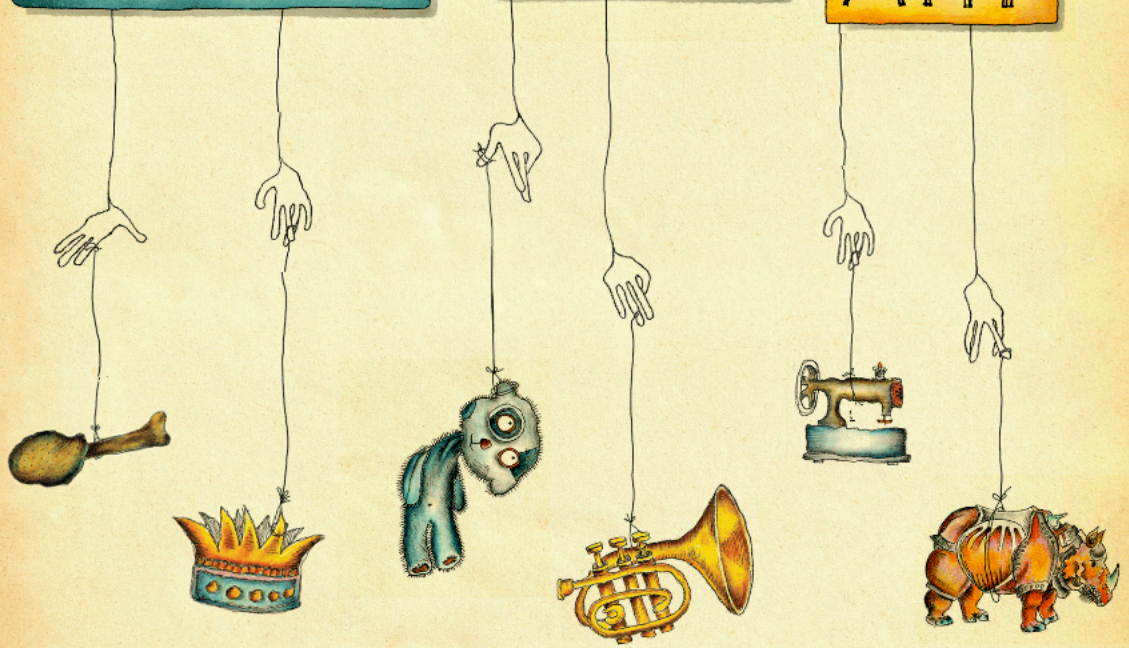
LOCHLANN JAIN

THINGS THAT ART



a graphic menagerie of enchanting curiosity

Introduction

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All hail the nose. Not just any nose, mind you, but the flawless, magnetic Caesar of a colleague, which, one afternoon, yanked my attention from the lobs and volleys of a committee meeting. Awestruck and unable to help myself, I jotted its likeness in my agenda.

This induced a reverie on "kinds of noses" and I began ruminating on the category, casting for more specimens. A bulbous ski slope transpired, which I jokingly labeled "my sister's." This comforting paean to kinship momentarily eased my alienation from the committee's discussion. In short order, the Important Matters under debate gently receded as new matters gained import. My unleashed hand crowded the page with the materially comic (a clown's foam ball), the conceptual (a drawing of a drawing of a nose ripped in two: out of joint), the uncanny (equine, porcine), and the disparaged (racialized). This last nose evoked the centuries of looked-down, turned-up ivory-tower noses that had unwittingly initiated the mini-gallery. "Standard" nose, I sneeze at you!

One day while drawing a group of seven irises from his garden, John Berger mused, "We who draw do so not only to make something visible to others, but

also to accompany something invisible to its incalculable destination."[1] I love this vision of the artist escorting a beloved companion into an interdependent existence. How delightful to share a journey without a foreseeable end, and to cultivate dialogue and friendship through that process. *Things That Art* proposes that drawing and, more specifically, hand-rendering new content for a traditional form offer access to the shadowy internalized images that serve as shaky bedrocks and clammy wellsprings for everyday assumptions. How do our own irises glimpse the bulb in bulbous, how do our schnozzles distinguish and name spring blossoms?

