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It is the time of the ghost, the revenant, and the specter. The ghost is somewhere between the visible and the invisible, appearing clearly to some but not to others. Within the spectrum lies the spectral. In this digital age, the space warriors want to militarize the hyperspectral as well. Some hear the ghost speak, for others it is silent. When visual culture tells stories, they are ghost stories. They are stories of the specter not of spirit, not ontology, but “hauntology.” The ghost is not a retreat to the margins, whether of art history, aesthetics or cultural studies, but is rather an assertion that the virtual is real and the paranormal normal, as what was formerly invisible comes into visibility. The revenant comes back not to address the past but to speak in a voice which is not one to the future. As Jacques Derrida has argued, it is “open to a future radically to come, which is to say indeterminate.” The ghost is in the machine that is the network, but it is not of it. It finds a way to reappear, but it is not everywhere. It is in between—between the visible and the invisible, the material and the immaterial, the palpable and the impalpable, the voice and the phenomenon. The ghost is that which could not be seen in the panoptic spectrum, and it has many names in many languages: diasporists, exiles, queers, migrants, gypsies, refugees, Tutsis, Palestinians. The ghost is one place among many from which to interpellate the structures of visibility that have constructed, destroyed, and deconstructed the modern visual subject. By the visual subject, I mean a person who is both constituted as an agent of sight (regardless of his or her biological capacity to see) and as the effect of a series of categories of visual subjectivity.

Let’s imagine a beginning. In 1786 the British philosopher Jeremy Bentham invented a perfect prison that he called the “panopticon.” The panopticon was an inspection house for the reformation of morals—whether of prisoners, workers, or prostitutes—by means of constant surveillance that the inmates could not perceive, a system summed up by Michel Foucault in the aphorism “visibility is a trap.” In Foucault’s view, the panopticon was a model for the disciplinary society at large, but the practices of visibility were not part of his inquiry. Rather, he simply assumed, with Bentham, that a straight sight line could be equated to visibility. For visual culture, visibility is not so simple. Its object of study is
precisely the entities that come into being at the points of intersection of visibility with social power. In the period of panopticism, the term “visuality” came into use to describe the state of being visual. By taking another look at the constitution of panopticism, the apparently brand-new confusion of visuality in the present might come to be seen as the breakdown of an already existing web of visuality that has escaped its disciplinary borders. If, as most of its practitioners have asserted, visual culture is defined more by the questions it asks than the objects it studies, then it may be that those questions are now becoming clearer: How was the visual subject constituted in modernity and how is it now being refashioned? In what ways can a network be thought and how can a networked subject be understood? How are the politics of visual identity to be constructed in this latest era of globalization? And in what ways can narratives of past, present, and future be written to account for these changes, in ways that are fashioned both by an awareness of history and the very Western construct of “history”?

**Imagining Ghosts**

Pure visibility was indeed at the heart of panopticism but it proved impossible to achieve either in theory or practice. The visibility described by Foucault was the fantasy of clairvoyance: a crisply focused field of observation in which nothing is obscure, literally nor metaphorically. Only in Neoclassical painting, such as Jacques-Louis David’s paradigmatic work, could the required limpidity of the visual field be achieved. Keeping the inmates visible at all times was a problem to be overcome. As Foucault explains, Bentham at first suggested that two large windows be placed in each cell, in effect backlighting the prisoners, but, as prison administrators were quick to point out, that had the unfortunate consequence of making it remarkably easy to escape. So he redesigned the lighting system, first suggesting the use of mirrors, and finally, gas lighting, but he never fully resolved the difficulty that has now been satisfied by closed-circuit television. It might be argued that as a true panopticon was never built, these details are of no consequence. However, Foucault derived from the panopticon the principle of power itself: “Power has its principle not so much in a person as in a certain concerted distribution of bodies, surfaces, lights, gazes. . . . The Panopticon is a marvelous machine which, whatever use one may wish to put it to, produces homogenous effects of power.” If the distribution of lights, gazes, and surfaces within the Panopticon were changed, then it would have disrupted the principle of power. The power of visuality was in fact far from homogenous. Bentham knew what
lurked within his panopticon papers: "it is like opening a drawer where devils are locked up—it is breaking into a haunted house." He even came to realize that solitary confinement, a key part of his plan, was in fact its undoing as a system of visibility: "in a state of solitude, infantine superstitions, ghosts and spectres, recur to the imagination." In short, the marvelous machine was out of order. The prisoner could neither be perfectly visible nor be constantly aware of disciplinary surveillance. Consequently, they were not disciplined, but simply punished: they became ghosts.

