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Marking the Spot

LUCY LIPPARD

> *Past and present are linked by a contract, a covenant between the people and their leaders, and this covenant is given visible form in monuments and a temporal form in a series of scheduled holidays and days of commemoration.*
>
> —*J. B. Jackson*

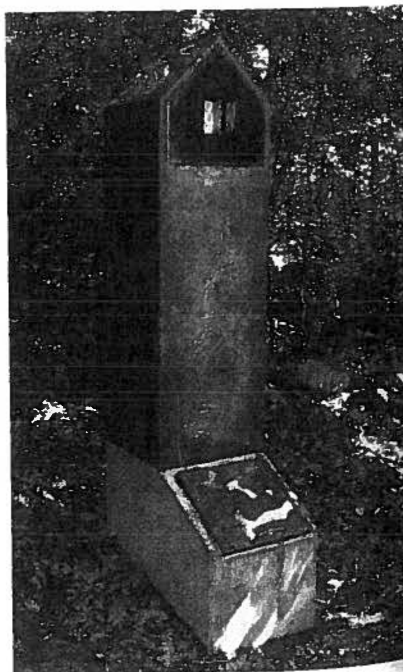
The celebration of the past can easily be made to play politics, and monuments are linchpins of this process. Most monuments favor mythology and are even further from "reality" than historical preservation. Nationalist and conservative forces are particularly fond of manipulating meaningful regional forms and histories to bolster their chauvinistic agendas, often denigrating modern life and blaming its faults on recent immigrants and ethnic minorities. Loyalty to "homeland" and "the unity-in-diversity discourse" still serve to ease immigrants into assimilation. Sometimes buildings themselves are monuments, but for the most part a monument is a structure built on top of memory relating to it only superstructurally, or even beyond memory—creating compulsory recall. Usually a sorry substitute for any actual remains, it can serve several contradictory purposes—resurrecting history, laying it to rest, and attracting tourists.

While monuments are often sterile pronouncements of the obligation to honor a truly dead past that occupies only a static place in the ongoing present, they can also recall the dead in order to make the survivors responsible to the living. Commemorating a place can have the same effect, as it did with a 1967 event staged by the New York State Council on the Art's visual art director, Allon Schoener, to

There are no conventional monuments outside the cemeteries in Georgetown, but there is a modest predilection for (recent) bronze plaques, publicly commemorating those (often summer) residents who have contributed to the town, or privately commemorating those who lived or died on site. On an island off Hunnewell Beach a Bates College student who drowned there is remembered. In the depths of the woods on Long Island are three plaques to the memories of former residents.

commemorate the sesquicentennial of the Erie Canal—931 miles of heroic engineering and endangered waterway. The cultural and economic role of the canal in the state's history was dramatized by the voyage of the Erie Maid, a twin-decked "exhibition boat' carrying a lively audiovisual show that stopped at thirty communities between Albany and Buffalo with much fanfare, costume pageantry, and a pseudo-historical newspaper handout called *The Canal Courier.*

Is it more important to preserve the sites of pleasure or of pain? Monuments to social tragedies should intervene in daily public space, lest responsibility be displaced, whereas celebratory monuments may blend more harmoniously. Monuments to victories are often less moving than those to losses, and monuments are not always in place; sometimes the event memorialized, like the Holocaust, happened far away. The gleaming black angle and fifty-eight thousand chronologically listed names rising from or descending into the earth of Maya Lin's Vietnam Memorial in Washington, D.C., is a rare monument that has become a place in itself rather than a reference to another place and time. It overwhelms the conventional bronzes nearby—Frederick Hart's heroic soldiers and Glenna Goodacre's noble nurses—demanded by conservatives who were outraged by the great black wall and



Houston Conwill, Estella Conwill Majozo, and Joseph De Pace, Stations of the Underground Railway, *1992–93, New York State, Niagara Region: Lewiston, Niagara Falls, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, Pekin, Parker, and Niagara University (Photo: Biff Henrich, courtesy Castellani Art Museum, Niagara University). Each site has a historical connection to the Underground Railroad—the escape route taken by enslaved African Americans to reach free territory in the North or in Canada. The installation of each shrine-like sculpture was accompanied by a "response poem" by Estella Majozo and a symbolic libation—the pouring of water.*

