Original title: A létezés eufóriája
English title: The Euphoria of Being

English Dialog List of Documentary film directed by Réka Szabó
Campfilm and The Symptoms production, © 2019 Hungary

Timing is based on the original 25fps TimeCode.
Program starts at TC: 01:00:10:00 with “Supported by the Media Council, Hungary in the framework of the Hungarian Media Patronage Programme” and the Media Council, Hungary Logo. (fading from black)
Main language of the film: Hungarian (-, HUN)
Subtitles: English (-. ENG)

Talking characters are (in order of speaking):
Éva (Éva Fahidi)
Réka (Réka Szabó)
TV reporter 1.
Speaker
Woman 1 (GER)
Emese (Emese Cuhorka)
Man (in the car)
Edit (Edit Szűcs, costume designer)
Stage manager
Theatre doorman
TV reporter 2
Woman 2
Éva: It looks so nice when you let your hair down.

Absolutely beautiful.

Why don't you wear it like that?

Réka: I don't know.

It bothers me when it's all over the place.

Éva: You have to get to used to it.

Réka: Did your eyebrows fall out, or did you pluck them?

Éva: No. They are...

They're tattooed on.
Réka: Tattooed?

Éva: Yes, the eyebrows and...

That line on my eyelids too.

Because I can't see...

Réka: Here? Just above your lashes?

Éva: Yes. I can't see well enough to draw them myself.

I had them tattooed when I saw my contemporaries doing their own make-up and making a huge mess of it.

It is anything but a neat line.
And that house wasn't there?

No, it wasn't.

The chickens lived there. The chicken shed was there.

That was my room.

Under that roof.

I see there's a new roof.

Very good.

I'll ask you two quick questions, okay?

Please, ask loudly because I'm deaf.

What happened here back then?

What do you mean "back then"?
Anti-Jewish laws were introduced.

The first in 1920, before I was born.

And after I was born

the other laws came into force, in 1938,'39 and '41.

The effect they had

was that 49 members of my family died in the Hungarian Holocaust.

If you mean this by “back then”.

TV reporter, Éva:
- Yes.
- This happened.

And what do you think about what is happening here now?

Éva:
I am amazed by it.

In front of my house,
there will be the names of my mother, my father and my sister.

Speaker:
God gave them life but it wasn't God who took it away.

Dezső Fahidi.

Born 1895.

Deported in 1944 to Auschwitz-Birkenau.
Killed on the 1st of July 1944.

Mrs. Fahidi, born Irma Weisz.

Born 1905.

Deported in 1944 to Auschwitz-Birkenau.
Killed on the 1st of July 1944.

Gilike Fahidi.
Born 1933.

Deported in 1944 to Auschwitz-Birkenau.

Killed on the 1st of July 1944.

Woman (GER):
Someone is coming.

Éva:
Yes, I see.

I don't want to go inside.

No.

No way on earth.

Éva:
I never wanted to cry, because I wanted to be like my mom.

My mother deprived me of this relief

because she despised crying.

Éva:
Crying doesn't solve anything.
Réka:
Have you ever thought about the punishment for the people who were there and did all these things to you?

Éva:
Not for them...

They didn't have brains.

They were indoctrinated.

They were told that all Jews have to be killed, because they are destroying the German Empire.

They could only see this far.

And they believed it.

But those who told them, who came up with it all.

They were not stupid. They knew what they were doing.
01:07:08:11 01:07:10:17
You can't forgive that.

01:08:20:08 01:08:25:18
Title:
10 months earlier

01:08:22:24 01:08:23:19
Réka:
Hi Éva!

01:08:25:01 01:08:27:18
You've been in my thoughts a lot lately.

01:08:28:04 01:08:31:00
Your speech in Berlin really touched me.

01:08:31:07 01:08:35:08
I am reading your book again,
so I go to bed with you every night.

01:08:36:02 01:08:40:00
I have this crazy idea in my mind
all the time.

01:08:40:08 01:08:43:13
I want to make a performance with,
and about you.

01:08:43:20 01:08:46:19
You'd be on stage as well.

01:08:47:03 01:08:48:11
What do you think?

01:08:48:19 01:08:50:18
Kisses, Réka!
Éva:
 Hi Réka!

