The "Lesser Traumatized": Exile Narratives of Austrian Jews

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Throughout 1988—Austria's "Year of Recollection," or *Gedenkjahr* as it was called—many historians, politicians, organizations, and media took a hard look at Austria's merger with Hitler's Germany in March of 1938. So did university professors, and with good reason. Prior to 1938, Austrian universities had been hotbeds of German nationalism. There were numerous vicious attacks against Jewish students, but the professors looked the other way. By their silence, they encouraged the attacks. As 1988 approached, there was a consensus amongst Austrian professors, particularly by those working in the humanities, that we must never again fail to speak out against the dangers of intolerance or racism. My contribution would be to secure the survival of oral reports by Austrian victims of Nazi persecution. Because so few of them returned to Austria after 1945, I had to find them in their countries of exile.

It is not too late to attempt to make exile narratives part of our collective awareness. Over 130,000 Jews were forced to leave Austria after it submitted itself to Hitler in 1938. To my own and my country's shame, they were not invited back home after 1945. Until recently, as far as Austria's public awareness was concerned, they had no history. For decades after the war there was no public discussion of the meaning and significance of this particular chapter in our history for us Austrians. As we denied to outsiders and repressed within ourselves any Austrian involvement in the horrors of Nazism, we were left no option but to repress the existence of our fellow Austrians in exile. Accepting the mere fact of their existence (let alone welcoming them home) would have meant assigning them a role in a public discourse that we did our best *not* to have. Thus, to gather for our own collective memory and to "unerase" the experience of a steadily thinning group of people—before it is, for biological reasons, too late—is a task of urgency as well as moral necessity.

That there is a grossly deficient "culture of memory" in Austria was made painfully clear by the Waldheim scandal of 1986. It is also clear by now that the scandal was the best thing that could have happened to us: It ruptured the veil of our collective amnesia. But even though things have improved, they are far from satisfactory. For instance: according to a poll taken in October 1991, 86% of Austrians grossly overestimate the number of Austrian Jews, 19% think that there should be Jewish quotas for certain professions such as doctors or lawyers, 7% said they feel physically uncomfortable in the presence of Jews, and a full 50% think that Jews share some of the responsibility for the Holocaust.[1] Evidently Austria's political culture still leaves much to be desired. In my view we can identify as one factor causing this depressing state of affairs a simple ignorance of what really happened to Austrian Jews in 1938 on a private, physical, individual

plane. Once people have made the effort of finding out how the forces of history trickle down and shape—or destroy—individual lives, they will resist the lure of simple abstractions and defamatory prejudices.

How long does exile last?

We know almost everything there is to know about the events that led to the annexation of Austria by Hitler's Germany in March 1938. We know the cost of these events to the Austrian economy, and we even know the cost of the subsequent devastations of World War II. A lot less is known about that history as seen through the eyes of the victims, and almost no research has been done about the *psychological* cost of suddenly becoming a second class citizen, of the subsequent banishment and the years of involuntary exile. The situation is exacerbated by the fact that much valuable research by Austrian historians (also literary historians) has simply been ignored by the public. There has been no appreciable improvement in the mass media debate about the year 1938 and its victims. Occasionally a high-minded individual will make the gallant effort to repopularize such concepts as "mastering the past" or "the labor of mourning," but the typical Austrian response to demands like these is a beery "So what?" Worse still, certain political factions are busily engaged in metamorphosing the erstwhile criminals into victims and Nazi crimes into "fate," which happens to be one of Hitler's favorite words. In October 1990, Jörg Haider (then governor of Carinthia) declared at the notorious Ulrichsberg meeting that "nobody who ever wore a German uniform has any reason to be ashamed of his service"—*and there was no public outcry.* These are frightening points of contact between the past and the present where one kind of exile ends and another one begins. Which one was harder to bear, one wonders: the first, offering a glimmer of hope once the Nazis had been defeated, or the subsequent one, which brought the depressing realization that there would be no apologies, no remorse, no compensation—and thus an everlasting alienation? Alfred Polgar came to this bitter conclusion in 1949: *Die Fremde is nicht Heimat geworden. Aber die Heimat fremde.* (The foreign country did not become a home. But home became foreign.) While Theodor Kramer, the talented young poet whose career was brutally destroyed by the Nazis and who limped back to Vienna in 1956 merely to die six months later, wrote this coda for one of his final poems: "It is only at home that I am eternally foreign."

