

## 1. INTRODUCTION

“...violence is necessary in terms of reading (and writing [the crypt]).”  
Jodey Castricano (77)

“the crypt itself is *built* by violence.”  
Jacques Derrida (“Fors” xv)

### 1.1. The Problematic and the Aim

This is a violent act I am attempting here to make! Since psychoanalytical reading or analysis under the rubric of “crypt” or i.e. crypt-analysis in short does not have a dead end, even though it is ironically the study of the return of the living-dead which is kept safe in a vault formed in the unconscious through the process of incorporation of the loss of a loved-object, it is labeled as violent as a result of being not only in constant movement and displacement but also a kind of trespassing, i.e. an attempt to cross the non-existent borders of an atopoi. So what I am going to do is to read the cryptonymy of cinema and write a thesis under the rubric of the synonyms of the crypt: loss, a-topoi, and cipher using the economics of revenance in a cryptomimetical style, since, after all, no act of reading or writing in the same sense can take place out of the non-place of a crypt. And why do I make such a bold and challenging attempt to read and write the crypt, to wake the silent revenants up, to hold the mirror up in front of the directors, theorists, scholars, and the audience of cinema and enable them to see the ghosts they have been haunted by for such a long time? The clear answer lies in the fact

that in film theory psychoanalysis has always been the foremost starting point and framework for the reading of the cinematic texts; however, neither the issue of death nor the theory of the “crypt” have been applied to filmic analysis as much as they should. As Jodey Castricano says in the very first pages of her book *Cryptomimesis*: “It is curious that in the last thirty years the living-dead, the revenant, the phantom, and the crypt – along with their effects of haunting and mourning – have been appearing with increasing frequency in the writings of Jacques Derrida; it is even more curious that this inclination has, for the most part, gone unaddressed.” (6), I do find it curious how the theory of crypt has gone unaddressed (except for in Alan Cholodenko’s writings<sup>1</sup>) in the medium called cinema, the works and examples of which have constantly been studied by psychoanalysis and psychoanalytical theories such as that of Freud’s tripartite id-ego-superego or Lacan’s mirror stage as well as other cultural theories and movements like the feminist film theory, modernism, post-modernism, realism, expressionism, surrealism, and even Dadaism etc. However, rather curiously, one can find no more than one or two articles, in which the theory of the crypt is applied to film or filmic texts. Therefore, with regard to cryptonymy, which is defined by Nicholas Rand as: “a verbal procedure leading to the creation of a text whose sole purpose is to hide words that are hypothesized as having to remain beyond reach” (58) and also cryptomimesis, which is defined by Castricano as: “textual production that is predicated upon haunting, mourning, and the return of the so-called living dead” (32), I can explain what I am going to do in this thesis, which is to deal with the phantoms of the cinematic texts that pave for me the way for an act of translation, in Benjamin’s words.

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<sup>1</sup> Alan Cholodenko has written two articles, in which he talks about the theory of the crypt and relates it with cinema: “Still Photography” and “The Crypt, the Haunted House, of Cinema”.

## 1.2. Freud's "Mourning and Melancholia"

Before moving on to the theory of the crypt and looking at Nicholas Abraham and Maria Torok's influential work *The Wolf Man's Magic Word: A Crptonymy* and an even more absorbing work, Jodey Castricano's *Cryptomimesis: The Gothic and Jacques Derrida's Ghost Writing*, which succeeds in suturing the reader into itself as well as Alan Cholodenko's essays: "Still Photography" and "The Crypt, The Haunted House, of Cinema", I would like to take Sigmund Freud's article "Mourning and Melancholia" as a starting point.

To begin with, death may be regarded as the only occasion which is most difficult to accept, i.e. recognize and then acknowledge, admit, and believe, and therefore allow the pain it causes. In a normal process of mourning, which may take up to six months the most, the person acknowledging the death of a loved one allows the pain resulting from the loss of that person to dominate his or her conscious and feelings. As Freud indicates: "Mourning is regularly the reaction to the loss of a loved person, or to the loss of some abstraction which has taken the place of one, such as one's country, liberty, an ideal, and so on.", but then what makes melancholia different (243)? Freud answers this question writing: "melancholia too may be the reaction to the loss of a loved object.", but he also adds: "there is a loss of a more ideal kind." and also utters: "the patient cannot consciously perceive what he has lost either" and finally sums up by expressing: "melancholia is in some way related to an object-loss which is withdrawn from consciousness, in contradistinction to mourning, in which there is nothing about

the loss that is unconscious.” (245). This comes to mean that the person going through a normal mental and psychological process of mourning is quite aware of the death and the loss whereas the melancholic, as a result of the disappointment or unexpected loss of a kind of supreme love object, cannot introject the loss by speaking out, and therefore devours the loss which results in a cryptic enclave formed in the unconscious. From the outset taken as the concept of “loss”, it can be claimed that the source of both mourning and melancholia is actually “desire”, which comes out of a lack just like in the formation of manhood through the male child’s entrance into the symbolic order via the castration complex. While mourning is regarded as a normal psychological process, melancholia is seen as a pathological state, in which the patient loses self-regard and self-respect. However, it is also pointed out by Freud in his article that the most cruel self-accusations and self-criticisms of the melancholic are valid not for themselves but for the loved object that is lost. Since the patient cannot transfer his or her libidinal energy invested before in the lost object of love but draws back the cathexis into his or her ego, which identifies itself with the lost object, the patient degrades himself as a result of losing his ego. The object-cathexis then turns into narcissistic identification with the lost object, which, as a consequence of the ambivalence present in the previous love affair before the object is lost, leads to sadistic and also masochistic pleasure taken out of self-humiliations. Therefore, the patients do not hesitate or shy and hold back from uttering verbal assaults, self-accusations, or seriously belittling and humiliating themselves or their characters since the actual target is someone else.

In the case of death as the paradigm or model, Freud sees mourning as a fundamental process, during which people cannot acquiesce death since they identify with the lost “other” person, who was a beloved one, and also since it reminds the person, who lost someone, of her or his own death. Starting with the question: “How does a person forget?”, Freud claims that people recover by forgetting the dead person through interiorizing her or him by forming a memory of the lost beloved inside oneself and that they can put it in words whenever they are reminded of that memory. Sándor Ferenczi, who had as a matter of fact introduced the notion of introjection to psychoanalysis in 1909, defined this introjection process, which was for him actually the opposite of projection at first, in a new kind of way after Freud advanced the idea in his “Mourning and Melancholia”. Formerly he distinguished the psychotic, who projects his desires to the world outside and hence externalizes his feelings, from the neurotic, who introjects feelings or objects of desire and hence identifies himself with whatever he internalizes. Thus introjection became the groundwork of not only mother-child dyad but also the feeling of love. However, when he returned to study the subject after Freud did, he declared that it was not only interiorization but also the capacity to articulate as well by putting the lost object of desire in words, i.e. speaking “out”; therefore, it was turned into exteriorization as such at the same time.

Abraham and Torok, on the other hand, distinguish introjection, i.e. uttering, speaking out, and putting into words, from incorporation, i.e. swallowing or devouring the “Other”, which may be a word, thing, or person. Whereas introjection is the true assimilation of the loss since it is the capacity to put into

words and let the lost object of become part of oneself losing its otherness, incorporation is the true externalization since it refers to the process of internalizing only by devouring the lost other, which cannot be introjected and hence has to be respected as a specter that keeps its otherness. As in the case of mourning for instance, introjection is a normal, gradual, slow, and painful process; it may take up to six months for a person to forget a beloved's death, which is interiorized, assimilated, accepted, and therefore neutralized, or pacified, or i.e. rendered harmless. The so-called "normal" mourning process is an endless play of constant interiorization and exteriorization (through verbal utterance of the death of the lost person as a result of recalling the memories).

On the other hand, when a person swallows the word instead of speaking it out, it goes inside oneself, into the very unconscious, splits the Self and forms a crypt, a broken symbol there. Incorporation thus is a magical solution; it is a sort of denial since one swallows the word instead of speaking out; therefore, it is pathological. However, it is more spontaneous and quick. And still both introjection and incorporation are unconscious processes; hence the distinction of one from the other is not a founding one. Consequently, one cannot advocate that there is successful mourning since both the normal and the pathological originated from the same place, the Unconscious. And after all, when one successfully passes the period of mourning, one actually fails since the "other", the lost beloved one, becomes part of oneself. Paradoxically the mourning seems to succeed although success fails and failure succeeds. However, when "the refusal to mourn takes the form of incorporation and takes the shape of a nostalgic veneration for both the past and for the conveying of "pastness", the enclave

formed in the Unconscious, the crypt or i.e. the incorporation respects other's otherness more" (Castricano 115). One may swallow the other but it does not come to mean that one totally assimilates it and for that reason leads to the disappearance or the true loss of the other as one really does when she/he articulates or introjects it. The more the self keeps the cryptic element inside, the more it actually excludes it and consequently perpetuates the other's otherness. Keeping or preserving otherness becomes impossible; the otherness of the other resists in both incorporation and introjection. The dead other is fetishized, therefore it is rendered harmless. The crypt then becomes the refusal of the refusal.

### **1.3. Crypt / Cryptonymy / Crypting**

Crypting is an activity of producing a "wording" by burying and veiling word(s) that are conjectured as unattainable or i.e. possible only as being impossible. What Nicolas Abraham and Maria Torok call "crypt" or "broken symbol" is that which cannot be read and yet that which also constantly calls for reading it by keeping writing itself. Therefore, the crypt cannot be found out although it keeps sending messages. There is impossibility in the crypt but not as in the case of Lacan's "Real", that which is non-represented and thrown out of the Symbolic. "What is a crypt? No crypt presents itself. The grounds [*lieux*] are so disposed as to disguise and to hide: something, always a body in some way" (Derrida, "Fors" xiv). Contrarily, the crypt opens up readability since it is in constant displacement forming an eternal movement although it is a non-place or no-place.

Nicolas Abraham and Maria Torok make psychoanalysis' working impossible from inside. They seemed to believe at first that they can indeed cure people, but then they looked at everything they wrote, which made it impossible. There is always a need for cure or treatment of the patient, and yet it is at the same time impossible since in their reading of the patient, the psychoanalysts' cryptonymy may be at work, as well. After all, the psychoanalyst is not blank either; s/he has an unconscious, too. As Derrida most ironically questions: "What is a crypt? What if I were writing on one now?" ("Fors" xi), the forming of the cryptic enclaves or the workings of the crypt in the unconscious are not realized or detected by the person going through these processes. Jacques Derrida, who has written the foreword titled "*Fors: The English Words of Nicolas Abraham and Maria Torok*" for their book *The Wolf Man's Magic Word: A Cryptonymy* says: "Neither a metaphor nor a literal meaning, the displacement I am going to *follow* here obeys a different *tropography*. That displacement takes the form of everything a crypt implies: *topoi*, *death*, *cipher*. These things are the crypt's *same*." ("Fors" 13) and becomes the inspiration (or to use a more cryptic word "animation<sup>2</sup>", to which I will come later) for me how to organize my thesis.

When we talk about someone, or introject the death of a person, we turn the person into object destroying his or her subjectivity and otherness. One cannot locate and fix the crypt, which is always and already past, present, future, of a person, whose death is incorporated rather than introjected. Present is always escaping and hence one enters the world of Aion (as opposed to now), which

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<sup>2</sup> Cholodenko mentions animation quite frequently in his two articles: "Still Photography" and "The Crypt, the Haunted House, of Cinema".

includes a past that has never been and a future that will never be, and that is the timelessness of the crypt itself. What is time after all? Numbers, mathematical codes, measurements, it is the expression in terms of a codification. And is it possible to express (i.e. introject) the crypt in terms of such a codification, decoding the very cipher, which is truly a mystery? No! The crypt is a total otherness in Aion as a result of its constant escape from the present, being always hidden, and turning the whole system of time codes upside down. One does not have access to the crypt but it is also that “one’s own self”. According to Derrida, the other is never wholly other; the crypt has to constantly hide itself, in order to maintain the other-ness of the other. Therefore, we cannot read otherness although we always try to find it out since it keeps sending messages to us. For Derrida, the subject is destabilized through the crypts because he believes that there are always incorporations which are in constant movement. Because the subject’s otherness disrupts its own formation upsetting the assumed typology of id/ego/super ego, there is an impossibility of the taking place of an event and for the stability and order. One reaches a hierarchy and a synthesis; however, the crypt unworks this out. On the other hand, according to Derrida, incorporation is also the condition for the subject which is possible only through otherness. The subject after all maintains itself through crypting the otherness, and hence the subject has to swallow the corpse in order to be a subject. Consequently, the crypt turns out to be Heidegger’s “Being” which stays “other”. Heidegger’s constant search for the truth of being, which may be the crypt itself, i.e. thinking the unthought, or difference as difference. Any kind of accessibility to difference, the idea of unthought, is impossible. Other as such never comes out; because if it comes out, it does not become other, unthought, any more. The crypt is in me but what stays

foreign or other to me. “The inhabitant of a crypt is always a living dead, a dead entity we are perfectly willing to keep alive, but *as* dead, one we are willing to keep, as long as we keep it, within us, intact in any way save as living.” (Derrida, “Fors” xxi)

#### **1.4. Cryptonymy of Cinema**

Initially, the language is without doubt cryptic or, to put it in a better way, a cryptograph (a kind of device that enciphers or decipheres) or cryptography (the art of writing of the ciphers) since it is the tool used for communication, which is a never ending process of encoding-decoding, sort of a cryptanalysis, and the simplest form of which is the SMR model: Sender-Message-Receiver. And the words used for describing and naming things are actually codes (i.e. ciphers) that make possible the communication among the users of that language, which is composed of not only words but also a system called grammar, which is a way of encoding the already existing codes to create “meaning” only to be decoded (i.e. deciphered) by the receiver of the message. How do Abraham and Torok, after all, read the cryptonymy of the Wolf Man, who had written a lifelong poem? They look at the language, the very lexicon, the communication tool of the Wolf Man, who speaks three languages, English, Russian, and German, and try to decode his dreams and “magic words” that he utters in his sessions with the analysts looking for the rhymes in the other two languages that he knows.

Additionally, the language of the films, the filmic texts, the verbal communication between the characters in the plot, and most importantly the essence of cinema is, as can be deduced from the basic substance of it, the photograph, undoubtedly cryptic in nature. One of the first spectators in the history of cinema, Maxim Gorky, articulated his earliest impression of the experience of cinema in 1896 as: “LAST NIGHT I WAS IN THE KINGDOM OF SHADOWS... It is a world without sound, without colour. It is not life but its shadow, it is not motion but its soundless spectre... I was at Aumont’s and saw Lumière’s cinématograph—moving photography.” (Harding and Popple 5). Cholodenko uses these quotes from Gorky in the introduction parts of both of his essays: “Still Photography” and “The Crypt, The Haunted House, of Cinema”. With the advent of cinema itself, at the very beginning of its history, cinematography was, therefore, labeled as sort of cryptography. Questioning the use of the adjective “still” before the word “photograph” and the advertisement of “the Lumière’s cinématograph as Living Photography” (5), Cholodenko starts reading the cryptography of the notion and technology of cinema and photography in “Still Photography”. The smallest piece of a film is a “still” photograph recorded on the basic material of a film stock, the celluloid, which is covered with light sensitive emulsion. Therefore, there is no life at all let alone motion in the smallest fragments of a whole film stock, the still photographs, nor in the material they are exposed onto, the celluloid itself. Both photograph and celluloid are lifeless, motionless, or i.e. “dead”, materials or substances. How was cinema then described as “living”? Cholodenko gives the answer: animation, the definition of the verb form of which he quotes from the Webster’s. Deriving from the root “anima”, which is “life, soul”, animate is used as both an adjective and a verb, and

as the Oxford English Reference Dictionary defines, it means: “having life” or “lively” as an adjective, and “enliven” or “give life to” when used as a verb (Pearsall and Trumble 52). Depending on the dictionary definition for animate, Cholodenko claims: “For me, not only is animation a form of cinema, cinema—all cinema—is a form of animation. To which I would now add: so too is photography.” (“Still Photography” 5). That is quite a substantial statement that all cinema is a form of animation in the sense of giving motion and for that reason life to the still and hence “dead” photographs. Besides being a form of film, photography, too, is animation, because according to Cholodenko, “not only does animation have to do with bringing to life and motion, it has to do with bringing to death and nonmotion” (“Still Photography” 5). He comes to that point through the hauntology and cryptology of photography, its “lifedeath”: “Every photo is a leave-taking, a taking leave, of something that at the same time will not simply and totally leave” (“Still Photography” 5). In view of the fact that photograph is a way of capturing a slice of the world at a certain time and place and also from a certain point of view, it “captures” in terms of not only securing that piece of frozen image (since it makes printing, copying, reproduction, and safekeeping possible) but also overcoming the thing as a result of removing and dispossessing its image or a person as a result of creating a motionless, lifeless, and bloodless, and for that reason dead visual of that person. Therefore, photography is an ambivalent art since it is both murder and a way of immortalizing the image of whatever or whoever the photo belongs to; it is without doubt hauntological and cryptic in its complexion. As Cholodenko offers: “Every photo is a specter and a corpse, a haunted chamber and a crypt, each inextricably commingled in the other, doubled like the double aspect of the funerary remembrance of the dead in the

Homeric age—the psyche of the dead one and the dead one’s gravestone in the cemetery.” (“Still Photography” 6). The photograph of a living person is indeed the corpse of that person, the record of one’s death; however, since it is a record, it stays and keeps haunting the ones looking at it as a specter after the death, the “real” disappearance of that person. As a result, “Lifedeath is not simply still” rather “One could say: the still life is life still.” (Cholodenko, “Still Photography” 6).

How is it then that motion is added to the photographs, which are normally still, in cinema? Asking a similar question, David Bordwell and Kristin Thompson, two of the most popular film scholars, try to explain this impression of seeing motion on the screen meticulously in the first chapter of their book titled *Film Art: An Introduction*, which is like the Bible of film studies. However, they only have to follow the speculations, since “No one knows the full answer” as they say (Bordwell and Thompson 2). To our surprise, or should I say: as we all have summoned, or maybe “to cap it all”, cinema is itself a crypt, cryptic in nature, in its production, final form, exhibition, and experience: it is a big whole mystery! As David Bordwell and Kristin Thompson reveal, according to the persistence of vision, the images tend to linger briefly on our retina; and hence this is the physiological anomaly, on which the impression of motion, or i.e. the moving images, on the screen in cinema depends resulting from the critical flicker fusion threshold, which is standardized as 24 frames per second (Bordwell and Thompson 2). Additionally, “apparent motion”, the other factor playing a role in the impression of motion, is explained as: should a sequence, “a visual display”, be shown fast enough, “our eye can be fooled into seeing movement”, although

the movement of the image is actually an illusion (Bordwell and Thompson 3). What is seen projected on the screen are in fact still images, pictures, called frames that appear and then disappear quickly in a certain order, so fast that they create the impression of a moving image (Bordwell and Thompson 2). On the other hand, Rudolf Arnheim mentions in "Film and Reality" that the impression of reality in film is so strong that some have argued that for that reason it is not an art: i.e. that film is simply a mechanical means of reproducing reality (312). And it is true that film is indeed a final product of a mechanized, capital and intense labor, massive and social operation; it is an industry. However, in order to simply clarify the question why and how film is/must be considered an art form, we should take "the human factor" into consideration. Film, from the perspective of either the scriptwriter or the filmmakers (director, producer, cast and so on), is a work of creation; therefore, if we regard art as a product of the creation of human beings or the creative mind, then the film must be placed among the other artworks. In order to refute the notion that film is simply a mechanical means of reproducing reality, Arnheim argues that film is actually a substantial distortion of reality (316). He says that, in fact, what we see in film is actually quite different than what we see in reality. Natural vision is stereoscopic or three-dimensional, but film is two-dimensional with the impression of three dimensions resulting from the haunting process of "motion" or "animation" at work: "The effect of film is neither absolutely two-dimensional nor absolutely three-dimensional, but something between." (Arnheim 314). Moreover, Virginia Woolf, who can be regarded as one of the earliest theorists of cinema with her valuable essay "The Cinema" published in 1926, tries to elaborate on the reality of cinema. She talks about not only the language of cinema and how the visual text differs from a

written literary text but also the perception of the audience, the debate of whether it is an art form or not, and its inevitable cryptic nature all in that short essay of hers. Woolf asks: “Is there, we ask, some secret language which we feel and see, but never speak, and, if so, could this be made visible to the eye” (“The Cinema”) using the lexicon of cryptonymy, Abraham and Torok, resembling the ghost writing or i.e. the cryptomimesis of Jacques Derrida. And also akin to Cholodenko’s diction used in his writings on the theory of crypt with regard to animation and cinema, Woolf’s statements go on: “If into this reality, he could breathe emotion, could animate the perfect form with thought, then his booty could be hauled in hand over hand” (“The Cinema”). Contradicting with our ontological and physical rules of seeing, cinema follows the order of hauntology. In his essay “The Crypt, The Haunted House, of Cinema”, Alan Cholodenko declares: “The strange, irreconcilable, irresolvable topography of the crypt—at once ‘inside outside and outside inside’, both inside and outside, neither outside nor inside, at the same time—is for me the topography, or rather atopography, the (non)place, of the place of cinema, place of ‘the unconscious of the other’.” (“The Crypt of Cinema” 102).

