

Éva en ik

Is a documentary about my grandmother Éva and how her traumatic childhood has influenced her last years of life, as she died in 2003, at the age of 63.



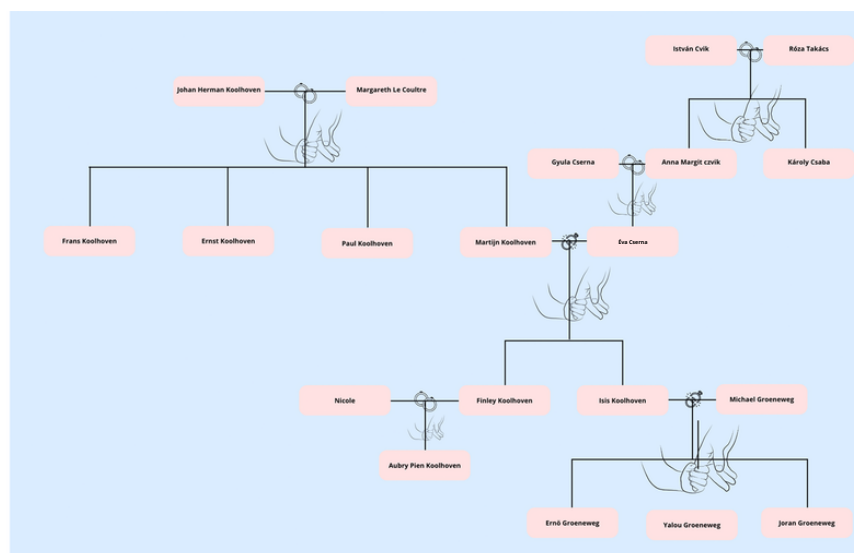
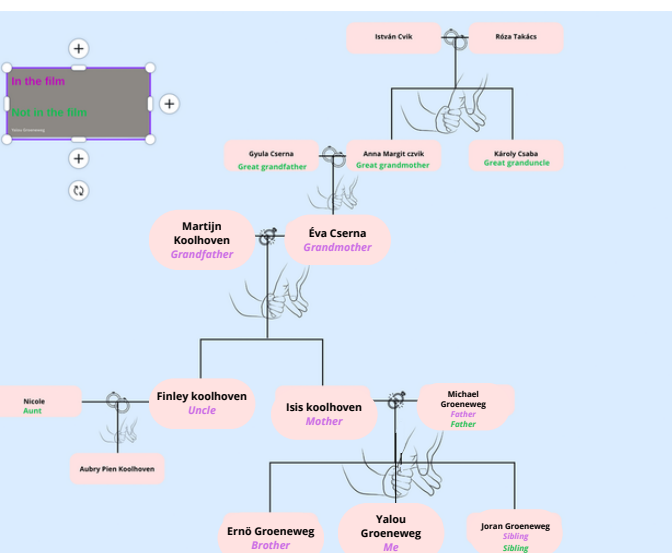
Éva, my grandmother

The documentary also focuses on the effect of her trauma on my mother, uncle, me and my brother: the effects of generational trauma.

These are also the main people who will help me with the documentary.

My mother and uncle: they will share their archives, talk about their childhood, be on camera and recorded audio. My brother: he will focus on the music and he will be part of the editing process.

Other people who help me are my grandmother Éva and my grandfather Martijn, they will be speaking through the archive.