A striking example of this process was the transformation of Oscar Wilde during his imprisonment. While on remand in Holloway, awaiting his first trial in 1895, Wilde wrote to his friends Ada and Ernest Leveson, complaining of loneliness: "Not that I am really alone. A slim thing, gold-haired like an angel, stands always at my side. His presence overshadows me. He moves in the gloom like a white flower." He was referring, of course, to Lord Alfred Douglas, seeming here to anticipate Alan Sinfield's argument that he and Douglas together formed a "queer image." This Romantic view of imprisonment did not long survive the actual experience of a Victorian gaol. A year later Wilde petitioned the Home Secretary for early release from Reading, uncannily echoing Bentham's words above: "It is natural that living in this silence, this solitude, this isolation from all human and humane influences, this tomb for those who are not yet dead, the petitioner should, day and night in every waking hour, be tortured by the fear of absolute and entire insanity." The very solitude ensured, in Wilde's view, that the mind would become "in the case of those who are suffering from sensual monomaniacs [Wilde's self-diagnosis], the sure prey of morbid passions, and obscene fancies, and thoughts that defile, desecrate and destroy." After a brief inspection by Home Office doctors, Wilde was found sane. In November 1896, when he received this news, Wilde completed his transformation into a specter: "I shall return an unwelcome visitant to a world that does not want me; a revenant, as the French say, as one whose face is grey with long imprisonment and crooked with pain. Horrible as are the dead when they rise from their tombs, the living who come out from tombs are more horrible still." The disciplinary institution had turned the doubled, queer image of Wilde-Douglas into a single revenant, just as Bentham had belatedly realized it would.

Bentham imagined that the panopticon would be built mostly of iron and glass, suitably modern materials for the new system, which he called "a glass bee-hive." Had it actually been constructed in this way, the panopticon would
have looked more like the Crystal Palace than the Victorian prison. In France, it would have been a cousin to the Arcades, the covered shopping and leisure arenas that became an emblem of the nineteenth century following Walter Benjamin's extensive exploration of their history. An early demonstration in the Passage des Panoramas showed the new gas lighting to intrigued Parisians. From 1822, the Arcades and other public spaces began to be lit by gas as a house-to-house network for the delivery of what was then called the “spirit” was constructed. Here is a critical mix indeed—the panoptic institution illuminated by the new visual technologies of gas and electricity, yet haunted by spirits and, as we shall see, ghosts. This web of visuality was long held in place by the constraining lines of disciplinary power, but is now starting to unravel. This essay, then, is a series of notes toward a possible surfing of the visual network in ghost time. Ghosts are, by their nature, beings that reappear at unpredictable times and places but with cause. They are pure medium, transmitting in certain moments without a published schedule.

Electric Spirits
In the nineteenth century ghosts became electric. They were supposed to manifest themselves using electricity and they were detected by electricity. You can now buy on the Internet a ghost-hunting device that detects changes in electrical current. The transformation of European society by electricity was the subject of constant comment in media ranging from the popular press to the rarefied world of art history. For electricity became the light source of clairvoyant panopticism. In his description of the Arcades, Benjamin nostalgically regretted the passing of the flickering gas lights, but quoted Jacques Fabien describing in 1863 how electricity came to illuminate panoptic institutions from bottom to top: “The bright light of electricity served, at first, to illuminate the subterranean galleries of mines; after that, the public squares and streets; then factories, workshops, stores, theaters, military barracks; finally, the domestic interior.” The electricity that modernized the Arcades also revealed ghosts and spirits. Women mediums were suddenly able to access the spirit world on “the spirit telegraph.” Mediums would pass a cable round the circle that would end in buckets of copper and zinc, thereby creating a “spirit battery.” The séance was then a literally shocking affair, as visitors clasped this lightly charged cord. It was held that women's bodies were in some ineffable way more susceptible to conducting electricity and hence to the channeling of spirits that were, in effect, electric. I have been call-
ing panopticism "clairvoyant": clairvoyance was understood in the period to mean "seeing with the eyes closed," an accomplishment of spirit mediums, and especially seeing things at a distance, which is what we now call television. Clairvoyance was, then, a desire for unlimited sight that the new technologies of the period seemed all but ready to deliver, just as new media today promise access to all manner of visualized knowledges. It was a willed desire for a clear field of vision, a fantasy that could only be sustained by ignoring its anomalies.

