it will be flowers

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A thesis presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree Master of Fine Arts in the Department of Photography of the Rhode Island School of Design, Providence, Rhode Island

by

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in memory of Michael Cawley and Helen Manders

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abstract

A peripatetic journey through memory and re-imagination, *it will be flowers* is a creative textual work that accompanies several series and works in the form of photographic prints, video, animation, and wallpaper that respond to contested wars past and present in Vietnam, Iraq, and Afghanistan. As it and the works to which it refers "converse with" theoretical concerns and notions pertaining to trauma, memory, cultural memory, liminality, the spatialization of power, heterotopias and heterochronies, the archive, the found object, *l'écriture feminine*, beauty, abstraction, and imagination, *it will be flowers* engages in a kind of poetic writing, a heterotopic textual and spatial syntax whose fractured form mirrors the instability and fragility of the content to which it refers.

Something is going to fall like rain
And it won't be flowers.

–W. H. Auden[1]

1. W. H. Auden, "The Two" (or "The Witnesses"), quoted in Tim Kendall, *Modern English War Poetry* (Oxford and New York: Oxford University Press, 2006), 124.

Cixous writes, "How many journeys there are in the journey."[2] Endless departures, endless goings. "We are coming close," she writes.[3] At what moment comes the recognition that the traveling is always along a precise curve of asymptotic imprecision. Does the need-desire to know, to see, wax or wane with the unknowing of this kind of knowing.

I remember looking through his things—looking for him in them, through them, for an experience of holding things that he held, that had an imprint of him, of experiencing them as he had, as I never would, never could. They register and withhold him and memories of the events that marked him.

There was very little left, really. I guess she needed to thrust away her memories, his things that carried them. Maybe it was easier, more economical that way with him living in the Midwest, us in New England. But with the objects went the narratives that I needed to scaffold memories that I didn't have.

To bridge this passage.

His dress blues, the aging plastic bag—shiny, opaque olive green, salmon pink, orange—that held his epaulets, ribbons, medals, cufflinks, a little canteen, a pair of red translucent dice, and tiny paintings on silk, the books whose pages I searched for notes, for underlining—for replies to the endless questions my fingers articulated in their touching, in my grasping.

But there are unending goings through this passage. I become the passage—there is no crossing over.

2. Hélène Cixous, *So Close*, trans. Peggy Kamuf (Cambridge, UK and Malden, MA: Polity Press, 2009), 106.

3. Ibid.

Keep watch over absent meaning.

—Maurice Blanchot[4]

In his book *At Memory's Edge*, cultural critic James Young considers the work of several artists—David Levinthal, Shimon Attie, others—whose artistic production engages and re-presents memories of others' memories, what literary critic Marianne Hirsch dubs "post-memory," that rearticulates memory's status as a construction "mediated by the processes of narration and imagination."[5] Whether personal or cultural, events experienced by others, remembered by others, sometimes coax, urge, demand—they require—engagement by those whose knowledge of them is necessarily filtered through other sources—the experiences of others, media representations, commodified histories and objects, simulacra. Young suggests that as artists like Levinthal and Attie mediate and re-stage memory, they generate a kind of productive friction—an aesthetics that communicates the "dilemmas of representation . . . that resists closure, sustains uncertainty" through works that remain porous with lacunae whose instability and tenuity mirror that of the absent memories, of the histories to which they refer.[6]

Absence also informs the found object as it is defined by art historian Margaret Iversen, who links it to a Lacanian *objet petit a*—"the lost object which sets desire in motion . . . that represents both a hole in the integrity of our world and the thing that comes to hide in the hole."[7] Iversen traces Lacan's *objet petit a* to Andre Breton's *objet trouvé* or *trouvaille*, a "found object," which Breton similarly rooted in an unconscious desire that made its discovery possible and presumably unveiled that desire.[8] Just who or what is lost and found becomes blurred—is the discoverer-seeker the one who finds the object and that which it represents? Or is s/he found by the object and the desire in which both s/he and it are enmeshed?

"Absent meaning," a personal and cultural memory of my father's war—wars—sent me riffling through his papers and photographic archives as well as books and archives of old magazine images from the war in Vietnam.[9] These found objects of sorts complicate my own reconstructed memories of the war while reinforcing a temporal, psychic rift between my "post-memory" and my father's direct experience of the war in Vietnam as well as his re-experience of it through images like these and as a veteran who returned to the hostile embrace of an angry American public.

4. Maurice Blanchot, *The Writing of the Disaster*, trans. Ann Smock (Lincoln and London: University of Nebraska Press, 1995), 42.

5. See James E. Young, *At Memory's Edge: After-Images of the Holocaust in Contemporary Art and Architecture* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2000). Young quotes Hirsch on page 15.

6. Ibid., 6.

7. Margaret Iversen, "Readymade, Found Object, Photograph," *Art Journal* 63, no. 2 (2004): 49.

8. Ibid.

9. Although the ephemera to which I ascribe the status of "found objects of sorts" exist as multiples, a condition that Iversen links to readymades rather than found objects, in their relative scarcity and in the particularities that individual images have acquired with age and wear, they take on, for me, the status of found objects and become enmeshed with me in a loop of desire more closely linked to found objects than readymades.

It would be wrong to say that everything changed that day. It had changed decades before for him. I realized this years after that warm, spring day. I remember the forms of the two men—square-shouldered, dark-clad, striding purposefully. I looked like him—is that how they knew me from my cousins? They wanted to see my mother. Their military uniforms communicated that they came about my father. I refused what I knew, I couldn't let myself think about the reason I knew they were there. I had always had this habit of re-imagining things I couldn't bear to see or accept, of making excuses for people, of allowing for the possibility that there might be something that I just couldn't see or understand. "Maybe it was his leg," I thought. "Maybe they came to tell her he was in the hospital for his leg again." I didn't know that when he was MedEvac-ed from Egypt to Italy to treat a blood clot in his leg that he also went through detox. "Maybe there was something wrong with his leg again—he could recover from that as he had before; maybe his life was in danger, but in the care of capable doctors, he would get well—for us, he would."

When I was born, the obstetrician apologized to my father for presenting him with a daughter rather than a son. But my father didn't seem to care and quipped that maybe I'd be the first female president. I never wanted to enter politics, but his words would become the invitation to see myself beyond, in any given moment, what I was—and not only to see beyond my personal limitations, but also past social, cultural restrictions that might otherwise circumscribe my aspirations, dreams, me.

He had been the oldest of five children and throughout high school had worked to supplement his parent's income while maintaining academic honors. Although he had considered entering seminary after completing high school, instead he joined the Navy, which gave him access to possibilities he may never have imagined for himself, to education and travel opportunities he would not otherwise have had—to Iceland, Denmark, France, Italy, Spain, Greece, Egypt, Thailand —and Vietnam.

