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Memory/Monstrosity/Representation

"These things at the limits of reason, nothing at the limits of dream, the dream merely ends, by this we know it is the real/That we confront." 1

In Ho Chi Minh City, the museum dedicated to the U.S./Vietnam War has repeatedly changed its name: from the American Atrocities Museum, to the American War Crimes Museum, to the War Crimes Museum and now to the Viet Nam War Remnants Museum. These transformations reflect the evolution of the Vietnamese response to the American War as they call it, which for them, now, appears to have passed from nightmare into memory. As a North American, my decision to visit this museum, was a very small act of contrition, a willing confrontation with the devastation the U.S. caused Viet Nam--both its land and its people--a gesture to allow the monstrous memory of the war to flood my consciousness once again.

The museum is actually a series of three modest stucco structures. The first presents the history of imperialism in Viet Nam, documenting with photo and text, in english, french, and vietnamese, the narrative of this small country's on-going colonization and battles with various world powers up to and

1

HW S 14

including the American war against the Vietnamese. I once again encountered many of those images through which we came to know and therefore oppose the war in America, thirty years ago. Confronted with these all-too-familiar images, I began to weep: Large blow-ups of a farmer in black being tortured by a U.S. soldier, bodies of massacred children piled in heaps of small legs and arms, a man dragged behind a U.S. army truck, skin peeling away from his bones like pulp from an orange, a napalmed body, blackened, shriveled, reduced to cinders. And then the wall-text: "Nearly three million Vietnamese were killed in the war. Four million others were injured, 2 million were affected by chemicals, 500,00 infants were born malformed, over 58,000 American armymen were killed. More bombs were dropped than in WWII, and finally...170,000 old people get lonesome, as their children and relatives are killed in the war."

On the far wall are jars filled with deformed vietnamese fetuses, perhaps affected by napalm, phosphorus, herbicides, or dioxin. Next to these are large, yellowing, black and white photos of American families--mothers, GI fathers, and in the middle of each, a child born deformed by Agent Orange.

In the last room the walls are covered with photos documenting protests against the war from Kent State to Paris, Jakarta to

Auckland, placards in a myriad of languages--1968 around the world--youth mobilized against the war: A vietnamese monk immolating himself, an american student performing the same act. I remember for the first time in thirty years, a fellow student at the University of California who doused himself with kerosene and set himself ablaze early one Sunday morning on the campus plaza when no one was around. Later we learned he had left a note that said he could no longer bear the pain of the war.

Now, here in the former Saigon, I understand for the first time how intertwined are the destinies of our two countries. The Vietnamese will say the war is long over: Done as of 1975. They repeat, "We have turned the page of the book, but we will never rip it out."(2) Economically, people still suffer, but not as they once did, They are still very poor, but emotionally they truly have moved on. Many Americans, on the other hand, still grieve. at a deep level, polarized by the controversies surrounding the war. The mistrust for the government generated by the policies of that time, continues to divide the country. Those who protested, those who did not, are still utilized categories in America--an unreconciled nation, lost in the pain of memory and the memory of pain.

A week later, back in Chicago, I visit a once-abandoned three-story building, now transformed by the labor of Viet Nam veterans into the Viet Nam Veterans Art Memorial Museum. On the entrance wall is stenciled an epigram taken from Taoist Monk, Deng Ming Dao, and written before the birth of Christ:

> If you go personally to war, you cross the line yourself, you sacrifice ideals for survival and the fury of killing that alters you forever. That is why no one rushes to be a soldier. Think before you want to change so unalterably. The stakes are not merely one's life, but one's very humanity.

Inside are two floors of art made by Viet Nam Veterans. These were men who fought and returned, often still believing in the War's necessity. They were never trained as artists, some have become artists, all have been compelled to recreate their experience of the war in painting, sculpture, installation, and photography. This space also should be renamed the War Remnants Museum because here, on display, are the fragmented psyches of American youth, sent at seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, to fight an irrational, psychotic war. I begin to weep again. These were the men we, in the anti-war movement, protested against in the 60s and 70s--those whose trains we tried to stop before they took them to boats headed for Southeast Asia; those whose military recruiters we kicked off campuses from Brooklyn to San Diego; those we called murderers and tried to shame into refusing to serve. Everywhere,

here, are the stories of those who were thrown into the massacre of fellow humans and of many who became perpetrators of atrocities from whose memory they cannot recover.

