

War and the Nature of Ultimate Things:

The Metaphysics
of War Torn
Worlds

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War

Diplomatic and popular struggles to end conflict and ameliorate its effects continue today on nearly every continent. Yet in the Middle East, Northern Ireland, Eastern Europe, Africa, good news of progress toward peace is followed by seemingly inevitable setbacks and reversals. Efforts at keeping peace after negotiated settlements or even routings persistently founder, and push forward only against great odds, those odds powerful mixtures of further horrific events, demands for vengeance, fear, a sense of betrayal.

Low-level conflict (as it is called) continues in apparently pacified areas. Old wounds reopen: populations flee to the border at the hint of renewed bloodshed; the remaining leaders of a genocide ask forgiveness of a stunned populace.

Repatriation, that long-dreamed-of ideal that signifies the true end of war, proceeds in Mozambique, Ethiopia, Afghanistan; refugees continue the long and laborious process of reasserting possession of land and goods and a life. But fewer return than expected; many fear renewed animosities, others are perhaps just too tired to make the trip, face the memories, see the homeplace broken. The role of fatigue in post-war decisions is significant, though rarely acknowledged.

At the end of the twentieth century, war seems in fact to know few boundaries. Ninety percent of the casualties of war are non-combatants, the majority of these women and children. Soldiers conduct war across villages, using families as hostages and shields; battlefields and towns are superimposed. War even leaps the bounds of its own time; it does not end with cease-fires or treaties, or even when the combatants are exhausted and impoverished. New wars reassert old war lines of skirmish, re-invoke historical wrongs in the service of new exigencies and demands.

Indeed, the ragged patterns of war seem to shape all subsequent days, even after war itself has ended. During and

after, the lessons and expectations of war threaten and often unravel all decisions and dreams. They replace the quotidian emotions of family and home, the lines of familiar rooms, even innocent glances, with wartime highs and devastations. War and its aftermath mock all efforts at normalcy even as they create a desperation for it; modern war bursts the bounds of the everyday and comes to occupy that ground for itself. This much is obvious; the answer to “why” is less so.

After War

We know the economic consequences of war, and the political ones. From those perspectives, war is useful to some, damaging to others. It opens markets and ensures them. It has unintended consequences that make victims of most. The effects of war persist after war because economies are destroyed, armies still occupy their garrisons, and the aggrieved and harmed suffer egregious pain – poverty, exile, loss, grief. The bounds of normal social life are breached in war, and in the gaps black markets and bribery make a guesswork and a mad chaos of life.

Attempts at reconciliation, justice, tribunals, and boundary setting all address these breaches, setting up limits again, setting the bounds of the legitimate. But war itself does not surrender. It is likely to reappear in cultural and individual memories and denials. The excesses of war defy the categories of normal social life. The injustices and crimes of wartime, for example, overwhelm the normal processes of justice and punishment; issues of culpability, restitution, and punishment remain open wounds in cultures unable to come to closure (Minow 1998; Murphy 1988). New enmities and reconstituted wars emerge from a phenomenology of danger and suspicion. Even the banal is roughed up by the metaphors and patterns of war; arguments become conflicts, and disagreements devolve into distrust and the demonization of the other.

How then can war be put behind, the structures of a normal life re-imposed? When can war be truly over? How does war retain its tenacious grasp on the imagination as well as on the effort to make a living? How does it penetrate the afternoon stroll, sleep, and love, as well as politics? How does war on the ground run right up into the hands and minds of ordinary people and take them over – whatever they may wish or dream?

To answer these questions, we must ask another: What does war do not only to economic and political systems, but also to people's systems of meaning and their deepest understandings of the world, their experience of it and their place in it? Most important, for it lies behind and informs all others, what does war do to their understandings of ultimate things? What is the metaphysics of the war-torn world? Is there a metaphysics of war and survival that encompasses a significant and lasting break with peacetime patterns of belief and explanation of the unseen – that shapes and colors life thereafter, perhaps in ways unattended to or misperceived or denied? Will it emerge in stories, dreams, and events? Will it shape decisions and plans? And if so, what might be the lines of such a metaphysics? How might we come to recognize them? For if war produces a certain war-torn metaphysics, an experience of the ultimate nature of the world, might it not be important to invoke that metaphysics in order to stop war or ameliorate its effects? Might not that metaphysics both suggest why war may continue (at least in part) or reassert itself, and what might be done to dress its deepest wounds?

