

ALFREDO JAAR

LAMENT OF THE IMAGES

DEBRA BRICKER BALKEN

ALFREDO JAAR: LAMENT OF THE IMAGES

Listening to commercials on my transistor
Thanks to Esso.
I can drive off without a care in the world
Forget Hiroshima, forget Auschwitz
Forget Hungary, forget Vietnam
Forget wage disputes, forget the housing shortage
Forget hunger in India
Forget everything, except that since I'm brought
back to nothing, I must start again from nothing.

Jean-Luc Godard, *Two or Three Things I Know About Her*

Ultimately, Photography is subversive not when it frightens,
repeals, or even stigmatizes, but when it is *pensive*, when it thinks.

Roland Barthes, *Camera Lucida*

You see how impotent artists are. How to deal with it?

Some two years before Alfredo Jaar travelled to Rwanda in August, 1994 in the wake of the third largest genocide in the twentieth century, he began to seriously question the efficacy of photography. How to elicit an emotional response from a viewer in a culture inured to widespread imagery of violence and cruelty? How to represent tragedy without exploitation? How to counter and transform the now conventionalized scenes of brutality promulgated by the mass media? How to adequately convey the enormity and weight of the injustice of mass killing? For an artist whose

entire career had been staked on the assumption of photography generating meaning, these "doubts,"¹ as Jaar has referred to them, ironically came to inform the content of his work. In fact, from 1993 onwards, a certain "self-reflexiveness"² settled into Jaar's work that took the form of examining the inherent ambiguities and contradictions posed by the photographic medium itself. While photography has been set up or totalized (at least by news agencies and the press) as a purveyor of truth, Jaar reveals, especially in his series on Rwanda, its *a priori* claim to objectivity robs the imagination of aesthetic transformation and emotional engagement. Like the hidden complicity of international politics that surrounded the massacre of nearly one million Tutsis in Rwanda from mid-April through late July in 1994, Jaar's recent installations become potent metaphors for the deceptions and lapse of photography's authority.

That Jaar should first probe the limitations of photography in *Blow-Up*, 1993 (fig. 1), an installation whose title is consciously derived from Michelangelo Antonioni's now canonical late modernist film, is telling. One of the first films to question the illusionary practices of cinema, the capacity of appearances to fool the eye and mask a sometimes nefarious reality, *Blow-Up* is an elegant analysis of crime, replete with *double entendre*, and a cover up that beguilingly draws on the formal devices of film. In the last scene of the movie, the photographer (the central character here) returns to the site of a supposed murder, one that alluded to an image of a body in the murky areas of his enlarged film, only to find this seeming evidence gone, vanished, perhaps an invention. The veracity of film becomes



FIG. 1
BLOW-UP, 1993

uncertain. And by extension, the enterprise of art is left unhinged, or at least awaiting redefinition. As Jaar has noted of *Blow-Up*, "it is the first time in the history of the cinema that someone says I have doubts about what I do, about the art of representation... You see how impotent artists are in front of reality. How do we deal with it? ... He [the photographer] disappears in the end."³

Jaar's evocation of *Blow-Up* in his installation is more than an homage to Antonioni (although he frequently titles many of his works after favorite films without directly mining their content). His critical realization that film (and photography) operate through illusion, that they deceive the viewer through the alteration of reality by aesthetic features such as framing, lighting and editing (the medium's internal architecture), while at the ideological core of all of Jaar's work, becomes the primary subject of *Blow-Up*. Here in a two-part installation that reproduces both a dark room and a photographer's studio, an unaltered set of slides of a falling beggar with an amputated leg are arranged in narrative sequence on a light table, there to be cropped, composed, enlarged, transformed and developed into a more heightened empathic (or, at least effective) image. As the anguished figure falls from frame to frame while retaining eye contact with the camera, a strobe light attached to a timer in the room adjacent to this mock-studio momentarily blinds the viewer, forcing recognition that this tormented image is about to be subject to some form of change, distortion, or embellishment.

Knowing that photography is a duplicitous medium, Jaar has attempted in *Blow-Up* to lay bare or demystify the craft and process of aestheticization that attends its prac-

tice. By drawing on the medium's trappings — the cameras, transparencies, enlargers, metal trays, tripods, light boxes and clocks, among other paraphernalia — as well as its darkened interior spaces, he has shifted the focus to the production of art, to the stage and apparatuses, the *mise-en-scene*, that manufacture photographic imagery.