Not one Veteran's work defends the war. All of it is unfiltered, unselfconscious, untutored--the raw representations of emotional pain. Here are the sagas of thousands of sons betrayed by the father as a government that promised glory, manhood, and moral correctness and brought them instead not only defeat, but a weight of guilt that many can not/could not tolerate. Perhaps there is no one moment of recovery from the memories of such violations. There seems to be only the possibility of representation, repetition, and reenactment.

On Veterans Day 1982, the Vietnam Memorial Monument, designed by then 21 year old Yale undergraduate student, Maya Lin, was dedicated. The money for the wall was raised by Veterans and the small donations of 275,000 Americans. Lin's concept was simple, elegant, precise. She imagined a black granite wall cut into the earth, "polished like a geod," that would symbolize the soldiers who had died, rather than the war that killed them--a large V at a 125 degree angle "suggesting the pages of an open book,"(3) a running wall of names, organized chronologically by the dates of their casualty, a glorious headstone for all who had lost their

lives, a site of commemoration for all who remained. Expressed without figuration, the design refused the traditional expectation of heroic monumentality and rather plunged visitors down into the darkness of death and then up again (past fifty-eight thousand names of the deceased),into the light. Many veterans understood and supported this design from the first. Others spoke against it, vehemently. In 1979, Viet Nam and its remembrance, was contested terrain, as it still is today. Their war, "the forgotten and lost war," some Veterans felt, needed an heroic monument to give it legitimacy. But response was divided and many understood that Maya Lin's monument represented what actually had occurred--massive deaths, tragedy, sadness--twenty vietnamese civilians killed for every one Viet Cong, grenades, randomly, thoughtlessly, thrown into groups of children. Others experienced the wall as too abstract, too intellectual "representing the art of the class that lost the least in the war." (4) The fight over the monument represented the split over the meaning of the war itself. There seemed to be no one representation that could account for the complexity of public memory, or public mourning. People were right to protest: how something is remembered, the image it is given in perpetuity, is how it will be understood historically. The controversy finally ended when another memorial was built adjacent

to Maya Lin's. In this second memorial, three standing figures of indistinguishable ethnicity are posed heroically, ready for battle. Significantly, this monument also has a flagpole. But it is Maya Lin's memorial that has become a shrine.

Offerings are brought to the wall daily: A pack of cigarettes, a teddy bear, a rose, a letter, a photo of a child never seen by her father, a can of beer, an "Impeach Nixon" pin, a pair of boots, a bicycle--objects whose meaning from the mourner to the person remembered is private, personal. Jews leave stones on the grave, small stones usually found at the site, something to last for eternity, but the objects left at the wall are signifying of temporality--good and sad times now gone. The thought was that people would take something away, rubbings off the wall of the names of those remembered. But it was never anticipated that people would also "leave things" at the wall. Perhaps no one could have imagined how desperately a memorial space that afforded the possibility of ritualized acts was needed. Men who had died so far away now were brought home, together; while those who served and survived, made pilgrimages to Washington just to bear witness at the wall. By now so many tears have been shed at the site, that the wall seems charged with sadness. Some veterans say the wall has an almost mystical aspect, able to conjure buried sorrow that

can begin a process of personal healing. Those in torment make the journey hoping to find relief. Part of the power is in the 58,000 names, "the sacralization of the names" as Kristin-Ann Hass writes in her book Carried to the Wall to which I owe so many of my understandings of this process.

The Smithsonian has collected these objects and will soon generate their own museological site, their own archive of sadness, a repository that creates a "heteroglossia"(5) of meaning, too layered, unknown to ever be truly understood. There is even a "moving wall"--a replica of the real wall, a portable wall that travels around the country so that people who cannot get to Washington can have a simulated experience of the wall. In this way it is like the AIDS quilt, commemorating the death of those who have died of AIDS. The quilt is now too large to exhibit in any one location, so it is shown in modules. People then attempt to visualize the breadth of the whole.

There are also the survivors. The film made by the Vietnam Veterans Restoration Project also begins with the inevitable statistics--the attempt to quantify the unquantifiable: Three million Americans served in the war, 58,000 died, and, amazingly 200,000 veterans committed suicide after their return from Viet Nam. It has become the practice of many surviving veterans to

physically make "humanitarian missions" to Vietnam. Some have gone with the Viet Nam Restoration project to rebuild clinics destroyed during the war, or to build new homes for disabled and retired veterans. After 25 years, veterans want their suffering to end. The Greeks paid a "cathartes," or a fee for this type of pilgrimage to the place of pain. They made the pilgrimage so they could find a "ritual relief from guilt."(6) The implication is that guilt does not end, it is merely assuaged, for a time.