Alan Cholodenko defines “the crypt of cinema” as:

the artifactual, prosthetic ‘body’, that space of invisible visibility and visible invisibility, of the cinema ‘itself’ become not only the host for the spectres it images but itself a ghost, a second spectre, that spectre for which the spectator-subject and the world are the host, even as such hosting thereby makes spectres of them as it at the same time makes a host of the spectres of cinema. (“The Crypt of Cinema” 100).

The Oxford English Reference Dictionary reads for the noun “host<sup>1</sup>”:

1 a person who receives or entertains another as a guest.

2 the landlord or landlady of an inn. (Pearsall 684)

Therefore, cinema, as “host for the spectres it images”, receives an Other, i.e. the apparitions, as a “guest”, the term which also perpetuates the otherness of the revenants, acknowledging the ghost as a stranger, other, separate entity, not an introjected and thus internalized and assimilated part of the self that is in this case the host (Cholodenko, “The Crypt of Cinema” 100). And although a guest is never a constant dweller (but visits the host for a temporary period, and then goes back home until the next visit, just like the revenant leaving its grave to haunt the self and then going back to its coffin until the next time it returns), the noun host, especially with its second meaning given in the dictionary, refers to a lodging, that is to say placing the other in one’s house or in one of the rooms of a house, hostel, or inn. There comes the great difference between a house, which is the constant residency and most of the time the permanent address of a family, and a lodgment, which is a kind of housing arranged for a visitor for a temporary duration (even the lodgments arranged as special housing for the employees of a workplace are assigned to those workers for a limited period). Cholodenko’s diction, i.e. his selection of phrases and word choice, is thus particularly worth praising. After looking more closely at the words chosen to describe the crypt of cinema, I would now like to take a further step in trying to interpret what Cholodenko means by “the spectres it images” by means of translating, or i.e. deciphering, decoding, decrypting his cryptogram, and accordingly ciphering, encoding, encrypting his cryptography, perpetuating “the crypt of an analysis” as a result of being haunted by “the analysis of a crypt”, which is retrospectively haunted by the ghost, the crypt, of my own work-to-“return” (Derrida, “Fors” xxiv). The specters cinema images are the images, of which a film is made, or i.e. photographs, which are the ghosts of life mortalizing and immortalizing the living by killing them just for the

sake of keeping them alive. Haunted by the ghosts of photography, cinema haunts photography back as a result of giving life to the dead images by putting them in motion. After all, the “birth” of cinema is actually the point of “death”: “As spectre, the cinema is never not of the order of the living dead. It always returns from death, lives with death and returns to it, that is, always returns from, lives with and returns to the crypt.” (Cholodenko, “The Crypt of Cinema” 102). The starting point for cinema, death, which is coming from the still, lifeless, frozen photographs, is also its source of existence and life; that is to say, “The life of the photograph as of cinema is lifedeath: at once the life of death and the death of life, life and death coimplicated inextricably, each haunting and cryptically incorporating the other” (Cholodenko, “Still Photography” 5).

Elaborating on the same suggestion of “lifedeath” in his own terms, Bernard Stiegler utters: “*The image in general* does not exist.” because, on the one hand, there is no mental image in general, “no transcendental imagery” that would precede the image-object.” (147), and on the other hand, “without the mental image, there is not, has never been, and will never be an image-object (the image is only an image insofar as it is seen)” (148). Therefore, the image in general is already of the order of hauntology and has a ghostly, spectral status. Since again as Stiegler declares, “*in principle*, death is inscribed in life itself”, “The question of the image” becomes “that of the trace and of inscription”, that is to say of cryptography, which consequently is the discourse of photography and cinematography, as well (148). Going back to Cholodenko’s discussion of cinema as “itself a ghost, a second spectre, that spectre for which the spectator-subject and the world are the host” (“The Crypt of Cinema” 100) and haunting the

spectators, who want to be deceived by the illusion of movement and animation, it is possible to suggest the uncontrollable plurality of the specter, which is always more than one and less than one, designating an aporetic multiplicity. This whole notion of haunting and crypting becomes such an intricate matter when put under the rubric of cinema that not only Derrida defines cinema as “the art of ghosts” but it is inevitable also for the concepts of haunting, crypt, and the revenant to be embedded in the titles, themes, characters, plots, and topography of the films, and even the genres that have emerged in the cinema history as Cholodenko also mentions in his essay (“The Crypt of Cinema” 103). The unreadable, incorporeal, and atopographic crypt is ironically very productive, on the one hand, with regard to the language, which it makes possible, and on the other hand, “As crypt, the cinema would encrypt in the figure of the spectre what cannot ever be simply decrypted, determined and resolved, even as it would mean that mourning and melancholia would be engaged in an endless exercise to exorcise the ghost, even while maintaining it by that very process.” (Cholodenko, “The Crypt of Cinema” 102). And yet it is the paranoid analyst who looks for cryptonyms or cryptographies and cryptophores to make a crypt analysis of a film while getting lost in the crypt of the analysis intended to make.

### **1.5. *Rope* by Hitchcock: An Illustration of the Crypt**

In order to make a smoother transition from the theory of the crypt itself to the analysis of films in the frame of this theory, Alfred Hitchcock’s *Rope* (1948), which is like a satire overtly presenting its tomb and even exaggerating the crypt by positing the audience in its point-of-view, may be presented here as an

illustration of the crypt theory. Under the rubric of the crypt, when we look at Alfred Hitchcock's film "*Rope*", we see that from its very beginning the credits are given in such a way that it gives the sense that the film has ended. Actually, the film *starts with the end* of a person's life, a murder. Brandon and Phillip, two friends who are mistakenly influenced by their former instructor's interesting ideas about death and murder, kill David for the sheer sake of killing a person, and then put his corpse in a chest in the "living" room. And as Derrida says: "the cryptic place is also a sepulcher"; in this film, the tomb, sepulcher, or the crypt is overtly visible and in the middle of a public space of a private realm, Brandon's house (Derrida, "Fors" xxi). Moreover, the party held right after the event takes place in that living room as well, around the crypt itself, therefore, it is like a dark comedy or satire offered to the audience, who is aware of the crypt itself. Phillip, who is rather uncomfortable with the crypt in the "living" room, and who thinks that the corpse or the tomb has to be hidden, kept secret, invisible, and unreachable, constantly complains about something since he has kind of an uncanny feeling. For instance, first he says: "He is dead and we killed him but he is still here" and then looking at the chest tells Phillip: "it's not locked". His awkward introjection makes him use the pronoun "it" since he is not yet able to totally and spontaneously put neither the event nor the corpse nor the chest into words. Derrida describes the crypt, or i.e. the chest, as: "a *safe*: sealed, and thus internal to itself, a secret interior within the public square" (Derrida, "Fors" xiv) Though not sealed or locked, the crypt in the film is in the center of the saloon, where the people gather to have food and chat, since Brandon covered the chest with a sheet and placed the candles, the plates, and food on the chest. Brandon, who utters: "I have always wished for more artistic talent! Well, murder can be an

art, too! The power to kill can be just as satisfying as the power to create”, seems like able to more easily introject the death of David since he constantly keeps referring to the event. For instance, after their servant arrives, while explaining the reason why they laid the books on the dinner table in the kitchen and made a table out of the chest in the living room, Brandon says: “On the contrary, I think they suggest a ceremonial alter which you can heat the foods for our sacrificial feast.”. The ironically decorated language of Brandon, who gets pleasure out of an uncomfortable situation, bothers Phillip more than ever, who can neither introject nor incorporate the death. Kenneth, who is the first comer among the guests for the party, asks after seeing the champagne: “Oh, It isn’t someone’s birthday, is it?”, to which Brandon replies: “No looks of worry Kenneth it’s really almost the opposite!”; these are all references to the event and the crypt make the film stirring and increase the audience’s curiosity. The spectators incessantly wonder who is going to decipher the ironic language and decrypt the death of David. Kenneth then curiously asks: “The opposite?”, for Brandon to explain: “Phillip’s bidding the world a temporary farewell tonight. And I’m driving up to Connecticut after the party.”. Kenneth right afterwards questions Phillip: “Where are you going?”, to which Phillip answers: “Just to Brandon’s mother’s place for a few weeks. I’m to be locked up.”, which is the first and the last time he refers to the notion of crypt with the phrase “to be locked up” by expressing his discomfort. This sentence also implies his feeling uncanny as the words he uses, refer to “the mother’s place”, which may be connoted as the womb, the female genitals, and also home, “heim”, feeling both “Heimlich” and “Unheimlich”. Freud’s concept of “the uncanny” refers to the uneasy and uncomfortable feeling, which is stimulated by certain objects and things that lead to an irrational sense of

fear, terror, and alienation. The uncanny experience does not arise from something strange or unknown but rather something internal to our being that we very well know such as the female genitals or i.e. the mother's body as the locus of unity between the child and the mother, in whose body an archaic sense of wholeness of the child is first established. Consequently, as the mother's body is regarded as home referring to the psyche, being "unheimlich" (homeless) gives birth to love, which is "heimweh" (homesickness) and requires a return to home. This notion of the uncanny arises from the cryptic elements in the films such as the locked rooms, houses, chests or with the presence of keys, locks, safes, or with the notions of death, corpses, or secrets.

Finally, Rupert Cadell, who is the only person able to decipher the ironic language of Brandon and decrypt their secret, and who is the murderers' and the victim's former teacher, shows up for the party after the other guests arrive. While Brandon is introducing Cadell to the other guests, Rupert notices the champagne and asks what the occasion is. Brandon, who very well knows that Rupert is the most attentive and clever one among the guests and most possibly the only possible person to find out the crime that committed, answers him saying that he had told him on the phone about Mr. Kentley's coming to look at the books and Phillip's leaving the city for some time, and yet he very well knows that those are not good enough reasons for champagne, which is drunk in celebrations and really important occasions; therefore, he stammers while making an explanation to Rupert, who immediately says: "You always did stutter when you were excited". Upon Rupert's remark, Brandon cannot give a repartee but foolishly says: "Well I guess I am always excited when I give a party", which does not sound convincing

for Rupert, who gets suspicious about whether Brandon is hiding something. Another interesting dialogue passes between Phillip, who says that he does not eat chicken, and Janet, who replies: “How queer! Well now there must be a reason; Freud says there is a reason for everything! Even me!” and smiles. This kind of use psychoanalytic references is quite common among the films shot during the period after the WWII, and the year *Rope* was shot, 1948, coincides with the post-WWII, which had generated broad transformations in the way of American life. It was in the 1940s that psychoanalysis was getting more and more popularized; not only in terms of academic studies but also in the sense that the number of people visiting psychologists also increased. Furthermore, the war contributed to the general psychological mood of the American society and brought forward the feelings of insecurity, fear of loss of identity, instability, homesickness, fear of death, which are all depicted in films in that era, especially in the American films noirs, through the visual representations of sexual insecurity, instability, and duplicity of the characters. And Hitchcock uses lots of psychoanalytic elements in his films as well as the themes of insecurity, crime, murder, death, and mental sicknesses.

After the dialogue between Janet and Phillip, Brandon tells how Phillip had strangled a chicken before, and yet Phillip immediately and furiously negates the story saying: “There is no word of truth in the whole story I have never strangled a chicken in my life”; however, Rupert realizing Phillip’s being rather tense, does not avoid his words: “And another moment you might be strangling each other instead of a chicken. And personally I take a chicken as good a reason for murder as... unemployment, poverty, standing in line for theater tickets”. He

actually deciphers the event in his speech unconsciously. Later on, a discussion about murder takes place among the guests, which gets tense especially between Rupert, who advocates that murder is a privilege for the few saying: “The few are those men of such intellectual and cultural superiority that they are above the traditional moral concepts... good and evil, right and wrong were invented for the ordinary average man, the inferior man because he needs them” and Mr. Kentley, who utters: “Then obviously you agree with Nietzsche and his theory of the super man”. Rupert confirms that he does and gets the best possible answer from Kentley who says: “So did Hitler!”.

It is curious that *Rope* has only seven cuts since it “is famous for containing only eight shots, each running the full length of a reel of film in the camera” and how the camera is situated in the house; almost all the scenes are shot from a single point, the chest in the living room (Bordwell and Thompson 285). It may be suggested that we as the audience have the point-of-view of a dead person, and the camera has the place of a non-place, the crypt itself. However, the audience’s being aware of the crypt, and also having a point-of-view of a no-place, since as Derrida declares: “*More than one way*: The incorporated third is held *in* so as to be crossed *out*, kept alive so as to be left for dead; the excluded third parties are suppressed but for the very reason implicated, enveloped by the scene” (Derrida, “Fors” xix) The dystopic eye of the camera and the problematic identification for the audience, who is not interpellated but rather disoriented through the camera placement, are important readings for this filmic text.

Even if one knows that language is always already by its nature cryptic, does not that make any sense or difference either? I believe it does when it comes to the analysis of the film I have chosen under the rubric of crypt; *Rope* offers a coffer, totally visible for the audience yet keeping a secret body within from the characters.

On translation, Walter Benjamin says that it is a literal mode, not rendering a text available to others in another language. For a language to be translated, it has to be translatable. Each and every language carries translatability, and every language is actually a translation from another unknown language. The Wolf Man's cryptonym is also examined through language, which is very fundamental in that case since the Wolf Man who is Russian can also speak in English and German. Since he keeps referring to the words used to describe the event, the so-called primal scene, or his dream, the psychoanalysts discover the crypts looking for Russian sounding words while he is speaking in German. The process of all the dream interpretations including the most fundamental dream of the wolves of Sergei Pankeiev are conducted through cryptonymy by Abraham and Torok. The work of crypting is actually not working since there is no final result, and yet this helps the Wolf Man to resolve a certain dilemma of how to live without saying yes or no to real or fantasy. As a result, the Wolf Man creates himself as an enigma; he is talking to his other in and as him, but not in a dialogue, he is rather crypting himself by writing a lifelong poem. There is no event indeed but it is the subject's own struggle which is the event; there is not something that actually happened. The question of fiction versus real event is a major problem in the case

of Wolf Man and in psychoanalysis in general. One can no longer operate differentially between fiction and reality when the referent is lost; consequently, one cannot distinguish what is real from what is not.

However, I believe that it is not important for the Wolf Man's case whether it is a trauma, a real event that happened, i.e. the primal scene he actually witnessed, or a fantasy, a construct that leads to his mental illness. It is like asking what if the subject dies, which is a funny question to ask, since the answer is: "there is already someone dead!". The words that we swallow are like dead bodies, so we are actually corpse eaters. In the case of Wolf Man, therefore, Freud's conceptualizations of neurosis and psychosis are insignificant; whether interpreting "reality as not" as in the case of neurosis or losing reality totally as in the case of psychosis founding on the simulacra. Whether it is an infantile neurosis turning into psychosis later on or just the vice versa, the origin itself is a huge debate among the conflicting parties of psychoanalysts. What really matters is that the Wolf Man goes through involuntary moments, which are such memories or some moments left as not experienced in the past and which later on comes back to him and strikes him. The crypt is always atopographical; it can never be totally realized or found out; it is deterritorialization with no end. It does not have a form since one cannot be talking about it; as it means that it would already be given a form if one did really put it in words. The crypt is like the notion of refrain, which works as a metaphor for something, which we do not really know what. It is unspeakable since there is always the impossibility of talking about the non-formed as such.

Death and the notion of mourning indeed are the best examples for incorporation versus introjection, not only in the case of Wolf Man who goes to a lake after his sister's death named Tierek, in Russian standing for rubbing referring to the sexual pleasure involving the act of rubbing, as he keeps writing the crypt of his sister. After all, the "key sentence" according to Abraham and Torok in the Wolf Man's dream was "Sis, come and rub my penis." (Abraham and Torok, "A Cryptonymy" 19). As they also suggest: "*the words themselves, expressing desire, are deemed to be generators of a situation that must be avoided and voided retroactively.*" (Abraham and Torok, "A Cryptonymy" 20); therefore, instead of saying that he witnessed the misdeed of the sister seduced by the father rubbing his penis and being exhilarated by this primal scene, the Wolf Man tells his famous dream of the wolves as the crypt of the primal scene appearing in his dreams.

Consequently, I do believe that using the notion of crypt to analyze Pal Sletaune's *Naboer* (2005) within the framework of "death/loss as crypt", and Andrei Tarkovsky's *Stalker* (1979) and *Solaris* (1972) with regard to "a-topoi as crypt", and finally Ken McMullen's *Ghost Dance* under the rubric of the "cipher" will be a significant contribution to the field of philosophic and psychoanalytic reading of the cinematic texts. Jodey Castricano states in her book *Cryptomimesis*: "Abraham and Torok use the concept of the crypt to designate a unique intrapsychic topography which inexpressible mourning erects inside the subject as a secret tomb which houses the idealized dead other as living." (36), which is exemplified by John's hallucinating the next door neighbors, who turn out to be his ex-girlfriend's replicas or, to put it more correctly, revenants. In terms of a-

topoi, on the one hand, in *Stalker*, the zone is the cryptic topography; it is described as the “home” giving a sense of the uncanny, and besides a line from the film: “being a stalker is some sort of ‘calling’” shows the stalker’s connection between the people and the cryptic lieu. On the other hand, in *Solaris*, the planet Solaris is the cryptic topography, which penetrates deep down the unconscious of the people on it and makes them enter their own crypts, live together with their own phantoms, sources of their feelings of the uncanny and the abject. And finally in Ken McMullen’s *Ghost Dance*, which is more like a poem than a film script, there is a constant process of ciphering the crypts through the dance of the ghosts that dominate each and every frame of this motion picture by their dances as well as a significant role played by the voice-over acousmétres that dominate this film.

## 2. LOSS AS PARADIGM FOR CRYPTING

*The overlooked but striking fact is that we are corpse-eaters all  
In a lifetime each and every one of us is to bury at least one soul  
Into the deepest graves we dig up in our Unconscious  
From which we wait for the ghosts to return leaving their hole...*

### 2.1. Pål Sletaune on *Naboer*

Pål Sletaune, who was born on the 4<sup>th</sup> of March in 1960 in Norway, is a Norwegian producer, script-writer, and director. He had studied literature and art history at Oslo University and worked as a stills photographer. He has directed two shorts (*Bingoplassen*-1992, *Eating out*-1993) and three feature films (*Budbringeren*-1997, *Amatorene*-2001, and *Naboer*-2005) so far, and has written the screenplays of all his feature films. *Naboer*, which is the last feature film he wrote and directed, is regarded as a psychological thriller. To shortly summarize the plot: John, who lives in a flat on the top floor, encounters a woman (Anne), who happens to be his next door neighbor. She asks John if he could help move some furniture and invites him to her flat, where she seems to be living with her sister, Kim. After getting over the shock that he has two young, sexy women living next door, he becomes annoyed by their seductions. These young women seem to know all about John and his ex-girlfriend, Ingrid, who left him for another guy, since they were able to hear all the shouting and quarreling between John and Ingrid. Upon leaving for his own flat, John is called again by Anne, who tells a

sad story about his sister that was raped by the man living in John's flat before. Feeling sorry for Kim, John agrees to accompany her until Anne comes back home. However, Kim claims that what Anne has told John about the rape is not true, and tries to seduce him. Lured by the attractive woman, John starts listening to the story Kim tells about the three workers coming to her house and having sexual intercourse with her. And then they start kissing and hitting each other, ending up in a bloody and violent sexual intercourse, which Anne watches secretly. Meanwhile, John keeps daydreaming about the past, how he broke up with his ex-girlfriend, Ingrid, and then finds himself lost and stuck between the past and the present, able to neither change the course of events in the past nor have a control over his experiences in the present. In the end of the film, it becomes all clear that John actually killed his girlfriend. Unable to acknowledge the death of Ingrid, John, who buried her corpse in a crypt in his unconscious, is haunted by her through the hallucinations he has with the apparitions of a naboer, as Woolf says: "which sometimes visits us in sleep or shapes itself in half-darkened rooms, could be realized before our waking eyes". This is not the revenant, specter, or the ghost of a naboer, or the crypt effect or we can suggest the workings of the crypt, the loss itself, but an incarnation or the hallucination of the materialization of a naboer.