Until the early 1990s, no academic researchers, no public institutions, and no politicians expressed the slightest interest in them. Austria did not so much “marginalize” its exiles as erase them from its collective awareness. We only need to look to our political neighbor in the north to see that in postwar Europe this was not the norm. In Germany, most cities have made it their task to invite, little by little, **all** of their former Jewish citizens back home for at least a few days (all expenses paid, of course), and there is ample public and private support for such gestures of atonement. But in Austria? In 1990 I suggested to the city of Baden (a prosperous resort near Vienna) that it should invite two ex-Badeners, one living in Jerusalem, the other in Reading, England, to spend some days in their former birthplace as a gesture of atonement. I received a letter form the mayor of Baden, who was audibly irritated by my attempt to “interfere” in the “internal affairs” of Baden. The city would invite its own guests, he wrote, but right now there was no money for that sort of extravaganza—and anyway, the city had just restored the old synagogue, which clearly demonstrated the liberal attitudes of the city fathers. Regrettably, there are hardly any Jews left in Baden, but the building has been turned into a tourist showpiece.

This was a fairly typical Austrian response, I fear: there is money to restore the damages to Jewish buildings, but no money to restore the terrible damage to Jewish minds and souls.
In the face of such unspeakable stinginess, the lavish receptions given to all the *famous* Jewish exiles becomes another source of irritation. From Ernst Gombrich this elicited a somewhat pained comment: “Later on, Austria awarded all sorts and manners of orders and distinctions to me.” VIPs such as Teddy Kollek (the retired mayor of Jerusalem), Billy Wilder, Frederic Morton, or Lord Weidenfeld have all been feted and wooed by the Austrian authorities. After the Waldheim debacle, our politicians badly needed the photo ops to polish up their “liberal” image. So it is no surprise really that Mario Simmerl, the bestselling author, is on record saying that he never experienced any anti-Semitism in Austria: he is a VIP! The stark contrast between the popularity of a few and the indifference toward the mass of exiles is an aspect of that anti-Semitic groundswell we can trace back to someone like Karl Lueger, the 19th-century mayor of Vienna. When reproached by some friends that in contrast to his anti-Semitic speeches he still dined with rich Jews, Lueger coined the memorable phrase “Wer ein Jud ist, bestimm ich” (Only I decide who is a Jew).

The return of Austrian Jews that did not happen

When in 1945 the Nazi nightmare seemed to be over, many of the Jews expelled by the denizens of the Ostmark (the Nazi name for Austria) were faced with the question of whether to return. Due to the devastations, an immediate return was often not possible. But as the months and years passed, two things became apparent. On the federal, state, and local levels alike, the "denazified" administrations had little interest in inviting Jews back and were not going to allocate any means for such a morally inspired venture. The solitary exception was a Communist city councilor of Vienna, Viktor Matejka, who was ousted after a few months in office. Secondly, Austrians showed a chameleon-like ability to change their colors. Those who in 1938 had learned overnight to shout "Heil Hitler" instead of "Heil Schuschnigg," as Stefan Zweig remarked in his autobiography,[2] were once again converted. Alfred Polgar, himself an exile, observed in *The Emigrant and His Homeland:*

> There is a *Faust* fragment by Lessing, in which the ghost, asked "what is the fastest thing on earth?" replies "the transition from good to evil." Proof for the correctness of this reply was offered a few years ago by the incomprehensible rapidity with which crosses turned into hooked crosses, and men into beasts. Now and at the same speed we witnessed the retransition.[3]

Dr. Lexer, a prominent surgeon in my home town of Klagenfurt, had a firsthand experience of this kind. In 1938, he was 15 and an ardent supporter of Austria's prime minister, Dr. Kurt Schuschnigg. When Schuschnigg ordered a plebiscite for March 13 on the question of whether to amalgamate Austria with Germany (which Hitler claimed was the fervent wish of all Austrians) or to stay independent, he and a close friend were busy distributing anti-Hitler leaflets. A few days after Austria's demise, Lexer was thunderstruck when he saw his pal once again distributing leaflets—Nazi leaflets this time. "How can you," he confronted him, "campaign for the Nazis when only last week we two campaigned against them?" The friend fixed him with cold eyes. "If you repeat that lie ever again, you *Saujud*, I'll kick your teeth in."[4] The speed with which the former friend had changed his colors and revised his personal history was perhaps remarkable, but there were tens of thousands who "discovered" that they had always been supporters of Nazism. And after 1945, the same mechanism worked once again. In a diary entry of October 1950, Günther Anders reveals not only the horrible reality of an unrepentant Vienna, but offers a psychological explanation for memory loss of this kind:

