

Elizabeth Legge

Analogs of Loss: Vera Frenkel's *Body Missing* (<http://www.yorku.ca/BodyMissing>)

"Write."—"For whom?"—
"Write for the dead, for those in the past whom you love."—
"Will they read me?"—"No!"
An old saying slightly altered.

Revised in final copy; see 146:18:

[Deleted:] **death**

[Added in margin:] **disappearance**

—Pap.IV B 97:6 n.d., 1843¹

The website constructed by the Canadian artist Vera Frenkel, *Body Missing*, deals with the great Nazi art plunder, and, obliquely, with the depredations of the Holocaust. *Body Missing* is a virtual palimpsest, in which layered confusions of time and location are of central importance. It is also a development of Frenkel's practice as an artist, which has been associated with complex videos about apparently fictitious and mysterious characters, installed in evocative staged settings—the generic bureaucratic office of a pornographer, the Paris hotel room of a Canadian woman novelist during the interwar years. Of particular relevance to *Body Missing* is Frenkel's own earlier installation piece, . . . *from the Transit Bar* (1992–96), which provides a locus for the framing narrative. Originally constructed for exhibition at the international art exposition *documenta IX* (1992),² . . . *from the Transit Bar* creates a highly ambiguous environment, combining the anonymity of an airport lounge with the crudeness of a school play version of *Casablanca*. Frenkel, who assumes a persona to play the narrator in her own work, served shifts as a bartender during the course of *Transit Bar's* exhibition, presumably adding the stories of the museum visitors to those that are part of the fabric of the piece.

Of key importance for *Body Missing* are the six television screens in the *Transit Bar*. These offer something other than hard-to-hear, easy-to-ignore bar television. On Frenkel's screens the speakers talk about experiences of immigration,

racism, loss of cultural identity, and exclusion. Behind them trains—identifiably North American trains—move by, which affiliate all these “ordinary” experiences of transportation and displacement with the Holocaust, especially as inflected by Claude Lanzmann’s *Shoah*. The speakers’ monologues, some of which are also part of *Body Missing*, are disconcertingly dubbed into Yiddish and Polish (languages lost to Frenkel by the displacement of her own family), with subtitles in dominant European languages: English, German, and French. This discrepancy between what one sees and what one hears intercepts any casual reception of these accounts. In one memorable story, a woman recalls her mother trying to push her off the train taking them to western Canada after the war. Her mother was certain that the train was not going to Regina, but, again, to Auschwitz.

Beyond the question of whether we are in a real bar with an art theme, or an art installation with a bar theme, there is further confusion for the museum spectator in the *Transit Bar*. Is this bar to be imagined as being at the edge of a war zone in 1940, with everyone trying to procure identification papers and visas? Or is it in some urban present, a downtown “themed” bar, a psychoanalytic version of a sports bar, where intellectuals discuss issues of identity and trauma? Further ambiguities arise from the conventional use of bars in movies and television, as places of transitory respite, unlikely encounters, confidences, artificial cheer, melancholy, and potential violence. The ambiguities of . . . *from the Transit Bar* carry through into *Body Missing*.

. . . *from the Transit Bar* and *Body Missing* derive from Frenkel’s long-standing interest in charismatic figures and their various promises of “bliss.” This first took shape in 1987 when Frenkel was an artist-in-residence at the Chicago Art Institute, and was billeted in Hefner Hall, formerly the Playboy Mansion. Among the ghosts of bunnies past, Frenkel began to consider the synthetic sexual bliss offered by Hefner. The work that came out of this, *TRUST ME IT’S BLISS: The Richard Wagner/Hugh Hefner Connection*, was based on an analogy between Hugh Hefner and another master of totalizing vision, Richard Wagner. From this exploration of relative aesthetic bliss Frenkel turned to consumer bliss. As an extension of an installation dealing with a new shopping center in Newcastle upon Tyne, Frenkel installed an electronic text on a billboard in Piccadilly Circus, beginning: “This is your Messiah speaking, instructing you to shop . . .” From the high and low blisses of Hefner, Wagner, and the shopping messiah, Frenkel has moved to address that most terrifying of modern blissmongers, Hitler. Frenkel is aware, of course, that all the locuses of these promises of bliss implicate monuments (the Playboy Mansion, Bayreuth, the shopping mall, Berchtesgaden) and works of art as fulfillment of aesthetic bliss—the perfect centerfold, the Ring cycle, the art desired by Hitler, and, by implication, Frenkel’s own transit bar and website.

