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GARDEN AND MUSEUM: SHADOWS OF MEMORY
AT PEKING UNIVERSITY

Vera Schwarcz

What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
Out of this stoney rubbish? Son of man,
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images …
There is shadow under this red rock,
Come in under the shadow of this red rock,
And I will show you something …
I will show you fear in a handful of dust.


The Arthur M. Sackler Museum of Art and Archeology occupies a richly layered corner of the campus of Peking University. To excavate the strata of meanings beneath its mute grounds one cannot but “clutch at roots”—starting with the most obvious signs that dot its landscape. Something shows through from the past, though this area does not look anything like T. S. Eliot’s “stoney rubbish.” The rubble of lives and memory is barely discernible beneath the graceful architecture of the site.

The erasures of culture perpetrated here during the Cultural Revolution cannot be readily glimpsed if one looks through the Sackler Museum’s well-lit rooms which preserve fragments of China’s archeological treasures. “Ox-pens” (niupeng 牛棚) stood here in the late 1960s. These do not appear on any map of the campus. The archaeologist of memory who would unearth “fear in a handful of dust” has to search behind and around the museum. The history of this site lies in the shadows just as T. S. Eliot suggested when he pointed to the “Red Rock.” In Peking, it is the “Red Lake” behind the Sackler Museum that hints at nameless fears.¹


For a detailed map and commentary concerning the ruined site of the Ming He Yuan, I am indebted to Mr. Jiao Xiong (of the Peking Antiquities Department) and to Yue Shengyang 岳昇陽 (of Peking University)—who walked me around the parameters of the site in May, 1998. My thanks also to the editor of East Asian History, Geremie Barmé, for accompanying me.
Entrance to the Sackler Museum. This plaque, naming and honoring the donor, was a source of controversy after 1989. Mr Luo Yichan, the architect chosen by Dr Sackler (before his death on May 26th, 1987), insisted on finishing the project in keeping with the original agreement, which included explicit acknowledgment of Dr Sackler's name on the building he donated to Peking University.

/me on a mid-winter tour of the Crying Crane Garden and taking a number of the photographs that appear in this article.

This fragment of China's past cannot be approached in a straightforward fashion. To get near the intimate and complex subject of cultural memory one has to take a more circuitous path. A good place to start is the stone marker erected in front of the Arthur M. Sackler Museum after its opening in 1992. It is a new rock sporting a traditional look. This imitation Taihu stone commemorates the generosity of Mrs Jill Sackler (Dr Sackler's widow). Three large Chinese characters are engraved in the gray surface: Ming He Yuan 鳴鶴園. These refer to the Crying Crane Garden that once flourished near this site in the nineteenth century. The poetic allusion to a lost retreat allows us to begin an inquiry into more recent ruination. The three red characters outside the Sackler Museum do not immediately recall the walls plastered with red slogans during the Cultural Revolution. They are rather an indirect reference to the multi-layered past buried here.

Absence and allusion invite imagination and recollection. Where are the cranes that once roamed the shores of these man-made lakes? How did their...
cries become silenced over time? How did the pavilions where scholars once admired the full moon and Fragrant Mountain 香山 become impotent witnesses to the dessication of intellectual life in the 1960s? Ming He Yuan exists today in name alone. Yet the no-longer-singing-crane mirroring the ox-pens that have no marker at all. They are both part of a landscape that frames the museum, aspects of a scenery which, to borrow the words of Simon Schama, “is built up as much from strata of memory as from layers of rock.”

Landscape, according to Schama’s study of European landscapes, is the work of the mind. Its meanings may be uncovered only by peeling away layer upon layer of memorial accretion. Some strata may be linked to a site quite directly, others are embedded in recollections that may seem far flung from the place of origination. This essay probes both kinds of memorial layers. The Arthur M. Sackler Museum of Art and Archaeology is the outermost stratum of a cultural history that is both buried and preserved in this corner of Peking University. The Jill Sackler boulder, alluding to an older Crying Crane Garden, represents but one point in the journey backward in time. The uncommemorated ox-pens may be envisaged as an intermediate stratum—in this case, the the most painful and the most mute. To evoke each layer is to create a framework that goes beyond the meanings encoded in either the museum or the garden. Taken together, they make room for the voice of memory.

Remembrance depends upon and creates its own spatiality. It embroiders each fragment of time in the context of what happened before and after the event that sparks a particular recollection. In traditional China gardens were spaces that nurtured a discrete practice of cultural recollection. Their architecture was intended to evoke disparate aspects of tradition through a careful presentation of rocks, pavilions, lakes and poetic inscriptions. These memorial encrustations, however, were never simple or obvious. As Craig Clunas’ study of Ming gardens in the Lower Yangtze Valley shows, “gardens do not innocently present themselves for examination.” They depend upon a decoding of cultural syntax and upon a certain alertness to connotations buried by the passage of time.

From Ox-Pens to Broken Vessels

The site currently occupied by the Sackler Museum of Art and Archaeology and by the Jill Sackler Garden may be “read” as an indirect nod to the ravages of China’s more recent history. Loss and preservation have their markers inside the art museum as well as outside in the new stone carved with the three characters for Ming He Yuan. To unravel these complex associations one has to look beyond formal inscriptions. One hint about the darker tale that frames the meaning of this site may be found in Hou Renzhi’s 侯仁之 Historical Anecdotes about the Yan Yuan 燕園史話 where the historical geographer writes: “If we do not recall the past we can hardly believe what a painful experience this quiet corner on our campus has undergone. We are

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sure, the past is not forgotten.” This tribute to memory by one of Peking University’s most eminent intellectuals is veiled by historical allusion. At one level, the suffering commemorated here is that of the Anglo-French campaign of 1860. Yet no Chinese reader of this text will overlook the oblique reference to the niupeng, the incarceration compounds where senior scholars of Hou’s generation were sequestered during the Cultural Revolution. Reticence, in this case, is one dimension of a past that continues to circle the site of the Sackler Museum.

Another, more direct, allusion to both the Crying Crane Garden and the grief of scholars who were persecuted in its environs a century after the ravage of Anglo-French expeditionary force may be found in the memoirs of the renowned Sanskrit scholar, Ji Xianlin. Professor Ji’s home on the Peking University campus is not far from the Arthur M. Sackler Museum. It lies just behind what was once the Ming He Yuan, an easy walk to the site of the former ox-pens. Ji Xianlin’s familiarity with this space is not simply ambulatory. During three years (from 1968 to 1969), he was dragged often to the interrogation center that occupied the heart of the quadrangle that is currently in front of the Sackler Museum.