> Even after the murder of six million Jews they dare. . . to make Jews their scapegoat again, this time the accidental remaining Jew, the accidental survivor. It is not the batterer who is guilty—presumably he really does not recall his murders—but the battered: because he alone cannot forget the beating, the batterer and the battered.[5]

Something that all Jews remember about their first visit to Vienna after 1945 is how they ran into a miasma of self-pity coupled with an aggressive denial of guilt. "How smart it was of you, Herr Rosenbaum, to emigrate," the Viennese would say; "as usual, you Jews were more clever than we. Oh, you have no idea how terribly we suffered." When Hilde Spiel returned to Vienna in early 1946 and the head waiter of her café made exactly this type of remark, her reaction was one of uncomprehending disgust:

> Expropriation, humiliation, arrest and mortal danger, illegal border crossings, the years of exiles as an "enemy alien," surviving in a country badly disrupted by war—all of it would count for nothing, would vanish into thin air, dissolved by a snapping of two fingers.[6]

And a mere three years after the end of the war journals and newspapers were full of Wehrmacht "heroism stories," while stories of real heroism, such as hiding Jews from the marauding Nazis, were not considered worth printing. Alfred Polgar, conceding that the months of Allied bombing must have been hard, wrote: "But to accuse the dawn of the day for its greyish light ill befits those who found their bearings so comfortably well in the pitch blackness that preceded it."[7]

Quite "ordinary" survivors will also eloquently express anger with and alienation from their mother country. As one of my interviewees wryly remarked: "Oh, those Austrians will never forgive me for the fact that they sent me to Dachau."

New myths about stupendous Jewish privileges sprang up at beer tables all across Austria. Dare I admit that I found such a prejudice in my own family, as late as in 1993? In a close relative, a devout Catholic and what is commonly called a "decent gal"? While watching the television news one night—there was a report on repressive Israeli policies toward Palestinians—she suddenly exclaimed: "Those *Saujuden* can get away with anything!" Shocked, I pointed at the wider historical picture, and how inappropriate it was particularly of us Austrians to express such views. And out came the slurs, one by one: they had rewritten history, they wielded far too much power, we had paid them enough, we were still paying them horrendous sums of money, a fact that was hushed up, a conspiracy. Didn't I know that the sole reason why Herr Meinl (the owner of a chain of quality food stores found all over Austria) was not passing

his business on to his son? Such a move would eliminate the company's privilege, granted to all Jewish businessmen who had returned after 1945, of not paying any income tax for the duration of their lives!

But why should I be astounded by such bizarre stories, when the founding fathers of the Second Republic, as we now know,[8] behaved in no less callous a manner?

The difference between *Emigration* and *Exile*

We need to explore the traditional stance of critical literature on the experience of exile and to juxtapose it with an alternative critical approach, based on a theory of exile and expulsion literature as a literature of trauma. Most approaches to exile literature treat the tension between two cultures as a *source* of creativity, and not as an obstacle to it. The perspective of one's own culture is clarified and sharpened through the experience of cultural otherness, these critics claim; various cultural lenses refract, twist, turn and creatively reconstitute an image which might otherwise have remained dull. Bertolt Brecht, who fled from Nazi persecution as early as 1933 and who fled back to Germany in 1945—this time from HUAC persecution—thought the distinction between the terms "émigré" and "exile" important enough to devote a whole poem to it:

> I always disliked the name that they gave us:
> *émigrés*. Which means "leavers of their country."
> We did not leave voluntarily, choosing
> another country. Nor did we immigrate
> into a country in order to stay there, maybe
> forever, but fled. Expelled and banished were we.
> And the country accepting us won't be our home,
> but an exile. Restless we sit, as close to the border
> as possible, waiting for the day of return.[9]