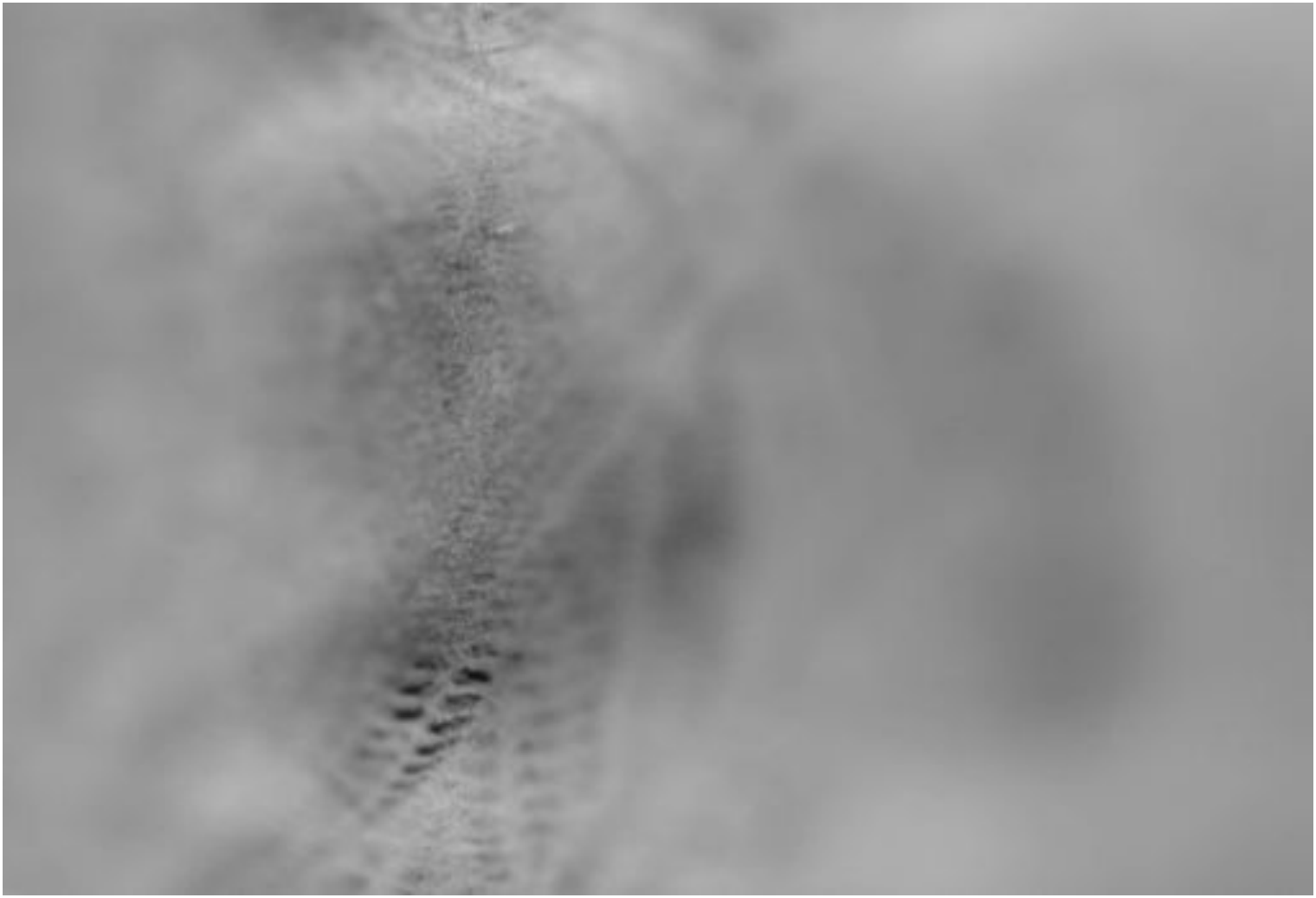
Several years ago when I was looking through some papers that belonged to my father, I was startled to discover a stack of Polaroids that he brought back from Vietnam—an archive waiting for decades to be recovered and incorporated into traumatic, tangled personal and collective memories of the war.

I had been so close to it for so long.

As a member of the United States Navy Medical Service Corps, he had served two tours in Vietnam during the American war there. His photographs depict Vietnamese children whose injuries, some apparently war-related, he must have helped to treat, as well as his Vietnamese medical colleagues, the hospital itself, and a haunting local landscape. They offered me a tiny glimpse into his experience of a war about which he refused to speak and that undoubtedly marked him deeply.

Who were these Vietnamese children for whom he helped care? Where did the responsibility for their injuries lie? How many of their injuries were related to the United States' involvement in the war? Who were the Vietnamese medical personnel with whom he worked, and how did they feel about working with the United States military? How did the work of the Medical Service Corps affect the war experiences of both those who provided treatment and those who received it? Overlaid with questions such as these, my father's Polaroids became a kind of *punctum* within a mental image that I had constructed of him.[10] With a desire to imagine what might have moved, pricked, haunted him and in an inevitably and consciously futile attempt to access the trauma suggested by these images, I began to re-photograph his prints—isolating details within them, using a hallucinatory soft focus with an extremely shallow depth of field as a means of re-imaging these images as indistinct, fragmented memories. These photographs form the series provisionally titled "War Stories."

10. I use the term *punctum* in a modified sense in which Roland Barthes defined it—as something within an image that "pierces" or "pricks." See Roland Barthes, *Camera Lucida: Reflections on Photography*, trans. Richard Howard (New York: Hill and Wang, 2000), especially pages 27, 43 – 45, and 53 – 55.



Psychoanalytic theorist Jacques Lacan's mirror stage of development posits a kind of psychological rupture that occurs when an infant realizes that s/he is not the "coherent," idealized image that appears in and returns her/his gaze from the mirror. There is a sense in which the war in Vietnam similarly marked a kind of tear in the collective American psyche and a deconstruction of idealized myths of American identity as it also acted as a kind of mirror through which we glimpsed ourselves. In his 1961 presidential inauguration speech, the late John Kennedy crystallized those idealistic notions of an American republic "unwilling to witness or permit the slow undoing of those human rights to which [the United States] has always been committed, and to which we are committed today at home and around the world," a country that would, he asserted, "pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe, in order to assure the survival and the success of liberty."[11] The decisions of successive presidential administrations and our actions in Vietnam called into question those commitments. This crisis of coherence described through Lacan's mirror stage also registers a kind of crisis of boundaries. Confusion over boundaries of sorts between Vietnamese civilians and military personnel was a salient aspect of the war in Vietnam, and brutal killings of civilians at sites like My Lai continue to haunt our collective consciousness. The disillusionment that followed the war in Vietnam arguably still lingers.

Cultural critic Marita Sturken has written of multiple kinds of manifestations of nostalgia linked to the war in Vietnam.[12] Complicating this nostalgia, which seems in part rooted in a "psychocultural" rupture in American identity triggered by the war in Vietnam, is a collective need to address the rift between who we are as a nation and who we thought we were or who we wanted to be, as well as a desire to rescript our national identity and resist a rehearsal of the kinds of abuses and inhumane actions and behaviors carried out through the war in Vietnam. In contemporary wars characterized by increasing numbers of civilian casualties and in the post 9/11 era of heightened suspicion toward individuals deemed to fit the profile of potential terrorist suspects, this kind of crisis of boundaries that we associate with the war in Vietnam seems even more profound and problematic.

If Vietnam might be linked to a kind of mirror stage in the United States' development with the attendant ruptures and crises associated with a collective experience of that event, in representing—mirroring—appropriated, found images, my work might be said to call attention not only to this stage, but also to the idea of the mirror as a liminal space and to related notions of the mirror as a heterotopic space.

In his essay "Of Other Spaces," philosopher Michel Foucault proposes that heterotopias exist "in relation with all the other sites, but in such a way as to suspect, neutralize, or invent the set of relations that they happen to designate, mirror, or reflect."[13] "Placeless place[s]," heterotopias are border sites—the non-space of the heterotopic mirror "incorporates" into itself the real, re-presenting it, projecting it back into the illusionary, unreal space beyond its surface.[14] By its very nature,

11. John Kennedy, "Inauguration Address," Washington, D. C., 20 January 1961, http://www.bartleby.com/124/pres56.html, 15 December 2010.

12. Marita Sturken, *Tangled Memories: The Vietnam War, The AIDS Epidemic, and the Politics of Remembering* (Berkeley, Los Angeles, London: University of California Press, 1997), especially 44 – 84.