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Our real monuments are of another order, still on the move. Boats are a big part of Maine's attraction. "Tall Ships" and "windjammers" (perceived as "clipper ships" though they are often old cargo coasters) ply the coast as mobile inns, or dock here and there for paying tours. The Maine Maritime Museum in Bath is homeport to the fishing schooner Harvey Gamage and there is talk of creating a "naval historic park" based on the first destroyer designed to carry missiles, built at the Bath Iron Works in 1959. For as long as I can remember, the Wiscasset

its youthful Asian designer. Most literal representations are melodramatic and banal to an extreme, but abstracted monuments can seem to deny experience. Monumental architecture and sculpture rarely hold their own against space or time. The feeling of reverence sought by monument makers is not easy to come by in our irreverent society.

Where Lin's Vietnam Memorial and her smaller but equally impressive Civil Rights monument in Atlanta create places of memory and mourning, the squat volcanic rock obelisk marking ground zero at the Trinity site in southern New Mexico, where the atomic age began, cannot compete with the place itself. Dwarfed by the vast landscape of White Sands Missile Range, which is dotted with military bunkers and ominously unidentifiable structures, the Trinity monument makes no references to Hiroshima and Nagasaki—and no plaque has been added for Chernobyl. Evocation of the planetary consequences of the event of 1945 are left to the place, the space itself, the blue mountains in the distance, thunderclouds on the horizon, the dust devils rolling across the desert.

Maya Ying Lin, Civil Rights Memorial, *1988–89, black granite and water, Southern Poverty Law Center, Montgomery, Alabama (Photo: Hubert Murray). Maya Lin's name has become synonymous with the "new monument," since her Vietnam Memorial was built in Washington D.C. in 1982. In this more intimate Civil Rights Monument, water is the theme and the content, as it runs down a wall behind the oval black table and bubbles up from the table itself—a form inviting dialogue and touch, on which the movement's open-ended history is documented. Incised on the wall are the words that inspired the work, Dr. Martin Luther King quoting the Bible: "We are not satisfied and we will not be satisfied* 'until justice rolls down like water and righteousness like a mighty stream.'* " Water becomes a healing, purifying agent as it flows gently over the names of forty men, women and children slain during the struggle for civil rights, showing, as Lin says, "how individual people helped to change history." This picture shows visitors from Project Hip-Hop in Boston: Nancy Murray, Wyatt Jackson, Nick Andrade, Sandra Marcelino, and Ravi Dixit.*

waterfront on the Sheepscot River has been centered on the ghostly hulks of two 80'-long, four-masted sailing ships. The Hesper and the Luther Little were built in 1917-18 and brought to Wiscasset in 1932 as part of a lumber-hauling scheme that fell victim to a post-Depression economy. They were towed close to shore and abandoned, gradually becoming much-loved landmarks. Even listing in the mud, they provided one of the most romantic images in the area. Year by year, however, saw increasing depradations. The masts and rigging went first, but even

> *Older jish [ceremonial bundles, or kits] belong in the community where they were originally acquired . . . Some of these have a history that goes back 200 years. A jish contains rare elements from all over Navajoland and beyond. In a way it is a miniature version of Navajoland that concentrates the power of its rare elements and species.*
>
> —*Klara Kelley and Harris Francis*

American Indian history, so integrally entangled with place, has been ill served by the ubiquitous brave-on-a-horse monuments (especially James Earle Fraser's dispirited *End of the Trail*, which began as a life-size bronze but has since become ubiquitous, reproduced in many scales and mediums). Gutzon Borglum's Mount Rushmore defiles rather than commemorates the sacred Paha Sapa, or Black Hills, by transforming them into a monument to American colonialism. It is rather ineffectively parried by the in-progress monument to Crazy Horse near Rapid City, South Dakota—a generic image since the great Lakota warrior refused ever to have his picture taken. For many Native American nations, the land itself provides the monuments, marked by innumerable sacred sites where mythical and historical events took place, known only to those who care.

