



Disciplinary Power and Testimonial Narrative in Steven Spielberg's *Schindler's List*

"Whoever saves one life saves the world entire."
- The Talmud

Steven Spielberg's filmed representation of the Holocaust dares its viewers to experience, as secondary witnesses, atrocities committed by the Nazis in Poland. The story, which we assume to be recounted by survivors of the Holocaust and re-presented by a film crew, takes us back to the past in a futile attempt, on both the survivors' and our part, to understand what could not be understood at the time it happened: thus, we attempt to share with them the experience of trauma, that "confrontation with an event that, in its unexpectedness or horror, cannot be placed within the schemes of prior knowledge and thus continually returns, in its exactness, at a later time."¹ The film establishes what Shoshana Felman calls, referring to post-Holocaust testimonial literature, an "alignment between witnesses";² Spielberg's film is yet another form of testimonial narrative (audio-visual but lacking a full historical context, except for a few on-screen titles) which "aligns" the survivors, who have come to be known as the "Schindler Jews," and their descendants, on the one hand, and Spielberg's cameraman (comparable to an internalized narrator), Spielberg the film director (an external, omniscient narrator), and the film-theater audience, on the other. We are all *turned into* witnesses in the same process and at the same time in which the *real* witnesses, the survivors, testify to the horror of the Holocaust.

Spielberg's audio-visual narrative places itself in an impossible position: that of telling what lies at the limit of understanding, of remembering what is too painful to be remembered. As real events are artificially converted into "narrative memory," the resulting story (the verbalization of the events) loosens both "the precision and the force that characterizes traumatic recall."³ As we shall see, Spielberg's use of sounds and images tries to compensate for that loss of precision (inherent to remembering, in general, and to remembering horror, in particular) through a powerful artistic evocation of the traumatic past: his film wants both to testify and to cure. While the testimonial narrative achieves, I believe, its intended effect, the "curative" element remains, as most critics would agree, on a highly idealistic level. Without minimizing the good done by a German industrialist to his Jewish workers (and by extension, to their families, children, and grandchildren), one can hardly imagine the kind of closure that the last scene in the film wants to suggest.

Set against a well-known historical background, *Schindler's List* is based on the story of a real character, Oskar Schindler, a German business adventurer who saved 1,100 Jews from the extermination camps by employing them in his enamelware factory. The plot is derived from events that occurred in Krakow, Plaszow, Chujowa Gorka, and Oswiecim (Auschwitz), Poland, and later in Zwittau-Brinnlitz, Schindler's hometown, between September 1939 and April 1945. Oskar Schindler's gradual transformation from a calculating, cold-blooded war opportunist into a self-sacrificing philanthropist comes across rather simplistically but convincingly enough for viewers to accept him as "the good guy." The character (played by Liam Neeson) shows his most plausible human side when he lets the conflicting traits of his personality come to light simultaneously: the greediness of the money-grubbing industrialist and the compassion of the devoted humanist. By the end of the film, however, there will be no trace left of the intrepid businessman: only another war criminal on the run, carrying a suitcase packed with a heavy conscience and many bitter regrets. At the other end of the moral spectrum is Schindler's antagonist, SS *Untersturmführer* Amon Goeth (played by Ralph Fiennes) who, although a static character and portrayed as the epitome of Nazi evil, presents a more complex and contradictory personality than Schindler. Goeth is less predictable in his actions than Schindler, and maybe for that very reason, becomes more convincing as a character. Schindler and Goeth are the two individuals who carry the plot of the narrative, but whether they are also its main characters is debatable. The conflict is actually played out between two separate societies, two ensembles of characters: the Krakow Jews and the German military.

Writing about the Holocaust in analytical terms that focus on plot, character, and conflict might lead to what Claude Lanzmann calls the "obscenity of understanding"⁴ (provided, of course, that understanding were ever achieved). However, my analysis is not aimed at explaining the Holocaust *per se*, but at the humbler task of describing as

accurately as possible one of its many representations. My description will draw upon the work of Michel Foucault, especially *Discipline and Punish* and the multi-volume *A History of Sexuality* to better appreciate the nature of Spielberg's vision here.