But as in *Working*, 1993 (fig. 2), an installation that preceded *Blow-Up* and which also enlisted equipment such as magnifiers, precision rulers and projection screens in addition to light tables with photographic images, the viewer is required to physically interact with Jaar's photographs, a strategy that turns the tables on our passive absorption of visual information. Whether through the close eye contact entailed in engaging the loupe or magnifier in *Working*, or the arresting blast of light in *Blow-Up*, Jaar's photo installations, particularly from 1993 onward, spurn the culturally alienated position of art, its status as an object, and suggest that if photography is to be empowered with meaning, the viewer's interaction must become an integrated feature.

The truth of the tragedy was in feelings, words, ideas ... and not in the pictures

By the time of Jaar's decision to travel to Rwanda in mid-August 1994, three weeks after the genocide had come to an end, he felt "ready mentally and spiritually,"⁴ to take on the enormity of the subject. Armed with ongoing doubts about the possibility for photography to encompass the magnitude of this tragedy, the biggest challenge, as he saw it became: "how to make art out of information most of us would rather ignore."⁵ Instead of capitalizing on the horror of the massacre and refugee camps, Jaar's ambivalence



FIG. 2
WORKING, 1993

about photography's capacity to rouse emotional response, combined with his perception that Africa is an overlooked, betrayed political subject, resulted in a reverse artistic strategy: denying depiction of the carnage of war and the voyeurism that is the frequent outgrowth of this form of explicit pictorial treatment.

As accounts of the Hutu uprising that led to an ethnic cleansing of the minority Tutsi population in Rwanda began to surface sporadically in the mass media in early April, 1994, the photo-documentation that (sometimes) accompanied this coverage focused exclusively on the spectacle of mutilation, the violence of the crazed warlords and their dismembered victims and corpses. But these representations of cruelty quickly proved either incomprehensible or, at least, too much for the receiver to take in. For, like the inaction of the international community, and its failure to respond to the third largest genocide in the twentieth century, these images had the numbing effect of indifference, a monstrosity too large to endure. Public evasion of the crisis only reinforced Jaar's sense of the inadequacy of photography and its restricted means as a political agency. Within this sobering realization came, however, the idea that art might not be an entirely inconsequential pursuit. What about utilizing a differing rhetorical approach? What about occluding the hideous nature of war and focusing on imagery that can metaphorically stand in for the maimed and the dead?

As Jaar tracked the reports, pictures and film footage on the killings enacted within a hundred-day period in Rwanda in 1994 which made their way intermittently into the press, he observed that, "We are given the sense of be-

ing present and living the information we are provided with, but once the television is switched off or we put away the newspaper or magazine, we are left with an inescapable sense of absence and distance...If the media and their images fill us with an illusion of presence, which later leaves us with a sense of absence, why not try the opposite? That is, offer an absence that could perhaps provoke a presence."⁶ This classical, theatrical device of ellipsis, of rendering tragedy emblematically, off-stage and out of sight, rather than by direct representation, became a structural feature for Jaar to unify his work given to the genocide in Rwanda. And, while all of his photo installations prior to 1994 skirt violence, substituting either fragmentary references to inequity in works such as *Coyote*, 1988 (fig. 3), in which a migrant Mexican woman and her child appear crossing the Rio Grande (among other partial images), or as in the inverted, dislocated shots of children's legs, faceless to the world which disavows their poverty in *1 + 1 + 1*, 1987 (fig. 4), Jaar's series of works on Rwanda dispense with even these eclipsed views, leaving the savagery of war entirely to the imagination.

When Jaar arrived in Rwanda with his former assistant Carlos Vasquez, the genocide that claimed the lives of approximately one million people (the statistics on the atrocity vary but the number has been generally placed in this vicinity)⁷ while curtailed by the Rwanda Popular Front, the insurgent militia of largely exiled Tutsis who had fled to neighboring Uganda nearly a decade earlier,⁸ still remained in evidence. Outside of the abandoned and looted houses in centers such as Kigali, Butare and Kibungo, Jaar remembers the stretch of deserted highways and the encompassing silence of the towns and the landscape.⁹ In some sites, such



