

Missing stories

Knowing our story is our basic need. We need a context around and behind us, a context, where we can fit; a context, of which we are part of.

Ildi Hermann met Hungarians living in New York to hear their stories, record their fates and take photos of them. The project's, which filled a gap at the beginning from many aspects, basic idea was born from the photographer's own, lost possibility: her Holocaust survivor grandmother's unasked stories gave her the boost to make others' stories readable and visible.

The wealthy, visibly well living, at some points favoring very similar interiors models perhaps have never told their stories so deeply. And, for sure, their stories have been missing from the common knowledge basis and from the Hungarian Holocaust stories, too.

We know a lot about the Holocaust; sometimes it feels that we know too much of it; so many horrors are falling on us endlessly. However, it is more difficult to connect to a general picture, if there is any general picture, and it is not the puzzle of millions of personal stories. And the puzzles are fates. Puzzles, which we sense from our guts in a room when we are sitting in front of the story tellers and listen to their stories.

With this exhibition, the number of these puzzles has increased with the stories of people escaping far from the Holocaust; and the number of untold stories has decreased at the same time. Stories haven't asked in the right time cannot be repeated. There are almost only those people among us, to whom survivors told their stories and who can only pass what they had heard. With time only they will remember the faces of survivors.

To not let it happen, the following missing stories aim to fill this gap, at least for a while.

Zsófia Somogyi, curator