

Introduction

“Some people want to forget where they’ve been; other people want to remember where they’ve never been.”

—Eli Cohen and Gila Almagor, from their film *Under the Domim Tree*

The Holocaust as Vicarious Past

HOW IS A POST-HOLOCAUST GENERATION of artists supposed to “remember” events they never experienced directly? Born after Holocaust history into the time of its memory only, a new, media-savvy generation of artists rarely presumes to represent these events outside the ways they have vicariously known and experienced them. This postwar generation, after all, cannot remember the Holocaust as it occurred. All they remember, all they know of the Holocaust, is what the victims have passed down to them in their diaries, what the survivors have remembered to them in their memoirs. They remember not actual events but the countless histories, novels, and poems of the Holocaust they have read, the photographs, movies, and video testimonies they have seen over the years. They remember long days and nights in the company of survivors, listening to their harrowing tales until their lives, loves, and losses seem grafted onto their own life stories.

Coming of age after—but indelibly shaped by—the Holocaust, this generation of artists, writers, architects, and even composers does not attempt to represent events it never knew immediately but instead portrays its own, necessarily hypermediated experiences of memory. It is a generation no longer willing, or able, to recall the Holocaust separately from the ways it has been passed down. “What happens to the memory of history when it ceases to be testimony?” asks Alice Yeager Kaplan.¹ It becomes memory of the witness’s memory, a vicarious past. What distinguishes many of these artists from their

parents' generation of survivors is their single-minded knack for representing just this sense of vicariousness, for measuring the distance between history-as-it-happened and what Marianne Hirsch has so aptly called their "post-memory" of it.²

By portraying the Holocaust as a "vicarious past," these artists insist on maintaining a distinct boundary between their work and the testimony of their parents' generation. Such work recognizes their parents' need to testify to their experiences, even to put the Holocaust "behind them." Yet by calling attention to their vicarious relationship to events, the next generation ensures that their "post-memory" of events remains an unfinished, ephemeral process, not a means toward definitive answers to impossible questions.

What further distinguishes these artists from their parents' generation, moreover, is their categorical rejection of art's traditional redemptory function in the face of catastrophe. For these artists, the notion either that such suffering might be redeemed by its aesthetic reflection or that the terrible void left behind by the murder of Europe's Jews might be compensated by a nation's memorial forms is simply intolerable on both ethical and historical grounds. At the ethical level, this generation believes that squeezing beauty or pleasure from such events afterward is not so much a benign reflection of the crime as it is an extension of it. At the historical level, these artists find that the aesthetic, religious, and political linking of destruction and redemption may actually have justified such terror in the killers' minds.

Not only does this generation of artists intuitively grasp its inability to know the history of the Holocaust outside of the ways it has been passed down, but it sees history itself as a composite record of both events *and* these events' transmission to the next generation. This doesn't mean that their vicarious memory of the past thereby usurps the authority of history itself, or that of the historians and their research; after all, as they are the first to acknowledge, they inevitably rely on hard historical research for their knowledge of what happened, how, and why. But in addition to the facts of Holocaust history, these artists recognize the further facts surrounding this history's transmission to them, that its history is being passed down to them in particular times and places. These are not mutually exclusive claims or competing sets of facts but part of history's reality. Neither history nor memory is regarded by these artists as a zero-sum game in which one kind of history or memory takes away from another; nor is it a contest between kinds of knowledge, between what we know and how we know it; nor is it a contest between scholars and students of the Holocaust and the survivors themselves. For these artists know that the facts of history never "stand" on their own—but are always supported by the reasons for recalling such facts in the first place.

For American artists like Art Spiegelman, David Levinthal, and Shimon Attie, whose work I explore in this book's first three chapters, their subject is not the Holocaust so much as how they came to know it and how it has shaped their inner lives. Theirs is an unabashed terrain of memory, not of history, but no less worthy of exploration. When they go to represent this "vicarious past," they do so in the artistic forms and media they have long practiced. When "comix"-artist Art Spiegelman remembers the Holocaust, therefore, he recalls both his father's harrowing story of survival and the circumstances under which Spiegelman heard it. In his "commixture" of images and narrative, he is able to tell both stories simultaneously, turning them into a single, double-stranded narrative.

