# Memory under Siege:
# Archive Fever in Theo Angelopoulos' *Ulysses' Gaze*

> The history of the Balkans may well be confusing, yet there is something which has risen from the South . . . What I mean is that there exists a Mediterranean culture. Greece is the Balkans, but the Mediterranean as well, and as much (*sic*) inherits from both of these . . . which the Italians, the Spanish, the French also inherit . . . And in this or that way, whether or not because our blood mingled with theirs, it circulates as a cultural memory . . .
>
> Theo Angelopoulos ("Rigas Feraios' Map" 17)

## I

*Je me souviens*—I remember—the motto deputy minister of Crown Lands Eugène- Étienne Taché had carved into the façade of the parliament building in Québec City in 1883, and which appears on the province's coat of arms and, since 1978, on Québec license plates, is emblematic of the importance and indeterminacy of cultural memory. At once a personal and a collective declaration, *je me souviens* epitomizes the foundational role memory plays in the creation of collectivities or, in Benedict Anderson's words, in the formation of imagined communities. A marker of Québécois identity, remembering operates as a point of suture signifying how cultural and political forces interpellate identity. Indeed, as an institutionalized act, *je me souviens* functions as an imperative that grants greater transparency to the Althusserian process of interpellation. Remembering, in Québec's case, is posited as a condition of citizenship, a form of participatory action: *Je me souviens*, therefore I belong. One would expect, then, this imperative to remember to have a concrete referent, a particular historical moment. Ironically, however, remembering in this instance does not activate an agreed-upon memory. There is no record of what Taché had in mind, nor did René Leveque, the premier of Québec who changed the provincial motto *La Belle Province* to *Je me souviens* in 1978, ever explained what specific memory he wanted his Partis Québécois to promote. Nor is it clear who the subject of *je* is. It could be every citizen of Québec: francophone, anglophone, or allophone; perhaps even Québec-born or diasporic subjects and First Nations people in Québec—"perhaps" because the sovereignty politics in this Canadian province, especially as espoused by some of its core members, would not include easily immigrants or Aboriginals in this collective articulation.

There is, as a result, no shortage of theories as to what Québécois citizens are to remember. Jacques Rouillard, for example, writes that

> The original meaning of Quebec's motto that is found in the memorial of the Parliament is a good example of the changing and lost memory of national collectivities. . . . The motto is a construction of memory that reflects the bourgeois values of the French-Canadians at the end of the nineteenth century. It demands that we remember a past that affirms the French origins of Quebec, while also operating as a gesture of gratitude toward the British character of Quebec's institutions that facilitated the advent of democracy, a certain political autonomy for Quebec, and the growth of French Canada. Ultimately, the motto provides a way of distinguishing Quebec from the Other (Great Britain, English Canada), while at the same time acknowledging gratitude for his liberality. (144)[1]

This is a plausible, indeed credible, interpretation of what Québecers are to remember, but a recent documentary film, *A License to Remember: Je me souviens*, makes it abundantly clear that there is no concensus either in terms of who the subject of *je* is or what is to be remembered. Until I searched for confirmation, my own assumption had been that *je me souviens* referred to the 1759 battle on the Plains of Abraham, General Wolfe's victory over the French. This must be, at least for some, one of the possible events to remember, but for the Mohawks of the Kanesatake reserve *je me souviens* makes a travesty of their own loss of sovereignty,[2] while for a black speaker in the film the phrase is a reminder that Québec, too, practiced slavery.[3] Yet another man interviewed offers a cynical explanation: "They want us to remember what they want us to remember—that Indians are bad, the English are bad and that we won't be able to speak French unless we separate."

This case of remembering exemplifies that, even when institutionalized, cultural memory is a fluid archive at best, persistent yet variable, an archive that has a cumulative structure. Not only must the history it echoes be heard in the plural, but who remembers and why remembering is an imperative must also be seen as the result of complex discursive forces. While an attempt to resolve the contradictions of what is being remembered would inevitably end in homogenizing, and therefore further mystifying, the past, the very difficulty of determining what memory entails is also what reveals memory's capacity for myth-making, precisely what constitutes cultural memory. Myth-making in this context is not a reference to a narrative of origins, but to the processes and practices that make up the social imaginary. Myth here is to be understood in the terms in which Stathis Gourgouris reads Hans Blumenberg's investigation of myth in the modern age, namely, as "present-time logic, as history's *scientia* in the strict sense: a mode of knowledge that commands a generative domain of social symbolic forms autonomous from the generative logic of science or reason . . . a mode of knowledge that counters the 'absolutism of reality." Understanding mythical thinking this way, Gourgouris argues, is "tantamount to the work of sublimation: the intervention into and appropriation of reality by society's psychic forces, by means of its radical imagination" (Gourgouris, *Does Literature Think?* 107). It is this relationship of cultural memory and myth-making, how memory and history are interrelated in ways that may often cancel each other out, that I intend to focus on here.[4] Be it reliable or unreliable, "the raw material of history" (Le Goff xi) or not, because memory signifies a come-back to a time and place that cannot guarantee a re-encounter with the original events, it is analogous to the trope of the return, one of the most important tropes through which diasporic subjectivity is performed. What happens, then, when different kinds of a diasporic subject's memory—personal, familial, collective—and history become imbricated in each other in ways that both reinforce and challenge the ideological make-up of the social imaginary?

## II

Theo Angelopoulos' 1994 *Ulysses' Gaze*, a 176' film, which won many international prizes, addresses precisely this question. Through the aesthetic tropes and complex ideological vision that have come to be the trademarks of Angelopoulos' cinematography, *Ulysses' Gaze* dramatizes in poignant ways the dynamic of memory and history, how they clash but also how they feed each other.[5] It traces the return journey of a nameless Greek American filmmaker—listed in the film's credits as A., and played by Harvey Keitel—to Greece, a journey that soon becomes an odyssey through the war-torn Balkans in the early 1990s. Flooded with memories—some from his own past, others from the repository of the region's cultural memories—A. traverses the Balkans to track down three undeveloped reels of film made by the historical brothers Yannakis and Milton Manakis early in the twentieth century. These two brothers are considered to be the Lumière brothers in the Balkans, the first to document the region in photographs and film. Why does A. undertake this journey through a territory that is being ravaged by violence, at a time when one's neighbors and relatives turn into one's worst enemies? As I hope to show, what A. experiences and re-lives on this journey offers an anatomy of the atavistic power and discursive structure of, as well as the role of archives in, cultural memory.

As A. admits early in *Ulysses' Gaze*, his research for the documentary about the Manakis brothers the Film Archives in Athens has commissioned him to make is simply a "pretext" for what he calls a "personal" mission. Still, as he journeys through the troubled Balkans, the personal and the collective become inextricably related. Stating that the Manakis' undeveloped films represent for him "a lost innocence" about "the new era, the new century" they "attempted to record," A. identifies their "first glance" with his "own first glance, lost long ago." While the "first glance" evidently evokes the notion of origins, because A. speaks at once as a diasporic subject and as a filmmaker, this glance signifies both the "self-regard" diasporic subjects tend to practice[6] and the artistic gaze of the filmmaker.[7] Although related, these two gazes are not the same; their identification in the character of A. points to the process of mediation that informs any attempt at accessing a collective past. Even though he never clarifies what precise value he attributes to this "first glance," it is apparent that it holds for him the hope that the resuscitation of cultural memories need not result in the kind of violence he witnesses as he travels through the Balkans. What drives A.'s quest, then, is not only his diasporic background and artistic interests as filmmaker, but also his belief that a re-encounter with the first glance at the region may disclose a gaze that could shake up the "eternal" values and meaning memorialized in national master narratives. No matter their conflicting nature, the memories held by that first gaze may reveal ways of negotiating national mythologies at odds with each other. How cultural memory is recorded, interpreted, and practiced has the potential to alter the present state of affairs, and hence the course of history. Thus the Bosnian War may not be the immediate focus in *Ulysses' Gaze*, but neither is it simply there as the gratuitous backdrop of A.'s journey.