The website, *Body Missing*, is cumulative and collective, encompassing some of Frenkel’s own earlier work and contributions by a dozen other artists and writers.³ It relocates or disembodies the more material (video and photographic transparency) version of the work, first installed in stairwells and windows of the

Offenes Kulturhaus in Linz, Austria.⁴ *Body Missing* also derives from Frenkel's experiences as an artist-in-residence in Austria: at the Akademie der Bildenden Künste in Vienna (where Hitler had been twice rejected as a prospective art student, and where Nazi sympathizers on its staff later collaborated with Hitler's art theft policies); and at the Offenes Kulturhaus in Hitler's hometown, Linz. Struck by the basement corridors of crates at the Akademie, Frenkel began to consider Hitler's massive acquisition of art and his mania for monuments. The ostensible subject of *Body Missing* is the *Kunstraub*, the complex and secret wartime transportation of thousands of confiscated and stolen works of art. Those destined for the great unrealized Linz museum, under the operation known as Sonderauftrag Linz, were hidden in the nearby salt mines at Alt Aussee in Austria. After the war, these hoards were discovered by the Allies, who realized that many works were missing, possibly hemorrhaged to Russia, the United States, and elsewhere, including Austria. Many remain untraced.

Body Missing, then, ostensibly surveys the residue of one of Hitler's visions of bliss, with its massive mechanical apparatus of transportation and attendant bureaucracy of record keeping. This displacement of works of art amplifies the theme of human displacement in . . . *from the Transit Bar*. The *Transit Bar* within *Body Missing* is now fictively located on the real ground floor of the Offenes Kulturhaus in Linz; and its imaginary, all-infiltrating installation is inflected by the knowledge that the Offenes Kulturhaus once served as a Wehrmacht prison. There are floorplans and photographs and references to buildings, including Hitler's bunker, the Reichschancellery and the tunnels beneath it, throughout the website: its fictive times and spaces are layered and haunted (figure 1).

Vera Frenkel is present within *Body Missing* in the sly persona of a *Transit Bar* bartender. Privy to everyone's stories, she uses the information to observe the network of bar regulars/artists/resistance workers/art restorers/spies. She is both controlling author and disingenuous not-author, a narrator issuing disclaimers (she never listens in "on purpose"). She is partly a character from Le Carré or Deighton's spy novels, and partly the contemporary intellectual mindful of disowning authorship, weaving her own and others' memories, histories, lies, and exaggerations from the pose of neutral authority: "I write down everything just as I hear it . . . I hope you will excuse me if I remind you that what you are about to read is true."

In *Body Missing*, Frenkel raises questions and doubts, but turns any accusing fingers around like weathervanes in the Internet wind. Where do we stand? What did we do? What do we do now? All the artists and writers who contribute to *Body Missing* are moved to address a missing work of art. This does not mean a copy, which would imply that something lost could be replaced, but simply some empathetic "gesture" toward "an earlier artist and an absent work." Here, Frenkel acknowledges the ways in which our comprehension of the past involves the projection of current cultural values. So the *Transit Bar* "regulars" in *Body Missing* are simultaneously at work in different periods: they are a cultural resistance movement during the war, during the black marketeering period after the war, and now,