01:08:55:18 01:09:00:07

Every person should possess some form of healthy exhibitionism.

01:09:00:13 01:09:05:18

I have more than is needed, so I don't have any excuses.

01:09:06:13 01:09:10:02

In this genre it is hard to be authentic.

01:09:10:09 01:09:13:03

You know I was never a professional dancer

01:09:13:07 01:09:15:00

and that I'm almost 90.

01:09:15:17 01:09:17:11

Kisses, Éva!

01:09:22:07 01:09:23:07

Réka:
 Hi Éva!

01:09:23:12 01:09:26:06

I'm really curious about how this will turn out.

01:09:26:20 01:09:29:03

I always see a duet in my mind.

01:09:29:12 01:09:31:23

There's a young dancer, Emese.
I could really imagine you with her.

Do you think you can rehearse with us daily for months, and have the premiere in autumn?

Then we could have the premiere party on your 90th birthday!

Hugs, Réka.

Title:
June 23rd
In the rehearsal studio of Réka's company

Éva: I'm ready.

Réka: If it's okay, I'll bring you a coffee inside because it's a bit late.

Éva: Sure, I'll go in.
Éva: No problem.

Hello!

Emese: Good morning!

Is it your turn?

Please come in.

Éva: I’m coming.

What should we start with?

Réka: Can we start with the exercises you used to do Éva?

Éva: Yes, yes.

This is perfect.

Yes.

I used to dance along the street in Debrecen.
In the evenings
when the street was empty.

The whole street was yours.
Try it.

With these jumps...

Éva:
And what I can do now is...

Can we try something
where I can lean on you.

And then maybe we could...

Like this.

Réka:
It’s a great feeling watching you.

I’m only saying that...

So you know...

It’s hard to explain.
But,

I see the similarity in you.

Éva: Yes, it's very interesting.

How did you find Emese for me?

Réka: You reminded me of her.

I instantly thought of Emese.

And from the outside, it is like seeing an entire life at once.

When I'm looking at you both, it's like I'm sensing a whole life.

Réka: We could play a game.

I'd like you to think of someone, who was really important to you.
And Emese would dance.

And you watch this dance as if Emese were that someone.

Éva: Yes.

Réka: Will you tell me who it is?

Éva: Yes.

Réka: Emese, can you go outside or cover your ears?

Emese: I'll go out.

Réka: Okay.

Éva: Gilike.

My sister.
Éva: She'll have to figure it out.

Réka: She will dance Gilike for us without her even knowing it.

Éva: Alright.

Emese: Who was it?

Éva: Alright.

Emese: Who was it?

Éva: I don't know.

Emese: Can you tell me?

Réka: Of course.

Éva: My sister.

Éva: She'd be eighty...

Éva: She'd be 82 now.
Unbelievable.

Because she was 11...

Éva: I'm a little tired.

Éva: I'm Éva.

I really like my name.

I've always felt deeply that I'm a woman.

I never wanted to be a man.

Even at 90, I still feel 16 deep down.

I'm a young girl.

And I still have my mom.

Don't mind the mess.

But I don't think you do.
Éva: I started dancing by myself.

Nobody showed me how.

I had my own choreography.

Éva: It began with a triptych mirror in the bedroom.

I'm sure you've seen one.

When you stand in front of it,

and it has two wings,

you can see yourself anyway you look.

Yes.

Yes.

And I stood in front this mirror,

and I'm sorry but I undressed until I was completely naked.
And I looked at myself.

Emese: I was about to ask what you were wearing.

Éva: Nothing.

Because you can only dance naked, right?

Isn't that right?

Emese: You just need your body.

Éva: And music.

I always needed music.

Éva: Sit down here.

I can't anymore.

I can't sit down, I can't do anything.
That's the position.

But you have to sit on both your bottoms.

Éva: I never did ballet classes because my mom always said, not even a camel was strong enough to lift me.

Emese: Oh, yes.

Éva: She was right. Tall people are not lifted up very often.

It took me some time to get used to it to give my weight onto others.

Éva: Of course.
Emese:
And not to feel apologetic.

Éva:
In my futuristic dreams, for decades,

I always took a backpack on my shoulders,

and then I was flying like a bee.