For *Naboer*, in which we see John unable to mourn for the lost beloved girlfriend, and therefore writing a crypt throughout the film by the hallucinations of a naboer, Sletaune says:

*Next Door* is a version of the classic nightmare. One day you discover a door next to yours, and when you enter you find a world where normal rules no longer apply. You are both drawn to and repelled by what you discover. You find yourself in a world where you must face up to your innermost fears. It is simultaneously the most enticing and the most frightening thing you have ever experienced. *Next Door* is a journey to that most secret place on Earth, deep inside yourself. I have always been interested in how our mind works. How much pressure can the mind handle? How do we manage to incorporate experiences we don't consider ourselves capable of doing, into a new self image? *Next Door* is a film about denial, shame, and crossing boundaries.

Therefore, Sletaune himself acknowledges that he is dealing with the concept of crypt in his film by uttering his opinions using phrases such as: “that most secret place on Earth, deep inside yourself”, which is the a-topographical non-place or atopoi of the crypt, the sepulcher, the coffin of the lost object of desire be it a deceased lover or loved one or any other kind of “other” the loss of which cannot be taken for granted. Another phrase Sletaune articulates is: “manage to incorporate experiences we don't consider ourselves capable of doing”, which points at the theory of the crypt, in which the person actually solves the problem of unbearable but also inevitable “loss” by finding a way out as a result of swallowing the corpse and keeping the dead alive in a coffin named the crypt locked and sealed by the specter, or i.e. “the ear of the other”, whose otherness is respected through incorporation. Moreover, Sletaune interestingly describes his motion picture as “a film about denial”, which is the utmost condition for the formation of a crypt in the Unconscious; it is the otherness of the other which resists annihilation through acceptance and assimilation. It is a total denial, the refutation of a loss, which turns out to be the object of desire for the self unable to yield to the defeat in the battle he or she has been fighting to

possess that lost object of desire, which is incorporated and preserved as a dead entity: too alive to be forgotten and too dead to be living.

## **2.2. De/En/Crypting *NABOER***

At the end of the film John's colleague shows up, and John asks if he can see anything next to his door. However, his friend cannot see any naboer, i.e. a next door to his flat, since the wall finishes with a short curve like a coil; he is blind to John's encrypted secret naboer, which is the revenant haunting John as the product of the crypt of his girlfriend's death formed in his Unconscious. From the very beginning of the film interestingly enough the wall is the same wall; however, John stops seeing or i.e. hallucinating the next door only through the end of the film. That the wall is coiled like a spiral is a key point in fact as it recalls the womb of a woman, the strangely familiar and familiarly strange terrain like the "heim", the home we belong to. John feels uncanny when he first enters the house of the naboer, who offer him wine and try to sort of seduce him. The two luring and sexy women represent the abject mother in Kristeva's term; and hence, they pose a threat to John's being in the Symbolic, the order of the father, since they capture him in the Imaginary, which is the realm of the mother. When he comes back to his "home", he first looks at himself in the mirror at the "antre", which is a curious word used for both the entrance of a house and a cave, just like the female genitals, they are the cryptic territories that makes one feel uncanny. Additionally, that there is a lamp in almost each and every corner of the rooms in the house, especially near the doors, implies that there is always a call for reading

the crypt, as if sending messages to the audience to switch on the lights and see what is really going on.

Michél Chion's notion of the "acousmètre" comes from "acousmatic", which is a type of sound, the source of which cannot be identified visually (18). Acousmètre, on the other hand, is defined by Chion as the name given to that "special being, a kind of talking and acting shadow", the acousmatic presence of the voice of which has not yet been seen (21). Moreover, it is exactly how the uncanny is defined: "the strangely familiar and familiarly strange". Therefore, the use of acousmètre in a film creates a sense of crisis in the narrative and uncanny feeling in terms of the plot and audience identification as in *Naboer*, in the case of which John continuously hears the screams and cries of the two women next door when he is alone in his own house. The successful use of sound throughout the film such as other non-diegetic sounds and music also distracts the audience orientation, which is already not intended to be provided. For example, the second time John enters the house of the naboer he is about to get used to the house and make himself comfortable when all of a sudden he hears some loud music coming from the upstairs and is distracted again. He starts to move towards the source of the music. When he draws closer to the door which we recall from his house with two lamps placed on the both sides of the wall next to it, the scene invites him and the audience as well to go through the door and find out the crypt as both of the lamps are now lit. When John makes his way through Kim's room, we see that all the lamps are on even though it is daytime and sunlight is coming through the curtains of the rooms. After John starts talking to Kim, we see that the lamps are switched off again; he is getting lost in his crypt, or the secrets of his

Unconscious. After Kim seduces John, he tries to get away from her; however, she locks the door on him from inside. Ironically, when we look at the definition of the crypt, we see that it is a safe that is locked for the sake of protection and impenetrability. And hence John has fallen into the crypt, the coffin, the unlocatable sepulcher in the a-topographical graveyard of a non-place, out of which he cannot easily get. After Kim runs away from him, John tries to find a way out by trying to open the doors, all of which except for one are locked. Meanwhile the phone is ringing, and yet we cannot see it, and John has the same uncanny feeling again because of the acousmétre. When he finally answers the phone, Kim asks on the other end of the line: "Did you like my room?", or we can say i.e. the crypt he has fallen into, the cave or the female genitals; however, he replies by demanding the key. Unable to decrypt the cipher, solve out the enigma, and get out of the house, John desperately says: "I want to go out of here!". Just like the plot itself, the house is like a labyrinth, and it is not so hard to get lost in the labyrinthine hallways and corridors of the house, which takes one to all its cryptic rooms posing the threat of getting locked and captured by. Kim asks how much John got sad when his girlfriend betrayed and left him. And then she finally tells him where the key is; yet the doors he unlocks open into a much narrower hall, where his image is seen as first split into two (like the crypt splitting the Ego in two halves) since the cupboards deter his other half. Later on, the passageway takes him to the room, in which he finds Kim; however, he feels most uncomfortable and uncanny since he is startled by that secret room itself. She makes him sit on the couch opposite the one she is sitting on; and then we see the lamps again switched off meaning that John is lost in the crypt he is writing, which is dark, inaccessible, and unreadable although he is constantly being called

for a translation, for deciphering it. Kim tells him a story but she first asks him to close his eyes so that he can imagine it in his mind, or i.e. he can travel to the kernel of his Unconscious. Finishing her story, Kim tells John, who is has been tortured by her seduction, to come and sit beside her. However, while flirting, Kim starts beating him. He responds by slapping and beating her with his fists, and they have sexual intercourse violently hitting each other, both covered in blood; the scene is a perfect example for Kristeva's term of abjection, which is defined as the feeling of disgust arousing from generally bodily wastes. And when we see him getting out of the room in the next frame, he is actually in his own house, cleans himself up in his own bathroom. The next day, when he is in his office walking through the corridor, he stops at once since there is some rather annoying noise he hears coming from his head.

There is another example of a complete acousmètre, of Ingrid, whom we cannot see up until the camera shoots her as a corpse, who is speaking to John although she is dead lying in the bed, abject-looking. This scene prevents narrative closure and distracts the viewer, who has been disoriented throughout the whole movie, to the highest degree possible at the very end of the film. The ambiguous placement of the voice, as in Ingrid's dialogue with John, as both inside and outside the text leads to its unstableness and being dislocated, and hence creates the uncanny feeling of abject horror in the audience to the greatest extent. Consequently, the voice of the dead body frames the ending of the story in *Naboer* and prevents the narrative to close off by reaching a smooth conclusion. There was already no equilibrium presented to the audience at the start of the film to be regained at the end after the disequilibrium being shown since *Naboer* is a

film, which already starts with disequilibrium, the uncanny feeling arousing out of a cryptic elevator scene, where John sees Anne and notices her torn apart skirt.

The names Sletaune picked for the female characters that are shown as the products of John's hallucinations are curious, too. On the one hand, Kim in Norwegian stands for "germ, embryo, seed, and germinal "in English, and in biological terms it is" nucleolus of the ovum, the womb, or female genitals". Anne or Anna, on the other hand, means "grace" or "gracious" and refers to the one who is giving just like the mother. When we attempt to decrypt the names, the story turns out to be John's desire and also repelling from the abject mother, Anne, who makes him feel most uncanny by her introduction of Kim in her domain of the Imaginary, where John is lost after a while.

The infant has desires while forming her/his sexual identity, and therefore, goes through stages like the Oedipus or the Electra complex. The male infant is in love with the mother and both hates and envies the father, who has the mother and the phallus; therefore, he wants to kill the father and replace him because mother always desires something more, beyond the child, "the phallus", her object of desire. This leads the child, who cannot understand the rationale of the mother's behavior, to question: "What am I for her (her here in terms of "the other")?", the answer to which is "fantasy". The child gives up the mother (keeping an object), acknowledges the authority of the father and enters the symbolic, which requires alienation. Therefore, father becomes a symbolic function, which serves to break the pre-Oedipal dyadic mother-child relationship. This transition from the imaginary (the realm of the mother) to the symbolic, which is the domain of the

language, the patriarchal order of the father, comes with a lingual signification that introduces a loss of the object. And yet when John cannot introject the loss of Ingrid and pass through a normal process of mourning, he falls into the realm of the mother by incorporating the love object and hallucinating after the formation of the cryptic enclave in his unconscious.

On the other hand, the introjected desire, the mythical dimension, takes up what is lost at the level of the biological need since it is uttered and rendered a demand, which is unsatisfiable. Desire is always conditional; an object of desire, “object petit autre”, is by definition missing; actually it is no-thing since it always carries in itself something “more” than itself as it arises from the no-place of the crypt in the Unconscious. Consequently, lack is taken as an object, which is problematic, but it also puts desire into constant movement as Deleuze and Guattari define desire as no satisfaction with the question: “So that was it! Ok then, what is next?” Freud, for instance, sees desire emerging in the tiny details, into which the repressed unconscious displaces itself, as is seen from the interpretation of dreams and language, especially the slips of tongue, and as decrypted by the works of his successors in the psychoanalytic studies. Going back to the famous case of Freud, the Wolf Man, we can easily see that his whole life, the lifelong poem, was written and predicated upon his desire, or i.e. a lack incorporated and kept safe for a lifetime.

Moreover, Lacan furthers the argument of desire by making a distinction between wish, which he claims to be something that is wanted consciously, and desire, which he sees fundamentally barred from consciousness. As can be

inferred from Lacan's argument, in *Naboor*, John loses his girlfriend since he turns his desire into a wish: only after his ex-girlfriend's arm is burnt when he spills coffee that they have sex right away for the first time in the last six months. John's being sexually aroused by the stories and experiences of the abject and perverseness annoys his girlfriend, who cannot stand all that and leaves him one day. And that is exactly what John's desire is: not Ingrid, not the girlfriend in the sense of a lover "only", but his unconscious economy working at the threshold of the borders of a love affair: sex and violence. However, when John totally loses his object of love after killing Ingrid, he still desires her, or maybe something more than her, since he has her dead body, the abject corpse, with him in the bed; and perhaps that is why he forms the cryptic enclave for her in his unconscious only to be haunted by her, her in the sense who is not Ingrid any more but a ghost returning and always "with a "differance"" (Castricano 108).

Consequently, John, who desires Ingrid, starts daydreaming or hallucinating about the two women who recall the notorious female figure of films noirs, the femme fatale, "erotic, strong, unrepressed (if destructive) woman" as Janey Place coins, versus the domestic woman figure, who is redeeming, nurturing, loving but passive, static, and generally destined to be destroyed, just like Ingrid, John's ex-girlfriend, who is portrayed as warm, kind, and loving (36). As Elizabeth Cowie argues: "The male hero often knowingly submits himself to the 'spider woman' for it is precisely her dangerous sexuality that he desires, so that it is ultimately his own perverse desire that is his downfall." (125). Therefore, in the economics of gender, John is portrayed as the typical male following his desire, which is destined to bring his ultimate destruction. As the end of the film

suggests, John totally goes mad because he is talking to his dead girlfriend, the corpse of which is lying in the bed covered with bruises. Although it is rendered the “end” of the film, as the film literally ends with that scene, it is actually a never ending or unending film since it makes the dead speak.

The concepts of “gaze”, “voyeurism”, “identification”, and “desire” are examined by the feminist film critic Laura Mulvey in her essay called “Visual Pleasure and Narrative Cinema”. Mulvey applies Freudian and Lacanian psychoanalysis to look at what kind of a tool the magic system cinema uses to perpetuate the mainstream ideologies of patriarchy and sexism. Hollywood forces the audience to identify with the hero and perpetuate the male look, since male desire is not problematic contrary to the feminine desire, which is considered by many as highly problematic because of the tendency of traditional narrative films of classical Hollywood cinema to portray men as active, controlling “subjects” and relate to women as passive “objects” of desire for men in both the plot and the spectators, and do not leave any space for women to be subjects with their own desires. Specifically Lacan’s theory of the “mirror stage” explains this identification process and what we are doing when we view films. According to this theory, at a certain age infants come to recognize their image as belonging to them, and through this encounter they begin to see themselves as separate from the world around them and unified unto themselves. The image of their corporeal outline creates a psychic impression too: just as we are bounded in space we think of ourselves also as bounded mentally and psychologically as unified subjects. Beginning at a very young age we equate our psychic existence with our bodily existence and come to think of ourselves as psychically unified and bounded in

the same way that we are physically unified and bounded. Theorists of spectatorship say that what we are doing when we identify with characters on the screen is regressing to the mirror stage. Identification is the process of seeking out characters that resemble us and to that extent it is like looking in the mirror. However, identification with the male hero through interpellation and Mulvey's argument on classical Hollywood cinema can easily be negated when it comes to the analysis of films noirs or neo-noirs or a film like *Naboer*, in which the psychologically marred victim hero is lured by the powerful and attractive women, who control him as they like. Mulvey's generalization of the gender economics of the Hollywood cinema with "man as the bearer of the look" and "woman as the object of the male gaze" is not applicable in *Naboer* since the film is more like a male confessional type with a leading male character, whose works of Unconscious are presented to the audience, who is not able to take any pleasure out of any possible identification with John, who does not interpellate the viewers be it men or women at all (19). Therefore, the female spectator is not offered to take up a cross-gendered identification with the imperfect male hero, who is lost writing the crypt of his girlfriend's death, haunted by the flashbacks into their happy moments together and the rows they had after breaking up.

To sum up, Nicolas Abraham and Maria Torok's concept of the crypt and crypt analysis in addition to the other theories of the abject by Kristeva and the uncanny by Freud offer interesting psychoanalytic readings of the cinematic texts. I have tried to analyze Pål Sletaune's *Naboer* in the frame of those theories. Whereas, for instance, *Rope* displays the crypt itself, of which the audience is wholly aware, and then forms a kind of a satire by the use of ironical language

and sarcasms referring to the presence of the crypt and the corpse all throughout the film, *Naboer* is itself a film about the notion of crypt, dealing with a character like John and his Unconscious with its broken symbol resulting from the incorporation of his ex-girlfriend's death. It scrutinizes the theme of loss under the rubric of the crypt, which is also a term that can be categorized under a more general title, the topography, as a non-place or a-topoi, and which also involves a lingual process of constant coding or i.e. encoding the crypt that at the same time calls for a reading (for translation or i.e. decoding, deciphering etc.) by the lexical cryptomimetical functioning it keeps in that "endless exercise to exorcise the ghost, even while maintaining it by that very process". (Cholodenko, "The Crypt of Cinema" 102).

### 3. A-TOPOI AS PARADIGM FOR CRYPTING

*One of the common traits of us all is the curiosity  
For the mysterious, the unknown, the secret places  
“I wonder what is in there!” is our fallacious inquiry  
Cos’ crossing the boundaries of those cryptic places  
Awakens the ghosts dwelling in “death” topography...*

#### 3.1. Andrei Tarkovsky

Andrei Tarkovsky, the son of the famous poet, Arseniy Tarkovsky, was born in Russia in 1932 and died in Paris in 1986. He studied film at the State Cinema Institute in Moscow (VGIK) and had Mikhail Romm as his mentor. Tarkovsky is one of the most acclaimed directors of the Russian cinema, and some of his most renowned works are *Ivan’s Childhood* (1962), *Andrei Rublev* (1969), *Solaris* (1972), *Mirror* (1975), *Stalker* (1979), *Nostalghia* (1983), and *The Sacrifice* (1986). He was also an actor and a writer. Famous for his long takes, Tarkovsky decreases montage as much as possible, and this avoidance of montage together with the long takes brings a supplement of reality in films. Montage, for Tarkovsky, is like sculpting, i.e. carving a sculpture; he believes that he is carving time by montage, on which he has written a film theory book with the same title *Sculpting in Time*. Other general characteristics of his films include the display of the beauty and superiority of nature with the use of magnificent landscapes, animals such as dogs and horses showing up in various scenes every now and

then, green leafs and trees, running waters like rivers, thermal springs, oceans, as opposed to the old and rotten buildings and architecture. The themes of his films, on the other hand, mostly deal with metaphysics and the notions of being and truth, psychology, inner worlds of human beings, spirituality, childhood, and longing for the past, the warmth of family, and home and so on. As he utters in his own words:

it seems to me that the individual today stands at a crossroads, faced with the choice of whether to pursue the new technology and the endless multiplication of material goods, or to seek out a way that will lead to spiritual responsibility, a way that ultimately might mean not only his personal salvation but also the saving of society at large; in other words, turn to God. —Andrei Tarkovsky, *Sculpting in Time* (218)

And right at this crossroads is the very cryptic topography of his films located, relocated, and dislocated. Among the synonyms of the concept of the crypt given by Derrida in the introduction he wrote for *The Wolf Man's Magic Word: A Cryptonymy*, he refers to the displacement of the crypt: "One cannot gain access to the thought about the Thing without a thought about the Topos and, within it an essential possibility, the Crypt. But no cryptic topography can exist in the absence of the determination of this singular "beyond-place" or "no-place" [*non-lieu*]." (Derrida, "Fors" xxi) Topoi delineate the lieux (grounds, places etc.) the crypt reminds such as the grave, the Unconscious, the safe, inside and outside, as non-place whereas death recalls in mind the living-dead, the revenant, introjection versus incorporation, which is the very basis of a cryptic enclave, as is exemplified and elaborated by the crypt analysis of Pål Sletaune's film *Naboer* in the previous chapter. And in this chapter I am going to analyze Andrei Tarkovsky's both *Solaris* with its brain-like planet Solaris and *Stalker* with its Zone that are open to crypt analysis under the framework of "topoi", since they

are among the best examples of cinematic texts using cryptic enclaves housing the revenants and at the same time actively thinking topoi uncovering the crypts in the unconscious of the people by opening the coffins in which the ghosts used to rest.

### **3.2. De/En/Crypting *SOLARIS***

Tarkovsky, who favors the superiority and the omnipresence of nature in his films, emphasizes this once more in *Solaris*, which is an adaptation from Stanislaw Lem's science fiction novel, even at the very beginning of the film with the opening shot of running waters. It is an all empowering nature in the diegesis of Tarkovsky, so great and beautiful, in which appears the first character on the screen, the psychologist Chris Kelvin, who is to be sent to the planet Solaris the next day.

Burton, who was sent to the Solaris to find out about Fechner, comes to visit Kelvin the day before his mission and brings the cassette about his previous experience of Solaris, which is the name of a planet made up of an ocean, and which is thought to be a thinking substance. In he video, Burton explains what he has been through on his travel to the ocean; however, the scientists listening to him think that he had seen hallucinations since the recorded tape of his journey does not consist of the strange things he talked about such as a gigantic infant or a mucus-like gluey substance. The space station sent to the orbit of the planet which can accommodate a crew of eighty five consists of only three scientists who are still working: astrobiologist Sartorius, cyberneticist Snout, and physiologist Guibariane. And psychologist Kelvin is sent to the station once more to decide

whether to go on the program of research about the Solaris or to quit working on the planet.

