

***Between Spectacle and Engagement:  
Trauma Tourism and the Artistic Abstraction of Suffering***

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## **Between Spectacle and Engagement: Trauma Tourism and the Artistic Abstraction of Suffering**

### **Introduction**

Reflecting on my tourist experiences over the past year, I see that there have been many common threads in my travels to Cambodia, Vietnam and Chile. As I flip through photos of warm beaches, bustling street markets, and newly discovered dishes, I can also find a more ominous theme in my travels. Behind the wonderfully exotic aesthetics of these countries, the lure of the glittery unknown, I uncovered shards of a horrifying past. In each place, I managed to visit at least one national memorial to an atrocity that took place in the twentieth century, most during the 1960's and 70's. It's almost as if I've been following a trail of destruction, laid before me decades ago by Henry Kissinger himself. The magnitude of suffering in these sites is incomprehensible, and the intimate nature of the abuse involved seems inaccessible to a Canadian teenager backpacking his way through history.

I had my first encounter with a gruesome memorial at the Tuol Sleng Genocide Museum, which I visited twice, and the Choeung Ek Killing Fields in Phnom Penh, Cambodia. Both of these places shocked and chilled me. Human skulls were piled in high stacks on towering shelves, photographs of brutally murdered victims hung on the walls next to descriptions of various torture procedures. At Choeung Ek, signs hung over bare plots of land marked "MASS GRAVE... 8935 VICTIMS," and "killing tree against which executioners beat children."

During a weekend excursion to Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam, I visited the War Remnants Museum, which was known as the Museum of American War Crimes until 1993 but has since changed its name in the interests of keeping a steady inflow of curious visitors from the United States. This visit was both quick and somber; I walked through the exhibits of captured

American tanks and exploded munitions shells with my eager digital camera set to capture the scene in a solemn black-and-white.

As if the skeletons, tanks, and disturbing photographs of Vietnam and Cambodia weren't enough, last year I decided to participate in a spring break study trip to Chile with the specific intention of observing the ways in which Chileans have memorialized the atrocities of the Pinochet regime. This most recent experience has convinced me that I have an attraction to the truly morbid aspects of tourism. I stumble upon and even seek out the most traumatic moments of a nation's twentieth century experience.

In reflecting upon this array of experiences, I came to learn that my curiosity is called "trauma tourism" in many academic circles, and its growing prevalence in the tourist landscape is a source of much intellectual controversy. This brand of tourism involves the visiting of memorial sites that display violence and suffering as a sort of touristic spectacle, and it goes without saying that it prompts an assortment of ethical dilemmas. In this paper, I attempt to make sense of my own encounters with distant tragedies by bridging the academic and the artistic. I identify and link arguments in postmodern literature on both trauma tourism and testimonies of torture, seeking a theoretical underpinning to guide me through my own attempts at personal catharsis.

In my experience, trauma tourism brings to the forefront the conflict between spectacle and engagement in visiting sites of national tragedy. By engagement, I mean attempts at both intellectual understanding and artistic reflection on the sites themselves and all that they represent. In considering literature on both torture and trauma tourism, I attempt to offer an alternate view to the cynical postmodern paradigm, with the goal of finding an understanding which I believe can aid others like myself in processing the nature of visits to such sites.

## Trauma Tourism

Why are we drawn to visit the darkest places in history, those that represent the most inhumane moments of the twentieth century? To address this question, I examine literature on trauma tourism, seeking out themes that are most relevant to my tourist experience in Santiago, Chile. Although much of the written reflections on trauma tourism center around Holocaust Museums in Germany, there are many parallels to be made between the motivations for tourists to visit these specific places as well as those shedding light on the brutalities of the Pinochet regime. While this particular area of tourism theory still seems to be in its developing stages, it is increasingly fueled by the growing need to reflect upon memorial visits as educational tourism becomes ever more popular.

In a book titled *Visual Culture and Tourism*, Griselda Pollock proposes that in visiting a memorial, the tourist “knows only of the place name as somewhere made remarkable by the enormity of the deaths that occurred there.”<sup>i</sup> Tourism, she claims, involves “the spectacularization of the work, or experience of the other,” and “Holocaust tourism takes this to a newly terrifying level; what is made into spectacle is the death and torture of others, no longer present.”<sup>ii</sup> During our study trip to Chile, we visited a site called Villa Grimaldi, which used to be a camp for political prisoners during Augusto Pinochet’s brutal dictatorship. In that somber space, we witnessed a melancholy re-encounter with death and torture as Pedro Matta, a former prisoner and torture victim, walked through with us. If it weren’t for the personal connection that he had to this particular site, the prison would have almost been unimaginable as a former death camp on that sunny summer morning.