In a life drawing class, a professor will demand that the student look closely – an idea of how a hand *should* look will only lead the neophyte astray when they attempt to sketch the odd forms of the actual knuckle before them. By prioritizing the preconceived notion over the original or artistic vision, *Things That Art* offers something different. The design I settled on, columns and rows of labeled boxes with empty space between, practically demands a standardized version of each thing – visual descriptions learned not by close examination of an actual dragonfly or tibia, but by recalling a diagram, an illustration, or a stereotype. A unique line may muscle in, dispensing a charming variation on remembered shapes, but the point is to materialize a memory rather than to faithfully represent a lemon, skull, and goblet behind an easel.

Needless to say, the initial scribbles nosed toward a full-fledged project. Stamp-sized drawings were done in pen, from memory, without judgment, on 4 × 6-inch watercolor pads. These self-imposed guidelines stymied any imposter complex (Damn it Jain! You're a scholar, not a sketcher!) and limited my scope for

catastrophe. I was free to simply draw from memory likenesses of objects I had only occasionally or never seen: a salamander, a shadow of doubt, or a pirate. Like the best imaginary concoctions, many of the drawings became friends.

In my bailiwick as an anthropologist I study people and stuff: cars, laws, and viruses, for instance. I unpack the very strange histories of familiar, taken-for-granted things. As an artist, I create things: cartoons, prints, and paintings. With no discernible purpose other than attracting an eye or eliciting a chuckle, they can offer a way to proliferate and process questions in ways not available through traditional scholarly methods that trade in explanation rather than curiosity. Initially intrigued by the sorts of juxtapositions that emerged unbidden from my pen, I also came to see that the graphic menagerie emerging in my growing collection of cards not only gave me a warm feeling of popularity among my new posse of paper mates, but enabled me to reimagine engagements with age-old philosophical questions about the relations among word and image, category and individual, hand-drawn and mass-produced lines, and label and collection. A sketched album could invert stereotypes and queer ways of tracking scents, releasing doves with diverse messages to explore new flight paths between pigeonholes.

The form of my drawings will be familiar, recalling the picture postcard, the botanical color plate, the baseball trading card. Zoos, art galleries, and museums adopt a parallel scaffold. Each framed or caged thing harnesses the same design principle as the lowly flashcard and child's alphabet book. Such displays patently show *and* tell in a mutually illustrative circuit. At the tech museum, a displayed Macintosh SE computer, 1989, from Silicon Valley will be labeled "Macintosh SE computer, 1989, Silicon Valley." We see, we

recognize, we read, we know, we reiterate. This is the process of Western education, learned inside a classroom, from 8:15 am to 3:25 pm, as miniature humans quietly sit in columns and rows, for years, pasted to seats attached to desks, keeping hands to oneself writing or occasionally raised (but no poking or doodling), learning the arts of docility, looking at words and pictures so as to reproduce the words if not the pictures in future exams. We've all been there.

The seamlessness of word and image in this circuit obscures the hierarchical interests that sift, sort, and collect – that *thing* certain things (and not others) – and hand them over as fully formed facts. As someone who has spent altogether too much time around books and museums, it was no accident that this idiom invaded my scrawls and, for this moment, yours as well.

Nothing if not useful, the thing+label genre does tender a fragile thread to the sentient world. Consider your last trip to the zoo. Visitors may disagree about whether polar bears should be in cages, but we all accede that what prowls behind the glass is from up north and that it is bigger and hairier than the snake in the next pavilion. This diaphanous concept of *polar bear*, gleaned between the kiddie train and a frayed nerve, can't compare to what the Inuit know. Yet it forms the basis of a shared understanding.

Leaving the zoo for the museum, one might come upon a plinthed assemblage presented with a brass plate: *Hippopotamus amphibius*. Never mind that the hide of the original hippo was peeled off its fleshy owner and stuffed with sawdust several thousand miles later. Never mind the virtual impossibility of imagining the evacuated life force – the conversational hippo grunts with

chums while munching the sweet grass of the Okavango Delta. The series of unpleasant encounters that led to the appearance of this solitary, spiritless aggregate also hides behind the painted weeds and crumbling plaster of the diorama in London or New York or Rome.

