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Postmemory as historical reckoning: coming to terms with a grandfather's complicity in the holocaust in lithuania – rita gabis, *a guest at the shooters' banquet*, and julija šukys, *siberian exile: blood, war, and a granddaughter's reckoning*

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ABSTRACT

This article examines how the invisible emotional and psychological shadow of an ancestor's complicity in war crimes is passed on to descendants and expressed as postmemory writing in two rite of return memoirs: *A Guest at the Shooters' Banquet* by Rita Gabis and *Siberian Exile* by Julija Šukys. Both writers transform informal family knowledge about a grandfather's complicity in Nazi war crimes during the Nazi occupation of Lithuania, archival research, and travel into a long-term process of working through the inter-generational transfer of trauma. Writing serves as a memory space for their own unhealed historical and familial trauma.

KEYWORDS Holocaust in Lithuania; survivor's guilt; rite of return memoir; postmemory; third generation

Introduction

How is the invisible emotional and psychological shadow of a grandfather's complicity in war crimes passed on to his descendants? How is the haunt knowledge of an innocent grandmother's suffering as punishment intuitively experienced by a granddaughter?

Through the process of postmemory writing in two rite of return memoirs – *A Guest at the Shooters' Banquet* by Rita Gabis (2015) and *Siberian Exile* by Julija Šukys (2017), – these writers transform informal family knowledge, research, and travel, into a long-term process of working through the inter-generational transfer of trauma. Ultimately, their writing serves as a memory space for unhealed historical and familial trauma.

As Šukys and her cousin return on a flight from their grandmother's place of exile in Siberia, they reflect on 'the sadness and misfortune that have visited us with a terrible frequency' (Šukys 2017, 149). They conclude that there is a link between the suffering of their grandparents, ensnared in Lithuania's twentieth century historical trauma, with the early deaths of their parents: 'Both my father and his mother, Ona's two younger children, died suddenly and unexpectedly – he of a heart attack when I was eighteen and she six years later of a cancer that killed her in a matter of weeks' (Šukys 2017, 149).

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In her book on trauma, *Trauma and Recovery*, psychiatrist Dr. Judith Herman (1992) writes in her introduction: 'But far too often secrecy prevails, and the story of the traumatic event surfaces not as a verbal narrative but as a symptom' (Herman 1992, 1). Could the early deaths of Šukys' father and aunt have been a symptom of the secrecy surrounding their parents' trauma narrative? Herman writes: 'The psychological distress symptoms of traumatized people simultaneously call attention to the existence of an unspeakable secret and deflect attention from it' (Herman 1992, 1). The family narrative Šukys grew up with is similar to many Lithuanian diaspora narratives:

Every family tells its children the story of who it is. Our story was of a proud people forced from their homeland when the soldiers came. They took my father's mother and shipped her east of the Ural Mountains, alone. They took her by mistake. It was all a mistake, or so the story went. Her husband, Anthony, had been the target. But he had escaped, to the safety of the West, by luck and through cunning with his children (Šukys 2017, 5).

It was not enough to hear the family story. She had to memorize it and to pass it on.

Our job, as kids, was to learn this story and remember it. To master our grandparents' language so that, one day, we might return home from exile. The first problem in taking on this latter task was that we had never seen this home to which we were to repatriate. The second was that the story we'd been told wasn't strictly true. Important pieces of it, the complicated bits that made it hard to narrate, had fallen away (Šukys 2017, 5).

Initially, perhaps inspired by the tone of heroism and victimhood surrounding her grandparents' story, Šukys set out to write a memoir about her grandmother, Ona Šukienė, who, separated from her husband and three children, spent 17 years alone in exile in Siberia as a result of the 1941 Soviet deportations. Šukys' grandfather, Anthony (Antanas), flees Soviet-occupied Lithuania in 1944 and settles in Canada by way of Bradford, England.

After beginning her research, however, Šukys admits: 'I now see that I was naïve in embarking on a project that flirted dangerously with hagiography' (Šukys 2017, 6). A friend suggests that she requests her family's KGB file from the Special Archives of Lithuania. Šukys is shocked to learn that her grandfather collaborated with Nazi occupying forces during the 1941–4 Nazi occupation of Lithuania by serving as a security police officer in the Lithuanian-German border town of Naujamiestis (translated as 'Newtown' in the memoir). Šukys admits: 'I never dreamed how such a query would change not only the book I was writing but also the understanding of who my family was, who I was. I didn't know how fundamentally it would alter my relationship to the past' (Šukys 2017, 13). Through the act of writing *Siberian Memoir*, Šukys moves beyond the mythologized family narrative she inherited, and gains a deeper understanding of her actual family narrative within the context of Lithuania's twentieth century historical and cultural trauma.

Christian Lithuanians experienced different histories during the Nazi occupation of Lithuania (1941–4) than did the *Litvaks*, or Lithuanian Jews. Some 95% of Lithuania's Jews were murdered during the Nazi occupation and genocide.¹ Historian Arūnas Bubnys writes that,

In general, it should be stressed that the role played in the Holocaust by Lithuanian police battalions was particularly significant. Although almost every type of Lithuanian police force (public police, security police, auxiliary police, partisan (white armband)) took part in the persecution and murder of Jews, their role in the Holocaust was not as important as that of the police battalions (or "self-defense" units) (Bubnys 2008, 15).

What this means within the context of how Šukys interprets her own grandfather's complicity as a member of the police in *Siberian Exile* is that she provides no easy justification for her grandfather's role in the Holocaust in Lithuania. Although Bubnys states that the 'self-defense' units (known commonly as the 'white-arbanders') were most active in persecuting Lithuania's Jews, according to Bubnys, other types of Lithuanian police from public police to security police, also collaborated and were thus complicit.

Having written a biography of the librarian Ona Šimaitė (Šukys 2012), who rescued Jews in the Vilnius ghetto, brought them food and supplies, hid precious Jewish books, and delivered correspondence, Šukys had already done enough research on the Holocaust in Lithuania to understand that her grandfather's position as a security police officer was not insignificant.

The Canadian-born writer describes her rite of return journey to Lithuania from the point of view of a member of the third postmemory generation. She returns to her grandparents' and parents' homeland to look for answers about her paternal grandfather's war crimes and the circumstances surrounding her grandmother's deportation. Ultimately, Šukys travels further east to Siberia, to visit her grandmother's site of exile. Her journeys raise more questions than answers. In the concluding chapter, Šukys reflects:

For forty years, it seems, I have overvalued my origins. All my life, I have put so much stock in where I "came from" that when it turned out that the past looked different from what I'd imagined, a crisis of identity resulted. Who am I now that I've rewritten my family's history? (Šukys 2017, 163).