As already mentioned, *Schindler's List* needs to introduce and contextualize several of its scenes with on-screen titles. The first title in the film reads as follows: "September 1939, the German forces defeated the Polish Army in two weeks. Jews were ordered to register all family members and relocate to major cities. More than 10,000 Jews from the countryside arrive in Krakow daily."* The text, set against the background image of a smoking, steaming locomotive, simultaneously establishes the historical context, and introduces a political-administrative order that identifies, delimits and moves a whole race, effectively plunging us into the time of the narrative.

Spielberg's choice of filming in black and white was crucial here. The total lack of color sets the tone of his narrative: bleak, terrifying, factual. Only a little girl is filmed in color (mostly red), but she appears for just a few seconds in the film, once on a street in the Krakow ghetto, and a second time as a lifeless body on a conveyor belt. The symbolism is controversial: if the sequence alludes to innocence, purity, and/or hope, why are the other children not filmed in the same manner? Why only the little girl? An improbable, magical ray of hope, perhaps – an obscenely Utopian vision of innocence – that comes to rupture an apocalyptic universe?

Following the title, a series of close-ups show human hands arranging the most recognizable tools of bureaucracy on tables before them: paper, ink, blotter, pen, typewriter. These "anonymous instruments of power," as Michel Foucault calls them in his 1975 work *Discipline and Punish: The Birth of the Prison*, are "coextensive with the multiplicity that they regiment, such as hierarchical surveillance, continuous registration, perpetual assessment and classification."⁵ The next series of shots, short, repetitious, and obsessive, brings close-ups of human faces onto the screen: each person pronounces, more or less articulately, shyly or resolutely, his or her name – Jewish names. The screeching and hissing of the locomotive, the rattling sound of the typewriter, and the clatter of human voices produce an unnerving cacophony – noises, names, noises, and names again. The scene goes on for a suspiciously long time, considering how little it seems to contribute to the plot: the images are quite obviously meant to intimidate and to terrify. Individuals, reduced to names on endless lists, are caught into a depersonalized control apparatus that registers, categorizes and moves them to confined locations. What we see at work here is what Foucault calls "disciplinary power," a power that "objectifies those on whom it is applied; to form a body of knowledge about these individuals, rather than to deploy the ostentatious signs of sovereignty."⁶

At this point, we ought to stop briefly to mention that the scale of the atrocities committed by the SS makes it hard for any theorist to distinguish between "sovereign" power and "disciplinary" power, the latter having taken the place of the former,

according to Foucault, roughly around the beginning of the eighteenth century. The difficulty arises from the intentional return of the Nazi “sovereigns” to “the ancient right to take life and let live” in a time when “to foster life or disallow it to the point of death” has been the rule for almost two centuries. In *The History of Sexuality*, Foucault himself recognizes Nazism as a kind of power hybrid, or, in his words, “the most cunning and the most naïve combination of the fantasies of blood and the paroxysms of a disciplinary power.”⁷ On the one hand, the forced labor camps, the barbed-wire fences, the trains, the doctors and their so-called “medical selections,” the army, the Gestapo, as well as the instruments of bureaucracy that we have already mentioned (paper, ink, blotter, pen, typewriter), all belong to the control apparatus of a modern, disciplinary kind of power. On the other hand, the scene of the Krakow ghetto massacre, the arbitrary executions, and the hints at the mass annihilation of an entire race in the gas-chambers of Auschwitz* amount in Spielberg’s film to grotesque exacerbations of an obsolete culture of death, which humanity thought to have left behind as early as the seventeenth century.

