

What ancestor speaks in me? I can't live simultaneously in my head and in my body. That's why I can't be just one person. I can feel within myself countless things at once.

There are no great masters left. That's the real evil of our time. The heart's path is covered in shadow. We must listen to the voices that seem useless in brains full of long sewage pipes of school wall, tarmac and welfare papers. The buzzing of insects must enter. We must fill the eyes and ears of all of us with things that are the beginning of a great dream. Someone must shout that we'll build the pyramids. It doesn't matter if we don't. We must fuel that wish and stretch the corners of the soul like an endless sheet.

If you want the world to go forward, we must hold hands. We must mix the so-called healthy with the so-called sick. You healthy ones! What does your health mean? The eyes of all mankind are looking at the pit into which we are plunging. Freedom is useless if you don't have the courage to look us in the eye, to eat, drink and sleep with us! It's the so-called healthy who have brought the world to the verge of ruin. Man, listen! In you water, fire and then ashes, and the bones in the ashes. The bones and the ashes!

Where am I when I'm not in reality or in my imagination? Here's my new pact: it must be sunny at night and snowy in August. Great things end. Small things endure. Society must become united again instead of so disjointed. Just look at nature and you'll see that life is simple. We must go back to where we were, to the point where we took the wrong turn. We must go back to the main foundations of life without dirtying the water. What kind of world is this if a madman tells you you must be ashamed of yourselves!

[Fragment from *Nostalghia*, a film by Andrei Tarkovsky¹]

These words originate from a speech given by Domenico, one of the protagonists of Andrei Tarkovsky's film *Nostalghia*. Actually, I am fascinated by the extraordinary and memorable final image, introduced by Domenico's statement. In his excellent: *What Is Nostalgia?* Leonid Batkin conducted an in-depth and detailed analysis of the film, concluding that the whole film is actually a two-hour long preparation for a single frame shown at the very end. I cannot surmise how this was accomplished, he wrote. Nonetheless, the whole plot is resolved in this astonishing drawn-out take. I am ready to explain the whole film as a two-hour long preparation for a single frame that is not simply the last but prime and essential. All that which appeared to be overly obvious, demonstrative, and allegorical, all those banal conversations, the instructive story of Domenico or the intentionally "wise" conversations with the "simple folk" suddenly disclosed their amazing sense. The concluding single take restored an air of mystery to everything². We shall watch only 12

ZBIGNIEW
BENEDYKTOWICZ

Coming Back Home. (In Praise of the Province). The Italian Experience of Tarkovsky and Kantor

minutes of work on the final image; I am well aware that considering the time intended for presentations at our conference this might prove to be a rather risky attempt. The sequence starts with Domenico's speech. Let us then briefly recall who he is. What is *Nostalghia* about?

Domenico is an apparently deranged former small-town maths teacher, who for seven years forbade his wife and children to set foot outside their home in order to protect them against the end of the world, a catastrophe whose approach he fears. Having set his family free, he becomes possessed by an *idée fixe* – we learn that every so often he is detained by the police and then escorted home, rendering the realisation of his project impossible. This is the way in which the director described Domenico's *dramatis persona*, whose role grew while shooting the film:

Tonino Guerra [the co-author of the *Nostalghia* screenplay - Z. B.] found this person in a newspaper clipping and we since developed it a bit further. (...) He is obsessed with the thought of committing an act of faith, such as walking straight across a pool – a gigantic, square, old Roman bath in the centre of the Tuscan village of Bagno Vignoni – with a lit candle in his hand³. On the eve of his return to Russia (the Soviet Union), Gorchakov – the film's leading protagonist, a Russian intellectual, poet, scholar, and expert on Italian culture conducting a scientific trip around Italy in the footsteps of another Russian émigré, a musician and a composer (more about him in a while) – decides to carry out Domenico's plan. He does so just before going back home, having found out about Domenico's act of sacrifice on television news. – "Switch on your TV " – an Italian translator, Gorchakov's travelling companion, phones him. Domenico left for Rome to commit self-immolation next the statue of Marcus Aurelius on the Capitol and in this way to stridently convey his protest; the pertinent scene, however, shows him calmly warning about the state of the contemporary world in the throes of a crisis and on its way towards self-annihilation. At the same time, Gor-

chakov (his suitcases packed and waiting in front of the hotel) cancels his ride to the airport (the taxi is ready), and returns to Bagno Vignoni, where earlier he had learned about Domenico's "story", met and talked with him at his home; now, he intends to fulfil Domenico's irrational project which, he believes, will save humankind. Gorchakov walks into the pool, which at that moment is being cleaned (the water spouting from the steamy springs is shallow, and the small-town dwellers are engaged in removing assorted debris of contemporary civilisation, bottles and coins thrown in for luck by tourists); he lights a candle and embarks upon the arduous attempt at carrying it from one end of the pool to the other. Gorchakov is sick and weary (this is the way he appears throughout the whole film – he suffers from a heart condition). Finally, after two unsuccessful attempts (the wind puts out the candle midway and then just before completing the task) Gorchakov, who each time starts anew, shields the flickering flame with his coat and hand (watching him, we can almost feel his physical effort and fatigue) and manages to place the candle at the foot of a wall on the opposite end of the pool. From here, a single long and slow take leads us to the above-mentioned final shot: a wooden cottage straight out a Russian village, inscribed into the ruins of a Cistercian abbey, the twelfth-century Gothic cathedral of San Galgano. Actually, we do not see this image right away and it comes into view gradually. First, there is Gorchakov sitting on the ground in front of a puddle; behind him there stretches a Russian landscape with the cottage and a path gently winding down into a valley and leading to the house. This is the same house, which appeared at the beginning of the film as part of a dream, a reminiscence (?) accompanying the protagonist on his Italian journey. The dog lying next to Gorchakov is the one from the recurring images of the Russian country house, and from an Italian hotel room where at night it sleeps next to the bed of the tired Gorchakov. This is the dog from under the colonnade in Piazza de Campidoglio amidst people indifferently listening to Domenico a moment before his self-immolation, the same dog which anxiously twists and turns, and howls in fear and pain as it witnesses the flames embracing Domenico's convulsively writhing body. In the last shot, the puddle reflects three rectangular shafts of light. The slowly withdrawing camera pans back, revealing the architecture of the cathedral; only then do we see the image in its entirety: man, dog, and country house inserted into the walls of the ruined cathedral of San Galgano. The light glistening in the puddle actually shines through the empty windows of the presbytery. We hear singing, a plaintive chant, a Russian folk song resembling a blend of a lament and a lullaby. Illuminated snowflakes melting on the ground and in the puddle slowly

fall on the man gazing ahead, the dog at his side, the house, and the church. It starts to snow.

The dramaturgy of this sequence is probably best evoked in: *The final editing plan of "Nostalgia"*, recorded in Tarkovsky's *Diaries* [*Time within Time: The Diaries*]:

(...)

