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IMPRESSIONS OF THE HOLOCAUST THROUGH SELECTED FILMS, NOVELS AND POETRY

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of the requirements for Ordination

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Digest of Thesis

IMPRESSIONS OF THE HOLOCAUST THROUGH SELECTED FILMS, NOVELS AND POETRY

by Marc Steven Dworkin

As the introductory chapter states, the purpose of this thesis is to examine the portrayal of the Holocaust in artistic material. Without question, the art is responsible for many of our impressions of this period.

The second chapter relates the events as described within the art from the rise of Nazism through the deportation of the Jews. The events on the whole are viewed as acts of men rather than the intervention of supernatural and demonic powers. The passivity of response to the suffering and to the cruelty of the gentile is demonstrated. The chapter concludes with a discussion of Hannah Arendt's theory of the "banality of evil."

The third chapter deals with how the Jews reacted to the rise of horror and atrocity. Different reactions are portrayed which include withdrawal and denial that the horror was happening, the belief in the historical suffering of Israel and the belief in prayer and tradition as stronger than physcial might.

The fourth chapter analyzes the suffering of the individual within the camps. As a result of the horrors,

the chapter concludes that societal relationships survived within the camps for the most part on an individual rather than a communal level. The chapter also discusses survival tools used within the camps.

The fifth chapter examines the outlooks of the characters of the art of atrocity towards death. The second part of this chapter analyzes the poetry of death, the reality of living in a world that is dying.

The final chapter attempts to search out the motivation of the artist of the art of atrocity. The motivations vary from the need to bear witness to the need to simply relate their experiences of horror.

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It is a difficult task to deal with the art of atrocity and the emotions that it evokes without the help of others. I have been privileged to have the insightful help of my thesis advisor, Dr. Stanley Chyet. I would like to thank Dr. William Cutter for his inspiration which helped me begin this work. I am also indebted to Mr. Irwin Blacker for his help in the understanding of the principles of drama.

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER I: INTRODUCTION

Requiem

The edges of dead faces
are chalk lines, heavy grey
smudges that heighten the cheek
bones. Fear has no part
no second thought about rising.
Something has died and waits
to be buried.*

The sounds of the Holocaust haunt each generation that searches into the past. The horror and atrocity cry without purpose to the ears of those who followed the nightmare that we have labeled the Holocaust. Beyond the world of our immediate experience, the suffering and upheaval of the Jews of Europe defy our powers to analyze, to decipher the significance of such events. How could such a thing happen? How could so many die without a trace? Where is the belief that justice will triumph?

Before beginning any investigation of the Holocaust, it is necessary to come to terms with the fact that the

*All poems which appear at the beginning of chapters are written by the author of this thesis.

events which occurred will never be completely understood by the rational mind. As for the art which depicts the Holocaust, a unity of impression cannot be completely achieved. The art of atrocity can give us a framework in which to order the fragments which the Holocaust has left us.[1] Some of those fragments are too staggering for the mind to live with. At times, it is necessary to block impressions or facts which occurred.

One uniqueness of the Holocaust was that channels of escape which had existed in past periods of anti-Jewish persecution were nonexistent. Conversion was impossible. Assimilation--an individual's amalgamation with the surrounding non-Jewish society--was no option at all. The Holocaust was a collection of the worst things that could happen to a people. It went beyond killing. It went beyond the expulsion of a people. The Holocaust represents anonymous nonexistence. Lacking even the honor of martyrdom, the systematic annihilation of the Jews of Europe defied one's worst possible projections of what could occur.

The art of atrocity attempts to recreate those years of horror. The encounter with this art is extremely painful. Through the art of atrocity the characters become more than statistics. The art creates people whom we begin to know, with whom we begin to empathize. We are forced to bear witness to their pain. "Perhaps the greatest 'tragedy' of the Holocaust was that it wrenched its victims from any recognizable cycle of human destiny and thrust them into an anonymous

and 'meaningless' suffering that precluded the possibility of tragedy as we commonly understand it."[2] It is not possible to package the art of atrocity neatly into a genre or stylistic approach. The content of the art is too horrifying to be contained by the classical label of tragedy.

Few of us have first-hand impressions of this period. We are dependent on what others can reveal to us. Certainly, the art of atrocity has had a great effect on how we view this period. By this period, I refer to the rise of Nazism and Fascism and the subsequent experience of the concentration camps. The material presented by the art of atrocity may or may not coincide precisely to what the historians have determined as the unfolding of the Holocaust events. My purpose is not to determine the historical accuracy of the artistic material to be studied. It is my intention to analyze what picture has been drawn by the art. Without question, the art is responsible for many of our impressions of this period.

Only thirty years have passed since the last cries came from the concentration camps. Already, the world has forgotten what suffering took place. At the same time, it is understandable. As one reads and views the art of atrocity, the events of horror are too fantastic to believe. Yet, they did happen. After encountering the dimensions of death which permeates the Holocaust, no one can return the same as one once was. Part stays behind with the suffering and the agony that cries from the souls of the anonymous. But there

is no turning back. The Holocaust is part of us whether we choose it to be or not.

> Black milk of morning we drink it at dusk
> we drink it at noon and at dawn we drink it at night
> we drink and drink
> we dig a grave in the air there you lie without crowding
> A man lives in the house he plays with the snakes he writes
> he writes it and steps out in front of the house and the
> stars are aflash and he whistles his hounds
> he whistles his Jews and makes them dig a grave in the earth
> he commands us Strike up a dance tune[3]

CHAPTER II

mourning

child rolls his ball by
vendor stoking the coals
chestnuts smouldering
years of mourning ripen
but a child reaches up
his hands burn
there is fear
not in his eyes
but in seeing
the fires

The Holocaust did not begin with the concentration camps; it did not begin with the gas chambers. The war of atrocity against the Jews began with the rise of Fascism and Nazism in Italy and Germany. The events that were to follow transformed a young child playing in the streets into the smoke of the crematory.

The art of atrocity does not in general deal with the events leading up to the deportation of Jews as a supernatural happening; the result of demonic intervention. The rise to power of Nazi and fascist parties, attitudes promulgated

concerning Jews, attacks on people for being Jewish, expulsion of Jews from public life, and deportation--these followed an all too human course. The art does not usually see super-natural causes but the results--in cause and effect--of human acts.

The American film Cabaret and, to a lesser degree, the Italian film The Garden of Finzi-Continis portray the rise of Nazism and Fascism as a product of: 1. physical violence and threats against opposition; 2. play on nationalism; and 3. propaganda, especially against Jews. This all took place within a context of socio-economic dislocation and confusion. The dimensions and the setting were ripe for the rise of such groups as the Fascists and the Nazis.

Cabaret depicts a 1930 Germany full of decadence and lacking in purpose. Under the guise of entertainment, the cabaret serves as a mirror image or pulse of German society. The changes in German society are reflected in the mood and songs of the cabaret. In the opening of the film, the audience is confronted with the grotesqueness of the fat women band, the women wrestlers, and the looseness of cabaret life. As the character of Sally Bowles, played by Liza Minnelli, puts it, the life of the cabaret is "divine decadence." Enter into this scene two clean-cut Nazis in uniform trying to raise money for their cause. Their presence is hardly noticed, and they are thrown out of the cabaret. Sometime later, the waiter who threw out the two Nazis is beaten up in the alley behind the cabaret. Intercut with this scene

are the movements of the cabaret dances which mimic the movements of the man being beaten.

The violent tactics of the Nazis continue. As Sally Bowles and her boyfriend Brian travel through the streets of Berlin, they see on the ground a man who has been beaten by the Nazis. Later, Brian tells the Nazis that they are full of crap--which results in his being hospitalized.

Violence is only part of the tactics portrayed in Cabaret. The call of nationalism becomes the great theme which rallies the people to the Nazi cause. Sally and Brian along with their rich German friend Max are having lunch at a beer garden outside Berlin. The beer garden is full of country folk listening to polkas. Suddenly, a young blue-eyed boy stands and sings in his choir voice "Tomorrow Belongs to Me." The young boy is dressed in Nazi uniform. The people at the beer garden listen and begin to sing. Slowly, the people begin to rise; all types, young girls and middle aged men. A feeling of exhilaration, of solidarity, moves among the people at the beer garden. At the end of the song, the young Nazi gives the Heil Hitler salute.

This scene is unquestionably moving. One reviewer wrote:

> A song of the stage show "Tomorrow Belongs to Me," provides what may be the picture's most chilling sequence. A teenager sings it in a beer garden. The shot opens on his face-young, fresh, pure, idealistic. In contrast to the surrounding corruption, this face does indeed seem to offer strength, character, hope for the future. As the camera pans down his figure, we see the uniform and Nazi armband.[4]

The beer garden scene offers a vivid contrast to the decadent atmosphere of the cabaret. Cabaret portrays the Nazis supposedly offering the German people something to believe in besides the grotesqueness of their present society. " . . . like Cabaret itself, looked at a decadent, self-indulgent, feverishly creative, divided society, unhappy and restless, fatefully beginning to listen to Nazi siren song."[5]

Nationalism was advocated in other ways by the Nazis. The news of the progress of Hitler was emphasized in the newspapers and on the radio. When Sally goes into the laundry, news of Hitler is blasting on the radio. The influence of the Nazi striving for prominence as the national leadership reveals itself in another form. In the beginning of the film, occasional Nazi flags and posters are seen on the street. Posters with hammer and cycles and other emblems appear around town. By the end of the film, only Nazi posters are to be seen. Those people who thought the Nazis would fade out were wrong. At one point, Max says that the Nazis will get rid of the Communists and then we will get rid of the Nazis. Cabaret shows how fanciful Max's statement was.

The cabaret portrays the tension of Depression-ridden Central European society. The irony comes from the fact that in searching for a way out of the dilemma, people choose something that ultimately (for all its initial attractiveness) proves to be more grotesque than the cabaret or the society that it was portraying. The ultimate irony of the

beer garden scene and the appeal for nationalism is the resulting grotesqueness of Nazi rule.

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis also demonstrates the changes on the street with the increase of Fascist flags and posters. One new element is introduced by the film and that is the Fascist-Nazi use of cinema itself. Film was one of the elements in the Nazi propaganda arsenal.

> The spread of Fascism is an integral part of the structure, and some old Nazi newsreel footage is skillfully worked in by making it the focal point of a minor incident. Giorgio, watching Hitler on the cinema screen, laughs and calls him a 'clown,' much to the annoyance of the surrounding audience. He almost provokes a fight and after, ironically (for they don't know it's true), being called 'Jew,' he is thrown out.[6]

Unfortunately, film became a major weapon in the Nazi arsenal. Films like Triumph of the Will had a great influence in spreading Nazi dogma and the zeal for nationalism. Before proceeding with the description of how modern art portrays the propaganda against the Jew, it is worthwhile to examine briefly a film actually used by the Nazis. Jud Suess is one such film. The eighteenth-century Jewish financier Suess overextends his credit after gaining tax revenues from the Duchy of Wuerttemburg. He then proceeds to rape and torture anyone who stands in his way. Finally, he is destroyed: raised in a metal cage, publicly denounced, and executed. The film ends with the message that a takeover by Jews can never be allowed to happen again.

The reaction to this film reflected outrage and violence.

> The impact of the film on adolescents was enormous and devastating. For example, in Vienna an old Jewish man was trampled to death on a public street by a Hitler Youth band which had just seen the film. Special mention must be made of the refined tactics of the authorities who looked the other way when such a film was officially classified "unsuitable for young people." The lowest instincts of mankind were appealed to. This is seen in a rape sequence, intercut with a torture scene, which was cleverly built up to a climax. Ferdinand Marian acted superbly and made of Jew Suess a personified Satan.[7]

The film, in contrast with the 1920's novel variously entitled Power in Jew Suess, written by Lion Feuchtwanger, demonstrates the cleverness of the Nazis in their use of distortion. The novel, also set in the mid-eighteenth century and based on the career of the Wuerttemburg financier Joseph Suess Oppenheimer, is a liberal portrayal of a man with faults, with ambition; but not a man who is a personified satan. The Nazis adapted and distorted the historical record of Suess's life to fit the satanic portrayal of the Jew. Feuchtwanger does not describe Suess as a devil with horns. "Joseph Suess, handsome, clean shaven, and fashionable, almost dandified, in his dress, sat upright, and took in with his quick keen restless glance every detail of the landscape which was still veiled by a fine rain."[8]

The anti-semitism in the novel exists only as the extension of characters, not as the point of view of the author. As one countess believed:

> That the Jews owed to magical practices their incredible success and happy inspirations in financial affairs she was not so stupid to be unaware. They had inherited their occult powers from Moses and the prophets; and it was because Jesus wanted to betray them to all the nations

> of the world, and thus to render them valueless, that he had been crucified.[9]

It was not Joseph Suess who tormented and tortured others, but he himself was treated cruelly.