## III

> [I]t is impossible to have peace and normality not because the Balkan peoples could not in principle have much better relations with one another, but because the interests at stake in the are too great to permit such a development. The way I see it, the roots of the problem go way back in time and all the various conflicts were encouraged, at one time or another. There is a joke I often tell which I heard on my first trip. Before the war a foreign journalist went to Bosnia and was walking about in a town which had a mixed population—i.e. Muslims, Serbs and Croats—and at some point he went where we all go. There was a large public urinal in the centre of the square and he headed towards it, but just as he reached it someone passed him and made the sign of the cross. He stood surprised for a moment, then someone else went by, crossing himself in the Catholic manner but with the same degree of respect before the urinal—and then a Muslim passed, making the analogous Muslim gesture. The journalist asked someone and was told that the in the 12th century there used to be an Orthodox church on this spot. In the 14th century it became a mosque and when the Austro-Hungarians arrived it became a Catholic church. Tito, to erase all that, demolished it and built a public urinal. Angelopoulos ("Rigas" 17)

This joke Angelopoulos tells, by way of accounting for the historical and cultural contexts of *Ulysses' Gaze*, is akin to the symbolic economy of memory in Québec, but also shows that cultural memory in Bosnia has a different structure. Whereas holding on cultural memory in Québec is an officially sanctioned imperative, and the ambivalence of what is to be remembered serves well the hybrid make-up and separatist politics of the province, remembering the past in Yugoslavia is curtailed by a contrary imperative, namely, a state-sanctioned policy to forget the cultural particularities of the ethnic communities in the region. The conversion of a sacred space located in the middle of the public square to a urinal—the kind of image we could find in an Emil Kusturica film—suggests a dialectic relationship between cultural memory and the state, one translated in this case into a tension between the sacred and the profane. A profane site / sight, the urinal paradoxically evokes religious veneration, thus canceling out the attempt of Tito's political machine to evacuate cultural memory. A palimpsestic signifier, the urinal has a secular function: it stands for the interference of the state apparatus, and operates as a public, albeit ironic, monument to the recalcitrance of different kinds of cultural memory. Thus, contrary to the Quebeckers who, though they are constantly reminded to remember, do not know what they are expected to commit to memory, the ethnically and religiously diverse Bosnians memorialize the sacredness of the location, an act that resists the state's indictment against cultural memory.

Here cultural memory does not need public exhortations, like *je me souviens*, to survive; in contrast, despite the former Yugoslavian state's thwarted attempt to erase it, cultural remembering persists, and does so in a fashion that stresses the hybridity embedded in cultural memory. While cultural memory is often monumentalized, in Bosnia it is at once suppressed and in circulation. This double mode of cultural memory reinforces not only the ineradicable presence of what is remembered, but also the historical and political vagaries that contribute to cultural memory's palimpsestic and cumulative structure. Making the Manakis' undeveloped reels the object of his destination, A. intuits that their practice as photographers and filmmakers, together with the instability of their national affiliations, had captured cultural memory in a manner that makes a mockery of the atavism of national origins and its attendant savagery he witnesses as he traverses the Balkan region. As A. explains his interest in the Manakis brothers' work, "they weren't concerned with politics, racial questions, friends or enemies. They were interested in people."[8]

But this kind of politically unmarked cultural memory is not what A. is confronted with once he sets out on his odyssey, a journey that does not mimic the odyssean paradigm faithfully. A. may travel through a foggy landscape echoing the Cimmerian land shrouded in mist and darkness in the *Odyssey*, and symbolically descend to the underworld of Greek mythology, led by a female Charon-like figure, as he travels on the Danube and its maze of tributaries, but his diasporic condition and the object and direction of his travels reconstitute the trope of the return in significant ways. It is not toward the conventional notion of home or personal past that A. travels; instead, in *Ulysses' Gaze* home operates as a discursive site. It is diaspora as a condition of dissemination and documentary film as a record of cultural memory that shape

A.'s journey. That the "first gaze" he is after is that of two brothers' whose life trajectories embody the juggling of different cultural identities and continuous movement within the Balkans recasts diaspora as a site not of arrival, but of departure, a site of "new" origins. Not only does this suspend the inherited emphasis on diasporic roots, but posits the routes of diasporic subjects as fluid sites generating a sense of origins that do not always coincide with the homeland.[9]

## IV

*Ulysses' Gaze* opens with two cinematic quotations that suggest that art, specifically film, because of the questions it raises about the politics of representation, seems to hold some of the answers that might arise when nation states and their borders are viewed through diasporic eyes, when subject positions and belonging are mediated by interpretations of cultural memory. The first quotation is oral, and situates A. as a filmmaker whose films are controversial. It is in the voice of Marcello Mastroianni, playing the role of the missing politician in Angelopoulos' 1991 *The Suspended Step of the Stork* presented in *Ulysses' Gaze* as A.'s own film. Mastroianni's words, "Lost your way again . . . How many borders must we cross to reach home?", announce at once A.'s preoccupations as filmmaker and the central theme of *Ulysses' Gaze.* The scene when this film is played marks A.'s return to Florina, a town in the northern Greek province of Macedonia—not Athens or his birthplace, as many of the film's reviewers and critics mistakenly claim.[10] Ostensibly, what brings A. back to Florina after an absence of twenty-five years is an invitation by the Film Archive in Athens to attend the showing of one of his films, a film the local religious authorities have declared to be blasphemous. The religious community is holding a procession through the streets of the town, bearing candles and chanting, under the watchful eyes of the police. When A. enters the scene, he and his hosts find themselves under siege; they keep retracing their steps as they come face to face, every time they turn a corner, with the protesting crowd. By beginning *Ulysses' Gaze* with this scene, including a reference to a film that directly questions national identity and the borders of nation states, Angelopoulos problematizes the trope of the return, namely, the assumption that the pull the home country exerts on its diasporic subjects is a manifestation of a filiative bond that remains intact. A.'s rejection by the official church's status quo is a direct allusion to similar problems Angelopoulos encountered when shooting *The Suspended Step of the Stork* in Florina, but, beyond that, it suggests that A.'s return is motivated by the affiliative network of relations he perceives between himself, in particular his work, and that of the Manakis brothers'.