When photographer David Levinthal was asked by his art teacher at Yale why he took photographs of toys in historical tableaux instead of historical reality itself, he answered simply that the vintage Nazi figurines he collected and photographed *were* his historical reality, the only remnants of the past he had experienced. By photographing his imagined re-creations of Nazi pageantry, the fascist war-machine, and the murder of the Jews, Levinthal would limit his representations to an exploration of that which he knows from history books, photographs, and mass-media images. Similarly, in his European environmental installations, artist Shimon Attie has projected archival photographic images of the past—his memory—back onto the otherwise amnesiac sites of history in order to reanimate these sites with his "memory" of what happened there. Haunted by what he regarded as the specter of missing Jews in Berlin's Scheunenviertel, Attie projected photographs of Jews from this quarter taken in the 1920s and 1930s back onto their original sites, among other projects of his I explore in Chapter 3. Here he has literally projected the "after-images" in his mind back onto otherwise indifferent landscapes.

No doubt, some will see such work as a supremely evasive, even self-indulgent art by a generation more absorbed in its own vicarious experiences of memory than by the survivors' experiences of real events.³ Others will say that if artists of the second or third generation want to make art out of the Holocaust, then let it be about the Holocaust itself and not about themselves. The problem for many of these artists, of course, is that they are unable to remember the Holocaust outside of the ways it has been passed down to them, outside of the ways it is meaningful to them fifty years after the fact. As the survivors have testified to *their* experiences of the Holocaust, their children and their children's children will now testify to their experiences of the Holocaust. And what are *their* experiences of the Holocaust? Photographs, film, histories, novels, poems, plays, survivors' testimonies. It is necessarily mediated experience, the afterlife

of memory, represented in history's after-images: the impressions retained in the mind's eye of a vivid sensation long after the original, external cause has been removed.

Why represent all that? Because for those in Spiegelman's, Levinthal's, and Attie's generation, to leave out the truth of how they came to know the Holocaust would be to ignore half of what happened: we would know what happened to Spiegelman's father but miss what happened to the artist-son. Yet isn't the important story what happened to the father at Auschwitz? Yes, but without exploring why it's important, we leave out part of the story itself. Is it self-indulgent or self-aggrandizing to make the listener's story part of the teller's story? This generation doubts that it can be done otherwise. These artists can no more neglect the circumstances surrounding a story's telling than they can ignore the circumstances surrounding the actual events' unfolding. Neither the events nor the memory of them take place in a void. In the end, these artists ask us to consider which is the more truthful account: that narrative or art which ignores its own coming into being, or that which paints this fact, too, into its canvas of history?

For artists at home in their respective media, whether it is the comix of Spiegelman or the vanguard photography of Levinthal, questions about the appropriateness of their forms seem irrelevant. These artists remain as true to their forms and chosen media as they do to their "memory" of events. But for those less at home in the languages of contemporary art, the possibility that form—especially the strange and new—might overwhelm the content of such memory-work leads some to suspect the artists' motives. Historian Omer Bartov, for example, has expressed his sense of "unease" with what he describes as the "cool aesthetic pleasure" that derives from the more "highly stylized" of postmodern Holocaust representations.⁴ Part of what troubles Bartov is that such work seems more preoccupied with being stimulating and interesting in and of itself than it is with exploring events and the artist's relationship to them afterward. Also implied here is an understandable leeriness on Bartov's part of the possibility that such art draws on the power of the Holocaust merely to energize itself and its forms.