This crisis of identity that occurs when she learns the true nature of the family story is not unlike the experience of Rita Gabis.

A poet and academic, Rita Gabis, was also in her forties when she began asking questions about her family background. In her memoir, *A Guest at the Shooters' Banquet*, she recalls the moment when her initial curiosity about her family history began:

My conversation with my mother grew out of a desire to uncover – what, I didn't know. I couldn't name it yet or understand it, but I had begun the kind of amateur genealogical quests I'd always disdained, focused first on the Jewish side of my family, then quickly encompassing the Lithuanian side as well (Gabis 2015, 11).

When she asks what her grandfather did during World War II, her mother admits, 'he was a police chief' (Gabis 2015, 15). When prompted, reluctantly, Gabis' mother admits he was a chief of police under the SS.

This admission leads to Gabis embarking on several rite of return journeys back to the Lithuanian homeland of her displaced person (DP) mother to research her grandfather's role as Chief of the Lithuanian Security Police under the Nazis in the Lithuanian-Polish-Belarusian region of Švenčionys, a historically disputed area that all three nationalities laid claim to, but which was ceded to Lithuania by the Soviets in 1940. Gabis discovers that her grandfather was responsible for ordering the murders of the Jewish people of the region. She also learns that in retaliation for a Red Partisan attack on a German officer that was blamed on the Polish resistance, Gabis' grandfather ordered 500 innocent Poles arrested and executed.

Gabis' family maintains a careful polite distance between her Jewish father's and Lithuanian mother's families. Visits with her Lithuanian aunts, uncle, and beloved *Senelis*, her grandfather, are infrequent. Because of their infrequency, these visits are

dearly treasured in the author's memory. Gabis describes a visit to her DP grandfather and great aunt's humble house in Jamesburg, New Jersey. Her grandfather takes her to the local bakery, proudly introduces her as his granddaughter, and tells her to pick out some pastries.

I choose the flaky sweet pastry called "butterfly," but before the woman behind the counter can reach into the glass case and retrieve it, Senelis says, "More, choose more." I ask him how much more. He sweeps his arm across the small room. "Anything," he says (Gabis 2015, 6–7).

Later that day, Gabis feels sick with guilt when she hears her grandfather and his sister arguing over the money spent at the bakery.

But along with the certainty that my greed was at the root of the bickering I'd overheard, another thought came to me: my grandfather, who counted out the bills without any hesitation in the sugary air, was not rich, was not what he pretended to be (Gabis 2015, 6–7).

This scene reveals Gabis' first intuition that hidden behind the façade of her grandfather's magnanimity – that of a poor refugee pretending to be rich, essentially a victim narrative – lies a deeper secret hidden behind the family narrative that had been passed down to her. Perhaps her grandfather was not a victim, but a perpetrator?

Both memoirs pose personal ethical questions. Both explore the emotional inheritance of a historical and family narrative that claims the role of a victim, but then is complicated to include a victimizer. Both writers had grandfathers who were perpetrators and grandmothers who were exiled and tortured in retaliation for their husbands' crimes. Both grew up in North America during the Cold War years when the Iron Curtain prevented the exchange of information between the Eastern bloc and the West. In those years, family stories often took the place of an inaccessible history. Lithuanian-American writer, Daiva Markelis, in her memoir, Markelis (2010), describes how the communal narratives of the Lithuanian diaspora of World War II DPs became the agreed upon familial and community narrative:

At Lithuanian Saturday School I learned a geography imbued with longing—Lithuania was a country of lush pine forests and golden dunes, a paradise on earth, forever embedded in amber. More important, I learned about the arbitrariness of borders, that a country can exist for one person and not another—a lesson reinforced at home.

Markelis further elaborates on how the diaspora refused to accept the European borders that were redrawn after World War II.

Depending on the politics of the mapmaker, Lithuania was either on the map, its borders penciled in with dashes, lines less certain than those that outlined France or Turkey, with the word *Lithuania* squeezed in (or sometimes, oh so wonderfully, *Lietuva*, the Lithuanian spelling), or it was missing, absent, obliterated by a large pink smear of color—the USSR. (Markelis 2010, 35).

The maps may be drawn incorrectly, but the family and community never forget.

These two North American writers embrace Lithuania's historical trauma through exploring the family narrative. The revelation of an unexpected family secret leads both writers to seek answers denied to them because of family silence through archival research, interviews, and rite of return journeys. Over five years, Gabis traveled to Lithuania, Poland, and Israel to conduct research, visit memorial and murder sites, and to interview survivors and witnesses. Šukys traveled to Lithuania and Siberia. It takes a tremendous amount of courage and moral strength to do such work. Both

writers construct a memorial space to the Jewish victims of their grandparents' war crimes and to their own family trauma through the act of writing and remembrance. No sense of easy reconciliation however, comes at the conclusion of the memoirs.

Materials and methods

The postmemory concept

The introductory essay to *Rites of Return: Diaspora Poetics and the Politics of Memory* by Hirsch and Miller (2011) describes the relationship the 'generation after' bears to the personal, collective, and cultural trauma of those who came before to experiences they 'remember' only by means of the stories, images, and behaviors they grew up with. Hirsch developed the theory of the postmemory concept in the early 1990s, after she realized that art, literature, and film about the Holocaust written by the children of Holocaust survivors and published several decades after the Holocaust in the 1970s and '80s, resonated deeply with her own experience as the daughter of Jews who survived the Holocaust in Europe. She found the same to be true of many second-generation Jews whose parents had survived the Holocaust.

In her memoir, *After Such Knowledge: Memory, History, and the Legacy of the Holocaust*, Eva Hoffman (2004) writes about the impact the memory of the historical trauma of the Holocaust has on second and third generations, who have not experienced the Holocaust themselves, but who are born to parents and grandparents who survived. Hoffman reflects on how the haunted images of the historical trauma of the previous generation play out continuously in the imaginations of the second generation:

The pursuit of powerless people, bent silhouettes running desperately through an exposed landscape, trying to make it into the bordering woods. ("We were hunted from all sides. There was nowhere to escape to.") Fields, trenches, pits of death. For others, barbed wire, skeletal figures, smoke, intimations of mass death. Every survivor's child has such images available right behind the eyelids (Hoffman 2004, 12).