This opening scene in Florina, then, serves as a preamble to the journey he is about to embark on. Florina is the place where A.'s family was forced to relocate from Constanza after WW II when the Communist regime in Romania turned against the bourgeoisie. Significantly, the narrative of *Ulysses' Gaze* obfuscates the origins of A.'s family; as A.'s father says, in the flashback sequence that dramatizes the family memories flooding A.'s mind,[11] they have been in the diaspora for "generations." Their origin is an "imagined" nation that survives through language and cultural practices. Indeed, assuming A.'s family had settled in what is now Romania at the time of the Ottoman Empire, there was no Greek state as such in that period. Greece, as Stathis Gourgouris puts it, was truly a "dream nation" (1996) at the time, a nation that was to be borne, in part, as a result of the financial and political endeavors of Greeks who belonged to the long-established "victim" and "trade" diasporas in Europe and the Black Sea region (Hassiotis ). In keeping with the region's history, the Greek homeland in *Ulysses' Gaze* figures as a dispersed space, a space mimicking the dispersion integral to the technology of diaspora.

By confounding the origins the trope of the return points to, Angelopoulos deconstructs the singularity traditionally attributed to the origins of diaspora. *Ulysses' Gaze* suggests that home and nation are not always aligned, that they are, in fact, often at odds with each other. Showing that the Balkans has always been a region where people of different ethnic backgrounds moved and settled in the midst of other ethnic groups, *Ulysses' Gaze* exposes the "insanity" of trying to establish new national borders against the fluidity of diasporic movements and memory. As Mastroianni's voice puts it, "We crossed the border, but we're still here." Angelopoulos thus demonstrates that a diasporic subject's return to the homeland does not necessarily involve a reentry into an unambiguously delineated space, or into a history that can appease the diasporic subject's sense of loss or need for belonging. When A.'s family is forced to relocate in 1950, neither A. nor anyone else answers the question posed by one of the family members, "Are you glad to be going to Greece?" Heard as a rhetorical question by all present, it belies the nostalgia supposedly characterizing diasporic subjects. Instead of seeing their relocation to Greece as a homecoming, A.'s family laments their loss of the only home they have known—a home in the diaspora, diaspora as home—and grieve for the fact that Constanza will be evacuated of its diverse population that includes, among others, Greeks and Armenians.

But for the exterior of the family's now abandoned and dilapidated house in Florina, there are no visual mementos in Greece for A.. When he takes a woman walking past him for a woman he had been in love with, the line he addresses to this specter from his past, "I wish I could tell you I returned, but something is holding me back," further implies that Florina is not the destination of his journey. As he keeps repeating, the show of his film and his personal connection with Florina only serve as a "pretext" for his return. It is later in *Ulysses' Gaze* that A., on a train that takes him from Monastiri, through Skopje, to Bucharest, reveals what has motivated his return. He has come back as a filmmaker in the hope of overcoming the artistic and personal crisis he has been going through after an experience he had two years earlier on the island of Delos. Looking for appropriate locations to shoot a film, he witnessed an "ancient olive tree toppling over," and a bust of Apollo emerging from that rip in the earth. But when he repeatedly employed a Polaroid camera to photograph the scene, he was shocked to discover that it "hadn't registered a thing." The photographs were "black negative pictures . . . as if my glance wasn't working, same empty squares, black holes." It is after this "disturb[ing]" experience that he accepts the Film Archive's proposal to direct a documentary on the Manakis brothers. Discovering that the Manakis had left "three reels, perhaps a whole film," undeveloped, something "not mentioned by any film historian," he develops an obsession with locating and seeing that "first glance, a lost glance." Both the failure of his Polaroid and the Manakis' lost first gaze are symptomatic of A.'s own condition: his "own first lost gaze." Hence his return as a diasporic artist, a return to a hybrid and fluid destination: a home place that is not-a-home in a region where national borders are being redrawn in blood, and three reels, whose old chemical formula defies modern technology, that keep changing hands. Through its direct engagement with the hybridity of cultural memory, and its references to the instability of national borders in the Balkans at the time, *Ulysses' Gaze* materializes the volatility of the contents of cultural memory. Be it personal and collective, or national and intranational, cultural memory simultaneously contains and confounds national origins, precisely what the Manakis brothers' lives and work exemplify.

## V

Yannakis and Milton Manakis enter *Ulysses' Gaze* through the second cinematic quotation in the film, immediately after the sequence in Florina, a quotation whose visuality and genealogy resurrect the past. Black and white, and in the jerky style of the early period of silent films, this opening footage of peasant old and young women weaving is from the Manakis brothers' film, *The Weavers* (*I Ifantries*), their first, two-minute-long documentary that features their 114-year-old grandmother, Despina.[12] A.'s voice-over helps situate the documentary: "Weavers in Avthela, a Greek village, 1905. The first film made by brothers Milton and Yannakis Manakis. The first film ever made in Greece and the Balkans. But is this a fact? Is it the first film? The first gaze?" Though there is some uncertainty about various aspects of the large archive of photographs, films, and postcards that Milton Manakis bequeathed to the Yugoslavian government between 1955 and 1964, there seems to be no doubt that *The Weavers* is indeed the first film ever made in the Balkans.[13] A.'s question is not so much meant to raise doubts about this documentary's authenticity; rather, asked at a time when he is facing a crisis as a filmmaker and when national sensibilities and ethnic cleansing are tearing Yugoslavia apart, his question announces at once a concern with and a distrust for origins, specifically the ambivalence that characterizes any project aimed at re-installing foundational myths of nation formation. Above all, his question suggests that the "personal" journey he is on is that of a filmmaker. Art, more specifically documentary film, precisely because of the questions it raises about the politics of representation, seems to hold the answers that might exist about how origins survive in cultural memory. This is the reason why his personal quest is soon translated into a transpersonal journey. Not only does the way in which he relives his past relationships become enmeshed with the women he encounters on his journey (all played by the same actress, Maia Morgenstern), but he takes on the persona of Yannakis Manakis when he re-enacts the political episode that resulted in Yannakis' exile in Plovdin, Bulgaria.[14]

A few words at this point about the lives of Yannakis (1878-1954) and Milton (1882-1964) Manakis[15] are necessary in order to understand the historical importance of their oeuvre and its relevance to *Ulysses' Gaze*. Not only did their 12,500 photographs, about 70 films, and large number of postcards documented the peasant and urban life of an area that included what is now Greece, Bulgaria, Romania, Serbia, Bosnia, Kosovo, and FYROM, as well as Istanbul, but they recorded turning points in the Balkan region's political history. Their lives overlapped with the dissolution of the Ottoman Empire, and so they became inadvertent spectators of the various insurgent movements and wars, as well as the intensive

Bulgarian and Romanian propaganda movements,[16] in the Balkans at a time when national borders and ethnic and national identities were being reconfigured. The subjects they documented ranged from folkloric events, weddings, and local fairs to official appearances of Romanian and Greek kings and crown princes and the riots of prisoners and warriors involved in the Greek Macedonian insurgency movement; from key figures of the Greek and Bulgarian revolutions against the Turks to Mehmet V's arrival as the last Sultan of the Ottoman Empire in Thessaloniki, where he died, to the Neo-Turks of Kemal Ataturk's movement and, later, Tito. Their film that documented the discovery of the body of Metropolitan Emilianos of Grevena, assassinated by the Neo-Turks, and his funeral (1911) was distributed and shown widely in Europe, as well as among the diasporic Greeks in the United States.

