

FORUM

The Frightening Invitation of a Guestbook

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Abstract This article examines the writing left in “comments” books at thought-provoking museum exhibitions. What moves a visitor to share criticism, praise, political invective, or spiritual reflections in a public place where the writing is guaranteed to be seen by others? In a world transformed by text messaging and online communication, museum guestbooks are one of the few remaining opportunities to share hand-written insights. Do visitors have a learning curve? Some leave inappropriate, even hateful remarks. By comparing the different moods of comments books at a variety of installations, this essay pays tribute to the legacies of public dialogue in museums, a medium of free speech made possible by a simple blank book.

Today I plan to stand in a public place, reading other peoples’ journal entries, struggling through their handwriting. I’ll add my comments, smiling, scowling, often disagreeing. All this is done with government approval. I’m reading what is written in museums.

At museums, memorials, and other public exhibitions archiving war or human loss, I now begin my tour by heading directly for the visitors’ journal. Here are the real responses to controversial installations. Twitter be damned. Guestbooks offer the best place to find strong public opinion in three sentences or less. These books are open wells of feeling—some of the humblest, yet most dangerous outlets for anonymous writing in public places. Some signatures have the literary quality of a drunken phone call, while others contain eloquence worthy of the Nobel Peace Prize. These institutionally sanctioned rants—these drive-by shootings—these political haiku—are special exhibits themselves, testaments to the impact visual images can have on individuals.

True immersion in a well-designed memorial museum is not supposed to be a comfortable

experience, so the visitors’ log won’t resemble the kind of journal left out in a New Hampshire bed and breakfast. (*Thanks for the banana muffins, Smithsonian mag, and Napoleon’s bed sure was goose-down-feather comfy!*) Memorial museums are built to house our pain: to make us walk in history’s bloody footprints. In the guestbook, citizens are invited to lay out their reactions without ever having to face a panel of curators. Most will sign their names and the names of their hometowns. Thus we are able to see, over time, a nation learning from studying its past.

What’s on the mind of someone who emerges, blinking, from their first real exposure to the Nazi Holocaust? Or the dropping of the atomic bomb? The evidence on display is overwhelming. All museums that preserve implements of wartime declare that there were “sides”: invaders and invaded; “they” and “we.” We were here: we conquered, we colonized, we bombed cities. But how to stage this retelling? Consider the acrimonious debate over displaying the *Enola Gay*—the airplane that dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima—in the National

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Air and Space Museum in Washington. Even the most basic educational exhibitions are political in some way. We humans have created works of beauty and weapons of malicious destruction. We bury our war dead with honor, and we also dig up others' honorably buried war dead, opening tombs and sacred grounds, justifying grave robbery for our museums.

GUESTBOOKS OFFER THE BEST PLACE TO FIND STRONG PUBLIC OPINION IN THREE SENTENCES OR LESS. THESE INSTITUTIONALLY SANCTIONED RANTS—THESE DRIVE-BY SHOOTINGS—THESE POLITICAL HAIKU—ARE SPECIAL EXHIBITS THEMSELVES, TESTAMENTS TO THE IMPACT VISUAL IMAGES CAN HAVE ON INDIVIDUALS.

The museum visitor may be thinking: *I, too, will die one day, my time and my civilization and my historical moment reduced to tools and shards: my stuff, everyone's stuff, on display for future hordes of schoolchildren. Will someone win a grant to pick apart MY skull? And who will judge my acts? The gun I held?*

Panic rises in the visitor's chest. Add to that, irritation over seeing taxpayer money go toward making other nice people uncomfortable—maybe even making America look bad. Memorial museums force the ephemera of slavery and Holocaust on tourists who have just arrived for vacation. To exact a moral learning curve from tourism is no small risk. Inevitably, some visitors, their nylon backpacks newly laden with guilt, will jot comments along the lines of *Look, I didn't start race prejudice. I'm just a working stiff, here to see the cherry blossoms.* This temptation to leave a resentful parting shot at

the museum exit door renders some guestbook comments brutally polemical, remonstrative, or immature. Handed a pen, these authors are momentarily unconcerned that volunteer docents (and other visitors writing on the same page) will be left to wade through the spilled sentiment. But I've seen other tourists make tired children wait while they write thoughtful, caring words. Sometimes I get a page still wet with tears.