The scene following the registration of the Jews in Krakow creates the opposite kind of atmosphere: a rich interior, the soothing sounds of a *chanson*, and a well dressed man who, at this point, we do not know to be Oskar Schindler. The camera (our narrator) introduces him by focusing on a few significant objects, as it shows us his cufflinks, the elegant white shirt, the black butterfly tie, then the wads of money which he stuffs into his pockets, and finally, a small, round swastika pin, which he attaches to his lapel. He looks at himself in the mirror and is visibly satisfied with what he sees there. No name has yet been uttered, only music and the aura of elegance that surrounds him. We follow this aristocratic looking man into what appears to be a very expensive restaurant. The camera is literally recording the scene over his shoulder, from behind him. As a maitre d’ welcomes him with raised eyebrows, the man nonchalantly waves a few bills in the air, holding them between two fingers. The maitre d’ takes the money, bows respectfully, and with the light step of a ballet dancer, leads his guest to a table. Clothes, money, and an ideological symbol (the swastika pin) are Schindler’s instruments of power.

When a flash photographer in the restaurant takes pictures of merrily singing German officers, the camera focuses on their uniforms and military insignia (the weapon symbol and the SS rank) and deliberately avoids their faces, as if to suggest that they are not human beings but simply cogs and wheels in a well organized, efficiency-based power machine. After Schindler starts “befriending” them (by paying for their dinner), their faces *are* shown; eating, drinking and bellowing at the top of their voices, they resemble Orwell’s class of rulers in *Animal Farm*. Loud, arrogant, and boastful, they shout epithets at each other permeated with contempt and hatred for the Jews:

“I’ll tell you what I mean by cooperative. Two days after the law is passed that all Jews have to wear the star, the Jewish tailors are turning them out by the gross in a variety of fabrics at three zloty each.”

“This is what they have done since [sic] a thousand years. They weather the storm.”

“But this storm is different. This is not the Romans. This storm is the SS.”*

As it turns out a few shots later, these exchanges (during which Schindler quizzes the waiter about different vintage wines) have only foreshadowed the violence and suffering that will be inflicted on a race labeled as different, impure, and dangerous.

The otherness of Jewry becomes an object of mockery and humiliation in an exterior shot, on a street where German soldiers cut off the sideburns of a Jew, laughing and having a good time. The camera does not even stop on the scene, but it moves along the street filled with troops and evicted Jews. A bullhorn mounted on top of a car keeps repeating new rules of behavior: “*An alle Juden. Ab sofort ist es allen Juden untersagt Fleisch auf Kosher Art zuzubereiten* [To all the Jews. It is forbidden to all Jews, effective immediately, to prepare kosher meat].”* The Nazi purification of German society starts out with an attempt to erase the identity of those considered “impure” and dangerous in their otherness. By suppressing traditional rules, gestures, and rituals, that is, removing all possible traces of a significant past, the Nazis tempt to achieve a lot more than a physical cleansing of the population: they not only annihilate the Other but do it as if it had never existed.

The next title introduces us to the world of constantly diminishing hope of the Krakow Jews: “The *Judenrat* — The Jewish Council comprised of 24 elected Jews personally responsible for carrying out the orders of the régime in Krakow, such as drawing up lists for work details, food, and housing. A place to lodge complaints.”* It is here that Oskar Schindler meets Itzhak Stern, a Jewish accountant with numerous ties to the whole Jewish community, whose help he needs in order to raise money for an enamelware factory and to hire inexpensive Jewish workers. Although at this point in the film Schindler acts as the typical profit-minded war opportunist, the introductory exchange with Stern hints at Schindler’s underlying humanity:

Itzhak Stern: “By law, I have to tell you, sir, I’m a Jew.”

Oskar Schindler: “Well, I’m a German. So there we are.”*

The Jews bring the money, Itzhak Stern does the work, and Oskar Schindler, in spite of Stern’s initial consternation, will only *represent* the company, give it *panache*, an image (Schindler’s words). In fact, the Jewish investors (“contributors”) do not share

Schindler's profit from the factory's output, and the Jewish workers' salary goes directly to the SS: the deal provides that investors and workers be paid in barter, with pots and pans (belonging to the field kits the factory produces for the German army) which they can exchange for other goods on the black market. Schindler bribes the superior echelons of the SS command with Beluga caviar, Hennessy Cognac, Cuban cigars, non-sweet dark chocolate, pineapples, lemons, oranges, and l'Espadon sardines – or briefly, he wields his own kind of power: economic influence. The generals give him the green light for the opening of the factory and close a contract with him: Schindler's brainchild, the D.E.F. (*Deutsche Emailwarenfabrik*) is born.*