Hoffman concedes that the horrors of her parents' experience is transmuted to her by the power of her imagination. She admits: 'Irrational as the world that my parents endured had been, I made it something more utterly irrational still' (Hoffman 2004, 12). She argues that because the second generation has grown up in another country or on another continent, and in another time and historical reality, the second generation lacks factual knowledge about the source trauma itself. Family stories are essential to constructing familial identity. Hoffman's, Miller's, and Hirsch's work reveals that in postmemory narratives family trauma stories overshadow one's own individual story.

In her book, *The Generation of Postmemory: Writing and Visual Culture After the Holocaust* (2012), Hirsch writes about her realization that her parents' memories overshadowed her own:

Why could I recall particular moments from my parents' wartime lives in great detail and have only very few specific memories of my own childhood, I began to wonder? Why could I describe the streets, residences, and schools of pre-World War I Czernowitz and interwar Cernauti, where they grew up, the corner where they evaded deportation, the knock on the door in the middle of the night, the house in the ghetto where they were waiting for deportation waivers – all moments and sites that preceded my birth – when I had lost the textures, smells, and tastes of the urban and domestic spaces in Bucharest where I spent my own early life? (Hirsch 2012, 3).

Similarly, in Šukys' and Gabis' memoirs, their grandparents' wartime narrative overshadows their own story.

The rite of return

The phenomenon of trauma-laden journeys of the children and grandchildren of former refugees and concentration camp victims to their parents' and grandparents' homelands, journeys in which the second and third postmemory generation seeks answers about family narratives and identity, have been named the 'rite of return' by Hirsch, Miller, and Hoffman. Hirsch and Miller write that, 'The ability to travel after the end of the cold war and the fall of the iron curtain, however, in combination with specialized Web-based technologies, have rekindled desires for reconnection with lost personal and familial pasts' (Hirsch and Miller 2011, 3). The second and third generations long to return to the physical space that was inhabited by the first generation. Writers express the desire of the second and third generations to place themselves inside the physical space of the previous generation:

The return to family through acts of memory is a journey in place and time. In the most common form of the genre, the returning son or daughter seeks connection to a parent or more distant ancestor and thereby to a culture and a physical site that has been transformed by the effects of distance and the ravages of political violence. They wish to see, touch, and hear that familial house, that street corner, the sounds of that language that the child often does not speak or never did. Never straightforward, the return to the generational family is always dependent on translation, approximation, and acts of imagination (Hirsch and Miller 2011, 10).

Like Hirsch and Miller, Hoffman cannot feel emotional or psychological relief from the torment of her memory of her parents' Holocaust story until she travels to the village in Ukraine where her parents hid. There she meets the people who saved their lives. She describes this rite of return journey in her memoir. Reality and imagination merge for Hoffman, but after meeting her parents' rescuers and their descendants, she finds peace with her own life (Hoffman 2004, 200).

In other words, what we children received, with great directness, were the emotional *sequelae* of our elders' experiences, the acid-etched traces of what they had endured. This, perhaps, is always the way in which one generation's legacy is actually passed on to the next – through the imprint of personal and historical experiences as these are traced on individual psyches and sensibilities (Hoffman 2004, 34–5).

Gabis and Sukys seek this same emotional reconciliation in the rite of return journeys they embark on rewriting their family narratives. Herman writes about Holocaust victims: 'When the truth is finally recognized, survivors can begin their recovery' (Herman 1992, 1). In this instance, two third-generation postmemory writers, the granddaughters of perpetrators, apply Herman's concept of recognizing the truth to their own process of recovery.

Cathy Caruth in her key book on trauma theory, *Unclaimed Experience* (1996) writes:

Sometimes a traumatic address comes from our past. Sometimes it comes from pasts we do not know. Sometimes it is ours, and sometimes the voice of another. Sometimes we speak with a voice that precedes us, a voice that is not ours but whose only opening is through the language that cries out from our wounds. And sometimes our language must find its way through the language of others we will never understand (Caruth 1996, 39).

In their memoirs, Šukys and Gabis heed the ‘voice that is not ours’ that ‘cries out from our wounds.’ Šukys reflects:

What justification exists for gunning down children in forests? For killing their mothers as the children watch? For stealing fathers, grandfathers and brothers and then taking them to their deaths? What credible defense can be offered for taking the life of an elderly doctor? Of an adolescent girl?

The only possible answer is none. None at all (Šukys 2017, 60–1).

Gabis is tormented with thoughts of what her grandfather did and did not do:

The October of Poligon – my grandfather; he hadn’t helped Mirele Rein, but according to my mother and her sister had let dozens of others out of the Švenčionys jail in 1943. Was it true? A lie? I had pieces, mentions, hints, and contradictions. At one point my mother called and said to me, “I don’t care what the truth is; it all hurts” (Gabis 2015, 199).

The genre of memoir became popular in the 1990s and has served as a fertile ground for ‘exploring the meaning of family, generational identity, and ethnicity, as well as one for researching a past marked by historical calamity and the losses caused by the vicissitudes of violence, war, and genocide’ (Hoffman 2012, 10), Hirsch and Miller note that ‘the emotional effects of diasporic dislocation and relocation also have led many of us in the twenty-first century to recapture, in writing, family memories and stories, in order to rescue lost legacies, to restore connections suspended by time, place, and politics’ (Hirsch and Miller 2011, 10).

Hoffman describes the phenomenon of second and third generation descendants of Holocaust survivors returning from the safe havens of North America to the Old World to delve fully into a journey of understanding and to uncover their family trauma narrative:

We have grown up, in the postwar Jewish dispersion, in different countries and cultures, under very different circumstances and within different political systems. There have been no great events or public milestones to mark our own histories. The defining event we have in common belongs not to our allotted time on this planet, but to our prehistory (Hoffman 2004, 28).