In a further examination of motivations that tourists have for visiting such memorials, Lucy Lippard investigates the social mission that such tours can represent to visitors. She claims that many tourists at memorials of atrocities have been “blindly conditioned and sold a blockbuster bill of goods, convinced that it is not only alright but socially responsible to wallow in others’ miseries.”<sup>iii</sup> This self-imposed mission can be strengthened by a national propensity towards denial or neglect, as well as the preference of other tourists to not be exposed to such dark matter on their holiday time.<sup>iv</sup>

For those who come to Villa Grimaldi out of a sense of responsibility, there exists another underlying desire to attempt to comprehend, on some level, the suffering of those who were kept there. Lippard weighs the benefits and drawbacks of this approach to tourism by stating that “on the one hand, it seems important to open [these spaces] up to the public so a suppressed history can be made known. On the other hand, how far can the “I feel your pain” approach to history go? How much does and should guilt play a role?”<sup>v</sup> The logical answer that I am led to is that Villa Grimaldi’s message of “*nunca mas*” (“never again”) can be just as relevant for Americans, in an age where water-boarding is argued as exempt from classification as ‘torture,’ as it can be for Chileans. In her proposals for *Massacre Memorials*, Athena Tacha argues that “an effective memorial recalls the dead in order to make the survivors responsible to the living.”<sup>vi</sup> For foreigners, visiting torture sites abroad can effectively cause them to take up activist causes in their home countries and in this sense, trauma tourism holds a powerful function in the battle against state-sanctioned torture.

The problematics of trauma tourism, however, persist despite the benefits of its potential for inspiring political activism in the tourists’ home countries. As Pollock adds, an important distinction then exists between pilgrims and tourists. Pilgrims are those who return to a place that

they, or their murdered relatives and friends, once knew; for tourists, the very same place is a “sight” rather than a memorial. “The pilgrims do not come awaiting a packaged, planned, itinerized experience, preshaped by the new canons of the museum educators and heritage industry.”<sup>vii</sup> The tourist is at the mercy of the way the encounter is stage-managed as a memorable visit, rather than a visit of memory.<sup>viii</sup> In exploring the reasons for which one may visit a site, Lippard gives a cynical view of the motivations that tourists have:

“...however high-minded our approaches, the insidious elements of voyeurism and sensationalism will creep in. Tourists visit such sites to get a whiff of catastrophe, to rub a bit closer against disaster than is possible in television, movies, or novels-- although the imagination has to work a little harder when confronted with the blank terrains, the empty rooms, the neatly mowed lawns, the negligible remains of real tragedy.”<sup>ix</sup>

This negative analytical approach to trauma tourism embodies what I feel is a disillusioned postmodern critique of the tourist experience. Lippard insists that trauma tourism can be nothing but a search for the grandeur of catastrophe and cataclysm, an attempt to fill what people often see as their own petty and meaningless middle-class lives. She equates the act of visiting a memorial with searching for adventure and hedonism on a trip, leading to a skeptical assessment of the motives of the travelers and emotional impact of the sites. This point goes back to my original thesis, which was actually inspired by Lippard’s contention, that trauma tourism produces a conflict between spectacle and engagement with a particular history. If the space is simply a dramatized spectacle, then we are voyeuristic. However, if it goes further to cause self-reflection and a deeper attempt to “understand” the suffering presented, then maybe there is hope of overcoming the sensationalist nature of this type of travel. At some point, this act of understanding can become a cathartic experience, a process in which the involved viewer can move the witnessed pain and suffering “through” him or herself by use of artistic expression. I elaborate further on this process in the section of this essay on artistic abstraction.

