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Abstract

This article explores the Jewish ghost motif in Shalom Auslander's novel, *Hope* (2012). In particular, it focuses on the Holocaust and its ongoing reverberations within Jewish consciousness The ghost that incites the narrative is Anne Frank, reimagined by Auslander as an aged revenant who is discovered in the attic of an upstate New York home. Drawing from the work of Stephen Frosh, Susan Shapiro and Avery Gordon, my analysis looks at matters of refracted cultural memory, vicarious victimhood, intergenerational haunting, intertextuality and the uncanny Jewish body.

Keywords

Shalom Auslander, *Hope,* Jewish, Ghosts, Haunting, Holocaust

> To be haunted […] is to be influenced by a kind of inner voice that will not stop speaking and cannot be excised, that keeps cropping up to trouble us […]. It is to harbour a presence that we are aware of, sometimes overwhelmed by, that embodies elements of past experience and future anxiety and hope, and that *will not let us be*.[1]

Haunting is a key trope within much writing by and about Jews. This is particularly resonant in relation to the Holocaust and its ongoing reverberations within Jewish consciousness. As Stephen Frosh explains, for the post-war generation of Jews 'there was always something in the background that haunted the present, something not quite nameable.'[2] Naming some of these 'not quite nameable' ghosts has been a recurring preoccupation within contemporary Jewish writing. The following discussion, which looks at Shalom Auslander's 2012 novel, *Hope*, focuses on the kind of hauntings that we find in writing about the Holocaust that is positioned at a distance from the Second World War, but that is formed by its lasting effects.[3] History. Memory. Family. Psyche. In the spectral shadows cast by the traumatic past, ghosts linger.

As Stephen Frosh makes clear in the above quotation, the haunting 'inner voice' is persistent and pervasive. It '*will not let us be*' and it is evident that the ghost is an apt carrier of some nebulous, complex and ambivalent identifications and disavowals. Recent literary texts by Jewish writers such as Howard Jacobson, Rachel Lichtenstein and Jeremy Gavron, in the UK, and Nicole Kraus, Nathan Englander, Jonathan Safran Foer and Philip Roth, in the US, amongst many others, have explored the ghostly lacunae, palimpsestic layerings and textual undecidability that inflect postmodern Jewish consciousness. In particular, these writers have focused on the ways in which guilt, anxiety and the lure of vicarious victimhood have contributed to a complex post-Holocaust sensibility within contemporary Jewish culture.[4]

In *Hope* Auslander confronts the issue of Holocaust haunting within today's America. Demonstrating an acute awareness that he is writing at both a temporal and geographical remove from the Holocaust, the novel tackles themes of refracted cultural memory and intergenerational guilt. The ghost that he names in this narrative is Anne Frank, in many respects the paradigm of the Jewish ghost writer; reimagined by Auslander as an aged revenant discovered in the attic of an upstate New York home.

I am reading *Hope* as a ghost story in a number of ways. My analysis looks at matters of cultural memory in a post-Holocaust context; intergenerational haunting; intertextuality as a form of spectral relationality; and the uncanny Jewish body. My argument is that a focus on the ghost motif within this particular twenty-first century narrative has the potential to expand an understanding of contemporary Jewish identities more generally. Focusing on themes of hope and hospitality at a thematic and structural level, such a reading opens up possibilities for reconfiguring the complex relationships between contemporary American Jews and the traumas of the collective European past. The reparative possibilities of haunting are, I suggest, subtle but suggestive. To this end, the discussion firstly sets out some brief

theoretical principles, looking at spectrality in general and Jewish ghosts in particular. It then locates ideas of ghostly inhabitation and Holocaust identification in terms of Auslander's autobiographical writing, suggesting that his earlier oeuvre foreshadows many of the themes that return in *Hope*. Having set out these contextual issues, the article develops a sustained reading of *Hope*. Residence and residue. Habitation and inhabitation. Dwelling and indwelling. Possession and dispossession. Hope and Hospitality. These are the themes that shape my analysis.

'The Spectral Turn': Jewish Ghosts and Spectralities

The poetics and politics of haunting have been preoccupying themes in much recent critical and cultural theory. This so called 'spectral turn', is set out in María del Pilar Bianco and Esther Peeren's comprehensive 2013 reader. The volume collects key moments in the development of this analytical and methodological approach and demonstrates the extent to which cultural studies, since the publication of Derrida's *Spectres of Marx* (1993), has been absorbed by the potential of spectrality. However, as Pilar Bianco and Peeren observe, 'the figure of the ghost has haunted human culture and imagination for a long time, perhaps even forever'.[5] In particular, they note the ways in which 'certain features of ghosts and haunting – such as their liminal position between visibility and invisibility, life and death, materiality and immateriality, and their association with powerful affects like fear and obsession' have generated a range of theoretical questions across the humanities and social sciences.[6] These are concerns that permeate much contemporary literary fiction, both theoretically and creatively, and they are structuring principles in my reading of spectral themes within *Hope*.

In terms of the particularly Jewish emphasis of my discussion, three critical texts underpin my analysis. Susan Shapiro's foundational work on the 'Jewish uncanny' and Stephen Frosh's subtle study, *Hauntings: Psychoanalysis and Ghostly Transmissions*, both

demonstrate the centrality of the uncanny as a way in which to place the ghost within a particularly Jewish context. Alongside these explorations, Avery Gordon's *Ghostly Matters: Haunting and the Social Imagination* is critical in developing thinking about the social as well as the cultural significance of haunting. Gordon's argument that, 'the ghost is not simply a dead or missing person, but a social figure, and investigating it can lead to that dense site where history and subjectivity make social life', is, I would suggest, a powerful way of expanding our understanding of haunting within and beyond the context of Jewishness.[7]

From a specifically Jewish perspective, the ghost has been configured in a number of ways. In Jewish folk literature and tradition, dybbuks, golems and Wandering Jews feature as distinct, otherworldly forms but they are also, in some contexts, amalgamated around more general notions of Jewish otherness.[8] In brief, dybbuks are the dislocated souls of the dead who yearn to possess a living body. Generally, these are malevolent soul transmigrations but dybbuks usually vacate the host body when their unfinished business on earth has been resolved. The golem, in contrast, is not a dead creature, who then returns to trouble the living, but a humanoid creation shaped from clay. In sixteenth century versions of the story, it was created by Rabbi Loew of Prague in order to protect the Jewish people of the ghetto from anti-Semitic attack. However, as all golem stories demonstrate, the creation proves to be difficult to manage and, following a period of disruption, eventually it is disabled rather than destroyed. Its remains purportedly linger to this day within the attic of the synagogue in Altenhue.[9] Whilst dybbuk and golem stories tend to originate from Jewish folk tradition, the Wandering Jew has a different provenance. Stories originating from the thirteenth century, tell the tale of Ahasverus/Ahasueru, the shoemaker who was said to have taunted Christ on his way to crucifixion. As a punishment Ahasverus was condemned to never die and instead he was destined to wander the earth in perpetual exile until the second coming. Thus the

Wandering Jew is a restless soul, doomed to a half-existence; a haunting manifestation of the inassimilable Jewish other.

So, whilst it is evident that the golem, the dybukk and the Wandering Jew each have their own complex histories and implications, for the purposes of this discussion, it is useful to consider them as the signifiers of preternatural alterity that constellate an idea of the Jewish ghost. In essence, these liminal beings destabilize distinctions. They are neither fully dead nor alive. They trouble binaries such as soma and spirit, the symbolic and diabolic, doubling and dislocation, remembering and forgetting. In these ways they disturb the border between self and other. They speak of dispossession as well as possession, human longing as well as inhuman rage, desire as well as fear, home as well as exile.

Whilst images of Jewish ghostliness, especially in the trope of the Wandering Jew, have often been imposed from the outside, Jews have themselves incorporated ideas about ghostliness into their own mythologies. As Susan Shapiro argues, the trope of the Jewish ghost is engrained within both Judeophobic and early Zionist discourse. She notes that 'the Jewish Uncanny represents the Jew(s) as spectral, disembodied spirits lacking a national home and, thus, as unwelcome guests or aliens wandering into and within other peoples' homes, disrupting and haunting them.'[10] In this vein, Leo Pinsker, figuring the Jewish ghost as a disturbing symbol of displacement, states in his 1882 proto-Zionist pamphlet *Auto-Emancipation*, that:

> The world saw in this people [….] one of the dead walking among the living. The ghostlike apparition of a living corpse, of a people without unity or organization, without land or other bonds of unity, no longer alive, and yet walking among the living.[11]

Moreover, for Pinsker, 'this ghost is not disembodied like other ghosts but partakes of flesh and blood' and, for this reason, the Jewish parasitic ghost evokes a fatal sense of Judeophobia

in the host cultures through which it passes. Pinsker's argument was that the primal fear engendered by Jews could only be resolved if their unnerving condition, characterized by homelessness, was addressed. As Shapiro points out, this sense of fundamental ambiguity has characterized much thinking about Jews over many years and in many contexts.

> The Jews are here represented as always already dead but, somehow, and problematically, still apparently present […] or as apparently dead and buried, but actually awaiting regeneration, resurrection, rebirth, or redemption […]. But either way, what appears to be the case is not. The Jew is on the border between life and death, life in death, death in life. But which one is it? Embedded in this image is this very ambiguity and undecidability.[12]

In these ways, issues of undecidability permeate representations of Jewishness that are created by Jews and about Jews. Jewishness, in so many respects associated with embodied alterity, one way or another, becomes associated with spectrality.[13] And yet, what we see repeatedly, and certainly in Auslander's figuration of the aged Anne Frank, is a profound destabilization of categories of the ethereal and the earthly. The body, in its intense corporeality, inhabits and disturbs what might otherwise be imagined as the vaporous ghosts of Jewish spectrality. Jewish ghosts are the golems lingering in attics of the ghettos and the imaginations, the dybbuks parasitically inhabiting the bodies of the living, and the wandering strangers who dwell everywhere and nowhere. They all haunt the overdetermined borders between self and other.

Ghosts, then, are disruptive and not to be ignored. Invariably they have something important to impart to the living. According to Avery Gordon, the ghost 'is not the invisible or some ineffable excess':

> The whole essence, if you can use that word, of a ghost is that it has real presence and demands its due, your attention. Haunting and the appearance of specters or ghosts is

one way […] we are notified that what's been concealed is very much alive and

present. [14]

For Gordon, haunting is thus characterized by its intrinsic call for 'something-to-be done'.[15] It has a social reality as well as a psychoanalytical significance. In this way, a sense of hope is perhaps intrinsic to the process of haunting. Drawing from Walter Benjamin's conception of the 'Angel of History',[16] Gordon outlines the healing potential of haunting:

> The willingness to follow ghosts, neither to memorialize nor to slay, but to follow
>
> where they lead, in the present, head turned backwards and forwards at the same time.
>
> To be haunted in the name of a will to heal is to allow the ghost to help you imagine
>
> what was lost that never even existed, really.[17]

Here Gordon invokes Derrida's notion of 'hospitable memory' in order to address the ghost of Sabina Spielrein, whose occluded voice, in Gordon's sustained and compelling reading of a photographic absence, haunts the beginnings of psychoanalysis.[18] In Derrida's terms, 'hospitable memory' is a matter of ethical responsibility; to the inhabitants of the past as well as in the present. We need to 'exorcise not in order to chase away the ghosts', he writes:

> But this time to grant them the right, if it means making them come back alive,
>
> as *Tenants* who would no longer be *Tenants,* but as other *arrivants* to whom a
>
> hospitable memory or promise must offer welcome without certainty.[19]

This notion of 'hospitable memory', and the way in which it relates to a concept of what might be termed an uncanny hope, is central to my reading of Auslander's novel. *Hope* is a narrative that turns on the question of responsibility in relation to the discovery of Anne Frank, a disturbing tenant within the anxiously circumscribed Jewish home. As Derrida puts it, this is 'domestic hospitality that welcomes without welcoming the stranger, but a stranger who is already found within (*das Heimliche-Unheimliche*).' However, as Gordon points out, 'it is no simple task to be graciously hospitable when our home is not familiar, but is haunted

and disturbed.'[20] This is the central tension of *Hope*. It is also, arguably, a structuring motif within Jewishness itself. Throughout history Jews have been figured as uncanny strangers, the dispossessed ghosts haunting the non-Jewish world. In the words of the proto-Zionist Moses Hess, Jews are 'a soul without a body, wandering like a ghost through the centuries'.[21]

If the ghost, as Gordon suggests, in its uncovering of that which has been hidden, or unseen, demands 'something- to-be done', then the following discussion explores what that might be, for whom, and why.[22] And here, I want to thread the notion of hope through this account. Perhaps in the end, the ghost, the return of the repressed, is a figure of reconciliation as well as reckoning. If, that is, we can find a way in which to open ourselves to 'welcome without certainty'. [23]The nature of ghosts is perhaps that they are elusive and bewildering. They encourage us to look hard at that which can only ever be glimpsed. My reading of *Hope*, in which I tease out some of the ghostly stirrings that haunt the edges of the text, fleshes out some of these ghostly concerns.