Another title describes the next step undertaken by the Nazis towards the complete, ultimate control of the Jewish citizenry: "March 20, 1941 – Deadline for entering the ghetto – Edict 44/91 establishes a closed Jewish district south of the Vistula River. Residency in the walled ghetto is compulsory. All Jews from Krakow and surrounding areas are forced from their homes and required to crowd into an area of only sixteen square blocks."* This move is representative of what Foucault terms in *Discipline and Punish* "the exile of the leper," which achieves a political dream different from "the arrest of the plague": that of a "pure community," as opposed to that of a "disciplined society" based solely on surveillance and observation.⁸ Here, a whole mass of human bodies is circumscribed in a closed space in order to keep it from infecting the "clean" segment of society. In the final analysis, this would be the most extreme *and* the most primitive (straightforward) form of the society of control, in which, according to Foucault, "all the authorities exercising individual control function according to a double mode: that of *binary division and branding* (mad/sane; dangerous/ harmless; normal/abnormal); and that of coercive assignment of differential distribution..." (emphasis added)⁹. Scenes follow, in which Jewish families are evicted from their homes and herded like cattle, with only a few suitcases and the clothes on their backs, towards the ghetto. Poles, among them a young girl (attention: another "kind" of child – not an innocent victim anymore, but an accomplice and possibly a future perpetrator), pick up dirt and throw it at the passing column of Jews, shouting, "Good bye, Jews! Good bye, Jews!"* (In a similar scene toward the end of the film, as Schindler's women workers look out the window of a railway car which is taking them to Auschwitz, a little girl in the field makes a clear cutthroat gesture towards the passing train.) Oskar Schindler also moves into the luxurious home of a wealthy Jewish family that has just been evicted: in the same scene in which the family leaves, Schindler's car pulls up at the front door.

The first to realize the factory's life-saving potentiality is not Schindler, but Itzhak Stern. The accountant turned factory manager will try to outsmart Nazi bureaucracy by its own instrument of exercising power: language. I believe (in part from personal experience) that manipulation of language plays an essential role among what Foucault calls the "disciplines." Words like *Blauschein* (blue certificate), essential worker, war

effort, and *Ordnungsdienst* (unarmed police made up of Jews) constitute a web of the sticky threads of disciplinary power: they decide if someone will either go to work in Schindler's factory or be loaded onto trucks and taken away to an unknown destination – a matter of life or death. A rather well dressed Jew is heard saying, after being refused a *Blauschein*, “Me? Not essential? I am teaching History and Literature, since when it not [sic] essential?”*

In many cases, language makes all the difference whether one lives or dies. In yet another scene of utmost cruelty and horror, a Jewish civil engineer is referred to by one of Amon Goeth's aides as “the fucking Jew bitch engineer.” She is called by Goeth and held responsible for the shaky structure that is being built.

Woman: “My name is Diana Reiter. I am a graduate of Civil Engineering from the University of Milan.”

Goeth: “Ah, an educated Jew. Like Karl Marx himself.”

Woman: “*Herr Kommandant*, I'm only trying to do my job.”

Goeth: “*Ja*, I'm doing mine. (to one of his aides) Shoot her here. On my authority.”*

In the next (extremely graphic) scene, she is shot in the head, at close range, by an SS officer.