Hoffman argues that the postmemory Holocaust generation consists of transnationals who have grown up ‘in different countries and cultures, under very different circumstances and within different political systems’ (Hoffman 2004, 28) and claims that it is not shared geography and sense of place that forms a generation, but a shared generational experience. This same concept can be applied to the second and third generation of descendants of Lithuanian displaced persons who formed tightknit ethnic, social, cultural, and political communities in major American and Canadian cities during the postwar and Cold War eras that are still active today. Members of the Lithuanian diaspora are transnationals who culturally live between at least two worlds, two or more mentalities, and two or more cultural realities. Members of the Lithuanian diaspora in North America participate in the cultural conversation of contemporary Lithuania. They are bicultural, multilingual, and possess a unique point of view on their identity, history that is informed by their Lithuanian cultural inheritance, but also by the Lithuanian diaspora communities’ inheritance of historic trauma (Gailienė 2008, 76). In an interview, Šukys talks about how she embraces hybridity:

I was born in Canada to a Lithuanian family. I now live in the United States, but I probably won't live here forever. In the past I've even been described as a Quebec writer (when I lived and wrote in Montreal), which felt weird. But in the end, that was fine too . . . If anything, I embrace hybridity. (Interview with the author, 17 May 2017).

The second and third generation diaspora's emotional experience of their Lithuanian heritage was shaped by the diaspora's half a century long desire to reinstate independence in Lithuania (Vince 2019). Their unique multicultural worldview is reflected in their writing and draws from both North American sensibilities and Lithuanian heritage. Much of the writing produced by North American writers of Lithuanian descent reflects their parents' and grandparents' experience in Lithuania during and after World War II, their flight as refugees to the Allied territories of the West, their experiences living in displaced persons camps, and then later in Lithuanian diaspora communities during the Cold War period (Vince 2019). When writing about Lithuanian historical events of the twentieth century, like the deportations to Siberia or the postwar armed resistance against the Soviet Union, Lithuanian-American and Lithuanian-Canadian writers are not writing from a place of lived experience, but from historical memory, affiliative postmemory, and/or familial postmemory.²

Šukys wonders what it would be like to live free of the diaspora's past?

Not everyone lives this way, so tethered to the past. What would a life untethered look like, I wonder, a life in which the only place I am from is the place I happen to be? Would it be a better way to live? Less painful? Is it even possible to make such a choice? (Šukys 2017, 163).

After the war, a Lithuanian DP faced the challenges of building a new life, often without the tools to initiate healing from cultural and historical trauma, other than participation in collective rituals, such as commemorating prewar Lithuanian Independence Day on 16 February or mourning those lost in the first Siberian deportations of June 1941 in annual gatherings of remembrance. Another source of collective emotional comfort were religious ceremonies, like the Catholic mass, which in the Lithuanian diaspora was politicized and linked to the movement for Lithuanian independence. The diaspora community was essentially a community of survivors of war, many of whom were coping with few emotional and psychological resources to heal from survivor's guilt and displacement. While trying to build a life in a new country on a new continent, they passed down stories of their trauma to the second and third generations. Gabis recalls:

Because my mother's mother, Ona Purnonas, was imprisoned in the gulag when I was a child, I was very aware of efforts to free her and others and of the history of the Communist purges throughout Lithuania both before and after World War II. My Lithuanian grandfather was a staunch anti-Communist and I remember many after dinner conversations with family and Lithuanian friends who commiserated angrily about the fate of post-war Lithuania. These are not really "activities" but represent an ongoing dialogue among the Lithuanian diaspora community that I, as a child, was privy to (Interview with the author, 16 July 2020).

Second and third generation North American writers of Lithuanian descent, like Antanas Sileika, Ruta Sepetys, Daiva Markelis, Birutė Putrius, and others, turned this 'ongoing dialogue' into memoirs, novels, plays, and poems written in English about the cultural trauma narratives that took place in Lithuania during the twentieth century. At the same time, the generation of displaced persons in the diaspora passed on their silence around the genocidal killings of Lithuanian Jews in Lithuania during the Nazi occupation of

Lithuania. These communities were bound by a sense of shared historical and cultural trauma, as well as shared silences over taboo subjects, such as the Nazi occupation of Lithuania and the Holocaust in Lithuania.

Gabis' and Šukys' rite of return quest to uncover the truth about the family narrative they had been taught as children leads them to archives, on journeys to Lithuania, Siberia, Israel, and Poland. Both memoirists mourn their grandfathers' victims, mourn their own loss of innocence, and through the ritual of writing move toward a future-oriented integration of the past.

Discussion: the slow evolution of truth

According to the numbers reconstructed by Lithuanian historian Arvydas Anušauskas, 'In 1941–58 about 490,000 people fled from Soviet-occupied Lithuania. Because of terror, conditions of war, and decisions made by the occupiers, they repatriated to Germany, Poland, or were forced to flee. In 1944, 120,000 people fled to the West.' (Anušauskas 1996). In the late 1940s and early 1950s, the displaced persons' camps in the Allied territories emptied, and the DPs relocated to Australia, South America, the United States, and Canada. The largest percentage of this population relocated to North America. The descendants of Lithuania's displaced persons self-identify as North Americans (citizens of Canada and the United States) while at the same time many of them regard themselves as ethnic Lithuanians and are strongly invested in their Lithuanian heritage (Vince 2019). Šukys grew up in Toronto, in the largest Lithuanian émigré community in Canada. She is a native speaker of English and Lithuanian, acquires Russian as a student, and becomes fluent in French when she lives in Montreal. Thus, she is not dependent on translators to access the story of her Lithuanian family. She describes her need to tell her grandmother's story for her son:

... A deep desire to tell Ona's story has inhabited me since childhood. Even back then, I had a sense that her tale of injustice and survival was fragile and vulnerable to oblivion. And even though I knew far less about her deportation and exile than I wanted to or perhaps than I should have, I sensed that one day I would sit down and write it. She would whisper her story to me somehow, I was sure of it. This desire to record her life grew to an urgency when I myself became a mother. I wanted to pass her story on to my son, so he too could know where he came from and who he was. So that he could take his place in the string of whispering ancestors (Šukys 2017, 5–6).

Šukys' need to write the family narrative for her son reflects Hirsch and Miller's conclusion that 'in the literature of return, a painful past can sometimes be reframed through writing' (Hirsch and Miller 2011, 7). Šukys' intention is to reframe a painful family past into a narrative of hope and resilience for the next generation.

Although the impetus behind embarking on writing this family story was to pass on the family story to her son, the narrator realizes as she delves into her research that 'before I could begin to tell him who he was, I had to rewrite the narrative my family had given me' (Šukys 2017, 6). She reflects:

But we know there are no actions without consequences, that no good intentions go unpunished. When I began reconstructing Ona's life, I imagined I was doing, for lack of a better term, a mitzvah for my family. From the wound that had shaped all of our lives so decisively – my grandmother's decades-long Siberian exile – I hoped to make something redemptive ... The universe decided to teach me a lesson by handing me a truth I neither expected nor desired. Perhaps the discovery

I made about who my grandfather Anthony had really been and how my grandmother had unwittingly paid for his sins is my penance for taking a kind of pride in Ona's victimhood. Maybe it was a warning against claiming an ancestor's pain and survival as my own (Šukys 2017, 5–6).