Giving my pen over to the spontaneity of the form sometimes yielded groupings that I didn't fully understand myself, in part because of language's arbitrary quality, which linguists and grand theorists have attempted to overcome somewhat fruitlessly (with all due respect) since at least the beginnings of philosophy. While naming and organizing the world and all that's in it has been something of an obsession among men with pens, those who have been squashed into categories for convenience or out of confusion do add a unique perspective.

Just ask the platypus, a cutie with whom I strongly identify. First disemboweled and sent to London in 1798 by an Australian governor, the poor soul's dapper fur attire and egg-laying ritual wrought consternation in the metropole, sparking an 85-year-long battle about whether to slot this curio into the animal kingdom at all. That "first" platypus soon became an exemplar specimen used to judge subsequent platypodes; it still resides in London's Natural History Museum, in a drawer, with a label hanging from its toe.

Swedish botanist Carl Linnaeus, inventor of a binomial classification system from which no animal or plant could escape, found a way to account for these un-naturals of history with two special taxa. Into *monstrosus* he placed human savages, noble and otherwise. *Paradoxa* contained the phoenix, dragon, and manticore. Even the penniless old pelican took up temporary residence in the *paradoxa* halfway house, falsely accused of feeding blood to her young

through a self-stabbing ritual. Others in that category, orthrus or abaia, might have escaped the dime museum or freak show, but beware of the hedged existential bets of binomial classification and its awkwardness over those who are more than one and less than two. The term *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*, used by Charles Darwin himself, swathed the bewildered platypus in existential uncertainty for nearly two centuries. While it can be a blow to one's cool, every hybrid (one hopes) grasps that the flaw rests not within them but the accounting system.

Categories have their uses. They order things and perceptions, they constitute those who devise them, those who are ensnared by them, and the worlds in which they move together. They dispense opportunity for some and the opposite for anyone not fully invested in their proper slot. But if categories need us and we need them, what scope exists for revision? When things falter, do we fail – in our identity performances, the value of our social contributions, our modes of being? Maybe. In my view it's a worthy risk. Adding "dis" onto "order" will enable new hodgepodges, hocus-pocus, and hanky-panky to burst from the ruins.

The very first sketch of that exquisite professorial nose – the very incarnation of the nose that gets to know – made apparent that living, lying, consensual paradoxes could be drawn together, drawn out, drawn into being, and drawn nearer. If nothing else, loosening image from label makes way for a good craic.

Hopefully this aerated, kaleidoscopic, and woolly graphic menagerie will inspire you to diverge from your rank and file, if only for an instant. All hail a poke toward your neighbor! Or perhaps you'd prefer to accompany a squiggle

resembling your colleague's body part to its incalculable destination. Discretion is advised (sort of).

Note

1 John Berger, *Bento's Sketchbook* (London: Verso, 2015), 9.

What Things Mean

LOCHLANN JAIN

Savants throughout history have assumed that in an ideal and dependable world, all things would, like puzzle pieces and children, stick to their designated spots. Aristotle divvied the world into unadorned, albeit fervent, clusters: quantity, quality, and passion. Eighteenth-century botanist Carl Linnaeus preferred spooning: kingdom curls around genus whorls species.

Linnaeus's stockpile of index cards, inscribed with the names of plants and animals, outperformed even Silicon Valley's legendary cocktail napkin on which so many start-up ideas have been sketched. The humble paper scraps offered shorthand for the bodies and souls of grizzlies and damselflies, rendering them at once mobile and comparable, although key features may have been lost in the shuffle. Linnaeus sorted and pasted his way to a system that annotated *Tyrannosaurus rex* as well as it did *Homo sapiens*. Card, category, label, collection: invented technologies that at once enable and eclipse.