When Stern cannot take care of business himself, he instructs Schindler how to manage the accounts. The name of each account dissimulates its real destination: payments to the Armaments Board and the Chief of Police are to be found under the entry “fees”; cash payoffs to SS contacts are “cash contributions to legitimate charities”; and dealings with black market contacts are listed as “suppliers.” Even the calendar acquires a different significance: instead of holidays, it contains the birth dates of SS officers, their wives and children.* The corruption of language becomes visible in almost every scene of the film. In another instance, camp doctors do not heal but “separate the sick from the healthy” to make room for a new “shipment” of Hungarians. In the same scene, a children's song is played on the camp's PA system, while boys and girls are chased by soldiers and loaded onto trucks with destinations that are anybody's guess:

*Es war einmal ein kleines Buebchen,
Das bettelte so wundersuess,
Mammatschi kauf' mir ein Pferdchen...**

The children's song that echoes over the barracks of the concentration camp seems to mark the final stage (on an emotional scale, at least) in the corruption of language. It is not so much the incongruity between the utterance (song) and its context (children being

murdered) that makes language collapse onto itself, but rather the irreversible shift in the referent – with which the established signifier cannot keep pace anymore.

The following dialogue between Schindler and Stern, which takes place right before the first “shipments” to Auschwitz are about to start, also attests the breakdown in the process of signification mentioned above:

Schindler (reassuringly): “Nothing bad is going to happen to you there. You’ll receive special treatment.”

Stern: “The directives coming in from Berlin mention ‘special treatment’ more and more often. I’d like to think that’s not what you mean.”

Schindler: “Preferential treatment, all right? Do we have to invent a whole new language?”

Stern: “I think so.”*

This is also the scene in which Schindler and Stern seem to bond for the first time, over a glass of cognac.

Schindler: “Someday this is all going to end, you know. (dramatic pause) I was going to say we’ll have a drink then.”

Stern (eyes wet): “I think I better have it now.”*

And they start the list, but this time this instrument of power is supposed to save lives. The list actually *is* life. Says Stern, “Look. The list is an absolute good. The list is life. All around its margins lies the gulf.” The gulf, of course, is to be understood as the emptiness of the incomprehensible, the horror that the human mind cannot conceive.

“Attempts to express death in language are futile,” writes Theodor Adorno, “all the way into logic, for who should be the subject of which we predicate that it is dead, here and now?”¹⁰ The dead, or the non-subjects, cannot form a sentence: speech becomes both meaningless and useless. But the list of Oskar Schindler, as a linguistic record of living subjects, will make a difference in defeating death, the ultimate emptiness.

Implied terror, the omnipresent underlying fear of death, renders any explicit image of death meaningless (several scenes present shootings at close range that result in ripped apart flesh and clothing and spurting blood). When Schindler’s women workers are mistakenly taken to Auschwitz, they notice the smoking furnace and a line of people being led to an underground entrance. Then they are compelled to have a superficial haircut, to undress, and to enter a shower-room. From previous dialogues that took place in the barracks, we know that they know what the stages leading to the gas chambers are. Their silence and horrified looks, as they are herded, naked, into the shower room, create a terrible scene to witness. When the lights go out, a chorus of shrill, prolonged screams

breaks out – but finally, it is just water that spurts from the showers.* The ensuing nervous laughs and spasmodic mimicry are just as terrible to watch.

Nazi power did not stop at erasing racial identity by confinement and prohibitive rules and regulations: it planned to nullify all the individual bodies of the race it called “inferior.” Paradoxically, death became, thus, its failure. In Foucault’s words, “death is power’s limit, the moment that escapes it; death becomes the most secret aspect of existence, the most ‘private.’”¹¹ The death punishment pushed to the limit of carefully planned and executed genocide goes against the grain of a disciplinary society – in a way, it compromises it, in both its goals and its means of exercising power. “If genocide is indeed the dream of modern powers,” writes Foucault in the same chapter, “this is not because of a recent return of the ancient right to kill; it is because power is situated and exercised at the level of life, the species, the race, and the large-scale phenomena of population.”¹²