Growing up in Washington, D.C., a city of free museums, I wandered through the Smithsonian's buildings for years with my own journal in hand, never noticing what other visitors wrote. But then came the opening of the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum, where, after the long and harrowing walk-through tour, I spotted the row of feedback stations, set up like lecterns with loose-leaf paper and pens. I'm sure I expected to find serious reflections on the nature of genocide and anti-Semitism. Perhaps ringing endorsements of *Never again!* Perhaps shocked words in a childish hand from younger visitors encountering this bitter legacy of Western "civilization." To my surprise, though, the very first words in the guestbook were:

Yes, we have our OWN Holocaust happening in the United States every single day! It's called ABORTION.

Next came a page declaring:

This museum is just more sad proof that our world will never unite until every single person comes to Jesus as their Lord and Savior.

As I read on, I found most entries that day were completely devoted to Christian proselytizing. What struck me about these public writings was the authors' refusal to engage in the process designed by the museum, which wanted visitors to bear witness to state-sanctioned persecution and destruction of Jewry. Although couched in "caring" language, most of these guestbook entries, if understood correctly, called for a world without Judaism.

I returned over and over to study visitors' writings at this museum. The responses differed daily, and frequently reflected the outlook of whatever tour groups had passed through that day: Germans, students from Orthodox Jewish day schools, elderly survivors, Catholic and Buddhist nuns, historians. Most left thoughtful remarks, expressing concern for our human learning curve. A teacher's lament:

Our grossly inadequate educational system,
which downplays the humanities and history,
sets us up for future genocide.

Then there were completely inappropriate, disconnected lines and initials. Usually these were left by kids visiting in large school tours— younger teens who for many reasons felt unable to respond seriously:

Hi my name is Lindsey! Facebook me!

I love cows! Go vegetarian.

Or even (seen more than once):

Kew!

As I'd already found, adults sounded off in different political directions:

Islam is the new Nazism with their lies!

Wake up, America. The liberal media does not report the truth.

How did kids of elementary school age respond to the Holocaust's frightening legacy? Over in Daniel's Story, the children's exhibit that leads younger viewers through a display on how children experienced the concentration camps, kids were invited to leave messages on three-by-five cards. Almost all these notecards were touchingly genuine:

This was deep and made me sick to my
stomache.

I hope we did all we could to keep them
alive.

You are my friend. I will remember you.

One kid wrote in what I recognized was "texting" shorthand:

Why!! It's the society! Because ppl R
DUMB!:(

But in the midst of these young notes, some adult mom had propped up a sign written in giant pink and blue crayon:

6 million Jews died in the name of
purification. 40 million babies have died in the
name of choice.

All of this discomfort, denial, and assorted preaching is hardly confined to one museum site. I soon became obsessed with guestbook writing at other memorials, especially those structured along similar lines of public education about controversial events in history. And because I teach courses on World War II, I was able to compare different approaches to institutionalizing its memories. It was one thing to find

emotional writing at the Holocaust Museum, where visitors entered a guided overview of the evil done to innocent civilians. But what about a museum recalling America's own concentration camps for women and children? What did visitors write at, say, the Manzanar National Monument, a historic site in California's Eastern Sierra, preserving an actual internment camp where Japanese Americans (primarily U.S. citizens) were forcibly relocated during World War II? I went there, too. Three times.

Here, the really defensive comments popped out. It was not Hitler but Franklin Delano Roosevelt who signed Executive Order 9066, the bill removing all American families of Japanese ancestry from their homes along the West Coast, first to race tracks and horse stables, then to tarpaper shacks with armed guards in the high deserts of several states. Which side of democracy had "we" been on, then? Moreover, while many schoolchildren and their parents had heard of Hitler and the Nazis, very few had learned about Manzanar. The guestbook signatures were apoplectic with shock, anger, denial, bargaining, the whole gamut of Elisabeth Kubler-Ross's famous stages of grief:

They deserved it.
We had to do it.

One visitor at Manzanar—obviously unaware that gay men and women had perished in Holocaust camps, or that during the early years of the AIDS crisis in the 1980s one Congressman had proposed reopening Manzanar for HIV-positive men—had scrawled:

Why can't we lock up the gays?