Upon arriving at the station, Kelvin finds Dr Snout first; however, Snout is rather perplexed and looks anxious. After Kelvin asks about the other two scientists on the station, Snout answers that Sartorius is working in the laboratory and Guibariane is dead. He also warns him about the fact that there are only three of them on the station and asks him to try not to go crazy if he happens to see something or someone else. Meanwhile, Kelvin feels the presence of something behind him, and yet hesitates to look back. He is rather startled but Snout is determined not to explain any more and thus insists that they meet again the next day. Kelvin picks a room, leaves his stuff, and goes out again to find out more about the station and what has been going on. He happens to come across Guibariane's room, and on its door is a sheet of paper on which there is the childish drawing of a hung up man under which is written: "human being". That is Guibariane's ironical conception of the fate of a human being on the station: the suicide. Guibariane's room is in a mess; there is a piece of paper left on the screen on which is written: "To C. Kelvin". Pressing the button to watch the video, Kelvin sees the picture of a house on the skirts of a hill on a page of a book and on it the gun left near the video player. Guibariane has recorded his last minutes in order to warn Kelvin about what has been happening on the station. He says that no one can really explain what happened to him and that it is just the beginning. He goes on telling that it may happen to anyone in Solaris, and rejects the idea that he has gone mad by expressing that he will know it is not madness if it happens to Kelvin himself, as well. As for the program of research, he suggests:

“It is prohibited but there is no other way. Bombard the plasma of the ocean with high-powered X-rays. Otherwise me-or rather you- will be drawn in. It may offer a break to this deadlock.” It is curious that Guibariane uses the word “deadlock” that literally comes to mean an impasse, in which there is no action to be taken and hence no progress. However, it is actually made of two separate words “dead” and “lock”, which refer to the notion of the crypt that may be defined in a sense as a coffin or chest keeping the dead alive locked and safe. After hearing some voices, Kelvin feels uncomfortable and goes to the door, which is pulled from the other side, and closes it using some force against “the Other” on the “other” side of the door. As a result, he stops the video and takes the tape out and puts into the pocket of his jacket. Leaving Guibariane’s room, Kelvin goes to visit Sartorius, who has been working on the creatures showing up in the station. Having a bit of a tense conversation with Sartorius during which a dwarf comes out of the laboratory, Kelvin moves around in the station, finds some windows to look out at the notorious ocean called Solaris.

The surface of the ocean is bright and sparkling and it seems to move slowly as if there is a breeze coming from a distance through the core of the planet. All of a sudden a young woman appears behind Kelvin and leads him to the room, in which Guibariane’s corpse is kept. Leaving the fridge room, Kelvin goes back to Snout’s room to learn who the woman he saw was; however, Snout looks afraid and shy to talk about the unusual phenomena but shortly describes it as saying: “Madness would be a blessing.” Kelvin goes back to his room, and watches the rest of the video tape recorded by Guibariane, who tries to justify the suicide he commits by saying: “I’m my own judge. It has to do with my

conscience.” Exhausted by not only the space travel but also all that he has seen on the station, Kelvin lies on his bed and sleeps for a while, only to wake up to find his wife, who had died ten years ago, sitting on the chair opposite of his bed. She approaches him, and they kiss each other, as a consequence of understanding that it is neither a dream nor a hallucination; he gets really frightened as is seen from the expression on his face. And that is exactly when he really gets what Guibariane was trying to tell him in the video: to face with the incorporated Other in one’s own Unconscious buried into the sepulcher dug long before. In Kelvin’s case, it is his wife, who had died ten years ago, returning from the grave, wearing the same dress as she was wearing when the photo, Chris took with him on his travel to Solaris, was taken years before. It is maybe the greatest uncanny feeling on earth to be visited not by the ghost but by a seemingly alive body of the undead, in blood and flesh, that can be perceived by the five senses. Kelvin starts sweating; he can hardly gulp while his wife looks as if there is nothing wrong with the situation. However, she cannot recognize herself in the photo of hers taken years before, and realizes that it is her after seeing her image in the mirror, and says that she has a feeling as if she has forgotten something, and asks whether Chris loves her. She is only the embodiment of the crypt of Chris’ wife; it is the planet Solaris, which manages to reach the depths of the unconscious of the people and confront them with their desires and lost objects of love. Therefore, she is neither the real Hari, Chris’ wife, who died ten years ago nor the ghost of hers that has returned to haunt Chris but only a creature made up of seemingly flesh and blood and controlled by the ocean Solaris. However, she is the crypt in Chris’ Unconscious, the lost object of love, an unsatisfied desire; that is why the ocean produces a sort of an incarnation of the incorporated Other. Consequently,

Guibariane is right that Chris neither has gone mad nor is seeing a hallucination. It is just that the planet Solaris is capable of playing games with the people dwelling on it by uncovering the truth about their innermost secrets. On the other hand, as Castricano utters: “the return of the dead from the grave is a case in point, for it is not only represented as an occasion of horror, but also of regret, sadness, and melancholy.” (115). Indeed, Chris is not just afraid of the incarnation of his wife but it is more of a feeling of uncanny for something not completely strange or unknown but contrarily very familiar and intimate just like his wife, the lost object of desire. Therefore, he also feels sad and regretful as he is brought back to the past memories and feels more melancholic as a result of a longing for the past.

It is interesting that Hari knows Dr Snout as well; she says to Chris: “As for you, you are as nervous as Snout!”; therefore, Chris gets even more startled. He notices something interesting that her sleeve is ripped off and that she is injected on the arm. He notices something else that the heavy suitcases he had put behind the door inside in order to hinder the entrance of those creatures into his room are still there as he put it. So he is surprised to find out that Hari did not enter his room from outside. After this first encounter with Hari, the second part of the film starts. Chris locks Hari in a missile and fires it. After Snout sees his burnt clothes, he understands that Chris has sent Hari away in a rocket. Questioning Chris about her identity, Snout explains that those started after they experimented with X-rays. In order to test the ocean, they initiated a concentrated surface sweep using high intensity rays. Then he utters: “You’ve just seen the materialization of the person you think you know.” and claims that he is lucky since she is just a part of his past, and wants him to imagine seeing something

unknown in his experience. He puts forward that the ocean somehow probed their brain centers, from which it extracted isolated bits of memory.

Chris goes to bed, sleeps for a while, and sees his wife again when he wakes up, but this time he is calm and serene. Hari takes her dress off and lies next to Chris. In the morning, Chris gets out of the room taking Hari's dress and shawl with him and without waking her up; however, hardly he closes the door when she gets up and starts pounding and punching the door until she finally tears the metal door apart and reaches Chris. She is covered in blood since her arms and some parts of her body are scratched and cut by the metal; therefore, Chris takes her into his arms and carries to the bed. No sooner he goes to get some first aid materials than he finds her wounds healing up by themselves. There are no scars or signs of the scratches left in a few minutes. Then Snout calls Chris to tell that Sartorius wants to meet them in his laboratory, where he explains that their (these creatures, visitors, materializations of their crypts, returning ghosts etc.) structure is made up of neutrinos, the system of which would surely lack stability. Sartorius tells them that he used acid to burn the blood, which however regenerates itself, and says: "Self-regeneration? Immortality! Faust's problem." Sartorius wants Chris to perform an autopsy on Hari's incarnation; however, Chris repeats that she is his wife, upon that Sartorius replies: "It's more humane to experiment on them than on the earth rabbits." Chris leaves Sartorius' laboratory after that tense conversation, and then we see the ocean, which is moving or more like flowing or boiling.

When they go back to Chris' room, Chris shows the film he has brought with him to Hari. His father, Chris says, shot most of it; however, the camera changes hands, apparently, from the father to Chris and back to the father. The mother with her beauty, silence, and grace is almost always center frame and looks like part of the nature. Hari and Chris, who watch the film, are haunted by the ghosts from the past, returning from death, the still, motionless, frozen images recorded on a piece of celluloid and then copied onto another material. The ghosts haunting Chris and the incarnation of Hari are already quite familiar to them; the first one of them is the child Chris, who exists as a seemingly living being in motion in that video recording. The "borders with respect to death" are broken by filming, because it is a "passage beyond truth", which is the fact that Chris is a grown-up, not existing as a child any more, and that video recording of the child Chris can be actually put better in this way that it is neither animation (giving life to) nor annihilation (murder or killing) but crypting, digging up a crypt to bury the living dead in, writing and drawing with regard to the hauntological (Derrida, "Aporias" 3, 2). Haunted by his own ghost, the adult Chris, who is on a mission on the planet Solaris, has changed a lot since then, goes on living and aging only to die some day just like he was killed during the shooting of the film, the borders of whom, just like any other person filmed, "the lines that delimit the right of absolute property, the right of property to our own life, the property of our existence", are crossed (Derrida, "Aporias" 3).

After they finish watching the video, Hari says that she does not know her own self and asks: "Who am I?", and adds that she immediately forgets what her face is like as soon as she closes her eyes, and then asks Chris whether he knows

who he is. Chris surely says: “Yes, all humans do.” The problem is not that Hari is more aware of the fact that she is neither Chris’ wife nor a human being at all than Chris; contrarily, Chris has more of an understanding of the situation, of her visit and incarnation. However, it is again Chris who respects and values that incarnation more than Hari. And from the next conversation between him and her, we understand that Chris had to move to another city years ago because he was transferred but Hari refused to go with him, and that was the last time they saw each other. That is the reason why Hari was the incorporated Other, the lost object of desire, the undead that Chris wanted to swallow and bury into the sepulcher he dug for her in order to keep her alive as dead, safe, and always with him. As Doane states: “Desire may be insatiable, it may entail the constantly renewed pursuit for a perpetually lost object”, since Hari is the ghost visiting her host on that cryptographic planet, she is a perpetually lost object of Chris’ constantly returning from her grave (12).

Snout comes to talk to Chris about the ocean and the crypt effects resulting from the workings of Solaris on their unconscious, and Sartorius and he have a theory that they can be rid of their visitors for a few hours since the rate of regeneration has slowed down. He states that they thought since the ocean extracts their visitors from them during their sleep, it might be in their interest to communicate to it their waking thoughts using X-rays, and that perhaps it would get the message and spare them all those apparitions. According to Snout’s plan, they need to modulate the beam with the brain waves of one of them. Guessing that he will be considered as the subject of that test, Chris is annoyed by the idea of “a transcription of his thoughts” and asks Snout: “What if I want her to die, to

disappear? Give everything back to that ... mass of jelly?” and complains rebelliously: “It’s already invaded my soul.” These are in fact defense mechanisms of Chris, who cannot get rid of the revenant constantly visiting him as a result of his inability to forget by accepting and assimilating through the process of introjection of the death of Hari, whom he had incorporated long before her decease. We cannot give any credit to the ambiguous style of his aggressive remarks because obviously it is him, who is “perfectly willing to keep” the corpse of his wife “alive, but *as* dead,” “within [him], intact in any way save as living.” (Derrida, “Fors” xxi). “Against what does one keep a corpse intact,” asks Derrida, “safe both from life and from death, which could both come in from the outside to touch it?” (Derrida, “Fors” xxi). This question also gives the answer to the aggressiveness and discomfort of Chris, who wants Hari to disappear only to go back to the grave he had so painstakingly dug for her.

Interestingly enough Chris, Snout, and Sartorius have got so close to the theory of the crypt that the lexicon of cryptography is embedded in their speech, e.g. “visitors” or “apparitions”. Aware of the fact that they are being haunted by the ghosts, who are extracted from them during their sleep, they have to play by the rules of the hauntological instead of the ontological in order not to be defeated by cryptic topography. The ocean is able to reach their unconscious while they are sleeping, and the revenants are part of the whole making who they are as we understand from Snout’s word choice that he uses the verb “extract from”. The Oxford English Reference Dictionary reads for the verb “extract”:

1 remove or take out, esp. by effort or force (anything firmly rooted).

2 obtain (money, an admission, etc.) with difficulty or against a person's will. (495)

According to the first definition, since those visitors are taken "out" of them, it comes to mean that they actually dwell "in" them, and if they are firmly rooted, then it is clear that they are not temporary residents or guests but they are sort of some constant inhabitants. According to the second definition, they are obtained with difficulty and against the will of the owner of the house, i.e. the host, who is pleased, unconsciously though, to accommodate her or his tenures.

After inviting Chris to his birthday party to be held in the library the next day, Snout offers to go and see Sartorius. Anxious to leave Hari, who is sleeping, alone in the room, Chris asks Snout whether he thinks she may follow them. Snout suggests that Chris leave the door unlocked this time. And yet this is the whole problem that the corpse is not safe outside its crypt among living beings on a different topography, which it is not used to. That is why Chris feels the constant need to protect her, for instance by locking the door on her, as if sealing the coffin in his unconscious. Chris ironically implies that there are no doors, no boundaries, and no privacy on the planet Solaris by saying: "What door? It's just a mirage." with a sardonic grin on his face. Upon the discussion of the discourse of death, borders, trespassing, and problem made by Derrida in his book *Aporias*, the torn apart door of Chris' room in Solaris is like a visualization of "the crossing of the threshold by the guest who must be at once called, desired, and expected, but also always free to come or not to come." (11).

On the one hand, Chris has been annoyed by the appearance of Hari since the first time she showed up in his room, which he had made “safer” by the suitcases he put behind the “locked” door. And he was appalled once more as a result of witnessing that she can tear a metal door apart and has not even a scar on her body after a few minutes of regeneration. On the other hand, he is attracted to her and appealed by her presence, since she is the materialization of the love object he had lost years ago, and hence she is the revenant dwelling in the cryptic enclave he had formed in his unconscious sometime in the past when she refused to move with him to another city. That is the ambivalence lying in the core of the theory of crypt, that one does encrypt as one tries to decrypt, just like the lost object of desire, which one both loves and hates, which one gets more addicted to and longs for as one tries to kill, destroy, and get rid of. This is the answer to the confusing question why he goes back to check if everything is alright with Hari when he hears a voice coming from his room on the way to Sartorius’ laboratory and why he gets so worried and anxious about finding Hari lying half conscious in the bed.

Chris sleeps for a while and then wakes up to find Hari sitting in the bed waiting for him to wake up so that they can talk. She doubts Chris’ love for her and is worried about where she came from, and tries to make Chris explain all about it since she is certain that he knows the answer. However, upon seeing him behave as if he does not know, she utters: “You won’t tell; you’re afraid to.” She is unquestionably right that one is afraid to “tell” as one incorporates the Other and forms a crypt; if one introjects (puts into words, speaks out, utters), then one accepts and assimilates the Other, which loses its otherness and is destined to be

forgotten. The materialization of Hari says to Chris what Sartorius told her: “I’m not Hari. Hari is dead. She took poison. And I’m someone else.” As Castricano states in her book *Cryptomimesis*: “a *staging* of the dynamic relationship that cryptomimesis evokes between desire and horror; between mourning and the refusal to mourn, a staging which – because it goes against what Freud calls the normal work of mourning – keeps the dead alive, keeps them returning, but with a “differance”.” (108) As a result, the revenant is not Hari but Chris’ lost object of desire that returns each time with a differance. She asks him: “How did you live all the time? Were you in love with someone? Did you ever think of me?” and he replies: “Sometimes, yes, not always. Whenever I felt unhappy.” Now that is curious indeed how she is related with unhappiness in his mind owing to the fact that she is the lost object of love, the unsatisfied desire, for which you have an eternal yearning, and which is never wholly satisfied. Hari expresses that she thinks someone is playing a game with them; and that the more they play, the worse it will be for Chris. She asks about the real Hari, who died ten years ago: “The girl, the other one, what happened to her?”; so she accepts that she is an other to the Other, or another of the Other. Afterwards, Chris tells their story that they used to quarrel a lot toward the end of their relationship and that he left her some day forgetting to take the laboratory preparations with him having already explained to her their effects. Anxious about her, he went to her house on the third day of their break-up only to find her dead with an injection mark on her arm, just like the one on the revenant’s arm. And then she asks why he thinks she did that, which Chris replies that he believes she felt that he didn’t love her anymore and says: “But I love you.”. The whole story explains why there is an injection mark on the arm of the incarnation of Hari and why she keeps asking Chris whether he

loves her or not. Hari also confesses that she loves Chris so much. Chris tells her to go to sleep, but Hari says: "I don't know how to sleep. It seems like sleep but it is not. It is like a sleep within a sleep. It doesn't come from inside me. It's from far away." Because she is a corpse lying and sleeping in the grave dug for her, the sleep she imitates during her visit becomes like a sleep within a sleep. Besides, the feeling she has that it is not something instinctual but coming from far away like the implementation of the power of an exterior on her is an implication that it is one of the crypt effects of the ocean Solaris, the cryptic topography of the film.

The next day, in the library, Sartorius, Chris, and Hari wait for Snout, who is one and a half hour late for his birthday party. Finally, when he comes, looks at the book Chris is reading and claims that it is all rubbish and finds the book he has been looking for and says: "They come at night. But a man needs his nights for sleeping. That's our problem. Man has lost the gift of sleep." Afterwards, he gives the book to Chris for him to read it aloud: "Senor, I know only one thing. When I sleep, I know no fear, no hope, no work, no blessing. Blessings on him who invented sleep, that balance and weight that equals the shepherd with the king, and the simple with the wise. Sound sleep has but one defect – it smacks too much of death." That sleep smacks too much of death is indeed a crucial point to look into more closely. The closest experience on earth to death, which is actually no experience since one cannot experience it, is sleep, during which one's conscious is subordinated by the subconscious prevailing in the period of a sleep as can be deduced by the help of the dreams we remember seeing when we are awake. They tend to be related with our daily experiences; however, the mostly absurd plots of our dreams are a proof of their belonging to a realm, which is not necessarily

following the track of logic and reason. As one is not awake but asleep, not in the sleep of the grave, or i.e. dead, but alive, not wholly conscious (for one cannot naturally control his or her moves), but semi-conscious with the dominant subconscious, for one feels an outer contact, like the touch of another person, and also sees dreams that are the works of his or her unconscious. Therefore, the sleeping one is alive but haunted by death itself, by the ghosts rising from their graves, coming from death, existing with death, during a dead period, sleep, and returning to their coffins only to visit for a second time. This is the very period, during which the planet Solaris succeeds in penetrating through the unconscious of the scientists, who are ready to welcome intruders as a result of their being in a state of neither totally conscious nor thoroughly unconscious. And it is so deadly (!) curious that all the human beings on earth go to sleep generally on a regular daily basis for about five to ten hours a day. It is as if a baby in the mother's womb is sleeping all the time since it is alive but inactive before its birth, coming to earth and start its life as a being separate from the mother. Therefore, sleep has this uncanny sense resulting from not only its relation to death but also the resemblance of a sleeping person to a baby in a mother's womb, the most familiar place for each and every one of us, the "home" in its essence, and also the most distant and maybe the only place one can never go back to; therefore, it is also strangely unreachable.

Upon the toast made by Sartorius, Snout claims that science is a fraud, just because they cannot solve out the mystery of Solaris, nor can they control or stop it, and he is certain that no one will ever solve that "problem". Since finding out the secrecy is a "step that crosses a line" as Derrida coins, it creates a "*problem*"

resulting from the fact that “the edge-line is threatened” (“Aporias” 11). Confused and exhausted by thinking why they cannot solve the enigma of Solaris, Snout speaks, with a frown on his face, as if trying to justify their deeds: “We have no ambition to conquer any cosmos. We just want to extend Earth up to the Cosmos’s borders”. Even though they merely plan to extend Earth up to the borders of Solaris, which they do not cross, it is still a threat for the borders of Solaris because it is “the approach of the other as such” and hence becomes an “aporetic” problem in terms of “the experience of the nonpassage” (Derrida, “Aporias” 12). Continuing his remarks of grievance: “We don’t need any more worlds. Only a mirror to see our own in. We try so hard to make contact, but we’re doomed to failure. Man needs man!”, Snout falls into total despair; Solaris is a “place of aporia in which they have found themselves regularly tied up, indeed paralyzed” (Derrida, “Aporias” 13). Overexcited and somewhat annoyed about Chris’ defense of Guibariane’s suicide, Sartorius criticizes him: “At least I know why I’m here. Nature created man so that he might gain knowledge. In his march toward the truth, man is condemned to knowledge. The rest is of no consequence.”. However, what he omits in this deduction is “that the limits of truth are borders that must not be exceeded.” as Derrida declares (“Aporias” 1). According to the “plural logic of the aporia” put forward by Derrida, there may be a concrete impassable line as a border, or no border or limit at all to exceed, or the third situation may involve some order of topography lacking the conditions for having any kind of line or border to cross (“Aporias” 20-21). The multiple nature of the aporia is itself an aporia: the division into different parts ironically “installs the haunting of the one in the other” instead of putting them in contrast with each other (Derrida, “Aporias” 20). And the studied case Solaris also, interestingly enough, sets a good

example of the hauntological dealings of the aporetic variety. The seemingly impenetrable border, the surface of the ocean or the ocean itself, is also like a mirror, as Snout has coined, which proves that it has no limits to cross by reflecting not only physical bodies but also the entire psyches reaching their unconscious; so it makes them see it is what they are, and who after all has a limit to one's own self?

