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EXPERIENCE

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# Introduction: *Experience*

*I study myself more than any other subject.  
That is my metaphysics; that is my physics.*  
Michel de Montaigne, 1580<sup>1</sup>

*The attempt at testimony must  
be made and the ridicule incurred.*  
George Steiner, 1989<sup>2</sup>

Not long ago, while looking at *Miss Amelia Van Buren* (ca. 1891) by Thomas Eakins (1844–1916) at The Phillips Collection in Washington, DC (fig. 1), I had a remarkable experience. I had grown accustomed to seeing the painting in terms of meanings and interpretations—of what it is alleged to be *about*—though I always felt dissatisfied when I read these accounts, even when reading the very best of them.<sup>3</sup> On that morning at the museum, however, I suddenly saw the painting’s immediacy, its illusionistic power, its quality of making me feel as though I were there, as if I were experiencing the woman right before my eyes.

This feeling of the real may have been new to me, but it is not new in the history of American art. Consider Lloyd Goodrich, writing about Eakins in 1933: “His art was completely three-dimensional. His forms were in the full round, absolutely solid, to their very cores, and convincing in tangibility, hardness, and weight. There was no sense of his having to strain after these qualities; he simply felt the physical existence of things with almost primitive integrity.”<sup>4</sup> Or Jules Prown,

Thomas Eakins,  
*Miss Amelia Van Buren*  
(detail, see fig. 1).



writing in 1971 about Eakins's great portrait *The Thinker* (Louis N. Kenton) (1900): "Eakins has painted a man, a human being. The subject has a body, and that body contains a mind that thinks, contemplates, reflects, remembers. He has existed through time, has been weathered by experience. Eakins is more interested in this man than in art."<sup>5</sup> Or Oliver Larkin, writing in *Art and Life in America* (1949) about Eakins's *Mrs. Edith Mahon* (1904), treating her as a real presence endowed with liquid emotion and physicality, seeing her "with every shape of illness, sorrow, and of strain he could find in the sharpening planes of the skull, the shadows of the nose and chin, the firm lips, and the relaxing folds of the neck."<sup>6</sup> Or Sylvan Schendler, in his sensitive book *Eakins*, published in 1967, writing about the Van Buren portrait: "She is extraordinarily and intensely alive."<sup>7</sup>

These views are fictions of a kind. The writers succumb too quickly to the illusion that there is a real person there, ignoring too readily the mediation of art. As Michael Fried puts it, criticizing Elizabeth Johns for her literalist viewpoint as he prepares to launch into a deeply figurative reading of Eakins's *Gross Clinic* (1875): "To argue in these [literalist] terms is to posit an original scene that in effect demanded its own exact transcription, a notion that divests the painter of all but the barest responsibility for his painting even as it testifies to the success of a kind of ontological illusion that Eakins doubtless aspired to bring off."<sup>8</sup>

Yes, I find myself saying, I agree. A work of art is an invention, a deliberate construction of a world. And yet . . . what about that ontological illusion? What about that feeling that we are really present before the person? That day at the Phillips I kept looking at *Miss Amelia Van Buren* and feeling that a new world had been opened up to me: the silver-gray hair, the wedge-shaped face, the pink-and-white dress with the flower patterns, the delta rivulets of folds on her chest and lap, the yin and yang of her two hands—one lit up, the other, holding the fan, in shadow. I kept looking and saw, all at once, but dispersed in a pattern, the two ball-shaped handrests of the Jacobean Revival armchair—each one with a subtly different physicality based on its proximity and push toward me. I saw the velvet of the armrests and chairback and the corkscrew patterns of the chair's frame, and I focused on the seams on the arms and right shoulder of Van Buren's dress, marveling at how Eakins invested these small sections of fabric with the nicety and feeling of the real that characterizes the whole painting. These became for me an emblem of all the small things I had never before noticed about the picture. To see the seam and yet still

1  
 Thomas Eakins,  
*Miss Amelia  
 Van Buren*, ca. 1891.  
 Oil on canvas, 45 × 32 in.  
 (114.3 × 81.28 cm).  
 The Phillips Collection,  
 Washington, DC,  
 acquired 1927.



believe—I felt relieved of the responsibility to disprove, to show how the whole painting had been contrived, worked out, “constructed.”