Even more disturbing for Bartov, however, is the question historian Saul Friedlander has raised in his own profound meditations on "fascinating fascism," in which Friedlander wonders whether an aesthetic obsession with fascism may be less a reflection on fascism than it is an extension of it. Here Friedlander asks whether a brazen new generation of artists bent on examining its own obsession with Nazism adds to our understanding of the Third Reich or only recapitulates a fatal attraction to it. "Nazism has disappeared," Friedlander writes,

but the obsession it represents for the contemporary imagination—as well as the birth of a new discourse that ceaselessly elaborates and reinterprets it—necessarily confronts us with this ultimate question: Is such attention fixed on the past only a gratuitous reverie, the attraction of spectacle, exorcism, or the result of a need to understand; or is it, again and still, an expression of profound fears and, on the part of some, mute yearnings as well?⁵

As the artists whose work I explore here suggest, the question remains open. Not because every aesthetic interrogation of the Holocaust also contains some yearning for "fascinating fascism." But because they believe that neither artist nor historian can positively answer yes or no to this question.

In fact, here we must ask simply: Can the historian ever really know the history of an era without knowing its art and literature? That is, can any historian truly represent events of a bygone era without understanding how the artists and writers of that time grasped and then responded to the events unfolding around them? I would answer simply, No, it is not possible. By extension, I would like to ask how well historians can represent the past without knowing how the next generation has responded to it in its art and literature. That is, without knowing how such history is being mediated for the next generation and why it is deemed so important to remember in the first place. For these phenomena, too, are part of the history that is being told after the fact.⁶

The Arts of Memory in an Antiredemptory Age

On one hand, it's true that the Holocaust, unlike World War I, has resulted in no new literary forms, no startling artistic breakthroughs; for all intents and purposes, it has been assimilated to many of the modernist innovations already generated by the perceived rupture in culture occasioned by the Great War. On the other, what has certainly changed is the redemptory promise that traditionally underlay innovation and "newness" in modern art and culture: where antirealist and fragmentation motifs were seen as redemptory of art's purpose after the Great War precisely because they refused to affirm the conditions and values that made such terror possible, art and literature after the Holocaust are pointedly antiredemptory of both themselves and the catastrophe they represent.

Indeed, of all the dilemmas facing post-Holocaust writers and artists, per-

haps none is more difficult, or more paralyzing, than the potential for redemption in any representation of the Holocaust. Some, like philosopher Theodor Adorno, have warned against the ways poetry and art after Auschwitz risk redeeming events with aesthetic beauty or mimetic pleasure.⁷ Others, like Saul Friedlander, have asked whether the very act of history-writing potentially redeems the Holocaust with the kinds of meaning and significance reflexively generated in all narrative.⁸ Though as a historian Friedlander also questions the adequacy of ironic and experimental responses to the Holocaust, insofar as their transgressiveness seems to undercut any and all meaning, verging on the nihilistic, he also suggests that a postmodern aesthetics might “accentuate the dilemmas” of history-telling.⁹ Even by Friedlander’s terms, this is not a bad thing: an aesthetics that remarks its own limitations, its inability to provide eternal answers and stable meaning. Works in this vein acknowledge both the moral obligation to remember and the ethical hazards of doing so in art and literature. In short, he issues a narrow call for an aesthetics that devotes itself primarily to the dilemmas of representation, an antiredemptory history of the Holocaust that resists closure, sustains uncertainty, and allows us to live without full understanding.

For many artists, the breach between past events and their art now demands some kind of representation, but how to do it without automatically recuperating it? Indeed, the postmodern enterprise is both fueled and paralyzed by the double-edged conundrum articulated first by Adorno: not only does “cultural criticism share the blindness of its object,” he writes, but even the critic’s essential discontent with civilization can be regarded as an extension of that civilization.¹⁰ Just as the avant-garde might be said to feed on the illusion of its perpetual dying, postmodern memory-work seems to feed perpetually on the impossibility of its own task.¹¹

In contrast to the utopian, revolutionary forms with which modernists hoped to redeem art and literature after World War I, the post-Holocaust memory-artist, in particular, would say, “Not only is art not the answer, but after the Holocaust, there can be no more Final Solutions.” Some of this skepticism is a direct response to the enormity of the Holocaust—which seemed to exhaust not only the forms of modernist experimentation and innovation but the traditional meanings still reified in such innovations. Mostly, however, this skepticism stems from these artists’ contempt for the religious, political, or aesthetic linking of redemption and destruction that seemed to justify such terror in the first place. In Germany, in particular, once the land of what Friedlander has called “redemptory anti-Semitism,” the possibility that public art might now compensate mass murder with beauty (or with ugliness), or

that memorials might somehow redeem this past with the instrumentalization of its memory, continues to haunt a postwar generation of memory-artists.¹²

