

The art of sense memory (...) does not make a claim to represent originary trauma – the cause of the feeling – but to enact the state of experience of post-traumatic memory.

Jill Bennett

The inaccessible can only be approached by being staged.

Wolfgang Iser

The story about the discovery of the art of remembrance, evoked by Frances Yates (1999|1966), in certain respects brings to mind the one shown by Jana Ševčíková in the motion picture *Gyumri* (2008).¹ Similar, albeit decidedly simpler and told from a distance of years, enveloped in the mist of a myth and transformed into a parable about (also) obligations towards the deities, it excludes (and even outright dismisses) the tragedy and trauma inseparably connected with the story conveyed in the film. In the first, disrespect for the gods and a gesture of pride precedes the tragic events, while in the other the element of protest and dissent sometimes appears after the fact. The first story offers us a simple anecdote about the way in which the poet Simonides of Ceos connected memory with place, and in this fashion allowed relatives to recognise the bodies of the massacred participants of a banquet after the ceiling collapsed in an interior in which they forgot that respect is due also to the gods. Simonides, who in the opinion of the person commissioning the panegyric needlessly revered Castor and Pollux, was invited outside, where he was supposed to have been awaited by two unfamiliar youths. The young men were not there, but they managed to perform their task well: the catastrophe took place immediately after his exit (1999, 1-2). The second story also says that it is impossible to live in a cemetery without creating a subtler and, at the same time, more complex art of memory ...

Gyumri is one of the oldest Armenian towns. Today, it has a population of about 170 000 and its origins go back to seventh century B.C. On 7 December 1988 at least 25 000 of its residents perished in an earthquake. Certain data mention as many as 80 000 victims.² One-third of the dead were children. Jana Ševčíková devoted four years to research and seeking witnesses, interviewing them, and shooting a film commemorating the tragedy or rather the way in which the survivors managed to tackle the ensuing situation. An important part was also performed by those who were born "after the fact" – some were already adults at the time of work on the film. Ševčíková thus examined also post-trauma experience. Actually, the film is about assorted variants of the art of memory. It is also about history – the way in which film (and photography?) can successfully tackle it. *Gyumri* is proof that sometimes it is capable of achieving this feat, and very well to boot.

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Living Memorials. Forms of Memory and Oblivion in the Film *Gyumri*

History, memory, the media

Naturally, one may ponder the way in which the existence of such literal traces and records as the photograph and the film influenced history. Thomas Elsaesser noticed that the purpose of Siegfried Kracauer's book: *From Caligari to Hitler* was not so much the history of the film as social history; at the same time, he suggested that the cinema could actually supplant history: *Suppose (...) that cinema was the beginning of the end of history, the apparatus that would contribute decisively to the suspension of history* (after: Willis, 1995, 80). This declaration – taken out of its context – could probably be compared to famous announcements predicting the death of painting after the invention of photography. A similar view, although slightly different, about photography and history was voiced by Roland Barthes maintaining that the invention of photography could inaugurate history. *Perhaps we have an invincible resistance to believing in the past, in History, except in the form of myth. The Photograph, for the first time, puts an end to this resistance: henceforth the past is as certain as the present, what we see on paper is as certain as what we touch. It is the advent of the Photograph – and not, as has been said, of the cinema – which divides the history of the world.* (Barthes 1981, 87-88, see also: 93-94). These ostensibly contradictory and mutually excluding opinions can, paradoxically, be close and even enhance each other. Both indicate that the appearance of photographs (still and motion) was the onset of a different comprehension of history and comprises a social caesura in its pursuit.

Kirsten Hastrup (1987) noticed that memory and history can be treated as two kinds of art of memory – separate but also mutually penetrating. The former appears to be older, closely connected with the oral, emotions, and corporeality, while the latter places trust more in writing and the logical, the linear, and the rational. The first is closer to the myth, while the second is often inclined towards ideology (understood widely as belief in certain procedures and premises). The former thus retains a human perspective (the ex-

perience of an individual), while the latter frequently places itself within the range of the outer, objectivising perspective, the outer (imposed, objective) perception. Finally, and this is extremely significant, the first can be a perspective of the conquered (also, one may add, those vanquished by fate – as in this particular case), while the second usually serves the victors.³ Obviously, today we see decidedly clearer that it is impossible to easily and distinctly outline a border between the two. History increasingly frequently resorts to the perspective of memory, whose setting into motion appears more purposeful not only in the case of such sensitive and controversial topics as the Holocaust, where the traumatic nature of events excludes to a certain extent their objectivisation and outside perception.⁴ Pierre Nora (1989) proposed the capacious term: “site of memory”, comprehended already not as an actual place linked with events (as in the earlier mentioned anecdote connected with Symonides and the participants of the feast) but as a place constructed and created intentionally.