Clairvoyance anticipated the visual technology that would come to epitomize it. In 1837 Mlle Pigeaire, a clairvoyant medium, was examined by the French Academy of Medicine, two years before the Academy of Sciences was astounded by Daguerre's photographic medium. Soon the two media joined together. From 1861 onward, the presence of spirits was attested to by photographs that were very widely discussed and debated. Despite endless skeptical tests, spirit photographers nonetheless managed to produce their images. In a positivist age these plates convinced many, for, in the words of the editor of the British Journal of Photography: "the photograph itself is not for nothing." Spiritism was in no sense anti-modern, as they relied on the same principles of magnetism and electricity as their materialist opponents. Spiritualists cited Freud in support of their contentions, especially as women and effeminate men were held to be most susceptible to the spirit influence.

The spirits had long been a part of resistance to slavery and colonialism. Descended from that history are such practices as the coming down of the spirit in African American churches, the jazz spirit, and the clandestine religion of Santeria. Intriguingly, colonizers in the late nineteenth century found a wave of resistance in the spirit wars of the period, ranging from the well-known ghost dances of the American Indians to the minkisi power figures that so disturbed Europeans like Joseph Conrad in the Congo. The minkisi (singular nkisi) were sculptured figures containing a medicine compartment that the operator (nganga) would use to activate the figure and gain the help of the spirit world for tasks in the material world, especially against an enemy. To gain the attention of the spirits, metal objects might be forced into the figure. There are so many fine examples in American and European museums precisely because the Belgians believed that they worked and did everything they could to eradicate them. In a certain sense the nkisi figure is a counter-camera, as its medicine compartment was usually fronted with glass, like a lens, and it would then be activated by having a piece of metal driven into it—in other words, it was shot, like a camera.
A Jewish Hauntology
In Europe, the city of light had its own spirit war and the ghost was at once old and new. Jews had long been considered the internal “other” of medieval and early modern Europe. But by 1900 this simple alternance was complicated in at least three significant ways. In the wake of the French Revolution, nations around Europe gradually lifted the civil and legal restrictions on the Jews, abolishing the legal boundary between gentiles and Jews. Taking advantage of this new freedom, many European Jews acculturated to the hegemonic civil society around them, provoking critiques from within and outside the Jewish world. In addition, there were increasingly more Jews in Europe as nations like France and Britain took in about 100,000 Jews fleeing persecution in Eastern Europe and Russia’s Pale of Settlement. This situation made it unclear what it meant to be Jewish. For such ambivalent Jews as Proust, Benjamin, and Freud, the answer was that they were ghosts. In the third volume of Remembrance of Things Past, Proust drew an extended comparison between Jews and spirit photographs. Introducing a set piece description of the salon of Mme de Villeparisis, Proust meditates on the presence of Jews in Parisian high society at the beginning of the Dreyfus Affair. Although Proust was himself Jewish, the narrator of the novel contemplates Jews as an astonishing apparition: “It struck me that if in the light of Mme de Villeparisis’ drawing room I had taken some photographs of Bloch, they would have given an image of Israel identical with those we find in spirit photographs—so disturbing because it does not appear to emanate from humanity, so deceptive because it nonetheless resembles humanity all too closely.” Here the Jew is literally a ghost, something that resembles the human even as it is not human, rather like the cyborg of our own time. Like the Terminator, the ghost says: “I’ll be back.” And indeed throughout Proust’s exegesis of this salon, Bloch and his concerns with the Dreyfus Affair recur over and again, skirmishes in the spirit war that disrupted high society’s image of itself as a sealed elite sphere, just as the spirit photograph suggested that materialist science could not account for the textures of everyday life.