9. *Campidoglio*

The deranged; Domenico on horseback; Gorchakov returns to Bagno Vignoni; Domenico's two hour-long speech; petrol; broken tape recorder; fire; Domenico's death; Beethoven.

10. *Crossing over with a candle; Gorchakov's death; Gorchakov's country house within cathedral walls; Freeze-frame; Russian song; Verdi.*

11. *Dedication: In memory of my mother.*⁴

Let us once again cite Batkin and his description of the closing image: This shocking, surrealistic and possibly ingenious shot is constructed in such a way that space is perceived completely naturally as a holistic image stemming from the film's theme. It simply remains in front of our eyes, and will always do so. This is the afterlife future, the next world. Inside, there is our Italian present, the courtyard of a church already mentioned by Dante. The future within a Romanesque church, Italy, emigration, and the present. Russia is that village with the protagonist sitting on the slope of a hillock and the same dog at his side. Initially, the camera notices only a puddle strangely divided by sunbeams. At first, I was unable to understand the nature of the rays and the source of the light falling through an arcade of an Italian, probably twelfth-century church.

Finally, all became one – the past, the present and the future, Russia, Italy, life and eternity. All matched the space of that world, surrealistically constructed thanks to the magnificent quality of the image. The most amazing thing is that we are simply unaware of the editing. Italy is the suitable place for this green slope, that glistening puddle, all that which is Russian. Peace descends upon the soul. And yet this is one of the most artificial moments in the whole film...

*I felt confused. After all, everything that which I liked and disliked in this film, its epiphany and suffering, its sincerity and artificiality, came together in the finale. This is a blend of higher art and truth, the demonstrative quality of the idea and visual conviction. I do not know how this was achieved. Nevertheless, the whole plot is resolved in this unusual, long take.*⁵

Why have I decided to take you back to this symbol at a conference about the *Images and Myths of Europe? The Western and the Eastern Perspectives?* There are at least several reasons. To start with the most obvious one, I believe that the image in question could become

a framework for further reflections, or constitute a firm point of reference and landmark in the course of our discussion. One could say that *Nostalgia* and its closing or, as Batkin declared, “prime and essential” depiction contain almost everything that is associated with the province and its eulogy: a Russian country house inscribed into the walls of a cathedral. That which is connected with the landscape of folk, provincial and “low” culture, that which is low, mundane, simple, human, and local has been installed into that which is lofty, universal and high. The architecture of the towering cathedral, whose raw, unadorned and decaying walls and transparent openings-remnants of a rosace and windows let in the light from above, embraces the whole image. “This world” (“my local world”) has been literally incorporated into “that world”, a historical, geographical, cultural, mythical, existential, religious and metaphysical dimension. You see how difficult it is to describe this composite, poignant and original image, which I regard as part of a certain tendency that could be described as an “Eastern perception” of Europe and art. I discern an amazing coincidence between Tarkovsky’s imagery with that which in the 1980s (at exactly the same time, since *Nostalgia* was made in 1983) Janusz Bogucki (art critic and author of numerous exhibitions) described in a series of displays featured in Poland as “art going back home”, “a return to the church”. I have in mind his “Labyrinths” series, shown in the ruins of a church undergoing reconstruction in Żytnia Street in Warsaw, or later in the austere interior of a church under construction in the district of Ursynów. In the 1990s, the same current was present in the “Epitaph and seven spaces” exhibition at the “Zachęta” Gallery in Warsaw and at the nearby Ethnographic Museum, the site of an encounter of popular folk art accompanying the cult of the images of Our Lady of Guadalupe and Our Lady of Częstochowa. The leitmotif of these shows was a fusion of secular and religious art, high art and “low” folk art, popular native art with the art of an ostensibly distant culture, and, finally, modern art and art inspired by folk architecture. In “Seven spaces” *Holy Mount* by Grzegorz Kłaman, *Tents* by Magdalena Abakanowicz, and *School Desks* from Kantor’s *The Dead Class* were shown together with *Home* by the Group from Lucim (Bohdan and Witold Chmielewski, Wiesław Smużny).⁶ The concept of these exhibitions, apart from emphasis on the multi-cultural experience of the *sacrum*, was to arrange a meeting of assorted religious, spiritual traditions. (The subtitle of “Seven spaces” was: “The paths, traditions and peculiarities of spiritual life in Poland reflected in the mirror of art at the end of the twentieth century”).

Could there be a more apt description of the complex imagery proposed by Tarkovsky in *Nostalgia* than “going back home – a return to the church”? We



Photos from the *Nostalgia*, by Andrej Tarkowski

come across the same spirit, tone, reflection of an idea, and longing for unity in yet another arrival from “a distant land”; the discussed image reflects a conception close to the vision expounded by John Paul II when he spoke about the two lungs of Europe (eastern and western tradition).

It is a known fact that the author of *Andrei Rublyov* frequently disassociated himself from symbolic and metaphorical interpretations of his films. Actually, the whole question is much more complicated⁷, since it is possible to formulate and justifiably defend the thesis that we are dealing with a pure symbol, a combination (Greek: *syn-ballo*, *symballein*) of two separate parts. In other words, *Nostalgia* and its final image possess a feature described by Richard R. Niebhuur writing about the symbol: *We do not embellish our experiences with symbols but it is they, which cooperate with our experience via processes of affiliation, which we understand only partially. To symbolize means to arrange those particles and elements of a flowing stream of experiences, which, once united, create luminescence, temporary or permanent rays, in which a part of the cosmos, a corner of our habitat or some dark subterranean labyrinth lightens up*⁸. In Tarkovsky's film this merger and luminescence are conspicuous. The director's distance towards the symbol never changes. In a chapter on *After finishing Nostalgia* in his *Zapiechilemoye vremia* (*Sculpting in Time*) he wrote: *Of late, I have frequently found myself addressing audiences, and I have noticed that whenever I declare that there are no symbols or metaphors in my films, those present express incredulity. They persist in ask-*

ing again and again, for instance, what rain signifies in my films; why does it figure in film after film; and why the repeated images of wind, fire, water? I really don't know how to deal with such questions.