Before looking in detail at the novel, I want to explore some of Auslander's self-reflection on these matters. For all its comedic verve, *Hope* is, I would argue, a profoundly haunted narrative. As Auslander reinscribes previous textual traces, particularly the figuration of Anne Frank in Philip Roth's *The Ghostwriter*, intertextuality can itself be read as a form of cultural inter-generational haunting. Moreover, in his willingness to look into the shadows, to open up the attic as were, Auslander draws from some painful aspects of his own childhood and this wounded child becomes, in a sense, the ghost within his own text.

Ghostwriting: Shalom Auslander

Auslander was born in 1970 to an Orthodox Jewish New York family. His writing has been compared to both Kafka and Beckett and, alongside these European influences, he states that Lenny Bruce and Philip Roth were both formative in the way that his writing confronts

Jewish identity and Holocaust history for his generation of American Jews.[24] Before the publication of *Hope*, Auslander was best known for his short stories collection, *Beware of God* (2005), a memoir titled *Foreskin's Lament* (2007) and a number of essays published in the *New Yorker* and *Tablet* magazine.[25] In *Foreskin's Lament* he sets out, in furious detail, his disturbing and dysfunctional family background; and yet the memoir is insistent that his upbringing within the Jewish Orthodox tradition was equally injurious to his development. In his wife's terms, he had been 'theologically abused' by an 'an abusive, belligerent God'.[26] Feelings of terror, shame and guilt thus mark his childhood within domestic and religious spheres. The memoir presents a funny and innately tragic story that in many respects prefigures some of the central themes of *Hope*. In both texts Auslander interrogates notions of Jewish-American identity, post-Holocaust conscience, Jewish masculinity and the neurotic disposition. And, in particular, these texts ask how one might exorcise the ghosts of the past, or at least offer them moments of hospitality, in order to find a germ of hope within collective, familial and personal trauma.

In this respect, despite the bleakness that infuses the memoir, *Foreskin's Lament* has a strangely hopeful ending. In the final chapter Auslander describes how, having broken off contact with his family of origin, and living now in the progressive enclave of Woodstock, he is gradually reconciling himself to his past in order to live in the present. On his son's first birthday he visits his therapist, Ike, and reflects on how far he has come in the ten years since he first stepped into his office.

> In that time, I had distanced myself from a destructive family while managing somehow to build a loving one around myself at the same time. Orli [his wife] and I had once feared that our child would drag the past back into the present, and it was clear now, on the afternoon of his first birthday, that he had been the very thing we'd needed to head into the future once and for all.[27]

So, as they cut a cake which is iced with words that reject 'the bitter miseries who'd rather drag us into the morass of their bleak, tragic lives than share for a moment in our joy', the book thus ends on a cautious moment of optimism.[28] In interview Auslander has said:

> And it wasn't really until my son's first birthday, until I'd been working on this thing for a couple of years at least, where I realized, "This might be the winner. This child is who I've done this for." Whether it's religion or family, I don't think I'll ever recover from either. But I thought, "Here's the winner. It may not be me. It may not be my mother or my father." At that point I realized that the book had something that was sort of like promise in the end.[29]

Hope in this way, emerges as a tentative possibility, 'sort of like promise', but Auslander is reluctant to overstate such a moment. The collective, as well as personal, traumas of his younger life continue to reverberate.

The Holocaust, in particular, is threaded through the misery of Auslander's childhood in both implicit and explicit ways. In familial, religious and cultural terms it is an ever-present source of gloom and guilt. Auslander recalls repeatedly how he was immersed in Holocaust horror from a young age and haunted by the demands of enforced remembering. The story 'Holocaust Tips for Kids' demonstrates the stifling effects of such early exposure to these narratives. In a series of fragmented and confused thoughts and lists, the naïve child narrator attempts to process unassimilable information about the Nazi attempt to exterminate the Jews:

> If the Nazis come in the middle of the night and try to take me away to a concentration camp, these are the things I plan to take with me; some food, my allowance money, a sleeping bag, my Walkman. A toothbrush, a knife from the kitchen, my nunchucks, some Ninja throwing stars, a flashlight and my comic books. *Holocaust* means "burned up." [30]

The reader is drawn into a relentless catalogue of misunderstanding. As the story inscribes a deep sense of fearfulness and misapprehension, it accentuates the potential harm of what the child is being taught. Anne Frank is central to this discourse of Holocaust suffering and the child narrator creates a clumsy identification with the girl who was forced to hide in an attic.

> Anne Frank hid in her attic for over two years.
>
> Maybe I should pack more food.
>
> You can also hide in the tree house on my back-yard. I doubt the Nazis will check every tree house in America.
>
> It will probably be difficult for them to climb trees in those boots.
>
> Ninjas could make themselves invisible.[31]

Hope presents a poignant and angry riposte to the world view that is implicit in such narratives; one in which danger lurks around every corner and annihilation is only ever a back yard away.

More specifically, the novel interrogates the terms of a particular cultural attachment to Holocaust victimhood. Auslander describes this fetishized identification at one point in *Hope* as the 'Misery Olympics' (89). In the novel, this exploration of vicarious victimhood is focused on the central character, Solomon Kugel's, mother. However, as the narrative demonstrates, this distorted and obsessive identification with horror has been transmitted inter-generationally and Kugel himself is caught in a psychological maelstrom of guilt and neuroses. Some of this fictional material is close to Auslander's non-fictional accounts of his own experience. In fact many of the themes and tropes found in earlier stories, articles and talks are reworked in *Hope*. This repetition seems important. As I have suggested, these seem to be the ghostly matters of Auslander's own past. They demand attention; they will not rest.

For Auslander, as for many others, Anne Frank, or the idea of Anne Frank as she lives on in the cultural imagination, is an archetypal symbol of Holocaust haunting. In her

insightful study of representations of Anne Frank within American culture, Rachael

McLennan has identified some repeated characteristics of such depictions. These include:

> concealment and disclosure, particularly the notion of secrets and the open secret; a
>
> (related) focus on doorways, rooms, windows, and domestic spaces; a concern with
>
> illness, physical difference, and the concepts of prosthesis and repair; a closing
>
> gesture of relinquishing investment in Frank in some way; ambivalence towards
>
> acknowledging the power of the adaptations and resisting them.[32]

Many, if not all, of these aspects inform the construction of Auslander's Anne Frank.

McLennan's reading of the novel in terms of Holocaust impiety, is placed alongside a

consideration of Nathan Englander's short story, 'What we talk about when we talk about

Anne Frank' (published the year after Auslander's novel).[33] Englander's story, although

different in some key respects from Auslander's novel, also draws on issues of appropriation

and 'misidentification with victims' of the Holocaust.[34] However, as McLennan points out,

such irreverence is not, in itself, an especially radical literary intervention. In fact, she argues,

such 'irreverent representations of Anne Frank are not marginal or belated […] but integral to

her construction in American culture.'[35]

Auslander's text thus interplays, knowingly, with an existing discourse of irreverent

representations of Anne Frank. Most obviously, his characterization can be read as a response

to Philp Roth's figuration of Amy Bellette in *The Ghost Writer* (1979) and more recently

Roth's presentation of the aging Amy/Anne in *Exit Ghost* (2007). But, in more personal and

particular terms, Auslander brings his own haunted subjectivity to the depiction, drawing

from his difficult and unresolved relationship to Anne Frank as a ghostly figure. 'I hated

Anne Frank when I started' he has said, explaining that:

> When I was six or seven years old my parents would show me Dachau newsreels
>
> every Holocaust memorial day, and there'd always be this smiling little girl who

symbolised man's inhumanity to man and my eventual fate, and so, as a little kid, you

look at her and go: "Oh my god, this is just horrible." By the time I'm 18 I'm looking

at her and going: "I know, I know, – it's horrible, just leave me alone". [36]

In expressing this feeling, Auslander is aware that what he does with the aged Anne Frank

within the novel is provocative. And yet, within this self-consciously taboo-breaking

characterization, Auslander also demonstrates an admiration for, and identification with, his

character:

But by the end of the book I really dig her. I dig her fictional older self. She was kind

of cool: a shit-stirrer, a troublemaker, not some sad little victim. First of all, she hated

her mother and I can't dislike anybody who hated their mother. She wasn't just writing

this book and then it got discovered: she was sending it out, she wanted to be

published. If she had lived – and I say this in the best possible way – she'd be a pain in

the ass. It's what I strive to be and I loved that about her, and so while in the book

she's physically grotesque, she's actually someone you come to admire and like.[37]

There is, despite the seemingly confrontational nature of the narrative, a tone of tenderness

and even a sense of restrained resolution by its end. The ghost in this text is not exactly laid

to rest. In fact the novel closes on an ambiguous moment of sacrifice, as seemingly Kugel

dies saving Anne Frank from a fire in the burning attic. However, as in *Foreskin's Lament*,

there is an element of hope within this bleak ending. It suggests perhaps that the aged Anne

Frank might be released from her endless confinement within the mythology that has been

constructed around her; and thus, ultimately, the guilt-ridden Kugel can atone for his

generational and geographical privilege.

Hope, however, for Auslander is a complex concept. 'Is hope good or bad?' he has

asked. 'We're always supposed to have it, we never question it, every novel has to end with

it.'[38] The novel, whose full title is *Hope: A Tragedy,* thus explores a clash between past and

present, the dead and the living, by framing it in terms of a dissonance between hope and despair. The concept of hope is interrogated in a number of ways. Kugel's therapist, the thundering, godlike Professor Jove, insists that optimism is a fundamental delusion. 'The greatest source of misery in the world' he asserts, 'was hope' (38); and he argues, forcibly, that 'Hitler was an optimist' (39), adding, 'have you ever heard of anything as outrageously hopeful as the Final Solution?' (39). Jove's pessimistic perspective is placed in distinct contrast to Kugel's brother-in-law, an upbeat evolutionary biologist called Pinkus Stephenor. The characterization quite obviously satirizes Steven Pinker, whose book, *The Better Angels of Our Nature*, which argued that human society is becoming progressively less violent, was published in 2011. In similar fashion, Pinkus's forthcoming book, *Here Comes the Sun, and I say It's All Right* argues that the Holocaust, compared to the violence of earlier epochs, 'wasn't so bad'(239). In these terms, it seems significant that Pinkus and Kugel's sister, Hannah, 'were still childless, though it wasn't for lack of dogged, relentless trying' (236). The suggestion is that optimism, in its crudest form, is not necessarily productive. I would, however, suggest that the novel presents a more nuanced exploration of the possibilities of hope than is suggested by either Jove or Pinkus. Kugel, whose name of course, suggests the dense noodle puddings of many a Jewish table, unravels something for and of himself.

Hope: Residence and Residue

   'It's funny: It isn't the fire that kills you, it's the smoke.' (1)

The opening line of *Hope* condenses its key themes. Smoke is the afterlife, the ghost of a fire. In this way it is also a trace, a shadow, and a memory. When Kugel discovers that an aged Anne Frank is living in the attic of his new family home, he is confronted directly with the question of how to reconcile the residue of the traumatic Jewish European past with his lived reality as a privileged contemporary American. The central question of the novel is how to

live with a past which, like smoke, is pervasive, perhaps even suffocating, but intangible. Auslander confronts this existential dilemma by making the intangible tangible. The ghost becomes flesh.

The novel opens as Kugel has recently moved into an old farmhouse house, located outside of a non-descript upstate suburb called Stockton (a stock town). It was a place supposedly 'unburdened by the past' (14). Kugel and his wife, Bree, have relocated from the city, following the illness of their sickly young son, Jonah. For Kugel, who has become obsessed by his son's fragility, this new home represents an attempt to protect his son and thereby to preserve his own sanity. In other words, he seeks 'to keep the monsters from the house' (18). However, in the mode of classic gothic literature, the couple soon discover that the most terrifying and disruptive forces in their lives are not external but are situated within the home, the body and the psyche. The farmhouse is, in fact, the locus of manifold dangers from within and, rather than being 'unencumbered by history' (14), it is a place of distinctly uncanny hauntings.

Kugel's opening meditation on death by smoke suffocation makes the link between the inner and outer, body/home dyad explicit. 'There you are, waiting for the horrors to come from some *there*, from some *other*, from without' he observes, 'and all the while you're dying, bit by airless bit, from within' (1). Freud's theorization of the uncanny has, at its centre, an understanding of the in/distinction between the heimlich and unheimlich and, with this awareness, *Hope* deploys the trope of the haunted house to effect.[39] As Peter Buse and Andrew Stott observe, the connection between ghosts and property is an organizing principle within the rhetoric of the uncanny: 'where there are disputes over property', they contend, 'we find ghosts' and 'where we find ghosts, there are bound to be anxieties about property.'[40] Certainly, within *Hope*, themes of ownership, property and possession infuse the narrative at a structural as well as narrative level.