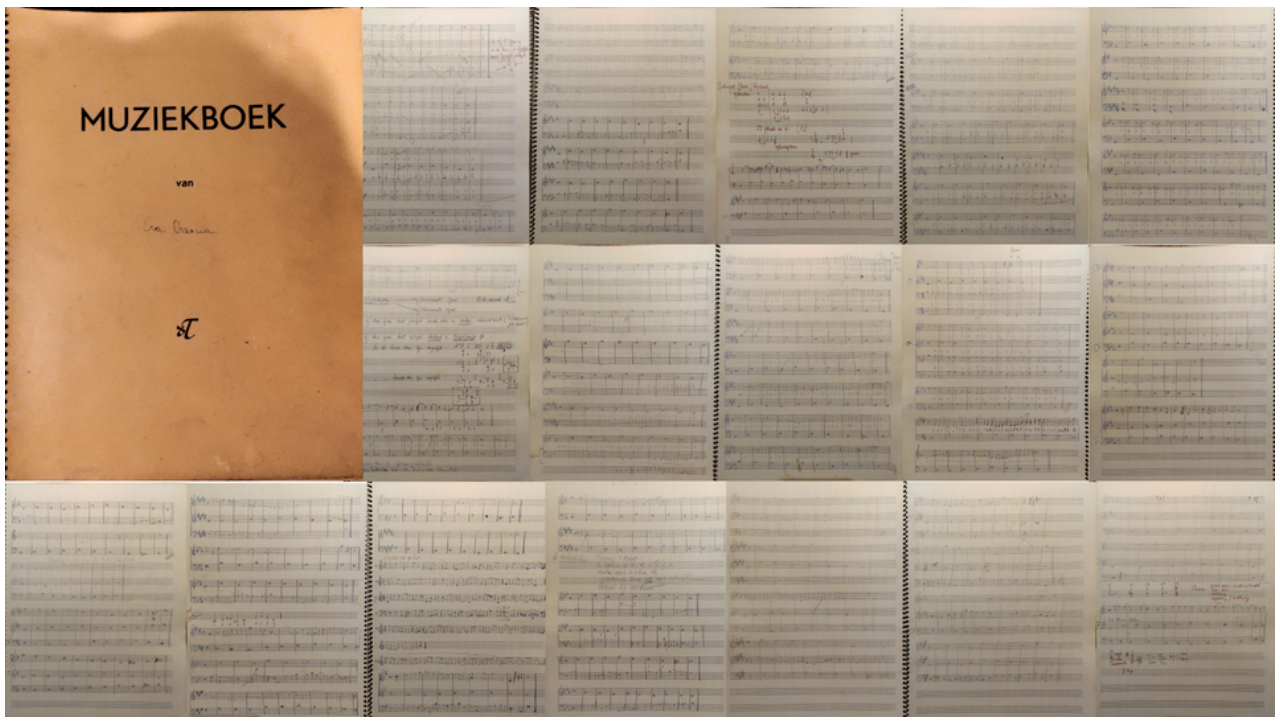


The family tree: As an introduction to my family on my grandmothers side. But also an introduction to the people who will help me with the filmmaking process.

I have always felt her presence long after she was gone. She left my mother a big plastic box, filled with archival material. When opening this box I noticed one thing right away.

Éva's piano music.

There is so much music present in the archival material. But one of the most interesting materials was her self written piano book. And all those self written musical notes will become the voice of the documentary.



Éva's selfwritten pianobook.

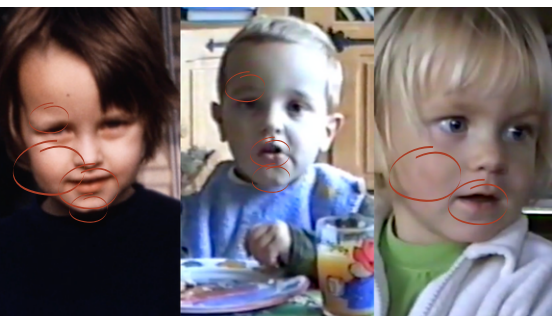
As I navigate further through all the archive material I start to notice resemblances in appearance but also in behavior. There is so much from back then that is also in the now. I see these resemblances as repetition. I call it generational repetition.

Resemblances



Éva

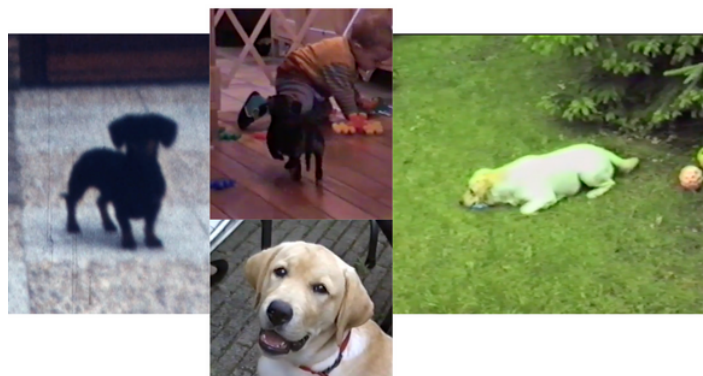
Finley



Isis

Ernö

Me

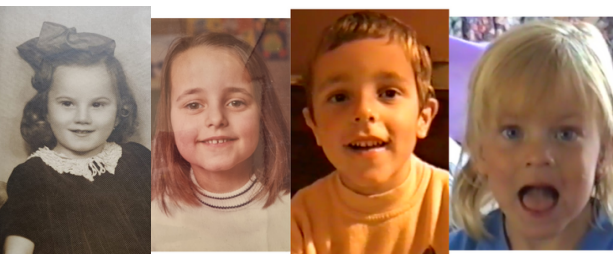
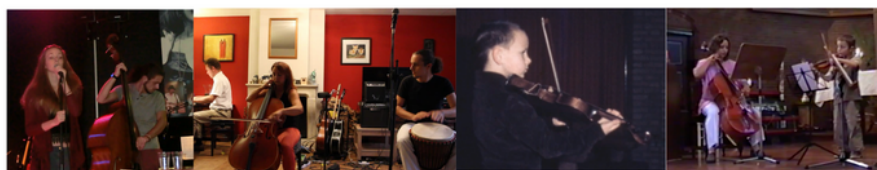