Obviously, it is the historical value of the Manakis' photo and film archive that lies behind A.'s—and Angelopoulos'—interest in the two brothers, but their life trajectories, embodying as they do the political exigencies of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century, bolster the significance, as well as the ambivalence, characterizing their work as an act of witnessing. Greek Vlachs, born in Avthella, a mountainous village in the prefecture of Grevena in Macedonia, Greece, they were sponsored by educational grants provided by the Romanian government to attend Romanian Lyceums. Despite the turmoil in that period, Milton remained politically neutral throughout his life: he got along as much with his fellow Greek Vlachs as with the Turks, Serbs, Bulgarians, Albanians, Romanians, Germans and Slavic Macedonians, and belonged to such associations as the Red Cross, the Jewish Humanistic Brotherhood, the French-Serbian League, and the Yugoslavian Union. The older brother's life path, however, does not reflect, what we might call, Milton's cosmopolitanism. Trained as an arts teacher in Romanian schools, Yannakis was susceptible to Romanian propaganda—perhaps because of the financial benefits it afforded him. He thus found himself embroiled in various compromising roles, especially after he got on the payroll of the Romanian educational system and began participating more directly in the propaganda endeavors of Romanian consuls and school superintendents in the years 1904-06.[17] Though it was Yannakis who, upon seeing their first movie camera in Bucharest in 1905, did not rest until he acquired one, it was Milton who is credited as the "creator" of most of the photographs and films comprising the brothers' archive.[18] Following the 1921 fire that destroyed their movie theatre (the first one) in Monastiri, the two brothers declared bankruptcy. While Milton kept their photo studio in Monastiri operating until 1961, though he stopped making films in 1927, Yannakis, who remained a Greek citizen his entire life, returned to Greece in 1939 where he taught in the Romanian School of Commerce in Thessaloniki. It is their house, turned into a museum after Milton's death, which A. goes to visit in Monastiri.

Their undeveloped reels that are sent from one city to another, together with the adaptation of their lives and work, in *Ulysses' Gaze* helps establish the genealogy of the Bosnian War, but also calls attention to how history repeats itself, one of the ways in which cultural memory is manifested. If the Manakis' visual archive documents the complex and traumatic record of the Balkan past, it also operates as an anterior narrative in relation to the violence in the present, thus having a proleptic function. As a record of cultural memory, their archive, to evoke Walter Benjamin, "has no theoretical armature. Its method is additive: it offers a mass of facts, in order to fill up a homogenous and empty time" (262), and thus belongs to the syntax that comprises history as historicism, which is about "the present as that of the here-and-now" (261).[19] Nevertheless, when A. looks at this archive, he sees not an image of the past that "has come to a standstill" (Benjamin 262), but a narrative of the past that lacks closure, hence his determination to locate the forgotten reels.

The complex layers of visuality characterizing the dramatization of the Manakis' lives and work in *Ulysses' Gaze* reinforces this. The black-and-white footage of *The Weavers* dissolves into a monochromatic grey screen that, in turn, becomes a vibrant blue, the blue of the Thessaloniki port and sky, but also of oneiric memory-time, a scene that continues the Manakis motif. The action that takes place on the promenade unfolds in double time both visually and chronologically: it is set in the past, winter 1954, when Yannakis Manakis is trying, with a camera on a tripod, to capture a blue boat sailing away; but it also unfolds in A.'s present-time in Thessaloniki where he comes to gather information about his documentary from Yannakis' apprentice. The overlap of the past and the present is mediated through this (nameless) apprentice who narrates to A. what happened on that winter day. His is what Gérard Genette calls "simultaneous narrative" (217), a narrative that "condenses" (157n) two different events, one from the past and one from the present. The apprentice's recollection of the past is, then, endowed with a performative function, for his act of narration in the present instantaneously dramatizes what he narrates about the past. The apprentice and A., in contrast to Manakis who is dressed in 50's style, wear contemporary clothing.

When the camera begins to focus on A. as he enters the scene, the condensed narration and visuality are maintained, for we continue to see the blue boat sailing away.

It is during this visually and technically stunning scene that we hear Yannakis' apprentice sharing with A. information that is going to determine the course of the latter's journey:

> It was the winter of 1954. Yannakis saw a blue ship moored over there in the harbor of Thessaloniki. . . . He had set his heart on photographing the boat as it left the harbor. One morning the ship sailed away . . . He died that same evening. As I wrote to you, he kept rambling on about three undeveloped reels, a film which for some reason was never developed since then, since the beginning of the century. I didn't think much of it at the time.

As the apprentice nears the end of his narrative, we hear for the first time what will become the film's musical leit motif, and this, together with A.'s words, "The three reels, the three reels . . . the journey," signals the beginning of his quest. Above all, it signals A.'s "zero-hour," the shift from the empty, homogeneous time the condensed narrative creates into a moment when A. appears to adopt a historical materialist approach to the past. As Benjamin says,

> Thinking involves not only the movement of thoughts, but also their zero-hour [*Stillstellung*]. Where thinking suddenly halts in a constellation overflowing with tensions, there it yields a shock to the same, through which it crystallizes as a monad. The historical materialist approaches a historical object solely and alone where he encounters it as a monad. In this structure he cognizes the sign of a messianic zero-hour [*Stillstellung*] of events, or put differently, a revolutionary chance in the struggle for the suppressed past. He perceives it, in order to explode a specific epoch out of the homogenous course of history. (262-63)

Even though A.'s journey takes him through some of the same territory that the Manakis brothers traveled through to take photographs and shoot their films, he does not mimic their traveling and recording method as itinerant filmmakers who inadvertently became historiographers. Instead, because he sees the missing cans of film as dialectically related to history,[20] as objects that still have relevance in the present, despite the fact that he identifies his journey as personal, what he wants to bring to light is also political.

His physical journey ends at Sarajevo, under siege in both real and filmic time, the city where the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, by a nationalist Serb led to the WW I. There is no evidence suggesting that Yannakis or Milton Manakis ever visited the city, but many of the events they recorded were a direct result of that war. Nevertheless, while *Ulysses' Gaze* is set during the Bosnian War and evokes WW I, it remains focused exclusively on A.'s trajectory. A. is cast as a diasporic subject whose "embodied knowledge" (Marks 2) unfolds for the viewer through "a traumatic interrogation of personal and family memories only to create a place were no history is certain" (Marks 5). But while A.'s physical journey is paralleled by his recall of the past—a "turn to memory [that] is also a turn to the affective or felt experience of history" (Chetkovich 37)—these memories do not sway him away from his goal. His fixation on locating the reels—an instance of the Benjaminian monad—translates the empty, homogeneous time of cultural memory into the zero-hour of history A. inhabits. A. considers the reels—forgotten and undeveloped for almost an entire century—as objects having a radical messianic character that may change the course of history, which is not to say that he is attributing to them an apocalyptic messianism, the kind that promises the fulfillment of history. But the reels are not what Terry Eagleton would call an "instantiation of some universal essence"; instead, they demand a "microscopic gaze [that] estranges the everyday into the remarkable" (Eagleton 328). It is in this context that A.'s approach to the past materializes Angelopoulos' engagement with history.