Recalling those years, Ji Xianlian did not focus solely on the destruction wrought during that era. Rather, his memoirs reveal how cultural re-cognition became literally a life-saving device at a time when Red Guards were bent upon eradicating the material and spiritual remains of China’s tradition. In an essay commemorating his peng-you (literally both “pen-mate” and “friend”) Zhu Guangqian (1897–1986), Ji makes it clear how the Ming He Yuan landscape itself became a source of solace to those who viewed it with an informed eye:

In the thirty years [since the founding of the People’s Republic in 1949] storms raged, and some of the older intellectuals who bore them were sorely tested by the process. The most telling example of this is the catastrophe of the decade [of the Cultural Revolution, 1966–76]. Mr. Mengshi [Zhu Guangqian’s given name] was incarcerated in the ox-pens … . My former teacher would now become my penmate. Life in the ox-pens cannot be easily described. Perhaps it is best omitted here. But there is a small incident about Mr. Mengshi in the ox-pens that I will never forget. His short stature always made it hard for him to move,
made him grow stiff easily. Yet in the most inhospitable environment of those times, he insisted on physical and spiritual exercise. I was most shocked by this, and also fearful for him. At night, after the lights were turned off, he tossed and turned in his bed studying the famous pavilion glimpsed through a window ... . In the morning, he would run to a corner and practice *tai ji quan*. One time he was discovered by the so-called “staff to promote reform.” They beat him fiercely. In the eyes of these young “lords,” our bodies and souls had committed grave sins ... . Nonetheless, Mr. Mengshi did not despair about our calling.\(^5\)

Ji Xianlin’s memoir dwells on his friend’s tactics for spiritual survival. In a situation where all thinking space seemed controlled by the “young lords,” cultural memory managed to survive nonetheless. At night, from the corner of his hut, Zhu Guangqian could still gaze outward and backward in time. When events tested the inner faith of intellectuals, when many wavered and committed suicide, Zhu had not despaired about “our calling.” He found, instead, an anchor in the past.

The “famous pavilion” recalled in this memoir is the single concrete reminder that survives from the Crying Crane Garden. It stands on a hill behind the Sackler Museum and has been marked as an architectural relic from the Qing period. Yi Ran Ting—*翼然亭*—as the pavilion was known in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—was a place where scholars used to gather to meditate on culture and history.\(^6\) During the early years of the Cultural Revolution, Ji Xianlin and Zhu Guangqian were prevented from climbing the hill. They had no legitimate forum in which to affirm a shared link to the literati tradition. Yet, a glimpse of Yi Ran Ting sufficed to bring back

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\(^6\) Hou Renzhi, *Yan Yuan shihua*, p.128.
some solace promised by the vanished garden. Though incarcerated and beaten, Zhu Guangqian managed to maintain a measure of access to cultural memory. Recollection provided spatiuousness where there was hardly room to breathe at all. Memory became quite literally an instrument of survival.

Such "instruments" are not displayed in the cases of the Arthur M. Sackler Museum of Art and Archaeology. Yet, with an informed imagination, one can now view the archaeological collection in a new light. The building was envisioned by its American donor as a showcase for conservation techniques. Dr Sackler had very definite ideas about the role of cultural memory and how it became concretized in the artifacts of civilization. His gift to Peking University, though without any explicit reference to recent political ravage, provided an opportunity to protect what had been salvaged from the ruination of the Cultural Revolution. In the words of Lois Katz, the former curator of the Sackler Collection: "If he had known about the ox-pens, Dr Sackler would have wanted to put the museum in exactly the same spot."7 The Sackler Museum, like the Yi Ran Ting pavilion that still stands behind it, is a safe-space for cultural memory. What it protects and preserves for future generations is the possibility of cultural recollection itself. Zhu Guangqian and Ji Xianlin gained access to this possibility from an angle of vision in the ox-pens. The visitor today has a broader vista.

One may, for example, learn much by stopping for a while in front of a large neolithic urn displayed rather effectively in the second room of the Sackler Museum. In the carefully preserved cracks of the ancient relic one can glimpse the broader significance of cultural memory. This object comes from the permanent collection of the Archaeology Department of Peking University. Although many members of this department were brutally attacked during the Cultural Revolution, they managed to preserve some of their precious findings by sealing them in boxes marked: "evil remnants from the feudal past."8 This specific broken pot does not have the plentiful geometrical markings of the more prominent bronze tripods of the later Zhou Period. It seems at first a rather unremarkable gray vessel. Its coiled design recalls the artisans who inhabited the Yellow River valley at the dawn of Chinese civilization. What is most remarkable about this urn are its cracks. To be sure the more magnificent bronzes show greater cultural sophistication. But none convey the effort required to piece together the past so well. Metal, whether shiny or dulled by age, passes the test of time less bruised. Clay, like Chinese intellectuals themselves, emerges from history more deeply marred.

This Xia-period gang 坛, with its lacework of cracks, calls to mind Confucius' famous dictum: "The gentleman is no vessel."9 The Master supposedly coined this expression in order to warn his disciples against becoming pliant tools in the hands of political authorities. Learned men were supposed to be made of tougher stuff. Their education was supposed to enable them to resist lending themselves to the utilitarian needs of the powerful. Yet, the subsequent history of Chinese intellectuals shows us how
often they were made into tools, how their own urge to serve the imperial state and to control local society was used to break them, over and over again.

The Cultural Revolution was but one moment in this long history of broken vessels. The Arthur M. Sackler Museum, in turn, is but one stage in the preservation effort. In the wake of destructiveness, we have to look more closely at cracks. The evidence of breakage must be contemplated along with the beauty of what was once simple and whole. Zhu Guangqian, when he sought a glimpse of a pavilion that recalled the Crying Crane Garden was doing just this. He salvaged a fragment of a fragment from which a more complete, more authentic vision of the past could be reconstructed later. Following that gaze, decades after the Cultural Revolution, this essay seeks to open up a conversation between the garden and the museum. They speak to each other across a line of broken time.¹⁰

**Ming He Yuan: in the Shadow of Red Lake**

Shards do not usually have the power to communicate. Their nature is redefined by a process of fragmentation that eliminates context, and often all trace of meaning as well. This is why T. S. Eliott sounded so pessimistic in the opening lines of the “The Waste Land.” Ruins (or what he called “stoney rubbish”) were envisaged as a tangle of roots, a thicket of branches that defeats human guesswork. Broken images, according to Eliot, have no significance, unless one steps in the shadow of meaning itself. The “Waste Land” pulls us out of the foreground of the tangled remains of history into the darker places which lie hidden behind the “red rock.” In those shadows, the poet is confident, we can finally understand the emotional reality behind ruins—what Eliot terms “fear in a handful of dust.”