And my willingness to believe grew further. It seemed to me not beside the point that both the chair and the location of the portrait are decidedly “real,” and meant to be seen as such. The armchair, as scholars of Eakins will recognize, is the same one that appears in a number of his portraits, starting with the early portrait *Kathrin* (1872) (of his niece Kathrin Crowell) and continuing to pictures such as *An Actress (Portrait of Suzanne Santje)* (1903). It is not a surprise, but somehow riveting, to learn that the actual chair still exists, having been purchased by Eakins student and chronicler Charles Bregler at an auction in 1939, and is now preserved as part of the Charles Bregler Collection at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.<sup>9</sup> And the room: especially after visiting the painter’s house at 1729 Mount Vernon Street in Philadelphia, I could readily imagine the location where Van Buren sat, up on the fourth floor, and use a photograph of that location as a cross-reference.<sup>10</sup> Staring at the portrait anew, I became aware of the motes of dust flickering in the light, and, more broadly, of a certain beautiful provinciality—a musty room in Philadelphia—that seems not incidental to Eakins’s achievement and purpose. His light is not a light for all time or even a detailed and “accurate” light (matching how it might have looked then and there), but a suggestive light that I might even characterize as an American light, insofar as it speaks of the place of art, and art making, just then and there: in attics, in drizzled spaces of darkness, where imparting the feeling of dust twisting in the beams is not a forensic matter of correctness but a key element of mood and philosophy.

And then I started to think about time in the portrait, how it feels simultaneously momentary and prolonged. The illusion is that we see Van Buren in a single moment, as if the portrait were like one of the photographs taken of her (probably not by Eakins) at about the same period in her life. But we also distinctly feel the sense of duration—of the sitter posing and posing, and then posing some more—of her patience or boredom or preoccupation with the very process of posing, until her direct experience of sitting for her likeness becomes the picture of her *as she is*, right before the painter’s eyes, as in Harry Berger’s account of how seventeenth-century Dutch portraits work.<sup>11</sup> The feeling of the young woman’s presence—the young/old woman’s presence, for she is an anomaly of youth and silver hair—is that of someone who appears both vivaciously present and passed by.

And the feeling of silence? Bregler, like Amelia Van Buren, one of Eakins's students, recalled watching Eakins silently painting the portrait: "I recall with pleasure looking on for several hours one afternoon while he was painting in this room that beautiful portrait of Miss Van Buren. . . . No conversation took place, his attention being entirely concentrated on the painting."<sup>12</sup> Revisiting the feeling of the figure's presence after researching the painting, I now found that silence and duration seemed inseparable from Van Buren's sensuous immediacy. It was as though the folds in her dress, the bones in her hands, and the tautness of her hair would all somehow fade into fair patches of fog if she had not been given the time and quiet to gather and amass as herself.



So I had an experience in front of this portrait. But what kind of experience was it, exactly? In the chapter "Having an Experience," part of his book *Art as Experience* (1934), John Dewey notes that an experience worthy of the name is different from the continuous flow between "live creature and enviroing conditions" that structures our daily lives. These other types of experience — driving a car, or chewing gum, or checking e-mail — are often "inchoate," in Dewey's words: "Things are experienced but not in such a way that they are composed into *an* experience." When these inchoate activities galvanize into plans and routines — such as "eating a meal, playing a game of chess, carrying on a conversation, writing a book, or taking part in a political campaign" — then they are experiences of a kind, yes. They reach a consummation instead of a mere cessation, as Dewey writes. But when we have a particular meal that is exceptional, or remember another event that stands out as a signal encounter (a storm, a kiss, an encounter with a work of art), that is, for Dewey, a "real experience."<sup>13</sup>

So I had a real experience in front of Eakins's portrait that day. It is true that I will never forget it. But my experience was not the only one present that day — or, rather, my experience was bound up with that of another. That is because what I felt, as you know, is that Van Buren herself was being presented to me, and not just herself, but the particular duration and momentariness of her presence before the painter in the act of posing, in that place, on that chair, that *her experience* was coming to me in a whorl of the real. And the experience that I felt — her experience — was actually of both Dewey's kinds. It was of the chewing gum variety — the sitting, sitting, sitting, posing, posing,



posing (in which Eakins's own absorption in the task of painting is somehow also bound up)—that is, an experience that in its moment-to-moment unfolding cannot necessarily be accounted a “real” experience in Dewey's terms. But it also was, yes, clearly a once-in-a-lifetime event for the sitter. To quote Dewey, Van Buren might have said, recalling posing for the painting: “That *was* an experience.”<sup>14</sup>

