

extracts from an upcoming publication by

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The Blue Room



Recently, I was preparing for the premiere of my latest film, “Mother and Daughter or The Night is Never Complete”.

As always, I was very worried. How will the audience receive the film? Will they share my pains and joys, which have created my life and this film, or will they remain indifferent?

A movie about a mother. I definitely had to make it, because no one else could follow the story of this one particular woman, who is remarkable for being both typical and unique. Typical because my mother shared the fate of millions of women, and unique because in her youth, before her arrest, she was a film director (a rare profession for a woman in the world at that time) and made two films.

What the system has done to these a priori innocent women is absolute evil. They were arrested and exiled as "Chesairs" - family members of enemies of the people - without trial or indictment, an act unprecedented in the history of world justice.

My mother is one of the victims of this era, and her story, and therefore the film, is tragic in itself.

But tragedy is always combined with beauty.

That's why the movie had to be beautiful. My mother's face also played a role in achieving this goal for me - the face of a particularly beautiful woman captured in the photo...

At the same time, the main problem was to create a visual icon of that era. Due to the intimate nature of the film, I wanted to deviate from the traditional way of using archival materials.

In the end, the film was formed like this: old photographs that survived the confiscation; episodes from my films where I was telling the stories of my mother; shots from my latest film - "Golden thread"; episodes from Nutsa Ghoghoberidze's films; the collages depicting the era created by Simoniko Machabeli, the image of the "Blue Room" recreated by scraps of blue paper - that's how the film came together, as if from nothing.

The emotional side of the story should be enhanced by the music. Rezo Kiknadze's saxophone brought a modern sound, disturbing, threatening intonation to the film, and as a contrast, "Frere Jacques", a song from my childhood. That clear, bright tune, drowned out by the ominous sounds, still wins in the end.

Because manuscripts don't burn.

The dictatorship is collapsing. Creation and man-made beauty remain.

This is the basis of my optimism.

The premiere of the film took place, full of emotions and excitement followed by some interesting comments:

"I experienced catharsis" - wrote musical critic Nino Zhvania about the film. I'm just happy if that happened, because a work of art has no greater purpose than that.

I am happy because of the tears that were shed that day in Amirani Hall. Because those tears are catharsis. Purification. Every human being needs purification at some point as well as the whole nation.

"The film is about colors that haunt you from your childhood. In this movie, it's the blue color" - writes Zura Chiaberashvili, former ambassador to the Council of Europe.

"The story of the mother, which is the story of the author and the story of the country, which was the story of all of us... a tragedy that became a poetry of summarization and survival", wrote the writer Lasha Bugadze and called the film "Poetic Cinema Labyrinth"

"It is difficult to define the exact time when the story of a particular woman in this truly musically composed story of "mother-daughter" becomes generalized and the unique story turns into a "people's story". This process develops slowly, like in a good feature film, after the end of which the audience connects the other person's biography with their own. In fact, we will not need much effort for this. Struggle with destiny should be the way of life of every living person. The night is never completely dark", - these are the words of cinema critic Gogi Gvakharia.

"Towards the finale, in one episode, the director recalls how she came across a poster of her mother on the street during the Busan Festival in South Korea - a poster of a strong, proud woman in faraway Korea, returning to her professional identity decades later, with two extraordinary films that had been thought lost for years. For me, this episode is also a dedication to all the women lost by history", - wrote Theo Khatiashvili, cinema critic.

I have selected the following quotes because they highlight what was most important to me.

Movie - Cinema Labyrinth...

And life - a real labyrinth from which you try to find the way throughout your existence.

"Living to tell the tale," says Marquez.

I have this feeling too. I lived to tell the tale. Because my life is a reflection of the great historical cataclysms that have wounded our country. And the wound has this property - it can open and bleed... The genetic memory of the nation is created from individual memories, which calls out to us: if we want to live in a real, modern, European, democratic country, it is necessary to understand and analyze the past. Today, it depends on each of us.

Let's do everything to finally heal those wounds.

Understand our place in the world. Think today. Act today.

Thus ended one phase of my life. The important phase of making a movie about my mother.

That's how I said goodbye to the world created by the blue scraps of memory.

But can you always trust your memory?

One day I discovered that sometimes you remember things that couldn't have happened in your life. But you remember. Or maybe you are dreaming?

This is how I "remember" the filming of landslide in "Buba":

My mother is in the village in Racha, with the local women in headscarves. They are sitting at the table, talking. Suddenly, the quietness is disturbed by some noise, which gradually gets stronger and which the women immediately recognize: "The ground is shaking". They are running... adults and children are running out of the hut... my mother is also running and shouting: hurry, hurry! And the one who is yelled at by my mother, the film cameraman, is already running down the mountain, with a heavy camera in his hand. He's running with difficulty, but still running because he knows: it is his duty to film in time! And films it. He films the rock crumbling in front of him... and people running, taking refuge in a safe place.

Then I remember the footage of the film as if I saw it all myself: the overflowing river, the dance with which people try to calm the river. Mourning episode. Human faces...

And it seems to me that I will "remember" these episodes for the rest of my life...

But what I really remember from "that life" (as my mother used to say) is the "blue room"! It was so beautiful, those strange blue walls that I had a part in creating, and so much going on inside those walls! First, our performances, in which all the children of our street participated, how diligently we wrote and drew on the tickets for the "premiere", selling them for one ruble, and buying ice cream with the money earned from our work! The curtain was also made and painted by us. It caught fire once. Tarika from Moscow, who attended the play as a guest, was very scared, and I, a 4-year-old experienced actress, comforted him like this: don't be afraid, boy, it's "lepetiza" ("wehewsal").

But the main thing was the arrival of the adults and the reading of such charming poems! At first I was surprised, I was sure that only children say poems, for example - me, and here - these big men! they came and, instead of asking me, which new poem do you know, they started reciting poems themselves! But my indignation disappeared very soon... Then, I was excitedly waiting for the arrival of Uncle Titian and Uncle Paolo. They always came together. At first, with an air of importance, each one gave me a rose, then they took turns putting me on their shoulders and running me to the rooms, and then the main event would start...

I don't know what captivated me so much. Of course, not the meaning that I simply did not understand, but something inaccessible and mysterious, which accompanies the reciting of a poem by a poet.

Even today, I can hear Titian's voice or Paolo's voice. And it seems that I remember the timbre and intonation of each of them...

And from that time I remember the words, words that I repeated often throughout my life and which gradually made sense...

"I was killed by the bandits on the Aragvi River,
You are not to be blamed for my death"...

At first I didn't quite understand who these bandits were. Later, I supposed that these were the bandits that killed someone on the Aragvi River. And in the end I comprehended them to be a metaphor for that terrible regime: bandits killing poets!

From that time, I have a collection of Titian Tabidze's poems with the inscription:

To Nutsa, my constant and merciless critic.



Nutsa Gogoberidze with Titsian Tabidze and Paolo Iashvili 1930