Šukys was not prepared for the revelations researching Ona's story would bring. Her grandfather signed off on the paperwork ordering the deaths of Jews: 'Ultimately, the KGB files accuse Anthony not of executing mass killing but of oversight and coordination' (Šukys 2017, 59). Bubnys claims that 'Although the Final Solution was organized and initiated by the Nazis, it would not have been carried out so quickly and on such a scale without the active support of part of the Lithuanian administration and the local population' (Bubnys 2008, 51). It is this level of collaboration that both Šukys and Gabis investigate in their memoirs.

Injustice and betrayal

To fully understand her grandmother's story, Šukys travels to Siberia. This double rite of return project – to Lithuania and to Siberia – echoes Hirsch and Miller's words about how the desire to return is often spurred by an injustice:

To some extent the desire to return always arises from a need to redress an injustice, one often inflicted upon an entire group of people caused by displacement or dispossession, the loss of home and of family autonomy, the conditions of expulsion, colonization, and migration (Hirsch and Miller 2011, 7).

Beyond the injustice of exile, Šukys uncovers another, familial betrayal. She is shocked to learn from a relative that Ona's arrest and deportation was not a 'random stroke of bad luck' (Šukys 2017, 24), but the result of a miscalculation and poor decision on Anthony's part. The relative tells the narrator that her grandfather had 'consciously gone into hiding. They had sent their children to the family farm not simply to get fresh air but for their safety, and Ona was home alone by design' (Šukys 2017, 24). The relative explains that 'I think she was left behind to protect their belongings. She told me they'd never imagined they'd take a woman alone' (Šukys 2017, 24). Did Anthony leave Ona behind as a decoy? Or was he really that naïve? We never find out because the family story is masked by Ona's forgiveness of her husband's actions. She recognizes in the relative's narration the refrain from her own family narrative that she'd heard her entire life: 'When she returned from Siberia, Ona told us that she didn't blame Anthony for anything. He had raised their three children, and he'd protected them. For that she'd always be grateful' (Šukys 2017, 24). Šukys is shocked how this part of Ona's story had been left out of the family narrative. She weighs the repercussions for their descendants:

Anthony and Ona, I saw for the first time, had made a colossal and tragic miscalculation. They had decided to put the mother of their children in the apartment and to bet on the humanity of the arresting soldiers. That gamble turned out to be a poor one, and the repercussions of their decisions have reverberated through three generations already (Šukys 2012, 24).

Šukys' speculations move beyond research to imaginings. These musings are the third generation's emotional grappling with a morality that is incomprehensible to them. Hirsch and Miller write about how echoes that emanate from a lost history are a unifying component of rite of return memoirs:

The doubleness of inherited trauma as it is expressed in the act of return haunts memoirs, as does, in fact, the double frame of return itself. For the generation of descendants for whom the world of the parents and grandparents is not a world they shared in the same fold of time, going back to the city of origin, however, is a way of coming to grips with the mythic dimensions of a place they would have to apprehend on new terms. The experience of return to an earlier generation's lived places is mediated by story, image, and history (Hirsch and Miller 2011, 12).

Both memoirists relive and reimagine their family histories through the rite of return journeys to Lithuania in which they seek to come 'to grips with the mythic dimensions of a place they have to apprehend on new terms.'

Entombed silence

The Holocaust in Lithuania, or even the knowledge that there had been a rich and vast Jewish community in prewar Lithuania that dated back to the sixteenth century, was never mentioned in diaspora Lithuanian schools or in a cultural context. In her memoir of the Chicago Lithuanian diaspora, in the chapter, 'An Alphabet of Silence,' Markelis (2010) describes a visit to the Jewish Museum in Vilnius after independence:

I ... wandered from floor to floor, reflecting on the photographs and paintings and Hebrew manuscripts, on the life that unfolded before me like a finely woven prayer rug. Because Lithuanian Jews had been written out of the history books that I'd read in Lithuanian Saturday School, because they had never been mentioned in the seminars on Lithuanian culture that I attended, the idea that our Nemunas was their river as well, that they hated the czars as we had, that they summered by the Baltic Sea and loved pickled herring and potato pancakes just as we did came to an almost biblical revelation (Markelis 2010, 173).

Markelis' shock that an entire segment of Lithuania's population and an important aspect of Lithuanian culture had been erased from the Lithuanian cultural context in the diaspora is echoed in Šukys' memoir:

For the Lithuanian history I learned in Saturday language school never mentioned these events, for perhaps obvious reasons. To talk about the mass killings of Jews, once must also address mass passivity and collaboration during the Nazi occupation. For a community that defines itself first and foremost as a victim of illegal and repressive Soviet occupation, this is, to say the least, uncomfortable. It's also not the kind of story that any community wants to tell its children about their grandparents' generation (Šukys 2017, 45).

Markelis and Šukys grew up separated by 500 miles (835 kilometers). Markelis was born in the 1950s, and Šukys in the 1970s. Both experienced historical omission and silence in their respective Lithuanian diaspora communities.

Gabriele Schwab (2010) writes in the introduction to her collection of essays, *Haunting Legacies: Violent Histories and Transgenerational Trauma*, that 'Writing about one's own involvement in and transferential relationship to a history of genocide – even if it is from the distance of a second generation – complicates the processes of mourning that accompany such writing' (Schwab 2010, 11). Schwab, born just after World War II, argues that the 'infamous silencing of the Holocaust in Postwar Germany' (Schwab 2010, 11) was not a silence devoid of facts. German high school students were taught the facts about the Holocaust, and yet, Schwab writes 'I would later realize, the silence had not been broken. Silencing in Germany at that time was not a withholding of facts; it was caused by the absence of any kind of emotional engagement at both the

personal and collective levels' (Schwab 2010, 11). This engagement with the facts devoid of emotion is chilling; however, in the Lithuanian diaspora experience, the second and third generations were not even privy to the facts.

Schwab argues that 'to break this kind of silence, Santner, LaCapra, and others insist, mourning is crucial to avoid both the distancing effects of a positivist historicism and the illusory psychic mastery gained by narrative fetishism' (Schwab 2010, 11). The two memoirs by Gabis and Šukys are an attempt to break this silence and take moral responsibility for the Lithuanian involvement in the Holocaust in Lithuania. Their writing constructs a memorial space of mourning.