So my experience was bound up in hers, or in my imagination of hers, but somehow not just in my imagination of it. Responding to the painting's stringent aura of the real, its “ontological illusion” of the young woman's presence, I was not off base. I was in fact hearkening to what the painting foremost aspired to give me. If it felt odd to do so, if I even felt as though I were coming around to the wonder of the painting in a way that someone who had not spent years studying works of art might have arrived at much more easily and matter-of-factly, unaware of the need to apologize for so guilelessly believing in what they were shown, I had years of the hermeneutics of skepticism to thank for having built the divide it now felt so nice to cross. Maybe we are in a moment now when it is becoming possible to believe again, ethically, politically, in belief itself. Maybe now not every representation need be openly distrusted, dismantled, questioned, doubted.

Was I embracing a religious conception of representation? It seemed so. George Steiner, in his book *Real Presences* (1989)—a protest against the linguistic turn, then in its heyday—writes that “any coherent account of the capacity of human speech to communicate meaning and feeling is, in the final analysis, underwritten by the assumption of God's presence.”<sup>15</sup> Representation, for Steiner, deals in substance, substantiation, the belief that the artist, godlike, summons something powerfully real out of nothing and leaves us to marvel at the disquieting and transformative effects of life having miraculously appeared in our midst, out of nowhere.

For Steiner, anything less than this feeling of directness is a telltale evasion. Analysis or interpretation of meanings, of context, and so on, represents for him an unwillingness to come to terms with the direct physical and emotional states that, say, a great sonata or a great painting can create. Instead “we seek the immunities of indirection,” Steiner writes. “In the agency of the critic, reviewer or mandarin commentator, we welcome those who can domesticate, who can secularize the mystery and summons of creation.”<sup>16</sup>

The experience of directness, by contrast, comes with dangers and pleasures. For Steiner, both come under the term “answerability.” Unlike a critic or historian who simply makes a claim or writes an argument, feeling properly detached or neutral in the process, people who actually

engage with the work on a direct or almost naïve level, who enter into it and feel themselves not unscathed by the experience, put themselves on the line in a remarkably personal and vulnerable way. “Unlike the reviewer, the literary critic, the academic vivisector and judge, the executant [that is, an actor who performs a play, a musician who performs a piece of music, or, for my purposes, a critic or historian who experiences a work of art in an intensely personal way] . . . the executant invests his own being in the process of interpretation,” Steiner writes. “His readings, his enactments of chosen meanings and values, are not those of external survey. They are a commitment at risk.” That risk is big: “To try and tell of what happens inside oneself as one affords vital welcome and habitation to the presences in art, music and literature is to risk the whole gamut of muddle and embarrassment.”<sup>17</sup> Perhaps my account of being before *Miss Amelia Van Buren* is one example.

But if it can be done, the reward is tremendous. It is the sense of writing to the point, of seeing what you say, and vice versa, of creating a moment of mysterious directness, a moment that subsides and endures, that is sudden but prolonged, much like Amelia Van Buren sitting in her chair. It is a sense, crucially for the historian, of having answered to the past, or of having heard it, in some absurd but important way, so that the hard and sharp and soft and nearly invisible feelings and failings of a moment on earth long ago might appear transmuted, resurrected, in the consciousness of a sensitive observer from afar, one that the painting even seems to intuit will be out there — no serious artists really ever thinking of making something for their own time only.

Art history, in such a conception, becomes distinctly more than a belated elaboration of works of art. The description of pictures becomes a *response* to them, a form of Steiner’s “answerability.” This is Goodrich on Eakins’s painting:

*A lean face, the bone structure clearly revealed; a fine aquiline nose; black hair streaked with gray; somewhat sallow skin. Her head rests on her hand in a rather weary way; she is not looking at us but away, with a brooding expression. Her hands are thin and sensitive; among the most beautifully painted in any of his portraits. Her fine dress does not seem altogether incongruous with her melancholy air, but Eakins has given it maximum attention, making it an essential element in what is obviously a complex personality.*<sup>18</sup>

Such a description aspires to make the work present. To put it another way: of all the things to be said about ekphrasis, maybe the most vital concerns the relation between description and *time*—how an art historian’s sentences might not be just a belated and intrinsically flawed paraphrase (trying to translate pictures into words) but actually a way for the painting (I am not sure how to put this) *to come to itself*, to feel an echo of its own process and appearance. Then art history, at least of a strong kind, would not be secondary at all but would be an arrival back at what the painting was *before* anyone said anything about it. Goodrich’s writing is auratic in this regard, enriched by his personal connection to Eakins’s sitters—the interviews he conducted with many of them (though not Amelia Van Buren) when they were in later life.

