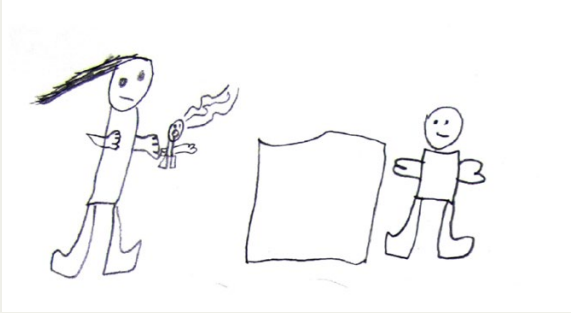
Empathy and the Past: Outlining, Erasing, and Colouring In –Rachel Emily Taylor, Catherine Anyango Grünewald and Sharon Kivland

Two illustrators – Rachel Emily Taylor and Catherine Anyango Grünewald – reflect on how their work builds on empathy in order to interrogate past lives and experiences. Writer Sharon Kivland acts as a respondent to these two contributions.

Part 1: Rachel Emily Taylor

When I was first invited to speak at *Colouring In: The Past*, I was drawn to the title, and the idea of 'colouring in the past' and what that could mean, particularly when applied to illustration. It reminded me of a workshop that I had led with children as part of my PhD research.

On the top right is an image a child made during one of these workshops, simply using outlines. Underneath is an image from the same workshop but by a different child, and it has been coloured in.



IMAGES
from Rachel Emily Taylor's project Finding Foundlings at the Foundling Museum London, 2016

These workshops were part of a residency at the Foundling Museum [undertaken as part of my PhD, titled *Heritage as Process: Constructing the Historical Child's Voice Through Art Practice*, 2014–18]. This museum tells the story of 'the foundlings', which were abandoned children who were left in the care of the Foundling Hospital.

I was working with young children from the local area [Kings Cross] as part of my method, in the hope to reconstruct the historical foundling child's voice

through practice. Now, at the time when I began this work, these 'voices' were absent in the museum. I was hoping to engage the contemporary children from the local area with the narrative of the foundling hospital – but, from what I had observed prior to this, the children were fairly indifferent – I hoped to generate some form of empathy with the foundlings, in the hope that the sessions would provide material to work with in the reconstruction of this missing 'voice'.

I began the workshop session by introducing the children to the history of the Foundling Hospital. Each child imagined what it was like to be a foundling and I instigated this act, using exercises from theatre practice. As I present, you might notice I am not including any photographs of the children I worked with, and this is due to the ethical restrictions put in place by my University.

The children were invited to make an illustration of their own imagined foundling 'character'. Structure was put in place to guide the children towards empathy. Bioethicist Jackie Leach Scully says that empathy is not possible without 'knowledge of the other' (Scully 2017) as this is needed to *imagine* another person's situation. As the facilitator, I am responsible for this in the workshops. In hindsight, my own opinion influenced how I passed on this knowledge. Although this was something that I attempted to avoid, there is a tendency to judge their historical situation with contemporary values; in history, this is termed 'presentism'.

I gave each child a 10" x 8" canvas and asked them to draw their character's portrait. I also showed them examples of paintings of foundlings in the museum, and these images were intended to assist the children in drawing the uniforms. I suggested that the children started their image by drawing the outline of the face – a simple oval shape – before adding their features. I gave a mirror to the children who struggled so that their features could help to guide them with their proportions. Their reflections could be used to measure and understand what features needed to be included. The mirror also enabled them to crop their images 'in frame'. In hindsight, by handing each child a canvas that had borders and a mirror – I directed them towards tools that cropped their image. The illustrations became faces that were bounded inside frames and without bodies.