Schwab further argues:

And while there seems to be something almost obscene in discourses that look at the effects of the war and the Holocaust on Germans in terms of trauma, ignoring that we are dealing with a defensive traumatic silence is itself a defensive posture. Remaining frozen in guilt not only sustains a culture of silence but also induces defenses that prevent working through the past. Understood in this way, mourning is not a melancholic attachment to injury but, on the contrary, prepares the ground for a future-oriented integration of the past (Schwab 2010, 13).

Markelis and Šukys, two writers who came of age in the Lithuanian diaspora community, through their writing protest the diaspora's Cold War 'culture of silence' regarding Lithuania's Jews, and an attempt at a 'future-oriented integration of the past' that opens up the space for discussion among members of that community and its descendants.

Nouri Gana (2014) in her essay, 'Trauma Ties: Chiasmus and Community in Lebanese Civil War Literature,' raises the concept that in an epoch of mass murder and genocide, the written word serves the purpose of a memorial to all those who have been silenced through violence.

Because of the increasing institutionalization of warfare and the decline of community wide mourning practices, the literary (indeed, the aesthetic writ large) has become the most hospitable public space where the performance of memory and mourning takes place. Not surprisingly, if depressingly ironic, entire literary traditions have been facilitated by violence and warfare. This has, obviously, been the case with a good number of modernist (Gana 2014, 78).

Šukys' and Gabis' memoirs become literary memorials to the deceased victims, Lithuania's Jews. They also bear witness to the traumatic wounding that takes place in the psyches of the descendants of those who were complicit.

In a presentation at the Westport Library filmed for CSpan, Gabis notes: 'My parents' generation could be marked by the phrase: "We didn't talk about it."' Gabis notes many instances of silence in her family narrative in her memoir, and she sets out to break that silence. Šukys also describes the power of silence in her family:

Silence organized our family. There was always, for example, a great hush surrounding the years between 1941, the year Ona was deported to Siberia, and 1944, when her husband, Anthony, and their three children fled westward. These years demarcate the Nazi occupation of Lithuania. Anyone telling us children the story of our family history inevitably jumped from Ona's arrest and deportation in 1941 straight to her children's dramatic departure from Lithuania with their father three years later, in 1944. I was almost an adult before I realized that the second event hadn't followed immediately on the heels of the first. Indeed, so total was the silence surrounding the German occupation, and not only in our family, that I was fifteen before I realized that the Holocaust had anything to do with Lithuania (Šukys 2012, 32).

Ultimately, both memoirists break the silence around the secrets regarding their grandfathers' war crimes, the silence around the true nature of their martyred grandmothers' suffering, and the silence of their own conscience.

Ghost knowledge and the revelations of dreams

After a few years of research, Gabis comes up with nothing more than inconclusive leads. She begins to call her research 'ghost knowledge.'

Motive, means, method, opportunity, or some variation thereof: these create narrative. *Senelis's* expressed anti-Semitism, KGB testimony that linked him to the selection after Beck's death, a plethora of other research, a town and its surrounds starting to come to life through interviews and travel – I called it all, to myself, "ghost knowledge." It was enough to haunt you, but not enough to flesh out one man's actions in an area under his partial wartime jurisdiction. Not enough to get a clear grasp of his thoughts and feelings regarding the small and not-so-small decisions he made when he lived there (Gabis 2015, 319).

Entangled in 'ghost knowledge,' Gabis takes a trip to Martha's Vineyard to meet with her mother and her aunts to try to get them to speak to her more openly about her grandfather and their experiences in Lithuania during World War II. The conversation proves frustrating and does not lead to any more conclusive information. When Gabis' mother and aunt share their own recurring dreams the next morning however, an unconscious connection is forged:

Speaking sometimes in tandem, they described a close version of one of the two dreams I had had all through my childhood. Someone is coming to hunt them down, in the dark – harsh voices, shooting, escape is impossible, running is impossible, chaos, bright lights, boots kicking and stomping. There's a strange dislocation upon waking. Is it safe? Was it real? (Gabis 2015, 378).

Gabis' husband witnesses the scene and notes the similarity of her dreams with those of her mother and aunt. Gabis' mother and aunts however, either do not remember or choose not to remember their father's role in the events of World War II in Lithuania:

According to my mother and her sister, he never mentioned either Poligon or the 1942 Beck reprisals to them, so again, in the end, there is no direct account of his role (or lack thereof) in these events (Gabis 2015, 383).

Yet both sisters complain of dreams that haunt them. Herman writes: 'Just as traumatic memories are unlike ordinary memories, traumatic dreams are unlike ordinary dreams. In form, these dreams share many of the unusual features of the traumatic memories that occur in waking states' (Herman 1992, 39). The reoccurring nature of the mother's, daughter's, and aunt's dream, and the similarity of the violence in their dreams, seems to reveal that these are trauma dreams.

Despite not knowing her grandfather's wartime narrative while growing up, Gabis' unconscious seemed to have sensed his secret. From early childhood onwards, like her mother and aunt, she is tormented with nightmares. Gabis' memoir begins and ends with two distinct dreams that haunt her. In her first dream she is hunted.

In the dream, my sense of the hunters is that they are methodical, zealous, unstoppable. They are after me; it's a fact. Usually it's night. I'm barefoot. Footsteps, heavy – slow at first and then louder, faster, clamor of voices, a sweep of light. I close my eyes, try to make myself invisible. My tongue sticks to the roof of my mouth, the spit sucked away by panic. The dream is one of the earliest I remember from childhood. I had it for years.

In the second, she has committed murder and is hiding the evidence, fearful of discovery.

I've buried whoever I've killed. I had help. There was planning involved in the placement of the graves. . . . In the dream I've forgotten the reason for the killing. I just know that I've done it . . . Guilt, I'll call it later, when I dream the dream in my twenties and wake trembling because this time the dogs and the detectives are pulling down wallboard, bringing the heavy machinery in to break into the truth, dislodge it (Gabis 2015, xviii).