And the ghost speaks: "I think Chris is more logical than both of you. In these inhuman conditions he alone acted human. While you two pretend that it doesn't concern you, and that your visitors are just an exterior enemy. But your visitors are part of you, they are your conscience.", pointing at the logic of hauntology, the order of the planet Solaris versus ontology, that the revenants are their conscious rather than unconscious (and surely not their enemies trespassing certain borders) in those "inhuman" or i.e. ghostly conditions. When Sartorius tries to butt in while Hari is speaking, she yells: "Don't interrupt me. I'm a woman after all!" indicating that despite being an incarnation and not a real human being, she still has some borders that a human being or a woman has such as being respected. "Respect", which is curiously the anagram of specter as Derrida also mentions in "Spectrographies", "for the alterity of the other dictates respect for the ghost [*le revenant*] and, therefore, for the non-living, for what it's possible is not alive." (Derrida and Stiegler 123). However, Sartorius says: "Woman? You are not even a human being. Try to understand that, if you're capable of understanding anything! Hari doesn't exist! She's dead! You're only a reproduction, a mechanical repetition of the form! A copy from a matrix!". The form (or i.e. the ideas which are the perfect forms of things or concepts) is

actually the specter which always haunts, which one does not have access to, and which always stays other to the one. Therefore, it is a big whole debate whether the incarnation or the real Hari, who died ten years ago, is the form or the copy of the other. The revenant replies: “Yes, perhaps. But I... I’m becoming a human being! I can feel just as deeply as any of you. I can live without Chris already. I... I’m in love with him. I’m a human being!” Being is the Platonic idea, the order of which is model versus copy, whereas pure becoming, which can never become a perfect Platonic form, is copy versus simulacra. Since there is no subject in *becoming*, *becoming*, which both destroys the identity and opens up a space for becoming, is before the subject; and *being* kills *becoming*.

“Suppose we opened all the windows and yelled down as loud as we could? Do you think it would hear? Only who shall we call to?” says Snout, who is incapable of seeing that the windows are no boundaries between inside and outside. There is no inside/outside dichotomy on Solaris, which does not follow the order of topography but *atopoi* as the unlocatable cryptic non-place. “Maybe we should whip him with birch leaves? Or we could even pray to it...” Snout notifies Chris that there will be 30 seconds of weightlessness at 5 p.m. since the station changes its orbit. So Chris runs back to the library to make sure Hari is OK. He finds her sitting on the table smoking and looking at a picture on the wall in a meaningless way. Examining the details of the picture of the earth, the same one in the book that Chris has found in Guibarlane’s room, Hari then recalls the image of Chris as a child from the video he has shown to her, as well. She quits daydreaming after she notices Chris, and utters: “Forgive me, darling, I was lost in my thoughts.” When the weightlessness starts, they all start floating and suspend

in air like ghosts for a while. After the shot showing Chris lying on the lap of Hari who is stroking his head, we see the ocean that seems as if it is boiling, with foams on the surface resulting from the seemingly inner activities and flows. Then suddenly Hari falls down like a block of ice, frozen, since she has drunk liquid oxygen. Finding her frosted rock-solid cadaver lying on the floor, Chris, taken aback, twists his body, the position of which resembles the pose of the baby lying in the mother's womb. More uncannily comes "the visor effect": we see the reflection of the revenant's countenance on the glass duplicated as face down and face up. With her eyes wide open, she is actually looking at Chris, who is not aware of her gaze. And since the camera normally takes Chris' point of view, the audience identifies with him. Consequently, she is not only looking at Chris but also the camera and for that reason the audience as well. Just like the similar situation in which "there is a visor" in *Hamlet* as Derrida mentions, the camera angle taking Chris' point of view verifies the critical point that Chris "can't meet the gaze of the other, whereas [he is] in [her] sight." (Derrida and Stiegler 121). The visibility of the invisible and aphysical body, whose "gaze can see without being seen" is the spectral effect that creates the utmost feeling of the uncanny; the specter is haunting Chris and therefore the audience through his viewpoint (Derrida and Stiegler 121).

Hari's suicide is like removing the crust of a wound that has been healing since the first one of the incarnation(s) of the ghost returning each time with a *différance* perpetuating the alterity of the other owing to the respect for the specter. The original suicide, that of Hari, as the temporal mark of the loss, becomes the seal of a contract made with the dead, which promises to come back

to haunt Chris, who is destined to wait for the return. When he utters that he loves her, the lost object of desire, Snout immediately responds with another question asking whom he loves, whether he loves her (the dead one lying on the floor) or the girl on the rocket, confirming the différence the ghost comes with each time it returns. Averting that she will and can return again and again, Snout tells Chris not to convert the scientific problem to an insignificant love story. However, it is the very “love story” that creates the crypt effect or that scientific problem in Snout’s terminology. Noticing that she is dissolving, Snout winces with her jump and expresses the uncanny feeling arising from the return of the revenant: “It’s horrifying, isn’t it? I’ll never get used to these constant resurrections.”; therefore, he prefers to leave after assuring that it is an uncanny experience to witness the return of the revenant. The homecoming logic of hauntology is rooted in the “return”, or i.e. going/coming back “home”, the strangely familiar place, which one belongs to and reciprocally which belongs to the one. As a result, even the spirit feels an urge to pose the question: “Is it me?” to itself, in a kind of monologue because home is too familiar to recognize and too strange to estrange from, rather familiarly strange and strangely familiar to question, reject, and inevitably accept. Therefore, not the ones witnessing the return of the ghost but the ghost itself experiences the utmost uncanny feeling during her return haunting her own home which it had to leave like the baby leaving the mother’s womb. In order to sooth her, Chris states: “Maybe your appearance is supposed to be a torment, maybe the ocean sent you. But you’re more to me than all that science could ever mean!”. Realizing what her presence really means to him, Chris confesses that the ghost is replacing the real totally effacing the memories, literally killing the dead: “You may have looked like her. But now it’s you who

are real Hari.”. The appearance of the copy brings the disappearance of the form; the borders of the sepulcher are more than crossed: they are transcended; and hence it is not only a trespassing but also a surpassing. This is just like Jean Baudrillard’s discussion of the disappearance of reality in “The Precession of Simulacra” chapter of *Simulacra and Simulations*, that the images indeed replace reality; hence, they turn out to be the real themselves. Simulation, which is defined as pretending or feigning what is not true or i.e. a pretense of what is not, forms excess and covers everywhere.

There is a hurricane in the sea, which forms whirling waves on the surface. It looks like a boiling ball of fire, as if tinted into orange by the sun. Chris goes too further to even declare that he is not going to return to the Earth but live on the station with the incarnation in constant displacement with an endless play of revenance. After going to sleep for a while, Chris leaves his room when he wakes up. In the laboratory he encounters Snout, who tells him that the activity of the ocean is increasing and that Chris’ encephalogram may be the cause of the ocean’s movement. However, Chris’ irrelevant reply is a reference to the despair he is in resulting from the inevitable call of the revenant haunting himself: “Whenever we show pity, we empty our souls.” Then he implies the sorrow after the loss of a beloved and referring to his own suffering resulting from the loss of Hari: “Suffering makes life seem gray and suspicious.”. And he asks: “Remember Tolstoy’s suffering about the impossibility of loving the humankind in general?”, because love is cryptic in its nature as Chris also reveals: “Let’s suppose I love you. Love is something we can feel, but never explain. One can only explain the idea.” because one can utter, or i.e. introject it, and turn it into satisfaction of a

selfish demand. However, one can never explain it since love is of the order of desire and based on impossibility as Chris also utters: “You love that which you can lose.”. He does not leave out the *unheimlichkeit* of the love object either by exemplifying: “Yourself, a woman, your country...” or of love writ large: the strangely familiar and familiarly strange, which is that close to and at the same time that distant from you. Finally, he tries to make meaning out of an enigma and decipher the secret code, which as a matter of fact always escapes and is kept hidden: “Until today, humanity, the world, had no way to reach love. There are so few of us! Perhaps the reason we’re here, is to understand, for the first time, human beings as a reason to love?”

Chris has fever and looks rather exhausted, thus Snout and Hari take him to his bed, where he commences daydreaming. Probably because of high fever, he is in a sort of a coma, during which he not only sweats a lot but also talks to himself and sees hallucinations, in the first one of which the camera shows the back of Hari with her shawl on her shoulders. Then she reverses looking at the camera, takes off her shawl, and we see that she is wearing a white undershirt. The camera pans to the left while she passes the shawl from her left hand to the right one, and followed by that scene, we see Chris’ mother, looking at the camera again, with the same undershirt on, holding the shawl in the right hand, completing Hari’s act in temporal harmony. There are no parallel shots, but two women as one at the same time in one single shot: Hari is both the mother and the lover, and vice versa. Consequently, the love for the mother, which is formed by the Oedipus complex (during infancy when the male child falls in love with the mother and wants to kill the father whom he not only hates but also envies in

order to take over his position), is replaced by the love for the wife, who offers maternal affection to Chris. When he stands up in his dream, he is back “home” wearing the same pajamas he has been wearing on the station and his mother gives him an intimate welcome hug. Complaining about the clock that is running slow, she intends to go to set it right; however, Chris unexpectedly interrupts and says: “You have lots of time.” He feels the urge to confess that he has completely forgotten her face; however, he makes that confession with his head down out of shame, unable to look at her eyes or face. And that explains why the incarnation of Hari had the same experience on the station as she explained to Chris that she could not remember her face. The materialization of Hari is actually the revenant coming back from the crypt of love for the mother since Hari had only replaced that unsatisfied desire to perpetuate its impossibility. The characters get even more intertwined in Chris’ dream as the mother cleans the dried blood on his arm, which looks the same with Hari’s arm after the scratches she had while trying to tear apart the metal door. At the end of this scene, we see Chris open his mouth to say something; however, he cannot introject it and starts crying.

In the next shot, the word “Hari” spills out of his mouth before he opens his eyes. Waking up, Chris asks Snout: “Where is Hari?”. Snout leaves a letter in an envelope on Chris’ chest and says that there is no more Hari. Chris hands the envelope back to Snout, who reads: “Chris, I’m sorry I had to deceive you. There wasn’t any other way. This is the only solution for us both.” Those are only words coded as written on a piece of paper supposedly by the incarnation; however overt they may seem, still it feels as if they are hiding something, some other word or word thing beyond reach, keeping it away from any translation or interpretation

whatsoever. The letter went on: "I asked them myself. It was my decision. Do not blame anyone for this. Hari" becoming a total mystery for the audience and Chris as well since we have no idea of who "they" are or what she had done to herself. Snout makes a comment: "She did it for you." Upon Chris question about how it happened, Snout responds: "The annihilator. An explosion of light, and a breath of wind." Chris: "To think that we quarreled so often those last days." And notices the same water jug and towel in it that his mother had used in his dream to clean his arm. Therefore, the fantasy and trauma, the reality and the dreams get intertwined so much so that it becomes impossible to decide which is which. Chris desperately asks: "Snout, why are we being tortured like this?" to which Snout replies: "We have lost our sense of the Cosmic. Ancient man had no such problem. He'd have never asked why... You remember the myth of Sisyphus?". Like the ill-fated Sisyphus punished to carry the rolling rock back up to the apex of the hill, from which it used to roll down again, only to get down again to repeat this cycle, they have been facing their most secret desires haunting them in a continuous process of reversion. And that is their big problem on the cryptic topography of the planet Solaris that they cannot control their fate as the Other also has a say in what they say or live and therefore who they are as well. Snout confesses: "Since we sent your encephalogram, not a single one of the visitors has returned. Something beyond our understanding is happening to the ocean. Islands have begun to form on the surface. First there was one, and then others began to appear." "When a man is happy, the meaning of life and other themes of eternity rarely interest him. These questions should be asked at the end of one's life." Chris responds: "We don't know when our life will end, that's why we're in a hurry." Snout: "The happiest people are those who never bother asking those

cursed questions.” Chris: “To ask is always the desire to know. Yet the preservation of simple human truths requires mystery. The mystery of happiness, death, and love.” The close-up of Chris’ ear, the ear of the other that signs the contract made with the dead: “You may be right. But try not to think about it.”, Chris replies: “To think about it is the same as to know the day of one’s death. Not knowing that day makes us practically immortal.” Chris talks following his stream of consciousness:

Well, anyway, my mission is finished. And what next? To return to earth? Little by little, everything will come to normal. ... And do I have the right to turn down even an imaginary possibility of contact with the ocean, to which my race is trying to stretch a thread of understanding? To stay here, among the things we both touched, which still remember our breathing? What for? Just for the hope of her return? But I have no hope. The only thing left for me is to wait. Wait for what? I don’t know... A new miracle.

So it is Chris who regards the revenant as a miracle, and cannot forget the loss, although he keeps coding the crypt, which still keeps the dead safe as alive. When Snout says: “In my opinion, it’s time for you to return to earth.”, Chris ironically cross-questions with a grin on his face: “Is that your opinion?” meaning whether it actually belongs to his own consciousness or comes from the Unconscious of the other. And then we go back to the very start of the film with the shot of long weed moving and dancing with the flow of the water like ghosts. We see the lake, the trees, and “home”, Chris’ house, in which there is rain but only on the left half of what the frame shows. Seeing Chris looking inside the house through the window, his father is surprised and goes to the door to meet Chris, who suddenly goes down on his knees and wraps his arms around his father as if begging for forgiveness. The camera ascends higher and higher above the ground till we see that Chris’ house is located on a piece of land, which is actually an island on the ocean Solaris.

### 3.3. De/En/Crypting *STALKER*

*Stalker*, directed by Tarkovsky in 1979, starts with these lines given after the credits are shown: “What was it? A meteorite or a visitation from outer space? Whatever it was, there appeared in our small land... a miracle of miracles: the Zone!”, which is the very core of the film and the theory for its analysis, the cryptic topography itself. The film, to summarize in one sentence, is about the trip of the three men, two of whom are a scientist and a writer, led by a third, the so-called stalker, to the place called “the Zone”, where there is a “Room”, in which wishes, the deepest desires, of people are said to come true. The miracle in the Zone attracts people, who go there and disappear, therefore, the police bans the entrance to the land; however, despite the prohibition, people like the scientist looking for the “Truth” and the writer seeking “inspiration” find a stalker, who knows the territory and go for an adventure to the Zone.

To begin with, even among the very first scenes of the film, the crypt calls for a reading. Right after the lines from an Italian TV interview made with Nobel Prize winner Professor Wallace, with the first image in the house of the Stalker shows some part of the bed, in which Stalker sleeps with his wife and daughter, from an interval between the doors left half-open, Tarkovsky seems to be inviting the audience into the curious world of a cryptic reading. Like the bed, which is the very private sphere of a family or a married couple, the cryptic enclave is the very private topography of a Self dug in the Unconscious.

Stalker, leaving his wife behind, who is worried about what he is doing since he has been jailed before because of taking people to the prohibited land, meets with the writer first and then the scientist, who altogether start on a rather difficult and dangerous trip to the Zone. The Zone is a referent to all the lieux the crypt comes to imply: it is a grave since it devoured people as is expressed in the information given right at the beginning of the film: “We sent in troops. None returned”, the Unconscious itself since one’s deepest desires, secrets, buried mysteries come up to the surface when one visits the notorious Room in it, and a non-place since it is in constant becoming like no other fixed place in a contrary state of being. On the road to the prohibited land, the writer hesitates whether to continue the journey or to give up saying: “I don’t give a damn about inspiration, but how can I put a name to what I want?”. And he makes a distinction between a strong, uncontrolled, and instinctual want, which he confuses with desire, and a conscious one, which is named as “wish” by Lacan, who claims that those wants consciously uttered are wishes. And the writer states the same definition of the wish in his own words by saying: “These are all intangibles; the moment you name them, their meaning evaporates like jellyfish in the sun”. However, as he makes a contrast between the wants located in the conscious versus subconscious; he is still omitting the concept of “desire”, which is essentially excluded from consciousness, and which dwells in the topography of the deterritorialized Unconscious.

Arriving at the Zone without being caught by the patrolling soldiers, Stalker utters the first words: “Here we are! Home, at last!” comparing the Zone to the home, or “heim” in German, recalling the very notion of “unheimlich”, i.e.

the theory of the uncanny in English, which is the feeling of uneasiness aroused by an incident of a coincidence with something not unknown but contrarily very familiar, just like the mother's womb. The root of the uncanny, which is translated into English from its German origin "unheimlich", consists of the "home" itself. Home has not only this topographical reference as a "house" used for accommodation and shelter but also a sense of "hearth" consisting of the warm family circle to which one belongs. And the following comments Stalker makes about the Zone do indicate that he is really likely to see it as home in the sense of the mother's womb, or i.e. the "Mother Earth": "How still it is... it is the quietest place in the world. It is so beautiful. There's no one here." Still and quiet are the adjectives that can be used for the most peaceful place, or i.e. "home", one can ever be in, just like the mother's womb, which is so beautifully familiar and thus strange in the sense that it makes one feel uncanny as well. Then Stalker starts walking through the Zone not forgetting to say: "Don't go anywhere!" to the other two men. What he tries to mean is: "stay here", which is actually nowhere, a non-place, the deterritorializing topoi or lieux of the crypt itself. Even if they try to go somewhere, there is no actual place they can go to since they are in a non-place. They hear a howling after the Stalker is gone, and when the Stalker comes back, they hear it for a second time and then the writer says: "Maybe there are people living here.". Stalker asks: "Who? There is no one in the Zone. There can't be.". So it is the cryptic enclave dwelling the dead as alive but no living person, and it is also interesting that the Zone is really shaped like an enclave or a crater like hollow caused by a meteorite. Thus the howling they hear is the revenant, the ghost of the other returning from the grave. Thus it can also be considered as the call of the wild, or i.e. the violent, the crypt constantly writing itself in order to be

read, or i.e. heard. In terms of topographical reading, the Zone is the Unconscious and the House, the uncanny-looking home in the Unconscious is the crypt, the core of the deterritorializing place that was or place to be and a place that never is. Stalker halts at some point in the meadow of the Zone and rests like a baby lying in the mother's womb. Meanwhile, the scientist tells the writer all that he knows about the Zone, and utters: "Then rumors began that somewhere in the Zone is a place where desires come true." and continues: "Well, naturally, they started to guard the Zone like a treasure."

After the Stalker lets the trolley go back, the Scientist asks: "How are we going to return?", and the Stalker replies: "Here nobody returns." They start their travel and the first thing they see is a car from about twenty years ago with people in it frozen and still like statues. Going further into the core of the Zone, where the house and the notorious Room are situated, the three men advance in the leadership of the Stalker, who throws metal nuts wrapped by bandages in order to draw a route. However, the writer is too bored to follow the directions of the Stalker, who demands them to make detours instead of going directly to the house so as to decrease the probability of risks. To cap it all, Stalker pours all of what is left of his alcoholic beverage in the bottle, and the writer gets rather angry at him. Upon a tension between the two, the Stalker abrogates his guidance for the writer, who walks directly to the House, hesitates at a point, looks at the Scientist and the Stalker turning back, and then goes on his way again through the House. Suddenly, they hear a voice saying: "Stop! Don't move!", and the writer freezes. The stalker thinks that it was the Scientist and the Scientist thinks the vice versa. The startled and anxious-looking writer comes back and asks the Stalker the

reason why he stopped him. Upon finally realizing and admitting that the voice belongs to none of the three, the writer is told by the scientist that it was himself, his very unconscious ordering himself to stop in a false voice. And the Stalker puts into words the fact about the Zone, the cryptic enclave, the deterritorializing non-space haunting the living with its undead: “The Zone is a very complex maze of traps. All of them are death traps.”, which refers to the cryptic enclaves dwelling the death as alive. And the Stalker elaborates on the topographical structure of the Zone:

I don't know what happens here in the absence of humans... but as soon as humans appear, everything begins to move... Former traps disappear, new ones appear. Safe ways become impassable and the way becomes now easy... now confused beyond words. This is the Zone. It might seem capricious... but each moment it's just as we've made it by our state of mind.

