

Université de Montréal

**Dylan Walsh – dance:  
Art, Mourning, Archive.**

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Ce mémoire intitulé :  
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Présenté par : Emmet Walsh

a été évalué par un jury composé des personnes suivantes :

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This essay looks at mourning from a mourner's sentiment. Freud's mourning theory has provided a concept of how mourning works that I have questioned from the basis of my mourning experience. In considering Derrida's archive theory, my position is not as a trained archivist, but as a mourner who has come to engage in the process of archiving. As regards to both psychoanalysis and the archive, this paper does not intend or pretend to advance new theory without taking into account both their respected histories. This paper offers a comparative look, inquiring into the attempts at definitions in light of personal experience, and finally how they reflect in the performative audio-visual monument *Dylan Walsh – dance*.

I shall begin with a story of my brothers Dylan and Eoin. Twelve years ago Dylan borrowed a black and white photograph of Eoin. The photo was taken when Eoin was 4 years old, photographed by our father just months before our family immigrated to Canada. Dylan made a drawing (fig.1) from the photograph and somehow, shortly thereafter, the photograph was lost.<sup>1</sup> It took Dylan months before he could tell Eoin about the lost photograph. As Eoin recalled to me, Dylan was rather distraught by the fact the photo had been lost, but Eoin was not only forgiving, he was grateful, grateful to have the drawing Dylan made of him, for him. He accepted the drawing not as a replacement, but as a gift that evoked that moment from his childhood in Dublin.

Dylan's drawing hangs today in suspension, pinned to the living room wall with a thumbtack in Eoin's apartment. The photograph had captured Eoin jumping from a plum tree in our grandparents' back garden. What Dylan depicts is Eoin in flight, but shows no plum tree, no sky, and no ground to land on. The drawing was copied from the photograph, copying less, but perhaps, capturing more? Could the drawing have transcended the photograph by its gesture? A double gesture: a first gesture to draw one's older brother in childhood, and a second, to be found with and within the gesture of drawing, resulting in a fraternal offering of remembrance. To simply look at the drawing without any knowledge of its history how would one *see to know* this transcendence? How to see the *other* that is not pictorially depicted in the drawing? I am speaking of how one gesture is rooted in another:

“ (...) This nonvisible does not describe a phenomenon that is present elsewhere, that is latent, imaginary, unconscious, hidden, or past; it is a ‘phenomenon’ whose inappearance is of another kind; and what we have seen here fit to call transcendental is not unrelated to what Merleau-Ponty speaks of as ‘pure transcendence, without an ontic mask.’<sup>2 3</sup>”



1. Dylan Walsh, *Eoin*, 2000, ink on paper, 15 x 8.5 c.m

1. “Une photo perdue, abîmée, ou détruite, nous pouvons en souffrir comme un deuil.” (Garat, Anne-Marie, *Photos de familles*. Un roman de l’album, Arles, Actes Sud, 2011, p. 44).  
 2. “Principle: not to consider the invisible as an other visible “possible,” or a “possible” visible for an other...The invisible is there without being an object, it is pure transcendence without an ontic mask.” (Merleau-Ponty, Maurice, *The Visible and the Invisible*, translated by Alphonso Lingis, Evanston, Northwestern University Press, 1968, p. 229, cited by Derrida, Jacques, *Memoirs of the Blind. The Self-Portrait and Other Ruins*, op. cit., p. 52)  
 3. Derrida, Jacques, *Memoirs of the Blind. The Self-Portrait and Other Ruins*, translated by Pascale-Anne Brault and Michael Naas, Chicago, The University of Chicago Press, 1993, p. 52.

What Dylan has firstly accomplished and established by the drawing is what we can all agree on by calling its representation of Eoin as a boy. But there is more to the drawing; the moment Dylan sat down to draw, (that intimate moment, for when he drew his face came so close to the paper), he was after something more.

“The draftsman always sees himself to be prey to that which is each time universal and singular and would thus have to be called the *unbeseen*, as one speaks of the unbeknownst. He recalls it, is called, fascinated, or recalled by it. Memory or not, and forgetting as memory, in memory and without memory.”<sup>1</sup>

What is universal in the drawing represents Eoin, and what is singular captures the spirit of the child at play. Today, the photograph lost, all that is left to look at, to contemplate, is the drawing. Does this story not lend itself well to the story of the archive? The movement from loss to regain, the retrieval prompted by the feeling that something is always missing. What was missing from the original photograph? In this case I would say the story, the story that came about when the photo was lost, but not before something was *made* of it. From the photo a drawing and story were made of its existence, and the story cannot exist without the photo missing. This is all told around the drawing, this is what makes the drawing the centre of attention, makes it an archival object in the manner it *lends* itself and brings *weight* to a story. I will call an archive something that lends and has weight. The meaning of weight is plural. We can say that the archive can constitute a mass or a quantity of matter, be something of influence, of force, of value, but also be a burden, a trouble, a strain and so on. The archive lends itself, first to contribute to something else while it carries the notion, carries an understanding, or even a promise that it will be thereafter returned. Therefore it comes into play for a period of time. Something on loan speaks of a future return. The story I have told, and will continue to tell throughout this essay began when something was lost.

Dylan died six years ago, taking his life at the age of 34. Following his death I found myself with a feeling of suspension, but unlike what Dylan captured in his drawing of Eoin, it was painful not joyous. The traumatic experience of mourning changed me. I found myself in unfamiliar territory emotionally and psychologically.<sup>2</sup> Instinctively I felt an urgent desire to surround myself with a multitude of objects capable of summoning the memory of Dylan. This is how I came to understand the need of an archive.

I have borrowed this drawing from Eoin to scan it and make a digital duplicate in order to include it alongside this text, specifically to show the reader the drawing I am writing about. Also, I have decided that this drawing belongs to the archive I am building for Dylan. The chain of events in the story of this drawing demonstrates the changing nature of things within the archival phenomenon. The original photograph taken by our father is no longer the centrepiece of this memory, his role as photographer and the potential that the photo may one day belong to his archive is also lost, for now.

1. *Ibid.*, p.45.

2. “We should regard it as an appropriate comparison, too, to call the mood of mourning a ‘painful’ one.” Freud, Sigmund, *Mourning and Melancholia*, in *On Metapsychology: The Theory of Psychoanalysis*, compiled and edited by Angela Richards, translated by Joan Riviere, London, Penguin, 1991, p. 252.



2-5. Emmet Walsh, *Dylan Walsh - dance*, 2013, 35mm. stills

I am aware of this when Eoin hands over the drawing, lends his image, which I incorporate into Dylan's archive. I re-appropriate the drawing and give it another weight. A weight that is only possible because Dylan is no longer here and I am acting alone, convincing myself it is on his behalf. I have become an archivist as a result of Dylan's death. The archivist is someone who "produces more archive, and that is why the archive is never closed. It opens out of the future."<sup>1</sup> But in order to produce more archive, something must first lend itself to this purpose. Eoin's image, his childhood, becomes the offering, first taken by a photograph, then drawn by Dylan's hand and finally placed in Dylan's archive. Eoin's image is subject to a process of repetition. Therefore I will call the archive as something which embodies repetition.

It is only when Dylan died that I realized how Dylan's archive was there waiting to be opened. Only then the materials of the archive appeared to have *always* been there, and it is precisely the moment of reckoning, the moment of recognizing them as being archives that produced them. What is masterly about Derrida's sentence is it reveals this paradox of the archive, this paradox of the future: "nothing is less reliable, nothing is less clear *today* than the word "archive."<sup>2</sup> The archive can begin only with a future, only when this reckoning happens do we become an archivist in the present. To be in contact with the archive is to acknowledge how the present will produce the past *with* a future. The archive constitutes a becoming, even if everything that constitutes an archive was at some time or other taken for granted. We could speak of these would-be archives as potentially sharing the quality of the invisible discussed in Dylan's drawing of Eoin, as carrying "pure transcendence, without an ontic mask," therefore not only as something becoming, but as invisible beckoning.