FIG. 3
COYOTE, 1988

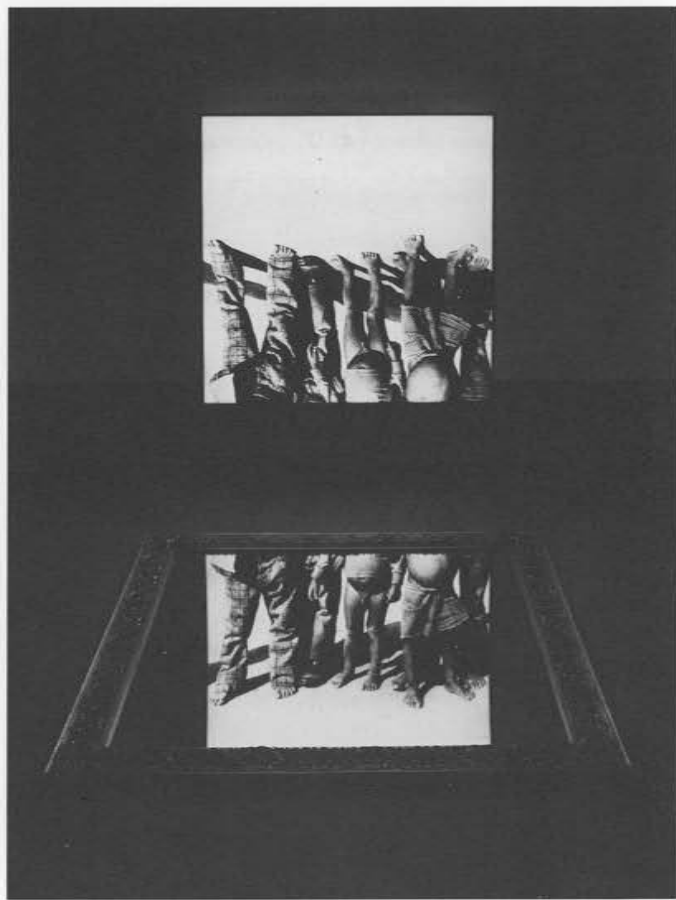


FIG. 4
1 + 1 + 1, 1987

as Nyarubuye, piles of corpses both within and outside the compound of a church where thousands of Tutsis had fled to seek safety, remained left as a memorial to the dead. The Nyabarongo River had also become choked with discarded bodies floating upstream to Lake Victoria. And then there were the refugee camps both within Rwanda as well as in neighboring Tanzania, Burundi and Zaire that were filled with orphans and shattered families who somehow managed to escape.

In the twelve days that Jaar spent travelling in Rwanda, he shot thousands of photographs which he later described as "the most terrible images I had ever taken."¹⁰ But alongside of this documentation, he also recorded the accounts of various survivors and witnesses, believing their reckonings to possess a more potent content than representation of the material remains of the genocide. From these accounts, Jaar "discovered that the truth of the tragedy was in feelings, words, ideas of those people and not in the pictures!"¹¹

Part of the horrible truth that unraveled and revealed itself through these recorded statements was that the killings were not, as the press initially construed, the result of a sudden eruption of rage between two opposing tribes, but a carefully plotted strategy by a government legitimized by the world community. With the sanctions and aid of numerous foreign countries (France being a primary backer), this Hutu-dominated regime extended a long and entangled history of hatred that was initiated by the Belgians when they assumed possession of Rwanda in 1918. The warfare enacted against the Tutsis in 1994 by the Hutu militia was in large part the escalation of an animosity kindled by an

outside, colonial power at the turn of the century that differentiated between the two tribes on the basis of race, projecting an ethnic superiority on the fair-skinned Tutsis, while empowering their status as landowners. Before Rwanda gained its independence from Belgium in 1962, a spree of killings against the Tutsis by the suppressed Hutu majority population had begun to erupt. These instances continued to accelerate throughout the next two decades with little intervention from foreign governments. By the time of the genocide in 1994, the United Nations, there to oversee the institution of a democratic system, withdrew more than three-quarters of its troops, as the United States, France, Belgium and other super powers looked on.

Of the twenty-two installations that have grown out of Jaar's engagement of Rwanda as a subject, none illustrate the mass killings or turmoil within the refugee camps. Because he felt strongly that "it would not make a difference showing more images of the massacre, more images than had been seen in the media,"¹² his projects, only six of which incorporate photography, dwell on the various moments of "humanity" he located in Rwanda that contrast with the atrocity. One of the first large-scale projects Jaar produced when he returned to New York was a work titled *Real Pictures*, 1995 (p.62) which dispensed almost entirely with imagery. Composed of 372 black archival boxes configured into eight differing geometric shapes, these stacked storage units each contain a cibachrome print of some aspect of the killings, now concealed from view. On the top of each of these boxes is a written description of their contents, rendered factually, with, as Jaar has stated, a few "poetic touches."¹³ One of these texts reads:

Ntarama Church, Nyamata, Rwanda, 40 kilometres south of Kigali, Monday, August 29, 1994

This photograph shows Benjamin Musisi, 50, crouched low in the doorway of the church amongst scattered bodies spilling out in the daylight. Four hundred Tutsi men, women and children who had come here seeking refuge, were slaughtered during Sunday mass.