Freud writes about the site of complexity where contradictions, ambivalences, neuroses spin themselves into a mass, a "cathexis." This mass must then be unraveled, purged, cleansed, discharged, de-cathected if health is to be restored to the psyche. Wilhelm Reich went so far as to believe that such blockages could take on real mass in the body. For these men, for Americans of certain generations, Viet Nam, just the word, is the site of cathexis. It exists in memory, and conjures monstrosity and the unbearable weight of guilt. Viet Nam, many have written, must no longer be remembered as a War, rather as a county. Unfortunately we cannot think of the country without remembering the war. Because the U.S. government continues to be content to allow the blame for the war to rest on individuals, individuals must still attempt to find a way to absolve themselves. Through

self-designed, self-chosen, self-actualized rituals of absolution, veterans have chartered a way to personal reconciliation. To this day, the United States government seeks only to justify its actions--neither to understand or apologize for them. Were the government to ask forgiveness for the abuses of that time, they would have to admit that the principle and strategy behind the war had been wrong. And if these were wrong in Viet Nam, perhaps they were also wrong in Chile, Guatemala, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Cuba, Iraq. Perhaps the entire premise of anti-communism coupled with imperialism and the control of investments has always, only ever been wrong, driven as it has been by the arrogance of economic motivations. But as long as this public denial persists, individuals can find no collective absolution.

In the recent documentary A Long Time Coming, disabled american veterans and their vietnamese counterparts, many using hand driven bicycles because they have lost their legs in the war, set out across the Vietnamese landscape. American veterans want to revisit the scenes of horrific tragedies where some have acted in the most brutal ways as in the My Lai Massacre or where they have left behind an arm, a leg, an eye, a comrade, their innocence and/ or their mind.

On this team of cyclists, many americans repeatedly break down, overflowing with tears. Such remorse, South African writer Anthony Holiday notes, in his commentary about the Truth and Reconciliation Commission, might itself be understood as a "form of memory."(7) the remembering of that which one wishes one could erase. Remorse is the pain of having to feel deeply, again and again, and again. It is the excruciating recognition of the "pollution" the Greeks describe, the historic residue which cannot be washed away. But in its contrary aspect, remorse is the beginning of compassion.

The process of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission should be profound for Americans because it is premised on the idea that speaking the truth, apologizing, admitting one's torment, forgiving in public can help individuals and the collective reconstitute the past and move into the future. Built as it is on ideals such as forgiveness, "restorative justice," and the reconstruction of collective memory, the Commission allows those outside to image the possibility of moving forward, not just as individuals but as a nation attempting to cleanse its horrific past. These are new and foreign concepts for America, which seems neither able to confront the truth, apologize or forgive. Perhaps this is why there actually has been so little interest in the

Commission in the United States, except at those moments when it has focused on heads of state and those most known outside South Africa, such as De Klerk, Nelson Mandela, or Winnie Mandela.

Archbishop Tutu has set the bar of forgiveness high. Most nations do not have leadership like that of Tutu or Mandela, whose personal integrity is indisputable. We in America certainly do not. As the collective moral center of their country, they have insisted on an attempt at forgiveness coupled with the necessity for a reconstituted "moral universe." Tutu, in his role as head of the Commission, has attempted to help raise the collective level of spiritual awareness for everyone present. The press, observers, families of those testifying, all become the audience and beneficiaries for the lessons of the courtroom. They also become recipients of Tutu's wisdom and that of other Commissioners. All are transformed as one might have been in ancient Greece, when the sins of Oedipus were revealed on stage and the source of the plague that ravaged the city state of Thebes, was finally revealed. The audience was affected then in deep psychological and spiritual ways, as they have been at the TRC hearings. By broadcasting the process of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission on television and radio, by documenting it each day in the papers, and on email, people outside the country(like me) have

been able to receive daily reports. In order for the healing to be collective, the confessions could not have been confidential, in order for them to affect humanity, they could not have remained national.

The structure of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission has been historically the most transparent of all such processes. It has set a tone, and a model for a conversation about reconciliation which has affected the world's attempts to prosecute Pinochet, Pol Pot, the Khymer Rouge, to uncover Bosnian war crimes, unearth Guatemalan killing fields, and most recently to spur on the conversation of reconciliation in Rwanda, while escalating the urgency for Holocaust reparation. The concept of truth and reconciliation has entered the collective, global consciousness even as horrors continue in Kosovo and hate crimes against gays, people of color, and immigrants continue and even escalate in the U.S., England, and Germany. Nonetheless at the Southern tip of Africa, the world is now aware of a process that has been developed for nations to deal with the memory of their own horrors and hatred. The potential impact of the Commission on global reconciliation may be enormous and at this point, can only be imagined.