Some children panicked when there was freedom in the task of drawing a portrait and illustrating their character, so I sat beside them and demonstrated how to measure their features with their finger and

IMAGES
from Rachel Emily Taylor's project Finding Foundlings at the Foundling Museum London, 2016

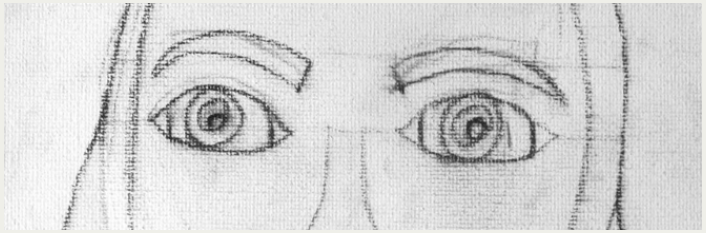
[ ] Scully, J.L. (2017) Keynote, *Empathies*, University of Basel, June 2017.

IMAGES
from Rachel Emily Taylor's project Finding Foundlings at the Foundling Museum London, 2016

a pencil. As I continued, I found myself talking about facial symmetry, which the children enjoyed, and they drew a line of symmetry to guide their drawings. During the session, I decided to use guidelines to help focus their attention so that they could complete each stage of their portrait step-by-step and the children became absorbed in the exercise. A child asked me to draw on their canvas when they were 'stuck', but I refused to do so.

The children had an hour to compose their illustrations and rework their character's expression. In one drawing a child focussed on the mouth and out of frustration at the external image not appearing similar to the imagined, they replaced the straight mouth with a crescent moon smile. Although this shape is not how the mouth anatomically appears, it is a standardised shape that the child associated with the mouth. In this instance, the child was aiming to draw a 'neutral' expression but after becoming frustrated with the image, they chose to draw a recognised expression of happiness. On speaking to the child, happiness was not the emotion they intended to communicate. The child reverted to familiar symbols when faced with the inability to draw what they imagined. If, however, their foundling 'character' was in fact happy, this might seem an unexpected emotion based on the common reaction from visitors at the Foundling Museum, but it is still a valid interpretation made by the child.

In the children's illustrations of the foundlings, the eyes are large in proportion and appear to be doubled; the eyes have two irises and, in some cases, two pupils. This 'double portrait' could have been caused by looking in the mirror and the gaze moving while drawing. However, it gave the impression of being looked at by two people, perhaps the historical foundling child and the contemporary child, or perhaps an image of the child and their alter ego.



The 'doubling' is also a product of my instructions: I asked the children to draw a portrait of the historical child, but there were mirrors on the table. I had constructed an environment that could influence the children in relating the image to their reflection. Based on this awareness, in following workshops, I made the decision to remove the mirrors. Even so, a blending of self and other still occurred – and this could be described as an example of Lacan's

mirror stage. Lacan returned to the mirror stage throughout his work and developed its complexity. Initially viewed as a stage in the child's development (when one begins to recognise oneself in the mirror but later developed it as a fundamental aspect of subjectivity. The subject – very much like the children in the workshops – is 'permanently caught and captivated by his own image' (Evans 1996: 115).

On viewing the finished illustrations at the end of the workshop, I remember the children laying them out on the floor in a row. They began comparing their work and playing a guessing game, with cries of 'whose drawing is mine? Guess!' Ostensibly the children did not seem to empathise with the foundlings, but there appeared to be a connection in their illustrations. The foundling children stared out of the images with wide-eyes and closed mouths, as if 'voice-less'. In these images, each child has captured the face of a foundling from their imagination. These lost and forgotten children reappear, as if they had been photographed. Each painting is a portrait of two people: the child-artist and the foundling child they seek to recreate.

The paint had covered the pencil marks – the doubling of the eyes, the guidelines, and the mistakes – and through the application of colour, the two people in the image were merged into one. The drawings and outlines appeared to reveal the process, but the act of painting (or we could say 'colouring in') flattened the images and hid the guidelines. They became uniform.

What was lost or gained by the act of 'colouring in'?

The idea of 'colouring' is tied to conversations on race, and this has been suggested by the colour of the paint. 'Colouring in' also can be likened to empathy.

Do we 'colour in' parts of the past with our imagination?

Does 'colouring in' overwrite experiences and become an act of erasure?

IMAGES
from Rachel Emily Taylor's project Finding Foundlings at the Foundling Museum London, 2016

[ ] Evans, D. (1996) *An Introductory Dictionary of Lacanian Psychoanalysis*, London: Routledge

In these children's illustrations, through the act of 'colouring in', have they replaced the historical foundling child with themselves?