## Torture and Testimonial Violence

In order to gain a more comprehensive understanding of my experiences in Santiago, Phnom Penh and Ho Chi Minh, I have found that a theoretical understanding of the complex and problematic nature of testimonies of violence is necessary. At the heart of the trauma tourist experience is the inability of human language to truly communicate pain and suffering. As Elaine Scarry states in the introduction to her postmodern classic *The Body in Pain*, “physical pain has no voice, but when it at last finds a voice, it begins to tell a story.”<sup>x</sup> One of the most striking features of this agonizing sensation is that it is inherently unsharable, there is no way for us to truly communicate it to others as it ensures this unsharability through its resistance to language.<sup>xi</sup> Scarry goes further to claim that physical pain does not simply resist language, but actively destroys it, bringing about “an immediate reversion to a state anterior to language, to the sounds and cries a human being makes before language is learned.”<sup>xii</sup> Screams, moans and language-less cries represent a state of feeling that falls outside of verbal forms of communication. Such resistance and destruction is not simply a result of its incidental or accidental attributes, but is an essential feature of what it means to be in pain.<sup>xiii</sup>

Furthermore, physical pain, unlike any other state of consciousness, has no referential content. Scarry points out that “desire is desire of *x*, fear is fear of *y*, hunger is hunger for *z*; but pain is not “of” or “for” anything-- it is itself alone.”<sup>xiv</sup> It is precisely because pain takes no object that it, more than any other phenomenon, resists objectification in language.<sup>xv</sup> Although this may be true, human beings still feel the need to demonstrate and explain their physical suffering, and its relevancy to the lives of others. Scarry’s response is as follows:

“A great deal... is at stake in the attempt to invent linguistic structures that will reach and accommodate this area of experience normally so inaccessible to language; the human attempt to reverse the de-objectifying work of pain by forcing *pain itself* into avenues of objectification is a project laden with practical and ethical consequence.”<sup>xvi</sup>

What are the particular avenues of objectification that we witnessed on our first day in Santiago?

The most obvious example, in my mind, is the tour of Villa Grimaldi that Pedro Matta gave to us. During this hour-long walk through the historically charged space, Pedro stopped several times in specific places of memory, where he would go into detailed and dramatic accounts of the traumatic experiences that he suffered as a victim of Pinochet's brutal regime. Once he even paused to show us the exact location of his former cell, now existing as a simple patch of grass, fighting back tears as he tried to impress upon us the utter misery of his time at the prison. It was through his words that he attempted to make his lived experience real in our minds. Scarry further explains this process:

“Once the structures of torture and war have been exposed and compared, it becomes clear that the human action of making entails two distinct phases-- making-up (mental imaging) and making-real (endowing the mental object with a material or verbal form)-- and that the appropriation and deconstruction of making occur sometimes at the first and sometimes at the second of these two sites.”<sup>xvii</sup>

The retelling of a personal torture experience thus involves the process of endowing the mental image (that has been “made-up”) with a verbal form, in an attempt to communicate the impact of this event to the listeners and in the case of our Villa Grimaldi tour, add a more emotional level in their education about the Pinochet regime.

In reflecting on this short but emotionally intense tour, I find several key connections between Scarry's theoretical discourse and Pedro's actual accounts. The first is his use of referential content in order to get us to identify with the pain felt during torture. At one point in our tour of Villa Grimaldi, he gave detailed physical descriptions of some of the procedures regularly conducted on prisoners, including blowtorching, cutting with knives, and attaching electrodes to hands, feet, and genitals. The reactions that I witnessed in my fellow students and professors were unified in their expression of repulsion and quiet horror; some shook their heads, others covered their mouths, a few couldn't even look him in the eye and instead stared silently

at the ground. At the end of the tour, he took us into a cubic structure that housed the chains that were tied to victims before they were thrown into the ocean. Both the descriptions of procedures and the physical objects presented to us were used to convey the experience of the physical pain of torture and imprisonment in Villa Grimaldi.

In introducing his tour and the subject of torture, Pedro first apologized by saying that he regretted that this would be our first experience in Santiago, but then moved on to stress the importance of this excursion because “it’s part of our reality.”<sup>xviii</sup> By “our reality,” I take it that he meant the “Chilean reality” - something that we, as tourists, must understand if we are to learn anything from the experience of his country. His subtle use of guilt as a tool to impress upon us the importance of Villa Grimaldi in Chilean history is a common method employed in trauma tourism, and while I feel that it is important to learn from history, careful attention should be given to the language and referential content used to express physical pain. I have deep respect for Pedro’s willingness to share his story with us, but I am also critical of the way in which he displayed his memories. I feel that his approach mainly consisted of searching for shock value and emotional empathy rather than quiet and personalized reflection. I almost felt as if I was forced into certain avenues of emotion, rather than softly encouraged to attempt to understand the tragedy of the space. Guides must consider that using more suggestive, rather than obvious, methods when presenting such a dramatic site can prompt the visitors to consider it on a level above the superficially “political” or historical.