The Experience of War

War is perhaps the species' most overwhelming encounter with itself, though the nature of that encounter is in part to disappear in a welter of subsequent meanings and activities that glorify or deny war's primal existential moments. The survivor of war is fundamentally changed by his experience of the

proximity of death, chance, and culpability, experienced not in everyday ways, but as atrocities, as horrible deaths and impossible choices or consequences:

The thing that was very upsetting was the fact that we, as soldiers on the first line of defense, were unable to protect our civilians. That was the hardest psychological moment, because we thought that we should be those who they should fight, they should shoot at us, not at our children and wives. ("T" ICRC: 1998)

The survivor experiences grief, for example, but not ordinary grief. Cultural bounds and practices prepare one for the death of one or many but not for the death of thousands; for death by natural causes, but not death by the existentially brutalizing ones of dismemberment, evisceration, impalement. The wounds inflicted in war penetrate and sunder the bounds of self and self-respect, of the expected and the simply human. The brutalized may become brutal, may be trained to be. Beyond those bounds of self, the lines of normal life continue to be erased until far from the border of one's country or one's former understandings one comes to an uneasy rest, and the truths of now and then ceaselessly crash against one another as loss.

In sum, the loose logic of war twists and subverts familiar meaning in ways planned and unplanned. It breaks the bounds of normal thought and feeling, taking these into realms that are at once terrible and compelling. The events of war elude the frames of word or image, becoming not so much unspeakable as unreferenced, detached, resistant to normal definitions. Writing of Rwanda, Fergal Keane says:

...I cannot write in terms of facts alone. So bear with me when the road runs down into the valleys of the heart and mind and soul. For this is a diary of an encounter with evil beyond any scope of reference I might have had when the journey began. (3-4: 1995)

The demands of war throw the experience of the world into a formless place that is nevertheless full of the rawest feeling and pain. Life intrudes without the protection of limits, or

having subverted them. Consider Siamanto's poem of the Armenian genocide:

This incomprehensible thing I'm telling you about,
I saw with my own eyes.
From my window of hell
I clenched my teeth
and watched with my pitiless eyes:
the town of Bardez turned
into a heap of ashes.

The speaker sees horror beneath her window: several Armenian women are raped and set afire to the taunts of a group of soldiers. The burning women are called "brides," the gasoline perfume, their nakedness, wedding dresses. Words of love and marriage carry torture and death on their slim shoulders. Siamanto's poem ends:

Like a storm I slammed the shutters
of my windows,
and went over to the dead girl
and asked: 'How can I dig out my eyes,
how can I dig, tell me?'

(From Siamanto, "The Dance", in Forche 1993,
tr. Balakian and Yaghlian: 57-58)

Overwhelming Experience

What does Siamanto's witness do? How does she countenance what she has seen? The horror of what she witnesses remains not only in the street, but enters her, fills her eyes. It is ineradicable. Our question begins to find an answer: how does war retain its tenacious grasp? It installs its realities in every part of the body, in a form of memory that is indelible.

Return to Siamanto's witness: she shows us that war breaks all bounds of normal definition, causality, and behavior and thus mocks the moral. It does so in a surfeit of sound, pain, image, touch; it cannot be ignored, though it may be denied. It is not only that the witness here experiences the breaking of what she knows, the violation of what is right, the abuse of justice; she comes up against some knowledge, an experience of wrong that takes her over. It possesses her, takes on a force or power that enters her, as if the breaking of moral rules were breaking down a door to chaos. And the chaos is not only social, it is existential, fundamental.

In extremity, in war at its most devastating, the senses and the thought that generally "make sense" of them are overwhelmed as well. Siamanto's poem is about the senses and the body – teeth clenched, as if to not let the scene in, and the eyes that – almost other, pitiless – will not close. The woman acts and moves, slams the window against what happens anyway. She does not stop the event itself; she is helpless before it. Her single, frightened body betrays her, turns against her. She knows the answers and the questions are now beyond her – she screams to the dead girl, to death, to ask for blindness.