Making the connections between the genocide of Native Americans, Jews, and the living death of African American slavery, James Young has suggested that we might all share "common spaces of memory, if not common memory itself. As a result, every group in America may eventually come to recall its past in light of another group's historical memory, each coming to know more about their compatriots' experience in the light of their own past." The Washington Mall will eventually provide a panoply of cultural contributions, with the addition of Smithsonian museums dedicated to American Indian and African American culture. Those who see multiculturalism as divisive rather than inclusive oppose this panhumanism as "Balkanization of the Mall."

Only an avid military buff would be moved by the ubiquitous war memorials that dot the nation's small town squares and parks. In the late sixties, I suggested that all the equestrian statues in Central Park be brought together in a single field, like toy soldiers, strength in unity being the last hope for obsolete statuary. It was a time when a number of Minimalist, Conceptual, and Pop artists (Dan Graham, Robert Smithson, Carl Andre, and Claes Oldenberg, among others) had become interested in monuments, precisely because of their often absurd vacancy and loss of meaning. For a municipal art project in New York City in 1967, Oldenburg had a hole dug by union gravediggers behind the Metropolitan Museum—nega-

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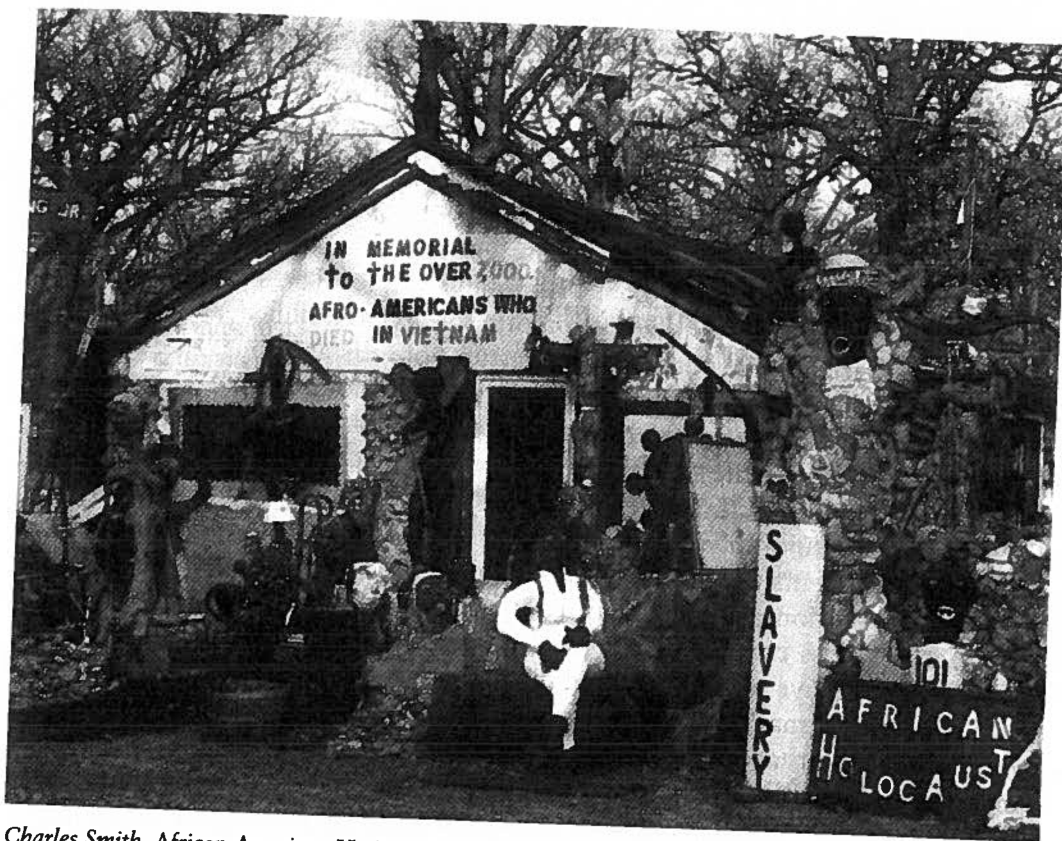
the rotting hulls had an imposing profile. Then they too began to disintegrate. Finally, in 1996, the town admitted that the old ships were more of a liability than an attraction. Their fate is still undecided. Some propose to salvage them, bring them on land, and start a waterfront museum. Local opinion ranges from get-rid-of-that-eyesore to nostalgic reluctance to see them go.