Rita Gabis is haunted on both sides of her family – the murdered and the murderers. Her dream's images of 'detectives . . . pulling down wallboard, bringing the heavy machinery in to break into the truth, dislodge it' may predict her five-year rite of return journey that the narrator embarks on, doing the hard work of dislodging the truth, as though it were a wall. Hoffman writes about the 'inherited' memories of the second postmemory generation:

The paradoxes of indirect knowledge haunt many of us who came after. The formative events of the twentieth century have crucially informed our biographies, threatening sometimes to overshadow and overwhelm our own lives. But we did not see them, suffer through them, experience their impact directly. Our relationship to them has been defined by our very 'post-ness' and by the powerful but mediated forms of knowledge that have followed from it (Hoffman 2004, 25).

As Gabis' research unravels more hidden histories, she realizes the slipperiness of her own memories and those of her family members.

Memory, I have frequently read over the last three years, is an unreliable source for a historical record. "Historia/iστορία," my father had scribbled on his yellow legal pad. Perhaps that is true. My experience of late has been that memory is a record of life and of death, of story that is both freed and limited by all the variants that impact how and what and when a dream or a day or a life or the end of a life is recalled (Gabis 2015, 378–9).

Eventually, Gabis realizes that her dreams reveal to her a truth about her family narrative that had been hidden from her.

Whatever permutations of meaning they have in the immediate geography of my life, it turns out they are mirrors of what my grandparents on both sides of my family – Lithuanian and Jewish – actually lived. I, without knowing, dreamed parts of a truth about Lithuania. One part is this: my grandfather on my mother's side was a murderer. Or was he? (Gabis 2015, xix–xviii).

Does the unconscious know the answers to the secrets that are consciously kept from us? And who is less able to live with the truth? The two grandfathers who belong to the first generation, whose rationalizations enable them to live out their lives in relative peace? Or the second and third generations, like Gabis and Šukys, who are tormented by their haunting dreams and 'ghost knowledge.' Schwab notes that 'One of the most invisible and socially unacknowledged effects of war trauma consists precisely in isomorphic or denial of the history of violence and a concomitant displacement of its effects onto the cultural consciousness' (Schwab 2010, 83).

Like Gabis, Šukys comes up with a lot of 'ghost knowledge' and must fill in the missing spaces. As Šukys conducts interviews and research, gaining a broader understanding of where her grandfather fits within the historical narrative, she receives confirmation that Anthony was not one of the shooters at the killing pits. She finds little consolation in those assurances:

Small consolation. In fact, it's no consolation at all. Anthony may not have been a killer, but he was an intermediary who received orders from on high and passed them on to the shooters below him. On that day he retreated to his office while his subordinates gunned people down in the forests because he told them to do it. What innocence can be afforded such a chief? (Šukys 2017, 60).

As the fact settles, Šukys conducts an examination of conscience: 'Am I guilty too in some way, either genetically or by inheritance? I don't think so' (Šukys 2017, 60–1). She takes her internal monologue a step further: 'Do I have a responsibility to the dead: to Dr. Grossman, to Mira Rosenfeld, to my grandmother Ona? Yes, I believe so' (Šukys 2017, 60–1).

Gabis battles internally with her wish to believe and prove true the family lore that her grandfather heroically used his position as Chief of Security Police to help Jews escape the Nazis. When a Polish researcher finds irrefutable archival evidence however, Gabis must face the truth about her beloved grandfather.

Not having concrete knowledge of her grandfather's war crimes until nearly the conclusion of the memoir, the poet narrator often lapses into sessions of imagining what her grandfather might have been thinking or doing during those years he was chief of the police in Švenčionys:

Was Senelis home the first night the bleeding woman spent in a barrack – his boots off, exhausted, asleep like a sack in his own room? Or was he in the outer glow of one of the bonfires? Was he at the Kasino – a late-night card game before the long duty ahead? Did he miss his wife? Did his mind wander from the thousands of prisoners a handful of kilometers up the road to a lover he'd taken, a promise he'd made, a grudge he was nursing? (Gabis 2015, 183–4).

Hirsch and Miller comment on the inclination for the imagination to fill in the gaps of information that the first generation either chooses to withhold or is unable to divulge:

While the idea of postmemory can account for the lure of second generation "return," it also underscores the radical distance that separates the past from the present and the risks of projection, appropriation, and over identification occasioned by second-and-third-generation desires and needs (Hirsch and Miller 2011, 4–5).

Gabis is consumed with filling in gaps until ultimately enough research is uncovered to give a clearer understanding of her grandfather's choices.

The appeals court that sentenced Jonas Maciulevičius to death based their sentence, to a large degree, on the application and interpretation of the new Nuremberg Laws concerning perpetrators of genocide. The court included my grandfather as one of these perpetrators, along with Maciulevičius, and also made a case against the Saugumas as a whole, for the substantive role its members played as deadly agents for the Reich's agenda. Wherever my grandfather went, it had to be somewhere out of reach of the Soviets, who were already looking for him in what was now a Lithuania under Soviet domination, handed over on a platter via the Yalta agreement (Gabis 2015, 382–3).

Šukys experiences a pushback:

The times were complicated, say my elders.

*You are too young too understand.
You weren't there. You don't know.*

Perhaps (Šukys 2017, 60–1).

Ultimately, both memoirs seek to give voice to the voiceless.

Giving voice to the voiceless: survivors' stories

Gabis and Šukys over half a century later give voices to the voiceless Jewish victims of their grandfathers' actions. Šukys investigates the life and circumstances of two Jews who survived the initial mass Newtown shootings, but who were later executed. There is an elderly doctor, Dr. Grossman, and an adolescent girl, Mira Rosenfeld, whom local Lithuanians saved and christened as a Catholic. Both only survived a few years longer than the remainder of the town's murdered Jews. Lacking concrete documents that would describe Dr. Grossman, Šukys brings him to life through her imagination:

In my imagination, I hear Dr. Grossman address the citizens gathered before him. He speaks with a lilting Yiddish accent. With no side locks or yarmulke, he would have carried his Jewishness primarily on his tongue. I know he was unmarried; Romas told me so. I wondered as I studied his face if he kept kosher, if he went to synagogue, if he believed in God (Šukys 2017, 58).

With her imagined description, the writer restores a humanity to a single faceless victim. As Josef Stalin so cruelly said regarding the millions of Ukrainians who died of starvation in the Holodomor: 'One death is a tragedy; a million deaths a statistic.'

Gabis travels to Lithuania, to Israel, to the Bronx to interview the survivors of her grandfather's orders, to interview those who lost their parents, siblings, extended families. She dedicates chapters to several survivors: Chaya Palevsky, Illeana Irafava, Anton Lavrinovich, Yitzak Arad, Lili Holzman, and others. She offers them compassion, empathy. Her American identity begins to slip away as she finds herself inside the story of Lithuania's historical trauma narrative:

At one moment, in my interview with Lili Holzman, when she was talking about the Lithuanian guards and their hatred of the Jews, she said to me, not in apology but as a statement of fact, "At least half of you is that, part of that country" (Gabis 2015, 217–18).