Crying Crane Garden is a similarly taciturn remnant. It is most intelligible to those who appreciate fear, who have gone through it. Zhu Guangqian pieced together the past through an imaginative appreciation of a corner of a pagoda roof. What was near and what was far could be reversed in the mind. Yi Ran Pavilion became, for a moment, more real than Red Lake. The lake itself was nothing new. It had been a swimming hole before the Cultural Revolution. Yet the pool did not gain public significance until it was rebaptized by Red Guards to suggest that even recreational swimming had to serve the revolution of Mao Zedong.¹¹ The new name evicted the history (and elusive beauty) of Ming He Yuan, sending it further into the past.


Figure 6
The Sackler Museum in winter, looking east from the Red Lake

Today's Red Lake does not betray its Maoist origins. It does not hint at the pleasure spots that once thrived inside the Crying Crane Garden. A weathered stone with two red characters marks the spot as “Hong Hu” 紅湖. Embedded between othershards, it is almost invisible alongside the drying laundry of families who live in this area. If one walks slightly east of the underwear and of the red calligraphy, one can make out the foundation of one of the largest verandas that housed literati drinking parties during the early nineteenth century. The structure which stood on this ground was part of a girdle that wrapped around a larger lake. It was designed for many-sided views of Fu Lu Island — an artificial landscape created in the shape of a deer "by a master who wished himself luck and power."  

The original owner of Ming He Yuan certainly seemed to have started life with plenty of both. He was Mianyu 綿愉 (Prince Hui 惠郡王), the fifth son of the Jiaqing 嘉慶 Emperor. After his father's death, the Daoguang 道光 Emperor took the large gardens that once occupied this corner of the imperial city and subdivided them. In the 14th year of the Daoguang reign (1834), Ming He Yuan became a discrete entity separated from the neighboring Wan Chun Yuan 萬春園 by a new gate and by a road built for the Manchu royalty travelling back and forth to the Lamaist temple of Zhenjue Si 真覺寺. The designers of Ming He Yuan adopted features of China's southern gardens and adjusted them to the landscape that prevailed in the north. Mianyu was a Manchu prince with a refined sense of gentry culture. His compound was intended to convey a complex sensibility to guests entering through the imposing three-columned gate on the south-eastern side. A second gate was supported by five smaller columns. Walkways linked the eleven rooms of the main compound. An ornamental hallway guided the visitor up to the various pavilions that offered different views of the surrounding lakes and mountains. The large, square Yi Ran Ting was the most famous of these, but no means the only vantage point for contemplation. A smaller pavilion built lower to the ground was designed for the appreciation of goldfish which teemed in the lake. Further to the west was another resting spot bearing the philosophically-pretentious title of “Hall for New Understanding” 悟新室. To the north, another pavilion continued the theme of enlightenment by being called the “Hall for Uninterrupted Consciousness and True Appreciation” 延流真賞. The largest resting area on the lake path

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was surrounded by six columns and a fragrant lilac garden. This was called the "Hall for the Preservation of Heavenly Tranquillity". Buddhist metaphors combined with Daoist aesthetics and Neo-Confucian aphorisms were used throughout the Crying Crane Garden to suffuse the visitor with a calm and refreshing feeling.

The "Crane's Nest" was one of the three major courtyards inside the garden complex and it was here that a game-keeper nourished and trained the large birds which gave the Ming He Yuan its distinctive tonality. A moon-shaped gate separated the cranes' arena from the northern wall and the neighboring Wei Xiu Garden. Everywhere, monumental rocks had been imported from all over China to surprise the eye and excite the imagination. The largest and most precious one was installed outside the pavilion opposite Fu Lu Island. This same rock is the centerpiece of the inner courtyard of the Sackler Museum of Art and Archaeology today.

Mianyu and his descendants did not have many years to enjoy the splendor of this retreat. Fu Lu Island was more symbolic of hope than of the actual decay that marked the lives of Manchu nobles in the second half of the nineteenth century. After the Opium Wars, the Qing dynasty could not control either its own destiny or the boundaries of the empire. Similarly, Crying Crane Garden could no longer be defined from within. Repeated foreign expeditions against the Qing cut short the pleasures for which Ming He Yuan had been so carefully designed. A full century before Mao's attack on traditional culture, this corner of Peking suffered an intense historical trauma in 1860.

During the fall of that year, negotiations to conclude the Arrow War (also known as the second Opium War) led to further conflict between the Qing dynasty and the foreign powers concerning the thorny issue of diplomatic representation. The British and the French would settle for nothing less than ambassadors stationed in Peking. The Manchu court still hoped to keep the "barbarians" on the coastal periphery. The breaking-point between the two sides reached its climax in October, 1860. More specifically, October 16th marked the most dramatic military setback for the Qing which, in turn, led to the devastation of the imperial gardens in this area of Peking. Some observers of the ravage recalled the clear autumn day that began "with a cloudless sky. But soon, the heavens were blotted out as great columns of black clouds rose thickly in the air." Crying Crane Garden, though not situated at the epicenter of the conflagration, was close enough to the emperor's garden palace, the Yuan Ming Yuan, to be scorched by the rapacity of the foreign invaders. Hou Renzhi summarized this connection to terror as follows: "The destruction was so complete that not a single trace ... is visible today."

Professor Hou's remarks on the terrors of 1860 were certainly more acceptable to Party authorities than the details of the Cultural Revolution, which remain a source of embarrassment and a matter for repression. Nonetheless, recalling the more distant past may yet open the door for commemoration of the more proximate ravage that is still so palpable on the
Figure 7
Fragment of a European-style bridge from the Yuan Ming Yuan, removed to the garden in proximity to the Sackler Museum

Hou Renzhi’s book about the history of the university challenges this political amnesia by recalling the destructiveness of 1860. Awful as it was, the burning and looting of 1860 cannot defeat the power of words. Linguistic empowerment, in turn, opens up the possibility for comprehension. Already in that year, the link between expressibility and conceivability was apparent in the memoir of one witness, Comte Maurice d’Heirisson, who captured the impact of the trauma:

I was only an onlooker, a disinterested but curious onlooker, positively revelling in this strange and unforgettable spectacle. In this swarm of men of every color, every sort, this mixture of all races of the world, as they flung themselves on the soil, shouting hurrahs in every language of the earth, hurrying, pushing, tumbling with one another, cursing and swearing and returning laden with their loot ...