From the first viewing of the house, when they are shown round by a mendaciously optimistic realtor/estate agent, called Eve (working for the Promised Land Agency), the house becomes the manifestation of unconscious tensions and anxieties at a cultural and personal level. As various ghosts, repressions and secrets come into consciousness, it becomes increasingly apparent to Kugel that that '*it's about the house*' (103). Kugel has bought the property from the Messerschmidts, a German-American family who are caught within a network of guilt, abuse, and denial and it later emerges that the younger son is responsible for the wave of arson attacks that is spreading through the area. The smoke, it seems, originates from within the past of the house in a number of ways.

In its current domestic context, the house is inhabited by difficult and disputatious Jewish residents. These include Kugel's aged mother, who is supposedly dying and comes to live with her son and family for her final weeks (which stretch into months); Anne Frank, who in embodying the return of the repressed is the archetypal 'unwelcome house-guest'[41]; and a permanently disgruntled Jewish lodger, 'Haman or Pharaoh or Nebuchadnezzar or something', who we are told 'had ever since moving in, been after Kugel for a corner of the attic' (41). This trio of demanding inhabitants, arguably all of them variations on well-worn Jewish stereotypes, place competing pressures on Kugel's sense of responsibility. Hospitality, within this narrative, is interrogated to its limits.

It is perhaps no coincidence that Kugel works for EnviroSolutions marketing composting and recycling products. Unable to cope with his fraught domestic situation, Kugel eventually loses his job but, with his morbid awareness of life's ever present destructive potential, he is arguably predisposed to reprocessing from the remains of what has already been. From the first viewing of the house, Bree notices a pervasive smell, 'like something died' (20). It becomes apparent that the smell, the problem in essence, is not that something has died, but rather that something is living. The ghost in this text, and the source

of the foul smell, is Anne Frank, a creature of the living dead. When Kugel first sets eyes on the old woman in the attic she materializes from the shadows and he sees, 'a black mass, lumpish and dust-covered and trailing spiderwebs from her back and hair' (63). After decades of attic inhabitation, she is described as having been physically de/formed by the constrictive space. It is suggested that having 'seemingly come to resemble it' (64), she cannot exist outside of its enveloping angles of confinement:

> Her body had adapted, or evolved, or devolved, into a shape most suitable for attic life; her knees seemed permanently bent at just the right angle to keep her head from hitting the rafters, and her spine and hips inclined forward at very nearly the same degree of slope as that roof. (64)

The attic is of course already metonymically associated with Anne Frank in post-Holocaust consciousness and, in its structural position within the domestic sphere, also has significant metaphorical resonance. From golem stories of old, to the figuration of Bertha, the madwoman in the attic in Bronte's *Jane Eyre* and Jean Rhys's resonant postcolonial rewriting in *Wide Sargasso Sea,* the attic can be seen as a place to which dangerous alter egos and dark desires are banished. In this respect the attic can be linked to the Freudian unconscious. As Buse and Stott explain, this psychic resonance is implicit in the gothic genre:

> The classic Freudian spacialization of the human mind is somewhat akin to the internal geography of the gothic castle, in which the unconscious is conceived of as a dimly lit attic whose existence troubles the ego, and whose secrets, once known, are often terrifying. [42]

Within *Hope*, the discovery of this Holocaust ghost in an attic clearly draws from this figurative topos. Psychologically, it is a place of secrets and repression. Moreover, as I shall go on to suggest, when Anne Frank is transposed into this twenty-first century American

attic, she becomes manifest as a neurotic symptom as well as a form of pathological projection.

Culturally, the figuration of Anne Frank within the attic draws from the familiar in order to make it strange. The connotative association between the words 'Anne Frank' and 'attic' is so strong that, in some respects, the shocking discovery perhaps also has a sense of inevitability. After all, Jews already know that golems never die. In the collective imagination Anne Frank is, by definition, always young. By presenting her in a decrepit form, Auslander reconfigures this Holocaust icon, a symbol of tragic innocence, into something complex and confusing. Reading this as a kind of golem story amplifies this sense of ambivalent identification. Golem stories all end with the knowledge that the golem's remains linger within the attic of the old synagogue in Prague, waiting to be reanimated if the Jewish people should need it to roam the borders of the ghetto once more. This is both a comforting and a chilling thought. Golems are ambiguous figures. They symbolize Jewish resistance and resilience but they also embody the dangers of otherness and the equivocations of the between. Like the golem, Anne Frank is made of words. In the terms of the myth surrounding Anne Frank, and her synecdochal connection to her diary, she is a textual creation. Like the golem, her corporeal presence disturbs a story that is predicated on an absence. Like the golem, the stories work only if she remains as a lifeless legend. (Re)animation is a powerful idea but, as Auslander's fable illustrates, the reality of such a revitalization is complex and difficult.

Kugel intuits that attics are inevitably the locus of such ghostly discoveries. 'Kugel didn't like attics, he never had' we read, and his antipathy is explained as a response to the implicit temporal complications and ethical uncertainties which are held within these liminal spaces:

> The roofing nails overhead like fangs, waiting to sink into his skull; the cardboard
> boxes and plastic crates and leather trunks – tombs, sarcophagi – full of ghosts and
> regret and longing and loss; worse yet was the implication in all this emotional
> hoarding that the past was preferable to the present, that what came before bests
> whatever comes next, so clutch it to your chests in mourning and dread as you head
> into the unknowable but probably lousy future. (22)

For Kugel, who has been formed by the most extreme tales of Holocaust horror, 'emotional hoarding', has blighted his life. It is perhaps inevitable that the idea of an attic space, a repository of morbid stockpiling and retrospective introspection, should trouble him. And perhaps it is even less surprising that this space will contain the very thing which he most dreads: a grossly embodied Jewish ghost.

It is the smell that first hits him, a smell 'like sewage, like rot' (24), overwhelming and invasive:

> [It] seemed to engulf him, to pass right through him, foul and putrid, and he gagged. He
> covered his nose and mouth with his free hand, but the thought of breathing her in, of
> drawing her within him, caused him to gag again. (27)

The stench transmits a knowledge that cannot be ignored. It is a ghostly presence that brings the consciousness of the not quite dead into the present.

Similarly, the spectral sounds that emanate from the attic also pervade the land of the living. Kugel suspects that the air conditioning system in the house is 'substandard'. Designed to bring a sense of freshness (albeit artificial and recirculated), instead it carries disturbing and disruptive sounds. He soon realizes that the unbidden noises circulating through the vents constitute 'a ghostly intercom system he didn't want and could never silence':

> Mother moaning.

The television laughing.

And the typing.

From the attic.

Ceaseless.

Desperate. (37)

As he gradually introjects the disturbing shadow world of the house, he is forced to face the foul old woman in the attic. She tells him that she is Anne Frank and that she has been living in this attic for the last thirty years. He can hear his wife and son downstairs and feels an acute sense of the disparity between these two realms. These are for him, at this stage in the novel, parallel realities in terms of space, time and emotional connection. In his polarized, or in Kleinian terms, paranoid-schizoid, splitting of the world, they are lines that can never meet.[43] 'Down there, thought Kugel, all was sunshine and beauty and life and possibility; and yet here he stood in this attic, in darkness and suffocating gloom, surrounded by misery and death' (62).

In Avery Gordon's thesis, these kinds of overdetermined moments of realization, which are often mingled with profound disorientation, characterize what it means to be haunted. She explains that:

I used the term haunting to describe those singular yet repetitive instances when home becomes unfamiliar, when your bearings on the world lose direction, when the over-and-done-with comes alive, when what's been in your blind spot comes to view. Haunting raises specters, and it alters the experience of being in time, the way we separate the past, the present, and the future.[44]

For Kugel, the shock of the spectral is of course what brings his 'blind spot' into view and he is forced to confront the guilt that infuses his post-Holocaust consciousness.

As he starts to see something familiar in the old woman's features, something 'Anne Frankish' (67), Kugel experiences this altered sense of being in time. He recognizes her, but snags on this temporal distortion: 'she was hideously, horribly disfigured, and terribly old – Kugel thought he'd never seen anyone so old' (29). When the old woman tells him that she is Anne Frank he is, at first, infused with a self-righteous outrage that rests on an *a priori* claim to suffering:

> I don't know who you are, he said, or how you got up here. But […] I know Anne Frank died in Auschwitz. And I know she died along with many others, some of whom were my relatives […] .The old woman stopped typing and turned to him, fixing that hideous yellow eye upon his.
>
> It was Bergen-Belsen, jackass, she said. (31)

When she shows him the tattooed concentration camp number on her arm he begins to realize that in the terms of competitive victimhood he has no ground. This precipitates his moral dilemma: how could he, as a twenty-first century Jew, evict a Holocaust survivor, whether she is actually Anne Frank or not? If she is indeed Anne Frank, that icon of Holocaust suffering, his betrayal would be compounded. So, his task becomes how to receive this unwelcome guest. In this respect, issues of hospitality, in a consideration of how one might welcome and attend to the ghost, create the narrative impetus of the novel; but such questions also signal its underlying ethical and philosophical concerns. How can the past be incorporated into the body of one's present? What does it mean to accommodate ghosts?

As he looks down to the driveway, Kugel begins this process of accommodation and ghostly identification. He senses that, 'there was something nice about it, this hiding. This invisibility. This being and not being. This nothingness' (66). He comes to understand that Anne Frank has chosen this liminal condition for pragmatic as well as existential reasons. As she discovered from her publisher, 'nobody wants a live Anne Frank' (71). As Karl Gutzkow

had put it in1838, the Wandering Jew's 'tragic fate is not his violent and unsuccessful search for death, but rather his exhausted dusk-watch, his outliving of himself, his obsolescence […] a living corpse, a dead man who has not yet died.'[45] In Auslander's narrative, Anne Frank signifies the troubling nature of such outliving and, in this way, suggests something more fundamental about the nature of Jewishness itself. From the repeated exiles of diasporic history, to the more subjective dislocations that characterize identifications within an increasingly decentred contemporary world, the Jew has repeatedly been figured as a lost and rootless spirit.

Kugel, whose conscious life is lived in conditions of relative safety and privilege, is haunted by the knowledge of what happens when a latent belief in Jewish alterity becomes reanimated. His guilt and confusion about Anne Frank is evident in a defining unease about his mother, another aged revenant, who is located more fundamentally within the body of his haunted home. Anne Frank and Kugel's mother are, I would argue, uncanny doubles. Each is an aspect of the living dead and in particular the female uncanny. Significantly, Kugel's level-headed and somewhat indifferently Jewish wife, Bree, who might have provided a triangulating presence within this troubled domestic sphere, is driven away from the home by her husband's neurotic inability to manage these overdetermined, half-living, half-dead Jewish women.

From the outset, Bree anticipates the dangers of accommodating ghosts. 'What's the point' she asks, 'of moving to a place with no past if you're going to bring your mother along?' (21). Kugel's mother is figured as a creature of the living dead who, as Kugel reflects, 'was alive if she sounded like she was dying' (11). Whereas Anne Frank, the old woman in the attic, is half dead, Mother, who roams the house and garden in a state which oscillates between hysterical demand and listless neediness, is half alive. In her pathological

appropriation of Holocaust victimhood, it might be said she is a kind of dybbuk; but one who feeds off the dead rather than the living.

Having been left by Kugel's father when he was small, Mother has reconfigured this relational trauma and channelled it into a belief that she is a Holocaust survivor. This appropriated identity has become integrated into her sense of self. So, for example, her repeated refrain is 'ever since the war'; and, [channelling] a sense of profound trauma, she 'screamed every morning. She had done so ever since reading that it was common behaviour among survivors of the Holocaust' (43). Similarly, there is always a suitcase left in her room – 'just in case' (44). The novel's descriptions of Mother's behaviour are comical and appalling. Kugel recalls how when he was young, she would sit on his bed and tell him stories about 'torture and pogroms' (76), showing him 'pictures of mass graves, starved prisoners and piles of corpses, identifying the images with their dead relatives' (76). For the young Kugel, these murdered relatives were ever present in the grossly material forms of the lampshades and soaps that Mother told him were made from their remains. When, on one occasion, Kugel observed that 'it says Made in Tawain' (77) on a lampshade that his mother claimed was his Zeide (grandfather), she had snapped back, 'well, they're not going to write Made in Buchenwald, are they?' (77) and his misgivings were silenced. Thus, in the child's distorted psyche, his material domestic world consisted of grotesquely recycled ghostly items. 'He came to fear inanimate objects', he recalls, understanding the macabre implications of such anthropomorphizing: 'If the lamp shade could be his grandfather, was the sofa his cousin? Was the ottoman his Aunt' (77).

