

## REMINISCENCE

We are made of our memories and our experiences. We live so tightlyknotted with our past, that sometimes it doesn't let us breathe, it suffocates us, but we can't bring ourselves to let it go. The mere thought of abandoning what determined our growth, what determined who we became is overwhelming, because it would mean letting go of a part of ourselves. And what if we don't accept what happened? What if we can't forget, let alone forgive? What if we can't find a reason? The knot is tied even tighter, so much that we can't grasp for air. What if we can't agree that: "the past is past" and that: "time will heal all wounds"? Our wounds are sometimes so dear to us that we don't wish for them to heal. We wouldn't be who we are without them, all of the suffering would have been for nothing if we don't keep fighting. So we choose to keep them; we choose to avenge them.

The relationship between men and their history is what makes the human experience so unique. Men have the right and the duty, to examine their past mistakes, to make amend. Our past is what built our present, but if we can't process it, we must live with it. If something hurt us so deeply to leave a scar, if something hurt the world so deeply to leave an aching void, the human mind can't easily forget it. The loss of someone dear, a trauma, but even, in general, a dramatic historical episode might change the course of events so drastically that nothing will ever be the same. The unbreakable chain of casualties that brought us to where we are now has, at that point, changed path drastically. Our lives will be changed forever, but eventually, someone will forget. The world still spins and what still hunts us doesn't even cross somebody else's mind. They don't seem to care; we don't seem to get over it. What we lost because of cruel events is still with us as a *presence in the absence*. We don't let go of the idea of it, we don't let go of the pain of the loss. We keep everything close to us and we ask for a suspension of time. We need it to rewind so we can experience everything again from the start. The moral resistance against the past has in itself a deep awareness of the fact that we can't change anything that happened. It may be conscious of it, but that is still not a good enough reason to give up. The event that scarred us turns continuously over in our minds, we will never accept it thoroughly. It is right to reminiscence, just as it's right to be furious against whatever occurred because it wasn't necessary, history would have taken a better turn if nothing ever happened.

How can humankind change the past? It's impossible, it isn't an option. What our modern society teaches us is that we have to get over the loss and the traumas, to get rid of them. This is what Sigmund Freud theorised as the "maniacal denial of loss". In this case a subject would tend to try to distract himself as much as possible, drowning his sorrows in a frenetic life. The person tries to forget by pretending nothing ever happened, or by pretending what happened wasn't so important, living unconsciously the traumatic event as unbearable. Emotionally, it is harmful to not metabolize what occurred, we do not need to accept it, we just need to acknowledge it and start to process it in our own way. We cannot leave behind what made us what we are, we will always carry it with us. The dramatic side of our melancholy is that it is nostalgic of something that it can never have back.

If the analysis of the past doesn't urge us to take action then it is executed too superficially, the human nature itself holds the urge to seek perfection, or at least improvement. History's mistakes though are simple to find and hard to repair; there are some conflicts, some lacerations that can't be easily sewed up again, they're too deeply rooted, too profound. The "*amor fati*" sometimes abandons us. We fail to believe that everything, every massacre, every damage, had a reason. What could it be? What terrible necessity, what plan did the gods have? We seem to live in a paradoxical world that cannot in any way be grasped by reason. The rational human part starts asking questions that simply cannot be answered because reality itself seems to be irrational. What we can't control becomes what hunts us most. We are stuck trying to find a reason, rioting against the past.

Humanity has the duty to rise against history's injustices, but avenging our ghosts must not become our life purpose. Our past can neither be changed nor forgotten. It is what makes us human, what differentiates us from any other species. It is what makes our existence so beautifully complex. We will never be able to leave it behind, but we must remember that we're not there anymore. We are not living that year, that month, that day that scarred us so badly. We have to remind ourselves, from time to time, that we are living the present, our present, where we can work to build a better reality, where we can fight to create what will pass on to history.