So if an art historian could write like Eakins could paint, then art history would have a presence. No one, for Steiner, “can answer answeringly to the aesthetic, whose ‘nerve and blood’ are at peace in skeptical rationality.”<sup>19</sup>

I agree. But George Steiner’s moment differs from our own and the difference is decisive. Fending off the linguistic turn in the 1980s, Steiner was making a last plea for representation, for the substance of the world bodied forth by art. He was speaking in final sentences the same language as Goodrich, Larkin, Schendler, and Prown. In our moment, however, we encounter that faith across the jagged territory of its utter decline and abandonment. That faith would seem in fact no longer to exist, except perhaps in studies of religious feeling that are themselves often too rational to share the passion of what they describe.

Yet this does not mean that a faith in representation has ceased to exist in Steiner’s form. The way people continue to stare at Diane Arbus’s photographs, gazing into the faces of the people they show so directly, indicates an ongoing belief in the capacity of representations to deliver us into the presence of the world—without irony, without skepticism, without detachment.

But the terms and conditions for this experience—what one might call the “territories” in which this experience might happen—have shifted and crumbled to such an extent that the experiencers, those in search of that direct encounter, will be forgiven for wobbling and stumbling, and even for wondering if either they or the world they see so directly simply does not exist. What counts as a vision these days takes on an aspect that is different from the high style of triumphant humanism. Thomas Pynchon, in *Gravity’s Rainbow* (1973), sums up the posthumanist condition of persons seeking directness:

“Those . . . with the greatest interest in discovering the truth, were thrown back on dreams, psychic flashes, omens, cryptographies, drug-epistemologies, all dancing on a ground of terror, contradiction, absurdity.”<sup>20</sup> Bruce Nauman is onto the same thing in *The True Artist Helps the World by Revealing Mystic Truths* (1967), a spiraling neon statement that suggests not only the platitudes of humanism but a neon suspension of these same clichés, as if it were not “mystic truths” that were obsolete so much as the old methods of pursuing them. The old sunsets and ecstatic feelings refuse to go away. They only assemble in a colorful swirl so that the vortex of going down the drain turns out to be a blazing reconfiguration, a vision of God not manifest as a complacent seer might envision from an isolated mountain peak but in one of Pynchon’s psychic flashes.

I see Eakins’s *Miss Amelia Van Buren* within the spiral of Nauman’s feeling. And the feeling itself consequently comes out of me bearing the corkscrew design of a hallucination, a writing on the wall. Yet these new forms of direct experience are conditions of possibility.

Witness the essays in this volume. Each of the art historians writing here strives to imagine some direct experience of the past. Lucy Mackintosh, in “A Long-Forgotten Art,” imagines the Salem ship’s captain William Richardson playing two Māori flutes that were among the cargo his ship, the *Eliza*, brought back from the Pacific. Xiao Situ, in “Emily Dickinson’s Windows,” thinks of Dickinson looking through the whorled glass of her bedroom windows, of the alternation between the paper on her desk and the visual distortions created by the breath of glassblowers liquidly alive in the panes, and finds the physical presence of Dickinson’s poems made manifest. For Michael Amico, in “The Pulpit of Henry Trumbull,” the discovery of Civil War chaplain Henry Trumbull’s carved-wood pulpit brings Trumbull and his dear companion Major Henry Ward Camp incredibly near and incredibly far away at the same time. David Peters Corbett, in “The World Is Terrible and It Is Not There at All,” focuses on George Bellows’s brushstrokes, which, he senses, mark the artist’s assertion of personality and will on a blank world.