After 9/11, the comments at Manzanar shifted starkly to a typology: *We should do this to the Muslims/Arabs/terrorists.*

One local citizen returned on multiple occasions (paying an admission fee each time) to write the same pejorative anti-Japanese epithets over and over. When I inquired about his entries, park rangers acknowledged this individual with a weary smile: Oh, yes. Him.

How the camps are preserved, remembered, studied, and explained to subsequent generations of Americans—including the descendants of internees—is explored at length in the book of recollections, *Last Witnesses*, edited by Erica Harth. One recurring theme in that anthology is the affiliation some Japanese Americans felt with Jewish Americans: the outsider status, subjected to intolerance and hate crimes, desiring to assimilate, fearing that incarceration could happen again, being blamed for another country's actions. At the same time, the inevitable comparisons between American concentration camps (still a very contested term, in the view of the U.S. government) and the death camps of the Nazi Holocaust have had the effect of silencing some *Nisei* survivors of Manzanar and Gila River. Jeni Yamada writes, "The willingness of many Jewish survivors to talk about and document their camp experiences contrasts sharply with the Japanese Americans' tendency to remain silent." Her own mother, interned at Minidoka, recalls of conversations with Jewish friends: "It wasn't bad enough . . . I do remember being annoyed during one of these discussions by a remark, 'Well, at least *you* weren't gassed or anything'" (Yamada 2001, 48–49).

Museums may be sacred sites, but the discussion of their meaning—whether in a classroom setting or a public guestbook—is a free speech forum. Whenever I've lectured on the camps of World War II in class, I've received angry emails from a few Jewish students insisting that the internment of Japanese Americans should *never* be compared to Nazi policies: "At least they were safe." Non-Jewish students, in

turn, sometimes declare they are “sick of hearing about the Holocaust.” These are reactions I’ve seen written in several corresponding museum guestbooks.

Recent efforts to preserve and study the extraordinary arts and crafts produced by camp internees led to an exhibition, *The Art of Gaman*, displayed at the Renwick Gallery, Smithsonian Institution through 2010. (“*Gaman*” is Japanese for bearing the almost unbearable.) Here, visitors could walk through sculpture, carvings, boxes, baskets, exquisite jewelry, some extant functional furniture, and paintings done by the men and women interned at Manzanar, Tanforan, and other large camps. The scenery sketches and artwork are particularly valuable in depicting daily camp life, for internees were not allowed to have cameras. Notes alongside the displays inform visitors to the Renwick Gallery: “The mandatory evacuation order on the West Coast included anyone and everyone with more than one-sixteenth Japanese blood, including children housed in orphanages and foster-care homes. The orphans—the youngest of whom was three months old—were sent to Manzanar.”

This is not real.

Every person in the country should see these works.

My grandfather was interned at Tule Lake and has never spoken of the place. (He soon enlisted in the U.S. Army.)

It’s easy to criticize the past—slavery, the Coliseum, Great Britain in India. You had to be there to understand.

Who will we do this to next?

Please bring this exhibit to Colorado. This is not just art—it is evidence of what human beings can do when our souls fall asleep.

Never again is NOW.

One has to wonder—what were they thinking? To destroy and redirect such lives and lose, for so long, such social value . . .

I drove 22 hours from Texas to be here.

This puts flesh on truisms about arts/crafts’ place in sustaining the human spirit.

A picture = 1,000 words and yet the world is lowd with sound.

It’s crazy that some of these wonderful artists were MY AGE (16) or younger.

Kew!

This was hardly our finest hour.

This is not just art—it is evidence of what human beings can do when our souls fall asleep.

I enjoyed the collection but I wish there were more pieces that communicated the struggle and pain that Japanese Americans had to endure . . . How about more works that capture the chaos, confusion, and alienation that the internees felt. I am sure there are more pieces out there that speak for this, not just to preserve a record of creative pieces made while in the camp. Art should do something more. Be, not seem.

I lived at Rohwer Relocation Center, Arkansas, where my father was assistant director. My parents had great respect for the Japanese people living there . . .