Rain is after all typical of the landscape in which I grew up; in Russia you have those long, dreary, persistent rains. And I can say that I love nature – I don't like big cities and feel perfectly happy when I'm away from the paraphernalia of modern civilisation, just as I felt wonderful in Russia when I was in my country house, with three hundred kilometres between Moscow and myself. Rain, fire, water, snow, dew, the driving ground wind – all are part of the material setting in which we dwell; I would even say of the truth of our lives. I am therefore puzzled when I am told that people cannot simply enjoy watching nature, when it is lovingly reproduced on the screen, but have to look for some hidden meaning they feel it must contain. Of course, rain can be just seen as bad weather, whereas I use it to create a particular aesthetic setting in which to steep introduce the plot. But that is not at all the same things as bringing nature into my films as a symbol of something else. Heaven forbid! In commercial

cinema nature often does not exist at all; all one has is the most advantageous lighting and exteriors for the purpose of quick shooting – everybody follows the plot and no one is bothered by the artificiality of a setting that is more or less right, nor by the disregard for detail and atmosphere. When the screen brings the real world to the audience, the world as it actually is, so that it can be seen in depth and from all sides, evoking its very smell, allowing audiences to feel on their skin its moisture or its dryness

— it seems that the cinema-goer has so lost the capacity simply to surrender to an immediate, emotional aesthetic impression, that he instantly has to check himself, and ask: 'Why? What for? What's the point?'⁹

Slightly further on, in a reference to the image of interest to us, the director added:

*I would concede that the final shot of Nostalgia has an element of metaphor, when I bring the Russian house inside the Italian cathedral. It is a constructed image which smacks of literariness: a model of the hero's state, of the division within him which prevents him from living as he has up till now. Or perhaps, on the contrary, it is his new wholeness in which the Tuscan hills and the Russian countryside come together indissolubly; he is conscious of them as inherently his own, merged into his being and his blood. And so Gorchakov dies in this new world where those things come together naturally and of themselves which in our strange and relative earthly existence have for some reason, or by someone, been divided once and for all. All the same, even if the scene lacks cinematic purity, I trust that it is free of vulgar symbolism; the conclusion seems to me fairly complex in form and meaning, and to be a figurative expression of what is happening to the hero, not a symbol of something outside him which has to be deciphered.*¹⁰

There is no time for expanding and justifying the thesis that the discussed image is a symbol if only due to those features whose presence is stressed by hermeneutist: the ambiguity, multiple meanings, composite nature, complexity, and, more precisely, the dynamic and dialectic of the symbol are the reasons why it is both simple and complicated, ever enrooted in the concrete and reality. Why it combines the sensual and the intellectual. Why its characteristic traits include the retention of a dual character: reality and unreality/irreality since it would have not been a symbol if it had been only real, it would have been a real phenomenon which could not be symbolic; only that which within one thing encompasses another is symbolic. If a symbol were to be unreal, then it would be empty and imaginary, with no references to any sort of reality, and thus it would not have been a symbol (C. G. Jung); the symbol always contains something organic, archaic (S. Avierintsev, Y. Lotman). They are the reason why one can see the whole *via* a particle: *each time it refers to that what is most prominent – the idea of the wholeness and unity of the world, a fully cosmic and human universe* (S. Avierintsev, Y. Lotman). Why the symbol is not only (a single) given meaning, but a "task" – *the sense of the symbol comes into being not solely as a ready presence but also as a dynamic tendency: it is not given but assigned. You must change your life* [ultimately, this is Domenico's message to the divided world of the "healthy" and the "normal, the "people from the centre" and the "peripheries". His sacrifice takes place in front of an uninterested audi-

ence to the strains of Beethoven's *Ode to Joy* from the *Ninth Symphony*, today the hymn of a united Europe]; *the sense of a symbol cannot be deciphered through the effort of the mind alone, one must "enter into its spirit"*¹¹. Finally, they are the reason why it has a dialogical structure, and why consideration of the symbol is a dialogical form of cognition (S. Avierintsev). And so on, and so forth.

On the other hand, it is worth drawing attention to yet another factor essential in the structure of the symbolic image from Tarkovsky's finale. In its primary meaning, the symbol was identification. In antiquity – a topic extensively discussed by Pavel Florensky in his *Ikhnostasis*¹² – the symbol was an object made of clay, wood, or metal, divided into two parts, a picture cut into two, a document, a cube, a tablet, or anything which after being put together regains its meaning and once again serves as an identification. It was mutually offered by friends, business partners, debtors and creditors, pilgrims, people linked by various bonds, who split the "symbol" into two fragments that in the future, placed side by side either by them or their messengers could comprise an identification. *The symbol made it possible to recognise one's own.*¹³ It contains all the warmth of a secret that binds together. The symbol acts as a sign of identity and unity (it is also a credo). In the case of Tarkovsky, it is two different parts, two different images brought together. These are not merely images of Europe as such, Western Europe, Italy and the Russian provinces, but basically of two provinces: the West European, Italian province (Tuscany) and its Russian counterpart. Images of the country house and the cathedral, parallel symbolic images of the world: the house and the church (both comprising *imago mundi*, **essentially the home and the church are one**¹⁴) **are here put together** and coalesced into a single organic whole without obliterating the differences. This surreal image-symbol, an identification, assembled and offered in the final act of *Nostalgia*, expresses, demonstrates and discovers that which is held so dear by anthropology, and which is close to its motifs and fundamental experiences, as well as the European vision and idea (of what Europe is, could or should be). It is a discovery of unity in diversity.

Returning to the main theme, I shall try to propose a greatly abbreviated designation of the foremost landmarks and motifs on our map of meanings contained in reflections about the province; produced by that special perception of Europe seen from the East, this is the vision recorded by Tarkovsky in the oft-mentioned finale of *Nostalgia*.

In the person of the leading *dramatis persona* we have: 1. an arrival from a distant province, 2. a motif of the home and going back home, 3. an attachment to one's native land and a longing for it, 4. nostalgia:

suffering caused by separation from the home and motherland, the impossibility of going back home or the efforts such a return entails.

Home

The home appears already at the very onset of the sequence: Domenico sets fire to his body, “the home of his soul”, and someone else (Gorchakov) carries the light to the other end of the pool in his stead. In *Nostalghia* we have, therefore, not only a forecast of Tarkovsky’s next film *The Sacrifice* (whose finale features a burning house), but also a continuation of the theme and image of the home present also in this director’s other films preceding *Nostalghia*. In her essay *Home and Road*, Neya Zorkaya¹⁵ extensively discussed the significant motif of the home in Tarkovsky’s oeuvre. We see it in *Solaris: The home-ideal and the home-reminiscence – this is the home of Kelvin-the father, built not in a fantastic landscape but in native Russian countryside: a house standing under oak trees, a green glade on the banks of an overgrown stream*.¹⁶ “The thinking ocean bestows peace upon Kris’ troubled soul, offering him an image of his father’s home. Ivan [My Name is Ivan (Ivan’s Childhood)] wanders across a wartime wilderness, while the charred house gazes after him with empty eye sockets”.¹⁷

In *Mirror* it is the family home, enveloped in love and the sadness of nostalgia, made out of beams and standing under pine trees – the promised land of childhood.¹⁸ In *Stalker* the dream-sequence room, to which the hero keeps on returning, shakes to the rhythm of a speeding train – the lamp, the table, the whole room tremble. It is simply impossible to ignore the oneiric motif of the “dream home”, whose portrayal in *Nostalghia* accompanies the protagonist in his dreams and reminiscences throughout his Italian voyage and reappears at its end. It is the home described by Gaston Bachelard:

The real world becomes obliterated whenever we transfer our thoughts to the home of our memories. What is the significance of the houses we pass by while walking down a street if our memory recalls our family home, the home of absolute intimacy, the home from which we derived the very conception of intimacy? This home is somewhere far away, we have lost it, and no longer live in it, and we know, unfortunately for certain, that we shall never again do so. Then the home becomes more than a mere memory – it is the home of our dreams. (...) What is real: the home in which we go to sleep, or the home to which we loyally return once we had fallen asleep?¹⁹