Benjamin looks directly into the camera, as if recording what the camera saw. He asked to be photographed amongst the dead. He wanted to prove to his friends in Kampala, Uganda that the atrocities were real and that he had seen the aftermath.

The emphasis on text, on repressing visual information, is part of Jaar's plan to re-engage the viewer, to employ the imagination as an active ingredient. Within this dramatically lit installation, these solemn, columnar black forms become evocative of funerary monuments and the museum or gallery transformed into a near sacred space. In *Real Pictures*, Jaar aimed for "an almost religious space, a space of silence, an empty space."¹⁴ The theatrical staging here with its resplendent light functions both as a memorial to the victims of the Rwandan genocide as well as a conduit or means to persuade and sustain consideration of this brutal event.

Real Pictures differs, however, from the three projects that make up this exhibition. Unlike the masked or silenced imagery which concede authority to the accompanying texts, in *Let There Be Light*, 1996 (pp. 42-47), *Field, Cloud, Road*, 1997 (pp. 48-51) and *The Eyes of Gutete Emerita*, 1996 (pp. 52-56) the photographs and texts are combined in equal arrangements, there to work in tandem on the viewer's involvement. In *Let There Be Light*, this conjunction takes the form of ten

light boxes, each with a place name of a site where between five thousand and one hundred thousand people were massacred. These black and white texts appear along with a quad vision box with a sequence of four color images of two young boys watching an event off-camera. The sole source of illumination in this installation is the light emitted from the boxes themselves, a symbolic reference to the ongoing presence of the dead.

But as Jaar knows full well, these names — Kigali, Mibirizi, Butare, Amahoro, Cyahinda, Cyangugu, Gikongoro, Kibungo, Rukara, Shangi — do not have, as he has said, “the same resonance as words such as ‘Auschwitz?’”¹⁵ For Africa, remains a lost continent, raided and neglected first by its colonizers and now by the international community. The black surfaces of these light boxes double as a reflective device, a means to trap the viewer’s furtive shadows as he/she walk metaphorically from site to site. The guilt of political inaction becomes an elusive sub-text. As the two young boys fold into an embrace in a gesture of pain and protection, Jaar reminds us that most photographers would have glossed over this moment, casting their lenses on the sordid remnants of the violence off-camera.

Similarly, in *Field, Road, Cloud*, 1997 (pp. 48–51), the sense of tragedy is imploded with no specific reference to either the dead or to the massacre. But the three large-scale cibachrome prints of landscape elements here, whatever their initial allure, are tempered by small black and white sketches that map or designate the locale of each image. These drawings reveal an alternate story, something other than the beauty of the countryside near Ntarama where the photographs were shot. The field, as the sketch tells, is a tea

field (one of Rwanda’s primary cash crops) emptied of workers and its foliage about to turn; the road the one that leads to a church where more than five hundred Tutsis were slaughtered. The image of a single cloud hovering in a lustrous blue sky completes this inverted narrative: the accompanying drawing denotes that below the ethereal formation lies a huge mound of bodies.

Throughout his trip to Rwanda, Jaar felt the constant need to relieve his gaze from Rwanda’s pogrom. He and his assistant found, as Jaar has written that, “without realizing it, we sought out respites from the desperation that surrounded us. We would photograph really horrific scenes, and minutes later, spontaneously, we found ourselves taking a picture of the sky, a tree, or a plant.”¹⁶ In these brief moments of solace, he located another, alternative approach to depicting the genocide. Like the combination of imagery and text in *Let There Be Light*, the installation *Field, Road, Cloud* utilizes factual information to pin down these elliptical photographs. Within this binary construction of allusion and fact, image and text, Jaar suggests a more potent agency exists for envisaging the weight of a horrific event. This structural device also banks on the role of the imagination, according as much to memory and association as to the occluded violence.

Field, Road, Cloud, like most of Jaar’s installations is an elegant work, composed of refined materials that are not so ironically the stock items of the advertising world. The cibachrome prints here, along with light boxes and quad vision boxes as in *Let There Be Light*, operate as seductive ploys to enlist our attention. Whatever the cool presentation, these mechanisms are calculated to work on our visual

immunity through their sleek technological surfaces. And, as if to mitigate the emotional content of his subject matter, Jaar's materials purposefully belie a hidden reality. The polished textures of these works foil the eventual, more lasting realization that the combination of imagery and text distill an appalling, dire situation.

Jaar feels that "there is no way of making art without aestheticization of some type."¹⁷ In fact, he knows some form of embellishment, whether it be the sumptuous character of the cibachrome prints in *Field, Road, Cloud*, or the darkened interiors with their single sources of light in *Let There Be Light*, is required to implicate the viewer. While in the past he used enticing materials such as mirrors, gilded frames and photo transparencies as aesthetic snares in installations such as *The Silence*, 1987 (fig. 5), his projects devoted to Rwanda operate more subtly, programmed with an underlying narrative that unfolds sequentially rather than through a single, fragmented event.