The history of empathy as a term is complicated. It was introduced into the English language in the twentieth century, translated from the German *Einfühlung*. This in turn is a translation from the Ancient Greek word for 'passion', *empátheia*, and it derives from *en* 'in' and *pathos* 'feeling', *feeling into*, or *feeling onto* [gesture to suggest the flat surface of the paper]. The term was later expanded to include the aesthetic experience and our modern understanding of empathy, which is now defined as the ability to understand someone else's perspective, of another person or a fictional character.

Scully voices her concern that there are obstacles to imagine another's life and inhabit their embodied experience, she says, 'I'm highly sceptical if this is possible, and I think we are kidding ourselves if we think we can do it' (Scully 2017). We are erasing the other by imagining ourselves in their position, and in so doing, we are at risk of appropriating their experience. Jesse Prinz expanded on this, stating that 'empathy is a double-edged sword, by erasing the other and making the other's pain your own' (Prinz 2017). The use of 'erase' can also be considered as a 'replacement'. You may stand in their shoes but you do not stand in their skin.

Now, we must not forget that these children have been asked to *imagine* a historical foundling child. There is naturally a blurring of self and other. But even so, I would argue that this work could be used as an example when discussing empathy and 'colouring in'.

The children's paintings were worked into an installation, *Kept Within the Bounds* (2016), which was exhibited at the Foundling Museum. Although the children's portraits were 'coloured in', they were metaphorically placed on 'bounds' that contained negative space, in the same format as the floorplan as the Foundling Hospital, to draw attention to what was lacking in the museum.

Perhaps, as illustrators, we should not always use our practice to colour in the gaps in history. But instead, can we draw attention to these empty spaces and missing voices in historical record by *outlining* their existence?

RET

IMAGES
from Rachel Emily Taylor's project Finding Foundlings at the Foundling Museum London, 2016

[ ] Prinz, J. (2017) Keynote, *Empathies*, University of Basel, June 2017.

Part 2: Catherine Anyango Grünewald

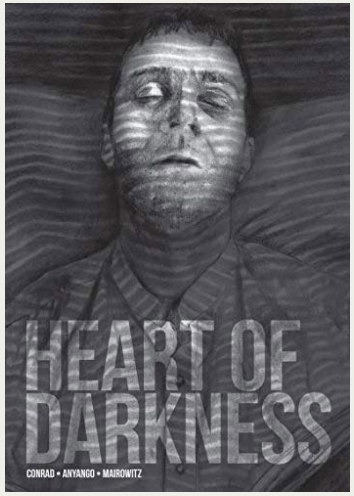
In my work I have always been drawn to working with difficult subjects. I'm particularly interested in how we can make choices with our visual language to best communicate both the factual and emotional dimensions of historical or contemporary events.

Why is this important? Some subjects are so big that it is common to not be able to respond to them because of the sheer scale of information, which can make us feel detached from the subject.

According to the brain researcher Pontus Wasling, emotional commitment to a subject is required for memories to be preserved for a longer period of time. This is because the brain is better at storing emotional memories than what he calls declarative memories, which are facts and figures. So our responses to difficult subjects can be more empathetic if they are presented to us in a way that affects us emotionally.

Hindsight

Like Rachel Emily Taylor, I was intrigued by the title of this symposium and I decided to frame my response by considering what it means to 'colour in' the past. I have worked extensively with graphic novels, two of which are adaptations of existing texts. I am often asked about the task of adaptation and my approach to it is that the new version of the book needs to be something beyond an illustrated version of the text, that I need to add a perspective of some sort.