## VI

Widely seen as a "director of History" (Stathi 11), Angelopoulos has produced highly acclaimed, albeit not commercial, films that cast history "with a capital H" (Horton 109). In his earlier films, *Days of '36* (*Meres tou 36*) (1972), *The Travelling Players* (*O Thiassos*) (1975) and *Vogage to Kithira* (*Taxithi sta Kithira*) (1983), but also in his most recent *Eternity and One Day* (*Mia Aioniotita kai Mia Mera*) (1998), and the first film of a recently announced trilogy, *The Weeping Meadow* (*To Livadi pou Dakryzei*) (2004), history—in particular the troubled history of Greece and its diasporic communities—certainly figures large. As Christian Zimmer argues, Angelopoulos' relationship with history is articulated through "the twin figure of metaphor and metonymy, in particular a cadaver that takes the place of, that becomes, history" (93). Indeed, Angelopoulos' entire oeuvre could be seen as a journey through the ravages of history. Yet, despite his preoccupation with historical events and the Greek nation-state's trajectory through various wars, its diasporic dispersion, or its Civil War (1946-49), Angelopoulos' treatment of history avoids the traps of realism. As Stathi puts it, "Angelopoulos reproduces a facet of History, representing those elements of it that have been 'exiled' or, better, letting these elements represent themselves" (12). Concerned with the politics of representation, his cinematography explores history through the exigencies of cultural memory—"memories that are forbidden, memories denied, memories obsessively caressed, morbidly blocked, memories forgotten" (Amengual 39). It is with the remains—the debris—of history that he is fascinated with.

For Angelopoulos, preoccupation with history writ large does not imply a fetishization of historical events that have had a momentous impact on a nation-state and its subjects. Rather, it points to how such historical turning points, because they are indelibly imprinted on the national character of subjects, can be transformed into social myth, namely, an ideological rendering of past events that can affect the course of the present. As Stathi says, "the mythical dimension of Angelopoulos' work appears *a posteriori*. It is not myth that becomes History, but History that announces its truthfulness through myth. In these terms, historical truth is possible only when 'master narratives' are demythologized" (13). This is precisely what Angelopoulos' films set out to do. In this context, cultural memory is the embodiment of history into the political unconscious of nation-states and diasporic groups; it relates aspects of the originary narratives of nations, but is also fed by the vicissitudes of the present. In this respect, cultural memory is always inscribed in the present tense, in that it unfolds as a recollection of the past that is simultaneous a translation informed by the ideological forces that shape the present. Thus cultural memory as embodied history is rarely a matter of simply recollecting the bare outlines of an event. It is always inflected by affect, the affect that comes from the usually unresolved dialectic structure of memories: memories of victory or defeat, of hegemonic power or shared guilt, of personal exile or national humiliation. It is the affect that accompanies the cultural archive of national and/or diasporic groups and individual subjects, as well as the affect that marks those disenfranchised by the master narratives of nation-states, that endows embodied history with the power to re-emerge as a specter that can either wield violence or, as seems to be A.'s hope, exorcise the ferocity of national passions in the name of forgotten things.

It is, then, the national doxa embedded in cultural memory that Angelopoulos' films attempt to question by turning their protagonists', as wells as the viewers', gaze toward what has been mislaid, repressed, or vanished. Intricately interwoven, historical time and mythic time in his films are structured in highly allusive and intertextual ways that often border on allegory. The larger-than-life statue of Lenin on a barge that sails down the Danube, with A. on it, is an allegorical instance, albeit too obvious, of the demise of the Soviet Union and the end of the Cold War. Dismembered, and watched from the riverbanks by peasants who make the sign of the cross, it is an instantiation of the debris of history. As such, it creates a temporality that questions as much historical truth as those who stand guard for it. Along the same lines, war, often the setting of many of Angelopoulos' films, is not glorified; rather, it operates as a sign of crisis—a crisis of political systems, epistemologies, the humanistic tradition. On the cusp of modernity and postmodernity, Angelopoulos' cinematic techniques and his treatment of the themes that obsess him bind the viewer's mind to actuality, but also draw attention to it as artifice. It is not surprising, then, that he resists some of his critics' attempts to find a "documentary thrust" in his films. It is worth quoting Angelopoulos at length on this point:

> I wouldn't call this sense of history a "documentary thrust." I rather think it is a Greek tradition. If we recall the Greek classics, we notice that most of them work with myths referring to much older periods, and in this context history is used as a continuous backdrop, independent of any thematic concerns. My attachment to our history derives from the fact that I am Greek, from the overall relationship of history with Greek art and specifically with literature, and in this century, with Greek cinema. (O'Grady 70)
>
> My characters assume all the elements of epic cinema or, if I may say so, those of epic poetry, typically featuring clear-cut personae. . . . they serve as carriers of history or ideas. . . . My characters are not being analyzed . . . They search for lost things, all that was lost in the rupture between desire and reality. Until not very long ago the history of the world was based on desire; the desire to change the world one way or another. Now at the end of the century we realize that whatever was desired never really happened, and it did not happen for reasons that I am unable to explain. Perhaps it was impossible to change things using the specific methods that were employed at the time, but in any case, we are left with

> the experience of our failure, with the ashes of the disappointment of dreams that never materialized. (O'Grady 69)

This statement is an apt description of what transpires in *Ulysses' Gaze*. In Angelopoulos' cinematography, history, together with the losses it involves, is almost invariably explored through the prism of a single male protagonist, a blind spot in his otherwise multifaceted examination of the past. Nevertheless, though Angelopoulos stresses his attachment to Greek history, his cinematic gaze, like that of A.'s, exceeds the monoculturalism usually associated with cultural memory. Against the chauvinism that often marks Greek, as well as Greek diasporic, subjects' articulations of Greek nationalism, Angelopoulos' treatment of cultural memory tends to expose the "imagined" nature of national affiliations. This inclination to release differences that have been repressed mirrors the closet idealism that I believe underlies Angelopoulos' desire to create characters and films that trope toward what he calls a "new humanism." We get an inkling of what this "new humanism" may entail by what transpires when A. reaches Sarajevo.

## VII

If, despite its Greek signature, *Ulysses' Gaze* uncovers cultural differences and events that are often repressed when cultural memory is constructed in a homogeneous fashion, it is because Angelopoulos seeks to explode, on the one hand, the continuum of history and, on the other, the cultural solipsism of national identities. This is one of the reasons why A.—whose full name is never mentioned either by him or by any of the other characters—assumes different personae before he arrives in Sarajevo. By playing philoromanian Greek-Vlach Yannakis interrogated in 1916 by Bulgarian officers, or the Bulgarian Vania in 1915, to keep his widow's memory of him alive for a while longer,[21] or by having his own identity suspended, for security and other reasons when he becomes "Nobody," A. functions as a first-hand witness of the human displacements and catastrophes in the Balkans. The affect that marks these unsettling and transitory scenes does not so much express A.'s emotional response to these encounters that are both of the past and of the present as it materializes the affection of what Gilles Deleuze calls "recollection-images": scenes where private and public memories meet, "strangely active fossils, radioactive, inexplicable in the present . . . and all the more harmful and autonomous" (113). Such scenes, as Marks writes, "are 'harmful' because they cannot be reconciled with either official history or private memory—but they are more harmful to official history, because they falsify it or reveal it to be incomplete" (51). If A. can walk away from these scenes of history seemingly unscathed, it is because these recollection-images have the ability to "disengage[] . . . affective response from action" (Marks 28). In this light, A.'s running away from the Bulgarian Circe-like widow's pathos and mourning is not a sign of his indifference or callousness; rather, it gestures toward the "carnality of memory" (Marks 73), the ways in which memory is embedded in the body, how corporeality is part and parcel of the survival of cultural memory. Moreover, it points to the extent to which the public and the private are imbricated in, and mediate, each other.