A recent arrival in Bath is a 17' section of the 35' bow of the Snow Squall—the last known clipper ship. Built in Cape Elizabeth in 1851, she sank near the



Charles Smith, African-American Heritage Cultural Center, *Aurora, Illinois, 1986 to the present (Photos: Dave Kargl). Smith, who holds a BA in social sciences and is an ordained minister, is a Vietnam veteran. He began to make sculpture while struggling with post-traumatic stress disorder and now his ever-growing yard environment includes some 75 works commenting on history and current events. Despite a focus on activism and tragedy (slavery, Vietnam, Somalia, Rodney King), the museum is also a healing place, including among its many figures an arched gateway spelling "We Shall Overcome," and historical figures representing various virtues: "Grandma Hands" (Heritage and Remembrance), "Ms. Sassy" (Dignity), Gwendolyn Brooks (Character) and Louis Armstrong (Achievement). The Center is dedicated to "those of African ancestry that paid the price with their lives and their commitment to the struggle for liberation of African-Americans here and in Africa," says Smith. "I see this facility being the first African-American art institute in the United States that is free from all outsiders explaining, telling, and controlling it, because it is designed to tell the raw truth. Nor will we have anyone telling us these pieces are too graphic, that there is too much blood, or there's too much hatred. There is none of that. All of it is history." Smith welcomes groups, gives tours of his museum, and uses his sculptures as teaching aids for neighborhood youth. The environment continues indoors, where living space merges with work space and Smith shares his life with sculptural companions.*

Falklands in 1864. After months of controversy about her fate when the Spring Point Museum in South Portland was no longer able to maintain her water-logged timbers, and no museum would take this "big pile of wet wood" because of the expense of preservation, the Maine Maritime Museum offered the Snow Squall's remains a home.

One of my fondest memories is a boat funeral. My uncle Jud sailed for years a broad-beamed, gaff-rigged 14-foot catboat called the Anne L. ("the floating

tive spatial comment on the mausoleum role of the museum and monuments in general. Since then, some of the most impressive ideas for monuments have dealt directly with the fact that absence can be more powerfully evoked than presence. The jury for the Free Speech Movement monument at Berkeley (I was on it) recommended Mark Brest van Kampen's project: a small circle of dirt marked by an inscription on marble: "This soil circle and the air space extending above it are not part of any nation and are not subject to any entity's jurisdiction." A decade later, a jury recommending public art for the Atlanta Olympics (I was there again) gave a prize to a similarly "artless" delineation of a space that nullified all zoning laws. These awards were not just nods to clever gestures of resistance but critiques of the lack of inventiveness in proposals presented for built monuments. Writing about several artists' spatially negative Holocaust monuments in Germany, Young has called this kind of work the "counter-monument," since it mocks "the traditional monument's certainty of history . . . Memory is thus sustained, not denied, by a sense of human temporality."

While monuments tend to be the results of complex social processes (including design competitions, political maneuvering, community approval, massive fund-raising, and endless compromises), the marker offers a small-scale, subtler, and potentially subversive way of recalling the history of a place. The brown wooden roadside historical markers, illegible from a speeding car (despite the addition of "warning' signs so that people will be able to slow down and stop) are sometimes inaccurate and do little to provoke those who already think "there is nothing to see." Here again, however, the place itself, changed or apparently unchanging, is the monument.

Bronze plaques on urban buildings can be seen as subtexts to the houses themselves, "a part of the system of inscriptions that institutions of power write about themselves." When we read them without entering the house, they take precedence over the primary artifact. Signage pushes interpretation in one direction or another and often quells associative ponderings. But a more imaginative use of signs could ask questions, connect the site to the place itself. Firsthand accounts are always the most riveting. For example, the signs at a restored adobe ruin of a seventeenth-century mission church at Quarai, New Mexico, range from the predictable to the informative. But only one captures the last decade of the mission's and the pueblo's existence—a first-hand account by Fray Bernal, who wrote back to Spain that for two years both Spaniards and Indians had eaten toasted hides and leather while they lived in constant fear of Apache attacks. What now is a beautiful, peaceful spot was the scene of slavery, battle, and starvation. In fact, every place is the site of both