Normal time, feeling, and expression shrink, become absurd, even offending when confronted with the large canvas of war. The essential acts of war – battle, the massacre, the mass rape, the bombing, the gassing – create war time, war actions, and war perceptions that overtake the body and being:

A person can come in and see the war, fear the war, be scared of the violence – but their life, their very being, is not determined by the war...I know everyone has suffered a loss in this war: a family member killed, a loved one captured and never heard of again. But it goes much deeper than this, to the very heart of the country, to my very heart. When I walk on the road, I carry nervousness with me as a habit, as a way of being. (Mozambican woman, quoted in Nordstrom 1997)

But see what even this sensitive woman does; what happens to her: her response to the threat of death, loss, deep harm to

self and country she can only call “nervousness,” not fear. Her lamented habit betrays a creeping numbness to her own way of being.

At the edges of that “war being,” just past the uncomprehended terrible, dart and press the inexplicable and magical, the boundless universe beyond the bounds now broken. For Siamanto’s witness this entails overall an overwhelming sense of terrible power. Other survivors of war report “something happening” near the boundary of their own death, or in the midst of their boundless fear. They report that the encounter or occurrence is shifting, expanding, impossible, incontrovertible. It raises questions that may be answered but never satisfactorily, that cannot even be well asked. Perhaps they record encounters with what religious traditions refer to as “mystery.” Wislawa Szymborska summarizes the effect of the split second, the possibility of parallel worlds and the apparent randomness of eventualities – all agonizingly critical and unanswerable dimensions of life and death in the metaphysics of war:

Luckily there was a forest.

Luckily there were no trees.

Luckily a rail, a hook, a beam, a brake,
a frame, a turn, an inch, a second.

Luckily a straw was floating on the water.

Thanks to, thus, in spite of, and yet.

What would have happened if a hand, a leg,
one step, a hair away –

(from “Any Case,” Szymborska, tr. Drabik and
Olds in Forche 1993: 458-459)

The Roots of a War-Torn Metaphysics

We see that the metaphysical conclusions and confusions of survivors originate in the individual experience of two central and common events of every war: the breaking of the moral order that defines everyday life and defends it against the

unbounded and absurd; and the overwhelming of the body's normal means of perception and the presence of pain or persistent fear, however it may be called.

Moral Affronts and the Dissolution of Everyday Reality

The everyday world is unconsciously, habitually tied to the moral. But the connection between morality and experience is tenuous at best, forged in social interaction and cultural symbol. When moral rules – which stand in for or act as existential meaning (Kleinman, Das, and Lock 1997) – are broken, the conclusion *may* be that the world is immoral or amoral, or it may be more profound and less available to speech or thought, more *happening* than *understood*. The world itself surges forward as too much wrong is done – too much, rushing in like a dangerous wave; the assumed flies off and some unfathomable descends, drowns, and overtakes. At this time, moral incredulity shades into phenomenological conundrum, and even after the water recedes strange creatures scuttle about one's memory, undefined, unclassified.

Ida Fink's character in her novel *The Journey*, for example, finds herself at the moment of her near death speaking as if she is someone else, as if a stranger arrives suddenly within her. She is facing ultimate danger, about to be taken on a transport to a concentration camp and death; it will be the final wrong from which she has been running for some time:

I said, "I think this is the end," because that was what I thought. I didn't know then that I would start shouting, 'Damn it! I'm not going anywhere!'...I didn't know then that the sudden wave of despair – this is the end! this is the end! – would come bursting forth in obscenities and profanities...I didn't know then that this litany of curses ...would help me more than the best identity cards and rubber stamps... 'Get out!' he said, and pushed the papers off the table with his riding whip. The hall was empty. The blood drained from my face; the stairs spiraled below me (1993: 60)

Fink speaks her own rage at injustice here; she has been discovered as a Jew among Polish workers. Passing as a non-Jew, she acts as if she is someone who *cannot* be sent on a transport; she fights. But she is not acting. Fink *encounters* a sense of outrage, is taken over by it as it is articulated by her assumed identity, Katarzyna. She does not adopt it or take it on as a pose or a last-ditch effort at saving herself and her sister. It arrives – this voice she does not recognize – and vanishes as quickly as it comes, as if it were some visitation, some salvation. The world cannot destroy her in this way! It cannot *be* this way! In the moment of her blank recognition, “this is the end!” she finds a miracle not just happening but *inhabiting her*, dragging her back from the edge of death. What kind of world then must this be – how wide, exactly? What in fact did happen, and to whom?