> But when he saw Suess standing there so elegantly with the abominable letter in his hand, the Prince, irritated with every one, cried suddenly: "Neuffer! Otman! Baptize the Jew! Let him learn to swim!" And the valet and the dusky slave immediately slung the bath-water over Suess with an enormous splash, while the Prince's dog sprang yelping upon him; and the Jew escaped in startled haste, his breeches and new stockings soaking wet, and his shoes ruined, with the loud laughter of the Prince and his servants echoing behind him.
>
> Suess bore the Field Marshal no grudge. Great men had their moods, that was simply to be accepted.[10]

Without question, Suess is portrayed as an ambitious and tricky business man. However, he is not portrayed as a devil or as a disrupter of authority. It was under the Duke's authority that Suess squeezed money out of the land. "The Duke sucked it from them through the Jew; and the land bore them on its back."[11]

Within the film, Jew Suess is portrayed as assaulting and raping women. In the novel, he is depicted as a lady's man. "Suess had much experience of women; he was accustomed to surprises, and never lost his composure, or showed himself at a loss."[12] This last description does not sound like the mad raper as portrayed in the film.

Finally, even his final arrest is a product of false rumors.

> They set rumours circulating through Stuttgart which strengthened gradually into the certain knowledge that Suess had stolen forth from Ludwigsburg immediately

> after the Duke's death, had sneaked into his house in the capital and remained hidden for a time, and had finally made an attempt to flee the country with his jewels and incriminating papers.[13]

The Nazis were clever to take an episode which had already become part of the German consciousness and distort it for their own purposes. Film was used for the spread of antisemitism.

Within the context of the Nazi era, certain attitudes towards the Jew emerged. Some of these were a direct result of propaganda. Following up on the zeal for nationalism, Jews were portrayed as a danger to the state. In Cabaret, Sally and Brian return to their hostel to find the other occupants gathered in the parlor. The subject of conversation is a newspaper article. The article has stated that the Jews are out to destroy the country. The well-organized Jewish bankers have made a pact with the Communists to disrupt the country. Over Brian's criticisms, the people in the parlor completely accept the case presented by the newspaper article.

Schwarz-Bart in his novel, Last of the Just, also confronts the propaganda that the Jew was a conspirator. Through the voice of a drunken Nazi he writes:

> 'Tell me, up there,' the man went on suddenly, whirling a furious arm in circles, 'tell me, don't you know these pigs of Jews yet? Don't you know all the harm they've done? Comrades, wasn't it they who wanted to destroy our country?) Our country, the land of our ancestors,' he finished in a tearful voice that surprised the child more than all the rest.[14]

Other accusations are reported by Schwarz-Bart. The young Ernie Levy is accused of sexual deviance.

> As he rang the bell, the thought of Ise Bruckner made him hesitate. He had not addressed a word to a little girl for a year now. In the neighborhood of the Riggenstrasse, tongues were still wagging. Some stated positively that the 'Jew boy' had pulled his little sex out of his fly, and saw in that fact a brilliant confirmation of all that had been reported of the sexual and financial devilishness of the Jews.[15]

Other attitudes and prejudices against the Jew developed. In the film, A Tear in the Ocean, which deals with the arming of Jews and leads to the Warsaw Ghetto rebellion, the Polish commandos want nothing to do with the Jews. They state that they have no need for Jews who are like women, always contemplating things. Wiesel, in Gates of the Forest, depicts the Medieval-Nazi attitude that Jews are partners with the devil.

> 'With these Jews you never know. They're everywhere and nowhere, visible and invisible. If you don't want to see them, they're on every street, in every bank and business office. But if you want to lay your hands on them, they melt into thin air and you can't find them. The devil protects them.'[16]

In Cabaret, the cabaret itself begins to reflect the prejudice against the Jew. The master of ceremonies, played by Joel Grey, sings a song with a person in a guerrilla costume. He sings that if you could see her through my eyes, you wouldn't notice that she is Jewish.

The prejudice began to transform itself into the desire for Jewish blood. In Cabaret, a piece of grafitti from the Horst Wessel Lied reads: Let Jewish blood spurt

from the knife. Then we'll have a better life. Schwarz-Bart depicts a similar slogan sung by a S.A. patrol also from Horst Wessel. "'When Jewish blood flows under the knife . . .' 'One-two-three!' cried the platoon leader. 'That does our hearts good, that does us good!' 'One-two-three!'"[17]

These prejudices against the Jews were not confined simply to attitudes but began to surface sporadically in incidents against the Jew. I. J. Singer, in The Family Carnovsky, writes of the defacement of Jewish buildings.

> In the old, secondhand-clothes dealer's quarter, the youths painted Jude on every window, although all the stores here were Jewish. They even wrote it, rather superfluously, on kosher butcher shops, on synagogues, and on Reb Ephraim Walder's bookstore. They demanded a mark from each storekeeper to cover the cost of the paint and the labor. On Grosse Hamburger Strasse they smeared the word Jude not only on doors and show windows but also on the monument of Moses Mendelssohn.[18]

By the same token, there is an incident in Cabaret, where two men write Juden in front of the wealthy Landau's home, kill their dog and leave the remains on the steps of the front door. Schwarz-Bart writes of angry mobs led by Nazis appearing at synagogues during services to taunt the Jews. In The Garden of the Finzi-Continis, a mysterious phone call is made during the Passover Seder to Giorgio's home.

The vehemence of the hatred towards the Jews is nowhere clearer than in the schools. It is here that the ugly head of prejudice raises its head without hesitation. Singer describes the humiliation of Jegor in one of his medical

classes. Jegor has been forced to strip and stand in front of his classmates.

> Then Dr. Kirchenmeir delivered a long and impassioned dissertation. 'The audience will see from the figures on the blackboard the difference between the structure of the Nordic dolichocphalic skull-the long and handsome head that projects racial beauty and superiority-and that of the Negroid-Semitic, brachycephalic skull-the stubby and blunted head that resembles that of an ape and typlifies racial deformity and inferiority. But in the case of our subject, it is particularly interesting to note the influence of the Negroid-Semitic strain on the Nordic. As you can clearly observe, the mixture has created a kind of freak.[19]

Jegor reacts with humiliation. He wants to die. The feeling of inferiority and of ugliness stay with Jegor. His speech adopts a stutter; he never recovers from the shame that he has experienced.

Even more dramatic are the incidents that happen to small children in school. The other children, reflecting the attitudes of their parents, act out the hatred for the Jew. In the film Violin du Bal, a young Jewish boy is beaten up in school. Not only is he of an assimilated family, but it is not until he is molested, not until he is beaten up because he looks like a Jew, that he even knows what a Jew is.

Schwarz-Bart describes how little Ernie is beaten up in school. However, the physical punishment was minor compared to the hurt inflected when a Nazi teacher took over the class.

> 'Jews!' Herr Geek cried. 'When I give an order to the class in general, it means that I am addressing myself to the German students and not to their guests.'
>
> Rigid in his military posture, only his lower jaw moving, Herr Geek launched a confused, menacing diatribe

> at the 'Jewish guests.' These last, among others, were to know that Herr Geek would always find a way to make himself understood when he wished to address himself to them--for example, by beginning the phrase with the name of an animal.[20]

The humiliation and destruction of the Jew had begun. The Jew had been identified as the enemy, the source of trouble. The Jew was expelled from public life. In the film The Garden of the Finzi-Continis, the newspaper announces that Jews are forbidden to intermarry, to attend public schools and to employ gentile domestics. Schwarz-Bart relates that Jews are barred from the local bakery. I. J. Singer writes how doctors are forbidden to treat non-Jews.

> The windows of Dr. Fritz Landau's apartment in Neukolln were marked with red paint announcing that he was a Jew and could only treat his fellow Jews. No more would he be granted the privilege of running his fat Jewish hands over pure Aryan women's bodies, of violating little girls, and of sapping the blood of German workers. All Aryans were forbidden to enter his pigsty of an office.[21]

As has been evident in other situations, the sexual accusations against the Jew are brought into the attack. I. B. Singer, in his novel The Family Moskat, relates how even army recruits were separated and confined from the other men.

The final events leading up to the deportation of the Jews are painful. Wiesel, in Night, his autobiographical novel, describes the events of the deportation of the Jews in the Transylvanian town of Sighet. The Germans proceed in an orderly fashion. First the Jewish leaders are arrested, followed by the order for all Jews to remain in their homes. Ghettos are formed in which the Jews have to remain with no outside contact allowed. Finally, in different groups the

Jews are deported out of Sighet. Their destination is the concentration camps.

The horror of such deportations is captured in the poetry of Charles Reznikoff, who bases his poetry on the trials of the criminals before the Nuernberg Tribunal. He relates the story of a mother and her baby.

> One of the S.S. men caught a woman with a baby in her arms.
> She began asking for mercy: if she were shot
> the baby should live.
> She was near a fence between the ghetto and where Poles lived
> and behind the fence were Poles ready to catch the baby
> and she was about to hand it over when caught.
> The S.S. man took the baby from her arms
> and shot her twice,
> and then held the baby in his hands.
> The mother, bleeding but still alive, crawled up to his feet.
> The S.S. man laughed
> and tore the baby apart as one would tear a rag.
> Just then a stray dog passed
> and the S.S. man stooped to pat it
> and took a lump of sugar out of his pocket
> and gave it to the dog.[22]

The accounts of the deportation vary from horror and atrocity to a death-like silence. Wiesel writes:

> No one in the crowd was crying. No one wailed or even spoke. Ghosts, throning up from the depths of history. Fearful, silent ghosts. They awaited the order to move out. Hungarian police, black feathers in their hats, came and went, rifles at the ready, bludgeons poised.[23]

How did the non-Jewish population react to either the anti-Jewish horrors and atrocities or the mass deportation of their Jewish neighbors? Is there a difference between being prejudiced against the Jew and witnessing the inhuman acts that follow? The art of atrocity draws a general picture of apathy on the part of the non-Jews. However, there are incidents of individuals showing concern or coming to the aid of Jews.

Wiesel describes the apathy from the Jewish and the non-Jewish perspective. "My parents and I stood close to the fence: on the other side were life and liberty, or what men call life and liberty. A few passersby; they averted their faces; the more sensitive bowed their heads."[24] Wiesel writes through the voice of a non-Jew.

> 'I felt no sadness,' the man went on. 'I remember: the day after you left, I was walking around in the half-empty city. All your things were strewn in the streets as if the earth had spewed them up. Here and there people were singing and dancing, dead drunk. I didn't touch a thing. It was like being on stage an hour after the end of the show.'[25]

It is I. B. Singer who captures so completely the apathy of the non-Jew. While the Jew called for help to his neighbors, the non-Jew continued on with his daily chores. The gentile population had become so convinced that the Jew was an unnecessary element, that no tragedy was too much for them to witness.

> Those who had horses and wagons immediately began to pack their belongings together. The others tried to hire or buy any sort of conveyance from the neighborhood peasants. The Poles who lived in the town acted as though what was going on was none of their affair. They went unconcerned about their daily chores. Markevich, the slaughterer, slit the throat of a pig; Dobush, the butcher, went on with his corn-threshing and apple-gathering. Antek Liss, the bootmaker, left his bench to stroll over to the shop of Mottel, the leather dealer, and propose that the stock of leather be sold to him for a third of its value.
>
> "They'll take it away from you anyway," he announced. "And there are rumors that they're going to kill all the Jews." He drew his finger suggestively across his gullet. "K-k-k-k!"
>
> The Jewish housewives ran to their gentile neighbors to wail and sob, but the gentiles were too busy to listen to them. They were occupied with sifting flour, putting

> up preserves, churning butter, making cheese. The older women sat spinning flax, while the children played with dogs and cats or dug in the ground for worms. They could get along very well without the Jews.[26]

As well as apathy, there were incidents of violence against the Jew. In A Tear in the Ocean, the rabbi is struck down in the street and stripped of his belongings and ritual garments. Singer in The Family Moskat reports acts of violence.

Within the art of atrocity, there are incidents of individuals who are aided by non-Jews. I. J. Singer, in The Family Carnovsky, relates the horror of the housekeeper to the events that were happening to the Jew. Wiesel, in The Town Beyond the Wall, describes how a peasant woman attempts to smuggle out a Jewish woman and her son in a wagon of hay. Herman Broder, in I. B. Singer's Enemies, a Love Story, is hidden the entire war in an attic by a non-Jewish servant girl.

One piece of art dedicated to the question of the non-Jewish reaction is the Czech film A Shop on Main Street. In an interview, Ian Kadar, one of the co-directors of the film, makes the statement: "The basis of violence consists for the most part of harmless, kind people who are indifferent toward brutality. Sooner or later, these people may overcome their indifference, but then it is usually too late."[27] The film is the story of a good-natured Slovakian who is pushed by his family to become an aryan controller of a Jewish button shop on Main Street. The button shop is maintained only on the charity of the Jewish community. The community

convinces the Slovakian, Tono, to pretend to be Mrs. Lautmann's assistant in return for a good salary. Mrs. Lautmann is oblivious to the events that are happening around her. Tono develops an affection for Mrs. Lautmann, and when her name is omitted from the deportation list, Tono is torn between saving Mrs. Lautmann and guarding his own life. In a moment of desperation he tries to push Mrs. Lautmann outside the shop. Recovering his wits, Tono locks her in a cupboard. Later, he unlocks the cupboard to find Mrs. Lautmann dead. Tono is overcome with guilt and hangs himself. As Kadar had stated, Tono had recovered from his apathy and indifference too late. There was no maliciousness in Tono. He and his fellows had allowed brutality to extend too far. When he acts to oppose these forces, it is too late.