Memorial artists in Germany, moreover, are both plagued and inspired by a series of impossible questions: How does a state incorporate shame into its national memorial landscape? How does a state recite, much less commemorate, the litany of its misdeeds, making them part of its reason for being? Under what memorial aegis, whose rules, does a nation remember its barbarity? Where is the tradition for memorial mea culpa, when combined remembrance and self-indictment seem so hopelessly at odds? Unlike state-sponsored memorials built by victimized nations and peoples to themselves in Poland, Holland, or Israel, those in Germany are necessarily those of former persecutors remembering their victims. In the face of this necessary breach in the conventional “memorial code,” it is little wonder that German national memory of the Holocaust remains so torn and convoluted. Germany’s “Jewish question” is now a two-pronged memorial question: How do former persecutors mourn their victims? How does a nation reunite itself on the bedrock memory of its crimes?

One of the most compelling results of Germany’s memorial conundrum has been the advent of its “countermonuments”: brazen, painfully self-conscious memorial spaces conceived to challenge the very premises of their being. At home in an era of earthworks, of conceptual and self-destructive art, postwar artists now explore both the necessity of memory and their incapacity to recall events they never experienced directly. After examining in the first half of this book how three American artists—Spiegelman, Levinthal, and Attie—have represented their “vicarious past,” therefore, I turn to the ways that the public “counter-arts” of memory in Germany have begun to resist the certainty of monumental forms, the ways European artists have begun to challenge the traditional redemptory premises of art itself.

I thus explore both the early critique of Germany’s “memorial problem” by Berlin-born Jochen Gerz, as embodied in his *EXIT / Dachau* project of 1971 as well as his disappearing and invisible memorials in Harburg and Saarbrücken, among other installations. In his and Esther Shalev-Gerz’s *Monument Against Fascism* in Harburg-Hamburg, for example, a forty-foot-high lead-covered column was sunk into the ground as people inscribed their names (and much else) onto its surface; on its complete disappearance in 1993, the artists hoped that it would return the burden of memory to those who came looking for it. With audacious simplicity, their “countermonument” thus flouted a number of memorial conventions: its aim was not to console but to provoke; not to remain fixed but to change; not to be everlasting but to disappear; not to be ignored by its passersby but to demand interaction; not to re-

main pristine but to invite its own violation; not to accept graciously the burden of memory but to throw it back at the town's feet.¹³ How better to remember a now-absent people than by a vanishing monument?

In this vein, I explore the negative-form monuments and installations of Horst Hoheisel in Kassel and Weimar, as well as his proposal to blow up the Brandenburger Tor in Berlin in lieu of Germany's national Holocaust memorial. In two further installations by Micha Ullman and Rachel Whiteread, one realized and the other as yet only proposed, I look at how these artists have also turned to both bookish themes and negative spaces to represent the void left behind by the "people of the book." Like Attie, other artists in Germany have also attempted to reanimate otherwise amnesiac sites with the dark light of their pasts, reminding us that the history of such sites also includes their own forgetfulness, their own lapses of memory. Berlin artists Renata Stih and Frieder Schnock have thus mounted eighty signposts on the corners, streets, and sidewalks near Berlin's Bayerische Platz. Each includes a simple image of an everyday object on one side and, on the other, a short text excerpted from Germany's anti-Jewish laws of the 1930s and 1940s. Where past citizens once navigated their lives according to these laws, present citizens now navigate their lives according to the memory of such laws.