In order to begin again in earnest an inquiry into mourning and the archive, I will include here a more detailed attempt at defining the archive by Derrida:

"The concept of the archive shelters in itself, of course, this memory of the name *arkhe*. But it also *shelters* itself from this memory which it shelters: which comes down to saying also that it forgets it. There is nothing accidental or surprising about this. Contrary to the impression one often has, such a concept is not easy to archive. One has trouble, and for essential reasons, establishing it and in interpreting it in the document it delivers to us, here in the word which names it, that is the "archive."(...) the meaning of "archive", its only meaning<sup>3</sup>, comes to it from the Greek *arkheion*: initially a house, a domicile, an address, the residence of the superior magistrates, the



6. Emmet Walsh, *Dylan Walsh - dance*, photo taken of memorial during projection, October 12, 2013. 35mm. still

1. Derrida, Jacques, *Archive fever. A freudian impression*, translated by Eric Prenowitz, Chicago & London, The University of Chicago Press, 1998, p. 68

2. *Ibid.*, p. 90 (my emphasis)

3. "le sens de « archive », son seul sens, lui vient de l'*arkheion* grec : d'abord une maison, un domicile, une adresse, la demeure des magistrats supérieurs, les *archontes*, ceux qui commandaient." Derrida, Jacques, *Mal d'archive: une impression freudienne*, Paris, Galilée, 2008, pp. 12-13. In the English translation *sens* is translated as meaning, but one could also interpret *sens* as direction, therefore in the French original the impression is also of the meaning of archive coming to it from the Greek word *arkheion* but also coming from the very house the word designates. Thus from this house where the archons originated, the place of origin of the archive, the archive received its only direction / meaning.

*archons*, those who commanded. The citizens who thus held and signified political power were considered to possess the right to make or represent the law.”<sup>1</sup>

Before discussing Derrida’s attempt I would like to offer a definition of mourning by Freud, so that I may discuss how the archive relates to mourning and vice versa.

In what, now does the work which mourning performs consist? I do not think there is anything far-fetched in presenting it in the following way. Reality-testing has shown that the loved object no longer exists, and it proceeds to demand that all libido shall be withdrawn from its attachments to that object. This demand arouses understandable opposition – it is a matter of general observation that people never willingly abandon a libidinal position, not even, indeed, when a substitute is already beckoning them. This opposition can be so intense that a turning away from reality takes place and a clinging to the object through the medium of a hallucinatory wishful psychosis.<sup>2</sup> Normally, respect for reality gains the day. Nevertheless its orders cannot be obeyed at once. They are carried out bit by bit, at great expense of time and cathectic energy, and in the meantime the existence of the lost object is psychically prolonged. Each single one of the memories and expectations in which the libido is bound to the object is brought up hypercatheted, and detachment of the libido is accomplished in respect of it. Why this compromise by which the command of reality is carried out piecemeal should be so extraordinarily painful is not at all easy to explain in terms of economics. It is remarkable that this painful unpleasure is taken as a matter of course by us. The fact is, however, that when the work of mourning is completed the ego becomes free and uninhibited again.”<sup>3</sup>

Both attempts are problematic, as is perhaps my attempt to expect a definition from highlighting a fragment of what belongs to both Derrida’s and Freud’s greater texts. This is to be expected in attempts at defining archive and mourning, for it is not possible to put one’s finger on an exact definition as they are both a process, a process difficult to measure, to know precisely when they begin and end. All we can hope to obtain with an inquiry into the archive and mourning is an impression.

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1.. Derrida, Jacques, *Archive fever. a Freudian impression*, *op.cit.*, p. 2.

2. “Let us be clear that the hallucinatory wishful psychosis – in dreams or elsewhere – achieves two by no means identical results. It not only brings hidden or repressed wishes into consciousness; it also represents them, with the subject’s entire belief, as fulfilled.” Freud, Sigmund, *A Metapsychological Supplement to the Theory of Dreams*, 1917 [1915], in *On Metapsychology: The Theory of Psychoanalysis*, *op.cit.*, p.238.

3. Freud, Sigmund, *Mourning and Melancholia*, in *On Metapsychology: The Theory of Psychoanalysis*, *op. cit.*, p. 253.

“ (...) Concerning the archive, Freud never managed to form anything that deserves to be called a concept. Neither have we by the way. We have no concept, only an impression, a series of impressions associated with a word (...) “Archive” is only a *notion*, an impression associated with a word and for which, together with Freud, we do not have a concept. We only have an impression, an insistent impression through the unstable feeling of a shifting figure, of a schema, or of an in-finite or indefinite process.”<sup>1</sup>

The repetition of the word “impression” demonstrates the process Derrida is attempting to impress. But to return to what Freud offered as a definition of mourning, what I first wish to call attention to is the recognition of mourning performing a work. A specific work performed on the mourner. According to Freud the mourner is not acting alone, a sudden force strikes him; this can help to explain why we sometimes refer to someone grieving the death of another as *grief-stricken*. Further where Freud attempts to explain what exactly this work consists of, the result is rather ambiguous. There is much to be considered by this ambiguity; Freud himself would reconsider his mourning theory years following the writing of *Mourning and Melancholia*.<sup>2</sup> What I wish to consider is not how this work performs exclusively, but rather what happens when this work is directed to other work that necessitates a partner? A dance between mourning and the archive, for instance, wherein mourning finds a rhythm in the archive, and the archive puts a mourning to work. This way a collaborative process is possible where archiving guides mourning, a mourning that nevertheless drives the archive. The cathetic energy finds aim, a purpose in archiving the lost loved object it represents. This collaboration is twofold, for the detailed work I have engaged in with Dylan’s archive feels like one of collaboration with my brother. Here one could argue that this activity runs the danger of psychically prolonging the existence of the lost loved object. To collaborate with Dylan is to continue a tradition we began as infants (fig.7); and is fundamental to my vision of the future. Imagine the archive as something coming between the libido of the mourner and the lost loved object, so that any expectations the libido may still have of the object are interiorized as an imagined response to the archive. As for the memories when the object of the lost love object is interiorized, there is a positive response to memories of them, for they are interpreted internally on their behalf. There is no longer expectation of an external response (from the deceased), for the response comes from within us, it allows for an emotional response to the other in their absence. Certainly this may only apply to those who care to remember. Those who desperately need this work to remember. If neither Freud or Derrida have arrived at a concept of the archive, perhaps Derrida has arrived at a better understanding of what I am trying to illustrate; this interrelationship between archive and mourning:



7. Dylan and Emmet, Montreal, 1975



8. Emmet and Dylan, Montreal, 1998



Dylan Walsh, *dance*, 2004, ink & crayon, 9.5 x 5 cm.

Dylan was born October 9th, 1973 - Dylan died November 4th, 2007  
Dylan est né le 9 Octobre 1973 - mort le 4 Novembre 2007

childhood to adulthood - Dublin to Montreal - drawing to painting  
son to brother - photograph to moving image - baptism to burial  
Dylan moved

De l'enfance à l'âge adulte - de Dublin à Montréal - du dessin à la peinture -  
d'un fils à un frère - de la photographie à l'image en mouvement -  
du baptême à l'enterrement - Dylan s'illustre

A memorial piece shaped by the figure Dylan Walsh returns as a dance  
Une pièce mémorielle de laquelle Dylan Walsh nous revient sous forme de danse

October 9th to October 14th, 2013 - Du 9 Octobre au 14 Octobre 2013

Dylan Walsh - dance  
Emmet Walsh - 2013  
16 mm black-and-white film, 35 mm stills, transferred to video  
45 minutes, four-channel synchronised colour video projection, sound

Emmet Walsh would like to thank / Merci à : Walsh Family, Serge Cardinal, André Bourbonnais, Ian Macpherson, Adam Raspin, Flavia Soubiran, Brigitte Henry, John Goldberg, Francis Brassard-Lecours, Mircea Duma

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9. Poster for Dylan Walsh - dance.

1. Derrida, Jacques, *Archive fever: a Freudian impression*, op. cit., p.29.

2. Clewell, Tammy, *Mourning beyond Melancholia: Freud's psychoanalysis of loss*, jaPa, October 9, 2013 submitted for publication June 18, 2002. In her essay Clewell surveys Freud's many attempts at a mourning theory in several of his writings, and effectively makes a distinction between Freud's "early" and "late" mourning theory.