There were soldiers with their heads in the red lacquer boxes from the Empress’s chamber; others were wreathed in masses of brocade and silk ...

It was like a scene from an opium den.18

The French nobleman, unlike the latter-day Chinese intellectuals who lived through prolonged disasters, had the luxury of cultural disinterest. D’Heirisson was an onlooker in more ways than one. Not only were his hands (it would appear) unburdened by the weight of the loot, but he also managed to find leisure to evoke the trance-like atmosphere of the pillage. Hou Renzhi, by contrast, cannot take refuge in metaphors of the opium den. The precise details of the pillage of 1860, as well as the pain that enveloped the campus of Peking University during the Cultural Revolution cannot be treated indirectly. Historical recollection thrives on a density of observation. It may find its inspiration in all materials that depict loss and ruination, rather than in poetry. Hou Renzhi, for example, uses the poems of a minor Qing official in his essay on Ming He Yuan. These are the works of Yihuan, 炳/GLKb, known also as Prince Chun, who had been a relative of Mianyu. Prince Chun had witnessed the ravage of 1860 as well as the prolonged ruination of Ming He Yuan. He continued to mourn the vanished glory of this garden that adjoined his own country retreat. Yihuan continued to visit the Crying Crane Garden while it remained in the hands of Mianyu’s sons. From his vantage point across the dividing wall, Yihuan chronicled the crumbling of the pavilions, the toppling of the bridges, and the furious growth of the weeds which took over the lakes.

Sometimes Yihuan invited his cousins for a dinner party in his own garden. More often, he wrote about his feelings in poems that dwell on the state of current disrepair, and on the splendor of earlier times. As with Zhu...
Guangqian a century later, a gaze across the wall afforded a look backward in time, a chance to mourn not only the loss of public glory of the Qing, but also a frayed connection to traditional aesthetics:

Gone are the cranes though the garden stays.
Destracted by the dying waves,
I seek for the enchanting scene by the side of Yi Ran Pavilion.
Hundred-year old ponds have exhausted their charms.
On the winding paths in the shade of the pine trees,
Only sparrows are chirping noisily.19

Yihuan's voice here is distinctly personal. Unlike Comte Maurice d'Herrison, he continued to inhabit the site ravaged in 1860. There is no possibility of self-distancing from the pain of a ruined past.

Yihuan's poems stand in sharp contrast to the memoir literature that has wrapped itself around the Westernized fragments of stone which dot the landscape of the former Summer Palace, the Yuan Ming Yuan. None looking at the ruined Yi Ran Pavilion can claim to commemorate a national disaster. A smaller, more intimate grief prevails. Yihuan, a neighbor who once savored the hospitality of Crying Crane Garden, went on to chronicle its silence with regret. The absent cranes live on in the recollections of the former guest. They even manage to drown out the loud chirping of sparrows. These small, common birds usually crowd together unlike the discriminating, large, vulnerable birds which once roamed the courtyards of the Ming He Yuan. Like China's intellectuals, the garden's silenced cranes are a reminder of nobility and vulnerability.

Yet their legacy endures beyond the ravages of the 1860s, as well as the various defacements of the Cultural Revolution. One remnant may be glimpsed in the courtyard of residence No.75 in the Lang Run Yuan 朗潤園 Faculty complex of Peking University. This is an old-fashioned building that served as the home of Professor Wang Yao 王瑤, an expert in modern Chinese literature who was also incarcerated in the Peking University “ox-pens.” Wang Yao's home (which I visited often during my first two-year stay in China in 1979–80) is located on the exact site of the entrance to the the old Ming He Yuan. The two stone lions, as well as the marble bridge that crossed the stream in front of the gate, were part of Mianyu's gracious retreat. Today, they seem no more than “stoney rubbish.”

Inside the courtyard, however, a more intimate and more meaningful view of destruction prevails. Here, pointed out by Wang Yao's widow,
I found a picture of two scholars that dates back to the early nineteenth century. This bit of faded painting on the columns of the inner gate would not be visible today were it not for the darker “X” that scratched out the faces of the literati. The black slashes date to the Cultural Revolution. They were part of the violation of home and personhood that Wang Yao had to endure over and over again. No part of his body or library or family was immune from defacement. Although the scholar of literature himself was rehabilitated after the death of Mao, the faceless scholars from the Ming He Yuan remind us of the fear that lingers in a handful of dust.

Wang Yao, like Yihuan, had cherished the beauty that was lost on this site. Cultural memory, like the faded and faceless scholars on the door post, was never fully rubbed out. Historical trauma served to strengthen an attachment to the past that may not have been possible through beautiful objects alone. Ji Xianlin, Wang Yao’s neighbor and pen-mate during the Cultural Revolution, even goes so far as to praise the “good fortune” of ruined lives. To be sure, his tone is ironic. Nonetheless, the beauty Ji seeks to convey in his memoirs of the niu peng lies literally in the cracks. Like the urn in the Sackler Museum, Ji Xianlin’s book about the Cultural Revolution provides details of terror, without smoothing over the lines of breakage that endure:

Luckily, I had a chance to live in the ox-pens. It would be more accurate to phrase this in the passive tense: I was forced to live there for eight to nine months . . . . Still, I want to thank God that I did not miss it . . . . I used to specialize in my research on religions. What interested me the most were descriptions of hell. My sources came from Buddhist descriptions of hell in both the Chinese and the Indian tradition. To hear these tales is to have one’s hair stand on end . . . . Still, nothing in my research or my imagination matched the atmosphere that prevailed in the niu peng. Those who built them may have studied about hell too. Combining theory and practice, they built the best ox-pens possible, which were later copied by the whole country. They did not forget to invite me there, and so I felt much relieved.