Linnaeus's *Systema Naturae* (1735) coincided with a period of European mercantile interests vying to bring home the most extraordinary, incomprehensible, and – as often as not – stolen exoticisms, from tea and typhus to

coffee and cocaine. Still, it would be a mistake to merge the distinct projects of colonializing, collecting, and categorizing. The adequacy of words and images to fully render things has long been suspect. (One might recall the 1:1 map described by Lewis Carroll in *Sylvie and Bruno Concluded* [1893]. The farmers objected to spreading out the unqualified, unabbreviated, all-inclusive representation on the grounds that it blocked the sun.)

Sylvia Pankhurst, a scholar widely known as a suffragette, describes equally fantastical if more sober efforts to spackle these inherent fissures. A priori languages start afresh, seeking to design systems that align the sounds and scripts of language with the actual things they aim to describe.[1] One such endeavor offers both a fascinating precedent to Linnaeus and an insight into world-constituting recipes.

If Linnaeus wisely limited his scope to plants and critters, John Wilkins, the first secretary of the Royal Society of London, set his sights on nothing less than the great chain of being. *An Essay towards a Real Character, and a Philosophical Language* (1668) describes an entire, and entirely new, language, one that aimed to obliterate the distinction between word and thing – each noun encoding the full set of relations in which it was embedded.

Wilkins's baroque language remarkably portends Linnaeus's nested hierarchies. For example, in one of his many diagrammed concept-relations, one finds a pedigree for "hanging." Organized as if on a family tree, a list of judicial terms appears thus: *judicial relation → punishments → capital → simple → separation of the parts → interception of the air → [at the] throat → hanging*. If that weren't poetic enough, Wilkins conjures a multi-phonic onomatopoeia as the basis for

his language such that to know the *word-formerly-known-as-hanging* would be also to grasp the stock and stake of the concept within this set of relations.

Living languages learn, and Wilkins doesn't convey how words might evolve to describe other varieties of *interception of air → [at the] throat* that are not *judicial relations*: lynching, murder, autoerotic asphyxiation, word-guessing games, rides in convertibles with scarves, Halloween pranks gone wrong. Complications aside, one can see the appeal of Wilkins's plan: not only does each thing have its place in the world, but each word also conveys exact coordinates. Gone is the need for illustrative flowcharts. Gone are miscommunications and visits to the couples' therapist.

For good reason, scholars have been obsessed with taxonomy since the beginning. How *do* we distinguish the pathological from the normal, the chemistry from the alchemy, the dick from the Dick? When *have* we deciphered everything in the world, or at least accrued the fewest casualties in the inevitable carve-up?

One of anthropology's founders, Marcel Mauss, aiming to better understanding cultural difference, beseeched readers "to draw up the largest possible catalogue of categories.... It will be clear that there have been and still are dead or pale or foreign moons in the firmament of reason."[2] Rhetorical curlicues notwithstanding, his point stands: shards of disused or disabused logics lodged in grammar threaten the fragile bubble of meaning in generative ways. Proliferating categories has/have a purpose.

Wilkins's universal language project would have gone cold if not for an essay by Jorge Luis Borges published in 1952.[3] The particular citational route it has taken illustrates a larger point about the propensity of categories toward

stereotype and, therefore, violence. Social theorists feel affection for Borges's mention, in "John Wilkins' Analytic Language," of a fascinating and possibly apocryphal Chinese dictionary and its incongruous taxonomy of animals (see Daniel's essay in this volume). But I've not read a single commentator who notes Borges's own somewhat ironic befuddlement, one he shows but doesn't tell.

To see it at all is, perhaps, to have been positioned askew to labels. Catching a glimmer of Borges's confusion offers an excruciating reminder that one's very sanity depends on being able to locate and never lose sight of the gaps among what is said, what is meant, and what one experiences – and then make some sanity-enabling peace with the resulting cognitive dissonance. Perhaps to share Borges's muddle is to absorb the full force of the exclusion at the core of assembling knowledge, whereas to *not* see it, or accede to it, is to avow and invite its confinement.