This perspective was put to amazing use in Ševčíková's *Gyumri*, a composite essay not so much about tragic events as about the complex art of memory devised by those who survived and those who were born immediately afterwards. In this case, the film appears to be a peculiarly well-selected medium for telling a story. It also possesses an extremely interesting construction: we move from external to “internal” images, from objectivised history (documentary shots) to contemporaneity (the time of shooting the film), from recollection (the remembered image) to the present-day situation and, finally, from the visible to the invisible.

The film starts with detached takes of bleak mountains seen from a distance. Snow capped peaks, meadows with grazing sheep. (It is worth adding right at the onset that the ambiance and rhetoric of the film are brilliantly co-created by the music). A boy declares off screen: *When I last dreamt about my brother and sister, we were at home on the couch. We watched video of the earthquake and they saw their own death.* (Cut). A black screen features the date: 7 December 1988. (Cut). A tower clock shows 11.40 a.m. Successive black and white takes. People carving (restoring) an ornament in some sort of an interior, with a fragment of an old church (market place?) visible through an open door. Blackout. Sepia shots taken from a helicopter (?) of a town totally in ruins. A shot of an inner wall of a house, with a photograph of a married couple hanging on the wallpaper. Zoom. The upper storey of a building: the inside wall has become the outside one... Homeless people wearing coats amidst the ruins, bonfires, infants in cradles in the open... People busy among the rubble... People carrying coffins... Hundreds of coffins lying in the streets... A picture of a catastrophe.

A take of the face of a young woman: *I will show you my daughters (...)* – she searches for the photographs and displays them – *Viyana Borisovna (...)* *They were at home with my mother. I believe they left before it began (...)*. Cut. The same woman twenty years later – a close-up of her face, still attractive but decidedly older: slight ticks could indicate a nervous condition and an undying memory of tragic experiences (interior of the home in colour). *My friend's mother consoled me. She said: Your children have become angels. Don't look for them.* Next, statements made by successive persons: archival takes of destruction interspersed with likenesses of the narrators. *When I become conscious, I was buried. Everything was lying on top of me. The school had collapsed. There was darkness. I couldn't breathe. (...) I heard voices. My schoolmates were dying one after other.* He sings. *I sang this song under the rubble to comfort my schoolmates.*⁵ One of the mothers describes the bad premonitions she experienced that day. She even intended to stop the children from going to school, but when she turned around she suddenly experienced emptiness all around...

Documentary images (film records), contrasted with those retained in memory from the day of the events, subsequently become a record linked with the present. One of the women opens a wardrobe full of “souvenirs” of the children. The bed linen ironed by her daughter Armina just before death is arranged exactly the same. The mother takes the clothes that Tiran (the son) wore during the earthquake out of a box and shows them while speaking in an emotionless, impassionate voice. *I changed him and saved them like holy objects.* She kisses the garments and displays the shoes brought for her son from France. *After the earthquake, I took them off to save in his memory.* From a purse she extracts a letter addressed to her daughter by a boy in love with her. *Here's a pen. A comb, a mirror...* The enumeration is totally devoid of emotion. We are touring a crypt full of relics. Here, memory remains untouched and closely guarded, one of the possible types of reaction. *When I cleaned this room that time, I had a dream that night. Armina appeared to me in the dream. She came in and lay down like so.* The camera shows high heel shoes and a dressing table, moves around the room and finds a hanging photograph of the girl, while another large photograph over the bed is reflected in a mirror. (Off) *I believe she comes daily, and she's pleased with her room.* The cut is followed by a photograph of the younger son, Tiran, on display in another room. Gentle close-up centralising the perspective. Off screen, the mother says: *I declared war on the whole world and on God. Because he didn't leave me at least one of them.* Cut.

A vivid sixteen-eighteen year-old girl dances (loud music) and is shown interchangeably reflected in an old, damaged wall mirror and then directly *en face*.