The deportation of the Jews raises basic questions of human relationships. The events that occurred have been presented by the art of atrocity as either human acts of men or human inaction. One reviewer of the Shop on Main Street was moved to write:

> Jan Kadar and Elmar Klos, who made this film, have constructed a human drama that is a moving manifest of the dark dilemma that confronted all terrible crimes. 'Is one his brother's keepers?' is the thundering question the situation asks, and then, as supplement, 'Are not all men brothers?'[28]

The art of atrocity teaches that it is too easy to assume that man is basically good, and when confronted with evil, he will counter with good acts. There are too many variables present to allow one to count on the goodness of

man. The art of atrocity describes violence and passivity on the part of non-Jewish people. How does one account for both the viciousness and the passivity? If an individual were to act with great viciousness and at other times with withdrawal, one would call that individual sick and maladjusted. The population of Europe was suffering from the effects of Depression-dislocation and confusion.

Within the population of Central Europe a high need for aggression existed. The Fascist and Nazi regimes played upon this need by offering scapegoats--it was the fault of the Jews that times were bad! Jewish plots to destroy the country and the government existed! It was this calculated inciting which led to the terrible viciousness perpetrated against the Jews. As demonstrated by Jew Suess, the accusations found a context within the scores of years of anti-semitism.

A second explanation presented by the art of atrocity for the viciousness is that it was state policy to mistreat the Jews. The Jews were seen as the alien enemies that were corrupting the society. By the same token, the passivity of the non-Jew can in part be seen as the result of state policy. Whether in Germany or in occupied countries, the law of the land had declared the Jews dangerous and harmful to the general population. The Jews were to be taken away for the "good" of the society.

Hannah Arendt skillfully explains how the morality of civilized countries can be turned upside down.

> And just as the law in civilized countries assumes that the voice of conscience tells everybody "Thou shalt not kill," even though man's natural desires and inclinations may at times be murderous, so the law of Hitler's land demanded that the voice of conscience tell everybody: "Thou shalt kill," although the organizers of the massacres knew full well that murder is against the normal desires and inclinations of people. Evil in the Third Reich had lost the quality by which most people recognize it--the quality of temptation. Many Germans and many Nazis, probably an overwhelming majority of them, must have been tempted not to murder, not to rob, not to let their neighbors go off to their doom (for that the Jews were transported to their doom they knew, of course, even though many of them may not have known the gruesome details), and not to become accomplices in all these crimes by benefiting from them. But, God knows, they had learned how to resist temptation.[29]

Evil, as we know it, results from one's falling into temptation. Certainly, the power of Iago's evil was his power to seduce, to tempt. The expulsion from the Garden of Eden resulted from falling into temptation. Arendt sees the evil of the Nazi era as people not succumbing to the temptation to treat "non-Aryans" decently. Morality and law had been inverted. What had once been considered moral had become immoral. Now succumb to temptation was the only means to avoid sin. By following the moral code, by normal standards, one was in fact committing sin. In other words, evil had become the duty of a law-abiding citizen. Eichmann expressed this notion during his trial. "He did his duty, as he told the police and the court over and over again; he not only obeyed orders, he also obeyed the law."[30]

In Hannah Arendt's terms the evil was an everyday occurrence. It was not supernatural or sophisticated in terms of an individual's complexity of motivation. In fact,

the evil took on certain characteristics of buffoonery. Arendt uses Eichmann's last words as an example of the buffoonery.

> He then proceeded: "After a short while, gentleman, we shall all meet again. Such is the fate of all men. Long live Germany, long live Argentina, long live Austria. I shall not forget them." In the face of death, he had found the cliche used in funeral oratory. Under the gallows, his memory played him the last trick; he was "elated" and he forgot that this was his own funeral.
>
> It was as though in those last minutes he was summing up the lessons that this long course in human wickedness had taught us-the lesson of the fearsome, word-and-thought-defying banality of evil.[31]

For the most part, the art of atrocity agrees in principle with Arendt's concept of the reversal of the moral code. One exception may be The Last of the Just with its tendency to posit a supernatural evil. There is one major break in principle between Arendt and the art of atrocity. The character Tono in A Shop On Main Street is passive throughout his exposure to the acts of violence and the deportation of the Jews. According to Arendt's theory, he was not committing evil, by normal standards, since he abstained from violence and murder. However, it is his passivity that allowed the evil to exist. Jan Kadar, one of the directors of A Shop On Main Street, states:

> We feel that no one may be excluded from the society in which he lives, and no one may be robbed of his rights as a human being. As soon as something like that can happen, anything can happen, thanks to the indifference of the by standers. All that is needed is a little bit of cowardice, of fear.[32]

Tono's passivity is not favorably treated by Kadar. In fact, Tono commits suicide at the end of the film.

There are other characters within the art of atrocity who fall prey to passivity. Some characters do abstain from violence and do attempt to help the Jews. Perhaps, by normal standards, these are the only ones who avoided the evil of the Nazi regime.

Deportation for the Jew meant the horror was only beginning. The events that were to follow went beyond any nightmare that Jew or non-Jew could have imagined. Before examining the plight of the Jew in the concentration camp, the next chapter will attempt to answer the question: How did the Jew react to the rise of prejudice and horror?

CHAPTER III

David's Unborn Son

As early morning
sleeps over Zion
his eyes are hollow
his bones are bare
erosion
a lonely night

soft morning
prayer covers
his head with
mist
patient
afternoon
sows together
morning flesh
fire of evening
prayers dance in
his eyes

fade to
darkness
David's unborn son
deserted between
two days

Will the Messiah come to save his people? Are worship and prayer stronger than physical actions against an enemy? Is it the raison d'être of Israel to suffer? These are the questions the art of atrocity puts into the mouths of the religious Jew. However, the art also deals with the assimilated Jew of Europe, the Jew to whom his religion is only a minimal part, if that, of his life. The art of atrocity asks: How did the assimilated Jew react to the sudden

Judeophobic intrusion into his everyday life?

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis wrestles with the reaction of the assimilated Jew in Italy. The film is concerned with two families; Micol's wealthy family which lives on an estate behind high walls, and Giorgio's family, whose head, his father, is a middle-class merchant. The overriding reaction of both families to the rise of prejudice against the Jews is withdrawal and denial. Giorgio's father, who resents the aristocratic Finzi-Continis, looks to the fascist party as a means of support and comfort. As prejudice and exclusion from public life confront the Jewish population, Giorgio's father comments that they are not so bad off in Italy, at least they are citizens. Giorgio responds that they are third-class citizens and have kept silent as long as the prejudice did not affect them directly. As the film continues, Giorgio's father realizes that his faith in the fascist party and the government was unfounded.

The Finzi-Continis withdraw behind the walls of their estate. The film opens with their holding of a tennis tournament in their own gardens. The tennis club has ostracized them. Albert, Micol's brother, comments that he feels spied upon when they leave the grounds of their estate. Outside the walls of their garden, the world is collapsing. As time goes on, the Finzi-Continis leave their grounds less and less. They have retreated into their gardens, which have become a ghetto. One reviewer comments on this film:

> The central role, however, goes not to an actor, but to the garden itself, which seems almost personified. Its natural beauty and life represent the film's major dramatic relief, whilst also providing its strongest metaphor. It is like an enchanted kingdom, protected by Jor, its canine guardian, and surrounded by a magical wall. As the Fascist terror spreads, the family particularly Micol, rarely ventures outside, as if only the garden were safe. However, the spell is eventually broken and even Jor, symbol of freedom, is chained up. In closing shots we survey the empty, neglected gardens, gates locked and rusting, tennis courts in bad repair, everywhere death and decay.[33]

In Cabaret, the Landaus, a pronouncedly assimilated and wealthy Jewish family, are the victims of violent acts. Their dog is murdered and left at their front door. The Landau daughter asks her lover, who she does not know is Jewish, if he can see what is happening in Germany today. There is a conscious knowledge that real trouble is brewing in Germany. However, the Landaus continue their everyday lifestyle and, in fact, their daughter has an elaborate marriage ceremony. To a certain degree, they, too, deny the events happening around them.

Assimilated upper-class Jews are not the only ones portrayed by the art as practicing denial. Moche, the Beadle, in Wiesel's Night, returns to his town of Sighet with news of the horrors befalling the deported Jews. Moche is thought to have lost his mind. His story is ignored even though it offers details of the horror. Moche has told:

> The Jews were made to get out. They were made to dig huge graves. And when they had finished their work, the Gestapo began theirs. Without passion, without haste, they slaughtered their prisoners. Each one had

> to go up to the hole and present his neck. Babies were thrown into the air and the machine gunners used them as targets. This was in the forest of Galicia, near Kolomaye.[34]

The Jews of Sighet did not heed the words of Moche, the Beadle. Perhaps, stories of such horror are too terrible for a person to accept. In any case, the religious Jew had other ways in which to react to the prejudice and horror. Schwarz-Bart in his Last of the Just tries to view the suffering of the Nazi era from an historical perspective. The first part of the book is the chronological history of the descendants of Rabbi Yom Tov Levy. In the year 1000, Rabbi Levy and a group of Jews took shelter in a tower in York for protection from an angry mob. Rather than surrender to the Christians, the rabbi blessed the Jews and cut each one of their throats. The novel explores the lives of Rabbi Yom Tov Levy's descendants down through the centuries. In each generation, a "Lamed-Vov-nick" is present in the Levy family. Schwarz-Bart defines a Lamed-Vov-nick:

> . . . the world reposes upon thirty-six Just Men, the Lamed Vov, indistinguishable from simple mortals; often they are unaware of their station. But if just one of them were lacking, the suffering of mankind would poison even the souls of the newborn, and humanity would suffocate with a single cry. For the Lamed-Vov are the hearts of the world multiplied, and into them, as into one receptacle, pour all our griefs.[35]

In each generation of the Levy family a Lamed-Vov-nick takes on all the suffering of the town.

> 'But the Lamed-Vovnick takes our suffering upon himself,' He went on playfully. 'And he raises it to heaven and sets it at the feet of the Lord-who forgives. Which is why the world goes on . . . in spite of all our sins.'[36]

There is more than just the acceptance of suffering by the Lamed-Vov. A reason exists for the suffering of Israel. It is Israel's place to suffer. Outside the context of these people's lives, the suffering of Israel is a difficult concept to assimilate. Schwarz-Bart puts the explanation of the suffering in the form of a midrash.

> "For it is written," the old man went on with no change of expression, "for it is written: 'Suffering becomes Israel like a red ribbon on the head of a white horse.' For it is written: 'We shall bear the sufferings of the world, we shall take its grief upon ourselves, and we shall be considered as punished, stricken by the Lord and humiliated. And then only, when Israel is suffering from head to foot, in all its bones and all its flesh and all its nerves, prostrate at the crossing of the roads, then only will God send the Messiah.'"[37]

It is Israel's task to prepare the world or make it ready for the coming of the Messiah and redemption. The suffering of Israel throughout history is seen as a preparatory stage for the coming of the Messiah. Through the suffering of Israel, the Messiah will come.

Schwarz-Bart continues his chronology of the Lamed-Vov within the Levy family up to the Nazi era. The question that he raises is, how does the belief in the Lamed-Vov and Israel's suffering hold up against the horror of the Nazi era?

Young Ernie Levy lives during the Nazi era. His family has fled from Poland during a pogrom and emigrated to Germany. Ernie sees himself as part of the chain of the Lamed-Vov.

> Sitting back against the pillow, Ernie was pleased to recognize dear Frau Tuszynski, whose spider fingers were steadying a column of wigs on the gleaming point of her skull. Then the column fell apart, there was a confused flight of wigs, and Ernie suddenly recognized the bruised oval of Frau Tuszynski's skull, set like a strange eggshell above her wrinkled face, above her angry mouth. "All right, don't be upset," he said to the apparition. "And first of all blow your nose calmly, Frau Tuszynski. Because I am a Just Man, a Lamed-Vovnik, you understand?"
>
> "It's unbelievable," she said, smiling.
>
> "It is as I tell you," Ernie announced gravely.[38]

Ernie takes the idea of himself as a Lamed-Vov-nick very seriously. Actually, he begins to seek acts of suffering. When the brown shirts surround the synagogue, it is Ernie who stands up to them and receives a blow on the head for it. It is explained to Ernie that a Lamed-Vov-nick need not seek out suffering; it will find him. As time goes on, Ernie begins to suffer so from the prejudice of the gentiles that he waivers in his faith in Jewish suffering and the Lamed-Vov. "'God is not here, he's forgotten us . . . .'"[39] Ernie has a problem relating to the continuity of past sufferings after he is stripped in front of a little girl. Ernie concludes that to be a Jew is impossible.

Through Ernie, Schwarz-Bart is removing the atrocities of the Nazi era from the chain of Israel's suffering. Although in the end, Ernie returns to the Jewish ghetto, marries and accepts his fate, Schwarz-Bart attributes this more to Ernie's courage and internal strength than to the belief in the historical suffering of Israel. The title of the novel itself, <u>The Last of the Just</u>, cries

out that the chain has been broken. The chain of martyrdom, of death with honor or for a purpose, has been broken. The anonymous victims of the Holocaust are a break with the tradition of suffering.