“ (...) the *trouble de l’archive* stems from a *mal d’archive*. We are *en mal d’archive*: in need of archives. Listening to the French idiom, and in it the attribute *en mal de*, to be *en mal d’archive* can mean something else than to suffer from a sickness, from a trouble or from what the noun *mal* might name. It is to burn with a passion. It is never to rest, interminably, from searching for the archive right where it slips away. It is to run after the archive, even if there’s too much of it, right where something in it anarchives itself. It is to have a compulsive, repetitive, and nostalgic desire for the archive, an irrepressible desire to return to the origin, a homesickness, a nostalgia for the return to the most archaic place of absolute commencement.”<sup>1</sup>

This compulsion, this desire for more even if there is too much, this *mal* as a symptom is very similar to the effects of mourning that Freud sees in the mourner’s libido refusing to face the reality that the loved object is gone, causing a slow and terribly painful process during which he must eventually sever ties with them. What if a potential symptom of mourning is passion, a passionate desire to remember the departed, and to mark this remembrance? Why account for the passing of time as the only agonizing remedy to mourning? Perhaps mourning awakens this “*mal d’archive*”, this need of the archive that waits to be woken. If the need for the archive is already in us, why do we not feel it always? Elsewhere Derrida speaks of the “obligation of the archive”<sup>2</sup>, what I am asking is when is this obligation felt? When something loved is lost the obligation of the archive becomes heavy. It is like the weight of the body of the deceased no longer carried in life, leaves behind the enormous weight of absence to be carried by us. How to measure the weight of another’s absence? This can only be determined by one’s psychology, felt inside the work mourning performs on us. Then what can be said when there is no one to carry this weight left by the departed? What shall we say about such cases when no one cares to remember the dead? “Is it possible that the antonym of ‘forgetting’ is not ‘remembering’, but *justice*?”<sup>3</sup>

In the citation I have selected, the work of mourning Freud describes, “entails a kind of hyper remembering, a process of obsessive recollection during which the survivor resuscitates the existence of the lost other in the space of the psyche, replacing an actual absence with an imaginary presence.”<sup>4</sup> But what if the existence of the lost other were resuscitated not in the place of the psyche but externally, as in an external space to reflect (as in a mirror, a light or film projected onto a wall) this internal desire? If “the archive is hypomnesic”<sup>5</sup> and mourning, “entails a kind of hyper remembering,” do they not both call out to each other, belong together? The archive needs the force of mourning to establish it with remembrance, and mourning needs the archive as a place to discharge its sudden excess of memory:

1. Derrida, Jacques, *Archive fever. A Freudian impression*, op.cit., p.91.  
 2. Ibid., p.75.  
 3. Yerushalmi, Yosef Hayim, *Zakhor: Jewish History and Jewish Memory*, New-York, Schocken, 1989, p. 117, cited by Derrida, Jacques, *Archive fever. A freudian impression*, op. cit., p.77.  
 4. Clewell, Tammy, *Mourning beyond Melancholia: Freud’s psychoanalysis of loss*, p.2.  
 5. Derrida, Jacques, *Archive fever. A freudian impression*, op.cit., p.11.



**10-13.** Photos of studio I lived and worked in for 6 months archiving and building the memorial *Dylan Walsh - dance*. It opened October 9, 2013. Dylan’s birthday.



*“there is no archive without a place of consignment, without a technique of repetition, and without a certain exteriority. No archive without outside.”<sup>1</sup>*

In Freud’s early mourning theory the notion of a slow process is at work, “carried out bit by bit.” This notion of piecemeal work is also seen in the work of archiving, a work that is also “carried out bit by bit,” in fact the archive is made up of “bits” of something that belonged to something now missing:

“L’archive agit comme une mise à nu; ployés en quelques lignes, apparaissent non seulement l’inaccessible mais le vivant. Des morceaux de vérité à présent échoués s’étalent sous les yeux: aveuglants de netteté et crédibilité. Il n’y a pas de doute, la découverte de l’archive est une manne offerte justifiant pleinement son nom: source”<sup>2</sup>

The archive’s materials, these pieces of truth (morceaux de vérités) should come to reside in a house, a domicile, or perhaps constitute the very house they build. In considering what both Freud and Derrida have stated, I have come to make a distinction in the case of mourning my brother: the cathectic energy at the onset of mourning found an outlet in building the memorial to house Dylan’s archive. This potentially dangerous energy was directed to a constructive purpose, the very same energy that speaks to the obligation of an archive. I believe a process that works to externalize our cathectic attachment to memories of the deceased can avoid the dangers of a “hallucinatory wishful psychosis”.

In the case of Dylan’s death the feeling of the necessity to remember through the inception of an archive is influenced and complicated by his suicide. For many, a suicide leaves one at a loss for knowing how to remember the deceased, how to honour their memory when what stands between them and you is the harrowing weight of suicide. Dylan did not leave a will, or any instructions regarding his possessions. I found Dylan’s artwork heaped in a pile in the bottom of an old wood trunk (fig.11). In the last months of his life he could no longer draw due to his chronic back pain. Finding the thousands of drawings he had produced in a state of abandonment brought home the painful realization that he himself had given up hope of drawing again.<sup>3</sup>

Once I had his drawings in my possession I was overcome with a sense of purpose. Dylan’s art was left for me like raw materials. I felt the necessity to find a place they could not only belong, but also command a certain power. I was distraught by the idea of Dylan’s suicide overshadowing his life, and the archive I was to build was to bring to light his life’s work, to administer, like a law, the proof he made a monumental contribution. The archive was to become an instrument in how one could remember him, an archive to challenge any stigma associated with suicide.

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1. *Ibid.*

2. Farge, Arlette, *Le gout de l’archive*, Paris, Seuil, 1989, p.15.

3. This finding reminds me of how Arlette Farge described working with judicial archives in Paris: “l’archive judiciaire est certainement celle qui, dans toutes les bibliothèques ou dépôts d’archives départementales, est la plus « brutalement » conservée (c’est à dire la plus simplement gardée à l’état brut, sans reliure, sans brochure, seulement rassemblée et liée comme une botte de paille), elle est en quelque sorte préparée pour un usage eventual.” *Ibid.*, p. 9.

This desire to build a monument to house Dylan's archive meant becoming a modern day archons. As I gathered and stored Dylan's artwork and writings, alongside documents, photographs, and various paraphernalia, the question of how to present them was beckoning. I may have been carrying out the work of an archivist by organizing and surveying the materials in question, but there was no existence of an official deposit.<sup>1</sup> They remained Dylan's belongings now in my possession. I did not want to inherit these materials for the sake of ownership; I wanted to activate these materials in order to build a narrative from them. The goal was to erect a monument not to stand permanently but only for a brief moment in time, transient like a memory. The idea was that in this memorial space the viewer would come to understand that what they saw projected before their eyes were archives and recognize their historical importance. But also as projections these images of archives appearing and disappearing, their very weightlessness proved in fact that these archives were missing in themselves, evoking the feeling of mourning.

“What makes a monument suspect, even though it often is found *in situ*, is its obvious finality, its commemoration of events that its contemporaries – especially the most powerful among them – judged worthy of being integrated into the collective memory. Conversely, the document, even though it is collected and not simply inherited, seems to possess an objectivity opposed to the intention of the monument, which is meant to be edifying.”<sup>2</sup>

This finality that makes the monument suspect is also what gives it significance. The monument as a “finitude of memory says something about truth, and about the truth of memory: its relation to the other, to the instant and to the future.”<sup>3</sup> This monument is not in place of an archive, it is built in part from archives. The archives in the hands of others may be experienced more objectively, but in the case of Dylan's documents they were not simply collected but inherited *de facto* by a suicide that left no will. Therefore, the question of what to do with these unassigned documents, in the first instance, marks the beginning of an intention. An intention here is unavoidable.

At a certain point in the process of archiving a story emerges; the materials take their place like words to form a sentence. Then one can begin to compose this new narrative. Every archivist at the beginning starts out a dyslexic until some order is established. The story told by archives commands its own chronology, forming a narrative that belongs to a double entity: the one who archives and the other who is being archived. Both speak at once; this symbiosis brings order to a new temporality, two is always one like a Siamese twin.



14. trunks in the middle of the memorial where viewers are seated during the projection. Back projection wall hiding kitchen and entrance. Clothes rack.

1. “I asked myself what is the moment proper to the archive, if there is such a thing, the instant of archivization strictly speaking.” Derrida, Jacques, *Archive fever: A Freudian impression*, *op.cit.*, p. 26.

2. Ricoeur, Paul, *Archive, Documents, Traces//1978*, in *The Archive, Documents of Contemporary Art*, edited by Charles Merewether, Whitechapel Gallery, London & The MIT Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 2006, p. 68.

3. Derrida, Jacques, *Mémoires for Paul de Man. The Wellek Library Lectures at the University of California, Irvine*, translated by Cecile Lindsay, Jonathan Culler, and Eduardo Cadava, New-York, Columbia University Press, 1986, p. 57.