The Villa Grimaldi tour constituted a new level of trauma tourism where we were not only exposed to a place of suffering, but heard a firsthand account of the atrocities that took place there. In my experience, the inability of human language to express suffering, coupled with the challenge of attempting to truly “understand” a place as a tourist, produces a complex

emotional experience for the overwhelmed tourist. Going back to Lucy Lippard's work on trauma tourism, she presents the idea that the most affecting monuments are invisible rather than obvious.<sup>xix</sup> At places that hold histories of events both awful and unspeakable, yet in which the traces have disappeared leaving only the voids to speak, we are prompted to fill in the blanks with our own experiences, associations, and imagery.<sup>xx</sup> I think that more of these sites should take this personalized process into consideration if they seek to turn the traumatic into the cathartic and educational.

### **On the Artistic Abstraction of Suffering**

So how do we ethically present spaces of such immense suffering and loss? How do we package the spectacles of history for today's viewer?

Another area of focus that I have found relevant to the trauma tourist experience is the use of both artistic abstraction and graphic realism in memorials. When writing about Sol LeWitt's 1989 monument to the Holocaust titled "Black Form Dedicated to the Missing Jews," which consists of a single black rectangle, Lippard refers to the work as "affecting precisely because of its abstraction, its universalizing of events that needs no introduction."<sup>xxi</sup> She does recognize, however, that this project remains open only to the loftiest aesthetic interpretation or reminder in its representation "of absence itself... [of] the ultimate futility of the tragic monument."<sup>xxii</sup> I suppose then that this monument *does* in fact need an introduction; it needs a prefacing chapter that details the objectives and methods of universal abstraction. It necessitates that the viewer have at least some type of experience with the interpretation of modern or post-modern art.

The question that plagues me is whether such abstraction in memorials requires a background in the esoteric language of modern minimalist art. Are the works of abstract painter Mark Rothko, color fields symbolizing humanitarian universalism, only relevant or accessible to those who have studied art history? Is the message lost in the hierarchy of “high art”? I find it difficult to answer such concerns because my own experience with such forms has been largely in the formal academic study of them, and I found that in this process I was able to gain a greater appreciation for the ideological messages that they communicated. I suppose the heart of this issue is the question of how minimalist forms, such as the giant cube in the middle of Villa Grimaldi, are experienced by the everyday visitor, be they a tourist or a citizen.

In Cambodia and Vietnam there was barely any artistic abstraction of the deeply disturbing events that took place in the spaces that were converted to museums. Gruesome photographs of murdered victims hung on the walls of Tuol Sleng Genocide Museum in Phnom Penh, their skulls housed in dingy cabinets and their portraits placed in endless rows. At the War Remnants Museum in Ho Chi Minh, bomb shells and tanks lined the outside of the building, while the interior rooms displayed photographs of Agent Orange victims, one section even had deformed fetuses preserved in a jar. The artistry applied in these places was brutal, straightforward, and haunting. There was little use of abstraction to represent the trauma and tragedy experienced, and this approach created a more shocking experience for me. The photographs especially rendered me speechless and stirred up mixed feelings of sorrow for the victims and anger at the ignorance I’d experienced in my North American education, not really getting a sense of the scale of destruction until the point where I had these atrocities thrown in my face, laid bare before my eager point-and-shoot digital camera.

In Santiago, Phnom Penh and Ho Chi Minh, I was a trauma tourist in my search for haunting visuals to capture and bring back to my family and friends. It was almost an attempt to display the elevated level at which I thought I was now able to comprehend these dark moments in twentieth century history. I didn't claim to understand how the Vietnamese people felt about their horrific encounter with napalm, but I was able to use the images that had been branded into my head (of explosions, torture, maimed children and landscapes of devastation) to fuel a growing academic and personal interest in Peace and Conflict Studies. In this sense, my personal and the academic motivations have been intertwined (if it is even possible for the two to be separated in any case) because of these photographs, to the point where even writing a simple reflection paper can stir up these mixed emotions.