> But the return in dream or memory-to say nothing of art-to the Holocaust experience, imprisons the survivor in an uncycled moment of time, the moment of unparalleled dread, dehumanization, and death that makes man the victim of an insulated instant and nullifies for us (if not entirely for him) Ernie Levy's pathetic desire to link fate with a universal pattern, since there is no ritual precedent-certainly not the martyrdom of an individual Rabbi whose name has passed into legend-for the event that leads to his extinction. For his fate represents a unique ritual of anonymous uncreation, whereby the individual is permanently divorced from time and thus from the opportunity for a mythical participation in the idea of recurrence.[40]

The concept of Israel's suffering is depicted by other authors, too. Wiesel writes: "God punishes the Jews because he loves them, because he is determined to make them pure."[41] In this case, it is an historical suffering to improve the Jew. However, Wiesel does not continue the idea through his work. The impact of the atrocities is too great for Wiesel to see his characters functioning under such beliefs. By the same token, I. J. Singer is able to deal with the concept of suffering only in a passing remark. "'Be of courage, my son, as I am and as are all the men of our generation. We have borne persecution since the beginning of time and we shall continue to bear it, as Jews always have.'"[42]

The reaction of the religious Jew to the horror is portrayed in the art as taking a second possible course.

Rather than a belief in the historical suffering of Israel, religious Jews are depicted as maintaining their faith in prayer and tradition as a stronger force than physical might. The most dramatic presentation of this battle between faith and physical action is in the film A Tear in the Ocean. A triangle is established with a Polish aristocrat fighting for his country at one point, a liberated, idealistic Jewish doctor, Edi, at another point, and a rabbi and his son, who stand for faith rather than physical action, at the third point. Edi believes in the action of man and not the action of God. He is successful in convincing the rabbi's son and a few others to follow him and fight. With skull caps and long coats, the young men follow Edi to the villa of the Polish aristocrat who is training commandos to fight against the Germans. The Jews fight, but are killed not by the Germans, but by the other Polish fighters. Throughout the film, Edi and the rabbi's son debate the significance of man's actions.

> What the movie and the book are, is an examination of men facing an agonizing philosophical choice: whether to affirm a timeless dignity and an ultimate confidence in God and eternal life by surrendering passively to earthly murder or whether to affirm another kind of dignity as men by offering resistance to the tyrants (even if that resistance is almost suicidally sure to fail.)[43]

Edi would berate the rabbi's son with statements like: don't die as a martyr; enough of that Ghetto talk; there would be fewer programs if there were more barricades. The rabbi's son would answer with statements like: an act is

less than a tear in the ocean; faith and depth are greater than an act. The rabbi's son goes so far as to say that God suffers by man's act. The concept of God suffering because of the atrocities removes Him from the realm of responsibility. Man is accountable for his own actions.

Edi asks the rabbi's son why he will not fight on the Sabbath. He answers that the Sabbath brings a deliverance which is stronger than physical action. By observing the Sabbath, more is achieved than by shooting a gun. This is a different concept of redemption than presented in The Last of the Just. It is not the suffering that brings redemption but the adherence to faith and tradition.

The adherence to faith and trust in God is also described in the poetry of Charles Reznikoff. He describes a group of Hassidim being deported from their homes.

> They gathered some twenty Hasidic Jews from their homes,
> in the robes these wear,
> wearing their prayer shawls, too,
> and holding prayer books in their hands.
> They were led up a hill.
> Here they were told to chant their prayers
> and raise their hand for help to God
> and, as they did so,
> the officers poured kerosene under them
> and set it on fire.[44]

There is an ironic twist to the poem in that it is the Germans who order them to pray. Perhaps, there is even an ironic tone in their praying to God for deliverance. On the other hand, there is something to the fact that the Jews did pray for help and did not run for their lives.

The reaction of the Jews to the rise of Nazism and Fascism is difficult to define clearly as the art has portrayed. Certain constants do stand out. For the assimilated Jews, their only path is to deny or withdraw from the rising danger. Acts of prejudice have been encountered in the past. When the axe begins to fall, it is already too late to react in a different fashion. Even expulsion from public life is not great enough to give warning of the immense atrocities to follow. It is too easy for us who know the facts and horrors that followed the deportation to judge their acts or their inaction. Both Cabaret and The Garden of the Finzi-Continis portray the rise of Nazism and Fascism as a process with no foreshadowing of the complete horror that was to follow.

As for the religious Jew, the art characterizes him as shaken, as searching through Jewish history for answers. Some maintain their faith while others lose touch with the historical process of Judaism. The impact of the atrocities reaches different communities at various stages. The Jews of Sighet, whom Wiesel describes, do not grasp the full impact of the Nazi design until they reach the concentration camps. On the other hand, Reznikoff describes Jews whose realization of Nazi destruction accompanies their deportation.

For the Jew, the deportation from their homes was only the beginning of the horror that was to follow. The

next chapter will deal primarily with the experience of the Jew within the concentration camps.

CHAPTER IV

bone of my tenth

son kept warm
in a sack
hung
around my neck
small piece
of forget me
nots concealing desire
to forget
you ask
the other nine
my sack
can hold only
one I reply
to your alarm
each has his
turn to fear
forgetting without
remnants
as if it

never happened
once
a year
a purging
how high can
you count
can
I leave
a bone
for each
number
alphabet
addresses
any mnemonic
to keep them
alive

The horror that the Jews suffered in the concentration camps under Nazi domination goes beyond an individual's

power of imagination. Under ordinary circumstances, a writer, in order to make his writing dynamic for his audience, may expand an incident beyond its reality. When it comes to the holocaust, however, there is no need to do this. The actual atrocities that occurred in the concentration camps stagger the imagination. It takes all of the artist's power simply to come to grips with the atrocities that were suffered.

A natural tendency is to shrink from horror. However, in order to come to grips with the experience of the Jews in the camps, it is necessary to examine the details and their effects upon them. What experiences did the Jews encounter in the camps?

This chapter will attempt to analyze a certain commonality of experience. Within the art of atrocity, there is a picture drawn of the suffering of the individual within the camps. This will be analyzed in terms of the experience of separation from loved ones, the lack of sustenance, the physical pain, and the witnessing of horror. The chapter will then ask the question: Did any remnants of past societal and community relationships survive within the camps? Finally, since there were survivors from these camps, there will be an analysis of survival tools used within the camps.

Following the deportation of the Jews from their homes, the train ride to the camps gives a foreshadowing of the suffering to come. Wiesel describes a woman in one of the

trains who periodically screams that she sees fires. The others berate her to be silent, but she will not. Finally, pushed by the strain of the herding together, some of the people beat her until she is silent. When the train arrives at the camp, they see before them the fires of the crematory.[45]

I. B. Singer gives us an idea of the horror of the train ride to the camps. The memories of Herman Broder, a survivor of the camps, as stimulated by a subway ride in New York city, give the reader an insight into the disorientation resulting from the deportation followed by the packing of Jews into boxcars.

> Herman put his hand into his trousers pocket for a handkerchief, but it was wet. On the platform, a dense crowd was waiting, bodies pushed against one another. The train rode into the station with a shrill whistling, as if it would fly right past the platform, the cars already packed. The crowd on the platform lurched toward the opening doors before the passengers inside could make their way out. An irresistible force shoved Herman into the car. Hips, breasts, elbows pressed against him. Here, at least, the illusion of free will vanished. Here man was tossed about like a pebble or like a meteor in space.[46]

The life that the Jews have known ends with the boxcars. What follows is a nightmare. One of the first experiences that the Jews encounter is separation from family and friends. Schwarz-Bart writes:

> Flung back into his solitude, naked and bleeding on the roadbed, his legs spread wide between the rails, the wind plucking at every naked fiber of his body, Ernie thinks that separation from a loved one is the most painful foretaste of death.[47]

Wiesel describes how the Germans separated women and men immediately upon debarking from the trains. In the film

Odessa File, there is a flashback to the Jews being brought into a camp. The people on one truck are told to get out and stretch their legs. While they are walking, the Germans drive the other truckload of people off to another camp. One man frantically yells and screams to his wife who is being taken away in the truck.

For the victim, separation means the last break with the previous life. The loss of family love is, for the Jews, their initiation into the camps. The desire to be reunited with loved ones continues through the camp experience. Wiesel recounts the episode of a rabbi desperately searching for his son.

> He came into the shed and his eyes, brighter than ever, seemed to be looking for someone: 'Perhaps someone has seen my son somewhere?' He had lost his son in the crowd. He had looked in vain among the dying. Then he had scratched up the snow to find his corpse. Without result.[48]

Some found their children among the dead. The separation and death of a child are described by Reznikoff:

> A woman came with her little daughter
> and S.S. men were there one morning
> and took the child away:
> a mother was forbidden to keep her child with her.
> Later, the woman found out that her child had been thrown into the fire
> in which the dead were being burnt,
> and that night threw herself against the electrified barbed wire fence around the camp.[49]

As was the mind, so was the body humiliated and destroyed. All prisoners, as Wiesel describes, were forced to have their heads shaved. They were stripped down and given camp clothes. Any chance for individuality was taken away.

The Nazis intended to dominate their victims physically and mentally. Wiesel describes games the Nazis liked to play. A man was lined up a foot away from the wall but was not allowed to touch it. The victim stood there until the mind cracked. Food schedules were thrown off so the victims would not be able to make order out of their daily lives.

Food was not plentiful; but the beatings were constant. Pain became a way of life. The scrounging for food became a constant battle. It is as if they realized that they could live with the pain but not without food. Reznikoff describes how dehumanized the people were:

> Once a transport came from another camp.
> Something had gone wrong with the gas chambers there
> and those who came spent the night in the open courtyard.
> They were almost skeletons:
> did not care about anything
> and could hardly speak.
> When beaten, they just sighed.
> The Jews working in the camp
> were ordered to give them food;
> but those who had come had trouble just sitting up
> and stepped on each other
> to get what little food they were given.
> Next morning they were taken to the gas chambers.[50]

The search for food became a constant battle. If one did not eat, one could not survive. People had become desperate. Hunger had driven them mad. They began to eat whatever they could find.

> More than once has he seen camplings throw themselves at the ground to sink their teeth into the block gate; more than once has a campling at night chewed off a piece of dried leg from his hutch-mate; more than once does the Corpse Komando load on to the cart half-chewed skeletons dumped behind the backgate during the night. The first time he saw this after he got to camp, he thought it was a fit of madness. Soon he learned it was

> THE LAST HUNGER. One who has just so ravenously bitten into the wood of a hutch does not afterwards eat a thing; not even his own bread ration. Hunger never touches him again.[51]

Hunger was not the only problem for the body. Epidemics of typhus broke out. "The news of the epidemic spread instantaneously. In one week half the prisoners had been stricken."[52] There was no adequate medical care. Ironically, all the doctors could say was to eat as much as possible.

The lack of food drove people beyond the point of breaking. The fight for survival was predetermined by the Nazis' complete lack of concern for their victims. Their victims were not simply starved and left in cells. With very little food in their stomachs, they were forced to spend long hours at heavy manual labor. Their living quarters were no better than horse stables. There was no escape, no moment of comfort, within the camps. The victims had been turned into slave animals whose only purpose in life was to work.

> In one camp after they were awakened at four in the morning
> and got a cup of coffee
> they worked in the quarries all day
> returned to the camp at nine or ten at night.
> They then got a bowl of watery soup
> and two or three bad potatoes.
> By the time they got to the bundles of straw on which they slept
> it was midnight.
> In two months, thirty-five hundred in that camp died of hunger.[53]

Those who survived the lack of food and adequate lodging were subjected to beatings. Only the strong were allowed to survive. Anyone who was not strong enough to continue

working was removed. Those who remained suffered indiscriminate beatings.

> When the day's work was done,
> each in one camp-or several-had to pick up stones or bricks,
> at least ten pounds in weight,
> to carry back to camp
> Perhaps merely to show they were strong enough
> to work the next day.
> Back at camp
> they were assembled again for another roll-call
> and then the punishments were carried out:
> floggings between five and twenty lashes
> and sometimes on every tenth man.[54]

The horror of waiting to find out if one was one of those to be flogged must have weighed on the victims as much as the physical pain itself. However, the Nazis did not stop at simply beating their prisoners.

Experiments were made on their victims. Not all were physical dissections. Some were to test the effects of different substances. Reznikoff describes how salt water was administered to victims to see how long the body could stand it.

> A number of Jews had to drink sea water only
> to find out how long they could stand it.
> In their torment
> They threw themselves on the mops and rags
> used by the hospital attendants
> and sucked the dirty water out of them
> to quench the thirst
> driving them mad.[55]

The lack of sustenance and the physical deterioration broke any spirit that the victims may have maintained. The Nazis had reduced them to a sub-human existence. The sociologist Erving Goffman writes of the effects of the loss of comforts and sustenance. He concludes that it results in the loss of self-determination.

> There are certain bodily comforts significant to the individual that tend to be lost upon entrance into a total institution-for example, a soft bed or quietness at night. Loss of this set of comforts is apt to reflect a loss of self-determination, too, for the individual tends to ensure these comforts the moment he has resources to expend.
>
> Loss of self-determination seems to have been ceremonialized in concentration camps; thus we have atrocity tales of prisoners being forced to roll in the mud, stand on their heads in the snow, work at ludicrously useless tasks, swear at themselves, or, in the case of the Jewish prisoners, sing anti-semitic songs.[56]

What Goffman is describing is the loss of motivation and drive within the camps. The people that Reznikoff describes as having no strength except to grope for food have lost their will and their self-determination.