Consequently, the Zone is a complicated terrain with no fixed lieux; it is the best example of the concept of displacement or deterritorialization. It is not like a puzzle composed of many smaller parts, each of which has a fixed ground to be placed on, and the all of which make the total or i.e. the whole of the picture when they are placed together according to a certain map that is the ground itself. Instead the Zone is a puzzle made of lots of smaller parts, which constantly change their places and make a different picture composed of the same pieces each time. For instance, when the Professor leaves his rucksack behind and goes back to take it and come back to the point where they were in the previous scene, the place has changed already and become where the Stalker and the writer reach after they keep advancing for a short while.

When they settle down there to rest for some time, the writer elaborates on writing: "... a man writes because he's tormented, unsure of himself. He has to keep proving his worth to himself and to others. But if I'm convinced I'm a genius, then why do I need to write?" "Mankind exists in order to create works of art. At least that's unselfish, compared with all other human activities."

A certainly cryptic voice-over is heard, a non-diegetic female voice reads the Revelation 6:12-17 from King James Bible, and yet it is not known whom it belongs to or why it is there, like an unsolvable puzzle just to confuse the minds of the audience:

And, lo, there was a great earthquake; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood; and the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind. ... For the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?

and laughs upon finishing the lines. And the camera tracking the bottom of the river shows a picture of Christ sitting with the Bible on his lap probably preaching a community. There are also golden coins on the picture as well as seaweed and dirt. Then we see a gun, and a piece of a calendar showing the 28<sup>th</sup> of some month, and some wires. The Stalker continues with another passage from the Bible:

And, behold, two of them went that same day... to a village called Emmaus... threescore furlongs from Jerusalem . And they talked together of all these things which had happened. And it came to pass, while they communed and reasoned that Jesus himself drew near and went with them. But their eyes were holden that they should not know him. And he said unto them, What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another, as ye walk, and are sad? And one of them, named...

Noticing that the writer and the professor are listening to him, Stalker turns his head back and asks: "Are you awake?", to which answers:

You were talking about the meaning of our life, of the unselfishness of art. Take music, for instance, less than anything else, it's connected to reality, or if connected at all, it's done mechanically, not by way of ideas, just by a sheer sound, devoid of... any associations. And yet, music, as if by some miracle, gets through to our heart. What is it that resonates in us in response to noise brought to harmony, making it the source of the greatest delight which stuns us and brings us together? What's all this needed for? And most important, who needs it? You would say, "No one. And for no reason." Unselfishly. No. I don't think so. After all, everything has some sense. Sense and reason.

The writer comments on the inner of the tunnel and the road that advances: "It looks morbid, don't you think, Professor?" The road to the room gets even more cryptic with the sense of an enigma of how it will end; the writer walks through the tunnel; however, they cannot see where the road goes. There are stalactites hanging down from the ceiling of the tunnel, which looks rather wet and dampish, formed at every breach opening to the outside. The writer stumbles and falls down on his way in the tunnel, where we see rain coming from the outside through the openings. We also hear the warbles of some wild birds that may be hawks or eagles. "Here" shouts the writer turning back: "there is some sort of door here" says the startled writer, who does not seem eager to advance any more or go beyond the door crossing a kind of border. And yet when the Stalker tells him to go in there, he takes his gun out of his jacket. After a short quarrel over the gun, the Stalker asks the writer: "Who will you shoot at there?", which can be read as the implication that he cannot cross the borders since there are no borders at all to cross, and he cannot shoot anyone or anything either since he does not have access to the crypt but it is also that "his own self".

The sand hills look like breasts of a woman; it is a rather feminine setting: both uncanny and dangerous. The writer is lying like a baby in the middle of the breasts of a woman, in a V-shaped pond resembling again the mother's womb,

which is strangely familiar and also familiarly strange. He stands up and sits on the edge of a metal pipe, which resembles an ovum with its circular shape. He articulates: “One more experiment. Experiments, facts, truths, of the highest instance... But there’s no such thing as facts, especially here.”, by “here” he refers to “being in the womb”.

All this is someone’s idiotic invention. Don’t you feel it? But you, of course, must find out whose invention it is. But why? What good will it do you to know? Who is going to get guilty conscience because of it, me? I’ve got no conscience. I just got nerves. If some bastard criticizes me, it leaves a wound. If another bastard praises me, it leaves another wound. You put your heart and soul into a work. They’ll devour both your heart and soul. I’d relieve my soul of filth. They’ll devour the filth. They’re all so literate. They all have voracious appetites. And they are all swarming around, journalists, editors, critics, and a constant stream of women. And they all demand: more, more!

“What kind of a writer am I if I detest writing?”, which is what language is all about, the notion of en/de/crypting. “If it’s constant torment for me, a painful, shameful occupation sort of squeezing out a hemorrhoids.” says the writer making a reference to homosexuality, as the classical Freudian psychoanalysis would suggest that he is stuck in the anal stage. “I used to think that someone would get better because of my books. No, nobody needs me! If I die, they’ll forget me in two days and devour someone else.” utters the writer complaining about the introjection of the dead, who are assimilated and rendered harmless when they are totally forgotten in the normal process of mourning.

“The future used to be just a continuation of the present with all the changes looming for behind the horizon.” states the writer; and then with a reference to Aion, he says: “Now the future and the present are one.” because as Derrida utters in Ken McMullen’s *Ghost Dance* that the future belongs to ghosts.

Then he questions: “Are they ready for it? They don’t want to know anything! All they do is gobble!” The Stalker yells: “You certainly are unlucky! My God, now... now you’ll live to be a hundred” referring to him as always already dead and existing as a reverant and themselves as keping the dead alive! He tries to mean that he is dead ad they ate him, who is, now visually, rising from his grave, or i.e. the mother’s womb. The writer answers the Stalker: “Yes. But why not forever? Like the Wandering Jew?” and leaves his grave (i.e. the mother’s womb). Stalker says to the writer: “You must surely be a fine person. Not that I doubted it, but you must have been through such agony, being in there.” referring to the terrifying uncanny feeling rising from “being in there”, the female genitals of the mother, the coffin he will lie in forever.

“This pipe is a horrible place. The most horrible in the Zone; we call it the meat-mincer, but it’s much worse than any mincer. So many people perished there!” utters the Stalker, who is most terrified by the uncanniness of the center of a cryptographical non-place, the Zone. He goes on lecturing and then recites a poem as well: “Porcupine sent his brother through instead of himself. A brother, who was so sensitive, so gifted. Listen to this:

So summer is gone,  
Leaving no epitaph.  
It’s still warm in the sun,  
Only that’s not enough.  
All that I could attain,  
Like a five-fingered leaf,  
Fell straight into my hand,  
Only that’s not enough.  
Neither evil nor good  
Has yet vanished in vain.  
It all burned and was light  
Only that’s not enough.  
Life has been like a shield  
And has offered protection

I have been very lucky,  
Only that's not enough.  
The leaves were not burned,  
The boughs were not broken.  
The day shines like glass,  
Only that's not enough.

The poem is a cipher for desire, which can never be satisfied, and which can also never be found out, although there are rumors that the Room in the Zone realizes people's most secret desires. Meanwhile the telephone is ringing, and the furious writer answers it during their row, which turns out to be the wrong number. However, startled by the presence of a telephone, which seems to be working fine, they hesitate whether to use it or not. The ghosts of the technology are haunting them in the most cryptic topography of a non-place, which is in constant displacement. The Professor dares to use the phone and call one of his colleagues to say that he has found what he had hid. Upon being threatened by his colleague, the Professor admits: "Yes, all my life I've been scared. Even of you! But I assure you that now you don't scare me at all. His colleague responds by saying: "My God, you are not even Herostratus", who had set fire to the Artemis Temple, which was regarded as the Seven Wonders of the World, located in Ephesus for the sake of fame. While talking on the phone, Professor uses his right hand, and his marriage ring is deliberately shown center frame in focus. When his colleague adds: "You just wanted to trip me up because twenty years ago I slept with your wife" and makes him whirl as if in great pain and lower his head out of shame, we come to understand why and in the quest for what he has made so much effort to reach the Zone. Then the colleague claims: "You will never forgive yourself for this.". When the Stalker and the writer ask what he is up to, the Professor answers by closing his eyes firmly since he is trying to make up a

response to cover up his deed and says: “Imagine what will happen when everyone believes in this Room”. Afterwards, he starts attacking the two by pointing at social problems and disguising himself under the mask of humanism; however, the writer challenges his ideas by saying: “No single individual can have enough hatred or love to reach all of mankind!” and belittles: “You desire money, a woman, or you want our boss to get run over; that’s natural... But world domination, a just society, the kingdom of heaven on earth... Those aren’t desires, but an ideology, the realization of a concept! Subconscious compassion cannot yet be realized as a common, instinctive desire!”

We see an almost decayed corpse, the arms of which are folded on his chest, lying on the edge of a wall in front of which the dog sits from the point of view shot of the Professor, and the creepy question comes: “Or perhaps something inside us won’t permit it?”, who or what is it inside us that acts or speaks on behalf of ourselves?

To the question: “Why did Porcupine hang himself?”, the writer gives the answer: “He realized that it is one’s most secret desire that is granted here.”; therefore, Porcupine, after facing the truth of his most secret desire, which is greed and wealth and not the life of his brother, he cannot handle the decrypted desire and hangs himself. “Here will come true that which reflects the essence of your nature; it is within you, it governs you, yet you are ignorant of it.”; these statements present the very basic nature of the crypt, which is reached by the Zone that tortures its visitors by the process of its deciphering.

#### 4. “CIPHER” AS PARADIGM FOR CRYPTING

Finally, the cipher is mostly related with cryptonymy and lingual processes such as the unconscious use of synonyms or homonyms instead of the word or the word-thing, which is unspeakable or unutterable.

Of crucial importance here is the notion of the code as well as the relationship between the code and the message. In order to produce a message, one needs a system of rules and signs. The messages are produced and ruled by codes at the core of semiology. Coding is in other words putting the world in language and hence having a mastery of the world. The code rules everything; it leads to not only complete detachment from reality but also the fact that reality does not exist that reality is hyper-real. The referent is lost; consequently, one cannot distinguish what is real from what is not. To the extent that there is always an element of unknown, message constantly escapes from the code, which it cannot catch. This recalls in mind a system of non-signification, i.e. a realm where representation cannot be applied, like the notion of Schopenhauer’s kernel and Lacanian “symbol”. And Baudrillard’s notion of excess is somehow similar since it is what constantly transcends its own limits and hence lives in a constant state of crisis, as always in movement, and not simply able to be regarded as “abundance”.

#### **4.1. Ken McMullen**

Born on the 31<sup>st</sup> of August in 1948 in Manchester, England, the film artist, producer, screenwriter, and director Ken McMullen started his accredited career as a successful film director with his first renowned film *Ghost Dance* in 1983. His other films include *Being and Doing* (1984), *Zina* (1985), *Partition* (1988), *1867* (1990), *1871* (1990), *There We Are John* (1993), *Lucky Man* (1994), and *Arrows of Time* (2007). Ken McMullen holds a Research Professorship with the London Institute and Lectures on Cinema and Fine Art practice in London, Paris, Lisbon and Beijing.

#### **4.2. De/En/Crypting *GHOST DANCE***

The filmic texts are also seen like the written or verbal products of art, therefore, we, as the theorists and film scholars, tend to “read” them. If they are literally texts that are “written” or “spoken”, expressed audibly or visually in the frame of language, according to a system having some borderlines such as rules of grammar, syntax, structure, and punctuation, then we are to translate or perhaps at least intend to decipher their hidden messages, the directors’ or characters’ most secret desires and dreams. And a film like *Ghost Dance*, in which Jacques Derrida, who has written the foreword titled “*Fors: The English Words of Nicolas Abraham and Maria Torok*” for their most appreciated book “*The Wolf Man’s Magic Word: A Crptonymy*”, most accurately and concisely explains the whole theory of the “crypt”, verbally analyzes the crypt and at the same time cryptonymizes the analysis lost “in an endless exercise to exorcise the ghost, even

while maintaining it by that very process.” as Cholodenko utters (“The Crypt of Cinema” 102).

This film as a cinematic text cannot be elucidated in a synopsis or to put it in a better way, there is no plot to be summarized for a reader, who is not familiar with the film since it is a cryptonymy by itself. *Ghost Dance* is literally a musical play or dance of the revenants, who come back to haunt us, each and every one of us, who has, as the director’s commentary offers as well, come from the sea, the tidewaters of which recall a musically rhythmic movement, or the dance of the ghosts. Since *Ghost Dance* is a movie mainly about the relationship of the notion of the crypt and cinema, it is a literal and metaphoric dance of the ghosts. For instance, some of the characters who were alive during the shooting of the film such as Pascale Pascale and Jacques Derrida are now dead, or i.e. literally ghosts, revenants that are coming back to haunt us each and every time we watch the film. One cannot give a plot summary of this film just as one cannot give a melodic synopsis of the notes of a musical work. It is more on the sonorous rather than on the specular or visual or textual; and hence it is truly ghostly and creepy.

To begin with, it starts with the scene, in which the whole screen is filled up with a part of the sea, which is indisputably a cryptic topography with exact borders to specify with and no sense of depth and horizon that can be perceived by human beings. It is also raining heavily on the grey waters of the sea. We hear the music of the waters touching and kissing each other; we watch the tango of the nature, which wakes up the ghosts to invite them for a dance. And then an acousmètre of a female voice-over, the voice of a ghost, an unknown, visually

absent woman speaking to us as the audience, says: “When two people have intercourse, there are always four people watching” and she gives the reason that it is at those “moments of great intimacy and vulnerability that the internalized peoples from the past become present.” As Michel Chion notes in his article “The Acousmètre”, she is, acting as the narrator in this first scene, visually absent but actually omnipresent as well as omnipotent. During the voice-over, there is a transition from the scene of the sea with rain to the trash floating on the surface of the sea with a superimposition, and we are given a hint to haunting from both the audio and visual sources. The sea is covered with the remnants from the past which are not alive but not dead either, and still of influence to the presence. And the voice-over continues: “But these four ghosts bring along their internalized ghosts, and so on, and so on... and this is how the generations going back to the seashore and perhaps before make their presence known beside us”. There is a constant cryptonymy at work in the film, which is a cryptonymy by itself constantly writing the crypt of a crypt at the same time while trying to decipher the secret codes of haunting and ghosts. And this cryptonymy is presented cryptographically following the orders of hauntology, in the category of which, in my opinion, acousmètre falls as well.

There is a second superimposition that is actually the cipher most successfully crypting the chaos brought by human beings to the nature, which has previously been quite a harmonious whole. The passage from the trash of human beings thrown at the sea and spoiling the natural beauty of it to the scene in which a man runs towards the camera starting from the center of the frame, the end of the room taken into the middle of the screen during shooting, inside a quite

geometric building. The floor of the building is covered with water and divided with regular intervals by some columns as well as horizontal and vertical lines on the ceiling and sidewalls. This is the code, when deciphered, of the sense of infinity in chaos. And the feeling is reversed to chaos in infinity with a cut to the next scene, in which tide waves lick the shores; the previous wave goes back to the sea while the next one advances. The viewpoint of the camera places the audiences on a point on the shore and therefore gives the feeling of our feet being caught by the wave coming from the sea, where we all come from, the living and the ghosts. Finally, we are introduced to the woman, whose voice-over we had heard in the previous scenes, but not through deacousmatization in Chion's terms. Leonie Mellinger, whose voice has not yet been visually shown as getting out of her mouth, is the split self, the other ghost of the Split Ego, sharing the role with Pascale Ogier in this film. She takes a huge cloth, runs into the sea, throws it at the breaking point of the waves and runs back to the shore not to be devoured by the waves, dancing like ghosts in a constant movement of going and coming "back", according to the economics of revenance. The appearance of the white foams of the waves on the dark shore line resemble the commonly assumed form of ghosts, with their actually formless, white, sheet-like shapes giving the impression of continuously floating in the air. We also hear the voice of a ship's horn piping with regular intervals.

Another acousmètre, this time with a male voice-over, which actually belongs to the director himself, starts: "Long before memory, in a past without form they began to appear in the darkness of the night. Then as memory began to screen them out, they slipped into language hiding between letters and jumping

out between words.” And therefore the director becomes the real ghost, never showing himself visually, always present with his voice that “derives mysterious powers from being heard but not seen” as Chion states (22). As a consequence, the powers the acousmètre has are similar to the powers of the ghost hosted in the crypt in the Unconscious ventriloquizing for the Self and keeping its powers as long as its alterity is perpetuated safe and intact in the chamber it is buried. And most ironically, the male voice-over, the all empowering director in the film *Ghost Dance*, talks about the revenants by “coding”, putting into words of a language, the way in which the secret codes have been buried in the crypts to come back and haunt the ones that encode and try to decode them. Therefore, the whole script is a cryptonymy; each and every voice-over comes from the Unconscious of the other; and it is the ear of the other that signs each and every frame of this movie. It is a constant game of “hide and seek” as Chion also mentions while trying to exemplify the experience of the acousmètre, which derives from our very first experiences while we are in the mother’s womb where we hear the voice of he mother, the image of whom is still not known.

After the male voice-over, with the cut to a close-up of Pascale Ogier, we are introduced to the other split self. Looking with empty eyes, Pascale then types something on the typewriter with another acousmètre of a kind of annoying buzzing noise, the source of which is not known. As she sits on the floor with her eyes fixed on the typewriter, the title of the first chapter is given “Rituals of Rage, Rituals of Desire”. Formed of chapters, the film starts with the first one shot in a house, where Pascale is sitting on a sofa, on both sides of which there are clocks, showing time as exactly the opposite of each other with the hour hand and minute

hands in reverse positions. Decided to speed up, she goes to the other room, in which she gathers her electronic stuff and puts them into a bundle and then records her voice; she utters in to the voice recorder: “Fuck you! I am sick of it. I am selling everything. I am off. Don’t try to find me. As far as I’m concerned, you are a ghost.”, and listens to her own recorded voice that becomes a ghost and haunts herself before she takes the knife, the typewriter, and leaves. “In an age of darkness, long ago and far away, during periods of mourning, the living would attack the dead, throwing stones at them, hurling abuse of them, spitting and screaming with rage, for they felt they had been abandoned with the terrors of the night.” And then Leonie Marianne’s voice-over starts: “Why can’t I forget? It is as if I were responsible.” We do not know what she is talking about and yet it is out there coded in her speech, which is the sonorous part of a language, which is always and already by its nature cryptic. Marianne goes on asking: “Why do I wake up so often in the night with a feeling that they are watching me? Shit, I’m so scared. They are all out there talking about me. God, I need some silence.” Her way of articulating her ideas and feelings besides her voice tone, the musical score, and what we see visually, the lights of a city dark in the night, at the same time do all give us an uncanny feeling.

With a sudden cut to the feet of a man wearing black pants of a supposedly white and black and white shoes, who will later turn out to be Dominique Pinon, the film switches back to the male voice-over, which starts talking as the camera tilts upwards from the feet of the man to the upper parts of his body: “At first, it was thought the ghosts would be forgotten in this new electronic age. But the things turned out they began to use electronic gadgets for

their own purpose. Now they often jump on radio waves. There are many recorded cases that ghosts appear in electrical shops.” And finally, we get a medium-close up of Dominique Pinon’s bust. Meanwhile, Pascale is on her way to the electronics shop, where she bought the electronic appliances. However, Pinon, who previously sold Pascale those electronic tools, refuses to refund them. He even eats a piece of the telephone, which he breaks into many smaller bits, to show what those used electronic stuff are worth. Leaving the shop, Pascale encounters Marianne on her way, and she gives her the knife she had taken with her before leaving the house. Later on we see Marianne going “back” to the electronics shop. Although there is no shot showing that Marianne does actually kill the seller, the scene is presented as a cipher to be decoded in that way, because it ends, before to the cut back to Pascale walking on the street, with the shot of Marianne with her hand holding the knife in her jacket and looking into Pinon’s eyes.

