

# CRITICAL CONTEXTS



The examples of testimony that I discuss here are among the earliest and the best-known accounts of survival in the Nazi camps. Each of the three is also highly distinctive in its own right, in its attempt to convey the existential significance of a mass genocidal event, one that was experienced at an individual and bodily level. All three describe the experience of imprisonment in Auschwitz, the camp whose name has become synonymous with industrialized genocide. The fact that it was also a labor camp accounts for the relatively high number of survivors, by contrast with the very few who survived such camps as Bełżec and Treblinka, which were dedicated to extermination alone.

The three testifiers are as follows: Primo Levi was an Italian chemist arrested in 1944 for his work in the Resistance, but was imprisoned in Auschwitz as a Jew. His testimony *If This Is a Man*—issued under the title *Survival in Auschwitz* in the USA—was first published in a small print-run by an independent press in 1947 and is what has been described as a ‘scientific’ account of eleven months spent in the camp, principally in Buna, where he was set to work in an artificial rubber factory (Wood). In contrast to Levi, who was an avowedly secular Jew, Elie Wiesel recounts his experiences as a Hasidic teenager born in Romania in his testimony *Night*. His memoir, like Levi’s, was not initially received with enthusiasm, but was eventually published in French in 1957. Eliezer, as the protagonist of *Night* is known, was taken with his family from his hometown in what had, since 1940, been part of Hungary, to Auschwitz in 1944, where his mother and younger sister were killed on arrival (two older sisters survived). He spent the next nine months in the Buna camp with his father Shlomo, only for the older man to die in Buchenwald at the war’s end. By contrast, Tadeusz Borowski was a non-Jewish political prisoner who was arrested in Warsaw in 1942 and whose short stories *This Way for*

*the Gas, Ladies and Gentlemen* were originally published in Polish in 1948. The collection presents a version of Borowski's two years in Auschwitz by means of the device of a fictional alter ego, a Kapo named Tadek. Borowski, having survived the camp and taken up a role in Communist Poland after the war, committed suicide in 1951 at the age of twenty-eight, a victim of what Jan Kott calls 'history let off the leash' (Kott, Introduction 12). In each case, the account of the individual's psychic and bodily suffering, and the horror of what they witnessed, constitutes the center of an ethical investigation by means of different literary and testimonial strategies.

Primo Levi's *If This Is a Man* was published just two years after the liberation of Auschwitz, so that his experiences come across as still raw and immediate. The book appeared in a revised edition by the major Italian imprint Einaudi in 1958, also the year it came out in English translation. The testimony's impression of immediacy is increased by Levi's often writing in the present tense, as if events are unfolding as we read, or as if, in Howard Jacobson's phrase, it is a kind of camp diary (Jacobson). Levi equally frequently uses the first-person plural. This is the case even in such instances as that of bodily description, where the jarring nature of the language itself shows the uniformity of suffering: "Our cranium is bald on Monday, and covered by a short brownish mould by Saturday. We have a yellow and swollen face" (Levi 148). Such a usage demonstrates Levi's own unassuming attitude in not laying claim to any special perspective and implies that the prisoners are, in some senses, a collectivity. However, for Levi, an impassable division fell between those like himself, who survived, and those, 'the drowned,' who did not, yet whose stories were the true ones.

Levi's concern is with an exploration of human qualities in such a setting as the camp, and in the preface to *If This Is a Man* he describes his book as "documentation for a quiet study of certain aspects of the human mind" (Levi 15): that of the inmates as well as the executioners. Levi invariably unites his recall of small, yet tellingly shocking incidents through the prism of reflection, as they reveal wider aspects of the camp world. Soon after his arrival at Auschwitz, after many days on a train without food or water and

“driven by thirst,” Levi breaks off an icicle outside the barracks window, but a guard “brutally snatches” it away from him. As Levi recounts, his question in “poor German” was “‘*Warum?*,’” to which he received the guard’s response, “‘*Hier is kein Warum*” (there is no why here)’ (Levi 35). The guard’s throwaway “sarcastic rebuke” (Rosenbaum 274) has come to typify the nature of the camp world for Holocaust scholars, as a site of ‘negation’ (Levi 128) where power was exercised for its own sake as part of the process of dehumanization and genocide. In his biography of Levi, Berel Lang adds that, for a scientist, “the intelligibility of nature, *all* nature, was a premise of his intellectual life,” as revealed by the writer’s impetus even in Auschwitz always to ask questions (Lang 37). As Levi concludes of the icicle episode, “in this place everything is forbidden, not for hidden reasons, but because the camp has been created for that purpose” (Levi 35).