The answers to such questions are given sometimes in the language of memory and identity, dropping them back into the everyday and the given (Kleinman, Das, and Lock 1997). Fink by this reading is both her disguise and her “self,” and in war the identities move, submerge, surface so as to keep her alive (Nordstrom 1997). The deep questions are about who she is then, really, where we might locate a moral being with responsibility, what we might eventually be able to tease out from her story as “truth” (Kirmayer 1996; Riviere 1996). But perhaps Fink’s “fiction” (she was herself in hiding during the Holocaust) is not only about memory and identity, but also about how all such events happen against a backdrop of the ineffable and the not understood, cropping up as the impossible and the miraculous. The scene ends, after all, in an empty hall, the stairs spiraling down below her – not just fear and relief, but the falling away of the world.

Surfeit of the Senses and the Metamorphosis of the Everyday

Fink ends her book with a mystery. The ordeal over, she is returning:

I remembered a circular plaza, but it turned out to be rectangular. It was hard to believe how different the plaza was, or rather, how my memory had changed it, giving it a different shape, generously adding trees... It was also hard to believe that I sensed the plaza – round, not rectangular – before we reached the corner, although we were wandering blindly, without a city map, guided only by the trolley tracks... It was a strange way to act, like a dog that's picked up a scent, and all the more strange, in that nothing was leading me on, not a single detail indicated that the plaza was nearby, and the surroundings...were completely unfamiliar.... 'Here it is!' I cried, 'Here it is!' and suddenly I was running. (1993: epilogue)

Fink's character acts "like a dog," she says, on intuition, without maps; her memory, in fact, is faulty, but not her knowledge of the place and how to move in it. Yet there is an odd separation – again between herself and her actions: "suddenly I was running," not "I ran."

War is perhaps the species' most potent encounter with itself because it is so embodied. It takes the body to the edges of its abilities to tolerate pain, fear, hunger, thirst, and confusion, and generally holds it for long periods of time past these limits. Death weaves in and out, stopped one day by a bit of bread, the next by a chance warning. The biochemical environment of the body changes in war – it enters an advanced state of concentration in which all unrelated to survival is discounted, as one does not hear the sound of an air conditioner on a summer's day. The result is far from a sense of peace or even competence often; it is a sense of perpetual alarm and of a sort of half-life of limited, hard awareness (Herman 1992; van der Kolk 1987). And in moments of supreme danger or terrible witnessing, even the body's carefully constructed warrior self is likely compromised. Too much sound, too much movement, running, pain, the terrible moral confusion and personal fright of seeing the man next to one blown to pieces surfeit and overwhelm all the senses. Like Fink, the survivor, if she is to survive, moves according to unattended faculties. The result is described in the literature as blankness, overwhelming. The ego, it is said, is confronted with the impossible likelihood of its own death, or

experience surpasses categories of meaning that could contain it (e.g., see Riviere (1996) for a good account of repression and dissociation). But it is also the case that survivors do describe such moments, and that they happen during and then after war, as Fink's did. Perhaps the blanknesses they sketch are in fact pregnant and bursting with what is untold but not necessarily unknown.

Some Possible Dimensions of War-Torn Metaphysics

If we can say that the experience of war creates two incontrovertible encounters with the unbounded world, what can we see that people do with those encounters? Is this not the place for God, and redemption? How is this world described?

Death, dismemberment, fear, the mockery and infliction of pain, the incomprehensible actions of one's own body. A man with a machete halving a three-year-old. One might grasp at one's traditions and religion to ground one at such moments, but rooted as they are in the everyday, in the common and expected, they often desert or prove inadequate, irrelevant. Fergal Keane has just encountered thousands of bodies in a church yard in the now empty town of Nyarubuye, in Rwanda. In italics he writes, as if the words do not merit the status of his more "factual" information:

How do I write this, how do I do justice to what awaits at the end of this road? As simply as possible. This is not a subject for fine words. ...I look down to my left and see a child who has been hacked almost into two pieces. The body is in a state of advanced decay and I cannot tell if it is a girl or a boy. I begin to pray to myself. 'Our father, who art in heaven...' These are prayers I have not said since my childhood but I need them now. ... And then in front of me I see a group of corpses...The bodies seem to be melting away. Such terrible faces. Horror, fear, pain, abandonment. I cannot think of prayers now....(1995: 78-79)