Éva

Isis

Ernö

Me

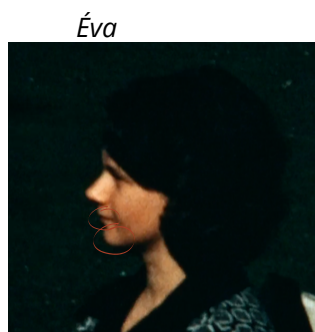


Éva

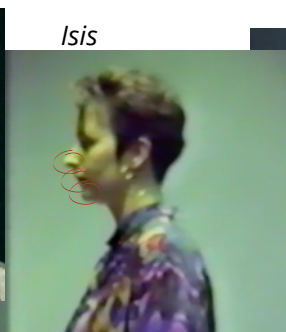
Isis

Ernö

Me



Éva



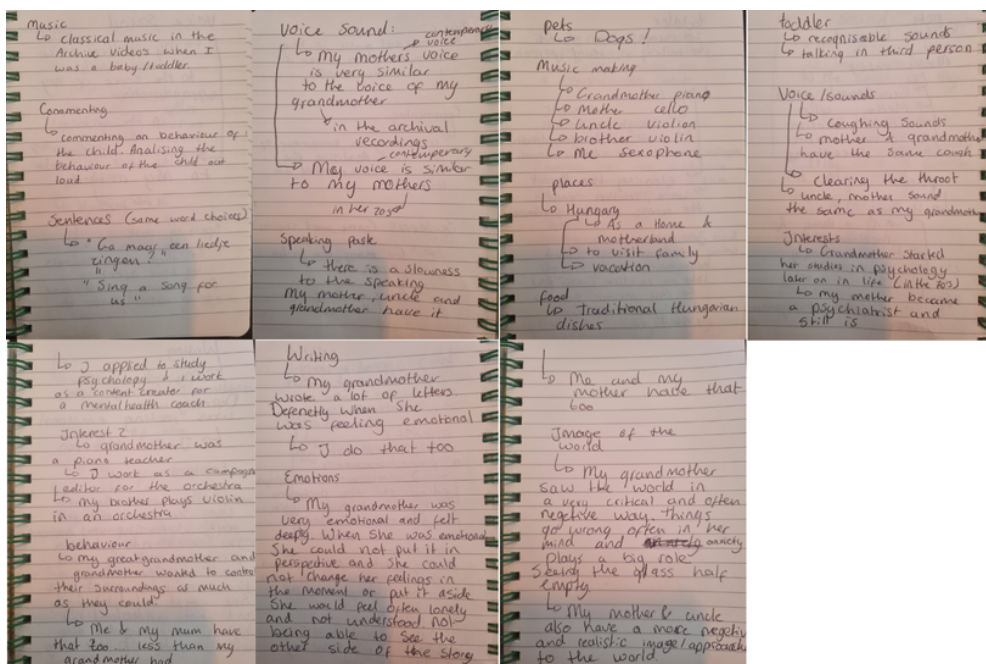
Isis



Me

Generational repetition

This term will be used as an influential element in the documentary. You see repetition in behavior, appearance, voice, sound, word choices, music, and my grandmother's written music.



Over the past months I wrote down a variety of resemblances seen in my grandmother, mother, uncle and me.

And because of this generational repetition, the generational trauma is still seen nowadays. And this brings me to the relation to a larger context. We all carry a story with us, a family that shaped us, a past that we have no influence on, and possible traumas that later generations have to carry. We keep archive materials that once belonged to past generations, and we stay connected to these roots in different ways. These are topics within the film that are beyond my family story.

How do I plan it and what do I need?

Visually, the documentary will contain archival material and newly recorded footage.

Archival material: video, audio, photographs, letters/writings, music, jewelry and silverware.

Newly recorded footage: Footage from Hungary (me rerecording places from the past, from the archive), new recorded music and instruments, and interviews between my mother, uncle, and brother.