Unable to locate a copy of Wilkins's book (the subject of the essay), Borges relied heavily and avowedly on the Pankhurst monograph cited above. Nevertheless, his first paragraph introduces the problem of meaning: "All of us have once experienced those never ending discussions in which a dame, using lots of interjections and incoherences, swears to you that the word 'luna' is more (or less) expressive than the word 'moon.'"[4] Mauss might want to weigh in about the dead or pale luna.

Borges offers his audience ("all of us") the lazy foil of a poor woman stuck at a cocktail party, while skipping over the irony that in truth his essay relies on the genius of a "dame" – not to mention her sleuthing an actual copy of Wilkins's book. Without the insult, Borges could have made the intellectual point, yet the denigration is also part of the history of ideas, a story curbed and shrunken

by its own embargoes. Who knows where the combined brilliance of Borges and Pankhurst may have led in a true collaboration? This example demonstrates the absolute significance of the slippage between word and thing, showing and telling, what is said and how it might be meant, and the difference between trusting categories and intercepting them.

In the meantime, scholars such as Pankhurst exhausted their own intellects on the make-work project of gaining suffrage – of becoming human. It took further decades of activism for public schools to desegregate, precisely because women and African Americans were ensnared in pigeonholes – out of habit and insecurity, as well as the physical, emotional, and intellectual dependence of many men on the labor of women and others in lower rungs of the hierarchy. Meanwhile, those drinking scotch in the smoking rooms of science, economics, politics, and tradition sat heavily on the lids of the category boxes. We finally admit that "boy" is an offensive address for black men, but the equally insulting "miss" for many adults – identified as women but hailed as young girls – remains mind-bogglingly acceptable. Anyone who has been addressed in such a manner knows that, once calcified, such groupings take generations, money, imagination, activism, and energy to erode.

Drawing offers a new angle on the quandary of naming. Take a walk among the easels of a life-drawing session and note how differently individual artists represent the same body. Drawing, like fiction, is avowedly inventive, self and perspective injected through a specific hand and approach to line. Drawing animates, with charcoal or ink, a manifestation of our own internalized, socialized selves, expressed through fingers and eyes. To investigate how things are thinged, I hijack usual representational practices. William Kentridge said in a

different context that when we put up a label, "we admit defeat," as the label "does the work for us."[5] Instead, I use the labels as a form of micro-resistance, adopting the master's tools (everything in place) to see what else can be built (shifting alliances).

The blame for the shift in my drawings from a casual excavation of *cabinets* to a genuine interest in *curiosités* rests squarely on the menagerie "things that are not a pipe." On vacation in Paris, I had time to give over to my scribblings. Finalizing "things that transduce sound," I must have glimpsed one of the ubiquitous reproductions of *The Treachery of Images* (sometimes referred to simply as *Ceci n'est pas une pipe*, or *This is not a pipe*). My meandering pen seized the idea. For academics, citing famous predecessors is a kiss on the cheek from mummy; we revel in that warm fuzzy feeling of belonging to something grander than a lonely desk chair. So, this visual citation offered a comforting salve and also, as I found in writing this essay, a shelf of books dedicated to thoughts on Magritte's image, each jostling for a mention.

Magritte's painting offers a riddle: *what*, precisely, is not a/this pipe? The carefully scripted letters? The pigment? Oil? Canvas? It's certainly not the other translation of the French word "pipe": fellatio. (To be sure, the citational canon on that one is thin.) What did it mean in 1929 to paint an object-not-object on a backdrop of butter yellow, more akin in style to *Gray's Anatomy* than Vesalius's lurid landscapes? To be fair, the latter introduced labels to anatomical drawings, but Gray's bones and organs floated freely in the empty space of the page, predating Magritte's styled painting by some seven decades. Leave aside the Modigliani, Klee, and Miró that art historians tend to collate with Magritte. *Ceci n'est pas une pipe* belongs in the history of medicine.

Social critic Michel Foucault suggests that the painting is best described as a calligram – a poem shaped as the thing it deliberates, such as Guillaume Apollinaire's "Eiffel Tower" written in its eponymous shape.[6] In theory, words and things in the calligram, as in John Wilkins's language, become indistinguishable. A science drawing, on the other hand, purports to have two components: the thing and the label, each illustrating the other. *Spleen* labels spleen and vice versa: once you can recognize it, you can remove it. The authority of the science lies in part on the dual reference of saying and seeing for oneself.