And so we come to the next quite brief but grim title of *Schindler’s List*: “Liquidation of the Ghetto – March 13, 1943.” SS officers, led by Amon Goeth, carry maps of the city and follow a well-prepared plan: the ghetto has been divided into Ghetto A and Ghetto B,* “scientifically,” “efficiently,” “economically.” German soldiers are shouting in hoarse voices, Jews start hiding their jewelry in bread and swallowing it. A German soldier shoots an older Jew in the head, then, in the same ongoing scene, as he notices a woman with a little boy in her arms, he is visibly moved, smiles at the child and pinches his cheek: “*Wie alt bist Du? Wie heisst Du?* [How old are you? What’s your name?]*” The scene raises a whole series of questions: Human or beast? And if both, how much of him (or of them, or of us) is human and how much beast? And what is it exactly that brings out and exults the beast? A surreal succession of shots follows as the soldiers machine-gun every room in the building, flashlights mingle with the stroboscopic effect of gunfire, angry shouting is interrupted by terrifying screams of pain and horror, and, over the deadly concerto, a German soldier plays a classic piano piece. Two of his comrades stop on the doorstep and wonder, “*Was ist das? Bach?*” “*Nein. Mozart.*”*

The SS, represented by Amon Goeth in the film, prides itself on making history again. Before the massacre, Goeth delivers a speech so convincing and articulate that, taken out of context, it could very well have been given by a historian or a university professor. Verbal irony could not possibly reach any further than this:

Today is history and you are part of it. Six hundred years ago, Kazimierz the Great told the Jews that they could come to Krakow [...] They settled. They took hold. They prospered in business, science, education, the arts. They came here with nothing. Nothing. And they flourished. For six centuries there has been a Jewish Krakow. Think about that. By this evening, those six centuries are a rumor. They never happened. Today is history.*

What the SS achieves actually is not history: it is the end of it, at least as traditionally conceived. After the Nazi genocide, humanity cannot think and speak of its history, or itself, in the same manner and from the same standpoint as it could before the event.

As much as they wanted to inscribe the history of the Third Reich on a clean slate, the much desired *tabula rasa* never came to pass; instead, the horror of the Holocaust added yet another inerasable layer on the palimpsest of human history. However, Spielberg's film shows us that the roots of genocide go deeper than a leader's dream and an impersonal, economically organized killing machine: it starts with the individual, like the soldier shooting an unarmed Jew or Amon Goeth killing Jews (even before he goes to the bathroom in the morning) because he enjoys both killing for its own sake, as well as exercising a sovereign power over others that relies on the fear of death. From his own position of power, Oskar Schindler, the industrialist, saves people's lives by putting them on his list: in his view, that is total control, and ultimately, real power. The following dialogue takes place over some drinks, on Goeth's terrace:

Goeth (enviously, sneering): "You're never drunk. That's real control. Control is power. That's power."

Schindler (philosophically): "Is that why they fear us?"

Goeth: "We have the fucking power to kill. That's why they fear us."

Schindler: "They fear us because we have the power to kill arbitrarily [...] That's not power, though. That's justice. It's different than power. Power is when we have every justification to kill and we don't [...] *That is power.*"

Goeth (giggling): "You *are* drunk."*

The second-to-last title of the film makes it clear that Oskar Schindler has been reformed: "For the seven months it was fully operational, Schindler's Brinnlitz munitions factory was a model of non-production. During this same period, he spent millions of Reichsmarks to sustain his workers and bribe Reich officials."* In the last scenes, Jewish workers melt dental gold into a ring, which they present to Schindler as a gift before they part. In it is engraved, "Whoever saves one life saves the world entire," words, as Stern explains, coming from the Talmud. Schindler, overtaken with emotion, starts shaking.

Schindler: "I could have got more."

Stern: "There are 1,100 people who are alive because of you."

Schindler: "I didn't do enough. Why did I keep the car? Ten people right there. Ten people. This pin. Two people. He would have given me one. One more. One more person. I could have gotten one more person and I didn't."*

Oskar Schindler breaks down in sobs in front of his 1,100 Jewish workers, who watch him in silence. Is this man really a savior or just another munitions manufacturer? As the car leaves the factory, Schindler's reflection is superposed over a multitude of faces. Fade out.

