

I was watching Shoah in the classroom it began with that one-time boy singer. It began with silence. For a long time it began, the “backstory” scrolled up across the black screen in white words like *Star Wars*, which felt strange, but maybe that’s the purpose of the thing, to ironize the historical sense that, long ago, in a galaxy far, far away, *The Holocaust*. Or as the Hebrew has it, The Shoah, or The Catastrophe, white fire written on black fire. The first 5 months complete silence. I realize suddenly that we are on the road with your boy-singing man. No one ever left here *again* he says, and this rings true, or false, or another category, with “I really re-lived what happened.” For the dear summer is nearing.

Claude Lanzmann interviews the survivors: He survived but is he really alive Claude Lanzmann asks the translator, asks indirectly his survivor interviewee, instead of asking him directly (though there is no *direct*, there are only directions, the director chooses them, because Claude doesn’t speak Polish nor Hebrew and the translator does, and because, well that’s the question coming, does Claude speak trauma? Do the survivors? Do the dead?) which I think is really cruel. Why are you telling me this story then Claude asks (I wipe out resistance) Because you’re insisting on it. We don’t get to know why Claude is insisting on it. Why does he smile all the time Claude asks same man, and the answer is mysterious by nature but it’s obvious too to the perceptive viewer, because it isn’t so far from crying, but it is the preferable option, and the survivor knows this and the survivor says this. There was a time when it (the forest) was full of streams and gunshots, there was a time when it was full of screams and deer, sometimes a poor deer or sometimes a poor Jew or sometimes both would succumb to one landmine. There was a time there was no escape, that these trees hidden the secret of the death camp, it is terrible to be this man, as me watching it is terrible to be this man’s sobbing and it is terrible to be this man’s wheezes, as he walks through the trees hidden the secret, how did he recognize them. The same men that buried alive their wives and sisters and had to live, because

they were strong and Abel, had 4 months later then to dig them back up with no tools. Their hands bled and that blood mixed with the non-blood of their preserved wives and sisters once they tore the ground with their hands and found them with them, winter preserves wonderfully. "Winter preserves." They forbade us to use the words "corpse" or "victim," we must refer to them as Figuren or Schmattes, dolls puppets and rags. The lights turn on and Vilashini asks us now how this 10 minute clip might be made to speak by way of, readings that we did this week on psychoanalytic theory, how the speaking to survivors means a co-ownership of trauma, and the event between the analyst and patient's one of revelation, an advent, the discovery of knowledge is the event, the analyst must not push, must listen to the silence and not push too hard at the witness: Go on Abe, you must go, says Claude to Abraham Bobka, it's too hard Abe says, you have to do it, you know it Claude says, Abe whispers almost It's too hard Claude says I know and I apologize. You have to do it. This will come later. To Vilashini I say I can't look at you, I can't look at anyone, and I do not want to "figuren" this movie or the Shoah it portrays in the terms of psychoanalytic theory, I do not, not at all. We watch again a clip. Hemingway means Heaven Way, some Jews too called it the Ascension. We are in a Barber Shop now, it's an avatar, in Treblinka Jewish barbers sheared the hair with scissors, not clippers, of the women in their neighborhoods or villages or ghettos or what-have-you in their neighborhood just before they were to get gassed, after they'd ascended The Snows of Kilimanjaro. Everyone is watching the movie, the customers, the other barbers even. Can you imitate says Claude. We did as Bet we could says the victim. Cloud asks how did you feel seeing all these naked women for the Aleph time and the witness tells a story. How did you feel Cloud asks seeing all these naked women for the first time you did not answer. Abe pauses, clipping at the gray hair of a man, I tell you something: to have a feeling over there, a feeling is not a thing you have. You were dead. Abe says when I'm cutting hair there I see the women of my village and I do

the best I can, and then one day when his wife and his sister, Abe stops speaking. Come into the gas chamber Abe stops speaking. The viewer's dread. Go on Abe you must go. It's too hard. We have to do it. You know it. It's too hard. I know and I apologize. You have to do it. He is whispering into the hair of his client now, who may or may not know English, same goes for the other barbers and the other clients, whose faces we see all bowed down for the barbers in the mirrors.

I saw a flyer for an animal rights lawyer once that said something like: "Unlike most lawyers, all of our clients are innocent." The year was 1988. I do wonder if my parents loved each other.

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<sup>i</sup> I have made a scroll called Jenny. It is composed of vellum, while the dowel is actually the dowel of a typewriter that i wrenched loose from the typewriter with a knife, a wrench, and approximately 25 minutes. I broke into it. The scroll is wrapped in sandpaper as protective covering. It defends the vellum pages of the scroll from contaminant materials, and "defends" it from intruders

Because this originates from a broken typewriter, a thing broken into, well, hence the content, the fill of Genesis, the entry book of the Old Testament. I erased all the content except for proper names of people and places, and the punctuation. I did white out the term "God" because it is not a name, it is a placeholder for a name, the relationship between "God" the word and "God" the name as I see it mirrors the relationship between a moon and the sun behind during an eclipse

I wrote this book for Noah's wife, who is unnamed, despite having birthed the world. I've decided to call her Jenny.

This scroll I describe is absent

<sup>ii</sup> One day Joseph's brothers said to Jack : Oh father! You are king and sweeten : what you gone do now baby, the ball is rolling, the green backs are now rolling, some times i come in possession of a memory of a meadow, sometimes i garden 5 hours and ` and i count it. Why won't you entrust Joseph to us, why won't you trust Joseph like a bronco, why put Joseph in our thrust. However, they onward spurred, it is we who love the object.

I run pain experiments. I will experience pain, hypothesized Jack, I hypothesize, I test self, if you carry him away with you; I fear I will devour it, a wolf, while you're distraught.

If a wolf loves to devour him we, who are so many, who ate so much from money in a childhood, you can't make the world, wonder, we would be heavy disgraced foals if we could not procure for him defense.

Let the object part the morning with us; he will eat moving fruits and feed the flock, the flock will eat fruits and put gaze on skin, he will reach for black currant in the woody shrub bent down with back trust down unranked, unranked, unranked care. Endicots and he will gratify disciples, he will teach a congregation, he will shear disbelief and he relief will play; we will be on guard.

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In truth i am in error, i was in sisters. Sometimes gypsy striding man, sometimes goes thy gently striding man, he may call me brother and i will say but i have only sisters, disqualifies the man in error. Joseph has brothers and his name is not Josie and this book in error, in truth, Im going home. Kill Joseph, or better send him to some pointless far off point; your father's gaze will suture you, will exclusively suture you. In the future you'll conduct yourselves as good men. Don't go with me. Come take my hand.