It’s fascinating to see this focus on the moral issues of World War II unfold in a decade when many Americans are reluctant to examine present, ongoing realities in Iraq—much like the refuge we took, during the Vietnam 1970s, in debating questions of the Korean war via the TV series *M*A*S*H*. And just as “reality” television brings formerly unknowable subcultures into our living rooms, including many programs on prison life, younger viewers grow skeptical that places like Manzanar or Dachau might

have existed without “good people” knowing or caring or protesting. Of course, awareness doesn’t always force action. Writing about the evidence of torture at Abu Ghraib prison in Iraq, Susan Sontag declared: “Where once photographing war was the province of photojournalists, now the soldiers themselves are all photographers—recording their war, their fun, their observations of what they find picturesque, their atrocities—and swapping images among themselves and e-mailing them around the globe” (Sontag 2004).

I teach a course called “Women and Western Civilization” at George Washington University, as well as one called “Women and War” for both GWU and Georgetown University in Washington, D.C. I sometimes accompany my students to certain museum exhibitions raising questions about war, race and gender. In spring 2004, when I was a guest professor on Semester at Sea, the shipboard program taking college students and faculty around the world, I took my class to Hiroshima, and to the memorial museum there.

After dropping the atomic bomb, Captain Robert Lewis wrote in his pilot logbook, “My God, what have we done?”

There were almost one hundred of us on that trip in April 2004. Our guide grew visibly nervous, stressing “cooperation” as we exited the bus near the remains of the Genbaku dome. Hawks were circling the scarred building shell. The discomfort on the part of my students (and colleagues) manifested in a variety of behaviors, some unsavory. Needing to assert his dominance, one young man ostentatiously chinned himself on the white marble column of Hiroshima’s eternal flame. A professor grumbled that the entire museum was mere anti-American propaganda, and that the Japanese were the most racist people in the world. “It’s revisionists like you who opposed displaying the *Enola Gay*

at the Smithsonian!” he shouted after me, throwing his bento box into the trash. I headed for the museum and its guestbooks.

One visitors’ journal was stationed near a display of writings by the Hibakusha (bomb survivors) and Kenichi Nakano’s drawing *Countless Corpses Floating in the River*. Nakano had written “At this piteous sight, my chest tightened. I sat down on the riverbank to pray for their souls and observe a moment of silence.” But beneath this, visitors had written angry comments.

Peace is nothing but a pipe dream.

Nuclear arsenals must be maintained, to maintain order.

Hiroshima was awful, but it was an act of war: weapons must be kept to ensure that TERRORISTS never get ahold of them.

Then, the outraged:

Just nuke America! Fuck America!

And, in a timid hand, from England:

May we learn?

I wrote:

Springtime in Hiroshima: lush verdant hills fertilized with human flesh.

The gift shop sold a brand of Japanese canned coffee called, incredibly, Morning Shot. I thought of 8:15 a.m., August 6, 1945. Conversations about what visitors felt at Hiroshima, versus what they chose to write in the public guestbook, filled our long journey back along the Sanyo Highway.

Displays about war and the military have attempted to address women’s roles. In 1997

the Women's War Memorial opened as a permanent museum in Arlington Cemetery just across the Memorial Bridge from Washington, D.C. This modest but symbolic tribute to women's rise from field nurses to grudgingly recruited WACS to leaders in the top levels of military power begins with an open guestbook along a low entry wall: "Your thoughts, recorded here, will be kept in the archives of the Women's Memorial." On a hot June day, the first Monday of summer 2010, I found signatures from tourists listing their homes as Venezuela, South Africa, Australia, England, Moscow, India, Qatar, the Netherlands, Italy, the Czech Republic, and North Pole, Alaska. The most touching entry was:

My Mom is in the Air Force and I honor her with my heart.

The most succinct entry: A seven-year-old's one word:

GOOD.

My favorite:

This is epic, beast, and everything in between.

Many American visitors expressed gratitude for all that servicewomen had done for their country. Tellingly, no one was certain how such women should be addressed. Fumbling toward some all-important mention of femininity, most writers thanked the "ladies" and "girls"—"women" being almost too radical a term. Calling women "soldiers" or "officers" seemed unthinkable. Essentializing femininity could be seen in tributes such as:

You ladies have the biggest hearts!

Only one writer used the correct salutation of respect for command in his fervent: "Way to go, Ma'am."

I'm a woman. Lord willing, I too will lead.

If it wasn't for women pushing for equality I would never have the respect I receive each day when I put on my nurse's uniform.

If you want it done well, and correct—find a woman.

Thank you for serving when you're scared.

It was a nurse at the 24th Evac. Hospital who saved the life of the special man in my life.