Tarkovsky wrote about Gorchakov: (...) acutely aware of being an outsider who can only watch other people’s lives from a distance, crushed by the recollections of his past, by the faces of those dear to him, which assail his memory together with the sounds and smells of home.²⁰

Nostalghia

Gorchakov is a poet who travels to Italy to collect material about Beryozovsky, a Russian serf, musician and composer (in the film he is mentioned as Sosnovsky). Beryozovsky is an historical figure, Tarkovsky wrote. He showed such musical ability that he was sent by his landowner to study in Italy, where he stayed many years, gave concerts and was much acclaimed. But in the end, driven no doubt by that same inescapable Russian nostalgia, he eventually decided to return to serf-owning Russia, where, shortly afterwards, he hanged himself;²¹ elsewhere, the director added: ... he turned alcoholic and subsequently committed suicide.²² At this point, we arrive at the specific phenomenon of nostalgia, whose very meaning is enclosed in a combination of two Greek words: *nóstos* – return, and *algos* – suffering. In the earlier mentioned essay: *What is Nostalghia?* Leonid Batkin, whose interpretation is often extremely critical and full of scathing irony and malice towards the film, its author, and the solutions applied in certain scenes, acknowledged the importance of the closing image, which “restores an air of mystery to everything”. (I shall never forgive Tarkovsky this, from my point of view, disastrous film in which his heretofore poetics falls apart). On the other hand, Batkin appears to agree with the director as regards one thing: Russian nostalgia is exceptional. Batkin started collecting solutions to the key question concerning the nature of nostalgia by comparing poems by Josif Brodsky (*December in Florence*, and then other works) with Tarkovsky’s film in order to disclose the strikingly unusual condition of the main protagonist. While travelling to and across Italy Andrei Gorchakov constantly turns away from its beauty and outright tries to ignore it. (I shall cite only a fragment of the poem mentioned by Baktin, indispensable for the clarity of further argumentation):

*In a smoke-filled café, in the semi-shade of his cap
He grows accustomed to the nymphs on the ceiling, the
cupids, the stucco*

(...)

*A sunbeam refracted against a palace,
The dome of a church with Lorenzo’s final resting
place,*

*Permeates the curtains and warms the veins
Of dirty marble, a vat with a flowering verbenas:
And trills resound in the centre of Ravenna made of
wire.*

Behold, a Russian émigré in Italy, Batkin wrote. His name is Josif Brodsky. Perhaps he is the protagonist of Tarkovsky’s *Nostalghia*. The words used by Brodsky convey visual impressions – “smoke-filled”, “semi-shade”, “dirty” (...) Gazing from under a Russian cap (I made it up), he reluctantly and even with disgust gets

used to Baroque or Renaissance forms. Brodsky wrote about the dome of a church with Lorenzo's final resting place... Dear God, this is Santa Maria del Fiore! Quite possibly the most amazing dome in the whole world. He, however, does not want to look at it. The curtains are drawn. A sunbeam indifferently passes the magnificent church and occupies itself with something else: it warms up the dirty marble and a vat. Such a vat could have easily found itself in Tarkovsky's film. We can easily imagine the whole situation: a café, the camera focused on the stuccoed ceiling, halting next to a birdcage, observing the curtains penetrated by a sunbeam, and the dust floating in the air. In a drawn-out take we see the veins of the unwashed marble floor. The caged goldfinch, an imprisoned singer, exiled. Dante in Ravenna, and the Russian artist – Brodsky or Tarkovsky, or simply some "Andrei, the writer" – as an émigré, homesick, alone, in the wire cage of Italy.²³

Further on, there is no more scoffing, and the author of *Nostalgia* and his interpreter concur. Nostalgia is a truly serious issue.

Tarkovsky:

The nostalgia of my film is a fatal illness suffered by someone who is far from his own origins and cannot return there. It is an illness. How else can one describe something, which deprives man of his vital forces, entire energy, and joy of living? Not simply a feeling of sadness. The victim becomes crippled, and a certain part of him ceases to exist. A Russian will not harbour any doubts – this illness is real. I find it very difficult to speak about nostalgia in a manner comprehensible to people who are not Russians. I repeat, this is a illness (...). If a person proves incapable of overcoming it, it becomes a fatal illness, contracted only abroad. Travelling across Russia I might experience sadness but not nostalgia. (...) [Nostalgia] is more than longing.²⁴

Batkin:

Russian nostalgia is exceptional, deprived of all hope, and incurable ... It is, however, the last level of that which Petrarch, also familiar with this emotion, as is every man of the West (there is no need to exaggerate: although we live on different planets we still remain in the same galaxy of culture), described as "acedia" – the final stage of an inexplicable dislike towards the world.²⁵

Nostalgia is caused by a division of the world.

Tarkovsky:

This will be a film about how appalling it is that in the twentieth century we are incapable of enabling all those persons dearest to us to witness our journeys. Or, on the contrary, that we would like to tell everyone whom we meet, in this case in Italy, about our native land, and are unable to do this well owing to the great differences divid-

ing us; the heart of the matter thus involves the tragedy of being unable to communicate ... I have in mind communication in the supreme meaning of the word. (...) In addition, we are forced to take into account the fact that no translation of a literary work, even the most sensitive one, can convey the true profundity and subtlety of a language. Take the example of the word "nostalgia". Even if I were to become fluent in Italian, as a Russian I shall never understand Petrarch entirely, just as an Italian will not understand Pushkin. (...) We in the Soviet Union pretend that we understand Dante and Petrarch, but this is not true. And Italians pretend to know Pushkin, but that is also an erroneous assumption.²⁶

[About Gorchakov]: Knowing full well that he cannot make use of his Italian experiences increases his internal pain, "nostalgia", which includes an awareness of the fact that he is totally unable to share his experiences with his dear ones at home, even with those who were closest to him before he left for Italy.²⁷

Batkin:

[About Gorchakov] "He says: I have grown bored with your beauty, I don't want it for myself alone... [...] This is the feeling of an utterly personal and terrible deprivation committed by those who are not accompanying him in Italy. An extremely private spiritual agitation. I consider this question through the prism of my own experiences. I spent my whole life studying Italy, and last year for the first time I stayed for a few days in Rome and Bari. I became haunted by a strange feeling: why only I? In such a moment it is quite natural to think about those closest to us, all those Russians standing at bus stops and in enormous queues in front of shops, who do not even suspect that it is possible to lead a different life. This is by no means some sort of an altruistic reflection. We weep over our joint plight, in which your individual life also takes part"²⁸

Tarkovsky (supplementing this singular meaning of the word "nostalgia"):

This is the reason why nostalgia is not grief for the past (...)