I chose this material because it will explain the meaning of passing on through generations and visualize my grandmother and her life.

The other important aspect of the documentary is the **audio and soundtrack:**

My grandmother's music will be used as one of the most important voices in the film, as it connects to her life and the present day. Where music is still one of the most essential things in the family.

My brother and I are in the process of arranging her written music into a soundtrack and dialogue. The final soundtrack and dialogue will contain piano, violin, and cello, as these were the instruments played by my grandmother, mother, and uncle.

Archive material



Newly recorded material



Newly recorded



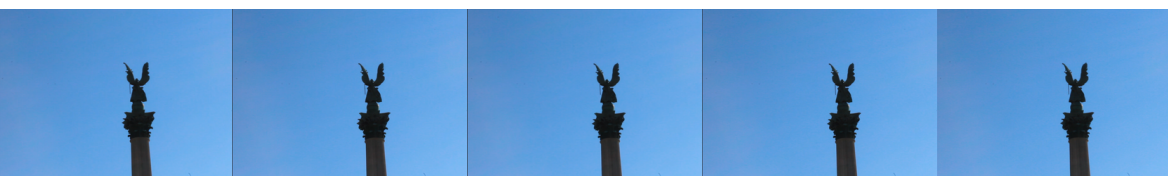
Archival footage



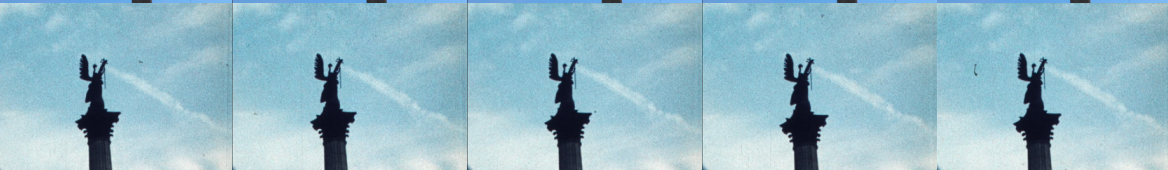
Newly recorded



Archival footage



Newly recorded



Archival footage



Archival footage




Newly recorded




Archival footage

I visited Hungary 2 times this year. Both visits were about revisiting the past and film the same places as in the archival material. Also connected to repetition.


Schedule

 Stage: collecting, editing drafts and creating


 Stage: editing

40 weeks

*Mid Septmeber till
The end of may*

 Stage: editing and creating

 Stage: editing and presenting

 Stage: presenting

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| 31 | 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 |



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In these weeks, I focus on collecting material (shooting material), editing with a focus on drafting different possible storylines and combinations, creating the main story, creating a focus, creating the music, and writing the thesis. Within these weeks, it will become clear what material I will use, and the edit will also come together more so that I can visualize the story and the content I want to use.



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So, I will focus these weeks on editing and finishing the music with my brother. Also, record the last things that need to be registered. After this period, I can entirely focus on editing, but I also have space to collect or record more if required.



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I would love to finish the film and have the first final version. This version contains all the elements, but it gives space to make changes within the story and the edit.



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I will be finishing up the film and getting feedback on it. And I will be busy thinking about how to present and exhibit it.



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In the last few weeks, having time to fine-tune the presentation is crucial. And have space to fix certain things before the end of June. So I call it presenting, but it could also be called presenting and fine-tuning.