13. Michel Foucault, "Of Other Spaces," trans. Jay Miskowiec, *Diacritics* 16, no. 1 (1986): 24.

photographic space is likewise heterotopic—as does the mirror, at once it registers the real, which becomes inscripted through light on the surface of film or a sensor and by various technologies becomes embodied, encoded in an image, a virtual placeless place between the real and the unreal. In his book *The Order of Things: An Archaeology of the Human Sciences*, Foucault states, "Heterotopias are disturbing, probably because they secretly undermine language, because they make it impossible to name this and that, because they shatter or tangle common names, because they destroy 'syntax' in advance . . . heterotopias . . . dessicate speech, stop words in their tracks, contest the very possibility of grammar at its source; they dissolve our myths and sterilize the lyricism of our sentences."[15] In veiling, erasing, annihilating, fracturing, repositioning, reordering, distorting—spatially rewriting, simultaneously magnifying and shrinking, exaggerating, temporally rescripting, stammering the visual speech and syntax of the war-related images with which I work, I further engage in a heterotopic gesture that questions the "syntax" of speech, fictive motives, myths used to justify and perpetuate war as I also point to the way that the experience of war, of pain rooted in war, as cultural critic Elaine Scarry argues, has the potential to destroy speech, to "eliminate all that is 'not itself'"—to unmake the world.[16]

14. Ibid.

15. Michel Foucault, *The Order of Things: An Archaeology of the Human Sciences* (New York: Vintage Books, 1994), xviii.

16. Elaine Scarry, *The Body in Pain: The Making and Unmaking of the World* (New York and Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1987), 54 – 55.

Vietnam. She said that he refused to talk about his experiences there. On one occasion at least a decade after he had returned from his second tour, his tongue and inhibitions loosened by alcohol, he sobbed to her uncontrollably, repeating, "I killed her. I killed her."

It was an interrogative, really—it pried open so much uncertainty, so much not knowing, never knowing, always sensing, interminable searching.

Had he forgotten too

those things somehow

distilled out of memory

that submerge

visceral

their dark form and texture always discernable—

there's always a little light to trace their outlines

—resurfacing in frightful, unmistakable clarity

Afternoon sunlight

Her shrill, summoning refusal

percussive, reiterative

The cinching inability

To do more than tighten around the warning

And the excessive after-gestures

From the other world fabricated of sugar castles

and populated with silken white feathered things whose wings rustle and coo

“Nothing could ever be good enough for you, my sweet, my every, my only”

And then the finding in the never knowing and the severing question that asserts nothing could be worth this price.

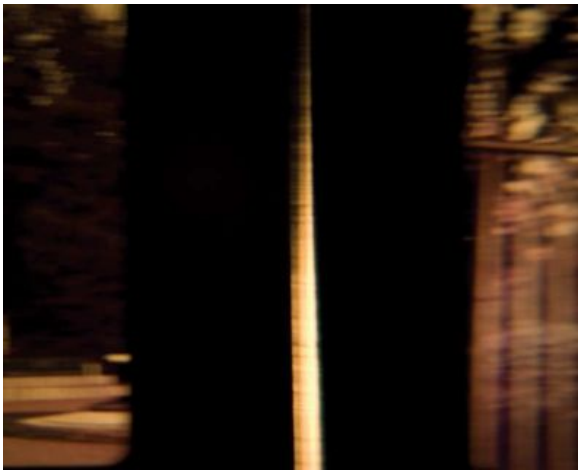
Clear-eyed, handsome, shot from below in a way that included an expanse of sky and cityscape behind the figure and wrote onto him a sense of dignity, optimism, promise, the young man in the magazine clipping looked so much like the other images that I had seen of my father as a youth, but it was never quite clear to me whether the uncanny resemblance was coincidental or whether my father had posed for this photograph before he left New York to enter the Navy. The latter seemed unlikely but still possible. Through this image extracted from its source and incorporated into the photographic and textual record my parents kept of our family, the boundary between the personal and cultural seemed blurry and indistinct; this image seemed to register to me even then the possibility that I might discover something about my father's identity and personal history beyond the meager objects and papers that my mother preserved and among the cultural, social, historical records that formed the context for his life.

Even if it was—is—equally unlikely that I would find some photographic trace of my father or his particular experiences among published images of the war in Vietnam, I suppose it wasn't—it isn't—entirely impossible that I might. Perusing these images became a way of continuing to search for him, for some understanding of him, his wars, our individual and shared wars. Whether or not they offer any insight into the specifics of his experience, these images still inform the personal and collective traumatic memories that Americans—including my father—have constructed and reconstruct of the war. And like the uncanny, mysterious, and in retrospect poignant, portrait of a young man that entered my family's personal archive and that points to my father's cloudy history and identity, these images of the war in Vietnam also gesture toward him and his experiences even as they render them unknowable and with their unknowability become part of my own reconstructed narrative of the American War in Vietnam.

Palimpsest: Cauchemars de Mon Père (Palimpsest: Nightmares from My Father) intersperses images from "War Stories" with other images from my father's slide archive along with video footage of magazine clippings that document the war in Vietnam—images that my father and other veterans likely consumed. By photographing his slides through a small slide viewer, I placed myself in the position of my father viewing images of past events, the re-experience of which was likely interrupted, overwritten, erased, rescripted through the recollection of events that preceded and followed them. By including Vietnam-era ephemera as video rather than still images, I formally distinguish these images from the ones that derive from my father's archive and introduce and emphasize more directly a social and cultural context for his and other veterans' experiences. Through its violently paced firing of images in which memories, the past intrude upon, become entangled with, and alter perception and experience of the present, *Palimpsest* re-imagines an experience of a kind of Bergsonian durational time.[17] In this looped video without beginning or end, traces of past experiences temporally collide in a kind of febrile, heterochronic palimpsest.

My photographic attempt to access and re-imagine the traumatic personal history of my father, who died when I was seven years old and whom I longed to know better, is an invitation to consider the histories, war experiences, and post-war experiences not only of the individuals and places that he photographed but also to contemplate the profundity of war's impact, which traverses time, place, generations. *Palimpsest: Cauchemars de Mon Père*'s subtitle obliquely refers to the title of Barack Obama's memoir, *Dreams from My Father*, and is a kind of response to the United States's decision to intensify our involvement in the war in Afghanistan. In addition, it registers the dark legacy that many contemporary fathers, mothers, siblings, and others will leave to those who love them as well as the nightmarish legacy of western imperialism in Southeast Asia.

17. For a thorough consideration of Bergson's notion of duration, see Gilles Deleuze, *Bergsonism*, trans. Hugh Tomlinson and Barbara Habberjam (New York: Zone Books, 1991), especially 37 - 89.



The growing number of suicides among military personnel is deeply alarming. No doubt at least some of these suicides are related to individuals' experiences on the battlefield and within military culture, which requires a kind of suppression of subjectivity. In her book *Regarding the Pain of Others*, Susan Sontag writes of the impossibility of communicating the profundity of the horror of war to those who have not experienced it directly.[18] She speaks about the way that images that seem intended to make war more proximal instead establish a remove between the events and experiences that they depict and those who view them: "When you watch things through an image, it's precisely affirming that you're safe. Because you are watching it. You're here and not there . . . You become a spectator. It confirms you in a kind of feeling of—invulnerability."[19] There is no way to understand what it is like to be living amid bombings and shellfire. These images that Sontag describes—images that we need to see—still cannot help but seal off the terrible, perilous, visceral reality of war from those who have not experienced it. And there is, of course, no way that someone can understand the personal implications of choosing, even temporarily, to forfeit one's autonomy in order to enter military service. It's horrifying to me to begin to think about the literal, figurative, psychological places that we take American youth who agree to serve.