And we Russians, for us nostalgia is not a gentle and benevolent emotion (...). For us it is a sort of deadly disease, a mortal illness, a profound compassion that binds us not so much with our own privation, our longing, our separation, but rather with the suffering of others, a passionate empathy.²⁹

Once again Batkin, since the last word always belongs to the interpreter:

What is this terrible Russian nostalgia? I asked myself: was Gogol homesick while in Rome? He led a peaceful life, loved the town, and wrote *Dead Souls*. Did Turgenev long for Russia? We cannot tell. Perhaps he felt homesick in the winter, but certainly not in the summer when he

moved back to his estate. Quite possibly, this is just common human homesickness, a yearning for the homeland experienced by everyone. In the case of Tarkovsky, however, it is the longing of an exile, a political émigré, and not simply the homesickness of a person who had left for a short while. The exile's homeland has been amputated. He cannot return whenever he wishes to do so. Unlike others, he cannot see his native land. This is the first and simplest secret of Russian nostalgia. We are not dealing with commonplace departure, but with amputation. When one leaves at the age of fifteen, one turns into a Frenchman or an American, and even more so if one leaves aged five. As a rule, however, we set off as adults, and this means that we become deprived of our childhood, youth, the best years of our lives, our health and strength – all that which existed in Russia when we were young, even if this was corvee-era Russia. (...) To this we must add something, which Eugenia [Gorchakov's guide and translator] noticed, namely, that we never arrive from another country, but move to a different planet. I believe that this holds true also for Andrei Tarkovsky; we never travelled while young, although it has been known for centuries that one should start seeing the world in one's youth. We find the West, America and Italy strange. We arrive there when we are already tired. We do not speak the language and find ourselves in a different civilisation, not Russian and even more so not Soviet. We adapt with much greater difficulty than a Calabrian peasant woman in northern Italy.³⁰

Why have I devoted so much attention to bitter reflections about nostalgia (not by chance is "the writer Andrei" in Tarkovsky's film called Gorchakov – from the Russian word for bitter)? In contemporary culture numerous types and variants of "going back to the province" or the concept of nostalgia in popular mass culture (the cinema, television series) have assumed a gentle character, and tend to resemble reminiscences, an alluring return to the past. Or, even if this sounds like a contradiction: a realised nostalgic return. Nostalgia has become fashionable. In *Czytanie kultury* (Deciphering Culture) Wojciech Burszta³¹ devoted a whole chapter: *Nostalgia and myth, or on the mechanism of the return* to this mild version of facile and pleasant nostalgia; here, nostalgia is situated in close proximity to such concepts as fashion, pastiche, and stylisation, and becomes a commodity. In Burszta's meticulous survey of assorted interpretations of nostalgia in contemporary anthropological literature, based chiefly on American works on the topic, we would seek in vain an Eastern view of the titular question, its "difficult case" (although the author should be praised for citing Czesław Miłosz's poem *Capri* from the volume: *On The River Bank*). Apparently, a division of the world into the centre and the province, at least in anthropological reflections (a global world without boundaries and history), retains its firm position – but then

who, apart from fanatics and experts, not to mention Western anthropologists specialising in nostalgia, is familiar with the works of Tarkovsky and Brodsky or even heard about them? This is why I regard the model-like, serious, "Russian" clinical case as noteworthy and deserving to be included into our anthropological musings. Even more so considering that the imagery proposed by Tarkovsky combines the motif of the home and going back home with certain findings by David R. Lachterman about the relations between the Greek *noos* – intellect and *nostos* – return. The article: *Noos and Nostos. The Odyssey and the Origins of Greek Philosophy*, was published in a special issue of "Konteksty" about the anthropology of memory. In places, it sounds very specialist and philosophical, but from our vantage point it is of great value owing to its poetic and anthropological reflections. Those interested in the whole argumentation are recommended to read the article³², from which I have selected only those trails that could cast a certain light on the profound qualities of the imagery in *Nostalgia* and its closeness to the archaic base.

In order to recall the dark and gloomy likenesses of Italy recorded in *Nostalgia* let us see what the director had to say – after finishing work, he registered a surprising reaction:

*I have to say that when I first saw all the material shot for the film I was startled to find it was a spectacle of unrelieved gloom. The material was completely homogeneous, both in its mood and in the state of mind imprinted in it.*³³

While reflecting on the connections between *noos*-intellect and *nostos*-return, Lachterman drew our attention to the absence of clarity in the contrast between *mythos* and *logos* (which up to this day serves as a basis for our characterisations of the myth, contrasted with the precise speech of science, and for comparing "pre-scientific" poetry and supposedly abstract "scientific" philosophy). He also traced the subtle play of the meanings of the *noos/nostos* combination recorded in the *Odyssey* (if only in the names of those who assisted Odysseus in his return home: Alkinoos [the king of the Phaiakians, *alke* = force, power], and those who hampered it – Antinoos [the leader of the suitors, *anti*]). Lachterman wrote: There is no need to present in detail the studies conducted by Frame and Frei, each of whom ascertained that *noos* is a derivative of the root* *ne*, historically confirmed in the passive-active verb *neomai* and in the noun formation *nostos*. Frame associated the root **nes* with "archaic solar mythology", suggesting that originally *noos* signified "a return from the dead to light and life". Despite the fact that Frei had less dealings with the Sanskrit he reached a similar conclusion, indicating that the oldest (pre-Homer) meaning of *noos* is "getting over something", "a fortunate evasion of danger".

We discover all the motifs contained in *noos/nostos* within the dark imagery devised by Tarkovsky, and laboriously traverse them until we arrive at the final image of “going back home”, “getting over something”, “evading danger”, “returning from the dead to light and life”. Father Tomáš Špidlík interpreted *Nostalghia* as a transition from nostalgia to *anamnesis*: The concept of *anamnesis* is liturgical, but it possesses its secular counterpart – nostalgia. There are two perceptible variants. Nostalgia is experienced as a result of a past regarded as lost. On the other hand, *anamnesis* is joyful reminiscence, which renders the past a fragment of the present to an extent greater than when it was first experienced. The film by Tarkovsky is entitled *Nostalghia*. If I were to describe its contents I would apply precisely those two concepts - the film shows the enormous force of religious feelings, capable of transforming nostalgia into *anamnesis*.³⁴

The Italian experiences of Tarkovsky's *Nostalghia* (1983) and Tadeusz Kantor's *Wielopole, Wielopole* (1980, a theatrical spectacle staged as part of the Florentine programme at Teatro Regionale Toscano, Florence) share the motif of the return home, inscribed into the Italian cultural landscape. The next problem is the inclusion of local, own cultural tradition into the universal entity. Both works share the motif of coming back home, nostalgia, the experiencing of the province, an epiphany of poor reality, and the significance of “reality of the lowest rank”.

In *Nostalghia* we are dealing with the same epiphany as in the case of Tadeusz Kantor - the epiphany of “poor reality”.