Emese:
I remember I used to be able to cover my eyes.

Réka:
You could cover your eyes with your feet?

Emese:
Yes. I remember the cold feel of my feet here.

Emese:
A real six pack,

and proper muscles on your upper and lower arms.

Éva:
See, and this is what happens to them.

It's terrible when youth passes.
It's impossible to prepare for.

You have to live with it.

With your old, rotten, disgusting body.

You have to live with it.

I can't be unhappy because of this, as I can't change it.

Emese:
It cracked a little.

You took away its weight,

now you gave it back.

It's hard to give to someone.

You're strong.

Éva:
I used to wear
a lot of green eye-shadow.
It was good.

They don't do make-up like that anymore.

Emese:
- How about your hair?
- I wore it in a long pony tail.

Éva:
Long hair is great, you can do anything with it.

Then it was all shaved in Auschwitz.

It lasted until then.

Emese:
Did you let it grow again?

Emese, Éva:
- That long?
- No, no.

Éva:
I just didn't feel like it anymore.

Réka:
Imagine a photo album of your life

that contains only three pictures.
Which are those three pictures?

Éva: I know already.

Réka: You do?

Éva: I know all of them, yes.

Réka: You want to tell us?

Emese: Go on.

Réka: Okay, you can start and then...

Éva: But then she can't think.

Emese: I'll think about it later. I have two already.

Emese: The smell of hospital, linoleum and a white blanket,

with a bun of white hair at the end of it.
If you undo the bun, her hair goes all the way down to her bottom.

I arrive in this picture and I ask, a little fearfully:

"Do you recognize me? Do you know who I am?"

And then she asks me: "Why, do you know who I am?"

And then I know she still has her sense of humour,

so I just sit at her bedside and watch her.

My grandma.

That's it.

Éva: I'm standing in front of our own house
and all this here
should be my house,
yet everything seems
completely strange.
I ring the bell
and a monster comes out,
and I say:
"I want to go in,
this is my house, I've come home."
But the monster says
he won't let me in.
And he doesn't let me in.
That's it.
Emese:
When you came back,
you went there first thing?
Éva:
Yes, sure.
I ran straight there.
I didn't even recognize it.

It was unrecognizable.

Because it was so neglected.

I knew immediately there's no one there.

It wouldn't look like that if anyone was there.

Éva: But I was lucky.

My uncle, from Czechoslovakia, sent for me.

So I came to Nové Zámky.

And it took two years to get me back on my feet.
That's when I broke down. I was sick for two years.

In the end

I returned to Hungary in 1947.

That's when I came home.

I got married.

So that solved it.

Title:
We signed a contract with the Vígszínház Theatre in Budapest. The premiere will be in the 13th of October.

We have three months to create a performance using improvisations, conversations and dance that will convey Éva's personality and make her life story accessible to a younger generation.

Réka:
Turn in. Stretch. And down.

Éva:
I'm sorry.

Emese:
It's okay.

Réka:
Lift.
Good.

Turn in.

Stretch.

Super! Enough, enough.

Okay we got this.

Éva: Alright...

Sorry.

Réka: It's beautiful.

Éva: We'll keep practising this.

Réka: Tamás Vencse.

Éva: He wants to come and do my physiotherapy...

Hello, hello!
Oh dear! I hope you're not there. I always forget you.

Okay then.

Because it didn't cross my mind.

Don't come this week.

Bye dear! Kisses!

Réka: Okay. Put me down.

Remember, Éva? The way you climb up?

First you lean down.

Let your weight go and she will lift you up.

Éva: I'll do my best.

Okay, I'll do my best.
Réka: Okay?

Éva: Something's not right. Hold on.

Emese: Just keep your legs straight.

Réka: Keep them straight and lean towards Emese.

Éva: No. Something hurts.

Emese, Éva: - There?
- Yes.

Réka, Éva: - Is the position wrong?
- No, just something...

Réka, Éva: - Some trapped air?
- No.

Éva, Emese: - Something snapped.
- Really?

Éva: This won't work today.
Let me try again.  
But I can't.

Emese:  
Wait. Let me put my feet here.

And now you lean on them.