If part of these artists' work has been the reinscription of Jewish memory and the memory of the Jews' murder into Berlin's otherwise indifferent landscape, another part has been to reveal the void in postwar German culture that demands this reinscription. To this end, architect Daniel Libeskind has premised his design for Berlin's new Jewish Museum on the very idea of the void. In my chapter on Libeskind's design for Berlin's Jewish Museum, I begin with the prewar story of the museum itself, its own fraught past and ill-fated opening only weeks before Hitler was installed as chancellor in January 1933. But here I also ask the impossible questions facing the architect at the outset of his project: How does a city like Berlin "house" the memory of a people that is no longer at "home" in Germany? How does a nation like Germany invite a people like the Jews back into its official past after having driven them so murderously from it? I suggest here that a "Jewish museum" in the capital of a nation that not so long ago drove its Jews from a land they had considered "home" cannot be *heimlich* but must be regarded as *unheimlich*—or uncanny. My aim in this penultimate chapter is not merely to explain Libeskind's difficult design but to show how as a process, it uncannily articulates the dilemma Germany faces whenever it attempts to formalize the self-inflicted void at its center—the void of its lost and murdered Jews.

Finally, in a self-examining coda, I tell the story of Germany's proposed national Holocaust memorial and my own role in it, my evolution from a highly skeptical critic on the outside of the process to one of its arbiters on the inside. Although I had initially opposed a single, central Holocaust memorial in Germany for the ways it might be used compensate such irredeemable loss, or even put the past behind a newly reunified Germany, over time I began to grow skeptical of my own skepticism. Eventually, I was invited to become the only foreigner and Jew on a five-member *Findungskommission* charged with choosing an appropriate design for Germany's national memorial to Europe's murdered Jews. In this coda, I tell the story of Berlin's "memorial for the murdered Jews of Europe" on one hand even as I explore the collapsing line between my role as critic and arbiter on the other—all toward bringing the issues at the heart of Germany's memorial conundrum into clear, if painful focus.

Like my previous studies of Holocaust narrative and memorials, this book is by no means intended as a survey of the contemporary arts of Holocaust memory.¹⁴ Instead, I have tried to present a handful of artists whose works I believe best embody some of the difficult questions faced by all post-Holocaust artists, works that throw complex issues into sharp relief. These essays are thus premised on three interrelated preoccupations shared by these artists and me. First, memory-work about the Holocaust cannot, must not, be redemptive in any fashion. Second, part of what a post-Holocaust generation must ethically represent is the experience of the memory-act itself. Last, the void left behind by the destruction of European Jewry demands the reflection previously accorded the horrific details of the destruction itself. For these artists, it is the memory-work itself, the difficult attempt to know, to imagine vicariously, and to make meaning out of experiences they never knew directly that constitutes the object of memory.

It's also true that dozens of artists other than the ones I discuss could have been included here, many of them well known. In fact, in spite of their profound effect on a postwar generation of artists preoccupied by the Holocaust, the works of Anselm Kiefer, Josef Beuys, and Christian Boltanski are not addressed here—partly because they have been discussed so thoroughly and insightfully before me. Still others, like filmmakers Chantal Ackerman and Abraham Ravett and the performance artist Deb Filler, have profoundly shaped my thinking in this book, as have installation artists Susan Jahoda, Vera Frenkel, Ellen Rothenberg, and Melissa Gould. The musical composition *Different Trains*, by Steve Reich, has similarly inspired me, especially for the ways it echoes his postwar generation's preoccupation with not having been "there"

but still being shaped by the Holocaust. All of these artists deserve wide audiences and demand discussions as sophisticated and illuminating as their works are profound.¹⁵

In the end, this book is also premised on difficult, at times uncomfortable questions directed toward the post-Holocaust generation of artists and architects and their works: How much is this work about the Holocaust, and how much is it about the artist's vicarious memory of the Holocaust? How can contemporary art formalize such questions without making form itself the subject of their works? Finally, is it possible to enshrine an antimonumental impulse in monumental forms? In my discussions of these artists, I don't pretend to answer these questions but rather hope to lay them bare for all to see.