A decade later another Jewish intellectual was forced to confront his own image: “I was sitting alone in my wagon-lit compartment when a more than usually violent jolt of the train swung back the door of the adjoining washing cabinet, and an elderly gentleman in a dressing gown and a travelling cap came in. . . . Jumping up with the intention of putting him right, I at once realized to my dismay that the intruder was nothing but my own reflection in the looking-glass on the open door. I can still recollect that I thoroughly disliked his appearance.”
Sigmund Freud concluded that he had not so much been scared by that encounter with his "double" as that he had failed to recognize it. He was too self-aware not to suggest that there was a trace of what he called the "uncanny" in his mistake. The uncanny is a rough English equivalent to the complicated German word *unheimlich*, which Freud himself glossed as meaning: "everything is *unheimlich* that ought to have remained secret and hidden but has come to light."¹⁹ What is visible as *unheimlich* is at once everything that is not at home or domestic—and the sense that a house might be *unheimlich* if it were haunted. In Freud's own case, the secret to be concealed is very often his own Jewishness, which he confronts as the ghost of his father. Freud's uncanny encounter with his own image caused him to make a mistake because the person in the reflection seemed to be Jewish, the Jewish father. Like Salman Rushdie in a recent story, Freud found that after losing his father for many years, he re-emerged one day in the mirror. The meeting took place not on the mythic battlements of Elsinore, where Hamlet met his father's ghost, but in that paradigm of modernity, the train. At the end of the Enlightenment emancipation settlement, in which Jews were supposed to be men on the outside and Jews on the inside (gender intended), the doubled Jew became two people in a process that Freud called "a doubling, dividing and interchanging of the self."²⁰ The Jew divided between inside and outside now became two people; or more exactly, one person and a ghost, neither being sure which they really were. That uncertainty was viral in modern Europe, as Proust's account shows. It made the home *unheimlich*, the body a source of suspicion, and the name devoid of meaning under the surveillance of an increasingly haunted panaopticism.

In the late 1920s, haunted by the loss of the world of the Arcades, Benjamin saw them as being the place of ghosts. He recounts a complex dream centered on the fear of doors in which he walked with a friend, only for a ghost to appear in the window of a house: "And as we walked on, the ghost accompanied us from inside all the houses. It passed through all the walls and always remained at the same height with us. I saw this, though I was blind. The path we travel through arcades is fundamentally such a ghost walk, on which doors give way and walls yield."²¹ It seems that we walk in the Arcades not with the ghost but as the ghost, a being for whom walls and houses are no obstacle to the gaze. As Benjamin suggested, houses and doors are not unusual dream symbols. Freud read the house as representing the body and a door as being an orifice. Benjamin's fear of the open door perceived with his castrated dream vision²² is then the fear of the open body, the uncivilized or uncanny body that exceeds its limits. In the Western
European economy of the period (that is to say, a household), the body that cannot be named is the Jewish body, the absent presence in the Arcades. As Benjamin imagines himself wandering through the convolutes of the Arcades, using avatars like Baudelaire and Blanqui, he never encounters Jews whose absence becomes a structuring principle to the work. Writing to Gershom Scholem in 1928 at a time when he was constantly deferring a move to Jerusalem to stay on just a little longer in Greek Europe (to use Matthew Arnold's term), Benjamin claimed: "This is perhaps my last chance to devote myself to the study of Hebrew and to everything we think is connected with it. First and foremost, in terms of my being ready for the undertaking, heart and soul. Once I have one way or another completed the project on which I am currently working, carefully and provisionally—the highly remarkable and extremely precarious essay ‘Paris Arcades: A Dialectical Fairy Play.'" At this stage, then, his Arcades project was a ghost story in opposition to a "Jewish" experiment. In the very first draft of subject headings for the Arcades project, there was an entry for "ghetto" that Benjamin did not develop. Later the Arcades became a Jewish-free Arcadia until the return of the ghost. The Jewish ghost is the vantage point of this hauntology, not because Jewishness is claimed as a new paradigm, but precisely because of the ambivalences and ambiguities of Jewishness. How is Jewishness even to be defined? as a religion? But what of secular Jews? As an ethnicity? But isn't that the Nazi game? As a nation? But aren't we trying to get beyond nations now? My interest is in the unconverted Jewish person for whom Jewish identity is that which refuses to be defined in a singular or exclusive way, that which cannot be reduced. In these so-called post-identity times, perhaps Jewishness, which never figured in the multicultural identity politics of the 1980s and early 1990s, might be an interesting way into the network.