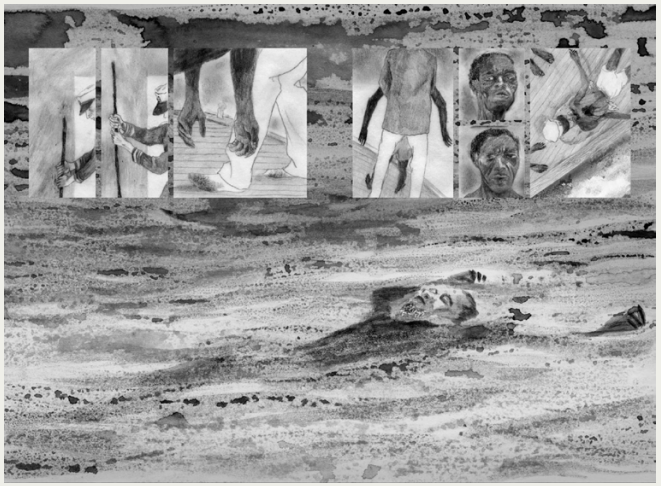


IMAGE TOP
Catherine Anyango Grünewald, cover of English version of *Heart of Darkness*, 2010

IMAGE BOTTOM
Catherine Anyango Grünewald, pages from *Heart of Darkness*, 2010

IMAGE
Catherine Anyango Grünewald, pages from *Dead Man Walking*, ongoing

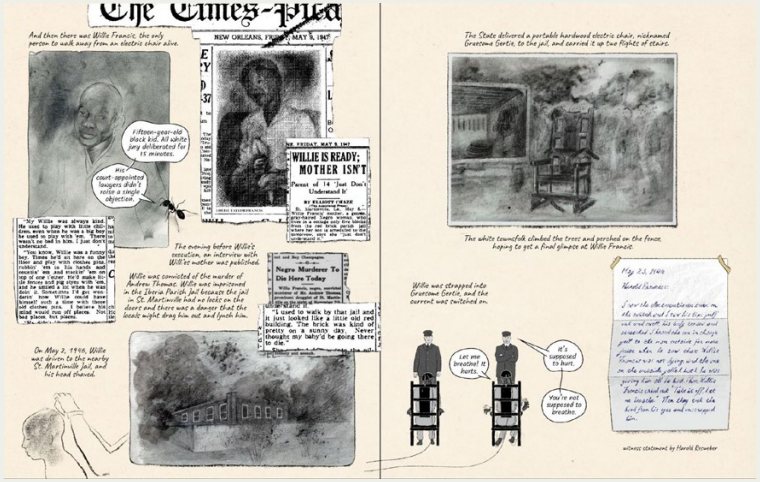
In 2010 I illustrated a graphic novel adaptation of Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*. When Joseph Conrad wrote *Heart of Darkness* in 1899 it was a reaction to the brutal colonisation of the Congo by King Leopold of Belgium. The main character Marlow travels up the Congo River to 'rescue' a man named Kurtz. In illustrating *Heart of Darkness* I took on the task of adaptation, the question of how to portray a dense, rich and uncomfortable world in pictures. But it was also a chance to create a version of *Heart of Darkness* in parallel to the original text, something which might acknowledge that we were reading it with a critical, postcolonial perspective, a way to create images that referenced the fact that photographs of people at the time did not describe them accurately or fully. I chose to work with this graphic novel because of the opportunity to place a new 'remembering' on the material – particularly because the history of the Belgian occupation has been largely whitewashed in that country. So I tried to make as many visual references as possible to the actual history the book describes, which is missing from the narrative of the original story.

I am currently adapting Sister Helen Prejean's book *Dead Man Walking* which was originally published in 1993 and is the story of Sister Helen's relationship and correspondence with two convicted death row prisoners, and the families of the victims. The two executed prisoners are white, but in the US the majority of death row victims are black and poor.

In this adaptation I place greater focus on the black experience than in the original book, placing emphasis on the stories of black death row prisoners Willie Francis, Warren McCleskey, George Stinney and Virginia Smith.

In *Heart of Darkness* I took a similar approach and scaled up the presence of the Congolese characters wherever I could, giving them more space and value in the book, and emphasising the many instances of casual violence. In both books I use the opportunity of a new version to 'colour in' by asking us to consider whose stories are missing from the original versions. In Sister Helen's case, she approached me precisely because she wanted a new generation to have access to her book. We also decided to place greater emphasis

on the experience of the victims (of the convicted murderers) families, something which Sister Helen felt she did not do enough of at the time.