In his numbness Keane suggests something about the response to moral violation and sensory surfeit – that the numbness is there, but so is a sense of something else. He suggests, in fact, an encounter with something that in another part of his book on the Rwandan genocide he calls “Evil,” capitalizing it. He says Evil is a thing, not an idea. But he does not know what to do with it or how to engage it – can barely bring himself to speak of it. He assures us he does not want sympathy – as if sympathy should not be called upon to balance Evil or the suffering of it, as if we might begrudge him this easing of his own suffering. Or perhaps because he realizes that any effort on our part would be unavailing – he is now beyond our understanding, our universe and its particular close-by constellations.

Some who unlike Keane were not witnesses but victims report that something happened in the heat of war or the long debacle of the end of life as they knew it: a miracle, a visitation, the unexpected and impossible, a blessing:

Teller: A man came from the woods with bread. I was starving and could not move. He said, “take, eat this, the border is not far.” I took and I ate this bread and the border was not far.

Listener: Was it real bread?

Teller: What is this question? (Kauv 1988)

Mrs. Kauv finds any question about this “bread” being real or not absurd; her look is not one of confusion or doubt or uncertainty, but one of exasperation – from her perspective, her place of understanding now, the question has no relevance.

The encounter with the boundless is not necessarily saving or beautiful or redeeming. The metaphysics of war is not redeeming metaphysics; though it may mark a point at which a life was saved, a mistake avoided, this marks only a surprise, inexplicable occurrence, a comment on cause and effect, and perhaps on destiny or suffering. Perhaps survival is in fact a sentence of another kind, as Siamanto’s woman says – to be dead would be easier than to confront and contemplate the

long-lived, incomprehensible reality of a moment's decision.

Many survivors cross-culturally report some terrible haunting that ties then to every subsequent now. They find themselves in an endless repetition of events, of inexplicable coincidences; they live a life of such coincidences. Here the long residence in a changed world is not only problematic to explain, mysterious, but also agonizing in its results:

My husband was executed by a gun to the head. His head was destroyed by the gunshot. When my daughter-in-law died, in this country, in a car accident, her head was destroyed too; she looked just like my husband! I want to know: why do these things keep happening? It is always the same! (Vatha 1997)

Survivor reports suggest, in short, that perhaps the collapse of a morally defined universe and of a universe defined by normal sensoria opens the door to a wider, boundless conception of the real in which all is shifting and paradoxical. It may take the form of blankness or the inexplicable; it may occasion numbness, but it is numbness in the face of something that cannot be encompassed. This is the realm of radical truth, as Michael Jackson might put it:

Truth is on the margins.... It makes its appearance fleetingly, when systems collapse and dogmas are exploded. (1989: 187)

The thinking that is possible at such times of collapse is, at least in the case of survivor narrative, an admixture of emotion, body, image, and insurmountability. It functions with metaphor, employs synesthesia, is holographic. It is based in full image rather than in the lines of words. It allows the paradoxical and the conflation of times. It does not do well with words – “fucking unbelievable” is all Keane and his companions can find to say in the presence of thousands of bodies (1995: 78). Such thought, if it is retained at all, or spoken of, is transformed into myth, perhaps, or poem, where the demands of the everyday and the rational can be sloughed off, the experience of boundlessness probed and traversed, even

if never contained.

Mystical thinking, as anthropologists call this, or metaphysical thinking, does not function within the limits of the gross sensoria of sound, smell, and sight. It functions beyond these. It appears when the senses are overwhelmed or quieted and do not interfere with the imagination. The imagination is another sense, attending to the invisible, inaudible, and untouched, the “beyond” of impossible harm and pain or other surfeit. Unintentionally, unexpectedly, and without frame, a participant in war at its traumatic edges thus confronts another means of human perception and thought altogether, and the world becomes a different place. It is a kind of dark enlightenment. If nothing is recalled upon the step back from that abyss, the affliction may be called repression, and the recurring ways in which the haunting manifests itself in quenched desire for normal things and a deep sense of separateness will be called an illness.