*Myles the eldest, trying to distance himself.*

*Eoin his younger brother grabbing hold of Myles, so that he does not flee the pack.*

*Eoin clasping his strong fore-arm around his two younger brothers with all his strength to keep us all together.*

*Dylan, hands free, one eye hidden in the middle of us. Miraculously the middle one, the balance, like his star sign Libra, in a group of four.*

*And I, Emmet hugging my older brother, holding on to Dylan who I loved, love so dearly to keep him with me. <sup>1</sup>*

**15. Myles, Eoin, Dylan, and Emmet.**

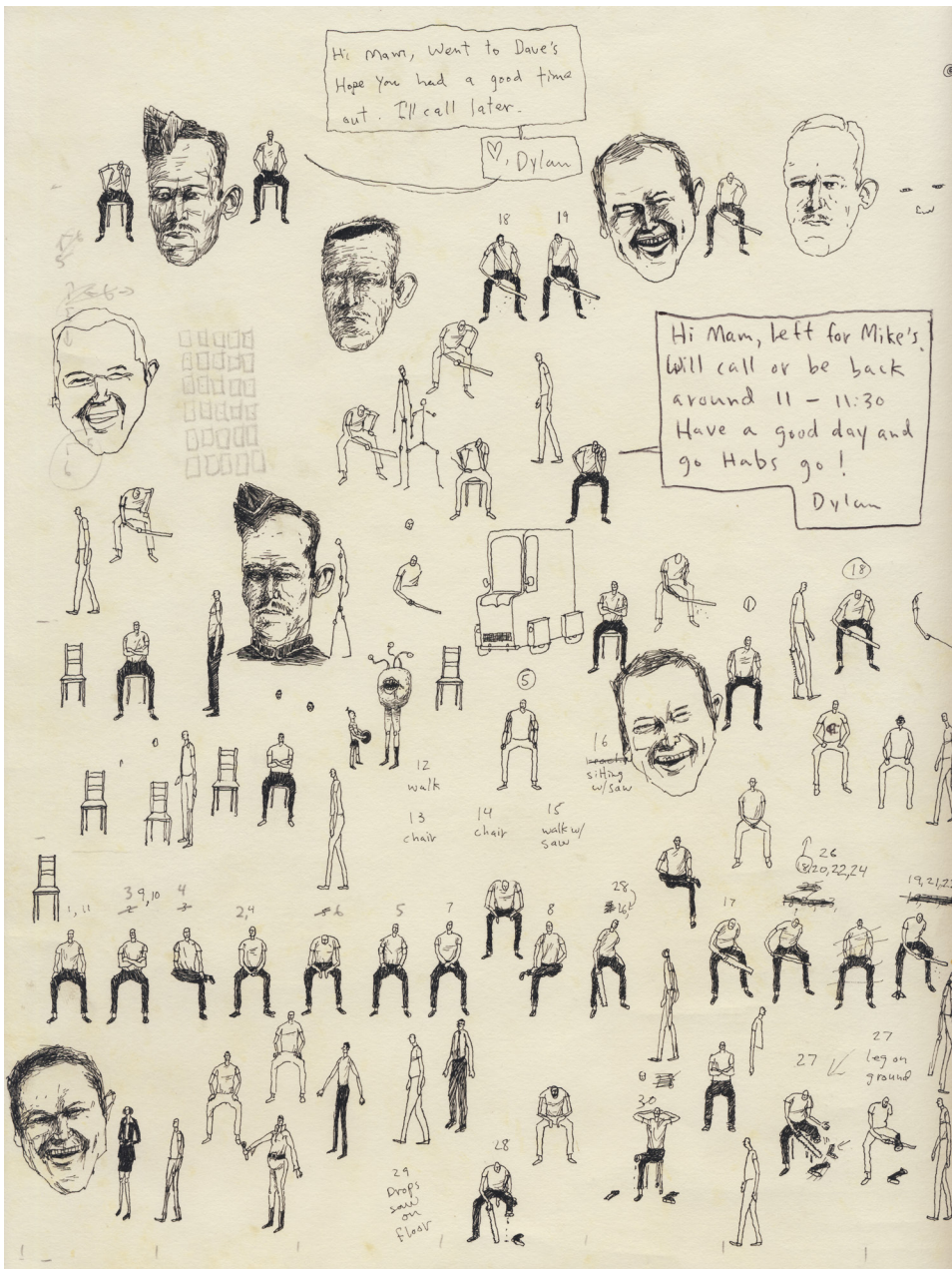
Dublin, Ireland. 1982. photo taken by our uncle William Keough.

As I worked my way through archiving Dylan's possession's I also inquired with other members of the family if I could consult any works Dylan had given them. My brother Eoin told me he had a stack of papers full of Dylan's drawings. Years ago, Eoin had visited Dylan's apartment and found the waste-bin full of paper. Eoin saw they were covered with miniature pencil and ink drawings and asked Dylan why he was throwing them out. Dylan had decided they were no good, and was getting rid of them. Eoin asked if he could hold on to them, and Dylan obliged. Many of these drawings (fig16) revealed the close relationship Dylan had with our mother. Most of these drawings were produced when Dylan was living with her, and spent his days and nights sitting at the kitchen table drawing. He would often leave notes for her on the sheets of paper where he was working out different techniques in illustration, sometimes writing words of encouragement inside a caption next to a figure he had drawn. They tell a story from the past, sometimes the day-to-day activities of Dylan. Like his self-portrait (fig17) accompanied by a grocery list scribbled on the bottom left corner of the page.

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<sup>1</sup> Dylan Walsh - dance. 2013. voice-over narration read by Emmet Walsh.

The series of drawings Eoin saved from the rubbish bin provide yet another valuable story of the archive, a story that leaves us to wonder how many of Dylan's drawings were not rescued from the rubbish bin?



16. Dylan Walsh. date unknown. One of the many sheets of Dylan's drawings Eoin saved from the rubbish bin.

I could have begun this essay with this story of Eoin and Dylan rather than the one regarding the drawing of Eoin. But to begin a story of an archive, one is faced with this problem of where to begin (also where to look as in regard of and at), as I mentioned earlier, the archive has no chronology. We who work with the archive are fooled when we attempt to impose one, for there is always something missing, something to be found that may eventually disrupt any order we have orchestrated. Had this essay begun here I would have started by citing this text from Roland Barthes:

“Paradoxe: le fait, dans sa pureté, se définit mieux de n’être pas propre. Prenez un objet usuel: ce n’est pas son état neuf, vierge, qui rend le mieux compte de son essence; c’est plutôt son état déjeté, un peu usé, un peu sali, un peu abandonné: le déchet, voilà où se lit la vérité des choses. C’est dans la trainée qu’est la vérité du rouge; c’est dans la tenue relâchée d’un trait qu’est la vérité du crayon.”<sup>1</sup>



17. Dylan Walsh. date unknown. self-portrait and grocery list. Among the drawings Dylan had thrown in the rubbish as can be seen by the folds and creasings in the paper.

Had Dylan known these drawings he was about to throw away would in part mark another beginning, the beginning of an archive, would he have treated them differently? Dylan’s work commenced and left un-finished, now invites a further reading, further reflection, and

1. Barthes, Roland, *Sagesse de l’art*, in *Oeuvres complètes*, Tome 3, Paris, Seuil, 1995, pp. 1022-1023.

allows me the opportunity to complete the work into a complement / compliment as I reorientate them within the archive. But it is precisely as Barthes points out, it is in the manner Dylan left his thousands of drawings, un-mounted and un-orderly, often unsigned, their very roughness revealing so much about his devotion to art. He was never finished, always in the process, a true artist, as pure as I have met. In giving these drawings a place in the archive and the memorial, the process continues.



*When I look at Dylan's drawings I see more than what they illustrate, I see him drawing and I see life imagined. And to see this life imagined by my brother is to see him totally alive. That his life, his story was not only capable of telling its own but of giving life to forms who without him a story would never have been told. All those characters created by lines of ink and pencil reveal a timeless story, endangered only by their materiality, the fatality of the paper, the fading of the ink and lead, but especially of being forgotten or kept from the light of the living. It is also their story that needs to be preserved. In them I hear the call to archive, as I look at them, touch with my fingers the same paper that was once set out before Dylan's gaze as a blank. These drawings are here in my life now, somehow without Dylan, but still so much apart and a part of him that it feels like they miss him as much as I do.<sup>1</sup>*

**18-19.** Emmet Walsh, *Dylan Walsh - dance*, 2013, 35mm. stills

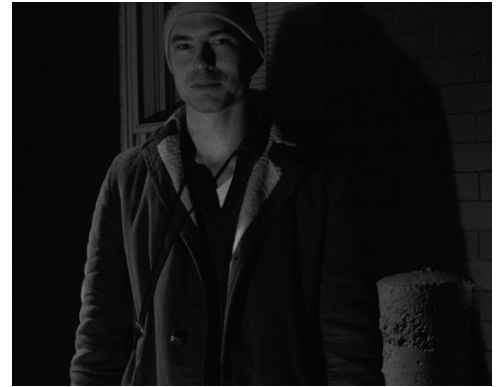
1. *Dylan Walsh - dance*. 2013. voice-over narration read by Emmet Walsh.