A scathing sarcasm dominates this memoir whereas nostalgia is the main hue coloring Yihuan’s poems about the ruined Crying Crane Garden. In both texts, however, scrupulous attention is paid to words that delineate the battered space where some organic unity once prevailed. Ming He Yuan may not have been the most magnificent of the many gardens that sprawled on the outskirts of the imperial city in the nineteenth century. Its beauty became noticeable only after decay had set in. Similarly, Ji Xianlin started to write about the ox-pens only after he sensed that memory was about to be
vanquished by the requirements of post-Maoist modernization.\textsuperscript{23} Both Crying Crane Garden and the ox-pens are landscapes of the mind whose meanings became crystallized through recollection. Begun through words, these acts of preservation gained an added dimension through the establishment of the Sackler Museum of Art and Archaeology. Yet the museum, too, is framed by the cracks it contains.

\textbf{The Arthur M. Sackler Museum of Art and Archaeology: a Frame for Cultural Memory}

The connection between museums and memory is contentious at best. Brightly-lit mausoleums (—one metaphor for museums that lingers on from the nineteenth century) are structures subsidized by public funds or private philanthropy in order to canonize certain parts of the official past. Cultural memory, by contrast, is a more fragile and protean entity that cannot be readily labelled for the purpose of public exhibition—or public edification. Remembrance thrives in peripheral spaces, often marginalized by official culture. Susan Crane, in a recent essay on “Memory, Distortion and History in the Museum,” has argued eloquently against the marginalization of historical memory. Far from sanctioning a retreat from remembrance and from objects of personal recollections, museums according to Crane, should incorporate memory quite explicitly:

The museum is not the only site where subjectivities and objectivities collide, but it is a particularly evocative one for the study of historical consciousness. The museum is a cultural institution where individual expectations and institutional, academic intentions interact. A range of personal recollections is produced, not limited by the subject matter of exhibits.\textsuperscript{24}

\textsuperscript{23} For a fuller discussion of the background to this memoir, see Ji Xianlin's preface to \textit{Liu Deshibinian [My decade in Germany]} (Beijing: Dongfang Chubanshe, 1992), pp.1–3.

\textsuperscript{24} Crane, “Memory, distortion and history,” p.46.

\textbf{Figure 10}

\textit{The Sackler Museum}
VERA SCHWARCZ

The Arthur M. Sackler Museum at Peking University is one such site of collision. The very density of memorial strata beneath its location, as well as the formidable opaqueness of the remembrance process that is managed by Party authorities in China, gave Dr Sackler a unique opportunity. Arthur M. Sackler first visited China in 1976—a year marked by the death of Zhou Enlai and of Mao Zedong and also by an awkwardly-orchestrated departure from the fervor of the Cultural Revolution (which was, for a while, conveniently blamed on the so-called “Gang of Four”). In the late 1970s, China was not ready to deal with the problems of cultural memory. The recent events were too difficult to digest, much less process through public exhibitions. Dr Sackler, a psychiatrist by profession, was well positioned to reflect on historical trauma and cultural continuity. Four years before his first trip to China, while attending a world congress of cardiologists in Spain, he wrote about his reactions to the paintings of El Greco and Goya. The man who would donate the funds necessary to preserve part of China’s heritage at Peking University, describes as follows the possibilities that art opens up in the midst of the ravage of history:

The greatness of Goya can never be understood without experiencing the so called “black Goyas,” the horror of the inhumanity of man in the massacre of Madrilenos by French troops—“The Third of May, 1808.” One will always be haunted by Goya’s nightmares painted between 1819 and 1823. In these, one of the greatest Western artists had infused his own spiritual pain into the pigments of his paintings. Sad to say, the horror of the “black Goyas” live with us today in continent after continent, in hunger and disease, and in the massacres which men still visit upon men.25

The blackness of China during the Anglo-French expedition of 1860 or during the Cultural Revolution is not directly alluded to here. Yet these historical allusions—indeed, unburied memories—colored the landscape upon which Dr Sackler erected his art and archaeology museum in Peking. The site itself performs a Goya-like function. It continues to bear witness to the inhumanity that men still visit upon men.

In 1976, when Dr Sackler first visited China, talk about spiritual pain and massacres was not part of publicly sanctioned discourse. Skillful as ever, Arthur Sackler focused his efforts on medical education instead. With the subsequent establishment of a Chinese-language periodical, the China Medical Tribune (a digest of the latest medical advances for ordinary physicians all across China) in 1983, he gained the kind of official support that enabled him to launch the more delicate project of cultural preservation. Dr Sackler’s translator in the Medical Tribune negotiations was Dr Hu Qimin 胡啟民, a recently rehabilitated physician who had been cannibalized by the Cultural Revolution. Dr Sackler’s more prominent ally during the Peking University Museum project was China’s Minister for Public Health, Dr Qian Xinzhong, who also suffered at the hands of the Red Guards during the late Mao era. None of these medical specialists spoke publicly about their connection to

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cultural destruction. Rather they helped a foreign, Jewish philanthropist to build bridges to the medical community and thereby smooth the way for the art and archaeology museum at Peking University.

Talk of museums did not come until a full decade after Dr Sackler's first visit to Peking. In the same way that Ji Xianlian had to wait ten years between the publication of his memoirs of Nazi Germany and the "ox-pens," so, too, Dr Sackler waited ten years before inaugurating his plan for an art museum at Peking University. The plan for this building was, from the beginning, bolder than the immediate needs of the Archaeology Department of the University. To be sure, the artifacts preserved from the ravage of the Cultural Revolution needed to be unpacked from the boxes in which they had been hastily stored in the 1960s, but Arthur Sackler wanted more. He wanted his building on the campus to set the standard for cultural preservation and conservation in China as a whole.

The ground-breaking ceremony on September 8, 1986 marked the beginning of a long period of struggle over the design of the museum and its broader cultural agenda. Arthur Sackler brought to this process his extensive experience in museum building at Harvard University, at the Tate Museum in London, at the Metropolitan Museum in New York (where he donated the funds for the Dandur Temple) and at the Smithsonian Gallery in Washington DC. He had also built major institutions for medical research at Clark University and in Tel Aviv. In all these projects, Arthur Sackler proceeded with a distinctive vision that set him apart from other major figures such as the Mellons or the Rockefellers. He had a wider goal in these institutional projects. In the words of the Washington Post correspondent Lon Tuck: "His collections provided him with a sort of intellectual trampoline upon which to exercise his ideas about the arts." In the aftermath of the Cultural Revolution in China, the idea that stood in clear contrast to the ravage of the recent decade was that of preservation itself. Dr Sackler brought more than money to Peking University. He carried with him a passion for the cultural relics attacked ferociously in the name of politics.