When looking at the reflection in the mirror we see on the wall opposite a large photograph of another girl. Filmed in an exterior scene, she says: *My parents gave me the name of my sister. They felt it was right. I also think this name is good for me. I lost a great sister. They told me a lot about her. I'm proud my name is hers. I must do everything so my parents don't feel sorry my sister died.*

Another woman speaks in a similar tone: *When the little one was born we gave him his brother's name. Maybe it was right that way. Every time we say Araik's name, it seems to us he's home. And nothing happened to him.*

Living memorials

The successively shown similar albeit distinctive stories indicate that children were frequently given the names of their tragically deceased siblings. Sometimes, the birth of those children was planned, upon other occasions - not. Occasionally, as in the last cited statement, we begin to doubt whether this practice was appropriate (perhaps our uncertainty is the derivative of consecutive questions). At other times, the surviving child "forces" the parents to provide siblings. This "substitution mechanism" also possesses a strong cultural dimension: the identity of a name appears to be an extremely significant and often conscious way of dealing with memory and, as a consequence, with forgetting. One of the women described the idea of a monument commemorating her children and her subsequent disillusionment with its emotionless nature: *At that moment, I decided to have more children. So these children would be living, walking memorials.*

Due to an interesting selection of the statements made by assorted persons Ševčíková managed to outline a whole spectre of attitudes associated with tackling a traumatic situation. One of the most intriguing appears to be the phenomenon of the "living memorial". Biological succession must obtain its cultural dimension – such is the meaning of the process of granting names "in memoriam", in honour, as a replacement of the deceased siblings. The process appears to be particularly significant in certain traditional cultures – as in the discussed instance - in which names possess essential importance. The beginning of the text by Jala Garibova and Betty Blair (about the importance of names in Azerbaijan) could act as a commentary on the socio-cultural phenomenon of giving the names of dead children to their "posthumous" brothers and sisters:

Names are the DNA of the social organism we call community. One tiny strand of letters carries an incredible amount of vital information in terms of a person's social heredity. From a single word, it is often possible to determine a person's gender, education level, social and economic status, language, religious preference, sense of aesthetics and values, political inclinations, nationality, age (in terms of historic period), and sometimes even birth sequence.

Like DNA, names not only reflect the inheritance of the past, but in a general sense, they map out expectations and possibilities for the future (Garibova and Blair 1996; see also: Lotman and Uspienski 1998).

Such a socio-ontological dimension of memory encoded in the name (DNA) appears to be an extremely adequate metaphor. The idea of the "living" and the "dead" monument recalls somewhat the dilemma mentioned by Plato, who in *Phaedo* deliberated about writing as a measure for improving memory (Plato 1975). Apparently, in this case, the "natural" and "self-generated" (?) measure is special mediation (the question is: to what extent is it always fully intentional?) also between memory and forgetting.⁶ Memory appears to be deposited in younger brothers and sisters; in this manner, it is always present. Those children become a special "photograph" of the absent siblings, which can be constantly looked at; they are a peculiar *tableau vivant* with "double reference" and we are entitled to presume that the first, "earliest" one becomes increasingly enigmatic and in time vanishes and then they start to "represent" primarily themselves. The stories presented in the film show that this could be a complex process that does not easily succumb to linear time. At this stage, it is difficult to cite all the nuances and idiosyncrasies. The above-quoted mother of Araik declares that saying aloud the name of the "new" child is the reason why the deceased one seems to be still present (*it seems to us he's home. And nothing happened to him*), while another mother admits that she was unable to use the name of the dead son given to a successive child. When the latter reached the age at which the older son died, the mother, in a strange ritual arranged in front of the camera (but probably not only for the sake of the camera?), named him as if once again. From that moment, he would be able to use his name "legitimately".⁷ Differences in treating the "new" children best demonstrate problems linked with attempts at a typification of the phenomenon and stress the impossibility of discovering unity even within the range of a "given type".