Unlike Bessel van der Kolk and Onno van der Hart's definition of traumatic memory as a memory that "has no social component" and that, in contrast to "narrative memory, it is a social act [that] . . . is not addressed to anybody" (163), the traumatic memories and encounters A. has to contend with while he travels operate as a social act that deconstructs what appears to be the solipsism of his quest. He thus materializes yet another thesis from Benjamin's essay on the construction of history: "To articulate what is past does not mean to recognize 'how it really was.' It means to take control of a memory, as it flashes in a moment of danger. For historical materialism it is a question of holding fast to a picture of the past, just as if it had unexpectedly thrust itself, in a moment of danger, on the historical subject" (255). Seen in this context, the war zone A. traverses reveals what happens when cultural memory is repressed as well as when it is in circulation. Here, the old adage that we cannot afford to forget history is mocked by the calamities that often occur when history—history as cultural memory—is remembered. Shot during the Bosnian War, *Ulysses' Gaze* not only, to use a word Benjamim often employs in his essay, "explodes" the homogeneity of cultural memory, thus showing cultural memory in action to be often synonymous with the return of the repressed, but also demonstrates its elasticity and hybridity. Those acting in the name of their communities' cultural memories are not always in control of the effects of remembering. But as Slavoj Zizek writes, "there is no repression previous to the return of the repressed; the repressed content does not precede its return in symptoms, there is no way to conceive it in its purity undistorted by 'compromises' that characterize the formation of the symptoms" (14). A. goes after the first filmic gaze at the region not because he thinks the missing reels contain testimony about what things were like *then*, testimony that may redeem the present of its insanity, but because, as "a witness-traveller" (Felman 32), he is attentive to memories as they "flash in a moment of danger," as they document for the viewers what happens when cultural memory resurrects the specters of Balkan history *now*.

This is one of the reasons why Angelopoulos has A. locate the missing reels in Sarajevo. When A. arrives in Sarajevo,[22] he is unsure that he has reached his destination. "Is this Sarajevo?", he keeps asking the handful of rattled people he encounters on the streets of what has been turned into a ghost city. What he sees—empty streets, bombed buildings, abandoned vehicles, smoldering ruins, a person here and there huddled in fear of the snipers and carrying cans of precious water or fuel—speaks to the zero-hour of this city's history. It is not a coincidence that A.'s journey culminates in a city embodying the wreckage of modernity. It is coming face to face with the ashes of history that validates his quest. Although the loss of memory the missing reels represent may be seen as a sign of liberation, as a release from the ruins of history cultural memory both embodies and triggers, Sarajevo under siege conveys a contrary message: loss of memory can also be the reason for this war's catastrophes. Loss of certain kinds of memory, then, is profoundly ambivalent: synonymous with repression, it has the potential at once to cause violence and to become an occasion for a fresh start, the kind of moment that the Benjaminian historian-materialist can seize on in order to rapture history's continuum.

It is important to recall here that the Manakis brothers filmed and photographed the people in the region without distinguishing between Greeks, Albanians, Bulgarians or Serbs, between Orthodox, Muslim or Catholic subjects. If it is this "imaginary of fraternity" A. seeks to recover in their lost film, Richard Werbner reminds us that such an imaginary is often accompanied by "a narrative of fratricide" (74). It is the absence of fratricide that guarantees the cohesiveness of a nation state, precisely what Sarajevo under siege exemplifies in a paradoxical fashion. While *Ulysses' Gaze* does not attempt to offer any utopian solutions about the carnage of the Bosnian War, and implicitly questions the ideology of inclusion and integration that the Manakis' oeuvre may be seen to project, it also casts doubt on the euphoria that often characterizes the study of cultural memory. For what memory discloses is not always already emancipatory. Distinguishing between "immediate memory which is readily accessible" and "anti-memory" that "is imagined as buried or even repressed remembrance," Werbner points out that "anti-memory may serve the ends of the nation-building regime, of the state in the making, or it may become the defensive or subversive drive of subalterns asserting themselves against the state or its dominant elites" (74). Sarajevo under siege materializes the crisis that occurs when these two kinds of memory collapse into each other; it performs the "*affective* dissonance" (Chow 59) that emerges from memory when it becomes fossilized and fetishized, a metaphorical as well as literal "burial-place where lost identities are mourned, in a desperate attempt to keep their atrophied representations alive" (Werbner 30). The three different funereal processions—Orthodox, Catholic, and Muslim—that reach, under A.'s distressed gaze, a Sarajevo cemetery at the same time epitomize this: three different congregations, but all three mourning similar losses, losses that have been caused at once by the virus of amnesia and mnemonic fever.

## VII

A. comes to Sarajevo because this is where the Manakis' three undeveloped reels have ended up. Ivo Levi (played by the late Erland Josephson), the archivist and technician of the Sarajevo Cinematheque, has been trying to discover the now unknown chemical formula required for developing the reels. As a result of the war, however, he has put the project on hold: "It was a challenge," he explains to A., "finding the old chemical formula. I kept changing it over and over again. I spent endless nights in the old lab listening to the fluids, the sound of their flow. There were times that the fluids sounded like a song . . . I had made headway, only a detail was missing, but the war broke out. I had to concentrate on saving the [film] archive. It was our memory. I had to save it." Trying to persuade Levi to resume his abandoned project, A. tells him that he does not "have the right" to preserve these films as valuable, yet undeciphered, archives: "It's the war, insanity, all the more reason . . . you've got no right." But in Levi A. has found a kindred spirit, someone who suffers from the same archive fever that has turned this Greek American filmmaker, who holds a Greek passport and often speaks in Greek, into a wanderer. "What am I," Levi says, when he agrees to give developing the Manakis' reels one more chance, "if not a collector of vanished gazes?"[23] Archive fever is a condition that, as Jacques Derrida explains, encapsulates the Freudian pleasure principle and its twin, the death drive (13, 29). If archive fever is a malady, it is precisely because the subject experiences the search for the archive as being both inevitable and necessary. Like Levi, A., too, is "in need of archives" (Derrida 91). And it is this need that renders A.'s search for the Manakis brothers' first gaze at once into a malady and a passion. Archive fever "can mean something else than to suffer from a sickness, from a trouble . . . It is to burn with a passion. It is never to rest, interminably, from searching for the archive right where it slips away" (Derrida 91).

The archive, in this case, does not slip away, for Levi's renewed efforts produce the desired result. Still, that the pivotal moment of A.'s quest takes place in the lab of the semi-destroyed Cinematheque, that the "first glance" demands intensive mediation and a new technology before it yields its contents, and that, above all, the man who releases, what he calls, the Manakis' "captive gaze" is killed soon after—all this suggests the suspension of the archive's meaning, the deferral of Angelopoulos' "new humanism." As a relic of another era, the Manakis' film represents the symbolic guarantee of the region's intercultural identity while promising, at the same time, escape from amnesia or mis-remembering. It may be, from A.'s perspective, an inaugural glance, a record of the advent of yet another stage of modernity in the region, but it offers no wager for an authentic representation of long-lost memories. Because it resists easy consumption and commodification, because its ambivalence and value are symptomatic of the mediation it requires, it seems to embody what Andreas Huyssen calls twilight memory: "Twilight memories," he writes, "are both . . . generational memories on the wane due to the passing of time and the continuing speed of technological modernization . . . and memories that reflect the twilight status of memory itself. Twilight is that moment of the day that foreshadows the night of forgetting, but that seems to slow time itself, an in-between state in which the last light of the day may still play out its ultimate marvels. It is memory's privileged time" (3). In this regard, twilight memory is also constitutive of the zero-hour of history, the chronotope where A.'s archive fever takes place. If A. is consumed by his obsession with the undeveloped reels, this consumption seems to be an unavoidable, and incurable, symptom of his archive fever. Moreover, the archive as a vanished gaze may resist consumption, but it itself threatens to consume those whose gazes it attracts. Indeed, it seems that in order for the archive to manifest itself, someone has first to vanish.