Some of the most poignant scenes in the novel are when the young Kugel attempts to question his Mother's distorted version of their family history and then, as a matter of filial tenderness, resigns himself to performing a complicit role within the fantasy. He discovers the truth on a class trip to a Holocaust museum when he identifies his mother in a photograph

and his teacher points out that this could not possibly have been the case. In a moment of bathos, which typifies the way in which these painful realizations are presented within the text, Miss Rosen says, 'I know your mother […]. We went to Camp Sackamanoff together. Up in the Catskills. The food was awful, young man, but it was a far cry from Auschwitz' (79). In actuality, the Kugels are fifth-generation Americans and 'Mother had never been in a war', unless as her confused and compromised son acknowledges, 'you count the holiday sales at Bamberger's the morning after Thanksgiving' (53-4),

For Mother, ghosts and phantoms are condensed. The phantom is both a spectre and an illusion; and perhaps in this case, both a fantasy and a delusion. Like a phantom limb it is sensed as an integral part of the self. But, like a phantom pregnancy it can go nowhere. In these terms it is a hopeless ghost, a phantasmagoric arrested process. As the aged Anne Frank has taken on the physical contours of the confined space in which she has lived, so Kugel has been warped by his early experience of this distorted psychological environment. He is haunted by a projected past and, as his current life collapses when the ghosts of that past weigh down on him, so his body itself comes to resemble a haunted house. In particular, his digestive system becomes figured as the micro site of deterioration and restless decay. As he perceives it, 'he was decomposing from the inside out' (91). Typifying a twenty-first century culturally privileged approach towards embodiment, Kugel has self-identified as gluten intolerant and, in a characteristically facetious twist, this digestive disorder becomes linked to Jewishness. Kugel reflects, for example, on his body's inability to process its own Jewishness in the displaced form of matzoh, the unleavened bread eaten by Jews at Passover:

> Appropriate that 'matzoh – the most hated food of his youth – was the one he, as an adult, would found he was allergic to, the one that his body was actually incapable of processing, the one that the lining of his gut identified as poison.
>
> His stomach was anti-Semitic.

His bowels had assimilated.

His rectum was self-hating. (91)

When Anne Frank instructs him to supply her with some matzoh, he seeks it out at Mother Earth, his local wholefood shop. Having never heard of matzoh, they sell him Ezekiel bread instead, a Biblical sounding food that will seemingly satisfy the demand for something Jewish.[46]

By this point in the novel Kugel has realized that he has been duped into buying a haunted house. Enraged about the deception, and railing against the 'rancid grotesque' (102) in his attic, he seeks retribution from the Promised Land. In his pursuit of Eve, in his mind, the original purveyor of the poisoned fruit, he looks into the Estate Agent's window but finds only his own spectral image staring back at him: 'Kugel could see himself reflected in the Promised Land window, ghostlike and bedraggled' (104). As he becomes increasingly desperate and disorientated he realizes that he is hungry and he eats some of the Ezekiel Bread. It is not, as he had wrongly assumed, gluten free. The effects are instantaneous and intense: 'the creature in Kugel's gut lashed out […] a sustained blast of fiery pain: it was determined to find freedom' (108).

Gripped by pain, and fearing a loss of bowel control, Kugel immediately relates this experience to the Holocaust. Such identifications are, given his Holocaust infused childhood, both habitual and defining: 'I'd never make it in Auschwitz', he thinks. 'Not a week. Not a day. Bread was all they ate there […]. He'd die […] not even in the gas chamber or a crematorium – no, not he […]; Solomon Kugel would die in the latrine' (108). This banal and solipsistic thought marks a low point in Kugel's self-absorbed narrative. However, it makes sense in terms of the novel's exploration of competitive memory and vicarious victimhood.

When Kugel tracks Eve down to another property, he is unable to contain this inner turmoil and, in a scene of violent bodily expulsion, he evacuates his bowels in the shrubbery.

This might be read as a sign that he is no longer able to digest the bulk of the past. Something, it seems, is demanding to be heard. In terms of his absorption of the ghostly inhabitants of his home, his psyche and his stomach, this elimination might also be read as a moment of exorcism. The ghosts of the Jewish past, in terms of dybbukish Jewish Mothers, thundering Old Testament prophets and the shadows cast by the collective losses of other times and other places, are, for a moment at least, purged.

'Welcome without Certainty': Conclusion

> That night, Kugel dreamed he was looking out of his bedroom window whereupon he spied a long procession of derelict elderly men and women, stretching as far as he could see, dragging themselves along his driveway; skeletal and withered, they moved slowly, bleating and bawling all the way; they went barefoot, their crumbling, emaciated bodies draped in dirty hospital gowns and gray, soiled pajamas; they were bent and broken and bandaged […] Some stumbled and fell to the ground, unable to rise; the others took no notice, didn't try to help them to their feet, just kept walking on, moving ahead, even stepping on them, trampling them, as their inexorable plodding march continued. They frightened Kugel though he didn't know why. (146)

It is around the midpoint of the novel that Kugel dreams about this spectral procession of emaciated old people, who as they move slowly and *en masse* towards his house, terrify him. In the dream, as in his waking life, he has become a helpless spectator, watching as the ghosts of the collective Jewish past permeate the boundaries of his home, his body and his sense of self.

The uncanny procession, a zombie like terror which evokes spectral images of Nazi death marches, continues. In his dream, Kugel tries to halt their approach, but his shouts fall on deaf ears:

> They moaned and groaned as they hobbled forward, sounding more like a herd of bruised cattle than human beings, drawing closer and closer to the house […]. Closer and closer they came, until they were upon him [...].With his eyes still closed, he could feel them brushing past him, groaning and moaning an oy-veying, as if he weren't even there. They had a stench about them like decay, like old neglected books. (146)

These are the Jewish ghosts of Europe and Kugel knows that they have come with a demand. Attempting to avert them, he throws stones; but to no effect. As they come towards him 'closer and closer', he 'couldn't bring himself, even now, to lash out at them with his fists' (146). So, in the face of this traumatic visitation, he is powerless and unable to offer these ghostly manifestations a fully hospitable welcome. He becomes instead paralysed by the guilt, confusion and hesitant identification of his post-Holocaust consciousness. The ghosts pass by. They signal, in the way of all ghosts, as Gordon has observed, 'something-to-be-done'; but for Kugel, a twenty-first century American Jew, their message is opaque. He notices that their feet are wrapped in rags and newspapers, 'but they weren't English papers, they were foreign, a language that Kugel couldn't recognize' (146). Their message is thus rendered incommunicable. It cannot be received. They march past the house towards a 'high, sharp' cliff edge. Kugel calls to them to be careful, but 'they continued walking, belting, braying, shuffling toward their doom, and soon, one by one, they were stepping off the edge of the cliff and falling, without a cry, to their deaths' (147). Kugel wakes up with a start.

This dream sequence is central to the narrative. Departing from the wise-cracking that characterizes much of the novel, it is a sombre passage that signals the fundamentally destabilizing effects of haunting. For all its playful stylistics, I would argue that the novel is more than just another irreverent representation of Anne Frank. Certainly, the narrative is self-conscious in the way that it debunks lazy cultural assumptions about Holocaust piety. It also knowingly deconstructs some of the appropriations that occur in misidentifications with

Holocaust victimhood. In this way, it could be argued that it is effective in its own terms, but perhaps not exactly ground-breaking. As McLennan posits, the novel 'critiques the workings of competitive memory, but has no punchline, no alternative solution to put in its place'. She explains that:

> Like Kugel, the novel does not appear to be clearly committed to a particular view; the ways in which it invokes Frank for irreverent purposes can seem neither original nor directed to particular ends (it is, of course, possible that lack of originality *is* the end). As such, it may contribute to its own erasure.[47]

McLennan's point is well made. However, my contention is that, in placing the narrative within a discourse of haunting, the apparent lack of focus and direction in the novel makes sense. As McLennan suggests, perhaps the 'lack of originality is the end'. Ghosts, by definition, are only ever copies, misrepetitions that carry a sense of belatedness in their formless forms and *Hope*, I would argue, presents a rather serious meditation on the subtle hauntings that infuse post-Holocaust consciousness, even (perhaps especially) for distant and privileged North American Jewish neurotics.

At the end of the novel Kugel dies rescuing Anne Frank from the fire that engulfs the house. He is forced to choose between his mother and the old woman in the attic. 'The flames roared around him, the world turned yellow and orange and black, and there was nothing but fire, and then darkness' (334), we read. There is a brief return to a rather thin ongoing joke about his mother's hero, Alan Dershowitz, but perhaps, ultimately, this incineration is a moment that suggests transcendence.[48] Anne Frank is liberated. Mother is finally at rest. And Kugel, this haunted twenty-first century Jewish American, is released from his body, his guilt and his fearfulness. He is, in the end, able to 'offer welcome without certainty'.[49]

However, there is a coda to this point of death, delivery and hope. In the brief chapter that follows, we see the cynical estate agent, Eve, once again showing another Jewish couple

around another property. They take only 'a cursory glance of the attic' and are persuaded that this is the house for them. And yet, there is a residue. In the final words of the novel, the prospective buyer, Sharon, expresses a tentative sense of doubt. 'What about that smell?' she asks. The suggestion is that, for this generation, the haunting is not yet over.

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63–78.

1 Frosh, *Hauntings*, 2– 3.
2 Ibid., 1.
3 Auslander, *Hope*. All further references will be within the text.
4 For an outline of vicarious victimhood see Finkielkraut, *The Imaginary Jew*.
5 Pilar Bianco and Peeren, *The Spectralities Reader*, 2.
6 Ibid., 2.
7 Gordon, *Ghostly Matters*, 8.
8 For definitions and explorations see, amongst others, Davison, *Anti-Semitism and British Gothic Literature*, Gelbin ,*The Golem Returns*, Gilbert, 'The Jewish Gothic', Joachim Neugroschel, *The Dybbuk*.
9 Auslander includes a golem story in his collection, *Beware of God*. See, 'It Ain't Easy Bein' Supremey', 177–194.
10 Shapiro, 'The Jewish Uncanny', 160.
11 Pinsker, https://www.jewishvirtuallibrary.org/jsource/Zionism/pinsker.html. Accessed 09/05/2017.
12 Shapiro, 166.
13 For more on the Jew's body see Gilman, *The Jew's Body*.
14 Gordon, xvi
15 Ibid., xvi.
16 http://folk.uib.no/hlils/TBLR-B/Benjamin-History.pdf. Accessed 09/05/2017.
17 Gordon, 57.
18 Sabina Spielrein was a patient of Carl Jung and, for a time, his lover. Although often marginalized in accounts of psychoanalytical history, Spielrein became a notable psychoanalyst and worked for a period with Freud. Along with her daughters, she died at the hands of the Nazis in 1941.
19 Derrida, *Spectres*, https://www.marxists.org/reference/subject/philosophy/works/fr/derrida2.htm. Accessed 09/05/2017.
20 Gordon, 58.
21 Hess, quoted in Shapiro, 160.
22 Ibid, Xvi.
23 Derrida, *Spectres*.
24 Auslander has remarked that: 'All the books that were important to me growing up and all the writers and comedians and essayists I admired, from Beckett to Lenny Bruce, were shit-stirrers and I think part of the job is frightening yourself.' Interview with Killian Fox, *Guardian*, 19 Feb 2012.
25 Most recently he has written the American television show *Happyish*, a mordant mediation on modern life which aired for one season in 2015.
26 *Foreskin's Lament*, 112, 7.
27 Ibid., 304.
28 Ibid., 306.
29 Auslander, *Bookslut*. Interview, October 2007. http://www.bookslut.com/features/2007_10_011774.php. Accessed 09/05/2017.
30 *Beware of God*, 55/6.
31 Ibid., 60.
32 McLennan, *Representations of Anne Frank*, 15.

33 For comparative discussion of the two texts see Alderman, 'Anne Frank and So On' and Pinsker, 'Anne Frank'.

34 McLennan,182.

35 Ibid., 181.

36 Shalom Auslander, 'Part of the job is frightening yourself'. Interview with Killian Fox, *Guardian*, 19 Feb 2012.

37 Ibid.

38 Interview with Simon Rocker, *Jewish Chronicle*, 24 February, 2012.

39 Freud, 'The Uncanny', 1919.

40 Buse and Stott, *Deconstruction*, 9.

41 Freud, 'Repression', quoted from Buse and Stott, 9

42 Buse and Stott, *Deconstruction* , 12

43 Klein, 'Notes on some schizoid mechanisms'1946.

44 Gordon, xvi.

45 Gutzkow, quoted in Shapiro, 9.

46 Ezekiel Bread is a health food made of sprouted grain.

47 Mclennan,192.

48 See pp. 44, 130, 154.

49 Derrida, *Spectres*.

Jewish Ghosts: Haunting and Hospitality in Shalom Auslander's *Hope*

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Jewish Ghosts: Haunting and Hospitality in Shalom Auslander's *Hope*

Abstract

This article explores the Jewish ghost motif in Shalom Auslander's novel, *Hope* (2012). In particular, it focuses on the Holocaust and its ongoing reverberations within Jewish consciousness The ghost that incites the narrative is Anne Frank, reimagined by Auslander as an aged revenant who is discovered in the attic of an upstate New York home. Drawing from the work of Stephen Frosh, Susan Shapiro and Avery Gordon, my analysis looks at matters of refracted cultural memory, vicarious victimhood, intergenerational haunting, intertextuality and the uncanny Jewish body.

