlin 1941 (Page 57).

Stills from "Bona Fide" by Viktoria Liv.

## Additional Credit

Lyrics adapted from "Fly Away With Me" Nursery Rhyme by GiggleBellies; Written by Kerry Miller Johnson, 2011.