Out of a need to allow myself to process these atrocities, I have turned to self-reflection through artistic means, using the medium of modern dance-- as trivial as it may sound to those of us in the ivory tower who prefer to think of the world in terms of words and paragraphs on clean white pages. In reflecting on my own venture into the artistic abstraction of violence, I am reminded of a particular dance that I choreographed last year. It was set to a song titled "Where is the line?" by the experimental Icelandic singer Björk, and in it I attempted to contrast the cold, calculating mechanization of warfare with the real suffering felt by the victims. This piece was mainly inspired by the Agent Orange section in the War Remnants Museum of Ho Chi Minh, and also by a class that I took last year on chemical warfare. The main question that I tried to communicate was "where do we, as human beings, draw the line between conventional warfare and savagery in our battles?" We talk of the norms of war, accepting certain weapons and labeling others as "inhumane," but how much do such things actually matter to the child who is born without arms, or the woman whose skin burns and peels off after being showered with a

flammable liquid? In my attempt to stage this, I had my dancers go back and forth between sharp, straight movement and more raw organic phrases. In this act of creating art in response to a trauma tourist experience, I found some sort of catharsis.

This relief and release soon turned to worry. The ethics of borrowing these tragedies for my own artistic purposes started to plague me, and I now find this act of venting through dance somewhat troubling. After visiting those two memorials in Santiago and reading Elaine Scarry's discourse on torture, I am plagued by the question of how ethical (or even relevant) it is for me to attempt to throw the suffering of others onto a stage, prompted by some photographs that I once saw at a museum while touring Southeast Asia. In retrospect, this dance seems like a more glorified souvenir of my travels rather than a provocative commentary on conventional warfare. The suffering that I exhibited was not my own. Does the "objectlessness" that Scarry mentions when discussing physical pain carry over to its expression through physical movement? She claims that any attempt to endow it with a verbal form is thus an objectification of the sensation, a project laden with ethical consequence,<sup>xxiii</sup> but gives little attention to the other material forms through which we struggle, as artists, to show pain.

I suppose the ethical concerns that underlie my own unease center around the discomfiting idea that in my artistic rendering, I am detracting from the gravity of the actual situation. Modern dance is often mistakenly read as comical or grossly overdone, even when the actual intent of the choreographer is to express something that would otherwise be seen as deeply disturbing. The interpretation that an audience assigns to a work can possibly, in my opinion, take the stories away from those who actually lived them. I just recently saw a piece titled "Rwandan Cry" that was based on a story told by a friend of the choreographer. This woman had survived the 1994 Rwandan genocide, coming close several times to a certain and gruesome

death. In the dance, three strong and powerful female dancers moved determinedly across the stage, all to the hurried melody of a string quartet. The expressions on their faces were ones of terror and mourning, but there was another element to the dance that left me unsettled and uncomfortable: I felt that their poses were sexualized, adding a level of feminine spectacle to the movement. The woman's brush with death had been reinterpreted and repackaged as a staged and stylized drama, and as impressed as I was with the perfectly executed and thoughtfully choreographed dance itself, I walked out of the theater with several questions.

What if I were to create a dance about Pedro's torture experience in Villa Grimaldi? I don't think there would be any possible way to capture the grief and gravity he showed us when walking through the tranquil outdoor museum. I couldn't even begin to try and create movement that would communicate the physical and emotional suffering that he felt, the lived trauma. My encounter with his lived pain has only been through a brief guided tour of the memorial that he helped to establish. It is impossible for me to then go about presenting his torture without recklessly appropriating his memories, trying to exhibit (what Scarry would label) the most private and incommunicable moments of his life.<sup>xxiv</sup>

### **Conclusion: An Affirmative Postmodernist View of Trauma Tourism?**

In this exercise, I may be overly self-critical of my own work as a choreographer, but I believe that anyone dealing with such grave subject matter that they have not actually experienced themselves *should* be self-reflective of their work when it comes to representing violence and suffering of others. Artists need to constantly reexamine the way in which they tell another's story, and tourists need to be aware of the expectations of authenticity that they bring to memorial sites. These considerations, however, should not immobilize us in our attempts to

understand the violence inflicted on others. To summarize this sentiment, I would like to return to my earlier mention of skeptical postmodern views of trauma tourism and the presentation of a torture experience.