We continue to speak about the widening gap between the rich and the poor in America. Obtaining a college education in order to earn a livable wage has become almost a necessity while the cost of higher education seems—for many—prohibitively expensive and increasingly inaccessible. Universal healthcare remains a promise rather than a reality while the cost of healthcare continues to climb. Exorbitant war-related military expenditures are burying the United States in debt and arguably contributing to the current economic crisis. Many who enter and remain in the military do so at least in part for economic reasons. Military service may be voluntary, but the conditions and circumstances under which many enter and remain in the military are not.

Deployments in war zones have gotten longer and more frequent. As military personnel sacrifice more and undergo escalating stress, so do their families, and the effects of these separations and war-related deaths are profound and enduring.

They change everything.

18. Susan Sontag, *Regarding the Pain of Others* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2003), 125 – 126.

19. Susan Sontag, Interview by Bill Moyers, http://www.pbs.org/now/printable/transcript_sontag_print.html, 16 January 2011.

Carnival of the Animals (Study No. 1 for "Re/reading Riley's Story") re-presents as video still images drawn from Monica Haller's artist's book *Riley and his story* and envisions a kind of interior, post-traumatic recollection of war. Intrusive, loud helicopter sounds disrupt an imagined experience of the present and relocate it in memory of past war experiences. Details of murals believed to have been painted by Iraqi prisoners at Abu Ghraib under Saddam Hussein's rule and depicting deer and waterfowl appear and recede from view throughout the video. Within the formidable prison, these almost otherworldly animal witnesses seem to deepen the sense of a kind of dark, fearful theater. Like these animals of prey, Iraqi detainees, most of whom, as Riley describes, were deemed free of guilt and eventually released, were extremely vulnerable at the hands of the United States military. Through their capture and detention, many suffered considerable, irreparable psychological and physical harm, even death. Military personnel, who must sacrifice their autonomy through their service, were also objectified and wounded psychologically and physically by experiences that were imposed on them through their service to the United States government in the "dark carnival" of the war in Iraq.

In re-imagining representations of war, especially contemporary wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, I find it difficult to continue viewing the images that are the sources of my reinterpretations. They relocate my attention to some dark space where perception seems limited, limiting, its limits palpable—dense, static, circumscribed, uncertain.

Elaine Scarry writes of the language-, perception-, and world-destroying aspects of pain—of its "totalizing" potential to "eliminate all that is 'not itself.'"[20] My images of other's photographs have become less "descriptive." Some retain corners or elements of legibility that anchor them in this world as photographs of printed matter. Others blur into abstractions that are tearing from their referents. Collapsed or expanded into moody fields of amorphous color, space becomes indeterminate. Where can a viewer locate him/herself in these images? Where is the ground? Are we refused entry and left at the surface, or do we enter a space of disorientation and uncertain depth? Scarry suggests that pain's destruction is spatial in nature—that it is experienced "as either the contraction of the universe down to the immediate vicinity of the body or as the body swelling to fill the entire universe."[21] Pain is "objectless," Scarry writes—it "is not 'of' or 'for' anything—it is itself alone. This objectlessness . . . almost prevents it from being rendered in language . . . [from being] objectified in any form, material or verbal."[22] It is, to use Scarry's descriptive, an "unmaking" experience or a state that refuses, walls, obstructs.

20. Scarry, *The Body in Pain*, 54 – 55.
21. Ibid., 35.
22. Ibid., 162.

A whole history remains to be written of spaces—which would at the same time be the history of powers.

—Michel Foucault[23]

"Re/constructed Narratives of the American War in Vietnam" re-presents images of Vietnam derived from magazine ephemera published in the United States and contemporaneous with the American War in Vietnam. Using a wide aperture, I collapse depth of field and deceptively project a false sense of depth into the two-dimensional images that are the source for these photographs, constructing space where there is none, rescripting surface in such a way that many of these images appear to be staged, miniaturized constructions.

Monumental, confrontational in scale, these images announce a sense of power that threatens to overwhelm the viewer. Their source images are western ones identified with Anglo-European cultures that have historically exerted power over and exploited South Asian cultures—images that are culturally linked to and register the power of an historical oppressor over the land and cultures signaled through them. This series includes depictions of hubs and circuits of power—military installations—epicenters for vectors of force—along with rivers, roadways, skies, the Vietnamese landscape itself—places, topographies spatially activated as sites of power by agents and objects dispersed through them.[24] Often an aerial one, the vantage point implied by these images is also one of power, a perspective that relies on access to sophisticated, expensive technology, not to mention economic advantage, a point of view that is also associated with surveillance and the potential for coercion, control, domination through the strategic use of information and to the detriment of those deemed "enemies." Philosopher Gaston Bachelard proposed, "The cleverer I am at miniaturizing the world, the better I possess it."[25] And these miniaturized spaces writ large invite viewers into a vertiginous space of power.

It is also notable that those responsible for war frequently use the language of gaming and play to obfuscate the reality that war is always a matter of destroying and foremost a matter of killing.[26] Through their toy-like construction, images in this series deploy a visual trope of play. As they tremble on the threshold of abstraction, these works further invoke the way that human lives are abstracted and an increasing number of civilians designated "collateral damage" in modern wars. Disturbingly beautiful, these images call attention to themselves in a way that renders their superficial loveliness self-consciously constructed and as suspect as the camouflaging language used in the perpetuation of war.

But the significance of the toy-like, the miniature, is polyvalenced. In his book *The Poetics of Space*, Bachelard also proposes that the miniature can become a vehicle into the imagination, stating, "The miniscule, a narrow gate, opens up an entire world."[27] And in abstracting these images through miniaturization, I invite

23. Michel Foucault, *Power/Knowledge: Selected Interviews and Other Writings, 1972 – 1977* (New York: Pantheon Books, 1980), 149.

24. For a theoretical consideration of the way that places become spatially activated, see Michel de Certeau, *The Practice of Everyday Life*, trans. Steven Rendall (Berkeley, Los Angeles, and London: University of California Press, 1988), especially 115 – 130.

25. Gaston Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space*, trans. Maria Jolas (Boston: Beacon Press, 1994), 150.

26. Scarry, *The Body in Pain*, 67, 81, 82.

27. Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space*, 155.

viewers to enter a kind of imaginative, contemplative space and to engage with the multiplicity of concerns and questions that inflect these works. Passages within these images oscillate between legibility and abstraction—between an almost forensic recording of hypertrophic detail suggestive of an "objective" act of recording historical, factual information and the subjective practices of constructing meaning and interpreting data. In their liminality, they teeter between reality and unreality, fact and fiction, and register the elusiveness of "truth," the instability of histories and cultural memory, and the unknowability of war. Through their seductive, ironic beauty, deceptive construction, and elision and abstraction of visual information, these images evoke and mirror artfully crafted fictions eloquently narrated to obfuscate imperialism and violence related to war. Their self-conscious "formal failure" in conveying the gravity of the events of the war to which they refer also lends them a kind of "hallucinatory quality" that philosopher Jacques Rancière links to an inadequacy of correspondence that "goes to the heart of the elimination to be represented."[28]