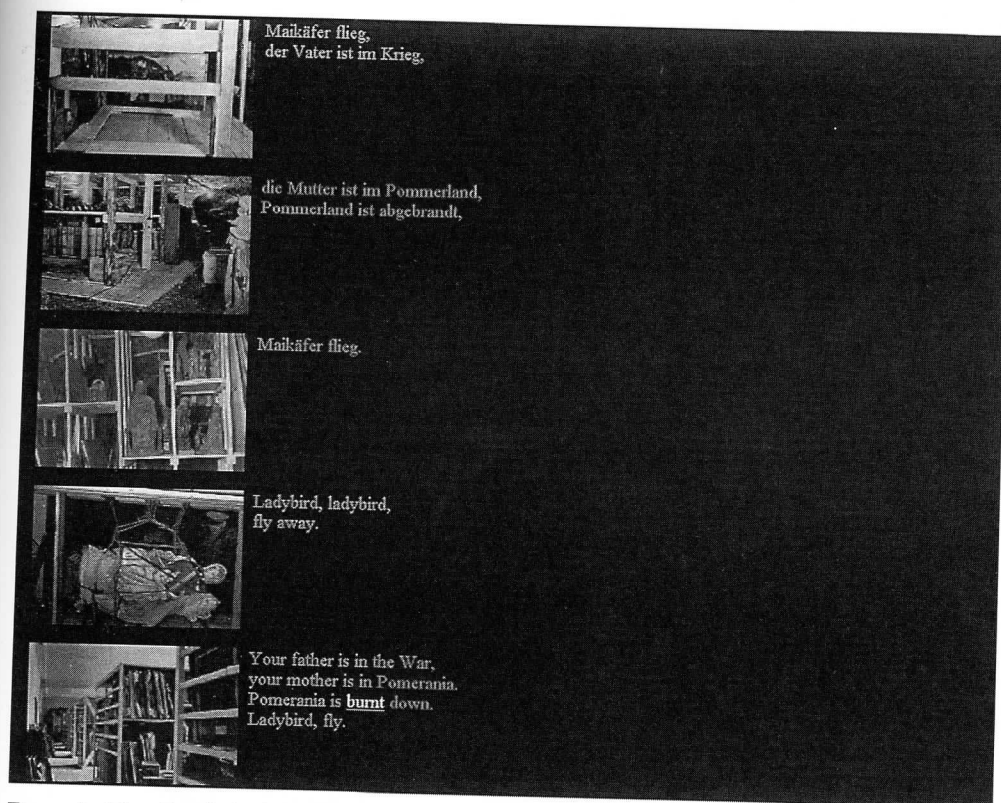


Figure 1. Vera Frenkel, "Storage Spaces," Body Missing, http://www.yorku.ca/BodyMissing/history/salt_mines.html

at the time of international debate about the appropriation of cultural properties of other countries and cultures, repatriation laws, and UNESCO conventions. And they, of course, emerge now, at a time when Nazi art theft, especially from Jewish collections, and potential restitution, have become an intensively studied legal, academic, and media topic.⁵ Frenkel's project is, in part, a version of the role-playing games available on the Internet. It suggests that, as bar "regulars," we might occupy a time and space in which our participation and knowledge could influence the course of events.

The site begins with a diagram in Frenkel's fine archaic copperplate handwriting, like a cryptic treasure map (figure 2). Inside the website, we move from documentation (excerpts from the Breitenbach report of the United States Monuments and Fine Arts and Archives Section, 1945–48, newspaper articles, Hitler's last will and testament), to the stories, poems, pictures, and dream accounts of the "Transit Bar Regulars" (artists, bartenders, piano players). The website, then, is a collaborative work of indefinite, or infinite, dimensions. It anticipates change as more contributions—including, implicitly, our own, since there is a message board—are added. The contributions of the bar regulars range from Judith Schwarz's enigmatic image of hands in crude pixels holding up what is apparently a photograph of lightning (a literalization perhaps of the "gesture" toward a lost work of