While seeking beauty in *Nostalghia*, distinguishing between the poetics of Brodsky and Tarkovsky, and, simultaneously, accentuating the dissimilarities of their perception of the West, Batkin described Tarkovsky's concept of poor reality:

Before I say what I think about the different ways in which Brodsky and Tarkovsky understood the West and its beauty, I would like to draw attention to the most captivating frame in the film. I recall especially two episodes: the little room, one of the longest shots, in which the protagonist lay down, bowing his head and assuming a cramped, uncomfortable pose, dozing as if he were falling asleep, while outside the window there is feeble, scattered autumn light and rain, rain, rain. This scene can be watched for long without becoming bored – one simply cannot grow bored. It almost corresponds to the *dirty marble* - here too there is a floor with puddles, rubbish, beautiful bottles, to be observed for long, and light reflected in the bottles and the puddle. Every bookshelf, window pane, and Domenico's apartment can be studied at length, since each poor life object is a thing of beauty harmonising with the ruins and, at the same time, retaining its am-

biguity. What do they have in common with the Madonna del Prato, which the writer Andrei did not even want to look at, as if he had specially come in search of poor objects? Theirs is the true beauty. Poverty, dirt and neglect, which Brodsky perceived as a concentration of improbable and ultimate hopelessness and longing, serve Tarkovsky as a source of some sort of strange hope, prophecy and beauty. That which is lowliest proves to be the most important. The poorer the object shown while the camera descends increasingly lower - examining the details of earthly dust and decay below our feet - the more we notice that, which is heavenly.³⁵

Below is a description of Kantor's epiphany in a seaside province, inaugurating his theatre of death, the theatre of memory. Kantor wrote his texts in a curious fashion and used capital letters to accentuate the rank of words; in this case, the whole text was originally in full capitals. I preserved only the long “pauses” – the spacing and underlining (added later?). The original version is available in the second edition of *Kadysz*:³⁶

“The year is 1971 or '72. The seaside. A small town. Almost a village. A single street. Small, poor, ground-floor buildings. And perhaps the poorest of them all: the schoolhouse. The time was summer and school holidays. The school was empty and abandoned, with only one classroom. One could look at it through two small, wretched windows set low, right above the sidewalk. The whole impression was that the school had sunk below the level of the street. I glued my face against the panes and peered for long into the dark and disturbed abyss of my memory.

Once again I became a little boy, sitting in a poor village classroom, at a desk scarred with penknives, turning the pages of my primer, moistened with spittle, with ink-stained fingers; the eternally scrubbed floor boards had deeply ingrained rings, somehow matching the bare feet of the village boys. Whitened walls, with the plaster peeling at the bottom, and a black cross on a wall.

Today, I realise that something important had taken place in front of that window. I had made a discovery. I grew extremely vividly aware of the

EXISTENCE OF REMINISCENCE.

This declaration is by no means, contrary to appearances, the result of exaltation and exaggeration. In our rational world reminiscence did not have a good name and was totally ignored in cold accounts with reality.

All of a sudden, I grasped its mysterious, unimaginable force.

I found out that it is an element capable of destruction and generation, that it stands at the beginning of creation.

At the beginning of art.

Suddenly, everything became clear, as if many doors had opened up towards distant, infinite landscapes and spaces.

This was no longer that shameful symptom ascribed to old age and young girls.

It transpired in its terrifying perspective, ending once and for all, in the pain of passage, and in the sweetness created by longing.

(...)

This fact,

at that precise moment when I was standing in front of the mentioned window, would not have been some sort of an exceptional reason for extolling reminiscence. This was a time when all art rapidly and light-heartedly was losing its trust in **VISIBILITY**.

On the other hand, placing this act of distrust within a phenomenon which, I dare say, is despised and suspected of mysticism and banal or senile sentimentalism,

was an act of great departure from my

beloved practices, risking the flames of the **STAKE** and the Verdicts of the **HOLY INQUISITION OF THE INTELLECT**.

Reminiscence lives beyond the range of our sight. It grows and expands in the regions of our emotions and affection and tears.

I could not have chosen a worse time, when the tribunal of the intellect wielded indivisible rule.

One was accused not of apostasy but also of backwardness.

One had to possess a harsh heretical nature.

I regarded myself as a great heresiarch.

This nostalgia, which already for a certain time had been

making itself known increasingly vividly,

THIS REVELATION

with something on the other side of the threshold of the

VISIBLE,

mysterious and imperative,

this discovery of **REMINISCENCE**

came right on time, because in that great battle against the visible and the material,

in which I took part,

the heaviest arguments of

SCIENTISM

which I found infinitely alien, had been brought forward!

In order to close this chapter it became necessary to conduct a

REVISION

and a **REHABILITATION** of the concept of the **PAST**.

I did that.

Wandering around the world I proclaimed the

TRIUMPH

OF THE PAST,

daring to believe that this is the only time which is

real and significant

(in art)

because it is already in the past tense!

Finally, there came that memorable moment of deciding that one should

EXPRESS REMINISCENCE.

It then became compulsory to learn about the functioning of

MEMORY.

Thus began the decade-long era of my two works

"The Dead Class" and

"Wielopole, Wielopole",

which were to confirm

the truth of the blasphemous ideas that I proclaimed.

This was an era of my own avantgarde.

AN AVANTGARDE OF:

REMINISCENCE,

MEMORY,

THE INVISIBLE,

EMPTINESS AND DEATH.

Death.

It ends that initially innocent

gazing through a window.

Since a window conceals many dark mysteries.

The window awakens fear and a premonition of that which is "beyond".

And that absence of the children,

the impression that the children had already lived their life, had died

and that only through this fact of **DYING**, through death

this class becomes filled with reminiscences,

and that only then do reminiscences begin to live

and assume a mysterious spiritual power.

Then nothing is greater or stronger

(...)".³⁷

This experience undergone in a provincial "small town" was the source not only of the origin of *The Dead Class* (1975), *Wielopole, Wielopole* (1980) and

successive spectacles: *Let the Artists Die* (1985), *I Shall Never Return* (1988) and *Today is My Birthday* (1991) - a proclamation of the itinerant Theatre of Memory, with which Kantor triumphantly travelled across the world, but also of new discoveries. "Many doors seemed to have opened", casting light on the meaning of "poor reality", the "peripheries", the province.

In a commentary to *Wielopole, Wielopole*, which resounds with, i. a. an echo of Bruno Schulz (*Book of Letters*), Kantor wrote:

Not everything, however, is lost. The peripheries do not denote fall and humiliation – My private dictionary contains the term Reality of the Lowest Rank. A terrain reserved (illegally) for Art. And thus for all supreme human values. There, the peripheries have their own high rank. Explosions of that myth, manifesting themselves in the most unexpected places, transpire precisely in those peripheries. Speaking in the language of art and poetry – in the poor courtyard, in the pitiful corner, where we conceal our innermost hopes, our imagination, our threatened humanity, and our personality. And - probably only there may we become redeemed. It is difficult to describe the spatial dimension of reminiscence:

*here is the room of my childhood,
which I constantly arrange anew*

*and which continually dies.
Together with its dwellers.
These occupants are my family.
They all endlessly repeat their activities,
impressed as if on a plate, for eternity
they shall repeat, until boredom sets in,
concentrated on the same gesture,
with the same facial grimace,
those banal,
elementary mediocre activities,
devoid of all expression and purposefulness.
With excessive dull precision
with terrifying ostentation,
persistently,
those petty occupations filling our lives...
DEAD DUMMIES,
gaining reality and importance
through that obstinate - REPETITION.
Quite possibly, this is a property of
Reminiscence,
this pulsating rhythm,
increasingly recurring,
ending in emptiness,
futile...*



Bagno Vignoni

... And then there is the place "BEHIND THE DOOR"

somewhere at the back and on the edges of the ROOM,

a different space
in a different dimension.