Without archives it would have been impossible to construct a narrative in the form of a monument. It was an attempt to give memory not only a place, but also equally a temporality; this is why it is not a monument per se, with a permanent finitude. It is a monument that is performative, tells a story of Dylan, recounts as it tells again taking into consideration a quantity by recounting with an economy of words and images; here lies its finitude as a monument: *Dylan Walsh – dance performed a history*:

“Disons pour faire bref que l’histoire, dans sa forme traditionnelle, entreprenait de ‘mémoriser’ les monuments du passé, de les transformer en documents et de faire parler ces traces qui, par elles mêmes, souvent ne sont point verbales, ou disent en silence autre chose que ce qu’elles disent; de nos jours, l’histoire, c’est ce qui transforme les documents en monuments, et qui, là où on déchiffrait des traces laissées par les hommes, là où on essayait de reconnaître en creux ce qu’ils avaient été, déploie une masse d’éléments qu’il s’agit d’isoler, de grouper, de rendre pertinents, de mettre en relations, de constituer en ensembles.”<sup>1</sup>

What Foucault describes is the work I set out to do in *Dylan Walsh-dance*. What surfaced as a most vital document was in fact in my possession at the time of Dylan’s death. I am speaking of the 16mm. black and white negative of the film *Too Good To Be True*, a silent comedy, the first film I photographed and directed, and Dylan’s first and only performance on film. The bond we share as brothers was manifest in how we were both bound to this motion picture, my beginning in film, would mark another beginning in archiving. Early in my mourning I was afraid I had lost my imagination and with it my ability to carry on my own artistic practice. I was overwhelmed by the thought of Dylan’s suffering that ended in suicide. This film was a “piece” of my imagination and because I am the one who owns this film negative, the only film of Dylan, I am the one who possesses the *footage* of him. Therefore I have a part of him at *length*, whereas others have photographs, perhaps many, but nevertheless *stills* of Dylan. What is the meaning of all this? This representation of Dylan is singular; there is only one piece of footage filmed over the period of three days during the month of November in 1999. By its singularity it became the centrepiece of the memorial. I had found the object that could belong equally and ethically to both our archives.

In the time elapsed since the capturing of this image, the meaning of Dylan’s image had changed with his death. How could either of us have known at the time of filming, the eventual meaning of his cinematic image? Cavell writes about this inherent power the camera has over us: “we do not understand the specific transformative powers of the camera, what I have called its original violence; that we cannot anticipate what it will know of us.”<sup>2</sup> The camera knows nothing until it produces photographs. Could we not say that the creation of photographs resembles what Derrida said of the archive? What we call a photograph does it not represent something that “opens out of the future”?



**20.** From the camera negative *Too Good to be True*, I stepped in front of the camera to be filmed by Dylan. Two brothers swapping positions. Perhaps back then, I knew I wanted to be seen, belong in this archive.

1. Foucault, Michel, *L’archéologie du savoir*, Paris, Gallimard, coll. “Tel”, 1969, p.15.

2. Cavell, Stanley, “What Photography Calls Thinking” in *Cavell on Film*, edited and with an introduction by William Rothman, Albany, SUNY, 2005, p. 116.

What the camera will know of us will develop over time. The camera carries knowledge forward in the production of images. We discover what it knows of us by looking back. If there is one apparatus that speaks to the processes of mourning and archive, then it is the camera. A camera not only produces archives, it reproduces them. Every image I used in the memorial was a photograph with a negative, therefore treated with a camera, transformed by the camera, and also transformed from a negative to a positive. In some instances they were photographs of photographs. The archive is equally subject to a growing type of violence, due to the overproduction, reproduction, and accumulation of information. A violence that I can only project as causing harm by over-saturating the objects they are meant to remember. Dylan's film image is one of a kind. As an archive, it lends a *sense* as both a meaning and a direction to the work to be done. Watching the film transfer, and seeing Dylan's moving image was an emotional experience for me. This film restored the confidence that Dylan and I could *again* work together.

“But what happens when the lover of Mnemosyne has not received the gift of narration? When he doesn't know how to tell the story? When it is precisely because he keeps the memory that he loses the narrative?”<sup>1</sup>

Remembering Dylan at the risk of him monopolizing my own imagination was no longer a concern. I felt that this film could become the driving force of the memorial, could bring with it a new narrative. Those who don't wish to engage mourning, to face it, are perhaps putting themselves at risk. Although I also worry that such complacency is not uncommon. What Foucault says of discourse could be equally applied to mourning, where many wish to find themselves on the other side, on the other end of mourning where the “work it performs” (in respect to Freud's analysis) has run its course:

“Il y a chez beaucoup, je pense, un désir de n'avoir pas a commencé, un pareil désir de se retrouver, d'entrée de jeu, de l'autre côté du discours, sans avoir eu à considérer de l'extérieur ce qu'il pouvait avoir de singulier, de redoutable, de maléfique peut-être.”<sup>2</sup>

Perhaps by complacency one is trying to avoid what Freud refers to as the “painful displeasure” in mourning, and as discourse avoids what Foucault calls “ordre hasardeux du discours”<sup>3</sup>. As some wish discourse to run its course without their meddling, equally some attitudes to mourning “look upon any interference with it as useless or even harmful.”<sup>4</sup> But, in the case of mourning, one must make the distinction between the attitudes of the mourner and the attitudes of those who are not in mourning. When the mourner's instinct is to not engage in mourning then he is by de facto giving way to repression.

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1 Derrida, Jacques, *Mémoires for Paul de Man. The Wellek Library Lectures at the University of California, Irvine, op. cit.*, p.3.

2. Foucault, Michel, *L'ordre du discours. Leçon inaugurale au Collège de France prononcée le 2 décembre 1970*, Gallimard, nrf, 1971, p.8.

3. *Ibid.*, p. 9

4. Freud, Sigmund, *Mourning and Melancholia*, in *On Metapsychology: The Theory of Psychoanalysis, op. cit.*, p. 252.



Freud described one of the symptoms of mourning as a “turning away from reality”, but if someone is in denial of mourning, pretending to be facing reality when in fact they are turning away from mourning, an instinct to run away won’t get them anywhere; “with an instinct, flight is of no avail, for the ego cannot escape from itself.”<sup>1</sup>

“To call up the past in the form of an image, we must be able to withdraw ourselves from the action of the moment we must have the power to value the useless, we must have the will to dream. Man alone is capable of such an effort. But even in him the past to which he returns is fugitive, ever on the point of escaping him, as though his backward turning memory were thwarted by the other, more natural, memory, of which the forward movement bears him on to action and to life.”<sup>2</sup>

Mourning takes care of withdrawing one “from the action of the moment” and placing them in suspension. Therefore someone in mourning is ripe to dream if he wills it. In fact he must or risk remaining suspended and withdrawn from himself. It is what one makes of the dream that must ground one. I am speaking of a fiction in place of a hallucination. I believe a fiction doesn’t substitute the lost loved object, but instead stands in lieu of it in order to deter a psychosis. Otherwise how else have we come to understand tragedy, come to eulogize tragedy? By honouring Dylan who died tragically, by insisting on a time and place to honour this by erecting a memorial is to take on this devastating loss and to grow from it, to essentially become a bigger person to make room for the wish, the dream that will teach others the lessons we learn from tragedy.

“That the human is to have, or to risk having, this capacity to wish; that to be human is to wish, and in particular to wish for a completer identity than the one has so far attained; and that such a wish may project a complete world opposed to the world one so far shares with others: this is a way of taking up the cause of Shakespearean Romance. If so, it is not surprising that a filmic procedure which taps this cause is one that juxtaposes modes and moods of reality as a whole, taunts them with one another. So romance in turn shares with scepticism the realization, in the terms Descartes’s First Meditation, that there are no conclusive indications by which waking life can be distinguished from sleep. The consequence of this realization, Descartes goes on to say, “Is that I am quite astonished, and my bewilderment is such that it is almost able to convince me that I am sleeping”<sup>3</sup>

If I may elaborate on what Cavell says of the filmic procedure, substitute Romance for Tragedy (as one must find substitutes in mourning) and consider the cinema a medium of capture that takes hold of the audience by its mesmerizing power, thus making it the medium par excellence to address mourning, for the mourner is specifically one who has been taken captive by grief.

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1. *Repression* (1915), in Freud, Sigmund, *On Metapsychology: The Theory of Psychoanalysis*, op. cit., p. 145.