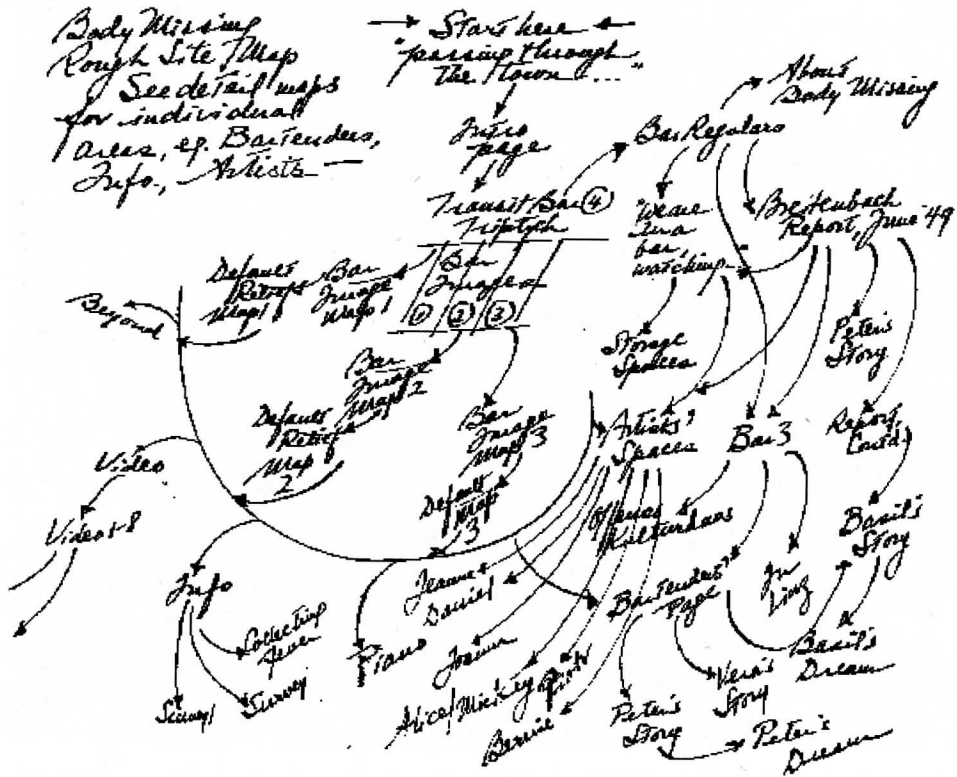


Figure 2. Vera Frenkel, "Site Map," Body Missing, http://www.yorku.ca/BodyMissing/barspace/site_map.html

art), to Jeanne Randolph's startling Moebius strip poem playing on psychoanalysis's revelation of loss in language, to Daniel Olson's accounts of never-quite-believed grandfather's tales of the war. Mickey Meads and Alice Mansell take on the psychosexual anxieties underlying Hitler's choice of a pilfered Courbet lesbian scene for his bunker under the chancellery; this is weighed against the puritan official meanings—health, sport, reproduction—attached to the nude by Nazi cultural theory, in which life was required to imitate the normative in art. This consideration of which cultural values may be 'inscribed' on the nude body also stakes out contemporary issues. Mansell and Meads also raise the matter of canonicity: Why are some works considered masterworks? Bernie Miller, similarly, in considering the nature of monuments, draws attention to the "other" body of artwork, the modernist "decadent art" destroyed or sold off by the Nazis to raise money to buy the pure "masterworks" intended for the Linz Führermuseum. In this, the values informing current museum practice, the critical and intellectual standards that determine which works may be deaccessioned to buy more desirable works, are queried by their travesty in the Nazi Decadent art purges, and equally, in the mix of masterworks and kitsch selected by Hitler and his aesthetic arbiters. ("Do

we have to do the kitsch as well?" laments one of Frenkel's bar regulars, an art restorer.)

As a culmination of this conjured space and time, Frenkel's website is, ironically, the final site of collapse of the unrealized Linz Führermuseum. One hotlink drops us into a passage from Hitler's private will (April 29, 1945), dealing with the intended fate of his art collection. Written in the face of his defeat, it is a reverse House-That-Jack-Built: "All I own . . . if any of it is of value—belongs to the Party, and if the latter should no longer exist, it belongs to the state, and if the latter should be destroyed as well, no further decision on my part is needed." Here, Hitler's evocation of neo-classical models of deathbed self-sacrifice for higher patriotic causes is equally a shrugging of responsibility. The self-deprecating "if any of it is of value" necessarily inflects all the works of art, past and present, imagined in Frenkel's website. Whatever commercial value the confiscated works of art may have had, their value is paradoxically inflated by the enormity of their theft.