The literature on both torture and trauma tourism is cynical, discouraging and even immobilizing, based in the postmodern tradition of problematizing every category and interrogating every action that mainstream morality is founded upon. This hyper-critical approach seems to be popular among college students such as myself and is often cause for small-scale personal existential crises. While I feel that skepticism is useful as an analytical tool, I often find myself resenting the lack of constructive action that it produces. Criticism from an ivory tower of academia is only useful to a certain extent; at some point, I think that we must look towards the necessary avenues of creating change. To facilitate this goal, I've turned once again to the realm of discourse, finding a theoretical crutch in the notion of *affirmative* postmodernism, which retains a more hopeful, optimistic view of the theory's possibilities.<sup>xxv</sup> Affirmative postmodernists argue that while it is important to question the production of authenticity and knowledge, we must be careful not to fall into a trap of despair, wherein no project (artistic or touristic) would be worthy of commitment.<sup>xxvi</sup> They reject the immobilization produced and propagated by the skeptics, and instead offer the option of taking ethical stands and making normative choices on social or political issues.<sup>xxvii</sup>

In my readings, such a paradigm has yet to be introduced into discourses on trauma tourism, but I believe that it can effectively counter balance post-modern theory's disabling qualities in our attempts to gain some kind of understanding of the suffering of others. This alternative exploration, however, could be an entire book in itself, and I am settling with what appears to be less of a conclusion and more of a transcribed thought-process, where affirmative

postmodernism is my logical theoretical conclusion. This expression of my own inner struggle with choreography and tourism, in the context of the tragedies of others, is primarily an exercise in self-reflection. In order to mediate the tension between spectacle and engagement that arises from visiting and representing the darkest places in history, we need to be careful and critical but also open to different ways of experiencing and understanding another's pain.

There are certainly lessons to be learned from sites embodying the darkest moments of humanity, and they cannot be communicated in their fullness if we are to avoid the haunting spaces from which they are born. But we must maintain a vigilant consideration of our ways of retelling these stories, of presenting and reflecting upon these tragedies. To engage with historical tragedies is to take on a set of ethical dilemmas concerning presentation and communication, objectification and sensationalizing. Trauma tourism involves journeys into stories and memories, times and places that may not be our own, but which we dare to contemplate.

## Endnotes

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- <sup>i</sup> Griselda Pollock, "Holocaust Tourism: Being There, Looking Back and the Ethics of Spatial Memory," in *Visual Culture and Tourism*, ed. David Crouch and Nina Lübbren (New York: Berg Publishers, 2003), 177.
- <sup>ii</sup> Ibid, 181.
- <sup>iii</sup> Lucy Lippard, "Tragic Tourism," in *On the Beaten Track* (New York: The New Press, 1999), 118.
- <sup>iv</sup> Ibid, 119.
- <sup>v</sup> Ibid, 128.
- <sup>vi</sup> Ibid, 128.
- <sup>vii</sup> Griselda Pollock, "Holocaust Tourism: Being There, Looking Back and the Ethics of Spatial Memory," 177.
- <sup>viii</sup> Ibid, 177.
- <sup>ix</sup> Lucy Lippard, "Tragic Tourism," 119.
- <sup>x</sup> Elaine Scarry, *The Body in Pain: The Making and Unmaking of the World* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1985), 3.
- <sup>xi</sup> Ibid, 4.
- <sup>xii</sup> Ibid, 4.
- <sup>xiii</sup> Ibid, 5.
- <sup>xiv</sup> Ibid, 162.
- <sup>xv</sup> Ibid, 5.
- <sup>xvi</sup> Ibid, 6.
- <sup>xvii</sup> Ibid, 21.
- <sup>xviii</sup> Visit to Villa Grimaldi Peace Park, led by Pedro Matta of the Villa Grimaldi Corporation, March 9, 2008.
- <sup>xix</sup> Lucy Lippard, "Tragic Tourism," 126.
- <sup>xx</sup> Ibid, 126.
- <sup>xxi</sup> Ibid, 129.
- <sup>xxii</sup> Ibid, 129.
- <sup>xxiii</sup> Elaine Scarry, *The Body in Pain: The Making and Unmaking of the World*, 6.
- <sup>xxiv</sup> Ibid, 27.
- <sup>xxv</sup> Lakshman Yapa, "What Causes Poverty?: A Postmodern View," *Annals of the Association of American Geographers*, Vol. 86, No. 4 (Dec., 1996): 709.
- <sup>xxvi</sup> Ibid, 708.
- <sup>xxvii</sup> Ibid, 709.

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