2. Bergson, Henri, *Matter and Memory*, New-York, Zone Books, 1988, p. 94.

3. Cavell, Stanley, “What Becomes of Things on Film?” in *Cavell on Film*, op. cit., p. 7.

The cinema has the power to complete an identity extended (suspension) in times of tragedy, in times of mourning. How much significant art is the result of mourning? I was for a long period of time as a result of mourning in opposition to the world I formerly shared with others. Dylan's death affected and changed all my relationships, it raised the stakes, increased the demands on my own art practise. In the memorial where Dylan's moving image returns I wanted others to experience this dream like mourning, where it is indeed like a hallucinatory wishful psychosis. Some viewers of the memorial spoke to me after of a dream-like experience where they felt Dylan's presence in the room. There is of course this contradiction with mourning the loss of another, that we feel at first that we are less without them, but to survive mourning we must strive for a "completer identity", "taking the lost other into the structure of one's own identity."<sup>1</sup>

Getting back to the idea I wanted to develop from Ricoeur's citation, (this essay jumps back and forth, experiences digressions, as one idea is often interrupted by another, very like how the archive operates, with constant disruptions and re-ordering) in *Dylan Walsh - dance*, Dylan incarnates the "fugitive" image, he not only returns from hiding, but also jumps from wall to wall. The viewer is confronted with an image of Dylan that "is ever on the point of escaping him." and some viewers are reminded of a previous situation, of a past event, when his image did escape with his death. Therefore this return also repeats a past where Dylan escaped us. The tragicomic film Dylan appears in finds the woman he desires, also "on the point of escaping him" until finally he loses her twice, once in the dream, and again when he wakes up to realise she is only a dream. Here is a memorial space that is tragicomic, playful and melancholic. We are happy to find Dylan there, willing to chase his image around the room with our eyes, but sad to see him escape us, sad to be reminded that he appears only like a dream, from which we will awake.

The first image of Dylan appears on the left wall (fig.20), recreating the perspective of my point of view when I originally filmed this sequence in my apartment in 1999. The image shows Dylan waking up on the wrong side of the bed and walking into the left wall of the room. By projecting the first image in respect to the camera's point of view, I am showing how this image was first seen by me to revisit its past. This opening image activates the space; it introduces the shifting perspectives that will occur throughout the projection. When Dylan falls back seat-first onto the bed, the image jumps to the front wall of the space (fig.21), again to represent the camera's shifting point of view now directed towards the window. When Dylan swivels around to stand up on the right side of the bed, the image jumps to the right wall (fig.22). Here the camera's perspective has not changed position, it is directed towards the window, but the image has moved to the right of the wall because Dylan's body is now in the right side of the room, and his body is also momentarily partly outside the frame. It is like Dylan has swivelled from the left side of the bed through the space of the room and landed to be found on the right wall. From the right side of the bed Dylan walks to his bedroom window and the image jumps again to the front wall. He pulls back the curtain revealing a window-cleaner sleeping with his face pressed up against the

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1. Clewell, Tammy, *Mourning beyond Melancholia: Freud's psychoanalysis of loss*, *op. cit.*, p.19.

window. Startled by the sight of the window-cleaner he jumps back, back first onto his bed. As he projects himself backwards his head and torso disappear below the frame line as the image jumps from the front to the back wall.

21-24. Emmet Walsh, *Dylan Walsh - dance*, 2013. Opening sequence. Images move clockwise, from the opening sequence to every-time the film repeats itself. video stills



22. front wall



21. left wall



23. right wall



24. back wall

Seeing Dylan as an actor softens the sudden wave of melancholy I feel as I watch him move again. But the feeling of melancholy so close to that of mourning is inherent in all that is cinematic. Barthes wrote eloquently about the distinction between photography and film, and its inherent melancholy in the case of watching an actor who has died, which is precisely what I experienced in watching my brother:

“(…) d’un point de vue phénoménologique, le cinéma commence à différer de la Photographie; car le cinéma (fictionnel) mêle deux poses: le ‘ça-a-été’ de l’acteur et celui du rôle, en sorte que (chose que je n’éprouverais pas devant un tableau) je ne pus jamais voir ou revoir dans un film des acteurs dont je sais qu’ils sont morts, sans une sorte de mélancolie: la mélancolie même de la Photographie.”<sup>1</sup>

Working with the film archive I was trying to find a way to intercut Dylan’s other archives into the narrative. In a first experiment I assembled Dylan’s ID cards that I found among his belongings. I placed the different ID cards in chronological order, from top to bottom on a scanner bed and produced this scan. This digital collage worked like a time-lapse of Dylan’s adolescence.



25. Dylan’s ID cards assembled and scanned. From grade 7 high school to his first year at cegep, grade 10 and 11 are missing.

1. Barthes, Roland, *La chambre claire: Note sur la Photographie*, Gallimard/Seuil, coll. “Les Cahiers du cinéma,” 1980, in *Oeuvres complètes*, Tome 3, Paris, Seuil, 1995, p. 1165.

In a single view scrolling down the image we could see Dylan aging over a period of time. The result was promising, but when I attempted to inter-cut the scanned image into the film, the transition was jarring. Seen next to the 16mm. film transfer it was too flat an image. I was looking for a better way to integrate the archival objects into the texture of the film. When I saw a photo of Aby Warburg's *Bilderatlas Mnemosyne* I knew I had found a model I could use to assemble Dylan's archives into tableaux to be photographed and inter-cut into the narrative. These tableaux would contrast the fiction of the film with the documentary sources of the archive, the tragic story behind the "pose" of the actor. These tableaux would represent the dream sequence in the film.

“Mieux que l'éternel retour nietzschéen (en amont), la répétition freudienne (en aval) permet de saisir avec précision ce que Warburg recherchait dans la temporalité 'sismographique' et 'dynamographique' des images. Ce que vise Mnemosyne est bien 'au-delà du principe du palisier': non pas la simple beauté, non pas la remémoration comme telle – encore moins la collection de souvenirs d'enfance de l'art occidental -, mais le mode même de l'*instauration du temps dans l'image*. Projet freudien par excellence.”<sup>1</sup>

Tableaux that *carried time with them*; what better way to represent archives, what better way to assemble a work of mourning (especially considering how mourning was of such great concern to Freud, using the Warburgian model, itself a Freudian project par excellence). One may walk away with the impression upon reading this essay that Derrida was in fact right in believing that Freud's signature was to be found practically everywhere.<sup>2</sup>

“Le temps ne fait pas que s'écouler : il *travaille*. Il se construit et il s'écroule, il s'effrite et il se métamorphose. Il glisse, il tombe et il renaît. Il s'enterre et il resurgit. Il se décompose, il se recompose: ailleurs ou autrement, en tensions ou en latences, en polarités ou en ambivalences, en temps musicaux ou en contretemps...Façon de dire que *Mnemosyne* pose avant tout, au psychanalyste comme à l'historien, une question de *rythmes multiples*.”<sup>3</sup>

The dream sequences made up of these Warburgian tableaux would represent not only the years of Dylan's life, but also the connections to his circle; his brothers, parents, grandparents and so on. The tableaux spoke of migrations, multiple rhythms of cultures and generations. But it speaks especially of escapes, returns and metamorphoses, to be found in the figure of Dylan's image as it returns to us in the grips of mourning.

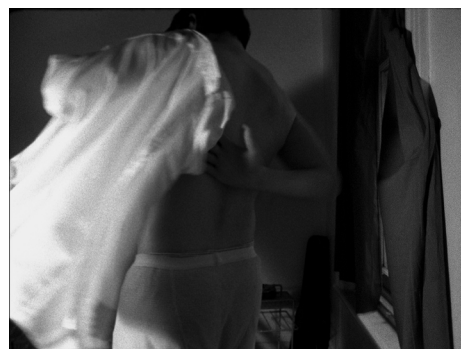
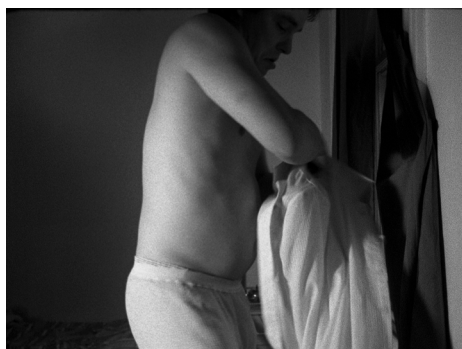
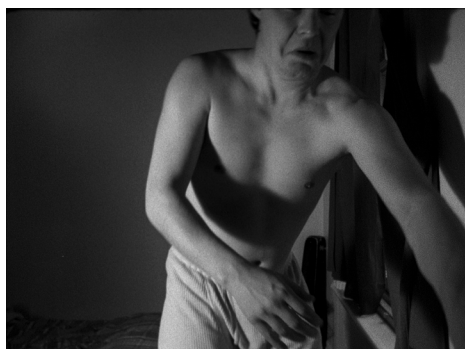


1. Didi-Huberman, Georges, *L'image survivante. Histoire de l'art et temps des fantômes selon Aby Warburg*, Paris, Les Éditions de Minuit, coll. "Paradoxe", 2002, p. 316.