Body Missing builds itself around an absence (the lost works of art and the museum that was intended to house them). Contemporary intellectual preoccupation with loss and absence involves the theorizing of representation as a failure: no representation can fully represent or materialize what was actually desired or intended, and any artwork can only be a substitute for the desired thing. It is characteristic of Frenkel's wry intelligence that she takes a tangible loss—the works of art for the Linz museum—and uses it to suggest the metaphors of loss permeating our cultural theory. Frenkel has observed, "To say we live in invented reality is a way of saying that we live in metaphor, but it's an invention that's just air without the evidence of the body, and that evidence in turn, concrete as it seems, has no meaning without metaphor."⁶

The title of *Body Missing*, offered with characteristically wry bathos, suggests a formulaic mystery novel, with an ingenious solution and ultimately retrievable body. It also resonates with the principle of justice, habeus corpus, necessarily failed if the body is missing. If the body in question is the body of lost art, this of course appears to be a metaphor: the crates in the corridors of the Vienna Art Academy, suggesting both contents and emptiness, inevitably call to mind the piles of confiscated suitcases, the shoes, the mass graves, the Holocaust. Or, rather, the ambiguous or neutral images of various architectural environments and objects in Frenkel's website evoke other, horrifyingly inhabited photographs, which are not present. *Body Missing* leads to an infinity of bodies. In fact, Frenkel investigated the surviving Jewish communities in Kassel, Germany, when . . . *from the Transit Bar* was exhibited there at the 1992 *documenta IX* exhibition, and again, in Linz. She discovered only a handful of people, of whom a number were Germans or Austrians living as Jews—the principle of substitution and displacement actively at work. But there is a paradoxical caution in Frenkel's work against our sealing the lost artworks and lost people into a closed metaphorical loop; closure would force too limited and too trivial a meaning. "Loss," like the "other,"

is not one homogeneous thing. Frenkel, more subtly, multiplies the possibilities and shifting categories of loss. While each may project the shadow of another disappearance, losses are not equivalences.

The categories of loss within *Body Missing* take the form of lists. In this, modern art's love of documentation is uneasily quoted and turned inside out by Frenkel, who examined uncatalogued plans and documents in the Linz archives. Most startling of the art-related lists is the "master list" assembled by Frenkel, the "list of lists." As various art hoards were looted after the war, lists circulated on the black market of which works of art might be available. One middleman with a list would lead to another middleman with a list, and so on—perhaps eventually leading to an actual work of art. Frenkel's master list of categories, however, is a litany of loss: "what was collected, what was stolen . . . what was hidden, what can only be shown privately, what is heirless, what is still in dispute in the courts, what was unsuccessfully claimed, what is still missing . . ." This list of lists and the attendant regiment of middlemen is almost comically illustrative of a metonymic, Lacanian, endless deferral of the desired object.

Betty Spackman and Anja Westerfrölke's contribution to *Body Missing* contains savagely ironic lists of horrifying disproportions and absurdities: a list of theories about Auschwitz (denial, product of chance, complicity of its victims, liberation of the modern world from an archaic cultural fossil, Jews dying for the sins of the world, Zionist conspiracy, "thou shalt not make theories about Auschwitz"), and its parody, "What makes an artist?" (being abused as a child, being abused as an adult, having a crush on Warhol, taking art history courses, being male, being female, going to the right art academy, suffering persecution for your beliefs, having a sales strategy). All of these lists mutually distort, and all lead back to Hitler as master of genocide, failed artist, and would-be curator.