28. Jacques Rancière, *The Future of the Image* (London and New York: Verso, 2007), 128.

In his consideration of architect Daniel Libeskind's Jewish Museum extension to the Berlin Museum, James Young describes Libeskind's incorporation into his design a kind of "present but unknowable" void "like deep memory," a palpable absence that exerts its invisible presence on its surroundings.[29] Through his use of fractured, fragmented forms and irregular, angular shapes that structure "useless" corners and spaces, Libeskind constructs space for a void that in Young's view registers an absent Jewish culture, the irreparable "open wound" that persists following the Holocaust, and the "memory of integrity's rupture."[30] For Young, this cleft also asserts a kind of uncanniness linked to this void and a longing for a return to wholeness that can never be attained or recovered.[31]

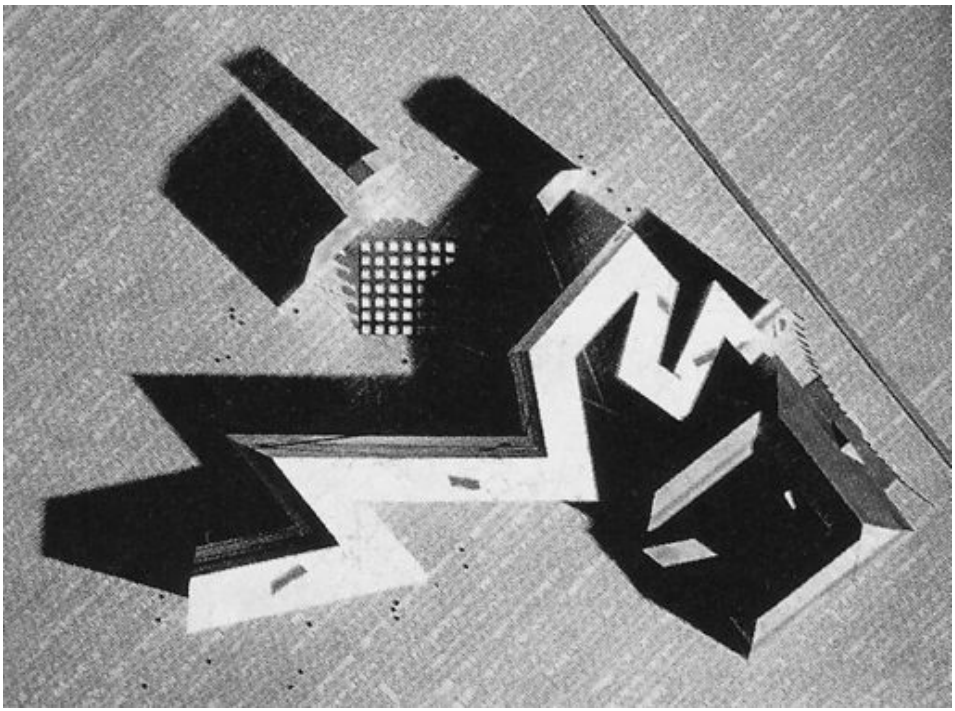
My own images of my father, of the war in Vietnam, of contemporary wars have similarly become fragmented, in the words of architectural historian Anthony Vidler, "morselated" in a way that locates significance or, as he puts it, "power" in the break, rupture, breach, in the void announced by the fracture and the individual and collective losses that it marks.[32] Through their fragmentation and multiplicity, they seem to stutter and further heterotopically slip and oscillate in and out of familiarity, between an imagined space and a real one. The line of a soldier's body delineates a threshold, becomes the crux between an amorphous abstract field and an insistent surface that registers a desire to grasp, fix, hold his form there, to keep him from slipping into an obliterating void. Fractured landscapes redouble on themselves—a bomb crater-ridden Ho Chi Minh Trail circles and leads back to itself, its haunting refrain echoing its otherworldy topography.

29. Young, *At Memory's Edge*, 165, 178.

30. Ibid., 163 – 164, 178.

31. Ibid., 182.

32. Anthony Vidler, *The Architectural Uncanny: Essays in the Modern Unhomely* (Cambridge, MA and London: The MIT Press, 1992), 70.



In her essay "Trip to Hanoi," Susan Sontag writes of the deep respect that the North Vietnamese had for the United States—despite the terrible reality that the United States blanketed large swathes of Vietnam with bombs and seared Vietnam's people and verdant landscape with chemical fire, despite the way so many civilians were targeted and killed by United States military personnel, despite Northern recognition that the war represented yet another imperialistic occupation following centuries of occupation by foreign powers.[33] The Vietnamese that she met seemed to refuse to demonize us in the way that we did them. She writes of the deep roots that both Buddhism and Confucianism have had in Vietnamese culture and the elevation there of a morality linked to dignity and abstract notions of courage and bravery and implies that the composure, the self-governance that they displayed—their apparent refusal to succumb to and act upon or out of feelings of anger and frustration or hatred—was rooted in these cultural beliefs.[34]

It's true that the United States collectively and many individual Americans continue in some measure to bear the burden of the war in Vietnam. But the Vietnamese never extracted from us remuneration for the atrocities that we committed against them.

It's terrifying to think of the payment that they might have exacted from us, had they not separated the actions of the United States government from citizens of the United States, had they placed more value on justice than, as they apparently had, on their own sense of dignity and restraint.

Will we be so lucky in the future? Whose back are we riding now?

33. Susan Sontag, "Trip to Hanoi," in Susan Sontag, *Styles of Radical Will* (New York: Picador, 2002), 219.

34. Ibid., 238, 239, 257.

A background object, wallpaper is both present and "absent" within spaces in which it is installed. The wallpaper *Counter-flow: "For Your Safety" ("Homage" to Erik Prince)* responds to the underacknowledged "present but absent" activities of the private security firm formerly known as Blackwater, now named Xe (pronounced "zee") Services, and Erik Prince, the former United States Navy SEAL who founded it.[35] Under the Bush administration, Prince and Blackwater were awarded extremely lucrative contracts and worked with the United States in Iraq and Afghanistan in both open and clandestine activities. Blackwater and other security firms provide the important service of guarding United States and foreign officials for the U.S. State Department and have performed undisclosed activities with/on behalf of the Central Intelligence Agency (another organization that, like Blackwater, has a history of hiring retired Navy SEALs) and all three of which have been involved in various forms of "intelligence gathering" since the bombings of September 11, 2001. Since the Obama administration took office, Blackwater's activities have come under greater scrutiny, although they continue to work for the United States in Afghanistan and possibly in the border region along Afghanistan and Pakistan.

In an activity dubbed "counter-flow," Blackwater contractors have engaged in the practice of driving against traffic at high speeds, forcing other drivers to swerve out of the path of their oncoming signature black SUVs. (At least one driver in Iraq was killed in an accident that resulted as the driver tried to avoid being struck by a Blackwater vehicle.)[36] The title for this work derives from this practice, which also registers the "counter," unlawful, or "extralegal" activities of which Blackwater contractors have been accused and in which, at times, they have been implicated. Like the (dis-)honorific wreath of Navy SEALs undergoing the practice of drownproofing that surrounds the figure of Prince, he and his firm, however, seem to remain "drown-proof" and thus far immune from legal prosecution.

35. In late December, 2010, Xe Services was reportedly sold to a group of investors known as USTC Holdings and continues to perform contract work for the United States government under its subsidiaries including U.S. Training Center and International Development Solutions. See Spencer Ackerman, "Despite Denials, Blackwater Still Working for U.S.," *Wired: Danger Room* (blog), 21 January 2011, http://www.wired.com/dangerroom/2011/01/despite-denials-blackwater-still-working-for-u-s/, 1 April 2011.

36. Majority Staff to Members of the Committee on Oversight and Government Reform, United States Congress, memorandum, 1 October 2007, 2, 8, in *The New York Times*, http://graphics8.nytimes.com/packages/pdf/national/20071001121609.pdf, 24 February 2011.