This loss of will began hurting the Germans as well as helping control the inmates. The capacity of the prisoners to think had been reduced to the point that every command had to be simple and explained in great detail. The prisoners had been reduced to walking vegetables.

> There was another side to the coin: the success was too complete. After a month of treatment, the Jews had reached such a point of insensibility and automatism that they no longer reacted to blows or threats. They were incapable of performing slightly complicated actions. If they were ordered to march, they marched; but as soon as the order was complicated by a second action, their minds ceased to register. It was impossible, for example, to order them to go to a certain place, get a certain object and take it to another place. To get such a simple action performed it was necessary to give three orders: "Go there!" then "Pick that up!" then "Take it over there!" And even then it was necessary to point to the object and not merely to name it, for the prisoners were incapable of the slightest judgment.[57]

More than just physical pain and personal loss is the fact that the victims had to be witness to unimaginable

atrocities. In the Pawnbroker, Sol is forced to watch the molesting of his wife. Though he pleads to be allowed to turn away, he is forced to watch his wife used as a prostitute. The humiliation, sorrow, and shame transcend any pain that could be inflicted through physical torture.[58]

The victims were the witness to the total destruction of human bodies. Wiesel remembers the smell of burning flesh.[59] He remembers the children consumed by flames.

> Not far from us, flames were leaping up from a ditch, gigantic flames. They were burning something. A lorry drew up at the pit and delivered its load-little children. Babies! yes, I saw it-saw it with my own eyes . . . those children in the flames.[60]

One sight can change a man's life. The victims in the camps were subject to such sights many times. It would seem that the horror transcended the mind's ability to assimilate it. Reznikoff describes the sight of dead bodies:

> Trucks from Belgium reached the concentration camp at last:
> when the doors were opened,
> a stench, almost unbearable;
> and the bodies of those within tumbled out-
> some dead, the rest unconscious;
> the bodies of the dead bloated, reddened and bluish,
> eyes protruding from sockets,
> clothes soaked with sweat and excrement.[61]

Death becomes part of everyday life. Death and life intermingle until one cannot be distinguished from the other. One can never be sure who is dead and who is alive.

> It was close around him. He was lying on a strange arm. He could not remove it because of the congestion in the hutch. He did not know whether there was still a pulse beating in that arm. From his open-mouthed neighbor not a breath was to be heard. That is the way everybody in Auschwitz sleeps. You never can tell at night who is alive and who is dead. Only at dawn,

> when the orderlies yell, "Up!"-you know: whoever did not then and there jump down will never jump from the boards again. Soon they will drag him out to the corpse pile behind the block.[62]

Death becomes part of the normal events of the day. Its touch covers everything until death becomes the only sign of escape from the horror in which they were living. "THE SMOKE-STACK IS THE ONLY EXIT IN AUSCHWITZ."[63]

How does one react to such horror? After being deported from home, separated from family, beaten, given only a minimum of food, forced to work in a concentration camp and finally to witness such horror, how could anyone maintain any sense of humanity or of himself? How could anyone hold on to a sense of helping one's neighbor?

The art of atrocity presents an all too vivid image of life in the concentration camps. There are other examples that could be drawn, but the ones given so far are enough to expose the nightmare in which the individual suffered.

There is another side to the suffering of the victims. Was there a sense of community left among the Jews? Were there any ties remaining from the societal relationships that existed before the deportation? The art of atrocity for the most part depicts the disintegration of societal and community bonds. The experience within the camps was so shattering that relationships as we know them were threatened and in certain cases dissolved. The breakdown of sexual behavior, father and son relationships and community identification was not found just in isolated incidents. The only societal

bonds that remained were depicted by the art as manifesting themselves in individuals, almost randomly. There was some helpfulness on the individual level, but very little on a group level. Except for isolated incidents, the art does not portray the group as a community of Jews. The horror that the Nazis had created was so complete that the memories of past lives were not strong enough to break into the nightmare of their present lives.

One question which can be raised is whether or not one should refer to the prisoners as Jews since the victims were, for the most part, no longer consciously Jews. The feeling of this writer is that they should be referred to as Jews. It is their connection with Judaism that resulted in their being sent to concentration camps. To deny their connection with Judaism is to deny their reason for having suffered, as pointless and irrational as their suffering was. By the same token, one could refrain from calling them human since they were reduced to a subhuman existence. Again, this would be a mistake since it would rob them of the dignity in death and memory as was taken from them in life.

Wiesel describes the breakdown of the Societal rules of the appropriateness of bodily functions in public. After the deportation from their homes, the Jews of Sighet are gathered in the synagogue and not allowed out. A certain corner of the synagogue is designated in which they can relieve themselves.[64] For religious Jews, this is quite a

breakdown in their everyday thinking. Necessity becomes the driving force behind these peoples' lives.

Wiesel describes the copulation that took place in the train.

> Free from all social constraint, the young people gave way openly to instinct, taking advantage of the darkness to copulate in our midst, without caring about anyone else, as though they were alone in the world. The rest pretended not to notice.[65]

This isolation from other people foreshadows what is to follow in the camps.

The men and women were separated within the camps so the breakdown of sexual mores could not be calculated. For the men, simply the removal of women changed the make up of community relationships. For the women, sexual mores were still a problem, without a solution or an alternative. One exception to the non-separation of the woman is described in Treblinka. A new shipment of Jews had arrived. Some of the women were chosen out as prostitutes. At night these women were allowed to stay with the prisoners.

> When they were naked, Lalka made them line up and inspected them. He wanted them young, fresh and pretty. Twenty girls and young women who found grace in his eyes were set apart. They were ordered to dress and were conducted to the Ghetto. Half of them stayed there and the other half were taken to Camp Number Two. The ten who stayed in Camp Number One were lodged in a room constructed especially for them, an extension of the barracks of the Hofjuden. During the day they worked in the German laundry, but in the evening they were allowed to stay with the prisoners in the yard of the Ghetto.
>
> Their arrival transformed the camp. Fights broke out around these frightened and helpless women, who did not yet understand what had happened to them. Everything that Treblinka boasted in the way of kapos and privileged persons began to dress with meticulous care, to bathe and to show off.[66]

To add to the grotesqueness of the scene mock marriages were allowed. The marriages became a source of sport for the camp guards.

It was not uncommon for the women to be used as prostitutes. As mentioned earlier, in the Pawnbroker, the women were used as prostitutes. The women were the center of sexual sport.

> . . . she had seen in her mind's eye a young Jewish girl stripped naked and balancing on a log over a pit of excrement. "All around her stood groups of Germans, Ukrainians, Lithuanians, taking bets on how long she would be able to stand there. They shouted insults at her and at the Jews; half drunk, they watched until this eighteen-year-old beauty, this daughter of rabbis and esteemed Jews, slipped and fell into offal."[67]

Perhaps, the breakdown which had occurred in the concentration camps surfaced in the displaced-person camps. "In the German camp where Shifrah Puah had lived with Masha after the war, couples copulated openly."[68]

Women were not the only ones who were kept for sexual perversion. Young boys, called Piepels, were kept by Block Chiefs for sexual orgies. A Piepel was fed better for the Block Chiefs liked them fat and healthy. As with the women, the boys were chosen as they arrived to the camps.

> I could see it in Franzl's eyes. The heart of a Piepel can tell right away. The Block Chief just waits until he can bring back a new Peipel from the platform. That night he takes the old Piepel into the cubicle, lays him on the floor, and puts a cane across his throat. Then he steps on the cane-one boot on each end-and he does a seesaw. And that's all-that's the end of the old Piepel.[69]

The full impact of the horror and atrocity perpetrated against the young boys is felt in the dialogue between a Block Chief and his Piepel in Atrocity by Ka-tzetnik 135633 (Concentration Camp Number 135633).

> Franzl swung his foot off the arm of the chair. He seized him between his hands, training his drunken eyes on Moni's eyes, his mouth drooling the words: "I like you soft. A pussy like you is got to be soft. That's just the way I want you. Ain't a Block Chief here that's got a Piepel with eyes like yours. Eat their hearts out. But you're mine. All mine. Just stay put the way you are so I can go right on looking into those eyes of yours. Ah'h, that's sweet . . . m-m-mm, yeah . . . yeah . . . That's it . . . Right into the eyes-" . . . .[70]

It staggers the normal mind to attempt to comprehend the use of young boys as prostitutes. The horror becomes so much more intense when it deals with children. One of the most moving passages in all of the art of atrocity is the imaginary conversation that Moni, a Piepel, has with his mother.

> What's the matter, my baby? Who said nasty things to my little boy out there on Park Street?
>
> Mommy, they say I'm an old whore. Mommy, tell them I'm your little boy. Tell them, Mommy.
>
> Oh, my baby! My little boy! I'm taking a walk with the prettiest little boy in the world.
>
> Mommy tell them you love me. Tell them you knitted the red socks for me. They don't think anybody loves me.
>
> I love you, Monkele! I'll shout it to everybody to hear.
>
> Hug me tight, Mommy, I'm afraid of Bruno. Bruno wants to cool me off; I'm running away to a different block. Bruno doesn't want me any more either. Mommy, tell them I can still be a good Piepel.[71]

The cry of a small boy haunts as if the horror were happening today. How could anyone maintain any semblance of societal rules in a world where normative morality was light years away.

The purpose of this discussion is not to determine whether the Jews became promiscuous but to examine how much of their previous existence could be maintained. The men,

separated from women, had to deal with an all male society. The women, some even used as prostitutes, certainly could not rely on the previous mores or relationships to which they were accustomed. The reaction of the survivors from these camps as depicted by the act points to the breakdown of community mores and barriers.

To remain non-judgmental when examining this material is an immense task. One waivers from condemnation to complete empathy and understanding for the situation. Regardless, the art of atrocity, with some exceptions, does present the breakdown of community standards and relationships. One of the more obvious signs of the breakdown is displayed in the lack of concern for one another. Again, this is foreshadowed in the train ride. As mentioned earlier, Wiesel writes in Night how the woman who kept screaming that she saw fires was beaten. The experiences within the camps dehumanized the victims to a greater degree. Survival became the task of the individual. Community relations and mores became ludicrous in the face of the treatment which the victims suffered. One of the Reznikoff poems already cited reveals the fight for survival and the breakdown of community standards.

> but those who had trouble just sitting up
> and stepped on each other
> to get what little food they were given.[72]

Wiesel writes of the fighting over food in a wagon transporting prisoners from one camp to another.

> In the wagon where the bread had fallen, a real battle had broken out. Men threw themselves on top of each other, stamping on each other, tearing at each other, biting each other. Wild beasts of prey, with animal hatred in their eyes; an extraordinary vitality had seized them, sharpening their teeth and nails.[73]

New prisoners were not accepted by old prisoners. Perhaps, each new prisoner lessened the chance for survival. Wiesel writes:

> The next morning, the 'veteran' prisoners treated us with brutality . . . . With the left sleeve rolled up, each person passed in front of the table. The three 'veterans,' with needles in their hands, engraved a number on our left arms. I became A-7713. After that I had no other name.[74]

A community built on friendship and family had been reduced to faceless people without names. The first commandment was to look out for oneself. This became frighteningly clear when it came to Piepel's.

> If you want to stay alive in Auschwitz, you've got to kill someone else. The first commandment of Auschwitz. He wondered why it hadn't occurred to him before. He could kick himself for always thinking of the other Piepel's neck whenever a Block Chief asked him to become his Piepel. If you want to stay alive in Auschwitz, you musn't think about the next fellow, he snarled at himself. It would seem that after a year in Auschwitz, you'd know better.[75]

Other acts of survival took the forms of stealing and informing.

The most dramatic breakdown of the community can be seen in the break within the families. I. B. Singer writes: "The ghetto, the concentration camp, the displaced-persons camp, had unsettled the traditions of both mother and daughter."[76] Wiesel dwells on the schism created between father and son within the camps. The horror and suffering loosened the bonds

of father and son. In some incidents, they became two unconnected people without the familial bond. Wiesel recounts their moving from one camp to another on foot. He describes one son running ahead to keep alive while leaving his father behind.[77] Even more horrifying is the scene of a father and son fighting over a piece of bread. Without the perspective of their situation, the account seems as if the whole world had entered Gehinnom. The fear comes when you realize that it is simply men pushed beyond the point of endurance.

> Not far away I noticed an old man dragging himself along on all fours. He was trying to disengage himself from the struggle. He held one hand to his heart. I thought at first he had received a blow in the chest. Then I understood; he had a bit of bread under his shirt. With remarkable speed he drew it out and put it to his mouth. His eyes gleamed; a smile, like a grimace, lit up his dead face. And was immediately extinguished. A shadow had just loomed up near him. The shadow threw itself upon him. Felled to the ground, stunned with blows, the old man cried:
>
> "Meir. Meir, my boy! Don't you recognize me? I'm your father . . . you're hurting me . . . you're killing your father! I've got some bread . . . for you too . . . for you too . . ."
>
> He collapsed. His fist was still clenched around a small piece. He tried to carry it to his mouth. But the other one threw himself upon him and snatched it. The old man again whispered something, let out a rattle, and died amid the general indifference. His son searched him, took the bread, and began to devour it. He was not able to get very far. Two men had seen and hurled themselves upon him. Others joined in. Then they withdrew, next to me were two corpses, side by side, the father and the son.[78]

Wiesel describes his relationship with his own father. At first, Wiesel felt his relationship with his father breaking down. He recalls how his father had been struck and Wiesel

had not defended him. With horror, Wiesel realizes the changes that were taking place within him. However, on the whole, Wiesel portrays his relationship with his father as maintaining itself through the suffering. At one point, Wiesel saves his father from being thrown in among the dead.[79] At another time, his father tries to give him a knife and later tells him to fend for himself.[80] Part of Wiesel's maintainence of his bond with his father is the witnessing of the breaking or separating of other father and son relationships. Rather than encouraging Wiesel to fend for himself, it seems to have given him the strength to fight, to maintain his bond with his father.