Éva:  
The moment you lift me it hurts.

Réka:  
How about that triptych mirror you talked about?

Éva, Réka:  
That was in Debrecen.

Éva:  
Yes, in Debrecen, in the bedroom.

Réka, Éva:  
- Whose? Your parents'?  
- Yes, my parents' bedroom.

Réka:  
When we go back inside,  
I would like to...

make this picture come alive.
With Emese.

Réka: Did you undress first and then put on some music?

Or the other way round?

Éva: Darling, I have 90 years to remember.

Réka: Alright, I will start the music whenever I feel like it.

Éva: I undress to this music.

I undress and I dance.

And...

I also know that my mother is watching me

and she sees me undress without saying a word.

She considers it the most natural thing in the world.
So this happens over and over again,

that I slowly get undressed until I'm completely naked,

And I watch myself,

I watch myself as I dance in the mirror.

Yes.

Éva: I have always known
I'm a woman.

I don't mean the pretty doll type
who poses and whines,

but definitely a woman.

For me being a woman is a complex enterprise.

If, until your teenage years, you think of the ideal woman

as an untouchable, beautiful woman.
And for a long time,

I was really taken by this idea of being untouchable.

Emese: Me too.

Éva: You too?

Especially when very bad things happened to me because what touched me this way was a throng of stinking, shitty, filthy female bodies in Auschwitz-Birkenau.

Those terribly cramped conditions, all that filth and stench...

Being around naked female bodies always,
touching me whether I wanted it or not.

That was not good.

Emese:
Did the men take advantage of all those naked women?

Éva:
You know

We are not talking about every-day meanings here.

What are we talking about?

There are 10, 20, 30, 70 thousand, I don't know how many...

stinky, filthy women in a dreadful state.

They are not women.

It's not like we are being exploited as women.
Who would exploit us?  
For what?

Who would want such a stinky, filthy, rotten...

Éva:  
Out of the question.

She doesn't look human,  
let alone a woman.

What's to exploit here?  

These are not  
the kinds of notions at play here.

Éva:  
I left home at 8:45  
and have been on the go since.

Now get this. This is amazing!

Here is my entire  
German documentation.

All of it.
My entire time as inmate.

All these papers are from that time.

Réka, Éva:
- Here are the names.
- Yes.

Éva:
There I am. 23151.
That's my number.

Réka:
Here it is. 23151 Éva Fahidi.

How come you don't have a tattoo of your number?

Éva:
There was no time.

Our Hungarian authorities sent us off in such a hurry,

that there was no time for anything.

The barracks for us to live in weren't finished.

Nothing was ready.
And the people just kept arriving.

And the worst thing of this rush...

was that the gas chambers could still kill all those people,

they still had the capacity,

but the four crematoria working day and night,

could not burn them all.

So they burnt the corpses on an open fire.

Can you imagine that smell?

Éva:
I'm hungry.

That's great.

I didn't have time for anything in the morning.
Okay. It's enough for me.

Réka:
Come on then. Let's dance!

Finish it Éva.
We just need to...

Éva:
I need to eat this in peace.

Réka:
Of course. Eat it in peace.

Emese:
How high should it be?

Réka:
Well...

Emese:
That's the maximum.

Réka:
I might be more comfortable not to lift her legs too high.

Could we try pulling her by her legs?

I really like this flying you're always talking about.
Réka, Éva:
- I really want to make you fly.
- Alright.

Emese:
You're so light.

Réka:
It's really good.

Alright, let the show begin!

Good! This is great.

It's like figure-skating.

Réka:
Okay, relax a bit.

You were beautiful.

I think we could go for a choreography.

Éva:
Oh, that part!

That beginning...it's awful.
Réka: Would you raise your leg like when you arrive?

Éva: I don't know where we are.

Réka, Éva: - I think like this. - We should agree on something.

Réka: I don't even know whose arm is whose.

Réka, Éva: - Can we try it from the start? - Yes.

Réka: Good.

Réka, Éva: - Would you like some water? - No.

Réka: What happened to it, Éva?

Éva: I bumped it against something.

It isn't broken, I know what that's like.
That's a much sharper pain, not like this.

It's fine, I have a lot of experience with these kinds of injuries.