Clearly my work is itself further haunted by the ghost of the Holocaust, from its choice of theory to its subjects like Freud and Benjamin who fled the Nazis with differing results. Rather than being an attempt to claim a Holocaust sublime that places one's work beyond question, this positioning is a recognition that the Holocaust is, for a variety of reasons, ever more central to contemporary visual culture. In film alone, recent work ranges from mainstream films like The Prince of Egypt and Saving Private Ryan to independent work such as Paragraph 175 or Aimée and Jaguar. What work are these Holocaust films, TV shows, art pieces, and comics trying to do? In this connection, Dominick LaCapra has recently emphasized a distinction between representation that simply acts out its trauma and that which finally seeks to work it through. In my estimation, this
comforting alternance cannot in fact be enacted. Rather visual culture is currently working out—working itself out, creating work, exercising itself—but with no expectation of working through to another side that no longer seems available. When Attorney General John Ashcroft has used the therapeutic language of closure to justify the closed-circuit television relay of the execution of Timothy McVeigh, some working out of new terms is in order. As the “West” endlessly deploys the ghosts of the Holocaust to represent itself both as victim and redeemer, critics of visual culture need to follow Marcellus’s old advice to Horatio and speak to them. It is, of course, precisely silence that has so often been demanded in the face of the Shoah, but one needs to be able to make a distinction between the abyss that has come to be known by the proper name Auschwitz and its multiple representations in the present.

By way of example, I want to explore briefly the visual culture of perhaps the best known ghost of the Shoah, Anneliese Marie Frank, known to the world as Anne Frank. She began to write what might well be called her prison writings on her thirteenth birthday in June 1942. By beginning on the day when a Jewish boy becomes a man, Frank asserted another emancipation, that of Jewish women. Soon afterward, the family was forced into hiding. Anne immediately pasted the walls with her collection of postcards and film stars, noting: “I have transformed the walls into one gigantic picture.” Some of these pictures have survived and present a striking bricolage ranging from Greta Garbo and other Hollywood stars to by now obscure Nazi-era screen actors, reproductions of Rembrandt paintings, Dutch landscapes, a medieval Pietà, and family pictures. The Franks were observant enough to fast for Yom Kippur in hiding and at the same time, despite all the problems that Anne had with her family, these Christian and other graven images were in no way controversial. Anne’s picture wall enacted the tensions of her past identity, at once assimilated, Dutch, Jewish, and modern, that was now gone, a ghost. Unable to look out openly, she and her older sister, Margot, would take turns peeping out from behind the blinds while the other bathed, turning the front office into their own camera obscura. In a peculiar irony, she had received the book Camera Obscura on her birthday, which she traded because Margot already owned it.

The Anne that we know visually through her famous photographs was not familiar to Anneliese. Annotating her own images, Anne wrote: “This photograph is horrible and I look absolutely nothing like it.” Like Freud, Anne Frank was dismayed by her own double, its uncanny quality enhanced precisely by her homeless
condition. In response, as she grew older, Frank redoubled herself. In January 1944 she wrote to her imaginary friend: "Isn't it odd, Kitty, that sometimes I look at myself through someone else's eyes? I see quite keenly then how things are with Anne Frank." On another sheet, she continued: "I browse through the pages of her life as if she were a stranger." Anne looks at herself from the point of view of the ghost and sees that she used to think of herself as "a bit of an outsider," a position that her imprisonment had made unavailable. In her recent series *Anne in New York*, the American artist Rachel Schreiber inserted the very photograph of Anne Frank that so displeased its subject into Iris prints of Manhattan, using Adobe PhotoShop software. Despite the well-known possibilities of digitally altering images, the gallery audience was surprised to find graffiti of Anne's picture in so many places; they found her too iconic to be a manipulation.

