Will the war between two African kingdoms in the fourteenth century itself be altered if it recurs again and again, in eternal return?
It will: it will become a solid mass, permanently protuberant, its inanity irreparable.
—Milan Kundera, The Unbearable Lightness of Being

Candles, once the most reliable source for light, are now popular as memorials, religious and romantic decorations, or as symbols of the past. The real candle I made lost its light due to the presence of the wax—the very source of its light—more specifically, due to the wax’s liquification and liquidity. Its structure creates an irony: its result contradicts the intention that a candle serves as a steady light source.

The documentary of the burning process is projected as a moving image onto a part of the candle, which is the original site for the candlelight. To me, the projection presents to viewers the candlelight that you have never seen—a history that was not in your memory. Yet the infinite loop—the eternal return of the ghostly light—can create a fake memory, and therefore, a fake witness. The film does not simply tell you the past, it also reminds you of the past, while the reflection captures everyone coming towards the candle and traps you in the loop.

In my college years, I have taken a number of courses and conducted my own research on the Chinese Cultural Revolution, Middle Eastern politics, and the Holocaust. Through hearing stories about all kinds of turmoil and their representations, judgments, and justifications, I began to feel and experience—rather than just seeing—our human history, its complexity, construction, and repetition. I read history; I stare at images; I watch documentaries; I go to museums. At the end of the day, what I perceive forms part of my memory, my history, which becomes an essential element that constructs my identity and myself.

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