Yet, despite the collective experience represented by the use of ‘we’ in Levi’s testimony, the camp system operated by dividing the prisoners, according to their category and their place within the hierarchy of Auschwitz. This was among what Levi identifies as the ways in which “this offence, the demolition of a man” (Levi 32) took place in the camp world as the prelude to physical killing. Such destruction, of “a man who is deprived of everyone he loves, and at the same time . . . of everything he possesses,” so that he “easily loses himself,” gives the very term “extermination camp” a “double sense” (Levi 33). Its inmates are destroyed twice, both psychically and physically. However, Levi recounts the aspects of that life which offered ways to offset the project of demolition, including maintaining routines, such as that of washing, to symbolize the prisoners’ power to “refuse their consent” to the system of the camp, in his phrase (Levi 47). This refusal constitutes a moment of the text’s self-consciousness in signaling its own origin, since, as Levi says, it registers a determination “to survive, to tell the story, to bear witness” (Levi 47). Of a different and less tangible kind is the effort to retain humane values, including what Levi calls “social habits and instincts,” even when pressed to the limit of endurance. It is these concrete factors that answer the “why” for Levi of how the camp

functioned. Thus he avoids making what he calls “the most obvious and facile deduction: that man is fundamentally brutal, egoistic and stupid in his conduct once every civilised institution is taken away” (Levi 109). As Howard Jacobson phrases it, Levi’s conclusion remains heartbreakingly “calm in its rejection of the consolations of rage or blame or despair” (Jacobson).

While Levi points out that ‘many are reduced to silence’ in such a setting as Auschwitz, he gives examples of those who were not and ascribes his own survival to their presence. One of these is Lorenzo, an Italian civilian worker who helped Levi in a practical sense, by giving him bread every day for six months and an extra undershirt to wear. As Levi puts it, he survived thanks to Lorenzo, “not so much for his material aid,” but because the latter’s presence reminded him of “something difficult to define, a remote possibility of good, but for which it was worth surviving” (Levi 127). Thus we see the importance of the testimony’s title, which poses a question about what it means to be a human being in such inhumane circumstances. Levi’s text shows, by its very existence, the significance of answering back to the Nazis’ plan of dehumanization by ensuring that ‘silence’ must not prevail. His conviction of the danger of not being listened to is revealed through the dream Levi recounts, one shared by his bunk-mates in the camp, “the ever-repeated scene of the unlistened-to story” (Levi 66).

In this way, we see that Levi’s account of Auschwitz does not ask “why” in a moral sense, but as a means of establishing how the camp and omnipresent danger of death functioned in literal and psychic terms. In order to establish an answer, Levi describes in detail such aspects as the system of barter and exchange between prisoners, the nature of the almost physically impossible work, the toll taken on inmates’ bodies, and the development of a “perpetual Babel” (Levi 44) of different languages alongside a hybrid camp dialect. He describes encounters with individuals, like the guard who forbade the asking of questions, who are the malign counterparts of Lorenzo and his “natural and plain manner of being good” (Levi 127). Most memorably, Levi describes the chemistry examination he undertook before being assigned to work in Buna. The Nazi

examiner, the “tall, thin, blond” Doktor Pannwitz, regards Levi, in his guise as “Häftling 174517,” in a way that the latter takes to reveal the psychological shift in thinking that both enabled and followed from the Auschwitz universe:

That look was not one between two men; and if I had known how completely to explain the nature of that look, which came as if across the glass window of an aquarium between two beings who live in different worlds, I would also have explained the essence of the great insanity of the third Germany. (Levi 111)

This moment registers the testifier’s realization that another man does not recognize him as human.