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hotel"), inherited via several Dalrymple "boys" from its original owner, Anne Lauriat. The boat was built in the 1870s, and when time finally took its toll, Jud couldn't bear to have her end up as a rotting monument or beach toy (or worse still, a planter). So we gave her a Viking burial at the annual July 4th picnic on the Cross's beach in 1952. She burned for a long time. Everyone else went home. Four of us sat by her side until just at midnight, with the Popham bell ringing, the waves broke over her embers. We drank a toast to her long life heading

contentment and despair, and it is this complexity that historical preservation and signage should convey.

Contemporary morality tends to interfere with realistic impressions. Josie Bassett's little homestead ranch in Utah has been swallowed by Dinosaur National Park. Her boarded-up cabin still stands in its idyllic site with a Parks Department sign showing a photo of the grandmotherly type who settled and ran the place alone in the early years of the century. It takes a book in the visitor's center to fill out the picture: Josie had four husbands, may have murdered one of them, and might have engaged in cattle rustling with her mother and sister. In an area known for its outlaws (heroes of novels and movies who are well documented in local museums or roadside attractions), a woman's crimes apparently are not so marketable. Far more informative and evocative of place than most signage are the "history trails" through cities that have appeared in the last decade. Designed to unearth the lost histories of women, minorities, or workers, they bring historical landscapes up into view from under the concrete, but without substantial architectural and landscape components, they tend to float. Markers may be inadequate

Repohistory (James Malone and Tom Klem), Sarah Lena Echols Malone, *from the "Entering Buttermilk Bottom Project," 1995, Atlanta (Photo: copyright Frank Niemier). Signs marking well-known and anonymous lives, created in collaboration with local residents, were accompanied by an installation in Piedmont Park and a parking lot painted with the life-size outlines of houses and streets that had occupied that site before demolition, including house numbers and family names, based on a 1959 city directory. Klem was inspired at an early project meeting by James Malone pulling out a tattered snapshot of his mother sitting on a porch in Buttermilk Bottom, where he was raised. The text reads simply: "Mrs. Sarah Lena Echols Malone raised her family on 267 Pine Place, Apt. #3, in the early thirties."*

jauntily into the wind. I still have some of her ashes, my cousin Anne has her transom as a coffee table, and my 12-foot broad-beamed, gaff-rigged Beetle Cat named Rosita looks and sails just like the Anne L.

John Bunker, an amateur historian from Palermo, Maine, collects living monuments—"antique apple trees" he plants on his property. "The apples are a link with the past," he says. "Each has a history. They are a living incarnation of amazing things that happened 100 or more years ago . . . Looking at an apple

on their own, but like unmarked walking tours of historical areas, they have one foot in the past and one in present reality. What one tours is the remains, sometimes almost invisible, but at least visualizable with a little help. Physical movement through streets and past buildings, even when they offer a mixed bag in terms of chronology and remodeling, brings the tourist closer to the past than history books can. Gail Lee Dubrow has proposed to introduce innovative, "nondidactic" interpretive panels in historic places for a Women's Heritage Trail in Boston, a city that already boasts a Black Heritage Trail (including little about black women) and other historical itineraries. Her proposals, supported by grassroots activities in the public school system, have been influenced by the Power of Place project and other public artists.

Appropriation of the signage styles of the bureaucracy is a popular strategy for artists to enter the picture. Edgar Heap of Birds's confrontational texts force passersby to acknowledge genocidal tragedies and the histories of stolen lands. **Repo** history (replaces the neutral markers of the bureaucracy with lively and opinonated visual-verbal commentaries on historical events up to the present. Scott Parsons and David Greenlund confounded expectations by offering a sign in the Lakota language, among others in their skeletal tipi project, which was pivotal in the cancellation of Denver's Columbus Day parade in 1992. Gloria Bornstein and Donald Fels provided critical "viewpoints" on the historic development of the Seattle waterfront. Ilona Granet, who makes her living as a sign painter, also makes signs as art that comment with wickedly straightforward humor on male behavior toward women in public places. Since these are not functions art is expected to fill, the artist's sign becomes an effective mediator between general expectations of public information and of art.