Even before he engaged China's officials in wrangling about the scale and content of the new museum, Arthur Sackler had become an impassioned advocate of the spiritual and biosocial meanings of art. In a speech presented at the Edinburgh Symposium on August 19th, 1983, Dr Sackler put forth his vision of the museum as follows:

All art is an expression of man's faith. Although some caves of Dordogne, such as Lescaux, may have been a site of ritual ... , decorated places could have been early 'museums' of man or a comfortable spot where the group could gather in the presence of beauty, for non-religious social, planning or intellectual functions ... these remnants are the only surviving residue of what could have been total environments such as later characterized by religious institutions in Europe and the Orient.
Cultural “residue” was strewn all over the Peking University campus. Nowhere was the layering of buried memory as thick as in the weed-choked area once occupied by the Ming He Yuan. Later university officials would recall offering this space to Dr Sackler since it was “the most beautiful part of our campus.” At the time, however, the rubble of the *niu peng* had not yet been cleared, nor the painful memories fully erased.

Perhaps only a foreigner, an outsider without personal experience of historical trauma, could have erected an edifice to salvage cultural relics in this corner of the university campus. Those who had more intimate recollections of the beatings and interrogations which took place around the edge of Red Lake may have empathized with Yihuan’s lament for the vanishing cranes, but they themselves had become forcibly silenced. Whenever survivors of the Red Terror spoke or wrote about the past, it was in coded irony.

Arthur Sackler, by contrast, came in with financial independence and an invigorating vision of culture as conservation. This son of Jewish immigrants from Russia expressed a passion for art without any deference to political authorities. Sackler’s family had survived the depression with some difficulty and the philanthropist would never forget that aesthetics require a measure of material abundance. Myth would have it that Dr Arthur Sackler used to deliver flowers on New York’s Park Avenue with holes in his shoes. But this was not simply a tale. Economic hardship in youth enabled the latter-day donor to appreciate culture in its social context. As a young leftist, he had been moved by the saga of Dr Norman Bethune (the Canadian physician who had served with the Chinese Communist armies during the anti-Japanese war). In later years, Arthur Sackler also saw himself in a similar role, especially in the early 1980s, when he worked to set up new forums for medical education on the Chinese mainland.

In all the flurry of initial medical activity in China, Dr Sackler never lost his primary focus: a passionate curiosity about art treasures. His own collection continued to grow in step with his projects in China. Some critics viewed this passion as the refuge of a wealthy man who once tried (and failed) to become an artist and who now bought entire collections without being critically discriminating of their contents. Others, like Lon Tuck, were more sensitive to Sackler’s own vision of the connection between art and society. Tuck appreciated Dr Sackler’s philosophical approach to the art of collection and even quoted Thomas Lawton (head of the Freer Gallery) who characterized Arthur Sackler as “a modern Medici.”

No matter which interpretation one chooses, the Sackler collection remains unique in its range (as evidenced among other things by the famous Chu silk manuscript, one of the earliest examples of Chinese writing which led to a series of academic conferences about its significance in ancient Chinese culture). Although he owned a great deal, the objects closest to Dr Sackler’s heart appeared to have been ancient Chinese bronzes. He not only collected them, but also viewed them as a key to the larger question of how humanity uses inert matter to change and beautify the world.

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50 Interview with Professor Wen Zhong 文重, February 5, 1997.
54 Kornbluth, in *Arthur M. Sackler MD*, p.82.
55 Tuck, in *Arthur M. Sackler MD*.
For me, Chinese ritual bronzes are among the most exquisite expression of what man can create—using dead mineral and intense fire—seeking to fulfill visions of imagination and discipline and experience. They are also a triumphant demonstration of how one people can speak to all people; how artists can speak to everyone across the void of time and the vastness of distance; and how past civilizations can relate to the present through the power of their art.37

Arthur Sackler’s passion for the genius embedded in Chinese bronzes was not limited to one culture. It carried over also into his collection of terracottas, which also reflected a concern with the voices of muffled matter. In clay vessels, as in dead minerals set on fire, Dr Sackler focused on seemingly mute sparks. Like T. S. Eliot, he was moved by emotions buried in a handful of dust. For the poet, broken bits hint at fear. For the doctor-collector, they suggested the breath of life itself:

For me, terra cottas have enabled our masters of aesthetics to capture a feeling and an aesthetic at a given point in time. They have taken clay and in a God-like achievement, through their genius, have breathed life into it, so much life has been breathed into this earth as to bring you centuries later a message of living directness and clarity and to present it with the mark of their individuality.38

This appreciation of the voices that literally sprang from the soil helped Arthur Sackler infuse new vigor into the site of the old Crying Crane Garden. This corner of Peking University was, of course, quite unlike a ceramic entity. Its lakes, islands, pavilions, verandas and hallways had fallen into ruin long before Dr Sackler had an opportunity to break the ground for his museum of art and archaeology.

Yet the artistic creativity which once animated this landscape (as well as the tragedy of the lives that became misshapen during the Cultural Revolution)
added depth to the conservation project of a foreign donor. The Arthur Sackler Museum and the Jill Sackler Garden, like the neolithic vase in its plexiglass case, contain and display the marks of historical rupture. Arthur Sackler, somewhat unwittingly, opened up a space for commemoration that extended beyond archeology.

From its inception, the museum which Dr Sackler negotiated with Peking University was to have an informed connection to both past and present. Although he did not live to see the project come to fruition, Sackler chose an architect who insured the actualization of this broader past and present. Although he did not live to see the project come to fruition, Sackler chose an architect who insured the actualization of this broader commitment. Lo Yi Chan 陳璋源, who had to translate the ideals of cultural preservation into concrete reality at the university, was himself deeply familiar with traditional aesthetics. The son of a distinguished scholar of Confucian philosophy (Wingsit Chan 陳榮捷), this architect took on the challenge of building the Sackler Museum because he was interested in the vestiges of culture after the debacle of the Cultural Revolution. Starting in the winter of 1986–87, Lo Yi Chan worked to expand the narrow framework provided by university architects.

The university's planners had demanded that the new structure be built in the style of the old buildings dating from the Yanjing University days. Lo Yi Chan took up the challenge and demanded more space than was initially allotted. His design called for a façade that fitted with its surroundings yet also provided space for an inner courtyard, echoing the traditional architecture of Ming He Yuan. Dr Sackler approved of this idea before his death from a heart attack on May 26, 1987.