Šukys invokes ghosts as well: 'I always wanted to believe that these histories connected me to the land of my ancestors. And I have always imagined that my rightful place lay at the end of a long chain of whispering ghosts and spirits' (Šukys 2017, 5). Both writers make pilgrimages to the killing sites where the victims of their ancestors' violence lay. Šukys describes visiting the killing site in Newtown:

A few hundred meters down the trail, I spotted a pyramid-shaped and moss-covered cairn. It marked a deep depression ringed by small boulders. Inside the stone perimeter grew ferns, grasses, and tiny evergreens.

Beneath them lay the town's Jewish women and children.

I walked slowly around the site, taking care to photograph it from all angles. I said a prayer. *I'm sorry*, I said. I said it again. And again. The phrase echoed inside me. My breath quickened. These were the killings that Anthony had overseen as police chief (Šukys 2017, 51–5).

Šukys conducts her own private ritual of mourning at the killing site. Together with Giedrė Genušienė, who has written about the tragedy of Lithuania's Jews, Gabis visits Poligon and mourns the people who died as an outcome of her grandfather's actions:

Giedrė used to walk with Blumke Katz, long beautiful walks and walks of vigilance that were part of a territorial claim Katz kept over a place known as the Poligon or Poligony or Poligon or Polygon – a vigil that Giedrė keeps now. We agree that we will walk together, in a few days' time, the route Giedrė took with Blumke Katz to Poligon (Gabis 2015, 127).

Descriptions of these rituals of mourning serve as a memorial for those who have vanished. By breaking the silence of historical trauma through the process of writing, Gabis and Šukys open up the space for mourning.

Conclusions

Both writers express at the conclusion of their memoir that they feel that their work is not yet complete. Both are left with unanswered questions and more soul searching. They are left, in essence, with the continual work of processing the 'sins of the fathers.' Both express the hope that their work will lead to a greater understanding that could prevent such crimes against humanity from being repeated. At the same time, moments of doubt arise:

I've even wondered, over these months of writing, if certain facts are better left undiscovered. Would it have been preferable for me to live out my life ignorant of what Anthony is accused of having done in Newtown? (Šukys 2017, 153–4).

Šukys raises the question of whether the first generation's advice to leave the events of the past alone and to move forward is the right emotional path when she asks herself, 'if certain facts are better left undiscovered.' Pranas Purlionis dies a peaceful death, never held accountable for his role in the murder of Lithuanian Jews and Poles in Švenčionys. Yet, his granddaughter carries his guilt.

Both writers express experiencing an identity crisis. In her closing chapter, Šukys reflects:

What sort of cruel joke is the universe playing when it turns you into an expert (via researching and writing one dissertation, a translation, and a book) on Lithuanian complicity in the Holocaust, only to reveal that you, yourself, are descended from one of the complicit? What is this journey if not a spiritual challenge or ethical quest? What does it mean that instead of bridging the gap to the past, I've now broken from it? Has the quest, I wonder, been a success or failure? (Šukys 2017, 163).

Gabis, having discovered answers to many (though not all) of her unanswered questions about her grandfather still does not feel that her research is complete. When she receives a letter from the FOIA unit of Criminal Divisions of the Justice Department asking whether she was still interested in the materials she had requested on Vincas Valkavicas, a Poligon guard associated with her grandfather, she quickly responded: 'Yes, I am interested, yes, I wish' (Gabis 2015, 392). By the end of the memoir, Gabis no longer searches for exoneration for her grandfather, but accepts that her beloved grandfather was a war criminal who was never brought to justice:

Though he lied on his naturalization and immigration forms, the lies were not picked up by the U.S. Justice Department. He never had the opportunity to address questions about his wartime life and answer them in a court of law, even an immigration court (Gabis 2015, 383).

The memoir closes with the ambiguity of yet more unanswered questions that weigh on her and with an unfilled wish, one more attempt at closure, which at the same time, she recognizes may never come.

Both researchers, having dedicated years to their research, traveled thousands of kilometers to visit the sites of the murders, and then further still to speak with survivors, through the very nature of their rite of return journeys are telling the readers yes, this is worth it. Gabis' memoir and her search to uncover the truth becomes a memorial space. The murdered Jews of Lithuania's Holocaust have no formal burial ground. Their remains lie in mass graves scattered throughout the forests of Lithuania. Only since independence have Lithuanians begun to discuss the Holocaust, acknowledge that it happened with Lithuanian collaboration. Trauma is not a static concept but is constantly revised. These memoirs metaphorically conduct an archeological dig into the past – both the familial past and the nation's historical trauma past. These memoirs become documents that may serve as signposts for future generations. Their utterances are an attempt at what it means to be a good ancestor. Present in these works is the ethical imperative that the histories revealed in these memoirs reframe the historical narrative for future generations. Šukys dedicates her memoir to her son. In a book discussion held at the Franciscan Monastery in Kennebunkport, Maine in August 2019, Šukys shared with the audience that it was important for her to come to terms with her family story, so that 'her son wouldn't have to.' Gabis dedicates her memoir to her Jewish father. Through their intent to construct a memorial space through writing, these two works of literature become artifacts of remembrance for future generations.

Notes

1. Bubnys (2008, 42) writes: 'It is very difficult to answer the question how many Lithuanian Jews were killed during the years of the Nazi occupation. Historians differ markedly on this issue. Numbers of Holocaust victims in Lithuania vary from 165,000 to 254,000. Neither full statistical records nor lists of the dead survive in archives. The present author bases himself on the following calculations: according to data from the Department of Statistics, on 1 January 1941 there were 208,000 Jews (6.86% of the total population) in Lithuania. At the beginning of the war around 8,500 Jews went to Russia. During the Nazi occupation 1,500 to 2,000 escaped from the Vilnius and Kaunas ghettos, and 2,000 to 3,000 lived in concentration camps to the end of the war. Thus around 195,000 Lithuanian Jews and several thousand Jews from abroad (Poland, Germany, Austria, and France) were murdered.'
2. There are terms developed by Hirsch to describe postmemory that is formed by family experience, as opposed to postmemory formed by the experience of a generation. See: Hirsch (2012):

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Notes on contributor

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