As the nature of Levi’s observations suggests, his viewpoint is a secular one, although he took care after the war to be identified specifically as a former Jewish prisoner. The poem, which acts as the epigraph to *If This Is a Man* and thus constitutes the gateway into its narrative, foreshadows in a condensed form all the threads of meaning that I have mentioned. What is perhaps more surprising is that it takes the form of the Shema, the most important prayer from the Jewish liturgy whose Hebrew title means “listen” or “hear” and which is recited twice a day by observant Jews. In Levi’s version of the prayer, it is the former camp inmate, rather than God, as in the biblical original, who addresses the reader: “I commend these words to you/Carve them in your hearts/. . . Repeat them to your children,/ Or . . . may your children turn their faces from you” (Levi 17). In the place of God’s ‘command’ that his words ‘be as reminders before your eyes’ (Deuteronomy 6:8), the poem’s speaker is so insistent that his testimony be heeded that he curses those who do not take note of it.

The title of Elie Wiesel’s testimony *Night* itself suggests that its focus is of a more self-consciously literary kind than Levi’s. In this slim volume, the notion of ‘night’ often possesses a poetic and biblical resonance. Yet it started out as a much longer work in Yiddish, drafted soon after Wiesel’s liberation from Auschwitz and published in 1956 with the polemical title *And the World Was Silent*. Traces of this element of angry reproach are still perceptible in the

shorter version we know today, which was eventually published after the championing of the Catholic writer François Mauriac, a foreword by whom accompanies the text. For instance, when the transport carrying Wiesel's family and townspeople arrives at Auschwitz, the prisoners who unload it express 'fury' at the new inmates' ignorance: "'Didn't you know what was in store for you here in Auschwitz? You didn't know? In 1944?'" Wiesel's response is that, "Nobody had told us" (Wiesel 30). He repeats the title of the Yiddish version in his horror at the sight of the open pits in the camp used to burn the Jews' bodies: "Was I still alive? Was I awake? How was it possible that men, women and children were being burned and that the world kept silent?" (Wiesel 32). Wiesel accuses both humans and God of abandonment in this way.

The difference between Levi's secular background and Wiesel's 'deeply observant' (Wiesel 3) one is apparent in the focus of *Night* on the spiritual pain of theodicy, that is, asking whether it is possible to defend God as a principle of goodness although evil clearly exists in the world. This is evident in *Night*, alongside the extreme physical and mental suffering engendered by the camp. In Auschwitz, the unprecedented recitation of the Kaddish, the hymn of praise most often associated with mourning, by men for their own deaths provokes Eliezer's first rebellion against God and another reproach at silence in the face of atrocity: "Why should I sanctify His name? The Almighty, the eternal and terrible Master of the Universe, chose to be silent. What was there to thank Him for?" (Wiesel 33). The prayer that Eliezer does utter is a profoundly ironized version of the traditional thanks given to God in the blessings for food, drink, or the Torah itself and that responds instead to the circumstances of the camp. The threat of a Kapo stealing Eliezer's new shoes is offset only by their being hidden by the mud on the barracks floor into which the prisoners' feet sank: "I thanked God, in an improvised prayer, for having created mud in His infinite and wondrous universe" (Wiesel 38). The culmination of this striking and uncomfortable degradation of biblical and liturgical material takes place when Eliezer asks, "How could I say to Him: 'Blessed art thou, Eternal, Master of the Universe, Who chose us from among the races to be tortured day

and night? Praised be Thy Holy Name, Thou Who hast chosen us to be butchered on Thine altar” (Wiesel 67). Eliezer’s inverted prayer draws on the idea of chosenness in this new context where people were “chosen” at the camp selections either to live or die, in a bleak contrast to the biblical version: “For thou art an holy people unto the LORD thy God: the LORD thy God hath chosen thee to be a special people unto himself” (Deuteronomy 7:6). In this way, the reader is reminded of Eliezer’s last sight of his mother and little sister Tzipora: “An SS came towards us wielding a club. He commanded: ‘Men to the left! Women to the right!’” (Wiesel 29).

The importance of the title of Wiesel’s testimony is revealed by the marking out of each significant moment in terms of individual nights. These moments include “the last night” that the teenager Eliezer, as he was then called, spent with his family at their home in Sighet (Wiesel 18), the “endless” night (Wiesel 26) of the train journey to Auschwitz, and the ‘last night’ in the camp before its evacuation in January 1945, of which the teenager asks, as if still immersed in the event, “How much longer would our lives be lived from one ‘last night’ to the next?” (Wiesel 83). This imagery of a disrupted and malign chronology culminates in a central passage that is sometimes treated as a poem in its own right and which starts: “Never shall I forget that night, the first night in the camp that turned my life into one long night, seven times sealed” (Wiesel 34). This organizational principle, by means of the individual nights that marked turning-points in Wiesel’s Holocaust odyssey, seems indebted not only to literary invocations of night to convey spiritual darkness, but also to the biblical story of creation, in which night has a negative significance: “God saw the light, that it was good: and . . . God called the light Day, and the darkness He called Night” (Genesis 1: 4-5). In this way, *Night* offers what is almost a new and baleful biblical story.