It's alright.

If there is a problem, that's different.

Réka: Let me put this under your knees.

Éva: Darlings, can you please spoil me a bit longer?

Emese: A massage.

Réka: Let's do an improvisation.

Think of a year, of a certain life situation.

For example you say: "I'm 21 years old..."
Réka: But let’s try to make it into a scene on stage.

Éva: But we have said it all before.

Réka: But do it again. This is what theatre is about, Éva.

Éva: Is it?

Réka: Saying the same sentences over and over again.

Éva: Fine.

Réka, Éva: - You don’t want to? - I do.

Réka: Tell me.

When you talk about the Holocaust, you also repeat sentences.

Éva: Of course.
01:39:34:16 01:39:37:00
Réka:
This is the same.
We are creating a performance

01:39:37:04 01:39:40:20
and we say the same things
over and over.

01:39:49:07 01:39:50:14
Man:
Can you rest tomorrow morning?

01:39:50:19 01:39:52:23
Éva:
Yes, tomorrow morning I'll sleep

01:39:53:10 01:39:54:10
as much as I want.

01:39:57:02 01:40:00:16
I'd be very happy
to sleep until 9 a.m.

01:40:06:18 01:40:07:08
Thank you.

01:40:08:07 01:40:08:14
Man:
Bye.

01:40:09:22 01:40:18:09
Title:
We have two months until the premiere.

We are starting to create scenes around Éva's traumas
and to finalise the script for the preformance.

01:40:20:06 01:40:23:07
Éva:
And then comes the Auschwitz part,
and then...
Réka:
Let's do the Auschwitz part now

and run through the words.

Éva:
I did it this morning.

Réka:
Won't you read it through together?

Éva:
We can.

I'm 18.

I live in a house
of 418 square meters.

We have a huge garden
of 1000 square meters.

A pigsty, a chicken-yard, rabbits...
Everything.

Emese:
I'm 18.
Even if I had high heels,

I couldn't wear them,
as a girl shouldn't be taller than a man.
Éva: I'm 18 and 7 months old.

I live in a room of 40 square meters.

10 of us in total.

Emese: I don't do underwear, swimsuits or anything see-through,

because then they don't look at the clothes.

But Kati Zoób convinces me,

and the next day there's my nipples on the front page.

Éva: I'm sleeping in the dust among thousands of people.

In my father's dressing gown.

Cattle wagons are being moved into the brick factory.
There's no air in the wagon.

There's no water.

There's no toilet.

Éva: My uncle Tóni, beaten up by the gendarmerie in the last minute, is dying quietly.

His body is covered in bruises, wounds, swellings.

He is not himself.

Éva: We somehow moved this forward a little...

Réka: I don't know that this is the most important moment of my life,
or the most life-changing moment.

This moment...

Éva: And I don’t know that in 20 minutes no one will be left.

Réka: We don’t see this moment from your point of view, but Gilike's.

Emese: I don't let go of mom's hand, and she holds onto mine.

Éva goes left, we go right. We'll meet again later.

Éva: A crowd of people arrive.

437 thousand people to be precise.

And they select those able to work,

and that's it.
The others are there to be killed.

Two lines are formed quickly, men and women separately.

All this happens very quickly.

Everyone has to pass in front of a committee and are deemed either fit for work or not.

The female members of my family were gathered in a row of five,

Me, my cousin, who was 8 years older than me

and who had a six-month old baby,

my sister, who was 8 years younger than me,

my mother and my cousin's mother.
Then we got to the selection committee,

and they cut the line by me.

That certain gesture
that told you which way to go.

I went one way,
and my whole family the other way.

It was over.

Éva: We are talking
about a fraction of a moment,

when one didn’t even have
the faintest idea

of what was really happening.

Éva: We should have left Hungary in 1935.

But my poor father,
he couldn’t see beyond his nose.

All he saw was
how to increase his wealth.
Even though he should have left everything with just the clothes on his back.

The Polánszky family, for example. It's a big Jewish family.

They started escaping in 1935.

Every one of them escaped.

Emese: What do you think

what stopped them from seeing what was happening?

Éva: What stopped them?

It's so easy to see it now.