A radical difference becomes apparent. Exile is not chosen, it is forced upon one. Whether a return to one's country of origin will ever be possible hangs in doubt. When the exile compares his or her former status as a respected citizen with that of a refugee in a alien land, s/he will be shocked at the huge loss in quality of life. A great many Viennese Jews had been, in pre-1938 days, highly prosperous and respected. For instance, after March 1938 two-thirds of the teaching staff of the medical faculty of Vienna University were dismissed, almost all of them Jews.[10] In the arts and sciences, as well as in trade and commerce, Jews were present at a disproportionately high rate. Overnight they became nonpersons whom everyone was free to molest, to rob, even to lynch. Moreover, whereas anti-Semitism in Germany was very much the domain of

bureaucrats, in Vienna it was acted out like a popular "street theatre" with gleeful audience participation. Harassing the Jews was a playful activity, carried out by the "gemütliche" Viennese in a three-quarter beat. Quite precipitously, any reliable social consensus for living amongst others vanished. As one of my interviewees remembered: "It was as though we had been thrown into an impenetrable jungle together with wild animals, and we had no weapons with which to defend ourselves." There was the organized terror of the SA and the SS, *Austrian* SA and SS mind you, which made Jürgen Kramer speak of Vienna as located by the beautiful brown Danube. But it seems that the mass of *private* examples of petty nastiness have an even more prominent place in the memories of exiles, and it is these memories which have been so demoralizing. Many spoke of the outrages that happened to them in apocalyptic terms, using images of collapse and chaos, but also of terrifying insights. It was as though they were frozen with shock. And indeed Lore Segal writes in these terms in her autobiography *Other People's Houses:*

> "When am I going?" I asked. "Thursday," my father said. The day after tomorrow. Then I felt the icy chill below my chest where my insides had been.[11]

Benno Weiser, using a similar metaphor, speaks of the Anschluß as "the beginning of the stone age of the heart,"[12] whereas Max Knight, coauthor of the "duography" *One and One Make Three,* makes a reference to a cultural abortion when he writes that fleeing Vienna was leaving "the womb of my home in Vienna, my family, my country, my tradition and security. It was a violent birth, Hitler as midwife."[13] Many exiles had recurring dreams; some have them to this day. Edith Arie dreamt "at least fifty times, maybe a hundred" the following dream:

> Suddenly there is an order to leave within two minutes. Frantically I begin to pack a suitcase, except I do not know what to pack and what to leave, and so I leave the house with an empty case. In the streets I do not know where to go, and so I ask the people "where do I go?" and they ask me back, "where do you WANT to go?," and I say, "I do not know, all I know is that I have to GO, can you tell me where?," and they all laugh and leave me standing there. And the streets through which I hurry are suddenly all alien to me, I do not know where I am, and I do not recognize any faces, and I am terrified that I will not make the deadline and that they will come for me. When I wake up, I am soaked in sweat and for a few seconds I never know where I am.[14]

Understanding exile narratives as narratives of trauma

Our time has made travelling so easy; many of us have become not only accomplished travellers, but also semioticians of alien cultures. We know how to read the signs, we love the differences of the sights, the sounds, the smells. There is sensuality in our journeys. But who has ever tried to imagine the feelings of teenagers arriving all alone and against their will in a new country, not to spend a vacation but to stay for an unknown length of time, maybe forever? What terror must have been in their hearts as they watched an alien, drab landscape, unfamiliar houses, or street signs that yielded no meaning; what incomprehension may have filled their souls as they were unable to read the faces of foster parents, teachers, policemen? The new arrivals were, in a symbolic sense, naked and totally exposed. As the writer Lion Feuchtwanger wrote of his New York exile in 1941: "I feel like a primitive from the jungle who sees telegraph poles and wires. He knows that these wires have a function, but he has no idea which."[15] Although we know that a great deal of goodwill existed in England, France, and other countries that accepted Jews, some people and authorities were less than perfect. Thus the British Central Office for Refugees (commonly known as Bloomsbury House) issued a flyer to all refugees from Nazism advising them about their behavior. "Don't talk German in the streets, in public places or any places where others may hear you," it said, which must have given them the impression that the British might mob them in the streets. "Don't ask whether your friends and relatives can be brought into the country, whether or not they have permits," it went on, addressing their main sorrow, since *everybody* had been separated from his or her beloved. "Do be as quiet and modest as possible" was another and somewhat ominous remark. Ending on an uplifting note, it had the eminently practical advice "Do be as cheerful as possible."[16] The writer of such a pamphlet clearly had very little idea of the unspeakable pain characterizing every day of the new arrivals.