However, as the mixed language of the passage quoted above suggests, in its invocation of the horrifying reality of the camp alongside the symbolism of a night “seven times sealed,” Wiesel’s writing is often as observational and understated as Levi’s, even as it draws on literary and biblical originals. Indeed, immediately after

the last “Never” of Wiesel’s apostrophe, we read the bluntly factual, “The barrack we had been assigned to was very long. On the roof, a few bluish skylights.” Wiesel adds, “I thought: This is what the antechamber of hell must look like” (Wiesel 34), and even such apparently religious discourse might remind us of Levi’s secular one. At a similar point in his own “descent,” just after arriving at the camp, Levi describes being herded into “a huge, empty room,” in which the water is undrinkable and the inmates wait endlessly “for something which will certainly be terrible.” He observes that, “This is hell. Today, in our times, hell must be like this” (Levi 28). While Wiesel’s hell draws on a biblical foundation and Levi’s is based on that of Dante’s *Inferno*, in both cases, it takes the form of an imagined realm of suffering and punishment, mingled with that of an irreducibly real location.

Wiesel’s *Night* is distinctive for two further elements: its representation of his relationship with his father and that of the “death march” by means of which the Nazis evacuated Auschwitz at the war’s end. The two are inextricable, since it was on the march that Wiesel’s father became fatally weakened and which constituted a challenge to the boy’s ability to care for the older man. Two days after an operation on his foot, Eliezer and his father make the decision to leave the camp with those being evacuated, rather than remaining behind in the infirmary. In a laconic flash-forward, full of unstated historical irony, Wiesel notes that, “After the war, I learned the fate of those who had remained at the infirmary. They were, quite simply, liberated by the Russians, two days after the evacuation” (Wiesel 82). It is just this experience of liberation that Levi describes, since he did stay behind in the infirmary where he was ill with scarlet fever at the war’s end.

In his account of the forced death marches, by means of which Auschwitz prisoners were brought on foot and in open trains to camps within Germany as the Allied armies advanced, Wiesel again attempts the exceptionally difficult task of writing about physical extremity and its psychological effects. He manages to convey the bodily cost of exhaustion, exposure, and starvation, as well as the great distances traveled, for prisoners who were already ill and

weak, so that “I couldn’t help thinking that there were two of us: my body and I. And I hated that body,” as he recalls of the order to run for hours on first leaving Auschwitz (Wiesel 85). The teenage Eliezer witnesses examples of filial behavior that act as ominous versions of what his own might become: Rabbi Eliahou searches for the “beloved son,” who has abandoned his father as a “burden” threatening his own survival (Wiesel 91). At Buchenwald, where Shlomo falls ill with dysentery, Eliezer is advised by the block leader that, “In this place, there is no such thing as father, brother, friend. Each of us lives and dies alone” (Wiesel 110). In this way, Wiesel dramatizes the reality in the camps of ethical disintegration, including the fragility even of familial bonds, a topic that writers such as Jean Améry, in his book *At the Mind’s Limits* (1966), subject to philosophical analysis rather than this kind of direct recounting. The conclusion of Wiesel’s account of his father’s death is notable for its harrowing honesty. His sixteen-year-old self had no more tears left to shed and could not weep: “And deep inside me, if I could have searched the recesses of my feeble conscience, I might have found something like: Free at last! . . .’ (Wiesel 112). The reader is thus made to encounter both a painful enactment of the Nazis’ efforts at demolishing the human, and the retrospective realization of the magnitude of personal loss.

Tadeusz Borowski’s autobiographically based short stories in *This Way for the Gas, Ladies and Gentlemen* offer a different perspective to that of the other writers considered here. They are first-person narratives from the viewpoint of Tadek, a non-Jewish prisoner in Auschwitz who has the role of a Kapo: that is, one who was in charge of other prisoners in exchange for certain privileges. While Wiesel draws upon literary techniques in his testimony, Borowski does the opposite in transforming memoir into fiction, benefitting from the leeway it offers for shaping and patterning, as well as allowing for the uncertain status of events. The first name shared by author and protagonist takes the role, as critics have argued, of a moral statement (Kott, Introduction 9). Borowski was thus able to analyze being at once the Nazis’ victim and, as the Czech writer Czesław Miłosz puts it, ‘an accessory to the crime’ (Miłosz 119).