The classification project depended on being able to represent the world in miniature – to perceive (a version of) a Monarch butterfly or Mt. Kilimanjaro on a slip of paper, and to accept, from the garret of a dreary English manor, that such a creature or mountain exists despite its incomprehensible foreignness. The image/label simply *is* what it says it is. Thus, generations of schoolchildren, museum-goers, and pictorial dictionary readers have memorized and regurgitated all things great and small. Notably, the daylight hours we now spend studying were once used in physical learning, discovering the details of our local environments.

With this flourish, Magritte's knot loosens; indeed, the image/label technique – the very basis of Western knowledge systems – crumbles with the insertion of "not." Far from mutually illustrative, the picture and label are revealed through the sleight-of-paint *as the same thing*! And the curtain does not stop there. Magritte shows us not only that this painting is not a pipe, but that it wasn't a Monarch butterfly flitting in the pages of your nature book, and no, you don't see Mt. Kilimanjaro on that postcard, not even close.

Under Magritte's measured pressure, the object/label system that anchors meaning itself has buckled, and more, the brilliant and regressive system

equating label/representation/thing has been unveiled for what it always was – mere inscriptions on a page. Every child experiences a version of this disenchantment when, after repeating many times quickly the word "sweatshirt," a word that has taken a large proportion of their seven years on the planet to learn, they find nothing as warm and fuzzy as their favorite hoodie but merely a dry mouth-field of swishes and clicks: rtsweatshirtsweatshirtsweatshirtswea. Treacherous indeed, the label has *not* worked.

In truth, though, a pipe is a pipe and Magritte painted one (not a spleen or a robot). We all know it, recognize it, and agree. Reminding us of everyday suspensions of disbelief, he would not have become quite so famous (no matter how many friends and patrons supported him) if we didn't recognize the pipe emerging from the paint and cloth. Magritte's conceit reminds viewers that the maintenance of shared understandings about our things requires constant vigilance and care. A similar recognition lay behind universal language projects such as Wilkins's – a justifiable fear of absolute difference, indecipherability, and communicative deadlock.

Etymologically, "thing" derives from the term and concept of "assembly": we know a thing by the company it keeps, and the company things keep changes over time. For example, if Magritte ever thought about lungs it would not have been in relation to his pipe, but rather to tuberculosis, a main cause of death (with war and childbirth) for his generation. For us, smoking and lungs are intertwined. With the introduction of the cigarette, the pipe's disposable and self-immolating doppelgänger, everything changed. Those thin rods of plant matter and chemicals dominated the century in contradictory and largely invisible ways: at one moment the source of a buzz, an identity, or stock

dividends; at another, the reason for a gathering to witness a relative suffocate to death. Today, smoking is different than it was in 1929 because of conscious efforts from all sides to change its meaning. And so the pipe is different, too.

The word *cigarette* barely supports the vast network of hope and trust, evil and banality in which the palm-sized box on the corner store shelf exists. (No word could.) A continual power play underlying the word and concept *cigarette* daily ushers it into being as a thing (the pesticides, pickers, factory workers) with meaning (the Marlboro Man, the surgeon general's warning) and effects (chemotherapy drip, teeth whitener, Duke University). With all of that, and the hyper-designed label on the box, the little punch of nicotine, the lurid smell of exhaled smoke, we create the sound, shape, and heft of *cigarette*.

That list of details constructs a cigarette's cigaretteness just as surely as a cigarette is a pipe and a pipe is an object made of a small wooden bowl with a hollow stem. My own interests took my drawing toward smoking, but other artist-scholars may come up with other not-pipes to house Magritte's painting: things that are (not) famous; things that question the nature of a pipe; things (not) made in 1929, by Belgians, by (not) men; things that puzzle; things that may cause cancer or reproductive harm; things that have (not yet) caused one's own death; things known by educated global citizens; things that have too much written about them.

