

Essay by Lana Gogoberidze



„Tears“ of the Seashore

The endless seaside of Kobuleti.

The sea – quiet, playful, “visiting the children as their guest” /Boris Pasternak/.

My mother and I, barefooted, are walking by the shore. Tender waves affectionately caress our feet. I am playing with the waves, jumping and gathering „sliozkies“, which means „tears“ - tiny, transparent stones, shaped as tears. These beautiful stones, shining under the sunlight – it is a gift offered by the sea to children.

Suddenly I hear my mother whispering to herself:

„The sea was so quiet then,

That I don't remember whether it existed or not“.

My mother utters these words with sadness, as she knows: while the sea is so quiet here, there, in real life, the sky becomes terribly dark and the awful hurricane will soon break out. I can hear the strain in my mother's voice and as she approaches the sea, closer and closer, I am frightened that she will enter the depths and never return.

Later, this merciless hurricane destroyed everything and everyone around us and cast my mother to the land of the eternal night – Polar region.

And I was no longer sure whether all of this – this joyful blue sea, my mother by the seaside, the happiness of being together - existed once in reality...

And in general, that childhood, swallowed by the awful hurricane, did it ever exist or not?

Then, one day I discovered that the „tears“ had also vanished. The shore of Kobuleti became covered by the similarly-shaped grey, round, non-transparent stones, - the sea ceased to offer the gifts to the children.

Years later, by the seaside of Kobuleti, every morning, I saw a woman:

She was always alone, walking near the sea, barefooted, the waves slightly touching her feet. Sometimes she would bend down, looking for something in the sand.

And I knew she was gathering the „tears“ of my childhood, which no longer existed. Then I saw the woman enter the sea, deeper and deeper.

This was Princess Maya, the heroine of my first film. She went into the sea and vanished. The sea took the woman away.

I was waiting for her, but it was my mother who emerged from the sea. She returned after ten years of exile in the sunless land.

She returned to whisper to herself one day:

„The sea was so quiet then,

That I don't remember whether it existed or not“.

I listened to this voice and suddenly, a vision, which seemed to be forgotten forever, appeared again - of the sea, joyfully playing with children, of my mother and me walking together by the seaside.

And I felt from the bottom of my heart: It was, it existed.

This tender sea that arrived as the children`s guest.

My mother walking barefoot along the shore, the lines of the poem inspired by that harmony.

Those transparent, tiny stones, resembling tears.

The endless childish joy caused by finding each one of these „tears“.

It really was, it existed: the childhood, to which I said farewell by gathering “tears” in my fist.

The childhood, from which we all are coming from /Antoine de Saint-Exupery/.