Keywords

Shalom Auslander, *Hope,* Jewish, Ghosts, Haunting, Holocaust

> To be haunted […] is to be influenced by a kind of inner voice that will not stop speaking and cannot be excised, that keeps cropping up to trouble us […]. It is to harbour a presence that we are aware of, sometimes overwhelmed by, that embodies elements of past experience and future anxiety and hope, and that *will not let us be*.[1]

Haunting is a key trope within much writing by and about Jews. This is particularly resonant in relation to the Holocaust and its ongoing reverberations within Jewish consciousness. As Stephen Frosh explains, for the post-war generation of Jews 'there was always something in the background that haunted the present, something not quite nameable.'[2] Naming some of these 'not quite nameable' ghosts has been a recurring preoccupation within contemporary Jewish writing. The following discussion, which looks at Shalom Auslander's 2012 novel, *Hope*, focuses on the kind of hauntings that we find in writing about the Holocaust that is positioned at a distance from the Second World War, but that is formed by its lasting effects.[3] History. Memory. Family. Psyche. In the spectral shadows cast by the traumatic past, ghosts linger.

As Stephen Frosh makes clear in the above quotation, the haunting 'inner voice' is persistent and pervasive. It '*will not let us be*' and it is evident that the ghost is an apt carrier of some nebulous, complex and ambivalent identifications and disavowals. Recent literary texts by Jewish writers such as Howard Jacobson, Rachel Lichtenstein and Jeremy Gavron, in the UK, and Nicole Kraus, Nathan Englander, Jonathan Safran Foer and Philip Roth, in the US, amongst many others, have explored the ghostly lacunae, palimpsestic layerings and textual undecidability that inflect postmodern Jewish consciousness. In particular, these writers have focused on the ways in which guilt, anxiety and the lure of vicarious victimhood have contributed to a complex post-Holocaust sensibility within contemporary Jewish culture.[4]

In *Hope* Auslander confronts the issue of Holocaust haunting within today's America. Demonstrating an acute awareness that he is writing at both a temporal and geographical remove from the Holocaust, the novel tackles themes of refracted cultural memory and intergenerational guilt. The ghost that he names in this narrative is Anne Frank, in many respects the paradigm of the Jewish ghost writer; reimagined by Auslander as an aged revenant discovered in the attic of an upstate New York home.

I am reading *Hope* as a ghost story in a number of ways. My analysis looks at matters of cultural memory in a post-Holocaust context; intergenerational haunting; intertextuality as a form of spectral relationality; and the uncanny Jewish body. My argument is that a focus on the ghost motif within this particular twenty-first century narrative has the potential to expand an understanding of contemporary Jewish identities more generally. Focusing on themes of hope and hospitality at a thematic and structural level, such a reading opens up possibilities for reconfiguring the complex relationships between contemporary American Jews and the traumas of the collective European past. The reparative possibilities of haunting are, I suggest, subtle but suggestive. To this end, the discussion firstly sets out some brief

theoretical principles, looking at spectrality in general and Jewish ghosts in particular. It then

locates ideas of ghostly inhabitation and Holocaust identification in terms of Auslander's

autobiographical writing, suggesting that his earlier oeuvre foreshadows many of the themes

that return in *Hope*. Having set out these contextual issues, the article develops a sustained

reading of *Hope*. Residence and residue. Habitation and inhabitation. Dwelling and

indwelling. Possession and dispossession. Hope and Hospitality. These are the themes that

shape my analysis.

'The Spectral Turn': Jewish Ghosts and Spectralities

The poetics and politics of haunting have been preoccupying themes in much recent critical

and cultural theory. This so called 'spectral turn', is set out in María del Pilar Bianco and

Esther Peeren's comprehensive 2013 reader. The volume collects key moments in the

development of this analytical and methodological approach and demonstrates the extent to

which cultural studies, since the publication of Derrida's *Spectres of Marx* (1993), has been

absorbed by the potential of spectrality. However, as Pilar Bianco and Peeren observe, 'the

figure of the ghost has haunted human culture and imagination for a long time, perhaps even

forever'.[5] In particular, they note the ways in which 'certain features of ghosts and haunting –

such as their liminal position between visibility and invisibility, life and death, materiality

and immateriality, and their association with powerful affects like fear and obsession' have

generated a range of theoretical questions across the humanities and social sciences.[6] These

are concerns that permeate much contemporary literary fiction, both theoretically and

creatively, and they are structuring principles in my reading of spectral themes within *Hope*.

In terms of the particularly Jewish emphasis of my discussion, three critical texts

underpin my analysis. Susan Shapiro's foundational work on the 'Jewish uncanny' and

Stephen Frosh's subtle study, *Hauntings: Psychoanalysis and Ghostly Transmissions*, both

demonstrate the centrality of the uncanny as a way in which to place the ghost within a

particularly Jewish context. Alongside these explorations, Avery Gordon's *Ghostly Matters: Haunting and the Social Imagination* is critical in developing thinking about the social as

well as the cultural significance of haunting. Gordon's argument that, 'the ghost is not simply

a dead or missing person, but a social figure, and investigating it can lead to that dense site

where history and subjectivity make social life', is, I would suggest, a powerful way of

expanding our understanding of haunting within and beyond the context of Jewishness.[7]

From a specifically Jewish perspective, the ghost has been configured in a number of

ways. In Jewish folk literature and tradition, dybbuks, golems and Wandering Jews feature as

distinct, otherworldly forms but they are also, in some contexts, amalgamated around more

general notions of Jewish otherness.[8] In brief, dybbuks are the dislocated souls of the dead

who yearn to possess a living body. Generally, these are malevolent soul transmigrations but

dybbuks usually vacate the host body when their unfinished business on earth has been

resolved. The golem, in contrast, is not a dead creature, who then returns to trouble the living,

but a humanoid creation shaped from clay. In sixteenth century versions of the story, it was

created by Rabbi Loew of Prague in order to protect the Jewish people of the ghetto from

anti-Semitic attack. However, as all golem stories demonstrate, the creation proves to be

difficult to manage and, following a period of disruption, eventually it is disabled rather than

destroyed. Its remains purportedly linger to this day within the attic of the synagogue in

Altenhue.[9] Whilst dybbuk and golem stories tend to originate from Jewish folk tradition, the

Wandering Jew has a different provenance. Stories originating from the thirteenth century,

tell the tale of Ahasverus/Ahasueru, the shoemaker who was said to have taunted Christ on

his way to crucifixion. As a punishment Ahasverus was condemned to never die and instead

he was destined to wander the earth in perpetual exile until the second coming. Thus the

Wandering Jew is a restless soul, doomed to a half-existence; a haunting manifestation of the inassimilable Jewish other.

So, whilst it is evident that the golem, the dybukk and the Wandering Jew each have their own complex histories and implications, for the purposes of this discussion, it is useful to consider them as the signifiers of preternatural alterity that constellate an idea of the Jewish ghost. In essence, these liminal beings destabilize distinctions. They are neither fully dead nor alive. They trouble binaries such as soma and spirit, the symbolic and diabolic, doubling and dislocation, remembering and forgetting. In these ways they disturb the border between self and other. They speak of dispossession as well as possession, human longing as well as inhuman rage, desire as well as fear, home as well as exile.

Whilst images of Jewish ghostliness, especially in the trope of the Wandering Jew, have often been imposed from the outside, Jews have themselves incorporated ideas about ghostliness into their own mythologies. As Susan Shapiro argues, the trope of the Jewish ghost is engrained within both Judeophobic and early Zionist discourse. She notes that 'the Jewish Uncanny represents the Jew(s) as spectral, disembodied spirits lacking a national home and, thus, as unwelcome guests or aliens wandering into and within other peoples' homes, disrupting and haunting them.'[10] In this vein, Leo Pinsker, figuring the Jewish ghost as a disturbing symbol of displacement, states in his 1882 proto-Zionist pamphlet *Auto-Emancipation*, that:

> The world saw in this people [….] one of the dead walking among the living. The ghostlike apparition of a living corpse, of a people without unity or organization, without land or other bonds of unity, no longer alive, and yet walking among the living.[11]

Moreover, for Pinsker, 'this ghost is not disembodied like other ghosts but partakes of flesh and blood' and, for this reason, the Jewish parasitic ghost evokes a fatal sense of Judeophobia

in the host cultures through which it passes. Pinsker's argument was that the primal fear engendered by Jews could only be resolved if their unnerving condition, characterized by homelessness, was addressed. As Shapiro points out, this sense of fundamental ambiguity has characterized much thinking about Jews over many years and in many contexts.

> The Jews are here represented as always already dead but, somehow, and problematically, still apparently present […] or as apparently dead and buried, but actually awaiting regeneration, resurrection, rebirth, or redemption […]. But either way, what appears to be the case is not. The Jew is on the border between life and death, life in death, death in life. But which one is it? Embedded in this image is this very ambiguity and undecidability.[12]

In these ways, issues of undecidability permeate representations of Jewishness that are created by Jews and about Jews. Jewishness, in so many respects associated with embodied alterity, one way or another, becomes associated with spectrality.[13] And yet, what we see repeatedly, and certainly in Auslander's figuration of the aged Anne Frank, is a profound destabilization of categories of the ethereal and the earthly. The body, in its intense corporeality, inhabits and disturbs what might otherwise be imagined as the vaporous ghosts of Jewish spectrality. Jewish ghosts are the golems lingering in attics of the ghettos and the imaginations, the dybbuks parasitically inhabiting the bodies of the living, and the wandering strangers who dwell everywhere and nowhere. They all haunt the overdetermined borders between self and other.

Ghosts, then, are disruptive and not to be ignored. Invariably they have something important to impart to the living. According to Avery Gordon, the ghost 'is not the invisible or some ineffable excess':

> The whole essence, if you can use that word, of a ghost is that it has real presence and demands its due, your attention. Haunting and the appearance of specters or ghosts is

one way […] we are notified that what's been concealed is very much alive and

present. [14]

For Gordon, haunting is thus characterized by its intrinsic call for 'something-to-be done'.[15]

It has a social reality as well as a psychoanalytical significance. In this way, a sense of hope

is perhaps intrinsic to the process of haunting. Drawing from Walter Benjamin's conception

of the 'Angel of History',[16] Gordon outlines the healing potential of haunting:

> The willingness to follow ghosts, neither to memorialize nor to slay, but to follow
>
> where they lead, in the present, head turned backwards and forwards at the same time.
>
> To be haunted in the name of a will to heal is to allow the ghost to help you imagine
>
> what was lost that never even existed, really.[17]

Here Gordon invokes Derrida's notion of 'hospitable memory' in order to address the ghost

of Sabina Spielrein, whose occluded voice, in Gordon's sustained and compelling reading of

a photographic absence, haunts the beginnings of psychoanalysis.[18] In Derrida's terms,

'hospitable memory' is a matter of ethical responsibility; to the inhabitants of the past as well

as in the present. We need to 'exorcise not in order to chase away the ghosts', he writes:

> But this time to grant them the right, if it means making them come back alive,
>
> as *Tenants* who would no longer be *Tenants,* but as other *arrivants* to whom a
>
> hospitable memory or promise must offer welcome without certainty.[19]

This notion of 'hospitable memory', and the way in which it relates to a concept of what

might be termed an uncanny hope, is central to my reading of Auslander's novel. *Hope* is a

narrative that turns on the question of responsibility in relation to the discovery of Anne

Frank, a disturbing tenant within the anxiously circumscribed Jewish home. As Derrida puts

it, this is 'domestic hospitality that welcomes without welcoming the stranger, but a stranger

who is already found within (*das Heimliche-Unheimliche*).' However, as Gordon points out,

'it is no simple task to be graciously hospitable when our home is not familiar, but is haunted

and disturbed.'[20] This is the central tension of *Hope*. It is also, arguably, a structuring motif

within Jewishness itself. Throughout history Jews have been figured as uncanny strangers,

the dispossessed ghosts haunting the non-Jewish world. In the words of the proto-Zionist

Moses Hess, Jews are 'a soul without a body, wandering like a ghost through the centuries'.[21]

If the ghost, as Gordon suggests, in its uncovering of that which has been hidden, or

unseen, demands 'something- to-be done', then the following discussion explores what that

might be, for whom, and why.[22] And here, I want to thread the notion of hope through this

account. Perhaps in the end, the ghost, the return of the repressed, is a figure of reconciliation

as well as reckoning. If, that is, we can find a way in which to open ourselves to 'welcome

without certainty'. [23]The nature of ghosts is perhaps that they are elusive and bewildering.