One of the attributes of the apartheid era state as in all fascist states, was its secrecy. Jeremy Gordin in speaking of perpetrator Eugene de Kock writes that "covert operations are by definition illegal(8). Certainly, such was the case in South Africa as people were carted off, their whereabouts unknown, and horrific deeds were enacted behind closed doors. The only historical antidote for such secrecy and its resultant perversities, is an open, truthtelling process. In South Africa, in public meeting places--schools, churches, courthouses, community centers, corporate buildings--in a myriad of locales, the truth has been told. While the country has been deconstructing its hidden history for the purpose of reinventing memory and filling in all that was not publicly known, a new, spoken and written history of the apartheid era told from multiple perspectives is slowly being constructed. At the personal and societal levels it would seem that victims will be able to "reinvent themselves through narrative," as Njabulo Ndebele writes.(9)

The numbers affected are staggering: 7,000 amnesty applications, 23,000 victims interviewed. This amount of information will take decades to assimilate. Those perpetrators who have been called in for investigation or those who have made

amnesty applications, are in a very different situation than their victims, both from the point of view of their hope for the outcome of their confessions and from the point of view of the state. The times I have witnessed Truth Commission hearings, I have been struck by the dual lives lived by the perpetrators. Their sadism, denial, cruelty, perversities have often been hidden by their polite, "god fearing" affect. How could they have deceived their families to this extent, and saved their potential for unbounded cruelty for their "work" as interrogators, or mercenaries? Now as they appeal for amnesty, and must provide the details of their horrific crimes in public, the particularities of what occurred becomes known to their victims, their communities, and to their own families. How can marriages survive such horrific revelations? How can children look at their fathers with trust ever again? How can all psyches involved recover after this unveiling has occurred?

I have been fascinated by the orchestration of the actual hearings, the care that has been taken to create the most humane situation possible for those who must face their torturers and/or their nightmarish experiences again. There is much to be learned for the future from the particularities of the hearing process where in designated space victims and victimizers often existed in

close proximity. In their essay "Testifying Before the Truth and Reconciliation Commission in South Africa: Reasoning by Analogy," Jeffrey Sonis et al discuss the details of the process:

During the hearing itself, the seating was arranged to ensure that the witness was at the same level as the Commissioners, whenever possible. Each witness has been invited to tell the story of the violation in his/her own words and was allowed as much time as necessary to relate events without interruption. Witnesses were not cross-examined, but each witness was assigned to one Commissioner who might ask questions to clarify a sequence of events or to find out more information about a victim.(The verification of facts and allegations took place during the investigative process, before and after the hearing.) Each witness would be accompanied during their testimony by their chosen support person and their counselor from the TRC. At the conclusion of the testimony, the witness, support person (and other family members, if so desired) would be immediately accompanied by the Briefer to a private room for a debriefing.

About two weeks after the hearing the TRC team would return to the area to hold a follow-up meeting, to determine how witnesses and the community as a whole were coping with the aftermath of the hearing and, where necessary, to facilitate interventions.(10)

All of this has demonstrated a great sensitivity to the pain of such interrogations and has provided a mechanics for such a process that can be adopted by other countries attempting investigations in the future.

What is also significant in all this for those outside, is that slowly, as the reports were filed in South Africa, everyone in the country began to understand the extent of the hidden abuses. At once, everyone knew what had occurred. There could no

longer be denial. This recasting of the collective memory had to incorporate the extent of the covert nature of the apartheid state. All who had supported that regime became implicated--every country which continued to trade, invest, acknowledge the apartheid government became culpable. But these testimonies, of course, also impacted locally. Many white South Africans now claim they knew nothing about the extent of the horror. Many people of all races inside and outside South Africa see the absurdity of this self-declared ignorance and innocence. How can they not have known that gross human rights abuses were taking place? And yet, this is not unlike what occurs now among white North Americans who refuse to accept the racist nature of american society and then appear shocked when extreme incidents of police brutality become known to thousands of people who then mobilize in New York or L.A. to protest an isolated, extreme abuse of police power. For the black community these abuses are actual daily occurrences. Black leaders and citizens of the inner cities in America tell us that Blacks are under siege. Immobilized by the depth of the problem, the white population often only really takes note when the abuses become so overt that they monopolize the media. The antidote to secrecy, to silence, to distortion, cover-ups, lies, manipulations and denial--all familiar fascist tactics and tragically known to