This is the eternal tragedy,

that you don't see things for what they are
when you see them.

Absolute idiocy.

Éva:
I know that Zyklon B
is most effective at 26 degrees.

This is the optimal temperature
to kill someone within 20 minutes.

On average it takes 20 minutes
for a group of people to die.

I've seen my mother
and my sister, many times,

holding hands...

The weakest die first

and the stronger ones climb
on top of the corpses.

In the end there is a hill of corpses
in the gas chamber.

The strongest is at the top
and dies the last.

Éva:
I once saw a German film about experiments with Zyklon B.

They used geese at first.

The geese were desperately stretching their necks for air.

The people died just like these geese,

stretching their necks towards air.

Éva:
I often see my mom as well.

I see her in the moment when she realizes that she will be killed.

Éva:
What would my sister smell like?

She used to smell like rancid hazelnuts.

I always thought so.
Our father always said so too.

That we smell like rancid hazelnuts.

How much you can experience through another human being...

Réka: Right?

Éva: So much...

Réka: Can you list the things that helped you to survive it all?

Éva: You always had to know that it’s really good to be alive.

Whatever happens. Terrible things happen,

but you are alive.

And you live very consciously.

The fact that you exist, in itself
01:51:01:04 01:51:02:15
is euphoric.

01:51:09:17 01:51:16:16
Title:
We have one month until the premiere.

We decided that “the flying chair duet”
must be the final scene of the performance.

Emese:
Should I come behind her?

01:51:24:20 01:51:25:10

And dance!

01:51:29:17 01:51:31:18
Éva
Here I have both legs up, no?

01:51:31:18 01:51:32:12
Emese
No, only one.

01:51:33:23 01:51:34:17

And dance!

Réka:
Don’t forget to raise your left leg.

01:51:53:15 01:51:54:09
Éva:
There.

Réka:
Open.

01:51:56:00 01:51:56:24
Close.
Down and...

I pull you.

Emese, Éva:
- This isn't good, is it?
- Sorry.

Emese, Éva:
- This isn't good for you, is it?
- It's alright. I'm fine again.

Emese, Éva:
- Again?
- Yes.

Réka:
And now sit up...

Let me rewind it a bit, alright?

Réka:
I can see that you're tired.

Éva:
I'm really tired.

Réka:
Can we do it once more?

Can we do it once more?
Éva: Okay.

Réka: With standing up and going around.

Éva: Whisper instructions to me.

Emese: Okay. I will.

Réka: The eyes!

One more time!

And here you stand up.

Arms crossed.

Slowly.

Turn in.

And step, step!

The question is whether I'll remember this.
Emese:
You will.

Éva:
But you'll stand there
and shout at me what to do.

Réka:
You can rest a little.

Éva:
It's not like a 20 year old ballerina,
but what to do?

Réka:
I felt that we did a great job.

Éva:
We will be even better.

Réka:
I hope so... with Emese.

Éva:
I have to learn the last part.

Now I'm sure I've broken this toe.

It's healed now.

It doesn't hurt anymore.
You know, I keep fracturing my ribs.

I'm an expert at this now. Just a fracture. So what?

Réka: I often wonder,

when I won't be able to do a handstand anymore.

Éva: When you feel your bones start to crumble.

And you won't dare to do it.

I'd never do a forward roll, because I'm scared I'll break my ribs.

They would break. I'm sure of it.

Edit: I'll show you how to wear it.

Éva: I'm not really happy with this head.
Why not?

I think my own neck is nicer than the neck of a dead bird.

Tell us more...

Maybe it's because of my vivid memory of my mom's costume, a hat with the beak in front. And my head inside.

You're making bigger and bigger steps.

Because it feels good.

You're not even leaning on me.

I couldn't do this back then.

It was impossible.

I couldn't stand like this.
Emese: I know.

Éva: This is great.

I can walk on the line.

That's also unbelievable.

Éva: What should I say now?

Réka: Those short sentences, you know.

Whatever comes to your mind.

Éva: I’m 18,

I’m preparing for my piano recital at the Music Academy.

Emese: We are learning about World War Two,

I see Gábor drawing Hitler-moustaches onto everyone in the book.
Éva:
I never told that story lying down.