As mentioned earlier, there were individual incidents of comradery and mutual aid. As Wiesel enters the camp, he is primed by a veteran prisoner on what to tell the Nazis about his age.

> It was one of the prisoners who asked me this. I could not see his face, but his voice was tense and weary.
>
> "I'm not quite fifteen yet."
>
> "No, Eighteen."
>
> "But I'm not," I said. "Fifteen."
>
> "Fool. Listen to what I say."
>
> Then he questioned my father, who replied:
>
> "Fifty."
>
> The other grew more furious than ever.
>
> "No, not fifty. Forty. Do you understand? Eighteen and forty." He disappeared into the shadows.[81]

Within the camp, Wiesel finds a young man with whom he spends the time humming Hebrew chants and thinking of brighter days.[82] After Wiesel is beaten by one of the Nazis, a young girl comes over and comforts him. She tells him to bite his lip and to keep his hatred for another day.[83] (It would seem that men and women were in the warehouse in which Wiesel was assigned.)

Another incident of individual help is attributed to Moni, the Piepel. Somehow, memories of his previous life had stayed with him. Because of his extra privileges, he was able to befriend a rabbi in the camp.

> Moni's hands froze in mid-polishing. He sat there murmuring as though to himself: "I don't know. I just don't know. But whenever the Rabbi looks at me I feel as if my mother were saying to me the way she used to in the ghetto: "'Monkele, bring Papa a glass of tea!'" The boot slumped to the ground, Moni's hand still tucked deep inside it: "I don't know. I just don't . . . ."[84]

Ka-tzetnik 135633 described a phenomenon in terms that other examples of the art of atrocity do not. "He clung to the corner of Moni's jacket, as though by clinging he would safeguard Moni's life. He now loved Moni with the rare love that could manifest itself only in Auschwitz."[85] Perhaps a child could maintain some feeling, some need for parental and peer comradery. On the other hand, love can develop from a commonality of experience. A type of love may have existed between individuals that could not have existed without the constant horror and possibility of death.

Besides the incidents involving a few individuals, the art of atrocity depicts the breakdown of community life and relationships. Under the circumstances, it is presented as a believable result of the complete disorientation of the individual. Wiesel does recount a large group gathering to pray on Rosh Hashonah; however, it served to introduce the fact that Yom Kippur could not be observed because of the necessity for the minimum sustenance that they were given.[86] At the end of Night, Wiesel does mention the camp resistance fighting off the guards, but this happened on the very day that the Americans liberated Buchenwald.[87]

One of the unique revolts in concentration camp history took place in Treblinka. Jean-François Steiner, in his book, Treblinka, centers his story around the ups and downs of the planning for the armed revolt. Six hundred of the one thousand inmates escaped. All of the planners of the revolt died in the attempt to escape.

> Lalka and Kiwe thought that they had finally destroyed the resilience of their prisoners. They felt a great satisfaction which was unconsciously mingled with a kind of vague fear in the presence of men who, in the depths of despair, had suddenly found the strength to resist after submitting for so long.
>
> This satisfaction was their second mistake. The Jews had transferred all their energy and all their hope to an undertaking that was insane, grandiose, and almost unique in the history of the camps of Nazi Europe: an armed revolt.[88]

There were attempts which failed and great moments of weakness on the part of the planners of the revolt. In any case,

the armed revolt itself was not the only unique part of this event. The fact that these men could hold on to normality enough to work and plan together on the scale of an armed revolt is remarkable. The ability of these men to hold onto a sense of community within their group is a unique example of preservation of inter-relationships as portrayed by the art of atrocity.

On the whole, the extent of individual suffering was so severe that patterns and modes of existence that took place before the camp experience were discarded. It is extraordinary that any kind of community or individual relationships could be maintained. For the most part, the individual was cast out of a societal system into a jungle where each individual had to fight for survival. Under such pressures, the art of atrocity portrays the breakdown of community inter-relationships as we know them.

Some managed to survive the experience of the camps. The remainder of the chapter will attempt to discern any depiction of survival tools that the art attributes to the prisoners. What did someone have to do in order to survive? One way already discussed is the acceptance of the notion that the individual is more important than anyone or anything else. The fighting for food and the breakdown of father and son relationships demonstrate this as a survival tool. The art of atrocity does not dwell on or analyze whether those who survived were among those who had adopted this policy.

It is simply one of the survival tools demonstrated by the art.

A second survival tool is what can be called playing the game. The Nazis told one to do such a task and one did it. The chance for escape was slim. Reznikoff describes how some young men attempted to escape. They were caught, hung by their feet, whipped and then shot.[89] Survival meant cooperation and conformity. Wiesel recounts seeing a sign hanging over an iron door at Auschwitz which read: "Work is liberty."[90] If one were able to work, one could stay alive. If one could not work, one was sent to the gas chambers or shot. The course of action was clear; one worked until one dropped. Sometimes the work was not simply heavy manual labor. In the Pawnbroker, Sol worked throwing the bodies into the crematories.

> All right, he would obey them, the men in the uniforms; he still, unreasonably, feared the death they could award. He helped throw the bodies onto the growing pile of the crematorium, full of shame, and praying that a familiar face wouldn't be revealed, that dead eyes wouldn't fall on him with terrible, accidental wrath. He kept his glance away from the heads, just seized the dry, bone-filled limbs and heaved. His mind fastened on the idea of work.[91]

In order to work, one had to prove that one was strong enough to work. One survival tool was to show signs of strength and vitality during the selection process. The victims were forced to run under the observation of the Nazis. If one showed a lack of strength, one's name was written down on a list, a death list.

When I regained my breath, I questioned Yossi and Tibi:

> "No," said Yossi. He added, smiling: "In any case, he couldn't have written you down, you were running too fast . . . ."
>
> I began to laugh. I was glad. I would have liked to kiss him. At that moment, what did the others matter! I hadn't been written down.[92]

A survival tool was meant to transcend the world of physical pain and suffering; the building of an ethereal existence. Wiesel speaks of the separation of body and mind. The two no longer worked as a unit. The mind tried to go beyond the physical world. In The Gates of the Forest, Wiesel describes the character of Gavriel as a madman. Although the incidents occur in Gavriel's hiding in the forest, it speaks to a survival tool employed to combat the horror and suffering. Gavriel explains to Gregor why he cannot tell him his name.

> He laughed without malice, and went on. 'My name left me. You might say that it's dead. It went away one day, without reason, without excuse. It forgot to take me along. That's why I have no name. Of course, I looked for it, but without success. Do you understand?'[93]

Gavriel's consciousness has, in a manner of speaking, left the world of physicality. His reaction is a kind of adaptation to the environment. Confronted by overwhelming physical pain and suffering, Gavriel has retreated to the ethereal world of the madman.

Another survival tool is one's faith in God or in tradition. Reacting to the rise of prejudice and to deportation from their homes, some Jews tried to hold on to their

belief in the suffering of Israel and their faith in tradition and history. In the first part of Night, Wiesel does make some references to such belief. When the people arrive at the camps, some of the young men want to attack the guards with knives. They are persuaded not to by some of the older people. "'You must never lose faith, even when the sword hangs over your head. That's the teaching of our sages . . . .'"[94] Later, one of the victims speaks of the imprisonment as a form of test by God. "'He wants to find out whether we can dominate our base instincts and kill the Satan within us. We have no right to despair. And if he punishes us relentlessly, it's a sign that He loves us all the more.'"[95] Punished they were. Time goes by, and Wiesel puts statements into the mouths of his characters as Hitler, not God, keeps his promises to the Jew.[96] There is the incident of the Talmudist who loses his faith. "'It's the end. God is no longer with us.'"[97] The Talmudist is a great man of scholarship and faith, but the forces of suffering are too great for his spirit to uphold. According to the art, faith is a questionable tool for survival within the camps. Steiner gives the counter argument that Israel suffers for a purpose.

> "If God is punishing the Jewish people because they are abandoning the Law, why does He also punish those who observe it? Why are you here, you who live only in His Dread! If only unbelievers were punished I would understand, but no one is spared, neither wise men or children."[98]

The horror and atrocities of the camps defy a rational explanation. The art of atrocity draws the picture of

dehumanization that left the individual broken. Community and societal laws could not adapt to the change of circumstance. A few individuals survive, whether through survival tools or through an indifferent lottery, it is impossible to know.

small children and drops with the bodies in the gas chambers. This chapter will examine the way the characters of the art of atrocity look on death. The second part of this chapter will address itself to the poetry of death, the reality of living in a world that is dying.

One of death's faces is suicide. From the Nazi point of view, suicide was an acceptable procedure for the Jew to follow; in fact, it was encouraged in the Jewish ghettos. Schwarz-Bart, in one of his few breaks from the narrative flow of his novel, writes:

> Statistics show that the percentage of suicides among the German Jews was practically nil during the years before the end. So it was in the prisons, in the ghettos, in all the caves of darkness where the beast's muzzle sniffed up from the abyss, and even at the entrance to the crematorium-"anus of the world," in the words of a learned Nazi eyewitness. But back in 1934, hundreds and hundreds of little German-Jewish schoolboys came up for their examinations in suicide, and hundreds of them passed.[99]

The propaganda, the prejedice, the violence in the schools were discussed earlier. What was not discussed is Schwarz-Bart's statement; "It is admirable that during a period when they were teaching murder to their Aryan scholars, the instructors taught the Jewish children suicide."[100] An educational system existed which geared its students for murder and suicide. There is little one can say about a school system which teaches small children suicide.

Ernie Levy was one of those children. Schwarz-Bart describes his humiliation and loss of hope after being publicly shamed and beaten, a child tormented by a society. Ernie

Levy, born into the line of Lamed-Vov-nicks, jumped out a window in an attempt to commit suicide.[101] Ernie survived, but countless other children did not.

It was not only the children that were coerced into suicide.

> On November 11, 1938, over ten thousand Jews were greeted with the customary courtesies at Buchenwald alone while a loudspeaker proclaimed, "Any Jew desiring to hang himself is requested to be kind enough to put a piece of paper bearing his name into his mouth, so that we can tell who he was.[102]

Some took the option of suicide. In a Reznikoff poem previously discussed, a mother does commit suicide after her child is taken away from her and killed.[103] Wiesel, arriving at the concentration camp and confronted by the wires and flames, contemplates suicide.

> Four steps more. Three steps. There it was now, right in front of us, the pit and its flames. I gathered all that was left of my strength, so that I could break from the ranks and throw myself upon the barbed wire. In the depths of my heart, I bade farewell to my father, to the whole universe; and, in spite of myself, the words formed themselves and issued in a whisper from my lips: Yitgadal veyitkadach shme raba . . . . May His name be blessed and magnified . . . . My heart was bursting. The moment had come. I was face to face with the Angel of Death . . . .[104]

Steiner, in his Treblinka, describes suicide as an action taken by inmates in their early days of incarceration. The rate of suicide was very high.

> At this time the suicides were so numerous that when you got up in the night to go to the big tanks that served as latrines, you had to walk with your arms in front of your face to keep from running into the hanging bodies.[105]

Steiner recounts an incident of a father hanging his son and then himself. The father and son talk first about how God

does exist. Knowing they will die, the father hangs his son who submissively complies and then hangs himself.

> The father took off his belt and knotted it around the child's neck. Then he made him stand on a box and climbed up beside him to fasten the belt to a beam. When this was done, he embraced his son and got down. "Goodbye," murmured the son. "Until later," answered the father, and he pulled the box away quickly.[106]

Perhaps, upon hearing this story, one thinks of the binding of Isaac. But the world had become twisted. It was not an Abraham following the instructions of God to sacrifice his only son to prove his faithfulness to God. Granted the father had faith, but the murder did take place. There was no angel to intrude, no ram to lie in the boy's place. The world had been turned upside down. With or without faith, a man died by the hands of others or was pushed into taking his own life.

Steiner introduces one unusual concept concerning the acts of suicide. There was some power in the act of committing suicide, for suicide took away some of the power of the Nazis. The guards lost their supreme authority over life and death.

> When the first reforms had begun and the prisoners had emerged from their abyss of unconsciousness, their first affirmation of freedom had been suicide. The rebirth of pain had liberated them. At this point they had ceased to be perfect slaves, since they could choose either to kill themselves or to continue to struggle. This freedom of choice released the prisoners from the hold of the Technicians, who lost their role of supreme judges. If they retained their authority over death, they had lost their authority over life.[107]

As mentioned before, Steiner's account of the armed revolt at Treblinka is a unique event and narration for the

art of atrocity. As before, the idea of escape and revolt kept people alive. The desire to commit suicide was transformed into the desire to escape.

