

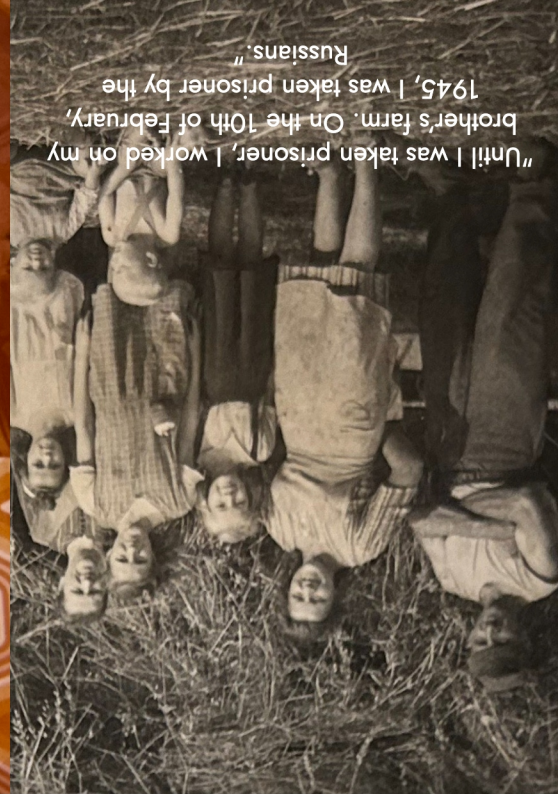
I carry my family within me, their tragedies and the European icons of the 20th century: the transports in cattle wagons, the barbed wire and the watchtowers, the rapes and murders.



For years I have been swallowing chunks of European history, bitter lumps that are hard to digest, and I hope they do not metastasise deep within me into a kind of cancer of the past.



"Until I was taken prisoner, I worked on my brother's farm. On the 10th of February, 1945, I was taken prisoner by the Russians."



All transmitted memories are stories. There is no other way to translate the smells and impressions and feelings of places and people long gone.



We accumulate past until the moment our hearts stop beating.



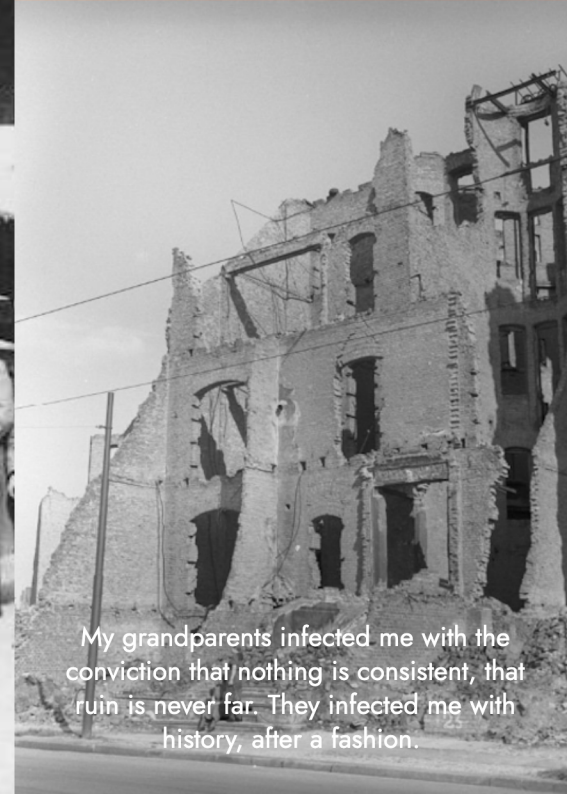
Shadows

Topographies of Memory

Marcel Krueger



On the perron I realised I am no longer young.



My grandparents infected me with the conviction that nothing is consistent, that ruin is never far. They infected me with history, after a fashion.