I feel this approach has a resonance with the title of the symposium. I am adding to a work that was produced in the past, with the benefit of hindsight. Both original books are complete in their own right, however both deal with extremely difficult material. I like to think of the artist's job as at heart being about organising information. By this I mean that we can take difficult or intangible concepts or stories and transform them into experiences that invite an audience to understand something in a subjective or emotional way. This can result in understanding something with empathy rather than pity or sympathy.

IMAGE LEFT
Catherine Anyango Grünewald, pages from *Dead Man Walking*, ongoing

IMAGE RIGHT
Catherine Anyango Grünewald, pages from *Heart of Darkness*, 2010

Match Cut

Heart of Darkness is often boiled down to Kurtz's cry of 'the horror, the horror', and could well describe the European vision of Africa, a darkness, a savage place. But Marlow realises there is a more subtle horror, and that he is a part of it. At one point, looking at the shrunken heads lined up outside Kurtz's house Marlow is literally confronted with both the Other and the ultimate abject in the form of a severed head, in which he sees himself. I used a cinematic device called 'match cut' to bring them together. He talks about not being as shocked by the head as by the systems of colonialism and imperialism, that has allowed this act of savagery to happen. I drew the head and Marlow as equal to emphasise the kinship

he feels with it and to emphasise that in this moment, he and the head are not so unlike – he has also reached the end of something, he is also doomed and damned. They have been brought to this point by the same forces and he recognises himself in this thing. I also want to address Marlow's complicity in this system by physically mirroring him with the head.

I'm a big fan of the match cut as a way to emphasise ideological similarities between things that seem unrelated. Kurtz is an ivory trader and is revered for the sheer amounts of ivory he is able to collect and for his 'rapport' with the tribes surrounding his camp. I tried to emphasise and criticise the relationship between Kurtz's ivory and the reality of how it has been amassed by creating a visual symmetry, or a match cut, between the ivory, the tribe, and gun cartridges. Creating visual relationships between these things exposes the relationship, in reality, between violence and compliance or subordination.

I use the same technique in *Dead Man Walking* – placing a tree across a double page spread where the young narrator recalls her childhood in Jim Crow era Louisiana. On the left-hand page, a man swings from the tree from a noose, and on the right-hand spread Sister Helen Prejean as a child swings from a same tree on a child's swing, her mother explaining segregation with the words 'Honey, they like to be with their own kind and we with ours.' Sister Helen writes: 'I felt awful. My parents never acted mean to black people, but nor did they question the Jim Crow segregation that permeated every aspect of life. I never understood how the constant threat – and reality – of violence kept everyone in "their place"'. I think that this sentence of Sister Helen's overlaps with the situation in the Congo, where mutilation and torture was used as a tactic of control, and I'm really invested in reminding audiences that the threat of violence is something that can be invisible but powerful. By having them swing from the same tree I'm attempting to reinforce the idea that violence, innocence and wilful ignorance were happening in the same landscape, that there is a relationship between them, and that wilful ignorance can be the cause of violence.

IMAGE
Catherine Anyango Grünewald, pages from *Dead Man Walking*, ongoing

Transgressing the Lines

One of the most useful things you have in the graphic novel is the panel and what it means emotionally or

sensually. A reader has expectations of panels that can be effectively disrupted if you play with how you use them. In *Dead Man Walking* I have used the panels to visually reinforce the idea of segregation, which is only mentioned in passing in the book. I place the black characters outside the panel borders during scenes in the Jim Crow era to visually reinforce the idea of segregation at that time. For example the black workers at Sister Helen's childhood home are drawn outside the panel of the home, as are black people at the back of the bus and in church where they are forced to sit separately. They are excluded from the panel which indicates a norm, a correctness. In the lynching image, the woman is kicked off the bus and out of the panel, into the lynching tree. In the context of 'colouring in' this has a resonance with the common use of the phrase to colour in, where as a child you have a picture and attempt to 'stay within the lines'. To transgress the line can be related to Julia Kristeva's description of the state of abjection as the crossing of a border:

> 'It is thus not lack of cleanliness or health that causes abjection, but what disturbs identity, system, order. What does not respect borders, positions, rules. The in-between, the ambiguous, the composite.'
> Julia Kristeva, *Powers of Horror: An Essay on Abjection* (1982)

