

BEYOND THE MEMORY. THE STORY NOT TOLD

In the beginning was the absence, / after its dystrophy: the Commitments. // Behind every step / her shadow. // In the house of memory there are no windows, / mirrors there. Hugo Mujica

"Now, at a time of archives fever, using Derrida's expression, which characterizes the actual fury and frenzy documentary, obsessed with memory and remembrance, turns to oral as a fountain to preserve something which fades away in the past."

Xavier Antich. Archivos orales. En primera persona.. Cultura|s 491. 16/11/11

"The memory needs to be preserved and spread but, as a live process in constant evolution, it also needs to be built."

Marta Delclòs. Preservar, difundir, construir. Cultura|s 491. 16/11/11

How many generations are needed not to lose the non registered memory? Probably just one. When the original source, the one which has experienced it personally, disappears, the story is reduced to minimum if we haven't done an act of recording.

Who decides what issues should be part of our history?

What is not documented tends to disappear. The oral transmission may prolong the agony, but it distorts the story in each act of delivery. We live from the latent memories of those events that have marked our existence, which in time will be the memory of grandparents, great grandparents ... A story that becomes increasingly blurred until being diluted.

Villages without archives see how other write its history. Without memory we only have the sense of present moment ¹.

Where we belong show this loss from the silent story of what has been carried out, done in a present time. A photographic material that can turn into archive over time and won't provide neither historical memory nor tale. Silence and emptiness, absence and traces are the flagrant evidence of our demise. People disappear and with them the narration of facts. No possibility of reconstruction.

This village like any other. The one we'll visit during any holiday, the one will observe from the outside without involving us, where we'll walk, at most, a few hours. It's the people we'll cross the streets and hopefully greet with a smile. Is this any people from whom we'll know very little and we won't mind too much.

And it won't be as serious as the forgetfulness of those who inhabit it.

1. Joan Boadas. Policy Archive. International Seminar. University of Girona. December 2011