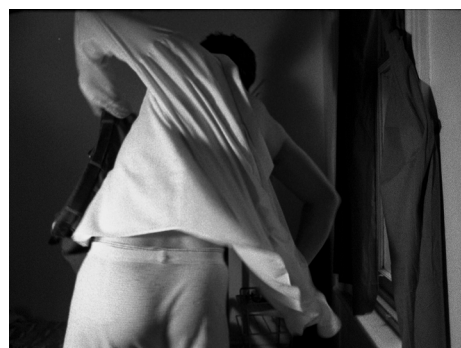
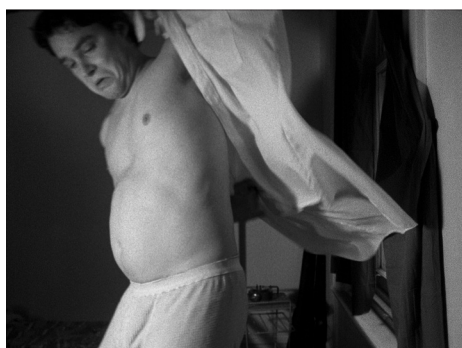
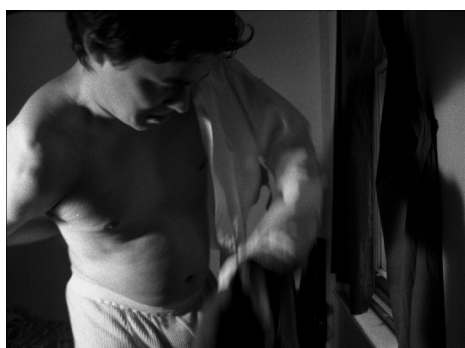
2. *Archive Fever* p.5

3. Didi-Huberman, Georges, *L'image survivante. Histoire de l'art et temps des fantômes selon Aby Warburg*, op. cit., p. 320.

26-29. Emmet Walsh, *Dylan Walsh- dance*, 2013, 35mm. stills



“Quand un symptôme survient, en effet, c’est un fossile – une “vie endormie dans sa



forme” – qui se réveille contre toute attente, qui bouge, qui s’agite, se démène et brise



le cours normal des choses. C’est un bloc de préhistoire tout à coup rendu présent, c’est



un “résidu vital” tout à coup devenu vivace. C’est un fossile qui se met à danser, voire à crier.”<sup>1</sup>

To return to what Freud said in his early mourning theory, it is not so much a turning away from reality that necessarily occurs in mourning, but rather a turn as in torsion, to demonstrate one does not want to go on immediately. One wishes to interrupt reality in order to take stock of the situation, it is not a complete turn away as if to reject reality, but rather a protest to a reality where time marches on uninterrupted. It is question of a time shift for the mourner (I have elsewhere referred to it as a suspension). Dylan's twist, his movement although photographed at 24frames per second, when projected appears to slow time down, his body propels like a turbine through the air. Watching him one feels the energy of his body meeting resistance, the gravity (the physical weight he once carried and the weight now, its importance, severity, the very weight of the archive) of his movement. Dylan performs a dance, a dance that I now imagine for myself as a mourning dance, from suspension into a manoeuvre out of suspension, a motion to not get caught standing.



While researching my thesis project, I attended the *Memory Marathon* held at the Serpentine Gallery in London, England. The closing presentation was a video installation entitled: *Each fish is a pond full of fishes, as for the tree, it is also a forest*,<sup>1</sup> by Scottish artist Douglas Gordon. A video projector was installed on the front roof of the gallery from where it projected animations of fish swimming in a circular movement alongside a text about memory onto the front lawn. The text was also heard in a voice over as the projected text appeared and disappeared on the lawn's surface. One sentence caught my attention: "The body is an infinitely populated population." Upon hearing and seeing this projected, I thought of the experience of seeing Dylan's body at the funeral parlour, and the odd feeling I felt when I saw his corpse. Suddenly the voice inside my head objected to the artist's statement; the body cannot be infinitely populated; life is about animation, movement. An inanimate object cannot carry memory, and the dead body reveals this devastation, the devastation that it has been wiped of memory, that it has lost its population; "human life is constrained to the life of the human body, to what Emerson calls the giant I always take with me. The law of the body is the law."<sup>2</sup> At this moment I felt a terrible sadness for the loss of all the memories that vanished with Dylan's death. Perhaps what Douglas was trying to say is that the living being, the living body if you will, takes on so many other beings, makes a home for them where they become a unique dweller. In the text Derrida read at Louis Althusser's funeral, Derrida expressed beautifully this relationship we have with the friend, the friend who lives inside of us and how the realization of their presence is brought on by mourning;



"At bottom, I know that Louis doesn't hear me; he hears me only inside of me, inside us (though we are only ever *ourselves* from that place within us where the other, the mortal other, resonates). And I know well that his voice within me is insisting that I not pretend to speak to him. And I also know that I have nothing to teach you who are here, *since* you are here."<sup>3</sup>



The *Bilderatlas Mnemosyne* model allowed me to focus on specific details of the collages, by the use of reframing within the tableau. In the case of Dylan's sweater a close-up look at the different needlework of his darns; every stitch a point in time, the thread of history, a patchwork of Dylan and his sweater's life together.

1. *Memory Marathon*, Serpentine Gallery, October 14th 2012, London, UK.

2. Cavell, Stanley, "What Did Derrida Want of Austin?" in *Philosophical passages: Wittgenstein, Emerson, Austin, Derrida*, Oxford, Cambridge, Blackwell, 1995, p. 53.

3 Derrida, Jacques, *The work of mourning*, edited by Pascale-Anne Brault and Michael Naas, Chicago, London, The University of Chicago Press, 2001, p. 117.

Dylan came to populate my body during his life. He still lives there. The voice of the other inside of us will speak in the nature of the relationship established together before they have passed away. Louis Althusser's voice in Derrida's, insisting that he not pretend to speak to him, is unique to Derrida, just like the voice of Dylan inside me lives only with me.

Here is where the voice takes its cue, coming from inside the walls, the quotidian rests in the 4 corners of the room, on the margins; the space is centred on remembering, on positing the memorial in the room's centre. The viewer seated in the middle of the room is surrounded by the voice jumping from one wall to another, this movement gives shape to the room, accentuates the feeling of being inside something. The viewer is inside a living space, but also in the middle of Dylan's dream, as a witness to what appears to be a nightmare, where I narrate stories of his past. But why a nightmare? The film repeats itself 4 times, the opening image moving from the left wall clockwise until it has played on all 4 walls of the memorial. Then the film is played a last time, each wall having accumulated images, projecting now the images in the order they were last played, creating for each wall the same film with different edits. Between every film, Dylan dreams what we have just seen and heard, only to be repeated again. Repetition provokes the nightmare.

“ (...) if there is no archive without consignation in an *external place* which assures the possibility of memorization, of repetition, of reproduction, or of reimpression, then we must also remember that repetition itself, the logic of repetition, indeed the repetition compulsion, remains, according to Freud, indissociable from the death drive. And thus from destruction. Consequence: right on that which permits and conditions archivization, we will never find anything other than that which exposes to destruction, and in truth menaces with destruction, introducing *a priori*, forgetfulness and the archiviolithic into the heart of the monument. Into the “by heart” itself. The archive always works, and *a priori*, against itself.”<sup>1</sup>

Dylan seeing his life before his eyes (in a dream) repeated means the end. This dreaming is the last moment before his death. I know as others do, Dylan died alone, but somehow I feel the need to demonstrate this, to show that I know this, to imagine this solitude of dying and in so doing show that I too was there, as a projection, an image, a memory, a brother. What is exterior in this case of the archive, is everything Dylan left behind, all that he could not take with his death. Demonstrated as a nightmare, a feverish dream, where he hears my voice recount his life in a past tense with the use of his archives. Part of our sorrow, Dylan's and mine, surrounds the mystery of not knowing of another life where it is possible to remember the one we leave behind us.<sup>2</sup> The life where we are both present in memory of the other. The viewer is sitting in the middle of Dylan's outside, bearing witness to what Dylan has left behind, as well as representing it; the viewer is sitting in the place of mourning.