Borowski's stories center on the horrifying contradictions the Kapo Tadek experiences, since he has to rely on the influx of Jews into Auschwitz in order to have enough to eat, yet he hates the Nazis and the camp in which they have imprisoned him. At the ramp, Tadek lets deadpan description convey moral judgement, in observing that humans come last in a list of objects: "Trucks drive around, load up lumber, cement, people—a regular daily routine" (Borowski, *This Way* 34). His mentor, the French political prisoner Henri, voices the nature of the trap within which this deathly logic has caught them, in answer to Tadek's bemoaning the absence of transports: "'They can't run out of people, or we'll starve to death in this blasted camp'" (Borowski, *This Way* 31). In the eponymous title story of the collection, it is clear from the outset that Tadek's circumstances are different from those of the Jewish prisoners. He receives Red Cross food-parcels from his mother in Warsaw, and his bunk is symbolically positioned above those of the other inmates, as he puts it: "Below us, naked, sweat-drenched men crowd the narrow barracks aisles or lie packed in eights and tens in the lower bunks" (Borowski, *This Way* 31). Here, the first-person plural 'us' refers to the political prisoners, including those who help out unloading trainloads of Jewish prisoners at the ramp, and in the story Tadek volunteers for his first experience doing so—"Sure, why not?," he responds to Henri's invitation (Borowski 33). Tadek bluntly registers what the work of unloading this transport from Sosnowiec-Będzin entails, including carrying the corpses of infants "like chickens," witnessing killings at close quarters, as well as the demeanor of the SS, one of whom "examines . . . carefully" his malfunctioning cigarette-lighter, expending more care on it than on the thousands of people forced out of the trains "like a blind, mad river" (Borowski 37-9).

Tadek's responses are contradictory ones. He feels "furious" with the arriving prisoners "because I must be here because of them," as he tells Henri; the figure of a "tall, gray-haired woman" who descends from a train and whispers to him, "'My poor boy'" (Borowski 40), seems to be a hallucinatory personification of his anguished wish for absolution; while the sensation of what he calls

“sticky moisture on my eyelids” is a misrecognition of his tears at “the mounting, uncontrollable terror” (Borowski 41, 45). “Terror” here refers to Tadek’s inner and outer worlds: to the Nazis’ state-sponsored violence and to his own horror that he must take part in it. After the war, Borowski claimed in a letter written in February 1946 that he had seen “the death of a million people—literally, not metaphorically” (Borowski, *Postal Indiscretions* 8), and in the story, great emphasis is placed on the numbers of victims involved in the “monstrous conveyor belt” of the trains’ arrival, the departure of the trucks to the gas chambers, and the work of the SS in marking down the figures. Tadek uses the plural “we” again to signal the awareness of those Kapos who are both witnesses and forced accomplices: “The marks swell into thousands, the thousands into whole transports, which afterwards we shall simply call ‘from Salonica,’ ‘from Strasbourg,’ ‘from Rotterdam’” (Borowski, *This Way* 39). The cities of Europe are reduced to names for the train-loads of those to be murdered. Tadek’s mentor Henri has better succeeded in cutting off his moral and emotional responses to their work, and his sense of the transports’ geographical reach is expressed in the terms of social embarrassment in deciding whether or not to warn people of their fate, as he puts it: ““The worst of all are the transports from around Paris—one is always bumping into friends”” (Borowski, *This Way* 46).