Even if we could comprehend the sudden vulnerability of self and property, we would not know the whole story. All certainties regarding one's life and career were stripped away. Moreover, the certainties of a static society were much sought after by the ordinary citizen, as Stefan Zweig points out in his autobiography; much more so than in our time. There was a strict sequence of rites and events denoting maturity or progress that had been tacitly agreed upon by society. For example, there had to be an engagement ceremony before marriage, professional training and the first career steps before engagement, settling into an appropriate apartment before parenthood, and so on. Such steps and expectations were beyond dispute and

could, in some cases, even be sued for. (Breaking an engagement was a civil offence; the aggrieved party could sue for damages.) Because of the Anschluß, all expectations of a foreseeable life development were disrupted. Not to be disregarded is the fact that personal relationships are not the only ones of a biographical validity: relations with business partners or clients are of relevance, too. When they were removed, self-esteem and social status were grievously injured. Significantly, the number of male suicides was more than ten times as high as that of women. In rare cases, life in exile was gradually reconstructed and a prewar standard of living achieved. But even then the expectations of a normal Jewish life with its strong emphasis on the relations of an extended family could not be fulfilled. Ceremonies such as a Bar Mitzvah or a wedding were incomplete because aunts and uncles and grandparents and friends and neighbors had not survived the brown pestilence. Even the use of the mother tongue was problematic. Writer Fritz Beer remembers: "I was no longer allowed to remain loyal to a language dwelled in by the barbarians."[17] He revised his decision, but others did not. I know of cases in which marriage partners (both of them German-speaking) quarrelled about which language to use in the home.

In contrast to the refugees of the Bosnian war, Jewish refugees were soon needed by their host countries in the general effort to win the war. No one was keener than they to share the inclemencies of shortages, blackouts, and long hours of work. But the wartime attitude of "grinning and bearing" breaks down sooner or later, and then what? Do the narratives find an outlet, and if so, do they get an audience? Holocaust survivors such as Eli Wiesel and Simon Wiesenthal have both testified to their own "survivor guilt" as well as to long public indifference to their tales. Wiesel, moreover, has argued that nontraumatized readers tend to read Holocaust literature as allegories or metaphors for the human existence rather than concrete historical fact. The "Anschluß" has similarly not found many literary champions or publishers: until very recently, it tended to get glossed over both by contemporary Austrian literature *and* our collective memory. In England and the USA, only a few brave publishers risked their money on Anschluß memoirs. As far as the general public is concerned, I have often heard the story that owing to the seductive "schmaltziness" of certain movies many English or American citizens didn't even believe the horror stories of exiled Austrian Jews. There is the well-known case of *The Sound of Music*, which shows a totally misleading picture of prewar Austria, but even Charlie Chaplin's *The Great Dictator* (1942) inexplicably portrays "Ostarik" as an idyllic neighbor to Nazi Germany that gladly accepts Jews driven out of Germany.

An even more important aspect was a self-generated censorship of exiles. Their suffering, they felt with some justification, had been *negligible* in comparison with the horrors of the Holocaust, and therefore many thought it inappropriate to fuss over their losses. The result was decades of silence and suppression. This was particularly strong as a syndrome in Israel, which was quick to establish a culture of memory, as was only fitting for a state that might have never come into being without the Holocaust. But while the horrors of mass extermination were meticulously documented, scant attention was given to the traumas of those that had been expelled. *You are the lucky ones* was drummed into them, *you must be glad to be here. You have an obligation to be happy. Your traumas are nothing in comparison to those of the camp survivors.* Guiltily, the ones who had gotten out in time agreed. But often remained quietly unhappy and homesick.

As Julia Kristeva has argued,[18] there is a great need to rejoin those seemingly mutually exclusive areas of "longing" and "knowing." In the final phase of life, as family ties, friendships, and business contacts fall by the wayside, it is natural to seek a reconciliation with those who never asked for forgiveness. This becomes even more plausible considering a certain disenchantment with host countries: the colder social climate brought about by Thatcherism, an alarmingly high crime rate, or the disintegration of American cities are often cited in this context. Stella Rotenberg, whose mother was lost to the Holocaust, wrote one of the most moving exile poems that I know. It is entitled "Rückkehr" (Return) and lists a number of nonreasons for returning to Austria, such as the clichéd notions of an atmosphere, *Gemütlichkeit*, the waltzes, the crystal snow in winter. The final stanza explains:

Simply
in order to hear the sound of my mother tongue
once more, would I return
into the abyss of hell.[19]

The complexity of "lesser traumatized" relations to Austria was brought home to me in an Austrian TV documentary (1993), in which a New York woman said: "I would so much like to love this city again. But I daren't." In a more tortuous statement and involuntarily playing on the multiple meanings of "to live," Dorit Whitman's aunt similarly explained: "You know, of course, that I could never live in Vienna. But, you know, the only place I could ever *live* is Vienna—if I could only live there." [20]

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NOTES

1. Their number is approximately 10,000, or 0.13% of the population; 86% of those polled put the percentage at 2% or more, with some estimates as high as 10%.