What is at stake in this doubled recognition and misrecognition? It might be said that it represents a return of the real. Perhaps, so long as we agree with Avery Gordon that "it's not that the ghosts don't exist," Anne Frank's head seems at home in New York precisely because she is always already there, for real. Anne Frank is always already in New York because she enacts a displacement and disavowal of the new anxieties in the ghost of the old. In New York there are many survivors of the Holocaust in its various forms, and still more people who live at some degree of separation from those events. In an intriguing counterpoint, the Dutch photographer Renate Dijkstra exhibited a series of large-scale color photographs in 2001 of Dutch teenage girls the same age as Anne Frank was in captivity. These local "Annes" have always been overshadowed by her Other, the universal Anne Frank, whose sentence "I still believe people are good" has become a motto of liberal humanism. This Anne has been so disturbing to some that Cynthia Ozick, in a notorious 1997 essay "Who Owns Anne Frank?" that first appeared in the *New Yorker*, professed that she wished Frank's diary had been burned. The famous diary was represented here as a travesty that had been: "bowdlerized, distorted, transmuted, traduced, reduced ... infantilized, Americanized, homogenized, sentimentalized ... falsified, kitschified, and, in fact, blatantly and arrogantly denied." For Ozick, if Anne is in New York, she needs to be exorcised. In line with this thinking, a recent volume addressing the experience of children in the Holocaust (although only Jewish children are considered) makes no mention of Anne Frank, seemingly for fear of displacing the Jewishness of the Holocaust. As a new Orthodoxy seeks to define Jewishness in as closed a fashion as possible, the universal Anne Frank has become an object of contestation that itself reveals past and present aporias of identity.
In May 2001 an ABC television mini-series on the life of Anne Frank claimed the mantle of universality by wrapping her in the family values of Walt Disney. Disney chairman and CEO Michael Eisner appeared before both episodes to mention the name Disney as often as possible, while warning parents that certain scenes were potentially disturbing to children. What Eisner found disturbing was not Nazism but the glimpses of nudity in the concentration camp scenes. He boasted that the last section would be shown without advertising but in fact only thirty minutes of the four hours were without commercials. ABC had no qualms about showing an advertisement for Viagra, the erection-inducing drug, just after a “teaser” clip showing Nazi violence to come in the next segment. The implied logic that aging sadomasochist Nazi freaks might be inspired by the clip to purchase Viagra would, of course, be anathema to Disney, but today’s sophisticated media viewers—especially children—are adept at making such connections. Anne Frank’s ghost, then, is haunting and hunted in New York, and at the same time invoked for the hawking of all manner of products.

It is not surprising that the Holocaust has come to be named after a young woman in the era of globalization. For globalization has enacted a shift not just in relations of consumption but in relations of production, as Gayatri Spivak has argued: “The subaltern woman is now to a rather large extent the support of production.” This condition is not acknowledged in the West except insofar as globalization as culture is figured as feminine, which I take to be a contested cultural category rather than a biological given. The contradiction of this moment can be expressed in many ways but here is one: Iranian video artist Shirin Neshat is rightly becoming a global star for her explorations of the gender divide in Islamic culture. Neshat’s video work is lushly cinematic, creating ten-minute epics with casts of hundreds. Black-veiled women hired on location pirouette at the edge of the sea in a disidentification with orientalism that is nonetheless starkly beautiful. Neshat’s critique of gender segregation in Islam fits a little too comfortably with Western stereotypes, even as the policing of gender in her native Iran has been somewhat relaxed. At the same time, the Taliban in Afghanistan hold public destructions of artworks, television sets, and videotapes while forcibly constraining women to the home and making them invisible in public behind the veil. The Taliban’s anti-modernity relies on the global media to disseminate their actions and discipline their own subjects, even as it disavows visual culture, in the knowledge that the least convinced Afghans are still clandestinely watching television. This counterpoint is felt most acutely in the West as part of the
ongoing drama of imagining the disjunctures of global media. In this hypervisual network, past and present, West and non-West, real and virtual become inextricably confused. In the time of the ghost, there is no base or superstructure to ground the phantom. Where, after all, do ghosts go to ground?

This paper was first written before the events of September 11, 2001, in New York and Washington and the subsequent war in Afghanistan against the Taliban. I have kept the somewhat polemical flavor of the original essay here, but a forthcoming longer version will consider these events and their consequences for the analysis.


5. Ibid., 132.


9. Ibid., 413.


19. Ibid., 17:225.
20. Ibid., 17:234.
22. Lacan argued that “our position in the dream is profoundly that of someone who does not see. The subject does not see where it is leading, he follows,” *Four Fundamental Concepts of Psychoanalysis*, trans. John Forrester (New York: Norton, 1981), 75. Benjamin’s leap was to transfer the dream state to the historical setting of the Arcades, in accord with his notion that the nineteenth century was persistently in a dream.
27. Ibid., 217.
28. Ibid., 257.
29. Ibid., 190.
30. Ibid., 455, version a and b.

34. These concerns are addressed in Rachel Schreiber’s remarkable 1996 video piece, “Please Kill Me, I’m a Nigger Faggot Jew,” which puts into contact a family photograph album of her grandparents’ visit to Europe in 1937 and the artist’s on-line questionnaire to Nazi sadomasochists.


36. These terms are adopted from Arjun Appadurai’s now-classic definition of globalization in his *Modernity at Large* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1996).