My grandmother was a WAC in WWII, stationed at Port Moresby, Papua New Guinea. She was amazing. My sister is on her fourth tour overseas, now in Kuwait.

Honor, courage and commitment know no gender.

I am a vet and a lesbian. Don't Ask/Don't Tell must go.

Many men feel that women are weak. Thank you for proving them wrong.

Better to make love than war.

Honoring the great is easier than remembering the dead, but we must move on.

Where children had written, there were the usual giant, page-filling signatures by self-conscious school kids uncertain what to write in public. But in this museum particularly, boys teetering on the brink of puberty seemed unsure how to praise female soldiers.

Go women! You rull!

Thanks for fighting so I don't have to. Ha ha, just kidding.

You are some very tough chicks!

You're doin' good!

Perhaps the most revealing comment was a directive, reminding others that whatever a women's chosen job might be, public perception is that woman equals caregiver. And she who goes to war must be acting on some protective, mother bear instinct.

Take care of the boys out there.

Moralizing appears in the guestbooks of "fun" museums, too. I've read many a demand for censorship—primarily in reaction to exhibitions that were perceived as overtly sexual—in the guestbooks of the Brooklyn Museum in Park Slope, the Jewish Museum at Fifth Avenue and 92nd Street in Manhattan, and various art galleries showing exhibitions by Annie Leibovitz. In Louisville, Kentucky, I walked through *Bobby, Martin and John: Once Upon an American Dream*, at the Frazier International History Museum downtown. The exhibition contained 1960s photos from *Look* magazine. The comments board there was riddled with judgment:

Liberals never practice what they preach.

The Lord shed his blood for ME. Now you go meet God!

Louisville's Slugger Museum, a working factory turning out top-grade baseball bats, had a space for visitors' comments on ethical issues in sports. One wall display asked:

Should players who used performance-enhancing drugs be allowed into the National Baseball Hall of Fame?

The scrawled responses went on and on.

Worse than gambling! They should be suspended! Banned!

How do you know guys/players back then weren't using?

Hitters who "used" performance enhancing drugs also faced pitchers who used; therefore, in many cases, it's a wash.

Throughout the months I spent writing about museums, I was privy to comments by curators and museum guards about their experience with "signers." The Smithsonian's annual Folklife Festival paid homage to Asian-Pacific American heritage in summer 2010, welcoming visitors with an enormous wooden structure actually shaped like a guestbook. This was explained as follows:

FOON SHAM, professor of fine arts at the University of Maryland, designed this sculpture to resemble a giant guestbook. Please sign it with your name and a one-word description of yourself or your profession. Signing a guestbook is symbolic and important on several levels. First, it means you are welcome here, which was not always the case for Asian Americans. Second, signing it vertically reminds us that several Asian languages are written from top to bottom.

At Folklife I sought out Phil Tajitsu Nash, curator for the Asian Pacific American program, who told me "Go sit under that tree and watch as people at the Folklife Festival encounter the sculpture. You'll see that Asian Americans approach it reverently, taking pictures of one another in front of it. But others just write graffiti—and they write it horizontally, not vertically as we've asked them." Here was another opportunity to see "the learning curve," literally writ large. Indeed, some less respectful visitors scrawled signatures like "Bilbo Baggins" or "Red Sox fan" across the top. However, most

signatures were expressions of Asian pride, such as:

Laotians are people who have the greatest heart!

Not all museum staff were comfortable with my interest in others' responses. During the months of Renwick Gallery's *Gaman* exhibition, I returned many times to take notes on the guestbook entries. Did visitors write more in the first month of the show? Did more polemical comments arise around, say, federal holidays, which often marked military anniversaries? (The exhibition coincided with both Memorial Day and the Fourth of July, huge seasons for visitors from Washington, D.C.) But one day in the Renwick gallery, I was stopped by a security guard who observed me taking notes. "Ma'am, what are you doing?" he demanded.

I explained that I was preparing a book about public writing, that I was interested in what people chose to say after seeing jarring exhibitions on wartime history, and that I taught a course on women and war. In various ways, I offered both my credentials and my personal interests as a writer. He and I were alone that day: there were no other visitors in the museum at all when he approached me.