In *The Eyes of Gutete Emerita*, 1996 (pp. 52–56), the largest installation here, the pacing of information is adopted from film, a medium that Jaar has alluded to throughout his work. A fifteen-foot long text configured in a single line opens the work. This thread of information reads as follows:

Over a five month period in 1994, more than one million Rwandans, mostly members of the Tutsi minority, were systematically slaughtered while the international community closed its eyes to genocide. The killings were largely carried out by Hutu militias who had been armed and trained by the Rwandan military. As a consequence of this genocide, millions of Tutsis and Hutus fled to Zaire, Burundi, Tanzania and Uganda. Many still remain in refugee camps, fearing renewed violence upon their return home. One Sunday morning at a church in

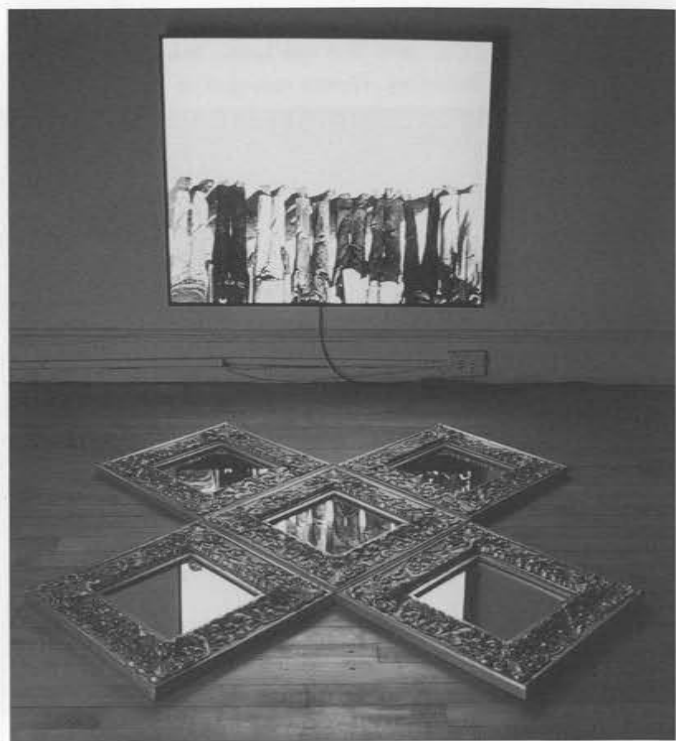


FIG. 5
THE SILENCE, 1987

Ntarama, 400 Tutsi men, women and children were slaughtered by a Hutu death squad. Gutete Emerita, 30 years old, was attending mass with her family when the massacre began. Killed with machetes in front of her eyes were her husband Tito Kahinamura, 40, and her two sons, Muhoza, 10, and Matirigari, 7. Somehow, Gutete managed to escape with her daughter Marie-Louise Unumarunga, 12. They hid in a nearby swamp for three weeks, coming out only at night in search of food. Gutete has returned to the church in the woods because she has nowhere else to go. When she speaks about her lost family, she gestures to corpses on the ground, rotting in the African sun. I remember her eyes. The eyes of Gutete Emerita.

Set within a corridor, this account frames both thematically and physically a conjoining room in which a huge light table is situated on top of which appears a mound of some one million slides. The loupes or magnifiers installed along the edges of this table (just like those in *Working*) reveal upon use that each of these slides is identical, all duplicates of the eyes of Gutete Emerita, who becomes a metaphor or stand-in for the enormous numbers of people who perished in the genocide. Jaar sees this work as an epiphany, or "moment of truth."¹⁸ The close contact established with the eyes of a witness to a phenomenal crime is meant to mark or imprint our minds with an unforgettable image.

A monumental tissue of lies

Like his project, *Rushes*, 1986 (fig. 6), which consisted of a series of computer prints of miners in the Serra Pelada in Brazil installed temporarily in the Spring Street Subway Station in New York, *The Eyes of Gutete Emerita*, is formally tied to the structure of film. Whereas *Rushes* depended upon



FIG. 6
RUSHES, 1986

animation from a moving train, *The Eyes of Gutete Emerita* reverses the context of cinema in which the viewer sits statically, a passive receiver of a procession of unfolding images. In Jaar's work, the photograph remains still and motion is propelled through physical involvement. Even in his quad vision boxes, as in *Let There Be Light*, in which the imagery is activated, movement is confined to four frames and circumnavigation of the installation a pre-requisite.