The recognition of Hitler's delusional role as master-curator functions as a cautionary model to any art museum in which *Body Missing* is accessed. Legitimate ownership of art is a vexed contemporary problem, addressed at symposia in Linz and in Bremen, at the time of the first and third installations of *Body Missing*. At what point do matters of cultural theft and appropriation stop? There were exhibitions in 1994 in Russia of works plundered from Germany by the Soviets: are these legitimate war reparations? The Musée d'Orsay exhibited works in possession of the French government that had never been claimed by their owners—in this case, it is the owners, not the works, that are lost. Recently, the Museum of Modern Art in New York has been involved in legal action concerning Nazi-confiscated paintings in a traveling exhibition; and Austria's restitution commission has decided against restoring Klimt paintings to the families from whom they were stolen.⁷ *Body Missing* inevitably draws attention to the residual taint of the *Kunstraub* within the commercial and institutional circulation of art.

The consumerism of art buying takes us back to the varieties of lists that echo through *Body Missing*. Frenkel's work tells us that each work of art transported by the Nazis had an acquisition number, inventory number, insurance

number, auction or source of sale number, numbers for country, region, district, city, public museum, and private collection. With such a row of numbers, one could learn everything about the history of a work—except for the fact that the key to the codes has been lost. The numbers are just numbers, with no remaining function. This neatly turns the thoroughness of the filing system inside out; it also incidentally parodies the bar code, so essential to commercial retail and archival inventory systems. These lists inevitably stand both for the efficiency of Nazi bureaucracy and for the curious inadequacy of its record keeping regarding mass murder.

As consumers of Internet information navigating *Body Missing*, we enter into all its histories. These include the Nazi plan to blow up the salt mines of Alt Aussee along with the six thousand artworks stored there, in the event of Allied invasion. After the war, the miners, along with many others, took credit for sabotaging this plan. This is a small allegory of complicity and historical revisionism, and, as “bar regulars” working on the project to recuperate the lost artworks, we are, like the miners, lined up to take credit with the resistance and the good guys. But we are also consumers of museum culture and—perhaps stolen or appropriated—art.

If *Body Missing* is the limbo of works of art intended for Hitler’s Linz museum, it is also the museum at large, the mythic museum of our times available in infinite photo reproduction, from Benjamin to Malraux to current projects to digitize and download the collections of major art museums (including the contents of their giftshops). *Body Missing* raises questions about the status of art objects on the Internet. Will the physical work of art exist as a material referent anymore, or, rather, will it exist as something more than a *referent*? *Body Missing* refers to the absence of works of art, and, in its website form, it necessarily embodies this absence.

In various ways *Body Missing* both celebrates and questions the claims made for the technology of the “worldwide” web—its earth-spanning, boundary-crossing information, its possibilities of communication and community of interests as a kind of super pen-pal, its McLuhanist version of blissful messianic promise. On the dark side of these utopian claims, the pornography, hate literature, and Holocaust denial so readily retrieved from the Internet provoke debate about censorship. (Frenkel has long rejected the simple censorship solution, arguing that it is in collusion with pornography.)⁸ Her *Transit Bar* texts repeatedly raise the matter of the “truth” of stories, and we are cautioned in *Body Missing* that “the truth is always partial.” None of the stories, memories, drawings, documents, and fictions of *Body Missing* can be guaranteed or authenticated; and this suggests a particular response to the demands for proof that attend Holocaust denial. The very layering of the buildings, real and imagined in *Body Missing* (the *Transit Bar*, the Offenes Kulturhaus, the Hitler Museum, the Wehrmacht prison), uneasily conjures a staple of Holocaust denial: that “that” building was not used for that sinister purpose.⁹

If Frenkel's bar regulars are asked to make a gesture toward a lost work of art, that gesture evades status as "representation." The tracking of lost artworks, the picture trails and provenances, have no claim to "represent." The new "gestures" (not restorations, not reproductions) stand in relation to the lost artworks (many of which are beyond recall as they were not photographed) as the wielding of representation stands in relation to the Holocaust. Frenkel's starting point is the unrepresentability of the events and places of destruction of European Jews, but her work argues for the necessity of making a gesture. That gesture is itself a metaphor. In *Body Missing* metaphor is sustained by its own ironic fragility: the machinery of loss operating through the *Kunstraub* certainly functions as a transparent representation—that is to say, more precisely, evasion—of representing the Holocaust. While the apparatus of the *Kunstraub* may be homologous to the apparatus of Nazi mass murder, the *Kunstraub* cannot be analogous to the Holocaust. Frenkel's *Kunstraub* is akin to the astronomer's "light-year," as a way of achieving a comprehensible scale for enormity.¹⁰ While a light-year is, of course, not a metaphor, it may be used metaphorically.