Pascale sees her American Professor acted by John Annette on her way; he asks her where she has been “hiding”, which is a word from the lexicon of cryptonymy, herself, or maybe the Other in herself, the split self or the split Ego. He also says that he has tried to call her place a number of times, and that all he has got is crazy messages from her answering machine. She accepts that she has been off several times since then however; she claims that it was her own answering machine, and asks whether he did not recognize it. The Professor replies: “No, no, it was like a ghost in the machine.”. The whole dialogue as well as all the other dialogues among the characters in the film are cryptic; they are a constant process of coding and decoding of a cipher that is being continuously

written and that at the same time calls for a reading, translation while as a matter of fact it keeps hiding itself safe from any possible touch in the a-topoi it belongs to: the language. After the Professor complains about Pascale's absence in his tutorials, she tries to justify herself by claiming that even when she does not attend the lectures, she makes someone tape the tutorial for her to listen to it over and over again, anytime and anywhere she wants. And she claims that he should be pleased because she has made him a kind of God stating: "You are in all places at all times." As their conversation ends, they turn their backs to each other, and the Professor talks looking at the camera directly addressing the audience: "So it would appear that I am to play the Master, Pascale as my disciple. For the technology of Sony Walkman, she is to feel the presence. The power relation of Master-Disciple is now going to be reified in..." while Pascale is haunted by an acousmètre, the ghost of her own voice that she had recorded before leaving her house. As Jean Baudrillard claims everything in this postmodern age is simulacrum; there is no reality left; the simulacra are more real than the real. Therefore, the non-diegetic ghost of her recorded voice played from the tape is more real than the diegetic voice of the Professor talking behind her, and makes her smile with a grin on her face, not hearing the Professor anymore.

The musical score now switches back to the original songs of the Native Americans, the Indians, from whom the movement of the Ghost Dance had originated back in the 1880s. It is clear that the director, Ken McMullen was inspired by the notion of the Ghost Dance from that Native American religious movement, to which the musical score most probably belongs. The voice-over of Pascale says: "I am heading to adventure." and we see Jacques Derrida sipping his

coffee in a restaurant. Then the male voice-over utters: “The teacher would simply be a image in a video, a voice in a recorder. Would that simply be that of a ghost in a machine? If this is the case, then it is damage.” Pascale, who claimed to have known Derrida, and her American Professor go to meet Derrida in a restaurant, in front of which we see Marianne, who is actually playing the same character with Pascale, passes. Greeting Derrida, the Professor starts with the small talk saying that he thinks that they already know each other. However, Derrida tells that they have never met before, upon which Pascale replies: “No, but it feels like I have known you for years.”, turning the living Derrida sitting next to her to a ghost using the lingual codes, which imply that he has been haunting her for all her life. Upon the suggestion of the American Professor, Derrida asks Pascale what the idea behind her idea is, to which she responds that the idea behind her idea is that she has no idea at all. Looking at Derrida with a bit of startled face, Pascale is sitting on Derrida’s right; therefore, she is seen on the left of the screen looking at Derrida’s face with her huge eyes holding her head with a slight degree upwards. And then a sudden cut to Marianne shows her at exactly an opposite position on the right side of the screen looking downwards with her eyes and head bowed to the same degree with Pascale’s. There are many other examples of ciphers be it visual or sonorous or textual hidden in the film, just like this one visually hinting at the split self or Ego of the character played by the two leading actresses.

Seeing Marianne on the screen in the diegesis, we are again forced to confront with her voice-over, the stream of consciousness, her own monologue with herself saying:

I dreamt that I was talking to myself. Then something happened, and “I” and “me” became different people. We were walking through a city. Night was falling, and the sky was becoming radiant with electric lights. We started to walk towards the ocean. Suddenly, people were rushing in the opposite direction; there was terrible panic. But the people were rushing towards us with the dead of centuries that had gone before. Their crushing weight turned into a tidal wave. It hit us and only one of us survived.

The interesting or, to put it in a more accurate way, the cryptic thing about these lines is the fact that it actually comes true not long after the film *Pascale* tragically dies and Mellinger survives, which Mellinger talks about in the interview the director made with her in 2006. Moreover, in the interview, Mellinger talks about the uncanny feeling the tidal waves have always given to her, and confesses that she does not know the reason why, and adds that she thinks McMullen did not know why he put those lines about tidal waves either while he was writing the script.

Another *acousmètre*, this time of Derrida, continues to disorient the audience, who has already not been oriented into the movie: “To be haunted by a ghost is to remember something you’ve never lived through. For memory is the past that has never taken the form of the present” but it at the same time explains the stream of consciousness of Marianne, who had dreamed about her being a split Self. During the voice-over of Derrida, we see cars going on the roads dark at night with their flashlights recalling the so-called, commonly accepted, image of ghosts.

Again the voice-over of the director expresses: “She met him many times. She asked him about Kafka, Heidegger, Marx, and Freud. When she left, she was never shown who she had been speaking to. She was left with an afterimage and

seemed to be drawing her own phantoms out of herself.” And then we see Derrida talking to Pascale in his office. Asking Derrida whether he believes in ghosts, he begins his response by stating that it is a difficult question. And then the whole show starts with his next two sentences: “Firstly, you’re asking a ghost whether he believes in ghosts. Here, the ghost is me.” Afterwards he keeps on explaining:

Since I’ve been asked to play myself in a film which is more or less improvised, I feel as if I’m letting a ghost speak for me. Curiously, instead of playing myself without knowing it, I let a ghost ventriloquize my words, or play my role, which is even more amusing.” “The cinema is the art of ghosts, a battle of phantoms. That’s what I think the cinema is about, when it’s not boring. It’s the art of allowing ghosts to come back. That’s what we are doing now. Therefore, if I’m a ghost, but believe I’m speaking with my own voice, it’s precisely because I believe it’s my own voice that I allow it to be taken over by another’s voice. Not just any other voice, but that of my own ghosts. So ghosts do exist. And it’s the ghosts who will answer you. Perhaps they already have. And this, it seems to me, has to do with an exchange between the art of the cinema, in its most original, unedited form and an aspect of psychoanalysis. Cinema plus psychoanalysis equals the Science of Ghosts. You know that Freud had to deal all his life with ghosts.

And the telephone in the rooms starts ringing, on which Derrida comments before answering the phone: “Now the telephone is the ghost.” and goes on: “Well, that was the phantom voice of someone I don’t know.” Elaborating on the issue of hauntology, Derrida utters:

Well, what Kafka says about correspondence, about letters, about epistolary communication also applies to telephonic communication. And I believe that modern developments in technology and telecommunication instead of diminishing the realm of ghosts as does any scientific or technical thought is leaving behind the age of ghosts, as part of the feudal age with its somewhat primitive technology as a certain prenatal age. Whereas I believe that ghosts are part of the future, and that modern technology of images like cinematography and telecommunication enhances the power of ghosts and their ability to haunt us. In fact, it’s because I wished to tempt the ghosts out that I agreed to appear in a film. It could perhaps offer both us and them the chance to evoke the ghosts: The ghost of Marx, the ghost of Freud, the ghost of Kafka... that American’s ghost... even yours! I only met you this morning, but to me you’re already permeated by all sorts of phantom figures. Whether I believe in ghosts or not, I say: “Long live the ghosts” and you, do you believe in ghosts?

“Yes, certainly. Yes, absolutely, Now I do absolutely.” Says Pascale repeating after and after again haunting herself with her own voice.

The epitaph of Karl Marx reads: “The philosophers have only interpreted the world in various ways.”

The second chapter titled “Myth: The Voice of Destruction, The Voice of Deliverance” starts with another stream of consciousness of Marianne’s:

I was walking through a desert when I came across the ruins of an ancient seaport. But the sea had dried up many centuries before. At first, I could see myself clearly as if I was standing in front of a mirror. Then I vanished, and all I could see was the grey-black sand which was beginning to cover everything. And the voices started. At first they seemed like the insects that were crawling in sand. Then they seemed to be coming from me. They were living inside me, but they were watching me at the same time. Then they took me out of myself and I could see myself clearly walking away on the horizon.

We see Pascale walk onwards from the point where we last saw

Marianne and the male voice-over explains:

She thought of herself as I. but the more she encountered the decay around her, the more she moved into a gap between “I” and “me”. For as well known, the social decay produces psychic fragmentation. The more things break up, the more myths flourish attempting to make historical sense out of historical chaos. She began to feel a presence of so many others inside her as if they were clawing away to her flesh from the inside.

And then the camera shoots the reflections on the water, which are reversed and ghostly; the images on the surface of the water resemble ghosts dancing. Afterwards, we hear Marianne’s voice-over: “Look at her. She thinks she is different from the rest of us. She thinks she has got immunity. But when they come here, they won’t make any exception for her.”

Masuda was an extraordinary woman. I met her in a film set when she was advising on native costume of a film about cargo cults of the Far East. She was able to move with ease between two completely different cultures as if part of her was at home in the rich world and part of her was at home in the poor. She told me about a village by a river that had been periodically invaded by an army of rats. The villagers were afraid of them but they also worshipped them.

“I really close my eyes as if I was her. They can still see you even if you can’t see them. Trying to pretend they are not there won’t help her.” says Marianne while we see Pascale lying on a boat on the surface of the sea and going to sleep. The true acousmétré of a voice of a man, of whom we have no idea, continues telling the story he had started: “They believed the rats embodied the ghosts of their ancestors. By their speed in . . . ., they had been able to run through time to visit their own lands. Years before when their lands and wealth had been taken from them, a strange event had taken place there.” Visually again, it is coded that these two women are the split parts of one self or Ego; the way they lie down and sleep, the positions of their body, curved like a baby in a mother’s womb, are reversed and complete each other when brought together and make one whole like the Chinese symbol of the ying yang, the meaning of which refers to balance and power.

One night the rats had eaten a woman who was lying asleep by the river. They had ripped off her clothes and by the time she had woke up, it was too late: They had entered her body by every possible opening. She began to shout and scream. But the voices that came out of her were the voices of the dead.

And the camera movement clarifies the border that makes the split visible for the audience, it passes swiftly along a line that divides the topography of the two women and puts them on each side before it dives into the dark waters of the sea. “To be inside and outside at the same time, to be the one who sees and the

one who is seen, to enter the place where space becomes time and times stops still, to escape from the time forever...” the voice-over continues: “All rituals are an expression of this wish, but it is a wish you cannot succumb to. For if you don’t wake soon, all your choices will diminish, and you will return to the place you came from without even a moment of knowing.”

The two women, playing the split Self or Ego of the same character, suddenly wake up when the boat in which Pascale has been sleeping hits the betony on which Marianne was sleeping. We see them in exact opposite position again looking at each other, but after they stand together, they start acting as one moving in the same way doing the same things. This unison of the split Self, as we can perceive from their clothing, results in a spirit waking up from the time in the past when the story told about the rats and the villagers had happened. The voice-over telling the story goes on: “She began to shout a scream. But the voices that came out of her were the voices of the dead. The rats ate all her flesh from the inside until all that was left was a clean white skeleton. Then the dogs came out and ripped the bones apart. But the rats returned and ate up all the dogs leaving nothing of them remaining except their tails. Suddenly, a big black bird flew out of the sky.” And the visuals advance parallel to the story told, Pascale and Marianne hear the scream of the bird. The male voice-over adds: “Birds ate up all the rats. Then the birds changed assumedly to the form of two women, both of whom were beautiful. And when they were together, they had magical powers.” just like Pascale and Marianne, whose unison makes them powerful. The voice-over utters: “She told me myths have the same qualities as radio waves: when they

arrive in a village, they seem to have come from nowhere. That's why so often they are credited with supernatural origin."

Witnessing the dialogue between the "I" and "me" of the split Self, we come to an understanding of the importance of sleep in the theory of the crypt. Marianne asks Pascale whether it is easier to sleep and easier to wake, to which Pascale gives a most interesting answer: "Depends on the rage you can get rid of in your lovemaking." Pascale says that she has been studying anthropology and learnt rituals, myths, cults, magical beliefs of the primitives, and particularly the cargo cults of the Far East. She makes up a story to give the reason for her giving up the idea to go to the Far East; however, she says to Marianne the truth that she made up the last part of her story and utters that she may tell her later what really happened if she learns to trust her. When we observe the two women, we see that Pascale is the passive one with all the interesting ideas whereas Marianne is the one born for action. After noticing a rat and trying to kill it, they quickly leave the building, and see outside another building, on which a capital "D" is painted. Upon being unable to find out why they put a "D" on the outer side walls of the building, they start counting what they think the letter "D" stands for: "Desire, Death, Dynamite, Despair, Drugs, Dice and Dolls, Darkness and Deafness, Destruction, Dole and Depression, Derrida and Desire.", and go on crypting the analysis of a crypt, a lingual code, the letter D, which may and may not stand for either, all, or none of the words they articulate.

And the third chapter titled "History: Ghosts That Emerge in Daydreams" starts with the scene in which a fat man is playing drums on the top of a building.

At the same time, a man is reporting on the weather forecast from a radio we assume to be in Marianne's house. Looking out of the window, Marianne sees the year 1871 printed somewhere; that is to be the name of a future film of McMullen, and which turns out to be part of the epitaph on which for the death of the community is written and it is dated back to 21-28 May 1871. Marianne thus was recalling a past experience of most probably a visit to a cemetery. With a flash-forward back to her in the kitchen, we find her smoking by the window. She yells angrily at George, who is playing drums. Later on, Pascale comes and Marianne asks whether she had a good sleep. She confirms that she did; however, she says that she has seen a strange dream in which she was being chased by a gang or she might have been part of the gang chasing somebody else. Marianne tries to make a logical explanation for her seeing such a dream: "Perhaps the room is still a bit damp." But Pascale avers that she often sees things like that anyway.

Marianne thinks that it was Pascale who took her photo in from on the Wall of "La Commune" in Paris. The flashback affirms that it was actually correct: Pascale bumps into Marianne, who asks her to take her photo, in front of that wall. In a film made of still photographs, the animate being inanimated by the frozen pictures and re-animated by the motion in cinema, it is the uncanny play of images both dead and alive at the same time predicated on the logic of a "lifedeath" that Pascale, a ghost, takes the picture of her split self, Marianne, another ghost and freezes a moment in her life, kills her only to be haunted by her later in her life, some part of which is filmed and therefore rendered lifeless and put into the order of hauntology. And all of a sudden the picture is haunted by another ghost, the revenant of the man in the electronics shop, who had been

killed by Marianne in the first chapter of the film, has returned to haunt Marianne and Pascale in front of the wall of the Communal, as a guide for the American tourists. After he tells the story of “La Commune”, which was the first proletarian revolution, in which all the revolutionists including men, women, and children were killed because the bourgeoisie soldiers took no prisoners but shot all the sympathizers. Pinon states that the last battle of the commune took place in that cemetery, communal and the bourgeoisie fighting from grave to grave in the battle, at the end of which the bourgeois soldiers lined up the 251 survivors against that wall. And the communal was all shot with courage by a single shot: “Live La Commune” says Pinon. Consequently, when Pascale took Marianne’s photo, she did kill her in the sense that she froze a moment of her life and rendered it ghostly, and also that scene was the ghost of La Commune, who were killed standing just like Marianne in front of the wall, and shot by the bourgeois soldiers standing where Pascale stood and took the picture. So the film becomes the endless dance of the ghosts: there is a specter in the specters the film itself hosts and presents, and hence becomes the ghost of a ghost of a ghost, the picture taken in the motion picture, which is made up of still photographs.

The guide continues the story by saying that there were two things Yuri Gagarine took to the space with him: “a picture of Lenin and a flag of La Commune”, and comments: “In spite of the horrors, they could not kill the idea. The idea lives on like ideas often do. No one can kill an idea. Ideas have wings, can fly to eternal space”. And most ironically, the moment the guide finishes the story; all the tourists hold up their cameras and take a picture like the soldiers that

had shot the revolutionists. The flashback ends with the shot in which Marianne is standing against the wall center frame for her photo to be taken. The notion of the flashback and flash-forward do also follow the order of hauntology in motion pictures.

Marianne asks Pascale once again whether that was her who had taken her photo in front of the wall of the Commune in the past. And as the camera moves back and takes a medium shot of Marianne, who was first shown with a medium close-up, getting closer to Pascale, whose voice we hear, in order to capture her in the frame as well, Marianne is seen standing in front of a wall covered with the pictures of probably the dead commune after the last battle. She is also placed as if she is lying in one of the crypts like the other dead proletariat from 1871. The movie is truly a dance of the ghosts owing to the way in which it encodes and decodes the visual and verbal materials according to the logic of hauntology, constantly writing a crypt calling for a translation with no classical narrative starting with a problematic and developing to solve it out till the end when it actually does.

On the door of the kitchen is hanged a poster titled “The Committee of Public Salvation” reads: “Citizens, arise! To the Barricades!”. Near it on the other side of the wall is a picture of four rats, which are tied to each other with their tails. Then we hear Marianne’s inner voice of ideas: “That one must think that she has got the power to call up the rats that she has got something they want,

something special inside her, though she is wrong. She is empty, just a shell like everybody else.”

Derrida’s voice-over explicates the whole theory of the crypt belonging to Abraham and Torok starting with Freud’s interpretation of mourning:

Freud! We were talking about the ghost of Freud. You know, ghosts don’t just appear. They come back. In French, we talk of them “returning”. Now that presupposes a memory of the past that has never taken the form of the present. But I’ve been intrigued by a particular theory which some psychoanalyst friends of mine – Nicolas Abraham, who is now dead, and Maria Torok – developed from Freud: Their theory of ghosts is based on a theory of mourning. In normal mourning, Freud says, one internalizes the dead. One takes the dead into oneself, and assimilates them. This internalization is an idealization. It accepts the dead. Whereas in mourning which doesn’t develop naturally, that’s to say in mourning that goes wrong, there is no true internalization. There is what Abraham and Torok call “incorporation”. That is to say, the dead are taken into us, but don’t become part of us. They just occupy a particular place in our bodies. They can speak for themselves. They can haunt our body and ventriloquize our speech. So the ghost is enclosed in a crypt, which is our body. We become a sort of graveyard for ghosts. A ghost can be not only our unconscious, but more precisely someone else’s unconscious. The other’s unconscious speaks in our place. It is not our unconscious, it is the unconscious of the other which plays trick on us. It can be terrifying. But that’s when things start to happen.<sup>3</sup>

“How can it be that in this age of electric buildings proved beliefs of the Middle Ages are poking their heads out of the gutters of time?” Marianne’s voice-over ends the third chapter by leaving the audience with a question to think about.

The fourth chapter titled “Thesis: The Voice That Escapes the Text” begins with a scene in which Pascale is writing her thesis. We hear Marianne’s voice-over tells Pascale’s incorporation:

She said she didn’t put it in her mouth; but I knew she did. And when it was as far as it would go, she started to suck and suck. But when it

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<sup>3</sup> I have put down the whole voice-over of Derrida since he elaborately and to the point clarifies the logic of the whole theory of Freud’s mourning and Abraham and Torok’s crypt.

remained dry, she bit as hard as she could. That's how she swallowed it. And that's why she's always hungry, because the bitch, she swallowed and ate everything inside her to get its own back. So there she is, empty and so hateful waiting for the revenge she knows is going to come. She's had it.

Going almost crazy while writing her thesis, Pascale attempts to break her typewriter into pieces. She is complaining about being unable to write about her ideas and feelings; she is probably going through the experience of what we call the writers' block. When she takes her thesis to get it Xeroxed, we see George acting another character, the photocopier, like a ghost haunting Pascale.

The fifth chapter titled "Witness: The One Who Becomes What He Hears" starts with another voice-over of Marianne's: "When two people have intercourse, there is always one other present. But this other takes only form that cannot be described. It is the trauma itself. The witness! It is between them and it is excluded. A noise that breaks the enigma of the night. A mirror that refuses to confirm existence. An encounter with a form of sexuality that signifies death." This lecture on the other/the ghost or i.e. the witness is actually all about what is to happen in the following scenes, in which Pascale becomes the witness of the intercourse of Marianne and George.