Jaar, who studied film as an undergraduate while simultaneously pursuing architecture, has recently stated that, "I never thought of myself as a real photographer. If I take so many pictures, it's because I am hoping that only by statistics one of them will turn out."¹⁹ If anything, "I'm a frustrated filmmaker...I would love to do film, I envy the privilege that the filmmaker has when he has an audience for two hours in a dark room sitting comfortably on a chair."²⁰ It remains no coincidence, then, that many of his projects are titled after films. Outside of *The Silence*, evocations of Ingmar Bergman, one of Jaar's favorite directors, are made in works such as *Persona*, 1987 (fig. 7) and *Cries and Whispers*, 1988 (fig. 8). While no direct quotation or photographic reference is lifted from these films, a similar distillation of content, of the folding of political events into an otherwise psychological narrative as in *Persona*, or the elliptical mention of secrecy and deceit in *Cries and Whispers* in which Ingrid utters cryptically from her death bed, "It's a monumental tissue of lies," remain generalized links. Moreover, certain stylistic correspondences obtain in the way in which Bergman's bucolic landscapes in *Cries and Whispers* belie sadness and the gracious interiors in *The Silence* contrast with the anguished lives of two sisters. But these formal

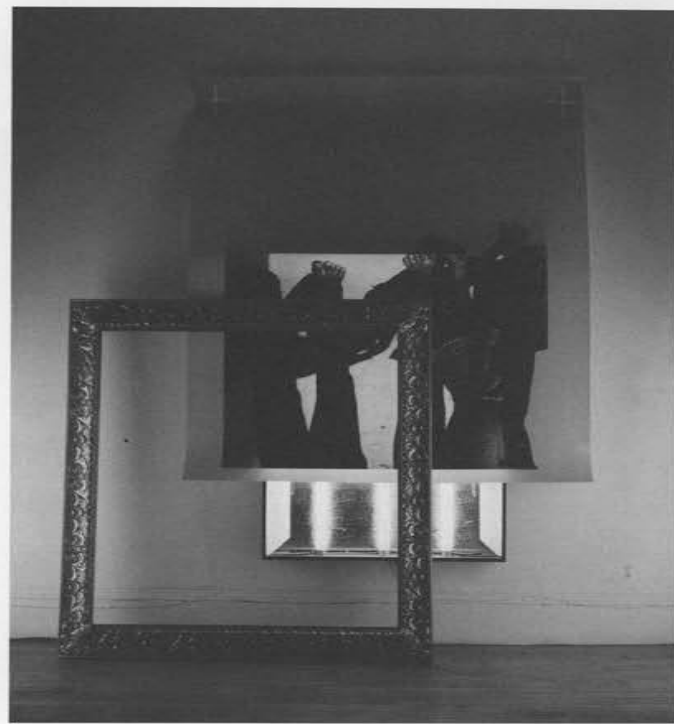


FIG. 7
PERSONA, 1987

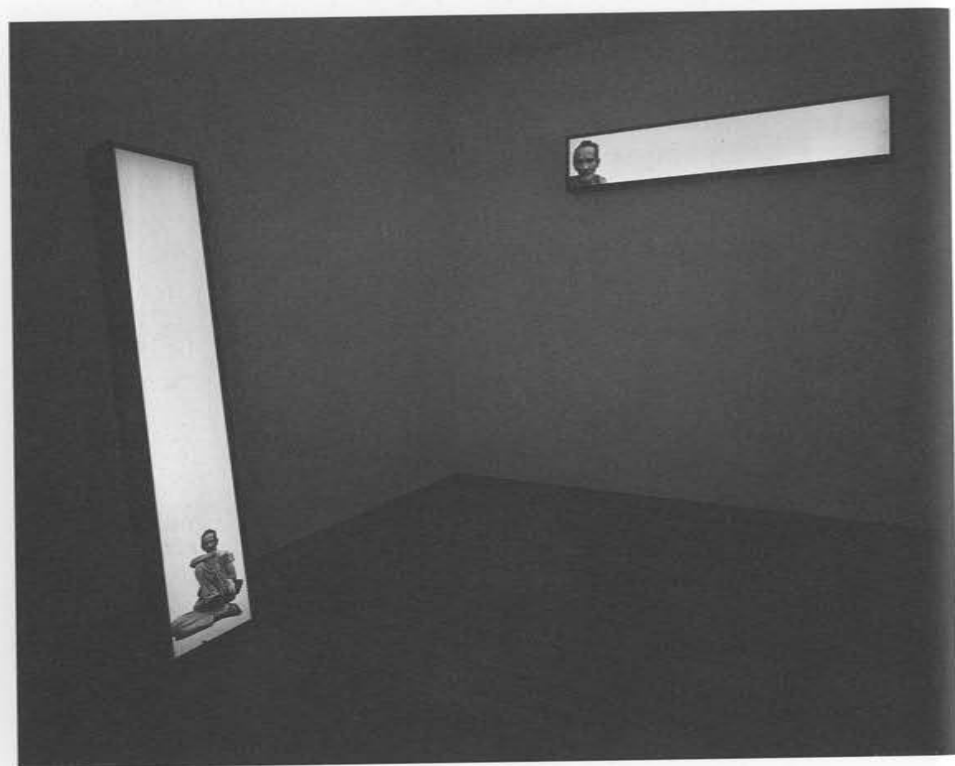


FIG. 8
CRIES AND WHISPERS, 1988



FIG. 9
TWO OR THREE THINGS I IMAGINE ABOUT THEM, 1992

resemblances, again, are compressed into Jaar's overall artistic program, hovering in the background of his aesthetic preferences.