IMAGE
Catherine Anyango Grünewald, pages from *Dead Man Walking*, ongoing

Disintegration and Erasure

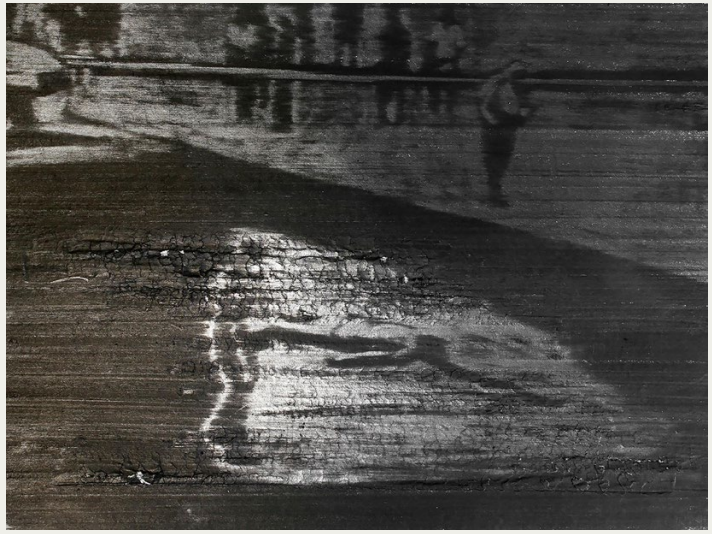
Another example of not 'staying within the lines' can be seen in my drawing series *Last Seen*. The subject matter of this series is the emotional disruption of public space by traumatic events. Drawing can create a subjective and objective reconstruction of these events, portraying reality, but also other dimensions of the seen and unseen: the way that violent events can disrupt our spaces in an invisible way.

Typically, we get information about historical and contemporary crises through words, through language. I'm interested in the dimensions that can't be adequately described by words. My ex-student Benedetta Crippa wrote this amazing line: 'Threatened by systems of oppression, what

IMAGE
Catherine Anyango Grünewald, from the series *Last Seen*, 2016

we carry inside can become unspeakable.' When things are unspeakable, we cannot learn about them through language. The illustrator then has a role to play in the communication of the emotional content of an event. Katherine McKittrick writes in her essay *Black Mathematics* that 'the archives are filled with bodies that can only come into being vis-a-vis racial sexual violence; the documents and ledgers and logs that narrate the brutalities of this history give birth to new world blackness as they evacuate life from blackness. Breathless, archival numerical evidence puts pressure on our present system of knowledge by affirming the knowable (black objecthood) and disguising the untold (black human being)'. So as with *Heart of Darkness* and *Dead Man Walking*, I am attempting to use drawing as a way to speak about the untold, instead of the known.

In these drawings, I often use an excess of mark making to destroy the paper surface. *Live, Moments Ago (The Death of Mike Brown)* is a reconstruction of the shooting of Michael Brown in Ferguson, Missouri in August 2014. Michael Brown's body lay uncovered for four hours on a hot pavement after he was fatally shot by police. These four hours are missing from our understanding of the event that photographs of the scene give us. My film is an attempt to make some meaning of that time. I have drawn fifty or so frames using a short mobile phone clip from a witness as reference, working them over and over again to produce a film that documents the disintegration of the drawing. By drawing and redrawing it, time is reinvested into the image, as an homage. The redrawing causes the paper to tear and rupture, alluding to the subsequent disruption of public space and historical lynching fires. In this way I am taking a low value, low resolution image of the event and 'colouring it in' by adding a subjective, emotional dimension, a sense of the way that violent acts affect the surrounding social and physical landscape. It is also an example of 'colouring outside the lines', in this case the line, the image, is totally obliterated.



I will finish with the image I started with, which is also an animated film in which the city of Aleppo is slowly erased. In both films the process echoes the physical and mental trauma and unrest in the

environment. This emotional disruption of public space is something I have tried to tackle with the way the images are drawn, using the disintegration of the image as a way to create an emotional, rather than factual reconstruction of the historical events. It is a challenge to the idea of how pictures are made, using drawing to observe the breakdown, rather than the building up of an image. The unweaving or undrawing of the images over time is a way to try to describe the feeling of cognitive dissonance that comes with this sort of crime. Police brutality shows us that those who are tasked to uphold the law are not incorruptible, that the law is only a thin skin over a number of structures that barely connect and are often wrong, or compromised.