> The desire to escape was born in the Jews at the moment when pain had reappeared, when the camp had been reorganized for the first time. At this period some had chosen to die, but others, a few at first, had immediately thought of escape. To all, life in Treblinka had seemed impossible. There existed only two methods of avoiding it: death and escape. But suicide is repugnant to the Jew, not because the religion forbids it, but because to a Jew life, any life, is sacred. Galewski, an organizer of the revolt, had not had much trouble in putting a stop to the suicides; they were merely an immediate reaction, a kind of vertigo in response to the horror of the situation. But when death had ceased to be a solution, everyone had thought of escape and, while waiting to find a way, had begun to prepare a little nest egg. This was how the floor of the barracks had been transformed into the Cave of Ali Baba.[108]

Obviously, Wiesel does not commit suicide, but the imagining of and fascination with his own death continue. Wiesel actually takes his reader through the development of his attitude towards death.[109] Along with his contemplation of suicide, Wiesel begins to confront the horror of death all around him and the possibility of his own death joining with other deaths. "'Do you see that chimney over there? See it? Do you see those flames? (Yes, we did see the flames.) Over there-that's where you're going to be taken. That's your grave over there.'"[110] The horror becomes a living nightmare. Wiesel finds himself walking in a dream, an unbelievable dream in which Wiesel is not sure whether he is dead or alive. Wiesel uses his physical body to prove to his mind that he really is not dead. "I pinched my face. Was I still alive?

Was I awake? I could not believe it."[111] The touches of death begin to consume Wiesel. No longer is death an external force lying with the bodies in the flames, but it becomes an internal being, tainting Wiesel's soul. Death is becoming an internal partner, an infection of the body. "The student of the Talmud, the child that I was, had been consumed in the flames. There remained only a shape that looked like me. A dark flame had entered into my soul and devoured it."[112] Everything begins to have the touch of death. There is no escape from death and the corpses. "That night the soup tasted of corpses."[113] Wiesel's reason and will begin to break down. Death grows stronger as it takes over Wiesel's will. Overwhelmed, Wiesel views it as a game and becomes fascinated with the touch of death on him. "Death wrapped itself around me till I was stifled. It stuck to me. I felt that I could touch it. The idea of dying, of no longer being, began to fascinate me."[114]

Wiesel could not withstand the forces of death. He did not die, but the traces and feelings of death pervaded his whole being. The barriers that separate life and death had been broken. Wiesel had joined the living who constantly lived with the feelings of death. "From the depths of the mirror, a corpse gazed back at me. The look in his eyes, as they stared into mine, has never left me."[115]

Becoming conscious of one's own death is ascribed to others by Wiesel. Some of the victims began to view themselves as already dead. Still alive, these people began to say Kaddish for themselves.

> He did not answer. He was weeping. His body was shaken convulsively. Around us, everyone was weeping. Someone began to recite the Kaddish, the prayer for the dead. I do not know if it has ever happened before, in the long history of the Jews, that people have ever recited the prayer for the dead for themselves.
>
> "Yitgadal, veyitkadach shme raba . . . . May his Name be blessed and magnified . . . ." whispered my father.[116]

Death becomes a constant companion. As Ka-tzenik 135633 writes, "Death prowls around you, regards you, sizes you up."[117] For some, the forces of death were too visible, too strong. Resignation to death became the only way out. For others, death became a game or a fascination. Wiesel in The Gates of the Forest demonstrates another alternative of reacting to death other than suicide, confrontation or resignation. Part mystic and part madman, Gavriel is described as one who has transcended the realm of pain and physical concerns. He has been transformed into a world where everything is clear and nothing is clear. Death for him is not important, for death only destroys the body. The soul and spirit live on after the death of the body. "Gavriel looked at him disappointedly. 'I've been wasting my breath,' he said. 'Don't you understand yet? Death has no hold on me.'"[118] Gavriel is able to maintain faith in the face of the annihilation of the Jews. He exists in a world beyond the physical destruction and views the spiritual remains of the Jews.

> A dying man takes his soul with him but leaves his name to the survivors. The Germans don't know to what extent they are branded by their stupidity: they kill off Jews but they can't find a way of erasing their names. The Talmud teaches us that deliverance will come because Israel has not changed its name. It is not by chance that God is known as the Everlasting; every name has

> something immortal and eternal about it which defies time. Day follows night and night follows day, men are born and die, but the most fragile things-for what is frailer than a name?-endure.[119]

Gavriel had the gift of withdrawal from the immediacy of the horror, a mystical view of earthly destruction. His force had an effect on his friend Gregor. "Gregor felt trapped; there was anxiety in every cell of his being. He was afraid, not of death, but of being separated from his companion."[120] Gavriel had the power to dispel death, to convince others that death was not what they had to fear.

No matter what point of view one took, death was present everywhere. Death was of course used as a disciplinary device to control people in the concentration camps. Public hangings took place to warn the others to stay in line. Such deaths are partly comprehensible to our minds. The death of the martyr is part of the history of the Jew and the world. But the anonymous mass deaths are not comprehensible. These were not soldiers who died on a battlefield but people led to their deaths, mass deaths without any respect or honor. What is it like to live in a world that is being annihilated? The novels have given us an insight into individual reactions to death. It is the poetry that gives us the feeling tone, the sense of living in a world that is dying.

The poetry of death creates the atmosphere of death. It is more than the physical description of mutilation or the deterioration of the body. The poetry creates the intangible sense of death in the air, the omnipresent touch of death.

The poems of Nelly Sachs, Anthony Hecht's "More Light! More Light!" and Paul Celan's "Fugue of Death" not only have a commonality of tone, but of imagery. Certain metaphors are repeated and repeated. Metaphors of night, earth and air are constantly used in these poems. By examining these three metaphors, one can determine how the poems picture living in a world full of death. (There are, of course, many other poets writing about the Holocaust. There are too many for all to be mentioned in this chapter. The poets which were chosen have the quality of dealing with the atmosphere of death, the intangible quality of the presence of death. In other words, they speak to the actual situation of the victim within the concentration camp as well as the particular problem of the artist dealing with his or her own survival feelings. Of the poems chosen, only those parts which give one an insight into the reality of the actual period are relevant for this discussion.)

For the poets of atrocity, for Sachs, Hecht, Celan and Ka-tzetnik 135633, there is a perpetual state of darkness, of night. Beyond the feeling tone of blackness and gloom, a quality of eternal night exists. For Celan in his poem, Fugue of Death, a perpetual state of blackness covers the years of the atrocity.

> Black milk of morning we drink it at dusk
> we drink it at noon and at dawn it at dawn it at night
> we drink and drink[121]

The milk is not white, not an image of health. The milk is black and oppressive and omnipresent. He refers constantly to the imagery of night. Later he writes, "stars are aflash and he whistles his hounds" and "he writes at nightfall."[122] It is as if the horror and atrocity of the events could not stand the light of day. The atmosphere of death permeates everything, and nothing can escape its touch.

Hecht, in his poem More Light! More Light!, deals with this perpetual state of darkness as the absence of light. "Not light from the shrine at Weimar beyond the hill nor light from heaven appeared."[123] Later, Hecht writes, "No light, no light in the blue Polish eye."[124] For Hecht, the setting is not the oppressiveness of blackness and night but the lack of light. The atmosphere for death is a lack of hope, of being able to see through the presence of horror and death. The poem ends with a veil of "black soot." Light has no chance to appear between the black fingers of death.

For Ka-tzetnik 135633, the atmosphere of night is also an oppressiveness as it was for Celan. However, Ka-tzetnik 135633 actually sees the light as represented by the Nazis and atrocity. Even the light is the image of death.

> O, Night-of-Auschwitz on backs and eyes!
> Hour of awful despair and pity.
> Enigma of an hour when night wraps in one black robe SS man and campling alike.
> Far, far off lights speed down the main road. You know: each pair of lights-a packed van heading for the crematorium. Many a time you have wished to be taken to the crematorium at night. Better by night than by day. At night you can cry. Never did

anyone weep on his way to the crematorium by day.
At night, tears come from your eyes.
Awesome mystery of Night-of-Auschwitz, never to be fathomed by mortal man.
Until night is drawn from your lids, like black scabbard slipped from sword. Slowly the chill blade of Auschwitz day gleams bare.[125]

The image of night in these lines becomes almost an abyss which mortal man cannot comprehend. Night is portrayed as a twilight land where death rules supreme.

Nelly Sachs is one poet who completely immerses herself into the imagery of night. Many of her poems utilize the metaphors of stars, night, sleep and blackness. For her, stars and light represent fertility and life which is absent from the world of night and death in which the atrocities took place.

Stars
have their own law of fire
and their fertility
is the light
and reapers and harvesters
are not native here.[126]

Sleep is the only escape from the touch of night and death. It is here that the mind is partially free from the constant reminders of death.

And everywhere
mankind in the sun
flinging black bloodletting, guilt,
into the sand-
and only in sleep
the tearless hiding place
with the blazing arrow of homesickness
flying out of the quiver of skin-[127]

For some, there is no sleep, only the night of death covering their eyes.

O the night of the weeping children!
O the night of the children branded for death!
Sleep may not enter here.
Terrible nursemaids
Have usurped the place of mothers,
Have tautened their tendons with the false death,
Sow it on the walls and into the beams-
Everywhere it is hatched in the nests of horror.
Instead of mother's milk, panic suckles those little ones.[128]

The death of the night of atrocity is a false death, an unnatural death. It is a world in which death has replaced life. Its victims cry out for light, for life and human compassion, but their cries drown in a pool of darkness.

Both Celan and Hecht use the metaphors of earth and dirt to refer to the actual physical death of the victims. Hecht writes, "The thick dirt mounted toward the quivering chin."[129] However, it is Sachs who raises the metaphors of dirt and dust to the universal level, beyond the particular of the destruction of the human body. Dust represents the transitory state of the victims who have been wrenched from the community of Israel. Those who have died and those who wait for death in the camps have become the wandering Israelites.

Dust is also the sand in the hourglass; it becomes
the image of transitoriness as such. Not human kind alone,
the whole earth is dust, and all creatures with it;
dust in which life leaves its impression, its sign,
its inscription as a trace . . . .[130]

The sand and dust speak of the homeless Jews who wander without a shelter in the desert.

But who emptied your shoes of sand
when you had to get up to die?
The sand which Israel gathered,
Its nomad sand?
Burning Sinai sand,
Mingled with throats of nightingales,
Mingled with wings of butterflies . . .[131]

Whether or not the victims were conscious of being separated from the community of Israel, it is a certainty that they must have felt cut off from civilization. The night of death in which they lived, the constant awareness of death all around them, reinforced for the living the feeling of being separated, of wandering as the dust of the world.

The third thematic area of metaphors is the realm of air. The crematorium had created another aspect to the presence of death. The smell and remains of the dead were physically in the air. One inhaled death at every breath.

> O the chimneys
> On the ingeniously devised habitations of death
> When Israel's body drifted as smoke
> Through the air-
> Was welcomed by a star, a chimney sweep,
> A star that turned black
> Or was it a ray of sun?[132]

Again for Sachs, a metaphor represents the wanderings, the homelessness of Israel. The body is burned with only the smoke traveling aimlessly into space.

> That is the black apple of knowledge:
> Fear! Extinguished sun of love
> that smokes! That is the flower of haste
> sweat-soaked! Those are the hunters
> of nothingness, only of flight.
>
> Those are the hunted who carry their deadly shelters
> with them into their grave.[133]

What is their grave? It is a grave of air. It is interesting to compare the line of Celan, "we dig a grave in the air there you lie without crowding,"[134] and the line of Sachs, "The chimneys fly black flags at the grave of air."[135] Both poets wrote in German and it is possible that one had

read the other's work. At the same time there is a similar feeling tone in the poem of Celan and the works of Sachs. Reacting to the omnipresent smoke stacks, Celan writes:

> He calls Pitch darker the strings then you rise as smoke in the air
> then you have a grave in the clouds there you lie without crowding[136]

As a result of the crematorium the Jews had only a grave of air, adding even more to the displacement of those who were still alive. Even in death, they could not foresee a final resting place, a shelter from the night of death. Celan notes the idea that the graves in the air were not crowded as the mass graves in the ground, but this adds very little tempering to the horror of eternal wandering.

Hecht graphically describes the horror of living with the constant smoke that came from the crematorium, the constant touch of death on those who still remained.

> No prayers or incense rose up in those hours
> Which grew to be years, and every day came mute
> Ghosts from the ovens, sifting through crisp air,
> And settled upon his eyes in a black soot.[137]

Death has become part of the landscape. Even nature has become part of the idiom of death. The air, ground and night are new extensions of death. Death has permeated everything. In discussing Hecht's poem and the work of Nelly Sachs, Langer writes:

> The desolation of the scene is immeasurably intensified by the departure from its usual role of witness and solace to human suffering, to become a participant, in this instance, in the Holocaust itself. The language and imagery of the poem make nature and man conspirators in their own destruction-or in the destruction of the

> humanistic attitudes that have nurtured our conceptions of them for centuries. In the poem all portions of reality, including nature, collaborate in the fearful spectacle of murder-with this word, at least, Nelly Sachs is unambiguous-until even the stars cease to illuminate possible universes beyond our own and are absorbed into the gigantic "constellation of death" to whose blandishments and supremacy everything in creation submits. Death merges with time and eternity in the final image of the poem, drawing to itself the blood, the madness the fear, the evil, the dust that define it as the climax of the poem's experience and establish it as a hallucinatory omnipresence that dwarfs the possible significance of any other events in the lives of victims or persecutors, past or future.[138]

The poetry of death and the art of atrocity are very graphic and emotional in their description of the horror. Their intensity points to another aspect of the Holocaust--the feelings which adhere to survival. The conclusion of this paper will attempt to discuss the motivations of the artists who have created the art of atrocity.