Released without the permission of the United States government, Wikileaks' publication of video footage of United States military personnel targeting, shooting, and killing civilians from a helicopter hovering above them troubles western cultural archives of contemporary war. While it is increasingly well known that contemporary wars cause substantially more civilian casualties than previous wars, and occasionally we hear reports of civilians who were mistakenly killed or wounded, we rarely see footage of military personnel killing civilians or even images of the wounded or traces of the violence enacted on them. Elaine Scarry argues that "the imagination is only experienced in the images it produces."[37] What might the lens of this video allow viewers to imagine of the visually unanchored accounts of civilian casualties during the war in Iraq and the killing, wounding, and detention of guiltless Iraqis described by a contemporary veteran of the war in Iraq? Dubbed "Collateral Murder" by Wikileaks, this title alludes to the way that political officials often use obfuscating terminology like "collateral damage" rather than more explicit language like "civilian casualties"—or "civilian deaths"—to erase the injuring and killing that results from war. In the redescription or renaming of war-related violence, Scarry points out that the "language of killing and injuring ceases to be a morally resonant one."[38] And this title additionally calls attention to the unnecessary, possibly even unlawful, killing that the video depicts.

The first

mass casualty thing happened, and the next day the Marines came in

Um

And

Michael and I were sitting out on the

uh

sitting outside on this little deck thing outside the hospital, and I made the comment, or he made the comment, ah

37. Scarry, *The Body in Pain*, 164.

38. Ibid., 67.

you know

somehow that didn't seem as bad as yesterday, and I, and I couldn't, for the life of me couldn't remember what had happened the day before

Our laundry ladies got shot

Um

The people that were delivering our food got killed

three weeks in a row

Um

Who else?

Our contractor that did all of our

um

like our, our hospital Iraqi contractor specifically for the hospital

um

who was, you know, had gotten to be a pretty good friend of some of the soldiers, he got, well, he got killed by our by our gate guards

Um

yeah, so a lot of them died.

He had been warned several times, when you approach the

gate, drive slowly, you know,

drive slowly

and he didn't

and the they shot blew up his car with a machine gun and and killed him

You know. They they look guilty. They were shot. They're in the Army hospital

with soldiers all around them, and they're,
you know, Iraqi.

So the perception would be that they were guilty and they must have done something horrible that we killed, you know, we shot them, or we killed them, or they got blown up or whatever, but, you know, more than half of them are eventually released, so

And so here's this

Iraqi

contractor

who

had been very sympathetic to our cause

and had been

you know, he had been

beat up

his family had been pretty beat up under Saddam's government, and he

was

you know, putting his life on the line, too, to work for us

and now we kill his best friend, you know, so every time we saw him, it was kind of

this

ah, you know his eyes were bloodshot, and you could see he was

heartbroken and furious and confused and um

and he was still super-professional and

but it's got to be tough, you know[39]

His voice trembles and trails off as he speaks that last line. It is almost as though the casualties that he witnessed and describes have entered him and altered his ability to communicate. In a consideration of Michel Foucault's and Jacques Derrida's respective theories on the archive, Carolyn Steedman describes the archive as "a way of seeing, or a way of knowing . . . a symbol or form of power."[40] As a video excluded from cultural archives by government authorities, the secret release of this footage registers the control exerted in the formation of the archive. The veteran's narrative amplifies the video's content and evinces a tiny measure of the deep, unnecessary, destructive trauma that results from war-related civilian deaths. As we, through his and others' experiences, witness these deaths, can they precipitate a shift within us, as individuals, as a society?

Can we transform our collective grief and outrage over gratuitous violence and killing and its destructive consequences for victims, witnesses, and perpetrators alike into a productive insistence that we stop these wars and stop targeting civilians?

39. The American veteran of the Iraq war here quoted prefers to remain unidentified, and I have changed the name of his colleague to a fictitious one.

40. Carolyn Steedman, *Dust: The Archive and Cultural History* (New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers University Press, 2002), 2.

With my index finger, I traced the wavy stitching's winding route through blue to the brilliantly colored patches that you stitched into your jacket. Crimson, gold, cobalt, white promises, talismans from a magical journey out of your family's financial hardship—heraldic shields from Denmark, Iceland, France, another for Toulon, España, one for Valencia, that sacralized this blue aegis that I wore for so many years.

No talismans from Vietnam.

Instead fragile, crumbling maps, a few books on Vietnamese culture. "He wanted to speak to her of the past, but it was too difficult . . . he was overcome with a melancholy that he had not experienced in a long, long time," reads one.[41]

"*Dulce et decorum est . . .* "

You must have died many deaths for your country.
The humiliating reprimand that remained on your record for getting caught reading Marx as a youth—in Washington, D.C., of all places. Being conscripted into a war begun and escalated by the United States government under false pretenses. Witnessing in the ruptured bodies of the Vietnamese the effects of modern warfare perpetrated by the United States. Did it even matter that as a medic you weren't directly responsible for the violence that must have been so staggering to witness and treat?

For whose guilt had you become a conduit,
a channel that burst with the force of its contents?

"It is sweet and right," they said.[42]

41. "Nguen Ky and the Songstress," in *Vietnamese Legends*, ed. George F. Schultz (Rutland, VT and Tokyo: Charles E. Tuttle, 1968), 100.

42. World War I era poet and war veteran Wilfred Owen titled one of his most famous poems, "Dulce et Decorum Est," after a line from an ode by Horace: "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori,*" which is often translated as, "it is sweet and right to die for one's country."

Ari Folman's 2008 animated film *Vals Im Bashir (Waltz with Bashir)* traces the attempts of the film's Israeli protagonist to recover his memory following Israel's 1982 invasion of Lebanon, a war of which he was a veteran. My own recollection of the film is one of muted tones and flattened figures—an entrancing abstraction of form and color whose poetry carried me to an unfamiliar, unreal space. Rendered as memory, as unstable images bearing something of an imaginary, hallucinatory quality, these animated scenes of war offer no apology for their frank inability to communicate the horror of the real events to which they allude. Their abstraction emphasizes, even amplifies, the kind of distancing that Sontag links to representations of war—the gulf that they assert between the events and individuals that they depict and those who view them.[43]

For those willing to accept its invitation, Folman's film has the power to shift their consciousness into a kind of contemplative space of imaginative remove where they can confront and engage the questions and issues it raises. In *The Poetics of Space*, Bachelard attributes to dreams and the imagination a kind of liberatory power—it is from an oneiric space, he proposes, that we can envision, mentally begin to tunnel our way out of imprisoning limitations.[44] In *Releasing the Imagination*, educational theorist Maxine Greene recalls, "As I write of social imagination, I am reminded of Jean-Paul Sartre's declaration that 'it is on the day that we can conceive of a different state of affairs that a new light falls on our troubles and our suffering and that we decide that these are unbearable.'"[45] Beyond the accuracy of Greene's and Sartre's assessment that without imagining an alternative, we can easily remain locked in whatever circumstances we find ourselves, Greene seems to suggest that engaging the imagination is crucial to the possibility of transforming the world. *Waltz with Bashir* lifts us across that threshold of the imagination to a state not unlike that of the "radical decentering," "unselfing," and "adjacency" that literary critic Elaine Scarry identifies as a kind of prerequisite mental condition for recognizing asymmetrical relationships of various sorts and envisioning more just alternatives and the means to realize them.[46]

Folman's formal asymmetrical juxtaposition of gritty video footage of the massacre that seems to have precipitated the protagonist's memory loss at the end of his animated film—a slow pan across corpses of Palestinian civilians strewn in the streets and wedged under concrete rubble from bombed buildings along with footage of the women who mourn them—returns to this actual video a gravity and power that such footage seems to lack when shown in its commonplace context of news broadcasts. By heightening the abstraction of the horrors of war through his animation, Folman not only lulls willing viewers into a kind of contemplative space in which to consider thoughtfully the significant content of his film and imagine something beyond it, but as he suddenly rends the veil between an imagined space of conflict and the actual carnage of war, he also startles viewers into a renewed experience of, a somewhat closer encounter with, photographic images of war.