1. Derrida, Jacques, *Archive fever. a Freudian impression*, op.cit., p.11-12.

2. Nowhere else is this better demonstrated than in Albert Camus's *L'Étranger*, when Meursault facing execution says to the priest that the only other life he would wish for is a life to remember the one ending with his death. Cf. Camus, Albert, *L'Étranger*, Le Livre de Poche, Paris, Gallimard, 1957, pp. 174-175.



45-48. Emmet Walsh, *Dylan Walsh-dance*, 2013, 35mm. stills



My voice is coming to Dylan, to the viewer from inside the walls, but also in the narrative sense, from inside Dylan's head. My voice belongs to the subconscious of his character in the film, as well as the physical space of the room. One could imagine that the space of the memorial represents my subconscious, the interior space of the psyche where the work of mourning performs, a work I not only perform exclusively for the memorial but also in my daily life.

The memorial then works as a space of transference, not exclusively of my mourning, but of the images that summon Dylan's memory. Archives are combined to represent the hyper memory stage of mourning. For some these projections offer the chance to engage in these archives as they relate to the memories they summon. For others it is a first introduction to Dylan. Here a memorial can also be a beginning. Transferral becomes transformation. As Derrida stated, archives are hypomnesic, they not only carry limited information of the past, but they need constant input so that this past does not deteriorate. Many archives risk becoming increasingly cryptic if human contact with them is not maintained. I work out my mourning from my point of view from within the walls of my living space, invite the viewer into my intimacy, where I sleep, eat, live. But especially I have also taken Dylan into my home, here the viewer can witness, can feel the intimacy I share with Dylan. Throughout the room are articles that belonged to him, to his past, (the suit he wore in the film, his portfolio with the Doug Gilmour hockey-sticker on its cover, the wooden trunk that Dylan kept most of his drawings in is in the middle of the room where different viewers came to sit during the projection) that some noticed while others didn't. These and other articles belonging to Dylan have been in my possession since his death, and often go unnoticed, but they are always with me, subtle reminders that there is a place for Dylan.

“Working through no longer entails abandoning the object and reinvesting the free libido in a new one; it no longer entails accepting consolation in the form of an external substitute for the loss, as Freud had postulated in *Mourning and Melancholia*. Rather, working through depends on taking the lost other into the structure of one's own identity, a form of preserving the lost object in and as the self. In *Mourning and Melancholia* Freud thought that mourning came to a decisive end; however, in *The Ego and the Id* he suggests that the grief work may well be an interminable labor.”<sup>1</sup>

No viewer will have seen the memorial in its entirety as there are different images projected at the same time on the different walls. It is inevitable they will have missed something, and to reconstruct this experience from memory, there will be elements missing, “missing links,” holes of memory.<sup>2</sup> This idea represents our relationship to memory; we all have our own point of view of the past. Knowledge of Dylan is multiplied through the dream intervals composed of the tableaux of archives and my narration, and the repetition of his moving image.



49-51. Emmet Walsh *Dylan Walsh - dance*, photos taken of memorial during projection, October 9-16, 2013. 35mm. stills

1. Clewell, Tammy, *Mourning beyond Melancholia: Freud's psychoanalysis of loss*, op. cit., p.19.

2. Didi-Huberman, Georges, *L'image survivante. Histoire de l'art et temps des fantômes selon Aby Warburg*, op. cit., p. 483

Each repetition of the film intercut by the tableaux with voice over narration builds the history. Could I not say that by this process we not only know more, but also have come to care more about Dylan with time? This is how it not only starts out as, but also becomes, an elegiac performance. Those who did not know Dylan walking in will perhaps mourn him walking out.

This drive to remember is not without a desire to forget. To be done with the symptoms of mourning as those found in melancholia. Freud considers profound mourning as “the reaction to the loss of someone who is loved”<sup>1</sup> and likens it to melancholia as it “contains the same painful frame of mind, the same loss of interest in the outside world – in so far as it does not recall him – the same loss of capacity to adapt any new object of love (which would mean replacing him) and the same turning away from any activity that is not connected with thoughts of him. It is easy to see that this inhibition and circumscription of the ego is the expression of an exclusive devotion to mourning which leaves nothing over for other purposes or other interests.”<sup>2</sup> I recognize the crisis one encounters with profound mourning, but the devotion to “thoughts” and “activity” of the loved one even if they are at first exclusive can lead to a positive “purpose”. It is within this initial “circumscription” that the mourner finds himself suspended, and yes at first there is a period of inhibition, of paralysis, where one does not know how or where to move, that we could also consider calling shock, where in contrast to hyper remembering there are absences of memory that can be devastating. I will repeat the beginning of the first long fragment I cited from Derrida: “The concept of the archive shelters in itself, of course, this memory of the name *arkhe*. But it also *shelters* itself from this memory which it shelters:” for I am reminded by it, in how this monument of archives that was erected and given the name *Dylan Walsh – dance*, also shelters “the memory” of what it calls itself. In the name Dylan Walsh, and the word dance. Once it is performed, the dance comes to an end as a monument, then as a monument it immediately forgets itself. Here if there is a concept at play, then it is movement to completion and forgetting. To shelter is also to forget, to put away as to focus on something other, but not to be done with, to destroy, or to forget completely as to close the door on remembering. One must also want to forget. Freud, nine years after the death of his daughter, remembers what he once said of mourning. Why does he remember?

“Indeed, in a 1929 letter to Binswanger (E. Freud 1960), Freud confirms the persistence of mourning when he generalizes from the experience of his daughter’s death nine years earlier: “Although we know that after such a loss the acute state of mourning will subside, we also know we shall remain inconsolable and will never find a substitute. No matter what may fill the gap, even if it were filled completely, it nevertheless remains something else. And actually, this is how it should be. It is the only way of perpetuating that love which we do not want to relinquish”<sup>3</sup>

1. Freud, Sigmund, *Mourning and Melancholia*, in *On Metapsychology: The Theory of Psychoanalysis*, op. cit., p.252.

2. *Ibid.*

3. Clewell, Tammy, *Mourning beyond Melancholia: Freud’s psychoanalysis of loss*, op. cit., p. 19.



**51-53. Emmet Walsh**

*Dylan Walsh - dance*,  
photos taken of memorial during pro-  
jection, October 9-16, 2013. 35mm.  
stills

What we want to forget is hyper remembering, something that if continued as a “repetition compulsion” can be destructive.<sup>1</sup> In creating this memorial I wished to address this compulsion. I wanted first to demonstrate how an initial repetition could be constructive, how this repetition could be archived inside the memorial while being played out on the outside (the public space) and not on the inside (the mourner’s psyche), so that the act of compulsion was externalized, was witnessed. Therefore those who witnessed the mourner’s compulsion were left with memories. In this way I opened myself up to a public as “a way of perpetuating that love which we do not want to relinquish.”



#### 54. Emmet Walsh

*Dylan Walsh - dance*,  
photos taken of memorial during projection. First group Dylan’s family. Myles and Eoin are seen in the foreground. October 9, 2013. 35mm. still

I mentioned earlier that the film archive was the centrepiece of the memorial as both Dylan and I ethically and aesthetically belong to this archive. The memorial’s ending sees us both entering the space of the memorial together. At the end Dylan is out of character, as he looks straight at us, no longer the actor of the silent film. But he still remains the star of the memorial, the tragic figure, the one who died. When I stepped out from behind the camera to be photographed, entering the memorial to appear alongside Dylan, I became a part of the archive to in part die alongside my brother in the performance, to demonstrate that a part of me belonging to this time of mourning must come to an end. With the completion of the memorial, I realized I could not go on insisting how much I missed Dylan, go on repeating myself. The repetition of Dylan’s moving image also represents him returning on my insistence, on summoning his memory, until finally I recount a dream where Dylan visited me, and the message of the dream is that I cannot go on insisting, that I must leave to memory its task of remembering Dylan in all its unpredictability. In the end I must finally allow for a memory of him without theatrics.

The memorial ends with a dream where Dylan brings me a letter. I open the letter and see the page filled with his handwriting; I am not alone, I am in a room filled with people and I search for a place to be alone to read it. The search for this empty quiet room is my way to honour the letter. Finally, after a delay, I enter an empty room and open the letter to discover I have delayed too long, that there is no longer anything written on the page. It is as if the words have escaped me.

1. Derrida, Jacques, *Archive fever. A Freudian impression*, op.cit., p. 12.

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