There is throughout *Body Missing* an ambiguity about what the nature and purpose of the site actually might be. There is a constant shift of identity, in that it functions as an archive of material relative to Nazi art theft, a bibliography of Third Reich cultural policies, an art restoration project, and a conceptual artwork. Conceptual art has always skirmished with documentation in its critique, supporting its skepticism about the institutional terms of its own existence. For example, Hans Haacke's 1974 project for the Cologne Wallraf-Richartz Museum simply charted a corrosive provenance for Manet's *Bunch of Asparagus*, in the museum's permanent collection: it had been owned by Jewish collectors and dealers before the war, until it was purchased for the museum. There has always been a degree of cynical play in conceptual art's use of supporting material, recognizing the paradox that, to the degree that it is art, it undermines its own documentary capacity.¹¹ Here Frenkel takes up this game, but with the highest possible stakes. Her website is perhaps an effective example of a sign made credible by its allusions to its own artifice and arbitrariness—and here we enter the great hall of mirrors surrounding the rhetorics of persuasion.¹²

Frenkel's deployment of the rhetoric of fact—Hitler's will, archival photographs, floor plans, excerpts from official reports—breaks against the apparently fictional, evocative, and poetic stories and images contributed by the governing narrative and its various "regulars." The virtual times and spaces peculiar to the Internet are exploited by Frenkel, as her website's hotlinks "drop" us into different eras, and places, and buildings. Equally, we drop from one rhetorical mode to another. The heterogeneity and inconsistencies of the site, as in a dream of falling, bedevil any notion of tracking or finding something lost. The structuring of the website makes it clear that there is no possible single method of investigation and no solution. If, ultimately, documentary evidence can be doubted, art's fabrications and provisional nature, while evidently fabricated, must persuade.¹³

But persuade whom? Frenkel's work, which makes a provisional virtue of its own partial nature, its obliqueness, synecdoche, and the insufficiency of its metonymy, addresses a particular audience—we imagine artists, collectors, curators, critics, those interested in art—in ways diametrically opposed to the rhetorical expectations we might have of a denier of Holocaust denial. The stereotypical plain-speaking Holocaust-denier, who argues from evidence and its lack, is not to be addressed here on his or her own terms. Frenkel's work alludes to, but does not claim to be, one of the vast websites that offer information ("cybraries") and documentation of the Holocaust.¹⁴ At the heart of Frenkel's mystery story is another fundamental incommensurability: truth and evidence, with testimony, as always, residing between them.

Finally, in its discrepant times and spaces, *Body Missing* suggests Foucault's "heterotopias"—those real "countersites" that exist "outside of all places" in which society isolates crises or deviance.¹⁵ A heterotopia may juxtapose within its single real space several sites that are, in themselves, incompatible. Frenkel's website, arguably, makes of the museum—as horde of missing art, as concentration camp—just such a heterotopia, and draws into itself any other situation in which it is presented, including the inherently heterotopic anthology.¹⁶

NOTES

My thanks for their various advice to: Vera Frenkel, Naomi Marrus Kriss, and Professors Suzanne Akbari and Marc Gotlieb of the University of Toronto.

1. Annotations of Søren Kierkegaard journal notes, *Fear and Trembling* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1983), 244. Daniel Olson presents this passage as copied into his grandfather's journal, in "Barfly," *Body Missing* website.

2. *documenta IX* was held in Kassel, Germany. . . . *from the Transit Bar* has since been installed, among other places, at The Power Plant, Toronto; the National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa; Royal University College of Fine Arts, Stockholm; Lillehammer Art Museum, Norway; Ars Nova and Turku Art Museum, Finland; and the Centre of Contemporary Art, Warsaw, Poland.