They encourage us to look hard at that which can only ever be glimpsed. My reading of

Hope, in which I tease out some of the ghostly stirrings that haunt the edges of the text,

fleshes out some of these ghostly concerns.

Before looking in detail at the novel, I want to explore some of Auslander's self-

reflection on these matters. For all its comedic verve, *Hope* is, I would argue, a profoundly

haunted narrative. As Auslander reinscribes previous textual traces, particularly the figuration

of Anne Frank in Philip Roth's *The Ghostwriter*, intertextuality can itself be read as a form of

cultural inter-generational haunting. Moreover, in his willingness to look into the shadows,

to open up the attic as were, Auslander draws from some painful aspects of his own

childhood and this wounded child becomes, in a sense, the ghost within his own text.

Ghostwriting: Shalom Auslander

Auslander was born in 1970 to an Orthodox Jewish New York family. His writing has been

compared to both Kafka and Beckett and, alongside these European influences, he states that

Lenny Bruce and Philip Roth were both formative in the way that his writing confronts

Jewish identity and Holocaust history for his generation of American Jews.[24] Before the

publication of *Hope*, Auslander was best known for his short stories collection, *Beware of*

God (2005), a memoir titled *Foreskin's Lament* (2007) and a number of essays published in

the *New Yorker* and *Tablet* magazine. [25] In *Foreskin's Lament* he sets out, in furious detail,

his disturbing and dysfunctional family background; and yet the memoir is insistent that his

upbringing within the Jewish Orthodox tradition was equally injurious to his development. In

his wife's terms, he had been 'theologically abused' by an 'an abusive, belligerent God'.[26]

Feelings of terror, shame and guilt thus mark his childhood within domestic and religious

spheres. The memoir presents a funny and innately tragic story that in many respects

prefigures some of the central themes of *Hope*. In both texts Auslander interrogates notions

of Jewish-American identity, post-Holocaust conscience, Jewish masculinity and the neurotic

disposition. And, in particular, these texts ask how one might exorcise the ghosts of the past,

or at least offer them moments of hospitality, in order to find a germ of hope within

collective, familial and personal trauma.

In this respect, despite the bleakness that infuses the memoir, *Foreskin's Lament* has a

strangely hopeful ending. In the final chapter Auslander describes how, having broken off

contact with his family of origin, and living now in the progressive enclave of Woodstock, he

is gradually reconciling himself to his past in order to live in the present. On his son's first

birthday he visits his therapist, Ike, and reflects on how far he has come in the ten years since

he first stepped into his office.

> In that time, I had distanced myself from a destructive family while managing
>
> somehow to build a loving one around myself at the same time. Orli [his wife] and I
>
> had once feared that our child would drag the past back into the present, and it was
>
> clear now, on the afternoon of his first birthday, that he had been the very thing we'd
>
> needed to head into the future once and for all.[27]

So, as they cut a cake which is iced with words that reject 'the bitter miseries who'd rather drag us into the morass of their bleak, tragic lives than share for a moment in our joy', the book thus ends on a cautious moment of optimism.[28] In interview Auslander has said:

> And it wasn't really until my son's first birthday, until I'd been working on this thing for a couple of years at least, where I realized, "This might be the winner. This child is who I've done this for." Whether it's religion or family, I don't think I'll ever recover from either. But I thought, "Here's the winner. It may not be me. It may not be my mother or my father." At that point I realized that the book had something that was sort of like promise in the end.[29]

Hope in this way, emerges as a tentative possibility, 'sort of like promise', but Auslander is reluctant to overstate such a moment. The collective, as well as personal, traumas of his younger life continue to reverberate.

The Holocaust, in particular, is threaded through the misery of Auslander's childhood in both implicit and explicit ways. In familial, religious and cultural terms it is an ever-present source of gloom and guilt. Auslander recalls repeatedly how he was immersed in Holocaust horror from a young age and haunted by the demands of enforced remembering. The story 'Holocaust Tips for Kids' demonstrates the stifling effects of such early exposure to these narratives. In a series of fragmented and confused thoughts and lists, the naïve child narrator attempts to process unassimilable information about the Nazi attempt to exterminate the Jews:

> If the Nazis come in the middle of the night and try to take me away to a concentration camp, these are the things I plan to take with me; some food, my allowance money, a sleeping bag, my Walkman. A toothbrush, a knife from the kitchen, my nunchucks, some Ninja throwing stars, a flashlight and my comic books. *Holocaust* means "burned up." [30]

The reader is drawn into a relentless catalogue of misunderstanding. As the story inscribes a deep sense of fearfulness and misapprehension, it accentuates the potential harm of what the child is being taught. Anne Frank is central to this discourse of Holocaust suffering and the child narrator creates a clumsy identification with the girl who was forced to hide in an attic.

> Anne Frank hid in her attic for over two years.
>
> Maybe I should pack more food.
>
> You can also hide in the tree house on my back-yard. I doubt the Nazis will check every tree house in America.
>
> It will probably be difficult for them to climb trees in those boots.
>
> Ninjas could make themselves invisible.[31]

Hope presents a poignant and angry riposte to the world view that is implicit in such narratives; one in which danger lurks around every corner and annihilation is only ever a back yard away.

More specifically, the novel interrogates the terms of a particular cultural attachment to Holocaust victimhood. Auslander describes this fetishized identification at one point in *Hope* as the 'Misery Olympics' (89). In the novel, this exploration of vicarious victimhood is focused on the central character, Solomon Kugel's, mother. However, as the narrative demonstrates, this distorted and obsessive identification with horror has been transmitted inter-generationally and Kugel himself is caught in a psychological maelstrom of guilt and neuroses. Some of this fictional material is close to Auslander's non-fictional accounts of his own experience. In fact many of the themes and tropes found in earlier stories, articles and talks are reworked in *Hope*. This repetition seems important. As I have suggested, these seem to be the ghostly matters of Auslander's own past. They demand attention; they will not rest.

For Auslander, as for many others, Anne Frank, or the idea of Anne Frank as she lives on in the cultural imagination, is an archetypal symbol of Holocaust haunting. In her

insightful study of representations of Anne Frank within American culture, Rachael

McLennan has identified some repeated characteristics of such depictions. These include:

> concealment and disclosure, particularly the notion of secrets and the open secret; a
>
> (related) focus on doorways, rooms, windows, and domestic spaces; a concern with
>
> illness, physical difference, and the concepts of prosthesis and repair; a closing
>
> gesture of relinquishing investment in Frank in some way; ambivalence towards
>
> acknowledging the power of the adaptations and resisting them.[32]

Many, if not all, of these aspects inform the construction of Auslander's Anne Frank.

McLennan's reading of the novel in terms of Holocaust impiety, is placed alongside a

consideration of Nathan Englander's short story, 'What we talk about when we talk about

Anne Frank' (published the year after Auslander's novel).[33] Englander's story, although

different in some key respects from Auslander's novel, also draws on issues of appropriation

and 'misidentification with victims' of the Holocaust.[34] However, as McLennan points out,

such irreverence is not, in itself, an especially radical literary intervention. In fact, she argues,

such 'irreverent representations of Anne Frank are not marginal or belated […] but integral to

her construction in American culture.'[35]

      Auslander's text thus interplays, knowingly, with an existing discourse of irreverent

representations of Anne Frank. Most obviously, his characterization can be read as a response

to Philp Roth's figuration of Amy Bellette in *The Ghost Writer* (1979) and more recently

Roth's presentation of the aging Amy/Anne in *Exit Ghost* (2007). But, in more personal and

particular terms, Auslander brings his own haunted subjectivity to the depiction, drawing

from his difficult and unresolved relationship to Anne Frank as a ghostly figure. 'I hated

Anne Frank when I started' he has said, explaining that:

> When I was six or seven years old my parents would show me Dachau newsreels
>
> every Holocaust memorial day, and there'd always be this smiling little girl who

symbolised man's inhumanity to man and my eventual fate, and so, as a little kid, you

look at her and go: "Oh my god, this is just horrible." By the time I'm 18 I'm looking

at her and going: "I know, I know, – it's horrible, just leave me alone". [36]

In expressing this feeling, Auslander is aware that what he does with the aged Anne Frank

within the novel is provocative. And yet, within this self-consciously taboo-breaking

characterization, Auslander also demonstrates an admiration for, and identification with, his

character:

But by the end of the book I really dig her. I dig her fictional older self. She was kind

of cool: a shit-stirrer, a troublemaker, not some sad little victim. First of all, she hated

her mother and I can't dislike anybody who hated their mother. She wasn't just writing

this book and then it got discovered: she was sending it out, she wanted to be

published. If she had lived – and I say this in the best possible way – she'd be a pain in

the ass. It's what I strive to be and I loved that about her, and so while in the book

she's physically grotesque, she's actually someone you come to admire and like.[37]

There is, despite the seemingly confrontational nature of the narrative, a tone of tenderness

and even a sense of restrained resolution by its end. The ghost in this text is not exactly laid

to rest. In fact the novel closes on an ambiguous moment of sacrifice, as seemingly Kugel

dies saving Anne Frank from a fire in the burning attic. However, as in *Foreskin's Lament*,

there is an element of hope within this bleak ending. It suggests perhaps that the aged Anne

Frank might be released from her endless confinement within the mythology that has been

constructed around her; and thus, ultimately, the guilt-ridden Kugel can atone for his

generational and geographical privilege.

Hope, however, for Auslander is a complex concept. 'Is hope good or bad?' he has

asked. 'We're always supposed to have it, we never question it, every novel has to end with

it.'[38] The novel, whose full title is *Hope: A Tragedy,* thus explores a clash between past and

present, the dead and the living, by framing it in terms of a dissonance between hope and despair. The concept of hope is interrogated in a number of ways. Kugel's therapist, the thundering, godlike Professor Jove, insists that optimism is a fundamental delusion. 'The greatest source of misery in the world' he asserts, 'was hope' (38); and he argues, forcibly, that 'Hitler was an optimist' (39), adding, 'have you ever heard of anything as outrageously hopeful as the Final Solution?' (39). Jove's pessimistic perspective is placed in distinct contrast to Kugel's brother-in-law, an upbeat evolutionary biologist called Pinkus Stephenor. The characterization quite obviously satirizes Steven Pinker, whose book, *The Better Angels of Our Nature*, which argued that human society is becoming progressively less violent, was published in 2011. In similar fashion, Pinkus's forthcoming book, *Here Comes the Sun, and I say It's All Right* argues that the Holocaust, compared to the violence of earlier epochs, 'wasn't so bad'(239). In these terms, it seems significant that Pinkus and Kugel's sister, Hannah, 'were still childless, though it wasn't for lack of dogged, relentless trying' (236). The suggestion is that optimism, in its crudest form, is not necessarily productive. I would, however, suggest that the novel presents a more nuanced exploration of the possibilities of hope than is suggested by either Jove or Pinkus. Kugel, whose name of course, suggests the dense noodle puddings of many a Jewish table, unravels something for and of himself.

Hope: Residence and Residue

'It's funny: It isn't the fire that kills you, it's the smoke.' (1)

The opening line of *Hope* condenses its key themes. Smoke is the afterlife, the ghost of a fire. In this way it is also a trace, a shadow, and a memory. When Kugel discovers that an aged Anne Frank is living in the attic of his new family home, he is confronted directly with the question of how to reconcile the residue of the traumatic Jewish European past with his lived reality as a privileged contemporary American. The central question of the novel is how to

live with a past which, like smoke, is pervasive, perhaps even suffocating, but intangible. Auslander confronts this existential dilemma by making the intangible tangible. The ghost becomes flesh.

The novel opens as Kugel has recently moved into an old farmhouse house, located outside of a non-descript upstate suburb called Stockton (a stock town). It was a place supposedly 'unburdened by the past' (14). Kugel and his wife, Bree, have relocated from the city, following the illness of their sickly young son, Jonah. For Kugel, who has become obsessed by his son's fragility, this new home represents an attempt to protect his son and thereby to preserve his own sanity. In other words, he seeks 'to keep the monsters from the house' (18). However, in the mode of classic gothic literature, the couple soon discover that the most terrifying and disruptive forces in their lives are not external but are situated within the home, the body and the psyche. The farmhouse is, in fact, the locus of manifold dangers from within and, rather than being 'unencumbered by history' (14), it is a place of distinctly uncanny hauntings.

Kugel's opening meditation on death by smoke suffocation makes the link between the inner and outer, body/home dyad explicit. 'There you are, waiting for the horrors to come from some *there*, from some *other*, from without' he observes, 'and all the while you're dying, bit by airless bit, from within' (1). Freud's theorization of the uncanny has, at its centre, an understanding of the in/distinction between the heimlich and unheimlich and, with this awareness, *Hope* deploys the trope of the haunted house to effect.[39] As Peter Buse and Andrew Stott observe, the connection between ghosts and property is an organizing principle within the rhetoric of the uncanny: 'where there are disputes over property', they contend, 'we find ghosts' and 'where we find ghosts, there are bound to be anxieties about property.'[40] Certainly, within *Hope*, themes of ownership, property and possession infuse the narrative at a structural as well as narrative level.