We believe in images like we believe in the law, that they are things that hold together, but these images disintegrate in the same way as those structures do, which we had believed to be solid. History is the same, it is something recorded by the winners, not the losers. In her presentation Rachel Emily Taylor said: 'Rather than colouring in the past, as illustrators, should we be outlining the past and not using our practice to fill in the gaps in history? But instead, draw attention to these empty spaces and 'gaps' in historical record.' I propose we can also add erasing or deconstructing to the idea of outlining and colouring in: to approach the past with an idea that it is not solid, but can be revisited and understood in many different ways.

CAG

Part 3: Sharon Kivland

Dandelions in a Meadow

Look, here's a picture, another picture to follow those seen in Rachel and Catherine's work. Yes, I am asking you to picture this, to make the picture yourself. I don't know where or how you make the picture, other than as a figure of speech, in your mind's eye, that sort of thing, but follow the picture as I describe it. It's not my picture (nor is it Rachel's or Catherine's, but I think they know about it, as I imagine many reading this also do, so picturing the scene I describe should come quite easily to you, if you cast your mind back to your first encounter with it, or perhaps you have simply heard someone talk about it before). Actually, strictly speaking, it's not a picture at all. In fact, I am describing it from memory, remembering a man's childhood experience as he described it. The scene is set in a square, rather sloping meadow; it is green, very lush, and there are many yellow flowers, which he thought to be dandelions. Outside a farmhouse, at the top of the lovely meadow, two women wearing headscarves, no, one is wearing a scarf, the farmer's wife, the other is a nursemaid and wears no scarf– stand in deep conversation. Three children are playing in the meadow. There's a boy and a girl, and another boy, the narrator of the scene, and he is two or three years-old and the girl, his cousin, she's the same age, exactly, and the other boy, another cousin, a year older. They are picking bunches of the yellow flowers. The girl has far the nicest bunch, and the

boys fall upon her – it's as though they had tacitly agreed this – and snatch away her flowers. She runs back up the meadow, crying, towards the two women. The farmer's wife gives the snivelling girl a big slice of black bread to comfort her, and when the two boys see this, they throw down the flowers and clamour for bread themselves. The woman cuts the loaf with a long knife, and he remembers that the bread tasted absolutely delicious. And then the scene breaks off. This must be noted: the scene breaks off: the scene always breaks off (as Rachel Emily Taylor and Catherine Anyango Grünewald have noted).

In recounting this remembered scene, he wondered what there was about it that was so compelling, what justified his expenditure of memory – for it is an economy of sorts to remember: if it were the act of unkindness, the tasty bread, made more so by the romping in the meadow, the attractive flowers (though he did not find dandelions at all attractive). In fact, there was something not quite right about the scene, something was off: the yellow too prominent, the taste of the bread exaggerated. Really, it was like a hallucination or like some pictures he had seen in an exhibition, parodistic, where parts of the picture weren't painted at all but applied as a sort of relief emphasising the most improper areas, such as a lady's bustle, the arse that covers an arse, one might say in a vulgar fashion.

Is it coming back to you now, if you'd forgotten the source of this account? One of Freud's patients told it to him in 1899. Freud went to great lengths in his own account of the scene and how it was recounted in order to extract the origin, the cause of the memory, for which there can be no guarantee, Freud said, though he conceded the scene might be genuine. This is what I remember of it; I cannot guarantee my accuracy – and while you may think I should have checked my facts, that is not the point of this exercise, the exercise of memory, the scene of a scene, doubled, laid over one you could quite easily verify.