Also touching the artist’s hand, Jennifer Jane Marshall, in her essay “Ever Not Quite,” encounters the chisel marks of William Edmondson on the limestone of the sculptor’s *Two Doves*. For Marshall, these marks suggest feathers settling from flight, or perhaps the artist’s impatience, or perhaps the resistance of the stone, or all of these things—as well as the friction of the art historian’s prose coming into contact with the art she writes about. Robert Slifkin, in “The Empty

Room and the End of Man,” considers the artist William Anastasi’s *Six Sites*—six large prints of the same blank gallery walls on which the prints hung—as a redoubled statement of emptiness, the white cube cubed, testifying to the Cold War imagination of an empty planet. And in my essay on Richard Choi’s video *Trampoline*, I find a recent example of that most salient feeling in any real experience, namely, that the world is unfolding before us directly, suddenly, and yet in some kind of enchanted prolongation of time.

A reader might say that these “experiences” differ little from the kind proffered in many kinds of art-historical analysis—a moment of imagining how an object was used or made, for example. Maybe that is true. But I find that in all these essays a subtle alteration speaks to the new conditions of directness.

The Māori flutes in Captain Richardson’s possession, for example, come to him in Mackintosh’s essay straight from a description of the ship’s hold—a hollow and transitory space of deep obscurity, matched and overwhelmed by the obscurity of the ocean itself. The state of experience, in Mackintosh’s telling, is rife with states of unknowing, of the song played, as it were, inward—down into the belly of the ship, obscurely and unknowably into Richardson’s lungs.

Dickinson’s panes of glass not only suggest the coiled planarity of the poet’s words but the mystic obscurity of what an experience might look like to a scholar now. Staring from the windows that Dickinson stared from, Situ describes point for point what it is that makes her able to see clearly that, there, it is difficult to see.

Trumbull’s pulpit, which Amico encountered amid the bells-and-whistles razzmatazz of a Civil War education center, amid glowing lights and electronically souped-up didactic displays, seems almost like an allegory of the weird place of religious directness in an age of information overload.

Bellows’s brushstrokes, meanwhile, thick with the feeling of having been suppressed in decades of social art history, emerge drugged and blinking from a long night of methodological cancellation, looking doubtful and arrogant in the new day.

Edmondson’s carvings suggest the difficulties of realizing the world, not least for the art historian, who must experience, like Edmondson with his limestone, the physical resistance of the written-about thing to the act of writing. Anastasi’s directness, doubling the gallery walls, meanwhile makes presence into a doubled absence, befitting the time of Nauman and Pynchon and positioning Slifkin’s prose in that genealogy. If in Situ’s piece the experience of historical

encounter is a rich and intensified confusion, and if in Marshall's essay it is a kind of sculpting of obdurate material, in Slifkin's account history is a *trompe l'oeil*, an illusionistic depiction, precise enough to bring us into the very room of an original scene—though what we see there is that there is nothing exactly to see. And Choi's video is cryptic and strange not least because, against all odds, it revisits the breathless world of Wordsworth's enchanted visionaries as though no time had elapsed since then—Choi having been, in his own way, “thrown back on dreams” to find the truth.

What is striking about all these accounts, however, is the way that they do not make an “all.” Perhaps the most unique thing about these essays is that they mark the potential for a new and distinctive *privacy* in scholarly accounts. Academics live and die on their ability to be part of a discourse, to write shareable insights and arguments that become part of accepted ways of thinking. Trends and currents and convictions, such as “affect,” or “race,” or “the global,” or “the ecological,” give coherence and relevance to individual accounts—sometimes to good effect. But at the heart of even these inveterately communal types of scholarship are personal insights that the writers in question then transmute to broader applicability with, unfortunately, a loss of remarkable experiences and sensibilities.

The virtue of the essays in this volume, therefore, might lie in the way they pursue their *inability* to be broadly applicable. To put it another way, the criticism that might be leveled at some or all of the pieces in this volume—namely, that each is a “merely personal” account of the subject at hand—constitutes a distinctive critical possibility.