As the last title in the film appears on the screen, "The Schindler Jews today," the shots turn from black-and-white to color. Hope is, or at least it seems to be, irrepressible. As they, and their children and grandchildren, walk in single file past Oskar Schindler's grave, each stoops to place a stone on it. The title ends: "There are more than six thousand descendants of the Schindler Jews. In memory of the more than six million Jews murdered."*

Asked whether she was living with Auschwitz, Charlotte Delbo once answered, "No, I live next to it [...] I live within a twofold being."¹³ Most survivors feel they are split between the guilt of being alive, as a betrayal of those who died, and the relief of their survival. Hence, they are virtually incapable of communicating the truth, the *real* truth – not the facts, but the *feeling*. Cinematic representation achieves, exactly that: as I have tried to show, it conveys sensations where the written word fails. The audio-visual medium circumvents, as it were, by the immediacy (presentness) inherent to its modus operandi, both the imaginative and the rationalizing powers of the audience, and creates the impression of an unmediated kind of experience. The terrifying scenes of "taking life" do a lot more than *tell* about the Nazi "fantasies of blood": they *are* fantasies of blood. The recurrent images of registering, organizing, selecting, and moving masses of human bodies actually *show* the "paroxysms of a disciplinary power" (Foucault). Consequently, imagination (the vicarious experience from a distance) and rationalization (the attempt to understand from a distance) set in and start working only after the actual cinematic event has ended. The resulting emotional unsettlement is the unequivocal effect of the audio-visual testimonial narrative.

-- Eugene L. Arva

*. Steven Spielberg, *Schindler's List*, Video recording (3 hrs. 17 min.) distributed by MCA Universal Video (Universal Studios and Amblin Entertainment, 1993)

Notes

1. Cathy Caruth, "Recapturing the Past: Introduction," *Trauma: Explorations in Memory*, Ed. Cathy Caruth (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1995), 153.
2. Shoshana Felman, "Education and Crisis, or the Vicissitudes of Teaching," *Trauma: Explorations in Memory*, Ed. Cathy Caruth (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1995), 14.
3. Cathy Caruth, "Recapturing the Past: Introduction," *Trauma: Explorations in Memory*, Ed. Cathy Caruth (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1995), 153.
4. Claude Lanzmann, "The Obscenity of Understanding," Speech transcript in *Trauma: Explorations in Memory*, Ed. Cathy Caruth, (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1995), 206.
5. Michel Foucault, *Discipline and Punish: The Birth of the Prison*, Trans. Alan Sheridan, Excerpt in *Literary Theory: An Anthology*, Ed. Julie Rivkin and Michael Ryan, (Malden, MA: Blackwell Publishers, 2000), 480-481.
6. Michel Foucault, *Discipline and Punish: The Birth of the Prison*, Trans. Alan Sheridan, Excerpt in *Literary Theory: An Anthology*, Ed. Julie Rivkin and Michael Ryan, (Malden, MA: Blackwell Publishers, 2000), 481.
7. Michel Foucault, *The History of Sexuality*, Trans. Alan Sheridan (New York: Vintage Press, 1980), 149.
8. Michel Foucault, *Discipline and Punish: The Birth of the Prison*, Trans. Alan Sheridan, Excerpt in *Literary Theory: An Anthology*, Ed. Julie Rivkin and Michael Ryan, (Malden, MA: Blackwell Publishers, 2000), 468.
9. Michel Foucault, *Discipline and Punish: The Birth of the Prison*, Trans. Alan Sheridan, Excerpt in *Literary Theory: An Anthology*, Ed. Julie Rivkin and Michael Ryan, (Malden, MA: Blackwell Publishers, 2000), 469.
10. Theodor Adorno, *Negative Dialectics*, Trans. E. B. Ashton (New York: Seabury Press, 1973), 371.
11. Michel Foucault, *The History of Sexuality*, Trans. Alan Sheridan (New York: Vintage Press, 1980), 138.
12. Michel Foucault, *The History of Sexuality*, Trans. Alan Sheridan (New York: Vintage Press, 1980), 137.
13. Charlotte Delbo, "Days and Memory," Trans. Rosette Lamont, *Different Voices: Women and the Holocaust*, Ed. Carol Rittner and John K. Roth (New York: Paragon House, 1993), 331.