This special *mimesis* brings to mind problems associated with the idea of reorientation envisaged by Michał Paweł Markowski. A new child "performatively represents" the deceased one, renders him present (and replaces him). He represents but, at the same time, this relation remains flexible and variable in time – the second child becomes increasingly separate and "individualised", a representative only of himself.⁸ This rather mechanical comparison and schematisation appear to be in their way inappropriate, since they objectivise the relation in question. Quite possibly, the metaphor of the "graft", analogous to the way it was applied by Paul Ricoeur, would be more suitable.⁹

Such a solution could be a particularly interesting way of making possible the work performed by mem-

ory. Edouard Claparède indicated the difficulty encountered whenever we try to refer to emotions from the past: *It is impossible to feel emotion as past (...). One cannot be a spectator of one's own feelings; one feels them, or done does not feel them; one cannot imagine them without stripping them of their affective essence* (after: Bennett 2006, 27). Presumably, the successive child becomes simultaneously an embodiment of the deceased one and makes possible constant contact with "living emotions". The fact that this is not an easy task is mentioned in the statement made by the mother who recalled a living monument and, at the same time, described how throughout her whole pregnancy she suffered from extreme emotions and thoughts.

This "living memory", however, also has a second aspect: the children born afterwards, as if "a replacement", who bear the burden of "the memory of another", become an embodiment of the memory of their deceased siblings. Following the example of Julia Kristeva one could probably say – although she did so in slightly different context – that siblings born after a tragedy become identified with a special tomb concealing the dead (2007, 150). That, which according to Kristeva can be perceived as a singular burden conducive for the emergence of depression apparently does not always have to be comprehended as an "alien body", a yoke borne against one's will, at least in those cases with which we are becoming acquainted. This attitude towards deceased siblings, that peculiar *alter ego*, which no longer exists (in this world), can be composed and spans from pride (the afore-mentioned dancing girl) to greater ambivalence in which we may seek even certain complaints expressed indirectly: *She has always compared me to my brother. There is nothing she wouldn't compare. Everything I've done, she's always compared.*¹⁰ (Tiran II)

The camera as mediator and catalyst

Ševčíková managed to skilfully blend images showing that despite wounds and scars life goes on. Brief inserts of school (pre-graduation ball?) and family events, boys playing computer games, etc. Nonetheless, in various ways this "normal life" has become strongly and inevitably involved in the past and memory. This is a true burden. A girl dancing in front of a mirror confesses directly to the camera: *I'm so different from my sister (...) When I look at her photo I ask her how I should do things. I think she always gives me good advice. Every moment, every second, I feel her next to me, even though I only speak to a photo. Mariam, I'd like you to come once into my dreams just as you were, just as you were. (...) And if you can hear me now, Miriam, come for a chat. I would like that very much.* A boy admits that he always goes to the cemetery alone and wonders if he and his brother constitute a "single soul"; if so, then he is actually sitting next his own grave. Further on, he

adds: *When I look at brother's photo I know that it's only a photo. There is nothing beyond the picture. Our soul is the same. I don't know if it's believable, but I believe his soul is in me. I don't know how it happened, but I think it.* Tiran II, on the other hand, declares that sometimes his dead brother walks up to him from the back and *places a hand on my shoulder and embraces me. As if I was shivering.* The first time this took place he was frightened, but no longer. The past with which he is doomed to live is present constantly – it has left behind scars and marks: visible ones about which it is sometimes possible to speak, and those that do not reveal themselves directly. One of the fathers became ill after his son's demise: he now suffers from a wound that refuses to heal (a sticking plaster placed at the level of his eyes almost totally blinds him). A son born already after the tragedy confesses while facing the camera: *Why aren't you with me? If you were here, father wouldn't be ill. When our parents found you, it was horrible stress for father. He didn't eat for more than a week. (...) Father has this wound since. (...) If you were with us, none of this would have happened. And I wouldn't even be here.*

Ševčíková did not seek credibility by means of simple *mimesis*; it is to be supplied by archival photographs from the catastrophe, comprising an important context albeit one that deals only with a single dimension of the past. She did, however, manage to discover "inner history", the way in which it lives on in memory, as well as an "inner landscape" left behind by the historical event. History is palpable, which does not mean that it is always visible. The author has been capable of avoiding the process of seeking refuge in the dubious visualisations and reconstructions sometimes used in films. When persons born "after" tell their stories (sometimes we hear them also off-screen) they are filmed *en face* and frequently in an exterior scene. This approach could be treated as a very special extraction of a given person from the context of his place and an even greater focus of attention on the personal perspective. They speak/confess directly to the camera, thus stressing even more that if we are dealing with history then this the sort of history that is *experienced* at present, in other words, we are witnessing not so much representation as presentation, disclosure, and revelation close to the Heideggerian comprehension of *aletheia* – truth as disclosure and unconcealment. This is an experience of the *ereignis* of another reality into which we may take a partial look.