In other projects, however, such as *Two Or Three Things I Imagine About Them*, 1992 (fig. 9), a play on the title of Jean-Luc Godard's film, the structural connections are clearer, the narratives similarly broken and fragmented into a series of seemingly ambiguous, dislocated images. As in *Blow-Up*, the project in which Jaar first voiced his doubt on the possibilities of art, its failure to hold audiences and instill political awareness, *Two or Three Things I Imagine About Them* presages through its sense of disorientation the profound understanding that photography has recently lost the clout to exert impact beyond ongoing elaboration of its formal ingredients. Whatever the radicalized content of Godard's work, its suppression of violence and alteration of cinematic narrative through erratic references to literary texts such as Flaubert's *Bouvard and Pécuchet*, Jaar's spin on this film some thirty years later is shaped with recognition that political transformation, at least in its present form, might no longer be within the purview of art.

Even in projects such as *Memories of Underdevelopment*, 1990 (fig. 10), in which the title and stills are appropriated directly from Tomas Gutierrez Alea's 1968 dissident film set in Cuba and *Homage*, 1996 (fig. 11) in which a one minute passage from Antonioni's *Zabriskie Point* of student activism is re-presented. Jaar reminds us that protest, once considered a necessity, has ceased to have much meaning. Like the endless flood of pictures that inundate our lives, a certain indifference or resignation exists when it comes to desire for political change.

