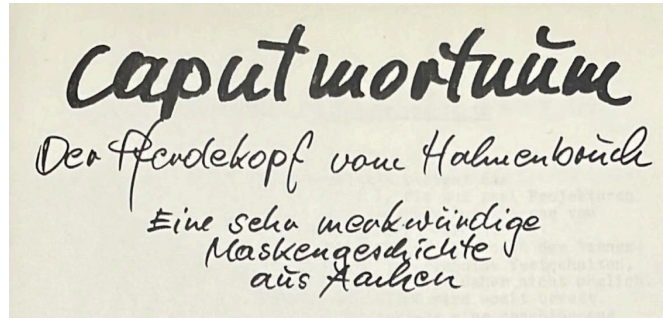


Scene progression of the story --- 1973/1974



A two-part mask-story is told in a film-like sequence of photographs:

(The first part of the story)

A group of young people decide to put on a masque at an unusual time in the middle of summer and experience very strange transformations over the course of a day.

The day begins carefree and cheerful with all sorts of mischief around the street corners and fountain squares in downtown Aachen. You go around the area wearing colorful masks, shop at the market, amaze the peaceful citizens, swim in the lake or jump high-spirited through the parks.

It seems as if behind the mask you can forget the everyday faces. In the middle of the day, the sun shines warmly and invitingly, a lively summer festival is celebrated at the edge of the forest.

(The second part of the story)

You dance and feast and enjoy the fragrant, endlessly green meadow.

But suddenly the light-hearted game is interrupted:

The phantom-like appearance of a black horse's head abruptly changes the scene; A girl continues dancing, ecstatically dancing to her death.

Seized by panic, the masks flee into the forest, where they are chased by a thousand images of fear. When they return to the summer meadow, they find the lifeless girl: a white horse's head crowns her body.

The Black Death has transformed her and marked her with his mask. The masquerade has become a game of life and death.

With pale faces, the masks now move from the high meadow down to the evening fields and a great melancholy of sadness fills their performance. As a symbol of silence, a girl with a white face carries the horse's head ahead of the funeral procession.

- C A P U T M O R T U U M -

The game comes to an end in a mysterious celebration of the night.

Stages of experienced history reappear in a different form. The masked figures of the nightly ceremonial once again carry the white horse's head outside the city and burn it in the dark fields.

The girl figure of the night emerges for the last time from the misty haze of the next morning and carries the "empty picture frame of history" across the fields before she disappears by the gnarled beech trees on the ditch.