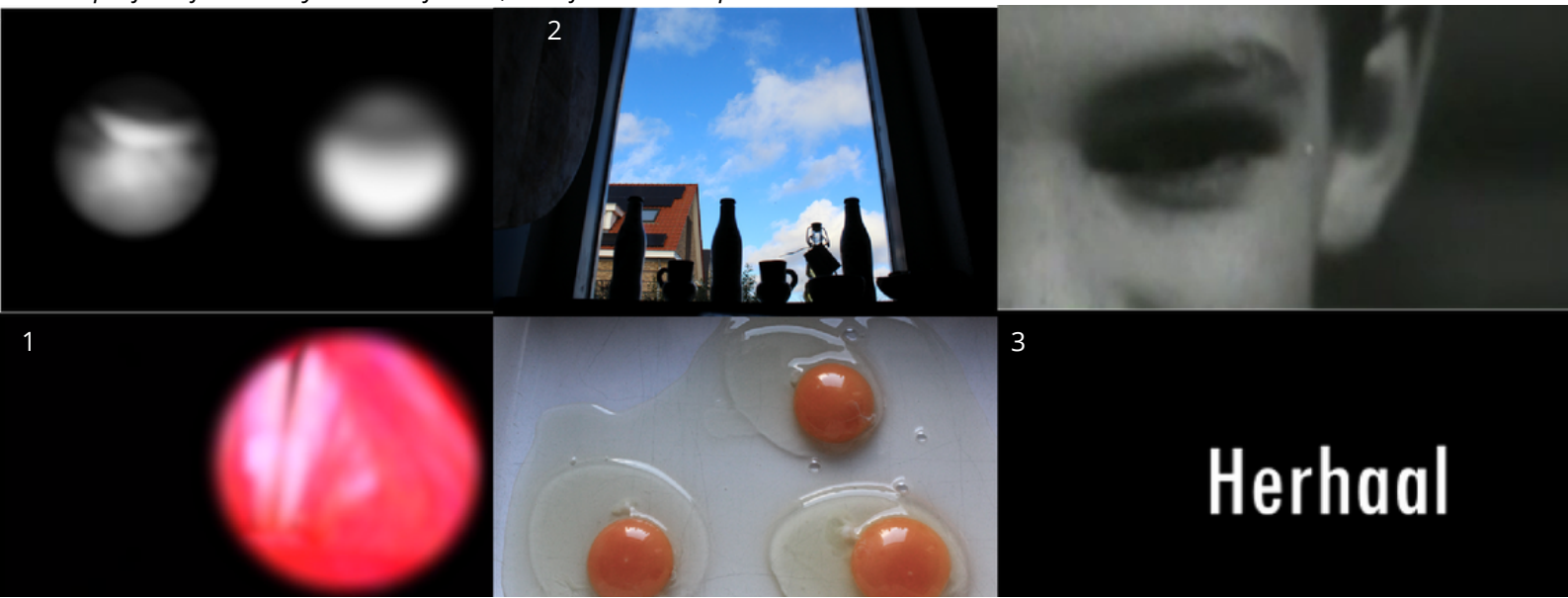
Within this journey, there will be repetition coming from my practice. Some specific methods and choices are part of how I work as an artist. With my background in journalism, I always use certain journalistic elements. In this case, it is part of the gathering of information. I will record interviews with my mother, uncle, and brother. I will also look at other articles, research documents, and documentaries for inspiration and multiple angles and variations of the story that I am telling.

Other resemblances are human focussed, poetry, and a visible personal voice.



For the EYE research lab: A short documentary of two young religious girls and their vision of their religion. Where I navigate the boundaries of religious imagination and my relationship towards religion (Christianity)