Religion scholar Jess Hollenback and some anthropologists have recently revived the study of mysticism – the attended-to, disciplined exercise of mystical thinking (Hollenback 1996). Hollenback suggests that certain acts of intention and focus produce a particular form of human experience, which can be described as different from everyday experience in the following ways: a mystical experience is a radical, trans-sensory metamorphosis of the subject’s mode of consciousness; it provides a knowledge of what his tradition regards as ultimately real; it provides knowledge about matters of soteriological concern to his community; it is laden with affect; it is literal and metaphorical; it is fundamentally amorphous and its content historically and situationally conditioned; it has its genesis in the recollective act. The “recollective” act as Hollenback defines it is the result of single-point concentration or the escape from normal perception, precisely what survivors report in extremity.

Can perspectives and analytical tools like Hollenback’s and those of the anthropologists of experience and perception

(Jackson 1989) help us to more fully develop the dimensions of survivors' metaphysical thinking – the world or worlds they experience in changed states of consciousness, worlds that feel ultimately real, and that provide knowledge about matters of soteriological concern?

A Scholarship of Survival Metaphysics and its Contributions

Perhaps such explorations and such discoveries can inform the discourse that now swirls about survival literature, survivor cultures, and survivor actions. Perhaps it can contribute to our understanding of survivors' curious gaps and overwhelming experiences and their embodied hauntings, and their seemingly obsessive moralizing about war or about those who harmed them in the course of war. Perhaps it can explain the preoccupations with evil on the part of some survivors, and the dead disinterest on the part of others in what evil they committed.

Perhaps, in short, a reading for the unseen and ultimate can contribute to the more sophisticated understanding of survivor accounts, and allow us to use those accounts to explore the possibilities of a problematic, compelling, different world view and comprehension of ultimate things. Perhaps this in turn would allow us to inform other work on survivors, and to answer some of the more pressing problems of war and after.

What if, for example, moral issues of reconciliation and retribution could be informed by some knowledge of the hauntings of after-war? What if one brought survivors' concern with "soul loss" (as some survivors say it) to bear on questions of the disturbing encounter with the banality of evil? Might an understanding of survivors' possible conceptions of ultimate truths explain the impassioned pleas of some survivors for justice, or the curious conviction that there is not only no possible justice but that the concept is irrelevant?

And what if the difficulties of memory – false, blank, incomplete, impossible, unreliable – could be informed by the notion of a memory beyond the conceivable, a memory of immanence and boundlessness rather than a memory of specificity and event? What if the truth lies, as Jackson says, at the margins, and the survivor speaks not of what he saw on the ground, but what he glimpsed beyond it? Then how might we take survivor narrative?

An exploration of this dimension of survivor knowledge will require a slightly different reading of survivor literature, accounts, art, statements, and stories. It will require a research agenda that asks about the unbounded. It will lead us to ask of survivors precisely how the unbounded world presents itself and interpenetrates the everyday, the ways in which the apparently normal is not, how haunting is not mere leftover superstition but real and abiding.

Many survivor accounts touching on this subject remain to be written. The world the survivor knows is large, and largely haunted, thus often held close to the chest, or armored against, or denied. Accounts of the ineffable are suspect and simply beyond the bounds of common knowledge – there is nothing to do with them. But if we were to court and encourage them, what might we find about the metaphysical world of survival?

Perhaps we would find that it consists at minimum of the following: a singular, bursting event; the appearance of something or the collapse of everything; a transcendent moment (which may be unrecalled); consequential miracles or unexpected turns of fate; haunting after, as in the repetition of patterns of coincidence. Such a world is not the normal world. It makes demands, offers miracles, suffers from its repression under the cloak of normalcy. It perhaps resurfaces as revenge or holy war or minor malice. Or perhaps, when attended to and recognized, it emerges as a healing force. Carolyn Nordstrom, an ethnographer working in Mozambique, reports on a movement among traditional healers, who are mystical thinkers by profession, to “take the war out of people”:

We walk with them, talk with them, reach into the earth with them, coax a seed into food with them. We encourage them to do the ceremonies that protect them and their families and lands, appease their ancestors, make our community healthy and safe. You walk someone through these daily acts, with the help of the healers, they learn what words can never convey (1997: 218).

Roberta Culbertson, 1999

The Rockefeller Foundation will support Fellowships on this subject at the Institute on Violence and Culture during 2000-2002. For information on the Institute and its Fellowship program, please call 804-924-3296, write to us at 145 Ednam Drive, Charlottesville, Virginia 22903-4629 or email: rac3r@virginia.edu.

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