For all the talent and sophistication that goes into such artworks, none have achieved the public appeal of the Burma Shave signs, which began in Minnesota in 1926. Just as anonymous advertising artists have more cultural influence than the biggest names among fine artists, popular culture is way ahead of "public art" in representing the past to millions of North Americans. In her scholarly and entertaining book *The Colossus of Roads: Myth and Symbol Along the American Highway*, Karal Ann Marling celebrates the sculptural counterparts of the tall tales that fuel American folklore. Her talisman is a fifteen-foot tall statue of Paul Bunyan and Babe the Blue Ox on the shore of Lake Bemidji, Minnesota: built in 1937, it is the model for many others of its kind that define Midwestern space and assert local identity. Such behemoths are particularly well-suited to the Great Plains, where they are visible for miles, breaking highway monotony and luring tourists to towns

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Tourists now go to see the monuments of tourist history. Tourist cabins emerged with the advent of the Model A—the "tin can tourist" that ended Maine's exclusivity as a summer playground for the wealthy. By 1930 there were about 150 motor courts in the state. Traffic-clogged Route One (known

that may have little else to offer outsiders. They are counterparts of postcards advertising local produce: the giant potato on a railway flatcar, the pair of huge, breastlike navel oranges flanking a happy small boy, the ear of corn looming over a tractor, the barn-sized loaf of bread in a Kansas wheatfield, the huge fish or

Scott Parsons And David Greenlund, in cooperation with members of the Oglala Lakota nation and Augustana College, The Reconciliation Project, *1992, Sioux Falls, South Dakota. 29 charred skeletal tipi frames, 25′ tall, were placed near the Nobel Institute Peace Prize Forum, recalling the fact that Native Americans had not been invited to attend. The lodgepoles (already burned) came from the sacred Black Hills, recalling the massacres that took place all over the west. They were accompanied by nine simulated National Park Service Historical Markers with text and image that included quotations from Native writers, including Leslie Marmon Silko, Russell Means and Leonard Peltier. Greenlund and Parsons recreated the tipis (90 of them this time, plus 29 markers) in Civic Center Park in Denver at the time of the 1992 Columbus Day Parade, providing a spiritual center for Native American protests against the parade, which was called off at the last minute and has not taken place since. The ghostly monuments reached into the sky and cast long shadows on the earth, combining visual poetry and harsh fact, directly affecting the cultural memories of those who experienced them, and overshadowing a bronze cowboy in the background. The artists intended the piece as a counter-memorial, "not stuck in the past, [but] a springboard to reconciliation for the next 500 years. . . . We wanted to imagine what apologies and historical accountability looked like."*

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as America's Main Street), which runs up the coast and then inland, from Kittery to Fort Kent, is rich in roadside rustic cabins, stylized motels, diners, movie theaters, and 1950s-era gas stations. They are being surveyed for a State Historic Preservation Commission listing of vernacular roadside architecture and possible inclusion in the National Register of Historic Places. "Every generation rebels against the taste of its parents and prefers the taste of its grandparents," says commission director Earle Shettleworth.

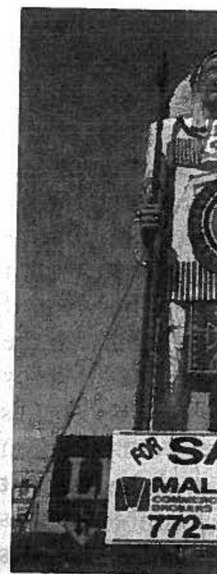
grasshoppers that may be caught nearby, and mythical animals like the "Jackalope" (the gigantic antlered jackrabbit invented in Douglas, Wyoming, in 1934 and since immortalized in postcards, a band, and a Southwestern gift store). These artistic creations may have taken a cue from their found-object siblings, symbols of the past too large or too ordinary to fit in museums—the locomotives, cannons, cable cars, airplanes, and missiles that dot local public parks.