democracies as well--is simply, or not so simply, transparency. The truth must be told, continually. The memory of monstrosity must be awakened repeatedly and specifically. How was Steve Biko brutalized? Where was he slammed against the wall and then left to die? Those who love him may never be able to forgive what occurred, but as a result of the Commission, at least they will know how it occurred. Just as we now know that the CIA helped kill Salvador Allende, as the American Left always said. Even McNamara has written that the U.S. was wrong to ever invade Vietnam. South Africans now know a great deal more of what actually occurred, and many who did not know, did not want to know, now do.

The constant, on-going depth of humiliation, terror-inducing behavior, the cruel experimentations with torture techniques, poisons, the braii while the bodies slowly burned and the police drank beer and roasted their dinner in the same fire, these are images of South Africa's past that reverberate as barbarism and cannibalism in the depths of our psyches--actions we do not associate with civilization.

South Africans must now all share this deeply troubled, reconstituted, collective memory. And although the questions and contradictions will take decades to resolve, South Africa has nonetheless deliberately attempted to uncover its nightmarish

past, America on the other hand, still fearful of its own truth, has not. Nonetheless, many in America cannot forget the horrors that occurred in Viet Nam, because it is here, in these unconscionable acts, that we see the capacity of our fellow humans to not just kill those they fear, but to slowly, coldly, drain the life out of them, while attempting to take from them every vestige of humanity. Here we have the result of a process of dehumanization that was the same under apartheid as it was in the Viet Nam war. In each case humans were transformed by propaganda into *monsters*, less than human. Whether they were called--racially inferior, communists, gooks, or all of these. It is what was achieved so effectively in Nazi Germany. A slow, corrosive process of brainwashing and propaganda was designed to rob the Jews of their humanity. This dehumanization then justified any crime committed against this group. All acts were committed in the service of a "greater good" which in this instance, was a very systematic removal of international Jewry from this planet, in other words, genocide.

But however monstrous these acts might have been, we still need to ask, what can be done to help those who have sunk to such levels of degeneracy to reformulate their sense of their own humanity so they might reenter the human community? Can America

afford to allow its Viet Nam veterans to suffer alone when their pains become the burden of those near them who suffer their drug and alcohol abuse, suicides, and attempted murders. These men who were victims and also perpetrators, often have become dangerous to themselves and to society.

South Africa has an even-more difficult problem: What will become of those proven murderers and torturers who have received amnesty? Can they be rehabilitated to enter society, again? If they are not incarcerated, how can society be protected from their rage and desire for revenge? Going through the amnesty process might not necessarily have transformed their consciousness. If there is no longer a place or role for them in society, where might their destructive energies and abilities to enact covert operations take them? Such are the questions of the future, resulting from the exhumations of truth from the past.

These events all lead to issues of representation: How can the state of humanness accurately be represented? How have we, as a species, denied these horrors so that we can continue to define humanity as good and then label all horrific acts as inhumane? Are we unable to accept that such acts are in fact all too human, a part of humanity that we do not want to acknowledge? Must we say that in fact the species is deeply tainted and inevitably the

struggle to overcome these flaws must become the project of civilization? To admit that what it is to be human is to be both capable of endless compassion and, for some, also of devastating cruelty, leaves us without a vocabulary to represent atrocity caused by humans to each other. Words like abnormal, subnormal, inhuman, inhumane, uncivilized, barbaric become meaningless. Given all we know, what is normal, civilized human behavior? The Greeks had their way of justifying inexplicably horrific crimes. They called a sinner's state of mind ate --a possession by demonic spirits, something not human that inhabits the human and becomes then the catalyst for the unimaginable. Everything bad was simply understood as the work of the angry daemon, that which is outside the human, or the Other. The possibility for an idealized notion of humanity thus remained in tact.