And as also becomes painfully clear, I must direct similarly difficult questions to myself, the critic and explicator of these works: At what point do I cross over from disinterested critic of these works to their explicator? And then, at what point do I go from being explicator of these at times difficult works to serving as their advocate? In my case, such questions cannot be merely academic. For two of these essays were, in fact, written initially as catalogue essays for exhibitions by David Levinthal and Shimon Attie. And as my reflections on my role in Germany's attempt to build a national Holocaust memorial will show, I went from being what I regarded as a principled opponent of the project to spokesman for the Findungskommission appointed to select an appropriate design for the memorial. This crossing-over of roles is not so unusual in an art world where scholars, curators, museum and gallery directors, and artists have long blurred the lines of their work, where interpreters and evaluators of art have also established canons and market value. But it is new terrain for a cultural historian of the Holocaust. If my aim here has been in part to lay bare these connections, the other, more important part of my aim here has been to explore the ways a new generation of memory-artists have made a critique of institutional memory fundamental to their work.

From Friedlander's integrated historiography to Spiegelman's commixture of image and narrative; from Levinthal's "play of memory" to Attie's wall-projections; from the countermemorial installations of Gerz, Hoheisel, Whiteread, Ullman, and Stih and Schnock to the uncanny architecture of Libeskind and Peter Eisenman, these works succeed precisely because they refuse to assign singular, overarching meaning to either the events of the Holocaust or our memory of them. This is the core of their antiredemptory aesthetic. Such artists and historians continue to suggest meaning in history but simultaneously shade meaning with its own coming into being. In side-shadowing both the history and memory of the Holocaust in this way,

not only do they resist the temptation for redemptory closure in their work, but they can make visible why such history is worth recalling in the first place.¹⁶

Some critics, like Michel Foucault, have suggested that because every record of history, even the archival, is also a representation of history and thus subject to all of a culture's mediating forces, the study of history can only be the study of commemorative forms. To date, in fact, I have also made commemorative forms—such as monuments, museums, and days of remembrance—part of the object my historical inquiry. Unlike Foucault, however, I would not displace more traditional notions of history with hypermediated versions but only add the study of commemorative forms to the study of history, making historical inquiry the combined study of both *what happened* and *how it is passed down* to us.

In this way, historical inquiry might remain a search for certainties about substantive realities even as it is broadened to encompass the realities of history's eventual transmission. Extended backward into the notion of history "as it happened," such a conception includes as part of its search for verifiable fact the search for verifiable, yet highly contingent representations of these facts as they unfolded. Instead of enforcing an absolute breach between what happened and how it is remembered, we might also ask what happens when the players of history remember their past to subsequent generations—and then suggest that this is not memory only but also another kind of history-telling.

Indeed, I would suggest here that these memory-artists may even lead the next generation of historians to a more refined, if complex kind of history-telling, one that takes into account both events and how they get passed down to us. In turn, I would like to see their works force scholars to reflect on their own academic commodification of Holocaust history, how the next generation simultaneously feeds on the past and disposes of it in their work. Although academic critics have been quick to speculate on the motives of filmmakers, novelists, and artists, we have remained curiously blind to our own instrumentalization of memory, to the ways an entire academic industry has grown up around the Holocaust. It is time to step back and take an accounting: Where does all this history and its telling lead, to what kinds of knowledge, to what ends? For this is, I believe, the primary challenge to Holocaust art and historiography in an antiredemptory age: it is history-telling and memory that not only mark their own coming into being but also point to the places—both real and imagined—they inevitably take us.