Other projects from last year: 1. Abjection, 2. Reflection 3. Repetition



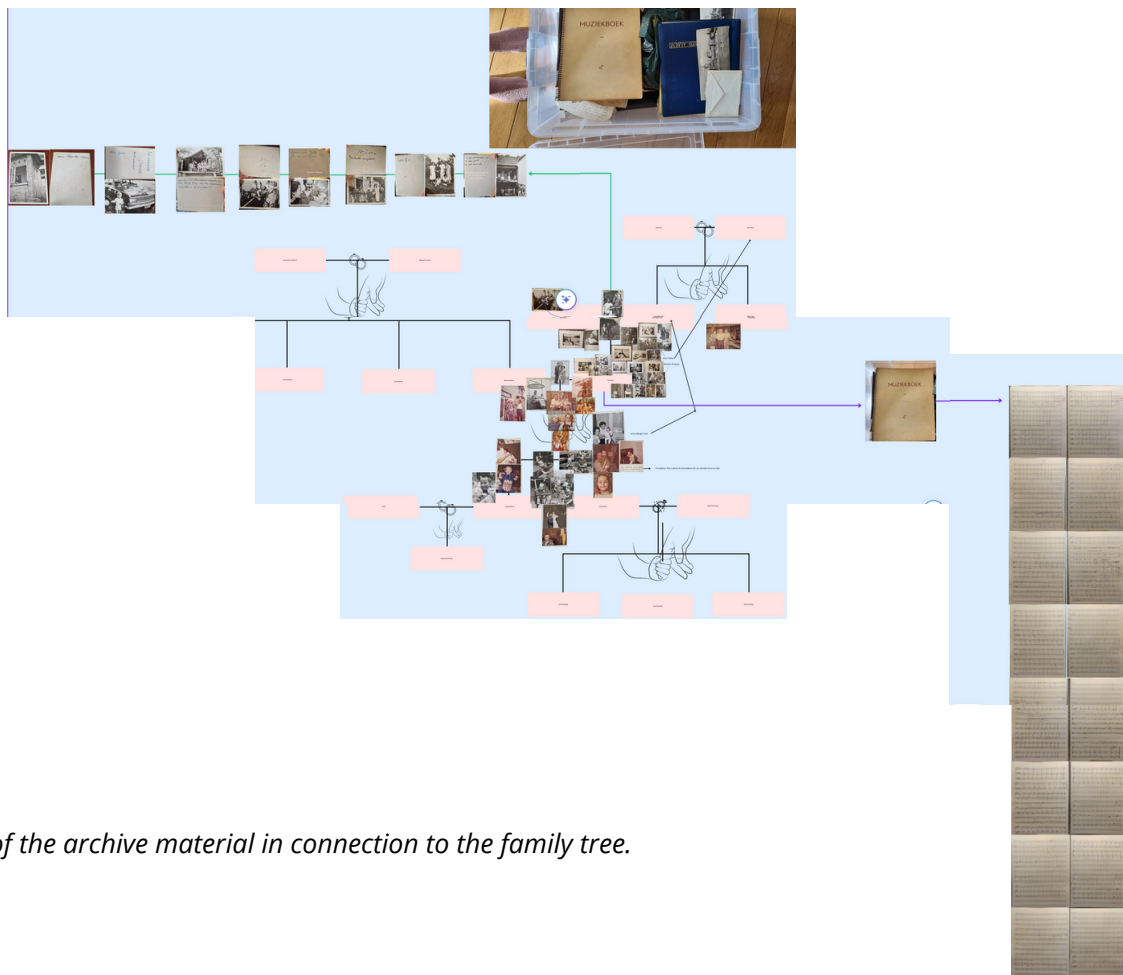
The Box

We are standing
in an open space.
A field.
Within the middle,
a familiar box.



The archive box that I inherited from my grandmother Éva.

It is filled with a selected past. This box once belonged to my grandmother, who was the content keeper. I open the box and start spreading the content across the field. And I soon discovered that this is my grandmother's life story.



Part of the archive material in connection to the family tree.

While spreading the content out, I recognise resemblances. It started with physical resemblances.



Éva (Grandmother)

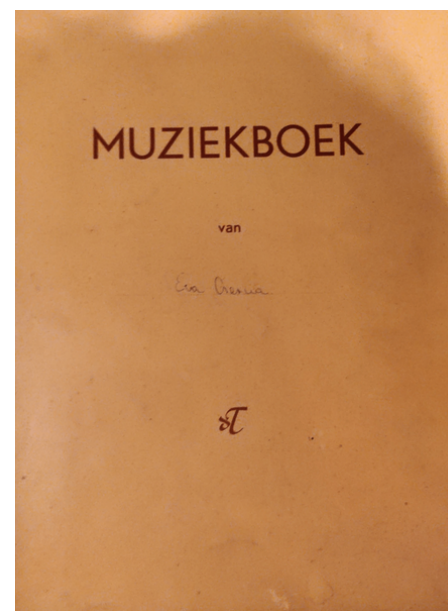
Finley (Uncle)

Aubry (Cousin)

After some time, I began to see a diversity of resemblances, not only in appearances but also in voice sounds, movements, and behavior.