The male voice-over articulates: "The ritual began when the women told each other stories about the sexual pro of their ancestors. They were supposed to believe that they were alone, but all the time they were being overheard by a man dressed up as a wild pig. When realized they had been overheard, they tried to send the man away, but he returned dressed up as a jaguar. Then in order to keep their secrets, they played a trick on him. They said: "Jaguar, are you really one of

the ancestors? Tell us how it was then when you got up to your games with the women.” The jaguar said he chilled them and they encouraged him to begin. But when he was off-guard, one of them killed him. The jaguar didn’t turn back into a man again, but couldn’t remember any of the conversations that had taken place between the women.” This voice-over is a code for a future scene, the next one, in which George, the jaguar, threatens the two women to perform his play with the knife he has been holding in his hand. He takes Marianne, whom he asks: “You know what is going to happen right? We are going to watch ourselves in the mirror.”, which, as Marianne previously had told, will “refuse to confirm their existence”, and then turns to Pascale and utters, “And you are gonna watch us watching ourselves in the mirror.” As the witness, who is “between them and excluded”, and adds, “And I’m gonna watch you watching us watching ourselves”. At last we witness Pascale “witnessing” Marianne killing George, whom she has stabbed, and hear a loud “noise that breaks the enigma of the night” resulting from “an encounter with a form of sexuality that signifies death”.

The sixth chapter titled “Trial: Power through Absence” starts with Derrida’s voice-over about an event that happened the previous year in the Czech Republic when he went to Prague to attend a seminar with some dissident Czech philosophers who were banned from the universities. Followed by the Czech secret police, Derrida goes victim to a conspiracy set by the police, and gets arrested the next day for drug smuggling. What is most interesting about this event is Derrida’s coming to an awareness of being haunted by the ghost of Kafka, while going for a walk in the city of Kafka, whose two houses and grave was in Prague. He articulates his experience of wandering from the houses of Kafka to

his grave resembling to being as if in pursuit of Kafka's ghost, whom he finds out to be haunting himself. He comes to that conclusion, depending on what he learnt the other day when he was arrested: at the exact time he was at Kafka's grave that the Czech secret police "secretly" entered his room and left a packet of drugs as an alleged reason for his arrest. During his interrogation, he answers the question as to why he was in Paris by telling the police that he was preparing a paper on Kafka, rather ironically "on an extract from Kafka's 'The Trial' called 'Before The Court'". Derrida thus deduces the belief that Kafka's ghost had been effectively present during his short interrogation and imprisonment. He also claims that Kafka's script had been manipulating the whole scene being that of "The Trial" as if they had been all acting in a film directed, or in Derrida's term controlled, by Kafka's ghost.

The male voice-over speaks as if following a stream of consciousness with the visual presentation of the roads of London at night with the ghostly dance of the car lights:

Sea of electric eels,  
sea of unknown movements far below the surface,  
sea of primitive desires,  
sea of endless triangles,  
sea of ritualistic murder,  
sea of history,  
sea of greed,  
sea of guilt,  
sea of eight million false faces,  
sea of lost hopes,  
sea of despair,  
sea of occasional reason,  
sea without time...

Switching to Marianne's voice-over asking: "Do I have any choice but to suffer my own history?", there is a cut to her facial silhouette as well. The acousmétré as the non-diegetic voice coming from inside her head continues: "It feels like some mysterious figure is directing everything I do, someone who hasn't been present for a very long time." The male voice-over goes on: "They are coming closer. I've been expecting them. They really don't know what is happening. They don't know the end." Pascale is waiting for Marianne and they start going somewhere after she comes while the director's voice-over goes on: "There is not much time left. The wish to stop time is a deathly wish. They are going to see an image of their own struggle with their own persona. They'll be left with that. I'll leave them that at least." As Nicholas Rand utters: "the characteristic aim of cryptonymy is to make the unreadable readable", these daring statements of the director, whose voice-over we hear, make more sense and meaning (Ixv). Both in the film and in real life, the female characters playing the same person of the split self are forced to struggle with their own character, the one and the same person.

The seventh and the last chapter titled "Voice of Silence, Ritual of Return" starts with the same man who had run through the wet floor towards the camera in a geometrical building which gave the audience a sense of infinity. Pascale and Marianne follow him down the stairs to the ground floor of the building. He tries so hard to touch and penetrate the shallow water covering the ground, and the two women, who actually are one person, watch his strife to touch the water. The director's voice-over states: "Beyond the mask of intellect, beyond the reaches of consciousness, a nothing, a no-thing, a nowhere..." and they all disappear; neither

the man, supposedly a ghost, nor the two women of the split self are visible anymore. There is no dialog between any of the characters in this scene, the annoying silence of which becomes almost terrifying, until we hear the director's voice-over, which is even more uncanny in the sense that "Black, their humor rises, white, their pain recoils, but for pleasure they are mute. From beyond the tomb, pleasure . . . nevertheless!" (Rand, Ivi-Ivii). And most importantly it is an omnipotent and omnipresent acousmètre in the sense of "the voice of [an] invisible ghost who move about wherever the action goes, and from whom nothing can be hidden" (Chion, 25), and yet: "For the spectator, then, the filmic acousmètre is "offscreen", outside the image, and at the same time in the image ... It's as if the voice were wandering along the surface, *at once inside and outside*, seeking a place to settle." (Chion, 23). Haunted by the revenance of a voice, which is, as Chion says, "Neither inside nor outside", McMullen's film then becomes "an impossibility or evasion of narrative in both senses" as it is a "procedure, called variously *crypt*, *cryptonymy*, or the *broken symbol*, resolves the following dilemma: how to [make a film] without having to say yes or no to reality or fiction while continuing to refer to both."(Rand, Iviii).

Then the next scene comes with a cut to Marianne going to the seashore with some posters and calashes, on which there are the pictures of the characters from the film: Pascale, Derrida, George, Pinon, and Karl Marx' statue and epitaph. She places them on the ground and covers them with mud as if burying them as corpses under silt. She has also brought the large calash of the dead "La Commune", which was hung on her wall at home, and tries to bury it with pebbles

and stones on the shore to make a simple “whisper of a distant memory” as reminding me the lyrics of a song I have been listening to.

Finally, the film ends with the return to the sea as the director had planned in his mind about its start and ending as to/from the sea. In these scenes, which start and end the film, Mellinger, in the interview she had with Ken McMullen in January 2006, told that she was not able to feel her feet because they were almost frozen. So this experience of her wet feet going numb as a result of the cold was a ghost-like, ghostly experience for her. Moreover, owing to the improvisational nature of the film, Mellinger also resembles the film to going through a road you do not know when, where, and how it is going to finish. It is a total crypt in the sense that there is a certain script and plot to make the movie; however, it is a cryptonymy, a total mystery, like the word crypt, which is a vocable with no vowels at all and yet we can pronounce it.

On the other hand, she also mentions the uncanny experience of the fact that Pascale Ogier and Jacques Derrida were literally dead and therefore ghosts haunting the others who stayed alive by the time of the interviews the director made with some of the actors and actresses as well as some philosophers. Moreover, she does not forget to tell that the more persistently she tried to get rid of Pascale’s picture, which she threw into the sea, in the opening shots of the movie, the more insistently that photograph of Pascale’s kept returning, like a ghost coming back to haunt them. Furthermore, she refers to Derrida, who had preciously put forward the idea that the more we get into technology, the more we arouse ghosts. She says that she believes that statement is quite prophetic because

after all, more than twenty years of technology has gone, and now everyone is talking to each other as ghosts. Another interesting thing she mentions is the fact that Pascale and herself, who had done one movie playing the same character, went on to make movies after *Ghost Dance*. By complete coincidence, she utters, they have made two very different films, in which they played two different characters with ironically the same name: Louise, which, I think, must be quite a cryptic experience for both of them. She adds that after the shooting of those two movies, she had a near fatal car crash and got the news of Pascale's death while she was in the hospital, and that completely freaked her out. Unable to explain the coincidences and what had happened starting with playing the same character in *Ghost Dance*, Mellinger expresses: "It's probably got nothing to do with anything, but, on the other hand, who knows?". This is quite an explanation of a cryptic experience, which apparently calls for a reading and translation while at the same time hiding itself and never making readable. After all, if it is a cryptonymy, a poetic process of ciphering weaved by a simultaneous chain of encrypting and decrypting, more than a film in the sense of classical cinema, then it "is a verbal procedure leading to the creation of a text (both lingual and visual) whose sole purpose is to hide words (and images as well) that are hypothesized as having to remain beyond reach" (Rand, Iviii).

Mellinger considers hearing her father's voice when she watches the film after his death as quite a moody experience. "I sometimes feel that I can feel my father inside me as it were and I'm seeing things with his eyes, which I didn't feel when he was alive. So that's bizarre.". The difficulty she has in putting into words

the uncanny experience of the incorporation and haunting comes from the unreadability of the crypt itself.

In the interview with Dominique Pinon, Ken McMullen asks whether *Ghost Dance* was the first film, in which he acted in English, and also what kind of an experience it was. Pinon responds: “Acting in another language is just like acting with a mask. You can hide behind another mask.”, and adds that it is very strange, or maybe he wants to mean “uncanny”, since one does not feel so much at ease as in your native language. On the other hand, he compares and contrasts the stage to the cinema: “Stage requires more physical things and cinema would require more mental things.” The difference is not only stage vs. the camera but also the closeness or distance to and from the audience. On acting Pinon comments: “After all these years, I don’t know what acting is. I don’t know yet. Maybe one day I’ll understand what it is.” and whispers: “I don’t know.” as if giving McMullen a secret of his. It must indeed be correct that he does not know what acting is because it is truly a cryptic occupation; one becoming somebody else, haunting the character only to be haunted by her or him afterwards, letting the Other ventriloquize for you, and speak from your mouth.

In the next interview, the French philosopher Bernard Stiegler refers to Jacques Derrida and what he writes in his book *Of Grammatology* that language is always already writing and then deduces that life is always already cinema. As Cholodenko states: “For me, not only is animation a form of cinema, cinema—all cinema—is a form of animation.”, then I can combine their statements and claim life is always already animation (“Still Photography” 5). In the subtitle of the

interview made with Stiegler, “The Ghost and Its Spectre”, he puts forward: “Jacques Derrida, filmed by Ken McMullen in *Ghost Dance* already makes Jacques Derrida a ghost. He is already in the process of becoming a ghost.” And in terms of the notion of the cipher or the code, the crypt is confusing in the sense that it is never clear whether one is encoding a cipher or decrypting it; and Stiegler also mentions this:

So when we see Jacques Derrida playing his own role in a film by Ken McMullen, we are facing what J.D. always said, which is that we can never make a strict distinction between what Husserl used to call primary and secondary retention, between perception and imagination. In other words between reality and fiction.

To sum up, the film *Ghost Dance* is a cryptonymy, the analysis of which, as I have tried to make, “proceeds by investigating the ways in which certain elements in a text, which appear to obstruct interpretation, may be converted into readable entities.” as Nicholas Rand offers in the introduction he had written to Abraham and Torok’s book, *The Wolf Man’s Magic Word: A Crptonymy* (lxvi). It is, on the other hand, truly a dance of ghosts, particularly as a result of the uncanniness of the constant haunting of the omnipresent and omnipotent director’s voice-over, the acousmètre as the revenant.

## 5. CONCLUSION

Before starting to wrap up what I have done in this thesis project, I do feel the compulsoriness to re-state the importance and necessity of this subject studied in this thesis depending on the scarcity of the number of prior works that I have been thrilled to work on the theory of the crypt in the frame of psychoanalytical and philosophical reading of films. Thanks to the fact that owing to the uncanniness haunting the theory itself, the cryptonymy, marked and sealed by a crypt, constantly calling for a translation, a reading or i.e. deciphering and at the same time hiding itself in a protected sepulcher from any possible touch whatsoever has not been adequately addressed. As a lover of poetry and poetics, I have been drawn into cryptonymy since the first time I was introduced to Nicholas Abraham and Maria Torok's theory of the crypt. And after I came up with the idea of applying this theory to cinema, I found it necessary to look at the earlier works and scholars and what they have produced under the rubric of crypt and cinema. Startled by the rareness of the texts and scholars dealing with this subject, I have been encouraged more to scrutinize the theory of the crypt with regard to cinema and also analyze films with regard to the theory of the crypt.

First of all, I have tried to make the problematic explicit as the scarceness of the theory of crypt in psychoanalytical film theory prior to this study and clarify my aim as to present the required background theory of Freud's mourning from his "Mourning and Melancholia" and then to explicate the crypt theory of

Abraham and Torok before advancing to the crypt analysis of the films I have specifically selected. After elaborating the concepts of mourning and melancholia used by Freud as mourning being a so-called normal process, in which a person accepts the loss and therefore is able to forget or i.e. recover the suffering of mourning for the lost one by forming a memory of it to recall and verbally express this remembrance afterwards, versus melancholia being a so-called abnormal process, in which the person cannot mourn for the loss since that person cannot accept the fact that he or she has actually lost someone or something, which is totally incorporated. According to Freud, this so-called pathological melancholic one generally tends to make harsh criticisms and even humiliations of himself because he actually reflects the true feelings for the lost object of desire. Founded on an economics of desire, both mourning and melancholia come from the same source, the Unconscious. Ferenczi, as I have mentioned in the second part of the introduction chapter, deals with the notion of introjection, the term which he had coined in 1909, after Freud and this time describes it as a process of simultaneous externalization (through putting it into words, speaking and uttering) and internalization (through the assimilation of the other, who is not other any more) and hence not only internalization but also externalization at the same time.

At the end of the second part of the first chapter, I have tried to explicate the distinction Abraham and Torok make between the concepts of introjection and incorporation. Whereas the former with its constant play of internalization and externalization ends with the assimilation of the other as a part of the self and kills otherness in the so-called normal process of mourning, the latter due to its failure

to mourn is a total denial preserving the otherness of the other, which is kept safe and secret in a crypt formed in the Unconscious.

Additionally, in the third part of the introduction titled “Crypt / Cryptonymy / Crypting”, the main aim has been to illuminate the basics of the concept and theory of the crypt, crypting processes, and cryptonymy highlighting the fundamental points of Nicholas Abraham and Maria Torok’s book taking a closer look at the foreword written by Derrida. I have also mentioned how the three terms “death, topoi, and cipher” regarded as the same of the crypt became an inspiration for the organization of the body of my thesis, which is now divided into three chapters subsequently titled “loss”, “a-topoi”, and “cipher” as the paradigms of crypting.

In the fourth part of my introduction, I have written about the relationship of cinema and crypt using Alan Cholodenko’s two essays: “Still Photography” and “The Crypt, The Haunted House, of Cinema” as my main texts. Trying to elaborate on Cholodenko’s ideas about the crypt of cinema and the economics of haunting at work during the courses of shooting, post-production, and screening, I have started with the most basic element of cinema, the still photograph, and moved on to the motion added to the pictures and the notion of “lifedeath” that Cholodenko uses, and also talked about the image in general referring to Stiegler and Derrida’s text “The Discreet Image” and Derrida’s book *Aporias*.

In the last part of the introduction, I have analyzed Alfred Hitchcock's famous movie, *Rope*, as an illustration of the crypt in order to pave the way for an easier transition for the reader to the analysis of filmic texts under the rubric of crypt. The reason for me to use *Rope* as an illustration is the overt use of a crypt, the coffin, from the viewpoint of which the camera shoots, and which insistently calls for a reading as located in the middle of the living room and used as the table on which the food are served to the guests. Another reason is the explicit dialogues with a play of constant crypting between Philip and Brandon encoding (while at the same time Cadell decoding) the death or to put it in a better way the murder of their friend David.

In the second chapter, I have analyzed Pal Sletaune's film *Naboer* under the rubric of "loss" as a paradigm for crypting and crypt analysis in my thesis. John, the problematical male hero of the film, kills Ingrid, his ex-girlfriend; however, he is not successful at handling the loss of his lover. Thus, incorporating the corpse of his girlfriend, he starts being haunted by the two sexy women from his non-existent next door, and even goes through the same or similar experiences that he had already lived in the past with Ingrid again with Kim, Anne's so-called sister. It is at the end of the film that he encounters the fact that there is no next door to his house on the top floor of the apartment he has been living in. In the final scenes, the audience is also presented with the corpse of Ingrid covered with bruises lying in John's bed, with whom John hallucinates of speaking.

In the third chapter, I have examined two films by Tarkovsky, *Solaris* and *Stalker* under the rubric of “a-topoi”, which means the non-place of the crypt, with a topographical reading of the crypt theory. In *Solaris*, Chris Kelvin, who is the last scientist sent to the Ocean-Planet Solaris to solve out what has been happening there and decide whether to go on with the researches or to stop the project. Waking up from his first sleep in Solaris to meet the ghost of his ex wife Hari who had died ten years ago, Chris is startled and yet appealed to the uncanny experience of being with his lost object of desire. And yet Hari is just a product of the thinking substance, the Solaris, which penetrates the unconscious of the people during their sleep and brings out their most secret desires and dreams.

On the other hand, in *Stalker* two men accompanied by a Stalker go to visit the famous Room in the Zone to realize their deepest desires. The Zone is constantly changing topoi, with no fixed borders or territory; however, it is also said to make the visitors’ single most desired wish, which may turn out to be something else they always think or believe to be.

In the last film analysis of mine, *Ghost Dance*, with its poetic style rather than a narrative of classic cinema starting, developing, and ending with a linear understanding of time in the frame of cause and effect, is truly the most productive work among the others since it is the only one which constantly calls for a reading and translation while at the same time cryptically incorporating the script, characters, and places as well as its audience that are to come back both to haunt and to be haunted. A lingual, visual, and sonorous play, a dance of the ghosts, a constant process of crypting, *Ghost Dance* is a mystery to be solved, a

secret to be kept hidden, and a code to be constantly encrypted while being decrypted. Attempting to make an analysis of a crypt, and hence having to make a crypt of an analysis, in an infinite play with the cipher, I have tried to read Ken McMullen's *Ghost Dance*, one of the most successful poems written in the whole corpus of poetry, literature, psychoanalysis, philosophy, and cinema.

There are many other films that can be analyzed under the rubric of the crypt, and it can be counted a few for further academic study of film theory such as "Citizen Kane, Identity, Kaspar Hauser, The Conversation, Lost Highway, Sous Le Sable". For instance, in *Citizen Kane*, the search for the cipher "rosebud" is like an attempt to find out the crypt hidden in the secret dreams and desires of Kane. In *Identity*, the problematic male hero has ten different identities, among which he constantly takes one each time and lets the other ventriloquize and act on behalf of him, constantly coding the identity of an Other residing in his unconscious. On the other hand, *Kaspar Hauser* is a good example of cryptonymy in the sense that language is cryptic as much as crypting involves a verbal mechanism as is also proved by the failure of Kaspar at learning the language. In Francis Ford Coppola's *The Conversation* the failure of the attempts to decode the crypt in a telephone conversation is another good example for the inaccessibility of the cipher constantly calling for a translation. In *Sous Le Sable (Under the Sand)*, Marie goes on living with the revenant of Jean, her husband, for about a year after his death, which she can undoubtedly not accept. Instead of mourning for the loss of her husband, the heroine acts as if he is living; she is in constant suspicion about his death; however, it is inevitable for her to introject the already

incorporated lost object of desire, whom she talks about as if he is still alive since he actually is for her: kept in a secret vault dead as alive.

As a final remark, I would like to restate the vitality of the subject studied in this thesis project, which turns out to be an inevitable and impossible reading of the crypt, which escapes any translation whatsoever. To sum up with Nicholas Rand's words:

Cryptonymy is a critical instrument that permits us to pinpoint areas of silence in works of literature as well as in the oeuvre of a human life, and grant them the potential of expression, that is, the possibility of untying their tongue. By making the tongue-tied speak (whether it is a human life or a work of art [such as a film]), cryptonymy opens an area and a method of inquiry equally useful to clinical psychoanalysis, literary analysis, and the historical study of psychoanalytic theories and movements (lxvi),

to which I would like to add philosophy and film theory, as well. Although crypt analysis make the analyst feel like a graveyard thief wandering around the sepulchers to find out a secret one or to look deeper down a crypt as if in search for a hidden treasure of which there is an unsolvable map made up of surreptitious codes and ciphers seducing the theorist-analyst-writer-scholar to discover all its mysteries for the sake of pleasure, one becomes more desperate and destined to follow its aporetic and ghostly topocryptography than a victim hero, who is lured by an attractive, deadly, and smart femme fatale figure in a film noir. And hence one cannot but think whether one is making the analysis of a crypt or is actually lost writing one's own crypt while trying to make an analysis.

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