## VIII

While waiting for the film to dry, Levi invites A. to join him, and the other denizens of Sarajevo, who have gone out on the streets to stroll without fear of the snipers because the city is vanished in fog—the only time the snipers have no visibility. When the city comes alive, so do the remains of Western culture. Actors perform *Romeo and Juliet*, the city's youth symphony, consisting of Serbs, Croats and Muslims,[24] plays Vivaldi, and the citizens under siege recover their bourgeois habits—strolling leisurely, greeting each other, pausing to watch or listen to the free performances. It is an interesting coincidence that the release of the Manakis brothers' gaze is accompanied by an affirmation of Western classics—none of them local. But this semblance of normalcy is crudely interrupted. The cover of fog this time does not protect Levi and his family, for they are killed by a group of men in cold blood. We never see the killers, nor do we find out what their ethnicity is, nor if they are in plain citizens' clothes or military garb. While *Ulysses' Gaze* remains obsessed with visuality throughout, in this scene (shot in Belgrade) the act of seeing, suspended by the veil of fog, is replaced by aurality. We hear the disembodied, world-weary voice of the killers' leader, who calmly says: "Our Lord and Maker made a mess of things, Sir. A fine mess."

This penultimate sequence of scenes, which ends with A. wailing in despair, eradicates any illusions the viewer might have that A.'s journey is one of nostalgia or recuperation. If, in *Ulysses' Gaze*, oppressors and oppressed, killers and killed, malefactors and their casualties are all deliberately represented in a manner that resists easy identification, it is not because Angelopoulos lapses into cultural or historical relativism. Rather, he suggests that the villains in the present tense of the film might have been victims once. If there are no immaculate subjects in history, what possible value can the Manakis brothers' "first glance" have? When A. returns to the lab to watch the Manakis' released gaze, the viewers of *Ulysses' Gaze* do not get to see it. No longer a forgotten archive, nor a film we can consume, it resists disclosure. Moreover, it forfeits elucidation, for the viewer has no way of ascertaining its impact on A.. Instead, as a result of the circumstances and events surrounding its release, and despite A.'s earlier attempt to imagine it as a document not loaded down by the exigencies of local ethnic politics, it becomes politically charged. It thus operates as a "dialectical image," an assemblage of historical, cultural and philosophical concerns that "expose 'progress' as the fetishization of modern temporality" (Buck-Morss 56). If it reveals anything, this is the imperative to devise a new method of dealing with history and cultural differences. But if there is no indication of the afterlife of the archive, there is also no clear answer as what this new method may entail. What is certain is that if the future to come is to be different from the present, it cannot come in the name of the already established order of knowledge. This is not to be taken as a refutation of cultural memory. Rather, it stresses the potential of art to usher in an era of "new humanism," albeit a humanism that is not entirely divested of the "old" humanism's legacy. If A. is witnessing the dawn of a new episteme emerging from the Manakis brothrers' film and from his traumatic experience in Sarajevo, this new order of things is complicitous with the old way of looking at the Balkans.

This is one of the reasons, I believe, why the film ends with another quotation, this time a literary one. Gazing straight at the camera, A. recites (in free translation) the following lines from Homer:

> When I return,
> It will be with another man's name.
> My coming will be unexpected.
> If you look at me unbelieving, and say "it's not you."
> I will show you signs and you will believe me.
> I will tell you about the lemon tree in your garden
> The corner window that lets in the moonlight
> And then sights of the body, signs of love.
> And as we climb trembling to our own room
> Between one embrace and the next
> Between lovers' calls, I will tell you about the journey all night long
> And then all the nights to come
> Between one embrace and the next
> Between lovers' calls and the whole human adventure
> The story that never ends.

*Ulysses' Gaze* ends in the future tense, a future that contains the past but also bears a new "name." The lines A. recites are those of another archive, the Western archive of cultivated memory. He may operate as an embodiment of his culture's history, but he is neither looking backwards nor is he quoting faithfully. Still, there is no guarantee that the comfort he hopes to find in the familiarity the past affords will come soon. The story of the whole human adventure continues. A.'s journey, unlike that of Odysseus', does not see "home" as its destination. And though his "homecoming" is marked by violence and death, unlike his namesake hero who kills those who have abused and threatened his sovereignty in his kingdom and household, and stops his violent rampage with "a heavy heart," and only after the intervention of a god, A. recoils from the violence he witnesses; his soliloquy that punctuates the end of the film is about love.[25] The modern-day Ulysses' "adventure" is interpersonal and intranational. Above all, it is about art, not about how art can transgress the "fine mess" the unleashing of cultural memory can often lead to, but about how a filmmaker enters the minefield cultural memory is, and the ethical responsibilities involved in acting out on its behest.

## VIIII

The last image, as well as gaze, in the film is that of A. brooding. The brooder, as Benjamin suggests, "is a man who once had the solution to the Great Problem, but then forgot it. And now he broods, not so much over the matter as over his past brooding about it. The thought of the brooder stands under the sign of memory."[26]

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**Notes**

[1] Quotations from material that appears in Works Cited in French and Greek are in my translation.

[2] I have in mind here the Oka crisis, March to September 1990, which brought out the Québec Provincial Police and the Canadian Armed Forces in a standoff with the Mohawks on the Kanesatake Reserve. The standoff, which resulted in three deaths and other violent and racialized attacks, was caused by a land dispute over the expansion of a golf course on what is sacred ground for the Mohawks in the area.

[3] See Robin W. Winks, *The Blacks in Canada: A History* (Montreal and Kingston: McGill-Queen’s UP, 1971, 1977). There were slaves in New France before the first recorded reference to Olivier Le Jeune, “the first slave to be sold in New France,” brought directly from Africa at the age of six. Le Jeune was still a “‘*petit nègre*’” when he converted, but, as his teacher, after whom he was named, Jesuit missionary Paul Le Jeune, wrote, he spoke a blunt truth in retort to the statement that all people are equal in the eyes of the Christian God: “‘You say by baptism I shall be like you: I am black and you are white, I must have my skin off then in order to be like you’” (1). By the middle of the eighteenth century, there were about four

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thousand slaves, both Black and Aboriginal, in New France, most of them living in and around Montreal (Winks 1-23).

[4] Throughout my argument, I employ the term history in a rather loose way, as a reference to official discourse. A fuller discussion of the relationship of memory to history as a discipline, genre, or practice would take me too far afield. See, for example, Dominique La Capra, *History and Memory after Auschwitz* (Ithaca: Cornell UP, 1998) and Le Goff.