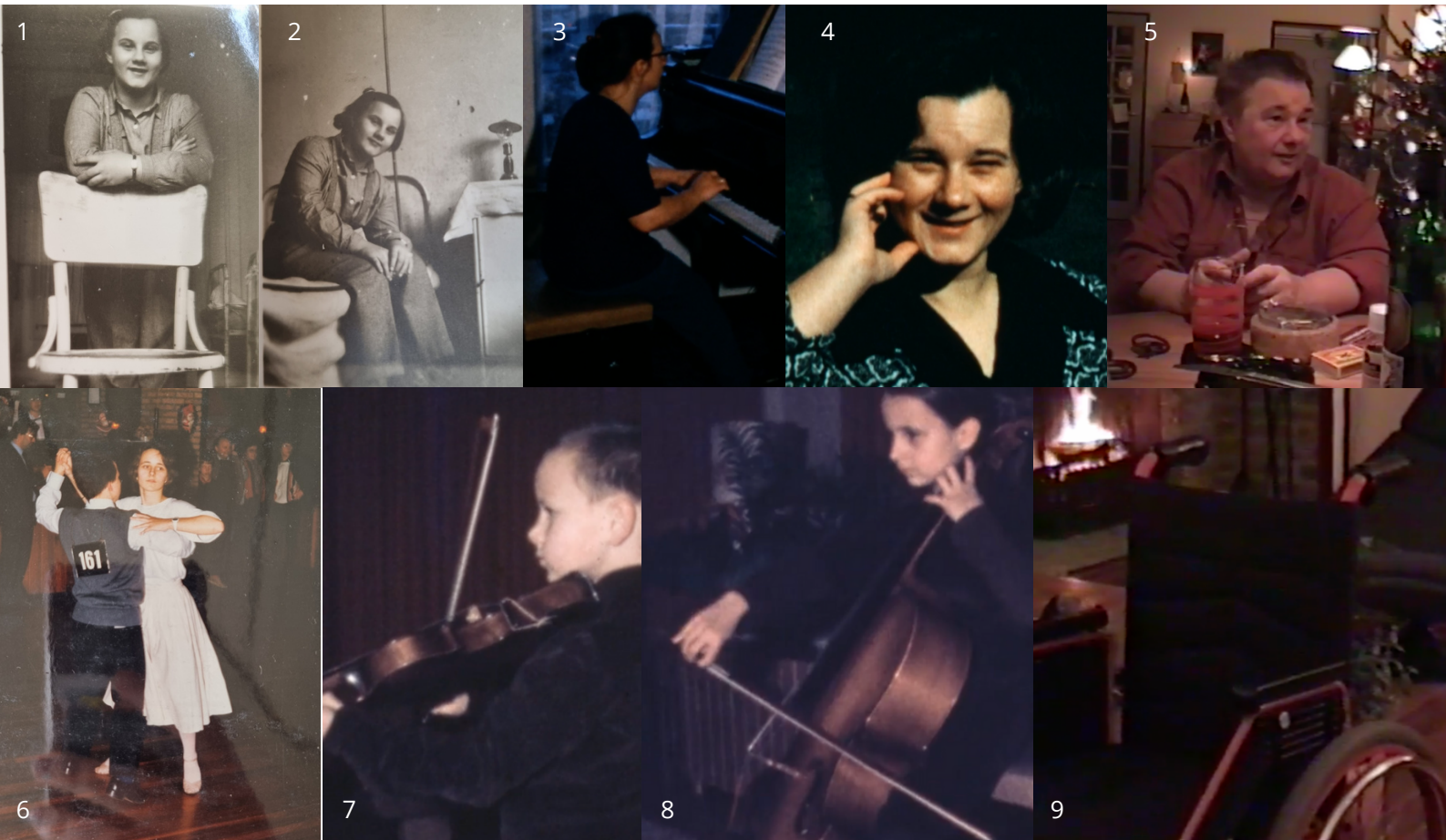
The box is now half empty, and the open field is decorated with parts of my grandmother. Suddenly, I see a piano book with my grandmother's name on it.

"Éva"



"She was a piano teacher," a voice says behind me. I jump up and turn around. My mother smiles at me and looks a little concerned at the mess I made.

My mother starts telling me about my grandmother.