2. Stefan Zweig, *Die Welt von Gestern. Erinnerungen eines Europäers* (The World of Yesterday: Memories of a European) (Frankfurt: 1981), 458.

3. Alfred Polgar, "Der Emigrant und die Heimat," in *Kleine Schriften*, ed. Marcel Reich-Ranicky (Hamburg: 1982), 238. My translation. The reference to "crosses" is to the Catholic underpinnings of Schuschnigg's brand of fascism, whereas "hooked crosses" are swastikas. I am grateful to Klaus Amann for providing this reference.

4. Personal communication.

5. Günther Anders, *Die Schrift an der Wand. Tagebücher 1941-1966* (The Writing on the Wall: Diaries, 1941-1966) (Munich: 1967), 163. My translation.

6. Hilde Spiel, *Rückkehr nach Wien. Ein Tagebuch* (Return to Vienna: A Diary) (Munich: 1989), 69. My translation.

7. Alfred Gong, ed., *Interview mit Amerika. 50 deutschsprachige Autoren in der neuen Welt* (Interview with America: 50 German-speaking authors in the New World) (Munich: 1962). My translation.

8. The British historian Robert Knight was the first person allowed to view the minutes of Austria's postwar cabinet meetings. His special interest was how the federal government treated Jewish claims, how these were deliberately and methodically stymied. In the process, he also documented how anti-Semitic slurs were bandied about by Conservatives and Social Democrats alike. For example, Prime Minister Figl (Conservative) remarked that "the Jews want to get rich fast . . . but it is a fact that nowhere does one find so little anti-Semitism as in Austria, and in no other country are the people as tolerant as in ours" (14 January 1947), while Deputy Prime Minister Adolf Schärf (Socialist) opined that "whole regions [of Austria] have been economically devastated by the Jews." No anti-Semitism, indeed.

9. Bertolt Brecht, "Über die Bezeichnung Emigranten" (On the term emigrants), in *Werke*, vol. 12 (Frankfurt: 1988), 81. My translation.

10. Michael Hubenstorf, "Medizinische Fakultät 1938-1945," in *Willfährige Wissenschaft. Die Universität Wien 1938-1945*, Gernot Heiss et al., eds. (Compliant Science. The University of Vienna 1938-1945) (Vienna: 1989), 233-282.

11. Lore Segal, *Other People's Houses* (New York: 1964, first pub. 1958), 25.

12. Benno Weiser-Varon, *Professions of a Lucky Jew.* (New York: 1992), 71.

13. Peter Fabrizius, *One and One Make Three. Story of a Friendship.* (Berkeley: 1988), 2.

14. Personal communication, February 1995. The dream with its elements of sudden disorientation and alienation from fellow citizens clearly shows the traumatic effect of the Nazi invasion. From about 1980 on the dream stopped, but it came back during a visit to Austria in the summer of 1991 and has resurfaced—with diminishing frequency—several times since.

15. Quoted on a Radio 1 program on Austrian exiles, 10 March 1998. Later, Feuchtwanger became a successful Hollywood scriptwriter.

16. For this information I am indebted to Edith Mahler-Schachter (cousin to the composer Gustav Mahler), Bromley, Kent. She died in 1995 at the age of 91.

17. Fritz Beer, in *Die Zeit gibt die Bilder. Schriftsteller, die Österreich zur Heimat hatten*. Special issue of *Zirkular,* Alisa Douer, Ursula Seeber, eds. (Vienna: 1992), 40.

18. "Psychoanalysis and the Polis," In *A Kristeva Reader,* Toril Moi, ed. (London: 1988), 307.

19. *Scherben sind endlicher Hort. Poems.* (Shards are a finite shelter.) (Vienna: 1991).

20. Dorit Whitman, *The Uprooted: A Hitler Legacy* (New York: 1993), 194.