Don't tell me that!

I always sit when I tell it!

Réka:
No, no.

Éva:
No.
I sit and I hold Emese's hand.

Réka:
That's the end, Éva.
That's the end!

Éva:
Okay.

Éva:
I felt bad about dragging you into stupid things.

I convinced myself it's time to pull myself together and learn my lines,
and do it right.
So now I think...

Réka, Éva:
- You're dragging us into stupid things?
- Right.

Réka:
This was all my idea.

Éva:
I want this so much.
I hope it will be good.

Réka:
Sure it will!

- I'm sure. Don't lose faith.
- I won't.

Let me sit you down.

Éva:
Let me give it to you,
it's just hanging in my wardrobe.

Emese:
Really?

Éva:
Yes.

I think every object
has its final place.
I always find a final place for my objects.

Éva: This dress is from 1976.

I wasn't born yet.

This is really beautiful.

Emese: How old were you when you wore it?

Éva: 51.

When you're 51, you're still terribly young.

You can still show off everything.

At 51, everything still looks perfect.

What is really immoral

is showing something ugly.
Éva, Emese:
- Ugly?
- Yes.

Éva:
Don't record this, I'm only telling you.

I think even porn is ethical if it looks good.

Réka:
What?

Éva:
Even porn is ethical, when the spectacle is beautiful.

When the actors are beautiful.

But if you show something that is very ugly...

Most women don't have self-criticism.

What women cross you in the street?

A wardrobe, with her skirt up to here,
there's nothing more immoral than that!

How can you show ugliness?

What do you think?

Just my own opinion.

And...

How should I go on a date?

In my time you had to drop a handkerchief.

You really had to know how to drop that handkerchief.

You just walk in a natural way.

You're aware of your breasts,
so you push them forward,
so they can see.

Éva:
We held each other
something like this.

Emese, Éva:
Like this?
Or the other way round?

Emese, Éva:
- He holds you by your waist.
- And my hand?

Emese, Éva:
- On his shoulders.
- Like this.

Emese:
How did you meet?

Éva, Emese:
- Sorry?
- How did you meet?

Éva, Emese:
- With whom?
- With your love.

Éva:
It was different with every one,
sorry!

Emese, Éva:
- You are being mysterious.
- What?
Emese: You're mysterious or something...

Éva: I can tell you,

but it's kind of bleak.

Éva: I'm 28.

And I'm in love
for the first time in my life.

And it's an unbelievable feeling.

I remember it clearly.

Because I tried before several times
and it never worked out.

And when it did happen,

it was nothing like
anything that came before,
and yet I felt like
I'd waited for this all my life.

This had been
the purpose of my life so far...

to fall in love.

Meanwhile there was poor Pusztai.
In the role of my husband.

He knew it.

And life passed like that.

For the most part.

52 years.

Éva:
I couldn't get out of it.

You may have had
your decent middle-class upbringing.

and been taught manners,
but maybe it just wasn't right for you.

This relationship felt so natural,

I never felt there was anything immoral about it.

It was so obvious to me that this is the life I want.

And that's it.

Once you come back from Auschwitz-Birkenau alive,

you feel very strongly, as I have throughout my life,

that I'm entitled to this.

I was entitled to everything.

Title:
The big day has arrived. All the tickets have sold out.

I'm entitled to everything.
Éva: It will be freezing there, for sure.

My wonderful tights for the costume.

I'm going to pack my kettle because I take it everywhere with me.

Éva: I can't open it.

Éva, Theatre doorman: - This is a special moment. - Nice to meet you.

Emese: Please, come in.

Éva, Emese: - Should I take off my shoes? - Not yet.

Stage manager: Let me introduce myself.

I'm the stage manager.

You have a really firm handshake.
Éva: Come here, sit down.

So can we walk it through to the end?

Go through all your positions...

Where you sit or stand...

Emese: Can I see how to put it down?

Réka: Emese is dancing.

Éva: I can't see when she finishes,

the lights are blinding me.

Réka: Alright, let's move on.

Éva: How do I get up from here?

Emese: In the end you told me you were thinking of Gilike.
Éva:
I had a sister,
8 years younger.

Réka:
Tell this to the audience.