The guard was grim-faced with contempt for my project. I understood that he was not speaking in an official capacity of reprimand. After all, I had not touched or moved any exhibit. I had not brought in food, drink, or a weapon. I was not making noise. Furthermore, I had communicated my interests (and my intention never to quote anyone by name) to the exhibit curator Delphine Hirasuna, who actually shared an entire additional page of visitors' notes collected by the director of the American Art Museum. (So, I had comrades in my obsession!).

"What you're doing is wrong," the guard hissed at me. "These are people's private thoughts! They don't want you thinking about what they're saying!"

We argued. I pointed out that, in fact, the visitors' reflections were about as public as handwriting gets: in an open "comments" book, in a free museum, right across from the White House, in a space trafficked by thousands. But no matter how I explained that I was studying *public writing*, the guard insisted that the comments were private. I switched tactics and shared that my mother's school friend, the actor George Takei, had been interned in a camp as a boy, and that both my artist mother and George would be interested in what visitors thought about the *Gaman* artwork. No dice. He made it clear that I should pack up and move on.

I fled. With my near-photographic memory, I could have avoided this confrontation by capping my pen and memorizing certain passages verbatim, to analyze later on. But I'd never been asked to leave a museum for the crime of taking notes. All over Washington, academics were busily reviewing important installations. What you usually catch hell for is a camera. My writing about writing got too close, that day, for comfort. Something in my genuine curiosity toward others' feedback struck a chord of violation in this guard.

When the going gets rough, enter the center. There is a refreshing, spiritual antidote to Washington's "controversial" museums. And it, too, has a guestbook. The magnificent Washington National Cathedral at Wisconsin and Massachusetts Avenues offers labyrinth walks on certain days of the month—slow, meditative walks around a traditional floor pattern, based on the medieval design of France's Chartres Cathedral labyrinth. This mini-pilgrimage experience, originally construed by churches to simulate walking to Jerusalem, is free and open

to the public. Flyers left out for visitors to the Cathedral explain: “A labyrinth is a sacred pattern that leads you on a prescribed path to its center, and back out again. . . . There is no right or wrong way to walk a labyrinth, since it is an activity that becomes a metaphor for your own spiritual journey.” After walking the labyrinth, which can take up to an hour (some walkers linger in the center, kneeling with palms upward or even curled weeping in fetal position), the newly becalmed are encouraged to write a few thoughts about their personal journey.

Gorgeous, careful handwriting in at least a dozen languages met my eyes when I opened this large cream-paper volume, on the night I first walked the nave floor with 60 other women. The writings went back eight years.

I thought I was carrying a question. If I was it mattered no more in the labyrinth, where there was only grace.

I never experienced anything like this. I had no choice but to look straight down because if I looked ahead I would get dizzy. I had to stay present or else there was utter chaos. Never before has the present been so prevalent.

Thank you for restoring myself to myself. I’m ready for my journey home now.

This walk—a dance embracing the turning, the joy of new turns in my life—promises of living the goodness, offering myself to the holy summons.

There is a center to me and my beloved.

The light—blue, green, yellow filtering from the glass of stain onto the smooth softness of reverence—a center each our own.

Jump between the prescribed paths if you tend to take them straight.

The power of the path and the ease by which I could leave it at any time—no walls to hold me in—I stayed of my own free will.

And then I found this entry, left on some previous night by a 12-year-old boy named Abraham:

This labirinthe seems to have a sense of humor because the first time I went I walked very fast and I accidentally took another path and it led me out.

We are all taking accidental paths, all the time. Some lead to the shared community of public writing, the intergenerational spiral where questions and answers from our histories are laid bare. As the nation drifts inexorably away from longhand, most public writing is now electronic. Citizens Tweet and text furiously with thumbs against glass—often while walking, even racing, toward the next urgent task of the day. Museum guestbooks are one of the last remaining formats for slowly handwritten sentiment. They are a low-tech cradle of free speech, a means of public dialogue capable of making us all into thoughtful arbiters of history. For too much of the past, such public writing was unthinkable—even a banned activity, under more repressive regimes intent on silencing individual expression. Public dissent about the meaning of history once marked an outspoken citizen for execution. I may flinch from the inappropriate or undiplomatic language inked onto public pages at the Smithsonian, yet I’m grateful there’s a means to save our gut-level responses to displays of the unspeakable. The sound of a pen scratching will vanish all too soon. **END**

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