Roadside sights are created independently by local artists as well as by entrepreneurs and chambers of commerce. Some evoke distant sites (in Washington state, in the seventies, I saw a roadside miniature Egyptian desert, complete with camels and pyramids); some evoke the local past (in a New Mexican village a little painting of a church stands on a mound of rubble where an earlier church stood (pl. 2). Elaborate yard displays of bottles and crockery embedded in cement or fantastic found-object sculptures and gardens featuring stone or shell castles, religious shrines set in upended bathtubs, whole hills painted and transformed into paeans to Jesus—these loving and obsessive works may lack the scale of the commercial offerings but make up for it with a marvelous degree of detail and subtlety, and far more connection to local place than imposed commercial monuments.

> *All of Polynesia is represented on forty-two acres of the Hawaiian island Oahu, at the Polynesian Cultural Center, which claims that "more people come to know and appreciate Polynesia while touring these beautifully landscaped grounds than will ever visit those fabled islands.*
>
> *—Barbara Kirshenblatt-Gimblett*

The president of Colonial Williamsburg once boasted that the flourishing souvenir market was "proof that history could be sold." There has been little doubt since then: from the reenactment of the gunfight at OK Corral in Tombstone, Arizona, to antebellum belles guiding visitors through plantation gardens on Louisiana's River Road, to the Graceland phenomenon, history is decidedly for sale in this country. Grady Clay points out that no city is complete (or economically viable) without an "epitome district" characterized by a name ("Old Town"), a center, local history explained in maps, pamphlets, signage, mythology, and costumed celebrations.

The most spectacular challenge to this trend involved the Walt Disney Corporation's projected American history theme park near the Bull Run/Manassas Battlefield in Prince William County, Virginia. "Disney's America" (not a misplaced possessive) raised questions of land use in the rural (and bedroom community)



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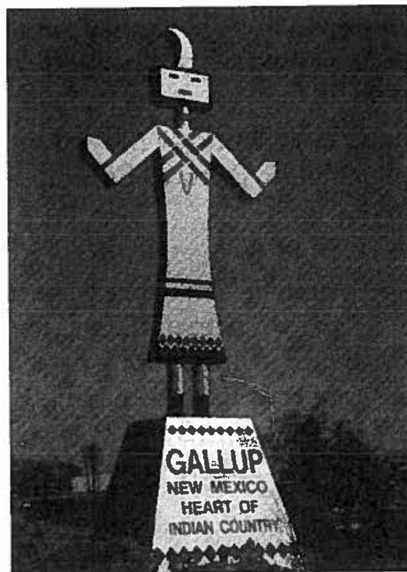
"The Big Indian," *40′ high, Freeport (Photo: Peter Woodruff). Commissioned by the Casco Bay Trading Post and sculpted in Pennsylvania, it arrived on Route 1 in 1969 and has survived two owners since. The Indian is Plains generic, unrelated to Maine tribes.*

borderlands around a densely populated urban center. The corporation secretly bought up three thousand acres before announcing its plans to capitalize on the nineteen million tourists who visit nearby Washington, D.C. annually, some of whom might prefer an ersatz rural version to the real thing located in an inner city. Ironically, the history park would have endangered a dozen battlefields and sixty-four National Register sites from America's most popular war, not to mention destroying a beautiful rural landscape (which includes many wealthy fox-hunting estates), and threatening some six thousand local farms on its peripheries. The prospect of three thousand new jobs was weighed against water, sewage, air pollution, and traffic congestion. District residents polled early on were 52 percent



Yeibichai, *painted aluminum with lights, 1990, 36′ high, made by Hinkley Signs for the Gallup Visitors and Convention Center, New Mexico (Photo: Richard Hooker). Popularly known as "the yellow Yei," and inscribed "Gallup, New Mexico, Heart of Indian Country," this monumental figure of a Navajo deity is a near replica of an earlier figure on the outskirts of Gallup. Both were made with no Indian consent or input and there was opposition to yet another unauthorized representation of sacred imagery.*

undecided, with 32 percent for and only 16 percent against. Governor George F. Allen was all for Disney, though, and in the spring of 1994 the state legislature agreed to financial incentives for the corporation.