From the first viewing of the house, when they are shown round by a mendaciously optimistic realtor/estate agent, called Eve (working for the Promised Land Agency), the house becomes the manifestation of unconscious tensions and anxieties at a cultural and personal level. As various ghosts, repressions and secrets come into consciousness, it becomes increasingly apparent to Kugel that that '*it's about the house*' (103). Kugel has bought the property from the Messerschmidts, a German-American family who are caught within a network of guilt, abuse, and denial and it later emerges that the younger son is responsible for the wave of arson attacks that is spreading through the area. The smoke, it seems, originates from within the past of the house in a number of ways.

In its current domestic context, the house is inhabited by difficult and disputatious Jewish residents. These include Kugel's aged mother, who is supposedly dying and comes to live with her son and family for her final weeks (which stretch into months); Anne Frank, who in embodying the return of the repressed is the archetypal 'unwelcome house-guest'[41]; and a permanently disgruntled Jewish lodger, 'Haman or Pharaoh or Nebuchadnezzar or something', who we are told 'had ever since moving in, been after Kugel for a corner of the attic' (41). This trio of demanding inhabitants, arguably all of them variations on well-worn Jewish stereotypes, place competing pressures on Kugel's sense of responsibility. Hospitality, within this narrative, is interrogated to its limits.

It is perhaps no coincidence that Kugel works for EnviroSolutions marketing composting and recycling products. Unable to cope with his fraught domestic situation, Kugel eventually loses his job but, with his morbid awareness of life's ever present destructive potential, he is arguably predisposed to reprocessing from the remains of what has already been. From the first viewing of the house, Bree notices a pervasive smell, 'like something died' (20). It becomes apparent that the smell, the problem in essence, is not that something has died, but rather that something is living. The ghost in this text, and the source

of the foul smell, is Anne Frank, a creature of the living dead. When Kugel first sets eyes on

the old woman in the attic she materializes from the shadows and he sees, 'a black mass,

lumpish and dust-covered and trailing spiderwebs from her back and hair' (63). After decades

of attic inhabitation, she is described as having been physically de/formed by the constrictive

space. It is suggested that having 'seemingly come to resemble it' (64), she cannot exist

outside of its enveloping angles of confinement:

> Her body had adapted, or evolved, or devolved, into a shape most suitable for attic
>
> life; her knees seemed permanently bent at just the right angle to keep her head from
>
> hitting the rafters, and her spine and hips inclined forward at very nearly the same
>
> degree of slope as that roof. (64)

The attic is of course already metonymically associated with Anne Frank in post-Holocaust

consciousness and, in its structural position within the domestic sphere, also has significant

metaphorical resonance. From golem stories of old, to the figuration of Bertha, the

madwoman in the attic in Bronte's *Jane Eyre* and Jean Rhys's resonant postcolonial rewriting

in *Wide Sargasso Sea,* the attic can be seen as a place to which dangerous alter egos and dark

desires are banished. In this respect the attic can be linked to the Freudian unconscious. As

Buse and Stott explain, this psychic resonance is implicit in the gothic genre:

> The classic Freudian spacialization of the human mind is somewhat akin to the
>
> internal geography of the gothic castle, in which the unconscious is conceived of as a
>
> dimly lit attic whose existence troubles the ego, and whose secrets, once known, are
>
> often terrifying. [42]

Within *Hope*, the discovery of this Holocaust ghost in an attic clearly draws from this

figurative topos. Psychologically, it is a place of secrets and repression. Moreover, as I shall

go on to suggest, when Anne Frank is transposed into this twenty-first century American

attic, she becomes manifest as a neurotic symptom as well as a form of pathological projection.

Culturally, the figuration of Anne Frank within the attic draws from the familiar in order to make it strange. The connotative association between the words 'Anne Frank' and 'attic' is so strong that, in some respects, the shocking discovery perhaps also has a sense of inevitability. After all, Jews already know that golems never die. In the collective imagination Anne Frank is, by definition, always young. By presenting her in a decrepit form, Auslander reconfigures this Holocaust icon, a symbol of tragic innocence, into something complex and confusing. Reading this as a kind of golem story amplifies this sense of ambivalent identification. Golem stories all end with the knowledge that the golem's remains linger within the attic of the old synagogue in Prague, waiting to be reanimated if the Jewish people should need it to roam the borders of the ghetto once more. This is both a comforting and a chilling thought. Golems are ambiguous figures. They symbolize Jewish resistance and resilience but they also embody the dangers of otherness and the equivocations of the between. Like the golem, Anne Frank is made of words. In the terms of the myth surrounding Anne Frank, and her synecdochal connection to her diary, she is a textual creation. Like the golem, her corporeal presence disturbs a story that is predicated on an absence. Like the golem, the stories work only if she remains as a lifeless legend. (Re)animation is a powerful idea but, as Auslander's fable illustrates, the reality of such a revitalization is complex and difficult.

Kugel intuits that attics are inevitably the locus of such ghostly discoveries. 'Kugel didn't like attics, he never had' we read, and his antipathy is explained as a response to the implicit temporal complications and ethical uncertainties which are held within these liminal spaces:

> The roofing nails overhead like fangs, waiting to sink into his skull; the cardboard
>
> boxes and plastic crates and leather trunks – tombs, sarcophagi – full of ghosts and
>
> regret and longing and loss; worse yet was the implication in all this emotional
>
> hoarding that the past was preferable to the present, that what came before bests
>
> whatever comes next, so clutch it to your chests in mourning and dread as you head
>
> into the unknowable but probably lousy future. (22)

For Kugel, who has been formed by the most extreme tales of Holocaust horror, 'emotional

hoarding', has blighted his life. It is perhaps inevitable that the idea of an attic space, a

repository of morbid stockpiling and retrospective introspection, should trouble him. And

perhaps it is even less surprising that this space will contain the very thing which he most

dreads: a grossly embodied Jewish ghost.

It is the smell that first hits him, a smell 'like sewage, like rot' (24), overwhelming and

invasive:

> [It] seemed to engulf him, to pass right through him, foul and putrid, and he gagged. He
>
> covered his nose and mouth with his free hand, but the thought of breathing her in, of
>
> drawing her within him, caused him to gag again. (27)

The stench transmits a knowledge that cannot be ignored. It is a ghostly presence that brings

the consciousness of the not quite dead into the present.

Similarly, the spectral sounds that emanate from the attic also pervade the land of the

living. Kugel suspects that the air conditioning system in the house is 'substandard'.

Designed to bring a sense of freshness (albeit artificial and recirculated), instead it carries

disturbing and disruptive sounds. He soon realizes that the unbidden noises circulating

through the vents constitute 'a ghostly intercom system he didn't want and could never

silence':

> Mother moaning.

> The television laughing.
>
> And the typing.
>
> From the attic.
>
> Ceaseless.
>
> Desperate. (37)

As he gradually introjects the disturbing shadow world of the house, he is forced to face the foul old woman in the attic. She tells him that she is Anne Frank and that she has been living in this attic for the last thirty years. He can hear his wife and son downstairs and feels an acute sense of the disparity between these two realms. These are for him, at this stage in the novel, parallel realities in terms of space, time and emotional connection. In his polarized, or in Kleinian terms, paranoid-schizoid, splitting of the world, they are lines that can never meet.[43] 'Down there, thought Kugel, all was sunshine and beauty and life and possibility; and yet here he stood in this attic, in darkness and suffocating gloom, surrounded by misery and death' (62).

In Avery Gordon's thesis, these kinds of overdetermined moments of realization, which are often mingled with profound disorientation, characterize what it means to be haunted. She explains that:

> I used the term haunting to describe those singular yet repetitive instances when home becomes unfamiliar, when your bearings on the world lose direction, when the over-and-done-with comes alive, when what's been in your blind spot comes to view. Haunting raises specters, and it alters the experience of being in time, the way we separate the past, the present, and the future.[44]

For Kugel, the shock of the spectral is of course what brings his 'blind spot' into view and he is forced to confront the guilt that infuses his post-Holocaust consciousness.

As he starts to see something familiar in the old woman's features, something 'Anne Frankish' (67), Kugel experiences this altered sense of being in time. He recognizes her, but snags on this temporal distortion: 'she was hideously, horribly disfigured, and terribly old – Kugel thought he'd never seen anyone so old' (29). When the old woman tells him that she is Anne Frank he is, at first, infused with a self-righteous outrage that rests on an *a priori* claim to suffering:

> I don't know who you are, he said, or how you got up here. But […] I know Anne
>
> Frank died in Auschwitz. And I know she died along with many others, some of
>
> whom were my relatives […] .The old woman stopped typing and turned to him,
>
> fixing that hideous yellow eye upon his.
>
> It was Bergen-Belsen, jackass, she said. (31)

When she shows him the tattooed concentration camp number on her arm he begins to realize that in the terms of competitive victimhood he has no ground. This precipitates his moral dilemma: how could he, as a twenty-first century Jew, evict a Holocaust survivor, whether she is actually Anne Frank or not? If she is indeed Anne Frank, that icon of Holocaust suffering, his betrayal would be compounded. So, his task becomes how to receive this unwelcome guest. In this respect, issues of hospitality, in a consideration of how one might welcome and attend to the ghost, create the narrative impetus of the novel; but such questions also signal its underlying ethical and philosophical concerns. How can the past be incorporated into the body of one's present? What does it mean to accommodate ghosts?

As he looks down to the driveway, Kugel begins this process of accommodation and ghostly identification. He senses that, 'there was something nice about it, this hiding. This invisibility. This being and not being. This nothingness' (66). He comes to understand that Anne Frank has chosen this liminal condition for pragmatic as well as existential reasons. As she discovered from her publisher, 'nobody wants a live Anne Frank' (71). As Karl Gutzkow

had put it in1838, the Wandering Jew's 'tragic fate is not his violent and unsuccessful search for death, but rather his exhausted dusk-watch, his outliving of himself, his obsolescence […] a living corpse, a dead man who has not yet died.'[45] In Auslander's narrative, Anne Frank signifies the troubling nature of such outliving and, in this way, suggests something more fundamental about the nature of Jewishness itself. From the repeated exiles of diasporic history, to the more subjective dislocations that characterize identifications within an increasingly decentred contemporary world, the Jew has repeatedly been figured as a lost and rootless spirit.

Kugel, whose conscious life is lived in conditions of relative safety and privilege, is haunted by the knowledge of what happens when a latent belief in Jewish alterity becomes reanimated. His guilt and confusion about Anne Frank is evident in a defining unease about his mother, another aged revenant, who is located more fundamentally within the body of his haunted home. Anne Frank and Kugel's mother are, I would argue, uncanny doubles. Each is an aspect of the living dead and in particular the female uncanny. Significantly, Kugel's level-headed and somewhat indifferently Jewish wife, Bree, who might have provided a triangulating presence within this troubled domestic sphere, is driven away from the home by her husband's neurotic inability to manage these overdetermined, half-living, half-dead Jewish women.

From the outset, Bree anticipates the dangers of accommodating ghosts. 'What's the point' she asks, 'of moving to a place with no past if you're going to bring your mother along?' (21). Kugel's mother is figured as a creature of the living dead who, as Kugel reflects, 'was alive if she sounded like she was dying' (11). Whereas Anne Frank, the old woman in the attic, is half dead, Mother, who roams the house and garden in a state which oscillates between hysterical demand and listless neediness, is half alive. In her pathological

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appropriation of Holocaust victimhood, it might be said she is a kind of dybbuk; but one who feeds off the dead rather than the living.

Having been left by Kugel's father when he was small, Mother has reconfigured this relational trauma and channelled it into a belief that she is a Holocaust survivor. This appropriated identity has become integrated into her sense of self. So, for example, her repeated refrain is 'ever since the war'; and, [channelling] a sense of profound trauma, she 'screamed every morning. She had done so ever since reading that it was common behaviour among survivors of the Holocaust' (43). Similarly, there is always a suitcase left in her room – 'just in case' (44). The novel's descriptions of Mother's behaviour are comical and appalling. Kugel recalls how when he was young, she would sit on his bed and tell him stories about 'torture and pogroms' (76), showing him 'pictures of mass graves, starved prisoners and piles of corpses, identifying the images with their dead relatives' (76). For the young Kugel, these murdered relatives were ever present in the grossly material forms of the lampshades and soaps that Mother told him were made from their remains. When, on one occasion, Kugel observed that 'it says Made in Tawain' (77) on a lampshade that his mother claimed was his Zeide (grandfather), she had snapped back, 'well, they're not going to write Made in Buchenwald, are they?' (77) and his misgivings were silenced. Thus, in the child's distorted psyche, his material domestic world consisted of grotesquely recycled ghostly items. 'He came to fear inanimate objects', he recalls, understanding the macabre implications of such anthropomorphizing: 'If the lamp shade could be his grandfather, was the sofa his cousin? Was the ottoman his Aunt' (77).