Where our memories press together

our freedom breeds,

in this poor place,

somewhere "in a corner",

"behind the door",

in some nameless interior of the imagination...

we stand in the doorway, saying farewell to our

childhood,

helpless,

on the threshold of eternity and of death,

in this small, gloomy space,

behind this door

human hell and tempests rage,

the waves are gathering of that flood from which there is no shelter.³⁸

Franco Quadri, the author of an introduction to the Italian programme of *Wielopole*, *Wielopole*, aptly revealed the connections between the theatrical spectacle and the cinema:

*In the centre - the figure of Tadeusz Kantor, who directs his actors and calls to life his heroes and who now takes on a different dimension: he identifies himself in the action and remains in a concrete way outside it, with this décalage towards to the resurrected images which brings to mind Proust or - iconographically - Bergman's Wild Strawberries, with old Sjöström who introduces his old man's ruin into the discovered picture of childhood, to produce the impression of a poignant confrontation. While working in Florence, the anti-traditional undertakings of the artist from Cracow extolled national tradition: a Polish micro-cosmos, with its culture and religiosity, becomes revived in his father's home under the incessant pressure of the same motif, while the stations of daily life are unable to free themselves from the presence of war and violence. In the mythical village of Wielopole, where Kantor was born, the stations of Christ's Passion encounter a wartime nightmare. In a syncopated construction, edited in cinematic fashion out of snippets from the past, history assumes the form of a protagonist. The theatre of repetitions speaks the language of universal quests.*³⁹

The comparison with Bergman, proposed by Quadri, cannot be upheld in any feasible way. In *Wild Strawberries* the image of the childhood home to which old, frigid Professor Borg, played by Sjöström, returns, is almost Arcadian, with a garden basking in sunlight, full of blossoming white flowers, and with white curtains fluttering in the summer breeze in wide-open windows...

Everyone who has ever seen and remembers Kantor's face looking at his actors knows that we are elsewhere... next to a very different window...

After all, the "room of my childhood", mentioned by Kantor in the above-cited commentary, is:

a dark and cluttered HOLE.

It is not true that the childhood room in our memory is always sunny and bright.

It is merely rendered such by

a conventional literary manner,

it is a DEAD room

and a room for the DEAD.

Recalled by memories -

it dies.⁴⁰

Kantor required only a window and a door, ... to put this spectacle together.⁴¹ To build a room, to enact his Forefathers' Eve rite,⁴² so that memory may recall a holy picture, which, in the finale, served him in arranging his dead at a table in a reference to the iconographic depiction of *The Last Supper* by Leonardo de Vinci.

At this point, there is a perceptible connection with Bergman, who in one of his statements declared that he had fallen under the spell of a painting entitled *The Dance of Death*, which as a child he saw in an old mediaeval church; this was the inspiration for *The Seventh Seal*. Perhaps while rehearsing his Florentine programme Kantor had once stood in Milan in front of the wall featuring Leonardo's *Last Supper* and looked at it through the prism of his Eastern memory to envisage *Wielopole*, *Wielopole*?

This is what artists, masters from the East, had brought:

A childhood room, a Forefathers' Eve rite inscribed into *The Last Supper*.

A family home and *Viechnaya pamiat'*⁴³ inscribed into the cathedral in San Galgano.

Praise be to Italy for welcoming them and offering refuge!

The province, the praise of the province, what praise could be greater than the gamut of moods, tones and shades that the province might contain: Arcadia - *Et in Arcadia ego...* *Auch ich war in Arkadien geboren...* - "the small homeland", "the poor courtyard", "somewhere in a corner", "Reality of the Lowest Rank".

The home to which one returns. An asylum. But not only, since just as in the case of the home, which one has to leave, the province might turn out to be a prison from which one must flee as quickly as possible...

This is why we end with three quotations from a gloss once prepared for a similar topic⁴⁴ and probably of use also for our reflections on the province:

Mirosław Żuławski:

I recall hazily the house, which I regarded as my family home although I was born in another. No photograph, no drawing survived. But I could describe every detail of its construction and every piece of furniture in each room. Not a single utensil from that home lasted, not a single item that existed in it at any time, not a single speck of dust, which one takes out on a shoe, shakes off or keeps. Only memory, which means more than all the others, remains. This is why I am so sensitive to the house: the walls covered with a roof and containing our family and its history. This was our home, standing apart, and no one had anything to say in it but we. It's not true that people live in a country; people live in houses standing in a country.

Witold Gombrowicz:

Fatherlands ... how is one to approach them? This is almost a banned topic. When one writes about the fatherland one's style becomes warped. How is one to write, for instance, about Poland without succumbing to the classical: "because, we the Poles", without turning oneself into a European, putting on a brave face, humiliating oneself or putting on airs – without overacting, hamming it up, biting, kicking and shoving ...; how is one to stick fingers into one's wound without making all sorts of faces due to the pain? How is one to tickle this Achilles heel without becoming a clown? (...) In my case, perhaps owing to greater geographical distance or greater spiritual distance (an art work [Gombrowicz had in mind: Trans-Atlantyk] differs from a Diary), this anti-Polish process became halted and I always wrote about Poland unemotionally as one of the obstacles making my life difficult and regarded Poland, and still do, to be merely one of my numerous problems, without forgetting for a single moment about the secondariness of this topic.

Mircea Eliade:

For any exile, fatherland signifies the mother tongue that he or she continues speaking. Fortunately, my wife is Romanian and plays the role of the homeland, if you will, as we speak to each other in Romanian. Therefore, to me "fatherland" is the language I speak with her and my friends, primarily, with her. It is the language in which I dream and write my journal. Thus, it is not only an inner, dream-related land. Nevertheless, there is no contradiction, not even a tension, between world and homeland. Everywhere, there is a Center of the World. Once one finds oneself in this center, one is home, one is truly in one's very self and in the center of the cosmos. Exile helps one understand that the world is never unfamiliar, once one has identified a center in it. This "center symbolism" is something I do not only understand, but I also live by it.