But even the Greeks had guilt that could not be absolved. Oedipus' crimes of incest and patricide were too monumental, crimes neither "the earth nor the holy rain nor sunlight can accept."(11) And they resided in memory. Acts that obliterate societal taboos at the most primal level are the causes of catastrophe--the overturning, the denouement, the reversal of the action in greek tragedy. The Vietnamese war was such a catastrophe. The guilt now sits on the shoulders of the three

million men who served. Thus Americans will return again and again to the memorial wall; to Viet Nam, the country; and to the telling of the story of the war, in film, fiction, documentation, while we attempt to relive and recontextualize its tragedy in the hope that someday it can be contained. But because the burden is shouldered by too few, and they were too young to resist the blame, the shame, and the guilt at the time, they have felt that the monster that caused the nightmare was in them. But, although vastly different in situation than South Africa's perpetrators, they too also have felt that the *government*, those in power at that time, those military strategists who made the plans, but who never executed them, are also to blame, that they led them astray. Yet the men in power at that time, still appear publicly free from the weight of the crime. As Eugene de Kock writes, "The State had made torture legitimate."(12) Those who did the actual crimes, if they now are not completely sociopathic, are left alone to return in memory, to try to redefine and refind their humanity.

Those who served in Viet Nam are now in pain because they are very aware of what they have done. Blinded by guilt, they cannot always see that their humanity actually resides in this search to absolve themselves from the remorse that can only be lifted by the forgiveness of their victims. Because all public avenues for

passage out of this shame have been blocked, these veterans are forced to seek personal redemption. This has become the path of memory retrieval and reconciliation in America, in general. But when such pain has been expressed publicly, it has often been enacted on television talk-shows, where, transformed into pathologized public confessionals, actual human suffering is trivialized, mocked, reduced to pop-psychology, or some invasive form which inevitably obliterates the necessary lines between public and private, while actually robbing people of the dignity of their sorrow. This then becomes confused with a collective cathartic process, such as that of the Truth Commission. Remorse has been most successful as a catalyst when it has motivated veterans to engage directly in real humanitarian projects for the Vietnamese. These have allowed men to find a way to give back to those from whom America has taken so much.

Awareness of genocide, hate crimes, torture, monstrosity, at its best, can lead humans to remorse and remorse to refusal, which ideally moves to accountability, then to a realization that such acts must never occur again, and if they do, they must be immediately, actively opposed.

In Antje Krog's book Country of My Skull, she recounts how a group of black South African youth filed an amnesty application.

Their crime, they wrote, was "apathy"(13). They felt they had done "nothing" to end apartheid and therefore were complicitous, even though it was their racial group which suffered most under National Party rule. Amnesty, she notes, has provided a public forum to say "I'm sorry."

The collective can only be reconstituted after the truth is told, an agreement is reached about what actually occurred, and the immorality of these occurrences is agreed upon. Then, when memory and its interpretations have been collectivized, blame can be accepted by those responsible, and individuals can make a vow that heretofore they will actively "resist terror," and "illegitimate domination," as Hannah Arendt puts it, wherever/whenever it becomes manifest.(14) This type of agreement is essential to secure this planet as a place fit for human habitation. Without such clarity of purpose, we, as a species, can never hope to devise a strategy that will protect us from the potential monstrousness in each other.

Notes

1) George Oppen, "Route," in Against Forgetting: Twentieth Century Poetry of Witness, Carolyn Forche, ed., (New York, Norton: 1993), 274.

2)Told to me by writer Grace Paley, who in 1969 went on a "Peace Mission" to Vietnam and was offered this thought.

3)Kristin Ann Hass, Carried to the Wall: American Memory and the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1998). Many of my expressions used to describe the wall are inspired by Hass' imaging of the memorial.

4)ibid., p.15.

5)ibid., p.39

6)E.R. Dodds, The Greeks and the Irrational, (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1951), p.34.

7)Sarah Nuttall and Carli Coetzee eds., Negotiating the Past: The Making of Memory in South Africa, Chapter 3, Anthony Holiday, "Forgiving and Forgetting: The Truth and Reconciliation Commission,"(Cape Town: Oxford University Press, 1998), p.44.

8)Eugene de Kock, A Long Night's Damage: Working for the Apartheid State, as told to Jeremy Gordin, (Saxonwold: Contra Press, 1998), p.18.

9)In Negotiating the Past, Chapter 1, Njabulo Ndebele, "Memory, Metaphor, and the Triumph of Narrative, p.27.

10)This paper was written by Jeffry Sonis, Wendy P. Orr, Mary Koss, Susan Hall, and James Pennebeker and was presented at the "Investigating and Combating Torture Conference," University of Chicago, The Human Rights Program, Center for International Studies, March 4-7, 1999.

11) Dodds, p.36.

12) A Long Night's Damage, p.97.

13) Antjie Krog, Country of My Skull (Johannesburg: Random House, 1998), p.122.

14) As quoted in Against Forgetting, p.46.