The Sackler Museum of Art and Archaeology did not open officially until May 27, 1993. Its timing was meant to commemorate Dr Sackler's death as well as allowing some distancing from the trauma of 1989, when yet another student movement fighting for party reform had been brutally suppressed. The six years between 1987 and 1993 were marked by intense debates about the fate of culture and education at Peking University. It was in this context that Lo Yi Chan had to argue for enduring fidelity to the vision of the donor. In the wake of the political repression that followed June 4, 1989, university officials had acute reservations about giving over so much space to a project financed and directed from abroad.

They were even more reluctant to place a foreigner's name in a prominent spot over the entrance of the new museum. This point, however, was non-negotiable according to Lo Yi Chan. Deeply discouraged by the purges that accompanied the crushing of the student movement of 1989, Chan returned to Peking University because he wanted to see Dr Sackler's project brought to fruition in keeping with the original agreement. He argued with the administrators who claimed that nothing was ever named after a person in socialist China, “not even after Mao Zedong” (though later they acknowledged that a locomotive did bear Mao’s name). The fact that another American, Edgar Snow, had a monument on the university campus did not seem to carry weight either. Snow, after all, had been a personal friend of Mao, not a
representative of capitalist forces. No matter how sincerely Dr Sackler had styled himself as a latter-day Norman Bethune, he was still seen as a foreign donor whose generosity posed more problems than it solved. In the end, Lo Yi Chan won. Arthur Sackler’s name appears in gold letters over the entrance of the Peking University museum.

Since its official opening in May, 1993, acceptance of foreign funds has become less problematic. The site itself has become a kind of pilgrimage spot for dignitaries ranging from President Jiang Zemin 江澤民 to President Clinton. The Jewish philanthropist, whose vision made possible an institution for the conservation of culture, is now officially commemorated as a man “who built bridges between peoples through the arts and sciences, humanities and medicine. A true friend of China.” Words once reserved for fellow travelers of the revolution such as Edgar Snow are now carved in stone and refer to a man who cherished culture as an embodiment of life’s highest ideals.

The proceedings of the “Symposium on the Future of Chinese Archaeology in the 21st Century” (which coincided with the opening exhibit in 1993), have now been published along with a history of the Archaeology Department of Peking University. Both documents, subsidized by the Sackler Museum, testify to the range of concerns that can be voiced in China’s public domain in the 1990s. After the enforced silence which prevailed about the Cultural Revolution for three decades, it is possible now to note the destruction of sites as well as of the personnel that once made Peking University so great. Recovered intellectual vigor and a burgeoning economy has furthered the conservation project inaugurated by Dr Arthur Sackler. The most recent exhibition in his Peking University museum focused on gold funeral objects from the Tang dynasty. The site itself, along with the history of the Ming He Yuan, remains a memorial scaffolding within a gilded frame.

Ji Xialin’s elaborate recollection of the nightmare in the niu peng, on the other hand, excavates a less visible framework. It is full of many details about the regiment of daily torture. Yet at the same time, Ji’s memoir is oddly taciturn. It is as if the ruins beneath and behind the Sackler Museum are best preserved by silence. Broken bits of the past, perhaps, have their natural home in reticence. Clinging to this article of faith, Ji Xianlin may be seen as a soul-mate of Jorge Louis Borges, the Argentinian writer who also tried to capture the connection between broken images and memory:
Those odds and ends of memory are the only wealth that the rush of time leaves us. We are our memory, we are the chimerical museum of shifting forms, this heap of broken mirrors.42

Ji Xianlin’s Cultural Revolution memoir also asserts that we are our memory. His work circles the missing center that was once the Crying Crane Garden. Broken mirrors are not simply metaphorical in the post-Mao era. Inside, as well as all around the Sackler Museum, one realizes that these are the very stuff of recollection.

The Beauty of Speechlessness

The “heap of broken images” that accosted T. S. Eliot’s quest for meaning are re-evoked in Borges’ “chimerical museum.” This is a place where nothing seems to stand long enough to be labeled and illuminated by canonical definitions of time and progress. Instead, a multiplicity of voices murmur dark tales that cannot be contained by conventional historical narratives. This layering of ruination and silence can, however, be accessed through the medium of art.

Zhu Guangqian, as a philosopher of aesthetics, understood the dilemma of muted memories. Long before his own incarceration in the “ox-pens,” he had written extensively about the psychology of tragedy and about the utility of art in opening up areas of human experience that may be otherwise hidden from view. In a collection of essays entitled Twelve Letters to Youth, he had sought to translate philosophical concerns into a simpler language that would touch the hearts and minds of his contemporaries. One of these letters deals directly with the problem of speechlessness. In this work, Zhu argued that a certain muteness marks all subtle reflections on cultural dilemmas. The more complex the object of thought, the more language will have to press beyond the boundaries of what can be expressed in words. Three decades before the Red Guards forcibly restricted all speech and action in the niupeng, Zhu Guangqian already recognized the limits of the sayable:

Language is for making sense, but not all sense can be expressed through language for language is concrete, limited, while sense can be expressed through something ethereal, integrated . . . . In literature, especially poems, the incompleteness of language arouses more beauty. In many places there is always a mysterious silence the moment before the climax. The beauty of literature is not limited to language but lies in the boundlessness of the imagination. Most of the beauty of art comes from its incompleteness and implicitness. This is what I call the beauty of speechlessness.43

The silence that so fascinated this philosopher of aesthetics still shrouds the site of the Sackler Museum. The ruins of the Ming He Yuan lie about the
new edifice as unnoticed debris but for the boulder commemorating the Jill Sackler Garden and the brief historical note outside the repainted remains of the Yi Ran Pavilion. Dates engraved in rock, however, reveal very little about the universe of lost experience commemorated in the poems of Yihuan and in the memoirs of Ji Xianlin. If we want understand this past, there is no way but through the speechlessness of Zhu Guangqian. Poems and memoirs incorporate a “mysterious silence”; they allow shifting forms of personal expression and thereby open up paths for the imagination—quite unlike the concrete markers of the old Crying Crane Garden.