The memory of the scene returned first when its narrator was seventeen, revisiting the countryside for a holiday; a downturn in the family fortunes had resulted in a move to the city, and there, in the countryside, on holiday, he fell in love with a young girl who was wearing a beautiful yellow dress at their first meeting. They parted, she went back to school, he went home, and that was the end of that. But he wondered what might have happened in different circumstances (if, for example, his father had not lost the family fortune), those created by his imagination. Yet, when later he had met her again recently, he was indifferent to her. However, the memory of her yellow dress continued to affect him, whenever he saw the colour elsewhere. He didn't like the common dandelion any longer either (Freud remarked), and couldn't there be a suspicion of a connection, yellow dress, girl, yellow flowers, but no, it wasn't the same yellow, it was the yellow of another flower, an Alpine one, a deeper yellow, one he later saw. When he was twenty, he met his

girl cousin again, but there were no fantasies of marriage in this encounter (he had his books, after all, he was wedded to them), though his father and uncle had a plan for their union. Freud placed the origin of the childhood scene here; the date-mark of its construction was the feature of the deep yellow Alpine flower, and goodness, it was all set in the Alps, for climbing holidays were the only pleasure the studious young man allowed himself. He threw away the flowers for a piece of bread, the neat metaphor for his bread-and-butter existence: love and beauty sacrificed for subsistence. There were, he realised, two sets of fantasies about how his life might have been more comfortable; indeed, Freud said, telling him he had turned them both into a single childhood memory, assuring him that these things are often constructed unconsciously, almost like works of fiction. Freud told him that the essentially indifferent content of the scene suited the representation of the two fantasies. In the memory thought, impressions of one period were represented, links of symbolic or similar nature connecting the content – Freud called this a screen memory. It was no simple game of *cache-cache*; it was not at all anodyne, for it showed the most significant turning points of the man's life, two powerful forces, hunger and love (think about it, Freud advised, when the man demurred at the latter, what is it to take a girl's flowers, but to deflower her?). The whole thing then was an escape into a childhood memory, but remember, Freud wrote that it is *questionable whether we have any conscious memories* from *childhood: perhaps we have only memories* of *childhood. These show us the first years of our lives not as they were, but as they appeared to us at later periods, when the memories were aroused. At these times […] the memories of childhood did not emerge […] but were formed, and a number of motives that were far removed from the aim of historical fidelity had a hand in influencing both the formation and the selection of the memories.*

One last note on my story of the man recounting his scene of memory in Freud's account of a delightful and remarkable dialogue, a man of thirty-eight with academic training, who told his story clearly, yet it was full of colour: who is this man? I (and you) may have read other of his memories told in similar style, revealing details about his past, turning to his childhood memories or telling his readers about his dreams, almost always breaking off at a point beyond which he would go no further in his interpretation. Does something prick at your memory? One man can hide another.

I took the theme of the symposium more broadly than intended in my response. I am a poor respondent, too oblique or even forgetful of my role. However, I end with a few echoes, a few questions. Both presentations considered what it is to revisit the past, to make new versions while adding to existing knowledge, to place other emphases, to view from other perspectives. To look back, yes, and to think in the present about with care, with attention, with detail.

As the sign at level crossings in France warns, *un train peut en cacher un autre* (one train can hide another), a nice figure for there always being more than meets the eye. This was seen in the presentations of Rachel and Catherine, the more than meets the eye, the repressed returning, taking a different form, as memory studies and the concept of trauma also show, when memory happens in the present and remembering keeps on occurring, until it is worked through, when it may begin again in a new relation. Is this like the drawing of child who is asked to consider not only its own face but also that of another, not only a selection of features and their arrangements, but the becoming with… so a silence of the past might be given voice or image (could we call that presence, a present absence? And without erasing or replacing either child… an ethics of representation. Is this like the adaptation of an existing text, something that produces more that simply an illustrated version of the same old thing and opens into other dimensions?

The modification or construction of the past re-describes it, performs it; it is not simply bearing it, after Richard Terdiman – or after Édouard Glissant, ‘remembering is not the opposite of forgetting’, and ‘memory has to be a selection; only some features of an event are preserved, and others are dropped and forgotten, either straightaway or little by little’. Remembering – an action – produces memory, but it is not always full, complete, it may be even without affect. What is the memory then, a narrative with which to act, re-enact, to repeat, to work through – or to commemorate? Is the unconscious a memory, recognised by each subject as their history?

SK