43. Sontag, Interview by Bill Moyers.

44. Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space*, 150, 152.

45. Maxine Greene, *Releasing the Imagination: Essays on Education, the Arts, and Social Change* (San Francisco: Jossey-Bass, 1995), 5.

46. Elaine Scarry, *On Beauty and Being Just* (Princeton and Oxford: Princeton University Press, 1999), 111 – 114.

Like *Waltz with Bashir*, my own work often refuses the direct depiction of graphic violence despite the fact that violence, trauma, and their effects are critical to the content of much of it. As Folman's film does, I seduce viewers into looking, invite them into contemplation of my work and the content registered through it. Like Folman and the late artist Nancy Spero, I choose to wield beauty and abstraction for my own ends as a maker. Art historian Mignon Nixon has noted that despite the anger articulated through Spero's "War Series" drawings, through the medium of gouache on rice paper and their watery, muted coloration, these works insistently communicate a "delicacy" and seductive loveliness that Nixon links to Spero's decision to locate the site of her speech in her position as a woman and more specifically as a mother against the war in Vietnam.[47] In conversation with Nixon, art historian Richard Meyer likewise notes Spero's deployment not only of beauty, but also abstraction and a kind of decontextualization of the series figures, who hover against the field of their support—an indeterminate liminal space that reinforces a kind of tenuity evident in these drawings—and further suggests that Spero's visual language might be read as a feminist strategy.[48] Art historian Christopher Lyon has noted that through her frequent use of female figures, Spero's work engages in a kind of *l'écriture feminine* through which she literally writes—with and into her work—women's histories and bodies and deploys strategies such as a Steinian reiteration that one might read as feminist.[49] Beyond that, Spero's "War Series" and my own work deploy *l'écriture feminine* and queer what art historian Virginia Liberatore has dubbed "muscular formalism," an orderliness that encodes a kind of aggressive resistance to emotion,[50] through the kind of syntax to which Meyer referred—a self-conscious, strategic use of beauty (itself a marginalized tactic) and abstraction—along with a heterotopic speech that "destroy[s] 'syntax' in advance . . . dessicate[s] speech, stop[s] words in their tracks, contest[s] the very possibility of grammar at its source."[51] And like Spero's—and Folman's work, too—my work embraces what art historian Rosalyn Deutsche calls "a politics concerned with subjectivity" that reiterates the feminist mantra, "The personal is political."[52]

47. Mignon Nixon, "Feminism, Art, and War," lecture at Museum of Arts and Design, New York, NY, 12 February 2011.

48. Richard Meyer, Question and answer period following Nixon, "Feminism, Art, and War."

49. Christopher Lyon, *Nancy Spero: The Work* (New York, London, and Munich: Prestel, 2010), 12 – 13.

50. Virginia Liberatore, "Making Place Outside 'Muscular Formalism': Women and Landscape Photography," lecture at College Art Association 100, New York, NY, 10 February 2011.

51. Foucault, *The Order of Things*, xviii.

52. Rosalyn Deutsche, "Hiroshima After Iraq," *October* 131 (2010): 6.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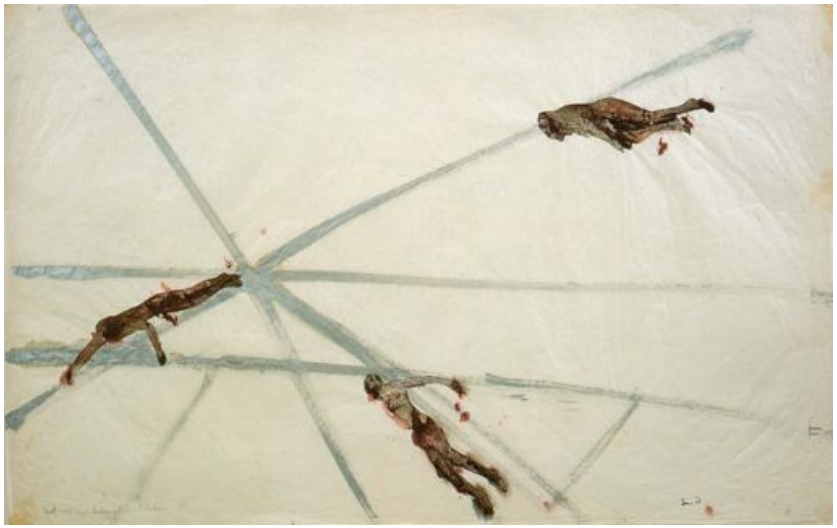

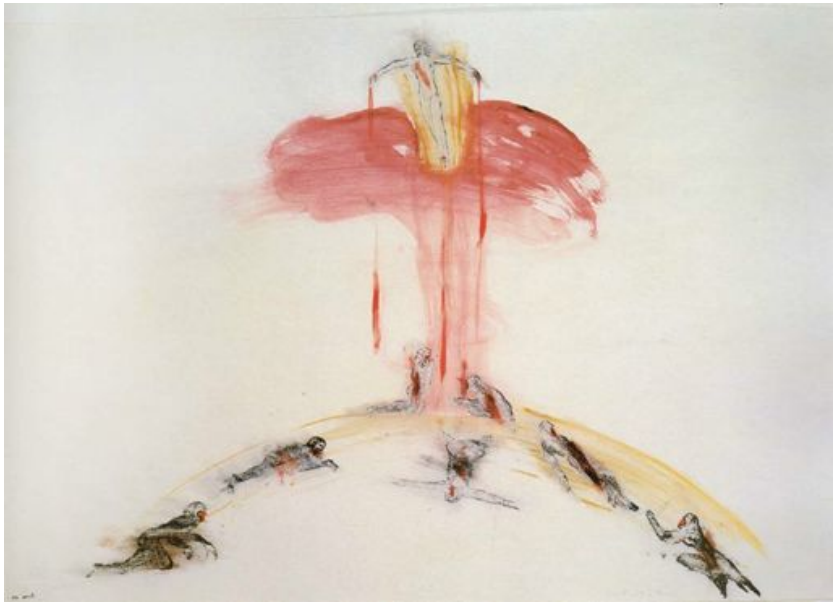

Even things become crystallizations of sadness, regret or nostalgia . . . the world is not so much a noun as an adjective.

—Gaston Bachelard[53]

For several months I repeatedly photographed two pages within Monica Haller's *Riley and his story* that depict walls within or along a white washed space. The view is frontal with a glimpse of a dark passageway along the left edge of the left page—a kind of peripheral registration or recognition of a way through or into some other space. Interleaved within this text that alludes to traumatic events that Riley experienced during and following his tour in Iraq, these two pages read as a kind of pause—an ellipsis within the visual and textual narratives of the book. At first glance the walls seem bare, but on closer viewing, many cracks and corners become evident.

The crevices and corners within this fold (itself a corner) become poetic thresholds into a space of the imagination, a liminal doorway opening to a place beyond the collapsing world described in the pages to either side of and beyond them.

the corner is a sort of half-box, part walls, part door. It will serve as an illustration for the dialectics of inside and outside . . . [54]

. . . in many respects, a corner that is 'lived in' tends to reject and restrain, even to hide, life. The corner becomes a negation of the Universe.[55]

every corner in a house, every angle in a room, every inch of secluded space in which we like to hide, or withdraw into ourselves, is a symbol of solitude for the imagination.[56]

I follow the line of the moldings
which follow that of the ceiling.