Let's look at
these scenes quickly,
then we'll do the dress rehearsal.

Éva:
I'm 18,
and so on...

Sucking our blood...

Réka:
Don't go through the whole script,
or we will never make it.

Éva:
I can't hear what she is saying.

Then comes the swamp,
then my mom.

Réka:
Atti, can you put some light on Emese?

A lot of people will come.
Photographers, journalists, TV crews.

It's going to be horrible, I'm warning you.

Be prepared:
"Click-click, move over".

They are only interested in taking the best shots.

TV reporter 2:
What does this performance mean to you?

Éva:
It was Réka Szabó who led me into temptation by asking me if I wanted to dance on stage.

I said, of course, I've waited 90 years for this.

Now it's happened.

TV reporter 2:
Thank you.
Éva:
Where have they taken my Emese?

She’s been kidnapped.

And no one in my family is alive.

Then she says something.

Emese does.

Then I say:
"I am Éva."

My family does not even have a single grave.

Éva, Réka:
- Yes?
- Come in, what is it?

Woman 2:
I just wanted to say that the ATV crew has also arrived.

My family disappeared

as if we had never existed.
Those millions of people.

I don't go to funerals.

I tell everyone happily, no need to come to mine,
because I won't have one.

This is not a big deal for me. My drama was elsewhere.

I had all my share of drama already.

Éva, Réka:
- This is only the consequence.
- Yes.

Éva:
There is my book. Something will remain after all.

Réka:
And this film.

Éva:
That's right, this will remain too.
Stage manager: 
Attention, please. 
We’re starting the dress rehearsal.

Can Éva Fahidi and Emese Cuhorka please come to the stage.

Both please on stage now.

Wait, Éva, just hide here behind this black curtain.

7:30 pm sharp. Let's go. Everyone's ready.

Emese, watch for the sign.

Éva, you can go.

Éva: 
That's the tempo difference between us.

Emese: 
There’s a hospital smell on the second picture, linoleum, a white blanket,
with my grandma's face 
at the end.

Éva: 
The monster says, 
it is too crowded here already.

You can't come in, 
go wherever you want.

Éva: 
Gilike would be 82 now.

But Gilike is 11.

And she will stay 11 forever.

Emese: 
I won't let go of my mom's hand.

Éva goes left, we go right, 
we'll meet her later.

Éva: 
In 20 minutes,

I'm bald.

and no one from my family is alive, 
but I don't know this yet.
Éva:
You made plans
and composed our future.

You were afraid to think
about what would follow.

I always thought you're never afraid.
That you're so brave!

You always succeed.
All your life you succeeded.

Why didn't you think?

Couldn't you imagine

your own wife
on top of a hill of corpses?

Or your child?

You were really terrified.

You were afraid
and you were a coward.
You didn’t dare to think it through.

You loved us dearly, you loved your family.

You loved your children.

You adored Gilike.

Why didn’t you imagine her as a corpse?

Weren’t you able to?

You should have left everything behind.

Everything.

Everything you built over 49 years,

that you were so proud of.

You built this out of nothing.

You started with zero.
And what became of you?

Dezső Fahidi, from Debrecen.
So what?

You weren't able to leave it behind.

So you sacrificed us.

If anyone had ever told you that you were selfish,

ready to sacrifice your whole family for yourself,

for all the things that you accomplished...

You would have said it isn't true.

But it is.

You sacrificed us for yourself.
Éva: Yes.

It's no use thinking about this...

Because it will never end. This is what a trauma is.

You always end up in the same place.

Always.

Meanwhile you live happily.

Yes.

Emese: Éva, are you asleep?

Are you asleep?

I think she fell asleep

Éva, are you asleep?

Éva: Yes, I am.
Emese:
I can see it.

Éva:
I just sit down,
not to mention
when I lie down...

When I lie down,
I'm lost.

Title:
At the age of 93 Éva is still performing regularly. So far we have staged 77 performances of "Sea Lavender" in numerous cities, such as Berlin, Budapest and Vienna.

Éva says she can't imagine being alive and not preforming the piece anymore.

Title:
THE EUPHORIA OF BEING

Title:
Fahidi Éva
Cuhorka Emese
Szabó Réka