Some of the most poignant scenes in the novel are when the young Kugel attempts to question his Mother's distorted version of their family history and then, as a matter of filial tenderness, resigns himself to performing a complicit role within the fantasy. He discovers the truth on a class trip to a Holocaust museum when he identifies his mother in a photograph

and his teacher points out that this could not possibly have been the case. In a moment of

bathos, which typifies the way in which these painful realizations are presented within the

text, Miss Rosen says, 'I know your mother […]. We went to Camp Sackamanoff together.

Up in the Catskills. The food was awful, young man, but it was a far cry from Auschwitz'

(79). In actuality, the Kugels are fifth-generation Americans and 'Mother had never been in a

war', unless as her confused and compromised son acknowledges, 'you count the holiday

sales at Bamberger's the morning after Thanksgiving' (53-4),

　　　For Mother, ghosts and phantoms are condensed. The phantom is both a spectre and

an illusion; and perhaps in this case, both a fantasy and a delusion. Like a phantom limb it is

sensed as an integral part of the self. But, like a phantom pregnancy it can go nowhere. In

these terms it is a hopeless ghost, a phantasmagoric arrested process. As the aged Anne Frank

has taken on the physical contours of the confined space in which she has lived, so Kugel has

been warped by his early experience of this distorted psychological environment. He is

haunted by a projected past and, as his current life collapses when the ghosts of that past

weigh down on him, so his body itself comes to resemble a haunted house. In particular, his

digestive system becomes figured as the micro site of deterioration and restless decay. As he

perceives it, 'he was decomposing from the inside out' (91). Typifying a twenty-first century

culturally privileged approach towards embodiment, Kugel has self-identified as gluten

intolerant and, in a characteristically facetious twist, this digestive disorder becomes linked to

Jewishness. Kugel reflects, for example, on his body's inability to process its own Jewishness

in the displaced form of matzoh, the unleavened bread eaten by Jews at Passover:

> Appropriate that 'matzoh – the most hated food of his youth – was the one he, as an
>
> adult, would found he was allergic to, the one that his body was actually incapable of
>
> processing, the one that the lining of his gut identified as poison.
>
> His stomach was anti-Semitic.

His bowels had assimilated.

His rectum was self-hating. (91)

When Anne Frank instructs him to supply her with some matzoh, he seeks it out at Mother Earth, his local wholefood shop. Having never heard of matzoh, they sell him Ezekiel bread instead, a Biblical sounding food that will seemingly satisfy the demand for something Jewish.[46]

By this point in the novel Kugel has realized that he has been duped into buying a haunted house. Enraged about the deception, and railing against the 'rancid grotesque' (102) in his attic, he seeks retribution from the Promised Land. In his pursuit of Eve, in his mind, the original purveyor of the poisoned fruit, he looks into the Estate Agent's window but finds only his own spectral image staring back at him: 'Kugel could see himself reflected in the Promised Land window, ghostlike and bedraggled' (104). As he becomes increasingly desperate and disorientated he realizes that he is hungry and he eats some of the Ezekiel Bread. It is not, as he had wrongly assumed, gluten free. The effects are instantaneous and intense: 'the creature in Kugel's gut lashed out […] a sustained blast of fiery pain: it was determined to find freedom' (108).

Gripped by pain, and fearing a loss of bowel control, Kugel immediately relates this experience to the Holocaust. Such identifications are, given his Holocaust infused childhood, both habitual and defining: 'I'd never make it in Auschwitz', he thinks. 'Not a week. Not a day. Bread was all they ate there […]. He'd die […] not even in the gas chamber or a crematorium – no, not he […]; Solomon Kugel would die in the latrine' (108). This banal and solipsistic thought marks a low point in Kugel's self-absorbed narrative. However, it makes sense in terms of the novel's exploration of competitive memory and vicarious victimhood.

When Kugel tracks Eve down to another property, he is unable to contain this inner turmoil and, in a scene of violent bodily expulsion, he evacuates his bowels in the shrubbery.

This might be read as a sign that he is no longer able to digest the bulk of the past. Something, it seems, is demanding to be heard. In terms of his absorption of the ghostly inhabitants of his home, his psyche and his stomach, this elimination might also be read as a moment of exorcism. The ghosts of the Jewish past, in terms of dybbukish Jewish Mothers, thundering Old Testament prophets and the shadows cast by the collective losses of other times and other places, are, for a moment at least, purged.

'Welcome without Certainty': Conclusion

> That night, Kugel dreamed he was looking out of his bedroom window whereupon he spied a long procession of derelict elderly men and women, stretching as far as he could see, dragging themselves along his driveway; skeletal and withered, they moved slowly, bleating and bawling all the way; they went barefoot, their crumbling, emaciated bodies draped in dirty hospital gowns and gray, soiled pajamas; they were bent and broken and bandaged […] Some stumbled and fell to the ground, unable to rise; the others took no notice, didn't try to help them to their feet, just kept walking on, moving ahead, even stepping on them, trampling them, as their inexorable plodding march continued. They frightened Kugel though he didn't know why. (146)

It is around the midpoint of the novel that Kugel dreams about this spectral procession of emaciated old people, who as they move slowly and *en masse* towards his house, terrify him. In the dream, as in his waking life, he has become a helpless spectator, watching as the ghosts of the collective Jewish past permeate the boundaries of his home, his body and his sense of self.

The uncanny procession, a zombie like terror which evokes spectral images of Nazi death marches, continues. In his dream, Kugel tries to halt their approach, but his shouts fall on deaf ears:

> They moaned and groaned as they hobbled forward, sounding more like a herd of bruised cattle than human beings, drawing closer and closer to the house […]. Closer and closer they came, until they were upon him [...].With his eyes still closed, he could feel them brushing past him, groaning and moaning an oy-veying, as if he weren't even there. They had a stench about them like decay, like old neglected books. (146)

These are the Jewish ghosts of Europe and Kugel knows that they have come with a demand. Attempting to avert them, he throws stones; but to no effect. As they come towards him 'closer and closer', he 'couldn't bring himself, even now, to lash out at them with his fists' (146). So, in the face of this traumatic visitation, he is powerless and unable to offer these ghostly manifestations a fully hospitable welcome. He becomes instead paralysed by the guilt, confusion and hesitant identification of his post-Holocaust consciousness. The ghosts pass by. They signal, in the way of all ghosts, as Gordon has observed, 'something-to-be-done'; but for Kugel, a twenty-first century American Jew, their message is opaque. He notices that their feet are wrapped in rags and newspapers, 'but they weren't English papers, they were foreign, a language that Kugel couldn't recognize' (146). Their message is thus rendered incommunicable. It cannot be received. They march past the house towards a 'high, sharp' cliff edge. Kugel calls to them to be careful, but 'they continued walking, belting, braying, shuffling toward their doom, and soon, one by one, they were stepping off the edge of the cliff and falling, without a cry, to their deaths' (147). Kugel wakes up with a start.

This dream sequence is central to the narrative. Departing from the wise-cracking that characterizes much of the novel, it is a sombre passage that signals the fundamentally destabilizing effects of haunting. For all its playful stylistics, I would argue that the novel is more than just another irreverent representation of Anne Frank. Certainly, the narrative is self-conscious in the way that it debunks lazy cultural assumptions about Holocaust piety. It also knowingly deconstructs some of the appropriations that occur in misidentifications with

Holocaust victimhood. In this way, it could be argued that it is effective in its own terms, but perhaps not exactly ground-breaking. As McLennan posits, the novel 'critiques the workings of competitive memory, but has no punchline, no alternative solution to put in its place'. She explains that:

> Like Kugel, the novel does not appear to be clearly committed to a particular view; the ways in which it invokes Frank for irreverent purposes can seem neither original nor directed to particular ends (it is, of course, possible that lack of originality *is* the end). As such, it may contribute to its own erasure.[47]

McLennan's point is well made. However, my contention is that, in placing the narrative within a discourse of haunting, the apparent lack of focus and direction in the novel makes sense. As McLennan suggests, perhaps the 'lack of originality is the end'. Ghosts, by definition, are only ever copies, misrepetitions that carry a sense of belatedness in their formless forms and *Hope*, I would argue, presents a rather serious meditation on the subtle hauntings that infuse post-Holocaust consciousness, even (perhaps especially) for distant and privileged North American Jewish neurotics.

At the end of the novel Kugel dies rescuing Anne Frank from the fire that engulfs the house. He is forced to choose between his mother and the old woman in the attic. 'The flames roared around him, the world turned yellow and orange and black, and there was nothing but fire, and then darkness' (334), we read. There is a brief return to a rather thin ongoing joke about his mother's hero, Alan Dershowitz, but perhaps, ultimately, this incineration is a moment that suggests transcendence.[48] Anne Frank is liberated. Mother is finally at rest. And Kugel, this haunted twenty-first century Jewish American, is released from his body, his guilt and his fearfulness. He is, in the end, able to 'offer welcome without certainty'.[49]

However, there is a coda to this point of death, delivery and hope. In the brief chapter that follows, we see the cynical estate agent, Eve, once again showing another Jewish couple

around another property. They take only 'a cursory glance of the attic' and are persuaded that this is the house for them. And yet, there is a residue. In the final words of the novel, the prospective buyer, Sharon, expresses a tentative sense of doubt. 'What about that smell?' she asks. The suggestion is that, for this generation, the haunting is not yet over.

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63–78.

1 Frosh, *Hauntings*, 2– 3.

2 Ibid., 1.

3 Auslander, *Hope*. All further references will be within the text.

4 For an outline of vicarious victimhood see Finkielkraut, *The Imaginary Jew*.

5 Pilar Bianco and Peeren, *The Spectralities Reader*, 2.

6 Ibid., 2.

7 Gordon, *Ghostly Matters*, 8.

8 For definitions and explorations see, amongst others, Davison, *Anti-Semitism and British Gothic Literature*, Gelbin ,*The Golem Returns*, Gilbert, 'The Jewish Gothic', Joachim Neugroschel, *The Dybbuk*.

9 Auslander includes a golem story in his collection, *Beware of God*. See, 'It Ain't Easy Bein' Supremey', 177–194.

10 Shapiro, 'The Jewish Uncanny', 160.

11 Pinsker, https://www.jewishvirtuallibrary.org/jsource/Zionism/pinsker.html. Accessed 09/05/2017.

12 Shapiro, 166.

13 For more on the Jew's body see Gilman, *The Jew's Body*.

14 Gordon, xvi

15 Ibid., xvi.

16 http://folk.uib.no/hlils/TBLR-B/Benjamin-History.pdf. Accessed 09/05/2017.

17 Gordon, 57.

18 Sabina Spielrein was a patient of Carl Jung and, for a time, his lover. Although often marginalized in accounts of psychoanalytical history, Spielrein became a notable psychoanalyst and worked for a period with Freud. Along with her daughters, she died at the hands of the Nazis in 1941.

19 Derrida, *Spectres*, https://www.marxists.org/reference/subject/philosophy/works/fr/derrida2.htm. Accessed 09/05/2017.

20 Gordon, 58.

21 Hess, quoted in Shapiro, 160.

22 Ibid, Xvi.

23 Derrida, *Spectres*.

24 Auslander has remarked that: 'All the books that were important to me growing up and all the writers and comedians and essayists I admired, from Beckett to Lenny Bruce, were shit-stirrers and I think part of the job is frightening yourself.' Interview with Killian Fox, *Guardian*, 19 Feb 2012.

25 Most recently he has written the American television show *Happyish*, a mordant mediation on modern life which aired for one season in 2015.

26 *Foreskin's Lament*, 112, 7.

27 Ibid., 304.

28 Ibid., 306.

29 Auslander, *Bookslut*. Interview, October 2007. http://www.bookslut.com/features/2007_10_011774.php. Accessed 09/05/2017.

30 *Beware of God*, 55/6.

31 Ibid., 60.

32 McLennan, *Representations of Anne Frank*, 15.

33 For comparative discussion of the two texts see Alderman, 'Anne Frank and So On' and Pinsker, 'Anne Frank'.

34 McLennan,182.

35 Ibid., 181.

36 Shalom Auslander, 'Part of the job is frightening yourself'. Interview with Killian Fox, *Guardian*, 19 Feb 2012.

37 Ibid.

38 Interview with Simon Rocker, *Jewish Chronicle*, 24 February, 2012.

39 Freud, 'The Uncanny', 1919.

40 Buse and Stott, *Deconstruction*, 9.

41 Freud, 'Repression', quoted from Buse and Stott, 9

42 Buse and Stott, *Deconstruction* , 12

43 Klein, 'Notes on some schizoid mechanisms'1946.

44 Gordon, xvi.

45 Gutzkow, quoted in Shapiro, 9.

46 Ezekiel Bread is a health food made of sprouted grain.

47 Mclennan,192.

48 See pp. 44, 130, 154.

49 Derrida, *Spectres*.