3. The contributors to *Body Missing* are: Thomas Büsch and Reinhard Moeller, Peter Chin, Michel Daigneault, Catherine Duncanson, Claudia Eichbauer, Monica Haim, Gordon Jocelyn, Joanna Jones, Alexina Louie, Alice Mansell, Mickey Meads, Bernie Miller, Piotr Nathan, Daniel Olson, Basil Papademos, Karin Puck, Jeanne Randolph, Iain Robertson, Julian Samuel, Bernie Schiff, Stephen Schofield, Betty Spackman, Barbara Sternberg, Judith Schwarz, Eileen Thalenberg, Elyakim Taussig, Anja Westerfrölke, and Tim Whiten.

4. It has also been exhibited as a multimedia installation at the Gesellschaft für Aktuelle Kunst, Bremen. Most recently, in July 2000, it will be installed in the Freud Museum in Vienna, as an extended installation that takes into account issues raised by the ascendance of Haider's Freedom Party. Frenkel says, "There are few sites more telling than the apartment from which that old man was forced in 1938 to take a stand against the anti-immigrant policies of the so-called Freedom Party; so that, in various ways, is what is planned" (letter to Elizabeth Legge, February 27, 2000).

5. Frenkel includes an extensive bibliography of relevant material in *Body Missing*. For one recent example of popular media attention to art stolen from Jewish collections, see Suren Melikian, "Rothschild Objects Spur Buying Frenzy," *Art Newspaper*, July 10, 1999, <art.newspaper.com>; and Carol Vogel, "Austrian Rothschilds Decide to Sell," April 10, 1999, Arts & Ideas/Cultural Desk.

6. Conversation with Vera Frenkel, August 1996; also in Matthias Winzen, *Deep Storage: Arsenale der Erinnerung* (Munich: Haus der Kunst, 1997).

7. See Judith H. Dobrzynski, "Appeal Court Tells Museum to Hold Austrian Paintings," *New York Times*, March 17, 1999, Metropolitan Desk; and Judith H. Dobrzynski, "Austria Refuses to Cede Klimt Paintings," *New York Times*, July 1, 1999, Arts/Cultural Desk.

8. Vera Frenkel dealt with this in her videotape and installation, *The Business of Frightened Desires, or, the Making of a Pornographer*, 1987.

9. On the gas chamber argument, see Jean-Francois Lyotard, *The Differend: Phrases in Dispute*, tr. Georges Van Den Abbeele (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1988), 3–5.

10. There is a danger of lapsing into use of the mathematical sublime itself, as a metaphor.

11. Christian Boltanski sets himself up as an unreliable documentarian, alluding to the Holocaust. See Martin Kimmelman, "Dead Reckoning," *New York Times*, January 15, 1991, Art.

12. See James Young, *Writing and Rewriting the Holocaust: Narrative and the Consequences of Interpretation* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1988), 79.

13. See Young, 133, on the uses of "inequitable metaphor"; and Miriam Bratu Hansen on Claude Lanzmann's rejection of archival footage, "*Schindler's List* is not *Shoah*: The Second Commandment, Popular Modernism, and Public Memory," *Critical Inquiry* 22 (Winter 1996): 301.

14. See, for example, Stuart D. Stein, University of West England, Web Genocide Documentation Centre <http://www.ess.uwe.ac.uk/genocide.htm>, and Michael Declan Dunn, Cybrary of the Holocaust www.remember.org/index.html.

15. Michel Foucault, "Of Other Spaces," in *Visual Culture Reader*, ed. Nicholas Mirzoeff (London and New York: Routledge, 1998), 239–41.

16. See Kevin Hetherington, *The Badlands of Modernity: Heterotopia and Social Ordering* (London and New York: Routledge, 1997), 56–64. On website as heterotopia, see "Heterotopic Spaces Online"—<<http://english.ttu.edu/kairos/3.1/coverweb/galin/archive.htm>>.