Notes

INTRODUCTION

1. Kaplan, "Theweleit and Spiegelman," 160.
2. See Hirsch, "Family Pictures," 8–9. Also see Hirsch's excellent elaboration of this notion in her *Family Frames*.
3. In responding to my call for interweaving a history of events with a reflection on how Holocaust history comes to be told, for example, a well-respected historian, Peter Hayes, suggested that such a study, "as well as Saul Friedlander's recent work, lavishes talents on a project not quite worthy of [Young and Friedlander]. Their preoccupations reflect a sort of scholasticism now quite rampant in the academy in which commonplace problems of technique are mistaken for profound matters of substance, in which how we learn and relate what we know becomes as intellectually significant and preoccupying as the knowledge itself, and in which—in self-flattering fashion—the scholars who interpret and the students who learn become the subject of inquiry, inevitably displacing the participants themselves."
Here I am grateful to Peter Hayes for sending me his "Comment in Response" to an early version of "Toward a Received History of the Holocaust," both delivered as parts of a panel on "Contemporary Interpretations of the Holocaust," at the annual Social Science History Association Conference, New Orleans, 12 October 1996.
4. Bartov, *Murder in Our Midst*, 116.
5. Friedlander, *Reflections of Nazism*, 19.
6. For a brilliant illustration of history that includes the art and literature of the era under discussion, see Friedlander, *Nazi Germany and the Jews*, vol. 1.
7. Adorno, "Engagement," 125–127.
8. Friedlander, *Memory, History, and Extermination*, 61.
9. *Ibid.*, 55.
10. Adorno, *Prisms*, 27, 19.
11. For an insightful elaboration on the "ever-dying" of the avant-garde, see Mann, *Theory-Death of the Avant-Garde*.
12. See Friedlander, *Nazi Germany and the Jews*, 1:3. *redemptory antisemitism*
13. For a detailed discussion of the Harburg counter-monument, see Young, *Texture of Memory*, 27–48. Also see Könneke, ed., *Das Harburger Mahnmahl gegen Faschismus*.
14. Here I refer to my earlier book, *The Texture of Memory*, as well as to the catalogue of essays I introduced and edited for an exhibition at the Jewish Museum in New York, *The Art of Memory*.
15. Here I must acknowledge some of the important discussions of this "cutting-edge" art

already under way. For example, see van Alphen's fine study, *Caught by History*; Liss, *Trespassing through Shadows*; and Sicher, ed., *Breaking Crystal*.

For exhibition catalogues to shows on contemporary Holocaust art, see Feinstein, ed., *Witness and Legacy*; and Snyder, ed., *Impossible Evidence*.

16. Here I am indebted to Bernstein's *Foregone Conclusions*.

CHAPTER ONE Art Spiegelman's *Maus* and the After-Images of History

1. See Friedlander, *Nazi Germany and the Jews*, vol. 1.
2. Friedlander, "Trauma, Transference," 55. In his earlier *Reflections of Nazism*, Friedlander was more skeptical of what he would later call postmodern responses to the Holocaust and more deeply ambivalent toward the very motives for such art (see citation in Introduction).
3. Friedlander, "Trauma, Transference," 41.
4. *Ibid.*
5. Spiegelman, *Maus*, 2:135.
6. Friedlander, "Trauma, Transference," 41.
7. Friedlander, *Memory, History, and Extermination*, 132.
8. *Ibid.*, 53.
9. Broszat and Friedlander, "Controversy About Historicization," 129.
10. See Hirsch, "Family Pictures," 8. For more on my own notion of "received history," see Young, "Toward a Received History," 21–43.
11. Hirsch, "Family Pictures," 8–9.
12. From author's interview with Spiegelman, as well as from Spiegelman, "Commix," 61.
13. Spiegelman, "Artist's Statement," 44.
14. Spiegelman, "Commix," 61.
15. From Kalir, "Road to *Maus*," 2.
16. Spiegelman, "Commix," 61.
17. *Ibid.*
18. Kalir, "Road to *Maus*," 1.
19. Spiegelman, *Breakdowns*.
20. *Ibid.*, unpaginated.
21. Spiegelman, "Commix," 71.
22. Varnedoe and Gopnik, *High and Low*, 154. For an overview of the comics' place in modern art, see 153–229.
23. Laub, "Bearing Witness," 57.
24. For a full elaboration of this kind of "side-shadowed" history telling, see Bernstein, *Foregone Conclusions*.
25. Though Spiegelman wrote and conceived of *Maus* as a single work from the beginning, he agreed to allow Pantheon Books to divide it into two volumes, the first published in 1986. This was partly to preempt possible copy-cat "comics" and animated cartoons by those familiar with the sections of *Maus* already published in *Raw Comics*, the journal Spiegelman and his wife, Françoise Mouly, co-edit.