Michel de Montaigne (1533–1592) describes this privacy in his essay “On Experience” (1580). “Whatever we may in fact get from experience,” he writes, “such benefit as we derive from other people's examples will hardly provide us with an elementary education if we make so poor a use of such experience as we have presumably enjoyed ourselves. That is more familiar to us and certainly enough to instruct us in what we need.” He adds, “I study myself more than any other subject. That is my metaphysics; that is my physics.”<sup>21</sup>

This private meditation is a matter of honest self-reflection. Paradoxically, though, it requires a kind of extravagance if it is to come into its greatest truth-telling capacities. Henry David Thoreau (1817–1862), himself a disciple of Montaigne, writes of his experiences at Walden Pond: “I fear chiefly lest my expression may not be *extravagant* enough, may not wander far enough beyond the limits of my daily

experience, so as to be adequate to the truth of which I have been convinced.” And he adds, in a way that makes one think of Pynchon as a descendant of Thoreau, “I desire to speak somewhere without bounds; like a man in a waking moment, to men in their waking moments; for I am convinced that I cannot exaggerate enough even to lay the foundation of a true expression.”<sup>22</sup>

A *waking moment* strikes me as the type of experience I had in front of Eakins’s *Miss Amelia Van Buren*. If so, my only concern would be that I find the language — that I speak to the reader “without bounds” — to find at least the semblance of a “true expression.”

Doing so, I see, involves being a writer and not a scholar. Although scholars do account themselves authors, they rarely say that they are writers. Although they write, they do not *write*, because writers are understood to have some greater connection to the imagination and to language itself as a fluid and inventive medium. And behind that bias and that expectation is, of course, a long and understandable tradition demanding that scholars be objective, factual, and so forth. But in an era when scholarship is increasingly left unread even by scholars (economies of time and attention having shrunk so drastically), and when the humanities have suffered declining relevance and importance partly for the deserved reason that much of what is written in English and art history and other departments is so specialized that it is inaccessible to even genuinely interested readers, it is perhaps not a bad time for scholars to imagine how they might be writers in a more robust sense. If they might have to give up some of their characteristic skepticism — abandoning the feeling that the conjuring power of art and fiction is the same as the duplicity of charlatan politicians and other ideologues of the public sphere — then it might be a good time for all of us, including me, to remember the important distinction between fiction and falsehood.

Experience is a key word for this scholarship-as-writing. Each writer to his or her own. Each writer to the specialness of his or her fascination. Not in a plurality of narcissists, each frozen in self-reflection. Not in a narcotic dream of individuality, the kind that commerce provides. But in some angular attic of our thought, where, like Amelia Van Buren, we hold out as those who think for themselves.

- 1 Michel de Montaigne, "On Experience," in *The Complete Essays* (New York: Penguin, 1993), 1217.
- 2 George Steiner, *Real Presences* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1989), 178.
- 3 See David Lubin, "Modern Psychological Selfhood," in *Inventing the Psychological: Toward a Cultural History of Emotional Life in America*, ed. Joel Pfister and Nancy Schnogg (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 1997), 133–67.
- 4 Lloyd Goodrich, *Thomas Eakins: His Life and Work* (New York: Whitney Museum of American Art, 1933), 148.
- 5 Jules Prown, *American Painting, from Its Beginnings to the Armory Show* (New York: Skira, 1971), 117.
- 6 Oliver Larkin, *Art and Life in America* (New York: Rinehart, 1949), 278.
- 7 Sylvan Schendler, *Eakins* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1967), 130.
- 8 Michael Fried, *Realism, Writing, Disfiguration: On Thomas Eakins and Stephen Crane* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1987), 10–11.
- 9 For the chair and Bregler's purchase of it at auction, see Kathleen A. Foster, *Thomas Eakins Rediscovered: Charles Bregler's Thomas Eakins Collection at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 1998), 449.
- 10 For the photograph, see *ibid.*, 200.
- 11 Harry Berger Jr., *Fictions of the Pose: Rembrandt against the Italian Renaissance* (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 2000).
- 12 Charles Bregler, "Thomas Eakins as a Teacher: Second Article," *The Arts* 18 (Oct. 1931): 36, quoted in Marc Simpson, "The 1890s," in *Thomas Eakins*, ed. Darrel Sewell (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 2001), 260.
- 13 John Dewey, *Art as Experience* (New York: Milton, Balch, 1934), 35–36.
- 14 *Ibid.*, 36.
- 15 Steiner, *Real Presences*, 3.
- 16 *Ibid.*, 39.
- 17 *Ibid.*, 8, 178.
- 18 Lloyd Goodrich, *Thomas Eakins* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1982), 70–72.
- 19 Steiner, *Real Presences*, 229.
- 20 Thomas Pynchon, *Gravity's Rainbow* (New York: Penguin, 1973), 592.
- 21 Montaigne, "On Experience," 1217.
- 22 Henry David Thoreau, *Walden* (New York: Library of America, 2009), 260.