Those who survived the tragedy as a rule refer to memory, narration about *experiences* and feelings, and rarely mention the present. Those who were born "after" speak almost exclusively about the present, "express the consequences of events" that, it might seem, do not have to affect them directly (and this is probably what takes place) but affect them totally; sometimes, such awareness comes close to the

question about the reason for one's existence (*And I wouldn't even be here*), or dilemmas concerning a single, shared soul (standing over "one's grave"). The camera, that special transparent/non-transparent medium, takes part in those direct contacts; at times, it attempts to conceal its existence and in this particular case it becomes a special catalyst¹¹ not so much (not solely) of meaning (which ultimately must be reconstructed by the viewer)¹² as the expression of direct experience.¹³ I am well aware of the certain abuse carried by those words. And yet ... Ševčíková lucidly constructed and evoked meanings, "performatively" created an inner group portrait made up of particular stories. This is more of a Cubist portrait showing a single "phenomenon" in numerous reflections. If invisible things are involved, then one of the more interesting ways of tackling the problem could be the game, conceived as a serious game (Gadamer 1993; van der Leeuw 1991; Turner 1988).

In the film, particular "levels" of reality merge and intertwine.... It is the camera that plays the part of mediator and catalyst. No longer is history the only to merge with the present. Thanks to the camera (*via* the camera) particular figures communicate with the living and the dead. Sons speak to a father who for years has been living in America, younger brothers and sisters turn directly to their dead siblings (*Mariam, I'd like you to come once into my dreams just as you were. (...) And if you can hear me now, Miriam, come for a chat*), a taxi driver appeals to his son, for whom he has been searching for nearly twenty years: *I searched the world for you. You are my sacrament. You're my most precious thing. I want you to know wherever you are, even if you don't want to live with us, make yourself know. Then you can return to them. I am waiting for you. I have your name engraved on my ring, son. Written right here. I don't know what else to say. We live in hope and wait.* Paradoxically, the last family is dealing with the existing situation the worst. The child survived the catastrophe and was taken to hospital but then vanished. He was never found either among the living or the dead, and was probably abducted by other parents who had lost a child in the quake. Certain traces led to neighbouring Georgia, but despite a search the father did not manage to find his son. The family still waits and hopes that the boy will return, that he remembers his real parents, and for many years has been living in a state of suspension.¹⁴

Finally, the camera mediates between the protagonists and the viewer. I have in mind in particular those takes in which the (predominantly) young protagonists speak directly towards the camera. Thanks to this trick Ševčíková overcame distance. From the point of view of the protagonists, we, the spectators, gain the same ontological status as their dead brothers and sisters. How far and, paradoxically... how close. It is worth drawing attention to the motif of the con-

versation with the dead *via* photographs, mentioned upon several occasions¹⁵.

It would be difficult to classify Ševčíková's film unambiguously. She has made use of elements - especially when she touched upon a sphere that is both present and absent (invisible) - that should be regarded as performative. In doing so, she applied special evocations and avoided attempts at representation, always dubious in such cases. As a result, we reach the invisible centre - truth revealed albeit not shown. By resorting to this operation she managed to touch the truth of ever living emotions. In the case of older people (the survivors) those emotions are, as a rule, supported by images of memory. Among the young such memory is living presence and not an image. This extremely interesting film possesses the features of constructed and evoked truth that ostensibly would never come into being without the filmmaker and her camera.

The story told by Simonides of Ceos implicates the offended gods into the birth of the art of memory. In the case of *Gyumri* other forces also become engaged in the explanatory and justifying story. A universally held version links the Armenian tragedy with an explosion of an enormous arms cache stored underground, the supposed cause of the secondary and most powerful quake. This belief is mentioned by several persons, and the story starts and ends with Tiran II. The last words in the film are: *My mom hasn't set foot inside any church to this day. She promised when this church is repaired, she will have us baptized in it. I won't be baptized until then.*