But the real battle was over views of history. Despite claims to the contrary, Disney's track record suggested that the park would have constituted a counterrevolution against the gains made in broader and more critical views of history by trivializing and rescripting the events that have formed North America. The "Industrial Revolution" attraction was to be (literally) a roller coaster ride through a turn-of-the-century steel mill "culminating in a narrow escape from a fiery vat of molten steel," not plant closure; an Ellis Island recreation was to celebrate the "immigrant heritage." The "Native America" exhibit was to end in 1810, thereby omitting much of the bad news, and implying that indigenous people's histories came to an end almost two hundred years ago. All of which tends to confirm Jean Baudrillard's whimsical assertion that "Disneyland is there to conceal the fact that the 'real' country, all of 'real' America, is Disneyland. Disneyland is presented as imaginary to make us believe that the rest is real, when in fact all of Los Angeles and the America surrounding it are not any longer real but of the order of the hyper-real and of imagination."

In summer 1994, Disney Chairman Michael Eisner wrote a nationally published op-ed piece quoting Thomas Jefferson, appealing for Disney's right to "freedom of expression" and citing the popularity of their Lincoln talking doll exhibit at Disneyland: "At the Disney's America we will open in 1998," he boasted, "we will use all of our new technology, our creativity, our film and theater techniques and, yes, our entertainment skills to create a place that we hope will inspire renewed interest in American history and a renewed pride in American institutions." When the battle heated up, fueled by reports of Disney's avoidance of taxes and broken promises in Florida, the corporation surrendered and withdrew the project.

Notes

Conwill, De Pace, Majozo: See *Stations of the Underground Railroad,* a booklet for the public produced by the Castellani Art Museum and the Niagara communities in which the works were situated. See also **Susan Krane,** *Art at the Edge: Houston Conwill,* Atlanta: High Museum, 1989.

Maya Lin: See **Tom Finkelpearl,** "The Anti-Monumental Work of Maya Lin," *Public Art Review,* Fall/Winter, 1996; *Maya Lin Public/Private,* Columbus: Wexner Center for the Arts, Ohio State University, 1994.

Crazy Horse monument: The project was begun in 1947 by sculptor Korczak Ziolkowski who was asked by Lakota authorities, including Chief Henry Standing Bear, to create a work of art that would show "the white man the red man has great heroes too." The Boston-born Ziolkowski died in 1982, but work has been continued by his family. So far 8.4 million tons of rock have been removed (in comparison to Mount Rushmore's mere 450,000 tons). (**Daniel Gibson,** "Crazy Horse Memorial: Tribute or Tourist Trap?", *Indian Artist,* Winter 1997.)

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James Young, "Holocaust Memorials in America . . . " in *Survey of Jewish Affairs* 1991, **William Frankel**., ed. Thanks to judy Chicago for introducing me to James Young's scholarly and deeply moving work

"war memorials": see **Lippard**, "Within Memory," in *Athena Tacha: Massacre Memorials and Other Public Projects*, New York: Max Hutchinson Gallery, 1984.

On Conceptual monuments: See **Lippard**, *Six Years. . . .*

Charles Smith: see **David Kargl, Debra N. Mankoff, Thomas Skwerski**, *Straight at the Heart: Charles Smith's African/American Heritage Museum*, Beloit, Wisconsin: Wright Museum of Art, Beloit College, 1995

James Young, "The Counter-Monument: Memory Against Itself in Germany Today," *Critical Inquiry*, Winter 1992. See also Young's "When a Day Remembers: A Performative History of *Yom ha-Shoah, History and Memory*", Winter 1990.

Josie Bassett: see **Diana Allen Kouris**, *The Romantic and Notorious History of Brown's Park*, Greybull, Wyoming: Wolverine Gallery, 1988.

John Bunker, quoted in MST, Oct. 6, 1996.

Parsons and Greenlund: Quotations from letters to the author from **Scott Parsons**.

Earle Shettleworth, quoted in PPH, July 5, 1995.

"the real battle": As **David Harvey** has bluntly stated, "All history is, after all, the history of class struggle." ("Monument and Myth," *Annals of the Association of American Geographers*, September 1979.)

Jean Baudrillard, quoted by **Kyong Park** in brochure for his lecture on "Nuclear Heritage Park: Weapon-Based Entertainment," at the Cooper Hewitt Museum, New York, 1994.

Michael Eisner, op-ed piece in *Portland Press Herald*, August 5, 1994.