CHAPTER VI

Outcasts

Little cousin
rarely plays with other
children. He cries
instead of trying. His
body is a receptacle for
other lives. One day
a scream came from the
first tent. Little cousin
was urinating on the flap.
It was excused. Cousin
is a survivor.

At least his father wears
long sleeved shirts. His
mother flaunts her arms
even at the store. They
exist. Sure there were
periods when she would
disappear, months of depression.
Her body has no will
no barrier between who is
dead and who is alive.
Neighbors understand more out
of fear. When she laughs
they feel like survivors.

Cousin spent the summer
crying, fighting with anyone
who denied his existence.
Later that fall, his mother
committed suicide. Eventually
it was excused, but between
the nods, a nagging thought
now they were survivors.

For those who survived the concentration camp experience and those who live the experience vicariously, there is a multitude of emotions and feelings connected with the agony and the atrocities. One may deny that it ever happened. At the other extreme, one may take on the guilt of survival. As one digs deeper into the events and experiences of the Holocaust, a pool of emotions are encountered ranging from astonishment to anger, from withdrawal to deep depression. There is no past experience from which adequate examples or similar events can be drawn. The individual is at the mercy of his own ability to adapt and change to the deluge of alien and unexplainable events.

The art of atrocity is the attempt to portray the events within a conventional art form. Therefore, each art form places its inherent limitations on the expression. For example, film cannot become so grotesque that the audience cannot keep their eyes on the screen. Novels must keep intact a certain amount of dramatic conventions in order to maintain the interest of the reader. Now, why would an artist want to take an experience like the Holocaust with which an individual is already handicapped in coping and limit it even further by portraying the experience within an art form? What drives artists to confront these events?

The motivation of an artist is complex. If the artist does not express his or her own motivation, the examiner of the art runs the risk of projecting motivating forces upon

the artist. Within the art of atrocity, many artists have had direct contact with the Holocaust; i.e., Sachs, Wiesel, Schwarz-Bart, Ka-tzetnik, Kadar, Celan and so on. Within this group both Wiesel and Kadar have made statements about the forces they believe motivated their work.

For Kadar, co-director of The Shop on Main Street, the events of the Holocaust awakened his identity as a Jew.

> The way I was brought up, I never had any deeply Jewish feelings as regards religion, or, for that matter, with respect to national allegiance either. I might say that I didn't really know I was a Jew until Hitler declared me one. At that time, many Jews in the area of Czechoslovakia occupied by the Hungarians thought that if they converted to Christianity as a religion, they could avert the consequences that threatened them by virtue of the origins. For the first time in my life, I acted as a Jew; I refused conversion and served in a work unit with a yellow armband rather than a white one, which was the privilege of those baptized.[139]

Kadar has been awakened to his Jewishness. The need to actually write about the events is expressed by Wiesel when he stresses the idea that he writes to understand as well as to be understood. Concerning other artists, Wiesel writes, "They have written because they could not do otherwise: after all, one needed to lift the tombstone, however slightly, and grope one's way out of the night."[140] By the same token, there is a need to keep alive memories of people and places that have been obliterated.

> So, twenty-five years later, I ask you the question: How does one commemorate his death and that of an entire community? What must one say? How many candles should one light, how many prayers should one recite and how many times? Perhaps someone knows the answer. I don't. I am still searching and I still do not know

> what one must do to keep alive the image of a town which seems more and more unreal to me each day.[141]

It is the lack of surety of how to create a memorial to these people that pushes Wiesel to write about them. At the same time it is an act of bearing witness to what happened. These memories can give one a sense of responsibility for all people who are persecuted. Wiesel's concept is that one can best relate to the situation of others by drawing on one's own experience.

> More specifically: by struggling on behalf of Russian, Arab or Polish Jews, I fight for peace in the Middle East, I take a stand against every aggression, every war. By protesting the fanatical exhortations to "holy wars" against my people, I protest against the stifling of Freedom in Prague. By striving to keep alive the memory of the holocaust, I denounce the massacres in Biafra and the nuclear menace. Only by drawing on his unique Jewish experience can the Jew help others. A Jew fulfills his role as man only from inside his Jewishness.[142]

His feeling of connection with all persecuted people is a force that Kadar, too, mentions as one of his motivations.

> The reaction to The Shop on Main Street was extremely interesting. It was not just Jews who considered it their film, one that spoke to them. Outside of Central Europe, it was more apparent that the question was a general one, a question of humanism. I had intentionally attempted to erect a monument to all victims of persecution.[143]

Other artists have based their work on already existing works of art. The film version of The Garden of the Finzi-Continis is based on the novel of the same title by Giorgio Bassani. Bob Fosse's film version of Cabaret is the culmination of three other works of art. The story of Cabaret begins

with Christopher Isherwood's Goodbye to Berlin, stories which depict the rise of the Nazis and the anti-Jewish demonstrations. On these stories, John van Druten based his play, I Am a Camera, which was finally made into a film by the same title. Joe Masteroff took the evolution one step further in his Broadway musical, Cabaret. Finally, Bob Fosse directed the film version of Cabaret. It is interesting that in at least one way the film reflects the play I Am a Camera rather than the musical Cabaret. The musical Cabaret substituted an elderly Fraulein Schneider and the Jewish grocer, Herr Schultz, for the romantic young couple of Fritz and Natalia. While both couples are caught between heart and social consciousness, Natalia and Fritz' romance ends happily, while the romance of Fraulein Schneider and Herr Schultz is irreparably split--in accordance with the more cynical approach of the play Cabaret. In any case, the film Cabaret evolved out of a prior series of works of art. The theme had already become part of the artistic genre. It would be difficult to single out the motivation of Bob Fosse or the writer of the screenplay. The most one could say, as with other pieces of art based on previous work is that there is a universal need to deal with such horror and evil as was perpetrated by the Nazis. Is there, perhaps, a universal need on the part of artists to deal with injustice?

A piece of work on the Holocaust can never be finished. The network of atrocity and horror reached too many corners and too many levels. As the Holocaust is still with us

today, so each piece of work only adds another line to the ongoing search to confront the evil that man perpetrated on his neighbor. The pool of emotion concerning the Holocaust is very deep. According to this author, it would take a lifetime of living to begin to see all the horrible ramifications that the evil brought. The art of atrocity is only a handle for finding understanding. The only true understanding comes somewhere deep within each one of us.

FOOTNOTES

[1]Lawrence L. Langer. The Holocaust and the Literary Imagination, p. 12.

[2]Ibid., pp. 119-120.

[3]Paul Celan, "Fugue of Death," trans. Michael Bullock, in Jewish Quarterly, Autumn, 1970.

[4]Winifred Blevins in Los Angeles Herald Examiner, April 2, 1972.

[5]Charles Champlin in Los Angeles Times, April 2, 1972.

[6]Films and Filming, August, 1972, p. 48.

[7]David Hull, Film in the Third Reich, pp. 168-169.

[8]Lion Feuchtwanger, Jew Suss, p. 12.

[9]Ibid., p. 27.

[10]Ibid., pp. 68-69.

[11]Ibid., p. 129.

[12]Ibid., p. 151.

[13]Ibid., p. 361.

[14]Andre Schwarz-Bart, Last of the Just, p. 160.

[15]Ibid., p. 212.

[16]Elie Wiesel, Gates of the Forest, p. 48.

[17]Schwarz-Bart, p. 145.

[18]I.J. Singer, The Family Carnovsky, p. 182.

[19]Ibid., p. 194.

[20]Schwarz-Bart, p. 223.

[21]I. J. Singer, p. 181.

[22]Charles Reznikoff, Holocaust, pp. 28-29.

[23]Wiesel, The Town Beyond the Wall, p. 160.

[24]Ibid., p. 160.

[25]Ibid., p. 168.

[26]I. B. Singer, The Family Moskat,p. 263.

[27]Antonin Liehm, Closely Watched Films, p. 21.

[28]Film Facts, February 1, 1966, p. 1.

[29]Hannah Arendt, Eichmann in Jerusalem, p. 134.

[30]Ibid., p. 120.

[31]Ibid., pp. 230-231.

[32]Liehm, pp. 406-407.

[33]Films and Filming, August 1972, p. 48.

[34]Wiesel, Night, p. 15.

[35]Schwarz-Bart, p. 5.

[36]Ibid., p. 57.

[37]Ibid., p. 46.

[38]Ibid., pp. 167-168.

[39]Ibid., p. 156.

[40]Langer, p. 264.

[41]Wiesel, The Town Beyond the Wall, p. 157.

[42]I. J. Singer, p. 187.

[43]Los Angeles Times, November 17, 1972.

[44]Reznikoff, p. 34.

[45]Wiesel, Night, pp. 34-38.

[46]I. B. Singer, Enemies, A Love Story, p. 84.

[47]Schwarz-Bart, p. 347.

[48]Wiesel, Night, p. 103.

[49]Reznikoff, p. 59.

[50]Ibid., p. 58.

[51]Ka-tzetnik 135633, Atrocity, pp. 227-228.

[52]Jean-Francois Steiner, Treblinka, p. 234.

[53]Reznikoff, p. 62.

[54]Ibid., p. 61-62.

[55]Reznikoff, By the Well of Living & Seeing, pp. 152-153.

[56]Erving Goffman, Asylums, p. 44.

[57]Steiner, p. 234.

[58]Edward Lewis Wallant, The Pawnbroker, pp. 168-169.

[59]Wiesel, Night, p. 38.

[60]Ibid., p. 42.

[61]Reznikoff, Holocaust, p. 60.

[62]Ka-tzetnik, pp. 227-228.

[63]Ibid., p. 90.

[64]Wiesel, Night, p. 32.

[65]Ibid., p. 33.

[66]Steiner, p. 360.

[67]I. B. Singer, Enemies, a Love Story, p. 44.

[68]Ibid., p. 44.

[69]Ka-tzetnik, p. 22.

[70]Ibid., p. 32.

[71]Ibid., p. 82.

[72]Reznikoff, Holocaust, p. 58.

[73]Wiesel, Night, p. 112.

[74]Ibid., pp. 52-53.

[75]Ka-tzetnik, pp. 121-122.

[76]I. B. Singer, Enemies, a Love Story, p. 44.

[77]Wiesel, Night, pp. 103-104.

[78]Ibid., p. 113.

[79]Ibid., p. 111.

[80]Ibid., pp. 86 + 122.

[81]Ibid., p. 40.

[82]Ibid., p. 62.

[83]Ibid., p. 64.

[84]Ka-tzetnik, p. 202.

[85]Ibid., p. 202.

[86]Wiesel, Night, p. 77.

[87]Ibid., p. 127.

[88]Steiner, p. 181.

[89]Reznikoff, Holocaust, p. 55.

[90]Wiesel, Night, p. 51.

[91]Wallant, p. 197.

[92]Wiesel, Night, p. 83.

[93]Wiesel, Gates of the Forest, p. 18.

[94]Wiesel, Night, p. 41.

[95]Ibid., p. 56.

[96]Ibid., p. 92.

[97]Ibid., p. 87.

[98]Steiner, p. 84.

[99]Schwarz-Bart, p. 255.

[100]Ibid., p. 255.

[101]Ibid., pp. 245-247.

[102]Ibid., p. 271.

[103]Reznikoff, Holocaust, p. 55.

[104]Wiesel, Night, p. 44.

[105]Steiner,p. 111.

[106]Ibid., p. 109.

[107]Ibid. p. 110.

[108]Ibid., pp. 177-178.

[109]Langer, pp. 80-88.

[110]Wiesel, Night, p. 41.

[111]Ibid., p. 42.

[112]Ibid., p. 47

[113]Ibid., p. 76.

[114]Ibid., p. 98.

[115]Ibid., p. 127.

[116]Ibid., p. 43.

[117]Ka-tzetnik, Star Eternal, p. 20.

[118]Wiesel, Gates of the Forest, p. 45.

[119]Ibid., pp. 25-26.

[120]Ibid., p. 50.

[121]Celan, "Fugue of Death."

[122]Ibid.

[123]Anthony Hecht, Hard Hours, p. 64.

[124]Ibid., p. 64.

[125]Ka-tzetnik, Star Eternal, p. 52.

[126]Nelly Sachs, O The Chimneys, p. 153.

[127]Ibid., p. 157.

[128]Ibid., p. 7.

[129]Hecht, p. 64.

[130]Sachs, p. X.

[131]Ibid., p. X.

[132]Ibid., p. 3.

[133]Ibid., p. 99.

[134]Celan, "Fugue of Death."

[135]Sachs, p. XI.

[136]Celan, "Fugue of Death."

[137]Hecht, p. 65.

[138]Langer, p. 127.

[139]Liehm, pp. 404-405.

[140]Wiesel, <u>One Generation After,</u> p. 57.

[141]Ibid., p. 35.

[142]Ibid., p. 223.

[143]Liehm, p. 408.

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