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Endnotes

- ¹ I saw the film for the first time at the Dialektus Festival in Budapest (2009), where it won first place in the "Deep Description" category. It was also shown at Planet Doc Review (Warsaw 2009), and then on the Planète TV channel.
- ² The estimates are probably exaggerated, but in those years the population of the town declined by 100 000: in 1984 it totaled 222 000, and in 1989 - barely 122 587 (source - Wikipedia, entry: *Gyumri*, http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gyumri#cite_note-3; access: January 2010).
- ³ One could ask whether the film, which brings to mind *Memory* (MacDougall 1998, chapter 12), is not a form of evoking reality more suitable than writing (see: Tylor 1986).
- ⁴ Cf., e. g. Frank Ankersmit, *Narracja, reprezentacja, doświadczenie. Studia z teorii historiografii* (2004). This change of the perspective from objectivising to one closer to particular individuals or groups is heard increasingly often; it appears vividly and enigmatically in an interview held by Jacek Żakowski and Pierre Nora: J. Ż.: *You can write history. / P. N.: For whom? Who is still interested in history? / J. Ż.: Everyone is somehow interested. / P. N.: «Somehow» is an apt word. Actually, today people are concerned with reminiscences*, Żakowski (2002, 67). On the change of the perspective from outer to inner cf. also Sikora 2009a; the memory discourse appears to be decidedly important especially when we touch upon traumatic history.
- ⁵ Here, the status of the statement changes, narration (storytelling) becomes performance, and we enter the domain of performativity.
- ⁶ I am far, however, from reversing this perspective, as was done by, e.g. Marc Augé in: *Les formes de l'oubli* when he

noticed that a return to the time of the beginning is connected with rituals and festivities and associated with the obliteration (forgetting) of all that occurred on the way. This observation can be encountered in the writings of Mircea Eliade, although the Romanian expert on religion placed emphasis elsewhere (nonetheless, it remains a fact that such an intellectual provocation on the part of Augé makes it possible to take a different look at those problems). Cf. Augé 2009.

- ⁷ *Today at 11:40 you have reached the age of your brother at the moment of his death. From now on, son, I will try to say your name. I have to. I gave you his name so that we would always hear it, but I couldn't manage to say it. You also wanted it this way, Tigran? Do you know how much responsibility you have? Not only a name, but also lost dreams to become reality. You have to try to realize your own dreams as well as his. You are not only his continuity, but you are your own person, son. Starting today, you and Tigran both exist.*
- ⁸ Michał P. Markowski cited Wolfgang Iser: *Representation and mimesis have therefore become interchangeable notions in literary criticism, thus concealing the performative qualities through which the act of representation brings about something that hitherto did not exist as a given object. (...) The inaccessible can only be approached by being staged.* (2006, 289)
- ⁹ Certain words-metaphors appear to be suitable when they concern people and the world of difficult emotions.
- ¹⁰ The mother of Tiran (who appeared in the earlier described room-crypt) admitted: *A year or two ago I was still looking in my children for the first ones. I compared everything - eyes, movements, words... I loved the dead ones through the living ones. I tried to stop missing them this way.*
- ¹¹ The camera as a catalyst of events is a conception present in anthropological reflections at the very least from the time of Jean Rouch.
- ¹² It is often said that film images-narrations are in this respect more polyvalent than the text: the text communicates/stores meaning while images are illusions/depictions of events.
- ¹³ In the second part of the film in particular we deal not so much with representations as with attempts at evocation interestingly favoured by the camera. It is the latter (the cameraman) that becomes the catalyst of recollections, and thus also of emotions and meanings. The very role/function of the camera in the film succumbs to change and from registration/representation of external reality it gradually undergoes a transformation to become an instrument of evocation; it seems to be conducive for reflection and certainly for the verbalisation of emotions and thoughts (on the term: evocation cf. Tylor 1986).
- ¹⁴ From the anthropological point of view such suspension can be compared to staying in the liminal sphere, on the border of life and death, the impossibility of "getting out" of it or transition to any other side. The grandmother of a lost boy says: *Dear Pula, I'm waiting for you. I won't die until I see you.*
- ¹⁵ Ševčíková conducted an interesting differentiation: those who survived the earthquake are, as a rule, interviewed at their homes but the young - those who were born already "after" - often speak directly to the camera outside the home (the sole exception being a girl who although familiar with the story of her parents and older siblings for all practical purposes lives "outside" it). We are entitled to assume that Ševčíková, wishing to hear the young people, was compelled to leave the site "suffused" with memory.