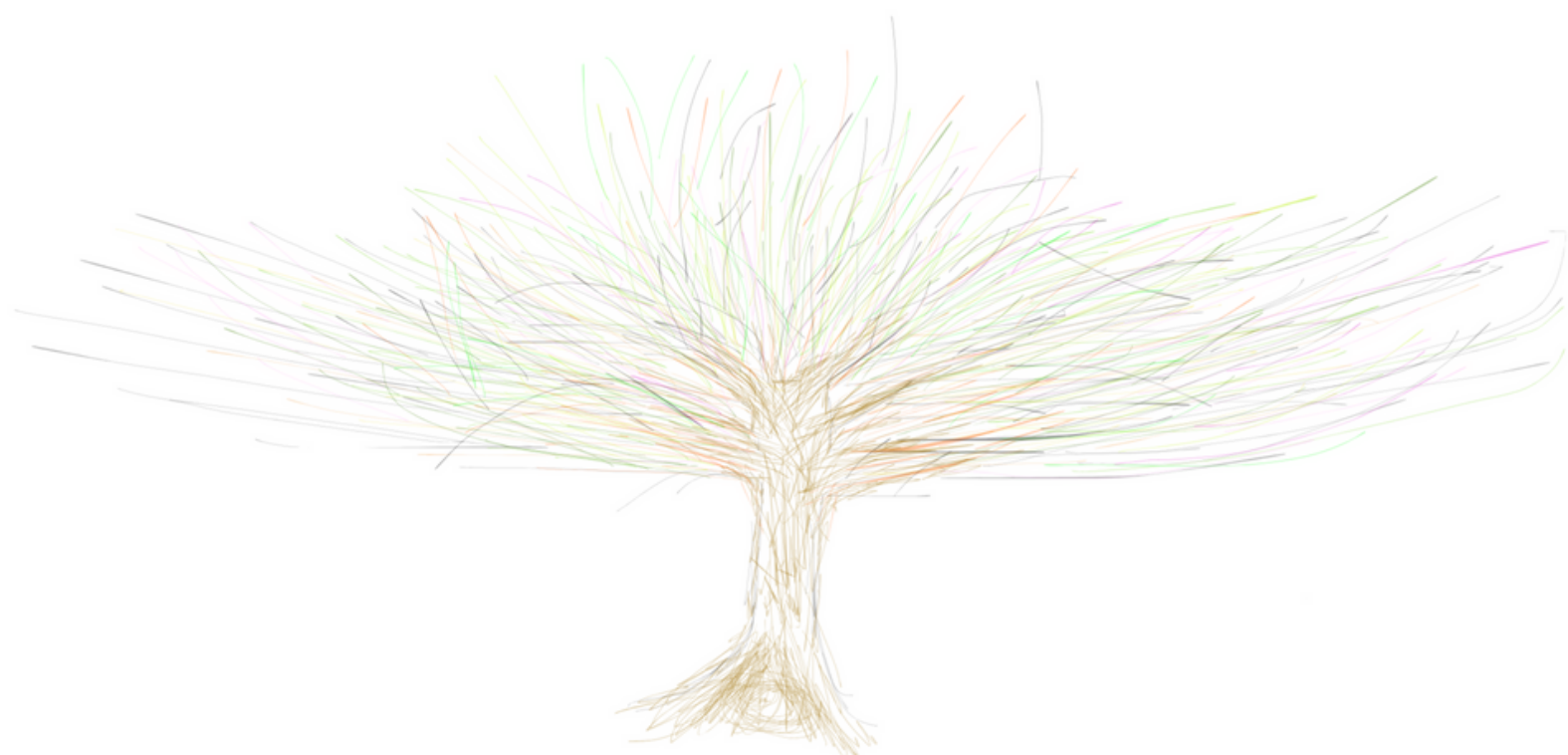


Images: 1 & 2. Grandmother Éva in the hospital. 3. Éva playing piano. 4. Éva smiling. 5. Éva at 57. 6. My mother and uncle dancing. 7. My uncle playing the violin. 8. My mother playing the cello. 9. Éva's wheelchair

"Grandmother Éva has always loved music from a very young age. She wanted to become a ballet dancer, and at the age of 4, she got into the Hungarian National Ballet. Sadly, she was diagnosed with polio at the age of 9. But her connection to music never faded away. She became a piano teacher. I remember her playing almost every day. Music was part of our daily lives; not only did grandmother Éva play an instrument, but your uncle Finley and I did, too. We both had to practice an instrument, and any mistake would be heard by grandmother Éva.

Back then, music wasn't as fun for me as it is now in our family. It was more a must than a want. But even though grandmother Éva passed away. The music never left the family."

I nod excitedly and look in the distance at our family tree. It grows at the edge of the open field, and the tree is filled with instruments.



The family tree

As I opened the piano book, my mum headed home. Even though I can't call the hopping and shuffling walking, it was difficult not to stand on the archive material.

I returned to the piano book and started recognizing a lot of repetition, as if she wrote it down for someone else to practice. This was another fascinating finding, and I could connect it to the other resemblances I had already found.

Everything is spread out on the open field now. And I ask myself why this is so interesting to me. For me, it is my grandmother's presence nowadays and the life she lived, from being born in Hungary, getting polio at a young age, fleeing to The Netherlands at the age of seventeen, and starting a new life there. This story must have grown into a traumatic experience as her mental state changed later on in life. She became more bitter, sad, and frustrated. This is even visible in the archive that she left behind.

Ik geloof niet dat er een meer effectieve manier bestaat om iemand om de tuin te leiden, dan Martijn dat met mij heeft gedaan.

I don't believe there is a more effective way to mislead someone than Martijn did with me.



Éva and Martijn (her ex-husband) just after they split up in the middle of their divorce. This is a small look in how they communicated and in how much pain Éva was.

This all brings me to the now. What of her is here? I see it in my mom, and I see it in my uncle. They carry the trauma, and they are more similar to Éva than they think. But I also see it in me. And this visible and hearable repetition is about passing on to later generations.

How do we become part of the past?
It is already in us.

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