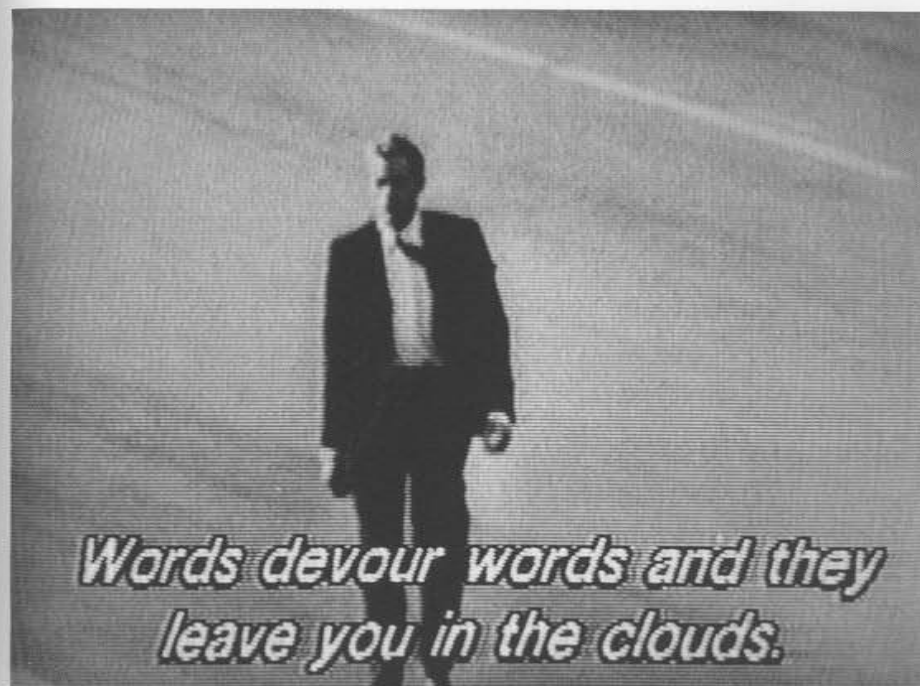


FIG. 10
MEMORIES OF UNDERDEVELOPMENT, 1990



FIG. 11
HOMAGE, 1996

On the question of responsibility, Jaar feels a moral commitment to be pro-active, contending: "I think as artists we are very privileged, and we should use that privilege. Who out there is asking questions? Who questions the systems of our lives, and how?...I think in another life I would be a journalist. But look at journalists today. Unfortunately, they are eaten by the system and they have become in most cases, instruments of government. So there is very little critical journalism."²¹ With the opening of this exhibition, January 15, 1999, and the completion of his twenty-two projects on Rwanda, Jaar plans to take a break from art, a year off from the production of images. "This work has been extremely tough on me," he has said while quoting from Holocaust survivor Elie Wiesel, "How do you make sense of something that can only remain senseless?"²² His plan is only a hiatus, however. For Jaar, whatever his doubts, still believes that art contains some prospect for political and aesthetic renewal.

Debra Bricker Balken

Notes:

1. Alfredo Jaar, Interview with the author, August 25, 1998.
2. I consciously borrow this phrase from Susan Sontag, who used it throughout her analysis of "Bergman's Persona," in *Styles of Radical Will*, New York, Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1969, a film that has influenced Jaar's aesthetic thinking.
3. Alfredo Jaar, *Conversations with Contemporary Artists*, Audiotape of lecture presented at Museum of Modern Art, New York, May 22, 1998.
4. Jaar, in Interview.
5. Alfredo Jaar, in Abigail Foerstner, "Africa's holocaust," *Chicago Tribune*, February 19, 1995, 27.
6. Alfredo Jaar, in Ruben Gallo, "Representation of Violence, Violence of Representation," *Trans*, 3/4 (1997), 59.
7. Jaar gleaned his statistics on the genocide while it was unfolding by tracking numerous mass media publications and bulletins such as those issued by *Human Rights Watch*, *Amnesty International*, and *Oneworld*, among many others.

8. Few histories exist on Rwanda, let alone on the political circumstances that led to the genocide in 1994. Of those that I consulted, the following proved to contain the most straightforward analysis and information: Colette Braeckman, *RWANDA, Histoire d'un genocide*, Paris, Fayard, 1994; Alain Destexhe, "The Third Genocide," *Foreign Policy*, no. 97 (Winter 1994-95), 3-17; Mahmood Mamdani, "From Conquest to Consent as the Basis of State Formation: Reflections on Rwanda," *New Left Review*, no. 216 (March/April 1996), 3-36; and Gerald Prunier, *The Rwanda Crisis: History of a Genocide*, New York, Columbia University Press, 1996. In addition, I learned a great deal from reading the accounts of the following two journalists who either witnessed or travelled to Rwanda after the genocide: Fergal Keane, *Season of Blood, A Rwandan Journey*, London, Penguin, 1995 and Philip Gourevitch, *We wish to inform you that tomorrow we will be killed with our families: Stories from Rwanda*, New York, Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1998. Finally, the following study which pre-dated the massacres in Rwanda was of help in defining the origins and concept of genocide: Frank Chalk and Kurt Jonassohn, *The History and Sociology of Genocide: Analyzes and Case Studies*, New Haven and London, Yale University Press, 1990 as was Michael Ignatieff's eloquent essay, "The Scene of the Crime," *Granta*, no. 63, 122-150.
9. Jaar, in "Representations of Violence, Violence of Representation," 57. The "silence" of the abandoned landscape of Rwanda was also described by Keane, in *Season of Blood: A Rwandan Journey*, 62. In Gilles Peress, *The Silence*, New York, Scalo, 1995, the sensation became the title of his photo-essay.
10. Jaar, in *Conversations with Contemporary Artists*.
11. Jaar, in "Representations of Violence, Violence of Representation," 57.
12. *Ibid.*
13. Jaar, in Interview.
14. Jaar, in *Conversations with Contemporary Artists*.
15. Alfredo Jaar, in Chuck Twardy, "Making sense of the senseless," *The News and Observer*, June 11, 1996, 5E.
16. Jaar, in "Representations of Violence, Violence of Representation," 57.
17. Jaar, in Interview.
18. Alfredo Jaar, in Kate Davidson, "The Eyes of Gutete Emerita," *Islands: Contemporary Installations from Australia, Europe and America*, Canberra, National Gallery of Art, 1996, 18.
19. Alfredo Jaar, in Stephen Horne, "Acts of Responsibility: An Interview with Alfredo Jaar," *Parachute*, 69 (1996), 29.
20. Alfredo Jaar, in Maria Porges, "Alfredo Jaar," *Shift*, no. 10, 43.
21. Jaar, in "Making sense of the senseless," 5E.