[5] This is a recurring theme in his work. Andrew Horton's *The Films of Theo Angelopoulos: A Cinema of Contemplation* (Princeton: Princeton UP, 1997) addresses this and related themes.

[6] Rey Chow employs the concept of "self-regard," introduced by Freud in "On Narcissism," to refer to the necessary, indeed healthy, kind of "narcissism" the diasporic subject must employ in order to achieve "self-preservation" in light of the negative construction of its identity by "mainstream society." "In the visual as well as social senses of the term," Chow argues, "self-regard is the complicated result of the self's negotiations with the observing collective conscience." Rey Chow, "The Secrets of Ethnic Abjection," *"Race" Panic and the Memory of Migration*, eds. Meaghan Morris and Brett de Bary (Hong Kong: Hong Kong UP, 2001) 64.

[7] On the role of the gaze in the film, see also Horton 184 (see note 4).

[8] On this point, see Angelopoulos' comment in Geoff Andrew's article cum interview, "Homer's Where the Heart Is: *Ulysses' Gaze*," in Fainaru (91-2).

[9] I have in mind here James Clifford's and Paul Gilroy's employment of these terms. See the former's *Routes: Travel and Translation in the Late Twentieth Century* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard UP, 1997) and the latter's *The Black Atlantic: Double Consciousness and Modernity* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard UP, 1993).

[10] See, for example, Catherine Portuges' review (untitled) in *American History Review* (October 1996), 1158-59. Fredric Jameson, too, situates the New Year's Eve family reunions in Bucharest, as opposed to Constanza (86); see his essay, "Theo Angelopoulos: the past as history, the future as form," in Horton 78-95.

[11] This is one of the longest, and continuous, scenes (fifteen minutes long) about memory in the film, as we see A. as a young boy spend five consecutive New Year Eve's gatherings, 1945-50, with his family.

[12] Although I have consulted various sources and web sites that refer to the Manakis brothers, for this detail, as well as other references to the work and lives of the Manakis brothers, I am indebted to Christos Christodoulou's book, *The Manakis Brothers' Photogenic Balkans*. I am grateful to John Papargyris of Birmingham, United Kingdom, who located and sent me this book.

[13] As is also the case with a number of their films and other details of the Manakis' lives, there is discrepancy between various sources as to the exact date of this documentary. According to Christodoulou, it was made in 1906; Angelopoulos and some web sites date it in 1905.

[14] When Monastiri (today called Bitola), where the two brothers lived and worked for many years, was taken over by the Germans and Bulgarians during WW I, the latter, in a search of the brothers' photographic studio, came upon three guns and a small amount of explosives. Yannakis was arrested and convicted as a spy, but his death sentence was converted to exile in Philipoupolis, now Plovdin, Bulgaria. During his exile there between 1916 and 1919, he continued his work as photographer. While A. travels by train from Monastiri to Skopje, in a subtle shift from the present to the past, he assumes the persona of Yannakis, and is arrested by Bulgarian border guards who interrogate him about his alleged espionage activities.

[15] The Manakis brothers' name appears in different variants in official documents and the media of the time—Maniaki, Manakia, or Manaka—but Manakis is the most frequently used and the one recorded in death certificates.

[16] Because the 1870 Ottoman declaration of the independence of the Orthodox Bulgarian Church, known as the Exarchate, applied to places that could claim two-thirds of their population as Bulgarian, there was a concerted attempt, through the founding of Bulgarian schools and financial assistance, and subsequently through warfare, to make local populations adopt Bulgarian national identity. Romania, too, though it shared no boundaries with the region, launched a major educational and financial propaganda effort to Romanize the local population. See, for example, Justin McCarthy, *The Ottoman Peoples and the End of Empire* (Oxford UP, 2001).

[17] Predictably, given the history of the region, the two brothers' oeuvre has itself become an instrument of national politics. While Greek historians and filmographers consider them to be Greek Vlachs, in the

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Former Yugoslav Republic of Macedonia they are claimed as promoters of the Macedonian national identity. For example, this is how Cyber Macedonia reads the brothers' accomplishments: "It was the manner in which the brothers documented the traditional Macedonian customs, rites, and everyday life that really set the brothers' work on a unique level. They filmed villagers, street cleaners, soldiers, mutineers, weddings, processions, and the festivities associated with the celebration of Macedonian holidays. . . . Without the work of the Manakis brothers, the propaganda spread by a few of the world's very extremist countries would have been made all the more easier than it is today. In effect, the Manaki brothers, by having captured the Macedonian economic and cultural life, unintentionally rose to become promoters of the Macedonian identity" (http://www.cybermacedonia.com/manaki.html, February 25, 2006). In contrast to this reading that reduces the complexity of their work, if not that of their lives, to monoculturalism, when A. tries to get some answers about the Manakis' film from the woman working in their archive in Skopje, in response to her silence and suspicion, he says, "I'm not trying to prove anything."

[18] The two brothers saw their first film—"live photographs," Milton called it (Christodoulou 89)—in Bucharest in 1905. Yannakis became so obsessed with acquiring a film camera that, instead of returning to their photo studio, he departed for London where he purchased a Charles Urban Bioscope 300 camera. It was immediately after his return to Monastiri that the two brothers went back to their home village to shoot *The Weavers*.

[19] Though the page numbers refer to Benjamin's "Theses on the Philosophy of History" as it appears in Harry Zohn's translation in *Illuminations*, I am actually quoting from Dennis Redmond's translation of this essay, which I find to be smoother. See http://www.marxists.org/reference/archive/benjamin/1940/history.html, or http://www.efn.org/~dredmond/ThesesonHistory.html (January 13, 2006).

[20] Fredric Jameson makes a similar point.

[21] The years in which these scenes take place are not provided in the film itself, but they are in the film's Greek screenplay. The screenplay also includes a catalogue of scenes shot but not included in the final cut, as well as other interesting details.

[22] When the war conditions made it possible, Angelopoulos shot most of the scenes in the film in their actual locations, such as Koritsa, Thessaloniki, Florina, Monastiri (Bitola), Skopje, Bucharest, and Belgrade. However, the train scenes were shot en route Thessaloniki-Skidra-Thessaloniki in November 1994, while some of the Sarajevo scenes were filmed in Vukovar and others in Athens, as the shooting took place at the same time as Sarajevo's siege. The Sarajevo Cinematheque is Vukovar's bombed theatre, and the *Romeo and Juliet* performance was inspired by a similar performance that Angelopoulos' crew witnessed while shooting in Vukovar. See Angelopoulos' screenplay (125).

[23] Levi's Jewishness is certainly not accidental, but I do not have enough space to discuss it here.

[24] I am indebted for this detail to Angelopoulos' screenplay; the ethnic identities of the musicians are not apparent in the film.

[25] The relationship of history to power, to the sovereignty of subjectivity, and to the present is a concern underlying virtually all of Angelopoulos' films. For various treatments of these themes see *L'Histoire, l'idéologie et le pouvoir*, ed. Michel Estève (Paris: Les Éditions du Cerf, 1984).

[26] Walter Benjamin, *Gesammelte Schriften* (Frankfurt 1972-), vol. 5, 455. Cited in translation in Max Pensky, "Tactics of Remembrance: Proust, Surrealism, and the Origin of *Passagenwerk*," in *Walter Benjamin and the Demands of History*, ed. Michael Steinberg (Ithaca: Cornell UP, 1996): 164-89.