Fragments of speech, like broken stones or the neolithic um
Figure 13

Within, recall a past that cannot speak for itself. Inside the museum, fractured objects can be named and catalogued for preservation. Outside the signifying edifice, a more nuanced muteness prevails. Silence once preoccupied Zhu Guangqian as an aesthetic dilemma for the 1930s. Later, muteness became a prerequisite for survival for those labeled as “monsters and demons” during the Cultural Revolution. Yet the muteness was more than a political predicament. It was a path to sense-making as well. In the words of the American poet Louise Gluck, the museum may never be able to house the fullness of their ruined experience:

The unsaid, for me, exerts great power: often I wish an entire poem could be made in this vocabulary. It is analogous to the power of the unseen, for example, to the power of ruins, to works of art either damaged or incomplete. Such works inevitably allude to the larger contexts: they haunt because they are not whole, though their wholeness is implied: another time, a world in which they were whole, or were to have been whole, is implied. There is no moment in which the first home is felt to be a museum.44

The Sackler Museum, in this sense, can never be a first home either to the remains of the Ming He Yuan, or to those of the ox-pens. It is an edifice which values the conservation of ancient artifacts—a mission that stands in stark contrast to the destructiveness advocated by the Maoist Red Guards in the 1960s. What the museum preserves, however, is the codifiable past: works of art which acquired significance through scientific labeling, and the vocabulary of the sayable.

The unsaid, celebrated by Gluck and Zhu Guangqian, depends on a kind of beauty which cannot be exhibited under plexiglass. The terrors of the Cultural Revolution, especially, have no such “home.” China has not built any museum to commemorate this historical trauma, although prominent writers such as Ba Jin and Feng Jicai had advocated its construction since the 1980s.45 A younger generation of researchers and artists is now coming of age, who are taking up the mission of memory through other avenues. Even if a concrete edifice to recall the sufferings of
The true feelings of victims may never be at home in a museum. Reticently recalled emotions, however, are already beginning to stretch the parameters of permissible expression on the Chinese mainland. Personal memoirs that confront the darkness of the past without illusion in words broken and reshaped by historical trauma have become the building blocks of national memory. These may be part of a more durable legacy than can ever be built with bricks and stones.

In Germany, after the war, a similar rebuilding took place. Here, too, a nation stood silenced by shame. Nazi atrocities, to be sure, exceeded the terrors inflicted by the Red Guards in China. Yet a similar commemorative dilemma emerged: how to make sense of an unspeakable past? In Berlin, for example, there is a hill of Gestapo ruins that was discovered right behind the Martin Gopius Bau on Prinz-Albert Strasse. As at Peking University, cultural treasures and historical trauma are forced into geographical proximity. The Gopius Bau Museum is around the corner from what was once the interrogation center of the Nazi Secret police. Known as “The Topography of Terror,” this hill of ruins is a silent reminder, not unlike the Ming He Yuan and the ox-pens that lie beyond the frame of the Sackler Museum of Art and Archaeology. The Berlin rubble speaks to subsequent generations of German youth about all that is unsaid and must remain somehow unsayable.

In China, the Sackler Museum has a gentler rapport with the ruins of the Crying Crane Garden as well as with the uncommemorated ox-pens that are occupied its front yard. Perhaps the absence of concrete markers at Peking University accounts for the fluidity (and fluency) of other kinds of commemorations. Memory seems safer in China when its connection to power is less explicit. The more important the ruin of the event, the greater becomes the temptation for official control.
Geremie Barmé had described this predicament in an essay on the notorious Yuan Ming Yuan. This work, entitled “The Garden of Perfect Brightness, a Life in Ruins,” details the fate of a site that was once adjacent to the old Ming He Yuan. The two gardens shared a common ancestry in the era of Qianlong 乾隆, yet they acquired different connotations after the ruination of the 1860s. Imperially sponsored, the Garden of Perfect Brightness has become a politically-manipulated cultural icon. Its marble remains have attracted a great deal of nationalist attention and were encoded as symbols of both Western rapacity and China’s cultural grandeur.

Barme’s discussion of this memorial afterlife suggests that the site was ripe for political narratization ever since Qianlong first hired his Jesuit architects. The “polluting embrace of the superhighway” that threatens to surround Qianlong’s ruined palaces is merely the latest stage in a long process of iconographic dessication.49 The shaping hand of politics has been consistently heavier among the stones of the old Summer Place than in the nearby Crying Crane Garden. Barmé notes the absence of personal memory in this highly public place: “Few cultured and well-fed ghosts disport themselves in the grounds of the Yuan Ming Yuan, and no real heroes’ lives adorn its history; there is no individual whose tragic tale or sorry life has given birth to a literature of melancholy or imagination that is associated with the palaces.”50

The Ming He Yuan, by contrast, has no shortage of tragic tales. Already in the nineteenth century, its missing cranes and its shabby pavilions found expression in the poetry of a neighboring nobleman. In the twentieth century, the niu peng experience accentuated the personal dimension of historical loss. Consistently, even if only slightly removed from the center of Chinese politics, this ruined site has managed to preserve a certain amount of its layered muteness. Nationalist commemorations have not choked off all possibility of personal memory. The Sackler Museum, foreign-sponsored and dedicated to conservation, managed to encase cultural artifacts with only a minimum of state-sponsored narrative. The Garden and the Museum thus have a less restricted, more intimate relationship in this corner of Peking University. Words and speechlessness co-exist in a way that is not possible in the midst of the commercialized ruins of the nearby Yuan Ming Yuan. Memory and history are both still fluid in a context that bears some resemblance to the “Topography of Terror” in Berlin yet has been spared Germany’s endless struggle with the iconographies of atrocity. An older ruination had predated the damaged lives of the “ox-pens.” Remembrance found here a more nuanced cadence. Silenced cranes and once-silenced intellectuals such as Ji Xianlian have restarted a conversation with the past on this site. Art itself has created a capaciousness that history lacked in its time. Without unduly aestheticizing the pain of ruination, we can now see the

In the end, however, the land was not sealed up. Instead, on May 8, 1985 (the anniversary of Nazi capituation), German volunteers congregated for a memorial dig and through this gesture enacted a concrete protest against the amnesia of their country.

51 Crane, “Memory, distortion and history,” p.63.
complex interaction of cultural memory embedded in the Arthur Sackler Museum of Art and Archaeology. Shadows, cracks, chimerical forms thrive around the edges of Red Lake. Fear may be glimpsed in memoirs as well as in the black marks across the faces of Qing literati. The Sackler Museum does not exhibit these injuries. Nor does it forbid them. Unexiled remembrance may evolve into commemoration. In the words of Susan Crane, a museum that does not thwart personal memory has much to contribute to its public invigoration:

Museums are flexible mirrors whose complex potential for multiple interpretations and participation (that is, by those who have either kind of personal historical consciousness: as veterans and survivors, or historians) will continue to make them appropriate venues for active memory work, either “on site” or in the minds of those whose historian consciousness has been activated, nourished, challenged and revived.