Eighteenth-century philosopher Denis Diderot intuitively understood the power of objects-in-their-proper-place when his campy new scarlet robe suddenly made the rest of his home seem shabby, with "no more coordination, no more unity, no more beauty."[7] The new robe sowed discord, when previously the "old robe was one with the other rags that surrounded [him]." The dressing

gown spurred a "mad desire" in him to replace everything he owned with "new beautiful things" so that things matched, creating a collection that reflected properly on him (and his improved economic circumstance).

This epidemic of household consumption known as the "Diderot effect" is mimicked in all kinds of ways, from the number of words we use to describe our morning coffee to the "things some people jolly well eat but we tend not to," the project of self-becoming through language involves judgeable judgment. But not just that.

Describing both the old and the new set of objects as beautiful, Diderot locates – disingenuously – the aesthetic offense in the *scrambling* of the two systems. Unlike a collage or flea market, a group of things becomes a collection by virtue of an organizing principle, a master narrative imposed as though it instead emerged through the objects within. This endeavor requires two things. First, a person who exudes vision: a curator rather than a hoarder. And second, a framework through which to reimagine objects that have been stripped of their native history and left stark naked and vulnerable to reinterpretation.

Theorist Susan Stewart notes that the whole point of a collection is to forget, to create an "infinite reverie."[8] Noah's Ark, an example referenced by both Stewart and our old chum Wilkins, offers the mechanism at play: each animal severed from their habitat attained a new, utterly foreign status as exemplary type, core progenitor, and DNA bank within the Ark's collection. Granted, a life-threatening calamity spurred this maritime trek. Nevertheless, for animals plucked from their favorite mud patch, their cozy lover, or an anticipated bramble of ripe berries, any captivity, no matter the reason, would be dismaying.

Collectors, entranced with their shiny baubles, have every incentive to remain blind to the erstwhile delights and sorrows of their new toys. Like the hunter with a knee on an elephant's neck, the theorist with a fountain pen, or the natural philosopher gauging the legitimacy of an egg-laying mammal, the collector draws on the aura of the collected to assemble a new, perhaps more expedient account.

A piece by artist Fred Wilson reminds his audience of the violence inherent to the nostalgia and disavowal of such daydreams. In a single glass display case, he placed a pair of blackened slave shackles and a highly polished, ornately wrought silver tea set. The title, "Metalwork 1793–1880," reminds the viewer of economic and political work that made both objects possible. Unsettling the dust on the stuff stuffing stuffy history can provoke an uncanny recognition, an "aha" at once discombobulating and revelatory.

Things That Art, the graphic menagerie before you, aims to provoke new kinds of wonder at fragile descriptive, predictive, contradictory, and unstable categories. It's an invitation to hug your inner platypus, kiss a hippo, and ignite the beam of your dame's luna.

Notes

1 Estelle Sylvia Pankhurst, *Delphos: The Future of International Language*, classic reprint (London: Kegan Paul, 1927).
2 Marcel Mauss, *Sociology and Psychology: Essays*, trans. Ben Brewster (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1979).
3 Jorge Luis Borges, "John Wilkins' Analytical Language," in *The Total Library: Non-Fiction 1922–1986*, ed. Eliot Weinberger, trans. Esther Allen, Suzanne Jill Levine, and Eliot Weinberger (London: Penguin Books, 2001), 229–32.
4 Ibid.

5 William Kentridge, *Six Drawing Lessons*, Charles Eliot Norton Lectures (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 2014), 80.
6 Michel Foucault and Rene Magritte, *Ceci n'est pas une pipe*, nouv. ed. (Montpellier: Fata Morgana, 2010).
7 Denis Diderot, *Regrets on Parting with My Old Dressing Gown*, trans. Kate Tunstall and Katie Scott, *Oxford Art Journal* 39 no. 2 (2016): 175–84. https://doi.org/10.1093/oxartj/kcw015.
8 Susan Stewart, *On Longing: Narratives of the Miniature, the Gigantic, the Souvenir, the Collection*, 1st paperback ed. (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 1993).

Contributors

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