Endnotes

- ¹ *Nostalghia (Nostalgia)*, directed by Andrei Tarkovsky, screenplay by A. Tarkovsky, Tonino Guerra, production: RAI Rete andi Opera Film, Italy, 130 min. Premiere 16 May 1983 in Cannes.
- ² Leonid Batkin, *Co to jest nostalgia?*, transl. Rev. Henryk Paprocki, "Kwartalnik Filmowy" no. 9-10, spring-summer 1995, p. 216.
- ³ Andrei Tarkovsky, *Co to jest nostalgia?* [in:] *Kompleks Tolstoja. Myśli o życiu, sztuce i filmie*, selected, prep. and preface Seweryn Kuśmierczyk, Warszawa 1989, p. 278.
- ⁴ Andrei Tarkovsky, *Dzienniki*, transl. and prep. Seweryn Kuśmierczyk, Warszawa 1998, pp. 350-351.
- ⁵ Leonid Batkin, *Co to jest nostalgia?*, op. cit., p. 216.
- ⁶ On those exhibitions cf. my interviews with Janusz Bogucki and Nina Smolar, *Emaus. Za mało, czy za dużo wolności? Z Januszem Boguckim i Niną Smolarz rozmawia Zbigniew Benedyktowicz*, "Konteksty. Polska sztuka Ludowa", no. 1/1993, pp. 22-29 and with Jacek Sempoliński, *O „Eptafium i siedmiu przestrzeniach” – rozmowa z Jackiem Sempolińskim*, *ibid.*, pp. 19-21.
- ⁷ More extensively on this topic cf. Dariusz Czaja, *Tarkowski i symbol*, "Kwartalnik Filmowy" no. 9-10, spring-summer 1995, pp. 107-113.
- ⁸ Richard. R. Niebhur, quoted after: "Harvard Divinity Bulletin", October-November 1981, p. 3.
- ⁹ Andrei Tarkovsky, *Czas utrwalaony*, transl. Seweryn Kuśmierczyk, Warszawa 1991, pp. 146-147.
- ¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 148.
- ¹¹ Cf. special issue of "Polska Sztuka Ludowa", no. 3/1988 about the symbol, containing texts by Sergei S. Avierintsev, *Symbol*, pp. 149-150, Yuri Lotman, *Symbol w systemie kultury*, pp. 151-154, and my *Symbol w etnografii*, p. 145-148. Declaring that the symbol not only "means" but also exists in a dialogue, Avierintsev appealed to the reader while citing *Archaic Torso of Apollo* by M. R. Rilke: *You must change your life*.
- ¹² Pavel Florensky, *Ikonostasis*, transl. Zbigniew Podgórzec, Warszawa 1981.
- ¹³ Sergei S. Avierintsev, *Symbol*, op. cit., p. 149.
- ¹⁴ Gerardus van der Leeuw, *Fenomenologia religii*, transl. Jerzy Prokopiuk, Warszawa 1978, p. 441.
- ¹⁵ Neya Zorkaya, *Dom i droga*, transl. Rev. Henryk Paprocki, "Kwartalnik Filmowy" no. 9-10, spring-summer 1995, pp. 130-136.
- ¹⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 131.
- ¹⁷ Oksana Musiyenko, *Tarkowski i idee 'filozofii bytu'*, transl. Marta Salyga, "Kwartalnik Filmowy" no. 9-10, spring-summer 1995, pp. 232-236, 234.
- ¹⁸ Neya Zorkaya, *Dom i droga*, op. cit., p. 131.
- ¹⁹ Gaston Becheland, *Wyobraźnia poetycka*, *Wybór pism*, selection Henryk Chudak, transl. Henryk Chudak, Anna Tatarkiewicz, preface Jan Błoński, Warszawa 1975, p. 301.
- ²⁰ Andrei Tarkovsky, *Czas utrwalaony*, op. cit., p. 142.
- ²¹ *Ibid.*
- ²² Andrei Tarkovsky, *Kompleks Tolstoja*, op. cit., p. 272.
- ²³ Leonid Batkin, *Co to jest nostalgia?*, op. cit., p. 208.
- ²⁴ Andrei Tarkovsky, *Kompleks Tolstoja*, op. cit., pp. 270-271, 272.
- ²⁵ Leonid Batkin, *Co to jest nostalgia?*, op. cit., p. 212.
- ²⁶ Andrei Tarkovsky, *Kompleks Tolstoja*, op. cit., *passim*.
- ²⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 272.
- ²⁸ Leonid Batkin, *Co to jest nostalgia?*, op. cit., pp. 209-210.

- ²⁹ Andrei Tarkovsky, *Kompleks Tolstoja*, op. cit., pp. 274-275.
- ³⁰ Leonid Batkin, *Co to jest nostalgia?*, op. cit., p. 216.
- ³¹ Wojciech Burszta, *Czytanie kultury. Pięć szkiców*, Łódź 1996.
- ³² David R. Lachterman, »Noos« i »nostos«: *Odyseja i źródła filozofii greckiej*, transl. Wojciech Michera, "Konteksty" no. 3-4/2003, pp. 213-216.
- ³³ Andrei Tarkovsky, *Czas utrwalony*, op. cit., p. 142.
- ³⁴ Father Tomáš Špidlik, *Religijne podłoże filmów Tarkowskiego*, "Kwartalnik Filmowy" no. 9-10, spring-summer 1995, p. 187.
- ³⁵ Leonid Batkin, *Co to jest nostalgia?*, op. cit., p. 211.
- ³⁶ Jan Kott, *Kadysz. Strony o Tadeuszu Kantorze*, second revised edition, Biblioteka Mnemosyne ed. Piotr Kłoczowski, słowo/obraz terytoria 2007.
- ³⁷ Ibid.
- ³⁸ T. Kantor, *Wielopole-Wielopole*, Cricot 2 Theatre, Florentine Programme.
- ³⁹ F. Quadri, *ibid.*
- ⁴⁰ Ibid.
- ⁴¹ Ibid.

- ⁴² I discuss this more extensively and in greater detail in the article: *Przestrzenie pamięci* [in:] *Film i kontekst*, ed. Z. Benedyktowicz and D. Palczewska, Ossolineum, Warszawa 1988, pp. 149-201.
- ⁴³ An interpretation of *Nostalghia* and its closing image in the category of Russian Orthodox liturgy in: Father Tomáš Špidlik, *Religijne podłoże filmów Tarkowskiego*, "Kwartalnik Filmowy" no. 9-10, spring-summer 1995, pp. 178-190: *Time does not disintegrate into fragments but changes into eternity: wiecznaya pamiat'*, p. 187. Cf. more extensively a text by Michał Klinger: *Wieczna pamięć. Eschatologiczny wymiar pamięci*, "Konteksty. Polska Sztuka Ludowa" no. 1-2/2004, pp. 237-242: *At the end of the Russian Orthodox funeral ritual, which, as we saw, is based on images of corporeality and its drama, there appears a conception expressly borrowed from the Bible and the Mosaic revelation: a grand hymn comprised of only two words: "Eternal memory, eternal memory, eternal memory ..." repeated endlessly*, p. 241.
- ⁴⁴ *Home is where one starts from*. Glosa, "Polska Sztuka Ludowa" no. 4/1990, pp. 62-63.