The reader of Borowski’s eyewitness fiction is its moral target in an even more extreme way than in the exhortations of Levi’s poem “Shema.” This is hinted at in the curious tone of the short-story collection’s title. In the story, the falsely polite phrase reveals the fact that in the camp “people going to their death must be deceived to the very end,” as an SS guard “courteously” says to the new arrivals: “*Meine Herrschaften*, this way, ladies and gentlemen, try not to throw your things around, please. Show some goodwill”” (Borowski, *This Way* 37-8). The story’s title, of course, supplies the destination missing from this appeal: it is “to the gas.” Yet, as the title is a part of the story that is external to the world it depicts, the “ladies and gentlemen” addressed in the title are also its readers. The author issues the invitation to those who might be curious about

the world of the camp: if you wish to know what this spectacle was like, reading the short and terrible title story will show you. At the conclusion, Tadek returns to the notion of the victims as a huge and anonymous body of water, while also making us aware that the time needed to read the story is the same as that taken to murder the trainload of people he has helped organize and dispatch, as Tadek notes: “Great columns of smoke rise from the crematoria and merge up above into a huge black river . . . The ‘Sosnowiec-Będzin’ transport is already burning” (Borowski, *This Way* 49). As the philosopher Gillian Rose puts it of Borowski’s stories, the representation of unwilling complicity leaves the reader “*shaking* in horror” at him- or herself (Rose 248).

In conclusion, the varied accounts by these three canonical writers about the experience of Auschwitz suggest that Elie Wiesel was correct to argue that the contemporary era has initiated a new genre, that of testimony. The events of the war’s genocide could only be communicated in such a way. Levi and Wiesel chose to write nonfiction accounts, even if these are infused with anguished subjective memory, as well as the implicit and overt invocation of literary and biblical texts. Borowski’s choice to write fiction, albeit based on his own experiences, might seem to be motivated by his particular role in the Holocaust universe, as an unwilling accomplice. It is understandable that readers of *This Way for the Gas, Ladies and Gentlemen* might imagine themselves to be reading testimony. Yet fiction, in this case, offers the writer an ironic distance and the chance to view his past self as if from the outside. Indeed, Borowski is not alone in using the creative and metaphorical possibilities of fiction to represent his own wartime experience. Ida Fink, who survived the Holocaust years by hiding in Poland, has written about these experiences using the facilities of fiction, as well as short stories that rely on hearsay and invention to convey the experiences of others (Fink, *Journey, Scrap*). Other novelists whose own experience of wartime deportation and life on the run appears only in transmogrified form, if at all, in their fiction include the political prisoner Charlotte Delbo and the child survivor Aharon Appelfeld. Borowski’s decision to present life in Auschwitz in fictional form

is itself a way in which to represent the rupture of an experience so traumatic it could only be held at arm's length, subverting a literary form more often associated with a gentler, epiphanic revelation.

Examining these three writers shows that the Holocaust is not 'unspeakable', as some have argued in an effort to convey its enormity and the undeniable difficulty of attempting to bear witness to it, but instead it bears the kinds of careful delineation we have encountered here. In these examples, we experience the ways in which the writer's pre-war culture was used as a way to approach such a topic. Levi, the chemist, attempts an objectivity that is still full of feeling about the camp world and its 'offense' against humanity; the former Kabbalist Wiesel questions both God and humanity in his brief, bleak account of growing up in the Holocaust world; while the poet and journalist Borowski offers pared-down, inconclusive stories about the choiceless existence of a political prisoner. In Borowski's words, in each case we see that 'It is impossible to write about Auschwitz impersonally' (qtd. in Kott 174).

## Works Cited

- Borowski, Tadeusz. *Postal Indiscretions: The Correspondence of Tadeusz Borowski*. Ed. Tadeusz Drewnowski. Trans. Alicia Nitecki. Evanston, IL: Northwestern UP, 2001. Print.
- \_\_\_\_\_. *This Way for the Gas, Ladies and Gentlemen, and Other Stories*. 1958. Trans. Barbara Vedder. Harmondsworth, UK: Penguin, 1976. Print.
- Fink, Ida. *The Journey*. Trans. Johanna Wechsler & Francine Prose. Harmondsworth, UK: Penguin, 1992. Print.
- \_\_\_\_\_. *A Scrap of Time*. Trans. Madeline Levine. Harmondsworth, UK: Penguin, 1987. Print.
- Jacobson, Howard. "Rereading *If This Is a Man* by Primo Levi." *The Guardian*. Guardian News and Media Limited, 5 Apr. 2013. Web.
- Kott, Jan. Introduction. *This Way for the Gas, Ladies and Gentlemen, and Other Stories*. By Tadeusz Borowski. Trans. Barbara Vedder. Harmondsworth, UK: Penguin, 1976. Print.
- \_\_\_\_\_. *The Theatre of Essence and Other Essays*. Evanston, IL: Northwestern UP, 1984. Print.