But there are angles from which one cannot escape.[57]

Is this corner a haven or a prison? What kind of imaginative space lies beyond this threshold—is it a space for the making or for the unmaking of the world?

53. Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space,* 143.

54. Ibid., 137.

55. Ibid., 136.

56. Ibid.

57. Pierre Albert-Birot, quoted in Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space*, 144.

There was a tree outside my window. A bird felt safe enough to make her nest there, close enough for me to observe her with her hatchlings. Little chirping flowers with their needy, trusting mouths upturned, waiting to receive.

All was dense with green that summer. Barefoot, in the evening we would dance among the fireflies, momentarily seizing their magical otherworldly luminance in our empty jelly jars. But I couldn't contain them—it was they who caught me, really. From a fragile world held together with excessive apologies, where things could never be right, where holding onto it somehow felt more critical than risking its loss, momentarily, these tiny glowing winged moons would transport me across some invisible threshold long enough for me to remain seduced into persisting, into seeking, into hoping.

Poetry is not a luxury. It is a vital necessity of our existence. It forms the quality of the light within which we predicate our hopes and dreams toward survival and change . . . Poetry is not only dream and vision; it is the skeleton architecture of our lives . . . In the forefront of our move toward change, there is only our poetry to hint at possibility made real.

—Audre Lorde[58]

Elaine Scarry posits that flowers, which we visualize easily and vividly, may be read as signifiers of the imagination.[59] Because of their relative smallness, to view them we draw close to them or draw them to us, and their delicate surfaces and brilliant colors fill our field of vision and persist within our minds while their "substance"—other aspects of their form—and everything around them seems, in Scarry's words, to "fall away."[60] This perceptual "fixing" and "falling away," she notes, finds parallel in the notion that flowers are "always already in a state of passage from the material to the dematerialized."[61] As Scarry conceptualizes them, flowers signify not only the imagination, but in their transient existence, in their liminality, they also register between-spaces, the threshold, and the potential movement implied within that which hovers at the edge. Flowers signal possibility, transformation.

Flowers, textual and visual "poetry," the imagination alone can traverse the space and translate us between painful realities and alternative, better possibilities. They are the fragile forms through which we gather what remains of our worlds and reimagine and begin to reshape those realities—imagination is vital to the making and remaking of our worlds. As Lorde asserts, "Poetry is not a luxury"—it is crucial to our survival. [62]

It will be flowers. It must be flowers.

58. Audre Lorde, *Sister Outsider* (Berkeley and Toronto: Crossing Press, 1984), 37 - 39.

59. Elaine Scarry, *Dreaming by the Book* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1999), 64.

60. Ibid., 61.

61. Ibid., 63.

62. Lorde, *Sister Outsider*, 37.

illustrations+

+Unless otherwise noted, works listed are the author's.

Untitled (Napalm over village, Vietnam), from the series "Re/constructed Narratives of the American War in Vietnam," 2010, archival pigment print, dimensions variable, p. 83.

Untitled (Field hospital, Vietnam), from the series "Re/constructed Narratives of the American War in Vietnam," 2010, archival pigment print, dimensions variable, p. 84.

Untitled (Encampment, Vietnam), from the series "Re/constructed Narratives of the American War in Vietnam," 2010, archival pigment print, dimensions variable, p. 85.

Untitled (Encampment, Vietnam), from the series "Re/constructed Narratives of the American War in Vietnam," 2010, archival pigment print, dimensions variable, p. 86.

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Untitled ("Death Bees" or helicopters over fields, Vietnam), from the series "Re/constructed Narratives of the American War in Vietnam," 2010, archival pigment print, dimensions variable, p. 89.

Untitled (Paratroopers descending, Vietnam), from the series "Re/constructed Narratives of the American War in Vietnam," 2011, archival pigment print, dimensions variable, p. 90.

Untitled (Bunkers, Vietnam), from the series "Re/constructed Narratives of the American War in Vietnam," 2010, archival pigment print, dimensions variable, p. 91.

Untitled (Airstrip, Vietnam), from the series "Re/constructed Narratives of the American War in Vietnam," 2010, archival pigment print, dimensions variable, p. 92.

Untitled (Miltary base, Vietnam), from the series "Re/constructed Narratives of the American War in Vietnam," 2010, archival pigment print, dimensions variable, p. 93.

Untitled (Naval buildup, Vietnam), from the series "Re/constructed Narratives of the American War in Vietnam," 2010, archival pigment prints, dimensions variable, pp. 94 – 95.

Untitled (Warship, Vietnam), from the series "Re/constructed Narratives of the American War in Vietnam," 2011, archival pigment print, dimensions variable, p. 96.

Untitled (Warship, Vietnam), from the series "Re/constructed Narratives of the American War in Vietnam," 2011, archival pigment print, dimensions variable, p. 97.

Untitled (Military base, Vietnam), from the series "Re/constructed Narratives of the American War in Vietnam," 2011, archival pigment print, dimensions variable, p. 98.

Daniel Libeskind, Scale model of the Jewish Museum extension to the Berlin Museum, 1988, p. 102. Reprinted from James E. Young, *At Memory's Edge: After-Images of the Holocaust in Contemporary Art and Architecture* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 2000), p. 164.

Daniel Libeskind, Holocaust void, Jewish Museum extension to the Berlin Museum, 1988, p. 103. Reprinted from James E. Young, *At Memory's Edge: After-Images of the Holocaust in Contemporary Art and Architecture* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 2000), p. 153.

Untitled (Michael), from the series "War Stories," 2011, archival pigment prints, dimensions variable, pp. 106 – 107.

Untitled ("Collateral damage," Vietnamese civilians, Mekong River), from the series "Re/constructed Narratives of the American War in Vietnam," 2010, archival pigment prints, dimensions variable, pp. 108 – 109.

Untitled (Soldier descending from helicopter, Vietnam), from the series "Re/constructed Narratives of the American War in Vietnam," 2011, archival pigment print, dimensions variable, p. 110.

Untitled (Soldier descending from helicopter, Vietnam), from the series "Re/constructed Narratives of the American War in Vietnam," 2011, archival pigment print, dimensions variable, p. 111.

Untitled (Soldier, Vietnam), from the series "Re/constructed Narratives of the American War in Vietnam," 2010, archival pigment print, dimensions variable, p. 112.

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Stills, Ari Folman, *Vals Im Bashir (Waltz with Bashir)*, 2009, p. 143. Source: *Vals Im Bashir (Waltz with Bashir)*, DVD, directed by Ari Folman (Culver City, CA: Sony Pictures Classics, 2009).

Nancy Spero, *Victims on Helicopter Blades*, "War Series," 1968, Gouache and collage on paper, 25 x 39¼ inches, p. 144. Reprinted from Nancy Spero, *Nancy Spero: The War Series, 1966 – 1970* (Milan: Charta, 2003), 47.

Nancy Spero, *Christ and the Bomb*, "War Series," 1967, Gouache and ink on paper, 27 x 34 inches, p. 144. Reprinted from Nancy Spero, *Nancy Spero: The War Series, 1966 – 1970* (Milan: Charta, 2003), 39.

Nancy Spero, *Child in Sky, Victims in River*, "War Series," 1966, Gouache and ink on paper, 23¾ x 39⅝ inches, p. 145. Reprinted from Nancy Spero, *Nancy Spero: The War Series, 1966 – 1970* (Milan: Charta, 2003), 18.

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